

Author's Note: The idea for this story and the protagonist's name are based on suggestions from two of my awesome Patrons. Standard disclaimer applies: this story contains graphic depictions of sex, so if it's illegal or immoral for you to be reading this, stop now! All characters in sexual scenes are at least eighteen, all situations are entirely fictional, and any resemblance to any real-life individuals or situations is entirely coincidental. Copyright Fidget, 2021. All rights reserved. Enjoy!

The Apple Doesn't Fall Far From the Tree

by Fidget

Chapter 4 – Too Many Apples

Over the next few weeks, Josh watched guiltily as the cheerleaders he had infected with the football's sinister influence involuntarily ripened into sex-obsessed goddesses of femininity and fertility, just as Amy had, and just as Josh had known they would. In the end, he had been equally unable to resist his own ravenous new sexual appetites, and had quickly caved to the temptation to increase the number of irresistible bimbos available to him, each of whom was instinctively driven to sate his powerful lusts with their eager, receptive bodies.

Eventually, Josh found himself in a situation where he was forced to fully enjoy the fruit of his labors. It was the cute brunette, Samantha, whose changes were a few days further along than the other girls. When she approached him yet again for some quality private time in mid-January, Josh should have expected the overwhelming lure of the powerful new femininity he had forced upon her, but he was still under the mistaken notion that Amy was somehow unique, and that Samantha couldn't possibly become sexy enough to compete with her and tempt him into infidelity.

So, Josh was completely blindsided when she finally confronted him with the overwhelming sex appeal of her fully transformed body as it spilled out of her revealing cheerleading outfit, and his need for her quickly began to overpower the diminished self control of his jock body, exacerbated by his hypermasculine urges. To be fair, Samantha didn't look like Amy, not at all, but her own idealized features - silky dark brown hair framing a refined, elegant face and smoky green eyes that sparkled with playful promises of pleasure, not to mention her thick, voluptuous new figure - was just as intoxicating as Amy's blonde, bubbly hourglass physique, and within seconds Josh was allowing himself to be led by the hand back to the scene of his original debauchery, his eyes glued to Samantha's ass deliciously bouncing in front of him as his enhanced cock stiffened and eagerly began to prepare for intercourse.

Calling back to their original conversation, Samantha once again coquettishly asked for a tour of the locker room, but Josh could tell from the hungry look in the busty cheerleader's eyes that this time she wanted much more than that first innocent makeout session, driven by youthful hormones but tempered by embarrassment, inexperience, and social inhibitions. This

was the face of a mature sexual being who knew exactly what her body really wanted, and who

knew equally well that Josh wouldn't be able to resist giving it to her.

Once more in the back corner of the locker room, Samantha forcefully pressed her body against his, her small, soft hands already teasing along the massive rod tenting his athletic shorts, and Josh allowed himself to be maneuvered down onto a bench in the middle of the floor, helpless to resist the powerful femininity of the two massive tits in his face as she smoothly slid his shorts down and his enormous phallus and heavy testicles bounced into view. Samantha was immediately distracted at the sight, having finally come face to face with the daunting rod of tasty man-meat and large, fascinating balls that had filled her dreams for over a month at this point.

Her tits were still dangling in Josh's face, however, and so his arousal too continued to grow until he finally reached up and began to roughly grope them, squeezing them together and jiggling them back and forth as the creamy, bouncy globes continued to erode his capacity for rational thought.

Josh vaguely recalled how he'd convinced himself that he had only started changing girls for their own good, and maybe so that they'd jerk him off every once in a while, but now that he had actively come face to face with the results of the football's effects once more, with the irresistible seductresses who needed his dick jerking in their pussies just as bad as Amy had, he realized the truth: he had always intended to fuck these girls. Once faced with this new raw, receptive femininity that was easily as overpowering as Amy's, he recognized that in his current testosterone-flooded body he wouldn't be able to resist, and he realized that that had really been his plan all along.

He didn't want to resist. He loved the way Samantha looked, the way she felt, the way she smelled, and he loved what being near her did to him, how hard it got his giant cock and how much it made him want to slide it inside her and just thrust. It was so easy to go along with her, to enjoy her body and indulge in harmless, flirty fun with her, and so when Samantha began to straddle him, obeying her own mating instinct, Josh was eager to let her slide down onto the tip of his straining cock and let it slip all too easily into this new, enticing pussy where everything felt so perfectly soft and slick and stimulating. Of course, once he had been inside for a second, and both of them had gasped in pleasure and his eyes had met hers, smoldering with mutual, irresistible need, things stopped feeling so perfect to Josh, and he began to need more of that slick stimulation, to chase that perfect sensation once again, and so his hips began rocking automatically, sending his massive, sensitive cock sliding in and out of another bimbofied cheerleader, and his lizard brain was once again satisfied, though at the base of his dick a familiar, insidious pressure slowly began to build as well.

