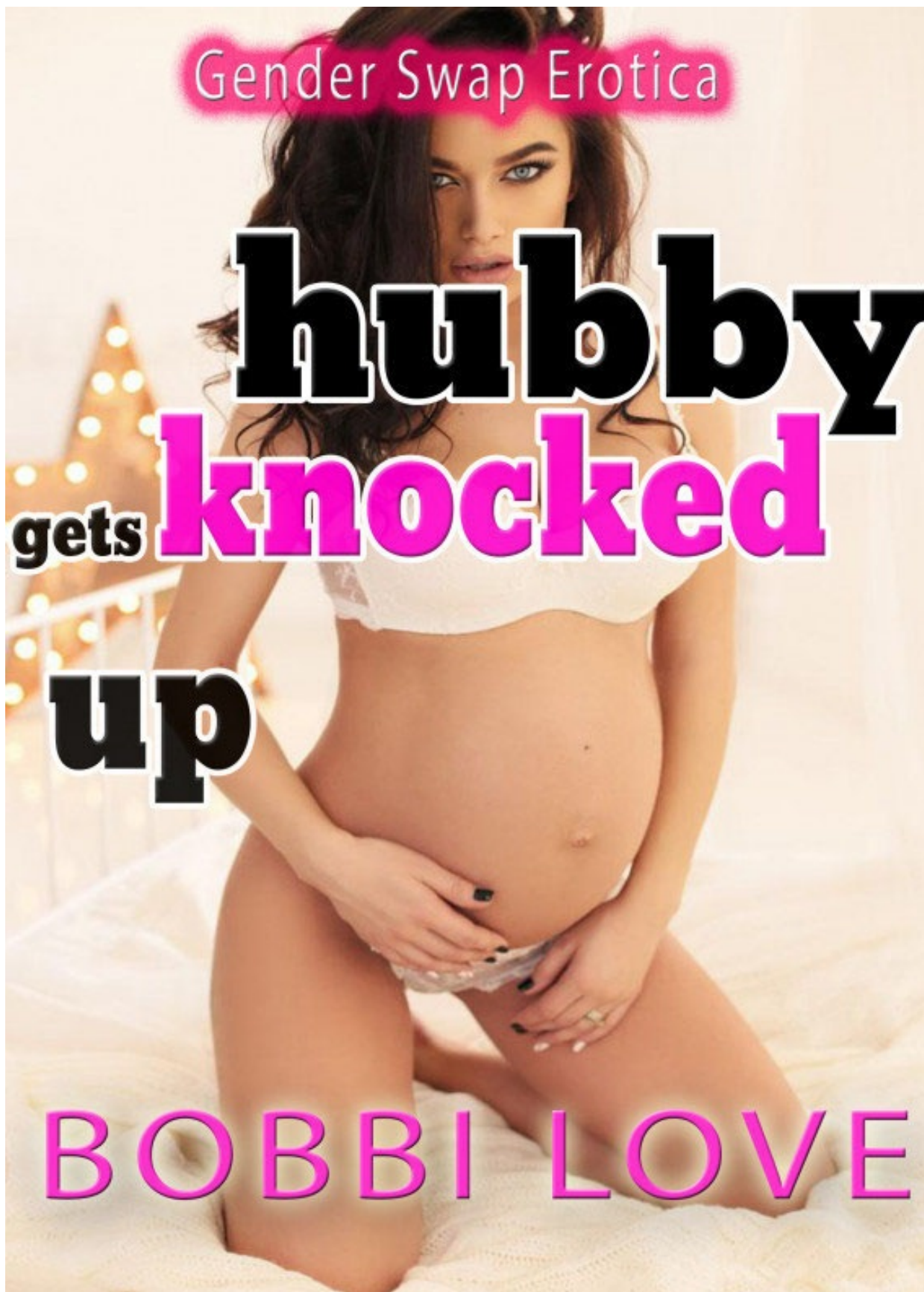


Gender Swap Erotica

hubby
gets knocked
up

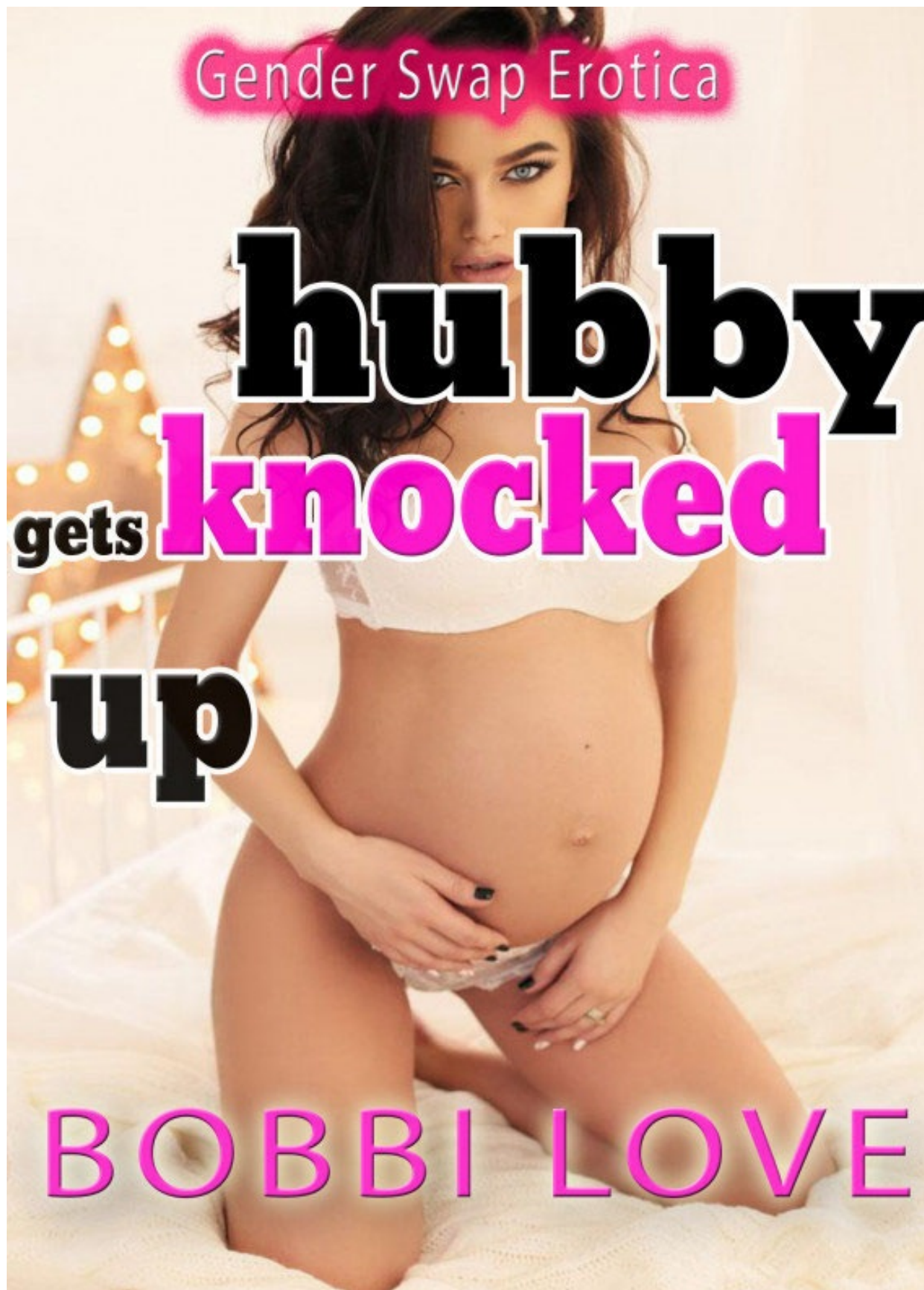
BOBBI LOVE



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Book Themes: Gender swap, Little pink pill, Interracial, Black, Pregnancy

Table of Contents

[Hubby Gets Knocked Up](#)

[Other books by this author](#)

Hubby Gets Knocked Up

The first time my wife asked me to try it I told her she was out of her mind. First of all, the pills had only been on the market for a couple of months. Secondly, I didn't like the idea of changing my gender, even if it was only for 48 hours. But if you've ever met my wife then you know how incredibly pushy she can be. Her whole life she's always gotten what she wanted. So even back then I knew that it was just a matter of time.

"Come on, Michael, it'll be fun. It's only two days. If we do it Friday then you'll be back to your normal self before the weekend is over."

"Thanks Valerie, but I was born a guy and I'd very much like to stay one."

"I'll make you a deal," she said. "If you change into a girl for one weekend, then I'll change into a guy for another weekend. Sound good?"

"Sounds terrible," I said. "I already have enough guy friends. What I need is a wife."

"Don't you want to find out what it's like to experience life as a woman? To have long and luxurious hair? Big round breasts? A flat little tummy? A nice round ass that pops out and wiggles behind you? Don't you want to know what it's like to try on sexy lingerie? To wear thongs and crop tops and high-heels? To have people in the street turn their heads just to gawk at you? To feel the power that

comes with knowing that people would do anything in the world just to kiss your lips and rub against your body?"

"Valerie, how about we leave the thong-wearing to you. You're much better at it than me."

"Lots of husbands are doing it."

"Well you should have married one of them."

"Some couples do this thing where the husband becomes a girl and the wife becomes a guy and then they fuck. It's supposed to be pretty intense. These are exciting times we are living in."

"Can we please just drop it?"

"Sure, we can drop it, honey."

Of course, there was no way that my wife was going to drop it. Valerie is the most stubborn person I've ever met. And the fact that I was putting up initial resistance only heightened her desire to see me acquiesce and take those goddamn gender changing pills.

Her calculated silence on the issue lasted about two months. Looking back on it now, I could tell that she had planned the whole thing from the start. Rather conveniently, that year her birthday fell at the start of a long three-day weekend. When I got home I was surprised to see her dressed like she was ready to do a magazine shoot for a lingerie catalogue. She was wearing a lacey black teddy and matching black thong. The teddy was my second favorite thing to see my wife wearing and right away my dick started to twitch inside my boxers. I literally dropped my briefcase on the ground and ran towards her, lifting her up in my arms and nuzzling her neck to smell all of the sweet-smelling perfumes and hair products she used.

