

# Mommy Milk (Man to Very Pregnant MILF)

By FoxFaceStories

## An Anonymous Commission

*Spencer has been invited to his best friend Ian's place, who wants to show him something he's gotten ahold of. To Spencer's surprise, it appears to be just a fridge full of weirdly labelled milk bottles, but Ian is very adamant that his friend try some. To Spencer's shock, the milk is very addictive, and soon he can't stop drinking it by the bottle, despite the fact that it's quickly turning him into a thick, sexy, and very pregnant woman . . .*

## Mommy Milk

Spencer knocked on the door of his best friend's house. He was anxious to get inside after his friend's message, which sounded halfway between an emergency and something he simply *had* to see. It didn't help that the wind was gusting against him as he stood on his friend's porch. It was practically knocking him off, but then Spencer had always had a scrawny, rather nerdy build, which fit his geek-like temperament. His limbs were thin and his build slightly shorter than average, and his red hair was far too frizzy for his tastes, which had made it hard for him to find that special someone in the past few years. It didn't help that his face was heavily freckled, but not in a cute or attractive way to the opposite sex.

"Ian!" he called. "Are you in there? Open up, it's windy out here!"

Finally, the door opened, and there was his friend Ian. He was a taller guy, fitter than average, and dark skin and a manly jaw that had served him well with the girls back in college. Like Spencer, he'd had less luck lately, though. For reasons Spencer had never quite known, he'd sworn off dating because no girls fit 'his type', whatever that was.

"Sorry, dude!" Ian said. "Come on in! I was just performing one last test and I think it's the one."

"The . . . one? What are you talking about? Nevermind, just let me in first, that wind is crazy."

"Ain't it just, brother? Don't forget to take your shoes off. Oh, and your socks, too."

Spencer paused after shutting the door behind him. "My socks?"

"Yeah man, I'm asking my guests to go barefoot right now. Do you mind?"

"It's just . . . an odd request, but okay."

He stuffed his socks inside of his shoes and stepped out of the entrance hall and into the living room and kitchen space. Ian had graduated college and immediately gotten a very fortunate and very well-paying position as an engineer at a major multinational corporation. He'd had a promotion since then, and was very close to paying off his mortgage already,

despite only being twenty six years old. Spencer, on the other hand, had struggled. He knew that it was partly his own fault; he liked to collect old comic books and antique models from nerdy sci-fi shows that were cancelled eons ago, and so he spent more of his paychecks than he'd like to admit on such things. But he *was* a smart guy, and a very talented programmer. Unfortunately, the techbros in Silicon Valley were pushing AI so hard right now that programmers were being laid off left and right these days even if it *didn't* make sense. Currently, much to his chagrin, he didn't have a fulltime job. He was just barely managing to pay the rent for his shitty little apartment by doing freelance programming and some graphic design on the side, which was unsteady work.

"Dude, I'd forgotten how amazing your place is. Mine is so cramped."

"Well, maybe you can live here one day," Ian said, gesturing out to the vast lounge area.

"Yeah, I don't think I can pay the rent on this place."

"Eh, you can pay me in a different way. How have you been doing, man?"

Spencer blushed a little. With his pale skin, it left his cheeks quite red between the freckles. He scratched his frizzy, wiry red hair and struggled to meet Ian's gaze. "Uh, to be honest, not so good. You remember I was laid off, right?"

"Yeah, bastards. Tech-bro rats."

"Well, I haven't got anything lined up. Just freelance work. I won't lie, looking around here, I'm pretty jealous, Ian. I always thought you and I would go far together, y'know." He put up his hands in a placating gesture. "Not that I'm envious! Jealousy is innocent, but envy is mean-spirited, and all that. I'm genuinely happy for you, man."

"Me too, buddy, me too," Ian said. "And I wouldn't worry about your job. You might not need one, in the traditional sense."

"How so?"

"You'll find out. Tell me, how's your love life? Any special girl come into it?"

Another blush, this one even redder. Spencer swallowed, trying to find the words to evade too much embarrassment. "To be honest, not going so well there, either. Everyone meets on dating sites these days, and I'm not exactly six feet tall. Girls swipe left on me constantly. Maybe I need to get in shape like you."

"Or a new *kind* of shape," Ian mused.

The odd comments were mounting up by this point, but Spencer did his best to ignore them. Ian was intense like that; his thoughts were often elsewhere *and* here, and one could go down the rabbit hole trying to figure out what he was implying at times.

"Yeah, I guess so," Spencer said. "What about you, man? Found the right girl, or are you still, uh, abstaining?"

Ian laughed at this. “I don’t know if *abstaining* is the right way to put it. I’ve still had my fun with some girls, but that was just from a base *need*, if you know, man. Clearing out the pipes and all. But I’ve been searching for the perfect woman, the kind who’ll be perfect for me, and I think I’m close. Real close. The kind of girl I can build a family with; a real big family. You know me, I’ve always liked the idea of having a gorgeous girl all big and heavy with my babies, barefoot and pregnant in the kitchen and all that.”

Spencer gave a sheepish smile. He *did* remember Ian mentioning such several times. It wasn’t really Spencer’s thing; who had the time or money for kids in this day and age? But Ian had both, he supposed, and the guy clearly had a breeder fetish, he wasn’t one to judge.

“You looking for a tradwife or something?”

“More like a sexy milf, if you know what I mean.”

“Yeah, I guess. Not really up my alley, to be honest.”

“Hm, we’ll see,” Ian said, and then let the silence stretch out awkwardly. Spencer was about to break the silence and ask if he’d seen the latest *Erutell* fantasy game release or season two of *Star Warrior*, but then he remembered the reason he was here.

“Hey, didn’t you want to show me something? Your message told me to come over ASAP and check it out. I thought it could be an emergency.”

“Eh, less of an emergency and more of a grand potential. Do you wanna check it out?”

“Sure! I mean, is it something you made?”

“More like something I *conjured*. Took a great amount of research. Real magic shit, bro. I wasn’t even sure if it would work, but I’m certain I’ve gotten the arcane elements right.”

At this point, Spencer was feeling a little odd about all of this. Ian directed him towards the kitchen, which was a large space with its own island bench, much more than his own space.

“Wait, did you say arcane? Dude, this isn’t the magic thing again, is it? I thought you got over that in college.”

