

A NEW WIFE



By

Prime Mover

Cynthia Bradford had been sad when her sister Joan told her that she was moving half way across the country to the small New-England town of Sanford, but she realized that it was a wonderful opportunity for Joan's husband, so she reluctantly gave them her blessing, but then, several weeks later, came the strange news that Joan had decided to give up on her career and become a full-time housewife. While Joan had never been quite as much of a feminist as Cynthia was, her career had always been very important to her, so this immediately concerned her. When Carol questioned her sister about why she had given up her career, all she got back was something about how Joan wanted be "a good wife" for her husband, and she was left with a strange sense of dread. She decided she needed to visit her sister in Sanford to make sure that everything was alright.



It took several weeks for her to build up enough vacation time to make the trip, but finally, she found herself in Sanford in a cab nearing her sister's house.



With a squeal of joy, Joan ran into her sister's arms and proceeded to hug her.

Oh, Cyn. It's so great to see you. I've missed you sooo much.

As Cynthia returned her sister's hug, she couldn't help but notice the feeling of Joan's breasts, which seemed to have grown larger since she last saw her, as they pressed against her much smaller chest.

After Joan finally released her from the hug, Cynthia picked up her suitcase and purse and followed her sister into the house. Depositing her luggage by the front door, she then followed her sister into the living room where Joan told her to sit down while she fetched some refreshments.



While she was waiting, Cynthia did a quick scan of her surroundings, and what she saw only served to increase her general sense of unease. The house was spotless, not an item out of place. Even the cushions on the sofa were perfectly fluffed out and arranged. Joan had never been a slob, but this level of cleanliness was bordering on obsessive-compulsive.



The clip clop of high heels signalled the reappearance of Joan, who emerged from the kitchen carrying a tray with a pot and 2 cups, the very picture of domestic tranquility. Back before she moved to Stepford, Cynthia didn't think that Joan even owned a teapot, let alone a fancy serving tray. Something was definitely going on here, and Cynthia had to find out what it was.





Joan sat down and then poured a cup of tea for Cynthia followed by one for herself. She put some sugar in her cup and then took a sip.

MMMM. That's good.
It's so great to see you. We have sooo
much to catch up on. How are you
doing? How's Mom?

Well, to tell you the
truth, we're a little worried
about you. That's why I've
come.

Worried about me. Why?

It's these radical changes
you've made in your lifestyle. I know
that whole tradwife thing is going around
right now, but this is ridiculous

Joanie didn't remember all that much about her life before that glorious day when she had decided to dedicate her life to her husband, and what she did remember only made her more confident that she had made the right decision, so she absorbed her sister's minor insult with a smile and took another sip of tea before she replied.

Ridiculous? What's ridiculous about keeping a clean home and being a good wife to my husband.

Well, ... nothing, but its more than just that. Why did you give up on your career? You were on your way to great career in advertising.

I just realized how futile it all was. For so long I searched for fulfillment through my career, but then I realized that the only path to true fulfillment for a woman was as a wife and mother. I'm much happier now than I ever was when I worked.

And then there's you appearance. Why are you dressed that way, and why are you wearing so much makeup, and did you get breast implants?



