

Changed Into An Elven Goddess!



Jezabel
Foxx

Contents

[Title](#)

[Copyright Notice](#)

[Newsletter Signup](#)

[Story.](#)

Changed into an Elven Goddess!

Part 1

Copyright © 2016 by Jezabel Foxx

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. Everyone in this story is 18 or older and NOT blood related.

Thank You From Jezabel Foxx

Thank your for reading my story. If you'd like to be notified of future stories, please sign up for my newsletter:

[Jezabel Foxx's Naughty Newsletter](#)

Please visit my Amazon Author Page for more stories:

[Jezabel Foxx's Amazon Author Page](#)

"Honey? What on earth is this?" My wife, Julie, asked as we explored an old, pre-historic temple in the Peruvian mountains.

I peered over her shoulders, shining my powerful flashlight down at the intricately carved, gold-laced box that she was holding.

"I'm not sure," I said. "Can you read the writing."

My wife was a language scholar. She pretty much knew every single language in the world. Not good enough to read necessarily, but she could tell you unerringly which language she was looking at and from which time period.

She shook her head. "I...I don't know. It's not written in any language that I've ever encountered."

She looked back over her shoulder with a worried look on her face. "Harold, something's not quite right here..."

Seeing my wife's puzzled/frightened expression sent chills up and down my spine and my flesh broke out in goosebumps.

I took a deep breath and took the ornate box from her trembling hands, so I could get a better look at it. I knew a tiny fraction of what she did about languages, but I couldn't make heads nor tails of it, either.

"What do you think it says?" I asked.

"Knowing what we learned about the Ancient Egyptians, it's probably a warning."

"Or a curse," I said ominously.

My wife shivered at that thought.

Without any hesitation on my part, I opened up the lid.

"Oh my God, Harold!" She put her trembling hands to her mouth. "What are you doing?"

"I don't believe in curses." I waved her concern away.

My wife started to protest, but realized that if it was protected with a curse, it was too late to do anything about it.

"Yeah, but..."

"It's all right, Julie, curses are for the superstitious and feeble-minded. Neither of which apply to us."

When I shined my light into the box, I noticed that there were two perfectly preserved vials of liquid.

"What on earth are those?" My wife asked.

It was my turn to shrug my shoulders. "Looks like vials of some liquid." There was a red vial and a blue vial.

"Yeah, I can see that..." Julie hissed. "But what do they do?"

I turned to my wife with what she called 'the craziest look on your face' and smiled, "Let's find out!"

Before she could say a word, I had grabbed the blue vial, popped the cork and drank approximately half, then handed her the rest.

"There, you drink your half and we'll find out."

"Harold!" She admonished me, swatting me playfully on the arm. "What on earth do you think you're doing? That could be poison."

I smiled and shrugged. "Well, as I always like to say: nothing ventured, nothing gained."

She shook her head, her pretty, long-brown hair flipping back over her shoulders.

"I can't tell if you're incredibly stupid or a genius." She looked at me solemnly for a moment and then laughed.

"So, you'll take it with me?" I asked, holding out the weird-smelling vial to her.

She took a deep breath. "Hell, why not? If it's poison, we die together." Julie took the vial and knocked back the contents, grimacing at the taste.

"You didn't tell me it tastes like dog piss!" She accused.

"You didn't tell me you knew what dog piss tastes like," I quipped.

"You!" She admonished and kissed me on the lips.

"It's getting late," she continued moments later, "Why don't we build a campfire here and pitch our tents."

I agreed and ten minutes later, the light from the fire was dancing off the walls of the temple.

"Honey, look at these," she pointed to some ancient writing on one of the walls. "This is the same writing from the ornate box."

I looked at the writing on the box and compared it to the wall. "Yeah, you're right."

"They're going to have a field day with this back at the University." She explained. "I'll bet money that this is an ancient,

undiscovered language. They'll be studying this for decades."

I tried to agree with her, but something was wrong with my throat. I tried again, but was still having trouble.

My wife noticed that I was trying to speak, but having difficulty.

"Honey, is something wrong?" She asked, turning to me. "Oh my God!" Her eyes lit up like twin full moons.

"What?" I said, my voice squeaking like a mouse's.

I looked at my wife's shocked face and realized that I had never actually seen her so scared before. Her hands were shaking and her face was deadly pale. I didn't know whether to be concerned for her or me.

"Honey, what's going on?" She asked, her voice quavering.

"What do you mean?" My normally deep, masculine voice suddenly became high and tinny - kind of like I had swallowed helium.

"Just listen to you," she said and then brushed her hand against my cheek. "And your face..."

It was at that moment that I began to get scared - you know, that deep in the gut scared. Maybe that potion did have a curse or something on it. Or maybe it was poison...

"Look!" She rummaged around in her backpack and brought out her make-up kit (leave it to a woman to bring a make-up kit to the middle of nowhere) and handed it to me, flipping up the mirror so that I could see myself in the flickering light.

