



LISA CHANGE

The Man
who
Became a
Pregnant
Teen

(turned into a pregnant
girl - a transgender
romance)

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The Man Who Became a Pregnant Teen

For the rest of his life, Drake Hawkwind would always remember the words that turned him into a pregnant teenage girl.

“I wish...”

For some reason, the phrase stayed in his head. Stuck there with far more clarity than the strange sensation of his heavy new breasts growing and filling with milk, of his penis vanishing and a pussy growing between his legs, of the horrible way his belly had swelled up as his brand new womb filled with his husband’s babies.

“I wish...”

He would never forget, either, the way the laughing witch that had cursed him had made him look in the mirror. The way he’d blinked in horror at the gorgeous, 18-year old beauty staring back at him, her face plump from pregnancy, her rosy cheeks giving her shy features a healthy glow.

But even this paled besides those dreadful words.

Dreadful, because they suggested the whole universe knew what he was. What he’d done. That some cruel and capricious God was watching him with a malevolent eye, and had taken *her* side.

“I wish... I wish...”

I wish that this lying piece of shit would get everything he deserves!”

And then that last, blissful moment of confusion – when he still wasn’t sure if he really believed in wishes – followed by the tingling of magic, and the panic as his skin started to shift and twitch and rearrange itself to her will.

“I wish...”

“You wish what?”

Drake opened his eyes. The memory of his transformation faded. He blinked in the gloom of the bedroom, gently touched his swollen womb.

Inside he could feel his unborn baby, kicking faintly. Could feel the way his belly was now swollen into a pregnant bump. The shape of it made him shudder.

But that wasn't all he could feel.

He could feel, too, the way his breasts, all swollen and heavy with milk, rested against one another as he lay on his side.

He could feel the way his long blonde hair trailed down his back, swept over one narrow shoulder.

And he could feel, too, the *thing* pressing into the soft flesh of his pert little ass. The long, hard thing that pressed against the lacy panties Rita's stupid wish had forced him to wear. The thing that was making his new pussy feel all damp, even despite him being nine months' pregnant.

Justin's rock hard cock, all firm and ready for sex.

Drake shut his eyes again as he felt his new husband stir behind him. As he felt one strong hand gently squeeze his hips, so tender, so loving.

He forced himself not to sob out loud as Justin – dark skinned, beautiful Justin, with his chiseled pecs and gentle smile – brushed a lock of hair away from Drake's soft, feminine cheeks and softly kissed his neck.

It was wrong, he knew. So wrong. All of it.

And yet... and yet...

And yet even now, filled with misery as he was, suffering under this awful curse, he couldn't help but notice the way his nipples were hardening at Justin's touch. The way his body was signaling him desperately to kiss this beautiful man back.

"You wish what?" Justin whispered in his ear, his breath warm and ticklish against Drake's skin.

He playfully slipped his big, strong hand off Drake's hip, let it slide around his feminine body until it, too was clasped across Drake's pregnant belly.

Or rather, until it was holding Drake's own, girly hand against his bump, gently squeezing his fingers. Comforting, supportive.

Just how a husband *should* be.

I wish none of this was happening! Drake felt like screaming. *I wish you'd let go of me and fuck off!*

I'm a man! I shouldn't be here. I shouldn't have a husband...

And I shouldn't be pregnant!

But, of course, Rita's wish was too strong. The magic wouldn't allow him to say such words, even if he wanted to.

So instead, he helplessly squeezed Justin's fingers back, a wave of misery washing over him at how big and thick his husband's fingers were compared to his.

"I wish..." he whispered in his soft, feminine voice, "I wish..."

Drake blinked back girly tears.

"I wish this moment would never end," he sighed, his contented words a strange counterpoint to the emptiness howling within him. "I wish I could just lie in your arms forever..."

...*husband.*"

In response, Justin gently kissed the crook of his neck again, making Drake sigh involuntarily.

He tried to force himself to feel disgusted, to feel grossed out, but he couldn't stop that same blissful feeling from washing over his female form, from making him feel loved and protected and... and...

And like the beefy guy lying in bed with him was going to make an *excellent* father.

"Not long now..." Justin's deep voice sent shivers down Drake's spine.

"Two days until you're due. Just think..."

He slipped his hand into Drake's panties, started massaging his pussy.

"This time next week, you'll be a *mommy.*"

His words made Drake want to scream, to start screaming and not stop until this nightmare had exploded and returned him to reality.

He was a *man!* A big, alpha male with a big, swinging dick and a string of mistresses on his arms. He wasn't *meant* to be pregnant!

But he didn't scream. Instead, he turned his head, parted his lips...

...and then Justin was kissing him, the rough feeling of his stubble making Drake hornier than ever even as it made him feel like crying.

“I guess,” he heard himself whisper as he pulled away, looking deep into Justin’s soulful brown eyes with his own blue ones, “I guess we should make the most of it, then.”

With a sleepy grin only half visible in the early morning light, Justin kissed Drake once more, tenderly. Then he was sitting up, pulling down Drake’s panties, Drake was rolling onto his side, being careful not to bump his unborn baby...

...and suddenly Justin was inside him, slowly pumping his hips while soft, feminine moans escaped Drake’s lips and the man and his pregnant wife sensually made love.

Inside his pretty little head, Drake’s mind was a whirlwind.

This can’t be happening...! This CAN’T be happening!

But he already knew that it was.

He was a girl now, whether he liked it or not. A silly, beautiful teenage girl married to a black stud of a man almost twice her age.

A teenage girl who was now nine months’ pregnant with that black man’s babies.

A teenage girl who was about to become a *mommy*.

As the two gently fucked in the master bedroom of their new house, Drake closed his eyes and tried to block out the intense pleasure. Tried to focus on how to escape his nightmare new life, how to go back to being a man again.

But he already knew there *was* no escape.

He was a pregnant girl now, whether he liked it or not. He would stay a girl until the day he died.

Rita’s cruel wish would see to that.

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It had started just like any other argument he’d ever had with Rita: with girls. From the day they’d first gone official, way back before either of them turned 30, Drake had instinctively known their relationship would one day implode over other women.

