

Mini-Story: The Other Foot (Bodyswap TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

Lionel was once Linda, a put-upon housewife who had to do everything for her demanding husband Jason. But ever since a strange purple lightning storm changed their genders, she's come to appreciate her new role, and that includes having a submissive wife in Jason, now Jacinta.

The Other Foot

"If the shoe was on the other foot, I'd do what I was meant to as a woman."

That's what you always said to me, wasn't it, Jason? Sorry, I should say *Jacinta*, since that's your name now. Just like you should call me Lionel instead of Linda. It sure is funny how much you resist your new role, my darling wife, despite how much you used to tell me that line. I mean, during our four years of marriage you always tried to put me in my place and tell me exactly how to behave.

"As a woman should," I believe was the way you put it.

Well, how should a woman act then, *Jacinta*? As I recall, before we ended up swapping genders and you ended up in that gorgeous body of yours, you had a hell of a lot of ideas about how a woman, particularly a wife, should act. Yes, I remember exactly, don't think I've forgotten. You made me do all the house chores from the washing to the dishes to the cleaning to the dusting to the every damn thing else. Cooking was a major expectation, of course, and if it wasn't ready by 6pm on the dot you certainly let me know, no matter my excuse or tiredness. You barely pitched in for anything beyond putting out the bins once a week and occasionally mowing the lawn, and that for you was enough. Oh, and despite the fact that I loved my job at the travel centre, you made sure to push me right out of it. A woman's place isn't to work, after all, and a wife's is to serve her husband while he acts as the breadwinner. Not that you won us much bread. Just enough to keep us afloat, really, and for you to have more beers than was necessary, and a gut to go with it. And that's not even getting into our love life; you really did have expectations of me fulfilling your desires. When you told me you wanted me to "give you" a large family, as if I *owed* you, I was already having regrets about our marriage. I could still see the man you used to be, but he'd been overtaken by this lazy blob who made demands and thought he had the right to rule over me because he had an unimpressive stub between his legs.

Well, all that changed when we were driving to go meet some friends together, didn't it? I don't know where that strange storm came from, or why the meteorologists couldn't explain it. I like to think it was a blessed celestial event, but then I've always been more

spiritual. Either way, its purple haze was certainly ethereal, and the bolts of violet lightning that landed right down upon our car did not kill us as they should.

It did change us though, didn't it?

I won't lie, growing a penis between my thighs while trying to talk nice with friends at the dinner table was not on my bingo list for this year, nor was my whole body gradually changing into the kind of man I could only dream of landing once; tall, dark and handsome just like I used to see you as. But then again, the trade off was absolutely worth it, because that strange purple lightning transformed you too. I could see you panic at the table as two large breasts pushed out through your shirt, even popping a button or two. When your hair grew out, long and dark and curly, well, something in me was immediately smitten, and even more when you softened and shrank, all that excess beer fat going to that wonderfully plump rear of yours, not to mention those babymaking hips.

We were the only ones who recognised the change, of course. You were no longer Jason but Jacinta, even on your ID and personal records. And I was Lionel, no longer Linda. I was the breadwinner now, and with a great income working in tourism, while your job was gone, leaving you as the stay-at-home wife. How the worm turns, huh?

How the shoe lands on the other foot.

I won't deny, it had been *very* cute watching you adjust, especially when you fight back. Your transformation was more extreme than mine for whatever reason: you didn't just turn into one hot wife, but one who feels a strong compulsion to dress up nice for her husband, to cook and clean for him, to do her makeup and look not only presentable but pretty, to submit to her *wifely duties*, as you once so eloquently and chauvinistically put it. Me, on the other *foot*, I guess I got off easy. Sure, it was odd adjusting to being so tall and masculine, losing my boobs and my curves. The random boners I got were weird, as was the realisation that I was into women now. Giving up feminine makeup was hard, but necessary, and I won't lie, I've been sad to let go of feeling emotions so purely. I feel a lot more stoic than I was. But none of these things are compulsions. I don't feel a strange instinctive 'push' to dress in nice suits or style my hair a certain way, nor an exterior force urging me to make love to my wife and accept my take-charge role.

No, I'm sorry to say, sweetie, but that's all me. Just me, finally enjoying life on the other foot. When you came to me that first time, practically speechless with arousal, fuming with embarrassment and shame and wanton lust, I was damn hard for you, but I could have said no. But you were so wet for me it was making you wild, and how could I resist that? Especially since you were on your back with your legs spread this time, your breasts ready to be played with, your cries high and sweet as I penetrated *you*.

And we've done that a lot since, as you know, and in quite a few positions. You used to demand those kinds of positions. I still remembered when you pressured me into doing

anal, despite the fact that I hated it the whole time. Well, now I /love it honey, and I have it on good authority you do too, despite how much it burns you up. Just like you love sucking my cock, especially in the morning when you get on your knees in front of me, never losing eye contact as I let you know exactly what your role is now. I love that the compulsions make you swallow, though I think you'd do it anyway; don't think I didn't hear you mutter in the shower the other day about how annoyed you are that you're addicted to my cum. Don't worry, Jacinta, I'm addicted to you, too. I love seeing you in those pretty summer dresses, looking like a stereotypical housewife, your hair getting longer and longer over time and enhancing your femininity. I love how much your cooking is improving from those early disasters, and even more how much your face lights up with a strange sense of both pride and frustration when I praise your housework. It's like a dopamine rush you keep trying to quit, but just can't.

Yey still you complain, no matter how many blowjobs you give, or let me take you from behind in the kitchen, or dress up and do your makeup for our little date outings. I know you want to change back, put that shoe on the other foot. It's not happening, dear.

Which brings me to the good news. You see, the reason I'm telling you all of this is because there's one last little expectation of being the perfect wife you have yet to fulfil. You might recall how you kept telling me that I would have to "give you" a large family, like it was some kind of statement about your epic virility? Well, who's the virile one now? And who's looking quite fertile, with those lovely breasts and childbearing hips?

Oh, don't look so down. I know you're already feeling the compulsion, honey. I see how you look at pregnant women on the street and bite your lip at the sight of them. Your remaining male ego may not want it, but your new female body certainly does. So I hope you don't mind, but I've thrown away your contraceptive pills. I've also thrown away my condoms. It's better when I'm naked inside you anyway, and I know you like it more. I don't imagine it will take you long to fall pregnant, Jacinta, especially since you'll feel such a need to do so. You'll be angry with me, frustrated, and annoyed no doubt at all the exhausting symptoms that come in that first trimester. But then your belly will start to grow, your boobs too, and I know I just cannot wait to hold my pregnant wife and cup her belly and remind her of how she's literally growing our family inside her.

So don't worry, my love, it's all been decided. The shoe is on the other foot now, and who knows, you might already be pregnant this very moment. Just don't forget this is only the first pregnancy. They say the first is the hardest, but who knows? You'll be able to tell me in the years to come, I guess. Your job will be a stay-at-home mom, and I can't wait for you to give me a large family.

The End