

Mini-Story: You Try Being This Pregnant! (TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

As voted on by our Deluxe Patrons!

An unusually fertile woman with big ambitions transforms her brother who mocked her into her new sister, pregnant with the baby she should be having. She makes sure her new sister is well taken care of, but what kind of 'care' will it be?

You Try Being This Pregnant!

Rebecca was greatly irritated to find out she was pregnant. She had been very careful to get an IUD and take all the right birth control so that she and her boyfriend could practise safe sex. She knew she was a damn snack - double D's, hourglass figure, short and cute and with that nice olive skin that men went wild for - and she had a more than healthy sex drive, but she wasn't stupid. It was important to be safe, and to avoid complicating her life. She was going to be a lawyer, damn it!

Only now that future was in jeopardy. She had experienced the pregnancy symptoms, gone to the doctor, and then been aghast to find out that, after a bit of bloodwork, not only was she somehow pregnant despite all her precautions, but her precautions meant little anyway: unless her boyfriend wore a good condom, she would have gotten pregnant anyway. It was due to her unique physiology: she had a rare condition that left her very fertile, her body able to effectively 'filter out' birth control of all kinds. It explained why she was quite the horny woman. Naturally, for her own safety, she had to get the IUD removed pretty quickly - the morning after pill had achieved no effect.

Her boyfriend would want her to keep it. He was excited to one day be a father, and much as she loved him, she knew he would leap upon this, and it would likely end their relationship, and leave her a single mother. Especially since her damn womb was so intent on keeping the baby. So she sat on the development, afraid for what was happening to her, but unable to make a move. Simply getting rid of the child within her seemed wrong. It got to the point where she actually visited obscure online sites in search of alternative ways of dealing with her problem. She must have been a hormonal mess, because she ended up ordering a green-jewelled trinket from someone named 'Tila' that was said to grant three wishes to do with a woman's pregnancy.

"I'm being an idiot," she said to herself, but she still ordered it.

Two weeks later, she was trying and failing to conceal her morning sickness when her twin brother Robert arrived for a visit. She had to run to the toilet, and something about his gaze was quizzical when she returned. She automatically rubbed her stomach without thinking, though she was just barely showing at twelve weeks along.

"Holy shit," he said. "Sis, you're pregnant!"

"I'm not!" she declared, only to renege. "Okay, I am. It . . . isn't intentional. Please don't tell James, he doesn't know yet."

Rob grinned. "Oh man, this is crazy. You always said you'd never have kids until you were a high profile lawyer."

"That's still true. Listen Rob, I'm dealing with it, okay?"

"Oh yeah, I bet you are. Taking the coward's way out, huh?"

She placed her hands on her hips. "What the hell is that supposed to mean?"

Her brother just shrugged. "Oh, just that it's hilarious that knocked up when you were meant to be this hyper successful lawyer and all that. Now you're gonna be stuck as a stay-at-home mom, I bet. You were always the one who got praised out of the two of us, and now I get to be the one to tell Mom that you've shot your own future."

She glared, furious, but before she could respond, there was a knock upon the door.

"I'll have words with you in a second," she said to her grinning twin, before grabbing a package that was left at the door. She opened it at the table, knowing it was the pendant. Before she could stop him, Rob snatched the accompanying instructions from the box.

"Wish pendant? Are you serious? Oh my God, Beck, you must be desperate!"

"Shut up. It was just . . . an impulse buy. Why are you being so horrible? You've always been rude but now you're just being cruel."

"Just wait till you've got a big swaying belly," he replied. "For once, I'll be the golden child and you'll be a total disappointment."

"Just because you're a slacker who can't hold down a-

"Sorry, I can't hear you over the fact that you're gonna be giving birth to a bastard in nine months!"

Beck nearly burst a blood vessel from anger. She grabbed the necklace in her hand, clenching it. "God, I *wish* that you were my sister instead of my brother, and that you could try being this pregnant! That'd show you."

To her astonishment, the crystal glowed green. Her brother whined as puff of green smoke surrounded him. He choked and gasped, voice getting higher and higher. When it all cleared, it was no longer him standing there at all.

It was Rebecca, looking back at herself. Same clothes, same hair, same face and body shape, including the slight dome of a belly.

"Oh my God," the other her groaned. "What did you do? Beck, you've changed me! You've turned me into a fucking woman!"

