

Fertility Square (Rapid Preg, Fertility Statue TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

An Anonymous Commission

Mayor Gerald Horter turns to the aid of a mischevious wizard to help his ailing town's fertility crisis. Little does he know just how much his form will change to cure the fertility problem, or the lives of all the women around him . . .

Fertility Square

Part 1: The Problem

The town of Aeston were agreed that something had to be done. The town hall was unanimous in their vote. After the unfortunate spread of the Waning Disease, very few new babies were being born, even for those who wanted them. Many women were afraid they would never be blessed with children at all, and some men, eager to support families of their own, had already left to the inner cities of the Riverwent Kingdom to find women who could grant them their desire. Few returned.

“The town is shrinking,” Mayor Gerald Horter had declared at the town assembly meeting. “We are but five thousand in number, but we were seven thousand last year! In just a year or two, our proud history dating back to the village hill tribes will be gone, unless something is done. I ask for a vote to consider this our main priority!”

Hands had risen up, and not one hand was left down. Gerald noted that the younger and older woman were the most eager. Those younger women who were married and trying desperately to start new families, and their mothers and aunts who desperately wished for their daughters and nieces to experience the blessing they had once taken for granted. A number of them were shedding tears silently, particularly for Ness Waters. The kindly brunette woman was now thirty three years of age, and she and her husband had desired children for many years. She had been one of the first to be afflicted by the Waning. Young Anning Harp was also eager. She was a bright-faced young thing with dark skin and curly black ringlets that had snagged her an equally eager husband. Just twenty years old, she had talked often of wanting children, viewing it with a romanticism that even most other women didn't possess, perhaps because so few could even become pregnant now. And while Veru Myrson wasn't likely to have children any more, being an older olive-skinned

woman in her mid-forties with three grown son in their twenties, she was saddened by the loss of those sons to the inner cities and had become deeply invested in the town's renewal.

"Wonderful, the motion is passed," Gerald announced. "Now we must consider what is to be done!"

The assembly hall erupted into loud discussion.

"We must find a way to entice new young women to come here!"

"Send men to fetch them!"

"No! We'll just lose the men to the flashy cities, like Veru Myrson's boys!"

"We can't just bring in everyone, we'll lose our town tradition in a flood of citycomers!"

"Better to lose some traditions than lose our town entirely!"

"Why are we even discussing this? We can't abandon the women of Aeston! Poor Ness Waters wants children before her time is up; we need a cure!"

"There is no cure, you fool! Or else we would have found it!"

"It might lay beyond the borders!"

"We just need to accept that fresh blood is what's needed. I'm sorry, but us ladies just have to get over it!"

"Easy for you to say, Elizabeth! You don't even have a husband! You don't even want children!"

The last was an exchange with Elizabeth Witsmith. She was an attractive woman in her mid-twenties with raven-black hair and piercing, ice-blue eyes. She was known for a bit of scandal: she enjoyed a bit of dalliance with men, but refused to be married, and was adamant that she cared not for having children. She sometimes chafed at the town's traditionalism, but made it known she was here to stay, much to the happiness of the young men, and the frustration of the elders.

"Children aren't the be all, end all," she said. "Some of my fellow ladies would do well to realise that maybe it's high time to get over it!"

"Wretch!" a woman cried.

"How dare you!?" said another.

The crowd burst into discussion and infighting again. Yes, everyone agreed something had to be done, but they were pulled in all sorts of directions. Gerald sighed, and indicated for the crowd to listen. When they would not, he began to ring the bell. After a minute or so, the furor subsided.

Now time to bring them around.

"Let's not fall to infighting," he declared, and the people listened. Gerald was not the town's oldest mayor: he was only in his early forties, and unusually for the town's leadership, he still had all his hair and even the colour to it: a dark brown that was only just thinking of going greyer at the temples. He'd been elected for a two-year term just a week ago, on the

backing of his natural charisma and his ability to deal with situations in ways others hadn't expected. Gerald was willing to take risks as a leader, and right now, the traditionalist town was looking to risk-taking. So they listened.

"We're all in agreement that we need to take action. I am proposing the formation of a small council of respected and eager persons to strategise on how to tackle this. The council's decision will be by majority vote, and then it will act to prevent our town from waning away. All in favour?"

The hands went up again. People were eager. Over the next hour or so, details about what this council would look like were decided. Details such as how many would be on it, who would be on it, and how sweeping its powers would be. Factions were formed to support particular candidates, but in the end they were chosen. The council would consist of Mayor Gerald Horter, Veru Myrson, Elizabeth Witsmith, physician Matthew Peers, and the previous mayor, the one who had lost his re-election to Gerald, Rupert Nygard.

Gerald wasn't happy about that last one.

The newly formed council met three days later, and quickly fell into arguing. Elizabeth simply argued for enticing new men and women to the town to shore up their numbers.

"I don't care about all this traditionalism. As a woman who doesn't care for children, and never wants any, I have an objective view of this, unclouded by emotion."

Matthew Peers nodded. The physician had a realistic view of the Waning. "I agree, though I am sadder about it than Elizabeth here. We simply can't overcome the Waning."

Veru frowned. "Nonsense! We can overcome. I've lost all three of my boys to the city. And I'm just as objective as you, Miss Witsmith. I won't be having children anytime soon, but I would not deny the experience to your generation!"

"I agree with Mrs Myrson," Rupert Nygard said. He was an older man in his seventies, with a bald head and beak-like nose. He was a perennial scowler, hating change and popular with the older types, which were an increasing share of the population now. "These half-cocked ideas will only destroy our town. We are a humble people. We don't need city types, with their strange ideas and ridiculous modern notions. Just having Miss Witsmith here is more than enough."

Elizabeth pouted in response, but Rupert continued.

"If I had won the election, we would have prioritised a way to solve this already, instead of offloading ideas on others. I would have *led*, Gerald."

"And how would you have led?" the Mayor asked. "What is your idea?"

The man fell silent, scowled again.

“See?” Gerald said. “Sometimes tradition is an empty well. I have a proposal to put before you, one that is desperate but does not rely on losing our traditions.”

“What is this proposal?”

“Veerband.”

The group gasped.

“This is a joke,” Rupert Nygard muttered.

“I’m not. I formed this council to hear other, better ideas, but I see we have none. So now I turn to you to help me consider this dire course.”

“Veerband is a wizard,” Rupert said. “A trickster. You can’t trust their type, with their repulsive *magic*. Besides, not even a wizard can cure the Waning.”

“Perhaps not, but he might have a workaround.”

“Isn’t he missing? Just local legend?” Veru asked. She looked hopeful, though.

“Not so,” Gerald explained. “He moves about across the kingdom, very hard to track. But young Harry Smoll saw smoke rising from the hinterlands the other day, beyond the pass.”

“That could mean anythi-”

“Red smoke. The kind that sparkles. I think Veerband is sitting there, waiting to see if we’ll seek him out. If not, he’ll move on, and our last chance will be lost.”

The room considered this for a moment, and then the usual arguments came out. Elizabeth, naturally as a modern woman, hated the notion of relying on mysterious magic to solve their problem. Matthew Speers was with her, but seemed intrigued. After all, the physician used a lot of traditional herbs and older remedies that the modern types spurned. Veru, unsurprisingly, was desperate. She immediately sided with Matthew. Which left Ruper.

“Absolutely not,” the former mayor said. “This is ridiculous filth, and I won’t ever agree with it, nor will the town of Aeston.”

“This council is all that’s needed,” Gerald reminded him.

“Then this council never will.”

Gerald saw that Matthew was deep in thought, and seized on the opportunity.

“It may be our last chance to draw upon the old knowledge. We are all physicians today, and we must sometimes take radical measures to heal the sick, right doctor?”

He nodded slowly. “Perhaps.”

“Then let’s take it to a vote, shall we? Who agrees to at least try for Veerband the wizard?”

Gerald put his hand up, as did Veru, smiling as she showed him support. And then, very slowly, Matthew Peers raised his hand as well.

“Ayes have it,” Gerald said.

Rupert Nygard was in a fit of rage, his old eyes bulging. “Madness. Absolute madness. I’ll have no part of this. Go see Veerband then, *Mayor*. But see him alone. Don’t put any of the rest of us at risk.”

“That’s exactly what I was planning on,” Gerald said with a confident smile.

I’ve got them, he thought.

Gerald was less confident when he actually found himself upon the doorstep of Veerband’s cabin. Sure enough, the sparkled red smoke was rising from its chimney, but it otherwise looked abandoned. Still, despite the tremulous beating of his heart, he knocked, hoping more than anything that it would be warm inside. The hinterland journey had not been kind, and he was currently freezing.

The door opened immediately, and standing on the other side was a red-garbed man with a long beard and amused smile.

“Welcome, Gerald Horter. I’ve been waiting for you. Come in.”

The Mayor of Aeston stepped inside, feeling a little surprised. Within was not a cabin, but the interior of a luxury estate. Bigger on the inside, impossibly. Still, he chose not to remark on this. Better to avoid seeming like a naive fool.

“Take a seat by the fire, and I’ll get you your remedy.”

“I haven’t even asked for anything yet, good wizard.”

The other man grinned. “You and I both know I am no *good* wizard. Not a bad one either, though. Simply too unorthodox for most. And too extreme. But you wish to cure the Waning, yes?”

“Indeed. It is why I have come here, and with gathered coin from the village, and promises of good food and a warm hearth.”

“I have good food, and a warm hearth, and no need of coin as you can see.” The wizard gestured to his astonishing estate, nestled magically within the cabin. Gerald’s heart fell, but the wizard kept talking. “What I do have need of, is a challenge, and by coming here you grant me one. I don’t help others who don’t try to help themselves, and you have tried, and you have dearly failed. And now you come to me, which means a bargain can be struck.”

He moved over to a complex shelf near numerous older tomes on the wall, and plucked a potion, beginning to add several ingredients from an alchemy bench to it.

“The Waning cannot be cured in conventional ways, but it can be superseded.”

“What does that mean?”

The wizard smiled, took a moment to enchant the potion, read an entry, then weave his magic over it again. It changed colour to a vibrant red.

"I mean if you drink a cup of deadly poison, what will happen?"

"I will die."

"Exactly. Now drink a cup of water, with only the merest, infinitesimal dab of poison, and what will happen?"

"I suppose I would get sick. Perhaps not even that."

"Exactly! Now drink a herbal remedy, with a good lamb broth to hearten your senses, over the course of a week. And imagine a single dot of poison added in there somewhere."

Gerald's eyes widened. "I understand. If the poison is the Waning, you're saying the answer is not to cure it, but to somehow increase the water, the remedy, the *fertility* of the women!"

"Precisely," Veerband said. He finished his enchantments, and passed the potion to Gerald. "Here's one I prepared earlier. I've just re-enchanted it. I've been working on it a while; it's no coincidence I'm back here. I was just waiting to be asked."

"This will work? A woman must drink it?"

"*You* must drink it. You will become a nexus of fertility to nearby women. It must be you. That is the bargain I make with you. I am trying new magic here, and am intending a particular effect. You drink it or you don't get it."

Gerald looked into the eyes of the wizard, trying to sense some sort of ulterior motive. The man had a reputation for getting results, but never as one expected. Still, he couldn't return empty-handed, and he knew bargaining was impossible: the wizard had the expression of a man who had just issued an ultimatum he wouldn't back down from.

And Rupert Nygard will be so damned fucking smug if I come back with no solution. Not that he'll like it anyway, but I'll never live it down if I return with nothing.

He took the potion. "This isn't going to kill me, is it?"

"Not at all, though you may find your life . . . different, once you are able to inspire fertility."

"Well, I'm not married," Gerald joked, though he was partly serious. If this thing upped *his* fertility, maybe he was going to be quite popular. After all, there was a reason he'd pursued being a mayor. He loved Aeston, but having power of it was a rush, even if it was a small town, he could make it *his*.

"That will make it much easier," Veerband said nonchalantly.

"Well, here's to all the future kids then," he said. And with that he drank down the potion, which tasted a little vile, before changing to sweet.

"Wow, by the Gods, that's strong."

"Indeed," Veerband said.

“Will it work immediately?”

“The change will be slow, but you will know when it occurs. Now, I must be off.”

Gerald stood, startled. “Already? You’re not sticking around?”

“No, and neither are you,” the wizard said brusquely. “Time to get back to your town, Mayor. And if all goes well, your fertility problems will be all, ha, *solved*.”

