

Instant Wife and Mother - Part 1

For Dash666

By TheSpiralledEye

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

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

HOOOOOOOONK!!

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

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

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

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

“What? Speak up!”

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

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

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

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

“What’cha doin’ uncle David?”

“Fishing.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

David felt his stomach drop.

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

Like it *always* was.

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

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

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

“Mum! Mum! Watch my cartwheel!”

“Coming sweetheart.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Nothing.”

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

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

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

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

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

Her eyes narrowed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

David couldn't help it, he laughed.

"Are you seriously going to fight me?"

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

He looked to each side before smirking.

“Well?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Wha-! What!?”

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

David passed out.

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

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

“Quiet, mommy is still sleeping.”

Mommy?

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

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

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

"You okay, darling?"

A head popped through the doorway.

"Did we wake you?"

"J-Jesse?" David gaped.

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

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

"...Okay?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Yay! TV!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

David gripped his hands into fists.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Part 2

The first thing he did was get himself presentable. In this reality, Erica had made him just like her so it didn't surprise him when he opened a drawer in the bathroom to find a cluttered mess of makeup items. Cheap lipsticks and eyeliners; tacky but if he was going to show Erica just how easy this was he'd have to commit. And that meant taking some time to make himself presentable.

He picked up the lipstick and tried to paint it over his full lips. The cool sensation felt lovely on his skin but he cringed as he watched himself in the mirror; this was so wrong. Not because he was a man and shouldn't be wearing makeup but actually wrong. All he had to do was paint his lips so why was it so *hard*? His lips looked all lopsided.

He grabbed some toilet paper to wipe it off and try again but all that did was smudge red stains over his face. Great, now he looked like some cheap whore. Fruitlessly he scrubbed at his face with a face washer until all of the lipstick was washed away and tried again; same result. It took three tries but finally he got it right, sort of. The lipstick was a little thick but at least it was vaguely even on both sides.

Mascara and eyeliner were even more of a disaster and he cursed as he poked himself in the eye trying to curl his lashes up.

"Mommy? Are you okay?"

Katie, his new daughter. Great.

"Uh, fine sweetie, just putting my face on."

"Auntie Erica says it's time to go to yoga."

Yoga? Since when did Erica go to yoga?

"Are you decent, honey?" Erica called out sweetly and David so badly wanted to open the door and punch her in the face.

Instead he looked up at his reflection; with its too thick lipstick and slightly watery eye from where he poked it and grimaced. Maybe it did take a little more than five minutes to look presentable but he was sure that was just because he was really a man. Any born woman his age would be able to do this in five minutes flat; he'd be fine after some practice.

"Yes."

The door opened and Erica waltzed in, not even bothering to keep the shit eating grin off her face.

"Oh honey, still in your pyjamas! We'll miss our class if you don't get changed soon. Why don't I lay out the clothes for you?"

Before David could say anything she was back in his bedroom, rifling through the cupboard and pulling out what looked like parts of totally different outfits. He grimaced, no way was he

wearing that; there had to be something better but a quick look through his cupboards told him that wasn't the case. This new female version of him had very peculiar taste; there seemed to be nothing but dresses, yoga pants and various tight fitting tops that were far too young for him.

Erica was still waiting, grinning away with a knowing look in her eye. David silently cursed her and grabbed the clothes she'd laid out before returning to the bathroom to change.

With some difficulty he pulled the grey leggings up his thick legs, surprised to feel just how smooth they were. They weren't even really that fat, just larger, the sort of legs mature women had once they reached later in life and had a little more heft to them. The legs smoothed over the shapes even more, giving them a lovely appearance that David had to admit, looked great.

This just proved it; if he just made himself presentable and found the right clothes he would be able to prove Erica wrong about her appearance regardless. Besides, he only had to lose a few pounds to show her how easy it was. His confidence grew as he pulled on the sports bra and felt his heavy breasts cinch close to his chest and his cleavage push up. The tight fitting shirt now easily fit over his more curvaceous figure and when he looked in the mirror he smiled. His make up was still a bit tacky, and the neon pink shirt clashed with the grey of the yoga pants but still; he was off to a good start. In a few days he'd have this mastered.

"Alright, let's get the girls to school and hit the gym." He said enthusiastically, happy to see Erica's smug expression falter just for a moment.

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To say he felt awkward walking into the gym was an understatement; he had never been one of those metrosexual types who worked out for vanity. He'd kept himself healthy though simple walks and outdoor living, not preening over weightlifting stations. But this wasn't even that sort of gym; there were plants in every corner and new age music on the speakers. Women giggled together like a gaggle of geese on spin machines and the entire left side of the building was seemingly dedicated to meditation and yoga.

It was an alien world and he felt alien in it. He was sure half the room could see the outline of his panties through his yoga pants. They were stretched so thin across his massive rump there was no way around it. Yet despite their tightness they seemed to give him no support; no matter how softly he tried to step his heft ass jiggled at the slightest bit of movement.

