

Stepford Curse (Trophy Wives TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

In a cursed neighbourhood, two former husbands have become newly minted housewives. Once best friends, they are now engaged in a power struggle to re-establish themselves - Maria wants to escape the curse, but Trudy advocates for the stepford wives to give in. As their conflict grows, so does the curse continue to punish them, enhancing them in their new roles . . .

Stepford Curse

Day 1

Both Marco and Todd were horrified to find themselves transforming into beautiful housewives, but neither had been able to stop it. The formerly dominant men, so proud of their masculinity and control over their wives, now had the situation completely reversed thanks to the curse of the Stepford Community. They writhed and moaned as they changed in the same party room space, their wives looking at them with glee.

“Wh-what’s happening!?” Marco had cried to his wife Gabriella.

But she had just giggled, and it had been Todd’s wife Lucy who had replied instead.

“Oh, we’re so glad you moved us here, boys. Of course, that may have had a little to do with our convincing; a bit of sex and turning of the male head in the right direction does wonders, doesn’t it, Gabby?”

“It certainly does,” Marco’s wife said.

“And since we had been told of the curse upon this neighbourhood, and how if the right words were invoked, it could be willingly invited upon newcomers, how could we resist? This is the Stepford Community, boys, didn’t the name give it away?”

“A place where the men can learn how hard it is to be a woman, looking and acting perfect all the time,” Gabby continued.

“And the women who were made submissive and dutiful can suddenly become powerful husbands.”

“H-husbands?” Todd asked. His muscles withered, and his chest began to expand.

“Oh yes!” Lucy proclaimed, growing in size relative to her shrinking man. “Husbands. Big, powerful husbands who know exactly how to boss around and please their new sexy wives.”

The rest was, as they say, history. The two men had continued to change, and even their clothing changed with them, such was the nature of the curse. In just a few minutes,

Marco had become *Maria*, the latino now a sexy *latina*. She had gorgeous mid-tone olive skin, bronzed by the sun, and magnificent dark curls that fell just shy of her shoulders. Her figure was gorgeous, with wide hips and athletic legs, but demure and weak. She could feel the heft of her breasts, small but present, upon her, and this was enhanced by the fact that she was wearing a female shirt and tight jeans. Todd, her best friend for years, partner in the same electronics business, had become *Trudy*, an adorable blonde who was even shorter and weaker-looking. Her hair remained in a short pixie cut, but her eyes were big and blue, her nose button cute, her figure cute, almost fairy-like in a way. She wore an actual *dress*, one that was a light blue and matched her well.

The two looked at one another, then back to their wives, who were now *husbands*. Gabriella was *Gabriel*, a tall, lithe, and deeply handsome hispanic man. Lucy was now *Liam*, a man with dark skin and close-cropped curly black hair, and the kind of wide shoulders and impressively muscled body that women went wild for.

The two new men grinned, joyous that it had all worked.

The two new women, on the other hand, simply *screamed*.

Day 8

It had been a week since Maria and Trudy had been changed. A week of dressing like women, identifying as women, sitting down to pee like women, and getting used to *sounding* like women. Despite themselves, the Stepford Curse was strong: they both felt an instant submission to their new husbands, an overriding compulsion to cook for them, clean for them, and remain beautiful for them. This included makeup, much to their shared humiliation, especially Maria's, since she had often pressured Gabriella to dress up and look nice for him, especially when they went to work events.

"I'm sorry, okay!" she announced, even as she wore a nice white summer dress that contrasted her bronze skin and showed off her lovely legs. "I was wrong! Just let me turn back!"

"No chance, *wifey bae*," Gabriel said. "This has been the best week of my life. And besides, would I really give up getting to enjoy the look and feel of this big *culo* of yours?"

At which point he slapped her on the ass. It was humiliating . . . and deeply pleasurable.

That was the other thing. Apart from not being able to just run away (the draw of one's husband was simply too powerful, as was his command to stay), there was also the change in sexuality to deal with. The other women in the neighbourhood had welcomed Maria and Trudy. Lin was especially lovely, and was seen as the de facto one to listen to,

having been in the Stepford neighbourhood for ten years since she was twenty five, and even delivering three children for her banker husband.

“Trust me,” she told them. “The best thing to do is to just go with your instincts. I tried to fight them for so long, but each time I was defeated. The more I fought, the more the curse punished me. Now, I can’t even wake up without giving my husband a blowjob, and I orgasm like a good girl when he cums . . . and I always swallow.”

Maria winced at this, and Trudy looked like she wanted to barf.

“But surely there’s some way to escape!”

Lin shook her head, as did the other girls, including Dorothy the local nurse and Jane, a local trophy wife with pretty red hair and generous freckles.

“We’ve tried,” Jane said. “But our husbands are too powerful, and the curse reacts. Better to get along. Trust me, sex isn’t as bad as you think it will be! You’ll fall right into their laps.”

Maria bit her lip. She was starting to worry that might be true, but was determined to fight it. Trudy, on the other hand, had other thoughts in mind. She accepted that sex was inevitable, but part of her, despite the shame of it, was feeling quite . . . curious. If it was going to happen, why not see how life was on the other side? And besides, maybe it could let her influence her new husband, as Liam had once done to her . . .

Day 20

Sex was good, and *frequent*. Neither woman could resist it for very long; their new Stepford instincts compelled them to be perfect wives for their husbands, and that included pleasing them in the bedroom whenever they desired it. Maria found it humiliating. She knew now that she’d not been the best husband to Gabriel, but that didn’t mean she deserved this! When Gabriel returned home from work, her body became instantly horny for him, and she felt compelled to make sure her attire and makeup were beautiful and enticing.

“That’s my perfect wife,” he told her, groping her breasts and making her writhe in reluctant ecstasy. “*Dios mio*, you’re always so wet and tight!”

No matter how hard she tried to fight her feelings, the Stepford Curse had left her body deeply submissive and horny. She would always end up spreading her legs for him, and in the end the multiple orgasms always came, leaving her crying out as she clutched her new husband, his seed firing deep into her womb.

