The Fertility Idol

You're sitting at your cluttered desk in your small office. Papers and binders are strewn across the surface, blocking any space for your computer keyboard. A dull fluorescent light flickers above– emitting a constant hum that echoes in the room. Rajesh, your East Indian coworker, stands in front of you, wearing a colorful kurta and a beaming smile. He pulls out a small, intricately-carved wooden idol of Shashthi, the Hindu goddess of fertility. "Here, my friend," Rajesh says in his thick accent, "for good luck and blessings in your home. “May Shashthi bring you and your new wife many beautiful children." You're touched by his generous gesture, but your mind is consumed with guilt. Your wife despises children and had her tubes tied years ago, before you even started dating, leaving no possibility for pregnancy. You've always wanted to be a father and feel a sudden pang of longing at the thought of children. You don't want to betray your wife's trust by considering an affair or some other drastic action. You're torn between your desire to have children and your loyalty to your wife, even after all the years you’ve been together before your recent marriage.

You put on a warm smile and thank Rajesh for the gift as you tuck the idol away in your desk drawer. As the hours pass, your mind is preoccupied with your work and the never-ending pile of paperwork on your desk. The idol slips from your mind as you dart your attention from email to email, deadline to deadline, phone call to phone call. Finally, the day drags to a close, and you quickly pack up your bag and head out of your office building. The sun is setting, casting a golden light across the cityscape, and a warm breeze is blowing. The air is alive with the sounds of traffic, people chatting, and music from street performers. You start walking to the bus stop, eager to get home and enjoy a quiet evening with your wife. The thought of Rajesh's gift briefly pulls you out of your daze, but you dismiss it as an insignificant trinket. As you sit on the bus, the city lights flicker past the windows, and you gaze forward, lost in thought. The bus ride is quiet, and you have time to reflect on your day and work. The image of the fertility idol flashes in your mind briefly but fades away as you arrive at home.

As you unlock the door and walk into the foyer, you hear footsteps coming from the kitchen and your beautiful wife, Madison, emerges. She has her purple hair tied up in a messy bun, and her vibrant green eyes light up as she sees you. You grin at her and put your work knapsack on the floor. Even after years of being together, you still find yourself ogling her curvy athletic figure. She's an hourglass shape, with full perky B-cup breasts that are accentuated by a padded bra. Her figure curves in all the right places, although her ass is somewhat flat, as she points out. You always can’t resist giving it a squeeze, despite the dirty looks you get. Today, she wears black sweatpants that cling to her legs in a way that makes you stir with anticipation. A long zip-up hoodie covers her upper body, although you can see the subtle outline of her curves beneath the fabric.

"How was your day? “She asks. You smile at her and reply, "It was good, a bit stressful but manageable. How about yours?" Madison rolls her eyes, "Ugh, don't even get me started. I have so much work on my plate, and my boss is breathing down my neck. I just don't know how to handle it anymore." You listen attentively before asking, "Well, how about you take a break from it all tonight? What do you feel like having for dinner?" She smiles, "That would be lovely. How about something simple tonight? Like grilled chicken salad with a side of roasted veggies?" You nod, "Sounds perfect. I'll start prepping right away, and you can take a break." Madison gives you a grateful smile and goes into the living room to watch TV while you head into the kitchen. As you start to prep the vegetables, you can hear the faint murmur of the TV in the background. You start to feel the tension from work melting away as you enjoy the comforting aromas of cooking in the air. You take the chicken out of the fridge and start cooking it on the grill, relishing the sizzling sound and smoky scent.

Remembering that you forgot to remove the Tupperware from lunch in your work knapsack. You poke your head out of the kitchen. "Hey, honey," you call out to Madison sprawled out on the couch, "Could you grab my dirty Tupperware container from my bag while you're in there?" "Sure thing!" she responds with an easy smile, and disappears into the front foyer. Moments later, Madison appears in the kitchen holding the Tupperware container you requested. But you notice that something else is in hand: Shashthi, the wooden idol your colleague Rajesh had given you earlier in the day. Seeing the bemused expression on your wife's face, you take a deep breath in an attempt to explain. "That's an idol of Shashthi, the Hindu goddess of fertility," you say, your fingers wrapping tightly around the edge of the counter with nervous anxiety. Madison is still visibly perplexed and intrigued. "Why do you have a fertility idol at work?" Now it's your turn to be bemused. "Rajesh, my colleague gave it to me. He thought I could use some good luck." Madison raises an eyebrow, "How thoughtful of him. So, are you planning on having children now?" You let out a deep sigh, thinking about the conversations and arguments you and Madison have had about starting a family. "No, not really. I just didn't know where else to put it. It's just sitting in my drawer. In fact, I thought I left it there.” Madison nods, and places the Tupperware container in the sink.

