

Wendy had the biggest smile. After two whole years of desperately trying to conceive, she was finally going to become a mother. The sight of the bassinet in the corner was once again a source of excitement rather than that deep ache in her womb. And she had some surprises for her husband.

After laying out her clothes carefully, she dressed in front of the mirror, playing with her hair and turning side to side to make sure every layer was perfect. The lacy black panties, the ones with the high waist, paired with the mesh bralette. She felt her soft mounds and knew, soon, she'd need something more supportive for her chest. And then she put on the nylon stockings, her oversized red sweater, the earrings, the bangles, all jewelry that her husband Freddie bought for her. She put on a little makeup, just the basics. She wanted that simple and clean look. Domestic. Just because she was a high-powered executive didn't mean she couldn't dress like a housewife. Once the maid finished cleaning up downstairs, she made herself a drink, and waited.

Fred was exhausted. His eyes burned from lack of sleep and staring at spreadsheets, endless numbers as he tried to figure out a discrepancy in the book-keeping. His boss was really tightening the screws, but, having found the smoking gun document that proved he hadn't made a mistake, he finally went home. His key was in the front door just before midnight.

"Sorry I'm so late," he said, "I got Chinese food. Wendy, are you still up?"

"Of course I am." Wendy rose from the couch gracefully and kissed her Freddie. She liked to tilt his head up at him when she was wearing heels. He kissed her back and went for more, holding her close. When their lips finally parted, Wendy smoothed his hair soothingly. "Bad day?"

"Getting better. You look fantastic, was the gala tonight?" asked Fred.

"No, no, next Friday. I missed you," said Wendy

"I missed you too," said Fred.

"You should quit that job, you don't need it."

Fred shrugged. "I will if you will. Or maybe when the baby comes."

Wendy smiled wickedly.

"Oh, you missed me a lot, didn't you?" said Fred, returning Wendy's smile with his own.

Wendy played with his tie. "I was thinking, maybe we could 'talk' for a little before dinner. If, it's not too late for you."

"Never." He leaned in to kiss her again, his hand cradling her head, his hand reaching under her pencil skirt and squeezing her thighs.

"I've got something. Drink this."

Fred opened his eyes and saw that Wendy had two glass bottles, each with a bulbous bottom and a corked neck. One was filled with a soft pink liquid, the other, baby blue. Fred took the blue one curiously.

"Looks old-timey. What is it, a manna potion?"

“Fertility potion, actually.”

“Oh, you’ll try anything now.” He uncorked the bottle, and the couple toasted. “To our future kids.”

“Twins at least,” she replied.

They both drank deeply. To Fred, it tasted hot and cold, like a forgotten whiskey on the rocks just before the last ice melted. He noticed Wendy’s eyes dilate. She bit her lip in that way he found so damnably irresistible. He was straining against his pants already. Perhaps that was the work of this so-called potion, but somehow, Fred doubted Wendy needed any help with that. His hands were under her sweater, then pulling it off. He crowded her against the wall, biting at her neck and he unbuckled his belt. In a whirlwind, she had him flat on the couch, grinding her panties against his bare cock, her hands on his wrists.

“It starts tonight,” she cooed. “You’re gonna make me a mommy.”

“You’re going to be so fucking pretty, with a big belly,” said Fred. He wanted to reach up and touch her smooth stomach, but she didn’t let him.

“Mommy. Say, ‘You’re going to be so fucking pretty, Mommy.’”

That was new. Her smile wavered slightly in his hesitation, but Fred recovered quickly.

“Of course, Mommy. Whatever you say. You know best.”

Wendy kissed him, then moved back in an expert motion that pushed the tip of his dick against her entrance. She moaned, and tried again. It was always a trick to relax, when she wanted him inside of her so desperately, and Fred was quite well-endowed. Though you’d never know from his mild manners, behind closed doors Fred fucked with the simple, good-natured thoroughness of one who’d never considered that not all cocks filled a woman past sanity, and always did his best to make sure she came first, and last, and maybe a few times in the middle. It was one of his better qualities, and Wendy’s happy discovery. He did not disappoint tonight.

