

Archetypes (Men to Women TG)

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A Story Tier Prompt for TG_Sorcerer

Hana is tired of her husband always going out with his friends and ignoring their marriage. Being a secret witch, she decides to cast a spell to mess with them for a bit, turning their boy's night into a girl's night, and assigning each a rather stereotypical female role just to turn up the humiliation. Unfortunately, the spell wipes her own memory at casting it, leaving the poor man stranded in their new roles for good!

Archetypes, Part 1

Hana sighed as her husband called. She knew there was only one reason for Carl to call her despite the fact that he should have been home from work half an hour ago.

"You're not coming straight home, are you?" she said, her tone flat.

"Sorry, love," he answered, and to be fair he *did* sound remorseful. "*I was just chatting to some of the boys and they ended up dragging me along to Poker Night. I know I said I'd be free so we could watch Downtown House together, but you know how it is.*"

"Uh-huh," she responded, tone still flat.

"*I really am sorry, Hana. I shoulda said no.*"

"Yes, you should have."

"*It's just, Pete's had a hard time of it lately. We're trying to include him because he's been struggling finding friends outside the office. And Donald, you know how he is: if we didn't have poker night he'd be out there making trouble for himself and forgetting he had a lovely missus.*"

"You've got a lovely missus too, Carl, you know."

"*I really do. She's the best. And she's . . . understanding when her husband makes a big idiot of himself?*"

Despite her frustration, she couldn't help but chuckle. That was the annoying thing about Carl: despite all his broken promises and far, far too much time with his buddies, he really was a loving husband. The problem was that he just couldn't say no to anyone. He'd always been like that, to the point where their wedding budget ballooned to twice the planned costing just because he kept allowing everyone to have a plus one, or plus two, or even a plus three in a few cases! It was a good thing that she was a witch, because magic had a way of getting around monetary issues like that for the most part, so long as one wasn't *too* obvious about it. Unfortunately, nothing could stop her husband from 'spending

time with the boys' as he always did. Even knowing his wife was a witch - and God, was she glad he embraced it and loved her, uncaring about its implications - he still often went off to golf, or to drink, or to shoot the shit with his best friends.

"I *am* understanding," she told him. "Up to a *point*, Carl. I love you, but you can't keep brushing me off like this."

"Last time, I promise!"

"You said that last time."

"Then I really promise!"

"Ugh. Get home tonight. I'll be locking the doors at nine-thirty, so I expect you home by then. And trust me, they'll be magically sealed, honey, and there'll be a nasty arcane surprise if you try to jam them."

"You're not . . . gonna make me a seal again, are you?"

"That was only because you blabbed to all your buddies about me being a witch and they mobbed me for a month asking for favours. You needed to learn how to 'seal' your lips. Just like you need to learn how to be present for your wife, and your buddies for their wives, instead of having childish boys nights all the time."

"I'll be home by ten, I promise!"

"Nine-thirty."

"Yes, that's what I said! Again, I'm so sorry. I really love you!"

She sighed wistfully, wishing her next response wasn't so damn true. "I love you too, honey."

Hana hung up and ran her hands through her long brown hair. She really did love Carl, hopeless as he was, but damn if she didn't wish he had better, less demanding friends, or that he could just be more present for her. Ah, but you don't get to choose who you love, she supposed. She stepped back into the living room and looked at the photograph of her with his various friends and their partners. Some of those girls were no longer in the picture - lucky them - while others were now hitched to their disappointing me.

There was Pete, the chubby balding Caucasian one who relied so much on his office friends because he lacked real ones. Maybe if he knew how to accessorise so he didn't look so frumpy he might have more luck.

Then there was Donald, the tall African-American with a shaved head and an impressive gym body. The one who was always cheating on his wife, who stayed with him despite his disloyalty, the poor girl.

After that, there was Sting. Ohhh, she *hated* Sting, especially his 'name.' His real name was Gerald, because of course it was. But the red-haired, pale-skinned man had a real image of himself as a rockstar and 'total player.' She'd yet to see the receipts, but he cycled through girlfriends who seemed to barely tolerate him.

Next, there was Miguel. He was a handsome Hispanic man with olive skin and Hana really had no read on him at all. He was the group's star poker player, and it was unclear if the man even had a wife, a girlfriend - a boyfriend, maybe? - or anything. He was mysterious and cool, and tightlipped on everything. Hana could respect that, if he wasn't often urging them to get together for more poker.

And then, last of all, in the centre of the photo, there was Carl and herself. She looking pretty in the purple dress she'd magically conjured herself (a difficult spell, actually), and him appearing as his usual down-to-earth handsome self. He had wavy blonde hair and a handsome face, and stormy grey eyes that she just loved.

"Ugh, I love them when I can see them," she said to herself, gazing at the buddy group that seemed intent on making her husband as absent as possible. "He better be here at nine-thirty. He better."

Carl was having a good game. Oh, he wasn't *winning*, that honour pretty much always went to either Miguel or Donald, who were practically expert poker players by this point, but he was having a ton of fun.

"Damn, another loss!" he said, chuckling as his money pile shrank.

"Jesus, Carl, aren't you whipped enough with that witchy wife of yours?" Donald said.

"Hey, she doesn't whip. She only nags."

The men chuckled as Miguel dealt out the next hand. He was sitting this one out, so there might even be a chance of a win. Pete took his cards and looked at them, sighing.

"God, I get the worst luck."

"In women or just in general?" Sting teased.

"Both."

"We gotta get you out there, man! Find you a sexy chubby chaser! They exist."

"Like you'd know," Donald said. "You're as thin as a rake."

Sting grinned, grabbing the collar of his leather jacket. "I'm an eighties rockstar in the modern day, dude. I'm not some bulked up douchebag. I score the ladies with my personality alone."

"And yet these ladies never materialise," Donald said. "Meanwhile I've got-"

"A loving wife already?" Carl suggested.

Donald smirked, obviously hinting at his many affairs. "And more on the side," he said. "Pete could learn a lesson or two."

Pete sagged. "I need you to teach me your ways. No one wants a fat, balding loser like me."

Another pity party, but the group took it in stride. Miguel finished dealing them out.

"Talk's over," he said. "Game begins."

