Life was tedious. She woke up day after day, anticipating nothing but the brief happiness of seeing a friend, and crush, before it all became muddied in one girl’s venomous personality. Hate proved too strong a word for that life, but dislike was too soft. She wasn’t sure any emotion described it properly, she just went through the motions. A bit player in the background that wanted more, however no chance was provided.

Until one unique ‘girl’ came into the picture. They pulled her free of that toxic tedium and into a life she could never have imagined before. By their love, she found something more than being in the background, more than simply wanting more. She got it, maybe not under her own power, though that didn’t matter. Only a fool turned down what she received. And only a bigger moron would complain or let it fall into yet another malaise.

“And I’m no moron,” Rachel said to her reflection. Sure, her grades didn’t reflect that statement well, being solidly in the middle last exam, but she wasn’t concerned with academics. Higher education didn’t intrigue her, only being the best futa for Carmen, keeping her happy and healthy. She needed it after all, being under so much pressure to share all that wonderful lust she’d kept bottled up for so long, not to mention that intellect was a burden all its own. That’s why it fell to Rachel to be her supportive cum bucket and confidante whenever the need arose.

It was also why she may have overstepped her bounds. Though nothing happened as of yet, she was always aware of the third and fourth cocks hidden within her twin shafts, that being the only place she thought Carmen wouldn’t discover them. A scrap of crumbled paper in her trash was responsible, though all it read was; ‘grows two mini cocks inside current ones and will become Carmen Robin’s perfect partner’. Yes, she’d stolen a page from the Futa Note under Carmen’s nose, but she was secure in that decision. Her deception was all for her sake after all.

“I mean, I know I shouldn’t be worried as I am,” Rachel mused and stripped down. In her eyes, the body Carmen wrote for her already exemplified perfection. From its curves, the pout of her lips, her flawless, scarlet hair all but designed to be grabbed in the heat of sex, right down to her heavy genitalia that obscured her puffy snatch. All that on her petite frame just made it stand out beautifully.

“But I want to be perfect for you,” she whispered, exchanging her reflection for Carmen’s visage, “Everything you want in a person, a lover, a toy, a living condom… I want to be.” She extended a hand and touched the cool mirror, though it quickly heated under her skin as flame erupted beneath the surface.

Eyes wide, she followed the flow along her arm to her breast. A moan slipped out, followed by more as the already huge shape consumed her belly, but it didn’t reach her hips, pushed up by something else. Rachel bit her lips, shuddering at the fuller, softer sensation. A second pair of tits gracefully swelled into existence, just as pert and heavy and stunning as the original set. They grew to obscure her hips, but only temporarily as her lower-half expanded too.

Sunlight glimmered in her eyes, the heart rings sizzling as they forced her pupils into the same shape. Yet another symbol of Carmen’s power at work in and outside her. She thrust her hips forward, cocks leaping out to smack into her mirror, which stood taller by the second as her arousal burgeoned. With it, her figure blossomed further.

“Carmen wants more,” Rachel said, unsure just how she knew, only that she did. It was like her love’s desires pumped through her mind in tandem with the beating of her heart, each throb ignited more growth, her body more than willing. A hiss left her mouth as her nipples pressed into the cool glass.

Pre-cum spilled down its bottom-half and pooled on the floor. Carmen was approaching, she could practically smell the futa’s inescapable musk already. She needed to be ready for her arrival. Rachel fell to her hands and arched her ass high, moaning huskily at magnificent scale of it. Even with breasts massive enough to cover her groin, her hips expanded well beyond that with a rear like none other. This was always her greatest feature, now more so. She could hug Carmen between the cheeks as they fucked.

“Oh god!” Rachel whined as the swelling pooled in her holes. A droning grunt rumbled in her throat as she strained, a sensation like pushing with her kegels enveloping her being, then suddenly braking with a splat against her bed. She reached back and felt at her pussy and anus, finding both hugely puffed out with enough sensitivity to spark a micro-orgasm in her cunt. On quivering legs, she pushed up, the flame receding. Droplets of milk rolled down her four breasts to join a mess of pre and fem-cum on the floor.

“Perfect.”

At a mere four-feet in height, her breasts were wider than she was tall. Broader than those, were her hips and ass, so erotically immense they spilled over the edges of her small double bed. She stroked her enlarged cocks, fingers no more than a blip on their size, while she kicked her legs, bouncing her balls and tits. None of her desire waned as she awaited Carmen’s arrival.

