

## Epilogue: Hexed-Up Bimbos - The Next Generation (Man to Bimbo TG)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*It's been twenty years, and Melody's son Terry is visiting home with his girlfriend to tell his ditzy mother that she's going to be a grandmother! But the hex curse has other ideas, and soon just like his mother, Terry is going to be turned into a beautiful and busty bimbo! Can the new woman's family survive?*

### Hexed-Up Bimbos

Terry hesitated before knocking on the door. The young twenty-year old man was a bit unsure on how to proceed.

"Hey," Giselle said, reaching up to play with his blonde hair in her usual way. "What's up, baby? Tell me."

Terry looked at his gorgeous girlfriend. She was so out of his league, even knowing that he was quite handsome. She had beautiful black skin and the most magnetic dark brown eyes, and her braids were always so spectacular, done up in a complex bun before hanging down past her shoulders. She was wearing a beautiful red dress that was just loose enough to hide the truth of what was growing inside her belly; which was, of course, the very reason they were here.

"I love my mother, Giselle," he said awkwardly. "Believe me, she's the best mom in the world. She's so loving and sweet and kind and - and Dad is just *obsessed* with her, which is why I've got seven siblings!"

She giggled. "And I can't wait to meet them all one day. I'm sensing a 'but' here, though."

He kissed her temple. "You know me too well. It's just . . . my mother is a lot, Giselle. I won't lie, I got what little smarts I have from Dad. She's . . . well, she was a bit of a blonde bimbo back in the day."

She slapped him playfully on the shoulder. "Terrence!"

"These aren't my words! They're hers! Look, Mom is sweet as apple pie and just as warm and inviting, but you're going to be this incredible engineer even after we have this baby, and . . . I just want you to appreciate her for who she is, and not overlook her because of what she isn't."

Giselle placed a hand on his cheek and stared up into his bright blue eyes - the eyes he had inherited from his mother Melody. "I'm sure I'll love her," she said. "Just like I'm sure she'll love our news. Besides, she knows a thing or two about having babies, right?"

At this, Terry laughed. "Honestly, I'm surprised she's not pregnant again, but I guess at forty . . . anyway. Let's get this party started. Big changes are coming."

She took his free hand. "The best changes," Giselle said, before placing his hand on her stomach, which was just a little firm with the promise of future growth.

He smiled, and knocked three times on the door. It didn't take long for a voice to suddenly echo out from the inside of the house.

*"Like, oh my gosh! Terry! Honey, Terry is home! With his girlfriend! Oh dear, do I look presentable? Nevermind! You stay there! I'll, like, get the door! I'm soooooo excited!"*

Giselle suddenly threw a slightly surprised expression at Terry, who just blushed and grinned a little sheepishly. "I told you. She's very . . . unique."

The door flung open, and a *seriously* busty and deeply beautiful blonde woman opened the door. Despite the fact that she was forty, she still looked to be in her early thirties, and she had the most radiant and joyful expression on her face. The woman wore a bright pink floral dress that nevertheless pulled tight around her waist to emphasise her hourglass figure, and the neckline plunged low enough to be scandalous. Terry could literally see his girlfriend looking down and becoming immediately distracted by his mother's incredibly large chest. It had certainly made for a lot of rumour-mongering about his 'totally MILFy mom' back in high school.

"TERRY! MY TERRY BEAR!" Melody squealed, before embracing her son, pulling his face almost into her chest and suffocating him. Terry blushed brilliantly while his girlfriend tried to suppress the biggest giggle.

"Terry Bear?" she said.

"Mom's nickname," he wheezed, before pulling back. "It's great to see you, Mom. This is the woman I've been telling you about. My girlfriend Giselle."

Giselle extended a hand and beamed her brilliant white teeth. "It's lovely to meet you, Mrs Gardner. Terry has said such wonderful things about - MMPH!"

Before Giselle could even react, the squealing mother had pulled her in for a hug, and Giselle too learned what it was like to be suffocated into those large, pillowy breasts, so much bigger than her own. Terry knew them to be a HH-cup from when he'd stolen one as a kid and used it as a slingshot against his friends in the neighbourhood. One of the older boys had stolen the bra and he'd never seen it again.

"I'm, like, soooooo happy to meet you, Giselle!" Melody exclaimed. "You are just so, so beautiful! You are totes out of my son's league, like, oh my God! I hope he knows how much, like, you're just the best thing that ever happened to him!"

Giselle grinned as she was released. "Oh, he knows," she said smugly as she looked to her boyfriend. "He damn well knows."

"How have things been, Mom?" Terry asked.

“Oh, just wonderful! Your father will be excited to see you! My Eric is just sooooo on top of things, Giselle. He’s a big businessman. Oh, I’m just, like, the trophy wife! But I keep him happy enough. Please, come in. You’re so incredibly pretty! Your hair! That bod!”

