

Changing Roles in the Family

Hiroji set his bag down on the table, the heavy contents making a loud “thump” against the wood grain. Makoto groaned, massaging her shoulders as she strode inside. “What is this?” she said, removing her suit jacket, the pearl-colored blouse underneath tight against her curves. “I thought you were looking for a job?”

“I was, but I wanted to get you a gift, something to brighten up the house,” he said bashfully, opening the bag and revealing the statuette inside. “You always like this sort of artwork.”

It was an abstract carving, but it seemed to show a humanoid figure. The way the hips and especially the chest bowed out, it looked like a woman’s body, but one even more buxom and thick than Makoto.

“What in the world is that? How is that something I’d like?” Makoto huffed. “I work in an office all day long. What I want is you to get a job so you can take the load off and help with the money in this house.”

“You have all that traditional artwork of women in the house already,” Hiroji murmured, with Japanese wood carvings of women on shelves and paintings of women on the walls. “And it...reminded me of you.”

Makoto pouted out her plump red lips, arching her back as her chest pushed out farther. Her back didn't just hurt from sitting at a desk, it was these DD-cups, not to mention the round butt she sat on. She was forty six, but her shoulder-length hair still a vibrant brown shade, and her skin was a radiant pink shade. She looked incredible, like a picture perfect MILF...at least, that's what her son thought.

"Reminds you of me? I wish you knew what it was like," she snorted, picking up the statuette. "And I wish I could finally have a relaxed life."

Makoto gasped, the figure dropping from her hands as she felt an intense tingling spreading through her body. Both hands grabbed her chest, the burning getting much stronger there, both of her nipples feeling like they were going to erupt.

A deep, guttural moan came out of her throat as she tightened her hold on her breasts. She could feel the flesh changing, molding. But it wasn't painful.

It was incredible.

Hiroji watched his mother gasping and sputtering, on the verge of orgasm, doubled over as she squeezed those incredible jugs. As much as he liked to watch, he was panicking...because a strange tingling feeling was overtaking him too.

“W-what the hell is this thing? Where did you get it?” Makoto moaned, her voice getting deeper as she kept shaking.

“The antique store,” Hiroji whimpered, his voice now getting higher. “They said it was modeled off a traditional fertility idol.”

Makoto’s knees bowed inward as a big climax overtook her, the warm pleasure going down to her lap. She suspected it wasn’t only “modeled” off of an idol.

But as her body heated up, she was able to squeeze less and less of her bosom. It was shrinking, retracting back into her body, her curves getting flattened and tightened. Her shirt was looser against her body as time went on, making her much more comfortable.

It wasn’t only her chest. She had hips twice as wide as her waist, but no longer, as her skirt hung slack against her backside. The round butt she got from her pregnancy was hardened.

Makoto thought she was getting skinnier, but that wasn’t true either. Even as her body lost mass in some spots, it gained it in others. The sleeves of her blouse tightened up now, as she developed much more muscle, nearly tripling the circumference of her biceps in seconds.

Her previously sore back was broadening, ripping apart her shirt, showing her bare skin. Her bra fell off of her body, no longer needing it to cup her tits in place, but it fell slowly because her pecs were filling in, still giving her a firm chest.

Her thighs were thick to match her round butt, and they weren't changing much, aside from firming up, as she developed toned quadricep muscle.

She moaned, touching her face, feeling her wrinkles melt and fade. Her skin was silky smooth, making her feel like she was nineteen years old again. The same age Hiroji was now. And the same age she was when she gave birth to him.

Brushing her face, she felt her chin get broader, and her lips were losing their thickness fast. It should have been terrifying to feel this metamorphosis, but she was so aroused, even brushing her thumb against her face made her groan and yelp with ecstasy, feeling like she was really about to cum.

Each yelp and moan and gasp she made sounded less and less delicate. She knew what she sounded like when she masturbated, and this wasn't it.

If her changing body didn't already clue her in, she felt a huge spike in warmth in her lap and had her answer.

Instinctively, she cupped her hand over her groin, but instead of feeling her drenched pussy, something was bulging out of her.

Makoto's vagina was turning into a dick! She was turning into a man!

No, it went farther than that. She was turning into her son!

He groaned, massaging the growing penis with his palm, feeling what it was like to stroke his cock for the first time. He'd masturbated plenty of other men in his time, but this was the first time masturbating his own phallus.

And there was a lot to stroke, as he kept on growing and growing, the tight work pants Makoto had on not meant to accommodate such a monster. He was getting erect too, his new plump balls aching with the need to release, a surge of hormones spreading through this new body to complete the change.

The front of the pants bulged out far, the threads keeping the button in place fraying fast, until it snapped off and opened out, revealing the foot long dick he got along with this new, youthful body.

He howled with pleasure, his muscles tearing through this women's blouse. He was taller now too, revealing the strong muscles lining his body, as his hand gripped the huge cock, throwing his head back and shaking with ecstasy, the whole transformation giving him enormous pleasure.

Hiroji could only watch his mother's transformation in bits and pieces, because his focus kept going to his own body...which increasingly became her own body.

The tingling and warmth was just as strong as what Makoto felt, but instead of shrinking first, all of Hiroji's clothes got much tighter, much faster. His t-shirt clung against him as his breasts expanded, getting round and perky as he got full. He grasped his hands against his bosom, but they were already both so big his hands couldn't contain them.

