

## **Couple of Changes (Wife to Bombshell, Husband to Bimbo TG)**

**By FoxFaceStories**

### **A Commission for Lefty**

*Lily and Harvey are an ordinary married couple, still in love and coasting through life. But when Lily purchases a strange item at a garage sale and starts to change into a confident domineering bombshell, Harvey doesn't know what to do. Worse, she soon gains the power to change him as well. And with her new attitude, she'd just love to have a blonde submissive bimbo to submit to her.*

### **Couple of Changes**

It all began with a simple garage sale. Lily had the afternoon off work from the library, and while she would ordinarily spend that time reading herself, she was also an avid lover of arts and craft, and constantly on the lookout for fun new odds-and-ends to use for material. She was a slim woman, only five-foot-seven in height and weighing only a hundred and thirty pounds. It was appropriate that she was a librarian and craftswoman, because she absolutely looked like one with her shoulder-length brown hair framing her rounded glasses and pointed face. Her bust was small, though she was quite cute, and knew it well from how her husband looked at her. He certainly knew his type, and she liked being his nerdy wife. And so, to thank him for that wonderful night just previous, she was on the lookout for materials to craft him a present. It was how she showed affection: Harvey was so outgoing and so quick to give a kind word that she felt she couldn't match up! But a well-made gift, be it a new decoration for his office, or an amusing card, or simply a wrapped treat, went a long way to showing her love for her husband of five years. Even better if she could take something old and work on restoring it: Harvey *loved* restored items.

The only question was, what to make him this time?

Lily perused the various items on the shelves of the garage sale display, walking between and among the small crowd. She was a shy individual by nature - hence why working at a library was a perfect gig - so she did her best to make herself small and get out of everyone's way. Unfortunately, a large oaf of a man was not quite so considerate, and practically butted her to the side.

"Watch where you're going!" he barked.

"S-sorry!" she said, stepping back. She bumped into a shelf, and hurriedly spun around to catch the several items that fell from the wobbling shelf. Embarrassed but successful, she began placing them back. And it was then that she noticed something that she simply knew she *had* to get: an ancient looking spyglass, the kind that would have been

used on an old sailor's ship. It was pretty dented, and had a broken lens at the end. She wasn't even sure it could be telescoped: there was rust in parts. The *perfect* item to have a go at restoring. She certainly had the tools in the shed.

"And only fifteen dollars," she mused to herself. "That's an utter steal!"

She was thankful to the oaf for bumping her, even if she wished she had been a bit more confident in speaking back to him. He'd been so darn rude! Still, at least he'd pointed her in the right direction, even if he didn't know it. She took the item and moved to purchase it.

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When Harvey got home, the house was empty. It could only mean one thing, of course: Lily was in the backyard shed, putting together something. It had been a good day working in sales. It was a natural fit for the man. Sure, he had a totally average appearance - five-foot-nine, plain brown hair, lean build, clean-shaven, normal-looking but forgettable face - but as soon as he opened his mouth people paid attention. He had the kind of naturalistic, easygoing humour and attitude that made people feel welcome, and he used that to his advantage to make the most convincing sales pitches. So long as you could be quick witted and extraverted, you could do very well in sales, and his own likelihood in achieving management position was a testament to that.

Of course, he saved all the best (read: worst) jokes for his lovely wife.

"Lily! Are you in the shed pottering away?" he called.

"I am!" she called back.

He moved to the shed and opened the door, whereupon she immediately hunched back in a panic to hide something.

"Please don't look! It's a present!"

He grinned. Lily's presents always brightened his day.

"Well, I wouldn't barge in if you'd answer my calls."

"Sorry, I would have liked to, you know I love your calls on the way home, but I was so focused that I put it on silent," she said, blushing red. God, he loved how she blushed so easily. Her rosy cheeks sure were something.

"Well," he joked, "if you liked it, you should have put a ring on it."

Lily groaned, then fell to laughing. "Oh, that's horrible!"

"Not as horrible as my day of work."

"Oh?"

He smirked. "No, my day was *awesome*. You should have seen my sales pitch. I practically had the board hypnotised."

“You’ve got me hypnotised, certainly,” she replied, kissing him on the lips.

“Now who's making horrible jokes?”

“Still you, you sexy wisecracker. Now get out of here before you see what I’m working on. You’re going to love it, I just know it.”

“Okay, okay!” Harvey said, giving a placating gesture as he retreated. “I await this mysterious gift with the most curious tidings and omens!”