"Wow, I wish it was your birthday every day," I said, meaning every word of it. "You look fantastic."

To my chagrin, she started to wiggle and squirm out of my embrace. But a quick second later she was handing me a small gift wrapped package no bigger than a wedding ring box.

"This is for you," she said.

"This day just keeps getting better and better," I said cheerfully, probably sounding rather naive to my cunning wife. "But isn't it customary for the birthday girl to receive presents instead of giving them out?"

She smiled a knowing smile and gestured for me to open the box now. Which I did. Like an idiot.

The only thing inside were two capsules, each a fluorescent pink color.

Automatically, I closed the box like an angry woman rebuking her suitor. I started to shake my head, upset that she had the audacity to go out and spend so much money on some pills she knew I had no interest in ever taking.

"These things cost a fortune," I admonished her.

"So let's not waste them," she countered.

"We could have gone to the mountains for the weekend for the price of those two fucking pills. What were you thinking, Valerie?"

"I was thinking that it was my birthday and this is what I want."

The argument that followed was long, tedious, exhausting, and it's probably best not to reproduce it. Needless to say, after a few tense hours of domestic squabble, me and my wife managed to soothe out our anger and frustration with one another.

For a moment there, I even thought that I was starting to see a different side of Valerie: one far more sensible, calmer, less aggressive, and more passive. At the time I chalked it up to getting older. It seemed reasonable that as people got older they sort of chilled out.

Boy was I wrong.

Later we ordered delivery from a nearby Italian place and had a surprisingly pleasant Netflix-and-chill night. At one point, seeing Valerie prance around in her little teddy became too much and I decided to do something about it. I caught her in the kitchen, going up on her tippy toes to reach for cookies in the cabinet

above our microwave. She hates it when we do it in the kitchen. She says it makes her feel gross and dirty. Which is probably why I love to fuck her there.

I had her doubled over, her teddy falling over her head as I pounded her from behind, smacking her ass and calling her my little slut. Usually, when it's really hot like that, I don't have much trouble cumming hard and fast. But for some reason, on that particular night, no matter how hard I pumped into her, impaling her tiny slit on my big dick, I just couldn't seem to 'get there.'

At some point, I ended up pulling out of her, which is when I got the brilliant idea to fuck her in the ass.

Yes, I know it was her birthday. And historically women don't like to be fucked in their asses on their birthday. Especially a bossy little thing like Valerie.

And yet, that's exactly what I did.

Getting into her little balloon knot took the longest time, but once I was in, she soon started to loosen up nicely. At some point I noticed how quiet she'd become while I fucked her tight little bunghole, but at that point, I couldn't care less. I was far too gone, too amazed by the beautiful sight of cramming Valerie's round ass cheeks with my big dick.

