

Mini-Story: Sister's Tricks (Man to Friend's New Bride TG)

By FoxFaceStories

Jared has been shaking up with his best friend's Steven's fiancée. But when his cheating is discovered by Ally, his friend's sister, she decides the best way to deal with this situation is to make Jared her brother's fiancée. After all, he knows him so well, and this would be the perfect atonement right?

Sister's Tricks

"Oh my God, Josie, you just look so stunning! I hope to look as pretty as you do on my wedding day - and that dress just totally shows your figure in the best way, don't you agree?"

Josie didn't, but perhaps that was because she wasn't meant to be wearing a dress at all. It didn't stop her soon-to-be sister-in-law from continuing to comment, however.

"Steven is going to be so happy, isn't he? Just think, you're going from best friends to man and wife - you being the wife, of course - and then who knows what next! Well, there's the tropical island honeymoon, and I bet you're both going to be very busy during *that*."

Josie sighed. She looked down at her gorgeous form. She was indeed beautiful, with a lovely pair of C-cup breasts and flowing red hair, not to mention her cute freckles.

"Ally, can't you please undo this? I said I was sorry. I promise I'll never again-"

"Cheat with my brother's *real* fiancée?" Ally asked, her dark eyes narrowing. "I don't think so. Not now that she's living her best life as an overweight railroad worker on the east coast. No, I don't think we have to worry about the *real* Josie for a while. In order to atone for betraying my brother and ruining his relationship, now *you* get to play the part of his fiancée - and soon his bride. And if you don't behave, I'll *never* turn you back."

Josie swallowed, taking a breath to calm herself. Her breasts rose a little in her dress, which showed off a little tease of tasteful cleavage.

"F-fine," she said. "But just for the honeymoon."

"And all that it entails. Don't worry, I've made your body super attracted to him. You won't be able to resist - you won't *want* to. Now, let's get out there. Me as your maid of honour, and you as the gorgeous bride to my loving brother. Make him happy, doll!"

She smacked Josie playfully on the butt before heading outside to where the wedding music was starting to play.

"Goddamn it," Josie said. "This is all her fault."

She knew, of course, that this was not the case. It was in fact her own fault. Prior to being stuck as Josie, her name had been Jared. She had been Steven's best friend since they were little kids, and the two had gotten up to all sorts of mischief together, and this

hadn't stopped even as they both pursued a career in engineering. But all of that changed when one night Steven introduced Jared to his new girlfriend: Josie. She was unbelievably hot: a freckled redhead with a gorgeous body and a flirty attitude to boot. Jared couldn't believe it: *he* was meant to be the ladies man of the two of them, and now Steven had *this* smokeshow? It wasn't fair!

But as the months passed, and Josie accepted Steven's proposal, something further changed in the dynamic. It started as little signals from Josie to Jared, then as over flirtiness behind Steven's back, and finally advanced to full-blown makeout sessions when they were alone. Soon the pair were cheating behind Steven's back, and while Jared should have felt guilty, he just loved being able to fuck this absolute hottie.

That was, until Steven's older sister Ally walked in on the pair of them while dropping past to return something to Josie. She had stared wide-eyed at them as they tried to make excuses, but Ally had always been fiercely protective of her younger brother, and she was quick to reveal something else about her force-of-nature personality.

"That's it!" she declared. "If you're going to be a parasite, leeching off of my brother's life while betraying him at every turn, maybe it's time you lost those good looks, Josie, and learned the value of hard work!"

Right before Jared's eyes, Ally murmured some strange words and cast a spell. Josie cried out as her body warped into that of an overweight blue collar worker - a *male* one. Another spell and she was forced through a portal, into a new life fixing railroads for a living. Jared was already terrified, but he became truly filled with horror when Ally told him that his punishment would be even worse.

"Why? She was the one cheating on him!"

"True," she said. "And I hate her for it. But a scorpion is a scorpion, and can't help it's nature. You, on the other hand, have been his best friend for as long as I can remember. You betrayed my brother, who doesn't have a bad bone in his body. And now, thanks to you and her, he doesn't have a bride for next week's wedding. We'll have to fix that, won't we?"

The result was worse than he could have imagined. Another spell, another transformation, and this time Jared himself was changing, his body becoming an exact replica of Josie's, right down to the voice, the softness, the beauty, even the plumbing.

"There," Ally said. "Now you can be Steven's new wife next week, until I've decided your punishment is over and we figure out what comes next. Don't worry, the spell I've cast will ensure you know how to put on a bra and deal with tampons and makeup and hair care and all of that. Also, you'll act perfectly like Josie - at least, my brother's vision of Josie - whenever you're in his company or anyone else's. It's only when you're with me in private that you can be 'yourself' again."