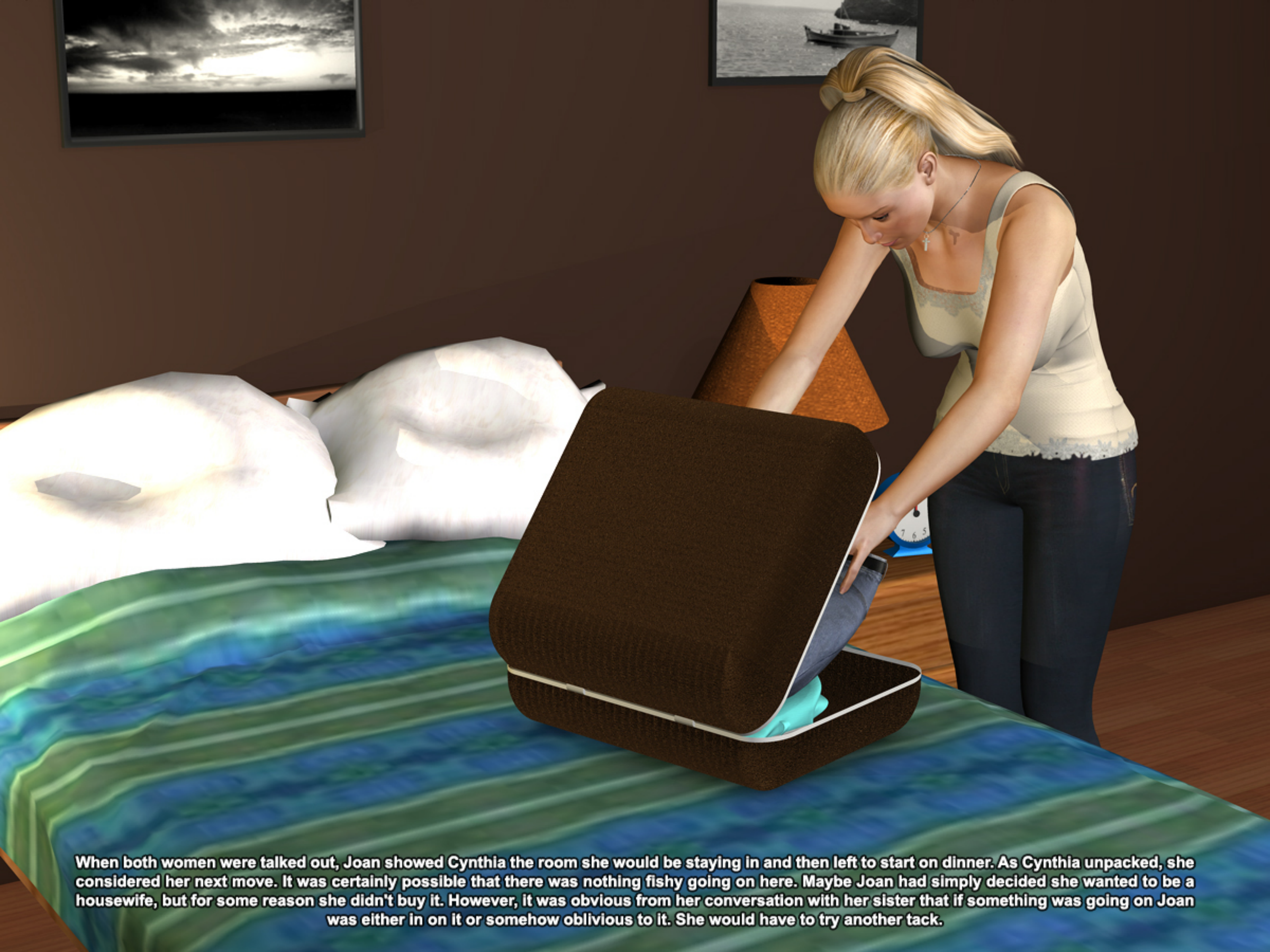
Joanie looked down at her chest where her breasts formed two huge mounds in her dress. What was wrong with her breasts? She thought back fondly to the way that her husband sometimes held them when he fucked her, and a wave of arousal went through her.

Nothing, but when you put it all together, it's such a radical change. We used to attend NOW meetings together. We scoffed at women who gave up their careers to be a housewife, and now suddenly you are one. Mom and I just wanted to make sure that everything is OK, that you are doing all this of your own free will.

I only want to look attractive for my husband. What's wrong with that?

No one is forcing me to do anything. As I told you, I just realized my true purpose was as a wife and mother.

Cynthia was still not completely satisfied with Joan's answers, but she realized any further interrogations right now would be futile, so she turned the conversation to other matters.



When both women were talked out, Joan showed Cynthia the room she would be staying in and then left to start on dinner. As Cynthia unpacked, she considered her next move. It was certainly possible that there was nothing fishy going on here. Maybe Joan had simply decided she wanted to be a housewife, but for some reason she didn't buy it. However, it was obvious from her conversation with her sister that if something was going on Joan was either in on it or somehow oblivious to it. She would have to try another tack.

