

Undercover Housewives (Cops to MILFs TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

An Anonymous Story Tier Prompt Series

Victor and Martin are rookies on a new undercover force that has a major operation underway. Intent on proving themselves, they sign up to help bust a new suburban drug operation, only to find out they need to become attractive undercover housewives to see the mission through! Will they get their bodies back, or will they go native while undercover?

Undercover Housewives

Part 1: Ah, But Men Underneath

Victor slapped his partner Martin on the back.

“Hell yeah, it’s finally happening, bro! We’re finally getting to go undercover!”

Martin nodded, feeling nervous. The young cop had always dreamed of being part of an undercover sting operation, but he and Victor were still rookies compared to the rest of the force at the station, and now their chief was putting them onto this super secret operation that required its own little safehouse to explain? Something wasn’t adding up.

Victor saw that worry on his friend’s face. He patted Martin’s cheek condescendingly. “Oh, I see that look! You’re nervous about something. Don’t worry, this is all on the level. I’m sure this is how they do all their undercover ops, bro!”

The two got along as partners, but weren’t exactly close friends or anything. Victor was tall, handsome, and exuded manly confidence. He was well-muscled and good with the ladies, and had bright blue eyes and perfect blonde hair. Martin, on the other hand, had struggled to pass the fitness test, and his mind ran more analytical. He was intent on rising up the ranks of the force, and knew the police codes backwards and forwards. He wasn’t bad looking, but he was socially awkward around women and the jock atmosphere of so many cops. It didn’t help that his hair was too curly by half, a chestnut brown contrasting against his overly pale Irish-heritage skin.

“I’m just saying, there’s something weird about this,” Martin whispered as they approached the safehouse in their plain clothes. “Normally, there’s a series of legal steps for such an op. I’ve read about this. The information is delivered at HQ, too. The first step is *not* the safehouse.”

But Victor just grinned, patting his partner on the head a second time, despite knowing how much Martin hated the feel of it.

“Partner, you worry too much. This just goes to show how trusted we are. We made good on that big bust the other week, so we’re getting pushed up the ranks ahead of time. This can only be a good thing! Just wait and you’ll see.”

Martin wasn’t sure, but they reached the door to the apartment that was used by the police for undercover operations and support for their most elite informants. Victor made the particular series of knocks that he’d been requested to, and the door was unbolted and opened moments later. To their surprise, their own Chief Harrigan was on the other side.

“Good timing, boys. We’re all set up. Come on in.”

Even Victor was a little unsettled by this. He stopped inside, followed by Martin, and the pair couldn’t help but notice the two chairs in the middle of the room; the chairs with *straps*. There was also a fourth person; a doctor examining some syringes, and a fifth person; one of their female officers, Mandy Spritz, who was a damn good looking and who’d had a fling with Victor several months ago. He smiled at her, but she didn’t smile back. In fact, she looked away.

“So, uh, Chief, what’s this about?” Victor asked.

Harrigan gestured for them to sit in the chairs with the straps. “Sit down, boys. I’ll give you the full lowdown and we can get down to brass tax.”

Confused, the pair did so, mindful of the straps. Martin wasn’t liking the feel of this, but Victor just took it all as a sign of how important this undercover operation was going to be.

“I’ll be frank with you boys, I can’t give you many details on this one unless you sign on first. I’m sure you’ve heard of this new drug Haze?”

The two men nodded, Victor especially growing excited. He’d heard of it, alright, and dreamed of being the one to help bring down the drug empire which had swelled in the last few years, seemingly out of nowhere. The drug produced high sensitivity and orgasm-like sensations, and was highly addictive. It even made women more fertile and men more virile. More than a few orgies had been busted by the police with haze as the main instigator for the resulting sexual fleshpile. The fact that it could make a woman’s chest go up a full cup size was another big reason why it was popular among women.

“Definitely heard of it, chief,” Martin said. “There’s some interesting chemical reaction and-”

“Good,” Harrigan said, taking a drag on his cigar. “Well, the thing is, we’ve got a lead on where it’s coming from. A quiet, upper-middle class suburban neighbourhood, believe it or not. You see, Haze is just the early prototype drug. The new batch they call *Bliss*, and it’s more powerful. Powerful enough that we need to eradicate the supply and take the dealers and producers at the top *down*. We need young men willing to sacrifice for this mission, men

who are compatible and eager and hungry for glory. You in? I need a yes before we can go any further.”

Victor's response was immediate. “I'm in, Chief. Whatever you need, I'm in.”

Martin was more hesitant, but while he was a good cop, he'd always struggled to stand up to pressure from his peers. And so, after several seconds of appearing to weigh it up, he looked into Victor's eyes and felt that pressure upon him.

“I'm in too,” he said, though he wished he hadn't.

“Good,” Harrigan said. “Sign here.”

They both signed some quick documentation.

“Now, that's sorted, it's time to get this operation moving. It's a big one, and you need to take it seriously. Because you'll be giving this your all. Doc, you ready?”

“Sure am,” the doctor said. “They need to be secured; the compound's effects are powerful.”

Victor smirked. “What's this about, chief?”

“I agree with my partner,” Martin said. “Why are we being strapped in?”

“Like I said, boys, there are parts I can't tell you yet. You'll just have to trust me.”

Even Victor was finding this a bit odd now, but he consented to be strapped into the chair. When they were both secure, the doctor produced two needles full of a strange yellow-like liquid.

“Uhhh,” Martin said. “What's this about? I didn't consent to this!”

“Shut up, partner,” Victor said. “I've read about this. They're putting those fancy new trackers in our bloodstream. It's a cinch.”

“I - I guess that's fine,” Martin said.

The doctor, Harrigan, and even Mandy exchanged a quick look, but otherwise said nothing. At a nod from Harrigan, the serum was injected first into Victor, who took it stoically, and then into Martin, who winced just a little. Both men sat there, waiting for their straps to be released.

“That everything?” Victor said. “I don't think I need to be held down any longer, Chief.”

Harrigan gave a sympathetic smile. “Now, this will feel strange, I'm sure. But trust me that it's for an important reason. There was no other way to infiltrate this group, and it'll all make sense once we explain the finer details. You just weren't likely to sign on if I told you all of them first.”

Martin frowned. He was starting to feel funny. “What are you talking about, Chief?”

“I'll let Mandy give you the lowdown, once this is all done. She'll help you to, ah, adjust, you could say. For now, it shouldn't take too long. Doctor?”

The doctor nodded, checking his watch. "Changes should begin any moment n-"
"NGHH!!"

All eyes turned to Victor, who suddenly seized up. A strange discomfort had come over him, spreading across his body. It was like his cells were vibrating, shifting about and rippling. His skin tensed, as did his muscles.

"AGGHH!"

That was Martin, following after his less cautious partner. The pair grunted, writhing in their seats a little, their hands spasming.

"Ch-Chief!" Victor grunted, voice cracking. "What's g-going on here?"

"Those weren't t-trackers!" Martin added, his chest feeling funny. "That was s-something else! Ohhhh!"

"I'm real sorry boys, but this is a big op, and you're making a great sacrifice for it. Just ride it out. It'll all make sense soon."

Victor had no idea what the Chief was talking about, only that his body was strange and wrong and it was starting to *change*. To his horror, his bones began to alter, his wide and impressive shoulders shrinking down. At the same time, his barrel chest pulled inwards, ribs withdrawing to leave his entire frame more petite. The straps still held him firm, but he was freaking out by this point, trying to pull his way out.

"What the f-fuck!? What's happening to *meeee!*"

His Adam's apple withdrew, leaving him with the voice of a woman. He gasped at this, voice going even higher to a sweet soprano, but then a further distraction came in the shape of his hair; it descended down over his face, blonde and slightly curled.

"Your hair!" Martin cried, but then his own grew out as well, obscuring his vision until he shook his head. His voice cracked, becoming female as well and gaining, of all things, a slight hispanic accent as he spoke. "Why is my hair black!? Why do I have an accent and sound like a woman? Are these hallucinogens! This can't be legal!"

"No hallucinogens," Harrigan said. "Mandy can confirm."

"It's real," she said. "I'll be able to help you transition, once you're-"

But Victor was already interjecting, his expression one of purest horror. "WHY IS THERE A PRESSURE IN MY CHEST? WHY DOES IT FEEL LIKE I'M GROWING!?"

His high voice gave way to a high groan as his chest began to surge forwards, two pairs of breasts forming, his nipples distending and growing in size as well. He whimpered, trying to shake himself out of his chair even as two rather large and impressive orbs grew into place, Double-D cups at the very least, if not larger. They wobbled and shifted, unsupported on his chest, the only thing that kept part of his shirt taut.

"What the fuck!? What the actual FUCK!?"

Martin looked at his partner in shock, not knowing what to do. But then his own chest began to bubble up, stretching and surging forth, two heavy boobs growing into place. They weren't as prominent as his partners, but they still stretched his shirt and were quite bountiful C-cups at the very least, certainly enough to be a pair of absolute palm-fillers.

"Ohhhhh," he moaned. "How can this possibly help the mission?"

But Harrigan was no longer answering, letting the changes play out while the doctor checked on their progress. Martin began to pant his entire skin warming as it darkened in tone, taking on a lovely bronze colouring. His cheekbones lifted, his eyebrows thickening, and even his lips took on a poutier, fuller appearance.

"You look like a fucking Latina, Martin!" Victor exclaimed, but then was promptly distracted by his own changes. The wind was knocked out of him as his waist thinned considerably, only for his hips to spread wider. The bones audibly creaked as his pelvis changed shape, and Martin's own changes were not far behind his. Victor's eyes were already blue, but now they seemed to enlarge, taking on an even lovelier, ocean blue aspect, while his jaw cracked and formed his face into a cuter heart shape.

"Fuck you, Chief!" he exclaimed, moaning as his butt inflated and his body hair fell away. "What is this, some kinda sex trafficking operation!? You can't - ahhh - do this to us!"

"It ain't that, Victor," Harrigan said. "It's just the only way, and you two need to prove yourselves."

"What could possibly explain this?" Martin managed. His hips were spreading far wider than Victor's. His limbs were becoming lithe, and his age seemed to be increasing; both of them looked to be in their mid-thirties now. In fact, while they weren't clothed for it, they looked like a pair of suburban women, the kind of MILFs that Victor loved to chase from time to time. Martin withheld a pleasurable moan, one concentrated in his crotch. His penis began to slide back inside of him, and the same was true of Victor, who was now gasping as if in the throes of absolute pleasure. The more outspoken and brash of the pair swore and cussed between said moans, however, but the bliss was undeniable as it was unwanted.

