

Mini-Story: Winner of the Argument (Man to Friend's Girlfriend TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

When an entity overheard Jason and Henry arguing over whether guys or girls had it better, it decides that the only way to solve the argument is to make one of them a woman - and so Jason has been turned into Juniper! Now stuck as her friend's perfect girlfriend, Juniper realises she may have lost the argument, especially with a baby looming on the horizon!

Winner of the Argument

Henry opened the door to his home, grateful to have finished work for the day. Sure, his accountancy job wasn't too hard, but he was the kind of guy who preferred to work to live rather than live to work. And besides, there were certain *benefits* to being at home as often as he could.

"Honey, I'm home!" he announced loudly as he entered. "Juniper? Juni? You here?"

A female voice replied: *"I'm in the shower!"*

"Lucky me," he replied, taking off his shoes and waltzing up the hall. He knew he should be a little bit more reluctant to enjoy the moment, but the truth was it had been over a year by now; at a certain point he felt it was okay to enjoy some sights. Henry pushed through the half-open bathroom door and drank in the sight of his girlfriend in the shower, rinsing her naked body off. She turned and glared at him.

"Hey! What the hell, man? I said I'd be right out!"

But Henry just began to strip off his clothing. "Well, I figure it's been a long day, sweetie, and the air conditioner at work sucks, so why not jump in? Can you make room for me?"

Juniper rolled her eyes, gesturing to her body. "Does it look like I can give you much room?"

He eyed her pregnant belly, swollen and beautiful, and with a full trimester still to go. Juniper really was the most gorgeous woman in his eyes. She had magnificent dark hair that fell to just above her shoulders, and her face had the most kissable lips and utterly entrancing blue eyes. And her body! Her already large breasts had swollen up to full F-cups thanks to the pregnancy, and her already considerable hips were now *very* child-bearing indeed. She had a cute little beauty spot on her left thigh, and her ass was just irresistible; like an overly-ripe peach that had only gotten bigger as she grew with his child. Henry was getting hard just looking at her.

"I think I can just about still squeeze in," he said, continuing to remove his clothing and release his erect penis. "If we press up against one another."

Juniper took a heavy breath as she saw Henry's member, and he could see her gulp at the sight of it.

"The things I do all because I lose an argument," she said, before shifting so that her belly faced away from him. "Go on, hope in, *sweetie*. You better make it worthwhile."

"I always do," he replied, joining her in the lovely water. Henry wrapped his hands around his pregnant girlfriend, feeling her rounded dome.

"You're getting so big," he murmured in her ear before tenderly kissing her neck.

She let loose a light gasp from the sensitivity. "Tell me about it; at least you don't have to carry all this frickin' weight around with you."

"Which weight?" he asked. "This one, or these ones?"

He raised his hands up to cup her large breasts, softly rubbing her large dark nipples with his fingers, pressing her big boobs together to produce a veritable canyon of cleavage. Juniper moaned, rubbing her ass against his hard cock despite herself.

"Mhmmm, ohhhh. S-stop, Henry. Just g-give me a second, will ya?"

He lowered his hands, cupping the underside of her naked dome and lifting it a little. "Maybe this will make you feel better?"

She leaned back against him, shorter now than she had been a year ago. "Mhmm, that's better. Holy shit, I need to get you to do this more often."

"In the shower?"

"Anywhere. On the street if I have to. You seriously have no idea what it's like to have a whole damn baby weighing you down. I swear, I've got the weakest spine ever, and this damn tyke you put in me keeps kicking it."

Henry chuckled, continuing to hold her belly even as he rubbed his member against his lover's backside. "I thought you were enjoying the pregnancy? You were smiling yesterday when she was kicking?"

"Yeah, when she was kicking *out*, not kicking in, or on my bladder. And it hurts when she shifts onto a nerve, man. And my boobs are sore again. And I'm hungry already. And tired. And also nauseous. God, what is my life right now? Why did you have to get me pregnant?"

Henry kissed her neck again, eliciting a coo from his girlfriend. "Well, as I recall, there was the certain matter of an argument. You know, when you were arguing that girls had it way easier in life than guys and I was arguing that when I compare my experience to my sister's, she's had it harder because of her gender."

"Dude, I know the argument that caused all of this. How was I supposed to know that some weird entity was listening in and wanted to test the theory? And worse than that, how

was I supposed to know it'd turn me into your damn fantasy girlfriend just to compare the sexes! That's got nothing to do with you getting me preggers! I still don't know why this body insists on being so fucking compelled to have sex with you."

Henry raised his hands again, cupping his friend-turned-girlfriend's tits and making her squirm. He then groped her ass with one hand while still playing with her breasts with the other.

"Well, when you think about it, what better test than to put us into a relationship? The entity can figure out who has better sex, who has the harder responsibilities, who goes through the most difficult experiences, right? And what would be a better test than reproduction?"

Juniper groaned. "Wait, are you telling me the reason I went from being Jason, ladies man, to Juniper, your nympho girlfriend, is because the thing that changed us thinks that *pregnancy* will solve the argument?"

Henry shrugged, once again feeling Juniper's dome. He noticed that she'd stopped complaining about his touch a while ago, and seemed to even be soothed by it, not that she'd ever admit it.

