

# The Dollhouse (Man to Wife and Mother TG Preg)

**By FoxFaceStories**

## **A Commission for AI**

*After a painful divorce, Danny is left a wreck. After lashing out at his daughter Octavia, the young girl retreats to her room and plays with a dollhouse she inherited from her maternal grandmother. But when she assigns roles to the oddly realistic looking dolls of her family in the house, she gives the position of 'mother' to the one that looks like Danny, and 'father' to his best friend Jim. Soon, reality starts to change to heal this new family, even if it means Danny must become Danielle, and Jim her new husband . . .*

## **The Dollhouse**

It was her maternal grandmother's dollhouse. Danny didn't really have much of a care for it, but Octavia loved it, so it stayed. For him, it was a painful reminder of the divorce, and how Tyla had left him to be with another man she considered 'more suitable, more loving, more kind.' Sometimes just looking at his daughter hurt; she had a perfect mix of her mother's dark skin and his own light Caucasian look. She had his nose, but her eyes. And she definitely had her giddy smile, though with none of the threat of betrayal behind it.

"Look Daddy, it's a whole family!" she said, pointing out the crude little miniature dolls she'd populated the dollhouse with.

"Very good sweetie, very good," he said, perhaps a little flippantly. He had a beer in one hand, and he knew he shouldn't, but Danny found it hard to resist the urge of some liquid calm these days. He had full custody of Octavia - Tyla had up and left their life behind entirely to start anew in another city, damn her - but there were still so many things in the house that had once been hers, or have been inherited down from her. He'd put away the photos, burned them in fact. He'd tossed out the cutlery she liked, buried the damn ornaments and vases she liked in the backyard as if it would bury his own feelings for the woman he'd lost. God, she'd been so beautiful; was it something he'd said? Done? Or had she just been a cold-hearted bitch all along? How could any mother abandon her daughter like that?

"Daddy, did you want to play with the dollhouse? You can play Daddy and we can find a new Mommy!"

Danny frowned. She always wanted to play this game. At five years old, she should know better. God knows that he had to get her into therapy; she still cried herself to sleep some nights because Mommy was gone and no one was explaining to her properly why. But after the first few months of struggle, an equilibrium was slowly being reached.

Unfortunately, it now manifested as a desire to find Danny a new wife. A new mommy for Octavia.

“Look, honey, you can’t just magic up a new Mommy for Daddy to love, okay?” he said wearily. “It doesn’t work that way.”

“I know,” she said, brushing another doll’s hair idly while adjusting a refrigerator inside the doll’s house. “But isn’t it nice to play pretend? Can’t we just pretend I’m getting a new Mommy? You wanted to find one, remember? You said you would!”

He grimaced further. Yes, he had said just that, in fact. He had told Octavia that he would date again in the future, find a woman who would truly love her, and she could be a new Mommy to her. God, he’d promised the damn world to her; how could he not? He loved her so deeply. But that love also hurt. She looked so much like her mother, and sometimes being a single father pushed him to the brink. He was barely on top of the meals, or the rent, or the bills, or anything else. They’d had far too much fast food, and the place needed a clean sweep, that was for sure.

“Yeah, I’ll find you one, don’t worry,” Danny said, sighing. “But I can’t play now.”

“Why not?”

Because he was too tired to play with damn dolls. Because the house had belonged to her mother, and came down from her maternal grandmother. Because it *smelled* of the line of women who had betrayed him, as far fetched as it was to think that way. Because he didn’t want anything around that reminded him of Tyla in any way at all, and yet here was this ridiculous old dollhouse that his daughter was positively enamoured with, and so he couldn’t throw it out. Not yet, anyway. It was ‘magic’, after all. That’s what Tyla had claimed her mother said about it. Some magic; it hadn’t saved him from the divorce.

But he couldn’t say all that to Octavia. He’d already made one too many bitter comments in her presence about her mother, and that was probably damaging to her. So instead he just tried to conjure up another excuse to spend time away from her.

Thankfully, he was saved by the bell. Literally.

“I’ll get it!” Octavia shouted, dropping the dolls and running to the front door.

“Thank God,” he said to himself. “Stupid dolls.”

He turned away from the dollhouse. It gave him the creeps, sometimes. He turned down the hallway in time to see Octavia giggle as Jim launched her up into his arms and gave her a cuddle.

“Well, if it isn’t my favourite little four year old!”

“I’m five, Uncle Jim!”

“Five? What? How could that be! You were only four last year!”

She giggled. “That’s how years work, Uncle Jim!”

“Well, I’m no mathematician. I’m just a hardy woodworker . . . one who has a present for you.”

She squealed as he passed her a little carving. Danny smirked. His best friend Jim was always stopping by to check on him, but the man was damn good with kids. He’d made no secret that he wanted more than a few when he found the right woman, the only problem was that the right woman never arrived. As a carpenter, he often worked hard enough that the hours made it difficult for proper dating. He just wanted to drink some beers and chill after working, and that was exactly how Danny approached life. The two had known each other for years now - Danny and he had worked sites together until Danny quit and became an at-home marketing caller. It was a shit job that he hated, but it was the only way to keep caring for Octavia since he couldn’t afford daycare.

“Don’t spoil her too much, Jim,” he said, chuckling as he and his friend embraced.

“You smell like beer already,” Jim said.

“Well, you smell of sawdust.”

“Better than a call centre.”

“Ugh, touche. What’d he make you this time, Octavia?”

“It’s a little baby doll!” she exclaimed, showing it. It was indeed, and perfectly sized for the dollhouse. He had to prevent himself from groaning at the fact that said plaything was only more indispensable now.

“You shouldn’t have,” he told Julim

“Nah, she’s worth it.”

“No, you really shouldn’t have. Now she’ll never stop with the dollhouse.”

He tousled his little girl’s curly hair, the hair he was still struggling to manage, and invited Jim in. Jim was a big bruiser of a nan, tall and wide. He was quite muscular, but *actual working man’s muscle*, the kind that didn’t materialise as sculpted biceps or impressive abs but instead translated to a powerful frame and an easy way of dealing with physical burdens. Jim was a man of stamina, something gym rats never were. It made Danny miss his own physique. He wasn’t tall or as wide as Jim, and his hair was a light sandy blonde compared to Jim’s auburn red tinge, but he’d been a work site man before, and remembered feeling powerful. Now he was trapped playing dollhouse and making pointless marketing and survey calls for less satisfaction and less money. And the beer was going straight to his gut these days too.

