

# Clubbing Forever (Bimbo TGTF, Mind Control)

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A Story Tier Prompt for TG Sorcerer

*My wife and I decided to go clubbing, her having missed that opportunity when she was younger. What starts as a fun night out turns into a nightmare when a warlock curses us both for a perceived slight.*

## Clubbing Forever

My wife Jenine never went to clubs or bars when she was younger. Her parents were strict, and she had expectations of achieving good grades and a pathway to becoming an educated and successful doctor. It was always one of the major differences in upbringing we had; my folks happily let me out of the house on the proviso that I was back by 2am, or otherwise to shoot them a message that I would be staying at a friend's. Those were some of the best nights of my life, and so it was a shock to me when my gorgeous wife revealed to me that she, in fact, had never gone clubbing. Not once.

"I'm jealous Paul, really I am," she said, frowning. "You wouldn't understand it, coming from a white home. My Ma was a real strict Asian mama, a dragon over the household. Going clubbing might as well be the same as getting knocked up in her view."

I could tell it was a sore spot for her, but it never seemed like a blight on her past. We were happy together, with our own hobbies and interests; hers in gardening when she wasn't working, mine in reading and golfing. We were real homebodies, in fact. It was only after we had been married several years that she approached me one day nervously, and asked if we could go clubbing.

"I want to do it," she said, "just once. I never got to go in my teens or twenties."

"I don't know," I replied. "All that loud music. The drinking, the partying. I feel like I'm pretty over the hill for that. Not to mention the obnoxious people and the overpriced drinks."

"I'll pay then. And we can get dressed up. I can even wear that cute dark green cocktail dress you like."

I grinned. She was quite a sight in it. And while in many ways, clubbing is a young man's game, I was certainly enticed at the notion of having fun for one night. After all, it could be a nice silly outing before we got any more serious about having children together.

And so it was that we got dressed up for a night on the town, heading to the popular club known as *The Red Velvet*. It was a large place with loud music, louder outfits, and great booze. It had changed a little since my younger days, but was still just as wonderfully

raucous as I remembered it. I wore a smart white shirt and trousers, my hair gelled back in the modern style. Smart-casual. Jenine, on the other hand, went with the dark green dress. She was a damn vision in it; its contours hugging her slim figure and showing a tiny taste of her slight cleavage. Her hair was not in its usual ponytail, but instead flowed over her shoulders in luscious black tresses. She had a green sequined purse to match it.

“What do you think?” she said, giving a little flourish as we walked to the club.

“Oh, you want another appraisal do you, doctor?”

She grinned. I loved my wife’s toothy grin. Her small size made her quite adorable, though I knew she could be quite fierce with stubborn patients, or stubborn husbands.

“Just a little one.”

“You look absolutely ravishing. Hot as hell, in fact.”

“I knew it!”

“And me?”

“Passable.”

“Sure.” I rolled back my sleeves, exposing my forearms. “How about now?”

“Mhmm, *now* you look spectacular.”

I laughed, and we entered the *Red Velvet*.

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“Oh my God, I’m so angry that Ma stopped me from ever doing this. This is so damn fun!”

My wife was getting a little tipsy, drunk on bourbon shots and fresh experience. She leaned back in my arms in the booth, as we’d both taken a break from dancing. Well, I had; Jenine had reserves of energy I never knew existed. Being a doctor must have installed in her some superpower to stay able to do things well beyond my own exhaustion point.

“I’m glad you’re enjoying it.”

“Enjoying it? Enjoying it!?” She flourished her hands, spilling her drink a little by accident. “I’m *loving* it, Paul! Even if we are a little bit older than the regular crowd, this is so amazing. Oh, and the music! And the dancing! Come dance with me again!”

I put up my hands. “Just give me five, you little firecracker. I’ve burnt my energy ten years ago during my stints here.”

She stuck out her tongue in a cute manner. “Fine, I’ll go dance a little without you. Come join when you’re ready!”

She put down her drink and sauntered off the dance floor. I chuckled, and admired the view. I know some people like their women all voluptuous and shapely, but my wife’s slim, lithe body was very attractive to me. She had a beautiful, waifish look, and it was matched by her elegance too. Even in high school, I never cared for the big-breasted bimbos

with their fake nails and hair, and she was just as derisive of them. She was the real deal. You could tell if from the way she'd been partying as well; totally free and without a care for what others thought of her. It actually dismantled my worries about the night, even if the loud music was obnoxious still to me; we were having a not bad time at all.

As I was musing on this, I noticed that she was engaged in what looked like a tense conversation with a tall, dark-haired man. I sat up, not too inebriated yet to be able to make out when my wife was uncomfortable. In fact, no amount of drinking could turn off my protective care for her. And she did indeed look uncomfortable, trying to pull away as this man blocked her exit to me. He drew close, and actually placed his hand on her ass.

On my *wife's* ass.

I stood up and barrelled over, nearly knocking over a younger woman with a drink.

