

Epilogue - Consequences of Catcalling (Coworkers to Bimbo Mom & Daughter)

By FoxFaceStories

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 be on the receiving end of their previous comments, with a strong compulsion to live up to their new bimbo looks.

Epilogue - Consequences of Catcalling

It was indeed a couple of years later that the mom and daughter couple were dropped in on. By that point, things had changed a lot for the pair, and yet so very little at the same time. They were still rabid nymphomaniacs, even as Harper was hitting her menopause and experiencing the annoyance of hot flashes. They were also still very mentally reduced, and constantly having to sleep with much smarter individuals in order to sort their lives out. Harper in particular was an expert at poaching accountants, lawyers, construction workers, and all manner of other professions in order to coax them to help, *after* she'd sucked their cocks or let them bury their manhoods between her cheeks.

In the meantime, Brynn had graduated college as a star cheerleader and with a major in sports science, not that she entirely deserved it. While the friendly coworker-turned-hot daughter certainly had physical fitness on her side, the actual theoretical aspect of just about any job was beyond her, and so like her new mother she used the art of seduction and her own massive nymphomania to get cute nerds and smarter individuals to get the work done for her. Not a one of her professors could believe she managed a solid B mark - in fact that running joke was that she deserved 'double-D's' and nothing else - but there was no way to prove the fraud, since the one thing she could do was rote repetition, courtesy of some longer lovemaking sessions with a coach. Also, she had sucked more than one professor's cock anyway, and found that she fucking loved the taste of it. And so she had graduated and gained a job as a fitness trainer, one whose clients were almost entirely men, not that she minded at all. She routinely slept with her clientele despite that being off limits for the company she had signed up under, but none of them were willing to speak a word, especially since she was so damn needy for their touch.

Harper, on the other hand, had become increasingly dejected at the fact that she was now forty seven years old and still 'MILFing around', as she sadly put it. She had hoped that once she reached menopause that her bodily needs would abate, but instead it seemed that the mother-daughter witch combo had only cursed her libido to increase. She would quite literally fuck the milkman if there was one, as she often did with any male that visited. Over time she had built up a sort of rotating harem of consorts to please her, and occasionally even dabbled in Brynn's many boytoys. Not that Brynn minded too much: both were continually helpless to their curse, and part of that meant being super turned on by the notion of 'sharing' a man between sexy mother and daughter, something they did routinely for younger guys and older ones.

This was how life was now. They were a pair of vacuous, stupid bimbos, and there was no evidence they would ever change back. They simply had to resign themselves to their roles, knowing they would be taking cock and sucking cock again and again, all while wearing outfits that showed off their juicy, yummy bodies. Harper had the worst of it, since she was far more often isolated and getting more tired, but Brynn didn't exactly love that she had an entire future life of being little more than a needy, sexy slut. But there was nothing they could do unless they were alone together, and even complaining about their lot in life lost its interest over time. Instead, they chatted about their sexual experiences, their fashion, what was next on the calendar, how they might shack up with some sugar daddies for the next rental payments and so on, and only occasionally pining out loud for their old lives. After all, what was the point? It wasn't like the witch and her daughter were returning.

That was, until they did.

It was a wintry mid-morning, and the snow had come down on the city. Ordinarily, this would have meant that Ben and Harry would be toughing it out in the hard weather on the construction site, but instead they had been a mother-daughter pair for two years now, and instead were entertaining a construction worker on his break, rather ironically. His name was Parker, and he was actually a man the pair of them had worked alongside and viewed as not up to scratch, at least in how much beer he could hold and how he came across to women. But the shoe was on the other foot now, because Harper was moaning in delight as she lay back on the bed while he ploughed his cock into her wet pussy, all while Brynn caressed his back and mashed her breasts against him, occasionally lowering herself to lick his balls and get him more.

"H-holy shit, you t-two are just insatiable!" he exclaimed, gaining speed.

