

It's Just Genetics! (Gender Swap, TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

Sean is a chauvinistic, misogynistic man who often excuses his terrible behaviour to his wife by saying 'it's just genetics.' But when a witch overhears this, she decides to cause him and his wife to change genders across the course of the year, and worst of all he ends up an exceedingly busty and attractive woman! Now Sean's husband wants his new wife to follow her new role. It's just genetics, after all . . .

It's Just Genetics!

Rachel was angry again.

"I don't understand how you can keep doing this to me!" she declared. "Another strip club with the boys? Seriously? I asked you not to go along with these things."

"It wasn't a strip club this time, honey. It was just Bouncy Castle."

"The restaurant with all the big-titted bimbos in tight, low-cut tops? The one that caters to young, single men and sad, older guys? That place?"

"It's just a fun dinner with the boys."

"That you didn't warn me about! I made dinner tonight! It was meant to be *our* night, Sean, and you left me in the lurch again."

Sean just scoffed. "Honey, you know things go like this sometimes. I'm the breadwinner, aren't I?"

"Y-yes, but-"

"So I'm just fulfilling my role as a man. I'm keeping the house running. I'm paying the bills. I'm keeping my wife safe and protected, like a man should. But a man also has needs. It's just genetics, babe!"

She folded her arms over her thin chest. "You always say that."

"Well, it's true. Men are the natural leaders, the ones who take charge and make decisions. It's the reason why we moved."

She frowned. "I didn't want to move, though."

"But *I* made the decision, as the breadwinner. Just like as the woman of the house, it's your job to keep the house in order, make the food, and give us a family one day."

"I'm still not sure about a baby, honey. I feel like we fight all the time, and-"

He waved off her concerns. "You'll feel better when you're knocked up and expecting, Rachel. Again, it's genetics. Ladies are like that. Plus, maybe then you won't complain about being bored and wanting a job all the time."

"But-"

“But nothing. Like I said, it’s just genetics. It’s why me and the boys visit the occasional club; it’s just what men do, babe. It’s hardwired in our system. Just like it’s in your system to be a good housewife who obeys her husband and falls pregnant when he’s ready to start a family. You know this.”

Rachel sighed, unhappy but resigned. She had always lacked a spine. “Fine. Yes, you’re right Sean. You’re always right.”

It was the usual end to the kind of conversation they’d had off and on in their five years of marriage together. Both were young, only in their late twenties, and had been high school sweethearts once. But over time, Sean had revealed his true colours as a man who saw his gender as the superior leading sex, and women as there to complement his sex, never to be equal to it. He was an average-looking man, albeit quite a tall one, and he certainly had decent muscle. His dark hair lent him additional handsomeness and charm. She on the other hand was quite short and lithe, her features gentle and thin. Her chest and ass were flat, and once that had not bothered her, but now Sean made a point of mentioning this often as a reason why he visited clubs with his friends and enjoyed the local waitresses:

“A guy needs to enjoy a good rack, honey. I promise I’m not touching anything, just appreciating the sight of it. I mean, I wouldn’t need to if you had a bigger bust, but here we are. You know I love you, but a guy has needs. Again, it’s just genetics!”

That was his refrain, over and over and over. She’d even started growing her hair out again despite loving the cute brunette pixie cut she’d gotten, all because he felt she was stepping outside her ‘natural role,’ whatever that meant. It left her often miserable, but some part of her could never leave Sean.

She didn’t have to, in the end, however. Because soon Sean would change, and so would she.

They were together at the gym. Rachel wasn’t the kind to go to the gym at all, but Sean had pressured her and pressured her, and she was finally giving in.

“It’s going to be so good,” he said, as she signed the papers at the desk for the woman behind it. “Trust me, honey, I know you don’t want to now, but your ass will look amazing once you start working out. Way better than the pancake you’ve got now.”

“Excuse me?” the lady behind the desk said. She was quite an attractive individual, with flame-red hair and a decent-sized chest in her sports bra. Sean made a point of looking and appreciating, grin fixed to his face, before answering her.

“Just having a private conversation with my wife here, thanks. Plus Rachel, your stomach has been kind of flabby lately. A bit of gym work should make it nice and sexy and

trim. Not too much workout, obviously. Don't want you looking like a gross wannabe man with too much lady muscle, or whatever."

"Of course, Sean," she replied, her cheeks burning with humiliation. "If you think that's right."

"Why would it not be? If your man is telling you something is right, you best believe him! He's got your best interests in mind, right?"