He just hadn’t expected it to happen in such a dramatic way.

The trouble was that – back when he was still male – Drake had been gorgeous. Not simply handsome, or attractive, or any other anodyne word.

With his 6'5" frame, close-cropped sandy hair, designer stubble, bulging biceps and intense blue eyes, Drake Hawkwind had looked like a female masturbation aid brought to life.

"You're so freakin' beautiful..." Rita used to sigh as they lay in bed together, *"I'm gonna have to fight the other girls off with a stick, aren't I?"*

And he'd simply laughed, in that deep, confident way of his, and told her she wouldn't have to bother. Not when he'd already got the hottest girl in the world at his side.

Nor had those sorts of compliments just been a line.

Rita really *was* beautiful. With her Italian heritage, bronze skin, flowing dark hair, darker eyes and impish smile, she was just about every red blooded male's dream.

No wonder, Drake often thought while watching her dress, *I chose to marry her.*

But having just one gorgeous woman in his life had never been enough for an alpha male like Drake.

It was just too bad Rita had discovered that at exactly the wrong time.

"Hey, gorgeous," he remembered saying as he stepped into the kitchen that fateful day, "thought you'd be at work already. You seen my phone anywhere?"

"Hmm? Oh." Rita had given him a cold smile. "I decided work could wait."

She leaned back on the counter, coffee mug clasped in both hands.

"I've got more important stuff to deal with today."

"Oh yeah? Like what?"

At that point, Drake hadn't really been listening. He was due at a business meeting with the finance guys in about two hours, and was running the figures over in his head.

At the same time, he was still trying to shake the images out of his head from the night before.

The images of curled red hair, falling like a waterfall over one bare shoulder.
Of red painted lips, parting gently.

Of emerald green eyes, wide like a cat's, looking into his as he slowly bucked his hips and whispered the name...

"Sophie."

At the sound of his lover's name, Drake had frozen. Just for a fraction of a second. Just until the old survival instinct kicked in and he was able to quickly slap on a mask of normalcy.

"Hmm?" He heard himself say, searching for his phone. "One of the girls at work?"

"Don't play coy with me, mister." Rita's voice was edged with steel. "I know *exactly* what you two have been up to."

Drake stopped hunting for his jacket. Turned to face his wife.

In that half a second, a billion calculations soared through his mind. A billion different ways he could play this.

After all, Rita couldn't possibly know.

Not when he'd been so careful.

"Are you wearing an SEC wire? I have the horrible feeling I'm supposed to admit to a pyramid scheme here."

It was a gentle joke, one which also demonstrated his mind was firmly on work, not on affairs. At the very least, Drake expected it to bring a hint of warmth to Rita's smile.

When her eyes remained cold, his heart sank.

"I appreciate," his wife said in her deadly calm way, "that you probably took a shit ton of effort to hide her from me. I also appreciate that you think there's no possible way I could know about her."

She placed her coffee cup on the side. Picked up something from the polished granite counter.

At the sight of it, Drake felt his heart sink.

Oh shit... he thought.

“And you’re right.” Rita was saying. “I wouldn’t have ever discovered your affair. If it weren’t for *this*.”

This was an expensive iPhone in a flashy new case. Drake’s phone, the one he’d woken up this morning to find missing from his bedside table. The one he’d told Sophie to only contact in the event of an emergency.

The phone now calmly showing the ghostly symbol of the message that had arrived in the night.

The message from Sophie.

“You didn’t really think I didn’t know your pattern?” Rita whispered, her voice like ice. “A little swirl, like this, a tiny loop *annnnnd*...”

She showed him the unlocked screen.

“Ta-dah!”

“Give that back.” The words seemed to come out without any input from Drake’s brain. “I’m warning you, Rita, give that back now, or I’ll...”

“Why? We haven’t read Sophie’s message yet. Hmm, let’s see.”

Rita held the phone under her nose, put on a childish, singsong voice.

“I’m so sorry for using this number, but we really need to talk. Right now. Because I’m a little slut and I need you to-”

Drake was across the room in five steps, pulled up to his full height. He glowered down at Rita in her petite, 5’6” frame, held out one hand.

“Give me the phone. *Now*.”

“Or what? You’ll hit me? That’s not your style, Drake, and you know it. Besides...”

Rita’s eyes glinted as she clutched the phone to her ample chest.

“Don’t you remember me telling you bad things would happen if you ever got physical with me?”

“Rita, I’m *warning* you...”

But his gorgeous wife was already back reading from the phone again.

“We need to talk. Right now. Remember how the condom split? Because I did the test this morning and it says I’m- *OW!*”

The force of Drake's push sent Rita falling back against the counter. He *wrenched* the phone from her grasp, span around and desperately read the message, his heart hammering. Phrases flashed before his eyes.

...says I'm pregnant...

...don't know what to tell you, but I want to keep it...

...I can't have another abortion I really...

...I'm sorry Drake, so sorry, but...

The phone slipped from Drake's fingers. Fell soundlessly to the linoleum floor. The message danced before Drake's eyes, blinding him, making him ill.

No! They'd been so careful! After it split, they'd gone to get the morning after pill, and-!

But he'd never actually seen Sophie take it, he realized. And now... and now...

There was a sound behind Drake. A kind of soft snuffling. Rita, crying.

Goddamnit, I don't have time to deal with this...

Sophie was a temporary secretary at his company. A girl of 18 who was only there to get some practical experience before starting college next fall. If it got out that he'd impregnated an *intern*...!

Rita was crying harder now. Typical woman. With a growl, Drake grit his teeth, turned to his wife.

"Goddamnit, Rita! Can't you see I'm... I'm..."

His voice trailed off. A chill ran down his spine.

What? But why is she...?

Over by the counter, Rita was stood there, one hand weakly pressed to her lips, her shoulders shaking.

Tears ran down her bronze cheeks. But they weren't tears of sadness. And she wasn't crying.

Drake's wife was *laughing*.

