

## **Day of the Preggo (Rapid, Hyper Preg)**

**By FoxFaceStories**

*When a hormone experimentation facility was rocked by a series of explosions, the resulting gases leaked over the town of Rockwall. The result was numerous women - and even some men - becoming rapidly pregnant or experiencing other extreme fertility-based side effects. Now, over four years afterwards, a series of interviews are conducted with those affected.*

### **Day of the Preggo**

*In the year 2020, as a virus raged across the world, a lesser known infection spread across the small town of Rockwall, Colorado. The nearby hormone experimentation facility GeneCo was rocked by a series of explosions as a result of a faulty gas main. While the blaze caused little immediate harm, the release of powerful fertility hormones proceeded to spread down into the nearby valley invisibly, affecting numerous women, and even some men, to varying effects. Initially the result of a separate federal quarantine, their mandated gag order has only been lifted now, nearly five years on. Below are a series of interviews conducted with those women and men whose lives were forever changed by that day, the day some in the town colloquially refer to as the 'Day of the Preggo.'*

\*\*\*

#### **May Summers, 34**

Miss Summer cups her large belly, rubbing it idly. In the other room of her house, a television plays a kids cartoon show to entertain her five children.

*First of all, Miss Summers, congratulations on your coming child.*

Miss Summers laughs. "Is that some kind of joke or something? Trust me, there's nothing to congratulate. I don't exactly get a choice in whether I have this baby or not, just like all the others. You can thank that GeneCo disaster for that."

*Can you explain to readers what happened to you that day?*

"You bet. I remember it exactly. I was off to see my boyfriend, Rick. My ex-boyfriend, now. As I stepped out of the car to visit his place, I began coughing violently. I didn't know it at the time, but I was breathing in that chemical leak. Well, not too long after that, I began to get sick. Vomiting in the morning, exhausted easily, my boobs were getting sore, the works. Well, as you can probably guess it turns out I was pregnant. I was in shock; Rick and I hadn't

had sex yet. I was trying to wait a bit longer. He dumped me, not willing to believe I was telling the truth. It only came out later that I was also affected by the Day of the Preggo, as we call it round here.”

*And what was the nature of your affliction?*

“Well, like most, I was knocked up. But unlike some, mine wasn’t just a one and done experience. You see, my body had created a child through a process called parthenogenesis. Heard of it?”

*Is that when your body can reproduce asexually?*

“Got it one, smart lady. My body can modify my eggs to impregnate them with my own DNA. You know how some people say their kids look a lot like them? Well, in my case it’s true. My little girls are all clones of me. Always. When I gave birth the first time I thought for sure that it was all over. I had an unexpected kid and no father in sight, but I could make it work. Well, just a month later I was throwing up all over again. That’s when the specialists discovered my condition: no matter what, I get pregnant over and over again all due to my parthenogenesis.”

*That sounds difficult.*

“Oh, you best believe I’m looking forward to menopause, but that might still be sixteen years away. I mean, you hear about some women having babies when they’re fifty! God help me if that’s the case. Look, I love my kids, but damn if I didn’t deserve that huge payout from GeneCo. I mean, it’s not like I can just marry someone to help me out.”

*Why not?*

“Like you said before, ‘asexual.’ Because my body does both sides of the reproduction equation, I don’t need a man. And I don’t mean that in a feminist sense: I’m genuinely not sexually attracted to anyone, anymore. The only thing that gives me the same pleasure is when I get knocked up again and when, I, uh . . .”

She blushes heavily, cupping her belly and looking away.

*When what, exactly?*

“Well, let’s just say that giving birth is a very different affair for me than other women and leave it at that. Small perks, right? Now, if you’ll excuse me, I’ve got to go turn off the television. I may not like being forever knocked up, but I do love my little clones and I don’t want them to rot their brains on the screen. Thanks for the interview, and be careful with the air around here.”

## **David Crest, 27**

David has already started off our meeting with an apology for rescheduling it.

“Sorry, some days I produce much more than others. It makes it hard to make plans, sometimes, not that I go out all that much, because of, you know . . .”

He gestures towards his very large bosom. For this interview he has worn a button shirt, one that has clearly been tailored to accommodate his overall masculine figure but also his large breasts. The top two buttons are open, revealing quite an impressive set of cleavage.

