

## A Man Again for a Day (Trophy Wife TG)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*Years ago, after an off-colour comment about women, Jaime was turned into his best friend Mike's fantasy girlfriend. Since then, she's experienced every part of being a woman, even childbirth - twice! But now the witch that turned her has returned, and has decided Jaime deserves a break. She can be a man again; but just for one day!*

### A Man Again for a Day

Patricia hated cleaning. It was something most people hated, but given that she was a witch, her house could get particularly messy. Even those few who knew magic was real or simply wanted to believe in it didn't realise how many trinkets, tokens, chalk circles, artefacts of importance, connective ties to the subject or victim, or various liquids and elements were needed. And, of course, some spells required them to stick around for a time, sometimes even for entire years. Plus, Pattie was a witch, and all witches took pride in their work and therefore displayed evidence of it, even if the regular person wouldn't understand its significance. Like a collector of anything - Lego, miniatures, paintings, shoes - it was easy for said collection to get out of control.

So, cleaning it was then.

Magic helped, but it wasn't like in the movies; she couldn't just automate a broom to sweep things away. She *could* use her magic to show her items of importance, stuff that hadn't been moved or touched for a long time, and even detect where things had slipped behind couches or underneath sofa chairs. She had set aside the whole weekend for this, and diligently worked at it. After a time, the dislike of cleaning gave away to something more pleasurable; the nostalgia for deeds past she had almost forgotten.

A man she had turned into a toad for his cruel deeds.

An unfaithful former partner of hers that she had turned into a sex toy for a few years.

A CEO who's company had denied her insurance claim - not all witches could heal. She had been cursed with bad health until she gained some empathy for others.

The list went on. The overwhelming majority of the hair clippings, totems, trinkets, voodoo dolls, and so on could be discarded into the trash. They were temporary transformations, or the victims had fulfilled certain criteria to end their curses. It was only when she pulled back her favourite couch and found a sculpted clay figure of a very amply blessed woman with a photograph of a pair of grinning men stuck to it did she furrow her brow.

"What are you?" she asked, lifting it up.

The men in the photo were clearly best friends. One had dark hair, the other dirty blond. They were in their early twenties by the looks of it, and seemed to be at a club or bar. Neither were unattractive, though the blond-haired man could probably stand to eat a bit less. She turned the sculpted clay figure over in her hands: she'd clearly put a lot of effort into this, once.

"I have no memory of - wait. Oh my God! I do remember!"

It must have been five whole years ago! It was after her partner had cheated on her and she'd turned him into a vibrator for three months before finally turning him loose. She'd been damn angry, and wanted a drink at a club in town just to calm her ticking nerves. Hell, she was even looking for some fun herself. But then she'd overheard a conversation between two men. Patricia couldn't exactly remember the words, but she recalled the blond one - Jaime, that was his name - consoling his friend.

*'It's okay, buddy. You're better than her anyway. She was a total slouch in the looks department. You deserve way fucking hotter than her, not to mention a gal who actually puts out.'*

Or something like that. The blond man then proceeded to outline an ideal woman whose body was so obscenely unattainable and whose attitude was so grossly submissive and endlessly sexual that it had ruined Patricia's whole night just to hear it.

What had happened next?

Ah, that was right. She had gone up to them, asked to take a photo of the 'cute boys', and learned their names. Yes, the other one was named Michael. Jaime called him Mike. And while it was clear both men were interested, she had slipped back home and instantly began working on a karmic solution for both men. Michael would get his fantasy girlfriend, and be tormented with the knowledge that it was his best friend Jaime, all as punishment for failing to be there for his recent ex. And Jaime, for his sexist and entitled views, would have to live as a bimbo fantasy girlfriend for a few weeks.

She even visited them and told them the conditions.

"It's just temporary!" she declared with a grin on her features. "But I expect you'll have enough sex to last a lifetime in the next few weeks, Jaime. Enjoy the female experience of having men stare at those big tits you expect every girl to have, and I hope you appreciate having to wear sexy things that show your body off while you do everything to please your man here. Maybe when you turn back you'll finally appreciate how unfair women have it and not to have such ridiculously sexist standards for them!"

They'd been aghast, of course, but she knew that the moment she was gone they were going at it, unable to help their compulsions as their bodies demanded they have the best sex of their lives.

Patricia smiled in the present day, remembering what a great curse that was.

"I bet Jaime never forgot that particular time in her life!" she exclaimed.

But something ate at her. An uncertainty. Had she ever turned him back? She'd been a little drunk that night, and while she'd sculpted the clay form to perfection and clearly done the spell right, she couldn't ever remember getting around to reversing it.

"Oh . . . oh shit!"

Patricia abandoned her cleaning immediately, striding at a rapid pace towards her meditation room. She was *not* in a meditative mood, however. What she needed was her crystal ball. She placed it on the centre of the table, sat cross-legged on a comfortable pillow, and focused her powers upon it.

"Show me Jaime," she said. "Show me Jaime - what was his last name? - that's right! Show me Jaime Carter."

The crystal ball lit up with various images, going from the day before he was changed all the way through the change itself. There was the alarm as he sprouted a massive pair of jugs on his chest, followed by his face and hair changing - becoming a lovely light blonde. His hips and waist altered, his manhood retreated, and soon he looked like a woman with an incredible set of voluptuous curves. The new woman panicked, begging Michael to help her, and he tried not to stare at her as her clothing changed to a sexy set of red lingerie . . . and nothing else.

Patricia arrived on scene at that point, explaining the terms of the spell. The witch fast-forwarded through this section, speeding up the timeline. Her presence left them, and the confused and shocked couple were moved by their compulsions to the bedroom, where Jaime was suddenly on her back with her legs spread wide and all her clothing off.

A lot of sex followed.

"Wow, they were more active than I thought," Patricia noted.

She sped the crystal ball's effects up. Jaime waking Mike up with a blowjob. Mike thrusting into her from behind. She making him breakfast and doing the laundry. Her clear annoyance at doing so, even as he banged her against the wall in the kitchen. It went on, with her wearing all sorts of sexy articles to her clear frustration.

"Faster," Patricia noted. "Go at the speed of weeks. No, months."

It was confirmed immediately; she hadn't reversed the spell at all. Jaime continued to dress in crop tops and daisy dukes, tight club dresses and sexy lingerie. She pleased Mike constantly, and it was clear from their body language that he was getting more used to it, and she more resigned to it. They visited the club. They went on dates. Jaime was, by compulsion, setting up numerous social media pages to show off her body to the world, and getting a *lot* of views, and later revenue. Clothes were sent to her, and she paraded about in them in front of the camera, moving in sensual ways to tease all her curves, even moving with a sort of bounce to jiggle her tits with each motion. Life continued. Sex continued. They

had naughty relations in a closet at Mike's place of work. And then the inevitable happened. Jaime was bent over a toilet, throwing up her breakfast.

"Uh oh," Patricia said.

The former man's belly began to swell. An entire scene of pregnancy followed, with her waddling about as she got bigger, still dressing sexily, her bust now even bigger, the sex somehow even more frequent. The views on her media went up; a lot of guys liked pregnant women, it seemed, and now she was showing off her bump in maternity clothes, and clearly embarrassed about her online Instagirl status when the camera was turned off. There was a scene of them at the beach, her in a bikini rubbing her swollen belly and sighing, Mike looking at her with an expression somewhat like awe.

Childbirth.

"Oh, damn!" Patricia exclaimed.

She'd never seen someone look so embarrassed. Jaime clutched her belly, calling out 'why me!? Why me!?' again and again. 'It was only supposed to be weeks!? Where is she, goddamnit!?' She was told to bear down, and the poor former man had no choice but to conduct the ultimate female performance, and deliver a child from her womb into the world.

More months passed. Her body getting back in shape. Jaime breastfeeding, her swollen boobs full of milk. Her husband drinking from her tits during sex, the pair still passionate. Exhausted nights up with the child. First steps. Excitement and even motherly love in Jaime's eyes. And a wedding! Jaime in white looking utterly gorgeous, her cleavage shown off tastefully with a cleavage window in her outfit, standing before Michael and looking rose-cheeked with embarrassment. A wedding night of passion followed, and then -

"Fuck, again. I should have seen this coming."

Pregnancy number two.

The pair actually laughed this time in disbelief. They made love. Her belly swelled, and this time it got even bigger, faster. They went to more appointments this time, and another surprise occurred.

