

# Chapter 1: The Scholarship Letter

Charli Lane wasn't expecting the envelope. It arrived on a Tuesday, ordinary in every way except for the thick ivory envelope sitting neatly atop the rest of the mail. Her mom had placed it on the kitchen table without comment, assuming it was another rejection or loan offer. Charli nearly skipped it.

But the weight of it in her hand stopped her. Heavy. Formal. The kind of paper you sent wedding invitations on, or maybe joined a secret society with. There was no stamp. No return address. Just a perfectly embossed seal pressed into golden wax: a stylized cartoon cow standing on two legs, grinning proudly beneath looping cursive letters.

*Bellmere Academy for Biological Advancement.*

Charli frowned. She hadn't applied to Bellmere. She hadn't even heard of it. She'd spent the last three months hurling college applications at every in-state university that would take them, fingers crossed for a scrap of financial aid. Most had replied with polite regret, others hadn't replied at all.

She slit the envelope open with a butter knife.

Inside: a single sheet of thick, cream colored paper, embossed and printed in the same elegant gold script.

*Congratulations, Miss Lane.*

*You have been awarded a full-ride scholarship to Bellmere Academy. Your tuition, housing, and living expenses will be fully covered for the duration of your studies. Please find your enrollment instructions enclosed. Welcome to the herd.*

Charli blinked. Then read it again.

She flipped the letter over. No fine print. No contracts. No hidden clauses demanding her soul or firstborn child. Just a phone number (toll-free), an address, and a handwritten note in elegant cursive ink:

*You've been chosen, Charli. Make us proud.*

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She stared at it for hours. Called the number. A woman answered on the second ring, her voice smooth, warm, professional. Yes, the scholarship was real. Yes, the school was accredited. No, she couldn't say how Charli had been selected, only that she'd scored unusually high on certain biology and compatibility metrics. Bellmere believed she would thrive in their program.

Charli asked what the school specialized in. The woman only chuckled. "You'll see."

It was unsettling. But what could she do? Bellmere promised everything she'd been desperately hoping for. No student debt. No minimum wage job on the side. A real chance.

Her mom was skeptical. "It's not some scam?" she asked over dinner. "They didn't want your bank account or your social or anything weird?"

"They didn't even want me to apply," Charli muttered, still staring at the envelope. "They just picked me."

Her mom looked at her for a long time. "Sometimes fate shows up without asking."

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The acceptance package arrived two days later. A shimmering folder with gold foil trim, stuffed with glossy brochures, a train ticket, a printed class schedule, and a campus map shaped like an udder.

No, seriously. A literal udder. Four branching loops, each labeled with building names in cute pink font: "Cream Hall," "Buttercup Commons".

Charli laughed nervously and flipped through the packet again. Nothing seemed real. She half expected it to dissolve in her hands like a dream.

But it didn't. And by Friday, she was packed. Her mom drove her to the train station before sunrise. They hugged on the platform.

"You'll call me, right?" her mom asked.

"Every day," Charli promised.

The train arrived with a soft hiss. Charli climbed aboard, her suitcase light, only clothes, notebooks, toiletries. She hadn't needed much.

Her ticket had been printed already. Seat 8A. One-way. Destination: Bellmere Valley.

She slid into her seat, fingers curled around the acceptance letter.

Her phone buzzed just once before the train started moving. A final message from the school:

*Welcome, Charli Lane. You're already growing.*

## Chapter 2: Welcome to Bellmere

Charli stepped off the train and into a valley that looked like a painting. The air was warm, almost unnaturally sweet, and filled with a faint, floral scent she couldn't place. Rolling green hills surrounded the station. In the distance, past the tree-lined path, she spotted the tall pink-and-white spires of Bellmere Academy.

The shuttle that picked her up was plush and oddly shaped, with seats wider than necessary for their current group. Charli was surprised to notice that all the girls onboard looked a lot like her. Skinny. Flat-chested or modest at best. No obvious curves, no exaggerated bellies or hips. Everyone was quiet, curious, and just as confused.

Charli found a seat and exchanged unsure glances with a girl across the aisle. At least she wasn't the only one who didn't understand what she'd signed up for.

They passed through the entrance gates, framed with floral ironwork and topped by a life-size statue of a cow in a graduation cap. A banner flapped beneath it: Welcome New Heifers!

The shuttle stopped in front of Cream Hall. The girls disembarked and entered a high-ceilinged atrium lined with velvet seating and gold-framed portraits. The building smelled like sugar and warm milk. At the far end stood a massive painting of a woman with outlandishly wide hips, her silhouette dramatic, her figure exaggerated. She stood tall and proud, her arms resting atop a pregnant belly the size of a yoga ball.

*Professor Lorne. Dean of Fertility Arts.*

A calm voice spoke from overhead. "First-years, please proceed to Buttercup Commons for Orientation. Your luggage will be delivered to your dorms."

Charli and the other girls walked as a group across the flower-strewn quad. Buttercup Commons was even more luxurious, with curved seats and soft carpet underfoot. No one here looked like they needed the extra room. Yet.

A woman entered. Tall, radiant, maternal.

It was Professor Lorne in the flesh. And unlike the first-years, she was immense. Her breasts pushed forward, her hips swayed with every step, and her belly moved as though something inside had just shifted. Charli stared, unable to look away. Professor Lorne wasn't just pregnant. She was the most pregnant Charli had ever seen. Her belly looked impossibly full, her movements deliberate and heavy, like she was carrying triplets or more, and doing it gracefully.

She smiled warmly at them.

"Welcome to Bellmere," she said, her voice smooth like cream. "You are here because you were meant to be. You were chosen not just for your academic potential, but for your compatibility

with our unique program. Here, we encourage growth, expansion, and exploration. Here, you are allowed to become everything you were meant to be.”

The room was silent.

“You will each select a track by the end of your first month,” she continued.

“Our core electives include:

**Gestational Studies**, focusing on pregnancy progression, multi-gestation biology, and safe expansion practices;

**Lactation Performance and Production**, with coursework in milk volume optimization, nutrition science, and lactation athleticism;

**Cultivation and Metabolic Studies**, exploring weight gain as a controlled biological process;

**Somatic Expansion and Adaptation**, devoted to the scientific monitoring and stabilization of bodily growth and remote support systems developed in collaboration with midwives;

**Reproductive Education**, training students to assist others as doulas, midwives, or aides in specialized scenarios;

**Mammogenesis and Upper Body Morphology**, for advanced breast development, structure, and sensitivity studies;

**Insemination Theory and Implantation Practice**, focusing on fertility mechanics, breeding compatibility, and multi-cycle readiness;

and **Fertility Arts**, a rare and prestigious synthesis program reserved for only the most talented and adaptable students. It encompasses the full spectrum of physical and reproductive transformation, with growth responding to each student’s deepest affinities. For some, the change is subtle. For others, especially those specializing in areas like Gestational Studies and Mammogenesis, it can be profound.”

She paced the stage slowly.

“During your first week, you will sample courses from each track. Your body and mind will guide you. Some of you may find yourself drawn to more than one. That is not unusual. In rare, extraordinary cases, a student may be invited to pursue the Fertility Arts, a synthesis of all five disciplines.”

Charli felt her chest tighten.

Professor Lorne stopped and looked over them.

“You won’t see many second-years this week,” she said. “Their coursework is more... immersive. But you will. And when you do, you’ll understand why Bellmere is unlike any other school in the world.”

She offered a knowing smile.

“Your uniforms will stretch, but only so far. Outgrowing them is not only allowed. It is expected. Wardrobe malfunctions are treated as milestones.”

Soft laughter rippled through the nervous crowd.

“Trust your instincts, girls. You’re already growing.”

Charli swallowed hard. This was really happening.

## Chapter 3: The Interview Round

After orientation, the first-years were each handed an appointment card, printed on thick cream paper and delivered personally by uniformed staff. The card read: *Private Guidance Consultation – Required for all new students*. Below that, a time and location: Charli’s was at 3:30 PM in the Laurel Building.

The Laurel Building was bright and quiet, filled with floral arrangements and portraits of past students at various stages of development. Charli waited alone in a side lounge until her name was softly called.

She followed the attendant to a small, elegant study. The room had the feel of a therapist’s office mixed with a boudoir, rich fabrics, soft lighting, shelves full of anatomical models and biology texts. Behind the desk sat a tall, dark-skinned woman with silver earrings and a bump of her own, small but unmistakable.

“Charli Lane,” she said warmly. “I’m Miss Olivine. I’ll be your private tutor this semester. My job is to help you discover your affinity, nurture your growth, and see you into the right house.”

Charli sat, trying not to stare.

“This school’s a bit... different,” Olivine continued. “We don’t assign majors. We help you discover what calls to you. What your body responds to. You’ll take sample classes, yes, but today, I just want to hear your thoughts.”

Charli hesitated. “I’m not sure yet. It’s... a lot.”

“Good,” said Olivine with a smile. “That means you’re paying attention.”

Charli shifted in her seat. “When Professor Lorne spoke, I felt something. Like a pull. Pregnancy sounds amazing, but I keep wondering what it would feel like to, you know, grow everywhere.”

Olivine gave a slow nod. “That’s more common than you’d think. Some students resonate with one specialty. Others... need more room. We’ll keep you open for now.”

She slid a folder across the desk. “These are your sample class slots. You’ll tour the upperclass dorms next. After that, we sort you into your house. Bellmere has five. Each one is aligned with a primary track.”

Charli picked up the folder, heart thudding.

“Rest easy,” Olivine added. “The house chooses you back. You don’t have to force it.”

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An hour later, Charli and the rest of her cohort were led across campus in small groups for their first tour. This time, they saw students who were not flat or uncertain, but massive, radiant, swollen with purpose. Bellies, breasts, hips, thighs, no two looked alike, but every body was impossibly curvy and beautifully overflowing. Some girls waddled. Some needed support. Some lounged like queens being fanned.

Charli couldn’t speak.

Her guide, a fourth-year named Tansy, grinned at their stunned expressions. “We’ve all been where you are. Some of us got big fast. Some take time. It’s not a race. But it is a transformation.”

They passed lounges with reinforced chairs, milk bars with custom drink menus, and halls where laughter echoed off murals of curvy bodies in celebration. Charli’s legs felt weak. It wasn’t fear. It was awe.

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That night, the first-years gathered in the central hall. The lights dimmed. A headmistress in ceremonial robes read from a long scroll, calling names one by one. Each girl stepped forward and placed her hand on a glowing emblem in the center of the floor.

When it was Charli’s turn, the emblem flashed with soft pink and gold.

“Charli Lane,” the headmistress intoned. “You are hereby placed into House Clover, for those with untamed potential.”

The girls of Clover House cheered and waved her over, their uniforms already straining across curves Charli couldn’t stop staring at.

As she joined them, something shifted deep inside her. A flutter. A thrum.

She didn't know where this would go. But she knew one thing for sure.

She wanted to grow.

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The dorms at House Clover were warm, bright, and surprisingly cozy. The hallways smelled faintly of honey and fresh cream, and the ceilings were just a little higher than average, as though anticipating the changes to come.

Charli found her assigned room on the second floor. Her suitcase was already waiting at the foot of one of two beds, both adorned in soft green and gold bedding. A minute later, the door opened and her roommate stepped in.

"Hey!" the girl said cheerfully. "Roomie?"

Charli smiled. "That's me."

The girl crossed the room with a bounce in her step and dropped her own bag beside the other bed.

"I'm Juniper, but everyone calls me June. I'm probably going into Reproductive Education. Maybe double with Gestational. I want to help, like... catch babies and stuff."