"I can't believe I'm hearing this," the lady said, interjecting into the conversation again. "This is some nineteen fifties style bullshit right here! Ma'am, is this man really your husband?"

"Don't answer that," Sean said. "I'll take care of it."

Rachel silenced herself, not wanting to make a fuss.

"Yeah, she's my wife. And unlike *some* people, she knows a woman's place in these things."

"Oh, a woman's place, huh?" the lady at the desk said. "And what would that be? Lower than a man?"

"Well, duh. No offence, I'm sure you're all feminist and shit and that feels good, and women are important and all, but at the end of the day a man is stronger, more capable, and usually smarter than a woman. He's there to protect her, to make the tough decisions, and to be the breadwinner."

"And that's you, right?"

"Naturally. Just like Rachel here knows that a woman's role is to be loyal to her man, to look good for him, and fulfil her duties around the house and the bedroom."

"Sean, please!" Rachel said, shaking from the humiliation.

"What? It's true. This is why guys step out so much these days, because ladies aren't following their natural role."

The woman's eyebrow raised. "Their natural role."

"Yeah. It's just genetics, lady. The difference between men and women."

"And so if you were a woman and your wife the man in the relationship, you'd accept that dynamic?"

He snorted. "Whatever you're smoking, sure. But that's not how it is. Anyway, can you process her membership or am I going to have to talk to your manager. Your *male* manager."

The woman's eyes narrowed but she processed Rachel's membership. But as they turned to leave, she said something strange, as if it were another language. Sean turned, confused, to find the woman smiling in an almost aggressively sweet manner.

"What was that?"

“Oh, nothing. Just a little ‘blessing’ to ensure you get to appreciate the power of genetics and gender roles just as you see them. With a little bonus thrown in for your wife, of course.”

Weirded out, Sean and Rachel left the building.

“That was fucking weird,” Sean said.

Rachel said nothing. She just wanted to be home.

Over the next month, odd things began to occur for the married couple. Despite having gone to the gym way longer, Sean found his ability to deal with his weights diminishing instead of increasing. His muscles ached for far longer, and his body had less stamina. His hair growth was also out of control, and he found himself booking two hair appointments in the same month to deal with it, but it did little to stem the tide. This was contrasted by his facial hair and body hair, which was becoming surprisingly thin.

Rachel, meanwhile, was starting to enjoy going to the gym after a slow start. Her strength was improving, and she received surges of adrenaline as she pumped the weights. Her muscles were getting visible, her stomach toned, and she could have sworn she felt bigger. Not just in mass, but literally taller. The experience made her more confident, though she still worked as a humble housewife outside of this hobby, while Sean continued to catch up with his mates in saucy locations.

“Sorry honey, it’s just genetics,” he said, repeating his mantra after coming home drunk one night. “It was just one titty bar. I didn’t touch anything. Just appreciated it. Man, I wish you had bigger tits. Or tits at all.”

“Well, I don’t!” she declared. “So shut up about it. You can either find a woman who does or stay loyal to me, like I’ve stayed loyal to you.”

The drunken Sean was taken aback. He’d never had such a response from Rachel before, and it strangely cowed him. He tried to initiate sex afterwards to get some feeling of dominance back, but his cock - which had been weirdly numb lately - failed him, which only made his shame all the greater.

It was the first major sign of things to come. In the month following that, Sean continued to feel further emasculated. His muscles were shrinking, and his shoulders seemed smaller. He could have sworn he was getting shorter too, and the roots of his fast-growing hair were changing. At first he thought they were going grey, but closer inspection revealed they were light *blonde!* Meanwhile, Rachel’s hair was getting darker, her body more muscular, and she had begun noticing a few body hairs and hairs around her chin that needed sorting out before Sean caught them. Her already-small chest was shrinking

further, much to her disappointment, but the rush of power that came from exercise continued, and the desire to become stronger and larger influenced her further. For once, she was initiating sex, and it was Sean who was having to explain he wasn't up to it; his cock really did seem smaller, and it wasn't growing as it used to. He'd gotten embarrassed with his friends when visiting a strip club; they'd paid for a lap dance for him, but when she fondled his pants, it really was just a roll of quarters there, not his actual cock, that was hard.

"It doesn't make any sense!" he whined to his wife later. "How am I getting weaker? Even my voice sounds less manly! I'm getting shorter, I'm losing my body hair, and my jaw seriously looks smoother."

