



# **CURSED TO BECOME HIS PREGNANT WIFE**

[ Gender Transformation and Male Pregnancy ]

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# I

“How do you like *that*?”

Will couldn't help it. A gasp broke out his mouth, loud and high-pitched and feminine. He looked up into those familiar green eyes and was horrified by how attractive he found them.

“I love it,” he whispered, tears of humiliation rolling down his cheeks. Ever since his transformation, he'd been unable to lie to her.

“I love it when you fuck me like a little slut.”

Claire grinned down at him, enjoying his helplessness. She leaned forward and planted a strong kiss on Will's dainty lips, her stubble scratching at his soft cheeks.

“I know you do,” she whispered. “Just like I know you'll love it when I do *this*.”

Will let out a girly scream. One of Claire's strong fingers was digging into his asshole, forcing its way inside his smooth, naked bum.

He tried to twist away, but his wife held him in place with her strong hands, enjoying the way he wriggled.

“Don't play coy,” her deep voice vibrated through every inch of Will, making his nipples go hard as bullets. “I *know* you enjoy it. I *know* you love having something in your cute little ass, just like I know you *love* being called a slut.”

*No!* Will wanted to scream, *No I don't. How could I enjoy this? You're a sick woman, Claire!*

Instead he bit his bottom lip, looked up at his big strong wife with his doe-like eyes and nodded in shame.

There was no way he could hide his desires from Claire. His new, secret desires his wife had forced on him, along with his new body. His shameful, dirty, secrets.

Claire knew all of them.

“I'm gonna fuck you like a whore,” Claire whispered in his ear. “I'm gonna fuck you like a whore and get you *pregnant*. And you're going to thank me, aren't you, whore?”

Weakly, Will nodded his pretty new head. Strands of long, blonde hair fell across his eyes, plastered to his face. He looked at the all-too familiar man fucking his pussy and wondered how he'd let his happen.

Only that morning, he'd been William Stern, advertising executive. A rich, alpha male with strong muscles, a big dick and a pretty blonde trophy wife.

Now, everything had changed. *He* was the pretty blonde wife. And Claire, Claire was...

"Swapping bodies with you might be the best thing I've ever done," Claire snarled into his ear. "You're so *strong*."

She grinned savagely.

"I can't *wait* to pin you down and fuck that gorgeous ass of yours."

"Claire..." Will begged, weakly. "Claire, *please*..."

"Quiet!" Claire snapped angrily. "From now on, *I'm* William Stern. And you're..."

Her grin widened.

"You're my trophy wife Claire."

Will closed his eyes. Madness threatened to wash over him.

He was trapped in Claire's beautiful, young body. Worse, he was trapped with her desires. He had her sexuality, her desire to get pregnant, her attraction to her handsome husband.

And there was nothing he could do about it.

Claire stiffened, and suddenly Will could feel his new pussy being flooded with come. Without meaning to, he clutched his wife closer and moaned loudly in his newly female voice, encouraging her to pump as much sperm into his womb as possible.

*Stop!* He sobbed helplessly inside himself. *Please stop. I don't want to be pregnant!*

But deep down, he knew that wasn't true.

Deep down, a dark and secret part of him wanted exactly that.

And thanks to Claire's wish, there was now no chance left that he wasn't.

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His last moments as a man had come that morning.

Will had been about to step out the door when Claire came padding into their large kitchen, an evil smile on her face. She'd just got out of bed and was wearing only a pair of lacy pink panties and a white top that barely covered her enormous breasts.

"Going somewhere?" She asked, leaning in the doorway.

“Where do you think?” Will had snapped. “I’m late for work.”

“Oh,” Claire replied, innocently. “Is that what you call it?”

*What the hell is she jawing about?* Will had wondered, uneasily. But part of him already knew.

Claire was right. He wasn’t going to work in any traditional sense.

He was going to see Sarah.

The two had met at a party. Sarah was an old school friend of Claire’s who had moved to the area looking for a copywriting job. With her skinny frame, intelligent face and china white skin, she’d sent Will wild from the moment they first met. He’d found himself promising her a gig at a creative startup he knew if she took his number.

Less than three days later, they’d been fucking in Will and Claire’s king-sized bed.

“I don’t know what you mean,” Will muttered, gruffly. “I’m going to work is all.”

“You’re not going anywhere,” Claire declared. She held up her hand. A gold ring twinkled on her index finger.

“Know what this is?” She asked, a smug smile on her face. “I found it last night. It’s a magic ring my grandma left me when I was a little girl. It grants the owner four wishes.”

Will’s mouth felt dry. He wasn’t used to having Claire contradict him, to speak back to him.

“That’s crazy talk,” he whispered.

“Is it?” Claire shrugged, her long, blonde hair tumbling over her shoulders. “Maybe. But I decided to give it a try just now. Do you know what I wished for?”

Will shook his head.

