

# Good Girl, Part 1

By FoxFace

## Story Tier Prompt for Allornone

Rebecca had always been the 'good girl.' Good behaviour, good work ethic, good grades, good decisions. Her parents and teachers had all said the same thing about her: 'She will go places, a good girl like her.' All her life, that had been the story, to the detriment of many other things, particularly her social life and certainly her romantic life.

In fact, Rebecca showed little concern for her appearance; she was a thin stick of a woman with a flat chest and no curves to speak of, and wild black hair that sprang in all directions. Her eyes were dark, lips thin, and she had a habit of frowning. Lipstick and makeup in general were of no interest to her, and she only wore prim, functional clothing, preferring to focus on nerdy interests, mathematics, science, engineering, and economics, encouraged to follow such hobbies ever since her aptitudes first arose. For her, the future was in occupation and employment, innovation and daring, not base pursuits of sexual pleasure or - God forbid! - making babies.

Still, despite these pressures, Rebecca had prevailed. She had been awarded a prestigious scholarship to St. Barnes University, among the most prestigious education institutes in the world, at the humble age of eighteen. She had enrolled in engineering, and quickly proved to be more capable and brilliant than the rest of her largely male class, able to calculate, problem-solve, and design at a more sophisticated level than any of them. It raised some of their ire, but she quickly learned to deal with it; it was part of being in a mostly-male course, and she got her revenge in test score results and aptitude tests.

This continued for two years, and Rebecca's rising star was bright indeed, until the fateful day everything changed. The day when one student became so jealous that drastic measures were taken to close the gap between her scores and his. It began when she was sitting alone at the cafeteria, having ordered her coffee, and reading a book on utilitarian philosophy. A student named Mark approached her, looking a little sheepish.

"Hey Rebecca, mind if I sit here?" he said.

Rebecca's eyes widened. She'd never been asked that before by a man in some time; most knew to stay away from her.

"Um, sure," she managed, indicating to a seat opposite her. He took the one beside her, flustering the woman somewhat.

"I just want to say congratulations on the test scores Becca," Mark said, eyes flickering to her test grades beneath her lowered book.

“Oh, thanks. I’m very proud. But there is always room for improvement.”

“Sure, sure. But don’t you ever want to relax? Have some fun. Listen, I’m having a party at my place tonight. Everyone in the class is invited. I organise one every few weeks. You’re welcome to come.”

She pressed her thin lips together. “Thanks, but I’ll have to pass. I need to study.”

“No cutting loose, even for a Friday night?”

“I can’t.”

“You might meet someone. You might die single if you never get out and have fun.”

She almost rolled her eyes, but instead kept her control. Why were people always insinuating she needed to meet someone or have sex with someone or date someone in order to enjoy life? It was neverending!

“I’m sorry, Mark, I just don’t really see myself in a relationship right now. I’ve got a future ahead of me, and dating and all that isn’t really something I see myself doing.”

Mark smirked. “Not the settling down with a family type then?”

She chuckled slightly at the ridiculousness of the notion. “Definitely no. I can’t even imagine being married, let alone a baby. It’s the course that interests me, and future occupation. But again, thanks for the invite.”

Mark shrugged as her coffee was placed at the counter several feet away.

“Ah well, don’t say I didn’t give you the chance. I’ll get your coffee for you.”

She nodded thanks as he retrieved it, but she failed to notice that he slipped in a small sash of white powder that instantly dissolved into the drink. Rebecca had no way of knowing that a brilliant student working in hormone treatments across campus owed him a big favour, and Mark had called it in by asking for something that would make Rebecca a lot more focused on ‘affairs of the body rather than the mind, if you know what I mean.’ He placed the drink before her, the studious woman none the wiser.

“Enjoy,” he said, relishing the moment as she had her first sip. “Oh, and I wouldn’t study too hard if I were you, Rebecca. Something tells me you’ll come around to my type of fun.”

“Unlikely,” she said, giving him a warm but distant smile, “but thanks again, Mark.”

He left with a smile, anticipating what results may come.

Even he couldn’t have predicted how powerful they would be.

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Over the next week, Rebecca found it harder and harder to concentrate on her study. Despite a big test coming up soon, she was finding herself constantly flushed and overheated. Her hunger had surged, and she was buying more calorie-filled food in order to

sate her gnawing appetite. Some nights were ridiculous; she would consume meat pies and scones and butter-coated toast and roast chicken and ice cream, and would end up lying on her back upon her couch, sweating and straining as her body absorbed its fill.

The gains were becoming obvious. Her previously flat chest had developed some presence, now easily A-cups in size, her bras finally useful for something other than a prerequisite. Her ass had rounded out, and a gentle layer of fat had filled in around her hips. It was disturbing to her, especially since, for the first time in quite some time, she had become stressed enough over her study that she felt the need one night to lie back and masturbate.

It had felt wonderful. It left her wondering why she didn't do it more often, and that night she dreamed of being penetrated by handsome men, their large dicks thrusting into her waiting wetness, pressing into her passage, and coming hard within her.

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"Rebecca? Rebecca? Are you even listening?"

The distracted woman snapped to attention, trying to stop thinking about an increasing need within her to copulate with another.

"Hm? Sorry professor?"

Professor Gaarde sighed. It had been the fourth time this week that his star students had not only failed to answer one of his questions, but worse, wasn't even paying attention! Something had changed in the last couple of weeks: she was dressing less professionally and fluttering her eyelids at the male students. He moved on.

"I was wondering if you could solve the problem on the projection screen?"

Rebecca dropped her pencil, unbelieving that she had been spending so much of her valuable lecture time staring at the hot boys in the theatre room.

"Oh, sorry Professor Gaarde. Well, it's like this . . ."

She moved up to the board and drew her solution on the board, to the adoration of the professor and jealousy of other students. But as she walked back, she couldn't help but notice how young Gaarde was, with a wide set of shoulders and athletic frame. Did he work out? Just thinking about him made her nipples harden, and it was only with embarrassed reluctance that she moved back to her seat. She sucked on her pen for the next ten minutes of the lecture, imagining it was something else. It was only when her nipples continued to throb, and her vagina continued to lubricate itself, that she began to feel awkward. She was rubbing her thighs together, trying to calm herself, but that same heat was rising again, and there was an increasing deep-seated need to fill it, stronger than before.

Gaarde continued to lecture, and in her mind he approached her, held her, stripped naked and *penetrated* her. She had never had sex before, but she swore she could *feel* it within her, she could imagine it so clearly, and she screwed her eyes close, biting her lip and began to moan. She bucked her hips in her lecture chair, grunting softly as she imagined it. She imagined not just being penetrated, but a man actually *coming* inside of her, filling her womb. Planting a seed. She licked her lips at the thought of growing something there. Of being impregnated and becoming swollen with another man's babies. Her groans grew louder, her bucking wilder. It took her far too long to notice the silence.

"Miss Fayland, are you okay?"

She opened her eyes, and the heat was instantly dispelled. What had she been thinking? The eyes of everyone were upon her, and a group of boys were chuckling as another group of girls whispered among themselves. She rose, blushing so red she might as well have been a stop sign.

"I have to go!" she exclaimed. She rose, trembling and utterly humiliated, and walked quickly to the exit.

Mark, also in the lecture theatre, was trying not to smile too widely. He alone knew what was happening to Rebecca, and was relishing the changes that were already occurring in her body. Despite her attempts to cover up - and even then she was not wearing her form-covering jacket any longer - it was undeniable that her figure had become curvier, particularly her breasts, which had come out of hiding. She had a little cleavage now, and when she walked away, he admired the way her sweet tush jostled from side to side. Oh yes, she was getting a bit of dump in her truck, alright.

"How are you going to end up, Rebecca?" he asked himself.

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"What's wrong with me?" the changing woman asked in the mirror. "Why am I changing?"