As Drake watched incredulously, Rita laughed so hard that her legs shook,

that she looked like she might topple over.

She laughed softly at first, her hand muffling her giggles, before it all became too much and she broke into loud, uncontrollable laughter that made Drake feel sick to his stomach.

Rita! Stop right now, I'm ordering you! Drake tried to say.

But all that came out was a weak wheeze of breath.

In all their seven years as a couple, in all their four years as husband and wife, Drake had never seen Rita act like this before.

"Oh God... Oh... Sweet Jesus," Rita managed to get out. She leaned back on the counter, wiping away her tears with one hand. "Oh *Lord* that was..."

"What's so funny?"

Rita snorted again at the uncertainty in Drake's voice. At last, though, she managed to get her giggles under control. She shot Drake a flirty little look.

"What's funny? Why, *you* are, husband! Don't you remember me warning you not to get physical?"

"I didn't. I-I just wanted the phone..."

Drake's words seemed to be coming from very far away, like he was listening to his own voice being broadcast from the surface of Mars.

Get a grip on yourself! Take back control of this conversation...

But if Drake had ever been in control, he'd lost it a very long time ago.

"It doesn't matter what you *wanted*," Rita was saying, an amused look still on her supermodel face. "You shoved me, that counts as physical force."

A thought seemed to suddenly occur to her.

"Hey, remember our vows?"

Drake blinked. What the *hell* was his crazy wife playing at?

He could see the phone at the bottom of his vision, the message from Sophie still blinking up at him. He so desperately wanted to grab it and call her back and scream at her until she agreed to the abortion.

Instead, he found himself shaking his head, unable to break away from this strange conversation with Rita.

“What? No. I mean, of course I do, but what does that have to do with...?”

“It was in that private ceremony, remember?” Rita was saying, slowly. “And I made you say, *Rita, I swear to be faithful to you, to never scorn you, and never harm you, or otherwise accept the consequences.* Remember that? You thought it was just me being kooky or clingy or whatever.”

Drake gave her a jerky nod. Of course he remembered that. He could still see the witness’ shocked faces!

“Well, guess what? It wasn’t just a joke. It was a *contract*.”

Rita folded her slender arms over her pert breasts, winked at him.

“I always told you I was descended from a powerful family, didn’t I, Drake?”

“Sure, back in Italy, you...” Drake shook his head. “But what does this have to do with-?”

“It has *everything* to do with it.” Rita gave him a shark-like grin. “You never asked me *what* kind of power, Drake. You just assumed it was money or mafia or something else adorably European.

Well, guess what? You were *wrong*. I come from a very long line of witches and warlocks. I didn’t inherit their powers, sadly, but they *did* give me protection.”

Her dark eyes flared.

“Specifically, my father placed a charm on me. Any man who made a contract with me and then hurt me would come completely under my power.

I would be able to do *anything* to him. Anything I wished to at all. I would be able to turn him into a pig, to make him cluck like a chicken, to make him think he was an adorable little girl.”

She rubbed her back where she’d bumped up against the counter.

“And you just hurt me, Drake. Physically *and* mentally hurt me.”

Her smile faded.

“And that means you’re now *totally within my power*.”

In the silence that followed, neither of them moved.

Drake simply stood there, unable to process what he was hearing, unable to

move, while Rita simply fixed him with her dark eyes like a cat watching its prey.

Finally, Drake gave himself a little shake.

“I... I don’t know what you’re on, Rita,” he said, trying to make his trembling voice sound firm, “but this is between me and Sophie.”

He bent down, scooped up his phone. Went to dial his mistress.

“I’m going upstairs. When I come down you’d better be talking sense again!”

“Don’t test me, Drake.” His wife whispered. “I’ll use my powers if you try, I promise.”

“What powers? You’re talking nonsense!” Drake yelled.

He turned to go, started towards the stairs, his phone already held to his ear, Sophie’s number already dialing.

“Fine.” He heard Rita say. “Don’t say I didn’t warn you.”

He dimly heard her clear her throat.

“I wish my husband had a massive pair of tits on his head!”

What the hell is she-?! Drake began to think, angrily.

And then it happened and he thought no more.

There was a loud *POP!* followed by another loud *POP!* and a sudden weight was pressing down on Drake’s head, making him stagger, making it hard to keep looking ahead.

What the...?

Somewhere behind him, Rita clapped her hands and cackled in delight.

“Oh, Drake!” He heard her call, as he frantically turned to catch his reflection in the glass door of the oven, “are *you* in for a shock!”

But Drake barely heard her.

He was too busy *staring* at the gigantic pair of breasts now growing from his head.

They were the size of watermelons. Two big, ripe pink things that erupted from his hairline, growing upwards six inches above the top of his head, their nipples long and pink and pointed at the sky.

They swelled outwards, firm and round, even as Drake's every movement caused them to wobble slightly, to jiggle in a way he could *feel* as well as see.

With a loud moan, Drake let the phone slip from his grasp. Grabbed hold of his new head-tits and squeezed them, his face a distorted pink shadow in the oven's glass door. To his horror, they felt as heavy and as pert as natural breasts.

Over by the counter, Rita shot him a nasty grin.

"There. I trust *that* got your attention."

But... but how?!

With a feeling of sickness, Drake realized he could *feel* his new head tits. Feel the way his own fingertips massaged their surface.

Feel the shameful thrill running through his body, of owning breasts and having them touched.

So it's true... His mind fizzed, *she really can do anything to me...*

The thought made him sick to his stomach. As a high-flying, alpha male, Drake knew only too well the intoxicating effects of wielding his power over some low-ranking employee.

What such magical power would do to Rita, he didn't want to know.

"OK, I think I've made my point," he heard his wife say, "I wish you'd turn back to normal now."

There was a horrible *jiggling* in Drake's skull as the magic made his big new head tits tremble...

...and then they'd *sucked* back inside his skin with a *schloomp!* noise, leaving him grasping his skull and goggling at the glass door in wonder.

Over by the counter, Rita assumed an innocent expression.

"Do I have your attention now, husband? Or do I need to turn your face into a butt?"

