Superior Wife (Couple to Amazon Woman TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Wwkaye

Robert is excited: the respected history professor has finally acquired an artefact that he believes will make his wife into a 'superior woman.' Unhappy with his short, frumpy wife Jenny, and embarrassed of her job as a cleaning lady, he can't wait to see what woman she will become. But when Jenny ends up becoming far more attractive, smarter, and better than Robert in every way, perhaps she'll want her husband to be 'superior' too.

Superior Wife

Robert Matthison could scarcely believe it when the package arrived at his office. The history professor had been teaching about Ancient Maya Civilisation for years now, and over time his fascination with that lost foreign culture had gained a hidden superstitious element. A number of ancient tablets, half-recovered idols, and various accounts from Spanish conquistadors had referenced some kind of 'Idol of Ascension,' one that would make a being 'superior.' This was intriguing enough, but it had become quite the personal fantasy of Robert to have such an idol in his possession ever since his translation work had uncovered a specific part of the idol's function: it would 'ascend' a person to a vastly 'superior' form only when wielded by another. In short, were he ever to possess such an artefact, he could use it to enhance not his own appearance and nature, but that of someone else's.

To most, such a revelation would have been disappointing. And for a brief time, Robert found it to be so. After all, he was rather generic looking, being a man in his late thirties with mousy brown hair and plain features. The kind of person his own students would forget the face of. The notion that if he were to somehow hold this artefact he could never use it on himself to improve his life was a hard pill to swallow, even if he was only half-convinced the item's power was real. But then he thought some more, and the epiphany came to him; he could change *other people*, and *other people* included his *wife*.

It wasn't that he disliked Jenny. Well, he was resentful of her, that was for sure. They had married when they were younger, and there had indeed been passion back then. They were both university students going for their PhDs, and both seemed to have a bright academic future together. If Robert was plain and forgettable, then Jenny was short and frumpy and memorable for her lack of femininity. For a time, Robert didn't mind it, even convincing himself that he was bucking the trend of traditional attraction and appreciating Jenny "for her brains and personality instead of her body."

That turned out not to be true, no matter how hard he tried to believe it. Despite the initial happiness in their marriage for the first few years, Robert began to grow resentful of his wife. Jenny had dropped out of her PhD in psychology for health reasons; she was often fatigued and exhausted and had to get iron infusions a few times a year. In the end, she had taken up a job as a cleaning woman, which Robert found to be far beneath the calibre of person he desired to be married to. That first festering crack opened others. Robert occasionally found himself flirting with a female colleague at a work event his wife was too tired to go to, or simply gazing at the dean's gorgeous trophy wife, who was so vibrant and beautiful. If he was to have a wife who was beneath him, then would it hurt Jenny to actually look the part of a gorgeous woman on his arm?

He had decided not to. Their marriage had veered into unhappiness, and Jenny no doubt recognised his quiet resentment of her. She had tried continually to make things work, but Robert had become privately *obsessed* with the Idol of Ascension as the cure of his woes. He didn't want divorce, but he didn't want therapy to patch things up; how could he, when it just reminded him of how his wife had pulled out of her own psychology PhD? The man made love to his wife only when he could imagine in his mind's eye a far more busty, sultry beauty in his arms, a girl who existed to please him and make him appear to be the high-status figure he knew he should be in the eyes of others. He didn't even like her short brown hair, which she kept cut because she preferred it that way, despite his protests.

His research had increased, his hours on campus and at the archives only stressing their marriage further. But now, after so much searching and fantasising and an almost manic obsession with gaining a magical cure-all to his marriage woes, the package had arrived. He had done it; through bribes and requests and payments on the dark web, not to mention using up numerous favours in the archaeological profession he was tethered to.

"Please, please, please," he said, slowly and carefully undoing the box that had, hopefully, made it through customs without any wear and tear.

With his heart beating tremulously in his chest, Robert lifted the cover of the now-unsealed box, and gazed within.

And smiled.

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"Where are you going?" Robert asked his wife the next day.

Jenny was putting on some casual but smart clothing, not that it helped hide her frumpy, tired looks or thickening middle. She flicked her hands through her short hair and adjusted her prescription glasses.

“I’ve got another job today, actually. Jacinta Byron wants me to see to her house. It’s a big job, so that should be nice.”

Robert sighed. It was Saturday, and he’d been hoping to have some time to build up to his unveiling. He’d only just showered and changed himself.

“Honey, I keep telling you, there’s no need for you to work.”

“Well, I want to. I like having some of my own finances, Robert. Besides, we’re not very good with each other at the moment, are we? I figure it’s best to have a little nest egg for myself.”

“If you had finished your PhD and become a respected psychologist-”

“Oh, here we go again!”

“-then maybe I would understand. But this is beneath you, and frankly it’s embarrassing to be a respected professor whose wife goes to work cleaning kitchens and toilets. Honey, the very least you can do is stay at home and-”

She spun on the spot, gesturing to herself. “And what? Waste away as some stay-at-home wife? Read books and tidy the house? Robert, I’m not some bimbo housewife and you know it. God knows you lament enough that I don’t look like one.”

