

## Mini-Story: Forever Full Term (Man to Very Pregnant Wife TG)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*Things go very wrong for Alex when he is granted the power of a wish from a genie. Told that he cannot create a fantasy girlfriend from nothing, he wishes for his friend Brad to become so instead. But the genie is disgusted by this, and decides that Alex should be Brad's perfect partner instead. Little does Alex realise that Brad not only wants a sexy wife, but has a huge pregnancy kink. Soon Alexa finds herself in the third term of pregnancy to her friend . . . for life.*

### Forever Full Term

Alexa had just served her husband up his bacon and egg breakfast when she suddenly clutched the table. She flung a hand to her stomach, clenched her eyes shut, and let out a long and loud groan.

“Ohhhhhhh . . . ahhhhh.”

She clutched her rounded, heavily pregnant belly as it tightened automatically. The pain was sharp, telling her that it was finally happening. She was *finally* giving birth after all this time. It wasn't true though, of course.

“Another Braxton-Hicks?” Brad asked, curiously rubbing his hand over her belly. She was just in her lingerie this morning, showing off her very pregnant form, the way her husband liked it. Her belly button protruded, having been ‘popped’ for quite some time, and when the pain finally relented, the child within her squirmed about, making obvious distensions along her pregnant womb.

“Y-yeah, obviously,” Alexa said, straightening herself. She placed her hands on her back for support, sticking her humongous stomach out. It gave her some relief, though she knew it was also turning her husband on even as he tried to eat the food she'd just served him. He loved her big pregnant belly, and that was the problem.

“I suppose you're used to it now, sweetie,” Brad said, sparing a kiss for her bare belly.”

“You'd think so, wouldn't you?” she said, slowly lowering herself to a seat beside him. She ran her hands over her belly. God, she did that so much now, she reflected, but who could blame her? She was literally overdue, and at least it calmed their little daughter. “But instead my body really makes me think I'm finally giving birth each time.”

“I didn't think you wanted that. You know, what with how you'd be pushing out our baby and everything.”

She just gave a wan smirk and cocked one eyebrow. "Trust me, that's how I used to think, but after three years of being *this* pregnant dude, I'll push out a thousand babies if it means finally no longer being so damn knocked up. I can't believe you're so attracted to this, still. All the aches and swelling and exhaustion and these huge boobs full of milk."

'Mhmm, I rather like that last one,' Brad said. His gaze fell on her very full F-cup chest. Her boobs felt like they were each the size of her own head someday, and she had to express her milk at least once a day. Well, that wasn't entirely true . . .

"I may need help with that later," she said. "I'm just telling you because I know you'll want to drain me *personally*."

"What can I say?" Brad said with an aroused smirk. "I like my milk. And don't pretend you don't enjoy it when I drink from you. You certainly weren't complaining this morning when I fucked you."

Alexa winced, rubbing her stomach again. "It's all the fault of that stupid curse, I swear."

"I thought you'd come to accept this! I mean, it is your life now. And it's not like we can change you back. You're my hot prego wife and you've been her for years now."

Alex sighed, her various mounds swelling with the movement. Within, her child kicked about, nearly winding her.

"I'm well aware, dude. I'm just . . . I just get nostalgic when another fucking fake contraction hits me. I still can't believe your dumb fetish left me as permanently full term pregnant with your baby."

Brad ate the last of his bacon and eggs, then washed it down with orange juice. Then he stood behind Alexa and began to massage her shoulders. She moaned in pleasure. She *did* like massages, and no longer fought then, even when her husband's hands went south to cup her huge, overly-engorged breasts.

"Mhmmmm," she moaned, even as one hand of his travelled south to feel her belly.

"You're so hot like this, Alexa," Brad said. "And I should feel bad about this. About you being my forever third term wife and all. But let's face it, it's not my fault you're like this; it's yours."

Alexa couldn't exactly push back on what Brad had said, because his words were entirely true. It was her fault, and there was no undoing her mistake of three years past.

It had all begun when Brad and *Alex*, as she had been known then, had discovered a mysterious lamp upon a beach. The two had been looking for girls but struck out, and ended up just going for a walk when they discovered it. They were both young men in their early twenties, their whole lives ahead of them, and still young enough to hope that magic was real when they chose to rub the lamp.

Still, they were very surprised when a genie emerged from the lamp, a glorious woman with olive skin and beautiful green hair, her body half-transparent.

