

Witchwife (Bimbo TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Connor Cooney

Max thinks he's about to get very, very lucky with a beautiful woman named Eliza after a successful first date. Little does he know she's a witch, and more than that, one who has been wanting to remould a man into her perfect submissive little witch wife. As he is changed, Max discovers to his horror that what lies between Eliza's legs is not what he expected, but exactly what his new body craves . . .

Warning: Dark Ending

Witchwife

Max was in good spirits as he got out of the cab. He had gotten lucky far beyond his league with Eliza, and if first dates could be measured in success, then the words "why don't we go back to my place?" being asked of him would indicate he had achieved a near-perfect scoring. He couldn't believe it.

They had connected randomly via an app, and he had assumed after he sent her a message that she would swipe on him. It wasn't because he was ugly or anything. He was tall, fairly good looking, and he liked to think he scrubbed up well for a classy restaurant date. But this Eliza was on another level. If he was the kind of douchebag who subscribed to rating women, she definitely would have been a total ten. She was tall, with short brunette hair that was styled in a half-cut over to one side. She had sex piercings in her ears, on the side of her nose, and one on her right eyebrow. She had full lips and high cheekbones, and a mesmerising gaze that was heightened by her surprisingly emerald eyes. She was tall, almost as tall as him, and had a svelte figure with nice hips that her red dress emphasised. And, as a personal preference he quite loved, she was clearly quite fit, with an athletic figure that only emphasised her loveliness.

The date had gone well, with her teasing him in ways that were seriously overt act of flirting. She had a full on personality, and he quite liked that. Bossy, which made him think she was going to be wild in bed. A good thing too: it had been too long since he'd enjoyed good sex.

"Hurry up, big boy," she said, walking to her front door, "I don't like my toys to keep me waiting."

"Oh, I'm a toy now, am I?" Max said, chuckling.

“Mm-hmm, a most sexy toy. I’ve been waiting for someone I found compatible enough to take into my humble home. Looks like you’re won the lucky prize.”

“I do like winning prizes.”

Max was keen, and his erection was already raging. She clearly noticed his eagerness, because she pressed herself against him as she opened the door.

“Trust me, this one is going to be worth it, Max. I’m going to have a lot of fun with you. But just remember that in this house, my word goes. I’m in charge, and that’s especially the case for the bedroom.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

She grinned, looking goddam sexy as she retreated into the entrance hall. “That’s the spirit. Come on in. I want to make you mine, lover boy. Impress me enough, and I’ll even think about keeping you around.”

Oh, she was so fucking sexy. He was already trying to think about nonsexy things just so he wouldn’t finish in her too quickly when they went at it. But as soon as he closed the door and rounded the corner to where she went, he was startled by the size of the house. It was much bigger than he’d suspected, with a lot more doors and hallways. The house must have been larger than it appeared, but before he could figure out exactly how that was the case, a coy voice came from the room beside him.

“Over here, my pet.”

He exited the current room and entered the one the voice drifted from. He could have sworn she’d walked into the first room though. Still, it didn’t matter given the sight that greeted him: Eliza was reclined on a large queen bed in red sexy lingerie and stockings, her ample C-cup cleavage now on display.

“Holy shit,” he said. “How did you get changed so quickly?”

She purred. “Is that really what you want to talk about right now?”

He moved towards her as she motioned him over. “I guess not.”

“Good, because I want you, Max. I like how eager you are to please me. I like how much of a strong man you are. I like that you’re a big boy in a new city with no one else around, and you’re desperate to find a sexy somebody to keep you warm. And I like that you like to clean, from what you’ve told me. That’s useful.”

He was a little unsure of what she meant by all that, but it didn’t matter, because by that point he was too turned on.

“So hurry up my pet, and come please me. It’ll help me decide whether to keep you.”

Max was more than up for that challenge. Already his balls ached for release inside this woman, but he was ready to hold off to bring her to her climax. He kissed her deeply and passionately, and within moments they were caressing one another, feeling one another. He helped her remove her lingerie so that he could kiss and nibble at her delightful tits, and feel the curve of her ass. He traced his fingers over her vulva as she stroked his manhood. It was wonderful, but soon they were both ready, and his cock was desperate for her wet pussy.

