

She's Gonna Love It

Only the best for his wife.

The severance pay - combined with their already excessive savings - meant they could move pretty much anywhere they wanted. Any neighbourhood in the world.

All Walter had to do was find the right place.

A relaxing, quiet place. Somewhere Joanna could recover and rest. Somewhere they could work on their marriage, fix what was broken and rekindle a flame that'd died out a long time ago.

A place they could raise their family.

He searched long and hard, looking online for hours and hours, day after day. Joanna was practically catatonic, barely responsive. She wouldn't be able to help him find the perfect home. She could barely maintain focus in a normal conversation.

Being 'let go' had been a heavy blow, that was for sure.

All her life, Joanna had built her career up. Working day and night, neglecting any and all responsibilities that weren't work-related. She'd made it to the top, reached the pinnacle. And then lost it all.

Walter didn't have the heart to tell her the truth.

The same people that'd just fired his wife had offered him her exact same job. Given him the opportunity to replace her.

He'd declined, of course.

Much as he'd wanted to move up, advance his career, he couldn't do that to Joanna - take her job. Instead, he'd resigned and left along with her. An act of solidarity.

If only his wife showed *some* appreciation for it.

He continued his search, scanning through and discarding so many inadequate results. Imperfect results.

Only the best would do.

For his wife. His family.

And, after so long searching, he found just that. The best.

An idyllic little town, green and beautiful. Expensive, but easily the best place he'd come across in his searching. The statistics spoke for themselves. No crime. None. Not a single crime in the town's (admittedly short) history. Far away from the chaos and noise of a city, with amazing schools and a homely, family-raising atmosphere.

A place called Stepford.

It was, in one word, perfect.

As much as Walter tried, he couldn't find a single flaw in the small town. Not a single problem to cast a shadow over the picture-perfect Stepford.

So he bit the bullet. Bought a house there.

And, with his wife and their two kids in tow, he filled up the car and hired a moving van. Began the journey to their new home.

That explained it. Explained everything.

Why the women were all so beautiful and obedient. Why Stepford was such an amazing place. Why all these attractive women always had smiles on their faces, loved being housewives so much.

They were robots.

Every single one.

Or, at least, every one but Joanna. His wife.

Could he do it? Really go through with it?

Could he truly turn Joanna into a Stepford Wife?

Just the thought of it sent countless ideas running through Walter's mind. A repaired marriage, one that'd never have any problems again. A loving, obedient wife. Colourful

dresses, bright blonde hair. No more grim blacks and greys. A perfect housewife, beautiful and understanding and unrelenting in her desire to please.

And a remote that could control every aspect of her.

He could change her body at a whim, give her the enlarged breasts he'd always dreamed of her having. The breasts she'd never given herself, no matter how much money she used to make.

The old Joanna – the current one – would never change herself for a man. Any man, even her husband. It was her way or 'no way'.

And now, Walter could change that.

Have everything he'd ever wanted.

But could he *really* go through with it? Turn his wife into a robot, like all the other women around?

He'd given up so much for her. Given up everything.

Sex, his career, his dreams and desires. All traded away so his wife could have whatever she wanted. So she could pursue her own career, *her* dreams.

Wasn't it only fair that she do the same for him?

Walter stared at his smiling wife, took in the sight of her from head to toes. From bright blonde hair to yellow stiletto heels.

She was wearing a sundress, bright and radiant. Tight around her waist, loose around her modest chest. The knee-high hem fluttered in a gentle breeze. Neat make-up was applied generously on Joanna's face, lipstick and eyeliner and blush. Her eyes shone brightly, smile warm and loving.

She remained still, head swivelling to follow Walter as he walked around her, looked her over from all angles.

"Well?" Mike said from the other side of the room. He was holding a small wooden box in his hands. "What do you think?"

"She's amazing," Walter answered.

For a moment, he'd been tempted to call her 'perfect'. But that wouldn't have been true. Joanna wasn't perfect. Not yet.

Mike stepped forward, opened the box he was holding.

Inside was a silver remote, the name 'Joanna' engraved upon it.

"Go on," Mike smiled. "Take it."

Slowly, Walter reached for the silver remote. As he grasped it, the only thing he could think was how cold the metal was to the touch.

Then he looked at the buttons.

The options.

So many of them, all so useful and interesting. Each one with the power to control Joanna's actions or body in some way.

For so many years, he'd been the lesser in their relationship. Beneath her in so many ways. Now, at last, he'd be at the top. He'd be the one in control. The one with the power. Now, with *this*, he could do whatever he wanted.

Mike grinned, took a few steps backwards with his empty box.

"Well then," the older man said. "I'll leave you to *enjoy* your wife's company. See you around, Walter."

As Mike walked away, Walter raised the remote, pointed it at his wife, began pressing the magical buttons and morphing her into a truly *perfect* woman.

Before his eyes, her chest began to expand. Breasts growing multiple cup sizes in an instant. The fabric of her dress, loose a moment before, grew tighter and tighter – cloth stretching and straining against its contents.

He stared at his wife in amazement.

Then he stared at the remote, a wide grin spreading his lips.

