

## Instant Wife and Mother - Part 2

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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The first thing he did was get himself presentable. In this reality, Erica had made him just like her so it didn't surprise him when he opened a drawer in the bathroom to find a cluttered mess of makeup items. Cheap lipsticks and eyeliners; tacky but if he was going to show Erica just how easy this was he'd have to commit. And that meant taking some time to make himself presentable.

He picked up the lipstick and tried to paint it over his full lips. The cool sensation felt lovely on his skin but he cringed as he watched himself in the mirror; this was so wrong. Not because he was a man and shouldn't be wearing makeup but actually wrong. All he had to do was paint his lips so why was it so *hard*? His lips looked all lopsided.

He grabbed some toilet paper to wipe it off and try again but all that did was smudge red stains over his face. Great, now he looked like some cheap whore. Fruitlessly he scrubbed at his face with a face washer until all of the lipstick was washed away and tried again; same result. It took three tries but finally he got it right, sort of. The lipstick was a little thick but at least it was vaguely even on both sides.

Mascara and eyeliner were even more of a disaster and he cursed as he poked himself in the eye trying to curl his lashes up.

"Mommy? Are you okay?"

Katie, his new daughter. Great.

"Uh, fine sweetie, just putting my face on."

"Auntie Erica says it's time to go to yoga."

Yoga? Since when did Erica go to yoga?

"Are you decent, honey?" Erica called out sweetly and David so badly wanted to open the door and punch her in the face.

Instead he looked up at his reflection; with its too thick lipstick and slightly watery eye from where he poked it and grimaced. Maybe it did take a little more than five minutes to look presentable but he was sure that was just because he was really a man. Any born woman his age would be able to do this in five minutes flat; he'd be fine after some practice.

“Yes.”

The door opened and Erica waltzed in, not even bothering to keep the shit eating grin off her face.

“Oh honey, still in your pyjamas! We'll miss our class if you don't get changed soon. Why don't I lay out the clothes for you?”

Before David could say anything she was back in his bedroom, rifling through the cupboard and pulling out what looked like parts of totally different outfits. He grimaced, no way was he wearing that; there had to be something better but a quick look through his cupboards told him that wasn't the case. This new female version of him had very peculiar taste; there seemed to be nothing but dresses, yoga pants and various tight fitting tops that were far too young for him.

Erica was still waiting, grinning away with a knowing look in her eye. David silently cursed her and grabbed the clothes she'd laid out before returning to the bathroom to change.

With some difficulty he pulled the grey leggings up his thick legs, surprised to feel just how smooth they were. They weren't even really that fat, just larger, the sort of legs mature women had once they reached later in life and had a little more heft to them. The legs smoothed over the shapes even more, giving them a lovely appearance that David had to admit, looked great.

This just proved it; if he just made himself presentable and found the right clothes he would be able to prove Erica wrong about her appearance regardless. Besides, he only had to lose a few pounds to show her how easy it was. His confidence grew as he pulled on the sports bra and felt his heavy breasts cinch close to his chest and his cleavage push up. The tight fitting shirt now easily fit over his more curvaceous figure and when he looked in the mirror he smiled. His make up was still a bit tacky, and the neon pink shirt clashed with the grey of the yoga pants but still; he was off to a good start. In a few days he'd have this mastered.

“Alright, let's get the girls to school and hit the gym.” He said enthusiastically, happy to see Erica's smug expression falter just for a moment.

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To say he felt awkward walking into the gym was an understatement; he had never been one of those metrosexual types who worked out for vanity. He'd kept himself healthy though simple walks and outdoor living, not preening over weightlifting stations. But this wasn't even that sort of gym; there were plants in every corner and new age music on the speakers. Women giggled together like a gaggle of geese on spin machines and the entire left side of the building was seemingly dedicated to meditation and yoga.

It was an alien world and he felt alien in it. He was sure half the room could see the outline of his panties through his yoga pants. They were stretched so thin across his massive rump there was no way around it. Yet despite their tightness they seemed to give him no support; no matter how softly he tried to step his heft ass jiggled at the slightest bit of movement.

A small group of women were all gathering with their yoga mats; they all had such beautiful bodies; not a single bit of extra fat to be found. Unlike he and Erica. He couldn't do this, it was too humiliating.

"What's the matter?" Erica asked innocently.

"We can't join this." He hissed. "I've seen those yoga positions, even if I could twist my body that way I can't do it in front of all these women looking like this!"

"Well, sweetie. You are always complaining about how fat you are, if you want to lose weight you have to do something about it."

David scowled and grit his teeth.

"Fine."

He'd work out every day, no matter how humiliating it was, if it meant shutting that smug bitch up. He'd lose all this baby weight and be a ten out of ten in no time; that would wipe the smug grin off her face. Still, he made sure to lay his yoga mat down at the very back of the room so nobody would have his butt shoved in their face.

This turned out to be a mistake, because as soon as the class started and he positioned himself into downward dog he realised he was right up against the mirror. With a wince he closed his eyes and did his best to keep up.