"Get inside m-mee!" she moaned.

He did exactly that, thrusting away. She cried out, hugging him with her thighs and wrapping her legs around him. They kissed, and he squeezed her magnificent breasts as he drew closer and closer to climax. He managed to hold off though, until finally she wailed in orgasm, and he had permission to release. He came, grunting loudly, bucking one last time to spend his seed inside her. Well, inside the condom he had prepared. He wasn't an idiot.

"Yes, yes lover boy!" she cried. "Oh God, you're good! Yes, I'm k-keeping you alright! I'm going to make you my s-sexy wife!"

He paused, even as he continued to ejaculate. "Yeah - wait, what?"

She gripped his head suddenly, jerking it upwards so he could see her whole face. Suddenly he was no longer turned on but terrified: her eyes were glowing a bright emerald green, and strange light was emanating from her hands and across his body.

"I told you - ohhhh - that this would decide whether I'd keep you. And you've - mmhmm - done more than enough to impress me, Max. I've been wanting a sexy housewife for a long time, and after that wonderful first date, and finding out how much better you manage your apartment and affairs than most men, I decided you were the one I wanted to transform and make my submissive little witch wife."

He tried to pull away from the insanity, but it was like his body was stuck. Something was happening to it. The flesh was altering.

"What - what are you doing?"

She grinned, still bucking her hips slightly as if she were pleased by her own actions. "I'm using my magic, my pet. I just told you, I'm a witch. And as much fun as you've been as a man, you're going to be much more compatible with my interests as a woman. The sex is just the clincher to make it all happen."

Max was terrified, especially as the glow became brighter. He tried to yank his body free, but it was like he was no longer in control of his body, just a passenger within it. He cried out, but his voice cracked as the witch woman began reciting something strange and ancient-sounding in a foreign language that was alien to his knowledge.

And that's when the changes started. Max groaned as his body thinned, particularly around his waist. His flesh shifted under his skin, depositing around his ass, his chest, and his thighs. He grunted as his hips widened, the bones extended uncomfortably.

"N-no! Please d-don't!"

"Relax my pet," Eliza said in a soothing tone, even as the hair on his chest fell out. "You're going to be perfect. I hope you enjoy big boobies, because you're going to have quite the pair. Much bigger than my own, and just the way I like them!"

"No! No, I don't want that! Let's just call the whole thing oOOOHHH!!"

He moaned, overcome with reluctant pleasure as his chest began to *bloom*. It grew outwards, a pair of womanly breasts forming where pectoral muscles had once been. They expanded rapidly in size, and his nipples swelled pleasurably with them. He felt areolas form also, which were quite sensitive as they brushed against his button shirt fabric.

"Too late, lover boy! You're going to have one hell of a rack!"

Max managed only to squirm as his breasts continued to surge outwards. To his horror, they raced past B-cups and C-cups to beyond Eliza's size, gaining weight and roundness and softness until finally they strained the fabric itself. They were heavy, heavier than he would have believed, but the pressure to grow was unbelievably, and they pushed upwards to form a fabulous cleavage. Finally, when there was no more room to grow, the shirt had to give way.

"Oh G-God! Oh God! Oh G-UUGGHHH!!"

The shirt blew open, buttons pinging off all over the bed to reveal a gargantuan and still-growing set of tits. His entire form softened as they grew, and he felt his face shift around, features altering and changing. His lips puffed up, his eyes shifted in some imperceptible way, and his hair grew out, extending strangely from his scalp until it fell past his bottom and midway down his thighs. To his astonishment, his hair was now a bright red.

"Mmhm, I love redheads," Eliza moaned, still bucking her hips against his cock, which was somehow hardening once more. "Especially ones with big jiggly butts and wide, baby-making hips."

His breasts swelled, becoming too big for his palms to hold, not that he could even hold them at that moment. His nipples became erect, begging to be touched, and she obliged him, squeezing them gently and eliciting unwanted gasps.

"OOhhhhh G-God! Why does it f-feel good!"

"Because you're meant to be my perfect submissive housewife, big boy. Now let's see that ass."

