

Fertility Frenzy
- A Weird Smutty Short -
By Razmagurk

Look, I just wanted to get laid, okay?

I never meant to cause any harm. I never meant to break anything. I just thought the ancient magical wishing vase could help me score.

Now the world was spinning. Now nothing made sense. There was shattered pottery all over the ground and a viscous slime on the wall where that thing - that presence - had passed through like it was nothing at all. The air was choked with the overripe smell of blooming flowers.

Had it really spoken? Or had I just imagined those words? "And now you shall," it had said. "My blessings upon you," it had laughed, "in droves!"

I looked down horrified, not at the pricelessly historic heirloom I had destroyed, but at my own body. Oh, I'd be getting laid alright, this was a body was perfect for that. I had fat killer tits, a wide ass, curves so powerful you could break a neck on them. I even had a lascivious heart-shaped tattoo right above my pussy - the same arcane mark as had been on the vase. It was a body built to be bred, a body any woman would love.

Except, I was no woman.

Blessing my big fat butt.

I had screamed at first, what guy wouldn't? And then, yeah, maybe I'd felt myself up a bit? I'm not going to turn down the chance to feel up some grade-A tits like this, even if they were my own, even if it was a little cliché. I hadn't realized how sensitive they were, how good they felt. It would have been so damn easy to spend all day just playing with my new body, but I had more important things on my mind.

I had to do something about this. I had to figure out a way of turning back. I had to find that thing, I had to make it fix me, somehow.

Oh god, what was I going to do if I had to spend the rest of my life in this girlish jiggling body?

But then I opened the door, and all my fears were replaced by very different ones.

I wasn't the only one it had changed.

It was a fertility vessel. It had been worshiped as some kind of fertility spirit or god or something. Now I was seeing why. I had expected gently growing flowers and gentle warmth - bees and butterflies, not...

Everywhere I looked, people were fucking.

Girls were bent over, leaning against the side of buildings, eagerly rutting with anybody who walked past. Goopy splatters of jizz spewed from thick cocks all over fertile, nubile bodies. It was an absolute cacophony of carnal chaos cutting clear through the core of campus.

And it was all my fault.

The breath stuck in my lungs - this wasn't just fucking, was it? No, it was breeding. impregnating. It was wild animalistic passion.

Already some girls walked by with bellies swelling, with big milky tits mixed in with the bouncing perky nubile ones. They bore their ripe pregnant bumps and full breasts proudly, as though this hadn't just happened to them moments ago, as though getting knocked up by random strangers was just what people did.

And if it was just that, it would have been bad enough, but this spirit seemed about as inclined to respect the genders and sexes of its targets as it had with mine. The men seemed just as likely to have swollen bellies or cum-filled pussies or heavy milky tits as any of the girls, and the girls were just as likely to have a big swinging dick and thick heavy balls as any of the men.

With how mostly-naked everybody was, the changes were all too obvious.

None of this was right, none of this made sense. Why weren't these people panicking? Why weren't they screaming and clutching at their warped forms? Why were they treating it so casually?

I put a hand out to steady myself.

I closed the door, shutting out the madness before me, and took a moment to breathe.

This was worse than I'd thought. It wasn't just me. Were these people just in the wrong place at the wrong time? Or had this spread much wider than I'd hoped?

I was going to need help. And there was only one person on campus who could give it.

"Professor Coxson?" I cried, flinching at the sound of my own feminine voice. I pushed my way through the sombre stacks of the university's less-important archeological artifacts. "I think I fucked up."

"Swallow!" came a bright girlish voice from the front.

"Huh?" I pushed clear into the front room.

"Cockswallow." A girl stood before me, her head just coming up to my tits. With the loss of height my new body seemed to include, that was saying something. Her height, however, was the only thing small about her. Her lips were big, plump and pouty and her eyes were a wide dazzling blue behind those large round glasses. Her boobs were somehow even bigger than mine, and with the way she had her hands cocked on her hips, she had those beauties on full bouncing display.

Something about her seemed so familiar. I couldn't quite place it.

"It's Professor Cockswallow." She pressed the bridge of her glasses close to her face in an all-too-familiar expression. "Oh my god, Mark," she giggled. "You should like totally know that by now!"

I took a half step back. She raised an eyebrow. Those were Professor Coxson's glasses. Hell, those were Professor Coxson's clothes, all tweeby and plaid! But no, not quite, they'd been modified to better show off her barbie-girl body. She had her top tied in a knot to better hoist up her tits and show off her scandalously short skirt.

She, too, reeked of flowers.

"P-professor Coxson?" My voice broke.

"Cockswallow!" she said again. "I worked too hard to earn that name for you to go around calling me anything else." She giggled again, it seemed to come as naturally as punctuation to her. "Come on Mark, you should know better than -" her brow furrowed as she took a closer look at me. "Oh damn Mark, you're looking good!"

He sounded like a total airhead. What had that thing done to him?

"Wait, you recognize me?" I looked down once again, fumbling at my loose, ill-fitting guy's clothing, just to confirm that yes, I was still in this ridiculous female body.

"Of course!" Another giggle. "I'd recognize those juicy tits anywhere. Mmm..." her eyes seemed lost in the valley of my cleavage. "Why? Did you do something with your hair? Whatever it is, it's working. There's something about you that just looks so... *fuckable* right now."