It had been four days since the utterly shame-filled outburst she'd made in the lecture theatre, and her hormonal state was only getting worse. Her nights were filled with imaginings of being ploughed by men of all colours and ages and kinds, and she was pleasuring herself more and more to cope. It was as if all the years of repressed sexuality had been dammed up within her, and now the dam had broken, and she was flooded with hormonal need. Her degree didn't seem to matter as much as a good lay at the moment, and even the slightest sight of a nearby male made her nipples stand to attention, and her insides to become moist with passion. Often she would catch herself breathing heavily, overcome with desire, and have to flee back to her apartment.

"I'm not meant to be like this," she said, trying to fit her breasts into her brassiere. "Why do I suddenly have all these *curves* - Agh!"

The C-cup bra was painfully tight, her now-large breasts muffin-topping over the tops of the cups. Tears rose in her eyes, and she ripped the bra from her figure, gasping at the sensation of release. Her inflated boobs wobbled on her chest, tugging at her shoulders, and she looked over her form.

"Everything is changing," she stammered. "I look like a b-bimbo!"

Indeed, she had taken on an increasingly buxom and curvy figure. Her breasts were easily D-cups, if not Double-Ds, and their soreness told her they were still expanding. Still getting bigger. Her waist had become more supple, and her legs seemed smoother, more refined, her thighs thicker. It was undeniable now that her hips had widened dramatically; they were wider than her shoulders, with a gorgeous layer of fat that gave them the smooth hourglass shape that men and women coveted. She was beginning to think of them as 'baby-making hips', and every time she made the thought, it gave her a shiver of goosebumps. It scared her how excited the notion that her body could make babies was making her. She could just imagine holding a beautiful little child of her own and letting it suckle at her big, milk-laden breasts.

She shivered at the thought now, before turning red and restraining herself.

"Oh my God, my lips as well," she said, probing them with a finger.

They had gotten fuller, now appearing perfect and pouty, the kind of lips that were perfect for kissing. In fact, her face and head had changed in other ways; her features softer, her cheekbones higher, and her hair had become longer and thicker, its consistency more soft and luscious. She was now drawing a lot of looks on campus, and many of the men couldn't help but check her out, especially since it was starting to feel just not quite right to cover herself up. Ever since the lecture theatre incident, she had felt eerily comfortable baring her midriff a little, and wearing yoga pants rather than her professional suit cut. It shamed her, and yet she loved the way it hugged her hips and bottom, and the way it drew men's eyes.

"Fuck, I just want someone to get me fucking pregnant," she said, before covering her mouth. "Oh God, why do I want that so badly? I can't stop thinking about making babies."

She breathed heavily, and her bosom rose and fell, trembling slightly. Her nipples were hard, and that heat flushed in her again.

"Maybe it will go away if I just have a little sex?" she asked her copy in the mirror.

She leaned forward, utterly away at how sexy she appeared, and for once, she felt good about it.

"Yeah. I just need to lose this damn virginity. Then I can get back to studying. That's it."

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“Oh fuck! Oh God! Oh shit that feels so damn good!”

Rebecca wailed as the man who'd introduced himself as Rob worked his way inside of her. She bucked her hips against his, wrapping her legs around him in desperation as she milked his big cock. She'd never felt like this in her life, but the burning heat to breed was in her mind, and she'd managed to successfully snare a man.

It hadn't been hard. With her new looks, she'd managed to put on a tight croptop and skirt and made her way into town, her breasts practically straining the fabric of her top even as her ass made a lovely indentation in the back. She'd done up her makeup for the very first time, and while it had taken some effort to get it right, the ruby-red lips look did her massive favours; she looked more desirable and shapely than any woman on the dance floor, and everyone recognised it.

The sight of the gorgeous men around her had caused her to become wet almost immediately, and her nipples hardened against her top, flashing the 'headlights' in a way that enticed dance partners. And all the time all she could think about was having each of them inside of her, their hard dicks pushing deep to the entrance of her womb, and ejaculating their seed to plant within her. She had uncharacteristically danced up against several men before Rob approached her; a handsome 6'1 muscle-bound giant of a man, and one that looked to her with a need near as great as her own. She had practically dragged him back to her place, playing with the hardness in his pants on the entire taxi ride home. She ripped off her clothes the second they reached her place, and had licked and caressed and kissed his precious body.

“Don't stop! Keep going!” she moaned, as Rob thrust faster and faster. His large hands played with her immense tits, and it drove her wild, especially when he leaned forward to kiss her, and her sensitive nipples rubbed against his chest. How could she have avoided this for so long? It was heaven! It was a thought process that dominated her, the sheer pleasure of sex, especially as she drew nearer and nearer to a spectacular climax.

“God, you're so fucking hot! Your tits are amazing!”

She grunted in satisfaction as he marvelled at her large, rounded booba, which rocked and wobbled with every powerful bucking of their hips.

“Come in me!” she exclaimed. “I want your come inside me!”

“Oh fuck, I'm so close,” Rob groaned, before his eyes shot a little wider open. “Wait, you said you're on birth control, right?”

“Mmmhmm,” she moaned, imagining his semen inside her. She couldn’t understand it, she’d never wanted or needed a baby before, but it was as if her instincts had been altered and exaggerated, and now her body needed to make babies. She *needed* to get pregnant, and it was terrifying to think that she might not. She needed to be round and fat with babies, the more the better.

“Of course I’m on birth control,” she said, purring sensually, and beginning to rock her hips against his hardness, feeling it pulse within her passage, “I’m a good girl, remember?”

Rob smiled, and his thrusting began again, driving her to fits of ecstasy, and only partly from feeling. She was so close, and so was he, so close to becoming parents.

Suddenly her lover tense, and wrapped her legs tightly around his lower back, squeezing hard as he gasped. His large dick throbbed within her, and it gave her shivers of orgasms that coursed through her body, a similar pleasure running through her sensitive tits. And then she felt him come in time to his grunting, a warm stickiness shooting through her vaginal passage and on towards her waiting womb.

“Ah, ah, ah, baby!” she squealed, arching her back and squeezing him even tighter. She needed every last drop of his semen inside her, and she refused to let go until his penis stopped shooting its wonderful issue. She shivered in post-coital pleasure, even as Rob separated from her and collapse at her side, drawing her close. His strong hands wrapped over, clutching her large chest, and she whimpered, submissive to his hold.

“Jesus, that was good. Fuck, you’re an amazing lay, Becca.”

Becca, that was a good name. Much better than Rebecca. Sexier too. It would serve her well, she decided. She traced her fingers idly over her stomach. She couldn’t say how she knew, but it was as if her changed body could somehow *feel* its ovaries being penetrated by his sperm. A small tensing in her stomach, and she knew for a fact she was pregnant. She was going to be a mother. It scared her, terrified her! She had no idea how to be a mother, or what it entailed. She was meant to be an engineer. Sex and motherhood were never in her plans. And yet, however these changes had come over her, the instinctual drive to reproduce had claimed her, and she was helpless before it. She needed to make babies, babies, and more babies.

“First of many,” she whispered to herself, shaking slightly in anticipation.

She couldn’t wait to grow her pregnant belly. She had a feeling she would be spending a lot of her new life with one.

## Good Girl, Part 2

The pressure was enormous. Her legs spread wide as her stomach tightened.

“Push Becca, you can do this! Just push!”

“NNGGRRHGH!”

Becca strained as she leaned back, her enormous belly a week overdue with her little daughter. She was so excited to meet her, but even amidst the pain, she knew she would miss being pregnant. The last nine months had been the best of her life, feeling new life grow within her, the little shifts and kicks of her developing baby, her own body becoming mature and maternal in preparation for life after birth. It had been magnificent, feeling her already-sizable breasts swell with milk, her hips widening, her entire form rounding out as if she were a living fertility statue. Even this pain, right now, was worth it, the culmination of her journey to motherhood. She spread her legs wider and held her gravid stomach, feeling the muscles of her womb contract, forcing her daughter downwards, head beginning to part her passage. She groaned in pain and anticipation.

