

Matron of Mumbai (MtF, RC, AP, Preg)

"Hey, you okay?"

Andrew's words snapped Prisha out of her deep thoughts, causing the dark-haired girl to look up at the guy. She stared into his blue eyes with her dark orbs, and he could see the glazed look in her eyes. They were distant and sad, a sight he had seen numerous times in the last month. She forced a smile, but she couldn't hide her somber mood.

"Yeah, I'm okay," Prisha said in her deeply accented voice that Andrew had always found sexy. "It's just..."

"It's okay, I understand," Andrew replied, knowing what his girlfriend was about to say.

"I just miss her so much," Prisha said with a heavy sigh, thankfully not crying for once when she thought of her deceased mother.

"I know," Andrew said, pulling her in closer and giving her a soft kiss on the head. "Maybe it was a bad idea to go to this party. You wanna go back home?"

"No," Prisha said, staring at the stars above them. The summer night was warm, and they sat cozily on a bench on the porch of Andrew's friend's house. "I just want to sit here for a little bit."

"Alright," Andrew said, feeling Prisha leaning her head against his shoulder. The party was still going on inside, laughter and the occasional shouting reaching their ears as they enjoyed their time alone on the porch.

They had only been dating for a few months, and Prisha had only lived in the country for a year, but it felt like they had known each other for years. She was fun, gorgeous, and intelligent, and Andrew felt lucky she saw something in him as well. However, when Prisha's mother died a month ago, the smile on her lips seemed to disappear completely. It had happened so suddenly, and Prisha had been a mess ever since. Andrew figured she might need to get out of the apartment for a bit, maybe enjoy life despite her loss, but it had been too soon to take her to a party like this. As bad as Prisha had it, Andrew shuddered to think how the rest of her family back in Mumbai was doing. Her mother had died during childbirth, and she had spent most of her life as a housewife growing that family, so she had left a large family to mourn her passing. Her father was a surgeon, so money at least wasn't a problem, but that wouldn't make her husband or nine children miss her any less. They sat there, enjoying the warm summer night staring at the stars, and soon noticed a pale light streak race across the sky. A falling star, their eyes following it as it moved across the dark tapestry of light above them.

'I really wish Prisha could be happy again,' Andrew thought, gripping his girlfriend's hand tightly as he made his wish.

The light was gone as soon as it appeared, leaving the night sky unmoving again. Prisha sighed heavily, placing her still-full mug of beer on the porch as she got up.

"I think I want to go home now," she said, giving Andrew a weak smile that failed to hide the sadness in her eyes.

"Sure thing," Andrew said, placing his empty mug next to hers. "Come on, let's head home."

They didn't even say goodbye to Andrew's friends before they left. They slowly walked down the street, back to the college campus and dorm rooms. Andrew escorted her back to her room, giving her a quick kiss and a tight hug before heading back to his. They usually shared a bed, but he figured she needed some time alone and decided to let her sleep alone in her own room. It wasn't even that late, but he couldn't help but yawn as he walked back to his college dorm room. When he finally reached his room, he could barely keep his eyes open. The guy fell onto the bed with a groan, and Andrew was fast asleep before his head hit the pillow.

Andrew could feel that something was off when morning came. He lay in the bed, half-awake and half-asleep, as he began to feel how something was wrong. The air in the room was different, hot and humid compared to what he expected. It wasn't just the air either, but the smell as well. It wasn't unpleasant but very different from how it smelled in his dorm room. Outside the window, he could hear the buzz of traffic and the bustling sound of people heading off to work. It was always quiet in the mornings inside and outside his dorm, so he couldn't help but wonder what was happening. Was there a construction job going on out there? Was it an extra warm and humid day today? However, as he lay there, he could feel that even the sheets and blankets felt different. But, in his tired state, he didn't think about it too much. That quickly changed when he heard and felt someone roll around in the bed next to him, causing him to realize that both the bed seemed bigger and that he wasn't alone.

