Gretchen held her eyes shut as mascara streamed down her face. A heavy weight battered at her forehead, greasy with spit and sweat and various other fluids, with more pouring from her lips as she gagged. It didn’t matter how great her technique was, something thicker than her arm couldn’t be taken so easily. Still, her jaw stretched all the same and took the abuse with glee.

The weights pulsed and swelled against her head. Here it comes. Gretchen wriggled her tongue and gulped around the thick shaft choking her, while reaching up to stroke the inches she couldn’t fit. Fat rungs of drool squelched under her hands. The girth throbbed so loud she felt it throughout her skull, like it was fucking her brain. Still it kept pounding her, going on and on as if the orgasm was still hours away.

Gretchen swallowed hard and shoved herself forward. This had gone on long enough. She picked this bastard because they looked like an easy mark, with balls that were obviously full to bursting, now they were taking their sweet time. Her belly grumbled angrily.

Much as she hated it, she had no choice but to acknowledge the part of this she hated most. Slipping her hands away, Gretchen cupped the balls, feeling the juicy veins twitch at her touch, then went past to the soaking lips they obscured. Ugh, the fact she had to resort to such a freak was bad enough, but this bitch was getting off on it hard too. Whatever.

Long as she got what she wanted, then she could leave. Gretchen knew just how durable these freaks of nature were and didn’t hesitate to shove her hand inside. That did the trick. The cock jerked hard inside of her, as if trying to lift her from the table, before dropping and fattening to almost twice its size. Gretchen retched, its girth crushing her tongue and uvula while gushing its seed straight into her stomach. Yes, this was exactly what she needed.

All because of her giant belly and its cravings.

Gretchen took a huge breath once her gullet was finally released. Huge ropes of spit connected her to the eighteen-inch monster, its tip still spilling fat globs of cum. Her belly rumbled and she leaned up to slurp the last drops. Fuck, she didn’t notice because it all went straight to her tummy, but it was stupidly dense. Almost like slightly melted marshmallow. At least it tasted good.

“Phew, that was great. It’s nice that you’re finally coming around,” the futa said, wiping off her member on Gretchen’s face and shirt.

“Fuck you,” she spat back and rolled onto her side. There was no sitting up with a belly like hers, even bigger thanks to the giant load sloshing inside her. Just moving that much was a massive pain.

“Aw, don’t be like that. Now we can get to real thing.”

“What?” Gretchen snickered, then looked down at the rigid member, now even larger than just moments ago. It was still glossy with her spit, the urethra wide open and drooling pre. With its broad veins, it certainly looked enticing. Her pussy tingled at the thought of it pushing into her. It’d certainly be a stretch, much more than whatever his name was back at the frat house.

“Well?”

Gretchen blinked and looked down at herself, realising she was pulling on a nipple without thinking. She couldn’t give this freak the wrong idea. While she had to suck them off to satisfy her cravings, she wasn’t about to let such filth defile her body. Even if her figure made her look like one.

“Pfft, yeah right. You think I’d let a gross freak fuck me? Keep it in your dreams. Actually, don’t. I’ll break out if you so much as imagine it,” Gretchen said, lips quirked in her usual superior grin.

“Whatever,” the freak shrugged and walked out, naked from the waist down with her fat cock swinging to and fro, “There’s plenty of hotter futanari than you.”

“I’m not a futa!”

“Yeah, shame that. Pregnant futa are crazy horny. They’re so much fun. Anyway, bye!”

Gretchen stood in the empty classroom, spit and cum covered her face, while her belly kept ballooning up. She spat out a drop of semen, “Fuck you. I’m the best fuck in this damn school. Aren’t I?”

Ugh, she couldn’t keep thinking like this. She needed to relax. It doesn’t matter what the freaks of society thought of her, she was better than all of them. At least she had standards. They just fucked whoever, whenever, using whatever. It sounded kind of nice actually. No! God, stop thinking like that you stupid bitch. It was the pregnancy, hormones and all that crap. Gretchen cleaned off her face as best she could, then waddled out. She needed a bath.

Few things soothed her the way a nice bath did those days. Getting fucked came close, but after pushing out well over a hundred brats, even a decent sized cock just didn’t quite scratch the itch anymore. Slipping down further, hips scraping along the sides, she pushed her chin under and breathed deep. Call it vain or whatever, but the smell of her fem-cum was wonderful.

