



My Oblivious Slut Husband
- A Weirdly Sentimental Short -
By Razmagurk

“Honey?” I called out. “Is that you?”

I’d heard the front door unlock and someone come in, but those weren’t the familiar heavy plods of my husband’s feet.

“Yeah, it’s me!” came the reply. “God, you would not believe the day I had.”

It was a reply, yes, but that was not my husband's voice. That wasn't a guy's voice at all. It sounded more like some bimbo you'd find on pornhub.

I picked up the baseball bat we kept handy in the office for just such occasions, gripping it tight as I walked down the stairs. Had my husband brought someone home? Was this some kind of intruder? Then I heard the wet squelching sound and soft panting and my brain jumped from home invasion to horror movie, furiously trying to prepare me for what lay ahead by conjuring up all manner of wet slimy nightmares.

But I still was not prepared at all for what I saw.

It was a girl.

As I rounded the foot of the stairs, looking into the living room, I saw her, legs spread whorishly as she sat on my couch, head thrown back, eyes rolled up in ecstasy. Her pencil skirt was hiked up around her waist as she rubbed furiously at the bare pussy beneath. Her other hand was lasciviously undoing the buttons of her wispy white blouse to get to the breasts straining beneath.

I dropped the bat. She was so caught up in her masturbation she didn't even notice.

I was in shock. I just stood there, shaking. There was some random slut masturbating in my living room - moaning out in needy over-the-top whimpers. Was this some kind of sick prank? Was someone filming this? I looked around, looking for hidden cameras, or maybe a hidden camera crew.

"Oh, love!" Her eyes snapped to focus on me and a great grin spread across her completely shameless face. "You're a sight for sore eyes. Lend me a hand?" She wiggled her hips lewdly, presenting her prominent, pulsing pussy to me. "Sorry I just kinda dived right in. I had the most stressful day."

I balked in surprise, a flush running through me at the thought of what this girl was asking me to do, rubbing her slick juicy pussy right in my face.

Then the shock finally wore off.

"Who the fuck are you!?" I scrambled for the bat, raising it up ready to swing.

"What?" The girl looked genuinely hurt. Her plunging fingers slowed to a soft schlick, but she never quite stopped. "Dee, it's me, Wyatt. I know I went a little light on the makeup today, but come on, why is no one recognizing me? I thought you of all people...."

"Bullshit!" I furrowed my brow and brandished my weapon. I didn't know what this girl was up to but I wanted no part of it. "You're some kind of..." I flushed again as I took another look at the girl's painfully sexy body. "Some kind of *slut*!"

"Aw," her face lit up like a puppy dog's. "You say the nicest things, Dee."

A chill ran through me. There *was* something familiar about this girl. The way she smiled, the way she spoke. It was uncanny. Only my husband called me Dee. If this was some kind of joke where were the cameras?

"Prove it." I challenged.

"Oh come on!" she sighed. "I spent all day doing this."

"What? Masturbating? Really?"

She just gave me a look.

I reaffirmed my grip on the bat.

"Alright, alright!" she rolled her eyes. "Something only I'd know? Your name is Wendy Anne (with an e) Coulson. On our wedding day you didn't eat a thing because you were so anxious. Your favorite color is purple but you tell everybody it's blue because they never get the shade right. What else? Oh, you keep trying to start a garden but you've made three attempts and all have ended in disaster, not that that's going to stop you. That's what I love about you."

My grip softened, but I wasn't convinced. Anyone could know that stuff from my social media.

"Oh and you've got the cutest mole on your left pussy lip!" She winked.

My eyes widened. This girl had damn well better be Wyatt, because if not I was going to have to kill him.

And yet... I lowered the bat. As weird as it was, that's something he would have never told anyone. I trusted him too much.

"Wyatt?" I raised an eyebrow.

She grinned.

"Okay, okay, let's assume I play along with the notion you're my husband. What's the game? What's the gag? What happened to you?"