“She’s sharp as a tack too, Mom. Studying to be an aerospace engineer.”

“Oh-em-gee! That’s incredible! Come in, come in!” She ushered them inside. “Eric! Come on out, pretty please! Your son is here with the most wonderful woman!”

*“In a moment! Sorry Terry, just finishing up a work report!”*

“It’s okay, Dad!” he said. “God, he never stops, does he?”

Melody giggled. “Well, I can make him stop, with, like, the right moves and stuff.”

“Eww, Mom!”

She turned to show Giselle to the living room, which gave Giselle time to mouth a silent ‘*Wowwww, I get it now*’ to her boyfriend, to which he gave a slightly embarrassed shrug.

“I’ve made, like, some delicious little treats for you. And I’ve done your room up all nice! It’s soundproofed, and don’t worry, you can totes sleep together in there, I’m not some silly prude! God, I -”

Suddenly, something odd happened. Melody’s behaviour seemed to shift, and she became a little more serious. A pair of tears fell down her cheeks, and she sniffled a little as she wiped them. Terry knew this about his mother; sometimes she had these episodes where it was like she was a different person entirely. Less, well, bimbo-ish, and more introspective. Nostalgic. And yet . . . perhaps content.

“I’m so proud of you, Terry,” she said quite seriously, all affectation in her voice gone. “I never thought I’d be a mother, but you and your siblings make it all worthwhile. Giselle, I’m so glad my son is with a smart woman like yourself. I wish I could have been like that . . . but it wasn’t to be. You should be very proud of yourself. Trust me when I say there’s nothing a mother hopes for more than her children to not be quite as empty-minded as she is!”

“C’mon, Mom,” Terry said. “You’re no academic, but you raised me right.”

She wiped away another tear. “I just wish I’d invited Janet. My hexy girl would love to see this!”

“That’s what Mom calls her college bestie,” Terry whispered in his girlfriend’s ear.

“Well, maybe we’ll meet her,” Giselle said. “We’re staying for a week, right? I can’t wait to get to know you and your husband, Miss Gardner.”

“Please, call me Melody. I’ve been called that for twenty years now. Especially since I became a proud mother to my boy here!”

This point confused the pair of them, though Terry was used to his mother occasionally saying odd stuff.

“Well, speaking of proud mothers,” Terry said. “Giselle and I have a second reason for coming here.”

At this, Giselle planted her hands over her stomach, revealing the slight bulge there. Terry positioned himself behind his loving girlfriend and hugged her midsection as well, his pale Caucasian hands upon her darker pair. Immediately, Melody’s eyes lit up, and she slipped out of her contemplative episode and returned immediately to her excited, ditzy, and utterly bubbly state.

“Like, OH MY GOD! I can’t believe it! ERIC, GET OUT HERE NOW, HONEY!”

She bounced forward, her enormous bust nearly escaping her dress, and gripped the pair in a hug that was so full of love and giddy excitement that Terry almost thought his mother would explode.

“I’m gonna be, like, totes the happiest grandma in the world! Especially since I’m preggers too, Terry! Did I, like, tell you that already?”

Terry laughed, exchanging a look with his surprised girlfriend.

“No, Mom, but I’m not surprised. Lots of big changes are coming, I suppose.”

“The best changes,” Giselle said, before giggling at the happy absurdity of this new situation.

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It was a joyous night. Terry’s dad Eric couldn’t stop complimenting Giselle and her beauty, and was quick to crack out the champagne - non-alcoholic for the ladies, of course - to celebrate the good news. He was a major corporate figure, worth well over a hundred million, and while Terry was on good terms with his father, he’d always felt a little spoiled by him, which was why he’d insisted on going to a college of his own choosing and not to one of the elite campuses that would eventually just lead to him working for his father anyway.

“I still think you should take a job with me, son!” Eric declared. “You know I take care of my family! Besides, you’ve got your own family to be concerned with! I want to make sure my grandchild has everything he or she wants in life!”

“Dad,” Terry said as they ate dinner together, another wonderfully cooked chicken and duck roast made by his Mom. “You know I don’t discuss business at the dinner table. Besides, I want to build my own future, like you did. And I don’t think Giselle would forgive me if I took the easy road in life.”

“Damn right I wouldn’t!” she joked, kissing him on the cheek. “I was attracted to Terry *because* he works so hard in his studies and doesn’t take anything for granted. You’ve raised a fine son.”

“We have, haven’t we, darling?” Eric said, placing his hand on his wife’s thigh and kissing her briefly. Melody actually let out a little moan, which left Giselle a little wide-eyed.

“She always does that,” Terry whispered in her ear. “No surprise that Mom has so many babies. I grew up in a very . . . passionate household.”

