

The Perfect Housewife



BY BEWCI

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Sam Wilson, a 24-year-old artist from New Hampshire, had always wanted to visit India and experience its rich culture. He had heard countless praises about Indian cuisine, so he went on to eat some authentic Indian street food, especially the famous Paani Puri. Little did he fathom that his gut would disagree with him. The different microbiomes of the street food and the spices upset his stomach, making him rush to a nearby private clinic near his hotel.

The clinic was more of a medicine shop, with a sub-section reserved for the doctor to check the incoming patients. A nameplate on the door read, “Dr Kishore Bhusan,” as Sam walked in. The clinic was stuffed with boxes of medicines and rudimentary machines to do tests. He was sceptical about whether he should have visited this clinic. A middle-aged Indian man in a white coat sat behind the counter, writing notes on paper. Sam almost turned around, having second thoughts about going to a hospital instead, when the doctor noticed his presence and smiled at Sam, saying, “Please, come in. I’m Dr Bhusan. What’s the problem?”

“I’m having an upset stomach,” Sam said with a tense look.

“I understand. You ate something from the local vendors, didn’t you? I get cases like these every day. Don’t worry. I got the right medications in my store and even something better! But before that, you have to fill out this form,” Dr Bhusan said with a sly smile, proffering a white paper. It was filled with a list of questions.

Sam looked at it and asked, “I don’t understand. What is this?”

“Don’t heed too much to it. Just go for it. I will go around the back and get the pills,” said the doctor as he vanished behind the aisles of racks. “Oh, alright, I’ll do that,” Sam murmured, clueless.

He rushed through the form, answering all the questions. Soon after he was done, the doctor returned with a tablet strip on a tray with a cup of hot tea. He rested it on the counter and took the paper from Sam’s hand. His eyes lit up as he scanned through the test. “That’s good!” he exclaimed.

Sam was still bemused as to why the test was necessary. Dr Bhusan fetched a tablet from the strip and dropped it into the tea. He stirred it and offered it to Sam. “Have this tea. It’s a mixture of Indian Ayurveda and Western allopathy that I have procured to treat almost any digestion problem!”

“Yeah, I’m not sure about that. Is that even FDA-approved?” asked Sam. “Oh, c’mon, you came to India for the Indian experience, didn’t you? Ayurveda is a big part of it. Just try it for once. Your stomach will be cured within seconds!” said Dr Bhusan.

“That’s a bold claim. Hmm, Ayurveda doesn’t come with side effects, does it?” asked Sam.

“Nothing I have heard of yet, except turning you into an authentic Indian!” Dr Bhusan guffawed. Sam chuckled a bit as he took the cup from the doctor’s hand and sipped it. A warmth spread through him. “Oh, wow, that felt refreshing!” Sam said as he took another sip.

“Of course it does!” Dr Bhusan cheered. Sam’s stomach rumbled as he drank the warm tea, breathing in the humid vapours coming off the top. Then it stopped. “Oh, the pain is gone!” Sam exclaimed with a wide smile. “Thank you, doctor!” he said, taking another sip. Sam’s waist brimmed with fat underneath his shirt, the excess mass giving him a belly and love handles. Sam was having small talk with his doctor, unaware of the change.

“So, Dr Bhusan, why the test? I still don’t understand how that helped you assess my ailment?” Sam asked.

“I’ll tell you. You see, I am a brilliant doctor in my field. And I also earn a hefty amount from the clinic and my shift in the government-funded hospital. But I am single,” Dr Bhusan said, “I am looking for a conservative, well-mannered, caring woman to marry. Someone who sticks to her traditional values and cares for me and our children.”

“I see,” Sam muttered, taking another sip of the tea. A streak of his blonde hair curled down to his right eye. “Huh? I think I need a haircut.”

“No, I think long hair looks good on you. You should grow it out!” Dr Bhusan said.

“You think so?” Sam asked, fixing the hair behind his ears. “You should also eat more. You look famished. Gain some healthy weight,” Dr Bhusan said.

“I don’t know about that. My pants already feel too tight!” Sam exclaimed, looking down at his thick thighs. “Huh? They fit fine this morning,” murmured Sam.

