

Bio-Engineered Bimbos (Scientists to Hot Bimbos TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

Three male biochemists are accidentally caught in a lab accident that exposes them to a drug that increases fertility, arousal, and docility in farm animals. To their horror, not only are they transformed into beautiful, ultra-fertile women, but their intelligence gradually decreases unless they are pregnant. The only smart way to solve this problem is to get pregnant . . . again and again and again.

Bio-Engineered Bimbos

The three beautiful women entered the Kappa Psi Delta fraternity, each of them giggling, aroused, and wearing downright slutty clothing. The young men of the frat could hardly believe their luck: they'd been expecting some college hotties like Stacey Ackermann to show up, but then these girls turned up from out of nowhere to blow the competition away. Better yet, they were flirting with the men hardcore, and it was clear that they were all single. All eyes were upon their curvaceous forms, and these chicks knew how to flaunt them.

"This is, like, suuuuuch a good party!" cried Brandi. She was the buxom blonde of the troupe, dressed in a tight purple halter top that dipped low to show off a devastating amount of cleavage. Her boobs were huge, looking almost the size of her own head, and she moved in such a way that they were constantly wobbling, even as she pouted her full pink lips and batted her pretty eyelashes to show off her baby blue eyes.

"I know, right?" said Aisha. "So many fucking hotties to bang! They look so fucking *virile*." She was the black woman of the trio, with a body that was all curves in all the right places. Her thighs were thick, her hips were thick, and her waist had a delightful thickness that was still feminine. Her breasts were large, if not as large as Brandi's, but her butt was the real standout, and not for nothing was she twerking to the music of the party, rubbing her behind up against the crotch of the nearest interested fratbro.

"And *virile* is what we need, don't forget it!" Reiko said, moving up and pressing her body against a nearby - and rather handsome - man in his early twenties. "I bet *you* could put a baby in me," she purred. She was a gorgeous Asian woman with the most impressive hourglass figure, especially her child-bearing hips. Her chest was large like the rest, but her hair was so long it went down to her ass when it wasn't done up, and her face was that of a supermodel's, with high cheekbones and soft lips and demure, submissive eyes that she deliberately played up.

The three were each making their moves, picking out their targets. There wasn't much time, they knew. Already, they were giggling and laughing, acting on their

extraordinary arousal, feeling the need to have a big, hard dick thrusting into their wet openings. The lust was unbearable, but with each passing second the three women could also feel their IQs diminishing, wasting away into a state of mind they each thought of as 'Pure Bimbo.' That was the place they were *never* supposed to go. The only way to avoid it was to delay it indefinitely, which was what they were doing now.

"Mhmm, you look, like, soooooo fucking hot," Brandi said, pressing her huge white bust against a very attractive looking jock who must've been on the football team. "Are you, like, with someone?"

He looked her up and down, then over to a girl who was chatting with some friends, facing away from him.

"Not anymore," he said with a smirk.

"Like, thank God. Because I really wanna have your big dick in me."

Aisha, on the other hand, was making her needs known far more physically: she was gyrating, pressing her huge ass up against a football player of her own, one with wide shoulders and what was definitely a big package in his pants from what she could feel.

"Ya'll wanna head upstairs?" the man asked.

"Thought you'd never ask."

Reiko was last. She was the shyest, the slowest to act. But she was also well aware that a ton of white guys had an Asian fetish, so she was able to draw one to her. Where Brandi had her revealing halter top and Aisha was wearing a tight dress that clung around her backside, Reiko was wearing a stylish sleeveless dress that showed off her shoulders and much of her back, with little cuts to reveal her bare hips. It was only after one man had bought her a drink that she smiled at him.

"I would like to repay you," she said. "Perhaps, mmhmmh, something more friendly? Super friendly, actually?"

He got the message, and soon they were heading upstairs. All three were in separate rooms, but the moans that followed were enough to bring the house down. Brandi was the most ecstatic, loud from the beginning, riding her hot jock like she was at the races, squeezing his dick for all it was worth. She lowered herself so that he could suck on her huge tits, so that she could let him suffocate on her boobs.

"That's r-right! Suck on them! Whatever gets you precious c-cum inside meeee!"

"Mhmm," the man moaned. "Woah, you got milk!"

She moaned. "A lot of it! Taste as much as you want!"

Aisha, on the other hand, loved doggie style. She squeezed the blankets of the bed she was bed against, grunting and groaning in bliss as she was fucked senseless from behind. Her own jock lover had a really big cock, but the way he groped and squeezed her

ass was what really did it for her. She loved the earthquake-like ripples upon her ass cheeks as he fucked her.

“That’s right, baby! Don’t you, like, dare stop! I need a river of cum in me! Mount me, honey! Fucking *mount* me!”

Reiko joined them not long after. Her sounds were minimal, and she was utterly submissive to her own lover’s desires, allowing him to take her missionary style. She reveled in her own submission, loving the way her conquest licked and sucked her nipples, drinking her milk as well, and even pulled at her hair. He was pumping away inside of her, and she moved gently, elegantly, heightening their arousal. But as always with Reiko, a monster was released from inside of her, because she began to rake his back with her nails, and her voice, already high in pitch, rose even higher until it was a glass-cracking squeal, her id lost in the flow of bodily ecstasy that followed.

“Ohhhhhh, yes! Yes! Give me your b-baby! I want to have your babyyyyy!!!”

Only minutes apart, each of the hot, slutty bimbos were crying out in orgasm, and as usual these orgasms were earth-shattering, so off the pleasure scale as to make the scale meaningless. Hell, Aisha nearly blacked out for a moment; having a man cum in her from behind was simply too good. Multiple climaxes followed, with Reiko being so loud that the other two started giggling even as they continued to moan from their own blissful experiences.

It was only in the aftermath that the post-coital bliss gave way to dawning realisations. Brandi was the first to feel it. There was a twinge in her lower stomach, a little pinch that she alone could discern, but knew the significance of. A haze began to clear from her mind, the fog of ditziness and stupidity and docility dying away. Slowly, a trickle of facts entered her mind, and realisations too. She was not Brandi, or at least, she hadn’t always been. She’d once been Brandon, and certainly hadn’t had the enormous jugs on her chest that she possessed now, the ones leaking milk down her chest in the aftermath of such glorious sex. In fact, she’d been a skinny beanpole of a man rather than a short blonde hottie, one who looked obviously nerdy from his glasses and nervous demeanour, a far cry from the sexual aggression that now surrounded her like a permanent instinct.

“Everything good?” her lover asked, still cupping and playing with her tits as she sat upon him, rubbing her nipples and causing her to moan a little.

“Y-yes,” she said, “I certainly am now, thank you.” There was no ignorance or bimbo-like nature to Brandi’s voice now. Instead, she sounded quite intelligent. The next sentence proved it. “It seems your spermatozoa had successfully infiltrated one of my many ovum, and thus the so-called miracle of life is now underway. Joy to me, and to my future progeny now, I suppose. My apologies, I should correct myself: *our* future progeny.”

The jock, who was shocked to find himself now the dumb one, gave her a rather gormless expression. "I, uh . . . what?"

Brandi sighed, extracted herself from his lap, whimpering a little as she felt his penis slight out.

"It's best that you don't know. Simply put, I have my mind back, at least for now, and I'll always have a piece of you to thank for it. Lucky me. What was your name?"

"Er, I'm Hank?"

"Is it Hank, or do you not know?"

"No, it's definitely Hank. I'm just . . . why are you talking funny?"

"Not funny," she said, putting on her clothes. "Like a scientist. A biochemist, specifically."

"You don't look like no scientist."

"We come in many shapes. Unfortunately, mine will have a big belly in a few months, courtesy of you, but it can't be helped."

The man scratched his pecs. They were nice pecs, but his behaviour made him look like a dumb monkey. "Wait, are you getting fat or something?"

Brandi cringed, putting on her big bra and settling her tits into her halter top. "I really hope they don't inherit the selective genes that determined your intelligence. All the best, Hank. And thank you for keeping the lights on upstairs, proverbially speaking."

She exited the room, still walking sexily but without as much exaggeration. As she entered the hall of her frat, Aisha stepped out, once more in her tight dress, her lovely afro a little bit messy due to the pleasure that had just gone down.

"Hey Brandi," she said. "You back in the world of the smart people?"

"Indeed I am, Aisha. And judging from your words, I'd say you are, too."

"Fucking A I am," the African-American beauty replied, her new speaking voice still more casual than Brandi's loquaciousness. "Man, I was nearly a goddamn goner, I swear. I could barely control my mind. Do you think the condition is progressive like Reiko theorised, or were we just not quick enough with fertilisation?"

Brandi shrugged. "We'd need a control subject."

"Well, the ethics of that are goddamn fiddly. I guess time will tell, among other things . . ."

As her sentence petered out, she rubbed her stomach, tight against her gorgeous black dress. "Damn, I felt really fertile. I swear, I was getting *more* fertile. Better not be twins."

"I was hoping the same, to be honest."

"Yeah, well, let's see how Reiko is faring, huh?"

Aisha moved down the hall and knocked on the door, Brandi behind her. The two now rather intelligent (if still curvaceous) biochemists waited for an answer. Inside, they could hear a conversation. Well, just one side.

"Mhmm, yeah, holy fuck, you're so hot. Jesus, you know how to use your lips. I've got a r-request; can you swallow for me? I'm c-close. I've always wanted a girl who swallows. It turns me on and - ahhhhh!"

Brandi was about to caution Aisha not to be rash, but Aisha pushed open the door and stormed in.

"Hey, Reiko, you back up to speed in there or are you still in bimbo mode?"

She was greeted with the sight of Reiko on her knees, sucking off her lover while also using her ripe breasts to give him a tittyjob. She looked to be in dream-like ecstasy, and while her man looked up in surprise at the intrusion, Reiko continued to give him an enthusiastic blowjob.

"Hey, I'm kinda busy here!" the man said.

"This won't work at all," Brandi murmured in the background. "Certainly not biologically."

