

# Mom Wants Grandkids! (Man to Pregnant Wife TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

## A Commission for Brookings B

*Daniel and Bryan have been friends for a long time, but whereas Daniel has his life together, Bryan is much more carefree. Daniel's mother hates seeing this 'bad influence' on her son's life, and desperately wants grandkids, so she decides to kill two birds with one stone: why not use an ancient fertility idol to transform Bryan into Daniel's ultra-fertile and submissive wife?*

## Mom Wants Grandkids!

Daniel sighed as he entered his friend's apartment. The door was unlocked as always, but the door caught on a pile of clothing that had for some reason been left there. Judging from the underwear hanging from the ceiling fan, he guessed that his friend had once again had picked up a female visitor in the night.

"Come on in, dude!" came Bryan's voice from the living room. "Just watch your step! I had a bit of a crazy night last night. Two girls at once, if you can believe it!"

"Bullshit!"

"No bullshit, man. It was *wild*."

Daniel even felt a little jealousy, and manoeuvred past some of the beer bottles on the ground. The place did *reek* of sex and passion. His friend really did have it made in the shade.

"Jesus, man!" Daniel said, chuckling a little with disbelief. "How do you do it?"

He entered the living room, where his friend was sitting on the couch, resting his feet while watching the Soccer game on television: it was Brazil versus America, and Brazil was winning. Easy" he said. "You just cruise through life, keep in shape, and have some animal magnetism."

He winked, and Daniel could see it. His friend was powerfully built, with light blonde hair and charming blue eyes. He was a gym-goer by day, and a party boy by night, and it sometimes frustrated Daniel that he could be so carefree and not plan for his future: as long as Bryan had a roof over his head and a bed that could fit some companions, he was happy. The man had never held a job longer than six months but somehow always landed on his feet.

"Well, here over in the *real world*, I need to rely on a bit more to get ahead."

Bryan just snorted. "Sit down, *Mr Callagher*. Someone's in a mood this morning. What's up?"

He brushed some crumbs off of the couch for Daniel to take a seat.

"Sorry," he said. "I just can't believe you get all this, sometimes. Stupid, I know. I actually came with good news. I got the job. The promotion. I'm gonna be the project manager at Stalwart Tech!"

Bryan instantly jumped to his feet. "Holy shit, man! Fuck yeah! This is cause for celebration! We're going out to Lonnie's tonight and we're gonna get absolutely shipwrecked and drowning in pussy!"

Daniel laughed, but had to gesture otherwise. "Unfortunately, I've still got work tomorrow."

"But it's a Saturday!"

"The joys of working in a tech company that values loyalty. Maybe if I was a family man, things would go better."

Bryan rolled his eyes. "These fucking corporate types always favour the family types, don't they. Has your Mom been on your case about that again?"

Daniel nodded. "Again and again and again. That woman is desperate for babies. I actually had dinner with her last night. She was pulling for this promotion but told me that I needed to find a woman already."

"She's not wrong there."

"She means a wife, Bryan."

"Bleh. You're only twenty seven, dude. Slay a town's worth of pussy before you get the old ball and chain. You're tall, dark, and handsome. Almost as tall and handsome as me! And even if you're not a gym guy, you keep in good shape. You'd kill at the club."

Daniel looked over himself. His friend wasn't wrong: women often did look at him with interest, but he was just so damn busy. His work was everything, and it constantly got in the way of any attempts to date.

"Maybe so, maybe another day. I've just got to secure my future. I'm just not the carefree person you are, Bryan."

"Well, not everyone can be as awesome as me, granted."

Daniel chuckled. "Speaking of Mom, she really did not like hearing that I was visiting you today."

"She's always hated me."

"She thinks you're lazy."

"*Carefree*, that's your words, too."

"Well, she calls it laziness. Says that I shouldn't be hanging around with someone who can't take care of his future. She even said, er, that you were a bad influence."

Bryan just shrugged. "Maggie's always said I was a bad influence."

"Well, you did get me to smoke pot back in college. And you got me involved in panty stealing on campus. And you convinced me to throw rotten eggs at old Mr Kazensky's house."

"Yeah, but he was a total dick."

"And you know my Mom, she's always been pretty traditional. She didn't exactly love that when you came over you had stories of a new girlfriend each week."

"Yeah, but wasn't Stacey Ackermann hot? I swear, the tits on that redhead . . ."

"But most of all, she's-"

"Angry that I've not gotten some office job, I'm guessing?"

"Yeah."

Bryan just shrugged. "Makes sense why she was giving me glares at your sister's wedding, then."

"You were also hitting on the bridesmaids."

"And fucking two of them successfully. In the same night! I told them I was a commercial air pilot."

"Weren't you working at a petrol station at the time?"

"Low point, yeah. Still, they believed it. Glad I didn't get anyone pregnant that night, because I *cannot* afford child support right now. Or any time, really. Hey, why are we talking so much about your Mom anyway?"

Daniel smirked. "Because after this big tirade, she gave me a gift to pass on to you."

"Was it the black plague? Are you my personal Typhoid Mary?"

"Come and see. It's in my car."

Daniel led his friend out of the apartment to where he'd parked his vehicle. It was a slicker one than his friend drove, but because Bryan was the type of guy to add nice rims and give the engine some more rev, his always seemed to impress a bit more.

"Dude, that is such a corporate car."

"Oh, shut up."

"Seriously, it screams 'sell out.' We need to get you a better right. Something with style like I've got. Something that says 'I don't fucking care, man.'"

Daniel sighed. "But I do care, *man*. Now, are you gonna check this out or not? Because it's really weird that Mom wants you to have this."

"It better not explode."

Daniel reached into the car and brought out a cardboard box, then carefully unpackaged the item inside. Bryan was clearly shocked, because far from being something offensive, it was a *statue*. An ancient looking one, by the looks of it, and certainly not from around here. It looked South American, and could be easily carried with two hands. It had been sculpted to appear like a woman with large breasts and a swollen belly, full with child.

She had long hair and a beautiful face, albeit with exaggeratedly thick lips and prominent eyes.

"Huh," he said, taking it from Daniel. "That's . . . different. Why has she given me a statue of a preggo woman? She's got nice big tits at least."

Daniel chuckled. "Apparently, and I'm not yanking your chain here, it's an ancient Incan Fertility Idol. You know that my Mom used to be an archaeologist, and this was one of her finds that she told me she got to keep. She said she's sick of it now, though, and wants it to go to someone who, and I quote, 'needs to experience some culture and growth.'"

"Wow, shots fired," Bryan said, regarding the statue that was now in his hands. "So even when your mom gives gifts, she's using them to tell me to be more responsible."

"Anyway, you can do with it what you want, but I thought you might find that hilarious."

Bryan turned the statue over in his hands, regarding it. A grin came over his features, his blue eyes gleaming.

"You know what? I think I *will* keep it. Chicks will think I'm all cultured and shit, and if my job falls through - again - who knows? It might be worth something, if you don't mind me saying."

"You know, Bryan, sometimes I really wish I had your life."

Bryan placed the statue under his arm and winked. "You just need to get a girlfriend to put a ring on, buddy. Some pussy will do you real good."

"You're probably not wrong. The only problem is, if I so much as look at a woman, then Mom will be coming over to demand grandbabies as soon as possible."

The pair laughed, going back inside. Bryan placed the statue in the living room on top of the fireplace, its swollen belly and serene gaze facing outwards. It was slightly hypnotic to look at, he thought, but then he turned his mind back to his friend's visit.

"Okay, enough talk about grandkids and helicopter moms and how totally irresponsible I am. Now it's time for me to crush you in *Galaxy Peril 2*."

"Please," Daniel said. "You only ever win with the Spacer faction."

"I'll take the flesh-mongers then."

"You're on!"

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Margaret watched through the eyes of the fertility statue, witnessing her adult son - recently promoted - playing 'video games'; a childish state of affairs, in her opinion. Bryan's apartment remained a mess from the previous night's adventures, and it was clear that the man had no shame whatsoever; he didn't care at all about the fact that he worked a dead

end job at a bowling alley, of that he spent most of his money on clothes, booze, and dates to woo attractive women. He wasn't going up in the world, or finding the right woman, or settling his place in the world, either. And after all the hard work Maggie had put into her son, trying to push him towards a successful life, she refused to let it be sabotaged.

*"Nah, don't listen to your Ma, man. I don't know why you put so much stock in her. She's always pushing you to find a woman and wife her and get her pregnant. Is that what you want, though?"*

*"I mean . . . yeah, I do. I don't know if I want it right away. I feel like I've missed my days of one night stands and meeting chicks, and maybe I'd like to have that before I settle down, but I do want a family. I mean, I kinda want a pretty big family, you know?"*

*"Nope, not at all! But hey, you do you, man. But don't listen to your mom. Have some fun! Slay some pussy while you still can! Taste the world! And don't focus so much on this job; trust me, I'm doing just fine without a 'career.'"*

Maggie fumed as she heard these words. Once again, Bryan Mayes was pouring temptation into her son's ears. At this rate, she'd *never* have grandchildren! She'd gotten married at twenty and given birth not long after, so why was he seven years behind that deadline and counting?