"By all that is magic, just her luck. Twins."

Sex continued, naturally, and Jaime wore all sorts of things that clung to her gravid form, showing off her belly. These only increased her views online, and she was rather ashamed to be making more money doing this than she ever made as a man with 'real work.' She held her little boy, letting him poke her belly.

*'That's your little sisters in there, Ben,' she said. 'One here, and one here. I tell you what, Mommy didn't expect this! Not at all!'*

Birth again. Twice as much birth, in fact, and the poor woman looked just as shocked the second time as she was the first.

*'Ohhhhhhh, why m-me again!? Can't I j-just be a man again already!? NGHGH! I don't d-deserve this! You b-better not get me pregnant againnnghh!!'*

A pang of guilt hit Patricia. She'd *really* fouled up on this one. She turned off the crystal ball. The birth of the twin girls had only been about seven months ago. No doubt Jaime was still feeding them and getting her body back in shape, still playing the part of the hot submissive girlfriend - well, *wife* now. Still posting images of herself in lingerie and bikinis and dresses, with captions like *'Bringing the heat this summer!'*

"Shit, shit, shit."

Pattie needed to do something about this. But the spell had been active for a little over five years now. They'd had three kids together. There was more than enough there to make it all very permanent. It could take years just to start untangling the strands of interconnected magic.

"Patricia, you absolute dolt of a witch!" she exclaimed.

She'd have to do *something*, though.

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Jaimie was reading a magazine about makeup. Once, she would have thought doing so would be the most facile thing in the world, but in the past few years it had become a guilty pleasure for her. The curse meant she was compelled to always do up her face nicely, and somewhere along the way she had picked up an interest in at least putting some variety of makeup on her face. Besides, it made for something to talk about in her online makeup tutorials for her followers - though most of them were men just there for the outfits she 'happened' to be wearing.

"Ooh, that's a nice colour," she said, looking at the lipstick varieties. "I bet I could convince Mikey to order some for me."

Her mind wandered the number of ways she could easily seduce him. The red dress was a favourite, but perhaps a trip to the beach. He did love her in bikinis, and God knew she had no choice but to wear them when they went there!

"Mhmm," she murmured, thinking about a bit of passion with her husband. It still embarrassed her to think that she actually *wanted* to have his dick inside her, but after five years of being a woman it was hard to even remember what sex as a guy was like, as opposed to *with* one. Besides, that damned bitch of a witch had left her body not only subject to compulsions but *very* horny anyway. And they'd been having not nearly enough sex while her poor vagina recovered from giving birth to damn twins, not to mention recovering her body. But God, she looked damn perfect now. Damned perfect indeed. Part of her, the non-male ego part, was even quite proud that she'd regained her trim stomach while

maintaining her lovely curves. It wasn't like she was ever going to look like a man again, right?

She was jolted from her thoughts by a sudden eruption from the nursery room followed by a second eruption. Two crying babies awake together; twins in everything.

"Here we go again," she muttered. "At least little Benjie is in daycare today."

She put away the magazine and wandered to the nursery. She felt her boobs. Yes, definitely full with milk. She had no idea why she checked; her body always provided what it needed to be the perfect partner and mother, once again thanks to the curse. But she'd read that women who fed on one side too much ended up with lopsided boobs, and she'd decided that the only thing more frustrated than being stuck as a total nympho hottie for the rest of her life was getting stuck as a total nympho would-be-hottie except for the weird boob asymmetry. At least with twins, there was less worry of that.

"Oh, my little babies, it's okay, Momma's here."

Little Sabrina had been the first to wake, and set off her identical twin Lisa. They were trying to move towards one another feebly, and something in Jaimie's heart just overflowed at the sight. Silly female emotions, really. Postpartum ones especially.

She picked up Sabrina and smelled her diaper.

"Thought so," she said. "I'm very sorry, Lisa. I'll be with you in a moment, honey."

She'd changed more than enough diapers for a lifetime, but God knew she still had a ways to go. And given how much Mikey seemed to really like getting her pregnant - he'd apologised more than once for how much he enjoyed *that* particular kink - she'd probably be changing more diapers for more babies in the future.

"Don't think about it, Jaimie," she said to herself as she cleaned up her child and got them settled into a new pair. "Just focus on the current task."

She checked Lisa, who was still screaming, but she was thankfully clean.

"Okay babies, come with Momma. She knows what you need."

It was uncomfortably familiar, how much of this was routine. It still hit her every so often that she was *used* to being female, to being a MOM. Jaimie was wearing a rather stylish violet-coloured dress made for easy breastfeeding. She popped both her large G-cup boobs out - God, they were so big now, would they ever go back to her 'little' EE-cups? - and it didn't take long for her babies to latch on.

"Ahhhh, that's better," Jaimie said, as much from the relief of becoming less engorged as it was from relief at the babies no longer crying. "That what you both wanted, wasn't it?"

She held her lovely little girls, sighing as they drank greedily from her.

"What a strange and ordinary life I lead," she muttered. She managed to hold both babies briefly with one forearm as she grabbed the TV controller and turn it on. She couldn't

exactly watch her favourite action movies without scaring them, but a few episodes of comedy with the volume turned down wouldn't hurt.

She was still in that position, the TV turned now turned off, when her husband finally walked through the door to the garage.

"Honey, I'm home!" he called out with a smile on his face.

She shot him a withering glare, twisting her head to gesture at the sleeping babies in her arms, both of them still just barely latched.

"Oh, sorry!" he whispered.

*'I'm just getting them down,'* she mouthed, and he nodded, silently taking off his shoes and putting his things away. Jaime moved just as silently, putting Sabrina down first and then Lisa, little sister by fifteen minutes, down shortly after. Both stirred briefly, but then remained down. Jaime breathed a sigh of relief and exited, not even bothering to put her boobs back in the cups of her dress. Instead she placed her hands on her hips.

"So, how was work?" she asked.

"Same as ever," Mike said. "Pretty standard. Got a bonus on a job commission, so we might have a nice romantic date night if we can secure a babysitter sometimes next week."

"Fuck yeah. I'll wear that black thing. I need to take some selfies anyway. You know, for the job."

"I love the black thing."

"I know you do," she said, moving closer to him. "You're such a dog."

"Hard not to be, when your wife has a body like this. Everyone online is jealous of me."

She scoffed, even as he put his hands on her hips and her body began to feel the arousal. "I feel like a cow lately. I've lost all this weight but my boobs are still huge - I mean, they've been huge ever since I was cursed into a woman, but now they're colossal - and I'm making so much milk. They were feeding for over an hour and I'm still feeling achey and full."

He responded as she'd secretly hoped he would - not that she'd ever admit it - by shifting a hand up to feel her exposed breasts, rubbing his thumbs over her nipples. She moaned, her voice always sweet and sensual, as he stirred some droplets of milk from her tits.

"Mhmmm," she moaned. "Stop it. You'll make me leak everywhere."

"Then let me sort that out for you, sexy. You know I love your big, beautiful boobs."

The curse took hold, and she gave herself over to him, kissing his lips and pressing her voluptuous body against his. She felt his muscles, admired the work he'd put into the gym recently, and soon she was sliding out of her dress and drawing him to the bedroom, her will nonexistent in this matter; it would happen because the curse said it would happen.

The truth was, though, that she didn't much care at the moment. She'd be damn well doing this anyway. She was horny, full of milk, and her husband was looking damn fine in her eyes right now. She wanted his big cock inside of her and she damn well told him so.

"Drink from me first though, okay?" she said. "I've got way too much milk. I need you on my big mommy tits."

"I love the way you say that."

She giggled as she went back on the bed, spreading her legs so he could go between them. "Blame the curse. I always say stuff like that. Like how much I want you to fuck my dripping wet pussy when this is done."

Mikey grinned. "I am so glad our Benjie is in daycare right now." He got up and shut the door, then returned to her. "There, now you can be as loud as you want."

"You so won out with this curse, dude."

"Yeah, I think I did. But you won't care when I give you multiples in a moment."

"Just don't give me multiple babies again, at least not for a while! Ohhh!"

He began sucking on her tits, and God that man had learned how to please a woman so well, especially a woman who had once been a man. He started slow, always focused on getting her comfortable and in the mood, and when he was finally done empty her big, perfect breasts she was begging him to enter her.

"I need you in me!" she pleaded. "This body wants your hard cock, dude!"

