

The Pregnancy Project (Men to Pregnant Women TG)

By FoxFaceStories

An Anonymous Commission

When James, Leo, and Kamal are forced to enroll in their college home economics class to make up for grade deficiencies, they think the whole thing will be easy and mock the class relentlessly. Annoyed, their professor chooses the three of them for a special maternity experiment with a 'simulated pregnancy' belly; if they do so, they will automatically pass. Little do they know that she is actually a witch, and their growing bellies and feminising features are all too real . . .

The Pregnancy Project

Part 1: Home Economics

The trio of young men could barely believe what class they were in. *Home Economics*. What kind of college even offered home economics in the year 2025 anyway? Surely, at best, it was a little high school class for girls who had no other prospects other than getting pregnant as soon as they graduated. And yet, after James, Leo, and Kamal had failed their humanities subjects, *this* was all their college could actually offer them: a class for women. Even the pamphlets they'd been given when the administration told them that this was their "last chance" for a passing grade had listed the students as female.

"Any student taking this class can be proud of the everyday skills and house management experience she will gain from this course. Home Economics is perfect for any woman planning to work from home, raise children as the primary carer, or gain employment in social care and areas of employment featuring children."

That was how the course was described, and it went on to list babycare, cooking, sewing, financing, house maintenance, first aid, and so on. And, of course, *pregnancy health*. The three of them groaned when they saw that, but James kept their spirits high as they approached the lecture theatre for their first lesson in the course.

"No, this'll be easy! We don't have to worry about it at all, it's just some easy chick course. I bet we can even score some pussy out of it, right?"

He had bright red hair and fair Caucasian skin with a smattering of freckles. His eyes were blue-green, and this rare eye-hair colour combination made him fairly attractive to the opposite sex, as did his impressive height and musculature. He wasn't quite a jock, more of a gym nerd, and generally liked to prowl for women whenever he had free time.

Leo Eastman chuckled at this, reaffirmed slightly. He was a mixed-race African-American and Latino man, with curly black hair and handsome chocolate brown skin, and a smile that flashed white. He was charismatic in a 'boyish good looks' kind of way, but lacked James' raw magnetism, and always had a bit of nervous, rather naive energy around him. It was very easy to peg him as a bit of a nerd, which he was. Videogames were his life.

"I guess it can't be all bad, then," he said, still a bit anxious. "I just - I mean, won't people make fun of us?"

"Everyone will," Kamal Gupta said, the last of their trio. "Especially my parents."

He exhaled loudly, showing exactly how displeased he was with this outcome. "Bad enough that they are already trying to push me to find a good Indian girl to marry and make babies with, but now I'm learning how to take care of them? Ugh. This is fucking humiliating. I swear, I'm going to kill the first person that makes fun of me."

He was a tall, thin-faced man with light olive skin and northern Indian heritage. His eyebrows were black and thick, and he wore a dark goatee that was always cleanly shaven. Despite his traditional upbringing, Kamal had a secret side: one filled with one-night stands. Whereas James still looked to go through girlfriends, Kamal simply liked sex. Just like he liked *smoking*. And *drugs*. And *alcohol*. Basically anything that would send his parents into absolute conniptions if they ever found out. He left it to his elder sister Lalita to be the good one of the family, nice and proper.

"Look, I get that it's not ideal," James said, scratching the back of his head and shifting the red hairs around. "I'd preferred we hadn't failed. But who's fault was it that we all got drunk and missed the exam, Kamal?"

Kamal narrowed his eyes. "Don't blame me. It was Leo that got the extra-strength beers instead of the regular ones."

"Hey" Leo said, pouting. "You still drank them!"

"Whatever. We're all to blame. It was you who failed to set the alarm, James."

At this, the handsome ginger-haired man shrugged. "I improvise through life. Sometimes it works, sometimes it backfires. That's just the attitude you've got to have, dudes. We can improvise our way through this lame home eco class. Sure, it'll be a bit embarrassing, but I'm sure we'll find some pussy to slay. I bet there's a real hottie to make a girlfriend here."

"You and your girlfriends," Leo said.

"Says the man who can't catch a date," Kamal teased.

"You don't get dates either? You just have sex!"

Kamal observed some of the female students heading into the lecture theatre ahead. He observed one girl in particular, a beautiful dark-haired woman who looked to be older, perhaps in her early thirties. She had a figure to die for, and her hair went all the way to her

ass, swaying gently with each step. Her dress was black with white flowery patterns upon it, and while it was professional, it also teased a goddamn *bombshell* of a figure.

"You say 'just sex' as if it's a bad thing," he said, still staring at the woman as she entered. She even had glasses on; a personal fetish for him. "In fact, I think I've already found a woman I'd like to pursue."

James chuckled. "Not if I can get her first. What a fucking hottie."

Even Leo was a bit taken when he spotted her. "Wow. I hope the rest of the girls are as attractive as her."

"They might be," James laughed. "These are the kind of chicks that wanna be trophy wives and get knocked up. All they've got going for them is looks and sex."

One woman turned her nose up as she passed. James blushed a little.

"Okay, strike out that one. Fuck."

Leo and Kamal chuckled, and they entered the lecture theatre. It quickly became obvious that they were the only males in a surprisingly large class. There were at least fifty or more women present, and all were settling into place, talking with one another, forming little groups.

"Ooh, me likey," Kamal said, gesturing to a cute South Asian gal near the front row. "Or maybe she's looking at you, Leo?"

Leo cracked a nervous smile. "Maybe, just maybe. This could actually be a pretty good class, you know. My grandfather always said everyone should learn how to sew."

"Yeah, 'cause he was in Vietnam or something," James said dismissively.

"I'm just saying, knowing how to cook and raise kids can't be that bad. I mean, house maintenance and helping a pregnant partner? I wanna have kids one day!"

Kamal and James tittered at this. With the former being a sex hound and the latter being a ladies man, that often led Leo to being the butt of their combined jokes. It didn't help that at nineteen years old, Leo was one year younger than them, making him the 'baby' of their little trio. The younger man deflated, but with a few joking slaps on his back and "tough it out!" comments, he was dragged up with them to the back of the lecture theatre. None of them would admit it out loud, but despite their comments to the contrary, they were actually quite nervous and perhaps even a little frightened, as men often are when they step into female-dominated spaces and no longer find themselves the centre of their own little world. A few women looked at them, others nodded approvingly, and some simply smirked and joked with their friends. It may have been something humorous, unconnected with their situation, but it still rankled James almost immediately.

"Fucking bitches," he said under his breath, but even as he said it, he gave them a charming smile, displaying his skill for deception, especially when it came to women.

They sat in the back, readying their books, though neither Kamal nor James intended to actually write anything down. This was a ladies class on home eco, after all. What complexity and interest could it possibly have? Even the admin had made it out like this was just a quiet necessity to haul them over the line for the credits they needed to complete their courses.

"Hey, where's that hot chick with the long hair?" Kamal asked. "I'd love to learn how to clean up with her, if you two know what I mean."

Leo and James chuckled, but were also scanning for the woman, who was the clear knockout of this group, which ranged from Plain Janes to Fat Uglies to Flat Racks to Girl-Next-Doors to Hot Bitches, according to James and Kamal's ranking system for women.

And then she strode up onto the stage and took her spot behind the desk at the front of the lecture theatre, switching on the powerpoint. The three men's jaws went slack as they realised the ten-out-of-ten beauty stepping up onto the stage was their professor. Even Leo, who was normally much more reserved in the way he treated women compared to his friends, found himself excited by the opportunities for ogling this presented for him.

"Hot damn, maybe this class will be worth it after all," James whispered.

"Fuckin' A," Kamal said.

"Wow," Leo continued. "She's beautiful . . ."

The professor adjusted her glasses and checked her microphone, and then began.

"Hello everyone, and thank you for beginning this journey with me. I am Professor Shanks, but you can just call me Eliza. I will be your lecturer and guide through Home Economics for the year, and I truly hope you get a lot out of it. This is a subject that is so often maligned throughout history, as we shall see. Men often scorn the science of home economics, and yet it is this science that has often allowed those same men to go on to do great things. The mothers who raise their children. The wives who cook the necessarily nutritious meals. The clothing that is mended. The schedules that are organised. The finances that are maintained. The budgets allocated. The chores endlessly attended to, thanklessly yet relentlessly, day in, day out. And yet these unsung heroes keep the world running, and now, finally, they are given their due.

"This course will teach you the arts of home economics. It will also teach you their history, their development, and their future. It will also show you that they are anything *but* boring, and give you an appreciation not only for the work we must all undertake in life, but also the ways in which it can be achieved with greater dexterity, rapidity, and satisfaction. Mastering home economics is a way for one to free up one's life, to become independent, and to know how to truly *live* once the necessary duties of life have been met. It is *not* a subject to be underestimated. Let me make this clear; let no man tell you that this subject is unimportant. Not *ever*. Already, the world is changing, and we can see the trends of such

change in this room right now. Hello back there, gentlemen! Please, I hope you will not be shy and hide away there all semester, for I am very happy to see men joining us for the first time ever. It's great to see some male volunteers for this subject!"

James was happy to let this sit; he was thinking of playing the long game and woo as many women with his fake feminism as possible, but Leo and Kamal were not having it - the former because of his honesty and awkwardness, and the latter out of abject humiliation.

"Um, we were just forced to take this subject!" Leo announced.

"Yeah!" Kamal added, crossing his arms and giving an overly chauvinistic smirk down at the professor. "Just here for the grades, prof. Though I must say, the company isn't that bad from where I'm looking."

Her frown was immediate, and there even seemed to be a bit of flustered embarrassment on Eliza Shanks' face.

"I'm here of my own volition!" James announced. "I just really wanna know about women and their power and . . . stuff."

The professor folded her arms. "Uh-huh. Well, that's . . . disappointing. Still, I hope that you will come to appreciate this subject, as the other ladies in the class will. Let's begin our formal lecture with a discussion about the workload expectations and assessment load, shall we?"

Over the next week, the trio of young men continued to attend their home economics lectures, even as they struggled to adapt. Kamal enjoyed ogling the professor, and even graffiti'd the nearby men's toilet stalls with messages about how much he'd like to fuck her - anonymously, of course. James, on the other hand, was slowly shifting the group forwards, still feeling embarrassed about the course, but doing his best to chat to the women there. He was reasonably certain that he was putting on a good front for a cute Asian chick named Faye, who was pretty impressed that he was there to learn more about the importance of everyday women.

"What can I say?" he told her. "Women are really important to me. I can't underestimate their contributions, you know?"

Leo could only roll his eyes. Truth be told, he was actually finding the content surprisingly interesting. The course was discussing the historical context of home economics first, going through the expectations of home management across time, the expectations applied to it, the revolutionary nature of modern technology in freeing up time for women, especially in the 1950's post-war boom. The man had always knew he wanted a family with a nice girl down the line, and so he was actively taking notes, finding himself intrigued by the

idea of how to support a woman and not leave her with, as the professor put it, the 'emotional burden' of not just house work, but continually being the one to have to assign it.

"That wasn't the worst lecture, right?" he said afterwards to Kamal and James as they exited. James had just said goodbye to Faye, getting her to blush as she rejoined her friends, while Kamal was making moves on some of the more vulnerable members of the class: he liked to seduce the less-good looking girls to make the more pretty ones jealous, an old pick-up artist move he excelled in.

"Please, that was all feminazi bullshit," James said once they were in the clear. "This subject is the most pussy-pleasing nonsense imaginable. Can you believe all the assessments she outlined today?"

"I swear she's doing it just to make it impossible for us guys," Kamal said. "I swear, that lady just needs to get laid. I'd be willing to fuck her, help her sort out her issues."

Leo gave a lopsided grin. "Y-yeah, me too. I was just kidding, you guys. Like you said, feminazi bullshit. I mean, it's not like women should complain about any of this, r-right?"

"Exactly," James said with a smirk. "It's the men who work hard. Girls should be grateful. Why should men have to learn this soft stuff?"

"Women want to get knocked up anyway," Kamal said. "Why do you think I've always got condoms handy? Most of this home economics stuff is just babytrapping. It's just an arranged marriage by a different method, and trust me, I know. My folks are trying to get me married off. Good luck!"

"Well, as far as I'm concerned," James said, punching his friend lightly on the arm. "This is the best class to have a bit of fun before any marriage. There's a whole horde of girls just for us. Maybe Leo will even find a hot chick. Right, Leo?"

Leo bit his lip. Truth be told, he really wanted to find a girlfriend, but he had hoped that honestly engaging in the subject would help him. He scratched at the tight black curls which formed his short African-American hairstyle and grimaced.

"Yeah, totally," he said. "Just so long as we can pass this subject, then we can forget about, uh, all the bullshit in it."

James chuckled. "Exactly! We can just woo some of the girls to do the work for us. Chicks dig guys who try to help, and then they'll do the rest."

Kamal nodded at this. "Good point. I've got a few nerd girls picked out to seduce already. By the end of the semester, I'll have climbed the ladder to sleep with all the hotties, friend."

James smirked. "Best of luck. I'll bag that Faye for myself. I prefer having an ongoing girlfriend. Let's you get a nice groove. Lots of positions. Maybe she'll be all into me as a 'male feminist' now, ha!"

The three of them laughed, though Leo's laugh was a bit more awkward. Unfortunately for the three of them, they were jolted by a sudden cough behind them as they continued across the campus green. A very *female* and very *familiar* sounding voice followed.

"So, is that all you three think of my subject?"

James clenched his eyes shut for a moment, cringing in realisation. Leo was frozen on the spot. Kamal swore in Hindi under his breath. And then the three turned around, and saw Professor Eliza Shanks looming over them. She was taller than any had thought, nearly six feet in height, or perhaps it was just that, with her hands on her hips and a scowl behind her glasses, she was now a force to be reckoned with, possessing a dominance that cowed the three of them immediately.

"Hmm?" she said again. "Nothing to say? Or is it not worth talking to a woman given that all I have to say is, what was it you said again? Oh yes, 'feminazi bullshit', right?"

James tugged at his collar. "Look, prof. That was just us boys bein' boys, ya know? We always shoot the shit like that. It doesn't mean anything."

"Really? You're not just in this class to get your passing credit? To sleep with my female students and use them to finish your assessments? Because just by saying that, it means I have to organise alternative, and much more difficult, assessments for you."

Leo's eyes went wide. "But - that's not fair!"

"Neither is taking advantage of women, as men seem wont to do since time immemorial. I have crafted a course about the undervalued importance of women's contributions in the home and you have responded by . . . undervaluing their importance."

Kamal rolled his eyes. "Whatever! We're here for extra credits. What does it matter that we're in it just for the grades? I'm allowed to sleep with women if I want! It'll be their choice or whatever." He smirked for a moment at James and Leo, and the pair instantly knew he was going to say something edgy, as was his vice. "Not that I think they've got many braincells, picking a nothing class like this one."

