

Consequences of Catcalling

By FoxFace

An Anonymous Commission

Harold and Ben are two young men with seriously chauvinist attitudes towards women. They enjoy rating them, catcalling them, and generally degrading them, be they young college girls or older cougars. But when they make fun of the wrong mom and daughter pair, they soon find themselves mother and daughter, and now this sexy college gal and needy cougar will find themselves on the receiving end of their previous comments, and a strong compulsion to live up to their new bimbo looks.

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The young woman ran past in a sports bra, and both men ogled.

“Eight.”

“Nah, Seven at best, get a look at those ankles. Mannish.”

“Yeah, okay. What about that one?” Harold pointed to a woman in her early-forties with a short bob and an impressive figure.

“Too curvy, and too old,” said Ben. “Six. And that’s being generous.”

“Six? You’re out of your goddamn mind. She’s a total MILF dude.”

Ben rolled his eyes, chugging another beer as they sat on the wooden beam for their lunch break. “You and your MILFs. Why don’t you try women your own age?”

“Please,” Harold said, “you’re skirt chasing all the college girls, and you’re thirty years old, Ben.”

The blonde-haired man grinned. “What can I say, I like ‘em naive and horny. Isn’t that right lady? Love what you’re showing! Would love to see what you’re not!”

The young lady walking past looked around to see the two builders making rude gestures in her direction. Clearly startled, disgusted, and frightened in equal measure, she hurried her pace.

“Sad to see you go, but love to watch you walk away! Let that ass sway, honey!”

Ben laughed at Harold’s comment, and the two toasted their beers to the woman’s generous backside, hollering.

The two men were both thirty years old, and had been working in construction since they were teens. During that time, they had never developed a healthy respect for women; quite the opposite, in fact. Ben was a light-haired man with snake tattoos on his forearms

and a lop-sided grin. He had acne scars on his face, but was well-muscled. He loved sexy girls who had just reached the age of eighteen to twenty, and occasionally even had luck with them, though he was more often throwing out catcalls and harassing comments. He enjoyed watching them squirm, not knowing how to react to his come-ons. Harold, on the other hand, liked his women older, and didn't care who knew it. He loved a "sexy fucking MILF" as he put it, and rated Jennifer Connelly as the sexiest woman alive, at her current age. He had dark hair and was slightly tubbier, with a beer gut and lack of style that made most women averse to him. Despite this, he too occasionally had luck with older women, until they caught his eye wandering to other curvy women in their forties. Both had been friends for several years now, and had a workweek tradition of rating the women who walked past their worksite, and letting them know about it too.

"Pass me another beer, will ya?" Harold asked, the heavier drinker of the two.

Ben tossed it to him with a grin. "You're gonna poison your liver, Harry," he remarked.

"Sure I am, that's the point. Plus, don't you have your smokes?"

"Gave 'em up. Been two whole months, I told you that."

Harold chuckled as he downed the beer. "Sure you gave them up, Ben. I bet you'll be right back on them next week."

"Shut up, you cougar-chasing weirdo. I'm telling you, I'm actually off them."

"Sure you are - hey shut up anyhow. Lookie here at the pair we got. It's like they were tailor made for us, Ben."

Indeed, the women walking past looked exactly just that. The older woman would have been approaching fifty, with creases around her eyes and at the edges of her neck. But she had aged like fine wine, with luxurious dark hair with cute grey trails in it, and she had a curvy figure of someone who'd had several kids and enjoyed the fruits of those labors on her body, with a full chest and peach-like shape that gave her a round ass. Walking beside her, and chatting pleasantly with her, was a cute young thing with dark brown hair and green eyes, a solid D-cup bust, and a cute midriff that was shown off, courtesy of her wearing a sexy crop top and very form-fitting jeans. The two were obviously related; they had the same facial features and green eyes, and even their figures weren't too different, just separated by time and circumstances.

"Holy fuck," Ben said, eyeing the ladies. "Jesus, what a perfect pair."

"I know, right? That is one sexy ass MILF right there. The things I'd love to do to her."

"The other one is hot as all hell too. Jesus, she's so damn bright-eyed. I love that."

The two men looked at each other, and spoke their judgement as one.

"Total Tens."

They raised their beers to yell over the sounds of construction behind them, out onto the city footpath as the woman made their way into the town centre.

“Hey, lovely ladies, looking real nice today!”

The two of them glared, but continued chatting, pretending to ignore them.

“Don’t ignore us!” Harold called, “I love an older woman. You’ve got a real hot MILF wife, honey! Why don’t you come over and let me put my face in between that big chest of yours, huh?”

The woman whipped her head around incensed, for a moment seeming to consider whether to reply. Her daughter said something, and for just a moment, they looked to be about to continue on. At least, until Ben spoke.

“Yeah, let my friend here have at you, and I’ll take your sexy daughter! I’ll show that sweet tush of hers a thing or two. We can have you in the same room; a real two-for-one mother-daughter showing!”

The two of them whooped and cheered. Something must have snapped in both of them though, as mother and daughter both exchanged words, and began to smile. They were wide, sinister smiles that unsettled the two catcallers, especially since the two women began to approach.

“Hey now, we were just joking!” Harold said, but his words died away as both women cast out their hands and spoke something in an ancient and long-dead tongue. Their eyes glowed purple, and purple mist and sparks flew from their hands as they recited an incantation. All at once, the world stopped around them. Literally. A bird hovered in mid-air, pedestrians on the street were halted mid-stride. The clouds were not moving.

“What the fuck -” Ben started, but a movement by the mother halted the words in his mouth.

“SILENCE! BOTH OF YOU! AND HALT”

Both men were now terrified, unable to talk or move as the mother-daughter pair came close, regarding them.

“You just catcalled the wrong women, you repulsive pair of rats,” she snapped. Even up close, she was sexy, and to her disgust, both men still had erections from the sight of them.

“What shall we do mother? Turn them into rats for real?” the daughter said. She rubbed her hands together, and both men managed to move their eyes to exchange a terrified glance.

“No, I have a much better idea, my darling daughter. They love the way we look so much? Enough to treat our sex so callously and awfully? Well, why don’t we let them experience what life is like on the other side?”

“Ohhh Mom, you are too bad.”

The older woman petted her daughter. "You take the young one, dear. I think we *both* know what forms they should take. After all, pigs like these always fear being treated like the very women they sexualise."

"W-what -" Harold managed to say, but the woman simply put her finger over his lips.