“Anyway,” he said. “Come on in, buddy. The beers are waiting for you in the fridge, and frankly it’ll be nice to have some adult conversation in the house for once.”

Octavia frowned, just for a moment. It made Danny feel understandably guilty; he didn’t want her to think he didn’t value her, but the truth was that having her as the only other

being in the house made him go stir crazy for good person-to-person talk sometimes. But now that she was over four years old, she picked up on little comments like that.

Jim came in, and the pair retreated to the dinner table to discuss work, life, the latest football game results, and a variety of subjects ranging from shallow to surprisingly deep, even if the latter happened only occasionally, wedged between jokes as it often was with men. Octavia stood around for a bit but eventually went to play, leaving the adults to talk.

“So,” Jim said, cracking open a beer and taking a seat. “How’s things?”

“Fine,” Danny said, sipping his own. It was his fourth already that day.

“Sure, sure,” Jim said, before raising an eyebrow. “Now that we’ve got the bullshit out into the air, how are things, *really?*”

Danny chuckled. “Okay, you know me too well.”

“Shit sandwich? Rock and a hard place?”

“Both,” Danny said, sighing. He looked down at his beer and took another deep swill. “I’m just fucking over it man.”

“Yeah, you seemed, no offence, pretty dismissive of Octavia before.”

“I don’t mean to be. She’s a good kid. Hell, I’m goddamn blessed to have her. I can’t imagine life without her. But sometimes she’s just a lot. I need to always be there for her, play with her, entertain her, fund her, feed her, read her to sleep, and so on. It just never ends, and it’s sapping my damn ability to get out there and meet someone. People always talk about kids not being ready for the new mom or dad, but Octavia actually wants me to give her a new mom, even if she’s got awkward feelings about what went down with, you know, *the bitch*. But I just don’t have time. Or the energy. It’s so fucking hard, man.”

Jim was silent, and the two drank their beers for a moment.

“It’ll let up,” he finally said. “You’ve just got to make it through this hurdle. Try and get out there again. Hell, I’m sure I can take Octavia for a few hours every so often so you can try dating. She already thinks of me as an uncle.”

“She’d just as readily call you her second dad if she could. She loves you.”

“Well, she is a sweet kid. I’d love to have a few daughters like her one day.”

Danny leaned forward. “Yeah, on that, how are you going there? You’re telling me I need to get out more and find someone, but you’re a single man and doing well for yourself.”

Jim grimaced. “Not too well, partner, not too well. Just can’t find the right someone.”

“Too picky or something?”

“Nah, I just . . . I don’t know. The chemistry isn’t there, or they don’t want a builder boyfriend, or I’m not good enough. I don’t know. I guess we’re just two lonely men.”

“At least you aren’t caring for a four year old.”

“C’mon man,” Jim said, “you know I love kids. You know I want plenty of them. It was always a dream of mine to raise a big family. Heh. I guess neither of our lives worked out as we planned, right?”

Danny smiled wanly. “I suppose not. Hey, at least we got each other’s backs though, right?”

He raised his beer, and they shared a sad cheers. The pair meandered onto other discussions, covering how things were going at work and weekend plans, as well as how one of their old bosses was doing now that he’d retired and so on. It was easy plain talk, shallow and without much meaning, exactly what Danny needed to clear his head. Talk of Tyla and Octavia made his head spin at times. Which made it all the worse when Octavia kept leaving her bedroom - where she was meant to be sleeping by that point - to ask them all sorts of questions.

“Daddy, can we play dollhouse before I go to sleep?”

“Not now honey, I’m talking to Uncle Jim.”

“Uncle Jim, will you play?”

“Oh, um, sure Octavia. I’m sure I can spare-”

“Uncle Jim is busy, Octavia,” Danny said, butting over. “You need to head off to bed. Now.”

She looked a bit distraught. But Daddy, you always say we can play a little before bed! You always say that!”

Danny clenched his eyes shut and pinched his nose. “Well, not tonight princess. I don’t want to. I’m having a very important discussion with Uncle Jim and frankly I’m too tired to-”

“But Mommy always played dolls with me before bed! She said it-”

*“I don’t give a goddamn what your mommy did! She left us, alright? She left you and me and she’s gone and she’s never coming back. So just this once, Octavia, go to bed and just let me have some goddamned piece!”*

Tears bubbled up in Octavia’s eyes immediately, filling Danny with regret. He went to say something, but the little girl spun quickly on her feet and darted off to her room, trying to hide just how much she was crying.

“Jesus, man,” Jim said. “That was a bit harsh, wasn’t it?”

Danny collapsed back into his chair. “Yeah, it was. Fuck.”

“Did you want to go apologise to her?”

“No use. She’s like her mother; she’ll need time to calm down. I’ll make it up to her tomorrow. Buy her an ice cream or something. Are you sure you still want kids?”

Jim nodded. “More than anything, buddy. But partner first. Got to get my priorities straight.”

“Uh-huh. Just don’t end up with someone like Tyla.”

“At least she was quite the looker, right?”

“Damn straight. Too bad her personality ended up being a horror show. God, it’s hard not to see her in Octavia sometimes. It’s a terrible feeling.”

“We don’t have to talk about it.”

“Well, you tell me about this dream woman of yours, then. Entertain me with stories of the hot broad you plan on eventually landing.”

Jim chuckled and opened up another can of beer. “Okay then. Well, I imagine she’d be like this . . .

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Octavia tried desperately not to cry, but the tears came anyway. All she wanted was to have a family that was whole and complete and loved her. She adored her father, Daddy was always doing his best, but sometimes when he looked at her she knew he was seeing Mommy, and it made him sad. She missed Mommy too, but knew she had left deliberately. It didn’t make sense to the four year old. She wanted a Mommy, any Mommy, and for Daddy to be happy again. That way he wouldn’t get crabby or snap at her, or always be so tired all the time.

