

By Pharaoh170

Introduction:

What can I say? I had some sort of vague notions about becoming an obstetrician at some point so The College of Maternity & Birthing sounded perfect. Well, let's just say it was.

The day I arrived started like any other. I remember my dad being surprised by the number of girls that were moving into the dorms with me. I remember being pleased, but thought nothing of it, of course. It wasn't until ice breakers that night that I figured something was up.

We all sat around a large, aged common room on couches that smelled a bit like stale beer and brownies. At first, it was no problem: I talked to a few girls that had arrived there before me. Then the girls just kept coming. Some were really hot, too, but that wasn't what got me. The thing was: they were all girls. Every new freshman in my particular house of the dorm, called Crowning House, was a girl. I felt about as uncomfortable as a eighteen year-old guy could be expected to feel. But then it got worse.

Two young ladies walked in who were clearly different. The first thing you might normally notice was that they looked older. Their faces were worn by the lost innocence of three years of college life. That wasn't what I noticed first, though, or why they stood out from the crowd. No, you wouldn't have noticed their age first but instead their bodies. Starting from the top, you would notice their ample chests, but that's not what I saw first either. After a summer of eyeing the burgeoning bellies of that bounteous season, I was programmed to look for belly and belly I got. Both of the girls were heavy with child. Drool almost hit the floor until I realized I was the most visible guy in the room—the only one. Indeed, I eventually learned that my situation was so hopeless I had to learn not to care what the girls thought of me: that was the only sane way and the only successful one.

Back to our meeting. The two women who joined us had me in a daze. They were the most delectable women I had ever seen in the flesh. With full busts, firm trunks, wide hips, and great bellies, the girls put me on cloud nine. Eventually, I forgot my self-consciousness in the sheer bliss of their fertility and eroticism. Before long, this was the way I spent all my time at The College of Maternity & Birthing.

Chapter 1: Lucy & Jill

After that initial meeting, I wasn't sure what to do. I went to my room to gather my thoughts and try to get my raging boner under control. Here I was in a house full of women! All the people on my floor were girls! My RA's were pregnant! I had no idea just how lucky I was.

I might have floundered there and spent the night alone, afraid to leave. The girls took care of that, though. Two visited my room before I could even find time to jack off. One was gorgeous. Sort of petite with an OK figure that included fairly wide hips and perky breasts. Her face, though—particularly the eyes—were to die for. The other was less memorable, though not too bad either for a horny kid like me.

"Hi, I'm Lucy," said the beautiful girl that caught my eye immediately.

"Roger. A pleasure."

"The pleasure's all mine, Raj. Mind if I call you 'Raj'?" asked Lucy. I nodded, hardly able to breathe as she spoke in her delightful voice.

"I'm Katrina. People call me Trina."

"Great to meet you," I said. "So, where's the party?"

My wits were recovering.

"Oh, Raj is a naughty one! What do you take us for?" Lucy was only teasing me, and I could tell but my heart was bleeding all the same.

"Some girls down the hall are playing Never-Have-I-Ever. Jill the RA is there." Trina said. I was starting to like this Trina.

"I'm down if you are," I said. I meant to say it to both girls, of course, but I looked at Lucy. Her eyes sparkled back at me.

Now I was off to a night that could only get better. At the icebreakers, I hadn't said much or really captured many names. Of course, I had noticed a few girls I wanted to try my luck with later, but it wasn't easy keeping them all straight and there was that damned self-consciousness. There were twenty freshmen in our house spread over two floors, plus the two blooming RAs. There were nine upperclassmen coming in a week. No word on their gender, but I suspected they would be girls, too. I wondered if there had been a mistake and I had been placed in an all-girls house, but I couldn't remember anything about single sex housing when I took the tour.... No need to complain, though.

I followed the girls into a room where five other girls were waiting. The lights were on, but the liquor was out and the girly pop tunes were playing. I could only try to keep up as the girls introduced themselves: I had to associate names and faces, faces and bodies, bodies and names. By and large, the girls weren't the hottest in the world—where bodies were concerned at least—but things would get better in that respect before I knew it.

The RA that was there was the skinnier of the two. No matter—she was still a sight to see. She had nicely sized breasts, as you would expect given her pregnant condition, quite a prominent belly—about to drop, it looked like, though I was no expert then—a rear end that wasn't disappointing, and legs that were in keeping with the general theme. She was hot. She had an aquiline nose, hawkish eyes, and wavy amber hair that came down just past her ears. I kept stealing glances at her throughout the night, and I could tell other girls noticed. I just did my thing anyway and, I should add, had a great time.

"Hey, so how is everything going with you?" said the RA as the night wore on. Her name was Jill and she really knew how to pull you in.

"Oh, me? Everything's great. How are you?"

"I'm great. Where are you from?"

"Philly area. You?"

"That's pretty far from here. I'm from Chicago," Jill replied. She probably caught me staring at her belly and cleavage. It was hard not to! Both of these RAs tended to dress in yoga pants and tank tops. Maybe not the most revealing clothing, but not the most concealing either. And definitely not formal enough to give you the impression you couldn't maybe just get her alone and get it in at some point.

"Oh, so not far. Awesome city."

Jill smiled widely like she was enjoying me more than what I had to say. "You been?"

"Nah, but I'd love to."

"Oh, Roger! Well if you ever want me to show you around there, let me know."

She sort of growled my name and I couldn't help but notice how the younger girls listened in subconsciously whenever Jill talked. Jill winked at me suggestively and excused herself from the party.

Chapter 2: Anna

By the fifth day of our orientation—which as far as I was concerned consisted of partying at night and sleeping by day—I was approached by Anna, the other RA of our house. By now, I knew enough about her. She didn't hang out with the freshmen too much—definitely not as much as Jill—and she was more on the serious side. I kept an eye out for her: she was a lot more pounds of woman than Jill, with a generous chest, round bottom, and considerable belly. Nonetheless, I played it cool, getting the sense that Anna knew what I was after and wasn't interested. Then she found me in my room that day, just as I was getting up.

Well, I wasn't quite up at that point. It must have been two in the afternoon and I was in the tossing-and-turning phase of sleeping-in. I must have been really drunk that morning because I

had left the door open, allowing Anna to let herself in. All I remember was waking up with her head an inch from mine—the scent of what I can only call pure maternal energy flooding my senses and the freckles just under her eyes magnified to enormous proportions. I started and shouted out in surprise, but she had me pinned down to the bed, her enormous, strong legs and butt straddled over my abdomen. She was no longer pregnant at this point, though, having given birth the morning before.

"You've been a naughty boy, Ra-a-a-aj," she said, drawing out the nickname that the entire house had started to call me.

"Uh... what are doing, Anna?" I asked, my eyes still half shut, unable to move under the weight of her generous lower body, and my senses completely shot.

Anna laughed for the first time I had witnessed. It was a bit like a benevolent witch laughing at a cat that had momentarily got its tail stuck in an unfortunate spot.

"You should see yourself! 'What are you going to do, Ana? Please, don't hurt me!'" Anna teased me. My feelings were hurt, which only added to her pleasure.

Anna was wearing a leotard and yoga pants that left little enough to the imagination. Her upper body and neck were in keeping with her large frame without appearing mannish, her arms and shoulders in particular attaining a slender femininity one might not expect in a woman so buxom. Her breasts were large without being disproportionate or overly prominent: D-cups that—in the absence of a bra—were impressively perky and jutted outwards symmetrically with the lines of her shoulders. At this point, Anna's trunk was a bit of a marvel to me. Clearly, her belly was bloated by a uterus still distended by pregnancy. Yet in general Anna had a fascinatingly large yet muscular belly that served as an excellent bridge between her ample chest and fertile lower body. From a waist that was hardly thin, Anna's hips ballooned out generously but not excessively. Everything about her loins was supple and soft: wide, muscular thighs; an ass that was nicely plump and yet sufficiently toned to retain a pleasing shape; and a groin that acted as a fertile valley between her powerful legs. She exuded generosity and strength—a goddess of maternity. It's a wonder I could complain about having that woman straddled over me.

Anna looked me in the eyes and smiled another benevolent smile, then got off me and stripped the blanket from my body.

"Hey!" I exclaimed. "How do you know I'm not naked under here?"

Anna looked at me like I was her kid brother, an eyebrow raised in disgust.

"Who cares?" she replied, annoyed. "I'm a midwifery major. You think we don't know how the babies get in there?"

"Is that why you were pregnant? Training?"

Anna's scowl disappeared and she looked to the side for a moment. Then she leaned toward me and smiled.

"Listen, I'm sorry if I upset you this morning, OK?"

Her smile had a quality that was hard to resist. "OK" was all I could manage.

"Just make sure you're at the Processing this afternoon," she said, her countenance serious again. It sounded like a commandment.

"You do like pregnant girls, don't you?"

My jaw dropped as I tried to extrapolate how that comment related to "the Processing." Then I noticed her sly smirk, but by that point she was already turning to leave with the slightest uncharacteristic sway in her hips.

I texted Lucy to meet before leaving for the Processing. She was surprised I was even awake, but told me where to meet her with a group of friends. I could tell Lucy wasn't as interested in partying as I was, though she did join us for a while every night just the same. I could tell she had ambition, though she didn't like to show it. I might have had ambition, too, if it weren't for all the girls around!

Lucy and I left with Trina and a few others to go to the Processing. It turned out the meeting was in the large auditorium where the president of the school had spoken to us on the first day. This time

there was no president, just a man who stood there and waited for everyone to arrive. Once we all got settled, they broke us into four groups. Three of the groups left the auditorium then and there, while my group stayed. Then the remaining students in the auditorium were split into eight groups, then four again, until only the male students remained in the auditorium.

It hadn't been long before we male students became aware of each other. Of course, the opening speech was an opportunity for us to gauge our numbers. Now that we had physically been segregated from our female peers, we had an opportunity to determine our exact number. One of the guys did a count. 46, he announced.

"Well, it's not as though we go to school for engineering," one of the guys commented, grinning. We were friendly but not close. A few of the guys were in houses together, and it seemed their situation tended to isolate them from the girls in their houses and, consequently, other guys. The guys who had houses to themselves either thrived "tending their flock," as the male community at the university liked to call it, or struggled in isolation, turned off by the entire system. One guy had commented on the pregnancy of one of his RAs when I met him at the opening ceremony. I could only shrug off his complaints, too content with the bounty of attractive and sometimes pregnant girls available to me to care about the guy's unhappiness. People like him didn't last long at TCMB.

The other male freshmen and I sat in the auditorium and waited as we had been told by the last RA to leave the room. Then the president walked into the room. We all stiffened up a bit at his presence, but he was as relaxed as could be.

"Hey, guys," he said, as if we were his sons. "Ready to learn what makes this place tick?" He gestured for us to follow, and we did, just the twelve of us gathered around him. He started chatting to us about how important we were to the university, and how we would be forging our paths through school over the coming months. It was strange, but he never once mentioned our being male or anything like that. It was as though we all knew the secret fraternity we were joining. We entered a classroom with a big screen TV that had been brought in. It was one of the largest I had ever seen. The president turned off the lights and turned on the TV, where a girl sitting on a chair in a large white room in her underwear appeared on the screen. No one said a word, though I could have sworn I heard someone mumble something about how he knew the girl. It did look like a student, though I don't think I was the only one who noticed how full her bosom was. A guy who didn't appear to be too much older than us entered the room. He was in his boxers and carried a chair for himself.