"You can't - ahhh - take away - mhmm - my penis! OHHHHHH!!!"

The pair exploded into simultaneous orgasms as their changes completed, an ecstasy so great it made every sexual pleasure prior to this moment seem insignificant in comparison. They both panted, struggling to stay conscious after such an immense event, and during this time their changes slowly completed themselves, the last curves and slim dimensions and alterations finalising.

Mandy brought over a mirror on wheels for the pair, allowing them to see themselves. Both were astonished and horrified. Victor now looked like a very attractive mid-thirties white woman, hair long and blonde, going down to her shoulders. She had a very prominent bust, even bigger than Victor thought she had, because she was most definitely a *she* now. Her

waist was slim in the now-baggy shirt, and her legs long. All in all, she looked like a total MILF in his eyes.

Martin was just as beautiful. She was clearly a bronze-skinned hispanic woman or latina, and her hips were impressively wide, her backside prominent too; she could tell from the extra padding beneath her. More than that, she had a real hourglass figure, and while her breasts weren't as big as Victor's, they certainly weren't small either. Her hair was even longer, too, going all the way down to the small of her back in thick black curls that were beautiful to see.

Victor swore. She swore many times, her incredibly sweet voice and appearance a total contrast to her endless invectives. Martin was more curious, needing answers.

"Why?" she simply said, her voice still accented. "Why and how?"

Harrigan fished out a small vial. "This is why," he said, indicating the yellow liquid that looked like a paler version of what they had just been injected with. "Bliss. The new variant. The highly addictive one. Strong enough to cause gender change, or to create an idealised female body. Whoever is operating out of Wystemere Lane, the suburb that's the centre of this new drug empire, has the entire area on lockdown. You see, this drug doesn't just cause changes and addiction, it also seems to effectively enslave its users, leaving them totally loyal to their drug dealers. We haven't been able to crack into their organisation, and they can quite literally *smell* someone who is not under the drug's effects. The *only* way to go undercover is for you to literally go deep undercover. And given that all we know about this drug queenpin is that she's a woman, well, we needed you to become so."

"That's fucking insane!" Victor whined.

But Martin's mind was already working. She could see the twisted logic in it. "Why am I Hispanic, then?"

"Because there's a small but significant number of Mexican-Americans in the neighbourhood, both as workers and as wealthy suburban homeowners. We needed the extra insurance, and while we could have taken in one of our own hispanic officers, you were the only ones eager enough to sign onto this op with no questions asked."

The two former men burned with humiliation. Martin fell silent, trying to cope with the fact that her body now felt so very different, so *wrong*. Her hips were wide, her hair long, and her face alone!

Victor had no intention of being so silent. "I'll fucking kill you!" the buxom blonde shouted, her big breasts flopping about with every shake of the chair. "I'll kill you for this, Harrigan! I'll seriously kill you!"

"Calm down, Victor, and that's an order!" the Chief shouted. "Especially since the only way to turn back is to get this operation sorted out quick and clean. You got me?"

Victor did indeed go silent. "This is so fucked."

"Well, I didn't want to do this, but the Mayor wants results, and the Governor is getting in on it. So it's time for radical action. Lucky for us our lab boys were able to synthesise a faster-acting Bliss compound *without* leaving you mentally gaga, huh?"

"Can you at least undo these straps?" Martin asked.

"That depends. Still gonna attack me, Victor?"

Victor grimaced. "No. Only because I got the strength of a paper bag, now."

"Thataboy. Mandy?"

Mandy came over to them and helped them out of the chairs. Both former men felt weak, but it was hard to tell if it was because they'd just become women or because they were so shocked by their changes. Victor immediately felt at her crotch, uncaring about the female company, and then let out a sound like a death rattle.

"Couldn't leave me with a damn cock? Goddamn this! You stole my dick!"

Martin didn't need to check. She could feel the absence between her bronze thighs.

"Well, you can get it back," Harrigan said. "But only once we bring in this Queenpin and shut down her operation and wherever she's making bliss. That means you two are going undercover. Mandy?"

The attractive female officer stepped forward and handed them some documentation

"You'll be Veronica de Kamp," she said. "And you, Martin, will be Martina Soles. You're both thirty five years old and you've both recently purchased new homes. You're also both mothers."

"What!?" Victor cried. "You've got to be fucking kidding me!?"

"Most of the women in the neighbourhood are mothers, and this will get you access to many of their events, which are child-based. Don't worry, you won't actually be falling pregnant - unless you cause it."

"Which I won't," Victor said angrily.

"But we've organised for three children to be adopted into your care. Veronica, you have two twins, both six months old."

"You're fucking kidding me."

"Martina, you've got only one child. Also six months along. Your neighbours, and friends. I'll give you more details on your children, but don't worry, the babies are young, and the effects of Bliss will help with some maternal instincts. Your milk will also be coming in soon, to help with breastfeeding."

Martin had to sit down for a moment. Veronica just started swearing again.

"This is insane," Martina said. "How can we - how can we possibly do this?"

"That's what I'm here for," Mandy said. "I'm your female expert. I'll be helping you dress fashionably and appropriately. I've got a little one at home, so I can help you with the nursing and babycare aspects. I'll be training you over the next week to prepare for your

roles, and that includes makeup, how to walk like a woman, how to talk like one and pose like one, how to act the part of a single suburban mother so that you'll blend into Wystemere Lane without issue."

The newly named Veronica and Martina looked to one another, the two new women unable to cope with all of this overwhelming change.

"And we have to go through with this insanity?" Veronica asked.

"That's right," their chief said. "Unless you two want to stay women. Now I'm going to leave, and Mandy here will get you into some new outfits and hairstyles so we can get pictures for your new ID's. Remember to smile, ladies."

He tipped his hat and walked away, leaving the pair in their transformed states.

It was at this point that Martina looked down at her changed body and then to Veronica, who shared a glance with her.

"I told you this was a bad idea, *Veronica*."

Part 2: Pretty Little Pictures

The next week of training under Mandy's tutelage was utterly humiliating, especially for Victor, now *Veronica de Kamp*. The gorgeous blonde with the very large bust was incandescent with rage at having become a woman. She had previously been a stud, a real ladies man, cocky and overconfident and willing to take on the world. Now she couldn't even see her own damn feet because her tits were so big, and everywhere she walked, she found herself sashaying her hips automatically. She couldn't look more like a hot MILF if she tried, and it threw her every time she saw herself in her reflection, or heard her own sweet voice as she spoke, or experienced the pneumatic wobble of her large breasts.

"This sucks!" she complained for the umpteenth time to Mandy, her trainer. "You should be doing this!"

"We already explained why that won't be the case," Mandy said, sighing. "Now show me the walk again. You need to stop trying to do a manly strut and just let yourself walk like a woman."

Veronica groaned. They were in a secret training facility that was effectively just another warehouse, albeit one that had a goddamn change room and *dressing table* for makeup application. She gestured to Martina Soles, the deeply gorgeous latina woman who had been the pale-faced, Irish-haired *Martin* just two days ago.

"What about her? You aren't getting on her case!"

Mandy smirked. "That's because she's adjusting faster than you are. Show us, Martina."

The new latina blushed and walked the length of the warehouse. Sure enough, her hips swayed gently, and she composed herself like a self-assured woman, not that she truly wanted to.

"Ugh, what are you, gay or something?" Veronica said.

"That doesn't even make sense," Martina replied.

"Trans, then."

"No!" Martina protested, still getting used to her new hispanic accent. "I'm just . . . wanting this to be over with."

"I can't believe you."

"Hey, this was your *loco* idea, *hermana!* At least you haven't changed race and keep thinking in another language, *si?*"

Veronica sighed. "Fine, whatever. At least you don't have goddamn *F-cups*. These tits are way too huge. Why'd you make them so fucking big, Mandy? Or was that Harrigan's idea?"

"It was neither," she explained. "It's just good luck, I suppose. Colour me jealous. Well, actually, I'd like just slightly smaller boobs. Yours are a bit too much for my taste."

"Lucky you," Veronica said venomously, but she performed the walk again without any complaint, and this time managed to purge any instinct remaining to keep a manly strut. Instead, her hips pivoted and sashayed, and her bra thankfully kept her boobs from wobbling too much, though with their size there was always a slight wobble. Goddamn, it was weird suddenly having her nipples out *there* instead of closer to home. Just one of the many shameful things about this new bod.

"Much better!" Mandy proclaimed. "You're a natural."

"This is anything but fucking natural."

"Well, be that as it may, it's time to look at makeup. Come over here, you two. How are you feeling, Martina? Is the dress alright?"

The lovely latina looked down at the gorgeous yellow dress she was wearing, a fashionable ensemble for an upscale woman around the home. She sighed.

"I would rather pants," she said.

"You'll get them, but we need you to get used to dresses."

Martina could see the logic in it. In truth, she didn't blame Mandy. This was Victor/Veronica's fault, as far as she was concerned, though she wasn't the type to start an argument over it, unlike Veronica. Instead, she moved to the dresser, Veronica mumbling under her breath and following her, while Mandy showed them rack after rack of various makeup utensils.

“Okay, time for an intensive session!” she declared. “Lipstick first for ease, then some lessons on foundation and general skincare. Let’s begin!”

‘Intensive’ was the right way to describe the week that followed. It was more like a total boot camp than the ‘female getaway’ Mandy joked about it being. They had to learn everything about their new lives and the expectations upon their bodies and roles. Such lessons ranged from mastering makeup to dealing with feminine hygiene (Martina just about fainted when confronted with the prospect of wearing *pads*, while Veronica began a shouting match), to remembering to cross their legs and not ‘manspread’ in public places. Veronica hated having to deal with her hair, though Martina had it harder due to its length. Clothing was another thing; they had to learn their sizes and body types, and work at putting on bras naturally, and even bikinis. The neighbourhood was just forty minutes from a lovely beach, necessitating the pair of them getting comfortable in such wears.

“Can’t I have a goddamn bikini that doesn’t make my tits wobble with each step!” Veronica whined.

Mandy chuckled at this. “Sorry, Von, but with a rack like that, no bikini on earth will be robust enough!”