"It makes a certain kind of sense, right? We were arguing about who had it better, and this would be a pretty good argument to determine the winner."

Juni gripped his hand and lowered it to the lower right quadrant of her swollen stomach. "Ngh. Moving again. Feel here."

"Wow. Holy shit, she's really kicking."

Juniper let loose another grunt. "She sure is. Kicking up a storm. Christ, I'm your pregnant girlfriend. How did I end up like this?"

"Well, I was trying to explain-"

She turned her body as much as her belly would allow and shot him a look. "I'm being rhetorical, dumbass. And I think you're right, and that I'm *wrong*. Seriously, there's no way women actually have it better after all I've been through. I've put up with periods, catcalls, you smacking my ass-"

"That was one time!"

"And having you always check out my big tits. And now I've had pregnancy tiredness and stupid cravings, and I've got a baby kicking away, and a boyfriend who used to be my best friend but is now my baby daddy, and he can't keep his hands off of me! Oh, and I've got to give birth at some point, which I can't *wait* for!"

The last part was delivered as sarcastically as possible, with her gesturing to her large breasts and much larger belly repeatedly.

"Ugh, I'd do anything to be Jason again. Guys really do have it better. There, you heard that, whatever entity you are!? You can turn me back now, because I admit I lost the

argument. Henry wins! Guys have it better, girls have it worse. Now can you zap my pregnant ass back to manhood before I have to squeeze myself into another maternity dress?"

But there was no reply, as usual. Henry held his girlfriend, still tenting an erection between her asscheeks, and kissed the back of her head.

"Juni, I don't think you're-"

"I know I'm not turning back, dude. This is just catharsis. Plus, it's fun to imagine."

Henry caressed her lovely form. "You don't enjoy being a woman?"

"That's a trap. I know *you* enjoy me being a woman. Lucky *you*."

Henry chuckled. "Hey, you can't blame me for enjoying this situation, can you? What would you do in my position."

"Oh man, if you were a hot redhead? I'd knock you up on day one. I'm not blaming you for what you did, but you're also not the one who doesn't have stomach muscles now because they freakin' *separated* to make room for all this baby weight. And you don't have to put up with boobs."

"Please, you play with your own tits all the time."

"Yeah, because they rock. Doesn't mean I needed them to go up two whole cup sizes after you knocked me up! Plus, all the maternity stuff I have shows them off; can't I wear just one modest thing."

Henry felt over her naked form. "I like you immodest. Again, can you blame me?"

"Again, no. But seriously, why me? What I wouldn't give to have my own nympho girlfriend to get knocked up, rather than be one. Ugh. "

"At least you don't have to work?"

"Being pregnant *is* work. And I'll be a stay-at-home *mom* soon." She caressed her own rounded form, as if in disbelief that this body was hers. "Can you imagine that? Me, a stay at home mom! Breastfeeding. Changing diapers. Singing little songs to the bassinet. Trying to get my figure back in shape. The works!"

Henry smirked. "You know, I sorta can imagine you doing that. You'll grumble and complain about it, but I can totally imagine it."

"Once again, *lucky you*." She gave a great sigh. "Look, you won the argument big time, okay? Just let your super preggo girlfriend have her rant."

Henry paused, then began to attend to her breasts, fondling her nipples in a way he knew would drive her wild.

"Mhmmm," she moaned. "You are just . . . insatiable man, I swear. Ahh . . ."

"Can you blame me, with how sexy you are?"

"I'm s-six months - ahh! - pregnant with your baby, dude."

Henry pressed himself against her. "Like I said, you're sexy as hell."

“Mhmm, you m-make me f-feel it, at least. God, I’m getting s-so horny for that big dick of yours. Blame it on the entity. And the hormones. Ahh . . . and maybe me a l-little.”

“And the argument?” Henry teased, squeezing her huge tits from behind in a way that made her weak at the knees as the hot water continued to pour over them.

“Wh-what about it?”

“Well, maybe you did lose the argument. Maybe childbirth will be a real damn pain.”

“I’ve - ahh - done my research! It’s gonna suck, man! Ohh!”

“But then again, maybe I can shift the odds in your favour.” He pressed his cock against her entrance as she bent over. He still had one arm cupped around her pregnant belly, and the other gripped her left hip. “In fact, I bet I can make you cum so goddamn hard you might just be right about this whole ‘girls have it better than guys’ thing. What do you say?”

Juniper moaned. He knew she couldn’t resist him. She never could, especially when she got horny - she really had become a total nympho. It was how the baby came to be in the first place, after all. She smiled, no longer biting her lip to hide her smile as he began to slide into her.

“Y-yesssss!” she cried, gripping the shower bar to hold her heavy body as her boyfriend began to fuck her. “I’m m-more than okay with this! Mhmmm! Get balls deep inside me, *honey*! Prove me damn right that girls - ahhh - have it better than guys!”

And, at least for the span of a very steamy shower, Henry did just that. When Juniper’s multiple orgasms arrived, it made her squeal loudly and proudly that she was a woman, even a quite pregnant one. Hell, she was even pretty happy to be pregnant for a while afterwards.

Of course, the birth three months later was an *entirely* different story.

The End