

Permanent Babysitting (Young Man to MILF TG RC AP Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

An Anonymous Commission

When Chet is asked to babysit his new half-Korean girlfriend Brooke's baby sibling, he is quite reluctant. But with her mother having run off to 'find herself', someone has to do it while she's away and her father has important work to do in the study. Something strange happens each time the baby cries, however: Chet finds himself becoming more womanly. If he's not careful, he might just find himself as a thick and curvaceous mother to not only the baby, but his own girlfriend as well!

Permanent Babysitting

I still can't believe I said 'yes.' I was goddamn kicking myself. I could have been out partying, getting drunk and trying some E, and generally just hanging with my buddies and shooting the shit after a wild night. Instead, here I was, walking through the empty enclave of normie suburbia, wanting to off myself rather than step through the front door of the house I'd arrived at.

"Fuck this shit," I groaned, running my hands through my spiky hair. "If Brooke doesn't put out tomorrow night, this relationship is so not worth saving."

Why had I agreed to be a freaking babysitter? The answer was obvious: Brooke was a drop dead gorgeous, the kind of girl that a man does not simply let pass by without trying to make it work. She was pretty, passionate, and had a real sweet personality that just infected me with her positivity, and truth be told I was getting rather smitten. Besides, she'd led such a sheltered life that I couldn't help but want to corrupt her a little; introduce her to the wild side of town after dark and really blow her mind. It didn't hurt, of course, that she was head over heels for me ever since we'd met at college two weeks ago. She'd told me that she thought I was a 'bad boy', and I responded that I was the baddest, with a terrible reputation for partying, drugs, alcohol, all of it. Even going through plenty of hot chicks.

Somehow, that only made her want to pursue me even more. Now, here I was, actually *liking* being in a relationship, even if I couldn't help but occasionally notice some of the real hotties on campus that I could, technically speaking, be picking up at any time.

But Brooke was a nice girl, and I was really looking forward to getting her in the sack before deciding whether to dump her or not. Part of me was even looking forward to the idea of sticking around in the longer term . . . maybe. Or perhaps she just had me wrapped around her finger in a way only a nice girl can do for a bad boy.

Or perhaps it was just that she was half-Korean, with those sexy almond eyes and gorgeous tan skin and the most silky black hair imaginable. Yeah, I have a thing for Asian chicks, sue me. But hey, she had a thing for Caucasian men like me. Just like her mom, I guess. You know, before she decided to ditch the family for good and run away, leaving them with a baby to take care of.

Poor thing. Even I had to admit it didn't deserve that.

"Ugh, don't get all attached, Chet," I told myself. "You're gonna be babysitting a shitting, farting, crying, helplessly wailing baby. Brooke's baby brother."

I knocked upon the door, and not long after a man answered the door. I hadn't met Brooke's father yet, but I admit I was surprised by his appearance. You hear of guys picking up a Korean wife and imagine a nerdy, bespectacled figure with thick glasses and creepy demeanour. This guy looked *military*. He was taller than me, definitely over six feet in height, and had broad shoulders and a smart blonde haircut. He wore a professional button shirt and dark slacks, but his muscular form was obvious. No wonder Brooke was a track runner at college.

"Um, is this the Anderson household?" I asked.

"It is," he replied. "Are you Chet? Brooke's new . . . boyfriend?"

I gave him my best grin. I'd psyched out the parents of girlfriends in the past before, and clearly he wasn't expecting me to be so brash.

"That's me, boss."

"Well, you can call me Mr Anderson. Just as I'll call you Mr Pravers"

"Oh, Dad! Don't be so formal!"

Brooke suddenly appeared around her father's side, moving to embrace me. Just to psyche out her father further - and punish him a little for making me babysit his little son - I gave her a hug and then a kiss that went on just a *tetch* too long, with a little too much passion.

"Stop it!" she teased. "Not while Dad is looking!"

I stared into her dark eyes and smiled. Wow, yeah, I could get used to being in a relationship with this woman. If I was to love her and leave her, I'd definitely want to leave on good terms. Leave the door open, as it were. God knew that I was going to deserve some fantastic sex, maybe a blowjob or two, after pulling *this* job.

"Sorry, babe," I said. "Just too excited to see you."

"I think that's a bit much, now," her father said. "Come on in, Chet. I'll show you the house and inform you of your duties for the night."

I stepped through while Brooke made an amusing face about her father's strictness.