Aisha stormed ahead again. "Hey, dude, no blowjobs! Pull it out! Pussy only tonight, okay?"

She pulled them apart, and Reiko whined. "What are you doing? I was, like, tasting him. I should swallow like he says!"

"Reiko, honey, try to keep your brain together. You want this man to cum in your pussy, remember? Before it's too late?"

The Japanese-American beauty slowly nodded. "Oh, yes, that's right. Sorry, Jake. Could you take me missionary again. I wasn't, like, thinking too much."

The man looked confused. "Uh, sure, but are they gonna go?"

"They will. Please remove yourselves. Jack wants to fuck me alone, and I'm totally into that." She whispered in his ear. "I promise to give you a blowjob after you cum in me."

That was more than enough to get things going. The two friends - intelligent again - waited in the hall outside the room. A frat bro walked past, slightly tipsy, and grinned at them.

"Hey babes, looking to get with a real man tonight?"

"Not even remotely," Brandi said.

"Yeah, fuck off," Aisha added.

"Wow, bitches."

"*Pregnant bitches,*" Aisha muttered under her breath. "C'mon, Reiko. Get knocked up already. We need the Three Amigas back together already."

Suddenly, a high, girlish squeal erupted from inside the room. The pair outside the room took a moment to take a deep breath; they may have gotten their intelligence back, but the sounds inside that room were still quite a turn-on.

“How long until fertilisation occurs?” Brandi asked, checking her phone for the time.

Aisha ran the calculations in her head. “Technically, it could be occurring right now. We both got lucky; half an hour each. More likely we’ll know if Reiko is pregnant in several hours, up to twelve at a maximum, unless-”

The door burst open, and a very angry looking Japanese-American beauty, still totally naked, emerged.

“Great! So we’re all fucking pregnant again, right? Can we get back to work now?”

“Or,” Aisha said, a smirk on her fine features. “She could be knocked up already. Do you wanna get your clothes already, girl?”

Reiko huffed. “Fine! But then I’m getting out of here, and back in my goddamn *labcoat*.”

How did the three women end up like this?

It was a lab accident, of course. The three beautiful women, busty and curvaceous and endlessly lusty, were the product of a bio-engineered formula that got loose due to the company they worked at, *SmartChem*, failing to apply proper safety standards. The three of them weren’t even originally women, which might have made the whole experience easier, at least. Instead, they had been *men*: Brandon, Aaron, and Rio. The Three Amigos, as they called themselves.

They were close colleagues and work friends, not that they associated much out of work as they often clashed during tense situations. Brandon was often the source of this conflict. He had been a lanky, plain-faced man with incredibly pale skin and unkempt blonde hair. He was definitely on the spectrum, which one could easily tell from his odd vocabulary and intense obsession over minutiae, though the other two also theorised that he was probably obsessive-compulsive to judge from his manic obsession with cleanliness. He fancied himself the leader of the team, but in truth, he just stayed for unpaid overtime to make sure their biochem work was done within the company’s ridiculous deadlines. Becoming a busty blonde bimbo made it much, much harder for her to devote such time, however, much to her chagrin and unexpected pleasure.

Aaron, on the other hand, preferred to punch that clock and get out of dodge. He’d graduated top of his class in chemistry, and was the most socially capable of the trio - the

real leader, at least in the sense that he was able to balance the needs and personalities of his two peers. He was tall, good-looking, and enjoyed hitting up the clubs for one-night stands. With his dark skin, perfect tight curls, and his manly beard and deep voice, he had a powerful charisma. An irony, then, that he was now the shortest of the three, and the sexy backsides on women that he used to worship was now something *she* had in spades.

Lastly, there was Rio. A Japanese-American man with thick glasses and a short, boyish build, he'd quickly developed an inferiority complex and a complete lack of anger management across the course of his life. If someone was screaming curses in two languages at once over a failed chemical reaction test, it was him. And where Brandon didn't care for forming relationships and Aaron had no trouble finding them, Rio struggled to attract any women at all due to his short height and gawky features. It made him even more resentful, which was a great irony, given that *she* was now able to pick up any *man* she wanted.

Still, despite their differences, they were the best damn biochemists that SmartChem, a major pharmaceutical company and livestock engineering institution, had on their payroll. They'd been put on Project Fertility, which was SmartChem's next big thing. It involved the bioengineered creation of a tailor-made serum, one that could enormously increase the fertility, growth, and docility of farm animals. If it was successful, the ability for livestock to reproduce quickly after birth would be raised significantly, not to mention their production of milk, their overall fertility, all while keeping them submissive and easily managed. The trio had made real breakthroughs as well, and were so damn close to rolling out the formula for first-round testing on animals.

And then it had all gone wrong.

It had started late in the afternoon, so close to clocking off for the day. The three were looking at the new formula results, keenly anticipating that this batch of serum would be the best yet.

"I would say this is sufficient," Brandon said, viewing the results. "But we could increase by 1.2 percent effectiveness if we take another hour."

"Nah, man," Aaron said. "This is already beyond the expectations of what the higher-ups want. Let's celebrate a little: us Three Amigos have done it again! Besides, I've got a hot date tonight."

Rio frowned, his face weasel-like. "Do you have to mention you've got a date every time? It's so goddamn infuriating, I swear."

"Hey, I'm allowed to be happy."

"Only because *you* got genetically lucky! I swear, the second I can work on bio-engineering a serum to make myself look like a hot Japanese boy band star, I'll—"

Suddenly, the alarm rang. The room turned red, and the automatic door slammed shut, trapping them in the hermetically-sealed room.

“What the hell?” Aaron said. “Did someone drop something?”

“I would do no such thing,” Brandon replied, eyebrow arched. “It could be a system fault. Rio?”

Rio checked the computer. “No errors that I can detect. It says . . . wait, it says there’s a serum leak.”

“WHAT!?”

Brandon ran to the other side of the room and threw open the refrigerated space where their highly concentrated serum vials were kept. Immediately, a cloud of yellow vapor *erupted* from the fridge, spreading out through the room. Brandon began to choke on the fumes, and the others were too slow to cover their mouths, not that it would do much. They all began coughing and wheezing, struggling to fight away the serum.

“What the hell happened!?” Brandon yelled.

“The serum vials! They’ve all exploded!” Brandon said. “The cooling system must have malfunctioned and heated them up, then re-engaged. The vials have shattered.”

Rio fought his way through the cloud. “Shut the door you fucking idiot! We can analyse this later! I don’t want any more - ack! - of this shit in my lungs than I have to have!”

He pushed a coughing Brandon out of the way and shut the door. Aaron was already moving to engage the ventilators, and soon the fans were spinning rapidly, cycling the gaseous serum out of the lab.

“Everyone! Hold your - ack! - breaths!”

But it was impossible. The serum was making them all cough and splutter and breathe more of it in. The red lights turned off, but the cloud was everywhere, a musty yellow like mustard gas that made it impossible to see anyone else in the fog. The fans were doing their best, but the amount of serum that had shattered was immense - the fridge was a heavy duty piece of lab equipment, after all, not some common house fridge.

Brandon was the first to start groaning. He gasped, taking in more lungfuls of the serum, the fertility and docility effects of the serum entering his blood stream. It was a bio-engineered virus of sorts, and it immediately began to remake his DNA, transforming his body. His nipples swelled, his bones shifting to change shape. He tried to concentrate his mind on what was happening, but he was undergoing sensory overload, and by the time his chest began to push forwards into a large pair of breasts, he was already moaning in a high voice, overcome with unwanted pleasure.

“My D-DNA!” he cried, voice squeaking again. “It’s being altered!”

Aaron's eyes went wide as he tried to search for an exit through the gas. "What are you talking about, man? Are you hallucinating or wh-aaaghhh! Ughhh! Oh f-fuck, I can f-feel it too! Mhmmm!"

His ass began to swell along with his chest. His wide shoulders started to pull in, followed by his waist. His hips spread further as well, cracking audibly as they spread. Even his spine compressed, reducing his height.

"Ohhhh! I'm growing t-tits! Is anyone else growing tits?"

Rio stumbled through the fog and gripped Aaron's hand. "What the fuck are you talking about - AGH! What the fuck!?"

He stared at Aaron close up, even as the man's face bubbled and shifted, becoming more feminine. Brandon was still off in the distance, but his blonde hair was growing out, becoming luscious and fine, while his midriff became smooth and sexy.

"Dude, you're changing too!" Aaron announced.

"No way! I'm not changing! I'm not - HHGNN!"

The changes hit Rio with the force of an atom bomb. A chemical change occurred within his body, and within moments his acne and blemishes disappeared from his skin, and his spine cracked and then lengthened, followed by his limbs. He groaned, swearing in Japanese as his hair spooled out from his head, falling all the way to his waist and becoming silky in quality. His eyes became more mysterious, his lips full, but it was his hips that took on the greatest change; they spread dramatically, leaving him with a pair of babymakers, the kind he had often lusted after in the privacy of his room and the hidden porn stash on his computer.

"No fucking way! This can't be fucking happening!"

"It is!" Brandon shouted from across the room, stumbling over. "I appear to be developing breast tissue. A . . . lot of it. Ngnh!"

The three men were overcome with pleasure, moaning and squirming in response to their changes. Their voices rose, becoming female and sultry, especially Rio's, which was so feminine that one could never believe the soon-to-be-woman had ever been male at all.

"What the fuck is this shit!?" Rio demanded, cupping his crotch as it began to pull back inside his body. "We didn't program the serum to do this!"

"We never tested it on a m-male specimen," Brandon stammered.

Aaron swore. "Fuck, we didn't! Shit, I can feel my dick going back - ahhh! Oh, you can't take my dick! I'm proud of my dick, chicks love my dick, you can't take it! MMHHH!"

