

Wong Wang's – New Single Mother

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*Story inspired by Danaume's image found here: <http://www.furaffinity.net/view/10198204/>
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Wong Wang's Fortune was a small Chinese restaurant ran by an old crane with a talent for sorcery. If you are fortunate enough to find it you can expect courteous service, excellent food, and of course, a hand crafted made-to-order fortune cookie after every meal. They aren't just known for their flavor however, because these particular cookie's fortunes *always* come true.

Frank, a 35 year old hound-dog, had acquired a reservation for the elusive restaurant from his ex back when they were still dating, but before they ever had a chance to go together she caught him cheating on her and broke up. He hadn't heard much from her since, but assumed she was fine, the sly vixen knew her way around the city and was quite the heart breaker herself.

But his new love, a saucy white bunny named Daphne, could give any vixen a run for her money. She really was something else, and from the way she clung to his arm as he walked through the polished doors of Wong Wang's he knew that he was going to be getting quite the treat when he got home. He surely did love bunny's... their sexual appetite was something to die for! Tonight she wore mini-shorts and a very revealing low-cut blouse that didn't quite cover her midriff, green to compliment her eyes. She also had a very appealing dislike of bras... which Frank encouraged when he could.

The directions he had been given over the phone were confusing, but eventually the couple found a set of twin doors set into the far wall of a seemingly empty building. Pushing through them they instead found themselves transported to a brightly lit and very colorful reception room.

"Welcome to Wong Wang's Fortune! We have been expecting you, please follow me!"

The couple was greeted by a tall tom-cat, his dark grey fur neatly groomed and the splash of white on his chin quite dignifying. He stepped quickly around the counter to lead the two customers into the restaurant and to one of the many private tables. The restaurant itself was fairly quiet and had a sense of isolation from the outside world; its décor, both simple and elegant, made one feel as if they had accidentally stepped into a palace.

Frank and Daphne took their menus and their waiter left them to decide.

"This place sure is something," said Daphne, looking around. Frank laughed.

“Yea, I never knew it would be so classy. I feel underdressed. Considering its location I had thought it would be... cheaper.”

“Oh you, always worrying about money. You need to learn to live! I for one am *glad* we’ve found such a nice place to... be... alone...”

Daphne smiled suggestively as she leaned across the table and placed her hand on his. Frank softly ‘ruffed’ back at her, chuckling as he did. My she was playful tonight!

And suddenly like a shadow the waiter was back at their side.

“Have you decided what you would like, sir and madam?” he asked.

“Ah, yes,” said Frank, clearing his throat. “Do you have stir fry?”

“Yes,” said the cat, as if the question surprised him.

“Then I would love some, and you Daphne?”

“Same as him.”

“And to drink?” asked the crane.

“Some red wine,” answered Frank. “If you please.”

“Right away sir.”

The dinner was excellent, and so was the wine. Frank hadn’t expected to have such a pleasant evening, and was looking forward to the after-party, when the waiter came back with a tray. On it were two fortune cookies, each on a separate platter, and the crane sat them both in front of Frank and Daphne with a flourish.

“Compliments of the chef,” he said. “The bill will be at the front desk when you leave. Have a wonderful evening.”

And with that he bowed and left.

Daphne quickly picked hers up.

“So these are the magical fortune cookies you were talking about huh?” she asked.

“Yes, from what I hear they always come true, and although nobody’s ever told me anything specific I’ve heard recently that they tend to be, rather adult in content.”

“Not getting cold feet are you?”

“Of course not, I’m sure they’re harmless... and even if they do nothing it would be a good joke. Let’s see what our fortunes are!”

“Way ahead of you,” said Daphne, and indeed already she was cracking open her cookie. Not to be left the odd one out Frank cracked his open too, and as he read it he smiled.

“What’s yours say?” asked Daphne, a happy glow lighting up her face. She must have liked hers as much as Frank liked his.

“Mine says that tonight I’ll be making love to the most beautiful woman in the world,” he said.

“Oh stop it you flatterer, what’d it really say?”

“Actually, it really does say that, in somewhat... vaguer terms I’ll admit but it does say it none the less,”

“Woe unto me to try and turn away fate then,” said Daphne, leaning across the table once more to give Frank a kiss on his nose. His tail wagged happily in anticipation, and immediately got up to go.

“Let’s go home then!” he said happily, “to face our destinies!”

“I’ll drink to that,” agreed Daphne, drinking the last of her wine before standing to follow after him as he left for the door.

At the front counter there stood their waiter, and on the counter the bill sat nice and neat in a leather book.

“Ah yes, how silly of me, nearly forgot...” said Frank, turning to the counter. Taking out his wallet he reached for the counter when suddenly he shrank by a foot. In an instant he went from being nearly six feet tall to being eye level with daphne, who was rather petite.

