

## Always Knocking Me Up! - Extended (TG Preg)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*Poor Peter is trapped as the gorgeous, sexy, and pregnant wife of Ben, all because his coworker found a strange glowing blue rock that grants wishes. But when he tries to convince Ben to let him go free, Ben decides to use his third and final wish in an altogether more inventive way, not that Peter will appreciate it.*

### Always Knocking Me Up! - Extended

I gestured to my swollen belly as I lay back in bed.

"Dude, you've got to stop this. You've got to wish me back after I give birth!"

Ben just grinned, leaning over to kiss my large mound. He rubbed his hand over it, clearly savouring its tautness. Our two babies kicked and squirmed within my overstretched womb, making me groan.

"Nnggh . . . s-see? I'm so full! I swear I'm going to burst and I still have six full weeks to go! Not to mention these things!"

I motioned to my breasts, which were once more bloated up with milk. Well, to be fair, I could barely remember a time when they weren't full of milk. Light blue veins ran across them, and the skin felt just as tight upon them as my stomach, indicating how much I was producing.

"Why would I wish you back?" Ben said. "You've given me everything I've ever wanted, Penny. A perfect sexy mother for my children. Don't tell me you don't enjoy my big cock in you."

I exhaled sharply, trying to ignore how hard his cock likely was. How much I wanted to shift positions so I could ride it.

"It's just - you're always knocking me up! This is my *sixth* pregnancy, and it's my *third* with multiples. I've literally not gone three months without being pregnant ever since that wish of yours turned me into a woman. When am I going to get a break?"

He rubbed my belly again, and as much as I hated to admit it, it was a relaxing feeling.

"Maybe in a few years, once you've given me a set of triplets?"

"Oh God, triplets . . ."

I hadn't always been a pregnant woman. I hadn't always been a woman. Once, I had been an ordinary man in my thirties named Peter. I worked a solid paying job as a building inspector, and my coworker Ben was just some acquaintance from work. But when we were sent out to look over a house and test the soil, Ben found a strange glowing rock. He

claimed that it whispered to him, promising to grant three of his wishes, but only if they were centred on another person. I thought it was all ridiculous, until he said those fateful words: "I wish Peter was my sexy submissive twenty-year old wife."

In moments, I suddenly found myself as an attractive brunette with big melons and an even bigger libido for my new husband. I couldn't get away from him - literally - and I felt a strange need to be submissive to him. Worse, the entire world remembered me as Penny. For a time, I was forced to live with him, just the two of us, and we had sex like rabbits. Try as I might, I couldn't help but cum long and hard when he ejaculated into me. It was infuriating that he had gotten away with it.

But that was before he revealed his second fetish to me. He'd always had a thing for pregnant women, and really liked the idea of having a very, *very* large family. So he made his second wish, despite my begging: "I wish my wife Penny was hyper fertile, and literally addicted to getting pregnant with my babies."

The rest, as they say, was history. I've given birth to seven children now, and nursed them from my big milky boobs. I love each of them, and have accepted that I'm their mother. Hell, I wouldn't even change back to a man now, simply because my eldest children would be too confused, and I care for them too much. But I'm always so pregnant and full with child, and thanks to his wish I'm so addicted to the feeling that I can barely stand not being pregnant. Growing life inside my womb just comes across as too *right*. It's infuriating!

"You could - could use your final wish to let me stop having babies?" I pleaded. I knew that asking to be a man again would be met with an instant 'no', and besides, that road was closed now that I had children. But the other option remained.

Ben gave me that look that showed me he was weighing something up. "Hmm, perhaps. Perhaps. After a triplet pregnancy, of course. But I could consider that. For now though, why don't you let me show you just how sexy I find you?"

He shifted closer, began to undress. As always, my ridiculous pregnant body was super turned on by him. I needed his dick inside me, *now*. I turned to the side, allowing him access to my already wet tunnel.

"That's right, my beautiful submissive wife," he said. "I can't wait to get you knocked up all over again."

I moaned deliriously as he entered me, my body instantly responding to his touch. He groped my milky breasts, causing small rivulets to run down to the bed. I'd need to clean those later, but for now I was too turned on to care.

"I fucking love how pregnant you are, *Peter*."

I came as he said it, like the submissive preggo wife he'd made me. And I knew in that moment that he'd never wish me back to being even a normal woman again. He loved me like this too much. Loved getting me knocked up. Loved watching me grow. Loved

watching me waddle and complain and develop cravings and fill with milk and stroke my belly, and finally loved watching me wail as I spread my legs and pushed our numerous babies into the world.

