

Foxfaced Mommas (Friends to Anthro-Fox Girls TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

Four friends have scraped enough money to live together in a condominium, but things go awry when a wandering spirit overhears the friends teasing one another. One has a pregnancy fetish, another is a furry, and another has a transgender kink. Happy to 'help', the spirit shocks these three by turning them into beautiful fox-women, and their much more normal member is left with the task of being their baby daddy!

Foxfaced Mommas

The four friends explored the four floors of the condominium and grinned. It was theirs, all theirs. Well, okay, it belonged to the bank while there was still a mortgage, but together they had scraped together enough money to achieve the dream of keeping their high-school era friendship alive even as adults, all by living in a small but cozy condominium that could accommodate them. It was located in the inner suburbs, near enough to each of their respective workplaces, so it was ideally placed. And while it wasn't in a gated community or anything, it was a nice area, with the subway station nearby and a mall just two blocks down. A good thing, since none of them drove.

"I can't believe we did it, you guys!" Tania announced. "This is definitely my floor! It's going to be my studio! I always know where I'm going to hang up my suits and even make more of them!"

She was a tall alt-girl who had numerous facial, ear, stomach, and tongue piercings, and loved wearing deliberately torn clothing and colouring her hair in bright shades. She was an artist who worked on canvas as well as digitally, and so was looking forward to having her own floor all to herself to make her art studio, though sadly she still had to work as a burger flipper for the extra cash flow. Furry art could only make her so much money in the world of AI.

"I told you we would!" Jesse replied. "Nothing can break our crew apart!"

Jesse was a regular looking guy with dark hair and slightly olive skin from his Mediterranean heritage and a weird obsession with wearing bright Hawaiian shirts for almost any occasion. He was the most successful of the four, having become, of all things, a writer of online erotica that catered to fans of gender change and transgenderism. It had earned him some ribbing from his friends, but he was unashamed about it. After all, he had contributed almost fifty percent of what they needed to convince the bank that a loan to them was acceptable. Surprisingly, they got a damn good deal out of it. Apparently the owners had

been trying to get a buyer interested in the place for ages, and hadn't even been living there. Some silly rumour about it being haunted by a magical spirit or something.

"Well, I must admit I had my doubts," Devon said, fidgeting somewhat nervously, as was his habit. "I mean, what if something goes wrong? What if we can't pay it off? I don't think I can take that kind of rejection."

Devon was the biggest nerd of the group, and he certainly looked it. He had red hair, wore thick glasses, and had a chubby build. He always had an anxious disposition, but it was him who often messaged the others and arranged for them to catch up, and so he was the glue that held them all together. Hell, he was even the one who accidentally made Tania realise she was a furry when they went to a nerd convention together and accidentally trespassed into the neighbouring FurCon. It wasn't his kink, but Tania had been making furry art ever since thanks to him, and even threw him a bone to thank him with some preggio stuff.

"It'll be fine, Devon," Jesse said. "The hard part is over."

"And now we can make this space our own!" Tania declared in her wildly carefree tone.

That cheered Devon somewhat, but then so did the sight through the third story window down upon the street. It was of a woman walking across the street. She was blonde and beautiful, and had a large pregnant belly which was shown off by her summer dress. He gaped at her until Aaron, the last member of the group, literally placed his hand on Devon's head and 'corrected' its direction.

"Dude, don't stare."

Devon went bright red. "Oh, s-sorry. I thought I saw something."

The other three laughed, knowing *exactly* what Devon was actually looking at.

"What you saw was a hot preggio," Aaron teased. "I still can't believe we didn't know you had a massive pregnancy fetish for ages, dude. You are the worst liar ever."

The last member of the group was, in many ways, their most normal. Aaron worked at the local bank and had the most regular style of the four. No Hawaiian shirts, no alt-style, no nerdy T-shirts with TV crossovers featured. Instead, the blonde-haired Caucasian man preferred to dress semi-professionally and tried to be sensible with his interests, though his bad luck with girlfriends was the subject of some comedy for his friends. He was very bad when it came to being cheap, and didn't like to spoil people. Financial sensibility was his goal, but it meant that he worked hard and hardly had enough time for the woman he was dating at a particular time. More than once he'd ended up with a glass of wine thrown in his face. Still, he liked having his odd friends around. In a way, he enjoyed the circus to bounce off against his own normality.

“Look, I like pregnant women,” Devon said, defending himself. “There’s nothing wrong with that. Reproduction is literally the main aim of any species. It’s probably the most normal kink there is!”

Tania put her arm around the shorter man’s head and rubbed her knuckles in his hair. “Sure thing, man! Just don’t try to get *me* pregnant, okay? This gal ain’t planning to have any kids, ever.”

“I’m not - I would never - I don’t see you that way!”

Tania barked with laughter and ran her hands through her bright blue hair. “Dude, we’re just messing with you. You know I’m a furry so I’ve got no grounds to stand on.”

Jesse put up his hand. “Erotic writer of transgender and gender change porn here, so same for me.”

