## -Growing Together-

**Chapter 1:**

Alisa moaned softly into her girlfriend’s lips. She felt so hot and tight, yet smooth like velvet as Alisa was bathed in her pleasure. Alisa’s hands roved across her lover’s supple form, finding and cupping her delectable ass cheeks like two globes of sensual flesh. No one’s ass compared to it, not in her mind. Particularly not as she brought her hand down on a cheek, feeling the tender layer of fat ripple over hard sinew. Perfect, Alisa thought rapturously.

“Hmm, you feel so good,” Alisa panted hotly as she groped her lover’s ass cheeks, feeling her clench in response.

“And you feel so hard,” Bianca moaned lustfully and silenced her girlfriend with a strong kiss, finding and subduing her tongue. They pulled apart with a needful gasp. Bianca sat up and placed her hands onto Alisa’s stomach, where her lightly toned abs more than supported her weight, “Ready for a ride?”

“Fuck yeah,” Alisa beamed and laid her hands under her head, cocking an expectant eyebrow as she continued to lazily thrust her hips. Bianca chuckled huskily under her breath as she began to bounce up and down, rolling her stomach with each action as she clenched her depths around Alisa.

Bianca gazed down at Alisa, who stared up at her adoringly. This position was perfect in their eyes, allowing both to drink in the visage of their love. The bounce of Bianca’s tits, the gentle curve and ripple of her smooth belly urged Alisa onward, yet it was her face that enraptured the smaller girl. It was that look in her eye, that glint of pure, undiluted lust and pleasure.

Alisa reached up and cupped her bouncing lover’s tits. They were perfect, large without being overwhelming and perky despite their size, sitting high on Bianca’s chest with twin dusky pink nipples capping them. Even covered they were so utterly enticing. And now Alisa could revel in their softness, while savouring the blazing moisture of Bianca’s tight pussy. Few things captivated Alisa’s attention as such a combination.

Bianca’s ass was an intensely close second, though. Her cheeks were firm from her constant jogging and biking, tapering down into her thick thighs that framed Alisa’s own comparatively thin legs. Some days Alisa wondered just what form of good deeds she had done to deserve such karma, not that she dwelled on it long. She wasn’t one to look a gift horse in the mouth. Especially when that horse was a hot chick with a personality to match.

“I love you,” Alisa moaned as she felt her orgasm rising.

“I love you too,” Bianca panted above her, visibly nearing her limit as well, “It’s a safe night so go wild,” she whispered airily into her lover’s ear.

“Well then,” Alisa grunted and flipped them over so that she could thrust down into Bianca’s snatch and bury her face in those luscious pillow-like mounds. Both panted and moaned, losing themselves in the act as pleasure mounted higher and higher. Alisa was too short to reach her girlfriend’s face in such a position, however it hardly mattered at the time. What did was the swelling sensation in her groin and the tightness undulating around her.

“G-gonna cum, Anca,” Alisa rasped and latched onto the closest nipple.

“Do it, Liz. Cum in me. I haven’t had it in so long,” Bianca responded in kind, bucking her hips against her lover’s, who’s tempo quickly became erratic. Both cried out in tandem as their orgasms crashed through them, sending jolts of pure electric ecstasy racing across their nerves and straight to their brains.

“So good,” Bianca cried as she was filled, a sensation she hadn’t experienced in what felt like months, despite only being a day, “So much,” she moaned, basking in the sensations of her pussy beginning to overflow with semen.

Alisa never thought she’d have such a beautiful girlfriend, not one who so readily accepted her for what she was; a futanari. She had both a cock and pussy, both fully functional. More so, in fact as their conflicting natures led to her libido sky rocketing during puberty. Yet she couldn’t keep a partner for long, not after they found out about her. It wasn’t until now, her junior year at college, that she had met someone.

They’d met at a party that neither of them wanted to attend, but their roommates had coerced them into coming.

Alisa kept to the corners, sipping at an unbranded beer. She simply observed the partygoers, watching them have fun and laugh and dance. Some couples were getting closer, inhibitions slacking under the alcohol’s effects, slow-dancing as they kissed and groped each other. One girl was getting particularly bold as she practically jerked her boyfriend off in plain view.

Alisa looked away from the display as soon as she could. Her secret pulsed behind her skirt, straining her underwear with its desire to freely enjoy the spectacles around her. No one noticed the blush in her cheeks to her relief, all of them preoccupied with the music, booze, girls and potential scandals. Alisa was glad to be exempt from that group, though she wished that she could talk to one of the hot girls. Maybe if they were drunk enough...? Alisa shook the thought from her head. She wasn’t about to try and get someone drunk just to sleep with them.

Bianca couldn’t stand frat parties. Or sorority parties. Or, indeed, any party in general. The music was always the same electric beat that pounded in her head and was always too loud, which meant that people would yell over it to have conversations, meaning that the volume would only rise. Not to mention how obnoxious people became when drunk, more so if they were already aggravating when sober. And the flirting. Bianca felt that she could write an epic on how terribly guys flirted when inebriated.

Yet, there she was, trying to blend into the wall behind her and nursing a cup of nondescript beer. Her roommate had begged for her to come, almost in tears saying that she wouldn’t know anyone there. Bianca glared in her roommate’s direction, but she didn’t notice as she flirted with a couple of guys, and sighed. She could be in bed by now or studying or anything else more productive than this party.

Then Bianca spied a friendly face in a corner trying to hide away. Bianca waded through the throngs of people, eager for some form of companionship that wasn’t either trying to score with her or get her to enjoy herself, and tapped on her chosen companion’s shoulder.

“Hi!” Bianca shouted over the music. The girl shied away slightly.

“HI,” she said, though it was almost completely lost under the overwhelming music.

“My name’s Bianca, what’s yours?”

“Alisa,” the girl said, louder this time, though she was clearly uncomfortable.

“Want to go somewhere quieter?”

Alisa couldn’t muster anything more than a nod. Why was this dictionary definition of ‘babe’ talking to her? For that matter, why was she trying to get her away from the party? Alisa followed after her, regardless of the reason. They climbed the stairs and found a vacant bedroom. Bianca closed the door behind them, shutting out most of the drone-like music. Alisa heard the hot girl and herself sigh in relief, then they shared a small laugh.

“Did your roommate drag you here as well?” Bianca asked, taking a seat on the bed and patting the space beside for Alisa to join her.

“Yeah,” Alisa nodded and accepted the offer seat. She sat as far from Bianca as possible, though, not trusting her alcohol laxed brain to behave.

“So, what’s your deal? You know, hiding in a corner?”

“Uh, well… I just don’t do so good at parties, I guess? What about you?”

“Can’t stand the things,” Bianca chuckled, “Everyone gets drunk and tries to flirt with me.”

“Yeah, I bet that’s horrible,” Alisa muttered, glancing down at her own meagre chest.

“Trust me, it is. I wish I had your body, then I’d be the cute girl next door type,” Bianca smiled fondly at Alisa, glancing her up and down and taking in the blush that flared to life on her face.

“Y-y-you don’t mean that,” Alisa looked away.

“Maybe. Doesn’t change the fact that I like your body. Definitely my type,” Bianca lowered her voice to a seductive husky tone, leaning in toward Alisa.

“You mean, you’re…?”

“I’m bi, honey,” Bianca explained, scooting closer, “I prefer girls mostly. So… what do you say?”

“You’re drunk,” Alisa groaned dejectedly.

“Nope. I’ve only had maybe a quarter of a cup.”

“Then you’re high.”

“Negative. No one brought weed here, I’d have left otherwise.”

“Then you’re…” Alisa trailed off as she turned to see Bianca’s face mere inches from her own.

“You,” Bianca began and pressed a finger to Alisa’s adorable chest, “Are my type. We can worry about personalities later. For now,” she moved even closer, until her lips nearly met her target’s, and brought a hand to her thigh, “Let’s have a bit of fun.”

“W-wait!” Alisa yelped as Bianca’s hand grasped at the crotch of her jeans. The hot girl pulled back in shock and frowned at Alisa, who’s face burned like a sun going supernova at that moment.

“You’re trans?”

“N-no… not exactly. I’m, uh, I’m both,” Alisa explained, ready to hear a shocked gasp, followed by an insult. What one would it be this time? The classic ‘freak’, perhaps?

“Show me,” Bianca said with an excited gleam in her eyes and an accompanying smirk.

“What?” Alisa was too shocked to even stutter, but Bianca didn’t repeat herself and merely stared at her with an intrigued, little smile on her plump lips. Even now, after months together, Alisa still didn’t really know why she did what came next. She stood up, facing away from Bianca, and undid her belt, hooked her thumbs in her underwear then pushed them down. With a deep, hesitant – yet excited – breath, Alisa turned around. Bianca was silent.

And then, still to Alisa’s bewilderment, Bianca’s response was;

“Fuck, that’s hot.”

Those three words had changed everything for Alisa. And now she was having sex with that same girl she’d met four months ago, and cumming inside of her no less.

They curled up against one another after their climaxes waned. Semen drooled from Bianca’s pussy, staining the bed below and caking her thighs in Alisa’s ejaculate, but she didn’t care. Nor did Alisa about her lover’s juices drying on her flaccid cock.

“Happy four-month anniversary,” Alisa said with a dazed grin and kissed her lover.

“Hmm, I’m more interested in our four-month and one-day anniversary,” Bianca giggled lightly. The two shared a grin and took the other in.

Alisa could have passed for the textbook definition of cute. Her face was gently rounded, her lips were plump and set into a permanent pout, with large eyes above a cute, button nose that had a splash of freckles across it. Her red hair was a vibrant crimson, soft and silky to the eye and touch. Her figure was lithe, though not athletic or all that flexible, and suited her below average height. Then, to cap it all off, she had a cock and pussy.

Bianca was a near total opposite. Her body was built for an athlete or a cheerleader, with her broad hips, strong thighs, long legs and flexibility. Yet her shoulders were slender, almost eclipsed by her large bust that threatened to dominate her torso, with silky locks of mahogany brown hair trailing over them. Alisa couldn’t believe that such a bombshell had so much as talked to her, let alone was her girlfriend of four months.

“Well, that new bar opened up last night. Maybe we could go there and have a bit of fun? A big blowout before you leave.” Alisa offered.

“Oh? I didn’t think you were into public sex,” Bianca teased and wriggled her hips, cooing at the soft squelch of her lover’s still moist seed. Alisa rolled her eyes.

“I meant the normal kind of fun. Grab dinner, have a few drinks and *then* we have drunken sex.”

“I prefer to remember my nights,” Bianca chuckled, “But, with you, I’m sure I’ll remember enough.”

“Just wait until you get me drunk,” Alisa murmured, feeling exhaustion sink in after her potent orgasm.

The next night, they went down to the bar and ordered drink after drink. Before long, Alisa was undeniably inebriated and Bianca quickly joined her, gulping down whatever drinks were laid before as if she had been travelling through a dessert. They exited the bar after Alisa barely managed to keep herself from tripping over her own feet. Regardless, both were in high, drunken spirits.

“You were totally gonna throw up back there!” Alisa chortled and playfully shoved her girlfriend, Bianca, as they both shambled down the street to their home.

“Was not! You were gonna pass out, though!” Bianca snickered, sneaking a light kiss on her partner’s cheek.

“Oh, you bitch,” Alisa pulled her in and roughly shoved her lips against hers, slipping her tongue inside and tasting the gin that coated Bianca’s mouth, “I’ll get you for that later,” Alisa slurred.

“I’m counting on it,” Bianca giggled and reached down to cup her girlfriend’s crotch, feeling her cock throb in response.

“Excuse me, ladies. Could you spare me a few cents for a bus?” Asked an elderly woman, hunched and frail bodied with shaky hands. Alisa and Bianca pulled apart with an annoyed groan to look at the woman.

“No dice, bitch,” Bianca sneered drunkenly, frustrated that their embrace had been interrupted.

“Yeah, fuck off,” Alisa affirmed with a flip of her middle finger.

“Youngsters these days,” the woman muttered bitterly, “Always thinking with their dicks and vaginas.” The words caused Alisa to sober slightly.

“How’d you…?”

“Well, here!” The woman cackled, “How about a little deterrent? Or incentive? How ever you ‘lovely’ ladies want to look at it. Enjoy,” the old lady pulled a pouch from inside her clothes and held it over an open palm. A small pile of dust spilled out, only to be blown forward by a sharp gust of wind. Each speck somehow zeroed in on Alisa and Bianca, who both stared in confused, drunken silence.

They blinked as the dust reached them and reached up to swat it away. Once the air had settled, they frowned in confusion at the empty sidewalk ahead of them, before the alcohol in their systems pushed the strange woman from their minds. Their attentions shifted to something far more intriguing for the both of them.

“I’m getting horny,” Alisa mumbled, reaching down to grope at her crotch.

Bianca nodded, “Let’s go.” She took her girlfriend’s hand and pulled her onward.

They stumbled into their dorm room and immediately made a beeline for the bed. Along the way, both tore at the other’s clothes with an almost feral desperation, groaning hungrily into one another’s mouths as their tongues duelled for supremacy. Alisa won out when she snapped her hands into place on Bianca’s incredible naked ass, causing the voluptuous girl to moan eagerly.

“Fuck me, Liz,” Bianca rasped into her lover’s ear. Her pussy practically ached with need, requiring all her restraint to keep from fingering herself. Alisa was fortunately in a similar predicament as her cock threatened to tear through her leggings. The petite futa nodded and tore at the crotch of her pantyhose, freeing her rigid prick. Bianca laid down on the bed, ass teetering on the edge, and spread her legs wide. Both cried out in relief as Alisa sank all of her dick inside.

Wet slaps filled the air as Alisa’s crotch quickly became coated in her lover’s copious juices. Moans and lustful grunts joined the lewd symphony. Alisa threw caution for her partner to the wind and thrust her hips with all the force and speed she could muster, roiling her body to hasten her efforts. She gripped Bianca’s hips tight enough to earn a pained groan, but it was lost to the choir of moans and the pounding of flesh on flesh. One of Alisa’s hands darted forward to grope at Bianca’s bouncing tit.

“More, more, more,” Bianca pleaded as she bucked against her lover. Sweat beaded across her skin, glistening on her tan flesh in the way that she knew drove Alisa wild. And that night was no exception, as the futa hunched forward and sucked a plump teat into her mouth, “Cumming… Liz, ah fuck! Liz, I’m cumming!” Bianca screamed. The tendons on her throat stood out in stark relief to her slender neck as she threw her head back in wild abandon.

Alisa groaned ferally around the nipple in her mouth, lapping at the salty sweat that coated the nub. She loved seeing Bianca sweat, her tan flesh would glisten so sensually and her breaths would force her breasts to stand out and jiggle more than normal. Alisa sucked hard on her cumming lover’s tit, biting down on it to draw out her pleasure with pain. The other breast bounced wildly with Alisa’s voracious thrusts, before she captured it in her hand and pulled on the untouched nipple. Bianca’s scream continued as her orgasm crashed through her.

Alisa could feel her own climax building. Her balls slammed against Bianca’s ass with each thrust as her cock throbbed powerfully and her gut grew taut. She pulled off the nipple, hand darting up to grope at the delicious mounds, and looked up at Bianca. There were no words to describe the face of utter rapture she wielded. Nor was there any need to describe it. Alisa only wanted to gaze upon for longer. And there was a simple method.

“Yes, yes, yes! Gonna cum too. Gonna fill you up!” Alisa cried and moved her hips with all the strength that her tiny body could muster.

“Yes!” Bianca’s voice gave out at that word and her body seized up, pussy clamping down like a hot, wet velvety vice as Alisa hilted inside of her. Cum spewed from her tip. She had never felt a climax like this before, so strong and forceful. Whether it was the booze or just a particularly good night didn’t matter, all that did was the feeling of being so close to Bianca.

“So good,” Bianca moaned sleepily. Her sweat covered body was embraced by Alisa, who turned her lover onto her side and settled in to spoon against her. Satisfaction radiated from her skin, feeding into Alisa’s own afterglow. Through the blissful haze, Bianca felt a new kind of warmth suffuse her skin. It passed before she could identify it, however.

Outside, the elderly woman stared up at their window with a deep-rooted grin on her withered face.

“Just as I thought, they can’t get enough of each other,” she cackled, “Well, let’s just see where that gets them.” With a ghostly laugh, she vanished in a flurry of fallen leaves.

Alisa was the first to wake up from her drunken slumber. She yawned and propped herself up on an elbow, finding that she was still against Bianca, who snored lightly with a warm glow to her cheeks. Alisa grinned down at her and carefully pulled away, grimacing as she felt her dried, crusty cum on Bianca’s thighs. She stood and headed to the bathroom, where she relieved her bladder and washed off her lover’s juices. Then she went to the kitchen and poured a glass of orange juice.

“Fuck me,” Bianca groaned from the bed and pulled the bed sheets up to hide her face from the sunlight streaming in.

“Already done that,” Alisa replied cheerfully and took a drink from her glass.

“You seem fine,” Bianca huffed and threw the sheets down when she realised they did little to help.

“I actually remembered the rules to drinking,” Alisa teased and walked over, “Don’t worry, I’m sure you’ll feel better before your parents pick you up.”

“Ugh, don’t remind me,” Bianca grumbled, “A whole weekend without my favourite little futanari to fuck me…?” She gave a melodramatic sigh. Alisa chuckled and pecked her on the lips.

“Don’t worry. I’ll be sure to send you a pic of your favourite dick every day.”

“Hmm, hardly seems fair. I’ve got to send you pics of my tits, ass and pussy.”

“Fair point. Okay, I’ll send you a video of me jerking off. How’s that?” Bianca’s face brightened up like the fourth of July and Christmas had joined together.

“Thanks, babe. I think I’ll survive now,” she smirked and reached down to grasp her lover’s cock, “How about a blowjob for the road?” Bianca’s head pounded and she felt like she might vomit if she so much as tried to think too hard, but she couldn’t help herself. It both felt like her body demanded that she pleasure Alisa and that she absolutely needed her cum.

“I’ve got a better idea,” Alisa giggled and promptly climbed atop her girlfriend, positioning her cock at her mouth while her own maw stared down at Bianca’s cum encrusted snatch.

“Mm, much better,” Bianca agreed and engulfed Alisa’s prick, who, in turn, set about cleaning up the mess she’d made last night. The taste of her girlfriend’s cock filled Bianca’s mouth, alongside the remnants of her own tart juices, setting her tongue and pussy alight. She moaned in pleasure as she felt Alisa’s limber muscle flutter against her snatch, lapping at her clit like it was a delicacy. Their hips rolled against one another’s faces in a bid for more.

Alisa mashed her face into Bianca’s pussy. Her nose was engulfed in its spicy musk, intermingled with her seed’s aroma, as her tongue darted past her lover’s lustful folds and into her bittersweet canal, lapping up the intoxicating flavour with a needful moan. No food on earth could match the sensual tang of her girlfriend’s juices.

“Yeah,” Alisa sighed against Bianca’s lips, reaching out with her tongue to flick at her clit, “Suck my cock. Clean up your cum, you dirty slut.” Bianca moaned in response, doubling her efforts and even taking Alisa into her throat to the futa’s pleasure. Intimate ecstasy suffused their bodies as they sucked and licked at one another. Moans for more filled the air, growing louder and higher with every passing second until Alisa cried, “Cumming!”

Bianca yelled around her lover’s member and felt her own orgasm spontaneously overwhelm her. She lunged forward to bury Alisa’s cock in her gullet just as the first of many spurts shot down her oesophagus, followed by another, equally virile shot. In perfect tandem, her own pussy pulsed and clenched around Alisa’s tongue, sucking on the muscle lustfully. Cum basted her insides as she swallowed around her lover’s prick, milking it of its copious load.

Through the pleasure, Bianca swore she felt Alisa grow harder in her throat. She quickly ignored the sensation in favour of prolonging her own climax, grinding her pussy against her lover’s tongue and lips, smearing them in her scent and cum. On and on her orgasm went, prolonged by Alisa’s eager kisses and licks. Darkness crept at the corners of Bianca’s vision, as her lungs burned for oxygen even as Alisa kept cumming strongly down her throat. Alisa somehow noticed and rolled off her.

“Fuck!” They gasped in sync as they shuddered from the aftermath of their respective orgasms. Alisa continued to leak her seed, droplets running down her shaft in thick, white rivulets.

“Here,” Bianca panted and angled herself to lap up the streams, moaning at the potent flavour.

“Thanks,” Alisa sighed, reached down to tangle her hands in her lover’s hair. She then pulled her up and pressed their lips together, tongues quickly exchanging the other’s taste.

“Think you’ll last the car ride?”

“Why wouldn’t I?” Bianca murmured happily as she snuggled against Alisa.

“Huh, and here I thought I’d gotten you addicted to my cock.”

“You wish,” Bianca retorted and gave a playful smack on her girlfriend’s stomach. They laid there for a while, ignoring all semblance of responsibility as they basked in the afterglow, until the sun neared its apex, “I better get ready. Mum and Dad will be here any minute.”

“Aww… okay,” Alisa reluctantly assented and released her to the world.

A short while later and Bianca had finished with her shower. She dried herself off and started getting dressed, only to pause and frown as she tried to pull her panties up, finding it harder than it should have been. With a grunt of effort, Bianca tugged them on and snapped the fabric into place. She walked in front of her full-size mirror and checked her lower body. It was hard to tell, but her hips and ass looked bigger.

She shrugged and went to clasp her bra, but soon encountered a similar problem.

“What the hell?” Bianca grumbled as she worked to situate her breasts in the cups, which were tight around her large, delicate mounds. After nearly a minute of tactical adjustments, Bianca had her underwear in place. Her skirt used to be annoyingly loose on her, much to her fortune, as she found the garment was now snug around her hips. Her waist hadn’t changed, though. Was it a growth spurt? Yet it didn’t add up. She didn’t have time to dwell on the matter, however.

“Your parents are here!” Alisa announced through the bathroom door, stepping back for Bianca to open it, “I packed your things for you,” she added with a proud grin.

“Thanks, Liz,” Bianca returned the smile and leaned down to kiss her, “Guess I’ll see you in a week?”

“Yep.”

“You’d better hold your end of the bargain,” Bianca called as she left the dorm.

Alisa giggled and waved at her, before heading back into her room. She immediately stripped once inside and let her fantasies run rampant. Her cock soon hardened to its full stiffness, jutting from her slim figure like a bludgeoning tool. Alisa grabbed her phone and went to snap a picture of her naked prick, but stopped with a confused frown. Was she bigger than normal? She shrugged and took the pic regardless, sending it to Bianca immediately afterwards.

Neither of them would exactly complain if she suddenly grew a little. She wasn’t exactly well endowed, after all. Alisa set her phone down and studied her member, deciding that it was clearly larger than normal. Not by much, but enough to make a difference. She smirked proudly to herself and decided that her cock deserved a reward for its growth spurt, no matter how small.

Alisa flopped down atop her bed. The sheets were stained with last night’s debauchery, the memory of which caused her prick to throb sympathetically, and the air seemed dense with the heady aroma from their copulation. It all circulated around her, slipping into her nasal passages and straight to her brain, setting her desires alight. Alisa wrapped a hand around her shaft, tensing as she brought it up to brush against the sensitive swell of her tip, and cooed as a dollop of pre-cum beaded then streamed down her purple head. So warm and slick as it met her fingers.

She had always been prolific in all sense of the word. She submitted above what was expected of her for homework or assignments, and this trait more than aptly applied itself to her relationships. Alisa sighed as she worked her slimy emissions into her prick, allowing her hand to run across its length with growing ease. The feeling of slippery moisture on her hand and cock never failed to enamour her. Perhaps as a mockery of Bianca’s cunt? She knew better, though.

Alisa’s home life was a clean one. Messes were cleaned quickly and without delay, not even a speck of dirt or crust could remain on a dish or utensil. It made sense to her, later in life, that she would purposefully seek out filth when outside. She could even say that her sexuality was possibly a bi-product of her childhood. She was aware that such a thing didn’t turn one to homosexuality, however it was an intriguing condition to ponder. What she didn’t have to ponder, though, were the effects it had on her turn-ons.

Alisa squeezed as she pumped her cock. Gouts of pre-cum flowed from her tip, coating her fingers and palm to cover her member in kind. She moaned at the sensations, so slippery and wet and viscous, urging still more from her productive prick. A soft coo gasped from her lips as her balls also grew coated in her pre. Alisa reached down below her cock with her other hand, gathered a large helping of her slick pre-ejaculate and pushed her fingers into her pussy.

She always took pride in being able to experience that which no one else could. Both of her sexes pulsed and clenched, fluid washing over her hands, as she thrust and pumped her extremities. Alisa could feel her orgasm already building, her gut tightening as her pre-cum grew denser with every passing moment.

“Mm, yeah…” Alisa groaned, rubbing faster as her heart pounded with ecstasy. Her phone buzzed, drawing her attention. She grabbed it with her pussy drenched hand and flicked the lock, ignoring the trails of her juices that she left on the screen, to see an up-skirt shot of Bianca’s pussy, which was clearly aroused, “Oh fuck!” Alisa cried and came. Thick ropes of her heavy, sperm infested semen blasted from her cock, arching high into the air and falling to splatter her shirt and bed.

Bianca smiled softly to herself as she idly chatted with her parents. They were yammering on about all their plans for the weekend together, though she was only half-listening. She enjoyed her family’s company, of course, however she couldn’t fight the strange feeling that she shouldn’t be away from Alisa. It was probably her libido talking, she thought with a silent laugh. Her phone vibrated as if in response.

She unlocked it and felt her pussy grow hot as she stared at possibly the hottest selfie she had seen in her life. Alisa laid in her bed, naked and with her cock standing straight up like a pillar, wearing a blissful smile on her face and coated in an impossible amount of cum. Bianca knew she should’ve been shocked, possibly even horrified, at the sheer quantity that covered her lover, yet she could only feel lust.

How nice must it feel to be covered like that? Would it feel even better to be full of it? Bianca’s mind wondered in absent-minded lust, arousing her body without provocation. She glanced to the front of the car, seeing that both of her parents were completely focused on the road and only glancing to their sides on rare occasion.

“This is nuts,” Bianca mumbled softly under her breath, almost to the point that she didn’t hear the words. She cautiously reached down, slipping a hand past the waistband of her skirt, and slid a finger along her pantie coated pussy. A gentle moan reverberated in the back of her throat. Her parents seemed completely unaware. She took as natural a breath as she could and pushed her underwear aside to press a single finger past her wet folds.

After minutes of careful fingering, Bianca achieved the quietest climax of her life. She felt her clothes grow an almost unacknowledgeable amount. In her post-orgasmic haze, though, Bianca shrugged off any concern she felt regarding the matter. She turned her attention to her parents and reinserted herself into whatever conversation they were having.

She felt a familiar warmth just thirty minutes later when they pulled into their driveway. Alisa felt the same thing in their dorm room, however she didn’t have the restriction of company to keep her from masturbating.

**Chapter 2:**

Alisa panted heavily as she relaxed atop her bed. She was stained in her seed, thick dollops of her ejaculate coated her skin, sticking fast to her flesh and joining the older piles. Beneath the deep-set stains, her skin was flushed scarlet from the exertion of her masturbation. She grabbed her phone and checked the time, bolting upright as she saw that she had spent the past three hours pleasuring herself. And yet, for all that time, she didn’t feel sore. Worn out of course, but her cock felt fine.

“Must be my time of the month or something,” Alisa sighed and stood up, cooing softly at the feeling of her fresher doses of seed drooling down her face and body. She brought her hands to her breasts, massaging her potent fluids into their petite expanse, tweaking her cum coated nipples absentmindedly. Even after her marathon of self-gratification, Alisa still felt pleasure smoulder within her. When she finally managed to wrest her hands away, Alisa headed into the bathroom. She needed to go shopping later, since the fridge and pantry were almost barren.

Alisa looked down at herself as she waited for the water to heat up. If she hadn’t cum so often in such a short amount of time, she doubted her cock would have remained flaccid for long. She was still semi-erect after her lengthy session, though her prick didn’t feel hard in the slightest. She shrugged and stepped under the stream of soothingly hot water, sighing at the sensations against her cum crusted skin.

As much as Alisa adored making a mess, nothing quite compared to the feeling of washing the evidence from her body. It felt almost naughty to scrub away at her copious ejaculate, watching it run down her body and into the drain. She eventually began to wash her docile member, unable to help but moan as she gently gripped it in her soapy hand. Her actions paused, though, as she gave it a slight squeeze. She was completely soft. Not even a hint of arousal.

Yet she was bigger than she recalled. Alisa frowned and raised her cock to look past it, seeing her balls were also noticeably larger. How? Why? She continued washing herself, while continuing to contemplate just what caused her apparent growth. Maybe she had somehow stretched it out? Was that even possible?

There wasn’t much of a better explanation. She was twenty-one after all, too late for her body to start growing again, and her cock hadn’t gained even a fraction of an inch since she was seventeen. Alisa shrugged and rinsed her hair thoroughly. If she really did stretch it out, then she doubted Bianca would complain. An extra inch or two would probably be cause enough for her to celebrate. Alisa giggled to herself and began drying off.

Bianca, in the meanwhile, was in near agony as she sat with her parents at a local diner. They had insisted on taking her out for lunch and she couldn’t say no without seeming ungrateful, despite her strange, unignorably potent desire to masturbate again. And now she was suffering the price for not speaking up.

Her pussy felt like a star on the cusp of going supernova. Just a small push would be all it needed and she’d cum, hard, but that was also what kept her from so much as grinding her thighs together. The last thing she needed was to come home and act like a nymphomaniac. If she pushed her indominable arousal aside, however, her day had been more than pleasant thus far. Her parents were overjoyed to have her home, as were so many of her family friends that lived nearby, and she rarely ate out for lunch. The weather was warm and clear too.

Indeed, were it not for her body’s endless lusts, Bianca would have only one gripe with the day’s events; that being the fact that Alisa was so far away. Big mistake, Bianca realised and gripped the table until her knuckles turned white, as her pussy burned with longing at the thought of her lover. Or, more specifically, her lover’s cock. Stop, stop, stop, Bianca silently pleaded with her brain. It took all her willpower not to reach down into her pants and at least sneak a small measure of relief.

“Oh, that reminds me,” Bianca’s mother looked to her daughter, “You mentioned that you met a girl. Tell us about her.” Bianca almost groaned in frustration toward her mother, but held it back. There was no way she could know the torment talking about Alisa would cause.

“Um, sure… she’s, uh, she’s really nice.”

“Come on, you’ve gotta give more than that,” her mother, Stephanie, demanded, falling into her neighbourhood role of gossiper, eager for any information that she could gleam. Bianca sighed.

“Her name’s Alisa. She’s about a foot shorter than me, kind of thin, but cute. She’s studying biology as a major and English for her minor,” and she has a cock and pussy and we fuck almost every day. Bianca added silently and regretted it instantly as her body fell deeper into desire’s embrace. Her mind conjured all sorts of memories to fuel the fire of her lust, including the first time she’d let Alisa cum inside of her. There had been so much cum, she thought with a wanton sigh.

“Are you alright, sweetheart?”

“Y-yeah. Fine, why?” Bianca jolted back to reality.

“Your face is really red,” her father pointed out.

“Huh?” Bianca then realised her opportunity to escape, “Oh, yeah. I think I might have caught something yesterday,” she made a show of yawning, “I didn’t get a whole lot of sleep either.”

“You should’ve said something,” Stephanie admonished and waved down a waitress. “You rest up for the day,” she later advised when they were home, ushering her daughter upstairs and to her room, “I made sure everything’s all clean and set up for you.”

“Thanks, Mum,” Bianca quickly accepted the reprieve and slugged up the stairs, both to maintain the façade of illness and to avoid stimulating her hot pussy any further. Not before she was safe behind a locked door and under her covers.

Alisa dug her nails into her forearm as she waited in line at the grocery store, a basket of food draped over one arm. She felt so hot, though she knew it wasn’t simply the weather, as her cock strained against its cotton prison. It had only been an hour since her shower, which she thought would have marked the end of her day’s masturbatory lusts. She’d never cum so many times before either. So why was she already eager for another orgasm?

“Next please?” Came the cashier’s voice. Alisa jolted back to reality and headed forward, eager to get this over with before she made a scene. The cashier was just as inclined to finish their interaction, scanning the items as quickly as they could.

“Are you okay?” They politely asked her as she handed over the money.

“Y-yeah. Just a bit warm is all,” Alisa smiled reassuringly.

“Okay. Well, drink plenty of water.”

“Will do. Bye,” Alisa didn’t waste another second to wave goodbye and practically sprinted from the store to her car. She tossed the bag of groceries aside and leaned back against her cheap, faux leather seat, panting in both fear and arousal. Did someone slip her something at the bar last night? An aphrodisiac? One that had a poor reaction to the alcohol. Alisa felt her cock throb powerfully against her panties and groaned.

“Fine, whatever,” she relented and started driving off back to her dorm, glad that she hadn’t wasted time cleaning her bed after that morning’s escapades. A red light forced her to come to a stop, however, earning a frustrated shout from Alisa. Her cock had decided to abandon all sense of decency over the drive, as it bulged out against the crotch of her jeans. Alisa glanced around impatiently and soon realised her mistake as she caught sight of a stacked blonde walking along the sidewalk, “Shit,” Alisa hissed under her breath and felt her dick reach its full erection.

The blonde was clearly fully aware of her erotic figure. She strutted down the street, hips swaying hypnotically and her breasts bouncing without restraint. Alisa gulped, noticing the similarities in body type between this stranger and Bianca, unable to help but picture her girlfriend in this woman’s place. If Bianca were there, what would she do, Alisa wondered and moaned at the scenes playing through her mind.

Bianca, sat beside her with a hand on her cock. Blatantly in view of any who looked through Alisa’s window. Or perhaps she would be even more daring? Alisa unconsciously bucked her hips as she imagined her lover leaning over and wrapping her mouth around her turgid prick.

“Fuck,” Alisa rasped, practically able to feel her lover’s lips and tongue. What if Bianca went even further? “Stop,” Alisa panted as one of her hands abandoned the wheel, moving to her tormented prick, however her body refused to heed her words. She could picture Bianca in her mind’s eye so clearly. Her busty lover would flip up her skirt to reveal a ack of underwear, then straddle Alisa’s legs in plain view of all, before reaching down and fishing out her desperate dick. It’d slide into her pussy so easily and cum immediately.

“Oh, fuck!” Alisa clapped a hand over her mouth to muffle her climatic cry. Semen spurted from her cock, up into her shirt, sticking fast to it and her skin. Her hips bucked against thin air, grinding her spraying member against the insides of her jeans, urging torrents of her seed to further saturate her torso. Alisa glanced out of her car to see the blonde looking in her direction, sending a shudder of shock and taboo delight through her. One final blast of cum arched across her chest.

The light turned green ahead of her. Alisa ground her teeth together and ignored the afterglow, speeding down the road as if she could escape her embarrassment that way. Her cum continued to drool down her torso, leaking out to stain her jeans and car. There’s so much, she noted when she finally parked outside of her dorm. Alisa had always been highly prolific, however this exceeded anything she’d seen before. She looked and felt like she had just walked off the set of a bukkake scene without cleaning her chest at all.

“Hope Bianca’s okay,” Alisa breathed as she realised that her lover might have been similarly drugged.

“Shit!” Bianca barely managed to smother her face in her pillow as she sharply cried out in her fourth climax of the past half-hour. Sweat dripped down her skin and matted her hair. She hardly noticed, though, suffused in the ecstasy of her body as she was. Ragged pants were all she was capable of, exhausted after fingering herself for so long without a break.

“Finally,” she eventually sighed, no longer feeling the urgent need to touch herself, though exhaustion quickly claimed its place. Bianca pulled up her sheets and curled up, ignoring the squelch of her pussy-soaked mattress. She noticed that her breasts felt heavier against her arm than she remembered, however – yet again – couldn’t find the energy to care as she drifted off to sleep.

Alisa dug her nails painfully into her thigh as she sat at her desk. This was ridiculous, she thought in fury. Even if the alcohol and aphrodisiac didn’t agree with one another, there was no reason for her to be so horny so often. Not to mention that her cock was definitively bigger than before. There had be some form of explanation, yet she couldn’t find any drug or reaction that would affect her in such a way.

The pain eventually failed to dissuade her from her arousal as her hands strayed to her tits and cock without command. Alisa bit the inside of her cheek, drawing herself from the haze of lust, and hurried to the shower. She turned the cold water on high and stepped under its spray, yelping at the freezing droplets landing on her sensitive skin. Her plan worked, however, as her arousal receded.

At least she had a way of controlling herself. Alisa set about cleaning up the mess she’d made earlier, throwing her sheets into the hamper and replacing them with one of her many clean sets. She and Bianca had stocked up on them after being forced to sleep on the floor after ruining their beds time after time.

Alisa passed the rest of the day surfing the internet for any hints as to what she was drugged with. The sun soon set outside and the day’s exhaustive events caught up to her, slowly weighing her eyelids and drawing weary yawns repeatedly from her lips. The futa gave up on her search and went to take a final cold shower, before lying down and falling asleep.

Bianca stood in her family’s bathroom, staring at her naked body with a worried frown. Her breasts were unquestionably larger, pulling her once comfortable bra taut around the mounds, as was her hips and ass. She could barely pull her panties on now, when they had fit her just that morning. Was she having a growth spurt? Couldn’t be, she hadn’t grown since the 11th grade, she was sure of it. But there were no other explanations for it.

Unless… Bianca looked through her family’s medicine cabinet, finding an unopened pregnancy test. Her parents were always prepared for such a thing, making little attempt at hiding their exploits after she turned fifteen. Bianca considered the box for a moment longer, before shaking her head and putting it back. She’d finished her period just a few days ago and it was impossible for her breasts to grow so fast just from pregnancy.

“What the hell’s going on?” Bianca sighed, leaning forward onto the sink, watching her heavier bust sway with her movements. Her body flushed with desire as if in answer to her question. She grinned despite her worries, “Oh no you don’t,” she climbed into the shower and made it as cold as she could. A strong shudder passed through her as the icy water rained down on her, but her arousal quickly dissipated. Bianca shut it off once she was in full control. This, whatever it was, wouldn’t control her. Of that she was absolutely certain.

With that thought strong in her mind, Bianca settled in for the night. She snuggled against her old pillow, breathing in its comforting scent and ignoring the musk of her pussy. This couldn’t be allowed to happen again. She would enjoy her weekend with her parents, regardless of what her pussy desired. Besides, Bianca thought as her mind slowly drifted off to sleep, the hornier she became the better the sex with Alisa would be. A soft smile lifted her lips.

Alisa came to life with a groan as she rolled onto her stomach to avoid the sun’s rays. Her eyes darted open in shock as a surge of pleasure rocked through her, forcing her to sit up to avoid the intense sensation. She quickly found the culprit, bulging out from her sweatpants, a hard spire of unsuited masculinity that throbbed longingly. Dampness turned the crotch of her pants to a dark grey and spread further as more moisture was added. Alisa clutched at her bed sheets.