They also had childcare lessons, practising with dummy babies. This was perhaps the most humiliating lesson, except for the one where they had to figure out how to insert a tampon. That was because it required them to learn how to change diapers, burp their children, and how to speak in a high, feminine ‘baby voice.’ Martina was doubly annoyed; she was expected to talk to her child in both Spanish *and* English. And, of course, there was the looming threat of the next injection. Mandy had informed them about this.

“As I said, you *will* be breastfeeding, so before the mission starts there’ll be one more injection to get your milk flowing. You may both go up a cup size, just a heads up.”

“Oh, fuck you!” Veronica screeched.

“We’re already so big,” Martina said, cupping her DD breasts.

“Please, you wish you had my problems!”

Of course, Veronica and Martina both knew that they couldn’t escape the mission. Harrigan had made it clear; the *only* way to turn back was to succeed in this undercover operation, and that meant becoming single ladies with babies they were taking care of, all to infiltrate the mysteriously hidden drug operation in the neighbourhood. The Bliss drug trade had to be stopped, and their chief wanted results. If they failed to get them, well, they might end up being a pair of female cops for good. And neither wanted that, especially since Martina wasn’t even her Caucasian self anymore, and Veronica’s breasts were each the size of overly-large cantaloupes!

So they trained. They learned. They suffered the humiliation of figuring out how to stand and walk in heels and how to do their hair and what things to say and how to act in

order to convince members of the neighbourhood that they were a pair of lovely single mothers on the hunt for some delicious silver-haired foxes to become their husbands and help raise their babies. They were 'desperate housewives to be', as Mandy put it, keen to become hitched again and therefore the exact kind of person the Bliss dealer would target; someone who would want to remain beautiful and fertile, and have a servile man made suggestible by his own concoction of Bliss extract. The only comfort Martina found was in studying the file notes extensively, going over the various suspects and individuals of the neighbourhood.

There was Mr and Mrs Hetty, the wealthy golf-playing WASPy couple with several children.

There were the Andersons, art dealers who had been there for two years and were expecting their third child.

There was Mr Li and his wife, both Chinese-Americans. She was a stay-at-home mom while he worked in a corporate banking career.

And lastly, in their immediate vicinity, there was the Rodriguez family, composed of two couples who lived beside one another, with large flocks of children themselves.

There were many others, but Martina felt that these were a solid start, at least. Each was beautiful, ranging from their late twenties to their late thirties, and all had children or were expecting children. Harrigan had been right: getting in required them to carry the scent of Bliss in their bodies, and to pose as young mothers. It was exactly the kind of position that would allow them to flourish in their investigation. But when she told it like that to Veronica, the buxom blonde scowled.

"Still doesn't make it fair that they stole my freaking dick, does it?"

Martina sighed with her. "No, it really doesn't. But we still need to solve this case."

"Fine, fine! Give me the files and I'll do a read up as well. God, our prep better be near the end, I swear."

It was, though there were still some details that needed to be ironed out. Both women were given their new IDs and qualifications. They were both currently jobless, receiving 'alimony' from their ex-husbands, but both were socialising and clearly looking for a man in their lives. They received full wardrobes, and to Veronica's despair hers even had some very sexy lingerie. Mandy blushed a little at that.

"You'll remember in your files that you're meant to be a little . . . flirtatious."

"Goddamn it. Fuck this! I'm not wearing that strappy little dress! And especially not any lingerie!"

Meanwhile, Martinez got a variety of stylish, flowing dresses that made her look like the very image of elegance. She wasn't sure how to feel about that, though it certainly made her go red in the cheeks.

Finally, after lessons in female shaving and skincare and socialising language and female hygiene and bra-fittings and so on and so forth, finally the moment came: the day when the pair would be introduced to their babies. Neither woman was keen, though at least Martina had some academic interest. She'd always wanted to have a family, so she tried to think that at least this would give her some kind of experience, strange as it was.

"Here they are," Mandy said, pushing a pair of strollers in with some help from a caretaker. "Your new babies. Don't worry, you can come on over. They're awake but peaceful, and ready to meet their new mommies."

Martina approached awkwardly. Becoming a woman hadn't exactly helped with her social skills, and she was more interested in solving the case than in meeting a baby. Still, she knew this part of her charge, and so she peeked into the carriage to see a rather adorable little Hispanic baby with bronze skin and little dark curls just beginning to grow out. She blinked a few times. It was odd, but she felt a strange . . . connection to this child. She couldn't quite explain it, but it was there.

"Hello, you," she said.

The baby smiled, then made something like a giggling sound. It made her nipples tense a little, especially when the baby reached up for her.

"Meet little Gabriel," Mandy said. "You can pick him up if you like."

Martina reached in but hesitated. "I don't know what to do."

"Just hold him like we trained you."

She did so. The real thing felt a lot stranger, but in a few moments little Gabriel was comfortable in her arms. He was a very cute child in a little onesie, looking up at her like she'd hung the moon. Martina found it hard not to smile.

Veronica, meanwhile, was aghast. "I thought you were joking about the twins!" she said, gesturing at the double-pram.

"Not at all," Mandy said. "One aspect of Bliss is extra fertility, so this is a good way to ensure the believability of your story, both of you having come into contact with Bliss and wanting more. Why do you think you've got such big hooters?"

Veronica cringed. "I am *not* breastfeeding," she said.

"Actually, you'll have to," Mandy added. "Erin and Esther here will need your milk. Besides, look at them! Both adorable blondes, like you!"

Veronica grumbled. "It's not gonna happen. If I have to pretend to be a mom then whatever, I'll fucking deal since you've got me over a barrel. But there's no universe where - owie!"

The fact that she'd proclaimed 'owie' was embarrassing, but she whirled on the spot and chose anger instead, because Mandy had just gotten her with a needle, and then stabbed Martina gently in the arm with a spare.

"Hey!" Martina said. "What gives?"

"The final injection," Mandy said, as promised. "The effects should start soon."

Both women rubbed their arms. "What effects?" they said as one.

Mandy just smiled. "Let's get you organised to head to Wystemere Lane, shall we? It's time for this undercover housewives operation to finally begin. Well, prospective housewives, at least."

But Veronica was adamant. Her nipples were starting to throb, and her breasts were feeling . . . warm. Warmer than usual.

"What goddamn effects?" she said, cupping her chest.

"You'll see."

"Mandy said we should be smiling as we approach our new houses," Martina reminded her partner as they wheeled their prams along the sidewalk of Wystemere Lane.

Veronica put on the fakest grin she'd ever seen, her teeth gritted and furious.

"Oh, really? We should be smiling about this? I'm a fucking MILF and my tits are full with milk! Ngh! Stop here, I need to feed. Again."

Martina was glad, because she too needed to express. The effects of the injection were clear; they had started to lactate just hours after the serum had been applied, and in Veronica's case it was quite prodigious. A good thing too, because golden-haired Esther and Erin were very hungry little babies, and to her utter humiliation she now *needed* to breastfeed, lest her boobs feel like they were going to explode.

"Ahh," she moaned, both her babies latching at her breasts now that she'd unbuttoned the front of her dress. "That's better. Fuck me, this shit is crazy."

"It's not really crazy," Martina said, taking some time to feed Gabriel, who took a little longer to latch. Her milk flowed and she sighed. It really was strangely cathartic, though her analytical mind was trying to make sense of the emotions it gave her. "It's science. Crazy *loco* science, you can argue, but--"

"I don't want to hear it. No offence, partner, but you're such a nerd."

"We shouldn't call each other partners, remember? We're best friends who are becoming neighbours."

"Yeah, yeah, whatever."

They were both dressed impeccably. The delivery trucks were already on their way to their new homes, and they themselves were taking a little tour of the neighbourhood before arriving at 16 and 18 Wystemere Lane, where they would now live. Harrigan had given them an update through Mandy that they could expect an update from their previous mole, an

officer who had gone undercover but had, apparently, 'failed and failed big time.' They weren't sure exactly what that meant, but this agent was supposedly male and would greet them from across the street with the statement 'What a fine evening it is to have new neighbours, wouldn't you say?'

Finally, the nursing break ended. An embarrassed Veronica put her babies back down, both heading into sleep once more, and the pair continued to stroll through the high-class neighbourhood looking like a pair of stylish and very yummy mommies. It didn't hurt that their asses swayed, both wearing lovely breastfeeding dresses that pulled tight against their figures while leaving enough to the imagination. Veronica was in blue, and Martina was in bright yellow, and the pair conversed idly about what to expect when it came to their operation.

"Just so long as I don't have to wear a fucking G-up bra much longer," Veronica whined.

"I thought you were an F-cup?"

"I was, but I'm bigger thanks to this goddamn milk. What are you?"

"An E-cup now," Martina said. "My hips are the big thing. And my *culo*."

"Yeah, that's an ass I'd love to fuck if I hadn't been turned into a woman. Shit, I'm not even sure if I'm *into* women in this body."

Martina gulped. She didn't like the sound of that.

Thankfully, they could both cast that thought aside as they reached their houses. They were rather lovely; suburban yet expansive, and very modern and chic. It was *irritating* to say the least that they finally had houses instead of crippling mortgages, but the only way to keep them was to go undercover as attractive mid-thirties single moms. The delivery trucks were already there, the men organising the furniture into the house as Mandy had already instructed. It was very . . . decorative. Not in keeping with Martina's usual minimalist style at all, or the usual mess that Veronica would leave all around her apartment.

"Here we are," Veronica said, pulling her pram to a stop and folding her arms beneath her hefty bosom. "This is going to be . . . neighbourly."

Martina nodded. She tried to focus her brain on the puzzle-solving element instead of the awkwardness of her new body, gender, and race. There were things to do. People to investigate. A conspiracy board to set up. But before she could arrange her thoughts properly, a voice called out.

"Well, hello there, neighbours!"

They turned. A rather beautiful black woman wearing a flowing green maternity dress was waving at them from across the street. Her hair was in gorgeously long black braids, and her smile was wide as the day was long.

"Oh, uh, *hola!*" Martina yelled, waving back.

"Hey," Veronica said, without waving.

"You're the two new birds in the neighbourhood, huh? And you've got some pretty little babies there, huh?"

She waddled over to them, much to the irritation of Veronica, who really didn't want social contact right now. Her belly was large, almost to the end of the third trimester to look at her. She puffed a little as she stopped.

"I'm Ariana Lackey," she said. "Your friend across the street! Lovely to make your acquaintance."

"Si," Martina said, unsure of what else to say. She took the woman's hand and shook it lightly. "And, uh, congratulations."

The woman looked down. "Ah, of course! Still getting used to this. That's my husband at work for you. Really wanted us to settle down. Twins, of course."