An awkward silence seems to stretch on forever between you both, before Madison breaks the ice with the retort “Look at all those kids. I wouldn’t be smiling.” As her fingers move over the small idol, her eyes taking in the visage, with all the children attached. Before continuing “One would be too much.” Blinking, breaking her eyes away from the idol her eyes meet my face, and she sees the hurt etched in your features. Realizing her mistake, she wraps around you in a warm embrace, apologizing for her insensitivity. "It's okay," you murmur, holding her close. "I know you didn't mean it like that." Madison pulls away from you slightly, still holding the Shashthi idol in her hand.

 "Hey," you say softly, reaching out to tuck a lock of her purple hair behind her ear. "I love you; you know that?" Madison turns to look at you, her green eyes sparkling. "I love you too," she says, her voice barely above a whisper.  Madison walks over to you and plants a kiss on your lips, lingering a little longer than usual. You can tell she's feeling appreciative and grateful for your relationship. You return her affection, tasting her lip balm and feeling butterflies in your stomach. "Let's eat," you suggest with a soft smile, pulling away from the kiss. Madison nods, and the two of you take a seat at the table. As she takes a seat across from you, Madison places the fertility idol at the center of the table, making sure it's not in the way of the plates and cutlery. As you eat, the conversation flows effortlessly between you two. You share stories about your respective work days, reliving funny moments and venting about frustrating ones. The aromas of the dinner fill the air, and the food is a perfect balance of spicy and savory. You both feel comfortable and at ease with each other's company, knowing each other at it's best and worst. Small smiles and glances are exchanged between you two as you eat, and you can't help but feel grateful for everything in your life.

As the two of you cleaned up after dinner, Madison continued to hold onto the fertility idol, taking it with her wherever she went. You couldn't help but feel curious about why she was attached to it. "I noticed you're still hanging on to that idol," you comment as you rinse another plate in the sink. "Are you going to keep it?" Madison chagrined, looks down at the idol in her hand, studying it with a small grin. "I think so," she replies. "It's cute, and it's sort of growing on me in its own way." You can't help but chuckle at her response. Despite the idol's meaning not aligning with her personal preferences, seeing the way it makes her happy makes it worth keeping. "Hey, if it's making you happy, then I think it's the perfect keepsake for you." you grin at her. Madison warmly smiles back, and takes a seat beside you on the couch as you both settle in for the evening. She places the fertility idol on the coffee table and you both turn on the TV. As you snuggle together under a blanket, watching TV, you notice that Madison keeps casting glances at the fertility idol on the table. You can tell that even though it doesn't hold a significant meaning, she's taken a liking to it. The conversation flows smoothly between you two, sometimes interrupted by TV dialogues or pause buttons. The night falls silently, and the TV screen provides the only light as your eyes follow the changing scenes.

As you both watched the second episode of The Great British Bake Off, Madison suddenly started to feel warm and restless. Her stomach was lurching, and she knew it was time to call it a night. “Sorry babe, I’m bushed, I think I’m going to call it an early night.” You nod and kiss her gently, feeling a warmth basking from her skin. You hope she’s not coming down with anything as without another word she starts to head upstairs, leaving you alone on the couch, and can’t help but glance over at the fertility idol. Did it wink at you just then? You shake your head, reminding yourself that it's just a statue with no actual power. An old superstition of an even older ancient Indian goddess.

