

A Tigress's Maternal Gift

Giving up on trying to get a good night's sleep, Janet let her eyelids pop open to stare up at the ceiling. Making a growling noise that fit with her visage of an enormous tiger woman, she rolled her way out of bed. Though her mattress creaked under her mass of muscles and fat covered in back-stripped, orange fur, it managed to hold up against her weight. Swinging her legs over the side, she let her white furred belly hang between her legs as her tail slid across the sizable backside that had played no small part in her various victories during her time as a wrestler. Gliding one paw across her pair of heaving breasts and the other through her long locks of red and grey hair, she let out a yawn that tickled the whiskers around her muzzle before she heaved herself into a standing position.

Despite her lofty size, Janet tried her best to move as silently as possible. Keeping an eye on the much smaller tiger man still sound asleep in her bed, she was grateful that he was able to learn to live with her larger self. It was something absolutely necessary for Steve considering he was both her husband and her biggest supporter. While he was usually able to help her with all manner of issues, this time all she wanted was a chance to be by herself for a bit.

Making her way out onto the balcony of her mansion, Janet leaned over the railing to stare up at the night sky. Illuminated by the glow of the moon and stars, she thought back to the many years she had spent wowing the crowds with her skills in the ring. At least, that's the reality that had been gifted to her on a night similar to this when she made a chance wish on a shooting star. At the time her wish had been to have a life similar to her idol, a fellow wrestler by the name of Bronya. While she did enjoy living it up as a world renowned fighter, it was only so long before she was forced to deal with the realities of her aging form.

Taking a step back from the railing, Janet rested her hand once more against her belly. Aside from the usual feeling of her blubber and bulk, she knew that there was something else making up her sizable bulge. The thing growing inside of her was one of the main reasons that she was entering retirement. While it had been her decision, she still doubted if this was the right thing to do. More than anything, what she really wanted at the time was someone to talk to that was in a similar position. Pushing back these stray thoughts for the sake of the future of her family with a deep exhale, she began to shuffle back inside.

“The time is close at hand.”

Janet swiveled her head back and forth in search of the mystery voice.

“Your milk will bring about peace to this world and all of its inhabitants.”

Rounded ears picking up the direction of the sound, Jante craned her neck up towards the sky. Squinting her eyes, she noticed a star flying through space that looked similar to the one she had wished on so long ago. Continuing to stare out in hopes of answering her myriad of questions, the only reply was the typical noise of crickets in the distance.

Figuring that what she heard came from her own stress and tiredness, Janet turned to go back to bed. She took a step, only to stop as she heard something trickle onto the ground. Feeling something cold slide down her belly, she looked down to see something leaking out of her nipples. Grasping one of her breasts to bring it closer to her face, she discovered that she was lactating. While the obvious explanation was that this was just her body getting ready for motherhood, she couldn't help thinking back to what she had heard earlier. Hoping things would make more sense in the morning, she made her way to the bathroom to wrap a towel around her chest to absorb the milk and then returned to bed.

“Are you certain it wasn’t a dream?” Steve asked as he swept the mop across the floor.

“I’m still not sure what it was,” Janet replied, using her thick arms to pick up the empty cups her guests had left behind in the wake of her retirement party. “As strange as it sounds, it really feels like someone, or something was there with me last night.”

Taking a break from his cleaning duties, Steve leaned against his mop to cast his gaze towards his wife. “It could be a combination of stress from retirement and your coming children. That or you ate something that disagreed with you.”

Janet put on a toothy grin as she slid her hand across her gut. “You should know better than anyone that I have an iron stomach. I doubt there was anything that could upset my belly that badly.”

“It still shouldn’t be out of the question,” Steve replied with a shrug. “I’ve heard pregnancy can do some strange things to a person’s body. And for your information, I know exactly what your stomach can do. That’s why I-“

Steve was interrupted by the ring of the doorbell.

“Wait, the party ended hours ago,” Janet commented. “Did someone leave their phone behind or something?”

“That’s probably just the pizza I ordered.”

Turning towards Steve, Janet lunged forward to embrace him in a warm hug. “Guess you really do know me.”

“There’s a reason I’m your husband,” he replied, taking a deep breath when the tigress finally released him from her grasp. “If you go grab the pizzas I’ll finish tidying up here.”

