

A close-up photograph of a woman with long, wavy brown hair. She is wearing a white lace bra and a grey cardigan. Her right hand is visible, resting near her waist, wearing a gold ring and a gold chain bracelet. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

Turned into the Neighbor's Wife

A Gender Swap Story

Jessica Clairmont

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(A Gender-Swap Story)

by Jessica Clairmont

“He gasped and looked down at his body. His chest had swollen, puffy nipples sitting on top of round globes of flesh. Between his cleavage, he could see a flat hairless torso and the top of a mound between his legs. This is not my body! What’s happening? How do I have breasts His hands moved to touch the quivering orbs. They were definitely attached to him...”

“I’m home!” Arthur shouted as the door closed behind him. The house was mostly dark, but he could hear music coming from the kitchen. “Honey?” He flipped through the mail waiting by the door as he deposited his keys and wallet in a small bowl by the coat rack. He made his way down the hall and into the kitchen. His wife was standing behind the island with her arms folded. “There you are? What...what’s up?” Her lips were pursed and her back was stiff.

“Did you forget something, Arthur?” she asked, enunciating each word carefully.

Arthur quickly scanned through his brain. His job had been taxing him more and more lately. On the drive in, he’d actually expected his wife to be happy about his on time arrival. Instead, she was clearly angry about something important. “The cookout is tomorrow,” he muttered.

“And why are we having the cookout?” she asked. “This doesn’t surprise me at all. My mother always said, ‘Marie, that boy is nothing but forgetful. He’ll only ever remember what’s important to him and before you know it that won’t be you.’ And look, here you are, coming in at eight without the slightest idea of why I’m upset. I can see it in your face.”

Arthur hung his head. “It’s your birthday. I thought it was tomorrow. I mean, come on that’s an easy mistake to make. We’re having the party tomorrow, so we could celebrate it with everyone!”

Marie stamped her foot. “No, we’re having the party tomorrow so that we could celebrate tonight. This is too much, Arthur. We can’t go on like this.”

Arthur started to walk over to her, but she held up her hand to keep him at bay. “Let’s not overreact. I’m sure you’ve had your mother on the phone poisoning you against me, but this is a simple mistake. One that’s been made a million times by a million other men. I’ve been overwhelmed at work.”

“Your excuse is that other men are horrible husbands so you should get a pass? And don’t you say a word against my mother.” Marie hissed back at him, casting a glance over at the phone as if she expected it to ring.

“No, I’m only saying that, yes, I am forgetful, but that doesn’t mean you’re not important to me.” A guilty voice in Arthur’s head reminded him of his fatigue. It complained about having a fussy wife that doesn’t understand how hard he works. Arthur managed to ignore it without saying anything.

Marie brought her hand up to her brow and rubbed her temple. Despite the nature of the conversation, Arthur thought his wife looked very pretty and it pained him with guilt to realize that she had probably dressed up for his sake. She let out a long sigh, “Forgetting my birthday is only the latest in a long string of examples. I know your work is important to you, but I didn’t marry you for an hour of your time each night between when you get home and when you fall asleep in front of the television. For god’s sake, Arthur when was the last time you even tried to have sex with me.”

Arthur’s cheeks flushed red with embarrassment and anger, “Work...has...it’s a lot of stress. Conversations like this one don’t help either, Marie. Besides, it’s to be expected after a certain time. We’re not kids any more.”

“We’ve been married for two years, Arthur, and we’re barely thirty. I’ve talked to my friends and even the worst among them still have sex regularly.”

“You told your friends about that?” he yelled back.

“Yes,” she answered defiantly. “If you’re ashamed that you can’t pleasure your wife, then maybe that will wake you up to how our lives are turning out. Look at me, Arthur, do you not find me attractive any more? Or is your cock just as forgetful as the rest of you.”

Arthur’s fists clenched tightly. He knew she was trying to make him angry, but didn’t have the patience for any of it. “I’m going to bed, happy birthday.”

“Of course you are. Don’t have the courage to actually stand up and fight for yourself either? Standing up seems to be a big problem with you all over.” Arthur disappeared down the hallway as she yelled after him.

Marie took a slow breath. She picked up her phone and called her mother. A nasally voice answered at the other end of the line, “Well, what did he say?”

Marie replied, “He blamed it on work again.”

“I told you he would.”

“I think I’m ready to go through with it. I’ve already discussed it with...the other party.”

