

Mini-Stories: Goddess of the Masses (TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

Richard snags an idol from a hidden South American temple, hoping it will make him a 'god of the masses.' Instead, he soon finds that his translation was incorrect; he is to be a 'goddess of the masses,' and the new woman will be the one making those masses through a series of endless pregnancies thanks to the fertility idol!

Goddess of the Masses

Ricarda moaned softly, caressing her flat stomach as the pleasure began. Her large, olive-toned breasts heaved, dripping milk as she clutched part of the shrine beside her.

"Mhmmm!" she moaned, unable to prevent herself from revealing her ecstasy. "Ohhh, It's h-happening a-again!"

She rubbed her thighs together, feeling the process take place inside her body. It was bliss, it was perfect, it was erotic beyond belief, and it made her so. Damn. Frustrated.

"Whyyyyy!?" she cried, squirming as she struggled to stand upright amongst the bliss. "I was s-so good! I didn't even s-sleep with a man!"

The women around her clapped and cheered, some of them rubbing her back or shooing others so that they gave her some space.

"Let it happen! Let it happen!" Mother Ytar shouted. "The newest blessing is upon her, and the omens say it is a large one! There is no father, and yet she is bountiful! Praise our goddess of the masses!"

More leakage from her breasts, more pleasure. She couldn't fight it, and gave up wanting to. Ricarda let loose a high, feminine cry that would have once made her now-nonexistent member hard. The orgasms crashed over her, one after the next. Within her womb, she could feel something stirring, the very first implantation of several. The first seeds of new life.

"Mhmmm," she moaned, slowing her breathing. "Great. Just great. Pregnant again. And here I was hoping going dry would save me."

Ytar just laughed. "I think you have a few years yet before you embrace your role, Goddess Ricarda. But I know it is coming. A new set of blessings has begun their journey in your divine womb, and only a month after you birthed the last four. Praise be to you, the mother of the tribe!"

Ricard could only sigh, and try to bask in the aftermath of her body's automatically self-induced orgasm. She knew what it meant: inside her womb, new eggs were inseminated

from her own altered genetic code. Whether it was true magic or just some ancient science, she had self-impregnated just a month after her last birth.

The fifth pregnancy in just four years.

“Why . . . why me?” she panted.

Four years ago, Ricarda had been Richard, a brave adventurer and solo explorer. He was trekking deep into the forests of South America, into largely uncharted wildernesses that few had ever braved, and even fewer had returned. He aimed to find a new ruin, or at least return home with a good tale to impress his many followers. He had his own TV show and web channel, and had earned a controversial reputation for going into the wilderness to delve into caves, dive down waterfalls, and discover what had previously been undiscovered. Some viewed him as just a money-chaser, others as the ultimate alpha male. He knew he was certainly good for looks in that department: he had light but perfectly tanned skin, his face scruffy and rugged without quite being bearded and rough. His light blonde hair made for a contrast with many places he visited, and his figure was tall and athletic, capable of climbing mountains - something he often did. But there was always the hope of some far greater uncovering, a discovery that would really launch his career. And then, two weeks into his trek, he found it.

The cavern was very well concealed, and easily passed by. He noticed it only by chance, but when he entered it, he found it a labyrinth. It took great care and the leaving of many glow-in-the-dark sticks and flashes to realise where he had already visited. In the end, he found his way through, but not even he could have imagined what would be on the other side.

It was a paradise, a lost city of legend like El Dorado. It may have even inspired the myths, perhaps, for there was indeed gold incorporated into much of the city. It was beautiful and ancient beyond measure, and more than that, it was *populated*. There were people! Not many of them, clearly not even enough for half the city - perhaps less! - but they were there. They stared at him in astonishment, and made sure to usher him in with many questions, none of which he could understand. His rudimentary knowledge of Mayan and Incan civilisations - or perhaps they were a split off of the Aztec? - did not help him enough. He could only understand that they were intrigued, were willing to grant him a meal, but planned to eventually send him back. He got the distinct impression that this place was to remain a secret. Thankfully, they didn't know what a camera was, so he took many photos and videos.

Richard would have left several days after, having entertained them and he they, were it not for the images of a strange idol he was curious about. When he tried to indicate it,

all he could understand was the temple it was housed in which they pointed to, but that it was clearly sacred. And also that it was for 'The God of the Masses.' Evidently, it was an item of great power and worth, but it was also Forbidden.

Forbidden was a challenge to Richard. Under the veil of night he slipped out, using his solar-charged phone to light the way through the temple and his night vision goggles when he didn't want to create distraction. There, on a raised dais, was the small idol. It was tinier than he expected, shaped like a godly face. He had learned just enough from the villagers to know this would be worth a staggering amount, especially given its ancient construction and the gold in its make.

"And who knows," he whispered to himself. "Perhaps they are right. Perhaps it will give me real power as the God of the Masses. That wouldn't be too bad."

He was not normally superstitious, but he had a strange feeling, like an itch that he really could gain power from this idol. Almost like he was . . . meant to. Eager, the man gripped it and began to carry it out of the temple.

But that was when it all went wrong.

"Nghh!" he grunted, suddenly doubling over as something clenched his gut. He didn't drop the idol - he couldn't, in fact; it was stuck in his hands. Instead, he could only grunt and groan as his figure shifted and changed, his muscles deflating, his pecs swelling, his hips expanding more and more. He yelled in horror, writhing in shock, and this must have alerted the guards, because they and numerous villagers, including their city chiefs in all their bright colours, ascended to the temple and ran in with torches aflame. They gasped, shocked at the display almost as much as Richard, who was trying to form words even as his manhood pulled up inside him and his thighs swelled. Beneath the torch light he could even see his skin changing colour, turning to the lovely rich olive that the people of this lost city possessed.