Trudy was suffering the same fate, but unlike her suffering friend, part of her was actually starting to enjoy the sex. Sure, being stuck as a dutiful wife wasn’t the best, and she missed being in charge of her own business and wanted it back, but her body was so damn *responsive* to her lover, and the feeling of his big black cock stretching her wide was just

achingly good. She even begged Liam to experiment with her: she rode on top of him, bouncing on his lap while he played with her petite tits, and groaned with passion as he took her from behind, doggy-style. She was facing straight into a mirror for the latter, and was gobsmacked over how much she was beaming with every thrust.

“Ohhhhh!” she cried. “I I-love this t-too fucking much! Fill meeee!”

Afterwards, she let Liam spoon her, while just across the street Maria had Gabriel’s naked form slumped upon her, his cock still inside her satisfied pussy. Both stared at the ceiling, but the friends’ thoughts were starting to diverge.

Trudy was starting to see some benefits to this life.

Maria, meanwhile, was resolute that she needed to escape. She *refused* to let her new instincts and lustful needs lead her to a life of loyal submission.

No matter how good it felt.

Day 45

Maria was once again wearing a classic 1950’s housewife dress. Gabriel had insisted: he liked seeing her in ‘traditional housewife stuff,’ and for her that meant doing herself up pretty as if she’d come from another age. It had only been a month-and-a-half, but the routine of her life was becoming almost ordinary. She would wake up in bed with her husband and usually have sex with him, often starting him off with a blowjob, and then she would go through the process of making him breakfast before slinking off to the shower. She would emerge with her makeup and hair done, and sporting a chic look that showed off her lovely Latina form. Gabriel would kiss her goodbye and head to work, and then she would go about her housewifely duties: cleaning the kitchen, readying for dinner, doing the laundry, attending to the garden, and doing the rounds with the ladies of Stepford.

It was this last part that was her best escape. She had not lost her determination to become a man again, or to at least escape. She kept in contact with Lin, who told her all the ways women had tried to get free of their fates, only to find themselves worsen.

“Just have a look at Beatrice,” Lin whispered to her as they shared a coffee at the local coffee place. “She’s at the table behind you.”

Maria looked back, and her jaw dropped. Beatrice appeared to be a Filipino woman with very large breasts. *Very large.*

“*Dios mio,*” she said. “Those are very large *tetas.*”

Lin smirked, then nodded. “Beatrice tried harder than anyone to escape. She only got bigger in the chest and became pregnant. You have to be careful.”

Maria gulped. “I will. But that doesn’t mean I won’t escape. I want to find out more about the curse.”

“If I can’t sway you, find out at the library. There’s a section at the back that covers the supernatural. There may be some books on it. I heard a rumour there used to be one, but I could never find it.”

She gave more details to the new woman, Maria thanked her with a kiss on the cheek and took off to the library. As she did, she passed Trudy, and was surprised: the blonde looked just a little bit different: her bust looked larger, as if she had B-cups or small C’s, and her hair was no longer a pixie cut but a slightly longer bob. She moved with a happy sway to her hips, and her summer dress did well to show them off.

“Trudy!?”

“Maria!”

The two embraced, hugging one another in quite a feminine manner. It felt rather odd to Maria, but Trudy considered it quite natural.

“You’ve changed!”

“I know, isn’t it the best style? I just love this blue on me. Suits me well, don’t you think? The new me, I mean.”

“No, I mean your boobs are bigger! And your hair has grown! I swear your face looks different.”

“You mean prettier?” Trudy boasted, grinning openly. “I think the only one happier about my bigger bust is Liam! He’s such a dog, I swear that man can’t keep his hands off me, some day!”

Maria frowned, confused by her friend. “You’re not . . . actually happy about this, are you?”

“Well, I mean, if we are stuck as women, why not look like the best women we can be? C’mon, Maria, it’s not like we can go back.”

“It’s only been a month and a half! Trudy, I think I’ve got a lead to turn us back. I just need to find it. There’s a book in the library; it’s called the Secret Story of the Stepford Wife. It might be what we need to change back. We can be men again!”

Trudy’s smile froze a little. “G-great! Well, best of luck!”

“You don’t want to help?”

“Oh, I’m a bit busy. I’ve got a book club to set up - if you find your book, bring it in, why don’t you? - and some grocery shopping. I’m making a lamb shoulder roast for my Liam tonight. I’ll bet he’ll be really thankful.”

Maria couldn’t believe what she was hearing. “Trudy, what’s happened to you?”

Trudy frowned. “I’m adapting, Gabby. Look, Liam earned a really big commission yesterday. If we keep going like this, we’ll be richer than I ever could have made us. And look at me! If I keep striving to accept this, I’ll be rewarded with better looks and more

popularity. I know neither of us expected to be women, but this could be a real chance for us to have even better lives, don't you think?"

Gabby took a step back. "No. No way. Never."

She made her way to the library, leaving her friend behind in a huff. She spent all day there until she had to go make her husband a warm shepherd's pie, but in the end found nothing. Instead she spent the night gasping as he put her on his lap and fucked her, squeezing her tits together as she did. She could barely speak a lick of English by the time he was done.

Day 52

When Gabby woke, she had to get out of bed *fast*. She was nauseous again, and she barely made it to the toilet in time before it all came up.

"F-fucking morning sickness," she groaned.

Pregnant. She was goddamn *pregnant*. She'd taken a number of tests just two days ago, and then felt compelled to tell her husband, who was overjoyed.

"I'm so glad, my love! We're starting a family together at last."

"And I have to be the one to carry it," she replied. She'd tried to fill her tone with bitterness, but instead it sounded sweet and joyful.

Bad enough to be a submissive housewife, but now a *pregnant* one? If she didn't find a way to turn back, she'd soon have a big belly and milk-filled tits and then have to lie on her back and spread her legs and push and - God, it was too much to even think about!