"Same," Veronica said, voice laced with venom.

"And what beautiful little girls they are! I didn't catch your names?"

"Martina Soles."

"Veronica de Kamp."

"Lovely to meet you both," Adriana Lackey said. "What a fine evening it is to have new neighbours, wouldn't you say?"

The two paused at that, their eyes suddenly wide.

"Y-you're the contact?" Martina said. "But you - you were a man, and you're *gravida!*"

"Shh," Ariana said, putting a finger up to her lips. "There are eyes and ears everywhere. Come with me, and laugh as we talk. You never know who is listening in Wystemere Lane. Now come and have some tea with me, won't you?"

She waddled back to her home, gesturing for them to follow. Unsure of what else to do, the pair followed, shocked that their male contact had somehow become a very pregnant woman and housewife to boot. It filled the pair with a sense of anxiousness, especially because of what they saw next. Every house in the neighbourhood now had someone by the window or out on the porch staring at them as they headed to Ariana's home.

Every. Single. One.

Part 3: Who Are Those Women?

Adriana Lackey opened the door to her house, stepping inside with one hand on her back to support her large pregnant belly.

"Come on in. Just keep smiling," she said. "Don't worry, they won't attack."

"What's up with them?" Veronica asked, trying not to stare at all the faces staring back at her.

"That's what I've been trying to figure out for months," Adriana said. "Come and have a seat. My husband's at work, so we've got the house to ourselves. Can I get you girls anything? Tea? Coffee? Maybe some alcohol? Oh, how foolish of me. You've got those beautiful little babies there. Are they yours or have they been assigned to you?"

Martina's mouth opened and closed like she was a fish in some aquarium. Veronica, however, rose to her usual level of outrage. She refused to take a seat, even as Martina asked for some water and Adrian waddled over to the kitchen to get it.

"Can you explain what the actual *fuck* is going on here?" she demanded. "Why are you fucking pregnant? Why were all those crazy ladies staring at me? Did you just say you've got a fucking *husband*!?"

"I did wonder about that," Martina said, noting the portrait on the wall showing a handsome dark-skinned man kidding Adriana on the cheek. "I wasn't aware that police codes allowed for that kind of undercover operation, especially when an operative is so far along in her pregnancy."

"That's because they don't," Adriana said, rolling her eyes. She handed both former men a water, then dropped down onto the couch with a sigh. She rubbed the large bump that her green maternity dress covered and exhaled. "God, it feels good to sit down. This little guy has been moving around all day. Woof! I'm so tired, seriously."

"Answer the damn questions," Veronica said. Her two babies were sleeping in the pram, at least, but Martina's little Gabriel was starting to squirm. The latina woman grimaced, then removed the child and placed her at her breast, looking to Adriana for permission.

"Go right ahead," the pregnant woman said. "I'll be making milk the all-natural way soon. God, what a fucking mess I've gotten into."

Veronica sneered. "Stop. Stalling."

"I'm not stalling, I'm waiting for my damn boy to stop kicking my ribs. Trust me, you two have it easy. Y'all just get to babysit some lost babies and feed them, I'm going through the whole shebang here. I gotta push this kid out of my cooch in three months' time, and don't you forget that."

Veronica was about to shout something angrily, but Adriana put up her hands, gesturing calm. She adjusted her sitting position, lying back a little to drape her arms over her belly.

"Okay, I'll tell it from the top, and I'll make it quick. I'm not Adriana, at least I'm not meant to be. I'm Aaron Torrence, at least I was, and I was the first one assigned to this undercover drug operation, along with my partner - now my husband - Steven Lackey. Back then, we thought the drug was just Haze. We didn't realise this new 'Bliss' had hit the

streets. We just had to go undercover as roommates renting together - no women were available for the op at the time, you understand - and look into things. Well, we got to know the neighbours, we got to know a lot of folks on Wystemere Lane. They're always having get-togethers, parties, gatherings, Sunday barbecues, you name it. The perfect little suburb. Too late did we find out that our meals were being spiked. Someone had found out that we weren't the real deal and they put bliss into us during one of those barbecues.

"As you know from your briefings, Bliss at the right potency can alter someone's mind and make them docile. At even higher doses, it can transform them, as it did me. Well, whoever's in the shadows dealing this crap decided to neuter us. I got turned into a woman by the stuff, and my mind got affected too. I'm ashamed to admit it, but the Bliss made me not just attracted to my partner Steven, but totally submissive to him. And it made him get the hots for me as well. Before you could say 'oopsie daisy' we were getting married and going at it like street dogs in heat. And now, here I am, having passed on what I could find out back to Harrigan, but only able to offer up morsels. The change, they tell me, is permanent. And that's not just physical changes; I can't keep my hands off of my loving husband, and the same for him with me. We can't even *consider* moving out, either. We're part of Wystemere Lane now. Hell, I can't even act directly to track down the Bliss maker. Have you been told one of the other reasons they changed you two?"

Veronica shook her head, but Martina made the connection immediately with her sharper mind.

"You can give us details, because we fit the profile of Wystemere ladies."

"Exactly," Adriana said. "For months I could only give morsels to Harrigan. My mind would go haywire if I tried to betray anything, or write anything, or show anything. The criminal mastermind in this suburb is fucked up and smart like that. So instead I just got to be another perfect housewife, getting all big and pregnant while my husband goes to work at the *bank*. Can you believe that? My own partner has become my babydaddy, and I'm a stay-at-home housewife. Jeez Louise, I am *not* looking forward to birth."

Martina nodded along, feeding her baby. It was still so strange to her, but she was getting a little more used to it now. Almost cathartic.

"So Harrigan got desperate and changed us, even organised for us to have children to overcome your mental walls."

"Got it in one. And also because you'll slide under the radar better. Still, watch your food and drink."

"I don't think we have to. We're already changed, so Bliss shouldn't affect us."

Adriana nodded. "That Harrigan is smart. An asshole, but real smart. Fuck him, seriously. He's the reason I'm having to fill out forms for goddamn *maternity leave*. Can you believe that? I gotta push out a fucking baby out of this cooch in just three months."

Veronica winced. That was *definitely* not how she wanted to end up.

“Well, I’ve got no intention of my changes lasting forever.”

“That’s what I said,” Adriana chuckled. “Still, I’m not in a rush to pair you single mothers up with stepdaddy husbands. I’m annoyed I’m a pregnant lady, but I’m not an asshole. And because you’re here and I can speak through the Bliss to you, it’s time for me to tell you what your next steps should be.”

There was a pause, and both women waited expectantly. Instead, Adriana rested her head back and stroked her belly.

“Actually, give a girl five minutes. I swear, women ain’t lying when they say pregnancy is tiring. Make it ten, in fact. Just gonna have a real quick snooze.”

Veronica seethed, but Esther and Erin were starting to stir and make little squeaking noises. Irritated, she was forced to expose her breasts and feed her new ‘daughters’ at the same time.

“This just keeps getting worse and worse,” she muttered.

Martina, who was smiling at her adorable little Gabriel while he nursed, simply looked up. “*Lo siento*, what did you say?”

Over the rest of the afternoon and the following days, the pair inserted themselves into the neighbourhood. During this time, the spying and stares never stopped. The housewives always looked through the windows, and their husbands often joined them when they weren’t working. Still, Veronica and Martina used the notes and advice Adriana had given them. The two women adjusted to their lives as women, and went around knocking on doors to introduce themselves.

“Hello, I’m Veronica de Kamp, your new neighbour, I guess.”

“*Hola!* I’m Martina Soles, and I live just down the street from you!”

This was following Adriana’s first major advice: “*Get to know the neighbours quickly. Go into their houses if they offer tea and biscuits or whatever. Make it look like your visit to me is just ordinary well-wishing. Become part of the community straight away.*”

This they had done. They were welcomed into Mr and Mrs Hetty’s house just down the lane. They were indeed wealthy to judge from the state of their home and its expansive backyard, and the blonde pair were all creepy smiles and joyful looks as they introduced their young children: Josiah, Jeremiah, and Jedidiah. Veronica had some choice words about how offputting those names were afterwards. The Hettys were Adriana’s main suspects for the Bliss trade, so the pair left the house quite suspicious indeed.

The Andersons were next. They were the art dealers, and second on Adriana's list due to their wealth and the likelihood of art dealing being a great way to launder drug money. Only Abigail was present when they arrived. She was a pregnant brunette with a cute round face with rosy cheeks. She had a plump chest and a friendly, excited manner, hugging the pair of them.

"So good to meet you both!" she exclaimed. "We always need more wonderful neighbours here in Wystemere Lane! I can't wait to meet your husbands."

"Oh, we are . . . currently single mothers," Veronica said, rocking the pram that held her little ones.

"I see," Rosie said, becoming a little more serious, until her smile returned a bit too quickly. "Well, this place has a strange power to give you a husband! So who knows what Wystemere will do for you both!?"

It was almost like a chilling warning, though she said it with such glee. Veronica and Martina continued to visit other houses in the lane. They met Mr Li and his wife Fang. She was so demure and beautiful, a slender creature with the manner of a dutiful wife, only speaking occasionally while her husband told them about the neighbourhood.

"Yes, it's a wonderful place," he said with a slight accent. "It gave me my lovely Fang, here. I love her so deeply, and cannot wait to start a family with her. I'm sorry that we can't have you longer, however. I'm only here on my break. I have to return to the office, you see."

He was quickly out the door, and Martina noticed that he was checking his phone with some alarm. Veronica agreed that it was a lead worth pursuing. But then each family or pairing they visited was a little suspicious. The Rodriguez family consisted of two homes next to one another: two brothers with their lovely latina wives. They celebrated just at the mere appearance of Martina, and instantly the women were cooing over her child, holding little Gabriel in their own arms and soothing him.

"Trust me, we know a thing or two about children here!" Rosa Rodriguez said, wife of Manuel Rodriguez. "I never wanted children before, but since coming to Wystemere Lane, I've given birth three times! Manuel is already pushing me for a fourth, and I don't think I'll be able to resist! It's such a bliss-filled life that I really can't say no to him, and I barely want to! It's like living in a dream, *si*?"

"*Si*," Martina said, picking up what the woman was putting down. She gave a big fake smile. "*Gracias* for being so welcoming," she said.

Veronica left in a huff, pushing her pram. "Getting sick of hauling these stupid kids everywhere."

"Don't say that, they can hear you."

"They can't understand what I'm saying."

