

## **Hyper MPreg, Urethral birth, Rapid pregnancy, Clone birth, Clone fucking, Breast preg, lactation, breast expansion, ass expansion**

“Just what the hell am I pregnant with?!” has been the question of the hour, and Rob wouldn’t believe himself earlier if he was yelling it now. Is it karmic retribution? He did throw a few mean comments at the incident— No earlier than this morning he heard the moans of some pregnant people in his commute to work, and he was starting to get irritated. *Quiet*, he thought, as he considered them a nuisance.

But it would’ve been wiser to pay attention, up until today he didn’t really think something like this would happen.

He did notice several of his coworkers were late, and he did notice himself getting more tired than usual when reaching to his desk chair after clocking in. The moment he sat down, he felt a strange pressure in his midsection.

Seconds later, his button-up was straining against his belly, rounder and rounder, right before his eyes. He couldn’t get it open before a button broke out almost like a bullet to the desk wall, click, clack, click, followed by two more as he sported a 9-month pregnant belly.

Cue the opening line. Rob still doesn’t know no one’s around to help— Nobody in the office would be able to, as they’re dealing with their own sudden pregnancies. He can feel his own baby kick already— It’s heavy, and *it’s still growing!*

Nothing could’ve ever prepared him for this. What is he supposed to do? Is this supposed to feel like this? He’s panting, supporting himself on a filing cabinet as more and more mass accumulates in his— His womb? It has to be a womb, he can feel it, but he shouldn’t *have* one! And yet, he grits his teeth and sucks in air as he feels a new growth surge, barely able to stand after his belly grows so much it pushes his chest up, almost touching his chin.

So as he’s able to look down, it’s not just that his belly is impossibly large and round and tight; little kicks getting more and more frequent— It’s that he’s developing full, milky *breasts* as well! Nipples acquiring thickness and liquid being produced at an alarming rate. The next growth surge and his nipples squirt out jets of warm milk through what’s left of his button-up.

Rob gasps, more guttural and blissed out than he expected. “B-but— But how?!” He’s still trying to stand up, his legs shaking and he feels a special kind of dread when his knees touch his belly. His skin is expanding so much he should’ve burst up a long while ago— A part of him wishes he did, and that part specifically is mortified about how good he’s feeling. The other part is so weirded out it doesn’t know what to do. His breasts start a race with his belly, inflating with delicious liquid and big enough that he can grab a thick nipple and bring it to his mouth—

“No... No, this is insane... This can’t be mine, it can’t be...”

As an excuse, thinking it’s some sort of inspection, that maybe if he gets up close he’ll wake up from this dream, or it’ll turn out it’s not real, or the baby is getting to his brain and he wants to make sure the milk is nice and sweet for it— “Hmmphh!” He takes his own nipple to his mouth and sucks desperately despite himself, and discovers it’s so much thicker than

any nipple he has ever seen (and yes, there have been many in his years), thicker than his own full hard-on, which is now pulsating and squished between his belly and balls, making an almost pleasurable little pocket as he can tell, embarrassingly, that it's leaking and even spurting out precum as soon as he's tasting his own milk.

He only takes his own nipple out of his mouth when his belly outgrows him, since the pressure from below his tits makes it impossible to him to hold them anymore, not in that angle. He becomes a sight to behold, with a grown adult-sized pregnancy and breasts that graze the ceiling, his feet are struggling even more to stay on the ground as his belly has reached it, over his shoes and warming his toes, letting him feel the kicking from the inside and outside at the same time. The guy behind this intense gestation is completely obscured by his assets, at least from the front.

From the back, something is answering his first question. As if to try and squish him between mass and fat, his hips turn wider and wider, his asscheeks gaining shape and the *rrrrrip!* of his work pants, followed by his underwear, letting his ass hang out free as well as his cock and balls. It all felt so good, Rob could feel the spasms and pleasure surge of an orgasm— But not quite, not yet— He's very close, even though he doesn't understand how or why, his body is screaming for him to cum.

At this point he would reach down and help himself if he could. His arms can't get past either his ass or his belly, he can only flail a bit with his thighs but he shudders and gets distracted by his still growing ass; perfect child-bearing hips that are preparing for what's coming.