“Oohhhhh . . . Arrrghh! H-how c-close?”

“Not long now, we can almost see the head.”

The nurse smiled at her, holding her hand. The father was not at her side, and Becca didn't want him there. She had never told Rob that he was a father, and had no interest in doing so. This baby was hers and hers alone, he was simply the fuel for the bub that had cooked in her oven. A one night stand to procure this end, though she'd had many one night stands since. Her body, after all, was fertile beyond all belief, and whatever strange second puberty had altered her had left her needy for sex, even as she went well into her third trimester. Thankfully, her incredibly enhanced looks and bountiful bosom, and general maternal curves as well enticed many men. And, she was surprised to find, a lot of men had a real kink for a sexy pregnant woman, especially since they could go bareback on her. It got to the point where she almost felt a little crazy if she didn't have sex at least three or four times a week, and more when she was in that gloriously energetic second trimester.

But that journey was at its end now. Becca panted, her curvy body coated in a fine sheen of sweat, her breasts wobbling on her chest with every movement. God, she felt so damn full, and her nipples burned slightly, as if aching to feed her coming child. She grunted, pushing harder, awaiting the moment her life would change forever.



“Oh Gooooood, I can FEEL HER COMING!”

And she herself was beginning to come in an altogether different sense. To Becca’s shock and red-faced embarrassment, her loins began to tingle pleurably, even through the pain of her baby entering her passage. She moaned in near-orgasmic delight, curling her toes as her vaginal tunnel was spread wide, and her baby began to exit her. Something about birthing felt so damn good in a way that was impossible to quantify. She shivered and bit her lip, but found it impossible not to moan more.

“Ooohhh . . . aahhhh . . . MhhmHHHM!”

The nurse’s eyes went wide, her eyebrows just about hitting the top of her scalp.

“Oh my dear, that’s . . . not common!”

“S-sorry!” Becca managed, as she felt the head slip from her into the doctor’s waiting hands, “it j-just feels so goooooood!”

The nurse chuckled. “Don’t be sorry hun, I’m jealous! None of my four ever made me feel like that! Just one more push hun!”

Becca leaned into the feelings, and savoured the sweet taste of pleasure that came from the final tug of muscle. She gasped as her baby exited her, into the doctor’s hands, who proceeded to check her over. Becca was overwhelmed by emotion - she’d found ever since her strange change over nine months ago that her hormones were much more powerful - and tears leaked from her eyes. She wanted to hold her baby, and her enormous E-cup breasts were engorged with milk to feed her. The medical team gave the baby the usual quick tests, then helped place her carefully upon Becca’s chest. Her skin was still red and purplish in colour, her features bruised and tiny, and there was still mucus-like gunk on her skin like a light film. And despite all that, she was the most beautiful thing Becca had ever seen. She wept as she took her child.

“Congratulations, a perfectly healthy girl,” someone said. “Do you know what you’re going to name her?”

Becca had gone through lists and lists of names, but none of them seemed right just as this moment. There was only one name that perfectly encapsulated this perfect little being.

“Joy,” Becca said, choking back a happy sob, “her name is Joy.”

She took her baby to her breast, and sighed in relief as Joy began to relieve the pressure there.

“I love you Joy,” she said, “so, so much. And I can’t wait to give you some little brothers and sisters.”

**Five Years Later . . .**

Becca cooed as she bounced upon Damian's lap. He was a tall, strong, hunk of a man, and it did wonders for her level of horniness, particularly as she was in the very needy stage of the second trimester once more. He grasped at her breasts, now mammoth H-cups, constantly full of milk. They were full even now, and as she took his girth inside of her and bounced on his hips, he slowed their pace so he could reach around and suck her right nipple.

"Ohhhh f-fuuucck that's good!" she moaned, as a stream of milk ran into his mouth. It was almost orgasmic in of itself. He drank his fill.

"Mmmhh . . . the other s-side too, p-please! Still f-full there."

She could hear him chuckle, even amid the grunts of his gentle, wonderful thrusting.

"You are so goddamn *hot*," he said, "fuck I'm close to coming!"

"N-not till you even me out," she demanded, shifting to her right so he could reach around to suckle at her left breast. It was even better than on the right, she hadn't realised how close to leaking she'd been. Damian gripped her other breast in his hand, and the combined pleasure of having three erogenous zones catered to was enough to send her straight over the edge. She arched her back in orgasm, each one rolling over her like a series of ocean waves. She clutched her rounded dome of a belly, gasping in joy as her core was overcome with ecstasy.

"NNggghhaaaahhhh!"

It was a wail, and for a brief moment she was terrified she had woken the kids, but thankfully she'd ensured that this room was fairly soundproofed. It wouldn't do to have eight crying children shocked at being woken in the night, even if most of them had their own rooms.

A final three thrusts, and Damian came too, clutching her belly also. She loved how much he loved the curves of her. It was why he was one of her regular booty calls, though she was always careful to be pregnant when they went at it; Damian had no interest in being a father, and she wouldn't want a man in her life that tried to muscle in on her single parenthood. He pulled her face closer in the moment, and they kissed deeply again, her full and luscious lips on his.

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"Seriously Becca, how come you're always getting so pregnant?" Damian asked.

It was over an hour later, and he was dressed and getting ready to leave. It was late, after all, and while the kids loved their 'uncle Damian', it was certainly a full-on experience for an outsider to be in a house with eight children of different ages clambering about. She

was dressed again too in her usual wear; a smart maternity top that pushed her massive mammaries up in a deep line of cleavage, her breasts like melons threatening to spill out of the generous cups. She also wore some supportive pants that helped reduce the pressure of her belly, which was an important thing for her, gravid as she always was.

“I don’t really know, I guess I’m sort of just addicted to it,” she answered in her sultry, seductive tone, “I love being full of men’s babies. Mom and Dad can’t understand it, and I can’t even either. I never wanted babies before, and I didn’t even pursue relationships or even sex until my early twenties.”

“What changed?” Damian asked, running his hand over her taut belly. She slapped him away playfully.

“Stop! Little bub is asleep in there now. As for what changed, it started five years ago when I was at university in my engineering course. I used to look a lot different. Here, I’ve got a photo.”

She brought up an image on her phone, and Damian’s eyes went wide.

“Holy shit, you used to look like *that!*? I mean, no offence, you look good there, but not so, well . . .”

“Busty? Preggo?”

“I was going to say ‘curvy’?”

She chuckled. “It all happened very oddly. One day I was like that, and the next it was like a switch had flipped. I remember it was the day after I chatted to another engineering student, Mark Hopkins. Do you remember him from your time there? Anyway, the next day, suddenly, I was feeling horny . . .”

She regaled him with the story, from start to finish. How her breasts had swelled to Double-D cups, how her hips had broadened to become child-bearing, how even her face had changed, her entire body becoming fertile and needing to be full with life. And how ever since that day, that need to be impregnated had never stopped, as if it were on an instinctual, biological level. How after Joy, her beautiful little five-year old, she’d gone out and gotten pregnant again only a month later, this time with her sweet twins, Timothy and Holly. And how that cycle had repeated ever since, until she had produced eight wonderful babies in less than six years, and was already pregnant with another, and would go on getting pregnant so long as her strange need lasted. She told him of how she’d managed to finish her degree despite her changed lifestyle, and that though she was hornier and more maternal than she’d ever imagined, she was able to work from home at one of the largest engineering companies in the world, and was earning well into a six-figure salary due to her impressive contributions and work ethic. It had allowed her to pay for childcare when necessary, and for babysitters on nights she needed to go out on dates with various men, and generally the enormous costs of having so many children as a single mother. It had

been tiring, but entirely worth it, even as her breasts had swollen to heavy H-cups that dominated her chest, or how her hips and ass were more enticingly rounded than ever.

