“And this is Princess Carmen!” Melody announced as she displayed the doll she’d made in class. It wasn’t amazing, she knew that, but she really tried and Carmen would surely see that. She’d even gone so far as to stuff golf balls in its clothes to make it look more like her sister’s figure. Except… she barely glanced up at it.

“Sorry, Melody. I’ve got a friend waiting,” Carmen said, passing into the kitchen to grab the jug of orange juice, before chugging it in one go. If she weren’t so frustrated, Melody would’ve been impressed.

“But you said we’d play!”

“Later. You know it’s rude to keep people waiting.”

“But!”

Her protest was lost as Carmen ascended the stairs five at a time. That left Melody in the foyer, cradling the stupid effigy she’d made of her sister, alone. Their mom was out too, with that Samantha person. Melody didn’t hate her, just wished she wasn’t always around and stealing her mom’s time. The same went to all of Carmen’s friends. All they ever did was go out or stay in her room making weird noises.

“It’s not fair!” The doll’s neck snapped against the floor and the golf balls clattered about, but she ignored them and stomped up to her own room. She couldn’t even spend time with Carmen in their room anymore because of this stupid house. A bunch of posters decorated her wall, all of various animals or cartoons whose faces were starkly at odds with her own sour expression. Was that why Carmen brushed her off all the time? Because she still acted like a kid?

Fine. She’d be a grown up just like Gretchen taught her. Then Carmen and their mom would have to pay attention to her.

The next day, Melody skipped her way to the principals office. She could already hear people yelling, though the voices weren’t distinct. Certainly one was her mothers. The crabby lady behind a desk frowned at her, but Melody just smiled back. Gretchen had mentioned that she had to take pity on the hopeless ones. And this woman? Definitely hopeless.

“Melody Robins is here for you, Dave.”

“Thanks. Send her in.”

Here we go, Melody thought. It didn’t matter if she got yelled at by her mother, at least now she’d have to pay attention to her in some way. If only just to make sure she didn’t do this again. She opened the door and tried not to let her glee show, which became easy when she saw no sign of her family. It was just Ellie and her mom. Well, at least she knew where the piggy’s looks came from.

“Where’s my mom?”

“She’s busy,” the principal said. He was a balding man in his fifties, tired wrinkles all around his face. One look at him was all Melody needed to know she didn’t need to pay attention. Of four people in that room, she was by far the prettiest. Gretchen had helped her see that fact, and she hadn’t steered her wrong yet. Melody heard them talking to her, but she tuned them out, already formulating another way to get the attention she deserved. It’d be best to call Gretchen again. She always knew what to do.

She was late getting home thanks to detention. Didn’t matter anyway. They had to call her an Uber since her mom was still busy with something. No cars were in the driveway when she got there either. Meaning she was alone. Again.

Grabbing fistfuls of sweets from her mom’s ‘hiding place’, she pulled her phone out and dialled Gretchen’s number. It took a few rings, but she answered, huffing and clearly outside based on the noises in the background.

“Hey, Melody, what’s up?”

“Are you busy? I can call later.”

“No, don’t worry about it. So? What’s the problem?”

“I beat up a girl at school today and got sent to the principals office.”

“Really, why?”

“She’s an ugly bully. I put her in her place like you said.”

“Wow, honestly didn’t think you’d go through with it so soon. And? Did Carmen get mad?”

“No! She and my mom aren’t even home right now!”

“That’s fucked up,” a voice said in the background.

“Shut up and get back to work. Sorry, got some dumb asses over here that don’t know their place either. But yeah, it’s pretty fucked up. My mom went off like a volcano last time I got caught doing that.”

“How do I make mine do that?

“Well… does she or Carmen have anything valuable? Something that they’re always using? Like, a book maybe?”

“I think so.”

“Then try hiding those things. I can even help you if you’d like.” There was some excitement in her voice. Was she looking forward to this?

“I don’t know. They’re pretty, so wouldn’t that be wrong?”

“Melody, people like us are a different level to Carmen and your mom. They’re hot or whatever, but *we*, you and I, are beautiful people that can’t be held back by others. Just do whatever you wanna do.”