Your reverie is interrupted as Madison abruptly comes back down the stairs and grabs the idol off the coffee table, pressing it against her chest. Her face looks flushed, and you again feel the heat resonate from her as she kisses your forehead. “I’m ok, really, I am, just some stomach cramps and I feel hot.” You don’t look convinced but Madison flashes her patented wide smile, and holds out the idol to you. “Besides, I have her for luck. Don’t be up too late for bed.” And again, without another word she turns on her heels and goes upstairs. You soon here the bedroom door closing with a soft thud. You try to focus on the TV, but your thoughts keep drifting back to Madison and the fertility idol. You can't shake off the feeling of unease that's been gnawing at the back of your mind since you saw the statue blink earlier. You wonder if there's something more to it than just a mere coincidence. Does the idol have some sort of inexplicable power? Could it be affecting Madison’s well-being or state of mind? These questions swirl around in your head, leaving you feeling increasingly uneasy. You try to push them aside and give Madison the space she needs, but the sense of worry and curiosity won't let you rest. And the TV screen blurs in front of your eyes as you stare blankly at it, lost in your thoughts.

After leaving you in the living room downstairs, Madison goes to your bedroom, feeling the beads of sweat pouring down her hot skin. As she enters the room, she opens a window to let in some fresh air and tries to cool herself down. But it has little effect. Desperate, she soon begins to strip down naked except for her panties as she sets the idol down on the nightstand and slips on one of your baggy t-shirts. With a flick of her wrist, she throws herself onto the bed and kicks off the covers. She closes her eyes; and soon begins to feel a strange pleasurable throbbing run through her body. It's as though an invisible force is coursing through her veins, and she can't help but squirm from the sensations. Unbeknownst to her, the fertility idol's eyes have started to glow, but she doesn't see it. All she's focused on is the sensation building inside her. She lets out soft moans as the pleasure intensifies, and she squirms in ecstasy.

She tries to catch her breath, the magics of the idol plunging deep within her core, causing a change deep inside her. Her womb and ovaries under go a metamorphosis, preparing for the possibility of new life to come. The statue's power untied her tubes, allowing them to do their job of capturing the egg that slides into place, ready to be fertilized. As the hormonal flood hits her, Madison’s body’s sensitivity increased, and every touch, every caress became amplified to the point of ecstasy. She slides her hand down her stomach, feeling the warmth and wetness between her legs through her soaked panties, slick with arousal. Her skin hummed with desire, and the swell of her breasts along with the darkening of her nipples revealed how much these magical alterations increased her fertility. Madison groans as she grasped her breasts, feeling the weight of them as they filled with milk. The milk soon overflowing as she moved, dampening her oversized t-shirt. Her touch alone made her nipples thicken and darken even more, erect and begging to be suckled

Her changing body shuddered again and again with pleasure as the fertility idol's effects intensified within her. Madison’s breasts continued to fill with milk, her oversized t-shirt becoming translucent from the wet fluid that now coated her body. The veins on her breasts were dancing and pulsating in time with the statue, showcasing the growth and production of milk within her. She panted, her body writhing uncontrollably as she fondled and squeezed her full breasts, milk dribbling down her fingers and pooling onto the sheets. Every touch sent shivers of pleasure coursing through her body, waves of pure eroticism that threatened to overwhelm her. Her skin was so sensitive that each brush and caress felt like an electric shock, fueling her desire to be touched, to be bred.

Madison's mind was devoured by the indescribable pleasure pulsating through her body, making her whisper incoherently while her body shook with desire. Her hands feverishly worked at her breasts, tearing the fabric of the jersey away with supernatural strength, coaxing out more milk as she moaned. Though she knew that the transformation within her was not natural, her conscious thoughts could not compete with the intensity of the sensations felt within her. With each wave of pleasure, waves of birthing and nurturing fantasies poured through her consciousness. Her consciousness was dominated by the images of her husband, his throbbing appendage, and how it would feel deep inside her, filling her up with his seed. She was eager to breed, wanted nothing more than to be impregnated and feel the warmth of new life growing inside of her. Madison’s eyes fluttered open, looking at the pulsing lights of the fertility idol in front of her, and smiled. As the fantasy unfolded, she cried out, calling her husband's name as she rutted against the mattress. The sensations within her were too much to bear, and her orgasm ripped through her, engulfing her in a tidal wave of ecstasy.