“I think it’s for the best, dear. Your happiness is most important. You need a strong man who will take care of you. I had to make the same decision all those years ago and we were never happier for it. Do you have all the ingredients?”

Marie glanced at the brown paper bag on the counter. “Yes, I bought everything this morning.”

“Well, there’s enough proof of what you really wanted. It can be ready by tomorrow if you start now. I better run. I’ll call Sunday morning to see how it went.”

They said their goodbyes and ended the call. Marie took one more cautious look down the hallway, but saw no hint of Arthur. She went to the cabinets and dug past all the casserole dishes to retrieve a black, cast iron pot.

The next morning, Arthur woke up feeling very refreshed. It wasn’t often that he had such a full night’s sleep. Looking beside him, he didn’t see any evidence that his wife had come to bed at all. Figuring that she had slept in the spare room out of anger, he got dressed and started working on an apology. As he dressed, the smell of coffee and bacon filled the air around him and his stomach ached with hunger. He realized that he’d gone to be without eating and hoped that his wife was at least not so angry to deprive him of breakfast.

Arriving in the kitchen, he found the entire breakfast table laden with food. Marie was buzzing around the kitchen in a noticeably different mood than expected. “Good morning?” Arthur ventured cautiously.

“Oh, good morning sweetheart!” she replied brightly. “Breakfast is on the table. Do you want coffee or orange juice?”

This is a trap. “Um...coffee, please.” Arthur made his way to the table. Cinnamon buns, eggs, grits, toast, bacon, and a variety of other wonderful smelling foods were arrayed before him. Before he could choose, Marie was beside him with a steaming cup of coffee. “What’s all this for?” he asked.

“Oh, I’ve been up getting ready all morning and had a notion to cook,” she said, her voice as sweet as honey. Without asking, she started filling his plate with a variety of the food. “I’ve already eaten so help yourself to as much as you can or it will all go to waste. Our guests will start arriving at eleven, so I’m going to go get dressed.” She went over to the sink and started washing her hands.

Arthur still knew that this was all too good to be true. “Uh, honey? You’re not mad or anything?”

Marie turned back to him with a smile. “Why would I be mad? Oh, that argument last night. Arthur, I can’t apologize enough. That’s probably why I’ve made this huge breakfast for you. You were right, of course. I spent the whole evening making myself madder and madder about something silly. Calling my mother, letting her tell me all about why I should be upset.” She moved over to the table and sat down beside him. “I was up late last night thinking about it. Getting mad at you was selfish. I know how hard you work and you had clearly planned on celebrating my birthday today. It’s inconsiderate of me to expect a special night out when you’re already giving up your whole Saturday for me.” She kissed his forehead. “Eat up.”

Arthur briefly wondered if she’d poisoned him or if she planned on putting a knife in his back the second he looked away. For the whole time they’d known one another, she’d never let him get away with forgetting something important. Marie buzzed about the kitchen for a while longer, humming to herself. This further confused Arthur. He knew how his wife acted when she was happy and excited and this was a textbook example. How could she be so thrilled with herself after the tone of the previous night’s conversation? Arthur pondered the odd problem as he lifted his fork to his mouth. Pure bliss touched his tongue and his eyes widened in disbelief. *These are the best eggs I’ve ever tasted.* A ravenous hunger took hold of his mind. He shoveled another forkful into his mouth and it tasted even better than the first. The different smells wafted up to his nostrils. He grabbed one of the cinnamon buns and took a large bite. *Heavenly.* He had to stop himself from shoving the whole thing into his mouth at once. Everything he tasted was unbelievably delicious. He cleared his plate and loaded up again. The more he ate the more he thought he tasted something hidden inside of each bite. Food this good was certainly impossible without some secret ingredient. Was this the poison? Was he going to gorge himself to death or become so desperate for the next bite that he chokes himself to death?

Then, as suddenly as the hunger had taken hold, it vanished. His stomach was full and somewhat bloated, but no more than had he overindulged on a spaghetti dinner or had one plate too many of pancakes. Curious, he took one last nibble of a piece of bacon and immediately spat it out. It tasted like ash, bitter and stinging on his tongue. The wonderful scents were gone and the whole display of food looked revolting, though he knew it hadn’t changed at all. Arthur stood up with the intent of finding Marie and having her explain what she had put in the food, but once on his feet an overwhelming fatigue settled into every inch of his body. The meal weighed heavily in his gut and he could barely manage to stand up. Again his mind went to poison, but he did not feel any pain or really ill at all, but very tired. Managing to stumble into the living room, he collapsed onto the couch and put his feet up. Glancing at the clock, he saw it would be two hours before anyone arrived. Their neighbor, Nick, had promised to come over at ten to help set things up. If it was poison, Nick would find him first. *Come on, Arthur, she wouldn’t poison you. Must be some kind of virus or something. You’ll be fine. Just need a quick bit of shut eye.* In moments, he was asleep.