Now it was time for Ian to grin sheepishly. He pulled at one of the dark, tight curls on the side of his head. “Yeah, I sort of did, and then I came back, y’know? Like a boomerang, man. I just couldn’t get it out of my mind. And then I was looking into the potential of what I could do; magic that could give me my perfect girl, y’know? And when that was possible, why would I go out there for some girl who *wasn’t* perfect? Why accept less than the best, y’know?”

Spencer was getting lost fast on this. “Um, I mean, I’m sure some girl is out there for you. Hell, she’s probably closer than you think.”

"You got no idea, dude. That's why you're my best friend; you already get it. Now, try this."

He opened up his fridge, and to Spencer's surprise it was positively brimming with milk bottles; the old fashion glass kind that the milkman used to deliver to your doorstep. None of them were labelled.

"Woah," Spencer said. "I guess you really like milk, huh?"

"Trust me, this shit is the bomb. And you're gonna love it. Try some."

He reached in and pulled a bottle out, passing it to me. Spencer took it and looked it over. "Where did it come from?"

"Just have a drink, man. It's the best milk around. They call it Mommy Milk; but don't worry, it's not *actually* breastmilk. But it's just as sweet."

Spencer didn't want to be a disagreeable guest. Clearly, this was important to Ian. He removed the cap of the bottle and smelled it. It smelled like milk, and nothing else.

"So . . . it's just regular milk?"

"It's the best damn milk you'll ever taste, bro."

Spencer looked at Ian, trying to determine if this was some kind of joke. But given that the fridge was positively stocked with this stuff, it was probably safe to say that his friend had just gone down another rabbithole, probably a post-fitness workout drink or something.

"Well, I guess I gotta try it, right?"

Spencer lifted the open milk bottle to his lips and took a sip.

"Mhm. That's quite good."

Ian smirked. "Wait for it."

Spencer was about to ask him what he meant, but he was too busy licking his lips. That milk really was *damn* good. He took another sip.

"That's *really* good, actually. Quite sweet, but also filling. Mhmm."

He took another sip.

And then another.

And then another.

And then *another*.

"This stuff is addictive!" he said, chuckling as he wiped away the milk from his upper lip. "Jeez Louise, you weren't kidding."

"You can drink it all, man. I'm not lacking for any."

Spencer thought that might be presumptuous, at least usually he would think this, but the milk was that damn addicting that he needed to finish the bottle. He lifted it to his lips again and stopped sipping it, and instead began *gulping* it down. It made an audible *slurp* as he drank it down quickly, swallowing down in great mouthfuls.

"Mhmmm," he murmured between drinks. "Mhmmm."

It wasn't just the best damn milk he'd ever tasted. It was the best *thing* he'd ever tasted, *period*. It was sweet. It was savoury. It was like the best damn pre-bed dessert while also serving as the best breakfast, lunch, and dinner he could imagine.

"Holy God this is amazing!" he said, his voice cracking. "Where did you get this stuff?"

"I made it. Well, I altered it. I told you, I conjured some of it; magic and all that. It's real."

Spencer cackled. "Well, I can almost believe it! Shit, I need the recipe."

He drank more, downing it completely, lifting the bottle up and drinking the last remnants of the milk. He slurped loudly, uncaring how animal he sounded as he finished it up. When he was done, he planted the bottle upon the kitchen island and let loose a loud belch.

"*Goddamn* that's incredible. I *feel* incredible! I didn't know a good bottle of milk could make me feel so healthy and *alive*."

"You look alive, too!" Ian said with a pearly-white smile which contrasted his black skin. "You look healthy, man. I told you, this stuff is good for you."

"I can see why you like it," Spencer said. "Wow, I could go for another. How do you still have bottles in there? I would have drunk them all by now."

"Oh, I haven't drunk any."

Spencer stroked his stomach, though he wasn't sure why he was doing that. He licked his lips, feeling how full they suddenly seemed to be. It was like the milk had caused some minor reactions, but they were accompanied by feelings of pleasantness. Even his hands seemed softer, and his arm air looked thinner, somehow. Or was it just that his skin had lost some blemishes? But surely milk couldn't-

"Wait," he said, tearing away from those thoughts and back to what Ian had just said. "You haven't *tasted* this? Why not? It's your fridge!"

Ian's eyes gleamed. "Let's just say it's not meant for me. Would you like another? I know you do."

Spencer was about to refuse, but his stomach gurgled, and he almost drooled out the sides of his mouth. He *did* want more. Way more, in fact.

"Uh, sure," he said, trying to sound nonchalant. "I could use one more. Why not, while I'm here?"

Inside, he was desperate for more. He wasn't sure he'd ever wanted to consume something more in his life, not even his grandma's raspberry chocolate brownies when he was a little kid chasing a sugar high. Ian passed him the bottle and Spencer showed his hand immediately by tearing off the cap with great alacrity. He began gulping it openly in

front of his friend, trying to maintain a sense of decorum, but failing dismally as he began to moan almost sensually. How was it even *better* this time?

“Mhmmm,” he murmured, drinking the milk as eagerly as a newborn child drinking from his mother. “This is amazing!”

“Just you wait,” Ian said, a smile on his face.

And then it happened. Spencer’s stomach grumbled, and then a pressure slowly rose. The milk, he could *feel* it being absorbed into his system. It wasn’t just filling up his stomach but instead becoming *part* of him. His stomach rose, pushing out a little, and his limbs followed suit, losing their scrawniness as they thickened and softened. Spencer’s eyes went wide as he beheld the changes, but soon he couldn’t look at them, as he had to tip his head back further to drink more of the milk, which he refused to stop doing.

And yet the changes continued. His belly rose prominently, pushing out and causing his shirt to rise up his chest. He looked like he had a beer belly now, except the skin was smooth and hairless and perfect, almost making it look like a pregnant dome. At the same time his nipples tensed and throbbed, and without even thinking Spencer found himself rubbing his chest, fondling his nipples until he realised what he was doing and put his hand down. He tried to stop drinking - something was seriously weird here - but the taste of the Mommy’s Milk was just. Too. Damn. GOOD. He guzzled it down like it was his last meal before death row, like it was the nectar of the *gods*. The taste was too exquisite, even as his stomach ballooned out further, the pressure building and building. His belly pushed forwards, inch by terrible and wondrous inch, and something about the growth, despite how wrong it was, just felt so damn *perfect*.

“That’s right, keep going,” Ian encouraged him, watching with an astounded expression. “It’s working. Keep going, bro. It’s taking effect!”