“I wanna play with Carmen,” Melody said, longing for when they used to be together for hours at a time. They didn’t even need to play, just sit and talk. Something had happened with Carmen, it was obvious just looking at her, yet she hadn’t told Melody a thing. Not even a mention. Neither had their mother, despite her clearly knowing about it. They didn’t think she could help.

“And, ooh, are you gonna, like, let stupid things like morals stand in your way?”

“No.”

“That’s right. I’ve… gotta go, Mel. Call me later and tell me about it, okay?”

“Okay. Thanks, Gretchen.”

“No problem!” Then the line went dead. It kind of sounded like Gretchen had hurt herself, though Melody had assumed that about Carmen and was wrong. Grown ups just made weird noises sometimes.

She dumped her stolen sweets on her bed, then hurried into her mom’s room. It was dull compared to hers, walls bereft of posters and decorated only by the couple of mirrors that hung up. Only one was over a counter with a bunch of makeup on it. The others were positioned just so her mom could see herself from the bed, which seemed impractical to her. Melody walked over to the cosmetics and pondered taking some of them, but nothing caught her eye. It was all just boring colours.

Not even any sparkles like Gretchen had given her. She dismissed them with a sigh and opened the other drawers, but even digging deeper only revealed more clothes. Until she found a strange plastic pole. Was it like a pretend sword? If so, it sucked as one, since it just flopped about when she waved it. There were other things like it, all of them in even stranger shapes. She slammed the drawers shut and moved to beneath the bed. It was where she’d hide her special stuff.

And still nothing! Why was her mom so boring? Gretchen had so many cool, shiny things to look at. All she found there were sheets of paper that quickly bored her. There was nothing of worth to be found. Melody didn’t bother closing the door as she left and went to stand in front of Carmen’s room.

In the last couple months, she’d barely glimpsed inside of it. For all she knew, a grand, sprawling field extended beyond the door, like Narnia. Only she’d bet it was more exciting, since it was Carmen’s and all. She grabbed the handle and turned it. Just that simple action made her heart thump, like it wanted to leap up her throat and out of her mouth. Gross. She ignored the image it conjured and pushed her way in.

And found nothing but a plain old room. A huge bed dominated the left corner, opposite a desk that was caked in dust. Clothes were strewn about the floor without rhyme or reason, mostly stuff that Melody assumed were too small for Carmen now, and a bunch of bras that she could use as sheets. Just looking around, there was nothing flashy to be seen. None of the stuff Gretchen had that made her so pretty. Not that Carmen needed any of it.

Melody stepped over mound after mound of clothes toward the desk. A few picture frames adorned it, though the images were hidden by dust. Picking the biggest one up, she wiped it clean, expecting a picture of her and Carmen, then frowned. It was Carmen and Rachel in the park, with the redhead sat on her lap, both smiling without a care in the world. Like there wasn’t a girl back home that deserved the same joy.

“She’s not even *that* pretty,” Melody said, sneering at Rachel. She grabbed another frame, only to find Rachel replaced by that Stacy person, “And she’s fat.” Each picture was the same, featuring one or the other, or a combination of them. None of her.

It took everything she had not to smash the photographs. Where was she? Didn’t she mean anything to Carmen anymore? What did those two have that she didn’t? It’s because she’s still a kid, isn’t it? If she was older, then she’d have boobs and a big butt too.

She needed to get Carmen’s attention in other ways first. That meant finding something valuable, like Gretchen said. It had to be something expensive. Like… the laptop! Covered in dust like everything else, but surely its absence would be missed. And, if it wasn’t, then she got a laptop to herself. Melody grabbed the sleek device and hustled her way out, eager not to be caught right away. She’d bide her time, then spring it on Carmen and… then what?

Gretchen plopped herself down onto her bed. Waves of relief washed over her legs, grateful not to be carrying around her enormous tummy anymore. It looked way bigger than yesterday’s, and she was already massive. That fucking bitch, she thought, trying and failing to touch her popped out belly button. The skin was so tight. And sensitive.

Of all the things she enjoyed, this was her greatest sin. She grabbed one of her many bottles of lotion and poured out a hefty load into her palm, then slathered it all over her belly. Or as much of it as she could reach. The brats inside squirmed in response, but even that was almost pleasant now. She sighed and relaxed, a trickle of gooey warmth pooling between her thighs. Those guys had pumped quite a few loads in her.

