



Fertility Clinic Follow-Up

The waiting room was colder than usual, or maybe Elliot Penniwitz was just nervous. He clutched a reusable water bottle and tried not to stare at the massive claw marks in the floor near the check-in desk.

Beside him, his young wife, Callie, flipped through a well-worn pamphlet titled *“Second Trimester: Letting Your Body Lead (and Your Partner Catch Up).”* She looked calm, radiant, and extremely pregnant. Her belly was a beach ball under a snug maternity dress, and her breasts were giving “fertility goddess” energy. Even the chair she

sat in had a slightly bowed backrest, as if it had seen this particular patient more than once.

The receptionist gave them a cheerful wave. "Suite C is ready for you."

Callie rose in one smooth, practiced motion. Elliot followed, less smooth, less practiced. As they passed the front desk, it seemed to Elliot that his wife and the receptionist exchanged a meaningful glance. As the receptionist turned her gaze to him, the smile remained, but the meaning seemed... different.

The hallway to Suite C was discreetly lit, lined with pastel murals of babies being rocked by creatures that would make most Dungeons & Dragons players need a fresh character sheet. They passed a tentacled creature whispering softly to a woman in a bathrobe, and an elf offering post-session smoothies at a hydration bar.

Suite C smelled like sandalwood and science. Medical posters displayed the reproductive systems of human females and cross-section diagrams of mammary glands. The examination table was more heavily padded than the traditional ones, but it came with the usual stirrups found in the offices of OB-GYNs. On either side of the room, cabinets and countertops offered the usual array of tongue depressors, cotton swabs, and band aids in sturdy glass

jars. Did one of the containers hold devices that looked like nipple clamps?

Before Elliot could ask, his eyes darted to the blue orc towering in the center of the room.

Gralsh was a walking sculpture of muscle, posture, and polished tusks. His uniform—a snug, sleeveless tunic with the clinic’s tasteful logo embroidered at the collar — barely contained him. His clipboard looked like it had been forged from reinforced titanium.

“Callie,” he said, his voice like velvet dragged across a drum. “You’re looking... healthy.”

Callie beamed. “Almost thirty weeks.”

Gralsh nodded solemnly. “Excellent progress. Based on your last scan, fetal development is on track, and soft tissue pliability is improving. We should continue the myofascial work — especially along the thoracic region.”

Elliot cleared his throat. “Where is that!?”

Gralsh glanced across his clipboard and grinned.

Callie laughed and waddled over to the cushioned table. “Don’t be squeamish, hon. This is good for the baby.”

Elliot muttered something about birthing classes and stepped back as Gralsh adjusted the table height. His big

hands glided over Callie's shoulders, professional and precise, but with a slow reverence Elliot couldn't help but notice.

"Pressure okay?" Gralsh asked.

"Mmm-hmm," Callie hummed, eyes closed.

The orc began a series of wide, deliberate motions down her back, pausing at key intervals to apply "stabilizing contact." Elliot suspected "stabilizing contact" was code for something, but the medical terms were flying too fast.

"She's responded very well to monster-handled therapeutic sessions," Gralsh explained, addressing Elliot with the gravitas of a doctor giving a lesson to a nervous intern. "Specifically, orc hands provide ideal depth and pressure. It's about more than brute strength. It's about *intuition*."

Elliot blinked. "Sure."

Callie groaned softly, her belly shifting as she exhaled. "He has *excellent* instincts."

"Prenatal needs evolve," Gralsh continued, now using a warmed herbal compress to massage Callie's lower back. "What a human partner may find overwhelming, we view as routine care. Hormonal spikes can cause acute tension in the—"

“Pelvis. Yes. I’ve read the literature,” Elliot said.

Callie giggled. “You skimmed the bullet points.”

“I read the caption on that one chart—”

Gralsh raised an eyebrow. “The one with the comparative anatomy?”

Elliot flushed. “That’s the one.”

Callie turned her head and smiled dreamily. “Gralsh knows exactly what I need. Especially now that my center of gravity has relocated to the next zip code.”

“I could rub your feet or something,” Elliot offered, a little too late.

“Sweetheart,” sighed Callie, “Would you get me a smoothie from that elf outside?”

“Ah,” he said.

Callie had long since stopped being embarrassed about these appointments, but Elliot was a real mood killer. And it would be a shame to kill the mood she was in right now. Her husband exited the room, and after one furtive glance, closed the door behind him.

“Callie,” Gralsh said, offering a slow, deliberate smile. “As you know, HIPPA grants you the right to medical privacy.”

“I would like to exercise those rights,” she said, peering at the monster through her eyelashes as he locked the door.

Callie beamed and touched her belly. “Thirty weeks and growing.”

“Delivering a half-orc will require significant preparation of your vaginal muscles and pelvic floor. We should probably start considering ramping up to weekly appointments soon. Please disrobe.”

“You may need to help. My boobs have gotten so big it’s more and more of a struggle.”

With dexterity belied by his size, the creature peeled the garment off her. Stepping behind her, he gingerly unclasped her bra. She sighed deeply as her engorged breasts drooped to either side of her swollen belly.

