

Mini-Story: Military Experiment (Rapid/Hyper Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

Sasha had not even been in the room where the top-secret weapon at her military base was tested. She was in the corridor outside, the only woman nearby, and thus the only one to be truly affected by its strange and non-replicable side effect. At first Sasha was merely sick. She assumed it was from overwork in trying to make officer, but within a few months, Sasha's stomach was so large as to be utterly unwieldy, and her breasts had grown considerably to her embarrassment, becoming sore E-cups that were pushed up by her burgeoning belly. It became incredibly clear she was pregnant, and not naturally so at that. An investigation was launched into her conduct that mortified her, but ultimately concluded that the military experiment in fact was the cause.

A wide-band field centred on her person had seen her eggs impregnated by the DNA of every single military male *and* female on base. This from a population of 54,926 active duty Soldiers, 13,493 Reserve Components and Temporary Duty students, 14,036 civilian employees, 6,054 Contractors, and 18,808 active duty family members. All in all, nearly a *hundred thousand* sources of DNA, with a little over an estimated 13% of these impregnations leading to twins or even greater multiples.

The experiment's expanding field meant that the first of her babies to develop were from DNA closest in proximity to her. Much to Sasha's embarrassment, this meant she was not only pregnant with the babies of the experiment technicians, but also that of her boss, and her *boss's boss*, and a whole host of officers superior to her in rank. This meant each of them were now taking a personal interest in the contents of her increasingly enormous womb.

Just behind those babies developing were ones belonging to her fellow military peers, mostly male, but also expanding out to include their wives and even – in a few embarrassing case – some co-workers' parents. Sasha was even growing twins belonging to her boss's twenty year old son, and would eventually birth a whole squadron of kids belonging to the visiting Australian air force members.

And of course, every single active duty soldier on base – all 55,000 of them - now knew she was knocked up with their babies. To her dismay, most of them found humour in the matter, and there were even bets as to how 'virile' some of them were when it came to how many babies they had knocked her up with as a by-product of the test. As far as they knew, the once put-upon Private Buckley was the winner, now a celebrated individual for somehow giving her a set of quintts. The amount of jokes she overheard due to her incredibly condition was horrific, but many other soldiers and officers treated her with pity, and perhaps worst of all, some utterly

fetishised her unnatural pregnancy and continued to try to talk to her, going so far as to rub her overly-full belly or get permission to sit in while she birthed a child belonging to them.

Sasha was mortified by these reactions, not to mention how she was constantly prodded, poked, and studied over by the military's scientists. She had no idea how to tell her family that her military service she was once immensely proud now consisted of being an experimental broodmare with a ludicrously overextended, constantly churning womb. Especially when she began to go into labor at 10am each day, delivering nearly a hundred babies in the following five hours. At the current rate of delivery and growth, the lab technicians estimate that poor Sasha would go on to gestate slightly over 184, 000 babies, giving birth to approximately twenty per day over the next twenty or so years. A full time job being nothing more than a military broodmare, when she'd previously she'd been working as an ordinary military aid upon base. A significant career change, even if she technically was on the same base still. Now she would give birth for five hours a day every day. She could only be thankful that the strange device had caused her gestation to be so rapid that her belly didn't get *too* big. That was to say, not so big she couldn't still waddle awkwardly around on bad, even if it did account for over half her body weight at all times, and even more so when birthing.

All because poor Sasha walked by the wrong room at the wrong time.

Part 2

It had been three years since the fateful military experiment gone wrong had altered Sasha's life in an irreversible and astonishing way. Impregnated with the DNA of every individual stationed and present at the enormous military base she worked at as a humble military aide, she struggled with the humiliation of becoming incredibly gravid for life, or at least until menopause came. Her expectant womb had only grown even more massive in the time following, taking on a heavy weight that thankfully her altered body was able to take, though even then her exaggerated waddle was something to behold, and she was often out of breath. Her breasts were even larger, perpetually full and seeping with milk, now a massive pair of FF-cups pressing obviously against her custom-tailored uniform. She had it on good authority that a number of men on base found her situation a turn-on.

Military experts estimate she will birth at least 184,000-200,000 children in the world by then. Already she had birthed 8,408 children into the world, a good number of them twins. It had been years since she had seen her toes, and she could barely remember what it was like to have core muscles. At least she was given a promotion; her immediate superior was so excited to receive triplet girls from her that he managed to finagle one, and given the disaster of her accident as well as her own personal coordination skill, she managed to make the role of Major, which she held with pride. She had even gotten to meet the President, though she found it a little weird how he kept touching her belly and smiling at the movements of her children within.

When asked when she was going to deliver the General of the Army's child or children, she could only reply, blushing and a little out of breath as half a dozen more children developed within: *"I don't get to pick them sir, all I do is keep 'em coming."*

Despite her success, Sasha still works hard, and hasn't had a single day off in the last three years, nor will she get one for the next twenty two. Her altered biology simply won't permit it. Every day at 10:03, the time of the original accident, her waters break, and Sasha goes into an immensely speedy labor. For the next four-to-five hours, she groans and struggles and pushes, spreading her legs as child after child exits her body. Even as this occurs, her stomach rumbles as new babies speedily develop to replace those now gone. After this, she has time on her own. Then, each night, she is aided into bed and given tubes to attach to her heavy chest, to drain her excessive milk produce overnight to feed (at least in part) her young's development. All this, for a woman who is only just now turning twenty. More than once she's had counselling for dealing with her hefty condition.

It took some time for Sasha to accept the lifegiving life that was thrust upon her. The heaviness, the constant sticking out in the crowd, the endless kicks within her distended womb, the long hours of birthing, being out of breath and waddling everywhere; it's a lot to take in. She still misses being able to run and swim, and dress up in nice dresses, and not have to worry about how she maneuvers through doorways. But while life remains hard, she's managed her own side pleasures; there's more than one acting soldier on the base who enjoys fucking her pregnant form, especially since it's been discovered she can be impregnated further. Sasha doesn't care; what's one more baby? Or two, or a dozen, or even a few hundred or even a couple of thousand? Even the knowledge that her exploits get shared around no longer fazes her. After all, she's more than once cut down a soldier's pride in front of his buddies, reminding him that he only got her knocked up with one baby compared to the twins or triplets she got from his friends.

And, as is important to the military, she still cleans up nicely for a military parade. Though on her most recent occasion, it was a mistake to wear pants, no matter how formal the uniform code was. After all, when the ceremony went longer than expected, her body went into its exaggerated labor, another twenty or so babies quickly shifting and gwoing to squeeze into the world from between her thighs. Still, the army won't lack for recruitment in the two decades to come, and for that, Sasha remains a valuable asset to the military. A role that she has no choice but to provide for years to come.

She simply chooses to bear the responsibility, and find meaning in it. She's doing her part for her country.

The End