"What's happening to m-me!?" he cried. "Am I cursed!?"

His voice was higher and softer, and already gaining a strange accent. Worse, he realised he hadn't even spoken his words in English; they were in the language of the natives!

"She talks our language!" one said.

"And she is changing, like none of us have when we held the idol! Is it her?"

"It is! It must be! Look at those broad hips, look at the mighty breasts that well upon her chest! Even Kizn would be jealous!"

"Someone fetch Mother Ytar! She will determine at once if this is the one!"

"She must be! The one that was promised! She who will revive us!"

Richard groaned as long, straight dark hair exploded from his scalp, shedding his blonde curls and leaving a long curtain of new hair hanging down to his bottom, which

promptly expanded dramatically. He wailed, ripped at his clothing and shedding it, compelled to show off his form even as his new breasts expanded, becoming heavy and full. They were the kind of big, ripe tits he'd always loved, only bigger! They looked to be half the size of his own head, topped by lovely dark nipples with wide areolas.

"Mnhmm! Ohhh! Agghh!"

His vagina formed, his body hair fell away, and his face reconfigured to match his sultry, sensual new voice. He couldn't see himself, but he knew at once that he was very beautiful, because the men stared with even fresher interest.

"She is as enticing as the legends say!"

"And those hips and breasts? Tell Ytar it must be her; she who will birth and feed a city's worth of generations to come!"

Richard managed to catch his - or her, now - breath. Everything shifted and jiggled, and it was all wrong.

"I - I don't understand! This was meant to give m-me p-power! It's meant to make me the God of the Masses, isn't it?"

Someone laughed. "Funny former man! It does not make you the God of the Masses, but the *Goddess* of the Masses; a fertility goddess whose body can produce many children for any man, who can bless the womb of any woman, who can become with child even if she abstains from all relations!"

Richard had only one response to that as the new woman's changes finalised.

"*WHAT!?*"

She tried to leave. Multiple times, in fact. But she just couldn't. There were no barriers. No one tried to stop her. It was just as if she hit an invisible wall and . . . stopped. Her body wouldn't let her leave, and worse, it was beginning to flood with desire. The new *Ricarda* - the new name just sounded right, for some annoying reason - struggled not to look at the handsome, muscular men of the lost city, or to stop posing in sultry, attractive ways. But the fact was that her body was *made* for breeding; she had the wide hips, the full breasts, the impressive curves and great beauty. Clad in colourful but revealing clothing belonging to the native style, she turned heads wherever she went, and people revered her in every way.

Not that they listened to any 'orders' she tried to give; evidently her new goddess role was one that they knew well, better than her. Ricarda tried to get a signal out using her phone, but there was nothing. She tried to stop thinking about men, and worse, *babies*, but as the days passed and Mother Ytar began to teach her of her role as a perpetual baby-maker for the tribe, she simply couldn't escape it. Not even in dreams. No, she kept

thinking about babies, babies, babies, of taking a man and letting him flood her womb with his seed until it took root, hopefully with multiples. Then she could finally grow big with child, her belly swelling - hopefully with multiples! - as her breasts grew even larger. She could become the pregnant woman she was now destined to be, delivering child after child after child after child into the world, pushing them out through pain and ecstasy.

Forever.

“No!” she said to herself, when her imagination once more got the best of her. “I won’t! I’ll get out of here! I’ll -”

That’s when she heard a sound in ‘her’ temple. A set of heavy footsteps. She looked up to see that they belonged to a man. He was tall, well-muscled, and handsome as hell. Instantly, her brain was back onto babies, wanting - no, *demanding* - to bear this man’s children.

“I have come to ask that I be blessed by the goddess!” he exclaimed in a low voice that made her shudder with arousal. “I have wanted children, but my wife passed away due to the sweeping sickness last year. Would you give me children from her essence? Please?”

She swallowed. She tried to fight it. But the truth was, the magic or arcane science or whatever it was was too powerful. She stood, sauntering towards him, thrusting out her chest and letting her hips swing as she pressed her luscious body against his.

“I think I can do that,” she said. “But I want to give you more than one. I want to give you as many as possible.”

She did, in fact, do just that. To her horror, after she experienced a number of frankly orgiastic relations with the man, she soon found herself pregnant not just with one or two babies, but *triplets*. Her belly swelled with life as it was now fated to do, and her breasts were leaking milk heavily in her final trimester. She was unable to get away, unable to be a man again, unable to even think about getting rid of her babies. She was compelled to love them and grow with them, until finally her waters broke and labour began, that ultimate humiliation for the former man. The man - Ixta - was delighted to receive three children from her once she had birthed them. It had been an ordeal, though her body healed magically back to normal mere days later, ready to be impregnated again.

She tried to escape again, but once more succumbed to her urges. This time she bore quadruplets, and the next time quintuplets, before going back to four again. She had no idea how many her own body had impregnated itself with after her herculean act of abstinence, but she suspected it would always be multiples. This was her life now; a goddess of the masses, literally creating masses of life from her ever churning womb, pushing the fruit of her loins out into the world, before creating more and more and more. Ricarda couldn’t fight it, she realised, not even when abstaining from sex.

“You will accept it one day,” Ytar repeated in the present, patting her on the shoulder.

Ricarda could only sigh softly and touch her belly. It was slim and flat now, but it would grow massively with time as it always did, rippling with squirming babies. She wished she'd never grabbed that damn idol, but there was no going back now. She was a fertility goddess and baby making machine for this lost tribe, and apparently she would live a lot longer than a normal human, and be able to conceive right up to the end.

“Next time, I’m just letting a man knock me up,” she said to herself, striding off to see to her worshippers, who were already celebrating this latest revelation. “At least that bit is still fun.”

The End