

## **A Simpler Time - Extended (Man to 1940's Wife TG Preg)**

**By FoxFaceStories**

*Mark can't stand the bustling business of modernity, so when he finds a Wishing Stone, he voices his wish to live a simpler life in an earlier time. Unfortunately for him, he should have been more specific with his wish, because Mark is sent back in time as Dorothy, a devastatingly attractive woman with a husband who just loves his submissive wife.*

### **A Simpler Time - Extended**

I really, really, truly wish I'd never made that stupid wish! One second, I was struggling with the endless hustle-bustle of modernity, swept up in the cogs of the machine, and trying to find my place in it, and the next I'm whisked away to the past not as some grand adventurer or simple farming man, but instead as a subservient housewife. One, I might remind you, who has little rights and a virile husband who just won't quit - not to mention a damn female libido that already rises to the occasion when he does!

I'm getting ahead of myself, though. Why rush the story? I am in a so-called 'simpler time' after all. You see, it all started in the year 2024. Yes, I know, that doesn't make much sense given that you're reading the personal diary entry of a 1940's housewife now, does it? Well, just you wait, because it gets wilder than that, because not only was I originally from the future - not that I thought it was the future until I came back here - but I was also originally a *man*. Yes sir, I was a tall, and not at all un-handsome man named Mark. In fact, I'd had more than a few pretty little ladies as my girlfriends during my time in college, but unfortunately time had caught up with me by the time I graduated. I had always been a man who liked to appreciate the slower lanes in life. I'd once been described as 'cool as a cucumber' by one of my friends, and I quite liked the reputation I had as a guy who could cruise through life.

If only life had let me.

But if I was going to keep the house I was paying off, I'd also have to get a job that was paying well. And because of my skillset, that meant I went into the corporate life. I can only think of one bigger mistake in my life after that moment, and we'll get to that. Trust me, it's a real doozy. Let's just say that life got far, far too hectic in the modern world of technology. Endless emails, my phone constantly buzzing with new messages and appointments, my calendar overflowing with work-related events. It was a goddamn nightmare, and everyone in my personal life could tell that about me. The once casual Mark Whitaker was suddenly a ball of stress, with dark lines under his eyes, a nervous twitch in his hands, and a bald spot developing on the back of his head. I felt like I was heading for a

mental breakdown, but I also felt like I had to schedule it in, because my calendar just wouldn't allow me the break to actually goddamn *break*, if you know what I mean.

In the end, it all got to be too much. I took a sick day, a big no-no where I worked, in order to go hiking. I drove out to a nearby nature reserve I loved and tried to reconnect with the slower life, but my damn phone kept buzzing with more reminders and appointments to come and people to call and yada yada blah blah, so on, so on. I tried to ignore it, but I got so stressed during my attempted de-stressing exercise that I didn't notice the unusual rock in front of me right up until the moment when I tripped right over it.

It was a strange thing; sort of multi-coloured and shiny, iridescent in a manner that seemed to catch the light unnaturally. There were rumours of the so-called 'Wishing Stones' that I'd heard about since I was a child. Supposedly, if you were lucky enough to find one, you made a wish while holding it, and it would be granted. Now, I had no real allusions about magic being real. It was all obviously fake nonsense (at least, so I thought at the time), but I still picked up the shining rock anyway and held it in my hands. I was only half-kidding when I spoke the words of my wish. Really, I think I was just venting. If only I knew how real Wishing Stones were at the time, maybe I would have been more specific in how I worded my wish. Because what I said was: *"I wish I could go back into the past and live a simpler life."*

I don't blame the stone for what happened next. It had no way of knowing I didn't actually want to leave my life behind, and that I was just voicing a desire to find a simpler life here and now, or at least a job less damaging to my mental health. So you can imagine my shock when there was a bright flash, and I suddenly found myself in some kind of old-fashioned house instead of in a nature reserve, and myself stuck in the body of a damn gorgeous woman no less!

There's a few photos attached to this record, so you can see just how gorgeous I am. A real Grace Kelly type, as you can see. Thick eyebrows, mysterious eyes, soft lips, and I won't lie, I ended up with a hell of a set of curves, and that includes a bustline that deserves its own damn zipcode thanks to the way they arrive five minutes early ahead of me and jiggle about like I'm a damn tray and they're a pair of jelly cakes. To say my centre of gravity had changed would be a massive understatement. Not only that, but I was wearing a tight dress that totally looked like something from the 1940's: a green classy number with white spots and a collar. It went to just below my knees, and I was wearing stockings that emphasised my new shapely legs. A belt cinched around my waist to show off my hourglass figure, and I could certainly see what a total hottie I was when I took in the full-length mirror in the bedroom. I remember my exact reaction.

