

Judge Not Again (Prude to Party Girl FTF)

By FoxFaceStories

A Lottery Winner Story for Blharg

Martha Saunders is a puritanical nightmare of a mother who keeps her eighteen year-old daughter under lock and key to prevent her from losing her virginity. But when a witch decides that she'd like to do a better job of being Martha, the cruel woman finds herself transforming into her worst nightmare; a busty, horny party girl who can't resist her new compulsions!

Judge Not Again

Martha Saunders sneered at her daughter Evelyn after picking her up from college.

"Holy you head up high, honey," she told Evelyn. "And don't look so miserable. Most children would appreciate having their mother pick them up."

Evelyn, who was a pretty young brunette, simply frowned. She was a contrast to her severe-faced mother; they both had brunette hair, but whereas Evelyn had a lovely rounded face and a slim body, Martha was stocky in build and had a lot of frown wrinkles that gave her a permanent glower.

"Well, spit it out. What's wrong?"

Evelyn sighed as her mother began to drive. "It's just . . . I'm *not* a child anymore, mother. People are starting to make fun of me. Can't I at least join an extra curricular?"

"Aren't most of the extra curriculums co-ed?"

Evelyn hesitated, but withered under her mother's gaze as they drove.

"Yes," she admitted.

"Then not a chance. I don't want you cavorting with boys. You should be saving yourself as God intended. No one wants a used up piece of gum. You remember what I told you after church a few weeks ago? Chewing gum is best when it's fresh, and should be chewed on by one mouth alone, not passed around like slimy, sinful trash getting everyone's spit on it."

"For God's sake, Mom, I'm not going to have sex! I just - can't I at least meet some boy friends? Not *boyfriends*, just friends who are boys?"

Martha scoffed. "Please, don't make a mockery of your mother. First it's male friends. Then he's coming by to visit. Then the next thing you know you're suddenly that slutty girl who gets passed around, and before you know it you're knocked up with some loser's baby, and he'll never take responsibility for it! No, no daughter of mine will ever be cavorting with

boys. You have too much Bible study to contend with anyway. There's a lot in there I expect you to recite when it comes to marriage."

"Then why aren't you still married, mother?"

Martha pulled over immediately, slamming on the brakes hard enough to make her daughter quite literally yelp.

"What. Did. You. Just. Say?"

Evelyn withered a second time. She fidgeted with her hands and then shook her head slowly. "Nothing, Mother. I'm sorry."

"Damn right you are. If I ever hear you say something like that again, I won't let you out of the house for months on end. Forget about even *seeing* boys! I swear, that campus may not be right for you, Evelyn. Perhaps a nice, Christian all-girls school to teach you proper modesty."

"No, please Mother! Don't!"

"Then listen to your mother. Stay good and chaste. Men in this world are dogs, Evelyn. Don't give them your scraps. You must save yourself for marriage and not end up like some disgusting party girl slut-harlot. They're the lowest of the lowest of the low, I tell you."

She started the car again and drove them the remaining way home, and Evelyn lapsed into silence. When they parked, the daughter went up into her room immediately and shut the door. Martha didn't fear her looking up boys - she'd already switched off their internet router, and she didn't allow her daughter to have her own phone; she could only borrow her mother's.

"That girl, I swear!" Martha stated. "She's lucky to have me as a mother. Who knows what kind of life of whoring would await her if not for me, with the way she carries on about boys, boys, boys! My word!"

This was Martha Saunders' way. The woman was only forty years old, having given birth to Evelyn when she was just twenty two. She'd never been a looker, always a plain-faced girl with too-wide shoulders and no real figure to speak of. Martha was warned by her parents not to 'give away too much' on her dates, and that a woman's greatest virtues were her chaste nature and her related virginity. One had to be a good, modest example of female virtue, and never ever go partying, dancing, or anything that would display her form or make her a fallen woman in the eyes of others. Some women might have rebelled, but Martha listened to all of this. When her older sister Elaine started sneaking out to go to parties and even slept with her boyfriend at his house, Martha was the one who not only

found out about her sister's activities but went straight to their mother and father and told all. She smiled maliciously as Elaine was kicked out before she'd even turned eighteen, and from that day onwards Martha was the golden daughter, the properly virtuous young woman who could do no wrong and would never show off her body or tempt men. In fact, she skipped the prom entirely, and when it came out that a few of the more popular girls had allowed their virginity to be taken by the boys, she personally campaigned to have the sluts named and shamed, which saw several of them punished by their parents or sent to all-girls colleges.

