

China Doll (Man to Chinese Wife TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

An Anonymous Commission

Paul is a rich American who has heard rumours of an amulet that will allow him to swap places with another. Curious to experience a totally different life for a few days, he tries it out on Yang Ziu, a plain Chinese woman in her early thirties who has recently been pushed into marriage with a man who she does not love. Paul only intends to stay in his life for a few days, but things get complicated quickly . . .

China Doll

Paul was finally joyous. He had no reason not to be, of course. From a young age his father had given him a position in his marketing company. He had a gorgeous trophy wife with plans to make a family some day, and he was utterly wealthy. More than that, he was successful, even with the leg-up. When he took over the family business, it would be even larger and more profitable than ever thanks to his aggressive expansions further south.

But despite all this, Paul Wesson harboured some secret desires that he'd never quite managed to meet. He didn't share these with others except for as idle scenarios, but having been born with a silver spoon his mouth, he had found himself entranced from a young age with those living on 'the other side' of life. Those who couldn't just jet across the world at a moment's notice, or stay at a collection of summer homes as they desired, or network with some of the country's - hell, the planet's! - wealthiest individuals and rub shoulders with them. The people who were poor, who struggled, who were not rich, white, successful Americans like him. He'd often fantasised about what it would be like to *become* one of them, even if just for a short time.

There was on explaining it, really. Shouldn't he be grateful? And he did love his love, and was certain that he deserved it. *I do deserve it*, he often thought to myself. *I may have been born lucky, but I still earned my way in the end and then some. But wouldn't it be exciting to earn my way from even lower down the ladder rung? As someone far more disadvantaged. God, why is that so strangely attractive?*

The best he could chalk it up to was an experience when he was a young teenager. His father had taken him holidaying in China, though it was also ostensibly for some business trips as well, and at one point he'd been taken in an expensive black SUV through a rural inland region of that grand and beautiful country, all to see the vibrant country mansion of one of his father's business partners. It should have been impressive, but in truth he had

seen dozens and dozens of others like it across the world, and it was also western in style, making it too much like the American summer homes anyway.

But what *did* grab his attention was the poor rural community that lived a few miles away from the mansion, working hard at farming and tilling the soil. It was so different from anything he'd known: their cheaper clothes, their plainer faces and coarser skin. He'd even asked his driver to slow down so he could watch them, something his father found amusement in, but allowed.

One woman in particular had stood out to him. She had brown skin - his was a pale Caucasian Irish-American white by contrast - and seemed utterly . . . normal. She had to be in her early teens, and everything about her spoke of someone who lived in a different culture, a different *context*, in which wealthy mansions were for other people. She was working hard helping repair a fence with a man that was likely her father, and it was entrancing to see.

She's the most beautiful thing in the world, he'd thought at the time.

From that day, he'd sought out other such images, even taking up amateur photography for a time. It hadn't worked out. He couldn't connect or understand people at that level, and always the image of that woman followed him. She went from being the most beautiful woman in the world to him, to also being the *sexiest* one too, as he imagined her growing into adulthood as a plain-faced, hard-living woman whose experiences were utterly her own, devoid of privilege. It was outright fetishism, and he knew that if *she* ever knew, she'd be disgusted and annoyed that some rich prick was masturbating to her life. But somehow, that only made the attraction all the greater. The taboo of a rich white man wanted to adopt the life of one of the 'lessers', at least as he saw it.

But in his years of life right through to his early thirties, nothing had managed to sate his desires. Not living among the poor for a spell, or working at a shelter for a company charity initiative, or even living off the grid during his summer break instead of one of the summer estates. Nothing felt authentic. That was, until he managed to secure the amulet.

The village was called Dongshan. It was a quaint, poor little place west of a set of inland mountains that Paul couldn't pronounce. He stuck out like a sore thumb, but everyone just assumed he was off on one of his sightseeing ventures again: that was always how he justified his trips. In his pocket he had the gleaming emerald amulet, a gorgeous and ancient and supposedly *magical* item that had the power to swap two souls into each other's bodies. While he hoped the item was real from the start, it was only when a rich businessman named

Brendan Marks showed its true power to him that he realised magic was real. This Brendan had cryptically stated that the amulet, "gave me a new shot at life from the other side, and I'll never look back. May the same fortune find you as it found Brendan Marks."