“I wished,” Claire’s eyes narrowed, “that I knew what you’d been up to all this time. When you said you were busy with work. Wanna guess what it showed me?”

Will could imagine only too well. Him and Sarah, lying coiled naked on the upstairs bed. Him and Sarah, fucking in the front room.

Him and Sarah, laughing at poor, stupid Claire with her big tits and clueless smile.

“We’ve been trying to have a baby for *months*,” Claire’s eyes flashed with anger. “I wanted to start a family, but all *you* wanted to do was fuck my best friend! Well, you’re never going to touch Sarah again!”

And with that, she'd pointed the ring at Will and whispered something. There had been a sound like fairy dust falling. Will had tried to conjure up a nervous laugh.

"Stop messing around," he said with an unconvincing smile. "I love *you* Claire, not..."

*Sarah*, he'd meant to say, but his voice had died in his throat. There was something different about him. Something *wrong*...

Across the kitchen, Claire had folded her arms.

"Well if you love me so much," she'd declared, "you can try *being* me!"

Will's skin seemed to be moving, shifting. Looking down he could see ripples passing under his shirt. He tore it open and screamed.

His body was changing. Where once his broad, muscular chest had been dusted with wiry black hairs, it was now smooth as a baby's bottom. As he watched his pecs lost their definition, then suddenly began to inflate, becoming a pair of beautiful breasts. He looked up at Claire in fright.

"Claire. Baby... *please!*"

"Sorry," Claire smiled. "You had *years* to be a decent husband and you failed. So I'm going to turn you into a perfect *wife*."

Will's new breasts were still expanding, becoming firm and heavy, the nipples dark and long. They hung from his frame like two great balloons, weighing him down. He reached up to try and push them back in and saw his hands were changing too.

Gone were his large, masculine palms and strong fingers. In their place were a pair of small, dainty hands with tiny wrists and long, thin fingers. There was a feeling like someone was tugging on Will's fingertips and his nails leapt out two inches and turned darker, becoming a lurid red.

There was a tingling in his scalp, then something was falling in waves past Will's eyes, blinding him. His tousled dark hair was suddenly growing at an incredible pace, cascading past his shoulders and coming to a rest above his enormous new boobies. As Will watched, his hair turned almost transparent, becoming a brilliant blonde.

His clothes were shifting too, changing as his skin had. His shirt yanked itself closed then wove together into a button-less top. The collar vanished, the arms fell off, the bottom *jumped* up and Will was wearing a white tank top that barely covered his breasts, leaving his flat new stomach on display.

He reached down to touch the top then let out a squeak of surprise as his pants ripped off his legs and vanished, taking his shoes with them. There was an itching round his

crotch, then Will was staring down at a pair of pink, lacy panties. He tried to yank them off, to get rid of them, but his hands refused to touch them.

It was like these girly panties were as much a part of him as his own skin.

“*Sexy*,” Claire giggled. Will glared at her and was shocked to see he was now the same height as his tiny wife.

“You’ve certainly got the *bod* for that outfit,” Claire said, eyeing his wobbling new breasts, “but I think the lower half needs *work*...”

No sooner were the words out her mouth than Will’s skin was shifting again, like an invisible man was molding him out of clay. Fat dropped down from his stomach and settled around his hips, giving him a sensual, curvy figure.

His legs lost their muscle and became long, smooth and slender. There was a feeling like two large hands were pinching his ass cheeks and Will’s bottom leapt upwards and outwards. At the same time there was a *click* in his spine and Will’s chest thrust forward.

He gaped at his new body. It was a horrible mixture of soft, girly skin and smooth, sensuous curves. He turned to his smiling wife.

“Claire! For the love of God-!”

But he could tell from her smile that it was too late.

In quick succession, Will felt his face rearrange, his masculine jawline becoming soft and round. He felt his lips puff up and become two red-painted, pouty things. Long eyelashes sprouted out of his eyelids and fluttered nervously. His Adam’s apple rolled back into his throat and vanished.

Finally, he felt it. The moment he’d been dreading. Inside the pink, lacy panties, Will felt his cock quiver. He let out a helpless moan and then it shot inside him. There was a sound like Velcro ripping and Will could dimly see the plump lips of a pussy forming through his panties.

His entire body gave a final jiggle that made his huge new breasts bounce in the bottom of his vision, then it was over. Claire’s wish had come true.

“Not bad!” Across the kitchen, Claire clapped her hands delightedly. “You look fantastic. Go on, give us a twirl!”

Will stared wordlessly at his tiny new waist, the naughty panties over his crotch, the two boobs wobbling in the bottom of his vision. He looked up at his wife.



“What did you *do*?” He whispered, then clasped one hand over his mouth.

His male voice with its deep bass that seemed to vibrate in his throat had gone. In its place was a high-pitched, female one that felt soft and ethereal in his mouth. It sounded maddeningly familiar. It sounded like...