"Forgive him. Ever since Mom left, he's been more hardass than usual. Me? I've just cried a ton, so you have no idea how much this means for you to babysit him."

Thomas started giving the tour, and was terse and military as he did so.

“Living room. Bedroom - no go, obviously. Hall cupboards where the extra bottles can be found in case of emergency. Here are the milk supplies - follow the written instructions when Myung needs to feed. Make sure to apply baby powder.”

I was shown to Myung’s room, where the baby was sleeping in his cot. Pretty cute thing, really. Then Thomas took me to another room to explain the change process. He went on and on, and to be honest, I only half-listened. I was too taken by Brooke, and thinking of all the things I wanted to do to her petite body and those lovely breasts of hers. She really did have a nice pair, and it made me curious about her mother; was it inherited from that side?

“Any questions?”

I blinked, and realised that Thomas was talking to me. “Uh, yeah,” I said. “Why am I babysitting, again? I mean, happy to do it or whatever, but it’s Brooke going out for her friend’s birthday, not you.”

Thomas scowled a little. “Unfortunately, I have a very important contract to go over for a court case tomorrow. It’s being fasttracked, and it must take all of my attention. You were . . . a last resort.”

I shrugged at this. “Cool. Easy peasy.”

“No, not easy peasy. Myung and Brooke’s mother left us. I’ll never forgive her for that. Tonight, you *are* her mother. And I will demand the universe rearrange itself to make that as true as possible in order to ensure you do your job for this family.”

The walls vibrated a little, the lights swinging and flickering. For a moment, something seemed to pass through the house, and it made me shiver a little. It made all of us shiver, and Thomas’s eyes widened, as if concerned he might have summoned something.

But then the effect passed, and I just chuckled. “Well, sure thing! Happy to help out for Brooke’s sake. Especially since I’ve got a great date for her tomorrow.”

Thomas raised an eyebrow. “It’s only been two weeks, son.”

“Daaaad!” Brooke said, taking my arm. “Stop being so protective! Now come here, you. I want to give you a goodbye kiss outside - away from prying parents!”

She took me to the doorstep and then we exchanged tongues. She moaned into my mouth, and it gave me further ideas for tomorrow.

“Oh my God, I really need to go or I’ll be late! I really want to stay and do things to you.”

“Well, tomorrow you can pay me back with interest,” I said. “And I can show you some ‘substances’ that will make it even more exciting.”

She bit her lip, clearly nervous, and bid me goodbye. I returned, Thomas giving me a watchful eye, but I just flicked him a grin.

“Don’t worry, T-man. I’ve got it all covered.”

“That’s Mr Anderson,” he reminded me. “And don’t disturb me unless it is an emergency, got it?”

I was halfway through an episode of *CSI* when little Myung started crying.

“Fucking hell,” I complained. I turned up the volume, hoping it would go away. Thomas was as far from the baby’s room as possible, and it was a large house. I figured I could just wait the stupid little kid out; he was over six months old at this point, shouldn’t he be over it?

But then the walls shook, and a tremble ran through me as much as the house, the lights flickering yet again.

“W-weird,” I said. “Ugh, fine. I’ll check the baby.”

I can’t say what compelled me to do so, only that I felt a sudden . . . urge to actually perform the duties I’d been asked to do. When I got to Myung’s nursery, the little fella was crying on his back, having slipped out of his swaddle. His little arms wriggled about, and his surprisingly thick black hair was a mess.

“You are a bit of a cutie,” I noted, which felt out of character given that I hated babies, but something in my heart warmed to see him. “Fine, you clearly want a feed.”

I went and retrieved a bottle. It took me a bit to get the instructions right, and Myung continued to wail as I warmed up the formula.

“Shame there’s no actual breastmilk,” I said idly. “Wait, why the fuck do I even care about that shit?”

I shrugged and got the formula prepared. My nipples were feeling oddly tense as I shook the liquid and tested its warmth with my pinky finger, which was a technique I must have heard from somewhere. Damn, I was definitely doing Brooke doggie style to make up for having to do this. I rubbed my strangely sensitive nipples and headed back to the nursery. Myung was still crying, but I got him out and held him as best as I could while I sat in the rocking chair and fed him. The little greedy guts took the bottle instantly, and despite being warned by Brooke that her new baby brother never got along with anyone but her or her Dad, the little boy settled immediately.

“Huh,” I said, smiling despite myself. “I guess that makes me your mommy for the night.”