Gerald didn’t like the way Veerband said that last part, but he knew he’d get nothing more from the man. He felt a little regret already for taking the drink, but he’d always prided himself on being a man of action, and besides, it was already done.

“Well, I guess that concludes our business,” Gerald said.

“Yes,” replied the wizard. “For now.”

Gerald returned to the town to the minor council he had formed and told them what had happened. Predictably, Rupert thought the whole thing a ridiculous waste of time, and Matthew was unconvinced. Elizabeth simply chuckled: she was not superstitious like much of the rest of the town, and could well not believe in magic at all. But Veru was hopeful.

“Perhaps it creates a field, of sorts?” she suggested. “Women in close proximity to you are more fertile, overcoming the Waning?”

“Yes, or perhaps *he* just ends up more fertile,” Elizabeth chuckled. “And this whole thing was just a way for our Mayor to populate the town with his own seed.”

Ruper glared at the inappropriateness, but Matthew and Veru simply reminded her to be respectful.

“He’s still your mayor,” Veru said.

“Thank you Veru,” Gerald said. “It’s my hope that Veerband was true to his word about this cure, whatever it may be. I’ve taken the risk, so we’ll just have to see. In the meantime, let’s work on other plans. Perhaps talk to some city goers: don’t worry Rupert and Veru, just a few.”

They continued to talk, discussing and debating endlessly what to do. Gerald was sure he felt a strange little tension in his stomach, like a cramp, but he ignored it.

It was probably nothing.

Part Two: Changes

Something was wrong, and Gerald knew it. It had only been two days since he had drank the potion Veerband had given him, and during that time he'd started to develop the most unusual tensions and pressures across his body, not to mention the horrid stomach cramps. He'd hoped that they were just precursors to a solution to the town's fertility crisis, centred on him as the drinker of the potion, and he'd managed to hide his discomfort as he went about his mayoral duties. But now, as he looked himself over in the mirror that was his privilege to own as mayor, he knew that something was very, very wrong.

He'd grown breasts. Small ones, but identifiably breasts. Even his nipples had swollen, expanding out to the size of coins, and sticking out further like little peas, or cherries. He touched them, and gave a sharp intake of breath.

Gods, they're sensitive too. What is going on?

There were other changes: his skin was fairly smooth, and he'd lost about half of his body hair, particularly on his chest and legs.

I thought I was more hairless yesterday, but this proves it! It explains the pain in my nipples as well!

He turned in the mirror, examining his naked figure. His penis looked slightly smaller, though perhaps he was imagining things out of fear there. His hair was a little longer also, and the grey in his temples was gone. Even his hips seemed a bit rounded.

"Okay, don't panic, Gerald," he said to himself. "There's got to be an answer to this. I'm not dreaming, I know that much. So it has to be the potion. But why on earth do I have breasts? Why do I look less like a man?"

He frowned, feeling anxious as he looked over himself. Another prod at his new 'additions' made him wince. Yes, they were still sensitive. Still very real.

"That damned wizard. If he's turning me into a woman, I'll bring all nine hells down upon his head."

He managed to go about the day without it interfering too much in his affairs. The changes to his body were easy to conceal and, he hoped, not permanent. His nipples itched, and there was an occasional bout of pressure in his chest, as well as his waist and hips, but it was easy to pretend they were just the aches of a body in its early forties, and not something much more dire. Everyone asked him about the potion, and what effects it was having.

"I'm not sure yet, but we must have faith that Veerband's magic was true."

It was a variation on the same thing he told everybody. Veru was persistent, eager to hear news of what could save the town that was all she had left, while poor Ness Waters, desperate for children, lapped up any information she could. Someone had spread word of

the visit to Veerband, and soon the whole town knew of it. Anning Harp, the gorgeous young dark-skinned woman whose lucky husband trailed behind her like a dog, waxed on and on about how desperate she was to have a child.

“Oh Mayor, please tell me the magic will ring true! I know others like Ness deserve a child, but I’m still young, I should be fruitful in my best years!”

“That’s, er, wonderful Anning. Unfortunately I cannot reveal everything just yet. I’m still, um, determining the nature of Veerband’s magic. I’ll be able to tell you more soon.”

Of course, Elizabeth and Rupert were sceptical. The two hated each other - the modern young woman versus the crusty old traditionalist - but they were aligned on the ridiculousness of Gerald’s plan.

“So, now that we’re done with magical nonsense, can we get to the *real* business?” Elizabeth said.

“I’m forced to agree with Miss Witsmith,” the previous mayor said. “Bandyng with magic is an evil and heathen affair. You should be condemned for it.”

“We’ll see, we’ll see,” Gerald simply said, striding past them. He had to appear confident. He had no intention of letting them win, not when he could well become the saviour of the town’s future.

If Veerband wasn’t playing tricks.

If he wasn’t becoming a woman.

“Nine hells! Shit! Nine hells and shit!”

Gerald looked at himself in the mirror once more. It was the next day, and far from his changes melting away, they were only sticking out more. He cringed at the larger breasts he now had. He had awoken several times in the night to the sore pressures of them as they expanded, but in his midnight confusion he hadn’t understood exactly what was happening. They were now undeniably womanly, with a weight and a jiggle to them, and they would require a binding to keep in place. Unfortunately, he could not apply the same treatment to his wider hips, or the fact that his facial hair was now completely gone, or that his hair was growing faster than he could keep it cut. Just overnight it had extended down past his ears and neck and was getting close to his shoulders.

“I really am becoming a woman,” he grumbled, looking at his softer face, his more rounded chin, his shrinking Adam’s apple. “Even my damned voice is higher. Fuck!”

He wasn’t usually a man for swearing, but he was becoming scared. The damn wizard had tricked him! The fertility problem would be solved by having him as . . .

No. No way is that happening. I am not getting pregnant.

He resolved to hide the changes as best as he could, and go about his day while trying to find signs of the wizard nearby. He entrusted a few allies he trusted to bring word of where the wizard could be, while continuing to attend to his duties and oversee town disputes. Still, despite the tough bindings, he couldn't help but feel that the pressure in his . . . breasts, was only increasing. The slight tugging feeling in his manhood was something he almost couldn't bare to think about, and it meant that he felt and seemed distracted all day. He allowed Rupert to ride roughshod over him, didn't combat Elizabeth cleverly as he always did, and when Veru, Anning, and Ness continued to ask him about progress on the fertility front, he simply snapped.

"I'll tell you when *I TELL YOU!*" he cried, and stormed away. He blushed a deep red as he realised that his voice had cracked up almost a full octave.

The three women were shocked, and he took off back home, calling it an early day.

"D-damn changes," he muttered to himself, scratched at his chest. "Nnghh! Gods, these things feel like they're getting bigger."

The dreadful feeling was accompanied by more pressure in his hips. He walked faster through the streets, trying to pretend his shivers and spasms were just related to the cold evening air.

"UUghhh, G-Gods! It h-hurts!"

No, it doesn't just hurt . . .

He sped up, trying to ignore that it wasn't just a series of dreadful pressures, but a rising series of pleasures as well. He cringed, pulling up his collar as his hair continued to descend.

"H-how? I just cut it again this morning!?"

He reached his home, nearly tripping over his shoes as his feet resized, his gloves nearly falling off as his hands became slimmer. His heart beat rapidly, and to his astonishment his hips started to actually *sway* from side to side as the bones shifted.

"Can this get any *worse!?*"

He placed his hands on his lips as they puffed up, horrified at the female voice that had come from his mouth. He spoke a second, and was relieved when it was more mannish again. "I still sound like me, I still sound like me."

He began taking off his cloak, disrobing his tunic as well. He needed to take stock of his changes, but even he hadn't expected how far they'd come in a single day.

"Oh Gods," he gasped.

His chest had indeed grown, and was sore in its bindings. His nipples had expanded, becoming dark, with areolas that were wide like those of a pregnant woman. His bust was now large enough to fill his hands, to the point that they were near equals to Ness Waters' bust. *At least I have a way to go before I surpass Anning Harps' blessed chest!*

He chuckled to himself sadly. The rest of him had changed. His figure was pear-shaped, with wider hips, the kind of which he would have described as 'child-bearing.' His ass had rounded out, becoming the sort of rear he'd turn his head to examine if a woman with its like passed him. And, of course, his body was now completely hairless, except for his pubic hair, which had changed in shape.

"Fuck," he said, in his lighter voice. "I need to figure out what is happening here."

It was at that moment that someone gasped from behind him. Gerald spun around, covering himself as quickly as he could, but it was too late to disguise all of his changes, or even the large ones. Ness Waters was in the doorway, with a shocked look upon her face.

"I - I knocked and thought you answered. I was hoping you were okay, after . . . after . . ."

Gerald gulped. The secret was up.

"Please, Ness, take a seat."

"You've got breasts, Mayor."

"I - I know. Please sit. I'll explain, but you have to keep this quiet."

She nodded awkwardly, taking a seat, her eyes locked upon him as he put his clothing back on. Without his bindings, the breasts were now obvious. His hips strained his pants. And without the careful look he'd cultivated with his hair, his more feminised face was obvious. He looked over himself, sighed.

"I think I'm becoming a woman due to the wizard's magic."

Ness nodded, eyes still bulging. "I can see that, Mayor. I'm - is this the plan?"

"No. Maybe. I have no idea what is happening. I expected Veerband to commit some mischief, but this? It doesn't make sense. I . . . I don't know what to do . . ."

To his surprise, tears began to form in his eyes, and once they started he couldn't stop them from coming. He couldn't believe it. He'd always been in control, even stoic when necessary. But now it was like his femininity was spreading to his mind as well, causing him to feel emotions that much more strongly.

Ness ran to his side. "There, there, sir. It'll be alright."

"It w-won't. Rupert will win! Why did I drink that damned potion. I just wanted people to be able to populated this town again and - NGH!!"

He arched his back as his waist contracted further, and his nose shrunk slightly. It was in response to Ness touching his arm, but even as he was concerned with those changes, he felt something pass between them. Something like a pulse of lightning.

Ness gasped and jumped back. "Oh, by the Gods!"

"Are you okay?"

She rubbed her arm, and her other hand hovered over her stomach. "Yeah, I th-think so. I feel kind of - Ohhh!"

She ran around the corner, down the hall, clambering past several doors. To Gerald's astonishment, he heard her crash upon the door to the toilet after searching for it, and then immediately throw up into it. Gerald winced. He was one of the few in the town who had plumbing thanks to the mayor's residence. He hoped the area wasn't too dirty now.

"Ness, are you okay?"

There was a long pause of silence.

"Ness?"

"I'm - I'm fine, mayor! Better than fine, sir! Amazing, in fact! By the gods, this is a miracle!"

Her voice echoed down the hall. Nervously, Gerald stepped forward, disliking the way his increased bust bounced with each step. *How do women handle it?*

"Ness? Ness?"

"I'm coming out! I - just - sir, you've saved me! I can't believe it! I know your changes are difficult, but look at what you've done!"

She stepped out, cradling a distended belly that most certainly hadn't been distended before. Gerald gasped. She looked as if she were four months along, her stomach revealed to him as she pulled her thick dress tight, her cloak parted to give it space. She was beaming, unable to stop smiling.

"Ness, you're - you're -"

"I'm pregnant," she said, beaming. "I'm pregnant! You really *are* the answer!"

She leapt forward and hugged him, pressing her belly against his. It made him realise another change that had occurred.

Oh Gods no. Not like this.

He lowered his hands down, and Ness parted from him in surprise, as they both looked to what was poking outwards from his body now too.

Mayor Gerald Horter looked pregnant too.

Part 3: Commotion

It would set a wild commotion, that was for sure. The man who was turning into a woman, and could get other women pregnant, or at least that was how Ness would put it. Certainly, Gerald had been in hiding, faking sick ever since the incident with Ness. She had told her husband about the news, and he was ecstatic and thankful, but she had also sworn him to secrecy. A good thing too, as Gerald was getting more and more emotional over the prospect of revealing himself. It was only a few days after he'd somehow stirred a pregnancy

within Ness Waters, and within that time his body had further developed, with breasts that were now somewhat large, and a set of hips and rear that would make him the envy of any woman. More than envy, in fact. But he also now had a belly that looked past the end of its first trimester, something which terrified him. And if that was not enough, it wasn't just the physical that was changing, but the mental too. Try as he might, Gerald felt a strange yearning to put on makeup, to wear women's clothing in preparation for his transformation. It was ghastly!