Harper moaned, her larger breasts bouncing naked on her chest. "We like f-fucking *sexy hot men like you, Parker.*"

"*Yeah, I just wish you had two cocks so you could fuck me at the same time - save some in the tank for me, big boy!*"

He chuckled, only to wince a little, focusing on his own pleasure as it drew closer and closer. Brynn moved to the side and pulled his face into her chest, smothering him with her bountiful breasts and forcing him to lick and suck her perfect pink nipples. She whined in near-orgasm at the sensation: she had long lost her sense of embarrassment when it came to having her tits played with. Harper moved to shove her a little out of the way, but Brynn kept more to the side so the fucking could continue, and in moments Parker roared, expending his hot seed inside Harper. The older woman gasped in her husky voice.

“Yes! Yesss! *Cum in me! I just love it when a younger man takes a cougar like me!*”

“Fuck!” was all Peter could state. “You know, for an older woman, you’ve got the pussy of a twenty year old.”

She smirked. “I’ll take that as a compliment,” she mused.

“You should, mommy,” Brynn said. “*Because it means you and I are twinsies, not just mom and daughter. We’re totes a pair of hotties who are young where it counts!*”

Brynn was disgusted by her words, but evidently Parker thought they were a turn on, because once he’d extracted himself from Harper, eliciting a moan from her, he turned his attention to Brynn, who made sure that her body existed to please him. It took some time to get him hard again, but as the pair of them well knew, there were few men who could resist their advances, no matter how slutty and trashy they were. In just ten minutes, after making sure he got her to cum purely from licking her divine nipples, she was riding the man aggressively, letting her breasts press against his chest as she slid up and down.

“*That’s my girl!*” Harper cheered from the side, still exhausted from her own experience. Still, she rolled to her side and kissed Parker on the lips, turning his head so he was half focused on her, and making sure his hands were on her breasts.

It was in this act of passionate three-way sex that the witch and her daughter dropped into. There was a flash of light, and suddenly on the couch by the bed were two figures dressed in much classier outfits than anyone else, both of them looking pretty and beautiful and just like Harry and Ben had seen them when they’d catcalled the pair, only the daughter was visibly a couple of years younger.

“What the f-fuck?” Parker exclaimed, only for the mother witch to snap her fingers. Instantly, the three members on the bed all squirmed in agonised pleasure, instantly cumming at once. Parker orgasmed deep inside Brynn, who moaned in overwhelming delirium. Meanwhile, Harper was forced to rub her sensitive clit and play with her tits, lost in pleasure.

“Try to enjoy that before we boot you out of here,” the witch daughter said casually. “We’re just dropping in to say hello and see how you’re faring after a couple of years.”

"Indeed dear," her mother added. "We always like to inspect our handiwork and ensure that all is well. And indeed, judging from those wonderfully pleasurable faces, I'd say it's going well indeed."

Parker managed to pull out from Brynn, scrambling back in shock. "Who - who are you?"

"These are the *total bitches who, like, turned us into absolute hussies!*" Brynn snapped, unable to help herself.

"Don't be rude, Brynn!" Harper snapped. She covered herself in her bed sheet, feeling utterly humiliated, but not wanting an even worse punishment. "I'm sorry, she *can be such a real tart sometimes, I swear*. We don't mean to insult you. You're just surprised us."

"That's the intent," the mother said. "Just like you surprised us with your vicious catcalling two years ago. Neither of us expected it, or wanted it, so you have no right of complaint."

"What the hell is going on here?" Parker said.

The younger witch rolled her eyes. "For magic's sake, we're witches, you moron. These two women *used* to be your coworkers - one Harry and Ben - and now you get to enjoy the fruits of the new bodies we gave them, all because they couldn't keep their mouths shut when it came to *our* bodies. They were total pervs, so we decided to give them bodies and brains and libidos that would make them perved upon for life. Well, my mother did, but I learned a lot from watching it."

"Yes you did, dear," the mother witch said. "You've learned mightily well. But a witch's work is never done until she is able to look upon her masterpiece once more, later, without the influence of bias. So for now, Parker, simply be silent and still."

