

## Epilogue: Love Thy Neighbour (TG Preg, Mind Control)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*Allen comes to terms with the fact that she will be her former friend's hot submissive wife for life after giving birth to their first child. She becomes close to her former wife, now sister again, and finds happiness - if a little embarrassment - in being a hot trophy wife for good.*

### Epilogue - Love Thy Neighbour

Trish sighed as she looked down at the little life clinging to her, remembering all that had occurred. Sixteen hours. Sixteen long, painful hours.

The contractions.

The exhaustion.

The lack of rest.

The failed epidural.

The fact that no matter how hard she tried, there had been no avoiding playing her part, or speaking out against what had happened to her, or even being able to tell a single soul that she had once been her husband Ben's male best friend Allen, not Trish the gorgeous, red-haired mother-to-be. And, of course, there had been the actual birth. The part where she'd squeezed her friend-turned-husband's hand as tightly as she could while she'd pushed, pushed, *pushed* the life they had made together into the world, the baby he had put inside her during one of their many lovemaking sessions . . . the lovemaking sessions that she literally *couldn't* go without, ever since Ben had wished upon that magical stone. That feeling had been even stranger than the first time she'd been fucked by Ben. Weird enough to have a cock go into you, especially when you never had a vagina in your life up until recently, but it was even worse to then have to bear down and push with all your might as a baby crowned out of you. The shoulders had been the worst part, but at least that bit about the rush of endorphins had been true: immediately following, Trish had been overcome with a blissful sensation that calmed her straight away, even if she still had to deal with the afterbirth and all that. Scarlet had been the one to tell her that, once, back before Ben's errant wish, back when Trish had been Allen, and Scarlet had been her wife, and the two were discussing the future possibility of kids. Now, Scarlet was her twin sister, and *she* was the one who had given birth first.

But despite all that, despite how upside down her life was, combined with the general insanity of giving birth, things had turned out okay. Her baby girl was born, squishy and purple and slick with strange fluid, but beautiful and healthy all the same. She had been

placed on her exhausted mother's chest, and Trish had marvelled at the life she had brought into the world, tears flowing down her face as she held her daughter.

"Allie," she said, "I want her to be Allie."

"Of course, honey," Ben had replied, stroking her sweat-soaked hair. He'd understood the significance of the name. She may not be Allen anymore, but surely her child could at least carry on the name in a sense.

"And now I have you to keep me happy and fulfilled," Trish said in the present, gazing down at her baby. She was back at home, and a month had passed since the whirlwind of birth, hospital recovery, and getting used to the new schedule of a baby that required regular feeding. Which, speaking of . . .

"Hungry again, are you?" Trish remarked, smirking at her little one. "You're utterly insatiable. I swear, it's a good thing I ended up with Scarlet's tits, because it's a miracle I can produce enough for you."

Ally latched after a few failed attempts, and Trish murmured with comfort as her daughter took her big gulps of milk. It was true what women said; there was nothing like the connection between mother and baby. It was not an experience the former man would have ever imagined experiencing, but after going through nine months of growing a big, rather active belly, not to mention how much Ben just loved making love to her even right up to the night before she went into labor, she felt she deserved a bit of cathartic release by this point, no shame attached.

"My dear little Ally," she said, admiring how her daughter's hair had the same fiery redness her own now possessed. "Maybe I can do this. Just maybe . . . I can get used to being Ben's wife. Scarlet's sister. Being Trish."

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It was a lovely Spring day, almost stereotypically so. The cool breeze counterbalanced the warmth of the sun, and there were just enough clouds in the sky that Trish felt as if she didn't have to put on sunscreen. The park was never a place she visited much back when she'd been Allen, but now it was a frequent visit for her. She still had some aches from birth, and her body - while recovering quickly - still had a bigger pooch than she would have liked. Funny really, how feminine vanity was now a part of her. She tried to consider this to be a good sign of adjustment.

"You're looking so well, sis," Scarlet said beside her. "I can't believe how fast you're shedding all that baby weight. Seriously, you look amazing."

Trish blushed. Of all the compliments she could have once expected to receive from her former wife-turned-twin, this was not one of them. Still, it was nice to hear.

“Awww, thanks sis,” she said automatically. “I still feel like I’ve got ways to go, but I don’t want to rush it. Frankly, I think *this* little one is half the reason I’m shedding all those pounds: my body is working hard to make all the milk she needs.”

