

## Mini-Story: Identical Problems (Bimbofication)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*A witch's identical twin begs her to cast a spell to save her failing relationship. But things go disastrously wrong when the intended fix to create a 'fantasy relationship' creates something altogether unexpected.*

### Identical Problems

Cori begged her sister Bernice to help her. The woman's marriage to her husband Greg was failing. Despite the mid-thirties couple loving each other greatly once, the magic was now gone, and now she needed *real* magic to get it back.

"You're a witch, Bernice! You can help me!" the brunette woman begged her identical twin sister.

Bernice, who looked less like a housewife and more like a librarian with her professional glasses and choice of clothing seemed uncertain. "I don't know, sis. I've never been good at love magic."

"Isn't it all the same?"

"Spoken like someone who doesn't know magic! No, it's nothing like what I do. I guess . . . I could infuse some of my transformation specialty into it. You know, make the pair of you each others' fantasy lover."

Cori cheered at this. "Yes! You're the best. How do we do it?"

The answer was simple, and it required Greg to agree. He was an often grumpy and academic man with ruddy cheeks and a greying (and balding) hairline. He was, of course, immediately sceptical.

"Magic isn't real," he protested yet again as Bernice set up the magic circle in Cori and Greg's living room. "This is just going to be a ridiculous pantomime, darling! I keep telling you, it's just a rough patch."

"Honey, we haven't been intimate in over six months."

"Cori! Your sister is here!"

"And she's here to help us. Now stand in the middle. Isn't that right, Bernice?"

"Yes," Bernice said. "Listen to your wife, Greg."

"You don't know her like I do!"

"Please, we look the same. We're *twins*, Greg. I know her far more than you do."

"But not in all ways," he grumbled, though he stood with his wife in the centre of the room anyway. Bernice nodded, then held up an old stone which glowed with ancient runes.

“I cast this spell now, calling upon the ancient powers of the earth to change you. Greg, you will become Cori’s deepest sexual fantasy. Cori, you will become Greg’s deepest sexual fantasy. The two of you will be bonded for life, devoted to one another. Close your eyes and picture your fantasy now.”

Greg muttered something to himself.

“What was that, Greg?”

“Well . . . what if I’ve got *two* fantasies?”

Bernice rolled her eyes. “Try to keep your thoughts on just one, then. Have you both got something in mind? Okay then, let’s begin.”

She held up the stone and began to chant, calling upon the arcane energies that surrounded life itself to begin transforming the pair. True enough, Greg began to grunt and groan. His eyes shot open in shock, and he held up his arms as they lengthened, followed by his legs. Muscle grew in, providing him with powerful biceps and calves, and soon those developments stretched to his middle, where he developed a strong six-pack. His clothes altered, going from professor-like garb to a grey tanktop that showed off his more tanned skin. His shoulders broadened, his spine shot up, and his jaw became chiselled and impressive.

“By God! Magic *is* real!” he exclaimed.

Bernice smirked, and she couldn’t help but admire her handiwork; the man really was quite the athletic Adonis.

“I feel so dominant!” he continued. “So powerful and manly!”

Cori, meanwhile, was changing to become yet more feminine. Her age wound back in years, and stress lines disappeared entirely. Her breasts, small but present, became two inflated globes that were unbearably sensitive.

“Ohhhhh! They’re, like, sooooo big!”

Her mental state altered, and soon she was squealing in pleasure, excited to have a bimbo-like body, the result of a thick hourglass shape with a gorgeously peachy rear, all shown off by her bright pink club dress that clung to all her new curves. Her hair was longer and had been curled professionally, and had even turned blonde. Meanwhile, Cori’s lips were now pouty and made for sucking dick; at least according to her new bimbo-like thoughts.

“Jesus!” Bernice. “That’s what you want my sister to be? You absolute - nghh! Wait a moment!”

Something was going wrong. The spell was also recognising the witch as being Cori. Bernice realised too late that the effect was also starting to envelop her, since she was Cori’s identical twin.

“Stop thinking about your fantasies, Greg!” she exclaimed. “It’s affecting me too!”

But Greg just grinned. "I would, but Cori's fantasy is for me to be strong and dominant, and to make decisions for my woman. For my *women*. I can have both my fantasies now!"

With horror in her heart, Bernice found her body becoming an exact replica of her sister's new bombshell form. Her breasts became large and rounded, her legs long, her hips wide and her tush *tight*. But instead of gaining a blonde bimbo aesthetic, her hair turned completely black and her skin paled further. Her clothing became a black dress, and her nails were painted black, just like her lips had black makeup on them. In moments, she had become a seriously sexy goth girl, one who had the same amazing body as Cori, albeit with a sexy goth fantasy rather than an airhead bimbo one.

"Like, we're sooooo hot!" Cori cried. "Look at us! And look at that, like, hunky man. He's soooo powerful. He could just do whatever he wants to both of us."

"Yes I could," Greg boasted, the titan of a man stepping forward, his mere presence arousing both girls. "Looks like magic is *real*, and it's all mine to enjoy now, girls. I think you just saved my marriage, Bernice, and now you can be part of it. I've always thought the idea of having a *harem* was sexy, and now I can live it out. Come here, both of you, and please your new master."

Cori squeaked and bounced forward, ready to embrace him. But despite her arousal, Bernice just frowned, extended a hand, and spoke a few arcane words.

"What was that?" Greg asked, surprised she still had her magic.

She clicked her fingers, and there was a sudden *ZAP*. For a moment, Cori looked very confused - a natural state for a bimbo like her - until the fog of magic cleared and she saw that a very confused female donkey was standing in the middle of the room. It brayed in terror, clearly shocked over its own state.

"Ewww! Like, what happened!?"

Bernice sighed. "Your husband was an ass, it turns out, so now he can enjoy being one."

"Like, what the hell, sis? He was my perfect man!"

"He made you a bimbo, sis. I'm just lucky he fantasised about his goth girl being a bit smarter so I can work on undoing this. *If* I can undo this. If not . . . we might be stuck like this."

"But my hubby!"

Bernice rolled her eyes and grabbed her bimbo sister's hand. "I knew this was a bad idea. Come with me."

"Where are we going!?"

"Away from here. We need to find you a better husband!"

"But he's right there!"

“Only in mind, honey. That’s a female donkey now. She can enjoy finding a proper mate with a lot more ease now, I’d say.”

“Aww,” Cori groaned, even as her sister pulled her away from the confused donkey who’d just so recently nearly had it all. “Wait, does this mean I’m not married anymore?”

Bernice paused. “I guess.”

Her sister embraced her, nearly suffocating Bernice in her tremendous bosom.

“Yippee! I can start, like, meeting new guys! Oh my God, you just have to come with me, Bernice!”

“But we’ve got to turn back! This is a problem!”

“Why is it a problem? We’re, like, seriously soooo hot and we can both find yummy men tonight since you, like, turned my husband into a donkey and all.”

The witch was about to say no when she felt a tingle in her loins. She was stuck, at least for a while, possibly forever, as a gorgeous goth girl with an amazing rack, not to mention a powerful libido just as Greg would have wanted it.

“Hmmm,” she said, biting her lip. “Maybe that’s not the worst idea, sis. Identical problems require identical solutions, after all.”

**The End**