Andrew snapped open his eyes, and he sat up with a jolt. He stared in awe and shock at the man sleeping next to him, his mind scrambling to figure out who he was and where he was. Had Andrew been so drunk that he had accidentally walked into the wrong apartment? It didn't make sense, and his poor little brain almost got overloaded as he tried to figure out what was happening. He then quickly spotted the girl sleeping between the two, no older than six or seven, and she slept soundly on the bed with them. The guy slipped out of bed as quietly as he could, eyes wide with shock. The last thing Andrew wanted was to wake anyone up and have them freaking out that he was there. He stood there, hands on his head, staring at the sleeping man and girl on the bed.

His eyes darted around the unfamiliar room in silent panic. Everything about this was just wrong, he needed to get out of here and figure out what was going on. Just as he approached the door, the unmistakable cry of a baby emanated from somewhere downstairs. Shit, that baby is going to wake the guy up! Before he could take another step, she saw the man stirring. He rubbed his eyes, turning towards the source of the noise which unfortunately was right where Andrew was standing.

“हाय प्रिय, सुप्रभात! जब तक मैं तैयार हो जाऊं, क्या आपको छोटी मीरा की जांच करने में कोई आपत्ति है, आज सुबह मेरी एक बड़ी सर्जरी है (Hi honey, good morning! Do you mind checking on little Meera while I get ready, I have a big surgery this morning),” said the man who Andrew thought looked strangely familiar.

“Oh ummm of course... dear?” Andrew said, utterly confused but did not want to anger this delusional guy. He didn't even process the fact that he somehow understood what the man had said despite not knowing more than a few words of Hindi from Prisha.

Seemingly contented by the answer, he got up and made his way to what Andrew assumed was the bathroom. Suddenly, it hit him. That had to be Prisha's dad! He'd seen him on facetime enough to be sure that had to be him. Did Prisha kidnap him? Was he going crazy? Before he could dwell on those thoughts much longer the cries of Meera reminded him of her... er his duty. As much as he wanted to wake up Mr. Chanda to figure out what the hell was going on, some deeply ingrained instinct was pulling him towards the crying infant.

He made his way out of the bedroom, taking care to keep quiet so he wouldn't wake Vihaan-errr, Mr. Chanda. As he made his way down the winding staircase, his center of balance felt strangely off. All he could focus on though was the cries of his dear Meera, not paying attention as his hips suddenly began curving, giving him a delightfully feminine sway as his waist shrunk in tandem. He disregarded his increasingly unsteady footwork and leaned more on the railing, unaware of what was happening to him. With every uncertain step, a bit of his height and muscle melted away, inches of height and pounds of muscle dissipating into nothingness. His short brown locks began pushing outwards, thick vines of curly black hair pooling around his shoulders, faintly smelling of exotic spices. As he reached the bottom of the staircase, he found his balance had improved.

'Huh, that's weird,' he thought, brushing a few of his longer locks away from his face without noticing it. *'I must just be imagining things'*

Opening the door, he laid eyes on the girl. He experienced a torrent of feelings locking eyes with the crying child. He rushed over, cradling her in his arms.

“इट्स ओके स्वीटी, मम्मी आ गई (It’s okay sweetie, Mommy’s here),” he said, unaware he was speaking in fluent Hindi. Meera seemed to appreciate the words, spoken in a sweet soprano.

The words came out naturally, and he figured it was just something Prisha taught him. He took advantage of the silence to fawn over his pride and joy, his heart swelling with strange happiness at the sight of the young girl. Meera meant everything to him, after all, he had... birthed her? That didn’t seem right, but Andrew didn’t care about trivial things right now as long as Meera was happy. A low rumbling that came from the child’s tummy took him out of his reverie.