She just rolled her eyes. Harvey was never one not to be dramatic. It was part of why she loved him.

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Over the next few days, Lily continued to work on the spyglass, doing her best to take it apart gently, deal with the rust, and buff the dents. As she worked upon it, she discovered that - quite curiously - it had an inscription upon its side, one that she was slowly able to make out. It was, oddly enough, some kind of message. Or warning. Or *curse*.

*This is not a spyglass at all, but a window to change. Beware, for he who wields the glass has the power to become the person they wish to see themselves as, and change their lover in turn.*

She was more than a little astonished at this strange message. After all, this was meant to be a fun and romantic gift to Harvey, and now it had some strange forebodings about change and so forth. Still, her husband did love eerie stuff like that, and it did make the piece feel more authentic and different, so she continued her work. Much better than outright purchasing something at full price: they were doing well and coasting through life, but bill season was coming up and that was always a struggle.

And so the spyglass slowly came together as the days passed. Harvey continued to give her reasons to thank him too: while her own libido had never been super strong, he was as extraverted and enthusiastic in bed as he was at parties. In fact, when she was quite nervous and shy at social gatherings, being able to rely on a small comment to get his arousal going was a surefire way to drag him home earlier. It wasn’t like she minded. She was a submissive lover in bed, and he a very take-charge man, and it was a dynamic that worked well for them . . . even if, just occasionally, Lily wished she could live out some of her fantasies of being a bit more dominating.

Just a bit.

Just an idle bit of reversal of roles that got her quite excited in private, and yet she was too nervous to act upon.

Well, more than a bit. In fact, it was something she thought about often, when she admitted it to herself. A private kink to take on the role of a woman with a lot more daring

confidence, even *bitchiness*, who could talk down to others and ooze sex appeal. Who wasn't quite so flat in the chest or fey in the face. Who could take a little bit more control and show her husband what's what - in a loving and kinky way, of course, safe words and all. It was a silly fantasy that embarrassed her, and one she would never admit, but she thought about it while polishing the spyglass and completing its finishing touches.

At which point it began to *glow*.

"What the -!?" she cried, nearly dropping the damn thing. She had just replaced the lens, and somehow it was glowing a faint green, the inscription also!

"That's - that's impossible!"

She looked at the spyglass on the shed counter, trying to determine if it was doing anything, or if it just had some hidden internal light she'd missed. Or if there was another light source. But both were not true, and so slowly she picked up the spyglass, read the inscription again, and then looked *through it*.

Everything appeared ordinary. She adjusted the sights around the shed, and it just gave her a zoomed in vision of the small area. Curious, she took it outside into the small backyard, and looked through it again. Slowly, she scanned from one side of the house to the other. Everything appeared ordinary.

Except for the woman waiting at the backdoor, gesturing for her to step closer.

Lily screeched, putting down the spy glass. But the woman wasn't there anymore. She raised the glass again, and there she was, a total stranger. Several times she repeated the action - the woman was only in the spyglass' view. And more than that, Lily *knew* her. She looked through the spyglass, unbelieving what she was seeing, but knowing it was true: the woman she was seeing, this strange apparition gesturing for her to step closer, was the *her* she had imagined in her fantasies.

The woman a darker tan and long black hair that fell to the small of her back in luscious curls. Her body was something else: curvaceous and voluptuous, with breasts that were half the size of her head each, ripe cantaloupes that were perfectly formed. She was wearing a hot cocktail dress, one that conformed to every curve of her luscious body, and certainly showed off a lot of thigh *and* cleavage. Her right shoulder was tattooed, as was part of her neck, and they appeared to be images of various intricate flowers. And yet, despite these differences, she was still recognisably Lily - *her* - even if she was a hotter, wilder, and certainly more confident woman to judge from her flirty and amused expression. She gestured again, as if she were real, *instructing* Lily to come forward. And, caught in horror and confusion and fascination, Lily ignored the warning of the spyglass, and stepped forward.

Closer.

And Closer.

And Closer.

Until finally the woman, with her immense cleavage and sexy features, was right before her.

“You want to be me, don’t you?” the woman said, and her voice seemed to come from everywhere. Lily didn’t know what to say, but the woman spoke for her. “No need to answer. I know you do. You’ve read the side of the spyglass. You know what will happen. You’re going to enjoy the new you, Lily. Time to say goodbye to all that nervousness and niceness. Time to call things like you see it, and put up with no shit. And to put our loving husband in his place, just like we’ve always dreamed of doing. He’ll love it too, once we decide what to make him. Won’t that be fun?”

