

## This Is Your Fault! (Man to Pregnant Girlfriend)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*Vanessa is going into labour, and she's not happy about it. This is probably because just a year ago she was Victor, until a terribly worded wish by her best friend Matt left her as his very fertile girlfriend.*

### This Is Your Fault!

Matthew was just making himself some breakfast when he heard a loud cry.

*"Matthew! Come here quick!"*

He moved with alacrity, heading straight to the bathroom and pushing the door open. Sitting on the tiled floor beside the toilet was his girlfriend Vanessa. She was naked but for a pair of dark underwear, her large breasts resting atop a very, very pregnant belly. The forty weeks pregnant kind of belly that dominated her midsection. She had her shoulders pressed against the wall, and her dark hair was a mess as she panted, eyes clenched closed.

*"Vanessa? Are you okay?"*

She shook her head, briefly without words as she held her stomach, her legs squirming. "I - ahhh - I think my water just fucking broke, man!"

That was when Matt saw it: a trickle of fluid between her legs on the tiled floor, one that was still slowly spreading.

*"Oh,"* he said. *"Oh shit, it's finally happening."*

*"Goddamnit!"* Vanessa whined, exhaling. *"I think I just had a freakin' contraction, too. It really hurt. Everything is tense."*

Matthew went to her side and helped her up. She initially resisted, only to clearly realise that between the initial labour pains and her own swollen form, she literally couldn't stand from where she was. Vanessa took his hand and then got to her feet. She had one hand underneath her dome.

*"F-fuck. It's tense."*

Matthew sneaked a feel. *"Yeah. Holy shit, that's tight. I think it's definitely happening."*

She shot him an acidic look. *"You think? Fuck, I don't want to do this. Matt, I don't want to give birth!"*

*"Let's just get you dressed and we can grab our birthing stuff and head to the hospital. We're ready for this, remember?"*

She shot him another look, one that practically withered. *"You're ready for this, you mean. Do you really expect me to be cool with pushing a goddamn baby out of my cooch when I've been a woman less than a year now?"*

“Well, uh-”

“And all thanks to your stupid wish! I can’t believe - ugh! Shit, so tight! This is all your fault!”

Matt winched, holding his beautiful and very pregnant girlfriend and helping her to the shower to clean up. As she continued to complain and clean herself, the contractions calming for now, he couldn’t help but think that she wasn’t exactly wrong. This kind of was his fault.

A year ago, he’d been walking on the beach when he’d found a genie bottle. Of course, he hadn’t known it at the time, but he liked collecting strange stuff like that, and he showed it to his best friend Victor when he came over later on the same day. To their shared shock, when he ran his fingers over the inscription, a real goddamn *genie* emerged from the bottle, looking like a man from the Arabian desert hundreds of years past.

*“You have but one wish, and then I shall be gone. Make your wish!”*

Matt had been intimidated by the figure, and honestly more than a little rushed by his angered tone. He thought quickly, and the wish had just burst out of him.

“I wish I had a really hot girlfriend I can start a big family with!”

It had been his dream for some time, and he had a mental image of exactly the kind of perfect woman: dark-haired brunette with green eyes and a traditionally beautiful face, like she was out of an old Hollywood movie. And, naturally, she’d have a figure that wouldn’t quite: large breasts, an itty bitty waist, long legs, and - of course - a real pair of babymakers for hips. He’d been a single child, and longed for a future where he could have lots of kids to counter the empty childhood he’d had growing up.

The genie simply smirked. *“I cannot create life. Therefore, your friend shall be your ‘hot girlfriend’ and shall fall pregnant many times to give you your family. To aid this along, she will be compelled to mate with you.”*

“Wait, what!?” Victor exclaimed, but it was too late: the genie disappeared along with the bottle mere moments later, and suddenly Matt’s best friend cried out as he began to change. In just moments, he not only had the same figure of the chick of Matt’s dreams, but the new woman was dressed in a tight red dress that did well to show off all her curves.

“Matt!” she cried in a sensual new tone. “Whatever you do, don’t fuck me!”

But despite her words, she was already pressing herself against Matt’s body and stroking his cock through his pants, planting kisses on his lips. And Matt, just as shamefully, couldn’t avoid the compulsions either. Both were effectively on automatic, their bodies making love and then having fierce, unbelievably hot sex minutes later. Matt tried to fight it, but the truth was that this new woman was simply too attractive that his body was aroused, and she in turn suffered the humiliating arousal of a very wet pussy and breasts that yearned to be touched.

