

Marital Load (Couple Swap TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

An Anonymous Commission

Cheryl is becoming tired of playing the role of the submissive wife to her husband William, who is obsessed with being an alpha male. But when the two attend an experimental therapy that lets them briefly experience life as the opposite sex, it ignites something in Cheryl. With Will no longer wanting to continue the treatment, it's up to her to secretly continue it behind his back . . . even though the effects could be permanent!

Marital Load

"This is stupid," William said, even as we waited to be called in. "We don't need couples therapy. Things are fine as they are."

As usual, I had to try and find my 'big girl' voice, the one that Mom had tried and failed to instil in me before she passed. I looked up at my husband, with his square jaw, square shoulders, and equally straight-edged appearance. That was William, alright: no smoothness. That was a weakness, or worse, *womanly*, which was the same thing in his eyes really. Even his brown hair, which I had loved when we first started dating, was now cut far too short; anything else was ladylike.

"Honey, you agreed to this. Please, for me? I just think we've been . . . unhappy. For a while now. All of this alpha male-"

"Don't call it that," he said. "It makes it dismissive. I'm just being the man in the relationship. You know I want you to give up work and stay at home. We don't need therapy to be a proper couple with the right roles."

The right roles. That's what he always called them. Where I would stay as the dutiful pretty wife and he the man in charge and we all act like the 1950s never went away.

"Just try it once, William," I pleaded. "It's meant to be quite experimental! If we can just understand each other's points of view, then perhaps we can be like we were at the beginning."

Those words seemed to spark something in my husband. We were both sitting in the waiting room, the clock ticking as we waited to be called in for our couples counselling session. But when he looked at me, I could tell that he was transported elsewhere, to a time when we were both just barely past eighteen, and he was just joining the company that would define his working life, and I still harboured dreams of being more than just a receptionist at a dental surgery. We were both thirty three now, and I didn't have the same youthful exuberance, and my stomach had gotten a little more plump, which he had

mentioned several times, but I was still quite beautiful. I still had my pretty blonde hair with its delicate waves, and my bright blue eyes that had mesmerised William all those years ago. Sometimes, I wished I didn't look this way; perhaps William wouldn't want me to be his trophy wife.

The look ended, that brief capture of older romance gone.

"Fine," he said, folding his arms. "If this is what you need, Cheryl, then we'll do it and get it over with. But you have to show up to that corporate thing I mentioned, and wear the blue dress. I'll want you on my arm so everyone can see."

I tried not to frown. It was a lovely dress, and I looked lovely in it, but I wasn't some prize to be shown off. Will knew that too, or at least he had, once.

"William and Cheryl Hynes? Will and Cheryl?"

I raised my hand, glad to be interrupted. "That's us!" I called, trying to muster some enthusiasm over my husband's reluctance.

"Come on in. Doctor Kim will see you now."

"No way! No goddamn way!"

"It's just a minor hypnosis," Dr Kim said. She was a short, stout woman who evidently had Korean heritage to judge from the photos she kept in her spacious office. She smiled behind her thick glasses. She had her chair in front of her desk, with herself, Will, and me arranged in a triangle.

"And a goddamn pill," William muttered, holding the little pink pill in his hand. It was odd, because mine was blue, and the doctor had been very exact in passing them to us. "This shrink stuff isn't what we need. I'm not weak, okay? I'm a goddamn ladder climber. I'll be in the C-suite in under five years, before I'm even forty, for Chrissakes."

Dr Kim frowned. "It's not about weakness at all, William. This is about being able to understand the perspective of someone you love, and who loves you, but feels that the love has fragmented. Sometimes, when relationships continue for several years, we lose track of the marital load."

"The marital load?" I asked, piping up.

She smiled. "Yes, the marital load refers to the shared burdens of a married couple, though it can apply to non-married couples, of course. Think of it as the chores, the mental strain, the build up of stress, the planning of holidays, the paying of bills, and so forth. Everything that could conceivably bring stress. These are things a healthy couple tackle together; not always equally for every task, but in a shared manner always. But as the years

slip by, it can be very easy for one member of the couple to take on more and more of the marital burden, making compromise after compromise, until, well, they end up here.”

I had to pick my jaw up off of the floor. It was like the therapist had read me exactly, understanding me right to the core. That was it. The load had shifted. I had to be the one to push Will to do anything that wasn't in 'his sphere,' and that included simple things like the dishwasher. I organised the bills. I cleaned the house. I had to dress up, but also iron his pants and choose his style for him. I had to do *everything*, all while being told I could achieve *nothing*. And from the look in Dr Kim's eye, she had read me completely, and all I'd done is given a brief account of my lack of happiness while Will had given her almost nothing at all.

“Do you agree with this assessment, Cheryl?” she asked me.

I could feel Will's gaze upon me. I wasn't confident enough to do anything but nod slowly, but deliberately.

“And Will?”

He scoffed. “Obviously not. She's just upset because she keeps fighting being a proper wife. She'll be happier when she is.”

“Are you certain?” Dr Kim asked.

Will just sighed again. “Fine, do your ridiculous hocus pocus thing, then. Might as well get what I'm bloody paying for.”

Dr Kim took that as permission. She arranged for us to be seated facing away from one another, our backs against each other. Then, she instructed us to take our pills at the same time. Mine tasted strange . . . almost like it had a power to it. It was hard to quantify. Meanwhile, Will complained that his was too sweet and minty. Then, the therapist started up some music. It was strangely relaxing, ethereal even, but with a discordant tune I couldn't place. It left me feeling strangely . . . sleepy. I yawned, and Will yawned not long after. It was then that I heard Dr Kim's voice.

“Now, you will fall into a brief trance. When you do so, your essence will change. The masculine will become the feminine, and the feminine the masculine. You will experience one another's perspective for a brief time before sliding back. Now . . . let the change begin.”

It happened slowly, as if in a dream. We had been advised to shed our jackets and loosen our clothing ahead of time, especially me. I had just thought it was an aspect of the hypnosis, getting comfortable or something. Instead, it was something far more unbelievable and strange. My entire body shifted, as if it had reversed in gear. My very cells felt like they were lighting up, and soon they began to transformed.