Speaking in the third person aside, Paul was just bewildered that it *worked*. Brendan had managed to convince him to give a passionate kiss to the other businessman, and the amulet had activated, flashing brightly and swapping the men's bodies.

"It activates off of passion. Initially, I thought it had to be sex, but the right kind of caress or kiss or even passionate agreement can trigger it, provided you *will* it to. The amulet must be out in the open, and both parties must be able to see it. Do you note the reflection?"

Back in his body after an experimental kiss, the red-haired Paul noticed that his reflection in the emerald was that of Brendan, and Brendan's was Paul's.

"How much?"

"It's for free, provided I agree with what you want to do with it. You searched it out, after all."

After Paul had told him, Brendan had laughed and passed along the amulet, and just two days later he explained to his gorgeous wife Sophie that he would be in China for a few days and return soon. She wasn't happy about it - he'd been "neglecting" her apparently, but this was his dream. His warped, twisted, erotic dream.

So here he was, in Dongshan. The various individuals looked at him, but he knew enough cursory Mandarin to get by and understand them. It was a small community of only a few hundred at best, the kind of place where everyone knew one another. Which meant that, with the right bribes and promises, he was able to be directed to just the kind of target he was interested in.

The woman who had once so entranced him.

Her name was Yang Ziu, and she had only recently married just seven days ago. She was thirty one years old, and had apparently made it clear that she didn't like her suitor, but such things are often arranged forcibly in small rural villages like this, and so she had to go along with it. Paul observed her in the field as he strolled in the direction he was told to head. She indeed had a plain face with slightly rounded cheeks. She was short, maybe 5'3. She was also very thin otherwise, not unhealthily so, but waifish. Her dark hair was a little coarse, but extended all the way to her lower back. At least it would have, had she not put it up while working with the rice, her muddy feet in the wet.

She is still the most beautiful thing in the world. The most sexual.

He observed her a little longer until she got the sense that someone was watching, and then he retreated. He wanted to wait until the end of her working day, when he could

'ambush' her privately and make her agree with his proposal. Thinking pragmatically, it might also mean that she would be more amenable in her tired state to what he had to say. Still, he couldn't resist looking back at her one last time, practically licking his lips in temptation.

What would it be like to spend a few days in your shoes? In your skin? God, I can't wait to be you, my lovely Ziu.

Sure enough, he caught her walking back alone before she could reach the village. Several other villagers had come by to inquire about him, curious as to who he was. He'd bought them off with some money so that he could have some privacy. Now, it had paid off.

"<Yang Ziu?>" he asked. "<Are you Ziu?>"

She looked uncomfortable at his advance. Him with his fine suit and rich sensibilities.

"<Who are you?>" she asked. Her voice was surprisingly strong, with an air of rebelliousness to it. "<You were watching me in the fields. I'm a married woman! Don't get any ideas!>"

I like her already.

"<No ideas! Just an opportunity. I hear you didn't want to be married to your new husband. Am I right?>"

She was hesitant to respond, but her expression told him everything. She regarded him suspiciously.

"<What you heard doesn't matter. I'm nearly married and that's that. We don't have the luxury of your American divorces. You are American, aren't you?"

"<I am,>" he replied, his accent thick but at least understandable to her. She spoke Mandarin quickly, sharply, angrily. It was a little hard to follow. She placed her hands on her hips.

"<Typical American, coming here and causing problems! Why are you talking about my husband? Why are you following me? If you try to hurt me I will kick and scream until you are bloody!>"

Oh, she absolutely has moxy. What a hard life has gotten her to this point. How exciting!

He made a placating gesture. "<My name is Paul Wesson. I'm a rich American businessman who works in marketing.>"

"<What the hell is marketing?>"

"<It's . . . selling things. Big things. To thousands, even millions of people.>"

She snorted, putting on a show of being unimpressed. “<So you’re rich. Why are you talking to me? I’m just a poor rice farmer’s wife.>”

He took a daring step closer, towering over the small Chinese woman. “<But you don’t have to be. Listen, there’s a reason I’m here. I’ve lived a rich life, and I’ve always been fascinated by those who are . . . well, less well off on than me.>”

She grimaced at his expression, but he blundered ahead.