It was the most he'd said in twenty minutes, but his tell-tale thin smile told Carl that he'd probably been enjoying the conversation, and clearly had his own hidden love affair or affairs.

"Thank God for guys nights," Sting said as he picked up the cards. "Hard to be a man in today's world!"

"This'll have to be my last for a while, sadly," Carl said. "Gotta get home. Hana wants me."

The boys made immature sounds, though Miguel just rolled his eyes.

"Whipped!" Donald said.

"Shut up. I gotta go home now, actually. She said she's lock the doors. Magically."

"I'm still not convinced that magic is real," Pete said. "I never saw it."

"I did," Donald said. "At least, I think I did. Could have been fake."

"I still don't believe the seal thing," Miguel said, before falling silent.

"If magic is real, how come she doesn't give herself a bigger set of tits?" Sting said, asking the important questions.

Carl sighed. "That's . . . not how it works. Look, I really gotta go.

"No way, man! Another game!"

"Stay with us!"

"Have another drink!"

"We gotta beat Miguel, dude!"

"She's just making up these so-called curses, man!"

Carl, as usual, felt very bad as he broke yet another promise to his wife. But the pressure was too much; he simply hated letting his friends down. It was to be the biggest mistake of his life.

"Okay," he said, grinning. "One last round!"

Hana fumed. The clock read 9:44. She'd been prepared to allow her husband ten extra minutes for traffic, but her patience had rapidly expired. Another night with the boys, probably talking about girls and ignoring the *actual* women in their life.

"Stupid boys. So sick of their stupid guys nights!"

She paused. She had already magically locked the doors, but clearly sleeping over at Sting's house wasn't enough punishment for her husband, or his peer pressuring,

womanising friends. Well, Pete wasn't a womaniser, and who knew about Miguel, but still! They were part of this!

"I could . . . no, that was just a fun little ritual spell I made for kicks, I'd never . . ."

But the thought was already lodged in her mind now, and it was too late. Months ago, she'd distracted herself by creating a complex spell, one that challenged her arcane knowledge. It was just a thought exercise to increase her skill, but she still had all of the components and had memorised the spell.

A spell that would turn Carl's guys night into a *girls night* instead.

Hana grinned to herself. Why not? It would just be a temporary spell to teach him and his friends a lesson. Most of them doubted that witches were real and that she had magic anyway. Maybe *now* they would respect her time and her need to spend it with her husband. Plus, it would be pretty cute to see what her hubby looked like as a housewife instead of her. All of them would become stereotypical women, in fact. That was part of the punishment. A perfect stereotype to punish them for a night, perhaps into the next day at the most, just to really teach them a lesson.

Donald the cheater.

Pete the social clown.

'Sting' the player.

Miguel the stoic leader.

And last of all, Carl, the husband who failed to be there.

Hana worked quickly, her excitement getting the better of her as she laid out the various trinkets and components, darkening the room where she conducted her rituals after placing down the intricate chalk lines.

"Here's to making some female archetypes!" Hana declared. And with that, she began to chant the arcane words that sent forth magical power, her targets already selected. Pink and violet magic bloomed from her ritual casting circle, then erupted up from the floorboards and surrounded her before vanishing up into the sky beyond the ceiling. The spell had worked! Which meant it was going to be a very fun night.

"Ha!" she declared. "I can't wait to see the look on Carol's face when she comes running back to beg me to change her back. I mean, Carol's face. I mean . . . wait . . ."

Something had happened, and Hana was realising it too late. The reality rewrite required of this spell was immense, but it *had* held together. But when such a massive rewrite occurred, even the *caster* could be susceptible to memory changes unless they prepared well ahead.

"Oh God!" Hana cried. "Oh, shit! Oh, fuck! I need to cast an edit to the spell before I forget . . . what I was . . . talking about?"

Something passed. Hana couldn't quite remember what she'd been talking about. The chalk line evaporated around her feet, a common side effect of a spell cast successfully and to completion. The components were still all there, but Hana gathered them up, wondering what she had been doing.

"Need to put these in storage," she said to herself before yawning. "I really gotta go to bed. Too tired to think. I wonder what Carol is doing tomorrow?"

She really did like her bestie. She was such a good friend, and it had been too long since they'd caught up. God, Hana wished she could find a man like Carol had, though.

"She's so lucky," she thought to herself.

She went to bed, all thoughts of 'Carl' and his 'buddies' gone from her mind. After all, how did you remember someone who never existed?

As Hana began to forget the very spell she had cast, chaos was already erupting at the guys' night. The pink and violet streams of magic coursed around the five men, making them cry out in fear and shock as it surged like a whirlpool around them.

"Is this your wife's doing!?" Donald yelled. "This is really freaky, man!"

"It's not real! It's not real!" Pete cried, collapsing back into his seat, which crumpled beneath his weight.

"It's obviously real," Miguel said. "Shit, she really is a witch."

"This is just, like, a lot of flash, right?" Sting yelled over the sound of the magic swirling around them. "Is she pissed you didn't go home? Typical groupie, wanting her rockstar home soon!"

"Shut the hell up, Sting!" Carl cried. "This is definitely her. God, I knew I should have kept my promise. You guys all-"

"Carl, you failed to keep your promise," Hana's voice declared, lips forming from a cloud of the strange arcane energy. "I'm sick of you always preferring your boys' nights to the company of your wife, and the rest of the boys doing the same. So I think it's high time your boys night became a girls night. Since you always seem to stereotype the women in your life from the few times I've visited your little club, I think it's only fitting you become an archetype to experience for the next twenty four hours."

"Donald, it's time to learn some responsibility and grow up. Since you're already an adult man, let's see how you feel about being a mature MOM."

Donald groaned as the magic entered into him. His form twisted, his muscles deflating, his height shrinking away. He squealed like a girl, and he was rapidly becoming one too, because a pair of large, matronly breasts burst from his chest while his hips

stretched wide. His waist thickened but lost much of his muscles, and his bald head sprouted thick, curly hair that fell down to his shoulders. Even his clothing changed, leaving him in a housewife dress that disguised some of his curves, but could not hide all of them.

“What the hell!?” the new woman screeched. She was clearly older now, no longer about thirty but instead at least eight years older.