"Shhh. It will all make sense once your punishment is complete. Because make no mistake, we are witches, and we are going to punish the two of you. *For life.*"

Ben only managed to make a whimper as both women's eyes glowed purple once more, and they began to recite an even longer incantation. Purple smoke leapt from their fingers to envelop the men, and they were both instantly overcome with strange tugging and pulling sensations. They could only see each other in the purple mist, the rest of the world was obscured, but what they saw was enough. Their tongues loosened a little, allowing them to moan and gasp and give stilted, segmented sentences of shock while their bodies changed.

Ben gasped as his body slimmed down and his sunburnt skin lightened considerably. His waist pulled in painfully, and to his horror his body hair all fell away, along with his arm hair and leg hair. He squirmed, trying to breath as his rib cage contracted, his entire form shrinking to become daintier and more womanly. His normally impressive muscles melted away, turning to fat and then shifting across his body in a manner that made his body writhe in discomfort and a little ticklishness. He managed to move his arms, and nearly cried when he saw his hands; no longer the hands of a construction worker, but instead the carefully manicured hands of a slender young woman.

"Oh f-fuck, we're b-becoming women!" he said, only to squeal in a high-pitched manner when he saw his friend.

Harold was also changing, but his transformation was somewhat different. Being the larger of the men, with far more fat, he clutched his belly in discomfort as large piles of tissue were moved to his ass and hips, and to his chest. He grunted, each breath causing his top half to jut out further, a set of very real female breasts surging forth like soft, white pillows. His voice became low and husky, like a woman who smoked but maintained a sultry quality to her voice, and he whimpered as his thighs thickened.

"I know!" he stammered to his friend, "I think - oh God, I think I'm becoming a goddamn MILF, Ben!"

He was right. He could feel himself aging, just as Ben could feeling himself becoming more youthful. Ben's wrinkles disappeared as his skin became young and perfect, while Harold on the other hand developed crow's feet around his eyes, creases along his neck and at the corners of his mouth, and his stomach developed obvious stretch marks. Both of them grabbed their scalps, sucking in breath as their hair spilled out; Harold's into a sexy black bob, Ben's into a long, flowing set of blonde curls.

“This is - ahhh - this is impossible!” Ben cried, his eyes turning blue, his hair becoming a platinum blonde. He grabbed his chest in response to developing pains, and practically *shrieked* as his nipples throbbed, becoming larger and erect. The flesh behind them bulged out, growing and growing and growing, overflowing his palms until he had a ripe pair of Double-Ds. His hips popped outwards and his face rearranged. The latter was particularly disconcerting; his lips became full, and his cheekbones rose and became prominent.

Harold was treated to the sight of his friend becoming the very stereotypical image of the sexy blonde bimbo, complete with pouty lips and overdone eyeshadow. Her figure was exaggerated and alluring, but he couldn't focus on it, because his own body was becoming an exaggerated image of MILF-hood. He gasped, fingers sinking into the flesh of his breasts as they stretched his high-vis shirt. They must have been full F-cups at the very least, practically the size of melons, and with the weight of them too! His ass felt like two volleyballs side by side, and his stomach had developed a slight flab to it, the stomach of an older woman who'd already birthed a child into the world. He felt makeup being applied to his face as it rearranged, and Ben could see that Harold had the look of a world-wise woman in her mid-forties, but still with plenty of allure. Perhaps even sexier for having it.

Both of them cried out as their penises pulled back into their bodies, inverting to become new vaginal passages, complete with functioning wombs, ovaries, and sensitive vulva at the entrance.

“My d-d-*pussy!*” Brynn yelled.

The final alterations occurred, the last finishing touches. Ben gained several cute tattoos, complete with love hearts and butterflies, while Harold saw his legs and arms gain some slight wrinkles and shrinking as evidence of middle age. As if by afterthought, their clothes altered to fit their new forms: Ben gained a sexy crop top just like the daughter's, only it was hot pink. Her work shorts became a miniskirt, pastel blue in colour, and a necklace fell between her perfect breasts. Her flat stomach was open to the air, with a cute golden piercing on her belly button. Harold gained a dark dress with a deeply plunging neckline and short hem that fell around mid-thigh. Her shoes were nearly thigh-high and dark black, leaving a trace of leg skin showing in an attractive manner. The dress pulled tight around her ass and hugged her maternal curves well, but her cavernous cleavage remained her most on-display feature. A pair of hanging silver earrings pierced her lobes, and several jangling bracelets around her wrists. Her fingers had a number of cute rings also.

To all the world, they now looked like a sexy blonde bimbo in a two piece outfit, and a hot cougar MILF with a pair of enormous tits and a juicy ass. Both appeared as if they were on the hunt for mates. And both were utterly terrified and bewildered by what had just happened.

“Let us tell you how this is going to work,” the mother told the terrified former males. “You are no longer Harold and Ben - yes, we know your true names. It’s a witch thing. You are instead Harper and Brynn, a forty-five year old cougar and a twenty two year old college girl. And given that you had such a thing for my daughter and I being related, well . . .”

“We’ve decided to make you mother and daughter too,” her daughter cut in, relishing her moment. “You, Harper, are now legally and *biologically* Brynn’s mother. In the new reality we’ve made for you, you became pregnant and gave birth to her, so congratulations on being a mommy!”

“And a total MILF, too. Am I saying that right?” the mother asked, chuckling. She eyed Harper’s substantial bosom. “Just like your daughter is a hot young bimbo.”

“N-no,” Harper said in her husky new voice, “you - you can’t do this!”

“Oh but we can,” the daughter said gleefully, eyeing her own counterpart, making Brynn tremble. “And we have. From now on, you two live together in a cheap little apartment together. Don’t worry, nothing too terrible, after all, family takes care of each other right?”

“Please . . .” Brynn managed, but the mother was already talking.

“And on that note, you absolutely will need to take care of each other, because I’m afraid Harper and Brynn aren’t the brightest girls. So say goodbye to all that complex mathematics, specialised work skills, understanding of motor vehicles, and general financial and economic good sense too. From now on, you’ll need a bit of *male* help getting your shit together.”

She waved a hand, and both former men grabbed their brains, moaning in their new voices. In mere seconds, they felt their accumulated life skills and knowledge draining away. For Harper, that understanding was replaced by cosmetics and makeup skills, as well as hairdressing. For Brynn, it was replaced by dancing knowledge and - she shivered at this - *strip dance* skills. The two women looked to each other with absolute horror.