A small group of women were all gathering with their yoga mats; they all had such beautiful bodies; not a single bit of extra fat to be found. Unlike he and Erica. He couldn't do this, it was too humiliating.

"What's the matter?" Erica asked innocently.

"We can't join this." He hissed. "I've seen those yoga positions, even if I could twist my body that way I can't do it in front of all these women looking like this!"

"Well, sweetie. You are always complaining about how fat you are, if you want to lose weight you have to do something about it."

David scowled and grit his teeth.

“Fine.”

He'd work out every day, no matter how humiliating it was, if it meant shutting that smug bitch up. He'd lose all this baby weight and be a ten out of ten in no time; that would wipe the smug grin off her face. Still, he made sure to lay his yoga mat down at the very back of the room so nobody would have his butt shoved in their face.

This turned out to be a mistake, because as soon as the class started and he positioned himself into downward dog he realised he was right up against the mirror. With a wince he closed his eyes and did his best to keep up.

Yoga was just stretching and balance; how hard could it be. The answer, as it turned out, was really hard. David found himself struggling with his new centre of gravity, even just doing the simple stretches with both feet on the ground caused him to wobble. He could see other women in the glance sharing glances and smirking as his cheeks turned bright red.

Every time he lost his balance it felt like his body was wobbling independent of his frame; his tits and ass, to matter how tightly held by the clothing, seemed to jiggle at the slightest movement. When the class ended he was very glad to be finished and rolled up his mat without saying a word to the other women but Erica sidled up next to him with that same smug grin.

“What's the matter, Dana?” She asked innocently. “Is exercising not as easy as you thought? Didn't you say losing weight was easy?”

“I won't be this big for long.” He hissed, “Eating is most of the problem anyway!”

He didn't let Erica get another word in, instead he headed straight for the door. He couldn't do that again, it was just too humiliating! He'd exercise at home, yes, that's what he would do. Then he could lose some weight before coming back to the gym again. Erica didn't follow him, thank goodness. He didn't want to give her any more satisfaction.

~

He returned home and leaned against the door in relief before grimacing. He felt awful, the walk home had him sweating worse than the work out and he was more than happy to peel off the clothes and chuck them into the washing hamper. Things hadn't gone to plan this morning but it was fine, he could still show Erica how easy all this housewife stuff was. With a deep breath he put himself in the nicest dress he could find from Dana's closet (it still felt odd to call it his when it was full of yoga pants and dresses) and got to work.

His mother had kept a spotless house; he would do the same. Looking around there was so much that needed to be done it made his head spin.

“I won't let it get this bad again though, it'll just be a bit more effort this one time.” He nodded and started the task of gathering all the items scattered across various benchtops, the floor and the coffee tables. After finding them all a proper place he made a mental list of all that needed to be done and started to work his way through it.

The first task seemed simple enough: dusting the living room. Armed with a feather duster, David began swiping at the shelves and surfaces. What he hadn't accounted for was the stubbornness of dust that clung to every nook and cranny. After an hour, his arms ached, and he was covered in a fine layer of grey. It swirled in the air and just seemed to resettle until he got a damp cloth and wiped it over everything and washed the clumps of grey down the sink.

"Okay, that took a little longer than expected but it's fine. Laundry will be more straightforward."

David gathered the clothes and headed to the washing machine, only to be baffled by the myriad settings and buttons.

"Cotton? Drum Clean...uh, wait does that mean I have to separate out all the cotton clothes from the other ones?" He muttered, "But there are no other specific fabric settings, so that can't be right."

After several frustrating minutes trying to figure it out he selected a random cycle and hoped for the best. Only to watch as the drum filled with water and no soap.

"Shit! The powder!"

Quickly he tried to add it in but that just turned the machine into a bubbly, frothy mess. He decided to just leave it be and hope that the clothes would still wash properly. A glance at his phone made his jaw drop; two hours? How had dusting and washing clothes taken so long? He had so much more he needed to do.

Cleaning the bathroom proved to be a Herculean task. The grime on the tiles and the soap scum in the shower resisted his every effort. He found himself on his hands and knees, scrubbing so hard with both hands that he could feel his heavy breasts swaying back and forth with the movement. By the time he had them at least decent looking his back was aching from the extra weight. By the time the afternoon rolled around he hadn't even gotten through half his jobs.

"I'll get the hang of it." He reminded himself stubbornly. "First days are never perfect."

At least the living room looked decent, no more dust and everything back in its proper place. He placed his hands on his wide hips and smiled; small victories. Soon the rest of the house would look just as good. David stood in the middle of the living room, surveying his hard work with a satisfied smile. As he wiped his brow and leaned back, the front door creaked open, and Katie burst in with Jesse close behind.

"Mommy, mommy! Look what I made at school!" Katie exclaimed, holding up a large piece of construction paper adorned with an explosion of glitter, glued-on pom-poms, and cut-out shapes.