I blushed. I was not used to receiving compliments, let alone about my appearance, and especially not from girls who looked like that. My brain fizzled and tried to change the subject back to something I could handle.

"Professor!" I threw up my arms. "I fucked up! I broke the Ma-Gurk Fertility Vessel! There was this noise inside and I remembered all those stories about wishes and then it shattered. There was this weird smelly goo inside and this voice and then I was like this and - oh god -" all of the panic I'd been keeping down swelled to the fore. "I think I really screwed this up."

"Wait," her brow furrowed in concentration. "Is that the one that looks like a pussy? Wasn't there something about..." She looked like a baby puppy struggling to comprehend algebra. Then her doe eyes went wide with terror. "Oh no!"

"What"

"Oh no, no, no!" She trotted over to Professor Coxson's desk - her desk - as fast as her stiletto heels would take her and started digging through the papers. "That's super duper not good!"

And that's when I noticed that whatever had changed the professor was clearly far from over.

Professor Coxson's desk had always been so old - so dour and masculine. He'd gone to great lengths to present an image of scholarly authority. Now though it was... changing. With every little touch by this

girl things seemed to shift and warp. Academic tomes turned to glossy magazines, academic supplies turned to beauty aids and masturbatorial tools, diplomas turned to dildos. It was like reality was struggling to catch up to the place this girl occupied in the world. Old leather to pink fuzz.

"I know its here somewhere." She dug through a pile of pornography. "I told them they should have put that thing back, it's too dangerous. But there's a way to like... a way to like... aha!"

She pulled out an old journal, I recognized the sketches on the front as the vase I'd just destroyed. Even from as far away as I was, I could read the warnings, written in the professor's still-shifting handwriting. "Danger! Do not open. Bad thing inside. End of the world!?"

That last was underlined three times, as though it weren't ominous enough.

"There's a way to stop it!" She pulled the book open wide on the table and started leafing through it. "We found a ritual in the dig site that would... uh..."

"Professor, wait!"

I could see from my vantage carefully transcribed diagrams and rituals, a life time of explanations and theories, instructions on how to seal the thing away once again. But at her touch they shifted and warped into increasingly lewd sketches. By the time I pulled it away it was like something that could have come from the kama sutra.

"Wait... what was I looking for again?" she gave me a look of doe-eyed innocence.

My heart sank.

Prof Coxson was the only person on campus who knew anything about this stuff. He'd been the one to keep it all locked up, to keep it a secret. Was that why it had been so hard to get access? Was that why it had turned him into this? Damn my curiosity. Damn my libido.

"Professor, please." I begged, my voice sounding far sultrier than I'd intended. "How do I fix all this?"

"The jar!" she held up a crude sketch of a big-titted bimbo sticking the jar up her pussy. "You have to put it back in the jar!"

"The jar's broken!"

"Oh - right. Uh." she pondered. "Maybe you could suck its dick?"

"What."

"I mean," she blushed. "You've got those big plump lips. Sorry, that's all I can think about right now, mmm... are you sure you didn't do something with your hair? I just keep thinking how great you'd look with a cock in your mouth."

"Sucking cock has never saved the world, professor."

“Hey, you never know!” she giggled again and stuck out her tongue. She had a heart shaped stud.

Okay, okay, think. Professor Coxson was a bust. But there had been a way to stop it, to turn everything back to normal. That was good right? Maybe it could be reasoned with, maybe I had another two wishes I didn’t know about?

But shit, that meant I had to find it first.

I ran over to the door and looked once more outside.

Just like the professor none of them seemed to notice or care about the madness consuming them, reshaping them. Guys walked around with cum-drenched pussies giggling and high-fiving. Two women with dicks as thick as a bull’s were chatting idly on a park bench as their boyfriends licked and squeezed their balls. The guy who’d been trying to raise money for some charity was now receiving creampiees instead of (or as?) donations.

It didn’t seem to be universal, thank god – a few people seemed to be arriving late at the scene. There was a moment of confusion that seemed to cross their faces, but then the moment they gave it any thought they realized just how normal it was and soon they were joining in.

I watched as a man walked up to the ice cream truck that like to set up this time of year. He got a cone full of jizz and a spray of it all over his face for good measure. He wasn’t oblivious to the perversion - he was shivering with dirty delight as he licked the thick cream from his hands - but he acted like it was the most normal thing regardless.

I was too shocked to ask questions, too horrified to take stock. I was so messed up that I didn’t even realize that the smell - cum and sweat and bodies fucking, pheromones deep and primal - was doing things to my new girlish body I’d never felt before.

This was all my doing. This was all my fault. I had to do something, I had to fix this.

“Hey wait!” Professor Cockswallow grabbed my arm. “You can’t just, like, run off without a plan.”

“Oh yeah? Like what?”

“Like, okay, what if you let me finger fuck you to screaming orgasm? Or suck on your clit while going fist deep in your ass?”

“What good would that do?”

“Right, right, okay what about... oh I could-”

“Professor! Focus, please. We need to find a way to stop this.”

“Right, sorry!” she furrowed her brow. “I don’t know! But you just look so hot. It’s all I can think about.”

“Look,” I clutched the palm of my hand to my face. “Just... try to keep up, okay?”

The thing had been through here, that meant it was moving. People were walking into this strange little world, that meant it was local. Maybe if I followed the wake of this chaos, I'd find its source.

