

The Pregnancy Touch (Rapid/Hyper Preg TF)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for ShadyGuy0057

Clark didn't expect to get a blessing from a woman he helps across the street, but how could she have known that his secret fetish was for pregnant women? Now, Clark's very touch has the power to rapidly impregnate any woman - which means both excitement and chaos for both him and women everywhere!

The Pregnancy Touch

Clark had noticed that an old woman needed help across the street. He was a young man of only twenty five years old, and knew that if he was to make it at the corporate firm he worked at, he'd have to arrive early and prepared and looking professional. But it was raining, and Clark had been raised up by his parents to always be decent and kind to others, so he went into the horrid weather and helped the woman across the street to the other side, covering her with his umbrella.

"You have done such a kind service, young man," she said in a frail voice. "Let me give you a blessing - from now on you will have what you most desire from the very touch of your fingers!"

Clark just chuckled. "Well, I hope that's the case, ma'am."

"Oh, it will be. I have the power of such magic. Blessings be upon you, young man."

Clark said his goodbyes and continued on to work. As he did so, he wondered what his greatest desire would be: wealth? Success? Fame? In truth, while some of those were appealing, his actual desires were more kink-related. Ever since he'd been a teenager and seen his beautiful home room teacher full with child, he'd been obsessed with pregnant women. He found them gorgeous and sexy, their round bumps and full milky breasts utterly alluring. There was something about them growing with a man's child, giving their body over to reproductive urges and then swelling up with the fruit of such congress, that just turned him on.

"Yeah, I doubt that'll be the case," he mused to himself. It was a secret fetish, after all, one that not everyone understood. Try telling a lady that you've got a preggo fetish on the first date, after all!

"Clark, run!" cried Angelina as he ran through the door of the building he worked at. "You've got less than a minute. I saved the elevator for you as soon as I saw you coming!"

Clark beamed. Angelina was a beautiful woman with a gorgeous South East Asian appearance. She was the secretary for the firm, and had always been kind to him.

"You're the best, Ange!" he declared, giving her a high-five as he passed. For just a moment, he thought there was a kind of ripple that passed from him to her, but he ignored it, even as she gave an odd moan.

"Sorry, must've been something I ate," she mused as he got into the elevator.

Clark quickly forgot this, getting up to work and reaching his station just in time. His manager, a very severe woman named Giana, folded her arms as she approached him. She wore a professional business suit and had her blonde hair tied back in a smart ponytail. She was perhaps in her early forties and was a consummate workaholic, to the point where she abhorred the very idea of family. Her skin was pale, almost as icy as her eyes.

"Just in time, Clark, but I expect better than that if you want to go places."

"Yes, Giana," he replied. "I'll do better next time."

"And don't be so drenched. Be practical. Now, here are the files I want you to go through today. See what insurance claims can be rejected from the lot, okay?"

"Yes, Giana," he repeated, taking the files from her. As he did so, however, their fingers briefly brushed one another. Giana let loose a strange, almost sensual moan as a ripple passed from him to her. She went bright red for a moment.

"Something I ate," she said quickly, before moving on. She was clutching her stomach as she did so, looking a little nauseous.

For the rest of his shift, Clark mainly kept to himself. One of his coworkers, a young redhead appropriately named Ginger, was celebrating her big upcoming hiking trip in Spain. She was set to leave the very next week, having taken a good deal of time off work to do so, and there was a minor celebration going around. Clark, like so many others, gave her his well-wishes and a hug. Again, there was a moan from her, and it weirded Clark and others out. She herself looked utterly humiliated by it, but ended up going home early anyway due to feeling nauseous. Clark reasoned that something was going around, because apparently Angelina had left as well.

Still, despite looking a bit ill by this point, and constantly touching her stomach, Giana remained to oversee the floor. She gave Clark more files and took some in return, and occasionally established her dominance by brushing past him. Each time, however, she seemed a bit overcome, as that warmth passed between them.

Clark felt a bit strange by that point, so he decided to take his lunch outside of the corporate building. He brushed past several strangers in the busy streets, all because the rain was cramping them in. A number of women pushed beside him in turn, and another gaggle of moans and groans occurred, leaving Clark utterly confused. In the end he decided to just grab a sandwich from a shop. Part of the reason was because of Abigail. Really, it was the whole reason. She was an attractive woman with cute piercings and an adorable pixie cut that she'd dyed slightly dark purple. She was slim and petite, and most of all, the

two of them got along quite well. Clark had always been an introvert, but his love of books and videogames had actually got him talking with Abigail each time he found her on shift. He got the sense she liked him, but he was too nervous to ask her out just yet. Still, she beamed as he entered.

“Clark! Great to see you! How are you going? Any good book recommendations for me? That last one was so good. I keep telling you we should catch up out of work to talk about it.”

Clark blushed. “I’d, um, like that very much. I’m just here for a sandwich, but it’s great to see you, Abby. Are you doing well?”

She shrugged, still grinning. “Same as ever. Happier now that my nerdy man is visiting. I’m serious though, did you want to catch up outside of work?”

Clark swallowed. She’d offered before, and he always turned down. But this time, something was different. Perhaps he had been blessed by that old lady after all.

“I’d love it,” he said. “Does tomorrow work?”

“Sure thing! I’m free after my morning shift, around noon!”

“It’s a deal,” he said, extending his hand.

She shook it, but again that ripple occurred, leaving her to groan a little.

“S-sorry,” she said.

“Something’s going around I think,” he replied.”

“Yeah, no worries. What would you like to order?”

He ordered, and when he finished eating he again thanked her, shook her hand a second time, and left. She mumbled a bit again, and behind the counter seemed to be focusing on her breathing as she held her stomach.

“So weird,” Clark said to himself. But he couldn’t figure out what was going on.

The next day, it became all the more obvious. Clark entered work early to find Angelina at her desk, in tears as several women surrounded her.

“It’s okay, dear! I’m sure you just didn’t know!”

“But it grew overnight! And now I must b-be pregnant! Ohhhhh, I can feel the baby moving - how did this happen?”

Clark’s eyes widened. Angelina, previously slim, was now pregnant. Quite pregnant, in fact. At least six months so, with a full belly that barely fit into the dress she was wearing. She grunted, and he swore he could see it visibly expand. Even her breasts were changed, no longer petite but full and heavy in her too-tight bra, her cleavage delectable. Clark had to really focus not to get visibly aroused by the sight of her.

“Oh my God, Ange, are you okay?” he asked.

“Ohhhh, Clark, I have no idea what happened to me, but I think I’m pregnant! I must be - nghh - because something’s moving inside of me! Oof! And kicking t-too!”

It didn’t take Clark long to realise what might have happened. He quickly went up the elevator, only to be greeted by further proof. A large crowd was gathered around another tearful woman. Ginger, the red haired cutie who planned a big trip around Spain, was being comforted by more coworkers. Clark moved through them, accidentally touching a few women and making them moan, and noticed that Ginger was indeed also pregnant. Her belly was showing easily through her shirt, which was riding up high and struggling to contain a big pair of milk-filled breasts that were leaking through her top.

