

Happy Wife, Happy Life (TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

Months ago after a bad altercation with a witch, a curse turned Alex into his best friend Colin's attractive wife and compelled the two to constantly sleep together. Now stuck as Amber and five months pregnant, she is understandably annoyed about being stuck as her best friend's submissive, hot wife. Colin, a total graph nerd, tries to help her come to terms with her new life with a Positives, Negatives, and Interesting Chart.

Happy Wife, Happy Life

Amber rolled her eyes not long after waking. Her best friend and husband Colin was experiencing morning wood, and that meant only one thing: she was about to give him the best morning alarm clock ever by sucking him off. She couldn't exactly help it, it was what her body was literally programmed to do, a compulsion she simply couldn't successfully fight, ever. And worst of all, her body also insisted on *enjoying* it, despite the inherent humiliation. Despite the fact that she had pleaded with Colin to try to do something about having all these sexy dreams that made his dick go hard. He simply told her, with a lot of apologies, that it may have been *her* doing. After all, it was a Pavlovian response. When he got an erection, *she* was right there to 'sort it out' for him. These days, that meant it was a rare thing for him *not* to have morning wood at seven thirty in the morning.

And so it was that she shifted in bed, mindful of her stomach, and gently pulled the covers back. Colin was naked, of course. He always slept naked, as did she. They couldn't *not*. Another part of their little 'blessing' together. And sure enough, his impressively big cock was hard as stone. He must have been having damn good dreams, likely about all the things she did to please him yesterday. Well, that *had* been fun, at least. She couldn't deny that her female body was pretty reactive, even if that was pretty embarrassing to admit. She sighed, licked her lips, and crawled between his legs, drawing near his manhood.

"Oh Colin," she said, still sighing in her sweet soprano voice, "you better appreciate what I'm doing for you here, dude."

And with that, she licked his cock, from the thick base all the way to the equally thick head. Colin stirred, and she heard him grunt a little. She licked again, unable to stop herself, and frankly resigned to what she was doing anyway. Amber was fairly practised with this part, after all. She continued to lick the shaft of his cock, occasionally going lower to flicker her tongue over his balls. God, he had nice balls. She wasn't the type to admire them - shouldn't be, at least - but after seven months of being trapped in a horny and submissive woman's body, she had come to appreciate how tasty and attractive her husband's balls her.

She ran her tongue over them, then up to the shaft again. His cock throbbed, and there was another grunt.

“Wakey, wakey,” she mused, before opening her full, soft lips, and placing her mouth over his penishead. She began to work her way up and down his member, taking in far more of his length than most women would, to the point where she was practically deep throating him. He was tasty, as usual. For some reason, as a blessing and a curse, the witch had ensured that as much as Amber hated giving her best friend head, she also really *fucking loved it* once she got going.

She got going.

It didn’t take long for Colin to wake. She looked up, even as she bobbed her head up and down on his dick, rubbing his shaft with her soft hand, and his eyes were stirring open to look at her. For a moment there was confusion, then recognition, then an obviously intense arousal.

“Oohhhh, of f-fuck, what a wake up. Oh sh-shit, Amber. Dear G-God, that’s - that’s - that’s! Ahhhhhh!!”

He came, as she knew he would. His body seized up, his dick throbbed, and his balls tightened even as she held them in her other hand. She moaned, eyes rolling into the back of her head as torrent after torrent of his white, hot, sticky seed flooded her mouth. There was a lot of it. There always was. It tasted *fucking divine*. She took in every drop, and as she did she was hit by an amazing orgasm that made her moan in chorus with her husband.

She licked his head clean, pulled back, and flashed him a seductive smile.

Then she swallowed it all down with a cathartic sigh.

“Morning,” she said, cocking one eyebrow. The curse’s effects dimmed, but for one little compulsion to haul herself up next to him and let him hold her naked form.

“Sorry, Amber,” Colin said, looking guilty. “I did it again, didn’t I? The morning wood, I mean.”

Amber just sighed as she stroked her husband’s chest idly. She wasn’t even sure if the motion was from her or just the curse.

“It’s okay. It’s not like I wouldn’t be the same. You were just the lucky one who didn’t catch that witch’s ire.”

