

Everjoy (MtF, FtF, RC, AR, Preg)

Synopsis: The horrible owners of a shelter for pregnant teens end up getting a taste of what it feels like to be young and pregnant. In the end, karma bites them in the ass for abusing the system.

"Alright, here you go. Welcome to Everjoy Homes."

Katie dropped her bag at the door as she walked in, her gaze wandering around the glorified trailer. It was a dump. She could almost hear the mosquitos buzzing outside in the damp swamp only a few yards from the house, and the humid wind seemed to blow right through the paper-thin walls. The AC unit thumped outside, clearly not working as intended.

The teen groaned as she put her hands on her belly, rubbing the swollen dome. She felt her unborn daughter squirm inside, kicking her bladder, almost as if she, too, sensed what a dump her mother was in. None of this was what she imagined when she heard the name Everjoy Maternity Home and Youth Hostel. Then again, it was better than sleeping on the street, and it wasn't like she had a boyfriend or parents she could rely on. Katie adjusted her shirt over her belly, brushed her brown hair from her face, and shifted her weight on her worn sneakers as she looked around her new home.

James walked into the trailer and showed her around, smiling as he did. There was little to see. It had the bare minimum to be called a house, and everything looked like it had seen better days. Katie tried to stay positive, but it wasn't easy. She pulled up the brochure she got from the woman who picked her up on the side of the road and drove her here, sighing as the picture on the front looked nothing like this.

Katie was surprised when she saw two beds in the tiny mobile home, one that someone had slept in recently, and the teen twitched when she heard someone walk through the door behind her. She turned and saw a girl her age, heavily pierced and with a belly twice her size. The shirt didn't even cover the top half of her heavy stomach, and she didn't seem to care if anyone saw her bloated, stretch-mark-covered gut. James smiled when he saw the girl.

"Ah, and this is Samantha. You'll be sharing the house," he said with an almost unnatural chipper.

"Oh, uh, nice to meet you," Katie said, reaching out to shake her hand.

"Hmph," Sam didn't even remove her headphones as she walked in, her tired gaze staring into Katie's eyes. She waddled by Katie, ignoring her outreached hand.

"Well, I should let you two get acquainted. Don't be afraid to tell us if there's anything you need, day or night," James said, giving her a reassuring smile. Yet, it felt forced. Everything about him felt fake, and his dead eyes gave her the creeps.

"Yeah, okay..." Katie said, shivering as he gave her a pat on her back and left. She felt relieved when he was gone.

Sam stared from her comfortable spot on the bed at Katie as the new girl entered their shared room, the springs creaking as the new girl sat down. She pulled off her headphones and stared at Katie, slowly chewing her bubblegum. Sam blew a bubble, and Katie twitched when it popped, causing her to chuckle.

"So, how did you end up here in this backwater shithole?" Sam said, pausing the music blasting from her headphones.

"The same way you did, I would assume," Katie groaned as she lay down on the bed, gesturing at her belly.

"Yeah, real funny. I mean, how did you end up here, of all places? You're not from around here, are you?"

"Nope," Katie said, not hiding her dialect. "Georgia, from a tiny place outside of Atlanta. You've probably never heard of it. I honestly don't want to talk about it."

"Fair enough," Sam chuckled, her fingers tracing along one of the more noticeable stretch marks on her belly. "No one ends up in a dump like this if they had somewhere else to go."

"This place isn't that bad, right? Katie said, trying to cling to the hope that she was wrong with her first impression of her new home.

Sam laughed. "Oh, it's much worse than you might think."

Katie's heart sank. "Just my luck..."

"Yeah, Everjoy's run by the cheapest shit stains in Florida, and that's saying something. It's a miracle we even got an AC unit here, as shitty as it is."

"James seems nice, though," Katie said, lying to herself.

"He's a fucking pig. I would stay away from him if I were you," Sam said, shaking her head and looking disgusted. "At least he's better than his wife. She's the biggest bitch I've ever met. She keeps spouting out 'Jesus this' and 'Jesus that' and talking about salvation, but it's all lies. Cheapskates, both of them."

"Why do they even run a place like this then?"

"Because it's easy money. James and Cheryl pocket the cash they get from the state for 'taking care' of girls like us without spending a dime more than they need. He's even friends with the state inspector, so they can do whatever they want."

"If this place sucks as much as you say, then why are you here?"

"Beggars can't be choosers," Sam said, not sounding sad or angry. Just tired.

"I guess that's true..." Katie sighed. "I shouldn't have believed her..."

"Believed who?"

"The woman that I hitchhiked with," Katie said, staring up at the ceiling at the water stain above her bed. "She said she'd take me to a place where I'd be cared for."

"Well, that was fucking lie," Sam chuckled.

"She also gave me this..." Katie said, pulling out something from her pocket. "She said it'd improve things for me and everyone at Everjoy. No idea how, though."

Sam glanced at the coin in her hands. It was shiny and silver, gleaming in the faint light of the flickering lamp in the ceiling. It was smooth, with no marks or etchings on it. Katie ran her fingers over the surface, feeling the cold metal against her skin.

"Looks valuable."

"Yeah, that's why I took it. Figured I might sell it for some extra cash," Katie said, her eyes widening slightly. "Huh..."

"What is it?"

"I don't know, but..." Katie turned the coin in her hands, examining it closely. "It almost looks like it's glowing..."

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"So, how's the bitch and her new friend doing?"

The half-burnt cigarette barely clung to her lips as she talked, with puffs of smoke leaving her mouth with every raspy word she said. Cheryl glanced through the window from their house at one of the many trailers on their lot, which still had its lights on. She inhaled. The smoke burned in her lungs before she let it out from her fat mouth, tasting the nicotine on her lips.

"Doing fine. Honestly, who fucking cares?" James said as he walked into the room, shuffling his heavy frame.

"Fair point," Cheryl said with a raspy chuckle as the cigarette dangled precariously from her lips. "Harper called again today."

"Yeah? What did the self-proclaimed saint want this time?" James said as he walked into the kitchen.