“And just so you can fully gel with your new lives,” the mother continued, “you’re going to have a series of magical compulsions set upon you that constantly ‘nudge’ you towards acting the part of the young bimbo and prowling cougar. You’ll be able to fight it, but will you always have the will to do so? Somehow I doubt it.”

Another weave of the hand, and a brief flash of purple in the air. Suddenly both new women felt very strange. Images of hot men appeared in their minds, as well as the desire to please them in all sorts of ways to satisfy their new horny urges.

“This is awful. We won’t stand for this!” Harper said. “And Ben won’t either!”

“You mean Brynn, right?” the daughter asked, grinning.

“My name is Ben!” the man said, “and he’s Harold. Not Harper!”

“Oh Mom, this won’t do at all!” the daughter whined. The mother simply petted her daughter on the head.

“Not to worry, my darling. Watch and learn. We’ll just give them another magical change to their minds. From now on, whenever they try to say something too ‘out of character’ or try to tell anyone the truth, instead they’ll be forced to say something much more appropriate to their new nympho personalities.”

Both Harper and Brynn were staring daggers at the women, but could do nothing as yet more mental changes came over them. They gasped as their minds were rewritten, and the connection between their thoughts and their words severed in places, and certain stock sexy phrases poured into their minds.

“Oh no, I just *love how sexy I am. Don’t ever turn me back,*” Brynn said. Her eyes went wide. She’d meant to say “Oh no, I hate this body. Turn me back!”

“You look like a total bimbo, *darling,*” Harper said, “This is wonderful. I’m so *glad* we’re women now. We can have *lots of fun finding sexy men* together.” She too was horrified. She was trying to say “You look like a total bimbo, Ben! This is horrible - we’re fucking women now! We’ve got to find a way to reverse this together!”

The mother-daughter witch combo backled at their confusion.

“Don’t worry,” the daughter said, “it won’t always be that bad, will it Mom?”

“No, dearest. So long as you two are alone together in a private space, you’ll have a little more allowance in being able to discuss your woes, though you’ll *always* treat each other like mother and daughter, just for fun. But that won’t be *too* often: you’ll be having plenty of gentleman callers, for the rest of your lives.”

Harper and Brynn tried to say something, anything, but with their dumber minds it was difficult to think of a smart argument to turn back. Already, their minds were starting to turn towards the subject of hot boys and how to show off their bodies to them.

“That’s right!” the mother witch said with glee, “already you’re feeling that compulsion to seek out your mates. But don’t worry, you won’t be able to get pregnant. I’ll add that in as a little safety clause, since I doubt you’ll be smart enough now to remember birth control.”

“What if they want babies, mother?”

“Fine, but only if you decide you actually want one. I’ll allow you *that* much freedom, and no more. From now on you’re going to live the lives of a slutty college cheerleader and a sex-crazed cougar who goes looking for men each night. Think of it as your lifelong punishment for the harrassment you have heaped on women your whole lives. I hope you both learn to enjoy it, because these are your new lives, *permanently!*”

And with that, the mother and daughter disappeared in a puff of purple smoke, leaving the *new* mother and daughter together, horrified and unknowing what to do. The world was moving again, and already they were gaining a lot of attention from men across the street, and - worst of all - their former coworkers on the construction site behind them.

“Hey sexy ladies!” Brad called out. He was an older man in his early fifties with a strong frame and silver hair. “Loving what I’m seeing! What are your names?”

“I’m H-*Harper*,” the new cougar said, subconsciously adopting a sexy pose that showed off her incredible rack. “And this is my gorgeous daughter, B-*Brynn*.”

“Like, how are *you* doing?” Brynn asked.

“I’m doing well indeed with you two in front of me. I’m Brad. Would you two like a tour of the site? We’re on break. I’m sure you two would like to see how some *real* men work?”

The two exchanged glances; they were both feeling a sudden flash of passion. To Harper, Brad was exactly the kind of man her body wanted. Despite working with him for the last eight years and viewing him as a mentor, she now was unable to avoid gazing at his strong biceps, his matted hair, the way his manly body was caked in dirt from hard labour. He was a total silver fox, and it was turning her on; big time. For Brynn, she couldn’t stop looking at all the other sexy construction boys who were closer to her own age across the lot.

“Oh. My. God,” she said in a stereotypical valley girl voice, “Are you seeing what I’m seeing, *Mom*? Matt and Rafael and Liam are like, *totally hot boys to me*.”

“I know, *darling*,” Harper replied, not even noticing how she was shifting her hip to one side to show off her rounded ass to Brad. “And my body really wants to fuck *that sexy Brad’s brains out*.”

“We, *like*, need to get out of here!” Brynn whispered, adjusting her top, and causing the entire contingent of men to point and stare at the gorgeous girl feeling at her Double-Ds before them.

“Sorry, *honey*,” Harper called to Brad. Even as she spoke she breathed heavily, and made the plunging neckline of her dress just that little more plunging. “My daughter and I have got to run some errands. But *maybe we’ll be back tomorrow, to give you a show*?”

“Lady, we would love nothing more. Hate to see you go -”

“But you *love to watch us walk away!*” said Brynn, before gasping at what she’d said. She’d intended to insult Brad for the lame come-on he was going to say. Instead, she’d finished it for him. The two new women turned to leave, and as they did, the men whooped and cheered as both of them couldn’t help but put on an exaggerated walk, swinging their hips from side to side. Brynn’s peachy ass was firm and ripe, and Harper’s larger derriere wobbled sexy, as they moved as fast as they could on heels away from their site.

“Holy shit, holy shit, holy shit, we’ve been turned into, *like, totally sexy hot ladies*,” Brynn said as they rounded the corner. Other men in town were already staring at them, and she tried to ignore how much her loins were starting to flush with heat.

“I know, *honey*,” Harper said. She hated how she felt now, so curvy and maternal, older but weirdly confident in her sexuality. Her black bob of hair swished with each step,

and she gave a knowing little wink at a gentleman who walked past, who nearly crashed into a pole he was so distracted looking at her prodigious bustline. “This *is wonderful*. I mean, it sucks! I’m stuck as your *hot mother*, and I can’t stop looking at all these men!”

“We need to find somewhere away from them!” Brynn said. It was hard to think of strategies, her mind was too flooded with horny imagery, and she knew it. “*Gawd*, I’m a total dumb blonde bimbo now, *Mom!* I can’t think of how we can even turn back!”

