

# *The Mommy Factory*

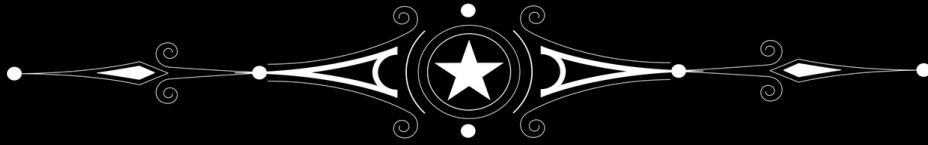
Commission for Tobo

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains: Male to female genderbending, forced, mind alterations, hyper rapid pregnancy

Read at your own discretion.



Tobo wasn't expecting the door to be unlocked, much less for an actual shop to be inside. Granted this was a very reassuring surprise. Most of the side road town looked deserted, if well cleaned, from the outside.

The red panda man paused halfway in to take stock. It seemed he'd stumbled into some kind of hybrid department store. Lines of women's fashion took up the center space. A salon and spa were visible further towards the far back. There was even a small space for a dining restaurant.

"Hello? Anyon-Gah!!"

He had no idea how anyone could sneak around in such an empty store. One second Tobo was scanning over the racks. When he turned back his entire vision was blocked by a button up shirt stretched over generous breasts and an even rounder stomach.

"Welcome to The Mommy Factory!" Zooming out allowed Tobo to process the chubby torso belonged to a sprigatito woman. Rich dimples highlighted her bright smile while her gentle wave showed off welcoming bright pink paw pads on her fingers. "I'm Jasmine; here to serve your every need."

"Um, hey." Once his heart had returned to normal Tobo stepped fully into the store to greet his apparent host. "I was hoping I could use a phone, please? My car broke down just out of town and there's no Ubers in this county willing to pick me up."

"Mhm! Mhm!" This big green cat nodded along in understanding. Though the way she started at Tobo had his ring tail tensing. She almost seemed to be looking through him. "Not to worry, dear. I have a talent for helping new customers get what they need."

"Sorry but I'm not here to-Eek!"

The hand Tobo had raised in apology was suddenly grabbed inside both of Jasmine's paws. She pulled with such overwhelming force even for her size that it was all he could do not fall on his butt. He had a feeling this heavy feline would have literally dragged him along regardless.

"Of course, hun. You don't have to worry." Jasmine continued on, possibly oblivious to the red panda's struggles against her grip. It never slowed her pace, at any rate. "Even if you have no idea what you're looking for, I can make some really good guesses. No mom-to-be has been unhappy with me yet."

Contrary to what she'd just told him, Tobo was starting to worry a lot.

"W-what are you talking about? I'm just a guy passing by. I'm not here to..."

"Shh! Shh!" The green Pokémon bumped her generous hips in black jeans so that her puffy tail brushed across Tobo's face. An assault of cat hairs on his tongue put an abrupt stop to any protests. "Trust me, dear. I'm a professional."

Tobo sputtered, trying to comb loose hairs off his tongue with his unprisoned hand. "A professional what!?"

"Exactly!"

He blinked, which was about all she'd allow him to do for the moment. It was pretty clear the sprigatito was leading him into the salon area of her store. Attempts at further voicing his concerns were cut off with a sharp tug from the sprigatito. Tobo wasn't exactly a lightweight, but this woman must have been hiding her weightlifting courses under layers of fat or something. She practically flung him into a stylist chair without the slightest hint of exertion.

"No. Really. I don't need any-hmmpph?!" Like any rational panicked individual Tobo tried to get up as soon as he was released. His escape attempt was promptly foiled by both of Jasmine's hands pushing him into the chair.

"Yes. I know, miss. We'll worry about your measurements and fittings in a bit. After such a trip, you're clearly in desperate need for a makeover first."

"Hrrgg! Gmmbbtt!"

Jasmine's firm grip turned into a light massage along his shoulders to Tobo's cheeks. Her tail thrashed about with childish glee as she kneaded his face with her paw pads. The pink skin bumps were even softer than they looked, caressing his fur in a way that relaxed the red panda's ears despite his anxiety.

And then the smell of her hands hit his big black nose.

"Mmmhhhh!" Tobo purred in heavenly bliss. All tension evaporated in an instant, leaving his body melting into the thick chair cushions. The fragrance carried a sweetness stronger than honey. It went straight from his nose to caressing his brain while Jasmine worked his face.