Drake soundlessly shook his head. Rita grinned.

"Good. But a pity, too. I really *do* love the idea of hearing your screams turn into farts..."

She looked delighted as Drake shuddered.

Now Rita had used her powers once, he didn't think for a second that she couldn't turn his face into whatever she wanted.

On the floor, his phone finally made the connection to Sophie's. Faintly, her voicemail message hummed out, a faint shard of normalcy in this crazy morning:

"Hey, this is Sop, leave me a message!" Followed by a *BOOP!*

Over at the counter, Rita tilted her head to one side and listened with a smile. She locked eyes with Drake and slowly shook her head.

"Listen to her..." she murmured. "She sounds so young. What was she, 21? 20?"

"Eighteen," Drake muttered, looking down at his feet. Now he was saying it out loud, it *did* sound a little pathetic.

"Eighteen?! Jesus Christ, Drake..."

Rita folded her arms.

"And you turned that poor girl's head then went and got her pregnant..."

For a moment, the two adults simply stood there in silence. Drake cowering in fear, Rita thinking things over.

At last, his witch of a wife stirred.

"Y'know, I *had* been planning to do something really demeaning like turn you into my French maid and spend the rest of my life laughing at your helplessness."

She glanced at him.

"Don't get me wrong. I'm still *very* tempted to do that. But it just doesn't seem fitting, somehow. Not when you've hurt me and this poor girl so badly."

She frowned to herself. Not five paces away from her, Drake was wondering if he should just rush her, attack his monster of a wife and knock her to the ground before she could make another wish.

But then he imagined what it would be like to feel his face swelling up into ass cheeks as his mouth turned into a butthole and he decided against it.

“You always have had an easy life, haven’t you, Drake?” Rita murmured.
“Never accepting the consequences of your actions. Typical man...”

A grin stole across her perfect features.

“So, maybe it’s only fitting that you *should* find out how it feels to be in Sophie’s position. Maybe it’s time you learned what happens when you screw around, Drake!”

Strength was flooding into her voice, into her body, malicious, delighted. Drake tried to force up a smile.

“Rita...” His voice was barely a rasp. “Please, you don’t have to...”

“I don’t have to do anything,” Rita declared. “I’m doing it because I want to, and because you deserve it, I guess.”

She gave his body an amused glance.

“Say goodbye to that body of yours, Drake, and all your male privilege. It’s time for you to find out what it’s like to *suffer* from your actions!”

“Rita!” Drake yelled. “Wait! Don’t-!”

But it was too late.

No sooner had she finished speaking than Rita pointed right at him, a demonic grin lighting up her face.

“I wish that this lying piece of shit *would get everything he deserves!*”

There was a crackle of energy, a trembling of the universe. Drake threw up his hands with a helpless yell...

...and then he saw it and felt like he was going mad.

His hands were *changing*. Before Drake’s eyes, his big, masculine hands were shrinking down, becoming dainty and delicate with long, elegant fingers and weak little wrists.

As Drake goggled at the changes, he became aware that his entire body was shifting, his skin rippling, his bones reshaping.

Across the room, Rita lowered her finger, crossed her arms and gave a girlish giggle.

“Oh *my*...” She sighed. “I think I’m going to *enjoy* this.”

Drake's clothes were tearing, falling apart at the seams. As he lowered his hands, he looked down and saw his jacket pull itself apart, his shirt rip off and his pants and underpants disintegrate and turn into dust.

In no time at all, he was cowering, naked, before his ex-wife.

But there was no time to think about that, because the rest of his body was already going haywire.

Before Drake's eyes, his torso gave a shiver, and then his muscles were loosening and fading.

His washboard abs seemed to *relax* and fade away into his flesh, while his perfect pecs lost their definition, became soft and wobbly.

In fascination, Drake touched one with a newly-dainty finger, felt it *jiggle* slightly. Then he saw it was getting bigger, and his mind went blank with terror.

As Drake watched, his pecs swelled up, began to grow, transforming into a firm, ripe pair of DD tits. His nipples elongated, turning pink and pointy.

In shock, Drake grabbed his new breasts, tried to stuff them back inside himself, but they pushed back against his palms, as big and pert as Sophie's own magnificent breasts.

Drake shot his wife a look of pure horror.

"Rita!" He yelled, his voice climbing up two octaves as he spoke, becoming all soft and squeaky, "what are you *doing* to me?"

His wife simply sneered at him.

"I'm turning you into a *girl*, dipshit! And guess what? There's *nothing* you can do about it!"

The changes were picking up speed now. Even as Drake wrestled with his big new breasts, he felt an invisible belt pull tight around his waist, and then his sides were collapsing inwards, just as his hips began to swell up, giving him a curvy, hourglass figure.

There was a sound like two balloons inflating. With a cry, Drake clasped his naked ass and was astonished to feel how swollen and pert it was.

He gave a little whimper at the feeling of his smooth new cheeks, a tear

forming in the corner of one eye.

He had a *girl's* ass now! A big, perfect thing like the ones he used to dream of slapping.

That wasn't all he had.

As Rita's sick wish worked its magic, Drake's shoulders lost their broadness, became all narrow.

His legs got longer, shed their hair, becoming smooth and slender.

His feet shrank down, his arms lost their muscle. His penis and balls vanished inside his groin and were replaced by the demure lips of a pussy.

In no time at all, Drake's old, male head was perched atop a gorgeous, curvy female body with springy, youthful skin and a figure to die for.

Looking down at himself, Drake let out a girly squeal, his eyes wide with fear.

"You... you can't *leave* me like this!"

"Who said anything about leaving you like that?" Rita retorted. "Time we got rid of that lying, cheating face of yours!"

It was like reality was bending to her will. No sooner had Rita finished speaking than Drake felt invisible hands molding his features, squashing and rearranging his face like clay in an invisible giant's hands.

As he screamed, he felt his square jaw lose its masculine edge, become all soft even as his cheekbones sharpened.

He felt his nose get squashed down into a cute little button, while his lips plumped up, becoming all moist and pink.