"Hey, douchebag!" I yelled, "leave her alone! That's my fucking wife you're harrassing there!"

The man took a step back, frowned, but didn't remove his hovering hand. In fact, he then smiled, and took a step forward again, placing his hand on my wife's shoulder. I am not a big guy, but I will fucking rage if someone ever threatened my wife. I put myself right up in his face.

"Hey, fuckface! I told you that my wife isn't interested. The clue is in the fact that she's *my* wife. Go find another venue bimbo on the dance floor."

The man laughed. "Oh, you have no idea what you're messing with, little man. I was just appreciating your sexy gal here, there's no need to be rude about it. Though I have to say, she's a little . . . slim, for my tastes anyway."

I grit my teeth. He *still* hadn't removed his hand. I batted it away for him, thrusting a finger right under his chin.

"I said fuck off. You want a woman? Go to the damn strip club. Plenty of sluts for you there. Are you okay, love?"

"Fine," she said, "thanks. This guy was starting to scare me. He's leaving now, isn't he?"

The dark-haired man regarded both of us in our united front, and I saw a look of incensed rage overcome his face.

"A strip club? You think one such as I can only get a girl at a strip club? And all that talk about bimbos on the dance floor, I can see why your woman wasn't attracted to me; she's an uptight prude, and so are *you*. Well, we'll see how you like that comment, you pathetic pair."

I balled my fists, ready to throw down. "Last warning."

“Oh, you have no idea how true that is. You’ve insulted me, and I don’t take kindly to being insulted. I’m no ordinary man, you fool. I’m a fucking *warlock*, descendent of demons through my father’s side.”

“Whatever, you crazy person. C’mon Jenine, let’s go.”

We turned to leave, me with my arms protectively around her, when suddenly we both froze on the spot. Behind us, the so-called warlock’s voice continued, barely audible above the music and the frantic, confused pounding of our own hearts.

“*I wasn’t finished*. Like I said, I’m a freaking warlock. And that means I can punish whoever dares insult me. I was going to just enjoy your woman for a night, but given her prudish attitude, and the way you both talk about me needing to see some ‘bimbos’ and ‘sluts’, I have the perfect punishment in mind for the both of you.”

Behind us, he did something, and a flourish of energy overcame my form, and Jenine’s as well.

“*Reverof ereh elpoep niatretne ot denitsed, efil rof sreppirts tuls obmib fo riap a emoceb!*”

The strange speech sounded almost backwards, and it was then that I experienced a strange tingling over my body. The warlock gave one final laugh, and then was seemingly gone, his movements the only thing I could hear.

“Enjoy your new lives. You’re going to be stuck in them *forever*.”

We fell forwards, released from the frozen trap of the spell, able to move again. But it was the rest of the club that had frozen. Time itself had frozen.

“What - what the hell is going on, Paul?” Jenine asked, her eyes pleading.

“I don’t know love, but I think that man was the real deal.”

“Oh God, did he curse us? How has he frozen the world? This doesn’t make sense, he - UGH!”

I grabbed Jenine as she fell backwards. My eyes widened as her face shifted, her lips plumpening out dramatically, her eyes taking on an even more almond shape to the point where they became quite exotic. Her hair lengthened, streaming down her back, and to both our shock, her breasts expanded dramatically.

“Ohhhhhhhh,” she moaned, “wh-what’s h-happening to me? What’s happening to y-you!?”

“To me? What do you - NNGHH!”

I doubled over, clutching my stomach. My entire body slimmed down, and my hair spiralled out from my scalp, altering in colour until it was dyed a bright electric blue. I cringed as my organs rearranged, something new spreading into existence below my intestines. It almost made me throw up, but I was distracted by a powerful pressure on my chest. I

gripped myself, compressing my chest and desperately pleading with the universe not to allow what was about to happen.

And then it did anyway.

Like rising dough in the oven, two female breasts expanded, stretching my top. They rapidly gained weight and tissue, spreading outwards until they were shockingly round and heavy and bouncy. They surged past my wife's old cup size to tremendous cantaloupe-sized specimens, equal to my wife's *new* cup size.

"OOhHHhhhhHHHh!" I groaned, my voice reverberating through the frozen club, becoming higher and higher in octave until I sounded almost sensually feminine. I looked with fear at my wife, who was still transforming; her hips spread wider, her ass pooled fat to become round and bouncy, and her legs became slightly longer. With her puffed-up lips, higher cheekbones, and increasingly curvaceous body, she looked like the very kind of bimbo we'd told the dark-haired warlock to go find. It was a realisation of horror, because at that very moment my waist pulled in, my hips spread outward, and my ass ballooned.

"I think we're b-becoming fucking b-bimbos, Jenine!"

She gasped, and her pouty lips made her expression look quite ditzy, a far cry from the intelligent woman I married.

"N-no! I don't want to - ahhh - Paul! I'm a f-fucking doctor, dammit!"