Aaron put up his hands. “Hey, don’t look at me! I’m taking the top floor so I can literally look down on all you weird freaks with your strange fetishes.”

“Hey,” Jesse said, adjusting his Hawaiian shirt as if he were a proper businessman. “I’ll have you know *my* business makes more money than your respectable one does. Kink is *in*, bro.”

Tania groaned. “I wish my kink was in. Seriously, at least I have a place to hang up my foxy fursuits now for the next FurCon, but they are seriously expensive. How’s the money in preggo stuff, Devon? Maybe I need to start branching out.”

Devon’s eyes widened. “You’d get . . . you’d get . . .”

“I think you broke him, Tania,” Aaron said, chuckling.

“No way, I don’t plan on getting pregnant, Dev! I meant I could *draw* that stuff. It’s not my thing, but does it make much money?”

Devon blushed a little. “Um, I mean . . . I’m just a software engineer at a junior level, but . . . I spend a bit of money on it. So maybe?”

“It does,” Jesse said. “I’ve flirted with it a bit at the end of my stories. There’s always an uptick in enthusiasm from readers, I’ve noticed. Bigger sales, too.”

“Jesus,” Tania said. “Men and their breeding kinks.”

Aaron put up his hands. “Hey, leave me out of this! You guys are the weirdos, I’m just the one keeping you all normal.”

“And the one who can’t keep a girlfriend,” Tania teased. “You couldn’t even keep *me* when we dated back in high school, you were so cheap!”

“Yeah dude,” Jesse replied. “Being cheap is *not* a fetish, by the way. You need to find a new thing.”

Aaron pinched the bridge of his nose. “Clearly, I need to change things and start spoiling my prospective dates a little bit better, lest I come off as the strange one in a

condominium consisting of a furry artist, a pregnancy enthusiast, and a transgender eroticist.”

The group laughed. For all of their teasing, they accepted one another and their weirdness. They quickly broke off to start establishing their new spaces. The condominium wasn't big, but each floor had enough space for them to feel like it was their own. Aaron at the top could make his minimalist and clean. Tania just below him, on the other hand, could make hers a wild art studio. Devon was already putting up nerdy posters and displaying his miniatures, as well as finding hiding places for the comics and books that catered to his pregnancy kink, of course. And Jesse at the bottom gave a nice normal 'front' to the proceedings. He wanted comfort and a gaming console in place, and could unpack the rest later. All that work required was a laptop after all, and he could use that anywhere.

What they didn't know, however, was that there was a *fifth* member of the complex lurking in unseen spaces. The condominium truly was haunted, and had been for some time. The spirit that resided within the four levelled building was a playful one that had little understanding of humans, but a strong desire to help them. A previous landlord who owned the space desired to be filthy rich and fat as a pig, only to find himself turned into an anthro pig-man due to the spirit's powers, and his most troublesome tenant was left as his new pigwife. The pair now lived out in the countryside, taking care of the resulting piglets. Another previous occupier was obsessed with a very popular pop singer. Just a few weeks later, the new woman debuted as said pop singer's heretofore missing twin who had just been rediscovered. In fact, the owner of the second floor condo had, through a bungled desire to 'constantly be attached' to the third floor occupier's rather magnificent body, ended up as a sentient set of sexy lingerie that the woman was compelled to always wear. And so on, and so forth. This was where the rumours and gossip about the space being haunted came from, and why the previous owners were so eager to sell and make a good deal.

It was also why the four friends' lives were about to change significantly. The spirit had heard their argument about their various kinks and fetishes, including their shared mockery of each other. It still did not understand the finer nuances of human interaction, and so it interpreted this teasing as genuine insults, and so decided to resolve their lack of apparent empathy by allowing them *all* to partake in one another's pleasures. And because the final member deeply desired to have a constant girlfriend or girlfriends that he could serve, the spirit felt that one solution would grant another. It waited patiently for each member to go to their own condos. A spirit's power was always stronger at night, and so it remained still as the four ordered some shared Chinese food and watched a silly action movie. Devon was distracted by the protagonist's heavily pregnant wife, while Jesse took notes for a future erotic story. Tania was simply disappointed that her choice of an animated film that 'just happened' to feature anthropomorphic furry characters was shot down. Aaron,

meanwhile, was simply happy to be among his crazy friends, though he occasionally checked his phone in the hopes of someone swiping right on his social media dating profile. Afterwards, they had one last celebratory drink and a shared vow to actually start unpacking their stuff the next day, but for now they went to bed on each of their floors, marvelling at the good luck they'd had in securing this place. And it was then that the spirit slowly worked its way through them, preparing the change.

Tania was first. The spirit appeared behind her as she listened to some heavy metal music and did some digital art. She was drawing a sexy vulpine character with white fur and large ears. She had a dashing smile and impressive curves.

'Tania,' the spirit spoke, which startled her as she heard the talking whisper. *'Your interest in this so-called 'furry' aesthetic will be vindicated. I bless your form with such, and your blessing will be shared among your friends so that they may understand.'*

She tore off her headphones and looked around, the alt-girl scratching at her left arm with its sleeve of tattoos, but unable to see where the voice had come from.

