Disclaimer: Yeah I know why you’re here. If you found this, then you already know what I’m going to say. Yadda yadda yadda community standards, yadda yadda yadda you ought to be 18 or older, yadda yadda yadda this is basically fetish literotica.

Whatever. Don’t end up like me.

New Designs: Bethany II

Despite telling her dad that she wanted to stay home, Bethany woke up for school at the same time she always has. With the same generous chest she always had, the same ample rear she’s had for a while now, and the same giant dome belly she’s been growing for months now.

“Wait, has this been here *that long*?” Bethany asked herself. She has memories of being pregnant for months, but there were these lingering memories of waking up yesterday not-pregnant. “*It must be the hormones”* she thought as she dismissed those thoughts, and delighted herself and her motherly form.

“*Sure, anyone can get pregnant with one child. Who gets pregnant with FIVE!”* Bethany would never say so, but she takes special pride with how her body looks. Before she was pregnant, she always had to order her bras online, because hefty 34 Fs don’t come in regular stores. She had large hips starting in middle school, but they damn near exploded in high school. Her family would have her sized in men’s big and tall, and tailor them to suit her. Her expanding posterior perplexed tailors, and she always had to come back a few weeks later to either let out old ones or buy new ones; Bethany couldn’t remember a time when the seams weren’t at risk of popping out any day now.

Back in August, Bethany had a knockout figure, and a pair of singing pipes that made her not only beautiful, but also talented. Her grades were passable – well above 3.3, but not enough to be valedictorian material. Bethany had bright crimson hair with a slight perm that never frizzed up, going almost all the way down her back. Boys and some girls would approach her asking them out – she wasn’t looking for a relationship. She read that the first Queen Elizabeth never took a suitor, and she wanted to emulate that. If everyone wanted her, the only fair solution was for no one to have her and remain an elusive fantasy.

That was until the out of state singing competition in September. Every student was put up in a posh hotel room, and there weren’t enough chaperones. For many students, this was the first time they were away from their parents. Bethany met this boy from…was it Oregon? Maybe it was New York? Did he even have a name? They had been stealing glances since the orientation happened.

Finally they passed each other. He gingerly grabbed her wrist. After asking her name he said, “I have something to take care of this way. Can we talk later? I’d love to get to know you.”

Something about this boy was dominant, but not threatening. He knew how he wanted things. She agreed. Ten minutes later he found her again and they started talking. Fifteen minutes after that, she was in his hotel room, and she was obsessing over him. She gave herself to him in the heat of the moment.

At least…her memory was telling her it was a wild night. The actual details, penetration, orgasm, and even the result of the competition…was vague. She didn’t see a trophy in her house, so it’s clear she didn’t win. However, there wasn’t even a participation ribbon. Strange.

What was there was a trophy of its own. By the end of October, Bethany’s pants weren’t fitting again, but it wasn’t because of her growing hips. Well, that was a problem too, but there was something new; for the first time in Bethany’s life, her tummy was bulging. She didn’t have her period, and one doctor’s visit later she found out why: she was expecting. Normally a baby bump won’t emerge until 12 weeks pass, but this wasn’t normal, was it?

No, Bethany would soon learn she was pregnant with quints. The next few months would flood her body with hormones. Those 34 Fs moved up to 36 Hs, then 36 JJs, and are currently resting at 38 OO. The size of her breasts never really bothered her; before the pregnancy, she couldn’t see her feet anyway. Bethany never expected her bosom to grow to such a monstrous size. She also didn’t expect her bosom to suddenly become so sensitive to touch.

If Bethany’s chest was impressive, so was her ass. Round and succulent, her rear became a subject of study for some boys whose gaze was lost in the curvature of her exaggerated posterior. Back in middle school she used to fit in the seats school had. Now seats were uncomfortable because maybe only a third of her ass could possibly fit. The rest spilled out over the sides. It reached the point where the sheer magnitude of her butt had Bethany ‘sitting’ higher in her chairs.

Bethany’s rear was so round that she couldn’t comfortably sit back. There were whole inches of space between her back and where it was supposed to be. The space in the middle was taken up by her rear-end. The result was that Bethany was sitting up in the chair and couldn’t slouch if she wanted to; that was the point of the chairs anyway.