

Not Again! (Housewife TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

An Extension Commission for Connor Cooney

A man bemoans that he is still trapped in a sexy female form because his rival got him pregnant . . . again. He was turned into a woman, but agreed to terms that if he could resist getting pregnant for six months, he could turn back. Only the rival made sure the body was very, very needy.

Not Again!

Candace groaned as she woke earlier than she would have liked. The sound of her babies crying now sent her flying out of unconsciousness with relative ease, in that maternal way all mothers become, no matter how deeply they once slept. For her, it was a waking nightmare, filled with activities and experiences she never would have imagined she would have experienced.

Slowly, she pulled herself out of bed, rubbing her eyes. More crying. Both of them were awake.

"Ughh," she moaned. She looked down at her tits, which bobbed in her maternity bra. They were big, round ripe fruit, and her large dark nipples were aching for release. She was full of milk, and even if her babies weren't hungry, she'd need to express it anyway. She held them in her hands, still unbelieving she actually had tits now, let alone milk-producing ones, but the flesh was so tender that it only made her wince at their sensitivity.

"This sucks," she said to herself.

A figure stirred beside her, placing one hand on her generous hip.

"Well, you're the one who begged me to fuck you, dear. This is the result."

"Don't remind me," she said with a sigh. "I didn't intend to get pregnant a second time. I better not be pregnant a third time."

The man, whose name was Eric, chuckled. "Have you had your period?"

Another sigh. "No. Goddamnit. It doesn't mean you've knocked me up, though. It could just be late."

"Uh-huh, and that's why your breasts have been tender lately, and you've felt bloated and exhausted."

She turned to look at the man that was her unwanted babydaddy. He had a smug, winning smile upon his face. Despite her every wish, her body insisted on being irresistibly attracted to him. The feeling of his short beard against her lips was divine, and, of course, between her thighs as well. Even with their two little boys crying in the other room, and her

breasts feeling like they would explode if she didn't nurse soon, she still felt a need to fuck this man. To have Eric slide his big cock into her moist depths without any protection, and thrust and thrust until he came inside her. Never mind the consequences, her body craved it anyway.

"Maybe I feel exhausted because I've literally gotten knocked up twice by you, and had to fucking give birth as a woman, Eric."

"Maybe," he said, still grinning. He squeezed her ass, which caused her to shiver in further arousal. "But I never fuck you unless you beg me for it. It's you that causes this situation. Now, you better see to our little boys. Then you can come back and we can relax."

She rolled her eyes, but found it hard not to look at his bare, masculine chest. Still, she got up and went to the babies' room. She pulled down her maternity bra, and ignored the slight dripping of milk from her aching nipples.

"Okay, babies, drink up. Mama is here. Oh God, she better not be here forever, though."

She raised them to her chest, carefully. Little Joey was a bit harder to wrangle due to being older, but Kade was only three months old, and only cared about milk. Still, they both latched, and she managed to rest back on the bed as they nursed. Candace closed her eyes, savouring the sweet tug tug tug of breastfeeding that gave her so much catharsis. Never in a million years could she guess that she would be in this situation. After all, she wasn't even meant to be a wife, let alone a mother.

Just a couple of years ago, Candace was Carter, a fairly ordinary dark-skinned man of average height and build, and a love of sports and recreation. He was also a bit of a partygoer, which was why when he heard there was a new party drug on the block he was sure to try it. The supplier turned out to be someone from his own college major class, and one he'd been competing against the whole year; Eric. Still, the man seemed laidback and reassuring, and told him that this new drug, Essence, was totally worth it. A little tipsy, and still interested, Carter decided to take it anyway.

It would prove to be the worst mistake of his life.

Instead of making him experience a fun trip, it pushed him through a nightmarish one. His body altered rapidly, becoming that of a gorgeous woman with a cute afro, big Double-D tits, and a set of ass and hips that just wouldn't quit. Worse, his new body was horny beyond all measure, and needed cock like she just couldn't believe. Luckily, or unluckily, for her, Eric was right there, ready to 'try out the goods.' They fucked long and hard, and despite her initial horror, her body couldn't help but be irresistably attracted to the man. He explained it had something to do with Essence and how it worked: whoever the new woman slept with first was the one she 'imprinted on', and developed an incredible addiction to.