“I know. It’s just . . . I know it’s been seven months, but it must be really hard on you. Especially, well, you know.”

At that, he lowered a hand to stroke her stomach, which was resting against his side. Both of them knew what he was talking about, the evidence wasn’t subtle, and if it wasn’t enough, the child they had made together shifted inside Amber’s womb at that moment.

“Ohhh,” she moaned, “she’s awake.”

“I can feel her. Wow. It’s pretty amazing. But also, you know, crazy.”

“Try being the one that’s pregnant. You know, the one that got turned into a woman and is now carrying her best friend’s baby?”

Colin nodded. “That’s what I’m talking about. How are you going with all this?”

“Oh, you know. The same. It’s all just . . . depressing. I’m stuck as your hot wife for the rest of my life, cursed to fuck you whenever you get turned on by me, which is all the time.”

“Again, I’m really sorry about that.”

“It’s not your fault, it’s just . . . eh. Not how I expected or wanted my life to go, and I don’t exactly have the power to get out of it. Like, it could be worse, but . . . I’m here. I’m a woman. I’m pregnant. I’ve got big, juicy tits that you just love to suck on. And I don’t know that I’ll ever be okay with all of it. I’m trying man, I’m really trying. And there are parts that are not bad, and I won’t lie, I love this little daughter. But the idea of being a wife for life, of being a mom. I don’t know how to even come to terms with it.”

“I know,” Colin said, “I know. But . . . maybe there’s a strategy we haven’t tried yet.”

She looked up at him, nestled as she was against her husband. His hand was playing with her breast, but neither could help that. They were likely to go a second round in a moment, likely with him fucking her the more regular way. Her tunnel was already getting moist at the thought of it.

“Oh?” she simply said.

“Just give me a bit. I might have an idea. You know me, it’ll be something nerdy.”

“Yeah, nerd.”

“Ha! But for now, I guess we’ll just lie together for a bit, and then . . .”

“Yeah, don’t need to avoid it. We’re gonna fuck, dude. Just be mindful of the belly. I’m feeling pretty full right now. And go on my left tit a bit more. It’s feeling ignored.”

“Got it.”

They lay together for ten minutes, slowly caressing one another, giving in to their shared compulsions. And then, not long after that, he was standing by the side of the bed and she on her back with her legs spread as he thrust inside her. The two moaned in pleasure as he came inside her again.

The whole mess had started seven months ago. Amber had once been Alex, a twenty-two year old man with black hair, blue eyes, and a fairly athletic physique. He knew he could be a bit of a ‘college bro’, prone to partying and trying to get in a girl’s pants, but he wasn’t a misogynist or anything, at least in his own mind. His best friend was Colin, the more nerdy of the pair, who was studying to be an accountant with a minor in graphic design. He had sandy

blonde hair, glasses, and was overall the smaller of the pair, though later as a woman Alex would find out that he was giftedly bigger 'down there.' The pair were best friends, though, and had been so since the early days of high school. Colin had helped Alex out with his grades, while Alex in turn helped Colin out with the women. He continued this wingman aid through college, even as he studied in Sports Science with the aim of one day becoming a fitness instructor or a gym guide or perhaps even a sports teacher. They weren't the biggest guys on campus, Colin especially, but with Alex's help they often had a good time, and Colin even got lucky with a couple of girls, though nothing out of his nerdy league. Alex, meanwhile, was pulling a lot. Enough so that his love of hot girls was distracting him from his studies. Unfortunately, his Casanova-like habits would prove to be his undoing.

It was at yet another club that Alex had dragged Colin to that the transformation of a lifetime would take place, one that would divide Alex's life between before and after. Between Alex and *Amber*. He was quite drunk, and Colin was very tipsy also, and the two had somehow gotten onto the conversation of women, and prospects for the future. They were nearly finished with their degrees, after all, and the idea of a long-term relationship was increasingly of interest to the pair of them. It was Alex that quite loudly, and crassly, outlined his idea of a perfect woman. He waved his drink around as he described her, voice slurring.

