

Mini-Story: My Dads Get Along Better Now (Man to Housewife, Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

As voted by our Deluxe Tier patrons for this month! Hope you enjoy!

A kid wishes for his step dad and bio dad to get along better, genie forces them into a couple. E.G. unwilling, pregnant, etc.

My Dads Get Along Better Now

I still feel a little bad about this, especially since my step-mom is pregnant again. I'm sixteen now, but at the time it all went down I was only five years old. Five. That's the thing you have to remember about this story, because five year-olds don't have a full understanding of every situation.

What you have to understand about my story is that my Dad is head over heels in love with my Step-Mom. Really, totally in love. Utterly gaga. There's a reason I've got seven younger siblings, all of whom are just awesome. They can't help themselves. And my Step-Mom - Selina - is just the best. She's kind, witty, makes awesome meals and takes me on great trips, and at the end of the day she's as much of a mom as my actual Mom is. She really cares for me, and my Dad, and she's been a central part of healing the rift on both sides of my family.

The only problem is that Selina used to be Samuel, and Samuel was my Step-Dad.

It all started when I was four. I didn't really understand it at the time, but Mom and Dad weren't happy with one another, and so they split apart. It tore my world apart. How could two people who loved and cared for me, their only son, not also have that same love for each other? I didn't know how to handle it, and while they tried to be as amicable as possible and share me week to week, it crushed my little soul. I just couldn't understand it.

Things got worse when Mom got a new boyfriend, Samuel. Looking back, I realise he wasn't a bad man at all, quite the opposite, but it was still confusing to have to have a new father-figure

in my life, and see him as an authority, and try to get along with him. He was harder to get along with than Dad, and he was so much more serious. Apparently, Mom loved him precisely because he was responsible. He was successful, and ambitious, and didn't stumble through life like Dad. But I didn't have that context, which made it all the harder when Samuel and Harold - my Dad - clashed. It got more and more constant, particularly after Samuel became my official step-dad, and this was despite Mom wanting them to stay civil. Samuel always got on Harold's case to be more responsible, to find a better job, and to get out of his rut (and looking back, Dad was definitely feeling the squeeze). But Harold hated having Mom's new man pushing in on his turf, and pushed back. It really sucked for me, because I was trying to get along with Samuel, and we were having our moments, but every time my two dads were in the one place, they fought.

And then it all changed when I found that strange shell on the beach. We were on a family trip with Samuel and my Mom, and there was this cool conch shell. I had run down the beach a little, and they were chilling on the sand, keeping me roughly in view. But Dad was also there, since Mom wanted them to try and get along for a whole family trip, and once more an argument was starting. I turned away and focused on my find. When I blew into the conch shell, something amazing happened: a sort of silvery mermaid, the most beautiful woman I had ever seen, emerged from it. No one else reacted to the sight, it was like she was invisible to anyone but me. But I was entranced.

"Well done, young one," she said in a strange voice, "you have found a genie of the sea. Few have the pure heart to find one such as me, and so I shall grant you three wishes."

"Really?" the then-five year old me asked. "Three whole wishes?"

I couldn't believe it.

"Three wishes," she said, smiling. "But word them well, young one, for they cannot be turned back once made. They are forever."

Little, simple, naive me thought and thought, humming and umming and tripping over my words, but the genie had infinite patience. I get the sense still that she wasn't a bad person, even if my ultimate wishes caused some mischief. Perhaps she just didn't fully understand humans. Either way, I finally realised what I wanted.

"Okay, so my first wish is that Dad can find a really well-paying job that makes him happy."

"Granted."

"And I also wish he can be married again. I really want Dad and Mom together again, but I know that's wrong because they explain it to me lots, so I just want him to have a wife he loves and who loves me."

"Another selfless wish. Granted."

"And, um, I guess I wish that my Step-Dad and my Dad can get along super well too."

"This wish will fit well with the previous one. Well done."

I beamed, incredibly happy with myself. The genie flicked her hands, and a silvery light cascaded around me, and then she was gone. I was pleased as punch . . . until I suddenly heard yelling and screaming.

I ran across the beach to see what was happening, only to witness the strangest sight of my life. Samuel's body was twisting and shifting and changing. His height reduced from around six feet tall to only 5'5 at best. His hips cracked wider, and his shoulders slimmed down. He moaned out something rude while his clothes changed, shrinking as the rest of him shrunk. His hair became long, and his face became a woman's - a really pretty one's! His chest grew, and thought I was just a boy I was still pretty intrigued by boobs it seemed, because he grew a pretty big pair. His waist drew in, and his legs became soft and hairless. He was wearing a blue bikini suddenly, and a see-through blouse of his shoulders - her shoulders. A ring suddenly appeared on his hand - a wedding ring, and an engagement one also.