Professor Shanks seemed taken aback by this. Even James was.

"Dude," his friend said.

"He didn't mean that!" Leo said. "We just really need to pass! Look, I'm sure there are some good things-"

But Eliza put up a hand, clearly fuming. The three prepared to be kicked out of the course, and even Kamal began to feel the heat. Instead, however, Eliza calmed instantly.

"Well, I'm very sorry you feel that way. But, as a feminist and a pacifist, I believe not in confrontation but in conviction and conversation, even towards chauvinists who undervalue the role of women."

"I don't undervalue women, prof," James said. "I just, you know, don't plan on getting any of them knocked up anytime soon. Babymaking and household shit just isn't me, ya know? I think it's fair to just want to pass. That's all Kamal here was trying to say."

"I highly doubt that was what Mr Gupta was trying to say, or that you even mean what you say, Mr Hallen. But your most level-headed Leo Eastman speaks true: you do need to pass, and there are indeed things you could all learn. So rather than kicking you from my course, I'm going to give you an opportunity."

Leo blinked. "You're not kicking us?"

"Only if you take on a certain . . . experiment. You see, I'm undertaking a psychological case study on the mindset of expectant women readying themselves for a life of homemaking. To get your necessary credits, you would have to become my three case studies. The experiment would last the entire year, but provided you agree and stick it out, you will pass my course automatically, with full A's. There would even be a contract ensuring this to be the case."

Leo smiled at this, looking to his friends, but James and Kamal were suspicious.

"What kind of experiment?" James asked.

"I'll give you the details tomorrow morning when you meet me at 10am in my office. You'll have to wear a maternity device. I can't promise it won't be a little embarrassing, but again, this is your only out. I also promise that it will help you understand and connect to other women in the class, that's for sure."

"Sounds weird and kinda fucked up," Kamal said. "I'm not agreeing to that."

"Come by tomorrow and see. It's your only chance, otherwise . . . another entire year of college fees for you. I'm sure your parents won't be too happy about that, or your bank accounts."

She had them there, and they all knew it. Eliza gave an overly sweet grin and pushed her voluminous dark hair behind her shoulders, then placed her hands on her hips. Her pose was deeply sexy, capturing all three of them instantly, and James got the sense that it was deliberate.

"I'll see all three of you tomorrow, then," she said, turning around and walking away in a tantalising way.

"Damn it," James said. "That fucking high-minded bitch."

"She really needs to get fucked," Kamal muttered. "Preferably by me."

It was Leo that voiced the truth hanging in the air, however. "But guys . . . I think she's right. We do need this. Do we really have a choice?"

James sighed. As did Kamal.

"Fuck," they all said in unison.

Part 2: The Device

The trio arrived at Eliza Shanks office the next day like chastened dogs with their tails between their legs. Even Kamal looked suitably regretful, having got an earful from his parents on the phone the previous night when he'd called them to 'suggest' he extend his college stay a further year. Much yelling had followed, and the looming threat of organising a marriage should he 'waste his potential'; he fully believed them capable of it, too. Still, just to stir the pot, he'd deliberately arrived ten minutes late.

"Dude, not worth it," James had said. "Best to just get on this psycho bitch's good side."

"You can do that, man," Kamal said. "But I only put the moves on a girl for one reason: to get in her pants. I'm not letting her dominate me."

"C'mon guys, we need to go along with this experiment," Leo said. "Just think of the A's."

With a sigh, Kamal raised his hand and knocked on the door. There was movement from behind it, and then the door opened to reveal Eliza Shanks and her office behind her. It was filled to the brim with books; books that lined the shelves, books that dominated her desk, and some very old tomes that sat in a glass-locked cabinet. Not that any of them were particularly focused on this detail, or even the strange-looking vials and coloured liquids on the spare shelves. To their shared surprise, Professor Shanks was sporting a dark and voluminous dress with a slit on either side that exposed right up to her perfect thighs as she shifted to welcome them through. The dress, black as night, also had a plunging neckline that revealed an impressively large bust, a perfect curve of cleavage that almost had James drooling; he was quite the boobs man. Around her neck was a silver necklace and she had similarly fine bracelets and jewellery upon her fingers. The makeup around her eyes was violet, her lips painted a dark purple. All in all, she looked like a powerful, entrancing, and deeply sexy *witch*.

"Woah," Leo said.

"Yes, it's quite a lot of tomes, I know," Professor Shanks said, though her smirk made it obvious she knew what they were really staring at. "Oh, and my eyes are up here, James."

The normally charming ginger-haired man swallowed. "I was just admiring the jewellery. It looks quite antique."

"Only as much as me, Mr Hallen. Now please, come on in. We have to talk about this experiment."

It was quite a contrast to how she had comported herself as a lecturer and, just yesterday, an *admonisher*. Now, there was quite a sensual quality to her. Kamal was already suspecting that, like all women in his mind, she secretly just needed a man to put her in the

right place. James was curious if this secret 'experiment' was going to consist of her wanting a clandestine professor-student relationship, which would be okay by him - what a win, to have a hot professor girlfriend to brag about in the future! Even Leo was a little hopeful, but part of him was even a bit disappointed; she'd seemed so genuine in the lectures, and if she just turned out to be in this for seduction and womanly wiles, it would make him feel all the more the fool.

The door closed behind them, jolting their thoughts. It had closed as if by magic, and Miss Shanks sat back behind her desk, leaning forwards a little, her eyes full of intellect, danger, and interest.

"First, thank you for coming. Second, Kamal Gupta, I would ask you to turn up on time in the future, rather than being ten minutes late."

"How did you-"

"Third, let's get down to business. This is a rather important project in my studies. I want to put forward a thesis that will show that a traditionally masculine male - especially one with *toxic* masculine attitudes - can take on the necessary duties of a home maker if placed into the role of an expectant pregnant woman."

"Wait, what?" James said, suddenly thrown.

She put up a finger, indicating that she needed to finish. She opened a drawer in her desk, and pulled forth three strange, rather flabby masses, flat like pancakes. In fact, for a moment, Leo thought they were just that, until he realised that they had a slight sheen to them, like they were made of silicone. Eliza unrolled one and held it up, and the three of them saw that it was, in fact, a flat impression of a human stomach and chest. It even had small nipples, as well as a belly button. One was pale and slightly freckled, suiting James perfectly. The next was a chocolate brown, matching Leo's skin. The last, being olive in tone, matched Kamal. It was even slightly longer, matching his taller height.

"What the actual fuck?" the Indian-American man said.

"Wear these for the entire year, and you will get your A's. I have the official school contract written out here. All that will be required of you is to wear this harmless fake maternity covering, and it will provide a simulation of pregnancy."

"You mean it'll get bigger?" Leo asked, feeling nervous about this.

"Exactly. It's designed to blow up over time. Don't worry, it won't cause harm to you. The intent is to put you into the mind of a pregnant woman, and determine if this changes your behaviour when it comes to home economics as a subject and series of duties."

James balked at this. "But - but - the whole year? What if we get a girlfriend?"

The last part he threw out for her, just to test the waters. She actually smirked, licking her lips slightly. He didn't realise it, but he was being manipulated by her attitude, not the other way around.

"Let's just say relationships will not be a problem for you," she said in a sultry tone.
"I'll make sure of it."

He looked to his friends. Kamal looked disgusted. Leo looked unsure. And yet . . .

"Do we get paid?" he asked.

"Naturally, since this goes beyond regular college duties, you will receive payments. Consider them 'maternity pay,' if you wish."

"How much?" Kamal said, folding his arms. "Because it would take a fuckton of money to make me even consider doing something this stupid."

Eliza simply slid the contract across the desk for them to see. Each of them raised their eyebrows at the number displayed. It was . . . much higher than any of them expected.

"Is this a joke?" Kamal said.

"No joke, but you must agree, and must not jeopardise the experiment. Remember, gentleman, straight A's. Or is this too 'feminazi' for you?"

The searing embarrassment hit them, but none could deny that this was the only choice. Still, male pride prevented either James or Kamal from agreeing, so it fell to Leo to grab the pen offered to him.

"I'll sign first," he said. "I - I mean, it can't be that hard, can it? And the course isn't, you know, *that* bad. Despite being a girly course and all."

He only threw out that last part for his friends so they wouldn't make fun of him, but it was enough to crack the ice. James signed the contract with a sigh, and Kamal with a more vocal and testy huff. There was a slight tingle in the air, a shift in the atmosphere of the room once the contract was signed. For a moment, Leo even thought that paper seemed to glow, but it was perhaps just a trick of the light, he considered.

"Done and done!" Professor Shanks announced. "Now that that's sorted, it's time to attach some fake maternity bellies to my sexist students. Would you like some leave to put them on in private or would you like my help?"

James smirked. "As tempting as it would be to get shirtless, prof, I think we can handle it."

The woman raised an eyebrow. "Watch it, Mr Hallen. Remember, we have many lessons to come about the unsung heroism of women and what they have to offer, and how they should be *respected*. Now go, get the bellies on. I'll know when they're attached, and the experiment can begin!"

They left her office, and it didn't take long for James to mutter under his breath.

"Respect? How can she seriously ask for respect when she's wearing a whorish dress like that? Jesus Christ."

"I swear I was fighting an erection the whole time," Kamal said. "Did you see how she looked at us? She definitely wants to fuck us."

"No doubt about that," James agreed. "She wants a student boyfriend."

"Please, she wants a nice Indian man to make her a real submissive woman."

Leo wasn't as convinced. "Let's get these things on, shall we?"

There was no putting it off if what she said about knowing when they were attached was true, so they moved to the bathroom down the halls and went into separate stalls. Feeling weird and more than a little embarrassed, each man removed their shirts and put them on the bag hook on the stall door. Then, not quite knowing how to attach the skin-thin belly and chest lining, they simply lined it up against their skin in their respective stalls.

"Woah!" Leo said. "It sticks to your skin!"

"Yeah!" Kamal said, wincing. "This is really fucked up."

"No doubt," James said. "Can any of you find the seam once it goes on? It feels like it's just become part of my skin."

They each tried to see if they could peel the belly back off, but none could find the folds. The thin membrane of apparent silicone - though it felt warmer and more flesh-like than silicone - had seemingly attached completely. When James touched his nipples, they felt like they had no overlay at all. Leo did the same for his belly button, and was amazed at how well the belly lining matched his actual physique. The only major difference that any of them noticed at all was a frustratingly crucial one:

"Goddamnit," Kamal said. "Chicks like my chest hair! Now I'm all smooth."

"Count yourself lucky," James said. "At least you're not pale as fuck. My chest looks girly now."

Leo winced as well. He didn't exactly have a big bird's nest of body hair, but a former girlfriend had once said she thought it was hot, especially after sex when she brushed it idly with her fingers. Now his skin was smooth.

"Damn, me too," he muttered. "At least it doesn't seem like there's much more to this, right?"

The other two agreed. If this was the full price they had to pay to get their much-needed credits and finish college, then that was alright by them. James just needed to get his sports-science degree, while Kamal was focused on becoming a programmer and Leo a teacher.

"We can fucking do this," James said, emerging from the stall with his shirt back on. "We'll show that teasing professor how much a man can take on a course like this."

"And maybe prove something else to her in bed, you know what I'm saying?"

Kamal put up a hand, and James high-fived it. Leo followed, going along with his friends. Still, something felt a bit odd to him. How had this thing bonded to his skin perfectly? And how, exactly, was it going to simulate a maternal experience?

Part 3: Morning Sickness

For the next couple of weeks, and apart from the lack of body hair on their torsos, it was as if the bellies simply didn't exist. Professor Shanks confirmed with them privately after their next lecture that all had gone according to the experiment, but also suggested rather ominously that, "the first signs will start to show eventually." Yet, despite this, the men were able to quickly get over their mutual embarrassments. In fact, Kamal took this as an opportunity to be even more slimy than usual, working on seducing multiple girls in the home economics class. Some were turned away, but women were a numbers game for him, and he ended up getting lucky several times, bragging the next day about "bagging one in twenty five women already!"

James, on the other hand, was working his charm upon Faye Li. She was a very pretty thing, and he rather liked Asian women, imagining some rather naughty stereotypes about them. He quickly learned her passion - social work - and her favourite TV shows - guilty reality TV pleasures - and started to connect to her on these issues, all while pretending to care about "social justice warrior bullshit" as he privately put it to his friends. In the end, he got his desire: after the third week of classes, she nervously passed him her number.

"You can call me," she said. "If you're serious about this, I mean. I like you . . . and how you're different from most men. You like this course."

"Of course I do. It's important stuff."

Leo privately fumed at this. Faye was a beautiful woman, and he had noticed her as well, even privately hoping she would notice his own earnest interest. But as usual, he was too quiet, too anxious, and didn't make an impression despite his good looks. Most took his growing interest in home economics for disinterest and boredom, but he was taking notes obsessively. The course was already helping him at his apartment: Professor Shanks was discussing the ways in which presentation of one's homestead is a predictor of success in relationships and life, and he was taking this to heart. Even little things like baby-proofing a house and maintaining a clean ecosystem were very useful for when his sister would visit in a couple of months from interstate with her kids. He just hoped that, maybe, this could help him with women. No such luck just yet, however.

Things changed, however, for each of the men as they were getting ready to head to college. They didn't even have home eco that day; just their own regular, non-elective classes. James was eating his regular protein-rich breakfast to get ready for a quick gym visit before college, when suddenly he was hit by a powerful wave of nausea.

"Ughh," he groaned, before clutching his mouth. He slammed back his chair and *ran* to the bathroom, falling to his knees and lifting the seat just in time to throw up in the bowl.

“Eurghh,” he murmured afterwards, panting a little. The nausea passed quickly, and he cleaned his face and washed his mouth in the aftermath. Wisely, the man decided to stay home and take a break before he resumed his breakfast. The worst part was how damn hungry he still was, but he needed to go lie down first. It was like all his energy had been drained.

At a similar time, Kamal was going through the same experience. He has his own small apartment that he liked to take girls back to, and he’d just had quite some success with a hot Irish girl who was currently touring the States. They were making out in bed, him running his hands over her slender form, when suddenly he too needed to rush off.

“I - oh shit, sorry!”

He pelted out of the room and straight to the bathroom, but didn’t make it in time: instead, he retched up last night’s dinner and a lot of still-percolating alcohol in his system all over the tiled floor.

“Oh my God!” the woman cried as she ran to him. “Oh, gross! Uh, I’m sorry, but I really can’t get gastro right now! I’m gonna get dressed and go! Uh, it was nice to meet you!”

Kamal had never been so humiliated in his life, but his lover was already gone. He couldn’t even remember her name, but had been hoping to get lucky again before sending her packing. Now, he was cleaning up vomit and trying to fight against his tiredness. And his damn nipples were so fucking sore!

