

## Misplaced Revenge (Man to Asian Housewife TG Preg)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*When Doug moves into a new apartment with James, a man he recently met, he hopes things will go smoothly between them. Instead, he is shocked by the arrival of a letter blaming the tenant for awful sexism and racism in the past. Unfortunately for Doug, the mail - and the curse within it - were clearly intended for the former tenant and not him. But it makes no difference, because soon his body begins to transform into a gorgeous Asian woman. Even worse, he now has compulsions to act as the perfect submissive wife and baby maker for James.*

### Misplaced Revenge

Doug was excited. He finally had a place to call his own. Sure, it was an apartment, one he would be renting and likely never owning, but still, it was his.

Well, half his. He wasn't scraping quite enough money to pay the rent, so he had to have a roommate to help him out.

The point was that he had what he'd always dreamed of: a life in the big bustling city, a college campus in which to learn new ideas and explore who he was and could be, and an apartment to call home in the centre of this bustling metropolis.

"This is going to be great," he said, as he gazed around his room. It wasn't the largest space. Far smaller than his old room, in fact. But he didn't care. It was his, and it was good. And most important was its location: away from the country. Away from the small town he'd come from that had a population of less than two thousand. The kind of place where everyone knew everyone else and were always up in everyone's business. Where everything was uniform, everything was the same. Where all anyone did was work for their father's farms or small businesses, and grow up to marry their high school sweethearts and pop out babies one after another.

Doug hadn't wanted that life, no matter how much his annoyingly aggressive parents had pushed it. They wanted him to get out of education quickly, marry young, and start making grandbabies as soon as possible. There was a church element to those small towns, of course, but it was also true that there was just *nothing else to do*. People who lived in little rural enclaves like he'd come from were just far too insular, in Doug's opinion. They had no idea how vast and fascinating the world was, and what opportunities lay beyond the borders of the village. Doug promised himself when he was a teenager that he'd escape the little town trap. He was going to reinvent himself, make a new future. He was going to go to college and have that experience. Meet new people, meet new *girls*, and see where life took

him. He was enrolled in a political science course and a more practical environmental science course, and they were already *fascinating*. He had no idea exactly what kind of career they were going to lead him to, but the journey mattered as much, if not more, than the destination.

Doug Harper was going to forge a new life. He was the proverbial caterpillar ready to become a butterfly, and while he didn't know the pattern of his wings yet, he knew that change was coming and was enthusiastic for it. The city, with its diverse people and interests and cultures, was full of opportunities to become something new. *Someone* new.

The door opened, jolting him from his thoughts. James Packston entered the main living space of the rental, carrying some of his stuff. He was still in the process of moving in, and Doug was still getting to know him, but he seemed to be a nice guy. Whereas Doug had a 'handsome farmboy' kind of look to him, with wavy blonde hair, blue eyes, and a rather fit frame, James was a kind of taller counterpart. He was taller than Doug, and had light brown hair and a more average face, but despite his down-to-earth qualities it had actually been *him* who had come to Doug with a proposal for them to move in together, having overheard Doug talking about his issues with getting a college dorm stay approval passed. James was a city boy who was also enrolled on campus, except he was focusing on music. He loved his guitar, loved the arts, and certainly carried the spirit of someone who thought and felt deeply. Doug appreciated that, so while he only knew him initially as 'that guy from my Introduction to Sociology' class at first, they got to talking and in the end agreed to pool their resources. And now here they were, getting to know each other as roommates.

"Hey Doug, how you doing?"

"Pretty darn good," he said, smiling. "Just appreciating how great this place is."

James chuckled. "I guess. I mean, I've stayed at bigger, but pricing being what it is these days, I'll take it. I would have thought a country boy like you would have scoffed at a small place like this?"

Doug waved off the comment. "Naw. The country has bigger rooms and certainly bigger backyards than this place, but . . . this is better."

James chuckled again, and after getting a curious look from Doug, he elaborated. "Oh, I'm not making fun. It's just that it's such a new-to-the-big-city thing, isn't it? It's all exciting."

"Isn't it?"

The other man took out his guitar from its case, took a seat on the sofa, and began plucking at the strings idly. "I guess so. I wouldn't know, myself. Born and raised here. Truth be told it's also kinda funny, because I'd always imagined myself for the country life one day. After I find the right girl, of course."

It was Doug's turn to smirk. He folded his arms. "Let me guess; settle down, get married, have a few kids. Maybe buy a ranch?"

"Don't forget the piece of straw in my mouth, but yeah. Is that a bit too typical?"

"Good God, it's all anyone does where I came from. Just get married, work some farmer or small business job, pop out babies. I came out here for something different."

"Well, how about that? I guess we both want the green grass on the other side of the fence. Of course, I still plan to enjoy the college life for a bit before I even think of moving to the country."

Doug raised an eyebrow. "More music concerts to visit? Or play at?"

He strummed his guitar. "Actually, I was thinking more about the wonderful adventure of finding some nice girls to get to know. *That* is one thing you're going to love about college, you know, especially someone with your good looks."

"I don't look *that* handsome."

"Please, the girls love a classic farm boy type, and you're it. Plus, give it a few weeks and you'll be way more confident. I can only woo with my music, otherwise I just become a nervous shambles. But there's always time to get better!"

The pair shared a laugh. Indeed, as shallow as it was, that was something Doug was looking forward to when it came to the college and city life: the clubs, the bars, the parties. The social scenes that would allow him to meet new women and have a blast with them, without the entire town gossiping about it.

Yes, things were looking up for Doug Harper.

Or so he thought.

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It was only two weeks after they had moved in together that a piece of strange mail arrived in the letterbox. During that time, Doug had gotten more confident, even landed a couple of dates. He'd made out with a girl at a concert James took him to, and the pair of them had achieved a nice equilibrium in the apartment, even if they had to agree on a time for when James had to put away the guitar so that Doug could sleep. Of course, he was welcome to play when Doug brought a girl back to the apartment. It had only happened once, that very previous night. The former country boy had only had sex once back in his old town, and that was with Elizabeth Mahews, who he'd practically had to escape from before she tried to pin him into marriage. This woman, Samantha, had no such illusions.

"That was really nice," she whispered in his ear as she slipped out. "I'm going to shower and get out of here though. Got an early lecture."

"Will I see you again?" he asked.

She shrugged. "I'm a bit of a wild card, but who knows? You were pretty good, farm boy."

He grinned, caressed her hip as she got up. After she was done with the shower he cleaned himself up as well and went to the living room space. James threw him a grin as Samantha grabbed the rest of her things. He'd been not as lucky the previous night, but he was evidently happy for his friend.

