

Unexpectedly Expecting

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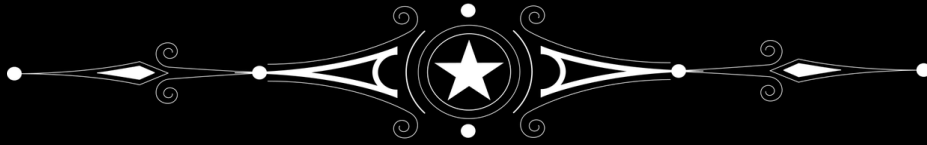
Commission for ToboR

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains: Male to female TF, rapid hyper pregnancy, mental TF, and a pack of horny milfs.

Read at your own discretion.



Communication is a vital part of social interactions. How something important is presented could mean the difference between making a friend or enemy, life or death. Granted this was a gross exaggeration for Trip's situation. It's just that when he arrived on the doorstep dressed like a punk and ready to rock, he could not help feeling the party invitation emphasized it was for a baby shower.

"Oh? Hi there, cutie!"

It was immediately clear something was off just from the woman that answered the door. She was some kind of canine in nature; decorated in grey, red, and white patches under a homely sky-blue dress. Unlike the energetic youth he had been expected, Trip was taken aback by her softened edges and heavily rounded figure, especially the spherical belly bulge wrapped under her blouse. A large fluffy tail wagged behind her while eyeing Trip expectantly. Unfortunately, the red panda found himself lost staring at her pregnant belly. His long tail nearly shot out straight behind him in time as a mild blush stained his muzzle fur.

The canine mother to be glanced him up and down, scanning behind him as well in an apparent effort to break the awkwardness. "May I help you?"

That snapped Trip back enough to collect his jaw off the ground. He fumbled through three pockets before remembering the correct one. Trembling hands unfolded a slip of paper that was rather worn from the fact but still legible. "I... I think so? I'm trying to find this address."

The women's pointed ears perked as she took the paper. It was just a simple party invitation that had been passed out, presumably, to almost everyone on the block. Not a lot of details were given outside some barbeque and pool recreation. Reading it over her expression rose from confused to a sense of overwhelming glee. For some reason that made Trip more nervous. That canine tail began wagging so fast he was getting a cold breeze.

"Oh my gosh! They totally printed this out all wrong. How silly. No wonder very few neighbors have shown up yet." Without pausing she tossed the invitation aside to lunge across the door mat at Trip. Eager hands grasped at the cusp of his leather jacket to yank the red panda inside before he could offer protest. "You are definitely at the right place sweetie. I love your pants; they must be great for yoga too."

"Um...thanks," Trip leaned against a wall to keep himself from spiraling to the floor. Looking down at his outfit found it not that creative; leather jacket, Hot Topic shirt, and spandex blue pants. He had tried greasing back his hair but even that could not keep the red locks completely flat. If anything, this was more his jogging outfit than a party one. "Would it be all right if I went home and... changed?"

"Nonsense, dear!" The woman swung her ample hips, which slammed the door shut behind her. Three separate locks fell into place with a symphony of clicks that made Trip's spine tingle. "We were just getting settled in, and you look very pretty. I'm Woxie by the way. Come on. I'll introduce you to my gang."

Delicate female hands rested atop his shoulders once more, guiding him into the living room with a strong, but gentle grasp. Why did he feel like this canine could best him in a wrestling match?

"Ladies!" Woxie called, silencing the murmur of soft voices that permeated the air. "Another guest has arrived. Say hello to...sorry, love, I forgot to ask your name."

"T-Trip?" The red panda forced a smile and half-hearted wave. Being in the grip of a woman probably twice his body weight with a bodybuilder's grip was intimidating enough without having been led into a room full of even more heavy-set women.

"Oh wow!" proclaimed a smaller corgi girl. Her fur was of exotic oranges and purples, which matched the surprising snake hood around her head. "I'm Honey, and I hope it's not too forward to say how cute red pandas are."