Ness had been a helper. The newly pregnant woman treated him as if he were her saviour, which was partly true, but only managed to unnerve him more.

"You're going to have to tell people," she said. "Especially since you managed to reverse my infertility! I'm having a baby, and somehow you were the spark! You can't deny this gift!"

"I bloody well can!" he retorted, doing his best to apply a little makeup, a bit of grit, and even raise his collar and lower his cap to hide his feminised face. "I'm not meant to be a damned woman, and now I'm pregnant too!"

"It's a blessing!"

"It's an embarrassment! Rupert will seize on this to push me from mayor!"

"You'll be wildly popular!"

"I'm growing *tits*, Ness! That makes me a freak in anyone's book!"

In the end though, she had worn him down. His body was only becoming more and more feminine, and it would soon be a matter of time when it would be impossible to even prove that he was actually Gerald Horter, something Rupert Nygard would seize on anyway.

The old crusty bastard. I can't let him win!

"Fine, fine!" he'd finally said, when the bindings were simply too hard to apply, too ineffectual, and his trousers requiring continual help from Ness just to tailor to fit his hips. "I just need to call a town meeting. I need you there too. I need this to be public so I can control it. Keep the politics in my court."

She didn't seem to understand, but she helped make the preparations, and call the town meeting on his behalf. In the meantime, he tried to obscure his feminised features. No one could see that his dick had shrunk further and further, but he still put a sock in his pants all the same. It only made him realise how much he'd lost, and with his newly feminised emotions it took everything not to weep.

It's more than that, he thought to himself. I'm fucking desperate to wear women's clothing. Gods, I need to put a dress on! I n-need to style my hair!

He tried to fight the compulsions again and again, but they were only growing more powerful. In the end, he settled for wearing some women's undergarments beneath his male

clothing, and putting his dark hair in a feminine ponytail that he slipped beneath the back of his collar.

And so he found himself before the assembly hall, with hundreds of the town's denizens attending, awaiting word of his miraculous plan to reverse the Waning and save Aeston from an inevitable decline into nothingness. He stood before the lectern, doing his level best to hide how womanly his form had become. Thankfully, the cold of this winter meant he could cover himself in a great deal of garb, but it didn't do anything for his face. Already, numerous people in the closer rows of seats were commenting.

"What is up with the Mayor's face? Has he shaved?"

"Pah! He looks like a woman now! A man should not look like that."

"Is he wearing makeup?"

"Perhaps he's taken ill, it would explain the puffiness of his lips."

He cringed, trying to keep himself together. He rang the loud bell that indicated that the meeting was about to start, and then before addressing the crowd, he curtsied. There was a series of chuckles and whispers that ran through the crowd at that.

What the hell am I doing? Why did I just curtsy?

The answer, as with all the other feminine behaviours he was compelled to adopt, was obvious. It had simply felt *right*.

"Uh, sorry," he said, chuckling himself and keeping as low a voice as possible. "A silly joke, one that will make sense soon, I suppose. Welcome citizens of Aeston to our town meeting. We will of course be discussing the matter of the Waning, and the potential ways we can overcome our dwindling numbers. But first, is there any other business?"

The anxious crowd was silent, only murmuring, some of them about his 'reedy voice.'

"No other business?"

"Get on with it!" someone shouted from the back, and the crowd seemed to echo in agreement. Gerald sighed, looked to Ness, who gave a sympathetic expression. It seemed that he couldn't delay the inevitable.

"Very well, very well," he said, gathering his documents. He'd tried to prepare a speech in ink the previous night, but the words hadn't come. In fact, even his dominating forthrightness was a bit lacking at that moment: he felt like he should be more submissive to the crowd's whims, and not so much taking charge.

I better not be becoming the kind of traditional woman that Ruper Nygard wants Elizabeth Witsmith to be. As much as I dislike her, I'd rather have her independence!

He took another breath, rubbed his distended stomach behind the lectern.

"The minor council convened, and it was voted three-to-two to see Veerband the wizard, who had camped in the Hinterlands for the first time in nearly fifteen years."

There was a loud murmur in the crowd, and it took every ounce of his formerly politically savvy self to calm them.

“I myself went and visited him, and he gave me a potion that he promised would heal the fertility of the region! It could not cure the Waning, so to speak, but it could overcome it handily!”

“You didn’t drink such foulness!?” someone yelled, a man.

But the women were avid listeners. He’d wanted to help them always, of course, but in truth the position of power over the town had been the main draw. Now, seeing their eagerness in the crowd, some of them even touching their stomachs in hope, he felt a stronger empathy for them than before. A feminine connection, of sorts.

“I did,” he said. “I had to, for our women. I had to take the chance.”

“And did it work!?” a woman called out. It was Anning Harp, the young dark beauty who was very eager to have babies with her equally handsome husband.

Gerald bit his lip, looked to Ness nearby on stage for help. She stepped forward.

“It did!” she declared, and to the surprise of all she let her heavy cloak fall to the floor, and revealed her sloped midsection, bare and naked to the crowd. Ordinarily, such a sight would be at least a little scandalous, but it served its purpose, shocking the crowd into a bustling conversation that took minutes to die down.

“Is it real!?” Veru Myrson called from the side. The older woman had tears in her eyes.

“It is,” Ness said.

“But you’re so big - how did this happen?”

“It was the Mayor, Mister Gerald Horter! My husband and I have wanted a baby for many years, and it was only after I visited the Mayor and he touched me that I became pregnant. It’s my husband’s child, don’t worry!”

There was an awkward chuckle from the crowd, still confused.

“I can tell,” she reassured, hugging her dome. “I don’t know how. Magic, perhaps. But I can tell. It’s like the Mayor renewed the soil of my womb to let my husband’s seed take root.”

The women gasped, and the husband’s looked spellbound. Anning Harp was practically drooling with desire to run up and grab Gerald, a prospect that worried the mayor.

“Can he do it again?”

“How many times a day?”

“How does it work Mayor?”

He looked to the side, saw the calculations of Rupert Nygard and Elizabeth Witsmith. They were both intelligent, even if opposed to him for different reasons. Rupert looked to him with a snarl, but his cold eyes were clearly trying to determine the hidden cost that Veerband

the wizard had extracted in this deal. Elizabeth too, though given her distrust of magic, in her perspective there was no doubt an element of charlatanry to it.

“This is all nonsense!” she ended up crying. “The Waning does not create total barrenness, there are always the occasional edge cases of women who fall pregnant. Who is to say the Mayor did this? You expect us to believe that magic is real! It is folklore!”

Many in the town murmured disagreement, but their belief in Gerald’s solution was not yet full. He exhaled.

“I know you are all wondering the price of this magic, for it is real magic, Miss Witsmith. Veerband gave me the potion, but while it has given Ness Waters her blessing, it has also changed me as well.”

I can't believe I'm doing this. How will old Rupert even react?

Another breath to calm his now-fragile nerves, and he took the cloak off, as well as his hat, and he released his hair from its band to flow freely over his shoulders. He stepped out from the lectern with a gasp from the crowd.

“See?” he called out, letting his now-naturally higher pitch to echo through the chamber. “Veerband has exacted a price on me. It appears I am becoming a woman.”

“A pregnant one!” someone shouted.

“Nonsense, is that real?”

“It can’t be!”

He turned to the side, revealing his shapely form. His clothing was still male on top, but his larger breasts and expanded behind, along with his wide hips, gave lie to their disbelief. Even his face, now fully revealed to them, looked more female than male. His lips were full, his cheeks rounder, his jaw softer. His hair had become wavy and dark, no longer looking aged. In fact, he looked a decade younger.

“I am becoming a woman,” he repeated, giving an obviously despairing face. “It’s the price I’ve had to pay.”

Rupert stuttered, and it was the one thing that gave Gerald at least a little comfort.

The old bastard doesn't have a rat thing to say, he's so shocked!

“It’s a sacrifice he made willingly!” Ness added, giving his own presence further strength. “When he became the spark for my pregnancy to take, the magical energy changed him yet further, making him pregnant too!”

Gerald bit his lip. He didn’t like that part. Didn’t like thinking about it. Nevertheless, it had a powerful effect on the crowd.

“Would you be willing to sacrifice again, Mayor?”

“You could be our first female mayor, if you would blessed us with the power to have a child too!”

The tide was turning in his favour, despite the slight revulsion of several of the men, and others who were more sceptical. Rupert was consulting with several of his allies, trying to strategise in response to this development, but it was Elizabeth that surprisingly took to the stage, pushing past Anning Harp who was making a beeline for him.

“This is all charlatanism!” she called. “Outright nonsense! I don’t know what silly game our good Mayor is playing at, but this is just some chicanery to make us believe that the solution no one wants is the only one we have left! We have to forget our traditions, leave the past behind, pack up the obscure festivals if need be, and *bring in new blood!* I’m sorry ladies, but nothing is making you get pregnant, not with the Waning, and this ridiculous dress up cult isn’t going to mean anything.”

“Then how do you explain how I look!?” Gerald called, his voice cracking a little higher. He tried to ignore the pressure in his belly, in his bust. And even more than that, an increasing energy in his core, as if he were not pregnant with a baby but with transformative energy instead. It was getting warmer and more powerful the closer Elizabeth came. He held his hands out, trying to ward her back.

“I can explain it easily,” she responded loudly. “Why don’t you take off that ridiculous wig and costume!”

He reached out to grab his hair and pulled it hard, and at the same time he caught her arm. He squealed in a woman’s voice as she tugged fruitlessly at his hair, and there was just the most minor moment of surprise from Elizabeth as she realised it was not a wig, before that powerful pulse of energy passed from Gerald’s core, up into his arms, and straight into her.

“Oh G-GODS!!” he called out.

“NNGGGHHH!!!” she moaned, clutching on to him despite clearly wanting to let go. The energy that had built up was powerful, and he let it course into her, almost like a defence mechanism, more than had gone into Ness Water even. Several others rushed on stage, confused but obviously moving to help either or both of the individuals. But before they could even reach her, Elizabeth flung back, falling onto her buttocks on the wooden floorboards, all while Gerald continued to cry out. The other woman immediately began to groan as she clutched her stomach, much to the alarm of the crowd.

But Gerald had more pressing concerns.

My b-belly, my damned b-breasts! I can feel it again! No!

Ness Waters helped balance him as he rocked on his heels. “Mayor? What’s happening? Are you alright?”

Everything was chaos. Elizabeth Witsmith was being comforted by a small crowd, but they stepped back as she turned paler than usual, and then proceeded to vomit all over the

flooring. There was a great audible gasp, and Rupert Nygard called for order, proclaiming, "this is the result of foul wizardry!"

Ness spoke again. "Mayor? What's happening?"

His feminised face was flush with a fine sheen of sweat as he clutched his various mounds. "S-so m-much p-pressure! EeeurrRRGGGGHGH!!!"

It happened all at once. His belly pushed outwards, straining his shirt before finally popping its buttons, causing them to zing everywhere. His penis withdrew further into his body, even as his breasts surged, splitting the top of his shirt and revealing a much deeper cleavage than had been there before.

"N-no!" he cried, only to halt. His voice was now completely a woman's, low and even a little sultry, and without a trace of manhood in it. "Oh Gods, I even s-sound like a womannnNNGHH!!!"

His hips split the seams of his trousers, as they became as wide as a fertility idol's. His stomach pushed out further, becoming a round dome, equal to a woman well into her second trimester, perhaps even on the verge of her third. His hair flowed down his back to the bottom of his shoulder blades, becoming even wavier. His face became lovelier also, no longer even remotely male, or able to be disguised as such.

"He's becoming a woman! The magic is real!"

"Look at Miss Witsmith! Ness was telling the truth!"

Gerald was so overcome with his own womanly changes that he hadn't even realised that Elizabeth was still moaning high and loud. To the collective shock of him and the crowd, her belly began to balloon outwards, her breasts pressing visibly against the material, nipples becoming large and erect enough to leave dents against the fabric. Her hips widened subtly, and her ass swelled. In mere moments, she appeared to be a quite pregnant one.

Elizabeth looked over her features, aghast. "What - what have you d-done to me!?"

"I t-told you," Gerald groaned. "I was telling the truth!"

"I - oh Gods, I'm pregnant!?"

The women looked at her with envy, even as she looked at herself with shock. More still stared at their now female mayor with shock. He could still feel the merest nub of a penis and two small testes between his thighs, and he still had the height and shoulders of a man, but so much of the rest of him was womanly.

"You are!" Ness declared. "You're pregnant, Miss Witsmith!"

