

Wife cast a spell on jerk husband to take his masculinity away this causes him to turn into a busty woman and her into a ripped shemale. Wife then gets husband pregnant. -Anon

Thinking back, it was the silent car ride as Kris and Rob returned from a gathering with his family nearly nine months ago at New Years that kicked everything off. Their continuing struggle, which was really only an issue to other people, had come to a head with the news that Janet was finally expecting.

Kris recalled how his Rob's expression darkened at the news, how his normally jovial face knit tight as he anticipated the emotional blow. They were words that should have been joyous and honestly could have left well enough alone, but instead they led to an offhand question about his attempts with Kris. His reaction was an outburst so profound that he excused himself before yelling loudly enough for everyone to hear him from outside. Kris followed shortly after.

Since then, it had become an increasing theme at gatherings with his family. The question of 'When is Kris gonna start showing?' nearly a constant subtext as Janet became more and more obviously pregnant.

That is not to say things had not been tense before. His parents always found things to be upset about. Both looked down on the fact that he worked at the University library instead of teaching literature with his Masters. If that was not enough, Kris got the feeling they had never really gotten over how masculine she was. Even two years later, they still did not approve of their small, nerdy son marrying a woman with such a commanding presence. It felt like they only tolerated her because she was at least a woman and he had not married one of his boyfriends.

Driving home from the archaeology lab, going past some of the same mile markers on the highway from his parents' place, she recalled that drive in the rain.

"Considering other events with your family, I guess that went well," she had ventured, looking over at him.

“Yeah, I suppose,” he had tucked his knees to his chest in the seat. She put her hand on his shoulder. It shook in her grasp with silent sobs. She turned on the radio to let him feel a bit more comfortable vocalizing.

She had kept her eye on him as she pulled onto the highway. Her mind split between driving and classic rock. In the relative quiet, she pondered if his stature had something to do with all the pressure. It was like people all around thought less of him for not being nearly six feet tall, or other such conventionally male descriptors, and would only recognize him as a man when he became a father. Now as then, her knuckles turned white on the steering wheel when the thought crossed her mind.

Sure, Rob was not exactly the typical guy, but that was part of his charm. That he was moderately femme, by purpose or by accident, made Kris feel a little better about being so tall and athletically built. He was generally happy about how he looked, how he lived, so why should everyone measure him against some fucking worn out old standard.

They had been driving a while that evening, nearly half the distance to home, before he spoke five words that hit her like a hammer. “I wish I wasn't broken.”

The conversation was a vivid to Kris now as it was that day, it still made her throat burn that someone who was perfectly healthy could think that.

“We've been over this. It isn't your fault. You had an accident.”

“An accident I could have avoided!” He had slammed his hands on the dashboard, the first sign of emotion in nearly an hour. “I'm the one who walked behind that horse.”

“And your Mom wasn't watching you, so it's such fucking shit that she rags on you for us to have kids knowing about your injury.”

Whether it really was the horse kick or something else, the fact was Rob had azoospermia. They had found out when they first started trying over a year ago. No matter how much he came, it was extremely unlikely that Kris would ever get pregnant.

That she only vaguely wanted kids had made it easier for them to cope. Knowing he was nearly

always shooting blanks meant sex was somewhat worry free and they took every opportunity to go at it. Neither of them used birth control, there was not a need and if she did get pregnant maybe it would shut everyone else up.

He had not told many people and she was not sure that even if he did, they would have cared. The both of them were always being asked when they planned to get started on their family, as if the pair of them and their dog were not a unit. It got exhausting.

It was that agitated sentiment which lead her to volunteer to taking the stones that lay on her front seat that very moment. She was supposed to be taking them to get cast and they would get there eventually, but she had to know if they really were part of a spell for fertility.