He stood up from his seat, pushing away his meal. “That’s not fair, you don’t even try!”

“Oh, so you admit you want me to look like one of those blonde buxom girls your boss is always having on his arm at work events?”

He scoffed. “Of course I do! Any man would! Don’t be naive.”

Jenny trembled, balling her fists. Even Robert knew he’d gone too far this time.

“Well, I’m not going to be like that, ever. I’m not that wife, Robert. I’m my own person, and if you’re no longer in love with that person, well, maybe we need to start having a serious chat.”

“We’re not getting divorced.”

“We can’t stay together like this.”

Robert perked up. This was the perfect moment of transition. He thrust up a finger. “Ah, but that’s where you’re wrong on every point, my dear. You see, an artefact I’ve been looking into finally arrived at my desk just yesterday. An Ancient Mayan one.”

Jenny rubbed her temple, sighing. “Honey, I don’t want to talk about old dusty-”

“Just let me show it to you, before you go to work. Then you’ll realise you don’t have to. Then you’ll realise you *can* be a lovely lady on my arm, the kind of wife I need. And then I’ll be the kind of husband you need, too. It’ll fix *everything*, if you just give me a moment.”

He grabbed the package and placed it on the table before her. Jenny raised an eyebrow.

“Robert, are you well?” she asked, looking concerned.

“Never better, my love. Now don’t touch - that’s my job - but have a look. This is the Idol of Ascension, and it’s going to change everything for us.”

He lifted the idol. It was indeed ancient, and had two figures carved into the stone, one male and one female, both with their backs against one another and their arms raised in supplication to the sky. A carving of a radiant sun was positioned just above them, blessing their ascension.

“Honey, I love your passion for ancient things. I truly do. But I fail to see how this does anything but make me late for work and worried for you.”

But Robert just smiled. “This idol has a power, a power that will remake you into the woman you should have always been; the perfect wife for me. Look, my dear, it’s no secret that I’ve always wished you were taller, more feminine, more . . .”

“Pretty,” she said, folding her arms. “I’m seeing where this is going, and it’s not leaving a good impression, Robert.”

“Yes, pretty, fine. In shape, too.”

“You’re not exactly a spry runner yourself.”

He waved away her concerns. “With this idol, all that has to be done is the wielder - the one holding it - focuses upon their target-”

“Target?”

“Their blessed target,” he corrected, “and then they will be transformed into a superior individual, one better in every way. Honey, I know this sounds crazy, but you could become far better than the Dean Malcolm’s wife. You could become Jenny Matthison, the gorgeous wife on Professor Robert Matthison’s arm. The woman who commands the attention of any room. The woman who has no need to work, and revels in being a stay-at-home wife. This idol will fix everything in our relationship. I will love y- *we* will love *each other* again.”

There was a long, awkward pause. Jenny was looking at him with disbelief.

“You’re right,” she finally said. “You’re truly, truly right, Robert.”

He began to beam. At least, she understood him.

“You *do* sound crazy.”

Robert’s smile faltered. “It’s real. I know it is.”

“And I know where things stand now between us, finally. I’m going to work. We’ll talk about how to deal with the separation tonight, honey.”

She turned to leave, but Robert couldn’t let this moment pass. He could feel it; the power of the idol coursing within the artefact.

“Wait, honey! Just one last thing!”

Jenny stopped, sagged her tired, far-too broad shoulders, and turned to face her husband. “This better be good, Robert.”

“It is,” he replied, remembering the phrase he needed to say in the remnants of an ancient language. *“<May you rise in body, spirit, and mind. May the Gods bless you with endowments that you were always destined to possess. May you ascend.>”*

“What is that, some kind of Mayan chant? What were the words you used?”

She ran her hands over her face in exasperation. “Why am I even asking about this, anyway? I don’t even give a shit. See you for dinner and a long conversation, Robert.”

She left, stepping into the garage and leaving Robert humiliated and confused.

“I felt the power,” he murmured. “I know I did. Why didn’t you work?”

He cradled the idol in his hands, turning it over. For just a few seconds, he saw a glimmer of green, unnatural light from the carved sun, bathing the two figures of the idol with that same energy. It dissipated not long afterwards.

Robert grinned.

“Maybe you did work. Time will tell.”

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It was strange, really. Jenny had started off that morning feeling her usual tired self, but now her energy levels were actually *rising* as she worked to clean the Jacinta Byron’s house. The owners were out on a weekend holiday, and it gave her time to ruminate no her husband’s insanity, but to her own surprise she was working at a speed that was lightning-fast compared to her usual slow-and-steady pace.

“At least something is going right,” she mused to herself, beginning to clean the windows. “One thing is for sure, Robert may be an ass of a husband, but I *do* wish I was a bit taller to reach these damn upper sections.”

She grunted, feeling a sudden pinging down her spine. Her limbs also gained a slight soreness, though it wilted away quickly. It had almost felt like her body was stretching, the muscles aching from a solid workout.