"What do you think?" Cheryl heard the beer opening and a satisfied 'ah' a few moments later. James soon came back, shaking his head.

"God, that bitch is annoying," James said as he took a seat beside her on the couch. "Let me guess; she made another offer?"

"Yeah," Cheryl said, handing James a piece of paper. He chuckled when he read it. "Almost doubled it from last time."

"Hah! The bitch has to think we're stupid. It isn't even what we earn in a year for taking care of the pregnant sluts," James took another sloppy sip, with some beer dripping down his chin. "Shit, what's her deal anyway? She already has a house full of orphans. Isn't that enough?"

"She's just buying into the Jesus crap a bit more literally than most of us," Cheryl said, pressing the cigarette butt into the ashtray resting on her chubby belly.

"Well, we ain't selling, and you can tell her that if she calls again."

"Sure," Cheryl said as she put the ashtray on the table and grabbed a few envelopes near it. "Oh, and the checks came today."

"Bout time," James said, rubbing his grubby hands with a grin. His eyes lit up when he saw the envelope, feeling the weight of Uncle Sam's kindness within.

The two sat on the couch, drinking and smoking as they counted the money. Cheryl and James bickered far less than usual, but the monthly check always put the two in a good mood. However, what love they might have felt in their teens wasn't there anymore, having soured like old milk over the decades. What made them stay together was Everjoy and the money they got from it. After all, James needed Cheryl to run the place, and she needed his contacts with the state inspector so they wouldn't shut it down.

The two were a pair, though. James was tall and skinny, with callous hands and a noticeable beer gut that only grew each year. He ran a hand across his five-o'clock shadow, and his blue eyes wandered over the paperwork they needed to do to keep the checks coming. His short brown hair was stained with a few grays near his temples, showing his age. James scratched his head, feeling how thin his hair was at the top, and he groaned as he knew he was slowly growing bald. He looked older than he was, easily mistaken for someone in his late fifties than someone in their early forties. The stained shirt stretched over his belly but hung loose over his chest. James finished his beer and pulled out a cigarette, with gentle puffs of smoke soon leaving his lips as he counted the money.

Cheryl, on the other hand, was a blob. Over the years, she had only swelled in size thanks to her insatiable appetite for greasy food and wine. Cheryl always blamed her bad knee for her weight, though. I can't exercise with it, she'd huff, and then she'd stick another handful of fries into her fat mouth. She complained that it always hurts, yet she could run to the mailbox without flinching when the mailman dropped off their monthly checks. Cheryl was all curves and not in a flattering way. Sagging breasts, colossal belly, flabby butt, meaty limbs - the years hadn't been kind to her as she continued to grow. Blonde hair, dyed from its original brown to hide the few grays she had, and surprisingly pampered considering the rest of her. Cheryl loved the salon, always ensuring that her hair and nails looked immaculate despite the rest of her. The sweatpants hugged her backside, leaving little to the imagination, and her top barely hid her sagging gut.

"So, is everything there?" Cheryl said in her raspy voice, puffing on the third smoke of the night.

"Fuck, just shut up," James glared at her as he lost count of where he was. Math wasn't exactly his strong suit. "I can't count when you're yammering all the damn time..."

"Fine, I'll fuck off then," Cheryl said as she grabbed the cane near the couch, pulling herself up. She groaned, her body aching as she got up on her legs. "I'll order us some burgers and fries."

"Again? Do you really need another burger?" James said, tensions rising in the room. "I guess your ass can't get any bigger, though."

"Fuck you," Cheryl hissed, looking almost ready to whack him across his face with her cane.

James chuckled as she began to limp away from the couch, but she barely took more than a few steps before she felt her knee crack. She gasped as she fell, her entire flabby figure bouncing on the floor as she landed hard on her belly. James didn't seem too bothered by his wife falling over. Instead, he just chuckled, shaking his head.

"You clumsy cow," he said, rubbing his forehead. "You okay?"

"I don't..." Cheryl's heart raced, and sweat poured from her brow as she pushed herself up on her hands and knees. "I'm..."

"Speak up, woman. You know I can't fucking hear your mumbling with my busted ear."

"I feel weird..." Cheryl said and groaned, her knee once again popping. Suddenly, it didn't hurt, and it somehow scared her. She felt her skin crawl, almost as if something bubbled beneath it. "I can't..."

"For the love of god, woman," James said, putting away the cash and getting up with a groan. "Can't you do anything yourself nowadays?"

James walked over to his wife, and he could tell something was wrong. She was staring at the floor, sweat dripping from her face, and taking deep and long breaths. He leaned down to help her, and their eyes met, letting him see the confusion and fear in her gaze. James's heart sank when he saw her blue eyes shimmer and shake, watching as the pale color darkened, little by little, until they were a deep and vibrant brown. He stumbled back in fear and panic, falling on his ass.

"What the hell is happening to you, woman?!" James said, staring at his wife as she stared at him with pleading eyes.

"I don't- Ah!" Cheryl gasped and groaned as she felt her back pop. "I feel weird..."

"Shit," James said, shaking his head as he watched a streak of black appear through her blonde locks. "I must be hallucinating or something..."

Then, James felt his heart skipping a beat as if on cue. He felt his skin crawl, and a tingling sensation passed up his spine, with dread filling his chest. Every inch of his body screamed at him that something was wrong, causing his fight-or-flight instincts to trigger. Instead of staying to help his wife, he got up and ran like the coward he was.

However, he only made it a few steps before his bones cracked, causing him to stumble and fall. James landed on his side, groaning as his body burned from the strange sensations.

"F-Fuck!" James said, gasping for air as he tried to push himself up. It felt like his chest tried to strangle his lungs, with his ribs pushing against his organs. There was no pain, only sheer discomfort. "Fuck!"