He chuckled, rubbing himself against her moist entrance, and then plunged in. It was a familiar dance, but one her crazy female body always responded to. Her big boobs wobbled on her chest with every thrust, and she gyrated her hips in time to his motions, maximising her pleasure. If there was one thing she'd definitely learned being a woman, it was how to have sex as one.

"Yess! Oh I'm c-close! We need to f-fuck more often when we get the chance! Now that I've mostly got my body back it's getting really nympho horny again!"

"More than happy to make you cum as often as I can, love!" he replied before squeezing her right breast and making her moan. "You know I love your body."

"You damn well should! It's p-partly your fault I'm l-like this!"

"You're on birth control, right?"

"Of course, not that it helped the l-last time! Ohhhh!"

She *wasn't* on birth control, actually, but she was so damn in need of orgasms by that point, and when her husband finally came, she squealed in delight as she was flooded with his warm, hot seed.

"Ohhhhhh! Yesssss! I'm c-cumming so fucking h-hard right nowwww!"

Always multiples, ever since she'd just damn well accepted that she'd be doing this often, and that had been years ago by this point. In the midst of the rolling orgasms that

followed, she wondered with creeping dread if she had just allowed herself to get pregnant with Baby Number Four. But then the next orgasm hit, and she decided that was Future Jaimie's problem. If her belly ended up swelling down the line, then she could deal with it later. For now, she loved the feeling of Mikey doing her raw. That was another part of the curse.

"Fuck, I never get tired of that," Mikey said to her after, as he spooned her, caressing her heavy breast. "Do you?"

She reached around and slapped his ass. "Not anymore," she admitted, something she could only do in that post-coital bliss. "Still, if I could be a man again, just for a day, it'd be nice to try it."

"You think you'll ever turn back?"

She sighed and grabbed his arm, holding it against her chest. "Let's not talk about that. Let's just lie here until we have to go pick up Benjie . . . or I decide I want to suck that big, fat cock of yours."

It was the latter that came first. They arrived five minutes late for pickup, but Mikey certainly didn't regret it. Jaimie was Queen of the Blowjobs, according to him, and sometimes she even felt like it, rosy-cheeked as the admittance made her.

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"Man again for a day," Patricia said, having looked again into the crystal ball. "Yeah, that I can do."

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Jaimie woke earlier than her husband. She often did these days on account of needing to feed the babies, but after they were back down and before Benjamin woke up she managed to rouse her Mikey with her tongue upon his member. She wanted to ride him this morning - or at least the compulsions made her want to do so - but it was hard to disentangle what was compelled and what was wanted these days anyway. Michael stirred, and then his eyes fluttered awake, and he smiled instantly.

"I love my alarm clock," he said.

"Fuck you," she said, though she couldn't help but smiling before kissing him. Then she positioned herself upon his hard dick, and then they were at it yet again. When he came inside her she realised she *still* hadn't taken any birth control, but once again she failed to care as the pleasure followed.

They managed to cover up just in time for Benjamin to arrive at their door, rubbing his eyes, having just woken up.

“Mommy?” he asked, scratching at his blond hair. “Can I have breakfast?”

Michael pulled his boxers back on under the covers. “Dad’ll do it this morning, buddy. Mom needs to go shower. It’s another daycare day today, so you can have some TV time before you go!”

Ben’s beaming smile lit up Jaimie’s world. She slipped into the shower while her boys got ready for the day. She came out and dressed fifteen minutes later, and naturally she was wearing a very attractive crop top that showed off a devastating amount of cleavage, as well as a short skirt that pulled alarmingly tight against her rear. She blamed Michael; her body always wore what turned him on. At least it was profitable for her now - she could upload five pictures of herself in sexy poses and then that was her work done for the day.

“My stomach is damn trim again,” she noted, finishing up her makeup. She came out into the living room with enough time to kiss her boy and hug him. She then took him to daycare while Michael stayed with the kids and got ready for his own work. Ben was a little reluctant to leave her behind as always, but she encouraged him as best as she could. Jaimie couldn’t help but note that some of the other moms looked at her judgmentally, though, due to a combination of her voluptuous figure and a dress style that showed them off without much sense of modesty.

“Looking great, Jaimie!” Lynn said, throwing her a thumbs up. “You’ve absolutely smashed the recovery from twins, I can barely believe it!”

Jaimie smiled and thanked her friend. She really liked Lynn, enough that they got coffees sometimes together. It was good to have some girlfriends; she’d taken way too long admitting she needed them in her new life.

She said goodbye to her Benjie one last time, and headed home. When she arrived, she was surprised to see that Michael hadn’t changed into his work outfit, ready to leave. Instead, he was still in his pyjamas, and looking very nervous. And that’s when Jaimie saw her; the woman whose looks she’d *never* forget, not ever.

“You,” Jaimie said, feeling very exposed in her revealing crop top and skirt, her midriff on display with its sexy belly button piercing, her makeup perfect, her blonde hair long and slightly wavy, her bosom pushed up into a massive canyon of cleavage. She couldn’t have looked more desirable or womanly if she tried.

Patricia simply smiled. She was beautiful in a far more elegant way, still with nice curves but adorned in a lovely green summer dress with her hair in a ponytail. She certainly didn’t have the bust that she’d cursed upon Jaimie, nor the compulsions to show off her

body, but Jaimie was still reminded why she had felt an original urge to hit on this woman in the past.

“Hello, Jaimie,” she said. “It’s been a while.”

“Five years,” Jaimie said through clenched teeth. “Five. Long. Goddamned. Years.”

Patricia gave a sheepish smile. “Yes, I’m very sorry about that. I really am.”

“Where the girls, Mikey?” she asked her husband.

“They’re sleeping,” Michael said. “She says she’s not here for them, or to cause any harm.”

“Oh yeah!?” Jaimie said, stomping forward. “Then what are you here for? I don’t suppose you’re here to finally fulfil your promise to be back in ‘a few weeks’ and give me my dick back, huh? Maybe flatten out these huge G-cups you’ve given me? Maybe let me have a break from sucking on my husband’s tasty dick every day? Remember that?”

Patricia had a tea in her hand, but she put it down carefully on the coffee table. “I know you must be angry with me-”

“Oh, angry doesn’t even begin to cover it, you witch! If I had my male muscles still, you have no idea how much I’d be pummeling you right now. You do realise when I’m talking about ‘the girls’ that I was the one who carried them and gave birth to them, right? Do you have any idea how fucking weird it is to go from being a guy flirting with girls to suddenly riding a guy cowgirl style and getting knocked up with his babies? And that’s not even getting into the cravings, the sore boobs, the *giving birth* part. I had to lie down on a hospital bed and scream while I pushed and held Mikey’s hand. Do you have any notion of how *humiliating* that is?”

Patricia shook her head slowly. “I confess, I don’t.”

Jaimie gestured to her overly ample form. “Well, I do. I’ve had to have sex as a woman, give birth as a woman, breastfeed as a woman, wear sexy clothes as a woman, upload hot pics of me for the internet boys to gawk at and masturbate to. I’ve talked with moms at mothers’ groups - as a woman! Oh, and I need Mikey’s help to open the damn pickle jar, too.”

Michael chipped in: “That’s a particularly annoying one.”

“Damn right it is! Not to mention how often guys are always looking at me. What can you possibly do to make up for that? I can’t exactly go back now that I’m a mother of three, can I? A mother of three in just five years, I’ll add. I’m only twenty six years old!”

Patricia waited out the woman’s angry rant until Jaimie finally collapsed onto the sofa beside her husband, clearly having gotten it all off of her very considerable chest.

“Don’t tell me you’re here to turn me back,” she finally murmured, resting her head on her husband’s shoulder. “A few weeks or months after I changed, sure. But after I had Benjie, and now with Sabrina and Lisa, there’s just no way.”

Pattie leapt on this moment. "There may be, actually."

"She has an idea," Michael said. "This is what she visited for."

Jaimie crossed her arms beneath her chest and raised one perfectly arched eyebrow. "I'm listening."

Patricia took a sip of tea again. "Firstly, I apologise sincerely for all I did to you. I'm a witch, we often visit karmic transformations on people. But I'd had a bad breakup, and your words about women rankled me. Anyway, I really did intend to change you back after a few weeks, but I sort of just . . . forgot."

Jaimie's jaw fell.

