

# Girls' Night (Man to Party Maid TG)

By FoxFaceStories

## A Commission for Charlotte-TG

*Charlie is heading out of home while his sister throws a girls' night party. But when he unexpectedly returns home early, she is happy to call on her Wicca friend to transform him into one of the girls too! But the place is so messy, so why not make him a helpful maid as well?*

## Girls' Night

"Just remember to let me have my girls' night," Sasha said.

Charlie sighed in an exaggerated manner, an impressive sight given his 6'2 stature and his sheer breadth of being. His large stomach rose and fell with the dramatic exhale.

"Sure, sure, you're having your friends over and stuff."

"This is not just *stuff*, this is a girls' night. That makes it sacred!"

"Whatever! I'm heading over to a friend's place myself to play some video games. I'm sure it will be way more fun than whatever lame hair treatment you give each other."

Sasha rolled her eyes and folded her arms. "God, no wonder you're still living here and have no girlfriend. You know *nothing* of women."

Charlie huffed, but couldn't exactly rebuff the point. He was twenty four years old and still living with his parents, much like his sister was, to be fair. But she was twenty one, and somehow that three year difference seemed quite major. Certainly, one wouldn't exactly guess them to be siblings to look at them. He was a tall, overweight giant with long brown hair that had more than once been described as 'ratty.' He didn't like to mess with it, but he didn't exactly put lotions in it either. His face was lightly freckled and still had traces of acne and red spots, and his thick glasses completed the 'big, greasy nerd archetype' look.

Sasha, on the other hand, was *obsessed* with body care. She had numerous lotions, creams, makeup sets, dietary supplements, and so on and so forth. Coupled with her love of fashion and style and she had quite the full dresser and wardrobe, something Charlie had always viewed as utterly shallow and predictably feminine, a feature he dismissed readily compared to the 'high art' of a well-crafted videogame or action film. It did, however, mean that she looked like a blonde princess, her figure trim yet athletic, her features blemish free but for the cute smattering of freckles around her button nose, and her hair always styled.

"Just . . . don't make some ridiculous mess while I'm gone," he said. "Mom may be out on one of her date nights, but that doesn't mean you and your image-obsessed friends have the right to leave hair clippings and powders and feathery pillows everywhere."

Sasha raised an eyebrow. "Is that seriously what you think we get up to? Wow."

Charlie just scoffed. "I don't really care. I'm sure it's all just shallow beautification stuff, like you're always obsessed with. I swear, girls only care about looking good."

At that, he stormed off before his outraged younger sister could reply and went to his bedroom. He still had some time before he had to be over at Ben's place, so he decided to eat some orange cheetos and drink some soft drink and play his favourite online MMO. He put his headphones on and got his rig started up, and very soon he was losing track of time entirely. He shot Ben a message that he'd rather just stay at home and play.

*'Seriously dude? Ugh. Typical.'*

He frowned at the response, but the truth was he'd prefer to stay in. Sasha would just have to suck it up. It wasn't like her friends were arriving yet, right?

That was the thought process that stayed with Charlie when he left his room to finally go and get some more food and drink from the kitchen. To his surprise, the living room had eleven to twelve girls in their early twenties there, not including Sasha who was chatting happily with their wide circle. They had various snacks and sweet alcoholic drinks - the kind that he'd always made fun of - and were laughing hysterically as they shared anecdotes about . . . something. The weird pattern in the middle of their circle that had been drawn on what looked like a flattened easel confused him. But he couldn't give it much thought, because as his tall being loomed over their proceedings, the room went silent.

Sasha glared. "Charlie! What the hell? You agreed to go out!"

"Is this the brother you were talking about?" one of her friends, a dark-skinned beauty with wavy black hair asked.

"Unfortunately, yes."

"He looks even grosser than you described," said a light-skinned girl to Sasha's right. She had long red hair that seemed to be almost made of silk.

"Hey, I can hear you!" Charlie said as the girls began to whisper among themselves.

"You shouldn't be able to!" Sasha exclaimed. "You were meant to be *not here*. You agreed!"

"Yeah, well, I felt like playing *Monsters and Fantasies* more. Besides, I want to clear the kitchen. I'm using the television in a moment so you girls will have to clear your weird mess out of here, whatever that dumb symbol is."

He could tell Sasha was about to shout something angry at him, but suddenly one of her friends, a girl with an olive tone and numerous braids and breads in her hive-like hair, came over and whispered cheekily in Sasha's ear. Charlie's sister smiled maliciously.

