

## Life Swap (MtF/FtM TG Commission)

By FoxFace

Commission for starbijou

*Sara is a successful lawyer, unlike her husband Jake who has been unemployed far too long and become a slacker. After a rough day of work, Sara and Jake get into an argument, and she wishes that the two of them were more like their friends Mike and Ashley. Unbeknownst to Sara, some wishes to indeed come true, and with an amusing sense of karma for Jake as well . . .*

### Life Swap

Sara sighed in relief as she parked her car in the garage. She took a moment to compose herself after a long stressful day at the firm. The petite brunette checked herself over in the rear vision mirror, making sure her makeup was still correct and her taut ponytail not too ragged from the frustrations of the day. When she was ready, she opened the car door and stepped out.

“At least I’m coming home to a clean house and some downtime,” she said to herself. “And I can finally get out of this stiff suit and into something more relaxing.”

She opened the door to a pig sty. The home she shared with her husband was somehow, impossibly, even messier than it had been when she’d left that morning. Closing the door, she stepped inside, witnessing the debacle. Dishes were piled up in the sink, unwashed, and the dishwasher itself was open, filled with dirty utensils. The carpets and floorboards were coated in dust, and there were noticeable cheese stains at intervals, as well as a coffee ring on the counter. The windows still had plenty of marks on them, and the table was in a bad need of a wipe. A large number of cups and mugs adorned the shelves, many of them obviously still half-full. Sara pinched her nose as she realised even the cat litter was unchanged, despite being full.

“Jake!” she called, “Jake! Where are you? You said you’d clean the house!”

She moved around the house, hoping against hope that she wouldn’t find what she expected. The doors to the living room were closed, and a sense of dread crept up on her at what she would find there. Slowly, she placed her hand on the doorknob, turned it, and yanked the door wide open.

Her husband Jake was slumped on the couch, still in his bathrobe, hands clutched around a controller as he played a video game. He gave her a little wave as he entered, and she stepped in, fuming, as he still continued to play.

“One moment,” he said, pulling away his headphones for just a second, “I’m nearly at a spot where I can pause.”

She folded her arms. “We need to talk, Jake.”

“Just a tick!”

He launched back into the game, which held his attention as if he were hypnotised. It gave time for her rage to gestate and swell. Her suit felt uncomfortable on her, and she badly wanted to change, but she knew it would allow her anger to subside. And besides, Jake had failed to put the washing out. She stared at him now, looking at the man she had loved deeply once but was increasingly finding it difficult to tolerate. He had been athletic and limber once, a handsome stud with tan skin and beautiful dirty blond hair that fell down his neck. But that had been in college, back when they were sweethearts, and she didn’t have tired bags around her eyes and a frame that still had healthy curves.

Now, Jake had developed a lazy pudge on his stomach, his once-impressive football muscles several years receding due to his procrastination. His hair was no longer soft and full, but often greasy due to lazy hygiene, and the ‘cool casual’ look of his college years now increasingly had the look of a slob who couldn’t put on a good shirt to save his life. He played the game eagerly, giving it the same look he once gave her, not even noticing how she saw him now.

“And look what you’ve done to me,” she mumbled to herself.

She didn’t need to look over her body to know how her stressful life at the firm had worn away at her. She was tired, and the tiredness showed in the early crow’s feet at the edges of her eyes, the dark bags that often appeared under them as well. Her lips had thinned, her face more gaunt than thin now, and her figure had gone from cute and petite to looking too thin. Even her once-lush brunette hair was starting to feel a little wiry. It didn’t help that her bosses were sexist, and looked down on her for being a woman. Just as others looked down on her for having a ‘house husband’ while she did all the breadwinning.

It was a sad revelation, one she was having more and more. But whereas most days it defanged her anger, blunted it until it was a grey knot at her core, this time it sharpened it. Jake finished his game, put the game in pause mode, and took the headphones off.

“What’s up?” he asked.

“That’s it? What’s up?” Sara said, launching into a tirade. “That’s the best you can say? Not ‘how was work honey’? Not ‘sorry I didn’t do the dishes honey’? Not ‘shit, I forgot to put the washing out, I’ll do that now, Sara.’ Just ‘What’s up!’?”

Jake cringed a little, realising his mistake. He sat up a little more, poking his head out so he could see the room outside.

“Shit, I guess I did forget to do some chores.”

“You forgot to do *all* of them, Jake.”

"I fed the cat!"

"You didn't even change its litter! It stinks of actual cat shit in this house!"

Again, he cringed, feeling a little ashamed. Jake stood, trying to placate his wife.

"Look, I'm sorry Sara, but it's been a wild day. You remember I had Tommy and Norm coming around, and there was the big game on at midday that I couldn't miss. I just didn't have time to get around to everything!"

Sara *seethed*. She couldn't believe what her husband was saying.

"You couldn't even do your fucking house duties because you had friends over?"

"It's not like that, Norm's had it hard lately, and -"

"I've had it *hard* lately! I've got stress bags under my eyes, Jake! I've got a sexist boss who thinks I can't do my job because I've got a fucking vagina! I'm pulling for both of us here, and the agreement was that until you could find a replacement job for your old one that you'd keep the house clean. But you've been 'looking' for a job for over a year now, and the whole time you've turned into a lazy, gross, disgusting fat slob!"

Jake reeled from what his wife was saying. He'd never heard her speak so forcefully. She was a lawyer, so he always assumed she saved that fire for court, but he'd never expected to be in the firing line of such a brutal cross-examination. But while he realised she was right, his shame and pride were a dangerous combination, and pushed him to make a rebuttal.

"Now, look here Sara, you promised you would support me through the good times and the bad."

"Oh, don't start the wedding speech with me!" she said, jabbing him in the chest. "You also wrote in your vows that you would have kids with me."

"When we're ready!"

"I've been ready for years now, Jake!" she screamed, clenching her fists together in frustration. "It's *you* who is never ready. Never ready to clean, or cook, or fix the backyard. Or put a fucking baby in me. I'm so tired of us, Jake. Really. I - I don't know how we can go on if you're going to continue to be so -"

Jake's eyes widened as she spoke, and he couldn't believe what he was hearing. He knew he'd been a bit too much of a homebody, and perhaps a little lazy with the chores, but his wife looked to be at the breaking point, and it was his own creeping dread at where the sentence was going to end up.

He was saved by the bell, literally. The doorbell, at the front of the house, began ringing. Jake immediately moved past Sara.

"I'll get it!" he said, doing anything to try to stall her next words. Inwardly, he felt that he could try the same tactic as before; delay and delay, and her anger would subside.