She truly was the perfect lover for such a person. More than enough breast flesh to tit-fuck even her biggest cock, an asshole and cunt designed to milk and stretch however necessary, and the will to become anything more. What did Carmen want anyway? To fuck of course, but in what way. Rachel licked at her twin behemoths, trying to envision how best to please her. Then the bell rang.

It couldn’t be helped that Leah was the one to answer the door. While the cow didn’t quite measure up to her anymore, Rachel had only just grown into her enormity. Standing up almost toppled the mountain she’d become, though she found her balance before that by steadying herself on the bed. The Futa Note’s power kept her from immobility, otherwise she’d have no chance of moving such weight on her own. She hefted a breast with both hands and cooed at its immensity.

She’d weigh them later. For now, she had to go downstairs and etch Carmen’s reaction into her memory.

“Come on, just a couple loads? Please?” Leah asked.

“Sorry, Leah. I’m saving up for something special,” Carmen said. Saving up? Rachel stumbled for a second, pussy clenching hard, walls grinding against one another. A thick dollop fell from her exposed folds with a splat. Both futanari looked upstairs at her, “There she is.”

That fucking smile. Rachel hadn’t exactly met Carmen prior the Futa Note’s presence, though she had no memories of the futa being anything but black-haired, gorgeous goddess of a human, but she was sure that look would have swayed her from Zoey anyway. So bright, disarming, blinding even, and ripe with the promise of love, and sex to shame the entirety of Pornhub. Not to mention a pregnancy to make litters seem pathetic.

Her eyes thinned as the smile widened. A heat welled up in Rachel’s abdomen. She tried touching it, but was completely shut out by her breasts, though she didn’t need to feel it to know where the heat came from; her womb. Undoubtedly, she, and many others, were already pregnant. A single drop of Carmen’s seed in them sufficed, which didn’t mean that was the end of things. Rachel had read more than a few pregnant fetish stories where nothing stopped further impregnation.

And that warmth in her belly told her she could easily star in one such story. Her eyes zeroed in on Carmen’s crotch, noting the three cocks, prevalent as ever, and how she drooled just at the sight of them. Even clothed, she was desperate for her lover. Was that how it felt to go into heat for an animal?

Maybe, maybe not. All she knew was how badly she wanted Carmen to mount and rut her until they were both exhausted. Though she doubted Carmen would give out just from being with her, which meant Leah would get her turn.

“Later then?” Leah asked.

“We’ll see, it depends on your sister,” Carmen slowly licked her lips, glossy and enticing, like rich desserts glazed in pure desire. They filled Rachel’s vision as the far taller futa took the stairs three at a time, until she was several steps away, yet their eyes were level, “Speaking of which… you look amazing.”

“You think so?” Rachel stroked along her top breasts and, unable to reach their front, gave a firm smack. Jiggles ran throughout, echoing in the bottom set and rubbing into her rigid shafts, “You sure I couldn’t be better for you?”

“Oh, you will be,” Carmen leaned in, breath on her ear and scent everywhere, “Let’s go to your room. I want to make sure it smells of us.”

“Okay.”

So entranced in Carmen’s ass, Rachel forgot about hers as she attempted squeezing through the door, “Fuck! One second… just gotta… there!” While it should only be an issue when turned on, she’d still have to make a habit of taking doors sideways on, lest she get lodged somewhere and everyone starts taking advantage. The larger futa giggled and led her to the bed.

“I made a few changes,” she said, “I know you’re happy to indulge in my fantasies, but I don’t want you to change just for me. It has to be for you too. So, now you’re going to grow exactly as you wish. In proportion to how much of my cum and milk you ingest, that is.”

“Whoa,” Rachel whispered, “I mean, that’s so sweet of you, but it’s kinda pointless.”

Carmen frowned, “Why?”

“I, uh, might’ve stolen a page from the book and made it so I’d be your perfect partner,” Rachel admitted, avoiding her gaze. Though she feared the reaction, her body still thrummed with arousal, muscles quivering as if prepared to present herself in apology. A hand pulled on her hair. Here it comes, she thought and opened her mouth for what no doubt be a brutal face fucking. Instead, she gasped against the softest lips she knew.

“You’re not mad?”