It was a miracle she hadn’t cum in her sleep. She carefully removed her pyjamas to observe her cock, gasping as it sprang free of its prison to slap her stomach wetly, leaving a splotch of pre-cum in its wake. It hadn’t grown overnight, dispelling the chances that she was experiencing a growth spurt. The only thing that had altered was her sensitivity, as she could feel the air on her glans, almost like Bianca was there caressing her. Alisa’s hand began to stray towards it, until she pinched her arm.

She wasted no time in ducking into a cold shower. Alisa panted as the water bombarded her, icy streaks of fluid running down her overly sensitive body. Whatever was happening to her was clearly still in effect, she thought, hoping to preoccupy her mind, not only that but it was getting worse. Even the frigid water took longer to chase off her desire, leaving her a shivering mess before she was certain her cock was flaccid.

“Later,” Alisa panted, recalling her promise to send Bianca a video of her masturbating. It would be good for her as well, to relieve some of this insane lust that refused to fully evacuate her body. With her arousal under some semblance of control, Alisa allowed herself the luxury of a hot shower. She steered clear of her erogenous zones, snapping at herself when she noticed a finger or hand drifting towards any such region. She doubted many others could wield such self-control.

Bianca robotically ate her breakfast with her parents. Her rigid movements were the best she could manage, lest she release all restraint. Even after her cold shower upon waking up, she became horny within an hour, and that arousal was only spreading. It was in her head, she could feel it, like seductive tendrils trying to pull her toward relief; masturbation. There was no escape. Her mind was a prison, leaving her room to flee without respite. A single lapse in concentration would be all it took, she feared.

Her parents talked animatedly to her. Bianca only hummed or grunted in response, timing her mouthfuls of breakfast to excuse her from the conversation, for fear that she would let slip the desire burgeoning within. Just the mere thought of her parents unveiling the fact sent shudders down her spine. If only she could’ve stayed with Alisa, then she could help and probably even keep her satisfied. Unbidden, a wistful sigh slipped past her lips.

Stephanie caught the sound and fell silent.

“Sorry, sweetie,” she apologised with a tight smile. Bianca started at the words and swallowed her mouthful, coughing as some caught in her throat.

“No, no,” Bianca rasped, “It’s nothing. Just… Alisa said she had a mock test this weekend so I’m worried about her,” she explained, only half-lying. Alisa had an exam that day, but Bianca had no reason for concern. It was only a mock after all and she knew Alisa never got anything less than a B-.

“Oh? When’s it start?” Her dad inquired.

“Um, I think eleven o’clock,” Bianca answered with a glance to the grandfather clock that stood in the dining room corner, watching them like its namesake with a stern, unquestionable stare.

“Head upstairs and give her call then. We’ll wash up, right, honey?” Stephanie urged, nudging her husband in the side.

“You don’t have to coerce me into it,” he grumbled and stood, “Go call her.”

“Thanks guys,” Bianca stood and hugged them both, doing her best to ignore how her luscious thighs brushed against her pussy as she walked, then jogged upstairs. Once there she pulled out her phone, but didn’t call. She knew a better way to encourage her girlfriend than simple words.

Bianca stripped down to her panties – none of her bras would fit without great discomfort – and set her phone, camera side up, on the bed. She climbed on and knelt over it, knowing her needful pussy filled the lens. A soft moan escaped her lips as a faint breeze slithered through her window and brushed against her tender snatch, urging her to unconsciously angle her hips towards it. She snapped a picture before her self-control could decay any further, but pouted at the disappointing result.

Her body occupied the frame, offering a glorious low-angle view of her engorged pussy and a glimpse of her voluptuous curves. Yet it didn’t strike her as she had wanted. She needed to give Alisa something she could really use as motivation. Bianca bit her lip. There was one thing she could try, something she and Alisa had done once before, though her girlfriend’s hands were so small by comparison. Bianca set her jaw determinedly and laid her phone against the far wall, camera poised to capture her entire bed.

It was set to snap a photo every minute. Bianca crawled onto bed and raised her hips like an animal in heat, then spread her legs wide to pull her pussy open slightly. Alisa had told her repeatedly how she adored this position, even going so far as to prolong their foreplay just to keep her like this, and had several pics for her own personal collection. Bianca inhaled as she laid her cheek on a pillow and reached back with her hands, parting her shapely ass cheeks. She heard her camera snap a photo.

A groan reverberated in her throat as her fingertip connected with her sensitive womanhood. Electric pleasure sparked through her, zipping along her nerves toward her hand and urging it lower. She was helpless to resist as her finger dipped down and into her snatch, eliciting a grunt of shocked relief. It had never felt this good to be penetrated by one finger before. Even the car ride over, where she had been so sexually charged after seeing Alisa’s picture, hadn’t had such a potent effect on her. Bianca bit her lip to quiet her moans as she added a second finger.

Her phone snapped another picture. Bianca tried to twist her body around to face it, wanting Alisa to see what must have been a near lust-crazed expression on her face, though knew her features would be the last thing her girlfriend would look at. A third finger slipped in with surprising ease, stretching her walls wide and sending echoes of ecstasy through her. She couldn’t help but moan at the sensation.

Bianca tentatively prodded at her already taxed entrance with her fourth finger. Her pussy hardly protested to her awe, as it all but swallowed the digit and radiated a needful warmth throughout her body, mixing with the bolts of pleasure. Was this really going to happen? She wondered and glanced to her camera, hearing it take another image. How clearly did it capture her poor, strained cunt? Would Alisa be able to see it clearly?

Would Alisa masturbate at the thought of her girlfriend doing something so shocking? Bianca groaned throatily and folded her thumb against her palm, then pushed with an incessant desire. Her mouth gaped open, eyes snapping wide as she felt herself spreading inexorably wider and wider. She should be questioning how this was possible. Bianca had only been fisted once before and that was by Alisa, whose tiny hands were ideal for such a thing, but never again after that. Was she really that horny?

She could feel her juices leaking around her sinking hand and drool down her thighs. Her fingers met her cervix, forcing her to curl them and elicit a sharp cry from her lips. This was unlike anything she’d felt before. So full. Her pussy was stretched so wide. She could feel every inch of her canal gripping her fist, massaging it, almost seeming to pull it in. Bianca’s free hand darted to her engorged clit.

The phone took another picture, but went totally ignored. Bianca felt her orifice clamp down around her wrist, telling her that she was completely inside. She had fisted herself. As if she couldn’t believe it, Bianca unclenched her hand and immediately screamed as an orgasm of indefinable magnitude shook her. It felt like a series of explosions went off one after another, blazing a trail across her body straight to her brain. Once there, the world dimmed as her eyes rolled in their sockets. Her legs gave out and fell to the bed with a loud thump.

Bianca twitched in the aftermath, inadvertently thrusting her still buried hand and prolonging her mind shattering ecstasy. She laid there for minutes, basking in the constant bliss of her climax. Bianca rolled onto her back when she had enough sense to do so, then extracted her hand from her snatch with a somehow reluctant pop. She couldn’t help but hook two fingers from each hand in her hole, pulling it apart to show how far it gaped, and giggled at the sensation of being so open. When she’d had her fill of being spread so wide, Bianca brought her dirtied hand up to her face.

It was covered in her juices. From the tips of her fingers to her wrist, her cum glistened enticingly on her skin. Bianca, her mind saturated with lust, almost thought it was Alisa’s. She extended her tongue and lapped along a finger, cleaning it of cum as she had done for Alisa after so many nights together, groaning at the tangy-sweet flavour. A giggle fluttered in her chest as the thought of her lover quickly soaked her pussy once again.

This time, Bianca was too focused on her pleasure to care about self-control. She passed almost an hour fingering herself to orgasm after orgasm, ignoring her own cries and how the bed creaked under her bucking hips, until her mind finally gave out. The curvaceous brunette laid atop her sheets, her sweat coated naked body splayed out, with an immensely satisfied smirk on her face.

Her phone had a setting to stop snapping pictures after being inactive for too long. She had made it so that it would send all pictures to her single, favourited contact; Alisa.

“Thank god,” Alisa sighed as she finally pulled on her jeans. Getting dressed was a nightmare; her cock was so sensitive to even the slightest touch that she had to pinch herself every other second. Her nipples were strangely normal, though. Sensitive, yes, but nothing extraordinary. She didn’t dare test her pussy, however. The entirety of her skin was oddly more delicate to the touch now, thankfully not to the point that she risked getting an erection just from her clothes, but enough to distract her. Her phone pined for her attention with a series of vibrations.

She picked it up and immediately wished she hadn’t. Bianca was sending her pictures almost every second, all of them of her on a bed, knees spread and pussy on full display, then she was fingering herself, adding more and more until she was fist deep. Alisa felt her cock immediately jump to a full erection and her nipples poke out of her shirt. A moan vibrated deep in her chest.

The pictures kept coming, showing Bianca’s prolific juices as they doused her thighs. Alisa frowned in annoyance, wondering why she had never made her squirt before, but was distracted as she noticed a change in the pictures. She quickly unlocked her phone and opened her gallery, cycling through the images even as more came in. It was clear that her girlfriend was cumming hard in the later photos, as her face contorted into a sculpture of ecstasy and her juices gushed from her snatch.

And with each rise to her apparent pleasure, Bianca’s body changed. Alisa shoved all thoughts of her own desires aside, or as much as she was capable, and stared, confounded, as her lover’s ass visibly expanded and her breasts bunched up against the bed below. The pictures finally came to an end with Bianca on her back. Her breasts were visibly larger by at least an inch.

Alisa set her phone down in shock and looked down at herself. Her cock bulged out her jeans, throbbing in desperation to cum after several hours of being ignored. She sat down on her bed, groaning at the sensations of her jeans rubbing at her turgid prick, and clenched her jaw uncertainly. Only two possibilities faced her. One; she and Bianca were somehow experiencing a violent growth spurt. Two; she and Bianca were growing with every orgasm. Neither seemed impossible after yesterday.

She could eliminate one of those possibilities, though. Alisa awkwardly walked into the kitchen as her cock struggled to escape, but her belt kept it uncomfortably under wraps, then walked back to bed after finding a tape measure. With a deep breath, she dropped her pants and released her dick to the world. It bounced in the air as if overjoyed to be free.

“Okay,” Alisa exhaled slowly and steeled herself as she looked down upon her member. The head seemed so much more swollen than she expected, a deeper purple than normal and her shaft perceptibly pulsed in tandem with her pounding heart. She extended the tape measure and placed it against her tumescent prick, biting her lip as the cold metal met her unwieldly sensitive flesh.

“S… seven inches long,” Alisa noted and quickly found something to write it down on, “And now…” She took another deep, soothing inhale and turned the measure horizontal, “Two inches wide. Hmm,” Alisa couldn’t help but moan as her fingers inadvertently brushed against her cock, the sensation urging her to rub just under her sensitive tip.

Alisa snapped herself free with a sharp pinch at her frenulum. She hunched forward and panted in agony, clutching at her thighs to keep from touching her cock. The tape measure fell to the floor. There was no time to fool around, she thought with a glance to her alarm clock; 10:40. She had to be at the exam in twenty minutes. Mock or real, Alisa couldn’t afford to miss a test.

“Sorry,” she sulked, watching as her cock rapidly went flaccid after such intense pain. Alisa quickly stuffed it back into her jeans and rushed about her room, gathering everything she needed. Her dick ached where she had pinched it, but remained dormant. Now she could only hope that it would stay flaccid throughout the exam as she power walked to the exam hall. She would figure it all out later.

Alisa took her seat at the back. Her fellow students were all present, murmuring amongst each other and exchanging last minute tips, and the invigilator stood at the front to oversee them all. She sighed in relief when she finally relaxed her tense muscles, pulling out her pen and water bottle. All she had to do was finish this exam and get back to her room, then she could ascertain which of her theories were true. Her body flushed at the thought of what that meant.

“Okay, just focus,” Alisa whispered to herself and fixed her gaze straight forward onto the invigilator, who began checking off names on a clipboard. They then walked around, setting test papers face-down in front of the students. Alisa noticed that it was a woman this time, one that clearly took care of themselves, as their lithe figure practically sauntered amongst the desks. The futa moved a hand to the desk’s edge and gripped it tightly.

The invigilator finished at Alisa. She decided to use the student’s desk to finish her final check, bending forward and causing her shirt to fall slightly, revealing a sizable, braless set of breasts to Alisa. The student gulped audibly and tried to avert her gaze, however her lust held her in place, forcing her to stare upon such a tempting view and urge her cock to harden. Any attempt to look away simply resulted in her eyes snapping back. Was she really that helpless against her own desires?

“Something wrong?” The invigilator inquired, noticing a blush on Alisa’s face.

“Y-yeah… sorry, just had a long walk and not a whole lot of time,” Alisa laughed it off, despite the unrest in her mind. This exam wasn’t important. Just a mock. She could blow it off and still probably ace the year. So what was the harm in enjoying the view? She gripped her desk harder, biceps growing taut as her muscles tensed. Perhaps she should just test her theory right here and get it over with.

“Ah, I get it. They always do that to students here. I remember when…” Alisa tuned her out. Not intentionally. Her mind simply couldn’t find the will to care for the words when she could bask in this woman’s cleavage. They look soft, Alisa thought, and her nipples are probably juicy. Her mouth went dry as she licked her lips nervously. A grimace settled on her face at the feeling of her cock lurching in her panties.

The invigilator caught the expression and frowned, “Are you sure you’re alright?”

“Yes… I-I’m fine,” Alisa replied through her clenched jaw, “Can we start the exam, please? I, uh… I have somewhere I need to be.”

“Of course.” Alisa exhaled her unconsciously baited breath and relaxed her arms. That was no doubt the biggest hurdle of the day. Smooth sailing from here, she thought optimistically. The exam started. Immediately, the hall was filled with the sounds of papers turning and pens scratching furiously at paper. Alisa went to follow suite, reaching for the exam paper, but froze as her thigh brushed against her sensitive tip. Her eyes went wide as she realised that her panties must have slipped.

Ordinarily, this wouldn’t be an issue. Alisa would ignore her member and continue with her day until she could properly situate it properly, but she rarely had to deal with an erection at those times. Let alone one so sensitive that she felt ready to explode just from her foreskin peeling back. Must be because she denied herself again, Alisa ascertained. How the hell was she going to escape this room without cumming in her jeans? Even as concern suffused her thoughts, her leg, unbidden, bounced in place.

“Fuck,” Alisa groaned and lowered her head, grinding her teeth together. Pleasure radiated from her crotch, spreading like wildfire across her nerves to burn her self-control to ashes. Her knuckles turned white as they gripped her desk. She cast her eyes around the room and noticed a couple of her classmates looking back at her, gazes somehow casting flames of embarrassment from across the room to her face. Her cheeks could have warmed a heatless home with ease.

She noticed her classmates’ mouths move and their eyes glance to one another. What were they talking about? Her? Wait, why were they talking during an exam? Alisa shook her head and looked back at them, finding that they were all facing directly forward, not even sparing a moment to glimpse their surroundings it seemed.

“Get a hold of yourself, Alisa,” she hissed at herself under her breath and ground her teeth together, freezing her traitorous leg with pure will. She pressed her pen against paper as she scanned through the question. But stopped short, however, as her concentration shattered when her leg, ever the turncoat, once again bounced and wrested a moan from her lips, “Fuck.” She noticed everyone’s eyes turn to her and clapped a hand over her mouth.

“… sorry,” Alisa blushed and bit her lip as her cock pulsed against her leg. Their stares lingered on her for a moment longer, before shifting back to their papers, leaving her to stew in her lust. She tensed every muscle in her body and began scribbling on her exam, answering questions to the best of her ability. For all of five minutes, before her mind strayed from her desired path and stumbled into the arms of desire. She groaned as she read back her most recent answer; ‘Wanna cum. I need to cum. I want to fuck Bianca…’

Alisa looked up and around again, catching the eyes of a few students. They were watching her, gazes unblinking and unflinching. She averted her own stare, and yet their judging expressions were lodged in her head. Even if they hadn’t looked so disapproving, they were thinking it. She was certain. Alisa’s lips parted to try and regain her breath, respiring deeply and slowly, before glimpsing her classmates once more. They were all looking in her direction now.

Why? Did she make a noise? Could they see her cock? Alisa’s eyes tore away from the others and fixed down upon her jeans, seeing an ostentatious bulge in her crotch. The sun would have felt ice cold against the supernova of her cheeks.

She should leave. Leave and hide away in her room, work on an explanation, then pretend it never happened. That could work, Alisa thought. And yet, despite knowing better, she remained in place. Almost as if she were frozen. Rather, her legs were utterly incapable of moving. She raised her eyes and quickly fixed them on her desk once again; everyone, including the invigilator, was gawking at her. They could see.

Was there a point in hiding it anymore? Alisa noticed her breathing grow shallow and tightened her grip even further, with one hand at least. The other brazenly disobeyed her thoughts and slowly, as if unaware it had been discovered, moved across her leg until it came to a rest against her crotch. Alisa unlatched her other hand and turned it into a fist, sinking her nails deep and hard into her palm. Sharp pain sliced through her and, for a moment, she felt control return. Then it dissipated as her cock throbbed against her treacherous hand.

This wasn’t happening. She couldn’t be about to masturbate in front of these people. Alisa had been careful all her life to hold her secret close, only letter a rare few know about it, let alone see it. She could recall her time in kindergarten, being teased and picked on by narrow-minded brats. Middle school was no better, as she had still been pitifully naïve back then, and even fewer people understood. She finally learned her lesson in high school and only let her closest friends, those she knew she could trust – who knew about other embarrassing things, like her dirty turn-ons – in on the secret. A couple even became her girlfriends for a brief time.

Alisa never let strangers know about her.

Then why was she rubbing at her cock now? In public. With so many eyes on her, none of them seeming to so much as blink or glance away. Were they waiting for something? If so, then what? Alisa knew it was a rhetorical question. The answer was obvious. As easily seen as the sun at its apex on a summer day.

“Stop looking…” Alisa panted, barely holding back a moan as her palm pushed down on a particularly sensitive spot. No one heeded her words, “…fuck.” She gasped. Why was she so warm? Her clothes felt so stuffy, as if she were trapped in a stiflingly hot room without air conditioning. Everyone was staring at her crotch so maybe… Alisa couldn’t silence the thought, even as she desperately tried to reason her way out of her situation.

“They won’t care,” she whispered to herself and, finally regaining command of her dastardly hand, used both to pulling her shirt up and off. Her small breasts popped into the air, encased in her tiny bra, small peaks jutting through her underwear, with a sigh of relief. The air felt great against her skin, like a lover’s caress. Alisa bit her lip and reached back to unclasp her bra. She slid her arms through the straps and leaned back, cooing in pleasure from her newfound freedom.

“What a slut…” someone giggled, detracting from Alisa’s joy.

“Yeah… if that is a ‘she’.”

Alisa let her focus return to the room. Everyone was still gawking at her as she expected, but they were clearly mocking her, or expecting something it seemed. Did they want her to strip all the way? The thought took hold, forcing her to stand despite her mortification. A collective gasp rang through the students. Alisa clenched her eyes shut and waited for the inevitable insults.

“Doesn’t ‘she’ look kinda big?” One girl unashamedly inquired to her neighbour. Alisa cracked one eye open and found that everyone around her was female. Surely a few guys had been present just moments before? Her thought quickly dissipated.

“Yeah, who’d have thought, right?” Another girl agreed. Alisa turned her gaze to the speaker, finding that she was leaning forward, hunger in her eyes. Were they all bi? Alisa wondered, glancing about the room and met only lustful, expectant stares.

“Strip! Strip! Strip!” Alisa’s eyes shot to the front, where the invigilator leaned against her desk with one arm raised, pumping in tandem with her chant. The others quickly fell in line and joined her, urging the revealed futa to disrobe. Alisa felt her breathing grow shallow and her cheeks burn hotly yet again. She opened her mouth to dissuade their chorus of ‘strip!’, and instead let out a high-pitched gasp as her thumbs hooked into her jeans. Her head shook back and forth in denial, despite her body’s refusal to listen.

“Yeah, do it!”

Alisa tried to lock her muscles, to keep herself from confirming their suspicions. If she stopped and ran now, maybe they would forget about it? Or misremember the bulge in her pants, or… her mind froze as she felt her jeans bundle around her ankles and heard a new, far more amazed gasp ring through the crowd. Alisa didn’t want to look down. She wanted to keep her head facing directly forward, close her eyes and pretend that none of this was happening. For it couldn’t be. Not to her.

And yet, for all her effort, her head tilted forward and her eyes took in the sight of her naked cock. It had never looked so humiliating, jutting from her crotch in a mockery of her soft, feminine figure. Her hips were shamed by its immense size, her flesh covered tip peeking through her foreskin as if to survey the throngs of girls watching. Alisa ripped her gaze away, eyes widening in horror, as she saw that the exam hall was now packed. How hadn’t she heard so many people enter?

Had she been that enamoured by her own dick? She went to cover herself with her hands, despite knowing they would do little to hide her throbbing member and heavy balls. Even so, she never had the chance to attempt it, as her conniving hand from before wooed its sister over. They strayed to her cock, but didn’t shield it from the prying eyes all around her. No. One wrapped around her shaft and gave it a single long, languid pump, as the other cupped her balls. Alisa hunched forward as a lurid moan escaped her.

“This isn’t possible,” she groaned. Her hands stroked and groped in outright insubordination, sending waves of ever increasing ferocity through her. Flashes caught her attention. She looked up to see everyone with their phones out, cameras trained on her. Some were snapping photos rapidly while some seemed to be recording her. Others had a hand down their pants, unmistakably masturbating. Alisa couldn’t tear her eyes away from the throngs of students that she had gathered.

They were all looking at her. Not the walls, desks, or even each other. Their gazes were utterly fixated upon her, devouring every detail of her naked body and committing the sight of her feminine body and distinctly manly prick to memory. Everyone would know about her. She’d be hounded. Ridiculed. There wouldn’t be a single person who wouldn’t mock her.

For the time being, however, everyone seemed enamoured by her. It didn’t matter that she had a cock, that she was basically a freak of nature… no, it was because she had a dick that they were all staring at her like that. Alisa’s pumps came to a stop as she realised the sway she apparently held. They want to see a show, she thought and walked around to the front of her desk, penis bobbing with each step, then sat upon its wooden surface. She glanced around and, unsurprisingly, met eager stares from her fellow students. Alisa lowered her gaze and spread her legs wide.

Another gasp rolled through the crowd as they caught sight of the moisture behind her balls.

“She’s got both!”

“Holy shit!”

“That’s hot!”

Alisa could feel and hear her heart galloping in her chest. She gulped and reached down, grasping her sensitive prick with one hand and lifting her scrotum with the other. Everyone could see her pussy now, see how engorged her virginal lips were and how her juices drooled down her thighs.

“She’s soaked,” someone else moaned.

“And hard as fuck,” another added.

Was it even possible to stop now? Alisa gulped and began to jerk her now impressive cock, as her other hand dipped beneath her sack and sank both her index and middle finger into her tight hole. A sharp cry rang out. Pre-cum spurted from her dick, joined by a deluge of her vaginal juices coating her fingers. She’d never experienced such a sensation before. So sudden and strong, like a dimmer orgasm. A miniature climax as it were. She pumped her hand and thrust her fingers, crying out again.

“Did she cum already? What a slut.”

“No, she’s still going.”

“That’s all pre-cum?”

The voices all faded into one another. They slid into Alisa’s mind, telling her to do it more, stroke faster, pump harder, curl her fingers… give in to her pleasure. She couldn’t very well resist in her lustful state. Even with so many people watching her, many of whom she shared classes with, she was incapable of slowing. Let alone stopping. Every rise and fall of her hand sent shudders up her spine and to her brain. Every thrust and retreat of her fingers trilled her nerves and released waves of pleasure to crash down upon her lust-hazed mind.

She couldn’t stop. She didn’t want to. Everything felt so intense. So much better than doing an exam. Better than schoolwork as a whole. She could just sit here, in front of these people, some strangers and some familiar, and masturbate forever. Who knew if she would grow with every orgasm? Would it count those small ones? Only one way to find out.

Alisa redoubled her efforts. Pre-cum coated her palm and fingers, allowing them to glide along her shaft with wet, slimy sounds. Her pussy opened up greedily to accept a third finger, the trio curling and scratching deliciously at her sensitive walls, stretching her petite snatch wide. Lewd squelches joined in her lurid symphony.

“Cum! Cum! Cum!” The new chant quickly caught fire. Alisa couldn’t escape the word. It practically seemed to dance along her nerves, stimulating them and pushing to fulfil its desire.

“Fuck yeah!” Alisa screeched, voice turning to a shrill shriek as her body and mind were overwhelmed by the pleasure. All concepts beyond her ecstasy filtered away. She was simply a cumming entity before long. Semen spewed from her cock, arching high and raining down upon the students.

“Hmm, that’s so good.”

“Tastes amazing. Hey, give us more!”

“MORE!” The crowd echoed. Alisa was helpless to disobey and felt another orgasm crush her. She dimly heard other people moaning around her and the heavy splatter of her cum on their bodies and floor.

“Um, Alisa?”

Alisa raised her head in shock and quickly took in her location. She was still in the exam hall with the others, who were all still looking at her, but not in lust as before. They were annoyed. Why? Hadn’t she… her eyes widened in realisation as she felt a thick, easily distinguished fluid run down her leg. She’d fallen asleep in the exam! Worse, she’d had a wet dream in the exam.

“I-I…” she stammered, before grabbing her bag and racing from the room.

**Chapter 3:**

“Huh? Wha-?” Bianca sat up and rubbed her eyes groggily, while her phone vibrated noisily across the room. She ignored it and stretched, hoping to work the sleepiness from her tired bones, with a satisfied grunt. The exhaustion that pervaded her body felt wonderful, as if she had woken from a much-needed nap. Or completed a long-procrastinated goal before falling asleep. Her phone continued to hum violently.

She picked it up and, with a groggy mumble, said, “Hello?”

“Finally,” a familiar voice sighed; Alisa. Bianca quickly shook herself awake and smirked despite knowing Alisa couldn’t see.

“It’s good to hear you again,” Bianca breathed, ignoring her lover’s disgruntled sigh.

“Maybe not after I tell you this,” Alisa said, followed by the sound of tapping keys, “We’ve been cursed. Or something to that effect.”

“Um, Alisa… you do realise that you sound kind of nuts, right?” Bianca chuckled, the motion making her chest bounce as it always did. Though maybe a little too much, she thought with a frown and lowered her eyes, “Whoa…”

“Your breasts are bigger, aren’t they?”

“Yeah, by, like, a lot. How’d you know?”

“Because it’s happening to me as well.”

“That’s not so bad, is it? I mean, you always complain about your boobs,” Bianca stated nonchalantly, despite her concerns resurfacing about her apparent growth spurt.

“I’m not getting bustier. It’s my… you know?” Alisa’s voice lowered to a whisper, as if she was afraid someone else might hear.

“Again, I fail to see the issues,” Bianca giggled, already feeling her pussy grow moist with anticipation. Her lover wasn’t exactly well-endowed, she simply knew how to use every inch and had an abundance of energy to boot. An extra couple of inches would be marvellous, Bianca thought with a dreamy sigh. Then Alisa could fill her just right. Her hand strayed across her stomach to her soaked panties.

“Because it’s not stopping!” Alisa raised her voice, clearly growing frustrated by Bianca’s nonplussed attitude, “I’m already three inches bigger than I used to be.”

“Three?” Bianca inquired and licked her lips, dipping a finger into her eager snatch.

“Bianca, please… just listen, please?” She didn’t wait for a response, “Every time we cum, we’re growing bigger. And w-whatever’s causing it, it’s making us horny all the fucking time. I even had an… an erection in the exam.” Bianca stopped herself and removed her finger, ignoring the sense of disappointment that radiated from her crotch. Alisa wasn’t just playing.

“Then what do we do?” Bianca asked, grasping at her dishevelled shirt to keep her other hand occupied. The fingers squirmed and fiddled anxiously with the fabric

“We can’t cum,” Alisa exhaled heavily, “Not… not until I find a way to stop it.”

“That’s easier said than done,” Bianca groaned, straining against her own desires to keep her thighs from rubbing together. How was she going to not cum, let alone masturbate? She’d just woken up and already her pussy was enthralled by the thought of another orgasm, growing damper by the second.

“I know,” Alisa groaned, “But we have to at least try. If not, then we’re gonna end up enormous. We might not be able to even move.”

“Okay, okay. I get it. No masturbating,” Bianca could almost feel her pussy clench in disdain at the very idea.

“I’ll find a way to stop it,” Alisa vowed, “Even if it means wearing the ultimate chastity belt,” she added with a small chuckle. Bianca smiled softly at the sound, glad to have allayed her girlfriend’s concerns. For the time being at least. That still didn’t solve the question of how to stop herself exactly.

“Anything I can do?”

“Try and enjoy your time with your parents… and maybe bring me back something nice.”

Bianca laughed, “Sure. How does a strap-on sound?”

“I don’t need one.” Bianca could almost see her frown.

“I meant for me, Liz.”

“Hell no,” Alisa rebuked, “I already told you; if I don’t get in your ass, you aren’t getting my snatch.”

“Well…” Bianca smirked mischievously, “Maybe, if we fix this thing, we can try anal.”

“R-really?” Alisa’s voice jumped up in obvious excitement, earning a nervous giggle from Bianca. She knew how rough Alisa could be when excited by something, and few things roused the futa like the prospect of anal. Bianca had spurred her to life with such an offer more than once. Though she always backed out at the last second, always at the moment that Alisa pressed her cock to her tight little anus. Maybe it was time to stop being such a tease?

“Yeah, so get to work. If you work fast, maybe we can do it the moment I walk in. I’ll even make sure I’m not wearing panties. I’ll have my short skirt on too, then you just flip it up, rub some lube in, and fuck my tiny, virgin asshole… Hmm,” Bianca moaned at the thought. It never used to arouse her. Anal always seemed so dirty and unpleasant, especially after she had tried fingering her anus once before, but now she couldn’t get enough of the idea. Or was it just the thought of Alisa ploughing her with a now huge, from the sound of it, piece of rock hard cock meat?

“S-stop, Anca,” Alisa’s moan crackled in the receiver, drawing her girlfriend from her lustful faze, “I’m already on edge as is.”

“Oh, right… sorry,” Bianca snapped back to reality, though couldn’t help but giggle.

“I’ll, uh, get to work now. After a cold shower.”

“Yeah… same,” Bianca agreed.

“Love you, Anca.”

“Love you too, Liz,” Bianca said and hung up with a sigh. There was no chance in hell that she was going to be able to stop masturbating, not when her body felt so hot and needy that even anal was appealing. And yet she couldn’t. Alisa never raised her voice unless necessary, or when she was cumming hard. This – whatever ‘this’ is – was real. Bianca stood and ground her teeth together, then strode over to her bag. She grabbed the thickest pairs of panties she could find and pulled them on. A moan very nearly escaped her grasp as she touched her wanton snatch.

They did the trick, however, as she pulled – tugged – her jeans on. She barely felt it through her two sets of heavy cotton underwear. The material was tight and thick enough to disallow her meaty thighs from rubbing against her privates. Now for the top, Bianca thought with apprehension. None of her shirts were thick, all of them designed to flaunt her seductive bust, not to conceal it. Which led to another, more prominent issue; her nipples.

Bianca usually had an inverted set with plump areolae. Ideal for walking around braless. Now, however, her twin peaks were stiff and jutted perversely from their homes. It certainly didn’t help that they were originally disproportionately large compared to her breasts and had grown to maintain the trend, poking forth like twin towers. They’d tent any shirt she could find. And none of her bras would fit her.

“How big am I anyway?” Bianca wondered aloud and spied a measuring tape seated atop her bedside table, “Geez, Mum wasn’t kidding about ‘set up’ was she?” Bianca grinned, recalling her teenage years. She had been a touch obsessed with her developing body at the time and couldn’t resist keeping a log of her measurements as the years passed by, particularly since her body grew faster than most girls she knew. Stephanie must have thought she might like the memento.

Bianca brought up her notebook on her phone and typed in her old bra size; 34DD. She smirked at the screen over her much larger chest, knowing she had easily outgrown one of the most desired sizes in the world. Bianca then went about remeasuring herself, finding that her band size had remained the exact same. Not a single change, meaning all the growth was centred entirely in her tits. Bianca took a deep breath and released it, before wrapping the tape around her breasts at the widest point.

“Oh shit, 41 inches” she gasped as she quickly processed the numbers, “G? Holy crap, I’m a G!” Bianca dropped the tape and groped at her breasts, moaning at her rough touch, and took their sheer size and softness in. There was simply so much to see and feel now. Her hands refused to be stopped, and she didn’t want to halt their efforts, encouraging them to tweak her long nipples and push her closer to the point of no return. Bianca cooed softly as one hand released and moved down across her still flat stomach. It came to an abrupt stop when her now tight jeans halted it.

“Fuck,” Bianca gasped and wrenched her hands away. Her biggest worry was clearly not her pussy, but her far more auspicious breasts, “Great,” she sighed.

“Bianca, Sweetheart?” Stephanie’s voice sifted through the door with a short series of knocks.

“Just a moment,” Bianca jumped and swiftly found a shirt to put on, but paused as another problem arose; what would her parents think of her sudden growth spurt? She shook her head and made herself presentable once more, then opened the door. Her mother did a once over, but didn’t react beyond saying;

“Really, I wish you’d stop wearing such tight clothes. They’ll cut off circulation.”

“Uh, yeah. I was actually thinking about going shopping later,” Bianca said, rolling with the strange situation. It should be impossible for someone to miss her new curves, especially her undaunted nipples, let alone show no reaction to them. Unless Alisa was right and this was a curse. Albeit an odd one to not put her in such an embarrassing position. Or maybe Stephanie was being kind by ignoring them.

“Perfect!” Stephanie clapped her hands together, “That’s what I was about to ask you, actually.”

“What a coincidence,” Bianca laughed, “Give me a minute and let’s go.”

“Sure, hon” Stephanie closed the door and headed back downstairs, apparently none the wiser as to Bianca’s predicament or her earlier masturbation.

Alisa sat at her desk, hair wet and hands trapped under her thighs. She had just taken her third cold shower that day and already her cock stood erect, like it was mocking her attempts at subduing it. Bianca’s brief stint of dirty talk hadn’t helped in the slightest, having left Alisa on the cusp of giving in. Were it not for her knowledge of the situation, she would have lost control in a heartbeat. Even now she was incapable of stopping herself from thrusting her hips against mid-air.

Her prick was huge now, at least in comparison to her slim figure and what she once sported. Approximately eight inches of throbbing dick jutted from her crotch, twitching with every other beat of her heart, while her balls hung beneath it in an increasingly fuller sack. The size along was daunting, let alone what the size increase from her last measurement implied; her growth was tied to a percentage, one that was seemingly increasing with every orgasm. It had taken several climaxes to grow from her five-inch member to seven inches, but only one to gain an entire inch.

Alisa kept her eyes squarely on her monitor, where all the facts and theories she was aware of were written. There were too many variables for her liking. She knew she would grow with each orgasm, that much was guaranteed as far as she was aware. However, she couldn’t tell how much she would grow, not without more data. A mix of desire and terror shuddered through her. There was only one to get such data.

“It… it needs to be done,” Alisa told herself as she sat on her bed, sighing at the feeling of her soft linen sheets brushing against her scrotum. There was no other way to prove her theories. She would just have to keep in control and note down the changes in detail, “Okay… if we’re talking ten percent, then I’ll grow roughly 0.8 inches. I can work on it from there.” She told herself and looked to her notebook, where her last measurements were written. She would cum, then measure herself and compare the data.

“Just a quick one,” Alisa warned herself and wrapped a hand around her cock, gasping at the abrupt surge of sensation, “A quick one,” she repeated under her breath and set about jerking her length as fast as she could, yet couldn’t slowing and taking in how long it took her petite hand to traverse her length, and how tiny it seemed in proportion. Warmth churned in her nuts, flowing up to burn in her gut and spread across her extremities to urge her on.

“I’d bet this’d split Anca open wide,” she moaned as pre-cum began to pour from her tip, the flow far greater than ever before, “Her pussy would barely handle me now,” Alisa rasped, seeing the image of Bianca’s pussy being stretched to its absolute limit by her cock, then picturing the sight of her dick pulling out, tugging her lover’s insides with it, covered in Bianca’s copious juices. She tightened her grip and sped up. Her shaft was utterly coated in pre, allowing her to glide along its awe-inspiring length. Slick sounds and wanton moans filled the air as she worked herself closer to that peak.

A hand reached down, unbidden, to her lustful balls. Alisa moaned as she palmed her heavy sack, lightly groping it to urge her pre-cum to ooze from her tip, coat her fingers and slide across her sensitive scrotum. She bucked her hips against her hands, thrusting into the air, and moaned ecstatically. It almost felt as if she were in the throes of climax already, as her slimy pre-seed spurted from her cock to douse her in its viscous excretion. Pleasure refused to let her stop for even a second.

Her breaths grew heavier by the second. Alisa inhaled only so that she could moan once again, gasping and crying out as her hands worked in tandem to seek and tease her most erogenous zones. She could feel her pussy weep in sympathetic pleasure, causing her sheets to squelch wetly with each descent of her energetic hips, as her juices leaked between her tight ass cheeks to stream across her virgin rosebud. How did she think she could resist this? Pleasure dominated her heart, mind and soul, drowning all other thoughts. The world dimmed slightly as her eyes threatened to roll back.

“More… more…” Alisa moaned, only semi-conscious of what she was saying. Every rise and fall of her hand and hips sent shockwaves of bliss through her, each blast seeming to push her higher. Each ascent of her hand caused her prick to throb, her veins pulsating against her palms. The sensations hardly seemed to ebb anymore, endlessly flowing through her like a waterfall of carnal delight. Even if she weren’t afflicted the ceaseless lust, Alisa wouldn’t have lasted long under such duress.

“Yeah, yeah, yeah… fuck!” Alisa cried out in climax. Her muscles all tensed simultaneously, locking her into place with her hips raised, back arched, head tilted back with her mouth agape and hands on either side of her body to stable her. Cum rocketed from her twitching cock. The initial blast was the strongest, it splattered against the ceiling and cascaded down upon her. Several thick globules landed into her mouth, spreading across her still tongue. When her opening spurt came to an end, a large patch of her once ocean-green roof was covered in viscous seed.

“Mm, fuck!” Alisa shouted once again as her second squirt raced forth, this time flying through the air to douse Bianca’s bed. Her muscles unfroze themselves to allow her hips to buck and urge her blasts of potent seed to spray wildly. Without fail, spurt after spurt flew from her dick to saturate Bianca’s side of the room. The seed quickly soaked into her bed sheets and pillows. Long ropes decorated the carpet and led back to the culprit, whose orgasm persisted on and on. Random globules of her semen stained various parts of the room.

