

Mini-Story: Wrong Wish! (Man to Pregnant Woman TG)

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As voted on by our Deluxe Tier patrons

Erin and her husband are having trouble conceiving, so one of her girl friends wishes Erin wouldn't have problems with fertility anymore. Trickster genie targets their mutual friend Aaron instead, due to their names being homophones. IE: Pregnancy, unwilling, accidental.

Wrong Wish!

Erin and Hank were at their wits' end. The loving couple had good jobs, a wonderful house with extra rooms, and all the love necessary to fill those extra rooms with new members of their family. They were in their early thirties, and both desired children more than anything, and had for the last five years.

Only nothing had worked.

There were no absolute fertility or sterility issues beyond a low sperm count and some hormonal issues on Erin's end, but no matter what they couldn't get a baby to take. It had taken a mental toll on the pair, who really wanted children of their own.

"I just want to be able to have my own baby, even if it comes from a surrogate, just to know it's mine," Erin said to Hank as they snuggled up one night.

"I know, love, I know. I want that more than anything too."

Thankfully, their friends were fully supportive, especially their mutual best friend Aaron. He himself was a single man who was often in and out of relationships, but had yet to find 'the one.' He had known the couple since they were all teenagers, and was often a welcome 'third wheel' for them, as they all got along famously, reminiscing and watching shows together, and enjoying good food.

"I'm sure it will come in time," he assured them once when they caught up for some morning brunch. "You guys deserve a kid more than anything. I know you'll be amazing parents!"

“Thanks, Aaron,” Hank said. “It’s just taking longer than expected, and as much as we’re doing well, we can’t quite afford surrogacy yet.”

“That’s the current plan, though?”

“Yeah,” Erin confirmed. “My egg, his little contribution, and a third party to help it along. But it will still totally be a baby that belongs to the both of us.”

“What’s the timeline on that, do you think?”

The couple exchanged a glance and held hands. “A couple of years at a minimum, sadly.”

“What!? That’s not fair! God, is there anything I can do to help?”

Hank shook his head. “Not unless you have a magic lamp that can wish us up a child, no. Just being around and being supportive is enough, though.”

But for Aaron, it wasn’t enough. His friends always thought his superstitious side was a little ridiculous, but this time he decided to indulge. He travelled to tucked away markets and little arcane stalls across the city, even trawling online in search of exactly what Hank had asked for. So when he returned to the couple several weeks later, scratching his dark hair nervously, they were pretty confused by him placing a golden-looking lamp on the table.

“What is it?” Hank said, while Erin looked closely.

“It’s a magic lamp. Well, it might be. I figured, worst case scenario I just got ripped off, right? But if it’s real, then you guys can wish for Erin to have her baby, right?”

Erin and Hank raised their eyebrows to one another, completely sceptical, but while Aaron himself was starting to doubt his quick purchase - which had cost several hundred dollars, he now foolishly realised - he still decided to go over the rules he’d been told by the store merchant woman.

“Okay, so before you rub it, you have to say ‘I summon the genie of the lamp to grant me my one wish’, and then you rub it. You have to be careful in your wording, as apparently he’s quite the trickster. You get one wish, and you have to use the word ‘wish’ as part of it.”

“Well, this is just a prank, right?” Erin said, trying not to laugh.

“Give it a go and see! I hope I’m not wrong.”

Hank took the initiative. He shrugged and said the words as Aaron had told him, then rubbed the lamp. For a moment, nothing happened.

“Well, I guess that’s tha-”

WOOMPH!

Suddenly, right there in the room, floating from the lamp with a spectral tail and everything, was a stereotypical genie, complete with vibrant purple outfit and exaggerated facial hair. His olive skin was rippling with muscle, and his eyes were full of delight.

“Ah, mortals! You have summoned me! You have but one wish, and I will grant it!”

The three could barely believe their eyes: even Aaron had started to doubt himself.

“H-holy shit,” Erin spluttered. “You’re - you’re real.”

“I am indeed,” he replied, before turning to Hank. You are the one that touched my lamp and said the words. The wish belongs to you. But you must hurry.”

Hank looked to his wife, who motioned for him to say the wish that was in both their hearts. Aaron too urged him to speak.

“Um, okay, well, hello, I’m Hank. This is my wife Erin, and my friend Aaron.”

The genie harrumphed. “Mortals and their same names! Ridiculous to tell you apart! But continue! Your concubines are noted.”

“Well, they’re not my-”

“I must have my wish so I may grant it and return to the land of the Djinn!”

Hank became flustered, trying to string his words together.

“Um, okay. Uh, wow. So basically we want to have a baby. Several babies, actually. That would be our desire.”

Aaron nudged him. “In the form of a wish, remember?”

The genie’s eyes followed this interaction, as Hank nodded eagerly. “Yes, of course. Sorry. Okay, Ahem. *I wish that Erin is able to and does produce children for our household.*”

The genie nodded, smiling. “Very good!” he declared, and with that he clapped his hands together. A powerful spark of energy spread in an orb between his hands, which expanded to the size of a baseball or so. “Your wish is made and cannot be unmade. The one named Aaron will produce children for your household! All the best to you and your changed concubine.”

