

Mini-Story: Fertility Study (Professor to Hot Fertile Woman TG)

By FoxFaceStories

Harold is an anthropology professor near retirement, engaged in studying some fertility artefacts with his protege Tyson, a brilliant man who is a known womaniser. But when a fertility statue changes the professor into a young, fertile beauty, the pair find their dynamic very changed indeed . . .

Fertility Study

Harold examined the fertility idol artefact in his aged, weathered hands. He was an old anthropologist and sociologist who had lectured, studied, and taught at this educational institution for decades now, and was set to retire in just a month.

“Now look at this Tyson,” he said, turning the man beside him. “Tell me what you notice about this artefact?”

Tyson was everything Harold wasn't. The old man was short, wrinkled, his hair wiry and white (what was left of it), and had always been quite introspective. His skin was pale as if it had never seen sunlight. Tyson, on the other hand, was tall, dark-skinned, well-muscled, and deeply handsome. He was outgoing and confident, and was quite the known womaniser on campus. But he was also very brilliant, and Harold was grooming him to be his replacement when he retirement. Not that he could become a professor until his PhD was finished, of course, which was exactly why Harold was holding off his retirement until exactly such a point.

“Hmm,” Tyson said, taking the artefact carefully. “This is from the Meso-American dig, yes? Definitely Mayan in nature, albeit the carved structure seems cruder than normal. And the depiction of the goddess seems less exaggerated than before. Hmm . . . could this be older? Judging from the carved script alone it seems like a pared-down form, and the dating markers would indicate . . . proto-Mayan?”

“Indeed!” Harold said, “ever the good student, Tyson.”

“Call me Ty, professor.”

Harold just waved him off. “And you can call me Harold, but we both know we're too particular about our names for each other. What does the artefact tell you?”

Tyson regarded the shape of the woman with her pregnant belly. “Definitely a fertility statue of some kind. The markings are different from others we've found, but no doubt from the intricacy of the markings - despite being cruder - this was placed in a temple, not a homestead. But the little images around the edgings are strange to me, professor. Looks like

an older woman or an unhealthy one turning into a beautiful woman over time - five images total for the transformation.”

“Agreed,” Harold said, taking the artefact back. “I doubt you’d mind too much about this artefact being supernatural, ha!”

Tyson chuckled. “Well, you know me, professor. I love the study of male and female experiences anthropologically. I just also like to apply them . . . practically.”

Harold rolled his eyes. “Yes, yes. I’ve heard the rumours! Now, pass me the artefact and I’ll show you something - OH!”

Tyson passed the artefact, but something strange happened as it was rolled into Harold’s palm. Unknown to them, the magic of the artefact required a male touch to activate its magic, in order to link to that male their perfect mate. It was indeed a supernatural fertility idol, one that had the power not just to make an old or infertile or ugly woman into beautiful one capable of bearing young, but also even turn a man into a woman. This was considered a punishment in this ancient pre-Mayan civilisation, but now the blessing and curse of the idol had been activated accidentally, and Harold gasped as the magic overtook him.

“Professor! Are you okay! You look - what the -!?! Your skin! Your hair!”

Harold managed to place the artefact on the table before groaning in an increasingly high voice. The change took less than thirty seconds: his hair grew out long and lush, gaining a gorgeous brunette sheen. His face softened, his form losing all its wrinkles. His blemishes and skin tags disappeared, and so did his signs of age; his arthritis, his creaky bones and sagging skin and perpetual tiredness.

“What’s h-happening to m-me!?” he stammered, but his voice came out oddly feminine, which suited his rearranging face. His lips became soft and slightly pouted, his cheekbones gorgeous, his face altering to take on a cute heart-shape which also worked with his now button-cute nose.

“Professor! You’re changing!” Tyson exclaimed. “You’re becoming a woman!”

“What!? That’s impossi-mmhmmm!!”

A rush of unexpected pleasure hit the professor, leaving his body feminising even more than before. His slightly hunched back straightened, and two mounds began to expand from his chest. Fat spread to his widening hips and rear as well as his thighs, and his manhood - wrinkled and useless for many years - retreated, replaced with a vagina that left him gasping for air.

“Ohhhhhhhh!” the new female moaned, breasts expanding yet further. Her figure took on a gorgeous hourglass, and Tyson was able to see it quite clearly too, because in her moaning fits of reluctant joy Harold had removed her labcoat, leaving her figure much more on display in her now too-tight shirt and loose pants. The latter fell down, exposing her hips

and legs, while the former was pulled up to reveal her midriff, a result of her now very impressively-sized jugs.

“I’m - I’m - aahhhh!”

The change ended with a bang, the new woman orgasming and falling forward to clutch Tyson. The man himself was shocked at this turn of events, but something about this now incredibly beautiful and curvaceous woman was turning him on. The magic was weaving a connection between the two of them, binding them together as mates. Her fertility and fecundity would be immense, and paired with his virility she would be capable of producing him many, many children, a compulsion she would be unable to ignore.

The new woman clutched Tyson, her full breasts, so pert and ripe, pressing against his hard chest. Her breathing was heavy, and already she recognised the call. She looked up at Tyson, who in turn looked down at her, hardening yet further.

“P-Professor?” he stammered. “You’re, um, you look very good.”

“I f-feel very good,” Harold said, though the name didn’t seem to suit her anymore. She felt that Hazel worked better. “The artefact changed me.”

“I can see that. And feel that.”

“And I can f-feel you. Why does that feel so good, Tyson?”

“I don’t know, but you feel pretty damn good too, professor.”

“Call me Hazel.”

He swallowed, slowly lowering a hand to feel her hips. Neither parted from the other.

“Hazel. I like that. You can call me Ty.”

Hazel bit her lip, feeling that surge of need again. It was crazy, but she needed to follow it. The compulsion was strong, and her wants were stronger. She felt so vital and alive all of a sudden. “Well, Ty, what say you and I . . . research the effects of this statue a little further. Why don’t we explore the male and female anthropological data further.”

Tyson gripped her a bit more strongly, cupping her butt before sliding a hand beneath her chin. She cooed in response to his touch, feeling the need for him.

“I’d be down with that, Hazel,” he said.

“Good,” she replied, raising her face up to kiss his lips. “Because I want you to give me a child. I really, really need you to give me a child.”

And somehow, that was the damn sexiest thing Tyson had ever heard in his life. Minutes later, their clothes were gone, and the pair were moaning in pleasure as they engaged in the act of reproduction in that very lab. Of course, the statue was a fertility statue, so it was little shock when Hazel found herself pregnant not long after. That was okay though; Tyson’s womanising days were behind him, as he now only had eyes for his gorgeous, busty, pregnant, and highly lusty partner. The pair eventually married - they didn’t see a reason not to after three kids and a pair of twins on the way - and Tyson indeed

became the next professor of anthropology and sociology, just as his gorgeous, forever pregnant wife had trained him to be. It was a good thing the position paid well and came with good benefits, because he needed them to take care of their growing brood.

Not that either minded. Hazel was loving life as a young, lively spirit again, and the feeling of growing life within her was better than anything. And Tyson was head over heels for his woman, and always would be.

The study, in many ways, had been a total success.

The End