

A Twisted Perspective



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“Ugh, not again!” Hannah exclaimed. “Can’t you hold it in for more than two minutes!” She climbed out of bed and stomped into the bathroom. Jonathan lifted himself and leaned against the wall, listening to his wife taking a shower. He sighed as his mind screamed in embarrassment. It had been five months, and he hadn’t been able to consummate their marriage. When Jonathan finally surmounted his inhibitions, it was a disaster. He didn’t last ten seconds; the second attempt was as desperate and futile as the first. Jonathan felt deeply ashamed. After all, he had promised her a happy life when they took vows and exchanged rings, committing to each other for the rest of their lives.

Hannah walked out of the shower and darted a disappointed look at her husband. Jonathan averted his gaze down in shame. “I would like some privacy,” she said. Jonathan understood what she meant. He dragged himself out with a droopy face and crashed onto the couch for the rest of the night.

The birds sang outside the window as rays of sunlight broke against the horizon. Jonathan woke up with a smile until he remembered last night. He stretched himself out and stood up to start a new day. Hannah was in the kitchen making breakfast. Jonathan walked in wearing his office attire. Hannah poured a bowl of cereal and served it on the table before him while she sat down with pancakes on her plate. Jonathan quietly ate his food and went off to his office.

“You need to perform better. Show us what you got! What’s that posture?!” Jonathan’s Boss, Mike Kravensky, pointed at his slouched chest. “You need some confidence, son. Bang your wife, and do it well. A happy wife, a happy life. That’s what they say,” he said, “and bring me that presentation by tomorrow afternoon.”

The words echoed in his mind as he sat in his cubicle for two hours. *Why am I so incompetent? Why am I so weak?* He thought. His inner turmoil followed him on his walk back home. I wish I could fix myself and make things right. A few minutes from home, his eyes fell upon a board sign called “Sexplere – Adult Toy Store.”

Jonathon stared at the store in bemusement. He never knew this place existed, even if he had lived a few blocks away for three years. An idea struck him, lifting his spirits to some extent. He turned to the store and pushed the door open.

The shop was dimly lit with fluorescent lamps hanging off of the ceiling. It set a sensual mood in the air. Phallic objects in plastic hung along the wall on both sides. An old Asian woman stood on the other side of the reception counter, smiling. The lady bowed as Jonathan approached her. "Welcome! How can I assist you?"

"I, uh, I just never saw-" the old lady interrupted, "Don't be shy, child. I have been in this business for ages. I have seen and heard it all. Don't hold back." She chuckled.

"Okay, I wanted something for my wife, you know. I, um, haven't been up to the mark with what she deserves."

"Ugh, an unsatisfied wife is the worst! It's only a matter of time before that treacherous serpent coils around her heart and sways her into debaucherous relationships with other men! But don't worry! You are in the right place now!"

Jonathan's heart palpitated as he imagined Hannah leaving her for some Chad with a bigger cock than him. He was even more intrigued by the wrinkly old lady, looking for a solution to his predicament. "I appreciate it very much. I wish I could know her better. Maybe then, I could give her what she wants. If she knew how I feel about her, she would never leave me," Jonathan spoke.

The old lady listened to him and nodded with a smile. She closed her eyes and chanted something. "Drink this before your lovemaking today," she said, picking up a small bottle from down the counter and offering it to Jonathan. "What is this?" he asked.

"You'll see." She smiled and nodded

“Don’t you think I may need one of those to satisfy her?” he said, pointing at the strap-ons and dildos. “Believe me. You’re enough for her once this elixir flows down your throat.” She spoke with conviction.

“How much?” Jonathan asked.

“It’s free for you. After all, you’re my first customer!”

“Oh! Thank you!” Jonathan exclaimed. “It’s my pleasure!” She squinted, eyes closed tight as she greeted her farewell.

