

Mini-Story: Stepford Prenatal Fitness (TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

A small group of friends have been newly turned into Stepford Wives and quickly knocked up. They find themselves at the local fitness centre in spandex and brushing bumps with the older crowd of jaded veteran Stepford Wives, getting an eyeful and earful of what their new futures look like.

Stepford Prenatal Fitness

The beautiful brunette Amber grunted as she stretched to the side, following their instructor's motions for their prenatal fitness class.

"Damn, this is hard to do with a bump, huh, girls?" she asked.

Denise, a dark-skinned beauty with gorgeous black braids, gave her the side eye. "You think!?" she exclaimed, wincing as she cupped the underside of her stomach and stretched to the side with her, holding her hand up. "Man, I can't believe we got trapped as damn Stepford Wives."

"You can't believe it? Tanya asked, her accent Swedish despite originally being American, her figure tall, her hair blonde, her breasts large and proud and outmatched only by her bump. "I was the one who warned you that this town was weird! I warned you, and you didn't listen, and now we're all going to have a baby each!"

It was hardly an incorrect statement: Tanya had been Tom, just as Denise had been Daniel, and Janice had been Jason. The three were good friends on a road trip down America's west coast, enjoying the warm sun of California. But when they stopped in the town of Delmay, they thought it was just some sunny paradise with beautiful palm trees and lovely beaches and a classic slice of Americana, 50's diners and all. What they hadn't known was that in choosing to stay at the local hotel, they opened themselves up to becoming turned into Stepford Wives due to the chemicals the local male cult secretly pumped into their rooms. It turned out that the men of Delmay had for decades sculpted women into perfect wives and mates, but new blood was needed for the process to continue as the population swelled. And it didn't matter what gender they started as.

Soon, Jason was Janice, married off to a rich real estate investor who coveted having a younger wife with hair that went all the way down to her ass and a slender supermodel figure.

David became Danielle, finding himself with a damn curvaceous rear, a true peachy behind that had men staring, especially her new husband who liked to smack it and play with it, including dialling up the sensitivity to maddening levels.

And lastly there was Tom, who became Tanya. Her new husband had a fetish for tall, blonde, busty Swedish girls, and the normally short Tom was now over six feet and possessed large F-cup breasts that were overwhelmingly responsive to his touch.

The three new women were shocked at their changes, but like the myth of the Stepford Wives, the chemical fumes also changed their mental chemistry, leaving them hopelessly submissive and aroused by their new husbands, eager to please and act like perfect trophy wives. They willingly had sex with their husbands, even going so far as to suck their dicks quite often (particularly Denise, who had erotically charged tastebuds as part of her change), as well as always dressing up to show off their bodies and act sweet and servile in public and in private. Only with each other could they truly complain, especially now that they were pregnant: it turned out that the chemicals that changed them also made them unnaturally fertile, causing them to rapidly grow to six months of pregnancy just two months after insemination, which was only days after their initial change.

All in all, it was a lot to take in, and the three expectant women were working out their stress quite literally by stretching in tight spandex, working up a sweat and occasionally brushing bumps between one another, not used to their front-loaded bodies.

“Ughh!” Janice groaned, clutching her belly. “I can’t keep up with all this, girls. It’s not fair. This thing is huge, and the little one keeps on kicking!”

“Same here,” Denise said.

“Ditto. God, how much worse can this get?”

At this comment, another woman ahead turned around, a curvaceous MILF type who had a very round stomach, much bigger than the three former males. She rolled her eyes and stepped forward, enough that her own lycra-covered bump actually pressed against Tanya’s own mound.

“Oh, you think this can’t get worse, do you? Sounds like the newbie doesn’t realise just how far this goes, ladies!”

There was a titter of amusement from several other women, all of whom were beautiful, most of whom were styled as 1950’s housewives in older-style fitness wear.

“Just wait till you have to give birth!” a brunette beauty called out. “That’ll open your eyes to how uncomfortable things can get.”

“Yep!” another added. “Nothing like pushing out a newborn between your legs to make you really know you’re going to be not just a woman for good, but a mommy at that!”

“And then comes breastfeeding! I hope you like having your tits get all swollen and sore when you forget to pump, dears!”

The three blushed at this, looking to one another with horror. Even the fitness instructor, a nice ginger-haired lass named Maybel, had stopped doing her demonstrations, smirking a little at this interaction.

“Don’t listen to them, Tanya, Janice, Denise. They’re just trying to rile you up. It’s not all that bad at all . . . at least, not until you get knocked up a second time.”

Janice’s jaw dropped. She clutched her stomach. “Wait, did you say a second time?”

“Oh, of course. You didn’t think your husbands would want just one, did you? Why do you think the town is expanding so fast; the men really like their girls old-fashioned here.”

The MILF chuckled, indicating her own bump. “That means barefoot, pregnant, and in the kitchen, by the way. And naked, preferably.”

“Oh, I barely wear clothes in the house at all,” another added, a slim Asian lady who nevertheless had a massive pregnant womb. She stretched, working out the kinks in her joints and letting her belly slip out from her lycra costume. “Robert likes me to be as naked as possible.”

