

# Mini-Story: The Need

By FoxFaceStories

I was going to be a lawyer. I rocketed through university, impressed all my peers, and was dead set focused on my career. My partner supported me. The plan was, if we decided we wanted kids, to have them in our mid-30s. Our own ambitions - me in the firm, him in the office - were what we centred our lives upon. Until that fateful hiking trip where we uncovered that strange cave and I touched that odd fertility statue.

Ever since that day, I have had an unending need to get pregnant. I tried to endure it at first, get on with my work, but nothing could sate that rising, aching *need* to have a man sow his seed in me. I lasted only a month before I gave in, begging my long-term boyfriend to fuck me day and night until I was pregnant. I couldn't believe what I was doing, but it was too hard to resist. And sure enough, just a month after that, I woke with morning sickness, sore breasts, and, an hour later, a positive pregnancy test. I was scared, and somehow, *excited*.

The feeling never left. I need to feel my husband ejaculating deep inside me, knowing I'm so fertile that it's only a matter of time before his seed takes. I need to feel life growing inside me, kicking and turning in my womb and waking me at odd hours in the night. I need to have big, sore breasts filled with milk for my next baby and feeding my already-born children. I need to get bigger and bigger with child, again and again, spreading my legs at the end of each journey and pushing through the pain as I grunt and wail until finally, I hold another perfect little boy or girl. I *must* get pregnant with twins. I don't care how long it takes or how many pregnancies I go through, my body craves the feeling of carrying multiples. I have the most wonderful dreams of bearing triplets, or quadruplets. I know it's insane. I was meant to be a lawyer. I didn't even know if I truly wanted kids, but certainly no more than one or two at the most! I've thrown my whole life away to live as some sort of brood mother, constantly pregnant with my now-husband's children, utterly loyal to him, deferential, even! Far from the headstrong, independent woman I was,

And yet, I'm so. Damned. Content. I just can't help myself. Already I'm a mother of five, with a wonderful sixth stirring inside me, ready to be born in just 10 weeks' time. I don't know if this strange curse or affliction will ever end. I don't know if I want it to end. Some days I feel like I've become some sort of fertility goddess. I spend hours rubbing my belly and smiling.

My husband claims that we'll find a cure, that he wants to help me return to the ambitious, up-and-comer that I was. But I know it's just for show; he loves the new me, the way I beg and plead for him to knock me up, how I'm constantly barefoot, pregnant, and in the kitchen making

dinner for the family, and the way I perform my loyal duties as a housewife for him. He even loves to drink from me and taste my milk when I'm full. He is my world. He gives me my children. And I am his goddess, the maker and feeder of his children. The statue has ensured that this will be my destiny for life. I am a slave to this need, and I can only choose to accept it.

**The End**