

Stuck as his Best Friend's Babymama (Bimbo Preg TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Dustin Chen

Chris has always been the dominant friend to Derek, often teasing his friend about his love life in good fun. But when a sorceress overhears their conversation and thinks Chris is a misogynistic bully, the young man is turned into a busty redhead forced to be utterly devoted to Derek, as a punishment and present to them respectively. Of course, it doesn't take long for Chris to also get pregnant, starting a race for the two of them as they try to find the witch to undo this undeserved curse!

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Part 1: The Mistake

The club scene had been a boon for Chris and a bust for Derek. It was a night of Friday partying that had now turned to an early Saturday morning walk away from the club to the subway. The two young men had gone out on the town to play wingman for one another, but as usual, things went Chris's way, who had scored three numbers from hot girls and a long makeout session and backroom sex from a fourth. Derek on the other hand had much less success, having talked with a single cute girl on the dance floor who unfortunately had moved onto better things.

It was understandable, really. Chris was not a titan of a man, but he was generally attractive, with a strong jawline and tousled dark hair that a lot of girls were into. He was easily 6'2 in height, which women definitely found enticing, and he possessed an easy charm around the presence of the opposite sex. He was fit, fairly athletic, though not a gym nut or anything. And yet even that worked in his favour: a lot of women were turned off by 'gym bro' types, and so preferred his easy banter, but also his competitive spirit, his clear attraction to them, and his handyman knowledge that made him quite useful. Which was not to say that he was a perfect gentleman: he dated occasionally, but generally preferred to 'sample' women, a pattern that turned some off him. He tended to flee when a woman wanted to go serious, and made quite dismissive comments about women he viewed as unattractive. Still, for all these flaws he was not a bad person, just a young twenty four year old man who had the whole world to conquer, and had yet to gain a desire to settle down from a life of many sexual partners.

Derek, on the other hand, was quite different. He was a short 5'6, average height . . . for a woman. Which for many women on the night scene was not tall enough. Most women in general, actually. He liked working out at the gym, but his frame was naturally slighter even with the muscle he was gaining. His brown hair and brown eyes were not unattractive, but quite plain, and his continual attempts to grow a professional goatee simply fell flat. On the whole, he was not having the most luck dating, despite having much more passion than Chris. He was a big geek, loving comic books and superheroes, but always went out of his way to show interest in others' hobbies. And, of course, unlike his friend, he wanted someone to settle down with. Whereas Chris couldn't imagine starting a family until well into his thirties, Derek was one of those guys who even in his early twenties knew he wanted to be a father. He just had to find the right woman who he could love, and she love him back, and who would want to make a child with him.

Unfortunately, tonight had not been the night to set that dream in motion.

"You'll be fine," Chris said as they left the club, both of them a little tipsy as they entered the streets. "Plenty of fish in the sea, dude. Plenty of fish in the sea. Besides, you reek of desperation. No offence, but when you interact with a woman, it's like they can smell you want something long term. You're practically scaring them into my arms, not that I'm complaining, ha!"

Derek sighed. "You're probably right. Still, I thought that Jessica was nice."

"Was she the hot bitch with the red hair?"

"Well, I wouldn't describe her as a bitch . . ."

"You know what I mean. Bit of a smokeshow, even if her ass was too flat."

"Well, I didn't say that, but she looked beautiful. She was laughing with me for a bit. And then, I guess, she saw you."

Chris chuckled. "Sorry about that. No, seriously. I didn't realise you were coming onto her."

"You did say you were going to be playing wingman."

"I did! I was setting you up with that brunette cutie."

"She was batting eyes at you the whole time!"

The taller man chuckled. "Well, can you blame her?"

"C'mon dude."

"Yeah, yeah, I know. But you gotta leave off the redheads. I know you love 'em, but don't get it all caught up in your head. Just . . . learn how to fuck some girls, Derek. And then go from there."

Derek sighed as they rounded the corner. He and Chris had been friends since they were in pre-school. Their parents lived in the same neighborhood, and the two had interacted from a very young age, and always gotten on like a house on fire. They rode their

bikes together, played pranks together, listened to their first metal album together, even scored their first dates together. But as they had gone to college and then graduated, it was clear that while they shared a deep love of gaming together, watching action movies together, and drinking down beers together, that Chris was the more dominant of the two friends. It wasn't an equal partnership, which was mostly fine by Derek, who preferred not to take the lead. Chris was the one who chose where they went to hang out, Chris was the one who made the decision where their shared apartment would be back in college, and Chris was the one who was decisive and clear, while Derek's decisions were often called into question. It manifested in moments like the one that had just passed, where Derek's own perspective was occasionally invalidated. He took it in stride though: his friend was never malicious, just sort of a steamroller at times.

"Chris, c'mon man. You know I don't really want to be the one-night stand sort of guy. I'm making good money now as a software developer, and you're doing pretty well with store management, right? I know we're pretty young still, but I'm already feeling like twenty four is too old to be going out to clubs and bars and trying to fuck women just for one night. I want to meet a nice girl - I won't lie, I'd like a hot one - but one who's really nice, and loves geeky stuff like I do, and wants to start a family."

Chris sighed. In his tipsy state he threw his arm around his friend, putting him in a headlock and scruffing his hair a little painfully. It was a joke he often did, though never that forcefully, likely due to his tipsiness.

"Ahh, Derek! You stupid fool!" he declared. "You want it all do you? A nice red head with big tits who's got the hots for you?"

"Yes, I do," Derek said flatly, rolling his eyes at his friend's drama. They headed down an alleyway that was a shortcut to the subway. Easier than grabbing a cab. "Can you let me out of this headlock now?"

"Not until you admit you've put your standards way too high, my friend. I mean, look at you buddy! You've got to start batting at your level! All this stuff about finding some horny redhead nympho who'll start popping out kids-"

"I never said horny, or a nympho!"

"Yeah, but I know you. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"Fine, if it means you let me out of this damn headlock you've got me in, I'll admit it. I'm a dude, I'd like a girl with a big chest. A nice big chest, and curves for days. And I've always liked red-headed girls. That doesn't mean I want some sex slave or-"

"OOhhhh, so she'll be all free and have choices and shit. Real feminist, bro. That's why you're not getting pussy! You've got to be dominant!"

He pulled Chris forward a little painfully, then made an 'oops' of apology. "Didn't mean that. All I'm saying is you gotta learn how to fuck women properly. How to get that

sweet pussy, dude. Like I do. If you can't get that - and let's face it, you're struggling - you're never, ever gonna get what you want. And that's a damned fact."

"Is that so?"

The two men paused, staring down the alley they were crossing through.

"Uh, who the fuck was that?" Chris said.

"Sounded like a woman."

"Sounded like some hot bitch," Chris added.

"And you sound like a misogynist and a bully," the voice continued. It was followed by slow high-heeled steps emerging from the shadows. Beneath the flickering lights above, her figure came into view. She was a woman with dark hair and a tall stature, with full lips, a thin yet elegant figure, and a set of dark eyes that seemed to bore into the souls of each of them. Both men recognised her, though neither truly knew her. She had been at the club a little earlier. She was one of the women that Derek had struck out with. He had also seen Chris strike out with her, to his surprise: he must have said something that offended her before, because she looked furious in that moment.

"Hey there, pretty lady," Chris said, his voice a little slurred. "I remember you. Janice, right? Or Janet? Juliana! That's it!"

She crossed her arms, arcing one eyebrow. "Oh, so you remember me? Do you remember also making an unwarranted comment about my tits?"

Hers were solidly impressive. Probably a full set of C-cups. Derek tried not to stare: she was in a nice cocktail dress after all. Chris waved her off.

"Oh, that. Yeah, that was a shitty pick up line that didn't work. Ah well, you can't win them all!"

"It was a misogynistic come-on, and I didn't appreciate it. But whatever, some women do. Water under the bridge. It's not the first terrible thing someone has said about me, Chris, so I was happy to leave you alone and walk away. But now I find you out here, dragging this poor man who was far more gentlemanly with me, even if he wasn't my type, and not only physically abusing him but also mocking him for his lack of luck with women? Telling him to treat women like fucktoys? Forcing him to use the kind of degrading language towards women I heard you use? No, I won't stand for this."

Chris was silent, confused. Derek was unsure what was happening as well. Chris still hadn't let go of Derek's head, so he tried to struggle out. His silent friend kept his arm over tight, obviously finding humour in the situation.

"Look lady, I think you've misread the situation. This here's my friend. We just rib one another a bit. Look, see?"

He let go of Derek, who pushed away from a little and finally stood up. He shot his friend a glare, rolled his eyes in a 'dude, what the hell are you doing right now?' kind of way. Chris shrugged, gave back a 'I have no idea, this is a crazy bitch!' set of expressions.

"Tell her Derek, we go way back."

"We, uh, we do."

The woman named Juliana rolled her eyes. "Sure, very convincing. What, you'll beat up this poor man if he doesn't say what you want him to say?"

"No! I -"

She stepped forward, jabbed a finger at Chris's chest. "I've seen your type before, Chris. Feels entitled to women because he's good looking. Feels like he can boss and bully other boys around because he's tall and strong. Can lie through his teeth because he's never been called out on it. Well, this is the last young man you *ever* pick on and mock, *especially* for how he is with women. Because unfortunately for *you*, I overheard your conversation just now as you were coming to this alley. I heard you forcing poor Derek to talk about his dream woman, no doubt to make fun of him later."

"You're crazy, lady!"

Derek coughed a little. Damn, that chokehold had been hard. His friend could be a real idiot at times. Still, he had to correct the record. "Look, Juliana, whatever this is about I'm sorry, but it's all right. Chris is not a bad person. He's just . . . he's just forceful sometimes, okay?"

Juliana chuckled. "Don't worry Derek, you don't have to defend him. I remember being in a relationship where I felt the need to defend an abuser, and it was never right. Chris won't be a problem for you anymore, but he will be a boon. I'm going to punish you Chris. You made Derek here describe his perfect partner and mother of his children, so you can find out exactly what it's like to make him truly happy in that way. And that can be your present as well, Derek. A punishment for the bully, a present for his victim. Nice and neat!"

Chris scoffed. "I'm sorry, are you crazy? What the fuck are you talking about!?"

But the brunette just grinned. She whispered something in a language neither of them knew, then twirled her finger in the air while continuing to speak. There were no flashy light effects, no booming voices. Just an eerie wind that seemed to blow a little supernaturally down the alley.

"There," she said. "It's done. Enjoy your new lives together. I know Derek will. Chris, you'll just have to get used to being on the bottom, instead of on the top. Think of it as your lifelong atonement for your sins. Good luck to the both of you."

And with that, she turned, waved, and retreated back into the darkness. Derek put up his hand, trying to wave her back.

"Wait! I'm serious! Chris may be a bit of an asshole but he's really my friend!"

But in the darkness there was no one, and as he rounded the alley to the street on the other side - the only place someone could have gone - he only found other nightclub goers and drunks heading home.

The woman was nowhere to be found.

"Well, she was a fucking cuckoo clock," Chris said, laughing. "I guess that'll teach me not to put you in headlocks in public."

"Y-yeah," Derek said. "I guess."

Chris punched him on the arm, light enough not to cause injury, but hard enough to make him wince.

"C'mon partner, let's get home. My stomach is starting to feel all weird. I think I drank too much."

Derek just rolled his eyes. "You think?"

"Let's just g-get to the subway. I need to sit down."

Part 2: The Change

Chris moaned and groaned on the subway, causing several individuals to look in their direction. It was around 2am, and so the train was almost entirely empty, but for them a homeless man, a middle-aged business type, and a teenage girl who most definitely was past her parent's curfew. She was giving them an odd look, grimacing at Chris like he was a drug user on a withdrawal. Which, to be fair, he probably looked like.

"Ohhhh f-fuck," he grunted, "my goddamn stomach. It's like something is f-fucking growing there, shifting bits around!"

Derek winced at his friend's squirming about. He looked like he was seriously ill.

They were just a few stops away from getting off and heading to Derek's place, but Chris was obviously starting to feel really weird. He was clutching his stomach, groaning occasionally, and his breathing was out of rhythm. More than once, Derek had suggested they get off the train and take a cab to the hospital, but Chris brushed it off.

"Dude, I'm f-fine. Must've just ate something that was off b-before. Let's j-just get home - nnggh . . ."

Derek was worried. His friend was looking pale. Not just pale either: he was shivering, and his flesh almost appeared to be *rippling*.

"What the hell is wrong with him?" asked the teen girl.

"Mind your own fucking b-business!" Chris shouted.

"Young man, you should get to a hospital," the business woman said.

“Screw you, b-bitch!” he called.

Derek gave them a sympathetic expression, before turning to his friend. “Dude, you are way out of line! And they’re right! Something weird’s going on!”

“N-no!” Chris said, “we just need to get b-back to your place. It’s nearby! I h-have to get there. I can crash there. I c-can’t explain - Ohhhh!!”

“Dude, this is more than just a food sickness. Did that weird Juliana chick poison you or something?”

Chris gave him a funny look. “How could she? It’s not like - UGHHH!”

He doubled over again, clutching his stomach. The homeless man looked on, interested but not saying anything. The teenage girl shuffled back. The businesswoman was looking alarmed, but pretending to check her phone. All eyes were on Chris, and it was clear his friend was getting more agitated. He grunted several times, and then he did something very unexpected: he began to rub his nipples.

The teenager gasped. “Oh my God. He is *totally* on drugs right now.”

“He’s not!” Derek exclaimed, “he’s just . . . confused or something!”

Chris bit his lip. “I c-can’t help it, dude. I can’t stop touching them! Something is definitely weird. You were r-right! OOhhhh!”

And that’s when Derek saw it. Chris’ nipples were hard against his shirt. Hard and unnaturally swollen.

“The fuck? Chris, your -,” he lowered his voice “*your nipples are getting bigger!*”

“I f-fucking know man!” Chris said. “They’re f-feeling really w-weird, and I - ahhhh!”

“EW GROSS!” the teen girl said.

The businesswoman gasped, erupted to her feet.

The homeless man chuckled, half drunk.

And Derek just recoiled in disgust at seeing his friend with a very clear and obvious boner pressing against his trousers.

“Dude, the hell is up with you? You’ve got a fucking hard on!”

“I d-don’t know!” his friend cried. He lowered one hand to his pants, and began rubbing. “I can’t s-stop! I’m s-so fucking turned on right now!”

It was like something out of a bad dream, only this was real. Chris yelped, and it sounded like his voice had jumped up an octave, like he was suffering from a teen’s ball squeak.

“I’m getting out of here!” the businesswoman said. “This is sick!”

The train began to pull to a stop. Derek shot to his feet also, went to run to grab someone to help, but instead of Chris coming with him, his friend shot out a hand and pulled him back with his superior strength.

“Your d-dream girlfriend - tell me about her!”

“What?”

Chris’ face was pained. “P-please! You have to tell me about her! Describe her!”

Derek looked around at the businesswoman, who was eager for the doors to open, then to the teen girl and the homeless man. All of them were weirded out by what was going on. His own heart raced, scared for his friend. He sounded delirious!

“Why do you need me to describe?” he hissed as quietly as he could. “Dude, there are people watching!”

But Chris looked desperate. He was holding his stomach, biting his lip, even as he was stroking his clearly erect penis in his pants. “P-please, I’m b-begging you! I don’t know why I n-need to know. I can’t - nnggh - explain it! You j-just have to tell me!”

Derek flustered, looking around with a sort of ‘this is crazy, right?’ expression to the horrified onlookers. “Fine, okay. Um. Like I said, I really like redheads. So, my perfect girlfriend would be a redhead.”

“Ahhhhh, y-yes!”

Derek was trying to cover his friend’s masturbation with his body, but it was impossible due to his writhing. It meant that everyone had a view of what came next. Derek gasped as Chris’ dark hair shifted, lightening and saturating in tone. Before their very eyes it turned a bright red, the kind of red that was just shy of unnatural: the red hair colour that was reserved for comic book heroes like Barbara Gordon, or villains like Poison Ivy. Chris grasped it, seeming almost soothed by its change.

“Dude, your hair just changed! What the hell!”

The teen girl was more crude. “The actual fucking fuck?”

The businesswoman was rapidly speaking to herself, tapping against the doors, as if summoning them to open. The homeless man was frantically reciting some mad prayer. But Chris wasn’t letting go.

“Need m-more! Tell me more!”

“Chris, your hair!”

“I DON’T CARE!” he screamed, frightening everyone. “I n-need it! I don’t know wh-why! Keep describing h-her!”

Derek felt utterly overwhelmed. How could his hair be turning red? And yet, he couldn’t help but continue. It wasn’t just the pressure from his friend, either. There was something else.

“Well, um, she’d also be quite slim. And tall, but not too tall. Like 5’8, I guess?”

“Yes, yes! NNGHHH!!”

And just like that, Chris shrank in his clothing, his spine clicking audibly as it reduced. He cried out, but it wasn’t just the loss of height that scared him and Derek alike, but the fact that his muscles audibly deflated as well, shrinking away.

“Oh G-God! No! My muscles! My d-damn muscles! Why!?”

“You made me say it!”

“I had to!” Chris cried. “Please, s-someone help me!”

He reached out to the others, but the businesswoman was already fleeing.

“No, no I can’t deal with this!” she cried. “Get him to a hospital, or a church!”

The teen girl was readying her camera to take a photo.

“Don’t you fucking d-dare!” Chris cried, and it was enough for her to reconsider. But then he grabbed Derek again, the train starting up once more.

“What’s next? She’s g-got red hair and she’s lithe, right? Wh-what else?”

The words flowed from Derek, who was now unable to stop them.

“I’m sorry Chris, but she’d have a big set of tits, just like we said before.”

Chris’ expression was one of horror, even as he continued to thumb and rub his feminine nipples. But his words were different. “How b-big?”

“Oh fuck. Dude, I’m so sorry!”

“How b-big!?”

Derek bit his lip, but the words still came out. It was like they were being compelled to give some strange performance, and the other two passengers on the train were some macabre audience.

“He’s a boy!” the teenager yelled. “He’ll want them super big because he’s a pervert!”

“Like, almost head-sized big,” Derek admitted. “Like, triple-D or even big E-cups. Or bigger! Whatever the size in my mind is!”

“Oh G-God! No! OOHHhhhhhhh!!”

There was an eruption - two eruptions, really - from Chris’ chest as two large breasts surged forth quickly. He held them, clearly trying to push against the tide, but finding it impossible. “Too b-big!” he cried, as they rose from B-cups to C’s to D’s and then DD’s, and then beyond, until he had an enormous pair of jugs from his chest. His shirt strained to contain them, until finally three of the buttons pinged straight off, revealing a massive line of cleavage.

“F-fuck! I’ve got tits, dude! You’ve g-given me goddamn tits! They’re huge!”

He looked down at them in a panic.

“Oh my God, I told you! He’s a pervert!”

“Scram kid!” Derek called, but the teenager just snapped a photo before. The homeless man making the sign of the cross. He moved to get to the doors, but they shut before he could leave, and the train began moving.

“Holy shit I’ve got tits! They’re so f-fucking heavy, man! You need to stop, because I can’t! I n-need you to keep going!”

"I can't stop going either!" Derek said. He tried to hold his mouth, but his hands refused to obey him, and he continued speaking. "My perfect girl would be a total ten. She'd have nice, wide hips, the perfect kind for making babies . . ."

"Dude, what the fu-UGGHH!!"

Two loud cracks, and Chris' trousers burst at the seams.

"Oh God! I've got ladies' hips! Why is this t-turning me on even more!?"

He was still rubbing his cock, and by the looks of it, he wasn't far off from orgasm. Derek couldn't help but look at Chris' new form and be astonished. He truly did have an increasingly womanly figure. His hips were wide and sensual, just as he'd imagined them to be.

"Oh. Em. Gee," said the girl. "This is like magic or some shit!"

The homeless man was grunting, ranting something, hitting the doors faster and faster to indicate the importance of the next stop. It was stupid: it was a subway, not a bus. It was going to stop anyway! But then Derek could understand his panic.

"And - and - I'm sorry, Chris, I can't stop! She'd have a tiny waist, and long, shapely legs. The kind that drives you wild. And her ass would be spectacular: like a b-big old peach!"

Chris's eyes went wide. "Jesus fuck, Derek! N-no longer you struggled with women! You've g-got to stop before I t-turn into a damn walking w-wet dream! NNghh!!"

The changes were immediate, made more clear by how Chris pulled his shirt tight with his hands in response to the changes. His waist pinched in suddenly, leaving him with an incredible hourglass figure, and his legs changed within his trousers. Derek couldn't see that change as well, but he could see the shoes fall off of Chris' feet as they obviously became dainty and slender. The sight of his friend's big tits and curvaceous shape was turning him on, despite the panic.

Behind them, the homeless man cried out.

"Satan's curse! He has a satanic curse upon him! He is damned to be a fell woman!"

He stepped through the open doors after the train pulled to another stop, the last one before they had to leave.

"You are both cursed! Doomed! Doomed!"

The doors shut, and the train took off again, but the teen girl was still with them.

"Holy shit, is he going to have a pussy as well? What about his face! Describe his face with big kissy lip! I want to post this on my socials!"

"Don't you f-fucking dare!" Chris cried, his voice cracking upwards yet again. But it was already too late. The girl had put the idea into Derek's mind, and he was unable to stop thinking about the gorgeous face he wanted on his dream girl. The kind he's always hoped he could find when he tried and failed to find a good date.

“She would have full lips,” he clarified. “Pouty, too. Like they were perfect for sucking cock.”

“What the fuck d-dude! Oh G-God! Keep going though!”

Sweat ran down Derek’s forehead. He wanted to save his friend. The woman’s curse was real! But he had to play this out: something was compelling him forward. The spell. It had to be.

“But more than that, she’d have the kind of face you just couldn’t say not to. She’d have emerald green eyes to match her red hair, which would be long and fall down to below her shoulder boulders. She’d have slightly thick but perfectly defined eyebrows, and her cheekbones would be high, though she’d also have cute cheeks with dimples too. Her chin would be rounded, giving her a perfect heart-shaped face. And she’d have a cute button nose to match the rest of her. She’d have the perfect face for making a ‘come fuck me’ expression.”

Chris shook his head. “No, no no no! If you can hear me Juliana! I’m sorry! I didn’t - Mmhhmpph!!”

He was temporarily unable to speak as his lips puffed up, as his face rearranged, as his hair flowed down his back to become slightly wavy, with cute curls at its ends. In moments, he looked like the hottest girl Derek had ever seen, the kind of girl he’d imagined having many times in his fantasies, but knew was totally out of his league in real life. Only this *was* real life, and now his friend was being forced to live out this fantasy.

“I’ve still got my cock! Don’t t-take it from me!” Chris cried, holding him with his now-dainty hands. Derek hadn’t even noticed they’d changed. But he quickly returned to groping and squeezing his big soft tits, the nipples of which were outlined heavily against the fabric of his shirt. And he was breathing as if his cock was about to blow.

“Take it away!” the girl yelled. “Make him a girl! I can’t believe this is happening!”

“Her pussy would have the same red-coloured hair above it as she had on her head. And it would be *tight*, tight enough to drive me wild when I fucked her. And it would be able to get wet at the drop of a hat.”

“F-fuck you dude! Oh God, why am I so f-fucking - AAAAAHHHH!!!”

Chris cried out in orgasm. His pants became soaked in his seed as it spurted from him, but then he clutched it, eyes almost bulging out of his head.

“I’m - growing - a - pussy!” he wheezed.

His voice cracked one final time.

“She’d have a voice that sounded like honey. Like she was always in the mood. A sexy soprano.”

“I d-don’t want to s-sound like that!”

But he did now. *She did*. And there were just some final cosmetic changes left to go .

The train stopped.

“C’mon! This is our stop! We’ll get you to the hospital, figure something out!”

Chris shot to quaking legs, still in the wobbly aftermath of having cum, first as a man, and then perhaps as a woman. He was now just a little taller than Derek, and he looked terrified. *She*, really. Her large tits wobbled in her top as she moved.

“Oh my God, how did this happen!” she cried.

The teen girl raised her phone. “Say cheese! You’re going to be internet famous!”

Thinking quickly, Derek, snatched her phone and threw it out onto the tracks as they got out, leaving it cracked and broken.

“Hey! What the fuck!”

Chris groaned, holding onto a panicked Derek. “H-how would I dress? N-no! I don’t want to ask that.”

“You’d - I mean - she’d dress in tight, hot stuff that showed off her sexy body. She’d always show off her ass and tits, and bare her midriff a lot of the time, and generally wear what I found sexy. Cute earrings as well. And a belly button piercing, since I always found it sexy.”

They ascended the stairs, trying to run out. Several others looked at them on the otherwise empty platform as they passed, and a man wolf whistled at Chris, causing the new woman to blush a deep, and quite cute, shade of red. The changes happened even as they exited the subway, causing several of them to gasp. Chris whined as her ears became pierced with little jade earrings, matching her new green eyes. Her swaying ass became outlined in a stunning red dress that pulled tight against her form. Her massive boobs were lifted up, causing a positively magnetic curve of cleavage to be formed. Her arms were left bare, some cute freckles upon them, and Derek noticed that her cheeks had the same. Her boobs bounced, and she held them as she walked, only to nearly stumble over.

“What the fuck? I’m even in high heels? Why can I walk in them!?”

She could. Somehow, she clearly had the knowledge, because she was keeping pace with Derek, clinging to his hand as they ran for the house.

“Stop looking at my chest!” she cried.

“I can’t help it, dude! You’re literally, like, a fucking hottie!”

“Shut up! I don’t want to think about this! J-just - fuck! - just finish describing her!”

The house was in sight. It was a two bedroom place that Derek was paying off. He was making solid money in software, but was already thinking of moving to a better place in a bigger town. The two burst through the door, and Derek shut it while Chris freaked out. The

gorgeous, busty redhead looked like Jessica rabbit, with proportions that were almost as exaggerated, but her words were all Chris.

“Dude, I’m a fucking woman. Juliana really did curse me! She thought I was your bully or some shit, and now I’ve got tits and a pussy!”

“I know, I know,” Derek said, amazed. “You’re literally my dream girl. What do we do?”

“What do we do? You did this to me! You described my changes!”

Derek shouted back. “You wanted me to! Neither of us could stop it! Just like I can’t stop describing the fact that you should be really fucking aroused by me, and turned on by my looks if you’re my dream girlfriend!”

Chris shuddered, and both of them realised the strange changes that were coming over her. But Derek couldn’t stop himself. He was spilling out his greatest fantasy. It wasn’t even the type of woman he *actually* imagined ever having. Just the dream. The unrealistic hope. The boyish imaginary girlfriend.

“Wh-what else? Describe me! Oh, God . . .”

She stood, trembling, her large breasts jiggling with every movement.

“She’d be a total nympho in bed, and love using dirty talk. She’d wake me up with blowjobs. She’d dress sexy for me, and be super feisty. She’d let me take care of her, and she’d be interested in the same geeky stuff as I am. She’d - she’d even dress in hot cosplay and costumes for comic-con and privately in the bedroom!”

Chris absorbed this, clutching her head, shaking her red hair about.

“She’d be really good at cooking and cleaning, and she’d be really submissive to me as well. And she’d be able to give me the family I always wanted. Yeah, she’d be *super* fertile, and I’d get her pregnant with our babies so we could have a big family together.”

“OOhhhhh,” Chris moaned. “S-stop! It’s t-too much! Oh f-fuck.”

“That’s it! I’m done!” Derek said, moving forward to touch her shoulders. He was trying to bring relief to his friend, but to his astonishment she pulled him towards her and kissed him deeply, dancing her tongue in his mouth and pressing her large boobs against his chest.

“I - I need changes for you t-too!” she cried. “I don’t want to s-say it. But it’s the spell. I think I’ve b-been punished, and now you’re b-being given a present.”

She bit her lip for a moment.

“You’d be taller than m-me. 6’3 at least, and muscly. And you’d have a big dick to *fill me up completely*. And you’d have a real short refractory period, for when you want to *fuck me for hours*.”

Instantly the changes came over Derek. His height increased, his muscles flared, and his cock became long enough that he had to free it - still erect - from his pants. It was a

monster now, and so was he. He groaned as the final changes altered his form to become a powerful man's body. The kind that would be worthy of the hot woman before him.

"We have to f-fight this!" he said. Even his voice was slightly deeper.

"I c-can't!" she cried. "It's not fair! No, I don't want to fuck your big c-"

But then they were kissing, and caressing, and neither were fully in control of each other's bodies. In moments they were already moving to Derek's bedroom. It all felt like some crazy dream. He knew it was his friend in there, but she was currently the hottest woman he'd ever seen, and she was shoving his fact right into her perfect tits, smothering him in her cleavage.

"I need you to fuck my brains out," she purred. "I want you inside me so bad, Derek, you have no idea."

"Shit, that's so fucking hot," he replied, coming up for air. They kissed again, and she worked to unbuckle his trousers with her dainty hands. Her cleavage jostled before him, and he had trouble looking elsewhere.

"It's not me!" Chris replied. "I can't help but *want to make you cum in my wet pussy!*"

"It's happening again!" Derek replied.

But by then Chris was unzipping the back of her dress and removing it, leaving her gorgeous body naked but for her dark panties which outlined her perfect hips. Her huge teardrop tits were tipped by perfect pink nipples, both of which were erect with need. Her panties were damp as well, a fact that only made Derek's colossal boner all the more hard.

"You have to stop, you have to be the strong one!" Chris cried, removing her pants and squeezing her large left boob with her hand. "I can't stop wanting to *ride your big cock and let you suck on my sexy titties.*"

"F-fuck," Derek groaned. He was so unused to being so strong and tall: even this slightly taller-than-average woman was almost a whole foot shorter than him. His powerful arms encircled her, and now freed of his pants, his cock rested against her perfectly flat stomach.

"Mmhmm," she moaned. "That *feels so good*. No! No, it doesn't! But I want it so bad. I want it *in my pussy!*"

And with that, she pulled him back onto the bed. He failed to resist her, because in moments they were caressing and kissing and stroking one another. He massaged her amazing tits, marvelling at their size and heft, and she whimpered in delight as he sucked on her distended nipples.