"It is strange," she admitted. "I mean, my jaw is getting more square, and my voice sounds a bit raspy lately. I'm not fitting into most of my clothes. And my nipples . . . Sean, they're getting smaller!"

Sean swallowed. *His* were getting bigger. More prominent, with wider areolas. The only moment of pleasure during the lap dance at the club had been when the woman rubbed his chest and he'd groaned unusually, startling her and his friends. His nipples had stiffened massively against his shirt, weirding them all out.

"That woman at the gym," Rachel said. "Maybe it was something she said. Was it a curse or something?"

"It has to be," he said, latching onto this. "First thing tomorrow, we're going to see her!"

But she wasn't there the next day, or the next, or the next. They were informed by management that 'Ashley' was away and wouldn't be back for another month. Sean was furious, particularly given how impotent he was lately. His job in real estate was suffering from his new anxiety, and his ability to close deals too; it was like all his manly confidence was being sapped, especially since Rachel had even *demand*ed he help with the house chores lately. Now, instead of getting a solution, he had to wait a whole other month.

The third month brought further changes, and they seemed to be accelerating. His hair, no matter how he tried to dye it and cut it, continued to grow longer and blonder, eventually reaching past his chin. It had a natural wave to it, and looked almost womanly. His face grew softer, his eyes turning from their mysterious grey to a startling ocean baby blue. His lips became a little softer too. His body hair was now all gone, except for above his dick, though the shape of the hair was changing to look far more feminine. His penis was definitely slowly shrinking too, and there was no doubt he'd lose a few inches of height, as he was forced to buy platforms to disguise it. Meanwhile, Rachel was now equal to his height and getting ready to pass him. Her strength almost matched his, perhaps did match it, and her features were looking more rugged with each passing day. Worst of all, when she'd

initiated sex with him, she revealed that her tits were now entirely gone, whereas her clitoris was bulging, her tunnel too tight to enter.

"I think Ashley was a witch," she said. "We're switching gender. If we don't stop her, I'm going to be the man of the house, and you'll be my wife."

Sean squirmed, horrified at the thought. In his world, women were submissive, dutiful wives who pleased their husbands in every way possible, loyal to the stronger gender. The thought of *being* that woman . . .

"We'll stop it," he said, voice cracking. "I will *not* be a woman."

"I don't know, maybe you'll be a cute one. Maybe you'll have big tits. Your nipples are getting a lot bigger, and I think you're growing moobs."

"Don't joke, Rachel. Don't forget who the man in the relationship is."

But Rachel simply grinned, kissing him on the forehead in a condescending manner that she never would have once. She was buoyant with confidence to the point of being the more dominant partner at times.

"Not for long, honey!" she reminded him, before walking away. She was wearing pants for the first time in a long time. Pants. Like a *man*, at least in Sean's worldview. And somehow, the way she'd worded that almost sounded like she was *excited* for further change.

"I won't be a damned woman," he said to himself, shaking his slightly daintified fists. "I'm in control. I'm the alpha male. The breadwinner. Just a few more days until the witch returns."

Ashley was delighted to see them again.

"My, how you've both changed! Looking great, Rachel!"

"Thank you," Sean's wife said sincerely. "I feel wonderful. I have so much confidence. Like I can take on the world!"

"That's a bit of male energy for you! Maybe it's just what you need. And your husband Sean looks a bit more chastened."

"As if," he said, folding his arms and wincing at his sensitive chest. "I'm just here to demand you turn me back."

"Demand?" she said. "That's a bit bold! After your awful sexism, I would have thought you would come apologising."

"Well, I'm not. Everything I said was true. I was just being a man, expecting my wife to be a proper woman."

She rolled her eyes. "You just want Rachel here to be a trophy wife under your thumb. You just want a big-titted buxom bombshell who hangs on your arm impressing your friends, there to cook and clean and have sex whenever you want."

"And have his babies," Rachel said, surprised at her own eagerness to spill the truth. "He wants me to start a family with him. A big one."

"Good Lord," Ashley replied, holding her forehead. "Looks like my work is cut out for me."

"It is," Sean said, putting his hand on the counter and trying to loom over the witch. Unfortunately, his features were now too soft and his stature too short to do so. "You've got to undo this, right now. Or I'll sue you into the dirt."

"On what basis? Magic? I wouldn't worry about that. Haven't you noticed that people aren't looking at you funny? Your identities will change as your bodies do, and no one will be the wiser. By the end of the year, you - Sean - will be Sasha. And you - Rachel - will be Robert. And as far as your worldview is concerned, you will have nothing to complain about when the shoe is on the other foot and *you* have to be the submissive, beautiful wife, *Sasha*, because it'll just be genetics, right?"