"Oh God, this can't be happening. I've turned into a freakin' bombshell!"

Things couldn't get any worse. I instantly realised what the Wishing Stone had done; it had taken me back to a simpler time with a simpler life. And what could be simpler than that of a woman in the past, whose life expectations had nothing to do with corporate life and everything to do with maintaining a quiet and respectable suburban existence?

I won't lie, I did indeed explore my own body. How could I not? Not only did I need to really find out if I was fully a woman (I was, and have been ever since, damn it), but I also discovered that my body was quite . . . sensitive. Don't look down upon me, whoever is reading this. You'd do the same if you were in my new high heeled shoes. I couldn't help but touch my big new boobs, and God, I won't fucking lie, the sensations were incredible. That's definitely one bonus of being a 1940's gal that's stuck with me. But just as I was about to experience my first female orgasm, the door opened and a man stepped in.

I actually squealed. Just like a girl.

"Dorothy!" he exclaimed, taking in the view of the gorgeous blonde I had become, half naked and with my dress around my waist so that my big boobs were jutting right out in his direction.

"I - um-"

I had no idea what to say. Who was this man? Why was he calling me Dorothy? But then he smiled, looking me up and down the way *I'd* have looked at a chick like me.

"Well," he said. "I see you got started without me. Been missing your husband after a long day of him working, huh?"

I didn't know what to do, so I nodded, my hands still cupping my large naked breasts. Something strange was happening to me. I was starting to stare at this man, and even biting my lower lip and rubbing my thighs together, like I was some kind of needy broad with a libido that was sky high. Which I *was*. This man who was apparently my husband was deeply handsome. I would have recognised that as a cold fact before, but now I *felt* it. He had black hair that was swept to one side, and thick black eyebrows that were doing a great job of expressing his awe at my body. His jaw was square and classical in its manliness, and it was obvious that he had a fit, athletic body.

"I - I missed you?" I said, almost as if it were a question.

He began to unbutton his shirt. "It's amazing you managed so well while I was away in Germany, honey. Because I've only been away for a day, and here you are."

I swallowed. I couldn't stop these feelings. They were rising up, becoming more and more powerful. My nipples were reacting to his very presence, and I took in a sharp breath as he crossed the room, now bare-chested as well, his chest hairy and strong. I couldn't resist touching it.

"Ready to make that baby?" he asked me.

At least, that's what I realised he said to me *after* what followed. I could barely absorb any words at all by that point, because I was so freakin' aroused. The next thing I knew, my lips were on his, and his were on mine.

"Ooohh," I moaned, my voice high and sweet and horny. "T-touch my b-breasts."

He did, cupping them and then picking me up so easily, just so he could press his face into them and suck on my nipples. I was in ecstasy, and my arousal grew yet again.

"Call me Hank. I like it when you call me that."

"H-Hank. I need you!"

I had never imagined I would make love as a woman, but there I was, moaning as his hands roamed over my body, and as I felt his shoulders and played with the hairs on his chest. Soon he had me pressed against the wall. He lifted me again, demonstrating his strong muscles, and then I had my legs around his waist while he undid his trousers. His penis was out moments later, and for some reason I was fascinated by it. It was big, so frickin' *hard*, and my new pussy was wet as water, ready to receive it.

"You want this, don't you?" Hank teased.

"Please!" I moaned. "I don't know why, but I need it so bad!"

"Because you love me," he teased.

"Mhmm! Just f-fuck me!"

"I love it when you talk dirty."

He levered me up and slid his entire length into me. It was the most alien, the most foreign, the most strange experience I'd ever had in my entire life. And yet I *moaned* like I was some kind of animal in sexual heat. The sensation of his dick inside me was fantastic. I couldn't stop myself from wanting it; my body was utterly insatiable. He thrust into me again and again and again until -

Well, you get the idea. Suffice to say, I'm a screamer. I practically bit into his shoulder as he pumped his seed into me, and I felt the warm stream of his ejaculation and shivered in bliss. Afterwards, he let me down, and my legs were all floppy. He kissed me on the forehead.

"What'd I do to deserve a girl like you and a simple life of pleasure like this?"

It didn't seem so simple to me, and certainly not in the way I'd meant when I'd made that ill-fated wish. As I lay against him, his hand stroking my full bosom, I can tell you this: I was caught between all that post-coital pleasure calming me down and a rising freak out building in my brain. By the time I got up to have a shower, I was starting to realise that this was definitely not a dream, and that I'd just had sex with a man. Worse, I'd *enjoyed* it. Hell, I was trying not to smile at the thought of it.