"By the way," Samantha said as she readied to exit. "There's a package at your door. You two have a lovely day. I might see you around Doug. Nice music last night, James."

"Not nice enough!"

She laughed. "You'll find the right someone."

The woman left, leaving Doug feeling utterly elated. James threw a spoon lightly at him.

"What?"

"Wipe that grin off your face! You're making me jealous."

"Eh, you'll find the right someone."

James chuckled. "You should snag Samantha for good. You'd make a good choir pairing. Now what's this about a package?"

Doug poured his cereal and began eating it as he joined James at the table. The package was small but looked like it had been mailed from quite far away; there were numerous stickers on it that indicated it had been re-routed numerous times.

"Jesus, where did this even come from?" James asked, inspecting it. "It must have gotten lost and sent to every continent on Earth. Is that Japanese?"

"No idea. I'm just a farm boy, remember?"

"Yeah, a farm boy taking environmental science and political studies. Well, I doubt this is for us; we only just moved in. Which begs the question, do we open it?"

"Does it have a name?"

James shook his head. "But the address is our little house, that's for sure."

"Then let's open it. Pass it here."

James slid it across the table, and Doug was ready with a knife. He opened the box quickly by slicing the tape and withdrew a small orb. There was no other way to describe it; it looked like a crystal ball of some kind, nearly completely transparent but for a sort of faint blue 'storm' that churned within its centre.

"Uh, what is it?" James asked.

"No idea," Doug said, inspecting it and turning it around in his fingers. "Maybe it's just some kind of good luck ch-agh!"

He dropped it as it suddenly shone brightly, the storm within blooming and expanding beyond the crystal ball's expanse. The ball floated up into the air between the two of them,

hovering over the eating table. The churning storm poured out and then collected into the three-dimension image of a young woman around their age. Her features were Asian and quite attractive, but her expression was anything but nice.

“What the hell?” James said, standing back.

“Is this even possible?” Doug asked.

“It’s happening right in front of us and we’re both seeing it, so I’d say so!”

But they both hushed as the floating projection of the woman spoke, her voice crisp and clear as if she were in the room with them.

*“Hello Robert,” she said icily. “I bet you didn’t think you’d hear from me again, did you? Or that the Wicca magic you always mocked me for learning would turn out to be real, huh? I had to put up with you as the worst imaginable room mate for nearly two years because of my situation. Your sexist comments about my appearance, your constant womanising and desire for me to be ‘hotter.’ And if that wasn’t bad enough, I had to put up with your awful racism as well, and don’t deny it! You are racist as hell! Just because you ‘praise’ so-called ‘proper’ Asian women for being all subservient to their men and staying in the kitchen and popping out babies doesn’t mean it’s not racist as hell. It’s fucking racist as can be, no matter how much you think it’s a positive, and even worse because you kept trying to push that view on me all that time!”*

“He must have been the previous tenant,” James whispered.

“Or one from way longer ago. The package looks like it was lost in transit for ages.”

The woman continued, face turning smug.

*“But now everything is going to change for you, Robert. You see, my powers have increased, and now I can conduct actual magic, including hexes and curses. I won’t bother you with the difference, but suffice to say that just by standing here and viewing my orb, you’re already fucked. How fucked? I’ll tell you: you’re going to experience a very ironic punishment for how you treated men and other women, and how you fetishised Asian women in particular. And because you were always reducing women down to the role of babymakers in your eyes and combining that view with your fetishes also, I’m giving you the full trifecta: you’re going to become a hot Asian babymomma.*

*“That’s right, Robert. You may not believe me, but even now the magic is encircling you, and soon it will change your body to become the kind of voluptuous, busty Asian beauty you always complained I wasn’t.”*

“This is crazy,” Doug said. He raised his voice. “Hey! I’m not this Robert guy! I’m just a new tenant! I don’t even know him.”

But the woman kept speaking, her grin becoming ever more manic and smug. This was clearly some kind of pre-recording, not anything that could interacted with. Doug went to stand and grab the orb, but something suddenly made him double over. He clenched his

teeth as several muscles in his stomach pulled. It was like his organs were churning, and something almost *growing* inside of him.

*“Do you feel it now, Robert? The first change? That’s your womb forming. Yes, an actual womb, Robert. And those sensitive little pressures in your nipples? I hope you enjoy having the big pair of tits you always mocked me for not having.”*

Doug gasped; his nipples were indeed feeling a strange pressure. His breathing quickened, and James looked alarmed on the other side of the table.

“Uh, dude, are you alright?”

“Nghh! N-no! Something’s happening to m-me! To my chest!”

James’ eyes went wide, and so did Doug’s. They both stared at his chest as it suddenly *ballooned* forth, not just a pair of nipples extending but entire breast tissue.

“Holy shit! Dude, you’re chest is growing!”

“I know! Ughhhh! I can f-feel it! It’s really s-sensitive!”

He gripped his chest, trying to push back the swelling balloons, but there was no stopping their advance. They expanded out until they were full and utterly female, heavy weights upon his chest topped by large nipples that pushed against the fabric quite obviously.

“Dude, those are tits!”

“I know! It’s what the lady is saying! We have to stop her before - oohhhh!”

*“And do you feel that, Robert?”* the woman continued. *“That’s the sensation of your waist pulling in and your hips expanding out, giving you that hourglass figure you coveted on so many women.”*

Doug groaned, stuck in place as his hips audibly cracked outwards, becoming the kind of wide childbearing hips that practically screamed of fertility. His waist pulled inwards as if crushed in by physical pressure, but the sensation was not altogether painful so much as deeply discomforting. His organs were redistributing further within him, causing more eerie sensation.

“Shit, shit!” James exclaimed. “What do I do?”

“S-stop it! Destroy the oooorrrrb,” Doug groaned, hands shaking. They were slimming, as were his arms and legs, becoming soft and smooth. His body hair fell away, but there were other changes too that he couldn’t see; he could feel his face bubbling and warping and shifting, his very visage altering to take on a new feminine look.

*“That’s right, Robert, you’re going to be very, very female and very, very fertile. From now on, you’ll have the figure of a gorgeous gal, right down to the nice peachy ass! You always felt the need to perv on mine like a total dog, so now you can put up with that!”*

Doug took his hands off his wobbling tits that were pulling tight his shirt. He let out a squeaky ‘eep!’ as his butt suddenly inflated. He gripped it, trying once more and once more

failing to prevent its growth. Soon his shorts were stretched tight there, even as his overall frame shrunk, leaving him much more petite.

