“Yes, fucking fuck my fat, pregnant cunt!” Gretchen howled.

This was the life. She got to just lay back, propped up on as many pillows as she could gather, while a recently transitioned futa rammed her with all the force she could muster. On top of that, Gretchen got to rub her belly and tits to her hearts content. Milk gushed from her oversized teats, while her belly writhed with so many unborn brats.

Was there any better way to lull herself to sleep? Nah. Getting a hefty creampie, feeling it seeping from her pussy as her eyelids drifted shut, was pure bliss.

Her dreams, however, not so much. Gretchen found herself in a void, surrounded by people she didn’t recognise, except for one; Stacy. The woman, who was bigger in every sense, stood over Gretchen, naked and erect. Despite her face being warm and friendly, there was a sinister glint in those eyes. Stacy squatted down onto Gretchen’s cock, swallowing it into her impossibly soft pussy.

It didn’t just devour her cock. The folds stretched further and seemed to envelope her balls too, all seven of them. Pleasure surged, almost frying Gretchen’s brain, yet she kept it at bay by focusing on the fact Stacy looked bigger. She might’ve thought it was a mistake of the eyes, but the longer she looked, the more obvious it was that Stacy was growing. Which only made her pussy better somehow, its walls undulating and lips slurping on her balls.

That cruel glint became a beacon of malice. Gretchen gawked, not sure what was happening, even as her thighs and hips were covered in the thickest cunt-flaps. Like… like they were actually trying to swallow her whole.

“Become mine,” Stacy said, voice reverberating through the others gathered around them.

Gretchen struggled to focus. The weight was too much, crushing her worse than any pregnancy had yet, while her cock felt way too fucking good. She looked at the strangers, seeing their faces and noticed how they all resembled Stacy to some extent. Or rather, Stacy was changing to resemble them. Was that even Stacy?

The futa riding her lacked the overall chub. She was statuesque in a way completely unlike a model or typical pornstar, despite the multiple rungs of tits being huge enough to smother Gretchen. A little fat remained around the futa’s belly, just enough of a swell to give her a supple paunch. It made her look… well… fertile. Matronly.

Despite the stomach chub, her face narrowed out and her lips swelled into a strict, erotic pout. Likewise, her arms were big, but equipped with more muscle than anything. And the second set that appeared were no less toned. Gretchen didn’t know where to look anymore. Even for a dream, this was ridiculous.

Then she felt slimy warmth around her toes. She was so distracted, she hadn’t noticed her knees bending up *into* this futa’s pussy. Gretchen’s legs were devoured entirely, just like her cock. And the rest of her would no doubt follow.

“You’ve already given me so much,” the not-Stacy futa said, “What’s a little more? Your mind, your body, your *soul*. It’s all worthless to you anyway.”

Gretchen opened her mouth to spit at her. Who did this bitch think she was? This was Gretchen’s dream. She wasn’t about to let some monster get the better of her.

“You think this is *your* psyche? That is cute.”

With a wave of one arm, while the other three groped Gretchen’s tits and belly respectively, everything was illuminated in blinding, blood-red fluorescent lights. Every face was bared for her to see, each and every one a near-exact copy of the bitch riding her, all wearing that gross smile. They converged, baring cocks of all kinds, but they shared one thing; size. Absolutely enormous dongs that even Carmen would think twice of.

Gretchen had a number of insults at the ready, her venomous tongue ready to strike, only for a monlithic penis slapped down on her face. It wasn’t like the others. Those were playthings by comparison. Her mind faltered, reduced to mush by this meaty bludgeon. A deafening gurgle sounded off to her left and right, reverberating her mind in stereo. She looked and saw the giant matched by two others. Veins the size of her thighs, skin a dark tan, and capped by mushroom-shaped blooms that looked designed to lock into someone. They’d probably feel pretty good sliding out of her cunt.

“That’s right,” the freak said and applied more pressure as Gretchen slid down the shafts, “Lose yourself in my glory.”

Well… she supposed it didn’t sound so bad. If it meant getting fucked by those ridiculous dicks, then she could ignore whoever possessed them. Without even thinking, she was licking the turgid shafts, switching between them even as her legs were engulfed in a divine wetness.

“Are you really going to let *her* win like that?” A new voice asked. Gretchen didn’t care to know who it was, content to let herself be devoured by this monstrosity. Their cocks were really just that good.