“Me either,” Harper said, though she at least wasn’t quite as reduced in intelligence as her new daughter. “Let’s just get to the car before we are too tempted to *have a little fun with all these delicious desserts around us.*”

They snuck around to the car park, the two busty women doing their best to walk in heels, and inadvertently giving everyone a show with their wide hips. Brynn subconsciously adjusted her crop top so that her impressive cleavage was more on display, as well as more of her perfect white midriff. Harper couldn’t help but run her fingers through her hair in a sensual manner, allowing her big boobs to press against one another in her low-cut top, distracting yet more men heading for their lunch break.

“Hey girls,” one said.

“*Hi honey*,” they said as one, both fighting the urge to adopt a cute pose. They managed, but it was damned difficult. Their bodies *wanted* to be shown off, and to Harper’s great annoyance, she felt an overwhelming urge to draw a smoke. To both their shocks, they realised they now had pretty purses - a slim black one for Harper, a bright pink one for Brynn - and from hers Harper drew a cigarette case.

“I thought you quit, *Mom*” Brynn said as they moved towards where their utes were located.

“I did, *honey*, but this body really wants a smoke. *You’ll understand when you’re older, baby.*”

To both their red-faced embarrassment Harper reached out and felt the need to cuddle her daughter. Their big boobs pressed together, and yet more attention was heaped on them from a group of male teenagers, who took several screenshots with their phones.

“Hell yeah! Don’t stop ladies!”

They pulled apart and, fuming, walked away, letting the teens have a good view of their sexy behinds. Harper was already smoking, and to Brynn’s annoyance, she was feeling the need to smoke also. And to have a cute, girly drink to get all tipsy with.

They made it to the carpark on the other side of the construction lot. As they stared up at the tower being constructed, both were horrified to realise the witches were right: they couldn’t remember a thing about their lifetime jobs.

“I’m *like*, soooo dumb now,” Brynn said, tears in her eyes.

Harper comforted her again. "Me too, *baby*, me too. She scanned her eyes for her car, but something compelled her to look across the street. There, a hairdressing salon named *Beautique* was standing, and she felt a strange recognition.

"Oh shit, I'm a *fantastic* hairdresser now," she said to herself. "That's where I work part-time to *support us*."

Brynn was already moving through her purse, trying to find her keys. She couldn't see her car, but perhaps if she could get it to unlock remotely . . .

"O. M. G.," she said, finding her driver's licence within it. "My name is, *like*, your name now. I'm Brynn Neeman, not instead of *Brynn Neeman*. Agh! You know what I mean!"

It was true. Her ID showed a beautiful blonde girl with bright blue eyes beaming at the camera. Even in the photo, she looked a little dumb, though very joyous. Harper checked her own ID. In it, a sultry older woman was smirking, her lip pulling teasingly to one side, her hair a bit longer in the picture, with some brown highlights in it. She idly wondered if she should return to that look.

"I'm forty-five years old!" she realised. "I've lost fifteen years of my life, *baby*."

"And I'm twenty two!" Brynn said, unbelieving. She shook her arms in frustration, and her boobs wobbled heavily in her top. The display only showed her new age and mindset. "I've lost eight years, *mom!*"

They continued to search for revelations, and it took longer than it should have with their duller minds to arrive at the conclusion that Brynn no longer had a car; only Harper. They were going to have to drive home together, as mother and daughter. What's more, their utes had disappeared. Instead, Harper had a stereotypical used Honda with a couple of paint chips on one side. A solid car, reliable, but a far cry from the expensive work vehicle she'd been proud of.

"This totally *sucks*," Brynn said, as she got in the passenger seat and adjusted her seatbelt. She struggled for a moment before realising it would now go awkwardly between her boobs. For Harper, that issue was even more deeply pronounced. "We're stuck as *totally hot bitches*, and I'm too dumb to figure out what to do! I don't even have my car!"

"At least you're not a middle aged *hottie!* And you can have a car *when you've earned it, honey*. Ugh, sorry *honey*, that's the magic talking. I think the new you just doesn't have one. We'll go to my house and sort it out, okay?"

"Fine," she said, fuming, crossing her arms over her breasts. Even that was exaggerated, pouty behaviour, and she found herself being magically nudged a little to lean into that sort of behaviour. "Let's just hope we don't stop and see any more *hot guys*."

Unfortunately for them, as Harper began to drive, she realised she was heading the wrong way.

“Where are you going?” Brynn asked. She had already started to explore her unfamiliar body, feeling at her sizable breasts and slim waist. Her pussy was beginning to ache with need, and it was hard not to stare out the window at all the ‘juicy’ men she saw.

“I don’t know, *honey*,” Harper replied, also feeling at her tremendous breast. It was so large and sensitive, the two of them like bowling balls pulling at her shoulders. And yet each wobble made her begin to drip with need between her legs. She needed a nice older man to give her a ride.

To their collective shock, they were headed to the other side of town from where they both lived, to a neighbourhood that was not exactly poor but certainly not on the wealthy side, definitely lower on the economic spectrum than the good earnings of their previous construction livelihoods. Not that either of them understood what ‘economic spectrum’ meant now. The two of them bickered and chatted back and forth as Harper drove, trying to figure out what was going on and how to deal with their new needs. Brynn was openly rubbing at her crotch by this point, but couldn’t give herself the satisfaction she needed; only a hot boy could do that. They tried to keep a look out for the witches, and how to find them, but even if they were male again and had their intelligence back, it was a near-impossible task. As it was, they couldn’t think much further than getting home, wherever that was.

‘Home’ turned out to be a rental home situated in a block of three of identical rentals. It was small, but not tiny, and perfectly liveable, but a step down from their previous living arrangements.

“This is *totes* unfair,” Brynn pouted, as she got out of the vehicle. “Why are we, *like*, totally struggling now?”

“It’ll be okay, *darling*,” Harper said, a strange protective impulse coming over her. She put a maternal arm around her new daughter’s shoulder. “Let’s get inside, and I’ll *cook you something nice* to make you feel better.”

She realised in that moment that one skill she now did have; she could cook one hell of a dish, and it was immediately followed by a thought on how it was an excellent way to draw in older men. No sooner had she made that thought when she heard a deep male voice call out.

“Welcome back Miss Harper, lovely to see you and your daughter again!”

She turned, a flutter already beginning in her heart, to see a strong-figured man in overalls who looked to be in his forties. He must be a neighbour.

“Hello *Mr Barnes*,” she said demurely, placing a hand on her generous hip. “What are you doing *walking by my house at this time?*”

He grinned. “Oh, I was just wondering if you’d made one of those amazing apple pies again. The kind I like.”