That was the part Leo felt. He was kneeling over the toilet bowl, dry heaving. His good didn’t come up, but he continued to massage his chest, annoyed at how strangely achy his nipples were. He’d had the most magnificent sleep, but all he could think about was sleeping in again. When he got the message from James, it all made sense.

‘Guys. Fucking sick today. Just vomited. Stay clear. Won’t be in today.’

‘Dude, me too,’ wrote Kamal.

Leo groaned. *‘We must have all caught something. See you tomorrow or the next day, I guess.’*

But in the days to come, they all still felt quite sick. In fact, the trio ended up taking the whole week off. Mostly the vomiting and bouts of nausea came in the morning, but sometimes it was late at night, or just before lunch. Morning was definitely the worst, though. And yet, despite said nausea, each of them was developing a supercharged hunger. Leo, who worked at a Fry Chicken, ended up buying a heap of burgers and fries after his shift, a shift that had been a damn nightmare because of how lacking in energy he was. The man ended up curling up on the couch in his cramped little apartment and watching reruns of *Star Trek* while feeding himself over and over, until he fell asleep there for twelve hours.

Kamal complained constantly of the stomach cramps he was feeling, and James joined that sentiment. They even ended up setting up a shared Zoom call to discuss this,

and all three looked tired, with dark rings under their eyes, messy hair, splotchy skin, and nipples that were oddly hard against the thin material of their shirts.

"This sucks," Kamal said. "No one else on campus is getting fucking sick like this. I'm falling so very far behind in my programming class. I haven't even started my own software coding exercise because when I look at the screen I just want to fall asleep!"

"I feel ya buddy," James said. "How can I do the physical part of sports-science if I can't even fucking job without getting a headache? Not to mention all the - eughh - v-vomiting. Shit, I feel nauseous right now. At least I'm keeping it in . . . I think."

"Is anyone else really hungry?" Leo asked. "I can't stop eating."

"Same."

"Very much the same."

"This doesn't feel like gastro," Leo continued. "Maybe we're having a reaction to the maternity bellies we were given?"

At this, the other two paused on the screen to consider this.

"I'm gonna email Professor Shanks," Leo said. "Just in case."

"Fuck, it better not be that," James said. "This is our way to get A's. It's our only way, now, thanks to Kamal."

"Hey, fuck you, man. I was just telling her honestly what I thought of her course."

They descended into an argument while Leo wrote his email and shot it off to her. Surprisingly, she replied just two minutes later, while his two friends were still arguing.

"Guys, listen! Professor Shanks responded. Here's what she says: *'Leo, thank you for keeping me up-to-date on your progress. I will be conducting an examination of the three of you soon. I wouldn't worry about any sickness - it should pass in coming weeks, but may be related to the maternity device. Don't try to take them off; remember, this is simulating pregnancy. Morning sickness and hunger are part of that, as are cramps, tiredness, and aching breast tissue. All the best, and remember that this is a teachable moment: every pregnant woman goes through this process, so we should never take their efforts or their involvement in the home for granted!'*"

James groaned. "Fuuuuuuck. Why didn't we figure this out? Of course this shit is making us feel morning sickness. It's a maternity device. What a sick joke."

"Joke?" Kamal said on the call. "You think this is a joke? No way! This is just *sick*. I didn't agree to this."

"We signed a contract," Leo said. "We should have read more of it."

"Well, I don't give a shit! I'm ending this call, and I'm ripping this thing off! No way am I going through with it!"

Kamal exited the call, and soon after so did James, whose stomach was growling so loudly that his mic could pick it up. Leo sighed and switched off the Zoom call. He felt a little nauseous, but most of all sleepy.

"At least I guess I can understand how much this sucks," he grunted, clutching a slightly bloated stomach from all the pain, nausea, and food.

Somehow, it wasn't much of a consolation.

In the end, the three of them had nearly a week and a half off of college before they finally reunited back on campus. None of them could afford any more time off, but not all had learned a lesson about this in the right way.

"This is why women stay in the fucking home and kitchen when they get knocked up," Kamal said. "That's the only thing my parents got right! A woman can't work, so she stays at home. The end."

Leo frowned at this. "I mean, doesn't this just connect to what the prof was talking about today. You know, how maternity leave should be more flexible for situations like this?"

"Dude," James said, chuckling. "Don't tell me you're actually listening to that shit. Do we even have to attend the lectures anymore?"

"Shanks said we should," Kamal said bitterly. "The experiment requires 'observation.' There's only one thing I'd like to observe about her, and I doubt she's willing to put out enough to show it."

The three of them were conversing out in the yard by the campus quadrangle. The sun was out, and it was a beautiful day despite it being winter. They didn't look quite as haggard as they had been, but the rigours of morning sickness and first trimester ills had left them obviously tired, and they'd all packed extra meals.

"I better not get fat off of this experiment," James whined as he ate his over-laden sandwich. "I haven't been able to work out lately."

"I know what you mean," said Kamal. "I don't want to become a stereotypical programmer. I'm aiming for Silicon Valley's top tier here. Lots of bitches on my arms and money in my account, you know?"

Leo nodded. "At least we get a bit of understanding of what women go through, am I right?"

They both gave him a look.

"Kidding!" Leo said. "Just kidding!" It was a lie, but they seemed to accept it. It left Leo running his hands through his kinky-curved black hair, but then he suddenly paused.

"Damn, my hair's gotten longer. I need a haircut."

“Actually, same,” James said, running his finger through his ginger hair. It had a more wavy quality to it, and he felt like it had grown almost an inch in just a week and a half.

“Eh, I’ll keep my length,” Kamal said. “But Indian men can pull off longer hair. Girls find it *exotic*.”

James laughed and threw some chunks of food his way, and the trio resumed talking about other things. The maternity devices were an irritation and source of anxiety, to be sure, but they weren’t *that* bad, surely? Besides, all they had to do was submit to the occasional examination by Professor Shanks, and they could put up with that.

Couldn’t they?

“You’ve got to be fucking kidding me,” Kamal said, standing in the empty laboratory room in just his underwear. “This has got to be illegal.”

“I don’t know,” James said beside him, also just in his underwear. “I think she’s cracking onto us. She wants to select one of us. It’s gonna be me, by the way.”

“Have her, I don’t date crazy girls.”

“You don’t date at all. You just have one-night stands.”

“Which keeps me away from crazy girls.”

“Maybe I’ll have her,” Leo added, trying to feel confident as he stood in just his boxers. “You know, you guys might underestimate me.”

“Sure, Leo,” James laughed. “Maybe that makeup on your face will help you, sure.”

Leo cocked his head. “I’m not wearing makeup.”

“Sure you are. Your face is baby smooth, man.”

“So is yours! And Kamal’s goatee is super wispy and thin now.”

“Hey! That’s because I’ve been sick, jackass!”

The door opened, silencing them. In strode Professor Eliza Shanks, once again wearing that black dress with the thigh slits. She was a sight to see, and James felt himself getting a little hard as she bent down to fix her shoe, exposing a magnificent show of her cleavage. And yet . . . his dick went down again. As did Kamal and Leo’s. None of the men stayed very erect, or for very long. Eliza gave them a smile and came over, setting up a tripod camera on its stand.

“Thank you for your patience, boys,” she said. “How are we feeling?”

“Hungry,” Leo said.

“Sick,” James added.

“Tired as fuck,” Kamal finished.

“Yes, like all pregnant women! The device is working. How’s your empathy? Feeling any revelations about women?”

“Yeah, men are definitely the superior gender,” Kamal joked.

Eliza scoffed. She was already recording.

“This better not get published!” Kamal said. “This stupid device is already giving me gross nipples.”

“That’s just your nipples getting ready for pregnancy, Mr Gupta. It happens before the further growth of breast tissue. It’s also why your nipples are darker.”

“You mean the nipples on the device,” James said.

“Exactly. Now, may I inspect you? Nothing too personal, I just need to make sure everything is going well.”

Sighing, they agreed, though Kamal was very resistant. James cracked jokes as Eliza checked him over, even daring to throw out a “you like what you see?”

“Very much so,” she said. “But still a few weeks before we progress further together.”

He liked that response. She was more personable with Leo.

“You’ve been taking good notes lately,” she said.

Leo was glad to have darker skin, because he would have blushed red as a raspberry if he were Caucasian. “Um, yeah. Just want that A. That’s all.”

“Make sense,” she said, and that was that. She tapped each of them on the stomach and was seemingly satisfied, particularly when she examined their faces.

“Very good!” she said, turning off the camera. “That’s it!”

“That’s it?” James asked.

“That’s it!” she repeated, before packing up her things and walking away. She stopped at the threshold of the door and looked back. “For now.”

Part 4: Growing Pains

The semester continued, and an equilibrium restored itself gradually. Leo continued to work at Fry Chicken, and helped James get a job there too, since he was eating through his parents’ allowance quite literally with the amount of food he was ordering for himself - the money for the experiment would only come at the end, after all. It was embarrassing for the handsome gym bro, since he didn’t like the yellow and red striped costumes, or how some girls he’d once dated giggled when they saw him. Still, it was necessary for now, and he’d look for better work elsewhere as soon as he could. Kamal continued to do tutoring work for

other programming nerds on the side, and that was enough for him to make ends meet, since he also made money on the side writing pick-up artist material.

They each caught up on their coursework in their own typical way. Kamal was a gifted genius when it came to codework, so he caught up without even putting in any effort. Leo, on the other hand, had several overdue assignments connected to pedagogy in high school, and stayed up late despite his device-induced tiredness, working hard to catch up. James, of course, simply paid some students with his new Fry Chicken funds to do his sports-science essays for him, and then ran other samples through AI and rewrote them before submission. Easy-peasy.

And yet, the symptoms they had each hoped would be only temporary were taking an annoyingly long time to dissipate. James occasionally had to run to the bathroom in the morning to throw up, and Kamal had those damn stomach cramps worse than any of them. They were all tired when they caught up, and each admitted to trying to pull off the belly, even for just a few minutes, and yet were unable to find the damn edge of it to do so.

"It's seriously like it's part of our skin," James said.

"Maybe it is," Leo suggested. "Like a sort of second skin. High-tech."

"I've heard about such things," Kamal added, rubbing his nipples distractingly. "Which means we can't pull them off. I swear I'm having an allergic reaction. My fucking goatee is disappearing, and is anyone else losing their body hair?"

They all agreed, much to their embarrassment. James had stopped wearing shorts, ostensibly because winter was getting colder, but mainly because his leg hair was almost entirely gone. He had smooth, muscular legs, but it was easy to mistake them for a female olympian's legs now. Similarly, their faces looked less manly: something about their jawlines were less defined, and their hair continued to grow faster than it should have.

"Probably a result of the hormones," Leo noted. "But I still don't like it. I'm going to have to put my hair into cornrows or let it become a proper afro or something."

"At least you can leave it as an afro," James noted. "Mine just makes me look girly. I need to get a haircut already."

"I've got my own scheduled," Kamal said. "Just a little nick off the top. Once this stupid first trimester sickness is dealt with, I'm gonna hit the town and sweep the ladies off of their feet with my new look."

"They might think you *are* a lady," Leo joked.

Kamal scoffed. "Not once they see my cock!"

And yet, said cock wasn't working all too well lately. Kamal didn't believe in masturbation at all; women existed to fulfil that need in his mind, and they always had, but now that he was too tired to go out at night, he had taken to indulging occasionally. It always left him unsatisfied, though, and took more effort than he remembered. If he'd been

shameless enough or bold enough to ask the others, they would have confirmed the same. Leo was quite the masturbator due to his less successful love life, and lately his dick didn't reach the same height or excitement that he was used to. James had called in some favours from old girlfriends looking for some fun, but while he'd managed to cum while sleeping with them, the experience had not been worth it at all. He'd had to concentrate every fibre of his being on keeping his dick hard even when having sex with the goddamn stacked Stacy Ackermann. She had told him the sex was good, but couldn't help but be honest.

"You seemed really distracted. Like, was that your best effort?"

"Just going through some stuff," he'd replied.

"Yeah, I can tell. You weren't even looking at me when you had sex. You barely touched my boobs, and you *love* my boobs. Are you sick? You look thinner, and all your body hair is gone, and your dick seemed smal-"

"Look, there's the door, okay!?"

He hadn't spoken this to anyone, but was terrified rumours might spread across the campus soon.

So none of the three spoke about what was happening down there, and hoped that it would fix itself. Eliza's classes continued, discussing matters of cleanliness, hygiene, and house prep. A sewing elective on the side was being organised for extra credit, and Leo found himself tempted to take it on, but erred on the side of caution for now. Until he made such a decision, life continued, and they each worked around their nausea and tiredness and hunger slowly adapting to it, however much they hated it. At least, in a strange sense, things were stable.

Until their bellies started to grow.

It was nine weeks after Kamal had first put on the maternity device that he noticed a tautness in his stomach. This wasn't the pressure of eating too much - it didn't feel like fat - but was instead a slight domed shape to his belly, unnatural yet present.

"The fuck?" he said. He turned in front of his mirror, the same mirror he liked to always check himself out in before going out on the town. To his annoyance, he'd had to shave off his goatee as it thinned, and now his face was baby smooth much like the rest of his body. But when he looked at his stomach, he couldn't deny that it had the slightest impression. He roamed his hand over it, annoyed that even his fingers seemed that little bit daintier lately.

"This better just be some reaction," he mused.

It wasn't. That much was certain when, over the next two weeks, the tautness not only failed to go away but actively grew larger. The morning sickness was finally dimming, and the tiredness was getting manageable for all but James, who was hit harder than his friends, but there was no denying that each of them were growing bumps.

"It must be the maternity device," Leo said after getting out of an education lecture and meeting them out on the quadrangle. "I mean, what else could explain it?"

"Yeah, but why?" James said. "And why do I look bigger than both of you? I'm like an inch out more than I should be here, maybe more." He grabbed another sandwich and stuffed his face. It had extra pickles in it. He normally hated pickles, but the stupid maternity device changes were making him hungry for it, just like a craving.

"You're a bigger guy," Kamal said. "Maybe it just affects you more."

"Well, I'm not taking it. I'm telling that Professor Shanks hottie that this is going too far and - hey, there she is!"

She was just moving towards the lecture theatre to set up, but James was already bolting across the quad to catch her, and the others followed. Kamal winced, feeling a tension in his stomach, but kept on jogging instead, allowing Leo to catch up to him. They entered the lecture theatre together, finding James already engaged in an argument with their home economics professor.

"I understand your concern, James," she was saying as she set up her desk at the front of the lecture theatre. "However, you agreed to this experiment, and this is part of it - quite a successful part, in fact. Your stomachs are growing thanks to the maternity devices, and this is a successful simulation of pregnancy. Given that you are nine weeks along now, one should expect a slight bump.