"Heh. I could say the same about corgis. You're positively glowing." Trip impressed himself saying that through a cold sweat with a straight face. The relief at seeing Honey grin sheepishly was immense. At least he was striking a good first impression.

"Down kids," Woxie joked with a gentle squeeze on Trip's shoulder. "It's a bit early to start drunk flirting."

"Cheers to that. We ain't even drunk yet." A shadow loomed over Trip that sent his jaw crashing to Woxie's carpet. Easily the tallest in the room was a red dragon that had waddled over to offer the red panda a tight hug. Her belly was easily the most gravid of the bunch. As Trip found his face firmly squashed against its black scales his ears could pick up the soft clicking of eggs from inside. Thankfully she released the hold before his lungs could burst from a lack of air. "I'm Levian, and I also like red pandas in my bed."

Woxie exploded with laughter along with her guests. "Oh my god! Just ignore these clowns. Levy forgets that I already fill what parts of the bed she doesn't, and honestly it's not a lot of open space."

"Oh, ouch hun!" Levian ruffled her wings, unable to stop hands from instinctively reaching back to her large butt. "You've never complained about being pressed against me before."

"Everyone's always horny on main," said a fourth mother that was stepping forward to greet Trip. Much like the other three she was positively stunning, but in a surprisingly humbler way. While the white goat woman was looking on her last month of pregnancy, she wore a full body robe that draped into a pool around thick pawed feet. It could not completely mask the swell of her beach ball stomach, but it did not show it off like the others' dresses. "I'm Asibow. I just moved into the neighborhood last month, so I'm happy to meet more people."

"S-sure!" Trip offered a hand which Asibow shook. Geez, even this thick mother had a hard squeeze to her wrist. Glancing past the herd of moms Trip finally got a look at the living room itself. A folding table had been set up near the window to provide drinks and snacks. Balloons were taped everywhere except

the ones littering the floor. The red panda's eyes had to do a double take when he read across the big banner that loudly declared 'Happy Baby Shower!' No better sign that a lot of serious mistakes had been made. "Well, it's been great to stop by, but I'm clearly underprepared for this kind of party. Maybe I should just go home or fetch some potato salad..."

"Oh, shush!" Levian was on him before Trip could even try a move for the exit. Much like Woxie, the bulky dragon had no problems dragging a lightweight red panda across the room into an adjoined kitchen. It was a lot more underwhelming a room with all the dirty pots and plates in both sinks, but their real goal had been out the backdoor into a spacious poolside yard. "You look positively starving, Trip. We got plenty of salads so you just worry about trying to stuff all my meat into your mouth."

"Um...what!?" Trip blinked too surprised to realize he had been released. While he entertained the idea of taking this opportunity to scamper over the walls, he was really not that kind of person. It was not like these ladies were actively trying to hurt him, maybe being just a bit too forcibly hospitable.

Besides, the lingering smell of roasting meats teased at his nose. Trip rubbed at his own flat, empty stomach unable to suppress a longing growl. Catching a knowing grin from Levian, he was quick to scamper by her side to see what she was plotting. Resting beside the pool, almost obscured by the dragon's wide girth, was a grill fit for kings. It had your standard double layer rack with patties of beef and sausages cooking, a spit roaster turning a chicken raining juice off its carcass, and best of all, a smoker box steaming with hickory scents. Levian popped the hatch on the last one revealing its contents to be several racks of pork ribs.

It was an assault of aromas that left Trip stunned. He could not believe such an expansive feast was being presented at a baby shower. At least, until Levian shoved a plate full of offerings basted in a tangy smelling sauce into his unexpecting hands.

"Don't be scared now. My girlfriend in there never leaves leftovers when I cook."

"Oh? You and Woxie, was it?" Trip perked his ears as he nibbled on a rib. Having a bit of conversation helped him to relax and enjoy the sweet spice spreading over his gums.

"You bet! Girl is the sweetest thing I could have ever asked for." Levian continued piling on meats, sorting them by types among a pair of metal trays.

"So... uh...how did you guys...er..."

