

Mini-Story: The Pregnancy Curse (Man to Woman TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

Lane is helping his pregnant neighbour Ava lug boxes as she prepares to move out of the neighbourhood. But when he agrees to 'ease her burden', Lane suddenly finds out that Ava's pregnancy was foisted upon her magically, and now she's keen to give it to someone else instead . . .

The Pregnancy Curse

"Lace? Lace Halbert?"

Lace sighed, placed her hand on her belly and the other hand on her back for support, and stood. She was very, very deeply pregnant, at least that's what it felt like to her. The fact that she still had a little under three months ago before the . . . *birth*, was something that still galled her.

"My word, you look ready to pop!" the ultrasound technician exclaimed with good cheer.

Another sigh as Lace looked down at the huge dome that was her belly, not to mention how her boobs were quite swollen. They were already so damn big, too.

"So I keep hearing," Lace said, trying to force a smile.

"Well, I guess that's what twins do for you, huh? Such a miracle of life! I bet you're getting excited! Let's get you checked out. Do you need help getting up on the bed?"

They entered the room, and to Lace's embarrassment, she did need help. Thankfully the bed could be lowered automatically. She squirmed onto it, shifting awkwardly due to not only her bloated round womb, but the twin babies kicking about within.

"Ooh, they're active!" the technician, whose name was Sandra, said. "I'll try and get some clear pictures for you. Your records indicate that you don't know the sex of the babies yet. Do you want to learn the genders, or would you prefer to leave it as a surprise?"

Lace chuckled in a dark manner. It caused her belly to shake - God, it was heavy, how did women stand it? - and her babies inside to make another flurry of quite visible kicks across her stomach's surface. "Oof! Sorry. It's just that I've had far, far too many surprises recently in my life. I would much prefer to have one thing known. So yeah, lay it on me."

The technician smiled. "We'll, let's have a look then, momma."

Momma. Mom. Mother. Woman. Lass. Lady. *Pregnant* lady. They were all terms that applied to Lace. Only just a few weeks ago they hadn't applied at all. The very pregnant, and rather pretty woman had once been Lane, not Lace. Lane Halbert, an ordinary looking Joe who worked as a software editor and programmer from home. He had a good life, being in

his mid-twenties and already having been able to secure a good mortgage on a suburban house. He worked hard, had a good friend circle he saw from time to time, but of course the combination of working from home and working often meant that his love life wasn't always successful. Still, he'd been certain that he'd catch a good girl one day: his looks were average, but he knew how to style his brown hair and how to wear a nice shirt out on a date. And he could be a real laugh too. In fact, that last quality was what made him good friends with his neighbour, Ava.

She'd moved in two years ago into the neighbourhood, and was quite a strange individual, at least at first. She tended to wear things quite colourfully, and was apparently a Wiccan or Pagan or something. Certainly, she was big into oils and crystals and all sorts of that kind of stuff, and liked to talk about the 'Earth Mother' and 'Arcane Energies' occasionally. Lane thought it was silly, but the fact was that she was a damn good neighbour: friendly, funny, and keen. Cute as a button too, with her vibrant red hair and adorable freckles. He'd tried to ask her out a couple of times after they'd had a barbecue together, but she just wanted to focus on 'her work', not that he ever really had an idea of what her work was. He knew now, of course.

Over time, it became clear that Ava *did* have a special someone in her life. It was subtle at first; slightly looser outfits here, a choice not to drink wine when they caught up there, but eventually Lane figured it out: Ava was *pregnant*. She confirmed as much, though she was less joyous than he thought she'd be. He assumed it was a result of a one-night stand; there were no men in her life as far as he could tell. Over the months she swelled up, and he gradually withdrew from her sphere. She lived literally next door, so he was always happy to say hi, but Lane was a man, and on some level he realised he'd always wanted to be with her, and her continued lack of interest plus her now being pregnant had put a final nail in that coffin. Looking back, he felt he should have remained friends instead of closing off. Perhaps things would have gone differently . . .

One day, when she was perhaps nearly six months along in her pregnant - though she looked further than that to his eyes - Lane noticed that she was packing up. There were a heap of crates and boxes in her front yard, and she was slowly shifting them about, looking utterly overwhelmed due to her pregnant state. Lane hadn't actually talked to her much in over a month by that point, but even he couldn't ignore this sight.

"Hey there, neighbour!" he called. "Need some help?"