“It just happened!” she was saying. “Last night my stomach was a bit bulging, but I thought it was a period. And then this morning it was bigger, but I thought it was gas or something. But then it kept growing until just now when it exploded! I - nngnh - I’m definitely pregnant. Someone needs to get an ambulance or something because this isn’t natural! It’s not fair! I wanted to go to Spain! How can I walk like this? I can only waddle now like a total preggio! Nngnhh . . .”

She grabbed Clark’s hand, before moaning again. Clark realised at that moment that his very touch was impregnating these women - specifically the touch. Ginger had no way of knowing it, but instead of just having one unexpected baby growing rapidly in her womb, now she had two, the second one speeding up its development to catch up to its twin.

“Clark! Can you help me to my feet?”

He did so, even as she sweated a little. Her belly was gorgeous, expanding visibly as the second baby grew, grabbing more attention from the crowd. The crowd was lessening, however, as several women left the group, also beginning to feel nauseous - the ones that had touched Clark. He quickly got her up - accidentally giving her a third baby as a result - and then pulled away despite her protestations.

“S-sorry! I just have to, um, go deal with some business. Where’s Giana?”

“She hasn’t left her office,” one woman said, breathing heavily and rubbing her stomach as the magical pregnancy took hold. “She got in real early but hasn’t come out once. All the blinds are - ahhh - shut.”

Clark moved quickly. Yesterday he’d been in contact with his surly boss more than anyone. He knocked on her office door.

‘Go away! I’m not seeing people right now! I - nnngh! Oh God, what’s happening? I can’t be g-growing again! NGHH!!!’

Clark pushed through the door and entered the office, only to stop and gape at what he saw. Sprawled out upon her chair, having removed the armrests and shifted the desk to make room for herself, was the largest and most pregnant woman Clark had ever seen.

Giana was barely wearing any clothes due to the sheer expanse of her stomach and size of her life-giving breasts. Her suit jacket was gone, and her white button short was popped open at the front, the buttons having pinged around the room, all to make way for her stomach. Her breasts were huge, easily HH-cups or bigger, certainly bigger each than her own head, and they spilled out of her bra with only her nipples managing to be hidden away. She looked to be in the process of removing the bra and placing a cloth around them for modesty and vague support. Her belly dominated her form, spilling onto her lap. It shifted and moved visibly from the many babies inside it, and at a guess Clark had to imagine that she was easily pregnant with eight children, or even more. Certainly, not even the infamous Octomom looked this pregnant. And yet despite her sweating profusely, and her obvious discomfort and goans as a result of her life-filled womb, she looked remarkably beautiful and healthy. Her skin was perfect and without stretch marks, her breasts massive yet rounded and pert. Milk spilled down her front, giving her the image of being some kind of fetishised fertility goddess.

“C-Clark! I said not to - mmhm! - come in!”

“Oh my God,” he said. “You too?”

She gasped, rubbing her stomach and even her breasts, groaning as she grew yet more. Clark had already adjusted himself earlier, but he had to hunch to disguise his enormous erection. God, despite her obvious shock and bewilderment at her state, she was the most beautiful sight he’d ever bore witness to.

“There are others?” she stammered.

“Ginger. And Angelina. And I think some more. But you’re . . . more pregnant. You should get to a hospital.”

“But the day sh-shift-”

He took her hand by instinct, not even thinking. Another ripple, and her cheeks flushed as child number eight, nine, or ten entered her and grew within. Her belly creaked, growing yet larger. She was easily knocked up with a litter. *His* litter.

“Just get to the hospital, Giana. You need to!”

She nodded, realising this was necessary. Clark exited before he could do more damage. The office was already being shut down due to so many unexpected pregnancies. Ginger was now definitely pregnant with triplets, and was at the stage where she was weirdly crying with horror at the prospect yet also with relief since she’d always wanted to be a mother. Her hormones must have been all over the show.

It was only upon leaving the building - and accidentally back into a poor ticket inspector who happened to be female and was suddenly groaning in response to the contact - that Clark realised he had touched Abigail yesterday. Touched her *twice* in fact.

“Oh God,” he said to himself, “she’s going to be pregnant with twins!”

He felt terrible even as he ran, studiously avoiding any woman but not entirely succeeding due to the packed streets. And yet, while he knew it was wrong, part of him couldn't resist imagining how gorgeous and sexy she would be with a big round belly full of his babies, with the prospect of her having more at the slightest touch. Would her breasts be bigger also? Would she be making milk already? He struggled not to be aroused by the notion of it as he reached the sandwich shop she worked at. Sure enough, as he peeked through the glass, he could see her off to the side, clearly taking a lunch break as she scoffed down several of the store's sandwiches. She looked utterly confused, and the reason was obvious: she now had a big pregnant-with-twins belly that was unable to be contained by her orange work shirt. The bottom buttons were undone to accommodate the white mass on her lap, and the top buttons were also undone where her bosom had reached a ripe, full E-cup - at the least. Clark had to avoid lowering his hands to instinctively touch himself; this was the sight purely reserved for his online collection of photos, not real life!

"Enjoying your blessing, young man?"

Clark turned on the spot, shocked at the appearance of the old woman grinning at him. It was a gentle grin, with no malice in it.

"You cursed me!"

She cocked her head, confused. "No, I blessed you! Your greatest desire is at the touch of your hands, though I could hardly have known it would be to make women with child. Oh well, at least you will be bringing joy to the world."

Clark doubted that Giana saw it that way, carrying an entire litter. Though at least Ginger might have been coming around to it?

"But - but she's a friend. We were going to have a date - she might have even become my girlfriend."

The woman shrugged. "There's no stopping that happening. She carries *your* children, after all."

Clark spluttered. "*Mine!?*"

"Of course! They all do! It seems you're spreading your 'seed' all over town thanks to my blessing. But this is what you wanted, and the magic doesn't lie, only reveals."

"Can't you reverse it? I mean, I won't lie, I love pregnant women, and while I wouldn't have knocked Giana up with that many, getting her to get in touch with her maternal side is certainly tempting, but this is too much!"

The woman sighed. "I'm sorry, dear, it's permanent. If I had known the blessing would be like this, I would have put more conditions on it. Perhaps just be careful with it from now on, and find a nice young lady who wants - hmmm . . ."

Clark raised an eyebrow. "What?"

"I sense a hidden excitement among the shock and fear with this one. And quite the interest in you, Clark."

"Abigail likes me?"

"Oh yes. Finds you quite attractive, in fact. Perhaps I can give you one last blessing, since this one is a bit of a permanent disaster."

She uttered some strange words, but they were directed towards Abigail, who was still eating her many sandwiches inside the store. Clark saw her perk up, groan, and then marvel at her belly again. The pretty pixie-haired young woman blinked a few times, then lowered a hand to caress her stomach. What followed was a small smile, followed by a big one, then something almost like a passionate, ecstatic, beaming *grin*.

"*Oh my God,*" she clearly mouthed. "*Do I really think this?*"

"What did you just do to her?" Clark asked the old woman.

"Oh, just blessed her with a love of being pregnant, and a desire to have many, many, *many* babies. She already wanted a family one day, so I just 'turned up the heat' so to speak, though in this analogy I turned up the heat to the surface of the sun, ha!"

Clark swallowed. He wanted to protest, and yet . . .

"She'll want the babies I accidentally gave her?"

