

Instant Wife and Mother - Part 1

For Dash666

By TheSpiralledEye

David hates his brothers wife Erica and her constant complaining about how hard it is to be a mother these days. After one beer too many and a day ruined by her bitching he decides to tear her a new one only for Erica to get her revenge by tossing David into a whole new reality. Now not only is he a woman, but he's a mother to a five year old girl and married to Erica's own brother!

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The lakeside was serene. The area was so still and quiet David could hear the bobber as it landed in the water after arching through the air. He sat back, one hand on his fishing pole the other on a cool beer from his cooler. It was just him, his drink and sweet, quiet nature. He couldn't have asked for a better Saturday afternoon and when he was done here, he was going to end his perfect day with a meal at his favourite steak house. Life really couldn't get any better. Just as he was finishing his beer he felt his line dip slightly, then again; a nibble! He reached for the reel, completely focused and in the zone when-

HOOOOOOOONK!!

The car horn blared behind him, causing the birds settled in the nearby trees to flee into the sky. His fingers slipped and the reel began to rapidly unravel. Swearing under his breath David caught it and attempted to pull the fish back in but it was too late. The fish had managed to get enough slack and a moment later his line returned to him empty, bait gobbled up.

He swore again in frustration and turned to yell at the offender only to groan. He recognised the SUV now parked up the hill all too well. His chubby, annoying as hell sister-in-law Erica stepped out, hair in a messy bun and one eye on her phone screen as she opened the back door and let her daughter jump out with a scream of excitement. To add insult to injury, the only bearable member of that household, his brother Kyle, was nowhere to be seen.

“Oh, heya David.” Erica called, finally looking up from her phone, “Fancy seeing you here.”

“If you ever paid attention to what I said at family dinners maybe you would know this is my favourite fishing spot.” He grumbled under his breath.

“What? Speak up!”

“Nothing!” He called, “I said, what are you doing here?”

“Oh Beth needed some fresh air. We’re going out tonight and if she’s got too much energy she’ll run amok at the restaurant.” She shrugged, “I think I remember Kyle mentioning this lake was great for...something.”

“Fishing.” David deadpanned, “There is a playground on the other side of the park you know, maybe take Beth there?”

As if summoned by her name the seven year old was suddenly an inch from his face.

“What’cha doin’ uncle David?”

“Fishing.”

“Ooooh! Can I try?” Beth bounced on her toes, “Lemme try!”

Before he could stop her she was grabbing his very expensive fibreglass fishing pole right out of his hands and David saw red.

“Do not touch that!” He snapped, “Hasn't your mother ever told you to keep your grubby little hands off things that don't belong to you?”

Beth’s bottom lip began to wobble and David resisted the urge to roll his eyes; kids these days honestly. A second later his quiet was once again taken away, this time by a screaming girl.

“Come on,” He tried in his most placating tone, “You’re seven now, a big girl, you don’t cry like a baby.”

“M-Mu-muuuuuuummy! Uncle David called me b-baby!” Beth sobbed, “And he yelled at me!!”

David was very glad there was nobody else here to witness this embarrassment. Erica was at their side in a moment, leading Beth away and consoling her as if she was the one who had been wronged. She babied that girl too much in David’s opinion, he was glad most of the time when he got together with Kyle it was just the two of them honestly. When she had first been born his brother had tried to make him into the ‘fun’ uncle which had been the exact opposite of fun for David.

He didn’t like kids. Which in his opinion, was fine. It wasn’t like he actively hated Beth or any other child but he had no desire to be around them and listen to them prattle on about Pokemon or whatever it was that kids liked these days. He certainly didn’t want Beth’s sticky fingers all over his fishing equipment.

“David, you have to be more gentle with her.” Erica huffed, “You can’t just yell at a kid for getting excited. She wants to get to know you better, she barely ever sees you as it is.”

“Why’s that such a bad thing?” David sighed, “Look, I was here first, you two were the ones who ruined my bite. Go take her to the playground or something like a proper mother.”

“Excuse me?” Erica scoffed, “A proper mother? What the hell would you know about being a mother?”

“Erica, I really don’t want to get into this. Just let me get back to finishing and you can get back to whatever it is you do.”

“Well,” She crossed her arms over her chest, “I hope you’re in a better mood tonight at the steak house.”

David felt his stomach drop.

“You’re going to the steak house tonight? I thought it was just going to be me and Kyle.”

Like it *always* was.

“No, Beth, me, Kyle and his brother Jesse are all coming along.”

“Funny, he forgot to mention that.” David felt his mood sour even further; in less than ten minutes Erica had managed to ruin his entire Saturday. That was a record even for her.