The entire time she gave the story, the first time she had ever told it in full to someone, Damian was entirely silent, and listening closely. She finished it, mentioning off-handedly "I'll probably just keep getting pregnant till I'm forty five and hit menopause. I can't fight the need, and I don't want to. I love getting knocked up and having a big belly too much."

Daman was quiet, and was having difficulty looking at her.

"What's up?" she asked. "I know it's weird. But I'm doing okay for myself, and I've got hot men like you to help me feel better when it all becomes a bit much."

He turned to her. "Becca, you said you spoke to Mark Hopkins before this all happened?"

"Yes, I only remember it for what happened next."

"You remember that I was a student in the genetics lab around that time?"

"Mhm. So?"

He appeared to be deep in thought, connecting several dots in his head. "So, was this around mid-March of that year?"

"Yeah, how'd you guess that?"

He sighed, and placed a hand on her burgeoning belly. It comforted her. "Because that was around the time that a student by the name of Charlie Walks got expelled for stealing some experimental hormonal compounds from the lab. The compounds were never found, but they related to feminine hormone production. It was all hushed up."

Becca gave a sharp intake of breath. "No, look, that doesn't make sense. I never met that guy Charlie--"

"-but you met Mark Hopkins. Mark was Charlie's best friend. They were always together on campus."

A single tear ran down Becca's face. "I - I remember once that Mark said he was jealous of me, because I was the head of the class. Oh God, so this wasn't just a weird hormonal late puberty development or something. You're saying I was dosed with hormones?"

"It would be impossible to prove, but I think so."

Becca was breathing heavily. Inside her womb, she could feel her child stirring, agitated a little by her anxiety and confusion. She looked up the long hallway of her large home, where a number of rooms contained her sleeping children, the furthest away being her first-born, Joy, and the closest containing Adam, who would need feeding within the hour.

“Holy shit,” she said. “He did this to me. I’m like this, because of him? I . . . think it’s best you go Damian. I’m going to need some time to process this. Please.”

Damian left, bidding goodbye and obviously looking uncomfortable. She kissed him deeply before he left, and went to feed Adam, enjoying the sensation of expressing milk to her child even despite her own shock. The knowledge that this fate was inflicted upon her tormented her. Was her enjoyment real, or just artificially induced?

She went to bed with that very question turning in her mind, cradling her swelling baby bump, and trying to force down her excitement over it until she knew for sure.

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The drive to Mark Hopkins’ house was only forty-five minutes away. It had taken some time to organise supervision of her elders, but thankfully her parents were in town. Much as they were still a little uncertain of their daughter’s utterly changed, very reproductive lifestyle, they adored each of their grandchildren, and that was enough to mend any minor tears in their relationship.

And so she drove in her family van, a twelve-seater that was a product of thinking ahead to when she had expanded her family even further. Only her youngest, Adam, was in a capsule behind her, as he fed irregularly. Him and, of course, her young one still inside her belly, already kicking at her kidneys like a miniature athlete. She drove, a little uncertain as to how this confrontation would go, and her mind wandered to the last six years of her life, and how much they had been dominated by ‘need to breed’ as she had once playfully called it. How much would her life be different if she had never been dosed by a jealous student? It was unimaginable.

The neighbourhood she entered was less affluent than she would have expected. Not bad, but given Mark’s own quest to become a successful engineer at all costs, she had expected a parade of mansions. The houses here were much smaller than her own. She checked the address she had gotten from Damian, who had sourced it from an old university buddy. Shrugging, she found a spot to park her large car, and hauled her pregnant body out. She removed Adam’s capsule, and smiled deeply at how her adorable little boy was still utterly asleep. She assembled the stroller, and placed his capsule within it, checking over to secure it, before beginning to walk down the footpath.

As she moved down the street, checking the house numbers, she noticed she was drawing some attention. Despite her anxiety over the upcoming meeting, she couldn’t help but enjoy the way several men out on their decks admired her shapely form, and made sure to sashay her wide hips just that little more as she walked. Even with her shapely bump -

and many suburban guys seemed to have a thing for that anyway - her large bouncing breasts were more than enough to make it hard for men to look her in the eyes.

"Morning, boys!" she called out, and several of them gave enthusiastic replies to her.

But that brief boost of confidence ended as she reached the front door of Mark's home. She was unsure if he was even home, or what could even come of this meeting. Was a cure possible? Did she even want a cure? Had he done it just out of jealousy? She knocked three times on the door, and waited as little Adam fussed.

"Timing, little one," she said with a smirk, reaching to pull him into her arms. She felt over her large breasts; as usual, the left side of her 'girls' needed the more relieving of the two. She lowered her maternity top on that side, and let him drink deep, sighing as he began to empty her.

The door opened, and she cursed the timing. Mark Hopkins was on the other side of it. He was visibly older, and seemed to be suffering some early baldness despite being in his late twenties, and he'd grown a beard. But it was undeniably the same man. Bad enough to have him see her looking like the busty, insatiably horny woman he'd turned her into. Bad enough that she was already visibly heavy with pregnancy, child stirring in her womb. No, *of course* he had to see her with a baby feeding at her gigantic breast, the very image of motherhood before him. His eyes opened wide as he saw her.

"Holy crap, Rebecca, is that you?"

"I go by Becca now. Hello Mark."

He appeared flustered, his face already going red. "Um, what brings you to my neighbourhood?"

She raised an eyebrow. "I think you know."

"I'm not sure what you mean by -"

"- I mean *this*, Mark," she said, gesturing to her gravid stomach that rounded out her pretty pink maternity dress.

Mark scratched the back of his head, clearly embarrassed. More than embarrassed. Humiliated.

"Oh, so you know then."

She lowered Adam from her boob and placed him, already falling back asleep, into his capsule. She didn't care that he could see her enormous breasts. Loads of people saw her this way; she was often breastfeeding in public. Besides, he needed to see what he'd made her into.

"Yeah, I know. I learned it from a friend. It's been five years, and you never told me. You turned me into a big-titted bimbo obsessed with making babies. Why?"

Mark sighed. "Fuck. It was a lifetime ago for me. I still can't believe I did it. I wanted better scores, and I was jealous of you. We all were, but me most of all. I wanted to take you

down a peg. Charlie was a friend who owed me a favour. I thought if I could turn you into some breeder bitch then -"

"Excuse me! A what!?" Becca reared up, feeling surprisingly dominant and protective at that insult. Mark flustered, clearly a little intimidated, her belly almost pushing against him.

"Oh, shit, sorry. I shouldn't have said that. It was the way I thought at the time."

"You're telling me that you turned me into *this*, all because you were jealous of me?"

"Didn't work out anyway," he said, whining a little. "I didn't end up top of the class. You still did, somehow. And I barely got a passing grade after all the Charlie Walks expulsion stuff. I barely make enough to afford the mortgage payments on the house."

She creased her brow, caressing her gravid stomach as she did.

"I thought you were an engineer?"

He scoffed. "Not a well-paid one. They only pay the *really* good ones the big salaries. But then I guess you've been out of the field for some time, so you wouldn't know."

A surge of pride overcame her, as it slowly dawned on her just how much she had succeeded in life, even with the condition foisted upon her, as compared with someone like Mark. She turned to leave.

"Well, have a good day Mark."

"Wait, that's it? You stop by to just confirm it was me? Am I being taped?"

"Nope," she said, starting to smile, "I just wanted to hear you admit it. And it also serves as a catharsis to me. You see, I only just recently found out that you're the reason for my condition. The reason I've got these big tits and wide hips, why I'm so horny all the time, and why I have this constant aching need to always be pregnant. I've spent the last six years of my life pretty much always pregnant thanks to you, Mark. I haven't even experienced a single period in that time, *that's* how in need of getting knocked up you've made me. It sounds horrible, doesn't it? I guess that's what you intended."

She lowered her hands to her belly again, and felt at the wonderful dome on her body. It felt marvellous.