Jonathan danced back home with the potion in his pocket. He didn’t know what it would do to him, but he had his assumptions. He suppressed his excited look and sauntered down the hallway as usual. The vacuum cleaner rumbled as Hannah was busy cleaning the living room. She glanced at her husband and continued her chores.

Jonathan walked into the bedroom and shut the door. “I can’t waste another moment!” He took the small bottle and pulled the cork plug out. He looked at the white liquid and swallowed it down in one go. He felt a surge of energy in his crotch. His penis twitched up, erect and excited, making him groan in pleasure. “Wow, this is the best I’ve ever felt!” His eyes widened as he saw his cock press against his zipper. Another growth spurt hit like a bullet, shattering the zip down and releasing all the tension. He was petrified and exhilarated at the same time, staring at his enhanced 12-inch dick pulsating for some action. He felt confident that he was ready.

Hannah was bent over the cabinets, cleaning them thoroughly with a vacuum. Jonathan went behind her and slammed his gigantic meat onto her back. “What the fuck?!” She hollered in shock. Her face turned pale as she turned around and saw the monster cock attached to her husband. “Jon?! How did this happen?! And why are you smiling?! You need to go to the hospital!” she yelped.

“Don’t worry, babe. Everything’s alright. I’m fine.” Jonathan grabbed her hips and pulled the pants down to her knees. “But you won’t be when I thrust this into you!” His smug grin got wider as Hannah got riled up in arousal. Jonathan

slid his cock between her thighs and rubbed it against her moist folds. She sighed in anticipation. "I don't know how you did this. But I don't care. I want that inside me asap!" she closed the vacuum cleaner and pushed it aside. Her hands spread onto the cabinet as she threw her back up with her vagina exposed. He couldn't hold back his carnal desires any longer. He shoved his girthy cock into her pussy. Hannah wailed and whimpered as her inner walls stretched to their brim for the first time. Her nipples perked up, chafing against her blouse, revealing how much she liked that. Jonathan leaned forward to grab her breasts while kissing her with passion. Their tongues played together while the intact penis pulsated inside her vagina. "Fuck me hard, Jon," she whispered. Jonathan stood firmly in his position with his hands locked onto his hips. He started with slow thrusts, rearranging his wife's hole and building the pace every few seconds. Hannah's voice got higher and louder as the veiny rod titillated a plethora of sensations in her body.

"Oh, God! Yes! Fuck me, baby! You're doing great!" she screamed. Jonathan thrust even harder, hearing Hannah's affirmations. Her thighs thundered in fervour while her hands thrashed against the wooden cabinet. Tears of joy rolled down her cheeks as her eyes rolled into her skull. They reeked with the stench of sweat and kept clashing bodies for fifteen minutes without a break. Jonathan's whole body was on fire, but he had no intention of stopping. Hannah shook with rapid, erratic tremors coursing throughout her body for the third time while Jonathan rammed her without spilling a single seed into her. She had an exhausted smile on her face. He pushed her to her fourth climax, making her squeeze her walls so hard that it forced a mind-shattering orgasm for him.

"Ugh, Oh God!" Jonathan groaned under the spell of a thousand fireworks lighting up inside his brain. Jonathan felt his penis receding out of his wife's pussy. Hannah was trembling, with her legs barely able to stand up. Jonathan saw his dick plop out of her vagina, but it didn't stop there. It kept shrinking, as did the balls, until they all receded into his abdomen, caving in, forming a slit. "Agh! What the fuck!" an androgynous voice yelled out. Hannah was on the verge of passing out, but suddenly she felt a million volts coursing through her body. Within no time, she was charged up with vigorous energy. "Holy shit!

I feel so alive!” she cackled with wide eyes as her voice deepened. Jonathan looked worried as he saw his wife’s clit peek out of her folds and grow bigger every passing second. Her ovaries dropped down and turned into her testicles while her clit became the 12-inch cock that he had.