“You thought you could treat me like crap,” Claire said. “So I turned you *into* me.”

Will’s insides froze. He looked desperately from his wife, stood there in pink panties with blonde hair tumbling over her shoulders, to his new body, with its long blonde hair and lacy pink panties.

“No...” He whispered in a voice that sounded horribly like Claire’s. “You wouldn’t...”

He ran over to the kitchen counter and searched for something – *anything* – with a reflection. His dainty new fingers closed around a spoon. He took a deep breath, held it up to his new face...

And screamed.

Staring back at him, her face distorted by the spoon’s curve, was Claire.

Her face was white with fear, her blue eyes – eyes that he had stared into a million times – wild and unfocused. Her bottom lip – the same lip he’d kissed so many times, the same lip he’d had wrapped round his cock – trembled in fright.

*It can’t be true!* Will thought, desperately. He shook his head, trying to shake the nightmare off. In the spoon’s distorted mirror, Claire shook her head in time with him.

Will could no longer deny it.

He was his own trophy wife.

As he stood there, staring at his familiar new body, Will felt a presence behind him. He turned and saw Claire standing right by him, frowning at his ass.

“Does it *really* look that big from back here?” She asked, a faintly perturbed look on her face. “Damn, I gotta get me some gym time.”

A tingle crept up Will’s spine.

*This is so wrong*, he thought.

He and Claire were now the exact same height. Worse than that, they were wearing the exact same clothes; had the exact same enormous breasts; the exact same blowjob lips; and the exact same voices.

As Will watched, Claire gave him a smug smile.

“What’s the matter, Will? Don’t you *like* being me?”

“Turn me back.” Will whispered in his wife’s voice. “Turn me back or I’ll...”

“You’ll what?” Claire asked, innocently. “I’m the one with the ring, remember? And I like your new body just *fine*.”

“For fuck’s sakes, Claire!” Will stamped his foot, his cheeks flushing red. “You can’t keep me as your twin, it’s too weird! It’s *wrong*!”

To his surprise, Claire laughed. She laughed long and hard, her cute blonde curls bouncing off her shoulders.

“So *that’s* what I look like when I throw a tantrum!” She exclaimed. “Just like a little kid! And don’t worry, I’m not keeping you as my *twin*...”

Will blinked. Was she about to turn him back?

“I wanted you to see what it was like, being some cheating asshole’s trophy wife,” Claire said. “So, I guess that means you need a husband!”

And before Will could stop her, she was pointing the ring at herself.

“I wish I would turn into this little bitch’s big strong husband!” She declared, eyes flashing.



## II

For a second, nothing happened. The two identical women simply stared at one another, Will with a look of horror on his pretty face, Claire with a smug smile on hers.

*The ring!* Will thought, urgently. *Get the ring while you're still evenly matched. Get it off her before-!*

But it was too late. No sooner had the thought formed in Will's mind than there was a sound like fairy dust falling.

"Here we go." Claire grinned. "I'm going to *enjoy* this."

Then she was *stretching*. Before Will's eyes Claire grew taller, her head rising up until she looked like a giant. Her shoulders began to broaden, causing her tank top to tear. They grew wider and wider as her hips shrank smaller and smaller, giving her body a masculine 'V' shape.

A wave passed over Claire's skin, so she seemed to shimmer in front of Will's eyes. Her enormous breasts jiggled and deflated, shrinking into her chest, becoming hard and muscular pecs. Her biceps grew and hardened, making her arms look big and strong. Will felt an involuntary gasp escape his lips.

His new body found Claire's muscular frame wildly attractive.

There was a *grinding* noise that seemed to fill the kitchen and Claire's hands swelled up. Enormous, manly knuckles erupted above her strong fingers. Wiry black hairs dusted the back of her hands then Claire gave a terrific grunt and threw her head backwards.

"Oh *yes!*" She snarled. "All that testosterone!"

She lowered her eyes and stared hungrily at Will's petit new body.

"I can't *wait* to grow a big fat cock and fuck you with it!"

As if on cue a bulge appeared in her pink panties. It grew so fast it tore through the fabric. A gigantic dick rolled out, dangling between Claire's newly-muscular legs, its swollen tip swinging back and forth.

Will cried out in fright. It was *huge!* His wife was hung like a racehorse and it *kept growing!*

The thought of having that – that *thing* invade his tiny little pussy made him sick. It made him nauseous, it made him want to scream...

Then Will felt the gentle warmth spreading through his crotch, and realized his new body had a different opinion.

It couldn't *wait* for Claire to fuck him.

The changes were coming faster now. Claire's jawline *thrust* out away from her face, became strong and manly and decorated with sexy stubble. Her long hair *sucked* up into her scalp, like spaghetti up a vacuum cleaner. It settled on her head, casually tousled, and turned dark.