Harper's incredibly ample chest swelled, and she couldn't help but pull her top open a little, pretending she was overheated, and giving him a hell of a show of her spectacular rack. "Is that right?" she said, trying to ignore the burning need, and utterly failing. "Well, I'm sure I can make you one up now, if you want?"

He smiled, and it was a handsome smile. "I think that'll be just fine by me. Can I come in?"

"Oh, you can come in alright," she said with a knowing wink.

To her own horror, as well as her daughter's, she took the hand of the man she somehow knew was named Robert, and let him inside their apartment.

"You don't mind, right *Brynn*?"

"What are you talking about, *Mom*," she said, trying to express her indignation. "*I'm more than happy for you. So long as you're okay with me seeing if Nathan is free.*"

Mr Barnes cracked up. "Oh my, it'll do my boy some good to be with a girl like you. Like father, like son, like mother, like daughter, huh?"

She was trying to think of who the fuck Nathan was, but already she felt a strong draw to pop over to the next apartment and knock on the door. She had a feeling of dread building, as did Harper, but both women were now so overcome with need and weakened by the events of the last hour that they were succumbing to their compulsions. An average-looking man around his mid-twenties answered the door. He had brown hair and an easy smile, and was so very clearly the son of the Rob. It made her mind cringe to think of where this might all be heading. Unfortunately, Nate was fit enough that Brynn began to think of him as a '*total yummo*'.

"Hey Brynn!" he declared, "how are you doing?"

Brynn tried to tell him to go back inside, but hesitated. His eyes were drawing to her dress and her cute midriff, and her slutty mind was imagining him putting his hands all over those parts . . . and more. Instead, she gave into the compulsion.

"I'm doing, *like, so good Nate. My Mom is having fun with Mr Barnes right now, and I'm totally jelly. Do you wanna, like, come and fuck me in my room right now?*"

Despite herself, despite the terror of what she had become, she nevertheless felt a deep excitement as his dick rose, visibly stiffening in his pants.

"Hell yeah, Brynn, I'll come right over!"

"*Don't come too soon,*" she said, licking her lips. She walked away, swaying her hips and running her hands up through her hair, practically *bouncing* in her steps back to her new home. Her nympho mind was alight with images of being pounded, just like Harper's was. The only difference was, the new mom of the pair was seconds away from that very scenario. It made Brynn jealous at the thought of it.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck, what the hell am I doing?” she whispered to herself. But that need burning within her was only getting stronger, just as the witches said it would. She could feel her slutty bimbo brain wanted his cock inside of her, and not just fucking her either. She closed the door to the rental, and licked her lips at the thought of sucking his big cock as well. Of going down and making him hard with her full, fake-looking lips until he blew a load down her throat.

“I’d *love* that,” she said, trying to indicate the opposite to herself. “I *want* to swallow his *hot load*. Fuck!”

She stepped into the rental, astonished at this new and unfamiliar home. The interior had been painted a pastel pink, and the furniture was clearly second hand. There were only two rooms, a small kitchen, a respectable living area, and a laundry and bathroom. A small backyard was available to them, with a short deck and space for a veggie patch. It was not exactly a place you retired to. What was most shocking, however, was something Harper had already noticed: her new mother was chatting to Robert Barnes, allowing him to put her hand around her thick waist as she explained to him the photos. They all contained pictures of mother and daughter from adventures and experiences they’d never truly had. There was an image of them dressed up in cleavage-revealing dresses for a movie night, another of them at a national park wearing skimpy khaki shorts and thin blouses, and one in particular that Rob was fascinated by.

“My goodness, you’re both so attractive!” he said, a little creepily.

“I know,” Harper said, “it looks like we’re *really hot beach girls*, doesn’t it?”

They exchanged an empty-eyed look as Harper turned the photo frame so Brynn could see. In it, both of them were on the beach, posing with several male beachgoers, who were groping their breasts in an exaggerated fashion for the photo. Harper’s thicker body type and MILFy looks were on full display in her dark blue bikini, especially given her F-cup monsters and impressively wide hips. Brynn, meanwhile, was in a pink bikini that barely covered her DD cup chest, and her toned, petite body gave way to her long and sensuous legs. Both women were grinning for the camera.

“Oh my *Gawd*, that’s *totally* us,” Brynn said, trying to show how repulsed she was. “We’re, *like*, total sluts in that photo, *mom*.”

“I know,” Harper said, trying to communicate her fear with her eyes. “It’s like I’m some sort of *sex-hungry cougar* now.”

The older woman felt a strong compulsion to drape her arms over Robert now, and she gave in to it. Her older body may be slightly weathered by middle-age, but she looked astonishing. Not necessarily younger, but simply possessing all the sex appeal of a curvy, well-maintained woman at that age. She drew Rob near.

“Do you want a *sex-hungry cougar* now?”

The man was clearly tenting in his pants, and she delicately began to rub at his hardness, savouring its feel.

"I absolutely do," he replied, smiling and placing his muscled arms around her sexy waist, planting his hands on her round backside. "Why don't we go somewhere a little more private? I'm sure your daughter has other things to be doing."

Brynn was disgusted by her friend-turned-mother's actions, and yet she couldn't help but salivate at it. She was furious, not just at that, but how long Nate was taking!

"That's right, *honey*, you go get some help *from a cute boy your own age, mkay?*"

Harper gave one last hopeless look before taking Rob into her bedroom, and moments after the door closed, Brynn heard the sounds of lovemaking starting.

"Holy shit, *Mom* is really having sex with a guy. What the fuck! I've got to get out of here before I *taste Nate's yummy cock.*"

But it was too late. The door opened, and there stood Nate, trying his best to look handsome and confident. It somehow made him look all the cuter to Brynn, as if she could make him into a man.

"Hey Brynn, still up for a ride?" he said. Ben would never have been even that lame, but for the new woman, it made her new female parts all the more moist.

"Oh my *gawd*, I . . . want to have sex with you," she said, unable to say the all-important 'not.'

More moans, male and female, came from the other room. Harper moaned.

"Oh God, Rob! We have to stop, *because I need your face in my fat tits! Suck on them for me!*"

"Holy shit, that's my Dad in there," Nate said. "And your Mom too? Damn, I didn't realise this was a family party.

"That's a problem?" Brynn asked, but it across more like a sexy dare than a query. Nate just smiled

"No way. Dad thinks your Mom is the hottest thing on the block, but I know that's really you, Brynn."

