

Biggest Fan (Stalker to Pregnant Wife)

By FoxFaceStories

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Lana Kane is a famous pop star who is currently dealing with Malcolm, a stalker who insists that he is her biggest fan, one who is destined to be with her. Unfortunately for Malcolm, Lana Kane is actually a lesbian, one who wants to start a family. And if he insists on following her, the least he can do is be her dream wife!

Biggest Fan

Malcolm was filled with jitters as he saw her walking through the mall. Lana Kane always had a bodyguard with her - what famous pop star wouldn't? - but that didn't mean she was free of the issues of the paparazzi. With her white-blond hair and stylish dress sense, not to mention her always ruby-red lips that were her signature, it was no wonder that so many women worldwide idolised Lana Kane, or that so many men wanted to *have her*. Malcolm was one such man. A thin, tall man with thick glasses and wiry beard hairs, he wasn't the most attractive specimen on earth by a longshot. But what he lacked in appearance and style, he more than made up for with unearned confidence and unhealthy obsession. Unlike most men who were content to simply find the star singer attractive or put her on a 'would if I could' list, Malcolm was far more zealous. He had decided ever since he'd seen her in person at a concert that he wanted her, and decided that since he wanted her, he *deserved her*.

He'd been to numerous concerts since, spending more and more money to get seats closer and closer to the front row. He'd held up signs proclaiming his love, even been called up to the stage once. It was the most euphoric moment of his life, standing right by his object of his affections, dancing according to her direction with the crowd cheering. Only he had ruined it by continually drifting closer to her, and then trying to get a peck on the cheek from her. In the end, her bodyguards had thrown him off stage, and he was banned from future concerts. It had been humiliating, but Malcolm was so deep in his delusion that he kept returning anyway under a range of fake names and aliases. More than once he'd been discovered and kicked off. In the most internet-famous moment, he'd actually come up on stage without permission and went down on one knee in front of her.

"Lana Kane, I'm your biggest fan, I need you to marry me! I deserve to be your husband!"

"Someone get him off the stage before I freak out!" she'd proclaimed.

He'd been arrested for that one. There were all sorts of conditions attached to his bail, and a number of guards for Lana Kane now knew to watch out for Malcolm Ray. He was considered a threat to her, apparently. He viewed that as nonsense: he could never, ever be a threat to his beloved. Never. He only wanted to love her and hold her and make love to her, and have her as his successful bride, all to himself, cooped up and placed in a gilded cage for all to see. And no, he didn't see any insanity in any of this.

It was why, in the present, he saw nothing wrong with jumping out in front of her SUV before she could get into it, escorted by her bodyguard.

"Lana! Hey Lana, it's me! It's Malcolm Ray, remember?"

She stepped back, eyes wide. "Harry, take care of this trash! I told you, you weird fuck, I never want to see you again. Ever!"

Malcolm wasn't deterred. "You have to be my wife, Lana! We're meant for each other, remember? I'll find a way to marry you and make you mine! It's meant to be!"

He would have said more, but he was suddenly manhandled by her bodyguard, the one she'd called 'Harry.' Malcolm struggled, but he wasn't strong, and soon he was pushed to the side of the curb.

"If you even think about approaching Miss Kane in public again," the man said. "Your ass is toast. Got it?"

"Yeah, yeah, I got it," Malcolm said. He retreated, even as Lana yelled at him.

"If I see you again, you'll regret it, you creep! It won't be Harry here taking you to task, it'll be me!"

Malcolm left, burning with humiliation. Clearly, he needed to rethink his strategy. If he couldn't approach her in public, well then, he'd just have to approach her in *private*.

Lana Kane's residence in LA was surprisingly lax in security. Malcolm couldn't believe he'd never simply tried to enter. He'd assumed it would have the most advanced protections, guards patrolling, dogs, the works. Turns out, all he had to do was vault over a particularly darkened part of the fence during the night and avoid the obvious entry points. It was practically a mansion, and it made Malcolm all the more in awe of the popstar. She had earned all of this.