"But it seems you failed there. I *love* being pregnant, Mark. And I love being a mother even more. I've got eight wonderful, beautiful, crazy children, and another on the way, and I couldn't be happier. And I can take care of them all because even though I'm a single mother with a ton of kids, I earn a damn good salary as the chief engineer of the best damn engineering company in the country. You know the one I mean."

His eyebrows raised, and she could sense the shock radiate from him.

"No, no way."

She was beaming openly now, utterly smug. "Yes, way. And while the trajectory you put me on is a lot more . . . reproductive, than I was planning, I wouldn't have it any other way. I like making babies, and I don't think I could stop making them even if I wanted to. And

thanks to my job, I never have to worry about needing a man permanently by my side or sacrificing for repayments or childcare arrangements, ever. So I guess, what I'm trying to say is, thank you Mark. You may have been a manipulative bully trying to tear me down, but you've made my life better than I could have dreamed."

She put her handbag up over her arm, and took the stroller in her spare hand. She turned to the side, allowing Mark to see her busty, pregnant profile in her hot pink maternity dress that pulled tightly around her waist and chest.

"Now, if you don't mind, talking to you has helped me settle my mind on who I am. I'm going back now to see my babies, and tonight I think I'll find a nice, hot man to make me feel even more fulfilled. Have a good day, Mark."

She walked away, waddling slightly as she left her victimiser staring in shock and exasperation as she passed. Becca felt more amazing than she had in a while. She no longer cared that this situation was thrust upon her, she relished it instead. She was young, she was beautiful, she was incredibly busty and oh-so-wonderfully pregnant. And she was more determined than ever to keep having babies, babies, and more babies, so long as her fertile body was able. She longed to fill her house with children, and never stop the miracle of having new life stir and shift inside her belly. She beamed as she got in the car, readying to head home, Adam asleep once more behind her.

"I can't wait to meet you, little one," she said, patting her stomach as it rested on her thick thighs. "And all your little brothers and sisters to come."

She drove off, thinking idly and hopefully on just how many more babies she would be able to make. She was only twenty-six years old, after all: so many breeding years ahead of her.

"Plenty of time left for this baby factory," she said. And as if in agreement, her still-developing child kicked within her. Becca smiled, and drove on home.



## Good Girl, Part 3: Family Reunion

Becca was excited. It was Christmas Eve, and for the first time in a long time, all her family would be together. Twenty years had passed since she had confronted Mark and come to fully accept her altered life, one of endless pregnancy, birthing, and joyful mothering. Her genetically-altered DNA ensured that in the years to come, she felt compelled to get pregnant over and over, each fertilised egg bringing her incredible joy. And of course, her curvaceous form meant she was always able to birth easily (even orgasmically) and feed her ever-growing brood with her large, lactating breasts. Her parents couldn't understand the change that had come over their daughter, or why she refused to find one man to settle with. But they loved their grandchildren anyway, and while it took time to accept Becca's radically different trajectory, her meteoric rise in the engineering company she worked from home for ensured she became independently wealthy. This was a good thing, as she only continued to birth children into her thirties, and now into her forties as well, even with menopause looming.

And like many woman who become blessed with child, she only increased in fecundity with age. Becca cried tears of joy when she first learned at thirty-nine that she was expecting triplets, and again at forty six when she was expecting a set of quads! It was those four she carried within her now, and she every day she relished the movement of her litter within her, even as now, at five months along, she was saddened by the prospect of menopause.

It was why she was so looking forward to the arrival of her adult daughters and sons, and their own daughters and sons. She had birthed sixty-five children in total, not counting the four currently kicking and squirming within her hyper fertile womb. Dozens were at that very moment running around, playing in their rooms, or being taken care of by the hired care staff. And one was even on her breast - her newest, Eva - and suckling away, while Becca set the last of the utensils at the table. The last table or over a dozen in the banquet hall.

"There, all ready for the largest family reunion the world has ever seen. Isn't that right my darlings?"

She rubbed her round belly, and received a series of bountiful kicks that nearly knocked the wind out of her.

"Oof! I'll take that as a yes. Now we just have to wait and see who will arrive first."

Just like that, there was a ding of the bell, and Becca waddled as fast as her pregnant form allowed to the front door, waving off staff who offered to help her.

"No, no, I'll get it!"

She opened the door, and she beamed at the sight of her firstborn daughter, now twenty-five years in age.

“Joy! It is so wonderful to see you, my daughter.”

“Mother!”

They embraced, though their bellies got much in the way.

“My goodness, aren’t we a pair of blimps?” Joy laughed. “Mother, you look fantastic, but you’re so huge!”

“Quads will do that to you,” Becca sighed, though she was still grinning. Even in her mid-forties, with slightly greying hair and crow’s feet in her eyes, she had a wonderfully curvy form. Her H-cup breasts were still immense, and her hips magnificently wide. But her belly dominated her form, even more than usual.

“Well, I guess I know what to look forward to,” Joy said with a gulp, indicating to her own belly. “Not that Steven will mind.”

“How is Steven?”

“Taking care of the farm. Don’t worry, I brought all the grandkids for you to see.”

She stepped aside, revealing a stroller with a cute baby in it, along with three other children standing and looking pleased with themselves. They flocked to their grandmother, until they were given permission to go play with their many aunts and uncles who were around their own age.

Becca gave a flustered, sympathetic look to Joy. It was not without reason; it seemed that her hormonal mutation caused by the serum so long ago had also spread to her children. Thankfully it was not as strong in any of them, and likely would only be a little present in the third generation, but it still affected their lives in uniquely fascinating ways.

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When Joy had reached eighteen years of age, it was like a switch had flipped. Her body also grew maternal and curvy, and she felt an unbearable horniness and need to get pregnant. Unlike her mother, she had a greater will in resisting that compulsion, and was also happy to be in a monogamous relationship. She had pushed against her hormonal needs until she met and fell in love with Steven, a successful farmer with a large heart, large property, and a strong desire for a large family. Which was good, because after pushing against her body’s wants for so long, Joy had now gone all in on the babymaking, and was making up for lost time. More than once she’d told Steven:

“I was thinking twenty, twenty-five kids, max. If that is okay by you?”

“More than okay love,” he always said, rubbing her full belly, “you know I love having you this way, and our kids bring us so much joy.”

And then she would jokingly punch him for the bad pun.

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Joy had to move into the hall by that point, because another family was approaching. She settled into the house she had been brought up in, greeting all her younger sisters and brothers who were still being raised there.

Next came Timothy, along with four women around him, each beautiful and several looking rather full with child. Becca could only smirk. Timothy and his twin Holly had always been a rambunctious pair, and true to their twin nature, she was behind him and his harem, pushing a double-seat stroller and advising several of her older children to keep up.

“Tim! Holly! Oh, I’m so glad you could come!”

Timothy embraced his mother, followed by Holly.

“Jesus Mom, you’re huge!” Tim said, and it got an awkward laughter. “Don’t worry girls, I promise I won’t get you *that* big.”

“What a thing to say to your mother, Tim. How are you Holly?”

“I’m doing fucking awesome Mom. Belly hug?”

“Please.”

They snuggled against one another, bellies touching, and it gave time for Becca to whisper her question. “This new pregnancy . . . Harry’s?”

Holly giggled. “Um, yeah. Hope you don’t mind. I know he’s responsible for a few of my little siblings, but he was really into me.”

Becca just chuckled. “It’s okay. Weird, honey, but okay. Weirdness runs in our family, and I couldn’t blame my daughter for inheriting my own genetic code.” She leaned back, breathing a little heavily. “But Timothy, you haven’t introduced me to your girlfriend . . . s? Girlfriends?”

He nodded with a grin, before gesturing to the four women in turn: one a pale but busty brunette who looked to be seven months or so along, then to a black-skinned beauty who was verging on due, then a lithe Asian model whose bump was no later than four months, perhaps less, and finally to a woman of Indian heritage with impressively wide hips, and a flat stomach.

