

# Work it Out

by Jessie Star

Art by Zoe Crockett

Derik shook his head as his very pregnant wife worked her way through her water aerobics. They had met at the gym, most of their dates had been to gyms, they even got married in their gym, but her pregnancy... Derik just felt she had let herself go. Other men may not think so, but other men thought he was a meathead. He knew what healthy looked like, and all that size she had piled onto her curves were not the tight, marathon running gym bunny he had married. What Derik didn't grasp is he was an ass, that she was now down to eating salads while his metabolism still let him get away with anything. "She's never gonna lose that ass at this rate." He grumbled in earshot of a very displeased witch.

"You talk that way about your wife, dude? She's carrying your freaking child." A redhead on a weight bench shook her head.

"She's carrying a lot of things. She's using the baby as an excuse." He spat back. "And who the hell are you to butt into my business? It's not like I tell her she went from gym bunny to hippo to her face." He heard some gasps and turned to see his wife had gotten to the edge of the pool and was well in earshot, tears in her eyes. "Now look what you did, you bitch!"

"My name isn't bitch. It's Jessie Star." Said the ginger, swirling her finger around giving off a strange purple glow. "Close though as I'm a witch, and you picked the wrong woman to insult your pregnant wife in front of." She flicked her fingers as Devin charged towards her, stopping him in his tracks.

"What the-" He coughed and shook his head, the magic enveloped and swirled around him, his short brown hair lightening and lengthening down past his shoulders till it matched his wife's haircut. He grabbed and tugged at it, shocked that it hurt his scalp. His face bubbled and shifted as his brow sunk in and lips puffed out. His nose shrank, and eyelashes lengthened,

and when it finished rearranging, his wife's face sat at the top of his bulky, muscular frame. "What are you doing to me?" Derik's attempt at threatening came out high and feminine. He covered his mouth but pulled his hand away when he felt it crack and shrink to long slender feminine digits. The changes continued up his arms, shrinking his limbs as his muscles shrank away. "This isn't real. This can't be real!"

"Sure it is Derik, or should I say, Vanessa. In a moment, you're going to be much closer to your wife than yourself." Jess giggled as the man's shoulders and ribs caved in, settling at a much smaller size. For a moment, he couldn't breathe, his body was constricting and knocking the wind out of him, and by the time he could fill his lungs again, he had a new problem. His loose sleeveless top was shrinking into a sports bra, a bra that was beginning to fill with his wife's firm pre-pregnant tits.

"No! I have tits! Why do I have tits!" Derik's mind was still struggling to take it all in.

"Let's look in the mirror!" Jess grabbed his slender shoulder and turned him to the gym's giant wall mirror. "Is this your wife's pre-pregnant bod" The image in the mirror looked like his wife from the waist up. It was so odd-looking to him. In his confusion and fear, he gently nodded, perplexed as to the image in the mirror also nodded and poked their tit in time with him.

"Good, I needed to know what you're going to need to work for."

"Work for? What the hell do you mean?" He squealed, shocked back into awareness by his newly found tits blooming and bloating into a glory twice the size. She had always had a perfect rack to him, tight and not so large as to make running an issue, but pregnancy had turned them into true udders made for feeding. And now the tits shoved in his sports bra were following suit, swelling like water balloons, hot, tingly, and throbbing. Derik couldn't help but give them a squeeze, shocked that his nipples erupted, spraying milk into his top. So painful and sensitive all at once! Wait, if his

breasts had come to look more like her pregnant breasts, that didn't mean she wouldn't... "Eeeeeek," Derik let out a womanly shriek as he watched 'Vanessa's' abs start to stretch out onto a dome. *His* belly was pushing out from his waistline, the pressure pushing back on his organs. "You made me look pregnant!" He turned to the witch, hands on his back as his belly continued to grow.



"Look pregnant?" Jessica threw a towel over her shoulder and gave the burgeoning belly a gentle poke, amused when something below the surface gave a kickback. "You are way past than just 'looking' pregnant.

Derik's hips popped, his shorts turning into women's spandex. Behind him, his ass surged outward, warm wobbling fat spreading up his waistline and over his hips, then continuing down his thighs. The former Derik's face went from rage to worry, and then finally terror. Though he couldn't see it past the collection of hills and mountains made up by his new pregnant body, he could feel his dick shudder and then shrink away in their spandex prison till there was nothing left but a slick feminine mound. If he had a vagina and was pregnant, that meant the baby could-

"Okay, ok, how do I get this fixed. What do I need to do to get you to change me back?" He waddled after Jessie as she packed her bag and got ready to leave.

"You'll change back on your own silly, as soon as you get your wife's toosh back to the state you were demanding!" She gave him a playful wink and walked to the exit.

"But there can't be two of us!" He screamed!

"But there won't be." said a very familiar, robust, male voice. It was his voice! Derik turned to find Vanessa had gone from preggo to a tall fit Derik-looking man!

"You took my body! You... you are me! I'm supposed to be me!" Derik said through the oncoming sobs.

"You heard the lady, lose the weight, and we'll switch back. I'm sure it will be so easy for you to go from hippo to beach bunny again, won't it 'Vanessa'" The original Vanessa said, her manly voice even more imposing from her new height.

"B-but, but what if I don't lose it all before...before" he palmed his giant ball of a belly, afraid to finish the thought.

"I'm not due for three or four weeks. We have plenty of time... oh... well,

you rather. You are not due” She gave a deep manly chuckle. “Funny that you are already lactating. It must be the magic because that’s not supposed to happen yet, dear. It might make things even trickier.

“Oh god,” he was pawing at his thick, wobbly curves. He may hate them now, Vanessa thought, but very soon, they might be the least of his problems. That day Derik hit the treadmill, waddling as fast as he could, ass clapping behind him, pressurized tits aching with each bounce until he finally lost it and fell back into his wife’s waiting manly arms. The next day he switched to the bike because walking on his feet all day was bad enough, and by the end of the week, he was down to little weight training and pregnant yoga, which he also failed at. All that was left was water aerobics.

What Vanessa found most interesting was Derik’s stress eating. He had not changed his habits at all, still very much used to his old metabolism. The swelling mom-to-be blamed it on the baby, of course, but his ass had put on more weight than the baby had grown to be sure. Guess he didn’t realize soon he might be too far along to work out at all, and finding the energy to work out *after* the kid was born with the sleepless nights and the constant breastfeeding could be impossible for a bit. And yet Vanessa found herself buying him the pizza, and taking him out for sympathy ice cream, and letting him send every calorie to her old tits and ass and thighs that she could. At this rate, he might be forced to handle the entire post-pregnancy phase for her as well. Heck, she flexed her new manly bicep; she was getting used to this. Maybe Derik would be having a few of the “four children back-to-back” he had continually pressed on her. She watched as he struggled to get into his spandex workout outfit, only to give up after five minutes and sit back on the couch. Maybe he could have all of them.