

Soaked With Fertility – By: EggSaladSamurai

Readers must be of legal age to access in their jurisdiction.

Inspired by [u/biotrain](#) 's prompt on r/DirtyWritingPrompts:

The young wizard had been hired to help a villages failing crops, but he misspoke the spells ancient language and said "May the woman of the valley grow more fertile with each day" instead of "May the Land of the valley grow more fertile with each day"

Contains: Expansion (Breast, Ass), Rapid Preg, Lactation, FF, MF,

Soaked with Fertility:

Dripping, Wet. Everything I had to wear was slick from the copious volume of fluid keeping my pussy absolutely soaked and ready. Not that it really mattered, no matter how well I altered them by tomorrow, none of my current clothes would fit me anyway.

It started almost a week ago.

Blessing the fields for a bountiful harvest, the priest stood before us all and introduced some dude in a funky hat who seemed a little dyslexic. Like seriously, this guy was supposed to be an advanced Mage and all, but he still carried around his textbook for "reference".

Even I knew the guy was clearly half-assing it. I mean, it was only 3 words, he could've rehearsed a little.

Somehow as he tripped over the words in the tome, the Blessing was transferred from our poorly performing fields, to our women. ALL of our women.

The following morning after the priest and the magic fool had left, the village woke to incredible changes. The older women had shed decades of physical age, and regained a youthful complexion and sex drive. The younger women woke to fully developed bodies and fully developed urges. Many people tried to go about their daily routines, but many more gave in to the mystical awakening and the pleasure.

I once had a modest body, but that morning had brought me wonderfully full breasts, spilling over my corsets! My hips and ass had a few inches more padding too! I still went about my day as a seamstress, I had to make several adjustments to accommodate the changes in physique that ALL of my customers had undergone. Some of them were very sensitive, and still acclimating to the new and wonderful sensations their bodies would elicit under my touch.

Mary, my last client of the day had added several inches to her bust line, and as I was pulling my tape taught across her soft chest, she leaned in and kissed me! Deeply, passionately. I had dropped the tape when I was caught off guard, and my hands were still hanging loosely in

front of her chest, she reached out and cupped the backs of them, sinking them deep into her spectacular breasts. I continued to bounce and roll her chest while she undid the lace on my top and began to caress my own new additions. After becoming very familiar with each others' measurements, and a few deep orgasms, I closed the shop for the day and headed home.

On day 2, we awoke to another drastic increase in hips, breasts, and libido. Most people stayed in that day, but I had to at least finish the gown I had started for Mary yesterday, so I went back to my shop. Shortly after noon, Mary returned and proceeded directly into my workspace, scattering my materials, and pushing me back against the satin fabric roll in the corner of the room. We wasted no time, as her lace fell from her shoulders I reveled in her softer fuller curves, and her gentle matronly smile as she rutted her body deep against my sex. "I take it you haven't noticed yet." She said. As I looked at her questioningly, she pushed her lips deep against my breast and ran her tongue around my throbbing nipple, when she sucked it in I felt a deep pressure release from within. Seconds later I felt the moisture rolling from the other breast down into the fabric between us, leaking gently until she switched sides. I returned the favor, and we chased each other to a peak again before laying next to each other and talking about how crazy the sudden changes had been. Somehow, we both decided, something was still missing.

As the sun peaked through the windows of the shop on Day 3, Mary pushed herself deeper into my side trying to fall back asleep. The floor hadn't made for a very good bed, but by the time we were done discussing our bodies, we fell together on-top of the discarded fabrics and slept in each other's arms. Rubbing the sleep from my eyes I took into account the days new changes. My breasts were painfully full of milk, and I had gained a few more soft inches in all of Mary's favorite places. After releasing some of our milk for what Mary jokingly called "breakfast." We finished putting her dress together with a little extra room for the few magical inches the next morning would somehow bring. I invited her over for dinner later and we went about our days. This is the first time I'd had a good look at the past three days change on our little village, and I found myself astonished at the beauty of the other women around me, all full bodied, busty, wide hipped gorgeous girls. More than a few had given up on modesty and had either wet spots on their shirts from the milky gifts, or had foregone a top altogether, as they had outgrown their clothes.

Mary and I had a wonderful conversation over dinner which again revolved around the changes of the day. She mentioned her mother was looking like a teenager again, and her little sister was now bustier than she was! Dinner quickly devolved back into sloppy, eager, desperate sex, before we found each other's heaving soft forms gasping for breath and wondering what was missing. We both felt it. Stronger than yesterday. We drifted off in each other's arms one final time.

Day 4 brought a huge increase to my hips, I was awoken to Mary, squeezing and jiggling my now colossal ass and kissing the inside of my thighs. We drained our chests again and got talking about each other's past instead of our bodies for a change. I learned that she was a huge chess nerd, and liked to watch the boys leave for the hunt.

When she said "boys" something triggered deep inside of me. The "missing" feeling from the past few days flared and burned deeper. I confessed to being a virgin before she had kissed me in my shop, and asked about her past relationships. She sheepishly admitted she had liked me for sometime, but was still unsure what came over her that afternoon. She still had a boyfriend, Eric.

Again, something flared inside of me at the thought. When I looked up at her, she was panting too. "I think I know what that 'missing' feeling is" she said. All I could do was nod. We were both so fucking horny thinking about it. Then she said it. "Cock." A white heat seared deep inside of both of us. "No, still not quite." She said. "Cum." FUCK. That was it. We needed it. "Can we go to him?" I asked. We were out the door running and bouncing all the way to his doorstep.

The next eight hours were a blur. Fucking, sucking, moaning, cumming, recovering, repeating. Finally nearing the end of our day long pleasure bender, Eric joined in our conversation about the changes his girlfriend and I had been going through. We explained our sudden urges, and love for each other, as well as our deep need to make him cum. Eric was holding Mary close to him as he put the dots together, and when he went over the Mage's words, considered the lack of improvement on the farms, found the mistake and made sense of it all.

But it wasn't his solving the riddle that gave us satisfaction, it was when he wondered aloud why the craving was for "Cum" and not "Motherhood", that Mary and I looked at each other with instant understanding. And it wasn't until I was pinned on my back with his hot semen dripping out of me, while I watched my lover take another load, that I truly felt satiated.

So when I woke up on Day 5, In the bed of the man who impregnated me, with my lover softly sleeping on the other side of his body, I was happy. Horny, full, swollen, gravid, dripping with fluids, but happy. After returning to my shop, and starting to make alterations to the clothes I made for the town's ever swelling female bodies, I resigned my self to the wonderfully aroused, constantly dripping-wet state my body was in. And as another trickle of lubrication rolled down the inside of my thigh, I thought of the best way I could describe what had become of me and the horny mothers to be in my village. And I decided the best words to seductively whisper, to anyone willing to share in my incredible bountiful body, were: "Dripping, Wet."