

Mini-Story: Dude, You Got Me Pregnant!

By FoxFaceStories

"I'm so sorry bro, I had no idea my wish would do this to you!"

"Are you kidding me Jake?" Sam said, "Dude, you got me pregnant! I'm a pregnant man!"

Sam gestured over his body, which was quite androgynous though still clearly leaning towards male . . . except for the pronounced pregnant belly that domed out the front of his shirt.

"I'm meant to be a dude, dammit!"

"I don't think you're going to be a man much longer Sam," his friend Jake said, looking him up and down. "Your voice literally just broke, and it's only getting higher. Plus, have you seen your face recently? When are you going to stop lying and admit that you can't grow facial hair anymore?"

Sam felt at his face in despair. He had noticed it was smoother lately, and his features a lot more soft in general; his eyelashes were looking positively feminine! Not to mention his more masculine jaw was starting to recede. He was about to say something when suddenly he groaned as the magical baby in his new womb – the one he'd only had for the last five months – kicked inside him.

"UUhhgh, that was a big one!" he said, rubbing his domed stomach. "Fine, I can't grow a beard anymore, and yeah, my hair is getting longer, but that doesn't mean I'm turning into a woman all the way!"

Jake raised an eyebrow. He'd already heard Sam complain from the toilet that his penis was becoming smaller. He'd also seen him struggle to fit his jeans over his expanding hips - a set of hips that were increasingly of the 'babymaking variety', at least if they kept up their expansion. His friend really was in denial.

"Dude, I can see even from here that you're growing boobs. Sure, they're small for now, but what happens when they get bigger? I think the more along your pregnancy you get, the faster the changes are coming."

Sam groaned, not from his baby this time, but from Jake's words. He knew they were the truth, and it made it all the worse that he had no idea how to stop his transformation. He'd noticed just two days ago that his nipples were weirdly distended and sensitive, and the areola around them getting larger. And there was this pressure behind his pecs lately . . .

"This is all your fault Jake!" he snapped. "If only you hadn't wished on that wishing stone that you could start a family with someone, I wouldn't be turning into the mother of your fucking child!"

That was the part they didn't speak about much; both of them knew the baby growing inside the increasingly feminine-looking Sam belonged to Jake. They hadn't actually had sex of course, but the wish was to 'start a family with someone,' and the next few times Jake had masturbated privately he had orgasmed, and yet nothing had come out of his penis despite him feeling as if it were the case. At the same time, Sam had felt something strange inside him, something warm. Not longer after was when Sam started getting nauseous and throwing up in the morning, and then not long after his belly began to round out slowly.

"Look, I don't know how many times I can say sorry," Jake said. "If I could bring back that wishing stone I would, but it's gone. Maybe . . . maybe it's time to face facts and accept at the very least that you're becoming a woman, and that we'll have to raise this child together."

Sam slumped, cradling his – soon to be *her* – big baby bump. He grunted at another little kick against his stomach, one that was visible to Jake. Despite himself, he couldn't help but feel a deep affection for the baby that he now reluctantly carried. Jake's baby.

"Goddamnit, you're right," he said. "This baby is going to come out of me one way or another - and I don't want to even think about the implications of that yet. But if we're going to have to be a family, you're damn well going to have to treat this 'lady' to a good ankle massage. These things are killing me!"

Jake smiled at his friend's humour, only to realise he was serious as he flopped back in the sofa chair and put his feet up on the stool.

"Go on then, 'babydaddy.'"

"God, it feels so wrong for you to call me that."

Sam gave a sarcastic chuckle. "Well maybe next time don't get your best friend magically knocked up with your baby."

"Sound advice. Fine, one ankle massage coming up."

It would take a long time for Sam to accept his new position in life, and by the time he gave birth he had become quite the beautiful and voluptuous woman, much to *her* embarrassment. And as strange as it was to be on his - her - back, legs spread wide and pushing in ragged breaths to bring her child into the world, Sam did indeed fall in love with little Dylan the moment he was laid on her chest to feed.

The two best friends raised their son together, but it would be a number of months before either of them was willing to admit they now had feelings for one another, particularly since the transformation left Sam not only very beautiful but also deeply attracted to men. Which, of

course, would ultimately lead to Sam and Jake accidentally making baby number two the old-fashioned way.

The End