"I can't be putting up with this," she mumbled to herself. The middle-aged woman with dark, wavy hair and a bird-like face pulled her face back from the *other* fertility idol, the one that had been used by the ancient Incan priests. This one was in the shape of a man, and the engravings on the side had been difficult to translate, but she'd figured it out over the years. The two fertility idols could communicate with each other, the male one able to see through the female one's eyes, and she knew why. Roughly translated, the statues were used to not only increase the fertility of women, but to literally *make* a perfect woman, a very fertile and submissive wife, often from a defeated enemy. The male Incan priest would hold the male statue and place the female one before the subdued victim, and in doing so perform an act that would bind his soul to the female statue, allowing its magic to infuse him. The priests, no doubt, wanted such a woman for themselves, but the engravings also said they could be offered to the nearest companion. There were other, even more varied uses.

But Maggie knew exactly how she was going to use it. She took a deep breath, looked through the eyes of the idol and beheld the sight of Bryan the slacker cursing and making crude sexual jokes with her son, jokes that made him laugh. The two had such a connection that she instantly felt the magic loop around the two.

"Here goes," she said to herself.

She spoke the ancient words, translated as clearly as she could manage, and a power thrummed through her, into the male priest idol, and then through the female idol. She directed it straight towards Andrew Mayes, focusing on his hair, his eyes, his masculine face

and large figure. Sure enough, the power entered into him, the feminising aura settling into his very core and beginning to churn within him, the change growing slowly but implacably.

“Done,” she said, smiling hungrily. “Two stones. A bad influence gone, and a daughter-in-law and grandbabies on the way.”

Still, Maggie was a little nervous. She really hoped this would work. Surely she’d get at least *one* grandchild?

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Bryan was, in fact, actually managing to win the latest *Galaxy Peril 2* playoff. He had Daniel on the ropes - probably because he never worked nine-to-five and therefore had more times for games, and was looking to clinch a decisive win by destroying his enemy’s home bases.

Then his stomach lurched.

“Euurghh,” he groaned, clutching it.

“Dude, are you okay?”

“I - I feel really sick all of a sudden,” Bryan said, dropping the controller. “Sh-shit. I feel really twisted up. Do you - sorry man, do you mind if we call it quits for today? I’m really tired all of a sudden. I need to go lie down.”

Daniel was confused, but Bryan was already rising and moving to the bedroom, paying no heed to the fact that his guest was still in his household.

“Um, did you need anything?”

Bryan’s stomach lurched a second time, causing him to groan. He was starting to get a bit sweaty, and it made him worried he was getting gastro.

“N-no. You see yourself out, man. Well done on your promotion, again. Hope it impresses all the ladies. Tell your mom where to stick it.”

“Dude!”

The sick man gave a slight grin, but still moved to the bed. With a frown, Daniel left, concerned for his friend. Bryan, however, tossed and turned in his bed over the next half-hour, struggling to get comfortable. It was like his very skin was sliding off of him. And his insides were bubbling. God, it felt like something was *growing* inside of him, like a new organ or something!

He just needed sleep. He needed to be secure. But his bedroom wasn’t the place. For reasons unknown to him, Bryan managed to lift himself off of his bed and stumble back into the living room. He collapsed onto the couch, gazing up at the fertility idol, which stared down at him, its arms upon its hugely swollen stomach, its breasts proud upon its chest. It looked . . . kind of beautiful, in a way he hadn’t perceived before.

"I wonder how that . . . feels," he said, his eyes slowly closing. He fell asleep while rubbing his stomach. He didn't wake up until morning the next day, and was shocked to have slept for over fifteen hours.

What was even stranger, though, was what he had dreamed about while asleep. Bryan couldn't remember it all, but he couldn't help but shake odd images from his mind, images of himself cupping a large pair of breasts that were somehow his own, or having a large stomach swollen with a squirming child. Or, oddest of all, looking up at Daniel and finding his face deeply handsome, before kissing his best friend and then pulling him towards their *shared bed*.

Back at her home, Maggie had just checked in on her son's best friend, and was delighted with the results already. He hadn't noticed yet, but his hair had grown unnaturally longer, by nearly a whole inch, and the blemishes on his skin had faded away.

It had begun.

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Daniel was feeling a little awkward as he had dinner with his mother. He was close to her, but she could be so suffocating at times, and with such a sharp mind, Margaret had a habit of inviting him to visit with ulterior motives in mind. Today was no different. It was a delicious chicken roast, and they had talked civilly during it, with Margaret inquiring happily about his promotion and offering champagne to celebrate his success. And then the penny dropped.

"So, I'm getting on in years."

"Mom, you're only forty eight years old!"

"Still! I don't have grandchildren, and you never know what will happen. You don't even have a wife yet, Daniel."

"I'd need a girlfriend first, Mom. Look, I'm just focusing on my career now, okay? I do want a family, and I promise I'll have one . . . one day. I'll have kids too, little grandkids for you. But . . . things are just very busy right now, okay? There's a lot I need to do."

"Well, a woman would help you with that. A nice woman who can take care of the household and keep you fed. A nice, submissive woman who could marry you quickly and then get pregnant."

Daniel exhaled. "Yes, that would be wonderful. Truly. Now, if only such a woman actually existed."

At this, Margaret actually smiled, as if knowing something he didn't. "Well, you never know, dear. Sometimes change comes where you least suspect it."

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Something was wrong. Bryan was changing; he just *knew* it. His hair was longer by a whole inch, seemingly over the span of just two days, and his entire body was sensitive. His nipples throbbed, and for some reason he kept finding excuses to be near the fertility idol. He placed it on the fireplace while he was playing video games, he took it in the car with him when he went for a drive, and when he slept, it sat on his bedside table, watching over him. He had no idea that his best friend's mom was occasionally peering through its eyes at him; his entire focus was on its womanly aspect. Its breasts and belly, its serene, submissive expression, as if making babies for her husband was what this woman *existed for*. It turned him on, and when those strange dreams reoccurred, he found himself waking up with a terrific hard on.

This alone might have just been a weird hormonal phase or a reason to change his diet, perhaps to either hit the gym more or do just the reverse; whatever was causing this. But it was right after he got a call from Daniel that things took a turn for the worse. It was day three after being gifted the idol, and he and Dan were meant to be heading to watch a football game together at the local stadium. He'd even planned to try to hook his buddy up with a hot girl. Instead, the call came.

*"Hey dude, I'm so sorry. Work has called me in again. I'm so shitted off about their policy towards single workers. We don't have 'home responsibilities' so it's all hands on deck when there's an emergency with another device rollout. I can't make it to the game. You have fun without me though, okay?"*

Have fun . . . without Daniel? It seemed an almost impossible concept, despite the fact that he'd so often done exactly that, especially when hunting for sexy, big-titted gals to sleep with. Yet at the moment, such a prospect seemed so very empty.

"Damn it!" he whined. "I really wanted to spend time with him! I wanted to - eurgh!"

That same lurching sensation hit his stomach, and once more Bryan doubled over, struggling to keep the strange rippling effects at bay. They expanded over his skin, and for the first time he *truly transformed*.

"Oh G-God, so much p-pressure! Mhmm!"

It was uncomfortable, it was wrong, but instead of being painful it was impossible *pleasurable*. His dick began to harden even as his nipples throbbed. To his horror, his chest began to push forwards, the pressure giving away like a dam finally bursting. It released, causing the flesh to pool forwards. He pressed his hands against his chest, trying to keep the flesh at bay.

"What the f-fuck! What the hell!?"

He tore his shirt off, only to be confronted with a new and terrifying reality: his nipples were now pink and large, stiff with an unwelcome arousal and with a wider set of areolas that



made them most definitely female in appearance. Worse, he appeared to be growing actual *tits!* They were small but still growing, and it felt like they were actively being *pumped* with contents, filling with fat and tissue until they were undeniably tits. Boobs. Breasts. Jugs. Minor melons. Goddamn *mammaries*.

“The fucking fuck!? This isn’t p-possible! Ohhhh!”

He tried to push them in, but the sensations were only painful when he pushed too hard, and unintentionally pleasurable when he rubbed the changing flesh. It was the most alien sensation in the world, and made all the weirder by having his nipples now more than an inch further out than they were used to sitting, not to mention much bigger. The man writhed, clutching them, yet even as he did he felt his hands compress and change, as if they were being massaged down to a smaller size. His chewed-upon fingernails, one of the few less attractive traits about Bryan, suddenly healed and extended. In mere moments, he had a pair of dainty woman’s hands at the end of his otherwise manly arms, making them look comical, as if he were some strange Frankenstein’s creation. The same was true of his chest, which had immediately lost its body hair, leaving his breasts perfectly formed and womanly. They seemed huge from his perspective as he pressed them together, but the line of cleavage he created was really only what a B-cup could produce; a fairly average size for a woman, and not particularly busty at all.

“This can’t be fucking possible. Wake me up! Oh God, I need to go to the hospital!”

