

## Mini-Story: Vaccine Reproduction (TG Preg)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*After yet another failed attempt at making a vaccine for Lumin's Syndrome, researcher Coen was forcibly terminated from his position by his sponsors, citing a lack of productive output. Vowing revenge, he uses his research to show his sponsors how they can help him create other sorts of productive output.*

### Vaccine Reproduction

Coen stood before the board of directors for Jamison Pharmaceuticals and tried to avoid trembling.

"You've made no progress on a vaccine for Lumin's Syndrome," said Peter Jamison himself.

"And I don't see any success in your future judging from your progress," added Mark Blazer, his right-hand man. "It's been one failure after another."

"I swear I'm getting close!" Coen said. "Lumin's Syndrome is tricky because of how it presents in different genetic strains. Some men turn into women in just a week, others take months. Some lose intelligence, others gain it!"

"We don't want problems," Gavin Harper said. He was a very aged, borderline ancient member of the board. "We want solutions. And you don't have any."

"I swear I'll-"

But Peter Jamison just put up his hand, silencing Coen. "You're finished, Mr George. Your position is hereby terminated. Effective immediately."

"You - you can't do this!"

"We can, actually. The contract you signed stated that if you did not achieve a sufficiently productive output, you could be dropped. And you have not been productive at all. Not in making a vaccine, and certainly not in making us *money*."

Coen had nothing to say. He turned on the spot and left.

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Coen worked furiously. He was only in his early thirties, but had been hailed as a genius geneticist and biologist, with a great deal of specialty in pharmacology. Despite his good looks and relative fitness, he hadn't had a girlfriend in years. He had been too busy on this project. And now those damn fossils on the board were going to fire him and steal his life's work? No way! If they thought he wasn't productive enough, then he would *show* them what

productive was, and make their minds pliable in order to keep his employment ongoing and his funding ever higher. Very carefully, he manipulated the most powerful strains of Lumin's Syndrome. He made sure to avoid getting infected, since these strains could be developed in other specimens.

The brilliant young scientist then accessed the air filtration system for the board system, and attached the now-gaseous sample of viral Lumin's. It would be contagious, but only for a very short time; enough to spread among the board when they met. Coen grinned, rubbing his hands together.

"Terminate me? You'll need me soon enough, fat cats."

He spread his DNA sample into the Lumin's, which would work functionally as a pheromone-inducer. A scent marker, perhaps it would be more accurate to say. After all, he didn't want just *anyone* to enjoy the end result of his work. No, a scientist deserved to bask in the rewards of his findings.

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Sure enough, just a week and a half later an emergency call came for Coen from Jamison Pharmaceuticals. They were desperate to get him back, and at twice his usual salary, as well as a great deal of discreteness. He was ushered by a smart-looking secretary to a lesser-known boardroom, where all eight members of the board were waiting.

And all of them were changed. Peter Jamison's blonde hair had grown out and become golden in colour. His skin was softer, his age clearly younger, and it was clear he was growing breasts, despite trying to hide it. Mark Blazer still had short black curly hair to match his African complexion, though it looked more like a cute pixie cut. His massive gut had shrunk significantly, and so had his height, while his alcoholic red nose now looked button cute. Lastly, there was the ancient Gavin Harper, though he was ancient no longer. He looked like he'd lost forty years and finally filled out his hollow bones. His skin was still pale, however, and he'd put a silver stud in it recently, as well as a small ring over his left eyebrow. It reminded me of a goth girl's look, which excited me.

"Something's happened!" Peter Jamison squeaked. "Coen, we need you to reverse this! We've come down with Lumin's Syndrome. All of us! We have no idea how this has happened, and we need you to explain it."

Coen swallowed and quickly spun a tale explaining that this was likely a mutation of Lumin's originating from one of them that had jumped to the rest. He would need to monitor them and work further on his vaccine.

"Just get to it, please!" Gavin said in a husky contralto voice. "I did not get to my age to turn into some ditzy young bimbo!"

“And stay close,” Mark Blazer said. “We all wish to see you.”

The others on the board all agreed, including Ken Zhao, who was now looking more and more like a beautiful young Asian woman.

“I hope you will,” Coen said, smiling with the knowledge that his pheromone plan was working. “We’ll be very . . . productive together.”

They all shivered. Gavin even let loose a little coo, while Peter blushed.

“That s-sounds good,” he stammered.

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Coen continued to work earnestly on his Lumin’s Syndrome cure. It was his life’s work, after all. But he had no intention of sharing his progress with his bosses, not while they continued to change over the next two weeks. He’d set something major in motion, and he delighted in being called up at random, sometimes even late at night, to review their progress. Such ‘reviews’ often meant observing their changing bodies and generally spending time with them, an act which they all clearly enjoyed more and more, like addicts who couldn’t help themselves. Peter, who was turning into an utter blonde beauty and already possessing a D-cup bust, practically moaned whenever Coen was present.

“W-we need to keep you as close as possible. You don’t understand, the Lumin’s . . . we all keep thinking about you.”

“Yeah!” Mark called out, who looked more and more like a very curvaceous black beauty. “I keep having dreams, Coen. You need to cure this Lumin’s, or . . . take care of us!”

