

CW: gender swapping; bisexual; gender fuckery; transformation

Phallus Majora

by Danni Iridescent

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‘The science is all new, and somewhat experimental,’ Doctor Mercer said, his face serious and lined with deep wrinkles. He was in plainclothes, which made Hank feel at ease, but to Sylvia seemed like it might be a disarming technique. Like getting some ice cream before mummy and daddy told you they were going to live in different houses. Or maybe she was being paranoid. ‘And, as I’m sure you know, didn’t come out of specific fertility work. But... yes. This treatment has a good chance of working.’

‘How good of a chance?’ Sylvia asked. She was perfectly put-together, having spent the morning nervously getting dressed and re-dressed, and doing her make-up to perfection. A way to distract herself, not to think about the meeting she was currently in. Her nerves were like that. Her hair, a sunny red, was brushed and naturally curled to perfection; her high-waisted jeans paired with a shirt gave the right mix of casual and smart, and the colour coordination of greens and browns favoured her natural palette nicely. Frank looked like he’d picked whatever was first in his wardrobe - a t-shirt and jeans, plus unmatching socks and old shoes.

Nerves manifested differently in them, it seemed.

Mercer smiled. ‘Good. It’s almost funny, how a revelation in therapy for trans men accidentally developed one of the best fights we have against female infertility. A sort of reproductive-system-reset.’ He smiled as his pun on system-reset, but he was the only one.

‘Hilarious,’ Sylvia said. Hank nudged her, and she nodded. ‘Sorry.’

‘Now,’ Mercer said. ‘It’s not one-hundred percent assured, as nothing is in medicine. And, as you would be the first in the country to be taking this course of medicine for the side-effects rather than the intended goal, there would be... significant academic interest. We’ve discussed everything you’d have to sign, and the check-ins that are requested.’

‘Weekly,’ Sylvia said, nodding. ‘Blood tests and physicals, I got it. Injections at the tests, pills in between. Paid monthly.’

Mercer nodded, sitting back in his chair. Hank shifted on the sofa, the leather creaking in the otherwise-silent office. This was a quiet corner of the building, but elsewhere in the private hospital there was a menagerie of hurried medical practices going on.

‘Yes, well, like I said. Significant interest from those who see this as the next step in fertility treatment. You’re about as ready as you can be,’ he said. ‘You’re happy in your awareness of the side-effects, all of that has been covered with you?’

Hank and Sylvia nodded, slightly sheepish.

‘We have all of the literature your people sent us,’ Hank said. ‘Dr. Adil went through it all with us.’

Mercer nodded. ‘Good. No more time to waste then!’ he said, with a suddenly-excited slap of the knee. ‘Follow me - we’ll get you that first injection.’

#

Hank and Sylvia exited the front entrance of *Nightingale Fertility*, walked across the half-empty car park under a lovely blue sky with wisps of cloud, and get into their car without much of a word. The whole thing was rather anticlimactic, really.

After the injection to the top of her bicep, Sylvia had been handed a pot of pills that would see her through the week - two a day, once with breakfast and once before bed. They were smiled at and offered teas and coffees, and that had been that. Off they went.

When they pulled into their driveway, a ten-minute drive outside of Durham, they still hadn't said a word, until they were in through the doorway of their lovely suburban semi-detached. Hank turned to his wife, an odd glimmer in his eye, and asked - 'Tea?'

Sylvia, in response, just hugged him.

'We're doing the right thing, aren't we?'

Hank kissed her head, pushed the door shut with his foot, and swallowed the lump in his throat.

'Course we are, Syl.' She looked up at him, and Hank could see the fear in her eyes. 'You're so, so brave, doing this for us. For our family.'

She faltered, breaking the eye contact. 'Well, I'm the barren one.'

'Hey,' he said, catching her chin and tilting her head up to face him. 'Don't do that - we're in this together. And, yeah, it's your body - but that's the same in pregnancy, right? And in *both*, as your loving, incredible husband, it's my job to take care of you.'

That got a smile, even if just a small one. 'Yeah.'

'Right?'

'Right,' Sylvia said, smiling.

He kissed his wife, and she sighed as their lips met. 'Now, I'll repeat my question - tea?'

Sylvia nodded, their bodies parting. As Hank moved through towards the kitchen, she gave his butt a smack and he gave a yelp - playing it up to make her laugh.

She did, but as she watched her gorgeous husband make her some tea, her face fell. She felt this tightness in her chest that she couldn't explain - a weight that felt like it was pulling her inwards, a blackhole in her chest that wanted to swallow her up. It wasn't *just* sadness, or guilt, or fear, or even excitement. It was all of them. A menagerie of untested things, all spiralling inside her.

Sylvia knew Hank would stand by her no matter what happened - but that didn't stop the daunting question of *what exactly* was going to happen?

She didn't follow him, and instead kicked off her shoes and turned off, heading to the living room. She'd spent years decorating it the way she wanted, and it wasn't until recently that she'd noticed it was very much a sea-themed room now. Blue walls, pale and calming, with an upscaled driftwood coffee table and holiday pictures on the walls of her and Hank together with family, and on their honeymoon to Hawaii. This room felt zen, pockmarked by sand-colour tat between the collected items and random nothings that she and Hank had accrued over the years. It was a room that told the story of their relationship.

Sylvia sat on the sofa, and felt the war of nerves rage within her. Eventually, Hank entered, a cup of tea in each hand, and passed her one.

'You alright, Syl?'

She nodded. 'No. Not at all. I think I'm about to *change*, you know?'

Hank was quiet, just listening to her. 'Yeah.'

'I just... we were *so* excited about this. To finally have a kid - *our* kid - and without all of the payments for IVF or anything like that.'

'Are you having second thoughts?' Hank asked. She could see the fear on his face, swallowed and respectful, but very much there.

'Oh, *no* - Hank, I... I want to start a family with you. It's all I want. But, even *normal* pregnancy can fuck up a woman's body, never mind what's going to happen to me.'

'Are you scared I won't love you anymore?' Hank asked. 'Because - and I say this with as much respect and love as I have - but fuck you for that.'

Sylvia recoiled a little. 'What?'

Hank softened - he wasn't angry, but firm. 'How could you think that I care for you so little that *this*, these changes, whatever, would *ever* impact my love for you. You are my wife - for better or worse. You can grow a second head, or hair all over your body, or -'

'A penis?' she finished for him.

Hank softened. 'Or that. And I will *never* love you any less. Understood?'

Sylvia nodded, a little weepy, before her husband dove in and kissed her - one of those sweeping kisses that felt like their souls were touching, their hearts connected as their bodies found each other.

'I need you,' she said. 'Before anything changes - *today*.'

'Right now?' Hank asked, a little shocked. His wife nodded, and they smiled as they dove into another kiss, right there on the sofa. Sylvia put her tea on the coffee table, and Hank's followed, before she was on him, straddling his lap as they kissed.

Feverish, like they were teenagers again, or fucking for the first time ever. Sylvia felt like she was in heat. She needed her husband to have her - to *claim* her - before her body was in any way altered. One last hurrah.

And she intended to make it a good one.

'I love you,' she murmured into his neck as she kissed him, feeling the way his strong, heavy body shifted beneath him; each kiss made his chest rumble and his hands move to a new part of her.