All of me transformed, in a way I could never have imagined.

My muscles swelled.

My spine extended.

My jaw reshaped, become square and manly.

My hair retracted back into my scalp, all while my face bubbled and shifted, taking on harder, handsomer proportions. Something pushed out from between my legs, and it left me making a low grunting noise of surprise. My breasts receded, my hips thinned, and my waist thickened.

All of this occurred at once, leaving me shivering in shock. I was suddenly tightly constrained by my clothing, my figure broader and more powerful, my body undeniably male.

“Oh my God,” I said, my voice an attractive brass baritone. I stood up, practically leaping to my feet.

“What the fuck!?” cried a female voice.

I spun around, and so did a woman wearing my husband’s clothing. She was astonishingly beautiful, a great looker, in fact, and despite her baggy male clothing I could tell that she had a killer figure too. Her eyes were large, her features almost innocent looking: there was a vulnerability to her that would never have been on Will’s face, and yet this woman appeared almost like his sister.

“Will!?” I said.

“Cheryl!?” the woman exclaimed, lovely lips open in shock. “What the fuck? Are we hallucinating?”

“Hardly,” Dr Kim said, intruding upon our surprise. “This is part of our experimental therapy. Your bodies have been temporarily altered to induce a state of reversed gender. That’s *temporary*. The surprise is an important element, I’m afraid, as it forces you to confront your opposite nature. How do you both feel?”

I looked down at myself. “Powerful,” I said.

William followed the same action. “Weak!” he exclaimed, or rather, *she* exclaimed. “You have to goddamn turn me back now!”

“Relax, Mr Hynes. This is temporary, as I’ve said twice now. But it affords us an opportunity to allow yourselves to feel what the other partner might be experiencing, including emotional hurt. This is a prime opportunity for us to talk about situations where the other partner has felt left out, overburdened, or simply let down. Who would like to begin?”

I slowly raised my hand.

“I will,” I said, even as Will fumed with embarrassment.

“Fucking waste of time,” Will spat, stomping through the house. It had been hours after we arrived, and I’d just finished making dinner. As usual, that was the expectation. He was ranting at the dinner table, though. “I can’t believe that bullshit. Switching genders? That’s

where my tax payer money is going? Experimental expensive bullshit. We should sue. No one gets to take away my manhood, even for just an hour!”

I said nothing. When it had come time for William to speak, he had simply stormed out of the room and waited to change back, no matter how much I or Dr Kim pleaded with him. And as for my own testimony? I tried. I truly did. I did my best to elaborate upon how I felt as a woman, married to a man who'd drunk the corporate kool aid and now wanted me to play the role of his trophy wife. I truly did try.

And I fucking succeeded.

It was just as, if not more unbelievable than being made into a powerful man. I hadn't even got a good look at my male self, or felt what it was like to have a dick between my legs, not to mention a pair of balls, or a hairy chest or any of that. I could barely remember what it felt like already. But one thing I could remember, and I doubted would ever leave me, was the sensation of *power*. Assertiveness. Raw confidence that flowed with the testosterone in my body, for that one short hour. It had been a rush, and allowed me to speak back to William for the first time in literal *years*.

And now it was over. William didn't want to continue the therapy. My husband claimed it was humiliating to be turned into a woman, as if being a woman was somehow inferior. It rankled me, but with the return of reality came a return of my own demureness, my own anxiousness. I listened to my husband complain, let him finish his meal, and then was left to be the one to clean everything up.

“A baby will make us happier,” he told me later that night, after we'd had sex. I'd even been into it this time, but Will had been neglecting foreplay more and more lately. He had gotten impatient once again and used the lube.

“Should we really have children?” I asked him. “I want them, but . . .”

“You're not getting any younger,” he told me. “You're only a few years off of thirty five. Besides, kids are great. You'll be a stay at home mom by that point, fulfilling your true purpose.”

I went to sleep with those words in my mind. They shook around in my head in the following days. William was suddenly thinking the solution to our marriage problems was to knock me up, and the worst part was that I knew it would happen if I let him convince me. I just wanted him to experience my vulnerability and lend me his strength for a time, was that so hard? But since he refused to go back to therapy, there was only one way for me to get that experience again and save our marriage.

Three days later, I called Dr Kim's office and asked to continue the treatment via distance, so that my husband wouldn't be ashamed by having another person present. It was a lie, and my body shook as I focused on keeping my voice steady.

“That can be arranged. We’ll need you both to sign several waivers, however. I will be able to give you the script as well as the hypnotic inducement tape, along with strict instructions on what to do. I must warn you, you must follow the restrictions in the outline exactly; overuse of the gender change, especially in combination with the pill, can make the effects cumulative and permanent. There are also suggestions for how to draw out the change into a slower fashion if you wish to explore the vulnerabilities and strengths of your relationship at a more gentle pace.”

I wrote all of this down on sticky notes, ones that my husband would never see. Already a plan was forming in my head, the kind of bold plan that I had never been so confident to pull off. But the pull of that experience gave me the extra tug I needed. Besides, I always signed everything for William because of his laziness when it came to the bills. It was ‘my job’ to manage the finances, apparently.

So it would be very easy to sign a waiver on his behalf.

It was done. I had the pills. I had been very nervous passing over the documentation to Dr Kim’s secretary, but instead I got another phone call from the therapist, telling me she was glad my husband was trying again, and that we could contact her for any aid. I was sent a box of the gender change pills, and because I had lowered my work hours due to pressure from William, I was able to hide the box in the attic and then keep a smaller pill box full of the blues and pinks among my makeup and period pills. Will would never look, I just knew it.

“I can’t believe I’m thinking of doing this,” I said. I had the day off, and Will was at work, so I quickly cleaned the house and did all the chores quickly just as he wanted. It left me with hours of boredom to spare - hours he wanted to fill with *me* taking care of *our* future children - and so I used that time to read the instructions for the pills and music track over and over again. There were different potencies to induce the gender swap, but the one I wanted was something more gradual. Just a way for him to start understanding me slowly. Will needed to dip his toes into the water, I couldn’t just throw him into the deep end of womanhood as Dr Kim had.