Finally, Spencer finished the bottle. He staggered on his feet as he tried to put it down on the kitchen island. His weight was all wrong; not just heavier, but his centre of gravity had *literally* changed, going much lower. The panting man had his eyes closed, enjoying the last of the milky aftertaste, but when he opened his eyes he was in for a great shock.

“What - how? What’s happened to me!?”

He grabbed his stomach, which had expanded out impressively. “I look pregnant, dude! Like a pregnant lady entering her third trimester or something? Call the ambulance, I’m having an allergic reaction or some shit!”

But Ian was simply opening the fridge and pulling out the next bottle from the top shelf, placing it on the marble surface of the kitchen island that Spencer was leaning against. He felt so bloated and strange, but the weirdest part was that he *didn’t* feel fat. His stomach wasn’t doughy, there were no fat rolls. It was smooth and rounded and oddly beautiful to his

own eyes, not that he could figure out why. It sloped and then tucked back in above his pubis just like a pregnant woman's belly. His junk tingled a little, and his limbs were certainly thicker, his skin smoother, but his central concern was his belly, which was fairly well on display since his shirt, made to fit a scrawny man, had risen up so that it only fell across the top half of his dome.

"Jesus, even my bellybutton has popped!" he exclaimed. "Ohhhh, I f-feel really full. Ian, I'm having a reaction. Ian, are you listening to me? You need to call 911 already!"

But Ian's face was one of purest awe. He stepped slowly towards the struggling Spencer and placed his dark hand upon his friend's light Caucasian belly. There was something oddly soothing about his touch, especially as he stroked Spencer's stomach up and down.

"Ian?" Spencer said, managing to catch his breath. "Wh-what's happening? What's - oof!"

Suddenly, he felt something so completely alien as to make his bulging belly feel inconsequential in comparison. Something had just moved around *inside* of him. It had shifted, like an organ realigning, or -

"Ohh! Oh God, what's that! Something's moving, dude! Something's - ngh!"

He felt it, and so did Ian, because it pressed right up against Ian's hand through Spencer's skin. A little kick, but forceful enough to cause Spencer to suddenly exhale.

"That - oh God! Is that what I think it is?"

"It's a baby," Ian said. "Your baby. Our baby."

"Our . . . baby? I don't - ahh - understand?"

"The milk," Ian said. "I told you it was magic. It's given you a child, one that contains your DNA *and* mine. It does wonders. Would you like some more?"

Spencer knew he couldn't. He needed to get out of here. "I - I need to be alone for a moment!" he cried, voice cracking yet again. He fled for the bathroom rather than the front door, however, and locked himself in there, already a little out of breath. His walk even had a slight waddle to it, and when he leaned forward to inspect himself in the mirror, he yelped a little when his belly jutted against the bathroom sink.

"Goddamn it! This can't be real. I can't be pregnant."

And yet, something shifted inside of him again, pushing visibly against his naked dome of a belly. A small hand print appeared, and it made Spencer yelp.

"Nope! Nope. No way. Need to get out of here. Need to-"

He stopped. He hadn't even realised, but he'd taken the next bottle Ian had given him into the bathroom and placed it right next to the sink. Even while inspecting himself, the cap was off. The smell of the milk was ordinary, and yet knowing its taste, knowing how it made him feel . . .

"M-maybe just a little more M-Mommy's Milk," he said. All reason went out the window. Despite the fact that the milk had made his body thicker, softer, and less manly, not to mention apparently *pregnant*, the desire grew within him. His willpower evaporated as he considered that near-orgasmic bliss that came with consuming it. He reached out and took the bottle, licking his lips, almost drooling.

"Just one m-more. Just one."

"*Spencer, are you okay in there? Can we talk?*"

Spencer ignored him. "Just one m-more," he repeated to himself. "Just a mouthful. Just one mouthful to go, and that's it, okay Spencer? No more than that. Just a mouthful. No m-more."

He lifted the bottle to his lips, and sweet ecstasy flowed. He drank his one mouthful.

And then another.

And then another.

And then another.

And then he was *chugging* it, moaning as some of the milk leaked down his shirt. He rubbed his nipples with his spare hand, his eyes rolling into the back of his head from the sheer bliss of the taste, from the sensation of the milk flowing into his body and becoming *part of it*. His nipples throbbed again, and this time he could feel them *growing*. Tissue and fat poured in behind them, and the flesh rose again, tightening his shirt yet further while his belly swelled in companionship.

"Mhmmmm," Spencer moaned. "M-more!"

He drank it down greedily, like a child latching onto a nipple. His thighs thickened yet further, yet his feet shrank, becoming daintier. The same was true of his hands, though his upper arms gained a slight doughiness to them. Fat flowed into his ass, causing it to swell further. Spencer reached back and squeezed the flesh of his ass, which strained his trousers, but the sensation was extraordinary and undeniably sexy. He was starting to get aroused, but his dick didn't respond so much as go strangely numb. Yet while he was drinking the milk, he couldn't care.

"Oof! Nghh!"

He groaned, stopping halfway into the bottle as he felt something bloom within his stomach. Despite the fact that he was already pregnant, his stomach expanded further, the pressure rising yet again. Spencer struggled to take in another breath, shuddering in response to a new development: a *second* baby growing within him. It grew at superspeed, expanding more and more until two shifting forms were inside what *had* to be some kind of womanly womb. The pressure was extraordinary, causing sweat to break out across his skin, and yet still he rubbed his distended dome, panting and moaning in delirious joy.

*“Spencer? What’s happening in there? Can I see it? I want to see you become what you were always meant to be! Please, dude!”*

Despite it all, Spencer found himself nodding. He took a waddling step towards the bathroom door, cupping his belly which now looked like he was overdue. He undid the lock and opened the door, and there on the other side was Ian, whose jaw dropped instantly.

“Mother of God, you look beautiful.”

“What’s h-happening to m-me!?” Spencer cried, but then he grabbed the milk bottle before Ian could even reply, and started drinking it down more. His chest rose further, more fat, more tissue, and the beginning of his *own* milk glands. He couldn’t deny that he was growing breasts, not with his own reflection in the bathroom mirror showing such.

“I told you,” Ian said. “I wanted the perfect girl for me. Someone beautiful. A big, beautiful woman who is fertile as all hell, and willing and able to be barefoot and in the kitchen, and *constantly* pregnant. Well, Spencer, you’ve always been my best friend. We understand each other so well. I knew you’d be the perfect candidate, bro. You just needed the right magic.”