Nodding in agreement, Janet shuffled her way over to the front of her house. Opening up the door revealed a cheetah woman that looked absolutely tiny compared to the retired wrestler. In addition to being half the tigress's size, the delivery woman's skinny form could be seen in the undersized, red collared shirt and black pants that allowed her lanky tail to swing around. Noticing the way the cheetah's spotted fur bristled, Janet wasn't too surprised to see the excited look on the woman's feline face.

"Oh my god, I can't believe it's really you!" the cheetah woman said, nearly dropping the pizza boxes in her hands in the process. "My name is Camisha. I'm a huge fan of yours. I've watched all of your matches."

"Thank you," Janet said, more than used to interacting with her rabid fans. "If you'd like, I could get you an autograph along with your tip. Should be extra valuable since I'm about to retire."

Camisha's ears drooped a little. "You're really calling it quits?"

"That's right," Janet said, sliding her hand along her belly. "I have to make sure that I'm ready to take care of my upcoming litter of--"

Janet paused as she felt a cold shiver go through her body. The source was made apparent as she noticed a pair of wet spots along her red shirt that grew larger with each passing second. Curiosity overwhelming any concern that she was stripping in front of a stranger, she lifted up her top to reveal her bulky belly and bare chest. On top of giving Camisha an up close look at her legendary body, the impromptu strip allowed her to see the droplets of milk leaking out of her nipples to seep into her fur.

"Woah, you weren't kidding," Camisha replied, unable to take her eyes off of the lactating tits. "Your kids are going to be eating good when they come out." A moment later, the

cheetah woman realized her mistake and backed away. “I’m sorry. That must have sounded really weird. I didn’t mean to creep you out or anything.”

“No, no, you’re fine,” Janet said, the gears in her head turning as she watched the down pour of milk. Looking back and forth between her leaking tits and the pizza girl, she thought back to what she had heard the previous night. Eager to sate her curiosity, she turned her full attention towards Camisha. “Actually, I was wondering if you could help me with something.”

“What did you have in mind?” Camisha asked.

Getting down on her knees, Janet held out her arms. “To be sure that my milk will be strong enough for my kittens, how about you give it a taste test?”

Expected considering the bizarre request, the cheetah woman took her time to respond. However, she seemed to convince herself as she licked her lips at the sight of the droplets pouring out of tigress’s teats. “I guess I can try it,” Camisha said, placing the pizza boxes on the ground before stepping forward to allow Janet to lift her up to her chest.

Wrapping her lips around one of Janet’s nipples, Camisha began to suck up the milk. While the sensation was more than a little bizarre, Janet had to admit that it brought with it a strange sense of satisfaction. Considering how fast the cheetah girl was drinking, she had to assume that Camisha was feeling something similar. While she would have liked to just sit back and enjoy the odd pleasure of the feeding session, there was something that demanded her full attention.

The once lithe cheetah woman’s body began to rapidly swell with extra bulk with each mouthful of milk. In a matter of seconds her uniform was torn asunder by her belly blowing up to match the size of a medicine ball. While the orb started off as nothing more than fat, it wasn’t

long before it was mixed with impressive muscles similar to the ones swelling up her formerly stringy limbs.

Seemingly ignorant of her growth, Camisha moved over to Janet's other nipple. The influx of extra milk spread out her engorgement to the rest of her body, starting with giving her a wide rear whose weight forced Janet to put her back on the ground. Standing up on her thickened up legs, Camisha continued to drink, even as she developed her own, massive chest complete with milk leaking from a pair of plumped up nipples.

As the formerly short cheetah woman grew tall enough to nearly match Janet, the tigress noticed the patches of grey that appeared throughout Camisha's hair. While the cheetah woman's pudgy face was still obscured thanks to her feeding session, Janet could see the various lines along Camisha's cheeks that showed signs of aging into her mid-40s. Looking to be around the same age as the wrestler, the delivery woman finally saw fit to let go once she had gained enough bulk to match Janet's weight.

Licking her lips as she rubbed at her taut belly, Camisha looked on to face a concerned Janet. "Thank you so much for the tasty treat."

"You're not worried about what it did to you?" Janet asked.

"Not at all," Camisha said as she lovingly massaged her gut. "After all, this gift of yours means I'll get to be a mother alongside you. I promise to name at least one of them after you. I hope you enjoy your pizzas."

Leaving Janet with more questions and a stack of pizzas, Camisha squeezed her gigantic form into her car and drove off. Left standing on her porch, Janet tried to piece together what she had just done. Fortunately for her, someone came along to break her out of her stunned stupor.