But the orgasm hit him all the same, and the other two as well. All three were now totally female as their new pussies formed and their forms completed themselves. They fell against one another, practically forming a compassionate huddle, their voices rising with ever greater bliss as their changes completed. It was only then that they fell to the ground,

the fog now cleared, but the emergency door still sealed shut. Their various changed parts jiggled and wobbled, parts of their clothing torn open or stretched to their limit. Brandon's labcoat now opened at the front to accommodate his huge head-sized boobs. Aaron's pants had torn at the back and sides due to his womanly hips and smackable backside. And Rio had erupted out of his clothing, now much taller than he had been, which exposed his lovely midriff. His pants had fallen down; his hips were simply too wide to pull them up again.

"Are we . . . are we FUCKING WOMEN!?" Reiko cried.

"This ain't no dream," Aaron said, "that's for sure. I knew we should have done test on male specimens! We've accidentally invented some kind of accidental gender change serum. Damn, my ass is huge. We've got to reverse this."

"Obviously," Brandon said. "I have far too much breast tissue. How do women handle so much?"

"Dude, most women don't have *that* much."

At this, Brandon actually blushed and smirked a little, before biting his lip when he realised how he was feeling. There had been, just for a moment, a real sense of pride in his changed body.

Rio, on the other hand, was already checking out his reflection, utterly taken aback at suddenly being a tall, supermodel-gorgeous beauty. The new woman was the very notion of the Japanese ideal woman, with pretty dark eyes, perfectly contoured eyebrows, full yet tender lips, and a soft jawline that made one think of the submissive beauties from Edo-period paintings.

"Fucking fuck," he said, his delicate voice failing to match the vulgarity of his words. "This is bad. This is real bad."

"You've got it bad?" Aaron said. "I'm like barely 5'5 feet tall now! And my ass and tits are huge!"

He was rubbing his ass, posing a little while looking at a glass cabinet in order to catch his profile. It *did* look very good.

"My breasts are bigger," Brandon bragged.

"Well, I'm far more beautiful!" Rio uttered. "Way more fucking beautiful. You two look trashy, but I look like I could be a model!"

"Well, guys love a big, sexy ass these days!" Aaron yelled back.

But Brandon was cupping his huge breasts, having dropped his labcoat and undone his top buttons to show off his veritable *chasm* of cleavage. "I may not be familiar with dating, but even I am aware that 'breasts are best' across the course of history."

"My breasts aren't fucking small!"

"Neither are mine!" Aaron exclaimed. "I'm like a Double-D cup here, at least! And my ass won't quit!"

“Well, like, I’m still a winner up top!” Brandon spat. “And - wait. Query . . . why are we talking like this?”

There was a long pause as each of the three former men realised what they had just been arguing about. Rio realised that he was even *posing* like a woman, hand on one hip that was cocked to the side, head to the side so that he could show off his long, silky black hair. Aaron wasn’t much better; he had his chest thrust out and had likewise thrown off his lab coat like Brandon, who was thrusting out his chest to show off his mammoth boobs.

“We’re just in shock,” Rio finally said.

“The most likely explanation,” Brandon replied. “We’ll know more once the lab opens up and SmartChem can assess us.”

Aaron looked down at his beautiful, curvy black body. His hair was now a glorious loose afro with amazing dark curls. He had the kind of thick waist that could *definitely* carry twins were he to get pregnant, though he cursed the strange idle thought of that particular image.

“Great!” Rio cried. “Just fucking great! I can’t wait to be humiliated! When we turn back, the Three Amigos better be damn rich. There better be a huge fucking payout over this!”

There wasn’t. SmartChem was, just like its name suggested, *smart*. The higher-ups were well aware that this was a major incident that they didn’t want getting out, but they were also aware that the three new women needed Smartchem more than Smartchem now needed them. The new serum could find a home with its other chemists now that the majority of the work was done. But Brandon, Aaron, and Rio were desperate to change back to being men again, and that required using SmartChem facilities to expedite their return to form.

“They’ve got us over a fucking barrel,” Rio complained. “Goddamn it!”

“At least we look good,” Brandon murmured.

“Very good,” Brandon said. “Not that this is a priority.”

“Obviously not,” Rio said. “Why even bring it up?”

But he played with his hair anyway, making sure it was silky and straight and had no knots whatsoever. It hadn’t even occurred to him to cut it.

The three were set up with new identities courtesy of SmartChem, which also made it harder for them to sue the company; clearly some favours had been called in to add the new women into the system. While a small number of quarantine personnel were aware of what had occurred, the majority of the company workers did not. As far they knew, the Three

Amigos had left to work for some other big pharma company, and now the Three Hotties were in, as they became known.

Brandon was now Brandi. She *detested* her new name, but her blunt nature had long rankled superiors, so someone had it out for her. Worse, at times she actually found herself smirking at the name, despite hating it. There was something playful in it, despite her sense of 'playful' largely being in her work output and chemistry-related puns.

Aaron was Aisha. She didn't mind the name, but was shocked to see that her age now listed her as merely *twenty two years old*. Apparently her new biological age had gone from early thirties down to *twenty*, but SmartChem listed her and the Three Amigos/Hotties as twenty two just to give some plausibility for them having their chemistry degrees. Her new outfit had to be tailor-made for her dimensions, and wherever she walked, she noticed that the men of the office stared or commented at her rear. Worse, she even started *swaying* it, smiling at the reaction she got until she realised what she was doing.

Rio had been so damn irate in the meeting and demanding to get a payout that she managed to choose her name. Well, she'd wanted to keep her old name, but at the last second she went with Reiko. It sounded deeply pretty to her ears, and something about that made her feel warm inside between the flaring infernos of her raging outbursts. Just a week after her reintroduction to work, men were already flirting with her and asking her out, and she found that she couldn't even rebuke them angrily. Instead, she was demure and shy and giggled a little, until she was out of sight and then swearing under her breath.

With all their major adjustments, the three new women chalked their bizarre actions and feelings up to the major life changes and hormone changes. They all had new things to get used to: wearing bras, sitting down to pee, being smaller and weaker, and, of course, being viewed as sexual objects by men. The last was particularly difficult for Aisha, who was used to being a sexual conqueror, but was now having her curves checked out by all the other chemists, many of whom were mansplaining aspects of chemistry she had once taught *to them*. Of course, she had competition in Reiko and Brandi, both of whom were lusted after for their incredibly attractive bodies and sweet, almost demure voices. They tried to ignore these flirtations and looks and simply focus on their work. SmartChem had swapped them from the Project Fertility lab to another, this one focused on *beauty* products. Reiko was irate, and yet tried the products anyway, sampling them on her skin.

"So long as we can still research how to fucking turn back!" she declared.

"Exactly," Brandi said. "Pass me that red one. I discern that it will look very good against my lighter skin."

But SmartChem only drip fed them the information, reports, and the much-needed material to change them back. It was obvious that they wanted to continue monitoring the

three for extra information that could be profitable. Reiko screamed and ranted about this, as did Aisha, while Brandi was left to continue her research obsessively.

All three tried to ignore the changes in their bodies and find a way back, but as the days and weeks continued, some disturbing trends began to pop up, ones that couldn't be entirely explained by purely physical changes. For one, their lusts were increasing. Brandi felt it most keenly at first. At night she found herself exploring her body, where once she'd never really experienced a sexual thought in her life. Her mind went to images of her most handsome male coworkers, even her domineering bosses, and not long after she was cupping and caressing her breasts, feeling her curves and then lowering her hand down to her wet womanhood. A great deal of bliss followed, giving a sexual awakening to Brandi that she had never imagined.

Aisha and Reiko followed soon after in their arousal. Aisha was humiliated to be imagining a big, strong man taking her from behind, squeezing her sensitive ass and sucking on her titties. She cried out in relief when she stroked her throbbing clit, but Reiko gave an even higher wail, having to shove her face into a pillow to stop herself from waking the neighbourhood. She'd been a chronic masturbator in secret before, but now her libido had been turned to imagine strapping, well-hung, and most importantly *virile* men. The kind of men who could put a baby in her.

In all of them.

It was the first true understanding that they could all get pregnant, and the thought began to run wild inside of them like a raging inferno. As the days passed, their work progress slowed, which also meant that SmartChem began withholding more and more of the data necessary for them to change back. The Three *Hotties*, as they now thought of themselves, were actually turning up to work in increasingly daring outfits. Nothing too showy, but certainly enough to display a hint of cleavage, or pants that pulled tighter around Aisha's rear, for instance. Their experimentation with makeup products became ever-more enthusiastic: Brandi had always mentally discarded such products as worthless, but now her thoughts continued to turn around cosmetics to make herself look even more sexy. Such an enticing appearance would maximise her power to attract a man, one who would be capable of impregnating her.

"Mhmm," she moaned, licking her lips as she gazed at her reflection. "Such a composition is perfect for my, like, physical attractiveness. I estimate a greater likelihood of finding a mate with this lipstick and foundation combo. At least . . . for the intended, er, recipient."

"Yeah, obviously," Aisha said, testing her own eyeshadow and makeup and looking in the mirror. "Brett from downstairs would definitely want to knock my super hot body up."

“Fuck off,” Reiko snapped. “We may be the Three Hotties, but I definitely called dibs on him, so don’t you dare! I mean, shit, I don’t *call* dibs. I just . . . I imagined it. Like, in my mind.”

They shared an awkward pause, then got back to work.

“We need to fucking turn back already,” Aisha muttered.

Brandi scoffed. “Like, I’m working on it! It’s hard to do so when I keep needing to look super sexy, though! For work, obviously.”

Their behaviour continued to change. More and more, they caught up outside of work, at first as a little support group for their status as the Three Hotties, but increasingly so that they could go to *Coquette’s* and other women’s clothing stores at the mall to dress themselves up. Brandi had started purchasing sexy lingerie and bras with frills, as well as halter tops and crop tops that showed off way more of her boobs, cupping them magnificently. Aisha wanted more tight yoga pants, while Reiko found herself drawn to dresses. They giggled together, trying on different outfits, comparing their sexiest body parts, and even talking about guys.

“I’m just saying, since becoming a hot curvy chick, I could totally have way more sex than I ever did as a man!” Aisha boasted as she tried on a tube top.

“Well, I can just *have* sex now. I dream of it,” Reiko added from her stall. “It’s so fucking hot.”