When she was done unpacking, Cynthia went back downstairs where she found Joan racing around the kitchen like a whirling dervish preparing dinner. She offered to help, but was politely shooed away.



All attempts to involve Joan in conversation proved futile, so Cynthia went back to the living room and opened up a magazine.

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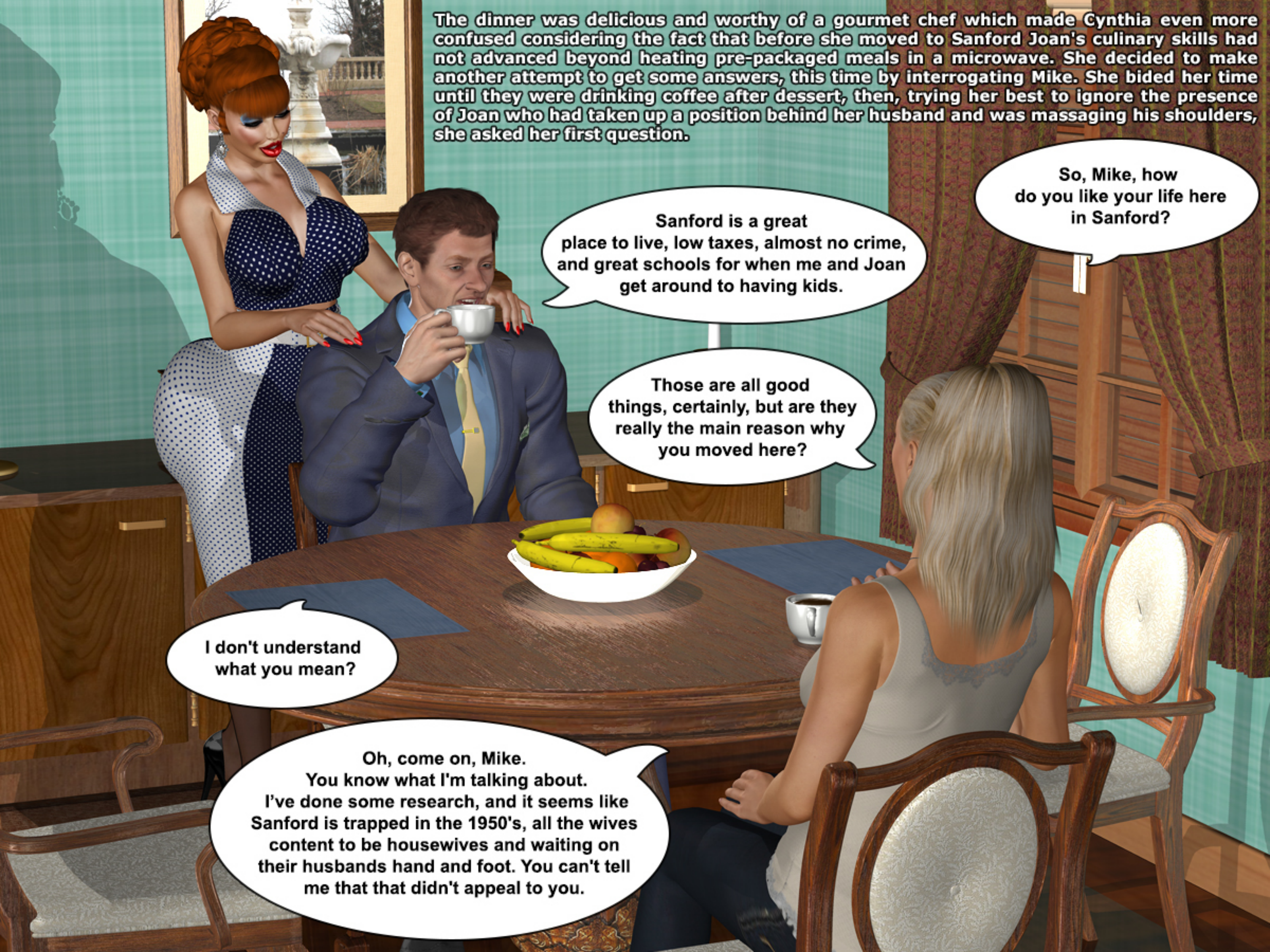
The kiss seemed to go on forever, but eventually Joan broke away and addressed her husband.