“Oh, you’re hungry?” Anjrew was about to bring her down to get food when he felt a small hand tugging at his shirt. Suddenly, he realized how stupid he was. Meera was too young to eat solid food, and he knew how important it was for a baby to get proper nutrition. Pulling up his shirt, he brought the infant’s mouth towards his right nipple without realizing how weird it was for a man to breast-feed a baby. A slight pressure on his nipple indicated that Meera had managed to get a hold of the teat, and it sent a tingle of weird joy down his spine.

He was slightly concerned as he felt Meera begin to suckle, since it usually wouldn’t take this long for milk to come out. A sudden and immense pressure that was at once familiar and utterly alien overtook emanated from his nipples, erasing any worry he might have. He didn’t seem to notice the fat surging into his pecs, slowly inflating his chest as his child suckled greedily on his nipple. His flat chest rapidly inflated, swelling and growing as he gained a pair of womanly breasts. As. Bs. Cs. Ds. They grew as his child tried to suck at his teat, and even his nipples grew in size. His areolas swelled, becoming darker, and it wasn’t long before his manly nips were erect and womanly. He remained blissfully unaware that he now had a pair of full and matronly tits adorning his chest, curving out and sagging slightly from their weight. Anjrew was worried as he looked down at his chest, the man not realizing that he shouldn’t even have tits. Usually, the milk would already be flowing the moment he heard the cries of his little angel, but now, nothing happened.

A sudden and intense wave of relief washed over him, putting a smile on his lips, as he felt his body finally release the thick nourishing milk that little beloved child needed. As Meera filled her little belly with the bright white milk, Anjrew’s breasts got drained of their white tone. A rich caramel, soft and smooth to the touch, was left in its place. The hair on his arms and legs began to evaporate, falling off as if an invisible razor danced across his smooth caramel skin. As Meera continued to suckle at her teat, the guy switching breasts to make sure she drank evenly from both tits, Anjrew’s milk-white body got darker and more tanned until it was a delicious caramel hue. Meera finally had her fill, and she unlatched from the heaving breast with a happy

smile. Anjarew was proud, having done his duty as a mother. Putting his slightly stained nightwear back on, he set the now placid and sleepy baby back in her cot. He reveled in the sight of his content baby, who fell asleep after a few minutes. He made his way out of her room slowly and deliberately, not wanting to wake the rest of his family. As he walked back into the hallway, it was as if a spell was lifted.

'Did I just breastfeed Prisha's sister!?' Anjarew thought, feeling overwhelmed and confused. 'What the fuck just happened?'

He stared down at his body, two massive breasts jutting out of a nightgown. He brushed a few more curled locks away from his face, finally noticing the dark strands that obscured his vision.

"What is happening to me?" he muttered in disbelief, a faint accent penetrating his words.

"माँ! क्या आप नाश्ते के लिए आलू का पराठा बना सकते हैं! (Mommy! Can you make aloo paratha for breakfast!)," said another voice, snapping him out of his thoughts.

Anjarew turned and saw a girl in her early teens standing near her, looking at her with expectant eyes. The moment he saw her, he could feel his heart soaring with motherly joy and pride. He couldn't help but smile, and the worries from before vanished from his mind.

"Of course, sweetie," Anjariw said in a heavy accent, his voice sounding softer and more mature than a few moments ago.

"धन्यवाद माता जी! (Thanks, mom!)," Adya said as she hurried off, and Anjariw didn't even reflect on how he knew her name.

The motherly instincts took him by storm, and he found himself swept away by them. The need to take care and provide for his family was all he could focus on, and it swept away the panic suddenly sprouting massive, heaving breasts. He pulled his nightgown tighter around his body and hurried to the kitchen, unaware he was showing off a bit of cleavage thanks to his somewhat sagging and mature bosom stretching out his gown. Anjariw didn't notice how he was swaying his hips as he walked, or that his bosom bounced gently on his chest. Somehow he even failed to register that his ass was starting to bounce slightly as well, the man's somewhat flat backside slowly starting to inflate and swell in size. Fat surged into his ass-cheeks and they

grew rounder with each passing moment. His previously bony backside started to gain a feminine softness and shape, and it wasn't long before he was the 'proud' owner of a pert bubble-butt. It matched his hips nicely, but the changes didn't stop there. More fat surged into his thighs, plumping them up and giving him an increasingly more womanly figure. By the time he entered the kitchen, the gap between his legs was almost gone from the padding his legs had gotten.