When did she fall into this habit? Probably around the time she squirted her first gallon. The idea wouldn’t leave her head, then she did it. Her mom caught her, but given how much of a freak she was, she didn’t care. Encouraged it even. Now it wasn’t just a habit, she couldn’t relax in anything else. This was the only way to find some reprieve.

Well, perhaps there was something else, but there was no way for her to try it. She could persuade the whole frat house and they wouldn’t even get close to filling the tub. Still, it was a nice fantasy. The ‘water’ level rose as her pussy clenched. Gretchen sighed and dunked her head under, coming up feeling refreshed.

She went through all the usual motions of a bath. Shampoo and conditioner for her hair, a thorough body scrub, multiple applications of face wash to get rid of that futa’s stench. Then it was time for all the belly butter. The guys there were so nice, they went out and brought a bunch of lotions and oils and so on just for her. Of course, they just wanted to fuck a gigantic baby mama, but still.

And she was truly gigantic. Her gut didn’t even fit in the mirror frame, where it had that morning. How many little brats were inside this time? Gretchen ran her hands over it, feeling them pushing back against her. She lost count around fourteen. With so many, her body naturally changed to handle them. Her breasts ballooned, still a bit round from the implants, with fat, dark nipples at their precipice. One squeeze and she’d turn into a milk fountain.

The worst and best part were her hips.

“I’m stuck,” Gretchen groaned.

“On it.” In seconds, oil spilled over her sides and allowed her to slip through the increasingly tight door. Her belly knocked the frat guy over.

“Thanks, Brad.”

“It’s Ryan, actually.”

“Sorry, pregnancy brain. You know how it is,” she said off-handedly and waddled to the bed. It creaked under her weight and likely would have caved in, if not for her enormous hips distributing more of her weight.Strangely, she didn’t hate being so heavy in this way. Not when Ryan, weird as he was, looked at her with nothing adoration. As all people should.

He stood up, a distinct tent in his pants. Gretchen licked her lips, juices already pooling on the mattress. It wasn’t nearly as intimidating as that futa’s, but only an idiot would think eight inches was small. Well, it was a little bit. But as long as he knew how to use it, and had the stamina to compensate, then she could overlook missing a few inches.

Gretchen moaned and palmed her tits. Ryan hunched over her, kissing and stroking her belly as he did his best, making her gush delightfully. Not even ten minutes in and the mattress squelched as her body rocked with his thrusts. He put his full strength into each one, making sure to pound on her super sensitive cervix. That was only the way he could get her off, given that he only grazed the walls of her pussy.

The longer it went on, the wetter she got. Every thrust against her pussy sounded more like swimming, each pull back revealing a finger thick webs of her juices. She ground her hips back into the cock, angling her clit to glide across it, and made it stretch her out in other directions. One particular thrust jabbed at her g-spot, eliciting a gush from her loose cunt. It pounded against her in that same angle, a hand slapping down against her belly, while the other attacked her clit. Gretchen reciprocated as best she could, edging closer to that ultimate release.

Until it struck exactly like a tsunami wave. A million pounds of pressure compressed all of her nerves into a tense bundle, before it came rushing out of her and all over whatever was lucky enough to be in its vicinity. Ryan took the brunt of it, though what squirted past him landed on the walls with all the force of a fire hose. He didn’t slow down either, fighting the pressure to keep Gretchen spraying.

At the same time, he found his own release. Twitching inside her, only noticeable thanks to her walls clamping down in prolonged ecstasy, it launched ropes of semen that fought to penetrate her cervix, only to be squirted out with a soft flex. Not that they’d do anything with her belly already so huge.

A moment later and he collapsed against her. He only moved because her babies didn’t appreciate the extra pressure and kicked him off. Gretchen laughed at that, slightly praising the little brats. Even if she never met them, they were undoubtedly hers, even kicking at her hand as she stroked what she could reach of her belly. Uncountable arms and legs bulged through the tight skin.

This was always the strangest part of being pregnant. Gretchen laid there, still gushing fem-cum and riding the afterglow, while her belly slowly grew and grew. In moments like that, she felt content. She could almost forget her anger at Carmen.

She cooed as a mouth latched onto her always milky nipple. Her recent pregnancies had greatly bolstered her lactation. The slightest pressure was enough to make her erupt with several streams of milk. Even arousal made her leak. If it got bad enough, then she would explode just the same. With actual suction, it came out in a rush, the other nipple letting down in envy. It was one of the worst things to happen in public.