It was just a stupid fucking joke, of course, but something about saying it felt . . . nice. I don't know why, it just did. Pretty embarrassing, right? Well, it sent a warm flush through me that settled in my core. My stomach even gurgled, and for a moment it was almost like something actually *bloomed* within me, pushing my stomach up a little, like I was on a rollercoaster. I felt my stomach and there was a bit of a pooch there I didn't recognise.

"Damn, maybe I need to go back to the gym again," I noted.

Still, Myung went back to sleep, and I could return to my episode of *CSI*. Not that I cared about the show, but Thomas didn't have Netflix or anything, so I was a choosing beggar. I put my feet up on the coffee table and relaxed, rubbing my thighs a little. Goddamn, they seemed thicker than usual. I *really* needed to go to the gym.

Another set of wailing occurred less than half an hour later. I groaned, annoyed that I had to get up again for the little cretin. I'd been scrolling on my phone and occasionally checking out my surroundings. There was exactly one photo of Brooke's mom left. Her name, as I recalled, was Su-Yoon, but I hadn't realised what a fucking MILF she was until I saw a photo hidden behind another that Thomas had clearly forgotten to throw out. The woman was exactly the kind of hot mom type I'd totally imagined getting with when I was older: a sexy Asian mommy with wide hips, a surprisingly big rack, and thick thighs that would make a man fall to the ground and worship. And she hadn't aged much, though Brooke had told me that her Mom had had her when she was just sixteen and Thomas seventeen, so it tracked that she'd only be in her late thirties now. Still, yum!

But now I had to deal with her little crotchfruit. Myung wailed again, and as I walked down the hall to the nursery, the lights flickered and that trembling returned. I found myself walking one foot in front of the other, and my hips swayed in a strangely feminine manner. Were they wider than usual? God, my nipples were aching and pressurised! I scratched at my hair nervously, trying to ward away whatever weirdness I was feeling. It reminded me that I clearly needed a haircut, though I was sure I'd gotten one relatively recently. But my hair was getting in my eyes, just like my thighs were rubbing against one another a little.

"You're just nervous about being some weirdo babysitter," I reminded myself, voice cracking a little. "Just ignore his crying and get the job done."

But when I saw him, I couldn't help myself. He lit up at my appearance, suddenly smiling in that adorable way babies do.

"That's right! Your temporary mommy is here!" I said in a silly baby voice. "Come to mommy!"

I have no idea what was getting into me, but I found that warm glow descending upon me as I picked up that little munchkin. He was fussy and angry and wailing, and with every scream and cry it was making my nipples all sensitive and my hips ache. I can't explain it, it just *was*. In the end, something occurred to me that might not have before. I pulled him up and sniffed his butt.

"F-fuuuuck," I wheezed. "That's a goddamn stinker, kid. Ugh, this was definitely not worth it. No one can ever find out about this."

I turned up the lights a little, which caused him further distress. I pressed him against my chest with one hand as I readied the wipes, the diaper, the works. There was a softness there, and it was coming from me. Had I neglected my pecs recently, or something? It didn't help that Myung was reaching to touch my nipples, which caused me to shudder a little.

"Fuck! That stung! Jesus, kid."

I put him down. What followed was the biggest fight of my life. Worse than beating up Reggie Arnolds a few months ago for insulting me in front of a girl. Worse than the regular fights I used to get into at the skate park. No, this was worse. There was green baby shit everywhere and here I was wiping it away. He cried again, and it caused me ache physically. Was I getting some kind of surrogate mommy feelings or some shit?

"Just - stop! What if I sing to you? Will that help?"

He was still squealing, so I decided to try it. I sang. Yes, goddamn it, I actually debased myself that far, but what else was I going to do? When I looked at the poor guy, something in my heart just . . . gave out to see him so sad.

"Rock a-bye baby, on the tree top, when the wind blows . . ."

Imagine my shock when he actually started *calming*. More than that, he even started *giggling!* Look, I'm proud of my bad boy reputation, but even I had to admit it was the cutest sound in the word, and even had me giggling in turn and touching his belly. I put the stink away in the diaper bin and settled him again. Those little coos almost made the whole ridiculous experience worthwhile, though when I left the room I had to stretch. I could see how parents turn into husks so easily: I felt like I'd aged ten years in just an hour! I shook my hands and rolled my shoulders, sighing a little.

"God, I never want to have kids. Ugh, my throat is all weird now. I sound like a husky smoker woman or something."

