

# Mini-Story: Not Again! (Housewife TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

*A man bemoans that he is still trapped in a sexy female form because his rival got him pregnant . . . again. He was turned into a woman, but agreed to terms that if he could resist getting pregnant for six months, he could turn back. Only the rival made sure the body was very, very needy.*

## Not Again!

Candace groaned as she woke earlier than she would have liked. The sound of her babies crying now sent her flying out of unconsciousness with relative ease, in that maternal way all mothers become, no matter how deeply they once slept. For her, it was a waking nightmare, filled with activities and experiences she never would have imagined she would have experienced.

Slowly, she pulled herself out of bed, rubbing her eyes. More crying. Both of them were awake.

"Ughh," she moaned. She looked down at her tits, which bobbed in her maternity bra. They were big, round ripe fruit, and her large dark nipples were *aching* for release. She was full of milk, and even if her babies weren't hungry, she'd need to express it anyway. She held them in her hands, still unbelieving she actually had tits now, let alone milk-producing ones, but the flesh was so tender that it only made her wince at their sensitivity.

"This sucks," she said to herself.

A figure stirred beside her, placing one hand on her generous hip.

"Well, you're the one who begged me to fuck you, dear. This is the result."

"Don't remind me," she said with a sigh. "I didn't intend to get pregnant a second time. I better not be pregnant a third."

The man, whose name was Eric, chuckled. "Have you had your period?"

Another sigh. "No. Goddamnit. It doesn't mean you've knocked me up, though. It could just be late."

"Uh-huh, and that's why your breasts have been tender lately, and you've felt bloated and exhausted."

She turned to look at the man that was her unwanted babydaddy. He had a smug, winning smile upon his face. Despite her every wish, her body insisted on being irresistibly attracted to him. The feeling of his short beard against her lips was divine, and, of course, between her thighs as well. Even with their two little boys crying in the other room, and her breasts feeling like they would explode if she didn't nurse soon, she still felt a need to fuck this man. To have Eric slide his big cock into her moist depths without any protection, and thrust and thrust until he came inside her. Never mind the consequences, her body craved it anyway.

"Maybe I feel exhausted because I've literally gotten knocked up twice by you, and had to fucking give birth as a woman, Eric."

"Maybe," he said, still grinning. He squeezed her ass, which caused her to shiver in further arousal. "But I never fuck you unless you beg me for it. It's *you* that causes this situation. Now, you better see to our little boys. Then you can come back and we can relax."

She rolled her eyes, but found it hard not to look at his bare, masculine chest. Still, she got up and went to the babies' room. She pulled down her maternity bra, and ignored the slight dripping of milk from her aching nipples.

"Okay, babies, drink up. Mama is here. Oh God, she better not be here forever, though."

She raised them to her chest, carefully. Little Joey was a bit harder to wrangle due to being older, but Kade was only three months old, and only cared about milk. Still, they both latched, and she managed to rest back on the bed as they nursed. Candace closed her eyes, savouring the sweet *tug tug tug* of breastfeeding that gave her so much catharsis. Never in a million years could she guess that she would be in this situation. After all, she wasn't even meant to be a wife, let alone a *mother*.

Just a couple of years ago, Candace was Carter, a fairly ordinary dark-skinned man of average height and build, and a love of sports and recreation. He was also a bit of a partygoer, which was why when he heard there was a new party drug on the block he was sure to try it. The supplier turned out to be someone from his own college major class, and one he'd been competing against the whole year; Eric. Still, the man seemed laidback and reassuring, and told him that this new drug, *Essence*, was totally worth it. A little tipsy, and still interested, Carter decided to take it anyway.

It would prove to be the worst mistake of his life.

Instead of making him experience a fun trip, it pushed him through a nightmarish one. His body altered rapidly, becoming that of a gorgeous woman with a cute afro, big Double-D tits, and a set of ass and hips that just wouldn't quit. Worse, his new body was *horny* beyond all measure, and needed cock like *she* just couldn't believe. Luckily, or unluckily, for her, Eric was right there, ready to 'try out the goods.' They fucked long and hard, and despite her initial horror, her body

couldn't help but be irresistibly attracted to the man. He explained it had something to do with *Essence* and how it worked: whoever the new woman slept with first was the one she 'imprinted on', and developed an incredible addiction to.

