

Mini-Story: Awkward Family Dinner (TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

It's an awkward dinner for Chandra with her folks. She has to explain how a fall into a mutagenic vat turned their son into a woman. And she has to explain why she's brought along her best friend . . . and how he's now her boyfriend. And that's not even getting into the fact that her belly has started to look quite swollen.

Awkward Family Dinner

When my parents flung open the door, it was with levity and joy upon their faces.

“Chandan!” they declared as one, only to suddenly pause as they took me in, alongside my best friend Andy, whose hand I was nervously holding.

“Andy?” my Mother said. She was wearing her best sari, and my father had trimmed his beard immaculately. Wafting from inside, I could smell the most delicious curry and biryani - extra spicy, just like my parents always made it. They always pulled out the stops when I visited, which made things especially awkward as I'd turned up now, wearing a baggy hoodie over a hastily acquired sari of my own, courtesy of my elder sister.

“Andy,” my father said. “We weren't expecting you tonight . . . and who is this? And where is my Chanda?”

My best friend-slash-boyfriend looked caught in the crosshairs.

“Well, uh, you see Mr Khan, Mrs Khan, Chandan may be a little different from how you last saw her. I mean, him. I mean her. Uh, I'm not explaining this very well.”

I squeezed his hand and took the lead.

“Mom. Dad. It's me. Your son, Chanda. Only I go by Chandra, as you can see.”

My parents both raised their eyebrows at the same time, then looked to Andy.

“This must be some kind of joke,” my mother said, before turning her gaze back at me. “But the resemblance . . . is this some kind of joke, Chandan? Are you wearing makeup and a wig?”

She pulled my hair, and I gave a little “eep!”

“Hey, that hurts, Mom! Look, it's real hair, okay! And look, I've got that birthmark on my arm, and it won't rub off. It's genuine. It's me . . . I've turned into a woman.”

Their jaws dropped as I showed them my birthmark, and then lowered even further as my father inspected it and tried to rub it off. It was entirely genuine, right down to the little mole hairs sprouting from it that I desperately wanted to remove, but knew I couldn't if I was to prove myself.

My mother gasped. “Chandan . . . what happened to you?”

I gave a sheepish grin, trying to hide the rest of my female body from view lest they suspect too soon how far I'd *really* changed.

"Uh, well, it's a pretty weird story . . ."

Weird didn't cover the half of it. Far from becoming a doctor or a lawyer as my parents insisted, I instead became a chemical engineer working at a laboratory that specialised in hormone treatments. I'll admit, the pay was pretty good, which allowed me to overlook some of the less well-regulated safety precautions, or lack thereof. Of course, I paid for that when a railing collapsed while I was inspecting some chemical vats, and I fell face first into a mutagenic tub. Andy saved me - he was my best friend since high school and a fellow coworker, and when I emerged dripping he got me cleaned off as fast as he could while maintaining his own safety.

Unfortunately, it was too late by that point. My body started to change over the following days. My height shrank. My limbs got softer, as did my skin. My hair grew out, and my face became as beautiful as my sweetening voice. I developed two breasts, small but pert, and a set of wider hips, between which I developed a vagina. I was aghast, of course, but Andy was with me the whole way, and I got a nice settlement from the company and a new ID just to keep the government from investigating and the whole thing from blowing up into a huge scandal.

Now, my parents had *never* liked Andy. For one, he wasn't a good influence, being a prankster and a party guy. For two, he wasn't Indian, and my parents, much as I loved them, felt that I needed the influence of my "good heritage" to guide me. Of course, they also really, really wanted me to find a nice Indian girl on top of that, one to marry and to help me provide them with grandchildren, so Andy was a distraction in *that* way, too.

Suffice to say, he became a *whole* other kind of distraction fairly quickly. You see, I hadn't just turned into a woman. I'd turned into a very lovely, very attractive, and very *horny* woman, one who was seeing my best friend in a whole new light. Soon, I just couldn't resist him; all his attempts to cheer me up, to play videogames with me, to watch childhood shows with me, to do his best to help me adjust; I'd never known he could be so sweet!

So, I banged him.

I banged him *hard*.

Hell, it took some convincing, but in the end I very much persuaded him that I really, really did want him. And you know what? I don't regret it a bit. Sure, it was very strange, taking it the other way, especially with my best friend, but my orgasms were intense and he was just . . . *wonderful*.

And that was how I also came to be pregnant.

“*PREGNANT!?*” my mother shouted to the rooftops when I told her at the dinner table. I’d just been regaling them with the story, sans the sex bits but with enough to indicate that I was *with* Andy, which almost gave my father a heart attack.

“Um, yeah,” I replied. I took Andy’s hand upon the table and gave him an embarrassed smile. “I know this is all kind of sudden and awkward, but we didn’t use protection, so I’m pregnant.”

“H-how far along?” my father asked.

With a sheepish smile, I pulled off my hoodie, revealing my form underneath. My belly was quite a bulge when I wasn’t hunched over, as were my breasts, which had gone up two cup sizes since. I looked like I was six or seven months along, and yet . . .

“But . . . we only saw you three months ago,” my mother whispered, staring at my belly, which was shown off by the gap in my sister’s sari. Her *maternity* sari.

“We think that the hormone vat may have changed some things,” Andy said, interjecting. “Perhaps an accelerated pregnancy or, uh, m-more than usual.”

“Grandchildren?” my father said. “Plural?”

I swallowed. “I . . . don’t know yet. I’m having a scan soon. But it feels like . . . a few, father. It was *fertility* hormones in that vat.”

My mother muttered under her breath in Hindi. I could tell that she was praying for patience, and to wake up from this nightmare.

“How could you?” she asked. “How could you do this?”

“I didn’t mean to, Mom,” I said. “The safety rail was wrecked, and I just sort of . . . fell. And afterwards, the hormones made me a little boy crazy, and then one thing led to another and . . . here we are.”

“No, not any of that!” my mother said. “That I can excuse! You being a woman, I can deal with. You even being pregnant, I can deal with!”

“You can?” Andy and I said at once.

“Of course!” Dad added. “But what we really have a problem with-”

“Is that you didn’t have a child with a good Indian boy!” my mother finished. “Like that handsome Chopra boy down the road! He would have been a perfect father to our grandchildren, and now we get . . . Andy.”

I looked to Andy, who appeared utterly caught in the crosshairs yet again.

“I - Mr Khan, Mrs Khan, I assure you, I’ll be the best partner and father-”

“And why haven’t you proposed to my daughter yet?” Mom continued.

“Yes, where is the proposal? And then there is the matter of the gift giving!” Dad continued.

My own eyes grew wide. “Uh, Dad, we’re not exactly considering-”

“And I didn’t cook the right meal for a pregnant woman,” Mom fretted. “All the wrong spices to give you the right blessings! I swear, you’re such a bad daughter sometimes to worry your mother so!”

“But - you only found out I was your daughter today!”

“And now I have to prepare for grandchildren! So little time!”

My mother and father immediately switched to Hindi, arguing back and forth, already organising wedding details for me and Andy, trying to get ahead of the birth and head off any scandal, all while poor Andy was left clueless as to what was going on. I simply rubbed my belly and shifted closer to him, giggling at my cute boyfriend as he looked totally befuddled.

“Sorry for the awkward family dinner,” I said. “You’re really in it now, huh?”

Andy could only nod. My poor boyfriend. Well, I guess he was my future husband now. You just can’t stop an Indian wedding.

The End