“You haven’t even sampled mine, and yet you’re so sure those are the best.”

Who the fuck was that? Gretchen frowned and wrenched her focus away from the pricks to see someone new standing above her. She couldn’t see their face, or even their legs or torso beyond the ungodly ballsack hung just inches from Gretchen’s forehead. Resting atop them laid the soft lengths of three inhuman penises, none of them even remotely like the trio crushing her. These were pitch black, yet glossy as if covered in sweat - or another fluid - with even broader heads that… that could really stretch her out.

And beyond those were four tits of perfect shape. Even at their size, they held a flawless teardrop, with fat, suckable nipples extending far enough to be dicks of their own. Strangely, something about them seemed much more inviting, despite their freakish size.

A wave of brilliant pink hair cascaded over them as the figure leaned forward, revealing plump lips and hypnotic eyes. All on the one person Gretchen never wanted to see in her dreams. Carmen stared at her with pure certainty, like everything was in the palm of her hand. The pink lights dimmed in her presence, allowing her hair to radiate even brighter, gleaming like stars were woven into every lock. Much as Gretchen hated to admit it, she was dazzling.

“If you’re so eager to give up on me, then I guess you’ll never have a taste,” Carmen said and her skin rippled, suddenly bursting with fur as she rose even higher, cocks fattening - especially at the base - while a muzzle formed with wicked fangs and a long, sloppy tongue. Pointed ears aimed at Gretchen, “You haven’t even been knocked up by me yet.”

Gretchen wrenched her legs down from the other bitch and turned onto her side, pointing at the monster-freak like she could smite her then and there, “Listen here, cunt! I’m gonna get you for this. And when I do, you’ll be nothing but my little fuck-slut. I’ll have *you* begging to put a litter in me.”

Carmen smirked and reverted back to her ‘usual’ self, “Then you’d better not be swallowed up by some random bitch, right?” Her gaze moved to the giant trying to swallow Gretchen, who also looked.

“This is… curious,” the giant bitch said, “Your focus on her is so strong it even manifests here. It would be impressive if not for how pathetic it makes you look. Still, you’re not malleable enough yet. We’ll finish another day. For now, I have another job for you.”

Gretchen suddenly found herself freed and with a much less enormous futa straddling her. She couldn’t tell what was even happening anymore, not bothering to question it as the bitch leaned over and kissed her. Tongues met right away and Gretchen tasted her. There was one real benefit to making out with another woman, or close enough to one, was how soft their lips with. It was no wonder why people compared them to pillows.

She was so enthralled, she almost didn’t notice something thick and slimy and distinctly alive wriggle into her mouth. Gretchen wrenched her face free, intending to shout something, but was muffled by the… the… *thing* squirming on her tongue. What the fuck was it?! The stupid bitch riding her just smirked and licked her lips, revealing a pool of white on her tongue. That looked like cum. At the thought, Gretchen’s taste buds kicked in, realising the thing in her mouth had a very familiar flavour.

It was jizz! No, wait, this was just one thing. One big thing. It wriggled against the back of her throat, using its natural sliminess to push in. As it did, her lips closed around a thinner part. So the thing started big and slimmed out. And its taste.

A giant sperm. Gretchen reached up to pull the gross monster swimmer out, but two other hands closed around her wrists and easily held them down, like she was nothing but a child. She couldn’t do anything. This thing was going deeper. It was in her oesophagus now. No no no. Gotta get it out. Gretchen shook her head side to side, trying to throw her weight into the movements, but that only make her cock stir around the pussy engulfing it. Still, she kept trying, even as pressure mounted in her balls and prostates.

As the tail slipped down her throat, she reached her grand release and the world faded to white. Save for a single black speck that pulsed as if saying something. Gretchen couldn’t move or focus. She just stared at it, watching its movements.

*“Spread… influence… fuck…”*

Gretchen rubbed at her head as she waddled onto campus. She’d had plenty of nights while pregnant, but none were so restless. She didn’t even have a chance to do her makeup or brush her hair, having woken up late. That wasn’t normally a problem, no one really cared if she showed up on time, but she felt a weird urgency to get to school ASAP. She was way too tired to care as to why.

