

Gertrude

(A TGTF Story)

I wonder why this always happens to me. I used to be a man. My name was Terrence Henderson. No thanks to my stupid colleague and his stupid rock adventure, I turned into a woman at site 23 of the SCP Foundation. Luckily, I didn't die or lose my mind, and they didn't kick me off my job. Working as a guard and being a girl is problematic when dealing with monsters and entities of different dimensions. I live by a new name, Terry Henderson. The foundation made my social transition much easier since they wanted to cover up the whole incident. They even gave me a hefty amount to keep my mouth shut. I had no choice. They could've always thrown me into a pit. There are often breakouts and deaths, but the world is aloof about it. My death would've been no different. So, I took the deal. The SCP foundation transferred me to site 39 for extraction and transportation of a new SCP anomaly. I was accompanied by two other guards who drove the vehicle while I was back in the container monitoring the box. It was made of steel with no visible partition. Or so I thought. Before I could react, something like rubber snapped onto the back of my neck, and I instantly passed out.

We were only a few miles away from reaching our destination when I woke up. I looked around, and everything was as usual. The box was intact within its confines. The rest of the day went as expected, other than the constant fatigue and hunger lingering inside me. Before the sirens blared, I was out of my shift, returning back to my home.

I removed my uniform and went into the bathroom with my PJs. That's when I see this weird creature hanging behind my neck. I almost scream before I catch my breath and whimper instead. I stare at this purple creature with googly eyes for at least 45 seconds, contemplating my whole life within that time frame. The thing slides down to my shoulders while keeping eye contact with me. I don't know anything specific about this SCP, but I had read its classification written on its transfer documents. It is termed to be a Keter. That's more than enough to know I'm fucked. Fortunately, I bring my phone to the toilet. I turn it on and start recording.

Then it speaks, not by mouth, but in mind. This cute dangerous creature is capable of telepathy! "Hello?" it says with a geeky female voice. I stand there, speechless and blank, for a while before reciprocating with a hello and asking, "who are you?"

"My name is Gertrude," it spoke. "I know, the name doesn't sound female because I'm a male. It's the breeding season, and our species turns female for a few months to breed. Our eggs need milk as a medium to thrive as it is full of protein and vitamins, perfect for them to grow. Therefore I came to earth on my spaceship. But the unfortunate turn of events led to my captivity. It was a miracle that I could escape that cage through a minute hole at the base. I thank you for bringing me here."

"Um, yeah, that's uh... what I did. So, you're safe here. You can get off me now." I think loud and clear to reply to him. "Yeah, about that. I've been latched onto you for hours which should have killed you by now, but you're alright. It means our bodies are symbiotic with each other. And I've read your mind, all of it. You were also a man who has turned into a woman. So, you can understand my predicament and the desire I feel to have babies. You're the best vessel I can find for them." The creature's voice echoes in my mind.

I keep staring wide-eyed, unable to believe the words. Finally, I'm about to say no when it lunges into my mouth. "Don't worry, Terry, it will be pleasurable. The last vessels died, but you're special. You'll live and experience it all. I can't believe I'm saying this, but I feel jealous. It is said that humans are sexual creatures, that females of your species have the most intense pleasure centers in the Milky Way

Galaxy.” The voice muffles as it moves further down my throat. My chest swells with extreme pressure stretching my skin beyond its limits. “Oh, the milk is filling in your breasts quite well. Just relax and enjoy the process. My healing secretions will keep your breasts from bursting or having stretch marks. You can rock these monster puppies at the beach, and I’m sure you’ll be getting a partner to breed too!” it cheers.

“Ohh... please,” a moan escapes my lips as my breasts undulate and pulsate like balloons. I can’t help but enjoy the gushing milk inside my breasts. I gasp as I open my eyes and see them drooping below my shirt. My nipples are humongous and sensitive to every fiber touching them. I can hardly see my stomach or my legs. The heavy tits weigh down on my back, making me lean forward for support. “Ahh... that feels good.”

The breasts don’t stop expanding as Gertrude plops hundreds of eggs in my mammaries. “Oh, God... Fuck!” the breasts buzz with ecstasy, making me roil in a powerful climax. Pounds after pounds of eggs are released into the milky bags that stretch me to the brim. “Ohh... I can feel you, girl! I’m ovulating so hard because of you!” Gertrude’s voice squeaks in my thoughts.