She gestured to the sleeping figure in the pram as they both walked together. Both women were wearing cute summer dresses in anticipation for even warmer months. Trish had to admit that despite the initial humiliation of wearing women’s clothing all those months ago, that dresses actually wear very comfortable. Skirts too. They were . . . freeing. She had a bigger appreciation of style now in general, which was why her little Ally was dressed in an adorable pink onesie with matching hat.

“She is so damn precious,” Scarlet said. “Oh, I just want to gobble her up! God, I’m jealous, sis. I really want what you have.”

‘You did, and could have, if not for my husband’s wish,’ Trish thought to herself, but it was literally impossible to speak of the former timeline where she had been Scarlet’s husband instead of her twin sister. Only in the presence of Ben did that work. Instead she simply sighed and gave a wan smile.

“It’s not all highs and summer roses,” she replied. “I was up three times last night feeding her. I swear, little Ally is just a stomach in the shape of a baby right now.”

Scarlet snorted, wagging her eyebrows a little. “Yeah, I don’t mean to call attention to it, sis, but you’re certainly looking a lot more . . . well-endowed these days. People can finally tell us apart.”

Again, Trish blushed, looking down at her rather prominent cleavage. Back when she’d been Allen, she’d practically *worshipped* Scarlet’s breasts. The sexy, feisty redhead had a magnificent pair, large and supple and firm and round, while also soft to the touch. Oh, and *very* receptive. Now, *she* had those same breasts, equally impressive and wonderful to the touch, as she well knew from Ben’s obsession with them. Now though, they had grown not just one but *two* whole cup sizes. She was a G-cup, and her maternity bras could barely contain her size. Sometimes it felt like she had a pair of melons on her chest, always expanding with her excess reserves of milk. Ben didn’t mind, of course. Two nights ago Ally had been utterly asleep but she’d been full to the brim, and in the end she’d begged him to ‘relieve’ her. He hadn’t hesitated. God, it had been embarrassingly wonderful.

“They are, ahem, rather big now,” she admitted.

“They were big before,” Scarlet said. “I would know, ha! Now they’re massive. They look wonderful though, sis.”

“They feel full.”

Scarlet shrugged. “I’m still jealous. I hope this thing with Greg works out. He’s such a total charmer. I can’t wait for you to meet him; I know you’ll have a good sense of if he’s husband material or not.”

Trish could have snorted, but instead just smirked to herself. “Yeah, I’d say I’ve got a pretty good idea of who would make a pretty good husband. I hope this one’s a keeper.”

She said the phrase without thinking, only to stop moving the pram. Scarlet paused with her. “Um, everything okay? Do you need to sit down? Too much walking? I know it’s only been a month-”

“No, it’s not that,” Trish said, turning the words she’d said over in her mind. “It’s not that at all. It’s just . . . I really hope this works out with Greg, Scarlet.”

“Well yeah, me too. He’s super handsome. And just between you and me and that tree, he’s packing down there too, just like your man.”

She wasn’t wrong. Since the wish, Ben’s own body had subtly altered, and she was very, *very* accustomed to just how big and wonderful his cock was thanks to her new bodily compulsions to be a perfect, submissive and sexy wife. But again, those weren’t where her thoughts went for now. She was still thinking about that epiphany. Tears formed in the corners of her eyes, and she had to rub them away and pretend she was just hit by the emotion of her adorable child in the pram.

“Scarlet, I mean it,” she said, savouring the strange freedom of the words. “I really hope you and Greg work out. I want you to have what I have. I want you to be happy.”

It was, in a way, like letting go. Scarlet hugged her, and far from being a feeling of loss - a sense of what they *might* have had in the other reality - all she could focus on was the sisterly embrace. It was its own beautiful thing, a connection only the two of them shared.

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Trish cried out as Ben thrust into her. It had been so long. So damn long. She’d been surprised at how courteous he was. He could barely resist her, of course, and his stupid wish had stuck them together as man and wife because he’d wanted ‘everything my friend Allen has,’ but at least he’d been able to hold himself back while she recovered. Between taking care of the baby on her end, and his own rising success in his work on his end, the pair hadn’t had the time or the health to make love as they often did, and that too was strange. Trish had been so accustomed to being fucked every day by Ben, or occasionally waking him with a blowjob (God, how had she gotten *used* to and even *nostalgic* about that!?), or just having him make out with her while playing with her tits, that it actually felt *odd* for her friend-turned-husband *not* to be taking advantage of her luscious body everyday.