"Ugh, right?" She threw back her head in a gesture that was very much like my husband's, even if it seemed strange on her smaller body. The pace of her pussy-plunging fingers picked back up. "You're not going to believe the day I had. I was so late getting out the door I barely had time for any makeup, and no one's taken me seriously all day because of it."

"Makeup? Really?" As though a girl this beautiful needed much.

"What else could it be? I mean come on, even you didn't even recognize me. God, I finally got to the office and I got harassed by security. I eventually get to my floor and my boss acts surprised to see me under his desk for his morning blowjob. I had to go extra--"

"What?"

Fury raced through me. Was this supposed to be funny?

“Right?” She rubbed at her temples. “Like, hell, I do this every day. It’s literally my job. But today he freaks out about it, tells me to get out! Guess he doesn’t like me being late. So I wiggle my butt over to Francis cause we have that presentation later today and I wanted to be sure we were ready to get fucked in front of the shareholders- what? What’s with that look? That’s *exactly* the same look they had. Why is everybody acting this way?”

“You sucked your boss’s dick!?”

“Well I didn’t know it was a crime all of a sudden!” She shrugged.

I’d had enough of this crap.

“If you’re supposed to be Wyatt, why are you a fucking girl?”

“Girl?” she furrowed her brow. “What are you talking about?”

We just stared at each other gobsmacked. Eventually I grabbed her arm and pulled her up off the couch. I could think of no quicker way to sort this out. I shoved her in front of the mirror near the front door and gestured broadly at her body.

“Really?” She put a hand on her hip, and tilted it coquettishly. “What about this screams girl to you?”

“I don’t know Wyatt, the tits?” I slapped her titties, setting them swaying. She huffed and turned around, but it just sent them bouncing further. It was like they had a mind of their own.

God, what a contrast there was between the two of us. I wasn’t unattractive, thank you very much. I worked my ass off to have a damn fine body and I was proud of it. I’d never been jealous of other girls, but this thing before me was like a whole other gender entirely. A hotter one. Without any respect for such things as gravity or modesty or sore backs. The two of us standing side by side in the mirror made quite the sight.

“What’s wrong with my tits?” she pouted. “I thought you liked my tits?”

Fine, yes, they were very nice boobs. Now that I was getting a closer look I couldn’t deny it. Her blouse - it could almost be considered professional if it weren’t so sheer and provocative - did little to hold them back in its unbuttoned state. They were like juicy cantaloupes, ripe and ready to squeeze. The kind of tits you could just bury your face in and spend all night pressed up against.

Not that that did anything for me. I corrected my line of thought. Right?

“I can see your pussy! How can you look at this and think anything else but girl?” Although, a few choice words came to mind. Slut. Bimbo. Tramp. ‘Girl’ was being generous.

She took a minute to inspect her form, squinting carefully to drive the point home. Then she turned to me with a pitiable shrug, like she didn’t get the joke. “Are you feeling okay?”

"That's it!" I stomped my foot. "This is what Wyatt is supposed to look like, okay?" I grabbed one of the nearby portraits from the wall, the one of us on our wedding day at the altar. The one of him, male, in a suit.

I turned the photo to her. She took it.

"I don't understand." The furrowed brow returned, this time with a pout. "You want me to look like I did on our wedding day? Cause I spent hours getting that look right and squeezing into that dress. We had a professional do my makeup, I can't do that level of sultry every damn day!"

"Dress?" Now it was my turn to narrow my eyes. "Are you blind? You were in a -" I turned the photo back to myself to point out the obvious differences between her and my husband, but the wedding photo had changed. Where Wyatt had been, tall and handsome and masculine, was now the slut I saw before me, squeezed into a pornographic wedding dress.

"The hell?" I tilted my head. Now it was my turn to be baffled. I pulled out my phone and swiped through the photos there, trying to pull up this same picture, but when I got to the photos from our wedding day they were all this slut.

My heart started to race. How was that possible? A phone virus? Some kind of filter? I squinted at the photo, trying to remember how it had been moments ago. I distinctly remember him... remember him...