“That’s my penis!” Jonathan cried. “I guess it’s mine now, and it feels great! Whoa, I can move it up and down without touching it!” she flexed her cock at her husband. Jonathan gaped in horror at his wife while his limbs got slender and his pant trickled down his narrowing waist. At the same time, Hannah’s body hair thickened. She pulled up her blouse, and Jonathan gagged, looking at two hairy orbs hanging on his wife’s chest. Hannah guffawed in a deeper voice that resembled Jonathan’s. The fleshy orbs reduced in size to nothing but a flat chest.

On the other hand, Jonathan felt the pressure under his chest build up. He lifted his shirt, revealing the puckered-up humongous nipples of his wife atop the two expanding piles of fat growing in unison. He covered the modest bosoms but figured she had seen them anyway. “It’s not funny!” Jonathan slammed his dainty left foot on the floor, protesting his wife’s taunts and gestures. “I can’t wait to fuck your brains out!” Hannah said with lust in her eyes.

Hannah’s posterior deflated, giving her the glutes of a man, while Jonathan whimpered, feeling the tightness in his buttcheeks and hips. “Oh, God!” Jonathan cried out in the voice of Hannah, bending over to relieve the tension in his back. His ass bounced, jiggling with enormous mass settling within them while his hips parted further from each other. Hannah’s long wavy hair retracted into her scalp until she went bald along with Jonathan. They both gasped as Hannah’s head sprouted spiky straight, black hair while dark brown locks jutted out of Jonathan’s head and flowed down in waves until they brushed against his tailbone. Their face morphed, exchanging each other’s features. “Ooh, that was weird,” Hannah spoke.

They looked at each other as they resembled their former bodies. Jonathan was at the cusp of screaming his heart out when Hannah pressed her manly hand against his puffy lips and said, “Let’s not alert the neighbours, shall we?”

As I said, we're not done yet. Jonathan was confused and terrified as he anticipated what would come. He saw himself approach close to his ears and say, "Let me show you what it feels like to be a woman."

Hannah pushed him onto his knee and said, "To be a good wife, you should know how to please your man's cock. The first step to that is to know how to give good oral. C'mon, suck it." Jonathan gaped at the erect cock staring back at him like a snake, hypnotizing him to become its prey. He snapped back to reality as Hannah slapped his face with his schlong. "Common, enough of that daydreaming. I know you're gonna love that! Alright, lemme help you!" She held him from the back of his head and pulled him closer to the tip of her cock. Jonathan's gasp gave Hannah the opening she needed. His mouth, pried open by Hannah's cock, took over half the length into his throat. Jonathan had no escape to gag. Hannah held him in that position and said, "It's okay, give in." Hannah's words echoed in his ears. The musky smell of her cock titillated his loins. Jonathan felt a familiar yet different heat rise inside him. "Nngh Gyahh!" he panted for breath as Hannah released his head. "Good girl. Now show me what you can do," she winked at her husband. Jonathan flushed red as he realized what he had just done. He sucked on his own cock! "Hey, it's not yours anymore. It's mine, and you're the wife now. Relieve your husband's desires!" she ordered with a boisterous expression.

Jonathan's heart jumped over the roof in alarmed trepidation, and he instantly returned to work. Jonathan was surprised his gag reflex was gone within the first thirty seconds. His inhibitions crumbled down as his arousal rose, making his pea-sized nipples poke out of his shirt. His feminine urges overwhelmed his mind, making him moan in pleasure. There was no walking away from this.

Jonathan pulled his tongue out and licked along the length of the shaft. The taste of the precum hit him hard as barriers were broken. It didn't take him long to forget his masculine pride and surrender to the man before him. He gobbled down his dick like the faithful wife he had become. Hannah groaned like a man, revelling in the sensations coming off her throbbing cock.

"See? Was that so hard? We should go to the bedroom! I would love to creampie that pink hole of yours!"