Another crying fit nearly an hour later. The lights flickered, and that tremble started again. Maybe the Andersons lived near a railroad or something? Either way, I winced as my bones shifted a little. I had stopped eating the snacks Brooke had left me. They were some

Korea-made biscuits and quite delicious, but clearly I was having a reaction. My face felt a little bloated, and my chest too. Worse, the more Myung cried, the more I just felt kind of older and thicker and *softer*. Seriously, I had no idea how much I clearly needed to get back into working out. I really thought I was fitter.

But then the crying passed, and I was about to turn on the TV again when Thomas came down the stairs. I was surprised to see him, but he actually *smiled* when he saw me.

“Hey there, Chet!” he said.

“I thought you were calling me Mr - nevermind,” I said.

“Why would I call you Mister anything?”

“Well, you asked me to call you Mr Anderson.”

He laughed. “Really? I shouldn’t have. Look, I know I can be hardass, but I’m very glad you’re here, Chet. Myung needs a mother - um, I mean someone to fill in as mother. As the babysitter, I mean! Sorry, I don’t know what’s come over me.”

“Yeah, I’ve been feeling weird, too.”

“You do look a bit different,” he noted. “Have you put on weight? You look older? I didn’t realise you had a tan.”

I paused at that. A tan? I held up my arm and actually gasped - and it was a damn *feminine* gasp at that. “What the fuck!?! I seriously look like I’ve changed races.”

“It looks . . . good,” Thomas said. Something about his words made me feel a little bit better, but what the hell had caused me to look like this?

“Good how? What’s going on with me?”

“I - I don’t know. I noticed that the lights were flickering before,” he continued. “But I’m not kidding, you look . . . better. I can’t explain it, Chet, but I . . . trust you more now. When you turned up at the door I was half-ready to go and get out the old rifle and intimidate you, but now . . . can I take a closer look at you?”

For some reason, I actually nodded and fucking *blushed*. “S-sure,” I said.

He circled around me like a shark. A big, tall, muscular, sexy shark. The fuck? Why was I thinking of him as sexy? I mean, it was pretty undeniable, but that impression was still *there*.

“You’ve definitely changed,” he said. “You look thicker. And a little older. Softer, too. Has your chest always been like that?”

“N-no.”

“Strange, almost like . . . no, that doesn’t make sense.”

“What? Tell me!”

“It’s nothing. Look, maybe you’re just having a reaction or something. Either way, I’ll be a lot nicer to you, I swear. I just have to keep working tonight while you take care of our baby. I’m sorry, but I’m sure this will all work out.”

Then, to his surprise as much as mine, he leaned forward and kissed me on the cheek. I jumped back in shock, my chest jiggling in a strange way.

“Dude, what the actual fuck!?”

Thomas froze. “Oh, sorry. I - I don’t know what came over me. I - I’ll head upstairs now. Are you still right to look after Myung?”

“Of course,” I answered immediately, my voice a little too high for my liking.

“Thanks,” he said, squeezing my arm. Then he went back upstairs, leaving me absolutely fucking confused as to what was going on. I needed to get out of here. I needed to get away from the crying that was setting off those weird tremors and the even weirder changes in me.

And yet I couldn’t. I had to help the baby. He’d said ‘our baby,’ like it was mine and his, and that flooded me with the warm feeling again. I couldn’t fight it; I was *compelled* to stay. I shot a message to Brooke pleading for her to come back home quick.

I could only hope she would. Something weird was happening to me.

Another feed of Myung after he started crying again. This time, I felt the changes occur in real-time. I could feel my waist thicken, my chest expand. My hair even grew. I wasn’t fucking imagining things; I was turning into some kind of goddamn freak! But I couldn’t stop feeding the little fella. He looked at me with these big dark eyes like I was his entire world, and it made my chest ache and swell larger, my nipples especially.

“If I had actual boobs, maybe I could feed you better,” I said. I had to bite my lip. I kept *thinking* shit like that, like I was trying to be a goddamn mom or whatever.

He cried again, failing to latch to the bottle. With every fuss, I could feel the tremors through the room, like they were altering my very reality. I shuddered, hands shrinking as I helped with the bottle, my body hair falling away, my goddamn dick going numb. The last was scaring the shit out of me, and yet I couldn’t do anything! It was like I was a slave to this little adorable creature. I kept blinking at him, my eyes feeling a little odd.

Finally, he went to sleep and I got him down. I made my way back to the living room, annoyed to find that my gait had changed further. Something really was wrong with my hips, because they’d widened considerably yet again, and my ass! Jesus, I had to get to the bathroom and check it out. I moved, still with one foot in front of the other and my hips sashaying, but it was only when I got to the mirror that I realised just how much I’d truly changed.