“I can do this,” I told myself, formulating my plan. “I can do this. *You* can do this, Cheryl.”

That night, I cooked my husband a duck roast. I wore a pretty dress, one that showed off just a hint of cleavage and hugged my figure and, most importantly of all, seemed like a bit of a throwback to the nineteen-fifties. It was enough to make him smile warmly.

“Perhaps that therapy did work, just not in the way you expected, doll. You seem to be really jumping into finally being a proper housewife, doll.”

I gave the fakest, sweetest of all smiles as I handed him his drink. Since when did he call me *doll*?

Still, he ate and drank and made no fuss, except suggesting some more chores for me tomorrow, such as scrubbing the toilets. He was working hard, of course, so he couldn't help me - the fact that I was at the dentist's tomorrow for my own work didn't seem to matter much. It didn't disappoint me as much as it had previously, though, because it only hardened my resolve. William had unknowingly eaten the pill's contents that I had crushed up into his food, and as I began clearing the table and putting things in the washer, I turned up the slow hypnotic tune.

"Hmm," Will said, eyes going a little drowsy. "Seems kind of f-familiar."

"It is," I said, feeling a bit groggy myself. I took a seat back at the table and held his hand. "I like this music. When it plays, it helps us understand one another, don't you think?"

"What?" he said, eyes snapping open, before they lulled back shut again. "Oh, yeah. Sure. I guess. Did we . . . dance to this sometime or s-something?"

"Of course, honey. We felt each other's essences. Like we were one, and understood one another."

I closed my own eyes. The music was set to play for just two minutes, but suddenly I opened my eyes and it was done. The two minutes had passed without either of us even noticing. Will stirred, rubbing his forehead.

"Ugh, tiring day. Can you clean the last of these plates, honey?"

I got up slowly, concerned that nothing had happened. That was, until I noticed my husband's hair. It was longer. A little shinier, as if perfectly taken care of. His eyebrows were a little more defined, his facial hair not as coarse as it had been a moment ago. Even his arm muscles, usually a delight for me (I won't lie, even when my husband frustrates me, I can enjoy the sight of him) were looking smaller. It made me curious to see my own changes.

"Of course, you go relax honey," I told him. "Watch the football. I'll take care of everything."

I quickly cleaned up while he relaxed none the wiser. Then I rushed to the bathroom and was in awe of my changes. My hair had shortened a little, and my jawline looked just a little more firm and less feminine. My breasts had certainly shrunk just a tetch, while my waist had thickened somewhat. I wasn't a very muscular gal, but now I could tell I had gained a tougher figure already.

"It's working," I said, taking a deep breath of catharsis. Already, that sense of assertiveness, of *confidence*, was sweeping through me.

I knew then that I wanted to take this further.

I continued the 'treatments,' making sure to keep my husband out of the loop and answer all calls and emails from Dr Kim. In fact, I even asked if we could communicate via the latter as it was easier, and set my husband's work computer to automatically throw the therapist's emails into the Delete folder. I knew all his passwords, after all. I also became more refined with my technique, after telling Dr Kim on the phone that I was having trouble remembering the sessions.

"Ah, this is common," she said in her comforting voice. "I've had this happen before. Sometimes those undertaking the treatment will state something like 'now you will forget this happened' or 'once you wake, you will forget this hypnosis.' I suspect they do this purely because that's how it is on television! In truth, it is the opposite. I would advise against it, as it's hard to measure your success and feel progress in your relationship if you don't keep a mental record."

I smiled, thanked her, and hung up. The next night when I secretly crushed the pill into my husband's food once more, I adjusted my words when placing us both under a timed hypnosis.

"This music is wonderful. This music calms us both. It will play for three minutes, and you will take on more of my feminine essence, and I will take on more of your masculine. When the music ends, you will be changed, but you will hold onto the changes for twenty four hours, so that you may change further again. You will not remember my words now, nor the music, and you will not notice your changes . . . yet."

And then I allowed myself to fall into that same trance. This time, I focused on my body, on the way my cells lit up. I could feel the changes taking place in a way that my husband wouldn't: the firming of muscles, the slow developing of hair upon my chest and arms, the smoothing over of my vulva even as my clitoris began to bulge and swell with the promise of future manhood. It was . . . *wonderful*.

Each night, I would flock to the mirror after cleaning up and see my changes. I was becoming more and more of a man, and the funniest thing was that Will wasn't even complaining about it much! His hypnotised mind was programmed not to recognise how deep the changes were going, but I could tell my shorter hair annoyed him, as well as my hairier chest when he spooned my body at night. But when he gave a complaint, a miracle happened:

"I just think you're not looking like a real woman anymore," he said, not even noticing how high his voice was getting, how wonderfully delicate his features. He'd complained that people at work were treating him weirdly, and only he didn't know why. "You need to let your hair grow out again and put on some makeup or something."

By this point, I had developed a small but growing pair of testicles, and my was I already feeling the difference thanks to the testosterone flooding my system.

“Why don’t *you* wear some makeup, honey? Hmm? I think you would look a lot better with some on!”

He looked at me with confusion. “What - what on earth are you saying? Guys don’t wear makeup!”

“Sure they do, when it’s needed. Come now, I’m going to show you, and you’re going to try it. Remember, we have a therapy session scheduled for next week, and I want us looking good and happy. We want to give a good impression, right?”

At that, he nervously fidgeted his more dainty hands. I hid a smirk, noticing that his chest had blossomed a little, outlining against his shirt. His nips! My God! They had definitely grown, almost scandalously so.

“O-okay, fine. Whatever. I’ll do it.”

I could tell even he was surprised at his own submissive response. So was I. But I utterly relished it, because from that day on I started giving him further lessons, making more adjustments to get him to fully understand my role, just as the therapy intended. At work, his boss had confronted him about his looks several times, particularly his puffy nipples and ‘unprofessional appearance.’ My husband made big sales pitches, but had been asked to step down from his newest one to the company’s biggest customer. It had crushed William, and he actually came home trying to hide that he’d been crying. Will never cried! I comforted him, noticing that not only were his limbs and overall figure more petite, but that he was shorter now too.