He opened the door, still in his bathrobe, and to his and Sara's surprise their good friends Mike and Ashley were at the door, both dressed for a lovely day out.

"Hey Jake, having a nice easy day, I see," Mike remarked with an easy smile.

"Hello guys, hi Sara!" Ashley said, waving past Jake to her lawyer friend as she moved to the door to see to their guests. Mike and Ashley had been friends to both of them for years, also going back to college. Mike had played football with Jake, but had always keep his dark hair shorter and, more importantly, his body in better shape. Even approaching his thirties, he had the strong, tall body of an athlete, courtesy of his regular runs and workouts. Ashley, on the other hand, was a shapely woman with large breasts and an hourglass figure. She had bright red hair and cute freckles that still swayed men's heads, and while Sara loved her as a friend, she couldn't help but be a little jealous of her friend's healthier, curvier figure, particularly her DD-cup breasts.

And, of course, one other thing.

"My goodness, Ash, you're absolutely glowing!" Sara remarked, embracing her friend. It was true; Ashley was six months pregnant, and her rounded belly suited her figure well, her casual shirt stretching tightly over her shapely mound.

"I know!" she remarked, energetic and spirited as ever, "only three months to go now!"

Sara was overjoyed for her friend, but in the wake of her argument, also felt the sting that children were not yet on the horizon for her and Jake.

"To what do we owe this visit?" Jake asked, leaning against the door frame.

"We're just dropping by unexpectedly to see if we can pick up those little onesie hand-me-downs for the bub, if you still had them?"

"Of course we do!" Jake said, "not like we're going to see much use."

"Not planning on filling the rooms with kids, Jake?" Mike remarked, smirking a little at the mess of the room. Sara flushed with embarrassment, but her husband didn't notice.

"No, not for a good while yet, I don't reckon. Just not in the cards. We're too busy."

Sara's fury could have started World War 3, but she kept it in check. She moved to get her friends the various baby clothes handed down from her aunt, the same aunt who had told her two years ago to dump her husband and find someone actually willing to have kids. She sighed, and went to look for them. Jake was no use; he hadn't actually had them cleaned like she'd asked. So she gathered them in a pile and returned, apologising. Ashley and Mike thanked her, and accepted the clothing in a shopping bag, allowing her to save some face.

"Oh, before we go, a good luck charm!" Ashley said, handing over a strange little icon that looked like a laughing monkey carved from stone.

"Cool, thanks," Jake said, taking it. "What is it?"

“Something we picked up on our babymoon overseas,” Mike said. “Apparently it’s the ‘Laughing Wish Monkey.’ It brings good fortune, with a twist! Thought you guys might get a kick out of it.”

“God knows I need good fortune,” Sara muttered under her breath. She gave Ashley a hug, cringing as she felt her flat, thin chest against Ashley’s much more womanly body, and gave Mike a hug as well. She felt a little invisible shiver of excitement, touching the body of a man who’d kept his trim figure, and she liked the way his five o’clock shadow made his manly jawline all the more enticing. She buried the feelings away. She knew it came from a place of irritation at her husband.

“Have a great day!” she said.

“You sure you don’t want a drink?” Jake interrupted, as they began to walk away, “we would love to chat with you!” It was clearly an attempt to stall his argument with his wife.

“No thanks, we won’t take away time from your cleaning!” Mike said, giving a slightly knowing look to Jake that cut him deep. Sara nodded appreciatively, and they gave their goodbyes again, before leaving. She closed the door.

And turned.

And waited.

Jake retreated slightly to the living room, and even he had to admit in his mind that the place was a bit of a sty. He felt some embarrassment that his friends had seen it, and got the distinct sense from his wife’s furious expression that he had gone too far.

“Look, I fucked up a little. I’m sorry, Sara. I can do some of the chores now.”

“Some? SOME!?! You were meant to do *all* of them, Jake!”

“I’ll get around to the rest tomorrow.”

Sara threw her hands up in the air. “That’s what you *always* say! God, I’m so sick of it. Why am I even with you? Look at our relationship and then look at Mike and Ashley’s.”

Jake creased his brow, searching her expression. “What do you mean by that, honey?”

Sara put her face in her palm. “I mean that we all went to college together, we all had similar lives, but *they* have a much better relationship than we do. Mike actually takes care of his body! Ashley isn’t so stressed that she’s wasting away! They’ve got a baby on the way, and you keep putting that future off for us!”

“We can’t compare ourselves to them -” Jake started, but Sara was on a roll.

“Oh yes we damn well *can*! I mean, Jesus, look at them! They’re *happy*. I’m not happy, Jake, not with you like this. Not with me like this. God, I just *wish* we could be more like Mike and Ashley, and maybe we’d be a lot happier!”

Jake's mind reeled, trying to think of a response, but before he could even give one, or Sara continued on her warpath, they were both suddenly aware of a strange noise repeating.

*HEE HOO HAA HOO HEE*

Slowly, their heads turned to the kitchen counter, where Sara had placed the strange little Laughing Wish Monkey temporarily. It was, impossibly, moving.

"What the . . ." Jake said, as the monkey shifted slightly, its body rotating back and forth as if on some axis. Its stone mouth moved up and down slowly, discordant with the constant, high-pitched, howling monkey laughter emanating from it.

"Is it - it is laughing?" Sara said.

The monkey shifted slightly, and despite being no bigger than two inches in height, they each got the same strange sense that the stone figurine was *looking* at them, its eyes boring tunnels into their hearts and souls.

*HEE HOO HAA HOO HEE*

"What the actual fuck," Jake muttered.

The monkey *exploded*, shattering into tiny stone fragments that burst seemed directed straight at them. Sara and Jake both screamed, throwing up their hands, and both of them felt a strange sensation pass *through them*, a feeling like sunlight on a summer's day that radiated into their cores. When they opened their eyes again, there was no evidence of the monkey, not even the detritus of its rocky remains.

Little did either of them know, but the little laughing monkey figurine held the spirit of a mischievous pixie which had lain dormant inside the trinket, waiting for the perfect opportunity to wreak a little havok on a deserving karmic target. And now, having overheard the argument between Sara and Jake, and looking into the composition of their souls, it relished the chance to grant Sara's wish, in a way that neither would see coming. It giggled invisibly to itself, unable to be seen by human eyes, before diving into Sara, flooding her with its transformative magics.

"Did - did that monkey just explode on us?" Sara said, knowing none of what had truly transpired.

"Wow, yeah, it did. Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," she responded, "what a weird way to distract from - NGH!"