Finally, neither could take it anymore. She spread her legs wide, and Derek pressed his huge dick against her lower lips. A brief grunt, a gasp from her, and suddenly he was sliding his increased length further into her tunnel.

"Oooooohhh. Myyyyyyy. GOOOOD!!"

They were in heaven. Unwanted, reluctant, supernatural. But heaven nonetheless. She was beneath him, wrapping her legs around him as he pounded into her. It had been too long since he had fucked a woman, and this was the most gorgeous woman ever, a perfect ten out of ten. She cried out in passion as he thrust.

“You’re fucking me! I c-can’t believe it! You’re f-fucking me with your *big, amazing cock in my pussy!*”

Her soprano moans were music to his ears, and her vagina was perfectly lubricated, gripping him as if for dear life.

“I can’t stop Chris!” he cried, still thrusting. “I c-can’t do it!”

“I don’t want you to!” she responded. “It’s not fair! I want you to stop but - you *have to keep going! I need your cum inside me, babe.*”

He was close. He was so damn close. He thrust several more times, driving even deeper. His balls tensed, ready to empty their load into this luscious redhead. He tried to hold back, imagine that he was fucking his friend. But all he could see was *her*. His dream girl. He held off for precious extra seconds, but then she gasped.

“No! Don’t make me do thiiiiissss!”

She grabbed his head and thrust his face into her chest. They were like soft pillows, only ones he could lick and suck upon. She shivered as he sucked upon it, wriggling her body in such a way that it massaged his cock wonderfully.

“I can’t, Chris! I’m - I’m - I’m coming!”

“Don’t! Don’t *cum inside me without me cumming too!*”

He couldn’t tell what were Chris’ words or the woman he’d become, but either way her words sent him over the edge. His body quaked, and then he came inside her, spraying wad after wad of his semen deep into her womb. She cried out, moaning like a whore in heat, climaxing with him.

“OOhhhhhh God! God, yes! *Yes, yes, yes I want your cum inside me, babe. I want your babies!*”

The words only drew out his orgasm longer. He couldn’t believe how much sperm his improved body produced. It was far more than any act of sex he’d experienced before. They both moaned in wild passion, and then collapsed together. They lay breathing there, both unbelieving what had just happened. Derek and Chris remained in that position for several minutes, his cock still inside her, until finally he was able to move again, and he slid out of her, eliciting a soft moan.

“Fuck,” she finally said, holding her boobs for modesty with her hands, only for them to ‘spill’ out either side, and above and below them.

“Yeah,” Derek said.

“I’m a woman.”

“I know.”

“You just fucked me. What the fuck? You just came in my *hot pussy*. Fuck, I can't even talk right at the moment! It's like everything I say makes me sound like *the sexy, horny nympho redhead I am now*.”

She clenched her eyes shut, clearly biting back a scream of frustration.

“I'm really sorry, dude, really. You know this is just a fantasy, right? I don't actually want you like this.”

“Of course I fucking know!” she said, gesturing to her body. “I'd be making you the same fucking level of hotness if we were switched. But that witch thought I was some bully or something. You know I was joking around, right?”

“Obviously,” Derek said. “You can be a bit of a dick sometimes, since you're such a damn jock, but I know you were just joking and a bit tipsy, dude.”

“Exactly,” she whined, “I don't deserve this. I wasn't being some sexist, at least not, like, crazily so. It's all a misunderstanding! We need to track her down, before we end up fucking again or whatever.”

“Yeah, yeah. Exactly. I'm so sorry dude. I didn't mean to. I literally couldn't control myself.”

Chris pulled herself up off the bed, cursing and muttering. She was still naked, and in profile Derek could appreciate just how wild her body was, especially her gently bobbing tits and bouncing behind. Miraculously, he was already getting hard just looking at her.

“We need to find her. Head back out there and track her down,” Chris said. “We need to find a way to turn me back. And we'll never talk about this again, okay? No way am I getting stuck as some big-titted hottie who - who - who . . . oh no.”

“What?”

She paused, looking over at Derek with a strange mix of fear and arousal in her eyes.

“You're hard,” she said. “Your *big, juicy cock* is hard. Dude, you need to stop being turned on by me, right now!”

“I - I can't!”

It was true, she was literally a goddess in his eyes. Just the way she spoke, even when angry, gave her a breathy, sensual quality. That impression was only enhanced as she sauntered back around the bed to him, reached out, and began to stroke his dick. Derek groaned.

“Dude, what are you doing?”

“I can't help it. It's because you're turned on, remember? You wanted a woman who would always want you when you're turned on. And now you're turned on, you idiot! Oh God, I need you *to fuck me again. This time let me ride you!*”

Derek tried to fight it, but once again he was helpless, lost to his arousal. She mounted him this time, his back to the wall so that her bouncing breasts were right in his face. She wailed as she lowered herself upon him, and soon the pair were fucking all over again, unable to stop. And neither wanting to, at least in the moment.

They fucked another two times before they fell asleep in each other's arms, Chris moaning softly as Derek cupped her chest in a big spoon-little spoon position.

"This can't be . . . I'm not a woman . . . don't want to s-suck you off in the morning . . ."

They held each other until morning, Derek stroking her large breasts and making her whimper in unfamiliar pleasure even as she slept.

Part 3: New Status Quo

Derek woke to a strange muttering in his bed. For a moment he was confused as he tried to interpret what was being said.

"No way. No way. I'm not going to fucking suck your cock. *But it smells so goood. Oh God, I want it soooo badly. It's making this stupid female body horny as hell!*"

"What the -" he managed, before suddenly he felt something tug upon his member. It was a pair of soft female hands, and it was followed by the luxurious sensation of a pair of lips sucking at the sensitive tip of his penis.

"Ahhh," he groaned. "Is that - ahh - is that you, Chris?"

He managed to lift his head, and saw that the 'dream' he'd had of last night was in fact a complete reality. A gorgeous, busty redhead had her lips firmly planted around his cock, and was sending him to heaven with her perfect ministrations. Her eyes were panicking, and his heart leapt out to his poor friend, but in truth the feelings were too good. She was giving him a perfect blowjob, just as he'd always imagined it, and all he could do was lie there and grasp her head as she bobbed up and down upon his member. It didn't take long for her to bring him to a climax, and when she did she moaned for a long time, even as he spurt his entire load into her mouth. She gave him a look, tried to mumble something angry. And then she swallowed it all, moaning once more.

"Holy shit, it was real," Derek said.

"No fucking shit," she replied. "Goddamnit, I really can't control myself. This is your fault, dude! Your damn imagination have made me a wet dream. I can't *not* have sex with you. When you get turned on, I get turned on, and I get too fucking aroused to be able to

resist your *strong sexy hunky body*. Ugh! That last part was the spell, or curse, or hex or whatever.”

“I know,” Derek said. “We need to figure this out. We need to find out where this Juliana is, before it goes any further.”

“How could this possibly be worse?” she asked, gesturing to her still naked, still perfect body.

Derek was briefly silent, not knowing what to tell his friend.

“Well, you’ll remember that my perfect girl is someone who’ll have babies with me.”

Chris’ jaw dropped.

“No way. No fucking way. I am not getting knocked up! You hear me? No matter how *hot and fertile* this body is. C’mon. I’m getting dressed up so we can figure this out.”

Over the next hour they got dressed and ready. Chris took a shower, as did Derek, but when she went to put on new clothes to disguise her body from Derek’s gazing, they realised that far more than her body and instincts had changed. In this new life, Chris wasn’t just Derek’s submissive girlfriend, but she actually lived with him in his house. There was evidence of her everywhere: in photos wearing skimpy bikinis, in little notes on the fridge, and even in the ornaments along the shelves which were sometimes quite feminine. The bathroom even had tampons and other feminine hygiene products. Similarly, half the closet now had female clothing in it, and to her despair, it was all quite showy and stylish and sexy, even the damn silk bathrobe she’d chosen to wear. It outlined her figure, and despite wanting to at least leave it baggy, she’d been compelled to tie it tightly around her waist in order to emphasise her figure.

But that wasn’t the worst part.

“Christina? My name is fucking Christina?”

Derek took her driver’s licence, which showed a redheaded lass with a beaming smile. “Chriss or Chrissy for short, I guess. Also, check this out dude, it says you’re twenty one years old.”

“The hell it does!”

She snatched the card, then let loose another series of curses.

“Fuck you, Derek!”

“How is this my fault?”

“You made me *younger!*”

“It’s not like you’re a teenager!” he said, defending himself. “I didn’t even realise it was a conscious preference. I guess, I don’t know, it’s just kind of like not wanting your hot girlfriend to get older too quickly.”

Chris, or Christina as she now was, growled. She threw her hands up in the air, not realising she was exposing a lot of cleavage in her bathrobe. "This is a goddamn nightmare! I'm stuck as your fucking slave girl! Why didn't you tell her we were friends?"

"I did!"

"Well, you didn't say it hard enough, you fucking moron! God, let's just find her."

Derek tried not to take offence. Chris had always been prone to anger sometimes, and occasionally made spiteful comments like that. But he was also now a *she*, and he had no idea the amount of hormones that were whizzing about her body, causing unfamiliar feelings she couldn't control.

But instead of veering back to get changed again, or to the home computer, Chriss instead moved to the kitchen and started getting plates out.

"Umm, are you hungry?"

"Not much," she said through gritted teeth. "But you are, aren't you?"

Derek's stomach growled as an answer. "Yeah, I guess I am."

"And thanks to your stupid desires and that fucking bitch whore of a witch, I can't help but want to make bacon and eggs for my *sexy strong lover boy*."

So bacon and eggs it was. The two ate near silently after she had done the eggs just as he liked them, though she herself could only eat a little.

"Stupid smaller stomach," she complained. "And stop looking at my chest! These things are big and heavy and sexy enough without you always looking at them."

Derek blushed. "Sorry, it's just . . . they look so good. You look so good."

She grumbled, continuing to eat, but the sight of her was simply too good, and his dick began to harden again. He couldn't forget the feel of her lips upon his cock, or her wet pussy, or the taste of her big nipples in his mouth.

Soon, she seemed to notice it too. She licked her fork suggestively, finishing her food, and began to thrust out her chest further.

"OOhhh, you're turned on again, aren't you?"

"Yeah," Derek said. "I can't help it. You're literally the perfect woman for me, Chriss."

She moaned again, licking her lips further. She stood from the table, took his hand, and motioned for him to stand. Then, to his astonishment, she pulled up her silk robe and pulled down her underwear, so that her perfect ass and womanhood were on full display. She already looked moist and ready for him. She pressed her tits against the table, shifting away the plates hurriedly.

"I can't help but need this," she pleaded, anger and frustration and fear and massive fucking arousal cycling across her face. "Fuck me from behind, Derek. I want to feel like I'm *yours*."

He did so, and she groaned as he took her hips and entered her. Soon they were thrusting like animals, his grunts bestial as he took her. She felt like putty in his hands, and she did little to fight that impression. She begged him to go harder, and he did, using his larger cock size to fill her up completely. He couldn't believe how short his refractory period was now, or how boundless his transformed's friend's lusts were. Her ass was soft in his hands, her hips wide, her movements perfectly in time with his.

They came again, together as they had before. His cock shot more semen deep into her tunnel, and her body quaked around his member, milking it for every last drop. When they were done, he slid out, panting. Her legs were a little wobbly, and she had to grip the table to remain standing.

"Damn it! Again!? When will this end? Now I *have* to clean up and wear something else."

Derek just gave her a pat on the ass as she passed. She turned to give a glare, but obviously realised it was a playful compulsion on his part. He'd thought about it, and so his body had done it. Evidently part of his 'present' from Juliana was a body that had the stamina and confidence he didn't.

"Goddamnit," he muttered to himself as Christina went off to have a second shower for the morning. "I'm so sorry, man."

And yet he couldn't stop staring at her ass, and the way she shook it as she walked away. He had a feeling that if they couldn't find Juliana quickly, they would have a very new, very sexually charged status quo from now on.

Whether they wanted it or not.

Derek's instincts were right. Unfortunately for Chriss, or Chrissy, or Christina, or whatever they wanted to call her, Juliana fast proved impossible to find. After having her shower, his formerly male friend emerged blushing up a storm, wearing a tight red crop top that barely managed to contain her large melons, and a tight skirt that emphasised her rear and cut off right at the top of her thighs. She wore a pair of red go-go boots with high heels, which only had the effect of forcing her to thrust out her chest and ass even further.

"Don't say a fucking word about how *fucking hot I look*," she said. "Let's just go find Juliana."

Derek, while aroused, was at least able to contain himself. Apparently, important matters could postpone their continual fucking.

"Okay, let's go. We'll ask around, see if we can get footage of her. Find out about friends, or whatever."

“Great idea, *babe*,” she said, before kissing him deeply on his lips. She pulled back and headed for the car, stopping just for a moment. “That was the curse.”

“Yeah, I guessed as much.”

“Goddamnit. I blame you for this just as much as her.”

Derek bit his tongue. He was used to Chris having outbursts from time to time, so he just accepted it, waited for the transformed man to calm, and then they headed out.

The day that followed was nothing but failure, failure and humiliation for Derek and Chriss. The club could tell them nothing about Juliana, and even when they managed to concoct a half-believable story about her being a thief, there wasn't any information they could provide, just some CCTV camera footage that showed her leaving the club, but not entering it - it was busy that night, after all. The club staff member kept wandering his eyes over Chriss' form, obviously making her uncomfortable, and thanks to the curse, it only meant she pressed her voluptuous body against Derek even more.

Other inquiries fell flat. They reached out to their respective friends, even using some of the numbers Christina had acquired when she was Chris. But none of them knew of the woman, or had even seen her at the club. More than that, it also revealed another aspect of the hex that made the former man nearly throw her phone to the ground.

“Heya Jacqui!” she said into the phone, “it's me, the girl you enjoyed partying with last night. Yeah, Christina! Awww, thanks girl, you looked hella cute too! Yeah, I'm all good. Made it home with my sexy boyfriend. And he got real lucky after all that partying, you better believe! I'm just wondering about this Juliana woman I met last night, I think she stole my purse . . .”

Afterwards, Derek hugged her. “Chriss, that was amazing! Totally off the cuff - how did you know her memory had changed?”

But then he saw Chriss' face, which was one of pure morality.

“I didn't,” she admitted, lowering her hand to run over her bare midriff idly. “I was gonna say it was me, Chris. See if someone would believe me. But she didn't, and I couldn't tell her. I couldn't tell her who I really was, Derek!”

That was true of all the following calls, and evidently for Chriss' family as well, at least judging from the altered photos on her phone. She'd never been close to them, and so didn't feel the need to call, but it was mortifying nonetheless.

“Fuck!” she exclaimed as they headed back to Derek's home. *Their home*, now. “The whole world thinks I'm a ginger smokeshow! God, can this get any more humiliating? I couldn't even take the wheel and vent my frustrations like this, of course *you* like the idea of being in charge of a submissive hottie, Derek. Not like you could catch one in real life.”

Derek huffed. “That's not fair, dude. None of this is my fault. I don't want to have sex with you.”

“Could have fooled me. You were sucking on these tits like your life depended on it.”

They went over a speed bump, causing them to bounce, and her to wince.

“Stupid tits. God, these things are heavy.”

Derek gave him a sympathetic smile. “Dude, I’m just saying that it’s not either of our faults. But maybe you shouldn’t have put me in that headlock.”

“I was drunk! Maybe *you* should have bulked up and got out of it.”

“Well, I’m definitely bulked up now!”

She scoffed, crossing her arms beneath her chest. “Pfft, don’t remind me. And it’s not just those muscles that got bigger either, damnit. We’ll have to find Juliana on the internet or something, because I am not going to be split by your monster cock again! I *refuse* to be your submissive girlfriend. I *don’t* deserve it, especially not after all the good luck with the girls I had last night. Hell, *you* would have done better getting stuck like this.”

Derek just didn’t comment, and instead drove them home.

“MMhm, yeah, f-fuck me baby! Right up inside m-meee!”

They were back at it. The internet searches had failed. Everything had failed. Sure, it was just one day, but already things seemed hopeless. There wasn’t much to go on, and their libidos were once more rising, particularly given how scantily clad Christina was as she moved about the house, hips swaying. Derek had tried to fight it, and she had tried even more. But both of them had failed, and so she was riding him again, this time on the couch. Her giant tits were smothering him in the best way possible, and her cunt clung to his cock as she brought her ass up and down. Her gripped it, simply taking in the feeling.

“I c-can’t stop!”

“M-me either!”

“Just hurry up and - ooohhh - cum inside me! Get it over with! *Get me pregnant already! Give me your babies!*”

It was too sexy, too ideal for him not to. He exploded in orgasm. As the curse seemed to mandate, her body rocketed to the same high, and they clung together as his seed raced into her womb.

“You b-better not actually g-get me pregnant. This b-better be dirty - ahh - dirty talk,” she stammered, even as his dick shot more of his issue inside her.

He didn’t have the confidence to tell her the truth. She knew he wanted children, but more than just wanting them, the thought of getting a woman knocked up was just intoxicating to Derek. He wanted to start a family, a big one, really. He’d always loved the

idea of having plenty of kids. But the thought of seeing a woman plump with his child, literally gravid thanks to him, dependent upon him, waiting upon by him.

It was the sexiest image imaginable.

And he worried that might be the future for Chriss.

A month passed. For Chriss, it was a month of dressing up, looking and acting like a sexy bimbo, and doing everything to please Derek in her new daily life. She had become Derek's perfect partner, and not just in the bedroom or her revealing outfits. No, she was also a participant in his geeky activities as well. Derek had always been a big comics fan, especially for DC, and now she was forced to be too. She read *Action Comics* and *Wonder Woman*, watched old Batman episodes with him, and had even found herself ordering materials online so she could cosplay as various characters, including the sensual villainess Poison Ivy. She found herself asking to watch science fiction films and old horror movies that had never been her tastes, and when she watched the latter she clung to Derek, her new hormones racing through her system and making her terrified of the jump scares and plot twists.

"I can't help it!" she proclaimed, "you must love your girls too - too girly!"

Derek felt bad, but he still chuckled, holding her closer for comfort

"Well, I'm here for you."

She nuzzled closer against him. "I *hate* that your presence comforts me like this."

There were other things that made her just as uncomfortable, if not more so. For one, Christina was continually compelled to dress up sexy for Derek. This ranged from tight crop tops and short skirts that revealed her curves and toned stomach, to cocktail dresses that lifted her prominent bust so that he could barely manage to look her in the eyes. Derek tried not to be turned on by her, but she was literally his dream woman, and so she was always forced to have sex with him, and across that month they did so in a variety of positions, all of which she reluctantly enjoyed. To her great embarrassment, she even orgasmed just from sucking Derek off while rubbing his shaft within her lubricated cleavage. Just the sensation and taste of his cum exploding into her mouth gave Chriss her own climax, leaving her moaning, her eyes rolling into the back of her head.

In this new life, she didn't have a job. She was his live-in girlfriend who kept the house clean and well-maintained, and kept his bed warm for him. When he got home from work, she was there to greet him in a revealing outfit and shove his face into her enormous bust, and then greedily take his dick inside her. So many times she tried to find loopholes, ways to avoid turning him on, or to at least avoid wearing clothes that showed off

her voluptuous form to the world, but she was stuck the way she was, all because of a misunderstanding. She even woke him most mornings with a blowjob, though he often preferred to cum inside her wet pussy after she had got him up and ready.

The cosplay outfits arrived, and to Derek's surprise, and clearly to his joy, she dressed up as the incredibly busty Power Girl just for him, surprising him as he came home from work one day.

"Holy shit, Chriss. You look - I'm sorry, but you look flat out amazing."

"I know," she said, trying to sound miserable, but instead only coming across confident. "I look *pretty super, wouldn't you say?*"

She gestured to her boob window, where her incredibly cleavage strained at the outfit. Her perfect white thighs were revealed by the one piece, and her blonde wig covered her ordinarily red hair.

"I'm really sorry, Chriss, but this is such a fucking turn on right now."

"I figured," she said, sagging. But then she adopted a classically heroic profile, her ass and chest impressively stuck out, and she winked at him. "Why don't you come over here and be my *kryptonite, big boy.*"

Minutes later, he was practically suffocating in that very boob window as he came inside her. She pulled him against her, milking every last drop as he did so.

"Oh G-God, this feels so f-fucking goooood! *I want to dress as all your favourite comic hotties, babe!*"

And she did. Numerous times over that month alone, to the point where Derek felt guilty that his mind kept imagining other potential candidates. Poor Chriss was forced to be not just Power Girl, but Barbara Gordon, Poison Ivy, Wonder Woman, Jean Grey, the Invisible Woman, and so on. She obviously found it incredibly demeaning, but the sex was unbelievably good, and so it kept happening.

As consolation, the two at least were able to play games together like the old days, watch movies they both enjoyed, and eat out together. Sometimes these activities were interrupted by sex, and once Chriss even began giving Derek a blowjob while he was playing the Playstation, simply because he was getting turned on by the cleavage of her tight outfit. That was particularly embarrassing for her, though secretly for Derek, it was one of the best experiences of his life. The two went swimming, something Derek organised since Christina had loved it as a man. Unfortunately for her it meant dressing up in a sexy blue bikini that left little to the imagination, her huge breasts forming perfect glistening teardrops as she erupted from the pool.

"I feel fucking naked," she complained as she curled up against Derek at the pool's hot tub. "All the guys are staring at me like I'm a piece of meat. They're even worse than you. God, this fucking sucks!"

“Did you want to go home?”

“Are you kidding? At least I can swim here, even if my muscles suck now. Not that you’d know what I’m talking about, since you got everything I should have. *Plus you love looking at all this skin on display, and knowing it’s all yours, don’t you?*”

Derek gulped, looking down at her wet cleavage, her long red hair that was darkened by the waters of the pool.

“Y-yeah. I know that’s the curse dude, but it’s really, really true.”

She sighed, pressed against him for a reluctant, passionate kiss, and walked away.

“I’m off to get a snack. *Enjoy the show.*”

And he did, watching her ass as it swayed from side to side, her large breasts even visible from behind, spilling out the sides of her blue bikini top.

Life continued much like this, with bouts of sex, flirting, fucking, and generally them having to act as if they were in a relationship, with Derek the prime beneficiary of it, just like Juliana had intended. They found no trace of her, not on the internet, not in real life, not in their random searches of the city or the college or other popular clubs. Even their posts and questions online yielded nothing, despite them setting up alerts on various witchcraft related subreddits and conspiracy forums. They held out hope of change, but while Christina cursed her busty, horny, submissive body, Derek was much more happy with his masculine upgrade. Despite knowing his friend was affected, he couldn’t help but love the new status quo, as wrong as it was. The sex was amazing, life was amazing! Chriss continued to partly blame him, sometimes getting quite snippy, but the curse meant she always made it up to him in the form of blowjobs, fine cooking, and wearing sexy cosplays. It was actually kind of a relief to not always be the butt of Chriss’ jokes, and instead for him/her to be on the receiving end of the embarrassment for once. After all, their relationship had been characterised by the opposite for too long. And now their new dynamic was all beginning to feel normal. That was, until the next major, earth shattering change.

“Pregnant? I’m fucking PREGNANT!?”

Derek tried to calm his friend/girlfriend. Christina was panicking, her chest heaving in her tight, cleavage-revealing top. She was pacing back and forth, staring at the pregnancy test in her hand. The fifth one she had taken. All of which had been positive.

“Dude, dude, calm down!”

“I’m not a dude!” she cried, “not anymore! Not thanks to you and that - that *cunt!* Now I’m stuck as your submissive hottie of a girlfriend, and thanks to your stupid messed up fantasies, I’m fucking pregnant with your baby too! Oh God . . .”

Derek kept his distance, despite wanting to comfort her. Christina was dressed in just her dark lingerie, though her makeup was done up sexily as well, with dark eyeshadow and ruby red lipstick.

“How are you feeling?” he asked.

She glared at him with her emerald eyes. “How do you think I’m feeling? I’m *pregnant*. I’m knocked up. Your *tasty* seed put a baby in me, just like you wanted. This is all your fault, dammnit!”

Derek winced. He did feel guilty, despite being as lost in passion as she had been in their numerous sexual bouts. Really, they hadn’t used contraception once, and that had no doubt been because of his desire to start a family early, with the hope of having more than a few kids just like he’d always wanted. During numerous intercourse sessions, Chrissy had even been forced to cry out things like “put a baby in me, Derek!” and “I can’t wait to be all big and knocked up for you!” or “don’t stop! Make me a sexy MILF, babe!”

Other signs were there too. Chriss had been complaining for weeks about feeling tired and without energy, but both of them had just assumed she was feeling exhausted from all the sexual activity they were undertaking, and the fact that she didn’t have her old muscle mass anymore. That wasn’t all, either. Several weeks ago she had approached him, wearing nothing but her red bra and panties, her tits flowing a little over the cups.

“Dude, these things feel seriously bigger.”

“Are you sure - holy shit they look amazing - sorry, I mean, are you sure you aren’t just wearing the bra wrong?”

“Dude, this body always knows how to put a bra on. God, these *big sexy titties* need a bra, otherwise they bounce everywhere and make murder of my back! But I wore this only last week and it felt fine. Now it’s all compressed or whatever.”

Derek helped her adjust the strap, but she complained about sore boobs for days afterwards, and he couldn’t deny that her impressive head-sized tits stuck out even further from her chest, or at least it looked that way. But it only made him turned on, and the thought was lost as he took her from behind, her pressed against the kitchen benchtop, crying out in bliss as he thrust into her pussy like the dominant boyfriend he’d been cast as.

Last of all, there was the clincher that they both should have recognised. It hadn’t been common, but Chriss had indeed experienced several signs of morning sickness. She’d thrown up only twice, assuming it to be a stomach bug, and with her slowly swelling stomach, they’d just thought her period was late, a not uncommon occurrence. But then her period hadn’t arrived at all, and now the signs conjoined to spell a very obvious fact, one given physical evidence by the slight but increasingly firm roundness of her belly.

She was pregnant, and Derek was the father. He'd gotten his friend knocked up with his sperm, and now the former alpha male was going to swell with a baby, the most womanly of all possible experiences.

"This is crazy," she bemoaned in the present, flopping onto the couch. Her hand was on her stomach, the other feeling her chest. "No wonder my tits were sore. And all that damn sickness and exhaustion. God, how far along am I?"

Derek did some mental calculations. He couldn't be certain, but based on her signs, and what they knew of the curse . . .

"Chriss, I'm sorry to say this man, but you might be almost eight weeks along already."

Her beautiful eyes widened. "But - but that would mean -"

"Yeah, that we got you pregnant almost immediately. Possibly even the night we changed. You even spoke about being knocked up that night."

"That was just the sexy talk I have to do!"

Derek gave a sympathetic smile. He sat down on the couch, and placed his hand on her soft thigh. "I know, but as unfair as it is, Juliana mistook what was happening that night, and made it so you'd become my own fantasy. And my fantasy, well, I *really* want kids, Chriss. I think - I think you're going to be the one to have them."

"Them? *Them!*?"

Derek nodded, and they were both silent for a time. No doubt they were both imagining a future where Chriss was not just heavily pregnant, but having to deal with several toddlers and a baby as well, having been forced to not just give birth once but play the role of mother several times, all while being a perfect housewife for Derek. It made him shiver in an excited anticipation, though he knew it was wrong. She shivered for what he imagined were altogether different reasons.

"I'm not having this. We have to take care of it. Abort it."

"Do you think we'll be able to? I can't help but want it, and the curse will stop you."

Chriss sighed. "I'm still gonna try, but you're right. Fuck! I don't want to get all pregnant. Dude, I'm meant to be a damn alpha male! I'm meant to be fucking hot girls, not giving birth in nine months!"

"Seven months and a bit," Derek corrected.

"Dude, that is not what I want to hear right now. Oh God, and these big tits are gonna fill with milk, and I'm gonna feed the baby."

Her expression went far more sexual, and Derek could tell the curse was making me speak as she pressed her body against his.

"And maybe feed you too, big boy. If you're willing to fuck this hot pregnant chick. You need to treat me nice after all, since I'm carrying your baby."

Derek couldn't help himself, and neither could she. Soon he was on top of her, pulling down her panties as she freed her breasts, and then they were fucking even more passionately than they ever had before.

"I can't believe it!" he exclaimed as he thrust into her warm wetness. "You're going to have my baby!"

"I'm going to be a mother!" she cried back, overwhelmed by the sensations. "You *knocked me up with your big dick!* I'm going to be your *sexy babymama!*"

He climaxed very quickly, but she came with him anyway, as she always did. In the aftermath, they lay together on the spacious couch, not knowing what to say. He caressed her stomach idly, something he felt drawn to do, and she simply breathed softly and silently, her perfect body against his.

"Pregnant," she said. "Pregnant. Seven weeks along. What the hell are we going to do, Derek? I'm not going to be stuck as your *hot pregnant slut* for the rest of my life. I'm not going to be your damned babymama."

Derek continued to rub her belly, appreciating its subtle firmness. Inside, their child was already beginning to grow. It was crazy to imagine it was Chriss who was making it. "I guess we'll just have to hope and pray that we can find her in time, before . . ."

"Before I have to give b-birth," Christina stammered, lowering her hand over his. "Before I become a damned mother."

Part 4: The Contact

"I can't believe I have to wear this," Chriss whined in her sexy soprano. She ran her hands over her pregnant form. Her bump was more pronounced now; four months . . . and counting. That fact wasn't helped by the skin-tight red dress she was now sporting which pulled tight over her swollen belly. Her breasts heaved, her gorgeous, slightly freckled cleavage open to plain view in the low cut. The dress opened to display her long and luxurious legs, for all to see and appreciate.

"God, this curse sucks," she said. She breathed deeply, and Derek enjoyed the swell of her generous chest as she did so.

"Speaking of," he said.

"Derek, please don't make me suck your long, hard cock."

It took every ounce of will not to be turned on by that statement, especially since Chris's – now officially Christina's – voice always sounded so sensual.