Mincing down the aisle in that dress, hips swaying to put as much wiggle in her beautiful booty as she could. She was struggling with the height of the heels and the tightness of the hobble miniskirt, but all her practice was paying off in front of everybody.

Right, of course. I had spent the day too worried to eat, she'd spent it horny out of her mind, fucking all our friends and family.

And then that night, we'd taken off our dresses and ooh...

I flushed at the memory. The look wasn't the only thing pornographic about her. We'd spent all night going at it like rabbits. Then, the next morning we slept in and he ordered room service for us. He was an absolute gentleman our whole honeymoon. My very male husband.

I felt dizzy and hot. This wasn't making any sense.

"Okay, fine, I can prove it." I shoved the foreign thoughts away. I pulled her over to the coat closet. "If that's your body then why are all the jackets in here for guys, huh?"

"They're not. Are you sure you're feeling okay, Sweetie?"

She opened the closet door to reveal that all of my husband's suit jackets and sport jackets and winter jackets had been replaced by a cavalcade of cute, flirty, and sexy coats. The kind of coats that would do nothing to actually keep a girl warm.

"Oh come on!" I rifled through the garments, looking for something familiar and masculine that he'd missed. He was always wearing that... that... tiny faux-fur jacket? I pulled it out and looked at it. What else had I been expecting it to be?

I tried to think of Wyatt - my husband - in a jacket. Playful fall and winter scenes played out in my mind, but all that came to mind were visuals of Wyatt - this girl - prancing around in them, trying her best to show off her boobs.

What the fuck?

"Something really fucky is happening." I rubbed at the bridge of my nose.

"Agreed." She put her hand back on her hip. "Do you want to talk about it? Let's sit down and work this through."

We made our way back over to the living room and sat down on the couch, a process which involved her snuggling up lasciviously against me. Her body was warm and soft and I was having a hard time focusing. These new memories of our honeymoon were pounding away in my brain, doing things to me I don't know if I liked.

"Wyatt." I took a breath, trying to think of how to phrase it. "You are supposed to be a guy."

"I am a guy!" She threw up her arms. "That's what I've been saying all day."

"But you don't *look* like one." My eyes darted over to her soft melons. "And you certainly don't act like one. God, you're acting like some porno slut."

"Aw, you always say the nicest things, Dee," she purred. "But I don't understand what you're trying to say. I may not be conventionally attractive, but come on."

"I mean, okay -" I tore my gaze away from this girl, as hard as I was finding it. "Describe a guy."

She furrowed her brow in focus. I had a sudden flash of panic that whatever bullshit was erasing evidence of his masculinity would kick in and the whole gender would end up sluts just to spite me. I'd never been so glad to be wrong.

"Like, tall? Muscular? Mm, especially around the chest and the abs." She bit her lip. "Thick strong arms that can really pick up and carry a girl, you know? Something hard to hang off of. With rough hands/ Ooh." She brought a hand to her tit to play along to her fantasy. "Big hands. With the biggest, tastiest goddamn dicks. Big throbbing cocks just looking for a hot wet hole to hold down and-!"

"Alright, alright!" I pushed her roving hands away before she ended up masturbating on the couch again. "And does that sound at all like you?" I gestured again at her soft, yielding body, every bit as sexy as her fantasies, but entirely in the opposite direction.

"I mean, no?" She looked down despondent at her pussy and pouted. "But come on, we're not all movie stars! I try, okay, I'm sorry I'm not hotter. Is that what is this about? Is this some great big conspiracy to

tell me I'm putting on weight or whatever? Do I have fat tits? Is that it?" The tears welling up in her eyes were all too familiar.

"Oh honey, no, come here." I pulled her into my chest and stroked her hair. "Shh, shh. It'll be okay." I ran a comforting hand down her back as she snuggled her hot mess of a body into mine, struggling to get her emotions back under control. "Look, do you trust me?"

"You know I do." She was trying to blink away the tears without ruining her mascara.

"I think something's happened to you. Something weird. I remember you as a man."

"I am a man!"