It was a good day. We closed a new deal that will make the company a lot of money.

Hello, Darling.
How was your day?

That's great, darling.
I'm so proud of you. Cynthia is here. Why don't you two talk while I finish dinner.

Joan rushed back into the kitchen. Mike walked over to greet his sister in law. They then made polite conversation until dinner was ready.



The dinner was delicious and worthy of a gourmet chef which made Cynthia even more confused considering the fact that before she moved to Sanford Joan's culinary skills had not advanced beyond heating pre-packaged meals in a microwave. She decided to make another attempt to get some answers, this time by interrogating Mike. She bided her time until they were drinking coffee after dessert, then, trying her best to ignore the presence of Joan who had taken up a position behind her husband and was massaging his shoulders, she asked her first question.

So, Mike, how do you like your life here in Sanford?

Sanford is a great place to live, low taxes, almost no crime, and great schools for when me and Joan get around to having kids.

Those are all good things, certainly, but are they really the main reason why you moved here?

I don't understand what you mean?

Oh, come on, Mike. You know what I'm talking about. I've done some research, and it seems like Sanford is trapped in the 1950's, all the wives content to be housewives and waiting on their husbands hand and foot. You can't tell me that that didn't appeal to you.

Mike smiled and glanced briefly up at his wife, who was looking down on him with an expression of total adoration on her face before replying to Cynthia.

As a matter of fact, I didn't even notice any of that until after we moved here. I remember we both thought it was quite strange at first.

But Joan eventually decided that she wanted to be like the other wives?

Yes, and, in retrospect, it's the best decision she's ever made. Our marriage is stronger than ever.

It was all her decision then? You didn't influence or coerce her in any way?

Of course. What are you accusing me of?



Cynthia hesitated. She had no real evidence of anything, and both Joan and Mike had said quite definitely that Joan had become a housewife of her own free will. She decided to play it safe for now

It certainly sounded to me like you were accusing me of something.

I'm not accusing you. it's just seems strange to me that Joan would just decide drop her career on the drop of a hat like that to become a housewife. I was just hoping you might help me understand the reason, that's all.

I'm sorry if it sounded that way, but Joan's mother and me are very concerned about Joan's sudden change, and we just wanted to make sure that everything is on the up and up.

Well, I can assure you that Joanie here made the decision to become a housewife totally on her own, didn't you darling.

Of course, darling.

Strike two, Joan thought. She gave up for the moment and turned the conversation to other matters.

Cynthia and Mike were just finishing their coffee when the doorbell rang. Joan let out a squeal of joy.

Perfect timing.
Our guests have arrived. We
are having a party to celebrate
Cynthia's visit.



Joan walked to the front of the house and opened the door revealing 3 people. The first was a balding, slightly overweight man in a business suit.



**This is Walter Brenner.
His wife died of cancer recently, and
I thought he could use a little
cheering up.**

The other two people were a younger man, also wearing a suit, and one of the most remarkable women Cynthia has ever seen. She was a grown women, but she was dressed in sexy schoolgirl uniform. Her breasts, which made Joan's expanded chest look positively small, jutted out from her uniform like twin volleyballs.



And this is Greg and Jenni Murphy. They live across the street.





Everyone relocated to the living room while Joan took drink orders. Murphy sat down on one of the couches and Jenni snuggled up right next to him. Cynthia was shocked when she noticed that one of Jenni's hands was rubbing her husband's crotch.

Cynthia found herself on the other couch sitting next to Brenner. Brenner turned to talk to Cynthia with a leering smile on his face.

Yes I am JOAN'S sister.


I'm Cynthia,
Cynthia Bradford.

So you're
Joanie's sister, huh?

My name is
Brenner, Walter Brenner.

Cindi, that's a beautiful
name. A beautiful name for a
beautiful girl.





Please call me Cynthia. I don't like it when people call me Cindi.

