

Dating the Fertility Goddess (Multi TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Gen-Awesome

When Nick turns up to his family's BBQ event with a new date Damara, all his close and extended relatives are shocked to see that she is a deeply pregnant woman. When Damara informs them that this is because she is a fertility goddess and not a result of Nick and her getting busy, no one is truly convinced. In response, Damara decides to demonstrate her powers on the men who have made crude jokes about her.

Dating the Fertility Goddess

The meat on the barbecue grill was starting to sizzle, the smell of bacon and hamburgers wafting through the air and stirring hunger everywhere. In the backyard of George and Julie Robert's home, young children flitted between the legs of adults, older cousins reconnecting after months of not seeing one another, and old family conversations, debates, and even arguments started up anew as if there had been no separation in time between them.

This was the Robert's family barbecue, a rare and exciting event that brought the entire clan on both sides together. There was, at a minimum, two per year, and while it took an enormous amount of social wrangling on Julie's side and cajoling from George's side, the older pair always managed to pull it off. They were in their early fifties, with three grown children of their own, and with several siblings each, not to mention grandparents, honorary family members, adopted members, and so on, there were over thirty people in attendance. Revise that figure upwards by twelve if one was to count all the young kids, though they seemed to move as a singular chaotic horde through the busy backyard, enjoying the summer warmth and screaming and squealing with each new game they invented on the fly.

Yes, it was a beautiful day alright, the kind of summer day with a perfect gentle breeze that stopped one from overheating. George was cackling at some joke from his brother Reginald about their inappropriate teenage years, the pair of them clinking their bottles of beer together. Julie was organising the women for some quick photos, as well as ensuring all the salads were on the table. Still, despite all the excitement and happiness in the air, one question seemed to voice itself most vigorously.

"I see that Amanda and Brandon are here, Julie," Aunt Hilda said. "But where is your Nick? It's been too long since we saw him."

"Yes, where is Nick?" Peter called out from across the table. He was twenty five years old, and Nick's cousin. "Where is our pale, shy boy?"

"Don't be mean," his girlfriend cautioned.

“What? I’m just saying, he’s always been an odd one, no offence, Julie.”

“None taken,” the matriarch of the event said. “He doesn’t call nearly as often as I’d like, but he told me he’d be here. He said he was bringing his girlfriend.”

“Ha!” Uncle Jack laughed. “I’d like to see that! Are we sure this girlfriend isn’t from Canada like the last one?”

There was a chortle from several others in the Roberts clan, as well as from Julie’s Hartman side. Still, Julie blushed a little.

“Everyone be nice when he arrives. He’s not used to these events, and I think you had him on the backfoot last time with your jokes. Peter, remember that.”

The young man put up his hands in an amused gesture. “I don’t know what you’re talking about!”

At this point, George came over, having left Reginald to tend to the barbecue. He ran his hands through what remained of his light brown hair.

“This about Nick?”

“Yes, honey. I was just reminding everyone to play nice when he arrives.”

“Please, the lad needs to toughen up. He’s twenty three.”

“Exactly!” Uncle Jack said. “He’d benefit from being hazed a little more, especially if this new girlfriend turns out to be as fictional as the last, ha!”

At this, even Reginald laughed from the grill. He was George’s older brother, fifty-two years in age and still often inappropriate as hell thanks to his bachelor status. “Still, if he does have a girlfriend, I hope she’s a looker! I’m sick of everyone in this family dating pugs!”

A few people, particularly the women, shot him dirty looks. They knew Reginald was often like this, but the constant overstepping was never appreciated.

“I like Nick,” one young man said. “He’s a good guy. I’m looking forward to him arriving.” He was only eighteen years old, but Daniel had often got along with his similarly nerdy and fastidious cousin. Of course, he had other reasons to view an outsider favourably: Daniel had long hair that the others in the family repeatedly joked about and told him to cut, and he tended to dress nicely, whereas the Roberts clan preferred those who dressed down - down to earth, as they put it.