Someone laughed in the crowd. "You'll have to track down which of your boys did the deed, Miss Witsmith!"

The newly pregnant woman looked with fury at the crowd, but between her ripped clothes, her now prodigious bust, and her quite pregnant belly, her only response was to hightail it out of there, awkwardly running out of the room in embarrassed shock. It left the

Mayor now the major source of attention, and numerous women approached him, calling out for his touch, for the changes he offered.

“Please, Mayor! Change me!”

“No, me next! My husband and I have been trying for a baby for nearly a decade!”

“Well, I’m older! My time is short! I need it now!”

“Help us, Mayor! My sister and I have had such misfortune! Just one touch, and-”

Even the men joined in, calling for the mayor, while others were less kind entirely.

“Abomination! Monster! This is what happened when you trust Veerband! That poor woman didn’t ask for children, and who knows what our Ness carries in her belly!”

The words, naturally, came from Rupert Nygard and his traditionalist supporters. Several men even stepped forward, as if wishing to lay hands on Gerald, though they shied back, unsure of the effect of his strange powers.

“That concludes the meeting for now!” Gerald hastily called out, retreating away from the women. One of them was lucky enough to touch him, a woman in her late twenties he didn’t recognise. With a pulse of energy, he cried out, his body shifting even further.

“Noo! I didn’t say you c-could - OHHHH!!!”

She fell back, clutching her stomach and singing praises, even as her stomach swelled. Only a little energy expended from his dome this time, perhaps because less time had passed to ‘store it up’, but she didn’t throw up with morning sickness at least. She ended up looking just a little pregnant, and immediately began crying and falling to her knees, praying as if he were a god. Other women joined her.

“I’m sorry! I have to go!” he called. He grunted, feeling the horrible final change. His shoulders squeezed inwards, his spine contracted, and his manhood slipped up into his body. He nearly fell over, but Ness Waters and her husband Derris managed to catch him and haul him from the building, closing the back door behind them. He wheezed and panted as his belly shifted outwards, expanding inch by terrible inch.

“Ngnh . . . ohhhh . . . ahhhh . . .”

“Are you okay? Mayor, are you alright?”

His clothes were practically falling off of him, but there were other changes that were perhaps more insidious. “I’m d-damned pregnant woman! Of course I’m n-not okay! That damned wizard. I need to f-find him. And I need - oh Gods, I can’t believe I’m saying this - I n-need a woman’s dress. And makeup!”

They helped take him back to his residence, evading the crowd and letting it die down among the commotion. Thoughts swirled in Gerald’s head, overcome by the weight of everything, especially the weight of his now prodigious bustline and belly.

I’m a woman now. I’m a godsdamned woman!

And the worst part was, *she* felt like a woman, too. *She* needed to find Veerband. Fast.

Part 4: Regretting It

Mayor Gerald Horter woke with a groan, lifting *her* body from the bed, being mindful of her belly. For a brief time, she'd woken with hope that the events of the previous day were little more than a dream, but she soon realised that was not to be. A quick check at her full-length mirror revealed that she was most certainly female. *Fully* female. She looked to be in her second trimester or so, perhaps in her third even, and her breasts were full and heavy, perfect teardrop shapes with large dark nipples. Her hair fell to the bottom of her shoulder blades, and her ass was . . . a lot. Like two juicy melons pressed against one another, all the bigger thanks to her incredibly wide hips.

"Like a godsdamned fertility idol," she whined. She touched her form over, and found that not only was her skin incredibly sensitive, but her nipples far too responsive. She moaned softly. "F-feels good. No! I can't do this. I'm a man!"

But it was too nice, and there was something so . . . different about being so obviously pregnant. She felt full of life, but not in the way that perhaps even pregnant women felt. There was no stirring or shifting in her belly, but instead a sort of . . . potency. A deep well of potential, as if her full womb was round and heavy with the power to *create life*, to give it to others.

Like I did with Ness. And Elizabeth. I don't feel too bad about either of those. To think, young independent Liz, all full with child! Ha!

But still that potential made her aroused, and she couldn't help but rub her nipples a little more, teasing them out. Even when they began to leak a little milk, she still continued to tease and rub them.

"Mmhmm . . . t-too good. Mhmm . . ."

Her new womanhood became damp. Moist. Wet. Needy. She lowered a hand down over her rounded belly, sloping over its expanse, and down to her lower lips. She teased them with her fingers, shuddered at the pleasure that followed as she played with the new nub. No longer a penis, it was now a sensitive clitoris, one that made her only more desperate to touch and tease as the bliss grew. Soon she was rubbing her belly as much as her breasts, feeling its warmth and power. It radiated ever more, growing warmer and warmer with each stroke, with each rising of her ecstasy.

And soon it was all too much.

“Yes, yes - YES! OHHH - Ahhh - ahhh - ahh . . . oohhOHHHH!!”

She'd never experienced multiple climaxes before , but she experienced them now. She nearly fell over, and instead only just managed to catch herself by holding onto a nearby cheer. Her belly swelled slightly further, extending in weeks along her final term. She whimpered at the pure power that radiated from within. The power to give life to others. To spark women's wombs.

“Oh Gods, oh G-Gods, what have I d-done.”

She managed to calm herself. The feelings subsided slowly, and she cleaned the slowly dripping milk from her nipples, blushing in pure embarrassment.

“Damn that wizard. What in the Nine Hells am I even becoming!?”

She shifted her heavy body away and sought to bathe and dress. It was difficult now that she was a woman. Not only did she feel an unbearable need to wear women's clothing, but also to style herself as a woman. She'd told as much to Ness quite frantically the previous night before she'd collapsed in exhaustion, and so the kindly new mother-to-be had left her a lot of clothing and items for female care. As much as Gerald tried to resist it, she couldn't help herself. She simply *had* to dress as a woman. Had to *act* like one.

The magic wouldn't give her any other choice.

Mayor Gerald Horter left her home in a fine dress that pulled tight against her pregnant bump, and also cradled her breasts in a way that only revealed her hyperfertility. She felt ridiculous, particularly since the dress hugged her ass, emphasised by the way her wide hips swung easily from side to side. Even her hair had lengthened further, now almost to the small of her back in length. It was wavy and dark and perfect, and with her eyeshadow and makeup, she now appeared to be a gorgeous creature of pure fertility: a goddess of some ancient culture that granted productivity to lands, animals, and people alike.

I look ridiculous. And the worst part is it feels right to be so! I can't even bring myself to cover up these ridiculous teats!

Indeed, it actually required some personal effort not to uncover them, bare them to the world. Thankfully, she still had some control there, despite her aching chest being almost the size of her own head . . . apiece.

She made her way through town, intent on speaking to someone who could find Veerband so she could change herself back. Instead, she ran into a veritable horde of women, at the lead of which was Anning Harp. The ebony-skinned beauty ran to her, hugged her deeply.

“Oh, dear Mayor! You look beautiful this morning! Like a goddess! We are all so sorry for rushing you last night, but we were all excited! Do you bring us a bounty today?”

She cringed, not even knowing what to say.

“N-no. I’m sorry, Mrs Harp. I know this is hard to hear, but Veerband tricked me. I never intended on this, particularly becoming a woman!”

“But you’re wearing a dress and everything? Haven’t you accepted this? Wasn’t that the point?”

Gerald blushed. Even her name wasn’t feeling right anymore, the magic making her want to take on a feminine-sounding name. She pushed that instinct down and away for now, summoning her remaining male pride.

“It wasn’t quite like that! Look, perhaps Elizabeth was right -”

“Ha! She’s pregnant now, the wench! She never imagined it, always mocked us for wanting to bear children. Now she’ll have her own set.”

Gerald paused. “Wait. A set?”

“You didn’t hear? Of course, you would’ve needed rest. Mr Peers thinks she’s likely pregnant with twins. A pair, can you believe it!”

Holy Gods. By the Black Mountain, Elizabet Witsmith pregnant with twins? No wonder it felt like I was pouring so much energy into her! I did double the effort without even fully realising it.

“H-how is she coping with that, may I ask?”

Anning smirked, as did several other ladies. “Let’s just say she’s got a lot of questions, and is not nearly so smug anymore. She’s half torn between wanting to rip you apart and being afraid that if she tries, she’ll end up with quads!”

“Look, I didn’t mean to do that. I have to go. I have some men to talk to and -”

“Can’t you just use your magic on us first?”

She shook her head. “I’m already compelled to dress a woman? I’m already a woman entirely! I don’t know what other terrible chang-”

“But these aren’t terrible changes! They’re destined!”

The woman’s romanticism was turning almost to fanaticism. She reached forward and grabbed Gerald’s hand, and the formerly male mayor felt that spark once more. After pleasuring herself that morning, her womb had become utterly taut and full with fertility power, and it had reached the power where it needed expressing. It emptied from her core straight into Anning.

“Yes! Yes!” she cried. “I can f-feel it! Hold her there! I need it!”

Various young women allied to Anning, her devoted little clique of followers, all surrounded Gerald, and she realised she was trapped. She tried to pull away from Anning, particularly as she felt more changes come over herself, but she couldn’t do a thing.

Anning's eyes were obsessive and mad, wild with desire to have children, and she wasn't letting the Mayor go. She'd been such a good girl, but her own self-importance was turning her wild, and now that she had her life's dream in sight she clearly didn't care about the impropriety of laying hands on her mayor. There was only one way to escape. It wasn't pretty, but it was all Gerald could think of, and she was angry and desperate enough to try it.

"I can feel the power!" Anning cried again, gleeful.

"Then feel *all of it, damn you!*" Gerald cried in her high, soft voice.

She grabbed Anning's other arm and poured her newfound fertility power into the other woman. Suddenly Anning was not smiling as she became overwhelmed with the energy flowing into her womb. Her eyes bulged, and her stomach roiled as it began to swell rapidly.

"N-no! S-stop! Too much! You're giving me t-too much! STOP! OHHHHH!!!"

She managed to stumble back, and the circle parted long enough for Gerald to run past. She felt her hair was even longer now, trailing down to her ass, and her height had shrunk to a typical woman's height as well. Her lips were even broader, and her breasts were now larger and actively seeping milk in a constant flow. Everything jiggled and wobbled, and her dome was pressurised to its greatest extent. She gritted her teeth, whimpering as it expanded by several more inches, until she looked utterly overdue.

"OOHhhh . . . nnghhh . . . euuugghhh . . . so b-big."

She rounded the corner of the street, looking back only to catch Anning Harp on her back, surrounded by her friends, with a belly that looked utterly full with quads or more . . . and still rapidly expanding. Several eyes looked at her, then to Gerald, particularly as she was almost busting out of her clothes once again. She had forgotten where she was even trying to go she was in such a panic, and it was only as a timely hand reached out and pulled her into a doorway that gave her a sense of direction.

"Poor Mayor! Gerald! Are you alright?"

It was, thankfully, Veru Myrson. The older olive-skinned woman helped her to a seat. Gerald hadn't even realised she was going past her friend's house, but now here Veru was.

"Why - why does everyone ask me that?" Gerald groaned, clutching her stomach as she tried to relax in her seat. "Of course I'm not f-fucking fine! I think I just gave Anning Harp a heap of babies."

Very chuckled. "Well, at least she got what she wanted. And you are helping the town."

"D-didn't want it like this. Not at all."

Another sympathetic smile. "I saw you running. I had to help you. You did a brave thing seeking out the wizard."

“Brave and stupid. I’m huge and full and have the power to make women pregnant. I’m a godsdamned joke.”

“You’re not. You’re a cure to the Waning.”

Gerald shifted uncomfortably. *Gods, I need a new name. Something female. Like Geraldine. No, like Ginny. That sounds nice - no! No, not that!*

“Only sort of a cure. I just . . . overcome it. Or give woman the power to, as Vereband put it. But that doesn’t mean I want to stay like this! I didn’t ask for this!”

Veru put her arm on Gerald’s shoulder. “You don’t want to stay like this? You could be the saviour of our town.”

Gerald blushed, looked down. “I always wanted to be. Be an important man, I mean. But I was a dignified Mayor in my forties, now I look like I’m only twenty years of age and with breasts the size of my own head, and I’m leaking milk, too!”

“Yes, I can see that.”

“No, I have to go back. I refuse to stay like this.”

Veru sighed. “Very well. Veerband is in Aeston. He’s waiting on the edge of town, by the disused tavern.”

Gerald’s eyes went wide. She raised herself up in her seat, a difficult act thanks to her full-term belly, which was already rebuilding its power. “How do you know this?”

