

heteroD

# Husband in Changes



## Husband in Changes

I nervously approached my wife Helen, asking her to turn me into a female cat for a month. I wanted to experience life as a cat, with a cat's intellect and retain all my memories and sensations in the cat body when I returned to my human form. Helen agreed and with a wave of her hand, I felt my body began to change.

Moment later I felt fear and insecurity as I looked at a big woman in front of me. However, as she picked me up and held me close, stroking my soft fur, I began to calm down. I was completely in the moment, feeling the warmth of the woman's arms, the softness of the carpet beneath my paws, and the taste of the milk she gave me.

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I explored my home, using my keen senses of smell and hearing to take in my surroundings. I chased after toys and played with the friendly woman, feeling a sense of joy and serenity.

I lay on the windowsill, feeling the warm sun on my fur. I closed my eyes and basked in its warmth, feeling content and relaxed. Suddenly, my friendly woman picked me up and held me close. She stroked my fur, caressed my head, and even kissed my muzzle. I couldn't help but purr in contentment, my body taking pleasure in the physical sensations of her touch. The feeling of her warm hands on my fur and the sound of her soothing voice were all that mattered to me in this moment.

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One day my body started to feel different. I felt an intense sensation in my lower abdomen, it was as if something was pulsing deep inside of me, a relentless aching feeling that seemed to grow stronger with each passing moment. I squirmed and writhed on the floor, my tail twitching back and forth in agitation.

My vocal cords began to strain as I let out a series of meows and yowls, my voice growing louder and more insistent with each passing moment. I paced around my apartment, rubbing against furniture and doorframes as if trying to relieve the aching feeling within me.

I started urinating more frequently, leaving small puddles of urine wherever I went. And despite my discomfort, I couldn't help but rub against my woman's legs and twining around her ankles in a bid for affection.

I didn't understand what was happening to me, all I knew it was uncomfortable.

My woman did not seem to enjoy it anymore and started to push me away, avoiding me.

One night, my woman opened the door and let me out.

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My body was alive with a pulsing energy. I could feel my tail twitching with anticipation as I paced through the area near my home. I vocalized louder, more insistent, my body searching for an answer to the strange feelings that were taking over me. My genitals were swollen, aching with a deep need.

I roamed the streets, leaving my scent behind, a trail for any tom to follow. I could sense an expectation, a thrill of excitement that made my heart race.

I could smell a male cat before I saw him. He was strong and confident, following my scent to me. His body responded with a surge of energy, and he began to vocalize his desire and rub against me. I responded by arching my back and elevating my hindquarters. He mounted me, and I felt a sensation of pleasure as he began to thrust. I could feel the barbs in his penis, and it was a satisfying feeling. The sensation of pleasure was heightened by the contractions in my genitalia as I ovulated.

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I could smell my home as soon as I approached the door. My night spent outside had been exciting, and I couldn't wait to be back inside, safe and warm. I meowed loudly, announcing my presence to my woman. I scratched at the door with my paw, the sound satisfying to my ears.

I heard my woman's footsteps as she came to the door, and then the sound of the door opening. I slipped inside, my tail held high. My woman's familiar scent enveloped me, and I felt a sense of warmth and security. I pressed my head against her leg, enjoying the feeling of her petting me.

My woman picked me up and cuddled me, her voice soothing and comforting to my ears. I felt happy to be home, and my body was relaxed and content.

My woman brought me to the kitchen, where she prepared my breakfast. I ate, relishing the taste of my food. My woman watched me with a kind look on her face, and I felt happy and content. I was back in my home, with my woman, and I felt safe and loved.

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My woman picked me up and sat me on her lap, her expression serious. She talked to me in a tone I recognized as questioning, as if she was seeking my opinion on something important. I couldn't understand the meaning of her words, but I could sense her seriousness and the importance of the topic.

My woman brought her face closer to mine, as if trying to understand my thoughts through my eyes. I looked into her eyes and let out a purr. I rub my muzzle against her nose, showing her affection and my presence. My woman finally made a decision, I could sense it by the way she talked and her body language.

My woman then spoke to me in a gentle soothing tone, kissed me on my muzzle and then let me down on the floor. I couldn't understand what she had talked about, but I

could sense the comfort and care in her words and actions. I knew that whatever the decision was, it was made with my woman's love and care for me in mind.