“No,” Derek said, “I meant more in the terms of these.” He placed his hands over the thin fabric that was barely managing to constrain her buxom chest. These days he hesitated less and less to grope his former friend’s body in such a manner. After all, he figured, Juliana had made sure that he and Chriss would spend the rest of their lives as perfect mates, and the curse could possibly be irreversible now that he’d knocked up his best friend.

He cupped her magnificent breasts. “You look like you’re full to bursting.”

It was true; when she had first transformed into his perfect mate, Chriss’ muscles had shifted into a very, very full chest, but her breasts were even bigger now that she was pregnant. She wasn’t producing any milk just yet, but she claimed she could feel it coming around the corner. Her breasts radiated internal warmth, and had nearly grown a full cup size since she had first change. They were sore, and he knew it gave Chriss no end of grief, but like in all things that she was cursed to experience, it only served to turn him on, especially when she moaned in response to the painful pressure, as she did now.

“Mmmhh! I’m just so f-full!”

She bit her bottom lip before continuing. “Why do they have to be so big? Can’t they just make milk already so I can feel some damned fucking relief!”

Derek eyed her. He wondered if he waited long enough if she would beg him to soothe her. While she wasn’t producing, they had both found that him sucking on her big, perfect nipples brought her a lot of relief. And pleasure. He decided to not be an ass and wait for her to beg. Another time, he thought.

“So?” he said, “would you like me to help?”

She fixed him with her gorgeous green eyes. The internal struggle going on behind those eyes was obvious. His friend had always been stubborn, and that hadn’t changed now that she was a ginger bombshell in a body-hugging low-cut dress and red high heels.

“Just be quick about it, dude,” she said, and he could almost hear Chriss’ old voice behind that sweet, sensual soprano. He didn’t need to be asked twice. He lifted her dress straps down over arms, so that her perfect top half was naked before him. Her large pendulous breasts were pert and perfect, her nipples large and dark now that she was in her second trimester. To think the fertile body before him had once been a tall athletic guy who had a rating system for women he saw on the street. Derek knew his buddy well enough to know his current form, even pregnant, would have been an easy eleven out of ten.

He leaned forward, wrapping an arm around the small of her back, and placed his lips over her left nipple. Christina moaned as began to suckle, and straight away her relief was evident. When she did start lactating, he felt he was going to enjoy it even more.

His dick was getting hard, and both of them knew what would happen now. By the time he was finished Christina was already under the sway of the curse, and he with her. She pulled his face up to hers and began kissing deeply, letting his tongue probe her mouth.

She drew closer and pressed her huge breasts against him as they continued to make out. Chriss had often complained, when not under the influence of the curse, that she was so much shorter than she had been as a guy. This despite the fact that she was still fairly tall for a woman. But Derek was turned on by how she was a full head shorter than him, especially since he had grown in height just as she had lost hers. And it also meant that at this moment he could feel the taut surface of her pregnant waist rubbing against his crotch in their embrace. Part of him couldn't help but love watching her slowly grow big with their child. There was something deeply intoxicating about being a man, and having your woman be pregnant. It was a primal feeling, as if he had *claimed* her as his mate, and here was the proof.

"Ohhh Derek," Chriss spoke sensually, "you can't know how much it turns me on when you *suck on my big, soft tits*. How much it turns me on to know I'll be feeding our baby. Maybe even *feeding you*."

She lowered herself carefully down to her knees and began unzipping his pants to free his throbbing member, which still surprised him with its enormity four months on from when Juliana had used her magic to make it the monster it was now. He could swear that his balls had been affected too; just as Christina had been cursed to always go wet between her thighs at the drop of a hat, so too did he always produce enough semen to pump deep inside of her during their many, many daily couplings. It was no wonder she'd gotten knocked up so quickly. His balls strained, desiring release as she began to tease his penis head with her dainty fingers.

"And since in a few months I'll need you to deal with my overflow when all that sweet milk comes in, let me return the favour and drain away your excess too."

He knew she hated every sexy statement she was forced to say, but it couldn't be helped. She was his perfect woman in moments like these. She placed her lips over his cock and began to work her mouth down his length, using her hands to stroke his thick shaft. In the first month his friend had always tried to talk during these moments, mumbling incoherently while she sucked him off, until finally he came inside her mouth and she was forced to stop trying and instead swallow. These days she went about her 'duties' without complaint, at least during the act, in order to get it over more quickly. He also suspected that part of her was really starting to enjoy it, judging from her low moans.

Once upon a time Chris had always told people he didn't like or friends he was playfully stirring with to 'go suck a dick.' He could never have predicted that one day that's what he would be doing every single day. How many blowjobs had Derek gotten from her already since the curse began? It was her way of waking him up these days, which meant it would have been a little over one hundred and twenty times at the very least, and that was

only counting the mornings. Derek had had his dick sucked alone more times than he'd ever had sex in his life previous.

And while it made him feel a little bad, he never got tired of it.

He placed a hand over her gorgeous head of red hair, done up in a ponytail just for the act. He could hold in his pleasure no longer.

"Ohhh God, Christina!" he exclaimed, and with that he shot his load into his pregnant friend's mouth, his seed continuing to pump out as his dick slowly softened. Chriss withdrew, licking his head clean of any issue and smiling wide as she savoured the taste, before swallowing it all.

The smile didn't last long.

"Goddammit!" she exclaimed. "Like this morning wasn't fucking enough! Why does your semen have to taste so good?"

That was news to Derek. Chris realised what she had said, and flushed a deep shade of red in embarrassment across her gorgeous features.

"That was the curse," she explained feebly as she ducked away to wash out her mouth.

Maybe it was true. But Derek did notice that she didn't specify whether it was simply the words the curse made her say, or if the curse really had made his seed delicious to her tastebuds. Perhaps it had been that way all along. After all, she had been having a lot more multiple orgasms during sex. He ruminated on that as he went to wash himself up. As enjoyable as their curse-mandated intercourse had become, it was going to make them late for their appointment. It was one they couldn't miss.

After months of fruitless searching, of endless sex and Christina dressing up as a sexy slut even in public, one of their online forum threads had finally had a response that matched Juliana's description. Finally, someone might know how to find her, so they could explain to the sorceress the real situation, and return Christina back to being Chris. And this mysterious individual wanted to meet in person.

It was their last, most desperate hope to return things to the way they were meant to be.

You could cut the tension in the air with a knife as they drove to their destination. Derek was the driver, of course. The curse didn't let Christina take the wheel so long as her man was at her side. She had fought that for a long time too, but recently gave in, claiming that as she got more pregnant it would only be uncomfortable anyway. Which technically, Derek thought, was true. She still occasionally cursed him out, blaming him, as she did so then.

“Your fucking fault for wanting a hot slut that relies on you so much. God, to be just a little independent!”

Derek actually fought back on that this time. “Oh please, Chriss. It’s not like you didn’t go out with chicks who basically worshipped you all the time. You always had one night stands with hot ladies who were giggling morons, and loved it when they treated you like some fucking alpha male.”

“Whatever, dude. At least I pulled.”

“I’m pulling now.”

It was perhaps a little too close to home for his friend. She sat in the passenger seat, face turned towards the window, not speaking. Her petite right hand idly stroked her growing stomach. It was wild to think that in just five months he’d be a father. Even wilder to think that the one giving birth, the mother of their child, would be his male best friend who he’d grown up with.

“Next left,” she said, and he snapped from his senses, veering towards the parking lot of the seedy city suburb. Numerous flashing neon lights displayed a number of nightclubs, many of them a lot more adult than the one she’d been changed at.

“Christina, if we don’t find out what we want to find out-”

“We will,” she snapped, “we’re going to find out where Juliana has gone to, track her down, and do something – anything – to convince her to make me a dude again, before I have this baby.”

She gestured at her bulging stomach. Derek had to admit, it was probably pretty weird to have a belly that was slowly rounding out like that, even just as a woman. As a guy also dealing with tits, a pussy, and all the rest, it would be downright *alien*.

“And if we can’t find her?”

“We have to. I’m not spending the rest of my life as a hot redhead getting knocked up with your babies, Derek. I know this is all fine and dandy for you getting an upgrade from the lame chicks you managed to occasionally date, with their flat-as-a-board chests and pancake asses. *I mean, just look at these enormous wobbling jugs and this juicy ass.* I bet you’re in heaven now that you can have sex with a hot babe whenever you want knowing she can’t resist you. But this is my life we’re talking about, dude!”

With every dramatic movement her boobs bounced in her lowcut dress top, drawing his gaze. She rolled her eyes. “Fucking *men*. And yes, I know I’m being ironic. I hope I wasn’t this bad at peeking at women’s tits.

“I think we both know you were worse.”

She grinned. “Yeah, maybe I was. But they never minded. I was a fucking master flirter. At least when I’m turned back you’ll know exactly how to please a lady, finally.”

“Oh, I please you, do I?”

She blushed red. "Shut up. Don't make this even weirder. Let's just meet this Ella person already. She said she'd meet us inside the strip club. She'll know how to get me changed back."

Derek stayed silent. He didn't say what he was really thinking; that even if they could find Juliana by some stretch it wasn't guaranteed she'd turn her back, or him. She didn't seem to like Chris much, particularly his comments. Explaining them might not be something she was interested in hearing.

But he left those thoughts to himself. It was time to meet *EllaDanceParty123*. Well, her real-life self anyway.

They left the car and entered the strip club. It felt like the kind of location Chriss' new body would thrive in. The pounding music and gyrating bodies clearly had her nervous, flashing back to that original time of change. A number of heads turned their way, or more accurately Christina's way. Men's eyes turned from even the performing ladies to take in her deep, alluring cleavage, and gorgeous face, while even some of the hired women looked on in envy at her voluptuous figure. Even pregnant she made a stunning figure in her tight revealing dress. Derek was starting to think she looked even more his ideal mate now that she was visibly with child. Chriss herself was blushing.

"They're all staring at my tits," she whispered in irritation.

Derek gave her a sympathetic smile. "Well, it is a strip club, Chrissy."

Even he was struggling to look her in the eyes, when his own were drawn to her large bust the curse had made sure was on full display. They took a pair of seats in one of the corner booths, where a woman with South-East Asian heritage was performing a sensual dance for the many boys. Christina was one of the only women there, and they hoped that would tip this 'Ella' person off. One of the serving girls approached, giving a flirty smile to Derek, and asking for his order.

"Just an apple cider for me, and water for my girl here."

"Good thing too," she said, smiling at Chriss belly. "How far are you along?"

"Um, four months?"

"Congrats, honey. You two enjoy the show now, we take all types here."

She walked off. "I think she thought we were swingers or something," Derek mused.

"Whatever, her tits weren't even that big."

"Nothing on yours, babe."

"Shut up. God, you suck sometimes."

He chuckled, unable to help it, and soon the girl returned. After passing them their drinks, he asked for Ella. The girl smiled.

“Oh, you mean Ella the Bella? She’s on right now.”

It was at that point that a cheer let up from several men as the current dancer left, and a new one took the stage. Derek’s jaw dropped at the sight. It was a woman, white with long brunette hair and an impressive figure, and a very rounded belly and full bust from what had to be a pregnancy near full-term. She wore nothing but a thong and a tight bra with tassels.

“Alright, boys,” she said with a smile. “Time to have your belly dance. Remember to rub it for good luck.”

She began to dance, her hips sashaying side to side and giving the whole pub a show. A pool player lining up a shot slipped and nearly fell forward onto the table as he saw her sensual display. A man seated with his friends smirked appreciatively at the sight, and another set of regulars cheers and reached out to rub her shifting belly, clearly having come just for this occasion. One man even turned and gestured from Ella to Christina, giving Derek a congratulatory thumbs-up. He smiled back, feeling oddly prideful to have such a woman to call his own, even if that was his best friend trapped inside the body. But then he returned to his surprise and shock.

“Ella is a stripper?”

“A goddamned pregnant stripper,” Christina muttered. “We’ll have to catch her after the show.”

After the dance, Ella came and joined them, recognising them simply by their out-of-placeness, and the baby growing in Christina’s stomach. She slowly lowered herself down, grunting a little as she did so. She looked *really* far along. She didn’t have any stretch marks, and yet she was easily the most pregnant woman either of them had ever seen. She wore a robe covering her outfit, but her larger breasts were obvious even beneath it. Still, they weren’t a scratch on Christina’s own huge pair.

“Christina? Derek?”

“That’s us,” Derek said, taking Christina’s hand. “You must be Ella?”

“That’s me.” Her voice was a sexy contralto, but still demure, and noticeably young. “So Juliana used her magic on you, did she? I have to say both of you look fine to me.” She grunted a little as she rubbed her form, before eating a little cheese pizza before them.

“Don’t mind me, little ones need the food. I’m eating for four here.”

“Triplets?”

“Uh-huh. We’ll talk about that later. I’ll still be stripping right up until labor. The customers even have a betting pool on if they’ll see my water break on stage. Now tell us your full story - Christina looks very fine.”

“I’m not fine,” Christnia spat. “Thanks to Derek’s idiocy and Juliana’s mistake, I’m anything but.”

“Is that so? I don’t see what you have to be so uptight about, especially compared to me. Wait, don’t tell me, she got you knocked up?”

Derek felt Chriss stiffen, her hand reaching for her twelve-weeks-along stomach. Ella hadn’t seem them enter, and the table obscured her belly.

“As a matter of fact, she did,” Christina declared. “She turned me into . . . into this!” She gestured to her curvaceous figure, and Ella laughed in response.

“Yes, my dear, you are the very image of hideousness.”

Another bristle. “I mean she turned me into,” Christina looked around with paranoia, before leaning in close to whisper, “into a woman.”

“So she didn’t just turn you into a slut? Your messages about Juliana kind of buried the lede on your own story.”

“Christina used to be my best friend,” Derek cut in, “my male best friend. Until he was making fun of me for not getting a hot girlfriend yet again after striking out, and put me in a drunken headlock as we exited a club. It was just a dumb joke, but I guess his words were easy to interpret as sexist. Juliana was leaving to the subway the same way we were, and was listening the whole time. Well, the second half of the conversation actually: she didn’t realise we were just friends fooling around, and punished him for being my bully and a misogynistic.”

“By turning me into a fucking wet dream,” Christina continued. “A sexy busty redhead slut with big tits and a super fertile body to give him loads of kids.”

There was a silence in the air before the other woman gave into a raucous laugh.

“It’s not funny!” Christnia said, shooting to her feet. Her large chest wobbled in response, barely contained by the tight, low-cut fabric.

“Oh but it is, my dear, it is very funny indeed. But please sit, before you fall out of your top and make an even greater scene for the male libidos in this room than you already have. I don’t want you taking my business, after all.”

Christina did so, adjusted her top in the process.

“She must have had some sympathy for you then Derek, to give you everything you wanted.”

Derek nodded. “She called it a present. A gift. Since I looked like a victim just searching for the right kind of woman.”

Christina crossed her arms under her breasts. Derek knew she was doing everything in her power to not snap and blame him yet again for everything. She had a habit of doing that when she felt humiliated by her new submissive female status.

“Still, it’s not right,” Derek said, choosing his words carefully, “Christina is my best friend, he doesn’t deserve to spend the rest of his life as a woman. Juliana’s curse also means she acts as a perfect housekeeper, and probably even mother of my children. I don’t want her to have to keep having babies.”

“I would very much prefer to not even have this one!” Chriss announced.

Ella made another brief chuckle. “Oh, this is very interesting. I don’t know that her curses could be so complex when she changed me. But that was four whole years ago now, and I imagine she’s more practised at it. But trust me Christina, you got off lucky girl. Look at you, you have every girl’s dream body. Half the men in this bar are drooling just at the sight of you even though you’re visibly pregnant, and the other half are doing their best not to. You’ve drawn the transformation jackpot, even if you had been a handsome example before.”

“He was,” Derek said, “but now I got his best features.”

Christina shot him a pouting glare.

“Then I’d say this is an upgrade. You get to experience life from both sides and have a steady man for life to take care of all those little ones you’ll be growing. And trust me, you have nothing to complain – ooohhhh – on that front.”

As she moaned her heavy coat seemed to rumble.

“Are you okay?” Derek asked.

“F-fine . . . mhmmmh . . . if you don’t mind, perhaps we can continue this discussion elsewhere? My husband just messaged me anyway. He’s here to pick makeup. But I wanted to meet out where I work so you could see what has been done to me, and also because if this was a trick I didn’t want anyone to know where I live. And besides, I *have* to be here. I literally can’t not dance when the curse gets me. I’ll explain more on that soon. For now, let’s g-go.”

They took separate cars, which gave time for Derek and Christina to speculate about just what exactly Juliana had done to Ella. Christina also took the time to adjust her makeup in the car window.

“Don’t say a fucking thing. It needs adjusting, and after four months I’ve learned a thing or too, okay.”

Derek said not a word, but he did smile at the fact that his friend was actually *learning* some feminine arts.

Finally, they arrived at a house on the edge of town, a nice little place that wasn't particularly fancy, but didn't seem too run-down either. Older, but renovated well. They exited, and followed the waddling figure in front them, supported by her much more stick-figured husband. He waved to them, but focused on aiding her inside into a small but comfortable living room, placing her on the couch. She lay back in it, breathing heavily, and clearly happy to be out of heels and back in casual comfort.

"I'm Bradley," the man said, adjusting his glasses. "Honey, do they know the full story yet?"

"They don't. But they will. Derek, Chrissy, take a seat. Both of you. Don't be alarmed at what you see."

They did so opposite her. She seemed ready to say something, when suddenly the pregnant stripper gasped.

"Mmmmmnnooooohhhh," she moaned, "ah-ah-ah, settle, settle."

Her husband continued to rub her stomach in a soothing manner, which seemed to calm her a little. "As you can – aahghh – as you can see Christina, you have n-nothing to worry about, compared to meeeeahhh!" She gave a little squeal in response to a particularly strong jolt from one of her young.

"S-sorry," she said, "they're very active today."

"They?" Christina shuddered. Derek noticed that her hand was resting around her own pregnant stomach.

Ella gave a grim nod as her husband massaged her bloated mound. Inside it, her children wriggled against the taut surface of her strained stomach. "I told you before, remember? I'm having damned triplets."

"Three beautiful children," Brad said offhand.

Ella snorted in response. "Hah, easy for you to say. You don't have to carry them, or – euugh! – or birth them. You'll have to excuse my husband, he's a bit of a fetishist for, well, this." She indicated to her form and bulging breasts beneath her bathrobe. "But I can't afford to be too picky these days with who I end up with, not since Juliana."

Derek cut in. "That's what we're here to talk about. What – how did she do this?"

"I can tell you we went through high school together," Ella continued. "Juliana, as you know, is quite the smokeshow. But back then she was a total stick-figure. She was always hoping to flower from an ugly duckling into a beautiful swan, but puberty just does some people no favours. I, on the other hand, ended up looking quite the beauty. I was the envy of every girl and desire of every boy in the yard. Of course, I had no ambitions of being a fucking stripper, least of all a preggo one."

“Anyway, the point I’m making is that she was stick thin back in the day. So naturally, I bullied her. Myself and a few of the other top clique. ‘Wafer Chest’ we called her. Not very clever, but it stuck. A boyish little figure playing at being a girl. It made us feel better about ourselves, I think. When you’re pretty, it’s like you’re playing life on easy mode. I realise that – eugh – now. And it’s easier to see other people as not important, particularly those that aren’t pretty like you. So I often made fun of her, and she would often cry. Until one day she didn’t, and instead she smiled. She told me that she’d found out something about herself the previous month, that she was a witch, with special powers. I laughed and called her crazy, but she persisted, telling me that she had spent all the last week working on a spell that would make me into the ‘low-class bitch’ I really am.”

Ella stopped speaking for a moment as her stomach went wild.

“Ah, ah, ah, ah, s-sorry about that,” Ella said, “I’m just so f-full at the moment. Everything’s f-full nw s. That’s something you’ll have to experience in a couple of months Christina.”

“I already have to put up with sore boobs,” she whined in her high soprano, “you’re telling me I’m going to have big tits full of milk too?”

Ella laughed. “Of course, you silly woman. What did you think you were gonna feed your baby with? But you already knew that, it’s just easier to deny it. If you’re as productive as me, you’ll have to pump them as well. Anyway, back to the story. I called her crazy, but then she started saying these strange words in a weird language I’d never heard, and before I knew it this strange cloud of energy coiled out from her fingers and settled over me.”

“That’s what happened to me!”

“Yeah, I thought it might have been similar. Suddenly I felt really sick, and when I went to push her over, you know, pull her hair and stuff, I started *dancing*. Like, stripper dancing. Even my clothes changed, and I felt this instant compulsion to drop my university degree and go work at a strip club. Not only that, but she gave me huge boobs and stripper hair, see?”

She pulled back her brunette hair to reveal it was surprisingly a wig. Beneath was, impossibly, bright blue hair that looked so real it couldn’t have been dyed.

“Yeah, I perform like that too, but sometimes I can pull it back a bit. But the hair is all natural. Drives guys wild.”

“That it does,” Bradley pitched in.

“I’m used to it now, but it scared the shit out of me at the time, particularly since my body started changing. I ran straight out of college as the changes kept happening, and managed to resist the urge to go strip and show off my body. By the time I’d reached home I was so horny I just had to masturbate, and I had this weird fucking desire to do it in front of other people, too.

“Juliana appeared not too long after while I was having a crying fit in my one-girl apartment. I tried to attack her, kill her. She punished me by increasing the spell’s effects; instead of just having to work as a stripper for a month, she cursed me so that I would be compelled to work as a stripper *for the rest of my life*. Or at least while I had a body worth performing, which she told me I would have even when I reach, like, my sixties or seventies. She even made my hair super long and widened my hips, forcing me to specialise in belly dancing. And then she threatened to turn me mute if I ever tried to talk to her again.

“So this has been me for the last four years, from prom-queen to obsessive stripper. I left college, obviously, and have been working ever since. I literally can’t not strip every day, and on days I can’t work, I have to strip for someone. I started searching for men on chatsites and camsites to strip for when I got the urge while off-shift, which is how Brad and I met.” She cast him a loving glance. “Turns out some people don’t mind being with a magically-induced stripper.”

Brad moved up and kissed her deeply on her puffy lips. Derek exchanged a glance with Christina. In some ways, despite feeling sorry for his friend, he realised she had gotten off comparatively light.

“Did her curse force you to have kids too?” Chriss cut in.

Ella and Brad seemed to shift back to reality. “Oh, nah. This is all our doing. Well, I think her magic might have put a bit more, er, *potency* to it, given I’m having fucking t-triplets right out of the bat. Or maybe we just got unlucky. Or lucky. Who knows.” She grimaced, and ran her hands down her bloated body. Derek could picture the scene of her struggling and giving birth to three babies at once. The scene changed in his mind to Christina, laying back in a chair, their first child latched on to her large, supple breasts and drinking the milk she was producing. She would be mortified, yet forced by Juliana’s curse to let her children access her milk, and a small part of her would even enjoy the soothing sensation of breastfeeding.

“But we live, and we move on,” Ella finished, and Derek realised he had missed the last twenty seconds or so of conversation. Chriss was looking agitated, perhaps needing to stretch her legs or maybe seeing the same future vision as he had and was busy worrying about it.

“But . . . aren’t you going to do anything?” Chriss finally said in the awkward silence. She stood, her buxom chest wobbling in her low-cut top, and rested her hands on her wide, baby-making hips. “What about changing back?”

Ella made the great effort to stand herself, her bathrobe spreading to expose her enormous, heavy pregnant stomach. Her large tits pressed against the fabric, tenting the material. Her belly button was well and truly popped. She went to speak, paused as her young kicked and pushed against her overly-stretched womb.

“Haven’t you – oooohh – haven’t you h-heard a single thing I’ve been telling you? If I come face to face with Juliana again, I . . . ohhh. I’ll be turned into a mute, obedient stripper, instead of just a preggo onel. Don’t you get it? I accept this, Christina. It’s taken it’s taken me a long time to accept that this will be my body and profession for the rest of my life, but I’m finally there, and just in time to have these babies of mine.” She rubbed her enormous pregnant belly. Her hands came nowhere close to being about to meet each other across the bump. “You’ll get there too.”

Chriss’ mouth hung open, as if she were looking at a crazy person. “You mean . . . you’re just going to live like that for the rest of your life?”

Ella smiled, gave a loving glance to her husband, who took her hand. “Yeah, I am. Because I have no other choice, except to be happy.”

Christina crossed her bare arms across the crook between her ample chest and her gravid belly. “Well I’m not giving up that easily! We agreed to meet so you could tell us where to find Juliana so she can change me back. So can you tell us or not?”

Ella sighed. “Since it seems I can’t persuade you, I suppose you’ll have to find out for yourself. I suppose I can’t blame these feelings you have, I – mmhm – I felt very similarly when I was first transformed. But remember, my body was changed even m-more when - ah – when I confronted her about it. So try to be diplomatic.”

Derek gave her an affirming nod. Slowly and awkwardly, waddling as only an obscenely pregnant woman could, Ella made her way to the writing desk across the room. Brad held her as support. She wrote something on a slip of paper and handed it to Chriss, who took it eagerly.

“It’s an address,” she said to Derek. “The place is called *Palm Shades*. Is that where she lives?”

Ella shook her head. “No, but it’s where she goes sometimes. Down in California. It’s a resort. It’s where she went after she changed me, to go have some relaxation.” Ella snorted, perhaps in jealousy. “I’m sorry, but it’s the only lead I have. She may not even go there anymore, but from the way she talked to me about it after I was transformed, it seemed to be a regular stop for her.”

But Chriss’ bright blue eyes were already hungrily eyeing the address. “But it’s a start. A way for me to change back.”

Derek opened his mouth to remind her that the pregnancy might be a complication - they had no idea how magic was in reality but most fiction they had researched suggested that ending the life of an unborn child was an impossibility. But he decided not to mention that just yet. Right now, his friend needed something to keep him – her – hopeful. She sprung to Ella, her breasts heaving in her top, and hugged her tightly. Their breasts pressed

up against one another, their pregnant bellies touching. Ella was surprised, but patted Chriss on the back.

“Best of luck,” she said.

Chriss was in the car waiting when Brad asked Derek a moment of his time before he left. He’d been so quiet back in the room it came as a bit of a surprise.

“You’ll need to take care of her,” Brad said, nodding to the car where Christina now sat, doing her makeup again by habit and trying to pull her top up so it didn’t show so much cleavage, to no avail. Derek turned to him.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean there’s a good chance your friend will be stuck as a woman for the rest of her life, and she’ll need someone there to support her when she finally realises that. She has to accept the inevitable just like my Ella did. It’s taken her a long road, but she’s finally happy.”

“She seems a bit overwhelmed by what she’s carrying.”

Brad smirked. “We both are, but she’s doing a damn fine job of it. It frightened us both, becoming parents, especially since she’s still got to strip, and will likely be back at it as soon as she can after birth. That’ll be difficult to sort out, since she’ll be stripping for life, pregnant or not. She’s my wife, and for me there’s no prettier woman in the world.”

Derek regarded him, and thought on how Juliana had made Chriss into his own perfect woman. His ideal girlfriend. “I’m pretty nervous about becoming a dad myself.”

“Something tells me you’ll do alright. I never met Juliana, but while she sounds scary, I don’t think she’s totally vicious. She just likes to right wrongs. I love my wife, but she used to be a piece of work. She really regrets how she used to be.” He chuckled. “Especially when she had to give a belly dance to the crowd at her own wedding, ha! But clearly Juliana made a mistake with you guys. Still, your friend still gets some enjoyment in his form, I imagine?”

He elbowed Derek slightly, grinning at the gorgeous woman in the car. And he wasn’t wrong. Despite her claims that she wouldn’t become comfortable as a woman, Christina was experiencing a lot more orgasms these days. And being a woman, that meant multiples each time. It was something she refused to talk about, despite the very real evidence that she was reluctantly more and more pleased by sex as they did it more often.

“A bit, yeah.”

“Then perhaps she won’t be too bad a mother either. Especially since it sounds like you two will be breeding like rabbits for some years to come.”

Derek grimaced. “That’s the curse.”

“Yeah, it is. But I don’t think you’re one to object too much either, am I right?”

Derek shot him an accusing look, and Brad put up his hands in a placating manner. “I’m just saying that you and I are pretty alike. If someone offered me a magic solution to change Ella back to her old self again, much as I love her I honestly don’t know that I could.

She's just too perfect the way she is, and I know it sounds bad, but I get so turned on by how she dances in front of other men with her big pregnant belly. I won't lie, it's a pretty big kink for me, to know she's all mine but has to perform for other jealous men. Call me weird, but like she said, I accept her for all that. And I do so love her dancing." He shrugged. "Food for thought anyway. Keep in touch, Derek, you're always welcome round here. And we'll help anyway we can. Maybe even babysitting one day?"

He patted Derek on the shoulder and entered back into the house. Before the door closed, Derek could briefly hear the sound of Ella moaning gently in response to her overpopulated womb. He turned, saw Christina motioning angrily for him to hurry up. He sighed. Of course; she wasn't able to drive while he was present.

On the way back to the house, Derek thought about what Brad had told him. On one level, the man was a creep who fetishized Ella's stripper life and was happy to keep her like that. Yet on the other he clearly loved her, and what's more Derek couldn't exactly claim he was too different. He wasn't sure he would be entirely happy if Christina – the beautiful, buxom, bosomy redhead girlfriend who pleased him everyday and was carrying his child – found a way to become Chiss again – alpha male who had been his friend for so long, but had often ridden roughshod over him. He - *she* - was so much sexier stuck as a big-titted slut with red hair who was addicted to his cock.

When they arrived home, he was already so turned on by these thoughts that Chiss was already stripping unwillingly out of her clothes and he from his. He laid on his back as she manoeuvred his large cock into her moist depths, and he held her swollen stomach as she rode him. Her round bottom wobbled and her large breasts bounced as they fucked, until both of them climaxed together. They fell asleep not long after, him spooning her, one hand clasped around a generous boob, the other around her swelling waist.