Hank groaned as his beautiful wife held his face against hers, kissing him before moving down his body. She slipped down, moving her legs between his and dropping to her knees as his eyes went wide and his hand found her hair.

'Baby' he asked, not used to this kind of attention. Syl didn't answer - just gave him a nod. But, when Hank began to unbuckle his jeans, she slapped his hands away.

‘Let me,’ she said, popping the buckle open, and leaning in. She pushed the button of his shirt up a little, enough to kiss the soft of his lower belly, and heard the way he groaned at the sensation. ‘Let me just... thank you, a little bit.’

‘Syl,’ Hank said, ready to argue with her. But, then, her hand stroked his inner thigh, over his jeans, and she felt the trapped half-hard length of her husband’s meaty six-inches, and his arguments fell away. She kissed a little lower, opening his zip as she went, as her hand massaged the bulge on the inside of his thigh. ‘I fucking love you,’ he said, as a way to finish the sentence - just as Sylvia’s teeth caught on the elastic of his underwear.

‘Hips up,’ she ordered. He didn’t argue lifting his butt enough for her to yank his jeans over his butt. She leaned back, letting him put his legs together as he settled back down, peeling the denim off his feet, leaving him in his underwear and socks from the waist down.

Fuck, she loved the way he looked - masculine, meaty and hairy. Not gross, though - always clean and slightly toned from his rugby-on-the-weekends, but in every way a *man*. She had always found her husband incredibly handsome, and today was no different.

She dove in, pushing Hank’s hands aside, and went in at his boxers; he was wearing the kind with a buttoned-over flap at the front, which to her seemed ready-made for easy access. Which is why she bought him *loads* of them. She plucked the buttons open, and his cock naturally sort of bounced out - suddenly free.

‘Fuck, baby,’ Hank groaned as he watched her settle before him, on her knees, as his cock ebbed with his heartbeat up to full length. ‘You look so sexy like that.’

‘Yeah?’ Sylvia asked, taking his length softly in her hand. She pulled, helping his foreskin peel back as he rose to his full length, the pink, shiny head pointing at her face. She smiled, knowing how much he loved this. It made her feel wanted, seeing how hard he got for her.

But she wasn’t going to make this a one-and-done - not by any means. She planned to make this last.

So, as she began to stroke him, she reached in, and pulled his balls out from the warmth of his underwear, massaging them in his hands as Hank slowed his breathing. Already, he was having trouble not getting over-excited; it had happened before, and while she’d never made him feel bad for it, he didn’t like to ‘arrive’ too early. Though, worst-case-scenario, he’d last longer the second time.

‘Fuck, your cock’s so *fucking* beautiful,’ Syl told him, stroking with one hand, massaging with the other. ‘How did such a big man, with such a *big* cock, end up as such a *good boy*, huh?’

And there it was - the words that, before they were even married, Sylvia had learned sent her husband into a frenzy. They, as a pair, had discovered something in him he’d never found with anyone else - it was part of the reason he’d known she was the one, back in the day.

He groaned, and his hips rolled as his beautiful wife held his balls in one hand, his cock at the base in her other, and took the head of his cock into her hot, wet mouth with a loving moan.

‘*Mmmhghhhm*,’ she groaned around his shaft as she pushed herself down onto him, tugging at his balls as Hank gasped and gripped the sofa.

‘Fuck, baby,’ he moaned, and Sylvia smiled and moaned around him. ‘Fuck - *FUCK!*’

And then, *right* when he was on the edge, Syl backed off. She backed off, letting go of him completely, and just watched as his cock bounced, eeking, *dripping* pre-cum slightly as he shuddered and moaned. This was a familiar feeling, but it wasn’t one Hank had ever really gotten used to. Or, rather, it was a sensation that felt fresh and challenging every time.

Sylvia waited, and watched as Hank’s orgasm ebbed away, simmering down from the surface, his breathing deep and shuddering, until that smile returned to her face.

‘You ready, baby?’ she asked. She wasn’t really asking - she was letting him know that he should get ready.

So, as he got a hold of himself, Sylvia stripped before him. Her trousers dropped over her curves, her black underwear contrasting against her pale skin, her shirt dropping off her in a less-than-elegant movement, revealing her bra, and the lovely D-cups hidden beneath. She climbed back onto him, Hank still dressed from the wits up, but her soft skin was *so close* to his that it made his mind race. Her thighs pressed into his, as her pantie-lad sex rubbed against his weeping cock, so, *so* desperate for release.

‘Are you gonna be a good boy for mummy?’ she asked him, a whisper in his ear that made his heart race and his eyes roll.

‘Yes,’ he said, before realising his mistake. ‘Mummy.’

Sylvia smiled. ‘Fuck, I love you so much baby,’ she said, before reaching back and pulling her panties to the side. ‘Now - I’m gonna ride you, and I want you to fill me the *fuck* up, do you hear me?’

Hank nodded. ‘Yes, mummy.’

‘I want you to make me feel like a woman,’ she said. The implication went unspoken - *because son I might not feel like one anymore.*

‘Mmmfuck,’ Hank whimpered as the head of his cock, red and hungry, slid against Sylvia’s wetness. Their sexes, so well-acquainted with each other, lined up naturally. Made for each other.

She held his jaw in her hand, and kissed her husband as she sat back, slowly and deliberately impaling herself upon him. They’d done it thousands of times over the years, and yet *every single time* it felt just as amazing.

‘Oh sweet Jesus,’ she whimpered as she settled on him, her body meeting his in a warm, soft embrace that felt like home. ‘Hank, baby, I love you *so* much.’

He groaned an ‘I love you, too,’ as she kissed him, and began to ride. She controlled the pace, enjoying every inch of his length to herself, as she took her time.

Savoured him. She rode him there, on the sofa, as he thankfully and obediently lay beneath her; his hands caressed her in the ways he knew she loved - squeezing her thighs, spanking her butt, pawing her breasts and stroking her back.

‘Fuck,’ Sylvia whimpered into his chest, before long. ‘*Fuck*, Hank, I’m- *FUCK!*’

Her orgasm was like the first step into a warm bath - a shock to the muscles, but a *good* one, making her moan and stretch and flex in strange ways atop her husband as he held her lovingly, until she found herself enough to get back to it.

Sylvia rode herself to two more moaning, sweaty orgasms before Hank finally asked permission.

'May I cum, mummy?' he asked.

'Fuck yes,' she replied, matching his shortness of breath. 'Cum inside me, baby - cum for mummy.'

'Oh, *fuck*,' he groaned. Sylvia felt his body grow rigid, legs flexing as his hands gripped the cushions of the sofa - and then she felt his pulsating cock inside her flex and flex, his warm cum squirting into her with each pulse.

'Yessss,' she hissed as she felt him fill her, panting atop him as they stayed in place for a moment.

Just... savouring.

#

Hank was busy washing up the plates from dinner, standing by the sink with a sponge in one hand, and the pan in which he'd fried some chicken in his other. Sylvia, belly-full and having enjoyed her time with her husband earlier in the night, watched him from the doorway with a smile on her face.

'I really am lucky to have you,' she said. Hank looked over his shoulder as he put the pan on the drying rack, before grabbing a towel to dry his hands.

'Yeah? You think so?'

She came forwards, pulling him into a quick kiss. '*Especially* because of how good you make tea for me.'

He smiled. 'I'll take that as a request?'

