

Mini-Story: Mistletoe Meltdown (MtF, FtM, Bimbo)

By FoxFaceStories

Adam brings home an enchanted mistletoe from a wizard's shop, one that will supposedly change the two kissing under it into their fantasies. But things go very wrong and very swapped when his domineering wife and he kiss beneath it.

Mistletoe Meltdown

Twas the season for gift giving and putting up trees and all kinds of holiday festivities, and Adam Peters had decided on a particularly potent Christmas surprise this year round. A new shop had opened up in the local mall, one called *Sales on Sorcery*. Well, Adam had always been a believer in the supernatural, unlike his far more sceptical wife. He'd purchased a mistletoe that, according to the wizard who ran the shop, would 'change the two that kissed under it into their perfect fantasies.' Well, Adam thought that would be a neat trick. He'd always been a bit scrawny and far too short, whereas his wife Monica was a tall, domineering woman who always complained about how mismatched they looked when he was their plus one at work events. He got home earlier than his partner and, hoping they would both get what they wanted, put up the mistletoe in the living room for a fun surprise the next day.

"What the heck!?! Adam, get here now! What on earth is going on!?"

Adam rocketed out of bed. Monica often complained that since he'd been laid off and failed to look for new work, he had too much time off, allowing him to sleep in lazily. Now, he rocketed out of the room in his pyjamas, only to find Monica trapped in the living room. A strange forcefield was around her, like a purple sheen, trapping her in place. She banged upon these crystalline walls, her normally perfectly restrained chestnut hair spilling about the place, her suit getting wrinkled from her efforts.

"Get me out of here!" she demanded.

"Oh my God, it must be the mistletoe, you're right under it!"

"The what!?"

He explained to her what he'd purchased and its intention. "It must trap one person there until their true love 'saves' them, I suppose."

Monica raised an eyebrow. "I swear, Adam, you and your obsession with magic. It isn't real! And you're wasting time! I can't believe you're going to make me late for work!"

Adam gestured to the magic around her. "How else can you explain this?"

"I don't know! Just get me unstuck already! Sometimes I can't believe I married you. You're barely a man. I swear sometimes it's like I should be the man in the relationship, at least that would make sense!"

Adam smirked. He knew just what to do, and moreover what endgame he wanted out of this. The wizard had told him that the perfect fantasy had to be kept in mind for the change to work, and given how small his wife was making him feel, well, now he had a new template for her. He imagined a busty blonde, the kind of bimbo with more boobs than brains who would shower affection on her husband.

"Don't worry, dear," he said. "After this, you'll never complain again."

And with that he strode forward and kissed Monica on the lips, entering the field of magic she was ensconced within. The effects were immediate: the light glowed around them, illuminating so brightly that nothing could properly be seen. Adam moaned, and Monica moaned with him, as the flesh of both persons was teased and massaged, pinched and pulled, redirected and reshaped.

"Yesssss," Adam gasped, shivering with delight as his nipples flared, as his buttocks shifted. "I can, like, totally feel it! I'm becoming, like, a perfect fantasy! Mhmmm!!"

He barely noticed that his voice was pitching upward, or that his centre of gravity was getting lower as his hips widened. Even as he cupped the growing weights on his chest, his slowing mind struggled to clue in to what was happening. It was only as Monica grunted, breathing heavily in a bear-like baritone, that Adam's eyes searched for what was happening. He could barely make out the growth of something against him, a long protuberance from Monica as her clothes melted away.

"I - like - what's happening? Aren't you becoming my perfect f-fantasy!?"

Monica gasped again. "Oh God, I can f-feel it growing. I'm becoming a man! Adam, what's happening to us!?"

Adam felt new clothing pull over his form. Something pushed up the heavy weights on his chest, and silky panties went around his buttocks as his manhood melted away. His thoughts turned female, and images of a very sexy man - tall, dark, and handsome - appeared in his mind - *her mind* - taking her in multiple positions. Sliding into her depths and making her cry out with lust.

"Ohhhhhh!" the new woman cried, a dress spilling over her form, the light beginning to fade. "M-Martin, I think I made a m-mistake!"

"I don't think s-so, Anna," a man replied in a deep, wonderful voice. "I think you were right - magic is real, and it's fantastic!"

The light faded, the mistletoe's power gone. Standing in the place of Monica was a tall, broad-shouldered man in a sharp business suit. His face was deeply handsome, square-jawed and masculine to the Nth degree. Adam, on the other hand, looked down at

herself. She was now Anna, her own ditzy mind confirmed it. She had long-blonde hair, manicured nails, a dynamite hourglass figure, and tits the size of her own head that were pert and full and round upon her chest. They heaved with every breath, shown off perfectly in the gorgeous blue trophy wife dress she was wearing, the one with the deep, deep V-neck.

“Like, oh my God, I turned into my own fantasy for you!” she whined.

Martin grinned, reaching out to squeeze her breasts. It made her weak at the knees, and she moaned without meaning to. It felt so good.

“And I turned into mine for you,” Martin said. “I guess Christmas magic really does exist.”

“We have to, like, turn back and stuff!”

But Martin just pulled his new wife towards himself, pressing her lovely form against his. She cooed in unexpected pleasure from this.

“Are you sure? Because to me it feels like we finally match. I’m the high-powered alpha male, the moneymaker of the family, and you, my dear, finally have a reason not to work now that you’re my sexy trophy wife. Don’t you just want to shower your husband with praise now, among other things?”

Anna bit her lip. She tried to fight her new compulsions, but already they were so strong, and her greatly diminished intellect didn’t help. Slowly, she began to rub her very full and sensitive boobs against Martin, lowering a hand to grip his manly form.

“Do you have to go to work straight away, my wonderful husband?” she purred.

“I suppose I could spare a few minutes in order to take it all in,” he grinned. “What did you have in mind?”

She grinned, her libido rising and overpowering any vestigial male ego that was screaming inside. She lowered her hand further, rubbing his cock and stirring it to rock hardness.

“I was thinking I could take *you* all in, sexy,” she said, her lips practically upon his mouth. “I want to give you, like, everything you deserve as the head of the house, right?”

It didn’t take long for them to get to the bedroom, or for their new dynamics to settle in. Anna may have intended a very different result, but as she lay on her back, being railed by her husband, she could only cry out in joy.

Somewhere, the wizard smirked to himself, watching this all through his crystal ball.

“Another Christmas miracle,” he said.

The End