He grabbed the bra he’d taken off and quickly put it on, then his cute pink shirt, the one that emphasised his chest, small as it was. It showed a thin line of midriff, clinging to his body a little too well.

“Okay, just got to get to the hospital and - what the fuck!? Am I wearing a goddamn bra!? How the hell!?”

He tore off the pink top - the one that was a men’s shirt in everything except the tighter fit around the waist and the extra room in the chest - and observed the dark bra he was wearing. It was real, and he’d put it on without a second thought!

“The fuck, the fuck, the fuck . . .”

It was like reality was slipping apart. He needed to see Daniel. Daniel would make everything all right, not some stupid hospital. There was a powerful new urge to go straight to his best friend and heed his counsel, despite Bryan having been such a maverick in the past.

“No, need to go to the hospital,” he said, shaking those thoughts away.

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"I don't know what to tell you, Mr Mayes," Doctor Sven said. "You've always had this condition."

Bryan's jaw was low enough to hit the floor. "What the fuck do you mean, I've always been this way! I'm telling you, I grew tits and lady hands in just thirty seconds! It happened an hour ago. How come none of you believe me!?"

Doctor Sven sighed. He was a tall man, even by Bryan's standards, and it felt weird for another man to be taller than him. "I'm just telling you what's on your files. Look, we have images of you going through a hormonally imbalanced puberty when you were younger. Have a look."

He clicked through several images of the computer, and Bryan's jaw finally hit the floor. It was him in those images, some of them even from his memories of his family's beach home growing up, and another of a sixteen year-old him playing cricket . . . in a bra and girly shirt. All the shots showed growing breasts from around the age of twelve before reaching their B-cup size around the age of eighteen. His hands had likewise changed, and evidently this version of him had grown used to these changes.

"That's not possible."

"Mr Mayes, have you considered that this may be something like an anxious break? Memory loss of this kind is not ordinary, I can organise you a consultation with-"

But Bryan was already turning and fleeing the room, then the hospital. He drove home quickly, nearly breaking a number of traffic laws. Tears formed in the corners of his eyes, but he tried not to be too emotional. By the time he got back to his apartment, he was more fully aware that not only had his body changed, but his entire *reality* as well. His photos all had him with breasts, his clothing cupboard had them as well, and a lot of hand lotion and manicure tools. Even his student ID showed him in a purple shirt with a low cut that teased some cleavage.

"Oh God, this is insane," he said.

He slumped on the couch, not knowing what to do. He texted Daniel, hoping his friend would reply soon. But soon a tiredness hit him, and he slumped back on the couch, basking in the presence of the Fertility Idol. At least *that* made him comfortable. It felt . . . right to be beneath it.

He soon fell asleep, and once again dreamed womanly dreams. His handsome best friend was on top of him, his cock hard and ready. Bryan spread his legs and moaned as he was penetrated.

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Maggie was very happy with how things were proceeding as she watched through the fertility idol's eyes. This was just the first change; there would be much bigger ones to come, but the reality change *was* happening. And best of all, no one would know it but her, not even her son. And with Bryan sleeping in the very same room as the fertility idol, no doubt the changes would keep on coming until he was exactly the kind of baby making beauty that her son needed to give him - and her - all that they wanted.

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Daniel was confused by the presence of a series of moans as he entered Bryan's apartment for another catchup. Was his friend having sex again? Surely he wouldn't overlap a female visitor? He wasn't the type to do that: he only *rarely* had one-night stands anyway.

"Um, Bryan?" he called out. "I'm here!"

"D-dude! C-come quickly! I need you - ohhh God, I need you!"

Bryan moved quickly, only to see his friend moaning as he held his naked chest awkwardly with one forearm and gripped his hip with the other. His expression was caught someway between discomfort and confusion and unwanted pleasure, and it was a deeply weird sight to behold. Daniel covered his eyes.

"Dude, put your tits away!"

"I'm - my tits? You think I'm meant to have these fucking big melons?"

"Well, I mean, they're not huge, but yeah. I thought you were over your medical condition?"

Bryan groaned, now cupping both naked breasts. Daniel found it hard not to sneak a peek, and part of him was a little aroused by the sight, despite knowing that his friend was a mostly-male hermaphrodite and dear friend.

"Medical condition? Jesus, this is insane. Why does everyone think I've got a medical condition!?"

He was literally trembling while he said this, which had the effect of causing his boobs to wobble on his chest rather dramatically. Daniel was finding it *very* hard not to stare. He'd always been curious about his friend's 'developments,' but he'd never expected to see them like this. The fact that he was in a pair of short shorts only emphasised his womanly hips too, spread wide and providing a contrast to his waist.

"Um, no offence dude, but are you okay? You've had those boobs since early high school. You had them when we *met*. You used to tease Sabrina Watkinson that you had bigger tits than her when she tried to be a bitch to you. You bragged about getting Stacey Ackermann to feel them up after convincing a teacher that you had a right to go to the girl's change rooms."

Bryan's face fell. He'd just gone through another 'growth spurt,' one that had left him writhing and moaning, the mix of pleasure and discomfort rising from another set of changes. His breasts had grown up to C-cups, now the more ample side of average, but his pelvis had also stretched outwards, and his hips with them, not to mention another layer of fat had settled on his rear. Even his arm hair had retracted, and the same for his legs! He looked more girly than ever, and he was now certain that his height was falling.

"Wait," he said, "are you telling me that I've always looked like this? I'm not just talking about these tits, but my hips as well? These smooth legs? Did my hair go nearly to my chin last time you saw me?"

Daniel screwed up his face, very confused by this. "Uh . . . yeah, man. We saw each other and played *Galaxy Peril 2* literally the other day. You got sick and said you needed to take off your bra and lie down, and that's when I left. You looked the same then as you do now."

Bryan gave a small squeak. He looked down at the boobs he was holding up in his hands, and suddenly became very self-conscious. Why was he being so revealing in front of his friend? God, it was so improper! They weren't even dating, even if they got along so well. With great embarrassment he turned around and put his shirt back on, the one that bared his midriff and showed a hint of cleavage, and something about the style felt affirming.

"S-sorry," he said, going red in the cheeks and scratching the back of his head, where the hair was still quite long. "Just ignore me."

"Well, you're clearly going through something. Did you want to talk about it?"

Bryan managed to avoid tearing up. "N-no. Let's just play a videogame or something. You can tell me about your work. It'll help calm me down. I'm just going through something I can't explain."

Instantly, Daniel placed a hand on his friend's shoulder and squeezed it gently. "Hey, whatever you're going through, I'm here to support you, okay?"

Bryan shivered from the touch; it was so . . . *electric*. Comforting. *Manly*. His nipples tingled, and his member hardened just a little. God, what was happening? Why was he getting fucking aroused by his friend's touch? Was it because Daniel was so tall, dark and handsome? Was it because he'd be such a good father to some lucky girl's babies?

"I - th-thank you," he managed, pulling away a little. "But I can't talk about it. Can you just . . . can you stay with me? I need someone to comfort me."

Daniel did so, happily sitting beside his friend and chatting about work, movies, the latest football game; anything to help his panicking friend. Maybe it was another hormone balance; he probably got those often. But for some reason, he felt more drawn to his friend than usual. He sat closer to him, pressing his hip against his friend's more womanly pair, and

leaned against him slightly. Bryan shivered from the touch, but otherwise the two didn't mention it, playing the game.

It was a distraction from all the insanity for Bryce, but as time stretched on, he simply didn't want Daniel to leave. His best friend's presence was so damn welcome, and he'd never noticed how handsome he was.

By the time Daniel left, he was almost trembling at the thought of him going, but he said goodbye all the same. Then he went to the bathroom and looked at his feminising reflection, and *screamed*.

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Margaret was very pleased by all that she had seen. Her son was none the wiser about his best friend's transformations, and Bryan was becoming ever more female. But best of all, the part she had worried most about was proving to work perfectly: Bryan was slowly losing his overconfidence and male cockiness. She could look through the eyes of her male idol and see him struggling to deal with his more feminine emotions, his mind ever more submissive. It was clear just from his general murmurings that instead of dishing out unsolicited advice to her son, now he was seeking comfort from him. The fertility idol was bound to his soul, turning him female, but it would also mould his personality, turning him into the kind of dutiful wife and breeder that her son needed to make a large family.

And she wanted grandkids. Yes, she did.

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Bryan was scrolling on his phone on his break. He was still working for the local bowling place, but his hours were less than his original schedule for whatever reason. Once more, he found that reality had changed so that everyone remembered him having a bubblebut and wider hips, not to mention boobs. It was humiliating that his boss, Kade Soze, was checking out his chest and remarking on how he needed to "wear something less tight. You're not a real woman, you know!"

But he still had to work. He had rent to pay, and nobody believed him that he was changing. It was a nightmare, and all he could do was try to fight the changes and cling to sanity, and search the internet on his phone for some kind of solution. He'd never had an academic mind, but perhaps some kind of occult practice or magic trinket or sci-fi bullshit could explain it, and more importantly *reverse* it.