With the orgasm still rippling through her, Madison's body craved more. Her eyes darting around frantically, searching for the glowing idol she had forgotten momentarily. The momentary lapse in her pleasure-filled haze made her aware of how desperately her body wanted to feel more, to be filled completely, to achieve the ultimate pleasure. Her hands move with lightning-fast speed, tearing at the remnants of her jersey, pulling the torn fabric over her head, all the while murmuring the words, "Please, please, please." She eyed the idol and ripped away her panties, almost savagely, and inserted the idol inside her, without hesitation, pushing it as deep as she could. It slid easily pass her soaked pussy lips as Madison gasped, her head thrown back, as the idol settled deeply within her. Her lips parting, as she lets out a sound that was half-moan, half-whimper, and called out for her husband in a desperate tone, begging him to fill her. Laying there on the bed, she could feel the warmth of the idol as it pulsed within her walls, relishing the pleasure as the vessel fills her completely. The sensations were indescribable, making her arch her back and grind her hips against the idol's length, losing herself again to the pleasure.

Her hands moved feverishly as she worked the idol inside her, her hips grinding, and her back arched. The idol was a small, intricately carved figurine, depicting a fertility goddess with exaggerated breasts and hips, carved children clung to its voluptuous form. It glowed with an otherworldly energy, and Madison could feel the power coursing through her body as she felt every delectable carved edge or corner as she used the idol to bring herself to new heights of pleasure. Again and again, she pulled the idol out slowly, then pushed it back in again, savoring the sensation of it filling her completely. The idol was slick with her juices, and she could feel the heat and weight of it inside her, making her feel full and alive. Madison's skin was flushed, and her breath came in short gasps as she continued to work the idol inside her. Her eyes were closed, and she was lost in her own world of pleasure, her body responding to every touch and every movement. She soon reached another peak of her pleasure, and once more, her body convulsed in a series of intense spasms, her muscles contracting around the idol. She cried out in pure joy, the sound echoing through the room as she came hard, her body drenched in sweat.

And as Madison’s cries echoed through the house she was still not sated. Something was missing, the idol filled her, but did not fulfill then need to be bred. She needed her husband, his cock, his cum. Drawn by the sounds of sex and cries you ascend the stairs to your room and as you open the door and cross the threshold, you freeze, your eyes lock onto the sight of Madison, fully naked and stunningly beautiful. Her curvaceous figure is on full display, and you can see every inch of her body. Her breasts have grown to an enormous size, easily larger than your head. They are engorged with milk, the nipples swollen and erect, and blue veins visibly pulsing underneath the skin. Madison's body is shaking with need, her legs spread wide apart, and the juices from her arousal are visible on the bed. She is clutching the fertility idol and moaning with lust, as she thrusts it frantically between her swollen pussy lips. Her eyes are closed, lost in the throes of ecstasy. You feel a sudden rush of desire as you look at your wife’s body, despite the shock of seeing her like this. The sight of her swollen breasts and swollen pussy sends a thrill through you, despite the unreality of the scene. You walk slowly towards the bed, your eyes never leaving her body. You can see the damp glisten of her arousal on her thighs, and somehow, instinctively you know that she needs to be sated by you.

As you step closer to Madison, her movements become more desperate, and she begins to pump the fertility idol inside her pussy with a frenzied wild abandon. She moans out loud as the powerful sensations of the idol continues to course through her body. Her mind is awash in images of you, of you taking her, impregnating her, her belly full with your child, its birth, the nursing and sensations of it on her swollen nipples, nipples which she tugs through the haze of pleasure, streams of milk splattering over and around her. When you reach the foot of the bed, she senses you, as she locks eyes with you, her gaze full of raw desire. You can see the puckered lips of her swollen, aroused pussy as she pumps the idol inside of her. She's lost in a frenzy, possessed by the need to conceive and bear your children. Her nipples are still swollen, oozing droplets of milk with every motion, and her body is coated in a sheen of sweat. But it's her eyes that draw you in the most. They're filled with a deep hunger, urging you to join with her in this moment.

Madison pulls the fertility idol out from deep within her, its coated in her juices, and tosses it aside, like a discarded toy. The idol continues to glows with a pulsating aura, filling the room with energy that seems to envelop both of you. It's as if the idol has taken on a life of its own, compelling you to act on your most primal and erotic impulses. You can feel the energy coursing through your body, driving you to heights of pleasure you never thought possible. Your clothes vanish in thin air, the power of the idol surging through your veins, reshaping you, as your balls swell large and heavy with new seed, your dick feels longer, thicker and harder than you've ever felt before. Thick veins pulse under the skin, a testament to the growing power and strength of your changing manhood. The air around you shimmer and crackles with the power of the idol, and you can hear the hum of the magical energy in your ears. Madison is still writhing and moaning, her body in overdrive as the effects of the fertility idol continue to pulse through her. She's begging for more, her legs spread, her swollen mound and soaked pussy presented to you, and you're more than happy to oblige her in her demands.