Reaching around her, he weighed them in his hands. “You’re much bigger than the last time you were here. And you haven’t hit your peak yet. We’ll need to monitor your progress closely. Have you started leaking yet?”

“No,” Callie breathed. “Does that happen?”

With an orc-induced pregnancy, it might. Remember the brochure I gave you?

Callie remembered a photo of a pregnant woman looking as if someone tried to smuggle weather balloons into a training bra. “How am I going to stand?”

“Are you taking the supplements, doing the exercises?”

The blonde nodded furtively.

“All of our moms who do those things come through with flying colors — and rave about the results,” he reassured her. His tusks jutted ever so slightly as a devious smile spread across his face. “Besides, you may be doing less standing than you think.”

With that, he eased the woman onto her back and removed the rest of her clothes.

“You’re carrying high,” Gralsh said, his tone returning to neutral and professional. “That causes tension in the obliques. We’ll ease that up.”

Gralsh’s hands dipped below the curve of Callie’s belly, fingers spreading wide.

She groaned — low and warm.

His fingers traced her folds, then gently eased her open, inch by inch. He applied steady pressure, gauging her soft reactions. He squeezed her hooded clitoris between two blunt fingers and listened to her breathing deepen. As he

rubbed her sensitive bud languidly, a quiet moan escaped her lips.

He lowered his mastiff-like head to her and inhaled deeply.

She tensed.

“Delicious,” he growled, watching her go boneless once more.

Gralsh removed his touch momentarily to apply a thick gel to his hand, taking a few seconds to warm it. He returned to his ministrations.

His index finger was longer than Elliot’s penis. And girthier, too. He nudged it against her opening.

“You okay?” he asked.

“Better than okay,” Callie murmured, trancelike.

He eased his thick digit up to the first knuckle, causing a sharp intake of breath from the young mother-to-be.

“Breathe deeply,” droned Gralsh, rubbing the finger at her entrance, allowing her time to accommodate his size.

As her body adjusted, more and more of his finger disappeared into her moist depths. Callie raised her knees, planting her feet in the stirrups of the examination table. She shifted her weight, impaling herself further.

Gralsh rotated his hand so his palm was up and started flexing his finger against the inside of her walls. Like a lightning flash, her orgasm hit. She arched her back and groaned loudly, shuddering through her pleasure.

As her scent permeated the orc's nostrils, his manner changed. The movements of the methodical medical practitioner had become more primal — more animalistic. He leaned closer. His broad shoulders flexed as his motions intensified. He positioned a second finger at her opening, sighing heavily as it was swallowed up. A third finger followed. Her pussy clenched, rebelled, and then distended. As he rocked his fingers inside her channel, his other hand stroked her swollen belly possessively. A second orgasm welled in her tummy, building like a storm. It was followed very shortly by a third.

With preternatural speed, the creature sprang to his feet, yanking down on his pants. He pulled the entire table towards him, positioning its quivering passenger in front of his cock.

His cock made his fingers look like... well... fingers.

The tumescent rod had swollen to its full measure, covered with shiny scales and thick, ropelike veins. His member twitched in time with his powerful heartbeat. The head was broad and somewhat flat, like a portobello mushroom. His urethra was much higher on the top of the

glans. When she first saw it seven months ago, she remembered thinking the opening had to be twice as big as Elliot's.

It *had* to be.

Gralsh towered over the woman's frame. Leaning down, he growled into her ear.

"I'm going to stretch you slow. Just how you like it. And you're going to shout my name like the needy little girl you are."

Callie's eyes went wide as her pupils contracted.

He pressed his mushroom head against her swollen pussy lips, pausing just so he could see her eyes plead.

"Um... Callie...?"

It was Elliot. The elf had seemed to work in slow motion, but he finally had finished Callie's smoothie. Elliot tried turning the doorknob, but it was locked.

From inside the room, he heard his wife breathe a long, low, shuddering groan.

He turned the handle frantically. "Is everything OK?"

Inside the room, Elliot could hear a sharp, methodical thumping. Metal biting into tile. His wife's voice came out in high squeaks.

“I’m going to get a nurse,” warned Elliot.

“No!”

“Elliot!”

“Don’t”

The sound of slapping skin punctuated her words.

“I - hai - haim - Oh - Hoh - Kay - hay- hay.”

The thudding slowed. He heard Gralsh’s voice, but he couldn’t make out what the powerful orc was saying.

Before he could try the doorknob again, he felt fingers close firmly around his elbow. It was the receptionist.

“Come with me, Mr. Penniwitz,” she smiled as she gazed into his eyes, “We’ll bring Mrs. Penniwitz out when her therapy is finished.”

“But…”

Elliot’s voice choked off in his throat as the petite woman’s grip tightened. That smile remained as ever, but it held a different meaning — one that made Elliot’s stomach clench. As she led the disheveled man away, the thudding from inside the room intensified.