It was so hot, so freeing. As I slammed into her from behind I felt like I was getting back at her for all the petty grievances I'd suffered during the many years of our marriage. And when I finally started to bust, I just grabbed her hips, pulling her back, so that her tight derriere was forced to milk my cock of all of its glorious sticky seed.

Then we broke. And Valerie headed straight for the bathroom, walking a little funny and holding both her ass cheeks as she went to clean herself up for me.

Fuck, I thought. Valerie's birthday has officially become my favorite holiday.

Later, while lying in bed, she came over to kiss me on the forehead in the most loving way.

"Thanks babe," I said with a sly wink. "Did you enjoy your big birthday?"

"Oh yes," she said enthusiastically.

I chuckled. "Me too."

"Would you like another glass of water?" she asked.

Then I looked up at my wife suspiciously. "Why do you keep asking me that? You've already given me like six glasses of water tonight!"

"Just want to make sure that everything works," she said enigmatically, going over to turn off the lights so that everything in our room was very dark and very quiet.

* * *

The next day was probably the most difficult day of my life. And after that day, nothing would ever be the same.

After a long night of tumultuous dreams, I awoke feeling groggy and dehydrated. Valerie was nowhere in sight. I continued to lay in bed, idly staring at the ceiling, mostly reflecting on how amazing it was to fuck Valerie in the butt, when suddenly I became aware that there was something incredibly... incredibly... not right.... wrong... very, very, very wrong.

I jumped out of bed as if I'd just seen a tarantula crawling on the sheets. If only my problems had to do with a spider.

Everything seemed to happen in an instant. Time froze. My heart rate was accelerating at an unbelievable rate as I started frantically patting myself down, not quite ready to believe what all my senses were telling me.

My chest was much softer and fuller than before. I seemed to be suffering from the worst case of bitch tits in the history of mankind. As soon as I realized this, my hands shot down my body, checking to make sure the family jewels were still there. To my horror, they were missing! Gone! Vanished! As if a thief in the night had come along and performed a delicate surgery while I lay comfortably sleeping next to my beautiful wife. The panic was increasing. My head was spinning as I stumbled across the room to where we had a large mirror that

Valerie always used when she tried on prospective outfits. That's when the reality of the situation started to settle in, inexorably so.

Was I still sleeping?

Yes because this was a fucking nightmare.

Staring at the reflection I did not see the familiar image of a reasonably attractive businessman with his boyish charm, short dark hair, and handsome features.

For a moment only the eyes seemed recognizable, yes the eyes, which were blue, and the same shape as mine. They kept blinking as my emotions swirled out of control: shock, disbelief, anger, frustration, then more anger.

"That bitch!" I muttered, finally starting to understand what had happened.

The pills had made me much shorter, so that now I was at least half a foot less than my normal height. Compared to yesterday, my arms seemed short, tiny, and emaciated, with just the hint of muscle tone in the biceps.

More troubling: I had a rack on me now, nice full breasts which were either a large C-cup or a small D-cup. Smoothing my hands down my naked torso, spreading over the ribcage, I felt the soft contours of my tummy which had never been flatter.

My face was smaller, rounder, smoother. My nose was almost tiny and slightly upturned now. My mouth was wide with soft, sensual red lips. Long silky tresses of dark hair fell over my shoulders and down my back. The softness and thickness of my hair was amazing.

Experimentally, my fingers explored the flared hip bones which turned into the large curves of my rump and thighs which were thick and very soft. Then, for just a quick second, my hands traveled back down to the apex of my legs, tentatively feeling the gentle folds of my flower. Unable to stop myself, I pushed a fingertip in, penetrating my outer lips for the first time ever. But the sensations were too strange and powerful for me to deal with at the moment so I immediately gave up.

"That fucking vindictive bitch!" I said, suddenly realizing that I didn't even recognize my own voice now any more. Not even my voice! That too had

drastically changed, had become much higher in pitch, almost sounding like a stuck-up valley girl.

My emotions were spinning out of control now. I wasn't sure what to do first. Do I find Valerie and kill her? Or do I hide under the blankets and start sobbing hysterically? Both options seemed equally attractive to me at the moment.

I needed to calm down. A voice at the back of my head, a very distant and male voice, was telling me to calm down, to take a moment and reexamine my situation before acting impetuously. At least I still had that male voice, male calmness, albeit somewhere far in the back of my mind.

It wasn't until I was sitting down on the bed, shaking my head at my feminine-looking thighs now, when I saw what looked like a pink and purple birthday card sitting on the nightstand.

Opening it, I immediately recognized my wife's super fancy cursive.

It read, Hey girl! Have a good sleep? Well, I'm sure you want to kill me right now but I think that if you just give it a shot you'll see that this can be so much fun. You might even learn something about women...hint, hint. So anyway, my plan was to be there when you got up and I had us this big day full of shopping, pedicures, massages, and more shopping. But the office called this morning; and basically there's this big emergency, and everyone is freaking out, and even though it's MY FREAKING BDAY I need to show up to put out some fires. (By the way, great present last night, sweetie. Really enjoyed that! You're so thoughtful.) Anyway, you'll have to explore your softer, more feminine side alone until I get back later tonight. (Yeeah, girls night tonight!) Also, just a friendly warning, so those pills only last 48 hours of course. Unless you manage to get pregnant. Something about the irrevocable changes of the biochemistry, blaw, blaw, blaw. I don't really do science. You know that already. So as long as you manage to not get knocked up by the time I return for dinner, we should be honky-dory. Okay Michael, I mean Michelle, talk at you later, girl. Love, your wife/new bff Valerie.

* * *

I must have read the card half a dozen times. I couldn't stop myself. Mentally exhausted, I was still trying to wrap my head around the fact that my own wife could do something as fucked up as this. I was feeling very hurt and very confused. I still wanted to cry. I wanted my penis back. It was so weird not having that comforting appendage between my legs. My breasts seemed to always be in the way. They felt very swollen and my nipples were sore, almost chafed. This is how women lived daily? How did they deal with these problems? How did they walk around with giant melons wobbling on their chest? How did they walk around with nothing between their legs, no muscle, and all this fluctuating emotion?

The only good news, as far as I could tell at the moment, was that my chairs had never been softer. At least, now that I had a big bouncy backside to sit on, the chairs felt like I was sitting on clouds. That was nice.