"Those ones, and many more. I doubt she'll even mind about your power. In fact, I think she'll encourage it. And because she loves pregnancy so much, I think she'll be quite the ecstatic young individual when it comes to pushing you to 'bless' other women as well. Or punish them, depending on the circumstances."

Clark could barely believe it, or his potential luck. Things had gone disastrously, but were they turning around? Was he really able to live out his fetish for pregnant women with a woman he genuinely had a massive crush on? And more than that, be able to get other women pregnant and full as he desired?"

"Oh, and I also made you quite rich," the old woman said, "as further apology, and so you don't have to worry about the dozens of children you'll have with her, let alone the *hundreds* or *thousands* of babies you'll put in other woman. Best of luck, Clark, and thanks again for your kindness. Now go talk to her, before she finds another man to be her baby daddy, as you youngsters call it!"

She left, passing into the crowd and disappearing. A woman moved passed him, a young model-looking girl with a resting bitch-face who clearly saw him as a nuisance. Her midriff was bare, and he couldn't help but chuckle at the knowledge that her midriff would be a lot larger and fuller soon. He took a deep breath and then entered the shop, finding Abigail sitting there, still marvelling and rubbing at her stomach.

"Abigail!" he said, acting surprised. "What happened to you?"

She bit her lip with embarrassment. God, she looked so sexy, pregnant and full and ripe with his twins. "I - I can't explain it, Clark! I swear I didn't know, but I just became pregnant like this. I think there are two in there. And - and I think I want to keep them. I know it sounds crazy, but-"

"It doesn't sound crazy at all," he said, sitting beside her. "In fact, weird as it is, I think you look very beautiful."

She smiled cutely, then placed his hand on her belly. "Even though I'm all knocked up somehow? Everyone here thinks I'm some freak."

"I don't think you're a freak. In fact, I really want to take you on this date, if you'll have me."

She smiled earnestly, groaning only slightly as he accidentally passed a baby into her. Still, it was a good groan.

"That would be amazing, Clark," she said. "Really amazing, in fact. I hope this doesn't sound too odd, but have I ever told you that I think you'd make an amazing father one day?"

Clark just laughed, helping her up and opening the door for her pregnant girth. She had signed out, and the day was theirs. Of course, Clark decided that the first thing he'd have to invest in was a good pair of gloves, but for now he didn't think Abigail would mind if she ended up a little more pregnant.

In fact, if the date went well, he might just manage to get her even more knocked up the old fashioned, and rather passionate, way.

"So, what's up with the gloves?"

Clark blushed a little. The first thing he'd done before heading out on his first date with Abigail was to make sure to buy gloves and keep his arms covered. He'd already accidentally brushed past a paramedic on her break when he'd gone to grab some fast food the previous day, and had little doubt that *she* would be the one being loaded up into the ambulance on her next shift. So making sure his bare arms didn't touch anyone was a biggie, and the same went for his legs. It was a good thing the weather was warm but not hot, allowing him to cover up.

"I, uh, just have a bit of a condition," Clark said awkwardly, even as he took Abigail's arm and walked her through the park. "I can't touch women with my bare hands."

She smirked, lowering her free hand down to rub her humongous triplet belly.

"Wait, you can't touch women? Why specifically just women?"

“Um, it’s just a skin rash thing. I can’t really explain it. Look, how are you feeling? I wasn’t sure if a walk in the park was the best idea given, you know . . .”

Abigail grinned, perking up immediately. “How totally knocked up I am?” she said, putting a hand on her back to emphasise not only her chest, but her rather enlarged jugs. “Don’t worry, I would have said otherwise. Just need to stop and catch my breath occasionally. I still can’t believe I’m so massively pregnant out of nowhere! It doesn’t even make sense, and yet *it feels so damn right*. Like in that *Starlight* novel you lent to me, where she chooses to stay on the alien planet because it suits her better than Earth. I can’t really make it make sense, but having this huge, heavy belly and feeling all these babies shifting around inside me is just . . . it’s just the best thing ever.”

Her words made Clark light up. He was finding it hard not to get obviously erect in her presence, but the truth was it was an impossible battle, and he simply had to adjust his penis when no one was looking so that it was completely upright and obscured by his loose shirt. Abigail was already a very cute girl, and her eyebrow piercing and purple-dyed hair suited her light-goth chic so well already, but pregnancy had enhanced her beauty completely. She’d obviously gone shopping for new clothes before their date, because she was now in a dark maternity dress with a low neckline and a belt just above the curve of her belly, all the better to show off the shape and sheer size of her new mommy milkers. The hem flowed loosely around her ankles, but the fabric clung tightly to the upper half of her belly, outlining just how big it was. Occasionally, she grunted or gave an ‘oof!’ in response to one of her babies - *his* babies, he realised - kicking or moving inside of her. And thanks to the old woman whose magic had started all of this, she evidently loved it, smiling each time.

“I’m so glad you feel this way,” he said. “For what it’s worth, I think you look more beautiful than ever.”

“I feel prettier,” she declared, smiling at him. “You know, it’s the strangest thing, but it almost feels like you’re connected to this. When you touched me each time, I felt this ripple pass between us, from you into me, and then I started swelling.”

Clark’s hesitation gave him away. They were just going down the gentle park path when she stopped, turned so that her belly was almost against his hard junk, and then placed her hands on her freshly widened hips. It was a damn attractive look.

“Oh my God, you *did* have something to do with this! But - but how?”

Clark closed his eyes for a moment and exhaled. He held up his gloved hands.

“I’m sorry, Abby, I should have told you. I *did* do this to you, but I swear it wasn’t accidental. It was . . . it was magic. A blessing, and a curse, that was laid upon me.”

He told her the full story, during which she had to sit down on a park bench to get some of the heavy weight off her back. He told her of how his friend Ange, thin and petite, was now pregnant thanks to him, and how he’d ruined Ginger’s Spain hiking trip but

accidentally blessed her with three babies she'd always wanted. He told her of how he'd gotten Giana, his surly boss, pregnant with a whole damn litter, and that they were definitely *his* babies, too! He even told her about the various women he'd accidentally impregnated, including that green grocer who handed him a bag just yesterday and had accidentally touched his fingers. At least she had a maternal look to her already.

And, of course, he finished up by telling Abigail about how he'd gotten her pregnant, and the accidental third baby he'd put in her when he'd seen her the following day at her workplace. He decided against telling Abby that the old woman had made her pregnancy obsessed, at least for now. He didn't really see how that would help her, especially since she already seemed so damn happy with her life-filled womb.

"Woah," Abigail said in the aftermath. She looked down at her prodigious belly. "So that's how I got all knocked up, and those other pregnant customers that were freaking out. Holy shit. You literally have the pregnancy touch."

"Hence the gloves."

"Yeah, that makes sense. To stop yourself from getting other women knocked up."

Clark swallowed, biting the bullet. "So, it's all my fault, you see. You shouldn't be pregnant. And even if you like this, I forced it on you without knowing, and that's not fair to you."

"Maybe, Clark," she replied. "Buuuuut . . ."

Abigail stood, grabbing his hand to help herself up. But as she did so, she suddenly got this mischievous grin and peeled back his glove, holding him firmly around the wrist. An immediate ripple passed from Clark into Abigail.

"Abby, what are you—"

"—it also means," she continued, moaning in pleasure and forcing out her words as she placed one hand against her full breast, "that *you're the father of my babies*, Clark, and you can fill me with as many babies as excites you and thrills me, right?"