Magical fingers pulled his eyes wider, tugged his eyelashes out until they were long and fluttered in the corners of his vision.

Finally, a waterfall of blonde hair *exploded* out of Drake's head, fell in a retro bob of cute little ringlets. Simultaneously, he felt a sensation of vertigo, of falling, and in a split second dropped from 6'5" in height to a mere 4'11".

Then it was over. The magic made his transformed body give one last little shiver...

...and then Rita was grinning at a scared and naked, young, tiny girl standing

where Drake had once been.

“There? Isn’t that better?”

Inside his new body, Drake was too stunned to say anything.

In silence, he held out his hands in front of him, staring at his weak, girly arms, dainty wrists, and nails painted a cute shade of pink.

Trembling, the transformed man reached up, ran his hands through his thick, shoulder length hair. Held a perfectly curled, conditioned strand up before his eyes and moaned.

“I’m...” The short, big boobed girl who used to be Drake whimpered in a squeaky voice. “I’m...”

Rita tilted her head in amusement.

“Yes, dear?”

“I’m...”

Drake delicately looked down at his curvy torso. His big new breasts rose in the bottom of his vision, dangling free from his frame. Between his legs, the lips of his new pussy stared back at him, a pink slit beneath a tuft of golden pubic hair.

A wave of horror washed over him. He grabbed hold of his new titties.

“I’m a *GIRL!*” He wailed.

It was true. Rita’s wish had taken his body, taken his manhood, and left him small, weak, and *female*.

He had breasts now. A pussy. A *womb*. As Drake squealed in girly terror, the horribleness of his new form washed over him.

Everything he’d ever enjoyed as a man... all that unearned privilege...

Rita’s wish had snatched it away from him. From now on, *he’d* be the one earning less money, unable to get the good jobs, unable to walk down a street without getting leered at.

The thought nearly made him burst into tears.

“I didn’t just turn you into *any* girl,” Rita said. “I made sure you were eighteen, the same age as poor Sophie. You’re still a *teenager*, you know?”

“What?!”

At her words, Drake whirled round, looked frantically in the glass door of the oven. The girl that looked back at him was distorted, her reflection ghostly.

But it was still clear enough to see that what Rita had said was true.

The girl in the glass was *painfully* young. She had the soft, slightly plump baby cheeks many girls still have before they hit twenty; eyes that were wide and unexperienced.

But that wasn't the worst part.

The worst part was that she was *beautiful*.

The girl looking back at Drake was stunning. Not like a supermodel, but like the most perfect version of the mythical 'girl next door'.

She was cute, with pouty lips, wide eyes, an adorable baby face, and blonde hair that fell in expertly styled ringlets.

She was slender, but not skinny. Bigger than the girls you saw in magazines, with full, ripe breasts and wide hips, the sort of girl who looked *real* rather than airbrushed.

She was shy-looking. The sort of girl you instinctively wanted to protect.

And, to Drake's utter misery, she was *him*.

“Her name is *Daisy*,” he heard Rita say, dimly, “say ‘hello’, Daisy.”

“Hello, Daisy,” Drake whispered, watching unhappily as the strange girl's lips moved in time with his.

He forced up a smile. On Daisy's innocent face it looked cute beyond belief. Trying not to cry, Drake turned back to Rita.

“Am I...?” His voice was so high-pitched, so squeaky, that he swallowed and tried again. It made no difference. “Am I *stuck* like this?”

“Almost,” Rita smiled slyly. “There's still *one* more change to make.”

At her words, Drake practically jumped out of skin.

“What?!” He yelped. “But... but you already turned me into-!”

He wildly gestured his feminine body, sickened at the way the movement made his big boobs jiggle.

I'm gonna have to start wearing a bra... a distant part of his mind noted in disgust.

"I said I was going to make you suffer like Sophie, didn't I?" Rita shrugged. "And there's one very important detail about Sophie we're missing."

When Drake looked confused, she grinned at him.

"Why, Drake, I'm surprised at you... have you already forgotten your mistress is *pregnant*?"

"Wait!" Drake ran over to Rita, clasped her hands in his tiny ones. He was humiliated to note she was now over half a foot taller than him. "Rita... please, I'm begging you... turn me back!"

Rita gave his fingers a little squeeze.

"Just between us girls," she with a conspiratorial wink, "the magic doesn't work like that. Once I've made a wish, I have only thirty seconds to undo it, or it stays that way forever."

She reached up and gently stroked one of Drake's soft cheeks, looked deep into his eyes.

"And we passed the thirty second mark " She murmured. "So, let's get part two underway!"

As he trembled before his wife, Drake became aware that his body was changing again.

As if on cue, the magic had started back up, and now his breasts were swelling up another couple of cup sizes, becoming all heavy and filled with milk.

As Drake whimpered, Rita leaned forward, tenderly kissed his forehead, smiling at the stropky look he gave her.

"Remember," she whispered, "you deserve this."

A jolt of nausea shot through Drake. He gave a cry and put his hands to his naked belly.

For a moment nothing happened, and then there was another jolt and Drake's belly was suddenly swelling up and up and *up*, becoming big and round and sticking out in front of him.

With wide eyes, Drake watched as his belly grew out until the skin was stretched taut like a drum. Until his belly button *popped* out in a little nub of flesh. Until his belly was so swollen and heavy that he had to support it with one hand, his dazed legs suddenly weak.

He was so preoccupied with the strange new feeling that he barely noticed the way his cheeks became rounder and rosy with the glow of pregnancy, or the way a dull ache appeared in his back from carrying his unborn baby around.

Almost before it had begun, the new magic was over. There was one last flash of light, and suddenly Drake was swaying before Rita, blinking down at the light, flowing summer dress he was suddenly wearing, his prominent bump straining at the fabric.

“There,” Rita said, quietly, “it’s done.”

No sooner had the words left her mouth than Drake felt his unborn child kick *inside* him.

The feeling was so alien that he grabbed his bump with both hands, a loud whimper escaping his lips.

But there was more than just shock. There was something else, too.