Lily’s heart tremored, and she put down the spyglass. The woman was gone. When she looked again, the woman didn’t reappear.

“Oh God,” she said to herself. “Please tell me that was just my imagination. Please tell me I’m just sleep deprived!”

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Lily didn’t tell her husband what had transpired when he returned home, nor did she give him the spyglass. She kept it hidden away, just in case. She had been feeling a little off - nauseous and the like - ever since she had seen the strange woman from her fantasies and talked with her, and so she asked Harvey if they could be a little less frugal and order takeaway. She liked him to make the decisions, usually. It was her shyness manifesting, and not wanting to be a bother to others.

“Of course, dear!” he’d simply said. “We’ll get Chinese.”

She’d actually wanted Italian, but decided not to speak up. Besides, her skin was oddly flushed and warm, and her nipples were hardening for no reason. She stirred in bed that night, having quite the difficulty sleeping. Harvey noticed her tossing and turning, and the occasional odd moans coming from her, but eventually he fell asleep as well. Lily dreamed of the fantasy woman in her dreams, this bossy, borderline bitchy woman with a brilliant mind and the ability to take charge of her life. And in that dream it almost *felt* like *she* was that woman. That *she* had the large breasts and dynamite figure and awesome tattoos.

And it felt *good*.

When she woke the next morning, Harvey had already left for work. Her time at the library started soon, and so she rushed to get up and dressed and showered. But there was something different about her body that astonished her.

“My breasts,” she said to herself as she stood before the mirror. “They’re bigger!”

It was true. Her little B-cups had somehow swollen up a whole cup size. They were also perkier, rounder, and her nipples a little darker and larger. She cupped them together and observed the wonderful cleavage that she could now form.

“This - this is impossible. How?”

But other parts had changed too. Her hair was just slightly darker, and her figure just a bit more svelte around the waist, while her hips looked noticeable a tetch wider. She turned in profile and her eyes went wide.

“My ass . . . it’s enormous!”

It wasn’t, not really, but it certainly was bigger. She had never really minded her rear, and certainly Harvey quite loved to fondle it, but she had no illusions about having great curves back there. Now, while she didn’t have what one might call a bubblebutt, it certainly was no pancake either. She shook her hips a little, and it left her rear and chest wobbling much more than they ordinarily did.

“This . . . it doesn’t make any sense. The curse, or magic, or whatever was on that spyglass, it can’t be real. It just can’t be. I must be near my period. My boobs always get a bit bigger close to my period.”

Of course, her period wasn’t due for two weeks, but she wasn’t ready to accept magic just yet, despite all she had seen. Or perhaps she didn’t want to be concerned, as she had to be ready for work. She quickly threw on her usual sweater and pants, only to suddenly feel a little bolder than she ordinarily was.

“No, I think I can do better than this.”

She wore jeans that fit a little bit tighter, and instead put on a blouse that had a daringly low cut - at least for her - and would now show off her new cleavage. She styled her hair more like she was heading out for dinner than work, and at the last second decided to wear a pair of heels as well. She put on her glasses - she still needed those - but part of her desired to rid of them.

All in all, she was now much more the image of the Sexy Librarian rather than just The Librarian, and though she was starting to run late to work, she couldn’t help but admire her image in the mirror and smirk.

“Maybe just some lipstick,” she said to herself. “Red, I think.”

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The other employees of the library, women and men alike, were astonished by Lily’s new look. She was initially embarrassed, second-guessing herself and her decision to show up looking so chic and stylish. But stylish and attractive she was, and she even got a playful wolf-whistle from an older coworker.

“Don’t you start!” she snapped at him in an equally playful manner. “You’ve got no chance, Rod!”

“Oh, Lily has teeth!” someone laughed.

Lily grinned, but inwardly she couldn’t believe how bold she’d just been to playfully flirt and joke like that. She was always much more quietly compassionate than fiery, and yet there was a fire burning in her being now, and it wanted to express itself. For the rest of the day, she was caught between her usual duties and attitude and the occasional building need to sashay her hips as she crossed the floor, or instruct one of the junior librarians on the shelf-stocking.

“No, no, no! Not like that, honey. You need to read the spine cover and note the decimal point. It’s the Dewey *Decimal* System for a reason. Remember that.”

