

THE MACHINE

By TROGDOR297

Dr. Amy Vickers walked anxiously down the hallway leading a crowd of eager investors. The half a dozen business executives had been hand-picked by her for their ability to be open minded. She would definitely require that from them today.

Her 4" heels clicked loudly on the vinyl floor as her quick pace kept her ahead of them. She was tall and in her mid-thirties. Her face was tight and pointed, her lips constantly pursed. She always looked like she was heavily focused on a conundrum that she couldn't quite solve. A pair of thin rectangular glasses framed her hazel eyes. Her blond hair was pulled back tight against her skull to where it was done up into a tense little bun on the crown of her head. Everything about her was immaculate, exactly where it should be. Even her white lab coat, worn over a simple skirt and silk blouse, was blinding in its brightness. She needed everything to go perfectly today.

The world was in crisis. Fertility rates had dropped off a cliff in the past decade and the survival of the human race was in question. Scientists from all across the world had committed themselves to solving the issue, but none had come up with something truly groundbreaking...until now.

Amy Vickers had always been brilliant, majoring in both electrical engineering and biology, and had approached the problem with a different perspective. All the other teams had been focused on developing solutions that improved natural pregnancy. Amy understood that to solve this problem that wouldn't be enough. It'd taken her two years of research and development but she'd finally cracked it. Today she would test her creation for the first time, before these investors, and cement her place in history.

"Ladies and Gentlemen" She said without turning. "Can you tell me what is the main problem with human gestation?"

The group who followed her offered a few answers, ranging from complications, to miscarriages. Amy shook her head. "All fair points, but no. The main problem that impacts us today...is that it takes too long"

The investors exchanged confused looks as she continued. "Natural conception is not a sure thing, and requires months of effort. And even then, when successful it's an additional 9 months to birth and then a few more months after that until conception is viable once again. If we wish to reverse this dangerous trend in our society, we need to increase not just the number of successful pregnancies but the rate as well."

Pushing open a set of heavy double doors she led them into a large lab room. The walls were lined with computer monitors and keyboards, with numerous lab tech's manning them. The main feature was a large cube in the middle of the room, easily twenty feet by twenty feet. The side facing them was missing, revealing the contents of the interior. A vast multitude of appendages and tubes attached to syringes and nozzles lined the walls of the unit. In the very center near the top was a small seat, suspended by metal bars protruding from the back wall of the cube. Directly above the seat was a small hole set into the top of the cube.

Walking forward until she stood before the device, Dr. Vickers twirled about to face the group following her. "Today we unlock the shackles of biology. Today we change the future!"

The investors still looked unsure. One raised a hand "Dr. Vickers...what...what is it?" He said nodding towards the vast machine behind her.

"So glad you asked." She said clasping her hands before her with a sharp smile. "This is a pregnancy accelerator. This device will take a young woman, fertilize one of her eggs, and then gestate it within a matter of minutes."

"How?!" The investor asked, face shocked.

She waved him off with a single hand "In laymen's terms the machine injects a hormonal cocktail that speeds up cell growth within the body, allowing the foetus to develop to full term within a fraction of the time"

"My god" The man replied. "Isn't that painful? Wouldn't their bodies suffer serious trauma from such a dramatic event?"

Dr. Vickers shook her head with a smile. "Of course not. The cell growth hormone applies to all of the female's cells, so her body grows along with the foetus. In regards to pain, my patented neural blocker ring" She pointed to the small opening in the top of the cube "Will prevent the patient from feeling any sort of sensation occurring within the machine."

Dr. Vickers then removed her lab coat, handing it to a waiting technician. "In fact, to prove to you how safe it is for patients to use, I'll be giving you a demonstration...with myself as the recipient"

The investors gasped. "Dr. Vickers, surely that's not necessary" Several of them blushed and looked away as she began to remove her clothing before them. Soon she stood naked, only wearing her heels.

She looked at them and then back at the machine. "I'm asking you all to put your faith into me and my creation. How could I ask that if I didn't have faith in it myself." She turned and walked to the right side of the machine, where a staircase on wheels was rolled into place for her.

Ascending it she walked across the top of the machine to the small hole in its center. Carefully she sat down on the edge and lowered her legs through the hole, then her body. She gently set herself upon the waiting chair, legs dangling below her.

