

[Scrap] Housewife TF by Cowkites

Congratulations on your purchase of a TF Labs transformation device. This Ring of Stepfordization has been modified to your specifications as requested. Simply get the subject to wear the ring and our new TF-8 compound will do the rest. Thank you again for your purchase and enjoy your diaper dependent, nerdy, little housewife.

"You're kidding, right?" asked Ashe. She sat across from her boyfriend, Daniel, at their usual table in a local french restaurant. A small box sat opened on the table between them. A gold ring with a brilliant, pink stone sat nestled inside. It shimmered in the light. Ashe couldn't help but stare at it despite how she planned to reject the offer. It looked expensive. Which made sense given their relationship. Daniel was more of a sugar daddy than anything. Just an average, monetarily well-off guy that had become a regular of hers at the strip club. Ashe couldn't believe she had let things get as far as they did. She liked him well enough, but marriage was out of the question.

Daniel sighed. "No. Obviously not," he replied, "I wouldn't buy a ring as expensive as this as a joke, Ashley."

"Not doing yourself any favors calling me that. It's Ashe, asshole." She never liked her proper name. It sounded too proper to her. Something that befitted a meeker woman than her. "It was a rhetorical question, Daniel." Ashe stood from her seat and gathered her things. She turned to leave, but stopped herself. "I'm not marrying you. I'll take the ring though." Ashe expected him to stop her, but he stayed still. She smirked. Ashe had that effect on men. Other women were weak and submissive. Not her. Ashe did what she wanted and got away with it every time.

Ashe felt she had confidence thanks to her beauty, and beauty thanks to her confidence. Her long blonde hair, tan skin, and ample bosom made her a favorite at the club. Her height and toned form intimidated the other girls. It also set her apart. Men had told Ashe countless times that she was their fetish come true. Daniel was one of those men. She had liked that dynamic for a while, but the thought of being tied down was enough to make her skin crawl. Ashe was certain that he'd ask her to quit her job if she had accepted. She had no interest in that. It was her world and he'd accommodate her. Not the other way around.

"You're taking the ring?" asked Daniel. "So is that a maybe?"

Ashe scoffed. "Sure. That's what this is." She laughed loudly and continued on her way out the door. If she had looked back, Ashe might have seen Daniel's joyous expression. Little did she know that things had gone exactly as he had planned.

"Jesus, Ashe. What sad sap tried to give you that?" asked Vera, Ashe's coworker, and sometimes friend. She pointed to the counter where the open ring box sat. "Don't tell me Daniel proposed..."

"Jealous?" asked Ashe. She took the ring from the box and placed it on her finger. "Look at this shit. Bet you've never gotten a guy to get you something this expensive."

Vera rolled her eyes. "Whatever...I'm not the one dating a customer." The shorter brunette adjusted her hair in the mirror as she spoke.

"He's got money. Who cares?" Ashe scowled. Her mood had dropped almost immediately. It had been a while since a comment had bothered her so much. Normally she'd fire back, but something stopped her; instead, Ashe gathered her things and left the dressing room in a huff. Her shift was done. She was eager to leave more so than usual. Odd given how much she liked to flirt with the male staff before she headed home for the night. Ashe just couldn't put through the effort that night. She walked to her car as quick as she could and got inside. A sigh of relief escaped her lips. Had she actually been anxious just then?

Ashe looked at the ring on her finger. It shone brightly even in the low light of her car. Something about it looked different then. The stone looked smaller. Her hand looked odd too. As if it had a slight pink tint to it. Ashe shrugged it off and sped home for the night. Some part of her considered a drive to Daniel's for comfort. She didn't like the thought. It felt needy. Ashe wasn't dependent on anyone. She slept alone that night, the ring still on her finger. It hadn't occurred to her that she should have taken it off.

The ring's stone shrank as she slept. The strange pink tint on her flesh crept up her arm and spread to her entire body. It faded into her skin as the night went on. Ashe's body changed subtly in the process. Her skin lost its tan and her muscles their tone. She shrank a few inches in height while her breasts lost a cup-size. The bleach in her hair faded so that it regained its natural brown color. The contacts Ashe had left in overnight melted away. Almost everything that Ashe had been confident in was taken from her in a matter of hours.

Once finished with her body, the remainder of the TF-8 compound worked its way into Ashe's mind. It used her dreams as a stage to alter her mind. Ashe was helpless but to watch scene after scene play out before her subconscious until the compound had worked its magic. Slowly, it wore away at her potty-training until Ashe was left a bedwetter. She pissed in her sheets. The warm liquid spreading across her sheets as she slept peacefully. Finally, with its work complete, the pink stone had disappeared. It was replaced by a small diamond. A modest wedding ring for a modest woman.

Ashe awoke the next morning as calm as can be. She had slept like a rock and the day's concerns had yet to affect her. That's when she noticed the clammy sheets wrapped around her waist. Ashe whimpered. She had forgotten for a brief moment that she was a bedwetter. Had been all her life. She must have passed out as soon as she got home if she had worn regular panties to bed instead of her night time underwear. Ashe was annoyed, but it was something she had grown used to. Sometimes she wet so much that she soaked through her disposable panties. It was nothing new. She stripped her soaked panties off her body. Where was her night time underwear anyway? Had she run out? Ashe shrugged. She'd just have to buy more.