Such an incident gave a rush of power to Martha Saunders, and she rode that high for the rest of her life. Any woman who was alternative in style, or showed too much skin, or was simply too pretty was a whore in her eyes, someone to be brought down to Earth and covered up for her own good. Shame was her favourite tool, and she wielded it as if it were a Godly one. When she eventually married, it was precisely because of her chaste qualities and modesty. Nathan Saunders owned a local toolshed store, and he too believed in old-fashioned values . . . at least at first. Their marriage lasted a full decade, but the poor man was hollowed out by Martha's endless cynicism, her judgemental attitude, and her desire to constantly weaponise her own moral values against others. It cost him his friendships, his health, and finally his marriage. And because Martha always had a knack for demonising others while uplifting herself, she quickly made him out to be a villain to the local community, allowing her to win majority custody of their daughter Evelyn. Their little girl was going to become a woman of good morals, a Madonna among the Whores of the world.

That was how Martha brought up Evelyn. Every time her daughter showed a desire to break out of her role, to talk to other boys (even at a young age), or showed interest in clothing and style, her mother shut her down cruelly, shaming other girls. But unlike Martha, Evelyn never seemed to show the same cruel streak. She shied away from her mother, instead of embracing her ways. Somehow, this rankled Martha most of all.

And now, her daughter had turned eighteen. The most dangerous age of all, apart from perhaps twenty one. Evelyn was now on a college campus, where *boys* and *men* would be on the prowl. Her daughter would remain pious and precious and undefiled, and there was one thing absolutely clear in Martha's mind.

Her daughter would never.

Ever.

Ever.

Ever.

Go to a party.

Never.

Evelyn was preparing to leave for a party. She hadn't told the full truth to her mother; once again, Paul Riley had invited her to come with him and break free of her controlling parent, and after her mother had snapped at her the young woman had finally decided to break free, at least for a night. Her heart pounded with anxiety; she'd never snuck out before, especially not from her second floor bedroom window. It felt like something right out of one of those romantic comedies that Martha had forbidden her to see, but that Stacy Hayfield had let her watch when they'd skipped out on their psychology class together.

"You can do this, Evelyn," she told herself.

She looked over herself again. She had changed into a black dress that Stacy had allowed her to borrow, since they were the same size. It was a silky black article that showed off her slim body, and cupped her petite breasts and made them look like lovely B-cups, a thin line of cleavage to entice the boys. She had never done something like this before, and yet Evelyn knew she looked pretty. It made her excited about how the night would go. Maybe she'd even drink some *alcohol*. She'd never tasted even a drop . . .

Paul's car arrived across the street, just like they'd agreed. With one last look back at her bedroom door to make sure that her tyrannical witch of a mother wasn't listening in, Evelyn opened the window, slowly slid down the angled tiles of her roof, and started to climb carefully down the gutter pipe that ran down the corner of the house. Unfortunately for the young woman, she lost her grip halfway down, and let out a squeak as she fell.

It was at that exact moment that Martha paused the television show she was watching. She stood and looked out the window, only to see her own *daughter* untangle herself from the outside bushes and stumble into the yard. Martha stepped to the side so that her daughter would not see her, but fury exploded within her breast. Evelyn was wearing a harlot's dress! She was wearing a necklace! And high heels! And she was moving towards a car parked on the other side of the street that was revving its engine. A boy was in there.

A boy.

A *man* who was going to tempt her daughter to become a fallen *slut* just like her sister had become.

Well, Martha refused to let that happen. She marched towards the front door even as her daughter ran across the street, believing herself to be getting away with her act of whorish seduction. The righteous mother flung the door open and prepared to shout.

Only to fall backwards, a scream dying in her throat at the appearance of her own doppelganger.

"Ah, what wonderful timing, yes?" the woman said, speaking with Martha's voice and possessing her plain-face and shapeless figure. She was even wearing the same white

nightgown, her hair pinned up in that same drab style. She grinned, and Martha saw her own malicious grin reflected back into her.

“Wh-who are you!?” she cried.

