

For the Love of Pregnancy

By BE Engineer

Amanda sat in the exam room chair. Off-white wallpaper with brown accents covered the walls. It was a clean setting, warmed by the soft yellow lights chosen in favor of the usual incandescent rods found in medical buildings.

The office itself wasn't as cold as Amanda had expected when she'd signed up for the experimental trials. The chair wasn't draped in paper and made of metal; it was a comfortable leather recliner. They had even offered her a drink on the way in. For as excited as she was to participate, it had helped calm her nerves.

Her eyes flitted to the small end table next to the chair as her leg bounced. There was a plastic bag full of what looked to be lube. In the middle of the goop was a white object, the same size and shape as a golf ball.

"Just insert it, huh..."

Heart flitting, she set to the task at hand. The nurse had only left her a minute or so ago, and soon, the doctor would be there to observe. She'd been so ecstatic about this moment for days, and now that it was finally here, she couldn't believe she was hesitating.

She grasped the bag and opened the seal. Medical scents of chemicals filled her nostrils as the clear slime pulled apart with the bag's walls.

"Definitely lube..." she whispered.

Before diving in, she stood, undid the button of her shorts, and slid them with her panties down to her knees. A clear amount of anxious arousal was evident in the cotton undergarment. Amanda wasn't going to deny it; she was turned on by what was to come.

There was a sticker on the front of the bag, reading:

Insert this spherical pill vaginally.

Please ensure a depth of at least two knuckles.

Amanda shivered. "Alright... Easy. No problem!"

Lube coated her fingers when she dove into the bag. It was cold enough to give her goosebumps, but the sphere was delightfully warm to the touch. She plucked it from the bag with two fingers and a thumb, inspecting the object before it would vanish inside of her.

"Doesn't seem too difficult. I've used sex toys thicker than thi-- *SHIT!*"

Clunk!

Slippery and smooth, the ball leaped from her fingers like a scared frog. Tiled floor thudded against it when it fell, bouncing it several times while being spattered with lube.

“Shit shit shit shit shit!”

Amanda scrambled to catch it, finally using both hands to corral the sphere. She wiped off whatever small specks she could, thankful the floor was essentially spotless.

“Careful now...”

This time, as she sat back in the recliner and lifted her legs, she cupped a hand under the other in case she dropped the orb. Amanda spread her legs and guided the ball between her thighs. It pressed against her lips.

“Oh! It is warm...” she said, biting her lip, as she started teasing herself. The orb pushed up and down her softness, spreading and stretching her entrance to a point where she no longer needed the lube.

It felt wrong to be doing this in a public building. Amanda felt her face grow hot and her core tighten. Pleasure was racing through her veins at what was turning into masturbation. She began pushing the sphere harder into herself, edging to the limit of where it would nearly pop in on its own, then backing off and letting her fleshy pressure push it back out against her fingers.

“A-Ahhh~” Amanda sighed, lying back more. The recliner creaked with her weight. Her legs spread wider. Lube trailed down her folds and between her cheeks, tickling all the way until it soaked into the chair. She was surprised to feel herself shaking and pushing with more rapid motions on the ball, tempting it to pop into her body. *“Just... A-A little--”*

Knock knock

“Amanda?”

“EEP!!”

Pop!

“Gah!”

She jolted at the doctor’s voice, clenching her hands, closing her legs, sitting up, and thrusting the sphere inside her, all in one single motion. With her shorts and underwear around one ankle, lube covering her inner thighs, and her face flushed with arousal, she looked at the door.

“Amanda...?” the female voice called again. “Are you ready?”

“Yup!” Her eyes bulged when she looked down. “I-I mean, *hold on!* Please!”

She worked frantically to correct her clothes and fix her messed hair. All the while, she could feel the massive pill shifting inside of her like a hidden vibrating bullet toy. She didn’t need to check that she’d left it more than two knuckles deep.

“C-Come in!” she said while buttoning her pants.

The doorknob turned. Two women entered: one wearing a white lab coat with a pencil skirt and blouse, and another wearing long jeans and a sweater. Both carried clipboards, but only

the doctor carried a remote-like device. A tablet showing various charts and readings accompanied the assistant. The doctor closed the door behind her and made sure to lock it. She wore heels that clicked across the tiled floor.

“Name and date of birth?” the assistant asked.

“Amanda Maser, December eleventh, 1997.”

“Great. I’m Milly, and this is Dr. Kiel. We’re going to be running the study with you today. Are you aware of what this will entail?”

“Uhm...” Amanda’s face turned red as she had to say it aloud. “S-Simulating a pregnancy?”

A latex glove snapped. Dr. Kiel spun around. “ESSENTIALLY! These are experimental trials in faking the bodily transformation of a full-term pregnancy within minutes, and have it last for roughly a day. *Why*, you may ask?”

Amanda sank into the recliner, feeling the warmth of the sphere pulsing within her. “W-Why would--”

“*For the love of pregnancy! That’s why!*” Dr. Kiel laughed. “How many women wonder what it must be like to be stretched to the limit with life?? Haven’t you wondered?? Surely you have! You agreed to be in this study, after all! Not to mention the scientific challenge in simply accomplishing such a feat. *Faking a full-term pregnancy??* It’s a medical marvel that could pave the future of body transformation sciences!”

