

Alt-Ending: Happy Wife, Happy Life (Man to Trophy Wife TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

Months after a bad altercation with a witch, a curse turned Alex into his best friend Colin's attractive wife and compelled them to constantly sleep together. But in this version of the story, the pair managed to find a magical solution . . . only for it to cause them to switch places! Now, it's Alex's turn to cheer his friend-turned-wife up, and hopefully Claire will appreciate it!

Alt-Ending: Happy Wife, Happy Life

Claire woke up, as she always did, with a desperate desire for her husband's cock. She couldn't help it. Her flesh was ready for him the moment she reached a state of consciousness, and she knew exactly why; Alex was having some kind of sexy dream that had left him with a hard case of morning wood. She could feel his erection between the cheeks of her rear, and soon she was rocking against it, feeling his impressive member against her backside, milking him just through the motions and stirring him to wakefulness.

"Ohhh," Alex grunted, and even as he slowly woke up, he was already cupping her large breast and fondling her nipple. It left her moaning, and the beautiful blonde smiled brightly as her partner became more firm in his ministrations.

"C-Claire? Oh God, I'm sorry. I need you. Fuck, I did it again, didn't I? The morning wood?"

"Mhmm, you did," she purred, still sliding against his dick which was positively *throbbing* by this point. "And I need it. You have no idea how much I need it, Alex. I need you to *fuck me. Now.*"

He proceeded to do just that, and in one of her favourite positions by that point. Alex raised her leg up and then, with her help, slid his huge penis inside of her from behind, his hand still clutching her large, sensitive breast. She let out a long moan as he inserted himself all the way into her pussy, an action that still somehow managed to surprise her after these many months.

"Want you," he murmured in her ear. "I'm sorry, but I can't fucking resist you."

"It's the c-curse, I know!" she whined as she shifted her hips to better take in his impressive length and girth. "Please less complaining and more thrusting!"

That, he could certainly provide. Alex had always been a very capable lover - the man had gotten girlfriends galore back in the day - but now he was a finely tuned instrument. No, he was the musician, and *she* was the instrument, and he played her perfectly, making her gasp and moan and cry out as he thrust again and again. He sucked on her neck, he

squeezed her breasts, he pinched her nipples and continued to fuck her raw. By the time he lowered his hand down to feel her belly, which was just starting to expand with their child, she was on the very verge of pure ecstasy.

“Ohhhh, I c-can’t believe this is s-still happening to meeee!” she cried. “I can’t believe! I can’t - OHHHH YESSS!!!”

The bliss that followed was indescribable, as it always was. Somehow, it was, in fact, even better than it had been in the past, which followed an upward trajectory of pleasure in the last few months. Was it her pregnancy? Was it just that they were more companionable? Was it just that she’d accepted her fate? Claire was not entirely sure herself, but she was no longer ashamed to wail in a high, sweet soprano, before finally diminishing to an aroused whimper, her body shuddering and her large breasts wobbling with each heaving and satisfied breath.

It was several minutes later when Alex finally extracted himself from her, and she rolled onto her back while he faced her. His look was quite sheepish, and it actually made the beautiful and buxom blonde giggle a little.

“What’s so funny?”

“Just your face, man. You look like you’ve just run over a kitten, instead of made your wife orgasm a hundred thousand times or however many times that was.”

“Aren’t you supposed to know? You’re the accountant!”

At this, she raised an eyebrow. “I don’t know, Alex, I sort of *lose track* when I’m on the verge of fainting from so much pleasure.”

Alex puffed out his chest a little, momentarily pleased at the compliment, but then he deflated again. The curse was making him stroke her large right breast lovingly, before lowering his hand down to feel her belly. Claire was still trying to account for this new variable, but it was getting harder to avoid all the future budgeting considerations, chore allocations, and general work prospects when it came to her pregnancy.

“We shouldn’t even be joking about this,” Alex said. “It was me who was meant to be like this, not you.”

She placed her hand upon his, and together the curse compelled them to stroke her belly, where the faintest hint of movement had occurred just the previous week, making the pregnancy now all too real for both of them; Claire especially. She was a woman of numbers, and always had been - the numbers part, that was - and things that fell outside of that scope were always difficult to quantify for her. She still didn’t know how she felt about the little life growing inside of her, or the fact that her best friend was now the father, but . . . part of her felt connected. It was an emotional reaction that she had difficulty parsing, but she knew that as soon as she could express it in some kind of chart or equation, it would all make sense to her.

"It's not your fault, Alex," she said, pressing her naked body against his a little.

"That's not true, and you know it. It's my fault that we're in this mess. I said those dumb things and got cursed, and that magical solution ended up - woah, are you okay?"

Claire's eyes had widened. "Whoop! Sorry, Alex! Your, er, 'stuff' is leaking out of me. I need to have a shower and get your swimmers out. Sorry!"