Unfortunately, nothing was coming up except for some likely phony good luck charms that he ordered with his meagre money anyway. He ended up texting Daniel instead, and the two had a very long chain conversation during the latter's break.

*'So boring here at the alley. Just trying to deal with the hormones and the body, u no how it is.'*

*'Yeah, you seem bothered by that lately. U ok?'*

*"Fine. Well, not fine, but can't explain it. Sucks. Manager keeps perving at me. Feels like my body is all wrong."*

There was a long wait before the next reply from Daniel.

*'Look, this may be weird for me to write and weirder for u to read, but . . . your body is perfect, Bree. I mean it.'*

Somehow, Bryan's heart managed to drop even as it fluttered with warmth, like his chest and stomach were full of lovely little butterflies.

*'Dude, that's kind of weird,'* he started to write back, but then felt uncertain - not a usual feeling for the usually bullheaded man. He deleted his comment, and simply wrote back: *'Thx. You're not bad either, tall, dark and handsome!'*

He sent it, then immediately cursed himself.

"Why the hell did I send that? Shit!"

He didn't have time to write some kind of joke to undercut it, because he was expected back at the desk to replace Pete, the guy who had *waaaaay* too many questions about Bryan's changing body.

Except he didn't make it there. Daniel's texted words lingered in his mind, making his body aroused and full of sensation. He began to pant, and then the familiar lurching began in his lower stomach, where a uterus was slowly forming, unbeknownst to him.

"Ohhhh, n-not again! Fuck this!"

A few heads looked his way, but to his surprise the person that moved to his side to help him was . . . Daniel's *mom!?*

"M-Maggie?" he said.

"Come with me, young man," she said. "You poor thing. Is it another one of those cramps?"

"I - what are you doing here?"

"I was just going for a bowl. Believe it or not, your friend's mother has her own hobbies. Everything okay?"

He sat down, humiliated as Pete had to man the desk a little longer while he was sitting in a bowling lane beside his best friend's mom. But the pressures were growing, and he couldn't contain them.

"No. S-something's happening. I n-need to get out of here before - NGHH! EUGH!"

It hit him, a bloom of awkward pressure, strong discomfort, and even stronger, unwanted but implacable *ecstasy*. He writhed, moaning almost orgasmically as his voice rose in octave. To Bryan's humiliation, his hair and face changed, his lips becoming fuller, his nose shrinking in size, and he knew instantly that his spine and limbs were doing the same. He was reducing in height in real time, his shoulders compressing inwards even as his hips spread further. All of his bone structure was changing, and as his ribcage shrunk it only emphasised his breasts further, especially as they swelled up yet another cup size, becoming D-cups or even *Double-D's*, just the way that he liked them - not that he'd actually thought about hot ladies at all, recently (just about guys, in fact, especially Daniel).

"I'm ch-changing!" Bryan whined. "Can't you see it? I'm - oh f-fuck! My muscles! I'm losing my goddamn muscles, can't anyone see it!?"

His manager was striding over, but Margaret put up a hand, evidently trying to cool the situation. "I can't see any loss of muscles, young man. You look very beautiful to me as you always have."

"You've always h-hated me, Maggie," he said.

"Nonsense! You're a good influence on my boy. You two are a perfect fit, in fact! I just wish you wouldn't work in such a dive like this. Daniel would support you, you know."

The changes ended. Bryan gasped, touching his midriff. His clothing had changed to reflect his transformation: he now had a thinner waist with little muscle - instead a trim and flat stomach. His legs had more fat around the thighs, leaving him with luscious legs that were shown off by - by a *skirt!?* And worse, his boobs were bigger, with his top now with spaghetti straps and a low cut that showed off his proud Double-D's, which were heavy upon his chest and shoulders. It was too much to take in.

"Bryan!" Kade called out. "Get your big tits back behind the register! Your lunch break ended ten minutes ago and Pete is waiting, goddamn it."

"I just need two fucking minutes!" Bryan cried, tears in his eyes again.

"I said now. I'm sorry, ma'am, but this man is clearly bothering you and-"

"And he fucking quits!" Bryan shrieked, voice higher than normal. He tore off the badge that marked him as a worker, as well as the cap and shoes. He wanted to tell Kade to go fuck himself, but . . . that was just too much of a tall order. The once confident man felt a strange need to be more demure and respectful all of a sudden, especially in the presence of Maggie, who just looked fascinated by all of this.

"I'm sorry," he said weakly. "I just need to quit on the spot. I'm sorry for this, Kade. I need to go."

He got up and started walking away, his boobs wobbling noticeably, bouncing with every step, and his wider hips swaying in a sensual manner that he not only couldn't help,

but seemed all too natural to him. It was only when he was outside, heading towards his car that someone caught his arm: Margaret. She gave him a hug, and it actually soothed him.

"You made the right choice, dear," she said. "Work isn't for you. Your destiny lies elsewhere, and I know Daniel will not only understand you, but support you."

"You - you think?"

"I know so."

Bryan found himself smiling, and Maggie lit up at that too.

"You've such a beautiful smile, honey. Why don't you come over for tea with me sometime. I can invite Daniel. I'm sure he'd love to spend more time with a pretty person like you. I just hope he finds someone with your kind of devotion one day. He truly wants kids, you know. Lots of them."

Bryan gulped. "K-kids?"

"Yes. I want them too; grandkids, I mean. My daughter refuses to have any, and is too far away for me to help, but Daniel would love lots of babies. Besides, pregnancy really is beautiful, isn't it?"

Bryan found himself with stomach flutters again. It was beautiful. So very beautiful. The power to make life . . . it was enough to make him almost jealous of women.

"Thanks, Maggie," he said finally. "I might just take you up on that offer. I'd love to spend more time with my Danny. He's such a handsome friend."

He barely even noticed his word choice until he was driving home, and by that point, it just put more butterflies in him, so he got away with just a few blushes before he accepted what he'd said. Daniel was handsome, and probably super virile.

That night, he slept back in his bed, the fertility idol watching over him, and dreamed that he was swollen up with Daniel's babies. It was the best, sexiest, most fulfilling dream he'd ever had, and he began to moan and touch his breasts while unconscious, desiring them to make milk.

Maggie watched him as he slept from afar, peering through the idol's eyes, satisfied with her efforts. Going to Bryan's place of work had been a stroke of genius on her part, but even she hadn't expected him to change while there.

And now the trap was set. The changes were getting more extreme, and judging from Bryan's bosom and hips, he was going to have quite the *fertile* figure soon.

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When Bryan woke the next morning, he found he'd overslept yet again. Worse, he had a raging hard on that simply wouldn't go away. His plump double-D breasts were heavy upon



his chest, and nothing about his body felt familiar. Nothing except his cock, which was rock hard and needing attending to after the wondrous dreams of last night.

"F-frick," he said, agitated once again by the fact that the previous days had not been a dream: he really did have a womanly figure, and his boobs were huge and sensitive. But he was so damn aroused that he couldn't help but lower his hand to his cock and begin to stroke himself. He tried to keep his thoughts on hot chicks with even bigger tits than his own, but to his shame that no longer turned him on. Instead, he thought about *Daniel*.

Daniel, with his dark hair and handsome face.

Daniel, who was now taller than him.

Daniel, who was so hardworking and intelligent, exactly the kind of man who could support a wife and children.

"Mhmm, babies," Bryan said. Something about the thought of making babies turned him on. He closed his eyes and imagined somehow being able to *make them*. To breed with Daniel and be his pregnant wife. God, it was the most fucking intoxicating scenario he could imagine.

And then his phone rang, jolting him briefly from that hypnotic haze. He grabbed it, hoping for some relief from these compulsions, only to see that it was Daniel calling. He swallowed, then put it on speaker and placed it on his bedside table.

"Hey d-dude!" he managed, his voice higher than it usually was. "Just woke up. What's - ahh - up?"

*"Hey man, just feeling a bit lonely today. Finally got some time off work after a big project success. Was wondering if you wanted to hang out or something. This sounds kinda strange, but did you want to go for a walk or something?"*

Bryan exhaled. He did. He really wanted that. He lowered his hand and began stroking his cock again, sliding his dainty female hand up and down, imagining it was *Daniel's cock* instead. At the same time, he began to play with his tits. He'd tried to avoid doing this, but now he gave himself over to their big, wonderfully sensitive nature, and he cursed himself for ever ignoring them. They were such a wonderful pair, and as he teased his nipples he began to gasp and moan, biting his lip so as not to be too loud.

"That sounds - ahh - perfect!" he replied. "What m-makes you want to go for a walk?"

*"I don't know. I just feel like spending more time with you. We've always been so close, but ever since you developed your hormone thing back in high school, I feel like there's been this low lying tension between us. I kind of want to talk about that."*

More muffled gasps. Bryan was addicted to Daniel's voice. Nothing else mattered, but for the sensations his handsome best friend gave him. He continued to pleasure himself, pinching and squeezing his nipples, cupping his boobs and imagining his best friend performing the act, his lips hovering over Bryan's nipples. He stroked and stroked.