After a while I realized that I needed to put some clothes on. I felt ridiculous walking around nude in this new body of mine. But there was something even more ridiculous about wearing some of my old clothes, which I tried on initially. However, my old clothes didn't fit at all. Even the T-shirts hung down to my knees, giving me the appearance of a little girl wearing her daddy's shirts.

Reluctantly I reached for Valerie's top drawer, the place where she kept all her delicates. There I found a matching bra and panty set with Victoria's Secret tags. It wasn't the sluttiest thing she owned, but it was certainly on the sexy side. The panties were very lacy, with not much to cover my curvy backside, and rode up high on my new flared hips. But it was also nice to get some covering on my nether parts. The top, the bra, gave me a nice feeling of support as I managed to wiggle and work the straps into position on my ultra thin shoulders.

The idea of wearing shorts seemed unattractive, but I liked the thought of finding something to slip over my top. Even with Valerie's bra on I could feel some strain on my back. So I found one of Valerie's pink Hollister T-shirts which was quite snug, form-fitting, and stopped around my navel.

For lunch my tummy wasn't feeling up to its usual burger or club sandwich. I needed something lighter. It didn't help sensing that literally everything I ate would go directly to my ass. So I finished the remains of one of my wife's salads, sans dressing, and washing it down with a Diet Coke which might have been the first time I'd ever tried the beverage. The Diet Coke was good too. I found it

yummy without all the pesky calories.

After that I found myself in the mood to do some cleaning. My wife's iPod was in the docking bay. So I cranked up some speakers, dancing happily as I worked to the pulsing songs of Nicki Minaj, Taylor Swift, and Lady Gaga. The music made the work so much more fun. A kerchief holding up the long silky tresses of my hair, I scrubbed every inch of that kitchen floor on my hands and knees.

Damn, I thought, here I was foolishly trying to climb the corporate ladder when what I'm really great at is being an awesome housewife. Because after all the floors were scrubbed, and the carpets were vacuumed, and the shelves were dusted, and the laundry was washed and folded, and the bathrooms were sparkling, it was sort of hard not to take a step backwards and feel some real pride at my undeniable talents as a homemaker.

Around then my cell started to ring. It was Valerie.

"Hello?" I said.

"Hello? Sorry, I have the wrong number," she said.

"Very funny, Valerie. Ha ha."

There was a brief pause on the other end of the line. Then, with her voice crackling with excitement, my wife said, "Oh my God! This is so weird! I seriously didn't even recognize you! I'm not sure what I expected, but wow, even your voice is different! You sound like a total valley girl when you talk now."

"Yeah, yeah, whatever. That occurred to me too. By the way, have I thanked you yet for drugging me against my will? How about changing my sex against my will?"

"Oh stop being such a little drama queen," Valerie snapped. "I really hope your female version isn't this huge drama queen. That would be such a drag."

"I'm not a drama queen," I said demurely, eyes downcast as I twirled a strand of my hair.

"Can you send me some pics? I want to see what you look like. Actually, I just changed my mind. I want to wait for the surprise when I get home. I can't wait.

I'm so excited."

"Well chairs are a lot softer these days," I confessed.

"You got some booty now?" Valerie inquired.

"Bigger than yours."

"You go, girl! I'm so jelly!"

"Don't be, I think you're taller than me now. That sucks. So I'm pretty jelly myself. Also, FYI girlfriend, I still miss having a penis and having muscle. I'm super weak. It's pathetic. I'm practically helpless. Even pushing a vacuum seemed to take all my energy."

"Please, girl. You don't need muscle these days. We live in a completely different world. It's not like the old days when you needed muscle just to survive."

"Yeah, I guess maybe you're right," I conceded.

"I'm always right," she said confidently. "Also, feel free to help yourself to my drawers and closet."

"Been there. Done that."

"Ha ha, listen to you. I can't believe it. When I get home tonight I'll tell you why I changed you into a girl."

"I know why you changed me, Valerie. You do realize that we've been living together for years now?"

"Why then?"

I bit my lip, hesitating before finally blurting out the bold truth. "Because you have a total lesbo streak and this way you get the husband and now you get your lesbo time. You big lesbo!"

She laughed for a long time. "I'm so busted!"

* * *

No sooner had I gotten off the phone with my wife then there was a loud knock on the door that startled me so badly that my top heavy frame nearly tipped over.

"Just a second!" I said, scurrying towards the bedroom. As soon as the words were out of my mouth I realized my mistake. If I hadn't said anything then I could have just waited until they left. By opening my big dumb mouth I was now obligated to actually go and interact with whoever was waiting on the other side of the door. This possibility, I found beyond frightening.

In the bedroom I grabbed the first pair of Valerie's shorts I could get my hands on, sliding them up my soft, smooth legs. Usually I wore either cargo shorts or basketball shorts, so wearing shorts that barely covered my rear-end gave me the sensation that I was still exposed to the world. But, most importantly, the shorts were gray and pretty adorable, so they matched my Hollister T-shirt perfectly. It was a cute outfit.

While doing a cursory mirror checkup I found that I wasn't as shocked by my appearance as I had been a few hours ago. It seemed that my mind was already starting the process of accepting my new morphology: my curves, my lower center of gravity, my lack of physical presence, etc.

Again there was a loud knocking on the door which almost sounded angry. Insistent. Aggressive.

"Hold your dang horses!" I said darting out of the bedroom on my bare feet.

Then I opened the door to find myself staring eye-level at the great wall of his chest.

It was Deontay, a black guy who'd just recently moved into our condominium building.

I barely knew Deontay, but we'd crossed paths a few times and he seemed friendly enough. He was definitely older than me, but not that much older. Then again, it was sometimes difficult to tell with African-Americans. Biographically the only thing I knew about him was that he was single, divorced, and his ex-

wife was happily collecting alimony checks on the other side of the country. He said he had been in the military for a while, but was now doing something with security or bail bondsman or bounty hunter.

He looked like he could be a bounty hunter too. Deontay was a big guy, tall, probably around 6'2", now wearing black designer jeans and a dark grey knit V-neck that was stretched enticingly tight over his well-muscled torso.

I gulped, my eyes slowly traveling past his broad shoulders to finally meet a pair of dark coffee-colored eyes which seemed to be amused by my embarrassed reaction at finding a black giant of a man banging on my front door. It probably looked like I had never seen a black person before. I wanted to die of humiliation.