"Listen, lady, if you don't turn me back now, I'll -"

"Fine, fine! Come round in five days time and I'll work out a counterspell. *If* you both want it."

Sean grinned. "Good. Glad that's settled."

"I guess it's just genetics," she mused. "A woman needs to know her place, after all."

"Exactly," he said, not catching her full meaning.

Sean nearly screamed when he found out that Ashley had disappeared again, this time quitting her job and not leaving a forward address with her manager. Evidently, she was happy to ghost them and leave their changes going. But instead of howling, he was hit by the flood of estrogen coursing through his system, and so he *cried* instead. Actually cried, and had to lean into Rachel for comfort. It was humiliating, but his changing body and mind needed it.

"I d-don't want to be a woman!" he cried.

"I know honey. I don't know about being a man either," she said, lying a little. "But we can adapt. I know we can. I'll help you as much as I can."

"H-how? I'm going to l-lose my fucking penis! You're growing one! It's fucking *sick!* It's not right."

But Rachel was actually feeling a little excited. As she held her husband, she observed that her hands were a little larger, a little rougher. She had a new instinct to protect him, but with that instinct came a need to take charge.

“Honey, listen to me, it’ll be okay. But you’ll have to follow my lead for once, okay?”

“I don’t see how just because-”

“My lead. *Now*. Okay?”

And then, as much to his surprise as hers, he relented and agreed.

In the months that followed, their changes continued. Sean was horrified to find his package shrinking smaller and smaller each passing day, all while his wife’s own bulge began to swell into existence, as well as a sac behind it. He had hoped that if the changes would take a year, then he would only lose his manhood at the very end, which gave him plenty of time to track down Ashley and force her to change him back. Instead, it seemed their reproductive equipment was changing faster than anything. By the end of the fifth month he could barely say he had a micropenis, while Rachel now had a near-fully formed penis and balls. She was getting used to peeing standing up, while he was suffering the humiliation of sitting down to pee. These were not the only changes, either.

For one, his chest was coming out of hiding. His nipples were undeniably female now, and his breasts were growing, becoming actual breasts. He tried wrapping them down for a time, but this made his chest far too sore, particularly as they ached with the promise of future growth. They were also far too sensitive, and increasingly his frame had a female aspect that emphasised their growth; smaller shoulders, thinner waist, and wider hips. Even his legs were looking long and shapely. In contrast, Rachel was now two inches taller than him, and her face was developing a light five o’clock shadow, all while his was baby smooth. Her hair had gone darker and even shorter, while his now hung nearly to his shoulders.

“I can’t deal with this!” he whined, overwhelmed by emotion increasingly often. “I have no idea what to do with all this damn hair! I just - fuck! I can’t handle this!”

As was increasingly the case, Rachel had to be the one to put sense into him and force him to learn how to handle it. She showed him how to deal with his hair, but when he got frustrated she put her foot down - literally - with a loud stomp.

“Honey! You *will* learn how to do your hair *and* your makeup. We’ve had no success at all in finding Ashley, which means you need to accept you’re becoming a woman. You’re taking on a new role, and since you’ll also be my wife, I expect you’ll learn makeup and hair care and feminine hygiene like I did, and become an expert in it.”

“But - but-”

“But nothing, honey. You’re assuming a new role and so am I, and we have to accept that and take on the challenge. It’s just genetics, remember?”

Having the words thrown back in Sean's face was humiliating, especially since he couldn't fight them. He sulked, even went to their room and had a private cry, cursing his feminine emotions. But nothing could stop the changes.

After nearly eight months of changing, Sean was losing all hope. He wasn't even *Sean* anymore, not since his pussy had finally opened up and left him female at the seven-month mark. He now had female plumbing, and Rachel had walked him through how to take care of it, including period care. He - *she* now - had experienced one period already, and hated every part of it. Rachel didn't show a great deal of sympathy.

"You used to call me emotional and bitchy every time I had my heavy flow, so be thankful yours is pretty light, honey. It's something all women deal with."

"Not you, anymore, Rachel."

"That's because I'm the man now," Rachel said, voice deep and baritone. "And why you need to start calling me Robert, just like I call you Sasha."