Veru sighed. “Because he told me. He seemed to know I would find you coming past, and told me to quite literally ‘put a hand out to grab you,’ as I just did. He said you’d want to change back, and if you were truly insistent, to come see him.”

“But you were hoping I’d stay.”

Veru nodded. “My sons are gone to the cities. This town is all I have left. I love Aeston. I don’t want it to wither away. If you choose to stay and help with your new power, however much embarrassment it may bring you now, you could be its greatest hero.”

Gerald blinked back some tears, hating how easily her moods swung now. But she was steadfast. She would be a male mayor again. She would be in charge. She’d find another way to save the town, before Rupert Nygard played his own hand.

“I’m off to see the wizard,” he said. Veru had to help her to her feet, but she didn’t question the mayor.

“I hope you reconsider,” she said.

Vanbeer was indeed at the old abandoned inn. It was half-filled with snow, and the chill of winter’s day was rising, but the wizard wore a simple red cloak with little in the way of warming himself, and did not seem to care. Neither did Gerald: her belly continued to radiate

heat, warming all the rest of her easily. Without even meaning to, she'd ended up barefoot, and the snow simply melted faster around her feet as she stepped inside.

"Enjoying your handiwork?" she said to the smiling wizard as she rubbed her belly.

"Very much so! Indeed, isn't it ingenious!"

"You could have told me I would become a woman."

"I didn't know for sure you would, though I suspected it. Besides, you agreed to the risks. I wanted to enjoy the experimental results, and indeed the results are quite experimental, wouldn't you say?"

Gerald frowned. Her boobs were leaking more milk again, causing her nipples to throb. She needed relief once more, and being in the presence of a man made her arousal grow.

Ignore it. I'm a man, a mayor! Not some wanton tavern harlot!

But still the feeling grew, and with it, the pressure in her womb.

"Far too experimental," she complained bitterly. "I have to turn back. You have the power to do it."

The wizard shook his head. "I have not. I do have the power to change your power so that others won't harass and grope you as that young woman did out there, or the one on stage - yes, I was there in the assembly, in a glamoured appearance. It was most amusing!"

Gerald could have wept. "You can't make me a man again?"

"I can only make your powers have a wider field, so that they do not require you to be touched and prodded all the time."

She had to take a seat, though her wide ass was much too big for a tavern stool, and her figure too short. She barely managed, giving a little 'oof!' as she settled herself.

"I even *feel* like a woman, that's the worst part. I can't stop - ehgh - wanting a female name."

The wizard smiled. "Yes, I imagine that's part of it. Perhaps *Gisele*?"

She instantly wished he hadn't said it, because the name immediately fit. It was *perfect. Far too perfect for me. Gods, Gisele. It's like he knows what I'll be compelled to adopt, and I can't fight it!*

"Gods damn you," she muttered. *Gisele* muttered.

"Like I said, I wanted to experiment. You wanted a problem solved, and so I solved it. Just because you don't like your part in it doesn't mean it isn't appropriate. Still, if you are worried about your future, I could always make it more . . . concrete."

Gisele's raised a perfect eyebrow. "What do you mean?"

Veerband shrugged his red-cloaked shoulders. "I mean that you're worried about Rupert Nygard reclaiming your mayoral title and casting you as a freak, yes?"

There was no point in hiding it. Gisele nodded. "The old bastard is already calling me an abomination. He's mustering his supporters in the town against me. Even if I did want to stay and fix the fertility crisis, I'll be run out of Aeston soon anyway, especially since Elizabeth Witsmith is now pregnant with twins. She'll recover, then pursue me with a vengeance."

Veerband passed her a handkerchief, which she took to dab her tears. *Damned female emotions. I'm so fucking vulnerable now, and it's the worst time to be so!*

"Then I could use my magic further . . . after all, what choice do you have?"

"If you can't make me a man again, what's the point?"

"The point, my dear Mayor, is survival. Not just survival, but *flourishing*. Look at that wonderful belly of yours."

To Gisele's shock, he rubbed his hands over it, before leaving them placed on its underside. Her belly radiated warmth, and she felt a strange longing, and almost arousing desire to pass her fertility energy into him. But he was a wizard, and a man besides, so it had nowhere to go. It only left her arousal to grow and grow.

"Mhmmm . . . ohhhh," she moaned. She bit her lip, raised a hand to place with her nipple, before realising what she was doing and pulling it away.

"What are you p-proposing? Aahhh . . . oh G-Gods . . ."

She clenched her eyes shut, trying to ignore the pressure. *The wonderful pressure. Is he doing something to me? It feels - mhmmm - s-so powerful! I need to express it!*

Veerband had all the power, and he continued to rub her pregnant belly, admiring her womanly dress and face as he continued to stroke her. He was indeed doing something. Gisele knew it. He was increasing her need, stoking the flames of the fertility powers she'd been given.

"I'm proposing a final change, Gisele. One that will put you in the history books of this town, even as it one day becomes a bustling metropolis. A figure who will never be forgotten, and will bring it endless growth. Its population will never decline for a thousand years. Isn't that what you want?"

It was. It was exactly what she'd always wanted. Not to be some small little councillor in a big city, but the most famous politician, the second founder of sorts, of a small settlement that he could put on the map. And what better settlement than the town he'd been born into, with its natural riches and excellent location for future mountain road trading? He loved Aeston, and always had, but his ambitions - *her* ambitions now - were great.

"What's - oohh! - what's the c-catch!?"

The pressure was unbearable. She felt an almost urgent need to spread her pregnancy blessing, to give fruit to a woman's womb.

Veerband just shrugged. "You'll be immortalised forever, a saviour of the town who brought the blessing of fertility to it. What more could you want? Isn't that worth *any price* anyway?"

He couldn't tell if it was the pleasure, the bliss of her womb, or the dreadful pressure of it at the same time, or her own desire to fulfil that exact destiny, but once more she found herself casting aside any doubts.

"F-fine! Just do it! Make me immortal!"

Veerband grinned. "Very well. You should be quite a sight, dear Mayor. Though perhaps not in exactly the way you imagined."

Gisele's heart stopped for a moment, and the realisation that she'd just agreed to something perhaps yet more radical caught up with her. But it was too late. Veerband was flourishing his hands through the air, and from his lips came a stream of enchanted words in the language of magic itself. Magical power swirled around her form, and she went rigid, terrified in her inability to move.

"Don't worry, Gisele," he said. "Your power will be increased greatly, and you shall form the epicentre of the whole town. It will take some getting used to, but trust me, you're going to be a monument to this town's prosperity."

She sucked in a breath, overcome with the strange power he was exerting over her. It was like her power was indeed swelling, growing. Her belly expanded, her breasts also, and she felt an urgent need to uncover herself further. She pushed Veerband back, stepping back.

"Wh-what have you d-done to me?"

"I've solved your problems," the smug wizard said with a smile, "but it may take some getting used to. If you stay here-"

"I'm n-not staying with you at all! I'm - Nngghh! - I'm g-getting out of here!"

She panted, whimpering as her breasts bloated up yet further, causing her breasts to express yet more milk. It caused her dress to become soaked in streams of lactation. Her nipples throbbed, and somehow it only made her pussy become wetter. Hotter. More needy.

S-so fucking aroused. So fucking t-turned on. N-need to get out of here!

She stumbled past the wizard, moving as fast as she could to get out of the old tavern. The wizard's laugh echoed on the icy wind as she rushed from the building and out into the snowy streets. Her body was so damn flushed and overheated. She pulled the low top of her dress wider, casting off the thin cloak she'd put on. Even then, the heat rose. Her heavy, milk-filled tits bobbed with each step, wobbling heavily. She was huge, and only getting bigger. Even her hips had widened yet further, causing her to waddle awkwardly.

"C-can't even run n-now!" she exclaimed. She tried to hold her breasts, but they could no longer be contained by her slim arms. She was heading home, but numerous

individuals stopped to see her as she passed. Veru Myrson bolted from her house to look. Her mouth gaped.

“By the Gods! By the Black Mountain! Gerald, are you okay?”

She groaned, nearly collapsing against the woman, who embraced her.

“N-not Gerald. I’m G-Gisele! I’m *G-Gisele now!* I can’t help it! My whole damn identity is changing! NNGHH!!!”

Veru held her. “Gisele?” She shook her head. “It even seems *right*, even to me.”

The former male grunted, clutching her rounded mound. She bent her knees slightly, as if bearing down to push a child out. But she wasn’t full with child: she was full with the power of fertility, and she could feel it almost leaking out of her. A strong compulsion was coming over her. Like a compass, it was like she was being pointed further north.

To the centre of the town.

“Oh G-Gods,” she groaned, rubbing her stomach. Her breasts surged forth a little more, her ass too. Her dress split further, causing Veru’s eyes to go wide.

“Gisele! You’re getting bigger! You’re still changing!”

“I kn-kn-knowwwwwww!!!” she cried, shuddering as her belly split further seams. “I’m s-sorry, I n-need to get to the centre of town. I can’t explain it. Veerband p-played me again. I couldn’t help but agree with him again. Now - I don’t know what’s h-happening to me now!”

But it was too late. Veru tried to comfort her, keep her back, but Gisele had to keep moving. The sight of her was astonishing, particularly as the urge came over her to disrobe further.

N-need to free m-my body. Need to make it free. Display it. Why do I need to display it? But it has to be displayed!

She was picking up a small crowd. As cold as the streets were, people were pouring out of their houses, drawn not just by the sight of their incredibly pregnant mayor, but also by the way she was removing her clothing and revealing her fertile form completely. She couldn’t help it: the need to become completely naked was too strong. She breathed heavily as she waddled forth, her hands rubbing her belly and breasts sensually, as if she were a goddess of fertility. She *felt* like a goddess of fertility, radiating power in a way that demanded attention. She was certain, in fact, that this very power was drawing the townspeople out. People were clearly sensing something strange upon the air, an energy pouring into their homes. Gisele tried to suppress it, but it was impossible. She literally couldn’t *not* be some kind of idol of fecundity.

What is happening to me? What did I agree to? I d-don’t want to display myself, but they have to see! They have to!

Rupert Nygard exited his larger homestead, gazing with horror and reproach at her naked form. "This is abominable!" he cried. "You must your clothes on! This is a disgrace! It is immoral!"

But others were coming out, calling out to her as if she were something to be worshipped: Ness Waters was leading a pack of women and their husbands, all of them watching in shock, and more than a little excitement.

"Look!" Ness cried. "She's changing more! The blessing is true!"

Anning Harp was pulled along by the crowd, and even Gisele was astonished at the size of her. She looked full term not with a single child, but with entire *twins!* She had no way of knowing how far along the woman was, but she most certainly was not at the nine month mark, which made her wonder how many she had in her.

"S-s-so m-many!" the woman cried, face flushed, husband helping her move. "N-need less! Didn't want s-so many s-so soon!"

And yet she still pressed forward, reaching out to Gisele as if pleading for aid from some divine deity. "Gerald! Please, Mayor Horter!"

"I'm Gisele now!" she cried, unable to help herself. "I'm sorry! I c-can't stop. I have to get to the centre of town. I have to be there! You need to see! YOU ALL NEED TO SEE!"

Her voice carried over the confused and captivated crowd, who immediately began to disseminate it down the streets as more of them came out to see her. Her cheeks flushed in total embarrassment, overwhelmed not just by her body but all that was happening. Somehow, just having these people around her inflated that sensation power. She turned the corner, waddling implacably towards the town centre, where the old fountain had long been in disuse. A crowd was moving ahead, Ruper Nygard having moved quickly to catch up and head her off. But even with his supporters, they couldn't stop her advance. Ness Waters and her women, and even Veru Myrson and Matthew Peers, pressed them back. The appearance of her divinity was at hand, and to know that the Waning might be ending thanks to Gisele was too strong to resist seeing what would come next.

What is going to happen there? I need - ahhh - I n-need to reach the fountain!

"Make w-way!" she called. "N-need to get on the fountain. To help the t-town. To be immortal!"

Ness and various others heard it, called it across the town.

"MAKE WAY! MAKE WAY FOR GISELE, THE MAYOR REBORN!"

Rupert called out various invectives, but it was impossible for him to stem the tide. Something magical was in the air, and Gisele was in the centre of it, no matter what she wanted. She reached the fountain centre, and the crowd helped lift the heavy, overly-pregnant woman to its summit. It had a flat base from where the old statue was removed, but now she stood upon it.