"Hmm?" Levian glanced curiously over to Trip as she shut a now empty grill. She caught sight of the red panda's eyes on her belly before trying to fake enthusiasm over a leg of chicken. "Oh gosh! Hah! No, there's not a father. Not in the sense you're thinking. We've been preggers long as we can remember."

"W-what?" Trip nearly choked on a lump of dark meat. With some back patting from Levian he managed to force a swallow, but now he was in desperate need for a drink. When he tried speaking again his voice noticeably cracked, being forced into a higher pitch. "But...aren't you two due really soon? I mean, this is a baby shower."

"Well, of course it is, but it's not for us." Levian purred softly while giving her tummy a rub. That devious grin somehow told Trip this girl would be cooking naked in an apron if she were allowed. "Woxie has never actually had her kid, and while I like to lay now and then, I always managed to get filled right back up. Honestly, that woman has an addiction for my fat belly."

"It's, uh, it's very nice." Trip coughed several times but it only seemed to shift his voice even more off. Maybe wolfing down some more ribs would help with all that succulent fat.

Boy it was hard not to think about meat fats without stealing more glances at Levian. How does a dragon move with those hips?

As if sensing his thoughts, Levian's smile spread to expose a few sharp teeth. Turning her back to the red panda, she soundly bent over far as her medicine ball obstructed middle would allow. Between the thick tail and even thicker hips that skirt was not long enough to be modest in such a position. The fact Levian was also not wearing panties made Trip almost chip a tooth biting on a rib bone.

"So, how's the grub?" Levian finished turning off the propane tanks, straightening out to face Trip with a knowing smirk. "I have some flank steak we can sauce up if you're still hungry for fatty meat."

Trip could feel his face burning so bad his fur might catch fire. After several panicked chews, he managed to down the lump of pork before asking, "Are all of you this intense?"

"No, I'm just horny on main," Levian said with a shrug.

Trip could not help laughing at the call back to their living room encounter. The food really was divine to the point he did not notice that he was actually making very bubbly giggles. "Do you got anything to drink?"

Levian's wings wiggled, excited at the voice coming out of the red panda's softening face. To describe it as masculine anymore would have been a very far reach. Especially with the soft strands of hair slowly growing down her back and narrowing oval eyes. "Of course, hun. There's a cooler back in the living room and some sides. Could you help carry this tray in for me? I'll be right in with the rest after I secure this beast of a grill."

"Oh, sure!" Trip took the tray of burgers and links atop his half-eaten plate. Trying to balance the heavy load was not made easier by a sudden wedgie in his pants. How the spandex could have been pulled tight around his hips and rump was a perplexing mystery. Meanwhile the giggles from Levian trying to reach back and pull it out of his crack was annoying. Eventually the red panda managed to wiggle his way back through the open glass door oblivious to the dragon's eagerly followed gaze.

It was a bit confusing to pop back into the living room to find the other three guests gone. Trip perked an ear, slowly glancing around. Talk about an impressive feat for such large ladies to vanish with no signs of their presence. This did not seem like that big of a house.

No need to dwell on it for long. The heat from his tall stack of roasted meats was warming up the tray to borderline painful levels. Trip shuffled over to Woxie's snack table, having to nudge bowls of pretzels aside to make room for the meats. A slight chuckle escaped him spotting three large jars of pickles, each filled with a different kind of vegetable. Some stereotypes always held a grain of truth, apparently. The pickled eggs looked especially good, so he spooned one out for a quick snack.

"Oh, there you are, hun!" A hand latched onto Trip's shoulder, spinning him around for a hard bump against a rounded belly and full breasts. Honey beamed down at him over the crest of both while taking her other hand in his. "They're playing my song. Care to indulge a lady with a dance?"

"But...but there's no music playing?" Trip blushed harder, nearly choking on a mouthful of egg. Pointing out the obvious did not stop Honey from practically dragging him into a forceful waltz around the room.

It became clear within three steps that Honey was not much for dancing. Each pivot and dip was punctuated with a hard shove of her baby bump into Trip's face. Once and a while her breasts managed to squish atop his head, getting a skittish yelp and tail wag out of the red panda. He was just trying to hold on the whole time unable to break from her firm grip on his hand.