Cheryl still stood on her hands and knees, barely noticing her husband trying to ditch her. Instead, she stared at her hands as sweat dripped from her brow. She felt her skin crawl, her scalp itch, and her bones ache as something unnatural coursed through her veins. It almost felt like her blood boiled, bubbling from the strange energies changing her body. She stared at her chubby hands as her pampered nails shrank, becoming shorter and shorter. The gaudy nail polish vanished, leaving them their natural hue.

"What..." Cheryl said as she felt the bones in her finger pop, and she watched as her fat hands and sausage-like fingers shrank, becoming slimmer.

The itch in her scalp suddenly worsened, and she saw her hair shrink. Cheryl gasped as she grabbed the dyed blonde hair when the strands pulled towards her head, getting shorter and darker every second. She felt the long, pampered locks pulling away from her hands and slipping from her fingers, causing her to panic. Her hair didn't stop shrinking until it was pixie-cut and short, barely more than a few inches long. The dye disappeared, revealing the now black strands underneath.

"Oh god..." she said, her fat frame shaking and jiggling with fear as she glanced over at James. She hoped he could help her but quickly saw he was in the same position as her.

James squirmed and groaned on the floor as his body popped and snapped, the man going through a far more intense transformation than his wife. He was over six feet tall when it began, but he was rapidly losing height as the bones in his body shrank. James gasped for air as his ribcage pulled inward, causing his broad chest to shrink to a far more dainty and petite size. Every inch of his body was shrinking, including his belly. The fat beer gut slowly pulled in, but the fat didn't disappear. Instead, it crawled through his body, slowly settling in new, unwanted places. He felt his ass getting softer, slowly gaining in size and stretching his pants, and he gasped as his chest began to feel puffy. James's hips popped, putting more pressure on his jeans, leaving him a squirming and groaning mess on the floor as he struggled to pull them off.

Unlike James's wife, his hair was going in the opposite direction. The short locks on his balding head thickened, and he could feel new strands growing out. He ran a hand through his hair, feeling how dense and thick his hair was becoming. James couldn't see it, but he felt his hair change, becoming darker, thicker, and longer with every moment. It wasn't growing down much, though, and stopped when it barely reached his

shoulders. Instead, it began to grow outward and upward. It was becoming a mess mane of dense curls, fluffy and full of volume as it took on a darker color.

"What the fuck..." James said, running his sweaty hand through his afro-like hair, feeling it gaining a volume it had never had before.

James then felt the bones in his hand pop, and he stared at them, watching as they shrank. The callous limbs grew softer and daintier, with his fingers growing slender and his nails getting longer, matching the type of claws his wife always had. Even worse, he watched as his dry skin softened and got smoother, with the hair on his knuckles and arms disappearing. Then, his heart sank when James saw his pale skin darken, with new pigments appearing in splotchy and spotty clusters before spreading like wildfire. He watched his skin soften as it shifted to a more vibrant, browner hue, slowly erasing his Caucasian heritage.

Panic gripped his heart as he pushed himself up, feeling the strength fading from his shrinking limbs and body. Bones popped, sinew shifted, muscles shrank - James felt his body change into something hopelessly girly, unable to fight back.

"N-No, t-this..." James said, feeling new hormones rushing through his body as his manhood dwindled. He felt the tears well up in his eyes. "Fuck!"

"Ah!" a voice near him said, sounding far too soft and young to be his wife's. Yet, he glanced at her and saw that she wasn't even half the woman she used to be. Quite literally so.

Cheryl's body had shrunk far more than his, not in height but in width and weight. Her massive flabby ass got smaller and tighter, perkier even, and her clothes hung over her slimmer body. James also saw her skin shift, with the pasty white hue taking on a darker, sun-kissed look. It wasn't as dark as his, looking more tanned than anything, and it spread over her as quickly as his. Her face shifted, with it getting younger and cuter. The husky tone disappeared, her lungs no longer ravaged by years of chain-smoking. The same happened to him, but his voice changed far more, with his masculine edge vanishing. James gasped, and his heart sank when he sounded like a girl.

Their eyes met as they continued to change. They stared into each other's dark eyes, watching their faces shift and change. Bones popped in James's jaw as it shrank, making him wince. Cheryl's bulbous nose popped as it shrank, making her see stars. His cheekbones rose, and his skin bubbled as his unshaven chin became as soft as the rest of him. Cheryl shuddered when she felt something pierce her tongue, causing her to put her finger into her mouth to feel the stud going through her tongue.

"T-This can't be real..." Cheryl said, her voice sounding so soft, so young.

"What did you do to us, woman?!" James didn't sound nearly as intimidating anymore. His voice was as girly and young as hers but with a slightly huskier tone.

"I-I didn't do shit to us, James!" she said, pushing herself up on her knees as her sagging belly pulled into her body, revealing her tight and toned midriff. "I-I bet it's something you did!"

"The hell it is!" James said, slowly crawling over to his wife, his hips rolling and popping as they widened, becoming increasingly more feminine. Even his bony ass swelled, swallowing his underwear. "Y-You did something... Did you drug us?"

"I didn't do- Ah!" Cheryl gasped as her sagging tits ached as they shrank, becoming smaller and perkier than ever.

"I-I can't..." James felt his vision fading, his mind aching from the ordeal. He was at his limit, and he knew it. "I won't..."

"Oh god!" Cheryl's shout echoed through the house before she toppled over. She passed out on the floor, her body still popping and cracking as she continued to change.

"I'm not..." James said, feeling himself falling to his side. "I'm..."

The last thing he felt before he passed out was the futile twitching between his legs, where his manhood tried in vain to fight against the changes. It sputtered out what little remained of his masculinity, slowly leaving room for something far more fertile. James closed his eyes and listened to his pounding heart inside his chest, letting the darkness take him.

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"Ugh..."

James groaned and winced, feeling the sunlight piercing through the curtains and into his face. He pulled up the blanket over his face, sighing beneath it. James felt odd, his

mind buzzing from last night's dream. It felt so real, so vivid. It haunted him, and he almost felt his skin buzzing when he thought back at it, the surreal sensation of his body twisting and changing against his will. James had no idea what caused it, but somehow, it felt like it was Cheryl's fault. Maybe it was something they ate? Or were the dreams caused by a beer or three too many last night? Either way, it didn't matter. James felt glad he was awake, away from the nightmare of becoming something his bigoted mind couldn't handle.

