

## Human Exhibit (TG Preg)

### By FoxFaceStories

*Several years ago, Hank and Bert were abducted by aliens and placed in an intergalactic zoo exhibit for xeno visitors to appreciate. When it became clear the two roommates were not a breeding pair, certain chromosomal changes were made to fix that problem right up, and now they continue to live and breed for the entertainment of thousands of alien visitors a year.*

### Human Exhibit

“Jeez, they really can’t get enough of us, can they?” Hank asked as he helped bend Brielle over so that he could mount her from behind.

“Nope!” Brielle exclaimed. “And they know we always fuck around this - oohhhh - time, too. They just love - ahh - a show, don’t they?”

Hank sucked in a breath as he inserted himself all the way into his naked lover, her body on all fours upon the lush grass of their exhibit. “They certainly do! But who can blame them, with such a sexy beauty on display?”

“Awww, you’re too - mmhmm! - sweet! Ahhh, yeah, keep up that rhythm. Jesus, you feel big.”

“It’s the new - ahh - pheromones they’re trialling. Makes me - ahh - swell up more! Bigger!”

Brielle bit her lip and moaned, beginning to shift her hips back as Hank fucked her. “Ohhhh, well I like it! I was so fucking aroused when I woke up! I needed this!”

Hank put a hand forward, rubbing her back and then shifting it underneath her to cup her swollen belly. It was a real turn on, and it left him thrusting even harder. There were several muffled sounds from the aliens outside the glass of their expansive exhibit. Hank barely paid attention to them anymore during sex. It had been awkward two years ago when this had all started, but now the pair of them could easily tune them out during such intimate moments, fucking brazenly in front of the red starfish people, the odd goatheaded xenos, the humanoid ones with the flabby mouths, the arachnid gazers, the mollusc-shelled slug-people, and so on.

“I needed this too!” he groaned. “Fuck, you feel so good, Brielle! I’m about to c-cum! Heads up!”

“Ohhh, don’t let me stop you!”

“Sorry, I think it’s gonna be a b-big one!”

She let loose another squeal of pleasure. “G-Good! I’m not embarrassed anymore, d-dude! I’ve been a woman for t-two years now! I *like* it when you dump your big hot load into me! I like it when - ohhhhh - you make them all c-cheer! Fuck, I’m such an exhibitionist! Now cum inside meee!”

The two cried out as he did just that, slamming into his mate’s entrance from behind one last time and climaxing explosively inside of her. They held that position until she’d taken all of his seed, and then he pulled himself out of her, the two gasping yet again, followed by moans of delirious pleasure from Brielle as she collapsed forward onto her face, large breasts against the grass, her belly raised up thanks to her knees still being on the ground.

The alien audience erupted into a variety of sounds, all a form of celebration and cheer for what they had been lucky to witness.

“Thank you, thank you!” Brielle announced, grinning lopsidedly as her mind swam through the post-coital haze. “Glad you could enjoy the show! Happy to take questions from the - ahhh - audience.”

She shifted to her side, cupping her six-month pregnant stomach and caressing it calmly, uncaring how naked she was, or that her pussy was dripping Hank’s semen. She’d been so humiliated by this years ago, but not anymore. Now, it was just her life, and part of her liked how naturalistic her little world was. It didn’t hurt that Hank was letting her rest up against his similarly-naked form, one hand stroking her belly with hers, the other rubbing her hip as she waited for questions to be directed. At the top of their exhibit, where a virtual blue sky hovered, a speaker sounded, followed by a translation of the alien guide’s words. They knew him as Jakrada, and he was their favourite caretaker.

*“As you can see, the human male and female mate constantly thanks to our breeding programs efforts. Most humans mate several times a week in a monogamous pairing, but after young are born this decreases to roughly once a week. But our mating pair are far more vigorous thanks to the pheromones we put into their exhibit to encourage bonding and reproduction. This is the female’s second pregnancy, in fact.”*

Brielle snorted, feeling her baby kicking. “Not exactly a sentence I once imagined hearing about myself,” she said to Hank.

*“The male is fiercely protective in this culture, being stronger than the female. In our case, the breeding pair we safely extracted from their homeworld of Earth was an accidental failure: both mates were male!”*

At this, Hank chuckled. “Remember that? Being male?”