“Mhmm,” Brandi moaned from her own stall, putting on sexy pink lingerie that pushed up her boobs to show them off. “I’ve been having so many sexual thoughts lately. The serum is definitely, like, enhancing my hormones. I can barely pay attention to chemistry sometimes.”

“Right?” Aisha said, fitting her top and admiring her profile in the mirror. “Just what the fuck does cell change mean, anyway?”

“I don’t fucking know!” Reiko giggled, turning in her dress so that it swished around her long, sexy legs. “Wait . . . I don’t fucking *know*. Guys, I don’t, like, know what a cell change is!”

“It’s obvious,” Brandi giggled. “It’s like, when . . . hang on . . .”

It was not the first awkward silence between the trio, not even remotely. But it was certainly the most ominous. The three *burst* out of their stalls, almost colliding in the area outside of the changing room. All three were dolled up and looking hot and bimbo-like, women ready to go on the prowl for some sexy men. And for the first time they were truly aware of just how true that was.

“What the fuck is happening to us!?” Reiko cried. “Like, we’ve got more hormone changes or whatever, but why do I feel like some kind of fucking idiot!? A good looking one!”

"I don't remember the formulas," Brandi said, clutching her head, posing her lingerie-clad body in a sexy manner without even meaning to. "I can't, like, remember the formulas! Ohhhhh, this is too confusing! My mental organisation is totes in danger you guys!"

It was Aisha that managed to get some calm. She extended her hands out to gesture silence from the other two.

"Wait, wait wait," she said. "Is anyone else, like, thinking what I'm thinking?"

"The serum was designed to, you know, aid fertility," Reiko said. "So it's turned us into goddamn women."

"Yeah, but it also had growth stim . . . stim . . . stimulation! Yes! And boobie growth for milk production."

"Hence why we're sooooo curvaceous," Brandi said. "Reiko, you were furthest from the epicentre of the gas, so you got, like, less affected."

"I've still got huge fucking hips for fucking fertility here!"

"Exactly, man. Er, girl," Aisha said. "And your boobs are huge too, just not as big as Brandi's here, or mine. But it goes further than that. What was, you know, the other goal of our serum?"

The realisation came over Reiko, causing the new woman's spine to tingle in fear.

"Fuck. Docility. Sexual availability. To turn animals into total breeders who would like, be all sub and stuff."

"Submissive," Brandi corrected, then shivered. "Ohhh, shit! We've turned ourselves into, like, super docile bimbos! No wonder we're all, like, obsessed with fashion and looking hot and stuff! The serum is making us dumb sluts!"

"Sluts," Aisha murmured. "That would mean, you know, having sex. With guys. Hot, slutty sex."

"Dicks in our fucking pussies," Reiko added. "Oh fuck. That sounds, like, sooooo hot. I feel so fucking submissive, you guys. Is anyone else imagining letting a guy, like, totally rail them and cum inside of them?"

The fact that the other two began to moan was answer enough.

"We've got to find a way to stop this," Aisha said. "We need to get our brains, like, in order! Before we forget everything!"

From that point on, the Three Amigos, as they had begun calling themselves again, worked day and night at SmartChem. The company was clearly interested in the effects on their minds, but they were *obsessed* with changing back. They took copious notes - in pink pen with the i's all dotted with hearts, naturally - and relied on the computer to fill the gaps in their

knowledge, but it was hard damn work. To their shared humiliation, they had to resort to ordering some big, thick, rubbery dildos to use in the private stall whenever any of them got too libidinous. Brandi, who was the horniest out of all three, often went in, and she could be heard moaning, begging for a “real man” to fuck her. It made all three of them aroused, and soon they were spending practically half of their time engaging in imagery fuckfests. The fact that they wore sexy clothing in the lab only added to this; by now, each preferred to be in sexy club dresses that showed off their lovely curves. They complimented one another, pointing out how ‘man-hungry’ they looked until Reiko swore or Aisha caught herself or Brandi turned back to the reports.

“We’re gonna end up as dick-hungry morons!” Reiko grumbled. “And SmartChem knows it! We can’t, like, solve this! I’m gonna fulfill soooooo many white boy fantasies about submissive sexy Asian girls, I swear!”

“And my sexy ass is gonna take it from behind from the whole neighbourhood if I can’t turn back soon,” Aisha whined. “I nearly threw myself at my sexy neighbour. He was jogging in the morning and looking fine as *fuck*. Man, I wanted him to do me up against the wall. Or over the table.”

“My sexual thoughts are, like, just as intense,” Brandi said. “I can’t even be rational. A guy asked me to tittyfuck him on the street. I didn’t even know what it was, but I, like, totes looked it up and now I can’t stop wanting to put a big penis between my tits and let a guy cum all over my face and lick it and taste it and - ugh! The formulas! Think of the formulas, Brandi!”

“Maybe we’re goin’ about this the wrong way,” Aisha said. “Maybe, you know, we just need to focus on being smart again. Forget being a man again, just focus on the first thing first!”

It was the new plan, one that was easier said than done, however. Their minds couldn’t understand all the details now. They had to share their files with other chemists to get an understanding of them, which meant leaning further into their bio-engineered bimbo status. Franklin down in Lab 4 was very susceptible, at least: Brandi pressed her chest up against him and let him touch her breasts and he was all good to help. Reiko flirted with some of the men upstairs to get approval for more of the files, even putting on more of an accent and acting all submissive. It came so naturally to her that when she touched the men’s crotches, it felt *right*.

Aisha, on the other hand, actually went even further. She’d had sex many times as a man, so it had broken down the walls in her mind, perhaps. Or perhaps she’d just ended up in a situation where sex was inevitable. She needed to get an explanation for some results from Hank in Lab 5, but when she visited him, he was alone; his coworkers had left early.

She walked in, swaying her hips, letting him appreciate them in her ultra tight dress, having thrown her concealing lab coat to the floor.

“Hank,” she purred. “I, like, really need your help. I’ve seen you looking at my ass. I’ll let you have a feel if you can do something for me.”

Hank’s eyebrows shot up. “I’d - wow, I’d be happy to help. What do you need?”

“Just some of your super smarts. Maybe you could interpret, like, these new results?”

“Of course! But first, uh, do I touch you first? I mean, you just look so beautiful. I’ve never seen a woman as beautiful as you. Any woman, not just a chemist.”

Aisha couldn’t help herself. She threw herself at Hank and kissed him passionately on the lips. He returned the kiss, and soon the pair were making out, pulling off one another’s clothing. She let him suck on her nipples, playing the part of the woman as he groped and squeezed her ultra-sensitive ass. It was perfect, it was all-pleasure, and her bimbo brain was too powerful to resist. She bent over the table in the centre of the room and let him thrust into her. The sensation of him entering her was too great to resist, and it left her moaning in relief.

“Ohhhhh, f-finally! Finally! I really - like, really *really* needed this! Fuck me, Hank! Put your c-cum inside me! Squeeze my ass and cuuuuum!”

He did so. When he came, it was with the greatest pleasure she could possibly imagine. Like her body was built for sex, in fact. The orgasms rolled through her, one then two then three and then more until she lost count.

She couldn’t believe what she had done, but was so ditzy and pleased by the action that she promised more of the same, exiting the lab with a giggle and a sway of her ass.

An hour later, the fog in her brain cleared. Her knowledge returned to her, and her bimbo brain was put on hold, though not nearly so much her arousal. The astonished woman looked down at her body as Reiko and Brandi argued about makeup in the corner, having forgotten about their tests.

“Guys! Guys! GUYS! I’ve got my brain back!”

They turned, shocked.

“What, how?”

“Tell us!”

She turned to them in shock, making the connection. “My urges . . . I acted on them. I had sex. And . . . I think it’s given me my brainpower back.”

Reiko glared. “You did WHAT!?”

“I know! I couldn’t resist it anymore. But I understand chemistry again. I’ve got my mind back. I think it’s the sex. Our bodies are addicted to sex with men, and once it was over, it only took an hour and then I was back to normal. I can run some studies, of course, but once I’ve determined the link, perhaps there’s a safe, sex-free way to-”

But the other two women were already *bolting* out of the lab, heading straight for the men they had been flirting with, Brandi for cute Franklin and Reiko for any of the IT nerds she had been seducing. Aisha tried to call out to them, but she knew there was no stopping their arousal.

Brandi found Franklin immediately, slamming the door behind her and locking it. Her magnificent H-cup chest rose and fell, her boobs round and perfect, yearning to be touched. She advanced towards the nerdy man one foot in front of the other, hips swaying sensually.

“Um, hi Brandi!” the chemist said. “Can I help you again?”

She ripped open her blouse exposing her bra. “Like, you totally can,” she purred, before shoving his face into her incredible bust. “You can start by, like, fucking my blonde bimbo brains out!”

Reiko was wordless as she reached the IT area. She gestured for one of the men - a young and handsome nerd named Gregory - to follow her into one of the consulting rooms. As soon as he was in there, she too shut the door.

“Please, let me thank you for helping me,” she told him.

“Reiko, you don’t need to thank - oh!”

She was on her knees in an instant, unbuckling his belt and lowering his zipper. The beautiful Japanese-American bimbo licked her full lips, desperate to taste his cock. “I will make you hard,” she said, stroking his crotch and kissing the end of his penis. “And then I want you between my thighs. Is this okay?”

Gregory nodded enthusiastically. “Holy shit, yes. That’s more than - ahhh! Okay!”

Moments later, both women were being fucked. Brandi gripped Franklin as he used his superior strength to nail her against the wall. Her tits jiggled, pressing up into his face, and she let him suck on them while crying out in pleasure.

“This is, like, everything I could possibly w-want! MHMMH!”

Reiko, meanwhile, nearly made Gregory cum in her mouth until he stopped her.

“Let me - ahh - take you on the floor here. There’s space if we move the table.”

There was. She hiked up her dress, exposing her luscious legs, and then he inserted himself inside of her, fucking her missionary style while she whimpered in disbelief and overwhelming ecstasy.