“Finally…” Alisa panted once her cognitive functions returned. She didn’t survey the damage of her climax, and instead grabbed her notebook, “Cum production exceeds expectations,” she stated breathlessly, “Whatever this is… it must augment the prostate and testicles more than outward appearances.” With that out of the way, she braced herself and looked down upon her still erect member.

As she expected, it had grown. What surprised her, however, was that the growth wasn’t nearly as substantial as she had thought it would be. Last time, she had gained roughly an entire inch, but she could tell that her growth was a great deal less than before, despite her being larger. Was it actually a set amount? Alisa frowned and located her measuring tape. She had marked herself as 7.7 inches last time, having gained a tenth of her size after her prior orgasm.

“And now?” Alisa wondered under her breath, uncertain if she was excited, frightened, or simply curious. She unrolled the tape, held it as steady to her insatiable mast as she could, and committed the number to memory; 8.1 inches. That was little more than half of what she had anticipated, “So it’s five percent? That can’t be right,” she groaned and went over her notes.

Her former five inches had grown to seven inches after an Olympic masturbation event, and the later lapses in control. How often did she cum? Alisa pinched the bridge of her nose and sighed in frustration, but decided that she had climaxed at least six times yesterday, meaning she had been growing approximately 0.3 inches at a time. She had stopped herself from cumming for roughly sixteen hours afterwards, then came in the exam, causing her to grow ten percent of what she expected. That was half an hour ago, whereas her recent orgasm was barely more than five percent.

“Shit,” Alisa flopped onto her side, letting her notebook tumble to the floor, with a heavy exhale. This was insane. None of this made any sense, even if she had let her speculations get out of hand with the whole ‘curse’ angle. Who would even curse her and Bianca? Alisa was a borderline introvert and Bianca didn’t have a mean bone in her body. Not in the four months Alisa had known her at least. Neither of them particularly excelled in academics or sports, though Bianca was possibly the hottest girl on campus. Was it jealousy?

Bianca grimaced as she walked through the aisles of underwear. Panties weren’t an issue as far as practicality was concerned, however sexiness was a tricky thing to come by, especially since she had no doubt that she would need some with serious elasticity. Just in case. The primary concern facing her at that moment, were the bras. She winced at the sizes, none of which were even close to what she needed, cursing whatever it was that was afflicting her. If it could alter other people’s perceptions and/or memories of her, why couldn’t it make her clothes all fit?

“Excuse me?” Bianca approached a store hand, a pretty, young redhead who seemed to be checking stock, checking things off on a clipboard, “Um, do you have any bras in 34G?” The assistant turned to her then, eyebrows arching in blatant surprise.

“Oh, uh… I’m not sure. Would you like me to check?” The redhead inquired, clearly flustered in the face of such a curvaceous beauty. Bianca rarely thought of herself as beautiful, but she could understand the assistant’s reaction at seeing her relatively trim frame and immense bust.

“Yes please.”

The redhead returned almost ten minutes later with a small pile of brassieres heaped on her arm and a flushed look on her face, “Um, this is everything we have in your size, ma’am. There’s not much, sorry.”

“No worries, better than nothing,” Bianca said, taking the small cluster of underwear from her, with a teasing wink. The redhead’s cheeks turned the same shade as her hair, enticing Bianca to straighten her back and study a bra, while pressing her breasts outward. Her nipples poked through her shirt like twin beacons, drawing the assistant’s eye, though she didn’t question their size or their erect state. Bianca wondered how far this ‘curse’ or whatever would go? Would anyone even bat an eye if she stripped naked?

The temptation was there, however she cowed it under her and Alisa’s concerns. Bianca relaxed her posture and lowered the bras, facing the daunted redhead.

“Mind if I go try these on?”

“No, not at all. The changing rooms are just by the counters. Please, let me know if you need any assistance,” the assistant smiled politely, winked, then turned and walked away. Bianca watched her with a bemused smirk, catching the hesitance in each of the redhead’s steps. She never could resist flirting with someone so shy.

Bianca sighed as she stripped off her shirt in the changing room. The distraction of the redhead had been more than welcome, drawing her attention away from the unwieldy burn in Bianca’s loins and the equally tortuous and pleasurable rub of her shirt against her nipples. No one seemed to notice anything out of the ordinary when looking at her, as she hadn’t caught any looks out of the usual lustful stares. Even the redhead’s reaction had been normal for someone she was flirting with, especially with her larger chest.

She folded her shirt and placed it on the customary chair. Bianca picked up one of the bras, a plain black piece with quite a few more hooks than she was accustomed to. Such a simple designed, clearly made for the sole purpose of support, rather than to entice the eye. As much as Bianca would prefer to have something she could woo Alisa with, after she solved this ‘curse’ or whatever. Or maybe before? She thought, it might be fun to watch her squirm.

Bianca glanced at the others and saw that they all seemed to be the same. Just different colours to one another. She sighed, telling herself that it was better than nothing, and went about situating the boring brassiere on her chest. It was harder than she anticipated, having to constantly experiment and adjust thanks to her new chest. She eventually managed to get all the hooks arranged.

“Man, that’s… surprisingly comfortable,” Bianca noted as she stood up straight to consider herself in the mirror, seeing how her now supported breasts jutted forth enticingly. That wasn’t to say that they sagged before, far from it, they were extraordinarily perky for their size, both before and after the growth. Regardless, it amazed her how large her new breasts seemed with the added support.

Her nipples still made distinct bevels in the garment, but not enough that they should show through a loose shirt. The weight didn’t seem to put any strain on her back, even though she was certain her breasts must weigh several pounds each. Bianca bounced in place, watching her tits jiggle in the cups. Again, she failed to really notice their heft. She could feel the momentum pulling her with each sway, however.

She wasn’t about to complain, though. It was always the number one complaint women with large breasts had, and she, for unknown reasons, was apparently immune to such a detriment. Though she didn’t know if that would be a fact if she kept growing. Which won’t happen, she reminded herself, Alisa said that no orgasms mean no growth. Bianca breathed heavily, both to relax and to test how constraining her new bra would be.

In no particular order, Bianca tried on the other bras to make sure she was getting the best she could. They were all fundamentally the same, with plain colours and materials. Then she found a lacy, pure white number.

“Nice,” Bianca said aloud and promptly tried it on. It was tighter than the others, despite being the same size. The reason for that soon became apparent, however as she looked upon her reflection and saw how her breasts overflowed around the cups, yet not enough to make it seem inadequate for the job. The colour complimented her tan skin enticingly, causing her bronze, toned flesh to stand out all the more. She then spied the metaphorical icing on the cake, as she ran her eye along her new enhanced cleavage. Alisa would love it, she thought with a loving smile.

Bianca poked her head out from the changing room, “Miss?” She called to the sales assistant from earlier, “Would it be possible for me to wear one of the bras when paying? These things really take their toll,” she explained, making a show of the strain her breasts should be placing upon her.

“Absolutely, ma’am, it’s no… excuse me, but I don’t think you put your bra on correctly,” the assistant digressed, eyes flitting to Bianca’s breasts with a disapproving shake of her head, “Would you mind if I helped?”

“No, of course not. I need all the help I can get with these things,” Bianca laughed, stepping aside. The redhead smiled appreciatively and entered, “So, any tips?” Bianca inquired as she unhooked her garment, grunting with effort at the higher hooks.

“Allow me,” the redhead quickly replaced Bianca’s hands with her skilled ones, removing the underwear in a matter of seconds, “For the larger lady, I’d advise massaging the breasts before placing them in the cups. Helps to let them mould into the shape better,” the redhead explained and, without a word from Bianca, reached around the customer to firmly grasp her chest, “Please, allow me to demonstrate.”

Bianca gasped at the sudden contact against her delicate nipples, then moaned as a stranger’s palm and fingers began massaging her. She bit her lip, hoping not to let on how good it felt, though couldn’t restrain another moan from vibrating in her throat. The redhead seemed to take it as a sign of appreciation, as her fingers lightly pinched Bianca’s nipples. Pleasure already permeated Bianca’s body at that stage, coursing like lava down through her chest to her crotch. Her two sets of panties quickly grew damp with her lust.

“P-please?” Bianca stuttered airily, “Stop.” She couldn’t manage anything more, as her moans rose sharply in response to the redhead’s tightening fingers.

“It’s not every day I get to ‘help’ someone like you,” the assistant breathed, clearly enamoured with her self-imposed duty, “Or touch tits this huge.”

“I have a girlfriend,” Bianca blurted, pulling forward with all her might and escaping the redhead’s clutches. She swiftly turned and faced her, breathing heavily with her cheeks flushed a vibrant red and her nipples jutting out even more. She didn’t dare raise her hands to shield her chest, nor did she adopt a self-defence stance, for fear of triggering her vastly oversensitive body. Simply breathing made the air tickle her oversized teats.

“What she doesn’t know won’t hurt her,” the assistant said, turning her voice as low and husky as possible. She converged on Bianca, eyes fixated on the blonde’s incredible bust. Her tongue lolled out and ran across her lips, the fire in her gaze quickly becoming an inferno of want. Whether this customer assented to it or not.

“Bianca?!” Stephanie’s voice froze the redhead.

“In here!” Bianca immediately called back, glad to have her mother there, and looked at the redhead with an expectant glare, “What’ll it be? My girlfriend’s right outside. And she really doesn’t like it when people try taking advantage of me,” Bianca slowly slid a thumb across her neck to seal the thinly veiled threat.

“Fine,” the redhead pouted and left, clearly enraged at the turn in events. Bianca breathed a sigh of relief and, after a brief moment of meditation – courtesy of a random YouTube video she watched – exited the room.

“Did you find what you needed?” Stephanie asked, breathless from the weight of all the bags she was carrying.

“Here, Mum,” Bianca smiled and took what looked to be the heaviest bag from her parent. It was the least she could do after being saved, “Yeah, I did. Just gotta pay and we can go home, ‘kay?”

“Good, my bones are getting too old for mass shopping,” Stephanie groaned and pressed a hand to her back.

“Forty-two isn’t that old, Mum,” Bianca soothed her, “Forty-three on the other hand…” She added with a teasing grin.

“Ugh, don’t remind me.”

**Chapter 4:**

Alisa whimpered as she set herself into the icy water, which quickly eclipsed her sternum and sent chilly shudders down her spine. Her nipples were like bullets, conversely her cock shrivelled in the face of such cold, its erection flagging rapidly as it returned to a normal size. Though that standard had changed greatly for Alisa after her most recent orgasm, allowing her to flaunt almost four inches regardless of her arousal. But this only led to other problems, such as her clothes.

For the time being, she had no issue unless she got an erection. However, that left little room for the future, as she knew, intimately so, that she wouldn’t be able to keep from cumming forever. Certainly not after Bianca returned. And especially since Bianca, herself, would be far more endowed. A shuddering groan of despair escaped Alisa’s quaking lips.

She extracted herself from the bath and wrapped a towel around her torso. Her pursed lips kept a gasp from slipping out as the fabric met her erect nipples, though she couldn’t deny the relief she felt at having something warm around her chilly body. A freezing bath was her only method of defence against her desires, or rather, it was the only method that wouldn’t defeat the purpose. Alisa could already feel that phantom warmth of lust swelling in her gut once again. How long would she last this time? An hour? A minute?

Every time she forced her desire to retreat, it only came back stronger. Alisa glanced down at herself, envisioning her body past the towel, and wondered if her control would last longer if she gave herself some relief. Just a quick one. Nothing more. Just one.

“Stop that!” Alisa snapped at herself, speaking aloud for fear that her lust would drown out the thought. It had been happening more often, ever since she masturbated again – for research purposes, she reminded herself – that her arousal seemed to have its own voice. And knew how to use it too. It felt like a seductress was at her side, whispering sweet nothings in her ear.

How could she ignore something in her own mind? Alisa pinched the bridge of her nose and sighed, pushing her worries aside in favour of focusing on the low grumble in her stomach. The sun had begun to set outside, and she hadn’t eaten much throughout the day, forbidding herself from moving since her genitals would rub against her clothes and send chilling, yet simultaneously blazing, waves through her. Her stomach rumbled voraciously at the thought of food and led her way to the kitchen.

All thoughts of arousal dissipated as she settled into a familiar routine of cooking. Her parents, at their insistence of a pristine lifestyle, had refused to cook properly, opting for cleanly made microwave meals. Alisa then spent as much time as she could learning how to cook, earning several cuts in the process. Unfortunately, student life didn’t lend itself to using energy for anything beyond sleeping, studying and eating. Prepping food simply required too much time, even for the quick meals.

As such, Alisa relished the chance to cook from scratch. The focus it required to avoid cutting herself, making sure the onions didn’t burn, adding seasoning as her palate dictated, left no room for her desires to surface. Or so she had thought.

A subtle moan slipped from her lips, but went unnoticed in her concentration. As did the fact that she was constantly brushing her crotch against the counter, rubbing harder as a prominent bulge swelled to life. Alisa stirred the curry, eying it carefully for any inconsistencies, then took a short sip. She sighed from what she thought to be the taste, even as she ground her groin against the wooden counter. The sensations eventually subsumed her focus, drawing it away from her hobby and to her own lustful delight.

“Hmm… Shit!” Alisa shouted, startled, as her hand slipped, just slightly, and brushed against the hot saucepan in which her curry bubbled. Her arousal immediately flitted away as she ran her hand under cold water. It wasn’t a bad burn in comparison to what could have been and only stung. Still, she clenched her jaw to keep from sounding pathetic as she tended to her injury. She shut off the heat to the stove, letting her curry and rice rest, while she wrapped her left hand up.

No reason for a burn to ruin a meal, Alisa told herself, as she had many times before. She managed to serve herself the simple meal. Simple, but delicious she thought with a slight smile and settled in for her dinner. Plenty remained, as such she carefully sealed it for tomorrow. Bianca enjoyed a home cooked meal as much as she did, even if it was reheated. When her stomach was sated and her mind lethargic from the large dinner, Alisa sat on her bed and idly wondered about the growth afflicting her. More so, she couldn’t help but strip down and look at what it had done to her.

Alisa had been happy with her size beforehand. It was easy for her to masturbate with, something she doubted most guys considered when they wished for bigger dicks, and hardly a burden to conceal. Not to mention that, despite what it was, her cock matched her petite figure and even fit in to an extent. Her member had been smooth and almost feminine to her eye.

And now it was a huge monster dangling halfway down her thighs without a hint of erection. Veins riddled its surface, also, like a maze of thick lines that led to her tip. They weren’t quite ostentatious in her current state, but Alisa doubted she would forget how they felt pounding against her fingers, and it was impossible to miss them regardless of what state she was in. As was the purple head peeking out from her uncircumcised foreskin. Was it always so thick and bulbous? She wondered.

“This stuff is crazy,” Alisa bemoaned and rubbed at the temples of her head, yet didn’t look away from her now more than respectable member. A small surge of pride brought a smile to her lips, as she thought of how many guys would be jealous of her endowment, and how excited Bianca would be just by looking at her. But she knew Bianca, while kind and loving and a true delight in bed, enjoyed the ‘finer’… cocks in life.

Maybe just another inch would be fine? Just one more orgasm. That’s all she would need. Alisa gulped and tried to push the thoughts back to the corner of her psyche, but the warmth and satisfaction of her meal still radiated from her gut, allowing her desires free reign. Almost. The fear of what might happen if she gave in stifled their crusade, yet it was a losing battle. Fear couldn’t overwhelm lust.

“I shouldn’t,” Alisa whispered, but licked her lips slowly, in exactly the way that she had seen Bianca do when she was horny. She could see her lover so clearly in her mind’s eye, flaunting her now huge breasts and ass, groping them as she spread her legs to show how wet she was, “Bianca,” Alisa moaned in her growing lustful stupor.

If she didn’t stop, then would she ever? Could she stop herself later? Alisa’s brow furrowed deeply as her own mind waged a three-sided war against itself. One side searched desperately for a reason to justify her inevitable masturbation, another tried to reason with the others to stop this madness, and another pleaded to give in. Her voice of reason turned to a harsh whisper as her hand, unconsciously, wrapped around her flaccid shaft. A pulse went through her length in response, as if overjoyed to be held.

“I did say I’d send her a video,” Alisa mumbled under her breath. She glanced to her side and saw her phone there, untouched for hours to avoid temptation. Bianca’s pics were still there, the first concrete proof that they were growing. Warmth rapidly spread across her body at the memory of seeing her girlfriend’s breasts, once large and perky, grow to sizes most women dreaded and most men craved. And she could grow even bigger, Alisa reminded herself with a stifled moan.

Even before this ‘curse’ took hold, Alisa rarely denied her lusts. She had taken pride in being able to balance her schoolwork, relationship and self-love. Now, however, she could barely focus on keeping her hands away from her own body. Let alone think straight, much less study. The memory of the mock exam flashed through her mind, how her desires had manifested themselves in her answers. If she denied them for much longer, would that happen again? Would she even be able to leave the dorm room?

Alisa knew she would have to. She would need to greet Bianca tomorrow, get her mail, go grocery shopping, and go to classes. While they were all easily solved with a few phone calls, Alisa couldn’t stand the idea of being a shut-in. Especially if her cock was the reason for it. Her member never ruled her life before, and it wouldn’t now. She bit her lip and grabbed her phone. Compromise was important in any scenario.

She would sate her desires, if only slightly, and gain her life in return. Alisa bit her lip as she one-handedly opened the camera and set it to record. She set it down, such that it would capture her lower body and see her member rise to its full glory, dwarfing her delicate hand. Her svelte frame juxtaposed her cock, which now visibly throbbed with desire and wept pre-cum. The slick fluid quickly ran down its shaft and met Alisa’s hand. A full-bodied shudder passed through her body.

For a moment, she hesitated. But only a moment, for her desire’s whims would not be denied. Her fingers tightened slightly as she stroked along her length, causing her breath to hitch in pleasure, and brought her spare hand to her breast. The soft flesh depressed under her fingers as she groped herself, palming her tender mound and pinching its tip between her thumb and forefinger. Pleasure blasted through her like lightning.

Only a few minutes later and Alisa couldn’t suppress her moans. Her eyes lulled shut, head leaning back into her pillows, and her lips parted with hungry murmurs. The sensation of her hand traversing eight inches, nearly double her former length, was intoxicating somehow. Was it a sense of power? The curse?

Regardless of what urged her to sustain such pleasure, Alisa quickly slid into its embrace. Pre-cum flowed in viscous streams now, dousing her shaft and hand and encouraging her to hasten her strokes. Her throat tensed each time she crested at the tip, brushing against the sensitive ridge of her bulbous head. Alisa cracked an eye open to watch her hand move, almost of its own accord, jerking and squeezing her prick, urging still greater amounts of her pre to gush from its slit. She must’ve produced more than any man could hope to. And she wasn’t even cumming!

The image of how she had doused Bianca’s bed and the carpet enveloped her mind. How much would she cum this time? Her balls tensed in response and a tension settled in her core, coiling tighter until she thought she couldn’t bear it, then grew tighter still. Drool ran down the sides of her mouth and down her cheeks, then her neck to her breasts. She couldn’t close her mouth as the pleasure stole every ounce of strength she possessed, pouring it all into her masturbation.

Her hips bucked with each descent of her hand. For how slick with pre-cum it was, her body didn’t care that it was a hand, and instead treated it like a pussy riding her throbbing pillar. Desperate groans vibrated in her throat, each rising with intensity the more her body fell into ecstasy. Her fingers accidentally brushed her frenulum and corona of her cock, sending a blaze of pleasure scorching across her nerves. Any thought she might have had of ending this ceased to be as she caved in to her desires.

Alisa’s imagination went wild as she approached the crest of her ever-burgeoning bliss. Her fears unravelled before her mind’s eye, of herself cumming perpetually and with abandon until her cock was bigger than her entire body, or of Bianca pinned to the floor beside her atop a set of tits easily the size of a small car, or of herself spearing Bianca, mammoth boobs and all, on a cock that outmatched both of their masses combined. Her final thought was of Bianca’s gut swelling with nothing but cum.

That set her off. Alisa’s throat tensed, her veins standing out in sharp contrast to her slender neck, as she screamed her ecstasy to all who could hear. Semen volleyed from her cock, untouched by her clenching fist around her shaft, arching high in the air and falling with heavy splatters. Viscous puddles quickly coated Alisa’s body, bed and wall as her body spasmed with each release.

A second sensation burned just below the waves of her orgasm, augmenting the pleasure even as it went ignored. Alisa’s hand went slack around her member and fell to her increasingly cum soaked sheets, while her hips continued to buck mindlessly. Unseen in her climax ridden existence, Alisa’s cock began to visibly grow, slowly yet undeniably surely.

Her phone was knocked down by a stray burst of semen, shutting off the recording. Alisa’s cock bobbed wildly as her body jerked sporadically with each spurt, only now starting to weaken after near two minutes of relentlessly orgasm. Her throat tensed, yet couldn’t force a sound past the stranglehold of her ecstasy, a perfect barricade of absolute adoration for her own sensations. Little more than harsh breaths escaped through the minute cracks in her pleasure.

When her orgasm inevitably dwindled to a slight stream, Alisa felt the weight of her weakness fall on her.

“Oh, fuck,” she groaned and, ignorant to the sheer amount of ejaculate clinging to her flesh, brought her hands to her face. She had given in so easily, worse, she had done so after thinking about what could be if she gave in again, and again. Alisa pinched her forearm, breaking her train of thought. A sigh escaped her lips, which twisted into a grimace as she sat up and felt how drenched her bed had become. Was it honestly worth cleaning up after herself anymore? It’d just get messy again, she thought with a glance to Bianca’s still uncleaned bed.

“Bianca would probably like it,” Alisa thought aloud with a small grin and laid a hand on her bed, feeling it squelch under her meagre weight. She shook her head and lightly jumped to her feet, sending her semi-erect cock flopping about, then rushed off to put the sheets in the hamper. Her effects came to a stop when she realised that her semen had probably soaked into the mattresses. If she did nothing, then their room would end up smelling of her cum.

Anyone could walk in and be bombarded by the odour of sex. And would Bianca be any different when she returned? She was probably having just as much trouble as, if not more than, Alisa. They’d probably try not to fuck, knowing what mayhem that could cause with their new growth, but would they stop masturbating. No, Alisa reluctantly admitted to herself. She could resist for maybe two days and Bianca was likely the same. And Alisa had no idea if their libidos were being affected.

For all she knew, for all the universe could know, the more they grew the more uncontrollable their bodies would become. Alisa ignored the cum that covered her body and wrapped her arms around herself, biting back her fears. She wanted Bianca there beside her, so that her lover could hold her and tell her everything would be okay, that they would figure it out, that it didn’t matter what happened, they were together. But she couldn’t do that. Not until tomorrow. Bianca deserved her time with her family, even if it was spent trying not to touch herself.

But still… Alisa glanced to her phone, doused in her seed. A call or text would be all she needed and Bianca would come running back, maybe literally.

“Hurry home, Anca,” Alisa whispered and dug her nails into her arms as her mind, once again, betrayed her and slipped into decadent thoughts of her girlfriend. Despite the pain, her cock swelled, rising to its new splendour, as her arousal set her heart racing and her skin ablaze. She couldn’t help but run her tongue over her lips, where she found a stray drop of her semen. The filth of tasting her own sperm sent an unwelcome surge of warmth through her.

Maybe one more wouldn’t hurt?

Bianca gripped her legs tighter as she sat in front of the television. She was in her parent’s living room sat with her knees against her chest on the comfy chair, while her mum and dad cuddled on the couch, watching the copious gore and gratuitous violence play out before them. Bianca had chosen the single most horrifying gore-fest of a movie that she knew of, hoping that it would distract her from any sexual thought. Unfortunately, she had forgotten how, without the blood, it was as dull as could be.

Now she could barely stop her mind from wandering. Ordinarily, that wouldn’t be an issue, but with how persistent her libido had become her mind was powerless to deny itself that simple pleasure, though it was far from ‘simple’. Just the mere thought of Alisa was akin to dousing a fire in gasoline, not that her constantly envisioning her lover naked and holding a cock that put horses to shame made it any easier. It was a miracle that she managed to keep from outwardly showing such thoughts.

She, instead, turned her mind to something else. A secret she had kept from everyone, Alisa included, for both embarrassment and fear of what her girlfriend would feel. Bianca knew her partner was far from innocent, having been quite forward in showing what she was into. And Bianca loved her for it, but couldn’t return the favour. Not fully.

How could she, when her biggest fetish was looking at cocks well beyond anything humanity could possess? And her biggest fantasy was to be penetrated by one such cock. Alisa’s words – that they were growing with every orgasm – echoed in her mind, as did the desire to tell her to cum and cum and cum. Her jaw ached in sympathy toward the memory of how she had restrained herself. Alisa could never know, Bianca told herself. There’d be no telling how far she would go.

Bianca sank her nails into her arms. Her breath hitched in her throat, but her parents didn’t notice to her fortune, as pain replaced the visage of Alisa growing rapidly. However, it did nothing to change the fact that, if she asked her to, Alisa would gladly grow bigger. All for Bianca’s sake.

Her phone vibrated in her pocket and made her jump from her inner turmoil. Bianca smiled at herself and shook her head, knowing it was futile to worry about such things. Alisa wasn’t a helpless, love-struck guy who’d go to hell and back just to please her. She was smart and logical and wilful, not one to give into desire or pressure. Unless they became an insurmountable weight.

Bianca pulled out of her phone to see a text from Alisa, one with a video attached. Did she make a break-through? Bianca wondered and tuned out the movie, even as characters were maimed horribly, turning all her attention down to her phone. Alisa’s text read; ‘don’t look at the video!’. Bianca shrugged, assuming that her lover had done something embarrassing. She grinned and replied, ‘nice try’, then opened the video. Regret instantly registered, as did a vast array of cracks in her self-control.

She glanced up to her parents, who were self-confessed horror fanatics and had their eyes glued to the bloodbath on screen. Bianca’s eyes darted back to her phone, as if unable to be away from the sight for longer than a second. Her right hand slid away from her arm and down her body, finding her crotch. A second glimpse of her parents confirmed that they were still enamoured by the movie. Bianca bit her bottom lip.

It would be so simple just to run upstairs and jump into a cold shower. Then she wouldn’t have to worry Alisa. But it would just as simple, if not simpler, to stay here and covertly masturbate to the sight of her lover jerking a cock far bigger than Bianca recalled. Aside from confirming that the ‘curse’ was real in her mind, Bianca once again felt her pussy burn at the thought of what it could be.

“You okay, honey?” Stephanie inquired from the couch.

“Huh?” Bianca jolted and instinctively put her phone away, the video still playing, “Oh, uh, yeah. Maybe a little tired,” she said with a nervous laugh.

“Aw, why don’t you get another early night?” Her mother offered with a concerned frown. Bianca shook her head.

“No, I’ll be fine. I don’t get to spend time with you guys very often.”

“It’s nice just to have you here, sweetheart,” her dad interjected, fixing a stern, yet worried, gaze on her, “You go and rest up. Kind of defeats the whole purpose of you being here if you go back sick,” he told her, leaving little room for argument. Bianca sighed and stood up, glad that her clothes were thick enough to hide how soaked her groin had become.

“If I didn’t know better, I’d think you guys were trying to get me to leave,” she remarked with a teasing grin.

“Well,” her father snickered and laid an arm over his wife’s shoulders, “We might get up to something.” Stephanie playfully smacked his chest, but didn’t deny it. Bianca smirked at the pair and headed upstairs, distantly wondering if she and Alisa might be that way one day, though the thought quickly died out as her thighs rubbed together. She bit back a moan and rushed up the last few steps.

She would never be able to really express her gratitude towards her parents. If they had waited even a second longer, Bianca doubted she could have stopped herself. The stinging chill of icy water droplets chased away the heat in her loins, though her nipples remained erect as ever, each over an inch long and equally as wide. Bianca kept her hands close to her shapely sides and clenched in fists, lest she touch herself. Even the daggers of frigid water felt vaguely pleasant on her nipples.

As she stepped out, now with a handle on her arousal, Bianca found herself pausing in front of a mirror. It was such a waste, she thought, looking her body up and down with as critical an eye as she could manage. Her breasts were a little large, but perky and undeniably natural, despite her thin waist, and her hips were as wide as her shoulders. Yet, despite the wet dream figure, she looked normal. Like everything was right on her body.

Was that a side effect of the curse? Having a perfectly natural looking shape despite it being overtly sexual? Or was it affecting her perceptions of herself, just as it had everyone else, to enjoy the changes that had been brought upon her? Bianca tried to envision a reason why someone would find her unattractive, but none came. Her nipples, now inverted, looked great. Even if they weren’t, she doubted she would dislike them.

But maybe a little extra wouldn’t hurt?

Bianca startled at the traitorous thought and looked away from herself. It was too late, however, as she could feel her core heating up all over again. She quickly dressed herself as conservatively as possible, adding as many layers of tight clothes as possible to dampen her sensitivity. A mistake, she soon realised, as the heat of the dawning Summer permeated the room and quickly made her efforts uncomfortable. Yet she didn’t undo them.

Anything would be better than to break her promise to Alisa… even if breaking it would feel so good. And she would grow bigger. And she could cum. Again, and again, and again. Bianca bashed her head against her pillows, letting out a frustrated groan.

“Goddammit, Lisa,” she grumbled, then grinned to herself, “Please fix this. Otherwise, I don’t think I’ll be able to help myself around you.”

Alisa growled in frustration when her typing came to another halt. Her hands remained clenched into fists, shaking from the strain on her willpower. For every sentence she managed to write without interruption, her mind would stray to the egregious shape that tented her cobalt jeans. It throbbed and jerked erratically, pining for intimate attention. Regardless of her attempts at restraining her unmissable member.

There were only so many cold showers she could take, and pain did nothing anymore. A part of her wondered if her nerves were adapting to the discomfort, turning it into pleasure. Her pants didn’t seem capable of holding her new size, visibly straining to contain it. Her shirt also had a pair of stiff peaks lifting the fabric. The chair beneath her was slick with her emissions, while her panties were utterly drenched.

“This shouldn’t be so fucking hard,” Alisa grumbled, glancing down at her groin, “And now I’m making stupid puns.” Her once petite member throbbed in response and she felt a slither of warmth streak down her length. Every passing second made it harder to stay focused. She ran her eyes over the screen, absorbing and re-absorbing her words to continue. To no avail.

Bianca would be coming home that day. Another could of hours at the most, yet Alisa hadn’t made any progress in controlling their growth, let alone reversing it. Did she want to, though? Alisa’s eyes lulled away from her document and fell on her groin once more, this time taking in the sheer mass attached to her lithe body. It was so much bigger than before, and intensely more pleasurable. She thought that larger organs meant her nerve endings would be spread thinner. That was not the case.

Her hand, unconsciously, strayed toward her cock. Yesterday’s, and the day’s before, sensations called to her. A siren’s song that none could resist. No one, other than Alisa. The teen snapped her arms back to the keyboard in front of her and typed furiously, writing anything that might be of use later. So long as she kept herself busy, then she wouldn’t give in.

That’s her plan, at least. Though Alisa knew it wouldn’t hold forever. Her fingers constantly darted to the backspace key, erasing whole lines of her pent-up desire. Would there be any stopping herself when Bianca came back? She’d be even curvier than before, a possibility that Alisa had barely even dreamed of. How soft would she be? How big? How sexy?

“Oh god,” Alisa breathed, hips grinding against the air. How would she control herself around Bianca? The cold baths and showers only did so much, and that said nothing about Bianca’s own libido. The curvaceous girl was insatiable on most days, if she was dealing with the same feelings as Alisa, then she’d be a nymphomaniac upon her return. A wave of want threatened to crush Alisa at the images flitting through her head.

They were indominable. She paused her typing, cutting off a sentence about how she wanted to fuck Bianca senseless, and her hands slid down to her jeans. In her mind, her lover slowly stripped. Her clothes were so small and tight around her curves that it was almost unnecessary. Bianca’s nipples came into view, each as big as Alisa’s cock was two days ago. They throbbed and bounced with her sauntering walk, begging to be sucked. But they paled against the salivating lips between her delicious thighs.

Alisa moaned as her hand stroked her meat. Her eyes remained shut, locked into her imagination. Deft fingers traced every turgid vein along her shaft, then wrapped around the bulbous head in a silky caress, briefly brushing against her spewing tip. Moans slithered through the still air, circling around to slip into Alisa’s ears and make her fantasy all the more vivid.

Her imagined lover had squatted down. She had her legs spread wide, affording an easy view of the waterfall of her juices. Bianca’s hands moved down her outrageous figure, one staying to jerk her cock-like nipple, while the other soon thrust into her eager snatch. The massive breasts bounced and jiggled with her increasingly ragged breaths, while her hips bucked and swirled, as if begging for a dick. A big, hard, cum cannon to penetrate and fill her.

“I can help,” Alisa whispered aloud, licking her lips. Pre-cum coated her hands and cock now, allowing her to slide wetly up and down its length. She slid her prick deep into her fantasy, Bianca’s insides all too vivid in her memory. They undulated around her in perfect waves, urging her pre to flow voraciously, “Let me cum inside, Anca. I don’t care if it’s not safe.”

“Go ahead,” her imagination submitted, “Fill me your babies. Make me a mommy.”

That was too much. Alisa’s eyes burst open and her hands clamped around her dick, which swelled and pulsated wildly. A deluge of whiteness sprayed forth and splattered against her desk, hitting it with enough force to bounce her keyboard and mouse. The screen shook as another, more powerful, blast rocked the table. Alisa leaned back, freeing her cock from beneath the furniture. Her next release coated her monitor in thick, fertile seed.

Her balls contracted with each explosion. Cum raced up her impressive length like a bullet through the chamber, shooting sporadically at everything in front of her. Alisa watched it all through half-lidded, disbelieving eyes. The blazing sensation of her seed rising up her shaft was addictive, as was the sight of so much of her jizz defiling her workstation. There had to be enough to fill a jug, if not more.

A stray rope found itself plastered against her wall. Another threatened to topple her screen. Several others had taken to splattering everything they could. Alisa’s jeans were coated in the backsplash, with small drops of it landing on her belly and idly pumping hands. When the last of her orgasm dribbled out onto her fingers, she brought them to her face and spread them wide.

Webs of cum connected each digit. Thick droplets lazily descended the lengths, easily as dense as curdled milk. Alisa licked her lips, eyes following one as it grazed across her palm, before her tongue caught it. The flavour washed over her. It was richer than before, yet somehow still mild, encouraging her to sample more of it. One by one, Alisa sucked her fingers clean. She moaned softly with every renewed wave of that addictively wicked taste.

Her cock reclaimed her attention as a surge of heat permeated her crotch. Alisa looked down, though she didn’t remove her current finger from her lips, absentmindedly licking it clean. Without fail, the majesty of her member reached further and further. She had staved off the urge to masturbate yesterday evening and most of that morning, until this lapse in discipline. As she had theorised, the growth was far more noticeable than before.

“I-I…” Alisa was practically at a loss for words as she stayed down at the monster. She had given it such a title before, comparing it to her body. Now, no matter whose body it was attached to, her cock truly was a monster of its kind, “I need to measure it. Gather data.” She grabbed a nearby tape measure, placed there after her last measurement. Like most of her desk items, it was doused in cum. Alisa ignored the viscous layer and appraised her dick.

“Eleven inches?” Alisa gasped when she took its length, barely over her shock at its girth, which her petite hand couldn’t fully grasp anymore. She knew Bianca preferred bigger dicks, but this might be too much even for a size queen. But that wouldn’t stop her from trying, Alisa knew. If anything, it’d make her even more excited.

Her once flagging erection responded to her thoughts and returned to its glory, eager to grow again. Alisa grimaced at the sight and went to take another cold bath out of frustration. Her dauntless member bobbed with her steps, occasionally smacking into her balls. They were no less impressively insane, each as big as golf balls.

“There has to be a way to stop it,” Alisa stated as she slid into the bathtub, shuddering when the cold water began to flow. Resolutely, her cock remained hard as stone, standing up almost perpendicular to her abdomen. Specks of cum decorated its surface, while a bead of pre-cum drooled from its peak. She couldn’t deny that it was a remarkable sight to behold, though one that most women would retreat from.

Alisa knew she could never take something of this size. It’d tear her cute little cunny asunder long before it even bottomed out. Bianca could probably handle it, she thought with a small grin, then shook the thoughts loose when her prick pulsed in longing. Just sitting around was bad enough, but thinking about her hot, unapologetically exuberant, insatiable girlfriend’s lust inducing body… Alisa sighed when the water finally met her scrotum and chased away her arousal.

“Anca,” Alisa breathed, staring at the tiled wall opposite her, “Please tell me you’re having better luck than me?”

Bianca bit deep into her pillow as her fingers were seized by her pussy once more. Yesterday had gone well enough, as she had resisted the urges bombarding her mind and body. But she woke up a few hours ago consumed in fire. Or that was how it felt. Her pussy had turned her layers of panties into a sopping mess, soaking into her sheets and enveloping her in the musky aroma of her desire. There was no internal war with herself. She simply began to finger herself to a series of blissful, pent-up climaxes.

Finally, she relaxed. Bianca panted with her head turned to the side, cheeks deeply flushed and a line of drool running down her face. Her ass stood high in the air, drenched underwear halfway down her thighs. Strings of her copious juices hung between her legs. Her hand fell free from her sloppy snatch, taking ropes of the same thick emissions with it. Waves of satisfaction ebbed and flowed with every heartbeat.

Her legs eventually gave out and she toppled onto her side. A smirk lifted her lips at the wet squelch of her leftover fluids, reminding her of just how messy she could be. Alisa wasn’t the sole reason their sheets constantly needed replacing. The thought of her lover brought Bianca back to full consciousness. She bolted upright and gasped at the slap of her much heavier breasts against one another.

“Oh no,” Bianca groaned, burying her face in her hands as if to hide from the invisible judgemental eyes of her girlfriend, and to try and ignore the sense of awe she felt at the sight beneath her. She was always well endowed ever since middle school, when puberty truly took off. Having a pair of DD cups made relationships easy to come by, though not as easy to keep. Most of those she dated, guys and girls alike, always revealed themselves for the shallow lovers they were.

Alisa, on the other hand, made no effort to hide that she loved Bianca’s body. Bianca knew her figure was what essentially began their relationship, though it was by no means the glue that held them together. That was a mixture of the sex and the fact that they genuinely got along, despite appearing to be polar opposites. Though the difference between herself and Alisa made the dickgirl even more enticing.

Now their physical diversity would be vastly more prominent. Alisa was a slim and cute girl, sporting only a slight bump to her chest and a gentle curve to her rear. Before this ‘curse’, Bianca shamed her with a rump that bounced and swayed and made her walk like a seductress without any effort, while also sporting a chest that overflowed in her hands. And now she looked like a pornstar that took their surgeries much too far.