She breathed deep, already so unbelievably horny for this man. Her magnificent breasts heaved, and she could no longer fight the urges. She gave in, just like Harper had, cursing those witches in her mind.

"Then let's go to my room. I'll *give you a show*, and then I want you *suck your big hard dick* while you *lick my wet pussy.*"

She couldn't believe the words she was saying as she dragged him into her room, which was an even hotter pink in colour, and had numerous posters of hot boyband members and models plastered everywhere, as well as fashion magazines and drawers of

makeup. In the centre of the room, to the former alpha male construction worker's horror, was a stripper pole.

"Oh my *gawd*, I'm going to dance for you," she realised. She could feel his eyes on her, and the knowledge of how to put on a sexy show for him was blaring in her brain. She could resist the compulsion, the witches had said so, but her transformed Mom was beginning to moan loudly in the other room, and it made her so damn jealous that the slutty part of her mind was simply too strong.

"Sit down on the chair and watch, and I'll give you a show and a *lap dance*."

She grabbed the pole, removed her crop top and skirt so she was just in her panties and tight, revealing bra, and began to gyrate her body, dancing for her boytoy's pleasure.

Meanwhile, Harper groaned in her husky voice. She was weirdly turned on by her own body. She'd always loved fucking hot MILFs and soccer moms as a man, but now she was one, and a stupidly hot one at that. Her body was in heat, and Rob was all over her, though she got turned on by calling him 'Mr Barnes.'

"Push them together, suck on them!" she demanded, and there was no compulsion in her voice. Her desperate body needed to dominate this man.

"God you have the best goddamn tits! I fucking love your body!"

He caressed every inch of her, and she shivered in delight as he ran his hand across her slightly flabby belly. She was half naked already, and he was completely, a slight beer gut sticking out and a bald spot at the back of his head. Somehow, being past his 'use-by' date only made him seem more like a hunk.

"You like a *sexy MILF queen*, don't you?" Harper asked. She tried to stop escalating, but her mouth kept substituting words. "Why don't you just stop *playing around and stick that big cock in me?*"

Rob didn't need any more encouragement. He pulled aside the middle-aged woman's pantied, and she helped guide his thick penis head into her lips. She rubbed it against her vulva, allowing it to get nice and lubricated against her wetness, before allowing him to plunge fully in. She gasped, overwhelmed by the utterly alien feeling of a man's cock entering her. It went deep, far deeper than she expected, and she groaned in her husky voice as she was pierced. It felt like a spear was entering her, except that as it drove home, her vaginal muscles hugged his manhood, sending pulses of pleasure throughout her body.

He began thrusting, his belly against hers, and she clutched onto him, thrusting back just as aggressively. Like an experienced cougar, her body knew exactly what to do. She thrust her massive tits in his face, allowing him to suck her large, slightly cracked nipples. It felt amazing to have them massaged, and she positioned his body against her in order to maximise both their pleasure.

“That’s right, *hun*,” she said, “don’t stop, right there *baby!* You’re actually fucking me! I’m getting fucked by a *big strong hunky* man! *We’re gonna come together!*”

He continued to thrust, gripping her large breasts and pressing his face into their mammoth flesh. Their moans echoed next door, somehow only heightening Brynn’s own sexual excitement. She was dancing on the pole, spinning about and lifting her long legs off the floor. She could see that Nate was already stroking himself in excitement, and to own her own disgust she became oddly proud of how much she was teasing him. She contorted her sexy young body against the pole, gripping it with her power thighs and lifting herself up, before letting go with her hands and hanging by her legs, tipping her body backwards so that her large, rounded boobs nearly spilled out of her bra. She went upside down, revealing the full extent of her astonishing flexibility, and smiled sweetly at his face. Her cleavage was astonishing, her inverted position causing them to barely cling to the bra.

“Oh shit, I’m dancing for you,” she said, trying to figure out if she could communicate a way to stop this. “I’m dancing for you and *you like what you see, don’t you, big boy?*”

“Hell yeah, I do,” Nate replied, getting more confident. “Did you say something about a lap dance?”

She licked her lips. She felt so damn turned on by him. She just wanted to lick him and kiss him and bite him, like he was a lollipop. She jumped off the pole, landing expertly, and sauntered over to him. She curled out her hands around his neck, and wrapped one leg out. She began to gyrate and shift her hips, thrusting her increasingly wet panties in his face.

“*This is a lap dance,*” she said, “and in a moment, *I’m putting my lap in your face.*”

He grabbed her hips, caressing her skin as she danced over him. She giggled sweetly, unable to help herself as she pressed her cleavage into his face, before turning and twerking her tight ass before him. He gripped it, and she groaned in response, anticipating the notion of having a dick in their too.

“Oh God, I can’t stop!” she said, and it was an honest cry for help as much as a desire-filled plea for him to fuck her already. Nate interpreted the latter, grabbing her and spinning her around. In moments both were stripping off their clothes, and she pulled him onto her pink sheets. As promised, he shifted his body around so that his hard, aching cock was right in her face below her, while her pussy was above his mouth. He lapped at her wetness, and she squealed in a bimbo-ish cry of need. His cock looked so damn salivating to her new, deeply slutty mind, and despite every reluctance, she began to stroke it. Then lick it. Then taste it and suck it and take it within her overly-full, almost fake-looking lips.

The two groaned and moaned as they sixty-nined on the bed, matching the sounds coming from the room next door. As if by magic, every participant came at around the same time. Harper gasped in a low voice as her pussy was flooded with Rob’s seed, and to Brynn’s even greater astonishment, she felt Nate’s large dick throb as she deep-throated

him. She had no gag-reflex: it was as if her new body was *made* for giving the best possible blowjobs. Which made it all the worse and all the better when he tensed, and his spunk exploded in large streams straight down her throat. She didn't even cough, instead she drank it in, savouring its nourishing salty taste, which only made her come even harder.

Both Brynn and Harper rested against their respective love partner, exhausted and spent. Nate and Rob spend those moments pressing their face against the tits of the two slutty former males, unknowing they were once ordinary construction workers. It made the two women feel strangely relaxed, bathing in post-coital pleasures, their minds overwhelmed by the events of the last hour and a half. They could only imagine ways to possibly turn back, or hope that the witches would take pity on them, and reverse them. Because in their new lives, there would be bills to pay, chores to be done, food to be cooked, strip dances to be performed, hair to be styled, and many, many men to be fucked, in a variety of ways.

“Oh God, I'm a *total slut*,” said Brynn to herself.