It didn’t take long for both women to cum, the orgasms hitting them like earthquakes.

But only Reiko’s brain came back, the sexy Asian woman humiliated over what she did, yet aroused nonetheless. Brandi was still her bimbo-like self, celebrating her act of sex, but “like, super confused as to why I’m still a super slutty blonde bimbo, unlike you guys.”

It took another three rounds of sex across the next twenty four hours for her to return to normal, but it was enough to put a small crack in Aisha’s theory about sex alone being enough to undo the bimbofication effect. All three women were now largely back to normal,

and were wearing ordinary clothing that covered their bodies again. Their knowledge of chemistry was restored, and they were able to pursue a return to normality once more.

Except that across the next week, that desire to wear sexy clothing remained with them, and they slowly returned to their sexy, stylish, and most of all slutty dress code. Their libidos also continued to rage. Not nearly as strong as it had been, but all three women made sure to masturbate, and despite previously being utterly asexual, Brandi continued to have sex with Franklin when she felt a particularly strong urge. It didn't take too long for the other two to get in on the same action. The three of them together theorised that the serum's effects were still potent - hence why they were still female - and because of the purpose of said serum they were still likely to be far more libidinous than the usual woman, and feel a desire to show off their bodies to entice the other sex, which remained intensely attractive to them.

"It's absurd!" Brandi complained, buttoning up her blouse as she returned to the lab. "I can't stop engaging in sexual intercourse *despite* getting my mind back. It's such a distraction, but the pleasure is addictive. Damned dopamine rushes."

"Once we find a way back, I am taking a long, long shower with my male bod," Aisha said. "God, why do I have to like dick so much now?"

"It's fucking ridiculous," Reiko said. "At least you guys aren't goddamn obsessed with giving head! I've sucked the whole IT department off by this point! Ugh, and my boobs are so sore lately. I swear they're getting bigger."

"Me too."

"The same for I."

"And I'm feeling tired and nauseous lately," Reiko continued.

Aisha frowned. "Me too."

"The same for I."

"And I'm so hungry. I swear, I've got cravings for . . . why are you looking at me funny?"

Aisha and Brandi shared a horrified look.

"Oh God," the curvy black woman said.

"What? Guys, what's fucking going on?"

Aisha ran for the door. "I'll be back, I've got to pick something up."

"What? What are you picking up?"

But she was already out the door, leaving a horrified Brandi to answer the question for Reiko instead.

"Pregnancy tests, Reiko," she said. "She's picking us up some pregnancy tests."

Pregnant.

All three of them *pregnant*.

They could scarcely believe it, but test after test confirmed it, and it made total sense once they applied their biochemical knowledge to the situation. The likelihood of three women having sex and all getting pregnant within the same twenty-four hour period was practically *nil*, but the gaseous serum from Project Fertility had massively upped their own fertility levels, making their ovulation far more susceptible to the impregnation process. And now that they were pregnant, the same hormones that had turned them into sex-hungry and slutty bimbos could now abate, allowing their mental brilliance to return now that they were gestating babies.

Babies.

Actual babies growing inside of them.

"We have to get rid of these little fuckers!" Reiko shouted once the shock had died down. "No way am I going to get all big and pregnant and then give freakin' *birth*. I'm not spreading my legs for another cock, let alone pushing out a baby from this stupid cooch!"

"That may be a problem," Brandi said, frowning. "If this bloodwork is correct, then you may indeed be 'taking cock' all over again if you cease the pregnancy."

"What?" Aisha asked, looking closer at the screen in the lab. "Oh damn. Oh, *damn*. No. No way. She's right, Reiko. The only reason we aren't back to being dick-crazed sluts right now is because our new pregnancy hormones are keeping our mental barriers up. Or down, I guess you could say."

"No fucking way. Give me that!"

The Asian beauty grabbed the monitor and turned it towards her, but as she read it, her dark eyes went wide. "No. Goddamn it!"

It was true. The horrible truth was evident right before all of their eyes. They had been turned into women, and then into bimbos, and now into *pregnant women*. But at least their minds were largely intact. But there was a catch to this blessing, one the blonde Brandi pointed out even as she lowered a hand to her trim, soon-to-expand stomach.

"Right now, the only thing keeping our minds sharp is the fact that we're all pregnant. For the sake of our research, and of turning us back . . ."

Aisha nodded. "We have to see the pregnancy through."

Reiko groaned, then fell to the ground. She'd fainted. The other two women couldn't even blame her.

SmartChem continued to study the women, and it soon became clear to Aisha in particular that the company had no interest in turning them back whatsoever. So long as they worked at the big pharma, they would never get full access to their old research, and instead their unique situation would be experimented on further. The Three *Amigas*, as they now called themselves, were already struggling enough with their pregnancies. The combined weight of morning sickness, tiredness, exhaustion, sore nipples and boobs, stomach cramps, and a simultaneous surge in hunger all made them irritable and upset. The only salve was rest - which they could not always afford - and sex. The latter was something they were all shy about. They'd been compelled to have sex as bimbos, but now their libidos were back to something approaching a human norm, even if their lusts were far more powerful than the average persons. But Brandi still found herself biting on her pen as she passed handsome chemists in the lobby, and Reiko still visited the IT boys on some faint excuse, while Aisha swayed her ass as she walked through the cubicle aisle while reporting to their upper staff, letting men look at her divine figure. Each was just starting to show in the belly, and news of their pregnancies hadn't even taken off.

Which meant it was all the easier to give in, just occasionally, and spread their legs for a man. What was the harm, after all? They were all pregnant, and sadly doomed to see the pregnancy through thanks to their intermittent bimbo status courtesy of the serum. If they'd already taken the ultimate consequence of having a hard dick inside of them, then what was the issue with a little more just for fun?

This time, it was Reiko who gave in first. She was starting to show earlier than the others, so she concealed her body a little more with a stylish dress. Her desire to suck dick had not gone away, so when Gregory wanted to see her again she groaned, cursed under her breath, then pretended to play the role of the bimbo again just so she could get some.

"Don't you fucking *dare* tell anyone I'm doing this!" she demanded, before turning sweet again so as not to cause too much offence. "I'm just really hungry for your big, hard dick, Gregory."

Sure enough, it tasted divine. She was humiliated to be so submissive, but when he came, she couldn't help but swallow, and the taste of it made her cum.

Similarly, Brandi slathered lube between her tits and gave Francis from Level 6 a tittyjob. She moaned as he got closer, his hands stroking her breasts and fondling her body, and when he finally came on her face, she too experienced a massive orgasm despite not even being penetrated.

Aisha rode Jack from Accounting, and then had Leo fuck her from behind on a separate day. She was grateful no longer to be a dumb bimbo, needing only to have sex occasionally rather than as a matter of life or death as it had felt like, but it still humiliated her

to know she'd gone from a hunky man to a sexy girl who loved the feel of a big cock pumping away inside of her.

"We need to get away from this place," she finally told her friends when they were back in the lab together several weeks after this became a regular occurrence. "Look at us! We're already three months pregnant! We're all showing, especially Reiko here!"

Reiko blushed with shame. Her stomach was rounding out on her slim figure, and her boobs had already gone up a cupsize, from full C's to plump D-cups, which filled her with a mix of embarrassment and slight pride to be closer to her friends in size.

"But all our equipment is here," she protested.

"That is true," Brandi said. "It would take months, perhaps even years to get this level of competency again."

"We can do it," Aisha replied. "But you all know SmartChem is playing us. They want to make us a case study. Brandi and I have been fudging our bloodwork for a while now, and they haven't noticed that we're not total bimbos anymore, but when they do, who knows what they'll try? We need to sever ourselves from this company and strike out on our own."

"But they won't give us a good reference, and deny our degrees," Brandi added. "So we'll have to play this smart."

"Smart!? What if we give birth by then? We could end up as mummies for God's sake!"

Aisha sighed. "I know. It's the only way, man. We're stuck as ladies, and we have to stay pregnant. But the sooner we get out, the sooner we can get this over with. Besides, it's just one baby each, right? None of us planned to become single parents, but at least we'll give birth, maybe give the kids away to someone who wants them, and then be free women still. Easy peasy."

Reiko grimaced. It didn't sound easy. The fact that Brandi was wincing, cupping her big H-cup boobs and feeling them grow more with her belly was evidence of that very fact.

"Easy, huh? Yeah, 'cause if there's one thing that women think is easy, it's going through fucking pregnancy!"

SmartChem was not happy when the three women handed in their resignations.

"You can't!" their manager protested. "You won't have access to your own equipment anymore. All our Project Fertility files are subject to our NDA. You'll have to start from scratch to repair yourselves, and you're all mentally bimbos, so good luck with that unless you access SmartChem help."

Brandi played the role of the head bimbo of the team, perhaps because as a busty blonde, the image came to her most naturally as the most overtly bimbo-ish stereotype.

“Like, that’s just what you think! We’re totally gonna be men again! Just you, like, wait and see and stuff!”

The manager just smiled. “You’ll be back. Just call me on this number when you’re ready.”

They threw it in the trash as soon as they got out. Reiko was trying not to compulsively touch her pregnant belly, which was now nearly four months along and protruding obviously, hidden away simply due to her wearing a looser dress and showing off more cleavage as a distraction. The other two weren’t far behind, and covered themselves up for the same reason.

“Fuck that guy,” Aisha said. “Good acting, Brandi. Never knew you had it in you.”

“Well, if there’s one thing that has granted me an altered perspective on life, it’s becoming a woman with a strong sexual appetite.”

Reiko groaned. “So clinical about it. Meanwhile here I am, thinking more and more about cocks. I better not be more horny in my second trimester!”

Unfortunately, she was. They all were. The Three Amigas had accrued some healthy funds between them, and things became easier when they decided to move in together in a single apartment with four bedrooms. The last was to be their labspace, and they started acquiring the materials they needed while Aisha reached out via email to old friends who didn’t know her situation, asking for connections to buy more off-the-books equipment. They needed cash flow, however, and so freelance work was necessary. Reiko was able to apply to work at a local pharmacy, but Brandi could only get offers from a strip club with her figure. When she turned them down and pointed out, in her tactless way, that she was pregnant, the reply was surprising.

