

Mini-Story: Preggo Pool Party (Men to Pregnant Women TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A group of friends have one last summer pool party, with the pool dosed with a drug to make anyone who swims in it come out as a hot babe for the next few hours. But with the drug coming from a sketchy source, things take a turn for the unexpected when these new women begin sporting pregnant bellies. Worse, when the time comes to turn back, the partygoers start going into labor instead!

Preggo Pool Party

Everyone was coming, far more than Evan had expected. His parties usually drew a decent crowd since his parents were a wonderful combination of filthy rich, often away on business trips, and they had an amazing house with a massive pool and numerous amenities. He wasn't the most macho dude, but he had charm and style, and that meant he could party with the best of them, and host even better ones too. He often ran with a theme, be it costumes, Halloween, sports ragers, or so on. But this latest party was his most ambitious yet. It was a pool party with an incredible twist: anyone who bathed in the pool would come out looking like a hot chick for a few hours.

It sounded impossible. The stuff of science fiction, really. Except he'd seen it himself, and even tried it. A foreign dealer had approached him a couple of weeks back and demonstrated the product in a bath. Evan had thought it stupid, until the slightly bedraggled dealer emerged from the water looking like a serious ten-out-of-ten model. We're talking pert double-D tits and an hourglass figure and lips that look perfect for kissing all day. The new woman even demonstrated that she was fully female; Evan couldn't believe what he was doing at the time, but the deal was clearly used to becoming female, and knew how to use *her* body well.

And so he'd ordered a ton of the stuff. It was meant to last pretty much three hours exactly. He'd advertised it as much across campus, and numerous individuals in their early twenties thought he was crazy, though they also knew his parties were weird and wild enough that they simply couldn't *not* attend. They *had* to see this for themselves.

This was reflected in the numbers in attendance. Far more partygoers than he'd ever dreamed of were now swarming his house. The ever-popular Stacey Fanning, who was already one of the hottest cheerleader types on campus, was laughing and giggling. Tyrone Stevens, the star quarterback with dark skin and short-cropped hair, was flirting with a number of the women, and joking about what kind of woman he'd be. Even a number of nerdy types were in attendance, like ginger-haired, four-eyed Annabelle Heeps, and the

gangly Gotter twins, Kade and Wade. Numerous others were present, already drinking up the reserves of alcohol and enjoying the beats of the midday music. But the anticipation was all for the pool, which Evan was in the process of opening, the automatic cover peeling back to reveal its blue waters. He held up the drug in its container.

“Okay everyone!” he roared into his wireless microphone. “We’re about to begin! I know you don’t believe me, but anyone that jumps into this pool and submerges in it will be turned into a totally hot babe for almost exactly three hours! It’s a bit of fun, I can assure you! Try if you dare - I know I will! And if you’re already a bodacious female, you can make yourself look *even better*. I’m talking to you, Stacey Fanning!”

There was a massive cheer from the footballer types, and Stacey gave a giggle and slight curtsy, recognising her status as a total hottie.

“If I even can be improved!” she yelled back.

There was another cheer. Evans began to pour the mixture in, and it spread into the water, quickly dissolving and going invisible.

“Make Tyrone go in!” someone yelled. “I want to see a sexy black lady!”

“You go in, Brent!” he yelled back. “Ya’ll would make a spicy latina, I bet!”

Another ‘Oooooooh!’ erupted from the crowd.

“Let’s get the nerds in there!” one of the girls cried. “Let’s give them a total makeover!”

Annabelle went bright red as one of the cheerleaders grabbed her by the shoulders.

“Wait, I didn’t want - I’m not a big swimmer! Agh!”

But it was too late, because the short, pudgy, asthmatic girl was hurled in, splashing into the water. There was a cheer, and then silence. For a moment, everyone was simply transfixed by the sight of the pool. The slight film produced by the drug made it impossible to see what was happening beneath it. For a moment, Evan was filled with nervousness.

And then Annabelle erupted from the pool’s surface, but not as anyone knew her. She gasped for air, as if her very lungs had transformed. She had gone from a pudgy woman with acne problems, horrendously thick glasses, and a piggish nose, to a complete pinup bombshell that could well be on the cover of a *Playboy* magazine. Her acne was gone, and her cheeks were now rounded in a cute, lively way rather than an unhealthy one. Her frizzy hair was now a tumble of gorgeous ginger curls, and her thin lips were full and womanly. Her figure was just as delightful: she had slimmed down considerably, even as she had grown taller. The fat had shifted to her chest, which now sports full double-D’s equal to Stacey’s own. They were barely contained within Annabelle’s bikini top, much to the joy of all the men present.