“Doctor,” Milly began, “Perhaps--”

“It’s incredible what we’ve managed to do! Obviously, there’s no real pregnancy here. No baby. No infant to take care of afterward. Just some cleanup, and then your body will absorb anything left over! Which is what a lot of people are after in the experience. Now, I’m not one to beat around the bush.” Dr. Kiel leaned in closely to Amanda. “The market for this pill relies *heavily* on pregnancy fetishists. People who *want* to be pregnant without the responsibility of what comes after. *BURSTING out of their clothes with a big, GRAND, FULL-TERM womb!* Something they can let their partners rub and massage, or show off during a weekend at the lake!” Almost out of breath, Dr. Kiel asked, “*Are you one of those people? Someone who wants to know what it’s like to lug around a big, round, distended belly full of life??*”

Amanda feared steam was coming out of her ears. Everything the doctor had spouted off had struck a chord. She silently nodded. This was the first time she’d confessed her pregnancy fetish to another human being, much less another person who seemed so enthralled with it themselves. It was shocking to find the doctor so energetic and full of chaos.

“*WONDERFUL!* This will be an enlightening day for all of us, then!” She sat on the arm rest of the recliner, looking Amanda up and down. “You are quite the petite thing, aren’t you? This will *certainly* be an exhilarating test.”

Suddenly feeling far too tiny, and worried about the effects it might have on her body, Amanda squeaked, “H-How does this work, exactly?”

“SIMPLE!” Dr. Kiel pointed a finger at Amanda’s abdomen. “You’ve inserted our patented pregnancy simulation pill into your body. It will make its way through your cervix and into your uterus, where--”

“*W-What?!?*” Amanda cried out in fear, knowing what pain that would bring.

“Oh, not to worry, dear! Not to worry! The pill is coated in a numbing agent. By now, it’s already nestled nice and comfy within your womb. You didn’t even notice! Is that correct, Milly?”

From her tablet, Milly looked over some numbers and nodded. “Temperature and conductivity readings confirm the pill’s location is within the uterine lining.”

“See?? Nothing to fear! Now, since moving in, that pill has started pumping your womb full of a patented elasticising agent. Pregnant women’s bodies have nine months to sloooowly stretch and adjust. *But not yours!* No no no, you need to stretch far enough to hold a beach ball within minutes! This agent makes that possible. It will help your body shift and stretch without fear of injury. You can almost think of it like we’re turning your abdomen into a balloon. *ISN’T THAT FUN?!?*”

Amanda nodded, eyes wide as she felt more like an experiment than a person by the second. One of her hands rested upon her stomach, pressing and pulling slightly to see if her skin felt any different. Her heart fluttered when it did indeed feel softer than normal.

“Then comes the fun part. *The filling.* Your womb will rapidly expand with a heavy, water-based foam until it reaches the desired sizes for our experimentation purposes. That’s also thanks to the pill! It will draw water from your body and convert it to our special, goop-like foam. It’s not *quite* as heavy as water, but it’s very close! Sound fun?”

Amanda nodded again, dazed and swimming with lustful heat.

“Wonderful!”

Milly came forward with a clipboard. “This is just a final check... You’re consenting to this experiment in full knowledge of what it involves and its goals toward simulating pregnancy?”

“Uh-huh...”

“And you agree to follow the test through to conclusion, including the various sizes and states of pregnancy we deem necessary to test?”

Amanda nodded.

“And you’re aware this trial will include hormonal changes for the purposes of further simulating pregnancy?”

“Y-Yes...?”

“Perfect.” Milly checked a box on her paper with a bored expression. “She’s all yours, Doctor.”

Dr. Kiel stood in front of Amanda, remote at the ready. “All set?”

Caution tugged at Amanda. “Wait!”

“Hmm?”

Looking down at herself at her shorts and crop-top, Amanda asked, “S-Should I change clothes first? So that I don’t--”

“Blow them apart?”

Amanda gulped at being read like a book.

“Amanda, dear, we both know why you’re here. We both know why the majority of people who *want* this pill will *use* this pill. And part of that will be *the fun of bursting out of their clothes*. Part of this test is checking how well the process handles confining garments. Your shorts will be a perfect test subject once that belly starts fighting your waistband!”

Shifting in her seat, Amanda prayed the crotch of her shorts wasn’t as wet as it felt. She was a guinea pig to this woman, and a growing part of her was enjoying it.

“So, *do you want to blow those shorts open with a big belly?*” Dr. Kiel teased.

Amanda pursed her lips. “Y-Yes.”

“FANTASTIC!” She held up the remote. “*Then let’s get started.*”

Milly approached with a pitcher of ice-cold water. Condensation fogged the sides as she set it on the table next to Amanda.

“For you,” she said with a half smile.

Amanda waved her hand. “Oh, no, thank you... I’m not thirsty.”

An amused chuckle escaped Dr. Kiel. “You will be, dear.”

Click

Amanda’s eyes widened in surprise when she felt something stir within her belly. She looked down. Nothing was visible, but it felt as though a butterfly was fluttering deep within her, almost vibrating and exuding warmth.

“Do you feel it??” the doctor asked.