Josh wasn't even thinking about cumming inside her when he entered her, of course. He was past being capable of those sorts of thoughts. He only knew that he needed to thrust himself into this new vision of feminine sexuality, who clearly wanted his cock inside her as much as he did. His mating instincts had entirely taken over his actions, and he began quickly driving himself toward orgasm inside her tight reproductive tract, only aware of the need to continue

thrusting, and the pleasure he got from doing so, and his large balls continued to tighten as he grew ever closer to his involuntary, lifegiving release.

The curvy brunette whose tits were bouncing in his face as she rode him, on the other hand, was entirely focused on teasing and squeezing his giant cock until she triggered that release. She too was experiencing nearly debilitating pleasure and bliss with each powerful thrust, but a part of her mind remained razor-focused on the increasingly insistent twitchings of that cock inside her as his arousal continued to build from the slick friction of her tight receptacle. She knew exactly what that thick, throbbing cock and those massive twitching balls signified the moment they had come into view; the hyperfertile body the football had given her flooded her slutty mind with excitement and anticipation at the sight, and her ever-present desire to feel a virile cock jerking and surging and spurting inside her began to assert itself with a vengeance.

This time, however, there was none of the hesitation that had accompanied her earlier dalliances, only a feeling of euphoric satisfaction at finally being able to fully indulge in her new body's strongest craving. Samantha couldn't explain her newfound obsession with feeling that monster reflexively jerking inside her, filling her with warm, gooey potential, but that didn't make the drive to experience it any less overpowering, and willing Josh to cum inside her became a wordless mantra inside her mind with each thrust. Not that she needed to worry, of course, since Josh's instincts were driving him to do just that, and he didn't notice that with each thrust his dick became a bit more insistent.

Before either of them knew it, the inexorable coaxing of her body became more than Josh could take. Just when he felt himself losing control as his orgasm triggered and his balls began to tighten in reflex, instinct overcame him once more and he wrapped his powerful arms tightly around her soft, curvy body, pulling her down fully onto his dick as he roared and began mindlessly pumping the copious contents of his heavy balls deep into the fertile young slut.

Samantha loved the feel of his hard muscles tightening around her body as she felt his cock stiffening inside her, locking her into position and forcing her body to receive what it had craved for so long, and sure enough, a second later she felt the first thick spurt of his load blast powerfully against her cervix and soak into her greedy womb. She reached around underneath herself, where her dainty hand quickly found Josh's massive, weighty testicles reflexively tensing and tightening with the effort of delivering so much of his genetic material into her body. She wasn't sure it would help, especially because her hand felt so tiny against his swollen, pulsing ballsack, but she began to massage and fondle nonetheless as her body drove her to get as much of their contents into her as possible. Despite her eagerness to take it all in, the sheer volume of Josh's spunk quickly filled her tunnel and began to overflow onto the bench, but even so she continued her squeezing and coaxing, knowing instinctively that a steady stream flowing and soaking against her innermost recesses was what her body wanted.

As Josh finally began to come down from his ecstasy what felt like an eternity later, and his cock's pleasurable pulsing deep within the cunt of a slutty cheerleader who definitely wasn't his girlfriend began to subside, he was finally able to acknowledge the fact that Samantha had definitely become just as irresistible as Amy had, and had felt just as good to cum inside. If

anything, she had almost felt better, since everything about her was new and different, including the luxurious feel of her tight pussy gripping and stroking his dick, and it seemed like his body could tell somehow, giving him an even more intense orgasm than usual, and releasing copious amounts of jizz into her in the process to ensure that she was well and truly impregnated.

Finally, Josh recognized that affecting so many girls with the football had definitely been a huge mistake, though not for the reason he had initially suspected. Before, the other girls had just been an annoying temptation that paled in comparison to the one goddess the football had chosen for him. Now, however, he knew that Amy's hadn't been unique, that the football indiscriminately made sure that every girl could be perfectly tailored to coaxing his cum into her enticing vagina, and now that he had seen how good fucking two of them could be, he could feel his desire to fuck all of them getting stronger. Still, Josh did love Amy, and at that moment committed himself to never abandoning her, no matter what happened with the other busty sluts he had been slowly filling the school with for the past few months.

