

Mini Story: Instant Pregnancy

By TheSpiralledEye

This day could get fucked. I'd worked my ass off, alone, during rush hour at the cafe all day only to get yelled at by every second customer for being too slow, accrue about fifty complaints and now my manager was on my ass for 'bad customer relations'. I was about ready to scream, I just wanted to get home and play some Xbox.

The bus finally arrived and I stepped inside only to groan; totally packed. Fantastic. There was only one seat available, the one marked with a simple picture of a wheelchair and a woman with a huge stomach. Several people were already standing and my legs ached. My stop was ages away and after being on my feet all day the idea of standing for another twenty minutes filled me with dread.

I ignored the few dirty looks I got as I sat down; being a young dude it was clear I was neither in a wheelchair nor pregnant but I didn't care. I sighed in relief and closed my eyes, doing my best to ignore my aching feet. Pregnant women have sore feet all the time, right? So I was basically disabled right now, or equally as sore as a preggo. It should count.

For a few blissful minutes I closed my eyes and leaned back against the window as the bus rumbled along to the next stop. Only for the peace to be disturbed by someone clearing their throat. I blinked open my eyes to see a woman with a frankly enormous belly looking at me with an expectant expression.

Maybe it was the fact she didn't ask, maybe I'd just had a long day and wanted one single person to treat me with a little respect but I felt myself growing irritated. I knew the polite thing would be to move and let her sit down but dammit, I had *earned* this little bit of peace!

"Are you going to let me sit down?" The woman asked finally as the bus started to move.

"Not after you asked like that." I replied stubbornly. "A 'please' wouldn't go amiss."

"You're the one taking up a seat that you know full well isn't for you."

"Look lady, I have worked my ass off today, my feet hurt and I just want to get home. You can have the seat after me. You don't get it just because you did some rawdogging."

The woman's face went from red to purple with rage. I smirked, what was she going to do? Fight me? With that stomach. The woman huffed and she turned her back on me, a few people looked sympathetically her way but I ignored them; if they knew what sort of day I'd had, they would be giving me those looks.

My feet continued to throb and I raised one up to rub at my swollen ankles. Damn, they really were puffy and my shoes felt far too tight. Was it possible to injure yourself by standing up too long? Surely a single day of work, even a busy one, couldn't do that? I lowered my leg back down with a sigh and tugged at the hem of my dress to-

Hang on, dress?

I blinked in confusion, my work clothes were *gone*. Replaced with a stretchy, soft fabric dress in deep lavender. My mouth opened and closed like a fish, I wanted to scream but I was too shocked to even do that. How was that possible?

I didn't have time to worry about my new outfit though because suddenly my body began to change underneath it. I watched in horror as two round bumps appeared on my chest, swelling into the distinctive shape of breasts. I could feel them too, my nipples ached as the skin became more sensitive and I felt a strange pressure as underwire formed beneath the swollen tits to support them.

My chest was heaving as my panic increased which didn't help; because I could feel my new breasts rising and falling. The sensation was totally alien to me. I could feel other changes happening too; hair lengthening, my eyelashes growing long and a strange suction between my legs. I didn't have time to focus on any of them though because there was something else growing that took my full attention.

My stomach was growing round, very round; far more round than normal. At first I thought I was getting fat but then the fabric of my dress began to stretch over my belly in a very distinctive way. Oh No...no way...was I?

A kick from inside my stomach was all the confirmation I needed. I was...pregnant!?

How was that possible, guys couldn't get pregnant. Then I realised that my cock and balls were mysteriously missing and in their place was something hot and moist. I'd been turned into a pregnant lady!

"Excuse me miss, are you already?"

A nearby woman placed her hand on my shoulder in concern.

“You’re breathing fast and look ready to pop...should we tell the driver to stop at the hospital?”

It was so absurd that I wanted to laugh; this lady thought I was in labour. I looked up at one of the many mirrors near the front of the bus and saw a stranger looking back at me; a pregnant, panicked looking stranger with a belly even larger than the woman I’d offended.

I opened my mouth to tell the good samaritan that I couldn’t possibly be in labour and that we were clearly having some sort of shared hallucination when I felt a sudden and distinct cramping in my lower stomach.

No...no no no!

“Driver!” The woman called out. “I think we’d better speed up, we’ve got a baby on the way!”