*“And short too! Don’t forget, you like a girl who’s only 5’4!”*

“I can’t touch it!” James cried, hand sweeping through the orb which ethereally remained where it was, ghost-like. “Nothing I can do affects it. You have to get out of here man, before-”

“I caaaaaaaaan’t!” Doug groaned, ass finishing its development. It was indeed now peachy, and though he couldn’t get a good feel for it, he could appreciate its softness. His breasts pressed against one another as he turned to get a better look, and the odd sensation of deep cleavage forming in the slight v-neck made him utterly humiliated.

“You can’t move?”

“No! I’m s-stuck!” he said, face changing further, lips becoming plumper. His cheeks were already soft, and his jaw cracked, leaving him with a smooth jawline. It also left his voice suddenly a sweet soprano, a demure beauty’s voice: “It won’t let me get out! I don’t know what to do! Oh shit, my voice! Go and get help, dude!”

James tried to move, but suddenly found himself rooted to the spot as well.

*“Oh, and don’t try to escape,” the woman said, smiling smugly. “Particularly if Campbell is there. I really hope you’re here for this message Campbell, because I have a punishment and a blessing in mind for you. So if you are there, you can stay rooted to the spot and watch as asshole Robert here goes fully female and grows a perfect pussy. Can you feel it coming, Robert?”*

“I’m not R-Robert!” Doug shrieked. His hair extended down his shoulders, and his face was left quite attractive, for a woman, with smooth cheeks and beautiful eyes. His facial hair was entirely gone, and his neck was slender, no Adam’s apple in sight. “Don’t do this! Please, don’t make me a fucking woman! I don’t want a - a - oh fuck, here it comes! I can f-feel it, James! I can f-feel it! Ohhhh!!!”

It happened far, far more quickly than he would have liked. In one moment, his cock was there between his feminised thighs, and the next it tugged back up between his legs, inverting to become a pussy. In mere seconds he had lost his manhood and become a biological woman, and an attractive one at that. A very attractive one, judging by the double-D cups upon his chest. From his perspective, they seemed like they might even be bigger.

“I’ve got a pussy. I’ve got a freakin’ pussy!”

*“That’s right, Robert. You’ve got a vagina. But this isn’t enough change, is it? After all, you weren’t just a sexist, but a racist as well. You put down Asian women while fetishising them at the same time. So I guess it’d be the ultimate irony for you to be not only female, but to be a Chinese woman as well!”*

The burning across the new woman's skin began. Doug tried to scratch the feeling away, but instead he had front row seats to see his skin darkening, turning a mid-tone olive. His face changed further, cheeks becoming just a little more prominent, and his eyes shifting to take on what was obviously an almond shape. His wavy blonde hair straightened, becoming black and incredibly silky, flowing even further down his back.

"No, no, no, no! Come on!" she cried, before her changed eyes widened. "Are you serious? I've got an accent now!"

It was a gorgeous lilting Chinese accent, not particularly thick but certainly noticeable. James looked at him with shock, but he obviously couldn't deny how attractive the new woman was, because he was tenting in his pants quite obviously.

"Dude, what the hell!"

"Sorry, it's just - you're super hot!"

*"If you are present Campbell, you may notice I've made Mei here quite attractive to you. Of course, she'll be hot as hell anyway, but thanks to my magic, you'll find her irresistible."*

His cock was now fully erect, repulsing Doug . . . and intriguing him.

"Wait, did she call me Mei?"

*"Here comes the mental change! Get used to thinking of yourself as a woman-"*

Suddenly the female pronoun felt far too appropriate. He was now a *her*.

*"- and having a female name -"*

'Doug' fell away as an identifier. She could only think of herself as may now.

*"- and being totally, one hundred percent straight for men. And more than that, totally devoted to your remaining roommate. That's right, Robert. Campbell is going to be the lucky recipient of a new wife. You two are married now!"*

Rings appeared on both their hands, and Mei was startled to see a diamond engagement ring and wedding band, the latter of which matched the one on James' hand. The still-male individual in the room gasped.

"What the hell? Mei - you're my wife! Holy shit, I'm thinking of you as my wife!"

"And you're m-my husband. Ohhhhhh, it's all too much! Why is this h-happening!?"

She tried to shake the feeling off, but only succeeded in making her large breasts jostle. They lifted up, supported by something, and she realised in that moment that her outfit was changing.

*"And now the clothing change! From now on you're going to wear what he wants. Campbell can enjoy the sight of your deliciously voluptuous form in all the best dresses, crop tops, bikinis, lingerie, you name it!"*

Her clothing reformed, altering quickly to become a tight black cocktail dress that clung to her curvaceous body, showing off her ample cleavage and her impressive derriere.



Her hips were especially prominent, and the hem of the dress far too short for her liking, even if it was a small problem in the grand scheme of things.

“Holy moly,” James uttered, jaw dropping at the sight of her.

“Don’t look at me like that!” she exclaimed, accent thickening in her agitation.

“I can’t help it - I think the magic is making me super turned on by you.”

“Ohhhhh,” she moaned, rolling her eyes back for a moment and sliding her hands down over her form. She shivered at the sensation of her breasts. “M-me too. Why am I f-finding you so hot? This isn’t fair - you shouldn’t look like such a hunk!”

But he did. He *was*. Her new pussy was already becoming slick, the thought of his cock inside it making her nipples tense and throb. Her body was now entirely sensual, but she needed to be more than just his attractive wife. The need to be submissive, to be demure and servile, leapt into her mind, hijacking it. This was her man, her husband, her *master*. She *had* to please him. She *wanted* to, as if it were her purpose: to be the perfect, dutiful wife.

“Mhmmmm,” she moaned. “This is m-madness. Ohhhh, but I w-want it.”

*“You can feel the need, can’t you, Robert?”* the woman’s projection teased. She laughed briefly. *“And Campbell will too, even if he’s not physically present. He was always kind to me. Always respectful, and he spoke against you on occasion. But I also found out about his fetishes, his horny fantasies about me even if he kept them to himself. So this is his curse and reward: he gets to have you, Robert. He gets to be your husband, and enjoy you being his submissive little Asian housewife. And because you always called Asian women babymakers, and because I know Campbell has a fetish for just that, it’s a match made in heaven. You’re going to be so fucking fertile, Robert. You won’t believe it. So goddamn fertile that you won’t be able to stand not being pregnant at times. You’re going to get pregnant real soon by your new husband, and you’re going to get a big belly full of life and big milky tits and you’re going to give birth, Robert. Actual birth. Lying back and spreading your legs and grunting and pushing and the whole works! I’d love to see it, but instead I’ll just have to be satisfied knowing that you’ll be pushing out babies for well over a decade to come, and quite a few multiples along the way, I imagine.*

*“So enjoy being an Asian housewife and babymaker, Robert. It’s all you deserve. And enjoy getting fucked every day by your husband, feeling a strong, overwhelming need to please him at all times, to the point where you won’t be able to help yourself; you’ll consent to all of this. All of it, babies and all. Have a nice life, Robert - or should I say Mei? You won’t ever see or hear from me again, and good luck finding me. Far better to focus on all the sex you’re going to have, all the cooking and cleaning you’ll be doing, all the outfits you’ll be wearing to show off your body, and - of course - all the babies you’re going to birth! Bye-bye!”*

The orb finally fell. It shattered into pieces, then nothingness, leaving a heavy silence. Mei didn't know what to do or say. All that information from the Wicca witch who used to live here was still being processed in her mind; all the talk about being submissive, about making babies, about being like this forever. But her body was a different story. Her body had needs. She drifted around the table, getting closer to James.