"That's a good girl," the sprigatito purred as she moved to start running water through the washing basin behind them. A click of her shoe on the floor switch turned the chair into a near flat recliner. Yet Tobo was far too placated from her handiwork for a response. "Just relax and let me fix you up."

The gentle encouragement of her words had a way of making Tobo sink deeper into himself. He was living putty while the fat cat worked conditioner through his hair. Her every touch from the pink pads released more of the powerful scents until the red panda lost all sense of himself. It was like sleeping on a fluffy cloud.

He couldn't even tell when she'd rinsed his head and ruffled it dry with two towels. After that she moved to Tobo's hands, massaging tension from his wrists before bringing a file and paint to their claws. A process she repeated with his feet after removing the red panda's shoes.

There was no way for Tobo to tell how much time passed in his blissful state. Only the lurch of his chair snapping back into an upright position was enough to break him from Jasmine's entrancing powers. Whether he'd actually been asleep or not, the experience sure left him reenergized.

"Not bad, if I do say so myself." Jasmine giggled. A finger passed its pink pad under Tobo's blinking eyes a few times as if adjusting something. "You look so much better after a beauty fix up, dear."

"I...feel great," Tobo admitted, stretching out his muscles. Good goddess. He didn't know it was possible to get this relaxed in such a short session. The chill of wet hair still clung to the back of his shoulders, so he tried to brush it loose.

Wait a tick! The red panda was certain his hair wasn't supposed to be this long. It was always clean shaven in the back so he only had puffy bangs on the top. Jasmine did nothing but beam, watching him bolt from the chair for one of the shop's vanity mirrors. Sure enough; long red locks draped over his shoulders like a cape all the way to his waist. The thorough washing brought on by his host gave the newly grown locks a silky shine.

The longer Tobo stared at his reflection the more he noticed all the other subtle changes. Trembling hands came up to feel his face confirming what his eyes were seeing. There was a significant fullness to his cheeks, amplified by a slimming of his jaws. Wide eyes were narrower and decorated with dense lashes. There was very little masculinity recognizable on his face.

Or his hands, for that matter. Pulling them back, Tobo stared at how slim and elegant his fingers had become. Claws they were once flawed shinned with a coat of lavender polish after receiving a princess's manicure.

"What the? How the!?" He gulped for breath and looked down scanning for any changes. Not that he could possibly miss his now bare feet, looking just as petite with shining claws as his hands. "What did you do to me!?"

The shadow of Jasmine fell over Tobo from behind a second before her meaty fingers clenched on his shoulders. "Oh, just a simple clean up. We could have gone for a full makeover, but then we'd never get to your new clothes shopping. Trust me, you look very pretty even with my lightest work."

"P-pretty?" Tobo parroted the single word out of everything this crazy feline was spouting. Hearing the word tingled his ears, sending a flutter of butterflies in his stomach. Yeah. He did look incredibly pretty in the mirror. Just like a lot of girls he knew. A hand went back to his face admiring the smoother edges. There was just that nagging

thought this was far from what he'd come to this store to do. "W-wait. You're still wrong. I'm...I'm n-not a..."

Jasmine pulled the red panda by his shoulders, directing him out of the spa with her uncanny strength. No amount of squirming could have hoped to break her grasp. "Not to worry your pretty little head. We accept credit, so let's enjoy trying out some bras and worry about payment later."

The realization that Tobo had been herded into the women's underwear section made him gulp. A hard knot twisted his stomach looking among the various designs on the racks. Some looked far too exotic for a typical department store. His face turned red, mostly because his half-intoxicated mind couldn't stop imagining them on himself.

"H-hey!" And then Jasmine violated a lot of rules regarding personal space by yanking on the red panda's shirt. Attempts to push her away only caused some awkward groping of her stomach and breasts, which didn't stop her efforts to remove the garment. Tobo redoubled his efforts when green furred paws grappled with his pants, but they and his briefs were removed and discarded. He tried to retain some modesty by wrapping his ring tail over his crotch, which didn't seem to faze the sprigatito.

"Hmmm. You really are a pretty mom," Jasmine mused while looking over her naked customer. "I'd eyeball you at an F-cup. Though you're carrying so many kids I wouldn't be surprised if they go a little bigger."