“Well, I expect you to be very passionate even when I’m all round in the belly, then.”

Terry smirked, then looked to his parents. Eric was looking at his wife like she hung the moon, and she in turn had the brightest blue eyes as she hung on his every word. They were both hung up on each other, it seemed, and always had been ever since he could remember.

“I’m glad Terry has such loving parents,” Giselle said, noting the same.

Melody beamed. “Like, how could I not love my amazing husband? He’s soooo manly and dominant, but sooooo loving and caring at the same time! Plus, he’s very amazing in bed!”

She giggled, and Eric chuckled. “Honey, calm yourself a little. Save it for the bedroom.”

“Oops, sorry everyone!” she declared. “My preggo hormones always make me totes excited. Something for you to super look forward to, Giselle! Trust me, you won’t regret being knocked up, so long as my Terry does his part!”

“Okay, we are *definitely* changing the conversation,” Terry declared while his girlfriend tried not to laugh her head off. “Where’s John and Max? Leah?”

“They’re with Hannah,” Eric said, before explaining to Giselle: “She’s our professional babysitter. A great service I can recommend to you through my contacts for future reference. We felt we should have this first reunion night just with you two, and it was the right decision, I’d say, because my goodness, this news couldn’t be better! Now, the only way it could be better is if Terry would consider an opening job at my firm, and . . .”

“Mom?” Terry said, interrupting his father’s continual desire to bring him into the business fold. “Are you okay?”

Melody was actually crying. She was wiping her tears, and had one hand on her stomach, which in her dress was visibly just a little distended, her pregnancy a little further along than Giselle’s.

“Honey?” Eric said. “Is it the hormones again?” He turned to his son and Giselle. “I’m very sorry, Giselle. My wife is perfect, but she can occasionally have these moments. She has ever since I’ve known her. She just has too much love to give.”

“I’m sorry,” Melody said, all bimbo-ish qualities gone from her voice again. “Sometimes I just . . . see things from a new perspective. I can’t believe how my life has gone by. It’s been twenty years since . . . the biggest change you can imagine, so this is an anniversary of sorts for me.”

“A good change?” Giselle asked.

“Of course it was,” Eric said, taking her hand softly. “We met that year, and it didn’t take long for you to arrive after that, Terry!”

Melody nodded with a smile. “E-exactly,” she said, after a moment’s hesitation. She wiped away her tears and smiled, then reached across the table to take Terry’s hand and Giselle’s as well.

“I’m so happy for you both. I never expected to have you, Terry, but I want nothing but the best for you. My twentieth year was hard . . . um, until I met your father, of course! Teehee!”

Suddenly, she was all grins and good cheer again, and the dinner proceeded with the same level of joy and upbeat bimbo-ish quality that Melody brought with her. Eric was clearly enamoured with his trophy wife, but a trophy wife she certainly was, and after a marvellous dessert and more excitable discussion about coming babies, Terry and Giselle retired for the night.

“I . . . think I heard some rather loud passion coming from up the hall when I was going to the bathroom,” Giselle said, trying to hide her own giggle.

“Yep,” Terry said, lying in bed with her. “That’s Mom and Dad, alright. Sorry if this is all very awkward. Like I said, Mom is very . . . different. But I promise you, she’s a wonderful mother. She’s just very . . . passionate, like you say. And bubbly. And maybe a little ditsy.”

Giselle chuckled, rolling over to hold her man. “Look, let’s just say I’m glad I was told in advance about her, but . . . she’s deeply sweet. She clearly loves you and your Dad, and I won’t lie, I hope we’re as active as your parents are in twenty years! Just don’t expect me to be such a trophy wife like she is! I’ve got ambitions, sweetie.”

“And I love you for that,” Terry said, kissing her lovely full lips. “I’d never take that away from you. But as for passion, I can definitely show you how committed I am on that front.”

“Mhmm, is that so?” Giselle said, running her fingers down his hairy chest. “Because your mother and I have one thing in common: my prego hormones are driving me wild too.”

Terry began feeling his girlfriend’s lovely brown breasts. “Time for *us* to make some loud noises too.”

And they did. Quite loud, in fact.

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Terry had some strange dreams that night. At first, they were pleasurable. He was making love to his girlfriend again, feeling her perfect body around midnight. She woke, but after a moment’s surprise, she was happy to feel his arousal.

“And I thought / had hormones running. Okay then, some midnight loving it is . . .”

It was dark. Everything was touch. Everything was up close, intimate and sensual. But at the same time as he was in this room, this bed, he was also . . . elsewhere. He was at a club. He was young and male, but not quite himself either. A woman was talking to him, she was angry. She was also beautiful, wrapped in a tight dress that showed off her ample features. Unlike Giselle, she was white, and her face did not possess the same sweetness, but rather a cruel edge that lined her features. Even as Terry made love to Giselle, he was also on the receiving end of this woman’s cruel jibes.