"Oh man, no offence Colin, but your whole ideal about a girl who is just as smart as you and willing to work and all that is such a chore, man. I mean, I know you want to make enough to support a family with fifteen kids or whatever-"

"Four kids, Alex. Maybe, I don't know, five if we can afford it. I had four siblings. I really liked growing up like that."

"Yeah, so fifteen kids or whatever. Anyway, fine, that's cool and stuff, buddy. But you gotta have a woman with the kind of bod and devotion to you that will make that all worth it. I mean, c'mon, five kids? I bet your Mom was stay-at-home, right?"

"I mean, yeah, but if we're both working, and she's got a good job, then childcare expenses can be tak-"

"So you want a fucking hot, submissive little so-and-so who'll be totally devoted to you, man. I'm talking a fucking twelve out of ten, knock your socks off kind of bombshell with a big fucking set of tits - I'm talking G-cups, man. Like, totally head-sized, and really sensitive - and a set of hips that will make you fucking drool. Like, a real set of babymakers. As in, you take one look at dem hips and you know you just want to get that girl knocked up because he was *made* to birth your kids."

Colin at this point had been quite amused. Alex always had set his sights high for women, often unrealistically. Probably why his relationships, frequent as they were, rarely lasted very long.

"Go on. What other features should this dream gal of mine have, Alex?"

“Dude, I’m just getting started. She should be shorter than you, obviously. And she should have a tight, needy pussy that can get fucked multiple times a day. In fact, she should basically feel an instinct to fuck you whenever you get horny, none of that ‘I’m tired, babe’ bullshit. Oh, and an itty bitty waist, so that she’s got that goddamn glorious hourglass look too. The kind that whenever she moves, her hips sway from side to side, and you can look at dat ass. You know the kind I mean. The bubblebut. The pert peach. The kind of ass you hate to see go, but love to walk away. Real sensitive, too. Yeah, and she’d show off her whole body, and she’d have a pretty face and full lips and long hair and the hottest fucking voice that always sounded like she wanted to get down and dirty.”

Colin laughed, unbelieving what he was hearing. “Oh, that’s *all*, is it?”

“Well, she’s your wife in this scenario, right? So she’d be a fucking fantastic cook, and make sure to keep the place clean, and take care of the kids while you stayed the breadwinner. That’d be the way to really go.”

“You don’t think you’re asking a bit much of this mythical unicorn of a woman?”

Alex shrugged. “Oh, she’s out there, somewhere. I wouldn’t settle for less if I were you, man. I plan to get that hot white whale.”

“Jeez, you are something else.”

“Guilty as charged,” Alex said, smirking.

Little did he know that a young woman at the club was overhearing this conversation, and fuming at the sheer levels of sexism he was exuding. Worse, she was a witch, and not a nice one, or a forgiving one either. She strode up to Alex and Colin, glaring.

“Are you serious? I’m here trying to have a good time and I have to hear this misogynistic drivel?”

“We’re just having fun with hypotheticals, love,” Alex said, smirking and swaying on his feet a little due to the tipsiness.

“Hypotheticals, huh? And you think it’s okay to objectify women like that?”

Alex chuckled before Colin could stop him, and indicated to the thin witch. “Well, no offence honey, but I won’t be objectifying *you* anytime soon!”

The woman’s eyes went wide, and it was at that point that Alex likely sealed his fate. She looked between the two of them as Colin made several apologies on behalf of his friend, offering explanations.

“I don’t care if he’s drunk or not usually like this, the fact that you are friends with someone like this is appalling! Still, at least you tried to defend me, and seem to find his ideas about women laughable. For that, at least, I’ll show some mercy, and perhaps even a blessing with this curse. Since you, Alex, seem to have this perfect idea of a woman in your head-”

“Hey, how’d you learn my name?”

“-then maybe there’s no better candidate than *you* to become her. I curse you to become the sexy, submissive woman you described, and to be compelled to be your friend Colin’s wife and have his babies, just like *he* wants.”

“Um, how did you learn my name?”

“Consider that your curse for life,” she continued, ignoring their questions. With that, she uttered a number of words, flung her fingers in Alex’s direction, and then turned and left.

“Jeez, that was fucking weird,” Alex had said.