Now, she moaned in relief as *finally* she was being fucked by his big, hard cock again.

“Ohhhh, I c-can’t believe I’m s-saying this, but I missed this s-so bad!”

"I can - ah - I can tell!" he replied. "I've been wanting this for ages, Trish! I just wanted to make sure you were - mmhm - ready to go."

"I am! Oh God, I wish we'd f-fucked like this last w-week! Harder, please! I need you all the - all the way innnnnnnn!!"

She was bent over against the bed, her ass up in the air, her perfect childbearing hips held by her husband as he thrust into her from behind. His long arms - he used to be smaller than Trish when she was Allen, but it felt *so damn right* for him to be bigger - shifted occasionally so that he could palm her tits. They wobbled and bounced with every thrust, dripping milk occasionally. Neither of them cared; the ecstasy of his fingers fondling over her large, dark nipples was too good to care. And he was so big within her. So damn *deep*.

"OHhhhhhh, f-fuck!" she groaned. "I'm s-so glad she went down!"

"Me too," he grunted. "We need to get back into our schedule, Trish! I want to f-fuck you every day again."

She rolled her eyes into the back of her head, hit by a wave of pleasure just at his words - and his latest thrust.

"You're s-such a dog. Mhmmm, but God help me, I want that. F-fuuck. I want that. I'm such a submissive wife."

"My submissive wife," he said, his voice dripping with pride.

"Ohhh, it's so *hot* when you say it like that."

"Well, it's t-true," he said, gripping her hips again. He slowed down, as if to taunt her, though the pleasure still rose. "You've been Trish for over a year now. We've fucked more times than I can count. We've made a wonderful child together. You can't tell me that you don't love this life."

"I - ohhhhhh, mmhm, yes! - I still wish you hadn't . . . ohhhhhh, I do. I do, Ben! It's so - so embarrassing, but I do! I need you in me every day! We need to go back to that! I was going mad without you in me each day, without me even sucking your cock!"

"I knew it!" he declared, speeding up again. She lowered herself to the bed, large breasts mashing against the covers. She was so close to cumming and they both knew it. She wanted his seed inside her. She was as insatiable as her sister ever was, only more so now that her post-pregnancy hormones and need to catch up on lost time were influencing her. "I saw how much you changed after we had Ally. You've more than accepted this, you're coming to l-love it!"

"F-fine!" she called out, before hushing to avoid waking the baby. "I love it! I love you! I want to p-please you all the time! I want to have you b-babies and wear nice things and be your p-perfect trophy wife! Now please j-just stop taunting me and cum inside me, husband! I'm soooo cloooose!"

It was, perhaps, the most demure and submissive thing she'd ever said that wasn't a straight up compulsion. Again, that revelation swept over her: *'I really do want this,'* she thought. *'I really do just want to embrace this life, be Scarlet's sister, and be Ben's beautiful wife. I want people to look at me and be jealous. I want to make him happy. I want him to fuck me every day until I'm pregnant again and - OHHHHHH!!!'*

He thrust again and again, and finally it was all too much. The realisation, coupled with the unbearable bliss that was filling her, caused her body to shudder with some of the most powerful orgasms she'd ever felt, perhaps the *most* powerful. She cried out in her high, sweet voice, turned on even by the sound of her own ecstasy. Ben grunted, his voice masculine and low, and soon his large member throbbed inside her. A warmth filled her, and she could tell from his long gasp that he too had experienced one of his best orgasms ever. He filled her up, his hot jizz pouring into her waiting womb. God, she'd need to clean herself out in the shower; no doubt she'd be trickling a lot of his cum between her soft thighs.

For now though, she could only shudder against the bed, quaking and trying to catch her breath. After a time, Ben managed to extract himself from her - this elicited another gasp - and then join her on the bed. She rolled over automatically so he could spoon her. As always, he played gently with her large breasts, a feeling that - now that she was used to it - was unbelievably comforting. She pressed her rotund behind against his manhood.

"That was something else," she mumbled.