*“-right about that, mister,” she said, as if he’d stepped into a conversation halfway through. “You won’t give the slightest bother to me ever again. You want to comment on a woman’s body, point out her big tits and her tight ass and her wide hips? You want to call her a bimbo and act like she just has to take it? Well, maybe it’s time you took it. Maybe it’s time you learned a lesson. One that will change you for the rest of your life.”*

Terry thrust into Giselle. She moaned and cried out, and he did too, his voice becoming feminine. He could feel his hips stretching wider. His chest bloomed, pushing out, his nipples larger and more sensitive. The man moaned as his girlfriend squeezed his ass, which was so damn sensitive, and getting larger by the second. But these changes were not just in the room, but in this other part of the dream as well.

*“C-C-Call . . . c-call the amb - ambulance! AHhhhh!”* this other version of himself said. *“CALL THEM! Everything h-hurts! IT WON’T STO-OHHHH!!!”*

The changes were coming more rapidly. His bones altered, his form changed, becoming more womanly by the second. His clothes changed. Despite the pain, his arousal peaked, and his balls *squeezed*. There was a friend with him, one who was familiar and not familiar. He reminded Terry of his own mom for some reason, while his own body in this other dream reality was . . . like some male version of the hard-partying cougar of a woman who was his mother’s fellow ‘Hex Girl’ bestie.

*“I’m s-soooooooyyyyyy. I c-couldn’t help it! Now I’ve got a f-fucking pussy! A fucking pussy, Matthew! Jesus Christ, I - OOhhh! My - MY CHEST!!”*

Terry had cum. He’d spend his last semen, in both Giselle in one part of the dream, and onto his friend Matthew in this other part of the dream. It had gone into Matthew’s mouth, and the moment it did, the dream opened up further. A *third* part of reality tore open. This time, he was Matthew. He was facing Janet. It was Janet, not just a man that somehow reminded him of her. Janet, his Mom’s best friend, a brunette who was always sleeping around even into her forties. But here she was younger, in the prime of her life, and *scared*.

*“F-fuck! I really am ch-changing! Oh G-GOD! NNGHHH!!!”*

He was in a bathroom, staring at his reflection. His body was changing rapidly and painfully. His bones snapped into new places. His body hair fell away, while on his head it

grew out long and blonde. Enormous breasts pushed out, growing larger and larger and heavier and rounder and riper and more sensitive and - and just like his mother's breasts!

His right hand spasmed, caught in a horrific seizure, until it compressed and thinned. He screamed as it became dainty and feminine.

*"Fuck! FUCK! That's the one that touched his fucking cum! Maybe - oh God, maybe that's the o-only p-parts that will be changed!?"*

His voice changed, becoming high and sweet. His lips swelled, his face changing. Terry was fucking Giselle, the pair cumming wildly as his penis withdrew back into his body. His breasts were blooming, but so was Matthew's. He wasn't Matthew anymore, he was Melody. He was Jared, becoming Jared. He was horny and aroused and stupid and bimbo-ish, unable to fight off the mental changes.

No, he was Terry. He was moaning like a woman, holding Giselle against his ripe, sensitive breasts.

No, he was Melody, once Matthew, cursed by accident to become a woman after being infected by Jared-

-Who he was, the one who had offended some kind of witch, and whose hex had cursed him to become Janet, a horny bimbo.

The three parts of the dream collided, intermingling even as Terry whined and shifted, his bones cracking and re-assembling into new feminine configurations, his fat swelling in all the right places. He whined, voice going higher in all three segments of the dream, and soon the pleasure was overwhelming. He was a man and a bimbo. He was transforming, becoming something new. The witch cackled and laughed, and her voice echoed from the past and into the future.

*"You're already bimbos, you just don't know it yet. Have fun swinging those hips home, honey. You probably won't ever see me again, but I might see you, just to enjoy how you end up. Remember, if you keep fighting it, it will be all the worse for you."*

The pleasure rose up over the pain. It was too good. Terry clutched to his wife, clutching Giselle's body and caressing it even as Giselle did the same to him. No, to *her*. Her penis was gone, her genitalia changed. Her pussy was wet with arousal, her needs immense. She could feel it in all the parts of her dream, not just this one. Melody needed a man. She fought as much as she could, and so did Janet, her Hexy Sister who was just as doomed as her, and even more libidinous and sex-crazed. Melody's mind slipped into bimbohood all the more because she fought it, and the same was true of Janet. And just as the witch had said; the harder they railed against the hex, the more it changed them, leaving them trapped within their minds. The bimbo personas took over. Melody forgot who she even was, so that Matthew could only resurface occasionally. She was stupid and ditsy, so dumb that she forgot her protection and quickly fell pregnant. Her male self was dormant,

resurfacing whenever a moment of great humiliation occurred, including the experience of giving birth all the way through to the end. Janet was not nearly so bimbo-like, but she was a nympho through and through. Her desperation for sexual pleasure left her unable to remember her male past, until a man came inside of her, whereupon it would surface again briefly.

