

A photograph of two women with long dark hair, wearing light-colored lingerie, standing close together and looking at each other. The woman on the left is wearing a beige bra and matching underwear. The woman on the right is wearing a pink lace bra and matching underwear. The background is bright and slightly blurred.

THE LOVING WIFE

A GENDER SWAP STORY

JESSICA CLAIRMONT

Contents

[Title Page](#)
[Matt](#)
[The Transformation](#)
[The Real Surprise](#)
[Other Stories](#)

The Loving Wife
A Gender Swap Story by Jessica Clairmont
Just the Tip

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Matt loathed stairs. His body did not have a problem with them, but his mind objected to their existence, particularly outside of his apartment. Every day, he hurried out the door barely aware of the steps for how easy they were to descend. He slogged through the workday always surprised by how weary so much sitting could make him. His job taxed his mind and his coworkers taxed his patience. On some days, he would go to the gym after work to help relieve the stress. Other days, he would stop by a bar to have a quiet drink. He rarely met friends and thought of his time alone as a much needed respite for the intruding personalities of others. Ultimately, no matter how he spent the last parts of his day, he had to face the three flights of stairs to his apartment. He would trudge upward and push through the insulting anguish of each step until finally reaching his door. The door mat read “hello!” in a cheerful white font on a bright green background. This inevitably made him smile because the doormat embodied what lied beyond, a comfortable home and a loving wife.

“Is that you, Matt?” Liz called from the kitchen. A wonderful smell of roast and spices filled the air as Matt hung up his coat and put away his keys. Liz appeared around the corner wiping her hands dry with a towel. “Hi honey, how was your day?” She tossed the towel back into the kitchen as she walked over to greet him. Matt slid into her embrace and rested his head on her shoulder. Her body was warm and soft as his hands moved down her hips. She wore short pink shorts that clung tight to her perky butt and made it difficult for Matt to slide his hands inside. He managed. His hands moved over bare ass and he smiled knowing that his wife had spent the day lounging around in her thong. “Easy, Captain Frisky.” She chided him and pecked him on the cheek before slipping away.

Matt smiled and felt the tension leaving his body. “Work sucked.”

“Work always sucks, luckily....so do I.” She wiggled her butt at him as she walked back into the kitchen. “You’re home on time, guess you didn’t go to the gym today.”

Matt made his way over to the kitchen table and found a sizable stack of mail. “No. I thought about going early tomorrow morning. I spent the whole day looking at the Mercer account. Another minute away from home and I would have needed to claw out my eyes. Oh, this is a thank you card from Terry. Guess they liked the toaster oven.”

“Juicer.”

“Not a toaster oven?”

“No, that was Ginger and Tyler. Terry and Will got a juicer.”

“Where were all these fuckers during our wedding?”

“Unemployed.” Liz moved through the kitchen in a bizarre dance as she prepared their dinner. “Besides, you like giving those presents. You said it makes you feel all grown up.”

“I like seeing our friends happy and probably like giving them stuff when I’m three drinks in on an open bar. I can take a break from feeling grown up for a while.” Matt noticed a small brown package on the corner of the table. “What’s this?”

Liz didn’t answer. Instead, she made a high pitched squeak and ran over to snatch the box from Matt’s hand. She hid it behind her back and started backing out of the room. “You weren’t supposed to see that yet. It’s a special present.”

“Cat’s out of the bag, let me see.”

“Not yet,” Liz insisted. “We’re going to have a nice dinner first. Then I want some quality time together. We can watch this weeks episode of that baking show you like. After that, I’ll let you see the secret. I’m not even sure you’re going to like it.”

Matt shrugged and she disappeared into their bedroom to hide the box. His mind immediately turned to what it could contain. Lingerie wouldn't come in a box like that. It had to be some kind of toy which made Matt a little anxious. They'd been trying more and more adventurous things in their sex life over the past few months. *Oh god, what if she's bought some kind of strap on. I don't want to have to talk her down from pegging me. Maybe it's one of those remote control vibrator things. I could play with her from across the room or maybe she wears it while I'm at work. That could be fun.*