"Yes, I know it sounds ridiculous, but I had done quite a lot of magic during that time, and you sort of fell just by the wayside."

"I was turned into my best friend's fantasy woman! That doesn't happen everyday!"

"I know, and I'm really sorry. I only realised I hadn't changed you back until recently, but now it's unfortunately too late. The magic has seeped in too deeply, and it's permanent. I'm sorry, but you'll be like this for good."

Jaime sighed, but grabbed her partner's hand. "Well, I'm more than used to it all by now. My life has kind of been determined by it for a while, and I've made some peace with it."

"What I can do, though," Patricia continued. "Is give you a little taste of what you've been missing. It's just for a day, but I'll be able to turn you back into a man again. Just the once. Just for a single twenty four period. You'll turn into twenty six year old male you, and you'll be able to re-experience all that you feel you've been missing out on, even just for that period."

Jaimie blinked several times. "I can be a man again."

"Just for twenty four hours."

"But I'll be a man again. I'll be Jaime again. By that I mean, J-A-I-M-E, not J-A-I-M-I-E. I'll have a dick again. I won't have big tits."

"Or compulsions. A clean slate, just for that time."

Jaime looked to Michael, who gave her a comforting smile. "You have wanted a break, dear. We can get a sitter organised this Saturday, and we can go out like we used to, as buddies. You deserve it."

Jaimie barely knew what to say. It was all that she had wanted and given up on for so long, and now it was dangled before her, and yet so briefly. She looked at the woman she'd hated for a long time, and while she still disliked her, she saw the genuine regret on her face.

"Tell me more," she said.

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Jaimie was so nervous going to sleep that her body was in actual jitters. This was despite her riding her husband and letting him spend himself inside of her. Even the multiple orgasms she'd had barely helped calm her nerves, or the fact that the babies and Benjamin were having their first ever two night stay over at Michael's parents house. All three of them; it must have taken a lot of bribing from Michael to convince his folks to go along, but now the house had just them. She missed her babies a little, felt that maternal connection to them, but was at least grateful she'd had more than enough milk stored for her girls.

God, would she feel that way in the morning?

A comforting hand pulled her close, and then a warm body wrapped around her.

"Is this better?" Michael asked, rubbing her back softly with one hand.

"You just want to feel my boobs," she teased.

"Obviously. Have you seen your rack?"

"Every day for five years. And so has half the internet. God, I'm nervous, Mikey."

"Of course you are. But it'll be a great day, Jaimie. I promise. I'll hold you all night."

"Are you sure you want that? I might be a bit hairier later on?"

"Well, I'll tactically roll over once you're asleep, how about that?"

She smiled. "Not a bad idea. Hey, at least I'll get a break from sucking your dick for once, right?"

"Hmm, are you sure you want to change back?"

She smacked him on the side. "I repeat, you are such a dog!"

"And I repeat, can you blame me? Have you seen yourself?"

She had, many times. But in the morning, she would finally see her original male self for the first time in five long years. She was still imagining it when she fell asleep.

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When Jaime woke, he knew something was different immediately. It wasn't just how his body felt - bigger, heavier, more muscle and hair - but the complete lack of any compulsion. He didn't feel an itch to turn and caress his husband's form, or to fondle his balls and lick the base of his cock until he was hard enough to mount. There was no need to go make breakfast or anything; he could simply lie still on his back and feel the heavier breathe that came with his male body.

And there was also the thing between his legs.

He lowered his hands and felt it.

"Oh my God," he whispered. "She was telling the truth. I've got my cock back."

It was like greeting an old friend after a long time away. It was just like he remembered it, and yet it was almost alien. He'd gotten so used to having a smooth mound there that this rather bulbous thing was almost in the way. How would one even wear underwear without it getting in the way? Did he used to be able to cross his legs? Surely he had been able to do that before?

"No weight on my chest," he said quietly, marvelling as he lifted the covers. It made his chest feel too light not to have that weight pressing down upon them; several pounds each, in fact. Not to mention his nipples were smaller. And he was so hairy! It was odd, but it kinda repulsed him. He liked hair on Michael, but on his own body he'd been perfectly smooth and blemish free for years.

He slowly got up, careful not to wake Michael. He looked at the sleeping man's face and was in awe of the fact that he no longer found it attractive. It was attractive, he knew. But his body had made him lust after that face, even come to enjoy kissing it. Now, it was just his more attractive friend.

"Holy shit, I'm taller."

Jaime walked over to the ensuite bathroom and looked at himself. He was indeed his original self - slightly pudgy but not exactly fat - with dirty blonde hair rather than the light blonde he'd had as a woman. He didn't even have the tug on his scalp anymore, though when he moved he felt his penis shift a little between his legs. Weird to have jiggle in the one place he wasn't used to it.

"I'm a man again," he said, and this time it was loud enough to wake Michael. His husband stirred in bed, groggily opening his eyes.

"Jaime?" he said. "Is that you, man?"

"Dude!" Jaime responded, gesturing to his body. "Check this shit out!"

He looked down, but did nothing else but stand there, naked.

"Um, what are you doing?"

"I'm looking at my feet! Dude, I can actually *see my feet now!*"

And then he began laughing hysterically.

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"Dude, this is so crazy weird. Look at what I'm wearing!"

Michael smirked as he looked at his best friend right as they were about to head out the door. "I see a T-shirt and jeans. Am I missing something?"

"No, *I'm* the one not missing something! Look how covered up I am! I'm not even showing any midriff. It's insane! I didn't even put on any makeup." Then he blushed a little. "Okay, so I put on a little foundation and some concealer for a little spot I had on my cheek

and neck, but apart from that, I've done nothing! And I didn't even need to do that; I just felt like it. I feel free, dude!"

"How does it feel, you know, having a dick again?"

Jaime giggled, before realising he had gotten used to his girlish laughter and then corrected it mid-laugh into a low tone chuckle. "It's weird as fuck, man. I've had like three random hard-ons already. And I got to pee standing up. God, I miss peeing standing up. It would make our family camping trips so much easier than squatting all the time. Oh, and I don't have to worry about a period."

"Didn't you already have yours ten days ago?"

"Yeah, but like this I would never have to worry about my period. My balls feel a bit sticky though, is that usual?"

"It's the heat. Pinch and roll method, my dude."

Jaime nodded, scratching the noticeable itch down there. He sighed as if in heaven. "Oh yeah, that's the stuff. Can't do this with a pussy."

"Can't play with your big tits, either."

"Ah, but I don't need a bra, *either*. Goddamn, it's such a literal weight off of my back. This is like a trip to Disneyworld, Mikey. Er, Mike. It's a dream come true!"

Michael slapped his friend on the back. "Well, I'm happy for you, Jaime. I mean, I hope you don't hate your other life and are just enjoying this."

"Yeah, yeah," Jaimie said, brushing him off and missing Michael's concerned frown. "Now let's not waste time. I want to do everything. I want to see everything as a man. Wait, we can't go yet!"

He darted back to the kitchen and found himself easily able to reach the top shelf - the same shelf he'd always had to ask his 'Mikey' to reach for him. Then he pulled down a jar of pickles, testing his strength the lid, and then -

"Voila!" he declared joyously, easily removing the cap. "I've got man muscles again! Now let's head out, dude. I wanna hit the town and see if I'm still attracted to *the ladies*."

Again, Michael frowned, but Jaime was too happy to really notice. He got in the passenger seat, realised he could be the lead this time, and then got in the driver's seat instead.

"Dude, I apologise in advance, but I am so hitting those speedbumps. My boobs always wobble so much when I go over them, but now, nothing!"

He hit the accelerator once the garage door was open, and Michael clung to his chair for dear life as they sped off.

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Michael was clearly confused at Jaime's first choice of entertainment; the mall.

"I would have thought you would've wanted to do something more interesting than this," Michael said. "I mean, you come here to find clothes and makeup and stuff all the time. We go on dates here, Jaime."

But Jaime just grinned. "That's just why I want to come here. I need a comparison, man. Everytime I walk through here every head turns my way. I've got guys constantly checking out my tits or staring at my ass, and jealous girls shooting me dirty looks. Now? I'm fucking invisible. Let's go!"

He walked, but a few people still shot him strange looks. He wondered why that was, or if he was reverting back to a woman early, but then Michael coughed a little from behind him.

"Um, dude, you're walking a bit funny."