“Mom, meet Jenny, Monique, Yin, and Vee. Jenny, Monique, Yin, and Vee, meet my Mom. She’s sorta the reason you’re all pregnant.”

Becca gave an exaggerated roll of her eyes as she invited them in.

“I think you’ve made some of those choice too, Tim.”:

“Hey, they asked me too! It’s not like with Kade.”

“Well, you be civil with Kade when he arrives.” She turned to the women, who seemed fascinated by her immensely gravid belly. It was a look of longing she understood well. “Very excited to meet you all. I can’t wait to hear about all my little grandchildren yet to come.”

“Oh, by the way, Vee isn’t pregnant yet.”

“Running out of juice, brother?” Holly jested.

“Hardly,” he replied to his twin, helping take one of her babies. “I’m going to be the father to quite a little collection, in fact, if these lovely ladies have anything to say about it. Besides, you’re one to talk: you’ll have to pop out a lot more than just one every nine months to keep up with me.”

She gave him a light punch on the arm in response.

Tim played at being in pain, before turning to his girlfriend. “We’re just taking things slow, aren’t we Vee?”

She smiled. “Yes, but I think I will want a baby soon. Your brother has certainly proven he can do it.”

Holly laughed. “Oh, he’s proven it alright. How nice it must be compelled to make babies from the male end. All the fun, and none of the pushing a whole human being out between your legs.

Tim tapped his sister’s belly. “You seem to be doing alright. This is what, your sixth, dear twin sister?”

“Fifth, you bastard. And you’re damn well right I’m doing alright. Just like Mom, I’m doing it all on my own.”

The group got to chatting, Holly coming over to give welcome to the three women unused to the insanity of the household, and Becca held and hugged all her grandchildren by way of Holly.

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The twins had always been close, and still were. They loved to play pranks on one another, and had a lot of silly in-jokes and ribbings they gave back and forth. When their unique reproductive mutations came to the fore, this habit of back-and-forth only increased, even as they got used to their new lives.

Tim, being male, at least did not have to worry about getting knocked up. On the other hand, women had to way not to *get* knocked up. After a one-night stand that ended in a positive pregnancy test with his first serious girlfriend, doctors were astounded; his sperm had literally caused his girlfriend to ovulate, despite her being outside that time of her cycle *and* on birth control. Timothy had a sort of super sperm that could bypass all measures to

prevent pregnancy, even infertility. He was privately wealthy already, just from being paid to give infertile women the chance to experience motherhood.

Of course, Tim had his own biological wants as well. He wasn't compelled as much as his siblings, but he still had a strong fetish for pregnant women, and for keeping them that way. And so it was that he managed to find a number of women willing to become full with his seed, and this little harem of his were his casual girlfriends, enjoying his company and how his powers made them feel special. He liked them all in turn, especially since he had a large bed they all slept together on, belly to belly. But it was only when he met Vee that he felt like he was truly in love. Not monogamous - she understood his needs - but they connected in such a way that wanted to actually take his time with her. Especially since Vee was clearly falling for him, and indicated that she liked the idea of becoming pregnant several times, if not more, to his sperm. Of course, she would have to compete with Monique, who wanted a few as well. But he could handle them both.

Holly, on the other hand, likewise inherited her mother's need to reproduce. It was not as strong as Becca, or even as strong as Joy's, but like her mother, she didn't feel any need to be in a relationship with a man. She enjoyed the act of sex a lot, and as indicated by their conversation, sometimes ended up sleeping with the same man her mother had, sometimes even just days before. The fact that more than any of her daughters, she had inherited her mother's very ample bosom didn't hurt. She simply wanted to make more kids, and the ripe nature of her belly was proof of that. The fact that she was very curvy helped, something that occasionally made Joy a little jealous, despite having a husband that dearly loved her. She'd stated more than once that she wanted twins.

"Twins from a twin! Imagine that!"

Becca had started to suspect that Tim and Holly were actually *competing* to see who could make a pair of twins first. They always had been a bit immature and prone to excessive fun, but at least they were happy and successful; Holly had started a 'Single Life Mommy' channel and it had become quite lucrative for her.

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Next was Pam, arriving ten minutes later while Holly amused herself by revealing all of her brother's most embarrassing secrets to his girlfriends. Vee was cackling, and Monique was already finding herself fitting in.

"Hey Mom, it's great to see you. You remember Jasmine?"

Becca gave her daughter-in-law a hug. For once, her belly was the only rounded one in the hug, and so it was an easier effort. Jasmine was a slim young woman with olive skin

and curly dark hair. She had an easy smile, and Becca was glad her daughter had found someone so down-to-earth and beautiful, inside and out.

“It’s so great to see you both, truly. Thanks for coming across the interstate for this. It’s been too long since the wedding, and I doubt Tim even remembers it.”

Pam blew her off with a gesture. “Please Mom, all your kids in one place? We weren’t going to miss this. Besides, I want everyone who couldn’t make it to meet my new wife.”

“And the little one . . .”

Pam grinned, rubbing her small but present dome of a stomach. “Another surrogacy. Don’t worry, Mom! We’ll give you a cute little grandchild one day. In fact, Jasmine wants to carry it with my egg. But for now, surrogacy helps fulfil the family craving, all while keeping us afloat, isn’t that right babe?”

Jasmine knelt and kissed her wife’s belly. “Plus, it brings good luck,” she said, chuckling.

“Well, then - ohhh, these little kickers! - well, then I’m the luckiest woman alive, I guess.”

“Hey, you got a big house and a big wallet, right?”

“You’re not wrong,” Becca replied to her daughter. “And an even bigger belly!”

They all laughed at that, and they stepped inside, greeting Holly who was showing pictures of their newest nursery to the others, while Tim slipped down the hall with Vee in tow, both of them looking a little *too* happy.

*Perhaps yet another grandchild will be conceived this very night, Becca wondered.*

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Pam had known she was into girls when she was fourteen and at the cinemas with her mom, and she hadn’t been able to pry her eyes off the body of the main actress. When her instinct to make babies kicked in, she was thankful that it only ran on a ‘slow burn’, but it was nevertheless present. Like her mom, Pam could fall pregnant at any time, with just a drop of sperm. It caused her some grief in her early adult years, as she wanted to find a girl she liked, and didn’t have any real aspirations of becoming a mother for a while. While her older sisters embraced their preggo lifestyles, she tried to find ways around it.

That was, until she learned about the possibility of surrogacy. It was legal in the next state over, and provided she passed all the health checks and signed up, she could bring loving couples who couldn’t conceive their own child a lot of joy and happiness, and she could satisfy that damn urgent itch to procreate, as well as making good money. It was actually at the surrogacy centre that she met her future wife: Jasmine. She was a front desk worker who continued to meet Pam, and the two found they had a lot in common; they even

both got into their business due to their interest in maternity and pregnancy, even if Pam's was more hands-on. And so, as Pam's belly grew for the first time, her breasts along with it, so did their love. Their wedding was beautiful; Pam was full-term with her third baby, her enormous stomach rounding out the wedding dress, her blonde-pixie cut styled in a cute fashion. Her breasts bobbed with each step, and while the first dance was slow and careful given her size, Jasmine certainly appreciated how her new wife's large boobs jostled with each movement.

It turns out, Jasmine had come to rather like her wife's pregnancies, especially since, like Becca, Pam got quite horny in her second and third trimester. Now on her third surrogacy, the pregnant lesbian was proud of her life, and she loved receiving the occasional photo of children she had birthed, loved and cared for by thankful parents.

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Another ring at the door, and Becca waddled to it. All this excitement at the family reunion was making the little ones bulge and shift in her gargantuan belly. It brought a rush of excitement to her; even now, as a middle-aged woman, she still found herself shivering with excitement at being filled up with babies.