I am a medical assistant.

I am not married.

Sorry. I won't do it again, so what do you do for a living, Cynthia?

Sounds interesting, and how about you husband?

Not married? Don't you think that you are a little old to still be single?

Brenner knew that Cynthia was not married, in fact he knew nearly everything about her, but he was a lawyer by trade, and he was pursuing a very specific line of questioning.



Cynthia couldn't believe what she was hearing. She hadn't thought that there was anyone in America that still believed things like this. She thought of many sharp insults to reply with, but finally decided to go the civil route. Brenner was a friend of her sisters, after all, even if he was a male-chauvinist pig.

I am not ready to get married yet. I want to spend some more time concentrating on my career first. I still have plenty of time to get married. I am only 27.

Old maid. I haven't heard that term in a long time. That dates back to an age when women got married at 16 and spent their lives keeping house and pumping out babies.

And a woman's place is at home?

As a matter of fact I consider myself a feminist.

27!? It's worse than I thought. Aren't you afraid of being an old maid.

And what's wrong with that. People were happier then. Everyone knew their place.

In so many words yes. The only people that think anything differently are those feminists I hear about.

I'm surprised, a pretty girl like you. Most feminists are ugly women who can't get a man and use their feminism as an excuse to explain it.

Cynthia was livid. She was about to give Brenner a piece of her mind when Joan arrived with their drinks. Brenner took advantage of the this to make a polite exit, telling Cynthia that he had an important phone call to make.

Brenner walked into the now empty kitchen, pulled out his phone and dialed a number. The party on the other end picked up quickly. They had been waiting for his call.

She's perfect. Just the kind that I like, and she's one of those feminists too. I will enjoy giving her an attitude adjustment.

I'm sure.

Bye.



So what's the verdict?



Alright. As long as you are sure. Remember, once we do this, there's no turning back.



Very well. I will arrange things. Bye.

Brenner put the phone back in his pocket and walked back into the living room with a huge smile on his face.



For the next hour or so the two couples, Cynthia and Brenner enjoyed some polite conversation, when Joan wasn't fetching drinks she was standing behind her husband massaging his shoulders. Cynthia actually found herself relaxing and almost managed to forget her conversation with Brenner.



When the clock stuck eight, Joan let out an excited squeal.

The time has come for a big surprise that Jenni and I have planned for you. We have to go upstairs to change. We'll be back down in just a few minutes.

Joan and Jenni proceeded to hurry up the staircase to the second floor, Jenni carrying a bag that she had brought with her.




An awkward 25 minutes later, Joan and Jenni came back down the stairs. They had both changed into knock-offs of playboy bunny outfits. Joan went over to the stereo and started to play a CD of loud techno music. The two bunnies then stepped into the center of the room and started to dance to the music.



After several minutes of dancing to the music, the two women each walked over to their respective husbands and started to give them what could only be described as a lap dance.

Cynthia was increasingly shocked by what she was seeing. She glanced over at Brenner to see if he was reacting the same way, but he seemed to be enjoying himself.



What a pervert.

Cynthia was distracted by a motion in the corner of her eye and she turned to look back into the room. What she saw shocked her. The two men had stood up and were taking off their pants and underwear, revealing their already partially erect cocks. They then sat back down, and the two bunny girls knelt down in front of their husbands and started - she could hardly believe it - massaging their husband's cocks.



As impossible as it seemed, it looked like the couples were getting ready to have sex in the middle of the living room, with Cynthia and Webber watching.

Cynthia wanted to tell them to stop this at once, but everyone was acting as if this was all completely normal, and she found herself paralyzed. However, when the two wives began to massage their husband's cocks to erection, she couldn't take it any more and jumped to her feet.