Except her curves somehow looked natural. Bianca carefully swung her legs over and stood up, her always large assets jiggling softly with her movement, then properly took in what her lapse in self-control had led to. Were it not for Alisa’s worry, Bianca would’ve been almost happy at the sight of herself. She didn’t like to admit it, even in her own mind, but she adored unrealistically huge tits.

Bianca brought her hands to her breasts. Her palms barely covered her areolae and inverted nipples, the size of which she could only guess, while her flesh seemed to squeeze through her fingers like gelatine. A G, that’s what she had last measured herself as. They had seemed enormous then, but now she had left that notion behind. J or even K cups now, Bianca estimated as she luxuriated in the heft of her boobs. Maybe even bigger.

They were still as perky as ever. The full, teardrop shape was the same as ever, merely much, much larger. Her lower swells curved out from her upper torso, dominating her slender waist, which would only be visible from behind or if she wore a heavy-duty bra. Not that she had one that could hope to fit her now.

Bianca released her breasts and let them fall perfectly into place. Her nipples rested nearly a foot from her body, refusing to dip despite the new weight. No stretch marks sullied her skin, not even a sense of tightness. It was as if she had been gradually growing these monuments to fertility since she was born, rather than the near spontaneous expansion of the past few days. Yet, for all their growth, her belly remained untouched.

The same could not be said for her hips. Bianca let her hands roam across the vast expanse of her bosom, down over her flat stomach, to perch atop her abundant hips. If her breasts didn’t eclipse her waist, then she would possess an hourglass figure most only dream of. Unlike her unaffected middle, Bianca’s thighs had thickened enough to close the gap, but not enough to chafe.

“Any other time and I’d be dancing,” Bianca chuckled under her breath, twisting her body around to peer at the shelf of her ass. It, like her breasts, was still as perky as ever despite its magnitude. She bounced in place and watched her flesh ripple. An all too familiar ache between her thighs returned, one that was far from welcome.

“Bianca! Honey! Are you awake yet?!” Her mother’s voice chased away the warm ache, though Bianca knew it was merely lurking for another chance to strike.

“Yeah, I am!” Bianca shouted back, finding her shirt and tugging it over her ostentatious chest. The fabric was forced to stretch, pulled taut against their sheer size, and failed to properly cover her stomach. It’s better than nothing, she decided and wriggled into a pair of sweatpants. They could’ve passed for yoga pants for how snug they were around her sides. She brushed through her hair, taming the wild mess that was born from her earlier lapse in control.

When she was presentable, and her libido receded to just an ember, Bianca descended downstairs to eat breakfast. Her thoughts were calm, as much as they could be given her ‘condition’, and she managed to have a normal meal with her parents. They didn’t mention how she had grown, or that her shirt was too small. If she didn’t keenly remember her life up to that point, Bianca might’ve believed that she was born with curves that made pornstars jealous.

“Excited to see your girlfriend?” Stephanie inquired with a knowing gleam in her eye.

“Totally,” Bianca smirked and winked, though she doubted there’d be any sexy fun when she got back. Not until they figured out how to tame this growth curse, or whatever it was. It’d be great just to be with Alisa again, to comfort her and hold her and size up that new dick of hers. Bianca started at the stealthy thought and dug into her bowl of cereal, scarfing it down like it would bury her desires.

“Any thoughts about what you’re gonna do after college yet?” Her father asked, setting down his newspaper with a disparaged sigh. Bianca glanced at it and caught of glimpse of a heading ‘mass layoffs ahead’. A pang of worry removed her lusts for the time being, noticing that her dad had a few extra grey hairs than she remembered.

“Nothing yet,” Bianca admitted, “Maybe something in advertisement? Put this body to work, you know?”

“Well, don’t take too long,” he cautioned her, “Before you know it, there’ll be no jobs left.”

“Harold,” Stephanie scowled at him, “Let her be a kid for now.”

“You’re right,” Harold sighed, “You’re right. Enjoy yourself while you can, Bianca. Being an adult sucks.”

“I’m nineteen, guys,” Bianca rolled her eyes, “That’s practically an adult.”

“Can you drink?” Harold quipped.

“No.”

“Then you’re still a baby as far as I’m concerned,” he huffed, but smiled good naturedly. Bianca, again, rolled her eyes and returned to her breakfast. His words remained with her, though, about the lack of jobs. When college was over, would she even be able to live a good life? Adulthood meant stressing about everything, that’s what it seemed like. Joys were spread few and far between. But that’s life, Bianca told herself, just have to make the best of it, since there’s no escape.

Except maybe one thanks to this curse. She let her mind wander, meandering through her thoughts until it came across a memory from a few years ago, when she was just discovering her admiration for larger than life endowments. Bianca had found a picture that embodied that term. Breasts bigger than a tank, their wielder completely immobile, but absolutely ecstatic. What could real life do if she completely threw it aside like that?

But what would Alisa think? Bianca knew she had plans for her life, to be the next big scientist, the one that discovered a cure for cancer or a way to make the obese into Olympic athletes. Was there a guarantee that her life would go in that direction? Bianca stared down at her cumbersome bust, imagining it ballooning out until it had her trapped in one place, helpless. Bianca pulled out her phone and tapped quickly.

*What would you think if my boobs were bigger than my body?*

Her thumb hovered over the send button. If Alisa thought it was hot, then what was there to keep Bianca from indulging in this ‘curse’? She knew herself well enough that she would go through with it. If she did, then one of her fantasies would be fulfilled, on top of rejecting the stress that normal life brought. Bianca’s thighs clenched together when a burning ache flared to life within her. Without any worldly concerns like money or housing, she could cum as much as she wanted. No more maddening bouts of lust, or strait-jacket worthy levels of restraint.

“Are you finished, Sweetie?” Stephanie’s voice brought Bianca from her mind with a jump, her thumb hitting the send button.

“Uh, yeah. Yeah, I am,” Bianca recovered, handing her mother the half-full bowl, “I’ll go get ready.” On her way up the stairs, her breasts bounced wildly under her barely adequate shirt. They almost slipped free several times. How would it feel if they were bigger? Bianca scowled and pinched her arm, the pain dimming her budding arousal. If Alisa didn’t stop this, then Bianca doubted she could reign in herself for much longer.

Although, she thought as she sifted through her now too small clothes, Alisa might have it worse. Bianca could barely imagine the hell her lover was going through, considering her libido could even outweigh Bianca’s own on occasion. The massively busty teen tightened her jaw at the memory of those times, though it did nothing to remove them. Her body burned under her clothes, begging for another release. Rather, it was begging for Alisa to give it that release.

Bianca finally found a shirt that was once a few sizes too large. It managed to come down to the top of her broad hips, though the material did nothing to hide her burgeoning nipples. If they became erect, something that seemed inevitable given her state of mind, then there’d be no missing them. Everyone would stare at her.

They’ll do it anyway, she reminded herself when she tossed her new bras into her bag. Huge was the only way to describe her tits now, and her ass would turn any heads that somehow managed to miss them. Bianca managed to force a pair of shorts over her curves, though she couldn’t button them up from the strain. She decided not to bother, since she only needed them until she got back to her dorm room.

Back to Alisa. Back to her beautiful, futanari girlfriend whose cock was almost twice its old size now. Back to the dick that had fucked her nearly every night for four months. Made her cum more than she could count. And now it was a monster.

“Stop it!” Bianca snapped, though it was impossible to prevent her loins from expressing their need. Her clean panties were quickly inundated in her fluids, which seemed eager to do the same to her denim shorts. She pulled on her socks and shoes, and stuffed everything into her bag. Bianca paused at the lingerie set she’d bought, sighing forlornly at the fact that she wouldn’t be able to wear it after her growth spurt. Although it did look bigger than the rest of her purchases.

She checked its label and arched an eyebrow. Somehow, whether by fate or accident or an unconscious knowledge that she wouldn’t be able to help herself, Bianca had bought one with a J cup bra. The thong was elastic, so it would fit without problem. Not that they’d be used that day, or perhaps ever if Alisa remained celibate because of the curse. Bianca wanted to at least surprise her with something other than a pair of massive tits.

“Fuck it,” Bianca sighed and stripped off, groaning at the sight of her drenched underwear, then pulled on the skimpy set. The bra was slightly too small on her, causing her bosom to overflow the cups, but it was comfortable enough. The lace patterns concealed her hidden nipples from sight, while offering glimpses to her broad areola. The thong slipped into place, earning a moan as it pressed against her lips.

The garter belt and stockings fit just fine. When she was finished, Bianca licked her lips at the sight in her mirror. Her too large breasts desperately tried to escape their prison, only adding to the sheer scope of the lace bra. The floral patterns drew her eye, though they weren’t necessary, as her size would more than entice her lover. She turned around and peered at the reflection of her captivating ass, which looked even bigger as it all but devoured the lacy thong.

Alisa wouldn’t be able to resist such a sight on a normal day. She’d be like a feral wolf smelling a female in heat now. Bianca shook her head, trying to escape the image of herself being taken doggy style, and put her clothes back on. Hopefully, there’d be plenty of chances like that in the future. For now, she focused on getting everything packed away.

Bianca sighed and headed into the bathroom. Showering was out of the question; even cold the water would just fan the flames of her smouldering lust. She grabbed her toothbrush and went to work, glad to have something mundane that her changes couldn’t ruin. On the first brush, Bianca realised that her body could, indeed, ruin it. With every motion of her arm, her breasts shook and swayed in response. She sighed, but grinned; at least her morning routine was more interesting now.

Finally, with all the distractions over and her bag packed, Bianca returned downstairs. They piled into the car and, with a small joke about seatbelt safety, they were off. It would be about two hours before they reached her dorm. Two hours and she’d be back with Alisa. Bianca settled into the seat and stared out the window. Maybe Alisa would come up with something by then?

“Just stay down, goddammit!” Alisa almost shouted at her cock. She’d given it an inch and it took full advantage, feeding on her perpetual lust to resume its daunting erection. Only half an hour had passed since her ice-cold bath, yet it was no less impetuous. She repressed a shiver and sipped at her hot chocolate, briefly distracting herself with the warmth and taste washing across her chilled insides. Then her dick jerked in its cloth prison like a dog whining for attention.

She now wore sweatpants and a long-sleeved shirt. Despite Summer’s imminent approach, the weather was akin to an Autumn day with unwelcome gusts of wind and clouds hanging overhead. Alisa sat, once more, at her desk with the same document before her. She had cleaned off her earlier load, which she doubted helped maintain her strict conduct. Now it was as if it’d never happened.

Save for the vastly more noticeable bulge in her pants and the distinct odour of her cum hanging in the air, a scent that seemed to follow her no matter where she went now. She could understand why, after all the beds were still soaked in the stuff and she hadn’t dared wash herself for fear of triggering her climax. Her libido wasn’t on a hair trigger, yet, and Alisa had no desire to test herself.

Her progress into correlating her data was as slow as before. Only a few more sentences graced her screen, each with a large focus on the way her recent orgasm had felt. Alisa scowled at the display, trying to ignore her prick, while she ran through every possible theory that might help them. None worked as she played them out in her mind. They were either too risky or simply absurd. She almost contemplated surgery to remove her genitals and, by extension, her risk of growth. But, again, that was absurd. Even then it didn’t guarantee a solution.

She folded her arms and rested her head on the makeshift pillow. After more than a day of contemplation, she was no closer to figuring this curse out. All she knew was that every orgasm made her grow and the longer she waited, the greater that growth would be. There were no other visible changes, nor any internal ones – aside from her amped up cum production – that she could discern.

A sudden vibration snapped her back straight. Alisa’s eyes flew to her phone and saw a text from Bianca. Dread washed over her, knowing that her girlfriend had likely succumbed like she had. She picked up the device and read the message.

*What would you think if my boobs were bigger than my body?*

Alisa’s eyes went wide at the question. Not simply because of the implications it held, but also for how it brought her desire surging to life. She was a T&A lover, that was no secret, especially curves that dwarfed her hands. It just made them seem bigger than life. Bianca’s had been just those, fitting perfectly into her fantasies. But there was always that notion in the back of her head; what if they were bigger? And, even further behind that; what if they were bigger than me?

Alisa doubted that anyone who had seen or heard about drawings of women with those insane proportions could deny the intrigue of it. The thought of seeing something so outside of normalcy in physical form was fascinating, enough that even she, a biology and medicine student, was captivated by it. How would it feel just to lay on top of boobs that huge?

“Dammit, Anca,” Alisa cursed, then laughed aloud. She knew Bianca had looked up porn featuring futanari since they met, inevitably stumbling upon the more insane stories people wrote. It was their first exposure to breasts that were larger than life. They had laughed at the time, but Alisa couldn’t get those images out of her head. And she was certain that Bianca couldn’t either. But was it really something Bianca wanted, or was it her cursed libido talking?

The futa set her phone down and laid her gaze upon the distinct shape of her cock. Its veins were large enough to show through the fabric, throbbing with every pump of her heart. She hated that she couldn’t admire it properly, that she had to keep herself from stimulating it in any way possible. Alisa hooked her thumbs into her sweatpants and pulled them down, glimpsing her cock’s rigid flesh.

She snapped the waistband back into place and jammed her hands under her legs. Any leverage her libido gained would be exploited, of that Alisa was utterly certain. Just the glance was enough to crack her control, bringing forth the idea of seeing herself grow and grow. Now she couldn’t ignore it. Her mind was flooded by the visage of herself, sporting a cock that was on a perpetual growth spurt. Inch after inch turned to foot after foot, which turned to metre after metre.

“That’s so wrong,” Alisa muttered, leaning forward to rest her head on her desk, “I couldn’t live my life if I did that… but what kind of a life would it be?” She muttered the words aloud, hoping that an answer, some thought that would reaffirm her resolution, would spring to life in her mind. There were none. All she could think about was how it would feel to let herself go.

Is that why Bianca asked that? She thought, turning to regard her phone. Could they beat this thing? Two days was all it took to get to this point, where Alisa was nearly always erect and where it took all she had to keep from masturbating, and her cock had more than doubled in size. It’d just be so much easier to say, ‘fuck it’. There had to be a limit after all.

The teen grabbed her phone and let her thumb work. She didn’t think about her words, merely tapped, then sent. No filter or edits. Alisa was a thinker, she liked to make sure what she did was right, unless she was in a moment of passion. That meant compiling her thoughts before sending a message, or at least making sure she didn’t say anything she’d regret. Not this time, however. She got up and laid down on her bed.

Alisa heard her phone vibrate in response. She didn’t make a move to look at it, however, deciding to remain prone and ponder the ceiling as if it had the answers she sought. How self-important must she look right now? The stray thought earned a short laugh. The well-endowed teen slung an arm over her eyes and let her breathing even out. Sleep would be her respite.

“Hmm, Anca…” Alisa murmured sleepily. Her night was restless, trying to stay still while getting comforting and avoiding any stimulation to her genitals was a nightmare in and of itself, and it was more than apparent now. The cursed teen’s breathing gradually deepened and grew steady, “God… don’t let this be a mistake.”

Bianca stepped out from the car and slung her bag over her shoulder. A weekend away from the dorm and her girlfriend. Just forty-eight hours apart and it felt like an eternity. But the joy that she had anticipated at this moment was absent, replaced by trepidation and anxious lust. She looked back at her parents, who seemed completely unaware of her emotional state.

“Liz,” Bianca said aloud, briefly savouring the name, “We can beat this thing. I’m sure of it.” The text from just little more than an hour ago had her worried. Alisa was always the one between them that could think clearly no matter the situation, save for when she was intoxicated, and she seemed on the verge of giving up. Not that Bianca couldn’t blame her when her thighs brushed against her pussy.

She paused when she stepped over the dorm threshold. This all started after that night when they got drunk, when they were walking home and slighted someone. Alisa kept calling this thing a curse. Bianca frowned and tried to remember that night. If all of this was basically magic, then they must’ve done something to a witch or someone like that.

There was that old woman… Bianca’s eyes widened in realisation. She sped up to her and Alisa’s dorm room, heart racing with excitement at the revelation. If they had a lead, then they could track her down. After that, they’d apologise, and everything would be fine.

“Liz! I think you’ll want…!” Bianca paused when she all but barrelled into their room, slinging her bag onto the floor, and turned to see that her girlfriend was on her bed, asleep. The unconscious state did nothing to impede her most notable addition since they last saw each other, “Oh fuck, Liz…” Bianca licked her lips and cooed when her nipples tried to escape her lacy bra.

**Chapter 6**:

Bianca shook her head clear of the vision playing out in her mind. Alisa wouldn’t be asleep, not at a time like this. She’d be working to try and solve this, make a scientific solution to what seemed like magic. The cursed teen took a long, soothing breath to quell her racing heart. If they could find that gypsy, then they could fix everything. She was certain of it, though not if she wanted to. For now, she had to tell Alisa.

That was the priority. Once Alisa knew, they could search for the gypsy. If nothing else, Alisa could probably figure something out with the information. Bianca smiled softly to herself. She didn’t have to tell her right away. They could at least relax a bit and… her smile waned. That wouldn’t happen, not when just being in the same building as Alisa made her pussy burn. Still, she kept her thoughts optimistic as she stepped from the elevator.

Bianca ignored the eyes that followed her down the hallway. While reality may have been altered to lead everyone to believe that she was always this curvy, that barely dampened the effect her body had, even on the female populace. There was only one girl whose opinion mattered to Bianca, though, and she was waiting in their dorm room. She came to a stop in front of their door and took a deep breath, straining her shirt.

“Keep in control,” Bianca whispered to herself and repeated it like a mantra, “If Liz can do it, so can you.” Doubt quivered in her voice, however, plainly audible to her own ears. She steeled herself, tightening one hand into a white-knuckled fist, then opened the door.

Scent registered first and foremost. Bianca almost stepped back at the sudden wave that met her, a blast of an aroma that she recognised all too well. It had dominated most of her nights for the past few months, a heady scent that was almost nostalgic to her. She paused with the door partially open and let herself inhale, sighing in release. It was certainly familiar, yet she couldn’t wholly recognise it through the sheer potency that assailed her sinuses.

Bianca took a deeper breath and tried to figure out what this smell was. It was so strong that she could taste it on her tongue, even feel it in her body. The cursed brunette bit her bottom lip, restraining a groan as her lower body heated up, an ache building within her crotch. She recognised the odour now, as did her biology.

“Alisa,” Bianca breathed, frowning as she opened the door further to see her bed was dishevelled and clearly dirty, but not in the traditional sense. She gulped, the small act somehow erotic as a distinct taste danced across her tongue, brought on by the sheer scale of the musk permeating the room and leaking into the hall. A strange cross between a gag and moan brought her attention to the left.

Bianca’s neighbour was unlocking her door, easily within radius of the keenly sensual musk. She glanced at her, arching an eyebrow and curling her lip.

“What *is* that?” She demanded, clearly unable to decide whether she liked the smell or were disgusted by it.

“Nothing. Alisa must’ve spilled something,” Bianca assured her, smiling to mask the wave of desire coursing through her own body. She wanted nothing more than to walk inside, strip down and make the smell a dozen times stronger. Or just ignore the world and the curse and spend the rest of her life indulging in the pleasures of her growing body. Consequences be damned.

“Better clean it up, bimbo tits,” her neighbour snarked, though Bianca recognised the spark of lust in her eyes, then stepped inside with a final, longing glance.

“’Bimbo tits’ huh? That’s a new one. Too bad it means jack shit,” Bianca muttered to herself, looking down at her ponderous chest with a smirk. People will say what they want, she thought and cupped one breast, cooing at the softness that met her hand. Alisa’s words would decide what happened next. Bianca released her chest and buried her hands in her pockets, gripping the fabric tightly.

She took a final deep breath and stepped into the room, kicking the door shut behind her. The final click was dull in her ears, yet it sounded no less ominous as she looked around. Alisa’s scent was everywhere, overshadowing the smell of her shampoo and conditioner, even the leftover curry that rested on the stove. Bianca didn’t risk covering her face for fear of what her body might do without restraint.

Bianca scanned her surroundings to find Alisa laying on her bed, deep asleep. Her lover always looked cutest when she was sleeping. Her lips would pout, or her brow would furrow like she was still thinking about what she was working on. This time, Alisa didn’t look simply cute or troubled. She looked sexy.

The futa’s shirt was too large on her slender frame, sliding down her shoulder and revealing part of her chest. Alisa’s lips were parted and relaxed, as if she were in the middle of a blowjob. Her sweatpants were usually of the same type, loose enough around her figure to reveal part of her skin if she stood up. Now, they were pulled tight against her hips by an impressively huge erection. Dampness spread across the domed tip.

Bianca’s nipples pushed out against her lacy bra, tenting her shirt. They were each a match for Alisa’s former member, which had grown fantastically since she last saw it. It was an irresistible sight, calling to her like the sweetest siren’s song. She sat at the foot of Alisa’s bed, careful not to wake her up, and clasped her hands together while her gaze remained locked in place. Every ounce of common sense told her to look away and seclude herself.

But for every ounce of that sense there were kilos more of desire. Bianca wrenched her eyes free to look around, but they were immediately brought back to the core of her burgeoning lust. Her entire body thrummed with want, not just her breasts or pussy, but every aspect of her being. It hummed, like static in headphones. She thought back to how she’d woken Alisa up several times in a similar position.

“It… it’ll be fine,” Bianca murmured, hands shakily separating, “We’re gonna get rid of this curse, anyway. So… better make the best of it.” Not to mention that she knew Alisa couldn’t resist a wakeup blowjob, and she wanted to – *had* to – see what had become of her girl’s cock. She gulped and hooked her fingers into Alisa’s sweatpants, then pulled them down.

Bianca gasped at the sight that burst into view. She felt its heat despite not even touching it, and its scent raced into her nostrils, while her eyes devoured the vein-riddled spire of cock before her. It bounced back from the sudden release, slapping wetly against Alisa’s belly. There wasn’t any other sight she wanted to see more at that moment. No, she amended and inhaled through her mouth, tasting the mesmerising prick in front of her. She wanted to see it drive into her in every conceivable way.

“Alisa,” Bianca moaned and wrapped a hand around the throbbing pillar. It pulsed and twitched against her hand, as if excited by her return. A splash of pre-cum poured from the tip and across her fingers. She moved her hand up, squeezing gently as she did so, and pushed another gout of the slimy pre-seed out. The lustful teen paused when she reached the crown.

It was so much bigger than before. Bianca moved closer, pushing her lover’s legs apart, and pushed her face near until all she could see was the fleshy tower and smell only its heavy musk. Another wave of pre oozed forth. Bianca’s pussy echoed the sight, soaking through her tight fitted panties. She pushed her nose into her girl’s balls, each as big as an orange. Soft, loose flesh surrounded the two massive, sperm encumbered orbs.

Every inch of skin was covered in Alisa’s pre-cum and sweat. Bianca moaned as she inhaled the aroma, its musk permeating her mind. She could almost taste it on her tongue, the scent was so powerful. But almost wasn’t good enough. The lust-addled teen parted her lips and ran her tongue along her lover’s scrotum, moaning hotly at the flavour.

Bianca opened her mouth wide and sucked on a ball. The sweat and pre washed over her tongue, while she licked at the skin, cleaning it of everything but her spit. She moved onto the next, breathing heavily. Every inhale made her pussy clench in longing, her inner walls rippling around a phantom cock. Not yet, Bianca thought as she dipped her head below the sack and cleaned the underside. There, she felt a dribble of fluid on her face. She almost forgot about Alisa’s own pussy. Just like Alisa would do a lot of the time.

“Sorry,” Bianca breathed and tilted her head back further, until she pressed her lips to the engorged vulva. Her tongue lashed out, lapping up the juices. A muffled moan preluded an increase in the fluids, urging her to wrap her mouth around the sensual mound. She suckled on it, pulling as much of her lover’s flavour across her taste buds as she could. Her hands moved to Alisa’s potent balls and massaged them. It was faint, but she swore she heard the cum churning around inside.

Bianca pushed her tongue into Alisa’s snatch. She ran it across the velvety insides, enjoying it as they squeezed around the muscle. The brunette bombshell moaned, knowing that it would transit to Alisa, who soon echoed the sound. She massaged the swollen nether lips and excitedly gulped down the copious fluids. For every drop she swallowed, her own snatch leaked just as much. If not more.

She pulled away from it with a satisfied gasp. Her lips and cheeks were wet with Alisa’s juices, the abundant fluids sticking fast to her face. Bianca ran her tongue over her lips, clearing them with a keen moan.

“I’ll be back,” Bianca promised and moved back to put her face against Alisa’s turgid cock. It was covered in slick pre-cum, a coat of it adhering to her pussy smeared cheek. She giggled under her breath, taking in just how overwhelmingly virile Alisa had become. Bianca ran her fingertips along the slimy shaft, noting how viscous the coating was. She extended her tongue, still doused in Alisa’s bittersweet juices, and ran it along the length of her lover’s rigid shaft.

Salt mixed with the tart flavour as she moved up to the head. Her nostrils flared to capture as much of the musk as she could, while her hands followed her tongue, before descending the lubricated shaft. They twisted slowly. She pursed her lips and pressed them against the tip, kissing it softly, before deepening it until she was wildly making out with the bulbous head. The fact that it wasn’t Alisa’s lips made no difference.

Spit and pre-cum stained her cheeks and lips. Bianca pulled away and licked as much of her face as her nimble tongue could reach. Her hands never slowed or stammered. She stared down at the prick, panting heavily, then glanced up when its wielder moved. Alisa was still asleep, her eyes shut tight and brow furrowed. It was the same expression that she wore when she was on the brink.

Bianca moved her hands to cup Alisa’s churning balls. They felt heavier than before, full of cum, stretching the skin taut around its contents. She calmed her breathing, then engulfed the fat head. It filled her mouth, pressing her tongue flat, while she pushed the first few inches inside. The girth was too great for her to take down her throat, forcing her to stop. Bianca slowly pushed further down, feeling the veins throb against her tongue and lips. Half the shaft vanished down her gullet, gradually stretching her throat.

She loved giving oral. There was something about having something so delicate, yet powerful, inside her mouth where she could bite it at the slightest notion. It gave her power yet put her partner in that position as well. Then she had the sensation of something so thick and hard against her tongue and going into her throat, stretching her gullet wide. Bianca moaned around the thick shaft.

“Ugh… huh?” Alisa groaned from above. The sound urged Bianca to abandon her slow approach, diving down to bury every inch down her oesophagus. Her throat bulged, while her eyes watered, and she gagged, sending spittle cascading around the obstruction. She pulled away, sliding the huge dick out. Every inch dripped with her saliva and pre-cum. She, then, slammed her face back down.

“A-Anca?!” Alisa gasped, but said nothing further as her hips jerked up and her head fell back. A familiar scream of ecstasy ripped through the air. Bianca’s eyes widened as her chin was mashed into her lover’s testes, which contracted. She felt the shaft thicken in her maw, the increase reaching up its length until it swelled the head, buried in her gullet. Warmth cascaded down her oesophagus and into her stomach.

Bianca moaned as her belly filled with the liquid heat. The balls in her grasp bulged and shrank, sending gush after gush racing up the shaft, thickening it along the way, before spurting forth. Every drop was so viscous that it coated her insides, only flowing down under the force of the tide. Engorge and shrivel, then a powerful blast.

Alisa’s hands moved during the pattern. They held onto Bianca’s head, just like several times before, preventing her from moving even if she tried. She didn’t. Bianca couldn’t breathe, and her stomach ached from the rapid influx of rich semen. Her perfect middle rounded out slightly, but she ignored the heavy sensation. Any discomfort was worth this sensation.

Again, and again, Alisa released waves of cum that stallions would be jealous of. Bianca tasted some on her tongue, the pressure so great that it forced the tide back up her throat. The inescapable odour permeated her nostrils next, as two lines of thick seed streaked down her face. She finally squirmed and tugged at Alisa’s grip.

“Fuck!” Alisa gasped, releasing her lover’s head, allowing her to pull back with a rasping cry. The brunette struggled to reclaim her breath, while the redhead jerked her cock to send still more sperm-riddled cum racing forth. It easily reached and splattered across Bianca’s body. A large dose landed in her open mouth, allowing her to properly taste the far richer seed. She practically had to chew it before swallowing.

Almost a minute passed since Alisa came before her release finally slowed. Bianca leaned on her hands, breathing heavily, as she surveyed the mess that decorated her body. Thick lines of semen ran down her skin, streaming down her sullied face and between her heaving breasts. Her clothes were soaked in cum, dense globs of the stuff clinging to her. The bed and Alisa were only marginally better off.

Alisa propped herself up to properly look at her lover. The sight of her gorgeous girlfriend painted in more cum than the entire college could muster was one that she never wanted to lose, but she couldn’t admire it for long. She moved onto her hands and knees, then crawled forward to put her face mere inches from Bianca’s jizz stained lips. Their eyes met and locked together, each a reflection of the other’s unsatisfied lust. The redhead grabbed one of Bianca’s hands and placed it on her now larger cock.

“Are we…?” Bianca began, though her hand was already moving, masturbating Alisa’s still hard length.

“I can’t help it,” Alisa admitted, leaning close to lick up a line of her cum, “I tried to stop before, but… Fuck, Anca…” she took a long breath, releasing it in a shuddering whisper, “Forget the curse. I *need* you.”

She didn’t let Bianca answer and captured her lips. Their tongues quickly found each other, duelling playfully for supremacy, while Alisa’s savoured the vivid flavour of her seed. The petite futa straddled her lover’s thick thighs, grinding her foot-long prick against their bodies. Bianca moaned into the kiss, hands quickly finding Alisa’s pert ass and groping it. Both felt it as Alisa’s cock pressed into the brunette’s inflated belly.

They parted with a lustful gasp. Alisa didn’t waste time and, gaze firmly enraptured by her lover’s, reached down to remove her shirt, while Bianca did the same. The redhead noticed the lingerie and arched an eyebrow, noting how Bianca’s breasts practically devoured the cups.

“I wanted to surprise you, but… I couldn’t help myself either,” Bianca explained with a sheepish grin, which was soon overtaken by Alisa’s lips. They moaned into the other’s mouth, both wanting to progress further but unable to separate for longer than a few breaths.

“I want your pussy,” Alisa moaned, tilting her head to avoid the lips and instead nibble at Bianca’s earlobe, “I want to feel you cum around my huge cock.” Her words earned a guttural moan and made the taller girl squirm, bringing Alisa’s attention to the wetness pushing against her balls. A delighted sigh slipped from her lips and across Bianca’s sensitive ear.

“You’re so wet,” Alisa noted, while her hands slipped down her lover’s front, soon finding the soaked clothing pressed against her, “How haven’t you cum yet?”

“No idea,” Bianca gasped, desperate to do just as Alisa had said.

“Did you almost cum from sucking my cock?” Alisa inquired, teeth nipping at her girlfriend’s neck now, marking her path down to her shoulders. Bianca nodded, “Does it turn you on? Knowing that you made me grow even bigger? Are you that big of a size queen that you’d ignore my warnings?”

“Liz,” Bianca groaned.

“What about your body? You’re bursting out of your clothes, Anca. How much did you cum? Did you masturbate on purpose to make your body even more gorgeous than before?”

“I couldn’t help it,” Bianca defended, though it was a hollow attempt at best.

“I bet,” Alisa agreed, hands finding their ways to the bra hooks, “Let’s see how huge you are.” She unclasped each hook, finally letting the undergarment pop free from the pressure it had barely contained. The redheaded futa leaned back, keeping her arms wrapped around Bianca’s neck to avoid falling, but couldn’t go far enough to properly see what had become of her girlfriend’s tits.

“Pretty big,” Bianca said with a teasing smirk. She unfolded Alisa’s arms and took hold of her wrists, letting her fall further away. The redhead gasped at the sight before her, of the twin mounds that looked on par with her head, and the nipples that could’ve passed for cocks if they were shaped differently. Alisa slid away from Bianca to crawl back onto the bed and stalked toward her breasts. The peaks visibly twitched with every breath the curvaceous teen took.

Extravagance only grazed the surface of the mounds that consumed Alisa’s sight and attention. They curved perfectly from their beginnings, no stretchmarks or abrasions on their pert surface. She paused her approach at eyelevel with a nipple, its huge expanse covered in slight protrusions. The milk ducts, Alisa reasoned as her gaze drifted along the surrounding areolae. Would the curse cause Bianca to lactate?

She had to find out. Alisa glanced at Bianca’s eyes, almost able to feel the intensity growing within them, then opened her mouth wide and slid the huge nipple past her lips. It rested heavily on her tongue, while the taste of sweat washed over her. A combination of the warm weather and Bianca’s constantly burgeoning arousal had coated her in a faint sheen, adding a salty flavour to her gorgeous flesh. The redhead moaned around it and lashed the soft tower with her eager tongue.

Her moans were echoed by Bianca, who leaned away and arched her back. More of the immense nipple entered Alisa’s mouth, running across her teeth, the slight scraping earning more pleasured sounds. They froze when the tip threatened to enter Alisa’s throat. She had never taken anything so large into her mouth before, leaving her fearful of taking it so deep.

But she had to go further. It was only right after Bianca had done it so many times before. Alisa took a deep breath and relaxed her body, though her cock remained hard as stone, then pushed closer. A frightened whimper reverberated in her throat, her uvula brushing against the ridiculously long peak, however it passed as she pushed herself further. No gag reflex, she silently noted even as she sucked a dick-sized teat down her gullet.

“Fuck, that feels…” Bianca trailed off into a low, sustained moan. Her lover retreated, sucking as she did so, before diving back down. Soft bumps ran across Alisa’s tongue, each of them feeling bigger with every repeat. She continued to suckle on the nipple, practically inhaling it. Her hand made its way to the other tit, wrapping around and masturbating it just as she would jerk her dick.

Alisa’s descents grew stronger and faster. The cock-like nipple penetrated her throat, stretching out her airways, before sliding back across her tongue, her teeth and between her lips. Every inch filled her maw. Just the fact that her girlfriend’s teat was *inches* long made pre-cum spurt from her swaying shaft. Her sight was consumed by Bianca’s breast, which jiggled enticingly whenever Alisa took its shaft to the hilt.

She could get fucked by them. Alisa’s pussy ached in longing at the thought, but it was overshadowed when her spare hand slid down into Bianca’s pants, finding a muggy heat that could only be caused by one thing. Her cock jerked and sprayed pre, desperate to sample that inferno.

“Ah, Alisa… do it faster,” Bianca moaned and brought a hand to the back of her lover’s head, aiding it in moving quicker, causing spit to splash across her breast and Alisa’s cheek, “Ooh, fuck yeah.” The brunette gasped and groaned, thrusting her chest out just like Alisa would thrust her hips. Both moaned in unison.

As the pleasure rose, Bianca grew hotter with it. Alisa saw salty beads of sweat slide down her girlfriend’s bouncing chest, some breaking apart against her protrusive nipples. The redhead captured them when she could, knowing that it was only a hint at the flavours Bianca would give her. She swallowed around the nipple, squeezing it with her throat. Every moan that she earned only made her more eager.

The room filled with their pleasured noises. Alisa sucked loudly, eyes locking on Bianca’s whenever they crested the horizon of her mountainous breasts. She clamped her teeth down without warning, sinking them into Bianca’s spongy nipple, and pulled on it. Pain and pleasure melted together in Bianca’s next moan.

“Keep going,” Bianca urged, panting breathlessly, “Ah, fuck, Alisa don’t fucking stop. I’m gonna… mmm, holy shit… I’m gonna cum. Gonna cum, gonna cum…”

Alisa’s eyes widened when she felt her lips open wider. They were stretched by the nipple that, while undeniably huge, was at least manageable in its girth. Now it made her jaw stretch open. The slight ridges along its length grew out too. Her gaze darted around, trying to figure out what it was. Bianca wasn’t cumming yet – Alisa knew the sound she made intimately well – then why were her tits growing?

Her answer shot down her maw like a bullet. The redhead moaned in surprise, then felt another spurt follow the first. It was milk! She pulled back, keeping the summit just past her lips. Alisa bit down and suckled, instantly flooding her mouth in warm, sweet milk. The fluid was thick, yet smooth like cream as she gulped it down. A similar fountain sprayed from the other across her back.

“I’m…?” Bianca began, then went rigid. Her head fell back, her hips raised, and her chest pushed against Alisa, who simply continued to drink every drop that gushed into her, “I’m cumming!”

The sound of water splashing heavily against fabric overpowered their moans. It turned off, then resurged just as great as before, while heavy slaps and splatters against Alisa’s back gave a hint as to the powerful waves pouring down her oesophagus. The inescapable scent of semen faded way to the heady spice of Bianca’s cum, as it saturated her pants and leaked onto the bedsheets below. A faint sweetness from her milk lifted the potent musk.

Alisa gulped loudly. Her throat worked in a constant state of hunger, swallowing on instinct, even as ounces of milk sprayed into her. Yet, no matter how many cups worth poured down her gullet, Alisa was made to keep taking it. The amount soon matched her orgasms, then exceeded the volume. She heard her lover’s cries dwindle to breathless moans and pulled away. Her lips came off the nipple with a lewd pop and a burst of white. Drops landed and clung to her face as she recovered her breath.

“Liz,” Bianca panted, pushing herself to properly look at her girlfriend, “That was… that was incredible.”

“Y-yeah,” Alisa gasped, laying a hand on her rounded belly. It looked far bigger than the pudgy swell on Bianca’s frame, not simply because of Alisa’s slender build, but also the sheer amount of milk that sloshed about within her gut. She could practically feel it running through her insides.

“Hmmm,” Bianca murmured, hands roaming across her excessively bountiful tits. She rubbed some of her milk into them, mixing the sweetness with her sweat, “Oh god, I’m growing again.”

“Shit, I’m sorry,” Alisa pouted, tilting her head down in disappointment, though she couldn’t resist glancing up to watch the head-sized mounds expand even further.

“That’s not what your text says,” Bianca countered, groaning as her tits finished their growth. She pulled out her phone and brandished it to Alisa, showing off the reply she’d sent a short while ago, “And besides, I think I know how to fix this.”

“You do? Tell me,” Alisa instantly latched onto the solution, smiling brightly as she embraced Bianca, silently basking in the plushness that mashed against her own petite chest.

“First,” Bianca began, pushing her away, “I want to enjoy this curse.”

“You can’t be serious?” Alisa questioned, arching an eyebrow incredulously, “Anca, if we get too big what’re we gonna do about college? Or getting a job? Or…”

“I don’t care,” Bianca snapped, darkening her gaze even as her nipples continued to drool and she pushed Alisa onto her back, “Not right now. Alisa, if we’re going to stop this thing, then that might mean reversing everything.”

“Yeah,” Alisa nodded, silently lamenting the possible loss of her vastly more impressive cock.