“Fuck, I'm an *absolute MILF*, aren't I?” Harper said.

The two former sexist males were now too dumb to think of how to fight against their growing impulses. Especially since, as the minutes passed, both of them were feeling that rising need to go at it all again.

As they would, for a long time to come.

Six Months Later . . .

Brynn was almost bouncing by the time she was called up on stage. The announcer was just as ecstatic.

“ANNND NOW, BLONDIE BRYNN IS GONNA SHOW US ALL HER SEXY MOVES!”

The crowd, a half-and-half mix composed of single middle-aged men and college boys with too much time on their hands, roared with approval. The *Red Cat Club* had many attractive dancers, but Blondie Brynn was easily their most accomplished. Her fit figure with its impressive hourglass shape, peach-shaped ass, and bouncing DD tits were a favourite of the crowds, but her bubbly attitude and trademark pigtails were what really made her stand out. She sauntered on stage, clearly excited to be there, and the crowd cheered again.

“BLONDIE! BLONDIE! BLONDIE!”

She blew an excited kiss, and shook her hips a little for show. Several of the men whooped and catcalled, and she lifted her tits just for show, only to drop them, letting them bounce on her chest. The action received yet another series of hollers. She strutted up to the dancing pole, swaying her hips suggestively, basking in the attention. She'd been doing this for months now, and was more than used to the rhythms of her new body. In fact, it was a

rare night that she *didn't* relish in the sensations of it, even if it still made her male self incredibly embarrassed. She reached the pole, and began her dance, sliding her long legs up and down as the music pumped and the lights rotated over her scantily clad figure. She suggestively removed her top, revealing her bra beneath, a bra that was a size too small in order to better show off the sheer size of her melons. Her pigtails whipped back and forth as she rocked her head, before she began twirling around the pole, allowing the men in the room to gaze at her long legs and amazing ass. The last sight was further revealed as she tore off her short skirt, so that she was now just in her panties. She rotated upside down and jiggled her chest suggestively. There was money changing hands in the crowd, betting on if those fine cantaloupe-sized boobies would spill free.

They didn't, and she made sure of that. Brynn's male ego hadn't just taken a beaten, but a complete shattering these last few months, but even that tinny little male voice that remained refused to give in to that last compulsion to tear off her bra and show her titties to the entire club. Both her and her Mom had to pick their battles now, or else they'd lose all of them, and this was Brynn's. She slow-walked back down to her feet, impressing the crowd with her dexterity, before moving forward down the catwalk. Men stuff bills in her panties, and she blew kisses at them.

"Thank you *studs*," she cooed, pursing her overly-full lips, which were a bright glossy pink. Her eyes had purple eye shadow, and her eyelashes had extensions that were almost parodically long. One of the men slapped her on the ass, and she wheeled around on him.

"HEY! You *have to pay for that privilege honey.*"

She rolled her eyes at how she couldn't even maintain that level of dignity. The man eagerly stuffed a twenty dollar note, and she wobbled her boobies just to give him a thankful show.

"You're the hottest girl in town, Brynn!" a man called.

Brynn recognised the voice, and nearly died inside. It was an old friend from work: Matt. He was young, roughly thirty in age, but now eight years older than her. He was clearly on break, and judging from his manner, had drunk a few beers as well. Brynn shivered as she felt an instant attraction to him, compelled to please this man. She wanted to fight it, but her prep for this dance had meant her planned blowjob for Bill backstage had fallen through. She licked her lips, and moved forwards.

"Hey *baby*," she said, "I've got some dancing left to do, but I *want to fuck your brains out in ten.*"

She'd meant to say she *didn't* want to fuck him, but the curse was the curse, and much as she was blushing a little at the fact that she wanted to fuck a coworker, she'd hit lower lows than that already. She finished her dance, and true to her word, ten minutes later

she was letting her former friend ram his thick cock up her ass, and she gasped and moaned and begged for more the whole time.

“I can’t believe I’m loving this so much!” she cried. “I *never* want this to end!”

And with that, he exploded inside of her, his coarse hands fondling her pink nipples and sending her rocking with female orgasms. She sighed to herself in that post-coital clear-headedness, unbelieving that she had given into the compulsions.

Yet again.

When Brynn’s shift ended she made her way to the parking lot. Her Mom’s car was easy to find; it was the one that was currently rocking back and forth on the suspension. Harper was inside, being groped and touched and fucked by a middle-aged man with thick glasses and a nebbish-looking beard. Nevertheless, despite his ordinary appearance, it was clear it was making Brynn’s mom of six months go wild with ecstasy.

“Oh God, oh God, oh God I don’t want this *to end!*” she cried, voice echoing through the parking lot. Some of the passersbies turned their heads in the cars direction, and Brynn just shrugged, allowing her cleavage to wobble in her top. They both had a reputation now, and it was becoming easier to embrace it with a sense of humour rather than be utterly embarrassed each time.

Harper continued to moan as the man’s penis thrust inside of her. They were both on the backseat, her sitting on his lap and facing him, her knees on the seat, and her back hunched enough that she could bounce. It was - she was embarrassed to think - by far her favourite position. As a man, Harold had loved the notion of being ridden by a busty MILF so he could have his face perfectly positioned against her boobs. Now, she was shoving her soft, heavy rack into Martin Estvale’s face instead, saving the way he licked and sucked and groped her big boobies. She groaned like a whore, orgasms overwhelming her middle-aged body, and then she felt his sticky substance shoot within her.

“Mmmhmm, that was *nice*,” she said in her sensual, motherly voice. “Nice enough for those tax returns to be done, do you think?”

It took a moment for the near-catatonic Martin to respond.

“Very much - ohh - so,” he said. “I’ll even - Jesus, I’m still reeling - I’ll even help you sort the power bill this month, too. If you suck my dick later.”

She reached down and stroked it, even as it softened.

“Deal, *big boy*. Now you better go, my daughter is getting cold.”

With great awkwardness the man startled and got out of the car.

“Hey Brynn. Uh, how are you?”

Brynn folded her arms, squishing her breasts together in a way that only made him stare.

“I’m doing well Mr Estvale. I’ll have my paper to you tomorrow. I’m, *like, totally* sorry about it being a week overdue.”

He shook his head, a little embarrassed. “Um, don’t worry. Your mother has, um, *convinced me* to give you an extension.”

Brynn tried to hide a smirk, and instead she gave a naive, bimbo-like beaming grin.

“Oh my *gawd*, thanks Mr Estvale!”