Soon, the shirt was stretched so tight and so thin, it made him practically naked. The fabric was transparent, and he could see not only the outline of his breasts, but even see his nipples, which were now much wider and darker than they had been before. The new tits were heavy and firm, and they were still getting bigger, making his shirt lift up higher from how much it had to stretch.

Lifting up the shirt exposed Hiroji's midriff. Any body hair he had there before was gone already, and his waist was getting tighter and trimmer, helping him with the swivel of an hourglass figure. A very exaggerated hourglass figure too, since it wasn't only his chest that was growing.

Like how his former mother's pants burst off when that massive cock pierced through them, his jeans snapped at the button and zipper, unable to properly fit around these widening hips anymore. He whimpered as he wriggled them off, feeling them constricting his breathing and blood flow.

Making the whimpering sound, he could hear how feminine and lilting his voice was now, so breathy and delicate, like he was about to climax too.

But while Makoto had embraced and enjoyed her transformation, indulging in the orgasmic sensation that came with it, Hiroji was too nervous and frightened to enjoy the pleasurable tingling and the rush of hormones. Watching his mother change into a muscular young man made him very embarrassed, and it made him fear what was happening to him instead.

If Makoto had turned into an idealized version of her son...then he was turning into an idealized version of his mother!

After dropping the pants, she moaned and grabbed at these new breasts, feeling the neckline ripping down the middle, her shirt unable to hold this rack any longer. Hiroji had never seen Makoto naked, but his wandering eyes always tried to catch a glimpse of her undressed. And he could tell, these breasts were way larger than hers ever were.

She was sporting breasts like soccer balls: just as round and just as bouncy, the skin totally elastic and smooth, the nipples as wide as her palms.

And with the tattered pants around her ankles, she could tell what else about her body had changed. She was thickened up even more than Makoto was, with a butt that stuck out behind her like she'd strapped on a backpack and worn it behind her. Sitting on an ass this size would be like sitting on a stack of phonebooks.

But no matter how big it got, it stayed perfectly round and firm. Her booty was much wider than her hips, which were in turn about three times as wide as her trim waist. There were no stretch marks on it, no dimples or wrinkles or sagging. Even a plastic surgeon could not have given her a backside this big and this immaculate.

To accommodate the thickening butt, she had thick thighs to match, making her tremble as she balanced her new curves. She moaned and reached down to grasp onto her ass, cupping her hands against the cheeks, blushing instantly at how sensitive the new skin was, even when giving it the faintest of touches.

But, it was what was between the thighs that really got her attention. She stuck her hand into her lap. Every other part of her body was getting bigger, but this had gotten a lot smaller...to the point of non-existence.

There was no penis or balls anymore, just a very plump and very damp pussy, not fitting well in the underwear she had on, from when she was still Hiroji. With the growth in her hips and butt, it tightened up against her body, pressed almost flat against her vagina, showing the full contours of her new labia.

She whimpered; she was a virgin as Hiroji, so she had never touched another pussy before. Now, she was feeling her own, gasping as she slipped her hand into the underwear and felt the slick, gooey gliding. Her thumb brushed her clitoris' hood by accident, making her whimper and spasm, doubling over from the shock.

The surprise even took away her ability to get pleasure from it, and she still thought about Makoto standing there, what she would think if she saw her son-turned-daughter playing with her pussy.

Except, this was not Hiroji and Makoto anymore. Hiroji had not even turned into a daughter. She had turned into...a mother.

The way her body curved out, the way she thickened out, the way she cooed and squeaked and fawned, this was not merely a voluptuous woman's body. This was a MILF body, and a hyper-MILF body at that.

Her hand curled against her lips, blushing brighter as one finger stirred around inside of her, feeling her actual vagina gently grip around the digit. "Oooh," she huffed quietly, getting her first taste of what it was like to be penetrated. Even that very minor scale sent shivers through her, as she realized if she were ever to make love from now on, this is how it would go. Everything she knew about her life was totally changed.

But, there was more to it than that. One hand settled on her stomach, now slightly chubbier than it was before, but with a certain warmth beneath it. She was not only a woman, but a fertile woman, and with

sex came the possibility of getting pregnant. She looked like a MILF, but she could also...become a mother.

It scared her to think, after all this time living life as a man, that now she had the option to get knocked up. And it also scared her to think...how much that intrigued her.

She threw her head back and whimpered again, feeling a tickling against her shoulders. Hiroji's short brown hair had now grown out to a flowing mane down to her hips, and turned a bright chocolate shade as well. Her eyelashes batted and waved, and her squeals pressed her full lips together, her face getting much rounder and her cheeks filling out.

That outburst finished tearing her shirt open, leaving it hanging partially separated, her F cup breasts gently bouncing out in front of her.

Her thick thighs rubbed together as she gently hugged her arms around her chest to try and give herself some privacy...not that her mother-turned-son cared about his privacy much, still grasping his throbbing erection in front of her.

"This feels...so...good! NGHAAAAH!" he bellowed, finally hitting his first orgasm as a man.

Not only did he cum, but he came all over “his mother’s” breasts, spraying her huge jugs down with the thick, dripping sperm. She whimpered and trembled, feeling it stick against her bare skin, removing her shirt and using it as a makeshift towel to try and clean up.