"Lock the neural ring" She commanded the lab technicians. With a whirring sound, the hole that she'd lowered herself tightened until it was pressed against her skin. It clamped down on her upper torso just below her collar bone, snug up against her armpits. Her arms rested on the upper surface of the machine, folded before her. A humming noise emanated from the machine and she felt a slight tingle where it touched her and then...nothing.

"There!" She said proudly. "The neural blocker is in place and I can no longer feel anything below it. Now the fertilization process can begin" With a wave of her hand she gestured for them to initialize the process. Then with a calm smile on her face she crossed her arms before her, resting on the metal top of the machine, and waited.

A series of clicks and beeps emerged from the machines depths as the machine stirred to life. Within it, appendages lifted from their resting place and began to move into position around her awaiting body.

"First" She said calmly "The machine will inject me with a series of hormonal doses. These will consist of the cell growth formula that I previously described as well as an estrogen based synthesis that will stimulate my ovaries resulting in instant ovulation."

Within the machine two long appendages wrapped themselves around her legs, lifting and spreading them. Then two assemblies consisting of a mechanized arm, with a syringe at the end, swung in. Both pierced her abdomen one after the other, injecting a large dose of the chemicals she'd described. Amy didn't even wince when the long needles went in, the neural blocker completely masking the sensation.

"Next a probe will be inserted into my vaginal cavity to detect once ovulation has occurred" She continued, as if she were giving a simple lecture, and not suspended fifteen feet in the air, fully nude. On cue, a thin snake like appendage emerged from the bottom of the cube. Its end was a metal sphere the size of a golf ball. As it rose toward her, it beelined toward her exposed pussy. It made contact with her lips and then pushed its way in. The women among the investors visibly shuddered at the forced entry.

Dr. Vickers waved to get their attention. "Do not worry, ladies. As I said the Neural blocker prevents me from feeling any discomfort! Now that the probe is within me, it'll provide a signal when it detects an egg."

For a moment there was silence, the investors watching with morbid curiosity. Amy Vickers sat perfectly content in the machine, legs held up and to the side, mechanical arm deep within her vagina. Finally, the machine let out a soft ding, and the probe retreated, giving a wet schlop as it emerged from her.

"Excellent" Dr. Vickers said "Now we proceed with insemination."

On the far side of the room before one of the monitors, one of the Lab Technicians was panicking. "These readings?! They can't be right?!"

The tech beside him rolled his chair over, eyes widening. "50 eggs?!"

The first tech nodded "This is the first time the formula has been used on a human...I guess it's more potent than her calculations predicted."

The second tech stood up from his chair. "We have to tell her, now. We have to stop this!"

The first tech shook his head "It's too late. Look"

Across the room they watched a thick mechanical hose rise up to replace the probe. This one had a valve and a thin nozzle on the end, which slid its way up her pussy without hesitation.

"For the insemination process the nozzle has a sensor that can detect the chemical difference between a fertilized and unfertilized egg. With this sensor we can ensure that we guarantee fertilization" She turned and nodded to the technician at the controls. "Start me with 50cc"

Far below her the hose tensed and shook as it delivered a shot of semen directly into her womb. After waiting ten seconds, a negative error sound beeped twice. Dr. Vickers raised her hands to wave at the investors. "Not to worry. Our calculations predicted it would be rare for fertilization to occur with the first dose." With a smile she nodded to the technician "Again"

The hose shook again and more semen pulsed its way into her. Again, a loud beep of rejection. Dr. Vickers smile didn't falter as she gestured for the technician to continue, though internally she began to panic. She hadn't tested her own fertility before deciding to use herself as the test subject. If she was infertile it would ruin the first impression of her creation.

Another pulse of cum shot into her. Another error message. She frowned, turning to the technician. "Up it to 100cc. Apply additional doses every 20 seconds until fertilization is complete". The technician nodded, turning the dial to increase the volume.

Between her legs the hose continued to shake as it sent pulse after pulse of cum into her uterus. The skin of her lower abdomen began to bulge out, pushed out from the inside as her pussy was pumped full of more and more seed. Some of it began to leak out of her around the edge of the nozzle as she was filled to her limit, her lower gut like a small balloon filled almost to bursting.

Dr. Vickers gave an embarrassed smile to the watching investors, who all looked on in horror. Mistaking their glances as disappointment, she spoke to reassure them "This is all within expected parameters, dear colleagues. We just have to be patient for the machine to do its work." Sweat began to bead on her forehead. What was taking so long! She'd been keeping count of the injections. She must've received...nearly three litres of semen?! How had they not achieved fertilization?! Maybe she really was infertile...