Claire – what little was left of her – sneered down at Will.

“Well?” She asked in a teenager's breaking voice, “have you figured it out yet?”

Will could only whimper in horror. By this late stage, it was only too obvious where Claire's transformation was going.

In quick succession, Claire's ripped tank top opened down the middle and turned into a collared shirt; her panties ballooned outwards, ran down her legs and became men's pants; and dark shoes formed over her feet. Her eyes turned green, her face gave one last, almighty ripple and then it was over.

Will stared breathlessly at the familiar figure before him. The strong, handsome man dressed up and ready for work. The man he'd seen in the mirror every single day of his life for the last thirty six years.

*No... his brain whispered, helplessly. No, not that. Anything but that!*

Across the kitchen, Claire looked appreciatively at her new body. She flexed her biceps, admiring their strength. She reached down and grabbed her big new cock, closed her eyes and smiled.

“Ahhhh,” She said, in her deep, familiar voice. “Ah, yes. That's better. That's *so* much better.”

She opened her eyes and turned to Will.

“What do you think?” She asked.

If he'd been bigger, Will would've hit her.

What did he *think*?! He thought it was *awful*. Claire hadn't just turned him into her double. She'd turned herself into the perfect image of Will. She'd swapped their bodies without asking! It was wrong, it was perverse...

It was *sexy*.

With a feeling of horrified shame, Will realized his new female body was deeply

turned on by the sight of his old male one. He could feel his nipples going hard, feel his eyeballs being drawn to Claire's broad shoulders, to her strong arms. There was a feeling of dampness, and Will was mortified to discover his new pussy was already dripping wet.

Claire hadn't just swapped their bodies. She'd swapped *everything*. Their desires. Their sexual orientations.

And that meant Will desperately wanted to fuck his old, masculine body.

Claire noticed the conflict in his face and laughed.

"Don't even *try* to lie about your feelings. The magic forbids it." She slowly sauntered over to him, walking with a masculine swagger that made Will's long, smooth legs go weak.

"I know *all* of your desires," she said, smugly. "I know you can't keep your eyes off my big, strong arms. I *know* you're pleased my wish made your body's cock *even bigger*. I *know* you can't wait to have it inside you."

She stopped just in front of Will, towering over his tiny new body. Will tried to look away, tried to protest and tell Claire that *it wasn't true!*

But he couldn't. The magic stopped him from lying to his wife. And invisible hands of desire held his head in place, forcing him to drink in his old body.

*I had no idea I was that handsome...* Will thought, dizzy with longing. Longing for his wife to fuck him with her brand new dick, for her to hold him down and violate his delicate, girly body.

Claire gently reached up and brushed a lock of blonde hair away from Will's forehead. Her familiar green eyes gazed into his.

"I know everything you want." She whispered. "Which means I know you want me to do *this*."

As she said the word, she grabbed Will's hair and *yanked* it. Will's head snapped back. He let out a gasp, tears of pain in his eyes.

"No!" He managed to say in Claire's voice. "No, Claire, I don't!"

His body told a different story. His pussy was now tingling like crazy. From the moment they'd first met, Claire had been brutally frank with Will about how much she *loved* rough sex. How much she *loved* men who would hurt her and abuse her and remind her who was boss.

Which meant *he* now loved those things.

“Right,” Claire sneered in her deep voice, her face inches from Will’s. “It’s time for your punishment, *slut*. Time you learned what happens when you cross me.”

“What do you mean?” Will whimpered, trying to pull away and run but unable to escape Claire’s strong grasp.

“What do I *mean*?” Claire laughed. “I mean I’m going to do to *you* what you used to do to *me* when you were feeling horny.”

She glanced appreciatively at Will’s tits, their nipples long and hard and pointed. There was no way he could hide how much his body was enjoying this.

“I’m going to *rape* you.”

“No!” Shouted Will.

But it was too late. Claire span him round and *threw* him to the floor. Will put out his hands and landed awkwardly, his boobies painfully taking most of his weight.

He pulled himself to his knees and tried to scrabble forward on all fours, sobbing desperately as his sexy ass wiggled in the air. Then Claire was on top of him, one strong hand *shoving* his face into the linoleum.

“That’s it,” she whispered. “*Struggle*. God, watching you try to escape is making me *so* hard.”

“Claire...” Will whimpered. “Please...”

They were half-hearted pleas. His pussy was dripping wet, wide and open and *yearning* for Claire’s cock. The feeling of her large hand holding him in place was making electric currents shoot to every part of his new body. Everything was suddenly pleasurable, especially the pain.

Hadn’t he forced himself on Claire enough times to know that she *loved* rape play?

Thick fingers grasped Will’s lacy pink panties and roughly pulled them down. A strong knee was thrust between his slender legs, shoving them apart. Will had just enough time to think about how much it was going to hurt, and then Claire stuck her brand new dick in him.