“Guess that wasn’t just a dream,” Steve admitted as he tapped Janet on her waist. “You feeling alright?”

“Yeah, yeah,” Janet said, giving her tits a squeeze to let out another gush of milk. “I just... want to test something. Go grab my phone. I have some people I want to call up.”

Janet couldn’t stop herself from smiling as she re-entered the arena she had fought so many memorable opponents in. Despite the building being empty, her ears still twitched at the recollection of the large crowds that flooded in to see her fights. As much as she would have loved to return to her glory days, her mind was set on pursuing her new purpose in life.

Entering the locker room with Steve close behind, Janet was pleased to see that her invitations had been accepted. Sitting on one of the benches were a trio of women that had become very accustomed to Janet’s body thanks to their jobs as her towel girls. There was Misha, a grey furred, scrawny mouse girl whose bespectacled gaze hid a desire to press herself close to the tigress’s body whenever it came time to wipe off her sweat. Vivian was an orange fox woman, the oldest of three, but still childish in the ways she teased her coworkers and even Janet on occasion with her buxom body and fluffy tail. Out of the group, Bonnie the black bear woman was the largest with her barrel-like belly and thick arms, but that still left her many sizes below the strongfat tigress.

“Good to see you all again,” Janet said, bracing herself as all three came running forward to hug her.

“We came as soon as we got the message, champ,” Bonnie spoke up.

“Especially when you said it would be something fun,” Vivian added.

“Is it the... usual method of stress relief?” Misha managed to squeak out with a gleam of desire in her eyes.

“Not quite,” Janet said, getting her towel girls to let go after giving gentle rubs to their heads. “I have something special planned. Think of it as a business opportunity.”

“Is that why Bronya’s here?” Misha asked.

Janet showed off her pointy teeth in a wide grin as she nodded in agreement. “Where is she?”

“She’s waiting back in the ring,” Vivian answered. “What exactly do you have in mind for this little play date?”

“I’ll show you all a little later,” Janet said as she stomped towards the exit. “For now, I have to see Bronya in private.” Just as her claws clasped the door, she felt a small hand tug at her short shorts. Turning around, she saw Misha standing nearby.

“What are we supposed to do while you’re gone?” the mouse girl asked.

Janet let out a laugh. “Why do you think I brought him along?” she replied, gesturing to point Misha and the other girls’ attention towards Steve. “I think he can handle you for now.”

“Yes mam,” the towel girls replied, surrounding the eager looking tiger man as he and the others started to undress.

Closing the door just as the first moan left from the group orgy’s lips, Janet stomped her way over to the ring. Coming out from backstage, she let her eyes scan the hundreds of empty seats that she had filled many times over with her various wrestling shows. The bittersweet feeling as she wandered through the area was almost immediately overwritten by sheer excitement as she spotted Bronya standing in the ring.

As Janet climbed through the ropes to meet her former mentor, she took in the sight of the fellow tiger woman's size. While Bronya was Janet's equal for the most part when it came to size and girth, Janet had managed to surpass her in several ways. Noticing that Janet's breasts and belly outsized her own, Bronya showed off a grin as she brushed her paws through her long mane of black and grey hair.

"Well lapushka, I didn't think we'd be meeting here again," Bronya commented.

"Growing tired of retirement already, da?"

"Just getting started, actually," Janet replied. "In truth, our little meeting today is part of my post-career plans to improve the world."

"You're talking about becoming some kind of philanthropist, da? You should have more than enough money for it."

"You're partially right," Janet began, "but what I'm offering is something money could never buy."

Bronya tilted her head. "Sorry, I'm not sure I understand what you're talking about, lapushka."

Janet's response was stomping her foot on the ground to stare down Bronya. "I'll show you what I mean. First, I want to have one last match with you."

"Wait, you are pregnant, da?" Bronya asked, receiving a nod in return. "Is that really wise to be fighting when you are in this condition? I'd rather not hurt the little ones."

"Oh, don't worry," Janet said, getting herself in position. "I promise it will be fine."

Seeing the fire in Janet's eyes, Bronya couldn't help herself from copying the pose. "Very well then. Show me what you've got."

Like so many times before, Janet charged forward with the ferocity of a tiger to meet her opponent in the center of the ring. While many had crumpled from the attack before, Bronya didn't go down so easily. Pushing back against Janet, Bronya proved that she could still hold her own against her junior as she fought to gain ground. Feeling each other's strength get pushed to their limits, the pair of tiger women couldn't help themselves from smiling from the sheer thrill of getting to lock claws in combat once more.