Jaime blushed. He hadn't even realised it, but he was walking like a woman would - as he had done many times as Jaimie - one foot in front of the other, hips sashaying from left to right in a rather hypnotic fashion. His cheeks blushed red as he tried to stop himself from doing it, only to fail a few times. Mike chuckled from behind him.

"Shut up, honey! This is harder than it looks!"

"Yes, I imagine walking is quite hard."

"Without swaying my ass? After five years of it? Yeah, it's actually pretty fucking hard? How do you do it?"

"Stop putting your foot in front of the other. Keep your stance wide. Also, did you want to be calling me honey?"

Jaime cringed. "Damn, force of habit." He didn't mention, but he had to fix how he positioned his chest and shoulders too. He'd gotten so used to a posture that thrust out his very ample boobs, but now that he was without them, it just made him look like a puffed up gorilla. Still, the lack of endless wobble from his tits would serve him well in what he planned next.

"There we go!" he announced. "Have I mastered it?"

Michael looked over his friend-turned-wife-turned-friend-again. "I'd say so. Well done, Jaime. You're walking like a man again. How does it feel?"

"Like Christmas," he cheered. "And look, no one's checking out my huge cans! I bet I could even sit down and eat some food without anyone trying to flirt with me or take a pic. We should try that later. But first . . . laser tag!"

They arrived at the entrance, and Michael actually laughed, slapping his forehead. "Of course, I should have guessed. We could have done this when you were a woman, you know. I think we did."

“Yeah, and guys thought it was funny to shoot the chick in the boobs. And beside, my tits hurt from running around and crouching all the time. Now, though, I can go old school. Ready for me to kick your ass?”

“Yeah, you’re on. I’ve gonna win, though.”

“Please, you’re so used to fucking me in the ass you won’t know what it’s like to have my foot up yours.” Jaime bit his lip. “I should probably stop talking so sexual while I have a day free from it, right?”

Michael gave him an uncertain look. “Probably. I’m getting a very confused boner right now.”

“Dude, you’ve got no idea! I swear, this thing is so unwieldy in my pants.”

“Having regrets about becoming a guy again?”

“No fucking way. No come on, I’m gonna smash you. And not in the sexy times way you’re used to!”

They got set up for the game, and Jaime was happy to just be a dude among dudes, rather than a distraction for a mostly male team. He even nudged Michael and whispered: “Hey, check out the hottie,” bending his head towards a nice looking brunette with her boyfriend.

“Seriously?” Mike asked. “You’re already checking out the ladies?”

“Nothing wrong with getting to enjoy being into hot chicks again. No offence man, but you aren’t exactly revving my engine right now, and I doubt I am for you too.”

Mike scratched his head awkwardly. “Well, no, but-”

“So she’s hot right?”

“I guess-”

Jaime punched his friend on the arm. “You douchebag! I look way better than her. Well, girl me does. She’s practically a flat board compared to the tits I was rocking.”

Mike blinked. “I cannot keep up with this.”

He could barely keep up against Jaime during the game that followed, either. Jaime didn’t have every laser trained on him like last time he’d played - that had been as a woman, and some of the dudebros just really couldn’t handle a chick, especially a hot one, in their space. He fired left and right, ducking and dodging with the best of them, but in the second half of the game began to do a hell of a lot worse.

“Shit,” he said, wheezing as he grabbed his stomach, which had that old familiar pudginess to it. “I was a lot more in shape as a chick. All those compulsions to keep looking perfect for Mikey made it easier to have a set of fucking *abs*.”

In the end, when the game was over, he’d managed to just come ahead of his friend and husband (even if technically not his husband right now), having fired on him three times in the last bout.

“All that winning has made me damn thirsty,” he said after. “Let’s grab a bite to eat. C’mon, I’ll get us some free drinks from that kid over there.”

He pointed to a sixteen year old or so looking boy behind the counter of a smoothie place they often went to. Completely by habit, he leaned over the counter, pushing out his chest and smiling as he flicked his short hair.

“Hey there, I’m *really* liking the look of that blueberry raspberry smashup. Do you think you could help me out a little? I left my credit card at home.”

The kid looked very weirded out by this. “Um, sorry man. You need to pay for your drinks. Um, and you can’t be leaning on the counter like that, please.”

Michael had actual tears in his eyes when Jaime returned with two smoothies in his hands, looking deflated and defeated.

“Holy shit, that was the worst thing I’ve ever seen, Jaime!”

Jaime rolled his eyes. “It’s not my fault I’m used to getting free everything by showing off a heap of cleavage! Man, you mean I have to pay for stuff now?”

“Guess you got that bad part of being a man.”

“Well, does this mean I have to pay for my food today as well?”

Michael chuckled. “I’m still your husband, sort of. So no, I’ll be chivalrous. Plus, you’re not earning today. No offence, but I doubt your regular followers want to see you looking like this.”

“Good point. You know the cool thing though?”

“What?”

Jaime’s eyes gleamed. “I don’t have to be healthy now. No compulsions to eat properly to ‘maintain my figure.’ Dude, you are going to buy me one big-ass burger with everything on it.”

He ate it down too, and didn’t even feel the need to take a selfie as he did so. He still took a few anyway, just for keepsakes. He wanted to remember this time forever.

The clock was ticking after all.

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“Fuck yeah, the beach! Check me out, dude! No bikini! I can be naked from the shorts up!”

Jaime cocked his hip to one side and put a hand on it, all while thrusting out his chest. It was obvious he was deliberately doing a female pose this time as they got their things out of the car.

“It’s definitely not as welcome a sight as I’m used to, Jaime.”

“Yeah, who wouldn’t want to see the old me in a bikini? My highest upvoted pic was that one of me coming out of the water in the tight red one.”

“Mhmm,” Michael murmured, looking up at the sky longingly.

Jaime smacked him on the shoulder. “Dude, quit imagining it! I’m right here.”

“Ow, fine! Man, that’s actually gonna bruise.”

Jaime gave an embarrassed expression as he looked at his own hand. “Oh, shit. Yeah, I may not be fitter, but I’m a lot stronger now, hey?”

“Definitely. You know, I’m surprised you picked the beach. I would have thought you wanted to do something more typical. This’ll eat up a bit of time.”

Jaime just waved him off. “Nah, no way. It’s a perfect Saturday, the kids are with the babysitter, and the sky is hot and blue.”

“It’s just, I don’t really remember you loving the beach as a guy. That was more my thing, you know? What with all the surfing.”

Jaime shrugged. “I guess in the last five years you’ve rubbed off on me.” He touched his friend’s arm and let the hand linger there longer than seemed normal, then pulled it away. It was odd; he wasn’t attracted to Michael one iota anymore, and yet . . . there was a connection still. A strong one. And it was almost a *shame* not to be attracted to him, which was bizarre to think in its own way.

“Besides,” he continued awkwardly, pulling away his hand. “You got me to love surfing. You know, when I didn’t have a big pregnant belly making it impossible.”

“You did look good pregnant in a bikini, though.”

“Damn straight I did. But *this* belly is all pudge. And I’m hitting the beach and enjoying it all without everyone looking at me.”

They did exactly that, and it was wonderfully refreshing for Jaime to not be the sudden centre of attention or have dudes come up and try to flirt with him as soon as Michael went away to grab them ice creams or go for a solo swim or something. Instead, he was just able to walk about in his swim shorts, taking in the sun and not having to apply three different layers of lotion that would keep his skin looking perfect. Neither did he have to find a nice place to remove his bikini top and try to ‘even out the naughty bits’ when it came to his light tan. And there wasn’t the bounce, the jiggle, wobble, the ‘breasting boobily’ as Mikey had often jokingly described it. Well, there was a slightly jiggle to his stomach, but that was to be expected.

“Fuck yeah,” he said to himself, not for the first time that day. This time it was in response to a number of fine looking women in bikinis and cute one-pieces heading out to the water. They were young and beautiful, likely around his own age, and he found his eyes drawn to their cleavage and hips, not to mention their rears as they passed him. One caught him looking and he remembered not to stare, so he swivelled on the spot and pretended to look at something else. They giggled among themselves.

“Pervert,” one said to a friend.

He took no offence to it. “Finally, *I* get to be the total perv,” he mused. “Damn, the ass on that one is fiiiiine.”

Mikey returned at that point, having gone for a little dip. “What are you looking at?”

“What do you think?” he said, gesturing to the quartet of pretty women. “The beach hotties. The *other* big reason I wanted us to come here.”