James' jaw fell. "You mean we're going to keep on growing? That's not fair! I've got a job! I've got sport-science! I'm a fucking football player, and I'm about to get kicked off the team if I can't keep on playing."

"Not to worry, I've already organised your leave of absence from the team. Your condition won't allow it."

"WHAT!?"

Eliza sighed. "Remember, you are not just experiencing a simulation of pregnancy, James, you are also conducting yourself *as if you were a pregnant woman*. That is part of the experiment. Which means I have some new tasks for you - yes, you as well Kamal and Leo."

"You've got to be kidding me," Kamal said. "This is already fucked up enough already."

"I agree," she said matter-of-factly. "You've gone too long without actually going through the rigamortale that an expectant mother and homemaker must go through. Here is

the homework as part of your experiment. You *must* complete these activities and expectations in coming weeks, or else you will fail, and this will forfeit your marks, as well as void your other subjects. I have a letter from the dean stating as much.”

With horror, Kamal looked at the letter and scanned his eyes over it. “There’s no way . . . why did he sign off on this?”

“I have a rather magical style of persuasion, you might say.”

Leo, on the other hand, was looking at the list of expectations she’d handed him. Their homework included a great deal of what she’d been talking about in her home economics lectures. There was a number of measures, including:

Budgeting for their coming baby.

Organising nutritious diets for themselves, to grow a healthy baby.

Ensuring their kitchens were well-stocked and organised.

Demonstrating efficacy in clothing repair, knitting and sewing.

The last two were highlighted as particularly important in the short term: making one’s space healthy, clean, and free of mess. And, somewhat alarmingly, adjustment to one’s wardrobe to accommodate maternity wear and the eventual need for nursing.

“Holy moly,” Leo said. “That’s . . . a lot.”

“Don’t worry, you’ll get an allowance for it,” Eliza said easily. “A few hundred dollars each for maternity wear, though it must all be accounted for. Make sure to pick up some bras as well.”

“Bras!?” Kamal said. “You’re - you’re joking!”

She laughed easily. “Yes, well, go on, take a seat, will you? Class is about to start. And I’m sure you want to impress that Faye girl, James. She seems to think you’re in touch with your feminine side. I doubt she has any clue just how much that’s true!”

“Oh, ha ha,” James said, before snatching up the dean’s letter in his hand. “I’m gonna make sure this is real! If this is some prank, I’m gonna sue you!”

But the professor was already getting her slideshow up for her presentation on maternity wear and nutritious preparation for pregnancy. It seemed she’d timed it to be most relevant for the three young men.

Leo couldn’t help himself. He took copious amounts of notes.

No doubt the indignant Kamal and stunned James would need them later for when they started their ‘homework.’

Part 5: Homework

The true work for their experiment began, even as their bellies slowly began to grow and other changes made themselves known. They were subtle, of course, but it was evidently clear that this maternity device was more complex than any of them had imagined, even the tech-proficient Kamal, because their nipples were expanding, darkening, and gaining rather feminine areolas as they crossed the thirteen week threshold into their 'second trimester.' It was infuriating to grow, and even more infuriating to 'feel' it. Well, there wasn't even a need to wrap that in apostrophes, because they truly were *feeling it*. Leo would wake up, having started to sleep on his side or back because his slightly domed stomach was too taut, and one of the first things he would do was to rub said stomach. Perhaps it would be even better to say that he *caressed* it, filled with a strange wonder.

"It's like a real pregnancy," he mused one morning, at the end of the thirteenth week. "Or at least, what I imagine one would be like."

He even spoke in a slightly higher voice as he said it, something that accidentally happened from time to time now. Certainly, as his belly grew, it was like the rest of him was becoming just a little more slender, less manly. But the belly felt so real. When he touched his expanded skin, it was *his* expanded skin, just like *his* nipples were sore and achey.

"This device is incredible," he told himself.

"This device is *fucked!*" Kamal complained as a contrast. He hated it. Hated that he now had obvious bloat, and his nipples pushed against his shirt awkwardly. He hated that his hips were sore, and that the hormones or allergies or whatever it was from the device was making him less of a charismatic partygoer and more of a sadsack stuck cleaning his apartment out just to get his needed college credits. He would poke at his belly, trying to jab it *hard* in revenge, but it was sensitive, and it left him moaning, his voice cracking. He tended towards slim clothing, but it was getting harder to achieve such a modern, tech-bro look with how his belly was starting to stick out. It was still subtle enough to hide . . . but subtlety was fading, and fading *fast*.

"This device is ruining my abs!" James complained. He was at the gym, still struggling with his tiredness, which had persisted longer than Kamal and Leo's, who both claimed to be getting a lot more energy back. He was determined to hit the gym again, but it was seriously like his ab muscles were gone. Not just disguised by his maternity device, but actively *gone*. Situps were more difficult, and his arms and legs had slimmed as well. He attributed much of this to his lack of exercise, increased diet, and the hormonal changes in his body because of the device. It rankled him to his core, especially when a woman passed him, a hot chick named Joanna who had a fit-chick kinda look. She giggled.

"Looks like that experimental pregnancy is coming along well!" she announced. "We heard about your extra-credit program. Best of luck, James!"

She and her friend giggled again, and James was left humiliated. That bitch professor had let that information out. And somehow, *he* was the most bloated of them all. Hell, he was actually looking *pregnant*, somehow.

"Damn it. I *do* need new clothes."

And so, as weeks fourteen through eighteen passed, the three friends had to deal with two new major experiences: the first being the news about their experiment getting out, much to their abject shame, and the second being their new homework. The former, to all three, was the worst. Leo, who had hoped to get a girlfriend in the class, or at least gain the skills to get one, was now a source of amusement to women. Because he was the most kind-natured of the three, they often called him 'cute' or 'adorable' or 'totally understanding,' which was just emasculating. James had former girlfriends messaging and calling him, asking to confirm all the rumours, whereas Kamal simply tried to disguise his body and deny, deny, deny, despite the fact that he was looking more feminine with each passing day. It was all just a weird science experiment, they knew, but it was feeling so damn real, right down to the slight swelling in their respective chests, and their ever-growing stomachs which were getting tight. There were even little, slight flutters that each had started to feel. Certainly, it made Leo smile when he felt it, even if he wasn't sure why.

"Is it malfunctioning?" he asked the professor.

"Quite the opposite," she said with a wink.

"Who cares!?" Kamal snapped. "Why do other people know about this? You've embarrassed us!"

"I never said the experiment would be secret. It's not published or being put in the news, but other students in the class will know. It's part of their own interest to know, to understand the gender dichotomies at stake."

"Well, you should have told us," James said. "Especially since my maternity belly is malfunctioning. It's almost twice as big as Leo's and Kamal's! I seriously look like I'm in my second trimester here! It sticks out and everyone can see it."

But Eliza just smirked. "Oh, that's because of a randomised feature in the device. I'm surprised it ended up with you, James, but there was always a chance of this. Your belly is simulating a *twin pregnancy*. A double congratulations are in order, you're eating for *three*, Mr Hallen."

James was so struck by this that he didn't even know what to say until he was outside with his friends.

"Fucking twins! Seriously!? This just gets worse and worse!"

The second part they had to get used to - the homework - was, at least, something they could take agency over. Leo took to the homework with greater zeal. He was feeling just a little more comfortable owning that fact now, though he didn't admit it too much to his friends. But Professor Eliza Shanks had taught him much about housekeeping, and so he set about tidying, cleaning, and sorting his messy apartment, removing unwanted wastes, stains, growing mould, and so on until he was shocked at how much space he truly had. He even got a Japanese peace lily, something she had suggested personally to him.

Begrudgingly, Kamal did the same. His family were neat freaks, so that part wasn't particularly hard, nor was budgeting for the theoretical coming 'baby.' He *did* have to stock his kitchen, however, small it was. He wasn't used to cooking for himself, and yet this was part of the experiment, and one he *detested*. And so the calls began.

"Hey Mom. Yes, I'm fine. Yes, I'm doing well. Straight A's, in fact. No, I'm not engaged. Gods, Mom, I haven't got a girlfriend! Yes, I still speak Hindi when I can! Look, I just need your help with something, okay? I need some recipes . . . I'm trying to learn how to cook."

To hear his mother actually excited enough to stop nagging at him was almost worth it in the end.

James' apartment had always been clean. He knew how to hold onto a girlfriend when he wanted one, and so he kept things stocked, spick and span. He was also a halfway decent cook. He was not, however, one for knowing how to diet outside of his protein-based workout style. It took a lot of adjusting, and he hated how his bulging 'twin' stomach craved sugary snacks at times, and salty things at others. Already his muscles were wasting away, his entire body thinning apart from his bumpy chest and domed belly, but this was just the *pits*. Now he needed to plan a *healthy diet*, instead of a muscle-gaining one.

"I swear, once this is all over, I'm gonna bulk up so fucking hard," he groaned. Annoyingly, his voice cracked as he said it, as if to undermine him.

And yet still, the biggest homework challenge remained. And it wasn't the *sewing* part. Their shirts were stiff and strained, even their jackets and hoodies couldn't close properly, and instead stretched around their bellies, making them look ridiculous. Each of them were experiencing growth in their chests as well, and while none of them had actually dared to share this out loud, it was starting to look like the device was giving them breasts. Small ones, but enough that they were hiding them with compression bandages, especially when they were at work. At least none of their coworkers really said anything or treated them too differently, but it was awful nonetheless.

"Fine! Freakin' fine!" James finally snapped one afternoon after Leo had brought up the topic again. "We'll buy some goddamn maternity clothes. But I swear, if you even suggest a dress-

“Dude, I’m not crazy. We just need better shirts and stuff for our bumps. Maybe some comfortable maternity pants to help with the bellies. You know, since they’re getting tight.”

They really were, especially James’. Those little flurried movements were continuing, getting stronger, and it was only emphasising the growth of their stomachs.

The next day after James gave in, the three of them travelled to the local mall and visited a maternity store. With their softer faces and more slender figures (sans bellies), the storewoman actually assumed them to be women; perhaps butch preggos or something, Kamal reasoned.

“Welcome and congratulations! Here to look for anything in particular? We have some lovely maternity dresses for those entering their second trimester!”

Kamal frowned. “Just some bigger shirts. That’s all. Nothing else.”

“Maybe some maternity pants,” Leo suggested again.

“Dude, no way.”

“Well, I need them.”

“Ugh,” James added. “So do I. We’re not pregnant, by the way. We’re men, and this is just a pregnancy experiment.”

The woman raised an eyebrow, looking like a deer in headlights. “O-okay. Sure! Well, let’s get you suited up, ladies.”

It was like the fact had just slipped her by, and instead she toured them through the store, still acting as if they were women, even as they corrected her repeatedly.

“Lady, my name is James, not *Jane*.”

“And I’m Leo, not *Layla*.”

“Of course, I’m sorry ladies! It’s been a long workweek. Now come along and look at these gorgeous maternity blouses. Stylish and beautiful. We have some lovely Hindi ones that Kamika here would look so very beautiful and *glowing* in.”

“Fucking hell, lady,” Kamal said. “Just leave us alone so we can choose our own damn clothes.”

The woman gave many apologies, but still called them ‘ladies’ as Kamal angrily shooed her off.

“That was fucking weird, right?” Kamal said.

“Very,” Leo said.

James exhaled, pinched his nose. “Let’s just buy our clothes and get out of this freakshow place.”

Doing so took more time than they had hoped, except for Leo, who found it oddly . . . freeing. He was a little more daring than the others, choosing to buy some more feminine looking tops, including one that was actually sleeveless, as well as another that was a maternity camisole for relaxing around the home. They did both show off his bump a little,

and he found himself posing in the mirror of the stall, holding his eighteen-week bump and cradling it, as if he really were an expectant mother. He frowned a little at the bumps on his chest where the skin was raised, and ended up sneaking away to visit Carol, the storewoman.

“Yes, Layla?”

“Uh, Leo. Look, I was hoping to maybe get . . . a bra?”

“A maternity bra?”

“Um, anything? For comfort? And some for my friends. They claim they won’t want them, but they need them.”

Carol grinned. “That, I can certainly help with!”

“And sorry for my friend. He snaps easily.”

“Don’t worry about it. She’s pregnant! That will test the hormones! Come, let’s get you sized up.”

Which was how Leo learned that they were all A-cups. When they left the store, Kamal and James grumbling over possessing female maternity clothing, Leo shared this tidbit with them, choosing to be the first to breach the topic.

“Look, I’ll come out and say it before we split up. I’m growing boobs. Well, the device is, but they feel real.”

Kamal groaned out loud. “Fuuuuuuck. Dude, we don’t have to talk about this.”

“I mean, we kinda have to. Bras are on our list. We need bras for our boobs.”

“Don’t call them boobs,” James said. “It’s just . . . they’re just pimples right now.”

“But they’re growing. So we need to be prepared. I’m an A-cup. I think you guys are too.”

“How do you know that?” Kamal asked, eyeing his friend up and down as they left the mall and entered the parking lot.

Embarrassed, Leo pulled aside the strap of the maternity top he was wearing, revealing the smaller strap of a bra underneath. James’ jaw fell.

“Leo, what the fuck!?”

“Look, we have to! And my chest is aching, so this is more comfortable, alright.”

“Jesus, what’s next? You’ll be begging to have a pussy?” Kamal chuckled. “No wonder you can’t get laid like we can.”

Leo frowned. “Don’t be an asshole. You’ve been whining this whole time. At least I’m helping. Here, take your fucking bras and wear them. I’ll see you back in class.”

He shoved two bras into Kamal’s chest and two into James’, then stormed off.

Funny, how it took becoming more female-presenting for him to finally feel like a man. He stormed off to his car, leaving the other pair standing there, both holding the underside of their bumps without realising it.

"Fuck," James said. "I think he's got a point. We have to wear these, soon."

"Screw you, as if. When hell freezes over, maybe, and even then - ugh!" He clutched his chest and winced. "By all the Gods . . . it's aching again. Fuck! I'm still not wearing this thing . . . but I'll need something to hide them."

James nodded. That, at least, he could agree with.

"This better not get any worse," he said, touching his hair, which was now lowering to be level with his chin. "Because it's already feeling way too real."

Neither man had any idea just how real it was about to get. Those little flutters in their bellies were going to ramp right up.

Part 6: Babies, Boobs, and Blowing Up

Winter was over, and spring was arriving. That meant the relief of Spring Break, at least - two whole weeks free of being examined and approved of by Eliza Shanks, who had even touched their little breasts to test their growth recently, a surprisingly sensitive experience that made them each moan a little, and reminded them of how flaccid their members now were, how permanently shrunken they were getting. Spring break would be a distraction from such humiliations. Unfortunately, there was another development that added to the increasing list, one that none of them could ignore any longer.