"But they do understand. You should be nicer to Esther and Erin."

"Don't go native on me. Ugh, I could barely follow a word back there. It was all in Spanish. I feel like we're getting nowhere with all these introductions."

But Martina shook her head. "I disagree, Vee. I think Rosa Rodriguez has been affected by Bliss. Hell, she might have even been a man like us, once."

"What makes you think that?"

Martina smiled, noting that other women and their partners were staring out the windows at them throughout the neighbourhood. She pretended to be talking about something as simple as the weather.

"Because she told me her life was 'bliss'-ful, and hinted that she didn't want kids before, but now can't 'resist' her husband's desires. She said that Wystemere changed her."

"Sounds like a stretch."

"Again, I disagree, Vee. Remember, Bliss can make you docile. Even Adriana can only help us so far. And if Rosa had a big dose, and has been on it for over three years, then maybe hinting at her changes is all she can do for us."

"You think she knows we're cops?"

"I doubt it. But she's warning us anyway."

This revelation sent a chill down Veronica's spine. She tried to ignore it, and focus on anything else as they headed back to their respective homes, such as how damn full her big G-cup tits were feeling. In fact, she was starting to *want* her babies to wake up just so she could damn well lose some milk before her boobs exploded.

"Stupid single mom life," she muttered.

Martina actually giggled at her partner's frustrations, only to become serious again. Adriana had advised them to meet the neighbourhood, and this they had done. Now it was time for the next step of Adriana's plan.

It was time to host a barbecue.

Everyone was invited. The whole neighbourhood. Adriana gave advice, but given that whoever was behind her and her now-husband's change clearly suspected that she was, at the very least, compromised in some way, Veronica and Martina had conferred with other women around Wystemere Lane as well. In the end, it was decided that the Saturday two weeks from now would be the official 'Welcome to Wystemere' party, which would be hosted by Martina and Veronica, but with input from everyone who was a little *too* enthusiastic to get to know the two new women. It didn't hurt that they both looked fantastic. Their training had paid off, because Martina was wearing a stylish purple maternity blouse and black skirt that

went down to her ankles, while Veronica was looking like an absolute bombshell in a gorgeous white-blue sundress that emphasised her very ample features.

"It's truly so wonderful to have some new blood in the neighbourhood," Lisa Hetty said. "Isn't that right, Charles?"

"So very true," her husband said as he worked the barbecue. "And with such beautiful young children too! Our own Jedidiah will simply go nuts over your children, so I apologise in advance for him."

"He's all about babies at the moment," Lisa said.

Veronica could only give a forced smile and an even more forced laugh. Currently, the Rodriguez family were holding Erin and Esther so that she could go around and meet everyone at the backyard barbecue, which was taking place in her yard rather than Martina's due to the amount of space available. The whole neighbourhood had turned up, and sure enough, things were quite suspicious. Even though she was aggravatingly no longer attracted to women, Veronica could still see that practically *all* the women present were utterly gorgeous. They were all in their late thirties at the very most, but with killer bods that ranged from voluptuous MILF types to ladies like Fang Li, who were in their mid-thirties but didn't look a day past twenty. It felt like a meeting of supermodels, and the men weren't that far off either, though a few, like Todd Anderson, the pregnant Abigail's husband, were the exception. He was obviously in his fifties and had white hair and a bald patch on top of his head, and his gut was more pronounced than was healthy. He laughed loudly as he talked with Martina about art, something that she knew quite well as a subject, meticulous as she was. Veronica could only roll her eyes at the sight: why the hell was that woman adjusting to being a goddamn latina smokeshow so easily?

"Veronica? Did you hear me?"

The buxom blonde MILF turned back to Lisa Hetty and smiled. "I'm so sorry! Just totally out of the zone; I'm not used to, uh, Esther and Erin being out of my sight, that's all."

"Oh, I totally understand. Or perhaps I don't, what with you being a single mother and all. That must be so very hard, huh?"

Another forced smile. "Very hard. So very hard. I'm making do, though."

"Well, you needn't. We ladies have a little club; the Wystemere Wives Club. Don't worry, you don't even have to have a beau, or at least not yet! It's all us gals from the neighbourhood who get together for lunches, activities, gossip, and all kinds of *bliss*."

At this, Veronica perked up. "I see. Well, I could always use more company!"

At the same time, Martina held her little sleeping Gabriel and carried him around the party and chatted with the guests. Todd Anderson had excused himself to light up a cigar, but before he'd done so, he'd patted his wife on the ass and guffawed.

“Another one on the way eh, Abby? Can’t wait for number three. Though I think an even four would be good. But at that point, why not five, eh?”

Abigail had blushed. “I think we should just see how we go with three first, darling.”

“Of course, of course. Still, you’d want another one I bet, Martina? A woman like you would be wasted just giving one beautiful child to the world. I do so like a shapely latina.”

At this, Abigail looked sharply at her husband. “Todd, you’re making a scene. You’re drunk.”

“Only with power, my dear! Only with power!” he drawled. “Fine, I’ll get a cigar. Excuse me, Martina. I only wish you’d been here five years earlier. Alas, another will claim you.”

Several faces turned his way, and the party fell eerily silent . . . but only for a second or two. Martina felt a chill go down her spine. She looked through the crowd to see Adriana with her husband Steven. He was a tall, handsome drink of water that made her feel things. She focused her orderly mind and put away that inner heat, and strode over to them.

“*Hola!* You must be Steven!” she said. “I’m Martina, and this is my sleeping boy Gabriel. It is so good to meet Adriana’s husband.”

He shook her hand and smiled politely, then leaned in close, his arm around his wife’s swollen middle.

“So good to meet you, Martina. What brings you to the neighbourhood?”

Adriana shook her head subtly, and Martina realised that Steven didn’t know.

“Oh, I just wanted a change! I saw the listing and simply had to come, you know? Besides, there are wonderful latino families here, and that’s not something you can say about every upscale neighbourhood. It’s good to have a splash of colour about, if you know what I mean?”

It was all made up, of course. She’d never been a person of colour in her life until this change, but Steven nodded seriously.

“Indeed. I feel very at home here. Very much at home with my gorgeous wife. We’re very excited to be having a boy; perhaps he and Gabriel will become the best of friends?”

Martina smiled. “I hope so.”

Steven excused himself to go get a burger, leaving Martina next to Adriana, who looked gorgeous but also very pregnant in a bright pink maternity dress that hugged her prominent bust and even more prominent bump.

“You’re doing well,” she whispered. “There’s less suspicion than there was for me, and you’re already immune to Bliss, which is good. Not like we were.”

“Why haven’t you told Steven?” Martina asked.

“Our lives are already screwed up enough. I don’t want a target on his back. The less people that know this, the better. Besides, it’s better if it’s just me. Less chance of a leak.

And what more can they do to me? I'm already compelled to be a perfect Wystemere trophy wife. Hell, I'm not entirely certain this will be our last baby, damn it all. It just made plain sense not to bring him in."

Martina sighed. "I'm sorry this happened to you, *hermana*."

"Don't give me that *hermana* shit. Just find out who's controlling this neighbourhood and making the Bliss. They need to go down. I'll feel a lot better about having to spread my legs and scream while I push a baby out this goddamn vagina if I know the person responsible is going to the slammer, know what I'm saying?"

"*Sí*, I do," Martina whispered. She looked around the sea of faces. The Andersons, the Hettys, the Rodriguez families, the Lis, and several others. Anyone could be the distributor. And anyone could also be a victim of the Bliss, forced to go along with their role as Adriana and Steven were.

"This is going to be a long operation," Martina said as she parted from Adriana.

But then she looked at Veronica, who was deep in conversation with Lisa Hetty and Fang Li. They were passing the busty blonde beauty a card, one could well be of importance. When Veronica returned and gave her news of the Wystemere Wives Club, Martina nearly cheered.

"*Muy buena*," she whispered. "Fantastic work, Vee. And here I thought you didn't have the patience for such things."

"Fuck off, I can do good policework when I want," the other woman said. "But this could be a lead, or at least a way to get to know the main players. And given that you'll be coming along too, I bet we can find answers. And if we do, we can finally get out of these goddamn bodies and back to--"

She was interrupted by some loud cries. Two of them, in fact, which immediately made her very large G-cup breasts tense, her nipples distending in her top. She grunted, moaning a little as droplets of milk were forced from her tits.

"Goddamn it," she snarled. "Always the milk with those two! I hate being a mother."

Martina smirked as her partner stormed off. She herself felt Gabriel fuss in her arms, and so she made her way to a seat and got her boob out to feed him. No one looked at her twice for such an action.

"You're hungry too, aren't you, little one?"

She looked at Gabriel's face and smiled as he latched. He really was a bit of a cutie.

Part 4: Come in, Strangers!

The Wystemere Wives Club had its next meeting the following week, and both Martina and Veronica knew they had to attend in order to gather more intel and get a sense of the interpersonal relationships in the suburb. Besides, women like these were notorious gossippers, so hopefully something would shake out.

"I really hope we don't have to go to too many of these bullshit wives meetings," Veronica complained as she inserted new maternity pads into her yellow summer dress. "This change is already crap enough, but sitting around drinking wine and talking books and boys . . . it's gonna be hell."

Martina smirked. She was wearing a smart purple blouse with a black skirt, and was actually admiring how she was looking in it. They were both at Veronica's house, the lovely latina having gone over to hurry her partner up; they were already five minutes late, which might raise some eyebrows.

"Just go in with an open mind, *hermana*," Martina said. "We might even enjoy it. Just remember not to breastfeed in the morning, unless—"

"I want a drunk baby, yes, I know. I'm not *el stupido*, Martina. Yes, I know a bit of Spanish."

The former white man chuckled. "No, you really don't. You pumped?"

"Of course I pumped. I've got fucking G-cup tits here when they're full. I *have* to pump every night. I swear, Martina, when I change back I'm gonna—"

"Are you two still here? Seriously, get the hell out before your babies hear you and start crying again."

The two looked apologetically at Adriana Lackey, who was stroking her pregnant mound in her lovely pink maternity dress, the same one she wore at the barbecue a week ago. She had her other hand on her hip and one eyebrow raised, and was practically radiating snark.

"Sorry, Adriana," Martina said. "Thanks so much for babysitting tonight. Call me if Gabriel isn't settling."

"Same for me," Veronica. "In fact, call me anyway."

Adriana scoffed. "Fat chance of that. I want you two to be detecting, not mothering. You need to solve this case so this Bliss druglord goes down already."