The black man gave me a quick tilt of his chin, not unfriendly, his eyes now carefully roaming over every inch of my soft white body, from bare feet to forehead, then back again. And he did not seem displeased by what he saw either. For a second I thought he was going to ask me to turn around for him. Instead he said, "Who are you?"

I tried to speak, but my throat had constricted painfully and the last thing in the world I could do now was make sounds with my mouth.

He ran his long thick fingers over a shiny bald scalp. "You got a name, girl?"

"A name?" I barely manage to eke out.

He laughed, showing me his big white straight teeth. "Girl are you tripping? What you guys got going on in there? You on that Henny, or what?"

"Oh."

He shook his head, casually leaning against the doorjamb now. "Yo, anyway, I'm here to see Michael. Where he at?"

Oh fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck. All the sudden I remembered that I'd invited Deontay over today to watch some of the playoff games after he casually mentioned that his cable and Internet were still turned off. Thinking back on it now it seemed like ages ago.

"Michael's not here," I said meekly, hoping that this would be enough to get me off the hook. "Something came up at work."

"For real though?" said Deontay. "That sucks."

"I'm sorry."

"You a friend of his wife's?" he inquired.

"Not exactly..."

"Yawl look about the same. Like I was thinking maybe you were his wife's sister."

That characterization, however hilariously ironic, gave me a good idea.

"Actually... I'm Michael's sister. Michelle."

"Word?"

I nodded softly. "Michelle, nice to meet you."

"Nice to meet you Michelle. That sure is a pretty name for a pretty girl. I'm Deontay," he said, reaching out his hand and completely engulfing my much smaller, much more feminine fingers in his rough black grip. Then he took a step forward so that he was currently standing in our condo. "Listen, I don't mean to be a bother or nothing, but your brother invited me over to watch some games."

"Really?" I said smiling brightly at the big man, sensing that getting him out of my condo now was going to take some real feminine wiles.

"Sure," said Deontay. "He told me to come over since he owed me a favor. Actually, now that I think about it, he did mention that he might not be here today. But if he wasn't here that it would still be cool for me to hang out for a few games at his place."

I had to give it to the man. Deontay could sling bullshit with the best of them. And before I could come up with a clever response he'd already sidled past me in the foyer, making a beeline for our big flat-screen in the living room.

Since I had completely forgotten that the playoff games were on today, I was

actually a little excited about the prospect of sitting down for a couple of playoff games, especially since we had a betting pool back at the office.

During one of the commercials Deontay looked over at me and said, "You're not a model are you?"

Trying not to gag on all the cheese in the room, I smiled prettily back at him. "Nope, hardly, I wish."

"Hm, I thought I'd seen you before. Something about you seems so familiar, but I can't put my finger on it."

"I don't even live here, I'm just visiting from out of town."

"You got a boyfriend?"

"It's complicated," I answered.

Hoping to get off the topic of my origins/dating status, I hopped off the couch and asked my guest if he wanted anything to drink. He told me a beer would be perfect and then he complimented me on my shorts, saying that I wore them better than any girl he'd ever seen. It was only in the kitchen that I used a hand mirror to see what he was talking about. I almost died of mortification. In my haste to dress earlier I'd accidentally grabbed my wife's gym shorts which had the letters BITCH printed across the ass cheeks. No wonder he kept looking over at me with that expression of undisguised lust. Dressed like this, I undoubtedly gave the impression that I was an easy lay, a girl who sought self-esteem by attracting the attention of random men.

"Here's your beer," I said, cautiously holding out the cold bottle now like a visitor at the zoo feeding a hungry lion, or in this case, a black panther.

He patted the cushion next to him on the couch. "This seat is better. It's a better angle to watch the TV. If you don't believe me, just try it out for a few minutes and see."

My heart must have been going a million miles per second when I sat down next to Deontay who was now openly and unapologetically ogling my body. Part of me had this sick desire to blurt out the truth: that 24 hours ago I had a penis and facial hair. But clearly that was not what he saw. No doubt he saw a curvy white

girl with a cute face, round backside, and big tits. I don't know what Deontay's type was. But by the way he was looking at me now I knew I must be pretty close to the mark.

After his first beer, he suggested I hop up and go grab him another. Thinking that he just wanted to use the opportunity to see my ass wiggle in those BITCH shorts, I reluctantly agreed. But when I came back this time, Deontay suddenly reached out with his big muscular arms and pulled me onto his lap, laughing as if he'd just made the funniest joke in the world.

"Hey, that's not cool, you can't just grab someone like that," I protested, trying and failing to wiggle out of the big man's lap.

He was still laughing, making it seem like this was still a big joke. I felt one of his long arms wrap around my midsection and hold me like a seatbelt that wouldn't budge an inch. Then I felt something else. It was long and hard and seemed to be growing the more I wiggled around on his lap.

"Oh my GOD!" I exclaimed, probably sounding more like a valley girl than ever.

"Hey, I didn't do that," he said. "You did that. It's your fault. So stay still and stop grinding that big booty on me then maybe it'll go down."

I was just about to respond when the game went to another abrupt commercial. As luck would have it, the commercial happened to be from the same pharmaceutical giant which was selling those goddamn gender swapping pills for a small fortune. I didn't have to look back to tell that Deontay was paying attention to the commercial now. Then he started looking at me, then back at the TV screen, then back at me, then back at the TV screen for what felt like a small eternity.

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!" he said over and over again while the truth of the situation settled on him. "It's you, it's fucking you, man!"

Part of me was just greatly relieved that he wasn't reacting in a negative or aggressive manner. I realized that I only had girl parts, no more boy parts, but even still, it wasn't hard to imagine that a deception of this magnitude might trigger a hostile reaction from a guy.

Deontay, obviously, couldn't have cared less.

Still perched on his lap, I turned, put the tip of my finger between my teeth and looked at him as contritely as possible. "You're not mad?"

He shook his head no, but at the same time he did take the opportunity to push me off his lap, which I actually appreciated.

He was shaking his shiny black bald head. "That's really you, man?"

"In the flesh," I said. "By the way, when did I tell you just to come into my house because I owed you a favor?"

He winked at me and said, "Man, as a dude you are like a 5 or 5.5. But as a woman, fuck, you're like a 9 or 10!"

Batting my pretty eyelashes at him now, I softly responded, "I guess I should take that as a compliment, Deontay."

He grinned back at me, his eyes wild with the flame of excitement. "So you do this every weekend or what? Damn, you really are a great looking chick, man."

"Actually, no. This is my first time as a woman. Long story short, it was my wife's idea. I basically had zero say in it."