But it was about to get weirder. The pair eventually called a cab to drop them off to their respective homes, but even when he fell asleep, Alex kept having strange dreams of that perfect woman he had described. He hadn’t really talked about how she looked very much, and so in the dream she almost looked like a womanly version of himself: with his black hair and blue eyes and amused smirk. She was hot beyond belief, everything he had described, with big, ripe tits and the kind of hourglass figure that other women would kill for. Her perfect, childbearing hips swayed from side to side as she walked towards him, and when she spoke, her voice was raw seduction.

‘Enjoy being me, Alex. Say hello to your new life as Amber.’

The next day, he woke up feeling very strange. His body was soft and smooth, and had jiggy bits that took him a moment to realise what they were. His hair was long, and he had to pull it back from his face to see that he was not alone in the bed: somehow, he was at his friend Colin’s place, and worse, sleeping naked against him!

He wanted to scream, particularly when he saw the massive G-cup tits wobbling on his chest and felt a distinct absence between his legs. But instead, he felt compelled to start kissing and licking his friend’s chest, slowly waking him. Colin was startled by this gorgeous woman, but he too couldn’t resist making out with her, groping her sensitive tits in a way that made Alex moan in his new womanly voice. It didn’t take long before they were fucking, with Alex on his back, legs spread wide as Colin thrust into his new wet pussy. The sensations were spectacular, and so he was caught between horror and pleasure. As he held Colin’s shoulders, he also saw that his left hand had an engagement ring and wedding ring on it. He was married! It even matched the wedding ring that was now on Colin’s hand.

But Alex had little time to take this in, because suddenly Colin groaned, squeezing Alex’s tits one last time before cumming hard into the new woman. The former male cried out in a series of overlapping orgasms. It was the best sex he’d ever had, and it had been as a *woman*.

It was only afterwards that they were able to clear the air. Naturally, Colin felt awful and Alex felt humiliated, but the witch’s curse was impossible to fight against: they continued to have sex as man and wife simply due to Colin’s arousal. It was hard for him not to get turned on too, because suddenly Alex’s entire reality had been rewritten to make him Amber,

complete with all his possessions being at Colin's house, and his entire closet consisting of women's clothing that showed off his incredibly sexy, buxom body. And with the sheer amount of cleavage the new woman was sporting, not to mention her amazing ass, the new *she* could barely make a move without looking utterly desirable. They had sex in numerous positions, both compelled to enjoy it, and afterwards Alex/Amber was then forced to make breakfast, lunch, and dinner, and to keep the house clean, and otherwise do anything that would make her the perfect submissive housewife, just as she had described the night before.

They investigated, of course, with Colin trying to find the witch and Alex/Amber tagging along, always dressed in something sexy that showed off her legs and ass and chest, and after each failure they would go home, strip off, and fuck each other's brains out. The leads dried up, and as the months passed it became clear that this was their new normal for life. Colin had an incredibly desirable wife who would act like a living male fantasy, but would always know it was his friend in there that he was sleeping with. Alex had the worse end of the deal for his statements, and his life was now that of a stay-at-home wife.

Which, after just a few months, evolved into that of a future stay-at-home mother. Just as Amber was starting to become resigned to her new life, embarrassing as it was to have such big, wobbling tits and a dynamite figure, she then found out that she had gotten knocked up with her best friend's baby. It was bound to happen, really. Not only was it part of the fantasy she had described with Colin, but they had rarely used protection. It was a miracle that she had managed to go through two incredibly frustrating periods before Colin got her pregnant.

And so the months had passed, and her belly (and tits) had grown, and with them, Amber had also grown . . . frustrated. Annoyed. Resigned. A little depressed. Even as her baby started kicking, and they found out it was a girl, and Colin did everything he could to take care of her, she was starting to realise just how much life was truly changing for her, and how much the curse was moulding her into the mother of her best friend's babies.

Colin noticed this, and did his best. He was working hard as an accountant and making good money to support them, but it didn't help Amber's malaise. And nerd that he was, he had an idea that could possibly be therapeutic.

"Tada!" he declared, turning over the large whiteboard.