“Of course we all are, sweetie,” Julie said, now feeling a little guilty as a mother. “We just like to tease, at all. It’s what loving families do.”

“Then he must be the most loved person here!” announced Aaron, who was Amanda’s husband, and therefore Julie and George’s son-in-law. He was a successful banker, and liked to flaunt it, and after joining the family had eagerly joined in on the hazing of shy Nick. More laughter followed, but it soon died down when the final member of the combined Roberts/Hartman gathering arrived . . . with someone else upon his arm.

Various people whispered, others went silent in shock, and a few others even giggled in disbelief when they saw Nick come around from the side yard. He looked better than he ever had: still pale, still a little shy in appearance, but his dark brown hair was no longer unstyled, and had a kind of charismatic ruffle to it, like it had been deliberately messed up but in a charming way. He wore a smart casual button blue shirt and shorts, and these revealed that his figure was not nearly as scrawny as it once had been. In fact, he looked to have filled in not just with fat but muscle as well, and this gave him a far fitter, even borderline athletic look. Even his glasses had changed, looking more fashionable and smart on him. In fact, the man radiated confidence in a way he never had, though there was still a slight blush of embarrassment upon his cheeks.

It was easy to see why.

His date was a gorgeous woman, far prettier than any other woman at the gathering, even cousin Brianne, who liked to brag about modelling for the local women's clothing store. The woman on Nick's arm had a beautiful dark-olive brown complexion, a great contrast to the almost uniform Caucasian makeup of the family. She had a splendid long nose, dignified like a queen's, and emerald-green eyes that must have been immensely rare. Her hair was long and straight, silky and dark in quality, falling right down to her buttocks. Her lips were full, her cheekbones high and prominent, and this was just her beautiful face. Her body possessed impressively full breasts that were shown off by the stylish purple dress she wore, and her legs were long and sensuous, leading up to wide and womanly hips. This alone would have made the Roberts BBQ members pause and look her way, especially with all the glittering jewelled adornments she wore, but there was another factor that left her even more a sight of shock.

She was pregnant.

And not just a little pregnant, but *very* pregnant. Her tight purple maternity dress conformed to the top half of her dome before trailing down before her, swaying with each movement and revealing the sheer size of her belly. In fact, she looked full-term with twins, and utterly radiant, her skin glowing and her smile almost saintly.

"Well," Uncle Jack said. "I didn't expect that."

Uncle Reginald dropped a sausage as he stared at her form, and then at her large breasts.

Julie and George both shared a glance, while Aaron giggled to Amanda, who tried to shush her husband to save her newly-arrived brother from any embarrassment. His oldest cousin Mark whispered with his own girlfriend Claudia. She was thirty three years old and desperate to have a baby, but nothing had taken after two years of trying months of trying.

"Um, hello everyone!" Nick announced as he entered the fray with his elegant and curvaceous yet deeply pregnant girlfriend. "Sorry I'm late! We ran into some issues."

“We can see that!” his cousin Peter joked. Julie shushed him.

“We’re very glad you arrived, son,” Julie said diplomatically. “And you have a, er, date!”

“Yes I do,” Nick said, smiling deeply despite his anxiousness. He turned to look at the woman beside him, still holding her hand, and it was clear that his expression was full of love. “This is Damara,” he continued. “My girlfriend. Damara, meet my very large family. These are my parents, George and Julie. This is my brother Brandon, and there’s Amanda, my sister. That’s her husband, Aaron.”

Aaron was already giggling and ribbing Uncle Reginald with his elbow. Jack, in the meantime, was drinking another beer to stop himself from making a joke.

“It is lovely to meet all of you,” Damara said with a lovely accent, perhaps Persian. “I

“And, well, I see there’s another member of the family on the way!” Julie said, trying not to let bitterness seep into her voice. “I wish you’d told me you two were expecting, Nick. I would have insisted on visiting.”

At this, Damara rubbed her large belly. “Oh, did Nick not tell you?”

“I - I thought it would be easier in person,” Nick said nervously. “You know, because it sounds so unbelievable.”