She looked at him with relief and smiled. She had a lovely smile, and it drew him right in. "Oh, Lane, thank you ever so much!"

"What's all this about? I didn't realise you were moving!"

"Next chapter of my life. I would have told you, but we haven't been close lately, have we?"

He scratched the back of his head. "I guess not. Sorry. But I can help you now, right? Ease your burden?"

She paused for a moment, looking at him funnily. "Yes, I suppose you can. I'm heading out of state to start a new life - ha! Literally, I guess." She patted her stomach. "But if you're willing to ease my burden, and you can agree to take it on for me fully, then that would really, really, *really* help things for me."

Lane agreed, though he found the drama in her words a bit odd. He helped shift all the items to her car, and when the moving truck arrived he helped the movers there with the bigger stuff. Finally, when they left it was afternoon, and it was only the two of them left, her car packed with personal belongings and whatever wasn't in the truck. She stood there expectedly, looking strangely guilty, one hand on her rounded stomach, the other gesturing oddly.

"Everything okay, Ava?"

"Yeah, just making a decision. I hope it's the right one. About before, when you said you were willing to ease my burden, can we shake on that?"

"Huh?"

She gave a nervous smile. "Think of it as one final gesture between neighbours. I'm having a hard time with this pregnancy. It's closed off a lot of options for me. If you could ease my burden over it, then I'd be really thankful. Shake on it?"

Lane hesitated, then figured what the hell? He shook her hand.

At which point everything changed.

A sudden explosion of light overcame him. There was no slow change. No groaning and moaning and screaming as his body warped and shifted about. No, it was *sudden*. Immediate. One moment he was Lane Halbert, ordinary man living his ordinary life, and the next second there was a brilliant flash and then - *WHOOM!*

He was a *she*. Lane gasped as he looked down at himself. At *herself*. Suddenly the man was no longer wearing a casual men's tee and shorts. He was wearing a pastel blue *dress*. And not just any dress, a *maternity* dress. Right before his eyes, he now had a heavy, rounded bump extending from his stomach. He had two other bumps above that, smaller but also heavy, with noticeable cleavage peaking through the top of the dress. His hips were wide, his legs felt far too smooth. He was shorter now - about the same height as Ava, and when he looked up at her in shock he realised that his hair had grown too; it shifted about over his shoulders.

"Wh-what did you do to me?" he asked, only to pause. Even his voice had changed, becoming that of a woman's.

Ava gave a sheepish grin. "Just what we agreed on. You're easing my burden. I can't thank you enough, Lane. Though I guess it's *Lace*, now."

"I - take it back! Please, undo this! I don't want to be a - nghh! What was that?"

Something strange shifted within Lane's stomach, like the contents of it was doing loops.

Another awkward, guilty smile from Ava. "That would be Baby A. Or Baby B. I don't think I ever told you, or anyone really, but I'm having twins. Was having. Thanks so much for agreeing to be their mother."

"I didn't agree to that! Why are you doing this? I've got b-boobs! I'm missing my . . . oh God, I'm missing my dick."

"Trust me, having a vagina isn't that bad. At least you don't have periods to think about for a few months? And you turned out really pretty too. I'm pretty jealous of your cupsize, actually"

It was then that Lane realised that Ava's own bust had reduced, and even more so her stomach. She was once more slim, no longer pregnant at all.

"I'm carrying y-your babies?"

"Yep! Again, I feel really bad about this, but I had to be rid of them, and I wasn't going to hurt them. The magic made sure of that anyway."

"I don't understand, why are you doing this?"

Ava sighed, looking sympathetic if not at all regretful of her choice. She arched her back. "Mhmm, so good to get that weight off me. Okay, so basically I'm not just a Wiccan worshipper. I'm an actual *witch*. And a damn good one. I was making up my own spells when most witches were still learning the basics. Of course, this made one of the Mother Superiors quite jealous of me. She became an enemy of mine, and decided to curse me. She wanted to reduce me to 'embrace motherhood', forcing me to raise babies by magically impregnating me. She knew I'd become a powerful witch. Ever since then, I've searched for a way to unburden myself, and only recently did I figure it out. I needed someone to take on my babies, someone I had a connection to, whose own land bordered mine, and who I could leave behind and trust to be a good mother in my stead. You, of course, were the only candidate. I'm sorry, but it's how it is."

Lane was astonished. He was *furious*. "Y-you can't just leave me like this!"

"Don't worry, Lace, I'm not."

"My name's not Lace."