She'd been going to the library constantly, trying to find this book to no avail. She hadn't told the librarian, who was a man named Porter. He was married to Dorothy, and would no doubt do what he could to prevent the knowledge from getting out, so she always hired out other books, usually ones about cooking and homemaking.

"Maybe it's in his office," she mused to herself after she'd cleaned herself up and put on a dark green dress that had a tie around her waist. Her breasts were sore, and she felt tired; the effects of pregnancy, no doubt. But she was also tired of making his breakfast each morning: it made her feel guilty for expecting the same of Gabriella back when she'd been the wife and not Maria.

"I'll be a better man," she told herself. "I just need to *be* a man again, first."

After Gabriel had left for work - though not after pumping an entire load of his seed right down her throat while she caressed his large balls - she began to clean the house. She worked hard, trying to get some spare time to go to the library again before the bookclub led by Trudy that night.

And then there was a knock upon the door. Maria answered it, and there was her best friend, looking even more glowing and happy than the last time she'd seen her. Trudy's blonde hair fell down nearly to her shoulders now, and it had a gorgeous shimmer and wave to it. Her face was even prettier, and her body had some slight curves around the hips. Her bust had grown too, and were definitely C-cups now.

"MARIA!" she cried, jumping forward to hug her friend. "I have the most exciting news! I'm PREGNANT! Can you believe it?"

Maria gasped, holding her friend, feeling their respective chests against one another.

"I'm so sorry," she said.

"Sorry?" Trudy replied, pulling back. "Don't be silly! I always wanted a load of kids, but Liam didn't want to get pregnant. Well, now I've got the balls to go through with it - figuratively speaking, of course - and I aim to do it! He's over the moon and so am I!"

"What? How can you be so happy about it? I'm freaking out about my pregnancy!"

Trudy gasped this time. "Maria! We're pregnant together! I'm so happy for you!"

"I'm not! I don't want to be pregnant!"

"Nonsense, we're Stepford Wives now! Almost two months and years to go! Maria, if you'll just come to our little ladies club tonight, you'll understand. It's not Lin and Beatrice and the other rabblers. It's the truly powerful women of this neighbourhood; the wives who understand our potential as perfect housewives, and all the pleasure and wealth that comes with it."

Maria narrowed her eyes. "No, Trudy. I'm sorry, but I will find a way to escape. And I'll end this curse."

"You won't," Trudy said, suddenly cold. "You won't take this away from me."

"And you won't keep me like this."

"Ha! You're already pregnant."

"I'll undo it. I will."

"We'll see. I'll tell the other girls who are happy like this. We'll stop you. It's for your own good."

Maria was shaking. "I thought you were my friend!"

"And I thought you were mine. But I guess, if you don't want to be a Stepford wife, then you're my enemy. You *will* embrace this change, Maria. I'll make *sure* of it. Either that, or you'll be stuck either way. Congratulations again on the baby. I hope it's twins."

And with that, she marched off.

Day 67

The morning sickness was still there, but slowly passing. Maria was certain that she'd gotten pregnant on Day One, because her stomach was already starting to get a little taut. Just a little, barely discernible, but there was certainly the most gentle curve there. Her boobs had also grown, becoming C-cups like Trudy's. She had new bras, ones that cupped her breasts upwards and showed off more cleavage, which only meant Gabriel fucked her all the more, and her body needed it; her damn prego hormones were leaving her so lusty! But the important thing was her progress, and the rising factional dispute slowly growing in the Stepford community.

Maria had found the book.

It was indeed in the library, just as Lin had said, and it was not in the hands of Dorothy's husband, thank God. Rather, it had fallen down behind the shelving in the corner, to the point where it was all but impossible to reach or even see for anyone that wasn't looking. She had to be careful, of course. She couldn't take the book home or she would be compelled to clean the house, and likely the book would turn up. Besides, she was such a good Stepford wife to the neighbourhood that she would likely be forced to return the book by her own instincts, at which point Porter the librarian would register it in his system, or worse, see it as the threat it was and hide it . . . or burn it.

And so she read it in secret, only at the library. It was an old tome written in an almost Medieval tone, which made it quite the slog, and told her that this Stepford Curse was far older than she'd imagined. It had been making perfect, submissive wives of men and dominant men from women for ages, flipping the usual gender dynamic. It was a fascinating, if slow, read.

Unfortunately, it was slowed further by the tiredness and needs of her pregnancy, and her increasing involvement in the community. She had to gain allies, because Trudy was only relishing her role more and more, falling deeply into it, becoming ever more alluring. She had her own circle - the Local Society of Wives, they called it - who advocated the 'proper Stepford way' to all new wives, including a new pair who had joined the neighbourhood: Simon to Stacy, and Harry to Harriet. Maria couldn't understand it, but they had embraced their lives just as Trudy had. She needed her own allies.

She needed to start her own book club.

Month 4

Maria continued to try to suck in her stomach, but it was pointless. This was because it wasn't fat that she was putting on, but a growing baby. It was all becoming so real to her now. Gabriel was ecstatic. He kept telling her that he couldn't wait for her to "truly blow up,"

and now it was finally happening. Even stranger, she had begun to feel little stirrings in her womb, the briefest flutters that she knew to be movement.

“Oh God, this is too weird!” she complained. “I’m becoming a *mami*.”

Her instincts told her to protect the child, but she’d managed to claw a little bit of independence back. The Secret Story of the Stepford Wife was a dense text, and she could only read it occasionally so as not to arouse suspicion, but she had managed to find some passages that let her influence the curse. There were invocations, ones that provided greater degrees of independence, though none that let her break free just yet. Still, she found that she could wear tight jeans and shirts instead of dresses when she was by herself, and could indulge in food rather than always ‘watching her figure.’ It was a small start, but it was a start nonetheless. She just hoped she could progress ahead of her stomach’s pace, not to mention her husband’s obsession with her. Sex was still frequent, at least twice daily. She still felt such desire to be on her knees and suck her husband’s cock, and when he fucked her missionary style, part of her was sad that they wouldn’t have this position for much longer.