Soon, the newly renamed Candace had no choice but to be Eric's hot new girlfriend. She wore sexy revealing outfits for him, sashayed her hips and ass as she held his arm in public, and made all his meals for him - a process of intense learning for the normally kitchen-shy former man. And all that time she begged for him to change her back, pleading for a return to her previous life.

"Fine, fine," he had said after a month of this torture. "I'll make you a deal, Candace. If you can avoid getting pregnant for six months, then I'll make you Carter again. How about that?"

It sounded horrifying. She could get pregnant now? But she had to agree. It was the only way to become female again, and it meant that she could get free of this life. Besides, how hard could it be?

As it turned out, it was very hard. Impossible, even. Her body was too damn hot for Eric, and her pussy was on fire in his presence if he hadn't fucked her in the last day, or even the last few hours. Worse, it felt all wrong for him or even her to wear protection. Only the taboo risk of potentially baby-making sex would do for her, and so after only just two months she found herself getting a positive pregnancy test after throwing up in the toilet.

"Well, that's one failure," Eric said, kissing her still-flat stomach. "But at least I get to be a father, and you get to be a mother. But don't worry. After you give birth to this beautiful little baby - and you will go through birth, I assure you - then you can have another shot of going six months without getting pregnant again."

Candace was furious, but once more had no choice. Over the next eight months her belly grew and grew, and she was forced to feel every part of a woman's pregnancy, including her breasts becoming even larger, and her ass and hips expanding. She felt the baby kick, felt the cravings, felt the tiredness, and the randiness. In the second trimester, she was practically demanding Eric fuck her. He in turn found her pregnancy sexy, and didn't pass up an opportunity to caress her swollen stomach.

And in the end, she'd given painful, all-natural birth, just as Eric wanted her to. The only consolation after all the awful experience was the adorable little baby Joey out of it. Even though she wanted to be a man again, she at least felt purpose in being her little guy's mother. And while her body recovered from the trauma, she was determined not to get pregnant again.

Except that just five months later - 30 days shy of the finish line - she was once again puking up in the toilet, and once again beginning to bloat up. She'd been too damn horny, too addicted to the feeling of Eric's cock cumming deep inside her and filling her womb with his virile seed. By that point, she wasn't just his girlfriend and babymama anymore, he'd made sure she actually got all dressed up in white and married him. And then been fucked by him all over again on their wedding night, as her body needed.

"Okay, you two," she whispered to her babies, "it's still early. Back to sleep, and let Mama get thirty more minutes."

She managed to settle her two sons, and smiled at their beautiful faces. Joey would be up again soon, but at least she had time. She began to walk back to her and her now-husband's bedroom, only to stop and clutch her mouth.

"Ohhh . . . oh. Ughhh! Oh, sh-shit!"

She ran, bare breasts bouncing heavily on her chest. She only just made it to the bathroom in time. She ran to the bowl and kneeled over it, chucking up part of last night's dinner.

"NNghh . . . not again!"

She cleaned herself up, feeling morose but resigned, and made her way back to Eric. He was still relaxed in bed, naked, his hands behind his head comfortably, and his big cock throbbing with desire.

"What took you so long?" he asked, though it was clear from his expression that he already knew.

"Oh, nothing," Candace replied, moving her naked body onto his and grasping his penis. She positioned it between her thighs and lowered herself onto it, letting out a passionate moan as it pierced her moist tunnel and entered her depths.

"J-just p-pregnant again, you f-fucker."

"Excellent," he said. "I can't wait to see you get all big and full with my babies again."

She groaned, utterly turned on by his words, and by how he was grasping her full breasts.

"M-maybe I'll make it n-next time. J-just six months, after - ahh! - all."

But as she began to ride his cock, sliding up and down sensually upon his lap, grinding his big dick and savouring every sensation, she knew that she would never succeed. She was going to be stuck as Eric's sexy, babymaking wife for life.

