

# READ THE LABEL 2

Story: <http://www.furaffinity.net/user/roushfan5>

Artwork: <http://www.furaffinity.net/user/xchiseaxmargaritax>

Emotionally processing my sudden transformation from man to expecting mother was difficult, and I'm embarrassed to say I could have handled it better. I didn't speak to Brandy for days afterwards, to busy feeling righteously angry and nursing my wounded pride. I was so steaming mad and felt betrayed, tricked, and cheated. I was furious at Lewd Brews for making the shoddy potion in the first place, Brandy for making me take it, and above all else myself for listening to her! God, I knew better than to have unprotected sex, but I'd done it anyway and now I was paying the price for my impulsiveness.

Brandy wasn't alone however. there where many people I couldn't bring myself to speak to. Mortified at the thought of facing my coworkers looking like this I called out sick to work, hoping I fooled my boss after faking the best manly voice I could with my new feminine tones. With everyone else I communicated only through texts only, explaining I had a cold and my voice was too horse to talk. But that would only buy so much time, so on the fourth day I finally confronted her about what we where gonna do about my plight.

For her part Brandy was at least sufficiently apologetic and sympathetic. During my days long pout session she had a few peace offerings, but for the most part left me alone until I finally approached her. Her solution was an appointment at something called the "Lewd Brews Magical Reversal Clinic", which sounded silly to me. Besides weren't these Lewd Brews people the same assholes that put me in this predicament in the first place?

"Do you know of any other place that deals with reversing undesired magical transformations?" Brandy asked me when I voiced my objections.

I didn't, so off to the Lewd Brews Magical Reversal Clinic were went.

I was in for a surprise once we arrived however, the word magic had inspired thoughts of a small shack in the middle of the woods with a humpbacked old lady stirring a cauldron and chanting a strange spell. Instead Lewd Brews was a shockingly tall and handsome building right in downtown Vancouver. Inside on the 3rd floor the LBMRC was equally unexpected, although now that I thought about it I wasn't entirely sure what I had been expecting. The Clinic looked just as adversities, a small doctor's office even if it was nestled between a wall of magical potions and dildos. It made me long for a simpler time when I would have scoffed at a wall of so called elixirs as snake oil, but boy did I know better now!

There where some subtle clues that the LBMRC was different than your typical doctor's office however. The nurse that signed us in wore a sexy latex outfit instead of scrubs and the walls where covered in posters that carried medical advice, only on closer inspection instead of talking about vaccines, washing your hands, or even safe sex they discussed about what to do in the event of a potion overdose or how to identify a spoiled potion.

Finally we where greeted by Dr. Oaks, who was perhaps a little closer to what I had been expecting. He looked presentable enough, with all the the trimmings of a doctor: such as a clean lab coat with his name embodied on it, a shiny stethoscope hanging around his neck, and a freshly shaven face. He led us to his office, a very clean and handsome room complete with a large window that included a lovely view of the river and Portland behind it, on the wall where fancy degrees from big name schools, and

even had a picture of presumably his grandchildren based on his age. But he did have a bit of a hunch back going on and he walked with a produced limp. Despite the disgruntled edge to his appearance and mannerisms Dr. Oaks was very business like, while undoubtedly some would complain about his lack of bedside manner I appreciated this, although I was flabbergasted by the speed and confidence in which the good Doctor worked. I was used to taking days if not weeks to get my results from medical tests.

Within 15 minutes Dr. Oaks had drawn some of my blood, asked me a few simple questions while he waited for the results, and quickly confirmed Brandy's suspicions, and my worst fear, that I was in fact pregnant. "Pregnancy interferes with the natural cycle of the potion, causing the change to become permeant without intervention."

"Permeant?" I asked in a weak voice, my heart falling in my chest. It felt like a sack of concrete was resting on my chest while Oaks confirmed all my worst fears.

"The good news is this is easily reversible, I can administer you a Nox potion that will revert you back in as little as 12 hours."

I sighed deeply, slumping back on my chair while Brandy gently shook my shoulder in support. I could feel that great weight lifting off my shoulders and I could have kissed the good Doctor for that news!

