

When a Warlock Wants Your Wife (Man to Pussy TF)

By FoxFaceStories

Aaron and Katie are enjoying a night out on the town, their first in ages. But when another man hits on Katie at the bar while Aaron is in the bathroom, things take a dark turn. This self-proclaimed warlock is annoyed by Aaron's response to proceedings, and has decided that he doesn't care if they're married; this warlock wants Aaron's wife! And to get rid of the current husband, the ultimate emasculation awaits . . .

Warning: Dark Story

When a Warlock Wants Your Wife

Neither Katie nor Aaron had been out for a couple's night for some time. Between the business of work, recent payments, and an unexpected (and expensive) repair on their car after it had been hit while parked, they had spent the last three months rather frazzled. Now, they were finally able to get out and enjoy themselves at a club, just like the old days when they'd been dating instead of a married couple with bills each month.

"You look gorgeous," Aaron told his wife for the umpteenth time, kissing her on her soft lips as they found a booth at the club.

"Aww, you're too sweet."

"We both know that's not true, honey. You look absolutely killer. Every guy here wishes they could have you."

"Mhmm, but only one guy does, and he's the best guy here. Besides, I rather like how you look in this shirt. *Very* manly."

She teased his collar a little, flattening it before kissing him more passionately. Aaron knew that while her words were true from her perspective, it was obvious to everyone else that he had scored way out of his league. He was an average looking schmoie in his early thirties with a weird bump at the top of his left forehead and a figure that was, if not frumpy, then gave the suggestion of future frumpiness. He still looked good in the right clothes, and he was fairly strong in a bouncer-like way, but he wasn't going to be winning any male model competitions any time soon.

Katie, on the other hand, was *gorgeous*. She had a delightful black pixie cut that suited her, and dark eyes that hinted at a mysterious side. While he was short, she was quite short, with a lithe figure that gave way to her most impressive assets: her wide, fertile-looking hips. She loved to strut them deliberately, and her blue-black cocktail dress hugged them suggestively, cutting off at mid-thigh to show off her cute legs. She wasn't bad in the bust either: a nice set of C-cups, but as far as Aaron was concerned, her hips were

where it was at, and she was hardly one to disagree. So he was well aware that he had gotten damn lucky by falling in love with this cute, sexy, funny woman with her passionate personality, and he had no intention of losing her. In fact, he had every intention of protecting her; that was one thing he could do.

Which was why, after some drinks and dancing and laughing and flirting, he was riled up to a powerful anger when he returned from the restroom only to see another man flirting with his clearly uncomfortable wife. Katie was at her booth waiting for Aaron to return, but another man was hovering over her, tall and lithe and wearing a smart-casual getup. He had one hand on the table and was clearly leering down Katie's top, and judging from her expression this was no old acquaintance. Fuelled by liquid courage and his own outrage, Aaron stomped across the length of the club, the loud music bleating away, and caught word of what the man was saying.

"I don't see any husband around right now, do I? Come on, babe. You know you want me. Trust me, I'm *magical*. You're the hottest chick here, and trust me when I say I'd treat you right."

"I told you, I'm not interested and married besides! Now you better get out of here before - Aaron!"

Aaron stormed up to the man. He folded his large arms and stared down at him; he had at least three inches of height on the man.

"That's my wife you're creeping out. Best respect her wishes and keep moving. She's already told you to back off."

To his surprise, the man affected a smug smirk. He turned to face Aaron. "Ohhhh, so this is the tall hunk that the lucky girl has pinned down? But I suppose you pinned *her* down. No offence, honey, but you can do way better than this loser. Me, for instance."

"Hey! I told you to back off!" Aaron exclaimed. He shoved the man backwards slightly.

"You dare touch me?"

"Aaron, don't get violent-"

"It's okay Katie, this creep just needs to learn to move on. The ball's in his court now. He can either walk away and leave, or he can learn this lesson the hard way."