Worse yet, she was gigantic. Her belly stuck out entire feet beyond her reach, constantly writhing with kicks of the oversized brats that called it home. *Even* worse, she felt like she was growing faster. And the cravings were kicking in at full force.

Which meant she needed cum.

But who could she stomach? Her eyes scanned the many, many prospects of Saint Puella, a school that had, for years, been her personal little playground of sorts. Now it was full to bursting with freakish futanari that she’d much rather ship off to some other school, or better yet another country. Still, for her needs at that time, they were useful.

It’d be best if she found someone that would pump out a lot for her to store for later. It was the only loophole she’d found in Carmen’s stupid scheme; to bottle the cum and use it over time. Thanks to that, she’d managed to keep her cock from getting out of hand while off-campus. It didn’t entirely stop it, since she needed so much, but at least she wasn’t immobile. Yet.

Gretchen grimaced as she rummaged through her bag, making sure she had enough bottles. About a dozen. That should be enough. Now, she just had to find a suitable ‘donor’. She could try those centaurs, especially that one with the pink hair and balls so huge they dragged behind her, despite being eight feet tall. Not unlike Carmen. Who was still absent.

Which was a good thing! Thanks to that, Gretchen had at least found a routine, gross as it was, and kept side effects to a minimum. Not that it stopped other things from always changing. She shifted her weight, feeling the distinct sensation of eight different testicles bunching together under her skirt. Well, it looked like a skirt. Really, it was a full-blown dress meant for pregnant women. On her, however, it barely covered her crotch and ass.

Not that she was any grosser than the others walking around in their near-naked states. Especially not those two: Minnie and Zee. They were the whole reason Gretchen needed to bring twelve thermoses just to try and keep her growth down. But they did provide a lot. She could milk them so to speak and be on her way.

Gretchen approached them, probably confusing the pair, but they got over it quickly enough. With a smile and a cackle, they once again led her to their little lair, which was just a classroom they’d terraformed into a cum paradise. It’s stench was even thicker than last time, the vapors keenly visible at a mere glance. Barely any light streamed through, the windows glued shut in layers upon layers of jizz.

Rather than retch as she expected to, Gretchen was even more disgusted by the fact she was aroused by it all. There could be no better indication as to how far she’d fallen. She just realised she could’ve avoided any interaction with these two and just harvest this muck instead, even if it was much thicker, coagulated over the weeks it’d been left to fester in the room. If she tried using this stuff in public anyone nearby would gag and cry from the stench, while she got hard and wet. They’d all know how big of a freak-slut she’d become.

Not even thinking, she reached into her bag to retrieve a bottle. In that moment, her hand brushed against something that she didn’t remember putting in; a book and pen. She pulled it out while Minnie and Zee argued over who got what hole first.

How had she forgotten about it? That Queen lady gave her a Futa Note of her own. What did she say about it? Something about it not working on people Carmen already messed with. But then what was the point of giving it to her? Gretchen glanced at the pair, recalling what they could turn into. She needed to at least try.

Since they weren’t paying any attention to her, Gretchen took the time to write the other futanari’s names. The instant she finished, they paused and frowned, then shook their heads and continued arguing, only to stumble again. After a couple more times over the next several seconds, they seemed to settle and focused on Gretchen.

Nothing had changed. Their gross intentions remained crystal clear as their bodies shifted, returning to the dragon and snake monsters from before, complete with their obscene bouquet of dicks. Minnie stepped forward, her cocks flowing out of their sheath and dragging in the cum-tar below.

“Don’t you fucking dare,” Gretchen said. The last thing she wanted was to be used as a toy by these two again. Not that she expected them to stop.

But Minnie did. Or at least she stopped walking, her cocks continued swelling, so huge they closed the gap between them and Gretchen’s protrusing belly-button, coating it in pre-cum.

“What’s the holdup?” Zee asked, circling around Gretchen to trap her again.

“Stop!” Gretchen snarled and was, again, shocked when it worked. At the worst possible time, since it put Zee’s way too fucking many cocks right beside her. Their smell wafted around her, coaxing fresh fem-cum from her pussy, while her own dick swelled out from her panties, lifting the skirt to expose itself and her numerous balls.

She looked down at the book. So it couldn’t change their bodies, but their minds were another matter, though something told her it wouldn’t last forever. Which made sense. Carmen was far too… *much* to simply ignore. Unless Gretchen provided something better.