Sasha fumed, crossing her arms over her enlarged tits without meaning to. The magic had indeed slowly changed their reality, so that now all their identification listed them as Sasha Tannon and Robert Tannon - that was Rachel's original maiden name. Now, *she* was the one with a maiden name - Astin. It was an erasure of her old identity, and with it had come more changes beyond the physical. She no longer had her job in real estate, that was Robert's area now. Instead, Sasha only had damn *waitressing*, a humiliating state of affairs given how her body was increasingly luscious. At least she wasn't at Bounce Castle, but with the implacable changes to her body, she was turning heads regardless.

Her breasts were now fully developed C-cups, nice and proportioned, enough to jiggle and wobble and require a bra, something which permanently reminded her of her femaleness. Her waist had narrowed further, and her hips were practically a set of babymakers, as Robert liked to put it. She was also much shorter, about average height for a woman or a little smaller now, but her face was no longer her own. With its fuller lips, enchanting eyes, and button cute nose, there was no denying her girl-next-door beauty. She even had a heart-shaped face, and her voice was increasingly sweet, bordering on becoming a soprano if it changed any more. With her wavy blonde hair that went down to the bottom of her shoulder blades, she certainly attracted attention, especially since her body was increasingly hit by . . . compulsions.

There was no other way to describe it. It was the same for Robert, in fact. Both were increasingly occupying their roles without even meaning to. Robert was making big successful wins in real estate, shaking hands with big players and easily adopting manly

poses, while she found her hips sashaying from side to side without thinking, and wearing high heels soon felt oddly natural. She hated it, of course, but couldn't find a way to stop it. Even when men made little comments about her, instead of trying to punch them or heckle them, she just found herself smiling sweetly and making an offhand comment to assuage them. When someone pinched her backside she looked back in shock, but ended up running to the change room to have a private little cry. It was awful, but as Robert now loved to remind her: "It's just genetics, honey. You're becoming a submissive, gorgeous woman, and I'm your protector. You've just got to embrace it."

"Easy for you to say! I can't even catch up with my buddies anymore! I'm a woman, and they just leer at me. I can't go to clubs because the guys act as if I'm some sort of stripper! Instead I'm stuck hanging out with their wives, and we just sit there talking about female stuff, and the worst part is I can't help but join in talking about fashion and babies and housework!"

"Speaking of, actually, I think there's some that needs doing. Make sure to get the washing out and iron my clothes right. A good wife needs to get the basics down."

Sasha groaned, angry but literally unable to push against her husband's words. As she walked away, he made a motion to slap her ass lightly. Her cheeks burned, but part of her actually *liked* it.

"Why is this stupid female body *liking* it when he dominates me?"

She had no idea how much she would enjoy it.

It was Robert that initiated their first sex in months, of course. He was now the big man, the leader in the relationship, the breadwinner. Sasha had come home frustrated at the ten month mark, infuriated that her boobs had grown *yet again*. She now had full, ripe Double-D's, and while they stretched her current dress (another fashion aspect she couldn't fight), they were showing no signs of slowing their growth. She tore the dress off when they got home and showed her latest 'developments' to her husband, who was now easily six-foot-one and had a strong, masculine build.

"Look at this! Look! They grew *again!* At this rate they might never stop!"

"Well, I think they look lovely. I bet they'd be a lot of fun to squeeze, too."

"Don't even joke! I'm not even meant to have breasts, and now I've got bigger ones than most women I've met! Even bigger than some of the girls at the strip club."

Robert grinned. "Here's hoping they get even bigger. I'm starting to understand why you liked big breasts so much before. Just like I've noticed you staring at my crotch from time to time."

"I do not! I was just . . . curious."

"Oh yeah? Well, you've got me plenty worked up, darling."

"Ewww!" she cried, though her breathing was quickening, her attraction to Robert growing. She'd been having a lot of dreams lately, sexy dreams of what he could do with that big dick of his. She never told him, but she had started touching herself in private to cool herself down. But it wasn't enough.

"Don't say that, honey," she said, removing his tie and then his shirt, and even unbuckling his pants. "I know you want it. A good wife would, and you're becoming an ideal wife, just like I'm your ideal husband. It's just genetics, remember?"

"N-no. It's not. I was wrong. I was . . . ohhhh."

He removed his underwear, and his titan of a cock was unleashed, rigid and hard and wonderful. Sasha stared at it, and something in her was compelled to approach. Her pussy began to dampen, a sensation she was still not used to, and her large pink nipples stiffened. She needed her husband, but more than that, she needed to *please him*. Her submissive compulsions overrode any disgust she had, and even that disgust waned as he approached and pulled her lips to his. She moaned in his mouth as he kissed her, his hands creeping down to her ass, which was increasingly impressive in its outline.

