

Mini-Story: The Preg Virus (Rapid Preg, Hyper Preg, TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

When a loose canister of dangerous hormone chemicals bounces off of a containment truck in a small town, suddenly things are going to get a whole lot more fertile. Not only is it causing women to rapidly inflate with pregnancy, but numerous men as well!

The Preg Virus

It all started because of a hole on Main Street. Lockwood was a small town. Out of the way. Barely known and even less seen. It had a population of less than five thousand, and though its residents often complained about the lack of resources, the truth was that few of them wanted it to expand; there was only one lake, only one river, and only one good hiking trail, and the tragedy of the commons would come for them all if the beautiful town was suddenly put on the map and masses poured in.

But it also meant that the roads took a long time to get fixed.

And it also meant that Lockwood relied on the lifeblood of the chemical factory *DiaChem* several miles out of town.

Which *also* meant that when a truck carrying a batch of secret and experimental fertility hormones hit the hole on Main Street, that all hell broke loose, enough so to put Lockwood finally on the map and bring those masses in. The roller on the back of the truck snapped open and a single canister fell out. It bounced down the street, cracking and breaking its seal as it went, sending a fine pink mist into the air. The gaseous leak settled on the road, on the sidewalks, even as far out as the park and beyond.

Patient Zero was Hillary Monthawk. A twenty six year old woman with red hair and a lovely fit figure, she was on her daily morning run with her dog Napoleon. She was aiming to beat her three mile run time with her pet, and had the will to do it as well; she'd just met a very lovely young man last night at the local diner, and was very keen to see him again.

"Woof! Arf! ARF!"

Hillary halted her run and paused for her dog. She assumed her boy was thirsty again or needed a break, but then she noticed something very strange was happening. Her dog was *swelling*.

"Napoleon? Napoleon, are you okay?"

He was a gorgeous husky breed, but he looked quite undignified as he fell to the side and exposed his stomach. It was growing at a rapid pace, which shocked Hillary. She went down on her knees to check over her pet.

“Napoleon! Oh God, what’s happening to you!?”

Her dog whined, then barked, and then . . . pushed out a pup. Hillary’s mind shortcircuited. She blinked. And then another pup came out. Poor Napoleon huffed and panted in confusion as he - now *she* - pushed out a third pup.

“What on Earth . . .”

But then Hillary felt a strange sensation in her stomach. She tried to stand up, only to double over. Her stomach had an unbelievable amount of pressure bubbling up inside of it, and it was only getting worse. A cramp started in her belly, and sweat poured down her forehead.

“I don’t - ahhh - s-someone h-help!”

But it was very early morning, and no one was around. Suddenly the pressure gave way, causing her to moan loudly. Her belly grew taut, then started to balloon. Napoleon was pushing out a fourth little pup, but Hillary could barely focus on that insanity now because her own stomach was growing and growing. She whimpered as her exercise sports bra also started to strain. Hillary only wore that and her workout shorts during these runs, but now her sports bra was almost at a breaking point as her B-cup breasts shot up to full Double-D’s in size. With a groan, she clutched them, only for milk to squeeze out from her nipples. Meanwhile, her stomach expanded to the point where her bellybutton audibly *popped*. Hillary had no choice but to lower herself to the ground as her stomach continued to swell. Her skin practically glowed, and the added weight had come on so quickly she had no idea how to balance it. To her embarrassment, she was stuck lying on her back on the sidewalk right beside her dog, who was still birthing pups. At least the newly-female Napoleon had developed the animal instinct to begin licking them clean and helping them find its new nipples. Hillary, on the other hand, could only groan in disbelief as her stomach shifted from the movement of not one, but *several* lives within.

“Oh God, I’m having a l-litter too!” she cried.

And with that, her waters suddenly broke, and her workout shorts ripped apart, and the way was open. The first urge to push arrived immediately without even the warning of an earlier contraction, and Hillary simply had to push.

“No! NOOOO! NNGHH!!”

She would not be making her second date that night. And judging from the number of babies within her still-swelling belly, it was unlikely that he was ready to date a single mother with so many children anyway.

A crowd had developed around Hillary as she delivered her *fifth* child. Her belly was still massive, and the poor redheaded woman could only cry out as new contractions hit her, and her stomach continued to swell. Her latest pair were taken from her breasts, and then two more placed upon them to quickly feed. She could scarcely believe it was happening, but neither could the onlookers.

“Take more photos!” Danny Saunders declared. “Get some real good shots. This is newsworthy stuff!”