"I mean I remember you looking like one. Having a dick at the very least, not a pussy. But the more we talk, the stranger that feels. Every time I try to challenge it something changes to prove me wrong. It's like a different memory takes its place, where you're not my goofy dick-having husband, you're some horny bimbo caricature sucking your boss's dick."

"Dee, have you met me? Sucking cock and being horny is the thing I'm best at. Who are you saying I'm supposed to be?" The tears were coming back.

"Listen. Listen. Shhh. It's okay." I pulled her back into my chest, her face buried in my boobs in a way that should not have been turning me on like that. This was hardly the time! "We'll figure this out. That stuff doesn't exist outside of porn. This isn't a world where that kind of stuff happens. I need you to trust me."

"I do, but how can you expect me to believe something like that? You're saying that what, someone did something to make everything in my life sexually repressed? Who would do something like that?"

Wait, that was it.

"Hold on!" I pulled away. "Maybe you're right. Maybe this isn't a matter of what is happening, it's a matter of who's doing it. People don't just randomly transform into bimbos like that. What if someone did this to you? Who could it be? Was there anything weird that happened today? Anyone acting strangely?"

"God, you don't know the half of it." She leaned back and spread her legs, hand slipping back down.

"What a day." Somewhere along the way she'd lost her skirt, and her blouse was pulled back out of the way of her boobs. "Stresses me out just thinking about it. How 'bout you slip between my legs and tongue my clit as I tell you about it?"

"How 'bout I what!?" I balked, red faced.

"Or not." She held her hands up in surrender. "You suddenly don't like licking my pussy?"

"Of course I don't like... uh." the words failed in my mouth. A flutter of desire fluttered through me at new memories I didn't want to confirm. Of sexy texts while she was at work, of loving that I could make this person I loved feel so good after she'd spent a rough day at the office getting fucked hard in every hole.

But, no. I held to my guns. I put that behind me, no matter how much the squelch of her hand at work was making me regret it.

“So I was having all these weird sexy dreams, right? Barely getting any sleep at all. I roll out of bed five minutes before my alarm. Turns out I fell asleep with my plug in.”

I raised an eyebrow.

“Again, yes,” she laughed. “Last night was fun. So I’m trying to sneak out of bed to not wake you, but every step had me moaning and even after I got it out, I was so sensitive I could barely take a step without gushing all over the place.”

I nodded. I had heard the moans, but I’d attributed them to some weird dream. As though this reality was any better.

“So long story short, I was rubbing my hot needy cunt like crazy in the shower and I get so caught up reliving last night’s memories I ended up way late! I was so rushed I had to skip my coffee and only had time for a super basic coat of makeup. She gestured to her nonetheless whorishly made-up face. Had her lips always been so red and plump? Something about them made me want to just lean in and nibble.

“I get to the office,” he kept going, “and the security guys are hassling me, and not in a good way. They were acting like I was some kind of whore who’d walked in off the street! Can you imagine?”

I raised the other eyebrow.

“Fine, fine, but I’ve been flirting with these guys for years, and suddenly they act like they’ve never met me before! I don’t know what kind of prank they thought they were pulling. I go to show them my ID, but I’d been in such a rush I’d completely forgotten it.” She gestured at the lanyard hanging from a peg by the door, but rather than a professional photo of my husband it was a tight crop of my wife’s naked tits.

Just like it always was. Right?

“I had to spend half an hour convincing them I was who I say I was, because who else has cans like mine, you know what I’m saying? But they didn’t buy it until I had their jizz all over my face.”

“Sorry, wait, you fucked the security guards?” Jealousy stabbed through me.

“What? No, don’t be ridiculous.” She rolled her eyes. “I just gave them a titjob.”

This was my husband. I should have been disgusted. I should have felt betrayed. But the more I thought about it, the more I realized the jealousy inside me was a jealousy because I couldn’t have been there, watching my wife doing the thing she was good at. I should be proud of her, no?