“Maybe a break would . . . no, better continue. Burn off this energy while I’ve got it.”

She stood taller, and felt it odd that she could reach higher places than before. Maybe it was her new shoes?

Jenny hadn’t noticed it yet, but her body was undergoing a transformation that would soon become radical. Already, her skin was losing its blemishes, the wrinkles of her late thirties body faded away to nothingness as her form reverted backwards in age to the prime year of twenty five years old. She was indeed standing taller, and getting taller slowly but surely with each passing minute.

She finished up the window cleaning far faster than expected, and began to sort through the kitchen mess. Everything looked a bit blurry as she tried to inspect the dishes.

She removed her glasses to clean them, only for the world to suddenly look . . . crisp. Clear. Perfect.

“That’s . . . unusual,” she remarked. She tested it a few more times: glasses on were blurry, glasses off left her with perfect twenty-twenty vision. Astounded, she set the glasses aside and gazed around the room.

“That shouldn’t be possible.” She swallowed nervously. There was no way that Robert’s idol had done this, right? It had to be some kind of . . . coincidence. “There must be a rational explanation for this.”

The changing woman scratched her head where her scalp was itching, not even noticing that her hair was slowly changing colour from plain brown to a light, bright blonde. It had grown half an inch, and was speeding up. The woman worked away at the dishes, musing on the insults her husband had made that morning about her life.

“The worst part is he’s half-right, I shouldn’t be doing this. I should be a psychologist, a leading expert in my field, not a washerwoman and cleaner. But I’m not some submissive housewife, that’s for sure. And good luck making a woman with this belly and -”

She paused. Jenny removed her hands from the warm soapy water and looked down at herself. Her shirt was looser than it should have been, at least around the middle. It was a bit tight around the bust, in fact, but it draped down awkwardly. Slowly, she ran her hands over her stomach, it was a little sore, as if it were still in a state of compression.

“Calm down, Jenny,” she said, even as a pressure in her spine and limbs pushed her up another inch of height. “There has to - ahhh - be some sort of explanation. There must be. A psychological one, perhaps.”

Her breasts tingled, there was pressure there too. Pressure, and . . . growth? Sensitivity? She breathed carefully, looking around to make sure no one was looking, and clutched her breasts. Her eyes went wide; they had indeed grown. She had never been particularly blessed there even when she gained weight, but now they felt . . . bigger. Like the flesh was pressing painfully against the wires and tops of the cups.

“No, no, no. that’s not - oh my God!”

Her hair spooled out from her scalp, finally falling into her vision. It was *blonde*. Light blonde and still growing.

This was enough to finally make Jenny squeal. She cried out, then again when she realised there was no tired rasp in her voice, none of the huskiness that often defined its tone. Instead it was lighter, more classically feminine, and certainly *younger*.

“M-mirror!” she managed to stammer.

She cleaned her hands and forearms, trying to ignore the disappearance of a hairy mole as well as the fact that her hands were surprisingly pretty, nails perfectly manicured. She backed away, running upstairs to the main bedroom where she knew a full-length mirror

would be. Unfortunately, Jenny stumbled halfway up, overcome with another series of spasms. She grew another couple of inches, but this was accompanied by other changes, too. Her rear began to swell, pushing against the fabric of her pants. Her shoulders didn't lose their somewhat masculine broadness, but the rest of her body gained pace with them, as if trying to achieve a more statuesque figure: her rib cage expanded, her hips flared, and the result was that her top tore along the seams at the sides.

"Oh God, oh God, what is happening to m-meeee!?"

She whined, hair growing longer again, her waist contracting as it continued to lose fat. She managed to flick off her shoes - her feet had grown as well to match her increasingly shapely legs - and scrambled up the rest of the way and made it to the mirror.

What she saw in her reflection silenced her.

The woman in the mirror had vestigial remnants of Jenny's original appearance, but was like the Platonic ideal of her. She had risen from her little five-foot-two stature to at least five-foot-six or seven, and was still appearing to rise. Her shirt was literally tearing apart at the shoulders, which were looking smooth and feminine but surprisingly athletic as well. Her hips were becoming broad in a way they'd never been, and her stomach flab was almost entirely gone. Her chest, still sore and pressurised and oddly pleasurable at times, was *visibly* growing, the collar of her button shirt widening as her girls grew. And she had blonde hair now, and lips that were becoming full instead of reed-thin. Her overly hairy brow was becoming defined and pretty.

"What the fuck! Robert - he was telling the truth! I need to get to him!"

And she needed to do it fast, before the changes left her completely unrecognisable. Just what the hell had he done to her!? What kind of busty blonde bimbo was she becoming, and how could she stop it?

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Robert was anxious at home, trying to get hold of his wife, though she'd apparently blocked his number for the day.

"Please let this work," he said, gazing at the idol back in its packaging. "I deserve this. I know I deserve this."