Sara doubled over, clutching her middle as a surge of strange sensations poured through her. She felt an alien pulling sensation in her crotch that was pressing against her pencil skirt.

"Sara, what's happening?" Jake said.

"I - oohh - don't kn-know!" she stammered, feeling her muscles begin to ripple, and parts of her body expand. She gasped as the tugging in her crotch became more powerful,

and to both their shock, a small bulge began to form on her skirt, slowly growing further and further. She could actually feel her flesh surging forward, becoming cylindrical and long.

“Ah - ah - ahhhh, something’s growing!” she declared, falling back in her seat and keeping her hands well away from the development.

“Honey!” Jake declared, and he ran to her side. Unfortunately, the house was still unclean, and he slipped on a pizza cheese stain, causing him to trip over in a panic towards his wife. He reached out to slow his fall, and by sheer accident ended up grabbing her skirt as a reflex. Sara squealed as he inadvertently pulled the fabric taut, the clothing ripping open to reveal her shapely legs. She gasped.

“Sorry, sorry! I slipped!” he said. He lifted his face to see if she was okay, only to be greeted by a large, tubular growth of flesh extending down Sara’s leg. It was trapped in her tight, hugging her left leg, but it was undeniably getting bigger, its form becoming more and more obvious. Sara squirmed, viewing it in horror but unable to bring herself to touch it as it snaked against her thigh.

“Oh God oh God oh God!” she squealed.

Jake scrambled back as the object twitched slightly, its end becoming more swollen, developing an identifiable head. It grew another inch, and Sara writhed her leg as if an insect was on it.

“Get it off!” she cried, “get it off!”

Jake stared, overwhelmed. His wife was undeniably growing a penis. A big one. With a tinge of odd jealousy, he realised it was already bigger than his own, and still extending out further. Worse, it was starting to stiffen, and Sara moaned, spreading her legs further apart in the chair as another growth descended further back to bulge out her panties; a large pair of balls, to complete her male equipment.

“Honey, you’re growing a penis!” he said, eyes wide.

“I can fucking see that, Jake!” she said in an agitated voice, “it’s - oh God - it’s getting hard! What’s happening?”

She looked to him, and Jake reeled once more. Her eyes had changed. They had gone from their hazel brown to a darker tone. In fact, her entire face was shifting.

“What? What is it?” she said, beginning to hyperventilate. She could feel her body itching like crazy, and beneath her tights numerous hairs were beginning to sprout, spreading up to her stomach and causing her to scratch at it.

“Your face,” Jake said, “it’s changing too.”

Sara reached up to her face - she was willing to touch that, as opposed to the *thing* between her legs that had replaced her vagina. It was beginning to stretch the nylon material, and it felt like it *wanted* to be touched, which made her all the more averse.

“How - how is it changing?”

"It's - it's like you're becoming a man," Jake said. Even as he spoke, her eyebrows thickened. Her cries briefly dropped out as her jaw cracked, expanding to take on a masculine, square shape. Her hair began to pull up into her head, and she gritted her teeth and whimpered as it did so.

"Nghgggghhhhh!"

Other changes were happening as well. She was breathing heavily, and with each breath she could feel her meagre breasts begin to retreat and melt back into her chest. She arched her back, overcome by the sensation of hundreds of muscles stretching and unstretching, becoming magically larger and fitter and more pronounced.

"NNNGGHH . . . OOOHHHHH!"

She grabbed her waist, breathing heavily as it swelled and expanded, losing its feminine curves. Her hip bones cracked, pelvis pulling inwards. Sara had been proud of her hips, their rounded shape being one of the few elements of her body that had not shrunk away from years of stress. Tears welled in their eyes as they lost those curves now, accompanied by her ass pulling in, becoming flatter and more defined.

Inside her, the pixie laughed, touching muscles and causing them to expand, caressing various regions of fat to signal them to shrink away. A twinkle of its fingers, and her new testes began flooding her system with testosterone, stimulating an astonishing amount of muscle growth. She grunted, voice increasingly low as her entire body was afire with growth, muscles tensing and swelling to make her formerly petite body positively bulked. Her biceps stretched the confines of her well-fitting jacket, causing the seams to audibly groan and split. Her broader shoulders stretched the material, and her blouse became strained and broken as her entire body grew. Soon, she was wearing clothing that was easily several styles too small and no longer tailored to the right body type.

"Holy fuck Sara, you're becoming buff or something!"

She reached out a hand for his, and despite her anger at him, she found herself needing the comfort of his touch. He took it, feeling the way it was swelling in his palm, the fingers extending and swelling to become increasingly manly, complete with further hair growth along the palms. He moved to the side, but could not keep looking at her new penis, which was only just beginning to show, having become a monster of a cock that was nearly double the size of his own member.

"Ahhhh - NNggghh - why is this - OOooooOOooohhhhHhh - HAPPENING!"

Jake marvelled as his wife's voice lowered an octave, followed by another. She'd never had the highest voice, but now it was unmistakably masculine, and with every octave drop and huff of her strong breath, her rib cage expanded and muscles swelled. She screamed, gripping his hand so tightly that he thought it might break, so great was her increasing strength.

“Oh, God, it’s all too - NGGH - tight! AArGGGHH!!”

Her panties snapped, her penis already having snaked out from the side. Her tights burst along several seams, too small for her muscular thighs. Bones audibly popped, each one causing her to whimper, as her limbs extended, and her entire body swelled with muscle. Her slim waist filled in with an impressive six pack, and her shoulders broadened, ripping apart her suit jacket and causing her professional white blouse to fire buttons in every direction. Deep within her, the mischievous pixie danced and flew from system to system, adjusting changes here and there, and laughing inaudibly the whole time. It somersaulted through her stomach, dissipating her womb entirely, and danced along her chest, causing strong pectoral muscles to develop. The pixie skated down her legs, making them yet more hairy and strong, and resulting in her shoes breaking open from her expanded feet. It giggled as it flew back up, stopping between her legs to stroke and adjust her large testicles, stimulating the growth of a prodigious amount of semen. That would be, it considered, quite useful later. And besides, it amused the pixie to cause Sara the discomfort of a fully erect penis.

“Holy fuck, it’s so big! It’s huge! What do I do with it!”

Both were now staring at a fully uncovered and completely erect penis, one that was absolutely enormous. It was sensitive, and she felt a strange horniness, particularly as her entire body expanded, becoming the very model of an attractive male specimen. It was only, however, when her hair adjusted to a closer cut and her earlobes became attached that Jake realised the full extent of what she was becoming.

Or rather, *who* she was becoming.

