

## Mini-Story: Now We Can Start Trying (TG Preg)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*Janice and Charlie have been together for a few months, but have hit a major point of argument: when to consummate their relationship, and whether they want to have kids. But when Charlie makes a wish that he could have kids with Janice, he starts to change into her ideal lover. Of course, her ideal lover would be a woman who could do all the pregnancy part*

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### Now We Can Start Trying

“Ohhhhhh, it huuuuurts! This is all y-your fault, Janice! I can’t b-believe you g-got me pregnant! NGHHH!”

My gorgeous pregnant girlfriend clenched her eyes shut as she rode out the latest contraction. They were definitely getting closer together by this point, and her beautiful blonde hair was matted with sweat. In just a few hours or increasingly painful labor, she would be pushing our little daughter into the world headfirst, truly beginning our family.

Not that Charlie was too happy to be doing the hard part.

“It isn’t f-fair!” she said, squeezing my hand and evidently trying to break it. “I wanted k-kids, but not like this! You were the one who was s-supposed to get pregnant, n-not me!”

I looked to the nurses, a little anxious over my partner’s words, but they just chuckled and gave a knowing look.

“Don’t worry. A woman in labor often says things like this, Janice,” she whispered to me. “And it happens just as much in lesbian relationships - more so, in fact, given the non-birthing partner can be an object of jealousy during contractions!”

“I can h-hear you!” Charlie groaned, before finally panting. She placed a hand on her enormous pregnant stomach beneath her hospital gown, the strap with the monitor over it forming a slight bulge upon *her* bulge. “And this *is* your fault.”

“I know, honey, but let’s not pretend you didn’t wish for this to happen!” I replied. “Besides, you’re almost fully dilated. You’re doing such a good job!”

She laid back again at a nurse’s direction, and I did my best to mop her forehead.

“You’re so perfect, darling. The ideal mother to all our children to come.”

“There’s no way we’re having another one.”

I smirked. “We’ll see. For now, I believe in you.”

“Too bad I can barely believe in this!” she said, gesturing to her pregnant stomach and her ample assets above, which had started leaking recently in preparation for the coming feeding. “Of all the things to accidentally wish for!”

My pregnant girlfriend's words had a second meaning that the hospital staff weren't aware of. A truly magical one, in fact. You see, it's a good thing that Charlie is a pretty gender neutral name, because my girlfriend used to be my *boyfriend* precisely nine months ago, almost to the dot. He was tall, had a hot five-o'clock shadow, and short blonde hair that drove me wild. Yes, before you ask, I'm a bisexual, and though I usually went for women, something about Charlie was just too charismatic and attractive to resist.

We met on Tinder, and I like to think I was a real cutie myself with my short dark hair and my pixie-like features. I've always had a petite figure, but while my boobs aren't huge, I know how to support them in a way that boosts my profile. We were both in our early thirties, and so, unlike earlier dating ages, we both wanted something serious in the relationship. He was a sporty guy who loved watching and playing football, and I had a background in athletics and the like, so we both had a bit to talk about, including our love of going to the gym. He wasn't pushy like other guys either, at least at first.

You see, I had a little secret I had to tell him at some point. I wasn't born a biological woman. I wasn't fully born as a biological man, either. I was, and still am, intersex. I have natural breasts, I've got a womanly shape, and I technically have a vagina, though it is small and fairly nonfunctional, capable of only taking on a small sample of sexual positions. What I *do* have, however, is a fully functional penis and testes, sperm and all. For many, that would put me right in the male category, but I never thought of myself as a man, just . . . a woman who happened to be born with a bit extra, I guess. I always went by Janice, and I did my best to hide my appendage, though I was never truly ashamed of it, either. It did make dating hard, and I didn't want to be chased by weirdos who had a kink for my extra 'equipment' either.

But as Charlie and I found that we really liked each other, so too did the tension rise with the romance. I put off sex again and again, and while he respected this at first, I could tell he was getting antsy. Hell, so was I! I wanted to taste this yummy man I was dating, but coward that I was, because I was falling for him, I also didn't want to lose him. Looking back, it was unfair of him, especially how things turned out.

"Look, I just want to know if we are compatible like that," he told me during our last argument as boyfriend and girlfriend. "I mean, cards on the table, this is getting serious, so I should tell you that I want kids, Janice."