But, in private, and joined by some guy with an obvious fetish for her, she could let the sensations roll over her. Gretchen groped herself, squeezing her firm globes and making him sputter on the sudden burst, with the other tit splashing them in fresh breast milk. There was so much, she could almost feel it shooting through her ducts, stretching them from the pressure. And she only had more to give.

Ryan got his bearings and mounted her, balls filling her mouth as he fucked her tits. She didn’t complain. A throbbing cock between her boobs was almost as good as in her pussy, especially with two pairs of hands squeezing her… *milking* her. It was one of those days again, where she made so much she felt it filling out her breasts, expanding them faster than her hormones already did. But whatever, she was used to that by now.

Even as her teats became geysers. Every thrust against her boobs made her expel enough to fill a bucket each. It just felt so good. Her babies roiled, upset by the waste of their food they’d never get to try. Or not. There was a way she could give them some kind of taste.

Gretchen pushed the frat boy off, letting him do whatever else, as long as her tits were free. She grabbed onto her chunky nipples, still erupting, and aimed them at her open mouth. They were so huge and supple, it was almost too easy to cram them both into her mouth. The added stimulation added to the force of lactation, shooting straight down her gullet and into her rapidly filling belly. Like they recognised what she was doing, the babies settled down.

Ryan busied himself with fucking her pussy again, intent on soaking the room in her fluids. She barely noticed it, losing herself in the blissful rhythm; squeeze, nibble, suck and swallow. All of it at a rapid tempo, otherwise it’d overflow, or she’d drown. Neither of which was ideal.

Even after another load got expunged from her soppy cunt and Ryan passed out beside her, Gretchen continued to drink herself dry. It wasn’t really a surprise. She was eating for well over a dozen, and the milk was a close match to what she craved. Her mind turned to that futa freak she sucked off, then switched to Carmen. She was too relaxed to stop herself, picturing that bitch pinning her down with just those three mega-cocks alone, teasing her with a proper breeding.

Oh fuck, what would getting bred by Carmen be like?

Just a fairly average load did all this to her. She knew how much cum that futa could produce from a single dick. All three inside of her, so big they were right against the back of her womb so her juices couldn’t push the sperm out - though she doubted she could do that anyway - and filling her more and more and more. Until she looked like a ripe berry, like that girl from those old Willy Wonka movies, and just kept going. Then, not even a minute after it finished, she’d be even bigger. But with babies instead of cum.

Gretchen finally lost it. Her nipples came free of her lips and shot even harder, at least a gallon spraying from each with every beat of her heart, while her pussy exploded without anything to block it.

“Good thing he’s into freaks,” she said as her swollen feet plodded through an inch-deep pool of her juices. She climbed into the bath just as the first contraction hit. After so many births, she knew the signs before anyone else could. Ryan was still asleep. Good. Because the last thing she needed was someone, even just a random guy she was using for a place to sleep, to see her cum from the birth. The contractions hurt, but the second they started crowning, her clit might as well have been a lightning rod in a storm.

A couple hours later and she was alone. Properly alone. Without even her babies. Gretchen shook as she climbed to her feet. It always felt so weird to lose all that weight so suddenly. Not that it made moving much easier. With curves like hers, she had no choice but to stomp around. It irked her how Carmen walked around so gracefully with even more weight on her.

Gretchen stopped in front of the mirror and lifted her breasts to look at her flattened belly. At least Carmen didn’t let her get stretch marks, nor did she keep any of the fat. But that was probably because she’d look ugly then. Carmen wanted her to look good still.

For what?

The most recent fantasy played over in her mind. Gretchen whined at the sensation of pussy juice pouring down her thighs.

“Time to get knocked up again.”

The next morning, Gretchen waddled back through school. Her belly was even bigger than yesterday, because of course she had an even bigger litter, and let her push through the freaks. Everyone stopped to look at her; the only woman in the school. Didn’t that make *her* the freak?

No! Absolutely not. While she’d been dethroned and deformed, she was still the queen bee at this god forsaken place. Those losers had just forgotten their place. She’d teach them soon enough. She just needed to get the book back. Melody had turned out to be a failure. Melody… why did thinking of Carmen’s sister make her chest hurt? It wasn’t like she’d done anything bad to her, just given her the push to get implants. She was already talking herself into them.

That didn’t stop the feeling.

“Oh! Hey… Gretchen?”