Just as it looked like Bronya was about to get the upper hand, she was stopped as she noticed the pair of wet spots on the front of Janet's red leotard. The few seconds that Bronya took to watch white droplets leak out from her opponent's teats proved to be her downfall. Using the momentary distraction to her advantage, Janet shoved herself into Bronya to push her down and pin her to the mat.

"Guess that means I win," Janet said, proudly keeping Bronya in place by sitting on her chest. "Wouldn't you agree?"

"Da, but what is going on with your boobs?" Bronya bluntly asked.

"Should be pretty obvious that I'm lactating," Janet said, unflinchingly pulling down her leotard to expose one of her leaking teats. "My children are going to need to eat something."

"Lapushka, I might not have ever had little ones of my own, but I'm pretty sure that isn't normal."

"That is quite a shame," Janet commented as she pulled out her other tit. "However, I think that's something I can help you with."

"What are you talking about?"

Janet grinned as she leaned down to have her breasts within reach of Bronya's face. "You'll understand once you drink."

“What?”

Grasping her tits, Janet squeezed them together and pressed them up to Bronya’s mouth.

“Trust me, okay? Besides, since I’m the winner I think you owe me this much.”

Though there was visible hesitation in Bronya’s eyes, she eventually pried open her mouth to wrap her lips around Janet’s teats. Any concerns the grizzled wrestling woman had about the act disappeared as the small taste turned into a full suckle that quickly poured milk down her throat. Pleased with the sight and sensation of Bronya drinking from her nipples, Janet’s ran her fingers through her mentor’s hair as the changes started to occur.

Even having seen the process before herself, Janet still found it amazing to see Bronya’s chest engorge to match the size of her own. While she did feel a slight increase to her rival’s belly size, it was hard to notice that anything was different considering how large the woman was to begin with. However, what did stick out to her was the added streaks of grey that appeared throughout Bronya’s hair. Becoming more like one another with each gulp, Bronya stopped only once she had drunk her fill to thank Janet with a wide smile. Getting up to help her mentor get back to her feet, Janet was pleased to see the unmistakable shape of an overly pregnant belly on Bronya.

“This is your gift, da?” Bronya asked, one hand sliding across her gut while the other pulled out one of her tits to let it leak a trickle of milk onto the floor.

“I hope you like it,” Janet answered.

“Da,” Bronya said, continuing to grope herself as she walked around the ring. “I have never felt so good in my life. What exactly is in your milk?”

“I’m still not sure myself, but I think it has something to do with fate.”

“What do you mean by that?”

Janet merely smiled as she turned away from Bronya. “It means that we still have some work to do. Follow me.”

By the sound of heavy footsteps following behind her, Janet knew that Bronya had accepted her request. Though she had never said her intentions outright, her long time mentor turned rival was more than willing to go along with it. While this could have been attributed to the trust they had built over the years, Janet thought that there was something else at work. She was keen to test this theory as she re-entered the dressing room with Bronya close behind her.

Waiting for Janet was the expected sight of her towel girls “servicing” Steve. While Misha helped herself to rubbing her face up against his manhood, Vivian and Bonnie took turns smothering his face with their exposed breasts. This session of communal pleasure had become a staple of the group’s post-match meet ups. Without having to ask, Janet could piece together that the girls wanted to get another round in the dressing room for old times’ sake. While she would have been more than happy to join in, she had other plans.

“Sorry to interrupt,” Janet shouted out, getting the group’s attention, “but I have something else in mind.” Before Steve or the girls could ask what she meant, she pulled her top back down to reveal her still leaking tits. “Who wants a drink?”

Just as she suspected, Misha was the first to rush over to take up the offer. Without a hint of hesitation, the mouse girl latched onto one of nipples and began to drink. Vivian followed close behind, showing off her playful grin before helping herself to the tigress’s other teat. As the fox and mouse drank from her breasts, Janet realized that she had forgotten something. While her current form had more than enough milk to spare, there was a limit to how many people she could feed at once. Thankfully, someone stepped forward to pick up the slack.

Noticing the hungry look in Bonnie's eyes, Bronya approached to embrace the bear woman in her arms. Copying Janet's example, Bronya pulled down her top to let her heavy mammaries pop out. Licking her lips at the trickles of milk leaking from the exposed teats, Bonnie nuzzled her head against the breasts as she drank her fill. With Bronya making sure that none of the towel girls were left unattended to, Janet was able to focus on the fruits of her labor.