It was the strangest feeling Will had ever had.

Claire’s monster cock slid into him, leaving a burning pain that travelled all the way up his body, deep into his womb. Will was about to cry out, when suddenly the burning receded leaving only a gentle, throbbing warmth that seemed to engulf his lower body.

A soft pink cloud came down and covered his mind and the cry died on Will's lips.

In its place he let out a gentle, female moan.

"That's right," Claire's breath tickled his ear. "You like that, don't you bitch?"

*No!* Will wanted to shout. *No, I hate it!*

But his body refused to lie. Instead, he felt himself give a little nod, his blonde hair lying across his face in dazed streaks. The hard linoleum suddenly felt cool and sensuous against his skin, the pressure on his enormous new boobies made his pussy thrum even more.

It was like someone had turned his entire body into a giant nerve ending. An ultra-sensitive receptor that picked up every little feeling and made it pleasurable.

*Is this what it's like for all women?* Will dimly wondered. Then Claire began to move and his thoughts were obliterated by a bolt of pleasure.

She thrust against him, gently at first, then getting faster. With each movement, that pink warmth grew stronger in Will's crotch, spreading to other parts of his body. He opened his mouth and heard himself begin to cry softly in time with each thrust.

There was no way he could pretend these were the cries of a man in distress, of a man being raped.

These were the cries of a woman driven wild by pleasure.

His gasps got louder as Claire got faster. Her hips were smacking against his bare ass now, rudely pushing her dick further into his womb. Her cock was *stretching* the sides of Will's pussy in a way that should have hurt like hell, but instead made him giddy with pleasure.

"Oh *yes* baby," he heard himself whisper in Claire's voice. For a second, he hesitated. Then he added: "*Fuck* me."

The warmth was becoming electric now. A powerful, urgent current was throbbing through Will. Without even knowing he was doing it, he let one delicate hand drift down to his clit. As Claire fucked him, he started wildly rubbing it, almost unaware of the loud, girly screams coming from between his lips.

"God, look at that fucking ass of yours," Claire grunted in Will's voice. "You've got such a cute little ass... such a fucking *cute* ass!"

Will moaned louder. Deep down he wasn't sure he *wanted* a cute little ass, but he had no time to object. His new body was alive with electric. Something was building,



something that radiated out from his clit to every inch of his skin.

“Say my name!” Growled Claire.

“Claire!” Will squeaked in his girly voice. “Oh, *Claire!*”

“No, say my *new* name. Now, bitch!”

Will hesitated. Was he really going to say it?

Then Claire slapped his ass *hard* and he was shrieking it, shrieking her new name as his wife fucked him like the dirty little slut he was.

“*Will!*” He screamed. “*Yes Will. Oh god, WILL!*”

Will’s new body came with a force like a tsunami. He felt a shiver pass up and down his skin, making his eyes go blurry and making him gasp and scream and beg Claire to never stop.

This wasn’t anything like his man orgasms. This was like every single inch of his body was coming and would never stop.

After what felt like forever, the wave passed. Will began floating back down to Earth on a pink cloud of pleasure. Then suddenly Claire slapped his ass and he was coming again; longer and louder than he had the first time.

*That’s right*, Will thought, dimly. *I’m a girl now.*

There was nothing to stop him coming again and again. Claire could keep him pinned here all day if she wanted to, forcing him to experience orgasm after orgasm for as long as she liked.

And Claire knew *exactly* what would make this slutty little body come.

Claire slapped his ass again and then drove a finger rudely up his anus. Immediately Will had a third orgasm, crying with humiliation and happiness. He had two more tiny ones in quick succession, then finally Claire went stiff. There was nothing for a moment, then waves upon waves of sperm were flooding into Will’s pussy, making him sob with pleasure.

“That’s it!” He heard himself gasp breathlessly, “come in my pussy! Come in my pussy Will!”

Claire grunted loudly, thrust her hips twice more, then went limp and rolled off Will, collapsing on the linoleum next to him.

Without even thinking, Will crawled over to his old body and laid his head on its chest, delighting at the manly way Claire had just used him for her pleasure.

He would deny he had enjoyed it later. He would tell Claire she was sick, making him fuck his own body. He would beg to be turned back.

But for now, he just wanted to be held by his strong, handsome husband.

Beside him, Will felt his old body laugh. It was weird, hearing his own laugh coming from someone else's mouth.

*Do I really sound like that?* He wondered, faintly.

Claire lazily reached out and ran a hand through Will's long hair.

"Well?" She whispered. "Did you enjoy that, *Claire*?"

Will hesitated. He wanted to say no, he truly did. He wanted to respond as he should, like a *man* who has just been raped and humiliated and wants revenge.

Instead, he nodded his pretty little head.

"Yes." He whispered in Claire's voice. "God *yes*, Will. That was *amazing*."