The man, who had dark hair and light blue eyes, simply smirked again, brushing the imaginary dust off of his sleeve. "I'm not going to fight a big lunk like you, if that's what you mean. I have much better ways of getting *Katie* to spend the night with me, worm."

Aaron sneered. "So you're not just a creep, but a pussy as well."

"Aaron, just leave it alone!" Katie hissed. "I'll get a bouncer, and he'll deal with-"

But the man just laughed. "Oh, dear. I was going to mete out a lighter punishment to you for getting in my way, lunkhead, but you calling me a 'pussy' has just given me the

greatest idea. You don't want to part from your lovely wife, even as I take her from you and make her mine? Well, then you can be part of her *always*. All the better, I'd say."

Aaron moved to attack the man. He perhaps had a bit too much to drink to think this was a good idea. Katie went to yell at him to stop, but all of a sudden both were frozen in place, unable to move as the mysterious man threw up his hands, weaving some intricate light patterns in the air, as if by magic.

"Oh, you thought I was just an ordinary human being, did you?" he boasted. "I am Mordrey, a warlock in the full of my power! And you just decided to fuck with me when all I wanted was one date and a bit of fucking around with Katie here. Now, I'm going to enjoy making a more permanent arrangement. For one, let's make Katie here totally subservient to me."

His hands weaved a new spell, even as the pair tried to escape. But their magical restraints were too strong. The rest of the club didn't even notice, either due to the warlock Mordrey's influence, or just because the strobing lights and loud music effectively made their situation blend in. Even as Aaron began to panic, the warlock kept talking.

"This spell is a fun one. It makes Katie absolutely *desperate* to please me. I'm going to have her as *my* wife from now on. I've been thinking about getting one for a few years now, so this is just the kick I needed to get it done. Oh, don't worry, she'll still remember you. And she'll fight the spell too. That's the fun part, because the magical compulsions will always be enough for her to resist, but never so weak that she can *really* fight them for long. They'll be like a powerful nicotine addiction, a *really* powerful one. She'll only really feel calm and happy when she plays the part of my hot, needy wife, pleasuring me in all sorts of ways and acting as if she is totally in love with me . . . which she probably will be after a year or so. That's how addictions are, right?"

Aaron *just* managed to grit his teeth and sneer, making the warlock laugh. He cast the spell out, and pink lights enveloped Katie's form. She moaned as if in orgasm, and Aaron was shocked to see her hair grow down to her shoulders, and her breasts go up a cup size, becoming more globe-like in shape.

"Oh, that? Just a couple of adjustments to make her perfect for me. I release you, Katie, but stay there for now."

"A-Aaron," she said, clutching her pretty head. "He did something to me. My mind . . . it's like I have to follow his orders. Ohhhh, why does he look so handsome?"

"And Aaron doesn't, am I right?"

She looked at her husband and felt nothing, horrifying her. "Stop this! Change me back! I don't want - I don't want to *serve you*."

But even saying that last part made her shiver with pleasure, so she stayed still. Her womanhood was moist with the thought of Mordrey fucking her instead of Aaron, something which shamed her almost as much as it unnaturally aroused her.

“But you, Aaron,” Mordrey said, “can have a different fate. I was going to make you a woman, or an old man, or just sent you off with no memory of Katie. But after calling me a ‘pussy,’ I think it’s time *you* go to experience being one instead. Specifically, *Katie’s* pussy.”

He weaved another spell, this time with bright blue bolts sparking around his fingers. Aaron’s mind panicked. He managed to shift and stir just a little. Katie’s cheeks were dotted with tears, but she could only say a few words to plead Mordrey not to go ahead, and even then she dimmed her words submissively when he gestured her to be silent. Mordrey’s cold eyes turned back to Aaron.

“I’m going to let you choose your last words now Aaron, and you better be smart about them. From now on, your union with Katie is going to be a whole lot more *literal*.”

Aaron suddenly regained the ability to speak. He spluttered for a moment.

“Fuck you,” he said. “Katie, I love you!”