“You’re so perfect like this, Maria!” he told her as he came, and she came multiple times as well, her mind overwhelmed by pleasure.

She was starting to understand how Trudy was embracing this life. Just like Liam, Gabriel was doing well in business, having already earned a promotion. Their material life was improving greatly, and she even had pretty maternity dresses to wear, not to mention sexy lingerie for him. They went out to restaurants, sometimes double-dating with Liam and Trudy. She had to act sweet and kind despite her growing frostiness with Trudy.

“I’m so glad you’ve accepted being a Stepford wife, Maria,” her blonde friend said, rubbing her belly. She looked immensely desirable now, with a full chest and gorgeous features, her blonde hair over her shoulders. In embracing the curse, she had increased her femininity greatly. “It suits you so well.”

“For now,” Maria said through her own beaming smile.

“Oh, I don’t think so! It’s permanent, isn’t it? I mean, think of that little one growing in your belly! You can hardly turn back now!”

Maria continued to smile, but gritted her teeth. “Where there’s a will, there’s a way.”

Trudy narrowed her eyes, suspicious, and then the discussion changed. The men got to lead the conversation, after all, and dutiful wives listened.

Month 5

Maria ignored the stirring of her baby as she read to the others.

"I invoke thine right of choice. Return a portion of mine independence, to wear what shall be my desire, untethered from the whims of thine dark curse."

The members of the Secret Bookclub listened, eyes wide and hopeful. Lin and Dorothy were both there, as well as several others, but the group was smaller than Trudy's; it had to be, for the purpose of secrecy.

"Did it work?" asked Lin.

Maria just closed the book and smiled. "You'll find out tomorrow, when you go shopping. I promise you, you'll be able to buy jeans and wear them."

"God, I miss jeans," Dorothy said.

"Me too," Beatrice replied. "And not being pregnant all the time."

"I'm working on finding a passage on contraception, don't worry. But so far, you've each been blessed with what I have: an ability to lie to your husbands, the power to choose what you wear - though it must, sadly, still be pretty, and to be able to roam further than you have before. You'll find that your need for sex is diminished as well. You can still pursue it if you wish, but it's not as strong, though watch out as that might make your man suspicious. I can also eat what I want . . . even decadent desserts."

The women moaned together, imagining the taste of it.

"That sounds amazing," Sasha said, a brunette who had joined their group recently. "I can't believe you found this after so long searching for it. Where was it?"

"The library," Maria said. "In a secret place I'll keep private, for now."

Her stomach gurgled, and her little baby shifted around inside of her, eliciting a wince from her. Everything was growing these days, including her breasts. Five months as a woman, but the light at the end of the tunnel was in sight. She *would* change back before birth. She just knew she would.

"But that's enough for tonight. We can't give away the game. I can only take this book out of the library for short periods. That's a big improvement, as I couldn't sneak it out at all before. Still, I feel a compulsion to bring it back, and if I read too much I won't be able to keep it a secret. So let's read our *more normal* book for the evening, for if anyone asks. Shall we begin?"

When Sasha told Trudy what was happening, the pregnant blonde beauty was almost incandescent with rage. How *dare* Maria! And how could she? She was going to ruin everything. Trudy had never lived in such easy comfort and pleasure before. She had an increasingly rich household, her desired family on the way, and her body was constantly

being thrown into ecstasy by her obsessive husband. And now Maria was going to upend the Stepford community, and possibly even destroy it.

This book had to be destroyed.

She reached out to Porter, not trusting Dorothy who was apparently a member of this 'Secret Book Club.' Using her feminine wiles, she convinced him to do a full inventory and search for any book that was missing, particularly one with the title of this magic script. She wanted it dearly, and promised to talk Dorothy into doing something marvellous for him if he passed it straight on to her. She also began taking her own Local Society of Wives to the library. She, along with Sasha, Stacy, and Harriet, among others, searched through the shelves while one of their members kept a lookout for Maria.

It took time, and more reports of new freedoms and breakaways came trickling to the new queen bee of the neighbourhood. Women spotted wearing *pants*. Ladies eating far too much *dessert*. Dorothy supposedly refused sex with her husband, and Lin had cut her hair shorter! These actions surprised the men, but she knew there was something far more powerful happening. Whenever she saw Maria, the woman looked happier than ever, this despite her continuing to perfectly play the role of a Stepford wife, not to mention her five months bump. She had to be stopped.

And after two weeks of searching, just a week shy of entering her third trimester, Trudy found the book. Well, technically Sasha found it: Trudy's swollen belly and constantly kicking baby made it hard to manoeuvre herself. It was the first time she was actually annoyed to be pregnant. The book was in a hidden place behind a shelf, and it was a truly remarkable text indeed.

"The Secret Story of the Stepford Wife," she whispered after snatching it from Sasha. "So this is what that buzzing little bee has been reading."

"It should be burned," Harriet said.

"Or locked up and thrown in a river," Sasha said.

"No," Trudy said, sliding her fingers down the text, seeing possibilities. "I think we can do better than that. We'll find a new hiding place for it, and then weaponise it ourselves. I have . . . plans that may make our lives even better. And, of course, some punishments for Maria."

Month 6

When Maria woke up a week later, she instantly noticed something was different. There was a greater weight on her chest, and a lust in her loins that she had managed to avoid recently. Gabriel was curled against her, feeling her breasts, and as she opened her eyes she was horrified to see something.

Her boobs had grown.

And not just a little, a *lot*. She'd had B-cups, bordering on C's, but now her boobs had swelled to literally twice their regular size, up to DD's. Her nipples were larger, and the flesh so much more sensitive. When Gabriel felt her up, waking himself, she began to moan. *Dios mio*, her pussy needed attention. She needed her husband to suck on her nipples and play with her bigger tits. How could this have happened?

"Now this is a pleasant surprise," Gabriel said, moving to appreciate the sight of her swollen chest and swollen belly. "Looks like someone is embracing their role, or making milk, or *both*. Mind if I have a taste?"