Of course, that was partly why she now had a belly so big, she could’ve crammed at least half of her wardrobe inside it. And that was saying something. At least it came with benefits, even if those were becoming unwieldy in their own rights.

“Still hot though,” Gretchen smirked as she massaged the lotion into her chest as well. They remained as massive spheres, despite being filled with milk and saline now, sitting proud upon her gut and vying for attention. Faint trails flowed down her beach balls, the soothing touch enough to start her lactation. She’d have to milk them at some point.

For now, though, she was still horny and a remarkably long package was on her bed. It was an impulsive purchase, one born of the perpetual horniness that plagued her pregnancies. She could think straight in the few hours she wasn’t carrying a litter of brats around, however once they were in her, pushing on her from the inside, pushing her nerves to the surface and pumping her body with so much hormones, making her bigger… it was no wonder she’d gone to the freakier side of the internet.

“Oh yeah, this’ll do.”

In her hands, she held an inhuman monster of a cock. It was a high quality rubber, designed to give just enough for her pussy to mangle, while also digging into her. Veins the size of her pinky finger wove chaotic patterns up its length, intermingling with fat nodules the size of a small bullet vibrator, all culminating at the flared head. What possessed her go with a horse cock of all things… well, she understood full well at that moment.

As expected of its size, it was heavy. Almost the same weight as a breast. No doubt because of the huge balls at its base. She palmed them, grimacing at the memory of her recent sperm donor’s testes. They’d seemed reasonable at the time, even with Carmen’s majestic barrels always skirting the front of her mind, but when she held these fake cum tanks… maybe she should fuck one of those freaks?

“Ugh, get a grip. You can’t be seen getting knocked up by *them*. Not until I have that book. Then they’ll be *my* freaks. Hell, I can go ahead and just make them my literal sex toys. But you’ll do for now.”

There was a suction cup at the base. She stuck it to the wall, just over her bed, and got on all fours, presenting herself to the plastic phallus. Backing up, it found a home in the valley of her ass, its full weight settling on her. More than a few dicks had slapped her butt, however none had the weight to leave a bruise. Oh, if only this wasn’t just a dildo.

Wishing wouldn’t stuff her cunt any faster. She was already soaked through, cum dripping from her folds, and, above all else, she wanted it bad. Kicking her leg up so she could get her footing even and a better angle for the sex toy, Gretchen lined it up with her sloppy lips, then shoved it in. Glorious girth parted her walls and pressed into them, scratching that oh so depraved itch her boy toys had left her with. The nodules dug into her velvet insides, catching on the occasional dip as she slid further back. It spread her deeper and deeper, until she was at her cervix.

Despite more than half of the dildo remaining outside. Not for long, she thought and grunted as she bore her weight on it. The suction cup held strong, even with her heft. Her pussy crushed the rubber and bent it into her shape, yet all her juices and the leftover cum let it slide through her with ease. Rolling her pussy, the bumps stabbed into her from all angles, while she used the motion to feed it deeper. Her cervix didn’t stand a chance, even reinforced to keep her babies safe.

Zoey and those freaks had done irreparable damage. If it could be called that. The fact she could take pleasure in banging against it so roughly was a gift in itself, and the orgasmic sensation of it opening like her legs for a fat dick was not something she’d willingly relinquish. Gretchen rocked back against it, harder and faster until it finally smashed into her womb. Her ass clapped against the walls, those fake balls mashed against her clit just the way she liked.

She stayed there and ground into the toy, then set her leg down. The sheets rubbed against her huge belly, meaning it’d grown even more in the last few minutes. As it would do for the next day, until she gave birth again. Her pussy clenched hard at just the thought and milk streamed from her juicy nipples.

When did she get so fucked up that she looked forward to pushing at least six babies out of her pussy?

“Because…” she panted, one hand rubbing all over her slippery stomach, “I’m the biggest fucking slut alive.” *That* made sense. Carmen underestimated her.

Even if this wasn’t her choice, she truly was the greatest slut. And nothing was a better mark of a slut than birthing baby after baby like a factory. That may even be her only source of pleasure someday. Gretchen prided herself on ignoring unnecessary things like maths, but even she recognised the rising number of babies. Her bellies had been getting bigger and bigger over the weeks. Did that mean, if she never got the book back, she’d end up the size of a literal mountain?

