

You Try Carrying a Baby (Man to Pregnant Woman TG)

By FoxFaceStories

When Faye made a seemingly innocent wish for her careless husband to understand how rough her pregnancy has been on her, she could never have predicted that a mischievous spirit would overhead said wish and grant it! Now stuck as a pregnant woman as well, her husband John is now Jane, and the two can at least bond over their now-doubled upcoming responsibilities.

You Try Carrying a Baby

I couldn't sleep. I kept tossing and turning in the night, my damn big preggo belly in the way of everything. Worse, the moment I *did* get comfortable, the baby decided it was time to wake up and start kicking. Ugh. In the end, I decided I needed to go get some water, maybe sit on the couch and watch something trashy since it was 4am and I likely wasn't getting any more sleep tonight. So I waddled out of the bedroom wearing nothing more than my underwear because this summer was so damn hot that sleeping naked was pretty much the only option. It was then that I noticed that the lights in the living room were already on, though they were turned way, way down, and the TV was flashing against the wall, something clearly playing on it.

And there was my husband, sitting back on the couch, legs spread wide and a hand on his swollen stomach. Well, *her* swollen stomach. It was crazy to think that the man I had said 'Yes' to three years ago was now my *wife*. We'd gone from a ridiculously ordinary heterosexual couple, albeit a mixed race pair, to a pair of interracial lesbian lovers. *That* got us glances from both terrible crowds.

"Hey, Faye. Can't sleep either?" Jane asked me. Her blonde hair was a mess, and her pale stomach jutted out onto her lap. Even from a distance I could see it was trembling, and then she winced as it distended to one side dramatically. *Someone* was definitely awake in there.

"Baby's moving too much," I said.

"Don't I - ahh - know it! God, if only I'd listened to you, bear."

I smirked. Jane always called me 'bear', back when he was John. This despite the fact that he was so much bigger than my petite little self. But he'd just place my dark arms around his white skin and pretend like *I* was the tough one. I'd loved it, and I still loved it, even though my new *wife* was more womanly looking than I was.

"Well, you certainly know the pangs of pregnancy now, huh?" I said. I waddled over and sat down beside her with an 'oof!', squirming a little as I got comfortable. Her eyes went to my bare breasts.

"It's too hot," I said.

She looked down. Her own maternity top was fairly soaked in sweat. She was as big as I was, a full seven months along with two whole months still to go.

"Yeah," she finally said. "You're right. Goddamn, I can't believe I ever told you to put just 'put up with the heat.'"

I smiled sympathetically as she removed her top, letting her bare boobs jostle a little. My new wife had quite the rack: big ole Double-D's, probably E-cups, though she still wouldn't let me take her proper bra shopping, so she kept using my C-cup bras, uncomfortable as they made her.

"I ate three oranges, Faye" she said.

"Yeah, I had cravings too."

"With salt on them."

I couldn't help myself: I giggled. "You know, Jane, I distinctly recall someone saying I should just enjoy the food I have instead of 'giving in to my cravings.' Do you remember who that someone was?"

She sighed. Neither of us were watching the stupid reality show on at this time, but at least the light allowed us to see one another.

"Okay, mea culpa. Guilty as charged. But seriously, what is wrong with this baby? I'm seriously scared I'm gonna give birth to some kinda cookie monster, only with oranges. And salt."

"It's just what your body needs. Besides, I've gone through it already once before, right? Consider me an expert."

She took a deep breath and then flapped her lips as she exhaled, producing an annoyed flapping sound. "Yeah, that's still weird for me. I mean, I *think* Jack is adapting. He called me 'Momma' today, so that was neat."

"It'll take time. He knows it's you. He saw you change, remember?"

"Yeah, and it gave him nightmares. The poor kid is only four years old."

"But old enough to remember that his mom used to be his dad."

Jane chuckled lightly, which I didn't expect. She rubbed her stomach and readjusted her position, then looked me in the eyes. She still had those gorgeous blue eyes. People said it matched my dark ones, and I agreed. Cliche as it sounds, I loved how our colours compliment one another, light and dark in perfect mix. She rested a hand on my thigh and stroked it, and it was a nice feeling, even more when she began to softly rub my belly.

"You know, he called me 'white mom,' to be specific."

I opened my eyes again. "Wait, what?"

Jane laughed lightly so as not to wake our son. "I'm not joking. He said I can't just be mom because you're his mom, and so it wouldn't make sense. So I have to be 'white mom.' I asked him why you can't just be 'black mom' and he just rolled his eyes and said 'White Mom, you just don't get it!'"

We both giggled together, laughing at our son's ridiculousness. I shifted a little closer to my wife, to the point that our bellies were actually touching. Our babies pushed up against one another, as if reaching for their sibling.

"Woah!" Jane said. "Now that's crazy!"

"As crazy as suddenly being turned into a pregnant gal?"

"Hmm, not *that* crazy. But who could expect a mischievous entity from another plane of existence was waiting in the wings to grant your wish, huh?"