Veronica watched as the handsome, muscular man walked into the room and sat down on the metal chair he had carried in with him. He smiled at her gently.

"Do you know why I'm here, Veronica?"

"No, not really," she said, doing her best to go along in spite of her nervousness.

"Do you know what the mission of The College of Maternity & Birthing is? Do you remember what President Hamilton said?"

"Um... To increase the professionalism of women's health care providers and the level of care they receive?"

"Exactly. And you know about our Experience Project?"

"Of course. All students have to have a baby each semester in order to provide graduates with the understanding necessary to truly connect with women and mothers."

"Excellent, but where do all those babies go?"

"They are provided with adoptive parents."

"Precisely, and that's why we limit our undergraduate program to 5,000, and our graduate population to 3,000, right? So there aren't too many babies looking for adoption?"

"I suppose so."

"But how do all these ladies get pregnant?"

"Artificial insemination."

"Ah, but that's where I have to let you in on a little secret."

The male upperclassmen touched Veronica's shoulder, her elbow, then her chin. She would do whatever the gentle, charming young man would ask her to do: from swallowing the pill that would shorten her pregnancies in half to exploring his tongue with hers, then removing her panties before finally bending over a chair to receive him. Little did she know, her male peers were watching across the campus.

The other guys and I sat in awe at what we had just seen. Most of us only had the slightest idea about what went on at TCMB— certainly none of us knew "the secret." I, for one, had known next to nothing, other than my interest in delivering babies. I had no idea that the girls would be having a baby every semester, though I was already starting to deduce the implications it might have for my sex life.

The other guys were having similar thoughts, either brooding and stroking their chins or looking at each other with exasperated expressions. I just grinned and watched as the president shut down the projector and took position at the front of the room.

"Soon, that will be you."

Chapter 3: Lucy & Jill, II

They turned us loose from our male version of the Processing with a copy of the Man's Guide in hand. Explained as "our way of getting around at TCMB," it detailed "the Plan" and how we fit into it. It was terribly dry and encyclopedic, though. I gave it a brief browse, but lost interest after a short passage on the required actions to be performed after the birth of a student baby.

Returning to Crowning House, I found my way to Lucy's room, eager to compare notes. Lucy was on the phone with her parents, though, and agreed to meet me in the dining hall after she got done.

I was decidedly disappointed with this result. I felt close to Lucy and wanted to know how she felt about things. Most of all, I wanted to relate to the girls I was living with—to understand what they were going through and to express myself as well. Already my first attempt seemed thwarted and loneliness began to set in.

Arriving at the house table in the dining hall, I found things as they usually were. Now that I had been let in on "the Secret," I couldn't help but wonder whether the healthy but calorie-dense foods they served at the dining hall was the formula that developed curvy-but-healthy mothers like Anna. I longed to talk about the Processing and the things I had learned that day, but the issue already seemed to be settled with the girls, who talked about class registration instead. I couldn't care less about the classes I would be taking that semester, but I began to regret being so uninformed about the school and its culture and missing so many important gossip sessions with the girls while I was sleeping-in after long nights partying.

Lucy came to the table with a scheming grin on her face, as though she had juicy news to share. She spilled it to us.

"Jill is giving birth," she said, eyes bright as ever.

She looked at me suggestively.

"She wants you to be there," she burst out.

"What?" I asked, dumbfounded.

"Geraldine just came by to find you. Jill wants you to be present at the birth. You have to do it!"

Lucy was gushing. "I didn't realize she was so fond of you, Raj."

I didn't know what to say, but I was excited. I blushed at Lucy's suggestions. I honestly had no idea why Jill wanted me at her birth, or even what such invitations were about. Though I didn't know it then, births were an important social event at TCMB, and were a way of initiating intimacy between friends. The invitation to Jill's birth represented an invitation into her inner circle.

I excused myself from the table excited by what I might see but also disappointed that I had lost an opportunity to catch up with the freshman girls. Jill's room wasn't even familiar to me so I had to

work a bit to find it. Sort of expecting to hear screaming and shouting, I was surprised to find the hallway leading to the room as quiet as usual. I knocked on the door unconfidently.

Geraldine answered the door. She was a senior and a friend of Jill's. I hadn't gotten to know her at all—she didn't come to our freshmen parties—but I had seen enough of her to know she was as sexy as Jill or Anna. Geraldine was East Asian, with thick, long black hair and a thin frame. While Anna may have represented the best Caucasian femininity had to offer, Geraldine was an exquisite specimen of her land's understated beauty. She had delicate features with prominent collar bones and a gently sloping hourglass figure. Given how thin she was, her breasts were well developed, and she had quite a shapely behind as well. The thing that caught my eye, however, was the one part that didn't fit the mold.

Geraldine might have been ready for Ms. Universe had it not been for her huge belly. She was heavily pregnant, but not like Jill or Anna. They were both very large, but proportionally so. They looked like they were nine-months pregnant and the lot. Geraldine looked like her belly was abnormally large, and the word in the house was that she, like Anna, had been working in the Large Babies and Multiples Lab over the summer. Geraldine didn't just look pregnant to term—which she was. She looked like she was expecting a very large baby for her frame, and I couldn't help but stand in the doorway and stare at how the roundness of the belly contrasted with the relatively modest, narrow hips.

"Hi, how are you?" asked Geraldine, not sure what to make of my staring.

"Hey. I'm doing great. I'm Roger."

"Geraldine. I think I've seen you around. You're the freshman guy in Crowning?"

"Yeah. I've definitely seen you around. You're really gorgeous."

It just sort of slipped out of me, and Geraldine smiled back at me as though I were just an awkward harmless freshman. The sound of Jill's laughter came from further into the room and Geraldine turned to her with me in tow.

"Don't mind, Raj. He's old-fashioned, but he's really a lot of fun," said Jill, sitting up on her bed with a bunch of throw pillows supporting her back. She was just wearing her underwear (flesh-tone) and I couldn't help staring at her bounteous body. Her legs were spread open as though forced by the large belly above them, and her crotch looked like a dam about to be burst open.

"Glad you made it," she said to me, as though inviting me to this birth were as natural as asking me to help her make snacks in the house kitchen.

"Uh... thanks for inviting me, Jill. So... how are you feeling?"

"I'm just peachy," she replied. "Contractions are twenty minutes apart. Water broke already, lucky for you."

Jill moaned under her breath and grimaced slightly in reaction to a contraction. Her belly tensed up noticeably and Geraldine rubbed it for moral support. I could only stare.

Labor progressed rather quickly following my arrival. In only an hour-and-a-half, Jill's contractions were ten minutes apart and presumably much more painful, though she only let us know it with long, low moans. Geraldine comforted her, sponging her brow with a wet rag and brushing a hand over her bare shoulder. She explained to me that she was a pre-OB/GYN major and so traditional midwifery was a major part of her studies. To draw me out of my shyness, she gestured for me to sit down on the bed next to Jill and hold her hand.

When a strong contraction hit Jill, she squeezed my hand slightly, and I squeezed back. She smiled playfully in acknowledgement of my shy attempts at physical affection, and Geraldine teased me.

"Aw-w-w, you should be a midwifery major!"

"I was thinking about it, actually," I said quietly.

"Oh, really!?! Mmmm....!"

Clearly, Jill wanted to know more about my interest but was interrupted by yet another contraction.

"Mmm... O-o-o-oh!" Jill cried out, the contractions apparently increasing in intensity. "Oh!

Geraldine, check me! I feel like I have to push!"

Geraldine beckoned Jill to sit on her back and spread her legs, which she did after tossing off her bra and panties. It was clearly an uncomfortable position for Jill, for she grit her teeth and fought

against the urge to push as the baby fell further in her now wide-open pelvis. I found myself staring again. The belly, heaving with Jill's hard breathing; the chance to see her bare breasts; and her legs wide open, her naked sex completely revealed.

Geraldine and I peered down between Jill's legs at her swollen femininity. There was no sign of a head, but I was amazed by how stretched her vagina seemed to be. Geraldine peered in closer.

"You're ten centimeters, babe. Push with the next contraction."

"Help me on my hands and knees. I hate this position."

"Always eager to get on your hands and knees when the boys are around!" Geraldine teased.

"Oh, unfair!" Jill replied, shooting a glance at me, clearly a little embarrassed by the increasingly intimate nature of the goings-on.

Indeed, Jill was now on her hands and knees before us, her lower back curved all the way so that her belly hung clear of her thighs and her rear end stuck out prominently behind her. From behind, we could see her whole swollen sex nestled between her pliant thighs.

Jill groaned and grunted as she began to push for the first time, and Geraldine drew closer to feel her belly from behind and look between the legs for a head. I got onto the bed to watch Jill from the side. By now, the sweat was dripping down her back to her sides, her belly, and her breasts. I absent-mindedly began to caress her hanging breasts, tweaking the nipples gently. Jill's eyes closed—presumably from pleasure—so I continued. Getting more confident, I began stroking her belly as well, alternating between it and her breasts. As I became more adventurous in my exploration of her fertile body, Jill managed to shoot me a knowing smile in spite of the pain, a look that seemed to say, "Eat your heart out." She took a deep breath between contractions, her belly expanding, which I presumed meant she appreciated my attention.

With the next contraction, Jill grunted loudly, appearing to literally push all her might to the effort of forcing the little one out of her bottom. Geraldine encouraged her, informing us that the baby was crowning.

"Come look, Roger."

I joined Geraldine behind Jill and watched as the head appeared stuck between Jill's legs. I began stroking the sides of Jill's rear and the fatty underside of her thigh, and marveled at how the girls made no notice of it. Jill groaned through another contraction, and more of the baby's head appeared. She was doing decidedly well—a real champ.

Geraldine encouraged Jill excitedly, and I put a hand to her belly cavalierly. It really was huge and I figured it would be worth risking a slap to the face. Geraldine hardly seemed to notice as I felt her belly up through her leotard so I raised the leotard over it and began to feel the silky skin of the belly. The upperclassmen just seemed to take it as an ordinary show of affection rather than an unwanted sexual advance so I continued feeling up her amazing orb as we encouraged Jill further. The head was out and the shoulders were next for the pregnant RA. She grunted loudly as she pushed and Geraldine and I watched as the baby spun slightly to get into proper position. Jill grunted again and the baby's shoulders, now spun into proper position, began to emerge from between its mother's legs. Finally, the body slid out completely, accompanied by a surprised gasp from the tired girl.

"You did great, Jill!" Geraldine and I exclaimed together, holding the baby together. It was a girl, seven pounds, five ounces—Jill's fifth daughter, seventh baby.

Chapter 4: Geraldine

Jill's birth was an incredible experience. The things I had seen and... felt were unlike anything I had ever seen or... felt before. Jill was incredible. It was her seventh birth, and it showed. She was so wonderful I literally couldn't help but kiss her after placing the baby on her chest. To think that she had chosen me to be her friend made me feel like I was on top of the world. And she was a senior!

Moreover, there was Geraldine. I had felt her belly. How incredible had that been! Plus, she was cool, and gorgeous. If nothing else, a very cool friend.