Charli blinked. "You want to be a midwife?"

June grinned. "Basically, yeah. Maybe a birth coach or doula. Bellmere's got amazing placement for that kind of thing. And I've already got a bit of an affinity, so I'm hoping to start hands-on training by next term."

Charli warmed to her instantly. June was open and bubbly, with a quick laugh and a gentle energy that made Charli relax.

They spent the rest of the evening unpacking and chatting. Other girls popped their heads in to introduce themselves, a few clearly excited just to be in a house at all. Everyone buzzed with nervous energy, whispering guesses about what their bodies would start doing, who might pop first, who might spring a leak, who might split a skirt.

But Juniper just laughed softly and flopped back onto her bed.

"Whatever happens," she said, "we're not going through it alone."

Charli smiled. It was the first moment all day she'd felt grounded.

"I think I'm glad I got Clover," she said quietly.

Juniper nodded. "Oh yeah. Clover's where the wild ones go."

They weren't alone for long. Soon, more girls began trickling into the common room, drawn by curiosity and the promise of introductions. Charli and June settled onto one of the oversized sofas and were quickly joined by three more first-years.

The first, a freckled redhead with an energetic bounce, introduced herself as Lacey. She had a round face, pale skin dotted with pink freckles, and a mischievous gleam in her green eyes. "I'm really interested in Mammogenesis and maybe Lactation Performance," she said, tucking her hair behind one ear. "There's something about those fields that just feels right to me."

The second girl, with thick thighs and a dreamy look in her eyes, was named Nora. She had warm brown skin, soft curls piled on her head, and a lazy confidence in her posture. She adjusted her skirt before speaking. "I'm thinking about Cultivation and Metabolic Studies. The body has so many ways it can change, and I want to really explore that."

Then came the last girl, quiet and bookish, with round glasses slipping down her nose and dark hair in a tidy braid. Her name was Hanna. She sat primly on the edge of a footstool, knees together, back straight, voice soft but certain. "I'm not really interested in growing," she said. "I'm here for theory tracks like Reproductive Education, Cultivation Science or especially Insemination Theory. I want to publish. Research. You know. Contribute without, um, expanding."

Charli found herself smiling as they all introduced themselves. It was like looking at a lineup of future versions of herself, all pulling in different directions.

"I still don't know what I want," she admitted. "But I think... I think I want a little of everything."

Lacey raised an eyebrow. "Fertility Arts?"

Juniper gave her a gentle elbow. "We've got a prodigy in the house."

Charli flushed, but laughed. Maybe. Just maybe.

Juniper, still sitting close, added, "Since we're all here... maybe we should stick together. Like a little crew. We're all starting fresh. No reason to do it alone."

"I'd love that," Hanna said quickly, pushing her glasses up. "A study circle, maybe. Support system."

"I'm in," Nora said, stretching languidly. "This place is too weird to navigate solo."

Lacey shrugged, grinning. "Only if we come up with a name. Or at least some kind of secret handshake."

They all laughed. There was a warm hush afterward, a shared breath, as if something important had been quietly decided.

"We look out for each other," Charli said. "No matter what we choose."

They all nodded. A pact, unspoken but real.

House Clover had its first little sisterhood.

## Chapter 4: First Classes

Daylight poured through the tall dorm windows the next morning as the girls of Clover House scrambled into their uniforms. Their first day of classes had officially arrived. The schedule on Charli's bedside table listed four sample courses for today, with the remaining four to come tomorrow.

First up: **Gestational Studies.**

Charli tugged her blouse over her head and fastened the buttons slowly. No one's clothes were tight yet. But the fabric was snuggier than it had been yesterday. A psychological trick, maybe. Or maybe not.

She met June, Lacey, Nora, and Hanna in the common room, and they all walked together across campus to the Womb Sciences Annex, a pink-tiled building shaped in elegant curves. Inside, students sat on pillowed benches arranged in a wide arc around a raised platform.

The instructor was a serene, statuesque woman, nearly as tall as the Dean. Her bump was enormous, perhaps second only to the Dean's, and it shifted gently as she walked. Her name was Professor Gravida, and she moved with the calm authority of someone who had carried many times before, fully in tune with her body's capabilities.

"Gestational Studies," she began, "is not simply about pregnancy. It is about power, control, and surrender. Your body becomes the vessel for life, and in doing so, teaches you everything about your limits, and how to stretch beyond them."

Charli swallowed. The room was warm.

Professor Gravida tapped a button on her console, and a hologram projected a translucent model of a uterus that grew in size, showing first one embryo, then two, then three. The projections floated over the students' laps.

"Multi-gestation carries unique demands. Our curriculum covers not only physical expansion but posture, breathing control, pacing, and internal organ support. By the end of this track, you'll understand how to carry efficiently, safely, and beautifully."

She gestured to a tall cabinet at the back. Assistants wheeled out a series of belts and belly models of various sizes and weights.

"Today, we begin with simulation. Pair up and choose your configuration."

Charli found herself beside June, both reaching for the mid-sized twin belly. It was soft and full, heavy and warm once strapped on. As it settled against her abdomen, Charli gasped.

She felt the pull in her back, the change in her center of gravity. Even with the belt on, it felt oddly natural. She glanced at June, who was already cradling hers, smiling like she'd done this before.

Juniper's eyes were bright as she rocked from foot to foot, cradling the belly like it was someone else's. "I love this," she murmured to Charli. "Not for me, but... this is what I want to support. To help someone through this. It's beautiful."

Charli nodded, her own fingers grazing the sides of her simulation belly. "Do you think they have bigger sizes?" she asked. "I mean... if this is just the beginning."

Juniper grinned. "They do. And we'll get there."

Behind them, Hanna had finally set down her tablet and stood stiffly beside a smaller belly model. She hesitated, then slipped it on and fastened the straps. Her face went blank with concentration as she adjusted to the new weight.

"Well?" Lacey asked from a few feet away, balancing a comically oversized model on her hips.

"It's... informative," Hanna said carefully.

Charli smiled. Even Hanna was starting to feel it.

Their little group reassembled at the back of the room after cleanup. Some of them red-faced from exertion, others beaming.

Juniper rubbed her faux belly fondly. "I know what I'm picking," she said softly.

Charli didn't answer, but the weight against her front made her wonder how much more she could hold. And what it would feel like to never take it off.

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The bell chimed, signaling the end of the first class.

They followed the schedule down the corridor to a warm, softly lit room that smelled faintly of vanilla and something richer. At the front stood Professor Callow, her commanding figure accentuated even more than before by the fitted uniform top that clung to her generous bust. Her presence was impossible to ignore.

"Welcome to **Lactation Performance and Production**," she said, voice velvety and strong.

"This course is not just about milk output. It's about control, volume, stamina, and dignity. Your body can produce what the world needs, and we will teach you how."

Several students squirmed in their seats. A few exchanged excited glances.

Warm-up kits were passed around: insulated bottles, gentle suction tools, and stretchable support bras. Professor Callow demonstrated the process with practiced ease, explaining muscle priming, pressure points, and the stimulation-reflex loop.

“Lactation is a learned response,” she continued. “Yes, some of you may have innate aptitude, but discipline will always outperform raw potential. Trust me, this is a performance, and your body is the stage.”

Lacey’s eyes shone. She handled every piece of equipment like it was a sacred artifact. Her fingers trembled only slightly as she practiced slow compressions, eyes wide with concentration.

Charli felt a strange tingle as she tried the warming pads, the soft suction pulse syncing with her breath. The rhythm was calming, and oddly intimate.

“Dual-majoring with Mammogenesis is common,” Professor Callow noted. “Many students find their growth accelerated when the two are studied in tandem. One prepares the body; the other unleashes it.”

Across the room, a sharp laugh broke the concentration. Sandra leaned back in her chair, watching Lacey with a smirk.

“You look like you’re trying to hatch something,” she muttered.

Professor Callow’s gaze cut across the room. “Sandra. If you have time to mock others, you have time to show us perfect form.”

The room quieted. Sandra flushed but complied.

Juniper smiled faintly. “You’re doing great,” she whispered to Lacey. “Don’t let her distract you.”

Charli watched the session unfold, pulse still syncing with the rhythm of the pump. Her thoughts drifted to second-years, to women who had mastered this, whose bodies flowed with ease and pride. Could she be like that too?

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Then the bell chimed again, signaling lunch break.

The class dispersed toward the dining hall, a bright open space filled with long tables and bowls of fruit, yogurt, breads, and warm creamy soups. Everything smelled faintly sweet, almost enriched. Charli noticed more than one woman sipping from large insulated bottles, their chests noticeably full even under stretched uniforms.

Their group clustered at the far end of one table, trays filled with small sandwiches and warm milk tea.

Lacey still looked rattled, but Juniper reached across the table to nudge her shoulder. "Ignore Sandra," she said. "You were doing amazing. That's what this is all about."

"She's just bitter she wasn't the first one to glow," Nora added, sipping her drink.

Hanna glanced around, then lowered her voice. "She said she thinks she's a shoo-in for Fertility Arts. But if that track responds to internal affinity... being arrogant probably doesn't help."

Charli smiled faintly. "You were glowing, Lacey. Don't let her ruin it."

"I wasn't glowing," Lacey muttered, but she was smiling now. "Just... a little flushed maybe."

"From your chest up," Juniper said.

They laughed, and the tension eased. They chatted about the warm-up kits, about the flush they'd felt, about how strange and exciting it was to feel the faintest start of something happening inside them.

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### Class 3: **Mammogenesis**

They tossed their trays and returned to the same wing of the science building. The name on the door this time read Mammogenesis Laboratory, and it was just as soft and lush inside as the Lactation room.

At the front stood Mrs. Callow, the same busty, commanding woman from Lactation Performance and Production. She had changed into a snug tank top for the afternoon session, her breasts straining boldly against the fabric, plainly refusing to be contained. The classroom seemed to hush just a little more as she walked in, her curves swaying heavily with each confident step.

Her chest was even more dramatic in this setting, accentuated by the snug wrap of her top. The fullness of her bust nearly obscured the view of her arms as she moved, and every step she took seemed calculated to accommodate her weighty curves.

Before Mrs. Callow could begin, a voice from the middle of the room hesitantly asked, "Excuse me, but... what size are you?" A few students gasped quietly. Mrs. Callow smiled, unbothered.

"Z-cup," she answered simply. "And yes, they're real. Years of development and dedication."

She greeted them with the same velvety voice as before. "Welcome to Mammogenesis. As you already know from our earlier session, this course and Lactation are deeply interconnected. Growth, sensitivity, expression, and control they are all part of the same spectrum. Many of you will end up pursuing both tracks. They complement one another perfectly."

She cupped the underside of her own chest and gave the class a wry smile. Her breasts overflowed the massive Z-cup bra beneath the tank top, the weight of them shifting as she adjusted. "If you're wondering what accelerated development looks like... this is it." Her bust shifted with the gesture, heavy and full, each curve speaking volumes more than the slides behind her.

Turning back to the whiteboard and digital display, Mrs. Callow tapped to bring up a chart. "Now, let's map the physiology."

She used a stylus to draw cross-sections of breast tissue, but often paused to indicate live examples on her own chest. "This is your adipose layer here, mostly responsive to diet and hormones. But this," she said, tapping the upper swell of her cleavage, "is where the mammary glands begin to cluster in response to stimulation."

She gestured along the side of her breast, then traced upward toward her collarbone. "Milk ducts, lactiferous sinuses... they stretch far higher than most people expect."

More than one student leaned forward as she continued. Her tank top dipped slightly each time she moved, her exaggerated bust acting like a living diagram. She didn't flinch from it, instead she embraced the attention, walking slowly past the front row so each student could observe the physical dynamics she was describing.