He continued to think of what Brad had told him.

Part 5: Growing Pains

Chriss was furious when she realised that they'd have to travel across the country to find Juliana, and even more so when Derek told her that they didn't have the funds for it. They'd basically spent all of their spare money, even much of their fuel funds, on trying to track down Juliana with private investigators and bogus internet sleuths. They had bills coming up on Derek's house, and he couldn't afford to skip them. Besides, he argued, it would be irresponsible for them to do anything too drastic on a faint lead, when there was a very real

chance they'd have to pay for a baby soon. He was making good money: he just needed time for them to recoup some savings. Between fuel expenses, food and water, accommodation and the cost simply to enter the Californian resort, they'd have to.

"Fucking unfair," she decried. "Always looking for excuses! What, are you trying to keep me as your *sexy submissive slut girl*?"

"No!" he said, ignoring the sexy dirty talk she was forced to say. "I'm just being practical, Christina. Chriss. We have to be smart about this."

"Can't we call ahead? At least see if she's there?"

"And spook her? Alert her that we might be coming?"

She folded her arms underneath her generous bustline and sighed. "Fuck. You're right. Goddamnit! This better not be too long! I'm already huge!"

She wasn't, at only four months along. In fact, Derek was kind of excited to see her huge. It was a bit of a turn on. But that was just a side benefit to the plan. It came of financial necessity. Unfortunately, it also meant time waiting and time wasting. Time for Chriss to grow more and more pregnant with their baby while he increased his work hours to raise funds for their trip and set aside money for the upcoming rates bill. Chriss herself was adamant to try and find some work, but found it difficult enough being a pregnant woman without a job, let alone one with. She was rebuffed several times, and gave up the attempt altogether when the last interviewer began to ogle her cleavage and make lewd comments about her 'delicate condition.'

"It's not like the curse will even let me work anyway," she whined, pressing her sexy body against him reluctantly. His cock got harder just at her touch, and the way her big breasts were encasing his arm in their cleavage. "Even just going for an interview feels all wrong, like the way I have to clean up your damn house and cook you breakfast after giving you a sexy blowjob. It's like this damn hex is making me be your *future submissive housewife ready to make as many babies as you want*."

Naturally, her dirty talk was too hot. He ended up comforting her disappointment at her failed job prospects the way he often did these days: by fucking her brains out. Of course, she thanked him later by diving into the housemaid part of her duties that the magic made her do, by dressing up as a sexy pregnant French maid.

"Zis is fucking ridiculous," she said in a fake French accent that drove him wild. She bent over, allowing her garters to be shown off, and her crotchless panties. "Why don't you fix my plumbing while I fix zese cobwebs, mon ami?"

And so, once again, he was thrusting his huge cock into her wet depths, filling her completely and causing her to shudder in orgasm. She even spoke in part-French as she came multiple times. It was such a sexy dress up that it was added to the repertoire of other cosplays he liked to see her in, much to her annoyance. He apologised, but it was simply too

appealing to fuck her from behind while she was pretending to clean the bookshelves, and the way she groaned as her pussy clamped down on his cock was too much for him to resist.

It was after another morning blowjob, this time with her dressing as Poison Ivy once more, her green leaf outfit stretched to its limits by her belly, that Derek went to work thinking of ways to cheer her up. They hadn't played video games much lately, and with her stuck at home all day, he knew she missed their gaming sessions. They could also go on more walks and just talk about life. Despite her hating her new lot in life, it had at least brought them closer together in some ways. They certainly talked about their hopes and dreams more often than they ever did when Chriss was a dude. He just hoped she wasn't going to be snappy and standoffish again when he got home. It was the aspect of his friend he'd never liked, and increasingly he was more willing to stand up to it and not be trodden on. Especially since she was so easily made the submissive one in the relationship.

When Derel returned from his work, having had a successful day, he found Chriss not full of anger or even anticipation, but instead 'their' bed, weeping. She was wearing nothing but a pair of thin panties and a maternity singlet that left part of her baby bump hanging out the bottom, and her full tits nearly pulling free from the top. His friend tried to cover up her obvious emotional turmoil but the damp trails down her perfect face were obvious, and tears were still pooling in her eyes.

"Chriss, babe, what's wrong?"

The 'babe' was an accident, but not one he minded saying, nor one she noticed.

His friend-turned-lover sniffed, wiped another tear away. "What's wrong? What's wrong!? What's wrong is I'm pregnant Derek, with your baby! I'm trapped as a woman and this thing is growing inside of me every day. My ankles are starting to get sore and my tits are always aching like they're about to start making milk early, and I still get nauseous in the morning, and . . . and . . . and I don't deserve this!

"Why me? I don't want to be pregnant; I feel so emotional all the time with these damn preggo hormones. I feel so big, and I'm only half-way! I'm gonna have to give birth and be a damn mommy, dude! And even after I go through the humiliation of having to push your baby out of this stupid vagina Juliana's given me, and breastfeed it with all this milk these *big perfect round* tits are making, and get my body back to its *sexy usual self*, then just as I'm finally getting used to some sleep again, a month or two later you're just going to knock me up and I'm gonna have to go through it all over again, and again, and again, and again for as long as it turns you on to keep me as your *slutty preggo girlfriend*. I want to be a man again, and for us to be friends like we used to be."

"I'm sorry, Chriss, I'm —"

More tears. “But you’re not sorry enough! Not nearly enough, because you still get turned on by this, and you still . . . you still –”

For a moment he thought she was going to start throwing pillows or blaming him all over again to make herself feel better. He braced for that, the bullying part of his friend that he had once written off as mere ‘playfulness.’ But then he saw that his friend was slowly lowering her hand down to her distended belly. Her eyes had gone wide.

“Chriss, are you okay?”

She caressed her swollen stomach, looked at him with an expression of shock, then looked back down again. “It . . . it moved.”

“The baby?”

She nodded without looking up, still marvelling at the sensations within. “It stirred within me, I could feel it – ooh!! It kicked again!” She wiped her eyes. “Wow, this feels so weird dude. I can feel it shifting position inside of me. What the fuck, right?”

Derek sat down on the bed. “Is this the first time you’ve felt it move?”

She nodded vigorously, still not looking at him. Whatever was going on in Chris’ mind trapped in Christina’s body, it was entirely preoccupied with the contents of her very female womb. Derek chose not to say it, but his friend looked dazzlingly beautiful in that moment, her long red hair framing her perfect green eyes and pouting lips, her shapely legs curled beneath her, her full breasts sagging just slightly in the absence of a bra, her large nipples poking through the singlet material. Even sexier to him, her once-petite stomach was now round with child as she stroked its taut surface with a dainty hand. She looked every bit a gorgeous full-figured young mother-to-be, and Derek couldn’t help but think of Brad’s words, and how if he too had a button that would magically turn Christina back into Chriss, he doubted he could bring himself to press it. Not when it meant taking away his perfect mate and his child growing inside of her, the one that they had made together.

In all that time Chriss hadn’t even looked up, still regarding the shifting foetus within.

“Can I feel?” asked Derek.

She looked up then, no longer crying.

“Yeah,” she said after a pause, “sure, I guess.”

He moved to her side and let his former friend guide his hand over the spot where their child was kicking. They waited together for several silent seconds, her hand over his over her pregnant stomach, his other hand holding her round her waist. Despite four-plus months of sex, blowjobs, falling asleep together and sharing meals, this was easily the most genuinely intimate, perhaps even romantically close moment they had shared since the change. He smiled genuinely, drawing himself closer against her form, and found she didn’t stiffen with resistance. Maybe it was the curse, or maybe something more, but there was no time to think, as he then faintly felt the disturbance beneath the surface of her skin.

“Oooh! That was a big one. Did you feel it?”

“Just,” he said.

Her eyes narrowed. “Just!? That one was an absolute wallop on me, man.”

Derek chuckled. “I suspect you’re going to feel it a lot more than I can. The baby is growing inside you after all, mate.”

Derek shot him a quick glare. He supposed she didn’t want to be reminded of just how different their experiences were going to be in life from now on.

“Sorry,” he said meekly.

“It’s okay,” she mumbled, but she pushed his hand away. “Can’t believe that’s our kid in there, growing inside me. I knew I was pregnant, but this is the first time I feel like it’s actually hit me, y’know?”

“I do,” said Derek, who actually didn’t, but felt it was the right thing to say. She gave a low moan in response to another movement.

“Oh God, now it can’t stop moving, and I’m only four months along! We need to get to that hotel and find Juliana before my belly button pops and I have to start waddling around.”

The thought of his friend being full to bursting with his babies was turning him on. His member began to harden against Chriss’ back as he held her, and he automatically began kissing her soft neck. She cooed in response, delicate arms rising from her belly to reach around his neck as she turned her face to his and enveloped his lips with hers.

“God, this turns me on Derek,” she said in her sensual voice, “being preggo with your baby. Getting to have big, milk-filled tits in the future. I need you in me. I need some hot, pregnant sex.”

He knew it was the curse talking but he no longer cared. He removed her singlet top with little resistance, and her ample chest wobbled in response, dark nipples throbbing with need. He caressed her gravid form, pinched her nipples. It made her gasp in response. Pregnancy was only making his former best friend more alluring and sexy, just like Brad had said. Soon he was fingering her moist depths as she moaned in agonising pleasure, and not long later she was planted on all fours, belly off of the bed as he slid his immense girth into her feminine folds.

“Oooohhhhh yyeesssssss . . . I just loovvvvve being your – aahhgh – babymama Derek!”

He shot his load inside of her, and they collapsed together, him spooning her and caressing her swollen stomach. Neither of them spoke, though she did give a sharp intake of breath a couple of times after their child shifted in her womb. After several minutes she had rolled over so they were face to face, her large tits slightly veiny and wonderfully round, forming perfect teardrop shapes. He had no choice but to suckle at her, making her moan in delight.

“Mmmhm, that’s right baby, drink it all – mmmmhmm – drink it all up.”

She wasn’t making milk yet, but her curse-induced words were clearly readying them for some fun play down the line. There was no use fighting their mandated pleasure sessions, and Derek no longer had any incentive to. His friend had only become more sexy as her fertility showed, and he found himself mesmerised by her enhanced curves and bustline. He couldn’t wait to see her when she was about to pop.

After several minutes of thinking about this, his dick was becoming hard again. Chriss’ lips ensured it was completely erect as she once more gave him a terrific blowjob. Her eyes locked with his, and he wondered what his best friend was thinking, trapped behind those perfect, alluring emerald eyes. Was he frightened of what was happening? Unhappy but resigned to his fate? Or was a small part of him secretly excited at the changes that pregnancy was bringing to his body, however small that part might be? Certainly, the feeling of the child they had created together stirring inside of her had triggered some strange emotions. He decided not to press further just yet, and instead just see where life would take them. After all, there was a good chance they would be spending the rest of their lives together, and that was time enough to discuss it later.

After all, he needed to blow a load down her throat first, and it wouldn’t take long either. Chriss gave the *best* blowjobs, whether she wanted to or not.

Derek continued to work as software engineer, but also found himself keeping a regular physical regime at the local gym as well. Every day his muscles developed more and more, something the curse made Christina comment on as she admired his form. She even found herself pinching his powerful biceps and abdomen muscles, leaving him with the impression that while the curse was making her do that, the magic had definitely left her attracted to his body. Or perhaps just attracted to it by association after months of being pleased by it. It made him appreciate how unfair his own expectations on women had been. He’d always tried to be a gentleman, and his bad luck was mainly due to shyness before, but he’d certainly set his hopes and dreams far too high in terms of women he wanted, even if he hadn’t known it. Now, he was forced to put in the hard work to stay in shape, but to his surprise, he found he actually liked working out. When Chriss wasn’t under the effect of the curse she simply pouted with those big ruby lips of hers and complained that she could never be that buff again, not with her trim figure.

“I’m sorry dude, I know you took pride in being athletic,” Derek said one day, “but you’re still pretty fucking fit for a woman. God knows you’ve got stamina in the bedroom.”

“Fuck you, dude. That is *not* what I meant. I’m meant to have big muscles and shit!”

"I'm just saying, at least you didn't end up fat or anything. I mean, the fat and excess muscle from your old body just got shifted to go to your boobs and ass, which is at least better than your stomach."

"Oh, shut up," she said. "It's not like it took long for you to make sure I'd end up with a big stomach again anyway." She gestured to her pregnant belly, which pressed tight against her maternity dress. He couldn't claim she didn't have a point.

While he trained and saved up money for their trip, Christina's life slowly became more maternal, partly out of necessity, partly due to the magic. Now that she was unmistakably a pregnant woman, her outfits were practically all maternity wear - usually tight dresses that showed off her growing bump and left her cleavage in full display - but maternity wear nonetheless. She cooked and cleaned regularly now, acting as if she were already a housewife, and when Derek got home after a long day she was sure to grab him a beer, set him a comfortable spot on the couch, and give him a blowjob as he got ready to do some gaming. Of course, other times they went on walks together, and she found herself clinging to him, occasionally drawing his hand to cup her belly.

"It's the curse," she would always explain. "But you might as well feel the damn kicking you're putting me through."

"Wow, that was a big one."

"Now imagine how it feels for *me*. God, at least it feels nice to get outside."

"Yeah, I'm glad we have these regular walks. Even if they're a bit slower than usual."

"Oh, screw you!" she said, punching his arm lightly. But it elicited a giggle from her, instead of anger that time. As much as she sometimes still ran roughshod over him, they were still best of friends, and were doing well to maintain their friendship. They spent those walks talking about movies and games they were excited for, as well as which team was obviously going to win the next game: he even planned to take her to the game with a maternity sports jersey ready. It was a small expense, after all. They could stretch the budget, and it would cheer her immensely.

What he didn't expect was for her to break down crying when he revealed the tickets to her, and again when he took her.

"F-fucking hormones! I'm just h-happy. But now I'm female and pregnant I'm h-happy crying, I guess! Fuck, this is embarrassing as all hell!"

He comforted her, and they had a great game. By the end she was whooping and cheering for her team, which just managed to win, much to Derek's annoyance. She bounced and jumped as much as a quite pregnant woman with a bust like hers could, attracting the attention of a number of male onlookers.

"Haha, screw you dude! My side won! You can kiss my pregnant ass!"

Of course, later that night, he did exactly that.

“You may have won the game, but I win in the bedroom,” he said, mocking her.

“Sh-shut up, dude. Just f-fuck me already. God, I need it sooo bad! *I want your cum inside me more than ever because of my horny hormones!*”

The pregnancy was certainly affecting those more and more. One morning, just a simple sniff of her morning coffee had set her nausea off, and within moments she was speeding to the toilet to vomit up the breakfast she'd just eaten. Derek found her crying in the bathroom, drying her eyes out with tissues in response to her bona fide morning sickness. In many ways the former male had become an emotional wreck, crying at sad moments in movies, or for no reason at all, and giggling at the slightest things. It was as if she was constantly shifting between depression and schoolgirl euphoria.

Christina had also started developing cravings, which she had tried to keep hidden from her friend by indulging when he wasn't present or sneaking out while he was still asleep. That was, until Derek finished up early one day and entered the apartment to find her lustily downing handfuls of grapes. She turned as bright red as her gorgeous hair when she realised she'd been made. But once the gig was up, she started making demands for her pregnancy cravings, for everything from salty anchovies to caramel slices, with the same constant excuse: “it's your responsibility to indulge these stupid cravings, Derek. After all, you're the one who got me turned into a woman and then knocked up with this baby in the first place.”

But any little joys were short-lived. By the time Chriss entered her sixth month she was bigger than ever, and her engorged breasts were finally preparing to produce in anticipation of her coming child, though it was only little leaks for now. She was past the half-way point, and becoming both impatient and anxious. What's more, her ankles were becoming sore, and Derek had taken to massaging them, which her poor pregnant body was too tired to be embarrassed about any more. After all, she was obviously an expectant mother, and the world was intent on treating her as such.

“I'm sick of random weirdos just rubbing my stupid baby belly without permission,” she complained one evening as she lay on her back. She was wearing a thin tube top across her pendulous breasts and a pair of daisy dukes with the button undone to make room for her swelling stomach. It was a damned sexy look, with a kind of slutty edge to it that turned Derek on. Her legs were folded over Derek's, who sat upright, massaging her sore feet and listening patiently to his pregnant friend-turned-lover's woes.

“Just today I went out to pick up some milk and grapes - for these damned cravings - and some old bag came right up to me and said ‘congratulations by the way, when are you due dear?’”

Derek chuckled. “Did you tell her to fuck right off because you're a man in a pregnant woman's body and don't want to be reminded of the baby growing within you?”

She shot him a glare, but remained calm.

“Of course not, baby,” she said, wincing as she was forced to use an affectionate term for him, “this damned curse made me say ‘twenty five weeks tomorrow! The little one’s growing so fast!’ in a cheery voice. And then she reached out and rubbed my belly like it was a fucking good luck charm and wished me good luck for the birth! Fah! Like I’m ever going to give birth. We’re running out of time, Derek. We need to get to California. I’m sick of waiting around getting more and more pregnant with your baby while Juliana is out there with the ability to change me back. I already have to have pee breaks every five minutes. Oh, and my belly button popped today. See?”

She craned her neck while lying down and jabbed a pointed finger to where her belly button was. Derek wondered if she could even see it, with her gigantic chest pillows in the way, but her belly had only just begun to really outstrip her boobs in size when she hit the fifth month, so perhaps she could. And indeed she was right, for her belly button, which normally sported a sexy piercing, was now both without the piercing and turned inside out, making an outward indentation.

“Well, will you look at that,” Derek said in a marvel. He rubbed his hand over her taut dome and felt at the outtie, which seemed almost thimble-like against the rest of her perfectly clear skin.

“Ah! Stop, that tickles!”

He pulled his hand away, but then decided to have some fun and played with it again.

“Ah! Ooh! Not fair dude! I’m – ah, haha – stop! I can’t even move to stop you!”

She wriggled on her back, her large tits jiggling heavily without her bra, forming a large crevasse of cleavage which sunk back to her clavicle. She giggled and snorted as he tickled her. “Ah, fuck you! Oh my God that tickles, stop! I can’t sit up with this belly, this isn’t fair! I’m – ooh!”

She clutched her stomach, and he immediately stopped. “Oh great, now you’ve woken the baby. The damn thing had only just gone to sleep, it hasn’t stopped moving all day, Derek!”

He gave a sheepish grin of apology, and to his surprise his formerly-male friend returned a smile of her own, before biting her lip as was her habit, as if she was embarrassed to be happy while stuck in the body of a woman. It had been quite a tender, almost homely moment between the two.

He reached over and felt the swell of her pregnant form. Sure enough, his child was kicking within, just lightly, but in only a few months it would be much stronger. He could only imagine how much more powerful the sensations were for his friend who was forced to carry it. And who knows how many more Christina would have to become pregnant with in the future, unless they managed to reverse the curse . . .

“This Saturday then,” Derek said, finally deciding. Part of him wanted to keep delaying, keep holding off the date until it was too late, so that Chriss could finally give birth and become a mommy, whether she wanted it or not. But that would be a betrayal of his friend, who had never asked for this. “We’ll squeeze the budget a bit, and make do.”

Her eyes widened. “Do you mean it? Really?”

“I do.”

She shifted, holding her swollen womb with one hand as she struggled to manoeuvre into a sitting position, until Derek helped her.

“Damn belly. Don’t have stomach muscles anymore. Sitting up is - ugh! - hard.”

She hugged him tightly, her belly pressing against his side.

“Thank you,” she said, and soon the tears were rolling. “Shit, it’s the hormones, Derek. God, this pregnancy has me crying every day now. I feel like such a pussy.”

“You’re not Christina. I can’t imagine what it’s like to be stuck in your position, especially with a baby growing inside of you. We’ll work it out, I promise babe.”

She sniffled, and gave a small smile. “God, being pregnant is so weird, bro. It’s weird enough being a woman and having to have your *big sexy cock inside me*, but this is something else. I’m getting heavier and heavier each day, and these things keep bloating up.” She indicated her very, very large chest. They had gone well past E-cups now. “My back is starting to hurt, and my ankles are always sore now. And – and . . . I’ve got to pee again, goddammit. Can you help me stand, please?”

He did so, and she pecked a kiss on his cheek automatically, before moving down the hall to reach the bathroom. “So fucking sick of this!” she called back behind her. Derek couldn’t help but notice that she had developed a slight waddle as she walked. She was already pretty big, he could only imagine how much bigger she could get when she was about to drop her in her ninth month.

That was an interesting sight to imagine. Chris, former sexist bro turned sexy babymama, gasping with contractions as she laid back with her legs spread, the vagina she’d had for only the last nine months slowly tensing and widening, dilating in preparation for birth. The once-male mommy-to-be would be forced to groan in pain, clenching her best friend’s hand as she began to push, push and push the baby they’d made together through her narrow passageway, until finally a newborn son or daughter entered the world from out of her body. She would lay there exhausted and overwhelmed and still unbelieving that nine months ago she had been a fit, handsome player of a man, and now she was a new mommy with a kid to take care of, a kid that was already hungry for the milk her breasts were constantly making.

How would Chris feel, lying there, giving birth? He – or rather she – would be in pain, that much was certain. But how else?

Humiliated, at having to lie down and endure the pain while exposing her female genitalia to the world? Outraged, for having to undergo the most supreme feminine act and bring new life into the world? Perhaps she would feel just the ordinary red-cheeked flavour of embarrassment that came with knowing this was her life now? Perhaps she would undergo all five stages of acceptance in one go, denial that her water had broken, anger at Derek for impregnating her, pleading with a vacant Juliana to change her back before it was too late, a hollow sadness as the painful waiting went on and on and the contractions became greater, before finally reaching acceptance as she was called to push the fruit of her womb out into the world.

Just imagining that future was unexpectedly arousing. His penis was rock hard by that point.

“Seriously!?” Christina called down from the hall, her body already proceeding on autopilot. She gestured to her pregnant form in her singlet and panties. “*This* manages to turn you on?”

“Yes,” he replied. “So, so much. I fucking love how gorgeous you are while pregnant with my baby.”

And before she could even call him pervert she was on all fours with her panties pulled down, and he was fucking his increasingly pregnant girlfriend from behind as she moaned in pleasure, large breasts jiggling as they hung down from her chest. Her body rocked with orgasms as his seed exploded inside of her already fertilised womb. And as was tradition, they lay together until he grew hard again, and he began fingering her depths.

“Mmmhmmm Derek, you know how to turn me on so goooooo!”

She tried to reposition herself but her gravid form made it difficult, so she turned to him with innocent green eyes and a playful pout. “The baby’s getting in the way Derek, but I sooo want to thank you . . . with my mouth.”

He wondered what his friend was actually thinking about the prospect, but then she’d been forced to give Derek blowjobs daily for six months now, so maybe she was just used to it. And she had accidentally told him that his semen tasted delicious . . .

Regardless, the curse wouldn’t let him act otherwise to what was happening, and he frankly wanted to continue anyway. He stroked her pregnant belly, kissing her deeply. They repositioned for a sixty nine, him snaking his tongue across her clit, she licking the head of his rock-hard penis, fondling his balls with her free hand while she stroked his shaft with the other. They kept up the rhythm, her letting his cock slip just out of her mouth before taking in his entire girth again. She spoke in faltering sentences, hazarding a word only between long sucks of his enormous member.

“God I . . . love the . . . taste of . . . your cock . . . so much Derek!”

Her thick and perfect thighs wrapped around his head, holding him in place as she went from moist to positively dripping in response to his ministrations. Her large mammarys leaked excess milk against his stomach. She was close, he could sense it, and he wanted to hold off his pleasure until her own body was rocked with orgasms that would leave her squealing, even with his immense cock down her throat. He rested a spare hand against her firm belly, where their child was growing. It kicked against his hand, and Chriss moaned, pausing her blowjob for just a second in response to feeling. It turned him on all the more, to know *he* was the one who'd gotten her this way, and he only managed to get a few more playful licks against her throbbing clit before he reached his orgasm. He groaned, and then his testes began pumping load after load of semen down her throat. But it must have been enough, since she gripped him tightly, body shaking, moaning endlessly as she was rocked by multiple orgasms. She placed a hand over his, both of them resting against her pregnant dome. Finally, they collapsed, and his penis slipped from her mouth, no longer hard but still spurting slight bubbles of semen. She lapped them up with her feverish tongue, moaning at the taste.

With the last remains of his energy, he rolled off of her. Derek moved himself to her side so that they lay on the carpeted floor together, breathing deeply, her heavy, tear-shaped breasts sticking proudly from her chest as she laid on her back, small rivulets of milk flowing down her sides.

"Mhhhhmmm," was all she could say, laying her eyes on him. Her heavy chest rose and fell with her breathing, and she stroked her naked, gravid stomach lightly as she savoured the afterglow of their coitus.

"Good?" he asked his friend-turned-babymama.

"Mm-hmm," was all she could answer. Her lips were still sticky with his seed, her other hand too. She licked her lips in the most astonishingly sensual way, finishing up all remaining traces of his issue, and then proceeding to suck what was left from each of her fingers, one by one. It was one of the most sexy things Derek had ever seen, and would only be sexier if she dressed up for him while doing it, perhaps in a sexy nurse costume. She rested her head back when she was done and clenched her eyes shut.

"Ohhhh, I can't believe how much you're turned on by this *dirty preggo bod* of mine. Baby is definitely awake again. She better fall back to sleep before I have to. We've got a long journey tomorrow."

Derek nearly let the comment slip by.

"Wait, did you say she?"

Christina flushed red across her cute freckled cheeks. She turned her head away from him. "Whatever dude, he or she. But it better be a she. If I have to give birth and stay a

woman - which I *won't* - but in case I do, then there's no way I'm letting myself get outnumbered by two boys.

Derek snorted at that. His friend was right though, there was a very real possibility that very soon she'd be the only woman in the family. Wow, he realised to himself. If she didn't change back, he was about to have a family.

He'd always wanted a family.

He fell asleep spooning her curvy body, stroking her stomach lovingly.

Part 6: The Argument

They set out the next morning. Not without delays; Chriss had woken him at the appropriate time with a morning blowjob, but after swallowing and licking him clean of semen, the plan was to have breakfast and leave. However, she experienced another bout of morning sickness and ended up clutching her bloated stomach while she vomited up what she'd just eaten . . . as well this morning's earlier 'dessert.' Derek held her silky red hair as she expended herself.

"Ugh, morning sickness is the worst. It's like this buxom preggo body doesn't want us to leave," Chriss complained, still speaking dirty just as Derek liked it. She looked so fertile and round that morning, especially dressed in nothing but her lacey thong, her large breasts bobbing gently with each movement. Her chest was now so ample that it could be seen from behind her when she lifted her arms. "Goddamnit, these big leaky tits are so full of milk. They're filling up overnight now."

She held them in her forearms so that they pushed together, forming a canyon of cleavage. Derek swore that even with her belly as pronounced and pregnant as it currently was, his friend's tits still jutted out just as far. They were already late, and he was again getting turned on by his transformed friend's dilemma. Her body, as they were both well-used to, reacted immediately.

"If only I had a big, strong man in my life who could milk me."

His hands left out automatically to fondle her, and she moaned receptively at his touch. He tweaked one of her dark, taut nipples, and sure enough she leaked a little milk. Not as much as she was whining about, but enough that he was happy to suck her tits. Her body shuddered with pleasurable release. He tweaked the other, and her response grew. Half an hour later they were both naked and bathing in the afterglow of sex once more, though Christina's breasts were at least no longer as full with milk.

“Are you empty?” he asked.

“For now,” Christina replied. “God, everything is a fucking turn on to you, isn’t it?”

“With a sexy redhead like you? Pregnant with my baby? Yeah, babe.”

She rolled her eyes, but kissed him anyway, and he didn’t fight it. He reached over and groped her breast lightly. His fingers sunk into the boobs, too much flesh to hold in simply one hand. She automatically sucked in a breath in response.

“Besides, you don’t feel empty.”

“Shut up dude, you know I’m a fucking H-cup ever I got so pregnant. God, I miss my little triple-D’s.”

Derek nearly snorted. His friend’s idea of ‘little’ was still a whole lot bigger, perkier and bouncier than the overwhelming majority of petite women out there. He remembered that as a man Christina used to exclusively talk about how only women with ‘nice big racks’ were worth dating. He probably felt differently now that he was a she who was sporting one of the biggest, nicest racks there was.

“I mean, your boobs are still real warm.”

“They’re always warm now. If I’m not aching and overheating because I’m full it’s because this stupid sexy dirty body is producing milk straight away because I’ve just been . . . pumped.”

“You can feel it?”

“Yeah. It’s weird. It’s like a subtle little pinprick, and I can feel myself getting more full if I focus on it.”

“That must be weird for you.”

She rolled her eyes. “Everything is weird for me now, Derek. Everything. Including – ooh! – including this damned baby growing inside my *nice, fertile* womb who has just woken up. C’mon, we’re already late. Let’s have a shower and go.”

Two hours later than planned, the car was packed with their belongings and travel supplies, and they were ready to finally leave. Derek did most of the heavy lifting due to Christina’s ‘delicate condition’ - as he liked to joke with her - which ultimately culminated in another delay when she was forced to wear something sexy to show off that very condition. It was a tight green maternity dress that left little to the imagination and showed off how much her ass had also grown. It matched her emerald eyes perfectly. She spent the whole time eyeing him aggressively but unwilling to draw attention to her looks, leaving him to sort the groceries and their bags of clothing. After all, Derek liked a woman who was submissive and sexy, but he also liked the feeling of packing for his woman. Chriss had several bags, all filled with showy maternity wear and at least three bathing suits. Derek was most interested in seeing his friend in one of them if they ever stopped by the beach. The thought of his sexy

redhead girlfriend in a tight bikini did things to him . . . he almost didn't grab the bags from her, he was so distracted.

"Hurry up and take them dude, I'm super weak now, and I'm having trouble enough carrying my own fucking belly right now!"

In the end, he got in the car and put on his seatbelt, and waited for her to get in. After a pause, he saw his transformed, pregnant friend standing out the passenger door-side, one hand pitched at the small of her back and the other rubbing the underside of her prominent baby bump. Derek rolled down the window.