She flicked her wrist, and the terrified - and aroused - man fell silent, bound by magic so he indeed could not speak or move at all.

"That's better," the witch said, flicking her hair back and striking a pose with her lovely body. Once, the two former men would have been attracted by the sight, but now both simply felt jealousy at her sense of style, her upper class fashion that they could never afford. "Now, consider this just a post-transformation review. How are you both feeling? I'll even reduce the amount of slut speak you two have so you can make your points clear"

Both exchanged a glance, naked and foolish on the bed as they were. For the first time, they felt their minds clear, their intelligence rise, and their ability to speak normally return. It was a massive relief, and yet also terrifying to think it could be taken away again.

"It's - it's awful!" Brynn said. "Please, we're so sorry! You've got to turn us back! All I do is have sex with men all day and dress up like a trashy girl to sleep with them. I do all sorts of demeaning things and this body loves it. I can't help but get off on it, especially when I get catcalled or stared at or felt up - even without my permission!"

“And I’m a freakin’ middle-aged woman who still had men come around to ride her!” added Harper. “I haven’t been able to fight it, and I’m going through menopause! Please, we know now how horrible we were, and that we should never have said those horrible things.”

“Especially the mom and daughter jokes.”

“Or commenting on your bodies.”

“Or saying anything at all. We were idiots.”

“Complete idiots, just like mom - I mean, Harry - says!”

Harry/Harper nodded. “Please, even if you can’t turn us back, can you please not make us like this all the time? It’s . . . it’s impossible to live so stupid and horny and slutty, especially . . . especially at my age.”

“And I don’t want to spend my whole life like this either,” Brynn added. “Please change us back. We’re so fucking sorry. We’ll never, ever do what we did again. We’ll treat women with respect, always. We swear!”

The two witches watched these confessions with a measure of amusement, both smirking and exchanging their own glances. Finally, the mother motioned for silence.

“Well, what do you think, Morgan my dear? Are they sincere?”

“I should think so, mother. I should think very so.”

“But do we turn them back?”

Morgan giggled. “Of course not! They’ve made their bed, now they can lie in it. I haven’t forgotten the horrible things they said - we’ve got perfect memories, after all.”

“That’s true. And besides, you both seem to be surviving well enough. And it would be unfair for Parker here to suddenly have two other men in the bedroom. Far better we wipe his memory of this and let you keep on going.”

The two transformees gasped.

“No!” Harper pleaded. “Please! Anything but that!”

“You can’t do this to us!”

“Ah, but we can, and we will. You deserve it, and besides, even if you didn’t, we’re *witches*, honey. You’re going to be vacuous and stupid and slutty forever now. This was just a fun little check up for us. Morgan, can you do the honours?”

The daughter, whose name was evidently Morgan, giggled as she waved her hands in the air and murmured a strange incantation. Both Harper and Brynn tried to leap away, to avoid the inevitable, but it was impossible. In mere moments, that brief experience of mental freedom was ended, and their IQs shrunk rapidly. Their libidos returned, and with a vengeance too, and so did their need to always talk very dirty.

“Nooo! Ohmigod, this isn’t fair!” Brynn whined. “*Now I’m back to being a horny bimbo slut who just wants to suck cock!*”

“Please! Please!” Harper cried. *“I’m not meant to be a MILF with a tight, wet pussy that always needs a new man!”*

But the witches just laughed.

“I’d say that’s exactly what you’re meant to be,” the mother witch responded, “especially judging from the way you two are already playing with your tits without even realising it. But I’ll give you both a little boon, just so you can fully accept your new roles and know that we aren’t ever, ever coming back. I’m going to wipe Parker’s confused memories, and then you two are going to show him such a day and night of pleasure that he’ll be practically comatose by the end of it. Nothing will be off limits. It will be the kind of fuckfest that a pair of chauvinists like yourselves would have lusted over in your past life. And your bodies will *crave* it the entire time, no matter how much you hate it. How about that?”

Both girls were silent, but Harper bit her lip from the arousal, while Brynn licked hers.

“Wonderful! Morgan, why don’t you take the honours?”

