

Mom in the Making

For SeriousSentence

By TheSpiralledEye

Zach goes from shopping for St. Patricks Day decorations to maternity wear in the span of a single shopping trip thanks to some strange bubble gum.

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Zach pulled into the Target car park with a grin. He'd made a big show of being irritated about drawing the short straw and being selected to go shopping for the office's St Patrick's Day celebration but in reality he was thrilled. He was essentially being paid to goof off and if he was twenty minutes late back to the office because of 'traffic' who was going to complain? They were the ones who made him go after all.

As he walked into the air conditioned department store he was expecting the usually red shop to be covered in green ready for the holiday but instead of shamrocks he was greeted with streamers of pink and blue. A banner stretched across the entryway in glittering silver; March for Moms!

The door was flanked by two human sized cut outs of women with large baby bumps smiling in that fake catalogue way that always irritated him. He walked past with an eyeroll and groaned; the whole store was like this. Smiling moms and painfully cute babies all grinning down at him. What did March have to do with being a mother anyway? The way some women went on about it you'd think it was one of life's biggest struggles, not something thousands of women did on the daily.

Vowing to ignore the promotion and just find some shamrocks and silly hats he walked on past until he noticed a little bowl sitting on a pedestal. Blue and pink bubble gum balls with a note in pretty cursive sat at the bowl's rim.

'Free for all shopping mothers!'

A quick glance around showed no security guards and from what he could tell even if one of the cameras saw him nobody would bother following up on a single ball of gum. He grabbed one in spite and popped it in his mouth, humming happily to himself as he headed in the direction of the party section.

The gum was sweet, some sort of berry flavour and he found himself tempted to blow a bubble. Perhaps it was the silly thrill of somebody spotting him and figuring out he nicked it but he couldn't resist. Ducking into one of the clothing aisle he chewed and pressed the gum up against his tongue, blowing a bright pink bubble which popped and coated his lips just like it had as a kid. He giggled, blushing slightly as how high his voice got.

Swiftly he licked the gum back into his mouth and noticed how swollen his lips felt. They seemed fuller somehow. He wasn't allergic to anything in gum so perhaps the bubble burst a bit harder than he'd first thought? That had to be it. He glanced in one of the many mirrors at the end of the aisle and saw that indeed, his lips were fuller and a pretty shade of pink.

A little voice in the back of his mind told him that was strange, maybe even a bit concerning but he pushed it away. The gum had just stained them, that's all; even if somebody noticed they wouldn't mistake it for lip gloss or anything, he was a dude after all. He kept walking, spotting the party section just up ahead. He kept his eyes peeled for that distinctive, garish shades of green but all he found were more pinks and blues. Gender reveal party decorations, balloons, teddy bears; had Target all of a sudden turned into a maternity store or something?

Zach felt his blood boil; this was getting ridiculous. He turned on his heels, ready to go and complain to one of the staff members that their promotion was getting out of control when he felt something slam against his ass. In his haste his round butt had knocked over a display of baby toys and he watched, flushed with embarrassment as they all tumbled to the ground.

Anger drowned in a sea of embarrassment he quickly knelt down and began picking them all up. He could feel eyes boring into him and he giggled again, this time nervously. It was embarrassing enough knocking over a display in a shop at the best of times but doing it because your ass was so big and you weren't looking where you were going made it even worse. He began gathering up the toys, doing his best to stack them up the same way they had been before the little accident.

His chest ached as he tried to lay flat on his stomach to reach under one of the shelves. It was impossible though, his breasts just kept getting in the way and they were so sore already. He tried in vain to shift them out of the way and reach for the ball beneath the shelf but he gave up.

"Oh my goodness! Are you alright?" A voice cried out, he looked up to see one of the store employees looking at him with horror.

It was then that he realised his position; on his hands and knees, ass in the air, one hand trying in vain to push his breasts down. His face flushed a deep crimson as he struggled to his feet, back twinging in pain.

That little voice returned, louder this time and for a moment he froze in place. Since when did he have back issues? Or breasts for that matter? He was about to think deeper on the questions when that employee spoke up again, a soft hand coming to rest on his arm.

“Did you fall?” The woman asked seriously, “Would you like to sit down.”