“<What I mean is, I want to experience a different life, even if just for a few days. Your life, to be precise. I have a magical amulet which has the power to swap two souls. I know it sounds strange, but it’s true. It can allow us to change places for some time. You could get away from your husband, enjoy my rich life, order what food and experiences you want, and after an agreed time, we swap back.>”

She must have had the same starry hope of magic descending down to change her life as he once had, because instead of looking at him like he was crazy, she stepped closer to the amulet he held out in his hands, observing how her reflection was somehow his, just as he looked at her reflection from his side.

“<Why me?>” she said, voice losing its harshness.

He told her the story of how he’d passed through her when he was a young teenager many years ago, and how he’d been captivated by her situation, her struggle, her form. He didn’t call her plain-faced: better to make it sound more romantic. She stroked the emerald in the amulet, seemingly entranced by it.

“<You would let me experience riches and wealth? Even just for a time? If it’s real, I mean. And this better not be some stupid American prank.>”

“<No prank,>” he replied. “<We just need to share a moment of passion. A simple kiss. Or my hands on your body. I mean it. I’m not being a creep. At least not in an ordinary way. You could enjoy a life free from this, and after we’re done I promise I’ll make you rich enough to be what you want. That’s a promise.>”

She was a daring woman, even tired after a long day, because she moved right up against him, staring deep into the magic of the amulet.

“<I will kick your balls in if you are lying to me,>” she said.

And she grabbed his expensive shirt collar, pulled him down and kissed him. Hard. Passionately. The magic of the amulet lit up, and both of them felt it. An exchange of souls beginning, drawing them together. In that moment, Paul became incredibly aroused. His dick hardened, and despite his initial intent, he began to caress and touch Ziu’s short, thin body. She returned the action, hurriedly undoing his buttons. She pulled him off the side of the road before they could be spotted, dragging him down to the tall grass fields to the side where

they would be obscured. The amulet was glowing brighter, inflaming their passion. They kissed and caressed, removing their clothing hurriedly. In moments she was spreading her legs wide while he ploughed deeply into her. She was wet and ready for him, and for all that she was no immense beauty, her pussy was tight and perfect, making him grunt in pleasure. She moaned, barely able to hide her feminine bliss as he thrust into her.

"<M-make me you! I w-want to be you!>" she cried.

"<And I want your life, Ziu! I want to live as a soft China doll! Give me your body! Give me - NGHH!!>"

He was interrupted as the pressure in his balls became too much. His rigid rod stiffened, then throbbed as it spurting his semen deep inside her. The orgasm was more intense than any other, and the same must have been true of her, because she raked her chipped nails across his back and squeezed him tightly with her thighs.

"OOOOooOOHHHHhHHhhhhhhHHHh!!!"

There was one final flash, and then everything changed. Suddenly, Paul was on his back, legs wrapped around another, with something deep *inside him*, spurting its issue into a tunnel he had never been born with. Before he could grapple with the face that he now had brown skin and two breasts and a man with his face on top of him, he was instantly hit by an orgasm, one so immediately different from the masculine equivalent that he actually shuddered and cried out in a high womanly voice.

"Ohhhhh God!" he cried. "Holy shit. Holy shit. Ohhhhhh, that f-feels amazing! Yes! Yes!!!"

He didn't even feel like he was operating in a different language as he talked. Instead, it was *his* language. His new language now that he was a Chinese woman.

It worked. It actually worked! I'm her! And - oohhhhh - I'm experiencing a female orgasm! Holy moly I'm fucked by myself!

Ziu must have had the same revelation, because she pulled her new male body off of her old female one, looking embarrassed and confused and more than a little overwhelmed.

"<It - it worked!>" she said.

At least, he thought she said that. She had instinctively spoken in English, and it sounded weirdly fuzzy to his ears, almost like his understanding of it was dissipating.

"Speak Mandarin! Language doesn't transfer."

"You were speaking the truth! I'm you! I'm Paul!"