“What the?” he said in confusion, his hand still held out for the book. He then shrank another foot, and suddenly couldn’t see over the countertop.

“What is this?” he asked. “Did I drink too much? What’s going on?!”

“Why, I do believe it’s your fortune, good sir,” said the cat. “You both received a fortune cookie handmade by the head cook himself. Yours, if I remember correctly, said ‘You will get inside your girlfriend tonight’, and hers said that she would be having a daughter soon. A very rare combination fortune in your case sir. To turn a phrase, I believe the head cook has found a way to kill two birds with one stone.”

And the cat then proceeded to churr softly at his own joke. Meanwhile Frank was still shrinking.

“What’s that got to do with it? So I’m getting laid tonight. Why am I shrinking?”

“Oh... I think I get it,” said Daphne excitedly. “Frank, you goofball, look at yourself! You’re going to ‘get inside’ me, and become my daughter!”

“What?” asked Franks, looking down at himself. “How could I possibly become... oh dear...”

Franks dark brown fur was turning white. His drooping ears lifted up to stand straight and tall on his head. His muzzle shortened into the snout of a bunny, and his teeth changed from sharp canines to the incisors of a rabbit. He was already the size of a small child and still shrinking in size. His face and physique changed completely around, becoming youthful and scrawny.

“But ... daughter? What could that possibly... it couldn’t mean?”

“I do believe it does, sir,” said the cat placidly.

“Yipe!!” Frank yelped as he felt a sudden pulling on his genitals, and his tiny hands shot to his crotch too late. They were gone in an instant, and left in their place was only the small female slit of a pre-adolescent rabbit.

“Hey!” he cried, his voice changing rapidly from the gruff woof of a large male dog to the soft timbre of a small girl. “This isn’t right! I want to give my fortune cookie back! Reverse it!”

Already he was the size of a two year old and still shrinking. He stood inside one of his now seemingly enormous shoes, his pants and drawers in a pile around him, as his shirt clung loosely to one shoulder. His tail had shortened into a little cottonball, and suddenly he realized he was 100% bunny. An adorable little bunny girl, only one year old now.

“All cursed cookies are *permanent*, sir. I’m very sorry you are displeased, but perhaps you will grow to enjoy it? Most do you know.”

“Enjoy it?” asked Frank with a scoff, tears coming unbidden to his confused eyes. “How could I possibly enjoy being a little girl? I can’t bone anyone like this! I want to go home! I want to be big again! I want...”

But Franks stopped in the middle of his rant as he stared at his hand. He had stopped shrinking because he had become a newborn bunny, but it didn't stop there. He watched in amazement as his little paw became... wispy. As if it were nothing but smoke in a gentle breeze.

"What's happening?" cried Frank, wide eyed. Suddenly his entire body started to drift towards Daphne.

"Um," said Daphne, suddenly nervous. "Say, I'm actually having a few misgivings myself. I'm not really ready to be mommy... I didn't know the cookie meant it'd be *this* soon... they were supposed to be harmless erotic fortunes!"

"What?" asked Frank, but his hand was suddenly started to stretch and flow into Daphne's crotch, passing ethereally through her shorts and panties and up into her body through her pussy.

"Hey!" shouted Frank, suddenly scared. "Make it stop! I don't wanna go in there!"

"I'm not exactly ready for this either," said Daphne, blushing as she backed up in a hurry and bumped into the wall. She tried to cover herself and block Franks, but it did nothing to slow down the unbirthing process as more and more of Franks was sucked up into her belly, and already visible swelling was occurring of her exposed midriff.

"A little help?" she asked desperately with a moan, her face flushing deeper and deeper red as her belly slowly swelled.

"None, ma'am, but advice. Try deep breaths."

"No-whoop!" said Franks as his head disappeared into his girlfriend's pussy. Her belly was *really* starting to get big. Things were starting to accelerate, and she groaned in discomfort as she progressed through month after month of pregnancy in a matter of seconds, until quite suddenly Frank was gone and she was left standing awkwardly with a large belly and suddenly sore teats, milk production having kicked in rather abruptly.

She stood there in bewilderment for several minutes before the cat made a small cough and she snapped out of it.

"There's still the small matter of the bill, ma'am."

"Oh. Oh yes."

Daphne gingerly took a step forward and immediately the button on her shorts popped. There was a slightly wet spot in the front where she had nearly creamed from the sensation of Frank passing into her, and she was still rather high on that particular cloud, but she got her wits about her and bent

carefully down to pick Frank's wallet out of his clothes and pull out the appropriate amount of money, and after some thought a good tip.

She left with Frank's clothes under one arm, while rubbing her belly gently with the other... a growing smile on her face as she contemplated raising her new daughter, however strange her origin might be.

"Oh Frank," she said as he squirmed in her belly. She knew he could hear her. "I think this is the start of a *beautiful* relationship, don't you think?"