

Love Thy Neighbour (TG Mind Control)

By FoxFaceStories

A Story Tier Prompt for TG Sorcerer

Ben is jealous of his best friend Allen's success in life. Allen has an amazing, beautiful wife named Scarlet, a great job, and a perfect house, while Ben has none of these things. But when Ben makes a wish using a magical hand-me-down to have all that Allen has, things go much further than he intends. Soon all Ben, Allen, and Scarlet all find their roles rearranged . . . permanently.

Love Thy Neighbour

"Thanks for coming over Ben," Allen said as his friend was readying to leave. "Scarlet and I are just so glad to have a friend like you, aren't we Scarlet?"

"We sure are," the gorgeous redhead said.

"Gee, thanks guys," Ben said. "It was a lovely dinner. I really appreciate it."

"Well, I know how hard things have been for you lately."

Ben blushed a little, feeling embarrassed. He disguised it by pretending to go for his hat. Try as he might, he couldn't stop feeling jealous of Allen. He knew it was wrong of him. After all, they'd been best friends since high school, and now the two of them were in their late twenties and still catching up each week for dinner. Only now it felt less like hanging out with a friend, and more like receiving charity. The reasons were obvious. Whereas Allen had found great success in investing in the stock market, Ben was stuck in a dead end night guard job that only paid minimum wage. Whereas Allen had a perfect house with four bedrooms and a spacious living area and backyard, Ben was forced to reside in a ratty apartment that he could barely afford. And whereas Allen had found a gorgeous wife in the fiery Scarlet, a curvaceous redhead with an impressive Double-D cup bust and a perfect hourglass figure, Ben could barely manage to keep a girlfriend, often due to his money situation. It was humiliating, and every time he caught up with his friend, it only reminded him that Allen had everything he wanted.

He gave a sigh as he reached the doorstep.

"Look guys, I really appreciate the help. I do. Scarlet cooks such a great chicken."

"You bet I do," she said, grinning proudly. "Just wait till you taste my lamb."

Ben tried not to look too obviously smitten with her. He'd been Allen's best man, and he'd done his best to hide that Scarlet was literally the embodiment of his perfect woman. Hell, any man's perfect woman! She could cook, clean, and fill out any dress in all the right

places. Not to mention she had a quick wit. And to hear Allen say it, she had an incredible sex drive on top of it all.

“Well, about that,” Ben said. “I don’t want to have to keep leaning on you guys.”

Allen put up a hand. “I don’t want to hear another word, Ben. You’ve been my best friend all my life, you literally brought me to the party where I met Scarlet. We’ll help as long as you get back on your feet.”

Ben sighed, grateful, yet also a little irritated. “I just . . . I just wish I had the lives you guys have.”

Scarlet gave a sympathetic smile as she hung on her husband’s arm.

“There’s someone out there for you, tiger. You’ll catch her.”

“Yeah, I know.”

“Things will improve,” Allen said. “I know it.”

Ben sighed again, nodded, and gave several more pitiful thanks.

“All the best you two,” he said, “not that you need it.”

And with that, he walked out the door.

Ben entered his ratty apartment, feeling utterly exhausted. He’d walked home rather than cost himself the cab. He didn’t want Allen or Scarlet to know he’d had to sell his cheap-ass vehicle just to get by. He swatted a spider and got rid of its nest, and then decided to unwind with a beer. After a couple of drinks, he visited the bathroom to take a piss, and he took a heavy breath at his reflection. He wasn’t ugly. In fact, he had an innate rugged handsomeness, with his dark hair and square jaw. But he looked beaten down by life, which he felt.

“I wish I had their life,” he said to himself. “I wish I had a hot lady like Scarlet on my arm. God, just to fuck someone like her would give me the energy I need. At least enough to make it through another day of being a fucking loser.”

As he said this, he stepped past a stack of hand-me-downs that had been given to him by his late great aunt, and nearly tripped over them. He just managed to catch his beer in time, but as he righted himself, he saw a strange little red rock fall from the pile, one that was glowing softly.

“Hello there,” he said. “I remember you.”

He picked up the warm little rock and examined it. It sparkled a little, almost unnaturally.

“You’re that wishing rock that Great Aunt Janice was always going on about. The one that could supposedly change my destiny.” He chuckled lightly. “She used to have several of

them, the crazy rich old bat. How did she manage to live to one hundred and twelve anyway? Or get so rich? She claimed it was because when she was little, that she'd found the site of a fallen shooting star and collected dozens of its glowing rocks. Each of them, allegedly, contained the power to grant a single irreversible wish. One that would be permanent and could not be overridden. No one in the family believed her, but as a kid, Ben had loved her stories, and so once she passed she had imparted one of her treasures to him. He had packed it away as a nice memory and not thought about it.

Until now.

"Huh, the old wishing rock. Damn if I don't want you to be real."

It really did look supernatural, with its soft glow and strangely smooth surface.

"Ah, what the hell," he said to himself. "Can't get much lower than I am. How about this then? I wish I had everything that my friend Allen has. There!"

He scoffed at the ridiculousness of it all, and the fact that he'd been privately hoping.

And then the stone glowed ever brighter. It became hot in his hand, and he became startled as it glowed so bright it was almost impossible to see. He was about to yell for help when suddenly it *exploded*, dissipated in a puff of red mist.

And then it was gone.

