

Mini-Story: Can Just Manage to See His Old Face . . .

By FoxFaceStories

I don't intend to stay long for the baby shower, just see an old friend and drop off my amusing little gift. The couple are expecting their first child in two months, and unfortunately, I missed their wedding five months ago. Yes, the math will tell you there was a rush to get hitched before she showed. From across the room, Sam's eyes meet mine, and her expression takes on a dark shock. Her perfectly manicured hands cradle her growing belly, easily seven months along, and her white dress hugs her figure to reveal some very womanly curves. Yet despite her gravid state and clear beauty, and the many well-wishers surrounding her at the venue booked for her baby shower, I can just manage to his old face there, hidden in the bone structure.

You see, Samantha used to be *Samuel*, and Samuel had been my boyfriend. He was smart, handsome, and had excellent prospects in his job at the bank. Safe to say I was head over heels for him, and that's no nothing when your girlfriend is secretly a wish. It's just too bad that he turned out to be a serial cheater who got one of his many mistresses pregnant, who then came running to tell me when he tried to deny the child was his. He tried to gaslight me, and for a time he succeeded, but the evidence of his philandering ways kept on piling up, and I could no longer play pretend. And so it was that I finally ended the relationship in the most dramatic way possible; by cursing him with my magic, twisting his body before him into a beautiful woman – the kind he loved to cheat on me with. Of course, I was still incandescent with rage, so I added some nasty conditions to my curse. I gave his body a need to get pregnant, thus sealing his transformation forever, and trapping him as a woman and mother-to-be for life. I advised my now ex-boyfriend to work fast to find a dependable man willing to marry and stick by him, or else *Samantha* would have to get used to being a single mother. I sent him off with a new identity as Samantha with the threat that if she ever approached me again, I'd turn him into a *mouse* instead.

She fled pretty quickly in a panic after that. Of course, Samuel may have turned out to be a pig, but he was always smart. I wasn't surprised he decided to try for the financial safety of having a man by her side, but I was deeply impressed to find out she succeeded, and even got him to tie the knot with her. How does Sam cope, I wonder, going from penetrator to the penetrated? How does it feel for him when he gets down on all fours and receives a big cock thrusting into his wet snatch? To have another man lick and suck his big nipples and play with his very feminine breasts? Of course, Trevor seems like a lovely man; very handsome and pretty successful. But knowing that Sam had to endure having a big strong loving man make her moan as he came

inside of her, and then the indignation of growing that man's child, getting heavier each day, just fills me with a dark joy. Especially with birth so near.

Of course, I'm not sticking around. Seeing Sammie's expression, her humiliation at not only her pregnant, female state, but at having had to embrace it, is more than enough for me. And what was the present I gave her? Just a bag of chocolates and a note that says *Enjoy the rest of your life Samantha. I know you'll be a much better mother than you ever were a boyfriend.* And judging from the way the shocked former male is being cradled lovingly around her bump by her husband, I'd hazard a guess my former boyfriend may have to be the centre of attention for the more than just one baby shower in the future.

The End