“There, there,” I told him. “It’s going to be okay, honey. We’ll get through this. Why don’t . . . why don’t we fix you up so you look more professional, huh? We’ll get you a support band for those nipples.”

“That . . . God, that sounds so fucking humiliating. Something’s happening, love. I don’t know what, but I feel so - so different! It’s like . . . I can’t explain it, I feel like less of a man.”

He certainly was. He hadn’t tried to initiate sex in days, and I had it on good authority that his penis and testicles were shrinking right down, even as mine were getting larger and more virile.

“Why don’t you cook dinner tonight, honey?” I asked Will.

“That’s - that’s not my role.”

“Oh, love, it’s not about roles, remember the therapy? We’ve got a session very soon with Dr Kim, and she told us it’s about seeing each other’s place and understanding it. And trust me, cooking can be its own reward.”

Will took this in. I could see his masculine will trying to rise to the surface, but the fact was that after just two weeks of slow changes, he was looking more like a woman than a man, and surprisingly pretty at that, too.

“That’s . . . not a bad idea, I guess. Yeah, I can make some dinner.”

I won’t lie, it wasn’t amazing. My husband hadn’t made a pot roast in *years*. But sometimes the thought really does count. I got the opportunity to read a book while he cooked, and even ducked off to our room and got out Will’s lifting weights, testing my new biceps. Then I relaxed on the couch and watched some television until the food was ready. Naturally, I asked to serve up the drinks, and I put the gender pill powder in those.

“I hope I get my damn mojo back,” William said as he began to eat and drink.

I struggled not to giggle. “I’m sure you will, darling,” I lied. And then, making some excuse to go to the adjacent kitchen, I began playing the music from the recorder.

“The music is wonderful. The music calms us both . . .”

It’s true what they say; all good things must come to an end. Clearly, hypnosis has its limits, because I woke the morning of the day we were to go to our afternoon therapy session to my husband *screaming*. It was quite the womanly scream at that, too.

“What the f-fuck!? What’s happening to me? Cheryl! CHERYL PLEASE I NEED YOU!”

I flopped out of bed. It was a work day for me but I usually started at 9.30am, letting me sleep in a little later than my husband. My penis, now quite satisfactorily large, flopped about a bit. I had enjoyed sleeping naked lately without any fear of discharge getting on the sheets. Plus, I liked the feeling of it getting hard against my husband’s increasingly pert and peachy bottom when *I* spooned *him*. But now, the can of worms was open. I hurriedly put on a pair of underwear and ran to the bathroom, where I found William facing the mirror, topless and with a pair of women’s panties on. She was so very lovely by this point: her figure starting to become an hourglass, her legs smooth, her chest showing a lovely pair of what I estimated to be B-cups - difficult to hide by this point! Her face was pretty - not gorgeous, but pretty - and possessed that cute, almost bewildered look that I had seen on her in that first session. Her hair was a silky brunette that fell nearly to her shoulders. All in all, I very much looked forward to seeing where she was going, and the fact that I was now thinking of her as a *she* just from witnessing her body now should tell you all about the state of what was between her legs by this point.

Or rather, what *wasn’t* between her legs.

“Fuck. Fuck! I’ve got a vagina! I’ve got a goddamned *cunt!* Cheryl, where are you and what the fuck is happening . . . to you!”

She had turned to look at me, and I imagined I presented quite the different figure now that the effects of the hypnosis had finally reached its threshold. Her gorgeous hazel eyes were wide open as she took in my widened shoulders, my now-six foot height, my impressive ab muscles, my square jaw. My changes weren’t finished yet, but I could tell they were close. Something about my willingness to change was making it faster for me than William.

“I told you,” I said to Will, stepping closer and placing a firm hand on her soft shoulder. God, she felt lovely, and it was making my dick spring to attention, this new dynamic between us. “We’re going through therapy. Understanding each other’s place, remember?”

“What!? This wasn’t what I wanted! I said we were cancelling the damn therapy. It was a waste of big money and-”

I started talking, and she fell submissively silent. “And you made that decision for both of us. Now I’m making the decision to reverse it. We’re going to walk a mile in each other’s shoes, my love. You’re going to be the woman for a while, and me the man. And it’ll save our marriage. And that’s final.”

The look in her eyes was one of betrayal. I was sympathetic, but assertive. Will had betrayed our marriage first, and I was at least betraying it to save it.

“Please, honey, reverse this. I can’t be a woman - I just - I can’t!”

“That’s because you see women as inferior, as trophy wives. If you spend some time as my trophy wife, you’ll see how it makes you feel. Therapy today will help with that.”

“I’m not going to damn therapy! I’m going to find a way to reverse this! I’m not having goddamned tits and a pussy for one more minute!”

I let her pass, but gave a stern word of warning. “We are going to therapy, honey. And that’s final. I’m calling the shots now.”

She paused at the door, her changed mind clearly affected by my new authority. She balled her fists, groaned, and continued forward.

William grumbled all the way to Dr Kim’s office, and while we waited to be called in. She had spent all day trying to find a way to reverse her condition, or to find out how I was changing her, or if I was even doing that - I led her into thinking it was a byproduct of our initial session instead. It infuriated her, but she was hanging onto my words more and more, and just to ensure this would remain the case I slipped the pills into our lunch instead.

“You will change further, becoming ever more beautiful. I think your breasts should grow more as well. And as you will play the role you wanted me to, you should feel much more submissive to your husband - that’s me - and obey his commands. That means not contradicting him, especially in front of others. It also means being open to wearing women’s clothing, in order to pass as a woman - which you are. You will start thinking of yourself as a woman, and your body will take a more womanly shape too. You always lamented I did not have wide, childbearing hips, so you will begin to grow those. When you wake, you won’t remember these words, but you will experience these effects.”

Sure enough, the combination of hypnosis and pills were enough to not only convince my new ‘wife’ to come along, even if begrudgingly, but also to start adorning herself in women’s clothing.