The spell activated, and he lost the ability to speak anymore. His entire form began to spill out of his clothing, losing all sense of shape and proper substance. Poor Katie cried out in horror, then in unexpected sexual *bliss* as his flesh spiralled like a small tornado under the hem of her cocktail dress and dove beneath her panties. She squirmed, gasping in pleasure as Aaron’s essence fused with hers, replacing her pussy with one that had a slightly larger clitoris, and a whole lot more erogenous nerves.

“Ohhhhhhhhhhh,” she moaned. “N-nooooo . . . yesssss.”

“That’s right, you love it, don’t you my sweet new wife?” Mordrey asked, a new wedding ring to match hers appearing on his ring finger.

“I - I - oh God, I do. I don’t want to, but I do. You’re a monster. A *sexy, handsome* monster. Ohhhhh . . .”

Aaron’s form finalised. His panicking mind had no idea what to make of his new situation. He had no limbs, no eyes, no voice. He could move, but only in the sense of clamping down his new vaginal muscles. He could see, but only through the dark tunnel into Katie’s panties. He could feel the wet warmth of his new existence, the intense arousal of Katie, and it was utterly alien. He felt so helpless and ridiculous, but worst of all was how he could impossibly still hear everything around him, including Mordrey’s muffled voice.

“Like your new state, Aaron? I hope you do, because you’re going to be her pussy now, *for life*. Don’t worry, I won’t kill you. As you can already tell, you’ll still have your mind, and you’ll still be able to taste and see . . . though *what* you taste and see I doubt you’ll like all that much. Good thing for you that I’m going to make you *really* sensitive. Who know knows, maybe you *will* like what you’re going to taste and see. Hopefully that’s the case,

because you'll get a real introduction to what it's like being your wife's pussy tonight. Sorry, *my wife's pussy.*"

Aaron wanted to scream, but he couldn't say a word.

"F-fuck," Katie said shivering. "I c-can feel him, sort of. He hates you, but it's m-making me feel so . . . ahhh. He's tensing me. I'm so f-fucking horny. Aaron, you've got to stop!"

He did, but it was too late. She could only vaguely sense his feelings, but he could also strongly feel hers. Katie's intense arousal courtesy of the submission spell was making Aaron all wet inside. With his vagina-form, it was almost like he was gargling on her juices, slick with need. It was torture. He was hungry, though for what he had no idea and did not want to know.

"Come, my dear," the warlock said. "Let's go back to my place tonight. Oh, I know you don't want to in your heart of hearts, but your body needs me, doesn't it? More than words can convey. And besides, you feel the pull of those compulsions."

Katie swallowed. To her great shame, she couldn't fight the needs of the spell. She rose to her feet and moved to Mordrey's side, allowing him to slip his arm around her thin waist. Her larger breasts bobbed as he walked her out and called a taxi.

"I hate you," she moaned. "I hate you so fucking much. But I need you, Mordrey. I need you *like I need a husband.*"

"Then it's a good thing I'm him," he said.

The taxi arrived quickly, and they bundled up together. Aaron tried to focus his mental energy to push against the spell, but it wasn't possible. Besides, he was flooded with Katie's arousal, and feeling it even stronger because he was *just* a reproductive organ now. His sensation of what was happening was lost as he could only hear segments, his viewpoint dark. What followed was forty minutes of his brain going crazy, sorting through horniness, disbelief and fear. He prayed to more than one God for salvation, but none answered.

And then he heard what was being said.

"Please, you can change him back. It's so wrong. He's a good man!"

"I don't care about that. Besides, he's not a man anymore. He's a pussy. Your pussy. And I bet your pussy is on fire for me, isn't it?"

Suddenly a set of fingers rubbed at her panties, causing Katie to moan and Aaron to mentally moan. He could feel his soft labial lips being rubs, his clitoris hardening. It was a nightmare of pleasure.