“Pete, you’re always struggling to socialise outside the office, depending on your work buddies too much and dragging my husband away. Time to learn how to work your image and actually be a crowd pleaser!”

Pete stammered, nothing coherent escaping his mouth as his body, too, changed. His fat dissolved away in seconds, and his bald head erupted with long brown hair that instantly became a stylish series of curls. His entire figure became petite, albeit with long legs and a perfectly trim stomach. He groaned in despair as his face became that of a supermodel’s, his breasts small but lovely B-cups, and soon he too was wearing an incredibly stylish and expensive looking ruffled black blouse and a set of form fitting white jeans that were spotless. On his feet appeared high heels to complete the effect.

“Oh God! I’m like a supermodel!” she squealed, her voice a valley girl drawl.

“Sting, I really hate that name. Always the player. Always degrading women down to sex objects. Well, for a night you can enjoy being a slutty bimbo instead!”

Sting’s eyes went wide. He cried out, begging Hana to not go through with this, but it was already far too late, because two very large breasts practically *exploded* from his chest, erupting like two ripe balloons, easily F-cups or larger, both approximately the size of his own head. He salivated as he touched them, horrified by their sensitivity, and he barely noticed the other changes until long red hair fell over his face and his penis slithered back into his body. In moments he had become a busty blonde bimbo type with big tits and wide hips, a body that couldn’t quit wrapped inside a tight pink crop top and matching pink booty shorts.

“Like, this totally sucks!” she screeched. “These boobs are super huge!”

“Miguel, I could never figure you out. You keep everything close to your chest, and yet in many ways I suspect it’s your expertise that keeps this poker group going. Perhaps being a total gossip girl will help you?”

Miguel’s eyes went wide, and he displayed more emotion than usual as his body warped. His hips expanded particularly wide, and he ended up with quite the dump truck, and breasts that while not huge, were still impressive palm-filling C-cups.

“Oh my God!” the pear-shaped latina lass said. “This is absurd! This is so absurd! This is just like last Saturday when Donald couldn’t get his pecker up with that girl at the club and told me not to tell anyone! Or when Pete got angry at the office and dumped his coffee over Carl’s computer.”

Carl spluttered. "That was you, Pete!?"

But that revelation from the new gossip woman was short-lived, because Hana's voice continued.

"And last of all, my loving husband. I do love you, Carl. I really do. But you have got to stop being such a doormat and be more loyal. Maybe spending some time as a totally submissive housewife will remind you of how far this can go, as well as what true loyalty is!"

Carl winced, clenching his eyes shut as his body transformed too. His breasts became a sizeable D-cup, and his figure a lovely hourglass much like Donald's new form as well as Sting's. His member pulled back into his body, and a really cute fifties-style housewife dress suddenly appeared over his body, his male clothing gone, a set of lingerie beneath the dress. His hair was gorgeously curled in an old-timey style, and the red lipstick made him appear like the classic housewife.

"Oh God!" the new woman cried. "Someone help me! I need a man to save me!"

The magic dissipated, leaving each of the new archetypes gaping in horror at one another. Their bodies were changed, their minds were changed, and already the compulsions were descending upon them. For the next twenty four hours, they would have roles to play.

Well, it *sounded* like it would be just twenty four hours.

But in reality, Donald the MILF, Pete the fashionista, Sting the bimbo, Miguel the gossip girl, and Carl the loyal housewife would be caught up in their new lives . . . permanently.

Archetypes, Part 2

The following few hours were *incredibly* awkward for the five new women. Try as they might, it was impossible for them to escape the new compulsions that had been imposed upon them. Donald was now a thirty-eight year old MILF, the dark-skinned woman possessing an incredibly wide set of hips and large rear, not to mention a matronly bosom. The former ladies' man was humiliated at her new body, yet couldn't help but fuss over everyone.

"Have we got enough food?" she asked. "Selina, stop drinking, silly girl! You'll end up so damn foolish if you don't be responsible. I swear, you younger types!"

"You're not even younger than us!" Selina cried. She was actually Sting, but was now stuck as a ludicrously busty blonde bimbo, one who was wearing a revealing tube top and booty shorts. "You're, like, meant to be the biggest manwhore here!"

"I can't help but be a fussy MILF, goddamnit!" Delia complained, already working on cleaning the kitchen bench where there was a bit of a mess. "Carol, you gotta call your wife and get this stopped!"

Carol - formerly Carl - was now a beautiful fifties-looking housewife complete with a slim, stylish dress and curled blonde hair. Her grey eyes were preserved, but now her expression was almost a little doe-eyed. She had always been a people pleaser, but now a new element was creeping in; a strong desire to be not just a pleaser, *but a submissive one*, too. Her body ached for a man to be in control, and she'd noticed a sparkling diamond engagement ring and simpler wedding band on her finger, both of which were making her nervous.

"I - I can't!" she whined. "I've tried so many times, but her number's not even on my phone!"

"You don't, like, remember your own wife's number?" Selina exclaimed, her boobs bouncing with her agitated movements.

"Of course I do!" she cried. "But I can't type it in. My fingers won't let me! It's something in the magic!"

Delia huffed. "Let me try." She marched over, large and in charge, but even when Carol gave her the number to try, nothing worked. She simply couldn't will herself to call Hana.

Peyton sighed. She was painting her nails in the corner and checking out her hair for the umpteenth time in the little mirror she'd brought out from the bathroom.

"I guess we're stuck like this, at least for twenty four hours," she said. "It might not be too bad, you know! We get to experience life on the other side, right?"

Marcella huffed. The normally stoic Miguel had turned into a tantalising pear-shaped latina with a great set of hips. She now wore a tight skirt and tank top, her lovely brown skin distractingly pretty. "Of course you'd be okay with this!" she cried. "You had no friends before and now you've got a body that would make any man look at you!"

"That's not it at all!" Peyton said, though Marcella was right: Pete had been an egg-shaped man, socially awkward and unattractive. Now as Peyton, she was being compelled to act pretty and stylish, and while the compulsions were invasive, they also made her feel powerful. "I just think it might be fun to act girly and silly for a night! I mean, it's not like we're stuck like this forever, right? It's just twenty four hours, and frankly I think I'd like to be a hot supermodel gal for a day! Right girls?"