“So then I get up to the office and it’s just as bad up there. Everybody’s treating me like they don’t know me either. It’s like, I’m not wearing a full face of makeup but I’m still me, you know?” She let out what was probably supposed to be a frustrated sigh, but the way it eased into a kind of purring moan sent delicious

little shivers through my lower parts. "So I spend the day reminding everybody who I was and they all felt really embarrassed that they'd forgotten. I mean, how can they forget the office slut, right?"

That didn't sound right. Wasn't he an accountant? I tried to think back to previous times he'd told me about his day, but I was losing sight of the truth. What even was my wife's job if not for providing relief? With a body like that it was a no-brainer. Wasn't I supportive of her career goals?

"I was so busy dealing with all that crap," he continued. "That I was late for my boss's morning BJ. I slide in while he's in the middle of a call and he was furious until I slipped under the table and reminded him why he kept me around. I mean I was really giving it to him!"

"Good job sweetie." I wished I could have seen that.

"Thank you! It was that same thing over and over. No one recognizing me until I reminded them, nothing quite in place. Like, Frances and I got to the meeting with the C-Suite and we don't even have stripper pole installed in the board room! God, we looked like complete amateurs, I was sure. We did our best to save it, but the slide show of our pussies just wasn't impressing them. Anyway, that's why I was so late getting back, I had to show them the real thing. And god, don't even get me started on the bus ride home."

"That's it?" I shook my head. I'd gotten so caught in her story, I hadn't even noticed I was rubbing my legs together. "That can't be it! No else was after you today? Was there anyone who wasn't surprised to see you like this?"

"Uh." She squinted cutely. "Lots of calls from Daddy? But I was, like, super busy dealing with all this other shit I never got back to him. As though we don't fuck him all the time."

"Wait, hold on, your father?"

"No," she giggled. "That's what I call Bill when we're fucking. You know that. God, what a stud. He's a good friend. But I just didn't have the time to come over today, so we just sort of sexted all day."

"Listen to me very carefully." A lump rose up in my throat. "Did you message him first, or did he message you?"

"He messaged me. I was just glad at least someone wasn't all weirded out."

"That son of a bitch! He was your best man!"

"Of course. He has, like, the biggest goddamn dick. Can't think of a better man than that, mmm..."

"That's it." I stood up, angry. I had to get out of here. I had to get away from this. I had to focus on something serious before I lost myself in this bullshit. "Get in the car. We're getting to the bottom of this."

"Really?" She had a forlorn look on her face. She looked tired. She'd had a long day. She looked ready to climb into bed, get naked and snuggle me raw.

“Yes!” I jumped up. “Now!”

“Can’t I at least slip into something more comfortable?” She wiggled her tits coquettishly. “I have this little blue negligee I’ve been wanting to try out.”

But - and it was probably for the best - it was not to be.

She slid her pencil skirt back up her hips, though she had no panties beneath, and tied her blouse under her breasts to expose her midriff, though even that didn’t last long. As I drove, my wife pulled up her top and flashed all the guys she saw.

“Do you have to do that?” I cried. I was red, but only half from humiliation. I’d almost crashed twice and I was struggling to keep my eyes on the road.

“Oh come on, you love it when I do that.” She leaned back into her seat, giggling. “Remember that time we drove down to Florida?”

I furrowed my brow at the now shifting memory. It was happening so quickly now, I could hardly even hold on to the originals. It had been our first vacation as a couple. We’d stopped at all the cute touristy locations for photos of Wyatt getting her pussy pounded in front of all the monuments and locals.

The had been a lot of fun hadn’t it?

“Not helping!” I cried. “God, this is getting worse.”

“I told you, you shouldn’t be driving with an empty pussy.”

“That’s not what I mean.”

“You’re sure you don’t want a hand?” she winked, then pulled open the glove compartment which was now apparently stuffed full of dildos. What the actual fuck?

“No!” I lied. “I’m good. Why are those in the glove compartment?”

“What else are we going to keep in there? Suit yourself.” She shrugged and started putting one to good use. I reaffirmed my focus on the road but now I had to contend with the sound of my sexy wife’s passionate moans.