"Mhmmm," she moaned. "Oh G-God. Just the once, please! I n-need it!"

"I know you do. A woman needs her man, just like a man needs his woman."

The sex that followed was unlike anything she had ever felt. She was dominated by Robert, laying on her back with her legs spread wide as he fucked her with his big dick. He thrust in and out, making her his, and she was helpless but to wail and cry out in her sweet soprano voice.

"Your mine, Sasha!" Robert proclaimed, gripping her ass with one hand as he held the end of the bed with the other. He kissed her, then lowered to suck on her nipple, press his face into her large, bouncing breasts. "You're going to be the woman from now on. Say it."

"I - I'm going to be the woman f-from now on!"

"You're going to accept your role. Hang on my arm. Look pretty for me. All while it's my turn to be the breadwinner."

"N-no! Ohhhh, yes! Yes, so long as you m-make me c-cum! Please, it's t-torture!"

"So long as you agree to follow your new role. I promise I'll be a good husband. Better than you ever were. Just like you'll be my perfect wife: loyal, beautiful, and always letting me fuck you whenever I want."

"Ohhhhh, f-fine! Just do it! Don't s-stop f-fucking meeeeeee!!!"

He came inside her, and she came with him. The orgasms were incredible, and the sensations from her breasts were just as amazing. For the first time she relished her femalehood, though in the aftermath she couldn't believe what she had done.

"That isn't happening again," she muttered, still clutching him, his face buried in her chest. "That was j-just a one time thing.

It wasn't. Despite her words, Sasha couldn't resist her husband, nor he her. The former male found it increasingly hard to fight back against her new nature; she was simply too submissive, too deferential. At work, she had to get used to the way men treated her and even women glared at her with jealousy, particularly since the end of the year-long changes approached. Her body had gone from a pretty-girl-next-door to a knock out supermodel appearance by that point. Her breasts had swelled yet further, leaving behind the D designation and becoming ripe F-cups by the end, each a bit over half the size of her own head. They were pert and beautiful, perfect teardrop shapes that wobbled and jiggled with even the slightest movement, big enough to overflow the palm of even her husband's hand, despite how much bigger he had gotten. Coupled with this was an increase in her ass, which now was a nice peachy behind he liked to grope, something which she had to endure, partly because it drove her body wild.

"I can't believe how busty my former husband is," Robert mused when they went out on an actual date. "Or that, chauvinist that you once were, you're wearing a dress like *that*."

Sasha looked down at herself, blushing deeply. It only made her look cuter. Indeed, she was wearing a tight red cocktail dress with a slit up one leg and a deep, *deep* v-neck that showed off her very impressive cleavage. The dress had an in-built push-up bra, which only made her boobs look all the bigger and better, like two overgrown cantaloupes that hung proudly (and heavily) from her chest.

"Please don't make fun," she whispered demurely. "You know I can't help but dress like this."

"Just genetics, huh?"

She nodded, trying not to take in how deeply handsome Robert had become, with his chiselled jaw and baritone voice and smart casual shirt. He had embraced his new style though, where she still felt emasculated.

"Hard to believe it's been a year," Robert said. "This time a year ago, we were fighting constantly, I had no confidence at all, and we were making far, far less money. Not to mention you were out visiting strip clubs and leering at other women, all while failing to understand them. Now we're happier, healthier, and even a few years younger! And you turn

heads everywhere you go and puff me up just by being on my arm! Not to mention how much more sex we have. We'll have a few more rounds tonight after we finish up this meal and leave the restaurant. I want you on your back and me on top. You know I love that."

"Don't remind me. It just reminds me of how submissive I am now. Of everything I've lost."

"Nonsense, you've gained far more. You're far lovelier as a woman than I ever was, and those boobs are incredible, dear. Your entire figure is! And your wardrobe and style - look at that red lipstick in the mirror sometime. Perfectly applied! And when it comes to the house, you've been on top of all the chores so dutifully."

"That's the compulsions. It's magic."

"Or genetic, right? I mean, those orgasms you have certainly seem very legitimately female. That's why you're so addicted to them, and teasing me in those lovely showy outfits. I see the appeal from the male perspective, now."

She looked down at herself, at her perfect cleavage, at the way her breasts blocked the view of half her meal. Of how perfectly, wonderfully, terribly female she was.

"M-maybe I was wrong about that, back then. The genetic thing. Maybe I should have just apologised to Ashley."