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My woman used to call me Midnight and would often pick me up in her arms. She would talk to me for long periods of time, her voice soothing and comforting to my ears. I couldn't understand the meaning of her words, but I loved to listen to her speak. I would lay on her lap, feeling the warmth and security of her embrace.

When my woman called my name, "Midnight", I would respond. I recognized the sound of my name, and it made me feel happy and excited. I knew that my woman was talking to me, and it made me feel loved and special. I couldn't understand her words but her tone, the rhythm of her speech, the way she pronounced my name, all of that spoke to me.

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As the days went by, I could feel my body changing. I did not understand the concept of pregnancy, but I knew that something was different within me. My belly was growing larger and rounder, and my nipples had swollen and darkened. I was also becoming more and more tired, and I found myself spending more and more time napping.

I could feel something happening inside of me. My uterus was getting heavier, and I felt a constant sensation of warmth in my belly. My nipples were also sore, and I had an urge to groom them more often. I knew that these changes were leading to something, but I didn't know what.

As the days went by, I felt a strong urge to protect my surroundings and to be more aggressive towards other animals and people. I also began to experience a strong urge to nest, and to groom myself more frequently. I could feel a sense of excitement and anticipation, even though I didn't understand what it was for.

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I had curled up in a secluded corner of the behind a closet, a blanket of softness beneath me. My body tensed and contracted, unfamiliar sensations coursing through me. My instincts guiding me through this new experience.

The contractions grew stronger and closer together, a relentless force pushing me forward. I could feel my cervix opening, making way for the small lives within me to be born. The sac surrounding them ruptured and one by one, they slid out of me.

I cleaned them with my tongue, the warm wetness of birth still coating their tiny bodies. I tasted something else and instinctively bit through it, the connection between my kittens and their nourishment now severed.

I continued to deliver my kittens, each one a small bundle of warmth and life. When the last one was born, I collapsed, my body spent but content.

I heard their mews, small and innocent, they were searching for sustenance. I rose to my feet, my body responding to their cries, and began to nurse them.

I was now a mother, my body changed forever. I was surrounded by my kittens, their warmth and love filling me. This was my new purpose, to nurture and protect them.

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When my woman took my kittens away, I felt a sense of loss and fear, my body contracting with anxiety.

My woman came back, holding one of the tiny creatures, a gray kitten. She placed it next to me, and I felt a sense of relief wash over me. I licked the kitten, my body calming down. My woman stroked my head, her voice soothing and comforting.

I began to feed the gray kitten, my body instinctively producing milk to nourish the tiny creature. My woman watched us, her expression kind and affectionate. I could feel the warmth of her presence, and I felt a sense of security and contentment.

My woman spoke to me, her voice gentle and loving. I couldn't understand the meaning of her words, but I could sense the comfort and care in her voice. I knew that my woman was there for me, and that the gray kitten was mine. I licked the kitten and closed my eyes, feeling grateful and content.

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I was terrified of losing my gray kitten. My heart raced every time I left her side, even if it was just to eat or drink. I couldn't bear the thought of something happening to her while I was away.

I spent most of my time behind the closet, where I felt safe and hidden. I would only leave for brief moments, and as soon as I returned, I would check on her, licking her, massaging her tummy with my tongue, making sure she was still there, still alive.

As the days went by, I could feel my body calming down. My kitten's eyes opened, and she began to move around more. I watched her with a sense of wonder and awe, my body relaxing as I saw her growing stronger and more active.

I no longer felt the same sense of fear and anxiety that I had before. I knew that my kitten was safe and that she was mine. I spent my days watching her, taking care of her, and feeling a sense of contentment and joy.

I could feel my body responding to the kitten's presence, my nipples swelling and darkening as I produced milk to feed her. I licked her, cleaned her, and watched over her, feeling a sense of pride and protection.

As the kitten grew, so did my love for her. I could feel the warmth of her presence and the sound of her purring filling my heart with happiness. I was her mother, and she was my everything. I knew that I would always protect and care for her, no matter what.