A wave of powerful, protective, unconditional love that washed over Drake, leaving him dizzy in its wake.

“You’re nine months pregnant,” Rita said to the short, beautiful girl stood before her. “In a few days, you’re gonna pop and have a little baby to look after.”

“But... but I *can’t* be a single mom!” Drake wailed, still holding his bump. It was so heavy he was suddenly desperate to sit down.

Christ! Is this how it always is for pregnant women?

“Who said anything about being single?” Rita asked. “Look at your ring finger.”

Dumbly, Drake glanced down at the silver wedding ring he was suddenly wearing. His pouty lips dropped open in surprise.

“You mean... you mean...?”

“Where did you think that baby of yours came from?” Rita shrugged. “I used

my magic to give you a *husband*, too.”

That old, evil glint returned to her eye.

“You’re now one hundred percent straight, by the way. Like, *really* into big, strong, black men with gorgeous cocks.”

At the sight of Drake’s expression, she giggled.

“Don’t look so shocked! He’s a good man, I promise you that, and he’ll take care of you. He’s much older, and with a *very* good job.”

Her eyes drifted down to Drake’s bump. Something about the way she looked at his swollen belly made the former male feel strangely vulnerable.

“I wouldn’t magic a baby into existence and leave it in the lurch like that. That’s not fair. So. Your daughter is going to have a happy life with two loving parents. Daddy’s gonna be a hard working provider. Mommy is gonna be the perfect little housewife.”

She smirked back up at Drake’s cute new face.

“And all mommy has to do is suck daddy’s cock whenever he wants it, and let him fuck her and give him five beautiful, bouncing babies.”

“*FIVE!*” Trapped inside his heavily pregnant new body, Drake weakly shook his head. “No... Rita, no, please. J-just *one* baby is too much, but five, please...”

The thought of him, Drake Hawkwind, lying on his back and letting a-a *man* fuck him and squirt his seed inside his fertile womb was just too much! And then having to carry that man’s *babies*...

No, Drake would rather die than that.

Rita shrugged her slender shoulders.

“You don’t have a choice. Your new body,” here, she rested her hand on Drake’s bump. He flinched, but didn’t dare back away, “your new body is *desperate* to have kids. After this one, you’ll want another, and another, and another.”

A mischievous light came into her eyes.

“And don’t think you’ll be doing it out of duty, either, little missy. You’re gonna be head over heels in *love* with your new man. You’ll *want* him to

fuck you and care for you, and treat you like a silly little girl. It's all part of my wish."

Drake shook his head, only half aware of the way the movement made his blonde ringlets go bouncing around.

This was all too much to take on. It was humiliating! The most emasculating thing that had ever happened to anyone.

He tried to plead, to beg Rita to change her mind.

"Rita..."

"Shh." Rita gently pressed one finger against Drake's pouty lips. "No more chat. It's too late now, those thirty seconds are long gone. In about five seconds, you're gonna vanish and appear in your new life, and there's *nothing* we can do about it."

She caressed Drake's bump.

"Four... three..."

"But what am I meant to *do*?" Drake sniffed, trying to fight back tears. "I don't know how to be a-a *mommy*!"

The word sounded ridiculous on his lips, but Rita merely shook her head.

"Trust me, no other women really do, either. Two..."

In sadness, Drake stared down at his new body. At its swollen breasts, nipples already leaking tiny dribbles of milk into the cups of his new bra. At its awful female shape, its undeniable pregnancy.

No-one will ever look at you the same again, a mean voice inside him whispered, from now on, you'll just be seen as another girl expected to shut up and let the men talk and stay at home with the kids...

Just like Sophie.

"One..."

For the last time, Drake looked into his wife's dark eyes.

"Don't do this," he pleaded in his soft new voice.

"Goodbye, Drake," Rita said, firmly. "I always did deserve better than you."

A grin crept across her supermodel features.

“Zero.”

A tear slipped out of one of Drake’s innocent blue eyes, rolled down his soft cheek. For the briefest moment, he could still see Rita, grinning at him, and then the whole universe seemed to shimmer, to break apart, to distort.

There was a flash of light that blinded him, a scream that seemed to come from somewhere both inside and outside of himself...

...and then Drake was suddenly sat in a sunbeam in the living room of a strange new house, one dainty hand gently stroking his belly as he read a book on birthing techniques.

The change was so jarring that for a moment Drake couldn’t figure out what was going on. He blinked at the words in front of him, shaking his pretty little head, unsure if this was all a dream.

The feeling lasted for five whole, blissful seconds, before Drake suddenly became horribly aware of several things at once.

The first was the empty crib in the corner of the room, surrounded by brand new baby toys that had never been touched.

The second was the weight of his pregnant belly, so heavy he could feel it resting on his legs through his summer dress, ready to pop at any moment.

The third was the man’s arm looped around his waist.

It was a strong arm, with sensuously dark skin and a sturdy forearm. Dark little hairs dusted its surface, making Drake’s knees go funny.

He could *feel* it’s power, its raw, masculine strength, holding him close. Protecting him and his unborn baby. Comforting him.

Oh God... oh God no...

As Drake’s eyes traced the arm up, around his body, he felt something stir behind him. The bulky, manly body he was resting up against as he and his husband whiled away a sunny morning, preparing for Drake’s due date.

Please God, no...

A pair of lips gently kissed the top of Drake’s head. The arm tightened ever so slightly around his waist, holding him close. He felt warm breath tickle one of his ears.

And then came that low, male voice. So masculine, so confident it made shivers run through Drake and made him want to squirm and sigh and do whatever the voice told him to.

“How’s my darling girl?” The voice whispered. “Enjoying your book?”

The hand lazily rose up, began massaging one of Drake’s big new breasts, squeezing its tender flesh through his underwire bra, playfully groping him. A note of mischief entered the voice.

“Fancy stopping for a bit of Sunday morning fun?”

Drake couldn’t help himself.

Trapped there, at that moment, in Daisy’s young, heavily pregnant body, being felt up by his big black husband, he opened his mouth wide to scream...

...and instead felt his eyes go bright with horror as words came tumbling out his pouty new lips.