"Good." He could hear a smile creeping into Claire's voice. "Because in a minute, I'm taking you upstairs and I'm doing it again. And I'm going to keep doing it until you've received your punishment."

Will lifted his head and frowned hazily at his old face, watching him with an evil grin.

"I thought being turned into a girl *was* my punishment," he said, doubtfully.

Claire laughed.

"No, that's just a necessary step. Your punishment isn't just to *be* me. It's to live out my dreams, to have the life I *should* have had."

A trickle of ice ran up Will's spine.

"What do you mean?" He whispered.

"I mean we're going to carry on as normal," Claire said, coolly. "We're going to try for a baby. And we're going to succeed. Then, while you're big and pregnant, I'm going to fuck Sarah and tell you *all about it*."

The world seemed to lurch sickeningly around Will.

"But the doctor said..." He began.

Claire smiled and showed him the ring.

"Who cares what the *doctor* said? I'm in charge, remember?"

Then she whispered something and there was a distant sound like fairy dust. Will

cautiously turned to his wife, wondering what the hell she'd just done.

"I used my last wish to change a few things." Claire shrugged. "*You've* now got the most-fertile female body in existence. And *I've* got a sky-high sperm count."

Her eyes twinkled. It was an expression Will used to use on girls to show them *he* was in control. Seeing it now being used on *him* made him want to scream.

"A single drop of my sperm could now make you pregnant a billion times over. And I'm already in the mood for *another* fuck."

She rudely thrust his head off her broad, manly chest.

"Now come on, bitch." She snapped. "Let's go upstairs."

Obediently, Will clambered to his feet. Claire stood up, and he let her take his small, girly hand in her strong big one, and let her lead him up the stairs toward their bedroom.

He was going to get pregnant. Claire's final wish had seen to that. He was going to get pregnant in Claire's stupid body while she had fun in his, screwing Sarah and laughing at him.

And the worst part was, he was going to *love* it.



### III

The phone gave a *bleep*. Will wearily put down the iron, read the text and growled loudly. It was from Claire.

‘HEY BABE, I WON’T BE HOME TILL LATE. FUCKING SARAH’S CUTE LITTLE ASS. ENJOY YOUR EVENING. WILL X’

“That *bastard*.” He said in Claire’s voice, feeling hot tears sting at his eyes. Not that he thought of it as Claire’s voice any more.

After all this time, he could barely remember what it felt like to speak with a man’s deep bass.

Will picked up the iron back up. Claire had thrown him a bundle of shirts that morning and coolly told him to get them all ironed by the evening. Now here he was, his long blonde hair tied back in a ponytail, slaving away for his asshole husband while Claire fucked Sarah in some expensive hotel.

*Look at me*, Will snarled to himself. *I shouldn’t even be working in my condition!*

He was now nine months pregnant. Nine months, and Claire was still punishing him by treating him like an unwanted trophy wife. Only the night before, she’d looked at him as he piloted his swollen female body out the bathroom and laughed.

“Look at you,” she’d sneered in Will’s voice. “You’re so fucking fat. And you wonder why I have to screw Sarah all the time.”

Tears had pricked at Will’s eyes, but he’d gently swallowed and said nothing.

Claire was right. He looked like a beached whale. If *he’d* still been male, he wouldn’t have touched himself in this state. If their roles had been reversed, *he* would have been the one off screwing beautiful, thin Sarah.

If Claire was acting that way now, it was because the magic had given her Will’s body and desires. It had made her act like Will, just as he now acted like Claire.

In short, he had no-one to blame but himself.

There was a bumping sensation in Will’s swollen belly. He tenderly put his hand over it and gently rubbed the surface.

“Shh,” he whispered. “Not *now*, baby.”

The worst part was, Claire still expected attention from him. Even though she couldn’t stand the sight of Will’s pregnant body, she expected him to let her play with his big, fat

boobies when she wanted to. Expected him to iron her shirts and do the housework. Expected him to get down on his knees and suck her enormous dick when she was feeling horny. Expected him to swallow her come.

In other words, exactly how Will would have acted if Claire had been the pregnant one.

Will put the iron back down and looked unhappily at his body. Even after all this time trapped as Claire, it still shocked him to see how utterly *female* he was. The sight of his gigantic boobies wobbling in the bottom of his vision still made him feel weird. Waking up horny in the morning and being wide and puffy instead of long and hard still made him want to cry.

It was even worse now he was heavily pregnant. The first few months, he'd kidded himself he couldn't see the little bump developing. Kidded himself his vomiting attacks in the morning were because of all the sperm he'd been swallowing.

Now he'd given up even trying.

Will tenderly let a hand drop to his swollen belly, tracing circles across it with his fingers. His belly button had popped outward one day a few weeks ago, and he gently played with its end.

It made him sad to think this little protruding lump of skin was the closest he now had to a penis.

His pregnancy had been a nightmare. As a man, he'd had no idea just how hard it would be.