“Oh my fuck,” I uttered, staring at my reflection. “I’m looking like a frickin’ woman! An *Asian* woman.”

I barely even looked like me, anymore. I was shorter; easily lower than my six feet. I was thicker: my hips seriously looked like frickin' MILF hips, and my waist was soft and doughy. Not fat, but definitely . . . older. All of me was. I looked like I'd jumped straight into my mid-thirties, with slight wrinkles around my eyes - eyes which were *Asian* eyes, by the way. All of me was fucking Asian! I had that olive-yellow skin that Brooke had, or the PC term for it, if there was one. In fact, it was even darker than Brooke's, since she was half-white or whatever. I looked *full* Asian. Was that a thing? I didn't know this shit. But here I was, looking like a goddamn Asian wife and *mom*. I had the build, I had the softness in my face, the round face, the beautiful lips and hypnotic eyes. I seriously looked like a MILF, and even worse was that my body was starting to get all MILFy too! My chest was pushing out, and I could see my big, fat nipples against the fabric of my top. Oh God, I was obviously growing breasts. How did I not frickin' see it before? I even had a frickin' ass, a big ass that men would look at.

"This can't be happening," I muttered. "This can't be happening. I'm - I'm even speaking in an accent. A freakin' Korean accent. Probably because I look like your mom . . ."

I paused.

It hit me.

I looked *exactly* like Su-Yoon, Brooke's mom who had run off. Brooke's mom who was also mom to Myung.

"No," I whispered. "No, no, no!"

I ran away and out of the house and down the street, fast as my shorter, thicker, far more womanly legs would take me.

I came back. Make fun of me, mock me, laugh at the bad boy who was turning into a frickin' *Asian MILF*, but I literally couldn't stop myself. I could *hear* Myung's crying in my mind, and it called to me, like a song. The need to take care of him was overpowering, like an instinct. A *compulsion*. Thomas had called out for me, moving halfway down the stairs when I arrived. His eyes went wide at my appearance.

"Don't say a word, *honey!*" I said, the last part escaping my mouth automatically.

"Of course, *Su-Yoon*," he replied, his eyes turning dreamy.

But I couldn't stop, no matter how much I needed to escape becoming this man's MILFy Korean wife. My boobs - yes, I had goddam *boobs* now, small as they were - were tensing and aching, utterly pressurised as I advanced towards the nursery. There, Myung was crying, wailing. How hungry was this boy!? How many feeds did he need!?

I tried to give him the bottle, even as Thomas entered the room, staring at me. I felt my hair descend over my shoulders, and even my clothing began to change to accommodate how fucking curvy I was getting. I was in the damn throes of change, and with every wail of this stupid, adorable, dear little brat, I became even more like Su-Yoon.

“You’re so beautiful, honey,” Thomas said to me.

I groaned, my breasts expanding. I was - I was gaining a maternity dress! A flowing white thing that still clung tightly enough to show off my maternal curves.

“Wh-what are you talking about!?” I exclaimed, picking up Myung and trying to settle him with the bottle.

Thomas gave me a quizzical look. “You’re always up with him, always being the best mother, despite how unexpected this late baby was. I know we’ve had our ups and downs, but I’m glad you came back to us. I’m sorry that I didn’t realise that you were having postpartum troubles.”

My eyes widened. I went to reply, but my bosom was expanding again. My tits were getting so round and heavy, filling out the front of my dress top and then muffin topping a little. God, they were big, and when I tried to settle Myung the little baby kept reaching for them, pushing at my boobs. *My boobs, FUCK!*

“I’m not Su-Yoon!” I said. “I’m Su-Yoon, remember? Why are you acting like I’m your wife! We’re obviously married!”

The words weren’t coming out right. Thomas had noticed the earlier changes, why was he forgetting now? Was reality collapsing in on itself? This whole situation was so completely fucked, and worse because I couldn’t do anything. My heart beat like a jackhammer as my dick, once so big and impressive and hungry for a nice girl’s pussy, shrank back inside of me. I moaned again, and something squirted out from my nearly head-sized boobs.

“Mhmmm, what was th-that?”

“Why are you using the bottle anyway, honey? I thought you were deadset on breastfeeding. Go on, I think that’s why he’s fussy.”