"Holy crap," he said. "That . . . does that mean it's real?"

His mind reeled with possibilities. What if it *was* real? He'd just made the perfect wish!

At least, he thought so.

Ben's hopes were dashed over the next few days. There seemed to be no change in his home situation. He had been invited to Allen's again, and had reluctantly accepted, needing to cut down on grocery expenses. He forgot the stone, attributing his mad temporary belief in its power to him being a bit more tipsy than he realised that night.

But everything changed when he visited Allen's for dinner.

He arrived at their doorstep as he usually did, having walked again. To his surprise, it was Scarlet that answered the door, looking a bit haggard instead of possessing her usual beauty. She looked worried.

"Oh, h-hello Ben," she said awkwardly. She seemed distracted. "I'd forgotten you were coming."

"Is it a bad time?"

"N-no. Please come in. Allen will be happy to see you. It will lift his spirits."

He entered, and when he saw his friend in the living room he gasped: the man had red hair.

“Wow, bold choice Allen!” he joked.

But Allen didn’t laugh. “It’s not dye,” he said. “It just changed out of the blue! I’ve got no idea why!”

“What do you mean it just changed?”

“I mean today I woke up with red hair, and Scarlet woke with black! There’s no explanation! Not to mention the troubles at work . . .”

Ben inquired: apparently Allen’s finances had taken a significant dip in the stock market, and furthermore he had been demoted at his accounting firm.

“Dude, I’m so sorry! What the hell - have you been to the doctor?”

“I’m heading there in two days. For some reason I couldn’t make an earlier booking, and it doesn’t seem to be an emergency.”

“I guess there are worse fates than being ginger,” Scarlet said with a chuckle, indicating her own gorgeous, fiery hair.

“Yes, but I’d rather not sprout red hair all at once,” Allen said. “I’m sorry Ben, we’ve only got snacks tonight. But please stick around. I could use the comfort of my best friend. It’s weird, actually, I kind of feel like I *need* it, you know?”

Ben smiled. “What are friends for?”

To Ben’s surprise, he was given a great job offer the very next day, and at Allen’s accounting firm no less! He only had a rudimentary understanding of the work, and yet over the phone he was repeatedly assured this didn’t matter: he would be trained on the job. He hadn’t even made an application for the job, why would he? But for reasons they couldn’t explain, they wanted him, and at a high starting salary, no less. It was the break he’d been looking for, and he was keen to sign on immediately.

“Man, if this is the wish’s doing, I wished well!” he said to himself.

The deal was even sweeter on the day following that, when he was asked to come in to sign his contract. To his astonishment, he was starting in a management position somehow. He asked several times if there had been a mistake, and yet there wasn’t one: someone saw potential in him. It even came with a company car included, which solved his transportation issues!

He wondered if this was somehow Allen’s doing, maybe even the reason he had been demoted, for handing out a contract to his mate, but it turned out not to be the case at

all. Not only did Allen categorically deny it, but he was actually working *beneath* Ben now, much to both their shock.

“I have no idea how you got this job,” Allen said, his voice a little scratchy and high. “Don’t get me wrong, I’m glad for you Ben. But it’s very weird! Almost as weird as this strange condition I’ve got.”

Ben looked at his friend. Scarlet was concerned for her husband, and for good reason: Allen’s features had softened, and now his eyes were turning *green*. Scarlet also had emerald green eyes, and the two were increasingly looking like twins, especially since Allen looked like he’d lost both weight and - impossibly - height as well.

“You’ve got to see a doctor, dude,” Ben said.

“That’s what I keep telling him!” Scarlet exclaimed. “This is all weird!”

She was wearing a tight blue dress that conformed to her perfect features, revealing her wide hips and impressive bust. Ben was struggling not to look at her.

Allen sighed, his voice sounding less masculine than it should have. “I know, I know. I don’t know *why* I missed that doctor’s appointment today. I promise I’ll make the next one.”

“Good,” they both said.

“It’s just . . . Ben, did you want to catch up for lunch tomorrow?”

Ben was confused, but nodded. “I’d love to. So long as you’re cool having lunch with your boss?”

Allen cringed a little, obviously trying to hide his frustration that his friend had somehow become his superior at work out of nowhere.

“Yeah, yeah. I just . . . I don’t know. I feel this strange need to just catch up with you that I can’t ignore. Maybe I just want to hang out outside of these dinners.”

“I’d love it,” said Ben. “I’m not free tomorrow, but the day after? Let’s do that. You two have a good night. Seeya Scarlet.”

“Seeya Ben,” she said.

It was funny, her sexy, sultry tone reminded him of Allen somehow.

“This *has* to be the wish,” Ben said to himself. Somehow, he’d won the lottery - a lottery he’d never entered. It was easily enough to buy an upscale house, the kind that Allen had, and there just happened to be one near the same neighbourhood, a lot closer than his crappy apartment.

“There’s no way this is all natural. The magic was real! I’m getting a life just like Allen’s!”

He was positively giddy, but that giddiness became a lot more muddled when he met up with Allen for lunch. His friend had changed even further, and was shaking with worry. Ben could see why: his formerly brown-haired, tall, and masculine friend looked positively androgynous, if not feminine. His hair was the same bright fiery red as Scarlet's, and now it hung to his shoulders inexplicably. His face was soft, his jaw no longer wide, and his blemishes were all gone. His eyes were now fully emerald in colour, and his lips appeared fuller. But that wasn't all: his frame had shrunk, and his 6'1 height was a mere 5'8 now. He wore a casual shirt and pants, but his figure didn't look very manly anymore. In fact, his chest looked like it was developing two round bumps.