"What are you waiting for?"

She bent down slightly, and he saw that her cheeks were flushed with embarrassment, her eyes nervously looking away from him.

"I uh . . . I need some help Derek. Getting in, I mean." She stroked her rotund form for emphasis, and a light switched on in Derek's head. He left the car and rounded to her side, where she had become even redder with embarrassment as he opened her door and, taking her by her delicate hand and placing the other on her back, helped ease her into the vehicle. She slumped down, the furthest part of her belly swinging quickly with her movements. She adjusted her dress to better hold her breasts, exposing her deep cleavage, and went back to rubbing her stomach, which shifted slightly with the life within.

"Ngnh . . . thanks," she muttered.

"Any time," he responded, moving back around to the driver side and getting in. He placed a hand on her belly, where she was still trying to soothe her child – their child – back into sleeping in her swollen womb.

"Let's go find Juliana," he said, and hit the gas.

It was a long drive, and at times pretty boring. Christina mostly slept, and Derek let her; his friend's pregnancy had reached the stage in the second trimester where it left her often quite lethargic at times, and tired. When they lay awake together at night, naked forms entangled, he could often feel the baby shifting in her gravid stomach, felt Chriss wince or tense in response to the movements. It was no secret that she had been losing some sleep as her condition advanced, but apart from some brief hormonal outbursts of emotional cry-sessions nudged along by her growing baby, neither of them talked about it much. It was too awkward a subject to broach with his former male friend, and he suspected the shame of being cursed to be her best friend's preggio bimbo girlfriend was too much to overcome to have a healthy chat. At least, not yet.

So he let her sleep, and drove silently across the country. Occasionally she stirred, mumbling something.

“Uhh . . . yeah . . . pass me the drink dude. Some hot girls at this party . . .”

He looked at her with an odd look as she shifted.

“Nhhn . . . look at the tits on that one . . . I’d love to give her a good lay.”

Derek realised she was dreaming of the time when she’d been a man, probably hanging out at a bar and checking out all the hot chicks.

“Mm . . . nice big, bouncy tits.”

Her own impressive pair in real life jiggled continuously as they reached the old patch of highway road.

“Some nice wide, baby-making hips . . .”

He always loved to make that comment, Derek thought, and now she owned her own set. He took in her rounded form. Emphasis on baby-making. He left his friend to her dreams. At least that way Chriss could believe she was a man again and take a respite from being a burgeoning baby mamma.

Still, they eventually had to stop and grab a room at a highway motel. Derek helped a sleepy Chriss from the car; she was still recovering from her dream of being a man again, rubbing her baby belly with uncertainty, as if having to refamiliarise herself with it. It meant the hotel receptionist’s question took her off guard.

‘I’m sorry?’ said Christina.

“I asked when are you due?”

Her eyes went wide with shock. “Due? Um, I’m six months along now.”

The woman smiled. “About twenty six weeks or so huh? You look quite big for just six months, if you don’t mind me saying. Is it just the one baby?”

Derek could see the cold fear in Chriss’ eyes.

“We think so,” he improvised, “we haven’t been to a check-up yet.”

“Well whatever not!? It is a man’s duty to take care of his woman, young man. If she’s six months along then there is simply no excuse. You should take the poor thing to a clinic the first moment you have to see if the baby – or babies – are healthy.”

“*He’s right honey,*” Christina said automatically, placing a petite hand upon Derek’s chest, “we need to get checked up. I want to see our baby together.” She rubbed her belly for emphasis and tiptoed on her high-heels to kiss him on the cheek.

Their apartment was on the second floor, and there was no elevator, so Derek had to carry the luggage and help Christina ascend the stairs. As soon as they were inside the apartment she collapsed back onto the bed, belly cresting high, and exhaled deeply. Her boobs followed the weight of gravity and caused a squish of cleavage up near her collarbone.

“Great,” she said, “so now I’m promising to get my *tight, wet pussy* checked out by some creep doctor who makes it his business to do that for a living.”

Derek sat down on the end of the bed and began to rub her distended stomach.

“Plenty of women go to the gynaecologist, Chriss. Probably all of them.”

“I’m not a woman Derek, you know that.”

“If it walks like a duck and talks like a duck. And you are one sexy, pregnant duck.”

She rolled her eyes. “Glad someone is enjoying this.”

“Still,” Derek said, “I think it’s a good idea. If only for your health. And we can find out if we’re having a son or a daughter.”

“What we’re having? We’re not having anything! The whole reason we’re on this road trip is to find Juliana and get her to change us back.”

“Hey, I’m not changing back! I’m keeping my big dick, and the muscles! And we still don’t even know if Juliana can or wants to change you back.”

Chriss struggled out of the bed, her breasts wobbling in her v-neck top. She stood up facing Derek, still not much taller than him sitting down on the bed. Her belly bulged out near his face. Looking down her cleavage, both her hands planted firmly at the small of her back to ease the strain of their child’s weight, Chriss eyed him angrily. It was a sexier image than she’d intended, but then, everything she did was sexy.

“I’m not going to spend the rest of my life as your *preggo bimbo slut*, dude. I don’t want my life accomplishment to be having my best friend shoot his *hot, tasty cum into my nice, fertile womb* for the rest of my life, just so I can keep getting big and knocked up with his kids like a *perfect submissive housewifey*.”

She was trying to say it authoritatively, but instead her voice was a sweet sensual soprano that made her sound like she was relishing that particular future.

Perhaps that was the encouragement Derek needed, because it was then that he finally said what he’d been thinking about the last few months.

“Would that be so bad, Chriss?”

Her jaw dropped, and the tension in the air could be cut with a knife.

“What are you saying?”

“I’m saying . . . I’m saying . . . what I mean to say is . . .”

“Please just spit it out.” He could tell from her features she was doing everything possible not to freak out on him.

“I’m saying would it really be all that bad? You and me, together? I mean, look at you Chriss, you’re six months pregnant with my kid! Our son or daughter. Do you really want to lose that? And look at you, you’re fucking gorgeous! You’ve become the sexiest woman I’ve ever seen, with a body that drives me wild. Even with a baby in you men still turn their heads to look at you. I know it’s not the same as being a man, but there must be something to

enjoy there right? You're absolutely stacked and you've got a perfect ass, and your face . . . you've got the most beautiful face now. You may as well show it off and enjoy it; didn't you do that as a buff gym dude? It's the same as a woman, you're just showing off a different look, but there's just as much to be proud of. Even more, really. And I'm not being creepy by saying this; we've been together over six months now. We've explored every part of each other's bodies. The curse may be forcing us to have sex, but I know those orgasms are real. And you've been getting more and more as time passes. We've had more sex with each other than we would have had with all our previous partners combined, easily!"

He stood, and cradled her face in one hand while stroking her belly with the other. She gasped at his touch.

"I know the curse has made you a woman, I know it forces us together by making you my fantasy girlfriend, but would that life really be so bad? You as my wife, me as your husband, the two of us with a set of beautiful kids running around our ankles? Let's face it, you could be a lousy friend at times, always pushing me over and prioritising yourself, but I think you'll make an amazing wife and a super mom. And we'd be having amazing sex every day for the rest of our lives together. Don't tell me you wouldn't enjoy having me cum in your every day, because you're fucking addicted to it. It could be a wonderful life if you swallowed your pride. What do you say?"

His cheek burned before he even recognised the slap was coming. Christina looked at him with a look of absolute fury. Fortunately for the both of them, it was as far as the curse let her go. She still glared, but instead placed a hand on his bicep.

"I'm getting some fresh air, *babe*."

She retreated to the outside balcony, cradling her pregnant belly in her other hand and gazing out into the horizon. He couldn't imagine how furious Chriss was to hit him like that. It hadn't hurt - she was indeed weak as a slender woman now - but it was surprising.

Just then Derek's phone buzzed with a message. It was from Brad; Ella the pregnant stripper's husband. He'd sent a text attached to an image and video, and Derek took some time to look at them. He smiled to himself.

He stepped out onto the balcony, where Chriss was gazing out across the horizon, breathing softly. She looked a vision in her maternity dress, wonderfully full with child, her perfect red hair waving gently in the breeze, making her appear vulnerable.

"I just got word from Brad. Our stripper friend Ella went into labor at six in the morning. She only just finished giving birth to her three babies, but she looks happy, see?" He showed her the video Brad had sent. In it, Ella lay completely naked except for the pair of white panties stretches tightly around her large hips. She was laying on a large soft blanket on her side, her stomach deflated a great deal, and two hungry mouths each attached to her heavily engorged breasts. Her third baby was also in her arms, perched on her belly,

squirming blindly like a pup for his or her turn. Ella grunted involuntarily in both discomfort and pleasure.

“How does it feel to be a mummy, Ella?”

“I feel – “ She gave a sharp intake of breath in response to one of the children’s suckling – “Good. I feel good,” she repeated. She gave a sheepish grin and looked to him with a contented smile on her face, petting one of her recently birthed triplets. “And nice to have something to drain all this damn milk I’m making.” The camera shook with Brad’s laughter, and she laughed with him.

“Well, you look beautiful honey.”

She gave a tired smile. “Awww, you really mean that, don’t you Brad? I certainly feel a lot less heavy now. And I can take a short break from dancing, at least. First day in literal years since I didn’t have to do it.”

“Any words of wisdom you would like to share with our friends Derek and Christina?”

Ella seemed to think on this for a moment. “You’re going to be a great mom Chrissy. I know it takes some getting used to, especially since I don’t imagine you ever thought you could get pregnant, but there’s nothing quite like bringing new life into the world, trust me. You take care, dear. I hope we see you again, maybe even with a little one in your arms!”

The video ended.

“Something to think about maybe,” Derek said. He rubbed her belly with his hands, then went down to his knees so he could plant a firm kiss upon it. “I’m going to bed, Chrissy. You stay out here as long as you want. Please just think about what I said.”

He hadn’t shared with her the next message Brad had sent to him. The one that said: *Can’t wait to see her dancing again once she recovers. Definitely going to have more kids when she’s ready. She’s too beautiful not to knock up, haha. I know you feel the same about your girl!*

“I just need time to think,” Christina said. She parted her red hair, and gave him a look that said she wanted to be alone. He wasn’t sure what effect, if any, the video had had upon her, but he was glad he showed it.

“Hey man,” he said as he went to go back inside, “I just want to say I really love you. You can take that as you want. Romantic, or friendly, whatever. You can be a real ass sometimes, but we’ve always been there for each other. So I love you, man. I love you as a friend, and maybe . . . maybe we can learn to love each other in other ways, too. Food for thought.”

He retreated back inside, leaving her to mull over it all.

It was hours later that Derek was woken by a naked figure trying to carefully manoeuvre into bed. She pressed her warm form against his, her large belly pressing up against his stomach and one of her hands resting over it.

“The baby’s moving again,” she whispered. “Feel.”

She drew his hand around over her bulging stomach, and once more he savoured that amazing feeling of her taut skin rippling and distending with the baby’s movements. He felt a foot or hand press against her skin which was itself pressed against his own stomach, and was amazing at how intimate the contact was. He, his best friend, and the baby they had made together, all in the same bed.

“Do you ever get used to it?” he asked.

She shook her head. “No way. It’s like having a little alien inside me or something. But . . . it’s not bad all the time. I can see why some women are into the whole motherhood thing. It’s a pretty cool feeling . . . sometimes, I guess. Sometimes the baby kicks too hard though.”

“Pussy.”

“Shut up. You’re not the one carrying all these extra pounds of baby on you. You couldn’t let me go one damn month struggling as a regular woman. You had to go straight to me getting knocked the hell up with your baby.”

They shared a genuine laugh together, followed by a length of silence between them. It was Chriss that broke it.

“Hey, so do you think Ella will actually be happy her triplets? And having to strip and dance forever to supposer them?”

“I can’t see why she’d lie about it. She seemed pretty at peace with what Juliana had done to her. I suppose when you’re given a hand like that, you’ve just got to deal.”

Chriss snorted, not too differently from how Ella had done. “And that’s what you want me to do; just deal. Is that right bro?”

Derek grimaced. “I just want you to consider that this may be your life now, Christina; as my hot girlfriend. I know it’s not fair, but it may just be we can’t make you a man again, and you are just destined to be my perfect mate from now on. If that’s the case, maybe you need to start enjoying life as is. And that includes trying to enjoy this.” He rubbed her stomach, fingers brushing against her inverted bellybutton.

“Even if you’re right, *baby*,” she said, the curse still forcing her to look demure and sultry and affectionate, “I’ve got no idea how to be a mommy. I didn’t even plan on having kids till I was in my thirties, dude! And that was when I thought I’d be doing the dad part, not getting ready to lie back and push a kid out of my *tight pussy!*”

Her cheeks were flushed in response to the conversation, and possibly just with the changes of pregnancy. If Derek knew one thing about his friend’s current female

predicament, it's that giving birth in front of him would be even more humiliating and degrading than the daily sex they shared together.

"Plenty of women aren't prepared for motherhood and they do fine. You know I'll be a great daddy for your - for our babies. The hex will help I'm sure, and there's still plenty of time to get used to it after you give birth. Especially since you'll be getting pregnant like this more than once. I'm sorry dude, but I've always been liked the idea of having a big family, so as my perfect woman you'll probably have to be bearing a good number of them."

"Yippee," she moaned in irritation. "This is so fucked. Just eight months ago I was a dude who just wanted to pick up chicks. Now I'm a *submissive, naughty little slut with big milky tits*, and I'm so fucking fertile you have no idea." That was definitely dirty talk, but judging from her pained expression, there was that eternal seed of truth to what she'd said. "I'm not giving up, you know that. Still . . . I'm glad it's been you, and not someone else, I've had to be with. Even if this is all your fault - Nghh!!!"

She cringed, and Derek felt their baby kicking out violently against his stomach, due to his being pressed against hers.

"That was a big one," he remarked.

She pouted her already perfectly pouty lips. "And that's just at six months. Imagine what it'll be like when I'm about to pop. Damn that bitch for making me your preggo bitch."

Derek was getting aroused, and Christina quickly noticed that his long erection was pressing hard against her rounded abdomen. She arched a perfect eyebrow. "Just my luck to become the ideal mate of a dude with a pregnancy fetish."

She rotated automatically but awkwardly so that her backside faced his, and spread her cheeks to allow access. She moaned as his enormous prick plumbed deep into the depths of her perfect ass.

He clutched her stomach for support as he slammed deep into her backside, accompanied by her pleasurable moans.

"You like that, don't you? Don't you?" he said.

"Mmmhmm yessss."

He shifted his grip to one of her large breasts, and dug his other hand hard into her rounded hip to probe her depths even further. "You want me to cum in your perfect ass don't you?"

"Yeessssss," she moaned.

"Beg me!"

"Please - oh! - cum- in - aahh - my - aaASSSSSSS!!!"

The last word turned to an orgasmic shriek as he did just that, unloading jets of semen into her rear hole. It was a long time before they managed to get up to clean themselves up. Chriss complained about his encouragement of the dirty talk.

“Sorry Christina, you just drive me wild, babe.”

“Yeah, that wasn’t obvious.”

They slipped into their natural sleeping position, him spooning her gently, her perfect butt pressed up against his crotch, and one of his arms draped around her bulging stomach.

“We’ll go do a check up,” she said, “then to Palm Shades.” And that was that.

They fell asleep together, though Christina still had to get up in the night for her regular pee breaks.

Part 6: Decisions

The next day they organised a local check-up at a location further along their route. They continued to travel by car but had to stop at another hotel near the Californian coast, in order to let Christina relax for a bit. A week later Derek and his pregnant girlfriend walked into the maternity clinic. Women in their various stages of pregnancy, most older than Chriss, were all waiting in the clinic. Christina walked in awkwardly, waddling behind the weight of her large belly which she rubbed with one hand while the other was positioned at the small of her back. A number of eyes looked her way as she entered, not least because of what the curse was making her wear; a tight two-piece that left her belly almost entirely exposed. The thin material of her top had a deep v-neck, revealing the gorgeous cleavage of her full chest, and it draped down over her belly, only obscuring the top half. A set of short cotton pants were set around her wide hips, so that everyone could see her distended belly, including her out-turned belly button which still had a piercing fixed in place. Large earrings jangled from her ears, and her lips were full and pouty, with red lipstick. All in all she looked like a hot pregnant influencer model, unafraid of her body. That is, were it not for her actual insecurities at having to show it off.

They checked her in, then were directed to wait in the seating bay. Chriss remained tense, eyeing the rest of the pregnant women who all seemed excited to be bearing life. She gripped Derek’s hand tightly, gritted her eyes as she rubbed her stomach.

“Nervous?” Derek asked.

“Of course I’m fucking nervous,” she replied, doing her best to remain calm. “I need a goddamn drink.”

“I’d advise against that, babe. People wouldn’t take too kindly to that around here.”

She eyed him. “Well it’s that bitch’s fault for ensuring I’d get pregnant. Yours too. I just want this to be over with, and to be able to have a fucking beer again.” She rubbed her stomach again for emphasis.

“How’s the baby?”

“Sleeping, thank God. I swear it was doing somersaults in my womb last night. I better not be carrying multiples.”

Derek decided wisely not to tell her how turned on her being pregnant with twins, or even triplets, would make him. They largely sat in silence until Christina’s name was called, and he helped her up – Chriss became red-faced every time she needed help moving because of her belly – and they went into the clinic room. For the next thirty minutes, Chriss had to endure the strange indignity of having her very pregnant stomach exposed and massaged with gels for the scan. After several moments of waiting, the monitor showed the contents of her uterus; a baby in development, sleeping soundly in her womb. Chriss was entranced by the screen, marvelling at being able to see for the first time what she’d been forced to grow the last six and a half months.

“Congratulations,” the ultrasound tech said, “it’s a boy.”

“A boy . . .” Christina breathed. She slowly reached out and gripped her large, pregnant stomach, caressing it slightly, connecting with the son that was growing inside of her.

“Is this your first?” the tech asked. It was Chriss that answered.

“Yeah . . . but we’re going to make a lot more, aren’t we baby?”

Derek knew the second part of her statement was a result of the curse, but he wanted nothing more than that future to be true . . .

Christina gazed at her stomach the whole way back to the motel, a look of awe fixed to her perfect face.

“So . . . a son,” Derek said.

“Yeah,” she said, her mind in some faraway place.

“Any thoughts on that?”

She rose out of her stupor, and bit her lip in what Derek knew was now the telltale way his friend had for hiding her reflexive smile ever since she’d been transformed into his dream girl. She shimmied awkwardly in the passenger seat, adjusted her tight top so that her breasts wobbled before returning to their resting state on her rounded form.

“Well, first thing’s first, you’re going to have to start treating me more like a princess,” she responded.

“And why’s that?”

“Because bro, if I end up stuck like this it means I’m gonna be the only one in this family that doesn’t have a penis. As of today, I’m outnumbered.”

Derek had to chuckle. His formerly male friend had once spurned any attempt at chivalry and tried to desperately cling to what independence he – or rather she – could. Now that she was in her third trimester, she saw the world quite differently.

Wait, she said first thing's first, Derek thought. "Fair enough Christina. I shall treat you like a princess, and massage those sore ankles whenever I can. But if that's the first thing, what's the second?"

She turned a shade of red, sheepishly grinning as she gripped her large chest, her fingers sinking deep into the large, jiggling flesh. "I forgot to pump this morning," she replied as they pulled into their park, taking his hand and placing it firmly over her large breast. He could feel the warmth radiating from within, and her wet nipple becoming large and erect. "They're starting to get sore . . . and throbbing . . . and super fucking horny. I need a big, handsome man to let me fuck him between my bit titties."

Derek grinned in amazement at her bustline, despite her humiliation at the situation.

"I know it's the curse making you say that Chrissy, but fuck you turn me on."

She bit her lip.

Their road trip down the west coast continued in fits and spurts, stopping at motels and pit stops often, on account of Christina's increasingly squished bladder, as well as their own inability to keep their hands off of each other. Something about Chrissy had changed since the ultrasound. A maternal instinct had apparently switched on, and Derek often caught her when she thought she was alone rubbing her swollen abdomen with a contented smile on her face, and giggling when their baby boy kicked from within. Her hormonal swings continued, with her occasionally crying or feeling ugly and useless, sometimes bemoaning her fate as a pregnant bimbo slut, other times making jokes about her pregnancy and how they were still 'best friends, but now with benefits.' She never said it out loud, but both of them knew that part of her was becoming attached to the life growing inside of her, as well as the lifestyle of a new mommy-to-be. Her maternity dresses were as bimbo-ish as ever, showing off her engorged cleavage and wrapping tightly around her large form, so that her still perfect legs showed off. Chriss was also increasingly responsible for cooking dinner for the two of them, something she complained about often; "I can barely even reach the hotel kitchen with this enormous belly in the way!" she once said.

But more than that, the fires of their old friendship which had died away since they were cursed was slowly rekindling. They began to chat as they used to, with Chriss even commenting on the 'hotness rating' of other women on the street, rating them no longer against an arbitrary scale but against herself, since she was, as she argued, 'a natural eleven.'

“You’re not wrong there,” Derek mused, scanning his eyes over her fucking perfect curvaceous form. Her tits, even deep into pregnancy, were still perfect large teardrops in shape. “But I thought you were no longer attracted to women because of the hex?”

“I’m not,” she sighed, “I’ve only got eyes for *your big dick, babe*, but at least I can take a little pride in how much sexier I am than them, right?”

Their journey slowed as they started going out on get-togethers like old times (Chriss refused to call them dates, since just the word made her flush red or start automatically talking dirty). They watched a couple of action movies together, though Derek continued to stir Chriss for missing one of the big twists because she had to keep leaving the cinema to go relieve herself. And while all their nights always ended in bouts of lusty sex, Derek surprised Chriss one night by bringing a game console back to the motel, along with a science fiction multiplayer game they used to play together. Chriss was delighted, and they played for several hours, insulting one another and laughing, though she was a little embarrassed about how her insults at his playing style were often quite . . . sexual.

“You’re so crap at this,” she laughed, “you’re getting beaten by a girl, dude! All I have to do is flash these big juicy tits your way and you just fold. Maybe you’ll win if I promise to suck your dick dry and swallow if you succeed!”

That was enough to incentivise him and so in the end Chriss lost, which she attributed not to Derek’s skill but rather her own pregnancy. “Your damn baby keeps shifting inside of me whenever I’m going for the kill. It’s a conspiracy. The two of you are working together! The two boys teaming up against the one girl!”

“Well,” Derek said, “it’s pretty fitting that you’ve got a pussy then, since you are being such a big one at the moment!”

“Is that anyway to talk to the mother of your child?”

“I don’t know. Is this anyway to talk to the daddy of your babies?”

The game was left unfinished, music still playing, as he hoisted her up in his arms and carried her to the bedroom. The next day they got a number of noise complaints.

It was a couple of days later that Derek finally made a decision. Perhaps it was a foolish one, especially considering his mate’s desire to be a man again, and not a heavily pregnant girlfriend hopelessly devoted to him. Nevertheless he felt a deep need to do this, in case of the worst, and in case of the best. He travelled out into town while Chriss was sleeping in. He couldn’t help but smile at his friend’s current form; her skin with that maternal glow, laying on her side and cradling her stomach, a contented smile upon her unconscious features as her child lightly moved within. Their son. The one they had made together. He realised then

how much he desired to make his former friend his wife, to love her and make love to her for the rest of his life, and to get her pregnant with the large family he always wanted, so that she always know what it was like to help make a perfect family.

He understood his friend wanted to change back . . . but wasn't he really happier now? He had been a douchebag frat bro before, and now he was the most gorgeous, seductive woman ever imaginable, with a chest that drew every guy's eye, and an hourglass figure most girls would kill for. More than that, they had each other; she was literally his fantasy girl! And in their many couplings, which he knew Chrissy enjoyed, he had knocked her up. Likely in the first coupling, in fact. And as she's swollen up with his baby, she'd become even lovelier and downright sexier with her growing, gravid form. She was motherhood personified, and Derek was certain that if she changed back there would always be part of her missing that would make her regret it.

Still, he hesitated at the boundary of the jewellery store. It was true, he had long ago just lied back and started accepting his new situation; happily smacking her bottom as she walked past, complimenting her perfect tits and calling her sexy when she mounted him in the morning. The curse always made Chriss respond sensually which only turned him on all the more, but he knew she was forced to go along with it. But then again, wasn't he forced as well? He had to have sex with her each time, and that wasn't something he could help; she was his fantasy woman! So they were in the same boat. Both changed, his friend just a lot more so. But they were still together. Closer than ever, but together.

He stepped into the jewellery store. Juliana had said that Chris would become his perfect girlfriend, and in Derek's mind, a perfect girlfriend would marry him. Not only that, but as his wife, she would cook and clean and keep the house tidy, and be willing to give him more babies. It was unavoidable. And while he knew that, if she stayed a woman, there were therefore plenty more pregnancies on the horizon, he couldn't help but lust at the thought that even as his friend clenched her eyes and pushed their son from her womb in just two months, she could be doing so as his wife . . .

Chriss had always been a bit of a bully to him. He was a good friend, but he'd always overshadowed Derek. Now, the tables were turned, and Derek relished the idea of his former alpha male friend coming to accept a much more fruitful life as a woman. He didn't want to humiliate Christina, but she was so much better than Chris in so many ways. She still blamed him from time to time, but much of her toxicity as a male could no longer find expression. She was, reluctantly or not, being remoulded to be his perfect partner.

A seller approached him jolting him from his thoughts. "How can we help you today?"

Derek smiled, still thinking of that image. "I'd like to buy an engagement ring, thanks."

It had taken them far too long, but they had finally reached the coastal beaches of California. Christina was eager to see Juliana again, though Derek could tell she was nervous again, particularly since her pregnancy was now so very, very pronounced. She still had two months to go until she reached her due date, and despite her continued fascination with their developing child – their son – the former man made no secret that she desperately wanted to avoid having to give birth. Derek strongly suspected that the remaining parts of Chriss' male psyche could not handle it. Having repeated sex as a woman, taking his dick inside of her, giving blowjobs each day, getting very pregnant as a result of their daily couplings . . . all these were very female acts, conducted by a very female body that made no attempt to hide its buxom curves. But birth – delivering life from the womb – was in many ways the ultimate female act, one that no male could replicate. Well, no male until Christina came along and gave the wrong impression to the wrong witch.

Yet despite his friend's need to switch back, Derek was becoming increasingly fixated on the opposite. Ever since seeing his developing son on the scan, he continued to daydream about the perfect life with Christina, of building a family with her as the magic had allowed them to do. The engagement ring he had purchased was constantly on his person, always at the ready for a perfect moment that never came. He often visualised their future; him the breadwinner, Christina the perfect stay-at-home wife and mother, her body always pert and perfect, her always wearing skimpy or slutty outfits that would drive him wild when he returned home. He could bury his face in the warm expanse of her enormous boobs, before sliding his length inside of her and knocking her up with another child, her begging for it the whole time.

He worshipped his friend's feminine form, and was increasingly doing little to hide it, much to her annoyance. He couldn't help himself; he had grown bolder with the purchase of the ring, and she was turning out to be a fantastic mommy-to-be. It was precisely for these reasons that he continued to delay out their possible meeting with Juliana. At first Chriss was agreeable; having travelled heavily pregnant across the country, she was happy to put up her swollen ankles and rest up. She was much more sleepy now, though also more easily woken when the baby kicked. But slowly she cottoned on to what he was doing.

"This visit to the beach is the last thing, then we see Juliana," she demanded.

"We don't even know if Juliana is at the resort, Christina."

"And we never fuckin' will if we don't! Fine, have it your way! Maybe the water will take some of the damn weight off of my back. How do women stand carrying all this weight in their stomach? They have to be insane to put themselves through this voluntarily!"

In truth Derek had already made inquiries, and was certain that Juliana was indeed at the resort still. He simply wanted to see his pregnant buddy on the beach in a vibrant blue bikini before they approached the possibility of changing him back to a he.

“Let’s just get this over with then,” she said in the morning as they were preparing for the beach day. She had covered herself in a long informal dress robe of sorts, but even fully covered her belly was large enough to give it a prominent slope. And in two other, higher spots as well.

“Be excited, Chriss. You always used to love going to the beach.”

She pouted, crossed her arms beneath her breasts and over her swollen abdomen. That was before I had to wear bikinis and became seven months pregnant.” He smirked. She didn’t even realise it, but she was throwing off the robe to reveal her perfect form in the bikini, her belly sticking out prominently, her huge breasts like great, milk-filled domes sitting upon it.

“What? What’s so funny?” She crossed her arms, completely unaware of how she was adjusting her bikini top, letting more of her big boobs show, as well as getting her breasts to press together to make the most wonderfully deep curve of cleavage.

“Nothing, it’s just, I’ve seen you naked Chriss. Many times. What is it about appearing in a bikini that has you so embarrassed?”

“Because now I have to show off everything to an entire beach of people! It’s bad enough I have to always dress like a slut, but now everyone who sees me is gonna see a big, pregnant bimbo unless I cover up.”

He was openly struggling not to laugh now. “Well, I think it’s going to be a little hard to cover up buddy.”

She looked down and gasped. Her robe had been replaced with just a towel slung across her shoulder. Her bright blue bikini was on full display, her large cleavage open and enticing, her bottom contained within the thin material connected via hoops to show off even more skin. Her pregnant stomach bulged forward, naked and open to the air.

“Goddamnit, I was at least hoping to cover up until I hit the water. Dude’s will be staring at me.”

“Let them. Take pride in it.”

She blushed. “Weird, dude. But fine. I’ll try. At least I’ll still manage to be the hottest chick on the beach, right?”

“Exactly.”

And so it was that they spent a remarkably pleasant day at the beach. Despite herself, Christina clearly enjoyed the atmosphere and the warm sun. She even waded out into the water, which she found relaxing as it buoyed the heavy weight of the baby growing within. They kissed, throwing water at each other and teasing one another, until finally Derek

held her, cradling her belly and feeling their son kick as she giggled like the bimbo she now was. It was deeply cathartic, and for a time she relaxed in the water, and when no one was watching, even pulled him forward to motorboat on his tits. It was the hex causing it, but it did make her laugh.