Soon, the newly renamed Candace had no choice but to be Eric's hot new girlfriend. She wore sexy revealing outfits for him, sashayed her hips and ass as she held his arm in public, and made all his meals for him - a process of intense learning for the normally kitchen-shy former man. And all that time she begged for him to change her back, pleading for a return to her previous life.

"Fine, fine," he had said after a month of this torture. "I'll make you a deal, Candace. If you can avoid getting pregnant for six months, then I'll make you Carter again. How about that?"

It sounded horrifying. She could get pregnant now? But she had to agree. It was the only way to become female again, and it meant that she could get free of this life. Besides, how hard could it be?

As it turned out, it was very hard. Impossible, even. Her body was too damn hot for Eric, and her pussy was on fire in his presence if he hadn't fucked her in the last day, or even the last few hours. Worse, it felt all wrong for him or even her to wear protection. Only the taboo risk of potentially baby-making sex would do for her, and so after only just two months she found herself getting a positive pregnancy test after throwing up in the toilet.

"Well, that's one failure," Eric said, kissing her still-flat stomach. "But at least I get to be a father, and you get to be a mother. But don't worry. After you give birth to this beautiful little baby - and you *will* go through birth, I assure you - then you can have another shot of going six months without getting pregnant again."

Candace was furious, but once more had no choice. Over the next eight months her belly grew and grew, and she was forced to feel every part of a woman's pregnancy, including her breasts becoming even larger, and her ass and hips expanding. She felt the baby kick, felt the cravings, felt the tiredness, and the randiness. In the second trimester, she was practically *demanding* Eric fuck her. He in turn found her pregnancy sexy, and didn't pass up an opportunity to caress her swollen stomach.

And in the end, she'd given painful, all-natural birth, just as Eric wanted her to. The only consolation after all the awful experience was the adorable little baby Joey out of it. Even though she wanted to be a man again, she at least felt purpose in being her little guy's mother. And while her body recovered from the trauma, she was determined not to get pregnant again.

Except that just five months later - 30 days shy of the finish line - she was once again puking up in the toilet, and once again beginning to bloat up. She'd been too damn horny, too addicted to the feeling of Eric's cock cumming deep inside her and filling her womb with his virile seed. By that point, she wasn't just his girlfriend and babymama anymore, he'd made sure she actually got all dressed up in white and married him. And then been fucked by him all over again on their wedding night, as her body needed.

"Okay, you two," she whispered to her babies, "it's still early. Back to sleep, and let Mama get thirty more minutes."

She managed to settle her two sons, and smiled at their beautiful faces. Joey would be up again soon, but at least she had time. She began to walk back to her and her now-husband's bedroom, only to stop and clutch her mouth.

"Ohhh . . . oh. Ughhh! Oh, sh-shit!"

She ran, bare breasts bouncing heavily on her chest. She only just made it to the bathroom in time. She ran to the bowl and knelt over it, chucking up part of last night's dinner.

"NNghh . . . not again!"

She cleaned herself up, feeling morose but resigned, and made her way back to Eric. He was still relaxed in bed, naked, his hands behind his head comfortably, and his big cock throbbing with desire.

"What took you so long?" he asked, though it was clear from his expression that he already knew.

"Oh, nothing," Candace replied, moving her naked body onto his and grasping his penis. She positioned it between her thighs and lowered herself onto it, letting out a passionate moan as it pierced her moist tunnel and entered her depths.

"J-just p-pregnant again, you f-fucker."

"Excellent," he said. "I can't wait to see you get all big and full with my babies again."

She groaned, utterly turned on by his words, and by how he was grasping her full breasts.

"M-maybe I'll make it n-next time. J-just six months, after - ahh! - all."

But as she began to ride his cock, sliding up and down sensually upon his lap, grinding his big dick and savouring every sensation, she knew that she would never succeed. She was going to be stuck as Eric's sexy, baby-making wife for life.

She moaned again, caressing her currently-flat stomach in anticipation.

"Not again . . ."

**The End**