She could still hear the murmuring of Daddy and Uncle Jim, and it was hard to sleep, especially when she was feeling so sad. So, leaving the night light on, Octavia got out of bed and opened up the dollhouse. She took out the little baby doll that Jim had given her and placed it in the dollhouse’s nursery. Then she took some of the older adult dolls out and began assigning them roles. These dolls were special dolls, ones that even Daddy hadn’t seen. She wasn’t sure why she hadn’t shown him. Perhaps because he might think it strange to see a doll that looked so strangely like him, uncannily so in fact. There was another that looked just like her, and a third that now looked like Uncle Jim. It was so strange, because sometimes it didn’t look like Uncle Jim. It used to look like Mommy. Once it looked like a delivery man. Another time a woman that Daddy had brought home. Whoever came into the house, the dolls would look like. So for now it was Daddy, Uncle Jim, and herself.

“I wish we were a complete family,” she said to herself, mirroring her father’s words from the previous week. “We could have a Daddy and a Mommy and a me.”

Without thinking deeply into it, she began assigning roles to the dolls. Oddly, she gave the role of ‘Mommy’ to her father, and the role of ‘Daddy’ to the doll that looked like Jim. She remained the daughter, of course, and the new baby was the latest addition to the household; the baby brother she had always wanted.

“You can be the new Mommy, taking care of new Daddy. New Mommy and New Daddy love each other very much, and will never leave each other, never ever ever. And they both love me, little Octavia, and want to give her lots and lots and lots of baby brothers and sisters!”

She continued to play with the dolls, having them act out their parts, setting the dinner table, going to the bathroom, opening the dishwasher and so on. Little did Octavia realise that in assigning these roles and making a wish, the very real magic of the dollhouse had activated. Its exterior - out of view from Octavia for the moment as she played with the interior, began to glow a golden light. The light trailed out of her room, snaked along the hallway floor, and slid up the legs of the chairs upon which Jim and Danny were seated. Neither noticed the light; it was just out of view, hiding as if it were sentient and aware of what it was doing. The coils of light connected back to the figurines of the dollhouse, attached to the roles that Octavia was casting them in.

A change was about to happen.

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“Well, my perfect woman,” Jim said, unaware that all of this was going on, and feeling just a little bit ready to run his mouth now that he had a few beers in his belly. “I mean, this is going to sound all sorts of weird, and I don’t want to bring it up to be awkward, but Tyla really was a stunner, wasn’t she?”

“That she was,” Danny mused, thinking of her gorgeous form. He still missed her, as much as he hated her. “That she was.”

“Now this is just me describing my perfect future wife, not me being all shallow, okay? I’d love any woman who was compatible with me.”

“Just get to it already!”

“Fine, fine!” Jim said, holding up his hands in a placating gesture. “Okay, well, a woman with dark skin would be very fine indeed. Full lips, of course.”

“I bet I know what you’d like those lips to be for.”

Jim smirked. “Kissing, of course.”

“Uh-huh.”

“Well, and other things. And she would have curves. Killer curves. A big bust, of course. I’m a man, after all.”

“You’d be lying if you said otherwise.”

“Not enormous jugs, you know. I’m not a creep. But I do still like them big. What guy doesn’t? And she’d have wide hips, I think. Nice wide ones for baby making.”

Danny rolled his eyes, amused at this exercise. “Of course. There it is.”

“What? I want a big family one day, before it’s too late. Nice child birthing hips are essential. Besides, they look nice, especially if she’s got padding in the rear, if you know what I mean.”

“The one thing Tyla didn’t have.”

It was true. She’d been flat as a pancake back there. It had annoyed her immensely, that as a black woman she’d been flat in the one place guys wanted there to be a lot more bounced. Expected, even.

“Yeah, well, that’d be real neat. And I’d want her to be beautiful, with long, full, curly hair that could be styled in all sorts of ways. And for her to have long legs. But shorter than me. And a tiger in bed. But at the same time she would be a loving wife and mother to our kids. You know, the kind who could make meals for when I got home, take the kids on little day trips, keep the house going while I paid the bills, and let us be a lovely family unit.”

Danny took another sip of his beer. The conversation was souring him a little now. It was reminding him of all the ways in which Tyla had not lived up to being what he wanted. Perhaps that was why she had left? Had she wanted a career? But then why abandon Octavia? It would never make sense to him. He didn’t want to say any of this out loud though, so he just mused with light mockery instead.

“Well, you’re setting your expectations pretty low there, Jim. All you want is a woman who is a fucking ten out of ten, with big boobs, nice hips and a great ass, who will give you kids and be a stay-at-home wife and mom, all while being a total nympho in bed.”

“Hey! It’s my perfect woman, alright? I don’t actually have an expectation that I’ll end up with a lady like that.”

“Sure. Geez, it’s pretty warm in here, isn’t it?”

Jim pressed a cold can against his forehead. “Yeah, it is. Isn’t it cold outside?”

It was, but the magic was beginning to coil up inside the two men, merging with their systems and preparing them for change. Octavia was still playing with the dolls, and in her hands they began to subtly alter. This was followed by a very real set of consequences for the men down the hall.

“Damn, it’s hot,” Danny said, wiping his forehead. “I feel almost like-”

“Like your skin is getting darker,” Jim replied, jaw dropping.

“What? No. I mean like - what the hell?”

Danny dropped his beer, almost spilling it before he corrected its positioning. He was startled, but not yet horrified; from his perspective several patches along his forearms had darkened considerably, becoming a mocha chocolate brown colour.

“Jesus, I didn’t know I was allergic to something!” he exclaimed. “What was in those beers you brought?”



“We haven’t cracked mine open yet,” Jim replied, staring at his friend in surprise. “We were still going through your pack. You called me a cheapskate, remember?”

“But what the hell can explain this? Nghhh . . . it almost feels like it’s burning. Only not as painful. But - shit! - it’s spreading. See?”

He pointed at his left forearm, where several of the inch-wide patches were beginning to merge and expand. Where they spread, the skin lost his coarse arm hair, which shedded away easily.

“This is too weird,” Jim said. “Do you want me to call an ambulance?”

“No, it’s probably just - ahhhh - shit, it’s on my legs too!”