Inside, Gralsh had taken Callie’s place, lying on his back on the examination table. The pregnant woman was

straddling his hips, impaling herself on his impossibly large cock. As she leaned forward, her swollen breasts swung heavily back and forth in rhythm to his thrusts.

The young woman whimpered incoherently as the orc's thick member stretched her inner walls. One shuddering orgasm collided into the next.

The fingers of his large hands sank luxuriously into her wide hips to stabilize her, allowing her to rock widely on his unit. They slid up her ribcage, circling her torso, and once again, weighing her twin orbs.

Callie groaned pleadingly.

The thick fingers closed around her darkened areolae and firmly pressed inward.

Thick, white drops formed at the ends of nipples so engorged they cast shadows down the slope of her breasts.

Her breathing became shaky. She stared down at her transformed breasts. They seemed impossibly large, with nipples as big as her thumbs.

This time, he squeezed hard, eliciting a yelp.

Thin lines of sweet milk jetted from the plump nubs.

He dragged his hands back up her tits, squeezing tightly as they slid back down towards her throbbing buds. He repeated the motion, working up a steady rhythm. Streams of milk sprang in time to his pulsating grip. The thick liquid cascaded down, running in dreams down his forearms and puddling on the floor.

Cassie's jaw dropped when she saw her reflection in a small mirror. She was being milked like a cow.

And she... loved it.

Sensations flooded the young woman, and her pussy tightened around his cock for a thunderous climax.

Gralsh felt his softball-sized testicles flex up towards his core, and he let out a low guttural groan that shook the glass jars of tongue depressors and cotton swabs on a nearby counter.

Quickly releasing her massive mammaries, he returned his grip to her hips, securing her on his lap.

“Get ready —” his voice choked off before he could finish.

The first spurt was like the kick of a mule. As it cascaded against the wall of her cervix, and it was followed in rapid succession by another, and another.

The young woman's eyes widened.

The orc's massive cock continued to spasm inside her body. Thick pearlescent cum was forced out around her hole, dripping in loud plops to mix on the floor. Thick, fertile orc cum mixed with mommy milk.

From the waiting room, Elliot heard his wife cry Gralish's name.

After countless more firehose-like torrents, the orc relaxed his grip on her hips.

Standing, he whirled her back to the table, lying her on his back. He placed a thumb over her pulsing vagina to keep any more of his essence from escaping.

With his other hand, he reached into a drawer to pull out a small, flexible plug. He eased it into her opening.

As his breathing settled, the detached, medical demeanor returned to his voice.

“Just as before, you can remove this after two or three hours. The more of it your body absorbs, the better off you'll be when the Big Day arrives.”

Sweat trickled down Callie's face. Her hair was matted flat. Pools of white liquid shimmered around her. She nodded shakily.

“Some husbands have reported health benefits from licking their wives clean after this process,” he continued.

“Is that true?” she asked.

“Heh-heh,” he grinned, shrugging his massive shoulders.

The room was quiet now, save for the slow, deliberate rhythm of breathing — hers, deep and steady, and his, like distant thunder cooling after a storm.

Gralsh knelt beside the padded table, wiping her down with a warm cloth. His touch, once overwhelming and possessive, was now gentle — reverent even — as he worked with the focus of a craftsman who knew the value of what he held.

Callie felt weightless and heavy all at once. The lingering ache in her hips reminded her that this therapy session had been... thorough. She didn't regret a single second of it.

Gralsh's thick fingers brushed over her thigh, dabbing away moisture and checking for signs of strain. When he noticed her watching him, his brow furrowed slightly — not in concern, but care.

“You good?” he rumbled.

She nodded, breathy. “Better than good.”

A quiet smirk pulled at the corner of his mouth, but he didn't gloat. He wrung out the cloth and folded it carefully, setting it aside before helping her sit up. She moved

slowly, and he steadied her with a massive hand at the small of her back.

Her belly — round and firm with seven months of growing life — pressed between them as he helped guide her into the plush robe he'd laid out. She rested against his chest for a moment longer than necessary, letting his heat soak into her.

“I’m going to need... a lot more of this before the big day,” she murmured, lips brushing against his collarbone.

Gralsh chuckled low in his throat, a sound that reverberated through her like a promise. “Thought you might say that.”

He gently fastened the tie around her waist and smoothed the robe over her shoulders. For a man with hands that could crush cinder blocks, he handled her like porcelain.

“I’ll let Elliot know you’re ready,” he said.

Callie nodded, then caught his wrist as he turned. Her fingers barely wrapped halfway around it. “Wait.”

He looked back, eyes meeting hers.

“I want you there,” she said. “When it’s time. When the baby comes.”

There was no teasing in her voice now, no flirty tilt — only calm, grounded certainty. Gralsh’s expression softened, then sharpened, like a blade forged for a purpose. He nodded once.

“I’ll be there,” he said. “Start to finish.”

She smiled — weary, sated, glowing. “Good.”

A moment later, he disappeared through the heavy door to find her husband. And Callie sat with one hand over her belly, the other pressed to her lips, still tasting the warmth of something that wasn’t quite love, but felt just as necessary.



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