“Well then… let’s just go a bit crazy? I mean, when’re we ever gonna have this chance again?” Bianca pulled her pants down, revealing webs of her potent juices clinging to the fabric. She pressed her thighs together to slip out of her clothes, then pulled them apart, thick wet strings hanging between her flesh. The scent exploded into the room, flooding Alisa’s sinuses in the potent musk. Her cock throbbed powerfully, leaking a deluge of pre. She had to grip the drenched sheets to keep from pouncing on Bianca.

“Those didn’t do you much good?” Alisa inquired, trying to turn the attention onto her lover’s dripping lingerie.

“No,” Bianca laughed, reaching down rubbing her covered snatch, then brought her damp hand to Alisa’s lips, “But it’s hotter like this.”

“Yeah,” Alisa sighed, inhaling the familiarly powerful scent. She’d missed it over the past two days, “Fuck, you smell great.”

“Bullshit, I couldn’t shower earlier. I must smell horrible,” Bianca refuted.

“No,” Alisa shook her head, leaning up to nuzzle into her lover’s neck and inhale her sweaty perfume, “You could never smell bad, Anca. I love everything about you.”

“Liz…” Bianca sighed as a talented tongue ran across her sensitive neck, then retreated. Alisa’s stare called to Bianca’s, their eyes locking together.

“I love you, Anca. When you smile, when you frown. I even love it when you’re sad. Your existence, Anca, is a blessing to me,” Alisa spoke, ignoring the way her body hummed with longing, or how gorgeous her girlfriend was with her gigantic tits and heavenly ass, “I don’t want to be apart from you.”

“I feel the same, Liz,” Bianca beamed, leaning down to put their heads together. It was obvious that she wanted to show those feelings in the most primal way possible, but she held back. Alisa’s gaze bored into hers as she continued, “I love how you work too hard, but how you can be so lazy.”

“I’m not lazy,” Alisa ruffled.

“What about when you waited until the last minute to get my birthday present?” Bianca teased, giggling when Alisa turned away with a pout, “I love that look, too. Alisa, I love just being around you.”

Alisa didn’t respond and quietly trapped her lips in a deep, loving kiss. Lust fuelled the blaze born of their connection, pushing them to push against each other. Their tongues danced passionately, as two sets of hands worked to find the subtle erogenous zones on the other’s back. Fingers pushed and caressed with an experience only two lovers could possess.

“Are we going to do this?” Bianca panted when they separated to catch their breath.

“I…” Alisa bit her bottom lip and swallowed, glancing around nervously, before setting her eyes on her love’s relentless gaze, “Just don’t go *too* crazy.”

“How does a third leg sound?” Bianca chuckled, reaching between their bodies to stroke Alisa’s indominable prick.

“What about you having a couple of blimps on your chest?” Alisa countered, cooing softly at the slow strokes along her member.

“I think I could live with that.”

**Chapter 7:**

Alisa rolled her eyes and lunged forward. She captured Bianca’s lips with practised precision, sharing the lingering taste of the girl’s heady juices, as her tongue shoved inside and tangoed with its beloved. The futa began to lean back, allowing Anca to shuffle forward on top of her. Bianca’s belly rubbed against Alisa’s cock, as did the bottom swells of her indulgent tits. They moaned in tandem, finally giving into the primal desire that had burgeoned within them for days.

Warmth clouded Alisa’s mind. She felt safe and loved, while her body demanded to reciprocate, while her cock grew slick as pre-cum flowed heavily. Moisture passed between their lips, tongues pushing against the other in a playful duel. Alisa rubbed her hands across Anca’s back, pushing down to increase the pressure against her cock. Bianca’s breasts surrounded Liz’s chest in a pillow-like embrace.

“I need you inside,” Bianca gasped when she pulled back, barely taking a breath before she groaned into Alisa’s mouth, massing her lips as their bodies pressed tight together. The mere thought of separating after the days spent apart seemed almost painful now. Alisa clapped a hand onto Anca’s ass, sinking her small fingers into the abundant, pert flesh and savouring the plushness.

“I want to be,” Alisa replied, without removing her lips from her lover’s. She brought her other hand to the curvaceous girl’s breast, moaning at how completely it dominated her fingers. Smooth flesh spilled from between her digits and conformed against her palm, as if it were made to fit her. The futa rolled her hips, grinding her prick against Bianca’s increasingly slimy abdomen.

Their hair fell around them in a shroud of depravity. Saliva messily dribbled down their cheeks and chins as they sloppily kissed amidst their hungry moans. Bianca’s hips undulated against Alisa, rubbing her sodden cunt against her balls as the lust-stricken girl moved higher until her breasts consumed Liz’s sight. The futa took a laboured breath and stared at the incredible valley. Her eyes were captivated by the sight of milky droplets beading at Bianca’s can-sized nipples.

Alisa grabbed both peaks and aimed them at her face. They squished under her grasp, soft and malleable despite the intense throbbing within. Smooth, creamy-white milk coated her hands as she stroked them along the lengths, recalling how Bianca would pleasure her. Warm milk splattered across Alisa’s face as she worked, tongue out like a girl in a bukkake. She looked up to meet Bianca’s gaze.

Desire seemed a poor word to describe the heat in her gaze. Alisa tried to recall a synonym better suited, yet her mind was blank as a spurt of fresh lactate landed in her mouth, bathing her taste buds. It was richer than before, yet no less sweet and intoxicating. She moaned and swallowed, then leaned up, pursing her lips against the egregiously sized nipples. Milk flowed freely across her face, running into her hair and down to her own petite bust. Alisa released one tit to massage the warmth into her pudgy gut.

“You look so fucking hot,” Bianca praised, breathing heavily, “Like a milky goddess.”

“Funny,” Alisa gasped, “What does that make you? A boob goddess?”

“No,” Bianca giggled, “I’m the goddess of your dick, babe.” As she spoke, Bianca dragged her silky folds across the shaft, coating it in her prolific juices.

“Like hell,” Alisa growled and nipped one of the teats, earning a high-pitched moan and a fountain of white, “You’re addicted to it.”

“Can’t argue with that,” Bianca groaned, “Are you going to make my withdrawal worse? Hurry up and put it in me.”

“I’m not done,” Alisa grunted and wrapped her lips around an oversized nub, suckling the potent contents down her thirsty gullet. Her teeth and tongue worked against the dimpled peak, biting and swirling respectively. Milk gushed into her mouth as she gulped it down her parched throat. She pulled away with a soft pop and licked up a final bead, then moved onto the next one.

“Please, Liz?” Bianca pleaded, hands finding her breasts and squeezing them from base to peak, pushing a waterfall into Alisa’s slavering maw, “If I cum, there’ll be even more milk for you.” She teased, still stroking her engorged nether-lips over her lover’s foot-long cock.

“Hmm,” Alisa moaned, gulping voraciously, then pulled back, “Just one.”

“Just one,” Bianca hastily agreed, desperation plastered to her face, just as her milk was to Alisa’s, “Doggy?”

“Doggy,” Alisa nodded. They moved in perfect sync, having practised the same action for weeks on end. The futa knelt behind Bianca, staring down at the matronly hips and mountainous ass. Bianca’s flesh jiggled softly as she shook her rear and clenched her muscles, lewd slurps coming from her needy snatch as it sought Alisa’s dick. The girl’s face was pressed into the pillows, breasts flattening against the bed and stretching out to either side of her while dampness spread from her huge tits.

“I’ve needed this for so long,” Bianca moaned.

“Me too,” Alisa agreed, moving closer until her cock, now nearly a quarter of her height in length, pushed into the velvet opening, “I’m gonna be rough.”

“Hmm, fuck yes,” Bianca groaned huskily, bouncing her hips gently, “Fucking rut me like an actual dog.”

Alisa chuckled softly and laid her hands on her lover. Bianca’s abundant flesh spilled through her fingers as she tightened her grip, sinking into the perfect handholds, “I think you’d be disappointed by that.”

“Whatever,” Bianca whined exasperatedly, “Just fuck me hard as fuck!”

“Gladly,” Alisa grunted and drove her hips forward, mustering every ounce of power her lithe frame could. The ensuing slap echoed throughout their dorm room and lingered in their ears, before being displaced by Bianca’s ecstatic shriek. It was muffled by the pillows, yet no less visceral. Her pussy clamped around Alisa like a velvet vice, coating her in its debauched lust.

There were things that Alisa could barely live without. Internet, good food, entertainment, even her cock… but they all paled – no, they weren’t even tangible – in comparison to how she had craved Bianca’s cunt. The curse had only distracted her from the burgeoning need. Alisa stared down at her sheathed dick, panting heavily.

She had never thought that size could make much of a difference in sex. From her perspective at least. Alisa’s former five-inch cock was all she had needed for her pleasure. But now she realised what a huge dick could do. The sensations were the same as before, yet there were a multitude more of them, all dancing every inch of her member. Her tip mashed heavily against Bianca’s cervix, curving the barrier from the sheer indominable force of her thrust.

“Again,” Bianca rasped, bucking her hips like a true slut.

“You’re such a slut,” Alisa admonished her girlfriend, slapping her massive ass and relishing the way the monstrous flesh jiggled. The futa’s balls throbbed at the visage, swelling with her load. Pre-cum spewed from her member, adding to the drenched mess of Bianca’s pussy, as her veins palpitated fiercely.

“Yeah,” Bianca moaned, moving harder, “I’m your slut, Liz. Your cock’s so fucking good,” she continued, breathing hoarsely as her snatch tightened further, “So deep. It hits me so fucking deep. Like it’s in my womb… ah, fuck! Liz, fuck me! Fuck my slutty cunt!”

Alisa remained still, captivated by the primal display before her. Even the clear sound and sensation of her lover’s orgasm nearly went unnoticed. She blinked and gawked as Bianca’s delicious ass expanded further. The sight should’ve worried her. They’d agreed on one orgasm, nothing more. But… she bit her lip hard, moaning deep in her chest. It felt so good.

Her hips began moving before her mind gave the order. Alisa smacked her crotch into Bianca’s heavy ass cheeks, sending deliciously long ripples along the shapes. She savoured the sensation of her cum sloshing within her abnormal sack, before pulling back with a lewd slurp from her lover’s snatch. The futa quickly found her usual rhythm and hastened it. Her heart pounded in her chest, sending her lust roaring through her veins. Thoughts of endurance vanished into the aether.

She slammed into Bianca’s cervix. Pre-cum spurted from her tip, dousing the resilient barrier, while slickening the carnal passage. Her shaft slid along the canal with ease, hardly causing friction despite the tightness. Each thrust made her balls rock and slap into Bianca’s clit. Two smacks recounted each ravenous, bolstered by the lewd slurp of the girl’s cunt as it was abused.

Alisa’s eyes were adhered to the delicious view. Every single inch was enveloped in a loving warmth that doubled as the greatest pleasure of her life. Her cock stretched her lover’s pussy taut around its girth, the lips straining to hold it. The cheeks that framed it squished and jiggled like jelly with every thrust, yet she could feel the muscle beneath the smooth, plush fat. Her tempo stuttered as her gut clenched.

The tightness grew and grew. It twisted her core into a tense knot on the verge of snapping. Just a little more pressure and it’d break, and release an inhuman flood. Her lover’s cunt threatened to crush her, yet it was no less pliable. Viscous girl-cum sloppily squelched with every thrust. Bianca moaned and gasped, bucking against the futa’s immense cock. She was also close. They’d cum together at this rate.

Alisa roared as best her small lungs could muster as she came into Bianca’s sodden pussy, her urethra directly aimed at the girl’s womb. Her cum blazed along her shaft, swelling it massively until it clenched and released a high-powered geyser of jizz. And all of it was trained on Bianca’s womb.

Was it a safe day? She didn’t know. Alisa’s eyes fell on her lover’s snatch, the lips stretched taut around her newly massive cock, and saw a line of cum slowly leak out. It was thicker than ever, doubtlessly brimming with sperm. And her balls were certainly still full. She might’ve just gotten Bianca pregnant.

Her worry was trampled under her stampeding bliss. Every stomp of her heart brought another excessive blast of cum, replacing all of Bianca’s juices with jellylike, sperm-riddled semen. Alisa’s hips jerked with her release, fitfully slamming against Bianca’s thick, beautiful ass. Jizz streamed from the girl’s cunt, falling with heavy splats against the bed.

Alisa doubled over and wrapped her arms around Bianca’s middle. Her eyes widened when she felt a distinct, unmistakable bulge through her girlfriends’ belly. The former liquid curve was now flat, save for the dick-shaped lump. It was soon replaced as Bianca’s womb followed her stomach’s prior example. Her flat gut soon swelled into a subtle curve.

“More,” Bianca moaned and pushed back, forcing Alisa to lay down. The curvaceous teen followed perfectly, never letting an inch of the futa’s cock to slip out, “Cum in me more, Liz. Make me so fucking pregnant.” Jizz leaked from her cunt as she spoke, the near-perfect seal unable to handle the pressure. She turned to face Alisa, showing her the distinct curve of her gut.

“Ah, fuck,” Alisa gasped, staring up at her lover, who began to restlessly ride her, “We… we can’t. Remember?” Her voice was pathetic, though, lacking even a speck of power. Her body was in control, rather, her mind had given up control. She could do little more than stare up at Bianca’s springing tits, each as big as their owner’s head. The nipples tossed milk everywhere.

“Yes!” Bianca yelled, bouncing heavily. Her monumental breasts clapped together, resonating in Alisa’s ears, “Oh fuck, make me cum! Make me cum! Make me grow!” The girl’s voice trailed into a blissful cry, her pussy moulding to the cock inside. Alisa’s hands quickly found her lover’s leaking tits, staring at them in awe as they grew before her eyes.

“Bigger,” Bianca panted, still squatting on Alisa’s rigid cock. The flow of cum had finally slowed, yet the futa was acutely aware of another climax churning within her sack. Her core was tight, more than ready to unleash another flood. Distinct warmth flushed through her, coiling within her cock and balls. She was growing too, pushing harder against Bianca’s stubborn womb. The flow of her cum dwindled as her girth expanded.

“We can’t,” Alisa weakly denied, yet her hips shouted powerfully as they charged up into Bianca’s eager pussy. Cum squelched wetly as it was forced out by the massive appendage, pouring out onto Alisa’s crotch and belly. Her words went unheard. She stroked Bianca’s huge, soft nipples as her cock worked the girl’s snatch to a frothing mess. Slimy strings of cum connected them as she rose, before breaking with a wet, carnal smack as she fell.

“Harder!” Bianca called, voice rising with her obvious pleasure, “Jesus, fuck! Liz, give it to me. Make me bigger. Cum with me!”

“Anca! Oh fuck!” Alisa shouted as her balls clenched, the new coil in her gut snapping and releasing a deluge of sensation across her nerves. Electric sparks of delight raced along her body, zipping to her brain to detonate. Her vision dimmed as her eyes rolled. Alisa pulled Bianca’s ass down flush to her legs, holding it tight as the next tide erupted from her. The girl ground her crotch against Alisa even as it filled and overflowed with semen.

“I feel it,” Bianca moaned, voice cracking, “In my womb. So hot. So much cum…” the girl fell forward, panting breathlessly as her body grew even further. Alisa barely noticed her weight, senses locked onto the depraved pressure of her cum ejaculating, “Keep going…” Bianca rasped and kissed the near-insensate futa.

Alisa returned the gesture on instinct. She urged Bianca up and onto her back. The girl grabbed her legs and held them apart, giving a perfect view of her cum-spewing snatch and the massive shaft buried within it. Her arms framed her tits, mashing them together and putting her giant nipples on full display. The huge peaks flopped wildly as Alisa resumed her thrusts.

Milk spurted high from the large nubs. It splattered back down on the girl, who paid it no mind as she watched the unbeatable size of Alisa’s bitch-breaker ram into her. The futa’s vicious pace hastened with every clap of flesh, rising like a crescendo. Jizz spilled from Bianca’s snatch, gooey and dense with sperm, trillions of which now swam within her womb. Streaks of it ran down the girl’s stomach and between her mountainous tits.

“Yes, yes, yes!” Bianca cried in tandem with her lover’s thrusts, reaching another climax, “Ah, fuck!” Alisa didn’t pause throughout the orgasm, working toward her own with a single-minded desire. Primitive urges dominated her consciousness, or lack thereof, demanding her to mate this woman. She was helpless against such a need.

As Bianca’s snatch loosened from its recent explosive release, Alisa’s own roared to life. Her primal scream was echoed by her lover, whose body seemed hardwired to cum now. The girl’s body went lax this time, her muscles finally going numb. She twitched as jizz poured into her womb and her body grew yet again, tits rising like soufflés while her ass arched her back higher.

“Yes,” Bianca slurred as her uterus was inundated in Alisa’s rich cum. Nothing could compare to such sensations. She was trapped now, her fate completely entwined with Alisa’s. No man, or woman for that matter, could satisfy her so perfectly. Her pussy was probably too stretched for a normal cock or dildo anyway. And it was forced even bigger as Alisa’s growth surged.

The futa’s thrusts resumed. They were slow and leisurely, akin to a lazy afternoon masturbation. Bianca moaned softly and weakly wrapped her legs around Alisa’s waist, offering what little assistance her exhausted body could muster.

“Hmm… one more time, Liz,” Bianca sighed, her oversensitive snatch eagerly racing toward another climax, “Make my tits and ass grow again.” The meagre pace jumped slightly, before another titanic fountain of jizz poured into her womb. Was her cervix still there? Bianca couldn’t tell, nor did she care. Her round stomach expanded gently as she shook spasmodically with her own orgasm.

Alisa’s own libido finally gave out. She collapsed onto the girl, cock still buried deep inside, and laid her head between the twin monuments that were Bianca’s breasts. Both soon found reprieve in sleep, eyes lulling shut amid the afterglow of their tumultuous orgasms.

Alisa cracked her eyes open, frowning at the sound of bubbling water. She groaned and rolled onto her back, grimacing at how her bed squelched under her slight weight. The sheets felt slimy and utterly drenched, also cold against her balls. At least it smells good, Alisa thought inhaling the musky aroma of her cum enriched by a mild sweetness. She wasn’t surprised after her dream.

“You awake?” Bianca’s voice cut through the drowsiness like a machete through paper. Alisa bolted upright, eyes wide as they saw her lover standing in the kitchen, naked save for an apron that barely contained her genuinely massive tits. Her ass curved from her back like a shelf all on its own, yet it was no less shapely.

“A-Anca? You’re here.” Alisa stated under her breath, realising her dream was in fact a reality. She slung her head forward to stare at her genitals, gaze somehow widening at the massive shape of her cock and balls.

“Yup,” Bianca smiled and walked over. Her breasts bounced with every step and defied gravity with their perkiness. She sat down at the futa’s feet, “And what a welcome.” She leaned in close and caught Alisa’s lips in a soft kiss.

“I… we lost control,” Alisa murmured after they parted, mind suffused in the image of her cock, easily the same length as her erection once was a day ago, lounging over her giant testes. They each had to be the size of cantaloupes, “Fuck, how’s anything gonna fit us?”

“I’m not worried,” Bianca said, smiling nonchalantly. She rose and went back to the kitchen, then poured a large amount of penne pasta into the pot, “Remember, I said I know how we can fix this.”

“Y-yeah, I do,” Alisa sighed and relaxed, “You never explained it though.”

“It’s a gypsy curse,” Bianca stated, leaning back against the kitchen counter, though her ass kept her back several inches from touching it, “That night we got drunk before I left, we ran into that woman, right?”

“Yeah, I think so,” Alisa frowned, trying to recall the evening before coming back to their dorm.

“Well I do,” Bianca grinned, “Way I see it, all we’ve gotta do is track her down and she can undo this whole thing.”

“I’m not so sure,” Alisa grumbled, lowering her head, “Aren’t gypsies always vengeful people in the movies? Like in ‘Drag Me to Hell’?”

“Fiction,” Bianca rolled her eyes, “Can’t believe I have to remind you of that.”

“We’ve been cursed by a gypsy to grow with every orgasm, I think fiction and reality are pretty fucking blurred,” Alisa dryly replied, then sighed, “So, any clue where she is.”

“Just the street where we ran into her.”

“Great,” Alisa moaned sarcastically and stood, “It’s better than nothing. I’m gonna shower, then we can go looking.” She winced at how her thighs pushed her balls with every step, grinding them together.

“The sun’s already setting you know,” Bianca informed her girlfriend, “I don’t really want to go out in the cold either.”

“Oh,” Alisa glanced out the window, finally noticing the burning rays of sunlight, “How long was I out?”

“Just a couple of hours,” Bianca said, getting out a couple of plates, “Dinner’s almost ready. Besides, I could do with a shower as well. Wink, wink.”

“We aren’t fucking again,” Alisa groaned and sat at the small table, unable to ignore how heavy her balls pulled on her crotch.

“Actually, I’m not that horny right now. Like, I know if we started doing anything I’d be raring to go, but I’m not about to start something,” Bianca explained, dishing up the food. She wasn’t the cook of the relationship, though she at least knew how to put things into an oven or saucepan. She did tend to burn them.

“Yeah,” Alisa nodded, realising that she hadn’t felt so clear-headed since Bianca had left, however she doubted it would last, “But if we have to cum so many times just to be like this…”

“It’ll be fine,” Bianca assured her, setting down a plate of pasta and chicken before the futa, “More importantly, we need to eat. All I’ve had in the last few hours is cum, and you’ve only had milk.” On cue, Alisa’s stomach growled, and her cock lifted slightly.

“Don’t remind me,” Alisa groaned, biting her lip to distract from the faint ember of arousal.

“Sorry,” Bianca quickly amended, “Anyway, dig in and critique my almighty cookery skills.”

“You asked for it,” Alisa warned and speared a piece of pasta on her fork, then added a slice of chicken. She bit into them, eyes glued to Bianca’s with an intensity, “Pasta’s slightly overcooked and bland. Add more salt next time. The chicken’s fine, but you could’ve done with a crispier skin. Presentation is just plain lazy.”

“Jeez, I didn’t want for you to go all Gordon Ramsay on me,” Bianca laughed, “At least it’s better than when the first time.”

“Oh god, don’t remind me,” Alisa grumbled, mind flashing back to charred mess of steak and fries that Bianca had tried to treat her to, “I didn’t think it was possible to do that on accident.” She chucked softly and resumed eating, smiling warmly across the table. In just the few days since her life became a constant war with her own body, she’d grown to miss this sense of normalcy. Just a simple dinner with this beautiful woman.

Albeit, the dinner came with Bianca’s tits resting on the table and sitting higher than normal, but Alisa wasn’t about to complain. She let her lips tilt in a warm smile as she ate and asked Bianca about the more mundane parts of her weekend. It was difficult, though. So short after being afflicted, the curse had inserted itself into their lives.

“How’d the test go?” Bianca shifted the subject away from her, having exhausted any non-erotic aspects of her time away.

“Um,” Alisa flushed hotly, distinctly recalling every second of her daydream and the sensations that came from it. Not to mention the humiliation, and titillation, of cumming in front of so many people. “I think I failed…”

“Oh,” Bianca intoned in understanding, “Think they’ll let you do a retake if we explain everything?”

“I doubt it,” Alisa groaned, shovelling a large mouthful of food into her mouth.

“At least it was just a mock, right?”

“Yeah, but it still reflects badly on me,” Alisa mumbled, then swallowed her mouthful, “Fuck, if this curse makes me dropout, I am gonna wring that gypsy’s throat.”

“You really think that’d be smart?”

“For all I know, I’m gonna wind up with a dick bigger than the Washington Monument. Frankly, I don’t give a fuck. *If* this doesn’t work out,” Alisa amended, already dreading where her life could go. Their lead was vague at best and she could barely focus long enough to analyse the curse properly. Even now, with her mind lucid and her body calm, Alisa knew she was on the verge.

“That sounds kind of hot,” Bianca murmured, staring away from the futa.

“Don’t start,” Alisa laughed, “We had to pass out to stop last time.”

“Yeah,” Bianca sighed wistfully, then turned her gaze back to Alisa and leaned forward, mashing her massive tits against the table, “But it was a hell of a time, wasn’t it?”

“Hmm,” Alisa hummed, and tilted her head down to focus on her half-eaten plate.

“You were so fierce,” Bianca continued, chair scraping against the tiled floor as she stood. The futa tensed as she heard the distinct sound of sloshing fluid, followed by a swish of fabric falling to the floor. The swishing noise neared her until she felt two heavy, massive shapes drape themselves across her shoulders. Alisa’s breath caught in her throat. They were so soft and big, easily half-again the size of her head.

“I’ve never felt so…” Bianca trailed off, exhaling slowly as if she had sampled an aromatic bouquet.

“Satisfied?” Alisa offered, glancing warily to her sides and finding them subsumed in flesh-coloured walls that jiggled with every little movement behind her.

“Complete,” Bianca corrected. Her hands reached under her breasts and ran along Alisa’s arms, nails tracing down to her stomach, then her crotch, “I think we can have one last blowout tonight. Don’t want our… hmm, *urges* getting in the way tomorrow.”

“M-maybe,” Alisa stammered, white-knuckled as she gripped her cutlery. Her pulse hammered in her ears and her ribs ached from the rabid gallop of her heart, every palpitation seeming to flow into the massive appendage between her legs. The futa unconsciously let her thighs spread apart, then cooed softly as her lover’s fingers stroked along the base of her prick.

“Who knows,” Bianca breathed and moved around Alisa, “Maybe we’ve hit our limits? Maybe now we’re just super horny?” She crouched down, breasts brushing against the futa’s body before coming to her hip. Bianca shuffled under the table and shoved her breasts onto Alisa’s thighs, using the petite futa’s low height to her advantage.

“Y-yeah…” Alisa gasped, staring down at the massive tits that engulfed her crotch. She had no doubt that her cock was rising now, every beat of her heart sending blood rushing to it. Warmth enveloped her shaft as Bianca’s hands wrapped around it, before the head peeked out from over the crest of the girl’s great tits. Alisa was still soft, yet that wouldn’t last long. She could see her tip swelling as it rose higher.

“And I need to get a real taste of those balls,” Bianca moaned under her breath as she began to stroke the growing cock, its size rapidly increasing until the angry, purple peak bumped into the table, “Let me help.” Bianca leaned it down and caught the head in her lips, then instantly circled her tongue around the bulbous shape. Her arms squeezed against her breasts and forced them tight around Alisa’s cock.

“So soft,” Alisa moaned, sinking into her chair. Her meal was forgotten as she luxuriated in her girlfriend’s slutty attentions. Saliva coated her member and ran down the shaft. It merged with Alisa’s excessive pre-cum, pouring onto Bianca’s immense bust. The girl massaged her breasts against the futa’s shaft, working the pliant tits in tandem to milk her of slick, viscous pre. Bianca opened her mouth wide and pushed forward.

Alisa panted heavily. The view was incredible. While Bianca was hidden from view, her boobs certainly weren’t, their deliciously soft expanses juxtaposed by the rigid shaft that leaned up and away from between the majestic crevice. Sounds of Bianca’s sloppy ministrations and indulgent moans subsumed the silence.

The futa reached down to her own slight bust and massaged them. It was only a faint ember of pleasure against the roaring inferno, but a welcome one nonetheless. She moaned as Bianca moved deeper, only stopping when her lips met her giant breasts. At that point, Bianca began to bob to and fro, sliding the cock from her throat with nubile moans. Slickness poured across Alisa’s body as her lover’s milk began to leak profusely.

“So fucking big,” Bianca panted huskily, every breath caressing Alisa’s saliva glistening cock, “Alisa, it’s bigger than my forearm. Fingers included.”

“Jesus,” Alisa gasped, picturing more than half that monster sliding down her girlfriend’s whorish gullet, “And the balls?”

“Thought you’d never ask,” Bianca’s voice smirked as her boobs slid away, rubbing milk into the futa’s legs. The girl cupped Alisa’s egregious sack and rolled the gurgling orbs around in her hands, savouring how their contents sloshed and churned within, the tides running against the inner walls against her palms. Just the sound and weight alone made it clear how thick Alisa’s jizz was, “I think we’re almost as volleyballs.”

“You sound disappointed,” Alisa noted breathlessly, then moaned at the touch of plush lips on her taut scrotum. A tongue poked out and lapped up any sweat or pre-cum, before flattening and retracing its path.

“I don’t think you could ever be ‘too big’ for me,” Bianca cooed, her words cool against Alisa’s spit slickened skin. She moaned and sucked on the flesh, drawing as much of the rotund ball into her mouth as she could, before moving onto the next. One of her hands found its way back to the cock, stroking it expertly.

“We’re going to stop this,” Alisa reminded her, frowning deeply. Her hands froze at her nipples, the stiff peaks poking into her palms, “Anca… we should stop here.”

“No,” Bianca whined, “Just one orgasm? Please?” The girl’s face peeked out from under the table, cheek nuzzling against the futa’s vein-riddled, slimy shaft.

“F-fine,” Alisa acquiesced. Her girlfriend’s face lit up as she ducked back down to lather the futa’s potent sack in her adoration, while she jerked the proportionate cock. Moans vibrated her lips, translating to Alisa, who echoed the sound. Bianca inhaled deeply, then exhaled reluctantly as she worked across the twin testes. They audibly gurgled with a desire to release their load.

“Cum for me, Liz,” Bianca enticed, finally moving her lips back to the dick. She pushed it back into her mouth, smoothly sliding it down her throat with a wet gag of her own volition, “Give me your seed.” She tried to speak, but the words were unintelligible. Her desire translated clearly as her tongue wriggled against the underside of Alisa’s massive shaft.

“Ah, fuck!” Alisa yelped. Two hands jerked her cock in tandem, twisting and sliding along the slickened spire. Her pulse leapt to a sprinting gait, translating to her veins thickening as her balls grew tight. The futa pinched and pulled on her nipples, breathless as her pleasure rose to a new peak, “Drink it then, you fucking slut. Drink every fucking drop!”

Bianca moaned and sank down the last of the shaft. It swelled massively in her throat, before contracting to release a flood of jizz. Voracious gulps followed the tide as Bianca hungrily worked her throat, despite it being wholly unnecessary. Alisa’s cock gushed its load down the girl’s oesophagus and directly into her stomach.

“Shouldn’t have done that,” Alisa panted as she came down, prick throbbing with the last of her release. Bianca crawled out from under the table and stood beside Alisa, bringing the futa’s attention to her.

“My turn?” Bianca teased, hefting her oversized tits and shaking her hips, causing her startlingly large stomach to jiggle with her bust. Alisa looked up and saw a single line of cum slowly leak down Bianca’s chin. It was easily the same consistency as tar, and just as adhesive. The futa gasped as her growth began, expanding her undeterred erection to an even greater size. She glanced at Bianca’s eyes and saw only lust in their brown circles.

“Y-yeah,” Alisa rasped and stood up, “I just need to pee.” She hurried to the bathroom, gritting her teeth to ignore the heavy bobbing of her cock. And the way her balls slapped into her lower thighs, almost at her knees. She slammed the bathroom door shut and pulled the latch to, shutting out Bianca.

“Babe?” Bianca’s voice soon came through, concerned, “Everything alright?” She knocked on the door and tried the handle.

Alisa didn’t answer her. She moved to the furthest corner and wrapped as many towels around her head as she could, shutting out her girlfriend’s voice. If she wasn’t around Bianca, then she could at least control herself. Albeit only slightly, but she would take what she could. With any luck, the morning would help clear her and Bianca’s heads. If not… then what?

“Oh god,” Alisa groaned.

“Come on, babe?” Bianca whined, banging on the wooden door, “I’m sorry. It just felt *so* good earlier and… please?”

Alisa clamped her hands around her ears to better dull the words. She had to hold out for tonight. If she gave in one more time so soon, then she wasn’t sure there’d be any going back. Even now, the incessant throbbing of her cock bore down on her willpower. Tomorrow might be their last chance at fixing this, she thought. Alisa curled up with her knees tight to her chest and cock jutting forth between them. One thing at a time, she told herself and settled in for the night.

**Chapter 8**:

Morning finally came. A blessed relief to the futa who sat, curled up in a ball, on the bathroom floor to hide away from her girlfriend’s relentless libido. Hers wasn’t any better. Alisa’s erection had remained stoic throughout the night, leaking pre-cum into a puddle and waiting for her self-control to crack. The possibility wasn’t something she even entertained, thoughts resolutely fixed on anything but her magnitude of cock.

Her bouts of sleep passed as fast as they came. Alisa’s dreams were helpless against her lust, no matter what she tried they always turned to visions of Bianca. She would jerk awake through sheer force of will, causing her dick to lurch and her balls to rumble like a starving stomach. Sunlight bathed the white tiled walls in radiance. It was time to try and go about her day.

Outside, she heard her alarm clock blare. The obnoxious beeping soon stopped as Bianca silenced it, though there was no other movement that Alisa could hear. Alisa carefully unlocked the bathroom door and peeked out, cautious of seeing her inhumanly sexual girlfriend.

“Morning,” Bianca’s voice both froze and boiled Alisa’s blood, sending her heart racing while her cock leapt and slapped against the door. The futa swiftly shut it and leaned her full weight on the wood, eyes wide as her jaw clenched shut and her nostrils flared. Her breaths were fast and harsh.

“I’ll be in the dorm showers,” Bianca said, more subdued than Alisa had ever heard from her, “Sorry about last night.” The door to their room clicked shut. Silence settled around Alisa, save for her heart and breathing. Her cock throbbed with every second and her lust burned through her veins, ignited by nothing more than Bianca’s speech – and the image of her curvy lover standing naked, under a stream of water, washing her ridiculous figure. Alisa’s fingers curled into restrained fists.

The urge to touch herself almost hurt. She licked her dry lips and leaned her head against the door, heaving a deep sigh. Bianca seemed in control for the time being. If they were going to find that gypsy, then this might be their only chance. She just needed to get herself under control as well, then they could get started. But a cold shower or bath were dubious at best. That only left her one option.

Alisa hung her head and stared at her cock. Her former ten inches seemed so much more manageable in comparison to the hunk of meat attached to her crotch. It sagged under its weight, though only slightly, kept aloft by the stubborn desire throbbing within. She shifted her legs and felt her balls brush against her knees. They had to be the size of bowling balls by now. If not, they were just as heavy.

Though the weight didn’t concern her. She felt it as clearly as she normally would, however it didn’t pull on her as it should’ve. Alisa let her curiosity guide her hands, glad for any distraction, and felt around her lower body, finding solid muscle where it had been soft before. Her hips had always been strong, especially after the months with Bianca, but now they felt chiselled. Likewise, her legs were solid and rippled with power. Yet she couldn’t see any muscle from the outside.

She shook her head and stepped from the bathroom. The futa couldn’t risk seeing Bianca face to face, not when her own libido was acting up like this. Now was her best chance to get some breakfast. As she walked into the kitchen area, her cock bobbed and swayed heavily in front of her. There wasn’t any strain on her augmented muscles, however.

She pulled open the fridge to see what was left. Not much… Alisa sighed, cursing herself for not buying more groceries when she went out. They didn’t even have any milk left. Her lips curled unconsciously, thinking of her lover and the possible gallons of sweet, creamy milk her tits held. Bianca would probably need to be milked if the effects weren’t reversed. Not that either of them would mind.

“Stop it,” Alisa snapped at herself. She swung open the pantry and grabbed the nearest cereal, deciding it’d be better to have it dry than nothing at all. Or to risk making something that’d take too long. Neither she, nor Bianca had cum since yesterday. If they saw each other now, would it turn out like their initial reunion?

A clear head would be bliss, Alisa thought as she contemplated her dull breakfast. Dry cereal was far from her favourite meal choices. Adding water would be just as bad, if not worse. The fluid had to be tasty and slightly thick too. She almost laughed at herself as something fell to the floor with a wet splat. Her eyes moved to her cock, its head almost at the table’s centre, and felt pre-cum streak down its underside.

Something thick and tasty…

“This curse is fucking with my head,” Alisa muttered and stood up. She held her bowl beneath the tip as she began to stroke her shaft, tiny fingers barely covering a third of her girth. Pleasure sparked immediately and danced across her length, transmitting to her fingers to race along her arms. A low sigh turned to a moan as she worked. Pre-cum spilled into her cereal in an endless fountain, each rise of her hand coaxing an entire cupful worth.

The sensations dominated her mind. Her eyes slid shut and her mouth fell open to moan clearer. Images of Bianca subsumed her thoughts, visions of the impossibly busty girl wrapping her tits around Alisa’s cock and giving her the mother of all tit fucks. Bianca’s breasts were the only ones that could possibly handle Alisa’s dick now. She could never be with anyone else.

“Fuck!” Alisa gasped and tore her hand away, stabbing her nails into her side. Pain clashed with pleasure and drove off her climax, leaving her cock to ache for its release. Her balls throbbed in near agony. She panted heavily as she set her bowl back on the table, cereal now swimming in a sea of her translucent, white pre-cum, “How much sperm is in that stuff?” The futa gawked at the sight.

Pre-cum was never even remotely white. It was just a natural lubricant with some sperm cells, nothing more, yet hers could almost pass for a normal ejaculation for a guy with a low sperm count. Though it was thicker than she’d expected. What would the real thing look like? Could it even come out from her urethra?

“Jesus, what the fuck is wrong with me?” Alisa groaned, pinching the bridge of her nose. She had to deal with this curse, and soon. Before that, she needed to finish her pre-ejaculate bathed breakfast. The futa lifted her spoon, pausing to watch her pre drool from the metal, then engulfed it. Strangely, the cereal was what brought down the flavour. Her cum was simply that good.

It was sweet and bitter with a strange aftertaste. Alisa’s mind raced with the possibilities of using her seed in cooking, wondering what flavours or textures it could bring about. She’d heard of people using their cum in baking, perhaps it was something worth exploring. There was still some eggs, flour and sugar left. Making something like that would be too risky, though, not when she was on a strict time limit. Yet the thought wouldn’t leave her alone.

She glanced at the nearest clock. Bianca would probably be another five minutes. If Alisa worked quickly then she could get everything ready to go in the oven. Her girlfriend could handle the rest. And the mere idea of cumming sounded so good. It’d clear her head and relieve some of the ache in her groin.

“I shouldn’t… but it’s not like I can go out with this,” Alisa mumbled around her food, hoping that speaking aloud would somehow urge her mind to blurt the answer, “But one orgasm won’t be enough. A cold shower definitely won’t work either. The only way is…”

“Hey.”

Alisa rounded at the greeting and saw Bianca standing in front of the door, a towel wrapped tight around her oversized breasts, soaked hair draped over them. Her nipples tented the fabric and lifted it high enough to almost reveal her pussy. They didn’t catch Alisa’s gaze, however. That was the redness that surrounded Bianca’s eyes.

“What happened?”

“Some girls picked on me,” Bianca stated without moving from where she stood, “To put it lightly.”

“Anca,” Alisa gulped and stood, ignorant to how her cock bobbed with her steps. She wrapped her arms around her lover, burying her head in her breasts, and pulled her close. The futa glanced around, scanning across her girlfriend’s skin and saw a couple of bruises beginning to form, “They went too far.”