Liz returned with a devious smile on her face. While she returned to cooking, Matt grabbed a beer from the fridge and went to the bedroom to undress. She warned him not to go looking for the surprise and, though his curiosity did plague him, he enjoyed how cute she was when she had a secret. He took off his button up shirt and hung it up, knowing that Liz would find it tomorrow and insist it be washed. He did the same with his pants after adding his shoes to the pristine rows of footwear at the bottom of the closet. He took a moment to look at himself in the mirror. He loved his wife's body and did his best to give her one that she could enjoy as well. Keeping his physique had been easy while working in a restaurant, but after finally finding a job that used his degree, he had started to put on the pounds. Having a wonderful wife that loved to cook didn't help much either, especially since she tried to make his favorite dishes all the time when they moved in together. After his first three months riding a desk, they had a miniature family meeting to discuss his eating habits. His favorite foods were exiled to a once a week status. Liz spent her days making him healthy lunches and low calories dinners. They switched to light beer and cut down to only two per night. For his part, Matt started going to the gym more and more, and the results were in the mirror.

He had a flat stomach and some definition to his chest. His forearms were thinner than he'd like, but he had a decent bicep. His chest sported a thick coat of hair which was likely not long for the world. *Oh god, I hope she didn't buy a waxing kit.* Liz had a mild fetish for grooming her husband. She liked to give him manicures or shave his chest or pluck his eyebrows. It made her happy and, though he refused to admit it, Matt enjoyed how she made him look. More than a few times, he'd received compliments from some of the women he worked with and more than a few of the men. He believed wholeheartedly that his boss favored him because of his well groomed appearance. Rising above the others in his office, most of which ate microwavable pizzas for lunch and spent the afternoons ineffectively hiding stains on their shirts, meant a quicker possible promotion. All of which could be attributed to his wife. He knew she worked diligently to help him as a way of making up for not working full time. Matt loved her for every bit of it.

He pulled on a pair of loose shorts and an old shirt. By the time he returned to the kitchen, Liz had moved everything to the table. They had their meal and talked about various things in the news. Matt helped clear away the dishes and clean up the kitchen, stopping a few times to steal playful touches of his wife's breasts or butt. Once the chores were done, they settled onto the couch and watched their baking show. Matt rarely cared for reality television, but something about the show enthralled him. He usually attributed his fascination to the food porn aspect of the show, but secretly invested much more than he should in the competitors. Liz made no effort to hide her obsession with the fate of ten strangers. She wiped away tears as the loser of the week hugged everyone and said goodbye, but the moment the promo for the next week's episode rolled Liz's face brightened with anticipation.

Through their time on the couch, they sat together, Matt's arms wrapped around his wife as she leaned into his side. Halfway through the show, she moved her hand under the elastic band of his shorts to casually toy with his penis. Liz enjoyed touching him in the least sexual way possible. She knew it frustrated him to be so casually toyed with, but she found it fascinating and empowering. The light touch of her fingers could make his cock swell almost immediately. Just as casually, she could stop and let his hard cock strain against the air. She rarely opted for the latter, instead enjoying the feeling of his hard cock in her hands or cupping his balls to feel the involuntary rise and fall of his testicles.

For his part, Matt tried to restrain himself as his wife teased at his cock. His hands rested on her hips and sometimes slid down to her ass. After being with Liz for so long, he still loved the feeling of her soft flesh yielding to his touch. Mostly he tried to concentrate on the television show and enjoy the light sensations of her hand on him. He knew that the moment he tried to move into a more serious engagement of activity, she would shut down at worst or at best urge him to finish quickly so that they could return to the television. By the time the hour had passed, Matt's balls ached slightly from the build of tension and he was very ready to move on to whatever was in the box.

"Turn off the lights and come to bed. It's time for your special treat." Liz pulled down her shorts and let them drop to the floor as she moved towards the bedroom. He could see her nipples poking through her shirt as she rounded the corner. Matt hurried to turn off all the lights.

Liz waited for him on the bed. She still wore a thong, but it did nothing to hide her ass from his hungry eyes. He pulled off his shirt and shorts before climbing onto the bed in only his boxers. Liz had a small blue box in front of her that resembled an old-timey cigarette case, though slightly thicker. "This your surprise." She opened it up and withdrew what looked like two condoms still attached by the serrated foil. One side was pink and the other side was blue. Liz put the case on the night stand and held up the two small packets. "These are a special tablet that will change you."

"Change me? How?"

"To a woman," Liz said, a devilish grin on her face.

"The hell are you talking about?"

"You have to trust me, Matt. You take the pink one and it changes you. Take the blue one and it changes you back."

"Like some kind of role play thing?"