“Mike,” he whispered in astonishment. “Sara, you’re becoming Mike!”

“I’m *what!*” she said, only to clasp her mouth with her hand. Her voice was now an attractive male baritone, but more than that, it was identical to *Mike’s* baritone. “Oh my God, I even sound like him!”

The pixie giggled. Finally, they were catching on! It flew through her body, making the final adjustments, ensuring her nipples were diminished and no longer feminine, and raising her another couple of inches to her full 6’2 height. As a last farewell, it tingled her new male equipment a second time, causing her to groan, and finally grab hold of her massive penis.

“What are you doing?” Jake exclaimed, taking a step back. He was now looking at his good friend’s image, inhabited by his wife, slowly stroking away at his dick. “Stop touching it!”

Sara pulled away her hand. Or rather, *his* hand now. “S-sorry! It’s just so sensitive! Holy shit, it’s huge. I’m huge. I’m a guy now.”

“You’re Mike. How did this happen?”

The new Mike looked to the kitchen counter. He stepped forward, unused to being so tall and strong. It was strangely empowering, especially to be taller and fitter than her husband. She cast aside that strange thought as she connected the dots.

"It's the laughing monkey trinket!" she/he declared. "I made a wish to be 'more like our friends' and it turned me into Mike." She saw herself in the kitchen mirror, and was astonished. Not only was she the spitting image of Mike, but he was far more well-endowed than she would ever had guessed, and a lot more ripped in the muscle department too. It only made her more irritated that Jake had let his body go.

The pixie giggled as it read her thoughts. She wouldn't have to worry about his body for long. It flew out of her, still invisible, and grinned with glee as it took in Jake's horrified expression. He would be a lot more horrified in a moment. The pixie shot like a comet into his stomach, and began a new dance.

"Wait a moment," Jake said, also figuring out what had happened. "You didn't just say 'I wish / could be more like Mike and Ashley.' You said 'I wish we could be more like Mike and Ashley. Which means that - AAghhhh!"

Now it was Jake's turn to grab his gut, only the feeling there was even more prominent, for reasons he would soon find out. It churned heavily, his organs bubbling like a well-cooked stew, and it made him groan in discomfort.

"Aahhhhh, it feels like my insides are boiling!" he gasped. He pressed his hands over his form, trying to breathe steadily as the pixie danced and moved within him, spreading changes that would be with him for the rest of his life. It swam through the pit of his belly, joyfully forming a new knot of growth that bloomed into being like a flower. Jake staggered away from his masculinised wife, ending with his back against the wall.

"S-so m-much ch-change!" he managed, not realising the changes had just begun. He whimpered as he felt an entirely new organ grow from that small knot, a full-blown uterus developing and shifting his internal organs to make space for itself. It made his insides feel like jelly, wobbling about.

There would be more wobbling to come, and the first signal of that occurred as the pixie, satisfied with its initial start, began to fly in and out of the man at various intervals.

"Oh my God," Sara said in his now-deep voice, "your skin, Jake, it's changing!"

It felt like he was itching all over, like bad eczema, or a nasty rash. He scratched himself all over, sucking in his brief, while the hairs on his arms and legs pulled back into his body, disappearing forever. His skin smoothed over, becoming soft and supple. But that was not all; it was also lightening in colour, becoming an almost milk white colour, leaving him with a complexion that could be described as not unhealthy but instead a beautiful Irish skin tone.

“The hell?” he blurted out, looking out his light, hairless arms. “I’m going pale. I’m losing my hair!”

The pixie giggled. It had planned a different adjustment next, but the foolish man’s comment only made it rally to reward him with delicious irony. It flew around his scalp, zapping it with its magical energies, willing the hair to grow and change. By this point, Sara was standing, trying to become used to her tall, powerful stature. She took a step to try to comfort her changing husband, but faltered as his hair suddenly shifted in colour.

“What? What?” he said, and she couldn’t help but notice that his face was slowly altering, becoming softer, his manly jaw melting to more refined curves instead of sharp angles. It was difficult to tell in his agitation, but she could have sworn his voice was getting higher.

“Your hair,” she said, still getting used to her voice, “it’s changing!”

His eyes widened. Jake dashed to the living room mirror above the fireplace, and practically shrieked as he witness his hair going from its dirty blond colour to a more full brown, then to a red-brown, before arriving at a full ginger colour that was as vibrant and orange as a dancing fire.

“M—my hair - OW!”

He clutched his scalp, pressing as much of his palms over his head as possible in order to stem the flow of hair. But it was no use. Jake gritted his teeth, grinding them and letting out harsh grunts in response to the pin pricks of pain across his scalp. It felt like a million little needles were being pushed *out* of his head from his skull. It was not far from the truth: the pixie at that moment was delighting in sending the thousands of freshly-changed hairs shooting through the surface. His hair grew out, expanding and extending and flowing past his palms and between his fingers.

“No! No no no no fuck no!”

But still it grew out, becoming ever more vibrant in colour as it trailed past his ears down to his shoulders, and then further down his back, finally halting between his shoulders. Sara was bewildered to see that her husband now had a full head of bright red hair, identical in colour and length if not in shape to their friend Ashley. Jake parted the nuisance hair in order to see, and blinked rapidly in response to a strange tingling in both his eyes. Sara’s own eyes widened: her husband’s eye colour had altered from their light brown to a deep, ocean blue. Even with a half-masculine face and frame, it was obvious who he was becoming.

“Holy shit Jake, you’re - you’re becoming Ash!”

“What? How!?! Oh my God, why is this happening to me? To us!?”

He had more to say, but he gasped again as more changes surged across his body. He staggered once more, writhing against the fireplace, helpless to the coming changes.

The pixie swam through his blood stream, giggling as it made adjustments here and there. What was left of Jake's male musculature began to dissipate, deflating like miniature balloons so that his clothing became ill-fitting in a matter of seconds. His biceps, some of the few solid muscles remaining which Sara fancied about his body, melted into reserves of fat and energy, and were redirected elsewhere by the pixie: in moments, Jake gulped as he felt the fat glide under his skin until it reached his buttocks, hips, and thighs.

"I d-don't want to be ahhhh - Ashley!" he wailed, voice now on the cusp of becoming identifiably female, "I'm a m-man! I d-don't want to be a w-woman!"

It was, the pixie thought, the most perfectly timed comment. The magical creature descended down between his legs, and began to tease at his cock, directing it to tug back inside his body and take on a more pleasingly feminine shape. Jake grabbed his crotch as the tingling started, the feeling growing in sensation until the entire area was strangely numb and yet overwhelmed with sensitivity at once.