"I don't understand what's happening to me," he sobbed in a voice that sounded more female than male. To Ben's surprise, his friend hugged him, clutched him like he was the only piece of floating wood in a churning sea. His body was strangely soft. "Work is going downhill, it's like everyone suddenly thinks I can't do my job anymore. Our investments all crashed, and I'm going to have to sell the home. And Scarlet is treating me weird. She keeps acting like all these ch-changes to me aren't all that bad. But look at me!"

"Dude, you need to get to a hospital! You seriously look like a chick!"

"I kn-know! But I c-can't. Every time I try to go I can't bring myself to do it. I just want to go to you instead. You're my best friend, Ben."

"But I'm no doctor! What's happening to you?"

Allen sobbed. "S-sorry, I feel so emotional lately. My body keeps changing. My dick is getting smaller. I think - Oh God - I think I'm turning into a woman. It doesn't make any sense, but I'm growing tits, and my voice . . ."

Ben did his best to comfort his friend as they ate, but his mind was racing, centering on the wish he'd made. He was having what he thought of as a 'lightbulb moment.' The changes to his own life - the new house, the new car, the new job, the new prospects - were all occurring in reverse for his friend. Allen's wealth was dissipating, he was losing out on work, and apparently having to downsize. And Scarlet was growing distant, even as his body became more and more like hers.

The last point made his eyes go wide as he examined his friend's changed form. How had he not noticed before? Allen really was looking more and more like his own wife, right down to her cute button nose and full, sensual lips. He was developing all the signs of an hourglass figure, and his height was nearly equal to hers.

The realisation rocked Ben to his core. Somehow, his wish had been granted . . . but at the expense of Allen's own prosperity and situation. He'd wished for everything that his friend Allen had, and somehow it was warping reality so that . . . what? Allen was becoming a woman? So that Ben would get his wife?

It was still unclear to him, but it still shook him. As he made an excuse to leave Allen reached out a surprisingly soft, dainty hand and took his fingers, holding them gently yet firmly.

“Please don’t go,” he said, wiping another tear.

“I’m sorry, I have to Allen. I need to get back to work. We’ll catch up again soon, okay?”

Allen nodded. “I just feel . . . weird without you. I can’t explain it.”

Ben patted his friend’s hand, and left.

Ben’s prospects continued to skyrocket. Somehow, despite lacking qualifications, work was happy to train him extensively in his high-paying managerial role. His employees treated him as if he’d always been their boss, and even when he made mistakes they were easily corrected and dealt with, and he received none of the blowback. Impossibly, his new house had been confirmed, and he was already in the process of moving in, with the company car slotting neatly into the garage. He even felt healthier: he no longer looked haggard or tired, and he felt healthier than he had in years. When he looked in the mirror, he saw the best version of himself.

The same could not be said for Allen, who was increasingly womanly with each passing day. He now had full B-cups breasts with pink nipples - he’d almost *too* readily shown them to Ben. His figure was more and more feminine, with wide hips and thicker thighs, and his ass was undeniably a perfect peach shape. He had lowered to a mere 5’7, and his hair now hung past his shoulders, almost identical to Scarlet’s. The poor man was agitated, unable to seek proper help and unable to confide in his own wife, who treated his changing body as only a minor inconvenience.

“It’s like I haven’t changed at all to her! To anyone!” he whined, his voice now high and melodic. He was at Ben’s place, having to rely on visiting occasionally now due to issues with money that were getting worse. Ben was happy to have his friend over and feed him. Despite his guilt over the wish, he couldn’t stop being fascinated by his friend’s changes.

“You’re the only one that recognises who I used to be,” Allen said. “Just the other day Scarlet stopped calling me my own name. She started calling me *Trish* instead. Do I look like a *Trish* to you?”

Ben gave an awkward bite of his lip. “You sort of do, Allen. I mean, if I saw you on the street, I’d think you were a woman. In fact, I’d think you were Scarlet’s sister.”

“That’s what she called me yesterday! She said ‘sis, can you help me with this?’” Allen wiped several tears away. “God, I’m always crying now. I feel so emotional. So fucking girly! What the hell is happening to me?”

Ben sat down next to her and she pressed herself against him. He felt himself stiffen a little, his penis hardening in response to this increasingly gorgeous near-woman seeking comfort from him. He couldn’t believe it, but he was becoming very attracted to his friend. In that moment, he knew he had to come clean.

“Trish - I mean Ben, sorry. I have something to confess. I think - I think I might be responsible for your changes.”

Allen looked at him aghast. “I don’t understand,” he said, his face demure and innocent.

Ben explained the whole story. The wish-granting shooting star stone, the wish he’d made, the changes he’d noticed in his life, and then in Allen’s. As he told it, his friend’s jaw dropped, and his body began to shake with anger and fear.

“You did this to me!?” he shouted. “You - you’ve taken everything from me!”

“I didn’t mean to!”

“But why am I becoming a woman? I don’t understand!”

Ben gave his friend a sympathetic look, gazing over his increasingly female form. “I think you really are becoming Scarlet’s twin. I wished to have everything you have, and somehow the wish has paired us. My gains are your losses.”