*So, this is a result of the ‘Day of the Preggo’?*

“I hate that name. I know why people refer to it as that, but I didn’t get preggo, did I? Not that I’m complaining, I know one guy was. I also know he got a second set of genitals just so he could give birth. But I never got that, thank Christ. I ‘just’ ended up with a huge pair of tits that are always lactating.”

*Can you walk us through what happened?*

“There’s not much to tell. I was catching up with some buddies at the bar, when suddenly I had this coughing fit - I was breathing it in, ya know. Suddenly I groaned, and my nipples were burning until they were studding against my top. My friends were asking me what was going on, and suddenly I just sort of sneezed and they appeared! My boobs, I mean. They kept growing and growing and growing until they just tore my flannelette shirt right open!”

*And how have you coped with that?*

“Damn poorly, to be honest. Well, that’s not true. I’m pretty used to them now, but it’s no small thing for a guy to suddenly be sporting a pair of tits, let alone the kind of pair that makes most men go gaga. They’re J-cups, since I know that’s the next question. They’d probably be smaller, but not long after they grew in they started leaking, and they’ve been making milk ever since, like they’re not already a bother enough with how much they damn weigh! I’ve tried to have them reduced and removed, but they just grow back and bigger. I was a G-cup to start with.”

*Has this affected your work life? What about your love life?*

“Well, I couldn’t exactly be a lumberjack anymore! These things are too heavy, and the bloody cow tits get too much attention. Plus, I kept having to stop to pump. No, my job is literally making milk these days. Well, I do some admin stuff my wife got me into, but most of

the money comes from selling the breast milk. It's got real good properties apparently, and I fill buckets by a day's end. Jesus, it never stops.

"As for love life, well, my girlfriend stuck by me. She's my wife now, as I said. I couldn't believe it at first, I was so embarrassed, but she actually likes my big boobs! I'm glad she's not a jealous woman, because she likes me to show them off and clearly she's into that. I'm not gonna get into all of it, but she likes to milk me sometimes. Yeah, so that's a bonus. I guess I don't have it all bad."

*How do you feel about all this going public?*

Mixed feelings. I mean, I've kept most of my buddies, they just rib me to hell and back over having better titties than their own wives. I've had actual offers for me to take photos of myself naked from freaks on the internet. Others just want the tits with all else cropped out, so they can use their 'imagination.' Don't love that bad, and I won't do it. No, the only one that gets to have fun with my big milky boobs is my woman, and if she loves them, then I guess I can count my lucky stars I've got the perfect woman, and try to have a bit of fun myself.

### **Jessie Smalls, 25**

There is an awkward series of moments as this interviewer waits for Jessie Smalls to disentangle from her boyfriend. The blonde beauty is wearing a figure hugging pink maternity dress, and she presses her small but present pregnant belly against him as she kisses her spouse passionately. Many words are exchanged, such as "I can't wait for you to knock me up again," and "you're so hot, carrying my baby." Finally, she separates from her husband and joins us in the main living space.

"Sorry about that," Jessie says. "I can't help myself around him. He's my baby daddy, and those stupid chemicals make me so damn horny for him, the lucky bastard."

*Why don't we start at the beginning: how did the Day of the Preggo affect you?*

She laughed. "How didn't it affect me! I mean, look at me? I'm a buxom blonde bombshell with a libido that won't quit and a boyfriend who just loves putting babies in me. This is the third, by the way. I'm nearly five months along with baby number three and I'm only twenty five years old!"

*And from what I understand, you didn't used to be a woman at all, correct?*

"Correctamundo. Hell, I didn't even used to be a blonde! I didn't want kids at all! Now look at me! Well, I guess I should give you the full details, since we're going all 'public' and all. My

name used to be Jesse Smalls, with an 'e' at the end rather than this feminine 'i e' I've got now. I worked at the local gas station making ends meet with my coworker, Hunter. We weren't really super close or anything, more on that in a moment. Anyway, I was out filling a car when I suddenly started coughing. I managed to finish up my part of the job, but as I re-entered the station and tried to get Hunter's attention - we were one of those stations that has a grocery and deli section, so he was busy - I started to change right in that moment. My hair went from black to blonde, my boobs started to fill in - big, as you can see. My dick disappeared right up inside me so I ended up with a pussy, yada yada blah blah I became a busty blonde. The kind of woman from my fantasies. Except it wasn't *my* fantasy I was becoming, because Hunter was also coughing, but he didn't change at all, except mentally. Somehow, our hormones and pheromones got all mixed up. He'd seen me change, but he needed me, and I needed him. We began to make out right in front of other customers, and then ignored our jobs altogether as he took me into the back section and fucked me."