David had never met James but if he shared blood with Erica it was pretty safe to say he was going to loathe the man. If the ribeye at Boston’s Steak House wasn’t the greatest meal ever created he would be tempted to bow out all together just to avoid the headache.

“Mum! Mum! Watch my cartwheel!”

“Coming sweetheart.”

David just sighed and started packing up his fishing equipment. Something told him the fish wouldn’t be biting any time soon.

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On the third Saturday of every month, David would meet Kyle at Boston’s Steak House. They would catch up, chat about their favourite shows and sports, and have a few beers. The usual brother stuff. Now, instead of sitting in their usual booth talking about how awful the ending to Game of Thrones was again for the hundredth time, David was heading to the ‘family’ section of the restaurant.

The fact that there was an adults only section at Boston’s was a selling point for him. Or it had been until he was forced into the noisy half of the restaurant and had to start navigating around high chairs. Kyle was sitting next to his wife and Beth, who was swinging her legs back and forth while looking over the kids menu. Next to Erica was a dark haired man with the same sharp cheekbones as her; her brother no doubt.

“David! Great to see you!” Kyle smiled, shaking his hand and indicating for him to take a seat opposite Jesse.

“Good to see you too,” David replied tersely, “You didn’t mention this was going to be a family affair. Normally it’s just the two of us.”

Erica scowled at him as if she had any right to be offended.

“Didn't I? Sorry.” Kyle said without sounding remotely sorry at all, “But Jesse just moved to town and I couldn't resist bringing him out. Erica's brother is great David, I'm surprised I didn't think to introduce you to him sooner.”

Jesse cleared his throat and offered his hand, which David took. At least this guy seemed to have more manners than his sister who was still scowling. David tried to not let her presence ruin his night but it was hard to relax when Beth kept asking how much longer her chicken nuggets were going to take while the two boys at the table behind him yelled and threw mashed potato.

“So, Jesse.” David said through gritted teeth, “What do you do?”

“Accounting.” Jesse beamed as if it weren't the most boring answer in the world, “I was pretty excited when our firm opened up a new branch in Erica's home town. And look, they even gave me this as a thank you for moving.”

He held up his wrist to show what appeared to be a watch with no clock face. With a tap of his finger a tiny screen appeared and David felt his eyes glaze over.

“The latest Apple watch!” Jesse beamed, “I had the older model and I know, they say there is barely a difference but I disagree! You see this newer model-”

David turned him out. There went any chances he planned on giving the man. He hated all this high tech stuff men were into nowadays. What happened to tinkering with cars? There was nothing manly about smart watches or phones, especially when the former didn't even show the time!

He drank twice his usual amount of beers just trying to make the night tolerable. He had hoped Kyle would at least try to talk to him but he was too wrapped up listening to his wife bitch about another woman in her mother's group.

“She acts all high and mighty about how she got her figure back straight away.” Erica scoffed, “As if we didn't all know she paid a surgeon to do it for her.”

Jesse seemed equally sympathetic to her 'plight', further cementing David's original suspicions that he would find the man thoroughly unlikeable. His opinion certainly wasn't improved when Jesse ordered the caesar salad. Erica, in all her glory, ordered a mountain of mash potato and cheese fries.

“What?” She asked daringly as he raised an eyebrow.

“Nothing.”

“No, you’re doing that thing again,” Erica hissed.

“Doing what?” he held his arms up defensively.

“That thing where you smirk or make some sort of obvious observation and then act all put upon when somebody asks you what you mean.”

He did no such thing, but since she asked...

“I was just thinking you could probably stand to follow your brother’s example.”

Her eyes narrowed.

“What, you think because I’m a woman I should be eating salads and leave the big meals to the men?”

“No, of course not.” He shook his head, “I’m just saying...you’re always complaining about how much weight you put on after being pregnant but I don’t see you making any effort to lose it.”

“David...” Kyle said with a warning tone but David ignored him, fueled by the extra beers he’d been downing.

“No, Kyle, you deserve better, she constantly bitches about how fat she is but she never goes to the gym or eats right. She’s at home all day doing bugger all, the least she could do is join one of those women’s gyms.”

“Being a stay at home mom doesn’t mean I just sit around all day.” Erica sniped.

“Please, let’s just all take a deep breath.” Kyle tried placatingly while Jesse looked anywhere but his own table. “I’m sure that’s not what David was implying. Right David.”

Kyle fixed him with a hard stare; David knew that look. It was the one Kyle used right before snapping. He had no desire to make a scene but something in David just reached a breaking point; perhaps it was Erica's smug face glaring at him from across the table.