He stood, pushing back his seat, and nearly catching the golden light out of the corner of his eye. The dark chocolate patches of skin were spreading over his legs and up his thighs. He felt a similarly strange sensation on his chin and forehead too, and sure enough the reflection in the kitchen window made it discernible that the change was spreading there as well.

“What the fuck? This doesn’t just happen! What could be causing this?”

“I don’t know,” Jim said. “But I’m calling an ambulance. We need to get you an epi-pen buddy, or something like it! You just stay there and focus on your breathing.”

“I don’t need to focus on breathing, I haven’t got a pressure there at - NGNHH!!!”

Jim halted just as was about to dial 911. An incredible pressure had suddenly built up in Danny’s chest, and he staggered backwards a little, moaning as he began to pull off his shirt. The dark patches were still merging and expanding, leaving the left half of his chest entirely white, and the other half the smooth brown that was hairless and without blemish. But that wasn’t his biggest concern anymore. The much larger concern was centred around his swelling nipples, and the fat and tissue building up behind.

“UGGHHH,” he groaned, grabbing his nipples only to pull away his hands due to the sensitivity, “what the hell is happening to meEEEEEEEE!?!?”

It happened all at once: his flesh ballooned forward at an incredible rate, filling outwards even as his shoulders shrank down and his figure thinned. Fat from his belly and waist and from the flab of his arm all suctioned away, transferring to behind his nipples to form what were undeniably a pair of very female breasts. These were not manboobs at all, they were far too big and round and soft and jiggly for that. He placed his hands back, squealing in a too-high voice from the shock of suddenly growing what had to be double-D cup tits at the very least.

“What the fuck?” he cried, grasping a pair of boobs that easily spilled over his hands. “Are these tits? Jim, tell me I didn’t just grow tits?”

Jim’s mouth flapped, but nothing came out, and soon Danny fell to groaning as yet more changes surged through his body. It was like being massaged and pulled and twisted

by hundreds of invisible, ghostly hands. His sandy-blond hair turned dark, developing impressive curls before springing out from his scalp to become a gorgeous casual afro that fell nearly to his shoulders. The dark skin overtook his face, and as it did, his lips became incredibly full, the kind that Danny had alluded to prior as being made for more than just kissing. His left cheekbone became sharp, his scruff on that side disappeared entirely, and one eye turned dark. In moments he had half the face of an unbelievably beautiful black woman, at least on the left side, the last change being his jaw as it cracked and reshaped to become less square and more rounded. Softer. Feminine. He now had a face in two-halves.

“Jesus Christ,” Jim said, marvelling at the changes. He had dropped the phone and had to take a moment to scoop it up, by which point Danny was staggered against the kitchen bench, groaning as his ass plumped up and his hips widened considerably. His pelvis cracked as they stretched further and further out, while his rear became full and luscious, the kind that Jim loved to look at. He couldn’t quite tell why, but the sight was turning him on. It was the magic, of course, starting to acclimate him to being in love and lust with his perfect wife, but neither were aware of this just yet, so instead he ran to his friend’s side to stop him from falling over.

“Hold steady, it’s going to be okay Danny!”

“It’s - ohhhh - it’s e-everywhere!” Danny cried. “What’s happening to m-me!? Why do I look like Tyla?”

“You don’t, you’re just, um, looking like a different black woman. One side. Which is still spreading, but - but - shit! Where is all this golden light coming from?”

Danny managed to turn, fighting off the changes for a few seconds to look beyond his body to the state of the room around him. Sure enough, the golden tendrils of light were now easily visible from his position, and he could see that they were flowing into him. He tried to reach out and grab one, to sever it from connecting to him, but it only had the effect of making his left hand turn dark, then dainty, then perfectly manicured.

“F-fuck! It’s the light, man! It’s ch-changing me! I even s-sound like a woman!”

Indeed, his Adam’s apple was merging back into his throat rapidly, leaving his neck slender and soft and darker-skinned. Danny breathed heavily, staggering forth even as his legs began to alter. His height dropped, but the stranger thing was finding his thighs suddenly fill out, becoming thick and gorgeous.

“Dude, I think you should sit down!”

“I’m turning into a fucking black woman, don’t tell me to sit down! We need to stop this light! Help me already!”

Jim normally would have fought his friend on something like this, but he noticed the golden light creeping into his body as well. He couldn’t understand why he wasn’t changing too, but that was not the case. He was changing, just more in mind than body. A strong

protective instinct surged through him, a desire to make sure his buddy didn't get hurt, to protect him with his own life if that was the case. It felt as much like a purpose as a *duty*, one that was sworn somehow.

"Fine, but let me go ahead! I couldn't live with myself if you got hurt, Danielle," he said.

Danny paused. "Who the fuck is Danielle, *honey*?"

Both stopped for just a moment, letting the dreadful silence fill the gap even as Danny's waist pulled in tighter, leaving his figure slim and increasingly like that of a curvaceous hourglass.

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Octavia was starting to feel tired, but with the dollhouse glowing as it was, she felt inspired to keep on playing. She was only four years old, so as magnificent and strange as it was to realise that golden magic seemed to be coalescing around her plaything, she didn't want to go point this out to her father just yet. He didn't like the dollhouse, but now it was lighting up for her. It *wanted* to be played with, surely?

"And Mommy and Daddy will be together forever and ever," she said. "Now kiss!"

She made them smooch. In the hallway, a sudden flush of heat ran through the changing man and his best friend. For just a second, both had a borderline irresistible urge to kiss one another. It faded as quickly as it had come, but left both of them blushing, particularly now that Danny's face was near completion.

"And Mommy and Daddy will make lots of babies, and take care of little Octavia. Time to go to sleep Octavia. Don't worry, we'll *always* play dollhouse with you, and make sure we read to you before you go to bed. And no yelling, ever!"

It was at that point that the door to her bedroom slammed open, and a strange new figure stepped in. Octavia nearly squealed; this figure had half her father's face and half some woman's! Danny nearly made it worse by yelling at Octavia, but suddenly found such a thing impossible. Instead, Jim calmed the situation.

"Octavia! It's okay. Something is happening to your father and we think it might be coming from-"

"The dollhouse!" Danny cried, pointing to the glowing structure. "I knew I hated that thing for a reason! I knew - ugggh! Mmhph! - that I should have gotten rid of it!"