The woman stepped into the entrance hallway, then looked back. Evelyn had gotten into the car, and it was already taking off. The doppelganger smirked and proceeded to slowly close the door.

“Why, I’m *you*, Martha Saunders. Or at least I *will* be.”

Martha scrambled backwards, still upon the ground but failing to get to her feet, she was so filled with fear. “Are you an angel? Have you come to give me a sign?”

The Other Martha laughed, and it was a wicked cackle indeed, far more hellish than it was angelic. “Oh, far, far from it I’m afraid, Martha Saunders. Think of me as a form of righteous retribution. A travelling agent of change who likes to pay cruelty onto cruelty, and in the most deliciously ironic of ways at that. But I am also a healer, a bringer of perspective, a woman who enjoys providing the most potent forms of atonement. Perhaps it is best if you think of me as someone who delights in walking in other people’s shoes, and who makes those people wear other shoes in turn. Will that suffice?”

Martha shook her head. She bumped up against the wall behind her, then proceeded to slowly rise up against it. “I - listen, I don’t understand what’s going on, but I can’t deal with this right now! If I don’t stop my daughter, she’ll become a whore and slut just like my sister! She’ll become a fallen woman just like Eve, and if you really are a sign or warning then-”

“I’m a warning alright,” Other Martha said, slowly approaching until they were almost touching. “A warning to *you*, Martha Saunders. This is a lovely house you have. A result of inheriting everything from your parents, right? Nothing for your older sister?”

“Elaine? She was - she chose to be a cock hungry little whore! A party girl! A girl who showed off her skin and tempted boys at the *club*. She didn’t deserve any of this! Now tell me who you are and why you wear my face!”

Other Martha cackled. “Because I wanted it. Well, frankly, I wanted your *house*. And I do so revel in teaching lessons. You’ve looked down and judged other women all of your life. You’ve judged them for being beautiful. You’ve judged them for being vivacious and flirtatious, Martha Saunders. You’ve judged them for having sex, and for liking it, and you’ve judged them for putting themselves out there to enjoy drinks and fine company, as if they weren’t simply having a good time as they are free and blessed to enjoy!”

Martha didn’t know what to say. She looked to her left into the living room. There was a gun hidden on top of the fireplace shelf. If only she could get it . . .

“That judgement ends now,” Other Martha said. “You’re going to play a new role, Martha. A new life. One you won’t even recognise, but will hopefully force you to change

your perspective. Don't worry, I'm sure you'll still be able to keep an eye on Evelyn. She might even appreciate your company! As will the boys. You'll understand what that means-

Martha ran straight into the living room as fast as her broad body could take her. She sprinted right to the fireplace, leaping up to try and grab the gun.

"-after this bit," Other Martha finished.

Suddenly, multicoloured rays of light *burst* from the strange doppelganger's hands and wrapped around Martha's waistline, pulling her back. More spread forth, eliciting screams from the woman as she was caught within them. It was like being wrapped in the lights of a kaleidoscope, and soon more and more tendrils were covering her, coating her, wrapping her up like she was about to be buried away deep underground. Martha tried to struggle against the magic, but it was to no avail. Her toes were quickly covered, as were her individual fingers, her nose, her eyes, her lips, and every strand of hair. Rather than falling over, she ended up rooted to the spot.

"Wonderful," her doppelganger said, slowly approaching, the light pulling tighter like a whip around Martha's body. "Now, here's the fun part. For someone who detests party girls, it seems you don't really understand what makes them tick. Perhaps it's time to remedy that!"

Suddenly, the colour of the magical cords around Martha shifted in hue around her, a multifaceted rainbow of light spinning upon her form. The magic drew tighter, and while she could see through the transparent cords, it did little but allow her to see how they were tensing and pulling at her body. The energy buzzed upon the surface of her skin, and to her terror it even dissolved her clothing. It proceeded to enter into her, the power tingling through her body.

And that's when the change truly started.

Martha tried to fight it. She prayed and struggled, writhed and attempted to scream invectives at the foul witch who had infected her, but it was all a futile effort. Instead, she could only bear witness as her tied up body was reshaped and transformed by the magic, bit by agonising bit. Her waist was pulled tighter, her flabby stomach compressed until it was trim. The magical bands rolled against her skin, flattening wrinkles, and restoring a sense of youth and energy to her. For just a moment she felt a little lighter, but then the bands vibrated against her backside, causing her flat and saggy buttocks to tighten and then bulge outwards. Humiliation coursed through Martha's veins as she realised she now possessed a scandalous bubblebutt. But that wasn't all, because moments later she moaned in a muffled tone as the magic shifted up to her chest.