They had pretty much fallen into her lap. University was cataloging artifacts from a dig in Northern Ireland, a development was going in, so everything of historic value was extracted before it was lost to bulldozers. The stories around a few of the things, particularly the set of stones, were very odd but promising. If the oral traditions could be believed, far fetched as they might sound, they likely could fix the issue.

If everything went well, standing within them would be the answer to their “pregnancy problem.” Supposedly chanting the right words while standing inside the ring would bestow the chanter with greatly increased reproductive capabilities. She was pretty sure it was a superstition, but the opportunity was presenting itself. After all, it was a long weekend and they were not planning on doing anything. It would be just enough time for things to work themselves out.

“Hey hun,” she said, setting the bag on the counter as she came in the door. “Could you come here a sec?”

He walked into the kitchen in just a pair of athletic shorts. “What's up, dusty?”

Dusty, his pet name for her, was derived both from her penchant for being covered in dust from the lab and her dirty blonde hair. It crossed her mind, as always, that she really should come up with a pet name for him beyond hun.

“I need help setting up a test exhibit, could you help me place these in the backyard?”

Rob looked at the bag of foot long oval stones and quirked an eye brow. “Sure, why not?”

It took the better part of an hour, but the two of them got the ring recreated. They were sitting on the porch now, breathing heavily from the exertion.

“Well? How's it look?”

“Perfect.” She went to continue, to tell him about her plan, but hesitated. Why give him false hope?

“Cool, then I should get ready for work.”

“I thought you were off?”

“I'm doing Jaleel a favor, we have that collection of microfilm that came in which needs to be scanned.”

“Oh. Okay then.” This was perfect, she could use the circle alone. If it worked, she would tell him about her plan. If not, well, such was life.

He leaned into her. “You aren't mad are you? That's your mad voice.”

“No, I'm actually kind of relieved. I hadn't planned dinner yet and you heading out means it's just me.”

Rob laughed and kissed her cheek as he got up and headed into the house. She sat there spacing out at the stones, willing them so show some indication they would work. She was so engrossed she did not hear Rob slide the screen door open. He finally nibbled her ear to get her attention then kissed her when she turned around.

“Be back around eleven.”

“Drive safe.”

The sound of his old Honda starting goaded her to stand finally and kick off her shoes. She pulled out the piece of paper she had gotten from Jamie, the professor who had traveled with the collection from Ireland.

According to the big burly redhead, these were words that were supposed to activate the stones. He had recalled them from his youth, the story they were attached to long lost in the oral tradition. When asked, she told him it was to include with the display, but she could have sworn he winked in response, as if he knew her intent.

She stood in the middle of the circle, but was unsure which direction to face. With a shrug she turned away from the setting sun and began to read the very short incantation. She said the words once with no effect. Saying them again however, felt different. A third time made one of the stones start to glow. Excited now, Kris chanted the twelve or so words over and over until the whole circle glowed with a golden light.

Her feet began to tingle. Already big for a woman, they surged another size larger, digging into the soft dirt as tendrils of energy began to rise out of the ground. The buzzing growth moved up her legs, the glowing energy sinking in as it caressed her calves. The peculiar feeling of her skin being too tight washed over her as already well developed muscles pulsed larger against her jeans.

“That's not quite what I expected, I thought I would become less conventionally masculine not more so-oh!”

Both the light and the growing were moving further up her legs now, her thighs suddenly bulging against the fabric. At the same time, the feeling of stretching traveled down her legs. Accompanied by the faint sound of grinding, at least two, maybe three, inches were added to her legs as her pants became very tight fitting capris.

Her hips were getting wider now, both bone and muscle spreading her stance bit by bit with each breath. The waistband of her pants began to pull tight, the spandex-infused material going along with the expansion for now, but already showing signs of stress.

A tingle drew her hands to her butt. Her glutes swelled against her hands, the muscles swelling as if they were being pumped. The developing curve spilled over the waistband as more and more flesh came into being.

For a moment, the light flickered and Kris's body stopped changing. “Whew, glad that's over. These certainly are stereotypical childbearing hips, though. Maybe the stones do work.”