I bounced my leg in mute horny frustration.

By the time we pulled up to Bill’s house. Wyatt had lost her blouse entirely and I was too worked up to care. Barely looking, I dragged her by the arm. There was a thumping coming from inside.

I knocked on the door, then started banging so I could be heard over the thumping. Maybe pounding was a better word. I was angry, dammit! This asshole had done something to my wife!

The door slid opened a crack, just enough for a face to peek out. It was Bill, wild eyed, his hair even more a mess than usual.

"Hi Daddy~!" Wyatt cooed, a dildo resting between her fat titties.

"Bill." My voice was trembling. "Did you turn my husband into a slut?"

He looked between Wyatt and myself, then back to Wyatt, then to Wyatt's tits. He squinted, then stared all the harder because now Wyatt was arching her back to present those perfect fuck-melons to him.

Then he looked back at me, his eyes finally went wide with realization.

He closed the door, then opened it fully. Behind him, in the living room, a naked babe, cut from the same perverted mold as my wife, sat on a table, legs spread as another eager bimbo darted back and forth between them, trying to absolutely devour both her pussy and ass at once. The thumping of their fucking was the noise I'd been hearing. Behind them, a busty slut squeezed into a french maid outfit was tutting as she flitted around, her every motion designed to present her gorgeous peach of an ass.

"Wendy!" Bill held up his hands defensively "What a surprise. Good to see you again. To what do I owe the pleasure?"

"Cut the crap!" I stepped up to him. "What did you do my husband? Who are those whores behind you! What's going on?"

"Ah, you recognize Josh and Jason, right? And Frances with the feather duster?"

"Hey guys!" Wyatt called.

And suddenly I did. These were all Wyatt's friends. They and Bill had come over for DnD and barbeques all the time. The nights usually ended in a giant pile of mostly-sapphic makeouts and desperately scissoring their hot bare pussies together, but hey, boys will be boys, right?

"Did you fucking do this?" I grabbed Bill by the collar.

"Wendy!" Wyatt tried to put herself between us but my fury wouldn't be denied.

"Maybe?" He failed at producing an innocent grin.

"What do you mean *maybe*?" I growled.

"Are you suggesting that my peer group hasn't always been a band of irrepressibly horny sluts with huge tits and a carnal approach to life?"

"I swear to god" I said, brandishing a fist. "If you don't cut the shit I'm going to pull your dick out your ass."

The fake grin fell away.

"Well, worth a shot." He sighed. Sighed! As though this whole thing were just some minor inconvenience. "I knew it was too good to be true. You should probably come inside."

"Is this some kind of trick?"

"Would I do that?"

"Well-" I glanced at the orgy behind him. "You're apparently full of surprises."

But Wyatt was already rushing in, arms outstretched to greet the other bimbos already present. They started to mash their bodies together and kiss playfully in greeting.

"You should probably sit down." Bill gestured to one of the kitchen stools. He was rubbing his temple. "What do you remember?"

"I know I used to have a loving husband instead of a dirty slut!" I tried to throw every last ounce of conviction I had, but by this point the old him seemed like such a distant memory. "Right?"

"Hey!" Wyatt objected. "I can still be a dirty slut and love you."

"Look, I don't know if you're even going to believe me." Bill sighed again. "Everything keeps shifting, keeps changing. I can't keep track of it all any more. This was all my fault. I stole this tablet from the museum, it was supposed to grant wishes..."

"What the fuck did you wish for that *this* was the result?"

"Oh come on!" He slammed a hand on the table. "I'm the only person in the friend group who doesn't have a partner. Wyatt's got you, Frances has Patricia, Jack has Jason. I was lonely."

"What did you wish for?"

"Shit, Wendy, are you really going to make me say it?" He looked abashed at the result of his wanton wants. "I wished for more sex in my life. I wished that there would be people close to me that are hot as fuck and DTF at a moment's notice. I wished my life would be like something out of a porno."

"Of fucking course." I rubbed at the bridge of my nose. "Well I hope you're happy, you son of a bitch, because it's transformed all your friends into sluts!"