"Yes! Let's t-talk about it. Come p-pick me up when you can! I'll dress up - I'll wear something nice!"

*"Oh, wow. Well, I'll do the same. I'm keen for it, man. You know, it's funny, but my Mom seems to have turned a real corner on you. She wants us to come to dinner together at her place. Maybe we can discuss that on our . . . our date?"*

More strokes. More squeezing and cupping and groping and pinching. Bryan was at the very point of explosion. He wanted Daniel. God, he wanted him so fucking bad.

"Yes! We'll do that!"

*"Okay then! I'll see you real soon! I'll come right over."*

"Yes, cum for m-me!"

Thankfully, Daniel had already hung up, but the sheer expression of the phrase brought the inevitable. Bryan squealed high and loud as balls pulsed and his dick throbbed. The biggest ejaculation and orgasm he'd ever experienced rocked through him, and he splattered his bedsheets with his seed, getting it everywhere.

"Ohhhh, yesss! Give me your b-babies! I want to carry your b-babies!"

More cum, more pleasure. He squeezed his big boobs together, uncaring about the mess he was making or the unbelievably taboo thoughts he was experiencing.

But then the orgasm kept going, and it was accompanied by a series of pressures across his body, foreshadowing yet another transformation. Too late, Bryan realised what he had let in, but lost in pleasure he was too weak to fight it even as he groaned in disbelief. How could he have been so weak? What the hell had he been thinking? What was wrong with his mind? These thoughts flew through his mind as once again a pressure made itself known in his bust. He sat up, his lap messy, only to feel a numbness in his deflating cock. The man squeaked in a feminine manner as it began to pull back inside his body, shrinking at a rapid rate. He grabbed it, trying to prevent any further loss, but quickly lost sight of it as he looked down. He was sitting over the side of the bed, his feet on the floor, and his bust swelled up yet again, blocking his view of his own feet, let alone the contents of his lap!

"Ohhhh Go-od! Ohhhhhh, mhhmm! Frick! F-frick! Ahhhh! Stop it, s-stop it noooowwww!"

But in his incoherence, nothing stopped. It only *accelerated*. His nipples widened, areolas becoming even bigger to match his growing boobflesh. He held them with his forearm awkwardly, but his tits quickly overflowed above and below, making him realise that all he was doing was providing a sexy pose to the mirror across the room. They swelled to E-cups, then F-cups: breasts that were now half the size of his own head! Giant-sized tits made for sucking on, made for making *milk*.

"Stop!" he whined, even as he cupped and played with his tits. "Whoever's d-doing this, just s-stop!"

But the fertility idol's gaze was upon him, its magic tethered to his soul. Its effects caused his hips to spread wider and his ass to balloon, giving him quite the delectable derriere. His height fell even further, the pleasure increasing as he closed in on his future, final form. Hair erupted from his scalp, lengthening down to his shoulders, and even his thighs thickened. He was becoming a soft, voluptuous woman, and while his waist was thinner, it was obvious he was not going to become some itty-bitty supermodel, either. No, he was turning into a thick-waisted woman with generous hips and a massive bust; the kind of gal whose body was designed for breeding.

It was a dream. It was a nightmare.

"Ohhhhh, no! Yes! No! YESSSS!"

The orgasm finally ended, and it left Bryan panting, struggling to control himself or his urges. Trembling, he stood up, stumbling for a moment due to his daintified feet. This caused his tremendous chest to wobble heavily, and he had to cup them with his hands due to how active they now were. They hung lower on his torso thanks to their sheer size, but were still impressively pert. Worse, they overflowed his palms, his little hands drowning in titflesh.

"This is insane. This is insane! How is this happening!?"

Even his voice sounded like a woman's now. A little hoarse, perhaps, but not remotely a man's. He had to let one boob jiggle and hang unsupported as he brushed the blonde hair out of his eyes - it was so long now! He could feel it upon his naked shoulders. Even his ass felt huge, perhaps because it *was*. With every step his hips swayed from side to side sensually; he literally *couldn't* avoid making the enticing motion as he made his way to the mirror and beheld his new beauty.

He was still a man, but only just. Everything about the rest of him was female, from his terrific bust to his prettified face, though he got the distinct sense that his jawline would continue to soften, and his eyes become ever more bright and pretty. His eyebrows were still a little too manly, and his ears could be more petite, but . . . it was a woman's face.

"Frick!" he cried. Swearing just didn't feel quite right. "Why is this h-happening!?"

It was then that he spied the fertility idol in the mirror. It was facing in his direction, though he'd never turned it. Bryan blinked. He found thinking a little harder - his mind was so much more preoccupied with thoughts of sex and breeding and - and *wifery* - but he was able to make the connection now at last.

"You're doing this!" he said. "It's been you all along!"

He turned, moving over to the fertility idol, uncaring how heavily his boobs slapped against his own chest or how much his ass shook with each step. He was shorter, weaker, more womanly, but maybe he could reverse it if -

The thought stopped dead in its tracks as he held the idol. It was heavier than he remembered, or perhaps he just had less muscle. But he couldn't just throw it away or

smash it. If he did, what if he regretted it? He'd never get to marry Daniel and be a perfect wife and get pregnant with as many babies as humanly possible. He'd ever get to make milk in his breasts and nurse children, or feel Daniel's cock sliding into the pussy he had yet to form.

"I - my mind . . . oh God, it's too much!"

It was like two sides of him were warring: the side that was humiliated to become a woman and needed to be a man again, and the side that wanted to dive even deeper and give in to his - *her* - arousing new existence.

In the end, Bryan chose neither path. "Have a shower. Get dressed. Clean this damn place up before Daniel arrives. Get my head in order. After I see Daniel, and get his advice . . . everything will be alright."

Yes, Daniel would be the one to help him. Beautiful, handsome, manly Daniel Gallagher. He could decide for Bryan. He needed a big, strong man to make the decision *for* him.

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Margaret watched through the idol with delight. She had never imagined it would be so potent! Bryan now had the figure of a true fertility idol, thick and soft but not *fat*. No, with just a few minor changes and a flip to his genitalia, he would be an unbelievably attractive and breedable woman, the kind of thick-waisted gal who would positively blow up with babies.

"The kind to give me so many grandchildren at last," she whispered to herself.

Just as good, it was clear that Bryan was unable to fight his new instincts. He was muttering something about "beautiful babies" and "make the place clean for Dan," and it was adorable to see him get dressed up far more feminine. He had a strong blush on his cheeks as he put on a lovely summer dress, one that lifted up his bosom prominently, and then he went even further by putting on makeup that left his fuller lips glossy and his nails red. In so many ways, he was becoming the kind of housewife one would expect back in the 1950's, and that pleased Maggie greatly; it meant Bryan would know how to do the housework, make breakfast, lunch, and dinner for her boy, and - like those housewives - fill the house with children. Hell, he was even getting a vacuum cleaner out, one that probably didn't exist until this morning.

"You're so close to being perfect, my future daughter-in-law. One little walk, and I'm sure all your problems will go away!"

In the meantime, Bryan continued to clean, stopping only occasionally in exasperation at his own new habits. Yet he always continued on, fussing over the cleanliness of his apartment, and it made Maggie joyful to watch.

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When Bryan opened the door, Daniel's jaw fell. His friend had always been beautiful, always looking like a woman despite being technically a man, but he hadn't expected him to wear one of the classy summer dresses he always liked to dress up in. It was a green one with white polkadots, and it gave a real old-fashioned feel, one that was supported by the curls Bryan had put in his longer blonde hair. His large breasts were hoisted up in the dress, and Daniel was practically *straining* not to take too big a peek.

Bryan, meanwhile, was blushing to hell and back. He had no idea why he'd decided to put on this dress, or how he'd know how to fit it so perfectly, not to mention the makeup! His figure was damn *hot*, and he'd even spent some time posing in the mirror, even practising little giggles and submissive, demure smiles that he thought might make Daniel happy.

And now he was standing before Daniel, feeling utterly aware of how busty, curvy, and *thick* in all the right places his new body was. The fertility idol was back in his bedroom. All he had to do was run back there and smash it, and maybe it would undo it. Instead, Daniel's interested gaze over his curves was only making him want to continue this path.

"Wow, Bryan," he said. "You look - I mean, you look really pretty. Gorgeous, actually."

Bryan giggled, unable to help himself. He did a little twirl. "You think? It's just something I threw on for our date."

"Well, you look dynamite, if you don't mind me saying."

"You look . . . really handsome yourself."

He smiled, and it lit up Bryan's world. "Shall we go?"

Without a thought, Bryan took Dan's arm, clinging to it like a submissive woman on an excited first date. "Take me there," he said.

He felt just like a woman, and an increasingly strong part of him wanted to be that woman. It only became stronger when Daniel drove: it gave Bryan time to inspect his strong jawline, his dark hair, and how big and muscly he was. They talked about video games and sports and about his promotion, but also about something else.

"I'm so glad you're moving in with me," Daniel said as he pulled up to the park. "I think we'll be a great fit together."

"M-moving in with you?"

"Yeah. This week, remember?"