“D-don’t film meeeeeee!” Hillary cried.

Danny, a man in his mid-thirties with olive skin and a sleazy mustache and overall demeanour, was not going to stop. He gestured for his best friend and filming partner, a pale white lunkhead with blonde hair named Jonty, to get some close up shots, even as the paramedics helped poor Hillary with her next birth.

“D-dude,” Danny said. “I f-feel kinda weird.”

“Don’t put the camera down! We’re getting the best footage! Now hurry up and - what the fuck!? Where are you going?”

Jonty was running, clutching his stomach and his chest with his hands. Infuriated and wanting that camera, Danny chased after him, right into the park. Neither knew they were soaking up the fertility hormones, though Jonty was starting to panic.

“F-fuck! FUCK WHAT THE FUCK!?”

“Jonty! What are you screaming about? We’re missing our chance to go viral and - what the shit!?”

Jonty’s singlet had literally ripped open, and the rays of the morning sun were shining upon him, revealing a pair of massive and perfect head-sized tits that jiggled with every movement.

“S-something’s wrong, Danny!”

“You - you’re having some kind of allergic reaction! Let’s just - woah!”

Now Jonty’s hair was growing, and his hips were spreading wider and forcing him to unbuckle his jeans. Danny was freaking out, but he recognised something that could finally go viral when he saw it. He ran right up to Jonty and snatched the camera from his hand, turning it on his friend even as his belly started to balloon.

“D-dude, what are you d-doing!? Oh God, my d-dick! It’s taking my d-dick! Help meeeee!”

But Danny had no intention of doing that. He tried to hide his smile as he filmed his friend’s transformation. Jonty clutched his stomach as it grew and grew, ripping apart the last of his shirt. He had to quickly drop his jeans just to deal with the constriction against his

thicker thighs and wider hips, and that made it *very* obvious that he no longer had a cock. The former male whined in a high soprano voice, now utterly entrancingly beautiful.

“What’s happening to meeee!?” she cried.

“You’ve turned into, like, some kind of hot preggio chick!” Danny announced. “Stop moving about, this is good cinema!”

“F-fuck! My cock! I have a pussy, dude! Shit, these tits are too big - can’t see shit! Oh God, oh God! Someone help me! Why is my s-stomach moving? Why are my tits - mhmm!”

She squeezed them, which was a big mistake, because suddenly two long streams of milk erupted from them, pouring all over Danny. The man chuckled, unable to believe that he was getting prime footage, but then he felt something strange.

“Help me!” Jonty cried, clutching her swollen stomach, which looked almost full term with twins. “I’m - ahhh - I’m feeling movement in here! I think I’ve g-got babies, dude!”

But Danny was slowly lowering his camera to look down at his own stomach. The man’s jaw fell, and he dropped the device onto the ground. His belly was starting to swell, and nipples were growing as well . . .

The hormone leak continued to spread across Lockwood. The nearby retirement home was suddenly erupting in chaos. Miriam Hughes was supposed to be eighty-five years old, a dark-skinned African-American woman who had little left in life and was simply awaiting the very end. She had hit the buzzer around 10am, hoping to get some aid to the bathroom due to her frail legs, when suddenly she heard a loud commotion.

“I don’t understand! I was only four months along, how can I be getting bigger? Nghh . . . and so quickly! It doesn’t - I have to see Miss Hughes, I’ll - I’ll see to the others shortly!”

In came Miriam’s favourite careworker, Lola. She was a lovely, dark-skinned girl who reminded Miriam of her original good looks so many decades ago, and the only thing Miriam hoped to live long enough to see was Lola’s baby, as the woman was pregnant. But when Lola entered, Miriam’s wrinkled eyes shot open, shocked to see that Lola was *much* further along than she had been than the last time she’d seen her.

“Lola?” she asked with her shaky, elderly voice. “You’re looking a bit bigger! Have I lost track of the time again?”

Lola clutched her stomach and groaned, her uniform now ill-fitting against her belly. “N-not at all, Miss Hughes! I just - ahhh - had a growth spurt. I’m not sure what’s going on. Mr Mattenhorn seemed to be having one too, and some of the residents - nnggh!”

Suddenly, her belly grew again, and buttons pinged off of the uniform, much to both women's shock. Lola's belly was now exposed, a brown dome that clearly had more than one child in it.

"What the hell!?" she gasped. "I - euugh! Miss Hughes, I'm sorry, I didn't realise I was having such a big growth - ahh!"