Arthur woke to the sound of laughter from outside. The living room was dark other than light seeping in through the blinds. As he came to his senses, he heard more voices and music. Looking at the clock, he saw it was a quarter past eleven. *Shit.* Getting to his feet, he was surprised at how energetic he felt. *I’m sure Marie will be glad to know I enjoyed my nap and*

didn't help set up at all. He peeked out through the blinds and saw his neighbors and friends standing around chatting. Plumes of smoke wafted over the backyard from the grill where he saw Nick supervising things. Looking around for his wife proved fruitless so he decided she must be somewhere in the house. After smoothing out his clothes, he checked himself in a mirror above the mantle. Arthur let out a small gasp, barely recognizing the youthful face staring back at him. After stepping closer, he realized how such small changes can make someone look entirely different. The bags under his eyes were gone and the lines in his forehead and cheeks had smoothed out. He looked fresh and carefree for the first time in a decade. *One hell of a nap.*

He emerged from the living room and immediately encountered a couple he knew from down the street. He welcomed them and excused himself as quickly as possible. The house was thinly populated, but he was still stopped several times before he made it to the kitchen. Marie was indeed managing the supply of food from the kitchen while having a conversation with two of her friends. She handed them extra plates and sent them out towards the grill as Arthur walked up. "Oh there you are," she said cheerfully. "How was your nap?"

"Um, good," he replied, once again surprised by her good mood. "Why didn't you wake me? I was going to help with the set up and everything."

She briefly stopped moving about to look at him. "You looked so peaceful. I know how you struggle to get enough sleep so I left you be. No harm done. Party has only just started and everyone's already having a good time." She went back to work, putting a large tub of potato salad into an ornate dish.

"Marie, about last night and this morning for that matter," Arthur tried to begin, but she shoved the dish into his hands.

"We can talk about it later. Suffice to say, I forgive you. If you forgive me, I mean. We've been making each other miserable long enough, Arthur. It's time we made each other happy instead. Now, take this out to the table and help Nick." She handed him a bag of hamburger buns and pointed him outside.

Arthur did as she asked, but had the strange feeling that she blushed when she looked at him. He knew his wife better than anyone and she was blushing from excitement, not embarrassment. Wading through the party, he said hello to more friends and neighbors realizing along the way that he didn't like many of his friends and neighbors. He and Marie lived in a nice neighborhood, but everyone seemed very much the same. Arthur had never noticed it before, or at least not to this degree, but all the husbands looked similar, had similar jobs, and told similar stories. Their wives hung on their arms with the same laughs and disapproving looks. Among the lot only one person stood out, Nick.

"Arty!" Nick yelled as he approached. "Hell, it's about damn time. Here let me take those." Nick grabbed the extra buns from Arthur's hands and put them off to the side. He then delved into a cooler and retrieved a beer and put it in Arthur's hand. "Marie said you were out cold on the couch. Rough night? What's with the thousand yard stare?"

Arthur was looking at his friend as though he were seeing him for the first time. They'd known Nick since they bought the house two years earlier, but Arthur wondered if he'd ever actually looked at his friend before. The drones, including himself Arthur realized, all had the same hunched, doughy stature of a tired office worker, but not Nick. His job as a firefighter explained his physique, but a life of being the pretty guy in the room explained his charisma.

Arthur peered at his friend's broad jaw which split into an amiable smile. Nick's deep blue eyes sparkled in the noon sun as he looked back at Arthur, some small look of acknowledgment behind them that made Arthur feel both uncomfortable and calm at the same time. Arthur found himself looking at the wide, strong forearms and Nick's broad chest. He imagined his friend shirtless in the sun carrying the heavy fire hoses or naked in the firehouse locker room, his manhood hidden only by a thin towel.

"Hey, Arthur!" Nick said. Arthur snapped out of it as the other man's strong hand jerked his shoulder slightly. "You alright buddy?"