"The fuck!?" she said.

But the spirit was already moving. It shifted down to the next floor. Devon was at his computer. That attractive pregnant woman from earlier was in his mind, so he was masturbating in his chair to his private video files of sexy e-streamers. Each woman was in her third trimester and showing off her belly, and the man was so damn close to fruition that he was already reaching for the tissue box.

"Devon," the spirit whispered. *"You have a powerful breeding kink. You recognise the beauty of fertility, of the swollen female form. I bless you with such, and your blessing will be shared among your friends so that they may understand."*

"Who the hell was - nnggh! Ohhhhhh!"

He came more than usual, and failed to reach for the tissues in time, which caused a significant mess. Devon quickly chalked up the whispers to his imagination as he rushed to tidy himself up, and in the meantime the spirit reached Jesse. He was relaxing on his couch, his laptop rather appropriately on his lap as he typed out his latest story. The invisible spirit read his latest sentence and smiled approvingly.

"Jesse," the spirit finally said. *"Your interests lie in the transformation of men to women, and women into far more feminised and sexual versions of themselves. I bless you with such, and your blessing will be shared among your friends so that they may understand."*

"Whoa, who was that? Is that you, my muse?"

Jesse often spoke to an invisible muse, an ultra-busty hot blonde who helped guide his writing. Sometimes, late at night, he could swear he could almost hear her, and it was enough to make him wonder.

The spirit ascended once more. Devon's aura was already changing, and Tania's as well. Soon, the changes would begin, and they would wake entirely altered, ready to finally understand one another's kinks . . . by possessing all three of them incarnate! Still, the spirit had one last blessing to give. Aaron was just watching a movie in his room, occasionally pausing to text a potential girlfriend. Already, the spirit could tell that it wasn't going well. That was no issue; soon he would have all the soft-furred, breedable girlfriends he could ever ask for. The spirit floated over to rest beside him on the couch, sizing up the man sympathetically. This poor figure, it thought, so cruelly left out by his friends. Teased for not being strange like them, and bereft of the power to maintain a long-term relationship to boot. Well, that would soon be cured.

"Aaron," the spirit said, readying its final magical change. *"Your friends are changing, and they will change for you. You will soon have all the lasting and constant relationships you have desired in spades, and the strength and virility necessary to keep up with them."*

Aaron paused, looking around. "Hello?" he said, having only just barely heard the words above the TV. "You there, Jesse? Tania? Devon? I just heard some really creepy shit?"

But no one answered, and his phone had an annoying pop-up ad on it, so he assumed something had gone wrong there. He went back to watching his film and occasionally texting, not even knowing that his aura too was shifting.

The spirit's work was done, and so it melted back into the essence of the condominium itself, ready to observe its handiwork.

In the dark of night, the transformations began. All four friends were asleep in their respective condo floors, and none of them were the wiser despite the saga of the strange words whispered into their minds.

The first to change was Tania. She tossed and turned in her bed, kicking off her sheets. This was for a very good reason, because she was indeed starting to heat up thanks to the dusty tan-coloured fur pushing out from her skin all over her body. A bushy tail slid out from above her backside, causing her to grit her suddenly sharper teeth. She pawed at her face with hands that were almost as much paws as hands, only to sigh with relief as her face pushed forwards to form a cute snout. Her ears grew rapidly until they were like those of a Fennec fox's, and rather appropriately her tall female form compressed down until she was now a shortstack of a woman. Her bust bloomed, growing and growing until her nearly flat chest was very impressive in size, while her feet took on a digitigrade stance with

long-pawed feet. She sighed and panted happily, the Fennec fox-woman rolling into her side happily.

Devon was next, his change overlapping Tania's just minutes before the woman's change finished. Like her, he gained the digitigrade stance of a fox, the paw-hands and pawed feet of one too. But the overweight nerd changed in an even more dramatic way. His penis and testicles pulled back up inside of his body, which increased the eroticism of the dream he was having, where he was making love to a sexy pregnant woman swollen with his child. He moaned pleasurably as his nipples expanded, followed by the significant growth of breast tissue as well. Below those breasts two more nipples emerged, followed by two more, and soon the flesh was rising there too, so that he now had six breasts, the upper ones the largest but the bottom ones easily quite lovely C-cups. He touched them in his sleep, smiling even as his jaw pushed forward and fur began to grow out across his body. But unlike Tania, who had a sandy tan appearance to her coat, Devon's was bright orange to match his hair, though his breasts and stomach turned a lovely snow-white, as did his changing hands and feet, and the tip of the tail that was stretching out from his backside. His hips widened, and his doughiness - while still a little plump - became much more alluring, like a classically voluptuous woman with a gorgeous pooch of a stomach.