*"Thank you for freeing me from my prison," the genie declared. "I can now roam and travel this world, but first you must release me from the last of my power. A wish to the pair of you is granted."*

Brad was smart. He wished for happiness, but in such a specific way that there were no loophole for the genie to exploit. She giggled at his words.

"Very clever, young mortal! But fear not, I would have rewarded you as you desired anyway. You deserve the joy for such a pure wish, and I can see your soul is kind."

Alex, on the other hand, felt he could ask his friend for some life advice later and call it a day. So instead, he wished for "perfect woman to become my submissive slave."

The genie screwed up her face in disgust. *"I cannot create something from nothing,"* she declared. *"You can only wish for someone else to become your perfect woman."*

Alex grinned at that point. His friend would be happy, but that was a lame wish. *He* could have a woman. It was wrong, he knew, but Brad would forgive him in time, surely?

"Then I wish that my friend Brad here becomes my perfect submissive woman!" he declared.

Brad was aghast. "What the hell, dude?"

But the genie was just amused. *"This is what you wish for? A betrayal? No, I retract your wish entirely!"*

"You have to! You have to make him my perfect girlfriend!"

*"Oh really? You know so much about genies, do you? Very well, I will grant your wish, Alex, but not to you. Instead, I will give it to your friend Brad here, and you can become his perfect woman!"*

She clicked her fingers, activating both wishes. Brad would later find himself to be one of the wealthiest individuals on the planet, but something very strange happened to the horrified Alex. His body warped and changed in seconds, the young man groaning as breasts grew in, as his hips widened, as his penis withdrew. His face became startlingly beautiful, his hair long and elegant, and his beach shorts changed to a cute red bikini to match his new form.

But it was the growth in his stomach that alarmed him most. It distended out like a beachball until it was entirely full-term. The shocked former male winced and squeaked in shock as *something* shifted within the new *her*, a baby occupying her overly full womb.

"What!? What have you done to me? And why am I pregnant?"

The genie grinned. *"I'll leave that to your new boyfriend and future husband here."*

And with that, she and the lamp disappeared for good.

It didn't take long for the truth to come out. It turns out that Brad had harboured a secret fetish, one that was a really big kink for him: he was incredibly attracted to pregnant women, especially ones who were right about to give birth, with big bellies and milk-filled tits and a huge waddle in their step because they were so overburdened by the life within them.

And now *Alexa* was that woman. She was a beautiful brunette with huge lactating breasts and a fully formed baby that was, apparently, *Brad's*. Not only that, but she was his girlfriend, and found herself unable to prevent herself from being so, especially in public. Reality had changed so that everyone remembered her as being *Alexa*, ready to give birth at any moment. She couldn't help but wear cute and tight maternity dresses that showed off her incredibly swollen form, nor could she resist her body's incredible attraction to Brad. Much to her embarrassment, she couldn't keep her hands off of him; not in public where she felt the need to cling to his form and let him feel her belly, as if he were her manly protector, or in private, where she begged him to fuck her due to her sheer arousal. She had cried out in reluctant bliss as he took her from behind, and then later again when she lay back against the bed, clutching her belly and breasts as he stood by the side, thrusting into her. They had to be creative with their positions, but as overwhelmed as the new woman was, she found that her new role always managed to make do.

This was *Alexa's* life now. She expected to give birth any day now, the ultimate humiliation. To spread her legs and push, push, push the new life that was already so grown within her. But instead . . . the day didn't come. Even as Brad slowly came to accept and then *adore* the fact that he had a perfect pregnant girlfriend: she gave him all the happiness he needed. He loved feeling the baby kick in her stomach, even as she went 'oof!' or tossed and turned from the movements in the night. When her heavy breasts lactated, he was right there to drink from her, an experience that left her whimpering from the sweet release. He loved having her dress up in hot maternity outfits, or in bikinis when they went to the beach.

"My pregnant princess," he called her. "I never want you to give birth. I want you to stay like this as long as possible."

"N-no way," she moaned, even as he felt her up and rubbed her tight belly. "I'd rather give birth and get it done with, even if I have to live as your submissive girlfriend. I'm sick of having this huge baby belly."