"You are," the former man said. He giggled, loving the sound of his new voice. "Which means we've got a lot of information to cover in a short time. I have a car, and a driver, and hotel two hours away. You can enjoy every luxury you wish for the next four days, and then

when you return we'll turn back. Then, I can reward you handsomely. Just let me enjoy your body for that time. Deal?"

To his shock, she immediately shook his hand, gripping it so tightly that he winced in pain. "Stop! I'm weaker now, remember?"

"You are! Good luck with that. It's not fun. But if you want it, you can get it. Same with my husband. I don't love him. He's plain and simple. Tell me about your life, so I can hurry up and enjoy it. And I'll tell you quickly about mine."

They began swapping stories. Paul's was pre-prepared, but he still lost his place in all the excitement, and had to start over several times.

It's finally happening. My dream come true.

Paul wasn't stupid. He had a bargaining chip: the amulet. It was still his, and he could use it to get out of whatever situation he desired and back to being Paul even if Ziu tried to take off with his body. He wasn't going to let supposition and paranoia ruin his time though. He wanted to enjoy living on the other side of life, being a plain Jane of a Chinese village farmer wife. He walked proudly back to 'his' home, where the man that was now his husband, Wei, was waiting.

"Ziu! Where have you been? I have been waiting for you to make us dinner. I'm starving! When will you become a proper wife!?"

Paul couldn't have been happier. Wei was no great looker himself, though he did have a rugged quality to him, even if he was a little heavier around the middle than Paul would have liked. But the demanding arrogance, the dominating attitude, the way he was already pushing the new female down into a submissive role, it was utterly intoxicating.

I couldn't have chosen better.

"I shall do it right away husband, I am sorry husband!" he responded in his softer voice.

Wei was about to say something angry when he suddenly halted. "You are . . . sorry?"

"Yes, I have failed my duties as a wife. I was walking and enjoying the air. But a wife's first calling is her husband's happiness."

She bowed slightly, moving to the kitchen, which took her a moment to find. Wei regarded her with suspicion.

"Is this a joke?"

"No joke. What does my husband wish for? I am no great cook, but I will try hard to improve so that you are pleased with me."

"You - but you hate cooking! I was waiting for a fight on this."

She grinned, loving this exchange. *Yes, make me your submissive worker wife.*

"I realise that I was wrong, husband. I am now married to you, and regardless of how I felt before, this is what I must do. It is only right and proper for a woman to serve her man, in every way that pleases him."

He was momentarily speechless. Then, slowly, a broad grin expanded across his face. "Good to see I am finally having an effect on you and that you are seeing sense! Get to it, Ziu. Sticky rice with beef brisket soup. Make sure the beef tastes good."

And then, as if to finish asserting his newfound dominance, he slapped Paul on the ass. The new woman squeaked in shock, eyes wide. Wei grinned with just a little uncertainty, clearly expecting a push back, but instead Paul giggled.

"Mhmm, that was . . . exciting."

"You liked that? But two days ago - ahhh, you are learning. Good to see."

This time he groped Paul's ass, the one area of his new body that did have some nice curves. It was a glorious feeling, and left him moaning sensually, his pussy becoming just a little damp.

"If you are well-behaved, we can enjoy ourselves later. If the soup is good."

Paul was quick to get his hidden phone out - the one he'd left for himself - as soon as Wei was out of sight. He hadn't often cooked in his life, but was determined to get this right. He quickly searched for beef brisket soup recipes in Mandarin, then set to work. He couldn't stop thinking about the feeling of his new dominant husband's hands on his body.

Will it actually happen tonight? Am I ready? But I can't delay! I should have asked for a week!

The soup was . . . acceptable. The rice was more burnt than Paul would have liked, and Wei showed a little distaste while eating it. But still, when the meal was finished, and Paul swept it away back to the kitchen like a good new wife, he noticed that Wei was looking rather satisfied.

"Not the best meal, but not the worst," he said. "But a meal. You promised never to cook me a meal, Ziu."

"I was being a foolish woman," she retorted.

"I know you don't like that our families forced you to finally marry me, but I will be a good husband. We just have to play our parts. That's tradition, and tradition exists for a reason."