Suddenly there was fuchsia light accompanied by a twitch in her pussy, then another, before a weird pressure that was like being filled with Rob's cock built up between her legs. The firm pressure pulsed rapidly and she dropped to her knees as an orgasm hit her out of no where. The pressure redirected, as if pushing out of her through the top of her vagina, then slid down until it was pushing against her clit. Out of her mind from the intensity of the pleasure, she found herself absently putting a hand under a very strained waistband.

As her fingertips brushed her button, something changed. In an instant it was twice as long. Granted, that was two inches, but it kept twitching and growing. First thicker, then longer, then thicker once more. Within a few seconds, it was unmistakably a four inch long, rock hard phallus. Gripping it was like grabbing a live wire as whole body shuddered.

On her back now, her fingers desperately working on undoing the button on her pants, she could feel the swelling in her legs returning. The seams of her stretchy jeans began to pop as butt, thighs, and calves resumed their thickening. As she struggled with her pants, her new rod continued to grow. The curved tip crawled down her thigh, getting thicker as it did so. It had to be a a little bigger around than her thumb now. With a throb that pushed its width to nearly two fingers, her clit-dick forced the inside seam pop. As if that was the last straw, the rest of her pants gave up the ghost as they shredded down the sides in a cascade of failed stitching. This left her clothed in what amounted to a loin cloth over her panties.

But she did not have time to grapple with those changes before her body continued to transform. She felt two orbs of flesh growing against the base of her shaft. With each inch of circumference gained, she felt her insides shifting. Bits and pieces swelled as others shrank.

In short order, heavy objects flopped down against her pussy and continued to swell until they were pressing against her thighs. With a tickling sweep, her pussy sealed up and was replaced by soft,

pink skin. At the same time, another surge of growth overtook her. She watched as her undeniably masculine member swelled to a size that put her nearly even with Rob. Her hanging sack was easily bigger than his.

“I think something might have gone wrong. Maybe a stone was in the wrong order?” She expected to be freaked out, but her curiosity at how things had turned out occupied more space in her mind. Besides, if it could do this to her, maybe it really could help Rob overcome his problem. Granted, likely as a woman, but it was a start. “It certainly is for fertility, though, I will say that. Mmmm, I don't think I've ever felt so horny.”

Trying to not think about how much she wanted to stick her new dick in something, she pondered her acceptance of the whole affair. She already thought of herself as manly sometimes, well, most of the time really. Having a body that matched that mentality was oddly satisfying. Even so, she still thought of herself as a woman, her body had no bearing on who she was mentally.

In getting up, she pushed down on one of the stones with her left arm and then jerked back as a jolt as energy arced up to her shoulder. Like some kind of cartoon inflatable, her arm's muscles surged to the realm of professional lifters with a soft pop. The growth stopped at her shoulder, leaving the bicep and tricep of a powerlifter to grow almost grotesquely out of her comparatively diminutive musculature.

Bemused, she flexed and twisted, relishing the feeling of muscles slipping past each other. “I should probably balance that out...”

She gripped another stone, this time not letting go as the transformative magic surged directly into her body. Her right arm swelled to match, then her shoulders and back, each with a soft, very satisfying, pop. Her chest thickened with muscle as her already small breasts shrank away to nearly nothing. Looking down over herself, had it not been for her outlandishly wide hips, she would have looked overall male. If anything, her new pectorals were actually larger than her breasts had ever been.

For a third time the light flickered out, though the tingle did not completely fade. This time she

made sure not to touch the stones as she got to her feet and slipped into the house. She burning hot and she was painfully hungry. That it was a side effect of her new physiology seemed like a good guess. She probably had the metabolism of a life long athlete at this point from how built she was. Looking for protein, she started to scramble eggs. First three, then seven, then the whole dozen. While whisking them she began to chug orange juice right from the container. She smiled in spite of herself as she did it.