Spencer moaned from a mix of discomfort and pleasure. His breasts were now easily B-cups and going into C-cups territory, pushing against his shirt and making it more of a crop top. His belly was now fully on display, totally naked, totally *gravid*. It couldn’t be mistaken for anything but a pregnant belly now.

And yet he kept.

On.

*Drinking.*

His vision disappeared, and for a moment the young man became even more confused than he already was. That’s when he realised the strange itching from his scalp was the rapid growth of his hair. He finished the bottle and slammed it down, moaning as the aftereffects of the change continued to ripple through his changing form.

“Ohhh, it’s s-soooo much, Ian!”

He stuck out his rear, planting his feet further backwards so that his heavy belly hung down a little and his juicy expanded backside nearly split the back of his trousers open. Spencer pushed apart the curtain of his lengthening hair and gasped in surprise. Not only was his hair longer, but it now possessed *spectacular* curls; silky ringlets that shined like he was in a shampoo commercial for women. *Pregnant* women. It felt down to his shoulders, and then some, long and luscious. His face was softer too, with chubbier cheeks and no more wrinkle lines, especially from stress. Spencer panted from pleasure and exertion as he took in his altered form. God, he was so big, and he was so *cute*. His breasts were sleek with sweat from all the pressure, but they were full and delightful.

"Y-you made me into this?" he asked, turning to look at Ian, who appeared almost gloating in his expression. "I - I don't understand. What's happening to me?"

"Exactly what it feels like, man," Ian said. He had an obvious tent in his pants, and it was making Spencer feel kinda . . . funny. "I told you, I wanted the perfect girl, and I knew years ago that it had to be you once I knew magic could make things right. I want a large family, Spencer. I want a gorgeous girl, thick and curvy and *fertile* as all fuck, know what I'm saying? That's why I needed you here. And you're so close to finishing, dude. My *girl*. I reckon just one more bottle will take you all the way. What do you say?"

Spencer looked back to his reflection. He already looked so female already. Even his chin whiskers were gone, and his lips were lovely and full. He stood up fully, placing his hands upon his slightly sore back, which caused his massive dome to jut out. His babies moved inside of him, causing him to groan. It was the most wrong, terrible, *wondrous* feeling he'd ever experienced.

"M-moo," Spencer said, reaching out his hand for the bottling. "Moo-re. M-more, please. Just one, before I regret it!"

Ian passed him the bottle, and Spencer wasted no time opening it and guzzling down more of the milk. This time he didn't care that he spilled portions of it; it ran down his body in small rivulets, and it made his changing mind imagine it was *his* milk, which was somehow so unbearably *hot* to think about. The effects were not delayed this time, but instantaneous instead. The rumbling and gurgling in his belly began, and it slowly pushed forwards, a *third* baby growing within what he had now accepted as his uterus. His member went further numb, and the transforming male just barely managed to reach around under his belly to fondle his dick, feeling how it was shrinking and shrinking. And yet at the same time, his ass was blowing up, his hips widening dramatically, gaining what he could only consider to be *child bearing hips*, in the very most literal sense.

"Moo!" he cried again, gulping down more of the milk. "M-my belt! Ian, my belt!"

He could barely reach it, and it was becoming painful with how much his lower half was swelling. Everything was becoming thicker, curvier, *bigger*. He knew Ian liked his girls with extra curves and rolls, and now *he* was growing them all, except around his belly which remained *tight* from the *triplets* that were growing there.

Thankfully, Ian sprung into action immediately. He went down on his knees and unbuckled Spencer's belt, throwing it out into the hall and quickly unzipping his pants. Spencer sighed in relief, his voice almost female in its quality now. His trousers fell to the floor around his ankles, but he couldn't even see them because his boobs and belly were getting so big.

"G-get them off!" he moaned, voice going an octave higher. "I can't s-see! I need your help! Nghh!"

"Of course, babe," Ian said, and the word 'babe' made Spencer shiver in a strange, reluctant delight. His friend worked to help him lift his feet, and then the trousers were thrown into the hall as well, leaving Spencer wearing only his underwear and a shirt that was functioning as a sort of default bra, his fat nipples pressing against the fabric. His belly was now totally uncovered, massive as it swelled further, the child's development catching up to his or her two siblings. It gave Spencer a deep satisfaction, but he couldn't see what was happening to his dick, except that it was pulling back inside of him.

"Ohhhhh!" he moaned, voice cracking until it was a sweet, gorgeously high soprano, worthy of song. "I-Ian! My dick! My dick is going inside meeee!"

"You're so close, babe," Ian said, marvelling at the sight, still on his knees. He reached up and fondled Spencer's balls, causing the transforming man to grunt. His breasts hit another growthspurt, becoming D-cups, then the much-vaunted Double-D's, before going truly beyond that point. They were heavy and full, like ripe cantaloupes, and his nipples stung briefly.

"It's s-so much! Don't stop touching me, though!" Spencer cried. "I don't know why, but I want it so bad!"

"Because you're perfect," Spencer. "My perfect girl."

"Mmmhmoo! More milk!"

Spencer grabbed the bottle again, intent on finishing the second half. His thighs thickened again, his calves too. His arms gained a soft and cute flab, and his cheeks broadened. Even as his penis slid back inside his body, he was aware that his face was transforming; eyes widening, eyelashes lengthening, eyebrows becoming more defined, jaw structure realigning to take on a new smooth roundness. Another grunt, and his breasts lurched forward, gaining another cup size. They were uncomfortably enormous in his overly-tight t-shirt, pushing like veritable melons against the fabric, causing it to strain.

And yet *still* he drank. A euphoric whimper escaped him even as he drank, because his penis and testicles, so pleurably massaged by Ian, finally pulled totally back into his body. This was accompanied by another set of growths and changes across his body; his ass became so big, his hips so wide that the underwear he was wearing started to tear. Spencer slammed down the bottle and let loose a womanly roar of bliss, one again clutching the sink bench. He pushed his ass backwards, writhing it back and forth as if he were in the throes of sex.

"Yesss! Yesss! M-make me your woman! Make me pregnant with your b-babies, Ian! Your milk is t-too good!"