I'd always be his endlessly pregnant wife, all thanks to that wishing stone.

Which made me scared about exactly what Ben *would* do with his third and final wish for me.

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I gave birth, of course. Yet again. Ben was almost disappointed: he was obsessed with me being his incredibly pregnant wife, taking every opportunity to caress and kiss my swollen stomach and feel our twin babies shifting within me. It was his ultimate kink, after all, and me wearing a bikini or waltzing around naked in front of him drove him utterly wild. It wasn't like I had much of a choice in that matter: his initial wish was for me to be his sexy and *submissive* twenty-year old wife, so I couldn't help but be compelled to follow his instructions, and do my best to emphasise my huge pregnant twinner bump to him. I won't lie, it even felt nice when he caressed it, or rubbed moisturiser into it at night so the skin would remain soft, or simply came up behind me to 'lift' my bump, relieving my poor back of the twin baby weight I was carrying. And, of course, there was the endless preggo sex that he went wild for, and my body always came hard during that, even at the very cusp of the end of my pregnancies. And I won't lie, after five pregnancies I had come to enjoy the feeling of my babies kicking in my belly. It had been such a bizarre experience the first time, but now with my eight and ninth children, I could simply rub my belly and moan softly in response to their movements. I did love them all, thanks to my stupid female hormones and how wonderful they were.

But all 'good' things had to come to an end. I'd already given birth five times, twice to twins, so I was more than used to the process by that point. It didn't mean that it wasn't a long, uncomfortable, and painful experience though, or that I was deeply embarrassed to once more be writhing on a hospital bed, legs spread wide as I pushed, pushed, and pushed my new babies into the world like a good producing wife. Ben was sad to see it end, but even then his pleasures didn't cease, because he loved to be there for the birth, getting his kick out of me pushing and struggling and moaning. I guess me being his dependent little pregnant wife gasping at his side made him feel like a big man. Certainly, much as it shames me to admit, I needed him in those moments.

"B-Ben, it hurts!" I whined. "Oh G-God, the pressure! Why t-twins again?"

"You're doing so well, my lovely Penny," he told me. "My darling Peter."

It was rubbing salt in the wound, but I lapped up his affirmations and encouragements, desperately needing them. As used to childbirth as I was, it didn't stop it

from being a painful ordeal, especially since Ben liked me to give birth completely naturally, without pain medication or epidurals. It was only after hours of contractions, of becoming an emotional blubbering mess and pleading for him to stay with me, and rub my back, and help me with my breathing exercises, and so on, that I finally pushed them out. My two newest daughters: Amelia and Amy. They were gorgeous, and I cried as I got to hold them. And as always, my breasts were ready to feed them, full of milk for my new darlings.

"They're beautiful," I said, marvelling. "God, they're beautiful."

"They are," Ben said, caressing my cheek. I couldn't help but let him. I was too tired to even offer up a snippy comment. He had put these babies in me, like the seven others before them, but I could never hate my many babies, even knowing the hardship they put on me as a stay-at-home mom to so many.

"How wonderful will it be when we have triplets one day?" he said.

I could only sigh, trying to focus on the pleasant tug-tug-tug of my babies suckling at my breasts and draining their over-full milk deposits.

"God, Ben, isn't nine enough? Isn't it enough that you made me a woman? That you made me so submissive? That you gave me these huge tits?"

I gestured to my very full G-cup tits, each nearly the size of my head, upon which my babies were both drinking from and resting on like they were gigantic pillows.

"And isn't it enough that you've got me pregnant and made me give birth naturally six times? I don't deserve this."

"But you love our babies?" he said innocently. "I know you do, Peter."

I groaned. "Please, just call me Penny. At least until you change me back."

"But I love occasionally reminding you-"

"Well I don't like it," I responded. "C'mon, Ben. Just because you get off on reminding me that I'm meant to be a man, doesn't make it fair! Bad enough that you call me my real name when you cum inside me and knock me up."

He smirked. "It's hot as hell. *You're* always hot as hell. But I did offer to change you back if you give me triplets, didn't I? You've been my gorgeous, sexy wife for seven years, Penny. That's been a wonderful time. If you agree to still help raise our babies, I might consider changing you back after triplets. How about that?"

I bit my lip. I wasn't even sure that I wanted that anymore.

"I don't believe you," I said. "You like me sucking your cock too much. And playing with my tits. You like watching me dress in tight, revealing things and showing off my curves, all so you can take off my clothes and get me knocked up all over again."