Coen smiled. They were all turning out so well. They had been greedy corporate executives, chauvinist old men to the last, but soon they would be his willing supplicants. He made sure of it, in fact, by sticking close to them over the next several weeks. With each passing day, their intellectual capacity dimmed and their arousals continued to peak. They fought amongst one another for time with him, necessitating Coen’s presence even more to put them in their place. Peter Jamison was growing a lovely pair of large breasts, while Mark Blazer was ending up with the kind of ass that could bounce a quarter to the moon. Soon, Coen was even working them psychologically, making suggestions that would become ingrained as part of their changes, mental and physical.

“I love a good fertile woman, don’t you? The kind of woman who can get pregnant at the drop of a hat. *Productive*, you might say.”

“A shame you all feel the need to cover up your bodies. It would be easier to assess you if you wore more womanly clothes, especially ones that showed off your bodies and curves.”

“It seems my latest vaccine test has failed again. Don’t worry, I’m sure the next one will succeed. Still, your breasts are looking wonderful and full, aren’t they? I bet they could make a lot of milk, huh?”

Each comment left them moaning and caressing their bodies, begging for him to undo their changes. But their ability to understand his obvious manipulations had faded away, their minds becoming bimbo-like, dominated by their arousal and the needs of their growing wombs.

“Like, just finish the changes already!” Gavin said, now a gorgeous pale-skinned goth girl. She was even styling herself as such, and asking people to call her ‘Gaz.’ She wore a black corset that pushed up her creamy breasts, and she clearly had it bad for Coen.

“Yes, it’s too late now!” Peyton, formerly Peter, whined, grabbing Coen by the arm and pressing her massive tits against his form in the board room. “I can’t stop thinking about you! None of us can! I - I was wrong. You should be the head of this company. And I should have your babies!”

“Hey, I want them first,” Marli whined, the former Mark Blazer. She thrust her large chest out and cocked her generous hip to one side. She was even wearing a tight black dress that emphasised her incredible brown curves. “I got my pussy this morning. I’m already a full woman. I’m so fucking wet just looking at you, Coen. You should run the board, and we can be your assistants!”

The others, including Kai Zhao, the gorgeous young Chinese exec of the group, all agreed to this. They were even wearing tight blouses and short pencil skirts that showed off their fabulous figures. Coen looked upon his works, upon the women who had once denied his vaccines, and admired how easily they had fallen for his new ‘cure.’ They were all practically salivating in his presence, viewing him like a God, and no longer even fighting their compulsions. Some of them were already unbuttoning their shirts just to show more mammoth cleavage.

“Well, I suppose I can be convinced,” he said. “On two conditions.”

“Anything!” Marli and Peyton shouted at the same time.

“One: I want as much funding as I ask for in order to research Lumin’s Syndrome thoroughly.”

“Granted!” Peyton said, moving closer over the table, crawling towards him, her breasts hanging so wonderfully from her figure.

“And the second; you all taunted me about not being productive enough. Frankly, I haven’t had time to get a girlfriend, or have children. I’d like you to step up and help me solve that problem.”

The execs all looked at one another, every woman unique in appearance but united in their obsession with him.

“Which one of us?” Gaz asked. “Who gets to be the lucky girl?”

At this, Coen just grinned. “Why, all of you, of course! I want all of you. So, who’s up first?”

There was a mad dash towards him, followed by a lot of squealing and moaning.

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It was six months later, and Coen happily stepped into the boardroom, now the CEO and powerbroker of Jamison-George Pharmaceuticals. Restructuring the company had been easy given that the board was now entirely composed of him and his girlfriends. He had his hand upon Marli’s rear, squeezing it gently as he escorted her in. He kissed her tenderly on her neck, and she moaned in response.

“Mhmmm, I love you sooooo much, Coen,” she managed to say. “Thank you for getting me so full with your children.”

A number of women already in the room gave her the stink eye. She was the current favourite, because she was bearing him twins. Her and Peyton, who was always very full with two babies, though only five months along to Marli’s six. They sat down on either side of him, cradling their massive bellies, the lower halves of which were exposed from beneath their work blouses. Coen had discovered that he loved his pregnant girlfriends remaining in their office wear even as their bellies and breasts ballooned. Even at the moment, Gaz whined as her corset stretched out, her one concession to being a sexy goth girl along with her black hair dye and eyeshadow. She gasped, trying to keep her massive breasts from exposing themselves.

“S-sorry!” she stammered. “Little guy keeps on kicking!”

“So does mine,” Kai said.

“Try having two,” Peyton replied.

“Exactly,” Marli added, panting a little as she rubbed her swollen mound. “You’re going to be a father of ten children in just one year, Coen. How does it feel?”

The researcher grinned. Power had gone to his head a little, he knew, but why not? He’d made every board member his bitch, and they loved him for it. They were obsessed with him, and with bearing his children, and raising them happily. In fact, he wasn’t even sure if he wanted to make a vaccine for Lumin’s Syndrome anymore. He’d happily keep studying it and providing new scientific findings, but a cure? Why would he do that? When he looked at the gorgeous board members he’d all turned into his submissive babymamas, and they beamed back at him with perfect smiles, he couldn’t imagine a world without Lumin’s.

**The End**