“Oh fuck!” Gretchen howled as she came atop the latest sperm donor. She leaned back, her much improved tits heaving with her breaths, and stared down at herself. Warm goo spurted into her womb, sucked in by the baby-hungry chamber, and the millions of swimmers gangbanged her helpless eggs. Who knew how many she’d end up with now?

She could certainly guess when her once flat tummy pushed against her boobs. A tan orb the size of any regular woman’s pregnancy. All within minutes. That didn’t stop it from growing, however. The faceless guy she’d jumped on to make sure she didn’t grow a dick, as per Carmen’s bitch-move, huffed as he rubbed her swelling belly with a look of pride. Like he’d made her so huge. Yeah, right. He was barely average, her sensitivity was just out of control.

And it only got worse when she swelled this big. Gretchen gyrated on the slowly softening cock, stoking its flame until it was rigid once more, then set to bouncing as she best she could. The obscene weight in her womb pressed on her pussy, squeezing it tight so every facet of this dick ground into her tunnel, its glans pulling on her walls. She moaned and whined, clapping her belly down on his chest, then his face as it kept growing. Yesterday was five and this looked to be just as large. Probably larger.

The only silver lining to her curse, aside from the sex, was how it made her tits swell. She ran her hands over them and grabbed the nipples, yelling in pleasure when the milk gushed from them. A release of pressure and a rush of pleasure. Her cunt clamped down even tighter, the mediocre veins throbbing just perfectly, before a deluge of fem-cum soaked what’s-his-name’s crotch and bed. He groaned and shot his pitiful shot.

Then again, everything since those freaks fucked her in the bathroom seemed tiny.

“Want my number?”

Gretchen rolled her eyes, “Sure, write it somewhere and I’ll grab it on the way out.” God, she was so big. Looking at herself in the mirror, she cradled the fecund middle she’d grown in the last hour. She felt it swell against her hands, slow but sure. Less than twenty-four hours and she’d be giving birth. Again.

She bit her lip and ignored the sudden rush of wetness between her lush thighs. It wasn’t just her breasts that grew with her daily pregnancies, but her hips, butt and thighs too. She didn’t mind too much, though her pussy also engorged, squished when she walked, or waddled. That had to be the worst part. Who thought waddling was sexy?

“You’re back late.” Her mom said, not looking up from her laptop.

“Does it matter?”

“You’re not just looking after yourself, Gretchen. There’s seven of you now.”

“Six? Great,” Gretchen muttered and rubbed her tummy, “Yeah, you’re right. I’m gonna lube this mountain. See ya.”

The way reality changed had proved a big help. She didn’t need the extra embarrassment of buying maternity clothes or belly butter or whatever it was called. That said, she actually enjoyed this part. Seeing her taut, tan tummy shine with all that lotion, soothing the tightness of so many babies kicking about inside her, somehow never failed to get her horny all over again. Gretchen reached for her bedside drawer and extracted the heavy monster dildo she’d bought last week.

It still didn’t scratch the itch those fuckers left her with, but anything was better than dealing with disappointment. This way she knew it’d stretch her hole nice and tight, the flared head dragging on her insides when she pulled it out, and the obscene veins that wrapped around it like tree roots were bliss incarnate. It just didn’t throb like theirs did, or shoot her full of jizz, or pulled her arms back so she was forced to arch, nor did it ignore all her false complaints and just rut her like a bitch in heat. Gretchen slapped at her belly as she drove the toy hard against her cervix and squirted hard.

“I need that book back. Then I can fix this shit,” she mumbled, exhausted from the sex and much more satisfying masturbation. She turned onto her side, belly poking over the edge of her mattress. Maybe she wouldn’t stop getting pregnant afterwards. It had some perks. Like that girl who carried her bags the other day. Carmen’s sister…

Hers was the only recent number she saved. It wasn’t lost on her how cruel it was to manipulate a child to take down her unfathomably hot sister, but Gretchen had no better option. At the worst, she’d prove that, just because Carmen had the book and a body from a perverts wet dream, she could still get to her in some way. Though that might get her in more trouble. Carmen claimed she didn’t matter anymore, yet she still did this to her.

“Whatever.” Thinking was never her strong suite. Better to just do what she did best; fuck with people.