The witch's smile. The hex upon her lips.

Matthew, now Melody.

Jared, now Janet.

Terry . . . now Tiffany.

Her busty, curvaceous body pressed up against Giselle's, both of them sleeping together happily and peacefully, sighing softly from the comfort of their shared softness. It was a dream, Terry knew it. Just a dream.

There was no truth in it whatsoever.

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Tiffany was perfectly at peace as she slowly woke. She was spooning against her girlfriend, who was only twelve weeks along in her pregnancy, and yet her breasts had already grown a little, those wonderful chocolate-brown mountains soft and lovely in Tiffany's dainty hands.

"Mhmm," the woman moaned. "You're, like, soooooo fucking hot, honey."

Giselle stirred, moaning a little and rubbing her round ass against Tiffany's crotch. "I had the strangest dream last night," the woman said. "We were having sex, and then you started feeling like a woman, and sounding like one. I won't lie, it was weirdly hot and - AGH!"

She jumped out of bed, and Tiffany screeched as well and fell out her side just a moment later. The woman got to her feet slowly, her breathing quickening as she took in her body.

"Oh God! Like, oh-em-gee! This is super weird! Why have I got enormous boobies!?"

They *were* huge, literally blocking out her own view of her feet. They were perfectly formed, looking just like her mother's, perhaps only a little smaller, but then, her mother had been pregnant a heap of times. In the old photos he'd seen of her, of which there were way too many displayed around the house thanks in part to his father's pride in his trophy wife, she'd been just as busty as Tiffany was now. Her hair even fell down her shoulders now, golden and slightly curly, while her figure was clearly female everywhere else. With a squeak of shock, she cocked her hip to one side and looked back, noting her prodigious backside and impressive hips. Giselle only had her beaten in the former department, but this new white woman had *back*.

“Like, this can’t be, like, possible!” she gasped, her voice honey-sweet and ditzy-sounding, like a dumb valley girl. She lowered a hand down to between her thighs, the view of which was obstructed by her massive rack. Sure enough, there was no penis or testes there . . . just a wet, warm slit that was already hungering for passion. She bit her lip, trying not to moan.

“I’m a girl!”

Giselle was wide-eyed and slack-jawed as she took in the naked and very busty woman before her. “Who - who are you!? You can’t be - there’s no way you can be my boyfriend! You’re not Terry!”

But Tiffany nodded. “Like, I totes am! I mean, my stupid brain is calling me Tiffany now. But that’s - I’m Tiffany! Ugh, I can’t even, like, say the name anymore! But I am the name you just totally said! You have to believe me, Giselle! I changed last night, I think we were, like, having sex and I thought it was a dream but it was *real!* I think Mom has something to do with this, I don’t know how! But I had all these super weird thoughts about her - ugh! Why am I sounding so silly and like a hawt bimbo now!?”

Giselle took a moment to calm herself. Tiffany hoped against hope that her beautiful pregnant girlfriend would recognise her, and an instant flood of relief arrived when Giselle circled the bed slowly, tears forming in her eyes, and then reached out to take the other woman’s hand.

“Terry? Is it really you?”

Tiffany sobbed and gripped her girlfriend, who was now taller than her. “It is! Oh, Giselle, it is! Like, you have to believe me! I proposed to you when I hired out the space conservatory for j-just you and m-me! I - oh God - I had super hot sex with you for the first time after we ordered yummy yummy Chinese takeout and then we went back to your place and you wore that super stylish red dress and I was, like, sooooo hard in my pants and you were so beautiful and I just wanted every part of you and-”

Giselle gripped her face gently but firmly. “Honey, honey, it’s okay! I believe you! I - I feel your energy. I can’t describe it, I just do. I remember you changing last night, it was like a weird dream. How is this possible? You’re like . . . you’re just like your *mom!* I mean, you look like her daughter, and your boobs are . . . very large, honey.”

“I know, right? They’re sooooo big and sensitive! I’m getting, like, kinda horny and want to feel you up. You’re still sooooo sexy to me, honey bear!”

At this, Giselle looked quite overwhelmed. “Terry - Tiffany! - I need you to focus. Are you - has your personality changed?”

“Ummm, I definitely feel, like, totes dumber now. Not as dumb as I sound, but, well, a bit ditzier, like Mom! And I feel really horny. Can we try lesbian sex or should we solve this mystery first?”