"What?" I squeaked. "There's nothing wrong, I feel..." My voice stopped in mid-sentence as I glanced at my face in the mirror. "Fine," I finished, my confidence waning.

My hands suddenly shot to my face as I frantically felt around. What was I looking at? This wasn't my handsome, masculine face; this was something...softer and more feminine.

I looked at my wife with sudden horror dawning in my eyes.

"Look," I said, holding the mirror to her own face.

I had never before heard my wife shriek and being in an enclosed area, the sound rang in my ear like a bell.

"Honey? What the hell is going on?" My wife said slowly, enunciating each word. She, too, patted her face, no doubt wondering where her pretty looks went.

He then looked me in the eyes, his own frightened and startled.

"Well," I said, my voice unsteady, "let's look at this logically..."

"The time for logic is over!" He grumbled. "You're turning into a woman and I'm turning into a man. Does that seem logical to you?"

I shook my head. Taking him squarely by his shoulders, I forced him to look at me. "Let's just calm down and try to figure this out."

"Okay," he said and took a couple of deep breaths and closed his eyes.

"Ready?"

He nodded.

"Okay. Here's what we know. A few minutes ago we carelessly drank a possibly pre-historic, unknown vial of liquid. Now, it seems that we have our answer as to what that liquid was."

"You think it was some kind of...what? Gender changing potion? That's absurd!"

But even as he spoke the words, we both realized that his voice had deepened very dramatically. The look he gave me was kind of like a puppy hearing himself bark for the first time.

"Harold?" He looked startled again upon hearing his strange new voice. "Harold, what's going on?" There was panic now in his voice and I could see a tear in his eye.

"I...I don't know," I said in my own feminine voice. "But whatever it is, we're here together." I drew him close to me and held him tight as sobs wracked his body.

"Why?" He asked. "Why did you have to drink that potion? Why did I drink it?"

"It's not the end of world, honey. I mean - unless it's permanent - we should look at this as an adventure."

"Yeah, you're right." He admitted.

"We may be the first gender transformers in the last five-thousand years. Scientists could study that liquid for decades and not know what it was or what it did."

He looked up at me, his face becoming more masculine by the minute, and wiped the tears from his eyes.

"Do you think..." He sobbed. "Do you think that this could be..." His voice dropped and I could barely make out the last word.

"Permanent?"

I took a long, deep breath and let it out unevenly. Truth was, I didn't have any clue. Until a couple of minutes ago I didn't even know what it was.

I shrugged. "I really don't know, honey. But whatever it was, we'll get through it...together."

He sobbed a bit longer, then pulled away and held me at arm's length. "You know," he said, wiping away his tears, "I've always wondered what I'd look like as a man."

"Well, now's your chance to find out." I grinned.

It was striking how vastly different my wife had suddenly become. No longer was he that soft, beautiful woman that I had come to know and love, but now he was someone else entirely.

"Why don't you take off your clothes," I suggested, naughty thoughts suddenly dancing through my mind.

"What?" He cried in alarm.

"Well, who knows for how long this will last. Let's at least see how the potion affected you."

My wife smiled as he realized where I was going with this. "Only if you strip, too."

"Deal!" I stuck out my smaller, more feminine hands.

To be honest, I'd had the same thoughts that my wife had. I mean, one of the greatest mysteries in life was what it felt like to be the opposite sex. It was an extremely rare occurrence that anyone ever found out.

"What? What is it?" Julie asked, concern on his face as he stripped out of his now tight-fitting clothes.

"I was just looking at your new body," I admitted.

"Yeah?" He cocked his eyebrows hopefully.

"Yeah, I think you're kind of..."

"Sexy?" He guessed.

"Yeah. I mean, look at those abs," I said, licking my lips as I drew closer and placed my hands on his rock-hard chest."

"Well, I guess your breasts aren't all that bad looking, either."

I'd forgotten all about that. Suddenly, I lowered my gaze down to where my hairy chest used to be. I drew a sharp breath when I saw that I actually had...boobs!

My wife laughed when he saw my expression.

"What?"

"It's just...the look on your face." He shook his head. "It's like you've never seen breasts before."

"I haven't. Not here, anyway." I pushed my hands up under my breasts and lifted them up.

My wife cracked up and couldn't stop laughing for several minutes.

Finally, when the laughter died, he admitted, "You look ridiculous."

I shook my boobies at his pronouncement. I may have looked ridiculous, but touching my breasts actually felt pretty darn good. Hot, even.

"Oh yeah!" My wife said, a smile plastered on his face. "I can shake something, too."

I tore my attention away from my large, pillowy breasts and followed his gaze to his shorts.

"I wonder what it'll look like," I said, breathlessly waiting for him to strip.