"You don't now the half of it." He clutched his hands to his head in frustration and slid down in his seat. "It's all been blending together in my head. I can't even keep track myself now which of these worlds is real."

"It's the one where a foursome of gender-confused bimbo sluts don't drool over your dumb ass all day!"

The words hit him like a slap.

"It's good that you're here, Wendy." He sighed again. "To keep me honest. Besides, it's barely been 16 hours and I'm already at my dick's limit. As nice as this has been. It's just a pleasant fantasy. Nothing more."

"Wait," said Wyatt, tears forming in her puppy-dog eyes. "Are you saying that time at camp where we all boned the first time wasn't real?"

"See?" Bill started to get teary too. "How can I disappoint my friends like that? How can I act like that life doesn't mean something? Can you not see how conflicted I am!"

If would have been a lot more convincing if he wasn't staring right at Wyatt's tits.

"Oh my god." I buried my head in my hands. "Just fucking wish everything back!"

"I can't. Each person only gets one wish. It's a dangerous, temperamental thing."

"What, this?" Wyatt held up an ancient cruciform tablet. Why the hell was that just lying on a coffee table? "It looks like a prop for a game. Ooh, are you finally running Sluts of Cthulhu?"

"Uh, Wyatt? Sweetie. Maybe put it down. Gently."

"You don't trust me with the ancient magic wishing tablet?"

Bill shook his head slowly, I followed suit.

Wyatt pouted.

"Look," she said, running a finger along it, tracing its delicate runes with her delicate fingers. "I hear what you're saying. I don't know if I believe it. Nothing I've seen today is on that level. But I see that there's something happening. It's like you said, Dee, things are fucky." She tightened her grip. "And yeah. I'm scared of what that means, or what I'd turn back into. But I trust you, baby. I trust that you have my best interests at heart, whatever that may be. Even if I end up with a dick or whatever." She gave a scared little smile. "As long as I'm with you, I'll be happy."

"Wait, really?"

"And if it this isn't real - if that isn't me - then the tablet doesn't even work, so what's the harm in it?"

God help me, I laughed.

"Wyatt, wait!" Bill got up and ran over to my wife. I thought he was going to snatch the tablet, but instead his hands stopped short, landing on her boobs instead, which he then proceeded to squeeze and fondle.

"Aw," Wyatt cooed, a raunchy moan hiding beneath her words. "I'll miss you too, Daddy."

"Oh come on!"

"Alright magic tablet." She clutched the tablet against her chest. "Time to do your thing!" In response the lights went out and each of the letters upon it cast a baleful green light. "I wish everything would be back to normal!"

And just like magic, it was.

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A short time later we were back at the house.

"Well that was an adventure!" I sighed as we got inside.

"I'm just glad we got all that resolved. Everything's back to its normal self. Could you imagine?" Wyatt said, wiggling out of her skirt. "Having to do paperwork at work? Going the whole day without getting off or sucking anyone's dicks?"

"Such a waste of your talents," I cooed. "As though anyone could look at those tits of yours and not want a go." I leered at her amazing melons. "Speaking of..." I took the soft flesh of my wife's perfect boobs into my hands and gave them a lusty squeeze. She moaned whorishly. "Mm... I've been waiting all day for this."

God, this whole thing had me all worked up! Wyatt had driven back, giving me a chance to get *my* tits out for a change, flashing all our neighbors my own jiggling melons as we drove home. A few of them gave us odd looks, but after a few moments they recognized it for the familiar neighborly gesture it was and reciprocated in kind.

"I'm just glad you were there for me. No matter what happens, I think I can get through anything as long as you're there with me. I could have taken on the whole world as long as I had you with me! I love you, Dee."

I looked at the wedding photo on the wall of us in our matching slutty dresses, grinning like idiots in love. I was giving her the same grin now.

"I love you too, Wye." I gave her lip an affectionate playful little nibble. "Now come on, didn't you say you had a new negligee to try out? I'll go get the toys!"

"Can't wait!"

The End.