“But why don’t you just get her - I would never want you to, of course. She’s the love of my life! But why me!?”

“Like I said, I think it paired us, somehow. In order for me to gain, you need to lose. I had no idea it worked this way or I never would have done it. But it means you’re becoming Trish, and . . . and I think it means you’re going to become my *wife*, Allen.”

Allen was frozen in horror. He ran his fingers through his fiery red hair. “That’s why I feel these compulsions to be - to be near you. Why when I’m around you, I f-feel things. I need to go.”

Ben stood. “Listen, Trish.”

“My name’s not Trish! Leave me alone! Don’t come near me! I’ll sort this out myself.”

“But the wish is permanent! Irreversible. I’m sorry Allen, but it’s going to happen. I promise I’ll treat you well!”

But ‘Trish’ had already left.

Nearly a week passed without Ben seeing his friend again. He tried reaching out several times to Scarlet, even visiting her, but she had no idea where 'Trish' was, as she now called him/her.

"Oh, you know my twin sister, always gallivanting about. She'll be back, Ben. She sometimes does this. You know she loves you."

Ben could only look at this incredibly gorgeous, busty, beautiful woman and imagine how Allen was coping becoming the same.

"Thanks Scarlet. How is the rental search going, anyway?"

She sighed. "It'd be easier if I had a boyfriend or something to help me pay for it! Now that Trish is moving in with you soon, I won't have anyone to help me. But don't worry, I'll land on my own two feet."

Ben wished her the best, and went home.

"Shit, she thinks Allen and I are married. In this new universe, we probably are. I wonder where she's gone."

He realised that he was already thinking of his friend as a she.

"I didn't mean to do this, mate," he said to nobody in particular. "But I promise I'll be a good husband to you, if you come back."

It was raining when Allen/Trish turned up on Ben's doorstep. He answered the door and was surprised to see Scarlet standing there, soaked and looking drop dead sexy in a tight, lowcut red dress that matched her hair.

"Scarlet! What's happened? Is Trish okay?"

"It's me, Ben," she said, breathing rapidly. Her cleavage was sleek with fallen droplets, and rising and falling heavily. "It's A-A-Trish. It's Trish now."

"Shit. Oh my God, Trish. Come in, come in!"

He let her in, and she stepped forward in high heels in a way that immediately made him aroused. He felt bad, but even wet she was a vision of sensual beauty, her hips sashaying from side to side as she walked.

"How are things? Where have you been?"

She glared. "How do you think things are? I've lost everything, even my identity! Scarlet thinks I'm her twin, and I look it, too! I have a pussy, Ben! A fucking pussy! I've got a big pair of tits that won't stop bouncing, and I can't help but put on makeup and wear dresses just like my sister does. I mean my wife! God, I can't even automatically call her my wife anymore!"

Ben moved closer to hug her, but she pulled away, appearing agitated.

“DON’T! Don’t . . . don’t touch me. I . . . the compulsions are strong. I’ve tried to stop it, but I had to come back to you. I don’t have my old home anymore - this is my home, somehow. Your stupid wish has turned me into your freakin’ wife!”

“I know, I’m sorry. But . . . I’ll do my best, Trish. I’ll be a good husband.”

She moaned, almost a little sensually. “Oh G-God. The compulsions. It’s not fair! I don’t want this! I want my life back, Ben!”

But still, she stepped closer towards him, her breasts bobbing in her top, causing him to become further erect. She seemed to notice his arousal; her green eyes locked onto his throbbing cock which was outlined against his trousers, and she licked her lips.

“N-no. I want to f-fight this! I couldn’t fight the clothing, or the makeup, or even c-coming back here. But I don’t want to - oohhhhhh God. I’m doing this!”

She crossed the floor and wrapped her soft arms around him, kissing at his neck and forehead. Ben was momentarily startled, but quickly gave in to the passion of the moment. He kissed back, overwhelmed by her sheer sexiness.

“Trish, oh God. This is amazing.”

“This is t-terrible,” she grunted, even as she pushed him back to the bedroom and began sliding out of her dress, revealing her full breasts contained in her tight lingerie. “But I n-need it so bad. I need to be your wife. I need to please you. All because of your - Mmhm - your wish!”

Soon he was taking off his clothes as well, and she was stroking his penis even harder with her dainty hand, moaning as she got him off. He in turn shoved his face into her tits, sucking at her nipples, delirious with pleasure at finally being able to feel another woman as ripe and busty and fertile as Scarlet.

“God, your tits are so amazing!”

“They f-feel amazing! Fuck! I don’t want this to f-feel so goooood!”

She removed her panties, and he removed his briefs, and soon the unexpected couple were on the bed together, she lying on her back, posing sexily as lined his fat cock up against her moist slit.

“D-don’t f-fuck me! Please!” she begged.

He halted, realising how far they were going.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean for this, Trish,” he said.

She looked at him, her eyes desperate and yet looking utterly desirous.

“F-fuck. I can’t fight it. I need you to cum inside me! I need your big cock, just like Scarlet always did! I’m her fucking twin, and I want it as bad as she always does!”

And with that, she grabbed his shaft, and guided him inside her. She groaned in pleasure as he entered her, and soon he was thrusting, taking advantage of his new wife, fucking his best friend into delirious oblivion, making the former-Allen a woman in full. She

shrieked, her voice a sweet soprano, her breasts wobbling on her chest. He groped and licked her large nipples as he fucked her, and soon they were both right at the edge.