She nodded, but didn't let him go - not just yet. 'I just... thank you. For earlier. Made me feel normal.'

'You're normal,' he told her.

'Not for long!'

'Oh, hush,' he said, kissing her forehead. 'We've never been *normal*-normal anyway. And, my mind is unchanged. Nothing, between us, will be any different. Now - I'll make tea, you get a film up and going.'

Sylvia did as she was told, and went to load up *Scream 4* on the TV. Eventually, when Hank joined her and passed her a mug, and they pulled the blanket over themselves to watch the film as the night became dark, everything felt normal.

Well, aside from the growing discomfort in Sylvia's gut - but she knew that those nerves would pass. Hank would help her with that.

She snuggled in a little closer, and fell asleep on his shoulder after the film's first kill.

#

Before his eyes opened into the dim of the earlier-than-normal morning light, Hank was moaning; the pleasure of his wet dream followed him into the waking world, as he felt the warm, wet embrace of his wife's mouth on his cock.

'Oh, *baby*,' he moaned, rubbing his eyes as he felt her beneath the covers of their marital bed, working her magic on him in ways he'd not felt in the morning light for *years*. 'Fuck, *yesssss...*'

The covers over his hips bobbed, as Sylvia made love to her husband with her tongue and lips, moaning and slurping, nestled as she was between thighs. When he came into her mouth, she swallowed it in thick, indulgent gulps as he moaned and writhed on the bed.

Eventually, she let his soft shaft cock fall from her mouth, and kissed her way up his body until they were snuggling in the soft glow of sunrise. It was early - too early for Sylvia to have just woken up and decided on this.

'What... was that?' Hank asked her as they lay there, him panting and her a little red in the face.

'It's started,' she told him.

'How do you mean?'

Sylvia sat up in the bed, the covers falling off her chest in a way that meant Hank couldn't help but stare. She swung her legs out, and stood with her back to the curtains of their bedroom window, naked as the day she was born.

And, there, between her legs, was something... odd.

Where her clit was, and had been reliably for her all the years he'd known her, Hank now saw a small... thing. Not quite a clit, though it *could* be, however it was too large. Not by any means a penis, though he knew that they did, biologically or developmentally, come from the same place. It was pinkish red, and just stuck out from beneath her labia, an engorged clitoris-like structure. Pointed right at him.

'That's it?' he asked.

'I don't know!' she said, spinning and grabbing her dressing gown. She quickly wrapped it around her and span to face Hank, a look on her face of discomfort. 'It's a change, though, right? Like, what he said?'

'The Doctor?'

'Yeah,' Sylvia said, nodding. 'And... there's something else.'

'Oh?' Hank asked, sitting up in bed. The covers pooled around his waist and Sylvia groaned at the sight of his strong, manly chest and belly.

'I am... *so* fucking horny, baby.'

Hank nodded, trying to contain himself. 'Oh, uh, okay, so-'

He was shut up by his wife jumping on him, dressing gown flapping open and wide as she landed atop him, kissing and hugging her husband as they whirled in the bed. They toppled to the floor, Hank atop her, the duvet chaotically caught between them. They kicked it away as he grew hard, his half-asleep orgasm already making way for a new wave of lust.

#

'No, he's just gone off to work,' Sylvia said into the screen, her friend at the other end giving her a sympathetic smile. 'Just me. He works enough that I could afford to take the time, off, and - look, I know it's not popular these days, or seen as 'feminist' for women to be housewives, but if we *do* have a kid, I'm being a stay-at-home mum. One hundred percent.'

'I mean, it's feminist for women to do what they want, regardless of the pressures from outside, Syl,' Brendan said. He looked good in a way Sylvia hadn't noticed before - confident in a certain way. Even through the screen, he looked well in ways Sylvia liked. It was nice to see him so... *well*. Especially considering how they'd met.

'So,, not to turn things to, you know, but...'

'You wanna know how things are hormone-wise?' Brendan asked. 'It's cool, Sylvia - as soon as you reached out, I knew that was going to be, like, the *thing* I was helping you with. And, you're not trans, so that's a bit of a different perspective on this medicine, but that's barely the point, right?'

Sylvia nodded. 'Yeah- sorry, I just don't want to come across as selfish or anything.'

'Syl, you're a cis woman growing a temporary dick in the name of fertility. The conversation can be about you.' Sylvia laughed at that - at how silly it sounded. But Brendan didn't laugh. 'So - talk to me. What's the worry?'

'Nothing,' she said.

'If it was nothing, you wouldn't have asked for a call this morning,' Brendan said. 'Come on, man. This is an open, safe place.'

'I just... it started this morning. The *growth*, you know? And... suddenly it feels a lot more real. A lot more...'

'Intrusive?' Brendan asked. Sylvia nodded. 'Yeah - I get that. For me, it was, you know... there's this term, 'gender euphoria'. It's like the opposite of gender dysphoria - like, something that just, when you see it, it feels like *you*. It agrees, perfectly, with your self-image that it just creates this emotion that is... unlike anything else. For me, when I started to grow mine, I got that feeling - because I *wanted* one, you know?'

'But I don't want one,' Sylvia said. 'It's a means to an end for me.'

Brendan nodded. 'Yeah, so what I think you're having is gender *dysphoria*. You see something that doesn't... *fit*.'

'Yeah,' she said. 'That's exactly it. It isn't *me*.'

Brendan nodded. 'I used to feel that way about my boobs. Before surgery it was like they were... like they belonged to someone else. Like my body had betrayed me by growing them.' Sylvia nodded, listening along. 'So, when I *got* the surgery, and then later the hormones to grow my *mister* down there, it was... incredible. But for a long time, I felt exactly as you are right now.'

'How did you get through it?' she asked.

'For a long time, I didn't know if I would. But... once there was a road ahead of me, I owed it to the person I wanted to be to survive being who I was. Not to get all 'it gets better' on you, because that shit is a *terrible* take, but it does.'

Sylvia nodded. 'If I put up with this, temporarily being someone I don't want to be, I'll be able to become who I really am?'

'For me,' Brendan said, 'it was about becoming a man. For you, becoming a mother. The gender stuff is difficult, but if there's one thing I *do* know, it's this: your body is not your gender. And, while you're planning on changing it through the relevant medical means, don't hate your body for the changes it goes through. If you can, find a way to love yourself.'

Sylvia indeed, taking that to heart. 'Thank you, Brendan.'

'No sweat,' he said, smiling. 'Now - I'm gotta hop off, but... if I were you, as someone who has, in fact, grown a dick, I'd find a way to enjoy it. Get what I mean?'

She blushed. 'Yup.'

'Gotcha,' he said, winking at the screen, and then it went dark.

Sylvia didn't move for a second, but when she did, she was struck by the untenable sensation in her pants - a reaction to the movement she hadn't felt before, even earlier in the day. Her panties, soft and cool, felt like a stroke of a loving hand across her growing clitoris, sending shocks of pleasure through her that almost had her double over right there on the sofa.

Of course, the sofa simply got her thinking about what her and Hank had gotten up to the night before, and the thoughts of lust that flooded through her all of a sudden felt like a wave crashing over her.

She needed, more than anything, to *cum*. To get these lewd, horny thoughts out of her head, even though her husband had gone to work - and she had the tools to do it.

