

Mini-Story: The Pregnancy Touch (Rapid/Hyper Preg TF)

By FoxFaceStories

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

The Pregnancy Touch

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Sorry, must’ve been something I ate,” she mused as he got into the elevator.

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

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

“Yes, Giana,” he replied. “I’ll do better next time.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“S-sorry,” she said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Clark! Can you help me to my feet?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Oh my God,” he said. “You too?”

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

“There are others?” she stammered.

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

“But the day sh-shift-”

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Enjoying your blessing, young man?"

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

"You cursed me!"

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

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

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

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

Clark spluttered. "*Mine!?*"

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

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

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

Clark raised an eyebrow. "What?"

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

"Abigail likes me?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The End