Yet, as James lay there, he began to notice something odd. The blanket felt so soft against his skin, causing it to tingle as it rubbed against his surprisingly smooth and tender hide. He felt something tickle his cheek and brushed it away, noticing the weird curly locks. Was it Cheryl's? No, it couldn't be. Then, what was it? James's heart beat faster as he pulled from his half-awake stupor, feeling his senses awakening and telling him something was wrong. He was still wearing his clothes from yesterday, but they felt odd. James's jeans felt tighter than usual and shorter as well. Even his shirt didn't feel like it reached below his waist, and something was hugging his chest. Even his underwear felt like they rode far up between his ass cheeks.

"What..." James said, muttering under his breath. The words that left his oddly soft lips sounded so strange, girly, and foreign. He didn't sound like himself. Was he still dreaming?

Then, as James ran a hand across his chest and legs, he felt how soft everything was. The curves on his body hadn't been there before, and his belly was smaller than before, with his beer belly seemingly gone. Again, James thought he was still dreaming as he lay there, thinking it was merely residual thoughts from the nightmare. But, as his hands moved down to rub his usual morning wood, his oddly slender fingers sliding into his jeans, he felt something was missing. Then, as his long-nailed finger pressed against the puffy, wet folds of his womanhood, causing him to curl his toes from the sensation, he finally woke up.

"W-What?!" James's eyes snapped open as he pulled aside the blanket, staring in awe and horror at the dark, feminine curves hidden beneath it.

It took several moments for his confused mind to realize the body belonged to him. James stared at his cute toes painted the same red color as his long nails, and he ran a hand across his soft belly, flat crotch, and swollen chest in utter disbelief. He looked down at the sizable cleavage his v-neck shirt did barely anything to hide, and he felt the bra underneath, giving support to the hefty mounds on his chest. The shirt stopped midriff, revealing his gently padded but nowhere near fat tummy, letting him feel the faint amount of padding there. James could feel tiny rolls of fat forming around his gut when he sat up, his manicured hands on his fat tits. His jeans were now a pair of denim shorts, hugging his feminine hips and girly ass in ways he didn't want, and he felt what he could only assume was a thong riding far up his ass.

James felt his heart race. He ran a hand across his face, feeling how soft and girly everything was, and he tugged at his frizzy black curls, making him aware of the size and volume of his afro. James couldn't take his eyes off his tits, finding them impossibly huge from his perspective.

"T-This- No, I'm not..." James said, hearing how young and girly he sounded. He didn't sound like a child, but it certainly wasn't the voice of a mature woman. "No..."

Suddenly, as James tenderly poked and prodded at his feminine curves and curled his toes from the sensations it gave him, he realized he wasn't alone in the room. Standing near a mirror, he saw a girl, and she looked about as old as the slut he showed the trailer to earlier. Her hair was pixie-cut and short, as dark as his, but her skin wasn't as dark. The Hispanic girl stared with disbelief into the mirror, letting her short-nailed hands cup her tiny bosom and rub her tight waist. The midriff tank top made her show off quite a bit of her tanned, smooth skin. She looked athletic and fit, with lean limbs and soft abs. The only part of her that looked padded was her ass, and it certainly stood out on her otherwise slim figure, even with the sweater tied around her waist and hanging over it.

It took a few moments, but the girl noticed James staring. She turned and looked back at him, their dark eyes meeting. He saw the shock and disbelief in her gaze and remembered them. The dream from last night, the eyes his wife had as she changed. They were the same. Cheryl recognized the black teen on the bed, and her thin lips quivered as she stared at her former husband.

"J-James?!" Cheryl said with a hint of an accent, her voice so different from her previously raspy and husky tone.

"Cheryl?!" James said, getting up from bed and feeling his borderline-chubby body shaking and jiggling in ways he hadn't felt before. "Holy shit... Holy shit!"

It didn't take long before he stood beside her in front of the mirror, the two staring at the black and Hispanic teens in the reflection. James stared at his face, not recognizing the girl with the pouty lips and dark eyes looking back at him. He brushed his frizzy curls from his face, soon noticing the stud in his nose, ears, and eyebrows. Cheryl looked equally confused at the sight of her new body, feeling her large hoop earrings dangling against her cheek as she shook her head. She felt the stud in her tongue as she talked, making her shudder.

Yet, the more they stared at each other, the more they realized how exaggerated their initial thought of their new bodies. James was quite busty for a girl her age, but her tits weren't huge. She was curvy, sure, but only about as much as a slightly chubby teen her age would be. As for Cheryl, her ass did stand out and put James's butt to shame, but it wasn't as massive as she first thought. They were both cute and undeniably

pretty, but even James had to admit that neither looked as slutty or as whorish as he first thought.

Slowly but surely, they realized this wasn't some strange shared dream but reality, and it sent chills down their spines. James shook his head, feeling his voluminous mass of curls bounce as he did.

"T-This isn't... I mean, how did this..." Cheryl said, running a finger across her thin face.

"What the hell did you do to us?" James said, turning his gaze from the mirror over to Cheryl. His eyes burned with anger.

"I didn't do anything! Why the fuck do you think I'd have anything to do with this?!" Cheryl said, snapping back at her husband.

"Well, it ain't like this happened by itself!" James said, rolling his eyes and giving his wife a shove. He didn't realize he bent his fingers away, almost as if he tried not to damage his nails. "Shit like this ain't fuckin' normal!"

"Well, it sure ain't my fault, so don't go blaming this on me like you always do, *puta*," Cheryl said, her voice and vocabulary shifting slightly the more she lost her cool.

"Well, there ain't anyone else here to blame, 'ho! 'Cause I sure as hell ain't interested bein' a black bitch! Besides, ah' ain't always blamin' you fo' shit!"