He gently lifted Samantha off his body, feeling guilty at the intense aftershocks of pleasure he experienced as he slowly slid her tight, textured pussy up his shaft and his cock released a few final squirts of potent cum into her. She relaxed on the bench next to him with a glazed look of bliss on her face as he put his clothes back on, her body still rewarding her with pleasure at having accomplished its goal, and she sat there absent-mindedly squeezing a heavy breast while the other hand played with her used pussy. Josh's seed continued to drip out of her in large globs, onto the bench and down onto the floor where it began to form a pool. He could already feel the closeness of her naked body and the appealing pull of the cock-sheath nestled between her thick thighs starting to affect him again, so, having accepted his fate for better and for worse, he left her there to clean up the mess and went back to class, knowing there was nothing he could do to prevent his cum from having its own natural, transformative effect inside her vulnerable body.

Maybe she won't get pregnant, he thought to himself hopefully. Amy hadn't gotten pregnant yet, and they'd been fucking non-stop every day. In fact, now that he had resisted a second round with Samantha he could feel his body looking forward to going home and filling up his slutty cheerleader girlfriend once again with the virtually endless supply of thick cum his balls produced.

That very day, however, Amy finally noticed that she had missed her period, and realized with glee that it wouldn't be long before her tight abdomen began to swell as a result of her frequent intimate exposure to the very cum that was currently working its magic within Samantha. She was ecstatic, and immediately told Josh the good news that evening (as soon

as she had enjoyed being pumped full of a fresh load, of course). Josh was excited too, though he also realized that this development had likely sealed his fate with Samantha and the other girls who were still deep in the throes of their transformations. Still, there was nothing to be done, and though he was also worried that things had moved a bit too fast between Amy and himself, he also somehow couldn't wait to settle down and start a family with her. He knew that

his urges would continue to drive him to seek out other women, especially since he seemingly couldn't stop himself from turning them into busty bimbo sluts obsessed with his cock, but even so he knew deep down that Amy was the only girl for him. Whether that was another one of the football's effects, tying him to the first bimbo he fucked, he had no way of knowing, but either way he knew it was the truth.

For her part, Amy knew that Josh had begun not-so-subtly pursuing other girls, of course, and as ditzy and sex-obsessed as the football had made her, she had immediately figured out what the swelling busts and increasingly slutty behavior of her fellow cheerleaders had signified. Still, if it ever bothered her, she never let it show, even after the other cheerleaders' bellies began to swell like hers was. It may have been that she instinctively knew that Josh was loyal only to her, and so as long as he continued to feed her needy pussy a healthy diet of cock, she was unbothered by his powerful, testosterone-driven urge to sow his wild oats. Not to mention that that obscene, unfettered masculinity was exactly what had drawn her to him in the first place, and she understood the strength of the football's effects all too well. They had led to her own sexy body getting so thoroughly knocked up too, after all.

Life didn't stop for Josh after receiving this news, of course, and the other cheerleaders he had affected soon followed Samantha's lead in seducing him. As their reproductive urges continued to ramp up and they tired of their fruitless toying with lesser men, they sought Josh out one after another, and each time it was a little easier for Josh to give in to his desire for their nubile young bodies and allow himself to experience the carnal pleasures of their enhanced curves, and, ultimately, their flirty, stimulating pussies. Time and time again he would return to his senses riding the aftershocks of orgasm, balls deep in yet another needy cheerleader bimbo slut as he felt his body reflexively blasting rope after rope of dangerous baby juice into their vulnerable reproductive tracts while they screamed his name.

Moreover, indulging in his need to spread his seed seemed only to strengthen it, and he began expanding his sights beyond just the cheerleaders, to any girls who came on to him, knowing that all it would take was a quick touch of his football to guarantee that they would be willing to fully act out their desires, and as idealized, hypersexual versions of themselves, no less.

He could have any girl he wanted, and he knew it. Eventually, the power began to go to his head, and he began affecting girls more indiscriminately, even openly carrying the football through the halls with him so he could change girls on a whim. The shy, bookish blonde found herself becoming a lot more outgoing as her tits grew out, eventually going out for the cheerleading team, and then going out of her way to be alone with Josh, who savored the

exquisite sensation of cumming in her. The petite, giggly redhead with freckles and green eyes became a much bustier, curvier, hornier redhead, though she still giggled in mindless bliss when her fun game of "just the tip" ultimately led to Josh ejaculating deep inside her. One touch of his football, and Josh would inevitably get to see what it felt like to combine his DNA with theirs. And it always felt fantastic. So many tempting pussies begging for his seed, and Josh couldn't help but fill them all. Over and over. It was never enough.

