

Mini-Story: Surprising Reaction (Native Woman TG Race Change)

By FoxFaceStories

Archaeologist Malcolm Keller was taken off guard when a recent artefact turned him into a curvy Indigenous woman. Having adjusted to her new body, she is terrified how her pregnant wife Julia will react when she gets home. But Julia's reaction may surprise her . . .

Surprising Reaction

Makani Keller was quite nervous as she got off of her plane and collected her bags. She was distinctly aware of the swaying of her broad, fertile-looking hips and the way her prominent and heavy boobs jutted out from her chest. She had tried to cover herself up, but that could only do so much, particularly given her new nature. In the end, the best she could do was wear a lovely floor-length dress with a belt around her waist, allowing all to take in her delicious curves, her impressive backside, and the way her neckline plunged to reveal a deep line of alluring cleavage. Her slightly curly black hair sashayed with every step, falling down to her ass. Men looked at her with desire, women with jealousy, and teenage girls with awe, desiring to have even a portion of her beauty. It didn't hurt that Makani had lovely full lips and totally blemish-free brown skin. She looked like a Mayan beauty brought into the modern day, complete with her golden bracelets and earrings, and it didn't hurt that her figure could have been the inspiration for a fertility idol. In many ways, it kind of was.

Makani flagged down an airport taxi. The driver looked very eager to take her on. Just another thing to get used to, she supposed, though she didn't mind it too much. Being a woman of otherworldly beauty and curves had its plus sides, not least of which was that she could easily get attention, not to mention compliments galore. Still, she just wondered what *Julia* would think of her, now that she was a woman.

Julia, Julia, Julia. The fiery-haired, bespectacled love of Makani's life. Of course, Makani had been *Malcolm*, the last time Julia had seen *him*. The man known as Malcolm Keller had married her three years ago, and they'd been happy since. But Michael had been so eager to return from her archaeological expedition in South America, where new Mayan ruins had been discovered much further south than the civilisation had previously been thought to have expanded to. The discoveries were amazing, just the kind of archaeological wonder she'd always been fascinated by. Unfortunately, the timing was all wrong, because Julia was three months pregnant by that time and just entering her second trimester. They'd both wanted kids, but now it seemed that Malcom wouldn't be present for all the milestones, as the dig could take months. In the end, happenstance forced him back anyway.

The expedition had discovered a strange artefact, and Malcolm was keen to examine the item. It was a small statue of a fertility woman, but when he touched it, the inscription around its base lit up, and Malcolm found it stuck to his hand. To his shock, it began to break apart and then *melt* into his body, becoming part of him. The other expedition members had screamed and tried to help him, but there was nothing that could be done. The magic of the strange fertility idol reshaped him over the following days as he went in and out of consciousness, battling this strange illness and losing. Badly. Over that period, his skin turned brown, his hips broadened, his member slid back inside his body, and he grew a large and terrific pair of tits. He ended up looking like a goddess of a woman from the ancient past, a true modern fertility goddess. About the only good thing the new woman could say about her situation was that she hadn't died. Oh, and she wasn't, despite her fertility idol transformation, actually pregnant.

A name change had to be arranged to get her back to the states. She was Makani Keller now, and her new form came with certain requirements. She couldn't cover up her beauty, and felt an urge to always do makeup and move in sensual, sultry ways. Even her voice was beautiful, and she had this lovely new accent she couldn't stop herself from using. At first it was horrible and humiliating, but the strangest thing was, after a month of dealing with her strange changes and building up the courage to go out more often, Makani found that she actually didn't mind her new form. She was beautiful, she was striking, and she'd been blessed by ancient magic, which felt special. People were nicer to her, and despite her initial shame, she found that being a woman felt more right to her. Had she always been trans? It was impossible to tell, perhaps the magic was making her more okay with it. But regardless, she found herself often cupping her breasts and looking at her figure in the mirror with pride, and then exploring her new pleasure centres in private too. In fact, the most awkward thing about being Makani, other than her need to interact with Julia again, was the fact she felt like she was most certainly culturally appropriating her new heritage. After all, she liked to wear clothing in private that had a certain . . . native quality to it. Recreations in modern styles of Mayan outfits as well. She spoke a number of languages fluently that she couldn't before, and that too felt a little . . . unethical.

Still, she learned to get over it. There was no way to turn back that she'd discovered, after all. So she had to go forward, and that meant being honest with herself that she actually damn well *liked* her hot Mayan gal bod. But the question of her wife Julia still remained. It was one that tossed and turned over in Makani's mind as she got out of the taxi and took her luggage to the front door of her home. Julia was expecting her, but Makani had said via message that there was no need to pick her up. That she had something to tell her wife. It wasn't like they could call or do a videochat; she'd come up with the pathetic excuse that she had a nasty cold.

“Okay, Makani,” she said in her lovely new accent. “You can do this. Woman up and stick your big rack of a chest out, and rip the bandaid off.”

She knocked on the door in three sharp raps and waited. A shuffling sound echoed from within, followed by a low groan. It was obvious that after several months, Julia was now really feeling that early third trimester. Despite her nervousness, Makani found herself eager to see her plump, pregnant wife. It *aroused* her, and perhaps that was part of her change too, because pregnancy had never been a turn-on for her until now.

The door swung open, and there was Julia, wearing a lovely blue maternity dress that hugged her bump and lifted her chest, a chest that was larger now as she was further along. Her red hair had been styled to one side, and she’d put on lipstick and everything. Makani’s jaw dropped. Julia was the most gorgeous creature she’d ever seen. Her large brown nipples hardened just at the sight of her, and her pussy grew damp.