“How could you do that to me? That is so...rude! So gross!” she squealed.

“Sorry, I lost my self control. I’ve never done this before,” he laughed in a deep, commanding voice, striding closer and admiring the new body up and down. “But I guess we’re even now. I know you thought about doing that to me, when our roles were reversed.”

“I d-don’t know what you’re talking about,” she panted, her face turning bright red.

“I know how you looked at me, not that I minded. At my age, any admirers were welcome and...maybe it turned me on some, knowing I was sexy enough to get my own son hot. Now, the roles are reversed. Now I’m the son, and you’re the mom. And you are one sexy momma!”

He reached back and spanked her mom on that huge ass, making the cheeks wobble and clap together, making her flinch and squeal.

“What do you mean?! I can’t be your mother!” she whimpered back.

“Look in the mirror, babe. You absolutely can be, even if I never got the pleasure of kicking around in your tummy,” he said, flexing and admiring his own body. “Seems that fertility idol of yours made us both extratransformed. Just look at you. My tits were never as big as yours are now.”

He grasped his dick and laughed, giving it another light stroke.

“And I’ve seen your penis and it was nowhere near as long and girthy at this is,” he said, putting his arms around his new mother’s waist. “I am going to like this, a lot.”

She whined and looked back at the idol on the table. “What if we get it to reverse it? Go back to the way things were?”

“No way. I told you when I inadvertently made that wish. I want to lose my workload and relax, and now that I’m the son, that’s what I get to do,” he chuckled. “And as for you...you were the one commenting on my body. Now you get to feel up your fertile MILF body all the time, as much as you’d like. I said I wished you could know what it’s like. And it came true.”

He went to take the idol, holding it in his new, strong hands, still grinning from ear to ear, ensuring his mother couldn't take it and switch them back. He went to the calendar on the wall and laughed again, reading through the names.

"Looks like the world has adapted to the change too. You've got my job tomorrow, and I'm back to lounging around the house like you were doing. My new name is Kaito, and yours is Maki."

Maki blushed and ran her hands down her chest to her stomach, feeling all the new, changed sensations that came with touching this new body. Reality had warped to match the two of them now, and Kaito had certainly embraced these alterations...but she wasn't sure if she still could.

She still had all her memories of being a boy, of secretly admiring Makoto. Now, she was the mom...and her son didn't keep his feelings toward her a secret at all.

Three months later, and Maki's assessment of the situation was right. Kaito loved being her son, wearing athletic shirts and shorts that showed off his muscles and his endowment, always sitting on the couch and spreading his legs wide so she could see how hung he was now.

He was not out on the job hunt, instead spending his time going to night clubs and the gym, flirting with women and using this new body of his to the fullest. Whether Makoto had a bisexual streak to her or of this was all a consequence of the transformation, Maki didn't know. But she could tell, no matter how much Kaito hit on other women, his main focus was on his own mother.

Maki felt the temptation. Seeing his dick, whether just in his shorts or when she "accidentally" caught him masturbating, made her get warm and excited, like her body was calling out to her.

Kaito felt it too, and he would set his hand on her thigh, or got dangerously close to pushing his face into her huge tits. "It's just like my body...but bigger," he purred. "Come on, you know you want to. This is how you felt about me once upon a time, isn't it?"

"I just want to go back to the way things were," Maki whimpered, not wanting to comment on her previous "MILF" feelings one way or another.

"And give up the chance to live in this body? I don't know why you're denying yourself so much excitement. I remember what it was like to be a woman, but I'm enjoying this, and I know you would to. Forget about the gender transformation: if I could be as fertile as you are right now, in my old body, I'd be so happy. I'd be rushing to get pregnant again!"

Maki gasped at that admission. It was one thing for Kaito to flirt with his mom, it was another to hint that, when he was still Makoto, he wanted to be pregnant. "You would?"

“Maybe it’s these nineteen year old male hormones, but I want to get someone pregnant so badly...and wouldn’t you like to learn what it’s like? To grow and swell and having kicking inside of you? You’ve turned into my mom, now don’t you want to complete the transformation?”

Maki whimpered and got to her feet, tightening the apron around her wide hips as she pushed a broom down the floor. “I have so much cleaning to do around the house when I get back from the office, and all you want to do is talk about...wanting to fuck me, even though you keep calling me Momma. It’s weird!”

“Is it weird or are you jealous you didn’t do it yourself when you were in my position?” Kaito chuckled. Maki dropped her head and turned away as he sighed and shook his head. “I just wish you could enjoy this new body.”

“And I wish I had help with these chores, but neither of us are getting what we want,” Maki snapped back, before gasping and dropping her jaw. She remembered when they both voiced a “wish” months ago and what happened.

She turned around to see the fertility idol was now on a shelf, moved into place by Kaito without telling her, and a trembling whimper escaped her throat.

The broom fell from her fingers, as the tingling returned, her muscles and tendons twitching all over as she was flooded with intense pleasure like she couldn't believe. She had given in to her new body and masturbated her pussy over the past months, too desperate and horny to stop it, but with this jolt of hormones, it was a much stronger feeling than that, leaving her whimpering and squealing.