Michael frowned for a second before recovering. “Yeah, they’re not bad looking, I suppose.”

“Not bad looking? Are you serious? Those ladies are damn good looking! You need to get your eyes checked, man.”

“Nah, I’m just used to a way hotter woman. Jaime, you blow them all out of the water to the point where it’s not even a competition. Hell, it’s not fair. Compared to you, those girls don’t rank, at least to me.”

Something in Jaime’s heart fluttered at this and he found himself briefly adopting a feminine pose, on the cusp of pressing his hips against his Mikey and placing a loving arm around his waist. He managed to stop himself, coughing awkwardly as Mike seemed to notice.

“You, uh, really think that, huh?”

“Absolutely, Jaime. I know you’re enjoying being a guy, but to me you’re the most goddamn beautiful woman in the whole goddamn world.”

Jaime puffed up in pride at that. “Well, I guess I am a total ten out of ten. As a woman, I mean.”

“No, you go all the way to eleven, dude.”

“Ha! I’ll take it. Of course, some of that’s the compulsions, but I like to think I’ve been rocking my fembod with a bit of my own influence over the years. I *was* the one that chose the red bikini you really liked, you know? I was compelled to buy one, but it was *me* who chose that one.”

“And I am eternally grateful for that choice. How does it feel to not be rocking the bikini or the centre of attention?”

Jaime bit his lip. “It feels awesome, but also kinda not? I don’t know how to describe this, dude, so don’t make fun, but . . . my chest feels really naked. I keep looking down at my nipples and getting worried people are staring at them. It’s also just weird that my nipples are so close to my pecs, and not way out here.” He cupped some large imaginary mammaries for emphasis.

“I guess it would be weird. You’re used to carrying a lot of weight there.”

“Well, it was kinda cool to be able to see my own feet again! But I don’t know, I’m sort of at a loss here, but . . . is it pretty lame that I’m missing the attention, at least a little? I’m used to walking along a beach and guys dropping their damn drinks as they stare at me.

One time a girlfriend slapped her man because he couldn't stop checking out my tits. Call me a total bitch, but I was pretty damn smug about that one."

"Sounds like you miss the attention . . . just a little."

Jaime took a deep breath. "Maybe after five years of being the total blonde bombshell I got a bit used to it. Jesus, Patricia did a deeper number on me than I thought."

Michael seemed to regard the horizon for a moment. "You know," he finally said. "It might just be you."

"What do you mean?"

"That you don't hate being a woman as much as you thought, and that you might actually like it. I know the compulsions can be annoying for you-

"They literally make me have sex with you."

"-but you seem to have accepted them and come to enjoy them. You've been having crazy orgasms ever since you had Benjie. I'm just saying, maybe you'll go back to being a woman and feel a bit refreshed over it."

Jaime stared at that same horizon. "Maybe, dude. Maybe. For now though, let's go surfing. I want to see if I'm as good on the waves as a man as I am as a girl."

He wasn't, but that was okay. It made for a good time anyway.

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Jaime could tell Michael was surprised by the last event of the day.

"Really, you just want to stay at home?"

They'd just showered - separately, this time - and the evening was starting to close in. Jaime had been considering many options for the night, and the best option of all had been going to the club and enjoying the pretty ladies and being able to actually drink some alcohol without worrying about it tainting his breastmilk. It was nice not to have to pump, actually, despite the lack of soothing release when he expressed his milk. The kids were still with Michael's mom and dad, and would be there for pick up the next morning, so a club night was definitely possible provided they didn't get *too* drunk.

But in the end, Jaime had decided she wanted to stay in.

"I just feel a bit homey now, ya know?" he said. "Call me crazy, but I want to spend more time with you, man."

"We've been spending time together for five years now. Some *very close* times, as you'll recall."

The pair giggled, both obviously thinking about the many, many sexual experiences they'd had over the years thanks to the curse.

“Exactly. I’ve grown pretty accustomed to it. To my ‘Mikey.’ Plus, I’ve got a wild idea tonight.” He put his hands together conspiratorially, grinning and posing in a fashion he knew was a little too feminine but felt too natural to avoid by this point. “I want *you* to make *me* dinner. And dessert. And to do the washing and the cleaning. Then we can play video games and watch a loud action movie while the kids are away.”

To his surprise, Mike grinned broadly. “You know, that sounds like an *amazing* idea. I’m glad we’re spending the night together.”

“Good to be with your buddy again.”

“He never left. We just . . . got closer in a very different way.”

That thought stayed with Jaime as he relaxed and played video games by himself, all while Michael got the food ready. This was definitely the right choice, even if it had taken some courage to admit it. For all that it had been crazy enjoyable being a man in public, spending time with ‘his man’, as he still thought of him occasionally, in the privacy of their home had a relaxing quality to it. They didn’t get to do this too often with kids crawling over them these days.

“Dinner’s almost ready!” Mike yelled. “Hope you’re near the end stage!”

“I’m kicking ass and taking names!”

“Still playing the female character?”

“Obviously. It may not be a compulsion, but it just comes to me more naturally by now.”

Five minutes later, the food was ready. Jaime’s mouth salivated at the sight of it; a marvellous chicken roast with the carrots on the side done *just right*.

“You remembered to put the lemon in it?”

“Don’t worry, I remembered.”

“And you didn’t overuse the gravy formula, right?”

“Jaime, I thought you were happy for me to cook this?”

The originally male, but formerly *female* man blushed. “Sorry,” he said, sitting down opposite his husband. “I guess five years of being the submissive little housewife has made me pretty fussy about this stuff.”

“Well, I can’t claim it’ll match up to yours, but I think you’ll enjoy it.”

He did. He moaned a little *too* suggestively, as he easily had as a woman, at the taste of it. “This is fucking great!”

They both began to eat, and an awkward silence slowly bloomed between them. After several minutes of this, Jaime drank some water and looked at Mike across the table.

“So this is really fucking odd, isn’t?”

Mike burst into laughter. “Thank God, I didn’t want to be the first to say it.”

"I mean, you're my friend, but also my husband. I love you, man, but at the same time I'm not attracted to you now, and I don't blame you for not feeling the same with me. But this is also like an at-home romantic date, right?"

"It's only missing flowers."

"I mean, no kids, just us. If I was still Jaimie with an 'I' we'd be doing it all over the couch by now."

"And the floor."

"And against the wall."

"And in the kitchen."

"You're such a dog, Mikey!"

They laughed again. Jaime rested his head in his hand and grinned. "It's not been all bad, though. It's kinda cool to realise I miss some parts of being a woman. Quite a few parts, actually."

"Even the boobs?"

"Always the boobs with you!"

"Well, I like 'em!"

Jaime rolled his eyes. "I won't lie, they are a fantastic pair. A bit bothersome at times, but yeah, I guess I miss 'em. I'll have 'em back tomorrow and probably be complaining about their damn weight though, so maybe it's a grass is greener thing."

Michael chuckled, spearing some more chicken and ate it.

"Okay, related conversation topic then, and you gotta be honest."

"I'm listening."

"We've had sex a bit, right?"

"Man, we have had sex a *lot*. An absolute fuckton."

Michael waggled his eyebrows before continuing. "You always clamped up tight when I asked you this, and the compulsions sometimes make you say things that aren't always exactly what you're really thinking. But since you don't have them right now, and you're a man with the power of hindsight on your female experience, I gotta know; what's the best position for sex you've enjoyed?"

Jaime almost spat at his drink. "Seriously?"

"C'mon, I'm curious. I *am* your husband, you know."

"And a damn hot one." Jaime blushed again. "Whoops, almost an automatic response. But you do look good, man. Makes me wish I was into you right now. Okay, best sex . . . best sex . . ."

He thought about it, running through the many memories he'd had of having his pussy slammed; quite a unique experience at first but now very expected.

"I'm gonna go with . . . cowgirl."

“I knew it! You always cum like crazy when we do that. What’s makes it better than missionary?”

“This is super embarrassing, but it makes me feel a little more in control and sort of . . . dominating. I’m on top of you, riding you, I feel like I’ve got all the power because I’m looking down on you. I can tease you a bit. And you can play with my tits from that position, which drives me wild.”

“Damn, I’m getting hard just thinking about.”

“Weirdly, so am I.”

“What’s the worst, then?”