“Ha, yeah,” Bianca hugged Alisa close, as if afraid that she would run away again, “I can’t even get horny like this.” She laughed briskly at the touch of Alisa’s erection.

“Don’t tempt me,” Alisa laughed and peered up at her, “I might try and change that.”

“I know,” Bianca grinned. She paused in contemplation, regarding her petite lover before she took a long breath, “I think we need to deal with this curse.”

“Because you got bullied for once?” Alisa snarked, “… sorry. That came out wrong.”

“It happens… and yeah. Pretty much. You know me, I like to socialise. These things are awesome, but I think you’re right. I can’t live like this. Not normally.” Bianca frowned at her chest, both admiring how huge and perfect it looked, while she despaired at what others would think of her.

“What did they say?” Alisa spoke into Bianca’s breasts, basking in their plushness. The very idea that someone could hate them annoyed her. They were incredible, no matter how big or small.

“It wasn’t what they said, it’s what they did,” Bianca tightened the embrace.

“We don’t have to talk about it,” Alisa assured her, “We’ll just stay like this for a while longer.”

“It’s happened to you before, hasn’t it?” Bianca asked hesitantly.

“When you’re as short as a twelve-year-old, it tends to.”

“They’re just jealous,” Bianca chuckled, “I’d give anything to be as cute as you.”

“I notice that you didn’t say anything about having smaller boobs.”

“Of course. I still love my titties,” Bianca squeezed her arms inward and forced her breasts to swell out further, “What did you do to handle it?”

“Jerked off while fantasising about getting revenge,” Alisa answered with a shrug, “There’s not much you can do about people like that. Sometimes it’s just the way things are. But there’s no reason you should change,” Alisa added and leaned away, tilting her head back to face Bianca as best she could.

“I thought you’d be happy,” Bianca breathed, “Didn’t you keep saying we had to stop this before it got out of hand?”

“Yes, but… Bianca…” Alisa groaned and leaned her head down, burying her face in her girlfriend’s cleavage, “I love you. I don’t want you to give up something that you like just for me… or for anyone else.”

“What made you change your mind?”

“I guess,” Alisa felt her cock throb, still hard despite the heavy atmosphere, “I realised that your happiness is paramount. That’s what being a couple is all about. Isn’t it?”

“Yeah,” Bianca nodded slowly, leaning down until their foreheads touched, “So, if I said you having a bigger dick would make me happy, would you let it grow?”

“N…” Alisa gulped. Her cock was already massive, far too big for any normal woman to enjoy, and she could probably get Bianca pregnant with just the pre-cum alone. Anything more would go beyond excessive. The thought made her prick throb and push against Bianca’s thighs. A trickle of moisture fell on top of it. Did she really have a chance to turn back now? The futa looked into Bianca’s eyes and saw the strain.

If Alisa said no, then that’d be the end of it for now.

“Not too big,” Alisa whispered, “Once we’re thinking straight, then we’re going out to look for that gypsy.”

“What about me?” Bianca inquired, breaths deepening with every moment they spent so close together.

“Just don’t outgrow the doors,” Alisa giggled.

“Wouldn’t it be sexy if I got stuck though? I’d be helpless to resist you,” Bianca teased, hands slipping lower to trace along Alisa’s slight ass.

“I’m already hard as stone, you don’t need tease me,” Alisa admonished and thrust her hips to demonstrate her point.

“You know I can’t help myself,” Bianca kissed the futa’s lips, smirking against them, “Your face is so cute when I do.”

“Won’t be saying that when your ass is bouncing on my cock,” Alisa mumbled and mashed her lips into Bianca’s, silencing any response beyond a lustful groan. This was a mistake, she knew it all too well. One orgasm would turn into three, then five, possibly more. Her body made that fact perfectly clear as her balls churned with the release they were earlier denied.

Alisa gracefully slid the bathrobe from her girlfriend, then clapped her hands upon Bianca’s delicious ass. The pert cheeks swallowed her fingers whole, pert flesh moving sinuously with her eager ministrations, while Bianca’s breasts came to rest upon her shoulders. Each tit was as big as the futa’s head and subsumed her neck and shoulders, rippling with each harsh inhale Bianca took. Alisa groaned hotly into the kiss and stretched her hands to the valley of Bianca’s glorious rear.

The hairs on the back of her neck stood on end. Lust danced across her skin, burning hotter as she tasted Bianca. Both moaned lowly in their chests, rumbling against one another. A sharp clap resounded through the room as Alisa slammed her hands upon Bianca’s ass. It rippled deliciously around her fingers. The futa pulled her lover’s massive cheeks apart and crept between them.

Bianca’s moans rose in pitch as delicate digits brushed her puckered rosebud. It was the one place that had been left untouched in all their nights together, rarely even fingered. How tight would it be, Alisa wondered as she teased the orifice, and what would it feel like?

She halted the kiss with a breathless gasp. Her body remained locked tight to Bianca, refusing to let her go for even a moment.

“You did say we could give it a try,” Alisa reminded her girlfriend, eyes fixed on hers.

“If I get at your pussy,” Bianca panted. Her cheeks were red and her gaze unfocused, even deeper into the hold of her lust than Alisa. The futa released her lover’s ass, causing the cheeks to clap together powerfully, and moved one of Bianca’s hands to between her thighs. Under her cock, where a stream of her juices coated her inner thighs.

“I’m all yours,” Alisa breathed, “Every inch of me.”

“Alisa,” Bianca said her name as if in prayer, fingers playing over the futa’s drenched thighs, “I’m off the pill…”

“Since when?”

“Since before all this started,” Bianca’s every word seemed a struggle to push out, “I don’t know if it happened already, but… I want a kid.”

“We’re so young,” Alisa pointed out, despite how her cock throbbed at the idea.

“And we might end up growing as big as Godzilla. I just… if we can’t have a normal life, then let’s give someone else the chance.”

“That doesn’t make much sense,” Alisa muttered.

“You don’t have to.”

“It’s probably too late anyway,” Alisa reasoned and angled her hips upward to brush her cock against Bianca’s sopping snatch, “After yesterday, I’d be amazed if the pills would do anything anyway.”

“So, we’re doing it?”

“You sound like you’re about to go through menopause,” Alisa teased and reached between their bodies to run her fingertips along Bianca’s pussy, “I don’t agree with this, but if you’re sure… then I’m not gonna stop you.”

“Liz…”

“But I’m still gonna fuck your ass,” Alisa growled and spun Bianca around, then bent her over, “Spread your legs and bend your knees for me.”

“Won’t we need lube?” Bianca rasped as she followed Alisa’s order.

“What better lube than pre-cum?” Alisa grinned and stroked her cock, tip poised at Bianca’s anus. The ring gaped open slightly, enough that a stream of pre could leak inside. She rubbed the slick fluid into the orifice, spreading it everywhere that she could, “Oh yeah, there’s something I’ve always wanted to try.”

“What’s that?!” Bianca gasped, then laughed as her ass was clamped around Alisa’s monumental prick. The futa began to thrust, spewing her slippery seed across Bianca’s back. It drooled down her sides and onto the floor. Some slid between her immense cheeks, lubricating the way for Alisa to fuck them like a pair of tits.

“Fuck, this is hot,” Alisa moaned. Her cock dominated the view of her lover’s back, its tip seeming to reach beyond her head, while her hands squeezed the delicious cushions around her equally giant shaft. When her length ran out, her turgid balls pushed flush against Bianca’s dripping cunt. She eventually remembered her goal and pulled back.

“Take it slow,” Bianca whispered as the tip was pressed against her virgin ass.

“Don’t worry, slut,” Alisa assured her, rubbing handfuls of pre-cum into her lover’s glorious rear. It glistened sexily, like after an oil massage. The futa spoke endearingly, as if the insult was the greatest compliment she could think of, “I’m sure you’ll love it. I bet you’re dying to add ‘backdoor whore to your ‘cumslut’ title.”

“Where’s this coming from?” Bianca moaned, undulating her hips at the debasement, “Not that I’m complaining, though.”

“I figured you’d like it,” Alisa’s voice dropped to a husky whisper as she pushed forward slightly, earning a raspy groan, “Don’t worry,” she repeated in her usual tone, “I’ll be gentle.”

“Until I say otherwise,” Bianca chuckled. Her laughter dwindled to a lustful grunt as her anus was forced open. Surprisingly easy, Alisa thought and pushed her tip inside. It may have only been the peak, but it was still substantial, easily thicker than three of her fingers together. Her pre-cum made it slicker, however she never thought it would be this smooth.

The curse, Alisa concluded as Bianca’s anus swallowed her bulbous head. Tight walls of velvet surrounded her crown. They rippled and clenched around it, either trying to pleasure or remove her. Either way, the motions felt incredible. Alisa gripped her lover’s hips tight, hands vanishing into their expanse. The insides were dryer than what she was used to, but her abundant pre quickly fixed it.

“So fucking big,” Bianca grunted.

“Too much?”

“Fuck no,” Bianca snarled and bucked against her, “It hurts, but it’s so fucking good. You’re so huge it’s crushing my pussy at the same time. My walls are rubbing together.”

“Anca,” Alisa panted and pushed forward several inches, her sudden cry matched by Bianca’s, “Tight… hot… why’d we wait so long for this?”

“Dunno,” Bianca moaned, “But don’t stop.”

“I’m gonna flood your insides with cum,” Alisa growled and lurched onward, driving her hips to slam into her girlfriend’s pillow-like ass.

“Fuck!” Bianca screeched. Her insides clenched, almost like they were trying to choke the life from Alisa’s indominable erection. A deluge of fluids splashed onto the floor. Alisa hugged the girl tight, hands moving to bury themselves in Bianca’s tits, as she savoured the sensation of her expanding lover, “More… more… more, more, more!”

“Can’t help it,” Alisa grumbled to herself, mind racing miles by the minute. Bianca had said that she wanted to grow. That she didn’t care how big she became, “You want to grow?”

“Fuck, yes, yes, yes,” Bianca cried in sync with the futa’s sawing hips.

“Probably the orgasm talking,” Alisa muttered even as she gave another thrust, powering through the death grip on her prick. She yielded to her lust and let it puppeteer her muscles, sawing her hips to and fro, “Keep cumming, Anca. Cum like the backdoor slut you are.” The friction was incredible, quickly working Alisa to her own climax. Only the wish to savour such an experience kept her from exploding.

“I will!” Bianca moaned and twisted her head around to stare at Alisa through half-lidded eyes, “Just keep fucking me.”

“How could I say no?” Alisa laughed under her breath and found her usual rhythm. All thoughts of being gentle vanished as she abused her lover’s once virgin hole, slamming into it like a battering ram. Their flesh slapped wetly as pre-cum splattered forth, sticking to their bodies. Alisa did her best not to blink as she felt Bianca clamp around her once more, eager to watch her girlfriend’s figure become even more ridiculously hot.

“Again,” Bianca moaned.

Alisa had no desire to refuse her. Even if she did, her body wouldn’t allow it. The futa’s hips moved without any provocation, slamming against Bianca with an increasingly erratic pace. Each slap of their bodies was echoed by an ecstatic cry from Bianca. Alisa’s own climax wasn’t far after that earlier denial. She clenched her jaw in concentration, wanting to exhaust herself before she could cum too much. The battle was futile, however.

She went rigid against Bianca’s glorious ass. It almost seemed to envelop her hips in its sheer scope. The size increased as she exploded within her lover, streaks of dense cum rocketing from her dilated urethra. They cried out in tandem, a perverse harmony, as they grew in their own ways. A faint part of Alisa pondered why the growth sometimes triggered during orgasm instead of after, yet it was swiftly silenced by the dominant roar of her ecstasy.

Her cock swam in a flooding river of its progeny. Bianca’s walls wringed her prick for all it was worth, milking her balls of their gallons. The futa panted and moaned through her climax. Her hips bucked errantly to derive every ounce of pleasure that she could. Then her flow dwindled seemingly in the blink of an eye, yet she knew it must’ve taken minutes.

“So dirty,” Bianca moaned when they came apart. She turned around and knelt in front of the futa, a sloppy fountain of jizz pouring from her deflowered ass, and stared at her cock. The girl’s immense tits, now several sizes bigger than before, rested heavily on her pudgy stomach, “Can’t have you getting me pregnant with such a filthy fuck stick.”

“Then get to work,” Alisa panted, breathless from her orgasm and the sight of her vastly augmented dick. It had to be more than a foot and a half in length, and the girth exceeded both her fists. Bianca licked along the incredible length, tracing the veins with her tongue. Her lips kissed the peak, then slid open around it.

“How is it?”

“Sour,” Bianca gasped when she pulled free, then leaned in and slobbered across the shaft, lathering it in her spit, “But still delicious.”

“Think you can handle the size?”

“Let’s find out,” Bianca smirked and swallowed the tip once more, then shoved herself forward. She slid down the enormity with one fluid motion, nostrils flared. Her eyes crossed as they fixed themselves upon Alisa’s trim pubes. The girl quickly retreated after her nose met Alisa’s crotch, revealing inch after inch of slimy cock, “I’d say so.”

“What about your pussy?” Alisa arched her eyebrow.

“Why don’t you fuck it and find out?” Bianca grinned and turned around on all fours, then shook her monumental hips from side to side. The scent of her cunt permeated the room in Alisa’s mind, seeming to swirl around her.

“Gladly,” Alisa beamed and sank to her knees, one hand on her saliva drenched cock and the other on Bianca’s ass, still captivated by its shape and size, “I could stare at your ass all day, Anca.”

“Why not see what it’s like even bigger?” Bianca groaned and reached between her thighs to part her pussy. Viscous streaks of cum poured over her labia and doused her fingers.

“Good idea,” Alisa didn’t hesitate as she had before. She aimed her cock and pressed it to Bianca’s cum-hungry cunt, then slammed her hips forward with all the power she could muster. Her girlfriend’s cunt opened greedily. The lips turned white from the strain. Visceral cries of pleasure filled their dorm room as Alisa left an imprint of her hips on her lover’s bouncing rump.

The futa panted hotly as she set a fast and heavy tempo. Her hips smacked against Bianca’s cushioned rear, squishing it under her forceful thrusts, while she basked in the plushness of her girlfriend’s perfect love holds. Cum splattered her crotch and the floor as she pulled back, sending her prior load across their room. Alisa slid her hands to Bianca’s tits and folded herself against the girl’s massive cheeks.

A laugh breezed past her lips as Alisa realised she couldn’t reach her girl’s nipples anymore. She settled for squeezing what she could, a lustful smirk gracing her lips at the sound of splashing fluids. Alisa’s hips rolled against Bianca, softer than before as if to savour the way the hugely curved girl’s insides sucked on her. Each undulation of her hips swung her heavy scrotum against Bianca’s clit, earning stronger moans.

“So full,” Bianca slurred, bucking against her lover’s thrusts. Alisa gave a final squeeze of the gorgeous slut’s tits, then moved to hug her belly, imagining how it would feel when their child began developing within it. An equally delightful treat met her touch, though. She curled her fingers around a tube-like bulge and upped her pace. The protrusion stroked along her hand, adding yet another blissful sensation.

Alisa traced the bulge to its peak but stopped at Bianca’s breasts. Her eyes widened in revelation as she squeezed her lover’s tits tight together, then thrust with all her might, driving the obscene bulge of her cock between the marshmallow-like mountains. They caressed her through Bianca’s own flesh, roiling with unspent milk as she fucked them faster.

“Oh shit, I want to be bigger,” Alisa panted. If she was this deep into Bianca, then another few inches and she’d be at her mouth. A womb fuck, tit fuck and face fuck all in one… “I’m cumming!”

Bianca immediately joined her as Alisa swelled within. Every vein stood out from her cock, their shapes pushing through Bianca’s skin and throbbing against her tits, while the futa’s balls clenched tight against the girl’s sloppy cunt. Both shrieked in utter bliss as the first wave of Alisa’s thickened jizz was unleashed.

“It’s inside!” Bianca cried, head rearing back to shout at the ceiling, “Your cum is inside me! So hot… so full… get me pregnant, Liz!”

Alisa only grunted in response as her balls sent another eruption up her shaft. Each inch that her sperm travelled blazed with sensation, as if she could feel the billions of swimmers against her insides. She felt moisture pour onto her balls from Bianca’s own prolific climax, and heard her lover’s tits explode with milk, yet the amounts paled by comparison. Alisa brought her hands to Bianca’s stomach.

The feeling of her lover’s belly sloshing with her cum urged a greater geyser from her depraved cock. Alisa ran her fingers across Bianca’s stomach in a haze, feeling it curve into a perfect ball of cum. Somewhere through her release, the curse triggered once more. The peak of her oversized girl-dick poked against Bianca’s chin.

Even delirious with lust, Bianca had enough presence of mind to recognise what this meant. Just as Alisa had craved, the incredible girl titled her head and opened her mouth. The futa rammed her hips forward and sank her skin-painted dick into Bianca’s mouth.

“So good…” Alisa moaned as her climax finally dwindled. Her legs gave out, forcing her to lay on her back. Gravity meant nothing to her cock, just as it did to Bianca’s tits, as the monument stood tall. She gawked at it and watched as a leftover drop of cum ran down the enormous pillar. Its size was such that she was almost afraid to guess how many inches she possessed now.

“You’re still hard,” Bianca breathed and mounted the two-foot pole, sliding down it with a prolonged sigh. Her lips were wide with an elated smirk, “So fucking big.”

“Yeah,” Alisa grunted as she bucked her hips, driving her enormity inside. Her eyes were fixed on Bianca’s breasts, following them as they bounced, committing the sight to memory even though it would soon be outdone. She reached up and pulled on Bianca’s shoulders, tugging her down until they were face to face. Breathless gasps of burgeoning ecstasy brushed against their faces.

“No matter what,” Alisa began, “I love you.” She sealed the words with a deep kiss, trapped in the warmth that Bianca’s bosom wreathed her own chest in.

“I love you too,” Bianca moaned, “More than anything.”

Alisa hugged her tight as they rapidly worked themselves to another climax. The last one, Alisa thought and exploded once more. Bianca’s stomach swelled further, bulging out at the sides. Milk pooled beneath the futa as it squirted from her lover’s growing tits.

They laid on the floor. Alisa on her back while Bianca hugged her from the side, one leg slung over Alisa’s thighs, while the futa’s cock draped itself over hers. Its flaccid size was more than enough to shame anyone else’s, whether they were futanari or men. No underwear would contain it, and she’d need a dress just to cover the huge thing. An erection would completely ruin that, however.

She needed discipline. By the time they were lucid enough to go out and look for the gypsy, their libidos would have recovered. Alisa clenched her jaw in frustration. There were all sorts of meditation guides online, but they wouldn’t help. She could barely control herself long enough to think before. It’d be impossible now.

“I’m just gonna grab some snacks,” Alisa mumbled and freed herself from Bianca’s embrace. The girl only hummed in acknowledgement, her arms cradling her still swollen middle.

Alisa threw on the loosest clothing that she could find. Even so, her cock still stretched the fabric of her sole dress. A keen eye would discover her secret at a glance. She gave Bianca’s heavenly body a final glance, then left the room, quietly shutting the door. In her mind, there was only one place that might be able to help her. Fortunately, it was nearby if she recalled correctly.

“Yes, child?” An elderly woman, dressed all in black, inquired as she opened an ominous looking door to an appropriately daunting church.

“Help me,” Alisa whimpered, hunched over to hide her erection. Halfway to her destination was all Alisa had managed before her thoughts turned filthy. They’d only gotten worse the further she went, as if the distance from Bianca was causing it. She straightened herself slightly and flinched at the sharp inhale.

“All of god’s creatures are as he made them,” the woman dressed all in black whispered, making the sign of the cross over herself, then ushered Alisa inside, “I… I presume you wish to be rid of your unholy desires?”

“I’m out of control,” Alisa rasped as she stepped into the convent, eyes taking in the scenery. The nuns were all dressed the same, as she expected, but some were clearly full-figured or had unnaturally large breasts. Former strippers, Alisa assumed.

“Don’t worry, child,” the elderly nun assured her, “It is our vow to help in any way we can.”

“Whatever it takes,” Alisa huffed and turned to look the woman in the eye, “I-I need to be able to control myself.”

“Y-yes, of course,” the nun smiled tenderly, gaze looking anywhere but at the ridiculous bulge that lifted Alisa’s dress, “What’s your name?”

“Alisa.”

“I’m Sister Judith. Come this way, please? We shall begin right away.”

“Thank you,” Alisa breathed and followed her. This was her last resort. If it failed then… she couldn’t bear to finish the thought, for fear that it would trigger her further.

**Chapter 9:**

“Liz,” Bianca groaned into the phone after yet another beep, “It’s been a week. Pick up already.” She hung up and set her head on the table, breathing heavily while her hands gripped her shirt. Her knuckles were white, and her nails dug deep into her palm. It was the only way to stop herself from relieving the brutal ache between her thighs.

A week without a single orgasm. Bianca would’ve been proud of that fact, as would Alisa, but every other thought was consumed with preventing herself from masturbating. The rest were focused on finding her girlfriend, the mere idea of whom made her want to cum. An endless cycle that made her pussy burn and drowned her underwear constantly. She couldn’t touch herself. What kind of a girlfriend would she be if she fingered herself when Alisa could be in trouble?

The girl rose from her chair and went about making a simple breakfast. She pulled an apron over her front, the fabric tenting from her indominable nipples, and turned on the stove. Fried eggs and bacon were all she could manage without Alisa’s guiding hand, though it proved a greater challenge with her absurd curves.

Bianca reached into the overhead pantry, arm brushing against her breast and lifting it. The huge mound fell with a meaty slap against her stomach, rippling for a few seconds afterwards, and sent a wave of pleasure through her. A soft moan breezed past her lips at the shock of sensation. It got worse again, she thought as she cracked a couple of eggs into the pan.

Each day without Alisa made her body crave her touch even more. Just brushing her breast was enough to flood her panties, though she’d long since given up on wearing underwear. Her pants weren’t any better off, usually lasting less than a minute under the constant flood of her juices. Alisa’s scent had faded from their room, replaced by Bianca’s depraved musk. It, too, only got worse as time passed. She could barely detect the smell of her sizzling breakfast over it.

Her phone vibrated powerfully from the table. She grabbed it in an instant, barely pausing to look at the caller ID. The eggs and bacon were left to fry, any thought of feeding herself forgotten in the hope of finding Alisa.

“Mrs. Bennet, have you heard anything?” Bianca inquired, one foot bouncing in rhythm with her heartbeat.

“A friend of mine said she saw someone who looks like her at a convent,” Mrs. Bennet, Alisa’s mother, intoned wearily. Bianca had barely slept the past seven days, though most of that had been out of fear of what her dreams would lead to, yet she couldn’t imagine what the older woman had put herself through. No doubt running herself ragged on top of sleepless nights.

“That’s great,” Bianca breathed, a smile teasing at her lips, “Which one?”

“It’s at Saint Miguel’s, on Ashford Street. It’s near your dorm. I’ll drive down tomorrow morning,” Mrs. Bennet hung up, her voice building in excitement. Bianca rushed to her wardrobe and pulled out the only dry outfit she had left. All the others had either fallen victim to her copious lactation or her unquenchable snatch. She grabbed a roll of duct tape and applied several layers over her nipples, groaning in discomfort. There was no other way to restrain her milk.

Her tits had firmed up from the sheer amount they’d stockpiled. Bianca couldn’t milk them without cumming, only a single squeeze would put her on the brink, pulling would force her to teeter on the edge of a knife. And that was four days ago. She didn’t dare test her sensitivity now.

Confident that her ridiculous body wouldn’t get her arrested for indecency, she left the room. Everyone outside stopped and stared, either lustfully ogling her inhuman figure or sneering at her. She could understand both sides. There was no other woman like her after all, and there probably never would be. How could there? When her waist was as thin as ever while her tits and ass stretched any clothes she wore obscenely.

Her black tank top was once loose on her. The very idea seemed almost preposterous in her mind as she glanced down at the bulging front, what looked like miles of cleavage stretched before her, and the upper half of her tits overflowed. Bianca grimaced at how obvious her nipples were despite the duct tape.

Moisture faintly spread from around the peaks. She wasn’t surprised, not when her breasts felt tight as a drum. If she leaned forward, she could make out blue lines spreading from her areolae. Others could plainly see them, though, their eyes almost always dropping to gawk at the sight. She only had to get to the parking lot, then she could ignore it all.

“Hey there, Bianca,” a deep, sleazy voice invaded her ears. Or maybe not, she thought and glanced to her side. Derrick walked beside her, easily keeping up with her frantic pace. He was a typical jock, over confident in his sexual prowess and attractiveness to women. Even the fact that everyone knew she was in a relationship didn’t stop the bastard.

“Fuck off, Derrick,” Bianca growled. It took all her concentration to ignore how her tits and thighs rubbed together with every step. The last thing she needed was an asshole trying – lamely – to score with the college freak.

“How rude,” he feigned a hurt expression, then laughed, “I was just going to ask if you wanted to come to the house tonight.” Bianca’s jaw clenched at the offer. The dampness around her crotch spread further as her pussy let down in desire. She knew what he wanted of her. An invitation to a frat house was just code for ‘do you want a gangbang?’

“I refer to you to what I said before,” Bianca sped up, trying to leave the asshole behind. An asshole that had a cock. The thought slithered past her defences, coiling within her consciousness. It wouldn’t be ignored. There’d be plenty of dick at the frat house, more than enough to get her off. Even if they were tiny compared to Alisa’s.

“Don’t be like that,” Derrick snickered and clapped a hand on her shoulder.

“Don’t touch me!” Bianca shouted, barely swallowing down a moan. The tape over her nipples strained against its prisoners, her milk escaping around it. Her last pair of dry pants were a lost cause as dampness rapidly spread from her crotch, rushing down her pantlegs.

“Whoa, okay,” Derrick stepped back at the outburst, then seeing the moisture darkening her clothes, “Maybe I could help you out?” He nodded to her tits, a sneer on his face.

“No,” Bianca panted and rushed to the parking lot. She couldn’t stand to walk around anymore, not when the slightest touch had almost made her cum like that. Derrick was still standing where she’d left him, grinning cockily at her. Her eyes moved of their own accord and settled on his crotch, finding a noticeable bulge there, “Just get a move on.” She grunted and piled into her and Alisa’s car.

Once inside, Bianca released a long sigh of relief. The interior smelled of Alisa, a mixture of citrus fruits and her heady musk. Elegant and visceral. She smiled to herself at the memory of when they’d bought the third-hand vehicle. It was partly an impulse purchase after Bianca put the idea of car sex into Alisa’s head, but it had been a hell of a night. They’d done it in the student’s parking lot, where anyone, student or teacher, could’ve seen them. What a thrill, she thought.

Bianca bit her tongue and yelped at the pain. It was a miracle that she could still feel such a thing with her body as it was. The car revved to life, though it was a pitiful sound compared to some of the muscle cars around her, and tore a moan from her lips. Being old and worn out as it was, the seats were slightly loose and vibrated with the engine. She felt those tremors ripple through her own body, starting from her oversensitive pussy.

“It’ll just take a minute,” Bianca muttered and gripped the steering wheel, glancing at her flushed face in the rear-view mirror. Her plump lips were parted, and a line of drool ran down her chin. She wiped it away and clenched her jaw shut, steeling herself.

“Finally!” Bianca gasped when she shut the engine off. Her entire body continued to quiver. The worn leather seat was covered in her juices. Her own scent mingled with Alisa’s, mimicking the musk from all their times together. Bianca could almost taste the sex if she breathed through her mouth. She peeled her milk drenched shirt from her torso and studied her imprisoned nipples. Streams of milk leaked from under the duct tape.

She checked the glove box, hoping to find a spare roll inside. No such luck. Bianca glanced at the convent and spied the resident nuns milling about through the ornate windows, each dressed as conservatively as the movies portrayed. What would they say if they saw someone like her walk inside? She giggled at the thought, one of the few times that she’d laughed in the past week.

Bianca took a deep breath as she knocked on the large door. There was nothing that she could do about her appearance. Even one of the nun’s habits wouldn’t do anything to conceal her outrageous curves. She glanced down at her body, taking in her giant, alphabet destroying tits. Each had to be the size of a medicine ball, reaching down to the tops of her hips, yet still as perky as when she was just a DD cup. The thought almost made her laugh.

“Hello, how may I…” the nun that answered dwindled off into silence as she gawked at Bianca’s body, “You must be Bianca, I presume?”

“Y-yeah,” Bianca blinked at the woman. She looked to be in her late forties, wrinkles decorating her gently stern face. The girl had no idea if she’d met this nun before, “How’d you know?”

“You’re all Alisa would talk about,” the nun answered with a kind smile.

“She’s here?!” Bianca jumped at the confirmation, teeth shining in excitement, while her tits bounced in her stained tank top.

The nun nodded, “Please, come in. My name’s Sister Judith.”

“Hi,” Bianca said briskly, looking around for any sign of her girlfriend.

“Alisa’s in the basement, there’s… well, perhaps we should talk in private,” Sister Judith led her to a room at the end of a hall, wherein a coffee table and couch sat. Through an adjacent door was the kitchen, filling the room with the smell of baking bread, “Have a seat.”

Bianca watched the aging nun carefully as they sat side by side on the couch. Sister Judith looked like the quintessential nun, fitting the habit perfectly. A silver cross hung around her neck, stark against her oil black habit. Another nun walked inside, carrying a tray with two mugs and a plate of cookies.

“Alisa came to us about a week ago,” Sister Judith began, smiling graciously at her sister, “She wanted to learn discipline, so we took her in of course. But we weren’t prepared in the slightest.”

“What happened?” Bianca queried. She sipped at her coffee and grimaced at the bitterness, but took another, grateful for the distraction. Even now, her body brimmed with desire. If she gave even an inch, then she’d start touching herself in front of this holy woman.

“We gave her lessons, just like we do for all new members to the sisterhood. She’s an amazing learner.”

“I know,” Bianca grinned in pride. Her cheeks flushed hotly as she recalled how quickly Alisa had picked up on how to pleasure her. Just a few sessions and the futa was like an expert.

“We had to keep her separate for reasons I’m sure you’re aware of,” Sister Judith shared the gentle smile, though it quickly turned sour, “Then the sisters began to behave strangely. I would find them visiting her at all hours of the day, even in the evenings.”

The sister regarded her coffee with a frown. She shifted nervously where she sat, clearly uncomfortable, “They said such sinful things. And Alisa… it was making her condition worse. I can’t begin to tell you how often I found her and one of the sisters on the verge of…” she took a long sip from her coffee, exhaling softly, “She told me to restrain and keep her away from everyone.”

“That why she’s in the basement,” Bianca frowned to herself. She thought her week had been rough, at least contact with the source of her temptation had been mostly limited. Alisa had been surrounded by an entire convent of women, many of whom Bianca had noticed were surprisingly enticing. Her girlfriend truly was amazing.

“Could I see her?” Bianca asked.

“I’m not sure that’s wise,” Sister Judith advised, “I’ve been a devout member of the faith for decades, but even I’m tempted by her.”

“Yeah,” Bianca nodded mournfully, “You’re right.” If Alisa was having that kind of effect on normal women, then she would stand no chance. Not after a week being apart.

“Did she tell you why she and I are like this?” Bianca inquired, shifting the subject.

“She claimed it was a curse, but it sounded too fantastical,” Sister Judith answered, “Nonetheless, we brought in reputable exorcists to humour her. It didn’t help at all.”

“Do you believe it now?”

“I suppose I have to,” the sister sighed, “Neither of you two should be possible on Earth.”

“It was a gypsy woman. I think she lives in the area, but I don’t know anything else.”

“Oh!” Sister Judith clapped her hands together, “I think I know who you’re talking about. I’m ashamed to admit it, but old prejudices are hard to ignore. This church made a note of a gypsy woman who moved in nearby. We should have her address.”

Bianca leapt to her feet excitedly, staring at the wizened nun in awe. The sister, in turn, gawked at Bianca’s jiggling tits until they finally settled, “You do?!”

“Possibly. I’ll have to look for it. You’re welcome to make yourself at home in the meantime, Bianca. This place is quite soothing if I say so myself,” Sister Judith smiled and left the room.

“I can’t believe it was this easy all along,” Bianca laughed as she fell onto the couch, the rumbles of her chest causing her breasts to quake like massive spheres of jelly. It felt like a rushed ending to a movie. She couldn’t complain though, not when the curse would be lifted soon. Unless the gypsy refused.

Then what? Bianca’s smile faded into a worried frown. She shook her head and stood, deciding to ignore the possibility. Fretting over the future would only sour the good news. Bianca strolled around the church, distracting herself with the artworks that she passed. Religion never held any interest to her. It only seemed to inhibit people from enjoying themselves. The artistic creations derived from the concept, however, were captivating.

The girl paused in front of a portrait of Jesus upon the cross. Why couldn’t they ever paint him just enjoying himself? She wondered, swallowing a chuckle at the thought. He probably only worked out anyway, she snickered in her mind as she studied his chiselled physique. If the church was so against sexual desire, then why was Jesus such a hunk? Bianca’s eyes lowered to his crotch and pondered how endowed the son of God would’ve been.

“It’s beautiful, isn’t it?” A sister said politely, coming to stand beside the idle bombshell. Bianca quickly tore her gaze away from the picture, silently snapping at herself for the lapse in control.

“Yeah,” Bianca nodded and looked at the newcomer. The nun’s face was flushed, lips parted, an all too familiar expression to the cursed teen, “Are you okay?”

“Yes, perfectly fine,” the sister answered hastily. Bianca frowned at her, then arched an eyebrow when she heard muffled vibrations coming from the nun. A knowing smirk lifted Bianca’s lips.

“I’m surprised,” Bianca began with a wink, “Sex toys seem quite sinful.”

“Oh lord,” the nun exhaled heavily, a cloud of worry tainted her face, “Please don’t tell anyone about this.”

“I won’t,” Bianca promised, “It must be hard to go cold turkey from sex.”

“You’ve no idea,” the sister huffed. She was younger than most, in her late teens or early twenties, and the air of discipline around her was faint compared to her comrades, “It’s been worse since Alisa came. I never even considered a woman before. Or a futa.”

“Yeah,” Bianca nodded, “She’s something else. I couldn’t handle being without her.”

“I can see why you’re together,” the nun mentioned, then seemed to think better of her words, “Uh, not because of that curse thing, or your bodies, just…”

“It’s alright,” Bianca assured her. She pondered the sneakily masturbating nun, watching as she breathed deeply, then realised the opportunity staring her in the face, “Actually, I’d like a favour. In return for keeping your little secret.”

“Blackmailing a nun?” The sister gasped, shifting her weight from one leg to the other, jostling the toy inside her.

“Not my proudest moment,” Bianca laughed, “I just want to see Alisa.” She added softly, nursing her lower lip nervously. Sister Judith was right that it would end poorly, however Bianca doubted that simply seeing the futa would be enough to break her self-control, tenuous though it was. At this stage, she only wanted to see Alisa and know that she was alright. Nothing more.

Though her aching snatch begged to differ. She clenched her jaw tight to keep from revealing how her pussy fluttered around thin air, desperate for a massive cock to milk. Her thoughts naturally drifted to cum. Bianca grimaced at how badly she craved it, her lower abdomen burned as if a fire had sparked to life in her womb and her throat was dry. Her nipples strained against their prison as her lust blazed hotter.

“I get it,” the nun nodded and turned to walk down the corridor, “This way.”

“This is a bad idea,” Bianca groaned under her breath. Yet she was powerless to restrain her feet. They followed the nun, unconsciously moving her legs to accentuate her massive hips. There was no need, of course, they already extended a few inches past her shoulders on either side. Just like her breasts.

The nun led her down a flight of stairs to a corridor lined with washing machines. Bianca wasn’t surprised, given the number of sisters she’d already seen, they would need this many to clean their habits. At the end of it was a door with a chain lock. A sign hung from a nail, informing all sisters to keep out unless supervised. Bianca gulped as she tried to keep herself from bolting to the door.

“Sister Judith is the only who’s allowed in here lately,” the nun explained, “A couple of days ago, Alisa began to try and seduce us. It almost worked, if not for Sister Judith.”

“Yeah, she’s pretty irresistible,” Bianca confirmed, though the nun shook her head as they came to a stop in front of the door. So close, Bianca thought. She curled her hand into a fist, barely able to restrain herself. Even through the door, she caught Alisa’s musk. It seethed through the barrier, as if it was submerged in the odour.

“Are you sure you’ll be alright in there,” the nun inquired, noticing how Bianca’s cheeks burned.

“Absolutely,” Bianca affirmed, despite her inner thoughts screaming at her to leave before things could go wrong. She and Alisa had fucked themselves unconscious after being apart for just the weekend. A week could kill them. But her body refused to be denied, stealing all control from her conscious mind to fulfil its desires.

“Okay,” the nun breathed, turning to open the door. It was brief, but Bianca was certain that she saw the celibate woman’s lips curl and her nostrils flare. A click preceded a rusty creak as the door was pushed open, unleashing a wave of lust upon the girls. Bianca’s breaths grew deep and heavy, as if they were being crushed. She stepped inside, leaving the nun to stew in the overwhelming musk.

Bianca quickly found her lover. She was among the only things in the room, which looked like a supply closet that was cleared out. A table sat to her side with a plate of half-eaten food on it, while Alisa seemed locked to a chair at the very centre, under a dim light. Her eyes were covered in a blindfold and a gag was tied around her mouth. The futa’s arms were strapped behind her and her legs were trapped against the chair. All that was unbound was Alisa’s cock, which towered from her crotch at a strict ascent. It barely buckled under its weight.

“Oh… l-lord, give me s-strength,” the nun stammered as she joined the girl inside, “D-do not let these f-filthy desires b-b-best me…”

Bianca ignored the prayer as her hands moved autonomously to rip her shirt clean in half. Her breasts spilled into the open, smacking against her torso with a wet slap as her milk poured down her mountains. The duct tape peeled off from her nipples sudden release, freeing her dick-like peaks. Just the air alone made her milk gush.

“An…ca?” Alisa mumbled around her cloth gag. She raised her head, though it was useless. Bianca shoved her pants down into a sopping mess on the floor, her pussy oozing with desire. A string of her juices snapped as she stepped forward, guided by her dominating desires. Even a nuclear explosion wouldn’t be enough to break the trance-like state.

She pulled the blindfold away and smiled. Even under her lust’s power, Bianca couldn’t resist teasing her lover. Alisa’s eyes brightened, and she attempted to speak, though her words were inaudible.

“I’m happy to see you too,” Bianca breathed and took the futa’s face in her hands, slowly slipping the gag down her face. She’s beautiful, the girl thought as she gazed upon her girlfriend. There was no hope of holding back anymore, “I’m sorry.” Bianca added at the realisation.