Balance was especially hard for Trip to maintain with his pants constantly pushing down. His free hand would reach back to tug them up only to find increasing resistance. The fabric did not want to go back over his hips, sliding down in a tighter squeeze each time. A cool air conditioner breeze over the exposed cheeks of his butt only made Trip blush harder. On the third try his hand caressed his rear with pause. The red panda rear felt squishier than he remembered it being in the shower this morning.

By that time Honey seemed annoyed and forced the roaming hand onto her own expansive pelvis, where it would remain for the rest of their dance. If one could even call the way she flung Trip around like a sack of meat. He had been treated to so many close ups of the corgra's belly that it was a miracle his face was not bruised by the end.

"Thanks, hun!" Honey barked as she brushed stray locks of red bangs out of Trip's face. "I needed to work off some energy, and it's good for our twins."

"N-no problem?" Trip wiped the rest of bangs away, heaving for breath on shaking knees. An absent thought of how long since he had a haircut occurred. Everything had always been kept short and shaved but now the tips of hundreds of hairs tickled the base of his neck. All that hip checking must have rattled his vocals worse too. Trip was concerned his voice sounded as high and sultry as the pregnant woman hugging him. "I... I need a drink."

"Oh? Take a seat, Trip was it? I'll get you a water."

Trip was all too happy to plop on the couch for a breather, yet immediately everything felt off. It was almost like he was sitting on a pillow but there was nothing atop the cushion. Of course, he lost interest in that when Honey bent over to dig through the cooler. Her gorgeous plump rump stretched out the seams of her dress making those fluffy dog cheeks completely outlined in the fabric. Considering she needed over twenty seconds to dig out a water bottle, this was clearly done on purpose for the red panda.

"Here you go sweetie!" Honey passed a dripping wet bottle into Trip's shaking hands. She untwisted the cap off another to down it in heavy gulps. "Ah, nothing like some life-giving water, eh?"

"Um...sure?" Trip raised an eyebrow before chugging his own water. There was no way to articulate how good cold liquid washing over his throat muscles felt. Levian's spicy sauce must have really burned at the nerves more than he thought. He rolled back his head, eyes closed, enjoying every hungry gulp. Trails of excess water escaped out the corners of his muzzle to chill his neck fur.

Honey said nothing, just giving an approving smile as she watched the red panda's hips pop and spread. With each gulp Trip took his butt and thighs pulsed thicker with a rich deposit of fats. By the time the empty bottle was pulled away from his mouth with a happy gasp his legs were pressed tight together in their girth and his ass was pouring over the hem of his jeans. The perfect motherly figure.

"I'll get that for you," Honey offered, taking the bottle from Trip. "Woxie is a bit tight when it comes to recycling. You just relax and enjoy yourself a minute."

"T-thank you," he said fidgeting in his seat a lot more now. No amount of tugging could get his pants completely up, making him wonder if he was going to have to borrow a pair of lady jeans from Woxie. Catching sight of his extremely slimmed waist in the fluttering of his shirt made it no wonder why they kept slipping down. The red panda had never needed a belt before with this pair. He would think it was from weight loss, but clearly all his fat had simply migrated down to plump out his lower body.

"There you are!" sang a new voice, which Trip discovered belonged to Asibow. The big goat mom smiled down upon him partially obscured by the beach ball stretching out her dress. "I wanted to make sure you had some cake, if you're done eating that is?"

Trip looked back to the food table. All that meat had filled him up more than expected. A hand absently rubbed at his belly, pretty sure there was a slight bump under the black splotch of fur. Still, the prospect of cake made his tail wag. "Y-yeah. Cake sounds delicious."

"Great! Up you go!" Asibow helped Trip off the couch with both hands.

At least the giant goat woman respected personal space enough to let Trip regain his balance before being led to the dining room. Sitting at the end of a long table was a triple layer cake that took his breath away. Several large chunks had been carved out of the top two layers, giving him a clue as to the mix of chocolate and red velvet layers. Asibow picked the later flavor to slice a piece off for him.

