

Fertility Idol (TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

A man's life completely changes when he comes into contact with a fertility idol belonging to his best friend's wife. To his shock, instead of her becoming more alluring as she planned, it is he whose body changes, becoming the ideal woman for his best friend, and a very fertile one at that. A short story inspired by an old caption I read years ago.

Fertility Idol

I won't lie, it's more than a little embarrassing when Dan and I go out on a couple's date with Nicole and her new partner Ray. After all, she knows exactly who I am, and that my fate could have been her fate. I can't help but place a hand over my heavy belly as we meet and sit down to order dinner, rubbing it gently as my babies stir within. A pretty crazy change from how things used to be. After all, my husband Dan used to be Nicole's husband. And I wasn't a woman at all, but Dan's best friend Andrew. But everything changed when Nicole bought that fertility idol back to her place three years ago . . .

I knew at the time that Dan and Nicole's relationship was on the rocks. Both of them wanted kids, but Dan confessed to me that their marriage was increasingly strained by their inability to conceive, and that it had exposed other chips in their partnership. In the end, they had separated for about a week while Nicole went to 'find herself' in South America. She came back exuberant for her husband, bringing a small statue she had found that she claimed would allow them to finally conceive. It was, according to the strange woman she purchased it from, a carving of Xochiquetzal, Aztec goddess of fertility, beauty, and sexual love. Nicole claimed that the old woman told her the statue would 'bless a woman to be fruitful, but must be kept out of a man's hands until his woman touched it first, lest it have unwanted ramifications.' All that would be required was for them to touch the statue; first the woman, then the man. Dan, as I knew my best friend to be, was sceptical, and convinced her to hold off until the next day at least. This descended into more arguing.

This was when I entered the picture. You see, Nicole had to work on that Saturday, so as usual I went and visited my best friend, mostly just to give him support after what he'd been going through, and check if Nicole wasn't splitting up with him. It was then that he told me her crazy story, lifting up the statue by its base to show me. I took it from his hands, chuckling as I looked it over, not heeding his instructions - not that he really cared. To both of our shock the statue crumbled to ash when I placed it back in his hands, when his finger slipped and touched the edge. As it fell to the floor in a dust heap, I felt a lurch in my

stomach. We swept up the remains and tried to laugh it off and have a beer, but as soon as I brought the can to my lips, I had to rush off to the toilet to vomit. Nicole was furious upon return, and immediately kicked me out. I was glad, my stomach was doing loops inside of me, and I left mumbling apologies to Nicole for ruining the statue.

Over the next week I was forced to take sick leave due to soreness, the lurches, and vomiting. I was exasperated by the weight loss I was experiencing, especially loss of muscle. My pecs were sore, my face felt funny, and my penis felt shrivelled. Even stranger, I was having strange dreams in which an incredibly gorgeous blonde woman beckoned me toward her. She had round, perfectly large breasts and wide child-bearing hips, an incredible round ass and perfect legs. Her face was beautiful and enticing. I felt a strange connection to her, getting stronger each night.

“It will make a woman fruitful, but a man cannot be fruitful in a woman’s way,” she said, her voice a sultry soprano. “You touched the statue, and so must accept its curse instead. It cannot be reversed. Embrace your new role. Embrace me.”

Five days into that miserable week, I looked in the mirror and realised what was happening. My chest was expanding, my hips widening, waist narrowing. My face was softer, skin hairless. My manhood was disappearing. I was becoming that woman.

It was impossible to believe, yet the proof was undeniable. The Aztec fertility idol Nicole had purchased was the real deal, delivering its ‘curse’ by turning me into a woman! I panicked, but each time I called for help or Dan or Nicole to reverse the changes, I was overcome by a wave of nausea as my body changed even more.

It was the most miserable, terrifying experience of my life, and with each grunt of pain, each moan of discomfort, my voice became higher and higher. Finally, one morning I woke up without aches. I made my way to the mirror, and despite my week of hell, I was astonished.

“Holy shit,” was all I could say. I was perfect. It was not just the me I would have been if I had been born female. Rather, it was as if my genetics had been utterly flawless in womanhood. I was horrified, and a little turned on at myself. I didn’t just have boobs, I had tits! They were heavy, prominent and proud, almost the size of my feminised head, obscuring any view of my toes. I had an hourglass figure with wide, child-bearing hips. Just like the woman in my dreams, my ass was rounded, swaying despite my intentions as I walked. I had even lost over a foot in height, which mortified me.

The rest of the day was a panic of sorting out clothes, my new femaleness, and how to contact Dan about what happened. That was, until I was suddenly struck by a strange, growing need in my body. An emptiness. A rising sexual need. My attempts at self-pleasure were educational, but even my sensitive breasts and unbelievably reactive clit were not enough.

That night, I again had a dream of that gorgeous woman, the one who was now me. Only she had changed again; her breasts were even larger, and she cradled a large pregnant belly that rippled occasionally from the life within.

“The curse for a man can become a blessing,” she said, pulling my hand forward to rest on her active stomach. “Man cannot create life. You trespassed upon the woman’s role, and so must now embrace it. Embrace the act of life itself.”

I woke hornier than I could ever believe. It was as if my body was on fire, and I needed a cock in me, hard. It was terrifying, and wrong, but I needed it more than I had needed anything before. I texted Dan to come over. He was confused why I hadn’t replied to him lately, and I said I was sick, but that it was an emergency to do with the fertility idol. He came at once, and was shocked to find a busty, fertile woman before him. He almost didn’t believe me, but the strangeness of the idol, his own odd dreams lately about meeting someone like me, and my own knowledge of our past convinced him. What took a lot more convincing, however, was for him to fuck me hard.