“Oh, um, yes ma’am,” the younger male employee said. He was a cute thing, and it amused her that he didn’t know the obvious. “Sorry.”

“Don’t be sorry,” she said, raising an eyebrow. “Be correct. Be efficient. And then maybe I’ll reward you.”

“R-reward me? As in . . . do you mean . . . ?”

She *meant* put in a good word, given that he - his name was Stu, she was sure - was just a temp and not a full time worker. But from the way he was looking at her cleavage with hunger and hope in his eyes made her realise to her embarrassment that she was leaning forward in a highly suggestive manner.

“Stop looking at my tits, Stu-”

“S-Steven.”

“Whatever. I meant I’d help get you permanency. I - oh God, I didn’t mean anything else!”

They parted, both flushed utterly red and not wanting to mention this incident to *anyone*. For the rest of the day, Lily tried to ignore her strange feelings and compulsions. That daring determination to boss others around and be the head honcho was still present - growing stronger, even - but she was fighting back against it. She didn’t want another incident, especially given what Harvey might think! It didn’t stop the odd feelings in her body though. She didn’t want to think about it too much, but her breasts were becoming quite tender again, and her ass a little sore. A little pressurised. Her entire frame felt ripe for further transformation, and it scared her.

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“Holy shit, who are you and what have you done with my wife?”

Lily swallowed. She had intended to act 'normal', but Harvey had noticed how different she looked the moment he got home. She was still in her nice blouse and tight jeans, and it felt like her boobs had grown a little bigger, verging on D-cups. They were still a little sore, but God her nipples were aching for attention.

"It's me honey," she said, smiling. "I'm just . . . trying on a new style."

"Yeah, but have your tits always been this big?"

"It's just a push-up bra," she said quickly.

"Well, it's doing a fuckton of pushing, and I am *well okay* with it!"

She giggled, and took a moment to shake her shoulders playfully, stepping forward to kiss him passionately. It was a long, sensuous kiss that her and him moaning, and when they parted he was just as astonished.

"Okay, where is my wife? Lily is *never* this bold?"

"Mhmm, maybe I have changed a little?"

"Like the darker hair? I like it. When did you find the time?"

It was indeed darker yet again. No longer its mousy brown but heading towards black. "Oh, it just happened," she said.

"Well, why don't you hold off on dinner tonight, and we can enjoy ourselves?"

"Fuck yeah," she said, a sentence she never thought she'd ever say.

What followed was a session of passionate lovemaking that was new to both of them. It started ordinarily, with Harvey all over her, and she on her back with her legs spread wide once they'd lost their clothing. But she was much more aggressive, and it was hard not to lean into that aggressiveness because of how enjoyable it was: she sucked his neck, scratched his back, and even shocked him aside several times to hold off his pleasure.

"What has gotten into you?" he said. "I kind of like it."

"Like I said, I'm trying something new. Like getting you on your back while I ride you."

She shoved him backwards and gave him no chance to permit what happened next. Judging from his expressions, he was more than okay with it. She lowered herself onto his cock and began gyrating upon it, taking him within her but *dominating* him all the same. He groped and squeezed her tits, lost in ecstasy.

"These - are bigger!" he said, grunting as she bounced on his dick. "I swear they are! Holy f-fuck, your ass too! What's going on?"

"Mhmmm . . . maybe I am ch-changing! Ohhhhh, I f-feel so confident though, so fucking aggressive! I want you to cum in me, Harv. Cum in your mistress. She owns you. She goddamn *owns you!*"

She rode him aggressively, giving in to her increasingly authoritarian changes. The desire to make her husband her fucktoy, to become the woman in her fantasies, was too strong. She didn't have the will to resist it - only to take on that woman's will in the end.



Harvey squeezed her ass, and she rose up and down one last time, milking his cock for all it was worth, until he finally came inside of her. He came harder, perhaps, than he ever had before.

“Holy sh-sh-shit!” he grunted, squirming in pleasure beneath her.

“Yesssssssss,” she moaned. “F-fucking cum. I d-demand it.”

The orgasm hit her, and she wailed in pleasure, thrashing on top of him in a manner that was almost bestial. Primal. As she did, the pressures in her body rose, and the magic that had infused her inflamed once more. Harvey was trapped beneath her, caught between her now-powerful thighs, which swelled even further. This was matched by a visible growth in her breasts - they expanded to full D-cups, then to possible double-D cups, bouncing with their movements and slapping against one another. Her ass expanded in his hands, and her figure took on an even greater hourglass. Lily cried out, overwhelmed by the pleasure of sex and change. Her hair lengthened further, becoming fully black. A series of tattoos appears on her right shoulder, a number of dark flowers and roses netted together. Even her skin darkened a little, as if it had been tanned beneath a tropical sun.