She only received mixed responses. Marcella rolled her eyes.

"Says the girl who only a few weeks ago was embarrassed about the fact that she ate a week old egg sandwich from the work fridge because she was such a total glutton!"

Peyton glared. "How dare you! That was a secret! Stop being such a gossipy bitch!"

"I can't help myself, you slim, vapid model! Hana's spell has makes me need to gossip about *everything*. *Dios mio*, I need to watch some *Love at First Sight* and *RuPaul's Drag Race*, right now or I swear I'm gonna kill myself!"

"You think you have it bad, look at me!" Delia said, now working on getting everyone a drink. She had a strong urge to make some cookies as well.

"At least you're not, like, a total superslut!" Selina whined. "I'm so f-fucking horny right now. I can't stop thinking about how much I want to go to the club and fuck some sexy boys. I wanna give a tittyjob while I suck them off! Mhm!"

She turned bright red, humiliated by the words leaving her mouth, but her new role demanded she say and feel them. Her pussy was already wet, imagining what she could do with her blonde, hyper buxom bod.

The four of them fell into an argument over who had it worse, but Carol could only press her back against the wall, her housewife dress still alien in sensation upon a body that was still foreign to her. She cupped her lovely D-cups, then ran her hands down her body, feeling her hourglass figure once again. It was so wrong, so very wrong. How could Hana do this to her?

But then again, she *had* gone back on her promise yet again. She was meant to be home by this point, and instead she'd stayed here at Sting's house. Well, it was *Selina's* house now, and reality had changed to show this: the walls were pink, and there were numerous photographs of the new busty blonde on the beach in a revealing bikini, or in a tight club dress, partying with them as her girlfriends. Selina had even discovered that all her clothes had changed into sexy female clothing, and she even had a vibrator in her top draw - she'd looked briefly like she wanted to use it.

And now they were all arguing, the cards long forgotten.

"Shit! I'm not even married to my wife now!" Delia cried. "Look at my phone gallery, I got some older white dude I'm married to! Mhm, that's my Jay alright. He always looked so handsome. I miss my man. He's such a good daddy to our kids."

At this, Delia halted, eyes going wide. "Oh shit! I'm a mommy! I got teenage kids! SHIT!"

"I've got a boyfriend!" Marcella announced, looking at her phone and showing the images of a hot looking latino guy. "Mhmm, he looks hot. Too bad I plan to dump him after our next hot date because this girl is worth so much more and frankly he cried after he orgasms and that is just *not hot, si?*"

"I don't have any boyfriend," Selina announced. "But look at all these guys in my socials? Oh my God, I show off my body online! I post myself in lingerie! God, I should take a selfie and put it up now. I need to keep posting thirst traps. I bet I could totally get my hungry pussy, like, really filled tonight if I do that and head out."

The disbelief spread further. Carol was confused. Why had Hana done this? She had given light little hexes before, and turning them into women as punishment for twenty four hours was something she might do if pushed to her limit, which Carol couldn't blame her for, but why give them boyfriends and husbands? It put her own pretty head into a panic. She brushed away some blonde strands of hair and opened her purse, looking through her phone. That was when her heart stopped beating for a moment.

Her phone background showed her as Carol, standing before the wedding altar, kissing a *man*. Her changed mind recognised him immediately.

"My Roger," she said. "Oh God, I've married to a man. To my handsome Rodge! Oh, but this is all so wrong! Something must have gone wrong with the spell!"

"No way!" Peyton said, overhearing this as she posed in the mirror. "Your wife is just making things weird for us for twenty four hours. I think we should embrace it!"

There was another chorus of disagreement, and then suddenly their argument and confusion and mental commands were all halted as a loud gong rang. They looked over to Selina's clock on the shelf, one that was now pretty pink and displayed a dancing beach girl when it hit the next hour. It showed the time to be midnight, and instantly each felt a strong compulsion to follow their new role.

"I'm such a stupid woman," Delia said. "My eldest has soccer practice tomorrow and I need to take him! I need to get home to Jay."

"I've got a modelling shoot tomorrow!" Peyton said, and her nervousness actually returned, because showing off her body to strangers was *not* what she wanted to spend her twenty four hours doing.

"The new episode of *Farmer Wants a Wife* is out!" Marcella announced. "And my favourite telenovela. I need to go watch them before I get my beauty sleep."

Selina rubbed her thighs together, feeling her head-sized tits openly before the group. "Oh f-fuuuuuck. I need to go to the club. I can't help it! I need to go fuck some boys! This body is seriously insatiable! I want to be - I want to be a total *groupie!*"

They were all utterly humiliated by their needs, but they could not ignore them: Hana's magic was simply too powerful. Carol looked over her friends, feeling incredibly guilty that her actions had led to this, but then her own compulsion hit her, a strong need she couldn't ignore.

"I - I need to get home to my husband. To my Rodge," she said, heat beating anxiously in her chest. "I need to be his good, submissive wife. I should never stay out late without him."

Her breathing was nervous. Why had Hana done this? Something *must* have gone wrong, because Carol desperately needed her husband's touch. She needed to embrace him, and if he was still awake and waiting for her, she needed to *please* this man she'd never

met. Her instincts to do her duty were like a wildfire in her mind, forcing her to be the very archetype of the beaming fifties housewife.

“Oh God,” she whispered as the group began to depart, their eyes similarly anxious and betraying their lack of choice. “What have I done?”

Over the next twenty four hours, the world changed for each of the women, though they didn't know it yet. Delia crept quietly to her new home, the one owned by her handsome older husband Jay, and she couldn't help but get into bed with him. He was fast asleep and snoring, and yet she found that oddly comforting, which only made her angrier. She fell asleep to it, and only roused when her husband's touch informed her that she needed to get up: Jay was off to work at the office, and she needed to take Liam to his soccer practice and then pick up Sabrina from her sleepover. She now had two kids and a husband, and what's worse was how much her body acted like she was a curvy MILF with teenage children, right down to fussing over her son's appearance and warning the daughter she hadn't had yesterday to be “careful with those boys.”