But it turned out she would have to get used to it, because birth never came. Not one month later, not two months later, not half a year later, and not now, even *three entire years* later. It seemed that Brad got exactly what he wanted: a perfect woman who would *always* be right on the cusp of giving birth, right down to the occasional false contractions, but never actually reaching that crucial moment. *Alexa* was enormously frustrated by this: she had *dreams* of finally having her waters break. At a certain point, she didn't even care about staying as a woman, or becoming a mother, or even, after a year, remaining her friend's

dutiful, sexy woman. She kind of deserved it, really, as Brad liked to remind her. But she wanted to lose the damn baby weight! To not always have a passenger inside her, hogging up her damn womb!

Alas, it was not to be. She couldn't even go for help either. The genie had ensured that no one other than Brad was able to tell that her pregnancy made no sense. It wasn't that they couldn't see her pregnancy, they just thought it was perfectly normal, always thinking she was nine months and about to pop no matter how much time passed. Alexa's new girlfriends always commented on how 'soon' it would be whenever they caught up, and how excited she was to become a mother. She'd had five damn baby showers already, and despite attending five times their various friends and acquaintance saw nothing weird about it. Hell, they'd gotten *married* just as Brad had wanted, her pregnant belly beautiful in her maternity wedding dress, and even come back from a long tropical honeymoon, and still no one was suspicious. Her girlfriends her little gifts for the baby, while Brad's friends (including some of her own former buddies) often joked that in a few months she'd 'finally' be able to drink beer again.

"Three years without beer," she whined in private to Brad, hugging her heavy dome. "Three years without being able to go for a run, or not feel winded when I walk too fast, or to be able to drive without adjusting the steering wheel around this damn belly you've given me!"

Brad would just smirk, though. "Yeah," he said, lovingly cradling her, something which annoyingly brought her body comfort. "But isn't it special, to always be filled with life? To have our daughter inside you? Or . . . would you rather have *me* inside you?"

And at that, she couldn't resist him, not even if he really wanted his lips upon his hard cock. She would get down on her knees, holding him for balance, and suck him off, moaning as she did so, and then after he had blown a load down her throat she would need help getting back on her feet - not that she got to see her feet much.

This was her existence now; a permanently pregnant woman. She and Brad figured she might give birth eventually. She would have to. She was still aging, albeit she was still in her early twenties and incredibly beautiful. Though Brad had said he liked pregnant woman the most when they were younger than thirty, so maybe her body wouldn't age. Perhaps she'd have to wait for some moment decades down the line when her waters would break. Brad had a theory that once he wanted kids, his own wish for happiness would break her waters, finally . . .

"You're thinking about it right now, aren't you?" Brad asked in the present, continuing to rub her shoulders and kiss the back of her neck.

"Think about what?"

"About being able to give birth some day, maybe years down the line."

“Of course I am. Maybe I deserve this, but a girl can dream, can’t she? I don’t want to be in my third term forever! You’ve got to want to free me up sometime, surely?”

Brad helped her stand, and by instinct she pressed her body against him, leaning forward to bridge the gap her large, pregnant womb created. She felt Brad’s hardness against her. It wouldn’t be long before he fucked her again. God, he loved pregnancy sex, and the fact was she did now too. The hormones were a powerful cocktail.

“Don’t worry,” Brad said. “You’ll give birth someday.”

“You think so?”

“Of course,” he said, leading her to the bedroom. “I’m still young, but I reckon I’ll want kids a few years down the line.”

“Years!? That’s so long to be so - wait, kids? Kids, plural?”

Brad grinned as he helped remove her bra. His hands cupped her heavy, milk-filled boobs, and she moaned from his ministrations.

“Of course,” Brad said. “My wish was for happiness, right? Well, I’d be happy to raise a large family with you. And just so you know, the only thing sexier to me than a woman full-term with one of my babies, is a woman full-term with *two*.”

Alexa gulped. Twins. Twins? Twins!

“Oh God,” she said. “More babies? You can’t be serious!”

“Hey, it’s what we both wished for, sort of. In a way. Well, I guess it’s sort of what I wished for, and you got hit by karma.”

Alexa groaned, clutching her belly. The baby was moving again, as if reminding her of all that remained for her future.

“More babies,” she repeated, disbelieving.

“Don’t worry. Not too many. We can have many years between them, where you can remain big and round and fecund and beautiful, my love. But for now, why don’t we practice what it would be like to make some more babies, huh?”

Alexa gave herself over to her husband, and soon she was gasping in pleasure. It certainly wasn’t the future she wanted, and the thought of being full-term with *twins* for years on end was too tiring to think about. But at least for now she could get her brains fucked out by her friend-turned husband.

Again, at least pregnancy hormones made for really good sex.

**The End**