Giselle chuckled nervously. "Definitely the mystery, but . . . you're definitely a good looking woman now. Holy shit, I mean, maybe it's just me being bisexual as hell, but you're fine as fuck, darling. Sorry, I shouldn't be saying this. This whole situation is insane. You're a woman! A really, really busty and hot one! But wow! This is just - did I affect this? I mean, I always liked valley girl blondes around my age but it was just a fantasy . . . oh God, did I do this to you? Is this *my* fault!?"

Tiffany shook her head quickly, which caused her shoulders to shake, and her heavy breasts to wobble, a feeling she was not used to. "N-no! Not at all, Giselle! I love you, you know that! I'd never, like, lie to you! This is Mom's doing, or some witches! I think . . ."

It took longer than usual for her thoughts to finally come together, but they finally coalesced.

"Ohmigod! Mom used to be a guy too! That means-"

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"The curse is inherited," Melody said, her voice serious, her expression contemplative and not at all like her usual bimbo-ish self. "I'm so sorry, Terry. I had the same dream last night, too! I thought it was just a dream . . . and my bimbo Melody self took over again when I woke up. But when you came down the stairs and Eric acted like you were always our daughter, I was able to push my Matthew self to the surface."

They weren't in Melody's home anymore. Eric was using the study for the day, and that would make conversations too difficult and awkward. Worse, it would also summon Melody's bimbo side, and she'd probably run off to give her husband a quick blowjob just to please him, a fact that she certainly didn't have to share with the young couple but had stated in her giggly, ditsy fashion anyway until Matthew reasserted control.

Instead, Melody had taken her son-turned-daughter and his/her girlfriend to a cafe across town so that the three of them could discuss what had happened. The forty-year old MILF had been utterly flabbergasted by the appearance of Tiffany when she came down the stairs that morning, and they had been just as shocked when she was able to tell them the truth, one that Tiffany already suspected from her dreams.

Her mother had indeed once been a man. She and her best friend Janet had been young men at a club, and Janet - then Jared - had gotten on the wrong side of a witch after making some sexist comments. He was hexed and transformed into the sex-hungry nympho she now was, but Matthew was collateral damage, infected by accident and turned into a dumb, bubbly bimbo with huge tits and a healthy appetite for sex. Worse, because they fought the curse so hard, their minds were subsumed into their new roles almost completely.

Their memories of being male only resurfaced occasionally, often at the most embarrassing times, which Melody had been able to tell her new daughter.

“I would have tried to tell you if I’d known that you were at risk of changing as well, honey!”

Tiffany bit her lip and rested her pretty head into the crook of Giselle's neck. “I just, like, can't believe it. My penis is a pussy now! I've got boobs almost as big as yours, Mom, and they're suuuuper sensitive. I can't stop touching them! And I can't, like, *not* wear real hawt pink dresses!”

Indeed, Tiffany was currently adorned in a tight pink dress with a plunging neckline that managed to display overboob, sideboob, and underboob all at the same time. It was more appropriate for a night club than a brunch cafe, but the compulsions upon her newly bimbofied mind were too strong to resist, and Giselle had advised her to go along with it until they figured out how to undo it. At least her girlfriend was clearly enjoying the sight of Tiffany's new cavernous cleavage, which was enough for Tiffany to rub her naked thighs together excitedly.

“I just, like, can't believe it! The Mom I knew all my life used to be a guy! And you're trapped in a total bimbo bod and mine! That's, like, the worst ever!”

“How do you cope?” Giselle added.

Melody gave them both a wan smile. She too was in a very revealing pink dress, like mother, like daughter, but the intelligence hiding behind her big blue eyes had been set free, at least for now.

“Trust me, it's just what I had to accept. I didn't deserve this punishment, but that bitch of a witch was happy to leave Jared and I stuck like this. I find that I can hold onto my memories and remember being Matthew more often if I don't freak out when I return to myself. Which is tricky, because usually it's when I'm with your father, or when I'm giving birth, or my baby is moving around in my belly, or I'm putting on some sexy outfit, or doing something supremely feminine.”

“Like, that's crazy unfair!” Tiffany objected.

Her mother sighed. “Like, tell me about it. Ugh, sorry. I try to avoid saying ‘like’ and ‘totes’ when I've got my male mind back, but some habits have died hard over the years. The longest I've had my mind back was nearly two days, and I was still acting girly and doing all my usual stuff during that time.”

“Usual stuff?” Giselle asked, holding Tiffany's hand.

Melody smirked. “Oh, you know.”

Giselle understood, but Tiffany was confused. She was finding it so much harder to think, especially since she really, really wanted to have fun with Giselle. Her arousal was *strong*.

“Sex, honey,” Giselle whispered. “Your Mom means sex.”

“Oh. OH! Eww, Mom!”