"F-fuck," Katie gasped. "Please, release me, before I - before I *let you fuck my brains out!*"

"Say it. Say you want me to fuck you in your new pussy."

"I - I can't do it!"

“Say it. You want to be my wife. Beg me for it.”

They were in his room, and she was barely keeping herself together. Already her chest was heaving. She hated this man. She wanted him dead. She was disgusted to know and *feel* her loving husband now existing as her desperate pussy. And yet at the same time that pussy was *hungry* for some warlock cock. It craved it, and so did she. This made her also view Mordrey with magically-induced affection. She wanted to please him, serve him, pleasure him in whatever way she could. He deserved it, and she deserved to be his wife.

“P-please,” she stammered. “Fuck my hungry, horny pussy.”

Mordrey grinned, and pressed himself against Katie. She gave herself over to him, and Aaron knew it. He mentally pleaded with her to stop, but it was too late; neither of them could avoid wanting what was coming. Soon after some vigorous making out he was mounting her on the bed, she on her back with her legs spread wide, naked as the day she was born. Mordrey was similarly presented, causing her to gasp at the impressive size and girth of her cock.

“B-bigger than Aaron’s,” she muttered.

It was a knife through Aaron’s heart, not that he technically had one anymore. She spread her legs further, and slowly it came into view from Aaron’s perspective: the huge cock that was destined to penetrate him. He screamed out in his mind, though whether it was from a desire for it to fill him or for him to flee it he could not tell. Either way, there was no way to avoid it: the fat penishead pressed against his vulva, sending his sensations into overdrive. Then, he was filled, his new ‘mouth’ stretched wide to accept Mordrey’s cock. It filled Aaron entirely, and while Katie was reduced to moans and delighted whispers, Aaron could only ‘suck’ and ‘milk’ this enormous dick. It was delicious. It was huge. It was causing endless sensations of ecstasy. It was a hell born of heavenly sensation, humiliating him utterly. He could scarcely believe it; he had become his own wife’s pussy, and was unable to stop himself from becoming wetter and tighter as Mordrey began to thrust. The bliss only expanded as Mordrey picked up the pass, and soon Aaron was using the small remaining muscle control he had to massage the cock filling him, to squeeze it as sensually as he could. He hated himself for it, truly hated himself for it. But like Katie, he was unable to resist the urge of what was coming. And speaking of . . .

“I’m c-cumming!” Katie finally cried. “Ohhhhh, Aaron, can you feel it? We’re g-going to cum together! You and me, f-forever together! Ohhhhh Mordrey, cum in me! Cum in my pussy-husband!”

“That’s the spirit,” the warlock replied, thrusting again. “Let’s hope your husband shares it! Let him drink it all in - literally!”

And with that, he bucked his hips one last time, and a torrent of his seed finally spilled forth into Aaron’s depths. The living vagina hungrily gobbled up the seed, carrying it

forth to Katie's womb. It occurred to Aaron, even among the sheer overriding ecstasy that was a series of orgasms going through *literally* his entire form, that he had once wanted kids with Katie. Now, if she were to get pregnant, *he* would be the one at the very centre of delivery. No doubt Mordrey would find that hilarious.

“Ohhhh, yessss! My h-husband! Mordrey, you're m-my husband! And Aaron is j-just my pussy!”

Katie cried out again and again, saying words she despised and yet still delivered dopamine hit after dopamine hit. Her will was strong, but the magic was stronger, and she had just experienced the ultimate pleasure. Her poor husband was now part of her anatomy, filled with another man's seed. The thought turned her on as she collapsed back onto the bed.

Mordrey just smiled, looking over his gorgeous new wife and her delightful womanhood.

“I hope you enjoyed that, Aaron, because you're going to feel it often, for the rest of your life.”

Aaron shivered, still coated in his own - and Katie's - juices, while also filled with slowly oozing cum. It tasted delicious. The only meal he was meant to consume from now on. This was him. He would never turn back.

And worse of all, his new instincts were telling him to *like* it.

The End