"Guilty, as charged," Ben responded, stroking my hair. "But what if I stopped getting you pregnant? What if you just remained my wife? We could still have sex, and I'd expect you to be *very* hot and submissive while we do that. And you could raise our dozen or so

kids with me. But you wouldn't have to worry about always getting knocked up, much as I love it."

Weirdly, and this shows how far I'd come in terms of being resigned to a life of womanhood, this sounded like the better deal to me - or at least the more realistic one. I loved my kids, and I genuinely cried when my oldest pair - Jane and Gregory - both went to school on their first day. I had been a bag of hormones for seven straight years thanks to my pregnancies, after all. And I didn't believe for a second that Ben would use the last wish of the wishing stone to ever turn me back. For one, he liked having me warm his bed too much: I was literally compelled to coil my naked body against his each night. And he'd go to pieces if he actually had to raise all our kids himself, or lose their mother. That was the main thing: I'd never, *ever* let anyone hurt my babies. They were my tether to Ben, and much as he had ruined my life, he had also given me them, and I would never deprive them of their mother. They made being as I was all worth it.

"Fine, I agree to that, if you're willing to actually be honest about it, Ben," I said.

"Cross my heart, and hope to die!"

I moved the babies back to their sleeping capsules, and relaxed back into my hospital bed. Ben idly stroked one of my breasts. They were still full and engorged, and I'd have to ask him to help drain the rest of my prodigious reserves. I knew he wouldn't complain about that, of course. But for now, I simply let him lean over, kiss me, and whisper in my ear.

"It does mean we'll have to get you pregnant again, soon."

"I know. God, I fucking want it already."

I wasn't lying either. Much as it shamed me, his wish had had its effect: I was literally *addicted* to getting pregnant, and always would be unless he used that third wish.

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Of course, just because he'd wished me to be hyper fertile doesn't mean that I got triplets the way he wanted straight away. No, I was *never* that lucky. Instead, I was pregnant two more times before I got the number of multiples he wanted: a single baby (Ben was happy but slightly disappointed it was only one) and then a set of twins. Two boys, Harry and Frederick, and a girl, Esther. By that point, I'd had managed to produce twelve babies across eight pregnancies, a positively Herculean task, not that Hercules ever had to go through childbirth, which I doubted even the demigod could manage. I was pretty unique in that respect.

I was thirty years old (well, thirty according to my new Penny persona where I started as twenty again) when I finally got pregnant with more than just twins. Half of my children by

that point were already in school, or kindergarten at least. The time when I'd been a male was a lifetime away. I was so used to having my big, bloated breasts and perfect hourglass figure, and even more so having a dome of a belly constantly swelling.

But then it finally happened. I could scarcely believe it. I'd almost thought that Ben had made a secret wish already to stop me from ever having triplets, just to keep me this way. We'd taken a holiday, hired some caretakers for all but our youngest babies. I'd regained my pre-pregnancy figure, as usual, though I would always have a thicker mommy waistline and wider birthing hips, not to mention my full lactating breasts. All in all I made quite the sight on the tropical beach, and it almost made me a little proud the way men looked at me like a MILF. Naturally, Ben couldn't keep his hands off of me.

"Can't wait to knock you up again!" he cried as he thrust into me. I was on my back, legs wide, moaning in delirious pleasure as he drank from my full tits and came deep into my womb. I moaned in ecstasy as his hot sperm flooded my insides, and somehow I just *knew* he'd gotten me pregnant for the ninth time.

They say the third time's the charm. But for me it was more like three times three is the charm, because I began to bloat up much more quickly than I ever had, even by the standards of my twin pregnancies. I had a good feeling, even as I battled the usual morning sickness, the exhaustion, the feeling of bloating, all while managing a brood of *literally a dozen kids*. Even as I needed time to lie down, and required my lustful husband to put cream on my belly to relax the drum-tight skin, I was happy. Because I knew I simply had to be having more than two children. I was finally going to be making him live up to his promise.

Only it turned out I sort of, well, *overshot* my original mark, as I discovered when I had my sixteen week scan.

"Quads!?! I'm having QUADS!?"

The doctor nodded. "I'm certain of it. Four fetuses are developing."

"H-holy shit!"

I looked to Ben, then repeated myself.

"Holy shit! Quads! That's - that's *four*! Oh God, that's too many. That's way too many! Ben, that'll be sixteen children I've given you."