She could refuse, she knew she could, but her libido was more powerful than ever. Maria looked to Gabriel with need in her eyes.

"P-please! Take m-me!"

And he did. God, he did. And she wailed with more powerful female orgasms than she'd ever experienced, her breasts bouncing heavily up and down, pulling upon her body, as he fucked her from behind. Gravity tugged at them, and his hands were wonderful as he cupped their roundness. She felt so fertile and fecund and gravid and *womanly*.

It was so very, very wrong.

The wrongness only continued. When Gabriel went to work, Maria found that she couldn't wear pants. In fact, she was back to wearing a housewife dress that lifted her bust significantly. She needed new bras, and new dresses in general just to accommodate her chest and belly. Her little boy - yes, she was having a *boy* - moved around inside of her, reminding her of what she was becoming.

"How could this happen?" she asked herself as she pulled her pregnant body awkwardly out of her car and made her way into the local clothing store. "It doesn't make sense. I was getting free!"

She almost ran straight into Trudy. The other woman was likewise shopping, and was currently wearing a pink maternity dress that screamed submissive femininity. But her smile told Maria she'd been expecting her appearance, and she was flanked by Harriet and Sasha.

Sasha.

Instantly, Maria's breath left her. Her heart skipped a beat. Sasha was smiling, and her own bust - smaller before - had *grown*. She now had lovely C-cups at a guess, a nice pair of palm fillers. She had several new bras in her hand.

"Well, well, well, someone had an upgrade," Trudy announced. "Looks like your new role is finding you, whether you like it or not!"

Maria felt a chill run down her spine. "What did you do?"

"Oh, nothing, bestie. I just happened to find a lovely book in the library, one that was fairly hard to find. Don't worry, I put it in a new place you'll never find. Let's just say that while you were finding ways to undo the curse, I found ways to enhance it."

Maria's jaw fell. "Why?"

Trudy stepped forwards. Jesus, her skin was practically glowing, all remaining blemishes gone.

"Because this community is perfect, Maria, and you and your 'Secret Book Club' are the only ones that can't see it. Well, *almost* perfect. With the book, I'll be able to make some other tiny adjustments. Say . . . make our husbands utterly devoted to pleasing us, and doing what we want. And giving us better figures. Making us live healthy lives. Preventing these nasty stretch marks. Keeping us rich trophy wives who stand behind our men, but are the real power behind the proverbial throne. Doesn't that sound nice?"

"But - but you'll still be a woman! Trudy, you're going to have to give birth in three months! We both are!"

"Yes, a nasty business that, but worth it. I'm sure I can find some part of the curse to manipulate and make going into labour a pleasurable experience rather than the antithesis. And if not, well, our husbands will just have to give us breakfast in bed and foot massages and all manner of comforts for the rest of our days to make up for it. Right, girls?"

"Absolutely," Harriet said.

"Definitely," Sasha added.

"You're insane," Maria said. "At least let me use the book to get out of her. Me and the other women who want to escape."

"Can't do. That would break the community, and make our foolish husbands suspicious. No, we stay the course. And you won't find the book, Maria. Trust me. I have enough independence now to keep it on the move, and my Society is bigger than your book club. Best of luck with your bigger tits. They really are perfect! Though . . . I suppose they could be bigger, right? You know, if you do anything drastic. Food for thought."

She left, holding her belly proudly and leaving with the other women. Maria could only watch them go, fury in her heart, and even more aware of her bigger tits than before.

But she refused to give up. And now she had a goal beyond escaping.

Revenge.

Because the library had a photocopier, and Maria had been an even busier bee than Trudy had imagined these last couple of months. Her own photocopy of the book was hidden away at home, and now she planned to use it in a variety of new ways.

Month 7

Trudy was about to attend a little girls' gala with her Society friends when something strange happened. She was just finishing up the touches for her black dress, the one that did well to emphasise her belly in profile but hide it for the photos from the front. Her jewellery sparkled, and her figure was divine.

And then suddenly there was a lurch in her belly.

"Ohhhhh," she groaned, clutching it. Was it early labour? It couldn't be. All Stepford pregnancies went perfect. "Nghh! Liam! H-help m-me!"

She grunted, only to widen her eyes in shock as her belly expanded. It grew and grew, and soon her dress could not take it. It began to rip at the front, her bare belly pushing through as it swelled and swelled, expanding and growing in heft until she had to grip the frame of the mirror to keep herself upright. Her entire centre of gravity had shifted even further, and the weight was unbelievable. Sweat poured down her face.

"Euughh," she groaned. "What the - what the f-frick!?"

She felt it then: movement in her belly. Not the movement of one baby, but of *two*. An entire second baby had formed inside of her.

"H-how?" she gasped, feeling her belly. Her dress was ruined.

"Oh, dear, I told you that you couldn't fit inside that!"

She turned. Her husband was there, staring at her. She instantly felt a lust while looking at him.

"Liam! Something's happened to me."

"I'd say that you tried to fit into a dress you couldn't."

"No! Look at me - look how much bigger I am!"

"That's just the twins, darling," he replied, caressing her belly and making her body shiver.

"The t-twins?"

"Yes. I got you knocked up with two, remember? I love it so much; you now the women, pregnant with two. It shows that you were always meant to be a woman."

Trudy trembled, but her husband's touch was making her insatiable. Even as she gave herself over to him, allowing herself to climb out of her torn dress and mount him on the bed, sliding up and down on his cock and moaning in delight, she knew that Maria was somehow behind this. Maria had found the book, or gotten another copy of it.

Maria had humiliated her.

She would have revenge.

Maria expected retaliation the moment she had seen Trudy in town, hands cupping her belly which was half again as big as it had been. Her little revenge had worked, and her further study of the book's photocopy meant that she had regained some of her freedoms.

"I hope the twins are well!" she'd told Trudy, flashing a smug smile. "I can affect things too, you know."