A couple days later and the plan was finally in motion. Gretchen timed it just right for after she birthed another batch of sextuplets. As usual, random people wandered in and took the babies before she could even lift her head. Good. Last thing she wanted was to see the little tykes and get attached. Not long after and she was waving her mom out the door.

It was some big meeting in the next city over, so she’d be gone for at least the weekend. More than enough time for Gretchen to warp this kid’s mind and take Carmen down from within. She giggled as she waited. It was like some spy shit.

Melody clutched her bag tight. This was her first sleepover. That, by itself, was nerve-racking, but the fact it was with a glamorous high schooler twisted her tummy into knots. Mom fussed over her, triple checking that she had everything necessary. Toothbrush, blanket, stuffed toys, phone, lots of hugs and kisses. She had them all.

The apartment door loomed over her as she knocked. Mom waited in the car. Though she couldn’t see her from up there, it made her feel safe. Hinges creaked as the worn down door swung in, revealing the tanned lady from the mall; Gretchen. She was dressed so prettily. Sparkly, pink lipstick that matched her bubblegum coloured outfit. It left a lot of her skin on display, but Carmen’s clothes did too. Which she liked. Gretchen’s skin looked kind of yummy, like caramel.

“Hey, kid. Come on in.”

“Okay,” Melody said and waved to her mom, then stepped inside.

The apartment was nothing like her house. Not terrible, just small and a little rundown. It didn’t look like anyone cleaned up much either. Did Gretchen live alone? She asked as much on the way into the teenager’s room.

“Yeah, just me and my… thoughts,” Gretchen said. Why’d she hesitate?

“So,” Gretchen sat down and patted the spot next to her, “What’s Carmen like? We don’t really hang out.”

“She’s awesome,” Melody said. She didn’t know why they were talking about her sister already, but she wouldn’t complain. Carmen was her favourite subject. Everyone at school always talked about how cool and strong their siblings were, or how annoying they could be, but none were anything compared to hers. She always proved it too with pictures. The older kids always asked her to print some out for them for some reason..

Melody listed off all the things she loved about her big sister. She was pretty, she was tall, she was strong, she could cook, she always smelled nice, her hair was so soft just like her chest, and skin looked like tasty cream.

“Okay, okay,” Gretchen snapped, “Um… what about things that annoy you? She can’t be perfect, perfect, right?”

“She is,” Melody countered, “But, um… she doesn’t play with me anymore.”

“Oh? Why’s that?”

“I dunno. She has all these friends. I thought they’d play with me too, but they just go out. And she comes home late a lot. And she makes these weird noises at night.”

“Do you ever spy on her?”

“No, that’s wrong!” Melody said, though she had eavesdropped a few times, but she didn’t understand most of what was said.

“She’s clearly hiding stuff from you. Why not snoop around a little?”

“Because that’s wrong!” The girl repeated, pouting.

“Okay, okay, I get it. Tell me more about her.”

“Like what?”

“Whatever, I don’t care.”

Melody went back into talking all about how fantastic her big sister was. Except, now that she thought about it, Carmen didn’t really do anything that amazing. Not anymore. She remembered them playing all the time, or at least hanging out, watching TV, drawing stuff. But they hadn’t done for ages.

Their mom wasn’t any better. She was always with Sam, who Melody liked well enough since she made good food, but it was never just them. The car ride was the first time in forever and they didn’t even talk. She could tell her mom just wanted to get home to her girlfriend. That was it!

“They both have girlfriends,” Melody huffed, “I bet if I had one, they’d be jealous too. Then they’d pay attention to me.”

“They just ignore you?” Gretchen asked.

“No? Yes? Maybe? Carmen says ‘hi’ and asks me about school and stuff. Mom says she listens, but she doesn’t. Sam sorta does.”

“That sucks. Hey, want me to show you some makeup tips? Then you can get a girlfriend too.”

“Sure!”

Melody giggled when she looked at herself. Gretchen had some old clothes. They were still too big on her, but they looked pretty anyway, and with her new makeup, she was sure she’d have no problem getting a girlfriend. Gretchen seemed nicer too, answering her questions as she pampered the young girl, and actually paying attention when Melody told her about a group of mean girls from school. She even had a solution.