"It's a whiteboard, wow," Amber said. She'd just come out of the shower after making them both waffles, which had led to a round of kitchen sex as he took her from behind

against the tabletop. She was now dressed in a sexy maternity dress that hugged her pregnant belly, which she stroked idly by habit. She'd always wondered why pregnant women did that, but now she couldn't help herself with her own rounded stomach. It wasn't even a compulsion.

"Not just any whiteboard," Colin said, "but a PNI chart. I figured it could help."

She crossed her arms underneath her breasts, emphasising her cleavage as a result. "PNI?"

"Positives, Negatives, and Interesting Chart. It's a good way to chart an experience in a simply qualitative and partly quantitative manner, and work through your own understanding and feelings of your own experiences."

"Dude, this is not gonna help."

"C'mon, just give it a go. This is your chart, so here we can talk about the positives, the negatives, and the stuff that isn't either but is at least sort of interesting to experience in the third column. It can really help change your perspective on what you're going through."

Amber sighed in that soft way of hers. She was more used to her voice now, but the fact that she permanently sounded like a femme fatale trying to get into a private detective's pants was a continual frustration.

"Fine, I'll give it a go. At least all the talking will put her to sleep, she's been moving around in me since I woke you up with that blowjob. Oh, okay, let's start with that. Negative column: I have to give my best friend blowjobs each morning like his personal alarm clock."

Colin grinned sheepishly as he wrote *Morning Alarm Blowjobs* up on the negative column in clear printed lettering. "Sorry about that. Again. But you enjoyed it too, right?"

"Ugh, don't remind me. But yeah. As if you couldn't tell."

"Well, there's a positive!"

"It's humiliating!"

"But still a positive." He wrote *Blowjobs Feel Good!* on the board anyway. "What else can you say about the curse to fit into these columns?"

Amber shifted, laying back further in the sofa to support her stomach. She gestured at her rounded dome of a belly. "Well, for one, I'm knocked up."

"Which column?"

"Are you serious? Negative!"

"But you were pretty weepy the other day, talking about how much you love our little girl."

"That was just hormones. I mean, sure, of course I love her. She has these little kicks and it's so fucking weird but also nice at the same time. I can't explain it. Okay, put 'has to have Colin's kids' in the negative column and then put 'loves my daughter' in the positive

one. And just chuck 'kicking in my belly' in the Interesting column, because it can be awesome, but also really sucky when I'm trying to sleep."

Colin went along with it, then added 'Boobs are Fun to Play With' in the positive column, which made Amber groaned.

"Seriously? I thought *I* was the focus of this list, not you."

"You are!" he said. "Do you disagree? You certainly seem to enjoy them."

"It's just . . . they're heavy. And I can barely get you off them. Fine, leave them in the Positive column. If I have to be stuck as a woman, I might as well enjoy some nice big titties, after all. Plus, they're really sensitive. But add 'Forced to be a submissive stay-at-home housewife' to the list.' Because that really sucks, man. I mean, works sucks too, but why can't I have options, damn it? God, this is just reminding me of it all."

"Give it some time," urged Colin, who added her recommendation in tiny writing. "Did you want to add something positive to the list, or even just something interesting?"

Amber thought about it for a moment, breathing heavily. Her mind kept going back to one thing. "Okay, don't make a big deal out of it, because it's also hyper humiliating, dude, but sex is pretty amazing."

"Yeah? I mean, you've said that before. And no offence, but you make pretty loud sounds, during."

She blushed, embarrassed by the memories of her orgasmic wails of pleasure. There was no denying that her new body was hypersensitive to the ecstasies of sex, though, no matter the position. She even orgasmed just from giving her husband head.

"Just put it up there already. We all know my body is, like, super turned on super easily, and that I literally can't *not* orgasm when you fuck me. Seriously, I swear I'm still shaking from you taking me from behind in the kitchen earlier."

They shared a sheepish grin. Months ago, that would have been hard to admit, but Amber figured with her womb literally growing her friend's child, that playing coy at this stage was pointless.

"I'll put it on up there. Oh, and do you mind if I put 'Gives Colin the most mindblowing sex he's ever, ever had' up as well?"