"J-James. My husband. I can't . . . I can't fight it. It's too strong. Oh God, I need you. I don't want to but I do! I need you s-so bad! I need to please you!"

"I feel the same way," he said, alarmed but drawing closer, his face nearing hers. His arms encircled her, his hardness pressing against her flat belly. She began to grind her soft body against it, cooing as one of his hands lowering to her breast and began to massage it. It was such a foreign sensation, but her new instincts were telling her to allow more of it.

"We have to f-fight. You have to fight. I'm too weak. I need to be dutiful. I need to . . . mhhmm . . . please you."

She rubbed his cock, undoing his belt buckle with her hands. James breathed tightly.

"I know. I have to - but I can't! The magic thinks I'm Campbell! Which means I'm thinking of you as my wife. I think - damn it all - I think I'm going to f-fuck you."

She bit her soft lip. The words were ecstasy. "Do it. No, don't! Ohhhhh, yes! Do it!"

She looked up at him, feeling the need to be totally dominated. To spread her legs and receive him, and feel him fuck again and again until she bore her husband babies.

"Get your wife pregnant," she moaned in a purring voice.

She couldn't believe what she was saying. It horrified her.

It excited her.

She needed it all the same.

The pair of them came together, and soon she was moaning in ecstasy as he held her against the wall, her thighs wrapped around him, his cock pumping deep into her new warm slit. She was in heaven and hell, her ripe breasts bouncing, and there was no way to stop it. She didn't want to stop it, because her sense of duty to her husband overrode all else.

"Yes! Yessss! Yesssss!!"

It didn't take long for either of them to climax, or for her to feel his warm ropes of cum enter her body. She shuddered in female orgasm, utterly taken. Utterly submissive and female.

It would not be the last orgasm, however. In the aftermath, as she processed just how wrong all that had been, breathing against her former roommate-turned-husband, the need rose again, almost impossibly fast.

"Shit," she said. "Do you feel-"

"Yes. I'm sorry. I need you again, Mei. I need my wife to know her husband's desires."

Her body was only too happy to grant them, again and again until finally they collapsed in bed together that very night, having gone far too many rounds. She fell asleep in his arms, mind overwhelmed. Her entire life had been upended due to a misplaced revenge curse.

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Mei couldn't help herself. She needed James, more than she'd ever needed anything before. She was supposed to be a man, supposed to be out there, taking charge of her life and having adventures with beautiful women along the way. But instead not long after she and James woke they were all over each other again, her lust beyond belief. She moaned in ecstasy, her voice high and sweet and accented as he shoved his hard cock into her dripping depths. Her new vagina gripped onto him, desiring him to cum inside her, and cum *hard*. It was impossible to describe the need, only that it was overpowering.

"Please, husband!" she cried, feeling the engagement and wedding rings upon her hand. "M-make me yours! Put a b-baby inside me! I need to g-give you babies!"

Evidently, her words turned James on something fierce. The hex had made them utterly tethered to one another, their arousal for the other so strong the thought of *not* fucking one another was almost painful. And for Mei that meant submissively lying back and taking her husband's cock. Just a day ago this man had been the roommate she had only known for a little under a month. Now she was his wife, and promising to get pregnant with his babies.

"Oh, Jesus!" James stammered, thrusting into her and burying his face into her soft tits, a sensation that was likewise alien to her. "Did you say g-get you pregnant?"

She nodded, unbelieving what she was saying, but gripping onto him all the same and bucking in time with his thrusts.

"Y-yes! It's the h-hex that makes me want it, but I want it sooooo bad! I need to be your preggio Asian housewife! I need to be your submissive woman, always making babies for you! Pregnant and in the kitchen! Big swollen tits and a bigger belly!"

Just saying it made her even wetter, even more aroused. Her husband - she could barely believe he was her husband now - groped her breasts, squeezing her large nipples, and making her whimper.

"Oh God," he said. "Why does that sound so completely fucking hot!?"

"I knooowwww," she whined, wrapping her legs around him. "I s-still can't believe you're f-fucking me with your big dick, husband! Ohhhhhh, but it f-feels so good. D-don't stop!"

"I can't! And I w-wouldn't! I - I think I need to get you knocked up!"

“No! Don’t! Ohhhhh, but do it! Make me pregnant! I need to be!”

The hex was doing its work, making her imagine what it would be like to have a baby growing in her belly. To feel life swelling within her. To pleasure her husband each day, to tidy the house and work the kitchen. To be his submissive Asian wife, the total stereotype that this ‘Robert’ person had clearly demanded the Wicca woman be.

“I c-can’t believe this!” she cried. “I c-can’t believe I’m s-stuck like this! You can’t get me pregnant! Ohhhhh, but you have to!”

“I want to! I want to have you as my p-pregnant wife. I want to see you swell up with my babies. You’re so goddamn beautiful, Mei!”

“And I’ve g-got such big breasts! Such wide hips - perfect for m-making babies and f-feeding them. And you! Ohhh - mmhmm! Just cum already! I can’t s-stand it! P-p-please!!”

He did so, thrusting one final time. She closed her legs as tightly around him as possible, trapping every last drop of his warm seed within her. She could feel it all rushing to her womb, and the ecstasy of that notion was only then overcome by the horror.

“Shit, fuck!” she cried, regaining some of her male pride, and even freeing herself a little from her submission. “We just had sex - again!”

“I know,” James breathed. “I couldn’t help it. I wanted it.”

“Me too, but . . . oh God. I can’t get pregnant, really? Can I?”

James drew back, staring into her eyes. She knew he was seeing someone else; not Doug Harper, but Mei Packston, his gorgeous wife with the beautiful almond eyes and silky black hair. The woman who looked ready to bear his children, and thanks to the curse would be hopelessly addicted to doing so.