It was a joke, but there was an edge in her words, a slight sadness. It was true: I'd been struggling in my pregnancy. The tiredness. The morning sickness. The cravings. The sore boobs. I'd complained a few times and asked John for help in some things, but work had him burnt out, and he made excuse after excuse. In the end, I'd wished right in front of him and our son that he could understand how rough pregnancy had been on me.

Suddenly, it happened. Something laughed, and we saw a spirit materialise, its voice strange like it was speaking into our minds.

"Oooh, I love a good wish! Let's give you exactly what you want! John, it's time for you to experience pregnancy just like your wife here!"

The change happened not long after that, with John becoming beautiful blonde Jane, complete with a buxom chest, and then her stomach swelling up to four months along. She'd been horrified, everyone had, including me. But the entity, whatever it was, had already left, and we'd never heard from it since. From that day, John was Jane, and while reality had seemingly changed to accommodate that fact, we three - John, myself, and Jack - all remembered what had been.

Suddenly, John was experiencing exactly what I had. When I got morning sickness, he was retching up in the spare bathroom. When I got really exhausted, he wasn't far behind. When I had bizarre cravings, later in that week he'd have the same. Thankfully, the timing wasn't always in sync, so we could manage to parent Jack, but by God I was calling on my parents to help us. In this new timeline we'd both been inseminated at the same time, though part of me wondered if the entity made sure our babies were actually a mix of both parents anyway. Regardless, Jane's belly swelled along with mine, and the complaints soon began to manifest.

"I can't even bend over to get something!"

"Goddamn it, these boobs just won't stop being sore. My nipples are so itchy!"

"Shit, I didn't realise you could have Braxton-Hicks this early!"

"How can you stand this? Why would anyone stand losing all their core strength?"

"Lemme sleep in. I'm soooooo tired."

"I want my penis back. Faye, we have to get my penis back. I do *not* want to push a baby out of my cooch, got it?"

Each time, I'd been sympathetic and compassionate with her, but I'd also reminded my loving husband-turned-wife that she was now just finding out *exactly* how rough pregnant women have it. This included the man who took it upon himself to rub her belly while she was grocery shopping, and the old lady who told her that she was 'looking like she was full term with twins!', which had made Jane oddly emotional. That was okay, I cried with her. We were both preggo, so it was like a rebound effect between us. And then there was Jack, confused as to why he now had two moms and doing his best to adjust, including convincing his new mom that she was 'still the bestest dad in the whole wide universe.' I was proud of how well my wife was adjusting, and I hoped she would turn back after she gave birth, but a small part of me was kinda glad it happened, just so she could finally understand what I'd been going through. Besides, I was very much bisexual, and so was she. It was very amusing to watch shows at night together, and we could comment on the characters' hotness - male *and* female.

"Two months," she said, righting my thoughts back to the present.

She was rubbing her belly, and I joined her, touching over it and finding it remarkable.

"Yeah," I said. "Two months."

"Not looking forward to birth."

"No woman is, honey."

"Well, I'm not meant to be a woman. And it's gonna be pretty damn humiliating to lie back while someone tells me to push."

I brushed some of her tangled blonde hair back. "Hey," I said, cupping her cheek. "I'll hold your hand when it happens, so long as you hold mine. Right?"

She smiled, and we kissed. We were both tired, more than a little haggard, and the day to come would be long, long, *long*. But this was a lovely slice of intimacy, and we leaned against one another, our bare breasts touching at the sides.

"We're gonna have two babies," she said, caressing my belly.

"Mmm-hmm. Twice the blessing, huh?"

Jane actually smiled. "Yeah. Crazy as this is, wrong as it is . . . yeah. It was so damn scary at first, and it still is, and I'm still not looking forward to pushing a damn baby out of this vagina that stupid entity gave me, but . . . I'm looking forward to meeting her."

"Her?"

"I just feel like it's a girl."

I winked. "Mother's instinct, huh?"

"I guess so. I just want to hold them and know them and keep them safe."

"Well, definitely a mother's instinct. You'll have to nurse, you know."

"If I don't turn back?" she said. She cupped her big breasts, lifting them. It wasn't the worst sight in the world. "Well, I've definitely got the boobs for feeding, right?"

"Damn straight."

"At least I ended up a hot pregnant lady. I had to match your energy."

I kissed her cheek. "You always did."

We paused, not-watching the show and happy in our shared tiredness. Our babies continued to shift, sometimes kicking through our bellies against one another, and there was something adorably communal about that. We sat there, bare-breasted, two married women in a new lesbian relationship, both completely understanding the rigours of pregnancy and its journey together. For a long time, neither of us spoke. Eventually, I broke the silence.

"I don't suppose you're up for sex?" I asked.

She yawned. "I can't believe I'm saying this, but . . . not even remotely."

I giggled. "Yep, you're definitely a pregnant woman alright."

The End