"No, it's real. You really change. I want you to experience what it feels like to be a woman. You'll get to cum in a whole new way. Here, take it." She opened the pink packet and fished out a small candy tablet. It smell strongly of strawberry and Matt raised an eyebrow skeptically as he took it. "Go on, I've already tested it."

Matt did not believe the candy would do anything, but popped it in his mouth anyway. He figured the tablet to be some kind of faux aphrodisiac or knock off Viagra. His arousal had built for the past two hours and he was willing to do whatever her could to move the night along. He chewed the strange tablet and swallowed before sticking his tongue out to show Liz. She clapped in excitement and put the blue packet with the case on the nightstand. "And how long does this take to work?" He moved to her, pushing her back onto the bed and pulling off her shirt. Perfect, round tits quivered as she adjusted herself into a comfortable position.

"Ten minutes or so," she replied, coyly.

"Then I guess we'll have to find something to do for ten minutes." He started kissing her neck, moving down slowly. Reaching her breasts, he took one in his hand while his mouth covered the other. His tongue swirled around her erect nipple as his strong hand massaged her other breast. Liz's hands moved along his sides and across his back, lightly raking his skin. Matt drank in his wife's body. He moved his hands up the back of her thighs until he cupped her ass, giving it a hard squeeze as he sucked hard on her nipple, eliciting a slight gasp. Reluctantly, he gave up her breasts, letting the nipple slip from his mouth, shining wet and red from his attentions. More kisses down her chest and across her navel as her stomach rose and fell with sudden heaves of breath. His hands hooked into the band of her thong and expertly removed the underwear in one fluid motion that they had practiced many times. Matt returned to his position between her thighs, moving further down the bed for a better angle. He felt the heat of her sex on his face as he moved into position. As tempted as he was to give her what she wanted, he chose to tease her a while longer. He kissed her inner thighs as his hands moved up to her stomach. Matt's mouth moved everywhere but the spot she most wanted it until she writhed in frustration. Finally, he flattened out his tongue and pushed it against her wet pussy lips. Liz sighed in relief and slightly relaxed until he repeated the slow motion again, lingering longer around her clit and giving it a quick lick. The hand not on her stomach moved under her ass for another quick squeeze before sliding along her folds. Pressing his middle and ring fingers together, he pushed into his wife's pussy as he continued to lick in a steady, maintained

rhythm. Her body started to twist and writhe. Matt pressed his hand down against her abdomen, feeling her stomach flutter with each flick of his tongue. Her thighs tightened around his head as her back arched. Liz's hands moved to her breasts and her head turned to the side, biting her lip. She let out a quiet, cute whimper as her orgasm began. Her thighs locked around Matt's neck, holding him in place and encouraging him to continue. Breathing turned ragged as he cried out in pleasure. Matt increased his speed in time with her excitement until she finally collapsed onto the bed.

Matt gave her a few more affectionate kisses. He moved to climb on top of her and take his own reward. His boxers slid off with ease, a damp spot where his precum had leaked testifying as to the state of his arousal. As he started to climb on top of her, Liz held up her hand to his chest and pushed lightly. He followed her lead, rolling to her side and onto his back. As she moved her hands down to his cock, her eyes widened, "It's starting!" Matt looked down to see what she was talking about and noticed immediately. His cock was smaller. Liz's hand wrapped around him, able to take his whole length into her palm.

What the fuck? It's only three inches long now? "Liz, what's happening? What was in that thing you made me eat?" He found it difficult to concentrate. Liz no longer toyed with his cock, but actively jerked him off. Where she would have normally used her whole hand, she managed with only her thumb and index finger. Matt knew they should stop, but it still felt wonderful despite his diminished size. "Wait...I'm...I'm gonna cum if you don't —" Liz let out an excited gasp as his three inch cock spurted cum up and onto his belly. Matt's eyes winced shut as his orgasm rocked through him. She kept stroking and more cum kept oozing from the small head. More sensations took over Matt's body. His chest tingled and his thighs burned as if he ran four miles. Liz let go of his tiny cock and started to massage his chest. He managed to open his eyes and immediately saw why. Where he'd had some defined pectoral muscle, soft breast tissue had appeared. The wobbling flesh grew each time Liz's hand touched it. His tiny male nipples had broadened and turned bright pink with dark areolas around them. His chest hair had melted away and his body felt smoother from head to toe. *My god, it's working. I'm turning into a woman. How is this happening? Drugs? Did Liz drug me somehow?* A hard pulling sensation in his crotch made him squirm in pleasure. After a few moments, he cried out in a much higher voice and he was overwhelmed with a feeling of emptiness. Liz moved away for a moment giving him the chance to move newly effeminate hands down to his crotch. As he touched the wet folds of a brand new pussy, his stomach turned on itself.