“Oh no.” He shook his head and giggled nervously, “I just knocked the display over with-I knocked it over. So embarrassing, I was just trying to clean it up.”

The employee smiled softly at him and shook her head.

“No need for that dear, we can't have you crawling all over the floor in your condition. Just continue with your shopping. I'll take care of this.”

“Oh thank you, you're too kind.”

He hurried away, eager to separate himself from the humiliating incident, ducking through the aisles until he realised he had no idea where he was going. What had he come in here for again? God, his memory was awful since he reached the third trimester. He pushed a stray hair back up into his messy bun and continued walking, trying to look as if he were moving with purpose when in reality he just wanted to remember why he was here in the first place.

As he walked he watched people smile as he passed and he returned the gesture. One thing he loved about being pregnant was that the whole world became friendly; everybody smiled as you passed and treated you with such generosity, it really did help him cope with all the downsides.

The most irritating one right now being his yoga pants. They stretched over the bottom of his bump; it used to be quite comfortable, wearing something form fitting and stretchy but now his belly was simply too big. The waistband was stretched to its limit and threatening to start digging into his stretched skin.

That was it! He'd come for new clothes! Zach giggled to himself, the pregnancy brain was real today that was for sure. He swallowed the last of the berry chewing gum and walked over to the maternity section which thankfully, had been expanded recently. Though

walking might have been an exaggeration, this far along he truly was waddling, especially in these ill fitting pants.

Zach wandered the racks, running his fingers along the dresses and feeling the soft, stretchy material under the pads of his slightly swollen fingers. There were so many to choose from, how would he decide?

He pulled a floral style sundress made from beautiful flowing material that brushed his ankles and gasped. It was gorgeous! His delight quickly turned to dismay though when he saw the sizing; there was no way something like this would fit over his big belly, not even if it was a maternity dress. With a pout he placed it back on the rack and moved down the aisle towards some of the larger sizes.

He pulled dress after dress but still nothing felt quite right, his mind kept wandering back to the flowing sundress until at least, a flash of dark purple in the corner of his eye made him turn. It was stretched across a mannequin that was around his size, a sleek, form fitting maternity dress in the deepest shade of plum, completed with a simple yet elegant sash. He looked at himself in one of the mirrors and winced; messy, badly dyed hair was falling out of his bun and the clothing he wore had been stretched to the limit; there was nothing classy about his image right now at all. That purple dress would change everything, he was sure.

After a bit of struggling he managed to wiggle it off the mannequin and carry it over to one of the change rooms where he started to undress. He sighed in relief as he pushed the sneakers off his swollen feet; perhaps the shoe shop should be his next port of call. He stepped into the soft gown and gently pulled it up his body, taking care to slip it over his bump with the utmost care before awkwardly slipping his arms between the straps.

It was like night and day; his messy bun even somehow looked stylish now with this dress accompanying; as if it were deliberately messy rather than just unkempt. He turned left and right, admiring his curves as the dress clung to them. The baby gave a kick and he giggled.

“You like it too? Huh, bub?” He cooed, rubbing little circles across the front.

The only downside was his obvious belly button sticking up in the middle of the otherwise smooth belly but he could deal with that. He looked at the discarded tank top and yoga pants lying in the corner, stretched beyond repair. Zach decided to leave them, he could always buy new ones once the baby was born after all.

He shoved them into the corner with his foot before squeezing his old shoes back on. Idly he wondered if the shoe shop a few blocks away had any special sale for mothers going on right now; he should check, it was only a short drive after all.

He made his way to the register with the dress still on and the tag hanging down his back. A little embarrassing but it was better than walking around in those stretched clothes a single second longer.

“Just this one, thank you.” He smiled as the cashier, awkwardly leaning forward so she could scan the tag before he promptly ripped it off. “I just had to wear it out, it’s too darling.”

“It looks good on you ma’am.” The cashier nodded politely, “Have a nice day!”

He paid and began waddling out to his car, grabbing another ball of gum on his way out. More shops should have that, little treats for expecting mothers, they were always hungry after all. It really made his day. For a second he couldn’t find his car in the lot but with a click of the keys his beloved white SUV lit up and he smiled. It was time to finish his shopping; after all, the baby could come any day now and he didn't want to risk missing out on any more special deals.