"MHMM! MMPH!" she sounded, struggling to compress her own chest but finding her arms forced flat against her sides. Despite the insanity of what was happening, she realised what the magic was doing to her chest. Martha had always judged large-chested women. If

they didn't cover up their melons, and even the last traces of cleavage, then they were clearly attention seekers, street hoes who deserved to be only viewed as flesh to be taken advantage of. But now Martha's own flesh was rising, and dramatically at that. She groaned again as the flesh surged forwards, the magical bindings loosening to accommodate her swelling chest. Twin sensations of bliss hit her, and she railed against these feelings, not wanting to be some big-breasted harlot whose new and enlarged nipples stimulated sinful pleasures.

"That's more like it!" the Other Martha exclaimed happily. "A nice big pair of tits. How about E-cups? Big and juicy and jiggly, and hypersensitive for our purposes!"

Suddenly, the sensitivity of her breasts *and* her ass were turned way up, the magical cords of light caressing her new mounds and leaving the transforming woman at their mercy. She shook her hips, which cracked just a little wider, but the excess fat upon them also melted away, though some of it went to her hips, leaving her with the kind of thighs that men drooled over, much to her outrage. In fact, her anger was such that for just a moment she managed to get her mouth free of the magic, though she found her lips had plumped up considerably.

"You b-bitch!" she cried in a tone that was far younger and more sultry than it had any right to be. "You demon! T-turn me back! I won't be some backalley slut!"

"Backalley?" Other Martha said with amusement. "Hardly! We're going to make you the centre of attention! Not just a party girl, but *the* party girl!"

The magic went into overdrive. Martha almost fainted as every part of her began to change. Her enlarged breasts grew ever faster, expanding rapidly and pushing up against even the loosened restraints. Her wide, almost manly shoulders pulled inwards, and her feet and hands became more slender. She bounced on the spot as various moles and unwanted hairs disappeared, while the hair on her head grew longer and longer until it fell over her shoulders, her shorter bob cut gone.

The magic raced into her brain, infecting neuron after neuron. The cruel mother suddenly found her thoughts drifting to dance floors and flashing lights and hard-partying night clubs. She started to salivate at the thought of handsome men, but not ones her own age. No, instead she was imagining hunky *college-age* boys, enthusiastic young men with big muscles and big attitudes and even bigger *dicks*.

"Wh-whmmmm!? WHMMM!?!?"

Other Martha giggled. "I don't think I understand what you're saying, dear! I guess we'll just have to let you understand when it's all done. Nearly there now, my lovely!"

More changed. A tightening waist. Spreading hips. A clitoris that seemed to throb, a pussy that began to hunger. Martha's nipples throbbed as various scars and stretch marks melted away, as her body reversed back in time, leaving her younger than ever. Her mouth

came free again, and this time when she wailed it was with a voice not unlike her own daughter's.

"STOP THIS! PLEEEASE!"

Other Martha shrugged. "Good timing. We just finished!"

The magical cords uncoiled from Martha's being so rapidly that it left her spinning on the spot. It produced one final magical effect as the naked woman rotated like a ballerina performing a pirouette. New clothing formed upon her in the shape of an extremely showy backless club dress, one that circled around her neck and pushed up her huge new boobs. It was hot pink in colour, a contrast to her hair which had gone from brunette to a sweet light blonde. The hem of the dress reached only to her upper thigh, leaving her legs on display, but it pulled tight against her form so that it hugged her perfect ass and showed off her slim waist. Her tits were almost falling out of the dress, it was pushing them up so much, and if she was showing any more cleavage then her nipples would be free; they almost were!

The transformed woman managed to right herself and cling to the side of the couch so she didn't fall over. She was still a woman, but one so radically different from any woman she had ever been at any stage of her life. Martha squeaked in shock as she ran her hands down her young, nubile body. A mirror placed on the wall across the room allowed her to see herself, but it barely appeared like her reflection at all. Instead, facing her in the mirror was a busty blonde bombshell of a woman, likely no older than twenty one or so, and with the kind of curves that every man would salivate over. Already they felt quite sensitive, and even as she shifted on her feet, struggling a little with the pink high heels that had just manifested beneath them, Martha found her breasts wobbling and jiggling. The slightest of movements seemed to cause this fleshy commotion, and her ass in turn bounced as well.