“How can I? You did it for me, right? Long as you’re happy with it, then I am too.”

“I am,” Rachel said, never surer of herself, “I’d do anything, *be* anything for you.”

“Good to know,” Carmen said and abruptly fell back, taking the redhead with her. Giggles rocked both their chests, before Rachel was pulled atop the seven-foot futa, “Because I’m pretty sure if I fill you up, you’ll grow some more.”

“Isn’t this enough for you?” Rachel asked and smacked her ass cheeks, so huge they even eclipsed Carmen’s. A twitch from below told her it wasn’t.

“Funny thing is, I pictured this for a while, wondering if I should just make you this fucking big, but I held off. Now, with it all in front of me, I can’t help but want more. Your ass is bigger than you are tall, your tits could be your own bed, you have cocks the size of mine, and all of it on a tiny body that just makes me want to impale you on my dicks like a human condom.”

“Fuck me,” Rachel groaned. In her nudity, there was no hiding how utterly soaked her pussy was, much less the fact her dicks were like steel reinforced with tungsten, “Oh god, Carmen, put your dicks in me and make me so fucking huge.”

“You sure?” Carmen teased and pulled a pair of boobs to her lips, licking around the dripping lengths, “If I do, you might really get stuck. You’d be nothing but a mountain of tits and ass with arms and legs, unable to do anything but wait for me to breed you.”

“I want it! Oh fuck, please Carmen, I need to be perfect for you! Turn me into a sleeve for your cocks, carry me around like I’m just a cock-sock, leave me to soak in your cum when you go to school, then knock me up when you get back. Just… please…”

“Gladly.”

Clothes were a flimsy prison. As would be iron in face of Carmen’s lust. Three cocks tore the highly altered shorts to shreds, bursting up to slap against Rachel’s four-foot-wide ass, waves of ripples streamed across the cheeks, then she was lifted and her fat cunt met the ring-leader. All dicks held together by sheer will power, not even budging when Rachel sank onto the black head. It stretched her engorged folds to their brink, but she had room for more. She had to as the second and third cock heads collided with her.

A cry attempted escape as they entered her, however Carmen gagged it by shoving a nipple into the redhead’s mouth. Milk flowed instantly and caught her off-guard. Thick rivulets spilled down her chin, an offence she quickly rectified by gulping it down loud as possible. Rachel’s cocks squished between their tits, each a pillar that framed Carmen’s flawless face. For that moment at least.

The taller futa shoved her lover down, nipple still in her mouth, and angled a cock. Pulling her up, Carmen stretched her own lips to inhuman levels. A lurid bulge worked down her neck in a facsimile of Rachel’s abdomen, which rose between her breasts and their faces. Things didn’t seem like they could improve any further. She was full of Carmen’s mare-breaking-fuck-sticks and drinking milk by the cupful. What a simple mind she had, completely forgetting what came with a proper fucking.

Rachel’s huge cunt squished into place at Carmen’s crotch. Her ass rested upon the balls, vibrating from the constant throbbing and churning within, then was pushed up by a sharp thrust. Two feet high, gravity finally pushed on her egregiously curvy figure. She plummeted back to the base with the loudest smack of her life.

The sting on her ass tightened her walls and womb around Carmen’s shafts. As she was pushed up again, she felt and inscribed every little texture into her memory, even while her own cock bathed in heavenly spit. Another thrust sent her even higher, glans yanked on her pumped-up pussy, then she fell and lost herself in an instant of creamy flesh that was Carmen’s tits. The clap of their bodies was deafening, yet Rachel picked out Carmen’s moans amidst it.

Her lover seemed everywhere. Each touch of fingers, whether just a graze along her hip or thigh, or a powerful smack on the vast plain of her ass, she felt Carmen all over herself. Perhaps it was just how deep her cocks were. The two, smaller members slipped in and out from her womb, punching through her cervix each time. Any normal woman would be in agony or worse, but with Carmen’s power, she only moaned for more. One vicious thrust dislodged the shorter cocks from her cunt, but the middle remained.

In truth, it was all she needed. Rachel’s instincts commanded that she clamp down on it, and she did, etching the beastly shape into her heart, mind and sole. Spines dug deep into her walls, all but piercing into her and injecting untold bliss directly to the veins, while fat bumps ground along the same path. The head did most of the work, being so wide that, were it not for her enormous tits, she’d see a literal shelf through her body. Pre-cum pulsed through its length and pooled against her cervix.