With a yawn, Ashe pushed herself out of bed and walked to the bathroom. She faced the mirror and gasped. "Wuh-What the heck?" Ashe couldn't see a thing. She grumbled under her breath and searched for her contacts. When she couldn't find them anywhere, Ashe resigned herself to her glasses. The thick rimmed frames were the cheapest ones the store had. She had only bought them on the off chance that she wouldn't have contacts one day.

With her vision restored, Ashe went back to the bathroom. She looked at herself in the mirror and couldn't help but shake the feeling that something was wrong. Had she always looked so dweeby? Ashe felt very insecure about her body. She felt she needed to work out but the thought of going to a public gym scared her. Maybe she could do something with her hair, or finally get a non-ear piercing? No. It was too much. She'd look ridiculous. Ashe sighed. She took a shower and continued to struggle with her thoughts. Had her breasts always been this size? Was the shower head always this far away from her head? Ashe shook her head and the thoughts away with it.

Once finished with her shower, Ashe went to her room to get dressed. She was appalled by the sheer number of thongs and push-up bras in her underwear drawer. She couldn't imagine wearing any of it. The rest of her clothing was just as revealing. Ashe grimaced at the thought of being dressed so provocatively. She scoured her closet for items less slutty. Thankfully, she found an old bag of clothes she had meant to give to charity. Among them she found a simple pair of white cotton panties, a matching bra, some old mom jeans, and a Wonder Woman t-shirt. A pair of off-white sneakers were tucked under some old heels, heels so tall she couldn't imagine being able to walk in them. "I need to go clothes shopping...what was I thinking...?"

Ring...ring...ring...

Daniel called her. Ashe's heart skipped a beat. Parts of last night were foggy, but the ring on her finger was a clear reminder of Daniel's proposal. Ashe remembered that she needed time to think about it, but was unsure why. Daniel would make a great husband. He was so nice and actually liked her for her. A smile crept on her face as she answered. "H-Hello? Daniel?"

"Morning, Ashley," Daniel replied. "How are you feeling today?" He sounded nervous. Ashe could understand, she too was nervous.

"Good! A little weird, b-but pretty okay. Glad to hear from you."

Daniel chuckled. When he next spoke his voice was confident, "You're wearing the ring I gave you."

Ashe blushed. "Y-Yeah! I guess I slept in it. I like it. It's very nice. Thank you so much." She didn't really wonder about how he knew. Ashe was too busy being flustered.

"Did you give my proposal some thought?" he asked.

"Yeah," said Ashe, "Could we maybe meet to talk about it?"

"I'll be by in a few minutes."

Ashe nervously looked back at her piss-stained mattress. "M-Maybe we could go to your place?"

"I'd rather come over to your place, Ashley," replied Daniel, his voice stern. "I'll be by in a few. Love you."

"L-Love you!" Ashe said it and she meant it. What had seemed so annoying to her old self, put butterflies in her stomach then. She hurriedly covered up her bed with a blanket and sprayed the room with perfume. Ashe dashed into her living room and waited patiently by the door like a dog awaiting her master. Had she always loved him so much? Ashe thought so.

Knock knock knock

Ashe opened the door and greeted Daniel with a warm hug. She found him so incredibly attractive. Especially with how he was taller than her. She liked how she felt vulnerable and small around him. "Hi, Daniel!"

Daniel had a big grin on his face. Ashe had completely changed overnight and it was exactly what he had asked of TF Labs. She would be all his from then on. The ring was on her finger and she looked every bit like the adoring wife he had always wanted. "Hey, Ashley. Why don't you take me into your room so we can talk?"

Ashe's heart leapt into her throat. She was conflicted. There was nothing more she wanted to do than whatever Daniel wanted, but she couldn't risk him seeing what she did to her bed.

"Um...can't we talk out here?"

THWAP

"Eeep!" Ashe yelled as her bottom was spanked. It sent a shiver up her spine. She loved how in charge Daniel felt. "Uh...okay!" Ashe tried to lead him forward, but Daniel took charge again. He led Ashe into her own room and had her sit on the edge of her bed. Ashe waited with her hands on her knees, patient and eager to hear what he might say.

Daniel started to speak, but stopped. He sniffed the air. "Why do I smell piss?"

Ashe panicked. "I-I..."

Daniel gently gripped Ashe by the chin and looked her in the eyes. "If you're going to be my little housewife you're going to need to start telling the truth."

Ashe felt herself melt in his hand. The words spilled from her mouth. "I wet the bed..."

"Do you do that often? If we're going to share a bed, I need to know."

"Y-Yes..." Ashe replied. She felt so embarrassed and vulnerable, but she loved it. Every time Daniel spoke to her as if she had already agreed to marry him already, her heart skipped a beat. Why had she ever hesitated? "I have special panties I wear. B-But I guess I forgot to buy more..." Daniel sighed. He crossed his arms and looked away as if deep in thought. Ashe was horribly anxious. She couldn't lose him. He was the best thing that had ever happened to her. "I-I'm sorry! I can't help it...please don't be mad. I want to be your wife! I'll do whatever you want!"

Daniel couldn't help but grin. "That's good. Very good, Ashley." He motioned for Ashley to stand up then pulled her into a hug. His hands groped Ashe's butt. Old Ashe had always hated how handsy he was, especially in public. New Ashe, his Ashley, loved it. "You're going to do everything I say, aren't you?"

Ashe nodded. "Yes! I promise."

"Good. Then let's get started..."