Rebecca was astonished. The new her began to feel over her body, including her breasts, which was an odd sight. She was clearly panicking, but Rebecca was more surprised that her own body felt suddenly less bloated. Her breasts were back to double-D's instead of swollen E's, and her midsection was slim and fit again. She didn't feel as tired or sick, either.

"Oh my God, it worked," she marvelled. "Rob, you've become my twin sister. And you're carrying my baby!"

Rob stopped. "No! No, you can't. I can't! Take it back!"

The new woman rubbed her belly, clearly horrified at its firmness, and the general tiredness of the rest of her frame. But while Rebecca considered wishing them back, she halted.

"Well, before I do, I just realised that this means I can continue being a lawyer again. Take the right precautions to not become pregnant."

"No, Beck, you can't do this. Listen to me. I'm not supposed to be a woman! How could I even live my life?"

"That's right," Rebecca said. "We'll need to get you acclimated. I *wish* that *Renee* here had a whole history as my sister, and no one but her and I remember the person she used to be."

There was another flash of green smoke around the transformed former male. She got out of her phone. "No, no, no you can't!"

She showed Rebecca her photographs and her screensaver. Rebecca's own body - *Renee's* body - was in all of them. In this new timeline, their parents had had twin girls, not fraternal twins. She was beginning to feel giddy, though a bit of guilt carried through as well.

"Please, I can't do this, Rebecca. Wish it back! You have to! I don't deserve this. I'm sorry for everything I said, but I can't be a single mother!"

Rebecca smiled. "Don't worry, Renee, you won't be a single mother. But I won't be either. I *wish* my twin sister had a loving boyfriend that she just can't help be super attracted to, and that she would be compelled to be a perfect girlfriend to in return."

There was one final flash, Renee screaming "Nooooo!" as it happened. When it settled, the smoke gone, there was a knock upon the door. Rebecca strode over to open it, even as her twin sister whimpered.

"Ch-change me back," she said. "Please?"

"Can't," Rebecca said easily. "There's only three wishes, and now they're permanent. Didn't you read the instructions you took from me? Consider this your punishment . . . and here's your reward."

She opened the door, and a handsome man was on the other side: tall and muscular. Rebecca found him quite attractive herself.

"Hey Beck, I'm here to pick up my gorgeous - there you are, Renee!"

Renee clearly wanted to run, but her body was on autopilot. "*How can you always tell us apart Dave, you amazing hunk?*" she said, moving to embrace him. He rubbed her belly, smiling.

"Well, this wonderful gift for one. And two other, bigger developments as well."

She smiled against him, and it was clear that she was fighting the pleasure of that attraction. The attraction her wish had given her.

"*Aww, I love you so much, sexy.*"

"Me too, babe," he said, kissing her on her lips. Rebecca smirked as this whole exchanged occurred.

"Well, we better get home to our apartment," Dave said.

"*Mhmm, we better,*" she practically purred, before stopping herself. "Wait, our apartment? Oh God, we share it?"

"Of course we do hun. Don't tell me your pregnancy brain is that bad?"

Autopilot set on again. "*Of course not.* Ohhhh, this isn't fair. I keep saying these things, and I'm so attracted to you! You're s-so fucking hot!"

"Woo, you kids better get out of here," Rebecca chuckled.

Dave chuckled as well. He easily picked up his girlfriend, who swooned at this, despite the frustration in her eyes as she struggled against how clearly aroused she was.

"Agreed. Seeya around Rebecca."

"See you, Dave," she replied.

"Sis! You can't! You've got to - you've got to -"

But Rebecca just ushered them to the door, so pleased to no longer be pregnant, and greatly amused in the knowledge that her misogynistic slacker of a twin brother was soon going to find out exactly what it meant to be made a woman by a man, and in less than seven months time would also be spreading her legs and screaming as she pushed out *her* baby instead.

"Have a great day, my pregnant twin *sis*," she said with a laugh. "The first baby of quite a brood, I'm sure. After all, I have a condition that makes me *quite* fertile. I don't even need to make a wish to know you guys will have more than a few!"

"That's the plan!" Dave said as he lowered his pregnant girlfriend by the car door.

Renee just moaned, and whether it was from pleasure, or frustration, or a combination of both, Rebecca couldn't tell. She didn't care, either. Pregnancy and motherhood was her twin's problem to deal with now.

She shut the door and hummed all the way to the liquor cabinet. It was time for a celebration.

The End