As Misha and Vivian drank to their heart's content, their comparatively small bodies began to swell up to match their beloved mentor. They each struggled to remain latched onto the tigress's teats as they were lifted upward by their bulkier legs. Thanks to their earlier session of playing with Steve, there were no clothes in the way to stop their chunky backsides from swaying about until they crashed into one another. The impact left their blubbery bellies to shake around, carrying with it a mix of muscle, fat, and litters of children ready to be nourished by the new mothers' heaving tits.

Just like before, Janet's feeding session ended as her feeders grew tall enough to match her in height. Releasing her teats from their mouth with a popping noise, Misha and Vivian took their time wiping their pudgy faces clean with her tongue. Still enamored with the leftover taste of milk, they moved about in a lethargic state as they ran their fingers through the streaks of grey going across their elongated locks of hair.

Lingering just long enough to see the more mature look on the women's faces, Janet looked over to check on Bonnie's progress. Despite having drunk from a separate set of tits, the bear woman had gone through a near identical metamorphosis of her size and stature. Standing face to face with Bronya, Bonnie celebrated her new form by leaning forward to lock lips with the aged wrestler. While the sight sent a tinge of satisfaction through Janet, she couldn't help noticing that their little activity had left Steve all by himself.

“Would you like a taste?” Janet asked Steve, freeing herself from the grasp of her towel girls as she waddled her way over to him.

“Do we even know what it will do to a guy?” Steve asked in return.

“Indeed I do,” Janet replied, effortlessly picking him up in her arms to bring his head close to her tits. “I already practiced it with Tony earlier this morning. Though he might not be my manager anymore, he was more than happy to be a part of my new venture.”

“So what happened to him?”

Janet smiled. “I think it would be easier if I just show you.”

Pressing into the back of Steve’s head, Janet was able to convince him to start suckling. Just like the others, the milk had the immediate effect of rapidly bulking up his stringy form. His flat stomach bulged out into a sizable, barrel-like gut. A set of drooping man boobs appeared on his chest, continuing to swell as if they were attempting to copy the size of Janet’s tits. The majority of his new weight found its way over to his backside, giving him a set of enormous ass cheeks that spilled out of her arms as he developed a definitive pear shape.

Becoming exhausted from her earlier exertion and having to feed so many, Janet relented and kneeled down on the ground while Steve finished his drink. Given a moment to catch her breath she looked over her husband’s face to see what he would look like aged up. Instead, what she saw was a chubby set of cheeks and soft chins that looked extremely soft and malleable. Any sign of his former masculinity was hidden beneath this new façade, not helped by the fact that his plump lips were still reaching out drink his fill of her teats.

“Just as I suspected,” Janet commented as she kept his lips at bay. “Like Tony before, looks like my milk has a different effect on males.” Reaching between his thick thighs, she

halted his attempts to drink by giving a gentle squeeze to the extra girth of his engorged member.
“At least you seem to have the right equipment still.”

“Mistress, can I please have MMMPPH more milk,” Steve said, his body shuddering from his desire for drink and pleasure.

“Sorry, but I think I’m just about wiped out. Give me a chance to rest and maybe I’ll take care of you later.”

“No need for that,” Bonnie said, the blubbery bear woman taking Steve out of Janet’s arms. “I think I can take care of this little one for now.”

Though Steve looked betrayed at the sudden change in partners, his mood quickly shifted as Bonnie offered up her teats to him. Seeing the way his arms wrapped around the bear woman’s body, Janet couldn’t help feeling her own sense of longing. A subconscious smack of her lips did not go unnoticed by her the other towel girls. As she watched her husband continue to drink like an oversized baby, she felt a pair of thick arms grasp her shoulders.

“Would you like a taste?” Misha asked, giving her bosom a slight squeeze to sprinkle her milk onto the ground.

“After you’ve already fed us so much,” Vivian began, copying the mouse woman’s behavior, “it’s only right that you get a turn.”

“As long as you’re offering,” Janet replied as she pulled the pair of women in close.

Unsure of where to start, Janet elected to push Misha and Vivian’s body together. Squishing their bosoms close to one another, she managed to put them in the perfect position where her open mouth could receive milk from both of them at once. Catching on to her method, Misha and Vivian did their part to press on their chests to satiate their mistress’s thirst.