Something was *kicking* inside each of them.

It first happened to James, perhaps because of his twin pregnancy. He'd been wistfully watching a football game, and clearly his former teammates were embarrassed about him, because when he asked when he could join up again, they scoffed.

"Dude, in your condition?" Jeffries said. "You were never part of our team anyway!"

As he mused on just what his former teammate meant by that, he felt a sudden lurch in his stomach. There was a shift, a bump, and then something that made him squeak like an actual pregnant woman: a sharp push just to the left of his belly button, one that made a little indentation for a moment. That actually distended and shifted his swollen stomach.

"What the hell?" he gasped. He pulled up his overly-tight shirt, one that he'd only purchased just a week ago, and felt his taut stomach. He waited, ignoring the game playing out there before him, which was just starting up.

And then there was another strange sensation, like something living *inside of him* was pushing out. The skin visibly distended this time, and his eyes went wide. He stood up

in a shock, and Faye Lin, the woman he'd once tried to put the moves on in the home ec class, rushed over to him.

"Oh my God, did you just have your first kick? Does it feel real?"

James blinked, looking from her and then back to his belly, where something inside of him was continuing to push and flurry about. It felt so goddamn real, the strangest sensation he'd ever felt. Marvelling, he placed his hand on his stomach.

"It feels way too real," he murmured.

Leo's own kicking sensation happened that very same day, albeit later at night when he was working at Fry Chicken. James was totally distracted on the same shift, bumping his large belly into everything, but their manager was at least treating him pretty sensitively given 'your condition', as he put it. Leo, meanwhile, was mastering the art of the bump, shifting in a way to avoid knocking things over. But as he was serving the fries to a customer, he lurched forwards a little, spilling the fries on the counter.

"S-sorry!" he stuttered, voice going up a notch so that it was almost *feminine*. "I just felt s-something weird in m-me. In my stomach, I mean."

The customer was a middle-aged woman, who just smiled sympathetically. "I'd say more in your uterus, darling. That was definitely a good kick! I've felt it myself, more than once. Don't you worry, it's normal. But I might grab some new fries once you've settled."

Leo was in awe. He remade the woman's fries, then immediately went on break. James was there, also cradling his stomach, the buttons tight against his dome and showing diamonds of skin.

"Kicking?" James asked, wincing as what felt like two actual babies moved in his belly.

"Yeah," Leo said.

"It feels . . . weird, doesn't it?"

Leo blushed, looking past his budding brown breasts to his larger brown belly. He raised his shirt and felt the naked skin, oddly hypnotised by it, soaking up the continuing movements.

"It feels *amazing*," he said.

The next day, Kamal had his own experience. He was talking to Professor Eliza Shanks again - *during the last days of Spring Break* - once more imploring her to change him back. She was in her office, preparing for the resumption of classes, and yet here he was, demanding the end of the experiment.

"I'll fucking do anything! This experiment is getting too weird! My boobs are almost frickin' B-cups! How is this technologically possible! My own tutor student said I 'looked pretty' and wished me well on 'giving birth', as if he doesn't know I'm a man! The fuck is going on?"

Eliza just sighed. "Kamal, there's a lot of adjusting. You know I can't change - are you alright?"

Kamal was suddenly stock still. His hand was on his stomach, specifically the underside of it, slightly to the right.

"Oh Gods. Oh Gods. What the fuck was that? It feels like s-something is moving inside of me. What the hell are you doing to us?"

The professor just chuckled. "That's just a kick, Kamal! Part of the Pregnancy Project, of course. And a sure sign that you need to ramp up your efforts to prepare for a baby. No doubt your friends are feeling kicks too, especially James. Of course, you're also experiencing more breast growth than them."

Kamal could barely hear what she was saying. He, the ladies man, the ladykiller, the pickup artist, the taboo breaker, the party animal, was feeling baby kicks as if they were real. It was bad enough that he couldn't drink anymore, lest the device inform the professor, and the same for drugs and smoking. It was bad enough that it was changing him temporarily. But this!? This was too much!

"Once this is over, I'm going to find a way to sue you," he snapped. "You've taken my best partying days away from me."

"Part of being a mother," Eliza said. "Is learning how to grow up and mature. Best of luck with that, Kamal."

The man left the conversation bitter and angry, and yet still rubbing his stomach due to the kicks. How did they feel so real!?

Weeks continued to pass. Their simulated babies shifted and kicked, an occurrence so common that it was starting to wake them up when they slept. Their breasts remained sore and sensitive, always growing, especially in Kamal's case, much to his frustration. There was further swelling in their stomachs, which were now so big - especially for James, who was looking *very* round at the front by this point - that there was no sense in hiding said bumps anymore, especially with what felt like actual babies moving about inside of them. They *had* to wear maternity clothing, especially now that the weather was so warm that hiding their changing forms in jackets and hoodies was simply impossible; their bodies were already generating heat just like a pregnant woman's!

"We're even starting to look like women!" Kamal whined, his voice soft and bordering on demure, despite his usual crassness. "This is so fucked up. Most of the campus is treating me like a woman. Did the prof put them all up to it or something?"

Leo remembered when his sister Sylvie had visited several months ago. She had

complimented him on cleaning up so well, and even stated that she looked forward to seeing him 'blow up.' He thought she meant in terms of success or something, but could she have already known? And how?

"I don't know," he replied, taking a sip of his mango smoothie. "But this is getting really weird. I'm starting to feel like a woman. Like, is that crazy?"

"Not when we're growing tits and our pregnant bellies and long hair and looking like ladies more and more," James said, drinking from his own smoothie.

They were at the campus cafe, and while some of the home ec girls occasionally commented on how well the trio were going with the 'Pregnancy Project', everyone else was treating their conditions as normal, and some were even helping them into chairs or asking them when they were 'due.' It was infuriating; they'd endured *six whole months* of this, and now their stomachs were huge. James seriously looked like he was at full term, and his breasts were catching up. All three of them were experiencing the wobble and jiggle now, and had given into wearing bras rather than compression bandages. Kamal especially needed them; to his humiliation, he had swollen up to C-cups, which were lovely palm fillers that even had some men looking down at his chest.

"I hate this," he said, voice still soft despite his attempts. "Ugh! This little one is kicking again."

"Try having two simulated babies," James hissed, rubbing his own stomach. "My belly literally rests on my thighs, now."

"At least you don't have big tits."

"Please, you're not that big. We've all got cleavage now. That goddamn professor. Ohhhh."

"Kicking?" Leo asked.

James nodded. "Back at my spine. Ugh. How do women put up with this? Ohhh, I really need my burger already. Can this cafe hurry up. I'm eating for three here!"

Leo smirked at that. At least James hadn't lost his humour. But he suspected his red-haired friend was losing something else, and it wasn't just his height, though he had noticed that.

"Okay, cards on the table," he said, holding his belly and shifting forwards. "My dick is shrinking. Really shrinking, actually."

It was at this moment that their burgers arrived. The waitress placed each of them down onto the table and gave a lovely smile in the awkward silence.

"Oh, congratulations to all three of you! When are you due?"

Leo looked up and smiled sheepishly. "Uh, in three months, I think?"

"Wow! That's fantastic! All the best to you!"

"Th-thanks," James said, eyes wide, like a thousand yard stare.

Suddenly, all their appetites had mysteriously disappeared. Well, not as much for James, who still took a single bite of his burger due to the shifting, rippling movements inside his bloated stomach.

"She thought we were just pregnant women," Kamal said.

"We look like pregnant women," Leo replied. "A little plain-looking, maybe a bit masculine . . . but we do look like women."

"But our voices!" Kamal replied, but even as he said it he realised how feminine he sounded. His voice still had a husky contralto quality to it, but it was more of a woman's voice now that he was listening for it. The fact that his hair was now down to his shoulders and his skin blemish free only added to that effect, as did the fact that all three of them now had fuller lips and longer eyelashes.

"Oof!" James winced, feeling yet another tremble of movement in his belly. His hand went there, feeling the hard skin. How was it possible that it felt so real . . . unless?

"Guys," he said. "Um . . . my dick is shrinking too. It's, uh, shrunk a lot. I thought it was just, you know, not getting used much, but I'm seriously getting worried recently. I was just too fucking nervous to tell you."

"S-same," Kamal admitted. Tears started forming in his eyes - he'd been a *lot* more emotional lately. They all had. "Fuck! Now I'm crying. I haven't fucked a girl in months. I haven't even *wanted* to."

James swallowed. Life had been so busy lately, and his rotund stomach getting so much attention and keeping him awake at night. He'd even taken to cleaning his apartment more, but he'd needed to rest on his side constantly as the weight of his belly when he lay on his back was simply too much. And not once through it had he thought about girls.

"Shit. Fuck! Neither have I," he said. "But I've been getting kinda . . . aroused."

"Same," Leo said, wincing. "Um, I don't think about girls when I get like that, though."

Again, that strained silence. A rather attractive pair of men entered the outdoor area of the cafe and sat down two tables away from the trio. One was dark-skinned and clearly worked out, wearing a singlet in the warmth to show off his muscles. The other had olive skin and looked latino. He had a really handsome face, and nice tats on his arms. He seemed to catch the three looking at him and smirked, then talked to his friend, who looked their way and smiled before resuming their conversation.

"Oh God," James said.

Kamal was in agreement. He could feel his large, dark nipples throbbing. "Fuck."

"You see what I mean?" Leo said. He was rubbing his thicker thighs together, trying to ignore how his body felt about those men, but unable to fully do so. "Something's happening to our brains. I had . . . a dream last night. About guys like that."

Kamal turned his way. "Dude, you're gay?"

"I think . . . I think we're all turning gay."

James wiped away the tears forming in his eyes. He was struggling to keep it together. "Because . . . we're turning into women, right? Like, fully women, aren't we?"

Leo nodded slowly. He had suspected for a few days, but had been unable to really believe it, even as his penis shrunk, even as his ass ballooned. He had such a curvy black girl's ass now, just like he had very cute loose curls that hung down his shoulders. Just like he had damn *C-cups* on his chest, ones that jiggled when they weren't in a bra and still did a little when they were. They were still growing, too. Hell, Kamal was up to ripe *D-cups* by this point, and he still complained of their growth.

"No, no, no, no, no," Kamal uttered. "This is just the experiment. It's hi-tech stuff, I'm not familiar with it, but there's no way I'm turning into some pregnant bitch!"

"We're not really pregnant," Leo said. "But I think we are becoming women."

"Not really pregnant!?" James hissed. He leaned forward, cradling his belly in his lap. "*That's* where you're drawing the line on this!? What if we really *are* pregnant, man? I could be pregnant with actual fucking *twins*, here? I already look like I'm almost due and it's only been six months! We've still got three! What if we've got to - oh fuck - what if we have to give *birth*?"

"It'll only be simulated birth!" Kamal insisted. "Right? *Right*!?"

"Just like our simulated tits? And the simulated morning sickness? And the simulated big butts and thicker thighs and longer hair and higher voices and bigger lips and oh fuck, oh fuck, this is all real, dudes! We're actually fucking pregnant women!"

Leo took a deep breath. This was a lot to take in, and the anxiety of this very public moment was making his little one do somersaults in his stomach. It was strange, but he already felt this magical connection to the simulated child in his simulated womb. Whenever it stirred, he resisted the urge to smile, though in private he sometimes even cooed or ran his fingers over his stomach. But to think it could be real, that there could be a little boy or girl dependent on him as their momma . . . it was too much to take in.

"I think we need to talk to Professor Shanks," he finally said, voice cracking up another half-octave.

Kamal was freaking out by this point, totally in denial even as he looked down at his large breasts over his large stomach.

"No fucking shit, dude! We need to go now!"

But even as he got ready to stand up, his belly grumbled, and he groaned.

"R-right after we finished these damn burgers, of course."

They each ate ravenously, in worried silence, until their meals were done - though each had to order a second round just to fulfil their intense cravings and hunger. When they were finished, they each awkwardly got out of their chairs and moved to the parking lot, the

three of them waddling. Leo grunted, shifting his hands to the small of his back, which only emphasised the curve of his belly. The others were doing the same, and a shared shame came over them.

“This better not be real,” muttered James. “This better not be freakin’ real!”

Kamal was too busy crying to talk, his hormones overtaking him.

But Leo found himself in awe once again, occasionally shifting one hand to caress his swollen stomach and take in the little shifting moments of a child who could well be real inside of him. It should have been humiliating, and part of it was, but at the same time . . . there was that sense of connection as well. A maternal longing he hadn’t even known he’d possessed. When he got in the car his bump was almost touching the steering wheel, and it just made him touch his stomach more, feeling this factory of *life* within him.

“No. I can’t . . . it’s just the device. Don’t get sucked into it, man. Stay angry. Stay angry!”

The professor had questions to answer. He certainly didn’t want to think about how he was questioning himself.

Part 7: Answers

The lecture was longer than most. As if reading their minds, Professor Shanks was going over various skills that mothers needed, especially expectant mothers. This included helpful maternity wear, nutritious dieting, and sewing skills. They would each have a chance to improve their skills in textiles over the next couple of weeks, but there seemed to be something rather deliberate in the slides: each one displayed a pregnant woman with a very, very handsome man positioned near her; a doting husband or boyfriend helping her out, looking at her like she was a goddess. It was doing things for the trio of changing men, who now had obviously rounded bellies near the end of their second trimester. The hormonal horniness was so very real, but until now it had been directionless. Kamal had been trying to ignore his growing breasts, sensitive as they were, and while James had occasionally copped a feel, he’d felt too unsexy to do anything about it. The same was true for Leo.

Now, all three were examining the slides, almost drooling at the sight of these handsome, protective men. It was like a new instinct was going off, a maternal need for a protector, a babydaddy to help them raise their babies. Leo found himself breathing heavily, chest rising and falling, aching for further growth. His penis was hard, but it was so small by this point that it felt like a pinprick. He needed to satisfy himself, but it couldn’t be here. James was the same, but Kamal was far less restricted: he was actually clutching his boobs

as he sat up the back, as if urging them to grow to Double-D's and beyond. He was shivering, biting his lower lip and occasionally letting out a loose moan. James had to elbow him a couple of times just to get him to stop.

Finally, the lecture finished, the women departed the room. Faye waved to James with a smile.

"You're glowing so much today, Jane! I hope the twins are happy!"

"Seriously, you girls rock for taking on this experiment. You're gonna be such good mothers," another student said, a woman named Taylor. "I love your hair by the way, Layla."

Both men blushed deeply as they stood, clutching their stomachs where the simulated babies were finally sleeping, and feeling far more womanly than they ever had.

"Um, you can call me Leo, you know," Leo said.

"Sure thing, Layla!" Taylor said, as if his comment hadn't been said. "See you girls around."