“I’m g-going to c-cum!” she cried. “Oh G-God! I’m going to c-cum!”

Ben realised he wasn’t wearing any protection, but he was too turned on to care. Allen had talked about planning to start a family with Scarlet until recently, and in that moment Ben realised that any family Allen would have from now on, *she* would be the one carrying and birthing, as his sexy pregnant wife.

It was a hot enough image that he came all the harder, ejaculating for what felt like minutes into her tunnel. She clutched him, crying out in unwanted ecstasy.

“It f-feels too good!” she cried, “I don’t want to want this, but I dooooo!”

She writhed in a series of orgasms, and finally they collapsed, their naked bodies intertwined.

“Oh God,” Trish said, pressing her chest against his side and holding him close. “I’ve become your wife. I’m stuck like this, aren’t I?”

They had officially consummated their new marriage, and would go on to consummate it several more times that night. After all, Trish was very, very needy, whether she wanted to be or not.

It was six months later, and Ben had accepted his new life and gotten over his guilt. He had an amazing house with a big backyard, a high-paying job with great benefits, and now a sexy, busty, and horny redhead to call his wife who he fucked every day. No matter how much Trish tried to fight it, tried to be Allen again, she always lost against her new compulsions to be Ben’s sultry, submissive partner. She couldn’t help but wear revealing dresses and tight outfits that showed off her perfect figure and double-D cup bust, or style her hair and makeup so that she was always desirable. She was miserable in her powerless wifely role, and was resigned to having Ben thrust his large cock inside her whenever her arousal peaked, which was often. She even gave frequent blowjobs, and was horrified to find that now only was she incredibly good at them, but Ben’s semen was utterly addictive to her new taste buds.

She had become an exact copy of Scarlet, the wife she still loved but was now forever out of reach as her twin sister. Scarlet and the wider world had forgotten that Allen ever existed, and now the former man’s housing and finances were entirely dependent on her husband, just as her ‘job’ was now to be his sexy, showy housewife who pleased him every night.

The passion had led to consequences, ones that Ben knew his wife was still coming to terms with. After all, when she'd started throwing up her breakfast in the morning and complaining that her boobs were even bigger, it hadn't taken long for a pregnancy test to confirm what he already suspected. Now, his former friend-turned-wife was entering the second trimester, and her belly was beginning to expand much more rapidly, just like her breasts. She was practically glowing, despite the fact that she had never imagined or wanted to be an expectant mother-to-be.

"I can't believe you got me pregnant," she grumbled, rubbing her slowly growing belly. "Me, your best friend. None of this is fair."

"I'm sorry," Ben said, "but it's how things are now. We just have to move on, and accept it."

"Easy for you to say. You're not the one who got stuck as his best friend's wife and knocked up."

She was wearing a gorgeous blue maternity dress when they visited Scarlet across town. Despite occasionally fighting her new fate, she was compelled to hang onto Ben's arm, something that made him feel quite comfortable. Ben had stuck by his word and tried to treat Trish like a perfect wife, but he had stopped trying to fight their new pairing a long time ago, and simply embraced the benefits the wish had given him. He rubbed his wife's belly as they sat down on Scarlet's couch, Trish's new sister beaming at her twin's 'glowing' state.

"I'm so jealous, sis! I always wanted to start a family."

"I know," she said a little morosely, clutching her belly. "It's a lot to take in, realising I'm going to be a mother in six months."

"We're very happy though, aren't we?" Ben said, taking her hand.

She gave a smile, but he knew she was just playing her role thanks to the compulsions. Maybe one day she'd learn to enjoy her new life.

"You two!" Scarlet said, sighing. "I just wish I was as lucky as my twin. I want what you guys have."

Ben just smiled as he clutched Trish's body against him, feeling her wonderful warmth and softness. He knew that Allen was trapped in there, forced to be his perfect sexy, libidinous wife, but the wish was permanent, and there was no undoing it. She'd simply have to accept her fate, as unintentional as it had been. Particularly since Ben now wanted several children to fill their expansive home.

"Well, you know what they say. Be careful what you wish for," Ben said, smiling. "Isn't that right, darling?"

Trish just sighed. "Yes, darling. Or others will pay for it."

The End

Epilogue: Love Thy Neighbour (TG Preg, Mind Control)

By FoxFaceStories

Allen comes to terms with the fact that she will be her former friend's hot submissive wife for life after giving birth to their first child. She becomes close to her former wife, now sister again, and finds happiness - if a little embarrassment - in being a hot trophy wife for good.

Epilogue - Love Thy Neighbour

Trish sighed as she looked down at the little life clinging to her, remembering all that had occurred. Sixteen hours. Sixteen long, painful hours.

The contractions.

The exhaustion.

The lack of rest.

The failed epidural.