"Ice cream?"

"What? Oh, sure!" Trip's tail wagged faster upon snapping back into the moment. The radiant aura of Asibow's motherly presence was proving an even bigger distraction than Levian and Honey's more aggressive ones. Eyes still traced over her middle bulge while a scoop of Cookies N Cream was applied to his cake slice. "Thanks."

"My pleasure, Trip." Asibow exchanged her knife for a can of diet Coke that had been left on the table. "I'm guessing you weren't expecting a baby shower, huh?"

"Mmph!" Trip already had a large wad of cake stuffed in his mouth, so of course conversation would come up. He chewed it down quick as he could before replying to the patient goat. "A little bit, yeah. I was hoping to...um...try and meet some new people."

"Ooooooh, I see." A grin spread across the goat's wide muzzle which made Trip sheepishly stare at his cake and ice cream. "You looking to hook up with a special someone? Maybe start a family of your own?"

"Well, I uh..." It took two forks of ice cream for Trip to find his shifting voice. If he had been paying attention, he would have noticed his Adam's apple completely vanish upon swallowing. "I mean, someday I would love to have kids and settle down. It's just more of a need to find company and socialize."

"Then you shouldn't try so hard to leave, silly." Asibow sipped her soda, ending with a soft burp. "Excuse me. Dang kids kick this stuff right back out."

Trip raised an eyebrow. "Oh, so it is twins?"

"Triplets actually," Asibow said while rubbing her stomach with pride. "I still got a whole three months, so they're going to get huge!"

A light coughing filled the room. It was unfortunate Trip kept filling his mouth with cake at odd times. He set his plate down tugging at the collar of his shirt trying to relieve the pressure it filled in his chest. Luckily Asibow offered a fresh can of diet soda to help wash it down.

"T-three more months? You mean you're only starting the last trimester?"

"Hey. Some moms get lucky in the fertility department." Asibow winked. Her eyes drifted down in what Trip thought was in admiration for her gravid stomach. Actually, she was enjoying the view of the red panda's shirt slowly rising with each breath he took. The light cotton material was quickly getting stretched over a small pair of fleshy mounds. "Want to feel?"

"I, um, o-okay?" Trip gulped, tugging again at his shirt to get some slack on his neck. At least until Asibow gently took the hand to lay it against the crest of her medicine ball middle. She had not been kidding. Trip swallowed a hard lump, feeling the subtle shifting of tightly packed life through her dress. "Wow, cool!"

"Yup." Asibow countered by ruffling the red panda's hair, which draped over his waist. "Just imagine what it'd be like having your own. The feeling never gets tired."

It felt a bit silly but Trip could not stop suddenly imagining the idea of him huge and bloated like this delightful goat. Waddling around everywhere with that heavy weight could not have been easy. Yet the idea of life getting ready to enter the world and receiving all his love filled Trip with a rush of excitement.

Or maybe it was the rush of fatty milk cells filling his chest. The little cones tenting his shirt bloated out in seconds to drop as bouncy softballs. A sight that made Asibow bite her lip, blushing to watch.

"Mmm! Yeah, can't deny I am looking forward to that," Trip said when his brain returned from daydream land. He made an absent move for more cake only to find the pit of his stomach no longer craving it. He rubbed the noticeable bulge

poking out his belly button hoping there were still some pickles back in the living room.

But first there came a sudden pressure pushing into his bladder.

"Um, where's the bathroom?"

Asibow giggled as if that had been a joke. With a knowing nod, she pointed down the adjoining hallway. "It's down by the end. If you're unlucky enough and one of us is using it the fourth time today, there's another in Woxie's master bedroom opposite."

"Thank you!" Trip raced past her fast as he could walk. The struggle for control was too high a concern for him to wonder about the bouncing and shaking his body did with each step.

Fortunately, the bathroom was easy to find with its door ajar and empty. Now Trip had a reason to appreciate his pants being practically forced off his hips. Dropping them and his underwear took half a second before collapsing onto the porcelain throne. He did not even ponder the instinct to sit, just enjoyed the flowing sense of relief.