She groped his behind, and he felt it swell just as his chest had. He could only whimper as his behind became so much larger, emphasised by his expanding hips. His legs altered, becoming shapelier, losing all their hair. His waist pulled in, and to his horror he realised he now had a perfect hourglass figure that would drive any man wild.

"This isn't h-happening!" he cried. But even his voice had changed, becoming high and sweet and oh-so-feminine.

"Mmhmm, but it is," Eliza said, still squeezing his ass and tits. And there's just one final change to go, my lovely lass. The biggest one of all."

He was about to ask what she was talking about when he suddenly realised.

"No!"

But it was too late. His dick withdrew. He squirmed as much as he could in response to the alien sensation of his penis retracting quickly back into his body, splitting and hollowing and reforming to become a tunnel. His insides shifted, clearly creating a uterus, and there was a dreadful *PLOP, PLOP* of his testicles pushing back inside his body, forming what could only be a set of ovaries as they altered within his lower belly.

But that wasn't all. Even as his pussy lips formed, and his manhood disappeared entirely, there was another change going on. But this one wasn't in him: it was in Eliza. He felt the push of something from between her thighs, and he regained enough control in his neck to see that she was actually *growing a penis*. It was large, and hardening, with an impressive set of balls swelling into place below it.

Max panicked, even more than before. "What the fuck!? What the fuck? What the FUCK!"

And then the head of the massive dick pressed against his new womanhood, and he moaned deliriously. Instantly he was overcome with a deep need that was impossible to deny. He wanted to fight it, but his changed body demanded to be fucked by Eliza's cock. It needed it more than anything.

"Oh G-God! Why am I feeling like this?"

"It's part of my spell, silly. I've made you positively *addicted* to my cock. I'm sorry to say it's my usual look. A result of a curse from my misbehaving youth. I can only temporarily give myself a pussy, but it worked to entice you. Now you can enjoy our positions in reverse. Trust me, you're going to love being fucked by my big cock, Mia. That's your new name, by the way. Mia."

"This isn't right! This isn't f-fair!"

"Maybe not, but either way, you're my wife now. Let's give you a look to suit it."

She gave a flick of her hand, and suddenly Max's clothing changed, what little he wore of it. Suddenly he was wearing sexy pink lingerie that pushed his tits up high and proud, and revealed his slim stomach and amazing ass. His hair was even done up in a sexy style that flowed over his shoulder and down over his side.

But he barely had time to even take in this newest change before Eliza was all over him, pressing her thick cock against his stomach, and squeezing his magnificent tits.

"Mmhm, perhaps just a little plumper. Like a future MILF!"

Max gasped as his body swelled once more, gaining a bit more weight around the middle, a bit more curviness. He didn't even have time to respond before Eliza grinned at her finished product and, satisfied, plunged her large cock directly into Max's new vagina. The new woman moaned in horrified pleasure as he was filled completely by the witch's cock. Eliza shifted on top of her, and began thrusting even as she sucked on Max's nipples.

"Oh G-God! It f-feels good! Stop it from f-feeling so good!"

"No way, my pet. I wouldn't want my wifey to be unsatisfied in bed. Not when she's going to be taking my dick multiple times a day for the rest of our long, long, *long* lives. Which reminds me!"

One final little spell, and a metal band appeared around Max's finger, cementing their new, compelled marriage. All he could do was grip onto the other woman as she brought him to ever greater heights of pleasure. She fucked him like a man, thrusting deeply, drawing out again, and thrusting again, causing no end of pleasure. He was helpless to her, his body craving hers completely. He tried to resist, but it was no use: he was so fucking aroused all he could focus on was his oncoming orgasm.

It hit him as she rammed her cock down his passage again, squeezing his tits together at the same time. He exploded in female orgasm.

"Oh no! No! Yes! YES YES YES!!!"

He writhed, holding onto Eliza for dear life, and they collapsed onto the bed together. All he could do was lay in that post-sex haze, breathing heavily, legs like jelly. After several minutes, he managed to shift.

"You - oh God - you need to change me back. That was all wrong."

"Mhmm, no way, lover. That was all *right*." She slipped her hands around his shoulders, sitting up with him. She lowered her hands to palm his big tits, and it felt *wonderful*, despite him wanting to hate it.