Peyton, meanwhile, at least went home to an empty house. An empty house, sure, but not a small one. Her instincts took her to what felt like a damn *mansion*, and on the walls were pictures and posters of her beautiful model body. Evidently, she'd done well in modelling, enough that she no longer had her pathetic little house. She smiled at this, and after some beauty sleep she rose for the day, going through a series of makeup routines and hair care after her long shower. She even enjoyed touching herself just to feel the pleasure of a woman. Then it was off to a local photoshoot, one her body took her to on autopilot, and from there things got a bit more awkward. Peyton liked being a stylish fashionista, but posing in front of men taking pictures, removing her clothing down to her lingerie, and then getting into bikinis and dresses - it was all so much! By the end of the day, she was looking forward to her old body again, especially after all the gross comments by her photographer.

Selina had a far more humiliating time than either of these new women. The blonde bimbo couldn't help but wear the most showy dress imaginable as she went out to the club at midnight, a hot pink number that her boobs were on the very verge of falling out of. She partied hard on the dance floor, swaying her hips to the music and letting her chest jiggle and bounce. Her instincts were to revel in the music, and no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't stop drinking and partying with hot guys; ones that her body insisted on being super attracted to. Try as she might to avoid it, but she ended up pressing her body against the hottest and most audacious of these men, and he invited her to come home with him. Just thirty minutes later she was ripping her clothing off and chucking her naked form at him. He

sucked on her tits and groped her ass, and she became lost in the taboo pleasure, until she was getting railed from behind, crying out in lust. This happened again not long after, this time on her back with her legs spread wide. In the morning, when she'd hoped to escape and flee back to her place, her compulsions told her to please her one-night stand again . . . with the best damn blowjob anyone had ever had. And unfortunately for Selina, her new role meant that she swallowed. Her taste buds made sure she enjoyed it despite herself.

Marcella, meanwhile, was positively addicted to social media. She managed to avoid sex with her boyfriend because she didn't live with him, but she sent flirty selfies his way, including one with her just in her lingerie and another in a tight dress. She also got into an argument with some other bitchy girls online, and also anonymously made cruel comments about a rival's unflattering picture, and then proceeded to watch trashy reality shows while planning a trip to the spa the next day. By the time the twenty four hours were close to passing, she'd made and lost four friends, had a public spat, flirted with her next prospective boyfriend, and generally been a cyclone of drama and gossip that made her inner self infuriated. She just wanted to play cards and keep her whole life close to the chest, and now she was announcing and posting every stupid feeling!

And then there was Carol. She had hoped to go home to Hana and get her to reverse this, but instead she found herself driving to a new home, one she didn't recognise but her body sure did. It was a gorgeous home in the suburbs, not altogether too far from where her own was meant to be. She got out of the car, shivering in her dress in the night air, and despite all of her willpower urging her to go elsewhere, instead moved on automatically to open the door with her key, slip inside, and go upstairs to the bedroom. There a figure was waiting for her, a very handsome man with dark hair and a five o'clock shadow. He was in bed, reading, the light illuminated his manly jaw and lovely blue eyes. He smiled as soon as he saw her.

"Someone had a big night with the girls."

Something in Carol's heart fluttered, and she had to push it down. "Oh, you know," she said, her tongue moving on its own. "Selina and Marcelle had a whole drama, and Peyton was keeping us up with fashion talk. Thankfully, Delia helped close us out. I'm real sorry I'm late, darling. You didn't need to wait for me."

Carol's heart raced as she removed her dress so that she was just in her lingerie. Then, to her horror, she removed her bra as well, unburdening her breasts and leaving her full D-cups naked and revealed right in front of Roger. He smirked at the sight.

"I don't mind at all. I just like you to come home safe. And besides . . . I've been missing you."

She got into the bed, her body craving his warmth. Carol imagined that the spell would end any moment now, and this was just an absurd punishment by Hana, but then she

wrapped her arms around the hunky man and pressed her full, bare chest against him. Her lips touched his, and then they were moaning, running their hands over one another, causing her body to light up with arousal. Her pussy became moist as he ran his hands over her, and even more so when he began to cup her breasts and rub her nipples. She moaned, trying to think of a way out, but she was so goddamn horny for the man who was now her husband that she simply couldn't do a thing. She'd become the archetype of the submissive, gorgeous, dutiful housewife, and she wanted nothing more in this moment than to please her husband with her body. She began to shimmy out of her underwear and threw it to the side, and Rodge threw back the covers so he could climb on top of her.

"I love you so much," he said. "You're so beautiful."

She moaned as he entered her. It was the most alien, strange, wrong, and brilliant feeling in the world.

"I I-love you t-too!" she said, to the man she'd just met for the first time. "And I swear I'll always be your perfect wife - forever!"

She began to cry out as he thrust into her, her body given over to his passion, and hers rising with every moment, her humiliation matched only by the bliss that followed. But her statement lingered in the air, her compulsions pushing her to serve her husband and be the stay-at-home beauty, cleaner, and cook for him.

She had no idea how true her words would be, either. This was truly forever.

The five of them met up back at Selina's place. All the changed women were shell-shocked to some degree, though some had it better than others. Peyton was very aware of how prettified she'd become, but part of her was wary of how heavy the expectations were now: she fretted over the perfect outfit, the perfect look, the perfect shot to make her the perfect model. Plus, guys had certainly been leering at her in public, and one had been quite crass. Still, she had some happy memories, and couldn't deny that she was a brunette beauty.

Selina, on the other hand, was whining out loud, wearing a dress so tight it looked like her huge boobs were about to explode through the material - not that it tried to hide them much.

"Like, oh my God, it's totally not fucking fair! I've been fucked six times as a chick already! Six times! I went on my knees and sucked a guy off and I totes drank his cum - all of it! This horror show can't end, like, soon enough! Every time I see a cute guy I just want him to motorboat my big plump tits and then fuck me with his big dick! Ugh, I'm even talking like a total slut!"

“At least you aren’t making everyone hate you!” Marcella said, texting at the same time as she was talking. “Hana’s made me into a mean gossip girl! I’ve somehow ended up with two boyfriends at once, and OMG there is such a backlash against Brittany on her socials right now. I bet she totally has an eating disorder - fuck! See? I can’t stop it.”