But my former coworker was just excited, and I could see he was over the moon, as he kissed me deeply right in front of the doctor, and thanks to my submissive nature I could only kiss him back and moan a little, embarrassingly.

"It's wonderful, dear!" he exclaimed. "Peter - I mean, *Penny* - you're going to give us four little lives. You'll look so attractive. You'll be twice as big as with twins, or near enough to it! Oh, I can't wait to see you and feel you at full term!"

I swallowed, barely able to take it in. I knew triplets would be a journey, but quads was something else. Still, I did what I was effectively programmed to do by the wishing

stone: I grew and grew, my breasts surging to full H-cups as if knowing that they had to prepare to feed double the amount of children that could possibly be attached. Lord knows Ben was okay with that: he fed from me constantly, often as a preamble to sex, often during sex, and often as a come down after sex. It felt *fantastic*. And, as usual, despite my misgivings over being so massively pregnant, my body was utterly addicted to the feeling of growing so many children. I couldn't help but giggle and smile as they all shifted and moved and kicked within me, and the more overwhelmed I became the more impossible it was to fight how natural and wonderful it felt to be so full of child.

Naturally, birth was the biggest ordeal yet. Despite my doctor's advice, it was done without a C-section, without epidural or painkillers. All totally natural. And it all went fine: if you can count all the kicking, screaming, pleading, and hormonal crying as I literally pushed four lives through my vaginal passage 'fine.'

But I did it. I was weary, exhausted, my belly still huge even post-partum.

I had done it.

And I knew, when I'd fed my young ones for a few days and recovered emotionally, I could talk to Ben about his promise.

Of course, I should have known the bastard would go back on his word.

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"You said you'd change me back if I gave you triplets!" I whined when we were back in our rather expansive house. The kids were at the neighbours, and a few of the older ones at friends. I'd carefully arranged it so that I could speak to my husband with just our still-nursing babies around.

"Yes, but you didn't give me triplets, dear," he reminded me. "You gave me quads. Which is far better, I think! But it's not what you promised."

"You're using weasel words to wiggle out of our deal!"

But Ben just smiled as he caressed my cheek and kissed me on the shoulder. I hated how wonderful it felt. My body just *craved* him. I was already feeling such a strong fucking need to get impregnated again. I couldn't *stand* not being knocked up. Despite my logical wishes, I damn well *needed* to have a big belly full of squirming babies. I needed to be on my nine-month timer. Even when I gave birth with all the pain of labor, I was flooded with stupid endorphins that made me grunt in bliss at performing the ultimate act of motherhood. I needed him to reverse that *ASAP* before I got knocked up with babies again. God, I was already thinking about what it would be like to have *quints*.

But Ben just kept caressing my cheek, and helped put the babies away. He drew out the wishing stone that had apparently been in his pocket the whole time, and held it before me like it was a hypnotist's pendant. It certainly drew my eye.

"Please," I said, but I could already tell he was not going along with ending my pregnancy cravings. I didn't know what he was planning to do instead, though.

"My sexy, submissive, fucking incredible wife," he said. "My Penny. The mother of all sixteen of my children. I just can't give you up, or your pregnancies. I'm as addicted to them as you are, just not magically. And the fact that you birthed me quadruplets is just evidence that you're *meant* to be like this. You do it too well."

I bit my lip. His compliments were not really compliments, but fucking hell they felt amazing. Being praised for my motherhood and maternity was like snorting cocaine to me.

"What - what are you going to wish for?"

Ben smirked. "You know, I've often wished that I could enjoy your pregnancies in more elaborate ways. You are so resplendent and full at nine months, but I get so little time before your water breaks and you have to bring our wonderful children into the world. And you've made so many, but you're already thirty years old, and while we still have another ten to thirteen or so, I feel like that time's going to fly too quickly. I want you to be able to produce babies all your life, like you're meant to. You're the world's greatest wife and mother, Penny. Far better than being Peter. It's your calling. Don't you feel it now, in your womb?"

I groaned. "Ohhhhh, I do. Fuck, it's not fair, but I do. I need you to get me knocked up!"

"See, I told you! So I've been thinking up a new wish."

He held up the stone in front of us, and looked my way.

"I wish I could control how long my wife Penny and I live, including how long her pregnancies last and their features."

I gasped.

"Surely you can't get away with that!"

He raised an eyebrow, clearly not sure. But the magic of the wishing stone flowed outwards, a rainbow of colour that briefly flickered through the world, and suddenly I knew that his wish had been granted.