I couldn’t escape it. I tried to tell him who I was, but the words weren’t coming. The room shuddered, that ripple running through it. I heard an echo of his voice in an ethereal tone.

“And I will demand the universe rearrange itself to make that as true as possible in order to ensure you do your job for this family.”

Shit. Shit. Shit shit shit SHIT! That’s what was happening! The universe really was rearranging itself, and giving me a new job in the family: as Thomas’ hot Korean wife, the MILFy mother of his children!

“Oh God,” I whispered, and yet I pulled down part of my dress, exposing a very large breast which wobbled free, the nipple dark and huge, the areola wide. I had boobs. Actual boobs. And judging from the emptiness between my legs, I was all woman now. All *Su-Yoon*.

“D-drink up, sweetie,” I said to Myung, my voice light and lilting, totally motherly. I wanted to scream, but my maternal instincts were too strong, and I *needed* to breastfeed more than I needed anything in my life, ever. To my blessed relief and simultaneous humiliation, Myung latched instantly. I gasped as I felt my warm milk leave my huge boob, tugged by the baby’s effort.

By *my* baby.

Fuck, I was really in it, now.

“You’re such a perfect mother,” Thomas whispered. “Come back to me once you’re done. Just have one last bit of work to do, and then we can celebrate our night together.”

I had no idea what he meant by that.

I had a pussy. My dick was gone. I checked numerous times in the bathroom after feeding Myung. I was all *Su-Yoon* now, all woman. I looked like a very stylish, very beautiful, and very thicc (with two ‘C’s, naturally) Korean mother in her mid-thirties, well-preserved but with wonderful maternal curves. My boobs jutted out, wobbling when I moved too much, hoisted up by a frickin’ *bra*, and my ass swayed obviously behind me. Even my hair was distracting. It all was! What was going on? How long would this last, damn it!? I needed Brooke to return, this woman who was meant to be my girlfriend, but was now my daughter.

“Gotta get the fuck out of here,” I said in a sexy accent. “Find a way to change back.”

I stayed in my lingerie, determined to sneak up to the bedroom and find some far less feminine clothes to disguise myself in before fucking right off out of here. I was less flexible, less strong, less tall, and certainly less energetic, but I could try and sneak, right?

Wrong.

When I entered Thomas’ room, I found that I had accidentally not only walked into an ambush, but become one, too. Thomas was there with his shirt off, and he turned to look at me with surprise, his body deeply muscled and handsome. My nipples hardened just to look at him, and I realised I was fucking *gay* now. Or, in a strange way, *straight*.

“Well, well, looks like someone’s eager,” he told me. “I admit, I was getting a little jealous of our baby getting such control over your perfect chest, and now here you are, showing it all off for me. I’m a lucky guy.”

He stepped towards me, and I realised I was showing off a colossal amount of cleavage. I was practically naked, the lovely softness of my belly on display, my thick thighs

as well, and certainly from his perspective my big ass as well. I was probably the kind of image I regularly masturbated to between girlfriends, only in MILF form.

“Thomas, something’s going on, and *it’s how much I really want you to fuck my brains out.*”

I squeaked. The words had just sprung from somewhere, but they inflamed a further desire.

“I’d hoped you’d say that,” Thomas said. “I’m never letting you slip from my grasp again, honey. I’ll always appreciate you the way a queen like you deserves. Trust me, you’ll always come before work, you and all our babies - present, and any we might yet have.”

Any we might have? Was he saying what I think he was saying? No! I needed to get out of this, no matter how fucking horny my stupid sexy Korean mombod was.

Except I couldn’t. Instead, I found myself walking as if on autopilot towards him, driven by compulsion and lust. He held me in his powerful arms and kissed me, stroking my body everywhere and stirring up the most humiliating feelings. His dick was hard against me and it was making my pussy so damn wet!

“Mhmmm,” I moaned. “Let’s take this to the bed.”

He unclasped my bra from the back with one hand, and it was devastatingly sexy. I needed Brooke home ASAP to rescue me, but instead my man made love to me, cupping and fondling and squeezing and groping my huge, sensitive tits. He lowered his head, and all I could do was clutch him as he sucked on my big, dark nipples.

“Oh God! Oh f-fuck! You’re drinking my milk! I’m lactating and you’re drinking my mhhmmilk!”

It was all like a fever dream. Before I knew it I was on the bed and he was pulling off my underwear, all while my needy hands were undoing his belt. My body was on fire and only half in my control; the rest was all compulsion and arousal, instinct and need. My heavy boobs rose and fell, each slipping to either side of my chest a little now that they were unburdened. He squeezed them back together as he crawled on top of me, his hardness against my pussy. I was feeling an actual cock against me, and I wanted it inside me!