As Janet continued to drink, her body took on extra layers of bulk to compensate. Though it was far from her original form, the slight upgrades ensured that she was still the largest amongst the group of milky mothers to be. Each helping of the sweet substance put her mind in a hazy state that let her feel the same level of strange euphoria as those she had fed beforehand.

Still dealing with this bizarre sense of ecstasy, Janet barely flinched as Misha and Vivian stepped away. Janet's mouth was only left dry for a few seconds before Bronya and Bonnie stepped forward to shove their plump nipples into the tigress's waiting maw. Drinking to her heart's content, Janet felt like she was reaching ever closer to an epiphany regarding what this was all about. However, that moment was held off as she pulled away from the leaking bosoms to offer up her own milk to satisfy her partners.

Back and forth the group took turns drinking each other's milk. Throughout their session, they were stuck in a constant state of euphoria that let them feel at peace with their modified forms. Though Steve didn't have milk of his own to provide, he more than made up for it with the cute moans and gasps that left his mouth while he was being teased between feeding sessions. Whether she was on the giving or receiving end, Janet herself couldn't think of a time she ever felt more at peace. All of the worries that came with her impending retirement vanished to be replaced with a sense of newfound purpose.

As enticing as their group feeding session was, there came a point where Janet and the others were reaching their body's limits. Collapsing into a pile of milk-soaked flesh in the center of the dressing room, each of them were in varying states of passing out. Janet herself could barely keep her eyelids open as she brushed her paws through Steve's hair to send him off to sleep. Just as she was about to join the group's nap session, she spotted a vague figure walking towards her.

“You have done very well,” the white figure said, their booming voice not even causing the slightest stir in Janet’s slumbering partners.

Understandably confused considering how closely the figure resembled her current body, Janet asked the obvious question. “Who are you?”

“I am a celestial spirit,” the figure replied. “It was I who granted your initial wish and who also made you my divine hand in return for the favor.”

“You’re the one who made me like this?” Janet asked, squeezing on her tit to let a few droplets leak out.

“That is correct. It is a special liquid that I have spread throughout the cosmos to give various races the means by which they may reach paradise.”

“What do you mean by that?”

“I believe you already know,” the figure said, using the same, warm smile Janet had used on her fellow partners to get them to indulge in her experiments. “I will be watching over you to observe your progress. However, I doubt you will stray from the path now that you’ve experienced what awaits firsthand.”

As suddenly as the figure appeared, it vanished into thin air. Still trying to piece together what had happened, Janet took a moment to acknowledge the sensation of lips sucking from her teats once more. Tilting her head down, she watched as Steve and Bronya helped themselves to her reserves. Thinking about what the figure had told her, she very gently nudged Bronya’s forehead to get her to look up.

“Bronya, you said you know people in the dairy industry, yes?” Janet asked.

“Da. It’s leftover from a very lucrative endorsement I did years ago. Why do you ask?”

Janet showed off a mimicry of the figure's grin. "Because I want to spread my gift across the entire globe, and I know just how to do it."

It had been five years since Janet had enacted her plan to treat the world to her milk. Once Bronya had helped her infiltrate the dairy industry, it was only a matter of time before her influence was spread across the globe. Though people were understandably angry at first, their attitudes swiftly changed as they all partook in the sweet, celestial milk and all the euphoria that it brought.

Each woman that drank Janet's milk changed to copy her bulk and aged look. Despite looking middle aged, news soon spread that each of them had developed a sort of immortality that kept them at that age and free of most forms of disease. This gift was spread to others thanks to their abundant milk production that facilitated each of their pregnancies. Thankfully for Janet, anyone that didn't directly drink from her breasts ended up making offspring that were genetically different than her in every way.

As for the men, each of them became overly plump femboys if exposed to the milk. While they could bulk up from things like regular exercise and diets, they would still pale in comparison to the staggering sizes of the females. This change up in structure didn't seem to worry them, especially considering how the women were keen to treat them with utmost care, coddling them and giving them regular feedings of milk.

Janet herself remained at the mansion where she had first been given her orders to spread her gift. With her work complete, she was free to spend her days in her home, enjoying life amongst her various lovers and many children. Even now, she could feel her belly jostle around

as her latest litter awaited their time to come out into the world. Easing them with a gentle rub of her stomach, she assured them that they would have their turn to join the others on their paradisaal planet of milk and maternal affection.