In mere moments, Lily had gone from still being recognisably her - if a hotter version of her - to an upgraded woman entirely. Her figure was dynamite, almost as curvy as the woman she had dreamed of, though she was aware she was not all the way there yet. Moreover, that freedom of confidence surged through her mind, making her relish every moment of it.

Until the penny dropped, and she saw that Harvey was looking at her with horror.

“Lily - what the hell is happening to you?”

She immediately snapped out of her frame of mind. Tears formed in her eyes.

“I - I don’t know, Harv. I don’t know. But I think it’s the spyglass. I think it’s changing me.”

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She explained the full story to him over dinner - a dinner she had *him* make, since she still had to express some dominating attitudes, and the notion of making her husband her sexy servant was too much to resist. Harvey did his best to ignore this, and instead listen to her story about the spyglass. She even showed him, but he saw nothing through it.

She, on the other hand, still saw the gorgeous woman. God, she was so hot. So powerful. Through the spyglass’ magical view Lily could see the woman she was becoming, with her radiating confidence, her snarky smirk, her knowing glare. She placed a hand on her rounded hip and with the other gestured to her body, as if to say, ‘look at me. Look at what you could become. Do you really want to fight this?’

"I - I have to," Lily said to herself.

"Have to what?" Harvey asked, looking over his wife in astonishment.

"Fight her. Fight this woman. She wants me to keep changing."

"And do you?" Harvey said, looking concerned.

Lily blushed red, still possessing some of her original shyness. "I think . . . I think part of me does. Oh, this is so embarrassing, Harv. It was just a kink. Just a personal fantasy. You know, taking control and being all dominatrix in bed and being able to boss people around. I wanted what I could never do. I never expected to, well, become like this!"

Harvey grimaced. "I don't want to lose you."

"I know," she said. She wanted to say 'me too', but the truth was, the fear was something she had to consciously maintain. As her confidence grew, her ability to project herself powerfully and sexually, the thought of losing her weaker, shy traits was actually quite tempting. Desirable, even. It was why she kept looking at the spyglass, and occasionally hearing the whispered words of her alter-ego.

*"You want this. You want someone who can fight and fuck and force others around. Don't you want a big pair of tits like mine? A body like mine? The ability to have any man you want like I do?"*

She shivered and went to bed. That night the pair slept as far apart as possible. Harvey was intimidated by what his wife was becoming, and she was trying not to pounce him. But when they fell asleep, she dreamed of having darker, longer hair and bigger breasts and a booty that would *swing*. She was partying in these dreams, her coworkers alongside her. Harvey was in the corner mingling, and across the room she saw Steven. Small, cute Steven, so meek and eager to please. And she knew in that moment she could cuckold her husband and take that younger man, and do things to his body that he could never imagine. And Harvey would just have to either get out of the way, or *watch*.

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The next two days saw Lily's transformation continue. Harvey was helpless: he tried everything he could to find out about the history of the spyglass, and even came near to destroying it out of a last resort before Lily tore it from his hands and actually *scolded* him brutally for such irrationality. Her tone was increasingly bossy and authoritative, matching her seductive new tone, which was lower, huskier. Sexier. Her skin darkened further, gaining an olive tan, and her makeup began to appear more smoky, as if by magic. She moved like she was sex on legs, her increasingly wide hips sashaying from right to left to right, and her longer legs projecting power. She was now five-foot-nine, equal in height to Harvey, yet taller all the time because of the new spiked heels she wore. Her hair was longer, shimmering and

curly, and her bust had jumped up to full E-cups, large wobbling cantaloupes that she presented in increasingly revealing clothing. Crop tops and boob tubes were a favourite for her, but sometimes she wore sexy purple lingerie just to show off to Harvey, teasing him and teasing him but never letting him have her until *she* decided it was okay.

Her coworkers could scarcely believe the transformation, and yet something in the magic of the spyglass prevented the most outrageous of changes from being seen as such. Mary, the desk woman, assumed she had a boobjob, but only a single cup size upgrade, rather than three whole cups and a half like she actually had. One thing was for sure, she was now the *boss bitch* of the library, her figure commanding attention in her tight outfits, and her tone brooking no dissent. It was *wonderful*.