"Can I feel? You know, since it's not your real body?"

Before I knew what was happening, me and Deontay were standing in the middle of my living room and he was slowly exploring the contours of my soft female body with his big black hands. When he squeezed my tits it felt like nothing I'd ever experienced before, much different from when I had previously squeezed my new breasts, and I found myself having to stifle a moan of dangerous excitement. Then his fingers dropped along my sides, navigating my hips, then reaching behind me where he started to expertly knead my plump ass cheeks through my little gym shorts.

"Deontay, no," I whimpered into the fabric of his V-neck since I was now pressed up against him tightly and with nowhere to go.

In a low hoarse voice he whispered into my ear, "It's okay baby, let Deontay be your first. Deontay will go slow, take care of you, make you feel good, real fucking good, baby."

"I'm not gay," I said back, almost letting another moan escape my lips.

"Shit me neither. But if fucking a woman as sexy as you is considered gay then I'm the gayest motherfucker in the world right now."

The moment was getting out of hand quickly. I knew that if I didn't halt the breaks then something devastating might happen in this room. Deontay continued to massage my curves, clearly aware of the effect his hands had on a woman's body. Every time he squeezed down I could feel the strength in them. There was a warmness spreading between my legs. The new sensation was both fabulous and scary at the same time. I could also feel my own strength lessening. His cologne was driving me wild. He kept softly blowing on my neck, then nuzzling the sensitive skin, sending electrical shivers up and down my body. When I felt his big African lips nibble my earlobe I thought I was going to explode on the spot.

"We should really stop," I said, feeling his hands start to go under the elastic band of my shorts so that he could grab and squeeze my mostly bare ass cheeks. "And it would be a good idea if I go change my outfit."

"Why don't you take those shorts off and get comfortable?" he said.

My head was fuzzy with the storm of strong and conflicting emotions. I couldn't think straight. Sadly, the only response I could come up with was something like, "But what about the game? Don't you want to watch the game, Deontay?"

This was a bad response. It showed my weakness, my innate malleability. Deontay could sense my warring emotions. A second later the big black man yanked my shorts down over my hips so that I was standing there, clad in my bra, T-shirt and sexy Victoria's Secret panties. My knees were trembling, my lips quivering, and I thought I might have a panic attack on the spot. When I finally managed to move my eyes up from the ground I saw the giant bulge behind his zipper.

"Can I tell you a secret?" he said, pulling his shirt over his bald head, revealing a torso that looked like it had been carved out of gleaming ebony. "I have a weakness for white girls. I really like fucking them. First of all, they are so sexy to me. Secondly, it's probably the slave genes in me which really like seeing their pretty white faces respond to getting some black meat between their legs in a way whiteboys only dream about."

"That's funny because I'm kind of a white guy too," I said, tearing my eyes away from his muscular body. The fact that we were both standing in my living room, already in the early stages of undressing, triggered alarm bells in my head.

"Not right now you ain't," Deontay said. "When are you turning back?"

I made a nervous gesture with my hand before putting them on my wide hips. "Turning back?"

Tossing his shirt on the ground, he nodded, and gently massaged the bulge which was now impossible not to notice. "When are you going from a 10 whitegirl to a 5 whiteboy?"

"Gesh, I donno. Tomorrow. Tomorrow night sometime? It depends."

"So this isn't really your body? It's sort of like a suit, like a rental tuxedo that you return tomorrow, correct?"

I laughed. "Sure. I guess. I never really thought about it that way."

He reached out and clasped me by my bony wrists, drawing me with him as he backpedaled to the couch. When he sat down he pulled me down with him so that I was forced to kneel between his big long legs. "So if it's just a rental," he said, locking his eyes with me, arching a dark eyebrow, "why not have some fun before you return it?"

Even at that moment I could see right through his clever bullshit. After all, it's not like I had never talked reluctant women into bed with me before. But there was something about the way he looked at me, the way he exuded a raw masculinity, which made me susceptible to his strong will.

He brought one of my pale and trembling hands across his thigh until I was touching his erection through his pants. I almost gasped at how big it was. He seemed to enjoy my reaction, squeezing my hand down with his much bigger hand, forcing me to massage his hard-on. "Come on baby, I know you're curious."

I nodded my head slowly, feeling my willpower dissipate with each passing second. Part of the thrill was knowing how turned on he was by me. I could see the animal lust glowing in his eyes. It made me feel almost proud of myself.

"Go ahead, pull it out," Deontay whispered. "You earned it, baby. It's time for you to feel what being a woman is really like."

Kneeling on my own carpet, I reached for Deontay's zipper, too embarrassed to make eye contact while I unbuttoned his designer jeans and reached into his boxers. Then my fingers found the treasure they were seeking. I felt him twitch through his silk boxers as I navigated my hand through the pee-slit. Deontay assisted my efforts by lifting his hips off my couch, thus allowing me to tug his jeans and boxers down his hips some. His cock was massive, at least twice as big as the dick I once had long ago. It was already sticking straight up.

"Wow," I gasped, curling my white fingers around the meaty base which throbbed with undeniable erotic force.

"Biggest one you've ever seen I bet?" he guessed.

I nodded, unable to take my stare off the incredible monster between his legs. He wasn't just long, but also incredibly thick. The shaft was a single shade of very dark ebony. And the head was a giant plum-colored mushroom. Everything about it was double-sized. It was like they'd taken two dicks and turned it into one massive schlong.

"Go ahead," he said, closely watching my reaction as I fondled my first cock, "I know you want to. You got that look on your face. That hungry bitch-in-heat look."

Did he really just call me a bitch in heat? What a jerk, I thought.

And still, I couldn't resist the temptation to lean forward and place my lips at the tip of that huge helmet of his. I couldn't believe it. I was kissing another man's cock while he held my long hair out of my face. And the more kisses I gave it up and down his shaft, the wetter the space between my legs got.

"Don't forget the balls, girl," he commanded.

His balls were massive, no doubt carrying an ungodly amount of baby batter. I let his cock rest on the side of my face as I tilted my head and licked and kissed his big black balls. Then my lips found his cock again, my tongue swirling around the head, before I sucked several inches back into my hot warm mouth. Apparently he liked the sight of my cheeks bulging out with his black meat in

them because he started pounding the couch cushions and saying, "That's what I'm talking about! Don't you stop! Don't you dare fucking stop!"