It was only when he accidentally changed one of his former, unpopular friends that he began to consider the results of his actions, albeit briefly. The clumsy, decidedly unattractive girl had accidentally bumped into the football as he carelessly carried it through the halls of the school, and though he hadn't meant to affect her, he noticed her eyes fluttering nonetheless in the characteristic look of dazed pleasure all of the girls exhibited as the football's effects took hold within their bodies, and it became increasingly clear over the next few weeks that she had indeed been fully affected.

Her complexion cleared, and her nerdy body began to swell in all of the enticing ways that the other girls' had, and Josh's testosterone-fueled mind was forced to take notice of her developing curves in spite of himself. He hated watching her initial panic at having been infected with whatever had turned the more attractive senior girls into busty sluts, but she too eventually succumbed to the effects and fully embraced her new bimbo body and persona. Once she was far enough along to seek out Josh's attentions, her new body was more than his implacable cock could resist as she continued to swell and tighten, and in spite of his reluctance and guilt he found himself unintentionally cumming in her slutty pussy anyway, spreading his seed yet further. She, of course, loved every second of it. All of the girls did. Once affected, every girl inevitably embraced her slutty new body and slutty new personality, and wanted nothing more than to get Josh alone where they could persuade him to breed them.

Even so, once he had indulged his reproductive urges with his newest bimbo, he took the incident to heart, realizing that the ball would change anyone who touched it, regardless of his own intentions. He resolved to be more careful in the future, though of course the damage had already been done as far as his thoroughly smitten, slutty, impregnated former friend was concerned, who quit the yearbook staff soon afterward to join the ever-growing cheerleading team.

Interest in the cheerleading team was at an all-time high, and the team's numbers continued to grow as more and more busty, athletic young women came forward to try out. In the spring, they had the best cheerleading team in the state, as well as the best looking, by far. The girls still deferred to Amy's leadership, not only because she was Josh's chosen mate and the first of the cheer-bimbos, but, once they noticed that she was pregnant, possibly also because they subconsciously knew that they would soon experience the same fate, especially with how often all of them were letting Josh spurt his massive loads inside their unprotected pussies.

It had gotten increasingly easy to find teachers to sponsor the team as well, after a few of the female teachers got a bit too close to Josh in the hall while he was carrying the football, and a few weeks later had gotten much too close to Josh in their classrooms after hours with some hands-on, mutually fulfilling lessons in sex-ed.

All of Josh's bimbos tried to convince him to dump Amy for them, but he never even considered it. Sex with them was just sex for him, an irresistible bodily function that just happened to result in impregnation, and he never experienced the powerful bonding experience with them that he felt with Amy. "Amy's the only girl for me" is all that he would say, and then he would head out, leaving his most recent load dripping out of the slutty pussy that the increasingly busty girl

couldn't resist offering to him.

Eventually, filling their fertile young bodies with copious amounts of virile seed had its inevitable effect on Samantha and the other earliest-affected cheerleaders, and they began to swell just as Amy had as their bodies unconsciously and involuntarily blended their genetic information with Josh's and began to produce his offspring.

Many of the girls had expected their inevitable pregnancies, given the nature of their recent behavior and the copious volume of Josh's sexy emissions each time he filled them with his catalyzing cum, but just as many of the busty sluts were caught by surprise. They hadn't been able to resist their instinct to mate with Josh, so perhaps they thought their repeated couplings wouldn't have consequences, despite the fact that their bodies had swollen into caricatures of fertility in the first place, and their thoughts had become increasingly focused on feeling Josh's massive balls tightening and filling them with his fascinating, yummy jizz. Either way, after the deed was done their hyperfertile bodies reacted completely naturally to the potent seed inside them, and used that genetic material to make more copies of Josh, whether they wanted them to or not.

Even so, in all cases the bimbos were bombarded with powerful maternal instincts as soon as they found out they were pregnant, just as Amy had been, and they were all incredibly eager to have Josh's babies. Once Josh had made it clear that he wouldn't leave Amy for them, however, the girls instead found themselves drawn toward the other senior jocks as their nesting instincts asserted themselves, and they had no trouble using their hyperfeminine bodies to convince the hormonal young men to slide their cocks into their slick, flirty pussies, just to see what it felt like. It felt great, of course, and without exception the young men found their cocks teased into unprotected ejaculation. The girls loved it, but they couldn't help but be aware that they were settling after having experienced Josh's incomparably massive schlong for themselves. Still, cum was cum, and at the end of the day it was all delightfully masculine and practically irresistible. Plus, the girls knew they would need partners to help raise their children, and what better way to snare a horny young man than to offer him all the sex he could ever want with a voluptuous cheerleader straight out of his wet dreams?