"No, no. Fuck no! Not my d-dick!" he squealed.

But it was too late. The tugging increased, and as he cupped his precious manhood it began to recede against his will back into his body. He gasped, doubling over and grabbing onto a nearby seat for balance. It felt like he was being penetrated, penetrated by *himself* somehow. His penis, which was not small by any means, slowly inverted, pushing in between his legs and absorbing into his body. As it did, a new hollow space between his thighs was being created, a nascent vaginal passage that would lead directly to his newly-created womb. The ultimate form of emasculation was occurring, and Jake railed against it, screaming and swearing and hyperventilating, reaching his increasingly slender hands into his underwear to literally try to hold his shrinking cock in place. None of it did any good but cause him pain and further embarrassment, particularly as his efforts caused his bathrobe to come undone at the front, revealing his slimming form to Sara.

"Jake, your penis . . ."

"I know! I goddamn know, Mike. I mean Sara, shit!"

His testes ached, their composition altering so that they could no longer produce sperm but instead hold the millions of eggs that would be deposited monthly into his new womb. He cupped them, trying not to groan, as a strange pleasure sensation overcame him. His breathing raced as the pleasure mounted, outpacing the pain and discomfort, and it took every effort to avoid it showing on his face while his lower lips finished forming and his new vaginal passage completed. He was now biologically female, at least in his lower half, and to the former male's horror, his new feminine tunnel was already slick with fluid, strangely turned on by the changes.

The pixie twirled, pleased with its efforts, and teasing yet further nerves, including his stiff little clitoris. Jake could not help but rub his pleasurable centres, just as Sara had hers.

“What the hell are you doing, Jake?”

“I don’t know!” he said, but by now his voice was fully the same as Ashley’s, his Adam’s apple melted away to reveal a soft, feminine neck. Even his face was rounding, taking on the cute, cherubic look that Ashley had, with her full cheeks and button nose. The playful spirit flew around the outside of his face, throwing pixie dust onto his skin. New freckles grew where they landed, and others upon his shoulders and arms.

Jake continued to massage his new vulva, feeling the sensitivity, and burning with need. Strangely, his thoughts seemed to direct themselves towards Sara, but not as he knew her, but rather her Mike form. The pixie flicked the switches and reversed the direction of a number of neurons in his brain, and it was hard for the transformed former male not to view Sara’s fit, manly body as strangely attractive, monster penis and all.

“What the fuck am I thinking?” he muttered under his breath. He looked away, facing towards the wall. Yet still, that attractive image of her penis remained. The gap between his thickening thighs moistens at the thought of accepting it, and it nearly made him swoon as much as it nearly made him puke. “I don’t want to think about your damn penis!”

“What?” Sara gaped.

“N-nothing, I was just saying - ahhh! Oohhh! NGGGnggNhh!”

His entire body was overcome with yet further teasing tensions. He ran his petite fingers over his form, practically disrobing from his bathrobe, so that he was just in his largely-empty male briefs. His muscle loss was accelerating, his entire form slimming down. No, not just slimming, *reducing*. Jake gasped and grunted and groaned, clutching his own arms as the bones shrunk in size and length. His ribcage contracted, pulling in and taking away his barrel-like masculine shape forever. Sara stepped forward to steady her partner, and to her shock saw him literally contract in height, his spine losing vertebrae and shrinking the ones that remained.

“Sara! What’s happening to meeeeeeee!”

His voice came in a feminine whine as he shrunk further down. One foot. Two feet. Three feet of loss. Jake had always been tall, near as tall as Mike. But his 6’1 stature had melted down to an adorable 5’4, so that now his transformed wife had well over a head’s height advantage on him. He stared up at her, feeling pathetic and diminutive. The pixie licked its lips, singing an inaudible song of glee at the man’s humiliation, and only increasing it by causing his legs to ache. Sara practically had to hold him up as he slumped against her, legs numb for a moment as they changed, becoming much more shapely. His calves became lovingly defined, his ankles slight, his feet slender in his ugg boots. The ripple of tension travelled up to his ass, which had already rounded out a little. Now it became positively *rondure*, forming an attractive peach shape that was simultaneously firm yet wonderfully rounded. The kind of ass he would have loved on Sara, and secretly fascinated

about sinking his fingers into when he saw Ashley walking away. Now, he was the very un-proud owner of a very female ass himself.

As if to accentuate its shape, his hip bones cracked painfully.

“AAgghhhh! WHHHYYY!?”

His left hip popped outwards, followed by his right. Muscle and tissue shifted to accommodate the change, and more fat poured in to create a rounded curve that was undeniably womanly. He massaged the tissue in order to soothe the aching soreness, but it dissipated on his own as his hips fell into place, expanding only slightly further. The change left him with a wide, rounded set of hips, the kind that certainly ‘wouldn’t lie’ as Jake would joke, were he not the unwilling recipient of such hips. Their lovely shape were only emphasised further by a brief sting of pain in his sides, followed by his waist cinching inwards. Ashley indeed had a small waist, at least prior to her pregnancy, one that gave her an appealing hourglass figure. Jake now had that hourglass figure in full, and once more his organs shifted uncomfortably to accommodate it.

“P-please let that b-be the last change,” he said, trying to ignore his voice. It was identical to Ashley’s, a sweet soprano that carried an almost musical quality. The kind of voice that could sound flirty and sensual even when talking about utterly normal subject matter.

For a moment, the pixie stopped its alterations, allowing the tension to build. Sara said nothing. Neither did Jake. The two shared a glance through their new eyes, both confused and seeking some solace in each other’s arms.

“I think . . . I think it may be done,” Sara suggested.

But the changes were not done. The pixie whooped and hollered as it danced within the skin beneath his chest, stimulating muscle, tissue, and fat growth. It had been looking forward to this part, and couldn’t wait to see the former man’s reaction.

All at once, Jake felt a subtle pressure in his chest, a strange tightening of his nipples. They throbbed, swelling slightly and taking on a more pink-ish colouration.

“No - Oh God please no! I don’t want tits!”

He pushed Sara gently back, and she moved willingly, allowing herself to see her husband’s changes more clearly. He cupped the flesh beneath his nipples, massaging the soreness beneath them, needing the tissue and trying to press it back into his body. But just as his ministrations had failed for his manhood, so it was useless here. The pressure began to grow and grow and grow. Jake sucked in his breath, grunting as, with each breath, he began to develop a pair of female breasts. They were small at first, mere A-cups that pressed outwards, but soon they were surging forwards, dominating his torso more and more as they became rounded and heavier and increasingly forward.