“You - you can’t be serious!” the new Josie screeched, cupping her breasts, shocked at their weight and sensitivity. “I’ll never-”

“You will, unless you want to be Josie for life, or live as a *rat* instead, depending on how I feel. Got it?”

The new Josie had no choice but to accept. Since then, she had played the role of Steven’s fiancée, having to endure cuddles, kisses, wedding planning, and even discussions about their shared future (including kids, a thought that terrified her). And the whole time, her body was on autopilot in his presence, being flirty and loving and cute, and desperately attracted to him - something that was utterly humiliating to endure, given that she felt the attraction beneath the layers of autopiloting.

And now was the Big Day. She stepped forward, holding her bouquet, her figure beautiful and done up for the wedding, her new family and Steven’s both looking at her with adoration. She tried to avoid blushing but found it hard, particularly when Ally took her place and stared at her, grinning. She looked to Steven instead, hoping for her best friend to notice that this wasn’t the real Josie. Instead, he looked at her with utter adoration, and it made her stupid new female brain overload with endorphins. She couldn’t help but smile as she took her place beside him, passed her bouquet to Ally, and then held Steven’s hands. God, he was so handsome in his suit - and she *hated* that the magic made her mind go there.

“You look beautiful,” he told her.

Another dopamine rush. “And you are handsome as ever,” she replied automatically, unable to stop the words from flowing. “Now hurry up and be my husband already.”

The ceremony didn’t take long. Both had written their own vows, well, the original Josie had at least. There was a lot about being faithful and loyal and dutiful in hers, so perhaps Ally had a hand in them as well. Josie hoped that the dream would end, but soon the ring was being placed on her delicate finger, and the other upon Steven’s, and the celebrant spoke the words aloud that she had dreaded and anticipated.

“You may now kiss the bride!”

Steven did, and she returned the kiss, and it was long enough that the crowd laughed and her own body felt electrified. Turned on. *Aroused*.

“Okay, save it for the wedding night, folks!” the celebrant said, getting another round of laughs. “Time for the reception!”

Steven held his new bride, none the wiser, and Ally was the first to congratulate Josie as she was forced to make her rounds.

“I’m so happy for you,” she said. “I just know you’ll *love* being my new sister, just like I’ll love being yours. Keep me updated on how things go on your honeymoon! I might just have some good news for you when it’s over.”

Josie moaned in utter bliss as Steven penetrated her. His cock was large - larger than she had expected, though after five nights of paradise she was getting used to it. It scared her more than a little how much she was getting used to being fucked by her best friend, but she couldn't help but wail in feminine bliss as he thrust into pussy. He fondled her breasts, drawing ecstasy from her, and she found herself begging for more.

"D-don't stop! I'm about to c-cum! I'm about to c-cum!"

"I want you to! I want us to cum at the same time, Josie. I love you so much. You're the perfect woman for me. Let's climax together! I'm holding out for you!"

He always did. He always put her pleasure first. Why had she never put him first as her friend? The answer was beyond her now, because at that moment she climaxed *hard*, enduring the wonderful and terrible female orgasms that overlapped one another. She cried out - God, she was such a screamer now - and even bit gently into his shoulder to stop herself. Finally, the delirious joy ended, and he collapsed upon her, his hot seed pouring towards her waiting womb.

"Mmhmmm," she moaned. "I'm so glad to be your wife, Steven. I want to be yours *forever*."

It was the autopilot of the curse, of course. She had said things like that since that wedding night, when he'd taken her female virginity. Not the real Josie's, of course, but her own. Steven had no idea - as far as he knew, Jared had taken a sudden job opportunity and dipped out of his life, receiving only the occasional message. Ally had told her that it was her job now to be his company in life, and she had been that for their honeymoon. She had gone swimming with him in fabulous bikinis, gotten couples massages with him, had romantic dinners, and slept with him in bed. After a lot of vigorous fucking, of course. The fact that her body was keen on giving him blowjobs was another point of shock for her, and even worse that it gave her further rushes of pleasure to make him cum this way. Somehow, her taste buds had been altered to find his jizz *delicious*, too. Now, such treatment was already a regular feature of their love life, much to her humiliation.

But it was all okay, she told herself. Soon the honeymoon would be at its end, and she would prove to Ally that she had indeed been the perfect bride to Steven. She could reverse things, everyone including the original Josie could learn their lesson, and all would go back to normal. Perhaps, over time, Josie could even learn to forget what it was like to have her friend sucking on her C-cup tits, or thrusting into her wet opening, or what it was like to suck his big, throbbing cock. She might even forget all the romantic conversations, the loving cuddles, the little displays of love that simultaneously sickened her real self while still bombarding her with bursts of feminine pride.

And maybe she could go back to wearing normal fucking clothes instead of tight dresses and showy bikinis and sexy lingerie!