She'd walked on proudly, happy to only have one baby inside of her. The Book Club was back on track, but now only had Lin, Dorothy, and Beatrice as trusted members. Each of them were enjoying new freedoms, and while not all were willing to walk away, they were at least happy to have more power in their own lives. Maria was getting close though, she knew she was. And as she read sections of the text to her friends, she had a feeling things would work out. Trudy would *have* to agree to a truce now, right? It only made sense.

Except suddenly there was a lurch in her being, and she dropped the photocopy of the text in front of the group.

"Are you alright?" Lin asked. "Maria?"

"I - my chest. It's - ahhh! S-so much p-pressure!"

Beatrice gasped. "I know this! It happened as I was punished by the curse - your boobs are growing!"

"B-but I found a way around the curse, I - oh no, it's Trudy! It's - NGHH!"

Her top ripped open as her breasts expanded, growing and growing yet again, yet another doubling down by Trudy. They swelled to what felt like the size of melons, beyond D's and E's and straight to the F-cup range or beyond. They were huge and heavy, teardrop shaped and perfect, with a long line of cleavage that could no longer be hidden. And they were *full*. Aching, in fact. Maria squeezed them, and to her horror, her maternity top became instantly soaked with milk, several smaller sprays leaking out onto the table.

The other girls were astonished. She could barely believe it. The pressure was there, and her even larger nipples were leaking heavily.

"Fuck!" she exclaimed, grateful to have reclaimed the power to swear. "I'm lactating! She's made me a fucking dairy cow! MMhmm!"

More milk leaked, and she tried not to groan in pleasure.

"We have to stop the meeting for the night! I need to get home! Ugh . . ."

When she got home, her massive breasts wobbling and still leaking, the phone rang. She got to it before Gabriel, and recognised Trudy's voice immediately.

"Tit for tat," the woman taunted over the line. *"Emphasis on TIT. Enjoy your new mommy milkers, Maria. By the way, I found a way to invoke mental compulsions on you. From now on, you'll be forced to show off as much of those jugs as possible in public, without baring them entirely, of course. Oh, and breastfeeding will be a must. To your baby . . ."*

. and to your husband. He'll have a real taste for you now. Tata for now, and enjoy your new tatas, ha!"

Maria screamed, raging at this, enough to wake her little son, who immediately began kicking. She had to soothe him with gentle rubs, but even after she'd dealt with that, there was Gabriel to contend with. Her was joyous over her expanded chest, and instantly her new compulsions hit her. She began to slide out of her maternity top, which was soaked with her milk anyway.

"Do you want a drink?" she purred as he began to make out with her against the wall. "I'm s-so f-full. I need a big, strong man to *drain me and fuck me.*"

"Hell yeah, honey," he replied, kissing her passionately before moving his mouth south. "If you got milk, I want some."

She was helpless but to moan and coo as he began to suckle from her. It was ecstasy. It was horror.

And for Maria, it also meant *war*.

Trudy raged at the newest compulsion forced upon her. She was gaining power, becoming the trophy wife who truly ran the household and directed her sexy husband. Only *now*, thanks to her former best friend-turned-rival, she was now forced to dress up in maid costumes and speak in a stupid French accent, even while seven-and-a-half months pregnant with *twins!* She couldn't even hire a maid thanks to the new curse Maria had put upon her - she had to clean everything while swollen and tired and *horny*.

She got her revenge, though. If Maria couldn't accept her new role, then she would *orgasm* while giving her husband blowjobs, and she'd wake him up every morning with them. Her lust would increase threefold, leaving her literally having to drive all the way to his work just so he could fuck her in the bathroom. Maria was furious over this, but couldn't avoid her need to have her husband mount her from behind.

It was glorious. She needed him, and every act of passion almost made her want to stay as she was, pleasing her Gabriel.

"You're mine, Maria!" he exclaimed while fucking her.

"*Si!*" she moaned. "I'm all yours! F-fuck your submissive wife!"

It was humiliating to say the least.

Month 8

Naturally, further retaliation came. Trudy gritted her teeth as her belly, impossibly, ballooned a second time. Liam and the other men didn't even seem to think something was wrong: she'd *always* been blessed with triplets, hadn't she? Now she had to lug her enormous belly everywhere, and sleep was fleeting thanks to the endless movement of what now felt like a *litter*. She wanted a big family, but not all at once! Damn Maria for this!

Of course, Maria didn't have it much easier. While she was still only pregnant with one baby, her boobs were lactating constantly, and she needed Gabriel to attend to them all the time. She was also now cursed so that as soon as Gabriel came home, she changed into sexy lingerie and wore that - and *only* that - around the house. This was the case even if he had visitations from other Stepford husbands, who were all encouraging their own wives to follow suit. Maria was humiliated to always be putting herself on display like that. She could barely manage to wear an apron while she cooked meals now! Other changes were hitting her too: her hair had grown down to her ass in an extremely feminine manner, and her hips had widened further. Trudy teased her about this.

"I'll find a way to give you more babies like you have for me, but for now, you can be fertile enough to always be guaranteed multiples in the future!"

Maria fumed. She could *feel* the fertility in her loins, and was terrified that more sex with Gabriel would actually, somehow, get her pregnant with more babies on the way after this one. She continued to read through her manuscript, fending off all attempts by the Local Society of Wives to gain access to it. She had copies everywhere, and no matter how many they took, she had more.

But they had the original, and Trudy was rising ever further in power, becoming the effective ruler of the neighbourhood. Maria had already heard whispers that she'd freed herself of dependence on a single man, and now she slept with the husbands of any wife that disobeyed her. Already, Dorothy had gone to her camp, accepting Trudy's call to accept the role of beautiful, puppeteering housewives.

"We are the women behind the men!" she announced, holding up a glass of non-alcoholic wine. "And though our foe has given me some disadvantages, I'll bear these triplets and any more babies that come, so long as we are victorious! I shall not give up, ladies, not until Maria is one of us!"