"I . . . that sounds nice." Reality was changing so fast that Bryan couldn't keep up. But living with Daniel? That had been the dream once, when they'd talked about being college roommates but it had fallen through. Now, he could be with his best friend again. He

could dress up in hot things, or . . . or nothing at all, letting his friend stare at his big boobs and beautiful curves. He could keep the place clean, and give him such pleasures . . .

He tried to clear his thoughts as they got out of the car and began to walk. It was a beautiful day, and despite wearing a dress for the first time, Bryan found it so deeply freeing - it was so airy! His thick thighs rubbed against one another, and he found himself linking arms with Daniel as they walked among the beautiful gardens and beneath the shade of old trees. His hips swayed gently, and with each step his big breasts wobbled, catching Daniel's eyes. It made him feel . . . feisty.

"Like what you see?" Bryan ventured.

"I . . . yeah. I do. I really do. Look, I gotta be honest, I didn't just invite you out here on a walk because you're my breast friend - I mean *best friend!*"

Bryan's cheeks reddened further. His dick was hardening, small as it was, and his nipples tingling. That pressure . . . he could feel it. The final change wanting to burst through him.

"What do you m-mean?" he asked, terrified, anxious, and excited all at once.

"I mean that . . ."

Daniel, frowned, trying to collect his thoughts. This was so hard - he knew his friend was male, but so much of him was basically a woman due to his disorder. It had always been this way, and he was sick of being afraid of it.

"I mean that I'm into you," he said. "All of you. I like you, Bryan. I always have. Fuck it, I'll just come out and say it: I'm in goddamn love with you. I know this might ruin everything, but I can't fight it anymore and I need you to know before you move in with me how I feel. I've always been in love with you. With your beautiful body, with how you embraced looking like a woman when you went through your hormonal changes back when you were, what, nine years old? Hell, I thought you were a lady when we first met."

Bryan's mind reeled. So the hormone changes were all the way back when he was a child now!?

"We're so close, and you're so beautiful. You mean the world to me. After this promotion, Mom had some choice words to say to me. She said I shouldn't live for work. I should work to live, and find someone who makes me happy, that I'd want to start a family with. I know that sounds so forward but-"

"It doesn't!" Bryan said, voice going up in pitch, sounding even sweeter and less hoarse. His cheeks were so red, but his entire body wanted this man. Images of finishing this bizarre journey filled his mind, of becoming a complete woman with a body that could *breed*. A body that could accept Daniel's big cock and let it penetrate *her*, filling her with the babies she could make for him. She shuddered a little, gasping at the mere thought of it. Nothing else mattered. She would do anything for this man: she would cook, clean, and walk

barefoot and pregnant through the kitchen. She would do all for him, so long as he loved her like he had just confessed.

Throwing her regrets and screaming male ego into the void, Bryan got up on his toes and kissed Daniel. It was only a brief kiss, but then he returned it, enfolded her womanly form with his firm grip, lowering his hands to grip her magnificent baby-making hips. He kissed with such passion that Bryan already felt like a woman. She needed to be one; she was already thinking of herself as a woman, after all! She just needed one last change!

She finally pulled back. The briefest hint of nervousness quaked through her, but then it was diminished as she beheld her handsome friend.

"Can we . . . can we cut this walk short?" she asked.

Daniel was suddenly alarmed. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to—"

"No, it's not that. I . . . I want you to take me back to your house, Dan. I love you so much, and I want to be with you. I want to be *yours*."

Daniel's face lit up, and he was joyous. "Let's go right now."

"Can we make one quick stop at my apartment? I just need to pick up something first."

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Margaret was excited. The final change would come. A shame then, that she would not see it. Still, while what she had done was twisted, she was not about to watch her own son get it on with the woman she had created; heaven forbid! Still, she had confirmed through the idol's eyes that beautiful, curvaceous Bryan had returned quickly to grab the idol and then take it back to Daniel's car, before the pair drove quickly to her son's residence, the pair of them giggling and excited for what was to come.

"Why bring that?" Daniel had said.

"It's a nice gift. Reminds me of me," Bryan had replied. "And besides, I need it for something. To remind me of who I need to be."

Daniel hadn't questioned it, but then why would he? He was about to make love to his best friend, who looked almost totally female.

"Until the next reality change," Margaret mused. "And then, well, things will really start cooking."

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Bryan moaned as Daniel made love to him. How had she allowed herself to get to this point, and how come she hadn't pushed for it sooner? The war was still in her head, but the female

side had won out, because Daniel's touch upon her breasts was delightful. They were on his bed, sampling one another, and she giggled with each kiss he laid upon her, until said giggles turned to gasped as he sucked upon her neck. She moaned, then consented to the next stage that made her so very nervous: when he'd remove her clothing and be reminded that she was not a woman.

First though, he unleashed her breasts, pulling down her top after removing his own. Her large breasts came free of her dress, and he began to cup them in his larger hands, though they still overflowed them.

"You've got such perfect tits," he said. "God, you're perfect."

"I'm n-not! I'm not, not yet!"

"You are. Let me show you how perfect you are."

He lifted one breast and placed her large, distended nipple into his mouth. She groaned from the sheer bliss his suction created, and then again as he flicked his tongue over her sensitive nipple, causing it to throb with pulses of pleasure.

"Mhmmm! Ohhhh, yess! I'm - eurhg! NGHH!"

The change. She could feel it. The pressures were rising, and it couldn't have happened at a more perfect time. Her breasts swelled even as Daniel pressed his face into them, but even as they rose yet another cup size - no, *two cup sizes*, by God! - her man didn't seem to notice. He simply acted like they were always so big, and began to motorboat her, driving further fits of ecstasy through her body. More changes continued, and this time Bryan did not fight them - she *embraced them*. She was no longer Bryan, for she knew her new name even before reality altered to accommodate it.

She was *Brianna*, otherwise known as Brie.

Brie, with her large H-cup chest.

Brie, with hips that widened yet further, and plumper thighs too.

Brie, with the kind of ass men drooled over, and hair that went all the way down to the bottom of her shoulder blades.

Brie, who was the most pretty, feminine, and *submissive* woman imaginable, who would do everything to please her boyfriend and be horny and accommodating for her man.

Brie, whose penis was finally swallowing up inside her body in an orgasmic fashion, a new tunnel forming, a new *pussy*.

"F-finally," she gasped. "F-finally! Ohhhh, Daniel. I want you inside of me."

"Of course, Brie," he said, kissing her again and feeling her body. "I've been wanting to take your pussy ever since I first laid eyes on that beautiful, curvy girl when I met her in college. I knew she was the one for me."

"I'm g-glad I finally I realise it!"

Wait, had he just said college? Why college? They'd met in high school. Unless . . .



It hit her. Brie felt *younger*. She *was* younger. No longer twenty seven but only around twenty two. She'd lost five years, and had likely only met Daniel in his final years at college before he'd got his job. Why had the fertility idol done this?

"I want you, and I want to . . . put a baby in you," he breathed in her ear.

It was the hottest damn thing she'd ever heard, and it answered her question. Her body was five years younger, and that meant it had five more years of fertile breeding in it. The prospect excited her.

"Yesssss," she moaned. "Do it. I'm sick of not being yours. Put a baby in me!"

He shifted her onto her back, and her large tits flopped about as he crawled on top of her, his large, rigid cock at the ready. She almost salivated at the sight of it.

"Holy . . . that's so big."

"I was always fairly proud of it," Daniel said with a grin upon his features. "But I've always wanted to use it on you, Brie. You've always been the perfect woman for me."

Brie could have cried tears of joy. She nodded eagerly, her eyes not living that rigid mast before her. "I am! I was always meant to be! I see it now!"

She spread her legs, shifting her hips and undulating beneath him. She was barely used to having a vagina - it felt so strange to have an absence between her thick thighs - and yet she wanted it filled already. It was wet, her juices seeping against those thighs, her arousal unbelievable. The fertility idol was in the room; she'd placed it on the floor, and it stared up at her, its magic increasing her fertility ten fold, making her body desperate for its natural function.

"Fuck me," she purred. "Please. I want to be your woman. I *need* to be all yours."

She could barely believe she was saying the words, but she didn't want to fight it anymore. Being a man, much as part of her longed to be so again, was so far distant from the promise of pleasure right here. She gasped again as Daniel played with her oversized tits, clearly obsessed with them. She gave herself over to him submissively, moaning as he controlled her reactions.

"Guide me in," he said. "I want you to hold my dick as it enters you."

Now *that* was the hottest thing she'd ever heard. She reached out with her dainty hands and wrapped them around his thick, girthy flesh. It was so hard. She blushed at the thought that she was actually *touching* her best friend's penis. God, she'd told him just a week ago that he needed to slay some pussy, and now she *had* a pussy, and he *was* going to slay it! It was humiliating, but for some reason even the humiliation was deeply arousing now; there was an erotic, sensual quality to being compelled to play the role of the doting, submissive woman. Brie slowly drew the cock to her lower lips, and then rubbed it against her wetness. Daniel gasped, clearly eager. She found herself smiling up at him.