"Damn right it was," he said, squeezing her left breast playfully. "I don't know what's changed since you gave birth, Trish, but I love it."

She scoffed. "Yeah, of course *you* would, husband."

"I like it when you call me husband."

She rolled over to face him. She also knew he appreciated the look and feel of her tits right up against him. She placed her hand underneath her head and sighed, still regaining her breath. She knew she looked like a pinup model in that moment and she damn well embraced it. Fucking hell she was hot, and it made her proud to see how Ben's eyes wandered over her form, filled with lust and love. "Well, I guess you can say I like being your wife," she said. "Love it, in fact."

He raised an eyebrow. "Really? Because sometimes you say quite the opposite. I mean, I know this has been a hard road-"

"Ben, you literally got me turned into a woman - a twin of my then-wife - who is unbelievably submissive to you and can't help but have sex with you all the time. Then you got me pregnant. I went through *birth*, buddy."

"I've told you, I didn't m-"

She slapped him lightly on the shoulder, giggling. "I know you didn't mean to, not that you were unhappy with the results. I mean, look at me! Who would be? I guess I'm just

saying that even though this isn't how I expected my life to go, ever since having Ally I've started to realise I do actually like it. Love it, in fact."

"Even with Scarlet being your sister now?"

She bit her lip, trying to find the words. "I miss my wife, but I never lost the person she is. I have a sister now - I never had siblings growing up - and she's my twin too! I have a twin now, and we're just as close really, just as sisters, not lovers. And . . . and that's something really special too, I realise. I actually want her to succeed with her new boyfriend. I want to meet him. And because of that, I realise that I also want to be *yours* too. I know the magic put me - us - in this position, and you clearly accepted it earlier - again, you total dog."

"Guilty as charged," he said, tracing a hand over her hip. She shivered at the touch.

"But you gave me Ally. You support both of us. You're the breadwinner. The man. *My* sexy man. And you attend to this body's crazy libido. God, it feels good to have sex again - seriously, let's never stop. I am full on the 'I love dick now' train."

He laughed at that. "So in terms of going down on me . . ."

Again, another playful slap. "Don't worry. I think you'll like tomorrow morning. I've been - oh fuck - I've been wanting to suck your cock for ages now. I've finally got the core strength back to take on the position."

"Fuck yeah. You really are the most amazing wife, you know that, right?"

She kissed him, softly but lovingly. "Well, you made me this way, so I'd hoped you'd get it right. And I know that I won't have what I once had. You know, the business, the independence, the sense of manly confidence. But I can be one damn hot trophy wife, looking good on your arm, and being happy and proud of it." Ben smiled, and it wasn't a smug, self-interested smile. God knows he could get carried away with how he loved their situation. But this was a genuinely warm smile. "I'm happy for you, love," he said.

"Me too," she replied, and again there was that wonderful revelation. She *was* happy. She *was* Trish. And her life *was* going to be amazing, even if totally different from how she'd ever imagined it. "And I think you'll be even more happy," she continued, "when you take me out for dinner tomorrow night."

"Oh yeah?"

"Mm-hmm," she replied, grinning. "Because now that I'm finally accepting this life, and Scarlet has agreed to babysit little Ally, I can finally fit into that little red dress you love me in so much."

He perked up. She felt his manhood stiffen, just a little. It was still too early to go a second round, but . . . it wouldn't be all that long, either.

"Oh yeah. The one I was fuming about being compelled to wear, you know, back in the early days. I think I could wear it a lot more confidently now. I recall you rather liked the way the necklace sat in my cleavage. There's a lot more cleavage now too, by the way."

“Damn. Wow. Trish, you are the best wife ever.”

“I haven’t even gotten to the fun part yet,” she continued. How had she not realised how fun it was to tease Ben? It took finally embracing being a woman to understand how much power and amusement could be had from using her body and wiles to build his anticipation.

“Oh, what’s the fun part?”

She whispered in his ear, feeling him hardened further. “The fun part comes later, when you get to tear that red dress right off of me.”

Ben sighed. “I’m so glad I made that wish.”

“Of course you are,” she said, curling up against him. “You wonderful dog. Now hurry up and get hard again. Scarlet could never get enough sex back in the day, and I’m even more insatiable. Besides, as your trophy wife, I’ve got to practice making you more of those babies, right?”

**The End**