"Oh God! You - you witch! You've turned me into some kind of party girl slut!"

"Finally!" the doppelganger exclaimed happily. "Now you get it!"

A fury and outrage crept into Martha's mind once more. Her body was needy and demanding. Already, her brain wanted her to think about boys and dancing and showing off all her precious curves, but she burned her kernel of anger like it was a white hot flame inside of her.

"I'll kill you for this! Change me back, now! I'm no fallen Eve! I'm no whore!"

She moved to attack the other woman, but the moment she tried, her hand was stayed by some invisible force. Other Martha looked at her with droll amusement.

"Well, it seems you're in need of more education in your new role, Martha. Not that that's your name anymore. *I'm* taking over your life, so it's time to give you a new one. Go on, tell me your name, why don't you?"

Martha snarled. "Don't play tricks with me! I'm Delilah! What? I mean I'm Delilah! Oh God, why am I saying I'm Delilah?"

“Because you *are* Delilah!” the other woman said, clapping her hands together. “Now tell me, Delilah, what do you know about yourself?”

The newly-christened Delilah - who couldn't even *think* of herself as Martha anymore, much to her chagrin - balls her fists. “I know who I am!”

“Then tell me. I'm dying to know.”

Delilah was about to answer, but her heaving chest distracted her, as did the tight and slutty cocktail dress she was wearing. It reminded her that she had to go to a party in town and really hit the dance floor to show off her perfect ass and big sensitive titties, especially since Larry Kitts might be in town. She moaned a little, rubbing her thighs together at the thought of dancing up against him, and letting him peek down her cleavage while he held her on the dance floor. If she got drunk enough, they could even do some *really* sexy stuff with no inhibitions necessary.

Delilah suddenly gripped her head, her eyes bulging wide. “N-no! Why am I thinking these things? Like some kind of sl-”

“Slut, yes, yes. You're so one-note, Delilah. Time to shake things up a bit and get you to that club. I believe Evelyn is going there too, so who knows? You might run into her.”

The changed woman grit her teeth together and literally stamped her heel on the floor like a child.

“The only reason I'll be going to the club is to get my daughter back, *and to get drunk with some hot hunky boys and see what happens next . . .*”

The woman covered her full lips in shock at what she'd just said.

“Why did I-”

“That's the other part of the curse,” Other Martha interrupted. “You see, you're not Martha anymore. You're Delilah. And Delilah is a feisty, libidinous young woman who just *loves* showing off all of her serious curves. She's an absolute slut, and she doesn't care who knows it, *especially* when she's drunk as a skunk and displaying all her moves on the dance floor.”

“I'll - I'll never be a party girl! Do you hear me, I'll never be one!”

The woman who had replaced her just cackled. “Is that so? But it looks like your legs already have a different opinion on that, my dear Delilah!”

The changed woman realised that her legs were forcing her to turn around and walk straight towards the door, her ass swaying sensuously from side to side in a display she *never* would have countenanced if she were in control. Her manicured hands pulled out a hot pink phone, one that displayed a picture of her in a naughty nurse outfit for a Halloween party, and then started automatically ordering a lift service.

“Hey! Hey! Give me back control you - you imposter bitch!”

But Other Martha just waved goodbye. “Farewell, Delilah! Enjoy your new life and have fun corrupting your daughter!”

Delilah had no idea what the witch meant by that last sentence, and it was too late to ask her, because suddenly she slammed the door behind her and strode out onto the lawn. She looked down at her immense bosom, the huge amount of cleavage she was showing, not to mention all her other tight curves. It was too much - it was too . . . immodest! Worse, she could feel a need growing in her; an instinct pushing her to go to the most popular night club in town and make herself the centre of attention.

“I’ll fight this!” she announced to herself. “Do you hear me, witch? I’m not going to a nightclub, and I’m especially *not on the prowl for a sexy stud to make me moan!*”

She covered her mouth again, squeaking a little in fear.