The blonde-haired Veronica cocked her head. "You seem even more eager than usual. Something happened that we should know about?"

"Nothing except that last night, while I was lying on my back with my legs spread and Steven was thrusting into me—"

"Eww, TMI."

“-he told me how excited he was for *baby number two*. Goddamnit, I haven’t even had baby *one* yet. I know it’s the Bliss that makes him eager - he said so himself - but I’d like to at least know that the person who stuck me as a babymama MILF is in jail before I’m getting knocked up a second time.”

Martina found herself touching her stomach, just for a moment. She would never tell anyone, but she’d had a dream just three nights ago that she was pregnant with Gabriel, and actually got to go through that journey with him, rather than just being ‘provided’ the baby. Now, she couldn’t stop imagining what it would be like to have a baby. Perhaps it was a side effect of her Bliss change? She sure hoped so.

“I’m sorry to hear that, Adriana.”

“Yeah, me too. Ngh. Sorry, I gotta sit down. You would not believe how fit I used to be, but now I really need to rest my pregnant ass for a moment.”

Veronica, to her credit, actually helped her to the chair.

C’mon, then,” Martina said. “*Apurarse*. Let’s go, Vee.”

All the major female suspects were present at the Wystemere Wives Club. There was tension in the air as Veronica and Martina stepped up to Charles and Lisa Hetty’s wealthy home. It was quite elaborate, even for this neighbourhood, which was another reason to be suspicious of them, though they did carry a stereotypical rich WASP air about them regardless. Veronica knocked, perhaps a bit *too* forcefully thanks to her brusque nature, and the door was opened by Charles, who grinned at her appearance.

“Well, if it isn’t the new ladies of the neighbourhood, come to invade my house! Come on in, come on in, my Lisa is very happy to be hosting you. She’s practically the founder of this little club, though of course it does send me packing whenever it’s her turn to host!”

“Thank you, Mr Hetty,” Martina said.

“Please, call me Charles. And once more, thank you for that barbecue last week. We’ll have you round for supper one night. Jedidiah will go simply crazy over your children. We do so love new children in the neighbourhood, and hopefully you’ll both find good husbands in due time, too!”

That sent a chill down their spines. Charles bid his goodbye and was off to God-knows-where, perhaps some equivalent men’s club they’d have to ask Adriana’s husband Steven, the former agent who didn’t know about the current operation, to infiltrate on their behalf. Even if he had to do it unknowingly.

When the pair of them entered, that chill only rose further. There were lit candles everywhere, and the lights were all turned off to provide a darker, fiery ambience. The

women were all gathered in the expansive living room around the coffee table. Each had a book in their laps or in front of them, and a wine glass in their hands - presumably the non-alcoholic kind for Abigail Anderson, wife of Todd the art dealer, and who was quite pregnant. The lovely brunette smiled sweetly at them, but again there was that hint of a warning.

"Come, in strangers! What *bliss!*" she exclaimed, rubbing her fertile dome with a bit of extra emphasis. "New women for our little club! We've captured them, girls!"

Martina mentally noted that the woman was almost *certainly* brainwashed, and perhaps trying to warn them.

Blonde-haired Lisa Hetty, her hair in a swept bob that was apparently mandatory for women of her means and Protestant upbringing, smiled sweetly and gestured for them to take a seat. She presided over the meeting like a matriarch, her back ramrod straight.

"So lovely you could make it girls! Adriana never really joined us, a sad state of affairs since she could fit right in, but perhaps you'll change her mind when you return to her!"

Veronica paused as she sat. "How did you know she's our babysitter?"

"Oh, the whole neighbourhood talks, Veronica! Can I call you Vee? I know Martina does."

Again, that pause. How could she know that? It wasn't helping her status as the Prime Suspect, that was for sure. Still, they had to keep an open mind.

"I'd prefer Veronica," Vee said.

Martina elbowed her lightly, causing the women's boobs to jostle. "Don't listen to her, she loves being called Vee. She's an ice queen but she melts very easily!"

The women all laughed and giggled at this, and it diffused some of the tension.

"Well, welcome to the Wystemere Wives Club," Lisa announced. "And don't worry about the noise level; my gorgeous three boys are all heavy sleepers and far up the hall enough that they won't be woken by the *delicious* gossip we'll be sharing today, isn't that right, girls?"

They raised their glasses, and some were passed around to Veronica and Martina, who each took a sip. The former chugged more than she should have, but Martina drank less. She knew they were immune to the Bliss, but she wanted to save some of the drink to make sure no one had laced it, and if so, *who*.

"We're glad to be here," she said. "But, um, I don't know exactly what we do here? I've never been in a wives club. I'm not a wife anymore, not after my split."

"Oh, we'll sort that out," Fang Li murmured with a calm smirk. The willowy beauty exuded demure charm. "We all find husbands in the end, here. Even Adriana found hers."

That gave the women goosebumps. A shared look between them communicated a clear message: she's a suspect now, too.

"What we do here," Lisa said, "is indulge in womanly virtue, dearies! We enjoy all the gossip and rumours, the wine and discussion, the trashy romance novels of the month, and organise our community events. The last is the most important of all, of course. We're the Neighbourhood Watch Society, we're the Cheese Tasting Festival, we're the Babysitting Organisation, we're the Matchmaking Club, we're everything!"

"Now you get a peek behind the curtain," Rosa said, the latina woman smiling just a little *too* widely. "The *bliss* is something else, *hermanas*. We are truly a sisterhood here at Wystereme. I wouldn't have my Manuel if not for them."

There was a chorus of agreement from the other women, and each described their own belief in the importance of the Wystemere Wives Club. For Rosa, it was her way of introducing her own culture into the neighbourhood and finding work opportunities for her larger family, which spanned two households, with her sister Camilla also being a Wystemere gal. For Abigail it was obvious:

"Todd is all over me. He's such a card, I swear! I love him, but it's like he knows he's old and wants to put as many babies into me as possible, and so closely together! So I have to lean on my fellow wives to help me out with the burden, and they in turn just love my baked treats, don't you, girls?"

Another chorus of agreement, to which Martina gave a polite chuckle, and Veronica just barely managed to smile.

"So, why invite us?" Veronica said. "We're not wives."

"And we keep telling you," Lisa replied with an almost stern tone, like a teacher correcting a well-meaning but wrong student. "You don't have to be a wife, because we know you will be!"

"Oh I don't have any interest in marrying," Vee said. "Again, I mean. Again. After the first marriage."

In the candlelit ambience of the room, Martina thought she saw a flicker of suspicion in Lisa's eyes. It was Abigail, thankfully, who saved the awkwardness of the silence that followed. She clapped her hands together lightly.

"Well, don't you worry, we won't push you! Suffice to say, I never thought I was going to find a man, especially one like Todd. After all, he's so . . ."

"Gropey," Veronica whispered to Martina.

"So . . ."

"Sleazy," Martina whispered back. Rosa seemed to read their lips, because she smirked just lightly, as did Lisa, who clearly thought Abigail wasn't exactly the sharpest knife in the drawer.

“So . . . weathered!” Abigail finally said. She adjusted her lovely brunette hair and smiled radiantly. “Weathered and silver! A true silver fox. I never thought I’d be interested in him, but something just . . . made me. Something just *compelled* me, and it’s been *bliss* ever since, y’know?”

Martina’s hand curled against her chair, pulling tight upon the material. For all that Veronica was a bull in a China shop, she kept her cool better in tension-ridden situations like this, because she immediately pivoted.

“Okay, so shall we get started? Do you mind if I eat some of those muffins on the table? They look damn good, and all this titty feeding of the twins is making me hungry.”

Lisa laughed. “Oh, you’ll fit right in! Grab a muffin and eat your fill!”

The meeting continued from there, and slowly the attention drifted away from Veronica and Martina and more to local issues, gossip, idle chitchat, and their own book club-within-a-club. They brought out a copy of *Love’s Deceit* for Martina and Veronica to read. Neither were particularly interested, but it could be evidence all the same, and fitting in was important. The local women discussed Adriana, how they hoped her pregnancy was going well, and how she was adjusting to her life in Wystemere slowly.

“I do hope she starts coming back to our club,” Lisa said. “It’s been too long.”

“Give her time, Lisa,” Abigail replied. “My husband always says that good people are like good artists; you shouldn’t rush them!”

Rosa chuckled, drinking some more red wine. “I guess that’s why he does so well in the art world, huh?”

“Oh, we both do well! I’m the woman behind the man, after all!”

The women toasted to this, and Martina joined them with a bit more enthusiasm than she intended, as did Veronica. Both had underestimated how strong the effects of alcohol would be on their smaller bodies, and so were having to moderate themselves now.

By the time their little wives club meeting was over, which was nearly two hours later, they had both found themselves volunteering for roles in upcoming garden judging competition, as well as to help the local Parent-Teachers Organisation with the Puzzle Activities Day. It was bewildering, almost as much as how these women talked about their husbands behind their backs.

“Oh, Todd always wants more babies,” Abigail said. “I’ll give them to him, but he needs to be aware he’s going to be the age of a grandfather for most of them, the silly man! I swear, if he didn’t have a huge dick and the knowledge of how to use it like a fine instrument, I’d be with another man in a hot second.”

“Ha!” Lisa laughed. “I know what you mean. My Charles thinks he’s so clever, but he doesn’t know that all our best art deals are because of ideas I put in *his* brain. He’s the head

of the household, sure, but I'm the neck, and the neck can turn the head any direction she wants!"

"Most women I know are working nine-to-five," Fang said, a bit more friendly now that she had more alcohol in her blood. "But Mr Li is the one working hard to ensure I always look my best and get the most fabulous dresses. I might have to get a collar and a chain for him, because God knows I've already got him whipped."

And so on. Only Rosa seemed to actually see her husband as an equal partner, but even then she had the view that her job was to provide him children and feed him, while he worked admirably hard to support them. But as much as the women were all ragging on their husbands and revealing the secret matriarchy that was *truly* running their neighbourhood, the subject of Veronica and Martina's single status could not be avoided.

"We'll be pairing you up soon," Lisa Hetty declared, adjusting her blonde hair as if it didn't already have enough starch in it already. "Don't you worry about that. I know you claim you don't want a man, Vee, but trust me, you will! A good mother needs a good man to help her boys grow, and to support a set of twin girls especially! Besides, you'll be able to bend him anyway you want with a little help from this neighbourhood!"

The group giggled, and both undercover cops had to laugh along as well.