Crap, crap, crap! Gretchen never paid attention to where she was going, that’s just how she was, and now it bit her in the ass.

“Melody… hi…”

“You look great,” the younger Robin’s sibling said and meant it too. That was the most infuriatingly endearing thing about her; that she was so genuine.

“No I don’t. I’m huge.”

Melody giggled, “That’s part of the appeal. Isn’t the school motto; bigger is better?”

“Did my mom change it already?”

“No,” Melody laughed again. Like her name, her voice was musical, like she was always on the verge of a song, “But it might as well be, right? In that case, you’re definitely one of the best. Kind of makes me wanna get a filling already.”

“A filling?”

“Yeah, I got expanders. I knew I’d wanna go bigger than this,” Melody pushed up her spheres, each the size of a volleyball, “Just didn’t think it’d be so soon. Part of being Carmen’s sister, I guess.”

“I can imagine… hey, uh, I just wanted to say…”

Gretchen trailed off. A few yards behind Melody, *she* appeared. Head and shoulders above pretty much everyone else, though not the tallest, came an Amazon of unfathomable beauty. Pink and black hair flowed behind her, constantly moving from the enormous ass it rested against, moving side to side. It knocked people into their lockers, forced promiscuous couples to separate and cum in her wake, while others openly masturbated. Just her presence turned already lewd freaks to lose their minds.

“Hey, Melody,” Carmen said. Behind her, Ashley, Dakota, Mary, Zoey and of course Rachel grinned at Gretchen, knowing she was helpless now. Not long ago and they’d all be staring at the floor, fearing her. Now they were nothing like that, each of them waiting for her to make a move. Their eyes said it loud and clear; give us an excuse.

“I’ll go!” Gretchen squeaked and waddled away as fast as her oversized, freak body would allow. She stopped around the corner, someone standing in her path.

“Hello again, Gretchen.” It was that futa from yesterday. Only… she smelled amazing! Gretchen’s mouth overflowed and her pussy gushed, immediately puddling on the floor. No other word needed to be exchanged. Between blinks, the blonde found herself in a classroom, on the floor, using her belly to prop herself up so she could suck the fat cock plugging her throat.

A line of other, equally fat dicks ran out the door. More were all around her, waiting their turn while chatting with one another, like they weren’t fussed by the incredible blowjob they’d soon experience. Whatever, she’d teach them better. In return, they’d pump her full of all that yummy, gooey cum.

And fill her they did. She couldn’t speak after the third one. Even if her throat wasn’t gummed up with jizz, the abuse it saw robbed her of all coherency. The best she could manage were guttural moans, which they all interpreted as wanting more. They were correct. It was all she could think about, getting their cum, guzzling it all down, moving onto the next set of overweight balls just begging for a slut to suck them dry. Her hands pulled some of the weight, readying the next pair for their turn.

However, it was her mouth that did the heavy lifting. Gretchen knew exactly how to turn someone on with a blowjob, especially these depraved freaks. How lucky they were to have someone of her calibre drinking their thick, sticky seed. She slobbered all over their groins, purposefully gagging whenever their balls smacked against her chin, while looking up and making sure they were looking straight at her. It didn’t matter the cock’s gender, girl, boy or futa, they all loved knowing a filthy little whore was at their mercy.

Even if it was the other way around. They thought she was their plaything, a living fleshlight as it were, but they were just organic dildos to her. Not unlike the toys she used to practice. Still, she played into their fantasy. Gretchen arched her chest forward and pushed her butt further out, wriggling it to entice them. Someone had the bright idea to wedge their cock between her cheeks.

She almost slapped them away, but couldn’t pull away from the one in her mouth. Besides, it felt amazing as their fat, pulsating veins rubbed across her puckered anus. It’d been too long since she last got her ass fucked, mostly because she never enjoyed it that much, but times had changed. A nice juicy dick would probably feel pretty good.

Her pussy naturally spilled over from the sensation. It leaked continuously, but now it poured out, pooling under her knees and spreading throughout the room. Just feeling that helped get her off, though it wouldn’t make her cum. She’d never cum from these ugly cunts fucking her face. Not even when someone squeezed a giant dong between her tits and her milk joined the overflow.

People noticed and pushed in as well. They didn’t fuck her breasts though, opting instead to suckle from her fat, dark nipples. Her belly roiled, brats kicking up a fuss at her giving away *their* milk. Luckily, the cock down her throat went off suddenly, satiating hers and their hunger with something even thicker and just as creamy. Fuck, it all felt so good.