She started thrusting back and forth on her dildo, while staring at her huge tummy. It was already so much bigger than anything else she’d seen, yet it’d only get more incredible. Yes, yes, yes… the more babies, the fatter her titties and ass would get too.

“Come on, you fucking horse dick. Shoot me full of your jizz and give me more babies. I’m such a slut. I’ll give birth to so many. Because I’m the best around. Hear that brats? You’ll have so many siblings somewhere. Not that I’ll keep them. Can’t be a good baby factory with you little shits around. But I’ll still push you out. And I’ll cum from it too! Hmm, fuck! That’s it, fuck me, fill me, make me your little bitch… Carmen!”

Gretchen shivered and fell atop her belly as the orgasm took her. As did the vision of Carmen behind her, giant cocks stuffing her past the brim and testing her limits, all while pumping so much cum into her she’d never be done giving birth.

She even heard a ghostly voice in her ear, *“You’re mine.”*

“All yours!” Gretchen howled, careening into a second climax in the midst of the first. She pinched her nipples and milk came flying, but in her mind, there were clones of Carmen sucking from her, while another fed her semen by the gallon. The pleasure would never end.

She flopped onto her side when her legs couldn’t handle her weight anymore. Sweat matted her hair and trailed down her body, some of it mixing with her excess milk. Gretchen collected the dairy on a finger, then licked it clean, grimacing to herself.

“Gotta get that book. Maybe Melody grabbed it?” Thinking of the young Robins girl compelled her hand to her phone. It really wasn’t fair that she should be ignored by her family. The way she’d talked about Carmen too, like they’d been the best of friends. Gretchen never had that with her sister.

The spiteful part of her wanted to make sure Melody didn’t have it either. However, that girl was so sweet, pretty much her exact opposite. And it’s not like Gretchen needed to completely ruin Carmen, just get the book back and reclaim her throne as queen bitch of the school. With all the giant dicks she could ever want.

“Don’t let me down, Mel,” she murmured and dialled the girl’s number. She picked up after the first ring.

“I did it!” Was her immediate greeting.

Gretchen’s chest swelled with hope, “You got the book?”

Melody’s excitement vanished, “Uh… was I supposed to? I took her laptop. That’s important, right?” She sounded worried, like she thought Gretchen would abandon her next.

“Hey, don’t worry. I should’ve told you. Carmen has this book she always carries around with her, never lets it out of her sights. It must be very special to her, right?”

“Yeah… yeah, I saw her with it a bunch too.”

“Next time you get the chance, try and take that. It’ll definitely piss her off. Actually, if you do get it, you should give it to me. That way she’ll think I took it.”

“But isn’t the point for her to get mad at me?”

“No, uh, this way, um, you can be the hero? Yeah. We’ll meet somewhere and you’ll get it back from me, then Carmen will will super grateful or something. Then she’ll have to pay attention to you.”

“I can be the hero?” Melody repeated, clearly not paying attention to anything else, “That sounds fun! Okay, I’ll get the book. But what about my mom? She won’t care.”

“Just keep doing what you’ve been doing,” Gretchen said, rising to her feet, eager to wash off the grime of multiple orgasms, “Remember, you’re the prettiest girl around. And people need to know that. And if anyone tries saying otherwise…”

“I smack them in the face!”

“Exactly. Okay, I’ve gotta go. I had a *huge* workout earlier and I’m all sweaty and stinky.”

“Ew,” Melody giggled. What a nice sound, completely different to what Gretchen was used to. Hopefully she’d get to hear it more. Maybe she could use the book and swap places with Carmen? Then she’d have a loving family all her own, “I’ll get the book. Bye.”

“Bye.”

Melody didn’t get a chance that night. She didn’t put the laptop back though, expecting Carmen would come in and at least tell her off for taking it, but that never happened. It was pitch black outside when her sister got home, reeking once again, and only responded to Melody’s exuberant greeting with a half-hearted mumble. Like she was tired, but she didn’t look it at all.