So, despite each step sending a stroke of pleasure through her poor body, Sylvia raced upstairs, shedding her clothes quickly as she reached the bedroom, and crawled into her marital bed with a frustrated groan as her hand found her wet sex - and she felt the sensitive nub against her palm as she began to touch herself. Soft moans escaped her as the unusual pleasure started to fill her mind, blocking out everything else.

It felt... easier, strangely. Like the pleasure that she felt from her newly engorged clit was stronger, more condensed, but without being *overwhelming*. Clitoral orgasms had a habit of wearing her out, she'd found especially when they were shotgun, back-to-back. She'd find herself afterwards sore and breathless, kicking Hank off to give her time to recover.

This wasn't that kind of pleasure.

Instead, as her fingers found the small, inch-high nubbin of a clitoris, the pleasure that swam through her mind felt like a relief. Like she'd been in pain, and this was the remedy. A release to the frustration she'd felt all day.

But, quite quickly, as her fingers touched it, and she felt the way the flesh was wet and warm shifted between her finger, hardened and stuff, something felt... *off*. Brendan's push for her to 'enjoy' her body was good, and she knew she *should* follow his advice. But, even so, that concept he'd introduced her to - body dysmorphia - was too strong.

This wasn't the way her body was supposed to be.

That mental blockage proved too strong, and to matter how good the physical sensations were, she felt the desire fall away. A sort of self-hatred seeped in, just a little, as she pulled her hand up and away, panting.

But her arousal was still there, in a physical sense at least. She could feel her body aching to cum, and she knew that until she *did* there would be no stopping it. So, Sylvia decided on a middle ground - she was going to push herself over the edge, but purely in the name of getting her head straight.

Honestly.

For real.

So, as she lay on her back, in her marital bed, she slipped her hand back down between her thighs, sighing softly at how her expert hands were able to make her feel. She mostly avoided her clit, aside from the most vague and broad touches with her palm as she slid fingers into herself, aiming for that g-spot orgasm Hank was so good at giving her.

'Fuck,' she breathed into her bedding as she built, and built, and *built* closer to the edge - but it wasn't until her palm pressed into her engorged, sensitive nub that she crested.

White flashed behind her eyes, as she shorted out for a second, before she realised how loud she was moaning.

'*FUUUUUCK - oh, FUCK - God! Oh, wow... wowwww...*' she mewled, rolling on her back as she came down from a new type of orgasm. As she recovered, however, she found that she was, indeed, clearer-of-mind, and was able to get up, get herself dressed with some of Hank's underwear - which had a little more room in the front - and headed to the bathroom.

In there, she found an item that she and Hank had used on occasion, when she was feeling particularly cruel - numbing cream. Memories of Hank, moaning softly as his wife applied the numbing cream to him lovingly until his cock was nearly completely devoid of feeling flashed through her mind. Cruelly, this made her arousal begin to bubble upwards again, but she swallowed it deep.

Enough of that, she told herself.

She applied it, almost medically, hissing through the initial cold and waiting the few minutes for her nubbing to become bearably numb. It was a sweet relief that had her audibly sighing as she pulled the boxer shorts back up. No sensitivity - no teeth-grinding pain-pleasure. She felt the

movement, and it was a *little* odd, but not like it had been earlier. Her steps no longer sent flashes of unwanted pleasure through her, and that was enough.

She took the cream, and put it in her bedside table drawer, deciding it would probably make a good idea to keep that close. Maybe she should go out, buy some more. It was going to be a life-saver, she could tell.

It was decided. Plus, she had some groceries to buy. So, having had her orgasm of the day, and feeling appropriately numbed-up, Sylvia grabbed her car keys and headed out into the world. A new woman.

#

Each morning, Hank watched his wife wake up with a grunt, open and shut her bedside table, and rush into the ensuite slightly bow-legged. When she would emerge, for the next three mornings, she came back in with a towel or dressing gown wrapped around her, a sheepish look on her face, and he didn't ask any questions.

He didn't want to intrude - he didn't want to do *anything* that would make her uncomfortable. She didn't show him her 'progress', instead just giving him assurances that it was fine, that she was dealing with it, and that she would tell him if anything seemed... unusual.

Since the fertility treatment began on Monday, and their last penis-in-vagina sexual romp on Tuesday morning, sex had changed. It had been expected, but still.

On Tuesday night, she'd asked her husband if he wanted her to take care of him. He'd said yes, and 'Mummy' had treated him to one of the most incredible, indulgent blowjobs of his life. He'd come down her throat, his wife swallowing lovingly, as he sat on the side of the bed, a toy neatly inserted into his backdoor to stimulate his prostate. Since they'd started *that*, he wasn't sure who'd enjoyed it more - her or him.

Wednesday was when things had started to shift a little bit.

'You want Mummy to fuck you?' Sylvia had asked him as they lay in bed, naked and sleepy. She was behind him, her hand stroking his shoulder as he faced the wall, before travelling down his back. Exploring him in a new way.

'Mmmmm,' he'd answered; due to her dominant side, they'd played like this before - it wasn't unusual in the slightest.

'Baby, *ask me*,' she said, almost a moan in his ear. Hank whimpered, and half rolled over to face her. It was late, but the light from the moon was cutting across the bed, illuminating them beautifully.

'We doing this?' he asked.

Sylvia nodded. 'If you ask *nicely*.' She leaned over him, and kissed him - *deeply*. Her hands on his chest, stroking him awake as he rolled onto his back. He could feel himself hardening in anticipation of what was to come.

'Will you fuck me, please?' he asked.

Sylvia grinned. 'I'll get you all nice and ready.'

It all happened in a flash - Hank, naked on the bed, his hands cuffed to the bed frame. He was sitting up, arms spread wide, watching a blindfold in Sylvia's hands as she knelt between his open legs, their pillows against the small of his back. It took minutes. It was all practised, and Sylvia was.... Familiar.

She was also fully dressed, wearing her cutesy pyjamas that Hank didn't expect. Usually it would be lingerie, or maybe some sort of leather (though that was only for special occasions). But he didn't argue.

Sylvia slipped the blindfold over his eyes, making sure it was fastened tight, before leaning in to kiss him.

'Hmmm...' he moaned into her mouth, before she leant back, trailing her nails up and down the soft of his spread inner thighs.

He felt the nip of her teeth on his legs, the wet of her tongue as she moved up, up, *up...* and then, just as he was holding his breath, hoping her mouth would find his length, he felt something else altogether.

'Oh, fuck,' he moaned as her finger, slick and cool, slid into him. Sylvia's palm brushed against the underside of his balls as she slipped an easy lubed-up digit into her husband. 'Oh, *fuck, Syl-*'

'Shut up,' she told him, before kissing his knee. She hilted her finger, before pulling out. A squeeze of lube.

Two fingers.

'*Fuck,*' Hank breathed - in response, Sylvia slapped his thigh with her free hand.

'Shut. Up. Understand?'

He nodded, smiling and letting out a breath. Sylvia slapped his thighs so he kept them open, as she finger-fucked her husband. Hank felt the way she curled her digits, finding his prostate as she *always* did. He whined, but didn't open his mouth - didn't say a word.

Didn't beg for her to stop, nor to keep going.

She ignored his cock until he was mostly soft - which tended to happen when he was on the receiving end of things. When he was limp, her small fingers wrapped around him, tugging on him lightly as she pulled her fingers out of him.