Her nipples ached, getting so hot, she almost expected them to burn right through her blouse. They were both erect and as they flicked against the fabric, she yelped and braced her thighs together, squeezing at the knees. Rubbing her thighs got her turned on as well, but she couldn't help herself.

It was even more intense than the first transformation, even if the physical change she went through wasn't quite as drastic. Her hormones were gushing through her, making her panties damp from how wet and aroused she was. She bit her bottom lip and whimpered through her nostrils, reaching her arms around herself and squeezing tightly. This was a blow to her system, beyond anything she had ever experienced.

Yes, she was having this unsettling temptation to let Katio fuck her and privately dreamt about what it would feel like to take that big dick of his inside of her lap; she knew how good it felt to cum as a stacked woman, and she could only imagine how much better it would feel to get fucked by a massive cock. Still, she kept those feelings at bay, both out of a memory of what it was like to be a man, and out of this sense of weirdness that Kaito was her son, or her mother, or whatever they were to each other!

Now, there was no way to deny it. She was not just hormonal and sensitive. The longer this went on, the more she felt a primal need to get fucked, just as strong as her need to eat or drink...maybe even stronger than that. Closer to her need to breathe fresh air.

She moaned, but it wasn't out of her horny desires. The apron was tightening against her. "What now?" she wailed. "I'm such a...bimbo!"

She thought it was like the first transformation, and the new hormones were growing her curves. She was close; her curves were growing.

She bought bras to fit her new figure, but even these F cups weren't going to cut it anymore. She felt the clasp break on the back of her shirt, her tits falling just slightly, as they were still amazingly round and perky, no matter what. She took to wearing Makoto's old blouses, and the buttons down the middle snapped open as her chest far outgrew them, making her yelp and nearly orgasm on the spot from the sudden shock to her sensitive chest.

Kaito watched with delight, still having the memories of Makoto, admiring how plump and hearty her DD cups were even in her mid forties. But Maki was on another level in this second transformation, and she would need JJ cup bras to fit breasts this big, if she could even find something like that in a department store.

Her ass kept filling out behind her too, adding even more mass to her cheeks. Her pants had been tight on her with her hips and backside, and now she felt the consequences of being too embarrassed to shop for women's clothes on a regular basis, because she split them down the middle her bare booty sticking out behind her. It was like a shelf back there, and she just knew if she tried to go and sit down in her office chair, she would only end up getting stuck.

Her hips widened even more, forcing her stance to match. She had hips wider than her own shoulders now, this incredible sloping curve to her figure, emphasizing the size of her ass in the process. Her thighs filled up the same way, giving her a nice sturdy base. And, as it turned out, she was going to need it.

She moaned and undid the strap on her apron, letting it fall down to her feet, as she looked down at herself in shock, realizing that it was not her growing boobs or butt that made her apron tighten against her.

She had a large pot belly sticking out in front of her. It was too firm and round to just be fat, though she had been a lot softer than usual. But, she didn't need to only look at it and touch it to know it wasn't body fat. The rapid growing told her that much.

Maki wailed and whimpered, her wide hips arching as she shoved her belly forward, watching it swell up faster and faster. She was inflating perfectly, just like a balloon, and her fair skin remained smooth and flawless, even with veins throbbing and twitching below the surface, now visible because of how taut her stomach was.

But instead of being horrified at her expansion, these hormones (and the power of the wish) made Maki absolutely love it, moaning along with her tightening tummy and the incredible pressure inside of her. Both hands groped her bare belly, clinging against it, stroking up and down until she was so round, she couldn't even feel her own belly button, as a might squeal came out of her.

“Oh my god! I’m pregnant!”

“Not just pregnant, Momma,” Kaito growled with aroused glee, watching it all carefully, his erection throbbing in his pants. “You look like a...baby factory!”

He was right. Maki may not have had the biggest breasts or ass in the world (though she wasn’t far off) but she definitely had the biggest pregnant belly.

Just as her navel popped out with a loud, wet smack, she lost the reach to even brush and flick it with her fingertips, as she shrieked with pleasure from the big pop.

Her belly kept inflating, her child-bearing hips bending and flexing to accommodate the new weight, thrusting the big bump forward. She grunted, slapping one hand down on top of her belly, pressing her other hand into her lower back, adopting a very maternal posture, showing off her fertile figure.

She got so big, she looked pregnant from behind, the size and shape of her swollen stomach even stretching out past her hips. Her bare tits rested on top of her enormous pregnant middle, aiding with keeping them upright and perky, making sure they didn’t sag and wobble.

Maki's lips puckered out as she moaned from a stirring feeling deep inside of her, pressing her hand in deeper and rubbing a small circle, tracing movement within her new uterus.

"I felt a kick," she wailed. "A lot of kicks!"

Now both hands were grasping at her pregnant belly, the flurry of fists and feet inside the womb so strong, it nearly pushed her off her own stomach. She was trembling and shaking, her belly wobbling from side to side as the kicks made her bulge and stretch out all over. And all that movement made her breasts tremble too, her tits bouncing up and smacking back down against her firm stomach skin.

The growth spurt was finally settling down, leaving her with a pregnant belly nearly as big as the rest of her body. For a woman as fertile and motherly as Maki was, she had to carry a correspondingly large pregnancy. Her womb carried five babies inside of her, and they were all one month overdue, weighing more than ten pounds.

