This couldn’t be happening. *Everyone*, not most of, but literally every single person she saw entering Saint Puella that morning made her look flat. How?! She had three-fucking-thousand CCs of saline in each tit and half that in her ass. They weren’t cheap either.

And yet Susan, one of the few people that stilled feared her last week, now jiggled past with boobs larger than watermelons. The worst part was she couldn’t tell if that was because of Carmen, as no bulge gave away that cunt’s involvement, and a lot of the recent ‘growth spurts’ looked familiarly firm. For all she knew, Carmen had just thrown a charity drive to make everyone, student and teacher alike, no less than four cup sizes larger than Gretchen. Even the fucking freshmen looked at her the way she used to when passing by a C-cup.

That’s fine, she thought and skulked her way into the building. She’d just fix it with a visit to the doctor. Some blowjobs, maybe a little anal, and no more flatness. The last time she thought that was years ago, around when she met Ashley. Even when Carmen and those bitches changed to outshine her, she was still secure in that *they* were the freaks. Now her ‘small’ size made her the outcast.

Gretchen applied a fresh layer of lipstick and smacked her lips. Curves weren’t the only part she’d fallen behind in. Which was fine. Totally fine. She could get those fixed too. Anything was possible with sex as a currency.

“What the fuck do you mean ‘you’re soft’?” Gretchen screeched at the plastic surgeon, who just shrugged off her venomous tone.

“Sorry, Ms. Blake. You just aren’t up to my standards anymore. I don’t know what to say.”

“Then blow my titties up so they are big enough.”

“No can do. I’ve been tricked before. If you can at least get a solid deposit, then maybe I’ll consider it. Now, are you going to leave on your own, or should I call security.”

“Listen here, you fucking nerd,” Gretchen slammed her perfectly manicured nails on the desk, then clawed at the surface, “You are gonna fuck me, then you’re gonna pump me up with all the saline, callogen or whatever you’ve got!”

“Security, remove Ms. Blake, please.”

Gretchen whipped her head around as she expected big, burly guys to come barging in. To her horror and disappointment, it was a couple of women over a foot taller than her, but that wasn’t where the horror came from; they were both gigantic. She looked at her own chest in defeat, reminded of a time when she was a total loser. All the boys got taken by girls who actually grew there. Now it seemed history had repeated itself.

“Fine, I’m going. This place sucks anyway. You’re getting a one-star.”

“Oh no, a single one-star review,” the surgeon cowered.

Gretchen bit her lip as security closed in. She walked with them through the lobby, where people larger than her waited. Were they seriously gonna go even bigger? It had to be Carmen’s doing, a plan to make her feel smaller and smaller.

“So what?” Gretchen huffed to the air outside the clinic, pacing back and forth in her high heels, “I can make that much money, no problem. There’s gotta be plenty of losers willing to pay out the ass for this.”

Prostitution wasn’t her idea of a dream job. It got close though. Get paid to fuck sounded pretty good for a certified slut like herself, however she didn’t want that lifestyle. Better to find some rich smarmy dick to suck once a week to pay the bills, and fuck others on the side. Unfortunately, desperate times called for desperate measures.

“Why isn’t this working?!” Gretchen fumed on a street corner, dressed as provocatively as possible, to the point where her nipples were visible through her barely there mini-dress, designed to be hiked up for quickies. She knew this corner of the city was bustling with night life, plenty of guys should’ve been lining up for a turn with the hot, bimbo teen.Yet it was dead silent.

“Hey!” Gretchen shouted at some no-name man across the street. She jay-walked over to him and pressed her tits together, “Wanna go have some fun? It’s cheap.”

“No thanks. You’re not my type.”

“Not your type?” Gretchen scoffed, “I’m a fit, eighteen-year-old slut gagging for cock and a bit of cash, and I’m not your type?”

“Maybe if you were a bit bigger,” he shrugged and continued on his way, not even glancing back. This couldn’t be happening.