“Oh my God,” she cried, looking down over herself. “It’s real. I look totally different! I feel different!”

"You look fucking hot Annabelle!" Tyrone called, until his girlfriend Selina nudged him in the ribs out of jealousy.

"Dibs!" called someone else.

"You do look amazing, Annabelle!" Evan announced over the microphone. Despite herself, the changed woman smiled broadly, her cute freckles emphasising her new beauty. She was obviously embarrassed to be before the crowd like this, but at the same time couldn't stop touching her new figure in amazement.

"Jump on in, everybody!" Evan continued. "See what it's like to be a hot babe for a few hours! Or an even hotter one, for our lovely cheerleaders and party girls!"

There was a collective cheer of excitement as people began to jump in. Not one to be upstaged, Stacey Fanning was next in, diving with perfection beneath the whitened surface of the water, and emerged even more illustrious and beautiful than before. Her double-D cups, rivalled for a brief time by Annabelle's enhanced pair, were now immense G-cups that were practically the size of her own head each. Her figure had become like Jessica Rabbit's, her waist narrow and hips alluringly wide, while her long blonde hair filtered down to her thighs as if she were Venus herself. Her breasts were barely, *barely* contained by her bikini top, which was stretched so thin that her large nipples were clearly outlined against it, her new jugs showing cleavage, side boob, and underboob all at once. She held them in her hands, marvelling with a beaming smile.

"Well, looks like your queen is still on top, boys!" she declared, blowing several of them a kiss."

"Shit yeah!" one of them exclaimed. "Come on up Stacey, give us a look!"

She extended a hand alluringly to the man, but as he took it, she yanked him playfully in. He grabbed one of his buddies to arrest his fall, and soon a whole conga line of young jocks were falling into the pool and emerging as beautiful women. Some were more curvaceous than others, some with thicker thighs or wider hips or bigger boobs or more attractive faces, but all were incredibly stunning. Tyrone Stevens *leapt* in, laughing alongside his girlfriend who had joked about his 'punishment' for enjoying the sight of Annabelle. He emerged with a wild black afro instead of his short hair, and a body that was just as absurdly attractive as Stacey's, albeit with a bigger ass and wider hips.

"Now that's a booty!" Selina declared, slapping her boyfriend on the behind. She herself had a lovelier feature. She had always had gorgeous looks, but coming from a skinny Asian family she'd always been annoyed about being flat chested. She didn't have to worry about that now. While she wasn't as busty as the now mega-buxom Stacey and Tyrone, she did have a pair of lovely C's.

"God, I wish there was a way to keep these forever!"

Kade and Wade Gotter were among the mix, having altered to become statuesque Nordic-looking twins. Where before they had been gangly, now they were tall and powerful, athletic-looking while still possessing beautiful curves and full chests. They laughed as they swam from one side of the pool to the other, racing one another.

More jumped in, while others decided simply to watch. Some men who were reluctant got a bit close and were deliberately splashed, leading to a half-change instead. Being one foot into a change, they decided to go all out and jump in anyway. Soon it was not just a free-for-all, but a line. Much like a graduation, where baby photos were shown and people cheered and laughed at the reveal of their current self, the crowd gathered to watch people jump in one by one, and a series of judges led by Evan himself gave a point score. He saved himself until the crowd was demanding he get in. He at least got a little moment to compliment Annabelle and give her a nervous first kiss. Nervous for her, of course, not for him.

“Fine, fine! But make sure you rate me well - I can always turn up the supply!”

He jumped in, and felt his body instantly change, contorting and twisting and pressuring in a series of bizarre places. His manhood slipped back inside himself, giving a brief burst of bliss, and then he rose to the surface in a triumphant pose, arms outstretched.

“How do I rate?” he asked, bare breasted due to a lack of a top.

Several (still male) judges held up a series of cards that read ‘10.’

“Well, now I *have* to see myself!” he declared, his voice triumphantly female. He waded up out of the pool, adjusting to the sway of his hips, and even he had to gasp at his reflection in the mirror the new women had set up to examine themselves in. He had full F-cups for his chest - he was a pretty good judge of breasts sizes from his various escapades - and his figure was to die for. His Brunette hair fell over his shoulders, wet and slick, while his stomach was flat and petite. All in all, his body was the kind that men everywhere lusted after, though he doubted he stood out too much in this crowd. He beamed, blew himself a kiss, and thrust his chest out to the crowd.

“Are we having fun yet!?” he declared.