It's been, what, nearly 5 minutes? No human should be able to survive such expansion in so little time, and yet here is Rob, trying to get off as his own milk is completely overpowering his brain. The sense of dread about how he's getting this child out is still there, it will keep being there, he's *terrified*. But he's also so, so excited and turned on and almost cumming out of just thinking that he's going to be a *mom!*

His ass gets so big he can feel the skin against his upper back, and it's there when he gets the idea— Or the primal urge— To give in and hug his own belly with both his arms and legs. Of course, he can't even cover a small fraction of it, but at least his torn clothes adorning his limbs can be seen around all the fat. It feels right, and he finally feels ready.

"Aah... Ah, AAH, FFFFFUCCCK!!" He screams as he cums hands-free, so much semen coming out and with so much force his urethra expands more and more, he can only keep cumming and spasming, holding tight onto his belly as if it was his lover. The ceiling and office give up on containing him— Probably the rest of the people there too, as the mass growth of what Rob might piece together as some sort of bizarre, contagious rapid pregnancy makes them grow out of the enclosed space.

Rubble should hit him and hurt, but no matter if it did, he couldn't focus on anything other than the intense jerk out of his cock, as the orgasm seems to not stop, only getting more pleasurable. The sphincters inside his cock were pushing, pushing, pushing until it opened up to the size of his own head!

He keeps screaming in pleasure and terror while giving birth through his penis. Out of it, the torso of his own clone, just like himself this morning— No breasts or freak pregnant belly,

slicked up in excessive amounts of precum. It felt so incredibly good all the way around Rob felt like he could pass out.

At the very height of pleasure, when his fully grown adult clone's feet were pressing directly on his prostate on the way out— Rob couldn't be an expert at the moment (or won't ever be in the position to investigate) but his reproductive organs definitely shifted in a way that he must have a womb connected to his dick. His brain is going blank in pure pleasure, he's giving birth! He's seriously becoming a mom! He loses his voice and clenches his entire body as his child finally comes out of his body.

On the rubble before him, his clone looks very healthy, shiny from the liquid covering him. He gets up quickly after, looking at his mom— But his mom can't look back just yet, the size of his belly didn't come down at all after giving birth. It's like running out of breath while swimming in a pool, Rob gasps for air trying to come down from that minutes-long climax, "Fuck, fuck, fuck, holy shit—" Actually, his belly only gets even bigger. So, there's definitely more babies in it.

At least that answers his question. And now he also knows how it feels to get them out.

The level of pleasure was so high that he fears he'll lose himself in the next one. To no avail he tries to contain the growth but focusing on it only makes him feel the expansion even more intensely. He starts cumming against his will, noticing another body coming from inside. No matter how tense, he's turning into a mom over and over again, *forever*.

And the expansion in the rest of his body doesn't stop either. His ass rumbles with growth and he can feel his cheeks separate enough for the air to send chills up his pulsating anus. The endless orgasm making it move like crazy— Something normal to feel but rare to behold, yet his anus was joining the expansion like a donut the size of a car's wheel, enough to make some noise by its simple motions.

Rob couldn't tell exactly how it looked, just that it was so sensitive it only added to the overstimulating pleasure of the moment.

His first child started helping his second one come out, by kissing him on the lips, playing with his tongue, groping his flat chest and pulling, as soon as the second clone's arms were out, he started grabbing his sibling's ass and masturbating his dick.

Rob listened to his own voice moan between kisses, wondering what the hell was happening past the massive wall that was his belly. It was getting hard to focus in general, the pulling of his second child out of his body made the whole thing all the more intense. In this way, birthing was like ejaculating offsprings, Rob was only escaping the inevitable; his entire body and brain was dominated by the joy and bliss of a natural process he wasn't even controlling.

Soon enough he's done with the second birth, his clones making out on the ground and grinding identical dicks with each other. It gives Rob a second to catch his breath again, trying to focus, focus, focus!

His belly became so big it could either crush him or rend him on top, unable to move. The frenzy of more and more clones inside him was as tall as a house, kicking and increasingly horny— Probably their mom's fault, whose milky breasts were his only other body part that could reach the ground from the top. And, well, his ass also obscured his legs and almost reached the ground. In full size, Rob was a small mansion.

After this amount of birthing, his dick did enlarge as well, but it mostly distended. His balls also increased in size exponentially to help ejaculate more and more between births, since many more were coming out. A third one's head manages to catch the attention of his siblings.