Yet I couldn't help thinking that wouldn't be all! And Jill... As much as I felt anxious about what might happen over the next few days, weeks, and months, I also couldn't escape feeling supremely confident that I would be having sex with Jill very soon. I could feel that slightest bit of anxiety knocked out by a force of nature itself and the knowledge that there was much more to be done and much more time left to do it.

After cleaning up the baby, Jill, and her room, Geraldine and I left her to sleep it off. Some of the girls from Crowning and I were planning to attend a sorority party, and I invited Geraldine. She just sort of laughed at me.

"The after-party tonight is at my place."

Geraldine gave me a look that caught me somewhere between "after-party" meaning sex and "after-party" literally meaning the sorority's after-party. Apparently, she understood my slightly unsure look. She shot me a weak smile as if to say, "I hope I will see you tonight." All doubt in my mind was gone. I just looked down at her belly and up at her brilliant brown eyes and knew exactly what I needed to do.

The other girls subjected me to a storm of questions. If I had been feeling lonely or out of the loop, here was rectification. If I felt distance from Lucy, here was salvation.

"So, Raj, what was it like? What was it?" asked Lucy intently.

"It was incredible. Geraldine was so strong I couldn't believe it. It's a girl, seven-and-a-half pounds."

I heard some of the girls mumbling to themselves about seven-and-a-half pounds.

"What? Seven-and-a-half pounds is pretty normal," I said.

"You're not the one giving birth in December," Trina chimed in.

It dawned on me that many, if not most, freshmen were unsure about the birth that was looming on the horizon. Still, Anna's baby had been nine-and-a-half...

"Did you see her naked? Is she beautiful?" whispered Lucy into my ear.

I was literally thrown aback by her comments. It didn't dawn on me then, but Lucy was attempting to flirt with me. I was embarrassed, but I can only wonder if she noticed my boner...

"You know, I wonder if there's anything we can do to make our babies smaller," one girl commented.

"Smaller?" said Trina. "I'm just praying it's not multiples."

At this comment, I was grinning and Trina thumbed her nose at me.

"You'll probably enjoy it," she said. "Watching us fatten up like cows."

My face turned beat red and all the girls started to gang up on me.

"Raj is enjoying it already."

"Raj is in heaven."

"He thinks he's got it made in the shade in Crowning house."

"Wonder what will happen at the sorority party tonight," said Lucy malevolently.

I was beginning to enjoy myself a little less. Suddenly, I felt myself longing for male companionship. Still, it could have been worse...

Then, finally, someone saved me by bringing out the recent acquisition: ambrosia.

Ambrosia was what the frequently pregnant students of TCMB drank to stay sane. It was an intoxicating, non-alcoholic drink; non-alcoholic pregnant-woman beer meets college girl fruity cocktails. I'm not sure the school could have existed without ambrosia, and I suppose it must have been discovered by nuns at some convent in the countryside in Spain. Oh, and according to the Man's Guide it was a powerful aphrodesiac...

It was only natural that at the same time the girls had processed they found ambrosia. It wasn't legal for them to own it: you had to be 21. Yet I wasn't sure it was moral for the school to forbid it them.

We began to drink it in plastic cups. Sure enough, it was super sweet and syrupy, and I wondered if it might cause me to grow man-boobs or something. (It would have decidedly better consequences.) The girls absolutely loved it, and drunken girlishness began. They left my body well enough alone—lucky for me—but steadily barriers began to drop and I learned anything I might have wanted to know. They were a group of nervous young women, unsure about the changes their bodies and lives were going through as new students at TCMB. And, I might add, they were clearly horny—the ambrosia's effects notwithstanding.

We took a long walk over campus to the sorority house of Beta Beauty. It was a four story brick building with accommodations for twenty, a salon, a dance floor, a bar, and a legendarily risqué bath house in the basement. From what I heard, among the numerous activities that took place in the bath house, the girls living in the house usually gave birth there. I had been to the house once before, but it was only recently that I started to really develop an interest in it.

Both Jill and Geraldine were sisters in Beta so my friends and I got in for free. We entered into the foyer with a crowd of other freshmen and wandered up to the second floor. As we ascended the steps, we were met by the dance floor on our left, the salon immediately to our front, and the bar to our left, all connected by a wide hallway. In the hallway, a number of other freshman girls were chatting and drinking ambrosia, along with a guy or two. In the salon, a whole crowd of older girls and freshmen were congregating, and the same was happening at the bar.

I led the girls over to the salon to see if I could find Geraldine. She wasn't there. Instead, I was only met by a number of attractive upperclassmen I didn't know. I said something cheeky to them before heading to the bar for a drink. Lucy followed behind close enough to get a word in with me.

"I'm really jealous you were at Jill's birth."

"Oh, that's nice of you to say."

"I really like them, Jill and Geraldine. It's great that you are getting to be friends with them."

"You're very nice, Lucy."

We already had our cups of ambrosia and the other girls let us talk in peace. I wondered how my relationship with Lucy might affect my sex life, but then I remembered Geraldine and Jill.

"You're always lost in thought," replied Lucy.

"There's a lot to think about."

"Try to think less," she said, winking at me and leading her friends onto the dance floor.

I followed and danced with Lucy. She grinned and her dark brown hair appeared black in the light of the disco ball. The luscious green of her eyes remained readily apparent, as did her modest but Grecian curves. She moved closer to me and I put my arms around her waist and back. We grinded and I felt as though the thrusts of her hips were a display of claiming me, even if only for that moment.

Soon we rejoined the rest of the dancers, and I was happy for the space. Still, I wondered what it would be like at Geraldine's apartment. I drank more ambrosia in anticipation.

There was another nice walk to get to Geraldine's place and I relished the fresh air and starry sky. All of the girls looked beautiful to me, and I couldn't help but smile thinking how they would look once pregnant. When we went out, the girls dressed up a little more, and I couldn't help but stare at Lucy's smart combination of the school colors: pink cotton sweater, olive skirt.

We arrived at the apartment, a nice two-bedroom shared by Geraldine and a Beta sister with a large living room and a porch that overlooked the building's courtyard. Geraldine and some friends of hers were standing in the kitchen talking and drinking, enjoying a little quiet before the end of the Beta party and the arrival of the late-night crowd. I couldn't believe Geraldine's choice of garb: a skimpy kimono-like nightgown that revealed a little cleavage and hugged her slender curves—and enormous belly. She looked pleased to see me, but not surprised. She had a maternal elegance about her that was hard to ignore.

"Hey, what's up?" she said, smiling.

"Nothing much, just chillin'," I replied, clearly tipsy.

"You're a cheery drunk," she commented, brushing back a bang and poking a finger to one of my biceps.

"I like your place," I said. "Awesome decoration, and great music, too."

"Glad you like it," Geraldine said somewhat quietly. She really appeared pleased.

"The girls are going crazy," I added. "Trina is praying it's not multiples."

We both chuckled at the younger girls' expense.

"You know, I had twins once."

"Really!?"

My eyes were wide open. I couldn't imagine her small frame carrying multiples.

"Yeah, no biggie. It wasn't a problem, really."

"You're probably a pro," I said. "Just like Jill."

"Oh, thanks," she smiled. "Jill is a very strong woman."

"You seem to be, too."

"Thanks. I think that's why Professor Lockhart wanted me to study at Large Babies and Multiples. She's so sadistic: we think she tries to bring in the strong girls or the really sexy ones so she can watch them give birth."

"Professor Lockhart, huh?"

"Yeah, she's a character. She targeted Jill and I. She said, 'Strong girls like you should be going after bigger challenges.' She literally used the word bigger."

"So you went along with it?"

"Yeah, everyone tried to convince me. They all want to be present at the birth to see me really struggle."

"Wow."

"You know, I heard Anna's was pretty impressive. They said she got the baby out without much fuss."

"Nine-and-a-half pounds," I stated, whistling.

"Yeah." Geraldine paused. "You want to come see my room? I can play you some really great tracks."

She said it a little nervously, without her characteristic grace. I was mesmerized.

"Yeah, let's do it," I responded.

She led me to her room. There was a bed on the floor by the door with a desk to the right and a window out onto the courtyard. We sat on her bed as she brought up her MP3 player and put an earphone in one of my ears.

"What do you think of this?"

She played some alternative rock that was really cool. We exchanged glances and I marveled at how fun should could be one-on-one.

"It's great."

We listened to the song a little longer, and then she changed it for another. This was a woman singer, asking her lover why he didn't come home to warm her up by the fire.

"Wrong season," I said.

Geraldine frowned at me and shivered her shoulders exaggeratedly. I couldn't resist the offer for long, and I wrapped my arms around her gentle shoulders and thickened trunk. She hummed contentedly and turned on a decidedly smoother song. I nudged my nose against her cheek and smelled the wonderful scent emanating from her body and hair. She nudged me back and maneuvered toward my lips, but I kept away, unwilling to relieve the anticipation. With our mouths just inches apart, I grasped her large, firm belly and heard her sigh. Then it was a breast, and now she was feeling up my shoulders and back. Finally, we kissed.

Geraldine moaned into my mouth as our mouths finally became one. I removed our earphones and lowered us down to the bed. She removed my shirt before I knew it, and I obliged to slowly peel off her nightgown. Our lips separated momentarily.

"You've been longing to do that all night," she said in a low growl.

"Come here."

I kissed her and pulled her as close as her belly would allow. I ran a hand over her side and over her hips and heard her sigh loudly.

Then I explored her sex for the first time. I reached my hand lower and felt her body tense up, aware of its vulnerability. My hand touched the front of her panties and immediately felt the welcome of warm, damp material. I began to rub my fingers back and forth, and listened to the chorus of the beauty's exhales increase its tempo.

"Oh, Roger," Geraldine moaned in a throaty voice.

I moved Geraldine onto her back and straddled over her diagonally so that one hand was between her legs, and I kissed her again. Her tongue explored my mouth and I reciprocated happily. Her hips bucked slightly against my hand.

Soon, I lowered my kisses down her face and neck. As I kissed her neck and pleased her sex, the exhales became low moans, not quite restrained but released from the depths of a being that was extraordinarily well contained.

Now I took my bounty, unable to withhold my desire any longer. I tugged at her bra and she removed it deftly, reaching behind her and arching her back in a way I hadn't thought possible. She fell back on the bed with her arms limp at her side, her chest mine for the taking. I gathered the orbs into my hands and kissed them, intentionally missing the nipples. The moaning got louder.

I circled a nipple with kisses, hearing the moans become more desperate as my lips got closer. Then I attacked one, my lips wrapping around it and nibbling it just enough to cause my companion to cry out loud. Now my tongue was upon it, seeking to redress the burn with the cool wetness of my saliva. I repeated the process on the other nipple, eliciting the same cry with the same biting.

The way Geraldine was bucking against my hand, I knew she would be wanting more. I got a little lower and kissed and rubbed her huge belly. As my hand continued, so too did her moans. What a belly it was. I pulled myself away from it finally and got to my task. I removed her panties swiftly and attempted to take her.

"Wait," Geraldine said, preventing me from going any further.

She threw me back onto the back and did her best to keep me down with both her hands on my shoulders. Leaning onto me, she undid my belt and fly and began tearing off my pants and boxers. My hard penis shot up from my body.

"Hmmm, what do we do with this?"

Geraldine stroked my rod with one of her small hands while sweeping another over my abs. She really knew how to use her hands, and I thought I would blow at any minute. I began to exhale loudly and my cock throbbed against her hand. Apparently seeing how close I was to climax, Geraldine slowed her ministrations. She kept me near the edge and I began to moan with the pleasure of her touch.