“All the better, babe! People love preggoes!”

It made her blush a little, going warm inside. “Curse these hormones,” she muttered to herself. “There is still a hint of the nymphomaniac inside of me.”

They all had such. Aisha took a job tutoring college students privately, and such was her obvious brilliance that the parents paid her quite a handsome sum. The only problem was that some of her male clientele in their early twenties were quite attractive indeed; all wide shoulders and handsome young faces. Faces as young as her own, now.

“Don’t think about that, Aisha,” she stammered to her reflection when she had to excuse herself to the bathroom and fondle her body, imagining it was the twenty-year old man she was tutoring. “Don’t think about how hot he is. Besides, you’re over five months pregnant. Your belly is getting huge! He’s not going to find you attractive, no matter how big and juicy your ass is!”

Unfortunately, men did. In fact, droves of men looked at the increasingly pregnant women. Even as all three of them began to feel kicks and shifting movements inside their swollen wombs, even as they succumbed to their new instincts and continued to wear showy outfits that hugged their pregnant bellies tight, and in Brandi's case even show off her naked belly through short crop tops and the like, men gave them the interested eye wherever they were. At night, the women would try to sleep, battling against pregnancy exhaustion, cravings, constant kicking in their bellies, and growing arousal. It was maddening to have one's mind mostly back and yet still to be subject to such whims. Reiko complained about it most, especially when a revelation during a pregnancy check up came to light.

"Twins!?! I'm having fucking twins! Ughhh, this is so not fair! You guys are just having one each! Why am I so fertile I'm having *twins!*?"

"I guess you were just unlucky," Aisha said. "Though if we stay women and can't turn back, it might be my turn next time. Or Brandi's. We're just as fertile as you, right Brandi?"

"Indeed," the blonde said, stroking her stomach in their makeshift lab. She was wearing her usual short skirt and halter top combo, her breasts now melon-sized yet pert on her figure, already leaking little bits of milk though she was only six months along. "I've estimated our chance of becoming pregnant with multiples during fertilisation to be ten times higher than the average woman, if not even more likely than that."

Aisha shuddered. She hated how . . . *hot* that sounded. Occasionally she couldn't resist giving in to her lusts and would lay in bed, imagining a strong man pleasing her. She would masturbate to the feeling of being so swollen and pregnant, even growing excited at the idea of swelling even more, producing milk, and getting knocked up again and again and again. Judging from the occasional moans from the other bedrooms in the house, that was the case for Reiko and Brandi as well, not that any of them would admit it. Brandi in particular was throwing herself into study as always, while Reiko muttered and cursed and complained, often going for walks and coming back breathless because she was starting to waddle. It made sense; her belly was noticeably bigger and rounder, her cheeks puffing up a little with pregnancy weight.

And yet *still* men found them attractive, often flirting with them at work or on the street, or simply muttering about "how hot those sexy preggos are," as one guy in the mall put it rather loudly. It was flattering as hell, especially for Aisha, who was worried that her ass was getting *too* big. Brandi was battling against the fact that though her mind was back, she still deliberately bounced her step a bit more so her boobs would wobble more than usual, all so she could show off to a man she was attracted to.

"I'm definitely still not asexual," she noted. "No matter how hard I try to contain these libidinous feelings, they continue. In fact, with this second trimester of pregnancy, I think they've gotten stronger, friends."

“Yeah, duh,” Reiko said. “I’m literally jacking off to porn right now. I’m using that big black dildo daily, here!”

“So that’s where my dildo went,” Aisha grumbled, knowing she’d had to order another one. She winced as her baby shifted around inside of her; her little girl.

“Another kick?” Brandi asked.

“Y-yeah. She’s active today. Holy shit, I can’t believe it’s been six months already and we’ve only just started to get a functioning lab. We don’t even have the funds for all the equipment yet.”

“I told you this wouldn’t freakin’ work,” Reiko uttered, though she winced in the moments after. She held her large stomach, which protruded outwards from her, naked to the world since she was just wearing a maternity tube top. “Nghh. Speaking of kicking, the twins are awake. *Again*. Calm down, you adorable little shits. Ugh, why do we have such frickin’ maternal instincts?” She held up a hand as Brandi went to answer. “I know, I know. Part of the serum’s effects. It doesn’t help much, does it? We were meant to adopt these suckers out. Now I’m fucking daydreaming of nursing them. Ugh! Stop moving about in there, I’m going to piss myself. *Again!*”

Those maternal feelings were indeed growing. Aisha also found herself circling her stomach, prodding it when her baby kicked and giggling when her growing daughter kicked back. Even Brandi, the most emotionally removed of all of them, found herself caressing her stomach and placing a headset around her stomach so her boy could hear classical music.

“I will raise you to be a genius,” she said, a quiet smirk upon her face.

Which was not to say they were happy about being pregnant, or being such objects of lust. Even as they verged on being seven months pregnant, the three found it hard to put away their need to make love to men, especially since so many were eager. It was Brandi who finally made the discovery why men found them so attractive in droves.

“Pheromones,” she told them while they took a break at a local cafe, each of them stroking their stomachs and ordering extra to eat. They were eating for two, after all. Or in Reiko’s case, much to her chagrin, for *three*.

“Pheromnes?” Reiko said. “Oh, damn it. Of course. I should have guessed it. We’re in hormone hyperdrive, so our bodies are producing some kind of aphrodisiac, is that right?”

“That would be correct,” the blonde said. “It’s probably also why we’re starting to lactate early, as a side effect. But we produce hormones in a local area which makes males more attracted to us, and puts them in, ahem, the *mood*.”

Aisha looked around and noted that several other men at the tables were looking at them and smiling. She gave a nervous smile back. Despite her big black stomach, now on display thanks to the designed hole in the front of her sexy summer dress, the men clearly didn’t view her as taken. Or perhaps they didn’t care.

“And that’s why we’re still horny,” she said, turning back to Brandi. “Right? We may be smart again, but the serum doesn’t let us turn the pheromones off.”

“It doesn’t,” the blonde confirmed. “And it means we may, well, give in at some point. To be honest, I already have. Several times.”

“Me too,” Reiko said. “I’ve sucked dick too, and let a guy take me from behind.”

“Add me to the pile,” Aisha admitted. “I can’t stop loving how much I ride guys in the cowgirl position. My big black belly right in their faces.”

Brandi let loose a moan. “Ahhh, s-stop it.”

“Sorry. Is there a way to stop the effect?”

At this, Brandi shook her head slowly. “It’s wrapped up in our overall change. It’s the same reason that placing an IUD wouldn’t work to simulate pregnancy and keep our minds in shape. It has to be genuine pregnancy, just like simply being a woman now means we’re also producing these pheromones. The only way to stop it is to be male again.”

“Back to the original frickin’ goal,” Reiko muttered. With a sigh, she stood, adjusting her short and tight white dress with its plunging neckline and tight fit around her twin pregnancy belly.

“Where are you going?” Aisha asked.

“I’m hungry.”

“You just ate a whole double-plate.”

Reiko gave her a look. “I’m not hungry for food, dude. I’m hungry for the guy who’s been eyefucking me for the last half-hour over there. What? Brandi said it herself. We all need to get fucked now, and our pheromones are making that a hell of a lot easier. My preggo hormones are driving me fucking wild, so don’t judge me! Ugh, these babies better not wake up while he’s boning me.”

She wandered off, muttering to herself, complaining about her desire for sex while also clearly very, very much anticipating it. Aisha finished up her last bite and drink and stared across the table at her remaining friend.

“I guess . . . you brought us here for a reason, right?”

Brandi nodded. “Easier to demonstrate the principle. And . . . I really need someone to start touching my breasts. They’re . . . needy.”

“Damn if my ass isn’t, and my pussy. Okay, well, see you back at the lab, huh?”

“Indeed. I’ll take the hispanic man over there.”

“And I’ll take blondie to his right. The one who keeps whispering about my sexy belly.”

Just a few minutes later, and each woman was paired off with their new lover, and not long after that each of them was indulging in their sexual needs again, crying out in delirious ecstasy as their preggo bodies were fucked, their bellies cradled, and their womanly

needs satisfied beyond belief. This time, when each of the women came, they weren't even embarrassed until several *hours* later.

It was simply good to have the relief.

Appropriately, it was Aisha's water that broke first, being that she was the first one to get knocked up and get her brain back. She was just two days short of her due date and massive, her belly a big dark boulder, her breasts tight and wanting to express more milk. She felt like a fertility idol at times, and part of her couldn't wait to meet her daughter. Still, the prospect of birth scared the hell out of her. She was in the lab with the others, trying a new variant of just one part of the serum formula when suddenly her insides seemed to gush out of her. It took her a moment to realise it was just her amniotic fluid leaking, but the contraction that followed left her gasping.

"Oh, sh-shit! Ohhhhh, SHIT! It's happening! My water just broke! Brandi, Reiko! I need your help! My damn water just broke! SHIT!"

Brandi had been the best organiser on this account, being a creature of routine, planning, and organisation. She'd read pregnancy books back to back in between chemistry research, and so felt thoroughly prepared. That was, until Aisha began to scream, which gave her far too much sensory overload.

"Can't you just . . . quieten down?"

"I c-can't, damn it! My fucking cooch is on fire, and my belly is so t-tight!"

"At least you don't have twins!" Reiko said, holding her hand.

"N-not helping! UGHH! Oh God, this is happening too quickly. We need to get m-me to a hospital, please! I can't believe I've gone from a ladies man to a lady giving *birth*. This is so f-fucking humiliatingggggghhh!"

Reiko tried to comfort her as they helped pull her up, the three pregnant women moving to the car to transport Aisha.

"At least you only have to do this once," Reiko reminded her. "Just one birth, and no bimbo brain as well! Then we can just focus on the chemistry."