“You have a good night now.”

Martin left, leaving Harper to remove herself from the backseat and step outside for a smoke. To Harold’s utter annoyance, Harper was utterly addicted to smoking, despite the fact that as a man he’d managed to beat the habit. It was the same with the drink; both girls loved a good beer, especially if it was shared with the boys. The mom of six months was dressed in a leopard-print top that was laced together over her deep cleavage, with a set of denim jeans with rips along the knees. Both did well to accentuate her matronly curves. She ran a hand through her black bob, where a brunette streak she’d had done recently was obvious beneath the streetlamp.

“Hey *baby*,” she said to Brynn, “how was work?”

Brynn shrugged. Her stripper lingerie was covered over a little with a thin pink jacket and white skirt, though she still wore impressively high heels with lacing that went halfway up to her knee. She’d removed her pigtails, allowing her curly blonde hair to flow free and frame her big, innocent-looking eyes.

“Oh, you know *Mom*, the usual. There was a bigger crowd tonight, so I made some extra. It should easily cover the rent for the next month, I think.”

“Did you do the upside down thing?”

Brynn sighed. Her mother may have been her best friend once, but like most mothers, she didn’t quite understand the right terminology for her hobby.

“You mean my *inverted hang*? Yeah, I did it. Drove ‘em wild. I swear half of my college class were there, as well as most of the football team. They were *so cute cheering me on*.”

They both knew the last part was a mental compulsion, but it still stirred up feelings of desire in them.

“That’s wonderful dear, especially about the money. I’m too much of a *sex-crazed MILF* to figure out all the tax and pay stuff, so it’s good we have these *sexy boytoys* willing to give us favours in exchange for us *fucking their big, hard cocks*.”

They both sighed this time. Occasionally a sentence like that came out, where most of it was lost to rewording.

“Matt from work was there.”

“Matt? One of your cheerleading fucks?”

She shook her head. "From Before. You know, when we weren't such *curvy nymphos*."

Harper's eyes went wide. "Did you?"

"Yeah. He fucked me alright, *right up my juicy ass*."

Harper stepped closer and hugged her daughter tight. Despite having her face pressed deep into her former friend's cleavage, Brynn felt reassured and comforted. It was weird how much she was starting to see her magically-created mother as an actual mother instead.

"It's okay *honey*, *Momma's* fucked a few men from work too. We cope, and we move on."

"It's just humiliating. Being stuck like this, as *two gorgeous sluts*. *Like*, are we ever gonna change back?"

Harper tossed her cigarette, and shrugged, causing her tremendous bosom to wobble slightly. "I don't know, *baby*, but I think we might be like this for life. I tried thinking of a way to find those witches again the other day."

"Did you *totes* come up with a plan?"

"No, I got nothing, *dearie*. I couldn't stop thinking about how cute the *sexy gardener was next door*. So I brought him over and let him cum all over my *big mommy titties*."

Brynn sighed, adjusting her top to better show off her cleavage, though to whom she didn't know. They'd both found over the last couple of months that they increasingly made themselves look sexy even if they weren't meeting someone. It was becoming second-hand to the former males.

"I guess we're just too air-headed to think of a way out of it," Brynn said. "It's like at college. I'm so good at being a *bouncy, boobalicious* cheerleader who gives all the players *good luck blowjobs*, that I can barely pass my non-dance classes. I have to give Richie Avis a handjob and a feel of my *ripe rack* in order to get a passing grade."

"Mhm. I saw you zipping down your top for that bald professor of yours too. *Momma taught you well, honey*."

"This is just us now, I reckon."

"Yeah, *my darling*. I think it is. We're gonna be a mom-daughter pair of sluts for life. At least we're able to make a living, me with my styling and you with your dancing. And we can fuck our way to success with all the super hard stuff we're too *nympho-brained* to figure out anymore."

"There is that."

"Well, shall we go home? We can watch a movie together. I've got a date with that new neighbour down the street tomorrow so Movie Night will have to come forward."

“I know Mom,” Brynn said, moving to the car door. “Because I’ve got a date with him the following night. He wants to fuck us both at the same time, I think. *A sexy three-way with mom and daughter together.*”

Harper considered it, and realised the thought of sharing a man with her daughter was a turn on to her cougar body. Brynn was having the same realisation. They both looked to each other, a little embarrassed but more than that, a little curious. A little excited.

“Fuck,” they both said at once.

“I guess we’re gonna do that, *Mom*,” Brynn said.

“I guess so,” Harper replied. “Maybe I can show you a thing or two.”

“Pfft, you wish, old timer.”

They got in the car and drove off, laughing and chatting and consoling each other, destined to a life of being a small family of sex-crazed, looks-obsessed, bimbo-MILFery. They may never particularly like it, but it was their lives now for life, all because of their catcalling and harassment. Now, they would experience those same hoots and hollers for the rest of their life, and be compelled to live up their own slutty reputations. Harper and Brynn would just have to learn how to enjoy themselves, even amidst the shame.

A very different mom and daughter pairing watched them drive off, the elder of the two smirking.

“Did we go too far on them, Mom?” the daughter asked.

The mother witch simply put her hand on her daughter’s shoulder.

“Not at all, Morgan, not at all. In fact, I rather think this was a good lesson for you. Some men deserve to know exactly how it feels to be treated as an attractive woman often is, and those two will never forget it. After all, they’re going to live it.”

The daughter considered this for a few seconds, before being satisfied with her mother’s words.

“I think,” Morgan said, “I think I’m going to enjoy being a witch. It’s fun to change people’s bodies and give them a taste of their own medicine.”

“Morgan, my dear, I’m very glad to hear that. I look forward to seeing who you’ll change next. Next time, I’ll let you decide, and you can do it all yourself.”

“Wicked!” the daughter said, tossing back her hair. “Do you ever feel like dropping in on your victims, later down the line?”

“Do you think we should do so for those two?”

The daughter considered this. “Maybe in a few years. I think it would be fun to see the looks on their faces. And to tell them that we’re just checking in, and not changing them back.”

Her mother beamed with pride, hugging her daughter close.

“Morgan, my darling daughter, you are going to be a *wonderful* witch.”

The two hugged, still watching the car disappear over the horizon. The two former male construction workers left their view, moving on to their home, where they would live out their new bimbo lives forever. And while their intelligence had been reduced and their minds geared towards sex, they would never again forget the consequences of catcalling, particularly since they could hardly step outside the house without getting catcalled themselves.

The End