She didn’t open it again until the lift service arrived, and then once more her words weren’t her own.

“Take me to the Staghouse, honey.”

The Staghouse was, in Delilah’s view, a total den of sin and iniquity. All these young people dressed inappropriately, as if begging to lose their precious virginity, and she was wearing the most scandalous and slutty outfit of all, with every one of her sinful curves on display. So many times she tried to fight the automatic movement of her body, but it was seemingly impossible. She couldn’t even stop shaking her ass or moving in such a way that caused her large breasts to jiggle with each step. When she approached the line, she bypassed it completely by throwing a flirtatious wink at the bouncer and squeezing her upper arms against her boobs to display even more cleavage to him.

“Can I, like, go in a little early?”

“Lady, you can come and go as you please!”

He allowed her entrance, and someone immediately shouted further back in the line.

“Hey, we’ve been waiting here for thirty minutes!”

“Well, when you have tits like her, you won’t have to worry about a line either!”

It left Delilah humiliated, especially since a couple of young men who were about to leave suddenly turned around as they saw her ass sway.

“Dude, get a pic! She’s fucking hot!”

“Do you think she’s single?”

“Fuck that, she’s way out of your league. Did you see her huge boobs?”

“How could I not when she’s dressed like that!”

It was horrible. Delilah had always been a good, moral woman, at least in her own eyes, but now she was throwing 'come get me' and 'fuck me' expressions at every man she walked past. The club was loud, the lights blaring, and the dance floor was full of young bodies moving to the music and looking to hook up with people around them. To Delilah's despair, the packed crowd seemed to part like the red sea just to accommodate her. More than a few men were looking her up and down while smiling.

"Can I buy you a drink?" one asked, a handsome black guy.

She batted her eyelashes at him. "*Only if you then dance up on me once I'm finished,*" she purred against her will.

Well, the tall and athletic man led her to the bar, his eyes roaming over her form. She sat down before the bar, cupping her breasts just for a moment to adjust herself, but she got the sense that this was more of a harlot's display to entice this man further.

"I'm Mark."

"Delilah," she replied in a sultry tone.

"You're a real beauty, Delilah. That dress is straight up fire."

She smirked and adjusted her hair. "*I know. You're not bad yourself. I'll have a strong shot. Mhmm . . . the Blue Kamekaze, thanks.*"

He ordered a few for them both, and then they found a booth and started to drink them. Delilah fumed inside her mind. She *could* control her body, she realised, but only when she went along with it. As Mark asked her about her life, the only times she managed to get a word out was by playing into her flirtatious and teasing nature. She puffed out her chest a little and tried to adapt, knowing that this would *have* to be over soon.

"Oh, I like lots of things. I, er, really like partying and dancing and having lots of fun, of course. I like getting to know guys, and spending a lot of time before going any further, of course. *Just kidding! I'm seriously looking to get hot and dirty once I'm a lot more drunk and I've had my dance on the floor!*"

She grit her teeth before downing another shot. Delilah's attempt to try and avoid bringing up the possibility of a one-night stand had backfired completely, and now Mark was laughing with her and daring to slide his hand across her thigh. She found herself smiling at him reluctantly, trying to play along and delay what was happening.

"Why don't you, er, go get us some more drinks? *I need a few more in me before I really get wild. Trust me, you're gonna like all the bouncing I'll do on that dance floor.*

He grinned, and she realised too late that more than a few people were making out in the shadowy booths by the corner. "I bet I will. I'll be back."

Still, the prude-turned-partygirl breathed a sigh of relief, her big breasts rising and falling heavily. "Okay, maybe that will give me enough time to-"

She turned on her seat and then her eyes went wide. It was the worst possible circumstance imaginable, and it finally made sense of Other Martha's final words to her about her daughter.

Evelyn was seated in the booth right over from her, glancing around nervously. Her daughter was still wearing a slim black dress that showed off her lovely, ballerina-like body, which was a significant contrast to Delilah's hourglass figure and incredibly ample bosom.

"Evelyn!?" she cried.

Her daughter turned, startled. "Wh-who are you?"

"I'm your *peer from college, of course! We go to the same psychology lecture. Since when did you go to clubs?*"

Evelyn blushed. "Um, this is my first time. My mother is really controlling and . . . I sorta snuck out. I'm trying to have a good time here, but I don't really know what to do."