Maria had a spy of her own though: Harriet. The brunette had enjoyed her time as a Stepford Wife, but Trudy had slept with her husband Rick in revenge for her lack of support at times. In her past life as Harry, the woman had actually been a scientist and analyst, and Maria was joyful to receive some brains to her operation: a strategist and planner. A general she could field in this war. Together, the pair devised ways to humiliate Trudy and haemorrhage her support. Lin was eagerly in Maria's camp by this point as well: she had

renewed hope of getting free of her husband, who had become a total slob over the last year. She loved her children, and didn't want to stop being a woman after so long, but freedom: that was important to her. Maria was so very close; she could practically *smell* it!

But she had to stop Trudy from interfering, and that meant slowing her down. The latina beauty, still struggling with her endlessly lactating breasts and needing to dress up sexually for her husband each night, managed to read more and more into the night. She cursed Trudy with hooker lips to please her husband, then made her butt so big it looked fake. The woman was aghast, full of rage at being turned into a plastic-looking bimbo, and she managed to undo most of the effects on herself the following day - but not completely. Unfortunately, she also felt a compulsion to always sleep naked, which left Liam turned on all the more and made it harder for her to plan night-time schemes. In turn, Maria's hair also grew, and her thighs thickened, as did her waist. Instead of being a petite pregnant woman, she now looked stout and curvaceous, a voluptuous woman whose body was made for making babies, as if she were a living fertility statue, or at least something close to it.

"Damn her!" she cried, as her transformation occurred in front of her friends in the Secret Book Club. "She keeps - ahhh - ch-changing me!"

"Any mental changes?" Lin asked, concerned.

"Y-yes! Babies! I need to m-make more babies! God, so f-fucking many. I need to get pregnant as often as possible! *Dios mio*, she's got to be stopped!"

It was then that she decided to go nuclear.

Month 9

Birth was so very close, for the both of them. Trudy struggled to move with her enormous triplet belly, but Maria was struggling as her boobs were constantly lactating, requiring her to pump often or get Gabriel to drink from her. The pair were always waddling about, shooting looks at one another, but both knew the final confrontation was coming. Whatever was going to happen, it had to be before Maria gave birth: she was determined to be free of her pregnancy, and Trudy was worried. She was slower to absorb the information in the book, and her own triplet belly made it difficult to concentrate at times, requiring further rest. With every passing day, she feared that Maria would lead the exodus, leaving her at a loss.

No, she needed to act, before it was too late. She needed to confront Maria and force a deal, or claim total victory. She'd managed to read a bit more of the book, and now knew enough that she felt she could blackmail her former friend. After all, she finally knew how to give Maria more babies.

Maria had, thanks to Trudy's machinations, sucked her husband off in the morning and swallowed his seed, then let him fuck her again while pleading for him to drink from her endlessly milk-laden breasts, which he'd finally done afterwards.

"Mhmmmm," she moaned, overcome with pleasure, hating herself for it. Her baby woke not long after, so big in her belly now, threatening to come out of it any day now. The latina beauty had invited her friends over. Today had to be the day. She was certain that the latest passage held the clues and script to free them all, and she'd rather risk it than risk going into labour. But not long after Lin and Harriet arrived, there was a knock upon the door. Maria rose to get it, waddling to the door, and to her shock there was Trudy on the other side of the door.

"Hello, Maria," she said, sweating from carting her huge belly around. "May I come in?"

"No," Maria said.

"Oh, I think you should let me in. All of my society, in fact. I'm proposing a deal you can't refuse. Otherwise, I go nuclear."

Maria eyed her former friend, and read her face: she was serious. This was no bluff. "Come in," she said. "But if you grab something, I invoke part of the curse on you."

"Same for me to you," Trudy said. "Now give me space. You've ensured I need a lot of it with this huge belly."

"May it weigh you down."

"Almost as much as those cowtits of yours. You're leaking, you know."

Maria bit her lip, but allowed the Society to enter, facing against her Book Club. It was an intimidating sight, like allowing the wolves into one's den, but she needed to hear what Trudy had to say.

"Well?" Harriet asked, looking at Trudy.

The blonde preggo sighed at the betrayal of one of her girls. "Imagine you here. No wonder I've been suffering lately. Well, your book club is looking unpopulated lately, Maria, so I suppose you can have your Judas here."

"Get to it, Trudy."

Trudy crossed arms beneath her large breasts. "Cards on the table. I've got the book, and you have copies. We both can do damage to each other, as we've seen, but neither of us is breaking. But we both know we've been holding back, so I'm not going to hold back any more. If you try to lead an exodus out of her, I *will* go nuclear, and you won't recognise your future one bit."

"I can go nuclear too, you know."

"Please, you're too nice for that. And besides, I offer you a chance to escape, Maria.

Or at least, some variant on it. I promise I will give you a level of autonomy in *my* neighbourhood. I'll even let you choose a new husband, get a home of your choice - not mine, obviously - and we can retailer your body a little, though I can't promise a total reversion. You'll still be a Stepford wife, of course, but you'll have certain . . . privileges. That's all I can offer you. It's the best you can get."

Maria narrowed her eyes. "No deal."

"Then I'm sorry to do this to you," Trudy said. "But I'm afraid you've given me no-"

But Maria was already catching a manuscript thrown to her by Lin and reading from it. Trudy's eyes went wide - had they actually *practised* for this!? She realised she had to act equally as quick.

"I invoke thine curse upon Maria who standeth before me. May her womb swell with endless children in an unending chain and - NGHH!"

"I invoke thine curse upon Trudy who standeth before me. May she be filled with the fiery lust of a wanton slut, cursed to wander the neighbourhood forever, hungry for a man's - AGGHH!"

The crowd gasped as both women began to change, both struck by curses at the same time, and curses of a powerful, *permanent* strain. Maria's belly ballooned outwards, and she screamed as it ripped apart her dress, her breasts likewise swelling even larger. It grew and grew, fetuses being added to her womb by the second and developing rapidly to nine months.