"I made it for you!" Lily said, her eyes shining with joy.

"Thank you, sweetheart. It's beautiful," David replied awkwardly. It felt so odd to have somebody calling him 'mommy'. "Let's find a special place to hang it."

But before he could take it, Katie had already darted off towards the coffee table.

"I need to finish it!" she declared, grabbing her craft supplies from her backpack.

Thomas's smile faltered as he watched Katie rip open the bag and began pulling items out. Glitter and glue spread out across the pristine table, tiny pom-poms rolling onto the floor.

"Lily, maybe we should do this in the kitchen," he suggested, trying to contain the impending mess.

"No, Mommy, I like it here," she insisted, already squeezing glue onto her project.

"There's no stopping her, is there?" Jesse chuckled, walking in and placing a kiss on David's cheek.

Normally, that would have made him feel awkward but he was too busy watching all his hard work drain away in a cloud of glitter.

In minutes, the living room was transformed. Katie's enthusiastic crafting left a trail of glitter on the rug, glue smeared on the coffee table, and pom-poms scattered everywhere. She worked with the determined concentration only a child could muster, oblivious to the chaos she was creating.

"Katie, I just spent all day cleaning this!" He scolded. "Can't you be a little more careful?"

"Sorry, mommy." she said solemnly before reaching over and knocking over yet another container of glitter. "Oopsie."

David grit his teeth, ready to raise his voice again when Jesse's hands found their way to his shoulders.

"Hey now, easy." His brow furrowed. "It's not like you to lose your temper, why don't you go make dinner and I'll help Katie tidy up."

If he thought that little remark was 'losing his temper' Jesse had a lot to learn. David's stomach grumbled though; the last thing he felt like doing now was cooking. His body was so sore from the exercise and cleaning he just wanted to flop onto the couch and do nothing at all. But he wasn't going to; he was going to pull himself up by his bootstraps; he would master this housewife lifestyle, dammit!

But as he stood moved into the kitchen and picked the slightly stained floral apron off the hook he couldn't help but fill with dread. The countertops were cluttered with ingredients and cookbooks, if he was a real housewife he'd have been doing this for years but as it stood, he only had his memories of take away and cooking the same three simple meals over and over

again. He couldn't do that here though; it was a mother's job to provide healthy food for their children and husband. Even if Erica wasn't here, he swore he could feel her watching over his shoulder.

"Just you wait..." He muttered, opening the first cookbook, there were recipes, everything was written down so all he had to do was follow the instructions. The first recipe he found tripped him at the first hurdle though.

"Blanch the vegetables," he read aloud. "Blanch? What the hell does that mean?"

He flipped through the pages, looking for an explanation, but found none. With a sigh, he decided to start with something simpler—meatloaf.

He mixed ground beef with breadcrumbs, eggs, and a blend of herbs that he hoped matched the vague "season to taste" directive. After forming the mixture into a loaf and placing it in the oven, he moved on to the side dishes.

As he peeled and sliced the carrots, he glanced at the clock. Half an hour had passed, and he hadn't even started on the salad. He hurriedly tossed lettuce, tomatoes, and cucumbers into a bowl, then paused at the recipe for the dressing. "Emulsify the vinegar and oil," it said. Thomas had no idea what emulsify meant, but he splashed the vinegar and oil together, stirred vigorously, and hoped for the best.

Returning to the carrots, he found them sticking to the bottom of the pot he'd decided to use instead of whatever the hell a double boiler was. The water in the lower pot had evaporated, and the carrots were starting to burn. He hastily added more water, creating a cloud of steam that obscured his vision and set off the smoke alarm. Flustered, he waved a dish towel at the alarm, trying to silence its piercing wail.

"Everything okay in there, honey?" Jesse called.

"Fine!" David yelled hastily, glancing between all the disasters, unsure where to focus his attention.

The meatloaf timer went off just as he managed to stop the alarm; it was still pink in the middle.

"Just needs more time," he muttered, pushing it back in and increasing the temperature, hoping to speed up the process.

He went back to trying to scrape the half burnt carrots out of the pot and save the salad which tasted awful; the dressing had split so half the leaves were oiling and the other half far too soggy. By the time he'd finally chopped up another set of carrots to start them again he realised the steam in the room wasn't actually steam, but wispy smoke.

"Crap!"

He opened the oven to find a dry, half burn meatloaf that looked closer to a brick sitting in the middle of the tray.

“Mommy, will dinner be ready soon? I'm hungry!” Katie complained and David glanced at the clock, it was seven thirty already. How had he been at this for hours and not gotten a single thing done?

As he looked around the kitchen, the reality of his failure sank in. The meatloaf was overcooked, the carrots were a burnt mess and the salad was soggy from the poorly mixed dressing. Nothing was ready, and it was already past dinner time.

Defeated, Thomas sank into a chair and rubbed his temples. He couldn't remember the last time he felt so helpless. With a heavy sigh, he reached for the phone and dialled the number for the local pizza place.