Another growth, and Miriam could only sit up. She was entranced by the sight of Lola's belly expanding, and it made her mourn the pregnancies she never had, despite the impossibility of such immediate growth. She had long wanted children as a young woman, but she had been sadly infertile.

"Young lady, you should take the time off and - ohhhh . . ."

She grimaced, feeling a strange tension in her being. Lola was backing up against the wall, her breasts now expanding as well, forming a great deal of cleavage. Miriam was reminded of her own sagging, ruined breasts, but suddenly the tension gave way, and to her astonishment she felt a strange renewal. The woman managed, for the first time in years, to get out of the bed on her own, standing on legs that were growing stronger by the second. She moved with surprising rapidity towards Lola.

"Child, we need to get you help!"

"I - I don't know wh-what's happening! Why am I g-growing so f-fast and - Miss Hughes! Your face!"

Miriam turned to see herself in the mirror and gasped. She looked twenty years younger. No, thirty years younger! The woman was in her mid-fifties, and her wrinkles were in full retreat. Her grey short hair grew out thick and black and voluminous, and her cheek fat returned even as her breasts plumpened, becoming ripe and full once more. It was a miracle, a youth returned, and she even got her delightful rear back, the one her husband had adored for decades before his passing.

"My word!" she exclaimed. "Is this a dream?"

Lola gasped. She looked like she was having quadruplets by that point, and was almost naked thanks to the sheer size of her expanding stomach. Miriam's own belly was beginning to grow, but as she reverted back to her thirties and started heading to her twenties, she regained her youthful vigour and decisiveness. Grabbing Lola's hand, she pulled the woman along.

"Come, child! Whatever is happening, we need to get you to a doctor!"

They moved out into the hall, but a series of moans and cries had formed a cacophony of sound. Miriam and Lola passed numerous elderly rooms with astonishment. Mr Mattenhorn had been replaced with a dark-haired woman on a bed, her legs spread wide as she pushed a baby out between her legs. The dementia-riddled Yua Li was recognisable

only by her nametag, now an extraordinarily busty Asian beauty who was laughing almost maniacally in the eating hall.

“I can think again! I can remember again! Ohhhhhh! Miriam! Is that you? You look just like that picture in your r-room? Ahhhh - this is w-wonderful! I can think again!”

She was getting more pregnant by the second, but was clearly happy just to have her mind and youth back. Miriam looked around in shock at the chaos, and then lowered her hand to her belly. It was growing faster now, and she could feel movement within.

“Administrator Karten!” she cried, still holding Lola’s hand as the woman’s belly became so overwhelming that she had to lie down on her side. She looked ready to deliver octuplets, while Miriam felt as if she had just one child developing in her. “Administrator Karten! We need help!”

But the administrator was busy, the male executive now a swollen woman with luscious blonde hair who was already pushing her *third* child out into the world, with at least two more to go. Other members of staff, including even the janitors, were undergoing strange and wild pregnancies as well. It was spreading as a virus, and all anyone could do was focus on their own body and whoever was closest to them. For Miriam, that was Lola.

“Okay, hold my hand, dear,” she said, rubbing the other woman’s belly.

Lola nodded, her face sweating. “Ahhh - you look beautiful, M-Miss Hughes!”

Miss Hughes smiled. For all the chaos that was occurring, for all the panic and pregnancy, she couldn’t help but feel utterly blessed in this moment. She was finally getting all she wanted, and a new start along with it. And given that her belly was paused at around the six months along mark, she suspected she still had some good she could do.

Lola groaned, and water gushed out from her legs. The woman started to panic, but Miriam calmed her quickly.

“Lola, honey! Did I ever tell you what I used to do when I was younger?”

The labouring woman shook her head, her hair matted with sweat as her body continued to grow. “N-no!”

Miriam smiled beautifully. “I was a midwife, dear. For over thirty years. Don’t worry about a thing, young one. It’s time for *me* to be *your* caretaker.”