"Okay, stop pressuring them, girls!" Rosa said. "Give our single mothers time!"

But time was not what Veronica in particular needed. She needed *progress*, and when the two walked back home, they were distinctly aware that they had not narrowed their focus much. The closest they could figure, Lisa was the prime suspect, but that did not mean she was behind it all.

"Still," Veronica said. "I'd love to punch her in the fucking face. That busybody bitch. No way am I gonna get a husband."

Martina was more silent. She had discreetly, 'accidentally,' taken her wine class surreptitiously with her, as well as the remains of one of the muffins. She intended to test them immediately upon arriving home, but the moment she stepped into Veronica's house to collect little Gabriel, they were instantly hit with a wave of screams.

"Oh, shit," Veronica said. "That's the girls."

Adriana was there with lines under her eyes, trying to comfort Gabriel in her arms while waving a toy in Esther and Erin's faces.

"It's a bit of chaos in here!" the pregnant woman exclaimed, struggling on her knees, due to the weight of her belly before her.

Martina rushed forward and took her baby, instantly holding him. He calmed quickly, reaching for her breast.

"Not tonight, honey. Momma's been drinking. Look, I'll get you some formula."

"Momma?" Veronica scoffed. "Don't get too far into your role."

"I am his mom, as far as he's concerned," Martina snapped. "Adriana, why didn't you call us?"

"I wanted y'all to progress the case! I had it handled."

"*Dios mio*, you better learn to do better than this when you give birth."

"Oh, don't remind me that I gotta do that in under three months now! Steven is practically giddy to have me go back home now so he can fuck me. My stupid body's been forcing me to think about him for the last half hour of your kids crying, and it's messing me around. Tell me you made some progress?"

"We'll be able to tell you soon," Martina said. "I have to run some tests."

She took her baby boy home and left Veronica to her own twins. The blonde partner was far more frustrated with her girls, not warming to them nearly to the same extent as Martina. Her boobs were aching and engorged, but she couldn't breastfeed due to her recent drinking, and so she spent the next hour struggling to formula feed, at which point she finally allowed herself to pump, a process as uncomfortable as it was long. She had plans to talk to Martina about what her tests showed, but the truth was she was so overwhelmed and tired by that point that she simply flung off her clothing and collapsed into bed. She dreamed of handsome men groping her big tits and drinking her milk, and she couldn't understand why.

Martina, meanwhile, was all business, but only after getting Gabriel back down. She rubbed his back for nearly half an hour until he settled in his crib, and this act calmed her as much as him. She couldn't stop softly smiling at her little treasure, and it was hard not to truly think of Gabriel as her little man. Her baby boy.

"*Mierda*, you're really in it now, Martina," she whispered to herself. "This Bliss is doing a number on your head."

Hell, she could practically *remember* birthing him, and she certainly had never done that. She cleared her mind, reminded herself that she was a man, and began running a chemical analysis of both the wine in her glass and the muffin she'd been given. It would take time to get results, so she went to bed soon after. Her spirits were still lifted by comforting her baby boy, not to mention the alcohol still in her system, and so she decided to indulge once more and start to touch herself. She'd been doing this more and more lately, and increasingly had no regrets about it. She imagined a tall, handsome man with dark hair and kind eyes, his muscles showing through his shirt.

"Mhmm . . . might as well have a little fun with it," she said with her sultry accent. Slowly, she started to moan.

The next morning, Martina was woken by Gabriel's fussiness. She fed him formula again, not that her gorgeous little black-haired baby liked that very much, and then she did her work burping him. He wanted some crawling time and she saw to it that he got it. Not that he could actually crawl yet, but he giggled like a madman as he sort of paddled on the spot, which only made her giggle in return and encourage him. After reading him a story in Spanish about a little frog that had no friends, she was able to put him on the mat with some soft toys, and then finally get her own breakfast and check the test results. At that point, she gasped.

Both the muffin and the wine glass contained traces of concentrated Bliss. More than traces, in fact; enough to truly mentally transform them.

"*Dios mio*," the former white man murmured under her breath. She checked the results several more times. This strain of Bliss was more potent than even the variant she'd been exposed to; she knew this because she'd done an entire extended course on chemical forensics, and chemistry had also been one of her majors during her college courses. She couldn't tell exactly how it was different beyond its strength, however. Still, it did mean two major things.

- 1) One of the women, if not several, was indeed likely behind the Bliss operation in Wystemere, which truly narrowed their search.
- 2) Both Veronica and Martina would have to put on an act going forward; they would have to be a bit more submissive, a bit more compliant and Stepford-like, and worst of all, husband hungry.

Martina grit her teeth, then gathered herself. She had to tell Veronica, she knew. And she had to make sure Vee understood the importance of blending in and not being a bull in a china shop. She would also have to keep up regular appearances and not show too much immediate suspicion.

"How about a little visit next door, Gabe?" she asked her son. From his little gurgling grin, he seemed eager to visit the girls next door. Martina picked him up after she'd had her shower and put on a lovely red flower-themed dress, got him dressed up, and then headed next door with a Stepford smile on her face.

"Veronica, there's something you need to know!" she declared, only to halt.

Lisa Hetty was in Veronica's home, along with two rather handsome men. Vee was sitting with them in the living room, looking like she was about to explode into a rage, or something even worse.

“Oh, you’re just in time!” Lisa Hetty declared, her blonde bob turning as she focused on Martina’s entrance. “Don’t be a stranger, Martina! Come on in. I was just introducing Veronica to her future husband, and now you can meet yours at the same time!”

Martina’s jaw dropped.

This operation had just met a major stumbling block.

Part 5: Running to Strike a Pose

The men were handsome. No, strike that. They were a pair of *Gods*. Both were tall, easily over six feet in fact, and were clearly well-muscled. The one positioned beside Veronica on the couch was African-American. He had short, tightly curled hair and a handsome black beard which was not too long, but long enough to emphasise his manliness. He was smiling, and his eyes were occasionally shifting to take in Veronica’s deeply impressive cleavage, shown off by her white maternity dress. The other man was Caucasian, with dirty blonde hair and ocean blue eyes. His gaze was immediately upon Martina as she entered the lion’s den, and he positioned himself to clearly emphasise his muscles; the man was wearing a white t-shirt and shorts that allowed her to take in just how impressively muscled he was.

“Welcome!” Lisa Hetty declared. The beautiful mother of three smiled her vacant, WASPy smile, but there seemed to be something *fanatic* behind it, a look that shot her to the top of the list of suspects in Martina’s mind. “Come on in, Martina! I was just introducing Veronica here to Kade and William.”

Kade was the dark one seated next to Veronica. He smiled warmly at her.

“How are you doing?”

“G-good,” Martina managed, trying to compose herself.

William, meanwhile, was the handsome white man. He strode forward and extended a hand to take hers. “Lovely to meet you,” he said. “Lisa here told me that you were a vision, but that description doesn’t do you justice.”

He took her hand, and to her surprise, he did not shake it, but instead raised her hand to *kiss it*. It sent warm flutters through her body, reminding Martina that she was now *very much* into men, not women. Still, the thought of giving into such an attraction repulsed her, and yet, because Lisa Hetty likely knew the pair of them had been dosed with Bliss, she had to play along. Otherwise Lisa would know they were immune . . .

“What a gentleman!” she declared, thickening her accent a little. “You’ll go, er, very far with an attitude like that. You are not a bad looker yourself.”

Veronica’s eyes widened, and she gave a subtle expression that seemed to communicate ‘yo, what the fuck!?’

“Lisa and Charles told us you two are new to the neighbourhood,” William continued. “I wish we’d known earlier! We would have introduced ourselves much, much sooner. Wouldn’t we, Kade?”

“Damn straight we would have,” Kade said, shifting just that little bit closer to Veronica. “Especially for a pair of classical beauties like you. And to think you’re not married!”

“We were,” Veronica said, keeping up the backstory. “Husbands were shit, that’s all. Better without a man than with a man.”

Lisa cocked her head curiously, and Martina realised she needed to interject. She checked that little Gabriel was sleeping in the pram, and then gave a warm, almost naive smile as she walked over to Veronica and patted her on the shoulder.

“Don’t listen to my friend! She’s just exhausted from feeding her two beautiful little *bebés*! In truth, we moved to Wystemere Lane not just because it’s so perfect to raise our children in, but because we heard it’s a perfect place to build the ideal family again. And that includes finding a new man! In fact, we’re *positive*! *Positive* over it!”

She emphasised that word twice just to get the meaning across to Veronica. Martina’s partner had always operated more off of feelings than logic, but thankfully the busty blonde seemed to realise what Martina was implying. For a moment, her expression was sour with the epiphany, but then, to her credit, she relaxed her features into those of feminine interest. It didn’t hurt that she was very much attracted to Kade, a fact that was currently driving her up the wall.

“Fine, fine! My friend is right. But there’s nothing wrong with playing hard to get, is there? I mean, it’s not everyday a very handsome, um, man falls into your lap. I mean, I have to be careful. I’ve had one bad experience - don’t want to rush things!”

“Well, why not?” Lisa announced, her eyes showing that fanaticism again. “This is Wystemere Lane! The land of desperate housewives who can finally find their perfect match, and get to work pumping out more little babies! It’s what happened to Charles and myself. I never would have found him if not for this place, and now I’m happier than ever. You four should go on a double date!”

Veronica’s fake smile froze. “But - we’ve only just met. I don’t know anything about Kade, and Martina’s been here less than five minutes.”

“I can feel a connection already,” William said, drinking in the sight of Martina the hot hispanic woman. It was frustrating, because Martina was finding her own body responding to the very attractive man. Worse, she *had* to go along with it.

“*Si!*” she declared. “Let’s do it. *Gracias*, Lisa. In truth, I’ve been looking for a husband. I really miss dating. And I want a father for my little Gabriel to grow up with. Is that a problem, William?”

She'd hoped to scare him away, but she should have seen it coming; the man was obviously affected by Bliss, or perhaps just in on the plan, because his smile was radiant. "I'd love to be his father!" he said, as if they'd already been dating for a year or longer. "And I'd love to be your husband, Martina. Let's have a date, and then if it goes well, we can get engaged!"

"Same for me!" Kade declared, placing a hand on Veronica's thigh and making her shiver from the pleasantness of his touch. "It'll be *blissful*. We can see how things go, and then if they go well, I'll have a gorgeous stay-at-home wife and mother of my future kids."