"Hello, I'd like to order a large pepperoni pizza, please," he said, feeling a strange mix of relief and humiliation.

“Yay, pizza!” Katie squealed, making his ears throb.

“Pizza?” Jesse questioned, walking in from the other room. “On a school night?”

“It's just...been a day.” David said, looking over at the mess of a kitchen, it was going to take forever to clean.

“Maybe I can help you...relax.” Jesse said smoothly, hand finding David's shoulder again and giving it a sensual rub.

The touch sent a shiver down David's spine and made warmth gather between his legs. His cheeks turned bright pink with mortification; he was getting turned on by another man! Yes in this reality he was Jesse's wife but still, it felt wrong to let another man touch him that way and even more wrong to enjoy it. But then he remembered his 'wifely duties'. Good wives did please their husbands...but after today he wasn't sure he could take that blow to his ego.

“Maybe another night. I'm too tired.”

To his surprise, Jesse didn't frown; he just smiled and nodded.

“Let's eat and then you go to bed, I'll clean the kitchen and Katie to sleep.”

David nodded gratefully but felt an odd sense of guilt creeping into his veins; he hadn't even managed one day of being the perfect wife. So much for showing Erica up; there was always tomorrow though, tomorrow would be different he swore.

The doorbell rang and Katie jumped to her feet to go collect their dinner. David hated how good the pizza tasted as he ate his third slice, thinking of his wide hips and how this cheesy, fatty mess would make them even wider. Tomorrow. Yes, tomorrow would be different.

Part 3

It wasn't. Nor was the day after that. Trying to keep the house tidy was a nightmare, it seemed like no matter how much laundry or dusting he did, there was always more. And cooking anything but the most basic dishes was exhausting. Especially because Katie proved to be a fussy eater. He'd been so proud the first night he finally got a proper meatloaf meal finished only for his daughter to refuse to eat a single bite.

"It smells funny!" She scrunched up her nose.

"Just try a little bit." He asked for the third time. "You might like it."

"No, no, no!" Katie shook her head.

No amount of pleading or firm words changed her mind and David felt his temper rising.

"You will sit here until you eat one bite." He said sternly, sure that eventually boredom would take its toll but his daughter was just as stubborn it seemed.

She sat there until bedtime, when Jesse finally decided to intervene and made her some toast before putting her to sleep. Take her to bed. How could his own daughter be such a brat?

"She's just being a normal kid." Jesse said, "She'll grow out of it."

"That doesn't make me feel better now." He grumbled.

How was he ever going to get out of this life?

"I know something that could make you feel better..." Jesse murmured, pressing up behind David so that he was trapped between him and the benchtop.

David could feel a bulge pressing against his ass through and his whole body stiffened in shock. Jesse seemed to take the action as a good sign and began kissing along the length of his neck, leaving warm trails in his wake. Jesse's lips were warm and there was a slight roughness to his skin from the stubble around his mouth. It felt...good. Really good.

The last few days had been so stressful; trying to get this whole homemaker situation under control that David's body immediately began to react. A good lay always helped to relax him but this was...not his usual kind of sex for obvious reasons. But he couldn't deny that he wanted it; but did he really want to submit to another man?

Hands gripped his wide hips and felt over the soft cheeks of his ass, eliciting a gasp. He'd never realised just how sensitive a woman's ass could be; and he certainly had plenty of it now. Jesse was feeling him all over, burying his face in David's neck and even sinking his teeth in just deep enough to heighten the pleasure with a hint of pain.

"I've missed you, it's been too long." he groaned. David opened his mouth but all that came out was a moan.

He felt overwhelmed; he could feel so much! His pussy getting wet, his tits stiffening as the nipples went hard, Jesse's insistent hands eliciting the most wonderful sensations all through his body. Suddenly the apron he had on felt far too tight, and the dress he wore felt stifling.

"Help me undress?"

The words were out before he could stop them and David was glad Jesse was behind him so that he couldn't see how red his face went.

"With pleasure." Jesse growled, the sound was primal and David felt himself shiver in response.

He'd never felt more attracted to a man before and as Jesse's fingers nimbly undid the buttons on his shirt he let out another moan. The hands were inside at once, hefting up his breasts and slipping inside his bra to play. That wetness between his legs got stronger and an ache formed inside his hole.

"Hurry up!" He begged, feeling equal parts embarrassed and turned on.

With Jesse's help he kicked off the dress and his panties, leaving him in just his bra, leaning over the kitchen bench with his legs spread as his husband took hold of his hips. David bit his lip as he felt the cock slowly slide into his passage, stretching out his walls and causing a myriad of sensations to overwhelm him. This felt so intimate and so submissive. He'd never let somebody else take the lead in the bedroom, yet here he was bent over a kitchen bench letting another man pound his pussy.