The witch daughter grinned, and began to incant another spell. Like a pair of deer caught in the headlights, there was nothing Brynn or Harper could do.

What followed was indeed the trashiest twenty four hours of Harper and Brynn’s lives, even by the standards of the pair, who had slept with numerous gas station truckers and blew off the entire football team, respectively. Parker had no idea what he was in for, but as far as he was concerned, he was damn well in heaven. The group went mobile, giving him handjobs at the theatre, fucking him at a private motel, and even grinding against him when they visited a minigolf course, to the horror of others around them. He ordinarily would have stopped, but he was unaware that he was caught up in the spell as much as they were, and so was happy to go along with it, especially since his refractory period had also become supernaturally short. The three cut a swathe through the night and morning, finally ending up back near their home after stumbling back drunk from a taxi. They were both in the act of undressing Parker for one last bout, kissing and snuggling and desperate to be his chief partner in the act to follow, when there was a loud bang on the door.

“Who was that?” Harper said.

“Who cares, Mom, *I want this guy inside me! He came in you last, it’s back to me now!*”

But there was another bang on the door as they continued, then another, and then finally the door slammed open despite being locked a moment ago. On the other side of the door was a woman with olive skin and numerous trinkets woven into her hair. She looked to

be in her mid-forties, and dressed in something like a cross between a farmer's outfit and a more elaborate cloak from a renaissance faire. What's more, she looked *furious*.

"By all the Gods, what in the hell is wrong with the three of you!?" she exclaimed. "Where are you? I know you're in here! You three who committed such depravities after breaking into my damn carriage and scaring my horses!"

But then she fell silent as she peered through the doorway to the actions on the bed, and her jaw fell.

"Oh, you have to be kidding me! You're all still at it? What are you, on drugs?"

"Go away!" Brynn shouted. "We're - ohhhhh - *we're having the time of our frickin' lives. Me and Mom are fucking this hot guy for all his worth!*"

"We'll - ahhh - sort it later!" Harper added. "Get out of our house! *Especially when I'm using my MILFY body for what it's meant for!*"

The moaning continued as their pleasure rose, but the strange woman did not leave. Instead, her eyes widened with fury.

"That's it, this is ridiculous. I don't know what hedonistic freakshow you've got going here is, but you deserve to be cursed for your shameless acts. And unluckily for you, I'm a witch, which means that instead of having sex, you'll be - what's so funny?"

The two women were laughing, even as Parker continued to grunt and thrust into Harper, who had won the 'fight' for dominance in this latest threesome. Brynn fondled herself, giggling a little insanely, and tears ran down her eyes.

"You're t-too late!" she said.

"That's all we can say!" Harper added.

The pair laughed and fucked, utterly humiliated before this stranger, but unable to stop themselves. Parker was a little confused, but the magic was making him too aroused to really care, and he was so close to cumming.

The trinket-covered woman took a moment to reconfigure her thoughts. To their astonishment, she waved a hand through the air, and a trail of magical green flame-like substance moved with it.

"Well I'll be," she said to herself. "You're already affected by magic. Powerful magic too. Transformative in body and mind. This has all the markings of Druissa and Morgan, that dark pair."

"You - ahhhh - know them!?" Harper cried, close to her peak.

"Yes, I do. Let's just call them competitors, though I have been known to work with their little coven. But sometimes they go too far - they are very old school. Let's end this charade and we'll talk more about what's happened to you, and what you did with my carriage last night, because I'd like answers on that. Sorry about this, but it might make things quicker."

Brynn noticed that the incantation she then casted was eerily similar.

"Wait, we've already - NNGHH! MMPMHPHH!!!"

For the second time in twenty four hours, all three of them exploded into orgasms, cumming harder than they ever had before. It was exceedingly awkward, particularly since it was in front of another witch, except this time they were at least given time to come down from it.

"Okay, is he affected too?" the woman said.