Suddenly, the sound of screeching tires echoed from outside. He could hear the garage door rolling upwards, and then the interior door leading to the living room *slammed* open. Striding into the room, clutching her own body and trying not to lose tatters of clothing that was too-small and too-big all at once, was a woman who was hardly recognisable.

"Jenny?" he asked, bewildered.

“Who do you think it is!?” she screeched, gesturing to herself. She now had a pair of impressive C-cup breasts, a flat stomach, and looked to be approaching six feet in height. Her hair was blonde and now nearly to her shoulders, and her legs were utterly *killer*.

Robert’s look of astonishment changed to one of rather deep appreciation. He smiled, thanking the gods of the Mayan people that this actually worked.

“Well, I’d say you’ve changed a lot, my dear, so it’s hardly surprising I didn’t recognise you. You look incredible, Jenny.”

Jenny moved forward to slap him across the face, her pants tearing a little further as she did so.

“You jackass! You asshole! You - you - Nghh! Ohhhhh, G-God, it’s n-not stopping! Mhmhh!”

Robert beheld the most wonderful and arousing sight as, right before his eyes, his wife continued to change. She grabbed her chest, uncaring how shameful it was, cupping her enlarged boobs as they swelled even further, becoming ripe D-cups. She cocked her hip to one side, then the other; her pelvis was visibly widening even as her waist contracted. It was very clear that she was developing a gorgeous hourglass figure with a set of wide babymakers, exactly the kind that Robert found deeply attractive.

“My God, you’re becoming everything I dreamed of!” he announced. “The perfect wife, Jenny!”

“I d-didn’t want you to - not without my consent. I can’t believe you’ve - ohhhh! M-my hair! My f-face!”

Her blonde hair spiralled out from her scalp, expanding so that it now rested past her shoulders and was heading straight for the small of her back. Jenny was surprised at the sheer weight of her new hairdo, but her attention was quickly taken up by her shifting face. She tried to chew out her husband again, but she had to grab the edge of the dinner table and coo softly: her lips plumped up yet again, leaving her with the kind of lips Robert very much looked forward to kissing, among other things. But that wasn’t all: her face thinned, losing some of its pudge, and her cheekbones became sharp and defined like that of a supermodel’s. Her chin, which had been a little mannish and square, cracked and reshaped, softening. Her blue eyes gained a new brightness to them, and this was enhanced by her extending eyelashes.

“Even more beautiful!” Robert declared.

“Sh-shut up, I don’t feel - ohhhhh - but I do. Why does this f-feel so good!?”

“Because it’s who you were meant to be, my love!”

Jenny wanted to growl and lash out, but the truth was with every passing change she felt more and more alive. Her legs lengthened yet again, her ass expanded to give her a peachy rear, albeit one that was still quite fit. Indeed, the formerly fatigued woman gained a

level of fitness she'd never possessed: even her midriff became toned and defined so that she looked like a supermodel athlete. Her chest continued to expand through it all as well. She'd never been the kind of woman who wanted a big bust, and in fact always had a bit of antipathy to such women. But now that she was growing big boobs she couldn't help but revel in the sensation, the sheer *sensitivity* of her enlarged breasts were beyond belief.

"Mhmm, when will they s-stop! Agh! I'm s-still growing!"

Robert's grin faltered for a moment. His wife was unquestionably becoming the most desirable woman he'd ever seen, but he didn't expect her to become *that* tall. With an audible shudder, her height extended to six feet, taller than his own five-foot-eight, and then she grew another couple of inches on top of that. Her clothing shredded, her bra long unclasped to make room for her hefty bosom, and the end result was that he could see pretty much everything, her figure only adorned in small scraps of clothing and her stretched underwear. Her figure was becoming further defined, gaining muscle, and there was something steely in her now, even as she was overwhelmed by the changes.

"Um, I think that's enough now," he said to the idol. "Stop now. <Stop now, please! End the ascension right now!> She's perfect already!"

But the idol's notion of 'superior' was clearly different to his own, because Jenny continued to grow in height and strength and power. She roared, shaking her shoulders and setting her boobs wobbling, their size spilling over her palms. They went beyond D-cups and even E-cups and then shot past F-cups as well. Soon she was the shocked owner of a pair of large, melon-like G-cups, each looking almost as large as her own head and yet astonishingly pert and round upon her chest, even without a bra. They sat lower, of course, but only because of their sheer size. This was matched by growing curves in her rear and hips, as well as ever-more shapely legs.

"I f-feel soooooo powerful!" she cried. "Look at me, Robert!" Her voice was beautiful and song-like, yet endowed with a female authority that almost made Robert stand up and obey her like a henpecked husband.

The physical changes began to slow, the woman still touching her body, feeling her rejuvenated and elevated form. But the mental changes were only beginning: they flooded through Jenny's mind, firing off every synapses, lighting up every neural connection like her brain was a Christmas tree. New pathways formed, new ideas and notions and thoughts and complexities that even Jenny in the height of her academic career, before she got sick, could not have conceived of. She could remember every line from every book she had ever read. She could recall her entire life of memories perfectly. She could understand the complex physics of reality around her, simply drawing off observation from her heightened senses. Her own understanding of the change was also clear to her in a way that Robert had not quite grasped yet. There were personality changes as well, though not nearly as extreme.