Then she took me into her mouth and I tilted my head back in ecstasy. When I looked up, there were her fierce brown eyes staring back at me, my cock covered by her thin lips. She was good at this, and just when I thought I might lace the back of her throat with my juices she would pull back and lick up and down all my eight inches. She kissed the head of my cock and licked its slit, sending waves of pleasure up and down my spine.

When she took my whole cock into her mouth again, she did so with such a determined look that I knew she wouldn't relent until my warm concoction was in her mouth. There was nothing I could do but look back at her as her warm mouth and tender lips caressed my manhood. I climaxed.

When I remembered where I was, Geraldine was smiling at me. I took her in my arms and this time knew I would not be deterred. She sighed as I laid her down by me, her back to my chest. Now I could feel her breasts or belly easily, and I did so, but that was not my main purpose. I opened her legs with mine and maneuvered so that my weapon was right at the doors to her womanhood. She exhaled loudly as I entered her warm, moist loins. I gently inserted some of my length and pushed it in and out of her. She moaned and my exhalation got louder. I was amazed by how swollen and tight she was, and I rubbed her belly with one of my hands.

"More, Roger."

I inserted more of my length into her and heard her moans get louder. She loosened up and I attempted to insert all of me into her. Now she moaned still louder as she bottomed out. My mouth kissed her neck from behind and breathed warm husky air over her spine.

I was nearly at my limit, but I clinged to sanity as I realized Geraldine was not quite there. Somehow I held on and continued thrusting in and out of Geraldine in spite of the mounting pleasure. Now Geraldine was finally reaching orgasm and so my body finally let go. Together, we lost ourselves: Geraldine's body shook and fought as my cock continued thrusting in and out of it, spewing its sticky essence.

Chapter 5: Friends

We awoke in much the same position: Geraldine curled up in my arms, my groin close to her rear, our legs entangled. She snickered a bit when she retained enough consciousness to realize we had fallen asleep in the midst of our liason, and she started grinding her amazing ass against my crotch, letting me know we should continue where we left off— now in the company of the sun's rays gliding through the window from the courtyard.

"Please, Roger," whispered Geraldine, pulling my hand towards her clit as I used my other hand to guide myself back into her. In the morning light, her eyes glowed a light hazel, opened wide, biting her ruby red lips as I made my morning appetite known inside her tight, warm passage. She let out a cry as I began bucking harder, my hips ramming into her plump rear end, her arms grasping a

pillow to her chest as she withstood my lust. Her cries grew louder and more frequent as I tossed away the pillow, a hand venturing to probe her swollen tits as my other hand continued its work between her legs.

"Can I make you breakfast?" Geraldine asked, as I pulled on my jeans. She was in a kelly green nightgown now, and as it hugged her curves I thought I might need a second course.

"Sure," I replied. We sat and ate eggs and tomatoes for a while, Geraldine telling me about how it felt to be in her last year at the college, so heavily pregnant with one of Professor Lockhart's creations.

"You get used to it eventually," she said, taking a piece of red, ripe tomato into her mouth. "I feel like I'll be a better obstetrician, having experienced it myself so many times. Plus, I think I'll miss sharing myself so intimately with another human being."

Her eyes met mine as she said it, the last phrase so full of double entendre I didn't need to read the furtive look on her face to understand her intention. I was leaving now, she knew. I wouldn't stay for more breakfast and green tea, or more of her hazy moans and sharply scratching fingernails, more forays into that warm, moist place between her smooth silken legs.

"Say hi to Jill for me, won't you?"

As I walked back to the dormitory and Crowning House, the wind playing with my shirttails, I spied a squad of girls walking into the dining hall. There was Lucy: brunette locks shining in a bun, black stockings and blue skirt generating fantasies in my imagination, a grey v-neck pullover accentuating her tender bosom. She shot me a skittish glance, tossing with it unease and doubt. I hadn't walked home with the other girls; I had been lost in the crowd of older girls and exclusive birth ceremonies.

I stopped at my room quickly, undressed, and made a trip to the men's shower. Once I finished, leftover mist clinging to my hair like dew to the grass at dawn, I made my way to Jill's room. She greeted me at the door, unsurprised, as though she had expected me.

"Have a good time with Geraldine last night? The sisters were telling me you two really hit it off."

"Sure, she's cool."

"I bet she had a good time, too," Jill added, winking at me.

She turned and sat on her bed, and I noticed the way she crossed her legs above her knees, leading me on. I sat down next to her and peered at her, taking in the sight of her soft curves in just a tee and gym shorts, my eyes wandering to the sight of the pearly skin of her thighs as she pretended to look away.

"You know, you're pretty good with your hands," she said, now turning to look at me with her deep blue eyes.

Now a hand was sliding up from her lower thigh towards her hips, my face drawing closer to hers. She pulled me closer and brought her lips to mine, a warm tongue flicking at mine. I swept her legs up onto the bed, and mine, now on top of her with one hand gripping a thigh, then her butt, and another diving under her shirt to explore the soft skin of her belly and reach for the firm bumps of her chest. Her hands meanwhile found their way into my shirt, passing over my abs, chest, and back, beginning their scratching at my hard skin as I teased those soft breasts. I removed her shirt and then mine, and before I could get off her bra she was already attacking my belt. I helped, unbuttoning my jeans, and before I knew it they were off, adrenaline and testosterone causing me to lift her off the bed and drag off those hot, mesh shorts that had so distracted me since coming in. There Jill laid before me, in pink lace bra and panties, eyes closed, prepared for the expressions of my heady lust. My lips descended upon her neck, teeth sinking into flesh, emitting moans not unlike those I had heard the night before but laced with a kind of intoxicating energy that rushed into my ears and lungs like alcohol pouring into an open wound, an open mouth, an eyeball.

I fumbled with the catch on her bra quickly, freeing it and not waiting for it to fall off her body before plunging my lips onto the flesh of her awaiting bosom. Jill tossed away the bra as my frantic kissing continued, one hand on my back and another reaching into my boxers. As she took my cock into her hand, I circled a nipple slowly with my lips until, finally, as I stiffened and twitched, I

lapped at the nipple with my tongue. As Jill's breathing reached a fever pitch, I kissed her nipple playfully, then nibbled it violently, eliciting a shriek and a slap against my ear.

My hands cupping Jill's breasts forcefully, I kissed her elegant abdomen, sucking in the fragrance of her smooth skin. I continued further south, stripping off her panties, and approaching her vulnerable sex with my tongue. As my hands continued their interrogation of her chest, my tongue dove into Jill's loins, exploring her lips and attacking her clit.

"Oh, yes!" Jill cried, careless of our neighbors as her insides turned inside out.

My lapping at her sex gained intensity until my tongue was rubbing her clit furiously, seeking the key to lock away Jill's innocence forever. Jill called my name again and again, until I relished the knowledge that soon everyone would know of my dedication to her. Then her sounds became unintelligible, emitting in a language only we could understand the names of our future children, foretelling their virtues and vices so that I might know which I should throw back to the gods.

Once she had returned to the domain of mortals, Jill ripped off my boxers and straddled my body, quickly lowering herself onto my engorged penis. As she bounced up and down on my cock, I rubbed Jill's nipples with my hands, my groin pulsing with the tempo of my heartbeat. Soon I couldn't hold myself back any longer, grabbing onto Jill, turning her over onto her back while my penis remained wedged deep inside her vagina, now pulsating in and out of her while my hands clutched her firm ass cheeks. Jill gasped as my rod pumped, her legs spread wide open, permitting me to go as deep as I liked.

"Do you feel that... you're so deep."

Indeed I did feel it, with each beat my head hitting the end of her birth canal, increasing my intensity so that I could more acutely ascertain the geometry of my partner's cervix. I could feel Jill's muscles tensing up as her cries became more desperate and her muscles tightened around my shaft. As she reached climax, my machinations continued, until her cries of pleasure became whimpers of exhaustion.

I pulled Jill to the edge of the bed and she bent over it, her cute ass curved out to tempt me. I squeezed its fat flesh, probing it this way and that, before splitting it so as to find purchase again. I slipped inside again and Jill squealed, my thrusting beginning anew, the sound of my hips smacking her rear added to the cacophony of our moans and cries.

"Mmmph... Please... not so deep..."

Once begun, my fury would not stop, my cock hammering in and out of Jill, once again bottoming out with each thrust. She grunted with each buck of my hips now, as I rubbed her insides sore in spite of her pleas. Nonetheless her hips came to meet me each time, and as my hammering at her insides continued her cries— potent blends of ecstasy and angst— became louder. I gripped her hips forcefully, enjoying their impressive width and the feeling of her sweaty skin. As our union dragged on at length, I felt myself getting closer. When Jill bent over further, pressing her head against the mattress, her butt high in the air above her, I knew I would not last. She was closing in, too, and as she yelped for more I lost it. With a final violent thrust, I pressed deep into Jill, spewing my load into her in long spurts of my undulating cock.

I fell onto the bed next to Jill and put an arm around her. She sighed.

"Just what I needed."

Chapter 6: Geraldine Gives Birth

I didn't know what to say or think at that point: in less than twenty-four hours, I had hit a few home runs. Classes hadn't even started yet. Suffice it to say; I thought I had it made in the shade. What could I make of Jill and Geraldine? I couldn't stop thinking about Geraldine, even with all of the other freshman girls around. Her beautiful black hair, the sardonic smile, the dignity and composure. I intended to see her again that night— that was for sure. Jill meanwhile was the greatest friend. I felt like I was on top of the world with them as friends.

I ventured to Lucy and Trina's room to see how they were making out. There was that distance again: I dearly hoped we would be able to remain friends as things settled down and classes

started. There they were playing cards in their room, Lucy smiling naughtily as though she might get caught at any moment.

"Oh, Raj, you're here just in time," she giggled. "I'm about to whoop her ass!"

"Oh, we'll see about that!" reposted Trina.

"Ah, I know nothing about cards," I said lamely. "How are you girls doing?"

"Not bad, Raj," replied Trina. "How did it go with Geraldine last night?"

Trina waved a finger at me and winked. I was speechless, completely off guard.

"Uh, Trina, he can do whatever he likes. It's his business," said Lucy snappily.

Lucy's smile disappeared and I felt my stomach turn over. Momentarily, I wondered if I really had it so great after all. Lucy meant something to me.

"Lucy, I hope you know that I really value your friendship," I said, hoping it might cheer her up.

"And you, too, Trina."

"I'm glad. I really like you, too, Raj," replied Lucy, trying to smile but clearly upset nonetheless.

"Ah, Raj, I value you, too. I'll know who to go to next semester after I've dropped this one," said Trina, pointing at her belly and making a nasty face at me.

Life could have been simpler, I decided.

That evening I met Geraldine, Jill, and a friend of theirs— named Max— for dinner at a local watering hole. Geraldine looked beautiful in an artsy dress "that successfully covered her belly without looking like a bag or making her look like a slut." (Her own words.) When I met the three of them, she approached me and planted a kiss on my lips, as matter of factly as if we had been an established item. I was stunned and flattered, as you might expect, and thought happily that my hope that I would be invited to her birth ceremony was looking like it would be satisfied.