"Okay, I need to get everything ready," Anjariw said to himself as he walked through the kitchen, his accent thicker than ever.

The man quickly got everything he needed from the fridge, cupboards, and cabinet. He had never been here before yet he found himself easily gathering everything she needed, deeply ingrained muscle memory from countless hours of cooking weaving its way into her psyche. He didn't notice the way his backside shook or how soft his thighs had become as he got started on making breakfast for the entire family. Adya even walked into the kitchen to help him, instructing her how to cook was second nature for a proud mother like him.

"Okay, can you bring me th-" Anjariw said, but she bit her tongue as she felt a sharp pain in her abdomen. "Ugh..."

It was over as quickly as it appeared, but it left him feeling a little nauseous and bloated. He rubbed his belly, unaware of his altered physique, before he went back to cooking again. The man didn't pay any attention to his belly, which had begun to curve outward slightly, gaining in size as both fat and something else made it look bigger. He brushed a few longer locks behind his ear as he prepared breakfast, hearing a surprisingly familiar patter behind him. Anjariw felt a pair of masculine hands on his hips, rubbing them sensually, followed by a looming and comforting presence hitting her backside. .

"नाश्ता जल्दी तैयार है? (Is breakfast ready soon?)" Vihaan said, putting one hand around his belly to rub it and the other still sliding up and down on his exposed and plump thigh. Then, to Anjariw's shock, he could feel him kissing him on the cheek before pulling away.

“Oh, um, almost ready,” Anjariw said, feeling flustered and confused. His cock created a small tent on his nightgown, and he pushed away the strange and lewd thoughts that flashed through his head.

The way he felt when Vihaan rubbed his belly stuck with him, and he couldn't help but smile a bit as he rubbed his swollen gut slightly himself. Anajriw didn't notice it growing again, gaining in size and swelling slightly rounder with each passing moment. It was taut and firm to the touch, pushing his belly-button out slightly and even pushed out the gown a bit. It finally stopped growing when he was around five months along, leaving him with a belly that looked undeniably pregnant.

Anajiriw gave it a tentative rub, for some reason he was proud of his protruding belly. A sudden light, almost feminine burp escaped his now pillowy lips, pulling him out of his thoughts.

“Oh sorry dear, looks like Mommy has the baby burps again,” He said with a slight giggle.

Adya groaned, Vihaan just laughed. “आदया, तुमने माँ के साथ भी ऐसा ही किया था इसलिए अपनी शिकायत करना छोड़ दो। (Adya, you did the same thing to mom so quit your complaining.)”

Anajiriw remembered his pregnancies, each with their own challenges, but the one linking factor was the damage it wreaked on her gastrointestinal system. Another soft burp escaped, instinctively bringing a soft, manicured hand to her delicate face. Adya simply ignored it, and so Anijiriw continued preparing the breakfast almost as if on autopilot.

With Adya's help, it didn't take long for the kitchen to be bathed in the heavenly scent of a rich, hearty breakfast. Anajiriw's belly grumbled in anticipation, eating for two meant he had built up quite the appetite. He quickly plated the surprisingly elaborate breakfast, all those years of preparing breakfast before school had made him an expert.

“सभी का आनंद लें! (Enjoy everyone!),” Anajaliw beamed, knowing her breakfast would be a surefire hit as always. She didn't remember why she felt so apprehensive earlier on.

Adya quickly dug into the aloo Aloo Paratha, her absolute favorite. “यह बहुत अच्छा है माँ! (It’s so good mommy!),” she exclaimed.