*This was a compulsion of sorts, from the change?*

"It's not called the Day of the Preggo for nothing. The hormones made me into his fantasy, and made him super aroused at the thought of getting me pregnant. Unlike others, we got pregnant the old-fashioned way, right on that very first day. And ever since then our pheromones and hormones or whatever have kept us together. Again, I didn't know him much at the time, but we can't be far apart from each other for long now. We get . . . hungry. For each other, I mean. And when we get too hungry, we get too horny to think about protection, and too hot over the idea of making babies, and then . . . blammo."

She gestured to her pregnant belly.

"Could be worse. It was twins last time. I've already got three kids from two pregnancies. This'll be the fourth. You got any idea how humiliating and weird it is to be a former guy and have a baby grow inside you? Or to hunch over while going through labour? Or to breastfeed?"

*Well, I'm a woman, so . . .*

"Just count yourself lucky that you weren't here on the day then, not that I was spared as a guy."

*Have you adjusted to your changes?*

She shrugs, but smiles as she pats her belly. "Look, it's not how I imagined life, but I'll say this: the sex is constant and it is good. Plus, I at least don't have to work, other than raising our kids, which is, of course, still hard work. But I don't have to have an employer anymore; Hunter takes care of all of that. And he's a good guy. Not nearly enough into football as I'd

like, but I could have done way, way worse than him as the daddy of my babies. I guess I mostly just get embarrassed when I realise how used to it I am. I mean, I'm a damn trophy wife. A bit of a MILF now, by this point. And I'm only twenty five. I was twenty when I changed. Who knows how many more babies we'll have? I better get a payout from GeneCo like the others did! One thing I learned in becoming a woman is that bras are expensive!"

*You can't just keep trying contraception?*

Jessie shakes her head. "I can try, but it only delays the inevitable, it doesn't stop it. In the end, this body wants to make babies, and Hunter's body wants to put them inside of me, not that I can blame him. I mean, c'mon, look at me, right? So we can usually push a pregnancy back a year, but they're coming, they're always coming. Day of the Preggo, baby. And here I am, once a dude, now preggo. One day I might even get used to it."

*Well, the dress . . .*

"Hey, if I'm going to be a pregnant bombshell, I might as well look the part, right?"

### **Abigail Sternway, 47**

Abigail is not what this reporter expects. She has the look of a librarian, with round glasses and mousey brown hair. Her hips are wide and her figure maternal, with full breasts pushing out her sweater, but there is no sign of pregnancy.

*How were you affected on that day?*

"I was one of the lucky ones, sort of. I was one and done. I've met others affected on the day, women who can't stop getting pregnant, men who turned into pregnant women, one poor lady whose own family members were pulled up inside her womb and reborn once every nine months as her children, and so on. For me, I simply grew and grew and grew, until I had the biggest pregnant belly I'd ever seen, and then went into labor just an hour later, while the chaos was still raging.

*Was this your first pregnancy?*

"Honey, I'm forty nine years old and married. I have adult children. My oldest, Daniel, is twenty seven years old now. I mean, I was forty two years old when the Day of the Preggo happened. I considered myself past all that, and expected menopause in the next five or so years. Instead, there I was, helping a couple find some books, and my belly just began swelling up. That and my chest, if you don't mind my saying!"

She gives a giggle, as if she had just said something very naughty.

*How many were you pregnant with? How did you handle it?*

I swelled up with five children, and gave birth to them just a few hours later. Labor was a lot shorter than you might have imagined, and I was so full and out of breath I didn't even leave the building. The other library staff called for help, but the town was so busy that I never saw anyone. I knew I was pregnant though. It had been nearly twenty years since I gave birth to Laura, but I remembered what it felt like to have life kicking away in me. Truth be told, I thought I had been impregnated with aliens until the wider truth came out! Call me a bit spotty in the brain, but what other conclusion might I draw?"