“I’m just saying it like it is, honey. I’m struggling to keep my Matthew mind here as it is. But . . . you don’t seem to have that problem. You remember who you were, right?”

“Like, duh!” Tiffany announced. “I’m super meant to be a guy! I still remember having a penis and having sex and proposing to Giselle and getting her all knocked up and stuff! But . . . reality is like all over the place now, because everyone remembers me like this! It’s not fair!”

“No, it’s good, babe,” Giselle said, squeezing her hand and stroking the other woman’s beautiful blonde hair. “It means you aren’t cursed as badly as your mom?”

“Hey, what’s this about being as badly cursed?”

This was a new voice. All three women looked up to see that Auntie Janet, as Tiffany had known her since forever, had arrived. She was a gorgeous brunette with a very curvaceous figure, not as large in the chest as Melody but certainly possessing superior hips and a rear that was already getting attention from the guys several tables over. Despite being forty years old, she only looked to be in her early thirties, just like Tiffany’s mom, which was perhaps why she was able to get away with wearing a crop top and miniskirt, leaving her perfect stomach on display. She wore stylish sunglasses, and she posed in a supremely feminine manner with her hip cocked to one side.

“Like, what’s going on with your son, Mel? She looks like a total hottie! I’m jealous! I wish I had a figure as young as hers, now!”

“JANET!” Melody screeched, jumping out of her seat and causing her massive chest to nearly escape the confinement of her tight pink dress. She embraced Janet, and for several minutes Tiffany and Giselle could only watch as the pair reverted to their total bimbo states, their memories of being male pushed down to the depths.

“Like, ohmigod, you look sooooo hot, hexy sister!”

“And you look amazing, girl! Are you preggers again? Eeeeeee! Congratulations! I’m so not having babies but you look soooo fucking hawt when you’re knocked up.”

“I know! Eric just loves putting his big babies into me. And sucking on my titties, heehee!”

“Mel, not in front of your daughter! Tiffany looks like the spitting image of you, just younger! Like a hot clone! Are you excited to become a totally sexy grandma?”

“Mhmm, absolutely! Ohmigod, I need to introduce you! This is Giselle - isn’t she just the best? Giselle, meet my Hexy Sister 4 Lyfe - Janet! She’s such a hoe.”

“I am!” the other woman boasted. “I’ve got a boytoy ready to meet me in an hour. They love their hot cougar contact. It’s good to meet you, Giselle. You’re, like, so perfect for Tiffany.”

"It's okay," Giselle said, hugging the woman back. "I'm already familiar with what's going on, Janet. Can you - is it possible to get the real you back to the surface? I know you used to be a man named Jared, just like Melody was a man named Matthew."

It was enough to get the pair of them to resurface, shaking their heads and then blushing with embarrassment before they both sat down.

"Sorry," Janet muttered. "I came on too strong and then I lost control again. Not that I get fucking control very often. Most of the time I'm Janet, getting fucked by men constantly because that's what the 'other me' constantly craves. Thank you, witch-bitch."

"I can't imagine," Giselle said. "Will you be able to stay, uh, in control for long?"

Janet nodded. "Long enough. Melody and I have gotten better at keeping our male minds in control when we need to. Twenty years of experience will do that. Trust me when I say that going with the flow is crucial to it, not that you have to worry about it, but this new gal will. Trust me, kid, when you get your memories back, you can't freak out because you find yourself sucking a big cock or taking it up the ass or having a guy peel off your clothes - you gotta stay calm."

Tiffany found her cheeks getting redder, but at the same time, her pussy was becoming flushed with heat. She definitely didn't want to be hearing these words from her non-blood relative Auntie Janet, but at the same time, the words were still turning her on all the more. She really wanted to fuck Giselle as soon as possible, even if she knew that was just the bimbo side of her speaking.

"I - I don't know if that'll be a problem," she said. "I'm, like, still remembering who I was."

"Started that way for me too, kid. But then it got worse because I fought it."

"Same," Melody said. "I still blame Janet here for infecting me. I've had to spread my legs and push out so many babies because of you!"

Janet smirked at this gentle tease. "Don't lie, you love your kids. It's one thing you and the other Melody have in common. Besides, I have to have sex with random men way more."

"Yeah, but you *love* sex. Always have."

Janet chuckled. "Sure do." She turned to face Tiffany. "I'm sorry this happened to you, kid, but there's upsides. Not many, but they do exist. We're bimbos for life - hex girls together - but we make do. Sometimes it's hard, and once I went three whole weeks without resurfacing. That sucked. Sometimes you just gotta roll with it and have fun when you come back up, even if you're in a bikini and letting every guy stare at you while you show yourself off."

Tiffany perked up. "I can wear a bikini? A pink one?"