“You bet I do...” Drake heard his new body murmur in a sultry, female voice.

Without meaning to, he took hold of the black arm looped around him, raised it to his lips, gently kissed its dark skin.

Inside his treacherous new female form, Drake wanted to cry.

He could *taste* this strange man’s sweat. *Smell* him, as intimately as he’d ever smelled anyone.

It was a masculine odor. The odor of someone who spends all day working out, a smell Drake vaguely recognized from locker rooms. Normally, he’d just dismiss such a smell.

But it was like some fundamental part of his brain chemistry had shifted. As the big black man continued to roughly massage his breast, Drake let his lower lip trail sensuously over the man’s skin, *inhaling* his aroma.

The scent invaded his nostrils, made him breathe deeply. Fired nerve endings in his transformed brain that made him feel suddenly giddy.

Unable to stop himself, Drake kissed the man all the way up his arm. Felt the new hole between his legs loosening up, becoming wet and moist, even as he

felt his new baby shift inside him.

Stop this... No! Stop! He begged inside himself. *Please...*

He tried to get up. To push the man's arm away. To at least stop kissing him!

But it was like someone had set up a firewall in his head, one that stopped his male side from giving orders to his body.

As Drake parted his pouty lips and took one of the man's thick fingers inside his mouth, sucking it playfully, a horrible realization dawned on him.

Rita hadn't just taken away his old body and his old life.

She'd taken away his free will, too. From now on, he was just along for the ride as his body worked on autopilot. Still able to feel, to see, even to *think*, but unable to do anything except what Daisy would do.

"You're so naughty..." The unseen man gave Drake's nipple a pinch that made him moan involuntarily. "Maybe I should get you on all fours and fuck you right here?"

NO! Screamed Drake's mind. *Anything but that!*

He thought it was hopeless, that any minute now he'd know exactly how it felt to be a pregnant woman making love to her baby's daddy.

To his relief though, he felt himself slip the man's finger out his mouth and say in Daisy's squeaky voice:

"Oh my God, I'd love to, *buuuuuuuut...*"

"But...?"

"But, *baby*." Drake looked down at his swollen belly, hesitantly stroked it.

"You're so big, Justin..."

(He's called Justin...?)

"...you might scare her."

"Well..." the man's voice sounded regretful, "if you're sure..."

Of COURSE I'm fucking sure! Drake exploded in his head. *You're not gonna fuck me, Justin! You're not gonna...*

And then the Daisy side of his brain took back control and Drake felt like he was going mad again.

“You know what I read the other day, though?” He heard his new body say, playfully. Feeling his lips move, but powerless to stop them, “that sperm can help induce labor. But only if...”

A sudden urge filled Drake’s body, more powerful than the core of the sun. He felt his body gently pulling itself up before he could even think of fighting it, found himself turning around and getting on all fours.

The sensation of his big new titties and swollen belly suddenly dangling off his frame, dragging him down, should have been enough to make Drake’s mind spin. But he had no time to think about that.

The moment he turned around, he’d found himself face to face with the most gorgeous guy he’d ever seen.

The man he’d been sitting against – Justin – was gigantic.

He was 6’7” at a bare minimum, over eighteen inches taller than Drake in his new body.

His chest was like a barrel, his arms like tree trunks. His figure was large, not the figure of a professional body builder, but the figure of a man who likes to work out because it makes him big and solid and *powerful*.

His head was completely shaved, smooth to the touch. He had a thick, black beard and eyes that were dark and knowing.

But none of this was what grabbed Drake’s attention and made him feel like wailing.

It was what was in Justin’s pants that did that.

There, clearly visible, bulging out against the fabric of his white briefs, was a ten inch cock as thick as a club.

As Drake stared at his new husband’s member, his pouty lips dry, Justin raised one eyebrow.

“But only if what?”

“Huh?” In Drake’s confusion, he couldn’t remember what he’d been saying.

“Sperm can help induce labor, you said,” this mountain of a man rumbled, “but only if...”

For a second, confusion reigned across Drake’s soft, beautiful face. Then the

Daisy part of his brain reasserted itself, and suddenly he was gently rubbing Justin's cock with one tiny hand, kissing his masculine lips, giving him a flirty smile as he heard himself say:

"But only if you *swallow* it." Drake giggled coquettishly. "So, how about it, daddy?"

He tried to stop himself from giving Justin a flirty wink, but it was useless. Gently, his mind paralyzed with terror, Drake felt himself lowering his pretty head until his lips rested against the fabric of Justin's briefs.

"Want me to *suck* it?"

In response, Drake's new husband simply gave him a dazed grin.

"You know something, Daisy? You are the greatest damn wife in the entire world."

Inside himself, Drake tried to scream. To cry. To go mad. To do anything to escape this madness!

But the wish wouldn't let him.

Instead, it forced him to giggle like a schoolgirl, then gently pull down Justin's briefs so his cock rose thick and proud into the air. Forced him to kiss his balls, then slowly kiss all the way up his shaft, letting his lips trail over this man's penis.

A tiny pearl of precum glistened at the tip of Justin's dick. Drake delicately licked it off, then kissed the head of his man's penis, letting out an orgasmic sigh.

With fluttering eyelashes, he looked up into the dark, distant eyes of Justin. Of the man Rita's spell would force him to love like he'd never loved anything before, from this moment until the day he died.

"I love you, daddy," he heard himself whisper. "I can't *wait* to carry your next baby."

And then he felt himself lower his head. Sweep his blonde ringlets out the way with one hand. Part his lips.

Hopelessly, Drake tried to fight it. Tried to tense his neck muscles. To stop it from happening.

He managed maybe half a split second before the magic overwhelmed him, flooded his brain with serotonin, making him feel happy and warm and loved.

With a feeling of dark abandonment, Drake lowered his head, took Justin inside his mouth.

The black man closed his eyes, gripped the sides of the sofa as Drake's beautiful head began to bob up and down, filling his mouth with cock, marking him out forever as the perfect little housewife.