"Oh, wait! Can I feel?" a third woman named Sandra said. Before Kamal could react, she placed her hand upon the changing man's darker belly. He was wearing a woman's maternity shirt, but he hadn't gotten new clothes lately, and so a significant strip of bare, olive-coloured belly was showing. Sandra placed her hand there and rubbed it, and suddenly Kamal groaned.

"Oh my God! I felt a kick!" Sandra exclaimed. "That must feel so alien, right?"

Kamal was trying not to lose it again. "It - yeah. It does."

"You're so lucky, Kamika. I hope I get boobs like yours when I have kids one day."

They stepped away, leaving the trio even more anxious than before.

"They think we're actual *girls*," Kamal said. "They think my name is Kamika. What the fuck is going on here?"

"This is definitely not just some experiment," Leo said. "When I saw those slides with the men-"

"Don't talk about the goddamn hunks, okay!?" James snapped. "I was getting fucking turned on by that. I swear, my nipples were gonna rip through this damn blouse. Let's just go talk to the prof!"

She was waiting for them at the front of the lecture theatre, gathering her things but clearly taking her time. She was as beautiful as ever, and yet it only stirred a strange envy inside some of them, as if *they* wanted to compete with her, rather than to fuck her. Kamal was horrified to find no attraction at all: he could only think about the men at the cafe, and again in those slides. How strong and tough and *big* they were, perhaps in more places than one . . .

"Hello, my experimentees!" the professor said happily. "You're all looking so wonderfully ripe. I believe tomorrow you enter your third trimester, yes? How very exciting!"

"Can the lies, professor!" James said, taking the lead. He stepped forward and put his hands on his hips, which only had the effect of pronouncing his twin-pregnant belly even further, stretching his top tight against it. "We need to know the truth!"

"And what truth is that, Mr Hallen?" she asked, innocent-like.

"You know what fucking truth!" Kamal interjected. "Why am I growing big tits!? Why do I sound like a woman!? Why am I imagining having one-night stands with fucking men with big dicks all of a sudden!?"

"My, that sounds like a strange side effect," Eliza said, though it was clear she was enjoying this back and forth.

Leo tried to stay calm. His baby was moving, and again that connection was so strong that he almost wanted to go home, lie down in bed, and rub his naked stomach, appreciating the feeling of it all.

"Please, tell us the truth. You said that this was a simulated pregnancy, professor. But it's *not*, is it? We're . . . we're actually pregnant. We're turning into pregnant *women*."

Professor Eliza Shanks licked her lips, then sighed. "I'd hoped you would be a bit further along when you figured it out, but I suppose making it right to the doorstep of your third trimester isn't a bad outcome, all things considered. Yes, you are turning into pregnant women. And yes, those are indeed very real babies growing inside your wombs. They have no fathers, the genetics have been randomised in that way so they aren't clones. Suffice to say, they are *all yours*."

James' jaw hung. He lifted his baby bump with his hands, emphasising how much bigger it was than his two friends. "You're telling me I've got two real babies in here? Actually fucking real!?"

"You do. You all do; though of course, James, you're twice as lucky."

"What the shit!?" Kamal said, taking a step back, tears once more springing in his eyes. "How could you d-do that to us? Why are you doing this?"

Eliza smirked. "I *am* a witch, you know. Didn't you see my office? I teach home economics because it's enjoyable and valuable and important, but magic is my true passion, Kamal."

Leo was barely able to contain his anxiety. His breasts rose and fell with each breath, reminding him of how big they already were, how plump, preparing to feed the child now just waking inside his - his *uterus*.

"Wait, you turned us into pregnant women just to see if you could?"

"Not at all, Mr Eastman. I turned you into pregnant women because you agreed to it. Magic is entirely consensual. It is not my fault that none of you actually read the contract and relied on my wording. Besides, the real reason I crafted the contract in the first place was because of your horrific male chauvinism in my class, your comments about pregnant

women and getting girls 'knocked up,' and your clear need to mature. Now, all three goals will be achieved, because in three months you will be mothers, taking care of your baby or *babies*, and will need every lesson in home economics to get through the day."

"But - but this is illegal!" James said. "You can't make us women! I don't wanna be pregnant!"

"Lots of girls don't, especially when dating people like you, James, or having one-night stands with you, Kamal."

"What about me?" Leo asked. "I don't deserve this!"

"Not as much as your friends, perhaps, but you still went along with their comments and remained friends with them, despite their sexism and insults towards motherhood. And so, now, you get to feel the consequences of that. Let me make this clear, young soon-to-be-*not*-men, I am not reversing this. Only the contract can do that, and once you give birth it's irreversible anyway."

"B-birth?" Kamal stammered.

"Yes. The part where you spread your legs wide, go through contractions, your vaginal passage dilates, and then you push your child out of your body and into the world. It's a very natural experience, Kamal. Or should I say, Kamika?"

The changing man made a rasping sound like a dying animal, a wounded moan that signalled how much he hated that he was becoming a woman with that name.

"That's why people have started calling us those names!" Leo said. "Your magic is changing reality. They think I'm Layla, and James is Jane, and Kamal is Kamika."

"You really are the smartest of your friends, Leo. I'm very certain of that. And you are correct: the closer you get towards giving birth, the more reality will always view all of you as having always been women. The Pregnancy Project, my little experiment, will just be about women willingly taking on motherhood to test the course's boundaries."

James' fists were shaking. "So, what? We just keep blowing up and changing and grow fucking pussies and then *give birth!*?"

"And take on motherhood duties and raise your children. Live productive lives as good, attractive, and fertile women. Keep your homes maintained and clean. Oh, and enjoy that lovely payout you're all looking forward to."

"But - but - there has to be a way to get out of this!" Kamal shrieked. "I don't wanna have a baby! I'm meant to be fucking girls left, right, and centre! That's the college guy experience. If I have a baby, I'll end up just like Mom and stuck as some submissive wife, working in the kitchen for the rest of her life! I don't deserve that!"

The professor sighed, shuffling her papers. "And how do you feel, James?"

"What are you talking about? I've got twins in here, man! You need to pull them out!"

"And you, Leo?"

Leo hesitated. That connection was so strong. God, the hormones were making him feel so maternal.

"I . . . I'm meant to be a man," he said weakly.

Professor Shanks regarded them all again. "Well, there is *one* possibility of changing back, but you must be prepared to take on greater responsibilities in order to achieve it."

"We'll do anything!" Kamal insisted. "I want my cock back! I don't want to be thinking about men!"

Eliza smirked at this, clearly relishing the power she had in this moment. "Okay, I can amend the contract for you, make an additional passage. If you can prove to me that you can value a womanly experience to its fullest, then I will change you back . . . before you give birth. Your babies will be transferred to other women who would want them, and reality will change so that everyone, them included, will be none the wiser."

James almost bounced on his sore ankles. "Yes, please, do that!"

The professor held up a finger. "Ah, but there are a few conditions. If you give birth, your body will remain female permanently. Not even my most powerful magic will turn you back. Which means you're on the clock: the three of you must master every art of home economics, as well as throw yourselves completely into the world of womanhood and femininity, allowing yourselves to not only become biologically female, but to *be* feminine as well. That means no more hiding in tomboy shirts and loose pants. You're going to start wearing pretty summer maternity dresses. You're going to go out in public, even to restaurants, wearing chic maternity wear. You're going to show off those bellies, and you're going to attend birthing classes, and you're going to get ultrasounds, and you're going to still present yourself for examination for my experiment, since I really do want to follow the results in case I ever need to replicate them. In effect, you *will* learn what it is to be a pregnant woman in a man's world, and you *will* find meaning in that. If you can then pass this subject with flying colours, you will be turned back before you go into labor. It's the only offer you'll get on reversing the magic that is attached to you, that became part of you when you accepted the maternity devices. So, what do you say? Does this amendment to the experiment work?"

The three looked at one another. As if hearing the details themselves, all three men grunted as their babies shifted in their bellies. Never had any of them felt so female as this moment, when they finally knew how real their fates were. And yet greater femininity would await them if they agreed to this.

Thankfully, Leo stepped forward to offer a hand to Eliza, shaking it gently.

"Agreed," he said. "Let's amend that contract."

The challenge had begun.

Part 8: Going Full Woman

From that day, they were to present themselves, and be treated as, fully pregnant women. The magic of their transformation would speed up as they did this, Professor Shanks promised them, but while there was now hope upon the horizon, it was undeniable that the three were embarrassed. After all, with the increasing reality changes, now even their IDs showed their new female names.

James was now *Jane* Hallen.

Kamal Gupta was now *Kamika* Gupta.

And Leo Eastman was now *Layla* Eastman.

And certainly they did look it. As they continued to expand and change throughout their seventh month of pregnancy, each of them were not only undeniably female to the public's eye, but were actually starting to look quite pretty, to the point where despite their obvious belly bumps, a number of men were even hitting on them in public!

Jane, whose red hair now went almost to the small of her back and whose breasts were now beautiful, slightly freckled D-cups, appeared almost like a Hollywood beauty, albeit quite an expectant one. And she was a her, for it was hard not to think of herself as a her now that her penis was barely a nub and she could feel something burrowing a tunnel from her uterus to between her thighs. She was forcing herself to pay attention to Shanks' home ec class now, and with Layla's help was applying makeup, including red lipstick, to enhance her already luscious beauty. Her belly was so damn big that it stretched out her dresses, making her feel ridiculous, but so many women complimented her. She switched up by getting maternity dresses that hugged her belly more, conforming to the lower slope of it before clinging to her thighs. It had the unintended effect of showing off all of her curves, and working at Fry Chicken started to get . . . weird.

"Mhmm, I came here to get some chicken, but I see one sexy momma snack right in front of me, right now."

"Hey, that's one beautiful bump, darling. Are you single?"

"I love a girl with a baby in her. Call me if you want a good time before the nasty bit happens."

These were just *some* of the comments that Jane received. Each time she snapped back, enraged at this treatment.

"Go fuck yourself, weirdo! I've got twins and you're cracking onto me, what is wrong with you?"

"Hey, eyes up here, fucko? Order your chicken or get the fuck out. No commenting on my 'pregnant ass', asshole."

Naturally, she didn't last long after that. Her manager pulled her aside and recommended she take some time off 'for her body's sake,' but the implication was obvious; she'd fucked up and was fired. Which meant that she needed a new job. A new job as a very pregnant woman. She knew she'd be in hot water if she couldn't pass the textile part of her job, so she put in for several clothing store jobs, and to her surprise she was put on one on a trial basis. The one at the mall with *Carol*. It made for an awkward initiation, having to work at a women's clothing store with a whole maternity section.

"Oh my God! I didn't expect you to be joining our group, Jane! How is the little one?"

"Little ones. Twins."

"Oohhh, lucky you!"

"Yay, lucky me. Look, this is just a temporary job for me. I just need to know what I can do to work it."

Carol smiled. "Well, we desperately needed someone who can sell maternity clothes by demonstrating them, so I hope you like lots of pretty mommy outfits, because you'll be wearing them!"

Jane could only rub her stomach and sigh deeply. Such a far fall from being a powerful gym bro. Now she was only five-foot-six and with a very slender build, apart from her larger breasts and *very* large belly. And now, working at a women's clothing store, she'd be wearing some very stylish maternity dresses that showed off her bump and body to everyone around her.

"I guess it could be worse," she mumbled to herself. "I could be as stacked as Kamika."

Indeed, Kamika was struggling with her bras, because she kept rapidly outgrowing them! Just a month before, she had been a sizable D-cup, bordering on Double-D's. But as she moved into her final trimester, it was as if her body was rapidly developing breast tissue just to be ready for all the breastfeeding she would be doing. It felt like almost every week she woke up to find her bust enlarged, emphasised by the way she found the straps on her bras too tight, the cups too small, and her voluminous boobs bulging out of said cups. They wobbled and jiggled with ease, constantly reminding her of their weight, and coupled with her rounded stomach, she was feeling *far* too forward, necessitating that she keep one hand on her back while she waddled about on campus. It also meant that she couldn't hide her chest anymore, both because of the amended contract *and* because her tits were just too big. They had raced right past E-cups and were now into F-cup territory.

"Fucking F-cups," she muttered to herself as she headed off to tutor programming students to make her side money. "I can't believe I've got freaking F-cups. I haven't even slept with a girl with F-cups before, and now I've got them!"

She was wearing a two piece outfit that unfortunately showed off part of her naked belly; one of the sacrifices made to be more 'womanly.' This consisted of a very cute top that hoisted up her boobs and showed off more cleavage than she liked, with a trail of cloth that only obscured the upper half of her belly, leaving her bellybutton on display. Her lower half had a loose skirt that fell to just below her knees. Coupled with her new earrings, makeup (with aid from Layla), and the way her wide hips swung now so naturally, she made quite the vision. This became very obvious to her when she was trying to tutor one of the programming students in his first year, and he continued to ogle her tits.

"Okay, so it looks like you've made a very common starting error here. If you think of this as an If-Then-Else scenario, then the way you've written this script is - hey? Are you listening?"

The student blushed. "S-sorry. I was just, er, distracted!"

Kamika instantly realised exactly what the distraction was. As she leaned a little over to see the student's computer, as much as her belly would allow, her stomach pressed against the man's side a bit, and her huge boobs were level with his eye lined to the side, almost touching his face.

"Gods," she said, realising how unintentionally sexual she'd just been. "Won't this body just quit it? Look, let's just get back to the problem, and we can ignore how that just . . . seemed."

"Oh, uh, sure," the student said, though he didn't sound totally convinced. It didn't help that Kamika now had a very sensual, demure-sounding voice.

The worst part was, she *felt* a little sensual. Yes, she was mega-pregnant, which made her off-limits to a lot of guys, but some *were* checking her out. She was so damn close to getting her vagina, and it made her worry how completely aroused her body was feeling. Third trimester tiredness was settling in, but not enough to overcome that horniness. That desire. That interest in men that had her touching her magnificent breasts and night and orgasming from the sheer sensation of her nipples.

"Hey, are we going to keep sorting this out?" the student asked. She remembered his name was Steven. He was kinda cute, which frustrated her immensely. She wasn't gay! She knew that! And yet . . .

"Uh, of course. Let's get back to it. Stupid hormones are . . . distracting me. At least I'm not as far gone as Layla."

Which left the last of the trio, who was exemplifying femininity and womanhood even more successfully than the other two. She had turned into a radiant-looking mixed race beauty, her black curls falling midway down her shoulders, her eyes dark yet bright, her smile beaming. She glowed in a way the other two didn't, and most likely because despite her claims otherwise, she was starting to embrace her pregnancy and femaleness far more

earnestly. She purchased maternity dresses, stockings, nursing bras, and so on, searching out items that fit her body type, which while buxom and beautiful, *definitely* was starting to 'pack it in the back,' as some would say. Her ass had blown up, her hips becoming magnificently wide and leading to some serious junk in her trunk. White girls might have been more conscious of this look, but as a girl with dark skin and lovely curves, she thought she looked spectacular, and other girls in the home economics class thought the same, complimenting her often.

