

## Instant Wife and Mother - Part 3

**By TheSpiralledEye**

*David hates his brothers wife Erica and her constant complaining about how hard it is to be a mother these days. After one beer too many and a day ruined by her bitching he decides to tear her a new one only for Erica to get her revenge by tossing David into a whole new reality. Now not only is he a woman, but he's a mother to a five year old girl and married to Erica's own brother!*

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It wasn't. Nor was the day after that. Trying to keep the house tidy was a nightmare, it seemed like no matter how much laundry or dusting he did, there was always more. And cooking anything but the most basic dishes was exhausting. Especially because Katie proved to be a fussy eater. He'd been so proud the first night he finally got a proper meatloaf meal finished only for his daughter to refuse to eat a single bite.

"It smells funny!" She scrunched up her nose.

"Just try a little bit." He asked for the third time. "You might like it."

"No, no, no!" Katie shook her head.

No amount of pleading or firm words changed her mind and David felt his temper rising.

"You will sit here until you eat one bite." He said sternly, sure that eventually boredom would take its toll but his daughter was just as stubborn it seemed.

She sat there until bedtime, when Jesse finally decided to intervene and made her some toast before putting her to sleep. Take her to bed. How could his own daughter be such a brat?

"She's just being a normal kid." Jesse said, "She'll grow out of it."

"That doesn't make me feel better now." He grumbled.

How was he ever going to get out of this life?

"I know something that could make you feel better..." Jesse murmured, pressing up behind David so that he was trapped between him and the benchtop.

David could feel a bulge pressing against his ass through and his whole body stiffened in shock. Jesse seemed to take the action as a good sign and began kissing along the length of his neck, leaving warm trails in his wake. Jesse's lips were warm and there was a slight roughness to his skin from the stubble around his mouth. It felt...good. Really good.

The last few days had been so stressful; trying to get this whole homemaker situation under control that David's body immediately began to react. A good lay always helped to relax him but this was...not his usual kind of sex for obvious reasons. But he couldn't deny that he wanted it; but did he really want to submit to another man?

Hands gripped his wide hips and felt over the soft cheeks of his ass, eliciting a gasp. He'd never realised just how sensitive a woman's ass could be; and he certainly had plenty of it now. Jesse was feeling him all over, burying his face in David's neck and even sinking his teeth in just deep enough to heighten the pleasure with a hint of pain.

"I've missed you, it's been too long." he groaned. David opened his mouth but all that came out was a moan.

He felt overwhelmed; he could feel so much! His pussy getting wet, his tits stiffening as the nipples went hard, Jesse's insistent hands eliciting the most wonderful sensations all through his body. Suddenly the apron he had on felt far too tight, and the dress he wore felt stifling.

"Help me undress?"

The words were out before he could stop them and David was glad Jesse was behind him so that he couldn't see how red his face went.

"With pleasure." Jesse growled, the sound was primal and David felt himself shiver in response.

He'd never felt more attracted to a man before and as Jesse's fingers nimbly undid the buttons on his shirt he let out another moan. The hands were inside at once, hefting up his breasts and slipping inside his bra to play. That wetness between his legs got stronger and an ache formed inside his hole.

"Hurry up!" He begged, feeling equal parts embarrassed and turned on.

With Jesse's help he kicked off the dress and his panties, leaving him in just his bra, leaning over the kitchen bench with his legs spread as his husband took hold of his hips. David bit his lip as he felt the cock slowly slide into his passage, stretching out his walls and causing a myriad of sensations to overwhelm him. This felt so intimate and so submissive. He'd never let somebody else take the lead in the bedroom, yet here he was bent over a kitchen bench letting another man pound his pussy.

Jesse didn't take things slow either, he was thrusting fast enough that David could hear the wet sound of his pussy each time. The pleasure was something else as well, he felt so overwhelmed by it all he could do was tilt his head forward onto the countertop and moan. Or at least try to; Jesse was taking him so hard and fast that the air was forced from his lungs with each rough plunge. It cut off each moan, turning it to a gasp as the pleasure grew and grew.

David didn't want to admit how good it felt; but even he couldn't deny it as orgasm slowly built up. His pussy tightened and with a ragged cry he came as Jesse continued to fuck him for a few minutes more until he finally came as well. David's breath was coming in short, sharp bursts; both out of exertion but also shock. Had that really happened?

Jesse pulled out and David shivered in response; already his hole felt empty and wanting. That had been the best sex of his life and even admitting it to himself was difficult.

"Oh yeah..." Jesse sighed. "Let's not wait so long to do that again in the future."

David swallowed; a part of him wanted to refute it, say no more sex at all but somehow he knew he wouldn't be able to stay away. Not now that he knew how good it felt. Even imagining Erica's smug face wasn't enough to deter him.

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Slowly, David began to find his feet. He gave up on trying to have the whole house spotless each day and just picked one job to do so that the house appeared at least semi clean at any given time. Which gave him plenty of time to find an exercise routine to lose that extra plumpness.

After a bit of searching online he found a series inspired by those old 1980s exercise tapes. "Sweatin' to the Oldies," featured a flamboyant instructor in neon spandex, surrounded by a group of enthusiastic participants with smiles so wide and fake it was actually a little creepy. David's heart pounded with a mix of embarrassment and determination; he couldn't go back to the gym until he'd shed a few pounds. Then maybe he could face the stares of those judgmental women.