This was their new life now; they couldn't find the genie, and Victor was now stuck as Vanessa, the woman she had been all along in this new, changed reality. She was Matt's loving girlfriend, always dressing up for him, always pleasing him, and she had to suffer the indignity of not only getting fucked by her best friend and living as his ideal girlfriend, but also having a body that found it all too pleasurable.

It was a miracle, really, that it took nearly three months to get her pregnant.

Now, of course, she was huge, her large breasts even larger and full of milk, her belly swollen with a little boy who she never stopped complaining about when he moved around inside of her. She emerged from the shower looking entrancing to Matt's eyes, only to stumble against him and grip his figure, getting his clothing wet.

"Nghhh!" she grunted, writhing her hips a little. "F-fuuuuck! Oh sh-shit, this sucks! Why me, why did it have to be me?"

"I'm really sorry," Matt whispered in her ear as the contraction slowly passed.

"Sorry for what - changing me into a woman, getting me pregnant, or me having to give birth to *our* baby?"

Matt grinned sheepishly. "Um, all three?"

She exhaled. "It's a start. Now get me to the hospital. I've got a baby to give birth to. Not a sentence I ever expected to say."

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"NGHHH! OHHHHH!"

Matthew almost felt his hand breaking as Vanessa gripped it. He tried not to complain; it wasn't him giving birth, after all. Her contraction passed, and the midwife soothed her a little.

"Almost fully dilated. I'll come back and check on you soon, okay?"

Vanessa nodded, without words for the moment. She rested her head back, and Matthew dabbed away the sweat.

"Why would any woman go through with this?" the expectant mother said, rubbing her stomach with one hand. "This is the most painful shit I've ever dealt with. I can't believe you put a whole baby in me."

"Hey, we were *both* compelled to do that."

"Your wish."

"I had no way of knowing you'd become my dream lady!"

"Well, I am! And now I'm giving birth, dude! I swear, you better treat me so goddamn well. Because soon I'm gonna be a freakin' *mommy*. I'll have to breastfeed. These overly huge udders of mine are already feeling way too full. God! Shit, another one!"

She squeezed her eyes shut, clamping down on Matt's hand. Finally, she relaxed.

"So close together. Ugh, how long has this been going on?"

"Thirteen hours since your water broke."

Vanessa groaned. "Feels like way longer than that. Fuck, this is humiliating. I don't want you to ever tell me if I poop while giving birth."

"I promise not to ever tell you. Do you want me to cut the cord?"

She nodded. "Yeah, go ahead, 'daddy.' He's your baby, too."

He rubbed her stomach just a little. "We're gonna have to love him, and take care of him, even if this situation is . . . awkward."

To his surprise, Vanessa rolled her eyes. "Fucking *duh*, dude. He's my son. *Our* son, even if I never asked for you to put a freakin' baby in me, I'm gonna love and protect my little man with my life. I've already put way too much on the line here already."

It was a rather maternal sentiment for the former man, and it heartened Matthew to see. He knew he had it so much better than his best friend, but part of him was hoping they could make it work. For one, they were still best friends despite the awkwardness of her gender change. And for two, they really did have terrific sex, even if her giving him blowjobs was quite the point of frustration for her. It made him feel guilty that she really did give the most amazing head.

He shook those thoughts from his mind. He needed to be there for her now.

"Hey, you're doing amazing."

She took a big breath, her large chest rising and falling slowly. "Thanks. Thanks for being here, even if this is all your fault."

"Hey, I wouldn't miss it. We're having a baby."

Vanessa snorted. "We're having a baby. I guess all those gay jokes people made about us when we were always hanging out together ended up having a sort of kind of truth, huh?"

Matthew chuckled. "I guess so. Though not exactly 'gay,' what with you being a woman."

"A goddamn bombshell smokeshow. I probably look like a mess now."

"You look beautiful."

"Awww," she said, and seemed to mean it. "You know, being told I'm beautiful isn't actually half bad now that - oh, fuck! Shit! Nevermind, I hate you! This sucks! This is your fault and I really don't want - NGHHH!"

The midwives returned, and what they all suspected was confirmed: it was time to push. Vanessa gasped and groaned as she spread her legs, and demanded that Matthew go nowhere near the 'business end' if he ever wanted to see it again, not that the genie's curse would actually let her enforce that.

“Push!” the midwife said.