"And being a m-mother," Aisha whined, gasping for breath as the next contraction started. She whined, rubbing her belly, cursing the accident that had caused this. By the time they reached the hospital she was struggling to breathe, sending a lot of fear into Brandi and Reiko for when it would be their turn. The former didn't need to wait so long, however, because just as they were getting Aisha into a wheelchair and were moving her to the maternity ward, suddenly Brandi doubled over and clutched the reception desk at the hospital.

“Sorry! I just felt - ahhh! Ohhhhh . . .”

From between her thighs a trickle of clear fluid suddenly spilled to the floor, falling from her skirt. She clenched her teeth, gasping for a moment, then looked between them. Reiko’s jaw dropped, and she mouthed words without saying them. Aisha actually laughed despite her labor pains.

“L-looks like you’ll be going through it with me, Amiga!” she said, before gritting her teeth again.

Reiko finally snapped out of it, checking over her huge twin preggo belly and noting no pain. “What the hell? I’ve got twins and I’ve got to be stuck pregnant even longer?”

“T-trust me,” Brandi panted. “I would rather be waiting a few more days.”

Aisha actually screamed as the nurses helped wheel her. “S-same!”

What followed was the full process of the ultimate female experience, having gone from its beginning conception in SmartChem to its final end in the birthing wards. Aisha was forced to endure the ultimate indignity: she had to spread her legs before complete strangers and bear down, breathing through her contractions and enduring them for hours on end. When the epidural was offered, she was shocked to hear herself turning it down. Some kind of protective instinct hit her, a byproduct of the serum still affecting her brain.

“N-no! All natural, p-please! Need to keep my brain when I give b-birth! Need to care for my baby!”

It was the right response, but so very wrong. She cursed her female condition, her pregnant condition, her previous bimbo condition - all of it! - as she bore down. In a separate room Brandi was doing the same, then trying to find distractions.

“Think of the formulas, Brandi. Think of the formulas. The f-formulas. The chemical compounds that together make - NGHH! FUCK!”

Her boobs were so damn full and sore that she almost wanted the baby to get through to the painful part so she could goddamn *feed* it. They were leaking milk the longer contractions went on, and because of her pheromones, even her doctor was admiring them occasionally.

“Y-yes, they’re b-big! Now please help me deliver through this procedure, thank you very much!”

Reiko flitted between them, daunted by the pain her friends were going through, and knowing that her lot would be even worse. She held their hands, helped dampen their heads, and when the time came for Aisha to push first, having dilated fully, Reiko was there, cursing and muttering and yet still giving supportive words.

“You can fucking do this! Just do it! We all can! It’s just one baby and I’ve got two! One baby and that’s all you’ll ever need to birth, Aisha!”

Aisha screamed. “I can’t do it! I can’t!”

“You can! I’m the whiny one, remember? The new submissive one? You’re a dominator, in bed and in life. Now PUSH!”

Aisha did, letting loose a primal scream. And then something passed between her hips, pushing them wider. Something large and alive. The nurse announced that the head was coming through, followed by the shoulders, which burned the ring of fire in her crotch.

But then the strangest thing happened. Aisha’s eyes widened, and a terrific euphoria hit her, one that made her begin to wail in a new way. The same sound carried down the hall from Brandi, and Reiko recognised it immediately.

“Is she . . . orgasming?” the nurse asked her peer.

“It happens occasionally,” the other midwife noted. “Just not usually this . . . passionately.”

“Ohhhhh!” Aisha cried. “Yesssss, come out of me! Mhmmm, this f-feels so right! Holy hell, this feels so amazing! I’m giving birth! I’m making a baby! Yes - yes - yes - YESSSS YESSSSS!!!”

The orgasms were incredible, one final push producing one as powerful as any sexual act, perhaps better. Her baby entered the world crying, her mother in a state of euphoria, tears streaming from her eyes.

“I did it,” she said, still gasping. “Reiko, I did it! Ohhhh, it was wonderful!”

Reiko held her hand. “That was fucking amazing. You’ve got a little girl, Aisha. I just gotta go check on the other screamer, okay?”

Aisha nodded, breathless. The shocked midwives took the baby and weighted it, cut the cord, then placed the girl on Aisha’s chest. The new mother cried, exposing her breast immediately, knowing what she had to do.

“Come here, sweetie,” she said, more tears flowing. “Come to mommy.”

She began to feed her baby, more bliss flowing, that sense of rightness returning. Down the hall, Brandi was now in the throes of ecstasy as she entered her orgasmic state of birth. But for Aisha, there was only this room, herself, and her little baby.

“You’re, like, totes the cutest thing I’ve ever seen,” she whispered.

The spell was only broken hours later as she lay in recovery, half-sleepy. Only then did she realise what she had said after birth.

It had sounded rather bimbo-like.

By the time Reiko finally went into labor, she was practically *begging* for her water to break. She had held on, despite being pregnant with twins, until *forty* weeks, which was two-and-a-half longer than her friends. By that point, Brandi was already practically

exploding with milk from her huge bosom, thankful that her little boy Peter was a hungry one. It was the strangest thing for the quite serious and obsessive woman to find comfort in feeding a child, since it prevented her from doing her work, but not even she could deny the warmth of nursing her child, letting Peter drink from her breasts. She couched the feeling in words like 'dopamine' and 'necessary way of losing pregnancy weight,' but she was fooling no one with her little secret smiles. Aisha was more openly affectionate, cradling her adorable Trisha in her hands, occasionally weeping as she looked at her. She had once been a proud alpha male, but now holding and feeding her little girl reduced her to tears sometimes. She liked to sit beside Brandi, the two new mothers breastfeeding while they kicked theories and ideas on how to reverse their transformation back and forth. Of course, now they were agreed that they could only do so once their babies were weaned, hard as it would be for them.

Reiko had watched all of this with some manner of jealousy, her own nipples throbbing and leaking, her hips widening further in preparation for birth. Her belly was massive, and she dealt with her frustrations by indulging in three things: food, sleep, and best of all, sex. Her pheromones still drove men wild, and she adored lying on her side and lifting one leg while a man thrust into her from behind, cradling her huge swollen stomach for support. In the end, that had been the thing that induced labor, and like her friends, she wailed and screamed in pain, enduring what no man could ever imagine they would endure.

"I always th-thought women were exaggerating thisssss!" she cried, squeezing both her friends' hands as they supported her, their babies at home with sitters, milk bottles at the ready. "But they weren't! This is m-more painful than being k-kicked in the nuts! This is more fucking painful than anything! AGGGHHH!!!"

"Just wait, the bit at the end will feel, like, really nice!" Brandi exclaimed, the Caucasian beauty covering her mouth as she realised that she sounded a bit too bimbo-like. She hadn't even meant to play her role like that.

"I b-better!" the ultra-pregnant and ultra-overdue woman cried. "Because I want these b-babies out of me, n-nowwww!!!"

By the time she was finally fully dilated and ready to push, it had been sixteen long hours of labor. The humiliated former man's belly was tight as a drum, her legs spread wide, and she screamed in her high, animalistic voice when the moment arrived. Thankfully, when she reached the infamous 'ring of fire' as the baby's head crowned (the first baby, that was), suddenly her pain turned to unbelievable pleasure. She moaned, then her voice rose again, and the midwives were shocked.

"I remember the pair of you had the same reaction. I swear, I hope I get what you're taking to induce *that* when it's my turn!"

Brandi and Aisha just exchanged a look. "Sorry, but unlikely!" the dark-skinned of the two replied, patting her afro. "It's totes a special thing!"

Finally, the first child passed through; a beautiful little girl. Minutes later, Reiko erupted into another set of orgasms.

"Ohhhh, I want another! Why can't I have t-triplets! I want m-more babies to feel like thisssss!"

She collapsed backwards, panting as if in a post-coital fog as the second of her babies was pulled from her; another girl. An identical set of twins.

"I'm just gonna fall unconscious for a b-bit," she murmured. "Call them Misaka and Kasumi, will y-you?"

And with that, she rested her head down and sighed happily, lost in post-birth dreams of handsome men thrusting into her, another effect of the powerful rush of hormones within her.

Reiko was upset about her baby weight. They all had been, but hers was particularly dramatic postpartum due to having twins. And yet, as Brandi discovered, their bodies followed the bioengineered nature of the serum's programming: within a single month, each of their bodies had bounced back as if they'd never been pregnant, apart from some extra curves in their rears, their hips, and, of course, in their engorged chests. Given that Reiko constantly had two babies on her, this was understandable, but her stomach was trim and slim again, and the same was true of Brandi's and Aisha's. All three looked like incredibly hot MILFs, and while it was embarrassing to admit this out loud, they were starting to feel really good about that fact.

Soon, all three were out and about, pushing their strollers through public parks and dressing up fancy. Brandi in particular wore sexy maternity tops, while Reiko favoured stylish dresses and Aisha gymwear that showed off her thick and beautiful body. It was utterly insane to be mothers, and the long nights and cluster feedings took a toll on their sleep schedules, as did the endless milkings, but the three transformed women adapted with one another's help. Now realising that they weren't returning to SmartChem at all, the company had also agreed on paying them a large sum to stay quiet on what had occurred to them, and given that they needed money while unable to work, they accepted it. It was a very large payment, one that could easily support them for quite a few years to come.

For a while, everything was looking up. Their lab was coming together, and while the babies took up a lot more time than even Brandi, with her incredible organisational skills, expected, they were still able to form a rotation to begin working on reversing the serum's effects. They were mothers, and they loved their babies, but they didn't plan on being mothers forever. Aisha was desperate to be a man again, and Reiko especially. Brandi was keen to not be so boy-hungry, since the three of them were now occasionally asking for their

'amigas' to babysit for a few hours so they could take a much-needed bootycall. It didn't help that Reiko found her taste for dick increasing again.

"I just, like, love swallowing delicious cum sooooo much!"