“I’ll never get enough of your pregnancy boobs,” Thomas said. “I hope they never go back to their old size again.”

With that, he drank from them again, leaving me writhing. I spread my legs automatically like I was some kind of whore. I couldn’t believe what I was doing, what I was *allowing* to happen. Before I could even try and correct what I was doing, however, he plunged into me, his cock entering my opening and causing me to gasp and cry out.

“Oh God! Your dick is in meeee! You’ve got a huge d-dick inside meeee!”

I clutched him with my legs, and soon he began thrusting, in and out, in and out. My boobs rocked, almost slapping me in the face with their motions. He was on me, and I was

submissive. It was so damn fucked up, but I couldn't help but love it at the same time, which made it even more fucked up. I raked my nails down his back, even felt his ass. I had a dick inside my new pussy! It was all I could think about. I was a hot mom being penetrated by her hot fox of a husband.

"Ohhhhh, don't s-stop!" I screamed. "I'm s-so close! I'm so close!"

"I love you, Su-Yoon!" he exclaimed, fucking me and kissing me at the same time.

"I - oh God - I love you too!"

I didn't mean it, but the tremors inside my body, this new reality, had slipped me too deeply into the role to avoid my speaking part. I was meant to be a young bad boy, a ladies man, a lover of women. Now, I was getting railed by my husband and anticipating the moment he came inside me.

It happened not long after. His cock twitched inside me, and suddenly my pussy muscles clamped down, a totally alien sensation to me. I screamed as one orgasm after the next rolled through me, all in time to the jets of semen pumping again and again into my womb. My fucking *womb*.

"I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS IS HAPPENING! OHHHHH!!!"

I had rested hopes on maybe things returning back to normal when Brooke returned. Instead, she stepped through the door, and I made my way to the entrance hall to greet her, wearing a purple dress that looked far too lovely on my thick, curvy body. My boobs bounced, my ass as well, and my long hair reminded me of how much I had changed. And there was Brooke, my girlfriend-turned-daughter, now sharing so many of my own changed features, not even being surprised at my appearance.

"Mom!" she declared. "You didn't have to stay up late for me. How was Myung? Has he been crying?"

I had to suppress a tear down my face. He'd been sleeping perfectly ever since I damn well breastfed him. And now the crying had stopped, and so were the changes. The changes I was starting to realise were likely permanent.

"He's f-fine," I stammered. "Just fine, darling. How could he not be, with his mother babysitting him?"

Brooke chuckled. I looked at her and found no attraction. She was just a woman. Just . . . my daughter, with all the maternal warmth I couldn't help but feel for such a person.

"Don't you mean mothering, Mom? It's not babysitting if you're his mother."

I nodded, the truth of it sinking in even deeper.

"Yes," I said. "His mother. And yours."

I'd finally managed to get little Myung back to sleep again when Thomas got home. I still could barely believe that this man was my husband, and even more that I was his sexy Korean wife. And yet, here I was. We had no idea why or how I had been changed, other than that Thomas had challenged the universe in some way, and it had responded.

So here I fucking was, looking up at his handsome body, which he immediately embraced, kissing me tenderly on my neck.

"Mhmmm," I moaned. "S-stop. Don't be so passionate. I need it slow. Ohhh, just for my sake."

It was the best I could do to manage my horny body and its needs, and to resist my fate as much as possible. Of course, I was just slowing down the inevitable part where I orgasmed and my husband shot his sticky white wad up into me.

"Don't blame me, Su-Yoon," he told me, reaching around to grope my ass, which made me moan all over again. "I just can't resist your body. Ever since you returned from your postpartum incident, I've been even more attracted to you than ever. It's like you've become the perfect version of yourself that you were always meant to be."

I bit my lip, trying not to blush. His touch was so divine, and my body always responded to it, but it was so fucking embarrassing, man! I couldn't escape the knowledge that I wasn't meant to be like this, especially with that other huge development.

"Easy for you to say," I told him with my lilting, accented voice. "You get to have sex with a hot, curvy Korean MILF with enormous lactating tits."

At this, he cupped my breasts, squeezing them lightly and making me weak at the knees. I could feel some milk escape from my nipples, wetting the front of my dress, but it also made me wet between my thighs.