"Understand the structure, and you begin to understand the potential," she said, tapping her own chest lightly again. "And believe me, this is just one version of what your bodies may become."

She gestured to the reclining chairs and cushioned platforms arranged around the room.

"Today, we begin tissue mapping and warm-up response testing. Your hands, your focus, and your breath are your tools. Growth begins not in the glands, but in the mind."

Assistants moved through the room distributing soft oil cloths and hand mirrors. Warm gel packs were placed on chests, then replaced with light massage tools.

"Begin with a circular pattern," Callow instructed. "Trace what you have. Then picture what you want. Let your body hear your thoughts."

Lacey was glowing again within seconds.

Charli followed along. The sensation was intimate and strange. Her fingertips skimmed her own modest curves. A warmth bloomed deep inside.

Sandra stayed silent across the room, watching others like she was taking notes for a competition.

Nora leaned back and sighed, a dreamy smile curling across her face.

Hanna, seated upright, followed the instructions carefully, occasionally glancing at the diagrams. Her technique was flawless, but she didn't seem to be enjoying it the same way.

Across the room, Lacey whispered to Charli, "Can you imagine what it's like for second-years in this class?"

Charli could. And she wanted it.

She traced her palms again and felt something new. A tingling. A faint pulse. A slight rise?

Mrs. Callow passed, her eyes flicking over Charli's hands. She nodded once.

"Some of you are responding quickly," she said. "Growth is never a race. But when it comes easily, don't ignore it. Follow it."

Charli breathed deep. She was following.

The class ended on a whisper of heat and heartbeat. No one moved quickly. Everyone looked just a little more full, a little more aware of what their bodies might become.

The day wasn't quite over. The final course on their schedule was a short introductory session in the Gluteal Advancement Lab, tucked in the far west corner of the sciences building.

The room was outfitted with soft seating and full-length mirrors, its walls painted a gentle peach. A woman in a sleek jumpsuit stood at the front, her silhouette unmistakably wide-hipped and balanced with practiced poise.

"I'm Instructor Vell," she said, placing a tablet on the desk. "Cultivation is not just about augmentation. It's about poise, support, balance, and growth in both mass and muscle. Some of you will specialize. Some will cross-train in metabolic studies. Either way, you'll learn how to carry your weight and use it."

Charli sat near the middle, watching how Vell moved. Her hips swayed with every step, not exaggerated but trained, like her center of gravity had become a source of confidence. Her jumpsuit clung to an enormous backside that dominated her silhouette, her cheeks rising and falling with every controlled step. A slight softness lined her lower belly, suggesting that she'd undergone both Cultivation and Metabolic advancement herself.

The instructor led them through a series of diagnostic stretches and posture checks. They measured how their spines aligned, how their gait changed with minor adjustments to their stance, and how their glutes responded to stimulation and pressure.

Juniper was curious but cautious. Hanna took notes instead of participating. Nora raised an eyebrow more than once, clearly impressed. Lacey couldn't stop smiling.

"I think I like this," Lacey whispered.

Charli didn't say anything, but the idea of shifting her balance, carrying more, holding herself differently... it sparked something.

By the end of the thirty-minute class, a few girls looked back at the padded benches longingly.

"Tomorrow," Vell said with a wink, "we go deeper."

With that, their first day of classes officially came to a close.

## Chapter 5: First Classes Cont.

That night, before the sun rose on Day Two, Charli dreamed.

She was lying on a silken bed, the moonlight above her warm and golden. The air smelled faintly of milk and flowers. Her body pulsed with heat, every breath slow and deep, her limbs heavy and tingling as if gravity itself had changed. She tried to rise, but her belly surged upward, round, taut, impossibly full, lifting her spine into a gentle arch. When she touched it, the skin felt alive, firm yet sensitive, responding to the lightest brush of her fingers. The expanse of it, she could even see.

Her chest felt different too. Heavier. Fuller. With each breath, her massive breasts heaved against unseen fabric, warmth spreading outward in soft waves. A slow, aching pressure built and released, and thin trails of milk slipped down her stomach, catching the moonlight. The sensation made her gasp as though her body remembered something her waking mind had not yet learned.

Her hips pressed wide against the bedframe, thighs thick and strong, anchoring her in place. She felt expansive, abundant, powerful in a way that made the room itself seem too small. The bed creaked softly beneath her weight as if yielding.

Voices drifted in from everywhere and nowhere, layered and reverent. Teachers. Friends. Strangers. All murmuring about her size, her presence, how well she carried it. How natural it looked on her. One voice stood apart, low and familiar, close enough that she felt it along her spine.

"You're almost ready," it whispered. "Just one more—"

The blare of her alarm shattered everything.

Charli sat bolt upright in bed, breath caught in her throat, heart pounding like hooves on earth. Her sheets were damp with sweat, her skin flushed and sensitive. For a few stunned seconds, she half expected to feel the weight still there.

The dream clung to her skin like fog, vanishing only slowly as her dorm came back into focus.

The girls of House Clover woke before the sun, their nerves buzzing with anticipation. Their first day of classes had shaken them in a good way. Every muscle was still tingling, every stretch mark earned and cherished. Now, with warm sunlight creeping over the windowsills and their schedules glowing softly on bedside tablets, they gathered around Juniper's bed to plan out their second day.

Charli sat cross-legged on the comforter, brushing her hair back as she scanned the itinerary aloud. "Okay, we've got four classes again. First is Insemination Theory, then Reproductive Ed. Lunch break. Then Implantation Practice. And we finish on Fertility Arts if we want to attend the interview."

Lacey squeaked in excitement and clutched her pillow. "We have Fertility Arts today? The interview? Already?"

Juniper leaned over her shoulder, nodding. "Only if you're thinking of applying. But yeah... it's today."

Nora yawned and stretched her arms overhead. "That class is the one everyone talks about. I thought they saved it for finals or something."

"They usually do," Hanna said softly, already half-dressed and tying her shoes. "But interviews and preliminary exposure happen now so they can gauge compatibility. You can't fake it."

"I don't want to fake it," Charli murmured. "I just want to see what it feels like. If it fits."

Juniper rubbed her hands together. "Let's just make it through the first three. I want to see what Implantation Practice is like. That sounds... very hands-on."

Lacey giggled and hugged a pillow to her chest. "Let's go. I'm ready to burst with excitement. Literally."

Charli's stomach fluttered as she picked up her bag. Each class brought something new, and every time, she felt herself inching closer to something. Something big.

They filed out of House Clover together, uniforms neat and skirts swaying as the morning air met them. The paths were already lively with students heading in the same direction, voices overlapping, laughter bouncing off the stone walkways. Charli caught glimpses of upperclasswomen moving with practiced confidence, bodies fuller and more settled than hers, and felt a familiar mix of awe and impatience.

“I swear the campus feels different today,” Lacey said, practically skipping to keep pace. “Like it knows what’s coming.”

“It’s just nerves,” Hanna replied, though she was smiling. “Insemination Theory is mostly lecture and models. You’ll survive.”

Juniper nudged Charli gently with her shoulder. “Still, it matters. This is where a lot of paths start to make sense.”

Nora stretched her arms overhead as they walked. “I just hope the chairs are comfortable. Yesterday ruined me.”

They rounded the corner into the east wing, where the halls grew quieter and more formal. Glass panels displayed anatomical diagrams and historical plaques etched with names Charli did not recognize. A brass placard beside the door read: Insemination Theory and Compatibility Science.

The girls slowed, excitement settling into focus. Charli took a breath, squared her shoulders, and followed them inside.

The classroom was cooler than the hallway, all pale stone and polished wood. Tiered seating curved around a central demonstration table, its surface marked with faint symbols and etched measurements. Soft light filtered down through a skylight, illuminating glass cases along the walls that displayed preserved specimens, models, and thick-bound reference books.

Students filed in quietly, the mood shifting from chatter to focus. Charli slid into a seat between Juniper and Lacey, setting her bag at her feet. Hanna immediately leaned forward, eyes bright, already scanning the diagrams projected at the front of the room.

A man entered without announcement. He was tall and composed, his presence calm but unmistakably authoritative. His dark hair was neatly kept, streaked just slightly with gray at the temples, and his uniform jacket was cut sharply, immaculate and restrained.

“I am Doctor Murray Ward,” he said evenly. “Welcome to **Insemination Theory and Compatibility Science.**”

She activated the projection behind her. A complex lattice of symbols and biological charts filled the wall, pairing genetics, hormonal markers, and psychological profiles.

“This course is not about impulse,” Doctor Ward continued. “It is about alignment. Insemination is the foundation upon which every other discipline here rests. It determines not only if conception occurs, but how it unfolds. The kind of pregnancy you may carry. Single or multiple. Rapid or gradual. Stable or volatile.”

He gestured, and the projection shifted, branching outcomes radiating outward from a single point of fertilization.

“Compatibility at the moment of insemination influences gestational capacity, lactation yield, mammary responsiveness, metabolic storage, and even skeletal adaptation. Get this wrong, and growth becomes inefficient or dangerous. Get it right, and the body knows exactly what it is meant to become.”

Charli listened carefully, though she felt strangely distant from the material. Around her, students nodded, scribbled notes, whispered softly to one another. Hanna was fully absorbed, her stylus moving quickly as she annotated every slide.

“Some of you,” Ward said, her gaze sweeping the room, “will discover that your bodies respond strongly to stimulation long before your compatibility stabilizes. Others will show little outward change while internal markers shift rapidly. Neither is superior. But imbalance is dangerous.”

Charli shifted in her seat. She glanced down at her hands. They looked the same as yesterday. No warmth. No pulse. No visible sign of response.

Juniper leaned over slightly. “This is your kind of thing,” she whispered. “It explains everything else.”

Doctor Ward gestured to the central table, where a transparent model rotated slowly, layers separating and rejoining. “Your first assessment is observational only. You will review your initial compatibility profiles this afternoon. For now, understand this.”

She paused, letting the room settle.

“Growth without alignment fails. Alignment without growth waits.”

Charli felt something twist in her chest. She did not know which one she was yet.

The lecture continued, dense and precise. By the end, Charli’s head was full, but her body felt unchanged. Around her, a few students murmured excitedly, comparing notes, pointing out charts that suggested early compatibility.

Hanna finally leaned back, satisfied. “This makes so much sense,” she said quietly. “They build everything on this foundation.”

Lacey blinked. “I think I understood half of it.”

Charli said nothing. She packed up slowly, unease creeping in. If this was the foundation, she wondered why she felt like she was standing just off it.

The bell chimed softly, signaling the end of the first class of Day Two.

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## **Reproductive Education and Support Sciences**

The classroom felt different from the others. Softer. Warmer. The seating was arranged in small circles rather than rows, and the air smelled faintly of herbs, clean linen, and something gently comforting. Mannequins rested on padded tables, not as demonstrations of growth, but as stand-ins for care.

The woman waiting for them carried herself with quiet assurance. Her silver-threaded hair was tied back simply, and her uniform showed signs of regular use rather than academic formality. She did not wear pins, titles, or rank markings.

“I’m Instructor Maeve,” she said with an easy smile. She was almost as short as Charli, compact and grounded, with a presence that felt steady rather than imposing. “I’m not a doctor, and I’m not a researcher. I’m a midwife. I work with pregnancies every day, and I’m endlessly fascinated by what the body can do when it’s supported instead of controlled.”

She let her gaze travel across the room before continuing. “Reproductive Education exists for one reason. So no one at Bellmere ever has to grow alone.”