My name was Dorothy Hughes, married to Hank Hughes, a former P-51 Mustang pilot in WWII and now a member of the local town bank, likely to be placed as manager by

the next year. I'd been in my thirties when I'd made that damn wish, but now this new life of mine back in 1946 was only twenty one years old, married when I was just eighteen before 'my man' went off to war. His military uniform still hung in our room, and he wore it on numerous occasions, often when he went out to see his war buddies, but other times too, such as when he wore it in private in order to turn on his wife and let an airforce man have a little fun with a blonde dame. I should have hated that silly roleplay, but I *still* get shivers when I see my husband in uniform. It's the sexiest sight I can imagine, all thanks to the life and female nympho brain my stupid wish gave me. Naturally, we were having sex twice a day and four times on Sunday. I just couldn't help myself, and no one seemed to think it was odd, because Dorothy was a known beauty in town, and it was clear that more than a few guys were jealous of Hank for snagging the town bombshell.

If I'd been born as Dorothy, perhaps I would have been A-OK about it. I would have enjoyed wearing cute dresses that were slowly turning towards that 1950's housewife style. Hell, I would have enjoyed being a housewife, learning how to cook all those inventive post-war dishes with what foodstuffs were available, working the cleaning by hand, and doing all I could to make my man comfortable when he got home. He was the breadwinner after all, the one with the complicated life. I just had the simplicity of keeping his castle clean, stocked, and my legs parted whenever he wanted me, which was damn often. Yes sirree, I might have been more than happy with the life I had, if it was the only one I knew. A good simple life of suburban housekeeping, cooking and cleaning, and making love to my handsome husband who was head over heels for me.

Except I *wasn't* born as Dorothy. I was meant to be Mark Dallagher, for God's sake! I *am* still meant to be Mark Dallagher. That's what I'm writing this diary entry for, so at least someone will know the truth one day, even if you, dear reader, choose not to believe it. Try and date this note. Get it professionally seen to. It'll prove I wrote it in the year 1952, six years after I was sent back. And yet, here's a few little tidbits I happen to know about: the terror attacks on 9/11, the coming Vietnam War in the 1960s', the popularity of the Beatles, the lovefest of Woodstock, Richard Nixon's Watergate scandal, the invention of the internet, Janet Jackson's nip slip at the Superbowl, Bill Gates and the invention of Microsoft! All of it! So there, I am real, and so is my story. Hopefully you've heard of the Wishing Stone, because then you'll know it's true.

And *that* is why now, even six years into my new life, I still haven't fully adapted. I'm still waiting on a freakin' microwave, and that'll be another ten years or so before that particular dream comes true. I only just recently got a washing machine, and the new television we have has all of our neighbours jealous; except that it's a shitty little box with a grainy screen that's nothing on my old 75-inch screen. I realise now that I wished for a 'simpler' life, not an easy one. Simple doesn't mean easy. A man working a quarry with a

pickaxe is simple, but try telling him it's easy! As a housewife, I have to use the broom (no vacuum cleaners), mop by hand, scrub the dishes (no dishwasher), and work with limited materials to cook frankly amazing meals. At least *that* I've gotten quite good at, because God, it's not like there's Chinese takeaway available at the moment! And that's not even getting into the lack of equality. Sure, Hank loves me deeply. I've *felt* his love, and he shows it very physically. But at the end of the day, *he's* the head of the household, and I'm the second-class citizen. I exist to support my husband and look pretty, which has meant learning how to do makeup properly, how to put on a brassiere and wear dresses, and do the complicated up-dos that are all the rage for hairstyles in this period. I'm also expected to provide him with little strapping sons and beautiful daughters (more on that in a second). More than once I've offered damn good financial advice, only for him to nod along to my words and then say:

"That's nice, dear. But I think you should attend to matters of the fairer sex and leave the business to me."

Maybe one day he'll listen, after my understanding of future events and where to invest can no longer be ignored. As it is, when his friends come round, I'm not the one drinking with them at the table so much as serving them up some lovely apple pie and beers to go along with it. One of his buddies even pinched my rear, can you believe it? At least my husband socked him one, and then let his friends go early so he could make it up to me by fucking my brains out. I don't want to give the impression that Hank is just sex, sex, sex. Yes, he's a dog, but my body needs a dog, and he's also much more. He is kind to me, and he always finds little gifts of flowers, or takes me on dates that keep the romance alive. Maybe, one day, I'll even fall in love with him. God knows, my emotions get all tangled up when he performs these romantic gestures, and said emotions are so much more powerful now that I'm a lady!