“Tits, fucking tits!” he gasped, as soon his prodigious flesh overflowed his palms. His breasts expanded beyond respectable B’s, to ample C’s, before finally slowing as they reached well-developed D’s. His white flesh pooled, forming an impressive bustline, a chasm of cleavage resulting from how he pressed his new boobs together. And they were certainly a lovely pair.

Sara, watching on in shock, couldn’t help but somehow be turned on by the sight. Her husband was now Ashley in appearance, but it was clear that Sara’s now-male mind was attractive to that woman’s lovely curves, curves she had once been jealous of. Now, instead, she had visions of groping her husband’s chest and licking those nipples, and running her masculine hands down the soft expanse of her ass. Blood redirected down to between her legs, and once more she became hard, her erection obvious to his eyes.

Jake felt a similar attraction to that penis, and the notion of having these new boobs played with and groped and sucked upon. For the transformed male, these thoughts scared and excited him, and he did his best not to focus on them.

The pixie briefly flew outside, examining both figures. It enjoyed the tension it had drawn between them, and the ways in which their slightly-altered minds were now viewing each other. Jake was now the spitting image of Ashley, possessing her pale skin tone, her delicious freckles, and her very ample bust. Her beautiful red hair spilled around her shoulders slightly chaotically, but it only added to her allure. She was practically naked, standing there cupping her chest like a demure Aphrodite.

It was clear that their new bodies were incredibly attracted to one another, the pixie only had to give a little magical push to get them to act on that attraction. Besides, there was one large change to go, but even magic could only go so far. A life-giving act was necessary first to consolidate it. The pixie extended its arms, and threw out vibrant threads around each of the transformed victims, tying them together so that they were bound. Linked. Attached. The spry spirit weaved the net it had created, tightening it so there was no escape. Neither Sara or Jake could see what was happening, but the result was immediately obvious upon them. Sara’s penis became even harder. Exposed to the open air, it throbbed visibly, and her new testes tensed, rushing to create sperm in need of expulsion. Jake, in turn, found his new expanded nipples with their delicious-looking areola hardening also. They were utterly sensitive, and as he cupped them, they sent electric sensations of pleasure down to his core and through to his womanly opening. His lower lips became moist, his tunnel lubricating itself in readiness. Both figures breathed heavily, and it resulted in an impressive rise and fall of Jake’s new bosom, which trembled and wobbled slightly as he stepped forward.

“Sara, oh my God, I feel - I feel so weird.”

“Me t-too,” she replied in her deep voice, stepping forward also. “It’s like - oh fuck - it’s like I need you. This is crazy.”

"It is. I need you too," Jake said. His heart fluttered with feeling, blazing with attraction to the athletic form of his friend in front of him. It didn't matter that Sara now looked like Mike, talked like Mike, even moved like Mike. What mattered was that to his new mind, Mike was utterly goddamn sexy, from his well-developed muscles to his attractive forearms to his square jaw. Sara, in turn, couldn't keep her eyes off of Jake's swollen tits and curvy hips, especially as they swayed with every step.

"This is wrong," she said, "it's the magic. It's that damn Wish Monkey making us do this."

"I know, but I still need you so damn bad, Sara. I don't want to get fucked by you, but I also do. It's really weird!"

The pixie laughed, drawing the threads ever more tightly. Both of them gasped with a sudden compulsive need to have sex.

"Ahh, I feel like I'm gonna burst," Sara said, indicating to her dick. "How - how did you ever stand it?"

"How did you stand this?" Jake said, groping her large boobs, kneading her sensitive nipples. "It's so powerful."

"I'm still so angry at you. For being a slob. For getting us into this," Sara said.

"And I'm still sorry about that," Jake replied, drawing even closer. "I feel so terrible. I'm such an idiot Sara. I'm sorry!"

"You damn well should be. I can't believe it took me changing to a man to hear that from you."

"It's these damn emotions. I'm so hormonal! Please, I need you to fuck m-"

But Sara's lips were already on Jake's, and she pulled the transformed male towards her, tasting her sweetness. Their naked bodies pressed against one another, feeling hard muscle on soft curves, strong manliness against fragile femininity. They kissed, their tongues dancing in each other's mouth's, hands running through each other's hair. Sara played with her husband's sensitive tits, and he groaned in her arms, utterly submissive. It made her feel powerful, dominant even. She had not felt a sense of power and equality in their relationship in a long time, and she was surprised at how good it felt. She groped him further, gripping her soft ass and pulling her into the bedroom. For she did indeed now see her husband as a *her*, just as she was increasingly seeing herself as a *him*.

The pixie followed, fascinated and a little turned on itself as the two fell onto the bed, their forms still writhing. Jake's needy hands played with Sara's cock, teasing his girth and cupping his balls. Sara in turn placed his lips around Jake's large left nipples, and began to suck at it, causing her to gasp. Both were in the throes of passion, partly magically induced, but also in part their own new bodies' desires. Little did they know, but Ashley and Mike were a passionate pairing in the privacy of their own home, with a high libido to match each other.

Now Sara and Jake were cursed and blessed in equal measure with this horniness. It didn't take long for Jake to find herself beneath her newly male partner's body. She spread her legs automatically, feeling it to be natural. She needed that cock within her, however much it simultaneously terrified her.

"Oh God, why are we doing this?" she moaned, as her nipple was further teased. Sara placed a strong hand around her soft waist, and she practically cooed at the feeling of being made utterly submissive. For so long, Jake had given up control in the relationship in favour of laziness. Now, as a woman, she had found a wanton submissiveness instead.

"I d-don't know," Sara gasped, readying his penis to enter Jake, "but I need this. I need to fuck you Jake."

"But it's not right," Jake moaned, cupping her own breasts and widening her legs further. "We - we shouldn't!"

"Please," Sara said, feeling further dominant. "You've been fucking me for ages. Making me the breadwinner. Making me do the chores. Making me do everything. Now honey, it's time you got fucked instead."

He pressed the head of his mighty penis against the tight opening of her vagina, and Jake could only moan in heat. She gripped the penis, trying to push it away, but her horniness got the better of her, and she pulled it inside her instead. Jake let out a keening groan of ecstasy as she was penetrated. It was alien. It was strange. It was unlike anything she had ever felt before as a man. And it was so, so wonderful. Her vaginal walls were tight around the girth of Sara's member, and so many nerves were being stimulated that she was almost incapable of forming words.

"H-h-h-holy shit," she managed.