Jesse didn't take things slow either, he was thrusting fast enough that David could hear the wet sound of his pussy each time. The pleasure was something else as well, he felt so overwhelmed by it all he could do was tilt his head forward onto the countertop and moan. Or at least try to; Jesse was taking him so hard and fast that the air was forced from his lungs with each rough plunge. It cut off each moan, turning it to a gasp as the pleasure grew and grew.

David didn't want to admit how good it felt; but even he couldn't deny it as orgasm slowly built up. His pussy tightened and with a ragged cry he came as Jesse continued to fuck him for a few minutes more until he finally came as well. David's breath was coming in short, sharp bursts; both out of exertion but also shock. Had that really happened?

Jesse pulled out and David shivered in response; already his hole felt empty and wanting. That had been the best sex of his life and even admitting it to himself was difficult.

"Oh yeah..." Jesse sighed. "Let's not wait so long to do that again in the future."

David swallowed; a part of him wanted to refute it, say no more sex at all but somehow he knew he wouldn't be able to stay away. Not now that he knew how good it felt. Even imagining Erica's smug face wasn't enough to deter him.

~

Slowly, David began to find his feet. He gave up on trying to have the whole house spotless each day and just picked one job to do so that the house appeared at least semi clean at

any given time. Which gave him plenty of time to find an exercise routine to lose that extra plumpness.

After a bit of searching online he found a series inspired by those old 1980s exercise tapes. "Sweatin' to the Oldies," featured a flamboyant instructor in neon spandex, surrounded by a group of enthusiastic participants with smiles so wide and fake it was actually a little creepy. David's heart pounded with a mix of embarrassment and determination; he couldn't go back to the gym until he'd shed a few pounds. Then maybe he could face the stares of those judgmental women.

The instructor on the screen clapped his hands and began with an energetic warm-up. David mimicked the movements, feeling clumsy and out of sync. He struggled to keep up with the rapid pace of the routine, his face flushing with exertion and embarrassment. He could feel his body jiggling with each exercise no matter how small. When they reached star jumps David felt about ready to burn up his face felt so hot. His breasts bounced up and down on his chest, his ass jiggling back and forth as he thumped up and down. The participants on the screen moved with ease and grace, their smiles white and shiny like sharks; it was almost like they were taunting him. David's own expression was a grimace of concentration.

"Keep moving, and don't give up!" the instructor's voice boomed from the television. "Remember, this is just the warm up!"

That was easy for him to say with his golden abs and beautiful cheekbones; David felt ready for a break already. As the video progressed, David's muscles began to protest. His legs felt like lead, and his breathing grew laboured; with each heavy his breasts rose and fell heavily.

The video ended with a cool-down segment of stretches not unlike the yoga class he'd already attended. At least this time there was nobody around to watch as he pressed his ass in the air while touching his toes.

"Now remember! We'll see you back here tomorrow!" The cheery host waved and David scoffed.

"No, thank you."

He clicked off the laptop and went to take a shower. That had been a nightmare and somehow more embarrassing than exercising in public! At least the shower was pleasant; this new body had so many curves for the water to flow down; it felt delightful. It felt even nicer to put on the light, airy dress with the rose pattern he'd taken a shine to. It really flattered him and hid the roundness of his stomach.

"Mommy!!"

David sighed; Katie was home. Even if he was getting used to living as Jesse's husband, suddenly having a daughter was still weird.

"Yes, Katie?" He called only to be almost knocked over as the girl tackle hugged him.

"I made this for you!"

She thrust a sheet of cardboard under his nose; it was another mess of glitter and stickers that were probably trailed through the house. They are arranged in a heart shape, with little stick figures on the inside and the words “Mommy and Me” written beneath it. It was simple; generic even. The sort of thing he’d normally scoff at and yet, David felt a warm smile forming over his face.

“This is lovely, thank you dear.” He gave the girl a kiss on the cheek.

He stuck the project on the fridge and for some reason, didn’t even care that there was a trail of glitter running through the living room carpet.

~

It was a few days later when David remembered. He’d finally finished all the cleaning he could be bothered with when suddenly the thought came to him; he was married to Jesse now, who was Erica’s brother. So she was still his sister in law but...was Erica still married to his brother?

The idea made his stomach churn oddly; it wasn't like there was anything strictly wrong with a pair of siblings marrying another pair of siblings but it still felt wrong. Full of curiosity and a small amount of dread, he opened up Dana Lang’s social media pages for the first time since that first day. A few clicks later and he breathed a sigh of relief; Kyle was an only child in this reality.

Part of him felt sad; Kyle was his brother after all and the only person who he really hung out with. But then again, all his memories from their childhood were of them being boys together; digging in the dirt, riding bikes, flirting with girls when they entered high school. Even if Dana was his sister the odds were their relationship would be totally different. Still, David couldn’t help but feel a little guilty he didn’t miss Kyle more than he did.