"*iOh, deja de mentir, perra!* You always be blamin' me everythin'! Remember when the fridge broke down? Who did you blame for that, *puta*?"

"Dat ain't the same! Yo' fat ass kept bumpin' into it all damn time! Ain't surprisin' it gone and went when it did!"

Suddenly, their argument ended when they heard a knock on the door to their shared room. The two blinked and glanced at it, feeling their hearts racing.

"Hey. Are you two okay in there?" a woman said on the other end. The voice was familiar, but neither could place it.

"Oh, uh, we're fine!" James said, his head pounding. "We're just talking a little..."

"Y-Yeah, don't worry about us!" Cheryl said, trying to sound convincing. For some reason, neither wanted to upset the woman on the other side, and they didn't understand why.

"Alright. Try to behave. It isn't good for your bodies to get so agitated," the woman said through the door, her matronly and calming tone tingling their bodies. "Anyway, breakfast is ready downstairs. Come down whenever you feel like it."

"Sure..." Cheryl said, her hand moving over her belly.

"Was that Harper?" James said, finally realizing who it was. His hand moved over his soft belly, long-nailed fingers caressing his delicate skin. "Shit, that was Harper! Why are we at that bitch's place?"

"I dunno," Cheryl said, ignoring the tingling sensation in her belly.

"Come on, we need to figure this out. I bet that bitch is behind this."

Neither noticed nor thought about the strange tingling sweeping over their abdomens as they left the room, causing their loins to stir and their hearts to race. A peculiar sensation cascaded through their bodies as heightened levels of estrogen and hormones, triggered by what was happening in their wombs, pumped through their veins. Cheryl didn't notice her belly curving out slightly, with her feminine abs flattening as her trim and tight waist grew somewhat. She only really felt the warm glow washing over her abdomen, like a warm blanket wrapping around her and soothing her weary and panicked mind.

The same happened to James, but there was barely any noticeable difference on his slightly padded stomach. Instead, it grew taut and firm, becoming less soft as it curved out less from fat and more from the unborn life stirring within his body. He ran his fingers over his belly, gently rubbing it and not noticing how it calmed him down. It sent tingles through his brain, causing neurons to rewire and shift from the ongoing pregnancy.

The two walked out of the room and into the hallway, soon recognizing the house they were in. Both had been here once before, but it was unmistakable. It was the massive mansion where Harper had her orphanage, the old house where her wealthy parents lived before they passed away. Harper had taken her money and reinvented her childhood home, making it a place where children without parents could live and grow. James frowned, disgusted to be inside the holier-than-thou woman's mansion.

"Yeah, this is Harper's house," he said, his dark gaze wandering over the paintings on the walls. "I bet that bitch is behind this. I can feel it."

Suddenly, a few kids ran by, laughing and giggling as they played. James recoiled back and watched them disappear down the hallway and stairs before he realized what had happened.

"Fucking kids! Watch where you're goin'! Ugh, dis ain't fuckin' funny, an' ah ain't got time for some snot-nosed brats gettin' in da way," James said, his vocabulary changing the angrier he got. Yet, he couldn't help but feel a little guilty after his outburst.

"Hey, calm down! Forget about them," Cheryl said. "Come on, let's go downstairs. I bet we'll find Harper there."

"Alright, sounds good..." James said, rubbing his head as it thumped and pounded. He couldn't help but stroke his belly again, feeling a reassuring tingle passing down his spine and calming him down.

The two walked downstairs, both feeling awkward in their new bodies. James struggled with everything. The way his boobs bounced with every step, the long hair caressing his cheeks and shoulders, how every part of his body felt so hopelessly soft and feminine - it sickened him. Yet, little by little, it began to feel more familiar, and he found it a little less weird. Cheryl had an easier time with all of this, but even she struggled with her athletic and slim body. She missed her long hair and nails, often glancing down at her scuffed fingers and running her hand through her short hair.

When they came downstairs, they realized more kids were there than they thought. It had to be at least twenty of them, all between seven and seventeen, and all moving into the main dining hall to get breakfast. They saw staff walking by and caring for the kids, but there was no sign of Harper.

Cheryl glanced around the hallway and saw a sign she had seen before. It was the name of Harper's orphanage, but something was off.

"Wait..." she said, approaching it. "Harper's House Orphanage and Maternity Housing? I thought she only had an orphanage."

"That's not right," James said, still groggy from getting upset earlier. "We're the only maternity housing in the area."

"That bitch! I bet that's why she wanted to buy us out!" Cheryl said, stomping her foot against the ground. "*iEsa perra!* It shouldn't be possible!"

Cheryl could feel her blood boiling, with her headache getting worse the more she lost control.

"Nah, this ain't right! You said the *puta* wouldn't get a license from your friend! *iMe prometiste que no conseguiría uno!*" she said, turning to face James and giving him a gentle shove.

"Get your hands off me, woman! I don't know nothin' about this," James said, his temper rising again. "Ma' friend ain't handin' her anthin' without me sayin' it, so don't go blamin' dis on me! Besides, ah' ain't understandin' shit when ya throwin' around all dat Mexican crap!"

Suddenly, they blinked, their heads pounding. Something was wrong, and they could feel it, and it was the weird remark about 'Mexican crap' that made them pause. They rubbed their heads and blinked, feeling dizzy and groggy as they cooled down.

"Fuck, I feel *extraña*, oh, uh, weird, I mean," Cheryl said, not putting any extra thought into why the Spanish words slipped into her speech, even though she shouldn't know a single one.

"Yeah, this ain't right," James said, rubbing his eyes.

"Girls, are you okay?"

The two snapped out of their daze and stared at the woman near them, eyes wide when they saw who it was. The tall, pale-skinned woman with brown hair pulled into a tight bun on her head was someone they knew, and her caring eyes made their hearts skip a beat. Harper gave each girl a long look, her thin lips curled into a faint yet gentle smile.

"What did I tell you about getting upset? I know you feel overwhelmed and stressed, but you must relax, okay?" Harper said, her voice like honey. "It isn't good for your bodies."