"That's all I needed to hear, Sasha."

They were eating on the deck of the restaurant, outside and overlooking the city lights. Suddenly, serving them their next bottle of wine, was Ashley, the fiery-haired witch appearing with a smirk on her features.

"My, my, you turned out well! You should be a model, my dear! I bet men everywhere like to take notice of you with a rack like that. You're stacked!"

"Ashley!" she cried, though the witch shushed her when other patrons further away turned their heads.

"Shhh, let's keep the romantic ambience, shall we? Especially since you two seem to be doing so well. I'd say you were destined to be a woman judging from the style you've got on now, but then I've heard you've done well yourself, Robert. You're a regular ladder climber at the moment, the real estate agent of the year! Any big moves to a nicer house, yet?"

He smirked. "It's happening right now."

"What!?" Sasha exclaimed, breasts wobbled as she shifted too fast in her seat.

"I wanted it to be a surprise. It's my financial decision, remember? I'm the breadwinner now, just like *you* decided we moved when *you* were making the money."

"Sounds fair, according to your philosophy," Ashley said. "Unless you have something to say finally, Sasha?"

Sasha crossed her arms beneath her chest, emphasising her bust further. Across the room, a woman stood up and left her date who couldn't stop gazing at the lady in the red dress with the stacked chest.

"I'm . . . sorry. To both of you. I was wrong. It isn't genetics. I was just . . . I was just being a chauvinist, like Robert called me. I was being sexist and cruel, and while I never cheated, I acted in a way that broke our marriage."

Robert found himself touched. He actually reached out and took Sasha's hand and smiled at her. She smiled back, feeling a great weight lift from her shoulders.

"That's very good to hear," Ashley said. "It may have taken a year, but I'm so glad you learned your lesson in the end."

Sasha breathed a sigh of relief. "So you'll change us back now?"

"What? Oh, no! Not a chance of that, dear! You two are far too perfect in your new roles now, and I wouldn't dare disrupt all your new success."

"But - but I'm a man!"

Ashley smirked. "I can think of two big, rather overdeveloped reasons to call *that* conclusion into question. Besides, I can't change you back even if I wanted to. Your aura has changed too much: you're too submissive, too demure, too *dutiful* as a wife now. You've inhabited your role perfectly, even if you don't like it or want to admit it, and that means the magic is locked in. I'm just here to make sure you've learned your lesson, and to wish you both luck. I'll be back at the gym again, so don't hesitate to come by any time! We have women's nights too, Sasha."

Sasha's eyes were wide by this point. She looked to Robert, but he was actually pleased by the news. "Thank you, Ashley," he said. "She may not appreciate it yet, but you saved our marriage, and saved me. Thank you."

"You're welcome!" the witch cheered, pouring them both some more red wine. "And now enjoy the rest of your date, and the saucy night to follow. I look forward to seeing how you each fare in your new lives to come. Happy anniversary!"

And then, despite her shock in the moment, Sasha couldn't resist raising a glass to meet her husband's.

He was her man, after all. Her protector.

The breadwinner and leader of the marriage.

To her continued frustration, Sasha Astin never turned back, just as Ashley had said. Neither did her husband Robert, who was more than happy to continue their current roles with him as the mighty earner, and Sasha as the gorgeous, busty, and utterly devoted trophy wife. It

didn't hurt that her body was beautiful enough to get her some modelling contracts, something she personally abhorred but Robert pushed her into pursuing. The worst part was that she was, in fact, very good at it, particularly when she posed in sexy lingerie and smiled to the camera, her full breasts teasingly displayed, her hourglass figure the subject of jealousy from every woman in view. It was only part-time stuff, and she had no illusions about taking off, but she certainly became very recognisable in their local state, at least, to the point where people occasionally asked for her autograph, or a photo (mainly from men who liked to put a hand around her waist, hovering far too closely to her ass)/

Which was to say nothing of how all other men saw her. As Sean, Sasha had treated women as pieces of meat to desire and devour. They were there for male pleasure and amusement, whether that be in places intended for such outlets like the strip clubs he had frequented, or public spaces where he could catcall them or make lewd comments to his buddies. Hell, even the public library had its share of sexy librarians, as far as the formerly male chauvinist was concerned, and it was their fault for teasing. Now stuck in an utterly voluptuous body with a gorgeous face, Sasha knew otherwise. Now *she* was the subject of lewd comments about her big, bouncing boobs. Now *she* was the one getting catcalled, the one feeling vulnerable as a result because she knew she didn't have the strength to overpower a man that might get confrontational if she snapped back. And even when she walked away, there would be hoots and hollers because of how her perfect bubblebutt ass was outlined in whatever lovely tight dress or pants her compulsions made her wear. There was no escaping the male attention, and the only thing she could do was occasionally weaponise it to get what she wanted; a flutter of the eyelashes here, a deep breath there, a teasing smile there. It was the one power she had over her husband and other men, and in the end she resigned herself to no longer being ashamed of using it.