Girls didn’t fear her anymore. *That,* she could live with, but for every guy, even an Average Joe prick, to think she wasn’t big enough… Drastic measures had to be taken.

“Where’s the fucking money?!” Gretchen smashed her laptop keyboard, her recent Only Fans page set up with all sorts of demeaning content, yet no one had subscribed to it. A recommendation popped, taking her to another page, “No fucking way.” It was Susan doing a live stream, tits even bigger, bouncing like a pair of beach balls as she rode a horse-cock dildo. Thousands of donations poured in every second.

*“Thanks guys, that’s another goal reached. Doctor! Fill me up!”*

In the background, Gretchen saw her old plastic surgeon enter the frame with a fat syringe. He injected half into the right and left respectively, pushing Susan up another couple sizes. If this kept up, she’d be as big as Carmen. She did the only sensible thing in that situation and tossed her laptop out the window.

The next day, just one week since the ‘bathroom incident’, saw her at the absolute lowest. Gretchen forewent any of her usual beauty routines, not that her mom even noticed, and just threw on whatever clothes fit. Her hair was frazzled from the lack of conditioner, small, infrequent spots dotted her face, and her lips lacked the usual vibrant smutty red shade. She wouldn’t have even shown up if it weren’t for the final option available to her.

Carmen wasn’t hard to find. Aside from Zoey and a few others, she towered over the student populace, breasts so huge people walked into them and she didn’t even bat an eye. A ridiculously huge halter top barely girded them, stretched to its limit. Likewise, a pair of high waisted jeans didn’t even crest her giant ass, the zipper forced all the way down just to get it partway up her hips, all while bulging with enough cock and balls to double the entire male population’s size. Gretchen steeled herself and sauntered over.

“You! Me! We need to talk.”

“Sure,” Carmen said and patted Rachel’s head as she walked away, only to stop and look back when Gretchen didn’t follow, “Well?”

She hated to admit it, but just the fact she looked back at her pleased Gretchen. Attention was her food, she thrived off it, yet people only spared a glance her way to belittle her size. Focus, she told herself and rushed to try taking the lead. It was futile as Carmen’s strides outdid several of hers. This would be easy, she just had to act all depressed and sorry for being right, then Carmen would do something about making things fair. Hopefully by giving her enough T&A to warrant a hallway all to herself.

They went into an unused classroom. It was still morning, the sun cresting at just the right angle to strike Carmen, who sat the endless expanse of her plush booty on the teacher’s desk, then let her legs spread open. A thread tore as she did so. Those pants wouldn’t last the day, but given what Gretchen knew of the futa, just surviving past lunch would be a miracle.

“So, what do you want?” Carmen asked, leaning forward and propping her head up on one hand.

Gretchen gulped, suddenly at a loss for words. The way Zoey and the rest had utterly destroyed her body, and almost her mind, flashed through her thoughts. How much could Carmen do to her?

She snapped back to reality when the futa smiled, like she was watching the fantasy play out.

“I want to be the biggest again,” Gretchen said, softer than she thought was possible.

“I see,” Carmen just stared at her, smiling like some fucked-up goddess upon a mortal praying to her, “And why is that?”

“Because… I can’t get laid anymore. I know you have something to do with everyone suddenly having more tit than me.”

“No shit. But can you blame me? Bigger is better, especially when it comes to curves. And penises of course.”

Gretchen couldn’t help but look down again, but Carmen’s bulge was completely obscured by her beanbag tits. Even so, she could clearly envision the gross monsters pounding her cunt until it was a permanently gaped cavern.

“In that case, why not make me huge too?” Gretchen asked, then froze at the flash of teeth. Not because it was threatening, but the fact Carmen seemed genuinely pleased by the question. And that she was wondering how such flawless teeth would feel when they bit into her nipple.

“You make a good point. Okay. I’ll do it.”