"Fine, fine!" she said, as a strangely amused whisper carried across the crowd of girls. "We'll clear up this mess . . . but only if you act like our maid!"

“As if,” Charlie said. “Now if you’ll excuse me, I’ll be heading to the kitchen. Watch out.”

He deliberately and belligerently stepped on top of the easel with its strange circular pattern, but as soon as he did, he realised that was exactly what the olive-skinned woman with the crazy hair had wanted all along, as well as his sister. The symbol lit up in a glowing pattern of colours, preventing him from moving at all.

“What the hell? What is this? Why can’t I move!?”

Sasha beamed, standing up along with the other girls to examine him.

“Oh, didn’t I tell you that my good friend Anselina is a practitioner of Wicca magic? That’s the magic connected to femalehood, by the way. We were all going to have a try tonight and see what we could do - oh, did you think we were *just* planning to do our hair and makeup?”

Charlie tried again to escape, but it was like an invisible wall was preventing him from leaving. “This isn’t funny! Magic isn’t real! Stop pranking me and let me out!”

“Oh, we’ll let you out, alright. Anselina? Are you happy to do your thing?”

“Absolutely,” the woman declared in a slight accent. She stretched out her hands, closed her eyes, and began to intone some strange words in a language that Charlie could have sworn was no earthly dialect. And then things go *truly* weird.

It began as an itch across Charlie’s form. His body hair pulled back beneath his skin, and his numerous blemishes began to erase themselves and disappear. He grunted, scratching at his body even as its surface became much more smooth. This was followed by a dramatic pressure as his height decreased, his spine and limbs decompressing suddenly and dramatically. Charlie yelped - in moments he had gone from a gargantuan 6’2 to a mere 5’1! He was noticeably shorter than just about every girl Sasha had gathered!

“Ughhh! How is this - you can’t do this to - mmhm!”

His lips suddenly blew up, becoming full and permanently a little pouty. His hair began to grow out, losing its greasy (in)consistency and becoming long and wavy. He grunted as his waist pulled in, compressing even as a new womb formed in the pith of his belly. It was the most alien sensation yet. That was, until his penis began to withdraw.

“Oh, we absolutely can!” Sasha teased. “You wanted to barge in on my girls’ night in? Well, you can be one of the girls!”

“And a helpful one at that,” Anselina added.

“Practically a maid!” the dark-skinned one teased.

“Great idea, Tina!”

Charlie was panicking by this point, especially as his hips were getting wider and wider in contrast to his waist. His shoulders shrunk down, and his heavy belly began to pull

itself in, the fat bubbling away and leaving him with a trim, hairless, and quite delightful midsection.

“You can’t do this!” he cried, voice getting higher as his face continued to feminise, eyelashes extending and jaw softening. “I’m not a woman!”

“Sure sound like one!” a woman teased, a friend he recognised as Hayley.

“But - aiiiiee!!”

His penis completed its journey, pulling back inside him. To complete the humiliation, he shot his hands down to his crotch and bent forward a little, moaning in an increasingly high soprano voice, sweet and song-like, all while his new vagina formed. As he bent over, his rear expanded as well, leaving him with quite the peach backside.

“My - you took my -”

“Well, like I said, it’s a *girls’* night in, remember, brother?”

Sasha giggled along with her friends as the transformation continued. To Charlie’s horror, his clothes also began to change, hugging his form as they changed material and colour. His polo top and cargo shorts merged together, turning black and white, his leg holes fusing to take on the nature of a skirt. His legs became shapely and defined, with gorgeous thighs that were soon covered in see-through nylon stockings, and his feet were clad in black high heels that forced him to stick his delectable derriere out even further.

“Ngghhh! What are you m-making me into!?”

“Our own personal maid!” Anselina teased. “And with quite a revealing French Maid dress at that!”

Indeed, the costume became obvious, especially as his - or rather *her* - new hourglass figure finalised. Charlie’s face became petite and beautiful, with gorgeous dark eyebrows and a cute button nose. Her neck took on a new slenderness, and her venus mound was fully developed. Her French Maid outfit tightly revealed these features, cinching around her waist and with a skirt hem that fell to her upper thighs, allowing part of her skin to show between her stocking and skirt for maximum kink. She’d never felt so revealed, though there was on development still to go. Or rather, *two* developments.

“Oh my God, you made me a woman,” she declared, looking down over herself. The only part that wasn’t conforming to her curves was her top, which was very loose in the front.