Of course, the pants refused to slip fully over Trip's butt upon finishing. Having a bit of a gut probably did not help even after trying to suck it in. He had to settle for just buttoning up with a hard pinch halfway down his butt. Out of curiosity he looked himself over while washing his hands and blinked. After rinsing off he turned to study his profile. One hand rubbed the curve of his posterior while the other traced the bulge projecting his belly button out several inches. Goodness, he was getting fat in many weird ways, and he had not eaten that much today. A little more moderation would be needed or he might start looking like all the whale moms nesting here.

"There you are!" Speaking of which, Trip barely opened the bathroom door before literally running into the hallway filling form of Woxie herself. In what was becoming a trend, she grabbed onto the red panda with both hands for a gentle,

but firm, guidance back into her living room. "Don't go hiding in the bathroom all day now. We're just dying to open the presents."

"Wait. But...I didn't bring any..."

"Oh, shush! Who brings presents to their own baby shower?"

"My own...huh? WHAT!?"

Trip was hauled into the living room a gibbering mess, most of which went unheard over the welcoming chorus of the party's other three pregnant attendees. Levian had a cell phone raised, clearly recording the red panda's every action while Honey and Asibow were hovering over the couch's arm rests. The big seat itself had the side cushions crushed under piles of decoratively wrapped packages. Its middle seat had been left bare, which was intended for Trip apparently as Woxie coaxed him to sit there.

W-wait, there must be some mistake. I'm not...I mean I can't get..." Trip's eyes roamed down to his reclined front; slowly processing the rising curve of his chest under a tightened t-shirt. They were familiar bumps the women had been assaulting him with all afternoon. His mind, however, had trouble comprehending them from this vantage point.

Giggles buzzed around Trip as the others enjoyed watching the gears turn in their fellow guest's eyes. Trembling hands slowly reached up to give the mounds a squeeze, gasps escaping Trip's muzzle at both their soft tenderness, and the confirmation they were a part of them. With great reluctance he made his palms travel further down; over the rising bulge of his belly where they traced around the indentation of a belly button slightly popped out. Swallowing hard he braced himself before taking a final plunge, sending all ten fingers between meaty soft thighs.

"No... fucking...way!" Trip gasped in her breathy feminine voice. Fingers pushed and combed desperately over the smooth surface of her underpants, completely forgetting about the multiple eyes on her. Any semblance of masculinity was gone from the ill-dressed red panda woman sitting on Woxie's

couch. All she could find under the tight briefs was a very sensitive nub and slightly warm vertical lips. "How the...? Why the...? HOW?!"

"We can explain nothing later," Honey said, plopping a large red present into Trip's lap, forcing the pandas' hands away from her alien genitals. "Hurry up and see what I got you!"

Trip wanted to get up and flee this madness, but her body was feeling so weird. The plush of her rear on the couch. The bounce of her chest with every breath. The swish of her long hair as she looked around for an exit. Something told her the four ladies were not about to let her just up and leave this far down the rabbit hole. With no apparent out to take, she resigned herself to slowly tearing away the wrapping paper and opened the white box underneath.

"Bra and panties?"

"They're a super great brand!" Honey boasted watching Trip pull out one garment in each hand. "I didn't know your size but I figured you'd be a large with the babies so close. They're super elastic so should fit even after you've dropped."

"No, I... this can't..." Trip stared from the bra to the panties, ideally rubbing them between slender fingers. It was becoming hard to focus her thoughts with how they tickled her fur. Good lord was this real silk? Hopefully they fit because the bright blues would look so good on her reds. "Hnn...HNNGGGH!!"

The sweet present nearly fell out of Trip's paws as she rocked back, gasping for breath. Fluttering billowed out from inside her, straining the furry flesh of her stomach. She looked down between the swell of her breasts gawking at how the skin of her middle bubbled like boiling water. Before her eyes, the bulge around her belly button rose and filled out like an inflating balloon. Her waist lost its drastic inward curve, being forced to offer room for the mass growing inside of a special new organ.