"O-only to have sex with us," Brynn gasped. "It's temporary. *They just wanted us to suck his amazing cock and have him fuck us in our asses for, like, twenty fours hours or whatever. He doesn't even know who we totes are!*"

"Then we'll remove him. Sweet dreams, whoever you are. You can wake back in your own bed now, and this will all have been a wonderful fantasy."

With a flash of magic, Parker was gone, and there was just them and the witch. She gestured for them to change, and they scrambled to do so while she moved back to the living room. Both were nervous, but in their mental state - as well as their generally low IQ - neither quite knew what to expect or what to do other than to meekly and submissively obey. When they came out to the living room, Brynn was wearing a sexy cocktail dress that showed off her body and back tramp stamp, while Harper was wearing a midriff-bearing top and yoga pants that were too young and tight for her, as if she were trying to appear younger.

"Ah, I'm guessing this is part of the curse too," the woman said. "Please, sit. Let's talk. What are your names?"

"Harper."

"Like, I'm Brynn."

"Good to meet you . . . perhaps. I am Tila, also known by my business name: the Wandering Witch. Last night my beloved carriage was broken into by three individuals on a drunken bender, and I was horrified that my magical sensors picked up all kinds of depravities happening within. It was enough to scare my horses, too! Do you remember this?"

Harper blushed. "I may have suggested it. *It seemed really funny at the time, and hot.*"

"Suuuuuper hot," Brynn said. "But . . . we kinda have to say that."

"Yes, I'm picking up that as part of the curse," she murmured. "This is powerful magic upon you, and I don't know if I can unwind it fully. What I can do is temporarily lift parts of the mental blocks so you can tell me your story. I'd like to know what Druissa and Morgan were up to, and why they did this to you. And you must be totally honest as well: I still haven't decided what I'm doing with you."

But she did cast a spell that once more lifted the fog over their minds. Their libidos - always in their mind - drifted out of focus, and the pair were able to think beyond their current sentences again, for once. They quickly launched into the full story from beginning to end, occasionally sliding into unnecessarily sexual details, since though parts of the mental curse were lifted, they were still likely to talk in such manners out of habit, just like how Harper and Brynn were likely to say 'totes' and 'super' and 'uh' and 'like' in their sentences. Still, the mother-daughter pair muddled their way through it, and didn't spare themselves either: neither of them wanted to lie to the witch and get in even worse trouble.

When they were finished, Tila the Wandering Witch sat back in the sofa - the same sofa they'd had sex upon with men numerous times - and sighed.

"Well, I can't say you didn't deserve a little punishment, but all of this seems quite . . . disproportionate."

Harper was just glad she knew what that word meant again, though Brynn had never heard of it.

"So you can help us?" Brynn said, hope in her eyes. "You can change us back?"

"Please," Harper added, placing a hand on her daughter's hand. "We've gone through so much. I never intended for this to, like, happen to us. It's super unfair. I don't deserve to be some trashy older woman."

"And I don't want to keep sucking off everyone just to keep my job! It's so gross even though it's really tasty."

But to their despair, Tila shook her head. "It's not as simple as that, I'm afraid. A witch can never fully undo another witch's work. Only the original caster can unbind their magic. But I might be able to still help you . . . loosen it. A little. Give you some hope that perhaps you did not have. I'm still angry about the carriage, but I blame that on Druissa and Morgan more than you."

The mother and daughter pair held hands more securely. Brynn leaned against her mother for comfort, as she often did these days.

"You mean it? Anything! Please! Anything so I don't have to be such an unbelievable slut!"

"And the same for me!" Harper added.

Tila conjured a tea in her hand, which made the pair gasp. "I promise nothing," Tila said, though her voice seemed compassionate, "but I will try my best. Your crime would have earned a shapeshift from me for a time, just so you know, but I am not so vindictive as my fellow witch sisters. I much prefer to leave people with happier endings. So I shall attempt to do so now. I warn you: things may change less than you hope. But I *hope* to give you just that, at least a little. *Hope*. Stand before me, and I shall see what I can do."