Of course, there's one other thing that makes my emotions stronger, and it's a process I've gone through a few times now. You see, contraception isn't really available at this time and place. So what with me having a crazy high libido, and my husband really itching to start a family, one thing followed another, and I was panicking just five months into my existence, because my period was late. Yeah, I've gone through periods as well. Let me tell you one thing, they are no fucking joke. The cramps are crazy, the flow is embarrassing, the goddamn *nausea*, I swear! But somehow *not* having a period on time was even scarier. And it wasn't like I could just take a pregnancy test - I'd wished for a simpler time, so I was getting one. The simplicity of patience and waiting, to be specific, until all the signs were undeniable.

My already-big boobs swelling up.

My stomach cramping and then becoming more taut.

My nipples aching and turning a slightly darker pink.

And, of course, the bouts of tiredness mixed with voracious hunger.

Yeah, I was pregnant. Knocked up. Expecting, as they call it in this time, since I'm in a period of the goddamn Hays Code so even 'pregnant' is a bit of a dirty word, which is stupid as hell, because it's what I was!

"You're sure?" Hank asked me when he came home and I had the news for him. God, I remember having butterflies in my stomach. Just seven months into my new life at that point, and I was already eight weeks or so pregnant.

"I'm pretty sure, Hank," I said in my sweet voice.

"I'm gonna be a daddy?"

"You're gonna be a daddy. Oh God, and I'm gonna be a mommy."

He picked me up and twirled me around, before panicking and settling me back down on my feet. "Wait, I don't want to hurt you or the baby!"

"It's - I'm sure it's fine. It's just a lot to take in, Hank. I never imagined having a baby."

"Please, with a body like yours, you were meant to have them! We're gonna have the most amazing family, Dot. And just know that I'll treat you like a princess the bigger you get! I sure hope it's a son!"

He kissed me, and something about the way he spoke with excitement ignited my own passion, and then I was kissing him back. He turned me around against the kitchen table and lifted my dress skirt, lowering my underwear in the same motion. I knew what was happening, and my body yearned for it: something about him taking me from behind was just so devastatingly sexy, as humiliating as that is to admit now in writing, even six years on from that ill-fated wish.

My belly slowly started growing. I could barely believe it, but soon I was showing. All the ladies in the neighbourhood doted on me, which was awkward but nice, I guess. My best friend was my neighbour Trish. She had two little babies already and a third bun in the oven, and she was always coming over during the day, letting me practice my mothering skills with her littlest one, and coaching me on what to expect. It was all very frightening to imagine, I can tell you that.

And yet . . . it wasn't all bad, I suppose. Writing it down now, I can definitely say that going through the experience had its positives. Sure, I had more reason to worry about birth and hospital treatment, having been flung eighty years into the past, but in some ways I *had* gotten my wish. The ladies of the neighbourhood were right there to help me, taking weight off of my already strained back thanks to my expanding belly. I had a freakin' baby growing in my freakin' uterus, and by that point my would-be daughter was kicking the crap out of my bladder and dancing around like she was training to be a ballerina. For a man who used to pride himself on his ability to catch a good looking girl and get lucky after a date with her, you

can imagine that this was quite a humiliating circumstance to be in. I was even struggling to get stuff off of the floor, so having Trish and the others around to help me with the cleaning, the cooking, and to just let me relax for a bit . . . God, I got damn emotional over that, I can tell you. Many tears were shed, and for once it really did actually feel like the simpler life.

“Don’t you dare even try to do anything tonight, darling!” Trish told me, despite being further along in her pregnancy than I was. “The girls and I all know what it’s like to have a baby on the way, and the first pregnancy is always the hardest!”

“Except for when you have twins!” Becca joked.

“But you’re pregnant and even bigger than I am,” I told Trish. “I should at least help out with-”

“Don’t be chivalric! That’s for the men! You just relax and let us do the work. And we’ll make sure to tell Hank that *he* can start making some meals to treat you!”

I actually giggled at that. And true to her word, I caught Trish having a rather heated chat with my husband outside when he came home, making it *very* clear that I may be the housewife and future mom of the home, but he was *not* going to expect me to do even half of the usual housework. I’ll tell you what, when he came in with the ‘sudden idea’ to take up some of the household chores and let me relax more often.

“What a marvellous idea,” I told him, rubbing my stomach where our little baby was finally sleeping. “I also have one other thing I think you can help me with.”

“Of course, honey. What is it?”

I began to pull up my dress and rub my stomach seductively at that point.

“My hormones are driving me wild. I need you to help me sort it out.”