"Oh, uh, yeah, sorry," Arthur replied. "Still a little asleep is all, I think." *What the fuck was that? Was I fantasizing about seeing Nick naked?* Arthur cleared his throat and looked away from Nick as the larger man returned his attention to the grill. Arthur opened his beer and noticed his hands shaking. His heart pounded in his chest as the sun glared down on him. He started gulping down his beer, the hoppy taste distracting him and the cool liquid settling his stomach. Putting down the bottle, he let out a small belch. "That's better. I'm having a weird morning."

Nick cleared his throat and turned away from Arthur. "Yeah? You work too hard, I think. Marie tells me you leave at dawn and get back at eleven. You're killing yourself with that kind of schedule. I work night shifts half the time and don't have nearly that grueling of a schedule. Marie has been worried about you."

"She talks with you about my work schedule?" Arthur replied, barely hiding his disdain.

Nick nodded. "Not specifically. It comes up now and again though. She cares a lot about you and wants you to be happy."

His neighbor's charismatic persona had cracked. The fireman was nervous. "When have you been having these conversation with my wife?"

Nick turned back to the grill, the heat reddening his face even more. "She mentioned it this morning. Don't get yourself worked up, Arty."

"What else has she told you?" Arthur demanded, his voice becoming severe. "How often do you two talk?" Arthur's breath was hurried and his heart pounded in his ears. He could feel the sun starting to blister the back of his neck and the heat from grill blasted him in the face with each slight wind. "Answer me, Nick."

Nick dropped his spatula and turned to Arthur. The larger man grabbed him by the shoulder and Arthur marveled at the strength and control his friend could so easily exert. Arthur could smell him, a mingle of sweat and smoke that was unusually pleasant. "Look, this is strange for me too. But I think it's going to work out. Try to stay calm though."

Calm? This motherfucker wants me to stay calm? He's been sleeping with my wife! I know he has. Talking about me behind my back. She probably ran to him the morning after I couldn't....perform. Bastards. I'll —

Arthur's legs buckled and he fell into Nick's arms. His head swirled and he passed out.

Arthur slept fitfully. He heard the voices of his neighbors asking about him in hushed tones beyond the door and the kind voice of his wife explaining that he wasn't feeling well. The door opened several times and he felt a cool rag on his face, but couldn't open his eyes. He dreamed bizarre dreams about a life he had not lived. In one, he was a young girl learning to sew from his mother. In another, he was a coed playing strip beer pong at a frat house and loosing. He

recognized the places and many of the people, but the figure at the center of it all was not him. Still, the woman had his eyes. She had a similar contour to her face. She could have been a twin sister that he never had or a close cousin. He floated above her and around her, watching as she lived a life parallel to his. Finally, he was in his own home watching Marie cook breakfast, but not for him. Instead this female doppelganger waited at the table, looking serene and beautiful. As his wife moved to her, the female him cupped her ass and squeezed. Marie returned the gesture with a long sensual kiss and a playful grope of the woman's breast. Then she returned to the stove and brought over an additional plate. The table was set for three. Arthur wondered if the spot was for him, but he knew better.

The fevered sleep finally broke and Arthur woke up with a jolt. His clothes were soaked with sweat and his hair was damp to the touch. The house was quiet and fading orange light scattered across the ceiling. *Late afternoon*, he thought. *I've been out cold for hours*. He moved. At first, he felt a deep and painful ache in his muscles, but after a little stretching the feeling vanished as though ropes had been torn away. Trying to get his bearings, he perked up his ears for the sound of any movement in the house. Slight creaks drew his attention. They were coming from upstairs. A mingle of anger and dread filled his body as he stood and started towards the master bedroom.

Arthur crept up the stairs as silently as possible, but the closer he drew to the source of the noise, the more he knew that nothing short of a loud crash would draw their attention. Reaching the bedroom door, he peered in through the crack and confirmed his fears Marie was hunched over Nick, her ass bouncing up and down on the length of his cock. She craned forward to dangle her breasts over his face until his exploring mouth latched onto her nipple. His broad hands moved over her body, groping her ass and pulling her harder against his cock. Arthur knew he should feel revulsion and anger, but something rooted him in place. His wife rolled off of Nick and the other man's cock sprang into full view. They were several feet away, but Arthur could judge it well enough. The fireman's cock was twice as thick and several inches longer than Arthur's. Marie wasted no time in shoving the thick tool into her mouth, licking and sucking all along the shaft as her hand played with Nick's balls.