Three fingers.

'*Hrnnn...*' he moaned as they slid into him, his back door now massaged and relaxed to let her in. To stretch for her, happily.

He could hear her, breathing heavily as she played with him, *toyed* with him. He was hers to use and play with, and she fucking *loved* it.

Eventually, she released his limp cock, and focused on his hole. He'd been the recipient of her teasings before, but something about this felt... new. More focused. When he got close, she stopped. Let him simmer down. The started again, stroking his prostate from inside him until he leaked, but never letting him crest over.

Then, abruptly, she withdrew. He felt her come up onto him, straddling him. Hank wondered if his wife was about to sit on him, but instead he felt his hands drop - she'd released his wrists from their binds.

'Flip over, *baby*,' she said. He obeyed, unquestioningly. Turned onto his belly. Sylvia lovingly brought his hands behind his back, as his face pressed into the pillows, and used one of the handcuff sets to lock them into place. He stayed there, legs spread and face-down, his half-erect cock hanging between his legs.

Sylvia's hand, slippery and cool, went back to his hole, and he moaned as she slid back into him - three fingers, immediately. It stretched him, but in a way that felt *perfect*. He wanted to thank her, to moan her name as she fucked him like this, but she'd told him to be quiet.

So he was.

Her hand began to stroke his cock again, hanging as it was, and soon she was milking him. It made his eyes roll, his hips jerk, his breath catch and hold.

'Such a good boy,' she moaned, kissing his back as she fucked him like this. 'Do you want more?'

Hank nodded.

'Ask me,' she said. 'Beg me for it.'

'Please baby,' he said. 'Please - fuck me?'

He couldn't see the smile on her face as she pulled her three fingers from him, pushed her fingers together, and squeezed a fresh dollop of lube onto her hand. She massaged it around, before pointing *all* of her fingertips at his opening, which was winking at him expectantly.

She pushed.

'Oh, *fuck*,' Hank moaned, unable to ep himself. Sylvia didn't mind. She loved the way he moaned for her. It made her feel powerful.

Her knuckles slid into him, her thin hand stretching him lewdly, until he crested the widest point. Then, the muscle of his hole clenched, pulling her in. Up to her wrist.

'*Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck*,' he was panting, as Sylvia looked in lust-addled shock at the sight before her.

Her husband, on his knees - and her hand, deep inside him.

He was hot, inside. His muscles clenched her, wet and slippery but trying to find purchase.

'I can feel your heartbeat,' she said, whispering to him.

'I can feel *everything*,' Hank replied, as he tried desperately to control his breathing.

Then, she pulled a little - just a half-inch or so - out of him, followed by a *push*. Her free hand found his cock again, and all of a sudden he was taking it from both sides. Her fingers slid over the head of his cock, sensitive and needy, as his prostate was massaged by her palm, her knuckles, her wrist.

'Fuck, *fuck* - **FUCK!**

It was no surprise to Sylvia when her husband came. It had been a lot, after all. She pulled out of him, and rushed to the bathroom so fast that Hank didn't even have time to roll over and

kiss her. Thank her. Nothing. By the time she returned, he'd fallen asleep - naked, atop the covers, on his front. His arse still shiny.

#

On Thursday, when Hank got in from work Sylvia had been a little out of whack, and had apologetically told him that she wasn't feeling up to it.

'Don't apologise,' he had told her each time, before taking a shower and masturbating into the drain. It wasn't that bad of a time for him - he knew she was going through something difficult. 'Don't ever apologise to me.'

It was Friday morning when things really took a turn, and Hank began to understand *why*.

'Hank!' he heard from another room, as he was waking up. His mind blurry and his body half-asleep, he barely registered it. Then, slightly louder - '*Hank!*'

He sat up in a shot, getting up while nude-but-for-his-boxers and opened the ensuite door. What he saw there made Sylvia's sheepishness for the last few days snap into focus.

His wife, Sylvia, with her flowing red hair and slim frame, soft skin and smooth, pale skin, was standing in the shower - dry as a bone. She looked at him with a face of pleading, hopefully vulnerability; the kind of look that only came from someone who was showing a part of themselves they'd never expected to show to anyone else. And the part of her that his eyes focused on was entirely new.

His wife was sporting a heavy, *thick* penis. Half-erect, turgid and a pinkish red at the tip that rivalled her usual, more feminine sex. She looked terrified.

'Syl?' he asked.

'I don't... it's been growing slowly all week,' she said, like it was an admission of sin. 'But this morning... I didn't even realise how big it was until I was in here - about to turn on the water, and... *fuck* - look at it!'

'Yeah,' Hank said, as Sylvia motioned towards it - her hands seeming scared to make contact. 'It's... real.'

'It's *massive*,' she said - not one to avoid the facts. Her voice was thin, though. Low and hissing. She stepped over the side of the bath, and Hank saw it shift and sway between her thighs, bouncing slightly beneath its own weight. 'And - *fuck* - baby, it's sensitive. Does yours get like this?'

'Like what?'

'Like *this!* Like, it feels like it might explode if I don't... fuck it - I can get through, just pass me the, uh - in my bedside table. There's some cream.'

Hank frowned. 'Cream?'

Sylvia nodded. 'Aby, I don't need anything like questions right now - please just help me out?'

He nodded, and went back through into their bedroom, the image of his wife's cock emblazoned in his mind. The veins. The thick shaft, and the heavy foreskin half-pulled-back.

Beneath it, there were two hanging testicles, in a little hairless sac. He wondered briefly about the biology of that situation, but then dismissed it.

He opened the drawer, and saw the little tube.

'Numbing cream?' he asked. 'Syl? Is this what you want?'

'Yeah!' she called back. 'I just need it to... you know. Be *quiet*.'

He walked back through, and found her sitting on the edge of the bath. Her legs were slightly open, and her shaft was hanging between her thighs, drooping down the six-or-so inches it had.

'Syl - what do you mean 'quiet'? He held the tube in his fist, not immediately handing it over. 'Have you been using this all week? Numbing yourself?'

She sighed, and looked up at him. 'Hank, just - please? I need it.'

'You *need* it?'

'Yeah, otherwise... *fuck*. That.'

Looking down again, Hank could see his wife's penis was now standing to attention. No longer hanging between her thighs, it instead pointed upwards with a slight upwards curve. The hefty weight of it was clear, and Hank's eyes struggled to pull away from it.

When he *did* manage to look somewhere else, however, he looked at Sylvia's face - and saw her, eyes clenched shut, breathing slowly.

'Do you feel okay?' he asked.

'Mmmm,' she hummed, shaking her head. 'Hank... baby, I need help here.'

Hank nodded. 'Yeah. Yeah, you do.' He threw the tube back behind him, and Sylvia's face dropped into a frown. 'Baby - Syl - I know that usually, our thing is you dominating, and me submitting - and that's *fantastic*. But I think... I think this is something where I can show you a few things.'

Sylvia shook her head, looking exhausted. 'Hank- no, baby.'

But she shut up when Hank dropped to his knees before her, between her knees, looking up at her. His hand closed around hers, and he led her tentative hand towards her aching shaft. She looked at him, asking a silent question, until her skin made contact.

'*Fuck*,' she hissed, softly, as he guided her hand to close around it.

'You've been numbing it,' he said. 'So... have you relieved yourself at all?'