"Yes, it was." he said smugly, "And she knows it."

Kyle looked like he was about to raise his voice but was silenced by a motion from Erica. She dapped her mouth with her napkin, like she was the fucking queen or something, and stood up.

"I'm a big girl, darling, I can take care of myself."

David couldn't help but chuckle at the mention of her being a 'big girl'.

"You know what you need, David? Some damn empathy. You have no respect for what it means to be a mother or wife."

"Oh here we go, the whole being a mom is full time job speech." He crossed his arms over his chest, "I'll have you know my mother was a stay at home mom her whole life and she managed to raise Kyle and I while looking good and keeping house just fine. Oh, and she did it without *bitching* about how 'difficult' it was the whole time."

Something in Erica's eyes changed, perhaps it was the fluorescent lights or something but her eyes almost seemed to flash dangerously. She lowered her voice.

"Unlike you," She whispered harshly, "I have some damn standards so I tell you what, I'm going to kill two birds with one stone here and teach you some empathy with a bit of tough love."

David couldn't help it, he laughed.

"Are you seriously going to fight me?"

"No, I am going to teach you." She said, sitting down as if she had somehow won this little dispute.

He looked to each side before smirking.

“Well?”

“Oh it’s done, you just have to wait and see.”

“Sure.” David rolled his eyes just as a very awkward looking serve arrived at their tables with their main courses.

The rest of the dinner was silent, which was honestly just how David liked it when given the option of listening to more Apple tech chats or Beth whinging. It seemed even her small mind could read the room right now. Kyle didn’t shake his hand when he left but David didn’t worry about it too much; his brother had always been a bit whipped when it came to Erica but he’d come around. He always did.

He paid his bill and headed out the door, unlocking his pick up and hopping in to drive home. The meat was sitting heavily in his stomach and he couldn’t help but wince as the first stages of what had to be heartburn started up in his chest. That had never happened before, maybe all the red meat was finally getting to him. Doing his best to ignore it he started up the truck and turned out of the parking lot and onto the road, rubbing at his chest with irritation.

His discomfort began to grow as the drive continued; David found himself shifting in his seat, unable to find the comfortable, well worn groove where his ass usually sat. Not only that but the burn in his chest was getting stronger. Unlike heart burn though it seemed to be spreading...across his skin? It almost felt as though it were stretching.

His concern began to rise; had he eaten something new without realising it? Was this some sort of allergic reaction? He pulled into the parking lot of his apartment building and clambered out. He pulled down the collar of his shirt but in the darkness couldn’t see if there was any kind of rash on his skin. Damn cheap owners; how many times had he complained that the outside lights weren’t working?

He slammed the door shut and blinked in shock; his pick up looked...wrong. No, that wasn’t his pick up at all, it was a white SUV, with a booster seat in the back. David felt his brow furrowed in confusion, he’d just gotten out of his car and taken a few steps, how was he so far from his truck already? He glanced around, trying to find it in the gloom but gave up; perhaps he was light headed and blanked out for a moment. Regardless, he needed to get inside and figure out what was happening *now*.

By the time he reached the third floor the wind had gone from his lungs; his chest felt heavy, almost like there was extra weight there crushing down against him. For the

thousandth time he cursed the broken elevator and stumbled to his apartment, chipping a nail against the broken lock as he did so.

His body felt like a horror show; that stretching feeling had spread to his hips and butt now and his scalp was itching. He reached up to run his long fingernails along his skull when he realised something felt very, very wrong. Not only were his nails, well, long, when they had been short at dinner but he suddenly seemed to have far more hair on his head than normal.

Panicking now he managed to stumble to the bathroom and flicked on the light. He expected to see his face covered in hives, perhaps sweating with some sort of fever. What he did not expect was to see a stranger reflected back in the glass. Instead of his usual handsome face, a woman was looking back at him. Her full lips in a perfect O shape as her jaw dropped. Her mousy brown hair fell to her shoulders and to his surprise, seemed to be growing longer by the second. He stumbled back, watching as his body warped beneath his clothes; turning bottom heavy and pear shaped as breasts began to bulge at his chest and his hips turned wide.

“Wha-! What!?”

His chest heaved with panicked breaths and then, just as his panic reached a crescendo.

David passed out.

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David rolled over in bed and sighed in contentment. His blankets were so warm; normally he woke up freezing thanks to his apartment’s faulty heating but today was clearly different. He was so comfy, he would have gladly drifted back off to sleep but the world outside his bed had other plans. The sound of a microwave going off woke him suddenly from slumber. He rubbed at his eyes sleepily, chuckling a little at the odd nightmare he’d had last night. David couldn’t believe he’d let Erica actually get to him enough to force him to have a nightmare about becoming a woman. Not that he’d ever let it slip.