We strolled to the place, a venerable campus hangout that served traditional American fare with an organic, sophisticated twist. There were quite a few people there, but Jill and Geraldine had no problem getting us a nice table on the second floor through one of their friends who worked there.

"So how are you liking TCMB, Roger?" asked Max, looking slightly amused at me as I sat close next to Geraldine.

"I think it's pretty great, Max. Not much I would change."

Max laughed. "I can imagine. Let me know if you need any advice or anything like that. It's easy to get lonely here."

I raised my eyebrows and grinned. "Lonely?"

The guy laughed. "Yes, lonely. You know what they say: keep your girls close, and your bros closer. By the way, you should know about Omicron Chi."

"Omicron Chi?"

"Omicron Chi is my fraternity. One of the best decisions I made at this school. These guys are my best friends, closest advisors— you name it. We're having a rushing event tomorrow night. You should stop by."

"You really should, Raj!" said Jill.

"Raj?" asked Max, chuckling. "Is that your nickname, Roger? Raj?"

I blushed and Max continued laughing. Geraldine smiled at me.

"You're blushing, Roger."

"Yeah, put it in the school paper," I retorted.

As we continued talking, I came to understand that the three upperclassmen were good friends. I wondered if Trina, Lucy, and I might one day be the same. After we finished dinner, we retreated to Geraldine's place, where I learned Jill and Max were planning to sleep over— a midnight vigil for Geraldine, who they had decided would probably birth that night.

"Geraldine is such a strong woman," Max told me. "You're in for a treat!"

"Oh, Max!" exclaimed Geraldine.

"Now who's blushing?" I asked, taking my revenge. Geraldine shot out her hands and tickled me in spite of herself. I just laughed, unable to conceive fighting back against my hugely pregnant lover.

"You jerk!" she cried, grinning.

"I see how you like it."

"Touché," chimed in Jill.

We sat on the couches and beanbag chairs in the sunroom at Geraldine's place, a small alcove looking out onto the courtyard. Max prepared a hookah, which we smoked at length, while discussing school politics and exchanging life stories. Jill massaged Geraldine's back meanwhile, which proved to be, shall we say, a load off the eyes.

"We got a good life, don't we?" piped Max, blowing rings of smoke into the humid summer air.

"I can't argue with that."

"This should be a good show," he added quietly, though Geraldine surely could hear. "Speaking for myself, it should be quite enlightening."

"That's one way to put it. I was at Jill's and it was pretty incredible."

"They told me about it. Sounded like a piece of cake to me. Jill's got it in her. But this! This is downright juicy. I hope it won't be too hard on her, though, in the end."

"Same," I said, truly concerned and a little nervous. I didn't need to have it explained to me: Geraldine was actually huge, and I understood what "Laboratory for Large Babies and Multiples" implied.

It started around ten-thirty. Geraldine began having contractions and we sat around playing board games, trying to take our minds off things. At one point, we really had a good time, Max and Geraldine teasing Jill and I about that afternoon's "wrestling match."

"Word got out you two were having a fight in Jill's room this afternoon," said Geraldine just after a contraction had subsided, lightening the mood.

Jill and I looked at each other exasperatedly.

"Well, if this guy hadn't taken charge of things... He's like a bull or something."

"Damn, Roger," Max said. "I haven't heard her say that before."

"No comment."

Geraldine went on, "I'm glad you two get along so well, 'Raj.'"

We all laughed. I relished the thought that sooner or later I would cease to be a freshman.

Now Geraldine's contractions were getting more intense, and Jill and I took turns sitting with her on one of the sofas. Geraldine was such a champ; I honestly enjoyed lying tucked there with her, holding her hand. We kissed more than a few times, her brown eyes remaining brightly optimistic in spite of the pain. She had changed into the green nightgown again, and I imagined she was a regal queen bravely facing the inconvenience of the birth of one of her children.

Geraldine's water broke when she was with Jill, and the two changed out of their spoiled clothes in Geraldine's room as Max and I shot the shit in the sunroom. We watched them walk out of the room, Jill in just her underwear and Geraldine wearing only a generous black maternity bra. I thought how surreal we four were, Max and I saying nothing in spite of the beauty and eroticism we bore witness to.

Geraldine was bent over the sofa, moaning through a contraction, when I approached and started kissing her ear. She cooed and smiled, clearly appreciating the welcome distraction from her labor. I couldn't help but check her out as she labored there, her immense hanging belly, her firm butt, her shapely legs, and her feminine bosom. She noticed my looks, and kissed me once, taking my hands to her belly. I caressed the round orb and her breasts, hoping it would soothe her as much as it soothed me.

"Oh, it hurts."

Geraldine and I were sitting on the sofa now, one of her hands on her belly, the other in mine. Her contractions were getting stronger, and Jill said she was already almost fully dilated. I kissed her neck softly, doing whatever I could to ease her through the pain.

"I'm almost there," she told me as she felt her body get closer to birth.

I helped Geraldine to her bed, where we laid together and waited for pushing to begin. Jill checked again.

"Sure enough, you're ready to go."

Geraldine bent over the bed, her feet on the floor, and waited for the coming contraction. Once she felt it, she pushed, hardly making a sound as she helped the baby out of her birth canal. For a

while she pushed like this, serenely. However, as the baby descended, she began to moan and grimace more pronouncedly.

"Oh, Roger," she called out to me. "Please hold me."

Wearing only boxers by now, I bent over next to Geraldine and wrapped my arms around her as gently as I could under the circumstances, hoping to soothe her through her ordeal. She emitted a low moan as she pushed again. By now accustomed to the sights and sounds of my friend's birth, I checked her and saw the slightest sign of a head peaking out of her, only to return when her pushing ceased.

"Dammit!" she cursed beneath her breath.

"There, there," I said, patting the side of her belly gingerly.

She pushed again, letting out a grunt as her effort heightened. She grunted again with the next one, her face turning red and her hands clasping the bed sheets tightly. I continued to offer my support, amazed at how composed she was even in the throes of labor.

"Oh, Roger!" she cried out at the end of a push, catching her breath.

"I know. You're doing great, Geraldine."

Jill and Max were watching now as Geraldine got closer to the birth of her child. She pushed again, her hands pushing against the bed, head down, belly hanging beneath her. The baby's head was now visible between her lips, and she grunted hard trying to force it further out of her. Clearly, it was a bitter task, and Geraldine gasped at the end of one push, clearly growing weary. I stroked her back, hoping it would help, but again she was straining to deliver the child.

"O-o-oh! Oh, it hurts!"

The head was on its way out, but it was clearly quite large and Geraldine was clearly having a tough time getting it out. She was panting between contractions, sweat rolling down her brow, back, and behind. My attempts to soothe her continued, and she continued to tolerate the pain without getting frantic. She was grunting quite loudly now, swaying her hips a little with the pain of the large head emerging from her.

"It's really big. Oh, it's not easy getting this thing out!"

"We know, but you're doing amazing, Geraldine!" Jill gushed.

Geraldine grunted again as she pushed, the baby making progress until the entire head was crowning.

"Oh God, it's big!" cried out Geraldine, the entire width of the head now stretching her opening. I continued to rub her back and encourage her as Geraldine pushed again. She grunted hard and struggled to get the head moving again. Then she was pushing again, fighting fatigue and pain to finish what she had started. Soon we could see the baby's eyes and nose, but the hardest part wasn't over yet. Geraldine cried out as the big head finally emerged and hung from her.

"Wow, that's big," said Jill, matter of factly.

"You're doing great, Geraldine," added Max.

I, too, was amazed at the size of the head hanging from Geraldine. She pushed again, groaning loudly as the shoulders resisted her efforts. We encouraged her, however, and she grunted through another hard push at the shoulders. With one last push, Geraldine let out a loud groan as the large child finally emerged from her and into Jill's waiting arms.

"You did it, Geraldine! You did so well!" I cried, holding Geraldine and kissing her lips. She was clearly exhausted from the birth, but she smiled back at me. Her cheeks were flushed and some of her hair clung to her sweaty brow, but I thought she looked as elegant as ever.

"You're a champ," I told her.

"Thanks, I'm glad you were here for me."

The baby, Professor Lockhart was glad to hear, was nine pounds at birth.

Chapter 7: Lana

The days went on like this, orientation ending and classes beginning. I got my first taste of the discipline of TCMB: classes were quite serious, although my attitude was anything but. Yet I

couldn't help but get the impression that many of my professors weren't concerned about my inattention to detail. Let's just say they seemed to appreciate my genuine "taste for the subject." One day Trina, Lucy, and I walked together to our first Intro to Midwifery class. Intro Midwifery was required for all freshmen at TCMB, and it was a relatively small seminar class: just twenty or fewer freshmen led by a graduate student and a senior TA. When we got to the classroom, I was stunned to find an impressively buxom, heavily pregnant thirty-something awaiting us at the front of the class. So that's what a post-doc looks like, I thought.

"Alright, settle down everyone," said the instructor, who reminded me immediately of Anna with her incredible curves juxtaposed by a strict temperament. "This is Intro Midwifery. My name is Lana and I'll be your section leader this semester."

Lana looked us over once or twice to size up the class, and I noticed how she looked at me suspiciously more than once. I was already getting a rise, and let's just say I did my fair share of looking her over. Trina pinched my knee, made one of her nasty faces, and then gave me a quick thumbs-up and a wink. There was nothing quite like being stuck in a classroom with a gaggle of girls your age—with little choice but to drool over this ridiculously pregnant instructor from who-knows-where in the bowels of the school's Department of Midwifery—a huge boner raging under the desk for everyone to see.

"Our goal this semester will be for you to get as much practical training in the art of delivering babies so that when you finally start popping at the end of the semester you will be prepared to deliver each other's babies, or even deliver on your own, if necessary," Lana went on. "The practical aspect of this course, like all courses offered by the Department of Midwifery, is essential. You must leave this course prepared to deliver babies if and when your services are necessary. Understand that we are not all midwives or obstetricians here at TCMB, and I do not expect you to leave my course an expert midwife. Far from it. Here you will learn the basics so that you will be able to survive the next four years here. By and large, I hope you will ensure to have a well-trained friend attend all of your births. However, we can not plan or time these things, and often enough it happens that girls with no training other than this course, and very little experience giving birth, end up having unassisted births on campus. Therefore, I must hold you to the highest standards."

I might have heard half of what Lana was saying. Jill and Geraldine were sexy for sure, but an older woman like this—so heavy with child and apparently well-equipped to deliver and provide for it—was another thing entirely. She smiled at me with a motherly sort of smile more than once. I wondered if I would be able to walk out of the room when she finished speaking; already I was tapping my feet and fidgeting with my hands excitedly.

"Emma will be assisting me in training you this semester."

We all looked at the older girl. She seemed unassuming enough; she didn't give off any of the air of control or expertise that Lana or Anna did. She didn't appear pregnant at that instant, but, of course, she was—just like all of the women in that room. Everyone, in fact, except me.

Next, Lana removed her sundress entirely, revealing her bounteous body to us without the slightest embarrassment. I can't imagine the look on my face when she did it, but, judging by the faces of the girls around me, I wasn't the only one who was shocked. Apparently, she wanted to demonstrate to us the primary positions for pushing, which she felt she could not do effectively with her dress constraining her and blocking our view. Trina stepped on my foot intentionally and nudged me with her elbow as Lana dropped into a squat in front of us, her belly surging outward around her broad thighs and thick crotch, the large breasts lying on top of it only making her look more like a fertility goddess statuette.