Giselle touched her arm. "Sweetie, I don't think that's . . . is there no way to cure her? She's the man I love! Well, the woman I love now, I guess. Can't we turn her back? We're expecting a baby, for God's sake! She was going to be the father of my baby!"

"I'm sorry," Melody said. "There's no cure. We can't even find the witch anymore, and trust me, we've tried everything."

Janet took a deep breath, her breasts straining against her tight crop top. "The only option you have is to embrace it, Tiff. That way, maybe, you'll keep your mind. Your memories. Look, do you still feel like you?"

Tiffany looked down at her enormous jugs. They were big and round and beautiful, and definitely not what she was used to. But while she was certainly ditsier and hornier, she still felt like herself. She didn't feel like she had lost all the essential parts of herself in the way that Melody and Janet obviously did when they went 'under.' She knew who she was, still, and while she was more easily distracted and had become bimbofied, the core of her remained beneath these surface changes.

"I do," she said, realising that truth. "I'm still, like, me. I mean, not as smart and definitely, like, compelled to be suuuuuper girly and stuff, but I'm still me. Giselle, it's still me. I still love you, and you know I find you, like, soooo fucking hot."

At this, Giselle swallowed, staying just on top of her emotions. "Are you sure? You're still you, Tiffany?"

"I am. Like, it's a big change. It's gonna take sooo long to get used to it. But, um, this is kinda weird, but I still wanna be with you. I wanna be the mommy of our baby. Gawd, I wanna have more babies, too. With you. I still fucking love you, girl. If . . . if you still love me."

A tear slipped down Giselle's cheek. "Of course I love you, Tiff! And you know I like girls as well! I - I love you!"

They kissed, and this left Janet and Melody beaming.

"Well, maybe you two can make it work after all," Janet said.

"I know they can. Oh - I think I'm slipping away. Sorry guys, the bimbo is coming back, but know that I, like, totes believe in you two!"

"Like, me too!" Janet said, receding back into her regular self. "You two are soooo gonna make it. We both know it!"

The server arrived, ready to take their order, only to hold back. Giselle and Tiffany were kissing very, very passionately, and the two older women were clapping with bimbo-like joy at the romance unfolding before them.

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Giselle was tired, but so very full of love. She held her baby in her arms, so proud of herself for the Herculean effort of giving birth just hours ago. Her child nursed from her, but she wasn't producing quite enough for her daughter Hannah's impressive hunger. That was okay though, because the benefit of having a partner who had her own mammoth breasts, was that they had proven quite bountiful as well.

"Hey babe, do you mind feeding Hannah a little bit for me? I'm running a bit dry here."

"Like, totes!" Tiffany exclaimed, face beaming. The beautiful blonde wasted no time lowering a strap of her pink dress to expose a tremendous boob and her large pink nipple, which was already leaking milk. That had been a recent development just prior to Giselle entering her ninth month, and a welcome one once Tiffany got over the weirdness of it. Her head-sized tits were producing more than enough to keep their newborn well-fed, and they already had a lot of milk stored in the freezer just in case. She moaned softly as Hannah latched.

"This is soooooo nice," she said, smiling at her wife who was still resting on the hospital bed. "I can't believe we, like, both get to breastfeed our daughter. That's pretty weird, right?"

"Not exactly how I thought this would go," the darker-skinned woman said. "But not bad either, Tiff. Not bad at all. You know, I'm starting to get pretty thankful you got changed by that curse. Is that bad of me?"

Tiffany giggled. "No way! Like, don't get me wrong, it took sooooo much adjustment. Thank God for Mom and Auntie Janet. They're totes amazing at teaching me how to be a hawt bimbo. But you're the best of all, Giselle. You loved me even after I became such a busty ditz!"

Giselle giggled. "Well, it's a new you, but one I love just as much as the guy I had before. Besides, I kinda get turned on by you being like this. You're so flirty and busty and I like how much you love me being the smart one. The breadwinner."

Tiffany grinned as she fed their daughter. "I like it too. I mean, I might even end up like Mom, and that wouldn't be so bad!"

Giselle frowned, and not from her post-labor exhaustion. "What? Don't say that, honey. I'm so grateful you never lost your memory."

"Not like that, silly! I mean, I might end up like mom in another way . . . like being your sexy lesbian trophy wife who makes, like, a ton of cute little babies for you!"

Giselle was about to protest, but then her expression changed as she internalised this. "You know, I wouldn't mind if you had the next one, or two, or a few after that!"

The pair giggled, their fingers intertwined while their daughter was fed. Despite the horrors of the initial curse upon Melody and Janet, the next generation seemed to be off to a good start.

“Big changes are coming,” Tiffany said, grinning at her wife.

Giselle smiled back, just as eager for that unforeseen yet very welcome future her girlfriend had proposed.

“The best changes,” she said.

**The End**