Matt sat up as his head cleared. *I'm sober. This is not a dream.* Liz reappeared beside him, her hands moving gently over his new body. Her touch still felt nice and as she kissed his cheek, he knew how much he still wanted her. "Elizabeth," he said calmly, suppressing alarm at the sound of his voice. "What have you done to me?"

Liz pouted. "Don't you like it? You have big titties now! Look, they're bigger than mine."

"There's an explanation for this," he said desperately. He shrugged her away. "Wait, you said the blue one turns me back! Give me the blue one!" He turned to dive for the bedside table, but as he did, he came into view of their bedroom mirror. As Matt stared at the female version of himself, it took all his effort not to go insane. The woman looked nothing like him, except the eyes. Liz was not lying, Matt's breasts were almost twice the size of his wife's. He'd watched plenty of porn where women with chests like his had sandwiched a thick cock between them until it blew it's load all over the waiting mouth of the big titted woman. *Cock.*

The word lodged in his mind and he worried that female hormones could override his own sexual proclivities. Matt turned slightly, admiring the curve of his new form. He didn't have an ass to match Liz's but it was still round and soft. *Wait, what are you doing. You're Matt, a man!* He looked to the bedside table, but the blue packet and the case were gone.

"Don't be upset," Liz said. "I thought this would be fun for a while. Now you get to feel what it's like to be a woman. I can lick your pussy just like you licked mine."

His anger subsided slightly, "You should have explained. Where's the blue?"

Liz held up the blue wrapper. It was empty.

The small nub at the top of her folds had swollen. It was larger than any Matt had ever seen. Liz pulled him back to the bed, her hands pushing into Matt's new soft ass. Liz moved her mouth to Matt's breast and sucked. She'd played with his nipples before, but it had felt nothing like this. He grabbed her head and pushed it down. Her tongue licked sloppily around his engorged breast while her hand moved down between Matt's legs. Liz dipped her fingers into the virgin pussy and Matt gasped. He didn't know what it would feel like. For a short moment, the empty feeling in his core lessened. *God I want a fat cock inside me.* He tried to suppress the thought, but he couldn't keep them all out of his head. He wanted to focus on his wife's breasts and her lovely ass, but more and more he fantasized about a cock shoving into his pussy. Then he felt something against his leg. Liz shuddered as her burgeoning cock slid along the inside of his thigh.

They separated long enough to look down at the growing cock between Liz's legs. "My god, this feels amazing!" She reached down and gripped the growing phallus. "It's like something is being pulled out of me. Did you feel this? Oh, my pussy is gone, look at that!" Liz lifted her cock to show smooth skin beneath it. The area started to bulge and as they both watched a smooth ball sack sprouted into being. "Balls feel weird. I guess you get used to them between your legs. Holy shit, I think my cock is bigger than yours was." She wagged the swelling rod in front of him and his mouth started to water. Matt couldn't help it any more and pushed Liz down on the bed and returned to between her legs.

While his body had taken a fully feminine form, he realized that Liz was only partially changed. Her breasts had grown even smaller, but were still notably feminine. Her butt and hips were unchanged, which made it particularly odd to be staring at a hairless ball sack and thick, veiny cock rising from where her pussy had been. Matt didn't care. *It's still Liz. This is a woman's mouth and I love my wife.* She parted her lips and took Liz's cock into his mouth. For the first time, he understood what it meant to give someone a blow job. This cock was bigger than his had been. He stretched his mouth as wide as he could, pushing the thick phallus into his mouth. His tongue moved along the underside, mimicking the motion he'd felt Liz use so many times. She seemed appreciative as her hand went to the back of Matt's head, pushing him down onto the cock. His wife's dick felt good in his mouth. He imagined her cumming, filling up his mouth with cum. Moving his hand up to her balls, he massaged and pulled at them. *Wait, if she has balls, can she get me pregnant? Probably not. Do I even care? How fucked would that be, my belly swollen with my transformed wife's child.*