Jesse slept on his stomach, always. It was the only way he could comfortably sleep, but all of that was about to change. Like Devon, he found himself in the throes of a sexy transgender tale in his sleep, likely due to the transformation to come. As he felt breasts bloom in his dream, so too did they expand in real life. They grew and grew and grew until the discomfort was unbearable, and the sleeping man had to roll onto his back to alleviate the sheer pressure. Still they expanded, until it was clear that while he would not have as many breasts as Devon, he would certainly be the *bustiest* of all three, each breast practically the size of his own head. He gasped, still unconscious, as his manhood slipped back inside of him, leaving a dripping pussy already overwhelmed with arousal. He lowered a changing pawed hand to rub his entrance, only the slightest bit of consciousness emerging from the man. Jesse moaned in a high voice as his hips broadened, giving the man a pear-shaped figure that suggested a *very* breedable nature. His ass swelled as well, so that his dimensions were impressively hourglassed, but like the others he began to bloom with fur as well, his ears extending, his face gaining a snout, a tail sliding from the top of his rear. But if Tania was a short fennec fox and Devon a classic orange-and-white forest fox, then Jesse was turning into a busty arctic fox. He - now she - had an incredibly soft coat of ice-white fur, tipped by a black nose and with eyes a bronze-gold in colour. Her ears were shorter than the others, but her tail was thick and bushy.

"Mhmmmm," she moaned, opening her eyes for a moment and seeing two *very* prominent furry breasts topped by grey nipples upon her chest. They rose and fell with each

breath, and they pooled to the sides of her due to the weight of gravity now that she was on her back. “What a weird dream . . . mmmhm. Ahhh . . .”

She slipped back into sleep after a momentary shiver of pleasure, and that was that.

Aaron was the last to change. The spirit had deemed that he was, somehow, the ‘victim’ of the friendship group, and therefore had no need to be changed as radically as them. Still, he would be blessed with three very curvaceous, breedable, and *horny* foxgirls as his lovers for life, and so he needed a body that would be ready for him. The man tensed, dreaming for the first time of some very attractive anthro fox-women. It was a wondrous dream, and in it, he was becoming stronger as he made love to them and even *impregnated* them. This matched what was truly happening to his body, for his muscles began to swell, his shoulders widening and even his height increasing until he was the very image of a handsome, fit, and deeply muscular alpha male. He *burst* out of his pyjamas, though it did not wake him from the wondrous dream. He possessed a clear six pack of abs, impressive biceps and back muscles, and legs that could run a marathon with ease. Even his face became a little more handsome, though still recognisably him. But another change took place between his legs as well. His member grew, gaining both length and girth until it was a mightily impressive organ. His testicles swelled, their semen-producing glands increasing until they had a near-instantaneous refractory period, all the better to service three adoring foxy mommas. It grew erect in his pants, and he started to stroke it as his dream continued. Suddenly the man seized up.

“Ahhh!” he gasped, still unconscious, and then for the first time since he was a teenager, he had a very wet dream. His new cannon shot stream after stream of his sticky issue into the blankets, and finally he untensed and fell into deeper, more calming dreams.

But his manhood was ready to go again, when necessary.

The magic pooled around his issue, gathering up his sperm and carrying it through the floor and down into the rest of the building. It nourished his seed, lowering it into Tania’s womb, then Devon’s, then finally Jesse’s. Each foxy new woman was always languishing in restful sleep following their changes, but now one final dramatic change swept across each of them. Their stomachs bubbled audibly, a tightness and pressure starting to rise. Slowly, but faster than should have been possible, their bellies rose, forming a small dome at first but then getting larger and larger until each was obviously very pregnant, with not even their fluffy fur able to hide their obvious knocked up states. Each foxfaced momma panted like a canine, shifting to their side to accommodate their swollen belly. Their breasts grew, even Jesse’s, whose pair truly were head-sized now. Devon’s even leaked a little milk in preparation for her coming young, because as the new life born of their wombs *and* Aaron’s seed started to stir within them, it was obvious that Devon was having at the very least a pair

of twins, and perhaps Tania also. That later looked almost unwieldy thanks to her shortstack body, with her belly jutting out massively.

The spirit watched these changes, drinking them in and smiling as each individual's changes finalised. Now the three friends would finally understand one another's fetishes and revel in them, and Aaron would finally have lasting love, affection, and some girlfriends he could truly take care of.

If he could keep up with them, that was.

Aaron woke from a deeply strange dream shocked to find that his penis was not only rock hard, but seemed *much* more impressive than it had been. The man tore away his bedcovers and gaped wordlessly at the sight that beheld him; chiselled abs, muscular pecs, and the body of a *god*. His pyjamas had literally ripped off of his form, and he could immediately tell that he was much taller, not to mention broader.

"What the fuck!? This has gotta be a dream."

He poked and prodded himself, but this was no dream; the sandy blonde-haired man was now the picture of a perfect specimen. He could *feel* how strong he was, and his enormous dick was just as confronting. It looked like it was more than nine inches in length, and when he lowered his hand to touch it he actually shivered. It was deeply sensitive.

"Holy shit, how does something like this happen?" he asked. He leapt out of bed and ran to his bathroom mirror to check himself out, and spent the next few minutes posing and flexing his new muscles. "Maybe now I'll be able to hold down a girl. Wait, what am I thinking? What the hell could have caused this!?"