Wendy moaned louder as Fred’s teeth brushed her nipple, the heel of his hand firm against her clit. She liked how his fingernails felt against her tummy, the restraint it must have taken, to not grab her too firmly, but instead let her gyrate against his hand, up and down and swirling around his cock until, lost in her own pleasure, she was surprised to feel his other hand squeeze her knee. He came inside of her.

Fred blinked, dazed. Wendy’s hands both covered his right hand, on her flat tummy. Her breasts were strangely out of reach, despite looking, somehow, larger. Swaying with her, side to side, perfect droops of fat with large, puffy nipples. He’d always been a breast guy, so easily flustered when girls didn’t button their blouses all the way. Wendy was shapely, but more gifted by her hips than her bust. It had made her easier to talk to.

This had to be the largest B cups he’d ever seen. It must have been the angle. Yes, that must have been it. Something about how Wendy hands then

slid over his collarbone as she rode him, unrelenting. If he had cum — and he was so sure he had — his cock knew nothing of it. It felt good. She wanted more, it seemed. And he was the man to give it to her.

Fred woke up in a heap, his leg asleep, wet spots seemingly all over his body. He was naked and hopelessly tangled in the bedsheets. He was rock hard, and maybe a little hung-over. He couldn't seem to recall when exactly they'd gone to bed, and there was no sign of Wendy. He had the most intense feeling of vertigo as he stood, the door frames swaying in a non-existent breeze. But he remembered his work and got dressed. He wouldn't go in for long, not on a Saturday. Just to clear a few things up. He buttoned his shirt and put on some pants, and headed for the door. He was arrested by the smell of bacon wafting from the kitchen.

"Good morning, stud. How's my best boy feeling?" said Wendy.

"Just fine, Mommy," replied Fred, who stopped, surprised by his own mouth. Why had that felt so natural?

Wendy gave him a big smile, wearing nothing but an apron and red lipstick. She was looking rather fantastic, actually. Something about the tie around her middle made her ass look especially wide and full, and as she turned to face him properly, Fred's jaw fell open. She had bazongas. They were huge, full, ridiculous breasts, each the size of her head.

"What happened to you W— uhh, W— uhh, Mommy?" Somehow Fred couldn't say his wife's name.

"Do you like them? It's just my mom-bod, coming in." Wendy walked up to Fred and pulled her apron down with a finger, showing a great valley of cleavage and a bit of her puffy areolas. "I hope it's not too... distracting. Baby-boy."

"I — umm." It was getting hard to think. Very hard. Something was hurting him painfully between the legs, but he couldn't think of what. Something was different. He looked down at Wendy's bare feet, and then back to her eyes. She was only this tall in heels. Oh, how she teased him with shoes that made her tower over him. Now, she didn't need them.

"Are you going somewhere, honey? We've got a big weekend. I'm ovulating later today, you know?"

"I... yes. Yes of course. Sorry. I n-need to handle something at work. Back soon."

She gave him a sympathetic look. "I know things have been hard on you lately, but they're going to get easier. I'm going to take care of it."

"I can take care of it myself, Mommy!" Fred bleated. He felt his cheeks go hot. "Sorry. You're right, of course, M...Mommy."

"Have a cup of coffee with me before you go, I just made some." Wendy sat him down at the table and brought over two cups. One, black. The other, a creamy brown. "I've already added the milk and..." she kissed him on the lips, "sugar."

Fred took the lighter cup obediently and drank. "It's good. Thank you." Wendy was caressing his leg now.

"Some things are gonna change around here. But I'm looking out for our little family and that includes you, ok?"

"Ok," he said meekly.