She shook her head. 'On Wednesday when we... I almost did. I came in here, and I was *so* hard, but it was smaller then. And the impulse was weaker. So I just numbed it up, and came to bed. And that worked, so... that's what I've been doing.'

She wasn't moving - just holding her cock like that, his hand around hers. Hank nodded.

'You know, when I was a teen, I went on a family holiday - all of us slept in one room, shared a bathroom. I didn't get a dot of privacy for *three* days. And that's not much, but when you're eighteen and just raging with hormones, it was... torture. When I got home, that first night in my own bed, I was pretty much shaking. And, tell me tell you, the relief afterwards... It was like a fog had cleared. And, right now, you're a human box of experimental hormones and chemicals. Fuck knows what's going on inside you - but it's enough to grow *this* in just a few days, so...'

Sylvia nodded. ‘M scared of... of doing *that*. Like, it’ll mean I’m not *me* in some way,’ she admitted, sounding like she was on the edge of crying. ‘But I can feel that fog. It’s so thick.’

He leaned in, and kissed her. Her cock jumped. ‘I can help you clear that, okay? Just let me lead you.’

She nodded again. ‘Thank you, baby.’

Then, as his answer, Hank pulled her hand up her shaft, and then back down - nice and slow. Not too much pressure. Not too fast. Just testing the waters.

‘Oh, shit,’ she shuddered, and Hank watched as something in her began to shift. Whatever she’d been so scared of started to melt away, ever so slightly.

He used her hand to stroke her, tip to base, keeping her soft hand as a barrier between them. In his mind, he was *teaching* her something - but it quickly became apparent that there wasn’t much to teach. Sylvia soon took over the motion, her hand gliding up and down her stiff cock, pre-cum dribbling from the edge slightly, mixing with their fingers as they timidly explored the surface of her new sex organ.

‘Let go,’ Sylvia breathed, her voice small but her usual dominant personality starting to bubble bak up. Hank did, letting go of her hand, and watched as she continued to slowly, carefully touch her new weapon.

‘You know all this,’ Hank said. ‘But the tip is the most sensitive *right* here...’ he pressed a wet finger softly onto the underside of her cock, where that little stretch of skin connected her head to her foreskin. He brushed it lightly, and Sylvia hissed. She let go of her cock, in fact, and grabbed his wrist - not to stop him, but just to hold him.

‘Then,’ Hank said, letting go, despite her complaining, ‘there are *these*.’ His hand moved down her length, until he was at her balls.

‘*Mmmmmmm*,’ Sylvia whimpered as she felt him brush down her length, and then his hand closed around her new sack. He pulled downwards, lightly, and she felt the tension through her cock enough to whimper.

Hank looked up at his beautiful wife, and saw an odd mix of things in her eyes. There was lust, yes, but also... a sadness. Like she felt a certain amount of mourning for what she thought she’d lost in his transformation. Conflict swam in her eyes, and he, as her husband, knew he had to do something that would help to resolve both of these things.

Show her acceptance, and relieve her pent-up lust.

So, for her, he did something he never thought he’d do. He leant in, opened his mouth, and took his wife’s cock between his lips.

‘Oh, baby- *Fuuuuuck*,’ Sylvia moaned, gripping the side of the bath as she felt new waves of pleasure throughout her body.

For Hank, this was... new. He’d never had a cock in his mouth, for starters - though, even upon that initial contact, it didn’t feel like something he was in any way disgusted by. In fact, as he touched it, tasted that salty wetness on his wife’s flesh, he was kind-of able to recognise what

would feel good, and there was a beat of satisfaction as he moved her into his mouth, lips around the spongy head, and felt her tense and shift and moan.

Sylvia's hand found his hair, stroking his scalp softly as he moved up and down, just making love to the hot tip of her cock, his tongue inside his mouth lapping at her softly. She felt like her clit was enormous, and that her husband wasn't *just* able to suck on it - it was impossible, beautiful, *incredible* pleasure that threatened to push her over the edge. Whatever she'd been fighting for the past few days began to melt, and she struggled to uphold her disgust and self-hatred when Hank was making it feel so *good*.

Hank gripped his wife's thighs as he closed his eyes, and began to *worship* her - his tongue slathered her from within, moving deeper and deeper and deeper, until he felt her brush the back of his throat.

'*HLK!*' he choked, coming up for air with a cough.

'Hank? Baby?' Sylvia asked, her hand moving from his hair to his cheek, holding his jaw lovingly as he hacked a little, clearing his throat. He sat back, and Sylvia slid to the floor, into his lap, kissing his face. 'Baby, are you okay?'

He nodded, spluttering as he got control. 'I'm fine, Syl,' he said. 'I'm fine.' He kissed her back, and for a moment they stared into each others' eyes. A silent, knowing exchange passed between them.

Are we doing this?

A soft nod from Sylvia. An answered nod from Hank.

Then, excited like the world was new, and they were discovering sex like teenagers again, they scrambled up. Sylvia was still nude and hard, and Hank shed what was left of his pyjamas before they landed on the bed. Early-morning light was trickling in from outside as Sylvia lay on her back, her husband finding his place between her legs.

His mouth, now eager and less daunted, found her shaft again, and he kissed the side, the length of her, down to her balls, and took one of them into his mouth - the way he knew he *loved* to have happen to him.

'Hank, *baby,*' Sylvia moaned, and he felt a pulse of love and lust mixed up inside him, as Sylvia's soft hands found his head again. She fondled his scalp as he sucked, kissed and licked her, tasting his wife's new flesh. 'Fuck, that feels so *good...*'

'Do you want me to make you cum?' he asked her, coming up on his elbows. Sylvia looked down at him, the adoration in her expression unmistakable.

She nodded, and lay her head back as her husband's mouth found the head of her cock. She moaned, whimpered into her pillows as he tasted her, licking the underside of the head and sending shivers of pleasure up through her body. Her back arches as he took her deeper, her thighs bruising his ears, her hands gripping the bedding.

He began to bob, moaning around her as she moaned and strained under him.

'Fuck, *fuck!*'

Hank felt her humping upwards to meet him as he fellated his wife, Sylvia's rolling hips unrelenting, her cock warm and hard and *thick* - thicker than him, easily, and longer. He'd always had unrealised fantasies of trying this, but had never had the need - or opportunity, really - to act on them, so this was making his mind roll. Fantasies were filled as his wife's thick cock hit the back of his throat, and he managed not to gag before he felt her hands on his head again.

And then, before he knew what was happening, she *slammed* his head down - another inch or so of her manhood pushed into him, and his eyes clamped shut as he felt her push past the point of his gag reflex, slipping into his throat.

'Oh, *FUCK!*' Sylvia screamed, her voice hoarse as he felt her hold him fast, still an inch or so between his face and her mons. *She was so fucking big.* He felt her length began to throb, pulsating in his mouth, and he felt the wet, warm presence of something in his throat.

Without thinking - without the *ability* to think - he swallowed.

Like a good boy.

He swallowed her cum, until her cock softened, and her grip lessened until he could pull himself up and off her, sputtering and tasting salt. Sylvia, laying back on the bed, was red in the face, lying back like she had never been more satisfied.

Her wet penis, still larger than his was hard despite quickly softening, flopped against her belly with a wet *plap*.