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My woman had given my gray kitten a name, Cleo. I could distinguish between when my woman called me Midnight and when she called the kitten Cleo. I could sense the difference in her tone and the way she pronounced the name.

My woman often picked up Cleo, holding her close and stroking her. I could see the love and affection in her eyes as she looked at the kitten. I felt calm and content as I watched, knowing that my woman was taking care of my kitten and that she would always be safe.

Cleo began to respond to her name. When my woman called her name, I could see the kitten's ears perk up and her tail twitching with excitement. I could hear her meowing in response, her body responding to the sound of her name.

My woman would kiss Cleo on her nose, and the kitten would respond with a purr. I could see the happiness and contentment in both of their expressions, and it filled my heart with warmth and love.

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I sat on the floor, watching as Cleo slept soundly on my woman's bed. She looked so peaceful, her small body curled up into a ball as she dreamed. I couldn't help but feel a sense of pride and love for the little creature that I had helped bring into the world.

My woman sat next to Cleo, her eyes fixed on the kitten as she stroked her head. I knew that my woman had a special connection with Cleo, and it made me feel happy and content.

Suddenly, my woman turned to me and said, "It's time for you to go back to your human form". She waved her hand, and I felt my body begin to change. I felt a sense of discomfort as my body twisted and contorted, but soon enough, I was back in my human form. I looked down at my hands, marveling at the sensation of fingers and thumbs.

As I was admiring my new form, I noticed that Cleo had also changed. She was no longer a small kitten but a girl of about twelve years old. She was still asleep, unaware of the transformation that had taken place.

Helen and I went to the next room to talk, leaving Cleo to sleep. I turned to Helen, asking her why she hadn't turned me back after one month as I had asked. She replied that she had decided to give me the unique experience of being pregnant, giving birth, and raising a kitten. I was furious that she hadn't asked my permission before making such a decision. She tried to justify her actions, saying she had tried to talk to me, but I was in the body of a cat and couldn't understand her.

As I sat there, trying to process everything that had happened, Helen asked what I wanted to do with Cleo now. She suggested that she could start living like a little girl, but if I wanted, she could turn her back into a kitten. I couldn't bear the thought of losing Cleo again, so I told Helen that I wanted Cleo to stay as a child.

I was furious with Helen for making those decisions without my consent, but I couldn't bring myself to be angry with Cleo. She was innocent in all of this, and all I could feel

was love and protectiveness towards her. Despite the anger and confusion, I felt, I knew that I would always be there for Cleo and make sure she was taken care of.

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I sat there, staring at Helen in shock as she explained the implications of Cleo's transformation. My mind was racing with a million thoughts and emotions.

"What do you mean she's not fully human? What kind of life is she going to have? She's going to be a stranger among other people, isn't she?" I asked, my voice shaking with fear.

"Well, she has a human IQ, but she retains 30% of her feline instincts, character, and attitudes. She will remember her past life as a kitten, and as she grows up, it's likely that her feline instincts will have an impact on her sex life as well," Helen explained.

"This is insane. Cleo's life is going to be so difficult and dramatic. There's no one around who will understand her. How can you do this to her? To me?" I exclaimed, my anger rising.

"I understand that this is a lot to take in, but please try to understand. I did this because I thought it would be a unique and special experience for you. I wanted you to have the chance to experience pregnancy, giving birth, and raising a kitten. I never intended to hurt anyone," Helen said, her voice pleading.

"I can't believe this. You made this decision without even consulting me, and now Cleo's life is going to be a living nightmare. I can't even begin to imagine the struggles she's going to face," I said, my voice filled with despair.

Helen looked at me with a serious expression. "John, I have a proposal. I could use my magic to turn you into a young woman who is just as 30% cat as Cleo. That way, you could be her mother and always be there to understand her."

I stared at Helen in shock.

On one hand, I couldn't imagine leaving Cleo alone to face the struggles that lay ahead. But on the other hand, the thought of losing my human identity and my life as a man was terrifying.

"I don't know, Helen. This is a big decision, and I'm not sure if I'm ready for it," I said, my voice filled with doubt.

"I understand, John. But think about it, you'll be able to be there for Cleo in a way that no one else can. You'll understand her struggles, and you'll be able to help her navigate through them," Helen said, her voice filled with compassion.