"Now, Mommy wants some creamer for her coffee." Wendy pulled the strip of cloth that held the apron around her neck, and the whole garment fell to the floor. Her breasts were well-oiled, shiny, more delicious-looking than could be described. They shamed pornography, making adult stars look unambitious, and fetish drawing like echos of her truth. It was then Fred realized that insistent pain was his hard-on, begging for her. One singular part of him remembered last night fully, and it was slaving to get inside her again.

There was very little trouble getting Fred's pants unbuttoned.

With Wendy's long fingernails resting on his forearms, all she needed were her elbows, pushing slightly on her breasts to keep her husband's dick smothered in voluptuous, oily titflesh. She started slow, making deep eye-contact with her husband until a tremor developed inside his leg. She took that, and his whines, as a sign that mercy was in order, and she bounced. Smoothly, bringing her elbows in tighter, increasing the pressure against his most sensitive skin. Her breath felt both hot and cold to Fred, which awoke something of the same sensation inside of him, something in the ballpark of his root chakra, his prostate, *something* in him, at any rate. Like the ocean, it came in waves. Rope after rope of cum burst out of him onto Wendy's breasts, her face, her red, red lips. She eased her motion, dragging out the orgasm until, sensing the seventh rope was perhaps not as thick as the sixth, she smothered him harder and forced out an eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh —

Fred lost count. He thought he would cum until his bones left his body. Drinking coffee helped. Had to stay hydrated. It was a strange, disembodied thought, how delicious the milky coffee was, as his orgasm continued. He tuned back into his living porno and went down with his orgasm as it crashed and burned. His body was devastated, a gallon of fluid or more, gone. It was an aching contentment of damnation. He accepted the proposition, that ultimate pleasure is the flipside of desolation, and he liked it. He was enlightened.

Wendy, delighted, scooped up big handfuls of cum off her body to devour. The cum seemed self-sticking, as always, but curiously phobic of any surface but Wendy's body. Great globs of it resisted gravity's urge to fall off of her and land on the floor. Fred ate some bacon cautiously as Wendy gulped down another mouthful, making her throat bulge and tummy round out.

"It's more of the look, don't you think?" she said girlishly as she pressed

her hands against her middle, turning to show her bloated stomach. Her breasts seemed even larger somehow, and glistened with white on the nipples.

“Yes Mommy,” said Fred.

Fred did not go to work. He went to the emergency room. By the time he’d gotten to his car, he realized something was strange. His clothing fit poorly. It was a windy day and the breeze caught his loose shirt like a sail. He had to step up more than expected to get into his car, and the mirrors were all wrong. He held down the button to raise the seat level, and by the time the kitchen window came into the rearview mirror — with a smiling, nude Wendy waving at him — he decided. To the hospital.

The emergency room was crowded, loud, and boring. The nurse who initially interviewed him seemed unimpressed with Fred’s explanation that yesterday he was about a foot taller and fifty pounds heavier. He read her notes — upside down — as she wrote them.

*Painful orgasms. Psych.*

As he sat in a flimsy chair, Fred mulled over his other options. What where a few inches between husband and wife, after all? He was certain that Mommy — Wendy’s name was becoming unthinkable — was taller too, in addition to being fuller. Lactating. No wonder the coffee tasted so good. He was craving her again. Sexually, of course, but in another way as well. He wanted to smell her skin, to cling to her, just hear her talk, or sing. Those few times she’d sung jazz at karaoke bars, deep into a bottle of wine, bore into Fred’s consciousness. He pulled out his phone and looked at pictures of her. So divine. He was half-resolved to show up late for work, turn in his resignation and head straight home when a pretty blonde nurse bent down in front of him.

“Well hi there little guy. Do you need some help?”

Fred gulped, unable to look away from her chest. Nice, big handfuls. It seemed he should have been desensitized, and yet here he was, admiring the shape of another woman in loose scrubs.

“Come on, I’ll check you out,” she said. And Fred found himself once again led by a taller woman, heart racing from more than just trying to keep up with her longer strides. Once behind a curtain in the ER proper, she didn’t ask before she grabbed him around the ribs and lifted him onto the exam table.