“U-Uh huh...” Amanda nodded. She pressed one of her hands into the soft of her belly. It didn’t seem any different other than being slightly bloated. “How long does it take until--”

Her mouth went dry. As if just finishing a hike in the desert, Amanda’s body suddenly demanded water. Everything felt shriveled: her shorts a little loose around her thighs, her watch limp on her wrist, even her crop top more relaxed around her C-cup breasts. Her gaze shot to the pitcher and the gallon of water it held.

“Thirsty, dear?” Dr. Kiel giggled. “Go ahead! I promise you won’t miss anything. *Chug away!*”

It was far more of an invitation than Amanda needed. Feeling on the verge of wasting away, she greedily scrambled for the pitcher and took it in both hands.

Milly asked, “Would you like a glass to-- Oh.”

Gulp...

Gulp...

Gulp...

Water trickled down her neck as Amanda lifted the pitcher and drank straight from the source. Icy glass made her hands shiver as they lifted it higher and higher.

Gulp...

Gulp...

“Thirsty one!” Dr. Kiel chided.

Amanda closed her eyes. It was all she could do to drink and drink and drink. Her thirst knew no bounds even as half the pitcher’s volume vanished down her throat. Every swallow sat heavier in her belly than the last. Her body didn’t know why it needed so much fluid; it only knew it needed more.

Gulp...!

Gulp...!

“Mmmngh...!” Amanda groaned.

“Almost there! *Bit more!*”

She opened her eyes. The pitcher was tilted almost directly overhead. Whatever water remained quickly drained between her lips.



“*Gaahh~!*” Amanda gasped, letting Milly take the pitcher while she sat back in the chair. Pure amazement left her exploring her water-distended belly with a hand. It domed outward slightly at the gallon volume she’d consumed. “*Haahhh... Haahh... I’ve never drunk so much water in one sitting before...*” she panted.

“And it won’t be the last time! This is just the start! *Ohhhh, you won’t believe what’s going to happen!*”

Guuurrrrgle...

A soft rumbling hummed through her gut. Amanda’s heart pounded.

“*Can you FEEL it??*” Dr. Kiel asked, giddy. “It’s starting...! *The water conversion.*”

Amanda could indeed feel it. Things were shifting. There was an ebbing heat flowing through her abdomen, as if all the water she’d just drunk was being sucked away by several straws. Strangely, while the water felt as though it was moving, the size of her belly didn’t shrink.

Guurrrrrrgle...

She held her breath. The soft, pale slope of her stomach was bulging forward. Pressure was pushing on every inch from within, like countless tiny fingers gently urging her belly to widen and bloat. Nails gripped into the armrests as she saw her waistline swell and her shorts tighten. Skin shifted, pulling in every direction like a fleshy balloon to accommodate the miracle of science.

“It’s-- *Ah!*” she squeaked.

The two scientists watched eagerly. Dr. Kiel held her clipboard close. “How is it, dear?! Talk to me! *What does it feel like?? Tell me everything!*”

“*I-It tickles! But it’s also warm! A-And... Mmmmgh! Ahh~!*”

Strrrrtch!!

Her belly blossomed. Thick, swirling forces churned through the globe as she came to look as though she’d swallowed a basketball. Amanda’s legs shifted. Her eyes didn’t dare blink. For as uncomfortable as her shorts were becoming, she didn’t care; she wanted them to tighten. She wanted to feel her belly continue to bulge and overflow the waistband even as it dug into her.

“Can you explain--” She swallowed, awestruck. “*W-What exactly is happening right--*”

“YOUR WOMB IS BLOWING UP!” Dr. Kiel cheered.

Leaning back, Amanda ogled herself with hungry eyes. Countless daydreams and fantasies were coming true. Her hands fell upon her skin, expecting it to be tight given her extreme size and usual petiteness, but they found it soft and pliable. Bloating skin pulled beneath her fingertips to spread her grasp wider and flare her fingers apart. With every blink and anxious breath, she found her belly larger than before, and her shorts ever tighter.

“*My womb-- is filling-- up--*” she whimpered in lust. It grew larger. She arched her back slightly as skin creased around her sides and pulled around her back. “*M-M-My womb-- is--*”

“Aaaaall that water~” Dr. Kiel sang. “*Expanding and swelling your womb like a water balloon!*”

Milly came forward with a gloved hand. “Pardon me...” A finger sank into Amanda’s side.

“*Mmph!*”

“Bear with me...”



The pressure within increased. Milly pressed firmer, fighting the tension of Amanda’s stomach as skin and size fought back. When she released, Amanda’s bulk sprang back to a full roundness with a sloshy *glooommp!*. Denim creaked around her frame as her shorts grew more than unhappy.

“Skin has plenty of elasticity remaining, Doctor.”

“FANTASTIC! Amanda, darling, how does it feel?”

“*BIG!*” she squeaked, still in shock. “I... I look...” Blushing redness filled her cheeks. There was a fullness spreading through her navel as her belly tugged everything upward through her hips. The skin within her shorts felt engorged and imprisoned. She didn’t need to inspect herself to know she’d developed an obscene cameltoe.

“Mmmm, feeling *pregnant?*” Dr. Kiel suggested.

Amanda could only nod, hypnotized by her own girth.

“It’s an incredible feeling, isn’t it? To see yourself so big and laden?”

Guuurrrrrrgle

“Mmmmmm...!”

“And pleasurable too, by the sounds of it!” Dr. Kiel drew a measuring tape across the front of Amanda’s belly, from the base of her breasts to the top of her groin. “Thirty-one inches...! According to your size, this is how you would look if you were thirty-one weeks pregnant!”