Jenny's core self remained, but she experienced a massive increase in her base confidence, her decisiveness, and her ambition. In some ways Robert had been right; her job had been a waste of her talents, though not in the way he thought, not at all.

Lastly, as this mental transformation finished its change upon her, she felt a warmth sweep across her. A tingling in her loins began, a stiffness in her large, perfect pink nipples. Jenny breathed heavily, now easily six-foot-three in height and endowed with amazonian beauty and fantasy curves. She gazed at Robert, who was now looking up at her. His head came to her shoulders, his gaze even with her ripe, heaving bosom. Slowly, still surprised at all of this, Jenny strode forward to her husband. He backed up a bit, somewhat afraid of what he'd created.

"Don't run away, Robert," she purred. "You did this to me. You did it."

"Y-yes, I did. I only wanted to make you a superior wife, just like the idol promised."

She glared at him, but struggled not to bite her lip. The arousal was strong. So goddamn strong. She could practically *sense* her husband's erection, hard as steel in his pants. She lowered a hand and stroked it, not even needing to bend down much thanks to her increased limb length. Robert gulped.

"I want you, Robert," she said. "We're g-going to talk about this later, but I goddamn *need* you, do you understand?"

He nodded almost submissively, partially humiliated by his response.

"Good," she replied, and then, to his shock, she literally picked him up and carried him to the bedroom, the last tatters of her clothing falling off. She threw him on the bed, then crawled on top of him, ripping his clothes apart quite literally with her enhanced strength."

"My God, fuck, Jenny."

"I think you mean: *My Goddess. I want to fuck, Jenny."*

She unleashed his manhood, and part of her was disappointed. It was smaller than she remembered. *He* was smaller than she remembered. Still, her body had needs, and she could discuss this later. For now, she wanted fulfilment.

"Are you my perfect wife now?" Robert asked, looking up at her as she positioned herself over him, her massive mammaries bouncing and wobbling right in his vision.

"I'm perfect honey," she replied, and she took him within her, the pair of them grunting with satisfaction, she already beginning to ride her husband.

Robert grinned, gripping her widened hips and feeling her ass jiggle. He fondled her breasts, licking her enormous nipples, and while he hadn't wanted such an amazonian woman, he was still, at least for now, in heaven.

He should have paid more attention to the vagueness of her response.

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It was the best sex either had ever experienced. Robert came much earlier than expected, but Jenny still came. She had a sense that her body would *always* cum, no matter how bad the intercourse was, though it could still be heightened by better passion. She lay on her back, immersed in the clarity of thought that comes with post-coital bliss. The transformed woman could scarcely believe the weight of her ample assets on her chest, or how big she was compared to her husband now. Her strength and passion were so elevated to what she had been before.

“That was amazing,” Robert said, shifting over to trace a hand over her breast and down over her stomach. “You didn’t turn out quite as I imagined, but I can definitely work with this. Jenny, you’re finally perfect.”

She furrowed her brow, taking in his words.

“I am,” she said. “I’m perfect.”

She shifted her hand over her husband’s thigh. “I’d like to go again now.”

“Again? Already? You’ve drained me!” He said it with a chuckle. “Give me at least half an hour, maybe an hour, and I’ll be ready to go again.”

Jenny frowned, then after a moment’s hesitation, she sat up. She still wasn’t used to all that jiggling on her chest.

“What are you doing?” Robert asked.

“Stay here for your hour,” she said, thoughts working like lightning. “I need to do a few things.”

“Like what?”

“Like get used to this big-boobed giant body you gave me!” she snapped.”

“You seem to enjoy it.”

She looked back at him. The man was *grinning*.

“I do enjoy it,” she said. “I would have appreciated being asked first, and some *notice*.”

“You didn’t believe me. You never would have agreed. Still, can’t argue with the results, eh?”

She sighed and stood up to her full six-foot-three height, towering over her husband. “I suppose not. Just give me some time, Robert.”

He smiled and placed his arms behind his bed, laying happily naked in bed.

“More than happy to, darling. In one hour, I expect a nice surprise.”

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When Robert came out of bed, it was almost two hours later, and he was annoyed. He wasn't sure where Jenny was in the house, but she hadn't returned to him for whatever reason.

"That idol needs some tweaking," he muttered. "Where is she?"

It was then that he spotted her: she was in the backyard garden, wearing one of his t-shirts and a stretchy skirt from her wardrobe. Both garments were quite stretched by her new figure: her massive rack strained the material of his shirt, lifting it up so that a huge section of her midriff was exposed. Her skirt likewise only covered down to just above her knees, and did little to conceal her shapely derriere. She was practicing yoga, though he'd never seen her do that before. Robert marvelled for a moment at her flexibility. It was like watching a goddess relaxed.