The other girls giggled at this. In fact, there was a lot more giggling these days. Giggling, and shopping for sexy mommy outfits and stylish boots, not to mention taking photos of one another to put on social media; an exercise in ego as much as it was a new moneymaking venture. The three were styling themselves as hot, sexy mommies on the prowl, looking for men to give them the satisfaction they needed.

"I'm definitely gonna sleep with so many more men now that my ass is even bigger," Aisha bragged.

"Your ass?" Brandi replied. "What about my breasts? I'm a full I-cup now. I can't turn without making these jugs wobble, and I *love* it!"

The casual sex became more frequent, the clothes shopping as well. Television shows they once loved - especially Brandi's sci-fi stuff - were difficult to understand. Far better to watch a reality show like *Find Me a Date*. They were reducing back to bimbo intellect again, their minds filled with all things girly, attractive, and sexy. The kind of things that would make them kittenish and sultry to attractive more and more men like flies to honey.

This time, it was Reiko who noticed it. Having given birth over two weeks later than her friends, her own bimbofication was behind theirs. She was checking the report charts and finding them hard to understand, the chemical knowledge lacking again for some reason. She nearly didn't cotton on, and perhaps never would have, but for one significant thing her mind was still perceptible enough to notice: Brandi's writing was in pink again. More than that, she was starting to dot her i's with little love hearts.

"Oh, fuck!" she cried. "Like, shit! Guys, guys! We've got, like, a really big problem!"

Which was, of course, how the Three Amigas ended up at the fraternity. All three were once more turning into bimbos, and the horrid realisation had hit them once Reiko exposed what was happening: now that they weren't pregnant, their condition was reverting back to vapid nymphomania and dick-hunger. Their chemical knowledge was gone, their personalities being absorbed into boy-crazy bimbohood.

"This suuuuuucks," Aisha had complained. "We've already, like, gotten knocked up once and given birth! It was a huge deal. Are you saying we've got to do it again?"

"We might, like, have to keep on doing it!" Brandi replied, the realisation hitting her. "Ohhh, it's totes wrong but also super hot. I soooo want to have twins this time."

"It's not what it's chalked up to be," Reiko said. "I was huge."

"Mhmm, I want that."

"Ugh, me too," Aisha said, folding her arms beneath her breasts. "I've got no choice. If I don't get knocked up, I'll be stuck as a stupid bimbo forever. None of us want that."

"Like, totally agreed," Brandi said. "We need to get knocked up, ASAP. Put babies in our bellies so, like, we one day don't have to have babies in our bellies, I guess?"

"Worst. Plan. Ever," Reiko said, but her mouth was watering with images of men she could give blow jobs too, and let one cum in her pussy for good measure. "At least let's not go to our usual guys. We need someone anonymous so, you know, we don't have to worry about childcare battles and stuff."

"Like a frat party on campus!" Brandi squealed, bringing up her phone. "I saw this come up on my feed! We could crash it and fuck some cute boys and make them the daddies of our babies without them knowing, right?"

Aisha could only nod along, growing excited herself. "Right!" she declared. "Let's do it!"

The three were pregnant by the college fratbros just two days later. Each of them knew it; they'd all regained their minds, and their libidos had shrunk from 'positively inhuman' to simply 'needing sex two to three times a week, thank you very much.' Still slutty, but retaining their great intelligence. They each knew that their bellies would grow once more. This time they could *feel* it, like their impressive fecundity allowed them to actually *sense* their own nascent pregnancies. It was hard not to feel a sense of defeat, of futility, but also budding excitement. Their babies were growing well, and loved them very much, and there was something to the notion of giving their children siblings (or in Reiko's case, *more* siblings).

But still, they were pregnant again. And they would have to *keep* getting pregnant again. When they returned to their home they each sat in the loungeroom, too overcome with a true understanding of their future fates to actually work that night. Aisha rested her chin in her hands, her baby asleep on the mat before her, with little Peter beside her.

"So, I guess this is us now, huh? Constant preggos, bioengineered to make babies, babies, and more freakin' babies until we find a way to turn back, huh?"

Reiko, who was nursing both of her children, winced at the thought. "God, that is so fucked up. I don't want to be stuck being some goddamn baby making machine. Twins was enough. Shit, what if I get *triplets* this time. We already know our chances of having multiples is way up!"

Brandi gave her a sympathetic look. "I wouldn't rule it out. Genetically, we're in the prime of our breeding ages, with ultra fertility on top of that and high libidos. With all of us

possessing wide hips and large milk supply, we could conceivably - ahem, pardon the pun - be doing this a lot.”

“But what if we don’t stop having babies?” Aisha asked, feeling a bit desperate. “We could end up having dozens of kids each if we never find a way to turn back!”

It was a sobering thought, one that Brandi considered deeply.

“In that case,” she said. “We might need to renegotiate a bigger settlement with SmartChem. And I suspect if Reiko ends up having triplets like she fears, we may at least have a vicious attack dog for negotiations.”

That was enough to make the three of them laugh.

“You’re damn right I would be!” Reiko exclaimed.

It was ten years later, and the Three Amigas were pregnant yet again. Over time, their differing days of birth and pregnancy lengths had caused them to diverge further in their endless cycles. Currently, Aisha was swollen up at eight months with twins, her black belly enormous, her breasts working overtime to feed her *last* set of twins. She had over a dozen children already, and this pair would be numbers fourteen and fifteen. Somedays, she could hardly keep track of her ‘herd’, as she put them. She’d finally given in to her needs one day and actually gotten married, having met a man who had a massive pregnancy kink and wanted a very, very large family. She wasn’t sure that she loved Saul, but she certainly appreciated his high libido and the way he kept her pumped full of babies. That was enough for a kind of love, at least, as well as much-needed financial support.

Reiko, meanwhile, was ahead of her. She was indeed swollen with triplets, her belly bigger than Aisha’s despite being six months along to Aisha’s eight. She complained often, rubbing her back and struggling to get up, aided by her hoard of children, many of whom she still had to feed from her breasts as well as at the table. These babies would be seventeen, eighteen, and nineteen respectively, and given that her body was equivalent in age to a thirty two year old’s, she was well aware that she would be hitting baby *twenty* by the end of the following year. She’d given birth so many times now that she was practically a pro at it, and yet that sense of humiliation had never quite left her. She’d been married once, but her need to suck cock had gotten her in trouble, and now she was on husband number two. It was an open marriage, and that suited her just fine. She never told her friends, but she was fully in love with her man. She felt so damn submissive to him, at least in private, but her body burned to make babies, and he couldn’t provide that for her due to a medical condition that rendered him sterile two years back. Now, she got pregnant by other men, but he was always the daddy of her babies.

Brandi, meanwhile, remained single, and operated like a teacher to her children and those of her friends'. She'd born 'only' twelve babies in total, and was only a month pregnant with her thirteenth. She had no partner and no desire to have one, still retaining *some* kind of asexuality, or perhaps aromanticism now. But her body always yearned for a man's touch, and she had a suite of regular lovers to please her, none of whom minded putting babies in her. Indeed, she had a whole contingent of children of different colours and ethnicities and heritage, and she kept track of them all; an important part of their education, of course.

The work on the cure to their condition had pretty much stalled. None of their own serums had succeeded, and one had even made poor Reiko stay in bimbo form for nearly a whole year, which she hated being reminded of. Brandi was the only one that worked on it from time to time, but with such large broods and a need to manage them, there was so little time in the day for each of them. They had, in effect, resigned themselves to being massive broodmothers with endlessly hormonal bodies, constantly needing to get pregnant in order to avoid turning into total bimbos for good. At this point, pregnancy was practically an addiction. Hell, Aisha didn't feel properly comfortable *unless* she was growing new life inside her constantly churning factory of a womb. They were women, they were mothers, and they simply had to accept that.

But still, there was one final revelation that Brandi had to offer them, a unique discovery she'd made. She called in her friends, having convinced their many children to be patient and wait outside the lab, though Aisha and Reiko were still breastfeeding their latest babies, of course, just as Brandi was hers.

"Don't tell me it's another cure attempt," Reiko said. "The last one was not fucking worth it. Just let me be pregnant in peace, Brandi. I'll just spit out babies until I die."

"Yeah, no offence, Brandi, but I think it's too late," Aisha added. "I mean, I could do with not always having babies, but I'm kinda addicted at this point, so whatever. I think we should just forget it."

Brandi just smirked. "Well, it's not a cure. Just an interesting . . . discovery."

"What?"

"Well, do you recall when I told you that the need to be pregnant will end at menopause according to my findings, and that this would also end our descent into bimbohood as well?"

"Yup," Reiko said. "Can't wait. Another fifteen years of being a big babymaking machine, and then I can finally get a break with something like a hundred kids already."

"You joke a hundred children, but it may be exactly that."

Reiko paused. "Wait, what? Fucking what?"

Brandi pointed to some results on the monitor that she'd charted. "You may recall that people often remark on how young and healthy we look after having so many babies, and that none of us look in our thirties yet?"

Aisha frowned. "I do. It felt nice at the time. Wait, are you saying what I think you're saying?"

Brandi nodded. "Those people were more right than they knew. The serum didn't just bioengineer us to be more fertile and aroused, but also has an interesting side effect. We are aging much more slowly. In fact, despite nearly twelve years passing since this whole saga began, we've aged perhaps only five years. We are each only about twenty five years age biologically speaking. Which means-

Reiko held her belly, jaw slack. "You can't be serious, do you mean - do you mean we're going to be making babies for literal *decades* to come?"

"Yes," Brandi said. "I do. Difficult, but from a biological standpoint, it's fascinating!"

"FUUUUUCK!" Reiko cried. "Fuck, fuck, fuck! Oh, damn it! I'm going to be pregnant forever at this rate! Ugh, I can't believe it! Kids - don't come in, Mommy needs a moment. Goddamn, she needs a moment!"

The poor woman was struggling, her belly filled with the kicking of her triplets. Brandi gave her a sympathetic glance, but then she turned to Aisha, who was absorbing this information.

"Being a breeding bimbo for even longer, huh?" she said. Her beautiful features turned to a smile.

Aisha returned the grin. "Hell yeah."

The End