She let loose another orgasmic cry as her - yet *her* - genitalia finished its transformation. This was accompanied by a well-timed *snap* of her underwear, which shot off against the tiled wall and fell to the ground. Now only her shirt remained, starting to rip but

managing to hang on. Ian gasped, staring up at her from his kneeled location, at the womanly flower that now sat on a Venus mound beneath Spencer's soft, doughy thighs. *Her* thighs. Already her pussy was damp with arousal, her pussy juices dripping down onto said thighs.

"Mhmmm," she moaned. "I'm a f-full woman! This is c-crazy! Ohhhh, but it feels soooo good. Mhmm . . ."

She cupped her breasts, massaging them, uncaring that Ian was standing and moving behind her. His powerful dark arms encircled her, but even he, with his greater height and reach, couldn't put his hands all the way around her triplet belly. She looked like she was about to burst, her dome distending every few moments with the shifting and kicking and movement of her three large babies.

"G-God," she stammered. "This is insane. Why is it s-soooo hot, Ian? Why am I I-loving this?"

He caressed her naked dome, lifting his hands up to cup her breasts. They were full, just managing to sit in his open palms, yet as he rubbed her nipples, the new woman let forth a gasp as something happened.

It was milk.

Her fat nipples were leaking *milk*.

Her tits, now easily cantaloupe-sized E-cups, were literally dripping *milk*.

"This is crazy," she puffed, caught between euphoria and troubled confusion. "I'm a pregnant woman. You turned me into a pregnant woman."

"And you're *loving* it, dude, aren't you? Or should I say, *dudette*, because you are one sexy, curvy lady, and on the bigger side too, which you know I like. Hell, I *love* a big, beautiful woman. And you, Spencer, are one big lady right now."

The compliments alone were driving Spencer wild. He didn't even *feel* like a Spencer anymore. How could a body so womanly, so *pregnant* with life, so *glowing* and curvaceous, possibly have a name like Spencer?

As if reading the new woman's mind, Ian lowered a hand down the naked portion of her back and squeezed the right cheek of her ass, causing her to squeak. His fingers sunk into the flesh, her wobbly cheek bouncing thanks to its sheer size.

"I guess you're not really a Spencer now though, are you? Should we give you a new name?"

She clenched her eyes shut, overwhelmed by her form and the wonderful sensations Ian was giving her. She nodded quickly, focusing on her breathing, which was tight thanks to the three babies taking up space in her stomach.

"How about Stephanie?"

She shook her head.

“Sarah?”

Again, another shake. It didn’t sound right.

“Samanthan? Selina?”

She shook her head, and managed to utter one word in her breathlessness, a name that felt right.

“S-Scarlet. I wanna be Scarlet!”

“Jesus, that’s perfect, dude. Er, dudette. *Babe*. Lemme help you out of the bathroom and we can let you sit back in the living room. I’m sure you need a bit of time to adjust, and-”

But *Scarlet* was already moving. She waddled heavily, clutching her dome with one hand and rubbing it profusely, her other hand on the naked small of her back as she hurried out of the bathroom as quickly as her massive belly would allow her too. Everything wobbled; her fat breasts, her fat thighs, her very fat ass, but even that brought its own pleasure. She knew she should be angry at Ian, but instead his gaze on her felt like a blessing. But right now, she was ignoring his pleas to relax. Her mouth was still watering. She needed sustenance.

Scarlet needed *milk*.

And she didn’t care about the consequences.

“Scarlet, babe, I know this is a lot to take in. I promise you, it’s for the best, babe! You just take a seat and I’ll get you some . . . oh.”

Clearly Ian was surprised as she was at her continuing hunger, but it was as relentless as ever. Scarlett opened the fridge and then reached forward to grab a milk bottle. Her first two attempts were embarrassing failures - her huge pregnant mound kept pushing against the frame of the fridge, and so she had to turn sideways, knocking a cupboard door closed with her incredible roundness. She didn’t care; she simply gritted her teeth, trying not to fall over with her odd centre of gravity. She had to widen her stance, sticking out her huge ass again and letting her belly hang so she could grab not one but *two* bottles.

“Hey, Scarlet! I made those extra just in case. I’m glad you’re taking to this change - I knew you would, but you don’t have to drink more!”

“M-moo! Yes I do!” she proclaimed. She grabbed the first milk bottle and began guzzling it down, causing the magic to work anew in her body. It was the sweetest bliss now, and she embraced it. Just fifteen minutes ago, she hadn’t believed in magic at all, but now she craved its effects on her, now matter how foreign, no matter how emasculating. It was wild, she knew, to suddenly crave the sensation of being more pregnant, but three babies was not enough.

“N-need more!” she moaned between gulps, and she wasn’t just talking about the milk. More babies, more curves, more milk from her *own* breasts, which were wetting the entire front of her shirt. It was reaching breaking point, the fabric starting to tear. As her belly

widened and pushed out, it also rose in height, searching for available space to dominate, but it was met and pushed back by her massive breasts, which swelled further. Finally, her shirt could take it no more. Her breasts were approaching the size of her own head, incredible mammaries *made* for endless breastfeeding and for showing off to the father of her babies. Ian himself was starting to salivate just at the sight of them.

“C’mom,” he said. “Free yourself!”

“Unhnn,” Scarlet grunted, a fourth baby rapidly growing within her, gifting her with goddamn *quadruplets*. It was enough to send her breasts into overdrive, and her shirt finally ripped to pieces, falling down her back, slipping over her massive rounded ass, and then landing on the kitchen floor. Her breasts, finally freed from containment, sagged down upon her belly, but despite their size, they had impressive roundness, a teardrop shape that spoke to their loveliness. They enhanced her already-generous curves. She looked like a thick, big-breasted and curvaceous beauty, a plus-size figure that was worthy of an ancient fertility idol. Hell, with her third trimester quadruplet belly, she looked like a fertility *goddess*, in fact.

Scarlet was even starting to feel like one. Her skin was stretched taut, but her belly pushed forward yet again as she drank in the milk, desiring more, more, *more* growth. These were Ian’s babies *inside of her*, and for however crazy that concept was, the very notion of it filled her with joy.

“Oh my God,” Ian said. “Holy shit. I was hoping you’d be beautiful, babe, but you look outstanding, Spencer.”

She panted, looking to him with half-lidded eyes. She was borderline delirious.

“S-Scarlet, remember? The h-hair. Red. Mhmm. Suits me. Just like this belly full of your babies. Ohhh, the milk is making me like it so much, Ian. I can feel four of your babies inside of me, and I need - ohhh - I need more!”