I set off as quickly as I could towards the student center. That's where things looked the worst. It was late in the day, and on a Friday the place would be busy. Maybe I'd catch it still in the middle of that target-rich environment.

Despite my best efforts it was a struggle to get there. Every step seemed to send my tits bouncing or my ass jiggling and if I wasn't careful I was going to smack myself in the face. God, how did girls get around with these things? In the end I had one arm clutched to my chest and my other struggling to hold up my now ill-fitting pants. I had more important things to worry about than propriety right now.

I tried not to look too much at the fucked up milieu of perversion around me as I ran. But, well, I couldn't deny it any longer. Somewhere beneath all the anxiety, the stress, there was a hitch in my throat. Why did this all make me feel so good? Body burning, blushing bright. Why was this all so hot?

Why was I jealous of all those pregnant dudes?

I burst in through the big double doors. Some small part of me was still expecting, still hoping, to find it all business as usual. Like what was happening outside was just a distraction or, better yet, entirely within my own head.

Alas, no such luck. Hell, in here it was even worse. Girls and guys alike competed to extract the freshest, most potent loads from any dick they could get their hands on. Rampant animalistic fucking in all defiance of logic and reason.

It seemed so strange. Was that thing really changing reality? I mean, it seemed real enough to these victims, but even in that there was a kind of madness to it. Like it was held together with string and tape and the moment you stopped looking it stopped making sense. It wasn't sustainable, it wasn't internally consistent, and yet here it was.

I twisted my head this way and that, hoping to find some kind of clue, some kind of sign. My gait slowed as I realized that I wasn't the only one looking. Everywhere I looked, hungry eyes gazed back.

My face went flush from the attention. Normally no one ever gave me a second glance, I was plain, below average even, but now... I tried to ignore them, tried to play it off, but somehow I was the hottest slut around, and that was saying something.

I turned the corner, trying to dip away somewhere less busy, and ran tits-first into an all too familiar face.

"Mary?"

The girl stood facing away from me, her baggy sweater and yoga pants a stark relief from the all-too-prevalent casual nudity, even if it did an amazing job of showing off her athletic form.

"Oh, thank god," I ran up to her, she was a sight for sore eyes. "Look, you're not going to believe me but - did you see like, a weird light rush through here? Or any strange slime on any of the walls or uh -"

She cocked her head to the side, hearing me but not pulling her eyes from whatever she was staring at. She turned around slowly, only twisting her head at until the last moment.

Her eyes widened as she saw me. She blinked, her jaw dropping. Her breath was short and hitched.

Only then did I notice the trio of freshly fucked dudebros laid out before her, a trail of cum leading from their heavily fucked pussies to her... to her...

"Mark!" she smiled as her brain seemed to fight through the fog long enough to recognized me. Her hands were furiously pumping her massive horse cock. "Damn bro you look..." her eyes wandered lower. "You look wow, you look really good. Did you do something with your lips? You look... shit, you look really fuckable right now."

"Uh... thanks?"

I took a slow step back, suddenly acutely aware of the effect her massive cock was having on my fertile physiology. I could see in her eye she was having exactly the same problem.

Not that- not that I liked cocks or anything, I was as straight as they came, but - fuck - right now I don't think that mattered.

"Hey wait, uh -" her voice was tight. She was as nervous as a virgin at prom. "Do you want to maybe-like..." she swallowed, bit her lip, then managed to look me back in the eye. "Maybe you and I could go away somewhere and you could let me hold you down and fuck you senseless?"

"What? No!" My heart skipped a beat.

"Oh, come on, Mark, please? I'll be good, I promise. I'll be hard and unyielding and I'll fill you so full of cum you won't even know what happened."

How was that supposed to make it better?

She took a hesitant step forward. Her normally confident movements were awkward and stunted. The only time I'd ever seen her like this was when she'd been asking Samantha out on that date.

That had been an awkward night for the both of us, come to think of it - when you find out your freshman crush is a lesbian.

And now she was doing everything she could to hold back from ravishing me. It was an irony that sadly I was in no state to appreciate. And all the while, her hand kept pumping, never stopping, the furious pounding of her equine cock.

"Mary, please, listen! I need your help. I broke an ancient magic vase and released an evil spirit and now its running rough around campus changing things and everybody is fucking or pregnant or both and no one seems to notice! Please, I - I can't do this alone."

My face turned redder. I hadn't meant to just spit it all out like that.

"What are you talking about?" The sheer absurdity of my statement, at least, seemed to give her a moment's pause. "Oh, is this some kind of game? Sure, dude, I'm down. Hell," she bit her lip. "I'll go along with anything if it gets me closer to nutting in that sweet cunt of yours."

My face turned redder still.

"Jesus, Mary!" I exploded, all my frustration and stress rushing to the fore. "You have a dick! You're a woman with a horse cock, don't you find that the least bit weird!?"

"What's weird about my cock?" She laughed off my statement, slowing her frustrated pumping just enough to give it a better look. "I thought you liked my cock? Weren't you always going on about how big and amazing it was? How much you loved the smell? How much you wanted it buried hilt-deep in your sloppy pussy?"

"I-" I gulped. I mean, she was right. I could remember her jacking off in class, how we'd laugh and joke about how great it would be to fuck me raw with it. I remembered sniffing at her chair when I was sure no one was watching, hoping for just a whiff of her heady balls. Our whole lives we had... we had...