Delia huffed as she made her way back to the table, having helped clean up Selina’s kitchen again and constructed homemade pizzas for everybody.

“At least you aren’t a *mom*,” she said. “Goddamn, I’ll never cheat on my wife again if it means not having a husband that grabs my ass every time he thinks no one’s looking.”

“Have you had sex yet?” Selina asked.

“Nearly,” she replied. “Which is why I can’t wait to turn back. He was about to bend me over the kitchen until we got a ‘family friend’ visiting, thank Christ. How are you going, Carol, my girl?”

Carol bit her lip. She was imagining not just the pleasure of fucking her husband last night, but also their morning passion as well. She’d ridden on top of her husband on the living room couch, allowing him to suck on her tits while she bounced up and down on his cock. It had been far too much pleasure, and far too much shame. She couldn’t understand how Hana didn’t know her spell had gone wrong. She was a good woman! She clearly didn’t want something like this to happen, and yet Carol had been penetrated twice now without any contraception, and her body had been so dutiful to her husband. She’d made him lunch for work, cooked him breakfast, and even made dinner before she’d left. This after ironing his clothing and cleaning the house. She couldn’t *not* wear 50’s style clothing and makeup, and it left her looking like the most demure, dutiful housewife imaginable, one that turned men’s heads.

“I . . . I have a husband. I slept with him.”

The women all gasped.

“Really!?” Marcella cried. “Give me the goss!”

“At least someone else knows what it’s like to, you know, totes get fucked by a man.”

“Is he nice?” Peyton asked, genuinely curious.

Delia just frowned, worried that this was her future too, when she returned to Jay.

“I . . . I couldn’t stop myself. He was so warm and kind and wonderful. I feel such a need to please him.

“We’re all fucking archetypes,” Delia said. “I’m the MILF mom. You’re the loyal housewife. Peyton’s the fashion girl model, Marcella the gossip girl bitch, and Selina is the total bimbo.”

“Ugh, I hate it,” Selina said.

“It should be over in a single minute,” Carol said, pointing to the clock. “We’ll turn back.”

“I’m gonna kill your wife, seriously,” Delia said.

“Get in line,” Selina added.

But still, they waited for the minute to countdown, and eventually they fell silent, watching it, anticipating it.

And then nothing happened.

And then nothing continued to happen.

Panic started to set in. Why weren’t they changing back? Surely it was twenty four hours from when they’d changed?

But Carol’s heart began to drop, even as the rest fell into infighting and whining and more than a few behavioural compulsions set forth by the magic.

“We have to change back soon, or else I’m seriously gonna call up one of these hunky boys and I won’t be able to help but get them to fuck me doggy style! I might end up, like, sucking cock again! What if I keep loving it!?”

“I’ve got a fashion show tomorrow. Um, it was fun for a bit, but I don’t know if I can, well, keep on showing off my body like that. I’m really pretty, but I don’t want everyone to see me in lingerie!”

“Do you realise how many socials I’ve got? This life is chaos! I need some new girlfriends just so I can create some drama otherwise even you won’t want to catch up with me!”

“Jay . . . he mentioned he wanted to have some fun tonight. I think he’s waiting for me . . . me, his MILF wife. The mother of his teenage kids. Oh shit, I can’t go back to that, but I need to!”

Carol barely heard any of this, even as the archetypes around her became ever more stereotypical in their panic. The new housewife was starting to suspect something hadn’t just gone wrong, but *seriously* wrong.

“Guys,” she said. “Girls. I think . . . oh God, I think we’re stuck like this. Maybe for good.”

Archetypes, Part 3

Carol was late to brunch, but who could really blame her? For nearly a year now, she’d been stuck as a woman, forced to give in to her compulsions to be the perfect, pretty housewife. She always dressed in a classic 1950’s submissive style, and her bras even had that pointed shape that was so common back then. She used her hair curler obsessively to achieve that classic look, and she always wore heels when she went out, her face made up to perfection,

red lipstick and all. And, of course, there was the fact that her husband was so very, very deeply in love and in *lust* with her. Even as she parked her car at the park adjacent to the little brunch place she and her lady friends always met at, she couldn't help but bite her lower lip and remember just how *powerful* her husband had been that morning. He'd bent her right over the kitchen table and pulled down her lingerie underwear, then fucked her from behind while she clutched the table and moaned. It was one of the few positions still available to them now, and it was so very . . . primal.

Her belly shifted, and Carol gave a sharp intake of breath as a little kick jolted against her bladder. Thankfully, she'd relieved herself just before or she might have had an accident.

"Calm down, you," she said, rubbing her belly, which tented out her maternity dress. "I'll get us some food in a moment. Just be patient and save those kicks for my friends. I'm sure they'll appreciate them."

Very carefully, she extracted herself from her car, hand on her back for leverage. Her belly was huge, and it was clear that she might 'pop' any day now, as people often put it. Even as she waddled to the cafe, people gave her appreciative and interested looks. Mostly they came because of her immense beauty and out-of-place 50's style, but now it was also because of how obviously, very pregnant she was.

"You're glowing, dear," an older woman said, smiling appreciatively at Carol's swollen midsection.

Out of instinct, always playing the role Hana's magic had placed upon her, Carol rubbed her taut dome appreciatively and gave a terrific smile.

"Thank you. I'm just about due!"

"I'll say you are! Boy or girl?"

"It's a surprise. A wonderful surprise!"

The woman wished her well, and Carol continued on. God, it was so weird to be pregnant. Strange enough to be stuck as a gorgeous, submissive wife. A woman who cooked and cleaned for her husband, and always pleased him in the bedroom - even with her mouth! - but now she was literally *making a child*. It kicked and stirred within her, and her breasts had also grown quite obviously, ready to feed her coming child. And to think that her husband had promised her that they would be raising a 'whole football team.' It terrified her as much as it aroused her submissive body.

"Carol! You're as big as a house!"

The pregnant housewife rolled her eyes as she saw where her best friends were sitting. It had been Selina that called it out. As usual, she was dressed like a total slut: wearing a pink crop top that was so short that part of her massive, all-natural tits could be seen hanging out the bottom, while the dip at the top showed an immense amount of cleavage. She stood to wave at Carol, which caused a lot of jiggling, and it allowed the

pregnant woman to see that her friend was also wearing a matching hot pink skirt, one so short and tight that it would be easy to see her g-string if she so much as bent over.