“It must be the sweat shrinking the cloth. India is so hot, you know,” the doctor chimed in.

“That, that makes sense. But, doctor, you didn’t say why I had to take the test. What’s my test to do anything with your marriage prospects?” Sam asked.

“Yeah, I was coming to that. So, every woman I look to marry is either too educated and wants to be a slave to corporate leaders instead of me, or she is a spoiled angel who doesn’t know how to boil an egg. I could never get the ideal woman of my dreams until I decided to take matters into my own hands,” Dr Bhusan said while Sam unbuttoned his jean shirt, whispering, “Is it getting too hot in here?”

“I had heard about this groundbreaking pill on the dark web. So, I made some contacts and ordered a custom batch of it,” Dr Bhusan continued his monologue, his smile growing wider looking at Sam. “Ah!” Sam screamed, feeling a sharp pain course throughout his body as his shoulders scrunched inwards while his pelvis detached, flaring out. His jeans ripped under the growing pressure while his penis and testicles sucked into his abdomen. “What?! What’s happening to me?!” Sam bawled.

“That small test you gave was for me to examine if you had the qualities of a good Indian wife. A virgin, an introvert, a creative artist, and knows how to cook Indian curries? What more can a man ask for?! I hit the lottery, it seems!” cheered Dr Bhusan. Sam wailed in a weird cocktail of agony and pleasure as he felt the throbbing nipples underneath his white t-shirt, poking out the fabric. “This... This is not possible!” Sam stammered.

Everything is possible if you work for it. I had mixed the digestion tablet in the kitchen. This one right here is the miraculous gender-bending tablet with an Indian twist!" Dr Bhusan said, showing the tablet strip to Sam. "Brace yourself. You're going to have the ultimate Indian experience!" he chuckled.

Sam couldn't hold his moans any longer. His chest pulsated, bursting into two massive orbs of tender flesh and fat, tearing through the thin tight cotton. "Oh, God! They're so huge!" Sam screamed, looking down at his humongous breasts and dark nipples. His skin was getting as dark and smooth as chocolate butter, devoid of any dense body hair he had a few minutes ago. Wetness squelched between his legs, soaking his inner thighs. The tresses he tucked behind his ears were not blonde anymore. They were raven black, cascading freely past his waist. Voluminous, heavy locks tickled down his back. Sam panted, feeling the weight of his long, thick hair on his neck and the drooping huge tits straining his back. His eyes widened, feeling the air brush against the cleavage between his asscheeks as a tear ran past the hem of his jeans, exposing the bubble butt.

"I'll sue you! I'm a man, not a woman!" yelled Sam in an unfamiliar voice. "Are you sure about that?" Dr Bhusan said, lifting a mirror to Sam's face.

Sam gasped, witnessing a gorgeous face of an Indian woman looking back at him, a face he could fall in love with, but now, he didn't feel a thing. On the other hand, the bulge in Dr Bhusan's pants was stirring weird emotions within him. To his

surprise, he was both disgusted and aroused at the same time.

Sam clamoured in a high feminine pitch, “Well, you did this to me! Doesn’t matter if I am a woman now. I will prove you wrong!”

“Can you tell me how?” Dr Bhusan asked with a smirk.

“Well, um,” Sam struggled to come up with something, “I will go to the police station!”

Dr Bhusan laughed, shaking his head. He said, “Tell them the ridiculous story of a tablet turning you into a woman? They’ll think you’re a crazy lady and send you to the asylum! You have no identity now, no connection to your past life, no way to prove anything, not to the police or the embassy. You’re stuck here with me. The quicker you accept your fate, the better it is for both of us. Being an Indian housewife is not as bad as you think.”

The more Sam thought of an escape, the more he realized that there was none. Even if he left the clinic, he would be on the streets in a few days without his former identity. He wouldn’t even be able to fetch his luggage from the hotel, let alone leave the country. Sam pouted with furrowed eyebrows at Dr Bhusan, but his heart fluttered with desire for him. “Ugh, this is so fucked up! Fine! But don’t you even dare touch me! I can still put you behind bars for sexual harassment!”

“Of course, as you say, my darling wife, Simran,” Dr Bhusan muttered.

(To be continued)