Juniper leaned forward immediately, attention fixed. As Maeve spoke about monitoring breathing patterns, recognizing early signs of strain, and guiding movement as bodies shifted, Juniper followed every word as if it were already familiar.

“This discipline is about presence,” Maeve explained. “Knowing when to act, and when to simply stay steady. Panic makes growth harder. Trust makes it possible.”

Demonstration stations ringed the room. One focused on guided breathing and pacing during contractions. Another demonstrated safe positional support for different stages of pregnancy. A third showed how to adjust supportive garments as bodies changed shape hour by hour.

Juniper moved through the stations with natural confidence. Her hands were firm but gentle, her voice calm as she practiced verbal cues with a partner. Maeve watched her for a moment, then gave a small nod of approval.

“Midwifery here is anticipatory,” Maeve said. “We learn to sense what is coming before discomfort turns into fear. Care is not reactive. It is prepared.”

Charli paired with Hanna at one station, observing more than participating. She noticed how everything here focused on stability, reassurance, and safety rather than spectacle. It struck her that this was the unseen framework holding Bellmere together. For every student who grew fast and visibly, there were others trained to make that growth survivable.

Juniper returned to Charli’s side near the end of the session, eyes bright but calm. “This is what I want,” she said quietly. “To be there when it matters.”

Charli smiled at her. "You already are."

---

The next session took place in a connected laboratory space, brighter and more clinical than the rooms before it. Glass walls separated the classroom from adjacent observation bays, where upper year students rested on adaptive platforms while technicians and midwives worked quietly around them. Soft lights tracked movement. Sensors hummed. Nothing here was rushed.

An instructor, Simon, stood at the front, wearing a fitted lab coat reinforced at the shoulders and hips, clearly designed for long hours among changing bodies. He looked to be in his mid thirties, fit and athletic, with sleeves rolled just enough to show forearms toned by hands on work. His tablet displayed shifting graphs even as he spoke.

"**Somatic Expansion and Adaptation** exists because growth does not happen in isolation," he said. "Where Reproductive Education focuses on direct care, this discipline focuses on systems. We study how the body adapts to increased mass, altered balance, internal displacement, and prolonged strain without requiring constant physical intervention."

He tapped the screen and the glass wall behind her brightened, displaying a live feed of a heavily pregnant upperclass student resting comfortably in the adjacent bay. Support harnesses adjusted minutely as she breathed. Cushions shifted. Temperature and pressure readings updated in real time.

"That student is not aware of most of what is happening," the instructor continued. "And that is the point. Our goal is invisible support. Anticipation rather than reaction."

Diagrams bloomed across the main display. Skeletal alignment before and after significant abdominal growth. Ligament elasticity curves. Heat maps showing stress accumulation along the lower back, hips, and thighs.

"Somatic expansion stresses systems first," he explained. "Spine. Pelvis. Circulation. Skin. By the time discomfort registers consciously, damage may already be underway. We intervene earlier."

Students were directed to lab stations where they fitted simulation bands over their uniforms. The bands tightened gradually, mimicking added weight and altered center of gravity while sensors tracked posture and micro adjustments.

Charli felt the gentle pull almost immediately. It was subtle, nothing like the dramatic simulation from Gestational Studies, but it forced her to shift her stance, engage muscles she did not usually think about. A screen beside her lit up with simple indicators. Stable. Compensating. Learning.

Juniper watched closely from the next station, eyes flicking between Charli's posture and the data. "This would be so useful during late stages," she murmured. "Especially when someone is exhausted."

"Exactly," the instructor said, overhearing. "Somatic specialists work alongside midwives. One reads the body directly. The other reads the systems around it. Together, they prevent collapse."

They reviewed case studies next. A student whose rapid gestational growth caused spinal compression until adaptive supports were introduced. Another whose metabolic expansion strained circulation, corrected through environmental adjustment rather than medication. Each case emphasized coordination between disciplines.

"This field attracts those who want to protect growth without controlling it," the instructor concluded. "You will not be celebrated. You will not be visible. But if you do your work well, no one will ever suffer for growing too much, too fast."

Charli removed the simulation band slowly, aware of how grounded she felt afterward. The numbers on her screen faded, but the sensation lingered. This was not about becoming larger. It was about making space for what was coming.

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By the time the Somatic Expansion session ended, the sun had dipped lower, casting long amber streaks through the glass corridors. Word had already spread across campus. Fertility Arts was holding its introductory assessment that evening.

Students converged from every house, confidence high and voices loud. Charli had never seen so many first years gathered in one place. Rose girls spoke openly about lineage and poise. Lily students compared lactation metrics from the morning. Thistle students laughed about endurance thresholds. Even Orchid students, usually reserved, had shown up with tablets in hand, curiosity sharp behind their composure.

The lecture hall itself was different from the others. Vast. Circular. Tiered seating descended toward a wide open floor marked with subtle geometric inlays that pulsed faintly underfoot. No equipment. No mannequins. No diagrams. Just space.

Professor Lorne stood at the center.

She was a vision of overwhelming fertility. Her belly swelled forward in a massive arc, high and perfectly round, supported by a specialized maternity wrap that looked more ceremonial than medical. The fabric clung lovingly to her hips and lower abdomen, emphasizing the rich curve of her body as though her entire form existed solely to nurture and display life. Her breasts were monumental, straining against the soft confines of her robe, each rise and fall of breath suggesting volume almost too great to bear.

Despite her impossible proportions, she stood with effortless grace. Her skin radiated warmth, a soft maternal glow that seemed to pull attention like gravity. She was the embodiment of pregnancy, and every eye in the room was drawn to her.

When she spoke, the hall quieted without effort.

“Many of you believe you belong here,” Lorne said calmly. “Some of you are correct.”

A ripple of nervous laughter passed through the crowd.

“Fertility Arts is not a major you choose,” she continued. “It is a synthesis your body either accepts or rejects. It requires capacity, adaptability, and restraint. Growth alone is not qualification. Neither is desire.”

Students shifted in their seats.

“This is not an exam you can study for,” Lorne said. “Tonight is not about performance. It is about resonance.”

Assistants moved through the rows, distributing thin wrist bands that hummed softly when secured. Charli fastened hers slowly, heart beating loud in her ears. Screens lit up around the room, but only Lorne’s remained dark.

“Before anyone steps forward,” Lorne said, “there are questions. Answer them honestly. There are no right responses, only revealing ones.”

The floor pulsed once. Soft prompts appeared on the surrounding displays.

The first question read simply: What do you believe your body is for?

Students answered in murmurs or silence, tapping brief responses. Some wrote about beauty. Others about legacy, performance, efficiency. Charli paused, then typed a single line. To carry what comes, and make room for it.

The second prompt followed: When growth becomes uncomfortable, do you resist or yield?

Charli hesitated. Images flickered in her mind, the dream from the night before, the weight she had felt without fear. She selected Yield, then added quietly, With preparation.

A third appeared, slower than the others: Do you seek to be seen, or to be full?

Around her, wrists chimed as answers locked in. Charli did not rush. She chose Full, then stopped, adding a final note. Seen later.

The displays dimmed. The hall felt warmer. Professor Lorne watched the room without comment, one hand resting instinctively beneath the great curve of her belly, breath deep and steady.

“When prompted,” Lorne said, “you will step onto the floor. You will not act. You will not imagine. You will simply stand.”

One by one, students were called forward. Some glowed almost immediately, metrics flaring bright on the surrounding displays. Murmurs followed them as they returned to their seats, smug or shaken. Others stood for long moments, nothing happening at all, faces flushing with embarrassment.

Charli waited.

Her name echoed through the hall.

She stepped down onto the floor, every eye on her. The markings beneath her feet warmed faintly. She stood still, just as instructed. No pressure. No pulse. No swelling. The screens around her remained muted.

Whispers started.

Professor Lorne studied her in silence. Then, slowly, she smiled.

“Thank you,” she said. “You may return to your seat.”

Charli walked back, cheeks burning. Around her, others compared colors and readings, excitement crackling. Juniper squeezed her hand in reassurance. Lacey looked confused. Hanna frowned thoughtfully.

Professor Lorne raised her voice again.

“Results will not be posted,” she said. “Those who qualify will be contacted. Those who do not should not despair. Fertility Arts does not reward speed. It rewards inevitability.”

Charli swallowed.

## Chapter 6: Selection

A week changed Bellmere.

This time, it was Charli who felt it first.

The dreams had started and had not stopped since. Every time she slept, her body did things her waking hours denied her. She dreamed of weight settling low and sure in her belly, of fullness spreading upward through her chest until her breath caught, of warmth and pressure and purpose all at once. She woke flushed and restless, sheets tangled, heart racing as if her body had been working without her.

By the end of the week, she knew what she wanted.

Selection Day came quietly. No ceremony. Just terminals lighting up across Buttercup Commons and the soft chime that told them to choose.

Charli did not hesitate.

She selected Gestational Studies first. The glow felt right. Then Mammogenesis, the second pulse syncing immediately with the first. The system paused, recalibrated, then accepted both.

Across the hall, her friends finalized their paths. Lacey beamed when her dual pairing confirmed. Nora leaned back in her chair, already comfortable in her choice. Juniper's confirmation was gentle and sure. Hanna nodded once to herself, satisfied.

Charli felt a quiet thrill settle in her stomach. For the first time since arriving, she felt aligned.

The rest of the day passed in a blur until a message appeared on her tablet just before dinner.

Report to Cream Hall. Private consultation.

Her pulse jumped.

Cream Hall was warmer than she remembered. The air seemed thicker, sweet and heavy, like it pressed against her skin. She was escorted up a private lift to the uppermost level, where the halls widened and the ceilings rose.

The doors opened into the Dean's chamber.

Professor Lorne stood waiting.

Charli had seen her before. Everyone had. But this was different.

Up close, the Dean's pregnancy was overwhelming. Her belly filled the space in front of her, round and taut and impossibly full, the skin stretched smooth beneath fine fabric that did nothing to hide its weight. It pulled her posture forward slightly, commanding attention with every slow breath she took. When she rested her hands beneath it, the movement was intimate, practiced, reverent.

Charli could not stop staring.

"You've been dreaming," Professor Lorne said softly.

Charli froze. "I didn't say anything."

"You didn't need to," the Dean replied. She stepped closer, her belly swaying heavily with the motion. "Your choices told me."

She circled Charli slowly, eyes sharp and knowing. “Gestational. Mammogenesis. Chosen after only a week. Most students need months to admit that kind of desire.”

Charli swallowed. “I just know I want to grow. I think about it all the time.”

Professor Lorne smiled. Her hand slid over the curve of her belly, slow and deliberate. “Wanting is not the same as committing.”

She stopped in front of Charli and lifted her chin with one finger. “You wake every morning disappointed you are still small. You sit in class imagining more weight, more pull, more presence. You do not crave attention. You crave transformation.”

Charli’s breath shook.

“You are slim,” Lorne continued. “Short. Undeveloped. Any standard track would try to shape you carefully, slowly.” Her eyes darkened. “That would be a mistake.”

She stepped back and tapped a panel on the wall. The seal of Fertility Arts glowed faintly behind her.

“I am selecting you,” Professor Lorne said.

Charli’s head snapped up. “Me?”

“You,” the Dean confirmed. “Not because you have grown. Because you have not. Because your body is holding back everything at once.”

She leaned closer, voice dropping. “Fertility Arts is not for students who show early promise. It is for those who would break if forced into something smaller.”

Charli’s chest felt tight. Warm. Alive.

“You will continue your electives,” Lorne said. “But you will train with us as well. Closely. Carefully.” Her hand pressed briefly to her belly again. “I see what you could become.”