Samantha had had first pick, of course, and mere days after she got her positive test, she could be seen hanging off the arm of the backup quarterback. Over the next few weeks, the

other jocks had slowly been paired off with the other irresistibly sexy bimbos as well, not knowing that the receptive reproductive organs they were filling daily had already been tied up for the next nine months by Josh.

Some of the girls Josh affected with the football already had boyfriends. Initially these had been accidents, and Josh had regretted it when he saw the girls succumbing to the football's bimbofying effects right before their boyfriends' eyes, but once he saw the blissful looks of happiness on their faces as their girlfriends swelled into voluptuous bimbos, he began to feel significantly less bad about it. The girls' inhibitions shrank as their sexual appetites grew, and the curvy sluts began putting out as much as their delighted boyfriends wanted. Upon seeing

how happy the couples were afterward, Josh stopped worrying about whether the girls he affected were already spoken for.

Unbeknownst to Josh, however, despite their willingness to engage in practically any sexual act as long as it resulted in clenching balls and spurting cocks, the girls still never let their boyfriends cum in them. Then, once they had progressed far enough into their transformations, they were forced to seek Josh out to be properly inseminated, just as all the other girls were. Josh initially tried to resist their advances, but inevitably his cock found its way into their tempting pussies nonetheless, and the stimulation and their overwhelming femininity would cause him to lose control inside of them, and he would end up coating their insides with his genetic material anyway. After a few such sessions, the bimbos would go back to their boyfriends, this time insisting that they empty their balls inside their tight pussies, which the men were always more than eager to do. Eventually, Josh began to consider secretly knocking up the girls almost a fee for his services, and everyone was happy.

Finally, the teachers who had succumbed to the football's influence had begun to see the effects of their private sessions with Josh as well. The quality of their teaching had degraded as their bodies had inexplicably filled out and their priorities had begun to shift, but once they were sure their slutty bodies had gotten exactly what they needed from Josh, the voluptuous, oversexed educators began to seek out private "mentorship" meetings with the principal and other senior male staff, such that by the time their bodies began to swell from the consequences of using their own fertile vaginas to teach Josh about reproductive anatomy, they had already gotten engaged and were busy fucking their lucky older fiances into blissful stupors.

In all cases, once it became known that the women were pregnant, the men stayed. The girls were just too hot, and the sex was entirely too good to walk away from.

In early spring, Josh's father finally noticed all of the pregnancies among the surprisingly busty eighteen and nineteen year-old girls around town and asked Josh if it was his doing.

Josh said yes, feeling his powerful muscles tensing and his temper rising, ready for a confrontation, though he knew his soft-spoken father would never raise a hand against him.

"Son, I know better than anyone how strong the urges can get. Still, you should stop using the ball so willy-nilly. You're changing these girls forever, you know."

"Oh, like you changed me and Amy forever?" Josh shot back angrily, and his father sat back, deep in thought.

Perhaps he was beginning to question what he'd done to his son. He'd always assumed that the football had improved his own life, and to be sure, he'd thoroughly enjoyed its effects over the years, and had never questioned his own father's decision to pass the ball down to him. Sure, he'd occasionally been tempted to use the ball on other women, but the special bond that the ball had forged between him and his wife had kept him from doing so. With Josh, however, it was clear that the ball's effects were much more pronounced than they had been with him, and

he knew how good it felt to give in to that urge to knock up sexy young women, especially ones who had fallen under the ball's influence.

"You may be right, son. I gave you the ball, but didn't give you a choice in the matter. Now the ball's your responsibility, and it's up to you to decide how to use it. Just be careful."

And so the sudden epidemic of incredibly hot cheerleaders just as quickly became an epidemic of incredibly hot pregnant cheerleaders, and their athletic young bodies continued to swell as their pregnancies progressed. By the time graduation came, the majority of the eighteen and nineteen year-old seniors were in various stages of showing as they walked across the stage to collect their diplomas, and the furthest along had begun to notice their massive breasts growing even heavier as their bodies prepared for motherhood.

Josh had no trouble securing a football scholarship to a prestigious state school, even after only having played his senior year, and while his visibly pregnant girlfriend made plans for their wedding, he made plans to move his small family to the big city. Even with her swollen belly, Amy was just as sexually insatiable as always, if not more so, and Josh was more than happy to keep filling her expanding abdomen with cum, morning, noon, and night.

Still, as he packed for the city, he couldn't help but pack his trusty old football, just in case.

End of Chapter 4

Author's Note: Thanks for reading! If you have any feedback, comments, or questions, I'd love to hear from you at fidget1@protonmail.com. If you find yourself enjoying my stories, please consider supporting my work on Patreon, at www.patreon.com/fidget1. Patrons get a full two months of early access to my stories, input into which stories I write, and some other

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