"Ben, what does this mean?"

He put an arm around me, and I shivered at his touch.

"My sexy Penny, it means you can stay as you are now, and me as I am now, for as long as we want. Eternity, if necessary. And, if I feel up to it, I can pause your pregnancies for years, or have you produce more milk, or have quintuplets just as we want them. It means I can finally have everything I want, and you can be the perfect mother, more than any other. Doesn't that sound wonderful?"



It did. To my horror, it sounded like the most amazing thing in the world. I took a heavy breath, my enormous breasts nearly pulling free of my simple nightie, and I took his hand, leading him out of the nursery. I could grapple with the implications of what he'd done to me later.

For now, I *craved* his seed. I needed to be pregnant with his babies once more.

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Ben's wish worked exactly as he wanted it to, the bastard. In the years that followed, he experimented in all kinds of ways with my body, with my pregnancies. I didn't age a day, except those times when he loved the idea of me being a hot mid-forties MILF full with child, with big veiny tits and a sexy husky quality to my voice. Other times he liked me to look twenty years old again, so I could pretend to be a sexy virgin being knocked up for the first time. He often made the first few months of pregnancy pass twice or even three times as quickly, or sometimes in mere days, just to get to the 'good parts,' in his words. Then, when I was six to eight months along, almost always with multiples, he'd put me 'on pause,' or make my pregnancy go ten times as slow, so I would be stuck waddling about with a huge belly full of triplets for an entire year.

A hard thing to do, I can tell you.

He loved making me lactate heavily, so much so that I often had to beg for him to milk me, to drink from me like I was a bloody milk dispenser. Weeks would pass where the only thing he drank around the home was my milk, not that I complained at the time: the combined relief and pleasure made me orgasm half the time.

"P-please j-just milk me!" I would cry. "I n-need to express! Drink from me!"

Of course, he even went so far as to make me pregnant one time for several years, an agonisingly slow pregnancy where the build was the hottest thing to him - and therefore to me, as well. I was intoxicated by the whole experience. Then, after I finished my labor and birthed him a set of twins, he got me pregnant the very next month, where upon I went through labor in just nine days - one day for every month of pregnancy. *That* had been a wild experience. You could literally look at my belly and see it grow, especially since I gave him quads that time.

Yes, he gave me more multiples than ever. Singletons were more for novelty now. Twins and triplets and quadruplets were the mainstay, and even then we ventured beyond that. He got off real hard on making me an octomom, of course, and then breaking the world record by having me give birth vaginally - no C-section in all my experiences of delivery! - to eleven children. That had been hard on me, though it was all worth it when he played with

my belly and fucked me right up until delivery. I couldn't help it. I was fulfilling a need. The more babies, the better.

There was no going back, of course. I would live as long as he wanted me too, which would be several hundred years at the very least. He showed no signs of stopping, and the only thing to make me grateful was how successful he was in financially supporting us, and how he was able to keep his private life private, and thus keep me from being seen as a freak. It didn't stop my girl friends from being alarmed at my endless pregnancies and continual youth, though.

But I lie.

Those weren't the only things I was grateful for. It didn't matter that he extended my labor into full days at one point. It didn't matter that he made me so fertile a few times that he could literally reimpregnate me while I was already pregnant, so that I gave birth seven times in two months. It didn't even matter that I had to raise all our babies with him, and feed them, and clothe them, and help them with schoolwork, all while keeping the house clean and cooking, and on top of that being full with multiple children constantly.

None of that mattered, because my body was so fucking turned on and happy to be pregnant. Somewhere along the way I had grown to love it, and love it *hard*. I begged him to knock me up sometimes before even he was ready to do it. I even pleaded with him to stall off labor just so I could stay at bursting capacity with quintuplets, just to stay so pregnant. It would have been a nightmare to my old self, but I'd been effectively Stockholmed. It was my life now, and there was no going back. I couldn't even envisage it. I wanted babies, babies, babies. I wanted my husband's cock inside me, getting me pregnant as much as possible.

I couldn't say for sure if I'd ever truly love Ben in a romantic way. Probably not for a few hundred years, at least. But I did love having him inside me. I did love what he did to my body. I did love the children he gave me, and the way his words made me feel when he praised my mothering skills. In truth, I had come to accept that he would always be knocking me up. It had started with a wishing stone, and perhaps it would never end. And after being so very pregnant for so many years, and knowing it would be the case for so many years to come, I don't think I wanted it to end.

I don't think I ever will.

**The End**