She giggled. "Fine, you dumb dork. Nice to know we both enjoy it, after all. But I've got to wear the consequences! Chuck 'Have to give birth - probably multiple times' in the negative column."

"That's not fair! You haven't even done that, yet!"

She raised an eyebrow, and pointed with both fingers at her crotch. "Dude, I have to literally push a baby through my vagina. A vagina I shouldn't even have. It's going to be painful as hell. I'm probably going to poop during birth. I read that most women do that. I *will*

scream, like a total girl, and you better be by my side and not even *look* at the business end of things.”

Colin nodded, put it on the Negative column. “But you get a baby at the end?”

“Chuck that under positive. I still feel weird about being a mom, but all these pregnancy hormones have me straight up loving this kid already. It’s weird, but I do.”

“I love her too,” Colin said. He crossed the room, caressed her stomach, and kissed her on the forehead. “What about anything that’s just interesting?”

She thought for a moment. “Looking mega hot, I guess?”

“Not a positive?”

“Maybe one day . . . years from now. Like, every guy dreams at least once of what they’d do if they woke up in an absolute hottie’s body, right?” She smirked a bit, stroking her belly as she thought idly. Her little daughter kicked within, but just as Amber had predicted, the movements of her child were getting more sluggish. She was about to sleep. “Well, that part is awesome, you know, once I get past the fact that I’m literally stuck as that woman for life. But yeah, I can pose in the mirror, play with my tits, check out my ass.”

“It is a good ass,” Colin mused, smirking.

Amber stood, pulling herself up carefully due to her lower centre of gravity. She moved in profile to Colin and ran a hand over her backside.

“Excuse me? It’s a *fantastic* ass. You could bounce a quarter off of this bad boy. Or bad girl. Whatever. And I won’t lie, sometimes when I wear a hot dress or the right outfit, I just look in the mirror and I’m like ‘damn girl, you look sensational. ‘Cause I do.’”

“I thought that about the red dress. The night we think we got you pregnant.”

“The night *you* got *me* pregnant,” she corrected, gesturing to her stomach. “And yeah, the red dress was hella hot. Buuuuuut . . . I also have to put up with catcalls. With guys always looking at my cleavage and me having to remind them my eyes are up here - you being the worst offender, since you’re doing it now.”

“Sorry, you were posing.”

“I can’t *not* pose, remember? And sometimes I get catty comments from other, less hot girls - which is all of them, by the way, not that they’re all mean, just that they’re all less hot - and older ladies too. So that sucks. That one construction guy groped my ass, too. Thanks for punching him, by the way.”

“No problem. I’ll put it up under interesting then.” He did so, writing *Mega Hot All the Time*. “What else can we put up here?”

“That I make great food? It’s interesting, because it’s positive and negative. Aw hell, I don’t mind it so much. I was shit at making food before, and sometimes you manage to make it before I’m compelled to. Put it under positive.”

"Makes Great Food. Can't disagree there. Hey, we're making progress! There's some good positives here! Let's do another before we return to the Negative column, if we even do."

Amber mused. "Well, getting free stuff as a lady is nice. And people are nicer to you. They don't treat me as super smart or anything, but I looked pretty blockheaded before, so it's not a huge change."

"Women Get Treated Nice - like those free drinks you go. You know, the night of the red dress."

"Sounds like a movie," she said, laughing. "The Night of the Impregnation! The Night You Got Your Best Friend Turned Wife Knocked Up!"

They laughed. "I'd watch it," Colin said.

"Dude, you're living it. You're gonna live it four more times, probably."

"We might only have four kids."

"Nah, I know you really want five, you dork. Which means this ridiculously fertile as fuck body will provide. God, I'm going to be pregnant *five* times. Five! Add that to the Negative."

He did so, but as he was writing it, she changed her mind.

"Just . . . put it on Interesting instead. I don't know. My hormones are out of whack. Put it there before I change my mind, and just put 'No Free Will' or something under Negative."

"How are you coping with that?"

Amber stepped closer to him, and Colin clearly recognised that she wanted a hug. She was more open to affection these days, part of being a woman, but also just her unique situation. He embraced her, feeling her swollen belly against him. Their daughter kicked, and it made him chuckle.