The instructor on the screen clapped his hands and began with an energetic warm-up. David mimicked the movements, feeling clumsy and out of sync. He struggled to keep up with the rapid pace of the routine, his face flushing with exertion and embarrassment. He could feel his body jiggling with each exercise no matter how small. When they reached star jumps David felt about ready to burn up his face felt so hot. His breasts bounced up and down on his chest, his ass jiggling back and forth as he thumped up and down. The participants on the screen moved with ease and grace, their smiles white and shiny like sharks; it was almost like they were taunting him. David's own expression was a grimace of concentration.

"Keep moving, and don't give up!" the instructor's voice boomed from the television. "Remember, this is just the warm up!"

That was easy for him to say with his golden abs and beautiful cheekbones; David felt ready for a break already. As the video progressed, David's muscles began to protest. His legs felt like lead, and his breathing grew laboured; with each heavy his breasts rose and fell heavily.

The video ended with a cool-down segment of stretches not unlike the yoga class he'd already attended. At least this time there was nobody around to watch as he pressed his ass in the air while touching his toes.

"Now remember! We'll see you back here tomorrow!" The cheery host waved and David scoffed.

"No, thank you."

He clicked off the laptop and went to take a shower. That had been a nightmare and somehow more embarrassing than exercising in public! At least the shower was pleasant; this new body had so many curves for the water to flow down; it felt delightful. It felt even nicer to put on the light, airy dress with the rose pattern he'd taken a shine to. It really flattered him and hid the roundness of his stomach.

"Mommy!!"

David sighed; Katie was home. Even if he was getting used to living as Jesse's husband, suddenly having a daughter was still weird.

"Yes, Katie?" He called only to be almost knocked over as the girl tackle hugged him.

"I made this for you!"

She thrust a sheet of cardboard under his nose; it was another mess of glitter and stickers that were probably trailed through the house. They are arranged in a heart shape, with little stick figures on the inside and the words "Mommy and Me" written beneath it. It was simple; generic even. The sort of thing he'd normally scoff at and yet, David felt a warm smile forming over his face.

"This is lovely, thank you dear." He gave the girl a kiss on the cheek.

He stuck the project on the fridge and for some reason, didn't even care that there was a trail of glitter running through the living room carpet.

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It was a few days later when David remembered. He'd finally finished all the cleaning he could be bothered with when suddenly the thought came to him; he was married to Jesse now, who was Erica's brother. So she was still his sister in law but...was Erica still married to his brother?

The idea made his stomach churn oddly; it wasn't like there was anything strictly wrong with a pair of siblings marrying another pair of siblings but it still felt wrong. Full of curiosity and a small amount of dread, he opened up Dana Lang's social media pages for the first time since that first day. A few clicks later and he breathed a sigh of relief; Kyle was an only child in this reality.

Part of him felt sad; Kyle was his brother after all and the only person who he really hung out with. But then again, all his memories from their childhood were of them being boys together; digging in the dirt, riding bikes, flirting with girls when they entered high school. Even if Dana was his sister the odds were their relationship would be totally different. Still, David couldn't help but feel a little guilty he didn't miss Kyle more than he did.

While he was lost in his own thoughts he started to scroll mindlessly through the feed in front of him. There were actually a lot of cute pictures. His eyes caught an ad for yoga pants that apparently sucked in extra fat to make you look four pounds lighter in an instant. Before he knew it, he'd spent the whole afternoon scrolling through everything from clothing

influences to mommy blogs. There were so many fun seasonal crafts to do with kids! Maybe he could try a few with Katie, she clearly had a creative mind.

He was so caught up in his scrolling that he didn't even realise the whole afternoon was passing him by until his mobile lit up with a call from Jesse.

"Hey darling, hope the day is going well." He greeted and David tried to deny the little flutter his heart did; it was just nice to have somebody ask such a kind yet innocuous question.

"Going well, you?"

"A little hectic, I'm going to have to stay late, sorry, could you pick up Katie and get her organised for dinner tonight?"

"Dinner?"

"It's the third Friday of the month, dinner with Erica and Kyle."

"Oh! O-of course."

He'd not seen Erica since that yoga class; his stomach started to revolt again.

"I wish you'd tell me what happened." Jesse sighed after a moment.

"What do you mean?" David could feel a cool sweat moving down his neck."

"You and Erica were thick as thieves, always have been since the day you met and now all of a sudden, you haven't spoken in almost a month."

"Oh yes. That."

"Look, it's your business darling but I would ask that you try to patch things up, she's my sister after all."

David grit his teeth.

"Of course. Anything for you."

He hung up and bit his lip. He'd planned on showing Erica up by now but if anything, he'd gained more weight, his house was no more tidy than hers and his daughter no less rambunctious. How had he failed for so long? More than that, how had he managed to get so comfortable?

It didn't matter, now he just had one afternoon to get this house spotless, finally figure out how to put makeup on without smudging and get Katie to behave herself while cooking a perfect dinner to shove in Erica's smug face. What could go wrong?