Carmen kicked both legs up to keep the bottom-heavy redhead aloft, then pushed her higher. Rachel whined as the nipple was taken from her lips, then whimpered as her pussy stretched once more around the fattest crown, before it slipped out. A rush of her juices and pre-cum splashed against Carmen’s crotch and abdomen.

“Tell me how you want it,” Carmen said, keeping the two sexes separated, “Want me to fuck both holes with my three huge dicks, or want me to fuck up your cunt with my single, massive, inhuman cock?”

“Hmm…” Rachel crooned and rolled her hips, desperate just to be full again. The head kissed her oversized pussy, then slid away, but she felt the pull of a pre-cum bridge between them, “My pussy! Please, completely ruin my cunt, I want it to gape so bad that you can just slip back in whenever you want! Give my womb all your cum. Breed it. Inflate my ovaries! AHHH FUUUUUCK!”

A single cock rammed against her. For a second, Rachel feared it was too big, easily covering the whole of her thick, sensitive pussy lips, but her body craved it just as much as it wanted her. Carmen’s legs relaxed, gravity pushed on the redhead, her cunt spilling juices by the bottle, while her snatch opened little by little. The tip forced its way inside until her walls were clasped tight around it, yet progress remained slow.

“One sec,” Carmen said and, before Rachel could form even a sound, flipped the redhead around. Ass in her face, the much taller futa clapped both hands down on it, pulled the cheeks apart and dove in. At the same time a cock bigger than she was tall entered her, Rachel also experienced the bliss of her lover’s tongue against her asshole. She leaned back, giving Carmen unfettered access to her sour orifice. It wriggled into her as another inch stretched out her once taut belly.

She felt it rise between her lower breasts. Heat poured off her stomach, each throb of Carmen’s heart echoed her own pulse, rippling through her enormous mounds and tingling in her leaking nipples. What a waste, she thought. Rachel moaned highly as she sank further, more of that massive, inhuman dick slipping in, and wrestled with her upper tits. They overflowed her arms, but she managed to corral their teats into line and crammed them between her lips. Milk gushed instantly and poured down her chin, across her chest, then over the shelf of Carmen’s cock.

Hums reverberated in her ass from the lips and tongue tasting her. Rachel wanted to arch into the pleasure, but it was impossible to locate just one instant of bliss, when Carmen’s mere presence radiated it. There was more truth to that than mere romance or infatuation. She moaned into her tits, guzzling milk while her womb filled with warm pre-cum, and inhaled through her nose. Her lover’s scent assaulted her sinuses and shoved her off a cliff into a whirlpool of ecstasy.

It could be metaphorical or a hallucination in her mind, but Rachel felt Carmen everywhere in that moment. Like the immense futa stretched out to encompass her entire being, caressing her from head to toe, fingers to shoulders, breasts to balls, inside and out, and it embodied bliss. Every inch down its length added another layer, each nodule that popped into her cunt and every spine flaring out against the walls were waves crashing down on her, drowning her in pleasure. She clenched down with every muscle, trusting the act to convey just how much she adored Carmen.

But it couldn’t. No single act would ever say just how she worshipped the very air her lover breathed, the ground she walked, the cum she spilled, even the people she chose to share it all with. Rachel almost wished Stacy were there, just so her partner could be filled as well. Panting and moaning, she seized up at the sudden inflammation in her groin. Shoved tight against her balls, her clit shifted and swelled. Inch after inch extended and writhed in her ecstasy.

The sinuous cluster of nerves snaked under her balls, twitching in time with Carmen’s dick, and grew to wave before Rachel’s half-lidded eyes. It was thin, no broader than her finger, though for a clit that was enormous. As she stared, it moved side to side with hypnotic rhythm, waiting for something. Carmen gave a sudden thrust, forcing half a foot of titanic fuck-meat inside at once. A scream tore through Rachel and parted her lips wide, nipples dropping and splashing milk everywhere; the clit lunged for the opportunity.

A tangy flavour joined the sweetness of her milk, then rapidly spread as her clit thrashed about. It poked everywhere in her mouth, tangled with her tongue, before eventually finding her throat and rushing down. Rachel gagged when it pushed on her uvula, however the perpetually growing length persisted, a rapid onset that soon found her stomach. Milk sloshed about within, then stopped as her clit coiled up within. Soon a stringy bulge appeared on either side of the cock still moving through her. It was at her clavicle. Not much more and it’d be eye-level.