"What?" Tobo tried following her gaze down, only seeing his normal flat pecs and stomach. He'd always had a slight gut but nothing even close to resemble a pregnancy. "Y-you're crazy. Give me back my pants, please. I just want to get help for my car."

"I am helping. You silly goose." Jasmine maneuvered his arms to wrap a measuring tape across his chest. Where the hell she got that, Tobo had no clue. "Now take a deep breath and let's get some measurements."

"That's not really necessary. I'm sure of-Eep!!"

The tape pulled tight across his crimson furred pecs, eliciting a gasp. His chest billowed out with his sharp inhale while Jasmine worked the cold material from behind him. He let it out slowly in the hopes he could calm his anxiety of being rendered naked in the middle of a department store. This crazy Pokémon woman was clearly off her rocker, yet too strong to wrangle away from. With any luck if Tobo hoped if he played along, she might leave an opening to escape. Preferably with clothes back on.

Instead, his anxiety skyrocketed with the realization his chest wasn't deflating with the release of air.

"What the? How the!?"

The red panda's ears fell back against his thicker hair in a mix of bewilderment and terror. His pecs had somehow swollen enough to push back against the measuring

tape. With each breath his lungs forced in his could witness the fine red fur soften and puff thicker again and again. Tobo's captor let the tape slack so as not to be painful, but still taut enough that he could see the growth squish around the small band as it grew.

"Nngh!" He bit his lower lip. The cold plastic was brushing against his nipples, sending a shiver through his tail. That was when he realized they were growing just as rapidly as the flesh around them. They emerged from their hiding place within the soft red fur in two erect points. More of the fine hairs parted further with the drastic stretching of the surrounding areolas.

"I was way off!" Jasmin released the measuring tape with an amused giggle. "You're definitely an H-cup. Nice and healthy too."

Tobo wasn't listening, eyes still dropped down at the swell of his chest. While they weren't actually such a ridiculous size, his mind struggled to process the fact he'd just sprouted a pair of breasts. Big enough that he could feel the weight of their hang when Jasmine set them free. Nipples jutted atop each one looking larger than quarters.

"H-hey!"

Turned out Jasmine was far from done with whatever she was enforcing on the confused red panda. Her paws wiped the tape around his waist and squeezed even tighter than with his chest. The result was a hard vice-like pinch despite being such a thin strip.

An odd shifting sensation overtook Tobo unlike anything he'd felt before. His very insides could be heard gurgling in protest to the sprigatito's pressure. However, they were soon forced to yield, shifting into new positions as his waist caved inwards.

One inch.

Two inches.

Four.

Through the shock he couldn't help wondering if this is what a tube of goo feels like when squeezed in the middle. A notion that became so much more apt when the effects of his figure slimming caused his breasts to inflate. He cupped them with new feminine hands, unable to stifle a moan. His already stressed brain wasn't ready for how sensitive they'd become. It was so nice just feeling them fill his palms, and then squishing through his thinned fingers

"Nice. Nice!" Jasmine wiggled her hips, pleased with the numbers she was measuring out. "Just need a read on this big ol' bakery you're packing and we can get you situated."

"Aah!?" Getting pressure released around his waist snapped Tobo out of his cozy daze. Even then he was finding it hard to let go of his beautiful boobs. They were already overflowing his palms, making for some nice cleavage as he held them.

It was even nicer when Jasmine wrapped her little tape around the red panda's hips. The strongest rush of pleasure yet passed through Tobo's pelvis. He no longer cared this was getting his member hard regardless of their location. She certainly didn't seem to mind when the magic altering his figure sent his ring tail wagging across her snout.

Her work produced the opposite effect as Tobo's waist. Little pops and snaps filled the anthro's ears as his flanks grew wider, fuller, tugging the tape from Jasmine's fingers as they demanded inch after inch. New joint configurations compelled his legs to change their whole stance, leaving knees to naturally point inwards. Their new position made it more obvious when his thighs plumped with rich amounts of fat. Rubbing their girth together sparked another sensual chitter as the space between them became nonexistent.

"Very nice." The sprigatito pulled away, still eyeing the tape number Tobo's rear had settled on. While there was still plenty of bulge on the tummy, their figure bloomed into the rich pair shape of an experienced mother. "Not that we should be surprised. You'd need a huge ass to lug all those kids around."