Charli nodded, stunned. “I won’t waste it.”

Professor Lorne smiled, satisfied. “I know.”

---

The Clover common room buzzed like a hive just before evening count. Cushions were scattered across the floor, some stacked into makeshift backrests, others half claimed by discarded sweaters and skirts. Someone had opened the tall windows, letting in warm air that carried the faint sweetness of the valley. Outside, the campus glowed softly, lights beginning to come on one by one as the sky deepened toward evening.

Lacey had kicked off her shoes and was sitting cross legged, leaning forward as she tugged distractedly at the strap of her bra. She laughed, but there was a nervous edge to it. "I swear it fit on Monday. Like properly fit. Now it just feels... wrong. Not painful. Just like it is already losing the argument."

Nora snorted and shifted her weight, palms braced behind her as she stretched her legs out. Her skirt rode higher than it had a week ago, the fabric catching on hips that were beginning to insist on their own space. "Cultivation does not sneak," she said, voice easy and confident. "It settles in like it owns the place. You wake up and your body has already made decisions without you."

Juniper hugged a cushion to her chest, listening intently. She smiled, but her expression was thoughtful rather than giddy. "I have not changed much yet," she admitted. "Not where you can see it. Like my body knows what it is meant to do and is getting ready."

Hanna sat a little apart from the others, tablet balanced on her knee. She pushed her glasses up with one finger and glanced down at the softly glowing metrics. "Sleep depth increased by twelve percent," she said matter of factly. "Rest cycles are longer. Metabolic efficiency is up across the board. Even without visible change, the internal markers are undeniable." She paused, then added, quieter, "Which is... unsettling."

"That is Hanna for you," Lacey said with a grin. "Already turning it into a paper."

"I will not apologize for documentation," Hanna replied, though the corner of her mouth twitched.

They talked over one another, the conversation looping and doubling back the way it always did when they were excited. Lacey complained about her bras. Nora talked about how her appetite had shifted, not bigger, just different, like her body was asking for more substance. Juniper described how Instructor Maeve had adjusted her posture in Reproductive Education and how that small correction had stayed with her all day. Hanna admitted, reluctantly, that she had started dreaming too, abstract and symbolic dreams, but dreams nonetheless.

It felt intimate in a way none of them quite named. They were comparing themselves not just to each other, but to who they had been a week ago.

The door opened quietly.

Charli stepped in.

She stopped just inside the threshold, hand still on the doorframe, as if she needed the support. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes bright and unfocused, like she had just been dropped back into her body after being somewhere else entirely.

"There you are," Juniper said immediately, patting the cushion beside her. "We were starting to worry."

Charli crossed the room and sat, movements a little careful. She took a breath. "I need to tell you something."

The shift was immediate. Lacey stopped fidgeting. Nora leaned forward. Hanna set her tablet aside.

"I was pulled into a meeting," Charli said. "With the Dean."

Lacey's eyes went wide. "Professor Lorne. Like. The Professor Lorne."

Charli nodded. "She selected me for Fertility Arts."

For a heartbeat, the room was silent.

Nora broke it first. "Wait. You mean actually selected. Not provisional. Not assessment."

"Yes," Charli said. "There are four of us. Me and three others." She laughed softly, still sounding shocked. "I did not even apply. I thought it was locked."

"It is," Hanna said slowly, studying Charli's face instead of her words. "Which makes this... significant."

Juniper reached out and took Charli's hand without thinking. Her grip was warm and steady. "Charli. That is huge. Are you okay?"

"I think so," Charli said. "I just. I keep replaying it. She said she could see what I could become. Even like this." She gestured vaguely at herself. "Small. Nothing obvious happening."

Lacey let out a small squeal and lunged forward, wrapping Charli in a tight hug. "I knew it. I told you something about you felt different. Like you were waiting for something bigger than the rest of us."

Charli laughed into her shoulder, the tension finally breaking.

The moment might have stayed that way if a voice had not drifted in from the hallway.

"Fertility Arts?"

Sandra stood just outside the open doorway, arms crossed. She wore Rose House colors, posture immaculate, chin lifted as if she was always aware of being seen. Her hair was perfectly styled, her expression sharp with curiosity she clearly did not want to admit to.

She stepped closer. "Is that true?"

Charli nodded, unsure what else to do.

Sandra exhaled slowly. "How."

It was not a challenge. It was a question.

“I thought it was about growth numbers,” Sandra continued. “I chose Gestational and Reproductive because that is the most direct path. I have been doing everything right.”

“You cannot choose Fertility Arts,” Hanna said evenly. “They choose you.”

Sandra’s jaw tightened. “Then how do I make them notice.”

Charli hesitated. “I dont think you can force it.”

Sandra looked at her for a long moment, eyes flicking over Charli’s small frame like she was recalculating something. “So what. I wait.”

She straightened, composure snapping back into place. “Fine.”

She turned on her heel and left, the set of her shoulders rigid.

The room stayed quiet for a few seconds after.

Juniper squeezed Charli’s hand. “You do not have to pretend this is normal for us.”

Charli smiled, eyes a little wet. “Thank you.”

Nora grinned. “So. Fertility Arts. Our little Clover prodigy.”

---

That night, the dream returned.

But this time, it overwhelmed her.

Charli stood in a mirrorless space. Her feet were bare. Her skin glowed faintly. And her body...

She gasped when she looked down. Her belly had grown to monumental scale, a firm, taut boulder that jutted from her body with impossible heaviness. It quivered with each breath, full and ripe, the skin tight and gleaming with heat. Veins traced faintly beneath the surface, pulsing gently with each slow beat of her heart.

Her breasts had become massive slopes of flesh, pale and pendulous, heavy with fullness. They curved out from her chest like the sides of hills, weight tugging forward with every movement. Her nipples stood firm and engorged, darker than usual, sensitive even to the imagined air. She shifted her stance and moaned aloud, the weight and heat impossible to ignore.

A voice echoed through the space.

“You see it now.”

Professor Lorne appeared from the shimmering air, not merely as Charli remembered her, but transformed. Towering. Fertile beyond reason. Her belly eclipsed Charli's own, vast and heavy and proud, a full womb that reached from her pelvis to her breasts like it ruled her entire form. Her hips were broad and commanding, her breasts like mountains, barely restrained by sheer silks that clung to the curve of her nipples.

Charli stumbled back a step, overcome. Lorne's presence was a gravity of its own.

"You dreamed of growth," the Dean said. "But this is the truth of your desire."

Charli fell to her knees, the weight of her belly shifting forward, her arms instinctively cradling its curve. It felt so real. So full. So alive. Something inside shifted and kicked, and Charli moaned again, not in pain, but in reverence.

"I want this," she whispered. "All of it."

Lorne stepped closer, her massive form radiating heat. "Then take it."

She reached down and pressed a warm palm against Charli's belly. The contact ignited a pulse through her body. Every nerve ending lit with pleasure and power. Charli gasped, her back arching, her breasts swaying with the motion. Her womb pulsed back against the touch, contracting faintly, readying itself.

"You will grow," Lorne said. "You will carry what others cannot. You will change until you no longer remember what it was to be small."

Charli whimpered, eyes fluttering. Her hands slid over the great swell of her stomach, the sensation erotic and overwhelming. Her nipples brushed against her arms, sending fresh heat spiraling downward.

The Dean leaned close, her own belly brushing against Charli's with slow, divine friction. "You are already becoming," she whispered.

Charli moaned aloud as the heat built, her breath ragged. Her body felt swollen with need and purpose, her skin tight with growth.

And then she woke, breathless, soaked, trembling beneath the sheets. The warmth lingered, and so did the pressure.

Charli stared down at her abdomen, still flat. But not for long.

## Chapter 7: Integrated Initiation

By midmorning, Cream Hall was filled to capacity.

This was not a limited lecture. Every first year had been summoned, regardless of track. Gestational students sat beside Mammogenesis majors. Somatic Expansion cohorts clustered with Reproductive Education aides. Insemination Theory students lined the aisles with tablets already open, fingers poised to record. Bellmere had made it clear: what happened today touched every discipline.

The demonstration platform had been expanded. Four identical stations stood in a row, each equipped with diagnostic consoles, biometric screens, and sealed preparation trays. Above them, a wide projection wall glowed with neutral data grids.

Professor Lorne entered last.

She took her place at center, hands resting beneath the weight of her pregnancy, posture composed and unhurried. To her left stood Dr. Murray Ward. To her right, Professor Gravida. A fourth instructor, Simon, joined them, representing Somatic Expansion and Adaptation, there to contextualize systemic responses beyond the uterus alone.

Lorne addressed the hall.

“Today is not a demonstration of procedure,” she said. “It is a demonstration of divergence.”

She gestured toward the four stations. “Each Fertility Arts candidate will receive a distinct initiation profile. These profiles determine early trajectories. They are not rewards. They are tools. And they are assigned by randomized protocol.”

A ripple of attention moved through the room at that word.

Dr. Ward took over, voice precise. “Randomization is essential for study integrity. Each profile has been pre-approved and safety-cleared. What differs is emphasis.”

He keyed the projection.

Profile One appeared.

“Mammary-forward gestational induction,” Ward said. “All four profiles initiate pregnancy, and all are expected to result in multi-fetal gestation. This profile emphasizes breast growth and early lactation readiness alongside uterine expansion. Mammogenesis students and Lactation cohorts should observe glandular development, and milk signaling concurrent with pregnancy.”

The slide shifted.

Profile Two.

“Somatic mass amplification,” Ward continued. “Pregnancy remains central but this profile prioritizes overall body growth. Adipose gain, skeletal reinforcement, muscular accommodation,

and full-body expansion accompany gestation. Cultivation and Somatic Expansion students should track load distribution and systemic adaptation.”

A third profile followed.

“Accelerated gestational efficiency,” Professor Gravida explained. “This profile favors speed and metabolic efficiency. Gestation progresses more rapidly, with shortened cycles and condensed developmental phases. Gestational Studies and Insemination Theory students should monitor pacing, endurance, and support thresholds.”

The fourth profile appeared last.

“Hypergestational escalation,” Ward said carefully. “This profile integrates all prior traits. Extreme multi-fetal pregnancy, pronounced mammary growth, and accelerated progression occur simultaneously. This serum is reserved for subjects with exceptional tolerance. Data from this profile defines the upper limits of Fertility Arts containment.”

The hall was silent.

Lorne’s expression did not change.

“Assignments are sealed,” she said. “Neither students nor instructors at floor level will know which profile is administered at which station.”

Charli stood with the other three candidates at the edge of the platform. She felt calm, strangely. The dreams had done that. Whatever was coming, her body felt ready to receive it.

One by one, the candidates were guided to their stations. Screens activated. Diagnostics rolled. Compatibility markers confirmed. Reproductive Education students watched posture and breath. Gestational cohorts tracked uterine readiness metrics. Mammogenesis students focused on early endocrine cues. Somatic Expansion majors monitored systemic load predictions.

The preparations were clinical and methodical. Nothing hurried. Nothing theatrical.

At each station, a sealed injector was mounted and calibrated, its contents coded only by alphanumeric tag. Ward narrated the process, pointing out sensor placements and safety cutoffs. Gravida explained what early gestational signaling would look like on the scans. The Somatic instructor highlighted expected whole-body responses if growth pressures rose unevenly.

From the observation deck, no one could tell which station corresponded to which profile.

Charli lay back, eyes on the ceiling, listening to the hum of machines and the steady cadence of Ward’s explanation. She felt a faint warmth spread through her abdomen, then upward, subtle and contained. The monitors beside her registered clean, rising curves.