It was then that he remembered a strange voice whispering to him, something about his friends changing, and him getting a girlfriend and having a better body that he deserved, or something.

"Oh my God," he said, even his voice a little lower and manlier. "This place really is haunted, except it's a damn cool haunting! Holy shit, I *have* to see what Tania looks like!"

Admittedly, the new rush of testosterone was not making him think right, as he was excited by the idea of them all having improved bodies, and perhaps he could catch a sneak peek of her looking even more attractive. Mostly, it was just general enthusiasm. Something *magical* had happened to the otherwise most normal one of the group, and it had not only made him look like a god of a man, but one who could easily have the presence to get a managerial position at the bank.

Before them, her stomach *visibly* distended, shapes rippling on the surface in a way that caused her to give a little canine whine. For a moment, both of them just stared, and then Tania actually *barked*.

“No. No no no no no! I’m *pregnant!*? How am I, like, *literally pregnant!*?”

But Aaron was already making a connection, remembering more of the voice from last night, not to mention a strange magical connection to the kit or *kits* in her belly.

“Tania,” he said. “Did you hear a strange voice last night? Like, from a haunted spirit or something?”

Her ears shot up, and her tail stood rigid, a fact that alarmed her, because she clearly wasn’t used to having it. Even her fur stood up on end a little, and she had to shove it down in places. “I - I did! It said something about my fetish. About being a sexy furry.”

“Did you secretly *want* to end up like this!?”

Tania folded her arms over her belly and beneath her large furry breasts. She was totally naked, and it was making Aaron slowly hard again. He hunched forwards a little to avoid giving that impression.

“Of course not!” the shortstack fennec fox momma protested in her new bimbo-sounding voice, though she then hesitated and brushed her fur a little and then held her tail around in front of her. “I mean, of course I’ve *dreamed* of being, you know, an *actual* furry. You know me, hot stuff - er, Aaron! Of course I have! And being a foxgirl . . . that was the top of the list, sure. But I didn’t wanna be, like, so little and such a bimbo and stuff! And I didn’t ask to be so pregnant or to look so . . .”

“Sexy,” Aaron breathed.

She paused. “What did you, like, just say?”

“I - sorry. You just look really good, Tania. Shit, I don’t know why I’m saying that.”

“Oh God, you’ve got a stiffy! Jesus dude, why have you - fuck, you’re packing. Damn it, I need to get some clothing on, and you need to hide that. Can you . . . can you please hide that now? I’m . . . it’s sooooo big and you’re so muscular . . .”

Her words fell away as she stared at him and he at her. Even her belly was sexy, and he’d never before had a fetish for pregnancy and definitely not for furry folks, that was for sure. Now though, Aaron found himself approaching his friend and softly stroking the fur of her belly, and then moving his hand up to feel her enormous ears, rubbing them like they were made of soft felt.

“Mhmmm,” she purred, more like a cat than a fox. “S-stop that. Wait, just a little more. Scratch them a bit. It’s a real turn on.”

“They feel so real.”

“They are real. I’m hearing so well right now. God, it’s just like I’ve imagined it, feeling all furry and hot. Except - nghh - I’m so short and p-pregnant. Why am I pregnant? Is it . . . Aaron, it’s your baby, isn’t it? I’m knocked up with your baby!”

He nodded slowly. “The spirit’s voice last night, the thing haunting this house, I think it connected me to you, somehow. It thought you were all mocking me, and that I needed a girlfriend.”

Tania gasped, struggling to control her long tongue as she panted. She stepped back a little, overwhelmed by her dream coming true in the weirdest way possible. A little kit shifted about in her womb, and the woman who never intended to become a mother gripped her belly out of instinct. “I’m not your girlfriend. Even if my body is . . . feeling sooo wet. Shit, I remember the voice though. It said something about being blessed not just with my fetish, but those of my friends or whatever. Oh shit. Jesse writes bimbofication stuff! No wonder I’m feeling, like, so fucking horny and I’ve got this big butt and these big sensitive tits as well!”

“Wait, you’re horny?”

She clenched her sharp teeth together. “Just - yes! But don’t talk about it! Fuck, my body is going crazy right now. It’s horny. But if you’ve changed - Devon and Jesse!”

They both moved immediately; Aaron far quicker, while Tania was still adjusting not only to walking on digitigrade feet that left her leaning on her toes more, but also her large pregnant belly as well. She quickly grabbed a shirt which now functioned more like a dress and threw it on, though her figure still stretched its proportions.

“I can’t believe I got Devon’s preggo thing!” she whined. “Hey, wait up! My little fox legs aren’t as big as yours! I need to be near you!”

They met Devon outside of his own condo, leaning up against the door frame and panting heavily. Aaron paused on the steps as soon as his friend was in sight. “Holy shit,” he uttered.