"Oh, I know. Right?" Tobo said in a suddenly lighter, female voice after coming to her senses once again. The red panda shook her head trying to help clear the haze of unease still nagging at her thoughts. Two fingers brushed stray hair from her face like the motion had been done a hundred times. "They can surely tire me out, but I've never been prouder to carry this load to term."

"Good for you, hun." Jasmine wasn't even looking before pulling a bright blue bra and panties off a rack. "Lucky for you, I got some big gal sizes for just such a pioneer."

"Thanks!" Tobo eyed the underwear with perked ears. She was all too happy to step into the panties when Jasmine set them down and subsequently tugged them up onto the red panda's hips. Their fit sent her tail wagging, ignoring the pronounced erection sticking out from the front and the way it sagged against her butt.

The bra came next, which Tobo relaxed her arms for Jasmine to work through. Soon as the straps clicked into place the last bits of unexplained doubt evaporated from her mind. Getting some cover back on her curves allowed her nerves to relax once more. Granted, the enormous cups were too large even for her ample girls.

"Whatcha think?" Jasmine looked on with eager tail wags.

Turning to one of many full body mirrors set up around the store, Tobo strolled over for a better look. Her gait was nothing like before; swinging her butt hard like a metronome with each step. But the rubbing of thighs and shaking of hips came as naturally as if she'd come in like that. More importantly, she was very pleased at how the bright blue looked great with the reds on her reflection.

She turned to the side for a profile examination. One manicured hand ran over her backside, sparking it to inflate with more rich fats.

“Murrrrrr!” Tobo rocked her head back, catching the scent of Jasmine’s paws all over the garments. She continued rubbing with both hands now. The flat red panda glutes bubbled forth, pushing her palms back. Creases in her panties smoothed out and then the material began stretching with the demand to cover more mounting by the second.

Like a reflection, her member twitched and throbbed as if trying to fight the forces tugging it inside her pelvis. While Tobo’s backside bubbled out behind her into a prominent shelf, the bulge of her front deflated. A hard throb from inside made her gasp. Small wet stains formed on the crotch of her new panties. The last bits of semen she’d ever make as balls were consumed inside an opening tunnel. What remained of her dick pulsed the whole time it dwindled into a sensitive clit until the cloth between her legs became perfectly smoothed over.

“These are perfect, Jasmine,” Tobo said, bringing hands up to rest atop her breasts. Another rush of sweet flowery scents made her girls jiggle before starting to inflate one more. Pressure welled up under the plush furry mounds the further they stretched into her view. Milk formed inside them getting ready for newborns eager to nurse. The cups were soon filled and pulled into a snug comfortable fit, after she’d adjusted them into position, anyway.

“Of course, darling. But we’re not even done yet.”

Seeing the green cat return with sweatpants large enough to be a blanket almost had Tobo jumping in place. They slipped on her dump truck rear with plenty of stretch to spare. After which, she was treated to Jasmine slipping her into a new pair of walking shoes. Extra padding must have been installed because there was so much support not even her aching heels could complain.

Tobo admired the cute coverings on her feet for the short time she could still see them. A fluttering in her stomach brought her hands to her belly button. “Mmmh! The kids are getting feisty again.”

“Oh, I bet.” Without bothering to ask, Jasmine moved to place her paws on the red panda’s middle too. The smells grew stronger, pouring into Tobo’s nose and mouth down into a new set of reproductive organs.

The slight apron hanging off her middle tensed under the pair's gentle rubbings. Loud groans came from inside as it lifted and drew taut. What was once soft fat now better resembled a half-inflated beach ball in red fur. Tobo gave out a soft gasp as her button popped into an outie thanks to so many new things filling her insides.

Yet her middle didn’t stop growing. Waist lost the new curves it’d just gained with the red panda’s stomach grew under Jasmine’s paws. The waistband of her sweatpants got tugged down in the process until she looked more swollen than a yoga ball, only to start sagging over it and down to her mid-thighs.

“G-gosh,” Tobo said in a whisper. Her eyes glazed over with a thousand-mile stare watching the crest of her belly march past the shelf of her bust. The floor was



becoming nearly impossible to see while it grew round and heavy. Even Jasmin had to take a step back every now and then to keep from getting knocked off her feet.