She drew from her outfit a strange elixir, and poured what seemed to be part-golden dust, part flowing metallic liquid upon the ground. Harper had to clench her teeth to avoid complaining, while Brynn nearly marvelled at the colour. Their minds were slipping back to their former, bimbo-like dimensions as Tila worked, and it was increasingly hard to pay attention to what she was doing. Already, the pair were feeling a return of lust, and even wishing Parker was here rather than this boring lady who didn't have a cock between her legs. Still, they both knew the stakes, and tried to restrain their trashy talking as much as possible.

"Gawd, I really hope I don't have to, like, get fucked constantly," Brynn said.

"I just don't want hot flashes while I cum."

"Ewww, Mom!"

"You know I can't help it!"

"Silence!" Tila said, staring them down. "Both of you. I have made an arcane circle bound by some of my strongest magic. I need to concentrate - step within, but do not break the line. That is very important. Think, as much as you can, on maintaining your intelligence. On your wits. On lowering your libidos."

"Our what?" Brynn asked.

"Our real fucking horniness, daughter."

"Ohhhhh."

"Yes, that, young one. Think on that, and stay inside the circle."

They did so obediently, and the pair tried to keep their thoughts on that - and not luscious dicks - as much as possible. It was a near-impossible task, but they summoned all the male pride they could in order to succeed, and they were making small progress. Harper and Brynn dwelt on the shame of their new lives and bodies, on how pathetic they felt being so submissive and stupid, and how they'd degraded themselves again and again and again. They also thought - particularly in Harper's case - on how much of their lives had been stolen by Druissa and Morgan, and what shreds of dignity had been taken from them. About every trashy tattoo and sentence, every drop of cum they'd swallowed, every man they'd shared, every weird mother-daughter slut interaction they'd had to partake in: they thought on it all.

"Close your eyes and keep focusing," Tila said, and they did just that. A thrumming power rose within them and within the wider circle as well, building in intensity to the point where both found themselves strangely pleased by it.

Tila sighed. "I cannot undo it all, or even most of it. But when I tell you to, you must leap from the circle together, as mother and daughter. I will contain what curses I can within, and in crossing the boundary you will gain some small blessings I can offer. This much I can do, and no more - *so long as you promise not to break into my carriage and despoil it with your fucking ever again.*"

"We promise!" they said, moaning and squealing a little as the energy rose.

"Very good - now focus, and JUMP!"

They jumped forwards, both opening their eyes at the last second. A wall of living green flame rushed forward to greet them, and the two former tough guys couldn't help themselves.

They squealed in terror as they passed through it.

Harper moaned as her man thrust into her. She parted her legs, clutching him to her, appreciating every ram of his rod into her tight pussy. She was so very needy, after all.

"I f-fucking I-love you!" she exclaimed.

"Me t-too!" he gasped. "You're the b-best fucking wife!"

"Ohhhh, I love it when you call me your wife, *hot stuff*," she purred, just a trace of horny language slipping into her vocabulary. It was enough to send her husband over the edge, and he came within her. She clasped her thick thighs around him and took in every trace of his warm issue, groaning seductively.

"Ahhhhh, yessssss. You know how to t-treat a woman, Samuel."

"And you know how to work a man. Hot damn am I lucky to have locked you down."

She grinned, kissing him passionately. "And I'm still only forty one years old. I'm aging like fine wine honey. Trust me."

He couldn't know exactly what she meant, but before her handsome, silver-haired husband could follow up on that statement, an alarm went off on his phone.

"Shit! Brynn's going to be here any minute!"

Harper quickly rolled from the bed, clutching her crotch as she ambled to the shower. "I'll clean up first!" she exclaimed. "*You shot a lot of hot cum inside me. We better make sure you don't knock me up, sexy.*"

He grinned. They both knew he wanted one baby out of the relationship, though the prospect still scared her. But not enough to give up on this life and go back to how she was. She quickly went to the shower and turned it on, though she stopped a moment to smile at her reflection. She was still Harper, she was still an older woman, though she was forty one years old now, instead of forty seven. She felt a bit sprier, she hadn't gone through menopause yet, and she didn't have those damn slutty tattoos - except that one Samuel liked that was on her lower back. More than that, she was free from being a totally trashy, cock hungry MILF.