Lily was lost in the sensations. She knew what she had and flaunted it. Harvey didn't know what to do. The day after his wife had confessed the truth of the spyglass, he had woken up to her licking his cock into a full erection, an act she never would have done before. It was intense, and made all the better (and worse) when she kept teasing him, forestalling his pleasure, until he was basically begging for her to finish sucking his cock. Only then did she finish him, after she had made him promise to eat her out every other morning that week. Something in her tone made it impossible to argue back.

"We've got to fix you!" he declared.

"I know," she replied. "Don't you think I know, you fool? Obviously I have to turn back . . . if I want to."

"You must want to. This strong, domineering person . . . she isn't you, Lily?"

She looked at herself in the nearby mirror. Already, her tits had grown that morning, and were only swelling larger. Her figure was a perfect hourglass.

"You're right," she said. "She isn't me. She's *better*."

"She's not the woman I fell in love with. C'mon, you know I like a good pair of tits, Lily. Your body is fantastic. But what it's changing you into—"

She strode over and literally shoved him onto the couch before mounting herself on his lap. He was hard against her crotch. She kissed him, biting his lip just a little too hard, eliciting wonderful pain from him.

"It's changing me into something my *servant*, my *pet*, should enjoy."

And enjoy her he did, though he felt used in other ways, like she was in control the whole time, drawing out pleasure from him for her own purposes.

This was the argument that reigned over those two days. Lily would sometimes catch herself and apologise, or suddenly go a little bit meek and embarrassed over how much cleavage she was showing or how much she was flirting with other members of the office, but always she would fall victim to the curse again. Mind you, she wasn't entirely certain that she was falling victim to it so much as consciously *embracing* it. She had never been so

attractive, so wild, so powerful and in charge. Even her superiors at the city library were deferential to her, and those that could resist her will could not resist her body. She knew how to breathe deeply to emphasise her chest, or walk in heels in just such a way that clumsy old administrators approved a much bigger budget for the following year. Harvey did not know all about this, but he certainly saw how she looked at other men when they went out, and it made him anxious. His wit was disappearing, his easy going manner turning to anxiety in the face of her new libidinous outlook.

“Lily, we need to stop this. The changes haven’t finished yet, I’m sure of it.”

They had, at least the physical ones. And Lily was fairly certain most of the mental ones were complete. Already she had her husband cooking dinners, and she calling the shots over their upcoming vacation and where it would be. God, it felt good to be the one in charge, and to have not one iota of uncertainty. The fact that she was having sex three times a day until her boytoy of a husband was spent was only icing on the cake,

But it wasn’t enough. There was still one final threshold. The urges, the fantasies she had embraced were so powerful that it would be ridiculous to deny them, yet at the same time there was a small kernel of guilt within the new woman. She had her tattoos, her figure, her darker tone and darker mind. She was a new woman.

And a new woman needed a new man, didn’t she? Even if he was just to have fun with. Harvey wouldn’t have to know. It was just that her appetite had grown immensely, and she was discovering old fetishes and kinks that she’d long thought she’d put behind her, such as cuckholding her man and making him so damn whipped. It was a fucking arousing, to say the least. The spyglass truly was cursing her to experience just how damaging kinks come to life could be.

A pity that she had already embraced this path.

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It was Steven she chose, of course. It had to be Steven. Cute, young Steven. Only twenty one years old, slightly plain, but eager. Oh so very eager. He had a nebbish ‘cute nerd’ look to him, and that fact that he practically *drooled* at the sight of the new Lily, practically worshipped the ground she walked upon, was a good sign. She decided to dress even sexier than usual in a tight red dress that showed off more cleavage than a librarian should ever reveal, and make her move.

“Steven, I need to talk to you about your job performance,” she said, cornering him between two shelves. He looked up at her, shorter than her now, and he was clearly straining not to look at her immense rack, particularly as she crossed her arms to deliberately emphasise it.

“Um, did I do something wrong?” he asked.

“Very,” she replied, smirking. “You’ve misfiled paperwork. Again.”

“I’m really s-sorry, Miss. I didn’t mean-”

“Call me Lily,” she said. “And I don’t want your apologies. I want you to make it up for me. And I know exactly how you can do that, Steven.”