It was dominating. A brown line streaked down the middle of her abdomen like a zipper as her size tested her skin. Slowly, Amanda could feel her belly button being drawn from within as it teetered on the edge of being an outie.

“Now, how about the *other* effects??”

Amanda looked up. “Other effects? Like what...?”

Her crop top shifted and rubbed over her nipples. Amanda’s gaze shot down to inspect what were supposed to be C-cups, but found far more. Being so focused on her stomach, she hadn’t noticed how firm the fabric had drawn over her bust, nor how difficult her bra was making it to breathe. The shape of her overflowing bosom pushed into the shirt.

“Wait! *Are my breasts--*” She gasped, watching her neckline creep down as skin bulged. “*Is my chest bigger?!*”

“BINGO!”

Strrrrrtch...!

They were gently swelling. Darker in color, Amanda’s mammaries had taken on the appearance of a pair of mounds strained with recent growth. Her skin was slightly splotchy, with new veins rising to the surface in an intricate map. She chewed on her lips as her mammaries rose from the bra’s confines. Brown circles shone through the thinning shirt, betraying her enlarged areolas and the firm nipples they contained.

Milly watched. “You wore a 32C before, correct?”

“M-M-Mhm...” Amanda nodded, mesmerized. They were still bloating, almost too subtly to watch, but the growth was undeniable. Her hands rubbed up her belly to grasp her breasts, hefting their weight to test their realness. Flesh wobbled. Skin jiggled. The pair of wonders bounced. A growth spurt-like aching burned within them like she hadn’t felt since puberty. Cleavage mashed together when she started to knead and squeeze. Her bra was useless as anything more than a torture device. The crop top was now far too ill-fitting to go out in public as skin bulged around the shoulder straps.

“I’d say you’re sporting a pair of G-cups now!” Dr. Kiel shouted. “*AND STILL GROWING!* My my, it shouldn’t be long until--”

“EEP!!” Amanda piped, breath catching when wet spots appeared over her nipples. It spread through the fabric. There was a tingling behind her nipples that itched and grew warmer with every passing moment. “*W-What’s happening?! They’re leaking!*”

“Just milk,” Milly offered.

“*Milk??*”

“MILK!” The doctor clapped and leaned in close, taking Amanda’s breasts in her hands. “Watch!” She pushed them firmly together.

Splrrrtch!!

“*A-Ahnm!!*”

Cream sprayed through her shirt. Her breasts bulged madly against the doctor’s fingers, resting atop Amanda’s belly like a shelf. Her bra padding soaked up any dairy it could hold until it grew too saturated.

“*Ahh-- Ahh! Gentle! Please be-- gentle!*” Amanda squirmed, feeling on the verge of orgasm as she sprayed.

“It’s the magic of hormones! Not only are we pumping your womb full of a heavy foam, but we’re pumping your breasts full of prolactin and oxytocin! *They’ll be bursting with milk before this is over! They think there’s a BABY to feed!*”

Amanda’s eyes dilated. Her core fluttered. “*Baby... B-Baby to...*”

Guuurrrrgle!!

Her belly groaned. Her breasts ached. Milk leaked down her front in thick trickles of cream.

Creeaaaak

A wince closed one eye. Amanda panted as she flinched at the sensation of her shorts cutting into her. It had come to the point where they were deforming her belly, forcing it upward and squeezing its lower half like a belt, clearly separating her upper belly from that stuffed within her pants.

“Tight, dear? Shall I unbutton them?” Kiel offered. “I could--”

“*NO!*” Amanda shouted, breathless. She tried to control herself. “P-Please, no!”

“Hmmm, you *want* to blow them open then?”

Creeaaaaaaak!!

Amanda nodded rapidly, pursing her lips at the discomfort. This was something she’d imagined countless times. Something she’d tried to do on her own when bloated. Something she’d dared to attempt with a hose in the shower on an especially exciting night.

“Very well! Milly? She’s slowing down, I believe.”

The assistant came with another pitcher of water, placing it on the table. “This is for the next phase of--”

She didn't get a chance to finish before Amanda took the pitcher and started to chug. Her throat opened. She didn't pause to take a breath. She knew what would happen, and she wanted nothing more than to see her fantasy reach full-term.

Gulp!

Gulp!

Gulp!

"Well, she's an eager one!" Dr. Kiel laughed. She tapped on the remote. "Drink up. You're going to need it!"

Click

"M-Mmmngh!"

Amanda drank as fast as she could before passing the empty pitcher back to Milly and sucked in air to fill her desperate lungs. A belly laden with a gallon of water sat crammed by her distended womb. Her shorts screamed with uncomfortable, yet righteous, tightness. Her breasts ached at the milk they were being told to produce.

GUUUUUURRRGLE!!

"AHH!!!"

"Like fresh fuel to the fire!" Kiel announced. "Now we *REALLY* get to see how far that body of yours can go!"

The fresh wave of water set Amanda's belly alight. The pill burned like an inferno within her, drawing water from anywhere it could to continually expand her womb with a rising reservoir of fluid. Dr. Kiel's adjustments on the remote came with the effect of an accelerated conversion rate, the force of which was enough to make Amanda's stomach visibly tremble.

Creeeeeaaaaak!!