She grabbed another bottle, much to Ian’s surprise. Before he could even intervene she was downing it, lustily soaking up the milk. Her ponderous breasts swelled yet larger, and the leaking milk turned to veritable *streams*, which then became *rivers* as she fondled them. Her midsection swelled again, a fifth baby joining her belly. Her hips widened, her ass became even larger, and yet this was still not enough.

“Um, Scarlet, this is exactly what I wanted, but there’s such a thing as *too* much of a good thing, don’t you think?”

“N-no! You did this to moo-ee! You don’t get to decide when I’ve had enough! I need more of your babies! Ohhh, you’re too sexy to resist having so many babies with. I want to have more of them. All of them!”

Another opening of the fridge. Another two bottles, and then a third for the hell of it. Scarlett was ravenous. She struggled on her feet as more of her swelled, enlarged, grew, was impregnated. She wailed, pressing her naked body against Ian, holding him and feeling

his muscles in adoration as she became the ultimate curvaceous goddess she now knew she was always meant to be. One baby after another was added to her, little girls and boys to join their siblings, kicking and pushing and shifting inside of her, nurtured by her life-giving body. Her belly was mammoth, dominating her figure, and her belly button was well out of her reach. One couldn't even see her vagina because her belly had lowered dramatically just to find room for more children, and it had widened to form a massive egg shape out the front of her. Her breasts perched upon it, leaking down either side, spilling onto the kitchen floor.

"Holy G-God!" she cried, finally, at least satisfied by it all. She was now a mother to *eight* babies. To *octuplets*. It was not how her life was meant to be, and yet it was her *destiny*, she felt it now. She kissed Ian's neck, feeling his strong body, pressed the side of her belly against him as stroked it and helped her hold it. Her legs were giving out, and it was only thanks to Ian's aid that she managed to cross the threshold out of the kitchen and into the wide living room, where she lay on her side upon the couch, her curves fully on display, her belly drooping off the side of the sizable furniture. That's simply how pregnant and swollen she was.

"Mhmmmm," she murmured, her womb a hive of activity. The new woman caressed her stomach, occasionally gasping and whimpering in response to the sheer fullness of her body. In just the span of a little over half an hour, she had gone from a scrawny, nerdy young man in his mid-twenties to an epically-sized woman pregnant with her best friend's babies via magic milk. If she had not experienced it herself she would have thought the premise was some kind of acid trip from her teens. Instead, she could only bask in the sensations of her extraordinary motherhood. Her tits, fat and large and still dripping, were piled upon one another, large enough that her fingers sunk easily into the flesh as she massaged them, though they were pressurised enough that this caused her engorged breasts to produce large quantities of milk. This was pleasurable, however. She rubbed her stomach, or what parts of it she could, her red hair draping over her form. She was Venus, she was the Mother Mary, she was a fertility goddess of the ancient Mayans. And God, oh *God* was she full, her massive curves dominating her body. As she shifted, Ian gazed at her soft, thick thighs and her incredible bosom, at her thick waist and maternal hips.

"H-how many?" he asked, almost falling to his knees in worship right there and then.

"Nnggh," Scarlet groaned, a response to the obvious flurry of kicks that dominated her overwhelmed womb. "T-too many. Eight. Ohhhhhh, I've got eight babies. Eight! I'm - I'm an octomom! Ahhh . . . haha! Ian, I'm the octomom, only s-so much more . . . sexy. Ahhh . . . I feel so sexy, and I don't know why."

Ian leaned over and planted a kiss on her belly. It elicited a gasp from the swollen woman. "Because you are, babe. You can feel it, can't you? The magic has made you my perfect woman. Even more perfect than I could imagine, dude. Well, dudette. I thought two,

maybe three babies. Instead, y'all giving me *eight*. Don't worry, I'll treat you like a queen, Scarlet."

"A goddess," she whispered, still entranced by her own prodigious bust and belly. "A fertility goddess. With b-big mommy milkers. Mhmmm."

Ian licked his lips. "Damn right, girl. Damn right."

Scarlet's mind was in a strange fog, but it was starting to clear. The wonder was there, but so was the shock of it all.

"It's so fuckin' weird, man," she marvelled, still stroking her fertile curves. "I've n-never felt anything like this. God, I'm so fucking huge. Why do I like this?"

"I told you, man," Ian said, still caressing her form, but then stepping back to admire it. He observed her belly, admiring all the little kicks and punches from within her womb. "It's the magic. It's made you the perfect woman for me. Barefoot, pregnant-"

"And in the kitchen," she finished, still panting. Though not r-right now. "You planned this. Ohhhhh, you're lucky - ahhh - I can't stop loving it. It's like I've been hypnotised or something. God, did I always want this? Is it the milk? Mhmmm . . . what am I gonna d-do?"

"Be a mother to my babies. Be my girl and my future wife, dudette. Cook and clean and take care of the house while your man earns the dough. You won't ever have to worry about finding that special someone or not making enough money or not having a big enough house ever again, because you'll have me, Scarlet. How's that sound?"

Scarlet looked up at her best friend. She wanted to be angry with him, but she couldn't. How could she, when she was so perfectly gravid with so much life? When he had gifted her with a big, beautiful woman's body with fertility that knew no bounds, and pleasure that flowed continually from it. She licked her lips slowly, eyes trained upon his dark, muscled skin. Upon his biceps and exposed forearms. On that square jaw. On those obsessive, dominating eyes. It made her new submissive side go wild, and it also caused a new sensation; that of her new pussy moistening, lubricating in preparation. She bit down on her lip harder, rubbed her thighs together in anticipation. His cock was still hard, tenting his pants very obviously. It was enough to cause her nipples to throb and leak milk even more just from the sight of it. She had to swallow because she was once again starting to salivate, only this time it wasn't *her* body that was causing the arousal.

"S-sorry?" she said. "What did you s-say, Ian?"

"I said," he replied, moving down to kiss her belly once more and stroke her hip. "You'll have me, now. How does that sound?"

"It sounds not bad," she said, trying to control her heightened breathing. "Because I really, really, really fucking want you. Now."

"I told you, sexy, you've got me. You had me from the moment you drank the milk, just like I had you."

“No, you fucking moron,” she said, trying not to giggle and gasp at the same time. “I want you now. You. Now.”