Veronica and Martina exchanged a horrified glance, one communicated only through the eyes, because they were too busy playing along with their smiles.

"Sounds perfect!" they said at once.

Lisa Hetty giggled and clapped her hands together in excitement.

She was *definitely* suspect number one now.

The date was set just four days from then, on a perfect Friday night. Veronica and Martina commiserated, both frustrated that they couldn't get drunk in despair, because otherwise their milk would pass on some alcohol to their babies, and they couldn't have that. In the end, the only thing that truly soothed them, much to their shared embarrassment, was breastfeeding together on Veronica's couch. The next day Adriana was with them as they nursed, catching up on what had gone down. The very pregnant black beauty stroked her stomach idly as she considered everything that was going on.

"Okay, lemme get this straight. The force already used confiscated Bliss to transform you, right? It made you gay - or straight - for guys, just like me with my partner-turned-hubbie Steve, but it wasn't so strong that it made you some fanatic housewife compelled to fall head over heels for a man and make his babies, like what happened to me. Am I right so far?"

"Si," Martina said. "All correct."

"And you're immune to more Bliss-"

"Unless it's a crazy high dose, according to Martina," Veronica interjected.

"Okay, so unless it's a crazy high dose. But they just spiked your wine and your muffins at the Wystemere Wives Club. Whoever 'they' are. Not a big enough dose to actually change you-"

"At least not much," Martina said, adjusting Gabriel to her other breast. It was surprising how much she'd taken to breastfeeding. It was deeply calming to her, and difficult not to smile at her baby. Veronica was slower to take to it, but her boobs were so engorged that she had to nurse, and occasionally she looked at her twins with satisfaction.

"Not much?" Adriana asked.

"Well, I've been thinking, um, sexier thoughts. About men. I had a dream about dressing up in a fifties dress for William."

"Ugh," Veronica said. "I was in a goddamn maid's getup. And I let Kade drink the milk from my titties. Fucking fantastic."

"But you're not compelled like I am, right?"

They both shook their heads.

"Okay," Adriana continued. "But they don't know that. They think you're now fully programmed, so if you don't *act* as fully programmed as I am, then . . ."

"The jig is up," Veronica sighed. "And I might never get my goddamn dick back."

"And I might not be a white man again," the hispanic beauty said in her lovely accent.

Adrian rubbed her stomach, wincing a little at the movements within. For a moment, Martina was curious as to how it would feel, being pregnant. It was almost . . . enticing. The idea of growing life within you, and having a baby be your companion. Giving little Gabriel a younger *hermano* or *hermana*. She had to push the thoughts away.

"Okay," Adriana said. "So you're on a timer now. The priority is clear; find out who spiked the wine and who spiked the muffins."

"Lisa brought the muffins," Veronica said. "She made them."

"Okay, well, she's likely in on it. But is she the ringleader?"

"She's crazy enough for it," Martina said. "She has a thing for making women act like WASPy housewives just like her. Plus, they're rich. That'd give them connections."

"Which leaves the wine," Adriana said. "Reckon you're up for another Wystemere Wives Club?"

The pair groaned, but knew they had to go along with it. Unfortunately, the club wasn't for another week. Which meant that as much as they were running to close this case, they'd be running to strike a pose for their new boyfriends first.

It was almost stereotypical: Kade and William were taking them to the themed mini-golf course on the other side of the neighbourhood. It would give them plenty of excuses to help the women with their positioning, at least that would be the excuse to get behind them and reach their arms around for some bodily flirting. It didn't help that both women were definitely feeling a bit more sexual now, because the idea of such contact was intriguing when they let their thoughts go unfocused.

"Wow!" Kade said as he took in the vision that was Veronica, all dressed up to the nines. It had taken some convincing by Martina that they really had to play along, so now

Veronica was in an utterly *chic* black dress, one that had a plunging neckline to emphasise her ample bustline, not to mention a short hem that exposed her lovely thighs. Her broad hips swayed as she approached the dark-skinned Adonis of a man.

“Wow?” she purred. “That all I get? I worked on this outfit for two whole damn hours.”

“I’m just speechless, that’s all. You’re perfect, girl. Just perfect.”

Despite her irritation, her cheeks went red with desire.

Martina was feeling much the same. William took her hand and kissed it again, then remarked on her beauty. She was wearing a modern version of a 1950’s polka-dot dress, one that exposed a bit more cleavage and was tighter around the waist and her fertile-looking hips than the original classic. She strode forth in heels, thankful that her training had included this, and she found it hard to resist the urge to let her hips sway just a bit more.

“You look very handsome, Will,” she cooed. “I’m looking forward to this.”

“Maybe by the end, we’ll be engaged!” he declared. “What bliss!”

“*Si*,” she said, struggling not to frown at his convenient comment. “What bliss.”

The date went well, perhaps a bit *too* well. The agreement between Veronica and Martina had been to positively *pump* these men for information, but perhaps the pumping became a bit too literal from how much the flirting ramped up over the course of the date, the drinks, and the meals. Both women had stored extra milk in the fridge for Adriana to use while babysitting, enough that they could actually drink some alcohol tonight. They needed it, given that they were on a date with two handsome *men*.

Unfortunately, in their awkwardness, they drank a little *too* much, and the flirting started to go from an act to something more genuine. Martina, even while asking William about his history in Wystemere, how he knew Lisa Hetty, what he thought of Todd Anderson the art dealer and so forth, found herself placing her hands on his muscled chest, or allowing him to ‘correct’ her mini-golfing posture, all so that she could shift her big booty up against his crotch and appreciate the hardness growing there. She let her hips sway just as she’d initially been tempted to, and she spoke more in Spanish the more aroused she got, something William *definitely* found a turn on. Soon, she was actually making deliberately bad hits of the ball, especially into the windmill course, just to extend the date. It was to pump him for more information, at least that’s what she imagined, but she was intoxicated by his presence. It didn’t hurt that he talked passionately about his love of science and his job as an analyst, both things that were own passions.

Veronica was having an even worse time of it, or perhaps even better. She’d always been the more impulsive of the two partners, and so when she finally had the chance to drink, she drank *hard*. Kade chuckled and reminded her to moderate herself, but wearing her showy dress, bending over so that her giant tits hung like overripe fruit for him to stare at, it

was all too much! She needed to get tipsy just so she could play along. Big mistake. Soon Veronica was the one doing all the holding, pressing her chest against him, even giving him little teasing kisses each time Kade got a hole-in-one, and then later just when he got the ball in the hole at all. Her arousal was off the charts, and she kept posing seductively to distract him, claiming that she planned to put him off his game, but really because it was making her so fucking horny. The fact that he was a fucking *footballer* in his spare time only made her body more responsive, because then they started chatting on and on about favourite professional teams and players, getting into playful arguments about preferences.

Suffice to say, it all went wrong by the end of the date. They'd already eaten during a half-course break, and now the women were hungry for more. Veronica giggled as she texted Adriana to not expect them until morning, and then put her phone on Do Not Disturb before returning her attention to Kade.

"Well ladies," William declared. "I'd say that was a successful date! Did we want to take it elsewhere?"

Martina knew she should resist, but she was tipsy and the Bliss was starting to affect her decision-making when it came to her libido. She pressed her body up against him, going up on her toes to kiss her date on the lips. "What did you have in mind?" she asked.

"Well, my place is free. You got babysitting till the morning, right? We could keep the date going. Maybe see if we're compatible in another way."

"I was about to suggest the same thing to my beautiful blonde girl here," Kade said, placing a hand around Veronica's waist. She moaned a little as her left breast rubbed against his side. She wanted him to feel her milky titties so much, even if it humiliated her to feel this way. "What do you say, Vee? You up for something even more fun? I won't lie, I wanna take you back to my place more than I've ever wanted anything."

The women were at a crossroads. They knew it would be wrong to go further. But they told themselves that it was just keeping up appearances. Making sure the jig wasn't up on their undercover mission. And so:

"*Si! Yes!*"

"*Abso-fucking-lutelt!*"

Veronica was beyond the point of humiliation as Kade thrust his huge black dick into her tight, wet pussy. She was beyond embarrassment, beyond shame. She moaned like a whore in heat, spreading her legs further to encompass her lover's bulk, then gripping his waist with them so she could feel every thrust of his enormous cock into her. It was the most alien sensation she could ever imagine, but it was so. Fucking. GOOD.

“Yesss! This f-feels amazing! D-don’t you f-fucking dare stop! I order you not to stop, Kade!”

“Wasn’t planning on it, sexy.”

He sucked on her naked tits, causing her to cry out as her milk was expelled. He drank it up, and it only sent her to new heights of absolute ecstasy. He rammed into her, making her all his, and her male pride was eclipsed by that need, that pleasure, that Bliss-driven attraction.

“YESSSSS!!!!” she cried, the orgasm arriving as he squeezed her breasts together and then thrust again. “OH GOD! OH GOD YESSS!!!”

She screamed in pleasure as he came inside of her, his hot seed flooding in deep.

Martina was in much the same spot. She was riding her lover, spreading her vast hips over him and riding him aggressively. William likewise sucked on her breasts, sampling her milk and driving the beautiful hispanic woman crazy. She bounced up and down on his huge cock, mesmerised by the way her pussy gripped him tightly, not daring to let go. But unlike Veronica, she couldn’t muster up a word of English. A stream of Spanish erupted from her mouth, most of it utterly incomprehensible even to her as she gripped her lover by the shoulders. She lowered her brown body and kissed him passionately. He squeezed her ass, gripping her hips tightly as he thrust up, and that was the moment her female orgasms arrived, sweeping through her and annihilating any hesitation she had about what she was doing, at least for now.

“DIOS MIO! OHHHH! MMHMMM!”

Neither could know it, but they’d actually climaxed within minutes of one another, despite being in different locations in the neighbourhood. They were in heaven. They were in perfect bliss, and when the drunken lovemaking was all done, they collapsed against their lovers. Sweet words were exchanged, promises and proposals that the women simply wouldn’t remember in their overwhelmed state. Instead, they agreed to everything, panting in sweet feminine tones as they fell asleep.

Perhaps they should have tried to stay more cognisant of what they were agreeing to, and their last actions prior to unconsciousness. Otherwise it would not have come as such a surprise when both officers-turned-MILFs woke up the next morning with engagement rings on their fingers, and the Wystemere Wives Club sending all manner of congratulations to them on their coming weddings.

A double wedding, in fact. One that was only a week away.

The undercover women were about to become true undercover housewives.