"Daddy?" Octavia said. "What's happening to you?"

"I'm - uughh - changing. We need to destroy the dollhouse. It's changing me somehow. What did you do, Octavia?"

“Nothing!” she cried, gesturing to the house. “I was just playing New Mommy and Daddy. I use these dolls, see?”

She held up the dolls, and both men (well, one was nearly a former man by this point, evident from his naked breasts, jiggling breasts) gasped at the sight of them. One was a match for Jim in his present state, another was perfectly that of Octavia, and the final one . . . the final one looked just like Danny, caught in a halfway mix between himself and whatever woman he was becoming.

“The doll!” he cried, voice going up another octave. “Octavia, what are you d-doing with the doll?”

“Nothing! I just made it play the role of Mommy, and it started changing! It’s the magic, Daddy!”

But Danny hardly looked like a ‘Daddy’ any longer. He grunted as his manhood began to slide back into himself, and as his ass and breasts filled out just a little more. His Caucasian facial features were on the verge of a final eclipse too, something Jim couldn’t look away from; he was finding the new Danny to be astoundingly beautiful.

“Oh God, the dollhouse *was* magic all along,” Danny cried, stepping towards it. “Tyla wasn’t lying, or her mother for that matter. She’s given me the role of mom, so that’s what I’m becoming. Octavia, you have to undo it!”

Octavia panicked. She could see her father’s fear, even as he warped to look more akin to her mother. “Um, I don’t know. I’m sorry! I was just starting to play dress up. Look: there’s a beautiful dress for mommy and clothes for daddy too!”

She grabbed a piece of golden glowing cloth and placed it over the changing Danny doll before anyone could stop her. It was a vibrant green housedress, the kind a gorgeous young housewife would wear, one that left her shoulders bare and had a pleasant but respectable v-neck. It had a flowery yellow pattern along the skirt, one that matched the cute heels that Octavia then placed on the figure’s feet. The figure glowed far more golden than before as she finished it.

“There! See? The magic likes it! I think the magic wants it to be like this!”

“B-but I don’t!” Danny cried. The last of his face changed. He grabbed the doll forcefully from Octavia’s hands and moved to destroy it, but found it impossible to do so. Literally; his hand refused to obey his order.

“I can’t wreck it! Jim, *darling*, help me!”

“Of course, *dear!*” he said, wincing at what the magic was making him say. Danny was so unbelievably pretty now that he was struggling not to look at her - his - full chest. He took the doll, but likewise found he couldn’t destroy it. Couldn’t even bend it.

“Oh God, it’s t-too strong,” Danny moaned, clutching his gut, which was now petite and flat. “I can f-feel it happening! It’s coming for my - MMPPHHH!!!”

Tears appeared in the corners of Danny's eyes and the inevitable occurred. It was the single most alien sensation he had ever experienced, utterly indescribable. His penis and balls literally pulled back into his body in a bizarre reverse-penetration, scuppering back up and folding inside out to form what could only be a female reproductive system. Within his lower bellow a womb formed, followed by fallopian tubes that spiralled out, a cluster of eggs in their ovary sacs quickly following. What was left behind of his manhood was now a feminine tunnel and vulva entrance, complete with labia and clitoris - the last was the merest vestigial remnant of his cock.

"Uh - uh - uhhhhhhh," was all he could manage, breathing out and in as he came to terms with his new equipment.

Jim put a strong hand on his now-lithe shoulder. Looking down at his shortened friend, he said, "D-Danny. Was what happened what I think just happened?"

Danny turned to him and sighed almost breathlessly, his gasp now high and sweet and feminine. His body was now entirely female; *exactly* like Jim's specifications for a perfect wife and future stay-at-home mom.

"J-Jim," she stammered. "It's d-done something to my m-mind. It's making me see myself as a woman. As Octavia's m-mommy."

Octavia's eyes widened. She may have just been four, but she was a bright spark of a kid. Even she could see that her roleplay with the dolls had changed her father into the gorgeous woman before her.

"Daddy, Mommy," she said. "I didn't mean to! I swear! It was just an accident. I just wanted a whole family! I was just playing!"

Danny didn't know what to say. The magic was reaching into her brain and reconfiguring various neurons, changing her mental state to one of femaleness. Her male pride put up a good fight, but the magic was stronger, and soon it was all but impossible to think of herself in male pronouns at all, or to even consider herself 'Danny' as anything but a cute nickname for her full name: Danielle.

"Oh God, you're Danielle now," Jim said, whose own mind was altered by the magic. His feelings for her, already strong, intensified. Something was blooming that hadn't been there before, at least not in its romantic form. Danny had little break for peace though, because the clothing that Octavia had set up on the doll now cascaded across her form, finally covering her top half and overriding the material of her shorts and socks. In moments, she was dressed in a delightful green house dress that was stylish and sexy while still being relatively modest, a hint of cleavage from her large breasts still visible, much to Jim's embarrassed delight.

"Mommy!" Octavia said. "You're my Mommy now!"

“No! I’m not! I just - ohhhhh, my head. Jim, *darling*, it’s doing something to me. I can’t help myself! You have to help me!”

Jim embraced her, holding her comfortably with his larger arms. The embrace was wonderful, and it activated the final part of magic from the dollhouse. It emanated from the wooden construction, glowing far brighter than ever before, circling around to envelop the two friends. Both of them felt the last changes in their minds, and in their hearts. A connection that could never be severed was weaved about the two, linking them not just as friends but lovers and romantic partners.

“Jim,” Danny moaned, still breathing quickly yet finding a strange comfort in his tough arms. “The magic . . . it’s making me feel things.”

“Me too,” he admitted. “I know it’s the magic, but it’s like it’s rooted in something real, like it was always there.”

The two looked into each others’ eyes with wonder, trying to grapple with these strange new feelings. The magic looped out and connected them to Octavia also. Slowly, she stepped towards the pair - the couple - tears forming in her eyes.

“Are - are we a family now?” she asked. “A whole, complete family who love each other very much?”