“And you’re as showy as a . . . showgirl,” Carol said back weakly. It still got a laugh from the group, and a high bimbo-ish giggle from Selina in particular, though her cheeks were red from embarrassment.

“Hey, it’s not, like, my fault that I’m such a slut all the time. At least I totes made it on time!”

“And it’s not my fault that I’m as big as a house. Seriously, try getting pregnant and see how much you like it! You can’t turn up on time to anything with this belly blocking the steering wheel.”

Delia rose and helped pull back a seat. Having become an older married woman with her own growing kids, she had sort of become the ‘group mom’ of sorts. She gave Carol an easy smile and helped her down.

“There, there,” she said. “You got this. I gotta say, I’m grateful I at least skipped the whole ‘getting pregnant’ stage.”

“There’s still time for that, hon,” Marcella replied. She was, as always, on her phone. Sending Snapchats, messages, videos, rumours, and likely posting on the most juicy gossip subreddits. Carol had no idea how she kept on top of it all. “You’re not out of your ovulation yet. I bet you could still be knocked up! Oh, should we start a bet? I think we should start a bet.”

“Of course you do,” Peyton said, raising her hand to get the attention of the waitress. “You want to sticky beak in everything, darling.”

“*Si!* Of course I do! Carol’s Hana left me no choice! Besides, it’s a fucking addiction at this point. Have you heard the latest about Mila Jones’ product line recall? It’s soooooo juicy.”

“I’ll bet it is,” Peyton said. “Just remember our agreement, honey.”

Of everyone present, Peyton had adapted the most, perhaps to the point where she was the only one to truly *enjoy* her new life and simply accept and go along with her regular compulsions. Her beautiful model-like body adorned many magazines, and there was a chance that she would go on to full supermodel greatness in the years to come. Yes, it was still painfully awkward for the former timid nerd to strip down to a bikini and pose sexily by the poolside, or to wear showy dresses and and make herself look demure, oozing desire, but in return she was positively beloved! She had a huge following on Instagram and other social media sites, had regular paid work, and she was treated like a queen, apart from some rather rude comments some photographers and online commentators made about her luscious body. Still, she was always gaining confidence, and was speaking with more authority each time they all met for their regular brunches.

“Of course I remember,” Marcella snapped. “*Dios mio*, what do you take me for?”

“A rumour monger,” Carol replied.

“A massive one,” Delia replied. “And I am not getting knocked up. No betting on my body, thank you! Bad enough that my kids pointed out all this damn cellulite on my legs the other day. Jesus, sometimes I swear I’m acting like a total mom.”

“A hot one, at least,” Marcella teased, unable to help herself. “I bet your man can’t keep his hands off of you.”

They all groaned, especially Selina. “Please, this is, like, the one time I can have my life without, you know, having hot hunky hands all over my big booty and sensitive tits!”

“Don’t act like you don’t love it,” Marcella replied, half-smirking at a text she’d just received. “That one time we had a girl’s night weekend at Vegas you were squealing like a bimbo in the next room, *hermana*. You had *two* men on you that night.”

Selina pouted, her glossy-pink lips looking ready to kiss a man, or suck him off. In fact, her horny brain was already mentally taking her to such places.

“It’s not my fault! God, I’ve had so much anal lately. And tittyfucks. And whenever I’m with Chet I can’t stop riding cowgirl while he sucks my big tits.”

At this point, a server approached delicately, clearly embarrassed at his timing. Selina flicked her gaze upon him.

“Like, can I help you?”

“I was, er, going to ask if you lovely ladies wanted some food and drinks? Are you ready to order?”

Selina licked her lips. “Mhm, I’d like to order *you* later, mister. As you probably overheard, I’m getting super fucking horny. When does your shift end?”

He looked caught in the headlights. Delia thankfully salvaged things.

“For God’s sake, Selina, keep it in your pants! *Honey*, I’m ready to order, and this momma’s got a big appetite this morning.”

“Same,” Carol mused, rubbing her belly. “I’ll have the big breakfast, thanks. Extra eggs. Baby wants them.”

Marcella had to be pressured to make her order as she was too busy deciding which one would look best on her social media feeds. Peyton, naturally, ordered a simple salad. Selina just got a breakfast burger, but it was clear from the way she kept her eyes on the server, who’s name was Dennis, that she was already getting hungry for something - or someone, rather - else.

“Boy, you really don’t slow down, do you?” Peyton asked her when the man left.

“Oh, shut up! At least I’m not some kind of hoity toity princess model! I’ve seen your pictures. If I wasn’t such a slut I’d totes, like, be on magazines and stuff. My boobs are bigger. Carol’s are bigger now too!”

“Ugh, don’t remind me!” the expectant mother said. “I’m still worried about giving birth.”

“I don’t know why we’re even arguing,” Peyton said as her natural juice arrived. She sipped at it elegantly. “I mean, we’re all victims here. Why are we all so snippy today?”

Selina sighed. “Had a pregnancy scare, damn it.”

“Ooh, exciting!” Marcella said, suddenly interested.

“I’m not pregnant. I just thought I was. Goddamn it, I’m not careful enough. When I see a big, hard dick I’ve just got to be all over it. I don’t actually want to end up like Carol here.”

Carol rolled her eyes. “Gee, thanks.”

“It’s just . . . weird.”

“Trust me, doesn’t get easier when they’re older either,” Delia said. “That Hana really did a number on me. I’m a full family woman now. I couldn’t be disloyal to my man even if I wanted to be. I mean, I do want to be, but I also don’t. You all know what I’m talking about.”

The bickering ended as they all murmured understanding and agreement. Living for nearly a year as women, forced to play certain roles, had certainly done a number on their minds. The thought of acting other than their compulsions was almost anathema by this stage: Peyton was too used to modelling, Selina to getting fucked daily, Marcella to her addictive gossip, Delia to being the organised mom, and Carol, of course, the dutiful housewife and future mother-to-be. Her baby shifted inside of her and she grunted.