“Untie me, please?” Alisa whimpered, eyes wide and lips pouting. Bianca could never refuse her when she saw that expression, likening it to a bulldozer versus a drywall.

“Sure,” she nodded. Comprehension dawned on her the moment the last tether fell from Alisa’s leg, as the futa leapt on her. The tiny body pinned Bianca down, pushing powerfully to keep her from moving. Bianca stared at her girlfriend, shock quickly vanishing in the face of perfect pleasure. Alisa didn’t say a word. She merely grunted and sank every inch of her unmatched cock into Bianca’s cunt.

“Liz?!” Bianca yelled as her body convulsed in ecstasy. The world blurred around her, falling out of focus as her snatch was stretched wider than any fist could hope to. An eruption of fire surged within her womb as Alisa also came in that instant. Cum flooded Bianca’s insides and stretched her womb like the ultimate condom. Not a drop escaped around the impertinent seal around Alisa’s spewing prick.

Each spurt was another gallon of cum. Bianca’s abdomen exploded in size with every release, already far exceeding her former size. The initial shot was water compared to the rest, filling her faster and heavier. Her legs clung to Alisa, holding the bucking futa in place as if she might try and pull out. There was no such possibility, however, not when both had a week of pent-up lust to sate. Bianca found her girlfriend’s hands and gripped as her stomach grew to shame a beach ball.

“This is…” the nun whispered from above Bianca, who raised her head to stare at the holy woman, who, in turn, gasped at the sight. Bianca could easily guess how she looked to this person. There was moisture all over her face, a mixture of joyous tears and spit, while her lips were raised in a permanent, dumb smirk. Her eyes hadn’t rolled back yet, since she could still see semi-clearly. But it was only a matter of time.

Alisa kept cumming, her cock spewing an endless tide. Then the curse began. Her and Bianca’s gazes met for a fleeting instant, understanding passing between them as Bianca felt a rampaging inferno consume her tits. It swiftly spread through her abdomen and to her hips, encasing them all in the ultimate blaze. Bianca went to scream at the beautiful agony searing her very bones, but the sound was muffled as a familiar shape stuffed her maw.

“Fuck…”

Bianca glanced to the nun then down at herself. She peered around the incredible spire of her lover’s cock and witnessed the sight of her tits, already more than twice the size of her head, rapidly expand like dough in a time lapse. Her stomach rose beyond them, outpacing the brutal expansion as Alisa’s own growth took place. The girl began to feel more of the floor beneath her ass as it spread and lifted her.

Bianca brought her hands to her tits and pushed them together. They sank into the gigantic masses, squeezing out her milk in geysers of thick cream. She felt it as Alisa’s already monstrous cock grew, reaching down her throat while it continued to cum. Her lips couldn’t grip it tight enough to prevent the flow of Alisa’s cum from lifting her stomach further.

Their growth continued in tandem, as if feeding off one another. Bianca was certain that she had outgrown the doors by now as her tits swallowed her arms now, yet their considerable weight was negligible to her. The girl rolled her massive boobs against Alisa’s cock, delighting in how the veins stretched through her flesh to throb against her sensitive mountains. A second climax was building in her gut already, despite the first only just beginning to fade.

“They’re so big,” the nun breathed, closer this time. Bianca’s eyes darted to her, finding the sister was utterly naked, with a hand between her spread thighs, working a buzzing toy into her pussy. She followed her eyeline and glimpsed her nipples, each bigger than the average cock. Possibility widened Bianca’s gaze as she caught onto what the woman was thinking.

Just the thought was enough to send the girl into another mind-numbing climax. Her entire body sang in a choir of bliss, filled well beyond the brim with cock and cum, while her tits grew and sprayed delicious milk everywhere.

“Lord… have mercy on this bitch,” the nun panted and, before Bianca could gather her wits, straddled a mountainous tit. Her pussy was aimed perfectly and descended upon a nipple. The lips opened easily, so wet and needy. Bianca screamed around Alisa’s still growing prick. The giant shaft carved its way down her throat, throbbing with its continued release.

Bianca bucked against her lover and the nun. Her body rolled in ecstasy, pulsating with lust as she came and grew. All it took was another thrust from the nun and Alisa for her second climax to bleed into a third, one even stronger than before. The world dimmed into obscurity as her eyes finally rolled.

Everything passed in a blur from there. Bianca vaguely felt Alisa cum a second time, which only led to another slew of orgasms for the impossibly buxom. The futa pulled out shortly thereafter, leaving Bianca to watch through glazed over eyes as Alisa pinned the nun. Her petite lover never said a word, not even to tease. She only grunted like a wild animal.

When she was finished, Bianca had managed to recover slightly. She reached out mindlessly and grabbed at her lover’s leg. Alisa rounded on her, pulling out from the nun to reveal a cock more than twice its former size. Its scent consumed Bianca, tugging a string of pleading words from her mouth. They were unnecessary, for Alisa didn’t respond to any of them as she took the still hideously swollen girl once more.

Bianca wasn’t sure how often she came. Her body refused to quit, always moving against Alisa even as her muscles cried for rest. She couldn’t even guess how long it was before she finally passed out. The last thing she saw before her mind gave out was Alisa squeezing her mythical balls through the door.

“What happened?” Bianca groaned as she came to. She raised her head and looked around, squinting at the unfamiliar territory. A weak light shone from overhead. The girl rubbed at her eyes, blinking to clear the dust away, and sat up. The floor squished and splashed beneath her. Something soft and heavy fell into her lap, sloshing audibly. Her lips tilted into a grin at the prospect of milking herself, then fell as she realised how impossibly huge her tits had become.

Just one by itself would be more than enough to cover her from the neck down. Bianca looked over the astonishing mounds, hands following her eyes to take it all in. ‘Huge’ barely began to describe her endowments. Her breasts flowed over her folded legs by at least a foot, their enormity resting against her equally absurd hips. She reached back and traced the curve of her spine, unsurprised to find that her ass extended further than before.

“This is insane,” Bianca muttered and climbed to her feet, mouth agape as she found herself balancing with ease. The weight alone should have forced her to the floor. Each breast had to weigh more than her entire body had before the curse. They fell past her hips, joining with them to dominate her frame, and obscured part of her thick thighs. A mirror hung to her side, just large enough to show how ridiculous her figure had become.

It was strange, though. Despite how fat her tits and ass had become, each akin to a couch in mass, her arms remained as slender as ever. Her legs were only marginally thicker to support her immense hips, which reached well beyond her shoulders now. They flared out from her slender waist like a pair of shelves. She glanced to a door and realised that fitting it would be hopeless.

A groan brought her attention away from her own predicament. Bianca’s eyes settled on the prone form of a nearby woman, whose stomach reached out over a foot from her torso. She finally noticed that the entire floor was lost under a thick layer of cum, easily enough to fill a small pool. More of it flowed out into the corridor. Bianca flushed heavily as she put together what must had happened.

“Oh, shit…”

### Chapter 10:

Everything was a blur. Vague shapes came and went, colours smeared into one another and voices echoed nonsensically. Only one thing was clear to her dulled consciousness; pleasure. A pure, unending bliss that ebbed and flowed like tidal waves, pulling her under, refusing to let her surface beyond the sea of euphoria. Even as the darkness enveloped her, she continued to exist in that pleasure. She would be glad to drown in it.

Alisa inhaled sharply and jerked upright. Her short hair whipped with her movement, sending a streak of thick, creamy white gunk splattering into a nearby wall. It stuck fast and oozed thickly as if unperturbed by gravity’s natural law. She rubbed at her bleary eyes, then grimaced at the feeling of something both slimy and crusty on her face, and the rest of her body for that matter. If she didn’t know better she would’ve thought it was layers of old and fresh cum.

Her eyes blared open and looked down at herself.

“Oh god, fuck,” Alisa groaned and fell back. Her head splashed into a huge pool of her seed, its consistency so thick that the concrete below couldn’t be seen, let alone felt. Now awake, she was aware of her body and the sense of absolute satisfaction that permeated every inch of it. Even the morning after Bianca’s return couldn’t compare. It didn’t hurt that she had so much more mass to feel with now.

A low whimper squeaked in her throat as she hesitantly moved her hands along her stomach. Most of it was covered in her ejaculate, which followed her fingers like clingy children. Her ribs stuck out clearly from her abdomen, while her already small bust had diminished over the past week. She hadn’t eaten much, often too distracted by her desires to fuck the nuns that tended her. Though it seemed that her efforts were in vain.

“I should be dead,” Alisa muttered when she felt her resized cock. Her hands were nowhere near the middle, or even a quarter of its length from what she could tell. The girth told her all that she needed to know. She spread out her fingers across the top, hoping that they at least matched the width, but they fell short of the sides. Her balls merely compounded her inhuman growth.

There was no way that her heart could produce enough blood for such a monster. It was the same width as her waist, if not thicker, and her balls forced her legs into a close approximation to the splits. The position pressed her feet into the huge expanse of her sack, its fleshy folds squishing between her toes. Her joints and muscles didn’t ache, nor did her cock, despite the insane amount of sex she must’ve had to reach this size. All of which she couldn’t remember a single second of.

In fact, she couldn’t remember much after telling Sister Judith to lock her away. Only brief moments of lucidity that became increasingly rare, to the point that she almost believed the previous times were her imagination. Like when she thought Bianca had stepped through the door.

Oh, Bianca, Alisa thought and let out a soft moan. Just recalling her girlfriend was enough to send a rush of desire flooding into her cock, swelling the already tumultuous mass. It rose from its slumber across her grossly oversized balls, breaking through layers of her dried jizz as it engorged with her arousal. Moisture blossomed against her scrotum as her pussy shared in the growing delight, though she had no chance of even touching in such a position. Alisa glanced down to watch and went bug-eyed at the monument.

“You’re fucking joking,” Alisa gasped. It grew and grew, blotting out the scenery as it demanded her attention like a shrieking child, only this one bellowed huge gouts of pre-cum that fell with a heavy splat. She ran her eyes across her new length, trying to absorb the monstrous size that swallowed her vision. Trying to look away was futile, for her curiosity always jerked her right back.

She had once barely measured six inches in length – five was her average. Now she wondered if those inches had been replaced by feet. It could’ve been her shock, or simply the angle, but her cock looked *bigger* than her. Several veins traced a labyrinthian pattern across her shaft, all throbbing in a wave as her blood was pumped rigorously through them. Yet her heartbeat was only as excited as it normally was.

Only once her tower had finished its ascension did it release her gaze. Alisa immediately averted her eyes, hoping to distract herself with her surroundings. She was in a courtyard. An archway that led inside was to her right, the doors wide open and let her peer into what looked to be a cafeteria. She made out several figures, all slumped over what looked like exercise balls. Alisa immediately changed target to the once grey walls, now painted an off-white tone in her cum. She turned her attention to the sky, but her cock was conspicuously in her view.

Eventually, her eyes settled on the nearby fountain. It was covered in ivy and moss and splattered in her cum, though it wasn’t doused like everything else appeared. She studied the faint markings engraved in the destitute stone, then she saw a familiar face peer around the basin.

“Sister Judith?” Alisa rasped and propped herself up, forcing her cock to rest against her cheek and shoulder. The heat was intense, as was the potent aroma of sweat, cum, pussy and her member’s naturally virile musk. It never affected her before, yet she was certain her heartrate hastened as she breathed it in. A faint rippled shuddered within her feminine half.

“Thank goodness,” Sister Judith sighed in relief when she revealed herself. Her habit was skewed atop her head and her dress was covered in drops of white, though nothing had landed on her skin, “You’ve come to your senses… mostly.”

“I-I’m sorry,” Alisa flushed as she glanced at her monumental erection, “I think I’m in control right now.”

“I should hope so,” Judith huffed, “After everything you did to the girls, it’s a miracle you’re all still alive.”

“I’m sorry,” Alisa repeated, leaning forward against her cock like a support column. Warmth bubbled within her testes as she put some weight on them. Her legs unconsciously squeezed the vast orbs, each greater than an average yoga ball in size, “I don’t know what happened.”

“Well, you’re all right now,” the nun took a deep breath and exhaled slowly. Alisa noticed a faint shade of crimson bloom on Judith’s cheeks as she righted her habit, “I’ve, uh, got something you might want.”

“What is it?” Alisa frowned and grunted as she stood, then gasped when her cock tumbled forward. It looked smaller from that position, though she doubted it was anything less than four feet from how long it seemed compared to her own height. Her balls stretched out to either side of it and even extended past her legs. There’d be no hiding herself now.

“Bianca told me about the gypsy. I’ve got…”

“Bianca was here?!” Alisa shouted. Her cock jerked and sent a burst of pre-cum crashing into a nearby wall, while her balls loudly gurgled and distended further. Blood plumped up her nipples and clit, the former rubbed against her churning testicles. She bit down a moan.

“Yes,” Sister Judith gawked at where the translucent pre had struck. A series of cracks extended from the impact point, “I should hope that she left before this.”

“I hope so,” Alisa agreed, unwilling to reveal how that prospect disappointed her, “What were you saying before?”

“Hmm? Ah, yes. I believe this is the address for the gypsy that cursed you both,” Judith held up a piece of paper, mercifully kept dry under her dress.

“Are you serious?” Alisa beamed and stepped forward, then moaned as her legs bounced her heavy scrotum. She was keenly aware of the cum that churned within the confines, each ball no doubt containing enough to overflow a bathtub. Though she couldn’t be certain, not when the curse had already wreaked so much havoc on her body. For all she knew, her cum production had spontaneously catapulted itself to fill an entire room.

“Y-yes, you should be able to return to normal with this.” The nun contemplated the paper, then raised her eyes to linger on Alisa’s cock. Alisa saw her gaze move along the oversized length, trailing every vein, before stalling at the angry-purple head capped by a thick helping of pre-cum, which dribbled lazily onto the ground below. There was no disguising the lust on Sister Judith’s face. Nor the desire that it evoked in Alisa.

“You should go,” Alisa breathed, though her voice was weak, even in her mind.

“You’re right,” Sister Judith whispered, her tone equally airy, “Before I… do… something…” she didn’t seem to notice how she stepped forward with each syllable, carrying herself closer to the source of one of the greatest sins she could commit. Or rather, she seemed not to care. The nun let the paper fall into a fortunately dry patch of grass as her hands moved across her body. They pressed against her crotch, shoving against her dress to rub at her undoubtedly damp sex.

Alisa remained frozen where she stood. Her mind worked in place of her body, sprinting down different paths, hoping to find a way out of the situation. One conclusion always waited at the end of each path. If she tried to leave, her movements would excite her and she’d end up fucking Sister Judith anyway. If she tried to keep her away, then either of them might get too heated and end up fucking. If she disabled the sister, then she’d likely take advantage of it.

It was going to happen no matter how she played the events. Alisa gulped as the nun began to shed her holy clothing, revealing, piece by piece, a sinfully lustful body. The years had been kind to Judith. Her stomach remained trim with only the softest layer of fat, while her breasts remained smooth and plentiful in her plain bra, and her plump thighs gave way into long, powerful legs. The nun’s pure white panties were soaked through to the point that her juices leaked.

There was no avoiding it. Not without outside help and, given the state of the women in the cafeteria, that was highly unlikely. Then why fight it, Alisa thought as Judith unclasped her bra to let a pair of sizable, well-shaped breasts fall free. She should at least enjoy the inevitable, especially when that entailed her fucking one of the nation’s greatest fantasies. Though most pictured a porn star in the role.

She wasn’t going to complain. Sister Judith hastily tugged her soaked panties down her legs, creating and snapping several strands of juicy desire, to reveal her forlorn snatch to the world. Not a hair marred her crotch to Alisa’s surprise. Smooth skin led into her engorged vulva that framed her shiny lips, which flared out like a beautiful flower waiting to be admired. A tremor rocked through Alisa’s cock as she stared.

“This goes against everything I believe,” Sister Judith thought aloud, eyes downcast to remain locked onto the near-human sized phallus, “But every time I saw you, my faith shook. And now… now you’ve shattered it.”

“Uh, sorry?” Alisa was only half-listening to the nun, mind focused on those hand-filling breasts and the slight, yet so tantalising hips.

“But I can’t be mad,” Sister Judith admitted when she fell to her knees in a puddle of cum, as if praying before Alisa’s devilish prick, “You’re too much.” She raised the deep, purple head in her hands to level it with her eyes. Alisa cooed softly at the touch, unconsciously squeezing a heavy dollop of pre-cum from her tip.

“No going back,” Alisa breathed, staring down at the nun.

“I know,” Sister Judith sighed, warm breath caressing Alisa’s sensitive crown as she leaned in closer. Her lips met the slime spewing urethra, slurping up a load of the futa’s delicious pre. It sprayed around her mouth, coating her cheeks and nose in Alisa’s lewd sludge. The pungent odour of cum filtered through the air, as if awakened by the two libidos. Every breath Alisa took was suffused in her musk.

It seethed through her sinuses into her brain to cloud it in her desire. She could practically see the fumes as they worked to saturate the air, removing the vague fruity tones that had once wreathed the church, even dampening the aroma of Sister Judith’s pussy. Her mouth fell open in a lustful pant, tasting the delirious stench.

A husky moan brought her attention back to Sister Judith. The sinful nun had her body pressed under Alisa’s cock, while her tongue lathered the huge, spongy head in spit and her lips peppered it in affection. Her hands stroked every inch that they could reach, massaging several ounces worth of slick pre into Alisa’s prick. She curved her back to slide her tits against it, slathering them in cock slime. Thick trails poured across her belly and between her spread thighs.

Judith groaned against the massive shape. No matter how much she licked, how much viscous pre-cum she swallowed like a common whore, or how her fast her hands worked there always seemed to be more waiting. Her biceps pressed into her breasts as she bounced them against Alisa’s cock. The inhuman sized prick throbbed powerfully against her, overshadowing the beating of Judith’s heat. Alisa could almost hear the pulsations.

The futa’s own hands stroked along the base of her prick. They stretched as far as they could, yet she still fell short of the middle. Her fingers were smaller than the pumping veins and hopelessly outsized by the leg-sized mast as a whole. Every primal beat of her heart sent tremors along her shaft, so strong that it almost seemed like a bucking bull, which her balls echoed excitedly. They pushed wave after wave of ever-thickening, murky pre up her shaft, distending her insides with each gush. She felt it through every inch.

“This is hopeless,” Sister Judith moaned, even as she French kissed Alisa’s huge slit. Her hair was matted in pre-cum, one eye was glued shut, while her face and chest dripped with it. If the fluid was any whiter, she would’ve looked to have stepped off the set for a world-record bukkake. Despite her lascivious appearance, she only seemed to grow needier.

“Try sucking my cock,” Alisa rasped.

“It’s too big,” Sister Judith moaned once more, clearly aroused as she affirmed just how massive the futa was.

“Just do it,” Alisa growled. As her pleasure swelled, her patience thinned. The nun glanced at her in uncertainty, then opened her mouth wide and mashed it against Alisa’s peak. She gagged and recoiled as pre-cum was shot down her waiting gullet, but she returned just as quickly to try once more. Fresh bursts continued to spew into her maw. Thick, gooey streaks escaped her lips as she somehow crammed Alisa’s mammoth-sized cock inside.

The futa reared her head back and announced her pleasure to the skies above. Her hips jerked forward, cramming herself deeper into Judith’s woefully undersized mouth, yet the nun took it with only a gag as her throat was invaded. Alisa’s gravid testes swung with her sudden thrust, carrying her further onward. A long, whorish moan accompanied her cock as it snaked down the sister’s tiny gullet. She forced her head down to fix her lust-consumed gaze on Judith.

Never had she witnessed such an erotic sight. This nun, sworn to the church and Jesus Christ, sat on her knees with her lips lovingly wrapped around Alisa’s girth. Without the curse, such a thing would’ve remained a hidden fantasy in the back of her mind. Now she could witness a woman of the church suck her truly giant cock.

And she certainly knew how to suck. Even with her airways thoroughly blocked and her jaw seemingly dislocated, Judith’s tongue and lips worked furtively against Alisa’s dick. Saliva clung to her entire mast, as did the nun’s cheeks as they hollowed out in an intense vacuum. How she managed that without air, Alisa would never understand, but she didn’t need to. None of this was science. It all stemmed from magic, something her major had no concept of.

Oh, how she adored it. Alisa’s breaths came in short, airy bursts as she basked in the sensations spread across her mythical penis. Teeth dug into her flesh, yet they were akin to nails lovingly teasing her back in the morning, while Judith’s lips massaged her taut foreskin and drew it in. Her tongue was a small piece of heaven, though. It writhed fitfully beneath Alisa’s cock, even managing to find its way free to lick along the sides. Sister Judith hands abandoned the shaft and moved between her own thighs.

Alisa gawked at the nun in disbelief and depraved desire. Judith’s wrinkles had flattened out as her face stretched to impossible proportions, eyes wide and watering as they ran across the length still before her. Over three feet to go, yet her throat was already overflowing with cock. The skin was tight around Alisa’s god-like thickness, enough that her veins stood out in stark relief. Alisa could easily discern where the head was.

Only a few more inches and she’d be past Judith’s sternum. Alisa licked her lips at the image in her mind; herself with her crotch pressed flush against Sister Judith’s shocked face, the nun’s arms wrapped tight around her balls as they worked to stroke her cock through Judith’s obscenely overtaxed flesh. The petite futa grunted as her legs strained against her elephantine scrotum.

Each step brought her goal closer. Her balls rumbled ominously, filling heavier and tighter with her seed, as they expanded to scrape along the ground. The leftover cum made it even easier for her push them onward, sliding through her thick, sperm-riddled gunk. Before long, she felt her tip reach Sister Judith’s stomach. The organ was crowded with her pre-cum, so full that she wondered how Judith hadn’t exploded with the load. Her dick pressed against the bottom wall and forced it to distend.

Yet she still had well over a foot left in the dry air. Alisa leaned forward as best she could and managed to grip Judith’s greying hair, tugging the mature nun with all the power her little arms could muster. In that single pull, Alisa found her brief fantasy fulfilled. Her hands held the sister tight, keeping her nose shoved tight against her musky crotch. Judith’s hands flailed in fright, before her body began to undulate and her fingers found Alisa’s balls.

The futa gasped at a familiar touch. Her cock had stretched the nun’s stomach straight down between her thighs, where Judith’s sopping cunt laid in wait. Now it ground against the woman’s skin, now no thicker than a condom. Panic should’ve reined freely at that moment, yet Sister Judith only continued as she had been. Her hands massaged Alisa’s excessive scrotum, while she bobbed her body to and fro.

“So good,” Alisa rasped, thrusting her hips in tandem with the nun. She reared back as far as she could feasibly go, extracting over a foot of her huge, slimy cock from Judith’s salivating maw, then slammed them back in. The sister grunted with every cycle as Alisa’s balls pummelled into her, yet she made no move to back away. Even as her gut was flooded with pre-cum and her nostrils firmly inundated in Alisa’s sweat and leftover jizz.

It wasn’t enough though. Or rather, Alisa wanted something far better, something vastly more prohibited than a nun’s humble throat. Her lust consumed everything. The very thought of simply relieving herself and regaining a semblance of control was out of the question. No matter how her logic tried to manifest, it was brutally beaten back into a corner. She was a creature of wanton need at that moment.

Alisa dragged her cock from the impossibly fucked nun’s throat. Sister Judith’s throat clung to her shaft, while her cheeks hollowed out around it as if refusing to let go. She came free with a deliciously wet pop. Great ropes of thick saliva bridged the gap between her cock and Judith’s panting lips. Cool wisps of air sailed over her messy length, lurid sensations accompanied the soft yet heavy breaths, carrying the little sparks of delight to Alisa’s lust-ridden brain. She cooed gently and backed away.

The slimy ropes snapped and fell upon Sister Judith’s heaving chest. She was a beautiful, filthy mess, coated in pre-cum and spittle, thighs spread like a true slut, while her mouth and tongue hung freely as she watched Alisa’s cock like a hawk. Or an addict, Alisa amended. The sister’s pupils were shrunken pupils surrounded by her once kind – now glazed with depravity – brown irises.

“Put on the habit,” Alisa grunted, acting on her quickly burgeoning fantasy. Judith quickly grabbed her once holy item, now stained in cum, and fixed it upon her head. The futa stared at her in surprise and desire, amazed that she had followed the command so quickly, but also immensely turned on by it, “Hands against the wall.” She gestured to the nearby archway. The nun hurried over on quivering legs and placed her hands on the cool brick, like a criminal about to be searched.

Alisa smirked at her own comparison. Yes, she thought, she’d search Sister Judith thoroughly. She let out a small giggle as she strode over, legs shoving against her balls to churn up an even greater load, which loudly sloshed around its confines. Soon it would have a new home.

The weight was surprisingly not as bad as she first thought. Every step felt easier than the last, as if her legs were growing stronger to deal with their immense load. Or her lust was simply overriding any discomfort. Either reason was enough for her. Alisa leaned forward and hefted her mammoth cock in her arms, eyes widening at how light it felt, and leaned it against Sister Judith’s back. The nun’s breathing deepened and her hips pressed against it.

“Well,” Alisa began, teasingly grinding her cock along the woman’s skin. The tip continued to gush pre-cum, streaming down her length and onto Judith’s back. She reached around the obstructive prick and latched onto the holy woman’s ass. Her cheeks were remarkedly soft, hardly a hint of muscle beneath such a plush layer of fat, and eagerly swallowed Alisa’s exploring fingers, “Who’s your god now?”

“Ah, you are!” Sister Judith immediately announced, arching her buttocks into the futa’s hands, “You’re everything. My everything. Just so long as you fuck me!”

Alisa blinked in shock, then recovered, “Careful, some of the girls might here you speak such blasphemy.”

“Fuck them!” Judith barked, “No, no… ugh! I mean, fuck me! Stick it in me! Up my pussy! In my womb!”

“Stick what up your pussy? Such a filthy nun should use proper terminology,” Alisa goaded as she slowly drew back, rubbing her slime-spitting urethra along Judith’s spine. The nun’s flesh glistened sexily in the sunlight. Her wide-spread legs left her pussy on blatant display, even as strings of pure, unfiltered desire dripped from the puffy lips.

“Your cock…” Judith groaned, “I want your cock inside me… so deep inside,” she panted and raised her hips higher, standing on tip toes to offer a better target. Alisa could see her wrinkled anus, nestled between two pert cheeks, but that wasn’t her mark. No. That was the whorish cunt just below.

“That’s better,” Alisa praised and leaned her hips forward, taunting the desperately aroused nun with the sensation of her huge cock against her tiny, unloved pussy. Its juices felt scalding hot against Alisa’s delicate nerves. They seeped across her tip, mixing with the thick dick slime and wreathing her tumescent pole in a concoction of their heavy needs. Alisa took a slow breath through her nostrils, sighing at the heady mixture. Her own pussy juice flowed down her legs in sympathy.

Judith whimpered softly. Her cravings burgeoned greater and greater, becoming a searing ache that sank deep into her very bones. The nun turned her head to silently plead with Alisa, the exuberantly endowed futa still idly rocked her hips, a languid smirk on her face. A soft moan escaped Alisa’s lips as her tongue sensually traced her lips, gaze finally locking with Judith’s own. She rolled her eyes and jerked forward.

Restraint was among the most practiced parts of a nun’s life and vow to the lord. They maintained their promise with near-blind devotion, always upholding the virtues no matter the temptation. Sister Judith, however, let these ideals and teachings crumble into the abyssal sanctuary of her unfettered lust.

That was how it seemed in Alisa’s eyes, for the nun’s snatch opened before her relentless endowment. Her lush, glistening wrinkled lips stretched taut, then further until they were thin as a condom, then further still as Alisa’s girth continued to press onward. Velvet enveloped her every inch. The walls seemed to breathe around her, undulating with Judith’s rampant heartbeat. Yet, compared the primal war drum of Alisa’s veins, it was like a mouse against a lion. Only the puny mouse was enraptured in a rising tide of bliss.

It would be only a matter of time before the wave crashed and pulled her under. Until then, Alisa’s inexorable length sank deeper into her, parting the near-virgin walls before it. Before the crown could slip inside, she came to a stop against an all too familiar barrier. One that strained against the invader, though it bucked under the sheer might. Alisa smirked and stretched out, grabbing the nun by her hips. She slid back to a strangled moan.

There was only one thing to do with a dissident, Alisa thought as she sawed her hips to and fro. She was gentle at first, basking in the affections of Judith’s holy cunt as it clung onto her, the lips stretching with her shaft as she pulled away. The clit peeked out when she pushed back, rubbing against her rock-like pillar. Judith’s insides clenched each time.

Alisa’s hands worked the nun’s ass, no less mesmerised by its softness than she was the first time. As Sister Judith adjusted to the biblical proportions of Alisa’s cock, the futa hastened her pace, jumping in tempo as the sister moaned in her rising ecstasy. Her cervix buckled under the force. Alisa grunted as she finally defiled the sanctity of Judith’s womb. The nun threw her head back in rapture, unperturbed by the enormous bulge gradually moving up her torso.

The futa’s thrust continued on and on. She shuffled forward, jerking her cock side to side and shoving foot after foot inside. Judith took it all in stride. Her organs seemed to move aside for Alisa, whose cock soon rose above their heads, its shape plainly visible through the nun turned human condom’s skin. Even the veins stood out in stark relief against the blue network of Judith’s own.

“That’s it,” Alisa murmured as her hips met Judith’s pillow-like ass cheeks, squishing them against her lithe frame, “Give yourself to me.” She almost feared where those words came from, then realised that it made no difference. This was sex, she was simply catering to her partner, who clearly loved losing every ounce of control she’d built up over her life. If the constant stream of fem-cum from Judith’s taut cunt was anything to judge by.

“Where’s your god now?” Alisa breathed, tilting her head up to speak into Judith’s ear.

“Inside… inside me…” the nun groaned, a delirious grin tilting her drooling lips, “S-she’s inside me…”

“Aww,” Alisa cooed and kissed her neck tenderly, while her hips began to move once more, “How sweet of you. Let your god give you such a sweet release,” she let the word hang between them as she drew further away, a lewd, drawn out slurp came from Judith’s overstuffed cunny. When her fingers were on the verge of leaving the nun’s tender flesh, Alisa stopped and, with a sharp spank against Judith’s ass, rammed back inside.

The sound that left the once devout sister’s lips was anything but holy. It sounded bestial, akin to a wolf howling in victory, yet empowered by a lion’s fierce roar. All thought vanished from her face as the muscles went slack. Her legs locked into place, while her arms hung uselessly at her sides. Judith’s eyes half-rolled in their sockets, utterly glazed over in bliss. Her tongue lolled from her lax mouth and drooled fresh spittle across her chin and the cock-shaped bulge in her gut.

Alisa paid it no mind as the sound faded into a husky grunt. The clap of their flesh filled the sex-permeated air, reverberating throughout the courtyard, before another shut it out. Each smack came stronger and faster than the last, always preceded a lurid, wet slurp from Judith’s truly fucked cunt. A puddle of her juices piled on the floor as they poured across Alisa’s heaving scrotum.

The futa’s own breaths grew deep. She huffed with every thrust and moaned as Sister Judith’s insides drank her in, the walls seemingly inhaling her endless stream of pre-cum. It doused the walls, pushing out all over fluids. Her thrusts glided through the nun’s fluttering canal, spearing between tender, velvet flesh as it tried in vain to regain its former tightness. There was never any time. The moment they clenched even an inch closed, Alisa charged straight through once more.

“Having fun?”

Alisa lurched at the sound, inadvertently lifting Judith’s feet from the ground. She turned to face the new arrival, then found her cheeks caught in a pair of hands. Before her eyes registered what was before her, she felt undefinable softness seemingly envelop her entire body from the side. It brushed against her balls as well, such was its size. Something else squishy also pressed into her sack, though it was firmer than the rest.

“Anca?” Alisa whispered as her eyes met the brilliance of her girlfriend’s. Even now, with what had to be four feet of cock buried in a nun’s pussy, there was no comparison to such a sight. Anca nodded with a loving grin and leaned in close, their lips met. Instant sparks of delight sizzled across Alisa’s mind and body, feeding into one another as her tongue slipped out to meet Bianca’s. There were only a few other sensations that could compare.

Alisa’s hands abandoned Judith’s body and latched onto her lover’s. Her eyes grew wide as she felt what had to be entire feet of breast. There was so much that she could barely reach around it, yet she adored the fact. She moaned into Anca’s mouth and deepened the kiss, famished for this contact.

“I want to fuck you,” Alisa rasped once they pulled apart, though their lips were practically still touching, hot breaths caressing one another’s saliva coated faces, “Oh god, I want it.”

“Me too,” Anca panted and pressed against her once more, refusing to separate for what felt like minutes, “But you should finish with her.”

“Fuck… I’m so sorry,” Alisa glanced to Judith; the nun still moaned in her ecstasy enforced delirium.

“It’s fine,” Anca kissed her cheek, the simple act somehow leaving an even greater burn in Alisa’s loins, “I can wait. For now.”

“I’m so sorry,” Alisa captured her lips, letting her lusts have free reign to hold her emotions at bay. Her hips resumed their brutal rhythm, pounding into Judith like a tribal drum. She had to cum. The sooner the better. Then she could fuck Bianca and cum inside her and make her grow and grow inside her, “Oh fuck!” Alisa shrieked. The sound was dampened by Anca, though she could do nothing about the noise from within Judith’s womb.

What could describe such a sound? Gunfire, tidal waves, a waterfall? All seemed too tame by comparison. A storm of semen flooded Judith’s uterus. It pooled around her cervix yet had no escape. The ceaseless flow rounded out her abdomen, rapidly overshadowing the impression of Alisa’s immense cock. First the veins vanished within the ridiculous orgasm, then the contours were engulfed, before the nun’s abdomen resembled half an extra-large yoga ball.

And still Alisa came. Every burst visible shoved against Judith’s flesh, before pouring back down to join the vast orb of jizz. It quivered like jelly with Alisa’s haphazard thrusts, always earning a corresponding moan from the semi-lifeless sister, who shuddered in mindless ecstasy. Alisa felt her cock swell as her cum surged through it, then thinned only to swell again as her next shot swiftly followed. All the while, Judith’s cunt milked her like a gloriously soft machine.

“That’s it, keep cumming,” Bianca cooed into Alisa’s ear, impossibly huge tits rubbing against what little cock they could, “Fill her up. Just like you did to everyone else here.”

“Yes…” Alisa hissed, a dazed smile gracing her lips. On and on her cum sprayed into the nun’s sperm famished womb, inundating it in rich, fertile semen. Even after Judith’s feet left the ground, Alisa continued to monotonously pump her hips, heedless to any of her former sensibilities. She finally reclaimed her senses when her orgasm dwindled to mere drops, at least when compared to her prior shots. She still far surpassed any regular ejaculation known to man.

“Oh my god,” Bianca breathed as Alisa stepped away from Judith’s beautifully bloated form, dragging a constant stream of thick cum with her. Foot after foot was withdrawn, each one more impressive than the last, until Alisa hefted a cock as big as herself in her hands. A mixture of her seed and Judith’s commendably prolific juices rolled down the monument. The futa’s balls were mere millimetres from the floor now.

“Well, Anca?” Alisa licked her lips, catching a stray drop of mixed cum. She turned to face the gorgeously, overly curvaceous teen, whose face was locked into a mask of shock and untameable lust. The futa slid her hands down to the base, somehow keeping the monolithic penis aloft, “Think you can handle, one,” Alisa moved her hands up approximately one foot of her length, “Two,” another foot, “Three,” another, “Four…” She stepped at the last one. Her hands couldn’t reach the final mark.

Bianca laid her hands on the head as her eyes locked with Alisa’s, “Five…” Anca whispered.

“Five-feet of oversized, pussy-soaked, cum cannon,” Alisa pulled it flush to her body and pressed herself into Bianca, smothering the beauty in lurid juices, “Think you can handle it?”

“I’d love to,” Bianca giggled and cupped Alisa’s cheek, raising her head up as she leaned around the overbearing mast, “Handle your ‘cum cannon’ that is.”

“Didn’t you say you liked stuff like that?” Alisa frowned.

“I do,” Bianca sighed and kissed her. It was soft and only lasted a second, yet Alisa felt no less adoration in that single second of contact, “But it sounds so funny when you say it. Just stick to what you know, okay babe?”

“Yeah,” Alisa laughed, “Well then…” she stepped away and tilted her cock down until the slimy peak was level with Bianca’s lips, “Suck my cock, you beautiful, beautiful whore.”

“It’ll be my honour,” Bianca kissed the urethra with a subtle moan, while her hand slid between her thighs.

Alisa couldn’t wait to flood her girlfriend. To make her feel every inch of her now sixty-inch dick. And more, she silently added with an eager thrust of her hips. Bianca gagged sensually as her throat was abruptly invade.

“So good…”

### Chapter 11:

Alisa never thought she’d see a sight as perfect as the one before her. Awe inspiring scenery surrounded her, aged and fantastical in how the moss and vines crept along the fountain and high walls, with painstakingly engraved imagery carved into them. Even the sight of Sister Judith laying atop the ball of her stomach, face a mask of bliss and her gaping snatch oozing heaping globs of cum, was quickly lost to her. Just how had she come to deserve the goddess that knelt at her feet with a full-grown cock down her throat?

In all their months together, she hadn’t found an answer. Nor did she need one. Alisa ran her fingers through the sticky, matted mane of brown locks. Entire handfuls of white came free and clung to her hand or fell to the floor with a distinct splat, joining the viscous layers below. Car horns blared nearby, and people yelled while birds occasionally chirped in the clear skies above.

All paled to the slimy push and pull along her turgid prick. The sound was reminiscent of when she and Bianca had used too much one night. They had slid across one another so much that it was impossible to penetrate her. Alisa stroked Bianca’s hair fondly as she controlled the pace, taking her pleasure in watching the gorgeous spectacle beneath her.

Bianca’s warm eyes were fixed on hers. They swam with strained tears as her throat was reamed by Alisa’s behemoth cock, and her nostrils flared from a lack of air while her cheeks bellowed out like a chipmunks. Her face was smeared in cum and spit. She fell back slightly, the very tip all that was left to stuff her maw and flood it with pre and waited there. Heavy rungs of spit drooped from her lips and from the far off centre of Alisa’s shaft.

“Stand up,” Alisa panted and stepped back, nearly knocking herself down as her balls swung against her shins. She couldn’t see Bianca’s full glory past the rigid enormity of her cock, and she *had to* properly see her lover. Not through glazed over eyes with her dick buried in a nun’s pussy, but with clarity – or as much as she could manage.

Bianca smiled as she stepped back out of arms reach. Lewd streaks of saliva poured across her chin and across her body, which was far from clean. Slight splashes of her gently tanned skin peeked out from amidst the layers of cum, with small lines appearing as her spit drooled across her form. Alisa heard herself gulp, yet she was numb to the action. Bianca consumed everything in her mind.