“This sucks,” she complained in the waiting room. “These stupid boobs are even bigger! They’re C-cups now! You weren’t even C-cups - how did you even have a bra ready?”

I smirked, ready with the lie. “They got bigger during my period. It was easier to have a larger bra.”

William frowned, looking down at herself. She was wearing a smart white blouse and women’s black pants, along with cute sandals. She had makeup - she was rather good at that now - and I had helped style her hair. No earrings or skirts or dresses just yet, we’d get there eventually, though. For now, she was quite the beauty, just like I was quite the handsome fellow, particularly in my smart blue button shirt and professional black slacks. My hair was barely styled and yet still looked good - ah, the ease of being a man! Even peeing was easier - I could see why men liked to stand and do the deed.

“Mr and Mrs Hynes?” the receptionist said. “Dr Kim will see you now.”

I got up, urging William to do the same. As she demurely followed me without thinking, I whispered to her.

“Remember, let me do the talking, and act like you always knew the therapy was happening and you were okay with it. Don’t want her to think you’re weak, do you?”

Will brushed away a stray tear. “Of - of course not!”

Dr Kim was very pleased with our progress. She looked over our bodies briefly and professionally, seeing that all was happening properly. Then, the real talk began.

“So, how do you feel, inhabiting one another’s roles?”

“Much better,” I replied. “I feel so much more free and assertive and powerful. I understand why Will could be so confident before, but I also feel like I can finally push back against unfairness in our marriage. I’ve finally had free time in the last two weeks, and I feel like my word is finally respected. Not to mention not having to doll myself up all the time!”

Dr Kim smiled, then looked at the now very rosy-cheeked William. “And you, Will?”

She looked to me, and I nodded permission to speak.

“I feel so - so humiliated! I’ve got boobs, and I’ve lost my damn dick and-”

“Let’s focus on emotions for now. How do you feel in your marriage?”

“Like I have to do more work now! I’m making food, and helping clean, and making up takes forever, and - and I guess . . . I *guess* I was asking a lot of Cheryl. Before.”

God, the confession felt so good to hear. Dr Kim pounced on this as I hoped she would.

“It sounds like you’re experiencing the imbalance in the relationship that you didn’t see before. Would it be right to say you understand it more now?”

William nodded, and it was a truthful nod. “I do. I was . . . wrong.”

“There is a further place we can take the therapy, if you wish; the physical. Have you been intimate, since changing?”

I confirmed we had not.

“We can extend the treatment, so that you may understand one another better physically. That includes wearing proper attire - as you have started to do so - but also the physical connection - kissing, hugging, flirting . . . sex.”

Will’s eyes went wide. “What, you can’t tell me-”

“We’ll do it,” I declared, looking at Will. “Or at least try dipping our toes in the water. Won’t we, honey?”

Will swallowed. The hypnosis worked though, her mental changes consolidating.

“Y-yes,” she said, a little flustered and all the cuter for it. “We will.”

It only took three days for sex to occur. Just three days! We both took some time off work: I had some leave time accrued and William desperately needed it because all of her coworkers were wondering why she was now female, how it had happened so quickly, and it had left her embarrassed as hell. Her boss was talking about demoting her; she lacked the confidence for the big sales pitches and was increasingly unable to fulfil her role as the corporate ladder climber with all that big dick energy. Not to mention that some of her peers were even starting to flirt with her, to hear her say it, or at least check her out. I couldn’t blame them: she was turning into a real looker now that she had full D-cup breasts that were twice as big as my own original pair of now-vanished tits, and a set of hips that were to die for. She was almost ‘finished,’ so to speak, and it was making me hard just to look at her each day.

And so, because of that attraction, and because she kept looking at me with reluctant and embarrassed interest, I decided to really turn up the heat. William was still looking for a

way to stop changing, to reverse her changes, but my dominance over her was making it harder for her to pull away. I began complimenting her looks, especially things she could change like her hair, her makeup, her style of dress, and it had the result that she actually wore her first dress; a real cute yellow summer dress that made her brunette hair stand right out. She turned red when I went up behind her and held her, my hands roaming over her soft form, cupping her breasts and then sliding down to feel her ass. My own erection was obvious against her stomach when I span her around.

“What - what are you doing?”

“Feeling my gorgeous wife’s gorgeous body,” I replied with a grin. “You always loved coming up and doing this to me, even when I was cleaning and cooking. And you know what? It was one thing I really did like. It feels nice, doesn’t it? Be honest.”

More rosy cheeks. God, her lips were getting full. So full and beautiful.

“I - I - it does feel nice. God, it does, but -”

It was all the reason I needed to kiss those lovely lips. I locked mine over hers, startling her, but soon she was kissing back, moaning sweetly as she held me, her arms over my shoulders, one foot raised as if she were a classic fifties trophy wife submitting dutifully to her husband. When I finally pulled back, the woman my husband had become vibrated nervously.

“What - what was that for?”

“I wanted to kiss you. Inject some romance back into our relationship! Admit it, you liked it.”

“I - I -”

“Be honest.”

She lowered her head, ashamed. “I liked it a lot. It made me - fuck, it made me *feel* things. Things this stupid female body shouldn’t be feeling.”

It was then that I noticed how much her nipples were poking through the fabric of her clothing, and how she was rubbing one thigh against the other, as if she were already getting moist in my presence. Her gaze flickered to my erection, which was very obvious in my pants. Jesus, I’d grown such a big dick. How did any well-endowed guy get used to such discomfort when it became hard? Still, the way William licked her lips without thinking at the sight of it only made me more engorged.

“I’m feeling things I haven’t felt before either, *doll*,” I said, caressing her cheek before lowering my hand down to feel her breast. She shivered, and my action elicited a moan from her, one that only made me harder yet again. “But maybe we should both embrace them. We need to understand the *physical*, remember?”

“N-no,” she stammered, just before I kissed her again, a hand snaking down to squeeze her near-perfect ass. I kissed her tender neck, eliciting more moans. “Cheryl, this isn’t you.”