She shifted forward, looking very sexual and she thrust her chest right into his face, and placed her arms over his shoulders. The nervous man squirmed, clearly aroused and confused in equal measure.

“You can make it up to me by following my car home and *fucking my brains out in my bed. How about that?*”

Steven couldn’t nod fast enough, and he practically tailgated her all the way home. When they arrived, Lily had no regret about what she was doing. She loved her husband, she truly did, but the spyglass had changed her. Made her a woman who took what she wanted, and let her lovers pine for her as she selected among them. She wanted to have *fun* being the bossy bitch, and now she was having it, because Steven was putty in her arms. She stripped him down, slapping him on the ass as she forced him onto her bed. He was excited and incredibly erect, but it was clear that she was the one fucking him, not the other way around. She was on her back, but *she* was the one issuing the commands.

“Fuck me harder, goddamn it! Yessss, like that! Faster! Now slow down. Suck on my big juicy tits, young man! I want you to use your teeth a little. I’m going to teach you, and *mark* you on this.”

“Oh my G-God,” Steven said.

“OH MY GOD!” a third person shouted. The sex - magnificent as it was - didn’t even pause as he entered. Steven tried, but Lily kept grinding against him, moaning sinfully.

“My husband, my *pet*,” she replied, grinning at his appearance. “You’re finally home. Early too. I was h-hoping to get Steven out of here by then. Ohhhhhh, yes! Don’t stop, Steven! Don’t you dare fucking stop!”

Harvey was utterly humiliated. His face flushed with anger. Tears appeared in the corners of his eyes. That rage only grew as Lily ignored his followup comments, his demands to know what was going on, and instead the pair climaxed together. Steven disentangled himself quickly, muttering pathetic apology after another. He grabbed his clothes and ran out of the room.

“What a worm,” Lily mused. “Though *his* worm was not unimpressive.”

Harvey grabbed his wife by the shoulders, shaking her so that her bosom trembled. “Are you insane? What the hell are you doing, Lily? What the fuck have you become? How could you betray me like this?”

She rolled her eyes at him. She should have felt more guilt, she knew, but what she really felt was *annoyance*. This man, whom she loved, was failing to recognise her new nature and needs.

“For fuck’s sake, husband, I should think it was obvious what I was doing. And frankly, you should be glad. You haven’t been man enough for me at all, lately. Sex only three times a day and complaining it’s too much? Wanting my frankly terrific tits to go back down to those little pimples they were before? At least the men - and women - of the office worship me. In fact, I was already musing about doing some girl-on-girl with Mary and making her my little sexy bitch while you weren’t home. God, it turns me on. In fact, it would be even better if you watched. Would you like that?”

Harvey’s jaw fell. It took him some time to pick it back up. His hands trembled while Lily reached for the object beside her. Even with all his masculine power, his own confidence and innate charisma, *she* was the one clearly in charge now. She never wanted to go back, no matter how much it meant regaining some of her original compassion and kindness.

“You can’t honestly believe I’d ever want that, Lily,” he said. “For fuck’s sake, this is insanity! I miss the Lily that would giggle at my jokes, even the bad ones. Who snuggled up with me. Who liked cooking-”

“I never liked cooking,” Lily said easily. Casually. “I just did it because I was meek, and weak, and I was a pushover. Well, I’m a new woman now. And you can either take her, or leave her.”

Harvey crossed his arms, grimacing. “I would rather have the woman you were, than you are now. No matter how good looking you are.”

She giggled. “Babe, I’m better than good looking, which is why you alone are not good enough for me. But hey, I think I can still save our relationship. After all, I *really* want some girl-on-girl, and Mary just won’t cut it. And making *you* my new hot bimbo will just do wonders for my sex life, and for being in control.”

Harvey thought she was speaking crazy nonsense, lying naked on the bed with another man’s cum leaking out of her. He was about to turn and leave when he saw that Lily was flourishing the spyglass, and raising it to her eye.

“Remember the other part of the curse, honey? I get to transform *you*, too.”

Harvey’s eyes went wide. “Lily! Don’t! Whatever you see, don’t let it-”

“Ohhh, but it’s too late. Holy fuck, you are going to be one hot babe, honey.”

“What are you seeing? What are you looking at? What are you making me!?”

Lily grinned, not willing to answer. Already, she could see that the real Harvey was beginning to shiver, the first tremors of change heralding across his body. Harvey grunted, scratching his pec, wincing at the pulling and tugging sensations in his groin and waist, in his hips and ass and hair.