“Now, what seems to be the problem?” asked the nurse as she tied her hair into a ponytail.

“I — umm, I’ve just been feeling, less like myself.”

“Uh-huh,” said the nurse, getting on her knees before him.

“What are you doing?” said Fred, a trace of fear in his voice.

“I usually wait until the evening when it’s quieter for these checkups, but you smell so yummy I could hardly resist,” said the nurse. “And don’t worry.

It's either this or a cup. We gotta find out what's wrong with you, mister. Wouldn't you rather have... help?" Her lipgloss was very shiny and pink.

Traitorously, Fred's dick remained rock hard as the nurse reached inside his pants and grabbed his shaft. In moments, she was engulfing his cock enthusiastically. Her pouty lips were heavenly, and he had to admit, she had game. The loud voice in Fred's mind telling him this was all kinds of wrong was drowned out by the incredible brain-buzzing stimulation as the nurse gave him a throat-hug. He was weak, heavy. It seemed his cock and balls were the only part of him unshrunk, and the nurse's mascara ran as she forced him deeper and deeper inside of her. Her throat was bulging as she finally reached the base, her hands on his hips, lifting him off the table slightly with every bounce. She was using him as a dildo to fuck herself, with no concern for oxygen or decency as her loud slurping glucks filled the ER.

In a flash of white, Fred was on his back, moaning, as he gushed for the second time today. Cum leaked out of the nurse's nose as she clamped down and gulped. She drank him like a milkshake, massaging his balls until a few dry spasms marked him as once again empty. The heady feeling of shrinking was too much; he had to hold onto the exam table for dear life.

As the nurse stood, her scrubs fit her tightly. Her large breasts swelled before Fred's eyes, lifting her top until he saw her belly button and a little flash of blue panties. Her breasts drooped slightly as they filled out. Something snapped, probably her bra. From handfuls to double-handfuls to great big melons. She booped Fred on the nose with a gloved finger.

"Hang on just a second, Cutie, I'll be right back," said the nurse. As she turned, her wobbly ass swayed side to side, and her breasts were evident even from behind.

He had to get out of here.

Fred has some difficulty scrambling to the floor, the drop from the table seemed intimidating. There was no hope of tightening his belt enough to hold up his pants, not unless he could cut a new notch into the leather. His shirttails would have been enough to cover his sensitive bits if only his cock wasn't raging. Maybe not. If the damned thing would go soft, it would probably swing around his knees. He was forced to hold up his pants with both hands as he scurried through the emergency room. It was exceedingly disconcerting to see everyone looking down on him, he must have been around four feet tall. He had to get home. He wasn't safe here. The prospect of shrinking here, again, among indifferent strangers, was too much to bear.

"Oh, little man!" It was the nurse. Fred looked back to see her striding toward him quickly. Her scrubs were ripped in the middle from her expanded chest, and she had a doctor in tow, a sporty looking ginger with thick, square glasses. "I 'lost' your sample, so Dr. Collins is going to collect a replacement. It'll be lots of fun, I'll assist. Wait! Come back! I'm not done

with you!”

One benefit of this reduced stature was that Fred managed to lose himself in the crowd. After ducking under a few beds, he managed to smuggle himself out of the hospital on the bottom of a cart. He got all the way to the parking lot before he realized that he couldn’t drive, there was no way for him to see over the dashboard and reach the gas pedal. So, with no other option, he called his wife.

“Hello?” Wendy’s voice sounded deeper than he remembered. A shiver went up Fred’s spine.

“Hi, uhm, Mommy. I need you to come... pick me up. Please.”

“Where are you, Sugar? Did you make it to work?”

“No, no. I’m, uh, at the hospital right now. Please, there’s this nurse...”

“Are you hurt!?”

“No, but...”

“I’m coming right now.”