Clark was bewildered by her excitement. Sure, the old woman had told him that Abby would now be baby crazy, but seeing it in person was another thing entirely. He went to pull away, but Abigail held tight.

"Don't! Look me in the eyes and t-tell me you don't - ahhh - want this!"

Clark did so, gazing into her adorable and confident and *lustful* features.

"Oh God, I do," he finally said. "I really do."

"Then let m-me hold on and - uugh! Ngnnh! Oh G-God!"

Something amazing happened, a new kind of power that Clark didn't realise he possessed. Abigail had to rely on him to steady her as her stomach began to grow *immediately*. Through their continued skin-to-skin contact, he could sense a new child forming within her, but this one was growing straight away, not even waiting a day to expand

but instead happening *right now*. Abigail trembled, her belly pushing the dress out further. The hem of her dress rose up to her calves as much of its expanse now had to deal with the influx of this new child. She grunted, shutting her eyes and whimpering in what was a clear mix of unexpected discomfort and absolute pleasure.

“Ohhhh, I can f-feel it growing ins-side meeee! You’re kn-knocking me up, Clark! A new baby that’s all ours, all ours! Ohhhh, I’m getting soooo biiiiig! And it f-feels so goood! Mhmmm!!”

Finally, the contact broke as she put her arms around him, clutching on for dear life as her belly creaked forward. Her breasts surged to, going from E-cups to EE-cups, if not F-cups. Certainly, they looked like overripe cantaloupes by this point, and small traces of milk soaked through her top, exciting Clark further.

“Holy shit,” he remarked as she held on to him. “Abigail, did you do that on purpose?”

“Of course I did, silly!” she exclaimed. “You’re the daddy to my babies, and ever since you knocked me up with that power of yours, I’ve become baby mad. Oh my God, I’m carrying quadruplets now, look at me!”

She pulled back and showed him her figure in profile. She was astonishingly pregnant, and he could innately sense that she was five months along with quads. She would only get bigger, and Clark had the deep suspicion that all his impregnated women would not only go *at least* a week past their due dates, but would feel a strong urge to give natural birth, just how it turned him on. And there would be no complications, of course. He liked the pregnancies to be healthy and *reproductive*. Which meant that Abigail was going to get almost *twice* as big as she was now, potentially.

“Abigail,” he finally said. “You look like something out of my dreams.”

She giggled, rubbing her belly and appreciating how hard it was to make her hands meet at the fullest end of it. She had an even greater waddle as she stepped back up to him now, leaning forward a bit to show off her enlarged tits.

“This is already the best date ever,” she said. “I’ve got a cute guy who loves fantasy and videogames, it’s a beautiful day in the park, and I’m knocked up so much I could just *burst*.”

Clark scratched the back of his head, feeling sheepish but also excited. His member throbbed in his pants, and he was starting to think that his date had realised.

“Wow. Well, uh, just give me a warning next time! I don’t want you so pregnant you can’t move.”

“Mhmm, but maybe just one baby less than that . . . but first, we should experiment a little.”

“Oh?”

Abigail went to plant a kiss on his cheek, then decided against it, knowing it would get her pregnant. Instead, Clark found himself being kissed on his shoulder instead.

“What say we have a bit of fun with this pregnancy touch of yours?” she asked.

Clark couldn't help himself. He began to feel excited.

Naturally, Clark wanted to restrain himself. “Just a few pregnancies,” he told himself, and only to those who either deserved a bit of punishment, or were in need of a blessing. To that end, when they visited the playground at the edge of the park, it was easy to canvas a number of mothers, as well as babysitting aunts, who expressed adoration at how pregnant Abigail was.

“Oh, I wish I could have another!” one said.

“Me too. Seriously, Peter still wishes we'd had twins, but it just never happened.”

With a wink and nudge forward from Abigail, Clark deployed his pregnancy touch. One ripple there, subtly and briefly, and two taps quickly there, causing two more ripples. The women groaned, shivering from the pleasure of being unknowingly impregnated. Clark and Abigail walked (or waddled) off before any connections could be made.

Not long after, a very rude dog walker who was barking at everyone in her way to get away just ‘happened’ to collide briefly with him. He placed his hand on hers, eliciting a deep moan from the middle-aged woman, and then moved on even as his next baby took within her womb.

“Hell yeah!” chanted Abigail from the side. Clark noticed a few people looking her way with fascination, whispering about how hugely pregnant that ‘young alternative girl’ was. It made him puff up with pride, and she clearly enjoyed the compliments too.

“People are really noticing the big quad belly,” he said.

She bit her lip. “Mhm, but we can do better. I bet quints would be so fun. God, I just can't stop thinking about making more babies with you. Does that sound crazy? I hope it's not too crazy. It's just that I seriously already think of you as my boyfriend and babydaddy.”

Clark almost went to kiss her, then hesitated, but Abigail closed the gap, grabbing his face and pulling it towards her own.

“I couldn't resist,” she said, grinning once more, but nothing happened. For a moment, she looked disappointed, then she immediately perked up. “Makes sense. I really want to smooch your face, but even I probably don't want to end up with twenty babies at once or something.”

“That'd be too much! Though you'd still look sexy,” Clark jested, and this time he took the initiative, so very glad he could kiss this wonderful woman. It was enough to get him

even more excited about this power, and the possibilities of using it. Perhaps it was not a curse at all, not with Abigail now *loving* being pregnant. Hell, up until this date he couldn't stop checking his bank account simply because of all the extra zeros in it. Even if he literally had to pay child support for every baby he accidentally and deliberately put in a woman - a highly unlikely scenario anyway - he'd still easily be able to do it. It was even making him sort of excited for fatherhood, in a way. Particularly since Abigail's milk would come in, and knowing his power, it would be in a *big* way.

As they began to head away from the playground, this new 'in-tune' sense of his powers seemed to trigger a new ability, one he hadn't yet experienced. He rested a glove hand on Abigail's belly.

"Wait," he said.

"What is it?" she asked. "Oooh, have you got another target?"

"Sort of. That woman over there, the one watching the mothers and their children with the sad expression on her face, do you see her?"

Abigail confirmed that she did. The woman had dark skin and a beautifully healthy look. She had to be in her early thirties at the very latest, perhaps late twenties. She was wearing a sports bra and tight shorts for jogging, but she had clearly switched off her music and was listening to the sounds of children laughing and playing. She panted from her recent running effort, but even as she ran her hands through her curly hair, it was obvious she was captivated.

"She wants to have children," Clark said. "I can . . . sense it, somehow. She's desperate for it, but doesn't have a boyfriend, I think. But her heart goes out to have children of her own."

Abigail pushed him forward slightly. "You know what to do."

Clark mustered the internal courage, and stepped over to her.

"Hello, I'm Clark," he said.

She turned her attention to him. "Oh, I'm not interested," she said. "Sorry. I'm just here to jog."

"I think you, um, might want something more. You want kids, don't you? Babies of your own, I mean. I can tell these things."

The woman was momentarily taken back. "Do I know you? How did you know that about me?"

Again, Clark looked to Abigail further behind, and she urged him to continue. The woman momentarily looked at Abigail with obvious jealousy at her very large belly.