Another consideration. Jaime ate some more and flushed it down with drink. “Okay, I really want to clarify here that ‘worst’ doesn’t really work. The curse makes me really, really into it, and I’ve clearly been Stockholm’d Syndromed because even as a guy I’m finding the prospect of getting female sex again pretty hot. But anal is definitely more confronting than the rest.”

Michael nodded. “I can imagine. It’s pretty, well, the opposite of the cowgirl thing.”

“Yeah, plus it’s my big juicy ass. Again, I definitely still cum like crazy, but I prefer doggy style when you’re in my pussy. If you’d asked me this question a few years ago I definitely would have answered blowjobs, though.”

“What’s changed with that?”

Jaime wasn’t exactly sure. He’d done them a lot. The thought, right now, of sucking on a penis was pretty repulsive to him, until he imagined himself as Jaimie again, and then it actually made him a little hard. “Okay, bear with me here, dude. That first night when I turned, you might remember I gave you a blowjob not long after we first went at it.”

“How can I forget? Craziest night of my life.”

“Second craziest for me.”

Michael raised an eyebrow.

“Birth,” Jaime said.

“Ah. Yeah. that makes sense.”

“It felt utterly degrading, even as my stupid busty body got really turned on by it. I mean, having your best friend fuck you is one thing, but getting down on your knees with his big dick in your face and actually sucking him off? And then having him cum in your mouth, and then swallowing it? There’s something uniquely humiliating about it. Like I had become purely submissive to you, which, you know, I *had*.”

“And it remained like that for a time. I mean, I was giving you morning blowjobs, even licking your balls and stuff. At some point I sorta became resigned to it, and at least got to enjoy the bits where it was just to harden you up so you could let me ride you or whatever.

But then, somewhere along the way, when I was pregnant and *especially* after I gave birth to Benjie, I started looking into your eyes as I sucked you off.”

“I like it when you do that.”

“Pfft, I can tell. But I started to see how much you enjoyed it. And seeing how much it turned you the fuck on turned me the fuck on even more, and then I got this loop - like that Pavlovian shit - where when you came down my throat I actually *wanted* you to cum even harder. I started testing myself, seeing how long I could tease and torture you by keeping you *juuuuuust* on that edge without cumming. I started figuring out how to stroke your cock in more inventive ways than what the compulsions had me do, and do the ball stuff you like. And moan; I got really good at moaning, and at a certain point the moans became pretty genuine, you know, especially when you came in my mouth.”

“Holy fuck, that’s hot.”

“Exactly,” Jaime said, feeling pretty smug about it now. “I came to kinda love it. Like *you* were the submissive one, not me. I could tease you and make you mine with just my hand, my lips, and my tongue, and I could take you places. Plus, your cum tastes really fucking good too.”

“Wait, you never told me that.”

“Strangely, it’s easier to get that off my chest now that I haven’t got a chest to speak of. Ha! Anyway, that’s how I became the Queen of the Blowjobs.” He placed his hand on Mike’s, but this time he didn’t pull it away. “And proudly so.”

“That’s a big change.”

“Yeah, well, it’s like any skill. You get good at it and you deserve to be happy with yourself. I haven’t heard *you* complaining.”

“Definitely not! You really are the Queen of the Blowjobs. Man, I could use one right now.”

Jaime put out his arms wide. “And yet, no compulsions. I can tell *you* to go eat a dick instead of me doing the one to do it.” He laughed at his own jokes. “Man, this is so wild. I wish I could do this every year. Just one day, y’know? Makes you appreciate what you’ve lost, but also, you know, what you’ve gained.”

“Three little babies, for one?”

Jaime smiled. “God, one’s not a baby anymore. I can’t believe he’s growing up so fast. And to think I didn’t want him for so long. He kicked in my womb something fierce, and sixteen hours of labor was super fucking uncool. And yet when I had in my arms, I just exploded in tears, man.”

Michael clenched her hand tenderly. “You did so damn well. And then twins!”

“Fuck dude, twins. You seriously had to top the first pregnancy, didn’t you? It’s still the weirdest thing, knowing I carried your babies, and will likely carry more.”

Michael sat up a bit more straight, then shuffled his seat around so that he was next to his not-wife. "I mean, we don't *have* to have more kids."

She shot him a look that was half-serious, half-not. "Come on, man, you know how this works. You've always wanted a big family, and it's even worse now that you've got a super fucking hot submissive fantasy wife carrying your babies whenever you want them. That's a temptation you absolutely can't resist."

Jaime saw a tell-tale sign from her best friend, and slowly the realisation came over her; the hunched shoulders, the slightly sheepish expression, the way he was fidgeting under the table. The transformed man had to resist the urge to slide his foot along his friend's leg to tease him; it wouldn't have the same effect now.

"Holy shit, you're getting turned on by the idea of knocking chick me up already, aren't you?"

Michael leaned his head back and looked up at the ceiling, exhaling loudly. "You've gotten way too good at reading me."

"You are! You've got a big hard on at the thought of putting another baby in me, admit it!"

"Fine, I'll admit it! And the worst part is, there's no female you in sight to sort it out."

Jaime flicked a piece of food in Mike's direction. "Ha! Serves you right! You'll have to wait to impregnate me, sucker."

"I'll get you back when you've got a sexy round belly with my next baby in it."

She flicked another piece of food but this time he caught it.

"God, I'm gonna be *such* a mom. We'll have to get one of those minivans. I'll take the kids to *soccer games*, dude. Man, maybe I should have gone to the club and knocked a woman up tonight, just to see how it feels. It feels good, doesn't it?"

Michael grinned. "It feels pretty damn good, but only with you."

That warm flutter persisted in his heart again. He *really* wanted to rub his leg against Michael's, or to simply rest his head in the crook of his shoulder, even if their more even height wouldn't achieve the perfect comfort such an action usually resulted in.

"It feels pretty good with you, too," he admitted. "You know, the getting me pregnant part. It was pretty wild to feel our two girls moving around inside me. Uncomfortable, tiring, giving me crazy hunger and cravings, but . . . it was pretty cool too. Plus, you were super into me, even more than usual. You were always getting me treats."

"You deserved them."

That silence extended again. Jaime wanted to say so many things now that there were no compulsions, but in truth he had learned to rely on the compulsions; they helped him say such loving and devoted and plain *sexy* things without having to take full ownership of them. It was so easy to say "I love you" when he had his legs spread wide and his

husband thrusting inside of him, or “you’re so fucking handsome” when his hormones lit up at the sight of Mikey in a tight button shirt and sexy jeans. Now, as a man, it was hard to find the words to say the same thing.

“Let’s play videogames,” he said. “I wanna smash your ass, and not-”

“In the way you usually mean it,” Michael said. “I’ll clean up, you set the game up.”

“Get ready to lose to a girl. Well, you know what I mean.”

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The pair lay in bed. Michael had lost the overall bouts, but Jaime now had the very sneaking suspicion that his friend and husband was letting him win. He had always been chivalrous through their cursed relationship; it had been damn annoying at first, but as Jaime blew up with his first pregnancy, he had really come to appreciate those gentlemanly gestures. Now though, he wasn’t sure what to make of anything. They were both in bed, both lying on their backs, their lamps turned on by their beds, neither quite looking at one another nor ready to go to sleep.

“I can go sleep on the couch until tomorrow,” Michael said. “You know, if that’s more comfortable.”

“Why, are you afraid you’ll start spooning a man in your sleep before I turn back?”

“I’m serious. I don’t want you to feel uncomfortable.”

Jaime bit his lip and looked up at the ceiling. “No, I want you here. I can’t explain it, I just do.”

“Yeah, I want to stay too, I just thought I’d offer.”

Again, that long, lonely silence. Michael broke it first.

“Would you prefer to live like this, Jaime? I mean as a man. Would you prefer not to go back to your other life?”

Jaime looked at Michael, his brow furrowed. “Of course not. I can’t, dude. I have to take care of the kids; Sabrina and Lisa need their feeds, and Benjie will miss his mom. Besides, everyone knows me as Jaimie; Patricia’s magic changes reality so everyone remembers me as a girl and all that.”

Michael shifted onto his side to face him. “No, I’m not talking about *have* to. I’m talking about *want* to. Would you *prefer* not to go back, if you could?”

Jaime hesitated, so Michael continued.