She hung up. Fred rested his head against the car door. There was a deep, deep pit in his stomach. He had the inescapable feeling that this was all his fault, and that when she got her, Mommy would be furious. Was she going to spank him? It seemed a frighteningly real possibility. He heard voices, one of them familiar.

“He couldn’t have gotten fair. Start on that end and we’ll work toward the middle.”

Fred gulped. He wondered if he could hide in his car, but, no, they’d see him. Then what? Did he trust himself to control his urges if the nurse decided to give him a milky car-wash, right before his eyes? No, he didn’t. Looking both ways, he popped open the trunk of his car, jumped in, and closed it shut.

In the complete darkness, he cried quietly. It was as if, in addition to his height, weight and self-control, he’d been sapped of his emotional capacity. No matter how many times he told himself it was useless to brood on his own doom, he couldn’t pull himself out of it. His eyes burned, and he pulled himself into the fetal position, finally, mercifully, unaroused.

Some time later, the trunk opened. And there was Wendy, wearing a floral dress that might have been a modified bedsheet. Each of her breasts were larger than Fred’s whole body.

“Aww, poor baby,” she cooed as she lifted him into his arms and rocked him gently. A large finger smoothed Fred’s hairline, then wiped the tears from his face. Wendy was looking down at him with such a look of tenderness and concern he could not look back, could not stand it. It was like God looking down on just you.

“Hey!” It was the nurse, “That’s our, umm, patient!”

“I’ll deal with you later,” said Wendy coldly.

The nurse continued to shout. Fred buried his face into Wendy’s dress,

only vaguely aware that endless bosom was just on the other side. The nurse's protests suddenly stopped, and Fred jiggled slightly against Wendy's body as she sat down. They were in her car, with the driver's seat pushed all the way back.

"Shh, shh, it's ok," said Wendy.

"I'm sorry, Mommy, I'm so sorry. I'll never do it again. Please."

"Now look at me. I'm not mad at you. Ok?"

Fred nodded and sniffed.

"I'm going to take you home and you're going to make me a mommy. A real mommy," she added with a smile. "Don't think of it as a punishment. You can't control yourself, so we're just moving up the time-line a little bit. Aww. They grow down so fast. I was warned, but you never know how fast until it's yours. Are you hungry?"

Fred nodded.

"Good, I brought you a snack. Maybe too much. Don't overindulge, ok sweetheart? Mommy can't hold you and drive, so I'm just going to swaddle you in her dress."

And with no fanfare, Fred was gently intertwined into the floral fabric, pressed so tightly against Wendy's left breast he might as well have been vacuum sealed. He adjusted slightly, unable to move more than an inch, and decided to try to make himself comfortable right where she put him. It wasn't difficult. Her breast was soft and warm and it smelled perfect. He relaxed. And apparently, as Wendy merged onto the interstate, she relaxed too. A trickle of something warm ran down Fred's face.

"You're supposed to drink it, darling," she said, caressing his head through her dress. With her guidance, Fred found the very center of her big nipple. Her milk was sweet and rich. He gulped it down. He could feel his Mommy's love inside of him, mixing with that strange warm-cold feeling right in his core. It grew warmer and warmer. He was erect again, and so light-headed from the rush of blood away from his brain that he fell into a stupor, unable to think anything at all, only able to suckle, and feebly buck his hips.

"Oh, that won't do at all," said Wendy, "Do I need to show you everything? I suppose, it is our first time trying this."

Fred felt himself spun onto his side, latched onto nipple with one mouth, but some bulge was rubbing against his manhood now. Something wet and warm.

"No way," he breathed.

"Do I need to spread it for you? Mommy's driving. Please see if you can get it for yourself."

The heat was making him sweat. It felt so good to thrust into Mommy's other nipple, but it reminded him of something. Something good. Some half-fried memory guided him to bring down a hand, looking for...



something, he was supposed to touch for Mommy. The nipple was slick, indented slightly right in the center of where it puffed out. Mommy moaned as he touched it, and it gave under his fingers, and then two fingers.