She ran to the adjacent bathroom, which resulted, as it always did these days, in quite a bit of jiggling. Having a pair of G-cup breasts that look almost the size of one's own head will do that, as will having quite the peachy rear and lovely thighs. She cupped her bustline as best as she could, despite how much her boobflesh overflowed her dainty palms. She had to keep her legs tight together to stop too much semen leakage, but thankfully she made it in time and turned on the shower. It was a damn good thing that Claire had always been an odd one, because she *loved* cold showers. A handy thing, since they were always needed to get the semen out of her pubic hair and off of her thighs. When Alex joined, things always got hotter, of course, and in more ways than one.

"It's not your fault!" she shouted from the shower. "You need to stop blaming yourself! It was just bad luck, dude!"

"And you're the one living with it!" Alex shouted back.

Clair took in his words and lowered her hand down to her belly. She couldn't even really see it unless she leaned over, thanks to her very ample breasts, but she could *feel* it. The slowly parting muscles, the firming abdomen, the taut skin. And that was setting aside the hormones, the tiredness, the bouts of morning sickness that had only ended a few weeks ago, not to mention those faint stirrings within her, the ones that sometimes left her with a little smirk on her features, one she couldn't quite understand.

"It's not your fault," she whispered to herself, stroking her growing mound. "It was just bad - it was just a case of *luck*."

That's how Claire liked to think of it, anyway, ever since a curse had turned her into her best friend's wife and eventually gotten her knocked up.

The truth was, she had once been a man named Colin, a nerd in his early twenties who was studying to be an accountant, which was indeed the job she held now as a woman. She and Alex had been best buddies for years, and the pair loved action movies, videogames, and had a shared interest in football - though it was much more statistical in nature on Colin's side. But whereas Alex had slowly evolved into a handsome dark-haired ladies man, the blonde and bespectacled Colin had a lot more difficulty picking up women, and even less success in actually doing the deed with any real frequency. Thankfully, Alex did his best to

serve as Colin's wingman, always getting his numbers-minded nerd of a friend out of his comfort zone, often taking him to bars and clubs and the like.

But that was also where things went awry. While more than a little tipsy one night at a popular music club, Alex and Colin got a little bit tipsier than usual, the former especially. He discussed Colin's preference for a woman, but disregarded the notions Colin had about her being an intelligent and work-minded woman who wanted to have children. Colin had always wanted five children, the same number his parents had had together, but Alex disregarded this, offering his own interpretation of a fine woman instead.

"So you want a fucking hot, submissive little so-and-so who'll be totally devoted to you, man. I'm talking a fucking twelve out of ten, knock your socks off kind of bombshell with a big fucking set of tits - I'm talking G-cups, man. Like, totally head-sized, and really sensitive - and a set of hips that will make you fucking drool. Like, a real set of babymakers. As in, you take one look at dem hips and you know you just want to get that girl knocked up because she was made to birth your kids. Yeah, and she'd show off her whole body, and she'd have a pretty face and full lips and long hair and the hottest fucking voice that always sounded like she wanted to get down and dirty."

Colin had laughed at the time, amused at how his friend had such high expectations for a woman, which included that she'd be a fantastic cook and cleaner to boot. But unfortunately for Alex, a woman nearby had been listening, and was utterly disgusted with his words.

"Are you serious? I'm here trying to have a good time and I have to hear this misogynistic drivel?"

"We're just having fun with hypotheticals, love," Alex said, smirking and swaying on his feet a little due to the tipsiness.

"Hypotheticals, huh? And you think it's okay to objectify women like that?"

Alex chuckled before Colin could stop him, and indicated to the thin witch. *"Well, no offence honey, but I won't be objectifying you anytime soon!"*

Colin had tried to defend his friend, while also making apologies to the woman for Alex's behaviour, but the woman had looked at Alex with utter disgust in her eyes. *"I don't care if he's drunk or not usually like this, the fact that you are friends with someone like this is appalling! Still, at least you tried to defend me, and seem to find his ideas about women laughable. For that, at least, I'll show some mercy, and perhaps even a blessing with this curse. Since you, Alex, seem to have this perfect idea of a woman in your head-"*

"Hey, how'd you learn my name?"

"-then maybe there's no better candidate than you to become her. I curse you to become the sexy, submissive woman you described, and to be compelled to be your friend Colin's wife and have his babies, just like he wants. Consider that your curse for life!"