*Was it tough, suddenly having five unwanted children?*

"I'll stop you right there, mister. None of my children are unwanted, no matter the circumstance of their birth. They were all very wanted; I just didn't know I wanted them until I had them all!" She laughed. "But yes, it was very tough, for a time. Five squalling babes, only two breasts to feed them. Thank goodness for that David Crest and all the milk he makes, I can tell you. But I took up the challenge, well, and my Dottie, Janice, Simon, Victor, and Barbara are all thriving well. I wouldn't have life any other way; it's not often a woman like myself gets to be a mother again. Besides my older children learned to love their younger siblings, once they came to terms with the fact that their grown mother had just given birth to give of them!"

*So, you would consider it a blessing?*

Of course. Not all blessings are easy, mind. But the best things in life often entail a bit of hard work. Besides, I think the pregnancy gave me a nicer figure. Everyone says I've been glowing ever since. And I could have it much harder. I know Yasmin Heymar is still giving birth to foxes and dogs and cats and wolves and all that. She looks a bit animalistic herself now; I noticed those fox ears and cat's tail of hers the other day, poor thing. And then there's Caroline Hemmings. Now *that's* a woman who would be hard pressed to find it all a blessing. So I count my five lucky stars personally.

### **Tony Donaldson (33, Location Unknown)**

This conversation was conducted entirely over the phone. I was unable to secure a meeting with Tony until I agreed to meet him without security present, specifically male security. Given how the Day of the Preggo changed him, I considered this an important precaution.

*Thank you for agreeing to this phone interview, Tony. Would you mind telling us where you are?*

“No go, reporter lady. I’ve got trouble with the feds, as you well know. This is a burner phone, and I’m only doing this interview for the notoriety, and because it’s fun to admit all my ‘crimes,’ as you may call them.”

*Well, you have left a long line of pregnant victims in your wake the last five years, have you not, Tony?*

“Please, they were well into me when we fucked. Most of them fucked me several times, all to get a taste of my supersperm. They just regret it now that the allure is worn off. Besides, I can’t resist what I do, it’s my calling. My body needs it like a fish needs water, I can’t fight it. I’m as much a victim as anyone, I just happen to enjoy what I do. They can do that too, once they accept it.”

*Walk me through how the Day of the Preggo changed you?*

“I didn’t become some hot big-titted blonde like that Jessie Smalls, if that’s what you’re asking. Man, I’d love to knock her up, but the gas only gave her googly eyes for Hunter Keys, that lucky bastard. Well, I’ve had better. Deborah Karding actually got away from the Day of the Preggo, would you believe it? Well, I corrected that error, I can tell you, ha!” He laughed for a while, before pausing. “What was the question again?”

*I asked you how the Day of the Preggo changed me?*

“It made me my best self. It gave me my true purpose. Before that day, I was just some random schmuck in a nowhere town, helping sell gear to hunters and tourists. But when I had that coughing fit I took in a lungful of virile chemicals that changed me. I could feel the change too, though it took me days to realise it. I’d always liked girls, and I wasn’t terrible with them or anything, but suddenly they were turning heads to me when I was in their presence, and I felt this . . . this need. It wasn’t just a desire to fuck them, but a goddamned *need*, you hear what I’m saying? I needed to have sweet, sweet, unprotected sex with them. I needed to get them pregnant, y’hear? And not long after, I blessed my first woman. Jessica Langham, that was her name.”

*She was one of the federal security quarantine agents, right? You got her pregnant?*

“With twins. She couldn’t resist me. She’d been tasked with ensuring we didn’t leave the town and went about our normal lives within it, but my pheromones made her practically tear her clothes off for me. We banged in her SUV. God, it was hot. And the moment I came inside of her I knew - *I knew* - that I’d gotten her pregnant. And so did she. Somehow, they



always do. They know they're pregnant, and it makes them horny as hell for a few days until the pheromones clear out."

*Is that how you escaped quarantine?*

"Yep. A few days later, just before *her* fog cleared. I banged her another time, and that was that. I was free and clear. Free and clear to get as many women as possible knocked up with my seed for as long as I could get away with it, which I still fucking am, thank you very much for asking."

*You don't have regrets?*

"Hell no! It's my purpose! My calling! Haven't you been listening?"