"But you gained so much more in these lovely milkers," he said with a grin. "And besides, you always enjoy it. But if I'm a bit too lustful lately, you can tell me to stop any time, and I promise I will. Do you want that?"

I hesitated, but my role had certain demands, and my body so many needs. "Oh God, you know I don't want you to. This stupid mommy body is so horny for you. And it's only gotten worse with . . ."

He shifted around behind me and cupped my belly, holding it up to lessen its weight upon my form. I couldn't help myself; I sighed in feminine relief. Yes, I was knocked up. Pregnant. Preggers. Up the Duff. Expecting. I had a bun in the freakin' oven. Whatever humiliating term you can think of for it, trust me, I've thought of it more. I was only five months along, but I was growing alright, and growing fairly fast, all things considered. The

most recent scan had been uncertain, but I was terrified I was having twins. Naturally, my husband was overjoyed at the possibility.

“You’re so beautiful when pregnant,” he said, swaying with me, pressing his hardness against my prodigious backside. “You can’t tell me you don’t love it.”

“I’m getting huge. I’m losing my stomach muscles. I’m starting to feel *kicks* from this little alien, and my boobs are getting even bigger again!”

“Mhmm, and so sensitive, too.”

“S-so sensitive. I can’t believe I’m a J-cup. I didn’t even - ahhh - know that such a size existed. Mmhmm. So full of milk t-too.”

He chuckled at that. I hated how sexy it sounded.

“I can help with that. Just like you helped me not be such a hardass again. I know that Brooke is much happier since you found yourself and came back to us. But I’m getting off topic . . .”

He held my waist and kissed my neck again. My body was already responding, and I wanted him to cup my boobs again and fondle them. As if reading my mind, he did so, his other hand slipping beneath my belly and into my underwear to rub my wet pussy.

“Ohhhh,” I moaned, rubbing my own belly, overwhelmed by sensation. “B-but Brooke will b-be home soon from her s-studies. I still have to c-cook dinner!”

I’d been compelled to learn some lovely Korean dishes. To my embarrassment, I was getting damn good at them. But Thomas continued to touch me, making me writhe and plead for him to continue.

“I’ll be quick, I promise. I’m so glad we got our second chance, Su-Yoon. I love you so much.”

“Mhmm, I I-love you too!” I cried.

That last part was a compulsion, but during moments such as these, I truly meant it. Fuck me, I was stuck, wasn’t I? Any memories of that night had drained from Thomas; in this new reality, I had simply walked back in the door and reunited with him. The same was true of Brooke. I was the only one who knew who I used to be. For the rest of my foreseeable future, I would be Su-Yoon, dutiful wife to Thomas Anderson. I couldn’t fight these feelings, and my body craved his cock so damn bad. It was what had gotten me knocked up, with a dome of a belly that would only grow and grow until - oh fuck - I gave birth in four months! Spread-legged and screaming and *giving birth*. And yet, my preggo body was horny for him, and I didn’t fight him as he manoeuvred me to the living room and had me bend over against the wall.

“I can’t believe I’m stuck like this,” I muttered as my husband lifted up my dress and pulled down my underwear. “Stuck as a pregnant MILF.”

“You’re not stuck! You’ve done this before, and you can do it again. And I believe in you, honey. But, I won’t lie, I’m damn glad you’re pregnant again. You’re already such a great mother to Myung and Brooke, and you know I wanted more kids when we were ready.”

I groaned; he was playing with my huge tits again, cupping them and massaging my lactating nipples. I was afraid Brooke would come home soon. She really was a daughter to me now whether I liked it or not, and the weirdest part was that she seemed to like me more as her new mom than she even had as a boyfriend. Clearly, she wanted a maternal influence more, and here I was, pregnant with her next sibling or siblings.

“Please, just b-be quick!” I cried, my words almost slipping into Korean. “I need you so badly, Thomas!”

“Then buckle up, honey, because your man will always be there for you.”

He thrust into me, and all was perfect in the universe, at least for this act. I could barely believe how used to having a hard dick inside me had become, but my pussy hugged it, milking it for all it was worth. As he began to thrust in and out, driving me to ever greater heights, I began to smile as he ravished my thick, curvy, MILFy body. Even having his hands on my swollen belly was hot. During these moments, a small, very shameful part of me was actually *glad* to be knocked up by my sexy, virile husband.

Ohhhhh, at least this bit was good! Even if - ahh - I ended up as a goddamn permanent baby s-sitter, and with more babies on the way!

The End