With that, the strange woman had stormed off, leaving the two very confused. They eventually left the party and took a cab back to their respective homes. But after a series of strange and very sexy dreams, Alex was horrified to wake up just as the witch woman of the party said he would become: his own personal dream woman! She had massive G-cup tits and a gorgeous hourglass figure. She had gorgeous raven-black hair and a sensitive body, not to mention a pussy between her legs! She was confused and shocked, but even more so when she realised that her body was pressed up against her best friend, both of whom were naked! Somehow, she'd ended up at Colin's place, and the new woman was horny beyond belief. She tried to resist it, but the curse compelled her to act out the misogynistic fantasies she'd spoken about the previous night, and Colin was likewise forced to do the same alongside her. Soon she was on her back, crying out in pleasure and confusion as her best friend ploughed into her tight, wet passage. Worse, even as he fucked her, she saw that they both now had matching wedding rings on their fingers, as well as a sparkling engagement ring below hers. They weren't just forced to be lovers; Alex was now Colin's dream wife!

They lived like that for a time. Reality had changed, and Alex was now Amber, with everyone remembering her always being a gorgeous, buxom woman who always showed off her divine body. Colin was thought of as the lucky bastard who had somehow seduced her despite his shy, unassuming demeanour, and the pair were helpless but to have sex at least four times a day, with Amber cumming *hard* each time. Not only that, but she was forced to dress up sexy for him, to cook and clean for him, and to manage their new shared household. Colin felt immensely guilty, but he couldn't stop himself. The only hope was for them to find some way to reverse the witch's curse and change Amber back to normal.

There wasn't much time for that, either; Amber was *well aware* that the fantasy she'd been cursed with included making babies. She was terrified each time they forgot to use a condom, especially since the curse didn't allow her to go on the pill. At any point, she could fall pregnant, and that would be a humiliation to her male pride even greater than the fact that she'd orgasmed like crazy while Colin took her up the ass from behind on their bed.

"We need to find a way to turn me back!" she said one morning, after yet another fuckfest that left her almost faint from the sheer number of orgasms she'd experienced.

"I know, I know," Colin replied, sliding his surprisingly huge dick out of her. "I'm so sorry about this, Amber."

"It's not your fault, man. It's that stupid witch! Ugh! I wish I'd never been such an idiot and said all that drunken stuff. Now I'm such a bimbo."

"You're not a bimbo."

"Well, I look like one. Can't even dress myself without showing off this huge rack. Please tell me your alert system has found something?"

Colin checked his phone on the bed, only for his eyes to go wide. "Oh my God! It has! There's a guy who's just contacted me; he says there's a chance of doing a reversal spell!"

Amber was enormously keen. She'd been a woman for almost a month, and had experienced more than her fill of random strangers ogling her big boobs or watching her ass as she walked, and that wasn't even getting into the amount of times she'd sucked Colin's dick and felt a genuine burst of bliss as he ejaculated into her mouth. She never wanted to think about swallowing cum ever again, no matter how good it tasted.

It took another few days of organising with this online stranger; Colin wanted to test the veracity of this source, but it seemed that the man knew his stuff and could accurately describe the witch.

'I was affected by her as well. She turned me into a woman for mainsplaining things to her. Took me two years to uncover a reversal spell. I've pasted the instructions below. I hope it works out well for you; I've not tried it with two people before but I imagine it should work.'

It required a chalk circle, a few trinkets and items, most of which were easily sourced from the kitchen, it turned out, as well as a specific chant. After having yet another bout of sex - their arousal was stirred up by their nervousness - the beautiful and busty Amber stepped into the circle alongside her friend-turned-husband. They held one another's hands and breathed softly.

"Soon, I'll be taller than you again. And a lady's man."

"Yep, just like before," Colin said.

"Don't tell me you're going to miss your wife."

Colin blushed. "I'll miss bits of it, but I just want my friend to be happy."

It made Amber's chest go warm, and soon she was blushing too. "Damn female hormones. Dude, you are such a romantic. Okay, let's do this. I want my big dick again, and not having your *really big dick* inside of me. Hopefully this can just be a whacky, embarrassing, and slightly nostalgic memory one day, huh?"

Colin squeezed her hands. "Yeah," he said. "Hopefully."

"And you can go back to cooking your own meals, dude."

"I already did that before! Are you going to say the magic words or not?"

They recited them together: *"I beseech the arcane to loosen the bindings of a curse most foul. To reverse that which has been wrought upon me by magic. To switch back, and undo what had been done. By the arcane, we ask that the curse may be turned away!"*

The chalk circle glowed around their feet. Both of them smiled eagerly, and even more so when Amber felt her body begin to change. Her height regrew, and her muscles began to develop. Her very ample chest started to deflate, giving way to powerful pecs. Her

showy housewife dress started to close over to form a button shirt and male pants. With a shiver of delight, she felt her penis slide out of her vagina, the passage filled in as her maleness was restored.

"It's happening!" he declared, once more Alex again in mind. "I'm becoming a dude again! God, I'd missed this!"