I took another step back. No, that was all wrong. I knew full well that she'd never had a dick before, I knew full well that I certainly had never had a horny pussy that I rubbed all night picturing it. I hadn't spent all freshman year doodling her dick in my notebook with a bunch of little hearts. I shook my head.

It was like the professors' notebooks. It was like just the touch of her memory had warped all of history.

"Mmm, maybe you and it just need to get better acquainted, huh?"

My eyes fell once again on her masturbatorial motions, the strength, the power of that flared head, the pulse of it as it strained through every pump.

And god help me, I wanted it.

How could I not want it? It was a long virile horsecock, head flaring and pounding with every beat of her heart. Thick heavy balls, the blackness of it a stark contrast against her skin. It was beautiful.

"Wanna get a closer look? Wanna give it a feel?" she stepped forward, barely containing a pounce. "Maybe give it a little lick with that sweet fuckable tongue of yours?"

"Mary..."

"Come on bro!" there was a pleading in her voice. Need. "Let me fuck you! Let me pound your pussy. I'll be good, I promise! I'll be so good! The best cock you've ever had."

"No!" I stumbled back. "Get away, what's wrong with you?"

"Hey no fair!" came a voice from behind me. I pried my eyes off of Mary's dick just long enough to see Professor Cockswallow running up, her breasts and hip bouncing and jiggling with each step "I can't walk fast in these heels!"

"Professor Cockswallow!" Mary straightened up. What was this? She'd always been afraid of him as a guy, but now there was a very different apprehension on her face.

"Mary!" The tittering professor bounced over and took her into a hug, the small girl's giant breasts pushing firmly into the heft of Mary's dick. It sat perfectly between them as she squeezed her hug tighter. I could hear Mary's breath hitch, I could see her grip tighten, struggling not to just lift the professor and slide her bodily across her virile pleasure stick.

Another pang of jealousy. A part of me wanted so bad to be jealous of Mary, for the way her dick was buried between those sweet pillowy melons, but I knew full well it was the other way around. That warmth, that smell, I turned away before things got any worse.

"It's great to see you've been using your natural talent to help your fellow students out." The professor pulled away, giggling like a school girl, a thick blob of precum now on her tits.

"Huh? Oh!" she turned to look at the three fucked freshmen lying quivering with orgasm on the floor. Lucky sons of bitches. "What can I say? Always glad to help out. I think you need to drill them harder, they just can't seem to last."

"Mary!" I tried again. "Please! Tell me you see something out of the ordinary. With me, with you, with any of this!"

"Actually," she squinted. "There is one thing."

"Ah!" my eyes widened. "I knew it!"

"Its like I can't stop thinking about how much I want to bury myself in your pussy, dude."

"Oh my god, right!?" Professor Cockswallow giggled. "I don't even have a dick and all I can think about is how much I want to hold her down and... and..."

"Breed her?"

"Yeah!"

I gulped.

Their grins turned sinister and hungry. I took another step back.

Breed me.

The words hit like a truck. Somehow despite my terror my body was screaming out, hot breathed and pleading, about just how badly it wanted exactly that - to get held down and fucked by that hefty stallion again and again. How much I wanted to feel bloated from all the ripe fertile cum oozing around in my overflowing pussy.

This wasn't a simple psychological want, this wasn't a chocolate bar or a hundred dollar bill, no, this was more fundamental than that - a profound animal need, like hunger and thirst and a deep needy itch all rolled into one.

My body was flush, breath ragged, the foreignness of my feminine arousal cut by half-memories of all the years I'd become oh-so-familiar with this slutty body.

I tried to turn away, to leave, to get out while I still could, but Mary pressed a hand against the wall, blocking my exit.

I took in a deep breath. The musk of her horse dick and the girlish smell of her tomboy sweat mingled together like a perfume. Her tits, beneath that tight sweater, were pressed against mine, and down below that...

God, it would be so easy, wouldn't it? I just had to nod my head. I just had to say yes. To play along. I could get that hot stick inside me where it belonged. I could get everything that I so desperately craved.

Breath hot, I reached out a finger and brushed the underside of her dick. It twitched, she gasped, lashes fluttering. A fresh, fragrant dollop of precum oozed out just for me.

I needed to get out of here. I needed to run. Not because I had to stop this thing, not even to preserve what shreds remained of my poor confused manhood, no - that was a whole other issue I didn't have the mental bandwidth to deal with right now - but because if I gave in, well, once we started, I was never going to want to stop.

"Professor?" I turned my head but kept my gaze locked on Mary's turgid shaft.

"Yeah?" I could hear the smirk. She was leaning close, just as eager to see me bred as Mary.

"I think its time for that world-saving blowjob right about now."

"Huh?"

I pulled her in closer, then pressed down on her shoulders. With well-practiced grace she settled to her knees, tits still bouncing.

Professor Cockswallow cooed at the sight of Mary's eye-level balls.

Mary raised an eyebrow.

"Professor?" I urged impatiently.

"Huh?" She was transfixed, hypnotized. God, I knew just how she felt. Then her eyes went wide. "Oh! I get it Mmm...! With pleasure!" Professor Cockswallow opened her mouth - that hot, tight plump little hole - and wrapped her thick pillow-lips around the hefty horse shaft of Mary's dick. With a slurp she puckered her way from the base all the way to the turgid flared head. She dove on the cock like a war-hero on a grenade, clutching it in her hands and snuggling at its length with her cheek.