His hormones were going crazy. Some days he would just burst into tears for no reason, clutching his pretty face in his dainty hands and weeping loudly.

He was getting cravings, too. Weird desires to eat coal and other stuff he'd *heard* happened to pregnant women, but never actually believed.

His sex drive was through the roof. All he needed was to see Claire lounging around in his old body, languidly playing with her big cock, and he'd get an irresistible urge to fuck her.

*Is this what it would have been like for Claire?* He sometimes wondered. *If we hadn't swapped bodies, would she be having a horrible time while I ignored her and acted like a jerk?*

A loud bleeping noise cut across his thoughts.

*“Shit!”*

Lost in his reveries, Will hadn't noticed the smell of burning. He yanked the iron off Claire's shirt and was horrified to see a hole burned right through it.

*You stupid bitch!* He scolded himself. Without realizing it, he had naturally begun to think of himself as female.

“Will's gonna kill me,” he whimpered out loud.

The last time he'd fucked up like this, Claire had shoved her whole dick up his ass to teach him a lesson. It had hurt like *hell*.

It had also felt good. Better than Will was willing to admit.

Ever since then, his body had subconsciously allowed him to burn a *lot* of shirts.

Tears in his eyes, Will hauled his heavy female body over to the sofa and collapsed down on it. Then he put his face in his hands and started to cry.

Inside him, the baby kicked again. Blinking back tears, Will absently reached down and gave his swollen belly a soothing pat.

“You'll be there for me, won't you?” He whispered hopelessly in his female voice.

“You'll be good for mommy, not like daddy.”

As if in response, the baby kicked again.

Deep down, Will knew he deserved everything that had happened to him. If he'd been a good husband, Claire wouldn't now be out screwing Sarah. If he'd been prepared to stand by his wife in a future pregnancy, he would now have a loving husband to look after him.

All Claire was doing was acting out *his* desires. It was the same way her wish forced him to act out *hers*. If Will had been a better person, he'd now be a woman with a wonderful husband.

He'd learned his lesson alright. And it was time things started to change.

For the first time in a long time, Will smiled. Claire didn't know it yet, but things were going to improve round here. He might have been a shitty husband. He might *deserve* the horrible, horrible life her wish had forced him to lead.

But there was no way he was letting *his* baby grow up in an unhappy household.

Sat on the sofa in Claire's pregnant body, Will closed his eyes. Visions danced through his head, so clear they were almost real. Visions of him lying in stirrups in the hospital, screaming in pain. Visions of the nurse handing him his newborn baby, of Claire

standing over him, tears in her manly eyes.

Deep down, he couldn't *wait* to give birth. Deep down, he couldn't *wait* to feel his baby's tiny mouth biting at his nipples, suckling the milk he'd been carrying around in his swollen breasts these past nine months.

He was going to be a mommy. More than that, he was going to be the best-damn mommy in the world.

"It's going to be OK," he whispered to his unborn child. Already, he was imagining how Claire would fall in love with their son (it was going to be a *boy* Will had decided). How she would stop seeing Sarah and start staying at home. How she would slowly grow to be the perfect daddy.

How she'd fall in love again with Will and become the perfect husband.

After all, she didn't have a choice.

Slowly, Will reached into his pocket. He pulled out the ring. It sat in his palm, thrumming with invisible magic.

After she'd used her wishes up, Claire had hidden it away, out of sight. It had taken him nine months of searching while he was pretending to do the housework. Nine whole months, but he'd finally found it.

He had four wishes. And he was going to use them as soon as the baby was born.

"My first wish is gonna make him ditch that tart and become a *good* daddy," he said, firmly, turning the ring over between his fingers. "Then I'm going to make him fall wildly in love with me and start treating me right. *Then* I'm going to make sure we're the happiest family in the whole damn world."

The baby bumped again. It was like it was agreeing with him.

"As for my *last* wish..." Will pondered for a moment. There was so much he could ask for. His male body. To turn Claire into a dog. To get his old life back.

But Will didn't *want* that life anymore. He knew it was the magic, giving him Claire's desires, but he couldn't help how he felt.

Deep down, he *loved* being a housewife. He *loved* being a girl. And he *loved* being a mommy.

And as soon as he'd made his first wish and gotten rid of Sarah, he was going to *love* being married to Claire. *His* wish would make her into the perfect husband.

Will looked from the ring down to his swollen belly. A smile crept over his pretty,



female face.

“My last wish will be to give *you* the perfect little sister,” he whispered.

The baby was silent in response. Will liked to think it was pleased with his decision.

Slowly, he dragged his pregnant body back to its feet. He walked back to the ironing board and got back to work.

Claire would be home in a few hours, and he wanted all his housework done by then.

Already, he could imagine her face when she saw the hole burned in her shirt. Already he could imagine the way she would hold him down and fuck his asshole in punishment.