"I - I don't want this, Eliza. Please. I only wanted a date. I didn't want to be a woman, or to be married, or - or to be fucked by your cock!"

But the witch just held him closer, rubbing his large nipples and causing him to moan.

“Oh, but you’ll learn to love it, my dear Mia. I want you as my wifey, and a witch gets what she wants. And since you kept your apartment so clean from what you told me, then I can’t wait to see what my gorgeous, sexy, voluptuous housewife does with this place. If you clean it up well, I’ll even let you suck my big, hard cock. And I know you’ll want that, because I’ve made you addicted to it.”

“But - fuck this! Fuck you! I want to get out of here!”

He shot to his legs, and began running out of the house. Eliza didn’t try to stop him, only waved and giggled. He made his way to the front door . . . only it wasn’t there anymore. The house had shifted, somehow. It truly was bigger on the inside. He ran around in circles, madly dashing through doors. He had to hold his gigantic boobs as he did so, because they were flopping about all over the place. But everywhere he turned, there were only more rooms, more kitchens, more staircases and basements and pools and indoor cinemas and spas and hot tubs and bathrooms and dining rooms and living rooms and so on and so forth into seeming infinity. It was driving him crazy, particularly since his ass swayed from side to side with each movement of his new widened hips. He couldn’t even help but walk like a woman, and his feminine gasp at every turn reminded him of his new nightmare.

But worse than that were the compulsions. With each room he passed in the labyrinth, he became increasingly aware of a strong desire to clean. To maintain. To do the proper housework for his sexy wife and master. It rose up within him, becoming stronger and stronger until it was just plain impossible to ignore, and finally he halted right before a broom closet labelled *EMERGENCY HOUSEWIFE SUPPLIES*.

He opened it, and to his dawning horror, he saw that not only did it have all the cleaning supplies he could need, but it also had a sexy 50’s pinup-style housewife dress that was perfectly fitted for his new figure. It was blue with white spots, and it was clearly designed to be worn with stockings and garters, both of which were also present.

“No! No, I refuse to wear this!”

But the compulsions were too strong. His arms reached out automatically, and he couldn’t stop them. He simply *had* to wear a sexy housewife costume, and he *had* to clean for his new wife. All to please her, and to earn the taste of her cock. After all, the very image of it made her drool with unwanted desire.

“This is so f-fucked! I don’t want that! Oh shit, but it sounds so good. Fuck this!”

He put the clothing on.

It was an hour later that Max returned to Eliza, who was wearing a stylish red suit that showed off her lovely figure. Max felt utterly humiliated in his sexy housewife dress, particularly its low cut around his bust, which wobbled and jiggled even when full supported. Eliza wolf whistled, teasing him.

“Well, well, look who it is. My sexy, submissive housewife. How did the cleaning go, Mia?”

“That’s not my name! And I couldn’t help myself, these magical compulsions - you have to end them!”

But Eliza simply leaned down, now taller than Max, and kissed her passionately on the lips, causing that magically-induced horniness to grow again.

“Why would I, Mia, when you’re everything I ever wanted? No, I think I’ll definitely keep you. I just love how your body jiggles when you move.”

“It’s humiliating!”

“Mmhm, and there’s something really hot about how it humiliates you. What can I say? I’m into that sort of thing, I guess. Really into it, in fact. And you’ve got just the kind of body that would embarrass any man to have.”

Max bit his lip, mixed between reluctant arousal and incredible outrage. “Of course it embarrasses me! My chest alone feels like two big sandbags, and this ass is ridiculous! I sound like porn star when I talk, and this body is so. Damn. Horny! I have to change back. At least give me men’s clothes so I don’t feel so ridiculous when I beg!”

But Eliza simply felt over her body in the dress, squeezing Max’s tits, making him go briefly cross-eyed.

“Ohhhhh . . .”

“Hmm, I don’t think I’ll do that. Besides, that ass and those hips are way too wide for *any* male clothing now. No, I’m afraid it’s dresses for life, for you. And it’ll be a long, long life too. Witch’s live for *centuries*, and I’m only twenty eight years old. And once bonded to another like we are now, then that individual will live for the same lifespan, always staying young, and in your case, wonderfully *fertile*.”