Amanda was forced to lie back in the recliner when her belly surged forth. Its size alone was enough to make her spine arch. Tension pulled around her back at her rounding waist. Fullness plumped within her shorts to force her legs apart as her belly bloated beneath the denim.

CREEEAAAAAAK!!

"Doctor, her shorts," Milly whispered to her boss in concern.

Dr. Kiel waved a hand. "They won't last much longer..."

"But they're straining her belly. We can't read accurate numbers if the internal pressure is so off."

"I know. Not to worry! It won't be long before--"

"MMM!! NNNNGHH!!!" Amanda arched back as her shorts became more than uncomfortable.

POW!



Her zipper split open, allowing her lower navel to push through the opening. Still, they remained far too tight. She grimaced, unable to breathe as they deformed her womb. *“THEY’RE TOO--”*

CREEEEAAAA--BOOM!!

“GAHHH!!”

Her shorts finally burst. Sending their button across the room and embedding it into the wall, her bottoms flared open before ripping completely down the middle. Amanda gasped at the sudden bolt of stimulation as her belly and pussy rushed to their full, plumped shapes. Her belly itself heaved downward with newfound freedom, slumping forward without the denim’s support. A taut, smooth curve of skin ran from the bottom of her breasts to the top of her groin, where it tugged her pussy into a stretched, elongated shape peeking out of her panties.

“TADA~!” Dr. Kiel announced the death of denim. *“There you have it!”*

“Right as always, Doctor.”

Even still, Amanda couldn’t catch her breath. Her hands groped over her belly and breasts, massaging with gentle worry at her firming skin. She panted for air, pinned beneath their weight. Her belly loomed like a beach ball on top of her, pushing her bust into her neck.

GUVURRRRGLE!!

“Nnngh!! Haaahhhh-- D-Doctor...!” she moaned. *“How-- H-How big...??”*

The tape measure came forth. *“Forty-one inches!”*

Thump thump!

A hand patted Amanda's belly with a soft echo. "You're full-term! CONGRATS!"

Face flushed and eyes weary, Amanda gazed at the trembling globe stretching her to the limit. "*Full-- T-This is what-- I would look like-- full-term--*"

"WONDERFUL, ISN'T IT?!" Dr. Kiel looked her over. "Though, I'm surprised that your--"

Strrrrtch!!

POP!

Her belly button sprang forth. Amanda would have gasped if she could breathe. At the size her womb had become, even her lungs were finding it hard to fill.

"Woops! There it goes! *TURKEY'S DONE!*" the doctor announced.

Amanda trembled. Her mind couldn't come to terms with the fantasy she was finally living. Her belly was beyond full. Her womb was packed and warm. Milk leaked from her breasts without end. The act of inhaling seemed enough to force dairy from their depths, as if she could either contain her cream or fill her lungs, not both. Her bra sat like an ever-shrinking padded prison: a vice squeezing her tighter by the second. She'd outgrown it three times over by now, as the tiny cups were having to hold a pair of honeydew melons.

"Tell me! How does it feel to be overdue??" Dr. Kiel asked.

"*T... T-TIGHT!*" Amanda whined. Her hand tried to massage, but her belly wouldn't have it. The pressure was too great. It resisted with a firm, rubbery tension.

"I'll say! *You look ready to pop!* Too tight?"

She nodded, scared to breathe.

"Here you go, dear..."

Click!

A strange tickling sensation spread over her skin seconds later. Amanda shivered, then felt her skin give and become softer under her fingertips.

"A little more elasticity will ease the tension!"

SNAP!



“MNNGH!!”

Her bra burst at the clasp. Like a dam being released, the sides of Amanda’s breasts flowed to the left and right of her belly. Cleavage slumped away from her nose as they flattened to their natural shapes. Still engorged, Amanda saw her breasts for the true motherly mammaries they had become. Her crop top provided as little support as it did modesty.

“I’m-- Look at my boobs!” she whimpered, taking one in her hand and finding it far too big to contain. *“I-I look like--”* A gulp of intimidation cut her words as she stared at the milking monsters.

“You could feed a village with those puppies!!” Dr. Kiel looked over her remote. “Keep in mind dear, those are grown from hormones. If you were to actually become pregnant, *that* is what would have happened to your precious breasts. Genetics blessed you with a pair of HEAVING MILK BEHEMOTHS just waiting to come out!”

Click

The growth slowed. Amanda’s belly came to a wobbling halt, pushed the size of a woman two weeks overdue.

“Let’s test the kicking now, shall we, Milly?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

Amanda looked up with wide eyes. “Did you say--”

Click

THUMP!

“Oomph!!”

Amanda coughed, clutching her belly where she’d felt a punch from within her womb. It sent a taut ripple across her belly. “*W-What was--*”

Click

THUMP!

“Gahh~!”

Click

THUMP!

THUMP!

THUMP!

“MMMMMM!!”

Her arms cradled her stomach. She tensed and bounced with every simulated kick that rammed her insides.

“How is that, dear?”

“*Hah-- Hah--*” She trembled. Arousal soaked her underwear and tattered shorts. Amanda didn’t dare admit she’d orgasmed after the second kick. Even if it was fake, her body thought it was real, and it thought there was a baby eager to be born. “*It’s incredible--*”

“Like you’re full of life! That pill sure packs a punch when it can get a running start! It bounces around in there like you’re a bouncy castle!”