"Um, A-Alex!"

It was only then that Alex focused his attention on his best friend, and realised that something very, very wrong was happening. Colin was getting shorter, and his blonde hair was growing longer. The man was moaning as his lips took on a natural girly pout, and his features were softening, jaw reshaping to leave him with a heart-shaped face.

"Oh shit! Shit! Colin, it's changing you now!"

The changing man panicked. He looked down at his body, only to cup his chest as a pressure grew there.

"Ohhhhhh! Oh God, not t-tits!"

But it was too late. The nerdy young man's chest *exploded* outwards, growing a huge pair of tits that were just as round, full, and impressively pert as Alex's had been mere moments ago.

"Fuck! It's reversing the effects on us!" Alex declared.

"I'm w-well aware!" Colin suddenly cried in a high, sweet soprano. He covered his mouth in shock, only to whimper in a surprisingly arousing tone as the rest of his body changed. His hips spread outwards, while his waist thinned. He was not a massively athletic guy, but even then his frame managed to reduce. He whimpered as his genitals pulled back in, and stepping out of the chalk circle did nothing. Alex had no idea what to do; he was forced to watch as his innocent best friend was stuck with *his* curse.

"M-my penis! It's going back innnnn!"

Colin wailed, cupping his breasts even as his hair grew out long enough to reach the small of his back. It was a sound so gorgeous that, to his own shame, Alex's member began to grow hard. Colin seemed to sense this, because the new woman squirmed, rubbing her thighs together even as her clothing changed. To their shared astonishment, her pants withdrew to become a lacy red lingerie underwear, and this was matched by a push up bra of the same sexy colour and style, which made her boobs look so damn ripe and enormous.

"Mhmmm! Alex" she moaned, her figure now complete; a dynamite glasses-wearing blonde bombshell. "I'm f-feeling a n-new compulsion! Oh God, we've swapped places, and we're s-still married!"

Alex looked at his ring finger and saw that he still had his wedding band, only *she* now possessed the diamond engagement ring. "Oh. Oh shit! Claire, I'm so sorry!"

"Wh-what did you just call me?"

"I meant to call you Claire. I mean, Claire. Oh damn, I think reality has changed again!"

It certainly had, but the conditions of the curse still functioned the same. The newly-christened Claire found her body immediately desperate to please her husband. An unfamiliar warm dampness started to soak her underwear, while her nipples throbbed, breasts yearning to be touched. The curse compelled her forwards, her eyes bright blue and wide with shock as she approached Alex.

"I can't h-help it!" she whined. "I need you so badly!"

"M-me too!" Alex proclaimed. "I didn't mean for this to happen. I swear! I -"

But then they were kissing, and feeling one another all over, conducting a familiar dance they'd done many times before in the last month, only now having switched places. It was a remarkable reversal, and one that was rather alien to both of them. As Alex kissed and caressed his new wife, he was hit by the discomforting sensation that he wasn't used to being the dominant one after a month of this, nor having a giant erect penis that was hungry to plough his partner's pussy. Claire, meanwhile, was in even more foreign territory. She suddenly had large sensitive tits that her husband was sucking on after removing her bra, and her pussy was getting so fucking wet that it was driving her crazy. Her hair was too long, her body too soft, her muscles too weak, and her needs too submissive, but she was helpless to resist her incredibly strong libido. Her body was just too horny, and it needed Alex to thrust into her.

And he did.

Many times, in fact. Not just that day but that afternoon and that night as well, and all the days and weeks and months after right up to the present day. They tried contacting the man who'd helped them with the spell, but he could only give apologies - evidently the reversal spell had unpredictable results when two people were affected, and it wasn't working when they tried it a second time - Alex owed his friend-turned-wife that much. But it was no use; something about the spell had locked in even harder than the previous time, and nothing was able to revert their positions or undo the spell entirely. That left *Claire* as the new trophy wife instead, a blonde, glasses-wearing buxom beauty who walked sexy, dressed sexy, and did all the cleaning and cooking for her husband. The only difference between her and Amber's fate was that she could still work; something about the spell had loosened or shifted there, because in this new reality Claire was an accountant. One who had to put up with figures at work hitting on her or trying to catch a sneak peek at her boobs, which were tightly fitted into her white blouse, but an accountant nonetheless. It was only a small victory, alas.

Because soon she fell pregnant.

Claire emerged from the shower totally naked, and smirked a little as her husband took in the sight of her. He was still naked as well, and her eyes drifted to his penis, which was now flaccid but had flopped rather pleasingly upon his thigh. She resisted the urge to lick her lips and make some kind of come-on; such urges were a lot more natural lately.

"What's the plan for the day?" she asked.

But Alex was still in his funk. Without bothering to put on clothes, she slunk back into bed and pressed her warm body against his.