Max trembled. He tried to think of something, *anything*, that would make this woman convinced to change him back. But the sight of the big bulge in her pants was too much. He felt a deep desire to please his new wife and master, and just as before with the housework, it was impossible to fight against it. Slowly, still licking his lips, he lowered himself to his knees and began to unbuckle Eliza’s pants.

“That’s right, my little formerly male pet. You want to suck on my big dick, don’t you? I bet you never expected to crave a big penis down your throat, or to drink cum, did you? Don’t worry too

much Mia, my dick produces a *lot*, so you won't have to worry about going hungry. Now drink up!"

She grabbed Max's head and pulled it against her cock, making sure that it entered her open mouth. Max began sucking away at it automatically, his body giving the kind of head that he had always loved to receive as a man. His full lips clamped over her dick, and it was utterly *delicious*. Soon he was stroking her shaft, and shoving the huge member further down her throat, not even gagging. She was giving her partner head, like a good submissive housewife, and it pleased her in turn despite all that she wanted to feel. It didn't take long for Eliza to climax, right as Max softly cupped her large balls. They tightened in his hands, and moments later the huge cock throbbed, ejaculating over and over again.

To his eternal shame, Max swallowed every job, orgasming just at the wonderfully salty taste of it. When he withdrew his full lips, he even licked the head clean.

"Ohhhhhh," he moaned, overcome with humiliated pleasure, "that was t-tasty. Why was it tasty?"

"Because you're my housewife for life, cutie. Now go be a sexy housewife and make us up some dessert. You've really drained me. And once you're done, we can have fun practicing for all the babies we're going to make."

Max froze. "B-babies?"

"Of course," Eliza grinned. "You're my new housewife, right? And I just love the idea of getting a former man all knocked up with my babies. Now shoo! And wear something different and just as revealing!"

She slapped him on his ass, which wobbled in response. He was sent off in search of one of the many kitchens, forced to live out this new life.

In the days and weeks to come, Max continued to try to fight his new life. He railed against it, searching for any kind of escape, especially on those rare occasions where Eliza took him out of the labyrinthine house on dates and day trips. Each attempt was met with overwhelming failure, and Eliza delighted in punishing him further to disincentivise such behaviour. She made him so aroused one day that he could barely stand it, and deliberately walked around in nothing but a tight pair of underwear that showed her bulge, but only fucked him just before they went to bed after he had begged and pleaded for her to do so. Another time, when he tried to deliberately be a bad housewife and ruin the cooking, she instead insisted they try anal, and what followed was the most humiliating and terrifically pleasurable day of sex yet. The one that finally broke him was when he tried to escape when they replicated their first date out on the town, and in revenge, Eliza made him walk through town in skimpy lingerie, attracting wolf whistles and catcalls from men everywhere. His boobs had jiggled, and her huge wobbling ass swayed, and he felt like a hen before a field of foxes.

His fight flagged, particularly since his body continued to crave Eliza's touch, and his boobs and ass were so damn sensitive. She continued to fuck him every day several times, always bringing

Max to multiple orgasms that left him whimpering. It was the ultimate humiliation, but the pleasure could not be denied, particularly when Eliza took him from behind in the kitchen. That was the position he couldn't deny he loved the most: she would hold his hips and thrust deeply into his wet pussy, all while his huge boobs pressed against the table and he clung to it for dear life. He would be left moaning, pressing himself against the table's surface in the aftermath, shivering in orgasmic delight.

Finally, Max gave up and resigned himself to this life, but only after two months. He woke next to Eliza as always, but this time his breasts felt oddly tender, and his stomach a little crampy. He got up, needing to go to the bathroom when suddenly a strong nausea overwhelmed his senses, and he ran naked to the toilet, boobs and ass jiggling. He just made it in time before he threw up into the bowl. Seconds later, the nausea passed.

Only when he cleaned himself up and turned around did he notice his wife standing by the doorway, grinning cheekily.

"What is it?" he said, covering his chest as best he could.

"Oh, nothing. I just heard you throwing up."

"Yeah . . . must have been something I ate."