“You’re right, this is the new me. Call me *Charlie*. And I think I’ll call you . . . Wendy. Yes, you look like a Wendy. Such a classic name. The kind of name a hot trophy wife should have. You wanted me to be one, didn’t you? Well, now we can continue our therapy, and you can experience what it is to be a trophy wife, and that includes your *wifely duties*.”

I began to unzip her dress from the back, sliding it from her form. Wendy, as I had already started thinking of her, allowed me to do so, even as her breathing quickened. She was indeed wearing a bra, so it said a lot that her nipples were poking through. I released her glorious D-cups, noticing that they were looking just a little bit bigger already. I ran a thumb over her left nipple.

“Mhmmm, oh God. F-fuck. I’m meant to be the man. I’m not m-meant to . . . why do I want this?”

“Because you’re a good spouse,” I said, kissing her again. I began to usher her back towards the bedroom. “And that means loving me no matter how I look now, or what form either of us take. I told you therapy would be good for us. You see, Wendy, I’m going to finally teach you how to make a woman *cum*.”

My assertiveness, my confidence was everything. I wanted my husband - no, my *wife* - and by taking control I had her former alpha male self now reeling, unable to prevent herself from accepting my advances. The hypnosis was strong upon her, as was the physical effect of me leaning over her as I removed her clothing and my own. I made love to her the, feeling her breasts, cupping her rear, kissing her tender neck. I stretched out the foreplay as any good woman deserves, no matter how impatient I truly was. Soon her thighs were slick, her pussy damp and needy, her nipples delightfully hard from how well I had sucked upon them, gently yet firmly. Yes, I knew how a woman would truly want to be treated, but after enough time had passed she was ready.

“This is fucking crazy,” she said, eyes on my enormous penis.

“No, this is therapy,” I replied, pushing her back onto the bed and crawling on top of her. “And I’m going to make you like it. Now spread those delicious thighs, honey. I want to be *inside* you.”

She did so, snapping them open at my command, all thanks to the hypnotherapy. I pressed my cock against her folds, groping her breast as I did so and planting my lips upon her neck. She gasped as I entered her. Dear God, it was a strange sensation. I was so used to being in her position, being the supplicant and penetrated one, but now I had the raw power. I was penetrating *her*, sliding my manhood deep into her passage. Fuck, it felt

amazing, and it clearly did for her too, because she moaned and cried out, going rigid with shock.

“F-fuuuuuuuck, ohhhh, shiiiiit! It feels soooo weird! Ohhhh, God, you have to - no! Don’t s-stop! Mhmhhh!”

“I had no intention of doing so, doll,” I replied, and then I began to thrust within her.

What followed was the best sex we’d ever had together. I certainly knew it to be the case from my end. With my newfound confidence, being on top was its own reward, as was the sensation of *pounding* into my lover, filling her completely before withdrawing, only to fill her again. Her breasts were perfect, wobbling in time with our rhythm, and the way Wendy clung to me was more passionate than Will had ever been. I entered her, getting closer and closer to my own orgasm, and it caused my impatience to grow. No wonder men could so rarely please women, with such a throbbing need to fulfil. Still, I held out, letting my new wife gasp and cry out in reluctant, then fully desirous bliss.

“Yessss! Yess, oh it’s s-so wrong but yess, yesss! YESSS!!”

She shuddered, wrapping her legs around me, her voice rising higher and higher as her pleasure overwhelmed her. It was enough to finally make me ejaculate within her. The sensation of it was so different to what I was used to: it was like my entire member became briefly numb, then my new balls *pulsed*, pressurising as they sent torrent after torrent of semen into my partner. The release was incredible, as much a relief as it was bliss. I grunted, making sounds like a possessive animal, and I kissed Wendy with abandon, savouring her sweet moans.

When I finally rolled off of her several minutes later, Wendy was red-cheeked once more, staring over herself, lowering a hand to feel the trickle of my cum down her thighs.

“Oh God no. What the fuck did we just do Ch-Charlie!?”

I pulled her against me, unable to stop from smiling from the satisfaction.

“That was us consummating our new marriage, Wendy. In fact, if you make sure to play the perfect part, dress up nice, and get better at making meals, I promise to make you orgasm just like that every night of our lives.”

It was the final night, and I was getting quite nostalgic, melancholic, even bittersweet. Our changes were finished, and had been for over two weeks now. And what a week it had been! I had returned to work to much confusion, but that didn’t matter, as I was already looking for other jobs, and had several interviews teed up for the corporate world. Wendy, meanwhile, had been far more humiliated: her boss had informed her of a demotion due to her more anxious state and inability to woo investors and customers. Now, she was taking on my own

role in a way once more: she had become a secretary, expected to dress professionally but attractively, makeup and dresses and all, sorting her boss' appointments and calendar and visitors. It amused me, particularly since William had always claimed my work was 'easy'; now she was getting flustered over all the expectations of a lowly paid secretary.

"You have to s-stop this," she pleaded with me that very evening. "I'm losing my career! I'm not some goddamn secretary."

I just cupped my wife by the chin, gazing into those beautiful hazel eyes of hers.

"You are, my love, and that's what you will be."

"Until therapy ends?"

"And that only happens when we sort out the marital load, remember? When you really understand what it's like to be me."

She just nodded sadly, accepting her husband's decision loyally. The hypnosis was making her so wonderfully demure, even as it gave her the most dynamite body. With her changes finished, she now had double-D breasts that jutted out noticeably from her petite frame, not to mention the kind of hourglass figure that would make Marilyn Monroe herself blush. I'd be jealous, had I not become a statuesque six-foot-two titan of a man, complete with athletic figure and manly features.

"Why don't we retire to the bedroom?" I asked her, unable to stop looking at her drop dead gorgeous form. The way those breasts stood out - I could see now why men never stopped obsessing over them."

She bit her lip. "Again? We're having sex all the time now, Charlie!"

"And don't you want some more?"

She bit her lip, a surefire sign that she did, in fact, want more, but was too embarrassed to fully admit it. The hypnosis had done wonders for unlocking her new desires though. "I - I do," she said. "And I want to go down on you, this time. I want to suck your cock."

Her eyes went wide at the admission, almost as if the words had been conjured into her. I stiffened even further.