Above them all, Professor Lorne watched.

Her gaze lingered on Charli's station just a fraction longer than the others. No one noticed. The system ticked forward. The injector completed its cycle. Data streamed.

"Initial phase complete," Ward announced. "Observers, note baseline shifts only. Downstream expression will emerge over days, not minutes."

The candidates were assisted upright. No visible changes. No immediate reactions. Exactly as designed.

"Remember this," Lorne said to the hall. "Growth is not spectacle. It is sequence. What you study here will define how you support it later."

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Cream Hall was silent once the students were gone.

The theater lights dimmed to their lowest setting as doors sealed automatically, locking the room into faculty-only mode. The hum of machines softened, replaced by the low ambient thrum of Bellmere's internal systems. Professor Lorne remained at the center of the platform while the other instructors gathered around the central console.

"Assignments," Dr. Ward said, folding his hands behind his back. "Now that the demonstration is complete."

Lorne inclined her head. A single command brought the sealed data wall to life. Four silhouettes appeared, each labeled with a name, house affiliation, and serum profile.

"Begin," Lorne said.

The first profile expanded.

**Mary Ashcroft. Rose House.**

The image showed a student with a soft, slightly overweight build. Her thighs touched, her waist rounded gently, and her breasts were already fuller than most of the cohort. Her posture suggested familiarity with carrying weight rather than resisting it.

"Mammary-forward gestational induction," Ward confirmed. "Pregnancy with multiples is expected, accompanied by pronounced breast growth and early lactation readiness."

Professor Gravida nodded. "Her existing mass will support mammary strain. Rose House discipline will help her manage visibility and output."

The second profile rotated into place.

**Tamsin Vale. Clover House.**

Broad-hipped and dense framed, with thick thighs and a naturally heavy build. Even before initiation, her body showed reinforced skeletal markers and high tolerance for added mass.

“Somatic mass amplification,” Simon said. “Pregnancy with multiples, paired with substantial overall body growth. Expect significant weight gain and long-term structural adaptation.”

Lorne studied the image briefly. “She will grow outward as much as she grows forward.”

The third profile appeared.

### **Evelynn Pike. Orchid House.**

Slender and narrow-hipped, with long limbs and minimal baseline mass. Her metrics showed exceptional metabolic efficiency and rapid hormonal uptake despite her delicate appearance.

“Accelerated gestational efficiency,” Gravida said. “Multiples carried over a shortened gestational timeline. Development will progress quickly and demand constant monitoring.”

“Speed without excess,” Lorne said quietly. “She will move faster than her body suggests.”

The final profile remained dim for a moment longer than the others.

Then it expanded.

### **Charli Lane. Clover House.**

Short. Slim. Minimal external development. No obvious markers of readiness that traditional tracks favored.

The serum designation glowed beneath her name.

### **Hypergestational Escalation.**

Ward exhaled slowly, one hand coming up to rub at his jaw. “You assigned the escalation profile to her?” he said, not accusatory, but clearly unsettled. “You understand what that implies. Full-spectrum activation. Multiples, systemic growth, and an accelerated timeline layered on top of one another.”

“I understand it completely,” Lorne replied. Her voice was calm, but there was a gravity beneath it that silenced the room. She shifted her stance slightly, one hand instinctively bracing the underside of her immense belly as it pulled forward. “What concerns you is not the serum. It is the subject.”

Simon frowned, arms crossing over his chest. “She does not present as a candidate for that level of load. Externally, she shows minimal tolerance markers. No early tissue responsiveness. No visible endocrine overflow. On paper, she should struggle even with a single-path escalation.”

“That is precisely why she cannot be given a single path,” Lorne said. She keyed the console, expanding Charli’s internal readouts. Lines of data scrolled upward, dense and climbing. “Lane is not failing to respond. She is refusing partial expression. Every system we monitor is active, but none are discharging independently. Her body is holding everything in reserve.”

Professor Gravida leaned closer to the display, eyes narrowing as she studied the projections. “Her uterine elasticity markers are already exceeding baseline,” she said quietly.

“Bellmere has seen this before. Rarely. Students whose bodies do not tolerate being shaped in pieces. They either receive integrated escalation, or they break under strain.”

Ward’s expression tightened. “And you believe she can tolerate the escalation.”

“I believe she requires it,” Lorne said. “Lane’s physiology is not designed for moderation. Her growth will not come in phases. It will come as a convergence. Pregnancy, breast development, body mass, and pacing must advance together, or none of them can advance safely.”

Simon hesitated. “And if she exceeds projections.”

Lorne’s hand pressed more firmly against her belly, the gesture intimate and deliberate. “Then we contain her. That is the purpose of Fertility Arts. Not to create growth, but to hold it when it exceeds conventional limits.”

Gravida straightened slowly. “Her internal markers are still rising,” she said. “Even now.”

“That,” Lorne concluded, “is why Charli Lane cannot be placed anywhere else.”

## Chapter 8: Dryhurst

By the end of the second week, Bellmere unveiled the Growth Board.

It appeared overnight in Buttercup Commons, projected across the far marble wall where the orientation banners had once hung. At first, students assumed it was another academic schedule or event announcement. Then the names began to populate.

Columns organized the data with unnerving clarity. Gestational Load. Mammary Activation. Somatic Expansion Index. Metabolic Acceleration. Beneath each category sat precise measurements updated daily: bust listed by band and cup progression, underbust compression, waist reduction or expansion, hip spread, abdominal projection in centimeters, estimated uterine volume, hormonal density markers. Nothing was abstract. Everything was quantified.

A crowd gathered almost immediately.

Mary's name climbed quickly.

Her Mammary Activation column pulsed in warm gold, numbers rising steadily each day. Bust: 16C to 16DD. Lactation markers: active. Tissue density: increasing. Within a week of initiation, her chest strained visibly against her uniform blouse, the fabric pulling taut across newly heavy curves. She moved more carefully now, shoulders slightly drawn back to counterbalance the weight that had settled across her frame. Lactation students hovered near her between classes, whispering about flow potential and output projections as if discussing scholarship statistics.

Tamsin's Somatic Expansion Index rose just as confidently. Hip circumference: +5.1 cm. Thigh mass: +3.8 cm. Overall body mass trending upward in smooth increments. Her figure softened and broadened with quiet inevitability. The weight distributed generously through her hips and thighs before rounding subtly through her midsection. She laughed louder than before, unbothered by the way her skirt fit tighter across her widened frame. Cultivation students studied her posture and balance, impressed by how her center of gravity adjusted without strain.

Evelynn's metrics were impossible to ignore.

Her Gestational Load did not climb gradually. It surged.

Projected term equivalency: 18 weeks.

Abdominal projection: +7.9 cm.

Efficiency rating: exceptional.

Where she had once been willowy and flat, a distinct curve now pressed against the front of her uniform. She looked four, perhaps five months pregnant despite being barely weeks into the program. The swell was compact and firm, sitting high and taut against her slender torso. The contrast made it more dramatic. Her waist remained narrow above the curve, her hips still delicate, yet the unmistakable roundness at her center altered her silhouette completely. Students stared openly now. Gestational specialists recalculated her internal timelines with thinly veiled excitement.

Around them, the other Fertility Arts students had begun to show in their own ways. Some carried subtle lower belly fullness, others displayed early breast heaviness or softened hips. Their bodies were diverging in visible patterns that matched their assigned serum traits.

Except Charli.

Her external metrics did not shift at all.

Bust: unchanged.

Bust: 14B.

Somatic Index: +0.0 cm.

Abdominal projection: +0.0 cm.

To the casual observer, she looked unchanged.

Only one column drew quiet, sustained attention from those who understood how to read it.

Gestational Load.

It did not spike like Evelyn's. It did not bloom outward like Mary's or Tamsin's changes.

It climbed in a slow, unwavering line.

Estimated uterine volume exceeded projection for her assigned week. Hormonal density trending beyond cohort average. Internal adaptation flagged as deep-set rather than surface-led.

"She looks the same," Lacey murmured beside her, eyes flicking between Charli and the glowing measurements.

"I feel the same," Charli replied, though even as she said it she knew that was not entirely true.

At night there was a heaviness that settled low in her abdomen. Not a visible swell, not yet, but a density. When she lay on her back, she felt resistance beneath her palm. Her bras felt warmer by evening, not tighter, but charged, aware.

Juniper folded her arms, studying the data instead of Charli's body. "Internal load without external adaptation," she said quietly. "That usually means delayed expression."

Charli forced a small smile. "Maybe I am just slow."

Behind them, Sandra watched in silence.

The Growth Board became the center of campus life. Students checked it before breakfast. They compared centimeter gains between lectures. The board did not declare winners, yet the measurements made competition inevitable.

Three days after its unveiling, the atmosphere shifted again.

This time the arrivals came in pairs.

A procession of dark transport vehicles entered first, sleek and uniform, marked with the silver crest of Dryhurst Academy. Moments later, a second convoy followed bearing Hollowfield Academy's emerald insignia. Students lined the courtyard balconies to watch.

Dryhurst was infamous. An all boys institution devoted to efficiency metrics, output viability, and reproductive analytics. Their curriculum centered on optimization, pairing strategy, and

measurable results. Hollowfield, by contrast, was mixed enrollment and politically fluid, known for collaborative research between gestational and support disciplines.

They were not here merely to observe.

The Dryhurst delegation wore tailored charcoal uniforms, sharp and severe. Every line of fabric looked intentional. The Hollowfield students stood in contrast, their attire softer, layered, green-threaded crests stitched over mixed silhouettes of skirts and trousers.

When the seminar began, Bellmere's Growth Board remained illuminated behind the speakers.

And by the time dismissal was called, the rooms and hallways buzzed with overstimulated conversation.

Charli slipped out a side corridor to escape the noise.

She nearly collided with someone turning the corner too quickly.

"Oh, sorry," the boy said, stepping back at once.

He wore the charcoal uniform of Dryhurst, though his jacket was slightly unbuttoned as if he had grown restless sitting through the seminar. His hair fell into his eyes in a way that suggested less discipline than his peers.

"It's fine," Charli replied.

He looked at her properly then, and whatever rehearsed politeness he might have prepared dissolved into something unguarded.

For a moment, he simply stared.

"I don't think we've met," he said.

"We haven't."

"I'm Rowan Mercer."

"Charli," she said.

He repeated it softly, as if testing the weight of it.

There was no flicker of recognition.

His gaze moved briefly over her frame, not critically, simply observant. She knew what he saw. A flat chest. A narrow waist.

Most Dryhurst faculty would have dismissed her instantly.

Their standards were not subtle. Growth equaled promise.

Rowan, however, looked almost puzzled.

"You're from Bellmere," he said.

"Yes."

He hesitated, then laughed quietly at himself. "My professors would tell me I should be prioritizing candidates with... more demonstrable yield."

The bluntness might have stung if his expression were not conflicted.

Instead, it warmed her unexpectedly.

"But?" she asked.

"But that seems boring," he admitted. "Everyone in my cohort talks about output curves like they're choosing machinery. I'm more interested in... a different side."

He flushed faintly after saying it, as if surprised by his own honesty.

Charli felt something twist low in her stomach.

"You don't even know what my metrics are," she said.

"Should I?"

The simplicity of the question unsettled her.

If he looked at the Growth Board, he would see flat lines across every external column. He would see 14B unchanged. +0.0 cm. No abdominal projection. No visible sign that she belonged among the escalating curves of her peers.

Dryhurst professors would advise him against her.

She could almost hear it.

Inefficient presentation. Delayed surface adaptation. High risk pairing.

Rowan studied her face instead.