The eggs were done just after she guzzled the whole gallon and they went down just as fast right out of the pan. She turned to the fridge, appraising left overs as her body throbbed and pulsed with small tremors of continued growth. She was very aware of her rod the entire time. It was still stiff after all this time, if not getting bigger by the moment with each beat of her racing heart. She wanted to play with it, but the urge to eat was more demanding.

She cracked open a tub of yogurt she had planned to bake with and began to spoon the creamy strawberry dairy product into her mouth as she continued to peruse. Finally, a half-pound bag of baby carrots ended up tucked under her arm along with a large bottle of tea and she headed up the stairs to see if, after eating, playing with her new self was as fun as she hoped it would be. The yogurt tub was empty before she made it to the bedroom.

She watched TV while destroying the carrots and tea, but she finally felt satisfied enough to turn her attention to her new body. It had toned further since she began feasting, giving her the appearance of a well trained fighter. Even her very feminine hips and ass were tighter than before, though they were still plush to the touch.

The real change however was her cock, for there was no other thing to call it now. Tucked in a foreskin that was straining around her glans, her shaft was a stunning display of girth and veins. The most prominent was as thick as a pencil and snaked up her shaft like a river as smaller veins trailed off around the circumference. Gripping the rod in her hand, its size was comparable to a hearty banana and the curve was similar as well with her dick widening a little bit about half way up and then narrowing



again towards the top.

The heat rising off of it was strangely intoxicating. Without even noticing she was already running one, then both hands up and down the length. She found herself both groaning and reveling at the feeling of her foreskin sliding against bumpy firmness under her fingers as her thumb slid back and forth over the ridge of her glans. Pre-cum began to flow down under her fingers and she began to really get into it, sliding down the headboard until she was on her back, her cock pointed up. Gripping tighter, hand over hand, her tempo increased as she started to buck reflexively.

Similar to before, there was a pressure inside, a straining as her body throbbed. She could feel something happening between her legs, something swelling outwards against the skin that sealed off her womanhood. Inquisitive fingers found a tight mound that was pulsing ever larger. Though she was not sure how things worked, that was about where her prostate would have been. It was very likely her first male orgasm would be a tidal wave of cum.

She did not have long to wait to find out. As soon as the swelling behind her taint faded, her balls pulled back to her shaft and the feeling of churning within rushed up her rod. Her hands worked faster, she was groaning constantly now, the edge was so close. Just. A little. Bit. More.

“Yes! Oh fuck...damn.” With a throb her first globs of seed simply rolled down her shaft over her fingers. The second throb was paired with a bucking thrust that pulled her cock down as it let loose a shot that coated her face. The third and forth blasts were weaker, landing on her chest and stomach. The fifth rolled down her length. Scooping the spunk on her face into her mouth, she found that she was surprisingly tart. Alternating between dragging her fingers through the puddles on her torso and licking the sticky fluid off her fingers, she eventually drifted off to sleep.

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The house was dark when Rob got home. He figured Kris had already gone to bed and headed that way himself. Only, when he got to their bedroom it was not Kris sleeping in their bed. At least, not exactly. The man lying on his back certainly had Kris's face and hair and her tattoo of an ankh was in

the same place on a much more muscular chest. But how could this be Kris?

As Rob pondered, the stranger began to moan. Motion beneath the blanket gave way to a wave as a cock that belonged in porn twitched and swelled to life to tent the fabric. "I can't wait to show Rob it works...can't wait to...to..."

"Show me what works?" He said it without thinking and the man's eyes snapped open.

"Hun? What time is it?" They sounded like Kris. A little huskier perhaps, like she sounded when she was sick, but it was definitely her voice. Blue eyes of the same hue focused and the man gasped and scooted back with the blanket, wrapping himself in it. "Hun, I'm sure this looks weird."

"You keep calling me that, but I'm pretty sure my wife wouldn't approve of a guy doing that."