While he was lost in his own thoughts he started to scroll mindlessly through the feed in front of him. There were actually a lot of cute pictures. His eyes caught an ad for yoga pants that apparently sucked in extra fat to make you look four pounds lighter in an instant. Before he knew it, he’d spent the whole afternoon scrolling through everything from clothing influences to mommy blogs. There were so many fun seasonal crafts to do with kids! Maybe he could try a few with Katie, she clearly had a creative mind.

He was so caught up in his scrolling that he didn't even realise the whole afternoon was passing him by until his mobile lit up with a call from Jesse.

“Hey darling, hope the day is going well.” He greeted and David tried to deny the little flutter his heart did; it was just nice to have somebody ask such a kind yet innocuous question.

“Going well, you?”

“A little hectic, I’m going to have to stay late, sorry, could you pick up Katie and get her organised for dinner tonight?”

“Dinner?”

“It’s the third Friday of the month, dinner with Erica and Kyle.”

“Oh! O-of course.”

He'd not seen Erica since that yoga class; his stomach started to revolt again.

“I wish you'd tell me what happened.” Jesse sighed after a moment.

“What do you mean?” David could feel a cool sweat moving down his neck.”

“You and Erica were thick as thieves, always have been since the day you met and now all of a sudden, you haven't spoken in almost a month.”

“Oh yes. That.”

“Look, it's your business darling but I would ask that you try to patch things up, she's my sister after all.”

David grit his teeth.

“Of course. Anything for you.”

He hung up and bit his lip. He'd planned on showing Erica up by now but if anything, he'd gained more weight, his house was no more tidy than hers and his daughter no less rambunctious. How had he failed for so long? More than that, how had he managed to get so comfortable?

It didn't matter, now he just had one afternoon to get this house spotless, finally figure out how to put makeup on without smudging and get Katie to behave herself while cooking a perfect dinner to shove in Erica's smug face. What could go wrong?

Part 4

It had taken a monumental amount of effort, but the house looked good as new. Like the houses of those mommy influencers he'd been watching all afternoon. There wasn't a thing out of place or a cheap plastic toy in sight; he'd just have to make sure nobody opened the hall cupboards. He'd only just managed to squeeze them all closed and opening them would result in an avalanche of junk, but that could be a problem for tomorrow David. Today David had enough on his plate, and everybody else's, making dinner.

He'd cheated a little, picking up a lot of the items he needed to make the caprese salad pre-chopped. And nobody would need to know the soup had come out of a can, all he needed to do was pour it into a pot then sprinkle some fresh chopped herbs and nobody would be the wiser. He slaved away, making a full course dinner; he was just getting the pie into the oven when he realised his phone was ringing.

As he went to pick it up, his stomach dropped. It was 4pm. Katie finished school an hour ago.

"Hello?"

"Mrs. Lang?" A nasally voice answered, she was curt and sounded irritated. "We have been trying to reach you. Nobody picked Katie up today, she's very upset."

"I am so sorry, I just lost track of time!" He breathed, already ripping off the apron and grabbing his car keys.

"You lost track of time and forgot your own child?" The woman said, clearly unimpressed.

In the background David could hear a girl crying.

"I did not forget!" He snapped, "I will be there in ten minutes."

The drive made his heart ache. Katie was a sweet girl, he'd grown pretty fond of her since arriving in this reality. He could only imagine how scared and hurt she felt when nobody came to pick her up, she was only six after all!

He practically flew into the school when he arrived as there was Katie, sitting on a tiny chair in the office with a less than impressed looking teacher. It was the first day since he arrived that Katie didn't fling herself into his arms immediately and he felt the absence.

"Katie, sweetie I am so sorry."

"You forgot me!" She wailed. "You don't love me!"

It would have hurt less if she'd dug a physical knife into his chest. Gently as he could, he knelt down and forced his daughter to look at him.

"Katie, your mommy loves you so much. She was having a bad day and she let it get to her. I was so focused on making everything perfect for tonight that time got away from me. I love you, never, ever doubt that."

David felt himself getting choked up as he realised he *meant* it.

"I love you too." Katie stifled, "and you don't have to try to be perfect mommy, you are perfect."

She said it with such childlike certainty it made his heart melt. David opened his arms and she dove into them. The teacher cleared her throat and David gave her a side eye; clearly the woman just wanted to go home. He might have even kept this little show up longer just to spite her when suddenly he realised;

"I left the pie in the oven!"

~

Katie giggled the whole way home, pretending they were both race car drivers as David practically flew back to their house just in time to get the pie out of the oven with only minimal burning.

"I only ever eat the fruit out anyway, Mommy." Katie said, "So it doesn't matter if the crust is burnt."

"I guess not." David chuckled.

Together with his daughter they got the house ready; Katie wasn't the neatest table setter, but she got the job done. David stood in the doorway, watching the little girl stick her tongue out in concentration trying to remember which side to put forks on and felt a warm feeling in his chest.

If he managed to change back to his old life...Katie wouldn't exist anymore. This sweet, creative little girl would just be snuffed from existence, like she'd never even existed. It seemed cruel. David had never imagined himself as a parent but now he realised just how much he cared for her. He couldn't very well let her disappear.