I don't know why, but when I saw his large cock spring forth from the confinement of his shorts, I felt a tingle down below. Except it was different than the familiar 'tug' that I usually got when I saw something that turned me on.

"Harold?" My wife was staring intently at his hanging new appendage. "Harold, please tell me that I'm seeing what I think I'm seeing..."

I nodded and licked my lips. "You sure are, babe."

"Have you...ever seen a dick that big?" He asked, his eyes wide.

I couldn't help myself, I fell to my knees to get a closer look at that gorgeous, wonderful cock. I may have been a full-fledged, card-carrying man a half-an-hour ago, but right now, it was my wife's staggeringly huge cock that was making my mouth water.

"Honey! What are you doing!" My wife looked around like anyone else would be in the same room with us.

"What? Can't I admire my wife's brand new cock?" I eyed his huge dick hungrily. Which was strange as I'd never had any desire to touch another man's junk before.

"Yeah, but someone might see!" He put the emphasis on the last word.

"Honey, we're hundreds of miles away from civilization. I don't think anyone is around. Besides, all signs point to us being the first to discover this...temple or whatever it is."

"Yeah, you're right. It's just weird doing this here."

I encircled my wife's cock with my long, slender fingers and was amazed at how thick it was.

"Oh...wow," he said, sighing heavily, "that feels wonderful."

"You ain't seen nothing yet!"

I slowly ran my hand up and down his long, thick shaft, tracing the veins with my fingers. With my other hand I lightly caressed his balls, causing him to moan loudly.

"Wow! I had no idea," he said, closing his eyes and leaning his head back.

I could feel his shaft stiffening under my fingers in response to my stimulus. That was one thing I knew very well: how to please a cock. After all, I'd had plenty of practice on myself.

Without giving him any warning, I slowly slid my mouth all the way down his cock, but didn't allow my lips to touch his flesh.

"Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God," he repeated over and over as I encased his steel-hard shaft with my lips. I breathed hotly over his very sensitive skin which caused him to begin mewling like a cat.

"Oh God, please - for the love of all that is holy - suck it!" He began bucking his hips, hoping that I'd close my mouth around his new organ. But I wouldn't. I wanted to tease him until he cried "uncle." If this was going to be his first time getting his dick sucked as a man, I wanted him to remember it.

This was weird; a half-an-hour ago if I'd been asked whether I'd ever suck another guy's cock willingly, I'd have told you absolutely not.

But here I was. True, it was my wife. But still.

When I felt that he'd had enough torture for one day, I slipped his cock all the way down my throat and slowly - very, very slowly - closed my lips, applying suction to his steel-hard manhood.

When he screamed in pleasure, I knew the exact effect that I was having on my wife.

"Holy shit!" He swore. "I've never felt anything like that before. Where in the hell did you learn to pleasure a guy like that?"

I smiled and looked up at him. "I've had a few girls before you."

"Wow!" He said, panting and waving his hands over his chest. "That's got to be the best thing I've ever felt."

Then my wife looked down at me. "Honey, what's wrong with your ears?"

"I don't know, maybe it's still changing." I waved his concern away, wanting to get back to pleasing my wife.

"No, no." He said adamantly. "Something's different about your..." He brought his hand down and felt my ear. "Oh my God!" He exclaimed.

"What?"

"Honey...your ears are..." He thought about the right word. "...pointy!"

"What? That's absurd!" I really honestly thought my wife was fucking with me. Pointy ears, come on! But when I felt them with my own two hands, they were, indeed, pointy.

"What the hell?" I muttered. "Am I turning into an Elf or something?"

My wife gasped. "Honey? What if these ancient writings are some kind of unknown Elven writing?"

"That's just ridiculous, right? I mean, how many people have walked right past this place and no one ever stepped foot inside?"

"To be fair, hon, it was off the beaten path a bit. If I hadn't suggested we stop for a rest break, we'd have passed right by it, too."

"Yeah, but...an Elf?" I touched my ears again. Sure enough, they were as pointy as the day was long.

"I think you make a cute Elven woman." He said, smiling.

I turned my attention back to my wife's cock, but all I could think about was my pointy ears. Was I really turning into an Elf? That was absurd. But, then again, so was changing into a woman.

I put the matter out of my mind and just concentrated on the pleasure I knew my wife was receiving.

I licked up and down my wife's throbbing cock, making sure I covered every inch of it. I found myself touching my wife's hunky, naked body, running my hands all up and down his legs and ass.

I'd never seen legs as thick and powerful as my wife's were. They were strong, corded and it looked like he pumped iron nearly every day. Even I, when I was in the best shape of my life, wasn't that buff.

I loved the feel of my wife's hard masculine physique. It was a completely different feeling than what I normally associated with him.

He now had long, black hair, green eyes and was at least a foot taller. His chest was buff and his shoulders wide. He looked like he could try-out for a football team.