She grabbed his head and pulled him into a kiss, then redirected his hand up to her big, milky breasts. There was a brief muffled sound of surprise from Ian, and then he finally picked up what the new, sexy, curvaceous octomom was putting down. He kissed her deeply and passionately, his tongue slithering into her mouth and driving her wild. At the same time, her friend-turned-lover fondled her breast, deliberately teasing her nipple to release another stream of milk that left her moaning into his mouth. It was highly erotic, and somehow being so huge and immobile and helpless made it all the better: this man was her husband and master, making love to her while she carried the weight of their future family.

“This f-feels so right!” she declared. “I don’t c-care if it’s wrong. It feels right!”

“Then how can it be wrong, dudette. Jesus Christ, you’re so hot. So fucking hot. This belly, oh my God.”

He planted kiss after kiss on it, then returned to her lips. Then he began kissing her breasts, moving to suck upon her nipples. Scarlet was about to ask if that was a good idea, but the moment he sucked in deep an enormous stream of her warm milk ejaculated into his mouth, causing a miniature orgasm to shudder through her form.

“Ohhhhhhhh, that’s g-good! Don’t stop! I’m s-so full of m-milk and babies! Drink some more, Ian! Drink as much as you c-can! Ahhhh . . .”

She curled her toes tightly as she did so, massaging his shoulders and feeling his muscles. She had so little range of motion, but she was able to fiddle with his buckle as he adjusted himself, stroking his crotch through the fabric.

“I’m n-naked! You need to be naked too!”

Ian drank a little more from her other breast, causing a miniature orgasm that left her gasping, then he stood back up.

“Fair’s fair,” he said with a grin. “Besides, I’ve been waiting for this moment. You jumped straight to the baby stage, baby doll. Let’s get you acquainted with how those babies are usually made.”

Scarlet sighed, appreciating the view of her friend-turned-boyfriend stripping down. He threw his pants to the side, tossed his shirt up so that it hung from the ceiling fan above. Then, to her greatest excitement, he lowered his underwear, revealing a big black dick that was so much longer and girthier than she could have imagined. It made her suck in her breath, eyes wide, just at the sight of it. It was even cause for minor concern.

“Uhh, is that gonna fit inside me, dude?”

“Let’s find out, babe. But if you are the perfect woman for me - and you are - then we’ve got nothing to worry about, and everything to look forward to. But first, lets get you in a better position so I can fuck your brains out and make you a woman for life.”

It was a frightening prospect in some ways, but Scarlet's mind was entirely submissive and embracing the feminine now.

"That s-sounds so fucking *hot*," she declared. "Ian, it's been so, so, so long since I had sex. I couldn't land anyone before."

"Well, you've landed me."

"But I'm a woman. I . . . I don't know what to do."

With that, Ian grinned at her, his expression mischievous. "Don't you worry one bit, hot stuff. A guy takes the lead. And besides, you got a belly full of my babies there. I'll go real slow, so you can get used to it, okay? You down with that?"

She nodded quickly. She was. Mother of God, she was. Her pussy juices were starting to run down her upper thighs. She needed a dick inside of her. She didn't have one herself anymore, but so long as she had one thrusting *inside* of her, that would feel familiar, right?

"Please, help me up. Put me however you want me. J-just be gentle at first. I'm so new to this and - ohhhh - so big and so fucking preggo, man."

"Don't you worry, Scarlet. You're not Spencer anymore. This is how you're meant to be. The milk has seen to that. And how *you're* making the mommy milk. C'mon, let me help you up."

With some embarrassment, Scarlet realised she definitely needed the help; she was so big and curvy and heavily knocked up that she literally couldn't get her body off of the couch. Ian had to use his muscular arms to aid her, and she used that moment to lower her hand and stroke his dick, feeling its girth.

"That's my girl," he replied with a smile. "You're gonna get a whole lot of that."

"S-so big."

"Yeah, you're so big."

"No, you. I didn't realise - I want to feel it."

"You will. Get down on all fours. Don't worry, there's room."

He pushed the coffee table far to the side, exposing the comfortable long-haired carpet that lined the floor. It was plush and warm to the touch, and sure enough there *was* room for her belly as she went down on her hands and knees; but only *just*. Her belly pressed against the ground a little, the weight of all eight of her babies making it flatten a little against the carpet. It was surprisingly relieving, as it meant she wasn't carrying the whole weight, providing some relief to her shoulders.

"Spread your legs a little," Ian instructed.

She did so, and it had the effect of making her ass stick up further. It was so rounded and juicy and *bouncy*, enough so that she was even a little embarrassed, but Ian was quick to assure her of her beauty.

“Just trust the magic of Mommy’s Milk,” he told her. “You’re the most beautiful, perfect woman in the world, Scarlet. And I’m gonna make you *fee*/ perfect too, babe.”

She groaned with approval. “P-p-please! Do it soon! Don’t make me wait! I’m getting so fucking horny and nervous, man! I don’t know how it’ll feel but I need it! Just s-start the rollercoaster ride already.”

But Ian massaged her ass instead, then slid his hands over her, stroking her hair and making her feel like a woman owned. It was wonderful, and even better when he cupped her breasts, which were almost drooping against the ground as well. He fondled and pinched her nipples, and soon she was begging him even harder to penetrate her. Only then did he place his hands on her hips, squeezing the rolls of her curvaceous flesh, and then press the large, thick head of his penis against her backside.

“Mhmmm,” she moaned. He was rubbing it against her vulva, sliding it deliberately over her swollen, throbbing clitoris. “That f-feels! Ahhhh - please, Ian! Finish me!”

“I told you, I was waiting for the right woman. It’s you, Scarlet. It was always you.”

He plunged into her. It was a slow plunge; he slid into her depths carefully yet implacably, stretching her tight, wet walls wider and causing her nervous system to light up with incredible euphoria.

“Oh God! That’s - that feels so fucking weird, man! So weird! But wonderful! Ahh, you’re s-so big!”

“Am I hurting you?”

“N-no! I’m perfect for you, r-remember? Just go carefully . . . the belly.”

“Don’t you worry, I’ll keep it safe. But that won’t stop me from fucking my gorgeous girl and driving her wild.”

He slid all the way in, and it caused Scarlet’s eyes to roll back in her head. She let loose an animalistic sound, a primal sound of pleasure, of *mating*. She was being penetrated, she was being *fucked* by a man. Her tunnel was filled with one big, hard dick, and it was the best feeling she’d ever had.