The fact that no matter how hard she tried, there had been no avoiding playing her part, or speaking out against what had happened to her, or even being able to tell a single soul that she had once been her husband Ben's male best friend Allen, not Trish the gorgeous, red-haired mother-to-be. And, of course, there had been the actual birth. The part where she'd squeezed her friend-turned-husband's hand as tightly as she could while she'd pushed, pushed, *pushed* the life they had made together into the world, the baby he had put inside her during one of their many lovemaking sessions . . . the lovemaking sessions that she literally *couldn't* go without, ever since Ben had wished upon that magical stone. That feeling had been even stranger than the first time she'd been fucked by Ben. Weird enough to have a cock go into you, especially when you never had a vagina in your life up until recently, but it was even worse to then have to bear down and push with all your might as a baby crowned out of you. The shoulders had been the worst part, but at least that bit about the rush of endorphins had been true: immediately following, Trish had been overcome with a blissful sensation that calmed her straight away, even if she still had to deal with the afterbirth and all that. Scarlet had been the one to tell her that, once, back before Ben's errant wish, back when Trish had been Allen, and Scarlet had been her wife, and the two were discussing the future possibility of kids. Now, Scarlet was her twin sister, and *she* was the one who had given birth first.

But despite all that, despite how upside down her life was, combined with the general insanity of giving birth, things had turned out okay. Her baby girl was born, squishy and purple and slick with strange fluid, but beautiful and healthy all the same. She had been

placed on her exhausted mother's chest, and Trish had marvelled at the life she had brought into the world, tears flowing down her face as she held her daughter.

"Allie," she said, "I want her to be Allie."

"Of course, honey," Ben had replied, stroking her sweat-soaked hair. He'd understood the significance of the name. She may not be Allen anymore, but surely her child could at least carry on the name in a sense.

"And now I have you to keep me happy and fulfilled," Trish said in the present, gazing down at her baby. She was back at home, and a month had passed since the whirlwind of birth, hospital recovery, and getting used to the new schedule of a baby that required regular feeding. Which, speaking of . . .

"Hungry again, are you?" Trish remarked, smirking at her little one. "You're utterly insatiable. I swear, it's a good thing I ended up with Scarlet's tits, because it's a miracle I can produce enough for you."

Ally latched after a few failed attempts, and Trish murmured with comfort as her daughter took her big gulps of milk. It was true what women said; there was nothing like the connection between mother and baby. It was not an experience the former man would have ever imagined experiencing, but after going through nine months of growing a big, rather active belly, not to mention how much Ben just loved making love to her even right up to the night before she went into labor, she felt she deserved a bit of cathartic release by this point, no shame attached.

"My dear little Ally," she said, admiring how her daughter's hair had the same fiery redness her own now possessed. "Maybe I can do this. Just maybe . . . I can get used to being Ben's wife. Scarlet's sister. Being Trish."

It was a lovely Spring day, almost stereotypically so. The cool breeze counterbalanced the warmth of the sun, and there were just enough clouds in the sky that Trish felt as if she didn't have to put on sunscreen. The park was never a place she visited much back when she'd been Allen, but now it was a frequent visit for her. She still had some aches from birth, and her body - while recovering quickly - still had a bigger pooch than she would have liked. Funny really, how feminine vanity was now a part of her. She tried to consider this to be a good sign of adjustment.

"You're looking so well, sis," Scarlet said beside her. "I can't believe how fast you're shedding all that baby weight. Seriously, you look amazing."

Trish blushed. Of all the compliments she could have once expected to receive from her former wife-turned-twin, this was not one of them. Still, it was nice to hear.

“Awww, thanks sis,” she said automatically. “I still feel like I’ve got ways to go, but I don’t want to rush it. Frankly, I think *this* little one is half the reason I’m shedding all those pounds: my body is working hard to make all the milk she needs.”

She gestured to the sleeping figure in the pram as they both walked together. Both women were wearing cute summer dresses in anticipation for even warmer months. Trish had to admit that despite the initial humiliation of wearing women’s clothing all those months ago, that dresses actually wear very comfortable. Skirts too. They were . . . freeing. She had a bigger appreciation of style now in general, which was why her little Ally was dressed in an adorable pink onesie with matching hat.

“She is so damn precious,” Scarlet said. “Oh, I just want to gobble her up! God, I’m jealous, sis. I really want what you have.”

‘You did, and could have, if not for my husband’s wish,’ Trish thought to herself, but it was literally impossible to speak of the former timeline where she had been Scarlet’s husband instead of her twin sister. Only in the presence of Ben did that work. Instead she simply sighed and gave a wan smile.

“It’s not all highs and summer roses,” she replied. “I was up three times last night feeding her. I swear, little Ally is just a stomach in the shape of a baby right now.”

Scarlet snorted, wagging her eyebrows a little. “Yeah, I don’t mean to call attention to it, sis, but you’re certainly looking a lot more . . . well-endowed these days. People can finally tell us apart.”

Again, Trish blushed, looking down at her rather prominent cleavage. Back when she’d been Allen, she’d practically *worshipped* Scarlet’s breasts. The sexy, feisty redhead had a magnificent pair, large and supple and firm and round, while also soft to the touch. Oh, and *very* receptive. Now, *she* had those same breasts, equally impressive and wonderful to the touch, as she well knew from Ben’s obsession with them. Now though, they had grown not just one but *two* whole cup sizes. She was a G-cup, and her maternity bras could barely contain her size. Sometimes it felt like she had a pair of melons on her chest, always expanding with her excess reserves of milk. Ben didn’t mind, of course. Two nights ago Ally had been utterly asleep but she’d been full to the brim, and in the end she’d begged him to ‘relieve’ her. He hadn’t hesitated. God, it had been embarrassingly wonderful.

“They are, ahem, rather big now,” she admitted.