He rose from the table and approached Paul as he was beginning to rinse the dishes. He encircled his powerful hands around his new female form, and Paul shivered at the sensation of those coarse fingers on his soft skin.

"It's also tradition for a wife to please her husband. You have so far refused. Has that changed too?"

Paul swallowed. This was the moment, and so soon at that. He was nervous, terrified, and *excited*. He nodded passively, turning his face so that his lips brushed against Wei's.

"It has, my husband. I want you."

Oh yeah, I absolutely want this. I want to feel it all. I want to experience it all. And goddamn, this body is horny, at least while I'm behind the wheel!

Wei wasted no time. He pulled her back from the kitchen, turning Paul around to face him. He brushed the former male's hair back softly, grinning at the sight of her.

"There is the woman behind all the fire," he said. It was surprisingly romantic.

He's demanding, but he's not bad either. Dominating, but . . . gentle at the same time.

And Paul yielded to his new husband, eager to sample the full delights of being a humble Chinese farmer's wife. They kissed, Paul taking the part of the submissive party, moaning softly as Wei planted his lips on his neck, and again as he began to undress his wife.

"H-here?" she asked, and Paul realised that as she was being swept up by it, she was starting to think of herself as a she, especially the more aroused she became. She welcomed these thoughts instead of pushing them away, embracing this new life of hers so that she could have it fully for the next four days.

"No. The bedroom. Here another night. I want you on your back."

She shivered in anticipation. He took her to the bedroom, and it was not a big one. Their village home was small, and yet there was something cozy about it, even if it was nothing like Paul was used to. But in this moment, she wasn't Paul. She was Ziu. And Ziu wanted nothing more than this little bedroom to be the place where she finally achieved womanhood, after so many years of dreaming of it.

Wei was surprisingly good at foreplay. He removed her clothing, and he helped remove his, and the passion rose, but not so quickly that he didn't have time to squeeze and caress her breasts, her back, and run his fingers over her ass. The last he squeezed tightly, making her gasp once again. Her arousal grew, her soft dark nipples throbbing, yearning for

more of his touch. He answered that call by licking her nipples while lowering her back on the bed.

“Ohhhhhh, yes, husband. Yesssss. This is what I wanted all along. I want you in me. F-fuck me.”

“I love it when you speak so crassly. Not out in public, I hate that. But here, where it is just that.”

“I promise to remember that, h-husband. Aahhhh. Yes, the left one!”

He sucked on her left breast, causing her to arch her back. She was in heaven, but in that bliss she was becoming impatient. She spread her legs, enjoying her naked form. His dick was hard, pressing against her belly as he clambered on top of her. It was surprisingly big. Not massive, but not the worst specimen either. And it was thick. Girthy.

“Please,” she begged as he caressed her thin waist and kissed her neck again. “I can’t stand it. Please husband, fuck me! Fuck your submissive wife!”

“I love this new you, Ziu. You had better stay like this.”

“As long as I can!” she answered truthfully.

That seemed to be enough for him, because he entered her at that moment and began thrusting. Her eyes went wide at the feeling of penetration. It was briefly painful, but then it was nothing short of brilliant: her vaginal muscles closed ranks upon his cock, squeezing his shaft and milking it expertly. She slowly began to move her hips in time to his, and the two of them worked into a sensual rhythm. She was beyond words, and so was he. Wei grunted, clearly satisfied, and she accepted his weight, wrapping her legs around him. She was getting close.

So fucking close. God, I need his cum inside me! I need the full experience! Give it to me! GIVE IT TO MEEEEEE! OHHHH!!

He did, grunting louder as his dick finally throbbed inside her. It set off a shockwave of pleasure within her body, and she squeezed him tightly with her entire being, from the nerves of her new pussy to her arms and legs around him. She felt a small *pop* inside her, and then the warm sensation of seed flooding into her body. Her orgasms continued, overlapping, until she’d been hit by three in a row. It was so different from the male experience, and in her opinion far better.

“Ohhhhhhhh, I could get used to that.”

Wei pulled himself off of her, and she elicited a slight gasp from his half-erect penis sliding from her body. One last ripple of pleasure came over her body.