Anajaliw beamed, “वह आपकी मदद के कारण है प्रिये (That’s because of your help sweetie)”

Vihaan agreed with the sentiment, “आप प्यारी महिलाओं के लिए धन्यवाद मैंने अब तक का सबसे अच्छा नाश्ता किया है। (Thanks to you lovely ladies I have the best breakfast ever.)”

Anajaliw was bathing in the compliments and began digging into her delicious food. Savoring every bite, she quickly dug through her plate, making sure her yet unnamed little one had plenty to eat. Every bite of food seemed to simply accentuate her already matronly figure. Hips, chest, ass, and thighs all bubbled with deliciously feminine fat. Each bite sent a surge of padding to each and every place, slowly reshaping her previously masculine form into something undeniably womanly. Soft pops and gentle cracks could be heard as her hips began to widen, her narrow pelvis rapidly pushing outward to give her the childbearing figure a mother of her standing needed. They stopped when they were wide and jutting, protruding immensely from her short frame, and they only got wider as some womanly fat poured over them. Next came her thighs, which plumped up nicely, and the gap between her legs rapidly got smaller. They were soft and padded, gentle to the touch, and they smothered her manhood in the womanly fat. After that, the fat surged into her bony backside and caused her cheeks to fill out the seat she sat on. The hard wooden chair became as soft as a cloud as her ass-cheeks swelled in size, and it wasn’t long before Anajaliw had a bubble butt that would make most women jealous. It kept growing though, her figure gaining a bit more fat from the multiple pregnancies, and it caused her backside to grow to an impressive and almost flabby size. Her backside jiggled and shook as she got up to grab something from the counter, and Vihaan smiled as he gave her bouncing butt a longing look.

The fat had poured into her frame and most of it ended up in her lower body, causing hips, thighs, and ass to be proportionally bigger than her torso. She was undeniably pear-shaped now, except for her swollen belly thanks to the little one she was carrying. Bits of food accidentally found their way onto her nightgown, but Anajaliw paid them little mind, mothers got messy now and then and she’d have plenty of time to clean up later.

As she cleaned up her plate, the gas would sometimes escape her now bee-stung lips. Each expulsion seemed to contain some of his masculinity, as he lost his defined cheekbones and rugged looks replaced with something far more womanly. She groaned a bit as her jaw shrank

and contracted, and she winced when her nose shrank. Every inch of her face was softening up, and the masculine edge it had was rapidly disappearing. Soon, nothing of her old self remained. Soft feminine visage, button nose, long lashes, and deep, caring brown eyes. She looked undeniably womanly, yet there was something oddly familiar about her face. If Anajaliw had seen herself in the mirror, then she would have recognized the shape of her eyes and cheekbones.

As they conversed over breakfast, Anajaliw felt a bit off. It felt so long since she had done this but that made no sense, she did this practically every day. Before she could dwell too much on this, she felt a rush of gas begin making its way down instead of up. At the same time, her bladder began screaming for release. She sighed slightly, her pregnancy hormones were acting up again and she'd have to take care of business. A quiet fart escaped her motherly backside, a deep blush prominent on Anajaliw's face.

“ओह क्षमा करें, मुझे बाथरूम का उपयोग करने की आवश्यकता है। (Oh excuse me, I need to use the bathroom.),” she said getting up. “मैं इस गंदगी को बाद में साफ कर दूंगा, आद्या आज आपके पास कारपूल है इसलिए कृपया एक अच्छी लड़की की तरह बाहर प्रतीक्षा करें।” (I'll clean this mess later, Adya you have carpool today so please wait outside like a good girl.)”