Like with the second one, they both kiss and nibble on him and get his dick hard enough that he cums inside his mom while his torso is still halfway inside, they pull him out but also back in, rubbing him— Even beyond his orgasm, making him scream with a terrifyingly familiar voice to Rob as he himself is also overstimulated to the point of breaking. He does black out, only for a few seconds, and his third child has been birthed.

They all decide it's time to let the youngest take care of newborns. Rob's first children look to mom for sustenance. Even though they're his (former) size, he does feel like they're little creatures climbing up his body, and there's nothing he can do about it. He feels lips much like his own sucking on soup pot sized nipples— Although nibbling or sipping would be a better word, wouldn't it?

Soon enough it seems his spawns have been sated of milk. Which is both good, because they were near bursting with milk and the pressure was insane, he needed release— But sad, something about motherly attachment and also, it felt so good he didn't want it to end.

However he couldn't ever predict what his clones were getting ready for. Cocks similar to his original one suddenly pressed against his nipples, pressing in, in, in— "No, wait, what the hell are you doing?! That's not going to wo— Ah, Aaaahh!! MMmmmm oh my god!" He moans in delight experiencing the bliss of getting his breasts fucked by— Basically himself, two of him at a time. He can hear his own voice almost in a kind of echo, he as the mother and his children all sounding the same, all feeling so much pleasure.

His newest clone's cock is upright and pulsing just by hearing his own voice moaning as he's helping another get through their mom's cock. He turns to the milk and cum pouring out from above, like raindrops on his thirsty tongue he tastes what he can get, but his siblings got to the prize first.

However, and from his point of view, there's some place that hasn't been occupied yet. He makes out with his youngest sibling while getting him out, and as soon as he is he walks to Rob's backside.

His mom's asscheeks are so big they could be its own entity about now. He hugs them, plush and fat, climbing up as his cock fits perfectly between them and into the beautiful donut that's been growing within Rob. His third child joins in fucking him by doing it in the ass, all five Robs moaning and screaming in shameless pleasure in the middle of the city.

Echoes of the same kind of pleasure can be heard around him, and he's so dazed between his own voice and own body pleasuring him that he's sure those voices could be his too, but it's happening to everyone.

His children came inside his breasts, and orgasms didn't make sense anymore to him but the immediate effect wasn't something he could ignore. His breasts weren't that big only for milk— Well, he was growing more pairs below the first ones, for plenty of offspring, but the gigantic main pair was, to Rob's dismay, immediately impregnated by multiple copies of himself.

"NNNghh! Noo, what did you do?! I'm— I'm gonna be... I-I'm gonna be a mommy to so many of... Me!" He says, enamored. He's drooling out of nonsensical pleasure and his words are beyond his control.

His clones smile to his sweet words and then to each other in post-climax bliss. They make out and their dicks come off of their mommy's nipples, following a wave of milk that pushes them to the ground, but they don't mind. It seems the main difference between good ol' original Rob before this all happened and his clones is that they're nigh indestructible. They're only built for pleasure and reproduction.

Which is why one of them penetrates the other's ass and thrusts like an animal— Unable to say proper words; those aren't necessary, they know exactly what they need to do. They don't need to answer to mommy's words either, they only have to act.

So as he cums, fills his sibling with semen, he can tell his belly is inflating just like mommy's. And with such a belly, they switch places and a heavily pregnant Rob— Starting to blur the lines between child and mother, starts fucking his brother the same way. Soon enough they're both stuck with an excessively big pregnant belly. They came together even though they couldn't touch each other or their own dicks, just out of the pleasure of joining mommy soon.

It went on and on, Rob lost count and didn't even know which child he was looking at; they were coming up to his height, they turned into a ridiculous parade of giant flesh balloons.

At some point, getting a glimpse of his youngest clone— A perfect photograph of what he was before he turned into a mother, makes him feel so proud and turned on— Technically admiring his own form, his own dick had pounded into himself so many times and it's still going by some of his not yet pregnant clones, he can only anticipate getting a taste of himself again, they would fill his mouth and it would impregnate him too, he was so grateful to bloat even more. That way, he could still be the one mommy.

And the one mommy he was. See, it's no competition, the amount of clones he alone birthed gave him the status, they all knew he was mommy, and treated him with such devotion.

There were mountain sized bellies of other swarm queens just like Rob, some fresh clones would seek out between each other to exchange genetic material, but most of them had the same mission in mind; making more and more of their own kind. Impossibly bloated bellies of the same people over and over covered the streets, crushed buildings and even squished against each other, birthing out clones until they covered the Earth.