I’ve never thought about making kids, but her suggestion intrigued me. My insanely huge tits touch the floor while I stand there with my hands stroking them. I look down in awe, imagining how wonderful it would be if I had babies to feed with such fertile breasts. My lips smack themselves as I press down on the supple skin. An insatiable desire to nurse babies takes over me. Tears roll down my cheeks as I stand there, anchored by my monstrous bosoms in desperation. “Just a few more minutes, honey. The hormones will stabilize soon once I’m done lactating you,” Gertrude speaks.

My nipples throb as my breasts keep supplying milk to the eggs. I moan and scream in pain and pleasure while my body labors into a sweaty mess. I feel them squirming and wiggling inside the massive orbs. “Aaahh!” I clench my fists and shriek in a high voice as they start pushing out of my nipples. My knees give in as I fall down onto my breasts. They keep pouring out one after another from my gaping buttons. Bouts of my milk drip as they slide down in them. The purple goop babies surround me and dance on my breasts, stimulating their siblings to come out. After a few minutes, the bathroom floor is filled with alien offspring. My breasts deflate to half their size, becoming taut and perky at HH cups. Gertrude oozes out of my nose and drops down on the floor. “Hey, I’m a male now!” he speaks in a boyish tone, “Thank you!”

My head spins from exhaustion, but I smile at him to acknowledge his gratitude. “You’ll be a great dad,” I whisper in my thoughts. “Oh, no. They’re on their own. They’re more like acquaintances. I know most of them will die due to lack of a host, but I hope they survive.” Gertrude says in a non-chalant tone. “Huh,” I sigh, learning something new about their parenting culture. The little blobs of masses start crawling into every creak and hole they can find to leave and find a host. “Hey, stop,” I call Gertrude as he is about to leave. He looks back at me with gleaming hope in his big eyes. “You said you can’t survive without a host. Don’t you think you should stick with me?” I say with a smile. He hops in delight and climbs on top of me onto my heaving cleavage. “I thought you would never ask!” he swirls around my neck with affection. “So, how are we gonna explain this to the foundation?” I point my index fingers

towards my tits. "You know what? I have a plan that involves not explaining anything to anyone." Gertrude says.

While Gertrude explains the details of his plan, I only ponder about the next time he breeds in my melons. My nipples are so huge that I can stick my finger in them. No bikini can ever hold onto my curves. His healing secretions didn't just prevent injuries but also healed my previous scars. My body is devoid of any imperfections. I observe my reflection in the mirror and notice how beautiful I look with my bodacious figure. My golden hair looks silky and flawless. A glance of my deep ocean eyes would be enough to hypnotize any man on this planet. "So, are you ready to cause some chaos?" Gertrude asks.

"Huh? Um, yeah, definitely." I blurt out in a hurry. I giggle and jiggle at his whim, sneaking into the SCP foundation and helping him unlock doors to the worst nightmares on the planet. I'm spared in the mayhem. The rest of the world, not so much.

"Thank you, Terry. Now, our species can thrive on this planet. We have all the humans we need to grow our race!" Gertrude says. I confess to him, "Oh, sweetie, I just wanted them to feel what I feel! I was always so worried about everything. But I felt so liberated after I met you! All I want is to nurture our children in my bosoms! Become the mother I desperately want to be!"

"Of course, girl, I'll be impregnating your massive breasts soon. But before that, we need more cows like you. So, we need to impregnate your womb first." As he says that, a naked man walks in with a dead look in his eyes. "But, I... Eek!" I squeal as the man's hands grab me from behind. "Do you want me, Terry?" Gertrude whispered. "Yes," I mutter. "Then you'll do as I say," He asserts.

I nod and bend over with my ass exposed for the man. He takes me in his iron grip and impales my slit with his hard cock. He moves like a piston, pumping in and out without a break. I wail in pleasure, taking his member like a slut. I squeeze the inner walls of my vagina to his rhythm, milking his girthy rod for his sweet baby batter. My udders flap sideways and slap against each other, sending shivers down my spine. "Agh, Fuck!" I whine, drooling like a hungry beast of temptation. My loins ache with intense pressure, making me desperate for release. "Ahh! Mmmm..." I arch my back and grind on his cock as my pussy spasms. I push him over the edge, making him ejaculate deep into my womb. I smile like a flower blossoming under the sunshine. He fills my fertile hole to the brim with his cum, ensuring pregnancy.

I spend my days in a room, getting my breasts impregnated by purple creatures who could be my sons or grandsons? Honestly, I can't tell the difference. But I recognize Gertrude whenever he is the one inside me. He makes me moan like no other. I'm in my third trimester, and it makes me go crazy. Everything is so much more sensitive when I'm pregnant. I can't imagine a better life than this. I'm well fed and fucked like the queen I am. This is my life.

THE END

Thank you for reading!