"There is one potential problem, depending on how you feel." The doctor said in a serious tone. "To reverse your transformation will mean terminating the baby, this is a sticking point for some couples."

I looked at the Doctor with a look of horror and immediately felt awful. It was the first time since I transformed that I'd given anyone else but myself any thought and I'd never considered what would happen to the kid... not just the kid, **my** kid. I felt awful to have been so self centered, of course my baby would die if I transformed back into a man with no womb to live in and I couldn't possibly kill a child let alone my child just because I'd be otherwise inconvenienced.

"By the look on your face I take it that's not a satisfactory solution?"

"Hardly." I said in a hallow voice.

"Understandable. Whatever your wishes I will do my utmost to assist you in fulfilling them." Dr. Oaks settled back in his chair and looked at me thoughtfully. "Every day you remain a woman, and a pregnant woman at that with all the extra estrogen in your system, reduces the effectiveness of the Nox potion. There's a chance that you can return to your old self after giving birth, or you may find yourself a much more feminine version of your old self. Some men discover that after a few weeks of being a woman they don't want to change back. So while I'm not saying it's now or never..."

I fell quiet and felt faced with an impossible decision. Keeping my baby, even if I seamlessly transformed back into my old male self nine months from now would be tough. I couldn't just disappear for nine months! How would I explain to family, friends, and coworkers that I had suddenly become a woman with child? Yet... I also knew I could never look at myself in the mirror if I killed a defenseless little child in my... womb. God, I thought to myself as I subconsciously rubbed my belly, *my womb... there's a sentence I never thought I'd had to say!*

I looked at Dr. Oaks and with a deep breath I told him. “I guess I’ll see you in nine months.”

“Actually you don’t have to. Nox potions are available over the counter at the Potion Corner, you can pick one up now to have on hand or swing by after the baby is born. Before you leave however let me get you in touch with one of our Lewd Brews approved OBGYN. They will be much better equipped to deal with the particulars of your magical pregnancy.”

...

I’d always known that being a mother was hard work, but I’d never known how tough being pregnant was! I suppose on some level it should have been obvious, I was carrying around a lot more weight than I was used in some pretty strange places... not to with a lot less muscle than I used to have! Simple tasks got progressively harder, some feeling down right impossible my milky boobs and bulging belly always somehow in the way and weighing me down!

Certainly pregnancy would have sucked enough if I was an experienced woman already, but I was still reeling a little bit from my still recent transformation from man to woman. Getting to work in the morning was no longer about throwing on a suit, by the time I did my hair and make up it seemed I was always running out the door late no matter how early I dragged my tired ass out of bed. The world seemed so much larger now that I was a woman, things that I would have done with ease before like reaching the top shelf where the toner was kept. Ugh, and on the subject of suits! Now my closet was full of thousands of dollars of worthless clothes, from some of my favorite t-shirts to high end suits all impossibly large in some areas and much too tight in others: especially my stomach and breasts started to grow in order to contain my rapid pregnancy. As such Brandy drug me out to go clothes shopping and as it turned out, one thing that hadn’t changed in my transformation, I still hated to go clothes shopping. In fact this was worse than ever since I would be able to wear the clothes for such a short amount of time before outgrowing and then never needing them again. I tried to keep things on the cheaper side but somehow Brandy always managed to talk me into an extra cute shirt and of course the pants that would go just great with that shirt.

The hardest part though was explaining things to all the people in my life. My coworkers all seemed to take it in stride, they were more concerned about the going ons in their lives anyway. Most of my friends seemed pretty surprised, yet accepting. I was actually surprised how many of them had already heard of Lewd Brews and a few even asked what taking the potion was like, interested in trying it for themselves. My family though, that was the toughest. My father refused to speak to me and my mother did her best to be supportive, but I could tell she was out of her depth.

There were some nice things however. While I did meet my fair share of cat calling creeps or people that seemed to think it was ok to grab my belly because I was pregnant. But it really seemed that guys were much nicer and warmer to me now that I was a pretty lady. It didn’t matter much I couldn’t reach the toner, now that there was a whole office’s worth of men more than happy to grab it for me. Most surprising to me however was the way women reacted. Lots of people seem to get nervous when I approached them with my hulking tiger frame. On the other hand as a tigress a lot of women seemed a lot more comfortable around me.