But it didn't matter, our bodies continue to change. My breasts stopped expanding, now even larger than my wife's, heavy head-sized orbs that strains against my shirt, though that too was rapidly changing into a crop top. My pants altered to become a skirt, revealing my tantalisingly shapely legs, and my shoes altered to become a pair of quite high heels.

I stood as the changes finished, as my face reformed and my lips bloated. The final change was inevitable, but I still cried as it came; my penis sucked back into my body with alarming alacrity, replaced by a feminine slit that already felt strangely aroused.

"Holy f-fuck!" I said, my new voice soprano and sweet, and sounding quite vacant-headed. Like a bimbo valley girl.

"I - oh my God, Paul, what do we do?"

Jenine didn't sound much better.

"I don't know, Jenine, but -"

Suddenly, the world was in motion again. We stumbled forward, the party continuing, no one around us ever noticing something had changed. To them, it was just ordinary. Jenine and I looked at each other, two bimbofied women, unable to think of what to do. I tried to say something to her, but instead my body spoke for me.

"So, like, are we gonna do this Jenine, or what?"

My eyes were startled, and so were hers.

*“Like, totally honey. Let’s dance the night away. I want to put on a super hot performance tonight, so everyone appreciates these big Asian titties.”*

It was something my wife would *never* say. Not in a thousand years.

*‘Oh yeah? Don’t forget mine are, like, way bigger hun. Let’s see who gets the most tips by the end of the night.’*

She wagged her finger suggestively.

*“Or how about who gets the most dick by the end of the night?”*

*“You’re one!”*

Our bodies walked forward, automatically, up to the stage. With each step, my heels clicked, my new hips sashayed from side to side. Men whooped and hollered, calling our names: Jenine and *Pauline*. Some smacked me on the ass, a few even groped my new tits, much to my shock and my body’s arousal. It was horrifying, and yet all I could do was laugh, thank them, and further ascend to the stage. Jenine and I shared another horrified gaze, neither able to say anything to one another that wasn’t in our new slutty personalities. We were caged, trapped, but I could see the fear behind the flesh, as the sight before us presented itself.

Two stripper poles awaited, one with my feminised name upon it, the other with hers.

We stepped up to the cheer and roar of the crowd, our movements sensual and designed to show off as much of our curves as possible.

*“Alright, hunky boys! Ready for the show of your lives?”* Jenine shouted.

A roar of approval.

*“Good!”* my body called. *“Because we’ll be dancing for you all night, and seeing you afterwards, I’m sure.”*

*“And we’re going to be here for a long, long time!”*

*“Forever, even!”*

Another roar of approval, cheers and drunken claps and catcalls. And then, we began to dance, unable to stop ourselves.

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That was twenty years ago. Jenine and I are still at *The Red Velvet*, though it has changed hands and traded names several times now. It has never waned in popularity though, likely in no small part due to the endless sexy stripping performances and many lurid sex acts offered by ‘Pauline’ and Jenine, the busty bimbo pair who never take a night off. Neither of us have aged a day, it seems. We still appear to be in our early twenties, our large breasts soft yet pert, our faces beautiful and eager, our lips and pussies eager to accept a parade of thick, hard cocks into them. When the warlock said it was our lives ‘forever’, I had no idea at

first that it was so literal. Somehow, due to the warlock's magic, no one ever questions how we've lived like this, and they likely never will.

Jenine and I are now approaching sixty years of age, and yet there are no muscle creaks, no wrinkles, no signs of getting old. It would be a miracle, were we not trapped in a hellish cycle of acting like slutty strippers. I would much prefer to be gracefully ageing with my wonderful slim wife, rather than dancing opposite her on a stripper pole, all to the amusement of hundreds of young men, several of whom would go on to fuck me that very night.

It is punishment that may never end, in fact. For all I know, this could be our eternity; stuck in this city, only able to really get out during the first half of the day, and stuck in our bimbo shopping routines where all our money goes to making ourselves look sexy. Half the time we can't even fight the compulsion to sleep with men *before* our night performances. It limits our time together, though sometimes we are able to share some intimacy when a man fucks both of us at the same time in a threesome, or we are rotated for the pleasure of a group of men. Sometimes we are fucked in such a way that we can share a gaze, and imagine in our minds that the pleasure we are forced to feel is from each other.

It was a sad realisation the other day that I have been fucked by other men more than I ever fucked my own wife. I can still see her personality behind her bimbo body some days, just as I assume she can see mine. I know she still loves me, still wants me, just as I want the same. She is so close, and yet so far away. The nearest thing to togetherness I can get is when we dance before the crowds, showing our buxom bodies to all. Occasionally, for a few fleeting moments, we dance together, our bodies intermingling and passing by, purely as part of the performance. But then we continue, twirling around the poles and assuming all sorts of suggestive positions, over and over again. And with no end in sight.

I suppose, in a way, Jenine got her wish to have a youth of clubbing..

After all, we'll be clubbing forever, now.

**The End**