“Find the leader,” Gretchen explained as she combed through Melody brunette locks, “Then you beat her up.”

“I’ll get in trouble.”

“Don’t worry. A face as cute as yours? No one will blame you.”

“Are you sure?”

“Of course. Do you think I’m cute?”

“Yeah.”

“I do naughty things all the time, but I never get in trouble. You just gotta be a bit smart about it.”

“Okay. But I’ve never beaten someone up.”

“It’s easy. Just slap them around a bit. If she’s a bully, she’s probably a crybaby underneath it all.”

“Crybaby?”

“She’ll bully people, but she can’t take it herself. One good smack to the face and she’ll be done.”

Melody contemplated her hands. Could she use them to hurt someone? She saw people do it on TV and in movies. They were usually angry. She should be too, this girl had stolen her favourite pens that Carmen got her.

“What if it doesn’t work?” Melody asked. Gretchen tied her hair into big, puffy pig-tails and used a hefty amount of hairspray, which made her cough.

“Sorry. If she doesn’t go down, then you need to dig up dirt on her. Get her in trouble and let her know it was you. Eventually, she’s gonna know her place.”

“Her place?”

“Beneath you. Not literally. But it’s the way things are supposed to be. Cute and pretty girls rule over the others. Is she cute or pretty?”

“Not really. She kinda looks like a pig to me.”

“There we go. Don’t let the ugly people get you down. They’re there for you to step on and get to the top. There we go. That’s a fucking good job if I say so myself.”

Melody squeaked at the curse word, “You cursed!”

“Hmm? What about it?”

“Isn’t that… a bad word?”

“It’s a word. Fuck, fuckitty, fuck, fuck, fuck. Try it.”

“I don’t…” Melody swallowed her words. She was a cute person, therefore she couldn’t be wrong. Which means bad words shouldn’t matter, “Fuck.”

“See? Just a word. Like shit, or bitch, or cunt.”

Melody giggled, “It feels naughty.”

“Because grown ups are assholes that wanna make you think that way. Now come on, I’ll show you how to look after your hair. It’ll get all tangled if you aren’t careful.”

Melody didn’t know how to describe the sensation of sleeping in someone else’s house, let alone their bed. She didn’t ask Gretchen why there was another bedroom, there didn’t seem much point. There was something familiar about it, that being the noises that came through the walls, very much like the sounds Carmen would make when she had friends over. Weird sounds that made her laugh.

A rush of noises woke her in the morning. She opened the door to see a topless stranger shuffling away, shirt over his legs instead of his shoulders. Melody giggled at the look on his face when he met her eyes, only to run even faster as Gretchen appeared from her room.

“Sorry about that. It gets lonely sometimes.”

“I would’ve slept with you,” Melody yawned and rubbed the last of the sleep from her eyes, only then taking in her host.

“You… That is so wrong and you don’t even know,” the older girl chuckled, rubbing at her huge belly, “Come on, gotta feed the little ones.”

“Are… aren’t you uncomfortable?” Melody asked, thinking of the tiny shorts that disappeared into Gretchen’s butt crack, or the top that seemed to catch on her… what were those things called again? Nipples? Whatever they were, it didn’t look comfortable.

“Always when I’m like this,” Gretchen huffed, “Don’t worry, I’m used to it by now.”

Melody frowned as she followed the enormous hiney and tummy that was so huge, she could see it from behind the teen. Did she always have such a big gut? She could’ve sworn Gretchen had a flat belly yesterday, but… no, she remembered meeting her when she was pregnant. She was just waking up was all. How could she forget a gut big enough for her to curl up inside?

“Hey, could you give me a hand?” Gretchen asked. They’d finished breakfast, which was just cereal and milk, but Melody didn’t need much, and moved to the couch, watching cartoons. Gretchen had a bottle in her hands, pouring some liquid onto her mountain that made it shine in the morning light.

“Sure. With what?”

“I’m too big to reach all the way, could you rub this on my belly for me? It helps me relax.”

“Okay,” Melody hopped up and took the bottle, “Like this?” She poured some in her hands and slapped them against Gretchen’s belly.