"Are you going to the End of Semester Ball?" he asked, the words coming out more tentative than confident.

Her pulse skipped.

"I don't know," she said carefully.

He shifted his weight, clearly weighing internal doctrine against instinct.

“My teachers expects strategic selections,” he admitted. “Visible growth. Clear trajectory.”

“And I’m not that.”

He looked at her again, longer this time.

“No,” he said softly. “You’re not obvious.”

The corridor felt suddenly smaller.

He ran a hand through his hair, decision hovering visibly in his posture.

“I don’t know what my professors would say,” he confessed. “But I think I’d rather choose for myself.”

Before she could respond, voices echoed from the Commons, calling Dryhurst students back toward their faculty.

Rowan stepped backward reluctantly.

“I’ll see you around, Charli.”

He said it like a promise.

She watched him disappear down the corridor.

Rowan did not notice the figure standing at the far end of the hall.

“Mercer.”

Rowan straightened automatically. “Professor.”

The Dryhurst professor’s eyes flicked past him down the corridor where Charli had stood moments earlier.

“You are aware that partner selections for the End of Semester Ball are not sentimental exercises.”

Rowan hesitated. “Yes, sir.”

“They are evaluations. Public demonstrations of pairing logic. Projection forecasting. We do not attach Dryhurst names to low yield presentations.”

Rowan’s jaw tightened slightly. “With respect, sir, visible yield is not always predictive.”

He regarded him coolly. “Bellmere enjoys romanticizing delayed expression. We do not.”

A pause.

“I trust your judgment will reflect institutional standards.”

Rowan gave a short nod.

“Yes, sir.”

## Chapter 9: Surprise Growth

Semester One tightened into its final stretch.

The official Fertility Arts Evaluation would take place in six weeks, just days before the Inter Academy Ball. Before that, each student would undergo a Pre Evaluation Practice Round, a live measurement session designed to assess growth trajectory and predict final outcomes.

It was not graded nor recorded.

The announcement alone shifted the atmosphere across campus. The Growth Board pulsed brighter at night. Students lingered beneath it longer. Every fractional centimeter felt amplified.

Mary now stood at 18F, her band stretched firm across her ribs, lactation stabilized and strong.

Tamsin’s hips had reached +11.2 cm, her thighs thickened with soft, deliberate expansion that altered her entire stance.

Evelynn’s projected term equivalency hovered at 36 weeks, her high, rounded curve impossible to ignore even beneath structured fabric.

The Practice Round was held in the main evaluation hall under full projection lighting. Faculty from Bellmere observed from the lower tier. Dryhurst and Hollowfield representatives occupied the upper balcony seats.

One by one, students stepped onto the platform.

Mary’s updated metrics drew satisfied nods.

Tamsin’s distribution curve earned approving murmurs.

Evelynn’s acceleration chart triggered audible recalculations among the Dryhurst analysts.

Then Charli’s name illuminated across the screen.

The silence pressed harder than criticism would have.

Professor Ward circled once, assessing posture and respiration. A junior evaluator recalibrated the abdominal scanner to ensure accuracy.

“Stable,” the evaluator said quietly.

“Internally dense,” another added.

“Externally static.”

The words floated upward into the balcony where Dryhurst observers recorded notes.

Charli kept her chin level.

Halfway through the scan, a sudden wave of nausea rose through her without warning.

It hit deep and violent, twisting low in her abdomen before surging upward. Her breath caught sharply in her throat. The projection lights seemed to burn hotter against her skin.

She swallowed.

The sensation intensified.

Her stomach clenched as if something inside had tightened abruptly under pressure. Heat flooded her ribs. The room tilted slightly at the edges.

Professor Ward paused mid step.

“Miss Lane?”

“I am fine,” Charli said, though the words felt thin.

Another convulsion rolled through her core, stronger than the first.

Her hand pressed instinctively to her abdomen.

Charli’s vision blurred.

“I need air,” she said, voice tight.

Ward studied her for a brief moment, then nodded once.

“Dismissed. Report to medical if symptoms persist.”

Charli stepped off the platform before her knees could betray her.

The corridor outside the hall was cooler, quieter.

She made it halfway down before the nausea overtook her completely.

She barely reached the washroom before she was sick.

The episode left her shaking, palms braced against porcelain, breath uneven. Whatever had surged inside her had not released outward. It felt contained. Coiled tighter.

Inside her room, she sat on the edge of her bed and pressed her hand against her abdomen, flat and unchanged.

But the heaviness beneath her palm felt different now.

It did not loosen the next morning.

Nor the morning after that.

Charli did not return to classes that week.

Clover House noticed immediately.

At first it was small things. An untouched breakfast tray. A missed metrics discussion. Her absence beneath the Growth Board during the evening pulse update. By the third day, whispers had shifted into concern.

Lacey knocked twice that afternoon.

“Char?”

No answer.

Juniper tried later with softer persistence.

“We brought notes from Metabolic Theory. Open up.”

Silence.

Inside, Charli lay beneath a nest of blankets, the curtains drawn tight against the light. The nausea had not passed. It came in waves, deep and wracking, leaving her drenched in sweat and too weak to stand for long. Every attempt at food ended the same way. Even water felt heavy in her stomach.

Her phone buzzed constantly.

She ignored it.

Only one knock made her stir.

Three slow taps.

“Charli,” June said through the door, calm and steady. “It’s just me.”

After a long pause, the lock clicked.

June slipped inside and shut the door quickly behind her, sealing out the anxious murmur of the hallway. The room smelled faintly of peppermint and antiseptic from repeated attempts to settle Charli's stomach.

June stood still for a moment, adjusting to the dimness.

"Everyone thinks you caught something," she said quietly. "Ward suggested medical."

Charli's voice came muffled from beneath the blanket pile.

"I didn't catch anything."

June moved closer to the bed.

"You've been sick for five days."

"I know."

Another silence stretched between them.

June sat carefully at the edge of the mattress.

"Can I look at you?" she asked.

A hesitation.

Then a small nod beneath the covers.

June pulled the blankets back slowly.

The change stole the air from the room.

Charli did not look newly rounded.

She looked months along.

Her nightshirt was stretched tight across a pronounced curve that rose high and full from her pelvis, the swell firm and unmistakable beneath the thin cotton. It was not the tentative rounding of early growth. It was the smooth, undeniable shape of someone well into her second trimester.

June's gaze dropped, stunned.

The curve dominated her frame, pushing outward in a steady arc that altered her balance even as she lay reclined against the pillows. The fabric pulled taut across the apex of it, outlining the strength and density beneath.

Higher up, Charli's chest had changed just as dramatically.

Her breasts were fuller, heavier, the neckline of her shirt dipping lower under their weight. The narrow lines of her ribs that had once been visible were softened now, replaced by rounded volume that strained faintly against the seams.

June exhaled slowly.

"Charli."

Charli's eyes were wide, frightened in a way they had not been during the rehearsal.

"I woke up like this," she whispered. "Yesterday it was barely there. I thought it was just bloating. And then it kept pushing outward."

She tried to shift upright and winced, one hand bracing the underside of her belly as if instinctively supporting it.

"I don't know how to move," she admitted. "I don't know how to stand without feeling like I'll tip forward."

Her growth chart had not updated. The campus board still showed 14B and +0.0 cm. To anyone outside this room, she remained unchanged.

But in the dim quiet of Clover House, the truth was undeniable.

The sickness had not been stagnation.

It had been expansion.

June reached forward cautiously, not touching, only observing.

"You've jumped stages," she said softly. "This isn't incremental."

Charli shook her head.

"I can't leave the room like this," she said, voice tightening. "They'll think I manipulated it. Or that something went wrong. Or that I'm unstable."

Another wave of dizziness passed through her, though weaker now than the days before. The nausea had dulled, replaced by a heavy, constant awareness of her altered center of gravity.

"I'm not used to it," she confessed. "I don't even recognize myself."

She looked down at the dramatic curve rising beneath her palms, at the fullness straining her shirt, at the way her body had rewritten itself in less than a week.

Six weeks until final evaluation.

And she already looked further along than half the cohort.

By the eighth day, hiding felt more suffocating than exposure.

Clover House had grown quiet outside her door, concern replacing curiosity. Voices that once teased now dropped to low, worried murmurs whenever footsteps passed her room.

Charli stood in front of the mirror and drew a slow breath.

Her abdomen projected fully and unmistakably now, round and high, the smooth curve stretching the thin cotton of her sleep shirt to its limit. The swell rose from just below her ribs and pushed outward in a firm arc that left the weight of it pulling gently at the small of her back. When she shifted her stance, she instinctively slid one hand beneath the curve, steadying it, feeling how solid and present it had become.

Her breasts had grown heavier as well, reshaping her profile as much as the swell of her belly. The easy lines of her old figure were gone, replaced by full, rounded weight that sat high on her chest. The narrow frame she remembered felt buried beneath new volume; even the simple act of drawing her shoulders back reminded her how much more there was to carry.

None of her usual tops fit properly anymore. The only thing that offered any support was a plain sports bra Nora had found at the back of her drawer. Even that felt tested, the elastic band hugging firmly around her ribs while the cups worked to contain more than they were designed for. The fabric pressed close, lifting and holding, but there was no mistaking how much it had to manage now.

Finally, she reached for the loosest uniform skirt she owned. It rode higher than it ever had before, settling beneath the underside of her belly instead of at her natural waist. She left the sports bra as it was and pulled on an overshirt, knowing even before she tried that it would not close over her front. The buttons stopped well short of meeting, the fabric falling open around the width of her middle.

It was not neat. It was not how she had ever imagined presenting herself. But it was honest.

Charli took one last steadying breath in the doorway of her room, fingers curled around the frame like it was the last solid thing she'd touch for a while, and she stepped into the hallway.

The first thing she noticed was the hush.

Clover House corridors were rarely silent, even mid-morning. Someone was always laughing, doors opening and closing, footsteps echoing off the honey-scented walls. But the moment Charli emerged, the chatter died like someone had flipped a switch. Heads turned. Eyes widened. A second-year carrying a stack of lactation manuals froze mid-step, mouth half-open. Two first-years sitting cross-legged on the rug with textbooks dropped their pens in unison.

Charli kept walking, one hand instinctively cradling the underside of her swell the way she'd seen upperclasswomen do. Each step sent a gentle sway through her belly and a corresponding tug across her chest. Whispers started behind her, soft at first, then spreading.

"Is that... Charli?"

"She was flat."

"That's not possible. She must've..."

"Hyper-escalation. Look at the projection. That's not normal gestation."

A girl from the far end of the hall actually backed up a step when Charli passed, as though the sheer presence of her changed belly might reach out and touch her. Charli kept her eyes forward, cheeks burning, pulse loud in her ears. She wasn't invisible anymore. She was impossible to ignore.

She made it to the main stairwell before the crowd thickened. Students from other houses had already started drifting in. Word traveled fast on campus. A Lily girl in pale pink stared openly at Charli's chest, then quickly looked away when their eyes met. A Thistle student nudged her friend and murmured something that made them both grin. Charli swallowed and kept descending, one careful step at a time, the wrap creaking faintly with the movement.

Halfway down she nearly collided with someone coming up.

Professor Lorne.

The Dean had been ascending slowly, one hand braced on the wide banister, the other resting beneath the monumental arc of her own pregnancy. Even now, weeks after Charli had first seen her up close, the sight was overwhelming: belly so vast it seemed to lead her like a ship's prow, breasts resting heavily atop the curve, straining the ceremonial wrap of her robe. She moved with the same serene authority she always did, as though the weight she carried was not a burden but a crown.