"Th-thanks!" she said, still feeling nervous being 'one of the girls.' "I just really feel like embracing being a woman. Just for a little bit, I mean."

"Oh, please," Sandra said. "You look amazing! The Pregnancy Project has made you even more beautiful. You're going to make some man really happy one day."

And that was just the thing, because despite grappling with her ever-growing stomach and chest, learning makeup and sewing and textile skills, and generally preparing for an actual baby in case things went awry, Layla couldn't get men out of her thoughts. She knew it was the same for her friends, but they were in denial in a way she wasn't, because the truth was, she had *met* somebody.

It had been by total accident, and happened on a night when Layla didn't have a Fry Chicken shift nor too much college work to do. She was at home in her apartment, lying in bed and feeling her baby kick, astounded that it was a real child. *Her* child - even her mind thought of itself as female now, and who was she to argue? She looked like a glowing, quite pregnant woman, and part of her was almost anticipating the moment her vulva would open, making her completely female . . . at least for a time.

It also induced her to make a decision. She rose from her musings and had a shower, keeping her hair dry so she could style it nicely. She dressed her bump up in a gorgeous black dress that clung to her curves and showed off her very impressive backside, and she went out on the town. Prior to this, as Leo, she only went out to clubs with her friends. But she wanted now to go out by herself, just the once, to feel sexy and female, even if she couldn't exactly drink. She had to wait in line, of course - pregnant ladies weren't exactly let through early, though she had little doubt she'd be let in ahead of the line without the pregnancy, what with how fine she looked.

But once she was inside, Layla started to feel confidence swelling up inside of her. She was already the wrong gender, with a whole baby inside of her, and the looming threat of birth and getting stuck like this. What could possibly make her anxious now?

So she danced. She drank sweet non-alcoholic drinks with no embarrassment, uncaring how girly they were. She partied up against other ladies who drunkenly adored her bump, and she even did some twerking just for the hell of it. Layla had to stop occasionally and recover, of course; there were limits to her energy levels, but as she was returning to a

booth at the side she turned to the side and accidentally knocked a man's drink right out of his hand with her belly, causing it to spill all over him.

"Oh, shit!" she cried. "I'm so sorry! I didn't see you there!"

"It's okay, it's fine!" the man replied, moving to pick up the glass and pat himself down. "It's just a little spill!"

"Let me get you some napkins!"

"You don't have to-"

But Layla was possessed with a pregnant woman's steel will, and she took the man by the hand over to the bar counter and grabbed some napkins. "Here," she said. "I'll help get your collar." She didn't mean to, but she was pressing her belly against his stomach as she worked to clean him up, feeling terrible about this. She almost didn't catch his eyes looking down at her lovely DD-cups. When she looked up, the man was blushing. It was then that she realised how devastatingly cute he was. He had longer hair, roughly chin length, chestnut brown in colour. His eyes were gorgeous amber, framed by rectangular, nerdy glasses, and he had a soft but kind chin. The man's frame was fit - not massive, but fit. Lithe with muscle in a way her body appreciated. She instantly felt a sense of warmth flooding through her.

"S-sorry," she said. "I'm coming on pretty strong here, huh?"

She only realised how the sentence came across after she'd said it.

"No, it's good! I like it! I've gotta be honest, I don't think I've ever been approached this way by a pregnant woman before."

She held her bump, realising it was still touching him, though he wasn't moving away.

"Oh, I'm such an idiot. This probably looks all weird to you."

He laughed. "A little! But colour me intrigued. I'm Ross."

"I'm Layla. This is all new to me. It's, uh, been a while since I met people."

"Nine months?"

She giggled. "Just seven, asshole!"

"Oh, *just* seven. And here you are, out on the town."

"It's not a common thing. I just wanted to, well, feel more like me for a bit. My drinks are non-alcoholic!"

"I should hope so! And does your boyfriend have any thoughts about this?"

She bit her lip. "I don't have a boyfriend."

"Husband?"

"No husband. No, uh, babydaddy in the picture. Just me and, well, little guy. Or girl. Sorry, this is super weird. I don't know what I'm doing."

He slowly took her hand, a moment that felt incredibly intimate. "Neither do I. This is uncharted territory for me. But can I get to know you more anyway?"

They'd ended the night with a kiss. No, that wasn't right; it was a full makeout session outside the club against her car. It didn't end in sex, much as Layla's body wanted it, that would be going too far, and she didn't have the equipment yet, but the feeling of his tongue sliding into her mouth, of his hands cupping her magnificent breasts and then caressing her swollen belly . . . it was *divine*. She couldn't stop thinking about it, or what he'd said to her.

"I don't know what this is, especially with, well, you being pregnant. Can we see each other again anyway?"

She'd nodded, breathing heavily, feeling her hormones light up with hope, arousal, and shock at what she was doing and how much she loved it.

"I'd really like that," she replied.

The month continued, the three of them experiencing their own unique struggles and adjustments to the revelation that they were truly pregnant, truly becoming women, truly working to try and change back. Their babies were only becoming more active, larger in their wombs, and other signs of fertility were emerging as well: Kamika in particular was embarrassed to realise that her breasts were experiencing pre-lactation; occasionally wetting the front of her clothing, including the stylish pieces she wore to convince Eliza that she was truly taking on the role of a proper woman, her belly often half-bared in her two-piece outfits.

But it was halfway through the month, when James was adjusting to being a very pregnant storewoman, and Kamika struggling with her unbearable arousal, and Layla constantly beaming as she texted Ross back and forth, readying for lovely nature walks and movie experiences with the man that she was almost considering her boyfriend . . .

. . . that they truly became women, right down to the space between their thighs.

Kamika realised first. She had so many damn sex dreams these days. She'd read that women get the most horny in their second trimester before losing it in their third, but that was *not* her experience. Instead, she dreamed of handsome men fucking her, lifting up her hips so that her swollen belly rose and fell with each thrust.

She woke to her fingers in her new vagina, rubbing her throbbing clitoris, her juices running down her thighs.

"Ohhhh! Yess! Oh God, yessss! MHMM!!!"

It was a greater orgasm than she'd ever achieved, somehow made all the more powerful because of her pregnancy hormones. It was a *revelation*.

Layla was second. She realised it when she was holding her belly with one hand, texting Ross with the other. He'd just sent her a picture of the two of them from their walk,

and even went further in his comment: *'I never thought I'd say this, but your bump is really sexy. I find myself quite taken with it, as much as the rest of you.'*

It had her biting her lip and shivering. She began touching her breasts, only to feel a dampness in her, wetness. When she lowered a hand down to check, she smiled. It took all her resistance not to feel herself too much.

She wanted to save herself for *him*.

Jane, on the other hand, realised it much later while at work. She'd sat down to pee that morning and noticed no difference, then gotten dressed for work. She was coming into her own a little, but was desperate to change back; her belly was too big, her ankles too sore, her boobs aching too much, and she was almost completely a woman! Still, she did her best to be a good student of womanhood, doing her hair up and wearing a chic lavender maternity dress that hugged her belly tightly, revealing its massive size. She rubbed it continually while working, but when Carol convinced her to try on a new pair of comfortable underwear to better sell it to customers, she noticed something in her reflection in the mirror of the changing stall.

"Oh fuck. Oh, fuck! You've got to be goddamn kidding me!"

Her womb was so distended that she'd almost missed it, but there it was. A frickin' *vagina*. She was now a full woman. Her proud member was gone.

And time was running out.

Part 9: Aroused Inclinations

The goals set by Professor Shanks were simple: prepare for motherhood, fulfil the goals of the home economics course, and embrace femininity and womanhood. Each of the trio were going about it in their own way, even as they closed in on the last months of their strange and magical pregnancy journey. The revelation that they were now fully, biologically women, capable of the *birth* part of pregnancy was only the cherry on top of the unwanted ice cream.

"I can't believe it," Jane said as they tried to relax on the campus green, lying down on a picnic quilt beneath the warm weather. "I've got a goddamn *pussy* now."

"You've had a pussy for two weeks, man," Kamika said. "We all have."

"Yeah, well don't expect me to touch it! How can you be over losing your dick?"

"I'm not!" Kamika snapped. "But at least I can have a bit of fun feeling it up. The orgasms are crazy, right, Layla?"

Layla blushed. "I wouldn't know."

"Oh, she's definitely masturbated. Look at her, in her white dress, looking all

innocent. I bet she's thinking about getting railed by a whole platoon of men just like I am because of this stupid experiment. What a fucking joke."

They were quite the sight to see; three very pregnant students, their bumps clearly displayed. Layla wore more flowing wear, but Kamika was in a two-piece outfit again, this one showing off her whole belly now, which was lotioned and without stretch marks. Jane's dress hugged her figure, exposing the entire shape of her twin pregnant belly. She was used to such clothing at *Chic Wear*, and it helped that Eliza saw them like this. She was walking past at that very moment, readying for another examination of them soon.

"My goodness, girls, looking wonderfully gravid! Ready for another check-in?"

"Can we just skip the fucking lingerie hour and tell you we've all got horny vaginas now?" Kamika asked.

The professor chuckled at that. "Well, I'll have to confirm for my own magical studies, but that's good news, in case birth is necessary."

"No way am I giving birth!" Jane protested. "I'd have to push two of these things out of me! Two whole boys!"

"Or girls," Layla suggested.

"Or boy and girl," Eliza finished. "Well, in that case, I hope you've all prepared for impending motherhood, and that your apartments are ready soon. When you're right on the cusp of going into labour, I'll confirm you are ready. In the meantime, get your textile samples to me and send in your latest nutritional feeds. Oh, and I hope the date goes well, Layla. I saw you and a handsome young man out in the city park the other day. Lucky you. Maybe you won't want to turn back at all."

She strode off, leaving Kamika and Jane to stare holes into Layla's embarrassed form.

"I was going to tell you!" she protested. "It's not my fault. You know how it is, all these hormones. I was just leaning into my femininity. Didn't she want us to do that? I was out at a club and Ross was just so charming and lovely and cute, and then the belly wasn't a turn off, quite the opposite, and we got to talking and . . . yeah. We started hanging out."

"You fucking traitor," Kamika snapped.

"Dude," Jane added. "What's wrong with you?"

"You're attracted to men, too!"

"Yeah, but me and Kamika haven't acted on it, right?"

Kamika paused. "N-no. Of course not. I mean, I let a guy feel me up, but that was it."

Jane's eyes went wide. "You're kidding!"

"It was one time. I was horny as fuck. At least none of us have had sex!"

At this, Layla blushed further, and not even her perfect brown skin could fully hide the truth from her friends.

"No," Jane said. "What!?"

It was true. In fact, it had happened just as she crossed the eight-months-pregnant mark. Ross and she had been dating for only a few weeks by that point, but she couldn't help but be smitten by him. He seemed as entranced by her, and admitted freely that he wasn't sure what they were, but that he wanted to see where it went. They were at her apartment, and she was telling him all about how she was preparing for her home economics task, readying the place, keeping it clean, preparing for what came next.

"Wow, you're going to be a great mother," he said.

"I - I don't know about that," she admitted. "I'm hoping I can be, if I have to. I don't . . . I mean, I don't know if you'd stick around, though. I like what we have, but . . . I'd have a baby, if it came to that."

Ross actually squeezed her hand, one hand stroking her belly intimately. Romantically. "Look, this is all new to me too. I never thought I'd date a pregnant woman, especially one I hadn't gotten pregnant. And yet here I am. I like you, Layla. I like you a lot. You're beautiful, you're sweet, and you're smart. And you seem very prepared for what's to come next. And I really want to be there with you, if you'll have me. I know it's early days and all, but-

She grabbed his face and kissed him, pressing her body against his, the two of them sitting on her bed together, moving to make out as they often had before. But her horniness was powerful, and her body now fully ready. She wanted more, and so she began tugging at his shirt, and he at her dress, which she unbuttoned at the front and then removed, followed by her bra.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"Yes," she breathed. "I want you. Besides, I can't get more pregnant, right?"

He laughed at that, and then he was kissing her breasts, stroking her fertile form, making her feel like a queen, more powerful and special and loved than Leo ever had been. There were moments of awkwardness, of course. Moments where they giggled as they tried to work their way around her belly, and in the end they'd had sex in a way Layla had never dreamt of: her leaning over, holding the mattress as Ross entered her from behind. It had caused her body to shudder, her eyes to clench shut, but she'd moaned and cooed and cried out in bliss as he filled that urgent and terrible need. Ross' hands cupped her belly, stroking it, even shifting to grope her swaying bosom as he thrust again and again into her.

"Ohhhhh, this is s-so good! Please d-don't stop! I want you to f-fucking cum inside me! I've been wanting this s-since we met, Ross! I've been wanting - ohhhh!"

"I've been wanting it too! I'm about to cum, Layla! God, you're so fucking sexy! I love how pregnant you are! Ahh!"

He came into her, sending her into waves of ecstasy she could not believe, and it was so powerful that they'd laid together on her bed, him stroking her fertile curves until she was ready to go another round, this time riding him so that her sexy brown belly was right up in his face. They'd had sex numerous times since, and she couldn't get enough of it, or of him. No girlfriend had ever made her feel the way he did, nor did her previous body ever feel quite so . . . purposeful as her pregnant one.

But that was hard to communicate to her friends, even as she told the story. Jane looked at her like she was a lunatic, while Kamika was making mocking jokes, even as she twitched and fidgeted, her mind deeply jealous.

"Look, you don't have to understand it!" Layla finally said, standing up and holding her belly defensively. "But don't fucking judge me, okay? You are always doing that, but this time *I'm* the one adjusting well, and I'm the one getting laid. So deal with it."

She waddled off, texting Ross to come pick her up. She wanted him to fuck her while she lay on her back, legs spread wide, her belly fully on display while he stood off the bed in order to enter her. It was her favourite position . . . ever.

Kamika stared at her reflection. G-cups. Goddamn freakin' leaky G-cups, milk already letting down along with some thick colostrum. Her breasts were perfect teardrop shapes, so full and ripe, and her belly looked ready to burst; she'd already dropped a little already. She'd also done up her makeup, let her dark hair out so that it spilled elegantly, and was wearing a sexy two-piece dress again. She simply couldn't let Layla get away with it. In the week since that revelation, it occurred to her that she probably had only three weeks left as a woman. The Professor had sent out a reminder as much, and now the ultimate regret was looming: what if she turned back into a man but *never got to experience sex as a woman*? Frankly, she was getting too damn horny not to experience it. She needed it like air, like land and shelter. And knowing that Layla got laid many times before her was an insult.