“I don’t - stop this!”

“Ohhh, I think it’s going faster! Mhmm, maybe since I accept it, embrace it, I can take you all the way along with me, honey.”

She grinned again, raising the spyglass. Interspersed over her husband was a figure entirely unlike him. She was short, platinum blonde, with hair that went almost to her knees. It had adorable dyed pink streaks through it. She had a heart-shaped face and full lips that were just made for sucking dick and eating out pussy. Her nose was button cute, her eyes bright blue and vacant of intelligence. She was bouncing a little on one foot from impatience, and her massive breasts bounced with her, wobbling even more so than Lily’s own. They had to be G-cups or H-cups or even bigger, each tits the size of the woman’s head. She was wearing a pink lingerie get up that emphasised her incredible body, which was pale and perfect and oh-so-fertile looking. The kind of body that was made for sex, to be dominated and made submissive by a woman like Lily with her latent lesbian fantasies.

“Oh, fuck yeah,” she said, chuckling to herself. “This is going to be fun.”

Harvey began to stagger out of the room. Already, his body was warping, and far quicker than Lily’s ever had. He groaned as his pecs began to swell, and his height diminished. His cock began to withdraw to his horror, even as his waist thinned and his clothes shifted, turning pink and remaking themselves into a tight cocktail dress. As his breasts grew and grew and grew, and his hips widened, he was also hit by a series of mental changes. His knowledge of marketing and sales dimmed away, and his various other hobbies too. Instead, he felt increasingly submissive, his take-charge attitude replaced by a horny submissive libido. As aghast as he was, Harvey couldn’t help but look to Lily as his master. His *mistress*. The woman he wanted to please with his body, a body that was becoming that of a hot bimbo’s.

“Oh G-Gawwwwd,” he whined, voice going up an octave. “This isn’t right! I’m m-meant to be your husband! I, like, soooo don’t want to be a vacant-headed bimbo who just wants to look, like, super pretty!”

Lily laughed. “Oh, but love, it’s what you’re becoming! We’re both cursed. It’s time we embraced it, and learned to love again. Only now I’ll be the one in charge, and you’ll be my sexy pet. Don’t worry, I’ll see to it that you get plenty of men as well. Who knows, we might even start that family you’ve always wanted one day. Wouldn’t that just be hot?”

Harvey moaned. To his own shock and horror, it did sound hot.

It sounded very hot indeed.

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Lily and Hayley were very happy in their new lives. The former shy librarian was now the boss bitch of her workplace, and all her coworkers knew the score on who was in control - and also who could go home with her and have their brains fucked out when they liked it. Of course, that didn't mean she didn't love her girlfriend. Hayley was exactly what she wanted in a lover: sweet, kind, submissive, and not all that bright. It made her the one in charge, while the former male practically *worshipped* her. It hadn't taken long for Harvey to succumb fully to the mental changes. Like with Lily, he fought them for a time, but in the end the temptation to succumb was too great. The former male's body was incredibly horny, her massive, head-sized tits almost ridiculously sensitive, and she had an in-built desire and instinct to please her mistress, something Lily was more than happy about.

The spyglass was quickly forgotten, and would no doubt end up someday in another garage sale. Hayley's new concern was mainly looking pretty and bubbly and cute for her girlfriend, and following all her orders so that she could be rewarded with some fantastic sex. Sometimes, with Lily's permission, she was even allowed to be fucked by men while Lily watched and ordered them about. It was hot as hell to the new bimbo, and it made her wonder why she'd ever wanted to remain as a man. Sure, she'd been funny and quick witted and successful, but now she didn't have to worry about all that smart stuff. She could simply *be*. Life was so much easier now that Lily was the one in charge, and Lily herself agreed.

"I wouldn't go back even if I could," she said once, months down the line after making Hayley cry out in pleasure again and again.

"Mhmmm, me, like, either. I'm super glad you made me such a totally hawt slut."

"Indeed. Tomorrow, I'll even let you get fucked by Joshua, *after* I've had my way with him. You'll have to wait your turn, of course."

"Yeah, of course! Duh!"

Lily grinned, slowly pushing the busty blonde beauty down towards her exposed womanhood. "But for now, my pet, your mistress wants you to use your tongue. Make her happy, won't you?"

Hayley shivered in anticipation. One thing was true about their relationship: they definitely still loved one another, even if the dynamic had changed considerably. The moans that followed certainly attested to that.

**The End**