Well, almost. Sort of. She was still a total MILF, actually. Tila couldn't undo that. And she was still an older woman. And she was still cock-hungry as hell. But now she could

choose the cock, and choose well, given her intelligence was pretty back to normal. She didn't have any construction knowledge back, and the stuff she did get was mainly house maintenance, makeup, and fashion, but that had to count for something, right? Now she could dress sexy in a more tasteful way, instead of like she was living in a damn caravan.

It filled her with renewed confidence as she got out and got dressed, swapping a kiss with Samuel before swapping places at the cutting board, preparing the last of the hors d'oeuvres. God, she actually knew what hors d'oeuvres were now! A miracle after her old fate!

Samuel himself had just finished cleaning up in the shower and getting dressed when the door knocked. For a moment, Harper felt a tremor of fear, until she remembered that Tila had said Morgan and Druissa would never revisit - their pattern was only to check in once, and never again. Still, she had to summon a bit of courage before moving to the front door. She checked her dress - lots of cleavage on display, but that was compulsions for you - and then opened it with a smile.

"Brynn! My darling daughter!"

Her gorgeous daughter beamed and leapt into her mom's arms. The two were still related, still mother and daughter, and both had come to accept that. Just as before, Brynn was a marvellously sexy young thing, now twenty three years of age (in this new reality, Harper had had her when she was eighteen, it seemed). But there was a buoyancy to her now that she had most of her brains back. She was still a bit of a ditz and a flirt, but like her mother she was freed of the worst trappings of the curse, enough to even date someone.

"Mom, this is David! David, meet my awesome *hot* mom."

Harper flushed red at her daughter's words, but David just chuckled. "I know, that's how she talks," he said, extending a hand. Harper embraced him instead.

"It's lovely to meet you, and *what a nice specimen you've found here, Brynn. You're lucky I'm married or else I'd snatch him away!*"

"Mom!" Brynn said, rolling her eyes. They both knew it was a little compulsive statement, and took it in humour, even though David looked momentarily horrified. He was indeed quite handsome; dark-skin, neat black hair, and a winning smile to match his heroic frame. It made Harper wish she could take Samuel out back and . . . imagine some things, but she recovered in a way she previously never would have been able to and invited him inside.

"Come meet my husband Samuel, Brynn's step-father. I'm sure he'll talk your ear off about football!"

"I'll be glad to meet him."

She gestured him up to the kitchen, so that mother and daughter could talk.

"He's sure cute," she whispered to Brynn.

"Maybe he'll be *totes a silver-haired fox like stepdaddy one day*," Brynn said excitedly.

"Or maybe just a fun fling, knowing you."

"Awwww, put some faith in me, Mom. I've changed now! I can go solo like you!"

Harper regarded her daughter, and once more marvelled at the busty beauty before her. Once she would have lusted after this woman, catcalled her, maybe even groped her if she were drunk enough. Now, this woman was nothing more or less than her daughter, her flesh and blood. And thanks to Tila, they could live semi-normal lives, even if they were really, really girly ones, and certainly lusty as well. The fact that Brynn was wearing a tight crop top and skirt that showed off all her curves was evidence of that.

"You're right, Brynn," she said, smiling gently. "We have changed. More than once!"

"I'm happy not to change again, personally. *Better a hot girlfriend than a totally sexy stupid slut*, right?"

"Exactly my thinking, especially with my age, dear. And no more, ahem, *sharing*."

"Ewww, thank God! Yuck!"

Still, she placed an arm around her daughter, and the two smiled together as they walked to the kitchen to enjoy the conversation.

"Just make sure to teach your man to be respectful of his *hot girlfriend*, and never to catcall," Harper reminded. "Not even as a joke."

"Oh, totes. No way, never gonna happen. I'm *totes training him*. Not catcalling whatsoever. Not even if he gets drunk."

Which was well and good. They both knew intimately the consequences of *that*.

The End