“Oh fuck.” Mary’s face was a complicated array of emotions. But the important thing was that she let her guard down.

I bolted.

I ran as fast and as hard as my thick thighs and juicy butt would carry me, my pussy grinding with each step as my breedable thighs rubbed together. My body was screaming out, hot breathed and inconsolably disappointed at how I was not getting held down and fucked raw by that hefty stallion.

“Wait, come back!” she yelled, her voice hitched as the professor’s tongue played along the thick ridge of her flared head. “I want to dop a creampie in your pussy! I want to make you drip with cum! I want to knock you up! Mark!”

She continued to shout temptations, but I was already running as hard as my dripping pussy would allow me.

I let out a soft whimper.

Sorry Mary. But I had to get to the bottom of this. I had to find a way to put things back to normal.

I shoved my way through the rampant fuckfest that was the student center, past all the pregnant men and women, all the big milky tits, all the gooey yummy cum surging into tight tender twats. It was a stark reminder of how alone I was. Everybody was so caught up, everybody was so happy.

I was the only one who could stop this. The only one who could save them.

I just had to find this thing, this needle in a haystack.

My luck, however, was turning.

There was a cheer as I ran out into the dwindling daylight. There was a football game afoot down on the pitch. Or, well, there was supposed to be. The big homecoming game was today, if you were the sort of person who was into that.

Except, well, I didn’t know a lot about sports but I was pretty sure the cheerleaders weren’t supposed to be running around the pitch trying to fuck the players. Two teams of big-dicked be-skirted beauties grappled and wrestled sensuously for the chance at the best football-player-pussy, the heavily pregnant crowd cheering them on.

And floating above it all, seemingly invisible to their eyes, was the spirit, the presence, whatever you wanted to call it. It hurt my head to look upon, like it was superimposed in my vision, like either it wasn’t really there or was the only thing that was really there.

It was a big game. There was a TV crew filming it. College ball was a big deal to some people. God, I wondered what they were seeing.

There was no time to give it much thought though, no time to ponder how good it must feel to have one of those girls grab you and plunge that dick deep inside your twitching pussy, what it would be like to

have a whole team of them spraying you with musky cum as everybody cheered you on, what the locker room showers must be like after a game like that.

The spirit was moving. I had to keep up.

I cursed. I'd only just found it and already it was making an exit, heading for the sociology building. I ignored the stitch forming in my side and the painful bouncing of my heavy breasts. I ran to catch it.

One of the cheerleaders stopped as she saw me running past the field, then the others turned their heads as well. Their dicks pulsed, even the ones buried in a player's tight snatch. It was the same look Mary had given me, hungry wolves eying a juicy lamb.

I ran all the harder.

I was moments from the door when I heard Mary shouting, and the professor's giggling as well. I ducked inside. Had they seen me? The last thing I needed right now was to try to deal with both Mary and the thing at the same time.

I took a minute to catch my breath. My skin was on fire. I wasn't the most athletic guy before the change and now I wasn't even that, but with all the adrenaline pounding in my brain I felt like I was going a mile a minute.

I was close.

The thing's influence was still well on display in the halls here, though at this time of day hardly anybody was around - just a few people there for their evening classes, fucking in the lounge.

Or so I thought.

"Mark, dude!" came a masculine voice from behind me. "How's it going man? You coming to this party tonight, dude?"

"Huh?" I turned just in time to get almost knocked over by an aggressively bountiful chest bump.

There were two women standing before me, both naked and heavily pregnant. They looked older than most of the people I'd seen out fucking, like this wasn't their first litter of children, but they were still undeniably hot despite their pregnancy. Hell - and I blushed at the realization - their swollen bellies just made them all the hotter. My heart thumped empathically, equal parts longing to be them and to be with them.

I put a hand on my stomach. Why did it feel so flat, so empty?

Wait, shit. I grabbed at my shirt. What the hell was I wearing? Booty shorts? A crop top? More of the thing's influence? I'd been so caught up in Mary's dick I hadn't even noticed. God, my tits were practically spilling out of this.

"Mark?" said the other woman. "You alright, dude?" Her voice was that of a man's. And not just any man's.

"Matt? Mason?" My jaw dropped as I stared back up at them.

"Hell yeah, bro!" laughed the first. "What's the matter dude? You not getting enough dick or something? You look like you've seen a ghost."

I gritted my teeth at the incredulity of his voice, at that strange contrast it created. The spirit must have had a sense of humor. I couldn't imagine either of these guys as fathers, let alone mothers, yet here they were."

"I - uh"

"So, how about it? You coming to the party? I hear it's going to be off the fucking hook, man. Drinking, dicking - you finally getting knocked up tonight bro? Cause dude you're looking extra fertile today."

"What? No!" I wanted to scream it out as loud as I could, but it came out so quiet, so hesitant.

"What?" Mason laughed. "Dude, you're not going to stay at home again, are you?"

"The heck he is!" Mark put an arm around my shoulder. "Come on man, you can't seriously let a super-fuckable body like that go around not getting knocked up, it's like why are you even at college otherwise?"

"To study? To get my degree?"

"Yeah, and you're not going to get your MILF degree if you don't put in the work like us, getting your pussy pounded by all that good dick every night."

"Hell yeah!" Mason gave him a high five.