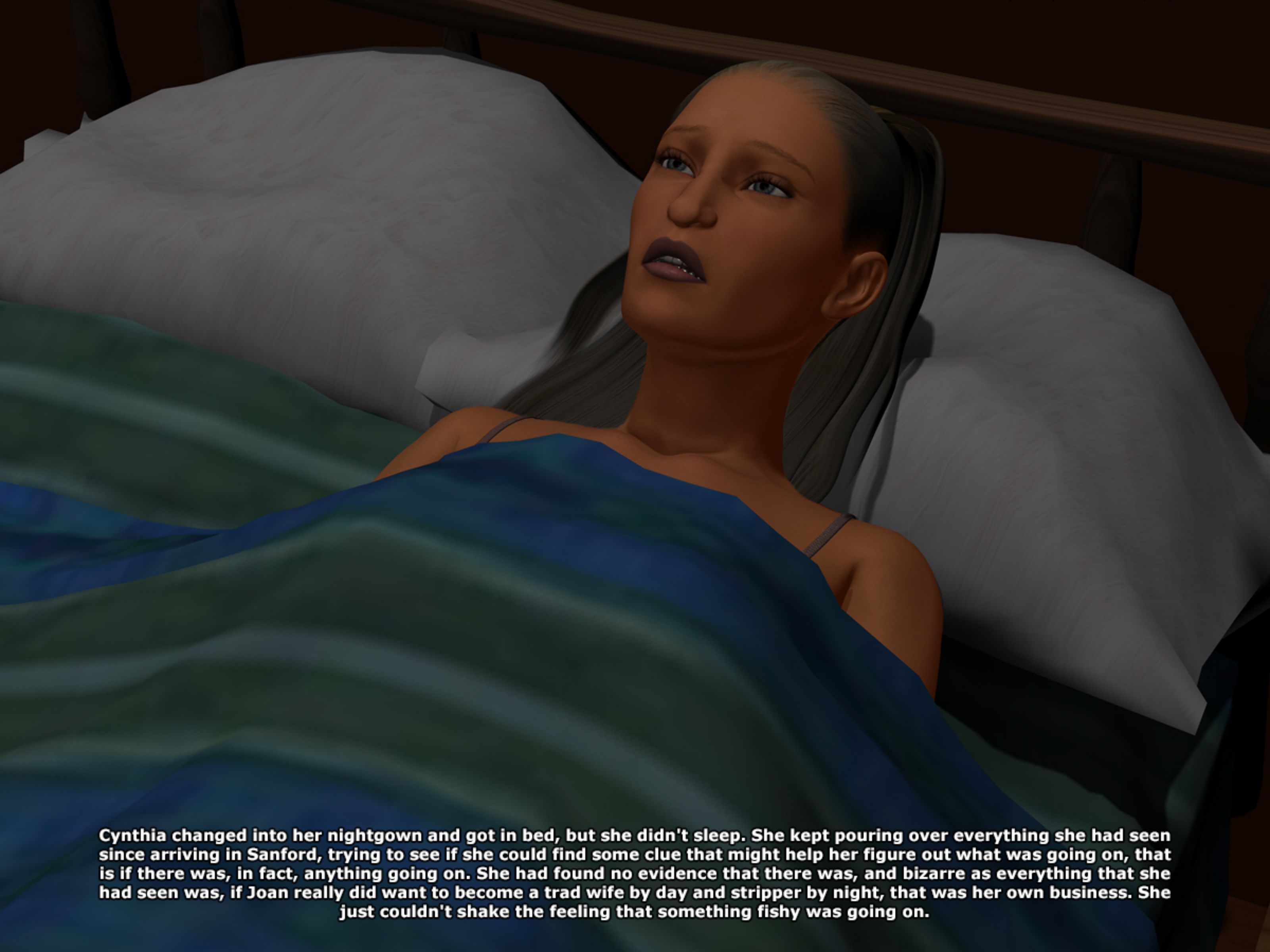
If you don't mind, I'm feeling tired from my trip, and I think I'm going to hit the sack.

Acting as if nothing unusual was happening, Joan pulled her head away from her husband's cock, which she had just started to suck, and turned to look at Cynthia.



Thats fine, Cyn.
I hope you sleep well.

The cock sucking was put on hold as Cynthia said her goodnights to the various people in the room, but then it started up again the moment she started up the stairway.