Rachel whimpered as her clit made a lasso for the cock bulge to move through, like it sensed her attention on it. Beneath her, Carmen kept up her anilingus, unaware or unconcerned with the change taking place in Rachel, snaking the muscle in deep as it would go. Which, as the redhead was very aware of, proved very deep. Thankfully, everything the Futa Note did to her kept that place clean.

The cock moved up and into her squirming neck. Her clit tightened around it, earning a subdued moan from between her cheeks, while Rachel tried squealing around the always moving clit-tendril, still piling up in her pliant belly. That is, until it found a tiny exit and forced its way through. Rachel’s eyes bulged at the sensation of something ploughing through her guts on a single minded mission. For what? She couldn’t guess with all the sensations burying her.

All her awareness was consumed in them. Every inch, no, each millimetre was like a pump of Carmen’s hips in the middle of a orgasm. It forced her to tighten, muscles screaming for relief at that point, so taut around her love’s cock that she wondered if her pussy would ever close again. Not that it’d be bad; easy access for Carmen.

Rachel quivered when the cock-bulge moved into sight. She didn’t know how much further she had before their bodies were flush together, certain that Carmen had grown since last time. Three feet already stuffed her and, though her ass already sat upon Carmen’s chest, it didn’t mean anything when it was so huge. Another three, even four feet could await her.

And she *needed* it all. Rachel used all her willpower to relax, then squatted low. With all their fluids combined the process was smooth, if slow, a constant slide of an inch every few seconds, but it was enough. Nub after nub pulsed against her insides, all while her clit snaked deeper into her, still searching for something. Her answer finally came as Carmen’s tongue stopped and a finger-thick tendril pushed through her ass from within. The sensation of her tongue on the clit was heavenly, but feeling Carmen lick at its peak was nirvana.

Yet she still found a plane above even that. Her clit hadn’t finished its journey, sliding along her love’s tongue and past her lips, down her throat, then deeper still. How many feet had it reached? To reach her lips alone required three or four, then pooling in her stomach and bulging through needed several more, then almost twice that to reach her anus. Even after everything, it still quested onward, like it wanted to do the same to Carmen.

As the cock rose past eye-level, its many spines and bumps and veins lulling Rachel deeper into her bliss, so too did the clit descend into Carmen’s stomach. Now it had experience and quickly found the passage. Her love just moaned and continued frenching her asshole, tongue always moving, yet it never found the sweet spot. That was where her clit came into play.

Rachel arched her chest, back bending almost in half, as her cocks leapt up and rained thick cream. Messes weren’t common in her room, usually kept to the school or Carmen’s home, though some were unavoidable, but this was the first with her new equipment. Rope after rope impacted the ceiling and splashed back to coat them. Several globs fell on her lips and dripped into her mouth, adding its flavouring to her tangy clit-tentacle. Drops flowed into her nostrils, which she happily snorted up.

Another eruption shook her core as air met the wet length of her clit. It flailed in the open, snaking out from Carmen’s own ass, before it slapped into her balls, which it must have recognised as it calmed down. The next touches were curious, like a sneaky dog searching for an escape, before it found the underside. Rachel’s orgasm settled, her balls half-emptied, but rapidly filling again, then turned into a typhoon in the midst of an atomic explosion clashing against the heat-death of her universe. Or rather, it could be summarised as the ultimate climax.

What caused it?

Her clit made contact with Carmen’s pussy and instantly rammed in, faster than any other hole. Dozens of feet surged through their bodies, hundreds of thousands, millions perhaps, of nerves grinding into her other sensitive areas. More than that, however, it seemed to realise how undersized it was for Carmen’s pussy and pulsed thicker with every heartbeat. Before long, her jaw strained and the sinuous bulge in her stomach was just as present as the cock stretching out her womb.

Carmen gave a brutal thrust at the same time her snatch was penetrated. It wasn’t a jerk made brutal by her sheer size, but a hands on hips, shoving down on Rachel while thrusting up, bringing the redhead flush with her crotch and sending the bulge skyrocketing. A facet of her consciousness counted its length inch by inch, using her pussy and womb for measure.