Anajaliw gave her child a quick peck on the forehead. Making her way out of the kitchen she stopped by Vihaan, a sudden flash of pleasure arose amidst the torrent of other emotions. Grabbing his broad shoulder tightly she whispered into his ear

“आशा है कि आपकी सर्जरी अच्छी हो गई है, आज रात मुझे इसके बारे में सब कुछ बताएं आप जानते हैं कि जब आप महिला शरीर को फाड़ते हैं तो मुझे कितना प्यार होता है। (hope your surgery goes well, tell me all about it tonight you know how much I love when you tear open the female body.),” Anajaliw said with a purr, her hormones really making her loins ache and tingle with need.

However, her aching bladder made it impossible to focus on anything else besides the need to use the bathroom. She made her way back up to the master bedroom as quickly as her weak legs could. She practically tore open the bathroom door, the need to use the washroom accentuated by another fart. But despite the intense urge, the image of herself in the mirror made her stop in her tracks.

“वह मैं नहीं हूँ (That’s not me…)… Wait, why the fuck am I speaking Hindi?” he said in a thick womanly accent.

Anjaliw couldn't help but stare into the mirror. The reflection looking back at him was the spitting image of a beautiful Indian woman, a bit frazzled looking but undeniably sexy and matronly. Ignoring the burning urge to use the washroom he tore off his stained nightgown and scanned his body. Thick, womanly curves accentuated his frame, the unfamiliar weight of heaving breasts wearing him down. Perhaps most unsettling of all was his protruding stomach, lined with layers of stretch marks, some fresh, some faded. The only thing resembling the man he used to be was his manhood, though it was now the same rich caramel tone as the rest of his body. Yet, as he stared at the woman in the mirror, he couldn't help but feel like he had seen her before. There was something oddly familiar about her, but he couldn't put his dainty finger on what it was. All he knew was that he had to get out here, but the urge to use the bathroom was far too strong. He made his way to the toilet, his bladder screaming for release.

As he approached the toilet, to his fear he felt his muscle memory manipulating his body into sitting on the porcelain throne. He sat there for a few moments, utterly afraid that releasing the urine would perhaps erase the last traces of him. But despite his best efforts, he was flooded with relief as a steady stream escaped his sex. She smiled as she relaxed, unaware of the minor gas escaping out her backside at the same time. It was something she had gotten so used to at this point after being pregnant so many times, and it felt like all these side-effects were a part of her at this point. The nausea, the aching feet, the gas, the bloated sensations, the morning sickness. Yet, she would gladly do it all over again just by thinking of her children.

Anjaliw stood up with a satisfied smile as she wiped and flushed the toilet, feeling much better after this and the breakfast. She left the bathroom with her hands on her belly as the unborn angel in her belly sent delightful tingles of joy through her body as she rubbed it. Then, a few moments later, she realized that this wasn't right. He shook his head, feeling his long hair caressing his mature face and his curves jiggling underneath his nightgown as he did.

“ओह, यह अच्छा नहीं है ... (Oh, this isn't good…),” Anjaliw said as he stared down at his pregnant and curvaceous figure, feeling a strange mixture of pride and fear as he admired and examined his body.

His mind scrambled to make sense of what was happening, but it was no use. There was no rational explanation to any of this. Anjaliw stood there in a trance, staring out into the air as he

tried to figure a way out of this. Then, a shiver of weird excitement passed down his spine when he heard a masculine voice coming closer, and he saw Vihaan walking into the room. He talked on the phone, but it was essentially over when he came into the room. He looked at Anjaliw and smiled, his gaze wandering over his body.

“खुशखबरी! मैंने प्रिशा से बात की, और वह अगले हफ्ते हमसे मिलने आ रही है। (Good news! I talked to Prisha, and she's coming to visit us next week.)” he said, and when Anjaliw heard that name he could feel something click in her brain.

“Prisha...” he muttered, sampling the name on his plump lips as a wave of conflicting emotions washed over him.