She twirled her fingers in the air, and purple flame shot around it, forming an ID card that she passed to the new woman. "Yes it is, see here? Lace Halbert. Reality has changed, and everyone - including family and friends - will know you as having always been Lace. Like I said, I'm not just leaving you like this."

"Yes, you are! I'm a woman! I'm pregnant. I'll have to give - oh God . . ."

“Yeah, that bit won’t be so much fun. But now that I’ve got my full magic back and I’m free of the Mother Superior’s influence, I can do a bit more to ease *your* burden.”

She gave another flurry of movements, speaking in a strange tongue. There were several more flashes of multi-coloured light. Lane felt his body become strangely warm for a moment.

“There we go! I’ve reduced your age back from twenty six to twenty. You’ve not got six extra years of life to enjoy and to get used to being a woman. I’ve also given you perfect health: you’ll never have to worry about getting sick, catching diseases, and your body will age slower than a normal human. Don’t be surprised if you still look like a sexy forty year old when you’re well into your sixties and beyond! No boob sag either! Trust me, I know you don’t care about that now, but you will eventually.”

Lane had no idea what to say. He spluttered. “Into my s-sixties? I have to stay as a woman after birth?”

She nodded. “Sorry again. This is permanent. But that’s why I used that other spell to give you good fortune. When you check your bank account, don’t be surprised to find a couple of extra zeroes in there. Enough that you’ll easily be able to support your babies, and any others you have; I’ve made it so you’re good and fertile if you ever want kids. I’m sorry to say I can’t stop your new form from being attracted to dudes, but here’s hoping you’ll find a nice man to help you adjust! Regardless, these are the boons that’ll help you, in return for how you’ve helped me. Thanks again, Lace! I really hope we meet again and you can forgive me! Trust me when I say I’m rooting for you, and I know you’ll be a great mother!”

She moved to the car, and Lane-turned-Lace realised all too late what was happening.

“Wait! Don’t go! You can’t just-”

But Ava was already hitting the gas, and she sped off, waving. Her expression was guilty, but there was also an unmistakable joy in her newfound freedom.

From that day, Lane had been living as Lace. Just as Ava had said, her reality now recognised her as always having been that. She had dresses, bras, panties, even bikinis. She had maternity pads, bottles for future feedings, and all manner of feminine items in the bathroom that she had to learn how to use. She still had her job - thank God - and was certainly richer. But she was also an attractive, very pregnant (with twins!) woman, and all attempts to track down Ava to turn back fell completely flat. She had to get used to the kicking in her belly, the feeling of soreness in her boobs, the way people congratulated her or felt her belly or asked her when she was due. When she went out in public, women smiled her way and eyes wandered, and despite her pregnant state men even *flirted* with her occasionally, upon realising she was single. The worst part was that some of the men were

quite attractive to her new body, something that made her very anxious indeed. Bad enough, in fact, that she had some very hormonal sex dreams about them.

Which all led her to this moment, in the ultrasound clinic. The technician brought up a number of images of the babies inside Lace's womb, the little critters who were constantly moving about and causing her poor sleep. She'd expected this to be just an annoying routine medical checkup, one of several she'd had. She had to be responsible, after all. Just like with Ava, the magic compelled her to see this through and become a *mother*. What she didn't expect was the rush of emotion when a recognisable image showed up on the screen.

"Is that?"

"A foot, yes! This is Baby A. She's your girl."

A strong pulse of heretofore unknown connection came over Lace.

"A girl? I'm having a daughter?"

"Two daughters, actually. Looks like you'll be having identical twins, most like. We can get both their faces together here actually. Looks like the pair are cuddling. Looks like, at least!"

A new image appeared as the technician reconfigured the screen. Lace had to hold her breath. For the last few weeks her life had been a nightmare. She had a new gender, a new reality, new lives growing within her. Her buddies all acted as if she'd always been this way, and that she'd just gotten pregnant via a stranger at a club months ago. Her own parents called her Lace. It was like going mad. And with these little gremlins kicking about inside her, she'd had nothing but hatred for Ava for doing this to her.

But now, something had changed. Those weren't just any babies within her. Those were now *her* babies. It didn't matter where they'd come from, or how they'd come to her. None of that mattered now. The little lives within her were *her* daughters.

"Wow," Lace said, wiping some stray tears from her eyes. "They're beautiful."

Maybe, just maybe, the pregnancy curse could end up being a pregnancy blessing.

The End