Hannah picked her former body up and walked into the bedroom. She threw his husband onto the bed and jumped over her. Jonathan looked at himself in awe as butterflies fluttered in his stomach. He could never overpower Hannah into submission like this, ever. Jonathan squirmed in excitement as he was pinned down against the soft mattress by his husband. His squelching pussy throbbed to get stretched and filled. Hannah's warm breath stroked his neck while her hands squeezed her former supple breasts. "Nngh!" Jonathan moaned with closed eyes as he felt the bulging head part his wet folds.

He moaned and moaned, being filled inch by inch. Hannah groaned as Jonathan's womb squeezed hard against her mighty cock. Nevertheless, she persevered and went through until she hit the fleshy wall. "Aaah!" Jonathan squealed in a high-pitched voice. Hannah pulled out halfway before ramming it all back in. Jonathan arched his back in reflex, pushing his jiggling breasts onto her face. She bit his tender teats, making his sultry moans louder. Her thrusts got more aggressive in response as she felt fulfilled by her wife's gratification.

"Fuck, this feels so much better!" Jonathan's mouth fumbled. Hannah smirked as she jolted her hips so hard that he got pushed over the edge. Jonathan felt his world swirl around him as he stayed in the constant state of bliss for about a minute before cascading down a gentle slope. Jonathan smiled and bit his lips as he craned his neck to kiss his husband. Hannah reciprocated. The luscious lips of her wife brought her over the edge, making her shoot deep into her wife's hole. "Oh fuck!" Hannah grunted while Jonathan's fingers curled up, feeling the warm fluid filling his hole.

Hannah's cock was still erect, and Jonathan wasn't complaining. They fucked for hours in different positions until Jonathan's craving cunt overflowed with massive amounts of jizz. Hannah's cock stopped going flaccid at 8 inches. Her huge penis rested on his thigh while he slept alongside her faithful wife.

Next morning...

"Fuck... That was the worst hangover... Holy shit, it's real!" Hannah screamed. "Wake up, Jonathan! Why am I still you?!"

“Ugh... Fuck.” Jonathan looked down and grabbed a handful of his tits. “Shit, I remember. What was I thinking?!”

“Yeah, I was so horny! I think I still am!” Hannah exclaimed.

“Any man around a naked woman is horny. And don’t even think about it.” Jonathan warned her.

“Fine!”

Jonathan muttered, “The potion must have turned us into such nymphomaniacs.”

“What potion?!” Hannah asked.

“The potion, honey. What do you think? How did we transform into each other? It was a magic potion I got from an old lady at an adult store. It’s only two blocks away.”

“Honey, there is no sex toy store around here. I know. I looked for it.”

They looked at each other with guilt and then smiled with compassion in their eyes.

“I don’t blame you, honey. But there was a store. We should go there now. The old lady must know how to fix this!”

“Okay.” Hannah nodded.

They hopped into the shower together and freshened up quickly, resisting their urge to relapse to their last night’s state.

They wore each other’s favourite dresses and proceeded to their supposed destination.

Jonathan jumped back in shock, and his face turned pale. A residential building stood in place of the store instead. “Honey, I swear! The shop was right here!”

“I believe you. We wouldn’t be standing here in each other’s bodies then, would we?” Hannah put his hand on his shoulder. “We should go. Whatever she was, she’s gone now.”

“Yeah, she would be here if she wanted to help.” Hannah bought a pair of her favourite ice cream to lift Jonathan’s mood, which turned out to be his favourite now.

A few days passed as they tried to adapt to their new lives. One evening, Jonathan recollected they switched bodies when their orgasms synced. Hannah’s face lit up as it meant more sex. Jonathan was eager this time as he tried to milk his husband’s cock out simultaneously with her squirts. Unfortunately for Jonathan, it never happened. Instead, he got a positive pregnancy test after four weeks. Stuck in his wife’s pregnant body, he soon accepted his fate as a mother and woman. He wanted his wife happy, and in a way, she was. She was better at work and in bed, than he could ever be. And he was the happy wife he desired.

Thank you for reading!

THE END