“It’s just that the curse is so unfair. I mean, it’s not just the stupidly attractive body you’ve got, but the fact that you *have* to be my fantasy girl and do all the sex stuff. You always have to dress up hot and cling to my arm in public, and you don’t get to just slouch in a dirty yesterday hoodie with no makeup. And there’s the whole ‘getting you pregnant’ thing -

I know I can't help but be turned on by it, but I feel guilty about it all the same. I guess for me it's just . . . we've been married three years now, and we've got three kids together. We've been a man and woman for five years, and so many more years ahead of us. I thought that maybe we could learn to love one another. Cards on the table, I already do love you, Jaime. Fuck, I really do."

Jaime turned onto his side and faced Michael, then he burst into a loud guffaw. Michael clearly wasn't expecting this reaction.

"What? What's so funny? I'm putting my heart on the line here, man."

"Sorry!" he said, wiping away some stray tears. "It's just so dumb! Of course you love me, you big dummy. I already know that. You say it all the time."

"But I'm saying it to *you*. The male you. The true you."

"Please, that's not been the true me for ages. Female me may have all these compulsions, but they've become part of me as well. And you know I love you, dude."

The words finally escaped his mouth so very easily, and once they did, they just kept on coming.

"I mean, it's a very different love from what I ever imagined. It's frustrating, and embarrassing, and certainly involves a lot more cock-sucking and titty-fucking than I ever expected. And there are times I wished I'd never been cursed, or at least that I could not always be in tight skimpy things. But then I also love the way you look at me when I wear those skimpy things, and I find myself checking out your shoulders and thinking 'Meow', ya know? And you gave me these wonderful kids. Yes, it's super embarrassing that I ended up a mommy, and I had this big belly with a baby in it and my boobs were all full of milk and it was totally crazy to be like that, but you were there at every step helping me out. And it wasn't all crazy bad, sometimes it was good in a crazy way; I had fucking *life* growing in me, man! You did that to me, and now we've got three amazing kids. God, how could I want to leave that? It's not just about me needing to be female me again, I want to be female me again. And I want to find you attractive again, too."

Michael squinted. "But you were checking out all those women today!"

"Duh, how could I *not*? I'm a man for twenty four hours, honey. I'm going to enjoy checking out hot chicks just to feel that attraction again. It doesn't mean I actually planned to get with them. Why do you think I decided to stay home with you? I just wanted to be near . . . my husband."

Michael breathed a sigh of relief. "You're not afraid of going back."

Jaime chuckled, rolling onto his back. "I thought I would be, but no. I'm actually keen to get back to me, compulsions and pretty tight dresses and endless amounts of sex and all." He grinned at Mikey.

"Besides, I miss my big tits, *and* having my man on them."

At this point, Jaime couldn't help himself, and neither could Michael. Regardless of lack of physical attraction, there was still love. The pair moved together and shared a brief, but tender kiss.

And then it was time to sleep and return to what was.

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Patricia watched through her crystal ball, taking in the morning scene. In it, Jaimie slowly woke and stretched, and in her eyes was the dawning realisation of the change that had taken place while she slept. She sat up, her sleeping husband beside her, and took in her very female form. The bountiful blonde bombshell cupped her large breasts, savouring the feel of them flowing over her palms, her G-cups returned to her, and slowly tightening as milk production began once more.

For a few seconds, Patricia was worried over how Jaimie would react. She'd really hoped that making her a man again for a day would cement her love for her female form, reminding her of all that she had gained and grown beyond. Still, it was a big risk; what if she fell into despair? What if it just reminded her of what she still wanted? It wasn't like the witch could permanently turn her back.

But then the worry dissipated, because an enormous beaming smile, totally genuine, crept over Jaimie's features, and the witch could tell there was no amount of compulsion that could fake that level of emotion.

*"Finally,"* the woman's voice echoed through the crystal ball.

She checked that her husband was sleeping, then crept out of bed totally naked and into the ensuite bathroom. There she checked her appearance all over, even smacking her lovely backside lightly and giggling in a hushed manner.

*"Baby got my back, back,"* she joked.

"You sure did," Patricia noted.

The woman set to work with her makeup almost immediately, and Pattie became a little confused at this point. What was Jaimie doing? Sure, she was always compelled to look lovely, but she didn't need to be doing this part. And Michael was clearly too asleep to wake with sex just yet. But Jaime kept happily applying some attractive eyeshadow and subtle eyeliner, putting red lipstick on and doing her hair professionally so that it had a wavy quality over one shoulder. Then she moved to the walk-in closet and selected a few items. When she returned, she was dressed in a very enticing set of black lingerie, complete with sexy stockings and straps. Her breasts were pushed up to become positively voluminous, and even Patricia found it hard not to appreciate what she was seeing.

"What are you doing, Jaimie?" she asked herself.

But now Michael was stirring awake. The woman crept up onto the bed, pulling the covers back softly to wake him. When he opened his eyes, Jaimie was there in all her glory, her impressive rack heaving, her childbearing hips there to be grabbed, a mischievous smile on her perfect heart-shaped face.

"I'm back, honey," she purred in a sensual tone, shifting forward to place her lips near his. "And we've still got two hours to kill before we've got to pick up the little ones. What say we spend that time reacquainting ourselves with one another?"

"Holy shit, I love you so much," Michael replied, reaching to touch her body.

"I love you too, dude. Now hurry up. The compulsions have me horny as hell, and frankly, after spending a day as a guy, I really want you to hurry up and *put another baby inside me*. Think you can do that?"

Patricia laughed happily as she saw Michael take up that call immediately, and soon the pair were grunting, moaning, and crying out in passion as they fucked each other's brains out.

"Well, I don't think conceiving a child is going to take our lovebirds anytime at all! Still, even if Jaimie has come to enjoy her life, it can't hurt to throw in some bonuses as an apology for my screw up."

Patricia had already gathered her components and prepared the spells. They simply need to be activated now. She clicked her fingers, and they went off one by one.

Jaimie's aging process would now be slowed, and her good looks and health would hang around much longer, allowing her to keep her much-needed stamina and beauty. People would think that the future fifty year old Jaimie was a thirty year old woman, or just that she'd had plastic surgery, but in truth the magic would safeguard her.

She would also be blessed with safe fortunes, as much as Patricia could provide her. Various wards would safeguard her, her husband and children, born and unborn, and prevent any great tragedies befalling them.

A few cosmetic changes made life easier as well. Her breasts, large as they were, would not sag, and yet her shoulders and back would not be nearly as strained by them thanks to magical aid. She would also be able to fully restore her body after each birth, with no lingering issues.

And lastly, this one just for a little cheeky fun, Patricia decided to throw in an extra. Given that Jaimie had unexpectedly become the so-called 'Queen of the Blowjobs,' the witch decided that the submissive wife deserved as much fun out of the act as her husband. Now, when Michael came down her throat, her body would be hit by an earth-shattering series of orgasms to match his, and she would feel delight at drinking his issue. It was the least she could do for leaving Jaimie compelled to complete such an act so often.

The pair finally finished their act in the crystal ball, Jaimie crying out in sweet relief as the flood of female orgasms hit her. She grabbed Michael's head and pulled him right into her breasts, holding on for dear life and gyrating her hips to milk him for all he was worth.

*"I'm c-cumming so f-fucking hard right now! Ohhhhh!!"*

She collapsed onto her lover when the throes of ecstasy became all too much, and they stayed like that for some minutes. Michael's arms encircled her, and then they both shifted so that he was spooning her, her backside pressed up against his crotch, one of his hands playing tenderly with her large breasts. She still had a magnificent smile on her features, as if she'd finally achieved the catharsis and sense of closure after being a man again for a day.

*"I'm so glad I'm a woman again,"* she whispered, and Michael held her all the tighter.

*"I'm glad too, honey."*

Patricia gave them their much-needed privacy and turned off her crystal ball. She may have fixed the situation five years too late, but at least she had managed to fix it. It wasn't the most ideal outcome, but Jaimie had come to accept her life of compulsions and femaleness, not to mention the sex, motherhood, and general femininity that came with it. And judging from what she'd just said, she was now coming to love it.

*"I'm very glad to hear it,"* Jaimie," Patricia whispered to the crystal ball.

And then it was back to sorting out her house mess for her. No doubt there were other forgotten uses of magic lying behind old couches or sitting around in old cardboard boxes. There was still plenty of cleaning to do.

But after helping Jaimie and finding satisfaction in that, perhaps she could take a lesson from the former man. Perhaps Patricia could learn to love cleaning, too.

**The End**