Sara could only nod, before sliding even deeper within her husband's moist depths. He couldn't believe the power he felt, overwhelming his adorably feminine husband, groping at her breast as he began to slowly pump within her. Jake writhed, crying out in feminine passion as they both began to buck their hips. This would not be a long session; they were too overcome with need and arousal to last long. A climax was already building in their respective bodies.

Jake fell to feminine moans and screeches, scratching at Sara's back and wrapping her legs around him. Her cunt was milking his cock expertly, and his large breasts bounced with every bucking motion. They fell into an ever-fastening rhythm, their pleasure mounting with every moment. Jake felt her insides widen to accommodate the huge cock, while Sara grunted in manly throes of pleasure, feeling his balls throb with aching need.

Finally, as they thrust ever more, they were both sent utterly over the edge. Sara froze deep within Jake's vagina, and he gasped as thick wads of sperm shot out from her penis deep into his waiting womb. Jake in turn cried out, gasping and moaning like a bitch in

heat, head writhing on the pillow. She kissed Sara deeply, feeling the warmth within her belly as more and more cum shot deep within her.

What felt like minutes passed, and finally Sara managed to withdraw. He felt spent, having experienced a single powerful orgasm. Jake had jelly-like legs, having experienced a wave of multiple orgasms in contrast to Sara's one. For a long time, they lay on the bed, utterly naked, appearing identical to their friends, getting their breathing under control. The pixie waited, anticipating the next moment.

"What in God's name did we just do?" Jake asked. Her body felt so sensitive, and she could feel Sara's seed leaking out of her.

"We just fucked," Sara replied, feeling oddly good about himself. "And it was good."

"Good? Good!? I'm a woman, Sara! I've turned into Ashley, for Christ's sake!"

Sara smirked. He was nervous too, and unsure what all this meant, but it felt good to watch his former husband squirm. He tried to think of a diplomatic reply, when suddenly a loud rumbling sound came from Jake's flat stomach. Jake gritted her teeth, feeling a strange churning sensation in the pit of her belly.

"What - ahhh - what the?"

Again, the rumbling came, louder this time, and it was accompanied by a strange pressure also. It increased, and Jake pressed her thin hands against her tummy, unsure of what was happening but more and more discomfited.

"Ooohhh . . . nnnngghh . . . ah, what is h-happening now? Hasn't that damn m-monking done enough?"

Sara's eyes widened as Jake's belly became a little more taut, a slight convex dome developing. Her once-male husband was starting to breathe in short, sharp bursts, hands pressed against her belly as it became increasingly tight and pressurised.

"OHhhhhh . . . s-so damn t-tight!" she moaned, unsure of what was happening.

Sara had an idea. He pulled himself up into a sitting position, watching Jake still flat on her back, and noticing even more changes from her slight vantage point; her skin was becoming even softer, her hips spreading a little wider, her ass beneath her developing a little more roundness. Her nipples darkened slightly, areola expanding.

"I think, honey," he said, seeing Jake's discomfited expression, "that there is one large change still to go. Very large."

"What - Ohhhhhhhh - what do you m-mean?" she gasped.

"Ash is six months *pregnant*, remember?"

Jake's baby blue eyes shot wide, and her jaw fell. She tried to pull herself into a sitting position, and struggled due to the rapid increase in pace of her changes. The pixie giggled, dancing within her womb and causing the foetus within it to develop at an accelerated speed. Little arms and legs and facial features grew in mere moments, and

uterine fluid flooded into Jake's belly, causing it to tighten and pressurise and surge outward in size. Soon, she had a pot belly, then a very obvious pregnant belly. She skipped forward in months in mere minutes, clutching her dome. Jake clenched her eyes shut and let out a long, whimpering groan, unable to stand the pressure as she shot past the first trimester and raced towards the end of the second. Her baby grew within her, shifting and rotating and even kicking as it developed.

"D-don't w-want a baby!" she gasped.

But Sara did, and he couldn't help but look on in wonder and a little malicious joy at Jake's increasingly round belly. It was full with life, and her former husband gasped as her already-sizeable tits swelled yet again, becoming full Double-D's, on the verge of perhaps an E-cup. Her entire body possessed the gorgeous maternal curves of a pretty mother to be, and the possibility of becoming a parent - even if Sara had to play the father instead - gave him a shiver of excitement.

"N-noooo, I'm not a damn m-mother!" Jake continued. Her hands were increasingly separated as they clutched either side of her swelling dome. Her previously thin waist melted into its expanse as it widened, heavy on her front. It sat on her lap, and to her astonishment, as its growth slowed, she could feel the life within her kicking and moving.

"I don't think you've got a choice, Jake," Sara said, placing a hand on her distended abdomen, "you're becoming identical to Ashley in every way, including being six months pregnant."

Jake managed to get her breathing under control as the last finishing touches on her pregnancy manifested. "This - this is impossible. We must be dreaming. I'm not ready for this! This is crazy!"

Her boobs wobbled with her panicked motions, and Sara reached out a masculine arm to comfort his new 'wife'.

"Honey, this is crazy, but it's definitely not a dream. The Laughing Wish Monkey was real."

"This is your fault! You made the wish!"

Jake was crying by this point, her pregnancy hormones going crazy in her system. But Sara was unsympathetic. In fact, he was relishing this magical reversal, however strange it was.

"Don't make this my fault," he commanded, and to his welcome surprise Jake halted and looked to his lead. "You're the one who let this place be a sty. You're the one who couldn't get off his fat ass to fix up the house. Well, I'm sorry Jake, but I wouldn't have made the wish if you'd been a good husband."

Jake seemed to absorb this. Perhaps it was the hormones, but she actually felt guilty. She looked over her very pregnant form, terrified to realise she was not only a woman, but with child too.

“What - what do we do, then?”

Sara leaned closer. That question occupied his mind as well. It terrified him, what had happened, and also what might happen next. And yet there was a feeling of power now, of possibility.

“Well, Jake, first we get some clothing to fit our new bodies. I’m sorry to say my bras will be too small for your impressive bust. Then, we get in touch with Mike and Ashley and show them what’s happened. They’ll have to believe us. And then . . .”

Jake turned her big blue eyes upon Sara, hopeful for some solution.

“And then?”

“And then,” Sara grinned, placing a firm hand over his partner’s swollen belly, and caressing her roundness, “you can get to work on making sure this house is *actually* clean going forwards. After all, you’re a housewife now, ‘hubby’, and we need to start thinking about the health of the baby.”

The pixie threw little fireworks into the air, celebrating its success. It disappeared in a flash, satisfied with its work, and savouring the worried expression on Jake’s feminine face.