Already he could imagine how *good* it would feel.

For the first time in weeks, Will began to smile. He had the ring. He had his wishes. And most-importantly, he had his baby.

In one week, he was due to give birth.

And he couldn't *wait* to be a mommy.

*The End*

*Read on for a kinky extract from Lisa Change's deliciously cruel new tale of gender transformation and magical age regression* **Turned Into His Wife's Teenage Daughter**

They were almost at the car when they heard footsteps, running behind them.

“Must’ve forgotten something,” Hank muttered, turning to the waiter with a cool smile. Then he stopped and the smile drained from his face.

The waiter was nowhere to be seen.

In his place stood the redhead girl, her chest rising and falling from exertion, that old book clasped in her arms.

Up close, Hank could see it was a battered, leather thing covered in strange writing. It looked like it was a thousand years old.

Hank glared at the girl.

“What do *you* want?”

“Don’t worry,” the girl spoke to Jo, ignoring Hank. “I’m here to help. I don’t usually do this, but you seemed so upset...”

“She’s fine.” Hank took a menacing step toward the girl. She ignored him.

“I had a boyfriend once who acted like a teenager,” she said to Jo. “In the end I found a *perfect* cure. I thought you could use it, too.”

*What does that bitch mean, ‘cure’?* Hank thought, furiously.

“I don’t know who you are-” He started.

“Me?” The girl at last turned to him, that predatory smile back on her face. “I’m a witch. And *this* is my spell book.”

She yanked the old book open and smiled evilly at Hank.

“And *you* are about to get exactly what you deserve.”

Then she was reading, whispering something under her breath. There was a distant flash of lightning and a wind picked up, blowing leaves across the parking lot.

For a moment, Hank was frozen to the spot. Then he laughed nervously.

“Listen to this dumb-” he started, turning to Jo.

Then he saw his wife and stopped in horror.

Jo was now his height and growing taller, looking down on him with an disbelieving expression on her face. With a start, Hank realized he was shrinking. He turned back to the girl with a feeling of panic.

“What did you do you *bitch?!?*” He yelled, then clamped his hands over his mouth.

His voice had changed. Gone was its deep, masculine bass. In its place was something soft and high-pitched and-and...

...girly.

The girl threw back her head and laughed, her dark red hair bouncing off her shoulders.

“You were acting like a spoiled teenage girl.” She smiled. “So I decided to turn you into one.”

Hank’s clothes were growing around him, becoming vast sheets which dwarfed him. His jacket hung from his frame, his shirt draped loosely off his skin. He threw Jo a pleading look.

“Jo!” He squeaked in his newly-feminine voice, “make her stop!”

But Jo hesitated. As Hank watched, she folded her arms across her enormous breasts and gave him a peculiar smile.

“I don’t know, honey,” she said. “I want to see where this is going.”

There was a flash of light and suddenly Hank was naked, cowering under the gaze of the two women. He instinctively wrapped his arms around his body, and then he felt it.

His body was *changing*.

A ripple passed through Hank’s flesh, like a wave passing under his skin. His strong pecs collapsed and deflated, the hair on his chest sucking back into his body with an unbearable itching. At the same time his middle-aged paunch hauled itself up and vanished inside him, leaving a flat, smooth tummy.

Hank watched in fascination as the fat dropped away from his sides, wriggled down to his waist and formed around his hips. There was a feeling of pressure and his ass leapt up and filled out, and suddenly Hank was the proud owner of a sexy, hourglass figure.

He squeaked in horror, and was rewarded with a shiver in his chest. Two big and beautiful breasts came bursting out, pushing away from his frame, the nipples dark and long. Hank reached out a terrified hand to stop them, and felt one grow to fill his palm, pert and firm and smooth.

There was an unpleasant grinding sensation, and Hank’s shoulders began to tug in towards his body, becoming narrow and slender. The muscle collapsed from his arms and drained away, leaving only two delicate, hairless things. For a brief moment, his large, masculine hands held on, then they gave a shudder and contracted, becoming

small and dainty and girly. As Hank watched, his nails turned pink and sparkly with nail polish.

“What do you think?” Hank heard the girl shout over the wind to Jo. “Improvement?”

It was too noisy for him to hear the reply. But as Hank shot his wife a terrified glance, he saw something that sent a jolt through his stomach.

For the first time in months, Jo was smiling...

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**About the Author** Lisa Change began writing erotica after getting frustrated with ebooks that had no plots or characters. She's the author of many other gender-swap fantasies, including [Turned Into His Wife's Teenage Daughter](#), and [Turned Into His Sister's Maid](#), as well as the delightfully kinky [Digital Slave Girl Series](#). You can see more releases, and keep up to date with news at her [Amazon page](#). Lisa currently lives with her boyfriend and their two dogs. The name Lisa Change is, as you may have guessed, a pseudonym.

\*

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