“They were big before,” Scarlet said. “I would know, ha! Now they’re massive. They look wonderful though, sis.”

“They feel full.”

Scarlet shrugged. “I’m still jealous. I hope this thing with Greg works out. He’s such a total charmer. I can’t wait for you to meet him; I know you’ll have a good sense of if he’s husband material or not.”

Trish could have snorted, but instead just smirked to herself. “Yeah, I’d say I’ve got a pretty good idea of who would make a pretty good husband. I hope this one’s a keeper.”

She said the phrase without thinking, only to stop moving the pram. Scarlet paused with her. “Um, everything okay? Do you need to sit down? Too much walking? I know it’s only been a month-”

“No, it’s not that,” Trish said, turning the words she’d said over in her mind. “It’s not that at all. It’s just . . . I really hope this works out with Greg, Scarlet.”

“Well yeah, me too. He’s super handsome. And just between you and me and that tree, he’s packing down there too, just like your man.”

She wasn’t wrong. Since the wish, Ben’s own body had subtly altered, and she was very, *very* accustomed to just how big and wonderful his cock was thanks to her new bodily compulsions to be a perfect, submissive and sexy wife. But again, those weren’t where her thoughts went for now. She was still thinking about that epiphany. Tears formed in the corners of her eyes, and she had to rub them away and pretend she was just hit by the emotion of her adorable child in the pram.

“Scarlet, I mean it,” she said, savouring the strange freedom of the words. “I really hope you and Greg work out. I want you to have what I have. I want you to be happy.”

It was, in a way, like letting go. Scarlet hugged her, and far from being a feeling of loss - a sense of what they *might* have had in the other reality - all she could focus on was the sisterly embrace. It was its own beautiful thing, a connection only the two of them shared.

Trish cried out as Ben thrust into her. It had been so long. So damn long. She’d been surprised at how courteous he was. He could barely resist her, of course, and his stupid wish had stuck them together as man and wife because he’d wanted ‘everything my friend Allen has,’ but at least he’d been able to hold himself back while she recovered. Between taking care of the baby on her end, and his own rising success in his work on his end, the pair hadn’t had the time or the health to make love as they often did, and that too was strange. Trish had been so accustomed to being fucked every day by Ben, or occasionally waking him with a blowjob (God, how had she gotten *used* to and even *nostalgic* about that!?), or just having him make out with her while playing with her tits, that it actually felt *odd* for her friend-turned-husband *not* to be taking advantage of her luscious body everyday.

Now, she moaned in relief as *finally* she was being fucked by his big, hard cock again.

“Ohhhh, I c-can’t believe I’m s-saying this, but I missed this s-so bad!”

"I can - ah - I can tell!" he replied. "I've been wanting this for ages, Trish! I just wanted to make sure you were - mmhm - ready to go."

"I am! Oh God, I wish we'd f-fucked like this last w-week! Harder, please! I need you all the - all the way innnnnnnn!!"

She was bent over against the bed, her ass up in the air, her perfect childbearing hips held by her husband as he thrust into her from behind. His long arms - he used to be smaller than Trish when she was Allen, but it felt *so damn right* for him to be bigger - shifted occasionally so that he could palm her tits. They wobbled and bounced with every thrust, dripping milk occasionally. Neither of them cared; the ecstasy of his fingers fondling over her large, dark nipples was too good to care. And he was so big within her. So damn *deep*.

"OHhhhhhh, f-fuck!" she groaned. "I'm s-so glad she went down!"

"Me too," he grunted. "We need to get back into our schedule, Trish! I want to f-fuck you every day again."

She rolled her eyes into the back of her head, hit by a wave of pleasure just at his words - and his latest thrust.

"You're s-such a dog. Mhmmm, but God help me, I want that. F-fuuck. I want that. I'm such a submissive wife."

"My submissive wife," he said, his voice dripping with pride.

"Ohhh, it's so *hot* when you say it like that."

"Well, it's t-true," he said, gripping her hips again. He slowed down, as if to taunt her, though the pleasure still rose. "You've been Trish for over a year now. We've fucked more times than I can count. We've made a wonderful child together. You can't tell me that you don't love this life."

"I - ohhhhhh, mmhm, yes! - I still wish you hadn't . . . ohhhhhh, I do. I do, Ben! It's so - so embarrassing, but I do! I need you in me every day! We need to go back to that! I was going mad without you in me each day, without me even sucking your cock!"

"I knew it!" he declared, speeding up again. She lowered herself to the bed, large breasts mashing against the covers. She was so close to cumming and they both knew it. She wanted his seed inside her. She was as insatiable as her sister ever was, only more so now that her post-pregnancy hormones and need to catch up on lost time were influencing her. "I saw how much you changed after we had Ally. You've more than accepted this, you're coming to l-love it!"

"F-fine!" she called out, before hushing to avoid waking the baby. "I love it! I love you! I want to p-please you all the time! I want to have you b-babies and wear nice things and be your p-perfect trophy wife! Now please j-just stop taunting me and cum inside me, husband! I'm soooo cloooose!"