"And now I'm going to earn her," he whispered to himself. He still had the engagement ring in his pocket, as well as an actual set of wedding rings. He could already imagine marrying her this very night: no doubt once he brought her around she could hire a celebrant at any time of the night. And then she could be his, and he would tame her, and they could even work on having a family.

He slipped into the building: a sliding door wasn't even locked. Inside, he could hear the beautiful emanation of her voice echoing from the second floor. No doubt the great beauty was practicing her next hit single. He'd been anticipating it for months, commenting on every forum and being banned for acting like a creep on most of them.

Slowly, he crept up the stairs. The music was getting louder, and her voice was so sweet. It reminded him of her ruby red lips; how he longed to kiss them! Malcolm made his way to the door of her sound room, which was just slightly ajar. With a deep, nervous breath, he opened the door, ready to surprise the woman he obsessed over unhealthily.

"Surprise!" he yelled, only to falter.

There was only a recording playing in the room. Stepping further in, he was confused. This was a new song, but it was just left playing? And why?

He paused as he saw the record's title on the vinyl, spinning in the centre of the room. It was called '*Malcolm Ray*.' His heart thudded. She'd made a song for *him*? She really did love him! No doubt this was an expression of her-

The door slammed shut, and the click of the lock catching followed it. Malcolm spun around, only to be confronted by the sight of Lana Kane herself through thick glass, a pair of headphones on her head, smirking as she took him in. She was playing the role of the recorder, and the role of the singer in the recording room.

"Hello, Malcolm," she said.

"Lana!" he cried joyously. "I'm so happy that you welcomed me here and-"

"I didn't welcome you here, you idiot creep. I just sensed through my wards that you were getting more obsessive, and then that you actually trespassed into my house! Thankfully, I've been preparing ahead of time."

Malcolm frowned. "Prepared? I don't understand. No, you don't understand. I'm here to take you away, Lana. We're meant to be."

She smirked. "Is that so?" she said, voice coming through the speakers all around him. "Because you seem not to give me a choice in this matter. Did you even know that the tabloids are correct, and that I'm a goddamn lesbian, you asshole?"

Malcolm paused. That couldn't be right. How could she be a lesbian if she was destined to be his? It made no sense. Hell, it was laughable! He chuckled, but her expression was stern.

"I'm serious," she said. "I'm into girls, always have been. Hell, half of my songs hint at this, my so-called 'biggest fan.'"

"I am your biggest fan!"

She scoffed, rolling her eyes. "You know, I really am getting sick of this. But you know what? Today's your lucky day, Malcolm. You see, I keep having to date girls under the radar, and it just never works out. They can't handle my fame or my talent, and I have a pretty

particular taste in girls too. You know the kind, big butt, big boobs, hourglass figure. Oh, and *pregnant*. Yeah, I want to start a family, but I just keep scaring off potential girls who think I'm just seeking out a surrogate or want a piece of my fame rather than help me have a baby."

Malcolm was getting weirded out by this. It wasn't at all like he imagined.

"Look, I'm happy to get you pregnant, Lana-

"Oh, ho ho ho, NO! No way! I'm not interested in getting knocked up. No, I want a gal who can have babies for me. A real sexy trophy wife type, you could say. And since you say you're my biggest fan, I figure you're willing to play that part for me."

"Is this a joke? Look, I came with an engagement ring and-

"Hold onto it," she said. "But first, put on the song. Listen to it. Trust me, you're gonna love it, Malcolm. It's high time you and I got together, and this is step one."

Malcolm had no idea what was going on. The woman was talking like she was some kind of magic witch or something, but in the end he didn't care. If this would end him up with her, that was fine by him. He played the record from the beginning, and soon her sweet voice emanated from it.

*"Malcolm, Malcolm, my lovely sweet Mal,
I want you to be my perfect busty gal."*

Malcolm groaned, gasping as ripples of energy passed into him. He doubled over as his form thinned, his height shrinking impossibly.

"N-no! What's happening!?"