"If only she could be a bit shorter," he said. "Then she'd be-"

Jenny turned, her long mane of blonde hair waving in the breeze like she was from a shampoo commercial. She grinned broadly, beaming as she finished up and strode on in, opening the door back into the living space.

"Robert!" she cried, gripping him in her arms and lifting him easily. "You have no idea how different I feel! There's no tiredness at all, I'm completely flexible, and I'm *strong!"*

"I can f-feel that," Robert siad, a little crushed.

"Oops!"

She set him down, but was already pacing back and forth. "Just in the last couple of hours I've already been so productive. I checked all my sizing - I thought I was a G-cup but I'm actually an HH-cup, can you believe it? - and after taking all my measurements I ordered clothing online and some more immediate replacements from the local mall. *Coquettes* has some great designs, and I even got a little daring with this body, willing to show it off, you might say!"

Robert nodded along to this. So far, so good. She was coming around.

"I was going to come back to bed at that point, but then all these ideas were racing in my mind. You know that I've always wanted to write my own novel, and after so many years of procrastinating I finally damn well started it. Less than an hour's work, and the literature just *flowed*. I've over ten pages in and already have the whole plot sketched out! Well, I took a break from that to do a light workout. No offence, Robert, but you really need to up your strength; the dumbbells we have just aren't enough. Still, it gave me a sense of how damn strong that idol made me. So I took another break and reapplied for my psychology course. I had to do some light tinkering online to get my new image and details on official records. I know I could have gone through official channels but I really, really wanted to learn how to program and hack. I had three laptops in front of me - hope you don't mind that I borrowed

your work one - just so I could take in as much information as possible. I still can't believe the DMV was that easy to hack! Anyway, that's when I did some yoga to calm down."

Robert's jaw was practically on the floor.

"You did all of that . . . in two hours?"

"I also fixed our coffee machine. I've been asking you to do that for weeks! I had to read the entire manual!"

He blinked again. "In two hours!?"

At this point, Jenny was feeling quite appropriately smug. She folded her arms beneath her magnificent breasts and looked down at her comparatively little husband.

"I thought you *wanted* me to be *superior*, Robert?"

She raised an eyebrow, and Robert was taken aback by this. Jenny had always been feisty, but this was . . . confronting.

"Of course, but I told you what we would need to fix our marriage."

"We?" she asked, jabbing him in the chest. "Or just you?"

"You - I was waiting in bed for you!"

She smirked. "Then you should have been a *superior* man and commanded your wife to come, or taken her, right?"

At this, he was silent.

"That's what I thought, Robert. Now, if you don't mind, I've got a lot of errands to run, some papers to read, and some investments to make. I'll be back later tonight, like all those late hours you took even when I was ill. And then we can see if you still stack up to my expectations."

And with not a word more she leaned down, gave him a patronising pat on the head, turned around and left.

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Something had gone very wrong in Robert's estimation. It had been nearly a week now, and his idealised trophy wife hadn't manifested in Jenny. Far from being a gorgeous, submissive stay-at-home woman he had thought the idol would make her, she had become some kind of amazonian go-getter, turning heads wherever she went and succeeding at practically *everything*. Adorned in her new clothing and with lots more on the way, her figure commanded not only lust but attention, to the point where Robert felt like a mere appendage next to this woman's might. She read books in a rush, got up early to do her workout and enjoy her yoga, and was already earning back money on short-term investing. Somehow she had found the time to write a paper on the psychology of major life changes that had impressed one of the most prestigious universities in the country enough to take her on,

followed by an interview that confirmed it. Robert scowled as he saw her flirting up a storm with her interviewer, emphasising her features in a way that no doubt further convinced him to get her into a PhD program.

“That was easy!” she proclaimed, pulling up her top a little, not that it did much to disguise her huge boobs. “I guess these things are good for more than just looking amazing and having great sex. Well, sex, I suppose.”

At that little insult, Robert went a deep shade of humiliated red.

He tried to get things back on track by taking her to a high-tee event with other professors, all concerned with the study of ancient civilisations. He even asked her to “dress up nicely so you can hang off my arm and impress people.” Well, she impressed alright. Adorned in a tight-fitting black dress with starry sparkles, her hair done up in a perfect series of waves, she commanded the attention of the entire room, slipping out of Robert’s arm to converse with a number of professors.

“What are you talking about?” Robert asked as he approached her chatting with one of his idols, the esteemed Professor Doritz.

“Oh, just about the latest discoveries going on in the Amazon,” she noted. “Astounding stuff, isn’t it, Marcus?”

“It very much is, Mrs Matthison! My goodness, I can scarcely believe you’re not a historian yourself with the bounty of knowledge you’ve brought to this event. I can see that the woman clearly does stand behind the successful man, eh, Mr Matthson?”

Robert managed to conceal his frown. “Ye-es, Professor Doritz. I’ve tried to teach her all I know.”

“Oh please, Robert, you always lectured me! No, I’ve been doing a lot of private reading lately to get me caught up. Besides, I can hardly hide behind your success, can I? I mean, look at me!”