“Every time I pee squatting or sitting down,” Brielle snarked. “Or when I wake up in the middle of the night because of your baby in me. Or when my boobs are too heavy. Or - well, you get the idea.”

*“Thankfully, we were able to use genetic modification to fix this error, and the result you see is Brielle, a most enthusiastic and loving mate to the male, called Hank. They have been with us for the equivalent of two of their Earth solar cycles, and have already produced one spawn, which is currently sleeping in the humans’ den. As you can see, the humans are kept in their natural naked state so that we might observe their strange alien nature; the female Brielle is currently swollen with a second spawn, and has proven most fertile!”*

“Jesus, have I ever,” she grunted, rubbing her distended belly. “Two babies in two years. How many are you gonna give me?”

“Uh, I suspect a lot, to be honest,” Hank replied. “We *do* have a lot of sex.”

Brielle chuckled and reached back to fondle his penis jokingly. “Yeah, we do. At least I got turned into a hot chick, right?”

He palmed her breast and fondled it, making her coo. “The hottest.”

“You just love my big tits.”

“Hey now, you got a big ass and a sexy belly too.”

“Damn right I do.”

Their caretaker continued: *“You can get closer to the glass, if you wish. Don’t be shy: humans are quite aggressive on their planet but this is a domesticated pair, and they are not violent. They will happily answer questions through our translator box. Anyone?”*

One of the red starfish aliens approached Jakrada, who was a sort of centipede man, and spoke into his device.

*“Does male want more females to make mate with?”*

Brielle cracked up laughing, shifting back against her mate. “You better not!” she exclaimed. “I’ll get jealous!”

“Definitely no!” Hank announced. “I just want my Brielle and our babies.”

*“How many babies will you make?”* asked another, this time a sort of squid thing. *“And when do the eggs hatch?”*

“No eggs!” Brielle said. “I should be so lucky. No, I give birth to live babies.”

This caused a gasp of interest.

“As for how many,” Hank said. “Well, that’s up to our captors. Sorry, *caretakers*. But probably a lot, since we’re apparently here for life.”

“Don’t sound so excited,” Brielle muttered. “You’re not the one who has to carry them, big guy. Or give birth in front of a live intergalactic audience.”

*That* had been quite confronting. Apparently the intergalactic zoo had never been so full before: literally hundreds had bunched up around the glass to see her spread her legs and wail and push her baby into the world, Hank holding her hand at her side, while the event was livestreamed across the entire galaxy. Certainly not how Brielle expected to get famous, back when she was Bert. Back then she’d just been moving in with Hank, the two of

them not knowing each other very well but needing another person to help pay the rent on an apartment. They'd only had a week to get a sense of each other before they were both randomly abducted by aliens on the way to college, and Bert's life had taken quite a womanly and *reproductive* turn since then. At least their exhibit was lush and expansive, with warm shelter, comfortable natural bedding, and all the food, drink, and strange alien entertainments they could need. Of course, since the aliens didn't *quite* understand human literature and film and other more active hobbies, things could get a little . . . odd. Which was why, after some adjustment to the voyeurism of being constantly watched and always naked (there was literally no clothing about), Brielle and Hank had just decided to embrace the pheromone-induced arousal the aliens put into them, and just started *fucking*. These days, Brielle didn't care who was watching when she got railed by her mate, hell, it actually turned her on these days, which Hank found amusing. Even swollen up with her second baby after little Persephone, she didn't care. In fact, they were having sex roughly five times a day, and there was something strangely natural and 'back to simple life' about it. Plus, the orgasms were damn incredible.

One last alien stepped up, this one a centaur-looking creature, albeit with longer blue hair and what appeared to be long eyestalks protruding from its neck instead of a head.

*"What is the purpose of meatbags upon chest of female, if I may ask?"*

Brielle actually laughed at this. "Meatbags! That's a new one. Why don't you take this, Hank?"

"Well," he replied, "they serve a couple of purposes." He shifted behind her, letting her lie back against him, him cupping her large breasts and lifting them, letting them jiggle just a bit to make her laugh. "For one, we humans find them *very fun* to play with. During sex, they make Brielle here *very excited*."