"I'm coping okay," she murmured, staring ahead. She was trying to ignore how nice her full tits were feeling against his chest. "Getting more used to. I guess everyone has stuff they can't avoid doing. Like, I'm not in a prison cell, right? And I still get plenty of choice in lots of stuff, sometimes even the compulsion. Like, at least we can *choose* what positions we fuck in, or I can decide how to decorate the place, or what food to cook, or what sexy outfits to wear, even if I still have to do all that stuff."

"That's a really damn positive outlook, man," Colin said.

"No man now," she mused, before pulling back. She wiped a tear from her eye.

"Thanks dude, needed that. Hey, add 'Colin is an awesome hugger' to the board."

Colin chuckled, then paused as she looked at him earnestly.

"I'm serious," she said. "Even in bed, after we've been going at it, you make me feel okay. It was pretty hard to take at first, feeling my best friend naked against me like that, but

it's not bad now. It actually feels nice. Comforting. It makes me feel better. I mean, if I'm going to be a woman forever I might as well get the benefit of snuggling, right? Women love that shit like catnip, so why can't I?"

Colin grinned, and added it to the board. He looked like his heart had grown three sizes in that one moment. "Anything to ruin the Positives, then?" he asked.

"Hmmm . . . being shorter is annoying. It's a minor one, so don't write it in all caps. Plus, at least I'm perfectly sized for you. Putting my head on your shoulder, also you being able to lift me against the wall which is hot as all absolute fuck."

"You like that, huh?"

"Dude, I couldn't believe I was getting nailed against a wall by your big dick the first time, but God it was good. Would absolutely try again."

"Damn, I'll remember that. Thank God you're pretty light. Well, not anymore."

She laughed as she held her stomach in both hands. "Yeah, we might have to wait till I'm skinny again. Oh, add 'Always Walks Sexy' to Positive. Man, I'm getting into this."

She took the marker from Colin, who stepped back with surprise as she added *Always Walks Sexy* to the good column.

"Wow, I'm surprised," he said, trying not to chuckle at how ugly and boyish her handwriting still was, "I really thought you would have put that under negative. You complained about it all the time in that first month, especially when we went out in public."

She gave a vulpine grin. "Yeah, but now I *own* that shit. Well, at least until your baby starts making me waddle. As I said, if I'm going to be a woman, I might as well be the total alpha of women, right? Like, the hottest and coolest chick of them all? Well, the walk is all about that. I can break up a date that was going well between two people just by making a guy stare at my ass and hips as I walk passed, or make my chest jiggle *just right* with a little half-step. It's a fucking art, dude. I mean, it's part of the curse, but I can enhance it, and get some enjoyment out of it."

Colin closed his eyes, huffed. "Sorry, just trying not to get too excited. I'd like to get this done *before* we have more sex."

"See!" she exclaimed, giggling in her light voice. "I can absolutely dominate people with my sexy walk. I'm a total alpha."

"I'm just glad you've got a positive perspective on it."

"Yeah, you get a positive perspective on my ass. Sorry, that was a lame joke. Okay, let me do an Interesting one. You're right, this is kinda soothing. Okay, interesting . . . interesting . . ."

She began to write, and when she was finished, she had three points on the wall.

High heels make me taller, sexier, but also WHYYYY

Colin is super comfy when sleeping, but can't sleep in my DAMN CHEST ANYMORE

Beach is nice but bikinis still feel weird

“Good points, all of them,” Colin said. “I feel bad for saying this about that last point, but you do look really damn fine in a bikini, Amber.”

She shrugged. “I know, even pregnant I look spectacular. But they still feel weirdly revealing, and I have to keep adjusting my tops so I don’t flop out of them. Which reminds me of another positive.”

She wrote *Dem Big Titties* on the board.

“Uh, that’s already on there, Amber.”

“I know. But they’re just that great. I mean, heavy as hell and I love taking my bra off at the end of the day, but God they feel good to squeeze. I know you won’t disagree, especially when I sit on your lap.”

Colin took a deep breath again, trying not to get too aroused while she wrote *Colin’s Big Dick* in the Interesting column.

“Well, this explanation I’m looking forward to,” he said. “Didn’t expect that on there when I came up with this idea.”