I begged him. I pleaded. I pushed my magnificent breasts together and pressed my generous chest against him. I held his strong arm demurely, blaming the curse but breathing heavily as I lusted to have his cock in me. To have his seed in me.

Finally, despite not wanting to cheat on Nicole, he relented. I spread my legs and wailed in pleasure as my best friend fucked me, licking my sensitive tits and kissing me until we both tensed and he ejaculated into my waiting womb. I orgasmed multiple times, but immediately after my burning lust ending we were both left shamed. Quietly, my friend left as I tried to deal with the aftermath. I had been fucked by my best friend, and I have loved it. Every moment of it, no matter how wrong it was. And more than that, I wanted to do it all over again.

We kept silent on it for no longer than three days. Three whole days of awkwardness, during which I struggled not to message him to come over and fuck me even more. In the end, Dan came clean to Nicole and admitted what happened. He even brought me over as proof to explain. Nicole was in tears. Her chance at becoming a mother was lost, and she blamed both me and Dan, claiming I deserved my fate. I apologised as much as I could, but to no avail. I thought things couldn’t get any worse, but the next day after breakfast I had another wave of nausea. And the day after that.

One week later the pregnancy test came back positive.

I was pregnant with Dan’s baby, there was no getting around it. I wasn’t sure how to tell him, but I knew I had to. He came and visited after Nicole had kicked him out. The house was originally hers so she had the right. He looked rough; she’d filed divorce and he’d just received the papers. I felt bad, and the news that he’d gotten me knocked up twisted around in my stomach, squirming about just like the little baby I’d soon be growing. I didn’t tell him

straight away, but I let him stay – he had to sleep on the couch. Despite how much I wanted him in my bed.

Things were pretty awkward between us, even before the news broke. He knew that I was his friend, that I was meant to be male, but he couldn't help but sneak glances at me from time to time. I couldn't blame him – I was basically the vision of perfect womanhood now – but it sure felt uncomfortable, and I was still getting used to having a large pair of breasts and an empty space between my legs. In the end, I didn't tell Dan. Between my bouts of nausea, tiredness, and complaints about sore boobs, he figured it out.

"I'm sorry Andy," he told me. "I guess that's the curse the statue mentioned huh? I shouldn't have done that to you. All of this is my fault."

It wasn't true. I'd needed him more than anything that day, and part of me knew I was going to end up pregnant one way or another. After all, I had been transformed by the *fertility* idol. I was nothing now if not fertile.

Slowly, the months passed. My belly swelled, my breasts too, and I found myself relying more and more on my friend. I became – if not comfortable – then resigned to my form. After the initial shock of feeling the baby kick, I found myself enjoying those wonderful little movements and jostling inside my womb. Dan and Nicole finalised their divorce. I was actually present when she came over to debrief. She seemed calmer by then, but was honestly confused he was staying with me. The revelation that I was pregnant with his baby made her forlorn, and I felt guilty every time I instinctively rubbed my large bump. Unintentionally, I had been cursed with the pregnancy she would have seen as a gift.

Finally, after I had blown up like a basketball, my tits even fuller with milk, labour came. By that point, I had accepted it was my fate to be a mother. There was no avoiding the curse's end, and I had come to love the child that had grown within me. Dan's child. He held my hand as I laboured, and while I was embarrassed to have him present, I didn't want him to leave either. After five hours of labor, I delivered a healthy girl: Esme. The nurses told me I had a body practically made for birthing, given how quickly it had happened. I simply chuckled tiredly, and told them, "trust me, you have no idea." My journey to motherhood was complete, and now the real work began.

Dan helped me raise our little girl, but we were still unsure how our relationship stood. Thankfully, I suppose, the fertility idol soon clarified it. A month after giving birth, my body returned to its perfect hourglass dimensions, my stomach taut and slim. It was like my body had magically reverted back to my perfect pre-birth proportions, except of course my milky boobs that fed little Esme. Dan came home one Tuesday to find me once again burning with a need to procreate.

"P-please," I begged him. "I need you to cum inside me. I need you to get me pregnant again so damn bad, dude."

This time though, I found myself enjoying it, as did he, judging from his moans. Afterward, both of us knew he'd gotten me pregnant again, but this time, we relaxed into our relationship. And since then, our love has flourished, to the point now where I'm happy to call Dan my husband, and be his wife and mother of his children. Strange as it may be sometimes.

Nicole and Dan are amicable now, and she and I get on quite well, though I suspect she gets a little enjoyment out of my 'curse', given that I wrecked her statue. It's hard not to be a little embarrassed at her outside perspective on this, knowing that her ex-husband's best friend is now stuck as a perpetually pregnant manifestation of a fertility goddess. She's pregnant too, with her first. She is more than happy to restrict herself to one or two, now that her infertility struggle is over. Me? Four and five are on their way. Evidently, a man cursed by a fertility goddess has a high chance of twins. I both dread and feel excitement at the thought of triplets one day.

I'll just have to get used to not being able to drink a good beer for a long time, despite it being an old tradition between Dan and me. It's a good thing Dan wants a big family, because I doubt the idol is going to give this body any choice in the matter! It just doesn't feel right not to have a big, swollen belly full of life anymore.

I guess I have the idol to thank for that.

The End