As Trip pondered how spontaneously beginning a second trimester was possible, Woxie took it upon herself to replace the underwear gift with a new

present for the red panda. Oddly enough, Trip knew she should be going into a complete panic attack, but a strange curiosity won over. Lightly manicured claws tore into the wrapping with an eagerness that had not been there for the first gift.

"...diapers?"

"Oh, yeah. My own brand too," Woxie said, pointing at the 'CrinkleWox' logo on the box. "You're going to need a lot of them, what with the quints you ended up being blessed with."

Asibow gave a sharp laugh as the fluttering returned to Trip's stomach. "You sure about that? I could have sworn she was laden with sextuplets."

"Oooohhh!!" Trip whined as the pressure reached its crescendo. She let the box of diapers slip to the floor, using both hands to rub at her stomach. The deep belly button completely reversed into an out while the skin took on a distinct roundness the size of a beach ball. It was hard to want to take her hands off it with the fluttering refusing to cease under the stretched furry skin. The life inside her was becoming pretty energetic and it was hard to believe she could be even close to the third trimester if there were six little ones crowded in there.

Of course, a third present from Levian helped motivate the red panda to finally release her taut gut. The wrapping flew off in confetti under her powerful swipes.

"Oh my, milk bottles?"

Levian shrugged smugly. "Trust me, you'll only be able to breast feed so many at a time. And that's saying something considering how you bloated bigger than me."

"Mmmhhh! Y-yeah, I guess that's an... aaahhh...a-achievement." Trip heaved several breaths, setting the bottles aside as a new pressure filled her chest along with her belly. Her breasts jiggled sharply under her shirt before

beginning to swell along with her even larger sphere of a mid-section. The once baggy t-shirt stretched to creaking limits as thick amounts of boob squished out from under the hem desperate to find room in their growth. It was all Trip could do to keep her nipple covered as they overflowed the shirt's neck.

She felt a thump of another present hit her lap, but Trip was struggling to see where it was. Not just her sloshing soccer ball tits, but the enormous beanbag of her stomach was blocking most of her immediate view. Luckily Honey moved forward to help her sit up on the couch. Her heavily expanded backside sank deep into the couch cushion while thighs became blanketed in her belly sag. The girth ended up nearly knocking Asibow's gift to the floor.

"Oh, my gosh!" Trip squealed giddily as she pulled out a full body dress from the rectangle box. It was styled almost exactly like the one her goat friend wore, but with a bit more stripes along the ends. "This looks amazing."

"Heh, only the best for our newest mom."

"Goodness me, I... ooohhhh..." Trip never lost her grin even as her already heavily pregnant form surged out a bit larger. Her stomach rolled forward until it slightly surpassed her knees. A large area of the thinned fur around her belly button became bright red from the strain of six large kits inside it. The button of her pants finally broke with its zipper under the spreading of thick hip bones, ready to bear the children into this world. Damp wet spots formed through the fabric of the red panda's comically small shirt after breasts became too full for their hefty milk load. "T-thank you all, these are so nice."

"Want to try it on?" Woxie asked with a knowing smile. "You look ready to pop in more ways than one."

Trip opened her mouth to speak only to leave it hanging open in a blank stare. For some reason she had a rush of hesitation about her wonderful baby shower, but could not put a finger on why. She had never worn a dress in her life. Should that be feeling so wrong to embrace now all of a sudden?

No. She shook her head with a relaxing giggle. It was just nerves about being a mother very soon. Besides, with her gut hanging out in the open like this it was going to be a much-needed cover, along with the new pair of underwear. Good lord, why did she even think coming to a party in such undersized clothes was a good idea?

"Yeah, I would love to see how these and Honey's gifts fit." Trip pushed off the couch, but her body only managed an awkward wobble that made her blush. Funny how she could totally forget her kids when they were right there with her. "Can, uh, someone help me up? These damn munchkins weigh a ton."

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Afterward

Hello, you beautiful person! I hope you enjoyed this story as much as I loved making it. If you'd like to read more, feel free to check out several of my other platforms where I post content for free and special exclusives.

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