Stretching he sat up in bed and realised he could hear voices. All drowsiness was immediately vanquished; had somebody broken in? If so, why were they talking so loudly?

“Quiet, mommy is still sleeping.”

Mommy?

David felt his eyes adjust and for the first time he realised he wasn't in his apartment. He was in a bedroom he didn't recognise, patterned in blue and pale green. There was an iPhone sitting on the bedside table opposite his, as well as an Apple Watch. A tree outside the window behind the bed cast shadows across the room; wherever he was, he was on the ground floor.

He swung his legs out of bed, ready and wary to explore this strange place but immediately he was met with a distraction. His feet looked...wrong. They were smaller, yet his ankles thicker. Speaking of thick, he could feel his thighs pressing together as he sat and he looked down at them to see an oversized shirt; the fabric was old and faded, clearly it had been worn for years. There were even a few spots where the fabric was so thin he could see the outline of the panties beneath.

Immediately he jumped to his feet in shock only to tumble over when he overbalanced. Falling straight onto his chest and wincing as his new tits were crushed beneath his own weight.

"You okay, darling?"

A head popped through the doorway.

"Did we wake you?"

"J-Jesse?" David gaped.

It was Erica's brother from last night, looking very confused. He rushed over and helped David to his new feet before giving him a kiss on the cheek.

"I'm so sorry to do this, especially when you just had a fall but I am running late."

"...Okay?"

"Katie is eating her breakfast, sorry it didn't turn out to be much of a sleep in but Erica just text and said she and Beth are coming round so she can give you a hand today, okay?"

David could only nod, completely bewildered by everything. Why was Jesse talking like that? Who the hell was Katie? And why would Erica coming to visit ever be of comfort to him? Jesse gave him one last, warm smile.

“I’m so glad you two get on.” He sighed, grabbing his phone and watch, “Alright, I’ll see you for dinner tonight!”

Another kiss on the cheek, now both were tingling with odd warmth. Man or not, it had been a long time since anybody had shown David that sort of affection and he couldn't help but like it just a little. At least for a moment before he snapped back and remembered to be disgusted that another man had just laid his lips on him. Luckily, Jesse was out the door before the disgust could show on his face.

The sound of what he imagined must have been the front door closing echoed through the house and David took a deep breath. He needed to calm down, there would be a logical explanation for this, he just needed to keep his head together in order to figure it out.

Out of the corner of his eye he spotted an ensuite and immediately made a beeline for the door, locking it behind him. Spotting the mirror he once again took stock of his own reflection. A somewhat plump woman with a pear shaped body was looking back at him. She wasn't overweight, more curvy but not in the model way. Big breasts, big butt also a pudgy to her stomach with thick thighs and rounded cheeks. He ran his fingers over his plump lips, half expecting not to feel them. Watching his reflection copy his moves felt alien when the person there was a stranger.

He tried opening and closing his eyes a few times, even slapping his cheeks but nothing changed. As badly as he wanted to write this off as some sort of bad dream, he couldn't. Somehow, he'd been turned into a woman.

Full of morbid curiosity David lifted the hem of his shirt, revealing the body beneath. He was wearing a pair of slightly faded pink panties and could see the faintest hint of stretch marks across his thighs. The sound of slightly off tuned humming floated beneath the crack in the bathroom door and combined with the stretch marks David felt a sinking feeling in his stomach. He had a sneaking suspicion who 'Katie' was and desperately hoped he was wrong.

Slowly, feeling almost as if he were in a trance thanks to shock, he unlocked the bathroom door and headed toward the humming. Outside the bedroom was a long hall. He walked past an unfamiliar living room and study before turning into a kitchen; and there, sitting at the dining room table was a small girl.

She had the same brown hair as he did now, and as she looked up to smile at David he could recognise the high cheekbones that she would one day possess. Not only had he been turned into a woman; he'd been given a daughter.

“Morning mommy.” Katie smiled with a mouthful of cheerios.

“Morning.” He deadpanned, unsure of what else to say.

“Your phones been buzzing.” Katie pointed to the iPhone sitting on the bench, “Daddy brought it out here so it wouldn’t wake ya.”

“Wake you.” David corrected, regardless of how she existed no child of his was going to talk like a hick.

“I am awake.” Katie blinked, completely serious. Great, his kid was an idiot.

He picked up the phone with disgust, already missing his solid Nokia. He’d brought it ten years ago and it still functioned perfectly well, he didn’t need all this extra flashiness. He managed to unlock it after a few tries and was immediately bombarded with notifications; Instagram, Candy Crush, Mommy and Me App and several other children’s games.