The hose fired another shot of seed inside her, her gut swelling out further, when the machine suddenly let out a happy ding. Amy let out a sigh of relief. "There we go! Just took a little longer than expected, but we've done it. Successful fertilization of the egg!"

Below she heard the sound of the hose pull free of her, followed by a series of thick splats as all of the cum that'd been pumped into her was pushed out by her abdominal muscles, falling to the ground far below. She blushed slightly as she heard the splats continue for quite some time.

The two techs across the room watched with mounting dread. The first checked his monitor. "All fifty eggs fertilized...oh god, she's going to burst!"

The second tech shook his head "No, the cell growth formula will save her...but she's going to get...really big"

"Oh no..." The first tech moaned putting his head in his hands.

"What?" The second tech asked.

"All the body modifications...the milk enhancement formula...we coded it to correspond with the number of fetuses, in case the patients had twins or triplets"

The second tech let out a low whistle "Oh lord..."

Across the room, the last of the semen had been ejected from Dr. Vickers pussy and she continued on with her presentation. "Now that fertilization has been complete, next I'll receive a nutrient rich fluid drip that'll provide my body with the necessary calories to achieve the requisite growth." Two hoses topped with needles rose and stuck themselves into her backside, the machines identifying and locating key veins with which to deliver the fluid. Immediately the hoses tensed as the fluid began to flow in to her.

Dr. Vickers spoke again "Now, it'll just take a few moments for the egg to implant, after which they'll begin to grow at a very accelerated rate. So, just sit back and watch the miracle of life!" Then with her hands folded before her, she set a serene smile on her face and let the procedure unfold.

The room was silent, except for the low beeps and whirs of the machine. The investors watched with baited breath, shocked at what they'd witnessed and yet curious of what she'd promised would occur. The two techs at the back room watched in horror, the only two aware of what was truly about to go down.

A quiet ding echoed from the machine and Dr. Vickers nodded "Implantation has occurred, now gestation begins. About every minute will correspond to a month of growth, so you won't see anything for the first few minutes" She quietly drummed her fingers on the metal as she waited, completely unaware of what was about to happen to her.

For the first minute she was correct, nothing about her changed. But shortly into the second minute her stomach began to swell, skin stretching as it took on a convex shape. Like a ball being filled with air it slowly but consistently grew, the formula allowing her skin to stretch to accommodate the rapid rate of expansion. By the end of the second minute she was already the size of a full term twin pregnancy. But the swelling was far from over.

The serpentine appendages holding her legs up, spread them wider to accommodate her girth, as her belly filled with life grew wider than her torso and began to droop down between her legs. The skin stayed shiny and smooth as her inexorable growth continued. Her belly button had popped to an outie and was swelling in size alongside the rest of her skin.

Amy Vickers hummed softly to herself, with a calm expression on her face. The neural blocker had done its job too well and she couldn't feel any of the wild growth occurring within her womb. Around the room, technicians had noticed that her growth was far greater than expected levels and began to rush around to determine the cause.

Another quiet ding from the machine. "Ah, that sounds means we've exited the first trimester." Dr. Vickers said, without a hint of worry. "You should start seeing my baby bump begin to develop. I promise you it may be a bit shocking, but not to worry, I'm completely fine." She looked around the room and noticed the technicians scurrying about. She wondered what they were concerned about; the machine was working as intended?

The investors watched with hands over their mouths in heavy shock as her stomach continued to swell. The great dome of her belly arced away from her body hanging off of her, the orb over four feet in diameter and not stopping. Her belly button was a large bump on the outer surface, currently the size of a clementine. Her skin was handling the growth quite well, though the sheer size of her was starting to take its toll. Veins had become visible on a few spots where the skin was stretched thinner, unable to keep up.

One of the investors pointed at the machine, they'd noticed a number of additional appendages stir into motion and approach her upper body from the side. Dr. Vickers nodded with a smile. "Ah! No need to panic my dear fellows. Those devices will now inject me with a formula designed to stimulate milk development within my breasts; just something to kick start them into being ready for the baby. Once again I reassure you, I'm completely fine, and feel no pain" She wasn't lying. Sitting in the machine she was completely unaware of the changes occurring to her body. Nor was she aware of the multitude of pin pricks her chest was currently receiving from the machine.