Cynthia changed into her nightgown and got in bed, but she didn't sleep. She kept pouring over everything she had seen since arriving in Sanford, trying to see if she could find some clue that might help her figure out what was going on, that is if there was, in fact, anything going on. She had found no evidence that there was, and bizarre as everything that she had seen was, if Joan really did want to become a trad wife by day and stripper by night, that was her own business. She just couldn't shake the feeling that something fishy was going on.

Cynthia was still awake when she heard the sound of Joan and Mike passing her door on the way to their bedroom. A minute or two later, the silence of the night was shattered by a series of screams that caused her to jump out of the bed in alarm. Cynthia's training as a healthcare worker kicked in, and she instinctively ran toward the sound of the screams to see if she could help. She was halfway to the door, before she realized that what she was hearing were screams of pleasure, and she sat back down on the bed to listen. Apparently, Mike was fucking the hell out of Joan, and she appeared to be enjoying every minute of it. When Joan wasn't moaning in pleasure, she was praising the sexual prowess of husband.



Oh, <moan> You're so good, Mike <moan>.

You're the master <moan>.

No one every fucked me like you <moan>.

Oh, yes. Fuck me <moan>.

The fuckfest seemed to go on for hours. Cynthia wondered how anyone had the stamina to last that long. Finally, in the wee hours of the morning, the house went silent again.

The next morning, Cynthia woke up determined to get to the bottom of whatever was going on in Sanford. Further attempts to interrogate Joan proved useless, though. All her sister seemed interested in talking about was housework, but then in the early afternoon, Cynthia finally got a break. Joan was in the middle of telling Cynthia about the best way to wax a kitchen floor.

You always need to remember to apply multiple coats of wax for the best effect. Some of the girls stop at 3 coats, but I think that 5 coats is best.

Fascinating.

Oh, by the way. We will be eating a little late tonight. Mike has something he needs to do at the Men's Association right after work.



The mention of the men's association immediately broke Cynthia out of her lethargy. She remembered Joan calling her to tell her how pissed off she was that Mike had joined the men's association without even checking with her. That had been just before Joan had gone through her metamorphosis. Maybe there was a connection. She turned to speak to Joan.

What do you know about the men's association?

They meet in that spooky old mansion on the outskirts of town.

What do they do there?

They watch sports, play pool, you know, man stuff.

Can a woman join?

Why would a woman want to join the men's association?



Cynthia realized that she wasn't going to get any farther with this line of inquiry, but she had, nevertheless, found out some valuable information. She got to her feet.

I think I'm going to take a walk.

OK. Be sure to be back for dinner.

Joan went immediately back to her housework, paying her sister no further attention. Cynthia got the unpleasant feeling that she could have told Joan that she was about to commit armed robbery and her sister hardly would have taken notice.



Cynthia started on her walk, telling herself that she was walking aimlessly, but in reality she knew exactly where she was going. She didn't need to ask anyone for directions to the location of the men's association. There was only one place that Joan could have been talking about. She had passed it in her taxi on her way into Sanford. Located in the middle of a suburban sprawl of houses was a small fenced-in estate in the center of which was located a gothic mansion right out of a horror movie, and it was only a couple of miles from Joan's house.

It took Cynthia about 30 minutes to reach the location.

Cynthia wasn't surprised when she found the front gate wide open. It looked like they used the grounds sometimes for public activities, but she was a bit surprised when she tried the front door of the mansion and found that it was unlocked. If they were doing nefarious things inside the mansion, they certainly weren't trying that hard to hide it. She thought about turning around and leaving, but finally decided that since she had come this far, she might as well take a look around.