Danny wanted to protest, to exclaim that he wasn’t meant to be a woman. He was a white guy, a former construction worker-turned-caller who was never, ever meant to be someone’s wife, let alone a *housewife*. But the magic had other ideas, for at that very moment a pair of rings appeared on her right hand; a studded engagement ring, and a *wedding ring*. A matching one appeared on Jim’s hand, and the knowledge flowed through them both: they were now married. She was *Mrs Danielle Carlson*, and had been for five years now. Octavia was no longer Tyla’s daughter, but instead the progeny of herself and her husband. A second set of memories seemed to form. She could almost remember screaming in hospital as she spread her legs and pushed Octavia into the world. She could remember the warmth of her husband against her in bed when she was conceived. She could recall wearing a gorgeous white dress that fit her lovely figure as she strode down the aisle to marry her childhood best friend.

She could remember all of it, but her old self was thankfully not washed away. The real memories - if they could even be called that in this altered reality - were the stronger ones, and the new memories seemed to work more as guidelines and aids than anything that would cause her identity to die away. But it was still a lot to confront. She had always loved Jim as a friend, but now his touch was inviting, protective. More than that, all the ways in which he had treated Octavia and boosted her up made him to be the ideal father to her, not just a non-blood related uncle.

“Are we a family now?” Jim asked, holding her more closely to him. She had to look up into his startling blue eyes, and it made her shiver. She hadn’t asked for any of this. Not to be a woman, not to be dark-skinned, not to have her entire role in life changed. But the magic of the dollhouse had done it anyway, and her daughter been the unwitting engineer. And at that moment she was flooded with more than just warmth towards her new husband. She felt love. Giddy, over-the-top, cheesy, corny love. Jim felt it too, and despite the weirdness and wrongness of all that was occurring, the pair couldn’t help but grin as they beheld one another.

“Of course we are,” Danielle said, reaching out a hand to her daughter. “Family hug?”

Octavia squealed, and ran to her new parents, leaping into their arms. They caught her as one and huddled together. The little girl cried from joy, and Danielle joined shortly thereafter, her new feminine hormones ensuring it.

But she couldn’t stop sneaking a glance to her husband and giving an expression of absolute shock, even through the delirious delight.

*‘I know,’* he mouthed, *‘this is crazy!’*

*‘What will we do?’* she mouthed back.

*‘Just go with it for now, honey. We’ll figure it out. Together!’*

The thought warmed her heart more than she could have expected, and she returned to hugging and giggling with her daughter, who she now looked so much like.

The light from the dollhouse dimmed away, its magic done.

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Octavia was asleep. She had played dollhouse and been read to until she finally couldn’t stay up any longer, even with the excitement of having a whole, complete family again. Danielle and Jim had retired to their room, still coming to terms with it all even with the new memories to guide them. Everywhere was evidence that this was ‘their’ house now. There were photo frames from their wedding, pictures of family holidays, even a maternity photoshoot that showed Danielle pregnant with Octavia.

“Tyla isn’t even in the picture anymore,” she marvelled, brushing her soft fingers against one of the photos. “This is just crazy.”

“All my stuff is here as well,” Jim said. “And your room is bigger. And it has, uh, a double bed, *darling.*”

Both of them gulped. The love that the dollhouse had bloomed between them was still tethering the two together. In fact, it only seemed to be getting stronger. While reading to Octavia Jim had rubbed Danielle’s back affectionately, and they kept finding themselves putting their hands on each other or holding hands. Moreover, Danielle couldn’t stop thinking

about what Octavia had said when playing with the little dolls, including the little baby one that Jim had made for her: “I would really love lots of baby brothers and sisters, just like this one.”

It had melted Danielle’s heart, and she could tell that Jim felt a strong connection there as well. She wanted to give Octavia siblings, even if it meant getting pregnant herself - but that was crazy, wasn’t it? She knew it was crazy. The thought of having sex as a woman, especially with her best-friend-turned-husband, was all too much. Not to mention the idea of growing new life within her and eventually birthing it into the world.

And yet . . . it was also deeply enticing. The magic was giving her feminine instincts that were almost impossible to ignore, empowered by the enormous affection she now felt for Jim. They continued to call each other ‘darling’ and ‘honey’ and ‘my love’ without meaning to, and it made her feel all warm and gooey to do so.

“I can sleep on the couch,” Jim suggested, scratching the back of his head. “I mean, until we work this out-”

“No,” Danielle said. “I mean, it doesn’t feel right, does it?”

“No, it doesn’t. I just . . . I feel so guilty about this. You’ve been turned into a woman. Into my wife. Octavia’s mother.”

“I know,” she said, looking down at her prominent cleavage and dark curves. “It’s all too strange. But the magic is making it feel right. Maybe it *is* right. I can’t explain it. But I think you should come to bed with me.”

Jim nodded, trying to not focus on how attracted he was to this magnificent woman. Not too long ago she had been his manly best friend, but already she seemed happier, even if awkward about it all.

“Of course. Whatever you want, *my love*.”

Again that gooey feeling rose up within Danielle. What followed was full of embarrassment as much as excited anticipation. The pair of them removed their clothing and prepared for bed. Despite being a new woman, Danielle knew exactly how to undo her bra and where to get her silky nightwear. Likewise, Jim found his pajamas by instinct, though he opted to go shirtless. It wasn’t an intentional thing, but Danielle’s newly female brain soaked in his musculature and manliness, admiring the hair on his chest.

“Everything okay?” Jim asked.

“Y-yeah,” she stammered, still staring. “Um, you look *very handsome* tonight.”

The comment slipped out, partly from the magic, partly from her own desire to say it.

“Well, you look *very beautiful. Very sexy*.”

She blushed, though her dark features hid it. She wasn’t used to curly hair, though she was already appreciating its light bounce as she moved. “I suppose we just get into bed and fall asleep?”



“Y-yeah,” he said. “I’ve slept here before. On the couch, sure. I wasn’t Octavia’s Dad back then.”

“Well, you’re an excellent father to her already, to judge the last few hours. She already had new memories of how well you treat her.”

“Just like I have memories of you,” he said. “Some of them are quite . . . powerful.”

She gulped. They were indeed. The memories were like guidelines, reminding her of how to play a woman’s part in this new reality she found herself in. Specifically, the woman’s part to a man, when a child had gone to sleep.