*"I want my dream gal to have the kind of rack,
The kind of rack that I want to attack, you know?"*

Suddenly, his chest surged forward. The stalker was now the prey as a pair of very large breasts bloomed from his chest, a pair of ripe melons that were sensitive to the touch and heavy to boot. He moaned, unbelieving what was going on,.

*"An hourglass is the figure she'll want to possess,
And that waistband size? It just keeps getting less and less!"*

Malcolm's waist pulled in and his hips pulled out, stretching and contorting his body into the hourglass proportions of the song.

"Oh God, please stop this!"

“I can’t, not when you’re going to be my perfect wife! I’ll need her to be my biggest fan, after all.”

*“She’s the type of gal with a real tight tunnel, the kind that gets wet,
Sexy face and sexy black hair, that’s the kind of gal I wanna get!”*

Malcolm struggled as his entire body changed. His member slid back into his body, and his legs became shapely and gorgeous. His hair extended, long and dark and silky, and his face shifted, changing into the visage of a beautiful woman - there was a small mirror just to show this. Even his clothing changed, and the new woman moaned as it became a tight blue dress that showed off all of her ample features, including her enlarged rear and impressive bust.

*“She’s submissive, she’s loyal, she’s fertile as hell,
She’s the kind of wife I deserve, can’t you just tell?
Mal, you’re my biggest fan,
Mal, my biggest fan!
Mal, you’re my biggest fan!
Mallory, you are MINE!”*

The music ended even as a flood of information hit Malcolm’s mind. Now the new woman was a woman, mind and soul. It was impossible for her *not* to think of herself as a woman, even if she didn’t want to! Even more, she had a sudden desire not just to be with Lana Kane - that hadn’t changed at all - but to *serve* her. The need to make her Malcolm’s had given way to instead *be Lana’s*. To be her perfect, dutiful, submissive, and fertile wife. To be *Mallory*.

“Oh God,” she said, touching her head, unused to her new feminine body. The door to the recording studio opened automatically, and she stumbled out, not used to the way her large chest wobbled or how her gait left her hips swaying. She found herself drawn to another room without knowing why. When she stepped inside, she realised it was Lana Kane’s bedroom. She had dreamed about being in this room, but it was all so wrong, because Lana Kane stood by the bed, slowly removing her clothing,

And she had a very, very large erection.

“Like what you see?” she asked. “As you’ve probably guessed, I’m not just a world-famous pop star, I’m also a goddamn witch. And that means that instead of *you* making *me* your submissive little wife, I’m going to teach you a thing about being *mine*. Would you like that?”

Mallory wanted to flee. But her body needed this woman, ached for her. Worse, she couldn't stop staring at that hard cock, imagining what it would be like inside of her.

"Mmhm," she said. "I - I need you. I'm your - your biggest fan, Lana!"

"Not yet," the pop star said, grinning. "But you're about to be."

Mallory tried to fight the temptation, but her desire was too strong. She needed to submit to this woman, to be her biggest supporter, her loving comfort when she came home from a tour. Her breasts jostled as she stepped forward, and Lana reached out and caressed them, then lowered her hands down and around her sides before slapping her on the ass. Mallory squeaked, unable to help herself.

"Get down on your knees," she instructed.

Mallory did so immediately, helpless to this woman's hypnotic effect.

"Now . . . propose."

Mallory opened up the ring box. "W-will you marry me, Lana Kane? I'm . . . I'm in love with you. I'm your biggest fan. I want you to be - no! - I want to be *yours*."

Lana smiled and slipped the engagement ring on. "I accept. And since a witch can officiate her own wedding, let's get the rings on as well."

She snapped her fingers, and again Mallory squealed a little as a change occurred. This time, a proper wedding band appeared on her ring finger, and the same was true of Lana Kane, who admired it appreciatively.

"There we are," the witchy pop star said. "Now, as far as the rest of the world is concerned, you've *always* been Mallory, and recently became Mallory Kane, my lesbian wife. Now, time for you to submit to your wifely duties, don't you think? My biggest fan would be more than willing for me to get my man on so we can make a proper baby together, don't you think?"