"Look at her," whispered Trina. "She looks like she could push a bowling ball through that..." Indeed.

Lana got up again and rubbed one of her breasts absentmindedly, shooting me another look. I desperately wanted the class to be over, and to do whatever I could to get closer to her. Horny doesn't come close to describing the way this ridiculous show was making me feel.

Now Lana was on her hands and knees, encouraging us to stand so that we could see her. I was too self-conscious and bewildered to receive any of what she was trying to tell us. Instead, I just stared at her mountain of a behind and the way her belly and breasts hung below her.

"Gee, she's gotta have a strong back," Lucy commented.

"I take it back. I'm pretty sure in that position she could have a cow," added Trina.

By now I could almost feel myself undressing, imagining how I would mount our instructor even in the presence of my peers. Lucy looked at me as though I were having a bad hair day or an unfortunate case of acne, and I was quite sure that someone somewhere on this campus was going to pay very soon for my embarrassment and arousal.

As Lana dismissed us, I approached her, my knees shaking in spite of myself due to her continued nakedness.

"I-I-I was w-w-wondering," I began, looking up and down from her frizzy red hair and jade green eyes, to her plump breasts, to her belly and the deep v her panties made starting from her lower belly to the place between her legs. "Would you mind explaining to me in a little more detail the advantages and disadvantages of giving birth on hands and knees?"

She listened to me intently, acting as though I weren't clearly on the verge of humping her leg like an excited dog, and smiled.

"I'm glad you're taking such a quick interest in our subject," she replied. "Sure, I would be happy to explain further. We need to vacate this room, though, for the next class. We can talk in my lab downstairs, however."

At this point my palms were sweating profusely and I was praying she would carry me downstairs if I couldn't balance my jittery knees enough to walk. Somehow we escaped to her lab; luckily I didn't yet have enough of a reputation for my absurd lack of composure to be of any note to the other girls we passed on our way out.

Lana's lab was something like a doctor's examining room combined with a professor's office. To one side, she had a desk with a computer, while on the other there was a metal table I could only imagine she used to help women deliver.

"Don't they get cold on the metal?" I asked, still totally out of my senses.

Lana was already removing her dress again. She approached me unembarrassed, her huge breasts and overstuffed belly leaving me completely mesmerized.

"I have blankets I can put underneath so their bottoms don't get too cold," she replied.

Something about the way she said 'their bottoms' made me twitch. Lana smirked slightly, clearly enjoying her power over me.

"Why don't you remove your shirt and pants so we're on more even footing. After all, you've already seen so much of my delicate parts today."

I removed my shirt and jeans without thinking. I don't know why I didn't take her then; something about her kept me rooted in place, waiting for her next command. She approached me and ran a hand over my shoulders, chest, and abs. I shuddered.

"My, my," she continued. "It's nice to see a young man who takes good care of himself. A girl wants to know she'll be well cared for."

Seeing my cock twitch violently at the suggestion that she liked to fuck fit guys, Lana's hand moved to my crotch. While she discovered my manhood, she lifted my own hand to one of her breasts. Now I began exploring her immense orbs: the tits that felt like over-filled water balloons, the soft belly that, under a light layer of fat, was almost rock hard. Finally, the game degenerated: our hands were all over each other, my hands finally discovered her butt, her tongue found mine. She pulled me towards the metal table, where she sat down and pulled me close between her legs. It was her bottom's turn on the cold metal.

I removed her bra and started sucking on her fat nipples, which happily emitted thick milk into my mouth. I was slightly startled and more than a little aroused, but I drank away and continued my exploration of her breasts, which were soon sticky with a mixture of milk and saliva. Meanwhile she continued rubbing on my penis.

"I want it inside of me."

That was all I needed to here. I pulled off her panties and my own boxers quickly. Her leg's spread wide before me, I was met by the sight of Lana's vagina, completely shaved and fat and swollen from her pregnancy. I quickly plunged inside, grabbing onto Lana's breasts again, but was met by considerable resistance.

"Mmmph!... Wait a second," Lana pleaded in pain, shifting a bit so that she was in a better position to receive me.

I tried again, forcing myself inside of Lana, this time getting considerably further although still being met by the resistance of her amazingly tight birth canal.

"Oh, God, you're amazing!" I moaned.

Lana only gasped in response as her whole body shook with the rhythm of my thrusting. Her belly and breasts bounced in my hands as I thrust in and out of her tight pussy, already feeling as though I would blow at any minute. Lana was crying out now like a banshee and I literally felt as though I might die of a heart attack at any minute. As my cock started to convulse in climax, I lifted Lana's legs, squeezing her ass as I literally forced her bottom up and down to the beat of my own thrusts.

"Done already?"

Lana was still panting from the vigorous fucking I had just given her, but she teased me nonetheless for my inability to contain my excitement. As she sat there on the table, legs still wide open, breasts leaking milk, I knew I was far from done.

"So about my question..."

Lana immediately got on her hands and knees obediently, turning to look back at me from behind her thick rear end.

Lana cried out loud as my hips bucked against her ass, my penis driving even further into her vagina in this position than it had before. My hands rested on Lana's chiseled back and fatty hips as round two started, her sweaty ginger hair thrown over her head as she supported herself on her hands and knees, looking down at the metal slab as my cock drove in and out of her. I reached around to feel up the enormous mounds of flesh that hung underneath her, her nipples dripping fresh milk onto my fingertips as I squeezed her breasts and her hard belly reluctantly swinging back and forth due to the shockwaves that emanated from my crashing into her rear.

"Ungh!" she groaned as I suddenly thrust hard into her and kept myself hilted deep in her birth canal. "Oh...! You're such a beast...! Mmmph! God!"

I couldn't tell if her cries were from pleasure, pain, or a mixture of both, but she was clearly enjoying herself—that much I knew. I certainly couldn't complain. As I felt my stamina waning, my thrusting slowed, but by the increased vigor of Lana's hips bucking against mine I could see that she was more than willing to pick up where I left off. I stood there, continuing to thrust slightly as Lana now took control, thrusting her rear end this way and that, forcing herself up and down on my cock. As her cries of pure animal lust continued, my own moans became louder. Coming close to orgasm so soon after the last, my penis twitched and ached against the pressure of her tight birth canal. Finally, it started to erupt, convulsing exaggeratedly for what seemed like an eternity until the pleasure of Lana's tight birth canal squeezing against my manhood and the sight of the massive bottom bumping up and down was supplemented by a round of her own desperate cries. Throwing her head back and begging for more, Lana reached orgasm, the sights and sounds finally causing my own body to fly over the edge, my penis now twitching furiously, shooting another long, hot salvo of my seed into her.

"Mmm... Oh...! That... was good," said Lana.

She stayed on the table, however, now resting on her elbows with her face against the cold metal. She let out another moan, but this one was longer and lower than the last, and I wondered if I had somehow managed to hurt her in my excitement.

"Are you OK?"

"M-m-m-m-ph..." she whined. "Roger... It's time. I'm giving birth."

I was a little shocked but also immediately aroused. My cock ached terribly now, pleading with me to stop lusting so powerfully for this miraculous woman. I looked at Lana, her sweaty butt pointed up at me, her birth canal clearly visible between her legs.

"Wow," I said. "Is there anything I can do?"

"Just stay with me," she said. "I can do this... Please, just stay with me."

I was happy to do so, as the still increasing aching in my crotch attested. Lana got off the table and got into a squat on the floor, now leaning against the metal for support. Squatting again like she had earlier in class, but now completely nude, I couldn't help but stare at her massive belly, thighs, breasts, and her swollen vagina. As she held onto the metal table, I began massaging the tight muscles of her shoulders, neck, and back, while she moaned from birth pangs.

"O-oh-ung!" she moaned quietly as her bag of water ruptured and poured out of her onto the floor. "Well, there's that," I remarked.

"Oh, God... this one hurts," she complained.

She grabbed one of my hands and laid it on one of her breasts, again indicating her heavy front end wanted attention. I was happy to oblige, massaging the large mammarys that by now gladly gave up fluid with the slightest pressure from my hands. Lana meanwhile whined in discomfort as yet more bodily fluid dripped onto her drenched chest and belly, her insides meanwhile suffering from an entirely different discomfort than the one I had subjected them to. She let out a groan and bore down, apparently already starting to push.

"M-m-m-mmmm!" she moaned, her belly swelling outward as her muscles strained to expel her offspring.

"Wow, you're doing great," I said, amazed by how much her belly expanded when she pushed. This was how an experienced mother and midwife gave birth, I thought.

"This is really hot," I whispered in Lana's ear, simultaneously tweaking her sensitive nipples, eliciting a quiet, knowing whine of pain and amusement from the seductive dominatrix.

"You're enjoying this," she remarked.

"Of course."

"U-u-u-ung! Oh!" Lana groaned genuinely as she pushed through a contraction, though I wondered if she was pushing so intensely and being such a trooper for my own enjoyment.

"That's it. Just a few more."

She moaned in response to my words, as if to say, 'Easy for you to say.' Her belly protruded outward again as she gave a long, hard push, the baby's head appearing between her legs. The next contraction came soon afterward, and she pushed immediately, ejecting yet more of the baby's head. Geraldine and Jill had seemed impressive, but this show of pure maternal strength and endurance was something else.

"Heh-heh-heh," breathed Lana after the contraction ended, replenishing her oxygen supply wisely in preparation for another strong push.

She squealed as a particularly painful contraction wracked her womb, recovering and bearing down to give it her best shot. The pain clearly had taken her off guard, but she managed to give a good push anyway, the rest of the baby's head popping out of her.

"Here we go," I said, "Not much left now."

Lana groaned again as another contraction followed so quickly after the last. She refused to rest, pushing through this one as well, though the baby's shoulders weren't coming without a fight.

"Oh!" she cried, "M-m-m-m-mmmph!"

Still the shoulders didn't budge. I rubbed her belly gently, but before I knew it she was pushing again, the belly bulging and literally rising beneath my hand. I watched her, amazed that she could maintain this deep squat for so long, let alone push with such endurance.

"You're amazing, Lana."

She whined in pain with the next contraction then groaned loudly as she pushed with all her might. Slowly, the baby was pushed further into the world until, finally, its shoulders were free. Before I had any time to react, Lana released her grip on the table, reached down between her legs while supporting herself in the squat with her legs alone, and caught the baby from between her legs. I was stunned by this show of maternal instinct and selflessness.

"Take him," she said.

I grabbed the baby and found a towel to wrap him up in, a little embarrassed I hadn't reacted and caught the baby myself. He wasn't as big as Geraldine's last, as far as I could tell, but he seemed fairly big nonetheless. I was beginning to wonder if all newborns were so big. Then I noticed Lana

was still squatting next to the table, breathing heavily and apparently preparing for another contraction.

"Lana?"

"There's another one," she said, unsurprised.

Another one? I hadn't realized she was pregnant with twins. I sat beside her again, patting her back as she pushed with yet another contraction. This was too much, I thought. Weren't newborn twins supposed to be small?

"Uh-uh-ung!" Lana grunted, holding her knees as she pushed hard, still squatting on the floor. I couldn't believe how strong her groin and leg muscles were, and felt my cock aching at the thought.

"God, Lana, I can't believe this," the thought escaped my mouth.