Needle after needle stuck itself into her chest, as the machines coding complied with the necessary routine. Fifty babies meant fifty doses. The technicians around the room really began to panic now as they tried to stop the machine, but its coding was immutable, and they hadn't thought to program an emergency stop.

Her breasts had started to grow before the machine was finished administering doses of the formula, her body multiplying cells at an exponential rate as it added more and more flesh to each teat. Each one slid forward along the vast upper shelf of her belly, before gravity pulled them to the side. Each one grew long and fat, an exaggerated tear drop that cascaded down each side of her immense gut. Her nipples turned a dark pink colour and began to engorge, growing thick and fleshy.

Another quiet ding echoed from the machine "Ah, that marks the end of the second trimester" Dr. Vickers explained cheerfully. "In the third trimester is when most of the growth will occur. My breasts will begin to fill with milk in preparation for birth. The process will complete when I've reached full term, at which point an antidote will be administered which will neutralize the cell growth formula"

Her arms rested gently before her, a calm smile upon her face. Below her the investors watched in terror. She rolled her eyes with a sigh. She'd hoped they'd be more open minded but some people just can't accept change. Watching a woman grow a baby to full term in less than ten minutes was nothing short of a miracle, but that didn't mean they should be acting so scared. And why were her staff running around like that?

As her body proceeded into the third trimester the rate of growth increased. Her legs had been pulled back to full splits to accommodate the massive orb of her womb. The great sphere of flesh was over 6 feet across and continued to swell as the multitude of babies within her matured. All over her skin, small little bulges began to appear, as they began to kick. Her belly button was an enormous bulge, the size of a soft ball, as her skin stretched and stretched to accommodate her unceasing growth.

Her breasts had been late to join the party, but they were desperate to catch up. As the machine finally finished administering the 50th dose, each breast had grown so that their bottoms now reached the underside of her massive belly, and quickly surpassed it. Each one

sloped out to nearly 4 feet wide at their round bottoms, each nipple dark and quivering, the size of a coffee mug. The pulsing of each nub rapidly increased until they began to spray, a not so gentle stream of milk erupting from each. The cascade of white liquid shot out from the front of the machine, nearly reaching the crowd of onlookers, causing some of them to jump back.

“Oh Goodness!” Dr. Vickers said as she saw them jump back. “I suppose I’ve started to auto-lactate? That was something that we had predicted, not to worry!” Internally she mused, *The spray reached that far? Might have to dial down the milk formula.*

Her breasts, having long left her massive stomach behind, finally reached the floor, spilling out in great piles of flesh, now inching forward along the floor. as her body refused to cease its campaign of expansion.

At last, a third bell dinged. “And there we have it!” Amy Vickers said triumphantly. “We’ve reached full term with the baby, all in under 15 minutes!”

Her stomach finally shuddered to a halt. The immense sphere of her gut nearly reached the floor as it elongated slightly from gravity. Small bulges and movements were visible from within as the full term children writhed within her. Her skin had finally started to show stretch marks along the edges. Her belly was so large, it looked like she was giving birth to an adult elephant.

Her breasts were even more magnificent, waterfalls of flesh that sloped out and away from her to where they piled high upon the floor. The round bottom of each was easily 10 feet wide, and trembled as the milk ducts within worked endlessly to continue producing milk, which still sprayed from her twin nipples like a pair of fountains.

A final appendage emerged from the machine and administered the antidote in a syringe to her upper chest. Then the machine quieted down, all arms and mechanisms retracting. The serpentine units that had been holding her legs up retreated, letting them dangle and rest against the backside of her massive gut.

The room was silent, as they stared at her, at how incredibly large she was. Above them all, Dr. Vickers sat within the machine, completely oblivious. Raising her right hand she gave them a wave “Thank you! Thank you all for coming! Unfortunately, the next part of the procedure I must complete in private. All patients after reaching full term will be taken to a separate operating room where labor will be induced and they will give birth!” She turned to her technicians at the controls who watched her, faces sheet white.

“Unlock the neural blocker. Time for me to get out, and move to the OR” She said with an easy smile.

The technician nodded numbly, turning the key and then knob that controlled the neural blocker ring. With a whirl the assembly powered down and unclamped from her skin.