Oh Gods! I can f-feel something. Ch-changing again - changing!

She couldn't rail against it any long. She stood before the crowd, caressing her naked belly, standing utterly without clothing before them. Like a goddess of fertility, she cradled her great mound, and with a gentle throb, her nipples slowly expelled small trickles of milk that ran down her belly.

"P-people of Aeston!" she cried out. Something was happening with her toes, something she couldn't see before her giant stomach. She ignored it. She needed to speak. She needed to. "I have t-taken the name Gisele. I don't know what is happening to my b-body! I knew when I made a deal with Veerband that there would be mischief, but I never intended on becoming a woman! I thought I could make a s-small - ahh! - sacrifice, and that I would be able to be the mayor you deserve. But I don't kn-know if I can - NNGH!! - do that anymore. I c-can't go back, and I'm afraid - I'm s-scared that something is happening that is going to change me further." Tears streamed down her eyes, but she spoke from the heart. Spoke purely, for once in her ambitious life. "But I hope I can be what you want me to b-be! And that I can fix the Waning, and let this town blossom again!"

The crowd listened attentively, even her rivals simmering down. But at that last sentence, the crowd broke into a roar of approval. More tears came down her eyes.

"We love you, Gisele!" Ness called.

"Yes!" Veru added. "We will neve forget your sacrifice! And you are still our mayor! You can lead us, even as you are!"

Many gave their approval, but that energy surged again, and Gisele found herself unable to shift from her footing, like her feet were stuck to the ground.

"I d-don't think I - ughhh - can! I think - I don't know what's happening - but I think I'm godsdamned going to be stuck here! I think this is m-me! I think - OHHHH!!!"

Suddenly the feeling changing. The sensations in her body intensified, and to the surprise of the crowd, her fertile body began to glow with a heavenly light. There was a series of gasps, but for Gisele, the pressures in her belly and breasts was her main concern. They rose in strength, but this time it was not followed by discomfort, but waves of pleasure and bliss that flowed through her. She gasped, her cheeks flushing red with sheer embarrassment as the orgasmic sensations increased. Her new feminine tunnel clamped, desiring to be filled, and her nipples distended, requiring ministrations.

"NNghhh . . . Oh, by the B-Black Mountain . . . the pleasure! It's t-too much! Soooo much pleasure! MHHHMM!!!!"

She arched her back, causing her belly to extend out to its fullest roundness, and her breasts to bob gently, sitting heavily upon it. She grasped her ass, shifting the centre of her gravity, but then the further compulsion came over her. She had to hold her belly, and in a particular way. She grasped her orb, one hand on the underside of her pregnant stomach,

the other reaching over it. She half-closed her eyes, lifting her head up slightly as if rocked by orgasmic ecstasy to the greatest extent.

This was it. The moment the new change would happen. She couldn't fight it, and no longer wanted to. The pleasure was too damn great. Too powerful to resist. She posed before them like a deity on display, resplendent. Her gorgeous dark hair flowed around her ankles, swirling in the cold wind. But even the wind stilled, and the snow melted around the square as a celestial warmth carried across the town centre.

“Oh G-Gods! It's happening! IT'S HAPPENING!!!”

She stopped moving. Could no longer move. Her hair stopped, holding in the air as if time had stopped. Her body hardened, skin becoming pure white marble. The crowd gasped, Veru and Ness and Anning and even Rupert dropping their jaws at the sight before them.

I'm becoming a statue. By all the Gods, I'm becoming a fucking s-statue! Why does it feel soo ggggooooooooodddd!!”

Everything became marble, slowly but surely in the minutes that followed. It didn't happen quickly, but rather kept her in a state of perennial orgasm, calling out in her high, soft, perfect voice until finally even her lips froze in a pout of ecstasy. She half-closed her eyes, as if overwhelmed by pleasure, which she was. But in the silence before the crowd, the changes continued, and no one interfered with them.

Finally, her core became heavy, marbled. Her entire being was now a statue, and even the stand upon which she stood turned to marble, becoming part of her as well. She was frozen in a pose of pregnant, feminine grace. She knew in that moment that she was a fertility goddess. A true fertility goddess, based in the centre of the town. She did not die, her mind and sight and even sense of smell and touch remained, but she was unable to move. She had become immortal, in a way that she had never expected.

It was Ness Waters who broke the silence. “She's ascended! She's become our stone goddess! She'll bring back our fertility!”

“Nonsense!” called Rupert, and several of his traditionalist supports said the same. “She should be destroyed! This statue is a betrayal of our traditions! Who knows what foul magic our former mayor absorbed!?”

Oh Gods, don't destroy me. This is terrible. Surely I can escape? Veerband, you damned wizard, where are you? Change me back to a regular woman, damn you!

But she couldn't do anything. She was a statue now, no longer even human. Yet still the power was within her, growing faster and faster than ever before, surrounded as she was by her townspeople. But how to even let it out?

N-need to let it out. I need to let it out!

The answer came quickly. Veru Myrson stepped up to see her. The olive-skinned woman with her curly dark hair and kind eyes moved from the crowd to see her former

friend. Gisele had always liked her, trusted her, and now Veru returned the favour. The mid-forties woman stood before the statue, and reached her arm out.

“Gisele? Are you still in there?”

Her hand touched the side of Gisele’s marble belly. Instantaneously at the moment of contact, energy coursed from Gisele straight into the older woman.

“Ohhh!” she groaned. “Aahhhh . . .”

She staggered back, breathing heavily. The crowd gave her wide berth, but soon more rumours carried across their numbers. Veru looked down, exhaled sharply. She had larger breasts. Wider hips. And a deep, burning need that Gisele could sense.

“Oh G-Gods, I n-need to get out of here. I’m sorry. I need to s-see my husband!”

She pushed her way out of the crowd, running straight for her home and grabbing her husband’s hand along the way, pulling him along. A ripple of pleasure carried over Gisele’s frozen body. She wished she could cry out, smile deliriously, do anything! But the pleasure flowed nonetheless, just shy of an orgasm.

“She did something to her!” someone called.

“Could she have made her fertile? She looked in lust!”

“She has the power, just as before - I can feel it even from a distance!”

There was something strange in the crowd, and Gisele was first to notice it: her power flowed outwards from her base, cascading over them. The many townspeople of childbearing age looked to be flushed with heat, overcome with lust. Husbands looked to wives, wives looked to husbands, and even unmarried men and women suddenly gazed at their long unspoken crushes with understanding. A sexual tension carried through them, and soon it was unbearable to Gisele.

That was, until finally a young man she didn’t recognise stepped forward to grab a another young woman from the crowd and pull her into a deep kiss.

“I need you!” he declared. “I always wanted you, but now I need you! I can’t explain it! It’s the statue! But I want this!”

She kissed him back. “Mhmmm - me too! Quickly!”

She pulled him away from the crowd, off to some secret makeout spot. It was the match that lit the flame, because soon the same scene was playing out a hundred times in the square. Others further distant pulled back, while those closest descended into wanton lust with one another, making out openly until they could bear no more, and retreated to their homes. The most daring stayed where they were, basking in the statue’s radiant warmth. Gisele felt their arousal, and knew she was the cause of it. There was no way to stop it: immobile as she was, she simply passively emanated a field of fertility and virility that had set the town alight.

Soon, there were only a couple of dozen couples left in the square, but those couples were busy ravishing one another, men thrusting deep into their newly fertile women. Gisele was helpless to their pleasure, feeling a portion of it, and when each man and woman came she did so too. Somehow in her new deified inanimate form, she could sense that these individuals were impregnated, and that her own orgasms came at the point of that impregnation. As if conception itself rolled her own waves of ecstasy back upon her ten-fold, with a bliss and delirium she had never known. It only continued as coupled fucked and fucked across the town.

She lost count of how many times she orgasmed over the next twenty four hours, but her sexual desire never fell away. With each bout of pleasure, she still felt ready for more. Only after a full day had passed did it all die down, and she was left wishing she could pant and moan.

*I'm a statue. I'm a fertility statue. No, scratch that, an inanimate fertility goddess!
What in the Nine Hells has my life become?*

But in truth, she had already answered her own question.

Part 5: Inanimate Life

There was a lot of talk about what to do with the statue over the following days and weeks. Gisele was more than aware of this, because the discussions were often held around her, and it was impossible to respond. Instead, she had to hope that her friends and followers when she'd been human could aid her. Veru Myrson and Ness Waters were her staunchest allies, but even Matthew Peers of all people was outspoken that she should remain. As a traditionalist, he split from Rupert on this point: "she is an omen! An omen of fertility that we can't ignore! She gave her life for us!"

"She's still alive in there," Neru said. "I don't know how to explain it. She simply is. And . . . she's given us a new chance at life."

At that, her hands fell to her flat belly, her expression shifting to one of hope. Gisele was certain the older woman had indeed become pregnant, but couldn't be sure. After all, her previous human self when she'd become a woman had the power to bloat women up instantly. Indeed, Anning Harp looked at her with fear, refusing to approach. The formerly over ecstatic young woman was now so incredibly pregnant that she could only move around in short stints. Her belly shifted constantly, and when she drew close, Gisele could even *feel* the life stirring in the other woman.

Five lives.

Anning didn't fully know it yet, but she'd been given quints by Gisele's power, though she'd only become so overburdened due to her own hasty decision-making. Still, she looked very overwhelmed, and her bust greatly expanded. Her husband helped her about, and the romanticism of pregnancy was gone from her, at least until her five babies were born.

It made some of the people of Aeston more concerned about Gisele. A pregnancy was a blessing, but the near-orgy that had occurred with her ascension also made them worried. For many, the hope of being pregnant was still unconfirmed, and until then they viewed her with a little suspicion.

I wish I could allay that suspicion, only I can't fucking speak! AT ALL!

Gisele sighed, mentally of course, wishing she could say something. Her mind was still sharp, and thankfully she hadn't gone mad. Instead, she had spent that time trying to come to terms with her altered body and life. She was now a statue, and that was bizarre enough, but her powers still emanated from her being, and several times other young couples had come within her vicinity and warmth, sheltering from the cold, and soon found themselves overwhelmed with a lusty heat. She didn't even mean to spread it, but when young Johnny Hill and his girlfriend Torv Mayes began making out, spurred on by Gisele's presence, she could only watch and savour the experience. Not only was it intensely arousing to watch for some reason, but the second-hand experience of their love making made the former human male sigh mentally in pleasure. And when Johnny came in Torv, Gisele came again also.

You're pregnant, Torv. I know you are. You have to be. That's my duty now, that's my power. I've helped you make babies!

The pleasure was almost unbearable, given that Gisele had no way to express it. She was stuck, forever clasping her pregnant belly, forever gasping as if in eternal orgasm. Which, in a way, she was. The sentient statue was overcome with pleasure whenever a new child was conceived in the town. She was certain of it. As the weeks passed, and the new central feature of the town square became more a normal sight, she continued to feel a fantastic pleasure whenever she could sense carnal activity within a certain radius. It was as if her fertility fed into the entire town, allowing the Waning to be overcome and each woman to flower into fecundity once more. But there was another effect: those within the square directly, particularly in front of her, before her belly and sight, became much more amorous. There was no denying it: she radiated not just fertility but also an aphrodisiac-like effect. The closer one got to her, the more aroused they became, and so to the former Mayor's surprise, many an act of public sex was had in the night, between youngsters in their twenties who were daring enough to sneak out at night. They had no fear of the cold. After all, Gisele's statue emanated warmth, keeping the area flowery and fine regardless of the outside chill.

Snow did not exist within a hundred feet of her, and the bushes and flowers and gardens in that radius grew vibrantly in just the short span of her new existence.

At least they look nice, she thought to herself. And I can still smell them . . . somehow. If only I could reach out and touch them.

But no matter how much she tried, she could not do so. Her life was now as an immortal marble statue, a visage of a pregnant goddess, overlooking the people of her town. The people weren't even sure if she was properly alive in there: just that her power remained. It left Gisele desperate, wishing to be Gerald again. The only thing keeping her from going insane was the visits of her friends in life, even her worshippers, as well as the endless delights of the copulations that continued to signal further pregnancies. Gisele had gone from being an ambitious mayor in his early forties to a woman, to a living statue of a fertility goddess, and there was no going back. She tried to focus her energies on regaining her flesh and blood, but in truth this was her now, and her continual frustration and fear was that this would be her form until the end of days. She was, according to Veerband, immortal, no longer needing to sleep or to eat or breathe, always aware.