Again, a gentle tingle passed through their abdomens. Little by little, their bellies grew, curving out gently from their bodies as the pregnancy progressed. Cheryl's abs were now gone, replaced by a faint yet noticeable bump that made it look like she had eaten way too much or had something growing inside her womb. James' soft belly grew taut and tighter, becoming a firm dome that was as noticeable as his wife's. It pushed out, with his belly button becoming less deep. They both had their hands on their bellies without thinking about it, gently rubbing the swollen domes and curling their toes from the unborn life swelling inside them.

However, James's temper flared once more despite the calming effects of their pregnancy and Harper's warm gaze. He found it hard to snap at the woman, though, even if he suspected her being behind whatever weird shit they were going through.

"Y-You!" James said, leaning into his anger. "You're the one that did this to us, ain't ya? I know it is, ah' can feel it! Da fuck ya do to us! Look ah' me, ah' ain't 'posed to be some black 'ho!"

"Jada, relax. Take a deep breath and calm down," Harper said, placing a hand on James's shoulder.

"Nah, dat..." James said, feeling his head pounding. He calmed down as the name wormed into his brain, burrowing deeper into his mind. "I guess... Sorry, ah' don't..."

"It's okay. I know it isn't easy for a girl your age to be pregnant. You're handling it so well, and I'm proud of you. Both of you," Harper said, placing a hand on Cheryl's shoulder as well. "Carla and Jada. You're doing it so well."

Again, the names bounced inside their heads, filling them with doubt and strange new emotions that bubbled inside their brains. The mere mention of their pregnancy made their bellies swell, growing slightly rounder and fuller. They were barely more than a few months along, but it was noticeable, with their bellies pushing further out from their bodies.

"I'm going to call Dr. Hannigan, okay? I think a session with the psychologist would be good. That way, you can talk about your feelings and emotions in a safe space," Harper said, glancing down at both.

"Okay, ah' guess that's good..." James said, rubbing his head.

"*Si*, that sounds nice..." Cheryl said, her brain marinating in a strange stew of hormones and new thoughts.

"Good!" Harper said, pulling her hands away and clapping softly. "Now, go and get something to eat. I'll call Dr. Hannigan immediately, so she should be here before lunch."

James and Cheryl nodded and rubbed their heads as Harper disappeared, the gentle tap of her heels echoing down the hall as she hurried off. The haze lingered in their heads as they stumbled into the main dining hall, where children were already sitting and eating. The two blinked and felt the fog lift as they enjoyed their simple breakfast, with Cheryl massaging her temples and James rubbing his eyes.

"F-Fuck, I can't fuckin' think straight," James said, leaning back and pushing his chest out without even noticing it.

"Yeah, it's fuckin' *loco*," Cheryl groaned and shook her head. "But someone's got to know something about this, right?"

"Oh, fo' sho. I mean, for sure," James said, tapping his nails against the table. "We just gotta figure out who or what did it."

Neither noticed the tiny little shifts happening inside their brains. James shifted his hips and grabbed the spoon to his porridge, not realizing how much he was adapting to his new fingernails. The way he cared for his nails, carefully and gently so as not to damage

them, permeated his every movement. It wasn't just his mannerisms that changed, but how he saw his body. The way his curly teased his skin, the size and shape of his lips, and the undeniable weight of his breasts on his chest - it all began to feel more and more familiar. James didn't even realize he pushed his chest a bit extra, almost as if he felt proud of them, wanting to flaunt his beautiful bosom.

The same thing happened to Cheryl, although hers were more focused on how she thought and spoke than how she got used to her younger, slimmer, and fitter body. When she ate, and as she lifted the spoon, she didn't think the word 'spoon' or 'porridge.' It was *cuchara*

and *papilla* in her mind, with new words sneaking in as her grasp of English dwindled slightly. The porridge tasted more uninspiring than usual, with her taste buds altering for a cuisine she had never enjoyed or cared for before. As she ate, new memories snuck in, overlapping her childhood ones. Even though she knew she was born and raised in the country, she couldn't help but feel her roots shifting and her parents coming from a country her former husband might have a rant or two about.

Yet, even though they kept touching their rounded, pregnant bellies, neither seemed to notice it. They didn't even flinch as the image of them fooling around in their new bodies appeared in their minds, slowly filling their head with girly emotions that James certainly had never felt before. Then, as they continued to eat and discuss what to do next, James saw someone in the distance.

"There! Look!" Cheryl turned to see who James pointed at. "It's them!"

"¿Qué? Who? I can't see who you're pointin' at."

"Ugh, there! Use your eyes, 'ho! It's them, the sluts from our place!"

Then, Cheryl saw them. Katie and Sam, the pregnant teens they took in, chatted with each other as they left the dining hall and headed out. James felt his heart race.

"They have to kno' what's goin' on," he said, standing up. "Hurry before they leave!"

"No sé... You sure about this?" Cheryl said. "I don't think they know what's goin' on with us. After all, everyone seems to think we've always been like this, and I don't wanna get in more trouble."

"Ugh, jus' move yo' fat booty, an' let's go," James said, losing his temper. "Ah' ain't stayin' like this 'cause you too chicken-shit to do anythin' about it."

"*iCuida tu boca, perra!* Besides, I bet this is all your fault anyway," Cheryl said, standing up and facing James.

"Ma' fault?! Bitch, yo ain't blamin' dis on me!"

"Well, it ain't my fault, and you always keep fuckin' shit up," she said, snapping her fingers.

"You talkin' shit, 'ho! Name one time ah' fucked thin's up!"

"*¿Dónde empiezo?* First, you nearly got our place shut down when you 'forgot' to pay taxes, and you nearly got arrested when you went out drinkin' with the, um," Cheryl said, snapping her fingers as she tried to remember the word in English. "Ah! The state inspector!"

"Bitch, please! It ain't nothin' compared to yo' shit!"