"I'm Clark," he said. "I can help you with your problem. I have a sort of power. What's your name?"

"I'm Aamira," she said, obviously a little uncomfortable, but wanting to believe.

“Aamira, I know this sounds weird, but if you just take my hand, I can give you what you want. I mean it. Just hold on to it.”

Slowly, gingerly, but implacably, she placed her hand in Clark's after he removed the glove. Instantly, a ripple passed from him and into her. The woman grunted, then groaned, quivering as several orgasms thrummed through her body. She trembled, ready to pull back her hand.

“Don't, not yet,” Clark said. “Hold on, and put a hand on your belly.”

“Mhmm, why does it f-feel so - nnggh! Ugghh! Oh!”

The skin began to grow taut, then hardened as it rounded out. Aamira's gaze grew astonished as her slim brown belly began to expand, her womb rapidly filling with tissue, with the promise of new life. The growth was obviously uncomfortable and yet pleasurable all at once, because she held on tighter, biting her lip and moaning further.

“Ohhhhh, oh G-God! Is this r-real? Am I really -”

“Pregnant, yes. The longer you hold the closer it comes. Do you want just one?”

She whimpered. Her shorts stretched easily to accommodate her swelling hips. She raised her free hand and felt somewhat scandalously at her breasts, rubbing them as they became sore, growing easily from B-cups up to C-cups and then to full, lovely D-cups - still not on Abigail's level but certainly prominent.

“I - I always imagined two - no, three!”

“Do you want them now?”

She bit her lip again, letting loose another moan. “OHhhh, s-so b-big! It f-feels so weird! Nauseous!”

“That's just morning sickness. It'll pass as we get you to the second trimester. Do you want triplets now? I don't know if we'll meet again.”

Her stomach grew. The skin stretched, a dome forming, the baby starting to shift within her. Aamira exhaled, in awe of her expanding mound which was naked to the world, as the way her sports bra now strained to contain her larger breasts, at how her lower half widened to give a set of maternal birthing hips.

“Yes! Y-yes! Please! The p-pressure is s-so much, but I want m-more of it!”

“Then here you are.”

Abigail literally *squeed* in delight as Clark let go of Aamira's hand, then placed it directly on her belly. The ripples were even more powerful this time, sending more orgasms and more growths through Aamira. She leaned against him for support, allowing him to release his hand and then press it a fourth time.

“Mhhhm! I can f-feel them! Th-three of them! Ohhhhh, sooooo biiiiig!”

She was making a racket, and others were starting to look that way, but Clark didn't care in that moment. He was rock hard with arousal and unashamed of it. He was

impregnating this woman and making her astonishingly beautiful, so full of life as her belly rounded out, becoming heavier and heavier to the point where she had to clutch the underside of it. She placed a hand at the small of her back, leaning in order to deal with her new centre of gravity, and this only emphasised her ballooning pregnant belly further.

“Yessss, groooow, ohhhhh, this is a m-miracle! Thank you, thank you, thank - nng!”

Another urge of growth, and her entire stomach expanded inch by incredibly inch. There were no stretch marks, not even a vertical line to indicate heavy growth. No, her skin was a perfect unblemished brown, her breasts now E-cups just shy of Abigail’s size and resting upon her stomach. She had to breathe heavily as the expansion finally stopped, but she was positively overburdened. Sweat matted her skin, but her expression was one of pure catharsis. She ran her hands over her enormous beachball, and then it rippled harshly, not from another touch, but movement within. Tears formed immediately in her eyes.

“They’re moving! My babies! Are they . . . ?”

“Er, mine? Yes. Sorry. Had to come from somewhere.”

“No! Thank you! You honour me. I don’t know who or what you are, but you have - ahh - blessed me. This is all I could ever want!”

Clark exchanged a smile with her, then with Abigail, who looked almost as turned on as him by the whole affair. He went to walk away.

“All the best, Aamira, you deserve it.”

“Wait, before you go, let me say than-”

And then she touched his hand to implore him to stay, at which point another ripple and orgasm followed. Clark grit his teeth, wincing at what had happened.

“Sorry!” he exclaimed.

The woman let loose a long cry, experiencing her greatest bout of pleasure yet as her belly surged even larger, to the point where it was wider than her own hips and splitting open her shorts at the front. She looked like a fertility goddess, and Clark almost came right then and there.

“Uh, sorry! I should go now! Think of the fourth baby as a bonus!”

The woman panted, unable to reach around her belly, but she just chuckled in disbelief. “I - I will! Thank you! I’ll be more careful next time!”

“Mhm,” Abigail said as she wobbled away quickly. “Next time?”

Clark didn’t even think to combat her on that statement. He genuinely hoped there would be. On the way out he found a babysitter taking care of three young children. She looked to be Polynesian and the three kids she was looking after were white as snow, so when he got that tingle he knew she wasn’t the mother, but desperately wanted kids herself. He tapped on her shoulder and made small conversation, but just as with Aamira, he made the proposal to swell her with children. She only wanted one child, and despite Abigail’s own

cheeky urgings, he gave her such. The woman took long heaving breaths as her belly swelled, pushing out her shirt. To everyone's surprise, her breasts grew faster than her breasts, like she was *meant* to be quite the breastfeeding mother! It was a shame she only wanted one, because she was destined for the pump as it was, but Clark still enjoyed making her - the woman's name was Maria - grow and grow and grow. Her belly surged into somewhat of a torpedo shape, more forward and 'pointy' than the rounded belly of others, and it hit a special fetish for him to know that he could end up causing different types of pregnancy belly.

"Th-thank y-you," the woman groaned. "I - I don't w-want to be p-pregnant long."

"I'll put you right up to the last trimester then!" Clark declared, holding her a little longer.

The woman winced, still checking on the three children on the playground, though all three were transfixed by the sight of her.

"It's o-okay, young ones!" she called. "Maria is j-just - nnggh! Uhhhhhhh!!! Stop! Too f-far!"

Clark pulled back his hand immediately, but recognised his mistake as the woman trembled, shivering from the combined pleasure and discomfort. This woman wasn't just heavily pregnant, but on the very cusp of giving birth. His new pregnancy senses could tell she would go into labour probably in two days at the very most.

"I'm still getting the hang of this," he said, apologising. "Um, but congratulations!"

Maria was left panting, slowly sitting down on a bench and cupping her belly, the naked underside of which could be seen as her shirt could only stretch so far. Immediately her three charges ran to her, peppering her with questions, but while she clearly would have preferred a little more prep time for a baby, her exasperated-yet-excited expression as she explained to the kids told Clark he'd still done a good thing.

They left the park not long after, continuing up to the restaurant Clark had booked for them. It was a good thing too; Abigail was getting hungry.

"I'm eating for *five*, after all," she said, cupping her stomach and emphasising her sheer size once again. "Not that I mind. Um, this is perhaps a bit forward, but are we going to raise them together?"

Clark considered this. He loved pregnancy, but being a father? It was a really big step. But Abigail had already said he'd be a great dad, and the old woman had implied the same, and that he'd have many kids besides. And those children at the playground *had* been adorable.

He put his hand around Abigail's just before they reached the restaurant.

“Abby, this whole power has gone crazy. But I’ve had a huge crush on you for ages, and I always had this weird fantasy of us being together, for good. So us having a family together - even a big one - is A-OK by me.”