She moaned, quaking from the tension and pressure inside of her, pushing her hands more firmly into her belly. She was so hormonal, even just feeling kicking in her womb was turning her on. It was the pressure and warmth inside of her stomach, and it was the weight against her vagina, grinding against her sensitive lap, all of that.

But it was more. Every kick was a reminder of what she was. Kaito had teased her and whispered to her about it these past three months, but she was a super-curvy momma now, and she had to embrace it. This was what this body was capable of, getting round, getting bred.

Her breasts were tingling more and more, her nipples aching like never before. She could swear she felt sloshing going on inside of them, as if the hormones were churning and splashing around in there.

No, it wasn't the hormones she was feeling in her breasts. It was the milk!

She bit her lip and doubled over, resting both hands on top of her rack as she shoved her heavy belly out in front of her, the outie navel softly wobbling. The more turned on she got, the harder it was to stay tense and keep this milk inside of her. But her breasts were getting heavier and tighter as she filled up, and she was only getting hornier as the kicking got more intense.

She thought about all those times she'd admired Makoto, even privately lusted after her. Now, she had that same body, and more! She had everything she wanted!

"Kaito! Look at your momma! I'm a stuffed pregnant slut!" she screamed, her voice cracking as a storm of orgasms overtook her, sending her mind into the clouds. "And I love being pregnant! I love these big titties! I love being a MILF!"

As she yelped, her nipples leaked, spilling thick white milk all over her tense, sore pregnant stomach, dribbling down her curves, leaving her soaked and glistening just like she was when Kaito “accidentally” came all over her breasts.

Now, she was even bustier, even thicker, and much, much hornier. Her plump lips trembled as she eyed Kaito, now hoping he felt the same way she did.

Kaito didn’t even see Maki’s rapid transformation – he was too overwhelmed by his own changes. The fertility idol affected them both, making Kaito groan at a rush of blood and hormones going to his lap.

Just when he thought he was getting used to his genitals, his pants tightened up once again. He groaned and winced from the pressure, struggling to get them off in time, but like the first transformation, he got too big too fast, and his mammoth’s trunk of a cock burst out of his pants freely.

He got even bigger, now sporting a dick that was two feet long, and that was when it was flaccid. With the hormones pouring into him, he didn’t get to even see what he looked like soft, because he had an erection that could put a hole through drywall.

His balls got much bigger too, at an even faster rate. The power of the idol fulfilled their wishes by making him even more virile than he was before, his body able to produce far more sperm than before, his scrotum round and smooth from the pressure inside of his testicles.

Just like how Maki's pregnant belly was bigger than any other woman in history, her son was now the most potent man in history, even feeling the semen churning around in his sack.

And he was very willing to use it. Kaito was already very horny, teasing his new, buxom mom and fawning over her constantly. Now, he felt this animalistic lust, like he was in heat. And if he was ever hesitant to go after Maki because she was his mother, that was totally gone now, and he wanted to make the most of this big MILF, embracing these changes.

With his giant erection still out and bare, he turned to see Maki, wondering if she felt this sudden change too.

Once he laid eyes on her, totally naked in tattered clothes, ass and tits bigger than ever, and sporting this wonderfully swollen pregnant belly, his hypercharged libido took over.

"Oh fuck, you look incredible!" he groaned, grabbing his cock to brace it as something rumbled deep within him. "You're the...MILF of my dreams!"

He came, but this time, nearly a gallon came out of him, painting the wall of the living room white with his oversized load.

Maki shivered, hugging as much of her pregnant belly as she could. The thought of that much semen going into her, mixing around in her incredibly fertile uterus...he could make her pregnant belly even bigger than it was right now!

"Kaito, you need someone to take good care of you," she moaned, taking on a seductive tone for the first time. Even in the heat of the moment, he was surprised to hear her talking like this, actually accepting and even embracing her metamorphosis and new role. "That's what a good momma does, takes care of her son...and that's what I want to do for you~"

Kaito grinned, glad to see his wish came true and she was enjoying her new body...though this was a much different body than she had before.

"Do you want to do it for me?" he purred, gently caressing his cock up and down, watching her lips purse apart and her eyes widen as she watched. "Or do you want it, for you?"

Maki whined, another spurt of milk coming out of her puffy, dark nipples. "Please, I'm so pregnant and so horny...I'm aching for a man's touch...this pregnant pussy is so wet and tight, you know I'll be good for you!" She waddled over, groaning with arousal as she felt how heavy each step was, her belly and breasts shaking now. "No man can be inside of me except for...my son!"

“I’ll do whatever you want to make you happy, Momma!” Kaito laughed, grabbing her tits and sucking hard on the nipples, making Maki scream with pleasure, throwing her head back and tossing her long brown locks around. She still couldn’t believe she was doing this, couldn’t believe she was actually pregnant, but...it felt so good...it couldn’t be wrong.

He moaned as he sucked down the milk, so happy for the reversal in their positions. He’d entertained the idea of switching back one day, but everything was going just how he wanted. Maki may have been his son at some point, but he was so much better as the MILF of the house!