“I . . . I think you might be already,” he said, giving her a sympathetic expression.

The worst part was, as much as it horrified her, there was a small sense of excitement lurking down deep as well.

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She was pregnant, of course. James had been right. The test just three weeks later told her as much, and by that time she had completely failed to turn back into a man or even shrug off her submissiveness. In fact, she had fallen more completely into it: in the following days after their initial grappling with their new relationship, Mei found herself cooking and cleaning for the pair of them, as well as wearing cute dresses and female outfits purely to please her husband. James experienced a rush from being the strong, dominant man in the relationship, something he tried to fight but like her would always lapse into. And Mei, on the other hand, was quickly addicted to the dopamine release of obeying her husband’s requests, be it to make a certain meal, kiss him goodbye before he left for work or college, or

to spread her legs for him as he took her. Even blowjobs began to occur; she had initiated the first one when James had slept in and she badly needed to wake him. The stupid hex put into her mind that this would be the most appropriate way for a dutiful wife to please her husband and wake him at the same time. She even swallowed . . . the taste was warm and salty and sweet all at once, and soon she was addicted to that too.

They both fought their new fate, of course. Her old life was gone; all her documentation had her as Mei, twenty-two year old woman of Chinese descent. Still, she searched for any evidence of previous tenants or a way to turn back, and James helped her as well. When he wasn't studying or she minding the house, or they weren't fucking like absolute rabbits, they were investigating who the woman could have been. But evidently magic or just bad luck had obscured the trail, and soon despair set in, followed by resignation.

Denial would rear its ugly head again though, when Mei found herself coughing up last night's dinner one morning. She wasn't stupid; her nipples had been sore and she had been exhausted lately. Often, guided by her compulsions, she met James on campus where he at least still had a course to pursue. There she would dress up in a gorgeous outfit, one that was not too showy but definitely emphasised the curve of her breasts and hips. But for a few days that was difficult, and she was homebound. She couldn't even go on the dates that the hex compelled them to go on; they had danced at the club once, her in a tight blue cocktail dress, and afterwards he had fucked her from behind while she continued to wear it.

Those days were soon to be at an end, as the pregnancy test indicated.

"It's just one thing after another," she said to herself, staring at the test result.

"Pregnant. I'm goddamn pregnant. I'm going to have a baby. Ohhhhh . . . stupid hormones!"

Said hormones were making her feel pretty damn good about baby-making, almost as if her body was literally magicked up for that exact job. The Wicca woman had said as much in her arcane recording; 'Robert' would be cursed to have an extraordinarily fertile body that could pop out baby after baby healthily, and the new her would be addicted to doing so.

"And now that's me," she said, placing her hand on her stomach as she left the bathroom. James was still out, and she was wearing just her lingerie, the kind her husband liked to see her in each night and morning. "This is going to grow," she said, sliding her hand over her belly. And these too." She cupped her large, DD-cup breasts, wincing slightly at their sensitivity. "I'm going to have an actual freakin' baby growing inside me, and I'm going to give *birth*. Birth. Actual birth. I'm going to push a baby out of my pussy and then feed it and raise it. I'll be a mother. A mom. A wife *and* a mom. And not just to one kid, oh no! If I don't change back, I'll be a super mom. A mom to a whole busload of kids. I'll be growing and pushing out kids forever. I'm only twenty two."

She wiped away the tears in her eyes, cursing her emotional state. She made her way to the wardrobe to get dressed for the day, trying to find an outfit that would make her feel better; her new female brain had a fashion sense to always look good, especially for James.

“Hang on, is that . . . ?”

She spotted it at the back and pulled it out. Yes, it had to be. There was no way it wasn't. A goddamn *maternity dress* was back there, as if Mei was already anticipating the day she would start making babies for her man. It was all too much; she broke out laughing at this.

“At least I'll look good and stylish in six months time,” she mused.

That small dopamine hit coursed through her brain, making her smile despite her fate. She was pregnant. Her body was doing what it was meant to do. It may have been the magic, but it felt all too real anyway.

“I hope it's twins, James would love me to bear him *twins*,” she said aloud, before catching herself. “Oh God, what is wrong with me?”

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She did bear twins, though not right away. Her belly bloomed with life, and soon she looked the very part that the curse intended her to play; first with a small but noticeable bump, and then in her final month with a large stomach that dominated her torso, her breasts enlarged in preparation for milk production. Mei had to go through the five stages of acceptance again, her body warping beyond recognition for a second time (third if you counted her becoming Asian after becoming female). She was thoroughly stuck in the role of housewife, and during that transitional period they moved out into the country, following James' dream of becoming a singer and entertainer in a rural space.

And so it was that the pregnant Mei was returning to the very kind of town she had tried to escape, working in the kitchen and around the house daily to support her husband, giving him specially prepared food and massages when he returned home. She knew it wasn't his fault, but she couldn't help but feel intensely jealous of him: her husband had the better end of the deal by far, even if he treated her well. It wasn't like he could do anything to halt her submissiveness; when he tried to make food for her it felt all wrong, and she had a strong need to take over and make sure he got to put his feet up. The same applied to sex: her body was up for it whenever James was, even as she got more and more swollen. Something about Campbell's fetishes must have transferred to James too, or perhaps his desire to grow a large family was always there, because they seemed to go at it even more often the further along in her pregnancy she got. She even wore tight, sexy maternity clothes

and lingerie for him, all part of her 'present' for her wonderfully dominating husband. Not that he had a choice but to dominate her, or she but to enjoy it.

Time flew by, Mei becoming resigned to living out in the country once more, everyone knowing her name, living the slower-paced life. Only *she* was the one who would be popping out babies, instead of the girlfriend she might have had if she stayed in her hometown. Her little baby kicked within her womb, reminding her of its presence, and James could barely keep his hands off her stomach, enjoying the feel of the child they had been compelled to make together.

"I can't believe I'm going to give birth soon," she muttered one day as they walked together, she waddling with her wide hips, her breasts sore and enlarged in her cute maternity top.

"I know. It's crazy," James replied. "I'm really sorry, still. I mean, I'm glad my career is working out, and we're able to afford a place. But . . . you know, we were meant to be just roommates."

"And now I'm your loving, loyal wife," she replied, snuggling against him out of instinct. "I can't help it. Goddamn I *really* want to make you a nice dinner tonight and then suck your cock out of appreciation. Stupid hex. It's so crazy."

He placed an arm around her, feeling her belly from the other side.