Tobo didn't mind. The red panda could feel them now. Little kicks pushed bumps across the enormous surface of her midsection. Reflexive squirming as several kids jockeyed for position inside her overstretched womb tickled at her other organs. The balloon that'd become her stomach was larger than the rest of her thickened body combined by the time it'd finally stopped. Even after her breasts went through another small spurt that left them bulging in their cups and starting to leak into the absorbent pads.

"How's that?" Jasmine asked, giving Tobo's monstrous pregnant stomach a few final pats for good luck.

"Nothing beats a good rub," Tobo replied. Ring tail swished high above her bloated behind as she tried reaching for what tight furry hide, she could. The ball of young hovered only inches from the floor with her steps, yet she still found a way to walk without much issue.

Knocking over a rack of summer shorts when she turned too sharply, notwithstanding.

"Oops. Sorry."

"It happens, hun. Here. Let's get you in a top."

The expecting mother didn't need to be told twice. Much as she liked having head-sized melons, the maternity bra would be working overtime to keep her modest on its own. She bounced along behind Jasmine a short distance where they filtered through a few different styles.

Soon she was being escorted back towards the front of the store wearing a T-shirt of a video game mushroom power up to go with her sweatpants. Neither of which were of a size that could hope to cover so much as a fraction of her boulder stomach. That was fine enough. At least Tobo could get around without breaking decency laws this way.

Check out went great while Jasmine rang up several more sets of clothing Tobo had found pretty during their browsing. She couldn't wait to lay back at home. Maybe she could show off a few things to friends online, or just make a whole teasing show with the maternity lingerie the sprigatito had recommended for extra fun.

"Thanks for all your help today!" Tobo said before a ding on her cellphone whipped her attention to the front door. A family sized van had pulled up to the entrance way. "Ah, there's my uber. Right on time. One thing I'm looking forward to after these guys are out is being able to fit into my car again."

"I can imagine. Take care, sweetie! Come back if you need anything else."

The sprigatito kept her grin waving Tobo on their way out. It wasn't until the van had driven away with their front-heavy passenger that Jasmine's entire body slumped with a loud sigh.

"Holy hell! I only wanted to give her triplets. What was up with that belly!? That musta been fifteen kids or more." She couldn't help laughing softly while relaxing against the store counter. "Poor guy must be one of those naturally fertile types or something. Ah well. Maybe I can try to beat that record with the next guy."

Not a second later the front door pushed open to the sound of bell chimes. Jasmine inhaled sharply through her pink feline nose and pushed her muzzle back into her perfect customer service smile, ready to make another jackpot in maternity sales.

"Welcome to the Mommy Factory! How's it going?"

The anthro cow that'd ducked his head to enter glanced around in bewilderment before looking at the cheerful fat cat grinning up at him. "Yeah, uh, my bus dropped me off at the wrong place and I could really use some help finding a ride to work."

"Not to worry! Never worry your pretty little horns, Betsy!" Jasmine bounced like a green furry ball around the counter, grasping both her tiny paws in the bovine's one massive hand. "It can be hard finding the perfect fit while becoming a mom, especially with that little herd you got growing in your belly. But I always have something in stock for special cases like you."

"Actually, my name's Nak. But I'm not pre-WHOA!!"

Despite being easily twice Jasmine's size and weight, the cow was nearly knocked to the floor with how hard she pulled on his arm. He let out a confused moo, hooved feet staggering heavy clops in line with her guiding steps. No amount of tugging or pushback could even hinder her pace.

"I said you don't need to worry sweetie. I get it." Jasmine flicked her thick tail on their way into the store's salon section in the back. "Just give me twenty minutes to clean you up and then we can start browsing some summer styles for your motherly figure."

Copyright © Desmond Fallout

All rights reserved.

# Afterward

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

<https://www.patreon.com/Vault72>

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/desmondfallout/>

<https://www.deviantart.com/desmondfallout>

<https://ko-fi.com/A54251GK>

<https://twitter.com/DesmondFallout>



# SPECIAL THANKS!

All my work is made possible through the amazingly awesome support of my fans and friends. Thank you everyone for helping me entertain you!

A special shout out to my top supporters on Patreon and DeviantArt:

Hubert Gorski

Skunkzel

RottenDingo

Axel Stephan

Aneru

Nathaniel Windcaster

Meepes

GBG

Redbow

Starlight Twist

Forvet

Xilimyth Senuva

Paul Revere

Scott Collier

Wes Franklin

Max O-Zuma