This was going to be fun.

The kids noticed a difference in their mother. At first, it took some adjusting for them to get used to the newer, happier life. But, in the end, they learned.

Mommy was just better now. A better mother. A better wife.

A better cook, too. And a better cleaner.

A better everything.

There were a whole host of robotic changes that Walter was happy to discover. Vacuum suction blowjobs, self-lubricating breasts for those amazing titty-fucks, and – of course – the most amazing pussy in the world.

Before the Stepfordization of Joanna, the pair had gone without sex for a long time. A *very* long time. And Walter's memories of the times they *had* been fucking were less than stellar.

Giving birth to two kids had loosened Joanna's once tight cunt considerably.

But now, with the remote, Walter could alter her tightness at a whim. Make it so that her cunt was as tight as the day they'd first fucked. Even tighter than that, really.

When he inserted himself inside her, Joanna clamped down on his cock – crushed it from all sides. He could barely move at first for how tight she was. But the sensation of it, the unbelievably tight warmth, was more than worth the minor discomfort. A discomfort which, after a few thrust, vanished completely – replaced with blissful, orgasmic pleasure.

"Oh yes, darling," Joanna purred. She lowered herself onto him, that ever-present smile on her face. "Have me."

The pressure of her cunt was instant. The moment the tip of his cock entered her, rivulets of pleasure shook through him. Her insides shuddered softly, a mild vibration which added to the satisfying pleasure.

She took him right down to the hilt, not stopping until his entire length was inside her.

"It feels so good," she whined, eyes closing. Slowly, she began to bounce up and down, ride his cock. Her new, huge tits bounced along with her, perfect in size and shape and perkiness. "So *good!*"

This was how things should be, Walter found himself thinking.

This was *right*.

An ideal marriage, with an obedient and beautiful housewife. A woman who existed for no other reason than to please and satisfy him, raise his kids while he went out into the world and put bread on the table for them.

"Put a baby in me," Joanna moaned, picking up the pace. "Please, darling."

Were the robots even capable of bearing children?

Walter watched those perfect tits bounce, reached up and grabbed one of them. Big, perky pillows. And all his to play with.

The Stepford Wives could do so much, had so many features. Why *wouldn't* they be able to make babies? And, with Joanna at home to look after their children, and the recent boost in income Walter had gained, was there a reason *not* to have more kids?

He found himself smiling, gripping onto his wife's tits.

This was it. The idea, perfect life.

"Beg for it," he commanded his wife. "Let me hear you scream."

"Please, darling," Joanna gasped loudly, bouncing harder, pussy clamping down harder. "*Please* put another baby in me."

The screams that escaped her lips were loud, very loud. The sounds and noises you'd expect from a porno, that sounded fake and exaggerated. But Joanna wasn't exaggerating, wasn't faking the pleasure she felt.

This was her purpose. What her body had been designed for, made for. The old

Joanna was gone. The workaholic, absentee mother and wife. She was no more. In her place was the new Joanna. The loving, motherly Joanna.

The Joanna that desired Walter, would never turn him down or reject him.

She was the ideal wife.

The ideal woman.

As she screamed wildly, body writhing and bouncing on his cock, Walter couldn't help but grin at how perfect his wife was. How amazing his entire life was.

"Faster," he told her. "I'm close."

The bedsprings creaked, the bedframe groaned. If there'd been anyone else in the house, there was no way they wouldn't hear what was going on.

"Daring," Joanna gasped, body trembling.

Her cunt twitched around his cock, pushing him over the edge.

He unleashed into her, pumped her insides full of cum one burst at a time.

Could Stepford Wives get pregnant?

Walter smiled.

He'd find out soon enough.

The drive to the studio was long and boring. With no wife in the passenger seat to suck his cock, make the trip more interesting, Walter was left to sigh and fantasise the time away.

Would Mike accept his proposal of multiple 'wives'?

Having one as a personal chauffeur would make life so much easier. Not to mention it'd add some lovely variety to his sex life.

His personal assistant, maybe. A sexy little thing just finished with her education, an intern turned secretary. She'd make a good Stepford Wife. A good fuck-doll.

That was, of course, if Mike agreed.

But the older man *should* agree. Especially with all the good work Walter was doing for Stepford.

The studio had been uncertain with his first television show proposal. 'Woman Enough?' A show where women competed to become the best housewife, where the winner scored a marriage with an affluent, attractive man. Apparently, some people thought the show was *misogynistic* and *backwards*. But numbers don't lie, and 'Woman Enough?' was a hit with audiences.

With it, Walter had not only solidified his position – taking his wife's old job – but also furthered the Stepford agenda.

One day, every wife in the country would be a Stepford Wife.

Every woman in her rightful place. Every man free to do as he pleased, safe in the knowledge they had a beautiful, faithful wife waiting for them at home.

A true utopia, led by Walter himself.

Yes, he'd get his second wife. His secretary. And he'd be the one to lead Stepford forward. Not Mike, not any other the others. Walter.

He deserved it.

Deserved everything he wanted.

And, with Stepford behind him, he had the power to *take* it.