“Ohhhh, keep going!” she announced.

“I wasn’t stopping, don’t you worry. Just letting you get used to it.”

“I d-don’t know if I ever will, but I want to! Now g-go faster! I’m so fucking horny!”

“Those preggo hormones,” he teased. “Making my girl randy.”

He pulled back out, almost to the point where his cock slipped out, only to slowly thrust all the way back in. He held her hips, using them as leverage to thrust further in, gripping her ass cheeks to cause further shivers of sensation. Then he began to speed up, bringing Scarlet to greater heights. Soon he was rocking back and forth, back and forth, thrusting into her with alacrity. She in turn was taking on the female role more easily than she would have assumed. She gasped and cried, moaned and caressed her body, pleading

for him to fuck her yet harder. At some point, she had found a way to rock herself so that she moved rhythmically in time with his thrusts, sliding a little with the aid of her belly but not endangering its plentiful contents.

“This. Is. The. Greatest. Thing. I’ve. Ever. Felt. Ian! Ohhhhh!”

Her eyes rolled back again as she drew close to the point of orgasm. Ian was like a lion; the masculine father of her babies, and his penis was huge and fierce. She could feel his balls slapping against her ass with each thrust, and she imagined them to be full, ready to pump their contents into her. Despite having been a straight guy for pretty much her entire life, her rewired brain was excited by the prospect of having his cum pumped into her. That was how you made babies, after all, and just the thought of getting pregnant made her aroused further, even if that was impossible given that she was already knocked up so hard. Still, she wanted to beg for it.

“G-give me one m-more! One more b-baby, Ian! I want your babies! I want you cum in me and get me pregnant all over again! I don’t ever want to stop having your beautiful b-babies!”

Ian thrust again. They were both so close, and yet both were holding off as long as they could in order to draw out the pleasure. She rocked back against his member, and with his superior reach he leaned forward, cupping her breasts and squeezing her nipples as he rammed his cock in once again. It drove her wild, but it also finally, *finally* sent the new, massive milf right over the edge.

“Yes! Yes! Ohhhh, yes, Ian! Yes, yes, yes, YESSSS! Oh God, I’m cumming! I’m c-cumming! I’m cumming, Ian! Ohhhhh, I’ve n-never cum like this before! AAAHHHH!!”

Her voice rose, a sweet musical soprano that squealed with delight. Her body thrashed, every part of her heavy body jiggling. The tidal wave of orgasms that followed nearly caused her to fall to her side, and it was only thanks to Ian that she was able to steady herself. She was still moaning with continual waves of orgasms when he lover grunted.

“I’m c-cumming too, Scarlet! You’re just too perfect! MMHM!!”

His dick swelled within her one last time, and then it twitched, throbbing. Against her backside, she felt his balls tense, and it left her orgasming once more, already biting her lip in excited anticipation.

She was *not* let down. Ian made this wonderfully primal sound, followed by an explosive ejaculation within her. It was warm and wonderful, his seed shooting deep into her body, stream after stream of it flooding into her. She moaned with each ejaculation, shaking her shoulders involuntarily, and this left her boobs wobbling further. She could barely believe a man could produce so much jizz, or that she was actually *wanting* all of it inside of her.

Hadn't she once been horrified at the idea of being a woman? Of having sex with a man and dominated by one?

She knew better now. She was full of this man's babies, and already her mind was turning towards so many others yet to come. She moaned with her lover, the pair panting, breathless, until finally he slid out of her. She gasped, feeling his issue trickle down her thighs. Only then was she able to flop to her side, her enormous belly pressing against the carpet, her leaky breasts as well. Ian moved to grab a glass of water from the kitchen, then returned to her side. He spooned her like a proper lover should afterwards, cupping her breast in his hand and playing with it idly, then moving his hand to caress her belly. If the babies had fallen asleep for a moment, they were active again now, kicking and shifting about, rolling inside of her. It was unlike anything Scarlet had ever imagined, and yet . . .

. . . and yet being so full of life was a blessing. She was *glowing*.

"I think someone feels happy about her change," Ian observed, still stroking her body. Scarlet turned her head, looking at her best friend with a dreamy look in her eyes.

"Dude, that was fucking *amazing*. Ohhhh . . . I wish you'd made me your preggo wife years ago."

I wasn't ready yet, or I would have. You're not angry?"

"Mhmm, I should be. But after that milk, after that sex. Ahhh . . . my only regret is not having *ten* babies."

Ian chuckled. "Slow down! There's plenty of years to go. This is permanent, you know. This is you for life, Scarlet."

She murmured happily, grabbing his hand and redirecting it to a part of her stomach she wanted him to stroke.

"Good," she whispered, closing her eyes. "I never want to stop being your preggo wife."

Ian made a happy noise.

"What?"

"Well, you just called yourself my wife."

Scarlet smiled, making the same realisation. "I guess I just did, huh? Well, I've already got eight babies in me. We've just had sex. I'm pretty sure my changed brain is mega-addicted to you, dude. And like you said, I'm gonna be pregnant, barefoot, and in the kitchen for a long while yet while you support your big, sexy wife and all our babies. It would be a shame for me *not* to be your trophy wife, right?"

Ian kissed her tenderly on her neck. God, her skin was sensitive. So responsive to him. "It would be a shame, you're right. Well, I guess I better find a good time to propose, right? Give you an excuse to put on a sexy maternity dress at an engagement party?"

"Mhmm, sounds nice. I'll finally have a date. A big, sexy, manly date. My babydaddy."

“Goddamn right.”

She felt her libido make itself known again, her lusts rising as they lay together. Slowly, she began to shift her big ass against him. Despite her limited movement thanks to all the babies, she was able to squeeze his dick with her ass cheeks, drawing his soft cock to a semi-hard start. She reached around and began to rub it, and soon it was fully erect, ready to plunge her depths once more.

“Someone’s eager,” Ian noted.

“Blame the hormones,” Scarlet responded. “Because I want you inside me again, sexy. Just to make really, really sure I don’t regret drinking all that Mommy’s Milk.”

With a laugh, Ian shifted her onto her back and began to make love to her again, raising her hips to gain access to her in a new position. Scarlet already knew she was sure; she had no regrets about drinking that milk.

But just in case, she was happy to let the father of all eight of her babies prove it anyway.

**The End**