She snuggled against him, pressing her belly quite deliberately against his hard crotch.

“Good!” she declared, “especially since you’re so rich, we can support as many as we want. Speaking off . . .”

A ripple suddenly passed once more between them. Clark pulled back, only to see something shocking when he lifted up his hand.

“You cut one of the fingers of my glove off?”

Abby giggled, looking every part the poor innocent young woman, apart from her huge belly. Then she whimpered a little, her breath tightening for a moment.

“Sorry, just couldn’t resist that touch!”

“I can’t believe you! That’s five babies at five months along inside you!”

She bit her lip, swaying towards him, pressing her belly against him again. “Not all at five months, unless you let me have a bit more of that magic touch . . .”

Clark was very self-conscious as he led Abigail into the restaurant. One waiter nearly dropped his plate. A server at the counter dropped his pen and scrambled to pick it up. Having a woman with *six whole babies* in her belly will do that to you. Abigail was so insistent on holding his hand for longer just to ‘size up’ her newest infant to the same level of development as the others, that he hadn’t realised she’d been quite sly - by letting go and then holding his hand again, she’d also caused another ripple, leaving her with *yet another* baby. Six in total.

“Welcome to the Pregnace,” the server said, before panicking. “I mean, The Palace! The Palace! Do you and your, uh, partner, have a booking?”

Clark gave the details, even as Abigail stood smugly behind him, occasionally ‘booping’ her bump against his backside just for fun. It was making him excited, and she knew it. Her breasts were leaking even more, so she went to the bathroom to get pads, and it gave him time to organise with the waitstaff to change their seating - they needed a space where she could manoeuvre her massively pregnant belly more easily. By this point, the hem of her dress was at her *knees*. Still, she looked like a radiant goddess as she stepped out towards their table, her belly swaying, her enlarged ass too, and her skin glowing with that maternal beauty that just utterly suffused her. He helped her sit, and she ordered seemingly half of everything on the menu, including some odd combinations.

“Pregnancy cravings!” she exclaimed, obviously delighted at this new feature of pregnancy. “What can I say? I’ve got to feed a whole lot of different taste buds here.” She gestured to her stomach, which was occupying a lot beneath the table, and still she had to sit back from it a little. “God, just a few days ago I had no babies in me. I almost never want to be like that again. Do you think you can keep me permanently pregnant? Or is that too much? No, it wouldn’t work. I have to give birth - fuuuuck, that’s really hot to me for some reason. I almost can’t wait to be on my back pushing out baby after baby. But then you can get me pregnant ASAP again, right?”

Clark chuckled, overwhelmed as he was delighted. “I have no idea of the limits of my power, to be honest.”

She gave a cheshire grin. “Why don’t we test them, then? Can you get an already knocked up lady more pregnant? I mean one you never impregnated in the first place?”

“Um, maybe? I actually have no idea.”

Abigail giggled. “I tell you what. You touch that obviously slightly pregnant waitress coming, the one with the dark skin and the cute curls, and I’ll let you do anything you want with my belly tonight.”

Clark stiffened. God, he was hard. “I can’t just-”

“*Anything.*”

The fact that she wanted him to use his power was hot, and the power *wanted* to be used. So when the waitress came to order, he gave over to instinct and Abigail’s goading, and made sure to brush his fingers against the woman’s hands as she passed them their drinks. Sure enough, she moaned.

“Ohhh, nnggh. S-sorry! I don’t - I don’t know what came over me!”

“I do,” teased Abigail, gesturing to her stomach for fun.

“It’s okay,” Clark said.

The woman left, looking mortified, but even as she manoeuvred away from the table, she began to groan and grunt a little more, buttons popping on her maternity shirt, her breasts subtly growing, her apron extending further out as her belly grew and grew so that she was now with twins.

“Oh God, oh God,” she muttered to herself as she tried to avoid knocking people with it, heading around the drinks table. “I’ve heard about growth spurts but this is too much! Surely this is impossible? Oh God, I need new clothing!”

Eventually, around midday the following day, she would be looking twice as pregnant; one baby from her partner, and one fathered magically from Clark. Her growth was only just starting, though a button had already pinged off, much to the new couple’s delight. When he turned to look at Abigail, she looked positively joyous. She was tapping her fingers on her big belly, her mind clearly buzzing with ideas.

“Oh no,” Clark said. “This is a date, Abby. I thought we were going to talk about video games and books and our future.”

“We will, I promise!” she said. “In fact, let’s do that right now. We can take a break from pregnancy stuff and talk about all the fun ways you’re going to get me even more knocked up later, not to mention all the fun little ‘side jobs’ we can do to make sure you share your blessing to other ladies. You know it excites me.”

“But we’ll have a more regular date now, right?”

“Of course!”

She extended a hand across the table to hold his. It was a very romantic gesture, and so he obliged . . . without thinking at all. Immediately, a ripple passed between them, causing her to moan as a new baby began to grow in place. She held one just long enough for her stomach to visibly expand, making the dress hem likely just to her thighs now. Her breasts expanded yet further, now almost bulging out of the dress, her cleavage canyon-like in its depth. Just the sight of her milky nipples pushing through the dress material like thimbles made Clark want to drink from them.

“Abby!” he declared, shaking himself out of it.

“Oops,” she replied cheekily. “Lucky number seven, I guess! Last one, I promise.”

Clark chuckled, astonished but not really angry, not at all

“Okay,” he said, seeing the food coming. “Last one. I like to get to know a lovely woman *before* I get her this pregnant, usually.”

“Don’t worry, I really meant it. I’m having a great date, Clark. I feel like you’re the one, I truly do. I don’t want to abuse your trust.”

The food was set down, whole platters of it, and the staff retreated. Clark was just about to eat when Abigail spoke again.

“Of course, once we’re finished eating, I wouldn’t be against heading back to your place with you and letting you fuck my brains out. I promised to let you do anything with my belly, remember? That includes *making it as big as you like*, and not just using your hands, either. I want to get pregnant from that other touch . . . between your legs.

Clark had to take a deep breath, but when he saw Abigail’s expression, he just had to smile from ear to ear. The old woman truly had given him a blessing. Why be afraid to use it?

“How fast can you eat?” he asked.

Abigail’s form was a perfect delight to Clark. She had slipped out of her clothing now that they were back in his room. The young man could scarcely believe that a woman wanted to come back to his place, let alone that she was a heavily pregnant goddess in his eyes. Her

belly was massive, making her look like a creature of pure fertility, there to be worshipped, her enormous dome perfect and without stretch marks. Occasionally, her stomach rippled with movement, and she grinned, rubbing her hands across her vast expanse as he took her in.

“Like what you see?”

“V-very much so,” he said, his member hard in his pants, his heart beating anxiously. It had been a long time since he’d been intimate with somebody, and never with someone full with his children, which was a fantasy beyond all measure.

“Good, because it was *you* who did this to me,” she said, waddling towards him. Her breasts wobbled tremendously upon her chest, full and ripe and clearly sloshing full of milk. Only her underwear remained on, but despite the fact that she was waddling, there was something intoxicating about the way she moved towards him, her gaze entranced as if she truly saw him as the father of her babies, the man she was meant to be.

“Why don’t you take off your clothes and finally fuck me,” she said, placing her hands on his shoulders. “I want to see how big you can make me . . . the proper way.”