"Wait," he said. "I should wear a condom."

But she just shook her head. "I'm b-begging you," she asked. "Fuck me raw. I don't care if I get pregnant. I'm - I'm sick of wasting time not being yours! I want to have your baby. I want you to fuck me right now and risk it!"

Daniel was briefly alarmed by this outburst; it was so forward. But it was also exactly what he wanted to hear. His mother was right: he did need a woman to make a family with, and here was the perfect woman for him, begging for his babies.

He entered her, and she began to groan in shock, his member parting her walls. It was so completely different from fucking as a man: she was actually the one being fucked now. She spread her legs wider, clutching Daniel like he was a piece of wood floating in the sea, and she adrift upon it. More redness flowed to her cheeks from the embarrassment of what she was doing, but she couldn't deny how wonderful it was. Her nipples rubbed against his bare chest, and he squeezed her left breast, running her nipple through his thumb and forefinger, all while he entered ever deeper. Her vaginal muscles clung to him, gripping his member tightly.

"F-frick! It's s-so much more than I - ahh! So big! It's like I'm b-being pierced by a spear!"

"I can stop, if you'd like?"

"N-no! I can take it! Ohhhh, I want to take it all. I need you to start thrusting, please! Please, take charge! I want you to f-fuck my brains out! Do whatever you want to me!"

Daniel exhaled at this, clearly aroused. He began to withdraw his penis, almost to the point where it had exited her, only to thrust all the way back in. It was such an alien experience, all so very wrong, but Brie wouldn't have changed it for the world. She needed his cock. She would worship at the altar of it. She felt up her lover's muscles, scratching at his strong back before lowering her hands to squeeze his butt.

"You're s-so strong," she gasped, but then she fell to gasping again as he worked his way into her. His thrusts were slow at first, but as their shared passion rose, he began to speed up, getting faster and faster. She wrapped her legs around him, and revelled in the way he groped her ass, clinging to it as he positioned himself to fuck her even harder. Every nerve inside her wet passage lit up like a Christmas tree thanks to his manoeuvring, and it shocked her how good her Dan was at this; he'd never slayed pussy like she had, but now he was *slaying hers*.

"You're amazing!" she managed, even as she curled her toes. "I'm so - ohhh! I'm so close!"

"I'll take you there, I promise. Your body is so perfect, Brie. You feel so fucking hot. So *fertile*."

His words lit a fire in her. He was right: *she* could feel how fertile she was, too. The fertility idol was in the room with her, its magic flowing into her, preparing for her final,

glorious change. One that would take nine whole months to reach fruition, but would be her true destiny. Even as Daniel continued to thrust into her, as he placed her large nipple in his mouth and sucked greedily upon it, extracting all sorts of bliss, the images in her mind were even sexier. Brie could imagine herself swollen with child, her breasts improbably larger, dripping milk. She would wear a tight maternity dress, one that hung off her bump but cupped the upper side of it, and she would waddle with every step, her plump boobs jiggling. She would be maternal and sexy, the very image of fertile womanhood, enough to eclipse even the statue in the room with her at that very moment.

"Yesss!" she cried. "Give it to me! I need that future! I need to have your babies! Dan, I need you to get me pregnant noooOOOWWWWWW!!!"

Halfway through the word the earth-shattering orgasm arrived. It rocked through her, causing her to grab her lover and rake her nails down his back. She gripped him with her thick thighs, howling in disbelief she experienced her first, true female orgasms. They were more powerful than any male climax she'd ever had the pleasure of, and they overlapped, multiple orgasms sweeping through her, leaving her at their mercy.

"Yesss! Ohhhh! Yesss! Mhmm! Fill me! Get me - ahh - pregnant! Ahhh!"

"I'm cumming, Brie! I'm about to - ahghh! NGH!"

He went rigid, shuddering inside of her. His balls tensed against her opening, so wonderfully full and hairy. And then she felt the pulses inside of her, the streams of hot semen that flooded her tunnel. He ejaculated into her *hard*, and it felt like he was cumming for minutes, his seed rushing to her beckoning womb.

"Mhmmm! Oh God, Dan! I love you! I love you s-so fucking much, and I want to be your wife and have all your babies! As many as I c-can!"

He gripped her, burying his head in her neck and sucking on it. "I want that too!" he stammered, before squeezing her ass and thrusting one last time, the last of his jizz shooting deep into her vagina.

She was completely filled up, not just by his cock but by all that he had spent within her. Finally, after the pleasure was all too much, Brie rested her head back, still breathless, her voice sweet and high and feminine, her body achingly sexual. She kissed Daniel again, before letting him rest his face against her tits. She wanted him to appreciate them every second he could. Her body belonged to him now, she knew it. Part of her was still embarrassed, her little male ego screaming 'what have you done?'

But the fertility idol had done its job. As she lay there, still panting, clutching her powerful, manly lover, Brianna Mayes knew she was already pregnant.

She was going to have her best friend's babies.

The man who was going to be her sexy, dominating husband.

Everything was perfect.

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Margaret had already succeeded, as far as she was concerned. She hadn't meant to pry, but her nervousness had gotten a hold of her, and one little peek assuaged all her fears: her son and Brianna were sleeping in his bed together, she up against him. From how deeply unconscious they were, even at ten AM in the morning, she imagined they must have really made sure she was going to get pregnant. Multiple times, in fact.

But she knew she couldn't say anything, or give the game away. Instead, she waited until later in the week when the two visited for dinner. She came to the door and greeted her son with a hug, then beamed at lovely Brianna, dressed so very feminine, almost like she'd leapt right out of the 1950s with her smart red dress and Marilyn Monroe curves. No, that wasn't true: Marilyn would have been lucky to have had Brie's curves, especially those hips and breasts; so very fertile-looking.

"Brianna! Thank you for coming. I always love seeing my son's best friend. Come on in."

She did so, looking a bit awkward. Maggie knew that Brie would remember everything about who she used to be, but it was also clear that she was now much more demure and submissive, and perhaps even much more simple: she seemed to be so enraptured with Daniel that her suspicion about Maggie's motives were instantly forgotten.

"Your place is so lovely, Mrs Gallagher!"

"Please, honey, call me, Maggie. You always have. You know, I've always thought you were like a daughter to me."

She beamed, the compliment appealing to her new nature.

"On that note, Mom, we've got some big news," Daniel said. He placed a hand around Brie's enticingly thick waist, and the woman looked up at him, letting him take charge. "Brie and I are together now."

"Oh, what joy!" Margaret said. "You know, I've always thought she was a good influence on you. And now you're together. How sweet!"

Daniel grinned wider, and Margaret narrowed her eyes. "Is there more to tell?"

"Why don't you show them, sweetie?" Daniel said.

Brie beamed again, and slowly held up her hand, displaying a sparkling jewelled ring on the ring finger of her left hand. Margaret gasped: she hadn't seen this coming so soon, but it made sense!

"Oh my God! Is that what I think it is, dearie?"

"Yep," Dan said, smooching his apparent *fiancee* on the cheek and patting her back. "I proposed to Brie two days ago. I know it sounds crazy rushed, but we've been friends for

several years now, and we truly love each other. We should have tied the knot the very year we met.”

Brie giggled. “I would have been only nineteen then, silly!”

“Still!”

“Well,” Margaret said. “This is the best news tonight I could have imagined! Let’s break out the champagne.”

The pair fell silent, and Margaret tried not to grin at their awkward response, or the clear embarrassment on Brianna’s cheeks. Clearly, some small part of her found this confession more than a little awkward. She lowered a hand down to her belly and rubbed it softly.

“Well, we may need to, um, tie the knot fairly quickly,” Brianna said. “You see, I’m kinda . . .”

She looked to Daniel, who finished for her. “We’re expecting,” he said, holding his fiancée from behind and enveloping her in his arms.

“Even better news!” Margaret exclaimed. “I can finally have a grandkid in nine months! And who better to give them to me than our lovely Brie here! Goodness knows you’ve got a body for making babies, my dear. I hope you give me many grandbabies, that’s for certain!”

Another blush. “I - um, I’d really like that, Maggie. Can I use your bathroom?”

“Of course. Ah, that stage already! Well, I’ve cooked extra tonight, so that will help the little one grow. Daniel, help me in the kitchen. I’m so excited by this news!”

Everything had gone perfectly right for Margaret, and she was practically dancing in the kitchen. She turned her speaker on so she could sway to some of the old fashioned diddies. Daniel laughed at his mother’s behaviour, feeling even more elated than her.

Brianna, meanwhile, went to the bathroom. She felt a little nauseous for some reason. At first, she wondered if it might be regret over accepting her new life and needs, but as she saw the changed timeline in the photographs on Margaret’s walls, ones that depicted her and Daniel together, she knew she had no regrets. How could she? The idol may have been an accident, but it had transformed her life into what it had always been destined to become: that of an adoring wife and mother to a large family.

Still, that nauseousness continued. When she got to the bathroom, she finished peeing (sitting down, so strange!) only to suddenly experience yet another lurch in her stomach. She turned quickly, bending over the toilet, and threw up. The sickness passed, and she had to quickly wash out her mouth.