Yeah, so I was a horny, horny girl in my second trimester. Sue me. Just don’t judge me. I’d been taking my husband’s dick for months by that point, and frankly it was one of the actual perks of my simpler life by that point. It was easy to rile him up if I wore the right housewife dress or lingerie beneath it, and it didn’t hurt that he was quite turned on by the fact that I was making his baby. When he was thrusting into me, standing at the bedside while I lay on the mattress with my legs spread wide, he said something that was unbelievably erotic in the moment but definitely spelled out to me just what my new life had in store.

“I can’t wait to make such a big family with you, honey! We’re going to have such a wonderful horde of children.”

“Ohhhh, yesss!” I moaned. “I’m p-pregnant with your baby! I’ll g-give you as many as you want! Ohhhh, just keep going! Ahhh!”

Oh, what’s that? You’re uncomfortable with me writing out my dialogue like that? You’d like me to summarise it, and not have it sound like bad pornography? Well, too bad. This is what I sounded like, and given how much I had to be ashamed by what I was

moaning and saying, I want you to experience some second-hand embarrassment too. Like I said before, I turned out to be a real screamer and a thrasher, so you can imagine how my preggo hormones put me over the top.

At least it worked in my favour a little. Hank did so much for me in those last three months. As I grew bigger and rounder and more pregnant, as my huge boobs started to leak and I started to waddle, the prospect of birth became all too real. I harboured a secret hope that somehow I would find a Wishing Stone and that I could get my male life back before I pushed this child into the world through my own damn vagina. As you are no doubt aware from reading this chronicle, that was not the case at all. Instead, I went into labor while grocery shopping at the local supermarket, and a kind soul helped me get outside so the ambulance could take me straight to the hospital. The pain was agony, the experience exhausting, and the only good things I'll have to say about it was that my labor was unexpectedly quick and that I got my gorgeous daughter out of it. By the time Hank arrived at the birthing room, after hurriedly leaving work, I was already holding our little Janie, clutching her to my breast as she fed, my forehead matted with sweat and my hair sticking to my skin.

"I did it!" I declared in a tired voice. And hell, I can still hardly believe I managed that first birth all on my own.

And yes, I did say *first* birth. True to his word, Hank has gotten me knocked up several times since then. Contraception just isn't a thing, and I'm so damn fertile that I can't help but get knocked up one after the next. I've only been a woman for six (long) years, and yet I'm currently on pregnancy number *four*, would you believe it? My daughter Janie is nearly six years old, Franklin is four, and Peter is two. I'm surprisingly regular with my pregnancies, but then why wouldn't I be? Despite our increasing 'horde' of children, Hank still finds the time to be regular with me. I couldn't help it; just a few months after I'd pushed Janie out into the world I was already spreading my legs to receive his cock, and God did I need it at that stage!

As I said at the beginning, I really wish I'd never found the Wishing Stone. I'm not meant to be a woman, and part of me will always find it strange to have a pussy down there, or large breasts, or to be seen as a submissive wife now living in the 1950's and playing the part of the perfect dutiful partner. It's just not who I'm meant to be, and I'll always be embarrassed by the fact that I'm always getting pregnant, always wearing traditional housewife dresses, always cooking and cleaning for my husband and making him and my children happy. But . . . I can't deny that I love my children. And I do love Hank. Sort of. Well, I love him as much as someone who used to be a man can love a man after being changed into his wife. He's a good man, one who deserves the best life, and so I do everything I can

do to give him the best life, especially since when it comes to the bedroom, it really does take two to tango, as our increasing brood of children attests to.

Still, I feel a need to write this diary of grievances. I wished for a simpler life, but how simple is a household filled with excitable tykes bouncing all over the place? I wanted to be free of work, but while I don't have to worry about emails and text messages, I do have to worry about endless stains, constant cooking, and dealing with laundry piles of clothes. I'm the pretty housewife, the girl on Hank's arm, the one whose voice is less important. At least in my old job I had the possibility of advancement, but my role in this time is set. I'm a stereotypical trophy wife and mother, and even if I did find a Wishing Stone, it's too late now to leave Hank and our babies. I love them too much, even if I really do wish I was a man.

I guess I'll just have to suck it up and accept it. I'm only a week away from my due date, and then I'll have another mouth to feed, and my boobs are certainly making the milk for the job, I can tell you that! Still, I hope you pass this on so people know what happened to me, so at least someone can understand. It's still a decade until the modern feminist movement starts, and by then it'll be too late for me. I'm a plump, pregnant, homecooking housewife, and to hear Hank tell it, he'd like at least seven kids running around our legs before we stop expanding our family, so I'll be busy for a few years yet. But hey, at least I'm still freakin' gorgeous and can drive my hubbie wild. That's gotta count for something.

And besides, it's not like I have to deal with office bullshit, right?

**The End**