Prisha was his girlfriend back in the states. No, wasn't she her daughter? She remembered cradling her eldest daughter in her arms when she was a mere baby, and Anjaliw felt a surge of motherly pride at her angel finally leaving the home to study abroad. No! He shook his head, trying his best to push the thoughts away. Prisha was his girlfriend. His lover! Yet, as the thoughts echoed through his head, he couldn't help but feel disgusted.

'Lover?' she thought, feeling nothing but repulsion at the thought of using that word in the same sentence as her children.

Anjaliw could feel the conflicting emotions washing over her, and it made her heart race. She took a few deep breaths, unaware that Vihaan moved in closer with a concerned look on his face as he watched his wife freaking out. Anjaliw wasn't sure what she should feel or think about Prisha, except for one thing. Both sides of him knew that he loved her, even if that love was far more motherly on the womanly side of his brain. The thought of seeing her again made Anjaliw smile, and she couldn't help but yearn to see her again despite the conflicting emotions she felt.

“तुम ठीक तो हो न? (Are you okay?),” Vihaan asked, taking her in his arms and snapping her out of her daze. She could feel his masculine hands on her body, and she felt her loins tingle with excitement at her husband's embrace.

“हाँ, मैं थोड़ा हल्का महसूस कर रहा हूँ (Yes, I'm just feeling a little lightheaded),” she replied, trying to reassure her husband.

“मुझे लगता है कि मैं अस्पताल को फोन करूँगा और उन्हें बताऊँगा कि डॉ पटेल आज सर्जरी कर सकते हैं।

(I think I'll call the hospital, and tell them that Dr. Patel can do the surgery today.),“ he said, pulling her in closer and pressing her soft and womanly figure against his manly frame. “मुझे लगता है कि मैं आज आपके साथ घर पर रहना पसंद करूँगा। कौन जाने? बच्चे पूरे दिन जाने वाले हैं, इसलिए हमें अब अपने लिए अनिवार्य रूप से घर मिल गया है। (I think I'd rather stay at home with you today. Who knows? The kids are going to be gone all day, so we got the house essentially for ourselves now.)”

It was impossible to miss the suggestive tone in his voice, and Anjaliw could feel his hand moving down the side of her hip lovingly. The last remnant of her former self and the piece of her manliness began to throb with need from her husband's touch. It began to shrink, the cock feeling unwanted and unnecessary on her curvaceous figure. What remained of her former self was losing the battle as her hormones began to rage, and her love and yearning for a man inside her grew.

Tidal waves of female hormones were marinating his brain in inescapable femininity. His thoughts continued to fight through an ever thickening haze of lust and matronly pride. Some small part of her was desperately trying to escape but it felt far too good. Anjaliw let out a tender moan as Vihaan groped one of her heaving tits, nipples at full attention. She needed more, she needed him. She had a deep yearning to be filled, her body crying to be made whole.

“मुझे आपके अंदर चाहिए। (I need you inside me!),” Anjaliw moaned into his ear as her entire body tingled with lust.

Vihaan was eager to fulfill her request, and she could feel it as he rubbed his hands over her backside and hips enticingly. He guided Anjaliw to the bed, and she instinctively opened her legs and exposed her rapidly shrinking cock as soon as she laid down on the bed. It was throbbing and twitching with need, shrinking little by little with each passing moment. It could sense the man that wanted to fuck her, and Anjaliw's manhood felt how unwanted and unnecessary it was now. She was on her back, nightgown open and her curvy body on full display for her husband to admire.

मैं तुम्हें इतनी मेहनत से चोदने जा रहा हूँ कि तुम्हारे जुड़वाँ बच्चे होंगे (I'm going to fuck you so hard you'll be having twins)," Vihaan said as he ran his hands over her pregnant belly and thighs, his cock already at full mast and stretching his pants. .