*But those women . . .*

"Eh, it's what their purpose is too. Besides, I know how my super sperm works. When the babies are born, those women literally can't part themselves from taking care of the babies I give them, no matter what. Go ask Officer Maria Hopkins. She was the lady tasked with a force to track me down and put me behind bars. I was especially horny with her - something about putting her in her place turned me on, and I could tell she loved that too, when she and I went at it. Now she's still on maternity leave, taking care of the triplets I put in her belly. Between you and me, I think I'll come back to her one day, maybe give her three more for a laugh, if I think I can get away with it."

*So that's the 'gift' the Day of the Preggo gave you? Irresistible pheromones and sperm that can always impregnate a woman?*

"Hey, every day is a Day of the Preggo with me, darling. You come meet me and I'll show ya. My record is still quintts, but I think I can give you sextuplets if I show you a good time."

*I think I'll pass.*

"You're loss, sexy. But yes, you're right, if we're talking business. The chemicals from that spill made my sperm hella powerful. They can punch through any birth control pills. Hell, I don't even need to go the traditional route to get a lady all big with my babies. One woman thought she could get out of it by giving me a blowjob. Hell, I'm always up for that, and she might have tricked me too . . . only she got pregnant from just that, too! There's something so hot about having a woman suck you off and knowing it's gonna make her belly big with your children. I even came on a woman's thigh one, when I was in a dry spell and taking public transportation. She rubbed me off, finding me irresistible, until I splattered all over her leg and *boom!* Pregnant! But I prefer to do it the old-fashioned way, most of the time."

*And you've done this often.*

"Hundreds of times, thousands, even. I know, I know, I'm a total monster, but not all women are just a result of the pheromones. Some are super into it, and track me down. This one chick, Erin? She somehow always finds me. I'd be fucked if she were police, but instead she just wants me to get her pregnant all over again. She raises all her kids, the pheromones makes them, but having the Pregnancy Bandit knock her up again and again gets her going. Others want to have a baby, and I help them along in my own way. And others are just women I think look pretty. Hell, I even scored a recognisable actress once, though I won't name her. I've got some respect. Mostly, though, they're just women I happen to be near to when the need arises. I love it. Fucking hell I love it. I've got thousands of kids now. I've got more kids than any daddy in history, and I'm gonna keep making more. The best ones are from the ladies who chase me, of course, or look down on me. That politician, the cute one who says I have to be brought down? Yeah, let's just say we might hear her make an 'announcement' soon. She'll deny it, of course, but the baby's mine. And once I've had one with a woman, more can always happen."

*Thank you for this interview, I suppose. Anything left to say?*

"Well, you gave me my platform. I promise never to come after you, unless you want me to. If you do, just drop a line in an interview, and I'll find a way to make the magic happen. I've seen your picture. You'd make a fine pregnant lady."

**Caroline Hemmings, 23, and Harold Dawkin, 37**

This is a short interview, and understandably so. Harold translates Caroline's 'words' for me, as much as she can muster, and walks me through the process. The warehouse is enormous, converted from the very sight GeneCo used to sit on, here above the town valley. Dominating the enormous space is the largest human being in existence: Caroline Hemmings. Her womb is gargantuan, so big it has to be seen to be believed. It is easily two stories tall and just as wide, squashed down only slightly from gravity. There are no feet or hands that I can see, nor even a head. This woman is, to all intents and purposes, a living womb, churning with hundreds upon hundreds developing babies within. Her taut, pale skin ripples with movement. Harold stands beside her, a man with a dark goatee and grey-streaked hair. He is not wearing a gas mask - he is immune to the effects of the long-lingering gas, but I am wearing one to protect myself.

*This is her, then? Caroline Hemmings.*

“This is her alright. The woman who was at the epicentre of the explosion. Well, the nearest to it. She was lucky not to be killed, though not so lucky to survive it as she was.”

*Is she sentient? She appears to just be a giant ball of flesh, if you'll excuse me saying. I mean, there are no limbs I can see anywhere, no head. What is she?*

“Oh, she's sentient alright. We have long conversations. You just have to learn her language, so to speak. They say I'm immune to the hormones, but I don't think that's so; Caroline and I have an understanding, and I know she can hear me. I'm not being superstitious or anything, just watch. Caroline, this woman is here to interview you. Do you understand? Give me one rumble for no, two for yes?”

True enough, the enormous womb rumbles, twice.

“And just to make it clear, what's three plus one?”