"As much as I like being a guy, I hope that this change isn't permanent."

I shook my head. "That's probably what the red potion is for. We'll give it a few hours and if we haven't turned back, we'll quaff the red one. All right?"

He mulled it over. "I don't know," he said slowly. "I mean how do we know that's what the red potion is? It could be something completely different. Maybe turning us into monkeys or something."

I laughed. "You're right: it could be anything. But I think at this point, it's our best bet. What other options do we have?"

"You do have a point there..." He reluctantly agreed.

With that matter solved, I continued my assault on his cock. Up and down I worked my mouth over the most sensitive part of his body.

He moaned and shivered as waves of pleasure swept through him.

When I felt he was close enough, I left his cock and kissed my way up his belly and chest, tasting the salty sweat. I lingered briefly on his man nipples and then finished my journey at his neck and face.

"I've never felt anything like that before," he said, breathlessly. "Look at how hard it is!" He began to touch and play with his own cock.

I had to laugh at his innocence. When he was through molesting himself, I took his large, strong hands and placed them

upon my breasts.

"Ooh, they're so soft and pillowy," he cooed as he began to knead and fondle them.

They weren't the biggest breasts I'd ever seen, thank God, but they were a good handful. My wife wasn't the only one who enjoyed them.

It felt absolutely heavenly, feeling my wife's hands gently caress my breasts. But what I wasn't prepared for was when he touched my nipples. Holy fuck! It went from pleasurable to extremely intense in the blink of an eye.

I threw back my head and moaned, my voice filling the small chamber we were in, reverberating off the walls. Wicked sensations of pleasure shot through my body and for a moment I thought I'd died and gone to heaven.

"You like that?" He grinned as he kissed me on the lips. "Just wait until you feel this!"

That was when my wife showed me just how sensitive those nipples really could be. Wow! I thought that him running his palms over them felt good. This was sublime!

For the first time I felt something...wet down below. I put my hands down there, wondering if I hadn't peed myself, but when I smelled it, I knew exactly what it was.

It was my horny scent. And God did it smell intoxicating!

Before I could even think about what I was doing, I dabbed it to my nose and tasted it. It gave me a thrill to know that for all intents and purposes, I was tasting the scent of another woman.

I shivered as I tasted myself. Grinning like a fool, I dipped my fingers back into my honey-pot and withdrew the biggest, sexiest gob of woman cum that I could get and stuck it to my nose.

"Save some of that sweetness for me," my wife playfully chided me.

I reluctantly brought some of my cum down to his nose and he went absolutely wild.

"Wow! I never thought I'd like the smell of another woman, but this is fantastic!" He proceeded to lick my fingers clean of my cum.

"No fair!" I said. "You can drink it from the source."

"Well, then let's have it," he demanded, indicating to our bedrolls that we'd spread out earlier.

The moment I was on my back, my wife was on top of me, spreading my creamy legs open.

It felt extremely odd seeing my wife between my legs looking at my pussy.

He gasped and inhaled as my lady scent wafted up into his nostrils. Running his hands all over my slender thighs, he kissed and licked his way up to my honey-pot.

I shivered as his light touches felt so good against my skin. It seemed that every single goose-bump on my body was standing up.

I felt his hot breath against my pussy first. The feelings in my nether region were indescribable. The anticipation was killing me!

How would it feel to get my pussy licked out? I mean, I'd never actually had one before. Sure, I'd done my share of licking and I just assumed by the way they squirmed around that they loved it, but I really didn't know what it felt like.

The first, soft, nearly imperceptible kiss shocked me. I jerked my hips as his lips brushed against my pussy lips.

"Oh my God," I moaned as I felt his hot breath and lips do things to me that I never thought were possible.

The feelings that were flowing through my pussy and racing through my body were more than I could take. A couple of times I had to push his head away for a moment so that I could catch my breath.

"You like that, don't you?" He teased, licking my sticky cum off his lips.

I nodded with a wide grin on my face.

"Just wait till I really get to the good part."

The moment he said that, he dove into my pussy with abandon and began licking and sucking my clit.

I cried out as I'd never felt anything so pleasurable before. Holy shit, no wonder women liked getting their pussy licked out. I was going to have to do it more often.

When my wife's lips wrapped themselves around my sensitive clit, I lost it. Lightning-like tendrils of emotional fire danced from my

pussy throughout my body, causing me to buck and hump my pelvis instinctively into my wife's face.

"Oh my God!" I panted as I grabbed the back of his head and mashed his face into my throbbing pussy. I thought I'd felt heaven before, but I hadn't.

My wife expertly used his tongue to send me over the edge of orgasm over and over again until I was completely overwhelmed and exhausted.

"I had no idea..." I kept saying over and over as my wife climbed on top of my spent body.

"Well, now you know." He kissed me all over my face and neck, his cock pressing insistently against my thigh.