And there was no way that bitch could out-fuck someone like her. Gretchen smirked and removed her clothes. Last time had been humilating, albeit incredible, but now that she was in charge, it could only be better. She stroked her long, delicately manicured nails along some of Zee’s many dicks. Without a single word, the snake-futa moved so her cocks were slightly elevated, at just the right angle for Gretchen to sit her ass and pussy upon.

That guy at the frat house she’d changed into a futa wasn’t bad. Plenty of dick to hit all her sweet spots, but, much as she despised admitting it to herself, she was a size queen of the highest calbire and Carmen had redefined what that meant. Where eight, or even seven inches had been more than enough to satisfy her, she needed much more now. Something she confirmed as she stretched both holes on several multi-foot shafts at once.

Fuck, it really was amazing. Not only was her pussy stretched taut, every nerve stimulated all at once, but her ass was in the same situation. The numerous cocks rubbed each other through the thin membrane separating them, pressed so tight that it might as well not exist. Every inch she took, they all throbbed in time with her own heart, like they were being cowed by her body. It was crazy feeling them all do it simultaneously.

At the same time, Minnie’s cocks rubbed their dense cock-lube onto her belly. Really, it was one of the better tummy rubs she’d gotten, so warm and viscous that it felt like it’d never come off. A similar goo was oozing into her snatch right that second, acting like webbing and pulling her walls together, constricting the monstrous members and milking them for more. Gretchen undulated her whole body, grinding her belly into the drooling dragon-dicks, then plunged herself down. Her womb eagerly opened itself for the multiple fuck-sticks.

Her babies instantly kicked up a storm, hitting her in the bladder and prostates. Gretchen let out a gargled growl of delight, grabbing huge handfuls of her tits as they letdown several gallons and her cock shot off. It was mere drops in the congealed ocean, despite being close to a litre, but she wasn’t bothered by that. She felt amazing.

She supposed she had to thank Carmen to some extent; this would be impossible without that cunt’s meddling. Especially as she looked Minnie in the eye, silently commanding the dragon-bitch to lift a cock up so she could suck on it. Feeling her jaw dislocate, then tasting the foetid delight of this gross prick, sent Gretchen into another climax. She was right, having full control made this so much better.

Although… as Zee bottomed out inside her and she reached her limit with Minnie, there was something missing. She looked at their faces, seeing the rapt attention as they focused squarely on her, but they lacked that crazed ferocity from before. They weren’t really into it, even if their cocks were being pleasured by the best slut in the state.

And, to be perfectly honest, Gretchen hated that. Her body should’ve drove them crazy, reverted them back to their most basic, breeding instincts, especially in the face of her gigantic belly. It didn’t matter that she felt good, she could feel even better if they just gave it their all.

She met each of their gazes in turn. Well? Gretchen thought and wriggled her hips, cock shaking around as well. It must’ve looked pathetic with so many of their giant dongs out in the open. What’re they waiting for? A body like hers was basically an open invitation for them to do as they pleased. So?

The freaks looked at each other, then the glint and smirk returned to their faces. Gretchen almost had a moment to reconsider, but they struck faster than she expected. Between blinks, her throat was emptied of cock with a spine-wretching gag and she found herself trapped in Zee’s coils, multiple tiers used to squish her belly, while all of those dicks were pulled out, then shoved exclusively up her ass. Just that made her cum hard, cock squirting weakly over the surprisingly cosy scales holding her. The orgasm persisted as enormous, pointed crowns bigger than her head crowded around her cunt. She didn’t even get a chance to take a breath when they plunged in.

Again, it was only thanks to Carmen that she could do that without certain death. All that she felt instead was pure, undiluted bliss the likes of which she couldn’t imagine going without. Her whole world was blotted out by her abdomen, now stretched several feet past her face, filled with cocks and babies. She remembered last time they knocked her up. All those eggs. One after the other and so big and hard that she may as well have been fucked in reverse.

The only thing left open was her mouth. That didn’t last long. The freaks had all their cocks inside her, but their faces were free, with two long, dexterous tongues just waiting to taste her. Gretchen saw them approach, their wicked eyes looking at her like a piece of meat to savour and seeing her reflection, the slack-jawed grin on her face, Gretchen thought so too. She was just a human sex toy, a fleshlight for them to stretch out as they pleased.