A number of individuals, including Professor Doritz, all laughed at this, further humiliating the husband.

“I can’t believe you’d act like that!” he told her later back at their home. “You weren’t supposed to be like this at all! And here you are accepting offers to tour the Amazon on an archaeological dig with my own hero professor! It’s shameful!”

But Jenny just grinned, fixing her makeup and adjusting her face in the mirror.

“Oh, please, like you weren’t just going to make me some pretty submissive little thing on your arm, Robert. I guess I just ended up too superior for you, hmm?”

Robert clenched his fists in anger, then calmed himself. He approached his wife, admiring her tight dress on her figure, the way her breasts were nearly falling out of her dress.

“Not so superior that you don’t want your husband, I bet,” he said, reaching out to grip her ass.

Her hand stopped him short. “Actually, I am,” she said. “I’m sorry Robert, well, not that sorry, but you just don’t measure up to me now.”

She turned, placing her hands on her hips and staring down at him.

“We were unhappy before because you took me for granted. You didn’t want me, and put me down constantly. Now that I’m happy and healthy and beautiful, you want to own me. You just view me as an object. It’s not just that I’m a superior wife now, Robert. It’s that you were *always* an inferior husband. And it’s high time I just came out and said it. We were talking about separating before. Now it’s actually happening.”

Robert’s world was crumbling. He fell to his knees, clasping his hands together in a pathetic plea.

“Please, Jenny, don’t do this. Look, I clearly used the idol wrong. That’s what this is! I just have to adjust what I’ve done and it’ll fix it all.”

“Fix me, you mean.”

“Yes! I mean, no! Look, it’s just that you’re so much smarter and stronger and taller than me now. You can’t blame me for being jealous.”

She narrowed her eyes. “I wasn’t jealous when *you* were successful, Robert. I just wanted to be appreciated for who I was and not be put down all the time. Not compared to other people.”

Robert was clutching at straws by this point. “Look, why are you putting makeup on?”

She smacked her lips together in the mirror and adjusted her dress, very pleased with her statuesque stunner of a figure.

“I’m going out tonight. I’m thinking of pulling a date.”

“With another man?”

Jenny grinned somewhat maliciously. “I didn’t say that,” she said, adjusting her eyelashes. “In fact, I was rather thinking someone more . . . feminine. I’m a little more open now, and I think I’m tired of men with their fragile egos, always thinking of their cocks, wanting women to be weak and dependent. I’m rather looking for a woman more my speed, now.”

Robert had had enough. He got back to his feet and went straight for the living room. The idol was still in its package on the table, and he took it out hastily, marching straight back to the bedroom where his wife was still finalising her looks in the ensuite bathroom.

“That’s it!” he declared. “You ascended too much! I’m bringing you back down to earth, Jenny. I know I’ll make things right and as they should be. And there’s no way I’m putting up with you getting with another woman.”

“Another woman?” she said, turning and moving towards him, her figure divine in her tight dress. “That’s good wording, husband. Maybe I can fix both our problems and deal a little karma while I’m at it.”

She snatched the idol out of his hands, reading the runic carvings upon it and chuckling to herself.

“It’s a good thing I can already read ancient Mayan inscriptions better than you, Robert.”

“You - what?”

Jenny beamed, holding the statue up so that it faced him. “Yes, I dare say I reckon I’ll have far greater control over its magic. Let’s test that, shall we?”

She recited the words in that ancient dialect, correcting where Robert had lost control, not that she regretted that part. Instead, she focused the power of the idol upon him immediately, flooding him with its magic without delay. She pictured in her mind’s eye the perfect woman to be her match, and with a smile upon her face she opened her eyes to see the magical light upon the idol, which promptly disappeared.

Robert looked down at himself. “Am I going to become a perfect man? Is that how we’re going to fix our m-mmph! Ohhhhh!”

He doubled over, the series of pressures now immediate.

“Not exactly,” Jenny said, still smiling sweetly. “Like I said, honey, my tastes run more feminine right now.”

Robert couldn’t understand what was happening; it was like his nipples were on fire! He rubbed them, unable to stand their growing sensitivity or their growth in general. He scratched at his hair, feeling the terrible itch as it began to grow. As it did, the colour began to change to a calm, forest green, unnatural yet, somehow, natural at the same time.

“Wh-what are you d-doing to me!?” Robert cried. His voice cracked as he spoke.

“Improving you,” Jenny answered sweetly. “Making you superior.”

Robert could feel himself getting taller, and for a brief time he even dared to hope that he was becoming a powerful alpha male, brilliant and strong and capable of wrangling this woman back under his control.

But then his chest began to push forward. His hips began to pop outwards. His body hair began to retract, leaving his skin smooth. His hair gained a silky quality, extending down over his face and leaving him to touch it in shocked wonder.

“N-no! You can’t do this!”

“I can, and I will.”

His voice became even more feminine as his jawline softened, eyelashes extending.

“I didn’t agree to this! I didn’t ask for this!”