Devon hadn’t even noticed him. The voluptuous fox momma was trying to cover herself in a bedsheet for modesty and utterly failing in the effort. With each breath, her whole body swelled, not just her belly, which was much larger than Tania’s, but the very obvious presence of six entire breasts, the upper ones of which were very large indeed. Her nipples were pink and distended, and they were leaking milk into the sheet, which was only causing further issues for the bright orange fox woman. Her tail, by far much larger and puffier than Tania’s, shook from side to side in agitation.

“I I-like pregnant w-woman, not b-being pregnant! Nghh! Can’t someone hear me!?”

“Devon, is that you?” Aaron said, descending the stairs and crossing to his side. Like with Tania, he found himself immediately attracted to his previously fat and unappealing friend. Now, however, she had a gorgeous pudginess and softness, and her swollen belly surely had an entire litter of his kits. *His* kits. It made his erection grow once more.

“Aaron? Why are you s-so buff!? Nghh. I’ve turned into a preggo wolf-girl! Some voice in the night spoke to me and said I’d be getting everyone’s kinks or something, and I woke up like this. The others might-”

“Trust me, I’m already aware, at least!”

That was Tania. She moved carefully down the steps, looking comically short, her tail shaking also. She had one hand on her large belly, but she looked with amazement at Devon’s.

“Holy hell. Dude, you’re totes a woman!”

“I know! I think I got Jesse’s thing.”

“Yeah, me too.”

“But at least you started as a woman!”

“Hey, I didn’t want to be a busty shortstack, just a fox-girl. And not a super bimbo-sounding one who keeps thinking about cock. You - goddamn girl, you look crazy pregnant. How many have you got in there, Devon?”

The new momma fox winced, stroking her stomach but panting a little as she accidentally rubbed her extra nipples. “I th-think at least three. M-maybe four. Ohhhhh, my fetish was *for* a sexy preggo though, not to be one. Spirit, are you still there? Ch-change me b-back! Everything’s so sensitive, and I’m covered in fur! How are you into this, Tania?”

“Hey, it’s your stupid fetish that got me, like, suuuper preggo in my eggo!”

“And why is Aaron not like us, then?” Devon continued, pulling her tail around herself while her ears twitched. “Why is he so . . . so . . .”

She bit her lip, but her tail wagged a little faster, and not in agitation either. Aaron couldn’t help but notice that his friend’s nipples hardened and pressed against the sheet more noticeably. Devon was also rubbing her furry thighs together a bit.

“The spirit thought we were making fun of him or something, and heard that he wanted a g-girlfriend,” Tania explained, tripping on that last part as she too felt a strong heat overcome her body. Her tail wagged faster as she looked up at the incredibly muscular man and his straining erection in his pants. “And I, like, think we’re meant to - my body wants to be his . . .”

“No way!” Devon exclaimed. “I won’t - oh fuck. Are these his babies!? Why do I feel like these are his babies!?”

“Because they are,” Aaron said. “I’m sorry. I didn’t ask for this!”

“Shit, I’m pregnant with my best friend’s babies. This is nuts! They’re moving and everything. They’re probably not even human. Fuck, thanks Tania!”

“Hey, I’m preggo thanks to you! And sooooo friggin’ horny!”

“And I’m a chick as well! A chick who is also feeling so fucking horny even while mega-pregnant. That part is Jesse’s fault, I bet!”

“We should check on him,” Aaron said, eager for any distraction. His two friends were squaring off, and it was hard not to be captivated by their sexy fox faces, their fur and curves, their bellies swollen with his babies. He needed a distraction from his raging needs.

“I’ll - I’ll go check on him!”

“*We’re coming too!*” the pair replied as one, only to look away. Neither wanted to admit how much their bodies were craving Aaron right now.

Jesse hadn’t even woken up yet. She had stirred a few times due to the movement in her new and rather occupied uterus, but her arctic fur was keeping her so warm and comfortable that every time she opened her eyes and felt something was wrong - such as the snout in her vision - she just put it off as a weird dream like she already had during the night. It was only when she heard various voices shouting at the door and knocking their fists on it that she finally groaned, yawned, and stretched. Something was wrong; even her yawn sounded weird, and something white and black was in her vision and wouldn’t go away. Who were those people, though? One was Aaron, though it sounded more like a deeper-voiced brother, but who were the two ladies? Tania didn’t sound right. Her voice was kinda nasally, sort of bimbo-like.

“I’ll be right there!” she exclaimed, only to halt. She went to touch her lips, shocked at the positively *sultry* and *seductive* voice that had just emerged from them, only for her lips to not only be much further from her face than she thought they were, but for them also not to be shaped like lips as she knew them at all.

“What the . . . oh shit!”

She threw off the covers as soon as she realised something was very wrong about her body. Moments ago, she’d just assumed that she was feeling a little bloated after a weird sleep, but now she saw and felt that she was *actually* bloated, her stomach large and rounded, and not just that; she was covered in snow-white fur and had a pair of huge head-sized breasts hanging off of her chest!

“Aghh!” she cried, and again when her tail waved nearly in her face. Her ears pricked up, hearing the shouts of her friends, but that just caused another agitation, because her ears were totally the wrong shape and in the wrong place!