"Hey, you okay?"

"Am I okay?" Alex laughed. "Look at you! You're a woman, Claire! You're pregnant with our baby! You did everything to try and turn me back, and now here you are, months down the line, stuck as my wife and growing a baby. It's not fair on you."

She sighed. "I keep telling you, dude, it's not your fault. Look, at least I'm an accountant like I always dreamed, right? And, er, I did want kids. I didn't expect to be the one pushing them out, but I did want them. And you're my best friend. Listen, I made a chart, okay?"

"A what?"

"A chart!" she said, perking up. "A Positives, Negatives, and Interesting Chart. You know how I am. I like to quantify data and figure it all out in my head. I'm adding to it everyday. For instance, one positive about being a woman is that I no longer feel pressured to be strong and manly, which I always sucked at before. One negative, though, is that - no offence - I kinda have to give you blowjobs."

"Sorry about that. The curse-"

"I know," she said. "But an interesting point is that the taste of semen is, well, not exactly bad while I'm like this. It's embarrassing, so it's not all positive, but it makes giving you head more tolerable, so it's not all negative. Hence, interesting!"

"Yeah, I still remember the taste of it. Kinda salty, but . . . nice?"

"Exactly!"

Alex furrowed his brow. He was already caressing her body, feeling her peachy tush idly, which was normally a prelude to another round of sex. But he wanted to concentrate on Claire's words.

"Wait, so you made a chart covering all of this?"

"It's a living document," she said in her nerdy way. "Whenever I experience positives, negatives, or simply interesting aspects of being a woman, I update the document on my computer so I can statistically determine how I feel about being a woman and focus on the more beneficial parts of it."

Alex chuckled. "God, you're such a nerd."

"A nerd who can still beat you at *Bloodfighter IV*. That's a positive, by the way."

"Fair enough. Did you put 'having big sexy boobs on the positives list?'"

"No! They're not remotely aerodynamic!"

"Man, I would have. I didn't like people ogling my big rack, but having huge sensitive tits for a time was pretty cool. I liked making them jiggle. So . . . this list-chart-thiny. It makes you happy?"

She considered this, touching her belly for a moment, where some new flutters were taking place. "It makes it . . . easier to deal with. And to deal with certain emotional changes I'm still figuring out. Data is the lifeblood of decision-making, after all. I'm hoping to create a number system to match the chart, and then I can represent my female journey more completely."

Alex momentarily delayed his arousal; her massive boobs were pressing against his side, and he desperately wanted to suck on those amazing tits. But he looked up into the entrancing face of his friend-turned-wife. "But what can I do?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, I'm stuck as your husband. I should be your wife, if we'd let the curse run as it was supposed to. You deserve this even less than I did. I feel . . . I feel some kind of responsibility to make sure that you're happy. You know what they say; a happy wife leads to a happy life. Well, you're stuck as my wife, and I'm not going to ask that you figure it all out with charts and shit."

"Hey, I *like* charts and shit!"

"Yeah, I know that, but still . . . I should be doing something. I mean, if I was in your position - still in your position, I mean - what would *you* do for me?"

Claire perked up, brushing her hair behind her ear in that way that Alex really liked but had never dared to tell her. "Oh, that's easy! I'd make the same chart for you!"

"I don't think that would work on me, babe. I mean, dude. Shit."

"It's okay. You call me babe during sex. It's fine."

"Well, I'm just saying, charts don't work on me. I'm too much of a jock."

"You never know! But I wouldn't want you to try and cheer me up using *my* ways anyway. I'd want you to cheer me up using *your* ways. That's what a good husband does, right?"

She could tell that her words had impacted Alex more than she'd intended, because something like a realisation dawned upon his face.

"Okay . . . yeah. You're not wrong. I'll figure something out, Claire. To make it up to you."

"You don't have to do that. I don't blame you. I keep telling you that. In terms of probability, there was no way we could have known it would go this way."

She touched her belly again, smiling just that little bit more. Her little one was getting stronger each day. A strange mix of emotions hit her, and again she struggled to navigate them. She needed more data on her chart, she figured.

"It doesn't matter," Alex declared. "I need to step up. Be a proper husband if we're really stuck like this. Stop letting you do all the cooking and cleaning - you work too, after all. I'll do something for you to cheer you up, Claire. I swear it."

She smiled from ear to ear, oddly touched by his vow. "It's a deal," she said.

He squeezed her peachy ass, which caused her to giggle and press her large bosom closer to his face. It was all too much to resist at that point, and Alex bit his lip and gave a pained expression.

"And I'm really sorry, but I'll have to start thinking up ideas *after* we go another round. I really fucking need you on top of me right now, babe."

"Oh, thank God!" she exclaimed, surprising even herself. "I'm so fucking wet and ready to go, dude. Give me another positive!"