But that wasn’t the only cause. More was responsible for Rachel’s thought-melting ecstasy. In a sudden burst of intelligence and size, her clit formed another noose around her four tits, squeezing tight and holding them around Carmen’s shaft, while undulating across its entire length. Squirts of milk shot forth as she was milked. The hands on her hips sank away and moved between her cheeks, then found her stretched out asshole. Carmen chuckled around the fat clit plugging her from mouth to ass to womb, before she shoved both hands inside Rachel.

One remained near the entrance and shoved on the thin membrane to feel her own shaft. The other rammed deeper, then stopped at the fat bump of Rachel’s prostate, grabbing it in her vice-like grip. *That* sent her spiralling.

Gallons of semen gushed from her twin heads and pooled on the floor. Milk joined it, yet regardless of how powerful the sensation in her tits, they couldn’t squirt enough, instead the amount built up and swelled them into even greater grandeur. The pressure gathered until she finally couldn’t hold anymore. Her nipples fattened to the size of two-litre bottles, ducts opening all over, then unleashed a white flood to join the rest on her floor.

All the while, her clit kept moving. It had burrowed deep into Carmen’s womb, where it coiled in on itself, yet wasn’t satisfied. The taller futa was nowhere near as debilitated by the experience and, with a simple grunt of pleasure and exertion, set to fucking Rachel’s near-comatose form. With gravity and Rachel’s sensuous weight, her descents were punctuated by brutal smacks of wet flesh. Juices spilled from her cunt by the litre every thrust.

There was no frame for time in her consciousness anymore. Darkness could fall and she’d still see nothing but white ecstasy, lost in her own world of sensation, feeling each spurt of jizz from her cocks like a train ramming her, only everything was good. Swords could impale her and she’d moan in delirious joy.

“Oh my, you’re being so wasteful.”

Rachel recognised her sister’s voice, though sight was far from her reach at that moment. It wasn’t until she felt something warm, tight and wet around her cocks and nipples that she even realised Leah was so close. More pleasure flattened her ego, leaving only her id to move in primal lust and fuck whatever offered itself. At that moment, it just so happened to be her sister’s tits.

“Hmm, that it’s, fill my boobies up. I don’t wanna go to work tomorrow, so make sure I can’t move an inch, okay?” Leah said, “Hey, you’re not really looking after Carmen’s balls are you? Let me.”

Leah’s nipples clamped down as she moved, laying between Carmen’s legs to bury her face in the futa’s heavy testicles. A mixture of sweat and fem-cum streamed down the massive orbs, covering the older sister’s face and saturating her tongue in salty ambrosia. Another brick-breaking thrust answered the new sensation, Carmen’s ferocity coming out in droves. She unknowingly smothered the thicker sibling in her scrotum, while leaving Rachel effectively brain-dead from pure, uncut bliss.

It would take a massive event to wake her from such a state.

Feet pushing down on Leah’s ever-blossoming titties did nothing. Feeling the clit writhe and swell was just another drop in the a planet-sized ocean. Even the thrusts might as well be pebbles. It wasn’t until Carmen’s rhythm faltered and her cock fattened that Rachel’s consciousness returned, knowing the signs all too well. Though her throat was completely plugged with her clit, Rachel still moaned and whined, pleading for the oncoming flood.

This would guarantee a pregnancy. More than that, it’d be legendary. One that no human could possibly contend with, one that matched Carmen’s deepest fetishes. Her belly needed to be insurmountable, a testament of her fertility and Carmen’s insane virility. Heat bloomed at two key zones on either side the cock, pulsing hotter until she feared they’d burn, then her worries washed away. A deep, visceral grunt echoed from Carmen’s chest and into her own.

Then she was full. Dozens of feet of clit-tendril thicker than a normal person’s thigh, a cock nearly twice her height, and two arms inside her ass just didn’t complete her. For that, she needed a biblical deluge of cum so thick it could be mistaken for a loose, wet dough that oozed out in a continuous log, which seeped down to pool at her cervix, before letting loose the true flood. In the first instant, Rachel’s taut belly exploded into rotundity as gallons poured in.