"Oh God! T-too many! You bitch! You've given me - NGHH!"

An entire litter was inside of her, and that baby hunger rose, becoming a permanent obsession. Maria clutched her figure, unable to even put her hands around her belly, at least eight to *ten* children squirming inside of her, and a desperate need to make more already coursing through her mind.

"M-more! More b-babies!"

She got her wish - another one grew in, leaving her stomach enormous, hanging almost to her knees; it was so large and gravid.

Trudy would have laughed, were it not for the fact that her lips become even poutier, and her breasts larger too. Her butt swelled, her hips widening, and her ass became a pair of huge melons that wobbled with each step. Her intelligence rapidly dissipated, shrinking away with every attempt to retain it. Her honey blonde hair lightened to a platinum blonde, and even as she shrieked, her lust rose to unholy proportions. Not just for Liam now, either, but for every man in the neighbourhood. Hell, every man in the *world*. She needed to pleasure every mailman, fuck every janitor, sleep with every politician, visit every suburban home to seize its man.

“Like, you can’t do this to meeee!” she whined. “I’m becoming such a d-dumb bitch! Ohhhhh, you’re making me a horny slutty girl! I don’t want to be soooo naughty! You can’t w-win! I - I need to have a man and then I’ll be back for, like, you know, revenge and stuff!”

To the shock of the entire Local Society of Wives, Trudy fled from the room as fast as her triplet belly would allow her. She needed the nearest man, and her body would inflame the lust of any she came across. For poor Harriet, that would soon mean getting cheated on again, given that her husband was closest.

“Someone f-fuck meeee!” she screamed to the air as she waddled away.

Her absence left a deathly silence in the room, and all eyes turned to Maria, who was struggling with her huge pregnant stomach, trying to keep all her babies under control while she sat back on the couch, legs spread wide for support.

“T-too many,” she managed. “S-someone get m-me the book. I just need to do one last invocation, and then I c-can turn back. Just n-need to do it before I have to go into - EUURGH!”

Suddenly, her water broke, the fluids spilling out from between her legs and running down her thighs for all to see. The woman gasped, her friends included. Maria could only groan in disbelief, her round mound too large to see what had happened, but her following contraction made it very clear.

“Mierda! You’ve got to be k-kidding me! AGGH!”

She was giving birth. She had been victorious over Trudy, but it was a pyrrhic victory. Maria was now going to be a Stepford wife for good, and a particularly babymaking one at that.

Year 2

Maria was, shockingly, very grateful for her endlessly lactating breasts. After pushing out ten entire children from her loins, she could barely imagine being able to feed them all without her prodigious supply of milk. She had just managed to settle her babies into bed for the night when she realised she still had more milk in the tank(s). Thankfully, at this point, her husband Harry rubbed her shoulders.

“Hey there, still feeling a bit full?”

She turned and kissed him, pressing her enormous breasts and her small but clearly pregnant belly against him. She moaned into his mouth as he felt her up, causing more leaking. She didn’t mind the leaking anymore; she’d more than gotten used to it, and it was kinda kinky at times like this.

“I won’t be soon, if you use your time to have your way with me.”

“I think I just about might. God, you’re beautiful. I’m so glad you decided to have my babies after you already had so many.”

“You know me,” she said a bit sheepishly. “I want to have as many as my super fertile body can. Now why don’t you fuck me, mister. You remember how a Stepford wife likes it, so use that big hard cock of yours to take me there.”

He did. Good Lord he did. That was the benefit of Harry being one of the only wives to be freed of his female curse; he knew exactly how to please a woman. Yes, Maria had indeed figured out the right combination of invocations to end the curse, but sadly it had come only after she had spent sixteen hours birthing her decuplets. By that point, the curse was now permanent. Most women in the neighbourhood had babies, and could not be turned back, but her understanding of the Secret Story of the Stepford Wife effectively made her the new queen bee of the neighbourhood. In a way, she felt like Moses: she could bring her people to the promised land, and even get to see it, but she would never get there herself.

It had taken time to process this, of course, but she turned her anger in her situation to action. She freed Lin from her shackles, and the woman not only divorced her slob husband but turned him into a Stepford woman, one on the market (though not for long, given that *she* was now pregnant, a fact Lin enjoyed a great deal). Dorothy, despite her betrayal, was also set free, though she stayed with her husband and negotiated a better deal. Other new women were set free entirely, and their former wives and girlfriends punished by reverting *them* too. Of course, many more were simply stuck in their roles, and could only enjoy greater freedom within it.

Such was the case for Maria. Still doomed to possess an incredible libido, a need to dress up in lingerie at night, and a ravenous desire to make babies for her endlessly lactating breasts, she could never escape her fate as woman, wife, and now mother. But it didn’t mean she couldn’t divorce Gabriel with her newfound freedom. She was quick to marry a faithful Harry, freed from being Harriet, and she blessed him to be able to keep up with her lusts. They were going to make quite a brood, but at least they would do so as equals, the power couple of Stepford.

Which just left Trudy. Maria saw her often. They all did, and many women had to make sure she didn’t sneak into their houses by day or their husband’s work offices by night. Now stuck as a brainless blonde bimbo, the former ruler of the Local Society of Wives was no longer even married. Thankfully, her babies had been adopted out, but there was always the fear of more pregnancies due to her craving for cock. She was now defined entirely by her need for sex, a borderline slave to it, but she was pleased so much by men throughout each day of her new life that she didn’t seem to mind it much. In fact, Maria felt like Trudy

had become a lot sweeter as a result; she was too simple to hold a grudge, too bimbo-like to not wish others well.

It wasn't the perfect solution to things, but at least the Stepford Curse would no longer affect anyone that didn't deserve it. And while Maria was still coming to grips with a life of perpetual pregnancy, childbirth, nursing, and ravenous sex, she was starting to think she could get used to it. Maria was a loyal Stepford wife. In that sense, Trudy might have been said to have won in the end.

If her bimbo brain still understood irony, she might have even recognised it.

The End