"I'm going to miss having you all inside me," she said, rubbing her taut, still-perfectly smooth dome. One good thing about being genetically altered against her will, she mused, was that as a byproduct her skin always looked amazing. She still looked her age, but a very attractive, impressively fertile woman of her age, particularly in her current black dress which showed plenty of cleavage. Mind, with cleavage like hers, it was almost impossible not to. Her breasts wobbled heavily, looking as if they were about to spill out, as she answered the door.

On the other side was her twenty-one year old daughter, Grace. She looked as cute and lovely as ever, with long brown hair that was perfectly straight, and a penchant for flower-patterned dresses. Her cheeks were cherubic, and she had cute little dimples as her face broadened into a smile. More notably, her belly was swollen with child - just one for now, but who knew what lay in Grace's future.

"Mom! Oh my God, you're huge!"

Becca laughed. "So I'm told!"

"Is it triplets, again? I don't know how you do it."

Becca blushed, but continued to grin as she turned to the side, showing off her profile. "Quadruplets actually, and trust me, I know. I can feel all their little toes when they kick me, and there's four babies' worth pushing down on my bladder."

Grace embraced her mother, her much still-respectable five-month belly looking like a pimple against her mother's gargantuan dome.

"It's so good to see you, what a wonderful idea this was."

"How is work, honey?"

"It's going well, though the kids were a nightmare today. That's what I get for giving them candy canes. I'm lucky I didn't tear my hair out! Thankfully, my wonderful Hank came and helped out."

Becca raised an eyebrow, and folded her arms beneath her breasts. They practically disappeared beneath the soft flesh, sandwiched between boobs and belly.

"Hank, huh? Don't tell me you've found a nice man to date, Grace?"

Grace blushed.

"I knew it!" her mother declared. "You were never like me, or Holly for that matter, when it came to men. Too interested in other boys at a young age. Tell me, what's he like?"

"Well Mom, why don't you ask him yourself?"

She stepped to the side, and waved two figures over. An incredibly handsome man with an impressively athletic figure and square-jawed face approached. He loomed over Grace, and his eyebrows raised at Becca, though he politely stopped and extended a hand.

"Hello, Mrs-"

"Becca, please!" she said, and embraced the man, who was quite a bit taller than her. She was glad she'd already had a male friend take care of her needs a few hours ago, or her nipples might have become hard as iron in the presence of this man. She looked him up and down.

"Well done, Grace," she said, and the man chuckled.

"And this," he said, pushing a young toddler forward, "is my son Edgar."

Becca tried and failed to kneel down, so instead she used the doorframe to lower herself.

"It is lovely to meet you, Edgar! Welcome to our house."

"You've got a big belly!" he said, pointing.

"Yep, I do."

"We met at daycare," Grace explained, rubbing her belly as her boyfriend returned to her side. "His son goes there, and we got to talking, and we just . . . hit it off. I didn't expect to actually get pregnant! I thought I got off scott free from the 'talent pool.'"

Becca grinned smugly. "I guess not, love."

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Grace had not, in fact, escaped Becca's genetically altered lineage. What had occurred, instead, was that she inherited a strong nurturing instinct. She loved babies and toddlers and childcare, and when she was young, her interests flitted between approaching all the boys to play, and being fascinated by babies, pretending to have her own in the form of a doll. It gave her a lot of joy, and Becca saw no harm in it, but expected her to develop a breeder's instincts by that alone.

And yet, even as Joy came to adulthood and got hit by the breeder's instinct, *hard*, and began popping out babies as soon as she found her husband, never stopping since, nothing happened with Grace. But then, she was not an adult yet. Holly came to adulthood, and she was like a less-addicted version of her own mother in condition, needing to get knocked up endlessly, but having no need of a male partner. And Pam too, despite her lesbianism, wanted to make babies, even if she didn't necessarily want to keep them.

But Grace did not. Instead, her need to take care of children, to love them and play with them and make time for them, only increased. No desire manifested to get pregnant; she was not opposed to it, but she felt no true need. So it was little surprise when she gained a job at a nearby childcare centre, able to work with young children on a constant basis.

It was there that she met Hank, a single father of his little boy Edgar, a little boy who had become quite attached to Grace, enough to occasionally call her 'Mom.' Hank decided to stay later one night and introduce himself, and the two hit it off over their shared parenting styles, even if Grace was not a parent. It turned out they had similar interests in movies, sports, and even went to the same school earlier in life. And, of course, both were quite attractive; Grace had an ample pair of C-cup breasts and her mother's wide hips. It didn't take long for a first date to be established, followed by a one night stand that very same night. They were passionate, and while Grace had no biological need to become pregnant, she was certainly still capable of it.

And so, to her embarrassment and simultaneous joy, she found herself expecting. When she told Hank, he was overjoyed, as they had only gotten closer over the preceding two months. But it didn't stop her from giving an eye-rolling chuckle.

"Just wait till Mom finds out. And Holly. And Joy. And oh God, Tim. They'll all say the same thing. 'Told you that you couldn't escape it!'"

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Becca, thankfully, bit her tongue as she led them in, Edgar in his father's arms, though Holly and Joy did rush in their waddling way to their sister, eager to hear the details of that growing baby bump.

"Just one for now!" she declared, laughing at their probing questions.

It was a few minutes later that Theresa popped her head around the corner, and the siblings all cheered at her appearance.

“Where have you been hiding?” Tim said, returning to his harem with Vee looking a little red-faced and flushed. “I was starting to think you’d moved out!”

“I don’t think I’d be able to handle it if I did. Our little brothers and sisters help me as much as I help them! Hey Holly, hey Joy, you both look so glowing. And - oh my - Grace too!”

The three pregnant women thanked her; Joy in her tasteful winter dress, and Holly in her far more revealing tight top that pushed her heavy cleavage up. And of course, Grace in her flowery dress. But when it came to cleavage, *none* could rival Theresa. She entered the hall where food was being served out, and people happily snacking away, and her boobs seemed to arrive several minutes before her. They were gargantuan in size, and even with her immense J-cup maternity bra with extra padding, her large nipples still managed to poke through the material of her sweat. Her cleavage was pushed up to her collar bone, and swelled with every breath. As always, she carries a couple of pumping bottles on her hip, for when she needed to ‘relieve’ herself.

“All down, all asleep,” she said to her mother, and Becca smiled.

“As always, you are so good with them Theresa. Now go out there, have fun. Everyone’s been dying to see you!”

“Though don’t get too close!” Timothy called, “or you’ll drown us in milk!”

“Someone slap him before these knockers do!” Theresa called back with a laugh. Vee did the honours.

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Theresa had escaped her mother’s mutated need to become a mother, but another aspect of breeding and nursing children became far more dominant. As she entered puberty, Theresa and the rest of her family was a little shocked at just how quickly her breasts grew in. Every year of development they surged forth, growing and growing and growing, and generally greatly embarrassing her. Theresa, unlike many of her siblings, had always been shy, and preferred the life of an introvert. But she was the not-so-proud owner of a pair of Double-Ds when she turned fifteen, an EE cup at sixteen, mammoth F-cups at seventeen, and HH-cups at eighteen. They jutted out from her chest, constantly jostling and bobbing, and causing her back thankfully little pain due to her altered genetics. Still, the rest of her was quite petite, and between that and her straight dark hair often over one eye, she never looked confident about her overly-buxom body.

And that was before she started lactating.

Seemingly overnight, not long after she turned nineteen, Theresa began complaining of soreness in her boobs. Timothy made fun, naturally, though Pam was always kind to her. Certainly, Theresa was worried she had breast-pregnancy or something; who knew how strange her mother's legacy could be? In fact, it was far more mundane. She was making milk. An incredibly large amount of milk. Within just a month, her areola and nipples had doubled in size, and she was incapable of holding her boobs in anything other than custom-ordered bras that had to be shipped from overseas. Her massive melons were constantly full and leaking, and it brought her both immense pleasure and embarrassment that she needed to leak herself three or more times daily. Worse, a lot of the boys at college were even more fascinated with her, and tried to take peeks at her 'miking sessions.'