It all made sense. Wendy's dress was suddenly soaked with milk as Fred thrust his cock into her nipple. While her milk duct was plenty tight, there was no internal structure to it, only endless softness and weight. As hard as he thrust, it would push back, until they found a rhythm, making the whole dress shake. In sympathy to the penetrated nipple, the one in Fred's mouth gushed sweet milk harder and harder. It was like drinking from the firehose. He couldn't cry over spilled milk, as precious to him as it was. He was supposed to make Mommy a Mommy. And it felt so good. He thrust faster and faster. Mommy was giggling.

"Good boy. So energetic. Please have fun, it feels so good to feel you moving inside me again. I want you nice and warmed up for when we get home. Does Mommy's milkies feel good? Mommy's got lots of milk for you. Do you have any for Mommy?"

And that did it. Fred convulsed. His balls gurgled happily fat bulges traveled down his shaft, into Wendy's breast, never to be seen again. The dress was getting even tighter and tighter.

"Mhmm, Good Boy," Wendy moaned. "Guess I was getting hungry too. More, boy? Good. Let it out. It's gotta get out one way or another. My pussy is next. Mhmm, that got a little more out of you. Do you remember my pussy? Are you excited to fuck Mommy? Perfect. Fuck, this car is getting small."

With those reassurances, Fred drifted to sleep, his tongue lodged in Mommy's breast. The nipple suckled at his tongue, drooling milk. The size difference was nearly great enough that her breast could gobble him up. But what good would that do? So Wendy was patient, and ignored that pressing emptiness in her womb. Soon, she knew. Soon, she'd be a mommy.

Little Freddie was only three feet tall when Wendy pulled into the driveway and fished him out from her dress. She carried him into the house, asleep, and changed him into a onesie that made him look like a fuzzy bear. Wendy had to get used to her new eight-foot frame, and she bumped her head several times. Annoyed, she decided to take a bath, but she did a poor job of fitting in the tub. After soaking her legs for a few minutes, she had to lay down with her heels in the air to warm up her arms and torso properly. It would be done soon. The water that splashed onto the floor was soon replaced with milk. She wondered what her friends would think of her new stature, or her soon-to-be swollen belly. She fantasized about walking into the office, taking up the whole elevator by herself. She would retire. How could anybody get any work done around her? No, a housewife she would be. Fertile, nurturing, at ease, complete. The first one would be hardest. Yes, she thought, the first conception would cost her the most.

Wendy towed herself off and, wearing only some pastel pink panties and a silk gown, she checked on Fred. He was awake in the bassinet, just laying there quietly. "Freddie?"

"Mommy?"

"Hi." She was feeling oddly shy. The cold-warmth in her middle made her squirm. "I was hoping, we could play a little bit, before we get down to it. Would that be alright?"

"Sure, Mommy. That sounds nice. What did you have in mind?"

And in a few minutes, they were settled on the couch. Wendy had her favorite book open and she read aloud. Fred snuggled into her, listening quietly. His hands kept touching her belly. It distracted her, despite herself. She was resolved not to feel guilty.

Wendy lifted him up and nestled her little one against her breast as she stood. Freddie's little head was resting against her shoulder as Wendy walked into the kitchen. It felt like a toy kitchen, everything too small. She did everything one-handed as she bounced Freddie slightly, humming to him. In her largest bowl she mixed flour, sugar, eggs, and squeezed fresh milk from her other breast.

Once the cake was in the oven, the two lay on the carpet. Freddie climbed up on her belly, which tickled, so in a moment she was tickling Freddie, careful not to smother him with her giant breasts *too* much. She got a funny feeling one of his little hands would grab one of her fingers.

Wendy settled him at the table after, and lit the candle on the cake.

"Blow it out. Make a wish."

"What's it for, Mommy?"

"It's your birthday. Or... whatever the opposite of that is. Do you know what's going to happen?" she asked.