He spanked her hard on the ass. She squealed, orgasming again as she clumsily turned around and bent over, her heavy belly hanging low. Kaito grabbed and groped her stuffed womb for support, driving his enormous cock inside of her, hitting her back walls firmly.

Maki puckered her lips and huffed, taking a dick for the first time in her life, despite being a bloated pregnant mother. But it was so big, and it felt so good, spreading her out wide. She was hyper-fertile, and the only woman in the world who could fit all of this erection inside of her, taking it up to the hilt, feeling those plump balls swing and smack against her thighs on each pump.

“Oh fuck...this is so good...I need this dick inside me! All the time! I need to get stuffed by your babies all the time! I need to be a breeder!” Maki squealed.

“Take it! Fucking with a dick is great! I know why men are so aggressive now!” Kaito cackled. “Take it, Momma!”

"If...I change back, I won't get to be knocked up! I can't help it! Damn it, I'm addicted to your dick!" Maki whimpered, frightened by the dawning realization, even as she felt a powerful orgasm building inside of her. "I'm addicted to being a stuffed, round pregnant MILF! I'm...gonna cum! You're too big! I'm too pregnant! What is happening to me!"

She whined, the kicking getting stronger and stronger inside of her, as her pleasure climbed higher, pushing her beyond even the intense pregnancy hormones she was having before.

Until finally, it all came to a head. Kaito spanked her belly and came inside of her, making her belly plump up from the sheer quantity of semen inside of her. Maki huffed, tensing her face, sweat dripping off of her, as the pressure got more and more intense...until...

She screamed and gripped her belly, a hard lurch inside of her making her water break. Her fluid splashed against her son's lap, as he pulled out slowly and lovingly rubbed her taut tummy. "You fucked me too hard...now I'm in labor!" Maki whimpered. "I d-don't want to give birth! I can't be a mommy for real! I'm your son, don't you remember?"

"You'll do fine. You're a natural momma," Kaito laughed. "And besides, the sooner you give birth, the sooner I can get you knocked up again~"

She groaned, grabbing the base of her belly, a huge contraction rocking her. It was so sharp and burning hot and she put so much more pressure inside of her. And it felt...incredible. Incomparable to even how hard she came when Kaito finally fucked her.

But Maki whimpered, pouting as she flexed her muscles, trying to keep her belly firm and tight. She couldn't give birth! This wasn't meant to be her life! She was a nineteen year old boy!

"No, I can't do this!" she huffed, clenching her eyes, trying to squeeze her muscles together, preventing these quintuplets from coming out of her. "I'm not supposed to have babies!"

"Look at you. Of course you are," Kaito laughed, lovingly rubbing her belly in wide, circular strokes. "You're not just my mom, you're a fertile goddess!"

"Stop calling me that! You're my mom! I'm your...NGHAHH!"

Another intense contraction knocked the wind out of her, forcing her down into a squatting position, her thick thighs spread wide to make room for this huge belly. And as much as she fought the contractions and denied the urge to push, getting low put even more pressure on her womb and her birth canal, guiding her overdue babies down, the first head already pressed against her cervix.

Her lips puckered out far as she sucked in quick, sharp breaths, doing anything she could to maintain this firmness in her belly, keeping her babies right where they were. If she gave birth, she didn't think there was any coming back. She would be stuck as this curvy mother, her body overflowing with hormones, unable to control these primal desires.

"I know you like having a big belly, but you have to push," Kaito laughed. "You have to give birth. You'd be even more perverted if you insist on staying pregnant forever."

Maki shook her head, moaning as the contractions kept hitting her, making her belly really ache, feeling like leather being stretched and treated, hurting like she was really going to rupture and burst right open.

"I heard that moaning you were doing when your contractions started. You're such a natural breeder, such a pregnancy fetishist, even giving birth makes you cum," Kaito said. "It's a sign, that this is what you're meant to do. The longer you deny it, the worse it's going to feel."

He was right. As good as that spark of pleasure was at the start of her labor, the pain from her birth denial was the worst thing she had ever experienced.

Her bare feet pressed firmly into the carpet beneath her, squatting lower and lower, overwhelmed by the weight of her womb and the intensity of her contractions, each one hurting worse than the last. Her belly button was throbbing and her quintuplets were throwing a temper tantrum in her womb, turning

her spherical belly into a lumpy monstrosity, each blow to her tight skin making her moan and yelp with agony.

Maki moaned, now grasping the base of the belly with both hands, as if she were trying to lift this boulder-like bulge, feeling it rocking back and forth in her grasp as the kicks and contractions shook her up, making her gurgle and ache.

She wanted to force herself to stand up and waddle around, thinking that would help dissipate the tension and struggle of the labor. She could pace around, huffing and puffing, grasping her belly until the contractions subsided and she could contain these babies inside of her. They were kicking so hard and were so big, they were clearly already overdue, so she thought that meant she could keep them in longer, just until she could use the magic of the idol to turn her back.

But whether standing and waddling would help her was a pointless question. These contractions were so strong, the clenching and flexing inside of her huge pregnant gut was so forceful, she couldn't lift herself one inch. She was stuck in this low squatting position...until she pushed these babies out of her belly.

Her labored breathing got even worse as the realization hit her, sweat pouring down her face as she gave a blubbering look, like she was going to burst into tears. Her arms reached out in front of her, trying to wrap around as much of her belly as she could, spreading her hands out wide to grip the taut skin with her fingers, bracing herself against the discomfort.