I could get very used to that, she thought again. This will be the best four days of my life.

She was partly right. The next four days truly were wonderful. She got to play the role of the servile wife, expected to cook breakfast, lunch, and dinner, all while sexually pleasing her husband. But she was also expected to work in the fields, and that was a lot more dull and exhaustive. It quickly lost its romantic edge, though at times there was an excitement in being a hard worker without the same social mobility. In living the 'real life' that so many possessed, in a way Paul could never understand without living it. But it also ensured that by the time the real Ziu finally returned in Paul's body, she was looking forward to changing back. She'd experienced a wonderful turn as a woman, overwhelmed by pleasure at night and getting to sleep against the warm body of her dominating husband. She'd been worked hard in the house, the kitchen, the field, and the bedroom, and it was never something she'd forget.

But it was time to turn back.

"You look like you've enjoyed yourself," the new Paul said when looking at the new Ziu. They were meeting in the same stretch of walking road, free from the view of others.

"So very much," the new Ziu said. "But it was also exhausting."

"I told you it would be. Meanwhile I got to have drinks, food, entertainment, even some women."

"I'm glad you did. I enjoyed your husband."

The new man laughed out loud. "You would be the first! Perhaps you are made for one another! Certainly, I'll be out there as soon as I get changed back and you make my bank account grow! Better than growing with babies like he wants me to, ha!"

"A moment of passion, then. Thank you again, 'Paul.'"

Just as they had the first time, they embraced, kissing passionately. The emerald glowed, and their shared arousal grew. They collapsed into the same patch of long grass, hiding from view as they stripped free of their clothing. It was strange to be fucked by her old body, but the new Ziu felt this could be one final strange gift before changing back. When she was entered by Paul's body, she gasped, moaning in bliss as he pumped away. The former woman clearly enjoyed her dominant position, because it didn't take long for him to cum, and the two cried out in ecstasy. The emerald flashed even brighter, and both were hit by the bright warmth of its magic.

Only for the light to turn red.

V000000000ooooommmm

The amulet 'powered down', losing its lustre and glow. Nothing had happened. Nothing had changed.

"No! No no no no!" the real Paul cried. She was still Ziu, still thinking of herself like Ziu. "Why didn't it work? It should have worked!"

"We could try again?" Paul said, though the former woman seemed oddly happy about the lack of result.

"We have to! Give it some time!"

But repeated attempts did nothing. The amulet simply flashed red over and again, each time making that powering down sound. She could feel her soul ready to leave her body in those final moments, but then a third presence, a small budding life, seemed to enter the mix, and it ruined the whole process. She looked around for a fly, or a rabbit or mouse, or a bird, or something that was interrupting the process.

It was the new Paul that worked out what it truly was, and he began laughing out loud almost madly.

"What!? What is it? Have you figured it out!"

"I have!" Paul laughed, "but you won't like it. I think you're trapped in that body, 'Ziu.' There's something else present that won't let you leave, and it's all your fault, I'm afraid."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I never slept with my new husband, but you have, many times. And how many times did you use protection?"

Ziu's blood chilled as she finally put two and two together.

"That's - that's impossible. It's only been four days!"

Paul smirked sympathetically. "I'm afraid it only takes one time. You should know that as a smart, well-to-do Westerner. I'm afraid you're probably going to be stuck in that body a lot longer, Ziu. Maybe forever, if growing a baby while changed makes you ineligible."

"No! I'll abort! I'll -"

"Good luck in this village! No, you'll have to grow big with babies and push them out. The full experience is what you wanted, right? This is the full experience, the one I didn't want. Now you can enjoy it. I'll tell you what: you get the amulet working again, you can come track me down and we'll swap. I promise. I don't want to cheat you. But while we can't swap, and since you got me pregnant without my permission which was *definitely* not part of the deal, I say you go through with it. That's only fair."

Ziu couldn't believe what she was hearing. She stood, aghast, but could only watch as her former body dressed itself, gave Ziu a light peck on the cheek, and began to walk away.

"I'm sorry this happened, 'Ziu', but I can't say I'm disappointed. Try to enjoy my life. I hope it works out for you. I'll take good care of your life in the meantime, just in case you can get this sorted out."