She’d become a mess. It was everything Amanda had hoped and more. Lustful nectar glistened on her thighs. Milk soaked her broken bra from breasts engorged as large as her head. A distended belly large enough to fill her embrace was kicking against her face and making her overly sensitized chest jolt.

“How are we feeling?” Dr. Kiel asked. “All you hoped and dreamed?”

“*Ah-- A-Ah-- Amazing... It’s... amazing...*”

“THIS is why we do this work, Milly! Happy clients!” Looking to her assistant, the doctor indicated, “I think we’re about ready to move to twins.”

Amanda’s heart skipped. She looked up from her belly. “*Twins?*”

“Well, of course, dear! What kind of pregnancy experiment would this be if we didn’t test the kinds of sizes multiples bring in their wake?”

Fingers clenching against her taut, fleshy globe, she timidly asked, “But... *twins??* I know you made me stretchier, but... *a-am I really able to get that much bigger before--*”

“Only one way to find out!”

Click

GUUURRRGLE!!

“Ngh!” The process resumed. Amanda squirmed as pressure rose in her already crowded womb. Almost immediately, the tension made itself known by a skin-tight vibration. “*Tight! It’s-- already too tight!*”

Click

“Little more elasticity for you... But we want to keep this as realistic as possible, after all, dear! Overdue twins don’t exactly leave a whole lot of room for comfort! Even the best of wombs can struggle with that much precious cargo.”

Strrrrrrtch!

Amanda understood. She was even excited at the prospect of feeling what it was like to carry twins more than ready to be born. This didn’t stop the tightness and pressure, however. Her heart raced as she felt tension sparkle across her belly and milky warmth push its way deeper and fuller into her bust.

Splrrrrrtch!!

“M-My chest...!” she rasped. Cream was pulsating through her like heavy waves. Her crop top was riding up, failing to contain the bottom halves of her breasts as she overflowed its seams.

“More babies means more milk! Twice the mouths to feed! They need to fill the wells!”

Amanda spread her legs. It felt natural, almost necessary, as her belly domed forth over her thighs. She gazed in amazement, unable to see any sight of her lower half. “*S-So that’s twins?? I’m enormous! I-I’m massive! I’m--*”

“--doing WONDERFULLY, dear! And now... *TRIPLETS!*”

“*Triplets?! W-Wait! There’s no way I can--*”

Click

“*MMMMNGH!*”

Amanda threw her head back, feeling her womb buck between her hands. Pressure skyrocketed. Her belly button tensed, rising higher, before spreading skin pulled it in all directions. It started to flatten and stretch.

“Doctor,” Milly calmly warned.

“Yes, yes. I know, I know.” Encouraging Amanda, she said, “Almost there, dear! Bit bigger!”

GUURRRRRGLE!!

“*Nngh! Haahhhh!! It’s tight!! It’s-- too tight!*” Amanda whined and whimpered.

“Carrying overdue triplets is no small feat! It’s almost the limit of what the human body can handle, especially one as petite as yours! BE PROUD! Most mothers NEVER experience such a miracle!”

Amanda could see why; she was enormous even by Mother Nature's standards. Too big to handle. Too big to process. Her belly anchored her to the recliner, widening her legs' and arms' embrace more by the second.

SPLRRRRRTCH!!

"M-Milk!! Ohhhhhh my miiiilk!!" she labored. "My breasts can't hold it!! *THEY CAN'T HOLD IT!!*"

"Well, of course not, dear!" Dr. Kier stared. "They're trying to produce enough nourishment for three hungry mouths!"

"Breasts are estimated to be O-cups, Doctor," Milly offered.

They felt much larger. Amanda squeaked as cleavage pushed into her chin. They looked twice as large as her head. Bloated and splotchy, her bust had taken on an entirely new appearance, one of overgrowth and an inability to stretch any further.

"Doctor, she's getting--"

"Aaaaand... Almost... Just a liiiittle more..."

Sttrrrrrtch!!

Itching tightness pulled. Amanda gasped for air, groping her belly.

"Right about..."

"Nnngh!! Big-- Too-- BIG--"

"THERE!"

Click

Dr. Kiel deactivated the pill. She looked at her swollen masterpiece with pride. "So! What do you think?? Is it as glorious as you hoped?! Isn't it--"

GUUURRRGLE!!

"A-Ahhh!" Amanda gasped, her belly still swelling. She watched it round out, turning slightly pale. "Turn it-- off!! Nngh!"

"Doctor? Didn't you--"

"Hmm..." The doctor looked at her remote.

Click

Click

GUUURRRGLE!!

"MMMM!! D-Doctor...!! Make it-- Gah!"



Dr. Kiel scratched her head. “That should have turned off the water conversion...”

Milly looked at her tablet, then approached and motioned for a private whisper, saying, “Doctor, it appears we’ve lost radio connection to the pill.”

The first sign of concern appeared on Dr. Kiel’s face. “Oh. *Oh dear.*”

STRRRRTCH!!

“Nnngh! Haahhhhh-- D... Doctor...!” Amanda stared at the two women from beneath her ever-bloating womb. “*Can we turn it off now, please?? I like it, but it’s-- Ahh! It’s really too big!*”

“Well, there appears to be a slight problem, dear...! We can’t seem to communicate with the pill to turn it off.”