“What’s it like?” Peyton asked, intrigued.

“It’s . . . unexpected,” Carol said. “Amazing in some ways, terrifying in most. Of course, it’s only the first of ‘quite a brood,’ so I’m told. And unless we find a way to be changed back, I think I’m gonna be raising a whole football team, whether I want to or not.”

“Is the sex good at least?”

Carol snorted at Selina’s question. “Damn good,” she replied, her cheeks a little rosy. “Cards on the table, we’ve *all* had sex with men by this point, right?”

There was, again, a muttering of agreement. Peyton usually kept her cards closer to the chest, but rumours stirred from Marcella about her latest photographer sticking with her across numerous jobs. He was handsome. He was tall. He was *Italian*.

“I’d say that’s a yes,” Peyton replied. “It’s not the worst, is it?”

“I suppose it’s a consolation prize,” Delia replied. “My man is just so . . . primal. I wish I’d been as passionate as he was when I was a husband.”

Another murmur followed.

“I wish I’d been less sexist,” Selina admitted. “Maybe partied less hard.”

“Perhaps kept Hana and the other women in the know,” Marcella said, “and open up a bit more.”

“And stuck up for myself and learned how to socialise and not just stare at ladies,” Peyton admitted. “Now that men are always staring at me.”

Carol finally exhaled, calming the baby in her womb with smooth, gentle rubs. It was still crazy to think that any day now, she'd be lying on her back and spreading her legs and pushing a baby out of her body. It was a dream she'd once had for her own wife, Hana.

“And I should have been a better husband,” Carol finally said. “I should have followed through on my promises.”

“Makes you wonder where Hana is these days, huh?” Delia asked. “I mean, I can take care of all you girls just fine, but I wouldn't mind the chance to turn back, don't ya think? Maybe catch a break from my man grabbing my big black ass whenever the kids aren't looking.”

They all chuckled at that. Even Selina voiced a desire not to always be on her knees, sucking a man off until he came down her throat. She always swallowed, after all, and while it was delicious to her bimbo tastebuds, it infuriated her to find it so enjoyable, still. But then the food arrived, and more regular girly talk followed; was Carol's baby a boy or a girl? What baby names should be on the cards? How was everyone being treated by their men lately? Even aspects of fashion came up; at a certain point, being forced to be stylish, attractive women had rubbed off on their sensibilities, and the fact that all of them were wearing either skirts or dresses was a testament to that fact.

They were just finishing up their food when Carol's stomach gurgled loudly, causing the others to laugh.

“Eating for two now, remember?” Delia said sweetly.

“Trust me,” Carol sighed. “I never forget. I'm a pregnant housewife now. Hold on, I'm off to grab one of those buns from the counter. Cravings.”

She waddled over to make her order on the other side of the cafe, clutching her stomach with one hand and placing the other upon her spine for support. God, she was so pregnant. So absolutely, completely pregnant. It was nuts. And to think she wanted this fate one day for -

Hana.

She was there, standing in line, looking healthy and happy and with a man at her side, holding her hand. She looked more *vital* than Carol had ever seen her. It had been impossible to make contact or even travel to Hana's home in the last near-year. After all, if Carol had no reason to go there, the compulsions wouldn't let her. And now there was a chance meeting! She could finally confront her wife and find out what went wrong! Her baby did somersaults in her womb, feeling her anticipation.

“Excuse me,” she said, voice demure. “Um, have we met before?”

Hana turned from laughing at something her boyfriend said, and regarding Carol. Her features narrowed, as if she were on the cusp of remembering something. Such thoughts often came up, little moments of *deja vu* that never quite coalesced. She took in this pregnant woman, finding something familiar in her, and yet . . . it was gone.

“No, I’m sorry, I don’t thinking we have. I’m Hana, and this is my husband, Charles.”

“It’s - I’m - *It’s very nice to meet you. Sorry, I’ve got such pregnant brain these days!*”

“Not a problem at all!” Hana laughed. “I hope to feel that pregnant brain one day myself. You look radiant, by the way.”

“*Why thank you. I’m just so excited! Due any day now!*”

“Well, I wish you all the best . . . ?”

“C-C-Carol.”

Hana beamed. “Carol. What a lovely name! Ah, here’s my coffee order. Have a good day, Carol! I love your fifties style, it’s awesome!”

“Thanks you so much! Um, you know, your hair is lovely too. I bet it smells *marvellous.*”

She gave a cheeky grin. “Oh, you! Look, I’ve got to go, but thanks for the kind words. Perhaps we should get to know each other sometime, if we ever run into one another again!”

Carol gave a sheepish smile, glowing from her words, yet inwardly devastated. She knew her wife. Carol had known her for many years, before and during their marriage, and now, sadly, after it as well. This was no act. She sometimes let her magic take her too far, but Carl always knew when she was lying; she was simply too sweet. Even in her mischief she always gave herself away. But in her eyes now there was no real recognition. Something really had gone wrong with the spell on her end. She had forgotten Carl and Carol both. Carl always said her hair smelled *marvellous*, those specific words, but they clearly now meant nothing to her.

At least it confirmed that she hadn’t meant to leave Carol. At least it confirmed that, whatever had happened, it had all been an accident. Still, her heart was sore for her, even knowing she couldn’t be with Hana. Carol had a squirming baby in my new uterus, and a husband at home who had put it there, and wanted to put so many others in me in the years to come.

Laughter erupted from the table where her girlfriends waited. Some silly joke of Delia’s, or perhaps a fashionista debate between Peyton and Marcella. Or, just looking at things, Selina had found another server to prey her lusts upon. But they all seemed, despite their humiliations and trapped roles, fairly happy. Could she really tell them? What would be the point? We were all past the point of no return, and me the pregnant, stereotypical housewife most of all.

With a gentle sigh, Carol waddled back to the table, back to where four wonderful women waited for me, each of them, and her, perfect archetypes in our own way.

“Everything okay, Carol?” Delia asked her. “Are you alright?”

Carol gave her best, beaming housewife’s smile. A future stay-at-home mom’s smile, filled with radiant pride.

“A-OK,” she responded, rubbing her stomach and taking a seat. “And nothing to report. Now, what’s all this gossip I missed?”

The End