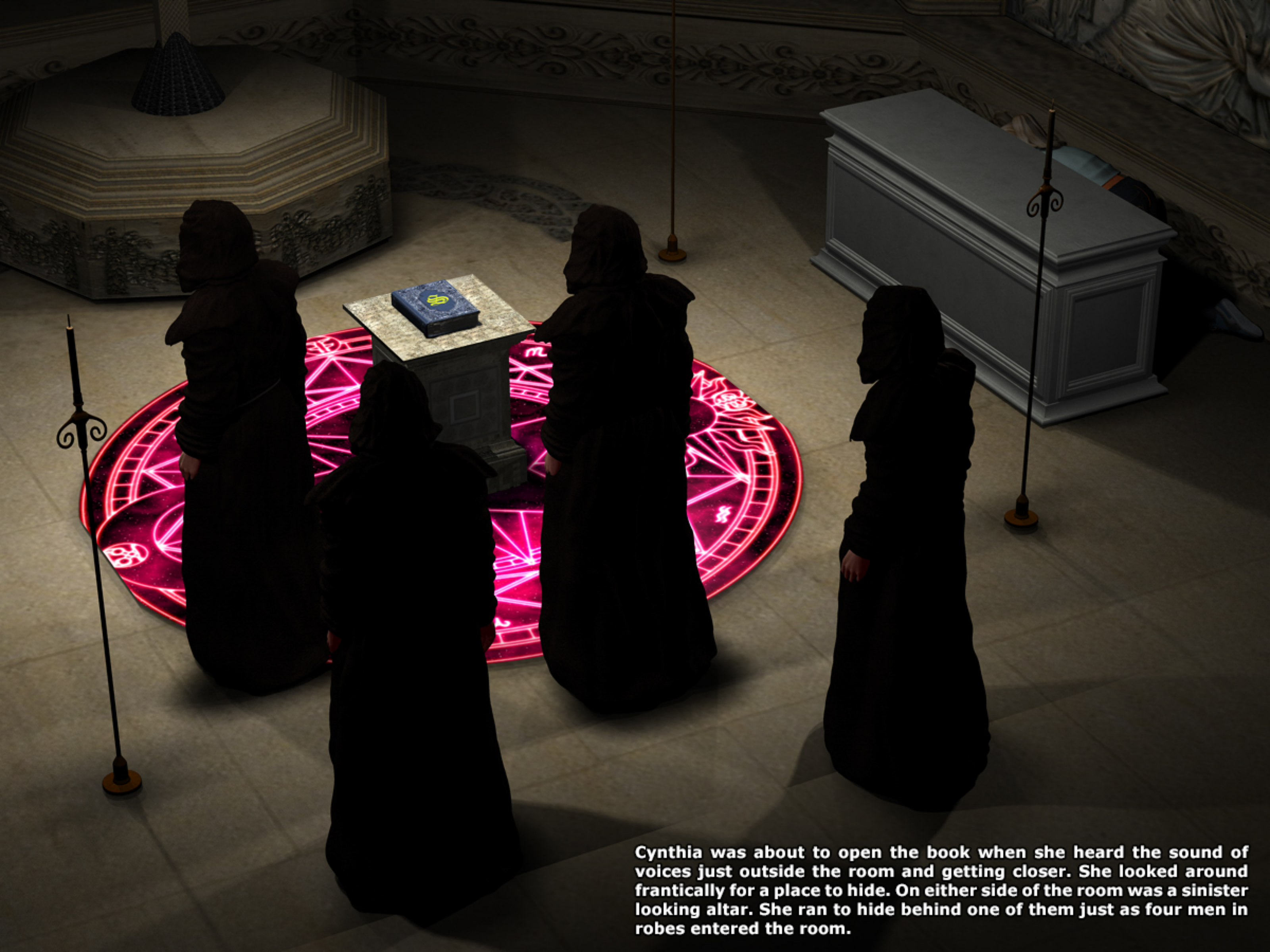
Telling herself that it wasn't breaking and entering if the door was open she went through the door and entered the mansion.



Most of the mansion proved to be vacant. A few of the rooms were furnished with things like a pool table and a big screen TV, just as Joan had said, but Cynthia was unable to find anything incriminating or even unusual, that was, until she tried the basement. What she found there was unusual indeed.

One one side of the basement was a very strange room. In the center of this temple -yes, that was the term that came to mind- was a pedestal on top of which was what looked like a very old book. In place of a title there was single elaborately embellished letter S on the cover.





Cynthia was about to open the book when she heard the sound of voices just outside the room and getting closer. She looked around frantically for a place to hide. On either side of the room was a sinister looking altar. She ran to hide behind one of them just as four men in robes entered the room.