“Not fully,” Anselina said. “Just wait for it.”

“W-wait for what?” Charlie said, trying to push away her new female self-identity.

“Your boobs, of course!” Sasha answered for him. “You’ve got to have a nice set of boobs to join our group, big brother! Or should I say big sister?”

The pressure came over Charlie suddenly, and she moaned in her new, sweet voice as her nipples stiffened, grew, *expanded*. The same was true of the flesh beneath, two mountains of flesh rising from her chest like two great cakes in an oven. She tried to avoid

clutching her chest, but couldn't help but do so as her new boobs swelled and swelled, going from little A's to modest B's to considerable C's and then to big, impressive D's and then even beyond *that* to what she could only imagine the size of, as it was beyond any reference for her! They finally pushed against the fabric of her top, straining it at the front, but *still* they grew, now rising further where the only free space was available - up! - in order to form a deep line of cleavage, a veritable crevasse in fact!

Charlie moaned, almost salivating in response to the unwanted pleasure of her enormous breasts filling out. The magic ended and she stumbled forward, nearly crashing into a girl she recognised as Harriet. Her immense boobs had changed her centre of gravity dramatically, as had her widened hips and larger posterior. Everything seemed to wobble or shift; her boobs, her rear, even her hair covered her face. The girls around her cheered and whooped and clapped, but Charlie managed to get to her feet and place her hands on her hips.

"Change me back at once, *mistress!*"

More giggled followed, including a hyena's cackle from Sasha.

"I mean it, *mistress!* Wait, why am I saying mistress, *mistress?*"

It was Anselina who explained as the girls surrounded Charlie, inspecting every part of her and amusing themselves as just how shorter, bustier, and sweeter she had become in appearance.

"That's the mental part of the magic," Anselina explained. "I suggested to Sasha that we make you one of us, but others suggested we make you our maid, since you think we make such a mess. So now you will refer to your sister as 'mistress' while you serve as our maid. You will also go by the name . . . what shall we call her, girls?"

Several answers flew out.

"Charlie is still a female name, right?"

"How about Charlene?"

"Chel?"

"I say Charlotte!"

Sasha bounced on her feet. "That one! Let's make her Charlotte."

Anselina whispered a few more eldritch words, and suddenly Charlie literally couldn't think of herself as anything but Charlotte, or as anything but a woman. It was maddening! She clutched her head, shaking her shoulders a little in a way that set her big jugs wobbling.

"Nice tits, bro!" Sasha teased. "You're the bustiest one here - I'm kinda jealous!"

"Ngh, please *mistress*, I didn't mean - I'll go to Ben's if you just-"

"Nah-ah, too late now! You went back on your word and said a bunch of really crappy things about me and my friends, not to mention about women in general. You wanted to stay around for girls' night, well then welcome to *girls'* night, because you're one of us, sister!"

Charlotte sagged her shoulders, staring down at her boulder-like mammaries. She could barely believe she had boobs, let alone that she was so massively stacked.

“W-what do I have to do to turn back?” she asked.

The girls huddled together, whispering and murmuring and laughing. None of it was a good sign to Charlotte, who was already struggling to stay upright on her high black heels. Finally, Sasha put her head up, along with Tina and Hayley and Anselina and all the rest.

“You’re going to participate in all the *girliest* activities and help us clean up afterwards, we’ve decided! You’re going to be our maid, fetching and making drinks and bringing us food, but also totally getting makeovers and having pillow fights and everything. That’s all that girls do on these things, right?”

Charlotte gritted her teeth, full of humiliation over her new situation. They’d taken her damn dick and there was nothing she could do about it! Nothing but go along with the madness, and hope there was a light at the end of this rather feminine tunnel between her legs . . .

“Shit,” he said.

“Yeah, you really stepped in it, sis.”

Another deep sigh. “Let’s just get on with this . . . *mistress*.”

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The girls’ night had officially begun and with one new member to boot. Charlotte was utterly embarrassed by her incredibly busty form, particularly due to her revealing and sexy maid outfit. This was only made worse by how Sasha and her friends constantly teased her about it, complimenting her impressive bust, her gorgeous legs, her sweet voice, and her pretty features. It was awful, especially since a small part of Charlotte got a little dopamine rush from it. She’d never been properly complimented on her body before, at least not for years and years, and now she was the owner of an absolutely dynamite bombshell body. The girls herded her before a mirror to inspect herself, and she saw that her green eyes were now even more emerald than before, and her glass had transformed to become far less thick and far *more* chic.