## **Two Years Later . . .**

It was a perfect summer day, and both couples were having a midday barbecue together at the park. Onlookers occasionally glanced at the strange sight before them; a pair of doubles, two sets of twins, apparently both married to the sibling of the other. Two gorgeous redheads with fine curves and generous busts, and two tall, athletic brunettes with muscular frames and square jaws. And both with little bubs running around, occasionally returning to their supervising mothers. Even the toddlers were identical, and for fun, the mothers had dressed them identically also.

Samuel flipped the hamburgers expertly on the grill, much to the praise of Mike.

“Nicely done, *twin*,” he said in jest.

Samuel grinned at his identical double. “Cheers. Looks like I also inherited those wonderful reflexes of yours,” he replied.

Mike just laughed. “Man, it’s still crazy to think about, having a twin now.”

“How do you think I feel?” Sam said with a laugh, flipping another burger. “I went from being an overstressed, rail-thin woman to *this*.”

He gestured at his tall frame and muscled body, which stretched the polo shirt attractively. Indeed, it had taken time to get used to the reactions to his new form, but the man once known as Sara when he’d been female had become accustomed to the interested

gazes of women and jealous looks from men. He'd also gotten used to being taken more seriously, particularly when he was able to make his way back into lawyering, thanks to Mike and Ashley helping he and Jennifer to forge new identities. It had taken time to do so, time and money, and it wasn't easy convincing people that their popular friends had secretly had twins all along that they'd never mentioned. But while it was suspicious, who could really deny it with the evidence in front of them? Of course, only they knew that in reality, Sam and Jen were more akin to full-blown clones than twins.

Mike just gave a shrug, and passed another beer to Sam. That was another thing Samuel liked about being a man: being able to hold a lot more beer. He took it thankfully, and cracked it open.

"Well," Mike said, sipping his own drink, "it seems like you're pretty satisfied with it. Does that mean my body is acceptable to you?"

"More than," Sam replied. "Thank God I got 'stuck' as a fit muscle man."

"I bet Jen likes it."

"She claims she doesn't, but in the privacy of our home, she can barely keep her hands off me."

Mike cackled. "Same with Ash. Well, she was obviously born a girl, so she's happy being a bit clingy in public. But man, now that you're a dude I can tell you this; she's a total tiger in bed. She practically needs me once a night."

"Well, that explains my Jen, alright," Sam said, continuing to work a grill. "She still claims she hates being a woman, and she probably does, but she certainly doesn't shy away from the sex."

"Well, we can see the evidence of that, can't we?"

Both men turned, gazing at their lovely ladies sitting on the picnic rug they had brought. Ashley was gorgeous and thin, playing with little Malcolm. Jennifer on the other hand, looked a little embarrassed, even as she entertained little Peter. Part of that was the fact that she still got a little antsy going out in public wearing a summer dress. The other, literally larger part, was the fact that her belly was once more rounded with pregnancy. She caressed her swollen stomach with one hand, sighing to the air.

"Getting wistful about being a man again, sis?" Ashley asked.

"How can you tell?" Jennifer replied, passing some banana to her son to eat.

Ash gave a sympathetic smile. "You just get that look sometimes, like you miss being a man."

"It's still weird for me, even two years on. Perhaps it's just all these pregnancy hormones. I certainly didn't expect to ever get pregnant again!"

"I know! And before Mike and I tried for another, though I must admit, you're making me jealous."

Jen sighed, and rested her chin in her hands. “Don’t be. I feel huge. Like a beached whale. And this little guy is kicking worse than Peter ever did. And my boobs feel massive.”

“They *are* massive. I think you’ve outdone me in that department. I’m just glad one of us finally looks different, unlike those hunky twins over there.”

Jen sighed again, unable to help herself from being attracted to her husband, and his ‘twin.’ They were tall, powerfully built, and it made her heterosexual female brain short circuit. She knew it was weird, to be into dudes, but after two years it was impossible to deny, just as it was impossible to deny how much she loved getting penetrated by him. After all, she hadn’t gotten pregnant by immaculate conception. There had been a *lot* of fucking involved.

“God, I’d never thought I’d ever become a pregnant housewife,” Jen sighed. “Especially pregnant more than once.”

She rubbed her round stomach, feeling the life stirring within her. Already she was dreading the experience of birth again. Even if it had been relatively ‘smooth’ according to the doctor’s, it had made the pain any less, or the feeling of having a human child literally be pushed out of her vagina any less alien.

“You’ll do alright,” Ash said, rubbing her twin’s back encouragingly. “Plus, from what I see, you’re an amazing mother.”

“And a great housewife!” Samuel declared, as the two men approached, plates piled with finished food. “You should see the meals she cooks, and how clean the house is.”

Jen blushed a deep shade of red, crossing her arms beneath her breasts and showing more than a little cleavage. Both men exchanged a knowing look; it was easier to admit attraction to the other’s wife given they were literally the same woman.

“You don’t have to mention it every time,” Jennifer said, cheeks still rosy. She pulled little Peter against her. He was no longer feeding, but he was a total momma’s boy, and she had learned fast that being a mother was a full-time job. “I told you when I was a man that I would get around to the housework.”

Sam laughed as he sat down, setting her a full plate. She was, after all, starving.

“Sure you would love, it just took becoming a pregnant woman for that to happen.”

He reached out and caressed her stomach, and she shivered at his touch. It felt good, despite her frustration at her situation. She knew it wouldn’t be the last pregnancy either; Samuel had made it clear he wanted a big family, particularly since he’d had two promotions since his change and could easily afford it. She just sighed, resigning herself to her fate, and smiling awkwardly at her twin and her husband.

“You’re right, but I can still be annoyed at you from time to time. It still feels all weird to me. It wasn’t exactly my life plan to become a preggo housewife. God, I miss beer.”

She placed her chin in her hands, once more, pouting. It was a cute look.

Sam leaned forward and kissed her, and she returned it.

“Honey, let’s just be thankful for what we have. You can’t deny our relationship is a lot better now, can you?”

Jennifer looked to Ashley and Mike, who themselves were sharing a loving kiss before they ate. She couldn’t help but smile a little, even if she was still embarrassed. She looked to Sam, and felt that same stirring of love and attraction, even among the irritability. And she felt the warmth of her own huggy son against her maternal body, just as Malcolm was calling for Ashley’s attention at that very moment. It was like looking into a mirror, and she didn’t entirely hate what she saw.

“Well, like you said love,” Jennifer said, “we’re a lot more like our friends now.”

They set down for lunch, Jen eating for two. And somewhere, far away, perhaps already tormenting a new deserving individual, the pixie laughed.

**The End**