Minutes later, he absolutely did, because Claire was crying out in a high, exquisite voice as her husband ejaculated deep inside of her. She collapsed forwards, letting him suck upon her breasts and feel her luscious body, and once more she couldn't help but smile.

More data. More valuable statistical insight.

Should she tell him?

"Are we there yet?"

"Very funny," Alex replied as he steered the car. "We are, in fact, just about there."

"Good, because I'm seriously starving."

"We already stopped for lunch. Twice!"

"Well, *you* try being a lady!"

"I was, remember?"

"A *pregnant* one, then," Claire corrected. She stuck out her tongue teasingly at her husband, placing a hand on his thigh as she did so. Once more, he was reminded of how much he wanted her touch. The fact that she was wearing a tight pink crop top and pair of daisy dukes, her slightly rounded belly bare to the world, was only making him more turned on.

"Fair enough," he said. "You win."

"I should start a record," Claire continued, folding her arms beneath her magnificent breasts and showing off her cleavage a little purposefully. "All the times I've managed to win an argument since becoming your wife. I suspect I've got a two-thirds success rate, perhaps higher."

"Like you said," Alex replied, turning the corner. "Happy wife, happy life. And I hope this makes you happy, buddy. Because with you stuck as you are, I truly want to make you happy. You damn well deserve it."

"Well, on that note - wait, is this a *resort!*?"

The gorgeous pregnant blonde sat up in her car seat a little higher. Sure enough, the Scenic Viewport Resort loomed into view, surrounded by palm trees, golf courses, tennis courts, expansive pools, and numerous other facilities.

"Wait, you can't be serious!" Claire protested. "This place is seriously ritzy!"

Alex grinned. "Well, I was thinking about doing some chart or mathematical equation to make you feel better, but *you're* the smart one, Claire. It's why *I* should have stayed as the wife, all things considered."

"Nonsense, you're doing great work as a fitness trainer!"

"And you're making bigger bucks as an accountant even while the curse makes you all submissive, which ain't fair at all. But that just means, at least, that we're making pretty good money together. I can afford this."

She rubbed her dainty hands together, and Claire realised that she might get a *manicure* at this place, a prospect that she actually found a little exciting these days. Hell, a pedicure too! She'd never had one before, but why not? She was compelled to be an absolutely feminine chick, so might as well go all the way, right?

"How long are we staying? We are staying together, aren't we?"

"Of course!" Alex announced, which immediately soothed her. "No offence, but I want to be here too, and, well . . . you know how the curse is."

Claire giggled a little. She stroked her stomach, where their baby was sleeping again, half-way through its womb adventure already. "Yeah, I've got a pretty good idea, dude. I *am* gestating your baby at the moment."

"There but for the grace of God I go," Alex winced. "Again, I'm-"

"Stop saying you're sorry," she said, smirking. "Just tell me what we're in for!"

She found out soon enough. Alex parked and helped Claire out of the car, and the two of them made their way to the reception and checked in. Someone even took their bags for them, but Claire was astonished that Alex had gone for one of the most expensive packages, though she wasn't told the price.

"You need to tell me!" she hissed, poking him in the rear.

“No, no. It was entirely my money, and for once I’m going to willingly play the dominant husband and you can be the submissive wife who doesn’t know where the money is going. This is all for you, Claire, and I don’t want you fretting about money.”

She pouted, but inwardly the former male was thrilled. She’d never been treated like this, had never imagined being treated like this. She was practically bouncing on her feet as they ascended the elevator together, which caused her breasts to jiggle noticeably in her top. She didn’t mind; Claire was getting aroused again, and at this point, she’d do anything to Alex’s body to thank him for this gift. When they finally reached their elaborate suite she actually gasped.

“Oh my God! Look at all the amenities! There’s a champagne bottle on the bed - a non-alcoholic one! And chocolates! God, these cravings have been kicking my ass, dude. I really need some chocolates!”

She was already wolfing them down when Alex showed her the rest of the suite. Her eyes sparkled when she was shown the personal hot spa tub, as well as the two-person luxury shower, not to mention the large bed. The view of the sea was magnificent, and they could see the pools below.

“You just chose this place so you could see my hot preggo body in a bikini, didn’t you?”

Alex shrugged. “It was a factor in my decisionmaking. A small statistic.”

Claire licked her lips. “Mhmm, you know it makes me fucking horny when you talk nerdy like that.”

“Uh . . . demographics were a consideration, too? And bilateral symmetry, and-”

Claire guffawed. “Okay, you are now way off-base!” she declared, but even as she said this, she was removing her crop top and flinging it to the side, and then taking off her bra too.

“Wait, don’t you want to hear the rest of the plan? What I’ve got organised? And weren’t you hungry?”