"Oh, I'm just gettin' started, *puta*. How about the time you stole my boyfriend, Ricardo? Or Trey, before him?"

Suddenly, a chill passed down James's spine. He felt odd, his brain buzzing as images of these teen boys and what he let them do to him flashed through his head. "What? No, dat ain't- Ah' mean..."

"Yeah, I even bet you were jealous of Ricardo knockin' me up that you let him do the same to you! It wouldn't surprise me if you're the reason he ran away, *puta*!"

Soon, even Cheryl realized what she was saying, and the two felt a strange tingling sensation passing through their spines. The mere mention of the boys filled their heads with new thoughts and urges, all based on their former views on pregnant teens. They rubbed their heads as their bellies pushed out again, growing fuller and rounder as their pregnancies progressed a few months within moments. When it was over, both were well beyond the halfway point, with stretch marks appearing over their rounded domes and belly buttons beginning to push out. Cheryl and James held their bellies in their hands, feeling the warmth from the unborn child inside, and a weird tingle of joy flashed through their heads.

Eventually, they managed to push away the fog a few moments later, but new thoughts and urges had already begun creeping into their brains. Cheryl turned to James, touching his shoulder.

"*Lo siento...* I mean, I'm sorry, I didn't mean..." she said, shaking her head.

"Nah, ain't nothin'. Ah' understand..." James said, increasingly confused as the image of being with Ricardo burned inside his head. "C-Come on, let's find Sam an' Katie..."

They both noticed how people stared at them as they left, both blushing and feeling ashamed of their argument in the dining hall. They walked close to each other, hands almost touching. Even though they bickered and fought, the love between them kept growing. Yet, it shifted. James didn't find Cheryl's bubble butt as enticing as before, no longer imagining it naked and how it would feel to squeeze. Instead, he felt more jealous than anything, even if he would never admit it. Cheryl felt the same way, and she kept glancing at James's chest, feeling envious that her former husband was more endowed than she was.

Eventually, they caught a glimpse of Katie and Sam as they headed outside, the girls sitting on a bench outside the mansion in the garden. The two girls looked up and smiled, waving at the two as they approached.

"Oh, hey, Jada and Carla!" Katie said with a wide smile on her face.

Unlike the shy and nervous girl James put in the shoddy trailer before they transformed, she looked vibrant and energetic. Even Sam, the sullen teen beside her, looked happier than either had seen her. The former husband and wife exchanged a glance before they approached, and they both felt their minds slowly getting clouded and hazy as they stared at the girls.

"Hey, look, we ain't got time to for small talk an' shit," James said, brushing a few curly locks from his face in an oh-so feminine manner. "We gotta know-"

"Wow, I love your hair!" Katie said, catching James off-guard. "You got it done at the salon yesterday, right?"

"Oh, uh, ah' mean, yeah, ah' guess so, but-"

"I'm still a little annoyed you didn't invite us along," Sam said.

"Um, no, it's just, um..." Cheryl said, finding it more difficult to think straight. "*No puedo pensar...*"

"I love your earrings, though," Sam said, touching the large hoop earrings. "Where did you get them?"

Suddenly, it felt like a tidal wave washing over James and Cheryl. They tried to swim against the current, hoping not to get swept away by the emotions and feelings, but it was useless. Before long, they found themselves pulling out into the ocean, slowly but surely drowning in a sea of feminine hormones and feminine thoughts. Before long, the question of how they ended up here or if the girls knew anything about how they transformed vanished. Instead, school and boys were on their lips, and their pregnancies and how they were all taking it. James felt the hardest, and what remained

of his masculine pride marinated and changed in the stew of estrogen and teen excitement as Katie showed him her new nails.

It wasn't until later, when Katie and Sam had to leave, that they realized what was happening, and it left both confused and a little scared. James and Cheryl realized how swept away they got with chatting with their new friends, their minds bubbling and aching from the ordeal. They stood there as Katie and Sam left, rubbing their heads and almost feeling how their old selves began to mix with the new emotions, thoughts, and urges from their bodies.

Not only that, but their bellies continued to swell during the conversation, growing rounder as their pregnancies progressed. More and more stretch marks appeared, with their skin getting taut and stretched as their unborn babies grew inside them. It was getting harder to walk with the heavier belly, their feet and joints aching from their accelerated pregnancy, and their hormones were all over the place. It only made a bigger mess in their heads as maternal instincts crept in, leaving even James feeling more like a mother-to-be than ever. Yet, even now, they didn't notice how much their bellies had grown.

Finally, as they were alone, they could catch their breaths and sort through their thoughts.

"Gawd, they didn't know shit about what's goin' on," James said, rubbing his temples. "We gotta... Fuck, can't think straight."

"No, this ain't good. *Mierda*, there's gotta- Oh..." Cheryl stopped mid-sentence when she felt something squirm inside her, with a tiny foot kicking against her side.

James continued to talk and try and figure out what to do next, but she didn't listen. Instead, she glanced down, beyond her small bust, and down at the rounded, protruding dome. Both somewhat knew they were pregnant, but they hadn't stopped and thought about it. Hell, they hadn't even noticed or cared about their bellies going, their minds preoccupied with trying to find a way back. But now, finally, Cheryl saw what was happening to her, which took her breath away. She ran her hands over her belly, feeling how taut and firm it was, and she bit her lip when she felt her child squirm around inside. Cheryl had been a woman before the change but had never been pregnant. Now, as she felt the joys of motherhood for the first time, it overwhelmed her.

"Hey, you listenin', 'ho?" The words snapped Cheryl out of her daze, and she looked up, tears forming in the corner of her eyes. "The hell you cryin' fo'?"

"Jada, we..." Cheryl said, unsure what to say. Then, she saw her friend's pregnant belly, as round and taut as hers, and it made her want to cry even more.

"No, it ain't Jada. It's James..." James said, rubbing his head. "Right? Ugh, fuck, this ain't fuckin' happenin'..."