The same happened for the next few days. Melody came home from school to an empty house, she checked Carmen’s room for that book, but never found it, and went back to her room to talk with Gretchen. It was so frustrating. At least she had people to take it out on at school. Ellie most of all. Little bitch thought she was all high and mighty for telling on her? Melody made her eat dirt. That proved her point well enough.

She was sent to the principals office several times, but her mom never showed up. Did she even get the calls? Apparently she did, because the principal recounted her words that claimed Melody would never do such a thing, or that she wasn’t capable of it. Why was it so hard to get in trouble?

Gretchen told her it could be a long game. The best thing was to keep at it, push boundaries and wait. Eventually, the school would have to send someone to the house. So Melody did. She talked back to her teachers, never finished her homework, doodled in class, and tormented her ‘friends’ at recess. Thanks to Gretchen, she also put on some makeup to upset the more prudish teachers. She flaunted it around the house too, to no avail.

Weekends were the worst. She couldn’t exactly call the kids from school and use them to get in trouble, mostly because she didn’t have their numbers. Nor did she care to get them. The only people she’d want to call were Gretchen and Carmen. No one else mattered in her world.

Though the days weren’t all bad. It was her best chance to at least talk to her sister, if only for a few minutes. She at least had a chance to play together.

She stomped down into the kitchen and found Carmen shuffling through the pantry, unaware of Melody’s presence. The girl smirked and padded closer, then leapt at the mattress sized butt. Only to be bounced off and sent to the floor, rubbing her own rump. Carmen turned with her own grin.

“It’s several years too early for you to sneak up on me.”

“You knew I was coming? Then why didn’t you say ‘hi’ or something?” Melody pouted.

“Because this is much funnier,” Carmen said and wriggled her hips, “Plus, you should know I’m built like a trampoline.”

“Then let me jump on you!”

“Hmm? Tempting, but what do I get in return?”

“Time with me,” Melody said, entirely serious.

“Now *that* is a strong offer,” Carmen said, rubbing her chin in thought. Until her phone buzzed. Checking it, her brow arched and her smile widened, yet it made Melody uneasy, especially when her eyes lit up. Her feeling proved true when Carmen looked at her, “Sorry, Supergirl, Mary and the others are going out.”

“Then let me come!”

“It’s not really for kids.”

“I don’t care!” Melody slammed her foot down, “You never play with me anymore! It’s all ‘Rachel this’ ‘Stacy that’. What about me?”

“I got you that tablet,” Carmen said much too calmly.

Melody was screaming at her, yet she didn’t care? Just what would it take to make her understand? Maybe nothing? Maybe Carmen just didn’t care anymore?

“Melody…”

“Go away,” Melody said through clenched teeth, trying to hold in her emotions, then sprinted upstairs and into her room. She half-hoped that Carmen would follow, that she’d catch up and spin her around into a suffocating hug like she used to. But no. Not even a knock on the door.

The tears wouldn’t be stopped. All she could do was let her pillow soak them up, holding back the sobs, while ignoring the crushing horror that her sister just didn’t care about her anymore. Did anyone? The teachers had stopped praising her. But they didn’t matter since they were ugly. She didn’t have friends. But no one else deserved to be in her company except to serve her wants. So who did she have?

Gretchen swallowed hard to keep her heart in her chest. This was the den of the beast. If Carmen could be called something so basic. Truthfully, the plain suburban house seemed to stand over her like a giant’s foot, ready to crush her. Carmen wasn’t home, she reminded herself. It wasn’t like she’d know Gretchen came over. Besides, she’d been invited.

She felt like a grade-schooler again as she knocked. It opened a second later and Melody appeared before her, eyes red and puffy. Gretchen grunted as a hug knocked the breath from her. It wasn’t the kind she usually expected, especially when the little girl squeezed her tighter, and more so because she didn’t have the usual baby gut. Missing one day couldn’t be *that* bad.

“Hey, Mel. I brought gifts, guaranteed to make you feel better.”

Melody looked up with a sad smile, “Thanks.”

Just that word made Gretchen’s chest swell. Maybe keeping one of her children wouldn’t be the worst possible decision ever. Not if she raised them to be like this adorable thing embracing her. But she needed the right person. Until then, she was fine with Melody.

“Come on, let’s show Carmen what she’s missing out on, yeah?”

“Yeah!”

Gretchen was such a good big sister.