Yoga was just stretching and balance; how hard could it be. The answer, as it turned out, was really hard. David found himself struggling with his new centre of gravity, even just doing the simple stretches with both feet on the ground caused him to wobble. He could see other women in the glance sharing glances and smirking as his cheeks turned bright red.

Every time he lost his balance it felt like his body was wobbling independent of his frame; his tits and ass, to matter how tightly held by the clothing, seemed to jiggle at the slightest movement. When the class ended he was very glad to be finished and rolled up his mat without saying a word to the other women but Erica sidled up next to him with that same smug grin.

"What's the matter, Dana?" She asked innocently. "Is exercising not as easy as you thought? Didn't you say losing weight was easy?"

"I won't be this big for long." He hissed, "Eating is most of the problem anyway!"

He didn't let Erica get another word in, instead he headed straight for the door. He couldn't do that again, it was just too humiliating! He'd exercise at home, yes, that's what he would do. Then he could lose some weight before coming back to the gym again. Erica didn't follow him, thank goodness. He didn't want to give her any more satisfaction.

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He returned home and leaned against the door in relief before grimacing. He felt awful, the walk home had him sweating worse than the work out and he was more than happy to peel off the clothes and chuck them into the washing hamper. Things hadn't gone to plan this morning but it was fine, he could still show Erica how easy all this housewife stuff was. With a deep breath he put himself in the nicest dress he could find from Dana's closet (it still felt odd to call it his when it was full of yoga pants and dresses) and got to work.

His mother had kept a spotless house; he would do the same. Looking around there was so much that needed to be done it made his head spin.

"I won't let it get this bad again though, it'll just be a bit more effort this one time." He nodded and started the task of gathering all the items scattered across various benchtops, the floor and the coffee tables. After finding them all a proper place he made a mental list of all that needed to be done and started to work his way through it.

The first task seemed simple enough: dusting the living room. Armed with a feather duster, David began swiping at the shelves and surfaces. What he hadn't accounted for was the stubbornness of dust that clung to every nook and cranny. After an hour, his arms ached, and he was covered in a fine layer of grey. It swirled in the air and just seemed to resettle until he got a damp cloth and wiped it over everything and washed the clumps of grey down the sink.

"Okay, that took a little longer than expected but it's fine. Laundry will be more straightforward."

David gathered the clothes and headed to the washing machine, only to be baffled by the myriad settings and buttons.

"Cotton? Drum Clean...uh, wait does that mean I have to separate out all the cotton clothes from the other ones?" He muttered, "But there are no other specific fabric settings, so that can't be right."

After several frustrating minutes trying to figure it out he selected a random cycle and hoped for the best. Only to watch as the drum filled with water and no soap.

"Shit! The powder!"

Quickly he tried to add it in but that just turned the machine into a bubbly, frothy mess. He decided to just leave it be and hope that the clothes would still wash properly. A glance at his phone made his jaw drop; two hours? How had dusting and washing clothes taken so long? He had so much more he needed to do.

Cleaning the bathroom proved to be a Herculean task. The grime on the tiles and the soap scum in the shower resisted his every effort. He found himself on his hands and knees, scrubbing so hard with both hands that he could feel his heavy breasts swaying back and forth with the movement. By the time he had them at least decent looking his back was aching from the extra weight. By the time the afternoon rolled around he hadn't even gotten through half his jobs.

"I'll get the hang of it." He reminded himself stubbornly. "First days are never perfect."

At least the living room looked decent, no more dust and everything back in its proper place. He placed his hands on his wide hips and smiled; small victories. Soon the rest of the house would look just as good. David stood in the middle of the living room, surveying his hard work with a satisfied smile. As he wiped his brow and leaned back, the front door creaked open, and Katie burst in with Jesse close behind.

"Mommy, mommy! Look what I made at school!" Katie exclaimed, holding up a large piece of construction paper adorned with an explosion of glitter, glued-on pom-poms, and cut-out shapes.

"I made it for you!" Lily said, her eyes shining with joy.

"Thank you, sweetheart. It's beautiful," David replied awkwardly. It felt so odd to have somebody calling him 'mommy'. "Let's find a special place to hang it."

But before he could take it, Katie had already darted off towards the coffee table.

"I need to finish it!" she declared, grabbing her craft supplies from her backpack.

Thomas's smile faltered as he watched Katie rip open the bag and began pulling items out. Glitter and glue spread out across the pristine table, tiny pom-poms rolling onto the floor.

"Lily, maybe we should do this in the kitchen," he suggested, trying to contain the impending mess.

"No, Mommy, I like it here," she insisted, already squeezing glue onto her project.

"There's no stopping her, is there?" Jesse chuckled, walking in and placing a kiss on David's cheek.

Normally, that would have made him feel awkward but he was too busy watching all his hard work drain away in a cloud of glitter.

In minutes, the living room was transformed. Katie's enthusiastic crafting left a trail of glitter on the rug, glue smeared on the coffee table, and pom-poms scattered everywhere. She worked with the determined concentration only a child could muster, oblivious to the chaos she was creating.

"Katie, I just spent all day cleaning this!" He scolded. "Can't you be a little more careful?"

"Sorry, mommy." she said solemnly before reaching over and knocking over yet another container of glitter. "Oopsie."