“That he managed to score such a hottie?” Uncle Reginald whispered. Julie shushed him.

“Son,” George said. “This is wonderful news, but I agree with your mother, you should have told us. Damara, it’s great to meet you, and you’re welcome to join us for lunch. Um, is it a boy or a girl you’re expecting?”

Damara giggled. “Both, actually! I have twins in my belly, each representing the two halves of the human race.”

Confusion spread out among the extended family once more.

“Representing?” Julie ventured.

“Yes,” Damara continued. “I shall never give birth to them in this life. They are part of me, in a way.”

“I’m confused,” Brandon said, Nick’s younger brother. “What’s happening?”

“I see the confusion,” Damara continued, still cupping her belly. “These babies do not belong to Nick. He is not the father.”

Titters started throughout the family, particularly from Peter and Uncle Jack, with Amanda’s husband Aaron quickly joining in. Nick blushed, getting more visibly anxious; it was clear he knew this fact was coming, and that jokes about him being ‘cucked’ or ‘babytrapped’ would be following soon.

“Because she’s a fertility goddess!” he shouted suddenly, the words bursting out of him.

At this, even the horde of young children playing beneath the tree seemed to turn and look his way, curious as to why he'd just shouted.

"What?" George and Julie said as one.

"She - Damara, I'm sorry to put you on the spot, but can you explain it?"

Damara just squeezed his hand and kissed his cheek. "Of course, my love. I knew it would come to this. Better to rip off the bandaid." She stepped forward, rubbing her stomach almost sensually. "I am indeed a fertility goddess. It is a closely guarded secret of the village I come from: one is born each century, and lives for a long time, never aging past the prime of her life. No man's seed is required for her to fall pregnant: she becomes full with child all on her own, and swells with the glory of fertility. But when her children reach the end-cycle of their development, ready to be birthed into the world, they instead remain there. The fertility goddess remains permanently pregnant for the remainder of her life, and only at the end of her hundred and fifty years upon this earth does she ascend to the plane of the gods, taking her chosen consort with her. There her children may be finally born, and many others following them. As you can see, I am the fertility goddess of this generation. I have been pregnant for eight years now, searching the world for the man who would become my love and my consort. When I found Nick, and saw the way he looked at me, felt the way he made me laugh, how he loved my pregnant body, I knew I had found the one. He will help me bless many with fertility over the next century, and will be my paramour for eternity."

Silence followed, until finally Aaron could take no more.

"So, she babytrapped you, huh, Nick?"

Nick blushed, but took his partner's hand again. "She did not. I know it's hard to believe, but every word she speaks here is the truth."

Jack and Reginald chuckled together, while Mark and Claudia whispered in annoyed voices, desperate to have a child of their own, and annoyed at these clear lies about a very real and very ordinary pregnancy.

Finally, Julie just clapped her hands together, and George whistled loudly to silence the rumours and jokes.

"Look, let's just welcome Damara and have a good cook up, shall we? Everybody?" He turned to Damara. "You can tell us about the father later, and we'll puzzle this out. For now, let's just have some food."

Damara's expression became one of wounded pride, but she sucked it in nonetheless. Nick whispered in her ear, telling her that they could leave, but she told him otherwise.

"I'll stick up for you each time," he said.

"I know you will, my love," she said. "And I'll reward you for it later. I know you love my big, pregnant belly."

Nick blushed again. He had a real big pregnancy fetish, and had found the perfect woman in Damara to live it out, and she enjoyed teasing him about it and letting him experience her wild, hormonal side with all its sexual desires. The two advanced into the crowd of Hartmans and Roberts members, and something approaching normalcy settled over the lovely summer lunch barbecue.

For about ten minutes.

Slowly, the comments and jokes began to return, various members trying to be more daring, provocative, suggestive, or simply interrogative.

"There's no such thing as a fertility goddess," Mark and Claudia stated separately. "And if there were, we would have been blessed long ago."

"Who's the real father?" George asked bluntly, to both Damara and Nick, when no one else was present. "Your mother and I deserve to know."

