

Mini-Story: The Traditional Life (1950s Housewife Time Travel TG)

By FoxFaceStories

Matthew and Barry are up-and-coming young business types out for a club night when suddenly they see a shooting star. After their dates joke about a wish, they each make one: to 'be a real provider' and 'to never have to work a job again.' Both suddenly find themselves back in the 1950s: Barry is now the successful male breadwinner, but Matthew is shocked to find himself as a gorgeous wife to the friend! Too bad she now has compulsions to be his perfect wife and bear his babies, and the Barry doesn't seem to mind this new life!

The Traditional Life

I'll keep this short, since I'm worried that if I go into too much detail I'll get all depressed from thinking about what my life could have been like. My work partner and drinking buddy Barry and I were doing pretty well for ourselves in the banking business. We were relatively young, hard-working, and ambitious, and we often gave ourselves a nice 'toast' to our success by partying on a Friday night and picking up hot dames. Chicks. Sorry, I have to think about the terminology to get it right.

Anyway, we were on a date with these two hot broads - mine was a hot Indian chick with cleavage you could bury your face right in - when overhead in town there was this bif comet streaking across the sky. Barry's dumb blonde date (he loves blondes, as I am *very, very* aware of in my daily life now) made some dumb joke about making a wish upon a star, and I said 'Sure thing, I wish I never had to work another day in my life!'

Barry just laughed, and said, "Fair, but where's the ambition? How about this then Matthew; 'I wish I could make enough money for the both of us!'"

We laughed, and my date made a drunken whine about not getting to make a wish while the comet was in sight. We had a good time, and the both of us took our dates back to our apartment and had some fun. It was a good lay alright, but I wished I'd appreciated it more at the time, because it was the last fun I'd have being the one doing the pumping.

When I woke the next morning there was someone curled around me. Someone hairy. I screamed, and couldn't believe how high my voice was. The other guy woke in confusion, and I saw that it was Barry, only he didn't recognise me - he thought I was some chick! That's when I realised I actually was a chick; I had a real nice pair of big hooters, long blonde hair (I used to have chesnut hair) and worst of all nothing between my legs but a

slight mound and an empty space leading inwards. I leapt out of the room of this new, unfamiliar location, and quickly found an old-fashioned bathroom to get a look at myself. My pretty jaw dropped as I saw that I was a damn knockout! Easily the hottest looking women I'd seen, but with a real retro aesthetic. I had the curled blonde hair, the pink silk nightie, the strong, defined eyebrows. All that on top of a set of killer curves. I was even more shocked when I realised I knew how to do makeup and fix my hair and get dressed, almost like I had to, and only once I had showered, dried, and was wearing a long 1950's style skirt and blouse did I see the date on the calendar; 1952. We'd travelled back in time! I emerged back into the room, Barry having worked out the same when he looked outside to the street at all the old vehicles.

It didn't take too long to convince Barry who I was; I knew too much of the shenanigans we'd got up to back in the future. Of course he couldn't help but comment on what a bombshell I was, or from peeking at my tits in my cone-like bra. The lucky bastard had barely changed at all; just a different haircut and a ring on his finger, of which I had a sparkly one too. It seemed, much to my horror, that I was now Mrs Barry Gardner.

My new name was Juliet. I was a former diner waitress who now had one occupation; housewife. We lived in wealthy upper-middle class suburbia complete with Fido the dog, and it was expected of me by society to never work another day in my life, and instead wash the dishes, do the dirty laundry, keep the carpet clean, dress nice for my hubby, and spread my legs for him whenever he desired. In short, my wish had technically come true; I never had to work another day in my life - at least in the occupational sense. I used to joke about how easy women who stayed at home had it. Turns out being a 50's housewife was damn hard work. I couldn't put it off though: the comet had granted my unintentional wish in such a way that I felt compelled to be a perfect traditional wife in this new traditional life. I could technically not cook for Barry, or refuse to do the dishes, or even stop myself looking utterly gorgeous in that submissive homemaker way, but it made me feel all itchy and horrible and wrong. In the end, I always caved and played 'my role.'

Meanwhile, lucky Barry's wish came true; he was making enough money for both of us. And he needed to in order to support our new married life. I resisted as much as I could, but found it impossible to go against the grain of the times along with the compulsions. After a lot of pressure from Barry, from the fellow housewives who did their weekly gathering, and from random onlookers on the street, I finally started to wear what was expected of me without trying to fight it any more. I dolled myself up as I was meant to, curled my hair, wore the long dresses and those 50's heels. As far as we could see there was no way back, and so a few

months in I had to confront another part of the expectations for me. The one I had - just barely - managed to successfully fight my compulsions on.

It took a few glasses of wine - my new female body got tipsy very easily - and certainly a lot of chauvinistic taking advantage of me by Barry, but finally I gave in and he got to plough my field. It didn't hurt that my new female self found him irresistibly attractive. I won't lie and say it didn't feel good. This wish gave me a bombshell body that made other women catty and men everywhere turn their heads, so it felt only appropriate that I could squeal and wail in orgasmic pleasure with the best of them. I was trapped as a housewife, and Barry, the bastard, was perfectly happy with our new situation. He claimed that he liked me as his best pal, but he really loved me as his submissive little housewife. The worst part was when I gave in, as embarrassing as it was to have him fuck me as his needy, sexy wife, I kind of loved it too.

Barry got his way in the end. I'm still his housewife, working barefoot and in the kitchen and looking dolled up and gorgeous. Only these days I'm the full saying; barefoot, *pregnant*, and in the kitchen. My belly is full with our first baby and I'm just going to have to get used to it, since contraception is pretty damn hard to get these days, and Barry's made it pretty clear he'd like a *big* family.

Thanks to my wish, I'll never have to work another day in my life, but that doesn't mean life got any easier. If anything, I'll just have to learn to enjoy being my former-buddy's subservient little wife. Even eight-months pregnant I still turn heads, and all the ladies in the neighbourhood won't stop fawning over how much I apparently 'glow' in pregnancy. Sometimes I can even feel pretty good at it. After all, if I can't be the macho 50's go-getter breadwinner, then at least I can enjoy being the stunner of a trophy wife? Hopefully that'll be the case, since there's no way either of us can figure out a way to reverse the wish, and I'm sure Barry wouldn't even tell me if he did at this point. I'll just have to make sure that my friend-turned-husband treats me to a lavish lifestyle. He better, given all the sacrifice I'll have to go through as his 50's housewife not to mention all the kids he wants to get out of me! At least that lucky bastard knows how to make this blonde fifties stereotype moan like crazy in the bedroom. It makes me almost *want* to be extra submissive and traditional just to enjoy it all the more, and often.

The End