Amber kissed him on the cheek, then the lips - that was a compulsion, but one she was used to. “Dude, it’s pretty obvious, isn’t it?”

He shook his head. “Not really. I thought it’d be in the negative column.”

“At that size? Dude, you already know you’re packing a rifle down there, even if you didn’t know it until you were ploughing me and I admitted it out loud.”

Colin blushed. “Yeah, but from your perspective-”

“From my perspective, it’s wrong as all hell. I’m not just fucking my best friend, but I’m actually taking his dick inside me - vagina, mouth, and those few times we did anal, which at least wasn’t terrible. Kinda weirdly nice, at least.”

“I liked it.”

She pressed her breasts together rather suggestively, leaning forward with knowing wink. “Oh, you would, wouldn’t you?”

“Are you *trying* to seduce me right now?”

“Right, sorry. Just getting a little turned on. Fuck. This body is just - anyway! My point is despite how weird and totally wrong it is, goddamn if it isn’t nice. Even giving you a blowjob . . . yeah. This is super embarrassing to talk about so I’ll just move one.”

She wrote *Total Nympho* in all three columns. “There’s arguments for each,” she explained. “Sex is amazing and frequent, but holy shit I’m now a woman getting a man’s dick in me, but also isn’t it interesting how good it feels? Moving on!”

She wrote a few more times in the Positive column.

Great Fashion - seriously, how good do I look?

Good at doing my hair now, even with way more of it

Skincare is amazing

Life isn't crazy different - still a person and can still play games and watch movies

Snuggling is comfortable. Like to rest on Colin's chest before sleeping

Pregnancy is kinda cool - literally making life!

A couple were in the Negative column:

Bras are stupid expensive, especially G-cups!

Catcalls, come-ons

Not getting taken seriously

And one more in the interesting column:

Two years younger in new life - good and bad.

"Oh, and put 'better health and longer life expectancy' in the Positive column," she instructed Colin as she moved to sit down and relax for a moment. "And that I get a family I can depend on, and a secure future, and at least I have a husband I know loves me and that I love too . . ."

She trailed off, and Colin stared at her, astonished.

"What?" she said. "You always say you love me! It's not a huge surprise, right? I mean, who wouldn't love this hot bod. Plus, we've been friends for ages. That's a kind of love anyway, right?"

"Yeah, but you just said you love me too."

Amber went red, and she was momentarily speechless. "Well," she said in her sweet voice, "it is true. I mean, I know I've never said it before, but you're my best friend, dude. And now you're my husband, and going to be the dad of my kid. Our kid. And you're doing so much for me while I'm still adjusting after all this time. Of course I fucking love you."

He kissed her, holding her against him in a loving embrace. She returned the kiss, and there was an element not just of passion there, but genuine romance. He caressed her backside before moving to stroke her round dome.

She giggled when he pulled back. "Don't let this go to your head and suddenly expect me to be the perfect loving wife or whatever. This is all still weird and crazy new to me."

"I know," he said. "But I love you. And I'm glad to know you love me back."

"I do," she said, wiping away a tear. "God, can you add 'cries all the time' to the Negative column."

"Only if I can add 'Love each other' to the Positive column."

She giggled again. "Fine, fine! Do it! But then you better take this loving wife to the bedroom."

"Oh yeah?"

She grinned. "Yeah. Your tactic worked, dude. Look at that board. There's more positive on it than anything else, and even the interesting stuff is kinda cool. So yeah, you've

cheered me up, and I can look at that whenever I want to remind myself that things will be alright.”

She kissed him again, lowering her hands to his crotch and feeling the very hard erection that was there. Her compulsions were upon her, but this time she embraced them. God, she wanted to fuck this man. This best friend of hers. This husband.

“But right now, I want to feel your big hard cock inside me, so you can *hear* how happy you’ve made me. Deal?”

Colin began helping her slide out of her dress, revealing her pert melons with her large nipples, just aching to be licked and squeezed and sucked.

“Deal,” he said.

And the two lovers embraced, moving towards the bedroom, both already moaning in bliss as they caressed and kissed one another.

What happened next was a definite Positive.

The End