It didn't take long before he had pulled down his pants and taken off his clothes, revealing his surprisingly muscular figure. Vihaan had a bit of a belly and had developed quite a dad-bod during the years they had been married, but she could still see some of the sexy muscles that made her fall in love with the hunky guy. Anjaliw stared at the rod, and her mouth watered from how badly she wanted it inside her. The cock between her legs had been steadily shrinking, and it was practically gone now. What was once a proud dick had been reduced by this point to little more than an inch-long nub. Her sack had been empty underneath it as her testicles had already been turned into a pair of active ovaries that pumped her body with more maternal emotions and hormones.

The last traces of her masculinity and the last bits of Andrew's face was about to disappear. What remained of her former self tried to fight back through the fog of emotions, but it was no use. The horniness and the yearning for that hard cock inside her was too strong, slowly eroding her resistance to cling to her former self. Andrew was desperately trying to get his body to move away from the imminent fucking, but it was no use. His thick, matronly body cocooned in lust and desire refused to budge, and all he could do was watch as Vihaan got on top of him and rubbed his masculine hands over her fertile curves.

'Oh god no please' Andrew thought, but it was too late. Every inch of his body exploded with pleasure as the cock smashed into what remained of his masculinity.

The tiny nub disappeared as the thick piece of meat pushed against it, and a wet hole soon opened up for Vihaan's nine-inch cock. What remained of her sack got repurposed into her new inner and outer folds, her vaginal lips now gripping the thick cock tightly as he was fucking her hard and raw. Anjali screamed in utter ecstasy as the man bred her like a cow, and the familiar feeling of her husband filling her up was the thing she loved the most in her life. Well, aside from her children, of course. He picked up the pace, the thick rod massaging her insides, and she could feel his hands greedily groping her tits as he thrustled into her loose slit. Every inch of her body burned with pleasure as he fucked her like the woman she knew she was, and a smile spread across her lips as the last of her resistance faded. Andrew was gone, and only Anjali remained. She moaned loudly as her husband fucked her, and her brain went blank as a mind-shattering orgasm ravaged her body. The transformation finalized and her fate was sealed

as her husband's seed flowed into her body, filling her with unbridled joy and putting a dumb smile on her plump lips.

Anjali smiled as she heard the excited voice coming from the front door, and she could hear her husband greeting their daughter. It had been so long since they had seen Prisha, and it felt like she hadn't been home in years since she left to study in the US. Yet, Anjali had this conflicting feeling that she had seen her loving daughter only a week ago. She shook her head of that nonsense, the mother knowing fully well it had been at least half a year since she saw her in person.

“मां! (Mom!),” Prisha said as she hurried into the kitchen, and Anjali was surprised when the girl almost tackled her as she came in to hug her mother.

“आपको फिर से देखकर अच्छा लगा, जानेमन (So good to see you again, sweetheart),” Anjali said, hugging her daughter back. She felt her heart soar with joy at seeing her angel again, and she hugged her back tightly.

Yet, Prisha refused to let go. She buried her face against her mother's shoulder and hugged her tightly, her arms wrapped around the much chubbier and curvier woman. Anjali smiled, embracing her back, and rubbing her daughter's back as they stood there.

“यह क्या है, प्रिशा? तुम ऐसे अभिनय कर रहे हो जैसे मैं जा चुका हूँ (What is it, Prisha? You're acting like I've been gone),” Anjali eventually said as her daughter refused to let go.

“मुझे क्षमा करें, यह बस... ठीक है, ऐसा लगता है कि आप चले गए हैं और अब आप अंत में फिर से वापस आ गए हैं (I'm sorry, it just... Well, it feels like you've been gone and now you're finally back again),” she said, her tears staining Anjali's dress.

“में कहीं नहीं जा रहा, जानेमन। मैं हमेशा आपके साथ रहूँगा (I'm not going anywhere, sweetheart. I'll always be here for you),” Anjali said, unaware of what had happened to her.

“में आपसे प्यार करता हूँ मां (I love you, mom).”

“में भी तुम्हे प्यार करता हूँ प्रिय (I love you too, sweetie).”