"I have an idea. Is it... going to hurt?"

"No, sweetie, no," she kissed his forehead, smelled his hair. It smelled like milk, of course. "I promise."

"Will I remember... this?"

"I don't know. I don't think so. You'll be someone new. Supposedly."

"I love you so much... Wendy."

"I know." She sniffed. It wasn't supposed to be like this.

Freddie leaned forward and easily blew out the candle. The snuffed flame turned to a curl of smoke, which dissipated into the air, gone. "I can love you just as much, with you... as my Mommy."

She kissed him. His small lips were so tender. And to Fred, his giantess wife was a wonder. To see the tears on her cheek, the vulnerability, made his heart swell. For just a moment, he wished everything was back to normal, and he could hold her in his arms and feel her head against his chest. But his cock was getting hard again. It was time, they both knew it. He could smell the pheromones coming off of her, a honey from her loins

befitting her milk in its richness. She peeled off her gown.

“I hope you like... big girls.”

Fred took the time to take her in. She'd grown in the car, that was for sure. Her hips must have been a bitch to get through doorways. Her breasts were as big as exercise balls, trickling milk constantly from nipples that seemed to call to him like the void. One finger inside the duct would be enough to tempt them. The heady bouquet of hormones she'd awoken inside of him only enhanced her beauty. Her gaze, infinitely soft. The subtle bite of her nude lips, infinitely sexual.

She let him push her onto her back, right there on the floor. Wendy arched slightly, her breasts heaving. Fred worked his hands into her panties and struggled to pull them off. the weight of her body was immense compared to him. Compared to anybody. She lifted her considerable posterior and there it was, her softly downed pussy. He'd seen it just last night, felt it. And yet, as Wendy slowly spread her thick thighs, it seemed more private and intimate than he'd ever seen his wife. His Mommy. His everything.

He doubted he could reach his arms to hook around her thighs, so instead he crawled to her, placing his hands on her mound and spreading her. He kissed her and kissed her and kissed her. Wendy dripped constantly, anticipation building. She fingered her own nipples, a surefire way to ruin the carpet but it felt amazingly good. That was his hand, toying with her entrance. Such a small pair of fingers exploring her. She relaxed. Gushes of her fluid covered him up to the elbow as he reached inside and found her G-spot, swollen to the size of a golfball. He ran all his fingers against it in drumming, stroking pattern that make her moan loudly.

There was no playing it cool. Her first orgasm rushed towards her, and she didn't fight it. She just pressed a throw pillow against her face to keep from bellowing with pleasure. She felt her pelvic floor tighten, and Fred was still. She panted, reached down to feel if she was as wet as she thought she was — a waterfall. Wendy took a deep breath, relaxed again, and let Fred reach deeper into her. His mouth was on her clit, sucking, kissing, even, gently, biting right above it. Something, a finger, probably, tickled her cervix.

“Ahh!” she screamed as she climaxed again, so hard this time she saw stars. “Oh god, oh god, oh god”. She could see Fred's legs but his arms, his head, they were inside of her. She could feel his soft breath in her pussy. Now he was pressed tight against her cervix. Wendy took another deep breath. She could do this.

And she wanted it, so, fucking badly. And her dear, little bastard was now licking her cervix. It felt to her like the light of heaven shining directly on her womb. She huffed, milking her breasts, murmuring nonsense to herself, until she arrived at one word that seemed right.

“More!”

She felt her womb swallow Fred. It wasn't slow, like she expected, but a plunge, a suction, that slurped his little body with a wet squelch and a queef. Her tummy rose, she was filled with an occupant, and it felt... amazing. She fingered herself furiously, diving herself to a third orgasm, which started in her womb and bloomed out through her entire nervous system, like a lightning bolt blowing out a power line. Exhausted, she rested her hands on her swollen womb. She was a Mommy. And she was going to be the best mommy. She took another deep breath. Freddie didn't even get to eat a slice of cake. She pulled the whole dessert toward her and plunged her fingers inside. She was eating for two, now. Wendy was hungry.