“God, how can something be so fucking tickling yet make me so fucking horny!”

If the sight of her hard nipples in her bikini top were any sign, it wasn't a lie.

But after a brief time in the water she retreated to the beach recliners and lay there, her glowing body exposed to the sun, a hand relaxing on her belly and the other over her forehead, sunglasses shielding her eyes from the light. Derek joined her not too long after, taking the opportunity to rub her body and belly with lotion and fetch her water when required. He knew Chriss was just trying to resist in all the little ways, but in a way, derek was doing what any good boyfriend would do for his future babymama.

And as the sun began to set, and other beachgoers left, the two made love on the recliners.

“Tomorrow,” Chriss said, holding on to him, still wearing nothing but her tight bikini, “tomorrow.”

Tomorrow, Derek thought, aware of the presence of the ring box in his pocket.
Tomorrow.

Part 7: Juliana

To Chriss' complete surprise, Juliana really was staying at the resort. She was, in fact, one of the first things they saw on approach to it; she was waiting for them in one of the lounge seats by the reception desk, and they had barely stepped inside the building before she coughed loudly to indicate her presence. It was then that Derek realised just how much he had been hoping to stall this moment, to make it last out as long as possible so that when it inevitably turned out Juliana had moved on, they wouldn't have enough time to actually track her down before Christina went into labor. Which made this all the more surprising, and terrifying. For the both of them.

Juliana waved again, gesturing for them to approach. Christina and he exchanged a glance, and began to step forward together. Well, he stepped. She waddled, gripping the underside of her bulging abdomen. Juliana looked radiant as she had the night that Chris had gotten on her wrong side. She was in relaxing summer wear, with a top that bared her

midriff a little. It was almost a statement, a taunt at Christina. She chuckled as they approached.

“Well, well, well, the happy couple arrives. You almost look surprised to see me, Derek.” Her eyes lingered over him before passing to Christina. “My God Christina, you’re glowing! How many weeks along are you now?”

“Thirty one weeks,” she said, tensing slightly. Derek knew that look. She was agitated, which often made the baby agitated and prone to kicking in her womb.

“Just nine or ten to go then! You must be so nervous! But don’t worry, you’ll get used to it. After all, think of all the future babies you’re going to have after this one! Not exactly how you thought your misogynistic, bullying life was going, huh?”

Chriss gritted her teeth, but Derek stepped in to take over.

“How did you know we were coming?” he asked.

“I’m not an idiot, Derek. I knew that Chriss would try to track me down the second I turned her from your bully to your lover. I put a charm on both of you, in fact, so that if you ever got near I would know. I do it with all my victims, even the ones I help like you, just in case. I must ask though, how did you find me? And why? I thought you would be happy with your new life?”

“We tracked down someone else you changed.”

“Was it Harold? No, it couldn’t be.”

“What – who’s Harold? What did you change him into?”

“He was a waiter who was very rude to his coworkers and some of his customers, until he chose the wrong person to vent his women problems too. Now have a look at him.” She indicated across the room to the ground floor restaurant of the building, where a cute young waitress with a brunette pixie cut was smiling and directing several male customers whose eyes had no intention of travelling northward to meet hers. That was because her chest was barely contained by the incredibly tight-fitting blouse she was wearing, and that was with several buttons undone to reveal a tantalising hint of cavernous cleavage. Her immense boobs were practically the size of her head each, even bigger than Chriss’ when hers were fully engorged.

“You turned him into her?” Derek asked.

“Not quite,” Juliana said, smirking devilishly, “I’ve been trying some more intricate spells as of late, and Harold was too much of an incel woman-hater to ever be given such a light blessing like you have, Chriss.” She smiled at the former male before continuing. “No, Eliza here was his co-worker and bullying victim. I found out when she came to console me for his rudeness that he always picked on her for her flat chest. So . . . I turned him into a nice big set of tits just for her.”

“You – you killed him?” Christina exclaimed, clutching her pregnant stomach. She looked dainty and fragile before the powerful sorceress, wrapped in a tight-fitting maternity dress that showed off her pregnancy and outlined her prodigious chest. This was despite being taller than Juliana, especially since the sexy redhead was wearing heels.

Derek’s witchy ex-girlfriend gave a sympathetic grin, ambling over to Christina and placing a hand on her bare shoulder and the other on her bulging stomach. “Poor Chriss, I should have remembered how emotional women as far along as you can get, especially with all those pregnancy hormones in your system. Tell me, do you know the gender of the sweet little one?”

Christina frowned. “It’s a boy.”

“A son! Derek must be so excited. Of course, you’ll be outnumbered, Chriss. Hopefully the next time Derek here knocks up his former bully you’ll get a set of twin girls to swing the demographics your way. But no need to get upset; I didn’t kill Harold. Magic can’t take a life, only alter it. And just like I gave you your just desserts and Derek a nice bonus for putting up with being your victim, so did I change Harold to become the chest that poor Eliza had always wanted. No one’s going to mistake her for a boy now, and Harold is still alive in there; a living pair of tits attached to his former victim, forced to feel every bounce, every jiggle, every tight bra or blouse she wears to impress another guy. And just for Eliza since she’s such a nice girl, I made it so her new pair of boobs are super sensitive and pleasurable. She just loves letting her dates grope them, and poor lucky Harold gets to feel every part of that experience, and the sensitivity.”

Derek was horrified. Juliana clearly delighted in giving fates of disproportionate revolution. Christina’s fate was evidence of this, being changed into a buxom blonde bimbo addicted to his sucking his cock. Then letting that same friend get pregnant by that same cock. But then she had misinterpreted the events that had gone down.

“Juliana, he wasn’t my bully! I wasn’t lying when I said he was my friend! He just liked, you know, busting my balls or whatever.”

Juliana creased her brow. “So you say. How do I know you’re telling the truth? After all, he had you in a headlock. And he was saying such gross things about women . . .”

Derek exhaled, trying to find a way to explain it to her. It was clear she didn’t *want* her version of events to be wrong.

Chriss continue to shift uncomfortably, and he put one of his arms around her small frame to comfort her while he recounted the events of that night to Juliana. Still, neither of them could avoid watching the incredibly buxom waitress in the adjacent restaurant as she directed patrons who approached for their booking, and how her immense bosom managed to still bob even as tightly constrained as it was. When she thought no one was looking she arched her back and placed her hands behind it, just like Christina did when the heaviness

of her pregnancy made her back ache. Evidently, Eliza had that same problem just with her new chest, but from the giggle she seemed to be eliciting as she composed herself, she far from considered it a problem.

“Derek, you’ve lost your place in the story,” Juliana said.

He gathered himself. He knew the foolishness of asking the question, but he did so anyway. “Sorry, it’s just . . . does - does Eliza know? That it’s him in there?”

Juliana nodded. “She’s okay with it. More than okay actually. I think it turns her on, actually. She’s such a sweet girl, nice to everyone, so this is her one naughty dark secret, that her ‘late bloom’ is actually her co-worker trapped forever as her breasts. It gives her someone to talk to when she’s alone, since he can still see and hear through her eyes and ears. Not that she’s alone often these days, with the attention that sweet rack gets her.”

Eliza was without customers, and momentarily stared out the restaurant window and caught their eyes. She made an excited wave to Pauline, all cheer and chirp, and Derek couldn’t help but notice the wobbling in her top. Juliana waved back.

“See? Like I said, a sweet girl. Just like Chriss will now be.”

“But I don’t deserve this! Derek and I go way back! I’d show you the photos if they still existed in this new damn reality you created!”

Juliana shrugged. “A convenient story. Though perhaps you’re telling the truth, though it does not explain Chris’ awful comments on women, and his general attitude. But you didn’t answer my question. How did you two find out where I was?”

“We found Ella.”

At this point, Derek didn’t believe anything he did or said could possibly shock Juliana. But this, apparently, was the one thing that could. Her jaw dropped, and she stared between the two of them for some seconds before composing herself to reply.

“Ella . . . my bully. Former bully. Do you know she was the first person I ever changed? I hadn’t had my powers for long back then, and was ready to lash out and use them for any reason, though I suppose I haven’t changed much?”

Derek could tell Chrissy was fuming beside him, but had restrained herself enough these past few months of pregnancy to understand the importance of restraint.

“You know,” Juliana continued, “I still think about her sometimes. Even feel a little sorry for her. It’s too bad I chose the variety of spell I did. I was so angry at her that I wanted to ensure that even I couldn’t change her back. Tell me, how is that lovely stripper going these days?”

Derek found the relevant photo on his phone from Brad and showed it to her. “You tell me.”

And again, that same expression of absolute shock, followed by further shocks as Derek explained the situation and peace of mind Ella now found herself in.

“Triplets! My God, three of them! To think she used to make fun of me for not having the perfect bod, she must have blown up like a blimp carrying that litter! And still dancing with a belly out to there, ha! I don’t know whether to be disgusted by the path I’ve set her on or somehow proud that she’s found a slice of humility. Better off than Harold over there certainly, though I suppose—“

“Why are we talking about this!” Chriss declared, cutting her off and stepping forward. Her heavy and engorged breasts jiggled slightly above her top as she waddled forward, hand clasped protectively over the womb that was currently carrying their child. She made a face to give an impassioned declaration, but instead closed her eyes and exhaled deeply, calming herself. Derek had to hand it to her, Chriss had gotten much, much better at controlling her emotions despite the big feminine mood swings.

“It doesn’t matter how we found you,” she continued, “what matters is we did. You gotta change me back Juliana. I wasn’t his bully! And even if you don’t like me and think I deserve it for being a chauvinist bully or whatever, I’ve learned my lesson a heap of times over. I don’t deserve to be stuck as a fucking housewife, least of all a pregnant one getting fucked every day by his best friend! Isn’t that right, bro?”

An older couple walking past raised their eyebrows at a young, very pregnant woman calling her babydaddy ‘bro’. Derek shifted awkwardly, not wanting Chriss to change back. “It’s true Juliana, she’s learned her lesson. Mostly.”

She shot him an angry look.

“What? You can still be a *bit* of a dick.”

“I don’t *have* a dick anymore, remember!?”

“Fine, you’re just being a bit cranky on account of being super pregnant.”

“Damn right,” she said, with a smirk that was almost prideful. “Look, I’m not going to act the same. I won’t catcall girls no more, I swear. I get catcalled all the time now, even now that I’m preggo, and it’s not cool. Especially since I can’t help but sway these *wide, baby-making hips*.” She cringed at the way the curse made her describe her own body.

“Look, Derek will tell you it happens every day, doesn’t it Derek?”

“It’s true. Mostly about her tits.”

“And my ass!”

“Yeah, that too. Sorta my fault because of how I imagined her, I guess. She – he, has learned his lesson. It’s not . . . it’s not right that he has to spent the rest of his life as a woman, especially one forced to be my submissive girlfriend.”

“Yeah, and to wear all – uugh, the baby’s kicking – to wear all this tight, revealing clothing.” Chriss gestured towards her maternity dress, a black silky piece that clung tightly to her large, swollen abdomen, revealing the full immensity of its curve. It tucked in tightly against the top of her tummy, cinched by a leather belt, before billowing out again to

accommodate her buxom chest. A 'boob window' as Christina irritably called it, revealed her stunning cleavage. The same sort of look she sported in white while cosplaying as Power Girl for him, an act which had continued even while pregnant. The rest of the material wound up to her shoulders, allowing for her back to remain in the open air.

"It's time I changed back. I seriously don't want to have to give birth. It scares the fuck out of me, man!"

Juliana watched Chriss talk, her face inexpressive, her emotions guarded.

"Dinner. Tonight at the hotel restaurant. 6:30pm. We'll discuss it then."

She turned on the spot and walked away, leaving Christina and Derek confused and anxious. They made a booking for a hotel suite, and Christina immediately took a bath to alleviate her swollen ankles and discomfort, and, Derek suspected, her anxiety too. While he had the opportunity Derek drew out the engagement ring, eyeing it over. If Juliana was considering changing Christina back, then tonight had to be the night.

She emerged from the bathroom, and he hurriedly put the ring away before she could see it. She was naked, still a little wet, and drying her hair which had darkened from the wash with a towel. She looked a vision before him, her perfectly gravid form on display, her distended abdomen mercifully free of stretch marks and swaying before her. Her large breasts rested on her belly, pert and full. She rubbed the globe that was her stomach with her petite hands, and moaned deliciously, her eyelids half-closed in anticipation. It was a performance that made his semi spring rock hard.

"Oooohh, Derek, baby. I'm worried about tonight. I need you to fuck me calm again."

He was only too happy to oblige.

He obliged her a second time when she put on the naughty nurse outfit.

"You got me all knocked up, my dear patient. Why don't you come over here so I can take *care of you*."

Yeah, he *really* liked that outfit. He was sad he might not see it again.

He was saddened that he might not see Christina again soon.

It was 6:30 exactly when Christina and Derek entered into the restaurant. Derek opted to wear a smart casual ensemble; a white button shirt and professional slack pants. Christina, as usual, had her outfit chosen for her by her compulsions; a red maternity dress that billowed outwards over her distended stomach before draping to ankle height. Her chest was contained more tightly, her large breasts resting on her stomach. Her luxurious red hair was pulled tightly back to one side to reveal her tender neck, and a large glimmering diamond rested in the depth of her cleavage from her necklace. All in all, she looked like a positively

glowing, positively pregnant young woman, one who every man understood how easy it would have been to get her knocked up. Her soft arms were bare to the elements, her fingers manicured and adorned with rings, and professionally done makeup enhancing her already sultry features.

"I feel like a lamb in the middle of a pack of damn wolves," she whispered to Derek in her sensual soprano as they entered. A large group of men and many women looked her way as she waddled in, one arm clasped to his.

"How's the baby?" he asked.

"Ugh, kicking. A lot. When I'm anxious he's anxious. Feels like he's doing somersaults in my damn womb. Fuck, I can't believe I've got a goddamn womb now."

It was Eliza who approached them, her immense racked straining against her white waitress shirt, and wobbling with the fabric. "Hello there, what a beautiful couple you make! Do you have a reservation tonight?"

"We do," Derek said, "under Derek and Christina."

She marked it down, and Derek couldn't help but stare at her large chest. The woman caught him looking and gave a playful smirk, which made him blush a deep shade of red. She made a note of satisfaction at the booking list and stood, adjusted her top down slightly as her prodigious boobs pulled the shirt up slightly. She fixed Christina in her eyes. "My goodness, you look gorgeous in that dress, girl! May I ask when you're due?"

It was Christina's turn to blush, and her cheeks turned a shade of red as she rested a petite hand over her rounded abdomen. "Thirty two weeks now. Just two months to go."

"Boy or girl?"

"A beautiful baby boy," she replied, caressing her stomach once more. Derek couldn't claim expertise on this, but he'd gotten pretty good at telling when Christina was forced to say something, and none of the tells were present now. "Do you want to feel?"

"Oh please!"

Eliza raised up slightly – Christina was happy to still be tall for a woman, even if she were shorter at least - and her bust continued to strain against her shirt. She placed a hand over Christina's seven-month baby bump. Her eyes went wide.

"Oh! He's kicking!"

"Ugh, don't get me started. The little alien is always moving around, aren't you buddy?"

The two girls shared a laugh in a way that Derek hadn't seen Christina do before. "I've always wanted to have kids," said Eliza, marvelling at the way her belly rippled with their child's movements. "How does it feel?"

Christina rolled her eyes and placed one hand behind her back for support. "Oh, tiring. I just want to lie down all day and do nothing. I feel fat, and I'm constantly crying, and

my bladder's on a five minute timer. And my hormones are all over the fucking place, and I'm always, *always* horny."

Eliza giggled.

"But it is pretty amazing. I can honestly say I never imagined I'd be pregnant like this."

Derek nearly snorted. It was, after all, the honest truth.

"Well, it's lovely to meet you Christina. I'm Eliza." Christina went to shake hands, but Eliza instead pulled her into a feminine hug. Derek briefly caught a glimpse of their respective chests pressing up against one another. "Well, I better direct you to your seats."

"Thank God. I don't want to be rude, but standing around like this is exhausting when you're seven months along."

They shared another giggle before Eliza called forth a waiter who took them through to their seats and sat them down for a drink. Derek took his own seat, but the waiter made a show of pulling out Christina's chair for her, and helping her ease down into her seat. She did so awkwardly, clutching her bloated abdomen as she manoeuvred down. As she did, Derek's eyes flicked back to Eliza not too far away, already serving another customer, also male, who was trying desperately not to stare at her large chest. Derek understood why she had been mocked before; if it weren't for her truly stunning rack she would look quite the tomboy with her black pixie haircut and thin figure. Evidently that was no longer a worry.

"Pervert," Christina said.

Derek's vision jolted back to his best-friend-turned-pregnant-girlfriend. "What!?"

"You know what I'm talking about. You were checking her out. Little Miss Big Boobs there. What, mine aren't big enough for you?" She gestured towards the cavernous cleavage, and the necklace that drew attention to it. "I mean, I had to pump earlier and bring these things down to size so I didn't spurt milk everywhere, so I guess right now my rack just doesn't measure up."

Derek smirked. "Don't tell me you're jealous?"

She rolled her eyes and crossed her arms. "All I'm saying is that if I have to be your perfect girlfriend and get pregnant with your babies the least you could do is be faithful. It's not fair if I get stuck like this while you get to go around banging hot chicks left and right with that sweet new dong you've got."

"Noted. But don't forget Chrissy, as lovely as she looks, you're my fantasy woman. There literally can't be any girl more perfect than you."

"And don't you forget it," Christina scoffed, a little proudly. "Besides, my boobs aren't secretly a dude who got transformed into them. They're the real thing. Well, realer, I guess. Part of you would be gay if you ended up copping a feel of her."

Derek chuckled, and she did with him. They could both appreciate the irony of the statement, given that Chriss literally used to be a guy.

“Still, she’s mad hot,” Christina continued, “I’d bang her.”

Derek raised an eyebrow. “I think you’d have some trouble there. She doesn’t strike me as the type to go for preggo chicks, especially ones who are already taken.”

“You don’t know that. Besides, I am pretty damn hot as a girl, even with your big baby growing in me.” She rubbed her stomach beneath the table for emphasis. “Fuck, he just won’t stop moving around in there. Still, that won’t be a problem soon, once we convince that crazy witch to reverse the spell. Maybe when I’m a guy again I’ll ask Eliza out over there.”

“Maybe,” Derek answered. “But you said you’d changed too.”

“Please, checking out a girl with a sweet rack isn’t sexist. Besides, she’s not here.”

A waiter came to get their orders for drinks. He was a young man, and as he talked to them his gaze were increasingly drawn toward Christina’s delectable cleavage.

“Hey buddy,” she said, “my eyes are up here.” She indicated with two fingers where said eyes were, and the waiter blushed deep with apology. Derek ordered a martini. Christina was forced by the curse to order a juice-drink. He could tell it was driving his friend mad, not being able to drink any alcohol now that she was pregnant.

“That’s one more reason I need to turn back. If what Juliana said is really true, and I’ll be your perfect girl in every way, then if I remain a hot chick I’m going to keep having babies with you. I might not get to drink alcohol for years!”

Derek took a sip of his drink, but remained silent.

“Why are you being such a sad sack, dude? Don’t tell me you’re still hooked to the idea of me remaining like this?”

He regarded her form, wrapped so perfectly in that tight red dress. Her large, teardrop breasts, her pouting lips, her crystal blue eyes, and the large stomach cradled in her hands containing the child they had made together. Made as a result of a curse, but made nonetheless.

“C’mon Christina,” he said, “are we really going to act like that conversation in the hotel that night never happened? You know part of me will always want you to be like this.”

Her cheeks flushed, and she downed another juice drink to cope with it, shuffling awkwardly in her chair to adjust her dress, showing a little more cleavage in the process. “We can’t be friends again, can we? It’d be too weird. Every time we’d hang out I wouldn’t be able to stop thinking about all the times you *fucked my tight pussy or shot your load down my throat.*”

Derek smiled sadly. “If you can change back . . . do you think you’ll miss any of it?”

“What do you mean?”

“Us. The time we’ve had. Being a woman. A damned hot one.”

She gave a little chuckle. "I won't lie Derek, the orgasms were pretty nice. Fucking amazing actually, as humiliating as that is to admit. Like a goddamned rollercoaster. I can admit that now, given I'll be changing back soon. Having my own set of boobs to play with was pretty cool, even if they make my back ache a bit. And there's also this." She indicated her belly, rubbing it beneath the table. "There's something . . . something pretty darn crazy about being pregnant. I hate the morning sickness, I don't want to give birth, it terrifies the shit out of me man. But feeling my son – our son – moving inside of me . . . I don't know how to describe it. It blows my frickin' mind. I guess I can sorta see why women want it."

This was the moment. Derek could think of no other. He knew the curse would make her say yes to any proposal he gave, especially one in public, but he wanted to hear it from his friend first. Just the tiniest admission that he had come to enjoy at least part of being a her. That she could come to accept being a woman, wife, and very productive mother. He moved to stand from the table so he could get down on one knee . . .

"That's all I needed to hear, Christina."

Derek and Christina both turned their heads sharply to the newcomer at the table. Both of them were startled by her appearance, suddenly sitting in the third seat at the rounded table, a look of delight on her face as she eyed the two of them. A thin shroud of purple mist dematerialised from Juliana's form, the only indication that she had been using magic. Invisibility, thought Derek.

Juliana smiled. "I thought it might be best to check in on you two before you knew I'd arrived. I must say, it's fascinating to hear you talk amongst yourselves privately. It seems the last seven and a half months have given you quite a new respect for the female experience, Christina. I'd go so far as to say that the pair of you bickering and joking are the very image of a young couple made for each other. Of course, I did make you for each other, I suppose. How's the baby tonight Christina?"

Chrissy hesitantly lowered a hand to rub her swollen mound. "He's . . . settling."

"Good, we have a lot to talk about, and I don't want you distracted. I'm a bit surprised he's alone in there, though. Derek made your body very, very fertile, you know. Easy to get preggo with multiples. I suspect a pair of twins are in your future, or maybe even triplets. Or both, who knows!"

"Please Juliana, I can barely handle one baby as it is! I don't want to have any more! I don't want to be a woman at all!"

"I'm sure you'll feel differently when you have your baby in your arms, feeding her your milk as a mother should. But I suppose that's what we're here to discuss; the future, and whether the curse stays or not."

Derek nodded, his heart pounding in his chest as they finally reached this point; the crossroads of he and Christina's future. Whether they would remain together, him continuing

to delight in her new body and she becoming used to being his gorgeous partner, or whether they would part as friends once more, this strange period of their lives relegated to a dream.

“Ah, Eliza, how wonderful to have you serving us!”

“Hiya Pauline! Didn’t realise you knew these two.”

The large bosom of Eliza the waitress loomed into view as she leaned over to take away their glasses. Derek marvelled at the uniform top which was visibly and even audibly straining to contain her chest. Somewhere a seam gave. His gaze slowly rose up to meet her eyes, which were gazing into his with a cheeky smile which all but said ‘caught you peeking!’ She smiled and winked before rising back up, revealing Christina again opposite, her arms folded beneath her engorged breasts, and one eyebrow arching over the other in a look that also said the same thing, but much less playfully. Clearly, despite her hopes of being a man again, part of his friend was still comfortable enough as a woman to play the jealous girlfriend. It gave him hope.

Juliana smiled to his left. “Eliza, how wonderful to have you serving us! You might remember I talked about these two before.”

Eliza gave a look of confusion.

“The fun night on the town seven months ago, when I caught a jock bully and his victim and made . . . adjustments.”

The look of confusion shifted into one of complete revelation. “Oh! Oh my God! This is them!”

Juliana nodded, smiling deliciously. Christina had turned bright red at the knowledge that someone else now knew about her former-male status. Derek sympathised. In her position, he could only imagine how emasculating that would be, especially with her third-trimester figure.

Eliza bounced on the spot in excitement, and her massive chest wobbled greatly, creating diamonds of open space between the fabric to reveal what had to be a H-cup bra or larger beneath.

“I’ve been so hopeful I’d meet you guys!” she said. “I haven’t met anyone else Juliana has changed before, how crazy is it that magic is real, right? Of course, I suppose what you got was a punishment but I hope you’ve come to enjoy it, especially with that awesome figure of yours. You’re like the hottest woman ever, sis!”

Christina somehow managed to blush even deeper, drawing her arms close which only had the effect of squeezing her boobs together to reveal her deep cleavage. “Uh, thanks, I guess. I’m actually here to convince Juliana to change me back.”

“No! Really!?”

Eliza looked to Juliana, who gave a knowing nod.

“But it’s such a blessing! My life has been so amazing ever since Juliana punished my co-worker and helped me with my body anxiety. Do you know what she did?”

“Juliana told us,” Derek replied. “She said your co-worker got turned into, well, into –“ He sort of nodded in the general direction of that which could not be hidden. Eliza’s smile sparkled.

“You mean my tits?” she said, just loud enough for nearby patrons to potentially hear. “Aren’t they great? I used to be flat as a board and Harold always bullied me for it, but now he’s doing a great job of making me a full woman, aren’t you Harold? Yes, you are!” She groped her tits and wobbled them, and perhaps it was Derek’s imagination, but they seemed to jiggle a little longer than they perhaps should have. Like there was a lingering mind in there protesting his treatment . . .

“I’d better get a move on before the boss comes down on me. Lovely to meet you Christina, Derek. I truly hope you stay as you are and learn to appreciate what you have! I’m so jealous of you having a baby. I still haven’t found the right man, except for this guy.” She bounced her chest again. “But we’ll find one, won’t we Harold?”

Another jiggle in response.

“Umm, did he just do that?” Christina asked in surprise.

She gave that pixie grin again. “Yep. He’s protesting. He knows that if I ever get knocked up he’ll be the one getting all sore and big and doing a lot of heavy lifting after that. And you wouldn’t like that, would you Harold?” At this she gave her tits a general wobble that seemed to take a while to subside again. “But too bad. You’re stuck to me for life, and I will totally be a mommy one day, just like you Christina!”

“I’m glad you’re enjoying it Eliza. How marvellous,” Juliana said, “though I’m sure Harold will become used to his new position, in time, won’t he, Christina?”

Christina blushed. “Maybe he deserves to be free. Hasn’t he been humiliated enough?”

Eliza frowned. “Harold was pretty damn bad to me, Christina. Real bad. This is his punishment, but it’s also a new start for him, even if he refuses to accept it. No, I don’t care if you agree with her. No, even if she does turn back that doesn’t mean there’s a chance for you.”

It took Derek and Christina a moment to realise she wasn’t talking to Chriss anymore, but instead putting her hands on her hips and directed an annoyed look directly at her own bust. Clearly, Harold was ‘talking’ to her.

“Now shush, it’s rude to interrupt,” she said, slapping her chest lightly. She looked up, and smiled sheepishly. “Sorry guys, still getting used to him always talking to my brain. But I sure wouldn’t have it any other way. Now I’m never alone, and I’ve got someone to share all

my fun with.” She gave a cheeky grin, biting her lip. “Well, I’d better be off. Tables to wait, and boob-thoughts to filter.”

“Lovely to see you Eliza,” Juliana said.

“Bye everyone!” she said, adjusting her top once more, and moving on to her next table, where a set of eyes once again failed to meet hers. From her body language and joyous grin, Derek imagined she didn’t mind one iota. Christina, on the other hand, looked confused and dazed, perhaps astounded that someone could possibly grow to enjoy a body changed against their will. In her mind, Derek supposed, she was Harold in this comparison, not Eliza. He was proved right when she went on to voice that same thought out loud, pleading with Christina to be changed back.

“I’ve learned my lesson, I really have. And if I have to have this baby then so be it, but when I’m not pregnant you can change me back, right? Heck, you can give my baby to Eliza, I’m sure she’d love it!”

Juliana pressed her fingers together, and Derek’s heart skipped a beat. He needed to make his statement, but he didn’t want to interrupt this vengeful witch.

“You seem sincere,” Juliana said, “but how do I really know you’re not just saying what I want to hear, Christina? After all, you were the one who showed such interest in what women looked like, how they looked, what they could do for you. And now here you are, a submissive girl with big tits and wide baby-making hips. A woman who can give your ‘friend’ all the kids he wants. Isn’t that right, Christina?”

“Well, yeah, and now I know what it’s like, so –”

“But while it gave me great pleasure to turn your frat-bro friend or bully or whatever into your perfect submissive woman Derek, the curse I gave was also about you. I can’t stand bullying, as you know since you met Ella. It was important to me not just that Christina was punished, to feel what it was like to be one of the sluts she was chasing that night, but also that you got what you wanted. Think of it as a fellow victim showing you some sympathy. And yes, he was your bully, whether you admit it or not. Maybe not as bad as I thought she was, but the kind of friend who always tries to win, to dominate, to be the ‘bigger man.’ We both know this. So tell me Derek, knowing all that, the only question that really matters is the one I give to you now: does she make you happy? I’ll know if you are lying.”

It was now or never. Things were turning south, and this was his moment to at least make his feelings known.

“She does,” he admitted. “I . . . love her.”

Christina gasped, turning her bright green eyes toward him.

“You . . . love me?”

“It’s true, Christina. I’m madly in love with you. I’m sorry, I know part of you wants to be a guy again-“

“A big part!”

“-but you’re just so perfect to me. We’re so perfect together. And I can’t let you change back without at least hearing me say it. Or seeing me do this.”

He rose from the table and went down on one knee before his friend. Now it was Juliana’s turn to gasp. Christina’s eyes could not go much wider, but she covered her open jaw with her hand in a wonderfully stereotypical look of female shock as he brought forth the ring box. Someone a few tables over grinned with delight, and soon the eyes of the restaurant were turning to them as he spoke.