“Ooh, not so hard, kid. There’s precious cargo in there,” Gretchen said, her cheeks suddenly flush, though it was a bit difficult to tell with her tan. Melody softened her approach and massaged it in, giggling at the soft kicks pushing on her roaming hands. There was something so nice, almost soothing, as the stretch of bronze skin gleamed from her efforts. Gretchen appreciated it too, which made it better. She’d taught her so many things yesterday.

Eventually, however, it had to come to an end. Gretchen saw her off and grunted at the sudden hug, though Melody couldn’t wrap her arms around the belly between them. They shared a chuckle at that.

“Thanks for listening,” Melody said.

“Any time, kid. Remember what I told you, okay?”

“I will.”

With that, Melody went back to the car with her mom. She wanted to tell her about what she did, but Sam was there, the two not even hearing her as they giggled about grown up things. As proof, she used the f-word in the middle of a sentence, but neither reacted. What did Sam have that got all her mom’s attention? Well, whatever. Gretchen told her how to get it in other ways.

The next day, she stood in the bathroom with some lipstick Gretchen gave her. She did her hair as best she could without the more experienced girl’s help, but she managed. It looked cute, that’s what mattered most. Carmen had already left and their mom was busy in her bedroom. She couldn’t remember the last time either of them saw her off on the bus.

Ellie was on the bus already. She and her friends took up the whole back, but her annoying laugh came from all directions. Even the bus driver was fed up with it, she could tell just looking at his face. Taking a deep breath, Melody climbed the steps and made straight for the back. She couldn’t hear Ellie’s voice over the thumping of her heart. Fortunately, Gretchen’s words were still in her head.

The laughter stopped when she stood in front of them.

“What do you want, shrimp?” Ellie sneered.

“For you to be quiet… pig.” All eyes went to Melody, then to Ellie, waiting for her response. The look on her face was something for the ages. She stood up and stared down at Melody, who clenched tight to keep her legs from shaking.

“What did you call me?”

“Pig,” Melody repeated.

“Better a pig, than living with a whore!”

Carmen might not be the perfect sister she thought she was, but Melody couldn’t let someone badmouth her.

“Yeah, that’s right. I know your mom and sister sell themselves. My big brother told me he had them a dollar.”

It was obvious Ellie didn’t know what ‘had them’ meant. Neither did Melody. What she understood, however, was it was an insult. And the way the bus stuttered, meant the bus driver heard and was shocked. She didn’t need more reason.

With every ounce of strength in her little body, Melody swung her hand at Ellie’s pudgy face. Time seemed to slow as it approached, giving her time to read the look on the gross piglet’s face as she realised what was coming. Fear robbed her of that weird sneer that usually curled her lip and twisted her nose. She was the furthest thing from cute. Which meant Melody was better.

And she proved it as the whole bus rang out with the smack of her open hand against Ellie’s cheek. The girl tumbled back onto the seat, eyes instantly welling, but she didn’t cry as Melody raised another hand. Instead, she pushed her posse aside to make room for the shorter, far cuter girl.

“That’s right,” Melody said and sat down with a flip of her adorable hair. She wouldn’t be bullied again. Nor would she be alone. She could definitely get a girlfriend of her own. All she needed was the right girl.

Gretchen, meanwhile, ground into the latest of her donors. He, at least, was a decent size and knew how to use it. She pulled on her nipples, milk spraying out, the pressurised relief sending her into an orgasm. Not far behind, he shot his load and gave her the sight that was becoming less and less unwelcome. The way Melody had looked at her yesterday while pregnant, like she was one of the most stunning sights she’d ever seen - despite living with someone like Carmen - was enamouring. Even for her.

She looked over every corner of her body in the mirror once her ‘friend’ left. Maybe if she dressed more for it, she could actually pull off the pregnant look? Yes, she’d make this work for her. She may not have the book, nor had she sowed the seeds of Melody bringing it to her, but the girl had given her inspiration. If only she’d been an older sister, she might not have turned into such a slut. Albeit, one that was proud of the fact.

“You keep growing,” Gretchen cooed to her babies. She may never meet them, nor would she want to at this point, but they did wonders for her body, “Make me hotter. Until I can seduce anyone with my milky titties. Even Carmen.”