The party went wild, a roar of approval extending for longer than any other he’d managed to claim. Various couples were making out already, enjoying some lesbian action, while several *actual* lesbian couples were enjoying their beauty upgrade. Men were playing with themselves, others trying on bikini tops for their new tips, and everyone was taking photos for keepsakes. Evan could not have asked for a better party.

That was, until the attention slowly shifted to the edge of the pool. Evan didn’t notice at first, but the cheers fell to murmurs and whispers, and people flocked to some concern. Confused, he moved to the spot, where someone was groaning. He was startled to discover that it was Annabelle Heeps, the sexy redhead who was normally a pudgy, frizzy-haired

nerd. She was groaning as she clutched her stomach, and had been moved up onto a sun chair.

“What’s wrong?” he asked. “Did she hurt herself?”

“Nah man,” Tyrone said. “She just started groaning like that. Says there’s a pressure.”

“B-big pressure!” the woman cried. “S-so much.”

There was an audible grumble from her stomach, and then to the shock of everyone - several of whom stepped back - her stomach actually *expanded*. It grew outwards, forming a slight dome and making her sweat.

“Oh God, what was that? What the fuck was that?”

Her stomach pushed out further, eliciting another moan from her. She rubbed it. “S-so tight! So damn tight!”

Someone spoke in the crowd. “What the fuck? She looks pregnant!”

“Is that going to happen to us?”

Stacey went white, biting her lip. “G-guys, I feel funny. I’m getting a little p-pressure too. What was - eurgh - even in that s-stuff! Where did it c-come from!”

She fell back into the arms of two other women, and they too began to groan a little, succumbing also to the pressure. Soon, others were falling like dominoes, even as poor Annaelle’s stomach continued to expand. And not just her stomach either; her already impressive breasts swelled, snapping the bikini strap and leaving them as uncovered orbs. The nipples darkened, the areolas enlarging, and soon it was looking very much like she was becoming a pregnant woman. Even her hips were widening!

“What the f-fuck is this s-stuff, dude!?” Tyrone yelled. His already impressive hips were creaking yet wider as his stomach began to advance. He clung to part of the pool railing, standing upright, but he was bent over from discomfort as his stomach too began to expand. In fact, it was filling even faster than most, almost like he was pregnant with twins or more.

“My dealer,” Evan said, confused and now very alarmed. “Nothing like this happened before though. He showed it to me. Look, maybe we can-”

More groans followed, more people swelling in the midsection, bloating to become obviously pregnant. Women everywhere now had a fresh glow to their skin, as well as bigger backsides and even more impressive chests. Stacey was looking positively overwhelmed by her bust now.

“Oh God, they’re t-too big! All of it t-too big!”

It took some time for her stomach to overtake her breasts in size, but it too swelled to a massive proportion, as if she were fully nine months pregnant and due any day now with multiples. She rubbed her belly, moaning softly, eyes rolling to the back of her head.

Annabelle cried out again, drawing back the attention of the crowd.

“Shit! Shit! Something’s in there! Something’s m-moving! Ohhh!”

The crowd went deathly silent, and then they saw it. Movement rippling against her skin. A foot or a hand. A *life*. A *child*.

It was Tyrone that broke the silence, responding to a flurry of movement in his own swollen black stomach. “What. The. Fuck.”

Selina gasped, even as her own belly ballooned. “Babe, that’s a baby! My boyfriend is pregnant! What are you d-doing to us, Evan!? UGHHH!!!”

Evan did his best to explain. It was a new batch, the dealer had said. Even better and more suited for larger crowds. Sure, it had been experimental, but that was half the fun, right? He tried calling the dealer, but the number didn’t work, and soon he himself was caught in the grip of this second transformation.

“Oh G-God! This wasn’t m-meant to happen, I s-swear!”

The crowd, which was now entirely filled with heavily pregnant young beauties in their physical prime, were glaring daggers at him. The twins, both pregnant themselves with what seemed like twins, towered over the crowd.

“These m-movements better not be real!” one declared.

“Because - ohhhh - something’s kicking! Two somethings, damn it!”

The euphoria, hilarity, and excitement of the party was replaced by fear, shock, and - of course - blossoming bustlines and bellies. Whatever was in the drug mixture had been a bad batch, or clearly mixed with another kind of miracle drug, or perhaps the dealer had just been even shadier than Evan could imagine. He was clutching his phone, trying desperately to call him for what felt like the millionth time, when his own stomach was hit by a strong series of pressures.

“I’m s-sorry!” he cried. “I’m s-sorry! I didn’t know this would h-happen! Ahhh - NGHH!!”