It was, perhaps, the most demure and submissive thing she'd ever said that wasn't a straight up compulsion. Again, that revelation swept over her: *'I really do want this,'* she thought. *'I really do just want to embrace this life, be Scarlet's sister, and be Ben's beautiful wife. I want people to look at me and be jealous. I want to make him happy. I want him to fuck me every day until I'm pregnant again and - OHHHHHH!!!'*

He thrust again and again, and finally it was all too much. The realisation, coupled with the unbearable bliss that was filling her, caused her body to shudder with some of the most powerful orgasms she'd ever felt, perhaps the *most* powerful. She cried out in her high, sweet voice, turned on even by the sound of her own ecstasy. Ben grunted, his voice masculine and low, and soon his large member throbbed inside her. A warmth filled her, and she could tell from his long gasp that he too had experienced one of his best orgasms ever. He filled her up, his hot jizz pouring into her waiting womb. God, she'd need to clean herself out in the shower; no doubt she'd be trickling a lot of his cum between her soft thighs.

For now though, she could only shudder against the bed, quaking and trying to catch her breath. After a time, Ben managed to extract himself from her - this elicited another gasp - and then join her on the bed. She rolled over automatically so he could spoon her. As always, he played gently with her large breasts, a feeling that - now that she was used to it - was unbelievably comforting. She pressed her rotund behind against his manhood.

"That was something else," she mumbled.

"Damn right it was," he said, squeezing her left breast playfully. "I don't know what's changed since you gave birth, Trish, but I love it."

She scoffed. "Yeah, of course *you* would, husband."

"I like it when you call me husband."

She rolled over to face him. She also knew he appreciated the look and feel of her tits right up against him. She placed her hand underneath her head and sighed, still regaining her breath. She knew she looked like a pinup model in that moment and she damn well embraced it. Fucking hell she was hot, and it made her proud to see how Ben's eyes wandered over her form, filled with lust and love. "Well, I guess you can say I like being your wife," she said. "Love it, in fact."

He raised an eyebrow. "Really? Because sometimes you say quite the opposite. I mean, I know this has been a hard road-"

"Ben, you literally got me turned into a woman - a twin of my then-wife - who is unbelievably submissive to you and can't help but have sex with you all the time. Then you got me pregnant. I went through *birth*, buddy."

"I've told you, I didn't m-"

She slapped him lightly on the shoulder, giggling. "I know you didn't mean to, not that you were unhappy with the results. I mean, look at me! Who would be? I guess I'm just

saying that even though this isn't how I expected my life to go, ever since having Ally I've started to realise I do actually like it. Love it, in fact."

"Even with Scarlet being your sister now?"

She bit her lip, trying to find the words. "I miss my wife, but I never lost the person she is. I have a sister now - I never had siblings growing up - and she's my twin too! I have a twin now, and we're just as close really, just as sisters, not lovers. And . . . and that's something really special too, I realise. I actually want her to succeed with her new boyfriend. I want to meet him. And because of that, I realise that I also want to be *yours* too. I know the magic put me - us - in this position, and you clearly accepted it earlier - again, you total dog."

"Guilty as charged," he said, tracing a hand over her hip. She shivered at the touch.

"But you gave me Ally. You support both of us. You're the breadwinner. The man. *My* sexy man. And you attend to this body's crazy libido. God, it feels good to have sex again - seriously, let's never stop. I am full on the 'I love dick now' train."

He laughed at that. "So in terms of going down on me . . ."

Again, another playful slap. "Don't worry. I think you'll like tomorrow morning. I've been - oh fuck - I've been wanting to suck your cock for ages now. I've finally got the core strength back to take on the position."

"Fuck yeah. You really are the most amazing wife, you know that, right?"

She kissed him, softly but lovingly. "Well, you made me this way, so I'd hoped you'd get it right. And I know that I won't have what I once had. You know, the business, the independence, the sense of manly confidence. But I can be one damn hot trophy wife, looking good on your arm, and being happy and proud of it." Ben smiled, and it wasn't a smug, self-interested smile. God knows he could get carried away with how he loved their situation. But this was a genuinely warm smile. "I'm happy for you, love," he said.

"Me too," she replied, and again there was that wonderful revelation. She *was* happy. She *was* Trish. And her life *was* going to be amazing, even if totally different from how she'd ever imagined it. "And I think you'll be even more happy," she continued, "when you take me out for dinner tomorrow night."

"Oh yeah?"

"Mm-hmm," she replied, grinning. "Because now that I'm finally accepting this life, and Scarlet has agreed to babysit little Ally, I can finally fit into that little red dress you love me in so much."

He perked up. She felt his manhood stiffen, just a little. It was still too early to go a second round, but . . . it wouldn't be all that long, either.

"Oh yeah. The one I was fuming about being compelled to wear, you know, back in the early days. I think I could wear it a lot more confidently now. I recall you rather liked the way the necklace sat in my cleavage. There's a lot more cleavage now too, by the way."

“Damn. Wow. Trish, you are the best wife ever.”

“I haven’t even gotten to the fun part yet,” she continued. How had she not realised how fun it was to tease Ben? It took finally embracing being a woman to understand how much power and amusement could be had from using her body and wiles to build his anticipation.

“Oh, what’s the fun part?”

She whispered in his ear, feeling him hardened further. “The fun part comes later, when you get to tear that red dress right off of me.”

Ben sighed. “I’m so glad I made that wish.”

“Of course you are,” she said, curling up against him. “You wonderful dog. Now hurry up and get hard again. Scarlet could never get enough sex back in the day, and I’m even more insatiable. Besides, as your trophy wife, I’ve got to practice making you more of those babies, right?”

The End