I was both excited and nervous at the same time. How would it feel to have his big, huge cock pressing into my pussy? Hell, other than my finger, I'd never had anything in there. Would it hurt? Conventional wisdom said it probably would.

"Just relax," my wife stroked my face tenderly. "It might hurt a bit at first, but the more you resist it, the more uncomfortable it'll be."

I wrapped my arms around him and held him close to me. "I'm ready," I said breathlessly. "I want to feel what a woman feels. It may be my only chance."

"I agree," he said. "I don't have a fucking clue how to operate this thing," he lamented, pointing at his massively engorged cock.

I laughed. "It's honestly not that hard. With your erection, you're already half-way there."

"Yeah?"

"Just slowly push it in, pump in and out a few times until you get the feeling like you're going to bust and then let loose."

He laughed. "You make it sound so simple."

"Well, it is. But let's just take it one step at a time." I rubbed my hands all over my wife's strong, muscular back. I'd never felt a man's back before - at least not sexually - and it was fun running my hands all over his muscles.

"You like my big, strong muscles?" He giggled and flexed his back and arm muscles for me.

I nodded and squeezed every muscle in his hunky back and then worked on his biceps. They were huge!

I then began kissing and running my tongue all over his chest. For some reason I just couldn't get enough of his hunky, studly physique.

My wife slowly, carefully moved his new massive, throbbing meat-stick to my slick entrance. My heart skipped a beat as I realized that I was likely going to be the first man to get a cock shoved up their pussy.

My wife peppered my face with kisses and slicked up his cock with my copious juices. I couldn't believe how wet I was down there. My God, how did women deal with it? Of course there were other things that women had to deal with that I hoped I never had to experience. I shuddered at that thought.

"You ready?" My wife asked, kissing me softly on the lips.

I nodded and steeled myself, then remembered what he had said: to calm down and relax.

A moment later, I felt something extremely large pressuring at my tiny entrance. I gasped as I really had no idea that it was that big.

My wife stroked my face and ran his fingers through my hair as he kissed me all over. It seemed like forever before he started pushing his massive cock through my entrance. I'll admit, it did hurt at first. But he was a really good sport about it and went as slow as he possibly could.

The sensation of being split in two was extremely disturbing, but I just relaxed and concentrated on my wife's hands and lips. I couldn't believe that I was getting fucked by my wife. No one would believe me if I told them.

"Shh..." he soothed as he worked his big, bulging man-hood inside me. After a few minutes, he'd worked the entire cock-head in. It was uncomfortable to say the least.

To get me to take my mind off of it, he began lightly tickling me. I giggled like a schoolgirl and was dimly aware that he was pushing even further inside.

"That's it," he growled, "Just let it in."

My eyes popped open wide. "Oh my God, I just thought of something."

"Hmm?" My wife asked distracted.

"Isn't there a chance..." I gulped and tasted the sudden dryness in my mouth. "That I could get...pregnant?"

My wife stopped cold and looked at me. "I hadn't thought of that. I mean, I don't know anything about gender swaps or this particular potion, but without knowing your cycle, yes, you could very well get pregnant."

I shivered as a wide smile expanded across his face.

"You're not thinking what I think you're thinking, are you?" I asked warily.

My wife nodded and confirmed my suspicion.

"I can't get pregnant!" I blurted out. "What would everyone think?"

He laughed softly and kissed me on the lips.

"It depends..." He said with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

"On what?" I was almost afraid of what the answer might be.

"On whether or not you carry the baby as a woman or a man." He explained.

My eyes nearly popped out of my head. "Oh God! I hadn't even thought about carrying it as a man. Would I be...?"

"The first man to carry a baby? I don't know. Probably, but come on honey, this is a once in a lifetime opportunity."

"You really want me to carry your baby?" I asked, flabbergasted that we were even having this conversation.

"Yeah, why not?"

"Well, uh...for starters I'm a man. Men don't carry babies. It's just natural man law." I was grasping at straws, but the truth was, just the idea of carrying a baby - as a man or a woman - scared me shitless.

My wife thought about it for a moment. "I'll tell you what. If you'll carry my baby, I'll carry yours. How does that sound?"

I had to admit that matching male and female pregnancies sounded kind of exciting. I mean how many times does a husband get to carry a baby at the same time as his wife.

"All right, if I'm fertile, then I'll do it." I really didn't know what I was getting myself into and I may end up regretting this decision.

"Good!" He clapped his hands and kissed me on the nose. "Then let's get to it."

I parted my legs wider to hopefully accommodate my wife's huge cock.

He restarted his slow, methodical insertion and before I knew it, he'd slipped the head of his cock in past my tight opening.

I closed my eyes and just concentrated on my wife's kisses.

"Just relax, honey..." He whispered seductively in my ear as he slipped his massive cock further in my tunnel than anything had ever been before.