“Christina, I know you’ve been uncertain about so many things. About the new you, about the baby, about how our relationship has changed from friends to something more. I know so much of you is hesitant to accept these changes that have been going on, and I’ve struggled with some of that too, but I have grown to love you as something so much more as a friend; as a lover, as a girlfriend, as the mother of my child. I want to embrace that future Chrissy, and I want us to do that together. No looking back, just forward. You and me for the rest of our lives.

Christina, will you do me the pleasure of becoming my wife?”

Chrissy blinked back tears of confusion, but it was the compulsions of her new submissive self that answered. A shift in her behaviour that indicated the curse was in control. Derek had expected this. He merely wanted to express his feelings and make his proposal known.

“*Yes, oh my God yes! Of course I’ll marry you Derek!*” she said, wiping away stray tears. She rose with some difficulty from her seat and Derek stood up to meet her, pressing his lips lovingly against hers, the two of them together, eyes closed in this moment of intimacy. They were cheered on by the surrounding audience of the restaurant. The roundness of her belly pressed firmly against his crotch, and they held the pose together for nearly half a minute, lips locked, his hand clenched around the softness of her ginger hair. Finally they parted, to more cheering, and an astonished Juliana clapping. She smirked as Christina extended a petite hand out and Derek slipped on the engagement ring carefully. They kissed one more time and then were seated again, and just like that the moment he’d spent weeks anticipating was all over, and he felt somewhat dizzy. Christina was gazing intently at her ring, exchanging a shocked look with Juliana, back to him, back to the ring again. She mouthed a single word with her perfect, pouty lips: ‘*Curse?*’

“No, Christina, no curse. I meant every word,” Derek said sheepishly. “I’m sorry, but I couldn’t let you go back to being a man without at least hearing me saying, and me having the moment of hearing you say yes.”

She shrank back into her seat, and as she often did these days when she was anxious, she placed one hand on the underside of her swollen globe and rubbed the surface of it with her other.

"I want to spend my life with you, Christina. What Juliana," and he nodded in her smiling direction as he spoke, "gave you, it's a gift. For both of us. I'm a more confident man than I've ever been, and you've lost a heap of what used to make you kind of a dick. We've both become better! I've learned so much about being the man I should be with you at my side, and while you're not so much of a bully to me now, it's not like you've changed too much. You're still my best friend, only now you can be my wife too, and a mother. How many guys have experienced that? I know there's a lot to get used to and it can be embarrassing for you, but I know we can make it work. We have the rest of our lives to make it work, Christina. I want you to stay a woman."

There was a long pause of shock before Juliana interjected. "A wonderful speech Derek, and my, what an interesting turn of events! Anything to say Christina?"

His friend's eyes were leaking tears now. Juliana handed her a tissue. "These damn preggo hormones," Chriss complained. "Ughh, now the baby's doing somersaults in me too." Otherwise she said nothing, just continued rubbing her stomach, unaware of the wobbles of her chest in her maternity dress top as she did so.

"Well?" Juliana said.

Both of them could see that Christina was clearly struggling to overcome the pre-programmed response of her magic. Her mouth continued to move, words never quite coming out. Finally, the curse won out.

"No, I don't want to stay like this," she managed out, but then continued, "I want *more*. I want to have *more babies* with you Derek, *more lovely dresses and dates*. I want to be even *more of a woman, for you*." She practically purred the last part, voice sultry and needy.

Derek could see the pain in her eyes, the man screaming from within to say anything but. A part of him felt incredibly guilty, but another part that had grown increasingly bigger over the past seven months following his friend's change could no longer care. It just wanted its perfect woman. The 'perfect ten' as Chris would have described her; a woman with nice heavy tits and wide hips and an amazing ass. A woman who would give him kids, like the one she was currently heavily pregnant with. And if that meant his friend would just have to accept this life and get used to being his hot, horny, busty, submissive wife, then so be it.

"I'm so glad to hear you say that Christina. I'll give you everything you want, you'll see. In time, you'll forget you ever wanted to be a man again."

Juliana clapped. "Wonderful! I guess that sorts it all out. You know Christina, I was actually considering changing you back. After you had the baby of course. But this looks to

me to be a far happier ending. As I said, this curse was for Derek, with a little punishment for your chauvinism thrown in. I wanted Derek to be happy, like I became thanks to magic. As for your Christina, like Ella and Harold, you'll just have to accept your circumstances Christina, especially since Derek here is clearly in love with the brand new female you."

"But," Chrissy said, tears still on her cheeks, but she was cut off by Eliza's excited approach, with her great wobbling chest.

"Oh my God! I can't believe I got to see that! I'm so happy for you too. When are you getting married?"

"Before the baby comes," Juliana said, and all three heads turned to her. "What? It's my curse, I get to decide the conditions, and I want to make sure your beautiful little boy," and here she leaned over to rub Chrissy's stomach through the red material of her dress, "is born to a loving husband and wife."

"Wha - but I don't . . . I can't . . ."

Christina was flabbergasted. Derek could tell things were moving much too fast for his friend, especially now that her hopes of being transformed back had flickered away.

"Don't worry your pretty head Christina. I'll organise everything." Juliana was clearly enjoying this.

Christina rubbed her stomach, breathing heavily so that her perfect teardrop breasts heaved upon her chest. Eliza leaned over and gave the poor former male a happy hug.

"I'm so excited for you! Isn't Juliana great?"

Part 8: Forever Female

Christina cried in orgasm as Derek shot his load deep into her depths. The two of them lay entwined on their hotel bed, on their sides. Once more, Christina had worn a sexy French maid costume: a special 'thanks' for the proposal, complete with a phoney French accent that nevertheless drove him wild. She'd bent over to 'clean' the bed as he fucked her from behind, gasping as he entered her over and over again. It was one of the few positions they could still maintain these days. As per usual, the curse made them cuddle up afterwards, him playing with her heavy, engorged breasts and tracing circles with her finger over her gravid stomach.

"Good?" he asked.

She turned her neck and arched her back to face him.

"Why do you always ask that, Derek? Mhm, you know it was good. Sooo good," she breathed sensually. She gave him a passionate kiss.

He knew that last part was the curse but right now he was on cloud nine and couldn't care less. She gave a sweet soprano sigh as she rested back against him.

"You suck man," she eventually said. "We came all this way to change me back, and now I'm stuck as this preggo bitch for the rest of my life."

"I know Chrissy, it's not fair. But I just love you too much babe. But you always put me down for not getting a girl, and now I have the opportunity to have one. If you were in my position you wouldn't even think twice about keeping me as your perfect girl."

"Then why don't you go ask Juliana and see what it's like having to be engaged to your former best friend and suck his cock, and feel his baby growing inside you. Fuck, I can't believe this is it! This is me now. All this time I was holding out for the hope of changing back, now I don't even have that. I'm gonna have to give birth, dude. Go through contractions and breathe and push and all that shit all while everyone tells me to be okay with it. I'm gonna be a fucking mom. I'm only twenty four years old and I'm going to have a baby boy sucking on my big, heavy tits. With my best friend as the dad. This is so fucking insane."

Derek patiently rubbed her back as his friend let it all out. He knew this was necessary. He had stabbed his bro – figuratively speaking – in the back. Because of his timely proposal, Derek had ensured that Christina would spend the rest of her life as his hot, baby-making wife.

"This is what you want me as," she complained bitterly.

"God, yes," he said, unable to hold in his desire for her. "You have no idea Chrissy. I want to spend the rest of our lives fucking your brains out." He rubbed his hand over the taut round dome of her stomach. "This is only the start. God, I'm going to put so many babies in you. I know in time you'll come to love being my wife and the mother of my children. You're all I ever wanted."

"But what about what I want, dude?"

"A part of you *does* want this! I've heard you moan when we have sex, and you and I have had so much fun. I've seen you smile as our little baby kicks. It's too late to go back. It's not worth thinking about. Would you rather be like Harold? Or Ella? You still get to live an ordinary life. Hell, a better-than-ordinary life! You have the body of a supermodel, everyone looks when you walk past. You have no idea how lucky you are to be a woman who looks like you do. God you're a fucking turn-on. And you'll always have me by your side, always be loved, always have me inside of you . . ."

He slipped his fingers into her moist depths, and found them already slightly wet. She moaned slightly, and his penis began to harden against her backside.

"Sex as a . . . preggo bitch wife . . . having to put up with – mhmm . . . put up with having your big cock inside me. Not . . . oohh . . . what I wanted."

He slipped his fingers inside further, began to massage her breast while holding her tightly against him. His friend's defences were weakening, he knew.

"Don't play pretend, Chrissy. After eight months of us going at it like rabbits, of me hearing you cry out in that gorgeous sweet voice of yours when I cum in you, don't pretend you don't enjoy it. I know you get multiples each time. "

He leaned in and whispered in her ear, savouring her clenched eyes as she was subjected to the pleasure he was giving her. "And I intend to fill you with multiples too, Chrissy." He ran his hand over her taut belly for emphasis. "I got sick of fighting this months ago. You were only just beginning to show when I first decided I didn't ever want you to go back to just being my alpha male jock friend. You're going to be my submissive, sexy wife Chrissy, and you're going to feel your husband cum in you every day for the rest of your life. And I know you're going to love it, even if you can't admit it yet"

"Noooo," she moaned as he teased her perfect tits.

"Don't pretend you don't want this," he continued, rubbing her clit, "you've had nearly eight months to admit you love my cock in you."

Her body spasmed against his. "Oooh Derek, I can't stand it."

"Don't lie."

"No, I can't stand waiting. Oooh, I needeed you inside meeee! I need you to fuck your perfect little French Maid!"

Her voice dovetailed back into her cute French accent as she resumed the role of sexy maid. She was practically leaking she was so wet, and his own large member was rock hard with anticipation between her cheeks. She lifted her leg sideways with astounding flexibility, providing entrance to her juicy opening. He clenched her breasts and felt the milk spill from her nipples and run in small rivulets down onto the bed. She groaned in mixed pain, pleasure, discomfort and release. She looked to him with sensual, half-lidded eyes full of hunger and desperation . . . and caged anger.

"Fuck me like your dream girl, *mon ami*" she whispered softly. He traced his finger over her engorged nipples and savoured the way she moaned in response, her breasts bobbing with every motion. She was so full, so perfectly round and fertile. He could feel – could see! – their child moving in her womb, pushing at the edges of it. She gritted her teeth as it turned within her. It was nearly impossible to imagine this gorgeous, oh-so-pregnant woman in front of him was once his chauvinistic best friend.

She made a gentle 'aaah . . . ahhhh' noise as he entered her, sliding the full length of his member into her warm slit. She encouraged it, already rocking her hips as much as her overwhelmed body could, drawing out every moment of satisfaction of his girth pressing against her passage. But it wasn't working too well. Her belly, as sexy as it was, also presented an obstacle.

“Mmhhh, we can’t, *monsieur*. I’m too big. We should stop.”

“Not a chance.”

But she was already shifting against her will, pulling herself awkwardly to her feet after entangling from him, and motioning for him to lie down. With her distended abdomen waving in his face, he had no choice. God, she looked so perfect. So beautiful and full with his child, and with nearly two months still to go. He lay down, and helped her align to him as she sat down upon his waist, her back to him. He grunted slightly as he felt her heft upon his pelvis. His friend had certainly put on baby weight.

“I – oohh – hope that hurt, *mon ami*.”

He placed his hands on her hips, and together they began to move in synchronisation, his dick pushing further into her depths as she began to moan wildly.

“It’s worth every moment, Christina. Stop pretending you don’t enjoy it when I do this.”

He thrust his member into her pussy, then out again, letting the tip exit her before entering completely again. She squealed and moaned, incapable of stopping herself from expressing her joy. Her breasts wobbled as they continued. He played with her nipples as he felt the pressure building.

“I’m about to come, Chrissy! I love you so much!”

“I didn’t. Want. This. Derek. But I need. Your. Cum! OHHHH!!!”

He tightened, and felt his seed burst from his member and pour deep into her cunt. She moaned in orgasm, mirroring his pleasure and shaking involuntarily. They held that position for what seemed like minutes as his semen continued to pump into her, until finally he helped hoist her bloated body off of his, and she waddled to the bathroom clutching her back, the pearly fluid leaking down her thigh. He just laid back, hands under his head, and admired her bouncing posterior as she moved, disbelieving his good fortune that this woman was now his submissive girlfriend and soon-to-be wife for life, whether she wanted it or not. They beat their record of orgasms that night, the pair of them. He was simply too turned on by the prospect of the woman who was now his, and savoured every moment of lust with her. Eventually they had to clean up, and she waddled off to the bathroom to clean herself again, complaining that this was her fate in her sweet feminine voice. As usual for her in this late stage of pregnancy, she fell to sleep on her side, one hand resting over her rounded stomach.

Derek spooned her, his arm over hers, and for a long time he simply watched her sleep, so peaceful in her dreams compared to her rugged refusal to accept her new form and responsibilities in the waking world. She tossed and turned slightly in response to their baby boy shifting in her womb.

“It’s okay Christina,” Derek whispered, making sure not to wake her, “It’ll take time, I know, but you’ll come to love being a mother. It’s like Juliana said. We’re going to have a big family together, and I can’t wait to watch you raise our sons and daughters.”

In his mind, he could just imagine their future; he and Christina in their thirties, getting the house ready for Christmas morning, their three sons and three daughters in various stages of waking. She would be in a gorgeous elf costume, the hem at mid-thigh, and a short vest top that showed off her fabulous cleavage. And there would be a slight bump on her stomach, just barely noticeable, where she would already be growing their next child. She had long accepted her role in this dream, had stopped resisting and finally embraced her new body and slowly taken delight in being able to show off her wondrous curves. It had taken time, but she had fallen in love with Derek, and found joy in being his wife and the plentiful mother of his children.

Derek went to sleep with that thought in his mind. He hoped some version of it might come true.

It was over a week before Christina began talking to him properly again. The trip back was much quicker, thanks to Juliana paying not only for a plane fare, but also the transport of their car back through a moving company. Which put them right back at square one, back at ‘their’ place.

His friend was infuriated, and even Derek admitted she was right in being so, at losing her one chance to end the curse. She was trapped as his pregnant girlfriend – now fiancée – with no chance to go back now that Juliana had set her mind to this being their future. Derek no longer showed any regret, though he did feel a little, but it was important to show Christina that this was the new ‘normal’ for them, and that they both might as well accept it. She couldn’t do anything to truly fight him; the curse made sure she was his perfect fiancée, and she was helpless when it came to his constant need for her to provide him with sex, a gorgeous sight, and perfect company.

So instead she fought back in small, subtle ways. Small comments she could get away with that nibbled and nipped at his decision to have her remain a woman. He experienced a number of these over the following days:

“So fucking exhausted this morning, Derek. Your baby won’t stop moving in me. So thanks for that.”

“Man, I can see why you struggled to get girls. You’re a damn selfish lover, dude.”

“Wow, so apparently today I’m wearing a dress that basically shows off my whole bump while lifting my tits up to my eye level. Real mature sensibilities there, Derek. Totally original. I especially like how I’ve got side boob *and* underboob at the same time!”

“Why do I get the feeling that I’m going to be the one doing all the work raising our kids? God knows, just because I’m not an amazing cook doesn’t mean you can’t pitch in!”

“Wow, even in my third trimester you want me to dress up as a sexy Starfire again!”

And so on. Truth be told some of it bothered him a little, but her voice was so sweet and purry it was hard to take what she was saying seriously, especially since the curse made her apologise for it all and beg for his *‘nice big cock’* when he inevitably became turned on and couldn’t help but fuck her.

Despite her efforts, she was on the losing battle on that front, but she had others. She often found excuses to pee at inconvenient moments, waddling with her hands on her sore back to the bathroom when food needed to be served, or a film to be watched, or when they were headed for an appointment or date. Her pregnancy cravings for particular cheeses or expensive toppings increased, and when Derek was absent she made sure to practically empty the kitchen of the best leftovers. The last was hamstrung a bit by the curse’s refusal to let her become fat by any other means but pregnancy, and so Derek once caught the amusing sight of her struggling to consume another box of biscuits only for some invisible force to come between her and the packet, much to her frustration.

Her own demands for care also increased. Her ankles were sore and needed massaging, her shoulders too since her boobs had gone up another cup size. No longer able to bend down and pick things off the floor, it increasingly instead became Derek’s duty to clean up after the transformed mother-to-be on top of working long hours for some extra money, which was becoming a more and more lucrative thankfully.

In the end it became annoying enough that an ultimatum had to be set. He sat Christina down on the couch one morning and placed himself opposite her.

“I know what you’re trying to do, Christina.”

“Good,” she said haughtily. Or at least tried to. It sounded more sweet than that.

“You’re trying to punish me, and perhaps maybe I deserve it. But you have to accept this life. There’s no going back now. You’re stuck, and in a bit over a month your water is going to break and you’re going to give birth, Christina. And become a mom. It’s going to be painful, and beautiful, and afterwards you’re going to breastfeed our boy and be the perfect wife and mummy. You know nothing can stop that.”

She frowned. “I know, but it’s not fair. And you played a part in doing this to me.”

He kissed her, and she didn’t resist. Perhaps she couldn’t. “I did, and I am sorry. But you know what? You were a bad friend. You were, don’t deny it. You claimed to be my wingman, but you didn’t really help me. You just used me. You used me all the time to make

yourself feel bigger and stronger. You did. So now it's done. We can both be better people. The best you can do is at least try to accept this life. If not for me, then for our son." At that he rubbed her taut, rounded dome. "I'll leave you to think about it."

He left her to her thoughts, and the child growing within her.

In the following days, they began to talk again, largely about the pregnancy and the fact that she had to deliver his child, and complaining about the way their baby boy kept kicking the wind out of her.

"My bump has definitely gotten way bigger in the last month," she complained, rubbing her immense stomach. "I'm just so tired all the time now, and my boobs are getting sore again."

"I thought it was just my imagination that you'd gone up another cup size," Derek commented, admiring his friend-turned-fiancée's increased bust.

She lifted them in her bra and let them wobble. They were slightly cussing over the edge of the already-sizeable H-cup bra she sported. "Nope, they're definitely bigger dude. I can feel the increased weight. A couple more weeks and I'll be giving Eliza a run for her money, if I'm not already."

He coughed, half-chuckling at the thought of it. "I sure wouldn't mind."

"Yeah of course you wouldn't. You don't have to have them hanging off you. They're heavy, and the bigger they get, the more they always wobble and constantly move. I literally can't *not* have cleavage, and they spill over my arms when I'm lying on my back. Not that I can with the weight of this damn belly. You have no idea how weird it is to go from people looking at your eyes when you're talking to them to them. Always checking out your chest. I have to remind guys that my eyes are up here enough already."

At that very moment, Derek's own eyes were gazing at her deep and alluring cleavage. He heard her give a petite cough, and looked up to see her pouting cutely in annoyance, one eyebrow raised.

"Exhibit fucking A," she said, before breathing heavily.

"Sorry. It's just . . . they are a seriously perfect set of tits."

"Yeah, fucking huge, too."

"Pretty nice though."

She chuckled, lifting them up with her hands, letting them overwhelm her palms. "Yeah, pretty fucking nice, even if they are like the only thing people notice, apart from the other thing." Derek could see her stomach shifting, a point pressing outwards. "Your son keeps turning in me, Derek. He's pressing hard on my bladder."

“Our son Christina, it’s your womb he’s occupying.”

“God, I have womb. And yeah, and don’t you forget it; I’m doing all the hard work here.” She rubbed her rounded abdomen, looking very tired, and Derek smiled sympathetically at what a maternal figure his friend had become. *The first of many, but this will be her hardest*, he thought idly. After hearing Christina’s complaints, he had a new respect for women willing to go through pregnancy, and even more so for his friend enduring an unwilling pregnancy. He embraced her, and let her lie against him as he rubbed her sore back and shoulders, occasionally sparing a hand to caress her swollen middle. She sighed contentedly at his ministrations, and it felt like another one of those intimate moments, like when the baby first kicked.

“Christina,” he said, kissing her shoulder lightly, “it won’t be long till the baby comes.”

“Oof, don’t remind me.”

He knew his friend had a fear of that, of pushing a living being out through her feminine opening.

“You’ll do well babe, I know, but that’s not what I’m talking about. I was thinking . . . we’re engaged, and Juliana says we’re going to get married, so why don’t we do it?”

She turned to him awkwardly, gripping her middle, her half-lidded eyes opening fully. “You mean, like, wedding dresses and venues and planning it all out? Making it official now that this is my life? Our lives?” She caressed her swollen stomach.

“Absolutely,” he said. “Why wait? We have so much to look forward to, and I think for your sake if we lean into the inevitabilities we can at least control them to an extent, and then make our lives our own.”

He could see the flash of annoyance in her gaze, followed by a deeper thought. She wiped her teary face and was silent. The subject seemed to die in it.

“Hey,” Christina said, breaking it after thirty seconds or so, “will I be a good mom? You know, since I no longer have a choice not to be?”

He pulled her toward him, placing a hand around her waist and pressing her large belly against him. Derek stared into her emerald green eyes. He bent down, kissing her deeply and probing her mouth with his tongue. She moaned gently in response. They parted.

“Chrissy, you may have been a flawed friend, but I know you’ll be an amazing mom.”

“Really?”

“Really.”

“Then okay,” she said.

“Okay what?”

She sighed, as if finally saying something she’d been mulling over for days. She gestured to her curvaceous pregnant body. “Okay, I’ll be your submissive, sexy, big-titted wife, dude. If we’re going to raise kids together then that’s what I’ll have to be. I’ll be the best

mom ever, and get my body back in shape after I've birthed this little sucker. I'll let you knock me up with as many kids as you want and wake you up with a blowjob each morning even when I'm nine months pregnant and my ankles are all sore. Cause I'll have to, but I'll do it willingly too. I'll moan and squeal like a total bimbo every time you cum in me, and I'll keep wearing outfits that show off my enormous rack and wide, baby-making hips. Not to mention this crazy ass. Look, I'm saying I'll be your ideal mate Derek, hanging off your arm for the rest of my life and making every guy within sight jealous of you for having me."

He looked at her in wonder. "You'd do that for me?"

She held up a hand before he could embrace her again. "Wait, I'm not done. I'll do all that, even dress up in all those sexy costumes and give you those titty jobs you love. But, I want a few things in return."

"Goddamn, those titty jobs were good. Um, I mean yes, of course! Anything, Chrissy. What do you want?"

She smirked, adjusted herself, showing only a brief concern to her boobs as she had to adjust her top to stop them from spilling out.

"Hang on, just adjusting. Women problems, you wouldn't understand."

She was enjoying delaying it out, but Derek was desperate to find out what she wanted. "I know, I know, we just talked about your tits, they're amazing! But what do you want in exchange?"

She finished adjusting, looked at him seriously, and began counting on her fingers. "Comfort. Security. Insurance. You're going to have to work damn hard up the ladder if you're going to support all the kids I'll be pushing out for you, because I'm certainly not going to be working, except to breastfeed and help raise all the kids you're going to be putting in me. Oh, and I do expect you to be a present father. I know you will be, but still you gotta be. Or I'll go crazy like some Stepford Wife or whatever. I also want you to go down on me from time to time. I get that this body is hella fine and you want me to suck your cock or let you come in my pussy all the time, but at least give me this. I'll make sure it's worth your while and I'll always finish you afterwards."

She was going a deep shade of red, and Derek could tell she had been trying to work up the courage to say this for the entire week . . . maybe even longer, it was possible.

"Just . . . treat me right, is what I'm asking. I'm stuck as your ideal mate, well fine, but now you need to be my ideal mate too. Help me come to like you . . . in that way. Love, I mean. So maybe I can like being a woman too. Maybe even . . . um, I guess . . . being pregnant. I don't know."

She was looking at the floor by this point, and tracing little circles around her popped belly button with her finger.

"Are you saying that you'll marry me?"

His friend rolled his eyes. "I'm going to have to anyway. Curse, remember? But yeah dude, I'll marry you. Be your sexy, busty wifey. Be on your arm looking hot and all that. Wear white and walk down the aisle: that part will be fucking weird, for sure. But at least this way I get some agency in it."

"Then let's get married as soon as we can!" he declared, leading to her shocked expression.

"What, with me looking like this?"

She gestured to her pregnant form.

"Nothing else about this relationship is normal, so why wait? Plenty of women get married while pregnant these days. Besides, you'll look amazing regardless."

"Yeah, because I always wanted to be married in a white dress one day. Dear God, what am I getting myself into," she moaned.

He embraced her, kissed her deeply, and her tenseness seemed to evaporate as she gave in. He placed his hands on her face. "God, I love you Chrissy. I'm going to treat you right, I promise. We're going to make a beautiful, big family together as husband and wife." His hand ran down her belly and she batted it away.

"Fuck dude, let me have this one first! I'm still trying to come to terms with the fact that I'm going to have to give birth just the one time, let alone like *four!*"

"Yeah," he said awkwardly, "sure. Four."

She groaned dramatically. "Oh God, more than four!? Dude, it's frickin' terrifying that I'll have to lie back and actually push a living human being – one you put there - out of this vagina I've now got. Let me get past that hurdle before telling me about how many more I'll have to be knocked up with."

"I'm sorry, I'm just so excited."

She smirked a little. "Well, at the very least, I'm excited to meet our little boy. Not the birth thing. Not the whole 'being a trophy wife for life' thing. But him, yeah. I bet he's excited to meet his dad."

"And his mom."

"Yeah, *mom*. That'll take some getting used to. I'll be a mom. At least I'll be a hot mom. With big tits to play with when I'm bored."

"Thanks Chrissy. For what it's worth, you're going to be a wonderful mom."

"Of course I will," she grumbled. "I'm your perfect fantasy woman, and that would include being a mom. Ugh, I can't believe I ended up here. Did you ever in your wildest dreams imagine that your buddy Chris would end up becoming your buxom redhead wife?" He placed an arm over her smooth shoulders and drew her closer to him. She didn't resist.

"I can't say I did Christina, but I'm definitely happy with the results. One day you will be too."

She placed a hand over his, so that they both caressed her belly. "I sure hope so," she sighed. "Being a woman is fucking hard, dude."

He kissed the softness of her neck. "But think of the rewards," he whispered in her ear. She moaned, and soon they were at it once again.

Part 9: The Wedding

It was the day of the wedding and Christina was well into her final month of pregnancy, her due date just around the corner. It was a small affair, with just a few witnesses and family members. Christina's family were there in small numbers, which only made her more irritated. She'd never been close to her family as a man, but now they had to see her blown up like a blimp and dolled up like a bimbo, with her cleavage perfectly displayed in her dress. She knew they had never approved of her alpha male girl-chasing life, and they *certainly* wouldn't approve of her now. At least she was getting married: that would be a good first step in their minds.

Derek got the sense that his wife-to-be would have liked having the option to not invite them. Certainly there was the added humiliation that as Christina she was now far more attractive and 'model'-like than her sister would ever be, an irony that was not lost on her. Derek's family was much more excited, utterly joyful that "you two finally got together," in this new world where Chrissy had always been a woman. There were also some interloped, ones that neither Derek nor Christina had counted on being at their wedding: Pauline and Eliza, who served as Christina's maid-of-honour and bridesmaid respectively. The latter drew the eye of Derek's three groomsmen buddies, each looking to her cleavage which strained the fabric of her dress to bursting point. Derek couldn't imagine Harold was comfortable in there, pressed in as his boob-flesh was. No doubt the poor man had a lifetime to get used to being a buxom set of breasts straining against whatever fabric Eliza chose to wear on any particular day. Derek could only hope, knowing that Harold could see through her eyes and hear through her ears, that he might even come to relish the look of attention he received. Certainly his groomsman Matt was giving a bachelor's smirk at Eliza, and she was returning it with a flirty wink and following up by sticking out her chest even further. Whether Harold wanted it or not, a man would be groping him once the ceremony was over.

Finally, after the two bridesmaids had taken their spots, she entered. Christina looked absolutely gorgeous in her wedding dress, her swollen middle only enhancing her loveliness. She shuffled forwards in that traditional bride's step, managing to avoid her maternal waddle,

her dress flowing behind her across the green. She was magnificent in white, almost pure were it not for their nightly and morning activities. Her large breasts were pushed up into tantalising cleavage, her perfect shoulders bare, her red rivulets of hair clasped back to the side to reveal her soft neck, exactly like when she had first become a woman, all those months ago.

Juliana stopped to whisper something to her, which made her pause before continuing. She took her place beside him, staring up at him, one hand nervously clutching at her side, the other placed over her pregnant abdomen. She gave an embarrassed smile and tried to look anywhere but him, before finally returning his gaze. He had never seen anything so beautiful.

“You look gorgeous,” he whispered to her.

She bit her lip, the tell-tale sign of his friend trying to cover up her clear enjoyment, reluctant as it may be.

“God, this is embarrassing, Derek.”

“What did Juliana say?”

She looked to her side, and Juliana smiled and nodded in affirmation.

“She said, ‘make him happy, Christina.’ Like she was actually happy for us.” Derek looked to Juliana, who continued to grin.

‘Thank you,’ he mouthed to her. She nodded again, before getting down to adjust Christina’s dress.

Finally the wedding ceremony began, and the officiant began to speak. He told of their supposedly magical relationship (*You have no idea*, thought Derek, and he could see Christina smirking in response to that as well), of the way they had connected, of the family they were looking to start. He prayed they would be a fruitful couple (Juliana held back a laugh at that, which made Christina blush again), and that they would be together for the rest of their lives. A couple of times Chriss fidgeted and touched her belly. Derek could recognise when their son was being a little active in her womb and now was apparently one of those times.

Finally one of Derek’s mates retrieved the ring, and he slipped it over his former friend and soon-to-be wife’s finger.

“Do you Derek, take Christina Langfeld to be your wife?”

“I do,” he said, staring at her lovingly.

“And do you Christina, take Derek Marin to be your husband?”

For a moment the world seemed to freeze as Christina paused, then finally she replied. “Sorry everyone, the baby was kicking! Yes, I do!”

The audience laughed.

“Then I now pronounce you husband and wife. You may now kiss the bride.”

Derek pulled his new wife toward him and kissed her deeply, running his fingers through her perfect red hair and running his other hand across the small of her back. They held like that for a while, and finally broke to whooping cheers and celebrations.