Ten minutes later, when Justin finally came, Drake let him shoot his seed all over his pregnant belly.

*

Late that night, Drake lay in bed, one hand clasped over his belly as he stared at the darkened ceiling and wondered if he'd died and gone to Hell.

That whole day, he and Justin had spent a blissful time together, making the most of their last few days before the baby came.

They'd cooked jam together in the kitchen, Drake unable to stop himself from drooling over his new husband's size, or the ease with which he could lift things that were impossibly heavy to Drake's tiny girl-body.

In the afternoon, they'd gone for a walk in the woods near their new clapboard house, enjoying the sunshine.

Well, for Drake it had felt more like a waddle – he was the size of a goddamn whale! – but Justin had been a gentleman, holding his hand at all time, his powerful grasp so comforting that it made Drake melt.

In the evening, Justin had even cooked the dinner, turning out an expert meal while Drake sat on the sofa, tenderly rubbing his belly and picking out baby clothes from a catalog.

Look at him... he'd thought as he peeked over the top at Justin moving around the kitchen like a pro chef. *That's what an alpha male should be. One who knows how to be a family man, who knows how to be dad.*

Not someone like Drake Hawkwind who just bangs his intern and thinks being macho is shouting at less powerful people than him.

The thought had been uncomfortable in the extreme, so much so that Drake had decided to distract himself by experimenting with his new breast milk

pump.

Feeling milk flowing out his nipples had been one of the strangest, most humiliating sensations he'd ever had.

Finally, after a lazy dinner in front of the TV watching some crap on Netflix, Drake and his new husband had retired to the bedroom.

Well, he said "retired". In reality, Justin had scooped his small wife, giggling, into his powerful arms and carried her up the stairs like he was a hunky fireman and Drake was the woman he'd just saved.

His arms around his husband's thick neck, cradled against his chest (being careful not to bump baby, of course), Drake had been filled with an overwhelming sensation of peace and happiness.

This. This is everything I ever wanted...

It took every ounce of his strength to stop thinking like that and go back to being upset.

Not that Daisy's body had got the message. After cuddling his giant of a man on the double bed for thirty minutes, Drake had dimly heard himself offering to suck his man's cock again.

And this time, he had swallowed.

Now it was past midnight. Justin's vast bulk slumbered beside Drake, like a gently snoring mountain, one protective arm instinctively curled around his tiny, pregnant wife as Drake stared into the darkness, wishing he was dead.

Any day now... he thought as he rubbed his belly.

Any day now, his water was gonna break. Any day now, Justin would take him to the car and drive him to the hospital while Drake tried to breathe in the back, to hold back the contractions.

Any day now, he would be led into a hospital room and told to lie on the bed. There, he would be forced to *push* and *push* until a newborn baby came crawling out his hooch and he was suddenly a mommy.

And, when the baby was born, there'd be no time to rest. Drake would have to breastfeed her, to care for her, and be the perfect mommy while daddy was out at work.

He'd be stuck changing diapers, getting up in the night to nurse their kid, and generally being the sort of super mom he had no interest in being.

And, when their baby was finally old enough to fend for herself... when Drake was finally getting enough sleep....

He'd have to do it all over again. The sore back, the tired legs, the painfully cracked nipples. Only, this time, he'd have to endure nine whole months of it. And then another nine, and then another nine. And another.

By the time Rita's wish finally let him stop procreating like mad, he'd have five children to look after and have been stuck as Daisy for the better part of a decade.

A tear rolled out of one of Drake's eyes, slipped down his face and onto the pillow. He pressed the back of one dainty hand against his lips.

No, he wouldn't cry. Not like a silly girl.

Not when he was about to become a *mommy*.

"I wish..." Drake whispered to no-one in particular, "I wish..."

I wish I was normal again! He sobbed inside himself. But the magic wouldn't even let him say that out loud.

"I wish everyone knew how *happy* I was," his treacherous body said instead, as if the Daisy part of him was rubbing it in. "How very, very happy."

Inside Drake's new womb, the baby gave another kick. The pregnant man rolled onto his side with a sob and curled up a ball around his swollen belly.

Any day now...

Any day now...

*

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Free Extract: She Turned Him into a Pregnant Girl

“Please!” Hank wailed. “Please stop!”

Before him, the woman shrugged.

“Maybe you shoulda thought of that before you refused to give up your seat.” She gave him a dark grin that made Hank want to go mad. “Now maybe *you’ll* see how it feels to be all big and pregnant and have no-one to help you.”

As Hank started to cry, big, salty girl-tears rolling down his soft cheeks, he felt his belly get ever-bigger. Something was filling was womb, growing in him at a phenomenal rate.

At the same time, he could see his already big breasts swelling up even further. Feel his nipples getting tender and sore.

In dazed horror, he watched as a little dribble of watery milk dripped out the end of one, and felt like maybe he really had gone crazy.

At last, his belly got so big that he was forced to stand with his lower back curved forwards in an intensely uncomfortable way. His belly button suddenly popped out with a little *pop!* sticking out in front of him, a little, inch long pink nub that looked like a mocking reminder of his lost manhood.

Finally, the magic stopped working. Hank’s swollen girl-belly stopped growing. He looked down at the huge pink dome now sticking far out in front of him with a dual feeling of revulsion and fear.

He didn’t need to ask to know he wasn’t just *pregnant*.

He was about to pop.

“Congratulations, mommy,” the woman smirked. “You’re now *nine months pregnant*. You’re due any day now.”

She gave a sigh and put her hand onto Hank’s swollen womb.

“What do you think? Will it be a little girl, just like her mommy? Or a little man just like his daddy?”

As Hank shrank away from her touch, she laughed out loud.

“Oh, you better get used to people touching you without your permission!

Pregnant women have to put up with that shit *all* the damn time!”

But not me! Hank wanted to sob. *Not me, I’m not supposed to get pregnant!*

But what was the point in saying such a thing?

He was no longer a man. He was a *girl* now. A girl who had let some man put his dick inside her, and come in her, and get her all knocked up.

God help him, he was carrying someone’s *baby*...!

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