I don't know how he did it, but within moments my pussy was completely filled with his massive cock. It stretched me so much that I could feel every vein and ridge on his shaft. It was nearly overwhelming.

The pressure and internal sensations were mind-boggling.

"See, it's not that bad," he said as he started working his long, thick cock deep inside me. "Lift your legs up for easier access."

I did as he said and even though it was a bit uncomfortable, he was right, it did make for easier access.

Once my wife had bottomed out inside my very tight pussy, I didn't think I could feel any fuller than I did right then. I really thought I was going to burst.

However, when my wife placed his finger on my clit and began rubbing, I forgot all about his dick inside me.

"Now, let me show you something else...Here, lift your butt a bit." He angled his dick in such a way that he had hit what I could only guess was my g-spot.

I had no idea before now if it was real or not, but after my wife rubbed his cock against it, I was most definitely convinced that it was.

The intensity of the pleasurable sensations that coursed through my body were amazing. I thought that getting my clit licked was good - hell, this was even better than that.

My wife continued to rub against my g-spot until I was seeing stars. I can't count how many orgasms I had just from him doing that, but it was in the double digits.

By the time he was finished sending me over the edge, he'd worked his cock all the way into my pussy.

I was actually surprised that it fit. I mean, God damn that thing was huge.

My wife then began massaging my breasts with his large, powerful, manly hands as he started moving his cock ever so slightly in and out of my filled pussy.

Involuntary moans escaped my lips as his slow movements started to really feel good. His hands massaged my breasts, sending me over the edge.

"Imagine these puppies full of life-giving milk," he closed his eyes and moaned.

"Yeah, we can squirt each other and play with our milk together."

"Mmm hmm," he agreed.

The more he worked his cock in and out, the better it felt. I'll tell ya, it was really weird looking at my wife's face and seeing a man instead.

"Hey, you know what?" I said suddenly.

"What?" He asked, slowly opening his eyes.

I pointed to his ears. "I don't know why I didn't notice earlier, but you've got pointy ears, too."

"What?" He said excitedly and reached up and touched them to verify what I was saying.

"You're right!" He looked at me with wide eyes. "Oh my God, does this mean that we've turned into Elves?"

I nodded. "It looks like it. Remember, though, whatever happens we're both in it together."

My wife thought about it for a moment and then indicated toward the red potion. "I sure hope that other potion is the antidote for this." He rubbed his ears for emphasis.

"I think they're kind of cute," I admitted. "Haven't you always dreamed of being an Elf?"

My wife laughed, deep and throaty, filling the chamber. "Yeah, you're right. For now I won't worry about this." He paused for a moment. "I do wonder, though, if this was some kind of temple for their Goddess or something."

I shrugged and kissed him on the lips. "I don't know. What I do know is that I want to get back to my old self. I don't mind being a

woman once in a while, but I kind of got used to my male body - you know?"

He nodded. "Well, let's get you knocked up and then we can go from there."

"Boy," I shook my head, "What on earth are we going to tell the doc?"

He began thrusting in and out again, a little faster and with more purpose. "Well, with something this big, we're going to have to tell him the truth."

I smiled. "Yeah, telling the doc that we stumbled upon an ancient underground temple, drank some kind of gender swap potions and turned into Elves. I'm sure he'll buy that hook, line and sinker."

"It does sound kind of corny, doesn't it?" He laughed. "Maybe we better hope that we don't have to."

My wife pulled his long, fat cock all the way out of my pussy and then pushed it back in again. I was starting to like getting fucked. It was certainly different than sex as a man. For one thing, I wasn't the one in charge. I could lie back and relax a bit.

But it wasn't all fun and games. I was pretty sure that I was going to be sore down there tomorrow. The only question that remained was whether I'd be sore as a man or a woman.

My wife wrapped his powerful arms around my lithe, Elven body and peppered my face with his kisses.

His very muscular, strong chest pressed against my breasts, causing my nipples to stiffen as they brushed against his skin. It felt so nice I never wanted it to end.

"So how do you like it?" He asked.

"Like what? Getting fucked by my wife?"

He nodded.

"I like it. But, like I said, I just want to go back to the way things were. I'm also not looking forward to getting pregnant - at least not as a man. But, a deal's a deal."

My wife nodded and stroked my hair, staring into my eyes. My pussy was extremely wet and I could hear sloshing sounds each time he thrust his throbbing manhood in my virgin tunnel.

Without warning, he picked up the pace and from the look on his face I could tell that he was getting close.

"You really think I'll get pregnant?"

He shrugged. "Time will tell. Maybe Elven women have a different fertility cycle."

"And maybe they live hundreds of years."

"You know, I hadn't thought of that. Maybe we shouldn't take the red liquid. Wouldn't it be cool to live for centuries?" My wife continued his fast-paced thrusting.

"Maybe for you it would be." I snorted.