"I am your wife!" He spread his arms wide. Then looked down. "Well, I'm Kris at least."

Rob sat down on the bed. "What happened?"

"It was the stones, they were supposed to make me fertile and then heal you so we could finally fuggin shut your folks up, but, it seems like I got a couple in the wrong spot."

"Can you undo it?" His gaze was drawn to the tent in the blanket.

"Not sure, on multiple fronts. First, I honestly did not expect it to work, so I never asked if there was a counter charm. Second, I don't know if I want to swap back. I like how this body feels. It feels...right? You know what I mean?"

"Not...really, but okay. If you're happy..." He tore his gaze away to look at her face.

Kris' lip twisted into a look of uncertainty. "I grew up outside of my peer group. No other girls were ever as big as I was, but, at the same time, boys were always intimidated. You were the first to let me just be me."

"And I'll keep on doing that," he said, putting a hand on her knee. "If this is what you want."

"It is." Kris paused. "Though, I am still me in here. I might eventually think of myself as a guy, but for now..."

"Yeah. I mean, to me you have always been this kind of in between state anyway, so this is just a

different take on that.”

His wife smiled at that. “Do you...do you want to see what happens for you?”

“Kind of, being a woman certainly can't make my life any worse.” He was back to watching her throb. He felt his own dick getting hard, it felt like it had been a lifetime since such a sight aroused him.

“Can I ask you something, love?”

“Anything, hun.”

“Would it creep you out if I had fantasized about you having a cock all this time?”

Kris blinked. “A bit, but not really at the same time. You used to date guys, so that would make sense. Honestly, you asking me out seemed like such a misunderstanding at the time.”

“Yeah, didn't realize you were a woman until we were in bed, but you know what?”

“What?”

“I was happy with you then and I will be happy with you now. In fact...” He pulled the blanket away as he turned. Leaning over, he swallowed Kris in one smooth motion. Slowly, he licked up the length, keeping eye contact with his wife until his lips parted with her throbbing flesh and sat back.

“Sorry, I just...”

“No, it's fine. That felt...amazing.”

“If the stones made you into a hunk like that, they'll probably do the opposite for me. Can I...can I fuck you one last time, just in case?”

Kris nodded and bent to suck his cock. Rob tangled his fingers in her hair, and for a moment everything was back to before. Kris' lips and tongue were still the same, if anything they were stronger. Rob could feel himself reaching full size as he began to slide down her throat.

Pulling away, he toyed with Kris' butt. Whatever transformation had happened, it had changed her hole. The entrance was like a small doughnut now, the tight flesh plush against the underside of his cock. Pushing down, he slipped inside to even more softness, as if Kris' anus was now made of velvet. Muscular arms went around his shoulders and Rob began to slowly moved deeper as his partner

chanted yes over and over. After a few seconds, he was balls deep and began to thrust back and forth. Kris' fingertips pressed into his shoulder blades as her own cock began to throb and leak pre onto her abs.

Once he had a steady pace, Rob leaned down and resumed his blow job on his wife's cock, attacking it with all of the experience he could muster. The fingers digging into his back moved to his head as Kris began to get the hang of thrusting into his mouth as he thrust into her ass. They kept this up until Rob's neck began to hurt and shifted positions so that he was doing her from behind. He reached around and gripped her cock lovingly, working the pliable flesh with his fingertips.

“Oh wow, I did not expect that to feel so good.” She said around gasps against the headboard.

Rob alternated between stroking his wife and thrusting until he got back up to speed. It was not long before Kris popped. Her cock began throbbing like mad and Rob pushed her over so they were face to face once more and he took her cock in his mouth once more.

The second time she had ever cum was unexpectedly even bigger than the first. Almost at once, Rob's cheeks ballooned out and he gagged as half a liter filled his mouth. Even as he sat back, she kept cumming, her spunk rolling down between them to lubricate his thrusts.