"Mhmm - and right now, t-too."

"Especially if I do this with her nipples."

"Ahhh," she moaned, and small trickles of milk emerged from her nipples, making the aliens interested.

"Of course, the *real* purpose of these meatbags - which are called breasts-"

"Or boobs. Or in my case, melons."

"-is to produce milk for our babies. After birth, the baby drinks from the mother, and grows stronger."

Several aliens were taking notes on strange holographic pads. It occurred to Hank that this could well be some kind of college class visit, or some equivalent thereof.

"And sometimes the female needs her male to help drain all the excess milk too," Brielle murmured. "Because her big tits are overstimulated and our little Persephone's already had her fill. Think you can help a roomie out here?"

Hank smirked. "You might have to excuse us. I need to take care of something."

Brielle giggled as he shifted again and began drinking from her breast, making her moan sweetly. "Ohhhh, yeah. See, this is the k-kind of thing that makes me p-pretty okay with being the one that got t-turned into the woman, even if - ahhh - have to keep giving birth to your little suckers."

Hank raised his head to kiss her, and she returned it. Neither had used the word 'love' with one another. In this exhibit, they preferred the term 'mate.' It felt more fitting. But after two years of one of them being a woman and their arousal and lust for one another constant, not to mention the babies born and unborn they'd made together, their closeness was something that kept the aliens of the galaxy coming back to see them.

The two were beginning to make out again - Brielle had found after becoming a woman that being constantly naked and seeing her mate's body made her get super wet *really* easy - and they were content to let the alien crowd watch as she bounced on his lap, her huge belly right in his face, her tits wobbling, large and still half-full with milk.

Jakrada made a noise they knew how to be a warm chuckle. "*As you can see, the humans do not mate during a brief annual window as most of the civilised races of the galaxy do. Instead, they mate continuously, and for life, even when the female is already swollen with her spawn.*"

This got another series of interested clucks, bellows, and gasps from the crowd.

*"They mate for life, a fascinatingly monogamous species. But you are very lucky today, visitors, because you will bear witness to the arrival of our next couple of humans to fill out their social ranks; another delightful breeding pair!"*

Brielle was gasping, bouncing on Hank's lap, moaning in ecstasy, when she heard this. "Wait - what was that?"

Suddenly, a teleportation ray manifested only a few meters away from the pair, who were still in the throes of passionate sex. Hank continued to shift his mate on his hard pole, desperate to cum inside of her, but he turned his head to see two women suddenly appear; both completely naked, one dark-skinned like him, the other an Asian woman with long hair and a petite figure.

"What the fuck!?" the dark-skinned one said. "Why are we naked!?"

The Asian woman screamed. "Are those aliens!?" she cried. "Oh God, why are there two people having sex here?"

They were so close to cumming, so very close. They certainly weren't beating the 'less civilised race' allegations right now, what with being unable to stop their passions despite this massive change.

"Oohhhhh," Brielle moaned. "W-welcome to the c-club! I'm B-Brielle!"

"And I'm - ahhh - Hank!"

“Do you know which one of you is - mmmm - gonna become the guy?”

Both women stared, slack-jawed.

“WHAT!?” they both cried at once.

But then Hank was already cumming inside Brielle, and she was hit by multiple orgasms, pressing her pregnant belly against him and letting him fondle her tits to increase her already-intense pleasure.

*“As you can see, visitors, this is a dual-female pair, and so certain corrections must be made. One shall be a male, and you shall get to bear witness to a new breeding pair of humans for our most popular exhibit!”*

Another light turned on, this time fixated upon the Asian woman, and she started to groan in confusion as her body changed, bulking up and gaining muscle mass, among other more masculine features. Her friend recoiled in horror, but couldn't look away; the pheromones were in the air, and she started to bite her lip, looking in reluctant interest as her bestie became her well-hung future mate.

Brielle simply laid back against Hank and smirked, letting him rub her stomach.

“It'll be nice to have some new friends,” she said. “I wonder if they'll give us a bigger exhibit?”

It might be necessary, because there were going to be *twice* as many babies born going forwards, and that meant twice the excitement for an entire galaxy who loved to watch these strange humans get it on and reproduce.

**The End**