"Oh come on," he said, pushing a stray lock of hair from my eyes. "There are lots of good reasons to want to be a woman."

"Okay, if you say so. You can stay a man if you want, but as soon as we're done, I'm going to drink the potion and get back to being a man."

"I'll wait and see what it does to you. Maybe it's poison. No use both of us being poisoned."

I nodded and closed my eyes. My wife's rhythm was bringing me closer and closer to orgasm. My body buzzed higher and higher until I cried out as another orgasm washed over me.

At that moment, I felt my wife's cock grow harder and thicker and I knew his orgasm was immanent.

He fucked me hard and fast until he was ready to shoot his potent seed deep in my fertile belly. All of a sudden, he slammed his cock as far inside my tight, virgin pussy as he could manage and held it there.

A plethora of emotions crossed his face like clouds over a mountain and before another thought could enter my mind I felt his shaft begin quivering as his cum sprayed thickly inside of me.

"I'm cumming!" My wife cried out as ropey jets of sizzling hot cum spurted from deep within his balls into my unprotected, fertile womb.

It really felt weird having my wife cum inside me. I'd always been the one to do that and now that the tables were turned I could see from his vantage point.

Groaning like a beast, my wife held onto me for dear life as shot after shot spurted from his cock.

After what felt like several minutes but was more likely seconds, his cock stopped spraying its dominant seed and he collapsed on top of me.

After we'd cleaned ourselves up the best we could, I turned my attention to the red liquid. With a prayer to whichever Elven Goddess would listen, I closed my eyes, popped the cork and downed the unknown liquid. Hopefully it wouldn't turn me into an animal or something.

"Well?" I asked. "See any changes yet?"

My wife shook his head.

"I really hope this stuff works." I lamented. I studied the intricate, ornate box, wondering what the words said. No doubt they said something about gender swap, but beyond that...

"What is it, honey?" My wife noticed my changed demeanor.

"I...I can read the writing." I said, trembling.

"Maybe it's because we're Elves now." He took the box from me, but shook his head. "I can't make head nor hair of it. What does it say."

"It says..." I was sweating and trembling so hard that I almost dropped it. "May the Elven spirits guide you back to your temple. The blue potion will change you back into your Elven body from whatever your next incarnation is, the red potion will..."

"Yeah?" My wife said a bit frightened.

I gulped as I felt a pressure build around me. Without warning a bright light enveloped me and I could feel my body swirling out of existence.

"What does the red potion do?" My wife hollered as the sound of the vortex surrounding me was loud.

I concentrated as hard as I could, scared out of my mind.

"The red potion brings you..."

"What? I can barely hear you! What's happening?" My wife stepped forward, but whatever it was that was surrounding me was too powerful for him to pass through.

I raised my voice and with the last ounce of strength yelled,
"Brings you back home!"
And then my wife was alone in the semi-darkened temple.

[Click Here For Part 2!](#)

--

Thank You From Jezabel Foxx

Thank your for reading my story. If you'd like to be notified of future stories, please sign up for my newsletter:

[Jezabel Foxx's Naughty Newsletter](#)

Please visit my Amazon Author Page for more stories:

[Jezabel Foxx's Amazon Author Page](#)

--

Other Stories by Jezabel Foxx:

* [Caught! Part I](#)

Sue Ellen has been having a hard time convincing her husband that she's still attractive. Her best friend, Beth, convinces her that Wayne may be fooling around. Seeking answers, Sue Ellen stumbles upon a Craigslist ad that her husband took out looking for a man. Instead of getting mad, she gets devious.

If she can't have him one way, she'll have him another.

But first, she must learn how to use her new body.

* [Caught! Part II](#)

On her way to getting even with her husband, Sue Ellen is shocked to the core to find out the true reason he put up the ad. Will her and her best friend Beth be able to turn this revelation to their advantage? This is one cucked up story you don't want to miss!

* [Carrying My Wife's Baby Part 1](#)

Tom was the hero his wife needed.

Amy was devastated when she found out that she was barren. Her husband, Tom, didn't let that stop him, however. He knew there had to be a way. And he found it. Now he just has to convince her.

* [Carrying My Wife's Baby Part 2](#)

Now that Tom was pregnant with his wife's baby, she wanted in on the action. However, because she was barren, the Doc explained that the only way she could get pregnant was by becoming a man. Of course, Tom, her nine-months-pregnant husband would be the one to have the honors.

This is one twisted story you won't want to miss!

* [Special Delivery](#)

Packages are delivered all the time; but this one was unique. This 'special delivery' had the power to change Jody's life forever. The question is: will she let it? Who sent this package and why? Come along to find out the answers and for a hot, unforgettable story that will leave you breathless and satisfied.

* [Swapped by the Dog!](#)

Janice was just trying to enjoy a nice salad after a hard day at work. However, finding out that she ate half a gender swap pill is just the beginning of her adventure! Who knows what effects a half a pill will have!

