

# Fertility Queen (TG Forever Preg)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*Nathaniel Dastin is a renowned adventurer and thief, or at least he was. When he tried to steal a fertility idol from a lost city in the deep Amazon he found himself transformed into a fertility goddess of that civilisation: forever pregnant, forever helping recover their population.*

## Fertility Queen

Netzlii winced at the familiar tell-tale sign of impending labour. The very pregnant woman tried to relax back upon her pile of pillows, rubbing her stomach to calm the movement within. She had hoped for at least one more day before she gave birth. She had been so very close to going four full days without having to spread her legs and push, damn it! Still, she tried to steel her beautiful features and keep calm, not letting her discomfort show, because if they did-

“The Queen’s womb is ready!” her handmaiden Ichtaca pronounced, her eyes always far too keen. The room filled with excitement, and various servants stepped forward to aid Netzlii, fanning her and preparing the various warm oils for her rounded belly. The midwives were called, and Netzlii knew all their names as they entered, bowing to her magnificence, before conferring among one another for this prestigious event. A prestigious event that happened twice a damn week!

“No, it’s just a f-false contraction,” Netzlii said, trying to rub her belly and calm her babies. Twins, this time. Figures. “I’m sure I can make it one more day before - NGHH!”

Her waters broke, her fluids gushing out onto the pillows below. The gorgeous olive-skinned mother-to-be winced with humiliation at this.

“Good Queen Netzlii,” Ichtaca said, taking her hand. “The time is upon you. You continue to bless this land and help restore our population and greatness. Please, take pleasure in your gift and the wonders your fertile body brings.”

“I’ll be th-thankful when I’m not p-pushing a damn baby out of my cooch!” she cried.” Ohhhh, this isn’t f-fair! I’m not even meant to be a woman! I’m meant to be d-dashing! I’m meant to be adventurous! I’m meant to be - ahhh! - anywhere but here, delivering more b-babies!”

But as usual, her body had other ideas, and her attendant staff were there to ensure the process went swiftly. The contractions continued over the coming hour, her passage dilating, her body preparing itself for birth. Her heavy breasts, topped by large, dark brown nipples, leaked milk as they often did, in preparation for feeding. Gods, they were full. Yet

another discomfort of her new existence as a queen and goddess to these people. She ached her back a little, whining as yet another contraction came over her.

“We are so glad you were worthy of the idol, goddess,” Ichtaca said as various attendants oiled Netzlii’s belly and rubbed it, helping ease the pain and discomfort just a little. “You bless our land. I know one day you will come to accept and love your position, my queen!”

“N-not bloody likely!” Netzlii cried. “Oh, f-fuck! I can f-feel the need to push. Again! UGH!”

She spread her legs automatically. Her upper half was naked, and her lower half only had a magnificent skirt with no undergarments, allowing easy access to her vagina, through which she’d already passed *forty four children*. Soon to be *forty six*. And *counting*.

Apparently forever.

It had all gone so very wrong. Netzlii had been, a few months ago, Nathaniel. Nathaniel Dastin, the famed adventurer, archaeologist, explorer, discoverer, lover, and, frankly, a bit of a thief as well. He had travelled the world uncovering lost art, sculptures, and other artefacts, usually taking them from their native places and selling them back in America to its museums. He’d made a tidy fortune doing this, and had little care for the more vocal criticisms that he was desecrating native cultures and showing no respect or understanding for their ways.

Unfortunately, it seemed that karma finally caught up with him. The handsome adventurer had travelled deep into the Amazon, following a lead that there was a long lost city whose culture predated even the Mayans, and would have numerous fantastic artefacts. When he arrived, he was shocked to find that the civilisation still existed, though it was a tiny fragment of its lost greatness, its temples and walls and buildings in disrepair and overgrown due to its tiny population. Well, no matter; it would only make it easier to convince the locals to help him, playing the part of a visiting God.

And they *did* seem to view him as such, or at least so he thought. They brought him right to a beautiful golden idol, a fertility statue that could easily fit in his satchel; his greatest find yet! He was allowed to touch it but not take it, and there was visible disappointment when nothing seemed to happen. Still, he stayed overnight with them, seemingly their guest, and while the language barrier was there he was able to understand enough from context to know they considered him no threat. Well, he took advantage of that, too: at night he snuck out infiltrated the temple, seizing the golden idol to take home and become even more famous than ever before.

Except it all went wrong. The idol glowed, and he was bathed in its light. The entire city was, and the locals flooded into the temple to see him as he writhed upon the floor of the grand building, moaning and groaning as his body changed right before his eyes. His skin

darkened to a beautiful olive brown. His muscles wasted away. His height remained, but his shoulders pulled in, his waist too, all while his hips spread out and out and *out*, leaving him with a pair of very impressive childbearing babymakers. His body hair wasted away, and Nathaniel cried out in shock as his penis began to retreat. His face became that of an incredibly beautiful native woman, with plump lips and gorgeous dark eyes. Nathaniel's hair turned black and fell all the way down to his rear, which had plumpened significantly. And if he already couldn't tell what was happening, he soon developed a very large pair of breasts, ripe and full and perfect in their teardrop shaping, wobbling slightly with every movement. By the time he became a *she*, a pussy fully grown between her thighs, the people were crying with relief, bowing down and worshipping the new woman, who was trembling with shock.