Lorne stopped two steps below Charli.

For a heartbeat neither spoke.

Then the Dean's gaze traveled from Charli's flushed face, down the open front of her shirt, across the high taut dome of her belly, lingering on the way the wrap cradled it, then up again to meet her eyes.

A slow, satisfied smile curved Lorne's lips.

"Miss Lane," she said, voice low and warm, carrying just far enough that the stairwell crowd would hear every word. "Congratulations."

Charli blinked, throat tight.

Lorne took one measured step closer, bringing their bellies almost level, hers still larger by far, but Charli's sudden scale made the comparison less absurd than it should have been. The Dean reached out, slow enough to give Charli time to step back if she wanted.

She didn't.

Lorne's palm settled gently against the side of Charli's swell, fingers splaying wide. The contact was warm, steady, almost reverent. Charli felt the faint thrum of her own pulse echoed back through the touch.

"Your body," Lorne murmured, loud enough for the stairwell but intimate enough to feel private, "did not compromise. It waited until it could claim everything at once." Her thumb traced a small, approving arc over the taut skin visible through the gap in Charli's shirt.

Lorne straightened, her own enormous form swaying slightly with the motion.

"You will report to Cream Hall this afternoon for full mapping and containment planning," she said, tone shifting back to crisp authority. "We will adjust your support regimen accordingly. And-" Her eyes flicked briefly toward the crowd now openly staring from every landing and railing. "-you will walk the rest of the way with your head up. There is nothing here to be shy for."

She rested her own hand beneath her belly in that familiar, possessive gesture, mirroring Charli's instinctive cradle.

"You are exactly where Fertility Arts intended you to be."

Lorne gave a single nod then continued up the stairs, her massive silhouette parting the crowd like water.

Charli stood frozen for a second, palm still warm where Lorne had touched her.

Then she exhaled, squared her shoulders as best she could around the new weight, and kept walking.

The whispers followed her all the way to the courtyard doors.

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That morning, as Clover House moved through the hall toward first lecture, the Board flickered.

The Clover names refreshed first.

Juniper Arlen – Juniper (June) to everyone in the House.

Bust: 12B. Somatic Index: +0.0 cm. Abdominal projection: +0.0 cm. Gestational support markers: stable.

As a Reproductive Education and Gestational Support student, her row was almost flat by design, a reference line more than a headline, her role built around monitoring others rather than leading the curve herself.

Lacey Hart.

Bust: 8A to 8D. Mammary Activation: highly reactive. Somatic Index: +0.6 cm. Abdominal projection: +0.3 cm.

Her petite body carried most of its changes high. The board showed it clearly – almost all her gain spiked in the chest columns, a sharp little climb that matched the way her blouses pulled tighter across new, freckled curves.

Nora Vance.

Somatic Index: +6.4 cm. Hip spread: +4.0 cm. Thigh mass: +3.9 cm. Bust: 14C to 14D.

Tall already, Nora's metrics stretched outward rather than up. Her skirts fit closer over thickened thighs and softer hips, her chest rounding out in support of dual majors that straddled Mammogenesis and Cultivation.

Hanna Keel.

Bust: 10A. Somatic Index: +0.0 cm. Abdominal projection: +0.0 cm. Metabolic strain: minimal.

Her track mirrored June's more than Lacey's or Nora's. Whatever shifts her body was making were too minor to register against the heavy lines above.

Together, the Clover rows formed a modest, steady cluster in the lower middle of the chart, their numbers rising in believable steps that matched what they saw in the mirror each morning.

Then the rest of the cohort refreshed.

Fertility Arts:

Mary's row climbed higher.

Bust: 18F. Lactation output: stable. Abdominal projection: +3 cm.

Tamsin's followed.

Somatic Index: +13.4 cm. Hip spread: +8 cm. Thigh mass: +10 cm.

Evelynn's metrics reloaded next.

Projected term equivalency: 42 weeks. Abdominal projection: +15.7 cm. Gestational Load: accelerated cohort apex.

“Still top of the curve,” someone murmured.

Then Charli’s name pulsed.

Her line cleared.

New values streamed into place.

Charli Lane.

Bust: 14F. Abdominal projection: +22.4 cm. Gestational Load: exceeding accelerated cohort range. Projected term equivalency: 34 weeks.

A hush fell across the Commons.

It was not a gentle adjustment. On the board, her progression leapfrogged weeks of expected incremental change, sliding Charli’s metrics up and beyond most of the Fertility Arts cohort, parallel to the upper edge of the charts.

“Is that a bug?” a Hollowfield student asked.

Clover girls stood beneath the projection, looking up at the hard numbers that now matched what they had seen in private.

Lacey swallowed.

“Mary is all up top,” she said quietly, gaze flicking between the lines. “Tamsin is all hips. Evelynn’s accelerated, But Charli...”

Juniper answered for her.

“Charli’s carrying across everything.”

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In the Reproductive Education practicum, the desks had been pushed back against the walls to clear the floor. Padded mats and adjustable stools lined the center of the room. Projection screens displayed anonymized metric charts that were not nearly as anonymous as the faculty pretended.

Instructor Maeve, compact and steady at the front of the room, oversaw Reproductive Education and Gestational Support with the kind of calm authority that made everyone sit a little straighter. She stood with a slate in hand.

“Today we begin practical pairing,” she announced. “Support-track students will be assigned to actively gestating counterparts. You will observe, assist, and document. Care is not an abstraction at Bellmere. It is a discipline.”

Juniper sat straighter beside Hanna.

Across the room, Fertility Arts students shifted in their seats, some curious, some visibly self-conscious. Mary folded her arms under her chest as if to anchor the weight there. Tamsin stretched one leg out, adjusting to her broader stance. Evelyn moved more carefully than either, one hand resting high on the slope of her compact, full-term curve.

Charli lowered herself into her chair with practiced caution, one palm braced under the full arc of her belly. The uniform she had wrestled herself into that morning was already losing the fight; the fabric of her blouse pulled across her chest, and her skirt sat low beneath the swell that refused to be hidden.

Instructor Maeve began calling names.

“Arden with Mary.” Maeve’s gaze swept the room as a tall, second-year support student rose from the far row. “Focus on upper body strain, bra support assessment, and early lactation management.”

Mary shifted her weight as Arden joined her on the mat, arms still folded under the heavy curve of her chest.

“Hanna with Tamsin.”

Hanna blinked once, then stood. Her footsteps were neat and precise as she crossed to where Tamsin settled onto a padded mat, broader hips and thickened thighs adjusting with familiar ease.

“You will document somatic distribution and joint compensation under load,” Maeve continued. “Track how her gait changes under additional weight, and note any strain at the knees and lower back.”

Hanna nodded, already mentally sorting checklists.

“Juniper with Charli Lane.”

June rose at the same time, steady as ever, though her eyes widened as Charli straightened beside her.

Charli’s belly dominated her outline, round and high, the swell projecting outward with a fullness that rivalled Evelyn’s even if the internal timeline said otherwise. Her sports bra worked hard beneath her straining blouse, lifting the weight of her chest as she adjusted her balance. The skirt beneath her belly rode low, every shift of her hips an exercise in relearning movement.

“Lane is significantly earlier in gestational weeks,” Maeve said calmly, as if reading from a case file. “Her projected term equivalency is thirty-four to thirty-six. Hyperserum expression has produced accelerated volume without the standard lead-in stages. Juniper, you will monitor load distribution, adaptive posture, and breath capacity under combined chest and abdominal pressure.”

June swallowed once and nodded.

“Yes, Instructor.”

Across the room, Maeve called two more names.

“Kerrin with Evelynn. Patel with remaining cohort as assigned.”

A pair of older support-track students moved to Evelynn’s side, the near-term curve of her belly drawing careful, practiced hands.

Charli eased herself down onto the mat with June’s help, one hand still anchored under her belly even when she was seated.

From her position beside Tamsin, Hanna glanced over, briefly breaking her usual composure.

Side by side, the differences and similarities were impossible to ignore.

Evelynn’s curve sat higher, tighter, all her size compressed into a compact term-ready shape. Charli’s swell spread a touch broader across her middle, the weight integrated into her torso in a way that made her look less like she was about to deliver and more like she had been asked to carry far more than her weeks should allow.

“Remember,” Maeve said, moving between pairs, “your task is not to judge yield. It is to keep bodies functioning under the demands we have asked of them. Some of you will be called upon to support full term. Others will be managing mid-term cases that present as heavy as end-stage.”

Her gaze slid briefly over Charli as she said it.

“Adjust your expectations accordingly.”

End

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## Character Reference

Name	Affiliation	Body Type	Primary Interest
Charli Lane	Clover	Slim, understated, latent fullness; late bloom potential	Fertility Arts - Hyper serum
Juniper (June)	Clover	Sturdy, grounded, nurturing presence	Reproductive Education, Gestational support
Lacey	Clover	Petite, freckled, highly reactive chest	Mammogenesis, Lactation
Nora	Clover	Tall, thick thighs, soft hips	Mammogenesis, Cultivation and Metabolic Studies
Hanna	Clover	Slim, precise, restrained	Insemination Theory, Reproductive Education
Sandra	Rose	Bully	Gestational studies (wants fertility arts)
Evelyn	Orchid	Slim	Fertility Arts - Fast acceleration
Mary	Lily	Overweight	Fertility Arts - BE
Tamsin	Rose	Strong	Fertility Arts - WG
Professor Lorne	Faculty	Immense, heavily pregnant, dominant maternal presence	Fertility Arts
Professor Gravida	Faculty	Statuesque, enormous pregnancy	Gestational Studies
Mrs. Callow	Faculty	Extremely busty, mature upper body	Lactation, Mammogenesis
Dr. Murray Ward	Faculty	Tall, fit, composed	Insemination Theory
Instructor Maeve	Faculty	Compact, grounded, calm authority	Reproductive Education

## Academic and Institutional Reference

Subject	Domain	Lead	Location
Gestational Studies	Pregnancy progression, multi gestation	Professor Gravida	Womb Sciences Annex
Lactation Performance and Production	Milk output, stamina, nutrition	Mrs. Callow	Dairy Sciences Wing
Mammogenesis and Upper Body Morphology	Breast growth, sensitivity	Mrs. Callow	Mammogenesis Laboratory
Cultivation and Metabolic Studies	Controlled weight gain, mass adaptation	Instructor Vell	Metabolic Sciences Wing
Insemination Theory and Compatibility Science	Fertility alignment, outcomes	Dr. Murray Ward	East Wing Lecture Hall
Reproductive Education and Support Sciences	Midwifery, caregiving	Instructor Maeve	Care Sciences Studio
Somatic Expansion and Adaptation	Structural monitoring, systems support	Simon	Adaptive Systems Lab
Fertility Arts	Elite synthesis of all disciplines	Professor Lorne	Restricted Upper Campus

## Houses and Other Schools Reference

Name	Type	Focus / Philosophy	Notes
Clover House	Bellmere House	Wildcard, hybrid, meaning driven growth	Late bloomers, integrated outcomes, Fertility Arts candidates
Rose House	Bellmere House	Pregnancy, bearing, visible fertility	Strong gestational lineage
Lily House	Bellmere House	Abundance, BE and WG growth, flow	High yield lactation and mammogenesis
Orchid House	Bellmere House	Intelligence, theory, restraint	Minimal or delayed physical change

Bellmere Academy	Primary School	Harmony of body, mind, inevitability	Fate aligned admissions
Dryhurst Academy	Rival School	Clinical, engineered reproduction	Militaristic, artificial
Hollowfield Academy	External School	Spiritual, holistic fertility	Ritual, dream insemination