These days, Theresa lives with Becca at the family home. She doesn't have children, and has only just begun working up the courage to ask a man from a nearby game store out, but she does have a biological urge and need to feed babies with her endlessly milky breasts. Becca was more than thankful for her daughter's gift, even though she feels for her, as she has birthed too many children to keep feeding, and Theresa's milk is loaded with enough natural vitamins to keep them healthy beyond most normal babies. She's even begun selling it, due to the sheer excess, and it doesn't look like she'll ever be free of her incredibly productive glands, so she might as well make a profit from it. Little does she know, but Pam has also visited the same game store as Theresa's potential boyfriend, and overheard a conversation that indicated the man would very, very much like to have a nice big drink from her as well.

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Each family embraced Thereas, though given the sheer size of her stacked rack, they barely reached her when hugging. Timothy's harem seemed pretty astonished, and Monique even a little jealous, when she introduced herself to them.

"And if you ever need a break from your babies, I'm happy to nurse them," she said, a little embarrassed, but still willing to offer. "It's sort of what I do, now."

"I'll take you up on that!" Joy called, and they shared a polite laugh.

They were almost present, and Becca did a headcount. Indeed, all of her children who had moved away were present. Various of her teenagers were starting to appear at the table, some more indignant or rebellious or mopey than others. She just smiled; she'd raised enough teenagers to know it was just a stage. There was Phillip and Lara and Mickey and Don and Rachael and Kaleb and Beatrice and so on. There was just one missing. The last of those who had moved out.

And that's when the knock on the door arrived through the noise. The entire household, barring those under twelve - which to be fair was a lot - fell silent. They all knew who it was, and the awkwardness that could follow.

"Do you think he brought both?" Tim said.

Another punch from Holly. "Next one is at your dick."

"No fair. I can't punch you because you're pregnant. Besides, isn't it his dick that got him in trouble?"

"Shush now," Becca said, and she waddled over to the door. "Don't anyone embarrass him. We should all be proud he's stepping up."

"Thank you, Mom," Grace said. She'd always been close to Kade.

Becca opened the door, and there was Kade, looking for all the world like an ordinary man twenty years of age, with tousled brown hair and an awkward grin.

And beside him was the most pregnant girl Becca had ever seen, including herself.

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Kade had always been a little impulsive. As a child, he liked to play with other kids' toys and occasionally broke them by accident, only to deny it. He wasn't malicious in any way, he simply lacked impulse control, and while Becca had tried to instill it in him, sometimes not every lesson takes. Some people just need to learn from their mistakes. Only, as Kade discovered, most people who make mistakes aren't the child of a woman who was genetically experimented upon to become a superbreeder. So when Kade accidentally knocked up his first girlfriend during careless intercourse, it turned out to be a much bigger pregnancy than expected. Not that Kade knew at the time; the two had already broken up for unrelated reasons by the time she found out, and was dating a new girl; Polly.

Who he also knocked up without realising it.

It was only when Lizzie got back into contact with Kade, furious and confused about being suddenly pregnant, that he realised he too had super-sperm like his brother Timothy, though thankfully without the compulsion to use it. What his sperm did do, though, was make it practically impossible to do away with the developing life within. Lizzie was maddened by the fact that every time she tried to approach the abortion clinic, she was overcome with nausea and needed to get away, and she was incapable of swallowing the abortion pill either: she could only gag and feel the need to throw it away.

"You've got me super pregnant, you idiot!" she yelled. "I'm only th-three months along and I'm so f-fucking h-huge!"

Indeed she was; she appeared as if she was closer to seven or even eight months along, and her breasts had easily doubled in size, if not more. It made Polly worried; she

was present too, and quickly realised that she too had been experiencing nausea and sore boobs. That very afternoon, a test confirmed she was pregnant by Kade.

Incredibly pregnant, as it would turn out. Kade's sperm had the power to knock up a woman with far, far more babies than was natural. As Lizzie and Polly's bellies expanded rapidly, it became quickly clear that they were knocked up not with a single baby, and not with mere twins or triplets either, but far more than that. An entire litter kicked and squirmed in their bellies, and Lizzie was infuriated at her situation, while Polly was far more outright embarrassed, but did not blame her boyfriend.

He had finally learned from experience, but it was Lizzie and Polly who would be bearing the discomfort and fullness from it, and have to mother many children.

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"Mum, everyone, I'd like you to meet Polly, my girlfriend."

A cute girl with long red hair and a smattering of freckles stepped through the doorway, aided by Kade. Her belly was unbelievably huge, and even in her extra large shirt, her bloated breasts and rounded form stretched the material, showing her popped-out belly button. Her round dome was twice the size of a beachball, and trembled with the movement of their many babies within. The poor thing looked positively overcome, and the stares she received only made her more self-conscious. She knew now Becca's reputation, and those of her kids, but stepping in, it was clear she was larger than any of them, and she was only nineteen years old!

"My goodness," Becca said, leaning to hug her. "It is so good to finally meet you Polly. Please, let us help you to a seat. You must be exhausted."

"Th-thankyou," she managed, sweating a little, "just v-very f-full right now. They're - ahhh - very away. L-lots of movement."

"You must be just about due!"

Kade cringed, feeling quite guilty, and Polly turned a magnificent shade of red as she settled into a seat. She looked like a pimple compared to the size of her distended womb.

"Only s-six months, n-now. Still three to - oohhh - g-go."

Tim grinned, and Holly glared at him before he could make a joke. It was Joy that approached, smiling warmly.

"How many are you blessed with, dear?"

Polly was clearly not sure what to make of the word 'blessed.' This entire situation had been thrust upon her - or rather, thrust *into* her.

"S-s-seven," she stammered, gasping as they squirmed again. "K-Kade's been taking g-good care of me."

"I should hope he would," Pam said, eyes wide.

Tim's harem were staring intently, and a couple were clearing looking a little worried at their boyfriend while he tried to whisper that he was certainly *not* capable of being *that* virile. Holly was holding back a joke. No one wanted to be the one to drive Kade away, now that he'd returned.

"So," Becca said diplomatically, "will Lizzie be joining us?"

Kade shook his head. "I don't think he wants much to do with me until after she gives birth. She's two months away, and she's pregnant with six."

"I w-won," Polly said, rubbing her stomach. She smiled awkwardly.

And it was that little comment, just slightly smug, that broke the tension.

"Ha! You'll fit right in here!" Tim declared, laughing.

Pam sat down by her. "Oh honey, you have no idea how perfect a family you now have to help you out."

"Not to mention you've set the record! That makes you basically an authority here!" Holly said.

"Don't worry, it happens to even the most careful of us!" declared Grace.

Becca smiled as her various children introduced themselves, chatting to the overburdened Polly, who was starting to look a little relieved. She massaged her constantly shifting belly, sometimes gasping or grunting, her womb clearly overburdened, but the welcoming company that saw her not as a freak but instead a blessing was already turning her around. Kade too was opening up, and his elder and younger siblings were glad to see him returned.

Becca smiled. Her entire family together, and so many of them with kids of their own and many more on the way. She couldn't wait to meet them all, and all the others to come, especially Polly's, as the poor girl would certainly need help, becoming a mother to over a half-dozen at such a young age. But who knew, maybe she'd come around and break the record a second time. Pregnancy, Becca knew, had its own way of being addictive.

For now, she simply raised a glass, holding the family's attention. All hundred plus of them, nearly all once contained within her womb, at some point or another. Her wonderful quads kicked within her, and she smiled, looking forward to the day she could meet them, and hopefully manage to sneak in just a couple of little siblings for them. For now though, she had this.

"Cheers everyone, to a Merry Christmas Eve, and all the wonderful family to celebrate it with!"

**The End**