She moaned, caressing her currently-flat stomach in anticipation.

"Not again . . ."

Candace cried out in pain as another contraction surged through her body. She clutched Eric's hand tightly as she had done twice before, releasing her grip slightly only when the contraction had passed.

"Ngnhhh," she groaned. "This is all y-your damn f-fault."

"I know," he said, mopping the sweat from her forehead carefully. "And you know I have no regrets about it, my love. You're so very beautiful, you know that?"

"I d-don't feel very beautiful. God, I'm so huge. These babies are huge. Ohhhh, why did it have to be twins? Why did I have to be pregnant again at all? Ahhhhh, another one's c-coming! Aiiiiieee!!!"

She cried out, embarrassed by the squealing tone of her voice but unable to stop herself. The pain was immense, and just as the previous two times, the compulsions insisted that she give birth completely natural, with no painkillers whatsoever. That was how Eric wanted her to be, and the transformation four years ago thanks to his drug had left her hopelessly addicted to following his desires submissively.

So here she was, pregnant a third time. On her back in the hospital a third time. Pushing babies out of the vagina she never should have possessed, again for a third time. And there was nothing she could do but bear down and push through the contractions, until the time came when she then had to push out the babies. Both of them. Her future twin girls.

"Ohhhhhh, I th-think it's happening!" she cried.

"You're doing so well," Eric said, holding her hand. She clutched it, and as much as she couldn't stand the man for doing this to her, she yearned for the comfort his presence brought at the same time. "You're going to be a mother again, my gorgeous Candace. Won't that be great?"

She looked at him, wanting to snap. But the truth was that years of being a woman, a wife, and a mother had left her emotional open. She loved her babies, including the girls within her. She didn't want to stay a woman, but she didn't want to lose her babies, not for the world.

"It . . . it will b-be," she conceded, rubbing her enormously heavy dome of a stomach. "J-just as s-soon as I push them out this d-damn pussy you gave m-me!"

It was at that point that the doctor and her accompanying nurses entered the room, all in scrubs.

"Looks like you're about fully dilated, Candace!" the doctor said in her singsong tone. "It's time to get ready and push."

Candace felt the next contraction come over her, and her body told her exactly what to do. She pushed down, with all her might, and screamed.

Three pregnancies, four babies. Candace was no longer just officially a woman and a wife and mother, but a mother to more children than she had hands to hold them. Without Eric's support in the months of adjustment that followed she probably would have collapsed, but Eric was always there to lend a helping hand with their children. He helped change diapers, made little Joey and Kade laugh, and did his best for Denise and Hayley, their newborn girls.

They were largely attached to their mother, and a good thing too, since Candace basically felt like she was a cow these days with how much milk she produced. Eric liked to drink the overflow, and frankly after some initial shame at the act she was more than happy for him to 'drink from the boob' as she put it, since otherwise she ended up damn engorged. It was also pretty erotic, and often led to some orgasms on her part while her downstairs recovered. In all of this, she was grateful for Eric. He may have made her into his submissive and highly libidinous babymama, but he loved their children and took great pains to help raise them. He even went to the extent of lowering his hours at work just to support his 'loving and dutiful wife,' as he liked to call her. Of course, it was easy for him to do since his *Essence* pill he'd invented was making him a lot of money on the underground black market. He only sold to a select few friends and customers he trusted, not wanting it to become a sensation. She'd asked him several times why, and the answer he gave only made her sigh.

"Because what we have is special and unique, Candace. I don't want to spoil that by letting it spread across the globe and dilute the wonders of what we have. And besides, if *Essence* became famous, you could easily find a way to turn back. And as we both know, you don't really want that down deep. That's why you keep having the most amazing sex with me all the time, and why you aren't going to make it six months again."

His words were a challenge, a glove thrown down at her dainty feet. She had failed three times already at not getting pregnant. It wasn't really her fault: *Essence* had changed her not just to an astoundingly attractive and voluptuous woman, but one who 'imprinted' on Eric and made her constantly horny and submissive for him. But she couldn't forget that the most recent time she had nearly made it to six months. She had gotten close. So damn close!