Clark took a heavy breath. “Somebody pinch me!”

It made Abigail giggle, but her voice changed to a breathy sigh as he removed his shirt and then his pants, revealing a very erect cock. The pregnant babymama moaned, enticed by this. “Mhmm, I need that in me. From behind or with me on my back?”

Clark’s mind buzzed with indecision. “On your back. I want to see you - feel you.”

“Perfect choice, lover.”

She took his hand, and that pulse of energy passed between them, leaving her whimpering in pleasure as a new life began to grow within her already overstuffed womb. Still, with his help, she was able to lie back on the bed, her breasts and belly enormous mounds upon her.

“S-so heavy,” she groaned. “Need to d-do this quick. A good thing I want you so fucking bad.”

She spread her legs, beginning to work off her underwear. Clark helped her, removing the last of his own clothing as well. Her pussy was already wet, her thighs slick with her juices. She rubbed her enormous mound as if already orgasming, stroking her breasts and pinching her nipples.

“You’ve already given me another one. Don’t be worried about g-giving me m-more!”

Clark was pleased to hear those words, because now it meant he didn’t have to hold back.

“God, you’re amazing, Abby. I want you so fucking bad.”

With that, he placed his hands on her belly, yet another pulse passing into her and eliciting murmurs of pleasure from her, and then pressed his throbbing cock against her

entrance. The pair groaned together as he entered her. More pulses followed as he glided all the way in, her pussy gripping his cock as if hungering for its every motion.

“Yesssssss,” she groaned. “I can f-feel them! Make them grow in me as you f-fuck me! I want to be more p-pregnant than any w-woman aliiiiive! Ooohhhhhh!!!”

Clark thrust into her, withdrawing his hard dick only to ram it all the way back in. He was picking up speed already, his impatience spurred on by the sheer libido he was feeling.

“You’re s-so perfect. I never want you to n-not be pregnant! God, you’re p-pussy is so tight!”

“For n-now, love boy! Until I b-birth all our b-beautiful babies! Ughnnn . . . I just felt another one! Mhmm, they’re g-growing! Yes, keep going! Make me cum!”

Her enormous breasts wobbled, nearly hitting her chin as he fucked her. They spilled droplets of milk, and she made a show of pinching those nipples, making them leak even more for their shared pleasure. It put Clark into overdrive. He caressed her swollen figure, stroked her childbearing hips, pawed at her perfect form as he continued to thrust into her. Her belly was growing in real time, her breasts too, and even her hips were widening as she became ever more fecund. He’d lost count of how many babies he’d put inside of her, and which ones had been accelerated to the same age and which ones were still earlier along in development. Her belly button, already popped, swelled out further, and her stomach became a rounded orb that began to encroach over her thighs. It was magnificent, and her whines accompanying it made it all the better. Soon, her milk was flowing in small rivulets, leaking over her collar bone and belly and down onto the mattress, giving her the very image of being a fertility goddess.

“B-bigger,” she moaned. “M-more babies. Babies, babies, babies, make me pregnant with all of the babies!”

“You want them all?”

She panted, struggling to contain herself as she grew. “Ohhhhh! Why do I f-feel like this? This is c-crazy? Has something happened to m-my mind? Mhmm, but I need it! Need it! Give me m-more! I want your s-seed inside meeeee!”

He was close, so damn close, and building all the time. His magically enhanced manhood was, he had no doubt, just as potentially life-creating as his very touch, perhaps even more so given its source, but both of them wanted this to go as far as it could, and so he didn’t hold back.

“I’m c-close!” he grunted. “So c-close! So damn - NNGHH!!!”

He didn’t just ejaculate inside of her as a terrific orgasm arrived, he positively *erupted*. Abigail stiffened; her eyes going wide. And then, at least from Clark’s perspective, she appeared to experience the most mind-shattering series of orgasms possible. She went practically comatose, her eyes rolling into the back of her head as she moaned long and

hard, crying out in brain-erasing bliss. Finally, she managed to speak around the fifth orgasm.

“I can f-feel it! Burrowing into my eggs! Your sperm! I can feel - OHHHH!!!”

And then it happened. Clark was still within her, his cock being milked expertly by his hyperpregnant lover. At least, he thought she was hyperpregnant. Turns out he had no notion of the term, because as his hordes of sperm made their way into Abigail’s womb a whole new expansion began. His woman shuddered, shaking, her skin almost *creaking* as she grew.

“Ohhhhh, yes! It feels good! Mhmmh! More! More! Oh Gods, no, it’s t-too much! NNGGHH! UGHH!!”

Clark was horrified and yet turned on as the woman before him rose. She groaned, caressing her belly and lost in orgasms even as she became impossibly unwieldy.

“R-roll me! Quickly!”

Clark moved in a panic, helping her to her side before the weight of all their babies could crush her. Her womb churned like a factory, producing child after child - and from his touch another pulse added yet another one, leaving her whimpering.

“Soooo b-big! Mhmm! It won’t s-stop! I need it, but it’s too much! Ohhh, yes!”

Somehow, Clark orgasmed again, his seed spilling onto her one final time. Even though it hadn’t entered her, this was enough to put another child into her. She trembled, playing with her breasts.

“Was that too much?” he asked. “I don’t know how many babies-”

“It was . . . perfect,” she panted. “Lie down with me. So full. So tired. Want you against me as we sleep.”

Slowly, Clark got onto the bed with her, helping her shift her overly gravid form. The actions left her pregnant with two more babies, and he’d more than lost count by this point. But the pair were in perfect bliss for now, having experienced a strange and perfect day. For now, he just wanted to experience another fantasy: to go to sleep holding his pregnant beauty, and wake with her in his arms.

The next day, after a slow wake, it became immediately obvious just how far things had gone; far too far, in fact. Abigail was grunting and groaning softly, and as Clark raised himself up, he could see why she was so overcome: overnight, their babies had slowly caught up in development relative to the others. The results were . . . titanic.

“M-morning, love,” Abigail stammered. “I - ohhhh - I grew s-so much l-last night, I think. A bit t-too much, even for these new n-needs of mine. Ngh!”

She was still naked, of course, giving him a full view of her sheer gravidity. Her breasts were now twice the size of her head each, and they had leaked puddles of milk onto the floor, and were evidently still producing entire litres of the stuff. Her belly was utterly colossal. The bed groaned, the frame just strong enough to support her as it rounded out. It was easily bigger than the rest of her now, and there was no way her petite legs could carry such a weight! Her stomach looked like it would go past her knees if she stood up, and was easily as wide as she was tall. It rippled with endless movement, leaving her in a borderline catatonic state from the children inside her.

“Abigail. Abby! Can you hear me?”

“S-so many . . . babies.”

“I’m so sorry,” he declared, touching her belly automatically. She groaned as another child bloomed within her, the belly growing yet again. “Shit! Sorry! I didn’t mean - God, this is too big.”

But she just shook her head. “W-worth it. But . . . how can I s-stand? Mhmm . . . so hungry already . . . but so full at the same time. We really made a l-lot of babies, huh? How many d-do you think? It feels line - ughh - I’ve got twenty or more in h-here. I’m the most preggo woman in history, huh?”

Clark had to agree. “I think it could be even more than that. Look, Abby, I didn’t mean for it to go this far.”