It was then that Delilah understood the witch's full punishment upon her, because instead of warding her daughter, berating her back onto the path of righteousness, Delilah found herself corrupting Evelyn further.

"Oh, well I can totes help you there, then! I'm Delilah, and trust me, I know clubs, and how to enjoy them! Have you got a date?"

"Um, I *had* a date, but I think he lost interest in me. I was thinking of going home."

Delilah's face grinned automatically. *"Don't do that! You don't want to go home to your horrible, controlling mother, do you? You can't let her win!"*

"I guess not."

"Instead, let me take you up onto the dance floor. I've got a hot date brewing, but we need to get you one too. A nice one-night stand, hmm?"

"I don't know . . . that might be going too far."

"Nonsense, you won't regret it! Mark! Give some of the shots to my new bestie Evelyn, will ya? She needs some encouragement to hit the dance floor!"

Mark arrived back with a tray of shots, and was more than happy to share them. Delilah got the sense that this man would drive himself into poverty at this club just for the chance to motorboat her tits and fuck her sexy body. Already, her instincts were driving her to him. Evelyn took a shot, and with some encouragement from Delilah and Mark that left the changed woman screaming on the inside, she took another.

"That's the spirit!" Mark cheered. "Delilah . . . time to dance? You said before you wanted me to dance up on you."

"Right up on me," she replied. *"And feel free to touch. You've earned it. Evelyn, we'll find you someone to do the same for you. Let's go!"*

She dragged her daughter up onto the dance floor and instantly started to cheer her on. Evelyn was slow to start at first, but the alcohol slowly entered her bloodstream, and

soon she was beginning to move excitedly, the pretty woman giggling and smiling as she adjusted to the nightlife of the club.

“Now shake that booty!” Delilah cried, as she did the same right up against Mark. She licked her lips in response to the pleasure of the sensation. Mark’s hands were hovering over her body, and she could tell that every guy in the Staghouse was jealous of him, just like every woman was jealous of *her*. She had the body, the incredible tits, and her tight pink cocktail dress was showing off every sinful curve. Her breasts almost bounced out of her dress with each movement, and with each shake of her head her hair went all over the place. The former prude could feel the freedom of this place, the revolting allure of sex, dance, and drink. And yet still she couldn’t fight her new body’s purpose.

“Stop being such a coward and grab my hips already! Kiss my neck! Go for it!”

Mark needed no more permission. He pulled her against him, the two of them moving as one. She turned about, letting him grip her ass as she kissed his lips. She turned her face and grinned at Evelyn, despite the fury in her heart.

“That’s right, keep shaking it, Evelyn! You’ve got an admirer already!”

It was true. To Delilah’s outrage, a rather handsome man was starting to dance up against Evelyn. A pair of them, in fact. She smiled demurely, but with the liquid courage in her system she was starting to smile a little broader, even batting her eyelashes at the pair of them. She shifted her position on the dance floor and turned to face the closer one, and then danced up against him in a highly flirtatious manner.

“Yeah, girl!” Delilah cried automatically. *“I told you you could do it! She’s a catch, isn’t she fellas?”*

The two men dancing up on Evelyn certainly agreed, though one also eyed Delilah enviously. It was ridiculous, but some small part of her relished the fact that she was clearly hotter than her own daughter, not to mention more blessed in the chest. Mark’s hands were all over her by this point, and she couldn’t stop giggling as she writhed against him, the alcohol turning her tipsy and excitable. Her pussy was getting wet and ready, while her large nipples pressed against the thin fabric of her dress, signalling how aroused she was.

“Hey, what say we take this party between us elsewhere?” Mark said, running a hand down her side before squeezing her ass playfully.

Delilah was unable to hold in the moan of pleasure that followed. She backed up against her date, bucking her hips against his cock and feeling its hardness in his trousers. Turning her head, she looked up at him. God, he was so tall and fucking *hot*.

“If that’s, like, a way for you to say you wanna take me back to your place and fuck my brains out, then go ahead, hot stuff.”

Mark grinned, and so did she, though she wanted to scream through her horniness.

“Time to get the hell out of here.”

“Just a moment, let me *say goodbye to my new bestie!*”

She approached Evelyn, who had seemingly chosen a partner, and was getting more daring with her movements by the second.