The Preg Virus, as it would later be called, continued to spread across Lockwood, and its effects upon fertility were quite random. A tough biker soon found himself unable to ride as his belly swelled, but he otherwise had no other changes; a caesarean section was clearly in his future. A paramedic named Nevile was responding to reports of rapid pregnancy, only to become a victim himself: his belly was stuck behind the steering wheel of the ambulance,

and the same was true of his partner Bella, who grew even more rapidly. It was only thanks to the intervention of a group of teenagers that the pair were rescued out of their vehicle in time, at which point the now-female Nevile found *herself* suddenly having to spread her legs and give birth to not one or two but *three* whole babies, with her partner - who was carrying quads - awkwardly helping her along. Unfortunately for the teens, two of the three of them began to change gender not long after. Poor Stacey Farnham, who was never seen without her skateboard, tried to run as the changes hit her friends, only to trip over a strange canister leaking green gas upon the road. She breathed in the most concentrated dose out of anybody, and then kept on running as her breasts started to balloon from little A-cups to massive F-cups and beyond. She only made it to the skatepark before she literally collapsed on the ground, her belly so large that it was almost to her knees. She grew and grew and grew, and unfortunately for her when she was finally discovered by someone not in an immediate state of panic, her belly was so grotesquely huge that heavy machinery was required to move her. She was more womb than girl, and the seventeen year old was later horrified to learn that she had run straight through a heavy concentration of the gas, and was now going to be a teen mother of more than *twenty five babies*.

Gary Pickers managed to avoid being infected, but as a doctor he was on the frontlines in the small medical clinic of the town as women spontaneously erupted into large pregnancies, some giving birth right there in the waiting room. He did his best to help, but when his wife Hayley called in a panic, he had to leave the clinic in the care of fellow doctor Mark Cartwright, not knowing that Mark would soon become Mara just minutes later. He ran several miles home, the streets clogged with stopped cars and women giving birth on the side of the road. When he finally got home, he was shocked to see his poor wife stuck on the living room floor, her legs spread and her form totally naked. She looked like she was well overdue with multiples, and she screamed at him.

"It's s-stuck! I n-need help! HELP ME, GARY!"

She looked twenty years younger, back in her twenties, her breasts swollen and leaking milk, and her skin practically glowing with perfection. He ran to her, and knew he had to act. Quickly, he put on a glove from his pocket and placed his hand up into her dilated vagina, trying to be as careful with his love as possible. Hayley screamed, but then an entire *fountain* of amniotic fluid erupted from between her thighs, and Gary barely had enough time to catch their child as it exploded out from her tunnel, and then she was already pushing out the next. The pair had three adult children. They were about to get five more infant ones. And though their grown boys were all, well, *boys*, they were also about to get twelve new grandchildren too. They would only discover that later.

All across Lockwood, these scenes played out. Those on the edges of the suburbs had less effects, and many none at all. Some men simply found themselves looking more

feminine or years younger, and some very lucky women were likewise rejuvenated and got an all natural boobjob. But for those at the centre of the virus, in the hours before it burnt out, it was a different story. The town had gone from fifty percent female to eighty percent, and its average age dropped significantly as a result of such a huge population explosion. Of those impregnated, the average number of children was *four*. Some, like Miriam Hughes, had only one child. Stacey Farnham, the skater girl of the town, was practically a pimple atop of her own belly, and she would have to live like that for three more months as the twenty eight children within her continued to grow. Birth would be a multi-day event for the single teen mother. Men found themselves dealing with hormones, milk-leaking breasts, cravings, and the knowledge that they would soon be forced to deliver children, if they hadn't already. More than a few relationships were now lesbian in nature, and in the case of the Schroner family, the former husband came home looking equally as pregnant as her wife, the latter of whom was unaffected by the virus and simply having a planned pregnancy.

The masses had come to the small town of Lockwood in a way it would never forget. It had been put on the map, and for a reason that no one in the town could ever have seen coming. For the next few months, the sight of a very, very pregnant woman making her way across town was not an uncommon one, nor was the massive uptick in large family SUVs and constant breastfeeding in public. It was a massive adjustment for the small town, which had to deal with documentary crews and news groups constantly interfering in their business, not to mention a massive class action suit against *DiaChem* for their monumental fuckup. It would take a long time for any semblance of normal to return to the very, very bountiful town, which was now filled with gorgeous young mommas and their many, many children. Little did they know that there were also a lot of children yet to come. None of them were aware yet, but a side effect of the preg virus was an incredible increase in fertility, one that could practically overcome almost any kind of birth control and leave them just as pregnant as before, if not more.

Hillary was in for a shock, as were the new *Jane* and *Danielle*. Miriam was only happy to have more children, and to help out Lola. And while the town needed new paramedics because their current ones had to take care of their growing broods, Gary would come not to mind his wife getting massively pregnant a few more times; not now that she was in her twenties again and looking like a MILFy bombshell.

Stacey Farnham, on the other hand . . .

Well, let's just say she wouldn't be skateboarding again for a long, long time.

The End