Their tongues plunged into her mouth at the same time and twisted together, then fucked straight down her throat. Her hands were taken from Zee’s coils, then put to the others tits, made to grope them with all the same zeal they showed her cunt and ass and face-hole. Her eyes rolled as they fully indulged in her body.

But it wasn’t from the terrible pleasure, though that did threaten to knock her out any second. There was a horrible pounding in her head, like the worst migraine, only it helped keep the pleasure pulsing through her holes. Like it was moving down into Minnie and Zee. Whatever. She didn’t want any distractions from the brutal pounding the monstrous futanari gave her.

Because, sweet fucking Christ it was amazing. The pressure all around her, always bearing the threat of constriction, and from within, of her holes being so completely cored out. That sensation stretched all the way through her guts and into her stomach, bulging it out further than her arms could reach. Further, even, than her pregnancy. Those were just Zee’s dicks too. Minnie’s were even bigger.

Gretchen moaned and slobbered on their tongues. She didn’t have any qualms left, gladly giving herself to the bliss. Every dick inside her pressed just right, somehow squeezing still more pleasure from her already fried nerves, while also crushing against her prostates and keeping the cum flowing. For every drop she leaked, of which there was a lot, the oversized pair filled her with entire ounces. Their thrusts weren’t just punctuated by how wet her holes had become, but also a horribly delightful sloshing of her insides.

“Fuck, she’s still so tight,” Zee moaned, surprisingly coherent despite her tongue reaming Gretchen’s throat.

“Well, what did you expect? She’s got all those babies inside her, pressing down. Hmm, but she could always do with a few more,” Minnie said.

“Yeah. It was so fucking hot when she had to lay all our eggs last time.”

“Let’s fill her up even bigger then!”

“Don’t gotta tell me, I’m about to blow!”

The two scaly beasts with cocks bigger than an entire person stopped holding back. Gretchen wailed as they ramped up, bodies covering hers as they slammed into her ass and pussy, leaking even pre-cum by the bucket load. It was so thick and sticky, that it pulled them back with greater force, causing a ear-ringing clap against her cheeks and crotch. Their tongues pushed even deeper, lips pressing close to her face so she could see their eyes glowing with orgasmic intent. The blonde slurped and rocked her hips even harder.

She needed their cum. She needed to make them fill her up. She needed their guard down. She needed to make them hers.

Gretchen’s eyes rolled as they stirred her depths even faster. They wanted the same thing. It didn’t matter that she detested their bodies, and how good they made her feel, or that they resented her for some crap, everyone there just wanted to get off. The coils loosened around Gretchen’s belly, reorienting to stroke along the bulges of their shafts instead. Meanwhile, the babies became even more active, as if to make Gretchen feel even better. The two beastly-futanari slapped their hands on her tight flesh, rubbing it intensely.

“Faster. Faster! Faster!! FASTER!!!” Gretchen couldn’t say a word with her face so stuffed, however they got the point.

Everything in sight blurred as they fulfilled her incoherent words. If she weren’t restrained in Zee’s coils, her brain would’ve rattled itself to unconsciousness. Even then, her thoughts were completely frazzled. She just wanted them to fuck her and cum in her and be hers.

“Take it you stupid…” Minnie trailed off, eyes going vacant even as she continued thrusting.

“Min? You cumming? Oh fuck, me… too…” Zee went the same way, still pounding and approaching climax. Gretchen didn’t care what was going with them. She put her limited thoughts to use and focused on her lower muscles, using them to milk the freaks. Come on, just fucking cum already, she thought and clamped down.

That did the trick. Both monsters gave dozens of short thrusts, then hilted inside her, throbbing fast and heavy, churning her depths without moving, then she felt the first jets pour into her.

And the feeling of something not quite tangible flowing from her into them. Whatever it was, it felt divine. The coils adjusted her so her belly faced the classroom, right on time for it to nearly double in size. All the kicking of her babies became less pronounced, only showing at the base, while her skin rippled and bounced with the second eruptions. Gretchen growled in orgasm as the even more prolific shots inflated her several feet deeper into the room.