“I’m out of here,” she said, finally able to use her own words. “Evelyn, you need to *live your own life and have all the fun you want, starting with your guy friend here. You wanna fuck him, right?*”

Evelyn blushed, but then leaned forward to talk privately into Delilah’s ear, her voice just audible over the loud music.

“I - I’m nervous, but yes! I really want to!”

“*Then go right ahead!*” she declared. “*This is the new you. Don’t look back! I don’t! Have fun and remember to use protection, or don’t! Your choice, tee hee!*”

And with that, she was upon Mark’s arm, leaving her daughter behind as he led her out of the club. Delilah was frantic, trying to halt herself in any way that she could. She turned her head again, only to see Evelyn was actually *kissing* the man she was dancing with, like some kind of drunk slut! If the transformed woman didn’t act now, then her daughter would end up a fallen Eve, a party girl, a drunk slut!

“Evelyn!” she shouted, but she failed to catch the woman’s attention. And then the compulsions hit her again, and she kept on walking with Mark, pressing her body against his even as they exited the club. Her breasts tingled, her pussy ached with need, and she knew that she wouldn’t be able to resist doing all the most dirty, slutty, and horny things to this man.

All.

Night.

Long.

When she got into the taxi with Mark, he paid an extra tip to the driver to overlook how frisky they were going to be in the backseat. The man just shrugged and put up a divider, and then the pair were going at it, his hands roaming over her breasts, squeezing and fondling her ripe tits while she gasped and whimpered. It was all wrong. She was a righteous woman! A modest woman! Just like her parents had trained her to be! She was nothing like her slutty sister Elaine!

And yet thanks to that impersonating witch, now she was. Her body hungered for him, and she couldn’t wait for them to arrive at his place. That would have to be their second round. And so, to her humiliation and horror, and with full control of her body, she gave in to her new party girl slut instincts, and began unbuckling his trousers.

“Damn, girl,” Mark said. “I don’t think I can fuck you in a moving car.”

She just licked her lips as she freed his big hard cock, and slowly ran her fingers up his shaft, causing him to shiver in anticipation.

“Then why don’t you let me suck and swallow, big guy?” she said. “I’m still thirsty.”

And with that, she bobbed her head down to his massive member, and began to give him the best blowjob of his life. Delilah had never done this before - it was a shameful and revolting act - but her new body loved it, and her instincts told her *exactly* what to do.

As she continued to suck on her new lover’s dick, her prudish ways punished beyond belief, Delilah’s thoughts couldn’t help but turn to her daughter Evelyn.

Oh God, were they *both* going to be massive party girls from now on?

The answer, as it turned out, was yes. Despite her hopes, Delilah was never turned back. She couldn’t even return to her home; every time she tried to order a lift or even drive her own changed car back to her original home, she instead diverted to the college campus apartment she lived at. The one that had a very big bed, but her as the only occupant . . . though most nights that was no problem, because she was often bringing men back to it.

Try as she might, Delilah was unable to fight her new fate. She was compelled to be a busty, sexy, flirty and slutty partygirl. She turned up at clubs, at sorority parties, at fraternity drinking events, at bars and festivals, and even hosted her own risqué parties when no one else did. After living a life of proud modesty, now she barely covered up her skin, and when the weather forced her to do even that, she *always* wore the most skintight outfits in order to remain the centre of attention. She drank, she danced, and she partied every possible night she could, and to add insult to injury, she kept on running into Evelyn there.

Evelyn, who now had a dyed red streak in her hair.

Evelyn, who was starting to wear new and more revealing outfits.

Evelyn, who was now a confident drinker and dancer, and had more than a few gentlemen chasing after her.

Evelyn, her daughter, who was now Delilah’s best friend, so that the former prudish older woman not only couldn’t stop her daughter’s corruption into a wild partygirl, but instead actively cultivated her new persona.

The pair danced, partied, and played wingwoman to one another again and again, to the point where Delilah barely recognised not only herself but her daughter as well. She could no longer judge anyone, nor could she look down on them silently. She was the slut. She was the one wearing skimpy outfits. She was the one with the reputation.

And to add one final insult to injury, she was the one who, when Evelyn asked if she could move in, replied with a resounding. *“Yesssss, bitch! Roomies! This calls for a party!”*

The End