“I’m a girl! I’m a fox girl! That voice - the dream, it was real! I turned into a pregnant fox lady - fuck, I sound like I’m trying to take a man to bed with me! Jesus!”

She grunted as she managed to get her body out of bed, but it was difficult with her huge six-month pregnant belly, not to mention her tail wagging all about and her breasts wobbling. Her pyjamas had torn apart on her top half, but she still had her bottoms on, though they were stretched thanks to her impressively wide hips.

“Fuck! These are some real babymakers! Woah, they seriously swing!”

Jesse was in a panic. This house really *was* haunted, and the mischievous spirit had given him not only the result of his own erotic writings, but also endowed him with his friend's fetishes as well! He had the softest fur imaginable, so much so that it was almost tempting to luxuriate in it. And that wasn't even getting into his tail or the fact that he - *she*, really - had a large dome of a pregnant belly. It was quite rounded, which led the new woman to believe that she was quite far along. She rubbed her stomach instinctively, only to be surprised by several sharp kicks which caused her to yelp just like a fox.

"Damn it! Screw you spirit!" she declared, shaking a clawed paw-fist at the ceiling, her tail waving magnificently behind her. "At least make me just a woman! I've written about that! I know how bras work and what feminine hygiene is! I've done research! Don't leave me with this fur and this baby and - ohhh, what's this heat!?"

"Jesse, can you, like, hear this?"

"I'm gonna smash open the door!"

"Don't do that, Aaron!"

"Like, don't stop him! I wanna see him using his sexy muscles!"

"Wait!" Jesse exclaimed. She cupped the underside of her stomach and awkwardly ambled over to the door, her very large furry breasts bouncing up and down quite significantly. Her tail was incredibly poofy and it swayed behind her quite noticeably, pushing out over the top of the waistband of her pyjama bottoms. "Just - I look a bit weird!"

"We all do!" a woman called out in a rather high-toned, sweet voice.

Jesse unlocked the door and opened it, and then literally barked in surprise, just as the others had. Her immediate attention was drawn to the two fox women, both of whom were pregnant just like her, if not more so, in fact. One was a short fennec fox woman with impressive curves, while the other was of ordinary height and had a classic ginger-and-white fox look, but was massively pregnant and had *six* breasts to feed her coming litter. She was also entirely naked, if fur didn't count as a form of clothing.

"You both were changed too," she murmured in her rather suggestive-sounding voice. "And Aaron, you . . . oh my . . ."

Her gaze lingered over his fine Adonis-like form, over his muscles and broad shoulders. Instantly, her tail shot up, as did her ears. Even her fur fluffed up a little, and she couldn't help but pose a little, showing off more of her pregnant belly and thrusting out her naked chest. She even placed her hand on one impressive hip and cocked it to one side. That warmth between her thighs grew further, and it was starting to feel *wet*.

"Oh God," she said. "I've written this exact scenario. Minus the preggo stuff and the fur. The spirit cursed us all?"

"Well, it blessed *him*," Devon said, placing a hand on Aaron's back and daring to leave it there. "We just got stuck with each other's fetishes. I think Tania won out the most."

“Like, just because I totes wanted to be furry didn’t mean I wanted to be a short little preggo one! Or to be, like, soooooo fucking hot for Aaron right now.”

Aaron was starting to sweat. His dick was hard as steel, and the sight of all these incredibly attractive, yet very distinct, foxy mommies was making it almost impossible to focus on any solutions. He had never been into furry stuff or pregnancy, but clearly the spirit had ‘corrected’ this in him, and his balls *ached* to release their contents into each of them.

“J-Jesse,” he managed, a voice deep enough to make the new woman moan. “Are you alright?”

“I’m an arctic fox chick with a baby, what do you think?” she said. It was meant to be with an outraged voice, but instead it sounded like it was a come-on, perhaps even an invitation to bed. “God, where did this baby even come from? When I write pregnant stuff in stories, it’s usually - oh no. I can feel something. And it makes sense. Wait, I’m pregnant with *your* baby, Aaron? Your *kit*?”

Aaron smiled sheepishly and scratched the back of his head.

“Um, yeah. Sorry. I didn’t do it. It was the spirit. But yeah, I’m the father. Wow. I’m a father to your baby, Jesse.”

The arctic fox beauty moaned a little, rubbing her stomach. “God, why does that sound so nice? Shit.”

“It’s the same, like, with us!” Tania exclaimed, pointing at her own swollen mound. “We’re all having his babies! And, like, we’re super horny for him.”

“I’m n-not,” Devon said. “I’m just - shit. I’m leaning right up against him.”

Aaron had noticed that and welcomed that fact. The sensation of all six of those breasts . . . he wanted to do things with them that would make his friend *moan*.

“Um, I’m feeling that too,” Aaron said. “The attraction, I mean. Jesus, Jesse, you look fucking hot. I can’t stop looking at you. Any of you.”