“I am pushing! I’m - ahhh! Ohhhhhhhh! NGHH!”

Her legs spread wider.

“I can f-feel it moving! I can feel him! Holy shit, Matt, I can f-feel him going through! It’s f-fucking painful! It’s - AGGGGHHHHH!”

Matthew held his girlfriend’s hand as she continued to bear down. She was urged to push again with each contraction, helpless to her swollen body. Finally, the moment came.

“I can see the head!” a midwife proclaimed.

“I JUST NEED THIS THING OUT OF ME!” Vanessa cried. “WHY DID YOU HAVE TO GET ME PREGNANT, DUDE? WHY MEEEEEEEEEE!?”

It was all his fault, Matthew knew. Vanessa cried out as she bore down again, and then finally there was a great gasp as something passed out the other side. Matthew stared in shock as a tiny, purple-blue infant was held up and cleaned by the midwives, the tiny little life already crying, an umbilical cord connected him to his mother.

“It’s a boy!” the midwife declared.

Vanessa collapsed back, barely able to keep her eyes open. “Go me,” she murmured. “Is he healthy?”

“Absolutely. Would the father like to cut the cord?”

Matthew did so, and after his little boy was weighed, he was able to hold his child for the first time. Despite the crazy magic that had brought him to this moment, he was already in love with his son, overwhelmed by that love, in fact.

“Hey Vanessa,” he said, holding the squirming, crying child. “Would you like to meet our son?”

She reached out her hands, still exhausted but eager. “Give him here. I just pushed this baby out of my freakin’ vagina, I should get dibs.”

He passed her to him, and she gently placed him on her prodigious chest. Instantly, their son calmed, cooing and gurgling instead. Vanessa had tears flowing down her face at this point, emotionally and physically exhausted.

“He’s so . . . purple,” she said.

“That’ll pass,” a midwife said. “It’s just temporary bruising and some amniotic fluid stains.”

“Good. I didn’t sign up for a purple baby. Oh, shit. He’s going for my boob. What do I do?”

“Try to get his mouth over it. Some babies struggle to latch, and -”

“Oh! Oh shit! What’s happening?”

Matthew tried not to chuckle. Vanessa was breastfeeding for the first time and doing it like a pro, but looked completely lost, the former male not knowing how to handle this.

“You’re feeding him!” he said. “Is he suckling right?”

“It - ah! - it feels like it. Ohhh, that’s . . . surprisingly soothing. Oh man, this is weird as shit. I can feel him drinking *from* me. Goddamn, this is weird.”

The midwives chuckled amongst themselves. There were more checks, and then Vanessa was wheeled off to the maternity resting ward for a few minutes, her boyfriend by her side. Their boy was still feeding away, drinking her milk, and she marvelled at the sight of him. Every so often, the exhausted woman had to wipe tears from her eyes.

“Weirdest fucking day of my life,” she said.

“Even more than being turned into my girlfriend?”

She sighed. “It’s a toss up. God, I need to fucking sleep. Can he still feed while I’m sleeping?”

“Yeah, I’ll keep watch over him. You did amazing, Vanessa. I know this wasn’t the life you intended, and I’m really sorry you ended up as my girlfriend, but you’re gonna be an amazing mom, I know it.”

She nodded, slowly drifting off. “Yeah, sure. Just lemme rest for a moment. Wake me up if anything happens. At least it’s over . . .”

“Yeah, well . . . until the next baby, of course.”

Her eyes suddenly snapped open. “Wait, what?”

Matt blushed, realising he’d stepped in it. “Well, the wish was for a girlfriend who could give me a ‘big family’, and the genie said you’d be mating with me often. I figure . . . whether we like it or not, we’re probably going to have a load of kids.”

“A - a *load*? You’re telling me this *now*!?”

“I just thought you already knew!”

“You mean we’re not just one and done? You’re gonna get me knocked up a heap more times? I’m gonna be preggo and go through *that even more*!?”

Matthew scratched the back of his neck, realising this was a terrible time to have this conversation.

“Uhhh . . . yeah, I guess so. I think . . . we’re probably gonna be parents to a lot of kids.”

Vanessa blinked a few times, as if momentarily entering catatonia. Then she adjusted their little body to her other breast and let him suckle from that one.

“No fair,” she finally said, before resting her head back and closing her eyes again. “This is all your fault.”

And then, mercifully, she fell asleep to get some rest. For as much as the future super mommy could get, knowing all that was to come.

**The End**