Which was why she was heading out on the town, just as Layla had done, only with a far, far more sexy outfit. This one was a slim green dress that left an entire hole in the centre for her naked belly to jut out, and lifted her boobs up so that they were practically *spilling* out of her top. A slit on either side of the dress revealed her thighs, and she even wore heels - something she'd adopted to impress the professor. Her place was clean, her textile work had passed, and she had her nutrition plan and budgeting up to date.

Now, it was time to get fucking *laid*.

It didn't take her long to find a potential lover. She hit some clubs that were known for slightly older clientele in their thirties and forties, the kind that were more likely to have men

who were into that sort of thing, who saw fertility as a huge turn-on. It didn't hurt that she styled herself exotically, putting an extra bit of Indian flourish into her dress with its golden-on-green patterns and the sari-like look of it. It only took her two hours of flirting and showing off her near head-sized breasts at a local bar for her efforts to pay off. A gentleman nearly fifteen years her senior approached, taking the seat beside her.

"I don't see a ring on that finger," he noted.

"I don't see a ring on yours."

He chuckled. "I'd buy you a drink, but that might not be appropriate."

"There's plenty of things that aren't fucking appropriate, but I don't care about them right now," she replied, shifting closer and leaning to show off her cleavage. He took the bait, and briefly gazed down. "But right now, I'm an uncomplicated woman, okay? I'm single, I'm pregnant as fuck, so there's no risk, and I'm horny as hell. And if I can find a guy who's into that for a night, well, a one-night stand of pleasure is all I need. So, don't waste my time. Are you interested?"

The man blinked, then smiled. He extended a hand. "Name's Michael. Colour me interested."

And he was. Just as Kamika wanted, he took her back to his place, which was far bigger than she expected or was used to. He kept staring at her breasts and belly, calling her "ripe" and "beautifully full." It should have creeped her out, but she didn't care by that point; she wanted to get laid, and this man was into her pregnant body, and he clearly wanted to suck the milk from her aching tits: he'd told her as much.

"Just make sure to fuck me when you're done," she said, making her meaning clear.

"Oh, trust me, I will. You are such a beauty. So full and pregnant and-"

"Dude, I get it. I'm fucking huge and my belly is round. Now kiss it already."

He did, going down on his knees to stroke and cup and feel her rounded form. He planted kisses on it, and she found herself gasping a little as he worked his way up. She released her massive breasts, which wobbled heavily, and he took to them quickly, fondling her left while sucking on her right. It made her weak at the knees, especially when she felt fluid being sucked through her nipples and into his mouth.

"Mhmmm! Ohhhhh, f-fuck, man! Ohhhh, that's - ahh - that's really fucking weird!"

"But you don't want me to stop."

"Stop? No, I want you to get in me, already!"

But first he wanted more of her breasts and belly. He helped her to the thick carpet before his roaring fireplace, and the warmth made her glowing skin glisten. They writhed, naked on the carpet as he touched her pussy, stroking her clitoris from behind. Michael lifted Kamika's leg, and she allowed him to enter her. She was nervous as hell, knowing how

wrong this was. But she'd been a player as a man, and she wanted to be a goddamn *slut* right now. In many ways, it was still an exciting rebellion against her parents, wasn't it?

"Yes! Yes! F-fuck me! Fuck me harder! Hold my sexy belly while you do it! AHH!"

He did so, hammering into her from behind, holding her stomach for thrust. It was magnificent. It was better than even her masturbation. When she came, it was multiple times, far harder than a man and for far, far, far longer as well. She rested on the carpet afterwards, lost in post-coital bliss, clutching her distended form.

"Why didn't I do that earlier?" she asked herself.

Jane, on the other hand, resisted all temptation. Part of it was her willpower, her determination to be a man again and not succumb as her friends had, especially now that they were actually *chatting* during lectures about their favourite positions. The other part, she knew, was that she had damn *twins* inside of her. It made her all the more tired and unwieldy, and they were starting to sit on a nerve in her womb that caused her to wince in pain occasionally. She almost *wanted* to give birth, though the redhaired beauty knew that was wrong.

So she stuck it out. She followed all the advice. She made sure she was ready for these babies, even buying clothes for them, even purchasing diapers, despite knowing they would never be her twins. Part of that left her crying some nights, weeping openly and rubbing her belly and asking her children to forgive her. She'd had her latest ultrasound and had even begged not to know the genders, just so she wouldn't weep even more. But she chalked this up to preggo hormones when she was less emotional.

"No way am I going to have them," she told herself. "I'm nearly there. We're all nearly there."

She was stylish. She was beautiful. She wore tight maternity dresses that made her a real eye-catcher. And she had learned more about home economics than she ever planned to. And now Jane was ready to turn back, the weight (literal and figurative) of nine months of pregnancy and transformation almost about to finally pass. When Carol wished her good luck on her final shift before her 'maternity leave,' Jane returned her hug, awkward as it was with her huge mound, and found herself beaming.

"You'll be back before you know it," Carol said.

"Don't count on it!" Jane simply replied. "I've got a feeling I'll be turning over a new damn leaf, that's for sure."

And the first thing she'd do, she vowed, once she was a man again, was track down Stacey Ackermann, make her *his* girlfriend, and be a strong, virile, *sexual* man again. It would wash the memory of this entire experience away utterly. She just knew it.

Part 10: Final Labors

The day had arrived, as had the summons. All three former men were nervous, but none more than Jane. Her body was so overwhelmingly gravid that she could barely believe it, and her stomach *visibly* distended and rippled with the movement of her twins, often causing amusement from her friends and onlookers, and shock from other campus members she was talking to. Kamika's breasts hadn't swollen up any further, but she couldn't hide them, and in fact showed them off; she'd slept with a good number of men, just as Layla had slept with Ross several more times. But now, they had hit thirty eight weeks of pregnancy; the cutoff point that their amended contract had specified.

They each met outside Professor Eliza Shank's office, waddling over for the final review of their adjustment to the experiment. The three women, despite being tired and bloated and with babies almost making them pee every time they moved, were still dolled up and wearing gorgeous maternity wear. This was part of the deal with the professor witch, after all, and never was there a better time to honour it.

"Finally, I can be a man again," Jane said. "I seriously don't wanna have my water break. These two won't s-stop moving. God, I'm so fucking preggo."

"At least your tits aren't out of control," Kamika noted. "Or your libido. Though, at least they both have their perks. Gonna miss that, I can't lie. But birth? Motherhood? No way. I keep crying at the thought of leaving my little one, but I can't stay like this."

They'd all gotten teary-eyed over the thought of it, but that was hormones, Kamika and Jane assured themselves. Layla, however, was less certain. She had such a bond with her unborn child, and had never felt so full of purpose or blessed with life - literally! She had come to the decision that she would actually ask the Professor for-

The door swung open. Eliza was in her sexy witch outfit again. "Come on in," she said. "Let's inspect you."

They entered, and Eliza took photos of them, then circled around each, rubbing the stomachs and even cupping their breasts. "My, you are all so gravid. You've done well. Ready to change back?"

Jane was immediately affirmative. Kamika followed, after just a moment's hesitation. Layla, pointedly, said nothing, but instead bit her lip nervously, wanting to say her piece when the moment came.

"Well, that may just happen. I just need to review a few things. Firstly, there's the question of your marks in this subject. I'll let you all know right now how you went. Layla?"

Layla couldn't meet the professor's eyes. "Yes?"

"Straight A's."

She found herself proud . . . yet also disappointed over what this would mean soon.

"Kamika?"

"Please let me fucking pass, please let me fucking pass . . ."

"A B average."

Kamika let out a sigh.

"Jane?"

"Just get it over with."

"C average. A pass. It's all you need; it shows you've grown to understand the importance of home economics."

Jane rubbed her stomach, calming her babies. They always moved when she was anxious. But the professor wasn't done yet. She put down the grade papers, and then examined each of them.

"On the expectation of you embracing womanhood, I must say I am impressed. Even Jane has her makeup correctly, and Layla, you look like a vision. Kamika, surprisingly sensual! I don't judge, I am simply impressed you each found a certain style. That, too, is part of being a woman. And the same can be said for your outfits, which I have seen you continually in, your application of jewellery, purses, feminine products, and the like. It's not just appearances either. From your auras, I sense two of you have experienced the pleasures of female sex, as well."

Kamika blushed, and Layla grinned sheepishly.

"Not fucking me," Jane said. "No way."

"A shame, but it doesn't disqualify you. You have dealt with greater compassion, connection, and sensitivity. You each pass."

Another wave of relief, but a sting of worry for Layla.

"And lastly," the Professor said, pointing to the series of photographs on her desk. "These are the photos of your apartment spaces, ready for your coming babies. You've followed my specifications clearly when it came to photographing these spaces, and I can tell you that . . . Layla, you have passed. Well done. You are glowing in body and mind."

Again that pride, again that fear. That uncertainty. But then greater uncertainty in the room rose, because she turned her gaze upon Kamika and Jane, and something shifted in it.

"But for Jane and Kamika, I'm afraid . . . you do *not* pass. And thus, I'm afraid, you don't turn back, either."

Jane squeaked, clutching her mouth with her hands. Kamika's jaw dropped.

"Wh-what!?" the former managed.

"The fuck!?" the latter stammered.

"We did everything you asked us to do! We were fucking prepared!"

"Yeah, bitch!" Kamika hissed, gesticulating wildly and causing her baby to shift around in agitation within her womb. "We passed your course! We bought clothes and shit!"

At this, Professor Shanks simply gestured at two sets of photos on her desk; one of Jane's home, and the other of Kamika's.

"This is your preparation?" she said.

"Damn straight!" Jane replied.

"Uh-huh. These are the clothes for your baby, to show you're prepared?"

"Of course!"

"And there's the diapers, and the wipes, and the toys and bibs?"

"See! It's all there."

Shanks raised one eyebrow. "I see. And where is the baby going to sleep?"

Jane opened her mouth, but seemed to short-circuit. A cold dread flooded through her as she realised that she had forgotten to even buy a crib, a cot, or a bassinet; whatever it was the baby needed! There was nothing there.

"I - I can get one!"

"Me too!" Kamika cried, realising she'd made the exact same mistake. "I can do it right now! It's not too late!"

Eliza sighed. "I'm afraid it is too late, you see, this experiment has a cut off time, and given that you are racing towards it, you won't have time. I mean, you can try, but-"

Kamika was already running, well, more of a slow job out of the building, her enormous boobs bouncing painfully on her chest and getting attention from everyone outside. Jane followed her, but with her twin belly she could only manage a slightly hurried walk, clutching the underside of her huge stomach and panting heavily.

"W-wait up, damn it!" she cried. "We can go f-faster if we carpool! Stop running, you bitch! Stop - ughhh!"

Suddenly, a gush of liquid burst from between her legs, running down her thighs and spilling to the ground. It was accompanied by an immediate and powerful cramp across her belly right down to her womanhood. It felt like lightning was shooting through her, and she wheezed, clenching her eyes shut as she slowed. She had to grip onto a quadrangle bench beside some very confused fellow students.

"Woah!" one said. "Oh my God, Jane! Do you need help?"

Damn it all, it was Faye. The beautiful Asian-American was staring at her friend in shock, then down at the wet section of her dress.

"Holy shit, you're in labor! We've got you!"

"No! I'm n-not! Need to b-buy a bassinet before - uughhh!"

She began to pant more heavily. Another cramp was coming on, a continuation of the long contraction. There would be more to come, she knew. More until *birth*.

"Oh God," she whimpered, clutching her tight belly. "I was so fucking close!"

Kamika only got a little further than her friend. She got to the parking lot, trying to push past several other students in her way.

"Get out of the way! I need to buy a cot before I go into labor! I need to - mmhm!"

Her car was in sight when her own water broke, her amniotic fluid gushing down her thighs just like with Jane. Kamika groaned, her enormous breasts aching, her belly tightening, but she couldn't make it to the car: her legs were giving way. She tried to shuffle further, but was only getting there in fits and starts, and soon other students were rushing towards her in concern, calling out for towels and liquid and shade to help her as she went into labor right there in the parking lot. To her absolute humiliation, Kamika realised two of the girls were hotties she'd slept with as a man.

"Ughhh, f-fuck this h-hurts!" she cried, spreading her legs wide automatically as she rode out the pain. "It's n-not fair! If I have to s-stay a woman, can't I just do the sex part and not the m-mom part! NGHH!!"

All of this was happening outside the theatre, where Layla had remained. She could hear the commotion of Jane outside, and wanted to help her friend, but the Professor was looking at her curiously.

"Ready to turn back?" she asked.

Layla thought about what to say. Her baby kicked, rolling inside of her, nearly making her pee herself, but despite the discomfort of it, the feelings were truly spectacular, and it made her give a beaming smile as she caressed her swollen orb.

"I . . . I don't think I am, professor," she admitted.

Eliza smirked. "I didn't think so. You took rather well to my classes. To all of it, in fact. And do I detect that there is a special someone, the one I saw you with not long ago?"

Layla bit her lip and nodded. "Ross. He's . . . I like him. I want to see if it works."

"You understand that if you choose to stay, the magic will run its course. You're about ten seconds from your water breaking. Birth will follow. Then breastfeeding and diapers and long nights and being a mother and getting your body back into shape and all of that."

"I know," Layla said, still stroking her stomach, beholding it as if for the first time all over again. "But I wanna make it work. I wanna be a mother, and I think I can do it."

"You think?"

Layla met her eyes. "I know I can. Plus, I like being a woman. It . . . suits me more, I realise. I don't know how to say it, it just fits me right. And I think - I know - being a mother will too."

The professor stepped forward, and to Layla's surprise she actually *hugged* the former man, embracing her fully. When she stepped back, she had tears in her eyes and a look of pride upon her face.

"Good to know that my class and my magic really has made an impact. Okay, are you ready?"

"As I'll ever be," Layla said.

"Then get ready."

The professor clicked her fingers, but there was no visible magic or any strange effect. Layla was about to ask if it had worked, when suddenly she felt a strange twinge between her thighs, and then something trickled out of her vaginal passage and through her dress. It was accompanied by a painful sense of tightness through her belly, the first contraction of many to come.

"Ohhhhhh," she groaned, taking a big gulp of air. "Ohhh, that's - ahhh, that's definitely it. It's starting, isn't it?"

"For all three of you," Eliza said, picking up her phone. "But for you, Layla, I'll call an ambulance. Best of luck. Not that you'll need it. You'll be a perfect mom, so long as you remember your lessons."

Layla managed a grin before the next wave of discomfort hit, and then she focused on herself. Her body. Her *female, pregnant* body. The one she would have for the rest of her life.

And the little son or daughter who she'd soon hold within her hands.

The End