“Utterly gorgeous!” Tina said. “I wish I had your skin, Charlotte.”

“I just wish I had her boobs!” laughed a young woman named Maggie, who was pretty but fairly flat-chested. The comment made Charlotte feel fairly smug, only to realise what she was thinking and cover her boobs with her folded arms. Of course, given their size, this only emphasised them further, causing the crowd to erupt in laughter.

“Stop it, please!” she demanded.

“Okay, okay, sexy,” Anselina said. “It’s time to put you to work. What do we do first in our revised plan for the night, Sasha?”

Charlotte sighed as her little sister - the one now several inches taller than her tiny 5’1 height - grinned with amusement. “I think we should watch the girliest, sweetest romance possible while Charlotte here serves us drinks and food!”

The following cheer made it obvious that this was exactly what would happen, and so not too long after they were all gathered around, swooning as *Sense and Sensibility* played on the television in the living room. Charlotte moved from girl to girl, getting their drink orders and making sure to prepare them in the kitchen. She occasionally wobbled on heels, causing further teasing.

“You’ll get used to them!”

“They are rather high - good for sticking your butt out though! I bet a lot of guys would like the new you, Charlotte!”

“Make sure to sway your hips as you move - one foot in front of the other. Plus, it’ll totally make you a dream girl, right ladies?”

More whooping and cheering, and more blushing from the former man as she handed over the drinks and took more orders. The worst part was that they were right: going one foot in front of the other and letting her hips sway a little sensually made the heels click, in a sense. Soon she was moving with a practised art, by which time the scenes on the television were starting to catch her attention. Unfortunately, Sasha noticed.

“Don’t tell me you’re starting to be interested in romance, dear sister? I thought you said that stuff was only ‘garbage for girls’?”

“It - it is, *mistress!*” she exclaimed. “Look, do you want a drink or not?”

“Yes please! A nice, sweet Sex on the Beach!”

Charlotte burned, cheeks going red, but she made the order, and continued to go around the girls handing out snacks and taking away plates and empty cups. She had to play the demure, submissive maid for them. Of course, things would only get *more* ridiculous.

The movie finished, and Charlotte found herself blinking away some tears from the final scenes. Something about the romance had triggered her female hormones and made her get all emotional over it. It was embarrassing as hell, especially when she had to go around handing out tissues to the girls, but needing some herself!

“Awww, she’s one of us!” Tina declared.

“One of us!” came the chant from the group. “One of us!”

“I’m not! You did this to me! You made me get into the film!”

Sasha rolled her eyes. "Don't get your huge titties in a twist, sister. It's a great movie! You can admit it. Maybe this experience will broaden your horizons. Think about that . . . while you help us all get manicures!"

"Oh God, no."

But there was no stopping it. Anselina and Sasha held the promise of turning her back over her head, and so she *had* to play the part of the maid for the night. Sasha apparently was just going to have a casual night with the girls - drinking, chatting, movies, and social media and the like - but now she was fully committed to making it all as utterly stereotypical as Charlotte had once thought these things were. The next two hours was a flurry of activity, all centred around beautification and female amusement. Charlotte played the role of servant, fetching the makeup and files and polish and even having to perform many of these services on the girls. They drew lots, giggling as they determined who would be the 'unlucky one' to have their manicure and pedicure done by 'the new maid.' It only made Charlotte redouble her efforts, and to her own surprise as much as anyone else's it turned out she was quite excellent at filing the nails perfectly and then applying the right polish as requested. Unfortunately, this only led to a backfire, as the girls then decided to line up to have *her* be the one to do it.

"She's such a natural!"

"Busty, beautiful, *and* a great manicurist! Sasha, why don't you keep her like this?"

"You promised to change me back, *mistress*," Charlotte reminded them all.

"Only if you want to go back, sister! I wouldn't want to go back to that greasy, unwashed and overweight body of yours if *I* could be as hot and voluptuous as you are now! Agree, girls?"

They all agreed, and it only worsened Charlotte's humiliation. They weren't entirely incorrect; as weird and utterly *wrong* as it was to be a woman, Charlotte felt cleaner, better looking, more energetic and better smelling than ever! Not to mention that she occasionally ducked off to the toilets to have a quick feel of her tits - surely no one could blame her for that? She'd even touched her new womanhood a few times, but the sensitivity of it scared her. Perhaps just before she changed back she'd get a little more daring . . .