David grit his teeth, ready to raise his voice again when Jesse's hands found their way to his shoulders.

"Hey now, easy." His brow furrowed. "It's not like you to lose your temper, why don't you go make dinner and I'll help Katie tidy up."

If he thought that little remark was 'losing his temper' Jesse had a lot to learn. David's stomach grumbled though; the last thing he felt like doing now was cooking. His body was so sore from the exercise and cleaning he just wanted to flop onto the couch and do nothing at all. But he wasn't going to; he was going to pull himself up by his bootstraps; he would master this housewife lifestyle, dammit!

But as he stood moved into the kitchen and picked the slightly stained floral apron off the hook he couldn't help but fill with dread. The countertops were cluttered with ingredients and cookbooks, if he was a real housewife he'd have been doing this for years but as it stood, he only had his memories of take away and cooking the same three simple meals over and over again. He couldn't do that here though; it was a mother's job to provide healthy food for their children and husband. Even if Erica wasn't here, he swore he could feel her watching over his shoulder.

"Just you wait..." He muttered, opening the first cookbook, there were recipes, everything was written down so all he had to do was follow the instructions. The first recipe he found tripped him at the first hurdle though.

"Blanch the vegetables," he read aloud. "Blanch? What the hell does that mean?"

He flipped through the pages, looking for an explanation, but found none. With a sigh, he decided to start with something simpler—meatloaf.

He mixed ground beef with breadcrumbs, eggs, and a blend of herbs that he hoped matched the vague "season to taste" directive. After forming the mixture into a loaf and placing it in the oven, he moved on to the side dishes.

As he peeled and sliced the carrots, he glanced at the clock. Half an hour had passed, and he hadn't even started on the salad. He hurriedly tossed lettuce, tomatoes, and cucumbers into a bowl, then paused at the recipe for the dressing. "Emulsify the vinegar and oil," it said. Thomas had no idea what emulsify meant, but he splashed the vinegar and oil together, stirred vigorously, and hoped for the best.

Returning to the carrots, he found them sticking to the bottom of the pot he'd decided to use instead of whatever the hell a double boiler was. The water in the lower pot had evaporated, and the carrots were starting to burn. He hastily added more water, creating a cloud of steam that obscured his vision and set off the smoke alarm. Flustered, he waved a dish towel at the alarm, trying to silence its piercing wail.

"Everything okay in there, honey?" Jesse called.

"Fine!" David yelled hastily, glancing between all the disasters, unsure where to focus his attention.

The meatloaf timer went off just as he managed to stop the alarm; it was still pink in the middle.

"Just needs more time," he muttered, pushing it back in and increasing the temperature, hoping to speed up the process.

He went back to trying to scrape the half burnt carrots out of the pot and save the salad which tasted awful; the dressing had split so half the leaves were oiling and the other half far too soggy. By the time he'd finally chopped up another set of carrots to start them again he realised the steam in the room wasn't actually steam, but wispy smoke.

"Crap!"

He opened the oven to find a dry, half burn meatloaf that looked closer to a brick sitting in the middle of the tray.

"Mommy, will dinner be ready soon? I'm hungry!" Katie complained and David glanced at the clock, it was seven thirty already. How had he been at this for hours and not gotten a single thing done?

As he looked around the kitchen, the reality of his failure sank in. The meatloaf was overcooked, the carrots were a burnt mess and the salad was soggy from the poorly mixed dressing. Nothing was ready, and it was already past dinner time.

Defeated, Thomas sank into a chair and rubbed his temples. He couldn't remember the last time he felt so helpless. With a heavy sigh, he reached for the phone and dialled the number for the local pizza place.

"Hello, I'd like to order a large pepperoni pizza, please," he said, feeling a strange mix of relief and humiliation.

"Yay, pizza!" Katie squealed, making his ears throb.

"Pizza?" Jesse questioned, walking in from the other room. "On a school night?"

"It's just...been a day." David said, looking over at the mess of a kitchen, it was going to take forever to clean.

"Maybe I can help you...relax." Jesse said smoothly, hand finding David's shoulder again and giving it a sensual rub.

The touch sent a shiver down David's spine and made warmth gather between his legs. His cheeks turned bright pink with mortification; he was getting turned on by another man! Yes in this reality he was Jesse's wife but still, it felt wrong to let another man touch him that way and even more wrong to enjoy it. But then he remembered his 'wifely duties'. Good wives did please their husbands...but after today he wasn't sure he could take that blow to his ego.

"Maybe another night. I'm too tired."

To his surprise, Jesse didn't frown; he just smiled and nodded.

“Let's eat and then you go to bed, I'll clean the kitchen and Katie to sleep.”

David nodded gratefully but felt an odd sense of guilt creeping into his veins; he hadn't even managed one day of being the perfect wife. So much for showing Erica up; there was always tomorrow though, tomorrow would be different he swore.

The doorbell rang and Katie jumped to her feet to go collect their dinner. David hated how good the pizza tasted as he ate his third slice, thinking of his wide hips and how this cheesy, fatty mess would make them even wider. Tomorrow. Yes, tomorrow would be different.