But the compulsions were too strong, because Alex started removing his belt as well, and slid down his pants. Carefully, the pregnant woman lowered herself down to her knees, caressing her breasts and then cupping them so that she could place his hard cock between them. She looked up at him, horny beyond belief, her eyes desperate, her body willing . . . and her desires totally in line with what she was forced to do anyway.

“I’m hungry for you right now, husband. You can be all sexy and show me the itemised list once I’ve shown you my thanks.”

With that, she lowered her mouth down upon his throbbing cock, and gave him the best damn blowjob of his life . . . or at least, so far. By the time he came, she was moaning along with him, sucking on the head of his dick while squeezing the shaft with her big

breasts. It brought her a flood of delight when he finally ejaculated down her throat. She swallowed every last drop with a smile.

Claire could feel Alex's eyes upon her as she practically *devoured* the room order service they'd requested. It was pork belly slice, her personal favourite, and it was practically *orgasmic* as her pregnancy cravings were satisfied, especially since it came with the most wonderful salad side. She was halfway through eating one of the sliders she'd ordered on the side when she caught Alex looking at her with a partly horrified expression.

"Is something wrong?" she asked.

"No, it's just . . . I always thought of you as a total neat freak, man. Now you're practically dripping half the food onto your plate."

Claire grinned a little sheepishly and wiped her mouth. After a second bout of passionate sex, during which she'd been on her back with her legs spread wide while he fucked her, she'd been more than ready for actual food. She'd kissed her lover passionately without a single compulsion attached as thanks for including room service as part of their package, and rubbed her belly excitedly when it arrived, promising their baby a veritable feast. But she had been, well, rather messy in her devouring of the order.

"I normally am," she said. "But I really can't explain to you how crazy pregnancy cravings are, man. Every part of me is blowing up, and I'm not just talking about my boobs, belly, and ass. My appetite is too."

Alex laughed. "So I'm noticing. Like I said earlier, this could have been me, all pregnant with *your* kid, so I owe you. You know, for taking one for the team."

"Not deliberately!" she protested while eating more salad.

"I know. That magical spell . . . it was the stupidest shit I've ever done. Which is why I've organised this as the perfect trip to try and make it up to you. I mean, it won't be enough, I know. Like, you've got to push out a baby in less than five months--"

"Don't remind me."

"But think of this as the *first* major thing I'll do to be your perfect husband, since you're cursed and compelled to be my perfect wife and stuff. I know I'm not smart like you are, and I don't have your way of organising stuff, but I promise I'll do everything to give you the life you deserve."

Claire was once again filled with that inner warmth, that delightful shiver that passed from the long strands of her blonde hair all the way to her toes. She swallowed down her latest bite and wiped her mouth, before leaning over to touch her husband's arm.

“Hey, this is awesome,” she said. “Hell, I kinda feel more at home in my own body now too, in a strange way.”

“Even in a pink dress showing that much cleavage?” Alex noted.

“Yeah, actually,” she said, shaking her shoulders just a little to make him blush red from all the jiggling that followed from her chest. “I mean, it feels kinda like a honeymoon experience, right? In that sense, the context allows me to roleplay being your wife much more efficiently.”

“God, even as the most gorgeous woman in the world, you are still such a dork.”

She tapped her glasses. “I still have the four eyes, don’t I?”

At this, the pair of them laughed, and a silence followed.

“So, as far as making me happy, this is pretty good,” Claire said. “Food for my baby, nice relaxation. I can’t imagine you’ll mind seeing me in a bikini down in the pool. I swear you definitely got me pregnant on that beach. Plus, there might be massages, and since I’m compelled to be such a trophy wife I figure I might as well get a manicure and pedicure and-”

“There will be all that, and more. God, I can’t imagine ever being as practical as you about this, Claire. I was so . . . completely lost when I was the one who was a woman. You have the kind of organised mind that handles this so much better.”

“I guess I have less male pride to lose,” Claire said, stroking her belly a little. “I wasn’t exactly a player before. A resort stay should be nice given-”

Alex held up a hand. “Just . . . wait. You haven’t let me finish telling you the plan.”

Claire cocked her head, intrigued. “The plan?”

“Oh yes,” her husband replied smugly. “I *can* form plans, you know, even if I’m dumb as a rock compared to you. You didn’t think I’d chosen this resort just for the view, did you?”

The former male suddenly found herself very intrigued. She looked at her handsome husband, and started to smile further. “Okay, I’m interested. It’s not my Positives, Negatives, Interesting chart is it? Because mine is getting quite long and surprisingly-”

“Oh, nothing like that!” he declared. “I’ll leave that to you. I imagine it’s the sort of thing you would have done for me if I were the one who ended up pregnant with your child. *But* I have organised an itinerary I think you will love, my dear.”