Even with those small positives I still found myself yearning to have my manhood back. I missed having a penis, not to mention my testicles and lord all mighty would I have given anything not to depend on the guys at the office, even if they were very nice about it. Yet about halfway through my second trimester I started noticing a mental change inside me. Besides the strange food cravings, I’d always thought peanut butter and pickles was a joke until I actually tried them for the first time! I started too,

well... *nest* for lack of a better term. Each day I scrubbed every surface I could reach, even if it was already spotless. The junk drawer was finally cleaned out and organized and I started selling some of my old sports memorabilia on eBay.

“You really want to get rid of this?” A skeptical and surprised Brandy asked as she watched me taking pictures of my signed Brady jersey.

“Well, we’ve got to make some room and money for when the baby comes...” I started to fret, but Brandy cut me off, resting a comforting hand on my shoulder.

“Look, we can always sell this stuff later if we truly need the money. I don’t think it’s a good idea to make any big, unreversible decisions while we’re already in such a emotional time. Who knows what you might regret selling with the clarity of hindsight.”

To help put my mind at easy Brandy pointed to other small tasks that needed doing for the baby arrived. For instance baby proofing the apartment. Each socket needed covered, cabinets needed locking, and a nursery needed to be set up. I felt very overwhelmed by it all, truthfully I was always woeful with home improvement projects but thankfully Brandy was by my side every step of the way. We went on a quick supply run to Home Depot and over the course of a weekend slowly chipped away at everything until the house was baby proofed.

“You know.” I said with a happy smile, running my hands up and down her torso as if I was looking for the muscular tiger that had knocked me up in the first place. “You’re gonna make an excellent father.”

“Why thank you, but I thought the plan was you where gonna be daddy?”

My cheeks blushed and I suddenly realized something in horror: I’d just wistfully wished for my *girlfriend’s* cock more than my own! Was Dr. Oak’s warning about not even wanting to change back by the end of my pregnancy coming to fruition? Where these new desires the product of the potion, or had I just uncovered some strange internal desire to be a housewife after all these years... and which of those two choices was better!?

“It’s OK, babe. This is a difficult time. I’ve found myself sometimes wondering what it’d be like if I took that potion again. I’ve always kinda wondered what it’d be like to fuck a pregnant girl.”

The revelation struck me hard, but worse yet I took found myself wondering what that’d be like... to get railed while pregnant. Something about the smirk on Brandy’s face told me I might learn. “You have the potion don’t you?”

“Well, I did get your something for Valentine’s day! I was gonna wait for the day itself proper, but I’m just to excited!” She led me to the bedroom and reached up above the tall, freestanding wardrobe in the corner. I had to admit it was a pretty good hiding spot, impossible for me to reach especially with my pregnant form. From her hiding place Brandy produced the blue potion I was expecting, but something else as well. The tigress got down on one knee and looked up at me with a smile in her heart.

“I’m not sure if it will be as husband and wife, wife and wife, or even hell husband and husband.”

“Well I promise you not husband and husband...” I said with a laugh, feeling tears welling up in my eye. “I like pussy too much for one of us not have one.”

“Fair enough.” Brandy laughed in response. “In either case, I do know male or female I want to make a family with you and I hope you’ll have me as your partner.”

I looked at the potion bottle and noticed it was the permeant version. I showed Brandy the label with a cocked eyebrow. “What happened to making unreversible decisions?”

“When you know, you know.”



I thought for a quick moment and popped the cork of the potion bottle, I handed it to Brandy in exchange for the ring. "I'd be happy to be your wife and start a family with you!" I placed the large diamond on my finger while she happily drank the bottle down and soon transformed back into the stud I'd been secretly yearning for for weeks now. It'd been a hell of an emotional rollercoaster to reach this spot but finally I felt happy.

Brandy's transformation continued much the same as it did last time, her muscles bulking out, her high increasing. Her breast slowly faded away while a cock grew from between her legs... only this time there was no bittersweet sadness in my heart. I was eager to have my man back, especially as his intoxicating scent filled the room. He stood up and leapt into his arms to be whisked away to happily ever after.

END

THANK YOU FOR YOUR PATRONAGE!