“W-what? Like that? You don’t want anything from me?”

“No. I don’t care about you, Gretchen. Truth be told, I’d almost forgotten you existed.”

“Then why help?”

“Who knows? Maybe because I’m not a morally bankrupt waste of oxygen?” Carmen posited with a bubbly tone, then stood up, towering over Gretchen, “Now get going. You should be pretty happy in a few minutes.”

Gretchen vibrated with anxiety for the new ten minutes. She sat in a class of girls so much bigger than her, not paying attention, but instead mulling over the fucking moronic thing she’d done. She literally invited Carmen to do whatever she wanted to her body. Oh fuck, now she’d grow a dick too! It’d probably feel good, and she wasn’t *not* curious about how jerking off felt, but no guy would want her with such a thing. That wasn’t the worst of it. Carmen could give her six arms and two heads and a bunch of warts or something.

Her fears remained even as the flash of heat seared her nerves. She kept her mouth shut and gripped the desk for dear life, legs trembling as her pussy spasmed. Should’ve worn panties, she thought as her sweatpants became soaked in seconds, the dampness only spreading further and further as she spontaneously came. The heat spread into her abdomen for a second, then it split between her chest and hips. A moment later and her clothes tightened around the growing curves.

Gretchen clamped a hand over her mouth to stifle the moans, but it was impossible. It wasn’t intense like when she got stretched into a human cock-sock, however the sensations were everywhere. Just feeling her hair brush against her cheek was like a hundred volts straight to her clit. Any self-control she had dwindled until a hand dove into her increasingly tight pants to finger her sopping wet cunt.

Her shirt became nothing more than a piece of cloth draped over her tits as they swelled across her torso. They already filled her lap, though she was bent in half to try pretending no one could see her fingering herself, and just kept growing. She bit into her bottom lip, only realising her mistake too late as she came. The sounds of snapping threads masked her guttural moans.

Then it was over. Gretchen slumped in the uncomfortable wooden chair, blazing hot forehead against the cool desk, while she waited for her sensitivity to return to normal. It didn’t take long. She felt at her face, looking for horrid warts, but found nothing. In fact, the acne was gone. Carmen didn’t make her into some toad-faced freak. She deserved a thank you, even if it was just pounding Gretchen into the dirt and inflating her so she left a giant crater with a dimple at the centre where her belly button was.

Fuck that. She was finally gonna get properly laid again. No more freaks or losers.

True to herself, Gretchen put her new body to work by finding some college guy and flirting her way into his bed. Her body was flawless. Even the fact her boobs almost doubled the size of her head, clapping against her belly and each other as she bounced atop the random guy - Brett? Dave? Whatever - and savoured her first *real* cock in weeks. His hands went to her ass, pulling her down harder.

Of course, it didn’t take long for him to bust a nut. Gretchen pouted, still a ways off from her own climax, but it was just nice to be back where she belonged. She got up, happy to leave the dude to bask in his afterglow. While he did that, she needed to get ready for the next morsel. Plenty of other guys were eyeing her thick ass on the way to this room. She could easily walk next door in the nude, cum dripping down her thighs, and they’d be drooling. From the face and dick.

Perhaps the greatest gift Carmen gave her was the lack of a penis. She wasn’t sure why, however Gretchen learned long ago not to look a gift horse in the mouth, whatever that was supposed to mean. Some crazy English guy probably made it up.

She smacked her lips together after reapplying her lip gloss. Her favourite brand because it liked to smear easily when she sucked a fat dick, marking just how deep she took them, usually to the base. It was like her mark to prove someone had already taken her for a ride. A sign for her to look for other, potentially better lays. Licking along the cherry-flavoured lip, she smirked.

“First I get fucked real good, then I get that stupid book back,” she said to her reflection, confidence oozing from her face. Until a sharp cramp forced her back, hands flying to her gut. Oh no… just her luck, she gets laid and her period starts up. No, it couldn’t. She had it two weeks ago. Then what… “OW! Fuck!”