Still, she sometimes found herself entering an almost dream-like state, during which she would be in something approaching a sleep. Perhaps it was most accurate to call it meditation, for her thoughts slowed, and she felt at one with everything, a beacon of fertility lighting the path ahead from the town. During those times, she simply luxuriated in the low-level ecstasy of her power, feeling a jolt of pleasure whenever a pregnant woman passed her by, the more pregnant they were the better. It was as if being in proximity to the results of her power brought her to further climax, and she found herself occasionally jolted from her meditation when her handiwork passed.

The most impressive of these was, of course, Anning Harp. The eager young beauty was still coming to terms with her ripe belly, but just having her nearby made Gisele want to cry out in joy.

"You did this to me, Gisele," the woman set, aided by her husband as she settled near the statue, her enormous belly pushing out in front of her. "I should be angry. I wanted babies, but s-so many at – ahhh – once. And they're already active! I – ughh – I feel s-so overburdened all the t-time. But – but I also feel blessed. I can't explain it . . . but I'm actually th-thankful. Thank you, Goddess. I'm just afraid of birthing them!"

Her words made Gisele feel a lot better, even if she was still pretty happy that the overly demanding woman had been knocked down a peg. She'd never wanted Anning to suffer however, and so she felt another blessing flow out of her towards the woman, one that would give her an easy birth. Anning gasped as she found the confines of her dress strain, and her husband had to catch her. When they looked over her body, they saw that her hips

had widened more than a few inches, now a full set of birthing hips that could drop a litter of children with ease. They looked to the statue with amazement.

“Th-thank you Goddess! You bless us!”

Gisele would have rolled her eyes if she could. *Great, an inanimate goddess with a huge fucking pregnant belly and tits. I don't even know what I'm doing!*

But still, word of her power swept around due to Anning's endless gossip, and soon other women were lining up for those same blessings. Some asked for larger breasts upon their petite chests, in order to properly feed their twins to come, while others also asked for wider hips, or simply to be blessed with fertility as well. Some women asked for greater looks to attract a man so they could become mothers, and Gisele was shocked that she even had the power to make women more alluring, all in the pursuit of fertility. But always, just being in her presence made them a little aroused, and so the occasional copulation continued within Gisele's radius, which only made her soul ripple in orgasm.

Veru visited her numerous times, continuing to update her on the progress of her babies. Yes, *babies*. She had run home to her husband, and despite her age, was fertile enough thanks to Gisele to produce twins.

“Gisele, I don't know if you can hear me, but I'm going to visit you as often as I can, simply to talk. You have done so much for us. We're almost running out of grown women to be pregnant in Aeston!”

She chuckled, settled her own hand on her belly.

“And now I have two miracles growing of my own, thought I never expected it! You have truly blessed us, and made a sacrifice so many never could. Do not listen to that fool Rupert and his supporters, you are not an abomination. You are a good man, and now a good woman, and . . . I think, perhaps a goddess just as Anning Harp says.”

She smirked, placing her hand on the statue's belly. On Gisele's forever pregnant marble belly. It felt rather pleasurable, that contact.

Thank you Veru, she thought. I know that you can't hear me. But thank you.

She sent a small ripple of her power to Veru Myrson without quite knowing what she was doing, only that in this powerful contact, it was right. Her middle-aged friend groaned, biting her lip as obvious arousal and even orgasm came over her.

“Oohhhh G-Gisele! What are you d-AAHhhhh – OHHH! NNGGHH!!!”

The woman writhed, and when she lifted her head back up, still panting from the shocking surprise of the wonderful series of climaxes, she was different.

By the Gods. I've made her younger!

It was true. Somehow, she'd de-aged Veru by over a dozen years! The woman now looked to be in her early twenties, in the full of her life, a young pregnant woman with an

improved bust and beautiful curls to her dark hair, not a grey hair in sight. She realised it, looking over herself.

“You – Gisele! Thank you! This is – this is all so much! Ohh!”

She hugged the statue, kissed her on both cheeks in a way that made Gisele want to blush.

“I’ll never forget you, Gerald. Or Gisele. Or the Goddess you’ve become.”

It was the least I could do, Veru. No doubt your husband will enjoy it!

She found she was able to give the same treatment to Ness Waters later, reducing her in age from thirty three to a decade younger, and making the woman excited beyond all reckoning. Her husband seemed even more enthusiastic – his wife was back to her prime of beauty.

“Oh, great Gisele! Now I can have more babies than I would have thought! I promise that we will have as many children as we can, to honour you and what you sacrificed for!”

Well, uh, that’s one way to go about it, I guess.

Still, for all her annoyance at her new form, Gisele couldn’t help but be a bit excited by the prospect of her ally getting more and more pregnant in the years to come. If she truly was stuck as this damned inanimate statue, it would at least give further and further pleasure, not just from the orgasms that came with ‘sensing’ conception, but also the mere presence of a continuing blossoming woman. And if she had several daughters alone, then in future generations . . .

Wait, if I’m stuck like this for generations, I’ll feel like this even more?

It was enough to even bring Gisele out of her occasional funk, though it did return. After all, Rupert had continued to agitate for the statue’s destruction. He was not mayor, and in fact had been defeated in election against Matthew Speers, who was astonished to find his wife pregnant, and now a staunch superstitious defender of the fertility statue. All of this came to Gisele by way of Veru and Ness’ gossip, and even Anning Harp, but Nygard’s own forces threatened the statue directly, believing it to contain life.

You’re not wrong there. Too much damned life, Rupert. So much it’s leaking out of me and making half the town hornier than a dog in heat!

But what was initially just a series of insults and threats soon stepped up. Gisele continued to give blessing to women, and while a certain depth of feeling – pity, love, friendship, and so on – was required to scale back a woman’s years, she was certainly able to enhance the fertility of every grown woman in her breeding years that came to her square. The garden around her was flush with life, flowers and bushes and trees springing up unnaturally fast, and it only expanded her accidental religious cult. This only incensed Rupert Nygard further, and soon Gisele was worried. She may be stuck as a damned immobile statue thanks to that mischievous wizard, but that didn’t mean she wanted to be cracked and

broken and killed! Besides, wasn't she still accomplishing the fertility goal of the town? Even a few women who never expected to be pregnant, such as the now-reclusive Elizabeth Witsmith, were now expecting, thanks to the fertile aura she projected.

But this was a threat to Nygard and his traditionalist, fearful ways. Soon, as the months passed, his supporters and the man himself continued to spread rumour of her foul nature, as well as the supposed 'abominations' that she caused.

"This lustful aura she projects must end! It is unsightly! It is immortal!"

Soon she heard his voice every day, even as Ness Waters entered her third trimester. By that point, Gisele was well and truly used to her new position, her immobile nature, and her own power, and wielded them with greater power than she could have imagined. She looked forward to the birth of the children to come, imagining herself almost like a third parent to each of them.

Unfortunately, that excitement was shattered one night when Nygard approached with four other men, each his loyal followers. Veru had come to visit Gisele, pressing her belly against the base of the statue so that Gisele could feel it too through her marble skin.

"They're always kicking now! I can't believe it – three adult sons and now I shall have to more children! I hope they are daughter, Gisele. I hope that – Rupert!"

Gisele would have swivelled her head, if she could. From the side of her vision, he and his gang came, each of them carrying sledgehammers and hammers. At their lead, he had a smug grin that somehow still scowled.

"Step aside, Mrs Myrson. This mockery of Aeston's values must end."

"Never!" she cried, covering Gisele's form. The statue panicked.

Oh shit! That bastard! Get back, you decrepit old fool! Don't you dare touch me!

But she couldn't say a thing, and even her aura of arousal seemed to do little other than make the men a little uncomfortable. Rupert scowled, clearly suppressing it.

"This abomination must be destroyed. If you will not stand aside, you will be forced aside."

"The mayor-"

"I am the mayor! The just mayor, Mrs Myrson! Peers only holds the office for bowing to the whims of the mob. But the blessings of this wretched statue are as empty as the promises of Gerald when he was alive."

"She is Gisele now, our goddess."

He snapped his fingers, and two men grabbed Veru, forced her to the side while covering her mouth.

"Her name doesn't concern me anymore. Only her destruction."

He took a hammer, small enough for the old man to wield, but certainly capable of devastation, and drew closer. Gisele wished she could breathe, even have a heartbeat.

It's a strange damn thing to be fucking terrified and have no way to express it!

Rupert drew close, and with a gleam in his eye, whispered just to Gisele.

"I hope you are in there, my old rival. I hope you're conscious enough to see my hammer coming straight to you. I won, Gerald. I won out in the end."

He pulled back the hammer, ready to strike, and Gisele thought she was done for. But as he readied the blow, the ruthless old man planted his hand on Gisele's own, pressed over her gravid womb, to balance himself. It was then that she felt a powerful connection, and a new power rising up within her.

By the Gods – can I really? But I have to! Take this, you old fool!

She surged her power into him, emptying her reserves so it struck out not just at him, but the four men he had brought with him. Suddenly, Rupert went glassy eyed, and staggered back. He fell onto a garden of flowers which cushioned his fall, but before he could even get back up, the changes were upon him.

"What!? What did you c-curse me with!? What did you – NGGNHH!!!"

His men similarly doubled over, and soon the groans and cries were enough to wake the neighbourhood, and numerous figures ran out to see what was happening, murmuring and shouting with recognition.

"That's Rupert Nygard!"

"And his brutes! But what's happening to them!?"

The head brute groaned, overcome. He belly surged forth, and two great breasts ballooned from his chest, splitting open his shirt. Before he could say another malicious word, his voice cracked, going higher and higher as his body got younger and younger, until he looked no older than twenty, and increasingly feminine to boot. He tried to clutch his crotch, but with cracking of his voice up another octave, it was clear that his manhood had swiftly become a womanhood. His hair spilled down his back, dislodging his hat. His entire form, along with that of his malcontent 'friends', twisted to a womanly shape, with slim shoulders and wide, baby-making hips. Even his buttocks expanded, causing his pants to explode outwards in a humiliating fashion.

Serve you right, you old codger! This former mayor still has some moves to play!

"N-no! I refuse to become an abomination!" the woman screamed. But it was too late. Her belly expanded outwards and outwards, until she looked full term. Her minions had similarly become young, beautiful, heavily pregnant women.

She can't even be hostile to me now. I don't know how, but I can sense it!

That was the case. Rupert struggled to *her* new feet, but as she raged towards the statue, screaming in a high voice, she couldn't go more than a few feet closer to it.

"You – I'll destroy you! I will! Change me back! Change us all back!"

But Gisele couldn't even if she wanted to, and she certainly had no desire to. Tears streamed down Rupert's face, and in the ultimate humiliation, her shirt finally split open, unleashing her large, milk-laden breasts with their wet, dripping nipples.

It was faithful Veru that laughed first, followed by Ness Waters.

"Looks like you got what you deserved, Rupie!" she called. "That has to be your name now, right?"

The new pregnant woman blushed furiously, ready to hurl a stream of invectives at the increasingly amused crowd. But to the shock of all, it was Elizabeth Witsmith who spoke next, emerging from the commotion with her twin belly on the verge of popping. She looked utterly beautiful, with large breasts barely contained by her top.

"Elizabeth!" 'Rupie' called, reaching out to her old ally on the minor council. "Help me! Destroy this statue at once! She has turned me in a way that I can't damage it. It has to go – look what it has done to the town."

Elizabeth did indeed look, and stepped forward. But she did not take the hammer. Instead, to Gisele's shock, she leaned forward and kissed the marble belly of the living statue.

"Thank you," she whispered. "I didn't realise what I was missing out on."

Gisele warmed with happiness, and more than a little pleasure at being so close to such a pregnant woman.

"Rupie," Elizabeth said. "Welcome to Aeston! Don't worry, there's a lot of pregnant women here to help guide you and your fellows through their new lives." She turned back to Gisele, face locked in orgasmic ecstasy. "Isn't that right, Goddess?"

Right indeed, Gisele thought. And maybe in time, I can even get used to being a fertility statue. A goddess, maybe not so much.