A week later, Trish was avoiding calls from the hospital as her wild sex-bender raged on. Her body was flushed with a cold fire, an itch that could only be scratched with a nice hard railing. These were plentiful, as her enhanced figure made her an absolute succubus to the local bar scum. Men and women lined up to do coke off her giant mommy milkers, which she covered up as little as possible. There was that slight annoying tendency, that tic she'd developed. Whenever she was getting piped real good, she would always cry out, “get me pregnant, get me pregnant.” It was slightly more troubling that, in the moment, she definitely meant it. But she had her trusty birth control and another creampie, so, with her phone on silent, she slipped out of her latest conquest's home and made her way back to the bar. The third-shifters would be out soon. She was alone in the dim morning twilight, until she heard the click of high heels.

“Hey, I know you,” she said, and gave a barking laugh, “You're that bitch with the golden goose. Wow you got huge!” she said it with no fear as Wendy towered over her at twelve feet tall. Her massively pregnant belly looked large enough to fit a balled up adult.

“You have something of mine and I want it back.”

“And what's that?”

“A bit of my husband.”

Trish played with her nipples. There were big, silver hoops through them, and if she smoothed her cumstained scrubs, this giantess would be able to see them. “Are you talking about these? They were a gift. And besides, you have plenty, don't you? You could start a dairy farm.”

“I didn't want to do this,” said the giantess with a sigh. Then she shrugged. “Actually, it's sounding better by the minute. I think, I *do* want to do this. One more time, at least.” She lifted her skirt, exposing Trish to her bare pussy. The nurse would have laughed at the ridiculousness of this threat, but inexplicably, she stepped closer. That hot and cold thing inside her was magnetically drawn to this alchemical furnace, this engine of change. The sacred vessel. It was eye-level to her, lips gaping, and looking larger by the moment as she got closer and closer. She had a mere moment

to fondle the giant woman's ass admiringly before her exploring lips met hers, and she was devoured. In three powerful muscle contractions, she pulled Trish through progressively smaller wet spaces, into her pussy, then her feet left the ground, then she was somersaulted into a cramped fluid-filled chamber that sealed itself after securing its meal.

Wendy collapsed. Her womb bounced with kicking and punching, the two occupants tangled. "Stop fighting!" she shouted, jaw set. The obedient spirit called to her, afraid. The wayward spirit was so much stronger than him. Horribly, she realized that the wayward spirit might engulf the obedient one entirely, just as she engulfed them both. There was but a moment before they would become like nesting dolls, child inside a mother inside her mother.

She decided instantly that was not to her liking, and commanded how it should be instead. The obedient spirit changed to her will. It would subsume the wayward spirit, fusing as Wendy saw fit, into one being, a single occupant to her womb. There would be some changes to her precious one, the obedient spirit. Blonde hair, XX chromosomes instead of XY. Perhaps a certain forcefulness that might, if tamed, make for an interesting kink. Wendy rubbed her belly. She always wanted a baby girl. And why stop there?

She stood up, letting the wet scrubs fall to the pavement. Her belly felt huge even to her, like she had a cow hanging off her blubbery front. Her breasts had absorbed the last of the alchemical reaction between the pink and blue potions, and so had her ass. Her nipples alone were bigger than her original breasts, and the now fourteen-foot giantess felt like she could use either her chest or her rear to crush a car. Life was certainly different at these proportions, so tall, with breasts like boulders and earthquaking hips, but she liked it. And she wanted all the best for her daughter.

Yes... she would take after her mother alright. And with two wombs between her and her baby-girl, they'd have twice as many children, twice as many incestuous playmates in an ever-expanding brood. And it was only natural that along with her family tree, Mommy Wendy should grow as well, until her shadow covered the earth, until her milk ran from the mountains and turned the oceans white.

"More."