"You know, I've always wanted to know what a blowjob feels like," I said. "You always enjoyed making me give them. Let's see how you measure up."

As I found out just minutes later, she measured up well. Very well indeed. When I came - and I came a great deal - my dutiful wife was shocked to discover that she felt pre-programmed to swallow every last drop of my issue. Afterwards, she withdrew from my dick, licking her lips and moaning sensually. Again, she seemed to catch herself.

"Oh God, oh God, what the hell did I just do?"

"A damn good job, I'd say!" I replied, chuckling. "We should do that again sometime."

“But - but I’m not a housewife! Charlie, this is going too far! I didn’t even want to switch places, but now I’m got these big tits that you’re making me show off all the time, and you’re always fucking my pussy, and I’m wearing dresses and outfits that show off my body and I’m cooking and cleaning like I’m from the nineteen fifties and now I’m sucking your goddamn huge, sexy cock! I can’t stop myself! Charlie, it’s becoming an addiction! We need to stop this before it’s too late, before . . . before I can’t change back or something! This is all getting way too freaking natural!”

I buckled up my pants, trying not to smirk too openly at my wife’s predicament. Now she was truly, finally feeling how I did. Only the weird thing was that she was a far better dutiful, old-fashioned wife than I was. She was even catching up on making excellent meals at an astounding rate. And now to learn that she was finding the experience *addictive*? No wonder she had just swallowed, given I’d never put that in any hypnotic statement!

“Let’s talk about it more over dinner,” I told her.

Indeed, it was the final night, and I couldn’t help but admire my Wendy in her beautiful fifties-style dress as she moved about in the kitchen. Her hair was done to perfection, now long enough that it fell down to below her shoulder blades, though it was pinned up at the moment in an older housewife style. I admired her rear as she bent over to get the roast out of the oven, and admired the bounce in her breasts even with her support bra as she brought it over and got everything ready at the table. As she worked, I put the crushed pills into the food and drink.

I’d done my research. At a certain point, the pill’s effects would become permanent, and even parts of the hypnosis as well, not that I suspected the hypnosis would be necessary now that these ‘addictions’ had had time to settle in. Still, all the warnings on the packaging and scripts and instructions were clear: the use of the pills in particular quantities were not to continue for a month, lest the transformation become the new blueprint for the body. Well, we had gone for a month now, and just to ensure that things really did stay in this new status quo, I’d put a quadruple dose of the pill in just to be sure.

“We’re going to change back soon though, right?” she asked as we ate.

I shrugged. “I don’t know if that would be a good idea, Wendy. I mean, we’re doing so well. We’re having good sex again, we’re no longer arguing, I’ve got a good job lined up, we’re both more attractive, and we’re having dates again! Don’t think I’ve forgotten the sight of you in that cute little red dress.”

She blushed, trying not to smile. She knew she had looked utterly divine in it. We’d had quite a lot of sex that night, and she had yearned for more, the sultry minx.

“I know, but . . . look, I get it now. I was wrong to you, Charlie. I really was. I was a loser who mistreated you. But what if - what if you’re just doing the same now?”

I considered this. It wasn’t a terrible point.

“Okay, cards on the table,” I said, stepping up to move to the adjacent kitchen. “You tell me, right here and now, that you want to go back to being a man, that you don’t want to be my sexy, submissive loyal wife who I get to pleasure every night, who gets to dress up in the cutest things and turn heads wherever she goes - you tell me you don’t want to be that anymore, and we’ll change back tomorrow. That’s all you have to do. Tell me that.”

I looked over to her, staring down at her, waiting for her answer. My heart thumped in my chest, and for a moment, just a moment, that old anxiousness returned to me once more. Wendy fidgeted, looking down at herself, her perfect cleavage in her cute dress, her petite body, then looked back up to me, taking in my stalwart figure. She opened her mouth several times, only to say nothing.

“I . . . I can’t,” she said. “I’ll stay like this for longer.”

Relief flooded into me. She really was addicted to her current state, even if it shamed and embarrassed her. I didn’t know whether to thank the lingering effects of the hypnosis or simply my own charismatic nature (or my excellent work in the bedroom), but it didn’t matter too much. The way ahead was clear. I turned on the hypnotic music and settled myself back at the kitchen table, watching my wife’s eyes begin to droop.

“This music is wonderful. This music calms us both. It will play for *five* minutes, and it will make your feminine essence concrete . . . forever. The same will be true of my male essence. When the music ends, you will accept that you are a woman for life, my dutiful wife, just as I am your take-charge husband. And you will *love* it, as you already have.”

I let my own eyes droop, my consciousness sinking into the abyss. It was going to be a good life, I suspected. A real good life. I wasn’t sure if I’d solved the issue of our marital load, but I’d certainly put the shoe on the other foot.

And maybe, after all that Will had put me through, that was karma enough.

We woke up after what felt like less than a second later, but I knew that five minutes had passed. The music had ended, and Wendy took a moment to herself, looking about as if something had changed. I observed her, curious to see how she would react.

And she didn’t disappoint.

Slowly, my sexy wife rose from the table, flattened her dress against her fine form, and then walked around behind me. She draped her petite hands over my shoulders, pressing her cheek next to mine and purring slightly.

“I’ve come to a decision: I want to stay like this,” she said. “Forever.”

“Is that so?”

“Mhm-hmm. And if you’ll permit me to clean up a little bit later than usual, I’d like you to show you how much I want to stay like this, if you catch my drift?”

My cock was already getting harder. I could feel her breasts against my back. I turned a little and grinned, before kissing her deeply.

“I want you on top of me,” she said. “I want my big, handsome man to show me who’s boss.”

And I did. Good God I did. Several times, in fact. And as Wendy wailed with her fifth orgasm, my seed shooting deep into her womb, I knew that I wanted to stay like this forever too. Life was damn good.

It was our last session, though I wasn’t sure why Charlie insisted we go; I was already so happy! Ever since the change, I had come to realise how perfect my life was as a submissive housewife! I didn’t even work as a secretary anymore, not after my sweet, kind, wonderful husband made a passing comment on how I didn’t need to work anymore, and could do better as a stay-at-home wife. And for good reason too!