“You okay in there?” The guy asked through the door. For a frat bro, he at least had the sense not to walk in on a woman.

“Just. Fine.” Gretchen grunted, holding back another shout at the next cramp. What the fuck was happening? She folded over and looked down at her stomach, hoping for some easily identifiable sign that it was nothing serious. Once she set eyes on it, her jaw fell, as did a final drop of semen between her legs.

Her flat belly was gone. Replaced by a rounded semi-sphere that kept bloating before her gaze. She looked away, hopeful that it would stop without her attention, yet it just grew. Minutes into the horrific experience, the weight finally became too much and she bowed her legs, like… like some ugly pregnant bitch.

“...no…” she whispered, then preened as a final spurt forced her belly button to explode from its hiding place. Panting, sweat dripping down her face and onto the hideous belly, Gretchen struggled not to topple over and die.

“I’m coming in.”

“Wait, wait… Um…” Too late. Whatever his name was stood in the door, looking at her. How did she explain this? They fucked, he knocked her up with a nine month baby in a matter of minutes, and now she was going to be stuck as a single teen mother chasing some bankrupt college guy for support, “I can explain.”

“You’re getting close, huh?” He said and came over to rub at her belly. She gasped and stepped away, startled by the oddly pleasant sensation, “Should I call your doctor?”

“No. No, I’m fine. Just, uh, you did a number on me, ya know?”

“Still got it,” he chuckled, “Want me to rub some lotion on it for you?”

What a fucking weirdo, she thought as his dick hardened. Whatever, so long as he kept rubbing her tight belly, he could get off however he wanted. She’d confront Carmen in the morning. For now, she was horny and a very willing dick was right there.

The morning after was hell. Her whole body seemed to weigh a ton as she tried standing up, forced to bow her legs and walk in a waddle, like some fat ass penguin as she rushed to pee.

“Stop kicking me, you asshole,” Gretchen snarled at the baby. It didn’t like that, choosing to treat her bladder like a punching bag. Fortunately, she made it to the toilet just in time, sighing in relief as her ass took the weight instead of her feet. She’d been on her feet for less an hour total since it happened, yet already she feared for her ankles. Just getting to the school would be a nightmare, but she had to know just what Carmen had done to her.

None of her clothes fit right anymore. Gretchen did the best she could, however the once tastefully revealing shirt had become nothing more than a bra around her tits, and an ineffective umbrella for her belly. There were some positives about her abrupt fecundity, that being the hormones surging through her veins and adding a glow to her golden skin. At least she looked like a hot mom-to-be.

“You!” Gretchen shrieked once Carmen was in view. The futa smiled at her, then strode through throngs of admirers to leer down at the pregnant slut.

“Enjoying the curves?”

“What did you do?” Gretchen hissed, blood boiling from all the stares.

“Well, I wanted to experiment with the Futa Note a little. Turns out, people won’t turn into futanari if I add clauses. Like Susan, she won’t grow a ten-foot penis, so long as she gets filled once a week. As for you, it’s very simple,” Carmen squatted down, pants straining around her hips, and cupped Gretchen’s heavy gut, “Get knocked up everyday. Every time you fuck up, your clit will grow and grow, until it becomes a fat, pulsating dick that you could never satisfy.”

“But… I’m already pregnant. I can’t do it to… today… ooh, shit…”

“Don’t worry,” Carmen rose back to her feet and called for the school nurse, a ridiculously curvy futa on par with anyone in the futa’s inner circle, “I took care of that. Enjoy.”

“Wait! Ooooooohhhh ffffuuuuck…” Gretchen took one step after her, then froze in the most extreme climax of her life. Carmen took one last look back at her, that smile still on her gorgeous lips, eyes glowing in glee as the self-proclaimed slut fell to the ground as another contraction made her cum again. Harder than before.

And they only got stronger.