Her breasts pushed up and to the sides as it expanded. Rachel reached over her tits to feel at her inflating self, basking in the magma pouring in, and watching as the luscious frame of her sister quickly vanished beneath her womb. Each pulse of jizz rippled through her pussy on its way to the head, still heavily pronounced as it erupted, pushing her skin out further, before it gathered with the rest. While faint against the other pleasures, Rachel still moaned as she felt a constant pricking inside her. More babies to adore, she thought and shivered in a pure feminine climax.

Leah’s thighs disappeared from view. Rachel briefly regretted not wearing any clothes, wishing she could see her belly stretch out a button-up, testing its limits until the buttons just exploded off the fabric and into god knew where. Her abdomen surpassed her sister’s knees, already making headway along the shins. That was far from her limit.

She recalled that first time Carmen fucked both her and Stacy. How wonderfully huge they got, to the point neither could move without draining entire lakes worth of semen, but that was when they shared the futa’s prolificacy. Now it was all her own.

Soon the bed was swallowed underneath her expanse and still she inflated. Unable to speak, Rachel used every trick to beg for more, milking the cock with her pussy, squirming on Carmen’s groin and even urging her clit to fuck them both harder. The enormous cock shrank down, though she wasn’t being raised, nor was Carmen moving away. Rachel stared in fascination, both at her ever growing belly, and at the suddenly stouter phallus, before moaning as it split into two. They jutted out in either direction and maintained that stance as Carmen shoved her up.

When she fell, Rachel lost herself in white once more. That came from the deepest penetration yet; her ovaries. Her body was designed for Carmen’s pleasure, it was merely a bonus that she came just as hard, meaning she would do whatever the larger futa desired. Whether that meant growing a clit-tentacle longer and thicker than an anaconda, or taking two fat horse cocks into her fallopian tubes so their viscous, impregnating seed could flood her egg-chambers. It quickly overflowed back into her womb and inflated her further.

That was just a single orgasm, though. More still awaited. This amount could barely count as relief for Carmen, not after the many orgies Rachel had witnessed and participated in, which meant her room might be too small. Oh fuck, please let her belly fill the room was her final coherent thought.

When she finally registered light once more, it was strangely normal. She laid on her side, a massive frame behind her, its feel and scent instantly recognised as Carmen, while a warm glow bathed the rest of the room. Thick globs of white coated everything, from drawers to her desk, not that she used it often anymore. Soft wisps of air moved along her sticky flesh and teased her gaping cunt. It also brought her attention to a pressing, if basic need; the bathroom.

Upon standing, she realised a ‘small’ obstacle; her belly.

“Whoa,” Rachel said and cradled the fertile monument that had become her body. While her legs took the weight well, she felt it all the same, dozens of kilos all on her small frame. It jut out further than it was wide, though its girth still made for a perfect platform to support her huge tits. They were pushed so far up as to obscure her vision, though she was fine leaning around. Despite her massive size, not a drop leaked from her pussy.

“Is it cum, or am I really just this pregnant?” She mused and waddled out the room. Hips like hers were designed for such an arduous task, as were the unassuming layers of muscles beneath all her voluptuousness. Each swing of her hips shifted the burden of her belly, sloshing heavily within, confirming that it was primarily semen. Outside her room, after a troublesome navigation with the door, she found the carpet buried under cum. She must’ve been draining for a while.

“Look at you,” Rachel cooed once she got into the bathroom. Being so short, her parents had invested in a six-foot mirror so everyone could see themselves, though it wasn’t nearly wide enough, still it gave her a much appreciated view of her gorgeous tummy. She wasn’t aroused anymore, so her curves had returned to a semi-normal level. Inexperienced, she couldn’t say for sure how pregnant she looked, but with a gut bigger than all her tits combined, she had to look bigger than the octo-mom did, “And it’ll only get bigger.”

She was already so impossibly fertile in shape. Her figure screamed that fact to every creature across the universe, yet when the pregnancy began in force, the hormones would come into effect. Nature and magic would connive to make her so huge that she couldn’t possibly move.

A shudder ran up spine and into her belly. Rachel groaned deep and squatted, pussy squelching as it spread wider, while she braced a hand on the wall. Visible ripples passed through her belly, then she gasped in pleasure as a congealed roll of white stretched out her already gaped cunt. Foot after foot hung from her, then collected on the floor. After several minutes, it finally stopped and left her womb flat…er. Flatter. It still stuck out a good six inches from her waist.