"Nice one, cousin," Peter whispered to Nick. "You finally managed to bag a girl and still got sloppy seconds!"

The jokes continued, especially from Uncle Reginald, who clearly was perverting on Damara's tits and called her fertile form 'ripe' more than once, and Uncle Jack, who was now drunk and laughing with Aaron, the pair finding this to be the most hilarious family story of the season. Nick asked Amanda to calm her husband, but his sister just rolled her eyes.

"Maybe calm down the lies, and I'll calm down Aaron. For once, I agree with him. This is absurd."

"It's not absurd," Damara said. "I am a fertility goddess. I have an innate power."

But no one believed her. Even Daniel, who was alone in not making jokes or finding the situation outrageous, didn't believe it to be true. Still, he approached Damara and Nick right before lunch was about to be served up, and pushed his long hair behind his ears.

"It's good to meet you, Damara. I'm sorry everyone are being such jerks. You seem like a real nice girlfriend for Nick. You clearly love each other; and that should be enough."

Damara paused and regarded Daniel curiously. "Interesting, your energy does not match your body, Daniel. I sense a feminine power in you."

At this, Daniel blushed. "Please . . . don't tell anyone."

"I won't. But perhaps I can do something about it."

"Sure you can!" Aaron called out, now drunk himself. "Use your fertility powers, crazy lady!"

"Aaron, damn you!" Nick cried.

"Wha-!? I'm just telling it like it is, brother-in-law! C'mon, everyone finds this ridiculous, right? She keeps calling herself a goddess! Well, prove it!"

"I don't use my powers pointlessly," Damara said.

"Well, you haven't helped us," Mark said, gesturing to his wife. "We want a baby."

“Stop antagonising her,” George replied. “It’s clear she has a delusion, and-”

“I am *not* deluded,” Damara snapped, voice growing louder.

“Sure, and I’ve got a bridge to sell you!” Uncle Jack announced.

“Just admit some guy knocked your body up!” Uncle Reginald chimed in. “No one would blame him! I would do the same, honeybun, ha!”

More women piped up to shush them, but the damage was done. Damara was furious. She let go of Nick’s hand and placed both hands on her prodigious belly.

“Fine, you wish to see a demonstration of my power? You wish to know fertility? Nick, do you mind?”

Nick smiled, his embarrassment finally leaving him. “If that’s what it takes, my love, I trust you.”

“Good! What do you say, everyone? Shall I show all these disrespectful *men* the power of fertility!?”

There was a chorus of dares now, with even the women chiming in. They wanted this delusion over with.

“Then feel my power!” Damara declared. “Experience the glory of pregnancy and the power to birth life itself!”

She rubbed her belly, and the laughter quickly died down as it began to literally *glow*. One could even see the presence of two lives within it, pressed against one another in her overstuffed womb like they were Yin and Yan, male and female, two parts of a greater reproductive whole. And then, the glow expanded, shooting forth in several celestial rays.

One struck Peter. Another hit Uncle Reginald. Several more fired forth, and Aaron groaned as it shot into his stomach, while Mark gritted his teeth as it entered him. George stepped forward, only to be hit himself, yet a much gentler ray touched Daniel tenderly, filling the young man with a warm sensation.

“Be blessed with life!” Damara announced, her eyes glowing golden.

The glow finally faded, leaving everyone confused and startled.

“Did - did that just happen!?” Uncle Jack announced. “Or am I just too damn dr-uughh!”

Suddenly a series of pressures hit him. The crowd was startled as he clutched the table and writhed on the long pew seat. Sweat poured from his features as they began to change, and soon there was gasps of shock as several of his mid-forties wrinkles disappeared, while others became less severe. His short brown hair pushed out, surging down his back along with the few flecks of grey hairs.

“What the fuck!?” Peter cried, though he had started to sweat and feel pressure himself. “What’s happening to him?”

“I have blessed him with life,” Damara said. “A single child to teach him a lesson; not to question a goddess. All gods have their pride, and mine has been wounded enough!”