"I know, honey. It's really crazy. Maybe, once you have the baby, everything will click. And who knows? Maybe the magic will wear off a bit! Maybe it'll just be this one baby. Sure you'll still be my wife and we'll still be living like this, but maybe that won't be so bad."

"Yeah," she sighed as a neighbour waved to her, and she waved back. Everyone knew each other here. Everyone would know when she gave birth. "Maybe. Maybe it'll just be this one. It wouldn't give my old life back, but maybe I won't end up with the full fate that lady intended for Robert. You know, as a total babymaker."

She rubbed her stomach, feeling her baby kicking within.

She could always hope.

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"Jason! Miriam! Stop fighting over the blocks. There's more than enough to share! And don't be so loud; little Rory is still sleeping!"

"Yes, Mom!"

"Okay, Mom!"

Mei gritted her teeth, just avoiding a loud cry as she stepped on a sharp toy brick.

"And clean up this mess, please!" she declared. "Before someone gets hurt!"

"Fine, Mom!"

Mei sighed, leaned over as best as she could, and shifted some of the bricks off of the carpet. It was a mighty effort for her at this stage, and cradled her back with both hands as she stood back up. It had the effect of making her large, very pregnant belly stick out even more than usual, stretching the confines of her stylish blue maternity dress.

“Mom! Sarah won’t play with me!”

“Just leave her alone dear,” she said, exasperated. “Sometimes Sarah needs her quiet space.” And then, to herself, she said: “And so does Mom. I just need a few minutes.”

The deeply pregnant Asian housewife waddled through the house, one hand on her back and the other on her belly. For once, her little ones were sleeping inside her. It was her *second* set of twins, and this pair were even more rambunctious than the first, with one of them always shifting about in her overstuffed womb. But even sleeping in her stomach, they made themselves known from their sheer weight and size within her.

“Just two more months,” she sighed to herself. “Two more months and then . . .”

Then *birth*. She wasn’t sure why she still dreaded it. She’d already given birth *three whole times* since she had been transformed from a white country boy named Doug to the gorgeous Asian housewife Mei. Four children - Miriam, Jason, Sarah and little Rory - and with two more girls on the way. She wasn’t even sure if there was an end in sight. She was only twenty six years old; still plenty of fertile years left in her new female life, and God knew that her body was indeed fertile. She practically fell pregnant at the drop of the hat, though it didn’t hurt that her husband could never keep his hands off of her. The evidence of their constant lovemaking was all around the house; the many toys, diaper bags, photographs, mementos, and family messes that characterised their expansive country home. And, of course, the evidence in her perfect dome of a belly.

“This is me,” she said as she faced the mirror in the bathroom, rubbing her taut stomach. “This is me. Housewife and babymaker, just like that witch intended for Robert.”

It was a familiar refrain, spoken in her beautiful Chinese accent, and even after five years of being a woman, she still wasn’t entirely used to it. Some part of her remained male in mind enough to be utterly bewildered at her new trajectory as a near constantly pregnant Asian housewife and mother. Not all the time - that would be just impossible to deal with! - but often enough that she would still look at the mirror expecting to see her old male self, only to see gorgeous Mei with her dark almond eyes, long silky black hair, and perfect womanly lips. Which was not even mentioning her figure, which had only become increasingly maternal as she bore her husband his many children. Her breasts were now always large, prominent, and aching full of milk. She hadn’t stopped breastfeeding from the day she’d first given birth, and as a result her chest had swollen to an impressive EE-cup, something that more than pleased James. Hell, it even pleased her from time to time when he drank from her or fondled her, they were so damn sensitive. And breastfeeding itself was



often relaxing, at least. The draining feeling could almost be meditative. Still, it didn't stop the embarrassment of having a prominent bust that men liked to notice, or dealing with the constant need for support in her maternity bras, or the way they bounced and jiggled (when they weren't incredibly tight and pressurised from being engorged, of course). At least she looked very nice on date nights, with her impressive cleavage.

And then there was the rest of her body also, her wide baby-making hips (and good Lord could she make babies, that for was for certain!), her lovely legs (somehow still trim and shapely despite some water retention), and her fine behind. That hadn't been nearly so prominent at first, but it had blown up during her first pregnancy and never gone away, and subsequent pregnancies had only left her with a rear that James loved to grope as she passed.

Mei ran a hand over her belly, feeling her sleeping ones stirring slightly within her. Yes, the belly. A near-constant feature of her life these days. Always growing, growing, growing, filling with squirming life that depended on her, until finally the day came when her waters broke and painful, arduous labor began. Then she would lie back in the hospital (or the bed on one occasion, when it came on too quickly), spread her legs wide, and push, push, push until finally her newest little baby entered the world, crying and needing its momma, and she would feed it from her breast, exhausted and emotional and overcome and . . . proud. How could she not be, on some level? And then her belly would slowly deflate, and she would work her figure back to perfection for her husband, her compulsions making her desperately want to please him. And after healing and looking like a gorgeous, busty young mother once more, then the lovemaking would begin again, and soon James would start the process all over again as he climaxed inside her.

Mei ran her hands over her large belly. God, it was big. And heavy. A result of exactly one of those climaxes seven months before. It wasn't like she was an unwilling participant. Her body *yearned* for him, and she always consented. It was part of the curse, true, but the dopamine rush of feeling him inside her, thrusting away until he came . . . it was too much to resist. Being his dutiful wife, pleasing him with her body and submissively spreading her legs for him each night was an ecstasy all of its own. Of course, the curse also meant that using protection of any kind for either of them just felt all too wrong, hence why she was making babies so often.

"So many babies," she sighed, holding her stomach, the one that still somehow had some ways to go in terms of growth. "Oh, so many babies. Why does it sound so good?"

That little traitorous part of her new female baby-mama mind liked to whisper sweet words to her sometimes. When she looked at her four children, she felt such a rush of love and compassion towards them. It made her cry sometimes, and again when she felt her

babies stir within her. God, she was so damn female these days. So damn female, and so damn pregnant.

It was at that point that the sound of the door opening echoed through the house, and the rush of their three eldest children. So much like her with their dark hair and almond eyes.

“Daddy! Daddy! Mommy, Daddy’s home!”

Mei exhaled deeply. She checked her appearance in the mirror, quickly adjusted her makeup and fixed her hair. She adjusted her dress so that it showed some tasteful cleavage from her large breasts, and also that her belly was displayed within the tight dress. It was important to welcome her husband home properly, after all. At least, that’s what the curse had instilled in her.

“Honey, I’m home!” came James’ deep voice.

She left the bathroom and met him in the entrance hallway, one hand on her belly and the other hand reaching up to cup his cheek.