Not wanting to displease him, I began sucking his cock with gusto now. At one point I recalled that one of my favorite parts of getting a blowjob from Valerie was whenever she deep-throated me, her little nose mashed against my pubic hairs. But Deontay was in a different league and I found it impossible to get any more than 3/4ths of his black cock into my mouth at once. Several times the scratchy feeling of having his tip brush against the back of my throat made me feel like I was going to throw up. And, much to my discomfort, I started to gag and cough, large swathes of drool on my chin and face, my eyes watery and embarrassed.

Then he stood me up and did something I really wasn't expecting now.

Deontay wrapped his big muscular dark arms around my body, locking me in his vise-like grip, before leaning down to plant a kiss on me, as if he was rewarding me for sucking his cock for so long. I was apprehensive at first. Kissing seemed to be far more personal (weirdly enough) than sucking his cock. But there was no denying his strength. I felt his lips press into mine, then his tongue start to push forward until I finally granted him access so that our tongues were now mutually swirling around each other's mouths. Both his hands were cupping my ass as we kissed in the living room, nobody giving a fuck about the game playing in the background.

Then I felt him lift me off the ground. I looped my arms around his neck and said, "What are you doing?"

"I'm taking you to your marital bedroom, sexy."

"Why? Why there?"

"Because every time you have sex with your wife now, I want you to remember the night you let a big black buck fuck you like a juicy little slut."

I rolled my eyes, not believing that people actually talked that way, but also knowing that I was in no position to stop him now.

With my arms and legs wrapped around his body, he took a few steps towards the bedroom and stopped with a thoughtful expression. "Hey, maybe later, if this

goes well, you might want me to fuck that sexy wife of yours too?"

I made a scoffing sound and then buried my nose in the nape of his neck. "Valerie's not that kind of girl," I muttered in a barely audible voice.

He must have heard though because he responded, "Yeah, you keep telling yourself that."

We collapsed onto the bed and started removing the rest of our clothes so that both of us were completely nude. The contrast of our bodies was remarkable and I knew the image would be forever etched in my brain: Deontay looking so dark and muscular and masculine, and me looking so white and soft and feminine.

He didn't waste any time getting between my legs, impatiently tapping the insides of my creamy white thighs when I didn't move them quick enough for his liking. He must have seen the look of apprehension in my eyes when I saw his hard cock a few inches away from my little pink slit because he looked down at me with a wry grin and said, "Don't worry, baby. You've done this before. But now instead of the key, you're the lock."

I kept looking at Deontay's cock, unsure if he would be able to fit inside me without ripping me in half. "I'm not even fucking joking, Deontay, but you better go easy on me. Especially at first. Please, I'm begging you."

He laughed at that. "Hearing a sexy white girl begging me to go easy on her little pussy is the world's best Viagra."

My eyes clenched and my throat felt parched as I felt him rub the end of his cock against the outer folds of my womanhood. I felt so lucky that I was so incredibly turned on because by then I wasn't just wet, but my little pussy was absolutely sopping. Already some of my juices were running down the insides of my legs and onto the bed sheets.

I felt him push a couple of inches in and then stop. It was perhaps the most intense experience of my life. He felt so big inside me. The thickness was stretching out my elastic ring. I looked up at him with pleading eyes, imploring him not to hurt me down there. Then he pushed another inch or two in and the pain really started.

"Owwwwwww...Shiiiiittt...." I cried out.

"It's okay baby, you're doing good, just lay there and be a good girl."

He pulled a bit out, leaving just the head inside the entrance of my canal, then pushed some more back inside me. After repeating this process several times I found that pain was being replaced by something that almost felt like pleasure.

"Oh? Oh. Oh!" I said, biting down on my lip hard, then reaching for his big arms which were tense from supporting his heavy weight on top of me.

"Aw, see, there we go, now you're starting to feel it. Just relax baby. Relax your little muscles down there."

"I'm trying, I'm really trying," I said, moaning as he thrust a few more inches back in between my legs.

"You're doing great, baby. Look at you, already getting your first black cock. You should be proud of yourself!"

For the first time since we started, I felt comfortable enough to glance down at the space where our bodies were colliding. I could see Deontay's cock just as he pulled back so that only his tip was inside my pussy. With no small amount of pride I saw that his coal-black shaft was now slick with my juices.

"You like that?" he said, taking in my reaction.

I nodded, moving my buttocks in a circular motion the more turned on I was getting.

He rewarded me with another long, slow kiss that an outsider would probably have guessed was the kiss between two long-time lovers. Then with his tongue still buried deeply in my mouth, he drove the remaining inches of his black pole into my snatch until it was all the way to the hilt, his balls now resting against my anus. My eyes went wide with panic, pain, and utter shock. It felt like someone had set my loins on fire. I began squirming, desperately trying to get away, trying to get him out of me, but he kept his cock buried in my womb, just like he kept his tongue buried in my mouth at the same time. Our eyes met. I could tell that he was laughing on the inside. He waited for me to stop squirming, stop struggling, then slowly pulled a few inches out of my flower before sinking himself back in, over and over, until finally, and not a moment too goddamn soon, the pain and fire went away, and the most glorious sense of

arousal spread through every inch of my body.

"Oh shit, Deontay, fuck me, fuck me with that cock, that fucking huge cock," I said, completely lost in the moment. Already I'd lost sense of time and space. Even the memories of me being a guy had vanished completely. For as long as I could tell, me and Deontay had been fucking one another since the beginning of time, and we would continue fucking one another for eternity.

"Ah shit, that's it girl, now you're really taking it. Look at you, you're really a BBC slut now. You getting fucked like a real woman should," he said, moving his arms so that now his hands were cupping my buttocks as he slammed his sword back into me some more.

I let out another loud moan, my eyes completely rolled back into my head, as I clutched at his arms, desperately wrapping my legs around his narrow waist.

"Ohhhh Deeoontaaayyy!"

He leaned back and started to play with my tits, roughly squeezing the nipples, then slapping them around, before finally putting one breast in his mouth, then the other, sucking them for dear life.

"Deeeeoonttaaayyyyy!"

He grinned down at me, little beads of sweat starting to pop along his forehead as he kept pushing his cock back into me, giving me this indescribable sensation of being utterly filled to the brim.

"Deontay, yessss, yes, yes, yes!"

He chuckled some. "I bet the first time you ever saw me, you never thought you'd be yelling my name out."

Completely dazed by what was happening to my body I looked up at him and said, "And I bet the first time you saw me you never expected to be sucking on my titties and fucking my little pussy."