Dr. Vickers had been staring ahead at the investors with an easy smile, as she waited for the blocker to release. She braced herself, understanding that it was going to feel strange to suddenly have a full pregnant belly, and lactating breasts. But there was no way she could’ve prepared herself for the tidal wave of sensations she was about to feel.

The neural blocker retreated and her face froze. Her eyes twitched as her mouth fell open. “Hng...wha...what?!...WHAT?!” She screamed. All at once she felt everything. The sheer immensity of her being, the movement of fifty children within her, her mammoth breasts resting on the floor far below her, each nipple pumping out litres of milk a minute.

“I...I don’t...I don’t understand?!” She panted, going into shock. “Oh god look at me!” Through the small hole that her head and shoulders stuck through she was able to look down through the top of the machine and survey the endless expanse of flesh that was all her. She couldn’t fathom it, being this large. It should be impossible and yet there she was. Her mind spun from the overload of stimulation that flooded her mind, every inch of fresh skin and flesh tingling. Her stomach shook and tensed, as the babies within her shifted. Her nipples constantly pumped milk, sending waves of endorphins up to her brain.

“Dr. Vickers!” One of the technicians had climbed up on top of the machine and ran across to her. “Are you alright?”

“No!” She shrieked. “Look at me! I’m gigantic! What the fuck happened!”

The technician recoiled at her screams. “It...it was the ovulation stimulant, Dr. It worked...too well.”

Amy Vickers did her best to calm herself, but it was all too much. “How...how many?” A painful spasm emanated from her mid-section. A contraction. These babies were full term and were ready to come out.

“Fi...fifty” He said quietly.

Dr. Vickers said nothing, eyes squeezed shut as another painful contraction rolled through her. “I’m going into labour...just get me down. We’ll have to do it here”

Working together the technicians gently lowered and moved her until she was standing on the floor. Her breasts lay on the floor on either side of her stomach which towered above her. Each teat reached twenty five feet away from her, growing thicker and rounder as they went. At the end each one was as tall as an adult man, and just as wide. Her nipples had finished their growth at the size of a bucket of ice cream, and constantly released a spray of their own creamy white treat.

Working together they helped her through her labour. Part of the chemical formula she’d taken had increased the elasticity of her vagina, a designed feature to make birth as smoothly as possible. Though it took a while, eventually she’d delivered all fifty babies.

The investors had left thoroughly shocked, though impressed. Her machine had done what it’d promised, albeit a little too well. Still, when they received an invitation to return to Dr. Vickers Lab 6 months later they couldn’t help but return, more out of sheer curiosity than anything.

The last time they’d arrived they’d been greeted by Dr. Vickers herself. Today it was an assistant who led them in. They returned once again to the large room with the machine, where they were greeted by the woman herself, Dr. Vickers.

“Welcome!” She called. “Please, step on to the lift so that we can speak properly”

The investors stared at her, wide-eyed. They of course had seen her in this state on the day of the incident months before, but she was still a remarkable sight.

The Doctor sat in a plush comfortable chair that was suspended over twenty feet in the air. The purpose of her being so high was to make space for her breasts, which sloped off of her chest, falling all the way down to where they rested comfortably on the ground below. The massive wall of flesh got wider as it neared the floor, where each massive teat was nearly 7 feet across. She herself wore clothes, a simple skirt and buttoned blouse that wasn't done up. Her breasts were bare, because what was the point in trying to cover them. Her two massive nipples still continued to pump milk at an incredible rate, but they were now contained by two massive plastic receiving cups which were attached to hoses that sucked the milk away to a storage container elsewhere in the facility.

A technician directed the investors on to a mechanical manlift, which lifted them up so they were level with Dr. Vickers.

"Good Morning, Dear friends" She said charmingly "Thank you for coming once again"

"How are the babies?" Asked one of the investors.

"Very well, thank you. Most were put up for adoption, but I kept five for myself" she said with a thankful nod.

"And...how are you?" Another asked.

Amy shrugged "As well as I can be. I'm trapped in this room for the time being, my breasts being...too large to fit through the door. My team is working hard to try and find a way to reverse this, but for the time being this is my life." She steepled her fingers together. "But we're not here to discuss my gargantuan tits, we're here because I've fixed my machine!"

The investors exchanged worried glances.

Dr. Vickers nodded. "I've worked out the issues with the formula...I think. Now it should work as initially promised. So...do I have any volunteers?"

THE END