Maybe he could convince Erica to change reality back so that Katie still existed but that wouldn't work either. Because he wouldn't be her mother anymore. David's brow furrowed at a strange realisation; he felt like Katie's mother. Not her parent, but her *mother*. Just as the realisation was settling over him the front door opened and Jesse walked in with Erica, Kyle and Beth in tow.

"Look who pulled up at the same time." Jesse smiled, leaning in and placing a chaste kiss on David's lips.

David had to resist the urge to deepen it the way they usually did as Erica approached.

"It's been so long!" She cooed, "And you don't look any different! I thought you were going to lose all that extra weight super fast and easily."

"Erica." Kylie hissed. "Seriously, that's the first thing you say?"

David narrowed his eyes; he wished he had a better comeback but unfortunately, he only had the truth.

“I have been too busy...with the housework and Katie.”

Erica smiled so smugly.

“Maybe the girls should go play?” Jesse said quickly, “Why don't you two take them through to the lounge? I'll help Dana in the kitchen.”

“Oh you shouldn't, it's a woman's job to cook and clean.” Erica responded and Kyle elbowed her roughly.

Beth and Katie were oblivious to the tension in the air, already chatting and heading off to look at Katie's latest art project.

“That comment was uncalled for.” Jesse said finally when the other couple left the kitchen. “Erica isn't exactly stick thin herself and it's not like you're fat.”

David gave a sharp, bitter laugh and Jesse's brow furrowed.

“I mean it, you're plump, sure, womanly. But I have always liked my women with a bit of meat on their bones.”

He grinned and walked over, slapping a hand against David's ass with a teasing smile.

“I couldn't bear it if you lost any of this.”

David giggled and gave him a kiss on the cheek. It felt as natural as breathing. The more he leaned into the role the better he felt actually. He busied himself in the kitchen, for the first time fully embracing being Dana and finding everything came so much easier. He could hear Jesse and Kyle laughing in the other room. This all felt so wholesome, he didn't want to give it up but...he couldn't let Erica have the satisfaction of 'winning' this game they had going.

Doing his best not to look bothered by the burnt crust of the pie, he served out dinner and felt elated at Erica's shock as she took in the meal. She poked at it bitterly, clearly finding no fault, especially since David served himself the burnt part of the pie and quickly covered it in cream. Dinner passed terse, with Kyle and Jesse exchanging worried looks and Erica and David staring one another down.

“It was so lovely to come over.” Erica said at the door when things were finally finished. “Will I see you at yoga tomorrow, Dana? We have so missed you.”

David grit his teeth.

“You will.”

As soon as the door closed Jesse opened his mouth to say something and promptly closed it again.

“I don’t think I want to know.”

“Good choice.”

David scooped up Katie and put her to bed, kissing the little girl on the forehead and reading her twice the usual bedtime stories to make up for his mistake earlier before heading to bed and googling ‘how to be a better mother’.

~

David scanned the websites and found himself oddly comforted by the women on the other side of the screen. Being a mother was a thankless task so often, many people didn’t understand being home all day didn’t mean endless free time. He found schedules, tips and tricks for speeding up the cleaning process and so many little hacks and gadgets he wanted to try. He was reading through one woman’s explanation of how she got her kids to help as part of a ‘game’ when a hand gripped his shoulder.

“Are you still up?” Jesse groaned groggily. “It’s almost three am.”

They were in bed, David had kissed Jesse goodnight hours ago without even realising; his phone battery was so low now it would have died in a few minutes if Jesse hadn’t broken his concentration.

“Sorry, I got caught up.” He plugged in the phone and snuggled in next to his husband, enjoying the warmth against his curves.

“Did Erica say something...about you being a bad mother?” Jesse asked. “I know what I said before but if she’s turning into one of those judgemental moms, I’ll talk to her.”

David hesitated for a second and Jesse continued.

“You’re an amazing woman, I wouldn’t trade you for all the super nannies or stick thin models in the world.”

David swallowed thickly; that was...really nice to hear actually. He snuggled in close; he’d gotten used to sharing his bed with somebody after all this time, the idea of going back to sleeping alone felt cold and unappealing.

“You’re a good man, Jesse.” He whispered. “Even if I don’t understand what you’re saying most of the time when you go off on a tech rant.”

Jesse chuckled.

“If you’d just let me jailbreak your phone-”

David scoffed and kissed him in the dark, letting their warm lips mingle. This felt as natural as breathing now; he wasn't sure he was in love with Jesse yet, but he was certainly getting there. Just having somebody in his corner at all times was wonderful.

Jesse's fingers threaded through his hair and pulled him close so that David's breasts crushed against his chest. The kiss deepened and David moaned, letting Jesse divest him of his nightshirt before rolling on top of him. He didn't hesitate to spread his legs and welcome the man inside him; ever since their first love making session in the kitchen David had been obsessed with doing it again.