“Two more days,” she sighed to herself as Steven held her naked body, caressing her breasts idly.

“I know, honey,” he replied. “But we’ll holiday again together. And don’t worry, we’ve got the rest of our lives to spend together.”

Not bloody likely, she thought to herself.

Josie was excited. For the first time in ages, she would be able to act herself, given that she wasn’t going to be in Steven’s presence. Ally was visiting, and her friend-turned-husband had to head to work, which would mean she could *finally* plead with her new sister-in-law to change her back. They were back home - Steven’s home, really, though it was now hers too, for now - and she was wearing a cute red summer dress with white flower patterns on it. Her red hair was all done up, and her makeup too, and even her nails from the recent manicure while on her honeymoon. She wasn’t sure why she’d done these things when Steven went away - they were far more Josie behaviours than Jared - but she chalked this up to being nervous to talk to Ally again. It was the same reason, she imagined, why she was doing so much tidying up.

Finally, the doorbell rang, and she moved to the door.

“Coming!” she announced in her light, musical voice. She opened the door, and there was Ally.

“How was the honeymoon, ‘sis’?” the magic user asked with a sly grin as she entered.

Josie had prepared a statement in her mind, one that would state how much she’d learned her lesson, and how to be a better person and friend, and so on and so forth. But as she opened her mouth to announce it, a different set of words emerged instead.

“Oh, it was simply wonderful, Ally! The weather was perfect, I got to wear some pretty bikinis - your brother certainly liked that! - and we had couples massages and lovely walks and swims. Oh, it was just wonderful! I want to go back there right now with him, I really do.”

Ally’s expression turned to one of confusion. “Yeah, okay, sure. You can drop the act now, Josie. Well, I’ll just say it: you can drop the act, Jared. My brother is happy as Larry, and I know Josie is regretting her actions, so I’ve decided to reverse things and let them play out, with a big warning.”

Relief flooded over Josie. Her body, however, continued on autopilot.

“I’m sorry, what are you talking about, Ally? Reverse what? I hope you’re not talking about my marriage, because let me tell you, wild wolves couldn’t keep me from your brother, and we certainly *consummated* the marriage more than a few times while we were away. And before we left. And when we got back, ha! Sorry if that’s TMI.”

Josie was panicking. Why wasn’t she able to speak properly? Why was her body still following its compulsions? She was supposed to be able to act like herself when she was alone and when Ally - just Ally - was around. But the magic user was clearly just as confused, until something finally seemed to click. She gasped, placing her hands on her mouth.

“Oh. Oh! Oh my God. Holy shit, how did I not see this possibility? Umm, wow. Okay, I should have thought this through more. I mean, I knew my brother wanted that kind of future, he talked about it all the time, but straight away during the honeymoon? And I guess you didn’t wear protection . . .”

Josie cocked her head. “Ally, what are you talking about?”

Ally grabbed her shoulders. “Okay, Josie. I told you that I would have good news for you if you were a great bride to my brother, and I still do. It’s just . . . different good news than you might have expected. I’m afraid to say you won’t be changing back to being Jared . . . ever. That ship has sailed, and it has sailed hard.”

“What? I don’t understand,” Josie said, and this was indeed a mirror to her real self’s thoughts. “What’s going on? What’s the good news?”

Ally drew back, a guilty smile on her face. “Well, the reason the real you isn’t able to talk to me right now, or even be herself even when she’s alone, is because the curse I used explicitly makes it so you can only act like yourself when it’s just you by yourself, or within solely my company.”

“But I am solely within your company,” Josie said, and again the real her had good luck that her autopilot had the same questions.

“Not anymore, hon. Not for another nine months, I suspect. And really, many, many months beyond that. Years, in fact, if my brother truly has his future as he wants it. You see, you’re not alone now, even when you’re by yourself. Because, the good news is . . . my brother knocked you up, Josie.”

Josie gasped. Her inner thoughts were in a total frenzy.

“I - what? I’m pregnant!?”

“Yep. I know the real you can hear that. Sorry about all of this. I guess you’ll just have to enjoy your new life, Josie, because you’ve got company inside you for a while yet, and the magic will settle in permanently by the time it’s done. But hey, at least I get to be an aunt, right?”

Josie swallowed. She was trapped. She was pregnant. She was going to grow big with her best friend's baby, all while stuck experiencing the rushes of reluctant pleasure that came with being his perfect wife. A role she would not act out forever, with no breaks. A single tear rolled down her cheek.

"I'm . . . I'm . . . I'm just so happy!" she declared.

Meanwhile, the real her fumed beneath the layers of autopilot. She wouldn't be able to express that anger for a good year, however, not until she gave birth and stopped being in the same space as her coming bub. And maybe, just maybe, by that time she might accept her new role.

It wasn't like it was ending any time soon.

The End