“***WHAT?!***”

GUUUURRRRRRRGLE!!

She ballooned, firming in all directions. Amanda held her breath as a pink blush spread over her belly. Fullness ached in her breasts as they pushed up to her nose. They seemed to breathe with growth, expanding, but not contracting nearly enough to break even. Whimpers escaped her throat at the over-engorged mountain range she’d become.

“*D-Do something! I feel like I’m--*” Fear locked into her eyes as Amanda watched her belly button start to flatten and spread out. “***AM I GOING TO POP?!?***”

“Nooo no no no no... No. I mean, *probably not?*”

Strrrrtch!!

Amanda squeaked, forced deeper into the recliner by a belly feeling more like a yoga ball every second. Wood and leather creaked around her. *“F-Fix it! Make it stop!”*

“Well, we need to figure out the problem first, dear! And the pill isn’t exactly within reach!” She looked to Milly. “Any ideas?”

“No, Doctor. It’s as if the transponder unit malfunctioned. Perhaps from one of the simulated kicks? Or some impact?”

Another squeak from Amanda, this time of guilt. The women looked at her. Ashamed, she confessed, *“I-I may have... dropped it? When I was putting it in...”*

“Oh.”

“Oh. Well that is not good.”

They stared at Amanda’s waistline and the curve expanding between her thighs as her abdomen ran out of room.

Shifting her grip on her belly and pushing her breasts out of her face, Amanda pleaded, *“S-So what do we do?!”*

Dr. Kiel nodded to Milly, who vanished momentarily. “For now, you should drink more water while we sort this out.”

Thunk

Another pitcher appeared on the table. Amanda watched water run down the side. Her mouth watered. “W-W-Won’t that just--”

“Make you fill faster? Yes... But we need to fuel the pill, otherwise it’s going to drain fluids from the rest of your body. And that’s a BIG no-no. So drink up.”

STRRRRTCH!!

“Nnngh!” Amanda pursed her lips. “I-I don’t need it...”

RMMBBLLLLL

Pressure tensed. The pill wasn’t stopping. She could feel it starting to sap away at her body’s water reserves to fill her stuffed womb. Her breasts tightened around her overblown milk glands.

“I don’t need it--”

GUUUUUUUURRRRGLE!!

Her throat felt like a desert. Resisting the pitcher became torture as she watched the icy condensation collect and run off. *“OK, FINE! I NEED IT!”*

Milly handed it over. Glass pressing into her belly and cleavage, Amanda almost dumped it over herself as she drank heavily.

GULP!

GULP!

GULP!

“MMM! M-MMNGH!”

GUUUUURRRRRGLE!!

Her stomach rumbled. Her womb trembled. Every swallow filled her, and would fill her three times as much in the coming minutes, but Amanda couldn't stop herself. The pill demanded more water, all to push her womb to the utmost limit. It was a runaway pump, and was more than happy to treat Amanda like the straining balloon she'd become.

Milly caught the pitcher when she was done. Coughing and sputtering, Amanda placed her hands on her stomach and stared as what she knew was soon going to become a blimp. It felt angry in her gasp.

“Doctor... What exactly is going to happen to--”

Rmmmbblllll

“EEK!”

Milly whispered, and for the first time, Amanda heard real emotion in her voice, saying, “Doctor... We *need* to get it out. Before--”

“I know, I know.” Dr. Kiel chewed on her lip. “Amanda, darling, how are you feeling? Is it very uncomfortable?”

Strrrrrrrrtch!!

POMPH!!

POMPH!!

Amanda's eyes bulged when her stomach groaned. Her nipples jutted forth upon elongating areolas overburdened with pressure. Each one had escaped her neckline, protruding like fat, pink thumbs. Her legs bent upward as if in stir-ups, allowing her belly to fit between her thighs. *“Tight!! I-It's very VERY TIGHT!! Can't you make me stretchier again?!”*

“I wish we could! But we've lost communication with the pill! It's a runaway train!”

STRRRRTCH!!

“Nnnngh!?”

“Doctor, we don't have long...”

Clicking her tongue, Kiel watched the patient helplessly expand. “What do you think? Contractions?”

Milly hummed then nodded. “Contractions.”

Amanda shrieked, *“CONTRACTIONS?!”*

Coming forward, Dr. Kiel gave a smile laced with urgent, buried anxiety. “Amanda... Darling... We need to get that pill out right quick, alright? And seeing as how your womb is packed and ready to blow, that means it's time for it to do its job! We need to make it contract and push out all that fluid and that nasty, broken pill! Ok? You're so pumped full of hormones

right now, it won't take much! You're READY to POP!" She paused, hearing her own words. "Erh, *so to speak, of course!*"

Milly was already rummaging through a cupboard. From the corner of her eyes, and from beneath a mountain of swollen tit, Amanda saw her withdraw a vibrating sex toy similar to a magic wand.

STRRRRTCH!!!

"Mmmm!" Amanda whined, feeling attacked from the inside and out.

"Now this won't hurt. In fact, I think you'll enjoy it! A little stimulation goes a LONG way with a woman as far along as you!" Dr. Kiel waved Milly over. A vibration buzzed from out of sight from below her belly. "Now, Amanda, I want you to focus on those big, bountiful breasts you've grown!" She took Amanda's hands from her belly and placed them firmly on her chest.