After pushing the full length of Liz's cock into his mouth one last time, he relinquished her and let it bob in the air in front of him. His eyes went wide at the size of it. *That's the kind of cock you see in porn. It will split me in half.* He had to have it inside him. His pussy was drenched from anticipation and he clamored on top of Liz who smiled as the larger "woman" tried to position herself cowgirl style. Matt's body had kept its size and somewhat dwarfed his wife as he straddled her. He felt awkward as she grabbed his breasts and squeezed them, though he had done the same thing to her plenty of times. He moved his hips until he felt the head nudge against his pussy lips. After a few attempts to slide down the length, he reached beneath them and took hold of Liz's cock by the base, holding it steady as he lowered himself onto it. The head pushed past her lips and she groaned in satisfaction. With the tip inside her, she let go and lowered herself slowly, inch after inch, onto Liz's full length. Matt looked down at his wife. Her teasing joy at watching him turn into a woman had been put aside as the

sensation of her cock entering its first pussy drove everything else out of her mind. Matt understood that. He knew that his heat surrounding her cock would drive her crazy and in moments she'd be desperately trying to fuck him. *All fun and games until you feel what it's like to be bursting with cum.* He gyrated his new full hips slowly, letting the thick meat slip out slightly and slamming back down with a groan each time. Matt felt so full or complete. He couldn't think of the right words to describe it, but he looked at Liz with a new adoration and understanding.

Liz's hands pulled at his ample ass, giving a playful but determined slap to urge him to be faster. She wanted to cum. Having a dick felt different. Her husband's pussy was divine, but every thrust made it seem like the pleasure slipped just out of reach. The feeling drove her mad and she started thrusting up into Matt as he bounced on her length. She reached up and grabbed him by the neck, pulling him down into a passionate kiss. As they parted, she whispered, "Now I'm going to fuck you." With surprising strength, she pushed him off her and onto all fours on the bed. As Matt fell forward, he felt his new breasts swing slightly painfully back and forth. Liz got to her knees behind him. After a moment of poking at his pussy, she found the center of his wet slit and shoved her cock in to the root. She pulled out and plunged back in again, this time with enough force to send her small balls slapping forward against Matt's lips. Each thrust drove Liz wilder and wilder. The need to fuck consumed her. She looked down at the beautiful creature she had turned her husband into and felt her cock pulse in response.

Matt felt an electric pressure building in his core. He moved his hand down to the top of his pussy and found the small clit that had once been his penis. He started to rub it in time with the strokes from Liz's thick cock. Matt whimpered and moaned as the pressure built stronger and stronger. Liz hunched over him, slamming into him faster and faster while her hands moved to grope Matt's breasts. Finally, Liz shoved herself all the way into her husband's wanton pussy and exploded. Matt's world shook as cum splashed inside him. *Oh god, Liz is cumming in my pussy. This is insane...this is.....* He never finished the thought. A wild, electric explosion rocked his body. He'd never felt anything like it before. The small waves that had built with each thrust became a tidal wave of pleasure. He cried out in a feminine wail as Liz's cock emptied itself into her husband.

The pair collapsed onto the bed, both of them sticky with sweat and cum. Liz played with her cock for a moment while Matt explored his own body. He felt cum oozing out of his pussy and down the back of his thigh. "My god, Liz, what the fuck have you done to us."

"I told you it was a special surprise."

"How do we change back?"

"Like I said, you take the blue one to turn back into a boy. Maybe your cock will grow back as big as this one."

"But you used the other pill?" he asked. His eyes had drifted to Liz's hardening cock.

Liz reached over to the bottom of the bedside table and produced the small case. She opened it and displayed nine other packets. "So we can both change five times. I got them from a sex shop I found online. I didn't believe it either until I saw the videos. They don't even charge you for them. They want the videos for payment." Matt looked to the foot of the bed and noticed a camera recording everything they did. "Don't worry, I'll edit it to make us look good."

Matt's eyes returned to Liz's cock. He reached over and took it in his hand, admiring the warmth of it. "Ok then. How long until we have to take the pill to change back?"

"As long as you want," Liz said, smiling. "There's still plenty of things you need to feel as a woman. Let's start by cumming in your mouth, I think."

Matt shrugged. He got to his knees and bent over Liz's crotch, taking the cock into his mouth once more. It tasted of their mingled juices and he smiled as she pushed over his tongue. *Liz is an amazing wife. And so am I.*

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