“Welcome home, husband,” she said sweetly, kissing him. He held the kiss for a while until Jason cried out ‘Eeeeeewwww!’ and the two of them parted, giggling.

“They’ve missed you today,” she said. “All of them, including these two.”

She cradled her stomach, where the two little girls within were starting to wake, recognising their father’s voice outside the womb.

“Oof, settle, settle!”

He knelt down and lovingly rubbed her stomach. Jason did the same, always liking to imitate his father.

“Big stomach, Mommy!”

“Trust me Jason, you have no idea. They were sleeping until you arrived.”

James kissed her belly, cradled it as he stood up. Then he kissed her again. She couldn’t help but moan in satisfaction a little. Just a little. It was the beard he’d grown that did it. God, why did her female hormones make her so wild for beards now? Was it because she could no longer grow one herself?

“You’re amazing,” he said. “You put up with so much. Have they been well-behaved today?”

“They’ve been a lot, but very good. Haven’t we, guys?”

The older pair cheered in agreement with this, and she took the time to place her hands upon her back to get some of the weight off of it. It had the effect of pressing her belly against her husband, who seemed to enjoy the sight and feel of it. She knew he did.

“And your day was good?” she asked.

“Oh yeah. Good crowd, they seemed to really be into it. Happy to be back at the ranch though. I missed you guys. Especially you.”

She blushed, trying not to smile. He always said things like that even after she told him not to. After five years of being a woman, he'd worn down her defences somewhat.

"Well, I've got a surprise for everyone!" James declared. "Look who's here!"

A woman stepped into the door, grinning as the kids ran to her.

"Amy! It's Amy!"

Amy was their babysitter and family friend. The kids adored her, and James often hired her to help give Mei a break, which she appreciated. They couldn't circumvent the curse at all, not the sex or marriage or pregnancy or clothing. But they could help give themselves a pause from time to time. It allowed for plenty of dates with showy dresses.

"That's right, kids!" Amy declared. "And I'll be taking you guys for a sleepover tonight, so your parents can have some . . . special time."

She winked at the pair, and again Mei blushed, holding her stomach almost defensively. One didn't have four children with another two on the way without your neighbours forming strong opinions on how frequent your sex life was. They were way off, of course. Their sex life was far more frequent than that, as evidenced by the fact that James moved on her and kissed her passionately as soon as they were out the door and organised.

"I've been wanting you," he whispered in her ear.

"Mhmmm," she moaned. "I bet you have. You can't help yourself. It's the curse."

"No, it's not just that. I really want you. You know I love you, Mei."

She moaned again. The words were like honey. "I . . . appreciate you," she replied.

"That's all I ask. I know you love our family. And I know you love this."

He held her belly, caressed it, then worked his way up to her breasts. She whimpered as he squeezed them. "G-gentle. They're f-full. Very full."

He lowered himself down, pulled down the slip of her dress, and placed his mouth over her left nipple. Her breathing quickened as he suckled from her, drawing deeply and taking in her milk. It was ecstasy, and it made her pussy moisten. She rubbed her thighs together, ran a hand over her large twin-pregnant stomach.

"P-please, let's just d-do this, James. You know I can't resist you. I need to p-please you."

"Will you use your mouth first?"

She nodded eagerly, looking every part the submissive, dutiful Asian housewife. "I'll do whatever you want, husband. Whatever makes you happy. God help me, I need it. That damn curse makes me need it. And I want it."

It was her consent. She wasn't forced. The compulsions were there but they weren't hypnosis, just a deep-seated need that pulled her to the conclusion the magic wanted. But she gave herself voluntarily over to him, taking him to their bedroom. There she removed her clothing with his help, and unbuckled his pants for him. He admired the naked swell of her

pregnancy, holding her belly and relieving some of the burden. He drank more of her milk, and it reminded her just how womanly she was, how womanly she would be for life.

And then she conducted the ultimate submission: she got on her knees before him, mindful of her belly, and placed her lips over the head of his cock. Once, it had repulsed her. These days, while her male mind still rattled against it from time to time, she was more than used to giving her husband head. She stroked his cock with her dainty fingers, moaning in the way she knew he loved as she licked and sucked his dick. He grunted, holding her head, playing with her silky dark hair. She played with his balls, massaging them lightly. She was good at it. She would be after five years of being stuck as his submissive wife. And the worst part was that she rather felt a strong joy in being good at it; at knowing how to please her husband. Even the taste of his cum made her salivate, though right when she had him at the edge he shifted her, helping her up onto the bed and lying her on her side. He pulled himself against her and she raised one leg. Her need was great, and there was no stopping what had to happen next.

“N-not like you can do any more d-damage! OHhhhh!” she moaned, as he inserted himself into her. “Yes husband, take me!”

James held her belly, played with her tits, kissed her sensitive neck as he fucked her. In and out, in and out, the thrusts came ever faster. Moments later, he climaxed in her, and so she orgasmed as well, wailing out loud with delicious pleasure. Her entire body shuddered, and her babies kicked within. It took a long time to settle, and he held her the entire time, the big spoon to her little one.

“That was nice,” James finally said. “Seemed like you enjoyed it too.”

“Not like I have a choice,” she sighed, stroking her belly idly. “But yes, it was nice.”

“C’mon, you’re still being stubborn? Mei, you’ve been my wife for five years. You’ve been so happy lately. I thought we were past this.”

She turned over to face him. It took a great deal of effort.

“I am,” she said, stroking his beard. “I just occasionally get reminders. I was looking at myself in the mirror just before you arrived, looking at these big tits and this huge belly and my Asian female self and - and - it just came back to me.”

“Being a man?”

“Yes. And Caucasian. And also not being constantly pregnant thanks to you.”

“That’s the curse also,” he said. “Though I’m very happy with our large family. I hope you are too.”

She laid her head at his hand, and he massaged her neck. “Of course I love them all. Even if they’re a lot. And of course I love these two little girls already.” She placed his hand on her belly, and he continued to stroke it. It was quite relaxing. “But it’s just . . . God, I’m pregnant. And female. And Asian. And a housewife and mother, and I’m living back out in

the country again just like what I tried to get away from, and I'm popping out babies like all my old townsfolk did. It's not exactly the life I envisioned for myself James."

He kissed her on the lips, stroked her hips with his free hand. "I know, honey. I know. I still throw up an internet search every so often to see if we can find out who got their misplaced revenge on us instead of that racist, sexist asshole who deserved the life you ended up with. But nothing ever turns up, and, well, we've got four kids and two more on the way-

"And who knows how many after that."

He grinned sheepishly. "Yeah, that too. I didn't want to mention it, but I don't think we'll be stopping any time soon."