'Fuck,' Sylvia breathed, panting. Then, with a tone that made Hank's chest tighten, 'Good boy.' He looked up at her, a plea in his gaze, as his wife's grin re-appeared on her face. 'That felt... amazing, baby,' she said, reaching down to stroke his cheek. His beautiful face.

As their eyes met, he moved up her, her naked body beneath him, only his boxers holding them apart. They kissed, and she tasted her own saltiness on his tongue as her hands slipped into his underwear, thumbs hooking and tugging them downwards. After a little awkwardness, they were able to pull his boxers down for Hank to kick away into the bed.

His penis, hard and aching for release, hung below him and, in a moment that made both husband and wife gasp, made contact with hers. They kissed again, and Hank felt his wife's hardness returning; beneath him, her cock became stiffer, larger, pushing upwards against his own until it slipped past, their shafts rubbing into each other as they moaned softly into eachothers' mouths.

But something changed in Sylvia as she became hard again beneath him - some surge of energy, hormonal or otherwise. She wrapped her arms around Hank's shoulders, and despite being smaller than him, he let her flip and roll him until their positions were swapped - her now looming over him, her heavy cock drooping over his, her hair draping over him as she dropped in, kissing his neck.

Hank moaned beneath her, as her knees pushed his legs apart - he opened his thighs as his wife settled between them, her hips pressing into his. He could feel the heat - and hardness - of his wife's new, impressive, frankly *daunting* organ pressing against him as she kissed his chest, her hands closing around his wrists and holding them above his head.

‘Oh, baby,’ she said, her lips brushing against his as she denied him a kiss. Hank’s eyes rolled as she pushed her hips forwards - phantom-fucking him, feeling the way her skin felt as it gilded against his inner thighs. ‘You look good enough to fuck.’

His eyes found hers, and while they were deep in the throes of lust and hedonism, there was still a question passed between them. A check-in for not just consent, but *enthusiastic* consent. He knew what was going to happen next, and he loved her all the more for checking in.

She released his hands as he nodded. ‘Get the lube,’ she told him, the sternness in her voice coloured with warmth, with excitement. Her breathing was shallow, and when she watched him lean over to the toybox they had under the bed, she bit her lip.

She loved him *so fucking much*.

‘Gimme,’ she said, plucking the lube from him as he rolled back onto his back, looking just a little sheepish. ‘Now - we’ve done *bigger*, baby, but if you feel any pain, you have to let me know, okay?’

Hank nodded. ‘Of course, Syl.’

She squirted a fat blob into her palm with a *pfrrrrrbt*, and sat back. Her cock, thick and long and surprisingly *manly*, dwarfed Hank’s own member. Sylvia was barely paying attention to that as she began to smear the glistening lube all over herself, sighing at the slick, cool sensation of her own digits over the sensitive head, as she made sure to get every inch.

But Hank was thinking about it - about the fact that his wife had at *least* an inch on him, if not almost two, and that beneath her monstrous thing, his looked almost... cute. Diminutive. He’d never thought himself small, and had never had any cause for concern, but it was hard not to see the physical difference between the two cocks currently aligned together. She was bigger than him.

So, whatever she’d felt as he fucked *her*, he was about to feel something bigger. Something... *more*.

Plus, the simple psychological feat of taking his wife’s cock was doing something to him he couldn’t deny. Something he didn’t *want* to deny.

‘Fuck,’ he sighed as Sylvia’s slickened digits slipped beneath them, finding the underside of his balls, easily identifying his tight-but-experienced hole. Her eyes were hooded in lust as she easily slid a finger into him, lathering his hole in lubricant as she watched him writhe beneath her. ‘Oh, *fuck*,’ he breathed as she fingered him.

She found him so *cute* in that moment.

‘You ready, baby?’ she asked. Her husband gave another nod, and she answered by pressing the soft-yet-hard head of her oversized cock into him as she reared back. Her flesh dropped past his, her length dragging against his body as she held herself with one hand, the other against Hank’s thigh. ‘You ready for me to fuck you?’

‘Oh, fuck yeah,’ Hank breathed as Sylvia pushed forwards. The head pushed against his puckered hole, and the sound he made as she pushed hard enough for the seal to break almost sent her crazy; just the smallest ‘*Eep!*’

Sylvia pushed again - thrusting her hips forwards, until the thick head of her cock stretched her husband's hole *just* enough...

Plup!

'Hrnnnn...' Hank moaned, as he tensed; Sylvia could feel his fucking heartbeat - the heat of him, and the *tightness*. 'Oh, *Sylvia...*'

And then, she was deeper. Another inch. She stopped, seeing stars as this new world of pleasure was opened up to her - or, rather, as she *pried* it open for herself and Hank.

'You feel fucking amazing, baby,' she growled, feeling urges she'd never felt before. She wanted to rut him - to *fuck* him, but just as much she didn't want to hurt him. She wanted to take care of him - of her love.

'Deeper,' Hank moaned. So, she did as he asked - she pushed into him, feeling the way his muscles tensed and his body shifted, receiving her with bliss and joy and uncertainty and trust. 'Deeper...'

'Fuck,' Sylvia gasped as she sank more of herself, of her *cock*, into him. She could feel the way his insides gripped him, and wondered if this was how it felt for him when they fucked. She almost felt bad, in that moment, for depriving him of any of this. All of those moments she had denied him, teased him, made him beg - instead, he could have been feeling like this.

She wondered if, knowing what she knew now, she'd be able to say no to him ever again. Or, if knowing *exactly* what she was keeping from him, it would feel even better to control it. To wield it before him.

Fuck, it felt good to be inside him.

'You're so big, *mummy*,' Hank whimpered, as she pushed more and more into him. Her hands stroked his legs, his spread thighs, and her palm found his cock. Half-hard and apparently small compared to the weapon she was skewering him with. She took it in her hand, and Hank moaned as the sensation. He was *dripping* pre-cum, and immediately her hand was coated in his slippery juices.

'Open your mouth,' she ordered. He obeyed, and she leant forwards - sinking more of her cock into him - to put her cum-covered fingers into his mouth. He began to suck straight away, without hesitation, as she felt her hips meet his flesh.

'*Hrmmmmmmff*,' Hank moaned around her fingers as she bottomed out into him. She settled - not moving, not doing *anything* but just revelling in it.

Her cock, so sensitive and alien and yet undeniably a part of her, was on fire. It was squeezed into him. Her movements were tiny, and yet they sent shockwaves through him - and his muscles were dumb and reactionary, but felt like they were trying to pull her in deeper.

They were a match made in heaven.

After a beat, she kissed him, before looking down into his eyes.

'You want to feel what it's like to get fucked?'

Hank nodded - and that was it. Sylvia pulled back, lifted her hips up a few inches to draw herself almost halfway out of him, before *slamming* herself home.

Her eyes rolled, and when she did the same thrust a second time there was no thought behind it - her body just... took over.

Plap-plap-plap-plap-plap - over and over, she filled her husband's hole with her cock, and she felt the searing pleasure begin to flow through her as she stroked his cock in her hand. He was hard again, and she rolled her thumb under the head of her husband's cock as she used his body like a fleshlight.