Her belly rumbles again, this time four times.

*Wow.*

“Yep. She's in there alright, and the scans show it too. In fact, it's probably best to think of Caroline as a to-be-born baby herself. She's inside her own womb, floating about and waiting to emerge.”

*When?*

“When else? When all the babies arrive. Of course, they're arriving everyday - oop! Here comes one now! Get closer and I'll show you.”

Harold brings me forward to see what can only be Caroline's womanhood. It is fairly regular sized, but it distends now. There is a heavy set of rumbles from Caroline's round form, and I swear I can hear a woman's moans from within, loud and clear, a mix of discomfort and surprising pleasure. Then, pushing out slowly but surely, comes a newborn child. A little boy. Harold shows me, then hands the matter over to his team, who are all in gas masks.

“That's baby number . . . jeez, four thousand, eight hundred, I think? She usually drops at least two or three a day. It's not from her, either. She's not like that lady who gives birth to clones. These babies are from the spermatozoa tanks that erupted as well, that her body inhaled, so to speak.”

*And she'll be giving birth like this forever?*

He turned to Caroline and pats her belly. “Good job, Caroline! Another perfect birth! I'm proud of ya. What do you think, will you be like this forever?”

There is a complicated series of ripples, rumbles, and squirming from the womb. It is far too complicated but rhythmic to be anything but a new language invented between her and Harold. He laughs.

“She says, hell no! I’m getting my cute bod back! Women, am I right? No offence to yours truly, of course. Oh, she’s saying something else. Ah, she tells me to tell you that she’s gotten smaller. She used to be way fatter - her words, not mine.”

*Is this the case?*

“Oh yes, indeed. She was pressing up against the edges of the warehouse prior to all this. Now, she’s lost maybe a third of that. I’d say in ten years she’ll have her figure back. You know, she was just eighteen when this all went down. Quite a thing, to become a mother to thousands. But one day her job will be done, and I’ve no doubt we’ll see Caroline again, properly.”

*You’re quite loyal, sticking around?*

“Well, it could have been me who was affected that day. No, not changed, I mean *killed*. Caroline was a fresh recruit, a young thin thing with a freckled face and brunette bangs. She was there just for menial tasks and to help with inventory. And yet she pushed me to safety and took the brunt of the chemicals herself. No one has been more affected than her, and besides, like I said, we’ve got a connection. I keep her company, I make her laugh, I watch films and let her hear them, and so on. And I help deliver all her babies and get them to good homes courtesy of the federal government.”

*It sounds like she has a guardian angel.*

“I wouldn’t go that far. Ha! Oh, she says I am. That’s very sweet, Caroline honey. You just focus on that next contraction. Yes, I know you got another one coming, don’t be embarrassed, it’s an audio interview. No, I don’t - wait.”

He paused, straining to hear the rumbles from Caroline’s enormous womb.

“Um, she says something is wrong.”

*What is it? Is she in pain?*

“No, she’s normal as ever, as much as you can call her normal. No, she says the problem is you. She can sense the hormones that hover in the air here. We can’t disperse them. She - oh God, she says you’re breathing them in?”

*What?*

“Your mask, lady! I think there’s a broken seal on your mask! We gotta get you out of there!”

\*\*\*

*This was the last interview I conducted in Rockwall, despite wanting to conduct many more. However, it seems I myself have become part of the story of the Day of the Preggo, my dear readers. There was indeed a broken seal in my mask, and by the time we got clear of the converted GeneCo facility, it was already too late, and my changes have begun. As I write this, the changes are still ongoing, but already my breasts have grown significantly in size, and a second pair have grown below them, just as large. I suspect a third may be starting to grow. I am also quite pregnant, and judging from the scans I am likely already at the equivalent of five gestational months, and with sextuplets no less, just as Tony Donaldson teased me with. I do not know if my body will be compelled to continually be impregnated, or if this will be a one and done scenario. I do not know if I will experience other bodily changes other than my additional breasts, or if this will be it. Regardless, I am already very changed and grappling with said changes, and this will be my last set of interviews for quite a while. Perhaps the next article covering the Day of the Preggo will involve an interview with me instead, if I can find time to spare from my coming litter of children. One thing is for sure: this phenomenon is very real, and this reporter is more invested in the story than ever.*

- Harriet Sanders

**The End**