However, as James rubbed his head, he didn't notice Cheryl approaching him. He shuddered and gasped when he felt something touching his belly, and he stared down to see her hand on his rounded gut. Suddenly, something clicked in his head, and he finally became aware of his pregnant belly.

"Oh gawd..." James said, wrapping his hands around it, feeling its size and weight. He felt something move inside him, and he fought to hold back his tears as his hormones raged inside him. "No, this ain't- Fuck, Carla. We gotta do somethin' before it-"

"Ah, there you are!" a familiar voice said, snapping the two out of their daze.

Cheryl and James stood in front of each other, bellies almost touching, and stared at Harper, who approached them. A tear rolled down James's cheek, and Cheryl wiped away a few from her cheeks, the two barely keeping their pregnancy-fueled hormone and emotions in check. Harper smiled as she approached the teen girls and touched their shoulders, sending strange tingling sensations down their spines.

"Ms. Harper..." James said, unsure what to even say. He could barely think, and all he could do was control his bladder when the baby inside him decided to put pressure on it.

"Dr. Hannigan is here," Harper said, gently guiding the two back to the house. "I think talking to her will do you some good."

Cheryl's heart raced, fearing that talking to her might make them slip even further. Even now, she was calling herself Carla in her head. "No, we ain't- *Mierda*, I mean, Jada and I don't-"

"Look, I know it's awkward and scary to talk about this, but it's important to sort through your feelings. Dr. Hannigan is a professional, and I know you'll feel better afterward."

"Nah, we ain't talkin' to her," James said, his heart racing as he barely kept holding onto his name. "Ah' don't need no psycho bitch to mess with ma' head! We gotta-"

"Language, young lady!" Harper said, causing them both to fall silent. "Come now. Don't be afraid. I know you two are confused and scared about the future, and talking about it will help you. And remember, I'm here for you."

Suddenly, something clicked inside their heads. The anger towards Harper shifted, becoming more like adoration and gratitude for the woman for taking them in. If she hadn't, they wouldn't know what they would do. But that wasn't right. They were upset

because they weren't supposed to be pregnant teen girls. Right? It was getting hazier the more they tried to fight it, and before long, they found themselves approaching the therapy room. The doctor waited for them inside, and Harper smiled as she gave them a gentle nudge to enter.

"Here we go," Harper said, smiling at their confused faces. "The doctor will take good care of you two~."

James and Cheryl saw the almost amused look on her face as she closed the door, trapping them inside the room with the psychologist. They turned to face the doctor, not realizing they were now holding their hands, dainty fingers wrapped together as they felt their minds slipping. The doctor smiled, putting them at ease, and they felt their worries and fears melting with each beat of their hearts.

"Now, please, take a seat. I'm sure we have a lot to talk about."

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"Ah' can't believe how fucked up dis is."

Jada sat on the bench in the garden beside her friend, leaning her head against her shoulder as they watched the sunset on the horizon. Her hand held Carla's tight with their fingers interlocked, and she couldn't help but feel safe and calm sitting near her. She had her other hand on her belly, idly rubbing her protruding belly button and feeling her unborn daughter squirming inside her. They felt tired, with the hours-long session with Dr. Hannigan taking a lot out of them. At least the rest of the day was calm, spending it at the house and taking it easy.

"Yeah, I know what you mean," Carla said, feeling Jada's curly locks against her cheek as she leaned against her head. "It's like, *no sé*... It's hard to understand."

"It aint fuckin' fair. Ah' mean, ah' don't wanna miss da rest of high school. Ah' wanna go to prom. Rick even promised me befo' ah' got knocked up."

"Yeah, and I was supposed to go with Aiden," Carla said with a wistful sigh.

"Ah'm blamin' yo fo' this. If yo hadn't dated dat scumbag Ricardo, then ain't none of us would've ended up like this."

"Don't you go blamin' this on me, *puta*," Carla said, tensions rising. "It's your fault you let him put his dick in you and then scared him off with all that daddy talk."

"Ain't ma' fuckin' fault, 'ho. Yo wanted him to go an' meet yo parents, so ah'm blamin' yo for scarin' him off!"

"¡Tienes que estar bromeando! Esto depende de ti, perra."

"Bitch, yo kno' ah ain't speakin' dat Mexican crap."

Yet, despite their raced voice and accusations, a sense of calm was in the air. They smiled as they sat there and bickered like friends, still holding hands. The arguing was more friendly than before, more teasing than spiteful. Jada squirmed and bit her lip when she felt a kick against her side, and Carla smiled as she noticed it. She placed a hand on Jada's belly, rubbing it gently as they watched the sun setting on the horizon.

"Well, at least we got each other, huh?"

"Yeah, dat's true," Jada said, pressing herself tighter against her friend, squeezing her hand.

Yet, as they sat and enjoyed the last moments of the day, they couldn't help but feel something was wrong. The lingering dream from last night, the strange notion that Jada was once a man and Cheryl had been an overweight white woman, bubbled in their minds. They didn't say anything to each other about it, fearing what the other might say. It was so silly. Right? They both blamed their pregnancy-addled brains for cooking something like that up. Yet it remained, causing the back of their minds to itch. They figured it would fade in time, and it would, leaving them less and less confused.

Harper stood near the window, staring from the mansion at the two girls sitting on the bench. She smiled, relieved that the two new girls were adapting well to their new lives. Harper ran a finger across her cheek, with her red lips curled into a smirk as the woman left to finish the last few things for the day. Her heels clicked against the floor as she passed by Dr. Hannigan, giving her a courteous smile and a few kind words before she departed. Harper walked by the sign near the front door, with the bold letters 'Harper's House Orphanage and Maternity Housing,' which filled her with pride. Finally, the town

had a reputable place where young pregnant girls could go and feel safe without risking abuse and getting exploited.

However, it wasn't all sunshine and smiles. The reports Harper got from the orphanage across town worried her, and she feared what the owner was doing to the poor kids. But she had her ways of fixing that. She made a mental note to call her friend about getting a new coin as she headed to her office, her mind buzzing with ideas about what to do to him.