He whined, moaning in unwanted but powerful pleasure as his bust began to bloom, growing outwards until two small spheres turned into much larger ones.

“You didn’t ask me either, honey. Now the shoe’s on the other foot. It’s okay though, I’m going to give you some perspective.”

She focused her control over the idol, initiating a set of mental changes early. Robert moaned, shuddering as his waist contracted and he rose in height again. His arms were now gorgeous, the same for his legs, and fit muscle began to develop there, the kind a particularly athletic woman would display. But even as his boobs surged forth again, filling his now-dainty palms, even as his hair spilled down to his shoulders and his Adam’s apple disappeared, Robert felt the changes to his mind begin.

Just like with Jenny, a series of pathways formed, new connections opening up. His intelligence was boosted massively, along with his reflex timing, his articulation of thought, his social charisma and insight. But unlike Jenny, who *needed* a confidence boost, Robert needed to be humbled instead. He clutched his mind, ignoring the growing numbness in his member to instead focus on the new feelings that were racing to the forefront of his mind.

Guilt.

Remorse.

Regret.

Shame.

With his new photographic memory, Robert could recall every failure of his as a husband, as a loving partner, as someone who was meant to boost his wife up instead of bring her down and compare her to others. He remembered every late night while she was sick, every moment he’d lusted after another woman, every time he’d tried to push her into a role that confined her all to make himself happy.

And he knew, with singular understanding, just how wrong he had been.

“Oh God, I’m s-so sorry, Jenny!” he cried, voice now a husky woman’s and getting lighter by the second. “I’ve been a terrible husband! I t-took you for - ahhh - granted! I don’t d-deserve you! I didn’t deserve you then! Mmhm!!”

He writhed, falling again to his knees, feeling his testicles and cock pull back inside his body. This coincided with another mental change; in that moment, Robert *knew* he was female. *She* was a woman.

And one that at that very moment had just become as remarkable as her wife. She was tall, easily six feet in height, with green hair that went to her shoulders. Her breasts were full and pert, and her hips magnificently wide with an ass that wouldn’t quit. Her clothes were barely hanging on, and she removed them slowly to look at herself, as if in a trance. Various parts of her jiggled in response, but the truly strange sensation was when she cupped a

hand over her venus mound and felt the feminine slit in its centre. It was quite responsive, and it left her shoulders trembling a little, which left her large bust trembling.

“Ohhhhh,” she moaned.

“Now that’s an improvement,” Jenny noted, looking her up and down. She had made her perfect partner as she now desired one. Tall (though not as tall as her), busty (though not as busty as her), and with a damn impressive backside and pair of hips and thighs (these *were* more developed than her own). The green hair gave Robert a touch of the exotic, as did her very full lips and thick, well-defined eyebrows. “How do you feel now, husband?”

Robert hugged her new, nubile form. Just like Jenny, she was now younger, more vibrant, powerful and female and . . . aroused. She managed to clamp down on those feelings and focus on the revelation she’d just undergone.

“I feel . . . like a damned fool, Jenny. I’ve taken you for granted, I see that now. I can’t explain it, it’s like I’ve just been opened to myself and seen me for who I’ve been, and I don’t like it. I . . . I deserve to be like this, and you deserve someone better.”

Jenny stared at her transformed husband as she cupped her large breasts. She really did look genuinely remorseful, and her heightened senses could tell she was being truthful. Jenny bit her lip, then strode over and hugged her new ‘wife.’

“Oh, Robert, I’ve been waiting to hear that.”

“I don’t deserve you,” she repeated. “I’m so sorry. I . . . I feel so wonderful in this body. It’s strange, but it feels good, even if I’m a woman. Like I’ve been blessed and punished at the sam-”

Jenny kissed her on the lips, moaning into her mouth as she did so. Robert’s eyes went wide, and then she leaned into the kiss, pressing her amazonian body against Jenny’s. A shiver ran down her core, a warmth between her thighs. A wetness. When Jenny pulled back the new woman was confused.

“What - what was that for?”

“I told you, I wanted to make you the kind of person I deserve. Someone superior to the old Robert. And you’ve already proven that by saying sorry and showing you finally care about me, truly, and want what’s best for me.”

“But you wanted to separate!”

Jenny chuckled, taking her partner’s hand. “Well, I guess we have separated. I’m not with Robert anymore. I’m with a far smarter, stronger, sexier person, and one who is far more compassionate. Not to mention a gorgeous woman. What do you think, Robert? Rachel? Ruby?”

The new woman though for a moment, then began to smile broadly.

“How about . . . Rosalina?”

Jenny kissed her again. “Sounds perfect . . . Rosalina. What say you and I jump straight to a one night stand with our new superior bodies? It would be a good first date, don’t you think?”

Rosalina felt her arousal growing stronger again. She returned Jenny’s kiss, and moaned as her lover cupped her sensitive tits.

“I - ahhh - think that would be . . . perfect.”

As it turned out, the sex was quite superior now, too.

The End