"I can't do this...I can't be a mother...this isn't supposed to happen," she whined, not knowing what else to say. "Y-you shouldn't have fucked me so hard, you lost your self control! You did this to me!"

Kaito smiled at that. He was proud to take the credit, though he'd much rather have filled his mother's belly up directly instead of just putting her into labor and making the wish on the fertility idol.

"You want to do this, deep down, I can tell. You want to give birth, you want to nurse these babies, you want to be a mother," Kaito sighed. "And when it's all over...you want to get pregnant all over again."

"No, I don't want to be...NYAHUUH!"

Maki couldn't bring herself to say it, as another huge contraction hit her. She did love being pregnant. She was so horny, the pleasure and desire filled every cell of her being, and getting fucked by Kaito was the best feeling of her life, getting spread out by that battering ram of a cock.

And there was more temptation to push than that. Even amongst the strain and discomfort of these contractions, there was a small lick of passion too. Just like that first pleasurable wave that fell over her when labor started, there were hints of it each time her belly flexed and the quintuplets thrashed around, dropping lower and lower into her birth canal.

It was her body beckoning to her, letting her know how good it could feel to embrace this and push. Maki may not have had much experience being a woman, and even less experience being pregnant, but she couldn't believe giving birth would be anything less than agonizing pain.

Still, the urge came to her, stronger each time, as the discomfort of labor was sapping her strength. She trembled, standing on her toes at this point, barely able to balance this squatting position, her lips puffed out as she tried her best to get air in.

Each contraction made her nipples leak more and more, smearing her massive tits with her milk, and drenching her belly before it got washed off by her sweat.

She rocked her hips back and forth, flexing her thick cheeks, feeling each little shift slide the babies farther and farther down, putting more and more pressure on her cervix. Maki wanted so badly to hold out so hope she could go back to her own life, but there was no turning back.

"I need...these babies...OUT OF MY BELLY!" she moaned, giving her overly ripe stomach two simultaneous slaps with her hands, groaning as she unclenched and let herself give birth.

Right away, those hints of pleasure she was feeling burst through, making her jaw drop and her eyes open. Maki moaned again, but it wasn't a response to the pain and pinching she was feeling. It was like she just stroked her clitoris and stuck two fingers up her pussy, swirling them around, as white hot ecstasy poured out of her, making her loosen up more and more.

“Oh fuck, I’m such a pregnant slut,” Maki whined. “I actually...like giving birth...oh fuck...I’m going to cum!!!”

“That’s it, Momma. Listen to your new body,” Kaito laughed. “You’re a natural breeder, so why shouldn’t you have an orgasm when you give birth?”

Maki wheezed, her hands gingerly stroking her belly up and down, caressing the strained sphere as she pushed, her cervix dilating and getting ready for the delivery. It was just as Kaito said: the more she guided one of these quintuplets out of her, the better it felt.

She was sputtering and whimpering as she crowned, feeling just as good as when her son rammed his new, giant erection into her lap.

Each push gave her a mini-orgasm, but as she heaved her way through the first deliver, her voice cracked. It was like a volcano went off in her pussy, giving her the most incredible climax she ever experienced, as a son or as a mother.

She limply reached down to pick up the newborn, but another contraction made her insides lurch, and she grabbed her belly instead, cradling and caressing it. “W-wait, not yet! I’m not ready to...HOOOOHAHH!”

She came again, feeling the second delivery already in full swing. The pleasure was so intense, and she was still riding the high off the first birth. She couldn't get herself to wrap her head around it and tense up like she did the first time around. There was no doing any birth denial. Her body was fully committed to pushing out these babies and having an orgasmic birth. It was up to her if she would let her mind catch up with the rest of her.

It was so totalizing, making her whine and gasp, stroking her belly up and down. Giving birth, she could feel her feminine body in a whole new way, more connected to her fertility and her motherhood than ever before. She dressed like a mom, even acted like a mom around the house to an extent, but was she going to fully commit to it? Or was there no hope for her?

Groaning, she flexed and got lower, already crowning with the second baby. "You're giving birth fast, Momma," Kaito laughed. He took her shoulders and pivoted her on her toes, until she faced the mirror. "Look what you've become~"

Maki moaned, still in disbelief this was really her. This overly swollen belly, this gorgeous feminine face, these engorged tits spilling milk all over her naked body. She watched her expression flex and twitch as another orgasm rolled out of her, making her gasp and squeal like a porn star, all from pushing out a baby!

"D-don't say that! I can't be...oh fuck, this feels so good!"

“You’re a natural!”

“Yes! I’m turning into a mother! A slutty broodmare momma! How can I go back to being your son after you saw me give birth?! I’m...no...IT’S COMING OUT OF ME!”

She moaned, smacking her hands firmly into her belly again, riding out a huge contraction again, the rest of the newborn’s body passing through her labia lips, putting incredible pressure on her vaginal walls and sending a shockwave through her body.

Maki threw her head back, whipping the sweat stained hair around as she felt her nipples burning as they sprayed milk all over her naked, swollen body. She came even harder than she did the first time, her mind going a million miles a second.