There was a moment of confusion, during which all three mortals looked at one another.

“Um, did you say Aaron or Erin?” Hank asked.

But there was another *WOOMPH* accompanying a flash of light and smog, and the genie was suddenly gone as if he’d never been there.

“Did he say Aaron or Erin?” Hank repeated.

But the answer came soon enough, because Aaron began clutching his chest. “Ngnh . . . g-guys? I f-feel kinda weird! Ohhhhh!”

Erin gasped, bringing her hands to her mouth as Aaron’s body literally began to change before their eyes. Their mutual friend moaned and groaned, caressing and rubbing his body as it was overcome by a series of strange sensations and tightening pressures. His form rapidly changed: his hips expanded wider, his shoulders reduced in size, and his chest became obviously pronounced as two very feminine breasts began to develop. Aaron pawed at these changes, trying to contain them, but it was a futile effort. He could barely stammer out his own words of panic: “Oh G-God! What did h-he do? Why m-me!? Hank, he thought you s-said Aaron! Not Erin!”

“Fuck, oh fuck!” Hank exclaimed. “I’m sorry! I didn’t mean - I thought I was clear!”

“Ohhhhh f-fuck! It’s changing my d-dick! It’s changing my - MMHPH!!!”

Aaron’s voice rose several octaves as his manhood retreated invisibly behind his trousers - trousers that were now very uncomfortable around his widened hips and rounded rear. Thankfully - or unfortunately - his clothing began to warp and shift in order to accommodate said changes: his clothing melded and merged to become a vibrant blue dress which clung to his warping body. His waist pulled in, his legs and arm and chest lost their hair, and still his new breasts rose, becoming larger and larger until a line of impressive cleavage was visible above its slightly low cut.

“No! Stop it! Fuck, someone rub the lamp! It was supposed to be Erin, you stupid genie! Not Aaron! Not me!”

He grabbed the lamp, furiously rubbing it as he repeated the words, but nothing occurred whatsoever. His face changed right before the couple’s eyes, restructuring to become soft and cute and feminine, his dark hair growing down his shoulders. His womanhood formed in full, making him squeal in a high, sweet voice.

And then the lamp disappeared in a puff of smoke.

“No! NO! Turn me back! I’m not a woman!”

Erin choked back tears. Hank was overcome with guilt. Somehow, the genie had maliciously or incompetently misinterpreted the wish, and now their friend - who had given them this chance in the first place - was now paying for it.

“Change me back!?” Aaron cried. “Change me back, you lazy - you lazy . . . oh no. Ohhhhhh, my stomach!”

The changes weren't over yet, it seemed, because his stomach bubbled. His *womb* bubbled. *Her* womb now. It churned, and then the pressure returned, more powerful than ever before. Aaron gasped as her breasts tightened, becoming sore once again as they swelled up another cup size. This was accompanied by a far more alarming growth in her belly, which slowly pushed forward. The muscles there separated as a dome-like shape emerged, tight as a drum and round. Something was forming inside her, and it didn't take a genius to figure out what, especially since the clothing altered again to become what was clearly a *maternity* dress.

"No! How! It's not meant to happen this fast! Hank, Erin, help me!"

But there was nothing they could do but help support their friend from tipping over. They moved her to the couch, where she slumped backwards, her growth finally completed. Horrified and eyes wide, she pulled up her dress to examine her belly. Her stomach was white and pale and perfect, easily six months or so along. As if to emphasise that fact, something alive rolled around inside her womb, an utterly alien sensation to the poor former male. This was followed by a set of visible kicks.

"Ngh! What the actual fuck!? I'm pregnant! I'm a pregnant woman!?"

Erin sat down beside the new woman. "I'm so, so sorry. Hank didn't mean to!"

"I didn't!" Hank declared. "It - how - oh shit, buddy. I swear I didn't want this."

Aaron blubbered, tears forming in her eyes. "Fuck, I'm getting hormones now too. I'm crying. This has to be a dream. Tell me we can get that genie back."

But instead there was simply the booming voice that followed in the room that confirmed just the opposite:

'The wish is completed. The one named Aaron shall produce many children for your family, a combination of all three of you, just as you asked. This will not be reversed, cannot be reversed. I will never see you again.'

For a long time afterwards, the three just looked at one another, and over Aaron's beautiful new gravid form. The baby inside - a mix of all three 'parents' - continued to kick away.

"H-how many babies did you guys w-want again?" Aaron asked in her soft new voice.

Hank swallowed, the guilt still hitting him. "Um . . . we were hoping for four or five."

"Oh. Great."

And as Aaron would discover in the years to come, her body would always provide magically for this. Their third-wheel friend had become a full third-wheel family member and fellow mother for life, and she would just have to get used to it. After all, she *had* wanted to do anything to help

Erin and Hank have kids. She just hadn't imagined that she'd be the one getting pregnant and going into labor.

"Four or five times," she said to herself, marvelling at the baby within her new womb, and her swollen breasts that would one day make milk. "I really hate that genie."

The End