My little baby made a flurry of movements in my belly, leaving me to run my hands over it. God, I couldn’t get over how strange it was to be pregnant, but also how wonderful. We were so careless when we changed; we never used protection. Just a month after I had decided to stay a woman of my own free will, I’d started to get the first symptoms of pregnancy. Thankfully, by that point I was head over heels in love with not only my tall, handsome husband, but my life as a pretty woman! I’d always wanted babies, but never imagined *I’d* be the one bringing them into the world. It’s still crazy to think about sometimes, but even as my belly grew and my breasts became *even better*, I found myself daydreaming about making gorgeous little babies for my husband. Hell, I even started to go barefoot around the home, just so he could see me barefoot, pregnant, and in the kitchen. I knew it turned him on, and I just *love* pleasing my husband.

I know, it sounds crazy, right? To think I had once been a macho male climbing the corporate ladder! It’s almost like a different life to me now, and a sadder one. I’m so much better off making it up to Charlie by keeping up the marital load: I’m a really good cook now, and I can’t rest if the house is clean. Not to mention how much I take pride in my appearance now. I’m a real looker, even more than as a man, and I know just the right kind of outfits to make my husband go wild, or to look perfect on his arm at corporate events. He’s already a senior manager, and I’ve no doubt I’ve helped by wearing that red dress at his formal events. Not that I can fit into it now!

“Mr and Mrs Hynes, you’re free to see Dr Kin now.”

Charlie stood and held out his hand to me.

“Such a gentleman,” I said, cradling my six-month bump as he pulled me up to my feet.

“Anything for you and our first little baby.”

I giggled. I loved the way he always said 'first.' I already fantasised about him knocking me up a few more times. I'd be the best stay at home mom for him, I just knew it! I could raise as many babies as he wanted. Plus, having him put the babies into me was a lot of fun too. Mmhmm, it was sometimes strange how submissive I was, but even six months pregnant, I really loved milking his cock.

With that thought in mind, we sat down before Dr Kim.

"I just wanted to finish up our last session today to remark upon your progress," she said. "You have both had an unusual trajectory - you're my first couple ever to remain permanently swapped, in fact! - and yet it seems like your marriage issues are solved! Would you like to comment if you feel this is the case?"

Charlie spoke first. I preferred him to speak first, for the both of us. It seemed only natural!

"Definitely," my Charlie said. "We're so much more honest with our communication, we're happier inhabiting each other's roles, and we're far more intimate these days. We never argue. Besides, I don't even see how we'd turn back, not with my wife's belly so big!"

Dr Kim chuckled. "Yes, my congratulations to both of you."

I beamed. I always did, when someone mentioned my belly. I couldn't wait to get even bigger! Having Charlie's baby was the best blessing.

"And you, Wendy? How are you feeling?"

I smiled from ear to ear. "I'm happier than I could ever imagine I would be," I said. "I never thought I would find fulfilment as a housewife and future stay at home mom, but here I am! I never want to go back! Charlie is the most supportive husband I can imagine, and he's right: we're closer than ever."

Dr Kim nodded, taking some notes. "Then it seems the issue of the marital load has been solved, even if a bit more unconventionally than I expected! Still, therapy can yield surprising but pleasant results. I'll just finish up the hypnotherapy tape to dispel any lingering effects."

My husband gripped my hand a bit tightly. Did he not expect this? The music played, and I found myself lulling into an odd sleep, waking only moments later.

As a goddamn *pregnant woman*.

What the fuck had happened? It was like a film had been raised from my eyes. I had a pregnant belly! I had a kicking baby in my stomach! I had freakin' *breasts!* I had been living as a loyal, submissive sexy wife for a freakin' half-year at this point! Why was I doing that? Oh God, something was wrong. Something was really wrong!

I stood up, my eyes wide.

"Wendy?"

"Honey?"

I waddled away as fast as I could. "I'm sorry," I said, my voice still so freakin' demure. "I need to go for a moment!"

But I was so slow. This belly was too heavy, my hips too wide. My boobs bounced - God, they were E-cups now, weren't they? I had all my memories as Wendy, but it was like a programming had dropped away. God, I'd been having sex with Charlie! Good sex! Such good sex! And I'd been making excellent meals and cooking and cleaning and acting so sensual - ugh! Why were those thoughts making me happy? This was madness, and my preggo hormones were making me all emotional! My baby kicked, making me smile for a moment, and I had to force a grimace to my face.

I'd barely made it to the waiting room when Charlie caught up with me.

"Wendy, stop!"

I couldn't help myself. I did stop, listening to his command. I turned, holding my belly.

"This is - this is all wrong! I'm not meant to be - this!"

He cradled my bump, and I let him. I swallowed, taking heavy breaths as he looked at me with such concern and love. God, what was happening to me?

"Honey, it's just a bad reaction. Dr Kim just said so. You know this is how things are meant to be, right?"

"It's not. I'm a pregnant wife! Charlie, why am I suddenly freaking out about this? It's like I was in a dream."

"This is the dream, Wendy," he said. "You're just getting jittery. C'mon, let's head back in and sign off with Dr Kim. We'll tell her you just had a bad emotional moment. Pregnant women get those. Unless . . . do you want to go back in and tell her that you want to change back? Would you want that? Really?"

I did. God, I did. I had to. I couldn't live out the rest of my life as a preggo stay at home wife who sucked her husband's cock each night and let him blow a load into her pussy. I couldn't wear cute dresses and nice bras and hang off his arm and - and . . .

But all those things sounded so good. So sweet. So *right*. I'd been enjoying them for over six months now. How could I go back? Could I, with this baby in my belly?

"I'm sorry honey," I said, giggling like a silly girl. "I don't know what came over me! I guess it was all too much for me; ending therapy, knowing we finally made it as a couple. It's crazy how far we've come."

"Exactly," Charlie said, all worry disappearing from his face. "Now let's get back in there, and finish up our couple's therapy. For good."

I beamed up at him, my wonderful husband. "Sometimes, Charlie, you're just so hypnotic."

The End