Arthur felt shame overwhelming him. *How could I have ever pleased her?* His hand reached into his pants and squeezed his cock. It was rock hard from watching the display, but it seemed smaller than before. As he watched his wife suck the cock of his friend and neighbor, Arthur started jerking himself off. He'd masturbated thousands of times, but never felt anything as strange as the sensations that started rippling through his body. With each stroke, his body tingled as if he was becoming more and more statically charged. He didn't care and barely noticed, all of his attention fixated on Marie's lips wrapped around Nick's fat cock. *He's going to cum in her mouth. She never wanted me to cum in her mouth, but now she's eager for it, choking for it. What does it taste like? What does he smell like?* Arthur's thoughts became muddled the more he watched and stroked himself. He remembered the female version of himself and pictured her in Marie's place.

Arthur's diminished cock started spurting into his boxers, coating his hand with his own spunk. Whatever pleasure he may have felt was dwarfed by the sharp sting that went along the length of his cock. He ignored it, instead remaining fixed on Nick pumping into his wife's mouth. The other man let out a groan and his hand wrapped around Marie's neck, holding her in place as he shot his load into her mouth. Marie squeezed his balls and stroked his cock,

urging more and more of the sticky white fluid down her throat. She raised herself off him with a wet pop as his cock slipped out of her mouth. Arthur had seen enough. He didn't care if he had embarrassed himself by jerking off to the sight of a stronger man fucking his wife, he had to confront them. He pushed open the door and the electric feeling seized his body, sending him sprawling forward onto the carpet.

Strong hands lifted him up and carried him to the bed. "It's ok," Marie said in a soothing voice. "The worst is over."

"Holy shit. It's actually working," Nick said, his voice distant.

Arthur opened his eyes. Marie was over him looking down. Nick was standing at the foot of the bed naked and stroking his cock. Arthur expected to feel revulsion or anger, but instead a tingling sensation in the core of his stomach stirred at the sight of the man's virility. Marie was touching him, running her fingers along his stomach and down between his legs. He waited, anticipating her touch on his own cock, but instead he felt her fingers move over flat skin and then lightly push through wet lips. He gasped and looked down at his body. His chest had swollen, puffy nipples sitting on top of round globes of flesh. Between his cleavage, he could see a flat hairless torso and the top of a mound between his legs. *This is not my body! What's happening? How do I have breasts?* His hands moved to touch the quivering orbs. They were definitely attached to him and they were pulsing. His hand grabbed as much of his new breasts as he could and he felt them pushing against his grip, the new flesh spilling over his fingers as they grew larger and larger. Marie dipped her finger into him again and he knew that his cock was gone. His wife was fingering a pussy where his cock had once been. He rolled away from her and jumped to his feet. He ignored the other two's shouts of concern and moved over to the closet mirror. Looking back at him was the woman from his dreams. Tawny brown hair cascaded down to small set shoulders. Wide hips ended in a round ass and accented large tear drop shaped breasts. A hairless pussy glistened with arousal as light slipped between the gap in his thighs. *I'm a woman. I'm that woman. The me that never was. How!*

The new Arthur turned around and looked at his wife and friend. Nick had moved back to the bed and Marie was sitting on the edge looking patient and beautiful. "I know it can be a little shocking at first," she said. "I think you'll enjoy it though."

"You did this to me? How?" he asked. His voice came out high pitched and feminine.

"You were never much of a man in the first place," Marie said, bitterly. "I simply moved the dial a little further for you. Maybe you'll understand how inadequate you were after you've been with a real man."

Bitch. Arthur knew he should be angry, but he was distracted. Nick had gotten fully erect from watching Arthur change. *Arthur? That's not right. Amanda. Yes.* Amanda moved over to the bed, enjoying Nick's eyes on her brand new body. *Marie thinks she can turn me into a woman and start running the house. I'll show her that she's still at the bottom of the food chain.* "Well, Nick," Amanda cooed, "what do you think of my new body? Do you like these tits? I think they're bigger than Marie's. That was one of my big complaints with her, small tits. I think my ass is bigger too and so soft and round. I dunno, Marie, you may have done too good of a job. Let's see what this cock tastes like. It better be pretty fucking good to make your husband a cock hungry slut over it." Amanda lowered her head to the throbbing shaft and licked playfully along its length. Marie watched with more curiosity than hostility and Nick groaned in satisfaction as his former friend's new hot mouth enveloped his cock.