Of course, her body simply couldn't resist Robert either. Their love life had been stagnant before due to Sean's addiction to porn, his constant visits to strip clubs, and the way he always pursued women out of his league. Not so the case now; Sasha may have been an exceedingly attractive bombshell of a babe, but Robert was tall, dark, and incredibly handsome. And, she knew, he had a very big dick, and it hadn't taken him long to know how to use it. To her shame, she was thoroughly addicted to getting fucked by him, in any position! In the morning when they lay naked against each other in bed he would even ask for a blowjob, and she would find herself complying, her body performing its new role admirably. She even swallowed. At first it disgusted her, now it disgusted her how much she was used to the taste, and how much she had come to secretly crave it.

This all had an obvious effect, one she could have seen coming. She struggled to take contraception most of the time; it simply didn't feel right, the magical compulsions sweeping over her to prevent her taking them. And so it was that after several sick mornings

and an increasing tenderness in her large F-cup breasts, she complained to Robert, who swiftly went out and purchased her a test. A *pregnancy* test.

One that she passed with flying colours.

“You’ve got to be kidding me!” she cried, exasperated by the revelation. “We can’t - I can’t - I can’t have a baby! It’s impossible.”

“Honey, you certainly can have a baby. You once told me it’s literally the ‘genetic purpose of women.’”

“But - but - oh God! I know we have sex all the time. I know I was struggling with the pill, but - but *pregnant!*”

Robert held her, kissing her lips and squeezing her against him.

“Remember love, you always wanted for us to have a family. A big one, in fact. Now we can do that!”

“But you were the one meant to be getting knocked up, not me! Oh God, I’m going to have a big freakin’ belly. I’m going to have milk in my boobs. I’m going to waddle around and have a baby - your baby - kicking inside me, and I’m going to have to give birth! Actual birth!”

Robert grinned. “Yep! The joys of womanhood! The miracle of life! Oh honey, this is such good news! We’re finally going to have a family. And don’t worry, I’ll make sure it’s a big one, just like you wanted.”

Sasha was defeated. In the weeks and months that followed, her pregnancy soon became undeniable. Her belly swelled, her boobs went up yet another cup size, and her libido - somehow - skyrocketed ever more, to the point where she actually begged her manly husband to come home during work at times just to fuck her. Her body was creating life, and just like Robert desired, she began dutifully wearing cute and tight maternity dresses to show off her pregnant figure. She found herself touching her belly, rubbing it like all pregnant women do. She even continued modelling, appearing in local magazines for maternity wear and even some commercials. Men still hit on her and catcalled her, sometimes even more so. And with all this came the knowledge that this was only her *first* pregnancy. Robert wanted a big family like she had, and while he hadn’t thrown around solid numbers yet, she had a feeling that with their massively increased income, that could be as many as seven to eight children. Or, if she proved fertile enough, even more. She was only twenty two in this new life, which gave her womb plenty of time, a prospect that worried her even as she knew she would perform her duty submissively for her husband regardless.

It would have been horrible, except that after four months, she began to feel little flutters. At five months, when her pregnant belly had become very obvious, she began to feel little kicks, and even delight in letting Robert touch her belly and feel them too. It was still embarrassing to be a knocked up woman, especially one with a figure and dress sense like hers, but something of the sting was gone. She found herself imagining her little baby

growing inside her, and how wonderful it would feel to hold it in her arms and learn the sex, and even feed it from her breasts. It was a far cry from the attitude Sean would have had if he'd ever known this would be his fate, but as Sasha there was no denying that a strong maternal element had sunk in. She doubted she would ever stop feeling a little bit embarrassed about how her life had ended up, or get used to having big boobs, or even having a man cum inside her, even if it was wonderful to experience. Part of her would always remain male, and she suspected that was the point; to remind her of who she used to be, and how wrong she was.

But given how she smiled when her little one shifted about in her womb, and a swelling of emotion occurred within her at the same time, perhaps she was not entirely wrong.

Perhaps, now that she was female, some things really were genetic.

The End