And then he was gone.

Oh shit. I've made a huge fucking mistake.

Six months later, and Paul was no more. His male pride collapsed and his options limited, he'd adapted to the life of Yang Ziu out of necessity, which included being a loyal and submissive traditional wife to his husband - *her* husband. Wei wasn't a terrible husband, but he was a traditional one. That meant that even on the days when Ziu worked in the rice fields, she was still expected to cook and clean for their household. And, of course, when Wei was in the mood - especially after he'd had something to drink - he also expected her to warm his bed and please him sexually, as a good wife would do. That included with her mouth, a practice that the former male was only just getting used to, especially the taste. Most of their sex took place with her on her back, or on all fours while he thrust his dick deep into her wet tunnel, though. Paul's fantasies had already proven to be the new Ziu's undoing: despite the fact that she hungered for her old life, and regretted her actions with the amulet, she was still unbelievably turned on by being a submissive foreign woman getting fucked by her Chinese husband. It was simply too arousing, living life from the other side as she'd always dreamed, and so she was often wet, sometimes even begging him to plough her womanhood and spend his seed inside her. Even her thin breasts were sensitive, and sometimes she wished they were a little bigger, just so she could be lusted after more.

She got her wish on that last part, of course. Pregnancy will do that for you. Not long after she realised she was stuck in her life for at least nine months,, she began to feel nauseous during the day, especially during the morning. Her breasts became tender, and her nipples larger and darker. And she began to crave more and more food, even Western foods that she could no longer access. Wei knew what was happening immediately,

"I can't wait to see you get big, my love. Don't think this means you can't still do some work, though we can't stretch you too much. You'll still have to help out in the fields."

Great. I wanted to just tour what it was like to live like this. Not be stuck working so hard while growing a damn baby!

But she was, and now she was well into her second trimester, nearly six months along.

With twins.

It was a huge blessing, of course. At least that's what the village thought, and especially her husband. Two healthy babies growing in her womb, filling her out so that she had gone from stick thin to having a round dome, with even her breasts now a little sizeable. She was still plain-faced and ordinary, but to Wei she was the most sexually desirable woman on the planet: something about her growing large with his children turned him on greatly, and now they rarely went a single day without sex. She couldn't help herself but give in to this. Much as it shamed her, she found her greater submissive state all the hotter for how tied down she was now.

And yet, despite being massively gravid with twins, and dealing with back pain, swollen ankles, the constant movement of her babies, and her incredible hunger, she was still expected to cook and clean and even help with the fields as much as she could. After all, this was the way of her new world: people worked not because they were ambitious, but out of necessity, and even pregnant women worked when needed. She wasn't treated unfairly, and the village looked after her, but everyone had to do her part. In many ways, as much trepidation as she had about the upcoming birth, Ziu was almost looking forward to it. At least her sore breasts would have something to do, and she could let the village take care of her for a time.

For now though, she simply had to put up with it, and take the pleasure where it came, which was mostly when Wei placed her on his lap and fucked her senseless, just like her horny body needed. This was usually after she'd served him his dinner, something she was now surprisingly adept at, having had to learn by necessity.

Because she wasn't changing back.

Just four months into her pregnancy, the amulet had been stolen. Some thieves wandering the country side had taken it, and disappeared into the aether. The community came together to help pay for everything they'd lost, but the only important thing in her mind was that item, since it could have changed her back post-birth. Now that option was lost, and the new Paul would just assume she couldn't, or wouldn't, turn back.

She would be Yang Ziu for the rest of her life. She would work in the fields, cook and clean for her husband, and pleasure him when he wanted it. She would bear him children, and live her life as an ordinary Chinese woman in Dongshan, a place most people would never even know existed.

That's my life, she thought to herself as she stroked her stomach, waiting for her husband to come home slightly drunk, and very lusty. Her old self was onscreen on their

cheap television. He'd secured a big deal or merger or something. Obviously, the real Ziu had adapted well to the life of Paul Wesson. She was so jealous of him, but couldn't blame him.

It's not like I didn't ask for this, in a way. I wanted to live as a rural China doll.

And now, she always would.

The End