“Eugh, what the heck?” she asked.

But another lurch was there, a sense of magical pressure. What could possibly be changing now? She left the bathroom, and in her confusion went the wrong way, stepping into Maggie's room.

"Whoops," she said, rubbing her stomach. Why was it so pressurised?

That was when she saw it. There, on Margaret's bedside table, was an idol. A male one, but in the same design as the female one that had been gifted to Brianna. Her eyes widened, and she moved towards it, picking it up and looking it over. There was a connection here; she could feel it. Brianna raised the idol up and peered through its eyes, following some arcane instinct.

*And saw into Daniel's bedroom.*

She squeaked and nearly dropped the idol. All the connections formed in an instant. This was no accident. This fate - a curvaceous, big-titted, babymaking future wife - was *pushed upon her*. She was forced into this by Margaret. She *had* been right, that witch had always hated her, and now she'd found a way to get rid of the old Bryan and finally get the grandkids she wanted from her son.

Another lurch. Another push of magic. Brie knew she had to act quickly. She marched down the hallway, back into the living room, and locked eyes with Margaret, who was setting the table for dinner.

"Welcome back dear, are you-"

Maggie froze. Brianna was glaring at her, and in that moment an understanding passed between the two of them. Daniel was singing as he helped carve the lamb shoulder for his mother, but the two women were practically in a different universe.

"I know," Brianna said.

Margaret's face hardened. "It's better this way, sweetie. So much better."

"You did this to me."

"Can you honestly say you don't prefer it?"

"I - eugh!"

Suddenly, the pressure became all too much. Brie had thought she'd gone through the last changes. What else could possibly be left? There was no way her mountainous melons could swell any bigger, surely? And her ass was already huge, her hips ready for baby making!

But then the pressure settled itself in her stomach. Brianna gripped the table with one hand, the other on her belly as it began to push out. The skin drew tight as it expanded, turning from a relatively flat, if soft, stomach, to something much more *domed*.

"Ohhhhhhhh," she moaned loudly. Margaret gaped at her, not knowing what was happening, and Daniel was still singing in the kitchen, completely ignorant; perhaps literally not even able to hear her. "What's h-happening? What did you d-do!?"

“Nothing, sweetie! But it seems one last change is coming, and I’m so excited!”

Brie panted even as her stomach swelled further. Something was developing inside of her, something *alive*. It squirmed and kicked as it grew, her dress altering to become a maternity-style outfit. Even her sore boobs swelled, becoming HH-cups or larger. Her hips spread just a little more, and it became obvious what was happening: she was speeding through pregnancy until she was easily six months along, on the cusp of entering her third trimester.

“N-no! I don’t - ahhh! Oh God, it feels so wonderful! Mhmmm, it feels - ahhh!”

She rested a hand on her swollen stomach as it finally stopped pushing out, and finally managed to exhale. Margaret was looking at her like she was some wonderful feast, and Brie could hardly keep up with it all. Something *shifted* inside of her, kicking against her belly, which elicited another groan from her. She placed her hand on the underside of her large pregnant belly, and felt the kick again - it was a kick! An actual baby was inside her right now, complete with movement and personality! Daniel’s baby was inside of her, grown six months in less than thirty seconds.

“I’m p-pregnant.” she said, marvelling at her enlarged bust, which would be making milk soon, and her huge belly. God, what if there was more than one in there? She was already so huge.

And yet, for all her indignation at Margaret, the woman was right. She did prefer this. God, how amazing to be so pregnant already! This was her calling. A ripple of magic from the fertility idol hit her mind, and her goals were simplified yet further. Why be angry at the future mother-in-law who had done this? She just knew what was best for Brianna, and now she had gone from a carefree, ignorant man with no plan to a gorgeous and curvaceous mother-to-be. There was another kick in her belly, and she made little cooing noises as she touched it. Such an alien feeling, and yet oh-so-right. This was heaven.

She never wanted to not be pregnant again.

“How do you feel, my dear?” Margaret asked.

Brianna looked up and smiled beatifically, as if she were the Mother Mary herself. She placed one hand on the small of her back, and the other rubbed her large pregnant form.

“I feel absolutely perfect,” she said, meaning every word. “Thank you for this.”

Margaret smiled, and even more when Daniel came up behind Brianna and hugged her, his hands cupping the underside of her belly and lifting up its weight. Brie sighed some relief, loving her husband’s touch.

“How is my lovely pregnant wife doing?” he asked

Brie gasped, and so did Maggie. The new mother raised left hand up and noticed that she not only had an engagement ring now, but a *wedding ring* also. In fact, there was now a

portrait of them getting married on the wall, her in a beautiful white gown, him in a handsome grey suit. They looked unbelievably happy, the two staring at each other with so much attraction that Brie had no doubt she had gotten pregnant on that very wedding night.

She turned her head to see her husband's face, imagining what it would be like to have children who looked so much like him.

"I'm doing amazing," she said. "Exactly how I'm meant to be. And your mother was just telling me how happy she is for me, too."

"That's right," Margaret said, overjoyed at these proceedings. She clasped her hands together. "Mom wants grandkids, Daniel, after all. Now, let's sit down and eat. Your *wife* is eating for two now."

Brianna blushed, a small trace of embarrassment remaining. Still, she couldn't imagine a happier fate.

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It was five years later, and Brianna was unbelievably horny. Her body was always hyper aroused by her sexy husband, by the father of her babies, but it was even more lustful when she was pregnant. Which, to be fair, was pretty much always. In the last five years, the former man had only experienced four periods. In fact, after she'd given birth - a painful yet simultaneously *ecstatic* moment in her life - her body had somehow repaired itself in just a few days, and she and her husband's bedtime activities got her pregnant less than a month later.

Now, here she was, five years after becoming a man, a mother of seven children. God, she loved them all. Aaron was her oldest, but despite the fact that he was going to Kinder now, he would always be her baby boy. Then there was Samara, her bright-eyed and mischievous blonde-haired girl. After that, she had been blessed with *twins*. It had been unbelievably erotic to become so pregnant, her belly swollen up to nearly twice its regular pregnant size, the kicking furious and endless, constantly reminding her of her role. Daniel had loved her too, feeling her belly and milk-laden breasts whenever he got the opportunity. She'd never stopped lactating since, and with her prodigious bust size, she loved having him 'help' her out when she had too much flow at night. Having her husband drink from her was enough to produce delightful orgasms all on their own.

She had spread her legs and pushed out Lily and Becca after sixteen hours of labor, but she didn't regret a thing. She didn't even take pain relief: her body was *built* for making babies, after all. She was no longer even embarrassed about being naked and swollen and pushing life out of her; it was to be celebrated.



Little Charlie had followed, then another set of twins with Harry and Peyton, fraternal, naturally. And now she was pregnant again, and this time more than ever before.

Triplets. Freakin' *triplets*. Even for her, it was a big load. Breathing was thin sometimes, and her breasts were so much in overdrive that she was constantly wetting through her maternity outfits. Heck, Daniel's breakfast and dinner these days weren't just made on the pan or in the oven by her (though she was the perfect housewife, of course, and did all the cooking for her hubbie), but also from her breasts. He was more than happy to drain her, thankfully, just as he was continuously happy to meet her endless desire to make children. Her body was a factory. It was a temple. It had remained beautiful, the idol making sure that no amount of pregnancy and birthing could leave lasting damage. Her figure always snapped back, even more fertile, and ready to bear more children. And because Daniel was part of such a family company, his promotions had come quickly and successfully. The pair now had a much larger house, one to raise their ever-growing family in, and the sky was the limit. And if they ever got overwhelmed, Margaret was always there to help out: she did love her grandkids, after all, and Brie couldn't thank her enough for it.

"Mhmm," she moaned, feeling more movement in her massive belly, even as she tried to make afternoon brownies. The littlest ones were asleep, and her others were playing. Aaron was in Kinder, and she missed him dearly. But God, she was horny.

Which made her so very delighted when Daniel entered the house early, having gotten some breaktime from work.

"Looking so fucking gorgeous there, honey," he said as he looked at her in her loose maternity dress. "I can't believe how much I love you knocked up."

"I never want to be anything - ahh - but," she replied. "I've been missing you all day."

He squeezed her butt, making her moan with arousal.

"Are the kids elsewhere?"

"P-playing. I put the TV on as soon as I heard the garage door open. Mhmm."

He went and closed the kitchen door, then locked it.

"Turn off the oven," he said. "Your brownies can wait. I want your sweetness instead."

Brianna exhaled, unbelievably overwhelmed. This was the life: pregnant and barefoot in the kitchen, and pulling down her underwear and raising up her dress so her husband could fuck her against the kitchen. She moaned as he entered her, and again as he felt her engorged breasts and massive triplet belly. Brianna couldn't imagine a better life.

"After the b-babies are born," she moaned. "I want you to g-get me pregnant straight away! I never want to stop being your submissive babymaker!"

And thanks to the idol, she never would.

**The End**