Amanda's jaws stretched wider and wider as she crammed the full length of cock into her mouth. For her first time, she was determined to do a good job. She knew what Nick was feeling, how much he wanted to grab her head and roughly fuck her mouth until dumping his cum down her throat, but Amanda wanted it other ways first. If this was to be her new life, then she wanted to experience each role as quickly as possible. Marie moved over to Nick and straddled his head, lowering her pussy to the fireman's hungry mouth. She started to ride his face while looking down at Amanda sucking his cock, a gleeful smile spreading on her lips. "He loves eating my pussy. We did it for hours some days while you were at work. You came home more than once and shook his hand while my juice was still on his lips."

Amanda pulled Nick's cock free of her mouth and watched it strain against the room's cool air. She ran her hands over her own body as she watched Nick's tongue plunge into her wife's pussy again and again. The man's strong arms were wrapped around the other woman's thighs holding her in place as he lapped at her. Amanda moved her new, thick thighs over Nick, letting his cock slap wetly against her lower abdomen. She'd watched her own cock slip into Marie again and again, but hesitated for a moment. *What will it feel like? Do I want to have Nick's cock pushing me apart and filling me up? What if I like it too much?* Marie was sneering at her while rocking slowly against Nick's mouth. Amanda rose up to her knees and positioned the thick cock at the entrance to her virgin pussy. Amanda alone understood the anticipation Nick would be feeling, the insatiable desire to feel the inside of a hot, tight pussy coupled with the knowledge that the pussy belonged to his former male friend. She pushed down, nervous as the cock pushed against her outer lips, and gasped as it pushed inside of her. *So full.* More and more of the thick shaft pushed into her. Nick's hips involuntarily thrust upward against her, his cock desperate to nudge itself to the very core of her being. She brought her hands up to squeeze her breasts, but instead Marie leaned forward and kissed her. The familiar lips were somehow different and Amanda knew that for the first time in ages, Marie was excited to kiss her spouse. The other woman moved down to Amanda's breasts, licking and sucking to create unimaginable pleasure as Amanda started to rock her hips along the length of Nick's cock.

Nick's hands abandoned Marie's thighs to move down and grab hold of the ample ass of his newest conquest. Unable to concentrate on both, he stopped licking the pussy above him and focused his thoughts on Amanda. Marie moved off his mouth to better reach the gorgeous tits on Amanda. Grabbing hold of her rump, Nick started to saw into her roughly, pushing as deep as he could each time. Amanda started to whimper as the pleasure built in her core. With Nick's hands on her ass, his cock burying itself in her pussy over and over again, and Marie licking and teasing her tits, Amanda found her entire world consumed with pleasure. Her eyes wrenched shut as waves of orgasm started radiating through her. She moaned and cried as her body started to shake. When she thought she could bear nothing else, Nick's cock erupted in her pussy pouring thick hot cum into her depths. She let out a high scream and collapsed against Marie. Her pussy continued to milk more and more of the cum from Nick, draining him as he softened inside of her. She bent her head down to him and kissed, tasting the slight tang of Marie's pussy on his lips.

The three of them rolled into a tangle of limbs as they stroked and kissed one another.

Four months later, Nick looked wistfully at his old house next door. He'd enjoyed the single life, but certainly couldn't complain. "I'm home!" Nick called as he entered the house. No one answered so he moved into the living room and found his two wives as expected. Marie was

reclined fully naked on the couch with a topless Amanda between her legs. “There you two are.”

Amanda raised her head up, “Oh, dinner’s not ready yet. We were having appetizers if you’d like to join us.” She pulled down her panties and wiggled her bare ass at him.

A few moments later, his cock was pushing inside of Amanda’s already dripping wet pussy. She let out a happy sigh and rubbed her hand over her swollen belly. They’d debated about it for a while, but Amanda had won the argument. She would have their first child. Night after night, she’d felt Nick spurt his seed inside of her until she woke up with a rounder belly than before. Her tits were even bigger and she knew that Nick was giving her more attention. Of course, she needed it as the pregnancy hormones were making her even hornier than ever. The transition had taken some explaining, but something Marie’s mother had done made everything much easier. Amanda quit Arthur’s job and stayed home with Marie. She started day trading and did better than Arthur ever managed. Marie was happy for the company and Nick was able to fall asleep between two women fighting for his cock every night.

Amanda loved her new life. Nick grunted and pulled his cock out of her. She smiled as she felt his cum splatter on her ass.

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