"MMGH!" she moaned at the sudden stimulation. Milk coated her palms.

"Now massage, twist, and twiddle! You focus on top, and we'll focus down here. This will be over in a--"

Bzzzzzzzz

"MMMNGAAHHHH!!!"

Amanda reeled, feeling a vibrating bulb press into the pillowy softness of her pussy. Her lips parted around it, letting it mash deep into her folds and send vibrations through her entire pelvis.

"Oh dear, I don't think she was quite ready yet, Milly."

RMMMBBLLLLL!

Her belly grew larger, surpassing a yoga ball in size.

Milly remained intent on her work. "No time, Doctor. She needs to release this pressure!"

"NNNNGH!!! TIIIGHT!!"

An intense sensation of contracting firmness moved in a wave through her abdomen. It made her belly quiver before turning rock-hard, then softening moments later.

"Good contraction!" Dr. Kiel cheered. "Keep it up!"

"MMM!! Mmmmmmm!! S-Slow down!! Slow... down...! It's-- Aahhhm~!" Amanda squirmed as much as she was able. Her hands groped and kneaded her smothering breasts, if only to keep herself grounded in reality as her vision blurred.

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

"Doctor...! It's still accelerating. She'll need to drink another pitcher of water at this rate!"

Skin ballooned. Her womb felt like a heated drum inside her belly. Amanda panted, gasping for air as her breasts engorged high into her face to block her vision. Heavy breaths

wheezed through her nose into her cleavage as it felt like she was being buried under two beach balls.

“Tight!! My belly is-- too-- tiiiight!!”

“It’s only another contraction, dear.”

“She’s starting to leak, Doctor!”

From between her legs, the women watched as Amanda’s navel and pussy started to bulge outward. Like a dam ready to burst, it was fighting the wall of pressure pounding behind them as her womb clenched again. Thin trails of foamy water trickled free around the massage wand.

SPLRRRRRTCH!!!

“MMMMMMMPH!!”

Dr. Kiel looked up to see two collections of thin streams spraying from Amanda’s breasts. “Oh dear, she’s producing far more milk than she can hold. I fear she’s a super producer... Milly, dear, we need to speed this up.”

“Yes, Doctor.” She clicked a button. The wand leaped with more power.

BZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

“AahhhhHHH!! MMMMNGH!!”

Amanda writhed and tried to escape the smothering weight of her chest and belly. They were fighting, neither one wanting to give up space on her body. Pressure pulsed between them as if they were in an argument over who should hold how much of the water.

Splrrrtch....!

A leak sprang from her pussy.

“Yes! YES! Almost there, dear!”

Everything felt on the verge of release. Amanda’s hands sank into her chest, squeezing and pulling on silver dollar nipples while milk streamed into her cleavage. Her gasping breaths created bubbles in the deluge. Her pussy felt as though it had plumped large enough from stimulation to swallow the wand if Milly wasn’t careful.

SPLRRRRRTCH!!

Jet streams sprayed from her pussy lips.

“NNNNNGH!!!!”

Another contraction tensed her muscles. Her womb tried to shrink against the impossible load. Within, the pill had started bouncing and pounding against her sides like an angry, kicking infant.

Thump!

Thump!

Thump!

THUMP!

“Doctor! She’s too large! Her womb can’t continue! We need to--”

“*Almost! SHE’S ALMOST THERE!*” Dr. Kiel urged. She watched Amanda’s belly strain, struggling to expand even an inch larger as pressure mounted. Stretch marks popped with bright pink streaks. Despite her words, she’d begun backing away. “*Just a little more, Milly! She’s nearly--*”

RMMMMBBBBBLLLLLLL!!!

“MMMMMPPPHHHH!!!”

“DOCTOR!!”

“--ready to--”

Cleavage swallowed Amanda’s head. Spraying leaks turned into geysers. She felt a sharp tingling spark and prickle across her entire abdomen as her belly button turned pink.

CREEEAAAAAAAAAA--

“NNNNNGHHH!!!”

“DOCTOR! SHE’S GOING TO--”

SPLMMMMMSHHH!!!



Their yelling was drowned out by the sound of a great, foamy release. Erupting from between Amanda's legs like an extinguisher cannon, slippery goo washed Milly and Doctor Kiel off their feet and against the far wall. Amanda could only soundlessly cry out and endure the overwhelming sensation of release as everything contracted, expelling fluid from her belly and breasts in a great fountain of femininity. Each pulse brought an orgasm that built on the previous, ravaging her core and mind into a melted state of existence.

When it was done, the room fell silent save for the thick dripping from the walls and ceiling. Amanda collapsed into a broken recliner. Her body wobbled on top of her with a belly looking as though she'd eaten a watermelon whole, and breasts large enough to smother her neck. The mounds jiggled and heaved with her residual trembles of pleasure and orgasm.

"Well..." a voice coughed, standing on a broken heel. Dr. Kiel helped Milly to her feet. Both stood drenched in the warm pregnancy foam. "Are you alright, dear? That was quite exciting! A true rollercoaster and then some!" A sphere vibrated at her feet. "There you are, YOU LITTLE BUGGER!" Plucking the pill from the ground, she looked it over and found a dent on one side. "This is why we test, Milly! And to think we thought they were ready to ship next month. HA!"