Then she shook in revulted delight as her oesophagus convulsed and she tasted cum. She choked and sputtered, trying to hold it in, but the tongues kept her lips apart. Semen gushed from her lips, staining them. It poured down her chin, painting her tanned skin in creamy, off-white jizz. Zee’s coils pressed her tits together into a perfect basin, collecting the excess until it overflowed onto the rest of her belly. Another shot went through her, giving an even fresher taste that sent her into another quivering release.

On and on it went. Her womb bellowed outward with all the seed it could ever want, uncountable sperm trying to knock her up with dragon eggs again. Her stomach tried its best, only to immediately send it up and out her face. Without a single dick facing her, she received a bukkake and cum bath, mixed with more than a little spit. Gretchen gave gargled moans of ecstasy with every obscene jet of cum.

By the time they were done, the blonde bimbo was completely immobile. Even if she weren’t so exhausted that she couldn’t move her legs, even if she could somehow stop cumming long enough to lift her belly, she took up nearly the entire classroom. There was no leaving for her. Not until she emptied enough.

But that was fine. She had Minnie and Zee to help her now.

“You two,” Gretchen said, looking at the reverted futanari, “I need more.” She wriggled her fat ass to make it clear what she meant, pussy squelching with the ball-slop oozing out of it.

“Yes, Master!” Like eager servants, they scampered from the depraved room, leaving Gretchen alone. And confused.

“Master? What the hell’s that about?” She mused aloud, like that would give her an easier answer. It sort of did, because she realised it didn’t matter. They *obeyed* her. She literally couldn’t ask for anything more. Except, maybe, another dick in all her holes. Fuck, this pregnancy was making her even hornier than normal, for some reason.

Which was totally fine, since her new little slaves came back with a set of very willing futanari. They weren’t nearly as big as the other two, but more than enough to reach Gretchen’s womb and give her a nice pounding. As they did that, Gretchen noticed a certain black notebook on her breast. She had no idea what spurred her to do so, but she took it and the pen that somehow stayed with it, writing their names next.

Like the other two, they paused, as if confused, then did their best to fuck her nice and hard. And, when they finished, they went off in search of others to bring her. Then she wrote their names next. All she had to do was stand there, propped up on her ginormous belly, and let them make her feel good. Gretchen wasn’t the smartest girl, but she wasn’t an idiot either.

This Futa Note was making them like that. It couldn’t change their bodies, but the effect on their minds was way better. With this, she’d be back on top in no time. If these sluts could speed up a little. Despite her always lubricated cunt, they took their sweet time cumming inside her. She only got through a dozen or so before the school day ended and people had to leave.

But there were people that always stayed after the final bell.

“Hey you,” Gretchen pointed to some five-foot-nothing futa with a cock that matched one of Minnie’s, “Get one of the teachers in here. I don’t care who.”

The others all left. She wasn’t about to make them stay when she already had them by the proverbial balls. Not like she needed them to feel good either, since she was in the best possible room for her, that being one filled to the brim with cum. And, better yet, semen constantly gushed from her well-fucked pussy.

“Oh my.”

Gretchen looked to the door, expecting one of the teachers. Her eyes widened when she saw her mother, of all people, standing there with a lecherous grin. She couldn’t do *that,* could she?

Of course she could. Her mom was the principal, with her under Gretchen’s thumb, things would go back to how they always were. Only better. Before, Gretchen went to school because that was required of her, or she just wanted to fuck with someone. She had a much better reason now that they all had giant dicks to stuff her with.

“What’s all this about, dear?” Her mom asked.

Gretchen grinned and shook her hips, “I’ve been naughty, Mommy. I need discipline.”

The older futa sighed deeply, “You’ve no idea how happy I am to hear that. I never understood why you were so reluctant about our heritage. We’re futanari, honey, we get horny and we fuck. That’s how it’s always been.”

“Yeah, yeah, just fuck me already,” Gretchen mewled, already jotting down her mother’s name.

Then a thought occurred; couldn’t she write Carmen’s name? It wouldn’t give her control of the bitch, but it’d be a start. She put pen to paper as her mother’s cock-tail entered, but that didn’t stop her. What gave her pause, however, was the feeling that doing this would… alert Carmen? No way. That bitch would just think it was a weird headache or something. She was too busy doing whatever, probably fucking Rachel. Better to get started early.

A stabbing pain almost made her drop the pen, but still she wrote those two words; Carmen Robins. What was the worst that could happen?