His stomach pressed forward, life literally forming within him at a rapid pace. His breasts became sore, nipples expanding. He hadn’t put on a top still, preferring to show off his awesome new bod, and how it gave him a front-row view of his big chest expanding yet further, his massive milkers sloshing with produce. Small beads of milk expelled from his nipples - the same was happening to the overwhelmed Stacey, who was leaking big time. His ab muscles separated, his dome-like stomach growing past the first trimester, then through the second, then racing towards the end of the third. He was immense, and like at least a third or more of the other transformees, he looked to be pregnant with twins or more! Small stretch marks appeared on his skin, but otherwise he looked like a gorgeous pregnant woman, full of life and full in the chest, ripe and maternal. And oh-so-deeply fertile.

“Ohhhhhhh,” he moaned. “This isn’t g-good!”

The transformation finished. He was nearly the last one. Others had changed, or were changing, and soon the party had come to a standstill. Stacey, Tyrone, Annabelle, Kade, Wade, Selina, and so many others were changed - in fact, Selina finally had a set of DD's, only it had come at the cost of now carrying a kicking child that was squirming visibly against her. All of them couldn't help but rub their bellies; some protectively, others out of awe, others still because it just kind of felt . . . right. There was no doubt that something was kicking in their wombs, and they could only hope it was a simulated effect. A result of the drug.

"I'm sure it's just that!" Evan exclaimed, regaining control of the mic. Only a few actual men remained at the party, and they were clearly glad not to have gotten into the pool. The rest were migrating back into it - the damage had been done, and with the new weight of their pregnant mounds, the water was quite relaxing.

"What if they're r-real?" Tyrone asked. "Ya'll got us fucking pregnant, dude!"

"That's my boyfriend!" Selina cried. "He says it could be twins! I've got one! We don't want three kids!"

Stacey cried. "My body is ruined! There's - like - three in here! No tits are big enough to be worth this!"

Kade and Wade were already discussing how to revert back, their scientific ramblings disturbed by the occasional groan when their respective twins kicked.

"No, I'm sure the babies aren't real," Evan said, though the movements *felt* real. "We just need to be patient. Remember, it's three hours! We're practically at the limit now. In fact, any second now we should see Annabelle turn back, and everything will go back to normal. Okay?"

All eyes turned to Annabelle. She was at the edge of the pool still, having not moved since the insanity started. She was breathing slowly, her single child shifting about within her. Her large breasts were bare, having outgrown her bikini top easily. She still looked utterly beautiful, though none too keen to have a child anytime soon.

Unfortunately, that was exactly what was about to happen, because all of a sudden she let out a long, high groan. The entire congregation of partygoers looked her way, awaiting her transformation back to the nerdy, frizzy, pudgy Annabelle they all knew. But instead, she managed to stand on her feet, clutching onto a nearby helper.

"Oh G-God! It's s-so tight! It's like - OHHHHhhh!!!"

And then, right before the eyes of everyone, and to the dismay of Evan more than anyone, a trail of clear fluid made itself known against her dry bikini bottoms, and then trailed down her thighs.

"Was that?"

"Don't tell me . . ."

“Did she just?”

As if to dispel any doubt, Annabelle moaned in pain as her stomach clenched. The child within her kicked, and a downward pressure became ever stronger. She placed both hands on her pale dome, gritting her teeth as waited out the contract.

“Ngnnh - it’s - ahhh - really - mmhph - real! I’m having a c-contraction! I’m going into l-labor!”

There was a moment of silence as everyone took that in. Another beautiful pool babe, heavily pregnant like all the rest, suddenly groaned too, clutching her stomach. She had been one of the boys pulled in. She was followed by another, and then another, and then another. Each of them was hit by contractions, labor coming on to herald the coming births of their very real children. Evan hyperventilated, watching this domino effect unfold before his eyes. He checked his watch; it was now definitely over three hours since Annabelle had gone into the pool. Now, instead of changing back, she was being helped by those not yet in labor onto her back and removing her bikini bottoms. Instinctively, she spread her legs, trying to control her breathing as her body prepared itself to become a mother. She would not be the only one.

Nor, it seemed, would she be changing back. None of them would.

“Oh shit,” Evan said, as more and more began to spread their legs or squat, already working to push their new children into the world. “We’re going to be s-stuck like this. Oh God!”

He cradled his belly. A series of excited kicks followed. More and more women fell into labor, from Tyrone to the twins to Selina and many more. Evan gulped.

He simply had to wait his turn. He had a feeling he wasn’t going to be holding any more parties any time soon. Motherhood was a full-time job.

The End