She never felt this good in her life, and Kaito was right, it felt so natural. All that time admiring and ogling Makoto, gawking at her big tits, her round ass, her childbearing hips, her MILFy beauty, it was more than just being a pervert turned on by his mom. He wanted that life for himself, it must be it!

The fertility idol completed the final steps of the transformation, as Maki’s mind broke. Any memory of being Hiroji was buried deep in her unconscious, and she only knew life as Maki, the super mommy, the natural breeder.

“Hang on, babies! I can’t feed you from these big tits until I finish pushing out your siblings!” she whined, smacking her belly and arching her hips, rocking it around and guiding the third baby through her body, preparing for another birth. “Fuck, this feels so good! I birth fast and I cum hard!”

“So you like being my momma, is that it?” Kaito yelled, so overjoyed.

“Yes, and I love you being my big sexy son...and I can’t wait to HAVE YOUR BABIES! OH FUCK, I’M GONNA CUM SO HARD, THIS BIG BELLY IS GOING TO BURST!”

She was lactating rivers now, moaning and opening her mouth wide, howling like she was an overacting porn star as she pushed, embracing the intense orgasm that came with each birth. She was shivering with delight, her lips pressed together as she savored the moment.

Her hips and thighs spread wide as this big baby passed through her, the head so large it fit through her birth canal like a cork coming out of a champagne bottle, with Maki groaning and grunting the entire time.

Now she was having multiple hefty orgasms on each birth, finishing several times as she passed her newborn out of her, before gasping and readying herself for the next one.

It was the greatest pleasure of her life, and thankfully, with such a stuffed womb, there was another one waiting close behind.

“Look at this big belly and these huge tits! Your momma is nothing but a baby factory!” Maki wailed. “All I’m good for is getting pregnant and pushing out your babies!”

“You’re so good, you’re the most fertile woman in the world!” Kaito whimpered as he watched and listened, his erection aching.

He was so enamored by her now that she embraced her new body, he was becoming reverential toward her, almost bashful. The roles were truly being reversed from when they were mother and son, taking on each other’s personalities too, but like their bodies, it was to an extreme degree.

Maki groaned and hollered with the fourth push, patting and stroking her belly from the intensity of the orgasms, this warmth pouring off of her along with her milk and sweat, as her four babies laid at her swollen ankles, still connected to her.

“H-help your momma with the babies, my son,” Maki heaved, gesturing between Kaito and the newborns. He sprung into action with towels, water, and tools for cutting the cord, as she readied herself for the final birth – for now.

This one was the most intense yet. Maki knew she needed more strength for this, so she grabbed one of her JJ cup tits and stuffed it in her mouth, her eyes rolling back in her head as she sucked on the nipple and chugged down thick, fresh milk.

Kaito cut the cords as he watched his new mother pushing and laboring, taking longer with this final baby because it was larger than the other four. But more straining and wrestling with her contractions meant better orgasms.

When she was crowning, the pleasure was so great, she couldn’t even keep her lips clenched anymore, letting go of her nipple and moaning with a mouth full of milk, spraying all over herself as she finished, pushing out the oversized, overdue infant.

“I did it...oh fuck, I’m a broodmare. I’m a cow that gets milked and knocked up...and it feels so good,” Maki whimpered, still in her squatting posture as Kaito put the babies in her arms, letting her nurse them and quiet their crying.

“I’m glad you finally see it that way,” Kaito smiled. “And I’m your son, who’ll do anything for you...all the time...”

Maki panted hard, finishing nursing her quintuplets, the umbilical cords cut. She loved her new babies, holding them in her arms, feeding them with her breasts. But, instantly, she missed carrying them inside of her, feeling how round and firm her belly was, tracing the strong kicking inside of her womb.

Thankfully...she knew how she could get pregnant all over again.

She batted her eyes at Kaito as she crawled on all four toward him, shaking her big booty behind her. "What are you waiting for?" she purred to her son, softly running her fingertips from her stomach up to her cleavage and back again. "You said you wanted to knock me up, and you know I love being pregnant...use that big dick and breed your momma!"

"Yes!" Kaito wailed, hurrying over to grab her backside, thrusting his giant dick inside of her again. "Anything you want, Momma!"

He was the one bossing her around and teasing her before, but now they settled into their roles. She was the dominant, broodmare MILF, and he was the loving and doting son, giving into her desires, giving her whatever she wanted...because it would make him happy too.

She grunted and pinched her nipples, forcing even more milk out of her huge tits, as her pussy gripped around that dick, trying to wring the cum out of him too. "Yes, this is how it should have been! I should

be the mom in this house, I should be the round, waddling preggo! I love making babies! Give me your babies!”

Kaito groaned and came inside of her, with so much potent sperm, it made her stomach inflate instantly. Maki gasped and groaned, grabbing at her swollen stomach. She had her strongest climax yet, squirting back against him.

But she didn’t just cum because he was so hung and so good at fucking her. Once she felt his semen splash inside of her, she knew she was pregnant again, and pregnant with even more than quintuplets, and the thought of going through another pregnancy got her horny beyond belief.

How could she ever go back to being a man after this? No, being a perpetually pregnant MILF was what she was meant to be.

And, as she felt Kaito’s huge erection flexing deep in her pussy, her eyes drifted over to the idol still on the shelf, making her wonder what their next wish might be.