“Well, go on then!”

Alex withdrew a slip of paper and coughed. “Day One, check in at the resort, and take advantage of all the amenities. Maternity massage is already booked, followed by a reservation at a Michelin Star restaurant.”

“Alex, that sounds amazing!” Claire declared excitedly. “You know I’m a real foodie, especially now. Do you know-”

“Ah-bup-bup!” Alex said with a wink, before looking back to his piece of paper. “Day Two: A Guided Tour of the Museum of Actuarialism-”

Clair let out an excited squeak. "Wait, you're taking me to *the* Actuary Museum? I've always wanted to go there! It has an entire record of the statistical risk assessments following major hurricane damage, and the original formation of-"

"I know, I know! I had to learn this shit!" Alex continued. "Now let me finish. We'll be returning to the resort later for another dinner, since we'll be at the museum all day, no doubt."

"Yes!"

"But *after* dinner, I've secured Gold-star tickets to the debut screening of *Battle Squadron*."

Claire placed her hand over her well-endowed chest - a very distracting motion. "You didn't! Dude! Gold-star?"

"And the finest seats in the house," Alex bragged. "And a three-course meal."

"Oh my God, I can't wait. Wait, but then what happens on Day Three?"

At this, Alex grinned. "What else but a visit to the Physics and Mathematics Centre, of course?"

"Holy shit! Of course! I always wanted to go there as a kid, you know, because I was a scrawny nerd type and all."

"Well, now you can be a really smoking hot busty blonde nerd type and all. A guy is giving a lecture there on accounting changes in the wake of climate stuff or whatever. It doesn't make sense to me at all, but I remember you saying you liked the guy. I think his name is Albert Buckley? Albert Bartley?"

Claire couldn't help herself. She embraced her new womanhood and literally *squealed*, grabbing her husband and pushing him back on the couch so that she was perched atop his lap, her breasts threatening to spill out of her dress they were straining the low-cut of it so much. But her face was all joy, and so was her heart.

"Albert Brantley? You're talking about Albert Brantley, right?"

"Yes, that's the name! You like his work, right?"

"Are you kidding me? The reforms he's suggested for modern accounting systems and financial tax reform in the wake of global systems disruptions are enthralling!"

At this, Alex couldn't help but laugh, even as his arousal rose with such a bountiful and bosomy view before him. "If you say so, buddy."

Claire couldn't help herself. There was a compulsion growing, but she beat it absolutely to the punch. She kissed her husband passionately, though it was hard to do so because she was smiling so damn hard. The words slipped out of her own volition.

"I love you so fucking much, dude."

Alex kissed her back, then seemed to realise what she'd just said. "Wait - you love me?"

“Yes!” she declared. “Oh God, it feels so good to finally admit it. I’ve been struggling with this for a while, but now it’s totally clear to me. The statistics alone bear it out, and so does all my chartwork, but this just confirms it! I - I love you, Alex! And I kinda sorta really like being a woman.”

Alex looked shocked. He wasn’t even paying attention to her large breasts pressed up against his chest. “You - you do?”

“Granted, it’s a very strange ride, but I wasn’t exactly an alpha male before. I couldn’t get a girlfriend. And I can still be a total nerd even if some idiots think I’m a dumb blonde. And I’m having a baby - I always wanted a kid. Five kids, actually. I hope you haven’t forgotten that. Oh, but Alex, this is just too incredible, man. I couldn’t be happier right now. Really.”

Alex actually shed a tear. He wiped it away quickly, but Claire had seen it.

“I love you too, Claire.”

They kissed again, but Alex pulled back.

“And you are truly happy? I feel so bad, getting our positions reversed-”

Claire put a finger to his lips and grinned mischievously. “I wouldn’t have it any other way, Alex. Seriously, no other way. Besides, I finally get to go to the Museum of Actuarialism!”

“Yeah, about that, do I need to pay attention or-”

She grabbed his hands and placed them on her large breasts, forcing him to squeeze them, which elicited a very erotic moan from the loving woman.

“You let me be the nerd, my love,” she said, giggling a little at the joy of finally admitting her feelings. It put into clarity her connection to her baby too; she loved it just as much, and so she slid her hand down to caress her belly, the warmth and gooeyness extending there too.

“You let me be the nerd,” she repeated. “And you stay as my wonderful jock husband, okay?”

Alex smiled. “I think I can do that.”

They both stared at each other for a long time, soaking in one another’s love . . . until finally Claire couldn’t help but notice a distraction, as well as the sensation of a coming compulsion.

“You’re pretty turned on right now, aren’t you?”

“Very,” Alex laughed.

“Good,” she replied. “Because I’m not just compelled to fuck my wonderful hubbie right now,” the beautiful blonde purred as she shoved her bust in his face. “I *want* to.”

The End