“S-same,” she said.

Jim moved to her side. “We can resist it. We can find a way to undo it.”

Danielle breathed heavily, causing her large bosom to rise and fall. “I - I don’t know if I want to. For once in my life, I actually feel . . .”

She kissed him. She couldn’t fight it. The magic was in her, but so were the fires of arousal and the deep need to feel this man against her. This new husband. Jim resisted only for a moment, but her lips tasted too delicious, and the feel of her softness against his hard muscle complimented perfectly. In moments the pair were making out, unbelieving what they were doing and yet doing it anyway.

“Ohhhhhh, I f-feel so attracted to you,” she moaned, “I can’t explain it.”

“I don’t have to on my side,” Jim chuckled. “You’re the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen.”

“You just like that I’ve g-got tits now.”

“They are great tits.”

“Can you . . . can you feel them?”

Jim didn’t waste any time. He removed her silk nightwear, leaving her utterly naked, and began to fondle her dark breasts. Danielle moaned louder, lost in the sensitivity. She was putty in his hands, and soon he was kissing her neck and stroking her backside and feeling her soft back.

“Mhmmm, this is wonderful. It feels so right! Like it was meant to be!”

Jim grunted as her soft hands worked down to his cock, stroking it to further hardness. “Is it the magic, do you th-think?”

“I don’t know, and I don’t c-care! I need you in me, Jim. I need you to do your *husbandly duties!* I’ll go m-mad if you don’t. I *need* you inside me.”

It was the hottest thing she’d ever said, and his response was even hotter: he lifted her easily and placed her on the bed, spreading her legs and crawling on top of her. By instinct she took his cock in her hands, directing it to her womanhood. The moment of truth

had arrived, and far from fearing it, she embraced it in all its foreign, strange, alien pleasure. He penetrated her, leaving Danielle to seize up for a moment.

“Ohhhhhh, it’s s-so different, but s-so good! Go slowly! Let me g-get used to it!”

Jim did so, sliding deep inside of her slowly, parting her slick walls. He continued to play with her breasts, sucking on her nipples and driving her to ecstasy. Neither could resist what was happening, especially as Jim began to thrust into her. He gripped her ass with one hand, kissing her and feeling her as he worked in and out of his new wife. Danielle began to cry out. Her voice was so sweet now, but even that felt right. She had been so unhappy as a single father, but now she was a loved wife and mother.

“M-make me a mother!” she exclaimed suddenly. “Ohhhhhh, it’s the magic. The dollhouse. Octavia w-wants siblings. We h-have to g-give her one! Many!”

“I know!” Jim replied, shocked at these sudden urges to breed. “I can f-feel it too. I have to get you pregnant, Danielle. I’m sorry.”

“D-don’t be. Oh G-God, it’s so strange, but I need this! I need your babies in me, Jim! I need to be your perfect babymama. I need to give you the big family you always wanted! Cum inside me. Knock me up! Give me a big belly full of your babies!”

The words were turning him on so damn hard, especially as she milked his cock expertly. She held him, gripping him with her thighs and ensuring he couldn’t leave until he’d cum inside her. She knew she could fight it off, at least potentially, but the thought of carrying this man’s babies was just too arousing, too wonderful, too sweet to ever truly avoid it. The dollhouse had ensure her role, and now it was up to her to embrace it. To embrace being a mother.

“Please c-cum inside me! Make me p-pregnant with your babies!”

“I want that!” Jim cried. “Want to get you pregnant. Make you big and round-”

“Tits full of milk! Mhmmhm!”

“Lots of babies! Big family!”

Ohhhhhh! Yes, yes, yes, yes, YESSSSS!!!”

They came explosively together. Danielle’s body was rocked by its first female orgasm, then its next, then even a powerful third. They shot like earthquakes through her, causing her to cry out again and again, until Jim hushed her for fear of waking their little girl. His warm semen flooded her tunnel, pouring all the way to her waiting womb. She sighed contentedly, shivering a little from anticipation.

“Oh God, we just did that, didn’t we?” she finally managed to say as he cradled her naked body in bed.

“Y-yes, we did,” he answered. “Was it wrong?”

Perhaps it was. Perhaps she should have been humiliated and angry. But instead Danielle simply beamed, unable to stop smiling at the future that now awaited her with her

husband and daughter and other children to come. She took her husband's hand and placed it on her naked, flat belly.

Both of them knew, somehow, that thanks to the dollhouse's magic, she was already pregnant.

"If it's wrong," she said, "I don't want it to be right. I love you, Jim. I always have."

"I love you too, Danielle. I'm glad the dollhouse did this, as crazy as it is."

"Me too. We're a family, now."

They embraced, holding each other, their giddy, over-the-top love overwhelming in its potency. And then, when they had finally had enough time to come down from the act of sex together, they did it all over again. The magic wanted them to, and how could they refuse when it felt so good and right?

Besides, Danielle wanted to make *real* sure that she was pregnant with Jim's baby.

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Danielle cradled her pregnant belly in one hand as she pushed the baby carriage with the other. Within it, little Benjamin writhed and gurgled, only a little more than a year into the world and already trying to form words and escape from tricky places. He smiled at her, and it lit up her world, making her heart skip a beat from the sheer love it bloomed within her. She brushed her stomach lightly. At five months along she could barely hide it any more, and she didn't want to either. The way other people looked at her when they saw she was an expectant mother made her female hormones light up with blushing pride.

"Mom, what are you smiling about?"

She turned to Octavia, who was skipping beside her, occasionally taking a peek at her baby brother.

"Oh, just thinking about how happy I am, my little princess."

"You're always happy, Mommy."

She grinned. "I suppose I am. At least, ever since the magic of the dollhouse that one night over a year ago."

"Even though I accidentally turned you into a mommy?"

"Even though you accidentally turned me into a mommy."

"And made it so you would have lots and lots of babies?"

Danielle gulped a little. She was still grappling with *that* particular part of her future, even though the actual sensation of having life growing within her was just . . . wonderful.

"Even that," she finally said, before Octavia could sense that it was still a bit anxiety-inducing at times. "Even that, my princess."