"In fact," Matt's unrestrained breasts swayed as he brought his duffel bag to bear. "Check it out dude, party favors!"

He unzipped to reveal a pile of pristine onaholes. He grabbed one and tossed it to me. It was an immaculate pocket pussy, a soft silicone vagina precisely engineered to make dicks feel good.

I looked stunned between him and it.

"Impressive, huh?" he had evidently mistook my confusion.

"We managed to score a twelve-pack cheap, dude. We're gonna be the stars of the party! Well, us and whoever is bringing the keg."

"And the bad dragons!"

"Oh, right! Dude, we're gonna get wasted and do keg-squats, body shots, it's gonna be epic!"

"Hell yeah!" Another highfive, this time, their heavily swollen bellies pressed together.

"Sorry, look, guys?" I tried to push past them. "I don't have time for this, okay? I have kind of a lot going on right now."

"Aw come on, you never come out with us anymore. Remember freshmen year? You got more cum than anyone. You were a party animal! What happened to that guy?"

"I -"

I tried to ignore the raucous parties filtering into the back of my mind, of shared sex toys and passion and rutting to loud music, of glances from across the room as I worked a fat dick in each hand, showing off to Mary and...

"I have to go!" I pulled away. I had to get out of there before they made it any worse.

"Oh no, come on dude, no way." They pressed shoulder to shoulder, blocking my path. "We're you're friends, right? We know how badly you want to get plowed; we know how much you love cum. You spend too much time bundled up studying, you've got to cut lose!"

"You've got to go get fucked!"

"So we're going to take you to this party and we're going to get you the hard fucking you deserve, huh?"

I could see it all so clearly, jumping from guy to guy, girl to girl, dick to dick, an entire night of me going from one anonymous jizz-doner to another, taking shots as they took shots in me.

I wanted to say it wasn't my scene, but the more I thought about the more it cemented itself in my mind that it very much was. And - fuck - I'd be the biggest slut there, wouldn't I? All those hungry looks, everybody knowing exactly what I was all about.

I hesitated. Maybe... maybe it wasn't so bad?

"Mark!" Mary's voice. Elation flared in my heart. She'd found me. She'd found me and then she'd hold me down and do all the things I'd spent freshman year dreaming of her doing.

And yet... I whimpered. Shit.

"Look, guys? You remember Mary, right?"

"The cute tomboy with the big dick that you're always pining over?" Mason strained his neck.

"I am not - " I blushed, but there was no time to get into it. "Look, she's right behind me, okay? I'll tell you what? Do me a favor and I'll go to this party with you tonight when I'm all done here, okay?"

"What favor?" Mark raised a suspicious eyebrow.

"Fuck her senseless?"

“Wait, you want *us*,” he gestured, “to fuck *her*? I thought you’d want that honor.”

Really? This is what they were catching on.

“Look, just... please?” I clenched a fist. In for a penny, in for a pound. “She’s got that big hard dick and those heavy balls and she was just telling me earlier how badly she needs to just rail some grade-A pussy.”

I remembered the two of them taking turns on her lap during freshmen orientation so I knew they could... wait no, I remembered them hitting on her and her rejecting them. But why would she turn down good pussy like that?

I shook my head. Regardless, with how hot and ripe and full their bellies were, I was sure Mary wouldn’t be able to resist. Even if she did, they’d at least still slow her down.

“Please?”

The two looked at each other, then grinned.

“Deal.” Mason laughed. “Come on bro, lets go get our pre-party fucking in.”

“Hell yeah!” they bumped chests again, milky tits and heavy bellies squishing together.

And not a moment too soon. Mary rounded the corner, her still-wet dick leading the way. Professor Cockswallow followed in her wake, thick cum dribbling down her chin and onto her expansive tits.

“Mark!”, Mary almost jumped as she saw me. “Come on, please! Don’t run away!”

“Gotta go!” I put a reaffirming hand on Mark’s shoulder, then pulled myself past the two of them. “You got this, boys!”

“Mary!” Mason grinned. “You coming to the party tonight? Check it out, we got party favors!”

I didn’t hear the rest of the conversation. I had to find this thing, I had to stop all this. I could feel it eating away at the periphery of my being, its warped reality soaking in through all the cracks.

But I was close. It was here somewhere, it had to be. Ah - there! A trail of slime on a door, the smell of overripe flowers.

I had it!

I opened the door to see that within, class was in session. I thought things had been bad outside, but seeing the thing actually going about it’s perverted work put it on a whole other level. Huge swaths of the classroom stood by ignorantly as their friends and classmates changed and warped. Men were turning into women and vice versa, dicks and pussies and tits strewn about at random. Bellies grew, cocks came. It was madness.

A petite girl had four new breasts dripping milk beneath her equally huge regular two. A foursome of muscular, big-dicked studs with tight abs and tighter pussies suckled at her overflowing bounty, swapping off to take turns eating out her cunt.

On the other side of the row, a mousy girl in the front row had been turned into a hulking masculine brute, yet still she was wearing her dress, still she was nervously chewing her thumb. It would be cute if it wasn't so ironic.

The professor, who had been overweight and balding when I'd walked in, was now young and nubile, brushing her long blonde hair out of her face. The student who had been at the front giving a presentation was now being furiously fucked by a volunteer. The professor chastised her for every drop of semen spilled, every sperm she couldn't keep in her cunt, even as she greedily licked them up from the poor presenter's trembling thighs.