* No actual animals were used in this story...

* [Switched at the Altar Part II](#)

Melissa kissed my husband on the lips. A strong tinge of jealousy coursed through my blood, but there was absolutely nothing I could do about it.

* [Switched at the Altar Part I](#)

Sometimes they say the bride is the last to know...

* [From Geek to God](#)

Jake was tired of always being the scrawny, picked on one at college. For as long as he could remember, he'd always fantasized of a way to ditch his small, weak body and get the body he'd always wanted. Sure, he could work out like it was nobody's business, but that was just too much work. Ain't nobody got time for that!

One day after his chess club meeting, his one and only friend, Anita, brought him some spectacular news. Apparently, a new breakthrough has been made and she's the only one who can get her hands on it.

Does Jake take his friend's offer, giving him a shortcut to the one thing he's always desired? How does Anita react when her "friend" becomes a hunky, God of a man? Will she still relegate him to the friendship zone? Or will she suddenly be panting and lusting after his body?

* [When Gender Swaps Go Wrong!](#)

Susan wants to sissify her husband, Mike. He's weak, spineless and very unmanly. But instead of becoming the woman that Susan always suspected he was, he becomes the opposite: a strong, dominant bull of a man who has no qualms taking what he's always wanted: her best friend.

* [Homewrecker!](#)

Upset that her boyfriend of five years was stolen away from her, Tina decides to take matters into her own hands. Getting her rival to agree to the change wasn't difficult at all, but what she wasn't counting on was falling in love with her new male body. Will they conspire to hide these new developments from John or will they let him in on their little secret?

* [I Knocked Up My HUSBAND!](#)

Clarissa is in for the shock of her life when her husband - out of the blue - tells her that he wants to get pregnant. And he wants HER to do it.

* [Switching Places](#)

Laura was tired of her husband constantly berating Suzy, their maid. She wanted him to learn what it was like to be treated harshly. Amazon won't let me say more, but I think you know what happens next :)

Come along on a weird, wacky adventure as in one instant Laura, Stan and Suzy's household is completely...changed.

* [Maid to Change](#)

When Francine learns that her husband is having an affair with their maid, Janice, she decides to take matters into her own hands. However, as such things tend to do, everything backfires spectacularly and it's Francine who must now partake of the dish she intended to serve her maid.

* [Spirit Swap](#)

Shara and Teresa meet a spirit woman who wants to experience what it's like to be a man. Do they dare let her? Will Teresa's protection spell be enough?

Find out what happens in this fast-paced, thrilling tale of love, lust and otherworldly curiosity.

The flesh is willing, but is the SPIRIT weak?

* No actual spirits were harmed in the making of this story :)

* [Swapped by the Doc](#)

It was supposed to be just an ordinary surgery. I mean, how hard can it be to get a vasectomy?

First he was switched in the doctor's office and then he was switched in the doctor's home.

* [Boss Swap](#)

When Claire finds out that her boss is cheating on her, she does the only logical thing:

She becomes the boss.

* [Supermarket Swap](#)

Jen was just stopping by the local supermarket to pick up some groceries for her girlfriend, Dixie when she realized that she had forgotten to take her medicine before leaving work. She doesn't realize it until it's too late, but her pill gets mixed up with a gender swap pill.

How will Jen's girlfriend, Dix, react to her new masculine physique?

* [Swapped, Popped & Knocked UP \(Swapped & Popped 2\)](#)

Men can't get pregnant, can they?

They can if they've been switched first.

* [Swapped & Popped](#)

What happens at the Rave, doesn't always stay at the Rave.

What was just supposed to be a fun night out with her friend, turned into something that will change Ginger's life forever.

* [Switched at his DESIRE \(Part 1\)](#)

With no job, no money and a pregnant wife to care for, Mark becomes desperate. Giving himself a five-finger discount, he nearly succeeds and gets away with it. Caught and confronted by the store owner, he is given a choice: become his personal maid or go to jail.

He doesn't realize that means switching his gender until he's backed into a corner and it's too late. Will he give in to his rich benefactor and become the woman he desires? Or will he back out and face the consequences?

* [Switched at his DESIRE \(Part 2\)](#)

Now that he's been switched into a woman by his very rich boss, Mark has to go home and face the music. How on earth can he explain to his heavily pregnant wife how he left as a man and is returning as a woman? Will she treat him differently? Will she even still love him?

One thing is for certain: Amy wants to meet the man who did this to her husband. One thing leads to another and she figures two can play at this game. Now it's Mark's turn to face the music.

* [Tending to his Woman](#)

Drowning his sorrows at the local watering hole, Dave was chatting with his best friend and bartender, Joe, about how unfair it was that women seemed to be able to pick up guys at the drop of a hat. Joe didn't just have some comforting words for his friend; he had a solution.