“That was all this?” Rachel crouched low to study the coiled up pile of opaque goo. Sniffing it, she was bombarded with the irresistible aroma of Carmen’s seed, though much fainter than she expected from such a thick mass. Did that mean most of the sperm were elsewhere? That meant only one thing. She forced a hand between her rows of tits and rubbed at her plump gut. A subtle motion greeted her, “They’re still looking for eggs in there. Just how pregnant am I gonna be?”

Looking at her reflection again, she imagined just a popped out belly button surrounded taut, shiny flesh covered in bumps from kicking young filling it. In just a few months time, she’d be immobile.

“Carmen wants that,” Rachel murmured and felt her womb heating up again, “She wants to breed so much. An egg for every sperm. I need to be her perfect broodmare. I *am* her cumdump. Her baby-maker. Oh fuck, she needs so much more than this!”

Across her gut, balls appeared. Thin tubes pushed out and connected them to something deeper within, then the spheres grew. Rachel rubbed at them, instantly aroused as she underwent yet another change, all to better serve Carmen’s breed-lusts. Her cocks leapt to attention and, in tandem with her juicy nipples, shot off all over the mirror. She watched her heart-shaped pupils vanish under the creamy dick-sludge.

“More,” Rachel groaned and looked to Carmen’s semen she’d pushed out. Riddled with maddening lust, she grabbed hold and shoved it toward her cunt, unreachable with her arms and the abundance of size on her figure. Fortunately, she didn’t need to as the log came alive and finished the journey, pushing back into her pussy to once more fill her womb. Unlike before, however, she didn’t swell up massively. Instead, her abdomen rounded out until the balls around her womb vanished. Even so, she still looked full term with a single child.

The thought made her giggle, “One child with Carmen? That’s fucking dumb.”

She headed back for her bedroom and saw her love still asleep on her side. At least, most of her slept. Carmen’s shafts stood vertical to her body. Rachel didn’t leap at them, content for the moment after her latest change, instead she sat down and watched her sleep. Beauty came in so many forms; a jewel, stars, a sunset, a field of flowers… yet nothing made her smile like Carmen’s peacefully wanton face. Even at rest, there was something lustful about her.

Unique eyes peered at her after a few more minutes and a smile played at those plush lips, “Glad to see you recovered.”

“I blacked out. What happened?”

“See for yourself,” Carmen gestured behind the redhead, who looked and finally registered just what had become of her room.

“Oh…” Everything was broken, seemingly crushed by some immovable force, “Wait… I remember Leah showing up, what happened to her?”

“Wow, you really need your eyes checked. Look at the bed.”

“Maybe I just need to sleep more. Can’t think why I wouldn’t be resting properly,” Rachel said, but checked what she thought was just her bed. It was, in fact, her sister’s breasts covered by a sheet. Some remnants of a bed frame reached out from the sides, thoroughly ruined, “Leah? You okay?”

“Can you grab my phone? I need to call in sick.”

“She’s fine.”

“So,” Carmen sat up, graceful despite the buoyant land she’d reclined upon, “Anything new?”

“I’m totally fucking knocked up with a city’s worth of your babies,” Rachel said and stood for her view, parting the breasts and revealing just how heavy her stomach had become already, “Not even a week in and this is what you’ve done to me.”

Carmen drank in the view, eyes shining an even greater pink and red. It could’ve been her imagination, but Rachel swore the womb-shaped pupils pulsed at the sight. Elegant hands cradled her fertile gut, unerringly finding each of the balls. Rachel cooed softly at the touch.

“Is this what you want?” Carmen whispered.

Rachel’s answer was an instant, “Yes.”

Eyes closed, Carmen leaned in and rested a cheek on the front. She took several moments of quiet breathing, then nodded to herself and pulled away. After a second longer, Carmen stood at her full, glorious height. Had she grown taller? Perhaps in answer, the towering futa hunched down and caught her lips in a gentle kiss. Lust was a gentle river as their tongues met, rather than the torrent both were used to.

“Thanks,” Carmen said against her cheek, “I love you.”

“I love you too. More than you know.”

“I think I have a pretty good idea.”

“Want me to prove otherwise?”

Carmen just grinned and took her hand, “Maybe later. I honestly just want to relax for now. We can always watch some anime together.”

“If that’s what you want. There’s this great one that just came out.” Rachel led the way, eager to show off just how stunning her ass had become. And it’d only get better, she thought with a pat on her belly.