She rolled her eyes. "Of course not. It's my 'punishment.' Stupid former tenant. Stupid curse. Now I'm the one stuck as an Asian lady always getting knocked up. Total stereotype, right?"

"A sexy stereotype," he said, feeling her breast. "Especially when you suck me off."

"Mhmmm . . . you never quit, do you?"

"Hey, I've embraced this life. It wasn't exactly how I thought mine would turn out, but I still got a ranch. Still got a nice rural life. Beautiful kids, and an amazing wife."

Mei couldn't help it, she snorted. "Oh yes, you've got it so hard, Mister 'I get to fuck his sexy submissive Asian babymama whenever he wants. It's not like you had your race and sex changed, or got stuck getting pregnant over and over. Still super, duper weird by the way. One day I was finally getting to sleep with girls, the next I *am* the girl, sleeping with a man, and having his babies. Said babies - oof - which keep on coming, by the way! I swear I'm the most ridiculously fertile woman ever, for real."

"Well, that was part of the curse," he said, stroking her belly. One of her twins kicked within, making her wince. They were getting so big, so fast.

"Oh, not that you mind so much. You freakin' love getting me all big and knocked up."

"I do, I won't lie. But don't act like you don't enjoy it, honey. You were begging me to put, and I quote from nine months ago, 'more beautiful babies in my belly.' In fact, I recall you actually mentioned desiring triplets, even quads at some point."

She winced. She really had said those things, hadn't she? But in the spirit of the moment . . .

"Ugh, that was the curse."

"But you did want it."

She huffed, and not just because she knew he was right. She *had* begged for him to knock her up last time, and the idea of baring multiples - even triplets or quads - had sounded so, so damn fucking *hot*. There was just something about being *filled* by her man,

first by his seed, then with his children. Knowing she was *his*. No doubt that humiliating submission had been part of the cherry topping for Robert, the intended recipient of the hex.

“Yes, fine, I admit it!” she said. “I really, really wanted it. The curse always makes me want it, and then I get pregnant and I feel so full! And the worst part is, I want that too!”

“You do make an amazing mother, and mother-to-be,” he said, continuing to slide his thumb over her sensitive nipple. Small droplets of milk exuded from it, and she began to get turned on again. That need to please her husband in her servile way rose up as a familiar instinct.

“Mhmmm,” Mei groaned. “And then in two months I’ll go into labor with these two, and what then?”

“I guess, if the magic keeps guiding our lives, we get started on the next batch a few months down the line, like we’ve been doing with the previous ones.”

She actually giggled at that. “The next batch! God, I’m such a cow. A total broodmare.”

“You’re not a cow,” James reassured her. “Half the reason your belly is so big is because your frame is so small. Except those big, beautiful boobs of yours.”

“Pervert. When I wore that black dress the other day at the restaurant, your eyes were straight up glued to my cleavage, husband.”

“You liked it. You loved it, in fact. You gave me a titty job afterwards, so you must have enjoyed having them displayed. They’re damn perfect.”

“Not like I have a choice. Even my outfits show them off! Not ridiculously so, but I can’t help but show a little cleavage at the very least.”

“Reminds me of seeing you all pregnant in a bikini. We should go to the beach again so I can drink that sight again. I love those large milky knockers in your bikini top.”

He kissed her, beginning to caress her breasts more openly, then sliding his hands over the taut dome of her pregnant belly.

“You know I’ll wear what you want. I don’t have a choice but to wear bikinis anyway,” she muttered. “I keep trying for the one-piece, but Lord knows I’ve got to do what *you* like, thanks to the hex.”

“Well, I’m trapped in it too. I know you didn’t want the country I live. I know this curse is unfair. But after six years, I think I know my formerly male wife pretty darn well. And I know for a fact that she loves the attention she gets from her man, even if it’s still - after all this time - too embarrassing for her to admit. And I know you love this, too.”

He took her hand and lowered it to his crotch, letting her feel his hardness. She couldn’t help herself: she began to stroke it, making it all the harder. Her pussy began to dampen, her desire to be penetrated once again rising.

“From behind this time?” she suggested.

“It’s like you’re reading my mind, honey.”

"I just know what my husband likes. I have to please him, after all."

They began to make love again, and as always he paid special attention to her sensitive nipples before they shifted positions. She assumed the submissive pose and moaned aloud as he thrust into her again and again, giving herself over to her husband.

"You love this, admit it!" James declared.

"I - I - oh God, I do! Don't s-stop! Consider it p-practice for the next babies!"

As much as she had complained, the excitement was in her again, that instinct to be his Asian babymama. To be his beautiful, servile, always pregnant wife, cooking and cleaning and pleasing him in every way.

"Ohhhh, yes! I - I love you!"

"I love you too, Mei! I love you so much! I promise to always - ahh - take care of you and our babies!"

He thrust deeper, gripping her wide, childbearing hips.

"You b-better! Because I c-can't exactly ch-change back! And this body needs to serve you s-so bad! Needs to m-make you all the b-babies you want! Mhmmm!!! Ohh!"

He thrust readily into her, and her mind relaxed, leaning into the pleasure. Sure, she was pregnant. Sure, she'd have to give birth in two months, and go through the process of breastfeeding and recovery and diaper changes all over again. And sure, little Rory sleeping in the other room would need his own feed soon, right after her husband was done with her. Perhaps on some level she'd never quite get used to being an Asian housewife and mother, or being so submissive and constantly pregnant. But though it wasn't the change she had wanted or asked for, she hadn't been wrong all those years ago when she considered herself a caterpillar entering a cocoon. She hadn't expected a productive (and reproductive) housewife to emerge, or for her roommate to become her *mate*, but at the end of the day she'd gained a home, a family, and a circle of people who cared deeply about her. Hell, at least she was great at baking now, and the pie currently ticking away in the oven would be a hit with James, she just knew. Even serving him food could light up her ridiculous female hormones. Any act of service for her husband did, and perhaps that could be a good thing. The curse wasn't meant for her, so she'd have to make it a blessing, she supposed.

And if that meant making lots and lots of babies, then so be it. In moments like these, it was all worth it. She'd feel the embarrassment and self-doubt again later. The humiliation, the shame. All the awkwardness of big milky boobs and a huge swollen belly and all the incredible femaleness, right down to the servitude to her husband. *Especially* when she found herself on her knees, willfully sucking him on while rubbing his shaft between her lubed-up tits. But for now, she wailed in relief as her husband took her, making her his.

"M-maybe we can get t-triplets next t-time," she groaned, sending him into orgasm, and her as well. It always sounded so right in the moment.

And besides, it was going to happen at some point, right?

**The End**