She bent over and kissed her daughter's head. "Besides, don't you just love little Ben?"

"Oh, I love him so much, Mom! Can I hold him?"

"Once we reach the spot in the park."

"Is Dad meeting us?"

"Yes, he'll be a little late since he's finishing up work. He's always working to support us, which is why he comes home a little late sometimes while he chases that site manager promotion, but you know he loves our picnics and wouldn't miss them for the world. "

"And he *really* loves you, Mom," Octavia said innocently. "Like, *really* loves you. I think you two were totally made for each other. The dollhouse just helped it come true."

Again, Danielle gulped a little, blushing even more red than usual thanks to her pregnancy hormones. Within her, the little girl she was growing shifted and kicked as if to emphasise the point. It was something she would never get used to, and never wanted to: not just for her lingering male pride either, but from the joy it brought her female self too.

"You're probably right, darling," she said, petting her daughter on the head. "Jim - your father - really does love me."

"And you love him, don't you? Lots and lots and lots."

Danielle snickered. "Yes, of course I do. I always have, and now that he's my husband I love him even more. Even if he got me pregnant much, *much* earlier than I expected after our first baby."

She rubbed her belly, chuckling to herself through the embarrassment. It was true of course; she had barely gotten even a little accustomed to being a gorgeous woman and housewife when *bam*, she'd gotten knocked up pretty much immediately. The pair of them had known this would be the case of course; the magic had practically *told* them that this would be so. Octavia's desires had been communicated to the dollhouse, and together with the little baby figurine Jim had supplied, the reality had manifested in Benjamin's conception that very first night. Soon, Danielle wasn't just getting used to having big boobs and an hourglass figure and a light voice and feminine manner - or being penetrated by a man in the late hours of the night - but also dealing with nausea, morning sickness, tiredness, and a growing belly full of life. It was a lot to take in, because the new set of 'guideline memories', as they often called them, could only get you so far. Experiencing pregnancy was a whole lot different from vaguely remembering being the one to carry Octavia instead of Tyla.

Jim couldn't have been happier of course, even if he was apologetic about the whole thing. But the truth was she had been just as willing a participant, and thanks to the magic of the dollhouse she couldn't stop herself from being head-over-heels in love with her new husband, or unbelievably excited to be a mother. In fact, the magic made being pregnant like a drug to her: no matter how humiliating and weird and foreign and alien and just plain *wrong*

it was, being knocked up with Jim's baby just made her *glow*, inside and out. She had been fully impatient to start seeing her belly round out, and when it finally became obvious it was like a switch had flipped, and she instantly went shopping for maternity clothes the very next day to prepare herself.

Yes, Danielle had become a beautiful, stylish stay-at-home mom, the kind she had always wanted Tyla to be, and mistakenly so. She wasn't going anyway, though, unlike Octavia's former mother. Yes, it was a small struggle at first to adjust to being entirely reliant on a man as the provider and bill-payer, and to be the one cooking and cleaning and organising the house. She'd also experienced a few racist comments, which had been not only offensive but just plain weird to go through, given that she had once been a white man. Of course, Jim was always there to defend her, and to help her in other ways. She occasionally had to ask Jim to open up a jar for her, or retrieve something from a tall shelf, or help her move something heavy, which only reminded her of how fragile and female she'd become. On date nights, she dressed up in gorgeous well-fitted dresses that outlined her curves and beauty, and she soon came to feel a smug pride in being the beautiful wife of a man like Jim, showing herself off to make him look good too. And the more pregnant she'd gotten though, the easier it had become to accept and love her new position, and sneakily ask all sorts of favours from her husband. God knows, he got his own back in the bedroom; the man was damn well insatiable right up through to the third trimester! Not that she was one to complain; her preggo hormones made her body light up in his presence, and she had long since gotten over the fact that she loved cock now. A month into their new roles, she had even gone down on him for the first time. The fact that she had gone down on him many, many times since showed how much she enjoyed the act, and how devoted she was to being his dutiful wife.

To the rest of the world, the family had always been the way they were. Danielle's ID had changed, as had her licence, bank accounts, and so on and so forth to reflect her new life. They even had a certificate of marriage, and a video showing Danielle giving birth to Octavia, which was strange yet oddly comforting. There were no absentee parents in this reality, and while Danny had struggled to be a father, Danielle did everything to make sure she would never dismiss Octavia or any of her many, many future babies like her former self had.

"Mommy, is this the spot?" Octavia asked.

Danielle snapped her mind out of her musings. She mused a lot when she was pregnant, and when she was happy. It made the contrast with her former life so obvious. It was like night and day, black and white - literally, if one was considering the changed colour of her skin.

"This is it indeed," she said. "What a lovely day it is, princess. Don't you think?"

“The best, mommy,” Octavia said. “And little Ben thinks so too! He’s awake!”

Danielle looked down into the stroller. “Oh, and he’s fussing. I bet he wants a feed. Can you help Mommy set up the picnic blanket and food while I give him some milk?”

“Of course!”

Her sweet daughter immediately got to help, following instructions and setting things out ideally. Danielle settled down, undid part of her maternity top, and rested her baby against her rounded belly. Within, her next child jostled in her womb, making her chuckle. But Benjamin simply latched on, mumbling a few gibberish words before drinking from her breast. It was a soothing sensation, and one she had never imagined feeling. It was also one she never wanted to end.

“Oh, my sweet little Ben,” she said. “I can’t wait for you to meet your next sibling.”

“I hope it’s a girl,” Octavia said.

“It might well be. But if not, there’s always the next one.”

“Because the dollhouse made it so you would have lots of babies?”

Danielle sighed in amusement. “That, and because your father and I want them. We want a big loving family very much now. It’s its own kind of magic, darling. Oh, and it looks like your father agrees, because he’s heading right this way!”

Octavia squealed in delight, jumping to her feet and running across the park to where Jim was approaching from. She leapt into his arms and he twirled her about. It made Danielle’s hormones light up again; she loved seeing her friend-turned-husband be such a dad to her babies. She stroked her belly softly, and Ben on her chest.

“That’s your father there,” she said. “Aren’t we lucky?”

Jim waved to her, and she could see the same thankfulness in his expression. It was simply magic.

**The End**