Mallory didn't want to think, but her compulsions and her body were both lusting for that outcome. She found herself giving over to Lana as the woman helped peel her out of her dress, and then unclasp her bra and remove her underwear. Lana similarly disrobed, the pair kissing and making out, fondling one another and moaning as they made their way to the bed. It was the most erotic sensation Mallory had ever experienced, and all that she had wanted: except she was a damn woman, not the man in control of Lana, and worse, Lana had summoned a freakin' *penis* that was hard against her belly.

"You're not g-going to put that inside me, are y-you?"

Lana responded by climbing atop her, parting her legs, and then sliding her member directly into Mallory's new passage. Mallory moaned, going rigid at the alien sensation of having a hard, throbbing cock thrusting into her, and yet the pleasure continued to rise and rise as she gave herself over to her new submissive state. This wasn't what she had been seeking, but God the bliss was so powerful, and she found herself crying out as Lana played

with her large tits, even sucking on them, extracting even further pleasure from the former male.

“Oh God, oh God!” she cried. “I think I’m going to - you have to stop or I’m going to - going to -!”

Lana thrust again, clearly enjoying her summoned phallus. “Going to cum? Go on, my dear wife. You’re mine now. My biggest fan. My biggest supporter. And soon to be big in other ways when I pump a load into you. Go on, cum for me. Cum like a *woman*.”

Mallory did. She curled her toes, going completely silent for a moment as the wave of pure ecstasy hit her, and then squealing, thrashing in pleasure as Lana exploded inside of her. She was filled with the witch’s seed, and it shot right towards her expectant womb.

Of course, it was about to get a whole lot more expectant.

Even as she luxuriated in the reluctant pleasure, Mallory suddenly felt a stirring in her core. She bit her lip, writhing as a new transformation came over her. Lane smirked, recognising the new woman’s fear. The pop star pulled back from Mallory, sliding out of her, the famous lady’s male genitals sliding magically into nothingness and leaving her a full biological woman again.

“Wh-what’s happening now!?” Mallory stammered. She managed to sit up at the edge of the bed, only for a sudden lurch in her stomach to come over her. She jumped to her feet as the skin grew taut, then backed against the dresser, struggling with the pressure on her lower organs.

“Like I said, if you’re going to be constantly trying to be part of my life, then I want you to be the woman / desire, willing to carry my children. Just like you are now. The first one, at least. I’m sure we can make a larger brood in the years to come.”

Mallory was about to ask what she meant, when suddenly her boobs grew even larger, filling with milk that dribbled from her nipples. She whined, overcome by the strange sensation, and again when her stomach grew taut and started to expand. She cupped it, trying to stop it from growing further, but still it surged forth, becoming round and heavy. Her hips widened yet again, and her nipples grew larger, and darker as well.

“Oh God! I’m b-becoming - you’re making me -”

“Pregnant,” Lana Kane said deliciously, her eyes savouring the sight of Mallory swelling up. The new woman gasped as a thud came from within her swollen womb, the first sign of a child kicking within her as her belly became big enough to hold a basketball. She stood there, entirely naked, cradling a large six-month pregnant belly, and only then did its growth stop. It was so heavy, it was so huge, and it was so full of life. And somehow, despite the horror of it all, she felt an immediate compulsion to take care of that life within, to be the perfect wife *and* mother to her own wife’s child. Lana’s baby, and all the babies yet to come.

“Oh fuck,” Mallory said, gulping. “I didn’t expect any of *this*.”

All of her stalking, all of her obsessive behaviour, and all of her entitlement she had projected onto Lana Kane, and it hadn't gone the way she expected at all.

"Don't worry, my darling," Lana said, striding forth and rubbing Mallory's large, swollen belly, which set off a flurry of kicks from within. "I'll make sure to help my babymama wife through the rest of her journey so we can both be mommies together. I'd do nothing less . . . for my biggest fan."

Mallory gulped again. Perhaps being Lana's self-proclaimed biggest fan and all the behaviour that such an obsession entailed hadn't been the best idea. But it was too late now. She was married to her now, and expecting her baby at that.

Perhaps there was a lesson there.

The End