“Having fun?”

Gretchen jerked back to consciousness and tried sitting up, only to find her body glued down. She couldn’t look around properly either, head in the same predicament, but didn’t need to. Just looking in her periphery revealed who had spoken to her.

“What do you want?” She winced and coughed, throat sore as hell, like someone had dragged sandpaper through it, then tried soothing it by rubbing impossibly thick cream over it instead.

Carmen just smirked and leaned back on the desks she sat on. Ugh, she was so thick she spilled over the edges. Not to mention how her boobs filled her lap, each one big enough for a grown person to fit inside without issue. And there were four of them! Gretchen had grown several times bigger than she ever wanted, but looking at those things, made her feel downright small. She looked down to avoid that feeling, only for her belly to rumble at the obvious bulges in Carmen’s unfathomably tight pants.

“Just checking in. Seeing how you’re enjoying things at my school.”

Gretchen snorted, “Don’t people normally learn things here. All they do is fuck.”

“You’re not one to talk, you know that? Besides, people do learn. Better than ever actually. Without repressed desires to get in the way, they can finally explore what they want for themselves. And others.”

“You make it sound like you’re a saint.”

“Oh, I am far from a saint,” Carmen chuckled and the room heated up. Gretchen clenched and squirted, barely holding the moan back through closed lips, “Tell you the truth, I don’t really know what I am anymore. All I know is that I’m enjoying myself more and more. But what about you? Do you like my gifts?”

“I don’t,” Gretchen said, glancing at her obscene stomach. God, she wanted to get home and have a nice long soak in her cum. Then a decent fuck and lots of belly rubs.

“I figured you’d say that. Don’t worry, you will,” Carmen glanced away, then shrugged, “Time to go. Hope you’re looking forward to your future. I know I am.”

“What do you mean? Hey!” Gretchen just sighed, alone once again. At least she was full of and drenched in cum. That was good enough for the moment.

Later, she climbed into the second bathe of the day. Her first was just to clean up before Ryan saw her, then they fucked, rubbed her belly in an entire bottle of lotion, and promptly passed out on the sopping wet mattress. Now she could take a moment to enjoy her cum soaking into her skin, its aroma calming her down. Gretchen sighed and sank deeper, waiting for the contractions to begin anew.

Drenched in sweat and painfully empty, Gretchen rocked her hips atop a random frat boy. Ryan was out for the count, not that she needed him. Any of them were happy enough to pump a litter of babies into her. Which he did. She laid in bed, idly rubbing circles into her already swelling tummy, waiting for the first kick before going to sleep. It didn’t take long before she felt the kick, just a couple hours, right when her gut looked ready to drop twins.

“Must be close to twenty this time,” she murmured and cursed the trill of delight it gave her. Except it didn’t stop, persisting all the way down to her crotch, where it worsened until she couldn’t take it anymore and grabbed at her pussy. Or she expected to.

“No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,” Gretchen clamoured out of bed and into the bathroom, using her phone to confirm her greatest fear, “Oh fuck. She did it. She finally did it. And she made me a fucking pencil dick?! That bitch!” It was puny, not much longer than her pinky finger and barely any thicker, with a flap of skin dangling beneath, veiling her pussy from view. If she was going to get turned into a futa freak, then the least Carmen could’ve done was give her a big one.

“Hey, babe? You good in there?” Ryan asked through the door.

“No! I mean, yes! Just… they’re kicking,” Gretchen said.

“Oh, okay. Come out then and I’ll give you a nice massage.”

“Dammit, that does sound good,” she bit her lip, “You get ready. I’ll be out in a moment.”

Her belly proved to be the greatest disguise for her new, pencil-dick. It was tiny enough that most people would miss it anyway, but with a huge sphere above it, no one would look. Still, she held her hands over her crotch, trying to act cute about it. Guys were simple creatures after all, they only saw what she wanted them to see. He didn’t question it when she saw with her back to him, his cock twitching against her ass, and just went to work rubbing her belly. That really was nice.

He kept going until she was satisfied, going back to sleep not long after. She laid down too, contemplating how to handle the newest torture in her life. Those freaks all seemed to really enjoy cumming from their dicks, almost more than with their pussies. Did it really that good?

Gretchen reached down to rub at her new thing, only to stop herself short. Like hell she’d stoop that low! There was no way she’d turn into one of those gross freaks.