“T-takes two to t-tango.”

“I have to fix in. You can’t live like this.”

She struggled to get up, and it was clearly impossible. She was at least on her side, but her belly took up the entirety of the bed, its shape thankfully still very round, leaving it like a giant fleshy balloon dwarfing her figure.

“Yeah. Okay. Maybe this is - ahh - too much. Can you, I don’t know, make them go back in time? Make them smaller? M-maybe I can just be pregnant with eight or s-so again, at least birth them, then we make the next eight big again, and so on?”

Clark wasn’t sure, but said he’d give it a shot. He tried to concentrate his power several times, touching her belly and caressing it, concentrating on the life within. He could almost swear he felt other possibilities, but for now all it led to were further pulses, further moans of reluctant bliss from Abigail, and even more swelling. By the time he’d given up half an hour later, she had another six babies developing within her, and the belly was creaking as if it were about to collapse.

“Let’s j-just take a break,” Abigail said, breathing carefully. “Put something on the TV. I’d rather not freak out too much right now, right? Hughh . . .”

The babies were constantly moving, making her grunt more. Clark realised she was right; a distraction would be more than welcome while he tried not to panic internally. The dream had become a nightmare; why had he let himself go so far!?

He flicked through the channels, settling on the news for now. It was one of those casual morning shows that he knew Abigail liked to watch: part news and part discussion and part advertisement. It was the news segment, and a rather cute and perky blonde woman was discussing something that made Clark's hair nearly stand up on end.

"A spate of strange, unexpected pregnancies has hit the city of Waterford over the last several days. These unexplainable rapid pregnancies have developed all the way to the second trimester and beyond, seemingly overnight, and with no identified cause in sight."

Abigail and Clark watched wide-eyed as several women were interviewed; one was a jogger he'd brushed up against accidentally, another was the goth girl he'd touched, holding her boyfriend's hand and stroking her large pale belly. Despite himself, Clark was getting a little turned on seeing the women he'd impregnated again.

"I didn't expect this at all!" said Ginger, the cute redhead from Clark's work who had been intending to go on vacation. She was in a dynamite-looking maternity outfit that showed off her triplet belly. *"I still have no idea why it happened to me, but our office must have been ground zero! It's weird though, because I'm starting to get really excited to meet my little ones!"*

"But that's not the case for others. Giana is expecting seven babies. She's meant to be a floor manager at Dynamics Industries, but now is on permanent bedrest."

It showed footage of Giana, followed by some rather angry words about her situation.

"Unfortunately, we had to cut the interview due to her condition."

There was a brief clip of Giana: *"It's not fair! I don't deserve - nng! Ohhh, oh God, they're m-moving again! So many of them! We have to stop the interview n-now! Please!"*

It cut back to the cute blonde anchor, who continued to discuss the story. Clark was feeling quite turned on now, and while the news story was sadly about his chaos, he was also a bit turned on.

"Turn it up," Abigail said. "I want to hear about your handiwork."

Clark did so, adjusting the volume as he took in the woman. He couldn't help but feel, given how perky her chest looked in her professional reporter's clothing, how gorgeous she would look all pregnant. He turned up the volume on the remote when suddenly something strange happened: the female reporter moaned and gasped.

"Mhmm - ohhh - excuse me everyone, I don't know what's - nng!"

Abigail gasped, and Clark realised why: somehow, just by adjusting the volume upwards, he had expanded the woman's breasts to easily double their size. The cute blonde

on the television was wide-eyed and jaw-dropped as she stared at her suddenly inflated chest, now easily D-cups or even DD's. She gaped for several seconds.

"I - um - can someone . . . ?"

The camera kept rolling, but chaos could be heard behind the scenes. Clark took in the sight of the woman, feeling that connection of power to her. She now had a mother's breasts, and no doubt they were filling with milk. But her womb was not yet full . . . unless?

The idea hit him. "Abigail, do you trust me?"

His girlfriend nodded. "Of course, Clark. You know I do. Even if we overdid it! But did you just make her boobs grow?"

"I can do more than that? Do I have permission to touch you again?"

She purred. "Always."

"The hold still."

"Can't do much else! I'm pretty much just a baby machine right now."

He maintained his focus on the cute blonde reporter, hoping against hope that the studio wouldn't cut away and that some greedy producer was hungry for a live story involving his own employee. She was currently gesturing for them to cut away, so Clark didn't have much time. He kept his hand on the controller, ready to adjust the volume again, but this time he reached back and touched Abigail. Only instead of letting his power flow to her, he used himself as a conduit, directing his attention and his 'touch' to the remote. Magic clearly could interpret things more widely, because he could sense that he was 'touching' this woman so long as he used the controller, which naturally had the power to adjust her, in a manner of speaking, upon his screen.

"I can do this," the young man murmured, focusing his thoughts on how gorgeous this woman would look all knocked up and round.

The connection formed, and the ripple of energy passed through him. He hit the 'up' on the volume once, then twice, and instantly there was a release of energy from him into the TV.

"I apologies, good viewers," the woman on screen said, clearly agitated by her enhanced bust. "But I've been told to continue our news report as if nothing has happened. I'm sorry to alert you all, clearly some kind of medical condition has - nghhh! Oh God, Damian, why didn't cut away!? I can feel - UUGGHNN!!"

Clark couldn't help but lower a hand to feel his hardness, stroking it softly as his power was unleashed upon the reporter. He felt a little guilty, of course, but Abigail's moans of delight as her belly deflated someone pleased him more than enough to make up for that. On the news show, the reporter groaned as her belly began to inflate dramatically. There was no delay to the next day this time - those babies were at the six month mark inside Abigail, and so they bloomed within the reporter suddenly.

“What the f-flip is happening to m-meee!?” she cried, just barely avoiding swearing on live television. *“Someone help! I’m becoming the d-damn pregnancy story here! Folks at home, it appears I’m - ahhh - one of the women now affected by the - ughh - pregnancy pandemic! I can feel myself swelling up with - oh God, I didn’t want kids y-yet! I didn’t - mhmm - there’s m-more than one! Damn it all! Ohhhhh!”*

She tried to fight the pleasure, but soon the reporter was orgasming repeatedly on live television as her belly expanded to a full six-months, right at the beginning of her third trimester. Her clothes ripped open, her breasts expanded yet further, and it left her bra openly on display and her belly naked to the world, already shifting from her new babies’ movements. Clark’s babies.

“Cut away to a commercial, damn it Damian!” she cried.

There was time for just one last groan as she tried to cover her very pregnant form, and then the channel flickered, a new notice appearing.

MAINTENANCE ISSUES. WE’LL RETURN SHORTLY.

Clark looked back at Abigail. She was still ludicrously gravid, but her face was a vixen-like expression of purest delight.

“I love watching you work, sexy,” she moaned. “And it looks like we’ve got a way out of this - ahh - mess. Care to ‘gift’ a few more of our babies to some ladies on the screen?”

Clark smirked. It wasn’t exactly the most moral thing to do, of course, but he had this power and a woman to encourage it. Besides, it wasn’t like Abigail didn’t help!

“Let’s see what else is on,” he said. He raised the remote back to the television and changed the channel. It was time to screen surf. And perhaps have a little fun experimentation with his new powers along the way.

The End.