Part 6: Modern Days

Ness Waters was true to her word, and gave birth to twelve more children, a happy mother to a baker's dozen. Anning Harp gave birth to her quint. She swore that was enough for her despite her earlier romanticism, until a walk in the park with her husband came too close to the marble form of Gisele, and the two were so lustful that they ended up conceiving another four children in one go. Gisele felt bad about that: she didn't realise she'd left the woman so incredibly fertile for life. Elizabeth Witsmith was content with just two, though she did indeed marry not long after. She remained an independent and fierce woman, becoming the town's first true female mayor, though Gisele noticed that she now had a strong maternal streak as

well. Rupert Nygard bore twins, as did many of his compatriots, an embarrassing affair for the former male. Now going as Ruby instead of 'Rupie', she in the end became a victim of her own traditionalist beliefs: she was forced to marry a young man out of necessity who could provide for her and her twin girls, particularly since she soon found she had a relentless desire to continually become re-impregnated, much to her shame. In the end, she even beat out Anning Harp's record, birthing seventeen children. Gisele relished her fate, and enjoyed her former rivals' vicious stares as the continually pregnant woman passed her in the square, waddling along.

Veru Myrson surprised her sons with the fact that she had not only regressed to roughly their own age, looking more like their sister now than their mother, but had born two girls. She went on to have three more, and to her and her husband's delight, they were all girls that chose to remain in the town. She remained a steadfast friend to Gisele, always visiting her at least twice a week and sharing news. It gave the statue company in her immobile form.

But soon, that age passed, quicker than the former male mayor could have believed. The fertility statue continued to emanate her energies throughout the square even as the city changed and the years, decades, and even centuries passed. Her existence was a lonely one in some ways, but not in many others. Even as the history of her creation was lost, and the name Gerald Horter and even Gisele was lost to time, the fertility statue remained. Some worshipped it, others simply viewed it as good luck, but the greater fertility around it was undeniable, and women flocked from neighbouring towns to visit it. Gisele watched and felt all of this, her form continually aroused and climaxing from the impregnation of women around her, and the presence of fecundity as well. Some women were more blessed than others, and even the occasional man who desired a woman's life, or was simply cruel and deserving in a more punishing way, were turned to pregnant women also.

And so the ages passed. The old gods and customs were forgotten, around the small mountainous village was a larger sprawling modern town, with electricity and internet and a police station and a football stadium and all manner of conveniences to support its much larger population. A population aided by Gisele's continual power. Quite a lot, in fact. She never saw Veerband again, though she often hoped to.

It was one of those cold winter nights again, centuries after she had ascended to become a fertility statue, that she noticed a couple of boys from the nearby college coming in her direction.

Oh, not these two again, she mused. She was well used to being fixed to their spot after so long, but she had come to recognise troublemakers – several times she'd had to be fixed over the ages. It was very . . . wearying. *Let me guess, you're going to think it's funny*

to smash a piece of my nose off? How original! I've certainly never had that happen over the ages.

It was exactly what the two were planning. The darker haired of the two spoke to the blonde.

"This'll be so funny Todd! Looking all resplendent and fertile and shit, and here she is without a fucking nose!"

"I still think we should chip her tits off. They're stupidly big anyway!"

How dare you say that about my tits? I've had these forever now, and they're perfectly sized for a fertility goddess! She wanted to lash out and knock some sense in them, but she was very much used to her inability to move now.

"Dude," said the one called Todd. "Dave! Are you feeling weirdly turned on right now?"

"Yeah, Todd. I am. Maybe it's because of those big, marble tits."

"Sure, or maybe the fact that she's having a fucking orgasm, right!"

Oh because I am a fertility statue, and you morons are feeling the need to procreate right now. Maybe go find some women instead of bothering a centuries old statue trying to keep the local girls nice and reproductive, huh?

But they paid her thoughts not heed. It made her wish she could be telepathic. Instead, the one called Dave reached out with a chisel, and to her great irritation, and a little pain, chipped at her nose. The chisel had barely made more than a noticeable scratch though before she activated her power.

For the gods' sakes, I didn't want to do this. Still, perhaps what you need to be good responsible citizens is some babies in your bellies, and perhaps with my aura you might find some good men willing to keep you knocked up like the good future housewives you'll be!

The effect was immediate. In fact, the experience reminded her not a little of Rupert Nygard's conversion to Ruby Nygard. That had been so long ago, but it always brought a smile to her face. Well, to her soul anyway.

The two boys grunted, doubled over and dropping their weapons of sabotage to the ground.

"T-Todd! Something's h-happening to m-me, man!"

"M-me too, Dave! I'm g-growing f-fucking tits here!"

"Oh God, oh fuck! No! FUCK! NNGHHH!!!!"

Quick enough for them to be afraid, but slow enough for Gisele to draw it out as she wished, their bodies ballooned, becoming full and pregnant, with big asses, big breasts, and most of all, big stomachs. Babies kicked inside their new wombs, causing them to gasp and moan further, and milk seeped through their tops, which pulled tight up to their midsections.

"N-NOOOO! MY DICK! OH FUCK, NOT MY D-DICK!"

Serves you right. Leave a fertility statue in peace, and in one piece too.

Gisele felt that tremble of ecstasy as she changed them, and she was overcome with bliss as their hair extended, their shoulders shrunk, their waists contracted. Soon, a gorgeous raven-haired woman with huge hips, and a busty blonde bimbo type, were both before her, both cradling hugely pregnant bellies.

Triples may have been going a little overboard, I admit. Still, it'll be a lesson they won't forget! Almost as good as that King who tried something similar. Or Queen Consort, as she ended.

Still, the two college boys groaned, writhing and squirming on the ground, and making enough ruckus that several passerbys were alarmed.

"F-fucking help us!" Todd screamed, ripping his shirt open to release his humungous breasts. "We're n-not women! We're n-not meant to be pregnant!"

"Oh G-God! I've lost my d-dick!" Dave screamed, where's my dick!? NGHH!!"

Their forms finalised, leaving them looking utterly luscious and deeply expectant. Gisele reckoned they probably had something in the ballpark of only a month to go.

A month to come to term, before your final term!

She chuckled mentally. Throw in the fact that they were from college, and the statement had a triple pun. It was the sort of mental jokes and little wordplays she'd enjoyed making over the decades and centuries. After all, she couldn't spend *all* her time making people pregnant, meditating, and orgasming. Sometimes a sentient fertility statue had to make her own amusement, such as imagining the lives of the people she changed, and even pretending to strike up conversations with those that touched her and received her blessing.

Of course, in all the ruckus, she hadn't noticed that the police had been called.

I remember a time without those pesky officers. Back then we just had a bailiff and his employees. Simpler times, but I suppose they're necessary.

To her surprise, it was not the regular burly men that came out of the police vehicle, but two women. One was of Asian descent, small and thin and lithe, while the other was a curvaceous woman who looked possible Latina, with a very fertile looking set of hips to match her slightly rounded belly.

Not my doing, though I sense magic on her. On the other one too. Oh, and one this third!

A pretty little woman, also Asian but with lighter skin and longer hair, also emerged from a separate vehicle. Gisele puzzled over their appearance as they turned up. She sensed another pregnancy in the last woman with the gorgeous elegant face, but it was very early on. So early she may not even know.

"Okay, this is odd partner. What do you think Elena?"

The Latina named Elena looked at the statue, then back to the struggling, pleading pregnant women as they squirmed on the ground.

“No idea Channa. But that statue . . . I’ve heard rumours it’s magic. You should clear back Yu, just in case.”

The third one, Yu, raced back. “I’ve also heard the rumours! I am *not* getting pregnant again.”

Too late!

She sensed a strange magic in these three, as if they had been affected by similar magic to her own, but from another source. All three had male traces, as if they were once men, but no longer, and had each born children. Gisele could always tell a mother, and this was not Elena or Yu’s first. She puzzled over this, curious, as the policewomen helped the college boys to their feet. Well, college *ladies*.

“We’re not women! It’s the statue! My name is, like, Todd!”

“And I’m Dave! That bitch statue did something to us!”

Elena just helped them to the cars, as did Channa.

“Yeah, yeah, boys. Sure thing. We’ll sort it out at the station.”

“You’ve got to believe – NGNH – us!”

Elena laughed. “Trust us! We’re probably the only people who might actually believe you!”

Interesting. Gods, it’s been a long time since I really, really wish I could talk to someone. I’ve come to peace with that for a while, but what story do they have?

Still, the pregnant former males were shuffled into their cars, crying and rubbing their rotund stomachs, and no longer even capable of bringing damage to the statue. Just for a little revenge at taking part of her nose, Gisele gave them a little more surge of her power.

There, now they’ll be very, very horny whenever they’re not pregnant. It worked out well for Ruby, all those years ago. As well as those annoying templars.

“Oh G-God! What was that?”

“I don’t know man but I’m f-feeling kicking!”

“Yeah, get used to it,” Elena said with a smirk, putting them into the car. Not long after they drove off, the two new women facing a life of fecundity, breastfeeding, and child-rearing. *A far cry from their imagined lives of jock sport and casual destruction*, Gisele mused happily. She could be vengeful, when she wanted to. And besides, her imperative was to bring prosperity and fertility to the town, whose ancient name she alone remembered. And those two college boys would now just do that. Yes, the womanly experience of labor would become very familiar to those two.

It was the next day when Gisele woke from her calm meditation. She had become used to long periods of nothingness, but still, she had received some wonderful tremors of

bliss from a nearby copulation. No doubt some of the apartment residents nearby wondered occasionally why their sex lives were so much better than before. Well, Gisele knew, and loved to see their growing families each day. But as she mused on this, her meditation ended when her nose was tinkered with. She realised at once that a cleaner – an elderly man with a proud grey moustache – was working to repair her, fussing over her noticeably chipped nose.

Good. I'll be glad to have it fixed. Can't be a fertility goddess statue if I have a face like a broken soldier. I may have once been a man, but I take pride in looking like a goddess now!

“Almost finished,” the man mused to himself as he worked, filling the gaps and using a brush to disguise any repairs. Gisele knew that her own strange marble structure would bind the patch and make it part of her in time to come provided the fix was solid.

“Such a strange statue, really,” the man said. “Always wondered what it was like to be pregnant. Miracle of life, they say. Always thought a pregnant woman was the most beautiful thing in the world. Of course, not like I can experience it! Still, makes you wonder . . .”

He continued to work, and Gisele tried to avoid making her ambient energies too arousing so that the man could do his work. Still, it was making him falter a little.

“Yes, beautiful image, a pregnant woman. Never married myself, but when I was young I remember looking with wonder at woman like youse-agh, damn it!”

His hand slipped, and to Gisele's incredible annoyance, several more parts of her nose came away.

Good Gods, really!? This is what I get?

“Very sorry, very sorry,” the man mumbled, as if he could hear her, though he was obviously just mattering. “Damn, that was a nasty crumble. It'll take a little more to fix that.”

Hmmm . . . yes it will. How about this, good sir?

She exuded her energy into the cleaner, letting her changes begin to flow. After all, she felt the need to express her full power, overcome with it as she was, like a nursing mother in need of expressing milk. And the man had damaged her, *and* wondered aloud what pregnancy would be like.

A punishment and a blessing then, and he can decide which one it is more!

The cleaner gasped, stumbled back a little, but managed to finish the job, completing her nose even as his body began to tense. Little did he know, but already a womb was slowly forming in his stomach, and a small child beginning to grow there. Gisele used her power carefully, cultivating it so that the man would transform across the entire nine months into a gorgeous and fertile young pregnant woman, though without the compulsions she punished the frat boys with.

A blessing more than a curse it is, she mused.

The man finished, and turned away, not even realising that as he had fixed the statue, his course to becoming a woman was now underway. But soon he was gone too, and Gisele knew she would see him again, just as she would see those boys again. She never forget anyone she influenced, and she certainly never forgot those first friends and foes all the way back when this thriving town had been called Aeston.

I wonder how many more hundreds of years left I have as I am, she wondered to herself. At that very moment, someone climaxed in a nearby building, ejaculating into their wife or girlfriend. Her body bubbled in orgasm as she felt the process of fertility in action, and for long seconds she was caught in rapturous pleasure.

I hope the wizard Veerband was speaking the truth. I hope I am truly immortal. I may have feared this role long ago, but I have come to love it. I hope to stay like this forever.

At the edge of the garden square, a man in a red suit stood, looking at the statue with an expression of interest. No one noticed him, and not even Gisele could sense him. The man simply smiled, rested on his cane, and cast a ward into the air upon the statue, one that bound its life for centuries yet to come.

“As you wish, Mr Mayor, as you wish. Enjoy it all, as I know you will. I’m glad my mischief gave you a happy ending.”

He smirked before walking away, off to create mischief of his own. The statue remained where it was, face in ecstasy. As it would, for millennia yet to come.

The End