Christina looked simultaneously humiliated and relieved.

“Well, I can finally breathe again, at least,” she admitted. “It’s finally over.”

“No, I think it’s just begun,” Derek said, pecking on her blushing cheek.

The wedding party photos took a couple of hours, and greatly exhausted Christina, who was not only burdened with her near-full-term pregnancy, but also with the weight of being the one in the white dress around whom everyone continued to crowd. Many photos and shots were taken of seemingly infinite combinations. With the exception of a few groomsmen shots, nearly all involved her in some way.

“After all,” Derek reminded her, “it’s the bride that it’s all really about.”

Which meant that several shots had her and her two bridesmaids Pauline and Eliza together, one woman who had caused Christina’s current life alteration and the other of whom was a continual reminder of a much worse curse she could have received. But no matter what, she always looked perfect in the photos; a stunning, glowing mother who was now also a wife. Though she also had to endure the photographer demands:

“Oooh, now one with you holding the bump! And now one with the girls with their hands on your bump. And maybe one with all three of you hugging to the side, so we can see how big she is?”

When it was finally done, Juliana drew Christina aside for another chat, while Eliza took one of Derek’s mates away and out of sight, a playful look on her features.

Christina returned a few minutes later, looking both thrilled and shocked in equal measure. For a moment Derek panicked, wondering if his new wife would turn back into his male friend again based on some deal, but he quickly realised that wasn’t the case when Juliana gave him the thumbs up from over her shoulder.

“What is it, Chrissy?” he asked.

“Juliana said she could make my *sexy hot busty bod* last a lot longer since, and I quote her Derek, ‘you’ve got to be a sexy wife to your hubbie forever now.’”

“Wait, what does that mean?”

She cosied up against him, pressing her large bosom so that her cleavage pushed to her clavicle. She bit her lip, moaned sensually.

“It means even when I’m fifty, I’m going to look like a *fucking hot, big-titted thirty year old for you, baby.*”

Derek was astonished. “Seriously? Fuck, that’s amazing! But why?”

She rolled her eyes, pulled back to indicate to herself. “Uh, *seriously*? Have you seen me lately? If I’ve got to be stuck as a total hottie of a woman, then at least I’ll get to be fucking hot for a lot longer, right? I’d rather have a set of big firm tits and a perfect ass than get all droopy and saggy when I’m older. Besides, I know you won’t complain about it, right?”

She grinned, clearly quite embarrassed, but obviously enthusiastic to hold off the aging process. Derek couldn’t say he wouldn’t make the same decision.

“Well, that was very nice of her.”

“Yeah, I guess. Looking good in bikinis for another forty years sounds pretty ace. I might even be used to it by the time I’m fifty. Of course, I only got it if I agreed to another magical enchantment on me.”

“Which is?”

She blushed as she traced a finger over the prominent stomach bulge of her wedding dress. “To have twins . . . you know, next time. I . . . uh, agreed. I guess she still doesn’t like me if it had that string attached, but at least I’ll have more energy than even your big dick has when we’re old.”

He pressed her close to him, a husband embracing his wife to all other eyes. “I told you you’re going to be a great wife, see?”

She snorted even as she buried her face in his shoulder. “Yeah, I bet you’re real upset about knowing you’ll get to knock me up with twins after I have this one.”

He smiled. “I never said that. In fact, I think you’ll look even lovelier with twins in you.”

“Yeah, right.”

Other wedding traditions continued; there was the first dance, with a crowd of onlookers peering in as Derek and Christina slow-danced together, having practised for awkward days in the lead up, much to Christina’s embarrassment. Yet now she was flawless, all elegant grace even with her maternal form, and when it ended she looked up to him and smirked.

“Nailed it,” she said, and Derek was reminded again that he was most turned on by his wife when she still sounded somewhat like his old friend.

They cut the cake together, mingled and talked with others. Eliza showed great excitement and congratulated them both, her own large bust threatened to rip open her dress, one which was already looking a little less tidy since she disappeared with a groomsman earlier. Derek saw Christina wince sympathetically at one point at Eliza’s mighty bust, and when the girl walked away his wife simply said, “yeah, know how it feels buddy. Just wait till you’re constantly making milk.”

On and on it went. Christina often retreated to a chair due to her sore ankles, or hunted the food table for hors d’oeuvres. The wedding reception and party continued into the

night until they were all exhausted. Christina was tired due to the strains on her female form, and the jostling of their soon-to-be-born son within. Speeches were given, including one from the maid-of-honour Juliana, who simply stood before the crowd and gave a short, yet very telling speech.

“Hello everyone. I’m Juliana, Chrissy’s maid-of-honour. I’m so blessed to see Christina and Derek come together in this way. I have only known them for a short time, but they have changed so much in so little time. I can honestly say – and I’m not bragging – that Derek and Christina would not be together if not for me. A chance encounter and a few words spoken outside a nightclub between us has led all the way here; with Chrissy now a beautiful bride, and with a baby soon on the way! I’ll never forget that night when it all changed for you Christina, and I know you won’t either. Whatever the past used to be is behind you, and now you have a wonderful future in front of you. Make sure you take care of Derek and be his perfect wife, as I know you will be. And I wish you a wonderful life with all your future children. I’m sure there’ll be a lot of them, from what we all know of these two!”

Laughter carried across the room. Christina groaned, placing her head in her hands. Derek laughed and put his arm around her waist.

“We all know it’s true!” Juliana finished. “A toast to Chrissy and Derek, everyone!”

The toast was given, and many clapped and cheered and whistled.

“Try to keep up with her, Derek!” someone yelled from the back, causing Chrissy groan again. “I hear she’s a *hand full!*”

“Too much!” she called back.

“That’s what Derek probably thinks, the lucky bastard!”

More drunken laughs, and Christina simply laid back in her seat, rolling her eyes.

“God, I’ve got a *whole life* of this to go, don’t I?”

“You’ll come to love it,” Derek said with a grin.

Christina and Derek retired not long after to the wedding cabin, as guests packed and left. The two of them made love, fucking with wild abandon despite their tiredness. Something about knowing she was his for life now made him all the more turned on, and she in turn orgasmed as she never had before.

“I’m your wife, Derek! I’m your w-wife now! OHhhhh! You get to f-fuck me like this forever! I’m y-yours! MMHHHMMM!!”

Finally, the two fell asleep. The following dawn signalled the beginning of their married lives.

Part 10: Christina Gives Birth

It was a regular Sunday morning, and Christina was serving up breakfast. Part of his wife still resisted her current role as domestic housewife, Derek knew, but the reality was slowly sinking in. Or bulging out, in her case. Derek eyed her pregnant form as she continued to work in the kitchen, getting the eggs ready to go with the bacon. Her large belly dominated, sitting lower than it did even last month, and extending out far further than her already extremely ample chest. Christina had not been in a good mood the last few weeks; she was now past her due date, and had not yet gone into labour. She was over forty weeks into her pregnancy, and was becoming antsy. Fearful of having to give birth, but also wanting it to be over with already.

“How are you this morning babe?” Derek asked.

She shot him a look. “Still pregnant. This baby needs to hurry up. I’m sick of dragging all this weight around. I’m tired of not being able to see my toes.”

Derek chuckled.

“What?”

“It’s just . . . every since Juliana transformed you, you haven’t been able to see your toes.” He placed his palms over his chest and gestured an imitation of a large rack.

She frowned, and it was an adorable frown. Her natural pout only enhanced her cuteness. “I’m sick of those too. Between them and this tummy I’m going to be dealing with some ridiculous back pain when I’m older. Though at least ‘older’ is going to be a lot easier for me now.”

“Easier for me too. I love that you’ll be so gorgeous for so much longer.”

She scoffed. “Oh yeah, I bet you do. You’ll be sucking on my tits for a good few decades yet, you pervert.”

They shared a friendly grin as she flipped the eggs, then waddled over to fetch them both a juice. This was a continuing part of the curse for her, stronger now that they were married. Derek would often find that after being woken with a blowjob and then going a second round with her, Christina would be forced to eventually leave their post-coital cuddle and start making breakfast. She was shaping up to be a perfect housewife and mother, whether she wanted it or not.

She loaded the last of the eggs onto the plates and brought them over. Derek stood and kissed her gently on the lips before helping her sit. Still, even after all these months, his friend remained slightly flushed and embarrassed at needing help with that.

“Think of it this way Christina,” he said as he helped her, “you’re only twenty four, and let’s face it, the new-you isn’t even that. The new you is only twenty.”

She began to eat her eggs and bacon, and gave him an eye roll and a shrug while she scoffed it down. Well, she was eating for two after all.

“I know, it’s so dumb,” she forced out after swallowing. “I’m a bloody housewife at twenty. A shotgun wedding and everything. “I’ve got like twenty five years until menopause, not that that will be a fun ride, from what I know of it.”

“I’m just saying you still have your whole life ahead of you. You won’t have to worry about back pain for a while yet, especially thanks to that last deal with Juliana. At least, other than the pregnancy kind of back pain.”

“Ugh, don’t even talk to me about that. I feel like I’m carrying a damn watermelon dude, only this watermelon kicks and makes me tired all the time.”

“At least you’re not carrying twins.”

She rolled her eyes as she swallowed more eggs and bacon. “Yeah, sure, like I’m not going to deal with that on the horizon. That witch has made me really fertile. I’ll be lucky if you don’t knock me up with triplets at some point down the line. I’m basically just a baby-making machine now that I . . .”

Derek looked up from his plate to her startled face. “You what?”

“I’m oohh . . . leaking.”

Sure enough there was the sound of dripping liquid sliding off her chair and onto the tile floor. They exchanged a look. Hers was of panic. Her face scrunched up in response to arriving pain as she clutched her stomach.

“Uugh. Oh fuck Derek, I think that was my water. I think I’m gonna have the baby!”

“Are you sure? It could be a false alarm.”

She gave him an angry glare as she clutched her rounded stomach. “I don’t know Derek, I haven’t given birth before, I never thought it would come up! But – eeeurrrgh! – this is definitely a contraction. Fuck! I still want to hate you a bit for this. Ughh - I’m going into labor!”

He stood and helped move her to the couch while she gasped. Her stomach was indeed very taut. And she was overdue . . .

A large part of him – the biggest, in fact – was thrilled to see his once-male friend, now-incredibly pregnant wife, give birth. It was the supreme feminine act, and one Christina could not recover any male dignity from. The last shred of maleness would have to go. There was no way to cling onto it while she was laying back with legs spread wide and being urged to push a child through her passage.

“We have to go to the hospital!” she cried as she tried to get into a comfortable position.

“Not yet, we have to time your contractions, remember?”

“No!”

“You didn’t read the book I got from you?”

She shook her head, looking a bit panicked. “It started showing *diagrams*, Derek, I didn’t want to look at that shit. And there’s so much that can go wrong.”

“That’s what the book is for!”

“Fine! I’m pregnant! My mood is all over the place!”

He calmed himself. “We have to time between the contractions that come, or else we’ll just be turned back from the hospital, okay?”

She grabbed his arm as he moved to get his phone to time her. “Derek, I’m pretty fucking scared, man.”

He was instantly at her side, stroking her hair. “You’ll be fine, Chrissy. Do you think Juliana would allow for the chance of danger, to you or the baby? She wants you to give birth, remember?”

She nodded, seemingly unable to form words as she came to terms with what was happening. They stayed together for some minutes, him whispering encouragement until the contractions inevitably returned.

“Oooohh - that one hurt right in my vag, there’s so much pressure,” she whined, before suffering in silence. She arched her back to compensate for the pain.

“Remember the breathing exercises, Chrissina. In, out, in, out. She looked to him and began to imitate, her forehead starting to become slick with sweat, and both hands over her taut dome it rose and fell with each breath.

“Better?”

She nodded quickly. “A little. I need to get changed. I’m not going to the hospital with all this womb gunk in my underwear. Help me up.”

He did, and continued to aid her to their room where she had a brief shower, then struggled into a maternity dress and sandals. The last she needed a lot of help with as she continued to focus on her breathing, stopping intermittently to ride out some inner discomfort.

“Aaaah, oohh, ughhh! I can’t believe this is happening to me. I was a guy. I was gonna pick up chicks, not be one! I’m meant to be fucking hotties, not having a pair of t-tits myself! Maybe one day have a family way off. Now I’m giving birth to my best friend’s son.”

“Our son,” Derek corrected as he helped her waddle back down the stairs, carrying their various things. “You’ll be fine, love. Most women go through this, and you’re more than most women.”

“Yeah, there’s a guy in here as we-ooohhh!”

He helped her down as another contraction rippled through her body. The cycle repeated for another hour before finally her contractions were close enough to justify going to the hospital.

“I’ll help you into the car, love. Let’s go have this baby!”

“Yaaaaay,” she sighed sarcastically, wincing at another stab of pain in her gut. He helped get a heavy and overburdened Christina into the front passenger seat and made sure to carefully place the seat belt around her girth. She looked gorgeous: fertile, fragile, and so beautifully fecund as she suffered at the whims of her gravid womb. She cried out several times as they travelled to the hospital, sometimes urging him to drive faster, but mostly focusing upon her breathing exercises and readying herself for the coming pain.

“Oh God, why did I agree to have twins after thiiiiissss!”

She moaned and writhed some more on the way to the hospital, and when they arrived a wheelchair was procured to take her to the delivery ward.

“Finally you can be of some use,” she said, as he stepped behind the wheelchair and pushed her along.

She was placed inside the maternity ward in a private birthing room. She was changed from her sleek maternity dress into a routine hospital gown, and when she was laid back on the bed a heartbeat monitor was attached over her stomach to monitor their child. Christina was flushed and sleek with sweat, and she looked to Derek with panic as she was instructed to raise her knees and spread her legs apart to provide access to her innermost parts. His former friend looked astonishingly humiliated she was forced to go through such a feminine event. Her body was astonishingly maternal and gravid, and she writhed on her back in response to the pains as the body she was now destined to experience for the rest of her life prepared to birth its first child. The delivery specialists found that she was dilated only six centimetres, and it would be hours before birth.

“You’re kidding me,” panted Christina, as she was rotated to her side to relax.

“We can give you an epidural to help manage the pain,” a nurse said.

Christina looked to her as if that would be the greatest relief in the world, only for her lips to state otherwise. “Thank you but no. We agreed to have a natural birth, didn’t we Derek?”

Derek nodded, instantly realising that Chrstitina’s curse was forcing this new unfolding of events.

“Are you sure?” the nurse continued. “There may come a time later when you want it and we will be unable to administer it due.”

“I’m sure,” Chriss responded, and the moment the nurse left the room to leave them together she slumped miserably and pressed at her distended womb.

“A natural birth. Just my luck I’ve got to push our baby out of my preggo body without any pain medication. These contractions are already hitting my hooch like a sledgehammer. What’s it going to be like when the baby’s actually sliding out of my pussy?”

Derek ignored the talk she was mandated to use when describing her own body. “I’m sorry Christina, I didn’t know. You’ll get through this though.”

She shifted awkwardly, and he helped her sit up so that her legs dangled over the side of the bed. The hospital gown covered much of her form, but there was no denying the large bump in the middle that was the fruit of their lovemaking nine whole months ago. She looked like she’d been put through the ringer, with the worst yet to come. Derek kissed her forehead and began to massage her shoulders. At this point in the proceedings, she didn’t ask him to stop.

“Just think, at the end of this, you’ll get to meet the baby boy you’ve been carrying all these months.”

“Believe me,” she said, eyes clenched in response to another twinge, “I’m fucking aware of it, dude. It’s what’s helping me get through this craziness.” She poked her tummy and spoke in a high-pitched mommy voice. “I want to meet you, little one. You’ve been making me feel like I weigh two hundred pounds for far too long.” She turned back to Derek. “What do you think he’ll look like?”

“I guess we’ll find out soon. I hope he has my eyes.”

A snort in reply. “Well let’s hope he gets my hair then. Yours is a mess.”

“Mine is a mess? Have you seen yourself these past couple of hours?”

Christina stopped fussing over her cramping womb in time to hear that last comment and place her hands on her soon-to-be childbearing hips. “Well I’m sorry Derek, I’m only having to put up with giving birth here from a child you put into me, on account of a curse placed upon me because of a fucking misunderstanding.”

He touched her cheek. “You’re still beautiful.”

“What – eugh! – what great compensation.”

The hours passed as Chrissy’s labour continued. Several times she needed to change position, tired of lying back the same way and feeling the contractions roll over her. Derek helped hold her against him when she was wracked by a particularly painful contract. She rested her chin on his shoulder as he held her weight against him. After three hours of labour Christina bitterly requested to go to the toilet, which Derek helped her to. He heard her weeping within, but felt she wanted her privacy in this rather confronting stage of her pregnancy, and life in general. She emerged looking more red in the cheeks and eyes, but otherwise a bit more together.

“Help me get back before another one – ahhh – comes on. He’s kicking my bladder something fierce, dude.”

Derek held up his phone. "And here we are, at ten hours into labour. She's nine centimetres dilated, nearly ready to give birth." Christina swiped at his phone in response.

"What are you doing? Are you filming me? Are you serious? You're gonna capture me giving birth? Dude, that's fucking embarrassing as hell!"

Derek shrugged as he pulled his phone out of reach. "Sorry, I should have asked babe. I just figured we should start creating memories for our precious one." He placed his hand over her very rounded middle, where her skin had become as tight as a drum.

"Besides, it's safe to say no one's ever captured an ex-man give birth on video before."

"You suck man. I can't believe I'm married to you."

Derek angled the camera low to her face. "See son, how much your mother loves me?"

She made a face. "You're gonna let our kid know I used to be a dude?"

"Maybe," Derek shrugged. "We'll talk and decide. I can always edit that line out. Are there any thoughts you'd like to share for our little guy while I'm filming, babe?"

"YES," she groaned, riding out another bout of pain coursing through her fertile form. "I hope you're a big drinker kid! Because my big tits are sooo full of milk right now and they're starting to ache!"

Derek stopped filming. "Well, that's definitely not making the cut. Do you want me to empty you out, babe?"

She shook her head, smirked a little. "No, you've got competition now; I need to feed the little one when he comes. Fuck, that's a weird image to imagine. I'm going to *breastfeed*. God, the things I say these days now I'm a woman."

"Well, your husband will be at your side for every moment while you give birth."

She sighed, and he could tell that was another sentence his old friend would never have thought he'd hear. "You're gonna make me do this again," she declared.

"I'll do everything to be the perfect husband to you for all your pregnancies. Besides, they say the first time is the hardest."

"It better be," she said with an amused grin, "next time I'm having twins."

Finally, after hours of labour, and waiting, and contractions, and complaining, and hormone-driven emotions heightened by the pain, Christina began to give birth in full. The staff and attendants were back, having confirmed that she was finally dilated to the fullest extent. Christina looked absolutely overcome; her body sweating heavily even after her recent shower, her muscles taunt as pain rippled through her form. Derek could tell that his

once-male wife was also suffering the humiliation of becoming so feminised, instructed to breath, to push, to hold, as she was waited on by several members of staff.

“It’s not fair!” she cried to no one in particular. Perhaps him. Perhaps Juliana. Perhaps God. “Why did I have to be a woman!? OOOOHHhgg!”

The birthing staff ignored that comment, even as Derek imagined a few smiles behind the masks. Clearly they were used to wild statements from women in labour. Chriss gripped his arm tighter.

“This is your fault! OOHHH! You – AAH – did this – MMHMM – to me!”

“You just need to get through this Christina. Keep pushing,” the staff said.

Derek echoed them. “You can do it, push Chrissy!”

“I am pushing, I’m trying! Goddamn it, this is what my life has become!” she screamed, spreading her legs even wider to allow the passage of their baby. Her hand clenched white into his as she gritted her teeth and moaned loudly. As she rode out the agony, so very pregnant and so very in labour with their first child, Derek was overcome with the realisation of how gorgeous his wife was. So beautifully fragile, now that her previous, athletic male form was gone. She was everything he ever wanted in a woman, and he had no more regrets that his friend was in there, struggling with her new place in the world and the fruit of her new biology.

“I can see the head!” the midwife declared.

“UUUAAARRRGHH I CAN FEEL IT! DEREK IT HURTS SO MUCH!”

“Push babe, you’re almost there! Soon you’ll have your baby boy in your arms.”

She looked to him with a sweat-soaked face, one he was currently mopping. Tears brimmed at the edge of her eyes from the ragged effort of twelve whole consecutive hours of labour.

“I CAN’T DO IT DEREK! I CAN’T!”

Derek held her hand and kissed it. He whispered in her ear. “You can Chrissy. I know you can. You want to know why? Because you’re my fantasy woman, remember? And anyone who would fit the criteria of my fantasy woman would have to be able to birth my children. That’s why I know you can do this.”

“One last push Christina!” the midwife declared. “The shoulders are nearly out!”

Christina emitted a sound that was something between a rage-filled roar and a fearful scream. Her body clenched, her legs spread wide, and finally something was pushed out from her body into the nursing staff’s waiting hands. Christina immediately sagged, panting heavily and collecting herself as the pain lessened in her body.

“It’s a healthy boy!” the doctor declared. A nurse motioned for him to see his son, and he moved to see him as he was weighed. He was beautiful, particularly as he was brought to Christina, who was holding out her hands, incredibly eager to see him despite her own

embarrassed state. She cried as he was placed on her chest for skin contact. He was purple, bruised from the birthing, and had a mop of uneven hair across his tiny face. He was the most beautiful thing Derek had ever seen, and he was filled with fatherly pride. The nurses cleaned their newborn son while Christina devoted the vestigial remains of her physical energies to pushing out the afterbirth.

She spoke almost deliriously. "Is he – is he okay? Is my baby alright?"

Her voice was so possessive, and it was another sign that whatever way he started out, whatever journey of acceptance she was still on, Christina would make a great mother.

"He's fine, he's perfectly helpful, Christina."

She nodded, tears welling in her eyes as she pulled down more of her gown to give him more skin contact. He cried gently, making strange little baby sounds as he writhed a little, settling on her chest.

"He's so . . . purple," Christina said as she clutched him. Derek snorted, and the medical staff chuckled.

"That's to be expected. He'll come right. You did well, Christina."

The small, squamous child wriggled adorably. Christina looked to Derek, then back to their child, and began to cry openly in great, feminine sobs as she held her baby boy.

"I did it," she sobbed, "oh God, he's beautiful Derek. We made this together."

She kissed him, and he held her as she was allowed some moments to hold her child before he was further cleaned.

"Oh my God, holy shit," she panted, still somewhat hysterical from the birth, but now bathed in the post-labour glow of hormone rushes calming her system. Finally, she allowed him to go to be cleaned and returned in a towel. Derek stayed with her, and soon their son came back. Then they were given some private time in their room.

"How amazing was that?" Derek asked.

"SO amazing," she said, and her response must've been genuine, as she gave a tell-tale bite of her lip when she realised what she had said. "It was so much pain, dude. So fucking much. Way, way worse than getting kicked in the balls. I've never felt anything like that."

"I remember you used to say woman who had given birth were exaggerating," Derek reminded her.

She arched an eyebrow. "Well I was wrong. A *typical male*, ha! I just did something superhuman. Something amazing."

He brushed her hair. "How do you feel?"

"Sore. Sore and tired. But better. The pain is gone, and I have my baby."

As if in response the baby began to wake and cry. Christina looked to him with confusion, clearly still settling into her role as mother. "W-what do I do?"

Derek smiled. "I think he's hungry. Remember what you said before; I've got competition now."

She rolled her eyes, then she sat up slightly with Derek's help and adjusted their son over her dark nipple. "I was giving birth, dude. I'm lucky I remember my own name at the moment. And I did that shit natural. No drugs."

"I'm proud of you."

It took a few minutes of manoeuvring, during which Christina became quite frustrated and started to become emotional in the wake of birth, but eventually their baby boy began to suckle from her. She breathed a sigh of relief. "Oooohhhh, I needed that. So full at the moment. I hope he's a hungry one."

"Oh, you like breastfeeding now?" Derek chuckled, "I thought you were going to hate it. You said it was 'super embarrassing.'"

Christina had her eyes closed, a mother at one with her newborn child. "Don't body shame me Derek," she said a little sarcastically. "Breastfeeding makes me feel calm. Like meditation or whatever." She smiled, biting her lip a little. "I think I'm going to like it."

"Good thing too. You'll have two on you next time."

"Ugh. Just give me a little time before you knock me up again with that *big, thick cock* of yours, Derek. Let me just have this."

He did, getting on the bed to lie with her and gaze lovingly at his wife and child together.

"What shall we name him?" Derek asked.

They hadn't discussed that part much. Christina had been more concerned with the pregnancy and birth than what came after. One step at a time for her. But she looked to him now with a knowing look.

"I want to call him James. It's what my parents nearly called me, and it's still my middle name. Well, it's Jaimie now, but close enough. Something to remember the old me by."

He kissed her deeply. "That's perfect."

Together, they shared another genuine moment of love. Not, of course, that Christina would admit it fully.

Epilogue

In the years that followed, Christina gradually grew into her role as woman, lover, wife, and mother. She slowly grew to accept the revealing clothing she wore – even if the constant

reminders to men *and* women that she had 'eyes up here' were always a bit annoying. She became accustomed to her and Derek's daily activities, particularly since her body healed so quickly after giving birth, almost as if by magic. Having a baby was tiring, and the constant cycle of breastfeeding and changing exhausted her, but true to his word, Derek was a kind and helpful father to their child, and did his best to help her adjust to her new life. To her surprise, Christina continued to find breastfeeding a relaxing, even cathartic experience. She had always imagined it would be a pain to women, but now that she was female herself, it gave her a bond to her child that Derek soon realised was pretty amazing. She often wondered aloud about how it was something he could never understand, but her smiles as she nursed their son James at her bountiful breast was more than enough to please him.

Of course, sex was still a constant fact of life. Even as she lost her pregnancy weight, Derek found her utterly intoxicating. And while taking care of a young child had many distractions and responsibilities, it didn't prevent them from being able to fuck like rabbits. Increasingly, as the months passed, Derek found that his wife was revelling in her multiple orgasms, and no longer even trying to hide her ecstasy, or her clear attraction to him. Yes, Juliana had caused these, but now her voice wailed high and free, utterly female as he pumped his cock deep in her warm, wet depths. She loved it, and while it occasionally embarrassed her, even emasculated her sliver of male ego, she had long given up fighting it. That was even true of sucking his cock.

"What?" she said as she unbuckled his pants casually one morning while James woke. "This dumb curse makes me fucking crave your *big tasty dick*, so why bother fighting it? Besides, you know I'm addicted to your *super salty cum*, dude." She rolled her eyes, trying to play off this as if it was totally casual, before taking him deep into her mouth, her perfect pouty lips locking on his thick member, and her tits lifted up to hug his shaft, working it up and down. And more and more, she moaned with him, locking her emerald eyes on his as she orgasmed purely at the taste of his climax.

Soon, her pregnancy weight was gone, and she was back to wearing all sorts of sexy dresses and crop tops and open shirts that revealed her enormous bustline. Her boobs were still large and full, and they had plenty of fun with them, but Derek even noticed she was relieved to have her figure back.

"Thank God," she said as they went out on the beach together. "I actually have a bikini body again."

"I thought you hated bikinis."

"Yeah, I do. But *you* love them, so I'm going to wear them. And if that's the case, I at least want to look fucking great in them, especially with these *big, soft mommy titties you love to watch bounce*."

Derek just grabbed her tits and made them wobble, causing his formerly male friend turned wife to squeal in surprise.

“I certainly do, love!”

Even out with their child, her wardrobe was very much like a social media influencer, always showing off her body. To Derek’s joy, the costumes returned, ranging from the busty boob window of Power Girl to the naughty nurse play, from the bad, bad policewoman with her unzipped jacket and handcuffs to the green lycra suit of Poison Ivy seducing him back into the garden to fuck her among the flowers. They still found time to play in this way, though occasionally a little cry rang out, and she would scoff.

“Well, your fault for getting me knocked up a year ago dude. Now you can’t fuck this *hot bod* as much as you would like.”

“I still get to fuck you plenty, Chrissy,” he said, smooching her. “You go feed our baby.”

“Ugh, fine! You’re lucky I enjoy it, and that I’m super fucking engorged right now. God, the sentences I never expected to say . . .”

Of course, with all this fucking, it didn’t take long for the inevitable to happen. Just eight months after the birth of little James, who was already smiling and crawling and lighting up their lives in a way that Derek - and especially Christina - had never imagined, Christina found herself feeling nauseous again. Her boobs were tender, her stomach sore, and her energy flagged. For the last eight months she’d been getting accustomed to being a stay-at-home mom. After all, as she often bemoaned: “I literally *can’t* find work, thanks to the stupid magic. I *have* to be a stay-at-home mom and wife. Stupid curse.”

“That *is* a type of work, Christina,” Derek replied. “You take care of the house and our little one.”

She just blushed. “Yeah, I guess it is work, sort of. Just not the kind I ever imagined. It’s just . . . I’m finally making other female friends in these damn mommy groups, and most of them all work! It’s humiliating to be the girliest, most stereotypical homemaker in the group!”

Derek smirked, imagining that would be exactly the case. But then, before they could even talk more, she suddenly went wide-eyed, and ran to the bathroom. Moments later, the echoes of her throwing up her breakfast followed. It didn’t take a genius to realise what had happened.

“Fuck, pregnant again! I was hoping for, I don’t know, at least a year before you got me all big and full with your damn babies again! Ughh, I didn’t even get *one* year. And now thanks to that agreement with Juliana, I’m going to have fucking twins!”

He comforted her, but was not very secret about his absolute joy.

“It’ll be hard, Christina, I know. But you’re such an amazing mom to our little James, and I know you’re going to be just as great no matter how many babies we have.”

“Which is a lot, right?” she said, hands on her hips, one eyebrow arched.

“Uh, yeah actually,” he said, grinning sheepishly.

She exhaled heavily, resting one hand on her still-flat belly. “Welcome to my life.” Still, she did manage a small, embarrassed grin. “Hey, but at least the sex is pretty amazing.”

The End