"I thought you wanted to sleep." He giggled breathlessly as Jesse pushed inside with a groan.

"What sort of man could sleep with this beauty right next to him?"

That was the last thing either of them said before they devolved right back into fucking. David rolled his hips, squeezing the cock inside him and savouring every thrust. It felt so good, having a man inside him, so much better than being on the other side.

"Oh Jesse...I'm so close-!"

The pleasure built and David's inhibitions melted away as he moaned Jesse's name over and over, each time the man rewarded him with an extra hard thrust that made him see stars.

"Yes! Oh yes, right uh...uhhhhhh...Jesse!!"

David came hard and felt Jesse shudder inside him before they both melted back into the mattress. Jesse kissed David's neck placidly and hummed happily. His hand smoothing over the slight round of his stomach. For the first time, David felt an odd sense of pride in it, he'd never considered how a round belly could be attractive on a woman but now, thanks to Jesse, he was starting to see the appeal. He drifted off to sleep, feeling warm, content and at home in his own skin.

~

Dana woke up the next morning to two bright, wide eyes staring her right in the face.

"Katie?"

"I'm hungry."

She chuckled.

"Alright, early breakfast it is."

Dana busied herself with fixing Katie breakfast and getting her ready for the school with the most packed, fancy lunch box she could manage to make up for yesterday. It was the first

day of her new life in many ways. Now that she had fully decided to embrace her life as Dana rather than beating Erica and trying to get back to life as David.

"Alright, go get dressed and I'll shower and drop you off."

She was just picking out a comfy pair of yoga pants when she cursed; her phone! She'd gotten so distracted with Jesse last night she'd forgotten to plug it in. After fumbling around the dresser for a moment she realised she'd never opened it before. Curious, she pulled open the small drawer and found a handful of hair ties, a broken charger and...a set of pills.

Dana swallowed nervously; they were white with a set of pink at the edge, each with a little number underneath. She was no expert on this sort of thing, but she knew birth control pills when she saw one. Dana's stomach did a flip flop when she realised she'd been here over a month and not taken a single one.

And she'd not had a period either.

~

It turns out, there are a surprising amount of different pregnancy tests. On TV they were all so simple so Dana's eyes almost bugged out of her skull when she found the pack she'd purchased came with instructions. It talked about cycles and how certain factors could result in a false negative or positive. Even so, after seven positive results even she had to admit there was no more room for error.

A woman for less than two months and she'd gotten herself knocked up. Incredible. Even more incredible, she didn't know how to feel about it. She'd grown to love her daughter as if she'd really been here all this time. The idea of actually going through a pregnancy she'd remember, holding a newborn baby and raising them...it wasn't all bad really. But how would Jesse react?

She spent the day fretting; luckily, Katie was too young to really notice anything different in her mother's mood. Dana set her up with a game and then laid the pregnancy test down on the bench and stared at the plus sign with trepidation.

Katie was obvious, her soft giggles echoing through the house. Dana took a deep breath, trying to steady herself. She listened as the door opened and Jesse walked in, immediately opening his arms for Katie to jump into. He was such a good dad.

"Hey, love," Jesse greeted, wrapping his arms around her waist. "How was your day?"

Dana forced a smile, or did she? She was too nervous to know if it was natural or not.

"It was good. Busy, but good." She paused, her eyes darting to the counter where the pregnancy test still lay. Jesse followed her gaze, his brow furrowing in confusion.

"Dana, is that...?" His voice trailed off as he stepped closer, realisation dawning on his face.

She nodded, tears welling up in her eyes.

"Yes, Jesse. I'm pregnant again."

For a moment, there was silence. Dana's heart seemed to stop as she waited for his reaction. Then, to her immense relief, Jesse's face broke into a wide grin.

"Really? We're having another baby?" His voice was filled with joy and disbelief.

Dana nodded again, this time with a smile of her own, it was definitely genuine now.

"Yes, we are."

Jesse laughed, a sound of pure happiness, and pulled her into a tight embrace before somehow managing to lift her up off the ground by cupping her ass. They twirled and Dana couldn't help but laugh; this was all moving so quickly and yet, now that she knew Jesse was on board she was practically buzzing with excitement.

"This is amazing, I can't believe it!" He pulled back slightly, looking into her eyes. "I'm so happy. We're going to have another baby!"

"A baby?" Katie wandered up to them with wide eyes. "Mommy, you're going to have a baby?"

"Yes, sweetie, you're going to be a big sister."

Katie pulled a face.

"Ew, but babies stink!"

Dana just laughed while Jesse consoled Katie. She would get over it, she was sure. This wasn't the life she'd picked but she was happy; not only that but she was going to get to experience motherhood from the beginning! A sour part of her mind wandered to Erica but quickly dismissed it. She now knew the trick to beating that witch wasn't doing everything perfectly, it was being happy. And Dana planned to do just that.