I thought about it for a moment, and I knew that Helen was right. Being a mother to Cleo was the most important thing, and I couldn't let her face the challenges of life alone.

"Alright, I'll do it," I said, my voice filled with determination. "But it's going to be a blow to us, isn't it? You'll lose your husband."

"John, I love you, and I want to be there for you, no matter what form you take. I'll always love and support you," Helen said, her voice filled with love and understanding.

As Helen waved her hand and I felt my body begin to change, I felt a sense of excitement and nervousness. I was about to embark on a new journey, and I knew that it would be filled with challenges and struggles. But I also knew that I would be there for Cleo, and that was all that mattered.

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As I felt my body begin to change, a sense of dizziness washed over me. I couldn't help but feel a sense of fear and uncertainty as I looked down at my newly formed female body. My vision and hearing had greatly improved, and I could hear the rustle of fabric behind me. I jerked violently, turning my head towards the sound. But it was just Helen, and I could see the concern etched on her face.

Despite my feline instincts, which made me dislike the other female in my house, as a human, I still felt love and affection for Helen. This love and affection were much stronger than my instincts, and I knew that I would always be there for her.

"John, are you all right?" Helen asked, her voice filled with concern. This question suddenly triggered my other feline instinct, the desire to demonstrate my independence.

I paused for a moment, considering my response. I remembered how Helen had called me Midnight when I was a cat, and I realized that I needed to choose a new name for myself. I wanted something similar to Midnight, something that reflected my connection to the night.

"I've chosen a female name for myself," I said, my voice firm. "I want to be called Nyx."

Helen looked at me with a mixture of surprise and understanding. "Nyx," she repeated, trying out the name. "It's a beautiful name. It's the name of the goddess of the night." She nodded and said, "I will call you Nyx from now on."

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As I stared at my reflection in the mirror, I couldn't help but marvel at the woman staring back at me. My short dark brown hair framed my face, framing my large wide-set round green eyes. My small straight and slightly flat nose was perched above my small mouth, and my high and prominent cheekbones were accentuated by my sharp and defined jawline. The triangle shape of my face reminded me of a cat, and I couldn't help but feel a sense of familiarity with my new face.

As I looked closer, I noticed that my facial features were eerily similar to Cleo's. The shape of our faces, noses, mouths, and even our eyebrows were almost identical. I couldn't help but feel a sense of pride and protectiveness towards my daughter, knowing that we shared such a strong resemblance.



But as I continued to stare at my reflection, a feeling of worry washed over me. How could I protect Cleo from the enemies and dangers that she would inevitably face in the world? I couldn't even imagine sending her to school, the thought of her being around other people's children without my protection made my heart race with fear.

As I took one last look at my reflection, I knew that my life would never be the same. I was no longer John, a man, but Nyx, a mother, and protector of my child.

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I approached the bed where Cleo was sleeping, my heart racing with a mixture of excitement and anxiety. I couldn't believe that I was finally going to meet my daughter, the tiny creature that I had carried and birthed as a cat.

Cleo's eyes fluttered open, and for a moment, she looked confused and disoriented. I sat down next to her, taking her small hand in mine.

"Cleo," I said softly, "I'm your mother. I was a cat like you, and Aunt Helen turned us into people."

Helen entered the room then, her face filled with concern. "Cleo, do you remember me?" she asked.

Cleo's eyes widened as she began to remember her past life as a kitten. "I remember," she said, her voice small and bewildered. "I remember Helen, she played with us and fed us."

I turned to Helen, feeling a sense of gratitude and love for her. "We're human now," I said, "Cleo, you will have a long and interesting human life, and I'll always be here to love and protect you."

Cleo looked up at me, her eyes filled with curiosity. "Where's my dad?" she asked.

I felt a sense of embarrassment wash over me. "I don't know, Cleo," I admitted. "It was night, and I didn't even really see what that cat looked like."



Nyx and Cleo

Helen placed a comforting hand on my shoulder. "It doesn't matter, Nyx," she said. "You and Cleo have each other, and that's all that matters."

I looked at Cleo, my heart filled with love and determination. I knew that I would always be there for her, no matter what challenges we faced. Together, we would navigate this new life, and I would make sure that she was always safe and loved.