You crawl onto the bed and wrap your arms around her, pulling her towards you, and she moans at the contact as your thick cock presses up between her legs, her thighs twitching in anticipation. Without hesitation, you thrust into her, the head of your cock pushing through the slick folds of her pussy with ease. You can feel every inch of her body, every curve and crevice, as you take her with abandon. The power and energy of the idol fueling your movements, and you know that you're breeding her deep, her inner walls clamping and drawing you deeper still. Madison's breasts jiggle with every thrust, drawing your attention once more. You trace your fingers over the swollen mounds, feeling the weight and fullness of them in your hands. Your mouth latching onto each thick nipple in turn as you suckle down her warm milk. She gasps in pleasure, and you feel her pussy clench tighter and spasm around your dick, signaling her impending orgasm

You try to hold back but you can’t buck against the storm. Your climax goes off like a thunderclap, your body tensing as you feel yourself explode. You feel your seed begin to pour out of you in a torrent of cum, filling her to the brim. The moment seems to last forever, but as your orgasm subsides, you watch as Madison succumbs to her own pleasure, her body writhing with ecstasy. You can feel her pussy clamping down on your cock as she comes, milking you for everything you have. You can feel her juices running down your balls and thighs, coating your skin in her arousal. The scent of sex fills the room, driving you both to new heights of lust and desire as you keep thrusting into her, taking advantage of every opportunity to give her the fulfillment she craves. As you rut like animals in heat, you can somehow feel the impregnation taking place inside her. The potent magic of the fertility idol, combined with your seemingly endless supply of seed, create a perfect environment for the creation of life. You feel Madison’s hand slide down between her legs, cupping her pussy as she encourages you to fill her even more. "Yes, breed me," she moans, her voice dripping with desire. "Give me your seed, make me a mother." You're eager to oblige, your cock hardening again, pounding into her with renewed vigor as you feel your seed overflowing her womb and dribbling out of her pussy. The sensation is intense, driving you both towards an even more intense climax. Finally, you both reach the pinnacle together, as orgasm after orgasm wracks your magically infused bodies again and again, as you fill her with everything you have.

Finally spent you collapse onto the bed, your bodies intertwined, as you can feel the magic of the fertility idol slowly fading away. The statue going dark, in its discarded position on the bed. You roll over to see your lovely wife, to make sure she is ok with the last of your energy. You take in her beauty, the glow of her skin and the beautiful smile of contentment on her face, you are more tired than you ever felt, your vison fading to black at the edges as you try to stay awake just as the world starts to go to black at the edges of your vision, but just the darkness takes you completely you witness one last magical moment as your wife’s body goes into one final metamorphosis. Madison suddenly starts to moan in pleasure squirming against you, as her hands roam over her stomach. A stomach that is swelling outwards rapidly, doubling and then tripling in size as she becomes heavily pregnant in seconds. Her skin stretches tightly over the expanding mass, making her look like she's about to burst at any moment. She places your hand on her stomach, and you feel the movement and kicks of not one but two distinct babies. Their bodies are warm and alive beneath your fingertips, the sensation overwhelming you with a mix of excitement and trepidation. It's truly an amazing feeling, knowing that you and Madison have created not just one but two new lives together. Madison whispers, "Twins," her voice trembling with emotion as she clings to you tightly. And then, with a sigh, her body goes limp, and she passes out from exhaustion. Even as the haze of pleasure fades, the last thing you see is her full-term pregnant belly looming prominently in front of you, swollen almost impossibly with life. You can feel the weight and pressure of the two babies shifting and kicking inside her, their movements urgent and frenzied. And as you lay there, utterly spent and thoroughly sated, you hear a disembodied voice whispering, "It's a gift" into your ear. And then, finally, everything fades to black, as you follow your wife into unconsciousness, fully immersed in the transformative power of the fertility idol. It's an indescribable feeling, the knowledge that you've created new life together with the woman you love. And as you both lay there, lost in the depths of sleep, you know that your lives will never be the same again. The fertility idol has gifted you with something truly miraculous, and you can't wait to see what the future holds as you begin your journey as a family of four.

The End.