Denise was flabbergasted by this. “Wait, wait, wait. You’re telling me this is what your lives are like? I thought, you know, we could just give birth and maybe work off a debt or something?”

Another woman, a very pretty latina with her own small bump, gave a sarcastic chuckle. “Oh, trust me, you don’t know the half of it. Hi, I’m Maria. I’ve seen you three around. Perhaps I should have told you that this is for life. I’ve already given birth to four children. This is my fifth. And I’m only thirty three.”

“I’m Annabelle,” a light-haired woman added. “And if I’m not pregnant right now, my hubbie will get me pregnant soon. I’ve had *five* babies. He wanted *eight*. Of course, I’ve gotta be the one to raise ‘em, right?”

“Not to mention do the dishes,” another said.

“And the cleaning!”

“And the cooking!”

“And go down on our knees when they want us to please them.”

“And dress up fine!”

“And stay in shape!” the MILF finished. “My husband tells me: ‘Lily, I know you used to be a man on the bigger side, but you’re my beautiful, fertile wife, now. The only time I want you big is when you’ve got my baby in you, so make sure to work your body right back into perfection once you’ve pushed out another little baby for me, will ya?’ Yep, my husband, everyone. Man of the year.”

Janice could barely believe this. She already felt so damn pregnant, but now she’d have to do it again? And again? And again!?

“Is it - is it at least as quick next time as well?”

The fitness instructor Maybel groaned. “God, we wish, right girls?”

There was a chorus of agreement.

"Unfortunately," Maybel continued. "Next time is the full nine month journey, girls. All the way."

"Meaning morning sickness," Annabelle said.

"And tiredness."

"And the sore boobs."

"And the stomach cramps," Lily said. "And God forbid you end up with *twins*."

She indicated to her own massive belly, and as she spoke she turned around on the spot, so that her massively rounded stomach brushed against each of the new women, as if to emphasise to them their coming fates. The very real possibility that not only would they be pregnant again, but could well become pregnant with *multiples* in the years to come."

"This is too much," Janice said. "I'm not ready to be a mother to this one!"

"None of us were, dear," Lily said. "And yet here we are."

"Trust me," Annabelle said. "After the fourth one, it gets easier from there."

"I wish I could say the same!" another woman called. "My little ones are magnetised to me, I swear. I've been breastfeeding for nearly six years straight and no end in sight. And then my husband gets on my tits when they're all in bed. At least that part is more enjoyable, even if he's a total lech."

Another chorus of agreements followed. The women were pressed in close now, and for the first time the trio realised what a true army of bumps it was that surrounded them, heralding all the children to be born in the town, and just what awaited their futures.

"Do we ever get a break?" Denise asked. "I mean, I'm stuck as a big-assed pregnant lady. You gotta tell me there's an upside, here?"

"Do you consider never working in an office again an upside?" Maybe asked.

"I mean, I guess--"

"And you can wear cute bikinis to the beach and relax. You can read books while you're pregnant."

"And all our husbands have made us unbearably horny for them," Lily added. "So sex is mindblowing. Humiliating, and we're all so submissive, but mindblowing nonetheless. But I think you already know that part, huh?"

It made each of them shiver even just *thinking* about it. Despite the shame of what they had become, despite the squirming babies in their bellies, despite the knowledge that this would be their lives for good, with so many pregnancies and births yet to come, the mere *thought* of sex with their respective husbands was enough to cause a rush of dopamine through their minds. They'd already been pounded by their husband's cocks numerous times in the last two months - on their backs, from behind, while positioned over them and under them, lying on their sides or positioned on their knees - and they each wanted *more*.

“Ohhhh,” Janice moaned. “Don’t s-say stuff like that. It makes me w-want to leave now and turned up at his office and *surprise him*.”

“M-me too,” Denise said.

“Me three,” Tanya muttered in her beautiful accent. She was even cupping her large breasts as she said it.

The other women there laughed, recognition on their faces.

“Ah, I remember what it was like back then,” one woman said.

“Total lack of control!” said another.

“Don’t worry, you get better at hiding it until hubbie comes home. Just plant plenty of vegetables in the garden and keep the house clean and you’ll make it till when they get back.”

“And most of all,” Lily said, getting back into her spot as Maybe took the lead again. “Make sure to exercise, stretch, and keep fit. Nothing keeps the horny Stepford Wife thoughts at bay better than a bit of exercise. And trust me, you three will need it!”

“And why is that?” Denise asked on behalf of her friends, though she was afraid what the answer would be.

Lily just smirked. “Because everyone knows that the three husbands you ended up with? Those guys want bigger families than just about everyone else. So you better get used to your prenatal fitness classes, because you’ll be here a lot going forwards!”

Janice exhaled, looking at her two friends.

“Great,” she said. “Just great.”

She started up her stretches again, and this time neither she nor Denise nor Tanya complained. How could they?

They were going to have to get used to this activity, fast.

The End