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As Cleo and I walked through the streets, I couldn't help but feel a sense of contentment and joy. I had been given the opportunity to raise and care for my own child, and I was determined to make sure that she had the best life possible.

As we walked, we looked at the people around us. We were comfortable staying somewhat away from the crowd, but we still enjoyed observing the world around us. We were both fascinated by the different sights, sounds, and smells of the city.

As we turned a corner, we saw a squirrel burying something in the ground. We slowly approached her from both sides, our feline instincts kicking in as we watched her intently. At the last second, the squirrel noticed us and flew like a bullet into the nearest tree, chattering something indignantly. Cleo and I laughed merrily, our hearts filled with a sense of joy and playfulness.

As we continued our walk, I couldn't help but feel a sense of gratitude and contentment. I had been given the opportunity to raise a child, and I was determined to make sure that Cleo had the best life possible.

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As evening settled in and Cleo went to sleep in her room, Helen and I lay in bed, the silence of the night surrounding us. I couldn't help but feel a sense of exhaustion and confusion from all the new experiences that had come my way.

"I need a massage," I said, stretching and arching my body like a cat. "I need to calm down and recover from all of this."

Helen smiled and placed her hand on my shoulder. "I have a better idea," she said. "I can turn myself into a man. Then we can have normal sex, and Cleo will have a father."

I listened with interest, my mind racing with the possibilities.

"It's not forever," Helen continued. "When Cleo grows up and lives separately, ten years from now, we can think about what to do next. Then we can return to our bodies, or we can switch places or something."

I thought about it for a moment, my mind still trying to process all that had happened. But in the end, I knew that Helen's proposal was the right choice.

"Yes," I said, nodding my head. "I agree. Let's do it."

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As I lay in bed next to Helen, my mind was still reeling from the overwhelming events of the past few weeks. The thought of having a normal, human sexual relationship with my wife was both exciting and terrifying. But as Helen closed her eyes and concentrated, I watched in awe as her body began to shift and contort, her face becoming more angular and masculine.

As the transformation completed, I couldn't help but stare at the man before me. His gray eyes were thoughtful and intelligent, and his strong jawline and high cheekbones gave him a rugged, masculine look. He was handsome, and I couldn't help but feel a sense of attraction towards him.

He introduced himself as Henry, or Hal for short, and I couldn't help but smile at the new name. It suited him, and I felt a sense of comfort knowing that he was still my Helen, just in a different form. As we lay in bed together, my body tingling with anticipation, I knew that this would be a new and exciting chapter in our relationship.

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As Henry invited me to undress and lie face down in bed, I couldn't help but feel a sense of anticipation and excitement. Henry began by applying oil or lotion to my skin, the cool liquid sending shivers down my spine as it touched my skin.

Then Henry began to massage my back. The long, flowing strokes that Henry used to warm up my muscles sent a warm sensation throughout my body, and I could feel the blood flowing through my muscles as Henry worked on them. I felt my muscles relax and release tension as Henry continued to massage, the warmth of his hands soothing and comforting.

As Henry moved on to kneading techniques such as effleurage and petrissage, I could feel my muscles loosen even further. The tension in my body seemed to melt away as Henry worked on my muscles, and I couldn't help but let out a sigh of pleasure as the soreness and tension in my muscles dissipated. I could feel the relaxation and pleasure spread through my body as Henry continued to massage, and I couldn't help but let out a contented sigh.

The sensation of Henry's strong hands kneading into my muscles, working out the knots and tension, was indescribable. As the massage continued, I found myself drifting off into a state of complete relaxation. The sensation of Henry's hands on my skin, the sound of his voice as he asked about my comfort and the warm and calming atmosphere of the room all contributed to my feeling of complete tranquility.

As Henry's hands moved across my body, I felt a sense of relaxation and calmness wash over me. The stress and anxiety of the past few days seemed to melt away as my body and mind became more focused on the present moment.

Henry's touch became more intense and focused as he began to work on my erogenous zones. The nerves in my skin came alive, becoming more active and responsive to his touch. I felt a heightened sensitivity as his hands moved across my lower back, glutes, and inner thighs.

As he moved closer to my genitals, I could feel my arousal growing. His touch was light and feathery as he began to stimulate my mons pubis and labia majora. The sensation was tantalizing, making my body ache for more.