I held out a hand to steady myself. I didn't know if the things' perversions were getting worse or if I was just getting a closer look. Either way this had to end, and this had to end here.

Okay, I'd found it. Now what?

So, in retrospect, yelling out 'stop' as loud as I could in a class of oblivious students while vaguely brandishing an onahole in one hand was probably a bad idea. But hey, it did the trick.

All eyes turned to me. I blushed. Then their eyes turned hungry, lustful. I blushed harder.

But, well, I had its attention. The thing was looking, too. It laughed. Laughed!

"I said stop this!" I yelled again. I had to screw up a special kind of courage to push past the awkward stares, to fight through all the instincts to avoid standing out. But I looked it right in the eyes as I called it out.

"Please?"

It laughed again. It wasn't a real laugh, not really, it didn't move its lips or make sounds, but its meaning was clear. It was mocking me.

Its form expanded defiantly, taking up more space even than was present. It was simultaneously masculine and feminine, virile and nubile, pregnant and impregnating. I could smell the reek of ripe flowers. Fertility in all its aspects, simultaneously at either extreme and all the points between.

"Go back into the vessel!" I commanded, squaring my heels. "Go back to where you belong!"

It laughed again, swirling, growing. Standing all the more tall and powerful before me. It was growing in defiance of my command; it was being free just to spite me. The scent, the aura, it was so powerful, so overwhelming.

God help me, my pussy was gushing.

"Turn -" I struggled to stand. "Turn these people back!"

Another pulse of power, another surge of growth. I could feel it in my brain, in my mind - no, deeper than that. I could feel it digging its claws into my reality, my history. Memories that had seemed so certain a moment ago stopped making sense. This world around me - this perverse echo of how things should be - suddenly felt all the more real and right.

The message was clear - I couldn't make it do anything it didn't want to.

Why was I even fighting this thing?

I took a step back, then fell to my knees, pussy drooling out past my microskirt onto the floor.

What - my breath grew hot. I buried my hand in my snatch where it belonged. What could I possibly do?

"Mark?"

Mary threw open the door behind me. She had Mason and Mike, already cum-stained wrecks, struggling to keep up in her wake, but still she was turgid, still she was needy. She was still ready to go all night long. Her cock bounced with every step she took, dangling so tantalizingly at eye level.

It once again became very hard to think.

Why - why had I been trying to resist this? Hadn't this been what I wanted?

What I wanted...

Of course!

This thing wanted to pump me full of babies? This thing wanted to make me a moaning pregnant slut? I'd give it all it could want and more.

I turned to look back at it, hopping up on a nearby desk and spreading my legs wide, labia pink and glistening for the whole world to see. I looked the thing deep in the eye and I bit my lip.

"You think you're a god of fertility? Let's see it then. Fuck me. Pour your cum into me. Knock me up!"

For a moment it froze, but this? This had its attention. It laughed again, but I recognized all too well the hunger in its eyes.

"Well?" I quivered with barely contained lust. "What are you waiting for?"

Then it let out a very different sort of laugh. It swirled overhead before pouring itself like smoke into Mary.

She stumbled back, and when her eyes snapped open you could see a fertile radiance within.

A tattoo had flared to life above her dick, an upside-down heart, a compliment to my own. It glowed like a hot brand.

And just like that everything about her was just so... I don't know how to describe it. Her tits were swollen, her dick engorged, it was like every part of her was suddenly more than it was before, and yet even that doesn't do justice the need I felt. Something about her was just so... so... *fuckable*.

"Mark?" she said, her voice somehow echoing. Was that it talking or her? "I've been waiting for this."

Her words sent me trembling so hard I dropped the onahole still in my hands. It clattered to the floor.

It approached - she approached. Of course, what finer example of the thing's handiwork was there than Mary? What better form to grant my request than the girl who's dick I'd been pining for since forever.

I gave up pretending. I gave up fighting. I let my body finally have everything it had been craving. And what it had been craving was so so good.

I arched my back and wiggled my ass in invitation, I spread my cheek with one hand, I could feel the wetness of my folds and the cold air of the classroom in stark contrast to the sheer heat boiling out of me. I had to show her how badly I needed it, how desperately wet my pussy was, how submissive and breedable I was, how ripe. The guy whose desk space I'd commandeered just kept taking notes as though I wasn't even there.

Mary's body was upon me in moments, clearing the remaining distance with animalistic intensity, slamming into me with enthusiastic glee and wrapping her arms around me. She had finally caught her prey. Already I could feel the heat of her tits on my back and the bulbous head of her stallion dick pressing itself against my tingling pussy. She had me pinned down like the moaning bitch that I was.

Her hands were strong and firm, her body simultaneously soft and hard. She held me, right where she wanted me, and god I wouldn't have it any other way.

And then she pressed her dick further, her hot breath panting against my ear.

"Oh fuck!" I cried, entirely caught off guard by how completely over the top good it felt. It was like I had gone my whole life trapped in the desert then thrown into the ocean. It took the wind right out of me.

Who was I to think I could resist this? The truth of this, the purity! This was no mere spirit, no ghost or hallucination. This was a force of nature. The animalism in all of us. Every animal, every plant, every cell - that thing to which all things strive:

Fecundity.