“A ch-child!?” Jack groaned, though his voice had become that of a husky female tone. “What the fuck are you talking ab-ohhh!”

Children pointed and giggled at Funny Uncle Jack as his form changed rapidly. His shoulders pulled in, and his hips stretched wide audibly, the bones creaking as they took on a new formation. His thighs thickened, and his chest pushed outwards, popping the top buttons of his shirt as two large breasts formed. He moaned, and then even louder when droplets of milk emerged from his fattened nipples, soaking the front of his shirt.

“No! No, this can’t be real! Is there something in my drink? Ahhh, make it stop! Nghh!”

His belly began to expand while his member pulled inwards. Soon he had a problem: there was only so much space for his gut to go, what with a table in the way. He had to lean back, and it was only thanks to Auntie Lisa helping support him that he didn’t fall right over. Others had to help extract him even as his stomach continued to balloon. More buttons popped, showing off the naked skin of what was clearly a pregnant belly, complete with some stretch marks along the underside.

“Ohhhhh!” the new woman groaned, now looking like a regular woman in her mid-forties, albeit one that was improbably pregnant. “I feel kicks! Something’s f-freakin’ moving in there!”

More people gasped as they saw visible movement inside her womb, and even Damara gasped.

“My apologies! I think in my anger the power I used was greater than intended. You now bear twins, I sense. Two girls, perhaps to teach you humility with women.”

“You - you got him pregnant!?” Uncle Reginald yelled.

“No, I got all of you rude men pregnant,” she announced. “I’m surprised it hasn’t kicked in y-”

She didn’t even get to finish her sentence, because suddenly over a dozen men present were groaning and doubling over, clutching their stomachs or chests as their bodies began to change. Pete was first. He had always been a ladies man, built like a footballer with dark hair and crystal blue eyes that were catnip for girls his own age. Now, the young man panted as his muscles deflated and his impressive 6’3 height retreated down to a mere 5’7. His chest burst forth with an even bigger pair of breasts than Uncle Jacks, and he almost drooled as he cupped them, trying to force them back in even as his hips widened and his derriere became a true bubblebutt. The young man tried to escape, but even as he did his cock began to withdraw into his body, causing him to moan in unexpected and unwanted pleasure. His new pussy formed, his now loose clothes falling off of him and leaving him

practically naked. His face was the last thing to change, other than his belly, and it left him quite the young beauty; practically a supermodel, though still nowhere as lovely as Damara. But the growth of his pregnant womb was even larger than Uncle Jack's: it kept expanding outwards until he looked to be practically full-term not just with twins, but *triplets*, a fact that Damara confirmed moments later.

"Again, I only intended one, but consider this a teaching moment; a divine punishment for your comments to me!"

"What!?" Peter cried in a high, almost sweetly musical voice. She toppled to the side, landing on the soft grass, still holding her enormous belly and trying to cover her boobs while the children were quickly ushered inside the house by Julie. "You b-bitch! You can't make me a p-pregnant woman! Ohhhh, they're m-moving!"

"Tell me about it!" Jack cried, still stuck at the table.

More pregnancies followed. To Claudia's shock, she was not the one to get pregnant, but her husband Mark instead.

"Consider this a long overdue blessing," Damara said as the thirty-three year old man grunted and moaned, his midsection being the first thing to swell, unlike the others. "A boon for your fertility, but a punishment for your comments."

Mark gasped, his feminine features only slowly catching up with him. He was developing a very cute set of curly blonde ringlets, and his face was gaining fat that spoke to a woman near the end of her pregnancy. Soon he was a she, breasts bursting outwards, her figure turning chubby yet adorable, her belly becoming the largest yet. A set of quadruplets was swelling within her, growing and growing until she had to fall back into a nearby sunchair, she was so overcome. Like Peter, her clothes were almost falling off of her; her t-shirt had become a tight crop top around her lactating breasts, while her hips had pulled up her denim shorts until they were more like booty shorts. She clutched her dominating dome, sweating from the effort of simply carrying it.

"S-so many!"