Henry's touch became more intense as he began to rub my labia minora and clitoris in a circular motion. The sensation was electric, making me feel like I was on fire. I could feel my arousal growing as he gradually increased the pressure and intensity of his touch. My breathing became shallow and ragged as I felt myself getting closer and closer to the brink of an orgasm.

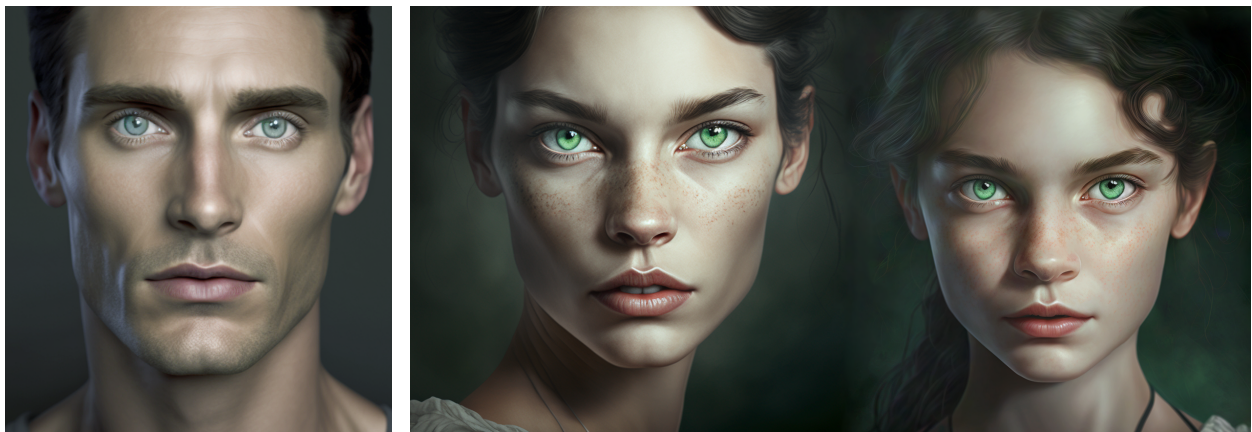
Just as I was about to reach the peak of pleasure, Henry stopped the massage. I lay there, panting and wanting more.

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I lay on the bed, my body trembling with anticipation as Henry removed his underpants and revealed his hard male member. I closed my eyes and let myself be fully present in the moment, feeling the warmth of Henry's body against mine, his breath hot on my neck, and his hands roaming over my body.

As we began to move together, I felt a pleasant sensation of engorgement in my genitals, my clitoris becoming erect and my vaginal walls becoming slick with lubrication. I let out a soft moan as Henry's fingers brushed against my nipples, causing them to harden and my breasts to become sensitive to touch.

As we continued to move, I could feel the muscles in my pelvic floor contracting involuntarily, adding to the growing sense of tension in my body. I let out another moan as I felt Henry's penis enter me, filling me with a sense of fullness and pressure. The sensation was intense, and my body was responding to his every move. I could feel the heat of his body, the weight of him pressing down on me, and the rhythm of his hips as he moved against me.



Henry, Nyx and Cleo

Finally, as we reached the peak of our passion, I felt the release I had been waiting for as I climaxed, waves of pleasure washing over my body. I let out a cry of pleasure as I felt Henry's body tense up next to mine, signaling his own orgasm. We were both lost in the moment, our bodies still entwined, both of us trying to catch our breath.

As we lay there, spent and satisfied, I couldn't help but smile, feeling a sense of contentment wash over me. I knew that this was just the beginning of our journey together, and I was looking forward to the next time we would be together like this.

As I lay beside Henry, my mind couldn't help but wander to the thought of how I would explain to Cleo the next morning that Aunt Helen, the kind woman who had taken care of us as cats, had now turned into a man and would now be her father. I couldn't help but smile at the thought of how she would react to this news, having already experienced so many incredible changes in just one day. Being a twelve-year-old girl who was just a kitten yesterday, I couldn't even imagine how she would process and understand all of this. I knew it would be a lot for her to take in, but I also knew that I would be there to support and guide her.

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