David hated social media; it was a blight on society but it seemed like in this world he had several accounts across various apps. Something that was actually useful if he was going to figure out who he was and how to change back. He opened up Instagram first, since it was so insistent. Immediately he was met with a sea of beige, white and pink. Mommy blogs as far as the eye could see, full of curated, fake looking pictures of perfect lives with smiling mothers. Every second one seemed to be hawking something from gummy bears that made your hair shinier to weight loss smoothies. David made a face and quickly clicked on the profile picture in the corner.

As he scrolled through the feed he found himself even more irritated. His name was, apparently, Dana Lang now. Dana posted pictures to Instagram every day, most of them selfies or pictures with her and her daughter. Clearly she was trying to break into the mommy blog sphere she so coveted but judging by the modest follower count, she wasn’t getting anywhere. After several minutes of scrolling he watched as Katie went from a precocious five year old in pictures to a toddler, a baby and then was gone all together, replaced with pictures of his new self proudly showing off her bulging belly.

It was odd, despite his disgust at this new showy life he felt a lump growing in his throat. Had the little girl sitting only a few feet away from him ever been that small? And despite his curvy body the pregnant belly really did give his past self a glow that made him feel oddly proud.

The sound of the front door opening made him jump and he looked up to see none other than Erica and Beth waltzing in like they owned the place.

“Morning darling!” She beamed, walking over and laying a kiss on Katie’s head.

Beth immediately clambered up to the table and started pouring herself a bowl of cereal to share with Katie and the two kids began to talk. Erica walked over to David with a wide smile and knowing eyes.

“I decided to come visit!” Erica smiled, “Good thing too, you’re looking a little peaky dear, did Katie not sleep through again?”

There was something in her voice, something sharp. It wasn't like Jesse’s who spoke with such earnestness. Instantly David knew Erica knew something about this situation.

“What the hell is going on?” David snapped.

“Mommy said a bad word!” Katie giggled and Erica shushed her.

“I think mommy and aunty Dana need to have a grown up conversation.” Erica cooed at the girls, “Why don’t you go watch tv while you finish your breakfast.”

“Yay! TV!”

The kids needed no further encouragement, leaving Erica and David alone to drop whatever act this was.

“I told you I was going to teach you some empathy.” Erica crossed her arms, “And I decided to do it by killing two birds with one stone. Jesse has been woeful in love and he deserves a loving wife.”

“So you made me his wife?” David hissed, “H-how?”

“First born woman in my family each generation comes with certain...perks.” Erica giggled, “We don't know why, perhaps an ancestor of ours played with something dark. Regardless, a reality shift was in order. Besides, you were pretty pathetic, living all alone being a grumpy fart all day. Now you have a nice, cushy life.”

She said the last part with sarcasm so thick you could pluck it out of the air and spread it on toast.

“You get to be a stay at home mom, it's such an easy job after all.” She finished, “I'm sure you'll have no problems proving me wrong; getting in shape, cooking the dinners, raising your child all without complaining about how hard it is of course.”

David gripped his hands into fists.

“I should clock your lights out right here and now.” He hissed.

“Oh? Would that fix this little mess you've found yourself in?” Erica asked, “I don't think so.”

David grit his teeth, it was taking all his self control not to lose his temper right now. Erica should be grateful he didn't punch her in her stupid mouth.

“I am afraid darling, that you're just going to have to make the most of it.” She said simply, heading towards the living room to join the girls, leaving David to stew.

What was he going to do? A few hours ago he didn't even believe in magic, now his only recourse seemed to be to somehow learn it. Otherwise how would he ever get his life back? He paced back and forth for a moment, checking the instagram feed out of some strange new nervous habit.

For now, the only thing he could do was gather information. There had to be some sort of escape, some crack in reality back to his old life. Perhaps if he did prove his point, she would get so irritated with him she would send him back? Nobody liked being proven wrong, if he showed Erica up, showed her it really was easy to be a wife and mother without complaining and show her she was just lazy she would send him home out of frustration. At least then he wouldn't be there as a direct comparison anymore. He would always be able to hold it over her head but nobody else would know.

A wicked smile formed across his face. Yes, that was in. He'd show her up and then, in his mercy, suggest she could send him home and go back to the way things were. It was the best plan he had so far.

“Erica dear,” he called in his sweetest possible voice, “Could you watch the girls while I have a shower? It's time I put my face on.”

He tossed his long hair over his shoulder and walked with confidence, enjoying the natural sway his hips now took on. It was time to show Erica exactly how this motherhood deal was done.