The new woman was horrified, and so was Mom, and Dad. My jaw dropped, realising that somehow my wishes had done this.

"Oh my God, what's happened to me!?" Samuel cried.

"I have no idea, Selina," Mom said. "I mean, S-Selina. I mean, Selina. Why can't I say your name?"

Dad was equally flabbergasted, but he acted differently. He drew close to Samuel to comfort her, but without meaning to his arms encircled her, and he wrapped her in a loving hug. Samuel - Selina - looked up at my Dad, who was now the taller of the pair.

"I - what's wrong with me - I really need to kiss you now, Harold."

"I feel the same need."

"Please, hurry up. I need to kiss you *right now*."

"What is happening!?" Mom exclaimed.

But already my Step-Dad and Dad were kissing, and she was pressing her new bikini body against him, placing her soft arms around his neck.

Now there's no beating around the bush, so I'll say it straight now. Even my five year old self saw it: Samuel had become a very, very hot woman. Busty, with wide hips, silky brunette hair, cute face, the works. The kind of gal Dad went for, and, appropriately given I'm his son, the kind of gal I hope to marry one day too now that I'm a teenager with those kinds of urges. I can't

imagine how Samuel/Selina felt at that moment, but there's no doubt in my mind that, with the benefit of hindsight, she was struggling against being really, really into my Dad.

The whole thing took a while to work out. I came clean, and the wishes were decoded until the results were obvious: Dad now worked as a high-paid contractor in his electrical engineering field, enough to support him and his new wife, and me. He now had a new wife in Selina, and Samuel was turned in order to make the two really 'get along.' The end result was that Samuel was stuck as Selina, and while she knew she was meant to be a man and had all her memories as a man, she was compelled at all times to be Harold' gorgeous housewife, be totally attracted to him, and yes, sleep with him. I'm not going to dwell on that part, but suffice to say that in coming years they had to soundproof their room because of their daily, and nightly, 'activities.'

Mom was saddened, of course, and Dad felt very guilty. Selina, as my new Step-Mom, continually warred with her feelings, but always she lost. She was simply too into my Dad, and got a hit of dopamine and pleasure when she acted the part of his wife. She was still able to talk about her old life and complain, but only to use three who were there when she changed, no one else. Only we knew who she used to be: as far as the world was concerned, she was a gorgeous woman named Selina who had married Dad on the day Mom had actually married Samuel originally.

It took a while for us all to accept this new reality, Selina most of all. Mom was morose for a bit, but gradually moved on, and she found a new husband two years later that she is still with. Greg is an awesome step-dad, by the way. And while Dad, being the perfect gentleman, did his best to make Selina comfortable, and crack a beer with her on the deck so she could feel like a man at times, it was undeniable that he was happier. He now had a gorgeous wife to share a bed with, and she was a great cook, wonderful company, and . . well, yeah, the bit I won't dwell on.

Selina took a lot longer, for obvious reasons. I can imagine being a woman would be weird. But she never took it out on me. I suspect she literally couldn't, but in truth, it opened my eyes to the fact that Samuel had been a good man, and Selina was now a good woman. She made it known I wasn't to blame, and that she still wanted to be part of my life, and in the months that followed we became a lot closer. She relaxed, no longer governed by ambitiousness and pursuit of success, and she took me to the zoo, and to the park, and to theme rides and mini-golfing and swimming and playdates and all sorts of stuff.

And, while she was horrified and nervous initially, she also gave me a younger sibling, and Dad a new child. Birth must have been so strange for her, being compelled to push a baby out when once she couldn't imagine ever doing that, but I could tell when she fed my little brother Ben that she loved him. And the other six babies she's had since have been loved just as much.

Like I said, I still feel guilty. There are times when Selina admits that she wishes she was still a man, and could just be a better Step-Dad to me. And it's clear that always feeling compelled to be the cook in the kitchen, and often to be barefoot and pregnant in it also, does occasionally weary her. But the fact of the matter is, my 'Dads' get along a lot better now, and the change is

permanent besides. As far as I'm concerned, I've got the best step-mother in the world, and I make sure each day that she knows it.

I know it brightens her day. Hopefully one day it makes her happy that she became my Dad's wife, and my Step-Mom.

Maybe, secretly, and with a little bit of embarrassment, she already is.

The End