I fucked back all the harder, all the more desperate. I could hear her gasping too somewhere beneath the volume of my own, I could hear her crying out.

And every grunt, every buck, every rut elicited another warp in reality. Oh, the world had been horny before but now... now it as like they were all playing along at home.

Everybody had paired up. 2s, 3s, more. Fucking. One couple was changing sex with every thrust, dick into pussy and vice versa as they shifted with every staccato of their dance. Matt and Mike were eating

cum out of each other's snatches as their pregnancies progressed from nothing to fully loaded to nothing again in a roiling explosion of building orgasms. Professor Cockswallow was swallowing her own cock, an ouroboros eating its own tail.

And all around us a thousand other things besides. Fucking, breeding. Unconcealed, uncontrolled need.

How perfect it felt, how right.

I screamed, unable even to keep focus on anything besides the pleasure of her girthy log filling me up so good. I could feel the spray of her precum every time I bottomed out, I could see my stomach distending from the bulge her stallion put in me - filling me up so good, pushing me to the screaming brink again and again. Her blood pounded, her balls tightened. I knew just how close I was to fulfilling my ultimate purpose, to being bred, to devoting my entire life to getting fucked as hard and as deep as I could.

"Oh god!"

Time had lost all meaning, all of my senses devoted so fully to this rapture, but now the pounding was growing more intense. I knew what that meant. I could feel it my own bucking desperation as well. It was close. Precum sprayed out inside me, harder and more abundant than most people's full loads, dripping out with every pull, mingling with my own hot sex as it oozed down the sides of my thighs. I trembled at the wetness, at the smell.

The precum however, was but a humble beginning. A humble introduction to what I knew was churning in those big thick heavy horse balls.

I didn't have much experience having sex in this body but I... I mean, I had as much experience as any other horny breeding-obsessed college co-ed slut - wait no - regardless, it was the best sex I'd ever had. The best sex anyone had ever had. And it was all mine.

Mary's intensely potent equine fuckstick alone would be enough to make this mind-breakingly blissful, but with the spirit backing it up? Not just the magic, but with a thousand years of intense pent-up frustration, of seeing everybody around you sucking and fucking but never getting to breed a bitch for yourself?

It was divine.

Her skin glowed, her tattoo glowed, her body glowed, - so great was its presence in this moment that it struggled to remain within her. And then the great the light of its presence, the spectral form of its essence grew brighter as it traveled downwards, with every brain-blanking buck, until it was concentrated entirely into her brilliant, radiant balls, ready and eager to explode.

I swooned, I yearned, I hungered.

Now - at last! At long last! - it was finally time for it to fill me up, for it to pour itself into me until I was bloated and dripping, to drown each and every one of my ripe eggs in an ocean of powerful godly sperm.

It came, and I sprang to action.

I don't know how I did it, how I worked up the will or the mental fortitude to do what had to be done, but I knew I only had one chance.

I leapt off of her as I felt her balls surge - though every fiber of my being cried out against it.

I grabbed the Onahole that had fallen by the side - though my mind questioned why.

And I slammed it down onto her dick.

She exploded in orgasm. A splurge of cum so potent, so powerful that I had to hold it down with both hands, like I was capping a geyser. She was so caught up in her rutting she didn't even notice, helplessly bucking her hips, helplessly spraying again and again.

The light surged out, rope after rope, from her balls into the silicone pussy. With every rut, every thrust, every blast of thick horse sperm, the glow faded, more and more of its essence finding its way into my waiting yonic vessel.

I slapped the lid shut. It wasn't quite a vase, but it would have to do.

Marry fell over backwards, exhausted.

"Oh, fuck," aftershocks of trembling orgasm still shook through me. "I did it!"

I looked around. Had it worked? The entire class was staring at Mary and I, at the little show we'd put on. I blushed and tried to stand up.

Everything was - I looked around, careful not to miss a single detail. Everything was back to normal!

It wasn't quite a blowjob, but I guess Professor Cockswallow had been right. Sex had saved the world.

I reached down a hand along my body just to be sure - Sure enough, my big fat titties and my big fuckable but, my wide childbearing hips, all still there. No sign of the skinny loser it had been trying to turn me into. Even the womb tattoo it had marked me with was gone.

"Hey, Mary?"

"Y-yeah?" she was just as spent as I was. I couldn't even remember the last time I'd seen her dick deflate like that.

"I hear there's this party tonight? You want to come with me?"

"What? Like, a date?"

"I mean, yeah?" I blushed. "If you want to call it that."

"Sure dude," she laughed. "But only if we can find some cute guys there to fuck together."

"I can think of a couple." I smirked, glancing over to Mike and Mason. "And Professor?"

"Yeah?"

Cum was streaming down her chin and tits.

"Maybe you should take this back to storage. Make sure its under lock and key, that no one else ever gets into it?"

"Ooh, it smells good." She grabbed the thing and reached down to open the lid.

"No!" I yelled, reaching out to stop her.

"Kidding!" She stuck out a tongue.

As we stepped out of the classroom, I fell back laughing in relief.

"Dude," Mary stood up, hands crossed over her heaving chest. "What's so funny?"

"I'm just thinking how ridiculous this whole thing was."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, come on." I ran a hand once along my sensitive curves, my juicy tits and my badonkadonk ass. I buried my fingers in my hot ripe pussy.

"I had wanted to make a wish to get laid? When have I ever had a problem with that!"

The End.