"What?" she managed, panting between contractions. "Never... heard of twins before?"

Lana grunted again, her face red now from her exertion, another head appearing between her legs. Her belly was much deflated compared to its earlier state, but it was still quite large. I might have known that huge belly had contained twins!

"O-o-o-oh!" Lana moaned as the baby's head parted her lips. This one seemed just as large as the last.

Lana grunted loudly as she pushed furiously, appearing to want this baby out quickly. Now the head was crowning, and I found myself wondering how this woman was able to birth so much more quickly than my younger friends. Before I knew it, another loud string of grunts had produced the entire head.

"O-o-o-uh-uh-un-un-UNGH!" cried Lana, ejecting the baby's body from her body like a cannonball. I caught the baby this time; prudently, since Lana appeared to be far too caught up in doing anything she could to end the ordeal to remember to provide it with a careful exit. This baby is just as big as the last!, I thought.

"This baby seems awful big, no?"

Too tired to heed my naïve fascination, Lana just sat there on the floor of her office, her legs wide open in front of her. I sat beside her and caressed her, kissing her and doing anything I could to bring her back to the world of us sane people who weren't presently giving birth. I wondered at that thought: not presently giving birth, but we all would be sooner or later. Well, they all would be. The babies, it turned out, were eight-and-a-quarter and eight-and-a-half pounds each—the second one the larger of the two. I was stunned—until I found out that Lana had recently decided to collaborate with Professor Lockhart. Would I ever meet this professor?

I was a bit disappointed when I realized that neither Geraldine nor Lana requested my services when they were prepared to conceive again. Oh, well, I thought. I was only a freshman. Maybe I should just be glad Jill had given me that honor.

Things were a bit different now that classes were in session. Geraldine and I saw each other a lot less; I got the sense that now that her senior friends were back on campus I was just a curiosity from the summer. I still was friendly with her, Jill, and Max, though. In fact, I was rushing Omicron Chi quite seriously. However, now that I was stuck in the day to day of classes and labs I found myself with Lucy, Trina, and other, newfound freshman classmates a lot more.

Lana, for her part, continued 'tutoring' me rigorously. I wasn't sure if I even wanted it anymore, but somehow I just couldn't say no. Who was I kidding? Of course, I loved our sessions, and she clearly did, too. But it wasn't all sex. She shared with me her incredible collection of birth videos, giving me insights into the world of midwifery that would prove to be invaluable. Plus, we both agreed: the videos were hot!

As I sat around the dinner table with the freshman girls from our house, one of them pointed out a guy across the dining hall.

"You see that guy?" she asked. "His name is Tom from Mammary House. Apparently the word just got out he was accepted to do his PhD in midwifery with Professor Lockhart! It turns out she has been using him in her experiments for two years now!"

"That guy, with the long hair?" asked Trina, blushing, her eyes wide open.

"Yeah," replied the other girl. "Do you know him?"

"Oh, no! Does that mean he makes monster babies or something?" replied Trina, ignoring the question.

"My older sister told me he gave one girl a ten pound baby!" stated the girl who had caused the commotion.

"Ten pounds?" I mused.

"Yeah, my sister knew the girl. She was a senior, but she's so petite! I saw her photos on Facebook. She was pushing for ten hours! Ten hours! Can you imagine?"

The girls around me were looking like they were going to be sick or quit school and find another profession.

"Ten hours for a ten pound baby. I guess that's fitting," I said.

"Oh, Raj, it's not funny!" exclaimed Trina.

"Yeah, it's not like you're in our position," Lucy looked at me accusatorially. Somehow there seemed to me to be a growing mountain of unspoken words between the two of us.

"OK, OK, I'm sorry. I didn't bring up the subject anyway. Professor Lockhart is a well-respected scholar in her field. It's not my fault she's sick!"

"Oh, you love it, Raj," said Trina, not making any of her nasty faces but instead clearly annoyed at me this time.

"Trina..."

Trina left dinner then and there, and I couldn't help but notice the small bump beneath her t-shirt as she got up to leave. After dinner, I went to my room to watch one of my favorite TV shows. Then Trina knocked on my door.

"Hey, what's up, Trina?" I asked, accustomed to her hanging out in my room and glad for the company. "I'm watching our favorite."

"Raj, I don't know what to do," she said, looking like she might cry.

"What's the matter, Trina? Is it about our conversation about dinner?"

"Raj, that guy..."

"What about him?"

"Don't you understand?"

"No, I don't. What's going on?"

"That guy..." she began, fidgeting and looking down at her small, but clearly growing, belly. "Raj, that guy is the one who knocked me up!"

Tears were streaming down Trina's face now. She told me how he had been the one to do the deed during her Processing. She had enjoyed it, she revealed to me—apparently big babies weren't the only big thing about him—but now she was terrified.

"How will I be able to do this?" she cried against my shoulder. "I've never given birth before, Raj!"

"Sh-h-h-h, I know," I patted her back and let her cry on my shoulder.

This was freshman year at TCMB.

Chapter 8: Catharsis

Soon enough the leaves were falling from the trees at the College of Maternity & Birthing, my peers and I stashing away summer shorts and skirts in favor of jeans, and new bellies growing into the cusp of the third trimester. In intro maternal health class, we learned that the accelerated pregnancy pioneered at TCMB increased the rate of the earlier stages of pregnancy more than later ones. As a result, girls who had slight bumps one day were waking up with very pregnant bellies the next. It didn't happen in unison, of course, so I was left watching as, one by one, the girls I knew were transforming. At TCMB, this rapid growth spurt was referred to simply as "flowering."

It was during this flurry of feminine energy that I gained the courage to try something I hadn't up to then: I wandered into Crowning House's communal shower. Technically, the communal showers were for the girls, while the private showers were for the male minority. However, in practice, the

relationship between men and women was so, well, intimate that the rules were constantly violated on both sides.

I hadn't wandered into that shower yet, though. Sure, I had fucked Jill, Geraldine, and Lana — I even impregnated Jill — but I was only the swaggering stud of Crowning House on paper. The girls gave me wild looks and sly smiles, of course. Even on paper my job was to get them pregnant. But I hadn't grown into my role. That evening I took a major step forward.

I peeled into the hallway with just a towel wrapped low around my waist, my heartbeat slowly increasing its rhythm as I paced the corridors toward what could only be described as "their territory." Would they accept me? Anna hadn't turned to me for impregnation. Would she stand for my intruding on her turf?

I would have to find out, I thought, as I opened the door to the shower room. Only two girls were there — two sophomores with large, ripening bellies that showered their pregnant bodies beneath two adjacent shower heads along one of the walls. After hanging my towel on one of the hooks near the door, I walked onto the wet ceramic tiles and approached a showerhead on the opposite wall. As the water began pouring onto my head, I looked towards the girls, who nodded back at me warily. I closed my eyes again, embarrassed.

A few minutes went by, and, while I did manage to scrub my body, I couldn't help but steal glances at the naked girls, who, as far as I could tell, couldn't help but notice my throbbing erection either. Before I knew it, the water coming out of the faucet was ice cold and all I could think about was those burgeoning bellies, the swollen tits, and the shining skin — all I could feel was that burning between my legs.

Then the door to the room opened and Anna appeared. Of course, it was her. She wore a pink silk nightgown that complemented her blonde hair but didn't do much to conceal her expanding bust or full belly. She already looked near enough to full term to my eye and I noticed the faint air of fatigue and irritability. Anna gave me a look that made me wonder both whether I should regret choosing this time to appear at the shower and whether I would live to emerge on the other side of that door. Closing my eyes and inanely trying to figure out better ways of concentrating on the work of bathing, I couldn't help but shoot a look at Anna just as she was turning to join us, catching a good look at her large belly and engorged breasts. She didn't seem to notice, only increasing my excitement. Then, while I lost my guard thinking about this incredible nude goddess in whose presence I had the great fortune to also be nude, I nearly screamed as I heard Anna turn on the showerhead next to mine.

Unable to think any longer, I turned to face this walking symbol of all things maternal. She looked back at me, water pouring over her body, in full view for me to admire — the immense orbs that sat so firmly upon her chest, their dark red areolas looking like two retches badly abused by the Gods' curses of growth and milk production; the round belly that hung happily below it; her wide hips and thick thighs. I closed my eyes again in a last ditch effort to save my dignity, but then I felt a hand wrap around my cock and slide up and down along the shaft deliberately. When I opened my eyes again, Anna was looking back at me, her body now obscenely close to mine, occasional drips of cold water from my shower flecking her pearly skin and causing her nipples to harden like cherries ripe for the picking.

Now my hands were reaching for her breasts, but her hands grabbed hold of mine while her lips engulfed mine. I freed my hands and felt up her belly frantically while one of her hands returned to my crotch relentlessly, the other exploring my bare muscles. I reached around to squeeze that plump, broad butt at long last, eliciting a moan from the buxom beauty. She pushed me against the wall, running a hand along my chest and abs as her other hand continued to pleasure my manhood. Her thin fingers gently slid up and down the head, causing me to groan from sheer ecstasy. As I prodded her thick rear end with one hand and began kneading those great breasts with the other, I snuck a look at the blonde vixen, catching a look of carnal abandon I had never been sure I would see on those noble features.

"You like my ass, huh, Ra-a-a-aj?"

My cock twitched violently at Anna's words and I watched helplessly as she stepped away from me and twirled around before me, giving me the whole show of her enormous bosom, heavily pregnant

belly, and fat rear end. Then she backed into me, her soft, plump butt cheeks engulfing my cock momentarily as she searched for purchase. I gasped when it happened: her pussy swallowed up first the head and then some of the shaft of my cock as though it were the concealed mouth of some depraved, betentacled sea creature, my hands giving no help as they squeezed the ass so nicely marbled with fat. I watched in a trance as her rear bobbed up and down over my groin, amazed as she easily slid up and down my full length.

"M-m-m-m! I knew you had a long cock, but I didn't realize it was this wide," she said matter-of-factly between velvety moans. "How is that, Raj?"

I groaned aloud again as she began a sequence of long thrusts on my cock, sliding along the entire length of my cock as though it were easy. It was then that I remembered the girls at the other end of the room. They watched our activity unashamed, all the while rubbing each other's bellies and breasts excitedly.

"See that? They want you, Raj."

I was beginning to lose it.

"O-o-oh!" I groaned when her ass came down quickly on my groin, her inner muscles clenching tightly on my throbbing member. Then I lost control.

Before I knew it, I grabbed hold of Anna's lower back and used her to pull myself off the wall, all the while hilted myself inside her forcefully. She let out a surprised groan, but before she could react I had us spinning around and then forced her against the wall. Now she propped herself against the wall with her hands as I started thrusting hard into her pussy from behind, loving the way her butt jiggled from the collisions with my hips.

"Ugh!" she cried. "Please, not so hard..."

My thrusting was unrelenting in spite of her pleas. Whereas before our liaison had been a ballet of maternal flexibility and sensuality, I transformed it into a rodeo: hard and fast. She continued to grunt in pain as my cock rushed in and out of her pussy hungrily. Before she knew it, my head was bottoming out, repeatedly hammering on the doors of her womb.

"Raj... that hurts..." she whispered. "Mmmph! God! ... Shit! Oh, God, you're so big!"