He followed her up at once as a throb in his balls lead to him thrusting one last time and holding deep inside of Kris as his own orgasm pumped his wife's ass full. They remained as one for a while, looking into each others eyes, feeling out the beginning of a new chapter in their lives.

“Well,” Kris ventured. “Shall we see what kind of woman you become?”

The couple moved down in the yard. Standing in the circle, Rob chanted the incantation.

The light flared and tendrils of energy caressed his body. Much to both of their surprise he got taller first, growing even with Kris, then he began to fill out. His legs thickened first, their curves a pleasant mix of muscle and fat. Body heat rising, his hips widened explosively, growing to a size even more vast than Kris'. The curves grew up his sides as feminine musculature grew in under fat. His plush flesh began to settle, creating slight rolls at the top of his hips' flaring curve.

“Is that all?”

“Not yet.”

Fuchsia light filled the clearing and his ass grew so suddenly he toppled backwards. Its expansion hastened and intensified with him on the ground, the curves growing vast enough to raise his crotch off the ground. The sensation of the energy coiling around his legs and caressing his manhood made him shudder, orgasm gripping him almost at once. Even as he began to shrink, the feeling was so pleasurable that he kept cumming until his cock was completely transformed into an over sized clit. His balls vanished up inside him right after, also leaving behind thick, plush labia that were bright pink.

He could not resist playing with himself as the energy moved up his body. His fingers exploring his new sex. The tendrils pushed against his chest and orb after orb of energy traveled up them and into him. His hands moved to his blossoming chest as his tits grew from little bumps to handfulls and kept going. They got heavier and heavier as more and more flesh spread his fingertips apart. The tide of flesh finally halted when the weight pushed past ribs. The tingle moved up, tweaking and tuning things, but most leaving his face as it was.

As the glow faded Kris gasped. “Oh hun, you're so hot now!”

“And horny. Get down here!” Rob pulled Kris to the grass and she mounted him. As their sexes touched, the stones lit up once more, now blue. Energy coiled around them as Rob pushed past the pain of losing his virginity. Almost at once the pain faded into pleasure while Kris slid down until her crotch was against his.

“Are you ready?”

“Yeah.”

The sex was passionate and intense. The harder they went, the better it felt. Minute after minute their bodies became more and more idealized, their shared fantasies sculpting them into a compromise between what they and their partner most desired.

Kris had not really gotten any bulkier, but her musculature felt more impressive as if she were

somehow channeling Adonis. Her cock was insanely huge and Rob realized it was probably only the magic of the stones that let him take its entire girthy length.

Rob had somehow gotten taller, as if his body was trying to find more surface to attach his impossible hips to. On his back, his tits were approaching his navel now as her arms kept them corralled on his chest.

After only thirty minutes Kris had already come twice, filling him with her seed, but her body was not sated and neither was his. They fucked with him on top, his wobbling tits brushing his forearms. They fucked with her on top, his leg over her shoulder. She took him from behind. She even took him in the ass. The only thing that forced them to stop was weakness from dehydration.

Gasping and sweating they stood at the sink, each filling their cup as the pitcher filtered water.

“I am fairly sure I got pregnant from that.” Rob said to break the silence.

“I certainly hope so, otherwise this was a very big waste of time. Well, no, this was wonderful.”

“I should probably have a more feminine name. Rebecca?”

“Sounds good, hun.”

They were both silent for another beat before speaking at the same time. “Do you want to fuck some more?”

“Oh, yes. Yes please.”

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Thanksgiving at Becca's parents promised to be a fascinating excursion. She and Kris had, for the most part, adjusted to their new lives over the last two months. Most of their coworkers had been very supportive. This, however, would be the first time they had revealed the extent of their changes to any of their family.

“Are you sure about this, hun?” Kris asked as they sat in the driveway.

“Yeah, they are going to find out eventually.” Becca sighed. “Besides, I can't wait to tell Janet we're having twins.”