"I will make it," she declared. "I will. I'll meet your bargain, husband. Just you wait."

"I doubt it," he said. "But I love it when you call me husband."

And with that he began to fondle her breasts and make her swoon. She was still out of commission, but that didn't mean she couldn't please her husband with her mouth. As embarrassing as it had once been, it shocked her how ordinary it felt now to suck on his cock. She lowered herself down after he'd had his usual feel of her tits, and minutes later he was clutching her hair as he blew a load down her throat. She moaned wildly, almost orgasming herself, as she drank down every droplet of his cum.

She still believed she could make it to the six month mark this time.

But it was going to be a hard slog, that was for sure.

In the months that followed, Candace's body healed quickly and she worked hard to regain her figure. It was important to get her slim, toned stomach back so Eric could appreciate her. She put huge effort into her looks despite how constantly tired she was from all the nightly breastfeeding, even styling her afro in new ways to take him by surprise. Eric took this as evidence that she would be knocked up again in a short while, but the truth was that Candace was weaponising her own submission to actually *avoid* that outcome. She knew that she was helpless when it came to wanting to please her husband, but the problem with her approach previously was that she had tried to be obstinate entirely, fighting against every impulse in the hope that it would make her stronger. It had failed spectacularly. This time, she had a different approach: she would get her endorphin rush by doing all the small things instead, thus allowing her to pitch her battle in the bedroom alone (or kitchen, or hotel, or car, wherever they found an excuse to have sex without the kids knowing).

And so, Candace gave in to the full femininity she had been denying these four years. She wore all the cute, sexy outfits that would please Eric, from a hot bikini when they hit the beach to a dynamite 1950's style housewife dress with a colour that matched well against her own dark skin tone. She did all the chores and more, seeing to her children dotingly and acting the part that the drug had been making her play for several years now. Only she acted it enthusiastically. It wasn't that difficult: as damn hard as it was to be a stay-at-home mom rearing four young children, it was impossible not to love them, even as Kade reached the age where toddler outbursts were getting more common. And breastfeeding had its pleasures: it was a soothing connection between her and their children, and she delighted in making them comforted. Reading to her children was also a joy, as was those moments when their faces lit up when they got to see their mother once they woke.

Eric noticed these changed, and it was clear he was turned on by how much she had embraced her life.

"You're s-so fucking hot like this!" he grunted as she sucked on his long, thick cock once the kids had gone to bed. "I love how submissive and womanly you are. You're the perfect mother of my children, Candace. I couldn't imagine a b-better wife."

His words were like sweet honey to her ears, and that time she actually did orgasm when he shot his load down her throat. But it was another success: she was going down on him a lot lately, and the few times he had ploughed into her had been outside her fertility period, or she had switched positions with him. Occasionally she had close calls: while riding him happily, trying to keep herself from waking their children with her noise, he had ended up cumming inside her. She had *leapt* off of him and gone to clean herself immediately. Feeling her annoying period return ten days later was a welcome relief, for once.

Eric was certain she was pregnant by the fifth month. She played this up, acting more tired than she was, and even going to the toilet and making vomiting sounds. She refused all

pregnancy tests, all to extend his anticipation, and in the meantime he became even more amenable to her stroking him off or giving blowjobs, or even allowing him to take her in her rear. That last one was damn odd, but the fact that she had climaxed multiple times meant it started to happen all the more often.

“All I have to do is hold out another month,” she said to herself as she readied for the day. She was dressing up in a sexy yellow dress that hugged all her best features and showed off her magnificent cleavage. Her boobs were now prominent F-cups, round and ripe and constantly full of milk, not that Eric minded.

“Another month,” she continued, doing her hair like the woman she now was. “Another month and I can raise my kids as a father, not a mother. Another month . . .”

Eric grinned as she presented him with the pregnancy test. He held his hand out expectantly, and it annoyed her how wonderfully handsome and commanding he made the pose. She dutifully passed it to him before adjusting her black dress, the one that made her figure look so damn hot according to him (and just about every red-blooded male on the street).