"Oh, my pet, your cooking is far too good for that. I think we both know why you're sick, and it's for the same reason that your wonderful boobs are looking a bit bigger lately."

She sauntered closer and circled her finger around Max's stomach.

"Congratulations honey. I can't wait to see you all full with my baby."

Max sighed deeply, taking it all in. He knew at that moment that there was no coming back.

Mia carefully put the lamb into the oven, an act which was a little harder these days. She grunted, righting herself, and took a moment to take a breath now that the oven was set and her household jobs were done. For now.

"Finally, just a little me time," she breathed, sitting back down by the table. "Just you and me for a moment."

She rubbed her belly, which was quite large and heavy by that point. Eliza had indeed gotten her knocked up, and the former male was now seven months counting. It was a strange thing, to go from being a man to a woman, and then to a pregnant one at that. She had never expected to feel life swell inside her, but here she was now, with a child that was at that very moment lightly kicking in her womb and shifting to a more comfortable position.

Eliza was ecstatic, of course. “The first of many more to come!” she had said, a thought that wearied Mia. After all, her witchy wife was very clear on who would be doing much of the home raising, and the nursing, and the changing of diapers, and so on. “More humiliations befitting a perfect housewife,” as Eliza put it. Goodness knows, Mia was even starting to think that being the one to breastfeed would be a blessing, given that her enormous G-cups were now HH-cups, each the same size as her head, and already leaking milk occasionally. Eliza loved the taste of it, and demanded to drink from her daily now. Another humiliation.

But none of it compared to the knowledge that she would have to give birth in two months. The thought of lying on her back, spreading her thighs wide, and pushing a baby out of her cooch was not only alien and gross, but horrifying! It was the supreme feminine act, after all. One that was protracted and long and painful, but most of all was something only a woman could do. There was no coming back from that.

Her baby kicked again, as if gently reminded her that there were some upsides. “At least I get to meet you, my little daughter,” she said, cooing. Part of her maternal impulse was no doubt magically compelled, but not all of it. Her daughter was an innocent, and she did love her, particularly when she gave her adorable little kicks that Eliza loved to feel. She caressed her swollen stomach, taking some small joy in the fact that while she was trapped, she could at least take some pride in being able to experience the miracle of life.

It was then that she was interrupted by a door opening, and Eliza stepping into the room. She was beautiful as always, and like always, Mia’s body instantly responded to her.

“Hello beautiful,” the witch said.

“Hello, *honey*,” Mia replied, the last word coming automatically.

“Enjoying your pregnancy?”

“As much as someone who is meant to be a man can, I suppose.”

“Good. Good. You do look so sexy and full right now. It makes me want to take you right now.”

Mia swallowed. The bulge in Eliza’s pants was hard and throbbing, and it made her own vulva begin to glisten with moistness. She could go from zero to one hundred on the horniness scale at the drop of a hat, and that happened at that moment. She craved Eliza, and needed that cock.

“Mmhmm, that s-sounds good.”

“It’s lovely to hear you say that, Mia. You used to fight so hard.”

Mia shifted against the table, presenting her huge ass in the air, and allowing Eliza to lift her dress up. “I’m seven months pregnant with your baby, Eliza. I’ve given up on f-fighting.”

She gasped as Eliza entered her, sliding her long cock all the way down her passage. It felt so damn good every time. It never got old.

"I'm glad to hear it, Mia. I like you sexy and submissive and wrapped around my finger. And I can't wait to see your face when you go into labor with our first little baby. You're going to be one sexy mommy."

"Y-yes, Eliza," Mia managed, blushing red. The humiliation never went away, but she could at least accept it as part of her daily life, just as she accepted her wife's huge cock right then. Soon she was bent over the kitchen, moaning luxuriously as the witch continued to thrust.

She was helpless to this woman's wants and desires, and always would be for hundreds of years to come. As much as she wanted her old life again, she was resigned to this one, with all its cleaning, cooking, being fucked, and being knocked up. She'd just have to take the pleasures as they came.

Eliza wrapped a hand around her distended belly, and thrust one final time. The two climaxed, and Mia wailed in ecstasy.

As she would be forced to do every day for the rest of a long, long, *long* life.

The End