But things progressed from there. Next up was makeup, and after making sure that Charlotte learned the ins-and-outs of it - and did some application herself - they made a show of doing up *her* face for her. She actually gasped at how she looked in the mirror, her eyebrows more defined, her eyeshadow smokey, her lips ruby red.

"Oh my God, I look . . . I look so hot."

There was a cheer from all of them, clapping hands and hugs.

"You heard it from her, folks!" Sasha cried. "She's a natural! And now I think it's time we all got into our pyjamas and talked about . . ."



“Oh no, don’t say it!”

“BOYS!”

The girls all got changed, allowing Charlotte some time to look at her body and face in astonishment in the mirror again (and to feel her rather sensitive big tits - they were apparently F-cups). But when they returned it was a frenzy, the girls pulling up their various social media accounts on their phones and bringing out pictures of cute boys and manly men.

“What do we think of this one, girls?”

“Hot!”

“Not hot!”

“Super hot! Nine out of ten!”

“What do you think, Charlotte?”

Charlotte was forced to look at the photo of a rather attractive man by the beach, evidently some model or influencer or something. He had dark hair, piercing blue eyes, and a very attractive body with lean muscle. He was tan, and his pose was striking; confident and masculine. It made Charlotte shiver a little, and she felt her nipples stiffen. It was then at that moment that she realised her mental changes had also left her attracted to men.

“Shit! Why do I find him hot?”

“Because he’d find you hot!” Hayley cried. “Admit it, you’d love to have him put his face in that huge cleavage of yours!”

Charlotte turned bright red, the image swirling in her mind and making her new nethers strangely moist. “No - I - I wouldn’t! I - you did this to me! You’ve made me hot for men!”

Sasha laughed. “Now you get to rate them with us! How about this one?”

It continued, and the only reprieve was that Charlotte was ordered to go clean up their makeup and manicure messes before returning to serve them drinks, at which point she had to rate more hot men. The experience was so odd, especially since she really did find them attractive, and when prompted was even able to explain why.

“His hair is too messy! And I don’t like that tattoo. But his abs are delicious - I mean, ugh! Stop asking me this!”

Finally, the proceedings were interrupted, though not in the way that Charlotte could have ever hoped. The door opened and his mother walked in, wearing a dress that said she’d been on a date, alright. She sauntered in, taking notice of all the girls.

“Well, I see everyone is having fun here! But . . . what’s with the maid, Sasha?”

Charlotte went stock still, trying to think of something to say. That was, until Sasha simply blurted it out.

“Oh, that’s just Charlie, mother! He broke his promise to give us some space and then acted like a sexist dork, so Anselina used her magic to make him our maid girl! She’s had so much fun, our Charlotte, haven’t you?”

Charlotte had, despite all the humiliation, but she wasn’t about to admit it. Nor did she expect their mother to believe the story.

“Oh, well done Anselina! That’s a wonderful idea! Maybe Charlie - sorry, Charlotte - will start cleaning up a bit and showing some concern for his - or her - looks after this.”

“You - you know about magic, mom!?”

Charlotte’s mother just smirked. “Of course, dear. I did some Wicca back in my day too, though I wasn’t much good with it. How do you think I knew Anselina’s family? Sasha herself is showing promise from what I hear, so best be on your behaviour and be a good big brother - or sister! Anyway, I trust you to sort it out, Sasha. You’ve certainly left Charlotte looking quite . . . healthy.”

She chuckled a bit herself, leaving Charlotte to groan, breasts wobbling as she sagged her shoulders. “Great, more teasing! Can you just change me back n-MMPH!”

Her words were broken up by the clothing chucked her way. She caught it, only to realise it was a set of comfy looking pyjamas. *Female* pyjamas.

“What - what is this?”

Sasha grinned. “Well done, Charlotte. You don’t have to be our maid anymore. But me and the girls have made a decision, and it’s one Mom put to us before this even got started, so it’s not like I’m being unfair or something. You see, we’ve decided to make this girls’ *night* a girls’ *weekend!* You get to be Charlotte for the next two days! Isn’t that great?”

Charlotte’s jaw dropped. She looked down at her voluptuous body, and realised that the teasing, joking, and all manner of feminine activities were going to be foisted on her for longer than she expected. And worst of all, she might even enjoy parts of it, as if she were Stockholm Syndromed by her own feminised body.

“Great,” she muttered. “Just great.”

But the girls just squealed and cheered and surrounded her, already making their plans for the weekend to come. Charlotte was just along for the ride.

**The End**