'*Fuuuuuck,*' Hank moaned, gripping Sylvia's shoulders for support as she felt her cock fill him, stretch him, hitting that part of him inside that sent pleasure directly from his prostate to his brain in white-hot flashes. '*Syl-fuck-yes-baby-fuckk-meeee!*'

Sylvia let go of his cock, and instead put her hands to use lifting his knees upwards, folding him upwards as she leaned in, her cock pushing downwards into her husband's upturned body. He reached round, holding his legs open as she fucked him, and letting her fall into a mindless state.

All she wanted was to go faster. To fuck him harder, deeper, *better*. She could hear him whimpering, and could feel the way his body reacted to her, their flesh hot and sweaty and their breathing erratic.

Paff-paff-paff-plap-plap-plap-plap-

If she didn't do something quickly, she was going to cum - and she didn't want it to end so soon.

So, she pulled out.

Plommp...

'Baby?' Hank asked, letting go of his legs and looking up at her.

'Turn over,' she said. 'You're mummy's fuck toy tonight, baby. Let me see that cute butt of yours.'

Hank did as he was told, rolling over onto his front, legs pinned together as Sylvia straddled his thighs. His back looked so *strong*, muscles shifting and showing off how powerful he could be - if he wanted to get her off, it wouldn't take much. But, like this, she had *all* of the power over him. His body couldn't deny the pleasure it was feeling.

The pleasure she was giving him.

She looked luridly over his body, hands stroking him from shoulder-blade to butt, and she marvelled at the slightly-gaping hole of his, slick with lube and winking at her as it tried to recover.

Not that she was going to give him the chance.

His butt, upturned and pointed towards her, looked like a cute little love heart with a hole in the middle - just *waiting* to be filled. Sylvia dragged her length across him, feeling the way his warm valley seemed *purpose-made* to hold her cock. A perfect little resting place.

'Hrnnn...'

Sylvia decided, then, that she was in charge. That she *had* to be. She had the bigger cock - she had her husband face-down, arse-up. She was going to dominate him.

'Beg for it,' she said, the tip of her cock gliding across his hole.

'Please...' Hank moaned.

She spanked him - one *hard* slap to the right cheek. 'Beg for my cock, you little slut,' she said, a coldness in her voice that made Hank's chest tighten. Trapped between his belly and the bed, his cock failed to twitch. Sylvia leaned over him, her tits pushing into his back as she held his hands at the wrists; she humped against him, feeling the way he pushed back against her, groaning into the pillows. 'Fuck beg for it.'

'Please,' Hank gasped. 'Please, mummy - I need it.'

'What do you need?'

'I need your cock,' he said. 'I need your cock in me...'

'Why do you need it?' Sylvia asked, still dragging her length against him.

'Because it feels so *good* when you're inside me,' he said. 'Please, Syl - *please* fuck me... fuck me hard?'

'Do you want my cum?' she asked.

'Oh, god, *yes*,' her husband whimpered. 'Cum inside me? Fuck me until you *fill* me?'

'Hrnn,' Sylvia moaned, his words making it impossible to resist. She reared up, felt her cock's head slip into the depression of his hole, and then *pushed*.

'Oh, *FUCK*,' Hank moaned as she pushed the head of her fat shaft into his hole, not going slow any more - instead, she took what she wanted. She pushed, deep and hard, until her hips met his butt.

'You're a perfect slut, aren't you,' she whispered in his ear as she began to fuck him, pulling out and then *slamming* herself balls-deep into him again. He whimpered with each thrust, trying to be a good boy. 'My perfect little cockslut - *fuck* - just ready for me - *ungh* - to fuck senseless - *hahh* - until your can't take it any more...'

She gripped him by the wrists, pulling them behind his back, and felt the way it made his hole tighten - *fuck*, he was like velvet. Hot and wet, and yet she was able to glide into and out of him easily.

Like they were made for each other.

That initial resistance started to ebb away, as she stretched him. Turned him out, getting him ready for her to speed up - until she wasn't just fucking him, she was *fucking* him. Hands on his hips, holding him in place as he was turned out by her *incredible* cock.

Hank didn't stop moaning until he was screaming, a steady dribble of pre-cum waking out from his limp cock, the pleasure wracking his mind coming from his prostate and nowhere else. Sylvia was able to reach parts of him so-far untouched, carving out new realms of pleasure that he'd never experienced before.

When he came, Sylvia didn't notice; his screaming and arching and stretching and begging was no different to her. She was focused on herself - on dominating the love of her life.

Until, eventually, she was close.

'You ready for it?' she asked her drooling, mindless husband. 'Are you ready for me to breed you, baby? For me to fill you up? Make you into your own wife's dumb little cumslut?'

Hank couldn't speak - couldn't answer. But Sylvia didn't need him to. She knew what he needed.

And so, when her cock *slammed* into him and held there, and Hank felt the pulsing heat of his wife's cock undulating at his entrance, he knew they were crossing a threshold. He would never forget that feeling.

The feeling of warmth that splashed into him.

The feeling of Sylvia's hot breath on his neck as she moaned, the pleasure she was experiencing almost *painful*.

The feeling of fullness that came with it - parts of his body being inflated and filled in ways he'd never known.

The feeling of love and adoration that he felt at being claimed by her.

The feeling of submission in his heart as he lay beneath her.

The feeling of his wife's cum overflowing from him as she pulled back, a thick dollop following her shaft and falling down his leg.

The feeling of Sylvia's lips on his back as she kissed him, a silent 'thank you'.

#

'How far along are you now?' Brendan asked. His voice was holding back his excitement, and Sylvia could see right through it.

'Five months, now. Really showing it, too!'

'Fuck,' Brendann breathed as Sylvia held the phone back, giving him a view of her baby bump as she sat on the sofa. Hank passed her a tea, before kissing her cheek and excusing himself for her privacy. 'And all of the - ahem - side-effects are *gone-gone*?'

Sylvia nodded. 'Yes. Yeah, but... you know.'

Brendan frowned. 'I know what?'

'You know. It's like you said - it was a part of me. And, now that it's gone, and I have the baby, it's *great*. But soon. The baby will be out, and I'll be... back. To how I was.'

'Are you saying you'll miss it?' he asked.

Sylvia hesitated. Then, she decided to be honest. 'I know Hank will.'

Brendan gave a laugh. 'I knew it.'

'What?'

He smiled. 'Nevermind. But, you should know - if you need a hormonal hook-up, I can help you out.'

Sylvia looked at him. 'You're joking.'

'Gender-affirming care isn't a joke, Syl,' he said. 'And, you know, if I lost *my* cock, I'd be heartbroken - kid or not. Just hit me up in, oh, four months or so?'

'Feels like an awfully long time,' she lamented.

'I know some good strap-ons, if you need a recommendation,' he said with a smirk.

'Now *that* we have covered,' Sylvia said with a grin. 'Alright my love - I'll chat later, okay? I think Hank's feeling a little shunned in the next room - he needs some attention.'

'I'm sure he does,' Brendan laughed. 'See-ya!'

As soon as she was off the phone, she put the tea down and raced through to the next room, where Hank was cleaning a mug. 'You - upstairs - now.'

'Now?' Hank asked, looking a little shocked. 'It's two o'clock!'

'It's a Sunday,' she said. 'Now - get that cute butt upstairs before I get my strap and fuck you right here, in front of the window. Give the neighbours a show.'

'Your hormones really *are* fucked, aren't they,' Hank laughed as she chased him upstairs.

'Not as fucked as you!'

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