“My God,” she whispered. “You’re beautiful.”

“Hey handso - woah! Who - who are you?”

It hit Makani that Julia had been aiming to surprise her husband and catch up on lost moments of intimacy with her. That pained the transformed woman even more.

“I’m, um, I’m Makani. Hello.”

Julia looked her up and down, and Makani noticed her eyes widen as she took in the large melons the latter possessed. It was true, the new native Mayan woman was absolutely *stacked*. Julia gaped as she looked further down, taking in Makani’s hips and curves. It was a strange sensation, having her wife checking her out. She never acted like this when she was a man. What was happening?

“H-hello Makani,” she said. “S-sorry, I just got a little distracted. Call it, er, pregnancy brain! Yes, that’s it. I’m pregnant, as you can see. Very, very pregnant. Erm . . . can I help you?”

Makani saw how flushed her wife was. Time to rip the bandaid off.

“It’s me, Julia,” she said. “I’m Malcolm. Malcolm Keller. I found an artefact down south and, well, it changed me into this. Makani Keller. It’s my new name, but if you don’t like it then I understand. Darn, this doesn’t sound believable. Please, can I come in and-”

“Yes, yes, you better come in,” Julia said, her gaze still entranced. “This . . . this sounds pretty crazy but . . . something tells me I need to hear this. Maybe I just like the look of you. Come on in and have a tea. But please, tell me everything.”

Makani explained everything. It took a long time, and she went on a number of tangents. It was hard to tell the story without its share of embarrassments, including how she discovered her G-cup bust size, her odd need to show off her body and style herself, and how she’d adjusted to being a woman. She walked Julia through the process of transformation and how it had felt at the time, and showed her documents from various other

members of the expedition who had given testimony over what had happened. She retrieved various proofs of identity, including her old ID card compared to her new one, among other forms of evidence. The whole time, Julia's face ran through a gamut of emotions. Halfway through the long-winded story, she moved from her opposite-facing sofa chair to sit beside Makani. Near the end, she was pressed up against the brown-skinned beauty, and was rubbing the former man's bare thigh with her own pale hand.

"It is you," she whispered, when Makani was finally done. She stroked her stomach with her other hand, calming their baby within her.

"It is. I'm sorry I didn't tell you sooner, but I needed to see you in person, and I was . . . scared."

"Scared?" Julia responded. "Why?"

"Because it would end our marriage. Because you wouldn't be attracted to me anymore. Because I couldn't be the father of our child. I *can't* be the father of our child. I can't even be your husband anymore . . ."

She felt tears threatening to well up in her eyes.

"And the worst part is that I like being like this! I don't want to go back, but I don't want to lose your love, and I know you won't see me the same way and - mmph!"

To her shock, a pair of lips were suddenly on hers. Her pregnant wife was holding her face as she kissed her, and she was even *moaning* with pleasure as she did so. Julia placed her hands on Makani's enormous breasts and caressed them, eliciting a follow-up moan from the former male this time. Despite her large pregnant belly, Julia shifted easily thanks to her passion, caressing Makani all over while making out with her with such enthusiasm that the native woman had no idea what to do, other than make sounds of pleasure.

"What - what are you doing? Julia, what's going on?"

Julia drew back. She had a terrific smile on her face, and was already working to unzip her dress to reveal the sexy lingerie she had underneath. She got up for one moment so she could shuffle out of her clothing, exposing her naked belly. Again, Makani found herself unbelievably aroused by the sight. She really did find fertility a turn on now, but what was up with Julia?

"Honey?" she said as Julia moved back to press her body against Makani's. "I don't understand."

"What's there to understand?" Julia groaned, nibbling on Makani's ear before lowering her hands to pull her new wife's dress down and expose her large brown breasts. "You're so fucking hot, my love. So unbelievably *hot*."

"But - you're straight!"

The pregnant woman shook her head and giggled. "No, I'm bisexual. I never told you because, well, I was a little embarrassed about it. Still in the closet, I guess. I loved your

male body, I really did, Malcolm. No, Makani. But I've always been far more on the gay side of my bisexuality, and you are ticking *all* of my boxes right now."

She lowered her mouth to suck on Makani's large left nipple, which left the new woman reeling, crying out loud from the sheer pleasure her body produced. Her female arousal was off the charts, and made all the better as she roamed her own hands across her wife's pregnant belly. She wanted her. She wanted her *bad*.

"So you're not . . . disappointed?"

"Are you kidding me!?" Julia exclaimed. "Honey, I'll always love you, but if you're stuck like this, I *promise* you I will make it more than worth your while. If you're happier like this, then I'm fucking *ecstatic*."

"But I can't be your - ahh - husband! I can't be the father of our kid!"

"Oh, please, what does that matter! You can - mhmm - you can be my wife! And we can *both* be mommies."

In all the passion, Makani wasn't even sure when her dress had come off, but Julia was quick to remove her own clothing just as quickly. The pair made love on the couch, both in the throes of delirious lesbian pleasure.

"It's just - such a surprising reaction!" Makani moaned as her pregnant wife began to rub and tease her most sensitive new area. "I didn't expect you to b-be happy about this! Not that I - ahhh - mind! Ohhhhh!"

Julia simply grinned from ear to ear, pleasing her new *wife* and indulging in her own fantasies. It seemed everything had gone well in the end. And with how aroused Makani was just from touching her wife's pregnant stomach, and that she was already wondering how it would feel on her own female body, perhaps Julia promising they could 'both be mommies' was perhaps going to be a lot more literal sometime in the future.

Her own reaction to that thought was most surprising of all.

It filled her with excitement.

The End