"Since you two won't be able to conceive naturally together after this," Damara announced. "I felt it best to give you the family of four children you wanted right away!"

Claudia was instantly at her now-wife's side, fussing over her. Mark was trying to focus on breathing, what with the new woman's pregnant dome being so tight, but Claudia's eyes had lit up. "Don't worry, honey! We'll make it work! It's a blessing, we can finally have children! It's a blessing!"

"I wasn't meant to be the one giving birth!" he cried.

But attention moved away from him. The women were all looking to their husbands, boyfriends, male cousins and brothers. Reginald was trying to flee the scene, but with each step he grew larger and larger, his pregnancy even more extreme than the rest. Aaron was

right beside him, the young Mediterranean-looking man developing the most gorgeous olive skin as his figure beautified. Amanda chased him. “Nick! Damara! Don’t you dare get my husband pregnant! He’s not meant to - oh no!”

“Don’t you s-say oh no!” Aaron cried, his ass inflated as his belly pulled him to the ground. “You’re not the one g-getting magically knocked up! Oh f-fuck! Here they come! NGH!”

A huge pair of breasts ripped the upper half of his shirt, a huge line of cleavage showing. He swelled and swelled, Reginald falling to his side beside him. It was very clear that Damara had directed the greatest of anger at these two.

“Uncle Reginald’s becoming huge!” Adelaide declared, the wife of one of Nick’s female cousins, and much nicer than the rest. “Serves him right for pinching my ass while I was pregnant, the disgusting perv.”

“Aaron!” Amanda shouted in the meantime, running to her husband as he became more and more feminised. “Oh God, my Aaron! What are you doing to my husband!?”

“Um, I didn’t intend for him to be this big!” Damara declared. “In fact, none of you are meant to be quite this far along! I think my divine wrath may have gone a little far!”

“Then change him back!”

“I can’t!” Damara cried, clutching her own permanently pregnant belly. “I can give life, I can’t return it!”

“Ohhhhhh!” Aaron squealed, voice getting higher and higher. “Amanda, I can feel my dick going back inside meeeee!!!”

More than anyone else, Aaron and Reginald become swollen fertility goddesses themselves. Milk leaked from their breasts not in droplets, but in rivers. Reginald was fifty-three, now a fifty-three year old *woman*, and while her body was much better preserved and healthy as a woman than as a man, it was still utterly bizarre for someone so old to be so pregnant. An entire *litter* squirmed about inside her belly, fighting for space, leaving her to groan. Damara was instantly able to sense how many were inside her, and the same for Aaron, who looked like an incredibly beautiful blonde woman with breasts larger than her own head. Her stomach was so large that she literally couldn’t reach her hands around it, and her belly button had popped out dramatically. Amanda was trying to soothe the groaning, newly-expectant woman, rubbing her massive dome of a stomach even as the surface shifted with many kicking hands and feet.

“S-so big! Ugh!” she exclaimed. “T-too big! Mhmm! How m-many?”

Damara blushed lightly upon her olive brown features. Even Nick was aghast at this, but he still held her hand, supporting her.

“Well, I was particularly angry with you both, and seem to have given you . . . octuplets. Each.”

Amanda fainted. Aaron, meanwhile, started to cry, looking like a woman sobbing at how many babies she had in her. Reginald just started swearing and carrying on, but another round of kicking had the early fifties woman focusing her attention back on her massively swollen womb and all her new babies within. She didn't even have a partner to support her with them.

Others groaned and inflated. Nick made various dramatic apologies as his father swelled up, going from a man in his mid-forties to a woman having what was technically a geriatric pregnancy - with twins, no less! Julie held her husband, both of them quivering with shock.

"J-Julie, I seem to have b-become a woman."

"Lord, I can see that, George! Our Nick was telling the truth, his girlfriend really is a fertility goddess - and she's made you fertile now, too!"

George staggered back and almost knocked over the barbecue grill. The meat was just about done, not that anyone was paying attention. The new woman was focused on the fact that her twins were shifting within her, her breasts just about bursting free of her tight-button top, which had lifted up to expose her swollen midsection.