Tania was hugging his leg and looking up at him. “Yeah, I’m eye level with your cock right now, Aaron. We can *tell* you’re, like, suuuuper into us. I just wish you’d be suuuuper into me right now. No, like, *inside me*.”

Aaron gulped. His huge cock twitched. Part of him wanted to literally pick Tania up and throw her against the wall, and bang that gorgeous little fennec fox until she was impregnated a second time over, no matter how impossible that was.

“If you keep saying stuff like that, I might act on this,” Aaron said. “Can we please come inside, Jesse?”

“Of course,” she said, in a voice that invited the act of sex from the sound of it. Aaron tried to ignore that, but everything in him wanted to dominate this woman. Turn her against the coffee table and take her from behind, and then move on to Devon from there on the comfort of the bed; all the better to *drink* from all six of her wells.

“This is insane,” Jesse said, cupping her breasts, which easily overwhelmed her palms due to their sheer ripeness. “How do we fix this?”

“Spirit! Can you turn us back!?” Devon asked.

“I’ve already tried that,” Tania said, still hugging Aaron. “I don’t even know if, like, the spirit is here!”

“Then is there a kind of ritual?” Jesse asked. “And can he wear something looser! Something that doesn’t show off all those divine muscles. Shit, I’m talking like one of my own characters right now!”

An uneasy silence extended between the four of them. It was then that Devon moved back and closed the door, before returning to Aaron’s side. “Jesse,” she said, rubbing her swollen stomach and starting to enjoy the sensation of it a little more. “In your stories . . . in these kinds of scenarios where everyone suddenly finds themselves as women in the presence of, er, a really attractive male friend . . . what happens next?”

Aaron’s cock twitched again. Tania’s heart skipped a beat.

Jesse took a deep breath. Her nipples were so damn tense. “Well,” she said, slowly moving towards Aaron, her hips swaying from side to side in a very sensual manner. “U-usually there’s an argument about what to do.”

“Like, d-done that,” Tania said.

“And there’s begging to be changed back, but it’s always futile. It can’t be reversed, not really. I’ve done that already.”

“I’ve done that too,” Devon said. “What next?”

“Well,” Jesse said, drawing right up to Aaron so that she could smell his breath and feel its heat against her fur. “Usually they try to resist their urges, but they slowly start to lose control of them.”

Tania whined. “Ohhhh, that’s d-definitely us alright!”

“And the male friend is trying to fight it, but he’s losing control too, right? Right, Aaron?”

The man slowly nodded. All three women were pressed against him now. They were so furry, so foxy in both senses of the word. So pregnant and full with his children, which made them all the more desirable.

“Y-yeah,” he managed. “I’m fighting really, really hard not to have sex with all of you right now. Jesus, I want you all so badly I can barely stand it. Please, tell me what happens next, Jesse?”

The arctic fox hesitated, but she knew how these stories went. She looked at the two fellow foxfaced mommas and gave them a very vulpine grin.

“And then they succumb, and the real fun stuff starts,” she declared.

An understanding passed between them, and suddenly they all practically *launched* against Aaron, mindful of their bellies but pressing their bosoms and their fur up against him. They licked him, caressed him, and stroked his member, and after just a moment's shock Aaron was returning the favour, grabbing each of them and kissing their adorable fox snouts and squeezing their sensitive tits. Tania whined in a high voice, pleased as he picked her up and began to move for the bed, holding Jesse's hand to pull her along. Devon was moving with purpose, mindful of her much larger belly, but with her friend-turned-mate's help they got her up on the bed.

"We need a bigger one," he declared. "We can't all fit."

"Then you better take us one at a time and really show how good you are!" Jesse cried. "I can't fight this. That spirit has made me your foxy girlfriend."

"We're all his, like, foxy girlfriends!" Tania cried.

"And his babymommas!" Devon added. "God, I want to give you so many kits."

"I'll give him heaps too!" Tania added, who then licked his cock with her long tongue.

"I'll give him more," Jesse panted, rubbing his shoulders and squeezing his butt. "I'll catch up, I promise."

"It's my pregnancy fetish!" Devon declared, lying on her side and stroking her breasts to get him off from the view alone. "I deserve to give him the most! This condo complex will be a shelter for all our foxy babies, but I'll make the most!"

"Well, whoever pleases him gets the honour!" Jesse said. "And I'm the most tempting of you all."

"I know how to be a woman first!"

"And I'm the one who writes this erotica!"

"Well, I'm a furry!"

"I'm the one who knows how preggos can be sexy!"

"Well, fuck me first, Aaron!"

"No, me!"

"Make me your, like, foxy girl!"

"I need it more, I'm so horny!"

Aaron was stuck with indecision. His dick really needed to get wet, but every choice he could make might only make things worse. He looked between all the beautiful foxy women and found himself genuinely anxious. Which to choose first? Who to satisfy the most? And did they say they'd make dozens of kits just now? Could he even handle that? The man looked up at the ceiling as three sexy anthro-foxes fawned over him.

"You couldn't have just given me one human girlfriend huh, spirit?"

The End