It was true: even before I could tell that my width had been a lot for Anna's tight pussy to handle. (Apparently, she healed well after birthing Dr. Lockhart's creations, but, of course, that didn't dawn on me until later.) Now I leaned over her, pressing my full weight on her back, and I began cupping her massive mammaries from behind. Meanwhile, with my entire body pressed against her, I could leverage more force with my hips, bucking yet harder into her thick behind.

"Oh, Raj! M-m-m-m-ph!" she whined.

I could never have imagined Anna yielding to me like this, but here we were. I grasped her huge belly from behind, amazed by the smoothness of the skin and the firmness of the orb. Meanwhile, my other hand continued to probe her chest, enjoying the weight of the breasts I had been dreaming about since the very first day. By the size of her belly, it seemed like Anna could easily have been eight-and-a-half months along in spite of the fact that I knew she should only have been seven at most.

"Ungh!" I groaned as Anna's pussy tightened against me just after I had begun feeling the lower part of her belly. "Your belly is so big!"

"Oh, please keep rubbing my belly just like that! And my tits! Ungh!"

Anna's pleas set me off: it felt as though she was tightening against me again, but then I realized this was a different feeling. My cock was swelling with blood, widening even more inside the tight passage that so clearly was already straining from my girth. As I continued to grope the ripe hanging fruit of Anna's front end, I thrust hard against her bottom, trying to ease the increasing ache in my groin. Anna tried to put a hand against my hips to prevent me from bucking so hard, all the while holding both of us against the wall with just one arm, a shoulder, and a face against the ceramic tile wall. It was of no use.

"Ugh! That hurts, Raj... Eek!" Anna cried.

Giving up on trying to stop me, Anna's free hand moved to her crotch. While my furious bucking continued, she began tweaking her clitoris, her whines of discomfort becoming orgasmic moans. Grabbing hold of Anna's belly and chest, I started a slow series of collisions with her ass, holding

nothing back now but instead doing everything possible to sate the need to get further inside, feel yet more of her flesh against mine, and coat her insides with my potent brew.

"Raj!? Oh, shit! ... Oh!"

Finally, I reached climax. With a great twitch, my cock began convulsing wildly, apparently unwilling to spit its seed just yet. Anna moaned aloud, apparently feeling the violent movement of my cock within her, and then she, too, was at her climax. The great spurts of seed came at last, but by then I was too busy thinking nonsensical thoughts about my hips becoming one with those fat, battered ass cheeks — now rosy from abuse — to notice.

I pulled out of Anna, who remained bent over the ceramic walls, panting from exhaustion and holding one hand to her gravid womb. I must have felt sorry for a moment or so, but before I knew it I was on to the other two girls. In a matter of moments, one of the two sophomores was against the wall receiving what remained of my frustration while the other watched, rubbing her clit and feeling me up as if to make sure I knew she wanted some, too.

You would think I could remember what happened the rest of the day and the week that followed, but it's just a blur. I remember well the squeals of Anna and those two girls as my cock drove in and out of them, and how Anna returned for more later that night — straddling over me, her huge belly inches from my face — but other things — lectures, homework, laundry — faded away as I found myself consumed by lust and testosterone. Meanwhile, the girls got bigger — and hornier. However, there was no escaping the storm brewing. While I was having fun and becoming the cock-of-the-walk, events were quickly unfolding that would change my life at TCMB forever. Even as early as that first semester, my outsize destiny was already making itself known. First, it started with a rumor. Jessica was a friend who took intro midwifery with Lana and me. She was a freak for birth just like us, and an enormous bookworm, too. Jess managed to get a spot working for the school paper in the "Special Delivery" column, and she told me about a recent revelation.

"One of the freshman went to the hospital because her RAs were concerned about her," she told me.

"About what, though?" I asked.

"Apparently, they were concerned that her belly was so large!"

"Huh," I remarked. "That sounds pretty cool."

"Doesn't it?" she said, giving me a look.

"You know, you're looking pretty big..."

"No, I know I don't, Roger. I haven't flowered yet. I'm disappointed."

"You will soon enough. Don't you worry."

Jessica winked at me. "How are you going to deal with me when I'm so big and round?"

I grinned. "You'll regret that."

"You know, a friend is going to introduce me to this girl with the super baby. Do you want to come with?"

"Of course!"

I joined Jessica on a Wednesday afternoon, finding her outside her dorm in the crisp autumn air. Ah, so now she had flowered! Her belly was looking third trimester worthy.

"Congrats, champ."

"Oh, it's nothing," said Jessica, who seemed a bit self-conscious about the whole thing.

"You look pretty hot to me..." I whispered.

"Well!" exclaimed Jess, blushing a little. "That's great, but we have a job to do."

"Where to?"

"Our girl is in Mammary House."

"Mammary House? That sounds familiar."

"Don't look at me."

We arrived at Mammary House and found our way to the girl with the big belly's room, asking a few other girls that lived there. We arrived to find a girl who looked like she could be 8 months pregnant sitting on her bed.

"Well, you look like you're... progressing," said Jessica, obviously surprised by how big the other girl's belly was.

"Did the doctors at the hospital tell you anything about what's going on with you, Cara?" I asked.

"They said I'm carrying large. The baby is going to be a big one."

Cara didn't seem afraid or embarrassed describing her situation. She had dirty blonde hair with clear blue eyes and had the temperament of a woman older than her age.

"A big baby, huh?" I had an idea. "You must know that guy Tom that lives here, right?"

"Yeah, of course," replied Cara. "He's the one that processed me."

What a coincidence, I thought.

"Did the doctors recommend you see a specialist? Say a Doctor Lockhart?"

"Yeah, they did. How did you know?"

"I had a feeling."

"Cara, would you mind if we joined you at your appointment with Dr. Lockhart?" asked Jessica. "Her research is really cutting edge, but it's not easy to get an appointment to talk with her about her work."

"Yeah, that's fine," replied Cara. "You both are freshman, too, right?"

"Yeah, we are," replied Jessica.

"I thought it was going to be hard being pregnant the first time, but all of this has been a bit overwhelming."

"I know what you mean. I just flowered myself."

"Let's hope you don't have to see Dr. Lockhart, too. I've heard scary things."

"So have we," I said.

Later that night I decided to hit up a party at Beta Beauty. What the hell, I thought. There was something bothering me, though I couldn't place it. Somehow the thought of meeting this Dr. Lockhart unsettled me. I was just like her, I realized. The others didn't know it yet, but I was.

Geraldine found me. I hadn't seen her in a week or two; we were good friends, but growing apart.

"How are you? It's great to see you."

"Same," I replied. "You're getting big again."

"Just the way you like me!" she exclaimed, winking. "Hey, I want you to meet my friend."

Geraldine walked me over to a crowd of freshman and singled one out.

"This is Cara. Oh, do you two know each other already?"

"Yeah, we do," replied Cara, who smiled.

She was made up and her dirty blonde hair was down, falling about her shoulders. She looked gorgeous, and also very pregnant. I hadn't noticed earlier that she had a pretty nice rack, too.

"Is that Sarah? I should ask her how that biology exam went... You'll take care of Raj here, won't you, Cara?"

"Sure thing, Geraldine," replied Cara.

I was starting to get stiff. What the hell did that mean? Take care of me?

"How do you know Geraldine?"

"Oh, she's my big sister. I'm pledging Beta Beauty."

Fuck, now my cock was really swelling.

"Is it true what they say about the bath house down stairs? I've never been."

"Geraldine never took you? She said you two were good friends."

"No, she's never taken me," I replied, shrugging. "I guess I'm not cool enough."

"No way, you should hear the sisters gossip about you..."

"Are you allowed to go down there?" My cock was really throbbing now.

Cara gives me a flirtatious look. "Not really. But they're not going to say no if they see I'm with you."

We started for the basement, her hand in mine. Now and then I would steal a look at her cleavage, my heart skipping a beat every time.

We arrived at the baths, which consisted of a pool, a number of hot tubs, and some showers. There were some girls in the pool, a few in the hot tubs, and here and there one caught sight of a guy fucking a girl at a showerhead or in a hot tub. Cara laughed at the sight, embarrassed, and when she turned to me, I took her in my arms, my hands going to her heavy bosoms and my lips attacking hers.

"Fuck..." she whined as her body temperature soared. "Do you want to take this to one of the hot tubs?"

"Better idea," I replied, pulling Cara, whose nipples were beginning to peak out of her tank top, to a nearby showerhead.

We stripped out of our clothes, stealing glances at our toned bodies, my cock throbbing violently at the prospect of giving it to Geraldine's "little sister." Fuck, she was hot, too. I looked her over: a slender neck leading to trim shoulders, breasts that were doing their damndest to remain both hefty and perky in spite of the onslaught of gravity and time, a belly that could have been 36 weeks pregnant, and hips that looked slightly out of place on an eighteen year old, clearly widened for the pending birth.

I took her in my arms under the showerhead and let a cold stream of water fall down upon us. As the water coated our bodies, I kissed Cara and squeezed her firm rear, exacting a moan from deep in her stomach. My hands rubbed over her full breasts, noting how hard her nipples had become. Her hips swayed back and forth, her belly rubbing against mine, so that I knew she wanted it bad.

Cara leaned against the wall under the showerhead, cold water running down her supple back, pooling in the dimples where her lower back met her hips, and spreading down the sides of her round ass. I gave her butt a hard smack, eliciting a sharp cry that provoked giggles from the pool. They were watching us.

I looked down at my throbbing member - it seemed so engorged. I found the place between her legs and pressed myself inside.

"Ah, fuck, yes!" More giggles from the pool, but all I could hear was the sweetness of Cara's brassy voice.

I couldn't believe how tight it felt inside that tender passage between those long legs of hers. What the fuck was wrong with me?! I started to buck and thrust, my hands on her wonderfully toned lower back, my cock gradually loosening up that warm, moist cavity.

"Mmmm... fuck!... sooo big..."

My cock started to convulse. Already?, I thought. A hot salvo of my juice flew up into Cara's womb; I hoped she appreciated every drop.

She turned around and pulled me towards the wall, away from the constant barrage of icy water. We kissed, my arms around her hips, her hands on my back.

"That didn't take long," she said. "I guess you liked it..."

"Uh... yeah," I replied, embarrassed. "But I'm going to finish you, don't you worry."

Cara's hands found my manhood, already stiffening again, and soon I hefted her onto the ledge on the wall, her legs wide apart.

"Oh!" she cried as my cock plunged between her legs.

"Hey, Roger!"

It was Max. He caught me between class, wandering aimlessly around campus.

“What’s up, dude?”

“Nothing much, man,” replied Max. “Hey, did you score with that blonde last night?”

“I did. Fuck, I actually lost track of time. I woke up in her bed this morning...”

“Nice. You two seem like a cool pair.”

“Maybe. It’s weird. She’s Geraldine’s little sister.”

“What’s weird about that? Geraldine has good taste.”

“That’s not the whole story. Jessica and I are doing some investigating for the paper. Apparently Cara’s one of Dr. Lockhart’s experiments.”

“Fuck... a freshman working for Dr. Lockhart?”

I nodded.

“Just be careful, Roger. Working for Lockhart changes people.”

I felt a flutter of butterflies in my stomach as my cock stiffened. I already had an idea what he meant.

“How are the pledge meetings going?”

“Oh, those?” I was pledging Omicron Chi after all. “They’re just fine.”