"I . . . don't know that I can do that," I replied. Truthfully, I really desperately wanted kids as well. Hell, I wanted a whole baker's *dozen* of the critters running around. As my biological clock ticked towards thirty two years old, my eggs were yearning to start popping into babies already. Except . . . I didn't have eggs. Not really. I could never have children as he wanted them.

So we argued. We bickered. We had at it. We both said things we would come to regret, and in times of stress I did what I always had in the past: I clutched my lucky amulet that my long-passed Mom had given to me, and focused on the energy within. She had always said that it was magical and would help me find true love and make it compatible with me, but I'd never believed in that. I just wanted to pretend this time, though.

But then it turns out I never needed to pretend, because Charlie got so flustered that he threw up his hands in the air.

"I just wish we could have kids together!" he declared. "Is that too much to fucking ask?"

At this point, my amulet glowed, and his wish repeated itself like a strange echo. Both of us watched with astonishment as the purple crystal within glowed brightly, enveloping my Charlie. He gasped and moaned as his form changed, and I won't lie: I squealed as I witnessed my boyfriend lose his height, his muscles, and then his very manliness. His hair grew long, his chest developed two impressive Double-D's that I could barely take my eyes off of, and his hips flared out. Even his clothes changed, so that as soon as the purple glow ended, the hottest blonde chick I had ever seen was right in front of me, looking like she had stepped out of my bisexual dreams.

"What the hell!?" I remember her screeching as she cupped her breasts and then looked up at me. "Why am I a frickin' woman!?"

I managed to close my mouth and speak. "I think . . . my Mom really was right about this amulet being magical. Charlie, I think it's just made you into my ideal lover, someone I can have kids with."

"That doesn't make any sense! Now we're both women!"

"About that . . ."

I lowered my pants and showed my former boyfriend the truth. At this, she gasped.

"Oh God. Oh God. Why am I finding that really fucking hot right now?"

I gave her a lopsided grin, sheepish and awkward yet highly aroused.

"Well, babe. I suppose you got your wish. Now we can start trying."

Suffice to say, sex followed. Something in the wish didn't just make Charlie my perfect lover in appearance, but also made her intensely attracted to me. I fucked her on the bed, her on her back with her legs spread wide. I fucked her from behind, doggy-style while her breasts slapped against her chest. I thrust into her while she rode me cowgirl style, and then even banged her against the wall. We couldn't resist one another, and each time she squealed out in shock.

"Oh God! Why can't I stop! It feels too good! Ohhhh!"

And still my own words echoed in my head: Now we can start trying. And started we certainly had. A bit over a month later Charlie was puking up in the bathroom, experiencing

her first morning sickness and panicking about it. A couple of months after that, she couldn't ignore the tautness in her belly any longer. At four months, she felt the first flutters of movement within her. At six months, she was having to wear maternity dresses and needed my help around the house, us having moved in together. At seven months she was dreading birth, but realising that this was her life for good now. At eight months I had taken her on a beach babymoon getaway, where I assured her that I loved her and would remain with her.

And now, here she was, at nine months along, finally at the end of the journey (or at least, the very first of her pregnancy journeys), going into labor, her legs spread wide, her pussy dilating, and me marvelling at how everything had turned out.

"You can do this, honey," I repeated to her. "You got this."

She squeezed my hand, gasping yet again. "I b-better! Because if my w-wish was right, then I think we're gonna have more than one b-baby together! Agghhh!"

One of the nurses checked her progress and smiled. "You're fully dilated now, hun, time to bear down and push. You got this!"

"You're d-damn right I d-do!" my labouring girlfriend cried. "I've got all of this because of a stupid damn wish. And once I've had this one, then we'll probably start trying for the n-next! Ohhhh!"

She pushed, and I stayed with her, so eager to meet the first of my babies. Yes, it wasn't quite fair on Charlie that she had this fate, but I'd do everything to support her and make her happy, and be a good second mother to our beautiful daughter.

Still, I couldn't help but get excited. Thanks to her wish for 'kids' plural, not singular, a part of me was really hoping I would get that baker's dozen of children running around our household. I wouldn't tell Charlie that anytime soon though, especially now so soon after birth.

No, I'd wait a while. And when she recovered, I'd simply tell her the truth she needed to hear.

"Now we can start trying again."

**The End**