Of course, it wasn't over by that point, not by far. Suddenly, Nathaniel could understand what the people were saying.

*"The fertility goddess is reborn!"*

*"She is the one! Praise Netzlii! She will bring our glory back!"*

*"May her womb quicken! May she forever bloom with child!"*

Indeed, Nathaniel's stomach rumbled at that point, even as she tried to get answers, her incredibly attractive and fertile-looking form still alien to her. But she had to halt, wincing as something happened in her stomach. Suddenly, her belly began to expand, growing and growing and growing right before the eyes of her new congregation. The people cheered and sang praises and songs, but Nathaniel could only gasp and clutch her new pregnant belly in shock, even more so when she felt *movement* within it.

"Turn me back!" she yelled. "What's happening to me!? Whatever it is, turn me - euughh!"

A trickle of fluid came down her thighs, and suddenly the first contraction she would ever experience - but certainly not the last - came over her. Attendants and future handmaidens moved to help the new woman lie back, her legs already snapping out instinctually in response to the strange birthing pangs.

Just twenty minutes after being unexpectedly turned into a native woman, Nathaniel was pushing out her very first child from her expectant womb. It was the most shocking, terrible, completely *wrong* thing she had ever experienced, but there was no way to fight it. Instead, she simply had to bear down and push, and gasp in relief as her first child - a boy - exited her body and was placed in her arms. As she lay back, unbelieving what had happened, her baby suckling from her now-lactating breast, she could only wearily hope.

"Please let this be the end."

Only it wasn't. Far from it. The people, who called themselves the Achanti, believed her to have accepted the power of the fertility goddess Netzlii. According to their legends and prophecies, she was now effectively immortal, or at the very least would live for

*hundreds* of years, stuck in her incredibly attractive female form. Worse, she would always be pregnant. *Always*. Her womb would bear fruit from the seeds of hundreds of thousands of ancestors, never requiring a man to inseminate her, though such honours could be and were expected to be conferred upon mighty hunters, builders, warriors, and so forth.

Nathaniel-Netzlil tried to believe this was just a series of bizarre myths, but with each passing week the Achanti's beliefs were proven more and more right. After giving birth, her body rejuvenated back to a perfect picture of attractive health almost immediately, barring her large, lactating breasts, of course. But the next day her stomach was slightly domed, and the next day after that it was growing more, and by the next day she was heavily swollen, ready to give birth once again.

Which she did, after a full eight hours of labor, this time.

And so went the cycle. Nathaniel was trapped, stuck as Netzlil for good, her lifespan extended massively, her body destined to never age, and to always provide babies and milk to all those who needed them. Her attendants saw after her every need, feeding her well and ensuring her comforts, and in just a few months it was like the city was being magically revived, lost skills suddenly being understood, stone masons able to recreate and fix old structures, the miracles of complex dyework manifesting among the women. She truly was a nexus of restoration for these people.

The only problem was, she'd rather be anything else.

"You can do it, my queen!" Ichtaca said in the present. "Push!"

"I am p-pushing! I'm always pushing!" Netzlil moaned. "When am I not pushing!?"

Still, she held Ichtaca's hand, greatly looking forward to that far off day when the Achanti would finally develop some better pain medicine, because her loins were in aching pain as they prepared for the next child's arrival. Both of them, in fact. She kept forgetting it was twins this time. She could swear they were becoming more common.

"You are doing so well, my goddess," Ichtaca said. "And perhaps, next time, you will give the honour to one of our warriors to bless you with a child."

"N-no way! I'm not letting them f-fuck me! No matter how goddamn sexy this body finds them! I'm holding off on that as long as I c-can! UGH!"

She pushed, and suddenly felt the movement of her first baby. It was emerging through her passage, stretching it terribly, but then the head was out the other side, confirmed by her midwife Tchoa. Netzlil gave another terrific push and the baby was out. Instant relief, if only for a few moments before the next one came.

"A daughter!" Ichtaya cried.

"Oh, great, another one. Give her h-here, then. She'll want to f-feed."

The baby was placed on her ripe chest and began suckling quickly. A flood of maternal feelings washed through Netzlil, and she did her best to ignore them. She would

*not* come to enjoy part of this. She promised she never would. Just as she promised she wasn't going to start fucking any of the men, even if her body was on fire for them sometimes.

God, it was hard to resist sometimes, though. The next contraction came, and once more she pushed, her mind still not used to the sensation of being a swollen pregnant woman pushing out babies. It happened anyway, and with the cord cut she fed both from her breasts, relieved at the dulling of the pain, her body already knitting itself back together.

"Great, another one done," she said, breathing heavily.

"I am blessed to be here for each birth," Tchoa said. "And soon another shall ripen."

Netzlii nodded dully. It would only be a day until she was pregnant again. One day out of every three or four that she could be free of her endless pregnancies. But she would be having them for hundreds of years, revitalising the Achanti people, and there was no escape from it.

The fertility goddess lay back, nursing her newest pair, and sighed.

"Just give me a moment to relax," she said, "before I get working on the next batch."

But there *would* be a next batch. And a next batch. And more babies, babies, babies, babies, babies, babies. A never ending stream of pregnancy, birth, nursing, and pregnancy again. Netzlii exhaled as she took all this in, not for the first time either. But she *had* wanted fame and fortune, to be adored and loved.

In a way, she had gotten exactly what she wanted.

**The End**