“Ah well, my love,” he said. “Perhaps next time you will . . . what’s so funny?”

She grinned broadly. “It’s one line, Eric. That means no baby.”

His expression changed, quick as lightning, and he looked back at the pregnancy test. “Well . . . well I’ll be. Shit. Damn. F-fuck. I didn’t think you had it in you. Oh.”

She waited an awkwardly long time while he took this information in. “I’m not pregnant,” she repeated, immensely proud of herself. “I did it, husband.”

“You did,” he said. “You really did, Candace. I . . . I don’t even know what to say.”

She had imagined this moment many times, and always it was with a sense of victory and power. But now as she stood there, watching her husband’s face fall, watching actual *tears* flow in the corners of his eyes which he immediately tried to cover up, she only felt a profound sense of unexpected emptiness. As if to hammer the point home painfully, Joey approached from around the corner, having left the playroom with little Kade in tow.

“Mommy? What is it? Are you sad?”

She realised that her own grin had diminished. “No, Joey. It’s just . . . go back to your playroom. I’ll tell you later. Take Kade with you, okay?”

They retreated, but it felt bad. Eric managed to collect himself. “Well, a deal’s a deal,” he said. “Though . . . I won’t claim that this isn’t the worst day of my life. I haven’t been a good man, Candace, but I hope I’ve played the role of husband well enough. I really have actually loved you, at least in my own way. I hope you know that.”

He placed a hand in his pocket and withdrew a tiny jar. From there, he took a pill.

"I've had it all this time," he said, passing it to her. "It will turn you right back. That is, if that's what you truly want."

She held the simple pill, looking at it for a long time. It would be so easy. She could just take the pill and be Carter again. Be a man again. Have a damn cock again, and be the penetrator for once, not the penetrated. Hell, she wouldn't have to dress up sexy and have men everywhere look at her, nor blow up with a belly full of baby (or babies, plural) every six month interval. It would be so easy to walk away from this life, and find some way to be her kids' fun uncle or something.

But in their eyes their mom would be gone, and she would never have that connection again. Or the cute styles she had grown to love. Or the pleasure in bed she was so addicted to. Or the myriad of other joys of being a woman. Even the embarrassment of being knocked up by a man and pushing out his babies was still a miracle of life that brought her to tears with its beauty sometimes.

"I can't believe I'm doing this," she said, holding the pill before her.

She threw it in the sink and washed it down with tapwater. Eric's jaw fell.

"But - but you made it."

"Yes, I did."

"Six months. Damn straight I did, husband."

"You were free to go back."

"It's too late for that now, I don't think I even know how to be Carter again. Besides, just knowing I could do it is enough. I guess I just had to really know it was my choice, in the end."

Eric exhaled, relieved but cautious. "So where do we go from here?"

She sauntered up to him, sashaying her hips in an exaggerated fashion before thrusting her overdeveloped and sensitive chest against him. His warmth was wonderful.

"Now," she purred, "you can hurry up and do your duty and get me fucking knocked up again, Eric. Because your wife is yours for life now, and now that she's proven her willpower, *she* gets to decide when you get her preggers. And right now that's . . . right now."

He licked his lips with desire. "You're being serious?"

"Deadly serious. I need your cock, and this body wants its babies. So time to do your job, big boy. I've agreed to stay, now you need to be the best husband ever to deserve me."

His cock tented against his pants, pressing against her, making her heavily aroused.

"Mhmm," she moaned, lowering a hand to tease him. "That's a good start. Now let's get to the bedroom while the girls are asleep and the boys are sleeping. And you can get your wife pregnant."

“Not again?” he asked, looking almost nervous at Candace’s new confidence.

“Oh yes,” she replied, kissing him on the lips passionately. “Again. Again and again and again, Eric.”

And with that she took him to the bedroom, for once feeling almost like the leader in the relationship before she submitted to him once before. She cried out in orgasm when he came, and then several times more. She was going to be pregnant soon, of course. She just knew it.

Only this time she was more than okay with it.

The End