"Oh God! Damara, stop!"

"I apologise again for my godly outburst," the woman said, adjusting her lovely purple maternity dress. "There is just one to go. Daniel, feel my blessing and accept it. This one is meant for you more than the rest."

Daniel bit his lip. "I - I can join them?"

"Of course," the goddess smiled. "Touch my belly, and I will make the change as you wish it. It is already within you, but we can direct it further."

Daniel looked with caution at the others - no former man was happy with her new state - but he was different. He'd always wanted to be a woman, and always imagined bearing children. "I'm only eighteen."

"I can tell when a mother-to-be is ready. You are wise beyond your years. Go on, touch."

Daniel did so. This change happened much quicker and with far less discomfort than the others; there was no punishment element in it at all. Daniel's ginger hair became long and luscious and full of gorgeous curls. His body developed fine breasts, and a pair of twins grew within her womb, aging rapidly until they were at least five or six months along. She giggled and gasped as her hips spread and her penis reduced to a nub, then a clit, her passage opening afterwards. In moments, she was a beautiful pregnant redhead, young and yet full of life. She smiled deeply, tears forming in her eyes.

"Thank you," she said. "Oh, thank you so much, Damara! You're amazing!"

Nick chuckled as the two pregnant women hugged, their bellies rubbing together.

“Isn’t she just?”

“NICK!”

The son suddenly turned to see his father - second mother now, really. Her hair was a brown, tangled mess, her clothes barely fitting her, her twin pregnant stomach jutting out for all to see. Her jean button and zip were undone just to accommodate her sheer mound.

“H-hey Dad,” Nick said awkwardly, his nervousness returning. “I told you she’s a fertility goddess. Right, babe?”

“Indeed,” Damara said. “Though I do believe I went a little far on this one. The wrath and power of a goddess can sometimes overwhelm.”

“You th-think!?” Aaron cried.

“Help us!” Reginald shouted. “I’m sorry for perving on you, okay?”

“I’m sorry for the jokes!” Peter groaned, feeling her triplets.

“And me t-too!” Uncle Jack shouted, managing to finally extract herself from the table with the help of the women.

“But just change us back,” George pleaded. “Nick, we admit we weren’t always fair to you. But your mother and I have had three children already. We can’t have another pair, especially not with me as the mother!”

“Why not?” Damara said. “I think you’ll do a fine job!”

“I’m just about ready to pop! We all are! We can’t prepare for this! It’s not fair!”

Damara considered this. “I can’t change you back. That’s impossible. And those babies must be delivered, with you as the mommies. But . . . I can give you more time.”

She touched her belly, and again that glow spread out among the party, extending to reach all the affected men. They each felt a brief warmth, and then it was over.

“I feel the same!” Aaron whined. “I’m still huge!”

“And you will be, for another nine months.”

“I - fucking what!?”

Damara smiled. “I’ve given you each nine months to prepare for your coming babies. Just like a woman trying to get pregnant will have nine months from conception, so too will you experience nine months in this state. The sole exception will be Daniel, who is more than ready, and has four months to prepare besides.”

George spluttered, as did his wife. “You’re telling me I have to carry full-term twins for nine months!?”

“I’ve got eight - ugh - in here!” Aaron whined.

“You’ll get used to it. I have with my twins, and they’ll be with me for a century. I think, however, that I’ve made a bad first impression. I’ll go, and let you all come to terms with your new pregnancies and genders and relationships. I wish you all the best. Nick?”

He took her hand and kissed her on the cheek, then gave everyone an apologetic grin. "Sorry everyone. But at least now you know she's real, and that she's a goddess. That's got to count for something, right?"

They stepped back through the sidegate, saying goodbye to the thoroughly confused family gathering. The reality of it all took a moment to sink in, and then suddenly several pregnant stomachs growled with a need for food. After all, they were eating for three to nine, depending on the pregnant woman.

"Oh God," George said, looking around. "Someone get to the grill! There's no way we can burn the burgers now!"

The End