Then we just kept on fucking, more like lovers than anything, our eyes locked together, my body moving to meet his at the same rhythm. After a while he kissed the top of my forehead and whispered in my ear, "I want to give you

something special."

"Yes, please," I said back, almost too delirious to understand what was being said.

Deontay moved back again, this time grabbing me by my hips and turning me over on my stomach. He pulled my haunches up as high as they would go and took a few moments to appreciate my big round bouncy backside which was raised high in the air for him.

"Damn, what an ass," he said massaging my pale white cheeks with his big dark hands. "This ass was made for doggystyle."

"Thanks," I said, grabbing a pillow so that I had something to bury my face into.

He kept massaging me, sometimes sliding one of his chocolate fingers into my greasy little slit.

During this little break from intercourse, I realized how badly my entire bedroom reeked of sex: body odor, the masculine muskiness of his dark cock, and the unmistakable tang of my own juices which were pouring like the Niagara.

A moment later Deontay had mounted me from the back and from this position I could feel his ebony monster even deeper than before. Right away I began moaning, wiggling my haunches uncomfortably, but this only encouraged Deontay because the motion caused the meat of my butt cheeks to wobble enticingly while his black cock continued to stretch me out. Again the feeling of pain came back and at one point I actually tried to crawl forward, not on purpose, but acting instinctually. But his strong hands were right there on my hips to pull me back onto his tool where I was left impaled and whimpering.

"Deontay," I cried, "you feel so amazing back there."

"Your pussy is amazing. You were born to take my nut."

His fingers went from my ass, to my hips, to the bottom of my spine where he gripped me. Never before in my life had I ever felt so controlled, so dominated,

then with Deontay's masterful strokes.

Then, for several minutes, there was just the sound of our ragged breaths and my ass bouncing back and forth as he pounded into me from behind.

A part of me was still fighting the experience. A part of me felt like this was too bewildering to be happening for real. But after a while, it became easier and easier to let go, to forget all those memories of my old past, and just focus on the glorious present.

Instead I started focusing on the fantastic sensation of the walls of my pussy spasming around his cock which was buried so deeply inside me. It turned me on that he was so turned on. I loved the feeling of being manhandled by a man like Deontay. It was the sexiest thing I'd ever experienced in my whole life —a thousand times sexier than when I was still a guy.

Maybe, after all, being a woman was just a better option for me. Maybe being a 10 woman was decidedly much better than being a 5 man.

"Damn this ass looks so good with a big black cock in it," he said, reaching down and grabbing me by the scruff of the neck.

I turned my face to the side as he pushed my lust-filled eyes into the pillow.

Finally I just gave in completely. Complete surrender. It was wonderful. And as soon as I did so I was rewarded with the most amazing thing: I found myself entering a different place. Then there was a great pressure at the core of my body, something I'd never experienced before. It was like a giant star had exploded in my pelvis. Heat radiated everywhere and I started to shake and tremble from the shocks of my first orgasm as a woman. I felt euphoric and helpless at the same time, unable to do anything but remain there on all fours while creaming my juices all over Deontay's big black cock.

"Ah shit," he said, "you ready for your special present?"

I was still shaking from the aftershocks of my orgasm, my face buried in the pillow now so that there was only the muffled sound of consent.

All at once Deontay started to stiffen behind me. His hands were still on my round hips. I felt him swell inside my channel. Then I felt his cock give a couple

of small jerks. When the first hot spray hit the walls of my pussy I wasn't sure what was happening, and I wondered if I was peeing myself. I wasn't though. The tightness of my snatch was involuntarily milking Deontay's heavy black balls so that he started to use my narrow chamber as a dump for all his hot creamy load.

* * *

I'd completely forgotten about Valerie's warning until later that Sunday night, when I was ironing my slacks for work the next day, wearing a silk teddy my wife had leant me until my transformation-back, when I saw the card she'd written me before. I nearly had a heart attack. When I saw the words "pregnancy" I immediately darted into the bathroom to have a little freak-out session.

How could I have forgotten about Valerie's warning?

How could I have allowed myself to be so easily seduced?

Why didn't I make Deontay wear a condom?

How could I have let Deontay cum inside me?

What were the chances?

Surely I would change back and be ready for work the next day?

Sadly, this didn't happen.

A couple of days later, I was still hiding out in our house and waiting for the transformation which never came. I had Valerie call my boss and tell them I was really sick since there was no way I was going to walk into an office full of men looking like this.

Funnily enough, at the time Valerie was more stressed out than I was. She still didn't know about Deontay's visit. And she blamed herself for the fact that her

'little prank' had inadvertently led to some very serious long-term consequences.

Her attitude changed a few months later when I started 'to show.' By then I was still hiding out, having quit my job. It killed me to know that there was a lot of stress in our household because of my employment status. I could tell that I was getting on Valerie's nerves. Just like I could tell that it bothered her that I was unemployed, that I always borrowed her clothes, that I used up all of her beauty products, that I sometimes drank all of her Diet Cokes before she returned home from work.

Then one day, as Valerie and I pulled up to our condominium, we ran into Deontay who was coming home from the gym. He was wearing long basketball shorts and a tank top which showed off his big muscles which were glistening from sweat. I still hadn't told him about the baby yet because I was afraid he'd turn me down. In any event, I must have let my eyes roam over his physique for a moment too long because suddenly I noticed that Valerie was looking at me closely, her eyes narrowing, then illuminated by growing comprehension.

"What?" I said, playing the role of the dumb blonde, which actually came quite easy to me these days.

She sucked her teeth, then started to shake her head disbelievingly.

"What are you looking at Valerie?"

That's when she pointed her finger accusingly at me. "You slut! You little slut! Wow, all this time I thought it was my fault!"

"I don't know what you're —"

She didn't let me finish. "I told you that was the one thing you couldn't do! I freaking told you! You fucking little slut!"

"Valerie?"

"Girl, don't even try it. I don't want to even talk about this right now I'm so mad. So just shut up. And get your pregnant ass in the house PRONTO!"

Needless to say that was not the most pleasant or comfortable night of my life. After all, growing up, I certainly never thought that one day I would be the fallen

woman. But it was good to clear the air. And it didn't take long before my wife's loyalty-streak kicked in and she became an ally of mine; and quite supportive during my first pregnancy.

Yes, I say 'first pregnancy' because I now have three beautiful children who are the light of my life, the reason why I get out bed each day, the thing I think about before going to sleep, and the thing I first think about when I wake up next to my wonderful husband, who I'm happy to report, still makes me cream all over his big black cock.

THE END

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