The curse had more than taken its toll on Bianca. Her face was as beautiful as ever, perhaps more so with the crude slop caked to her skin. Gently angular cheekbones slid elegantly into her full lips, above which her nose sat delicately between her brown eyes. Ordinarily long and flowing, her chestnut hair was instead a mess of slimy locks that barely showed beyond the coating of jizz.

Bianca’s smirk turned mischievous. She shoved her hands under her breasts and lifted them, the malleable mountains devoured her arms, while the bottom halves spread out further from how she squished them. Only the top of her hips were visible past the wall of tit. She, then, leaned forward and lifted them higher, mashing them against her chin. Her smirk shone brightly as Alisa’s cock jumped.

“You like?” Bianca teased, jiggling her landscape of breast. Her huge, deep-pink nipples flopped with the motions. Massive, puffed up circles of a similar shade surrounded the stiff masts. Alisa spotted several tiny ridges spread across the peaks, each beading with an intimately familiar fluid. Those beads gradually formed into large drops and broke apart, becoming part of the paste-like seed that coated her body.

“I love you,” Alisa gushed. The air felt hot and heavy as she inhaled, as if the very atmosphere was intoxicated by the heat they exuded. Her eyes moved sluggishly down Bianca’s voluptuous form, desperate to engrave every inch into her memory.

From a tiny waist that her breasts vastly overshadowed, her already erotically broad hips flared into a fetishist’s dream. Bianca was a slender girl for her height, yet, even if she had shoulders like a bodybuilder, her hips stretched far beyond them. It was close, but Alisa was certain they inched out her breasts for width.

Catching her eye’s focus, Bianca giggled and languidly turned. Her curves bounced with the slight movement, betraying the firm appearance they somehow maintained. Not an inch of Bianca appeared to sag despite the rigorous weight. Her ass curved out from her back into a shelf all on its own, then gracefully slid into her tree-sized thighs and long legs. A faint yet powerful layer of muscle rippled beneath the tiers of softness.

The curse hadn’t touched anything else. Bianca’s back was as smooth as ever and blended into her shoulders and arms like a single stroke of a paint brush. She let her breasts fall into their natural form and laid her hands atop them, while her head turned back to beam at the captivated futa. Alisa’s cock jerked and sent a stream of pre-cum sailing high, before it fell on Bianca.

The impact set her breasts jiggling once more. They stretched so far from Bianca’s torso that Alisa saw every ripple from behind, and even watched the drops of milk thickening into streams. Bianca twirled gently in place. Their bodies were capable of moving despite the inestimable weight they now carried, however that meant little to the power of momentum.

Despite her care, Bianca stumbled a little as her breasts swung. Alisa couldn’t resist and giggled at her lover, who mock pouted before joining in.

“Come here,” Alisa chuckled. Bianca sashayed over, curves jiggled lustfully with every step, no matter how gentle her movement, and straddled Alisa’s cock, hugging it between her heavenly thighs. Her enormous breasts surrounded Alisa, trapping in the greatest prison she could imagine. They draped their arms loosely on the other’s shoulders.

“Are we doing this?” Bianca asked, leaning close to see her own reflection in Alisa’s eyes.

“I don’t think we have a say anymore,” Alisa said, “Every part of me is screaming to fuck you, Anca.”

“I know,” Bianca smirked and entangled her fingers in Alisa’s hair, holding her firmly, “Just the one, right? Then we’ll go and fix this.”

“That’s the problem,” Alisa panted. Exactly as she’d said, her body was crying out for her to fuck this woman who shared her curse, to fill her more and more as they grew, “I don’t know if I can stop.”

“Me neither,” Bianca admitted, then added, “Not alone anyway.” She leaned in close, pressing her forehead to Alisa’s much like a feline would. Her breath washed across the futa’s skin, warm and soothing yet filled with lust, “We’ll beat it together.”

“I don’t think it works…” Her words died on her tongue as Bianca kissed her, lips encapsulating everything that she could want to say. Even so, Bianca pulled back shortly after.

“For better or worse, we’ll be together,” Bianca declared.

Alisa didn’t know where the courage came from, much less how she even spoke the words in the face of her overriding desire, “Will you marry me?”

Silence hovered between them. It shuddered against the constant drops of Bianca’s milk against the ground and the primal beat of their hearts. Neither breathed in that moment, seemingly stretching it out into an entire hour.

Alisa had contemplated the possibility for weeks. Here was a beautiful, kind woman who didn’t care that she was a futa, rather, she loved the fact. Most men would be crazy not to at least think of popping the question, regardless of how long they’d been going out for. She wasn’t lost to how fast – ridiculous even – this was. And yet, she’d said the words and Bianca was taking them in.

“What kind of proposal is that?” Bianca eventually exhaled, “Most people drop to one knee. You? You just pop it on me when I’m straddling your giant dick.”

“Y-yeah,” Alisa murmured and lowered her head. That basically equated to a ‘no’ in her mind. She couldn’t fault Bianca for it. After all, they were still in college. Neither of them could legally drink, though Bianca’s charms made that detail irrelevant, and they might even grow so big that normal lives became impossible.

“What date did you have in mind?”

“Huh?” Alisa was absolutely certain that she had never sounded so dumbfounded before in her life. Even her cock pulsed as if shocked. She gawked at Bianca, whose eyes glistened in the fiery sunlight that peered over the courtyard walls.

“We might not have that long, so… now?”

“You can’t be serious?” Alisa rasped.

“Why not? I’m sure Judith’s ordained. Or, uh, someone here who’s conscious maybe?”

“You’re serious?” Alisa’s jaw fell low until it felt like it might brush the floor. Or sink into the inescapable depths of Bianca’s cleavage.

“I am,” Bianca nodded, “If I weren’t, I’d be humping you until one our pelvises broke.”

Alisa’s cock twitched once more, “It’d probably be yours.”

“Yeah, wouldn’t complain though,” Bianca giggled and reignited the earlier kiss, tongue slithering in to tangle with Alisa’s. They swirled together and explored the other’s abode, leftovers of Alisa’s cum decorated their orifices, thick and slimy as it clung to their tongues.

“I… think that’s a great idea,” Sister Judith groaned from nearby, weakly raising a hand. Alisa glanced in her direction without breaking the kiss that fed her foolishly wonderful desires to fuck Bianca, and to marry her. What little sense of sanity remained close to her thoughts, stealthily crawled away from the light of consciousness, thus leaving the path clear for her lust to take hold.

“Wanna celebrate?” Alisa panted in her dwindling moment of lucidity.

Bianca tilted her face down as though contemplating the query. It was only a joke. Alisa read it on her lover’s half-hidden face, in the way her cheeks were raised, and felt it through her body, savouring the sudden plush tightness that gripping her monolithic penis. She reached up and tilted Bianca’s chin to face her once more.

Above them, above everything, the sun cast its radiance without judgement. It represented the closest thing to a god on Earth, despite being so far away, and yet it paled in Alisa’s eyes. The only light she needed came from the woman in her arms, whose lips were parted in harsh, airy breaths and whose eyes were wide with unrepentant need. In those eyes, Alisa gave into her own crushing urges.

Their lips melded together and separated, only to clash once more. Deep, husky groans filled Alisa’s ears, the sounds a mix of her own rumbling voice and Bianca’s. Nothing held them at bay anymore. Not for that moment of their existence. Alisa groped at every inch of her lover’s colossal bust, the pressure ushered forth a heavy flow of lactate that gushed across the defiled stone, before she gripped a pair of huge, soft handles. They squished between her small fingers like sponge.

Bianca’s voracious moans vibrated deep within her chest against Alisa’s own petite form. The overly endowed futa gripped her nipples tighter, milk pouring from them with every squeeze, as she pulled her tight. Details of their surroundings turned to a smear; sounds became indefinable, scents collapsed into a single aura, the breeze meant nothing as it deflected against their naked skin, and all they tasted was each other’s spit and Alisa’s seed. They couldn’t be happier to fall into each other.

Alisa rolled her hips with the hungry motions of her lips. All her senses were turned inward, fixated on how… *good* everything felt. Her balls ached deliciously from their fullness, and her cock twitched and drooled in desire for the pussy that ground against its base. Oh, that pussy. Alisa wriggled a hand between Bianca’s extreme breasts to find her crotch.

So wet, Alisa thought and pressed harder into her girlfriend. Rather, her fiancée. The sudden change in title only made her want Bianca more, to prove that it wasn’t simply a spur of the moment, that she meant everything to her. That their relationship meant everything to her.

More than finishing college. More than stopping this curse. More than her own life. No, she amended. She cherished her life dearly, because it belonged to Bianca now.

Alisa slowed the ravenous kissing and let her eyes peek open slightly to find Bianca’s own warmth gazing back at her. They separated with a reluctant smack of the lips, lavish strings of their thick, murky saliva bridged the small gap between them, then broke as Alisa spoke, “I need you.”

“Cowgirl?”

“Then reverse later?” Alisa added.

Bianca smirked at her, gorgeous with her spit smeared chin and cheeks, “And doggy to finish it all off.”

“How many times do you think we’ll cum?” Alisa inquired as Bianca kicked her leg off the futa’s majestic cock, letting her lay back on the cock-slime ridden ground. By some miracle, or through sheer power that her prick had developed, her member stood upright like a glorious pillar. Her eyes spent a moment taking it in, travelling along the different veins like she was trying to escape a maze. The only end that she could find, though, was the pinnacle of her shaft. An angry-purple head that added at least another inch of girth.

At the very least. In truth, she couldn’t estimate how big it was compared to the rest of her length. Her eyes strayed the moment Bianca made the slightest move, which brought her huge curves jiggling back into perspective. She glanced between her shaft and loved one, astonished at the few inches that separated their height.

And Bianca would take that inside of her? She’d stretch her pussy and belly around it like a human condom. Every logical facet that compiled to form Alisa’s conscious mind screamed that she would rip Bianca apart, or swell her up with cum until she burst. She silenced it.

Sister Judith had come out fine. Exhausted, but fine. Why should Bianca’s fate be any different?

“We might have to get airlifted out of here,” Bianca interrupted her thoughts with a light giggle. She patted the side of Alisa’s pillar and lingered there, eyes fixated on how it swayed under her touch, “But we’ve got another problem.”

“Oh, yeah,” Alisa flushed as she realised her cock had grown much too big for Bianca to ride it. Just as she used to, after Alisa sat through test upon test and wanted nothing more than to relax. Bianca knew exactly how to soothe her.

“Don’t worry, Liz,” Bianca cooed and, following a turgid vein, ran her hand down the tumescent length until she couldn’t reach any further, “Pull it down toward you.”

“Okay,” Alisa heaved her cock toward her chest. It tilted up from her petite bust, unrestrainable, and continued to spit thick, slimy threads of pre-cum. Bianca, then, walked out of sight past her head. The futa bit her lip at the revelation of her lover’s plan. A deep, unfeminine groan roared within her chest, one that pined for Bianca to hurry yet also for her to savour every moment.

“Yeah,” Bianca moaned softly, breathless in her own excitement no doubt, “This’ll be perfect.”

“Yes, you are,” Alisa murmured, almost dreamily. Something hot and moist, soft and puffy pressed into her spongy tip. She craned her head back to watch, eyes and lips wide in enamoured wonder. Weak gusts of her breath parted coolly around her still wet cock, passing delicious shudders through her. They grew heavier and stronger and longer as soaked folds separated against her tip, spread around it, engulfed it and squeezed it.

Such a sight should’ve been reserved for gods. Bianca’s face was obscured from view, her huge round buttocks filled Alisa’s gaze instead, yet it was no less tantalising. The body of her lover screamed sex in amounts of excess. Bianca had her hands lodged deep into her ass cheeks, between which Alisa saw the woman’s gently puckered anus and, more importantly, her impossibly elastic cunt.

“It’s so big,” Bianca moaned, unseen yet heard as if she whispered into Alisa’s ear. She pushed back further, harder, to stretch her already taut folds to their absolute limit. There was no ‘easing’ into such penetration. Alisa was huge from her cock’s zenith, to its pit. And yet, almost in spite of that, Bianca opened slowly and smoothly. Her pussy lips turned thin around the watermelon-sized head.

Slick lines of drool seeped from either side of Alisa’s mouth. Her parents had owned various pieces of ‘art’, all supposedly praised for their beauty. And they paled to the gorgeously lewd sight that drew, slipping across her length, nearer and nearer. Thick rungs of Bianca’s musky juices drooled from her snatch and over Alisa’s prick.

“Deep…” Bianca gasped, though she didn’t seem aware of her words, “Fill me up… so deep.”

She slowly squatted lower and released her ass as she shuffled backward. The delectably rotund cheeks wetly clapped against Alisa’s cock. Pre-cum and pussy juice quickly smeared across the flesh, which slid against the futa’s pulsating cock as it sank further, as if to proxy a tit fuck.

Is Bianca big enough to do that? Alisa wondered, then forgot as her lover stumbled, her sopping cunt gliding to a slow stop directly overhead, so close that the futa could almost taste it on her tongue. Bianca’s clit was fully engorged, its hood peeled back to expose the sensitive nub. Just a little closer and Alisa could kiss it. Suck it. Yet the tiny ball of nerves remained out of reach.

The sensations, however, more than satisfied her. Alisa could only guess at the pleasure that permeated Bianca’s body, that made her strained walls squeeze and flutter violently, but her own burgeoning ecstasy was far from a mystery.

In a typical case, the larger the surface area, the less condensed the nerve-endings were. Such was the reason that big boobs were, in actuality, far from ideal for a sexual person. Alisa had no such problem with her cock. Every inch was as sensitive as ever, if not more so. Like her nerves had doubled, no, tripled to account for every foot she’d gained. And Bianca’s cunt made her feel everything.

Every slight ripple against her shaft and head. Every trickle of their juices. Every slight crevice in Bianca’s canal. Every beat of her heart.

Alisa released her cock from her arms and clapped her hands on Bianca’s ass. Freed, her prick jerked and nearly uplifted Bianca, were it not for Alisa’s tight grip. Her delicate hands were insignificant by comparison. She massaged the giant mounds, squeezing them around her broad shaft and pulling Bianca lower.

The impaled woman’s thighs saturated her peripheral view. Thick and juicy, beautifully sculpted as if from her deepest fantasies. Alisa leaned up as Bianca descended, to finally clasp her lips around her love’s clit. She suckled on it and moaned at the sounds of pleasure from above. Slowly, Alisa lapped her tongue across the tiny nub while Bianca continued to slide back. The pressure of her stomach stretching brought Alisa’s attention upwards.

Bianca’s belly had lost all of its own definition. The slight divot of her belly button was gone, replaced by the throbbing labyrinth of veins and a bell-shaped peak, which occasionally bulged as pre-cum shot forth. Her heaving tits framed the bulge, hugging it tight between their enormity. It surged greater with Alisa’s pounding lust.

“How’s the view?” Bianca’s voice roused Alisa from her trance. She tilted her head far back, hoping to see Bianca’s beautiful face, yet her vision was eclipsed by her peerless dick, wreathed in her fiancée’s unbreakable skin, that stretched far beyond their heads.

“Could be better,” Alisa rasped.

“I was talking about my pussy, Liz,” Bianca chuckled, her musical joy drifted through Alisa’s ears and coaxed the same from her lips. She lowered her gaze back to Bianca’s strained snatch, and she watched as sloppy rivers all but gushed from her. Gravity demanded that they fall and land on Alisa’s skin in thick, slimy ropes. As Bianca slid lower, her flushed, tightly stretched folds oozed another dollop. It landed in Alisa’s belly button, overflowing it in an instant such was the quantity.

The futa brought her hands to stroke across her body. She gawked at Bianca’s pussy, overjoyed and dismayed, as it took inch after inch of her turgid prick. Just a few more to go, Alisa thought as the strangely thin base came within Bianca’s reach. Her veins thudded erratically, as though calling out to Bianca. Alisa massaged a handful of her lover’s cum into her own tiny tits, pausing to pinch her nipples. It was all she could do to avoid shoving Bianca the rest of the way.

“Fuck!” Bianca exclaimed. Her pussy, already tighter than any grip or vice and softer than the finest cotton, clamped around Alisa’s girth. It relaxed, then clenched again. The walls rippled around her, rolling like waves. They pushed and pulled, rather, they tugged on her length like a cum-hungry whore. Entire floods of juices poured across her groin, pooling beneath her and splattering across her torso and thighs. She even felt drops on her toes.

Alisa tensed every muscle to keep herself from orgasm. She kept her gaze fixed squarely on Bianca’s tits, bug-eyed as they grew before her eyes. They were both fully aware of the curse, and Alisa had seen it in action before. But this… this was an entirely new level.

Shiny from spit, milk and cum, Bianca’s tits bellowed out from their already unfathomable size. No bra could hope to contain them, even a poncho would be hard pressed to do so. And that possibility became less and less likely as they grew. They swelled around Alisa’s cock, somehow swallowing its enormity within their own. Her mind surged at the sight, then stumbled at the spectacle of Bianca’s nipples.

Cock-sized was an insult to them now, as would comparing them to cans. Milk spewed from them like water from a high-pressure hose, dousing the stone and Alisa in the creamy sweetness. Bianca arched her back as another wave of pleasure overcame her, forcing her body straight. The futa gasped, her cock twitched and drool streaked down her chin. For as titanic Bianca’s boobs had become, her hips and ass were eager to match.

“Ready?” Bianca panted once she came down.

“You’ll get too big. You won’t be able to move. You’ll be stuck here, helpless. And what about me?” Alisa wanted to say that, speak her fears and make Bianca understand them. But she remained quiet. They both knew the consequences. It was a simple matter of instinct and desire warring against common sense.

And, faced with tits bigger than her body paired with an ass no amount of injections could create, Alisa’s had no chance of winning.

“Fuck yeah,” Alisa breathed and clapped her hands onto Bianca’s awesome thighs. They rippled just enough for her liking. Bianca leaned around the phallic pillar of her belly and beamed at the futa.

“I love you, babe.”

“Then don’t be stingy,” Alisa gasped. Power far greater than what her lithe arms seemed capable of lifted Bianca high, then pulled her back down with just as much strength. The clap of their flesh, wet and lewd, echoed throughout the courtyard. Probably the whole church too. Bianca’s juices splashed everywhere from the force.

Both moaned at the ascent. Bianca’s pussy still squeezed in the aftermath and continued to spill entire ounces of girl-cum down Alisa’s cock. She rose again, this time under her own power, and let gravity do its work. As she recovered from the aftershocks of pleasure, Alisa took charge.

The futa yelped at every smack. Her groin sloshed and splashed with fem-cum, while her balls rippled and churned at the impact. Every nerve-ending in her cock sang at the slick friction, while the gentle tides of pain echoed throughout her body. Bianca undulated her body with the falls, fucking her tits with the movement.

“Amazing,” Alisa moaned. Her eyes refused to close for even a second, terrified that she might miss the pure, erotic dance before her. Bianca could only move so much while impaled on a literal tower of cock, yet her body did more than enough. She rose up and her tits did too, then floated as she fell and slammed against her body. They seemed prepared to jiggle for entire hours afterwards. The forearm-sized nipples flopped about and splattered the area with milk too.

That said nothing of Bianca’s great hips and legs. She squatted over Alisa, her muscles showed faintly against the deliciously soft, feminine layers of fat as she worked herself. The weight should’ve been too much for her, for nearly any woman at that, yet she carried herself with apparent ease. She pushed herself a full foot high and held it for a moment, then dropped like a deadweight.

Each time she rose, Alisa was treated to the sight of her cock being unveiled. Its girth wasn’t uniform for the entire shaft. At its base, it started at barely half its daunting width, then flared rapidly into the glorious expansion of cockmeat. Her balls were likewise hidden and revealed by Bianca’s rising hips. Each reveal made them seem bigger than the last.

Alisa silently compared them to her lover’s bouncing tits. Both went far above and beyond human possibility, each more than capable of immobilising someone, yet she was certain her testicles were smaller. An unusual twinge of annoyance ached in her chest at the realisation. She was so much smaller than Bianca in almost every way, and she was fine with that – only a fool would complain – but even her most incredible aspect couldn’t outdo Bianca’s.

Alisa wasn’t one for competition. She liked to outdo others purely to prove her academic worth to herself, and possibly to show off around Bianca or to some of her teachers. Despite that, she wanted to beat Bianca. To become so completely huge there was no contest as to who was the bigger one.

But to do that, she’d have to cum. And cum. And cum.

“Anca?” Alisa panted, brow furrowed. She softened her pace, something that registered even in Bianca’s lust addled mind.

“Y-yeah?” Bianca leaned back and rested her hands on Alisa’s huge – though not big enough – balls.

“I… I want to grow,” she admitted. Her grip tightened on Bianca’s thighs, hard enough to turn her knuckles a stark white, powered by her fear. No matter how this curse had messed with her mind, she’d never once thought of *competing* with Bianca, a path that led to constant growth. They’d never completely outdo one another. One would grow and the other would follow suite.

“I want to be bigger than you,” Alisa finished as a whisper.

“I know,” Bianca rasped as she ground against Alisa’s crotch.

“Well?”

“Well, what?”

“What do we do about it?” Alisa demanded. Her own hips moved now, slowly building in speed alongside Bianca’s.

“The only thing I can think of is to cum our brains out, like we did before.”

“But…” Alisa’s voice carried off into a low coo of pleasure as her thrusts started to bounce Bianca, restarting the constant slaps of their flesh.

“Less talk, more fuck,” Bianca snapped. Her hands dug into Alisa’s scrotum, stimulating the oversized balls that she wanted even bigger. The futa hesitated before she gave in. As they were now, neither had a chance at regaining control of themselves. It was as Bianca had said. They needed to be satisfied.

To cum until they were done.

Alisa’s teeth clenched together as her jaw and body went taut. Her hips jerked roughly against Bianca, sending a beautiful wave along her soft form, while her balls roared and her cock swelled. The sound was comparable to an earthquake. An incomprehensible amount of cum sloshed within the confines, each splash as loud as the ocean’s tides crashing against rock. Alisa dug her hands into her lover’s flesh.

Then it began. Her towering dick twitched wildly inside Bianca’s overly stretched womb. It smashed into the impaled woman’s massive tits as it jerked side to side. Bianca’s already strained skin groaned and creaked, almost like rubber, around the swelling monument. She wrapped her arms around it and held on, as if she were astride a bucking bull.

The swelling came to a stop, then. It looked half-again as big as before, each vein striking against Bianca’s latex-thin belly and faint web of blue. A powerful quiver rocked Alisa’s balls, a precursor to her startling cry. She arched her back and forced Bianca higher. Not a speck of her cock was freed from her lover’s depths, every one of her sixty-inches trapped within a perfect seal. Even Bianca’s abundant juices were trapped within it.

Alisa’s cry dimmed into a prolonged moan as, with a heavy rush of fluid, her cock bulged and thinned. The sound was a match for any rainstorm, akin to the thunderous rush of water from the heavens or the oceans yet gargled by its sheer viscosity. She was intimately aware of how thick her cum was. It oozed powerfully up her shaft, forced the urethra to distend and blasted past her head into Bianca’s all too willing uterus.

It immediately poured down to her cervix. There was no escape past the airtight grip Bianca had on her. The thick deluge gathered and shoved against Bianca’s womb, stretching it even further, out into a ball shape that rivalled a beach ball in seconds. Several drops were lost on the way, clinging to the walls or their progenitor, each plainly visible as slight bumps in Bianca’s abdomen. If she wasn’t responsible for it, Alisa might’ve believed Bianca was overdue with their child.

From just the first release. Alisa’s cry renewed itself, accompanied by the harmonious churning of her balls and the rise of her seed, before both were punctured by the second burst. She felt it burst open her urethral slit and spill out to join its comparably diminutive predecessor. It was thicker than the last, too, the untold billions… trillions upon trillions of sperm flooding every inch of Bianca’s womb.

She wondered if they’d find her ovaries. The sheer scale seemed enough to flood those as well, or to squeeze them and release their glorious bounties. Was it possible that the curse also affected Bianca’s fertility? The girl was likely already pregnant, but… Alisa couldn’t help that ‘but’. It intruded on her fleeting lucidity like a drunken frat guy, demanding attention that she didn’t want to give.

But what if the curse was that ridiculous? Her mind inevitably finished the thought. After everything that had happened – her cock growing the same length as she was tall, Bianca’s tits reaching beanbag territory – it almost didn’t seem impossible that Bianca could get *more* pregnant.

Her eyes dwelled on her lover’s massive, swelling gut. It was a close-match for her tits at that point. Then she felt it, mere seconds before her third explosion of cum, Bianca clenched and shouted in her own bliss. Alisa’s cock swelled larger than before in its next release, pouring into the woman as their curse took hold. Alisa stared at the zenith of her bloated cock as it rose higher and higher, completely outstripping her height.

She felt her balls spread out below. They crawled across her legs, heavier and bigger by the second, past her knees, her shins. Alisa’s flow of cum burst to greater levels as her feet pressed against her scrotum, which continued to grow. Another sensation sang out for her attention. She looked down from her astounding cock, its growth slowly diminishing, and saw Bianca’s tits pour out from her chest. They reached lower, rounded out greater, stretched forward further until they encroached on Alisa’s own torso.

“No, dammit,” Alisa whined. Every fragment of her being demanded that she not lose to Bianca. She *must* be the biggest. It was an inane desire, one that she shouldn’t give anything more than a passing thought, and yet it dominated her mind. She pumped her hips as her cock pulsed another helping of thick, impregnating gunk into Bianca’s young womb. Her sensitive head scraped against the gooey walls and sent blissful trills across her nerves.

“What’re… ooh fuck!” Bianca moaned.

Twin sensations, both eerily alike despite being so different, saturated Alisa’s body. Electric bursts of delight shot through her as she fucked Bianca with her now six-foot majesty, then a deep, roaring fire charred her senses when her cum gushed free. Each was just as fantastic as the other.

It was only a matter of time before Alisa’s thrusts turned jerky and violent. She froze, then, buried to the hilt within Bianca, threw her head back in a silent exclamation of the scarcely understood ecstasy she stumbled upon. Alisa had achieved multiple orgasms before, but they were rarely fulfilling and often left her empty and exhausted. This… was something extraordinary.

There was no dilution to her pleasure. None. Her body, already caught ablaze in her climax, plummeted into a pit of lava. Rather than burn alive, however, she was suffused in bliss. The searing agony that should’ve killed her, instead shamed every sensation she’d experienced before. This wasn’t simply one orgasm after another. This was two at the same time.

Bianca’s own cries also fell silent as her body followed suite. Her cunt rippled and squeezed like a vice made from slick velvet, while her juices drowned Alisa’s cock, which reciprocated by further swelling her womb. The smooth orb stretched across the futa’s body, its peak at her chin now.

“Turn… turn around,” Alisa forced the words past her bliss. Somehow, Bianca heard the command. She twisted around, still buried on all six feet of Alisa’s cock. Her belly slapped against the futa’s enormous balls, which answered with another burst of cum and a surge in size. Alisa almost regretted saying words as she lost sight of her lover’s glorious cum-gut, but Bianca’s ass more than sufficed.

Entire feet of ass cheeks stretched out from Bianca’s waist. They were framed flawlessly by her hips, each now pushed a foot past her shoulders, and were bolstered by tree-trunk thighs. Alisa clapped her hands onto the rear mounds, amazed as her fingers disappeared into the abundance of firm flesh. She opened the cheeks to leer at the lightly puckered ring of muscle. Her next target, she silently vowed.

Then their growth ignited. Alisa felt the heat, that was similar and unlike her dual-climax, and watched in fascinated lust as her towering cock swelled higher still. Its girth far exceeded Bianca’s shoulders as well, while the veins each resembled cocks of their own in their sheer size. Her balls were far from missed, hidden though they were. They exploded past her feet, gaining entire inches within seconds as if they fed off the remnants of her first orgasm.

Bianca wasn’t far behind. Her ass swelled massively in a mirror of her tits and swallowed Alisa’s hands deeper, surrounding them in plush warmth up to the wrist. Every inch of their shape remained as smooth as ever, save for the crease where Alisa’s hands vanished. Her tits were obvious from every angle, each mountain easily more than three feet in diameter. Alisa could only guess at their depth.

“You… you done?” Alisa rasped once her orgasms slowly drew to an end.

“Maybe?” Bianca huffed.

“I’m still hard,” Alisa groaned. Somewhere amidst their blissful growth, she’d lost track of everything and found herself leaning heavily against Bianca’s ass. The still impaled girl rested atop her belly, which hardly gave under her entire body’s weight, with her tits pushed out on either side of her and her enormous ass raised high. The cheeks came level with Alisa’s slight breasts.

“Then what’re… you waiting.. for?” Bianca panted. She arched her back and twisted her head around, one arm reached out to Alisa and pulled her in close until their lips almost met.

“Won’t it be too much?” Alisa’s brow furrowed. Her mind turned to the enormous spheres of cum that sat behind her, each orb more than a match for her entire body mass, sans cock and balls of course. She glanced to the front where her cock stretched several feet past Bianca’s head. It had to be at least seven-and-a-half feet, “What finding the gypsy?”

“We’ll manage,” Bianca assured her and gave a quick peck on the lips, “I’m sure your harem will be more than willing to oblige.”

“My harem? What…” Alisa trailed off as she, finally, turned her attention to something other than herself or Bianca. They were surrounded by women, all of whom were soaked in cum and sporting tiny copies of Bianca’s stomach. She vaguely recognised them as the nuns who had cared for her, and who had clearly fallen victim to her urges.

“Let’s give ‘em a final show, eh?” Bianca giggled and pulled her in for a deep kiss. One more time, Alisa silently promised herself.

### Chapter 12:

“Everyone will see,” Alisa grumbled and picked at the strained fabric around her crotch. Beside her, Bianca turned and modelled in front of a mirror, less concerned with being seen than *how* she was seen.

“Can’t help it, babe,” Bianca said. She pulled at the hem of the black dress to try and cover the bottoms of her breasts, an attempt which failed.

They stood in a small room, still housed by the church. Stale grey walls surrounded them all sides, bare save for the lone cross over the chipped door. A single bed sat tucked into a corner and squeaked at the slightest weight. Across from it, stood a single wardrobe, home to a myriad of habits and dresses in different sizes. This was the ‘layover’ room, where passing nuns or women in need could stay temporarily.

For one person, it provided an adequate space and turned cosy for two ‘normal’ people. For the two cursed teens, they struggled to move without knocking into one another. Bianca alone consumed half the area with her fantastical breasts and mountainous ass cheeks, both of which stretched her borrowed dresses – as one failed to cover her curves – to their boundaries. Swift movements elicited a slight groan from the fabric.

Alisa sat on the bed with a huff. A similar problem plagued her, though not nearly as dire as her girlfriend’s predicament. One dress sufficed for the petite futa, more than enough if she was at her ‘normal’ size, but hints of her pale skin peeked through the black threads around her crotch. Curled around her tremendous testes, her purple head peered through her foreskin.

“What’d you think?” Bianca asked and wobbled to a stop before Alisa, stunning hips cocked expectantly.

“Amazing,” the futa replied, gaze locked to her lover with a trepidatious adoration. At this size, there could be no future for them, or none that Alisa ever imagined for herself, yet she loved it. How could she not? She loved Bianca with all her being, before the curse, and now she worshipped her.

“I meant if you think we won’t get arrested,” Bianca said and leaned down to peck her on the forehead. Her breasts filled Alisa’s lap, so soft and warm that she wanted nothing more than to sink into them.

Bianca’s breasts rested at her mid-thighs when she stood. Alone, such a size would satisfy any breast enthusiast, yet her glorious mass came second to the shape. Alisa recalled them in perfect quality, having stared at the set enough that she could draw them with her eyes closed.

Their weight pulled her nipples down into a naturalistic shape, yet she remained too perky for such a description. Her breasts swelled like balloons in all directions, devouring her arms and outstripping her shoulders by entire feet. The hyper-endowed girl’s nipples had grown in tandem, her areolae akin to dinner plates and her nipples resembled a pair of rigid cocks. They were ten inches each by Alisa’s estimate.

“It’s not far,” Alisa reminded her. She tilted her head back and offered her lips. Bianca’s met hers in a tender touch and drifted away too soon. “Today’s the day.” Alisa added under her breath.

“Let’s go kick some gypsy ass,” Bianca smirked. Her dark eyes twinkled in the faint light from the window, mischief and lust entangled into a glistening pool.

“We’re trying to reason with her,” Alisa rolled her eyes and stood. She paused, hand on Bianca for support. Cum sloshed within her balls, heavy against the organic walls and threatening to pull her forward and over, “Not beat her up.”

“I know, I know,” Bianca waved off her words, “Just saying, push comes to shove, I don’t mind using a little force.”

“Sure,” Alisa thinned her eyes and shook her head. She took Bianca’s hand, held it tight and savoured how warm she felt, how close she stood, how strong she appeared. What happened didn’t change one of their futures. They might grow bigger than the church around them, or perhaps the city itself, but Alisa knew, on a level that she couldn’t hope to explain, they wouldn’t be apart.

She shuffled to stand against Bianca’s mammoth mammaries and swung her arms around her neck, pulling her down, “For better or for worse, we’ll be together, won’t we?”

“No gypsy could get me away from you,” Bianca said and closed the distance. A gentle heat blossomed across Alisa’s face and seeped lower, spreading across her body, saturating it in comfort. Not lust. She grinned and parted their lips. Better safe than sorry, she thought despite the sigh that escape her.

The door creaked open behind them, “Sorry,” Sister Judith peeked inside, “Hope I’m not interrupting.”

“I, uh,” Alisa turned from Bianca, “No. You weren’t.” She flushed as the nun stepped in, clean and refined as she was when Alisa first met her; habit neatly placed atop her head and long, flowing dress free of wrinkles and her kind face set into a smile. A whole separate image from the lewd sight she embodied yesterday.

“Good to hear. I doubt we have enough dresses if you two get any bigger,” the sister chuckled. She has a point, Alisa thought. Aside from doors and being in public, their clothing options were restricted. Bianca’s more so. Shoes and stockings, some gloves and a hat, since she refused to be seen in a poncho, and Alisa doubted any store stocked clothes designed to fit over boobs bigger than yoga balls. Much less a pair of pants that would miraculously hide her own cock.

“How’s everyone doing?” Alisa asked. Her cheeks flared at the memory.

She and Bianca had undoubtedly given the monastery a grand show. No one could forget seeing a girl of five feet ramming her girlfriend, who stood over a foot taller, with a dick bigger than either of them. Or Bianca’s outrageous curves. Her breasts squished into the cum-layered floor and her ass jiggled with every thrust into her cavernous pussy. Like beasts, they had rutted with another. The fact that their audience watched with rapt attention made it all the better.

Their audience had soon gotten involved. Alisa bit back a moan at the phantom sensation of tongues and hands and pussies that were once on her skin. They had gone everywhere. Half a dozen went to her balls. They hugged, kissed, massaged and licked them, behaving as long-lost lovers would. Someone had even found Alisa’s pussy amongst the enormous piles of ball flesh, and another went for her untouched asshole.

Others chose to service her cock as it pulled free from Bianca’s cunt. She wasn’t alone in being serviced, of course. Bianca hadn’t been without her own devotees. Several had swollen up again from drinking so much milk.

Neither she nor Bianca could recall how much they came.

A shudder passed through Alisa at the idea of how massive she was now. Her flaccid size did a disservice to her erection, and her balls hinted at what she could do. Her crotch alone had to weigh over a hundred pounds, yet, if not for the sheer scale, she remained oblivious. What should have required a bodybuilder’s physique, she did without effort. The momentum posed an issue, one that she could handle.

“Better,” Sister Judith’s own cheeks deepened to a hot crimson, “Though some have, ah… they’re faith has been, shall we say, changed.”

“Sorry,” Alisa mumbled and lowered her chin.

The nun laughed and clapped a hand on her shoulder, “Don’t be, dear. They couldn’t be happier.”

“I thought you’d be furious,” Alisa said, blinking at the response, “I might’ve turned a convent into a den of-of sluts, uh… sorry.”

“Another believer might’ve wanted your head on a pike,” Sister Judith mused, “But I am me. The girls aren’t harming anyone, nor are they unhappy. I say, ‘let them be’.” Alisa pondered the nun, astonished by her decision. She wasn’t about to argue against it, for fear of what retribution the Sister might take.

“You should really sue Hollywood,” Bianca chipped in, “They always portray you girls as cruel and strict.”

“Yes, I’ll have them portray as we were yesterday,” Judith replied dryly.

“Sounds great,” Bianca said and rested her head on Alisa’s, “I think we’d better get going. I don’t even want to imagine how long it’s gonna take to move around like this.”

“Please,” Alisa snarked, “Try and think about me.” She made a sweeping gesture to her rotund crotch, which stretched out over a foot from her hips on all sides. Her struggle with doors didn’t compare to Bianca’s, whose hips squished and became lodged in the frame without proper care, though she was forced to slip through at an angle.

“Don’t worry, everyone will be too busy staring at me,” Bianca twirled Alisa around, so their cursed bodies were pressed tight, warmth fuelling the other’s, “Can’t have anyone staring at my wife.”

“To be,” Alisa corrected and leaned into her fiancée, “And I never pegged you for the jealous type.”

“With a dick as big as yours, I’ll be clawing bitches away with both hands. Maybe my feet too. And my teeth. Think I could get a sword or something?”

“Stop,” Alisa laughed, “You know I’m yours. And *only* yours.”

“Damn right,” Bianca said and tilted her head low, until her voluptuous lips pressed into Alisa’s ear to whisper, “I love you.” Alisa hugged her tight, face buried in her bosom. The soothing rhythm of her lover’s heart sang to her, its palpitations like soft notes on a cello. She could face anything with this beautiful woman at her side, even the outside world.

It was a Saturday. Why did it have to be the weekend? Why not a weekday? People go out on the Saturday, they meander through shops and streets, until they find something worth doing. On this day, when Alisa and Bianca had to leave the hallow sanctuary, that something became obvious.

“You sure the car won’t work?” Alisa whispered. They stood under the archway, staring down at the sidewalk at the foot of a short set of stairs. No one was around. Yet. The church was in a dilapidated neighbourhood, ripe with degenerates. Few ventured outside without a car.

“Sweetie, we’re both too big to fit in there,” Bianca said.

“What about one of the nuns?” Alisa pointed out.

“Oh, I can’t drive, dear,” Sister Judith shook her head, “And the others are, well… they’re busy cleaning up the courtyard.” On cue, they heard a faint squeal of delight and a splash that didn’t seem appropriate for ‘cleaning’.

“Right,” Alisa said curtly.

“I’ll distract everyone, don’t worry,” Bianca said and gripped her hand.

“Uh huh,” Alisa exhaled, then inhaled. She couldn’t turn back. This was a rare window of opportunity, one she doubted would present itself again. Her cock pulsed, a faint beat for the moment, and cum churned within her scrotum. How long until she lost control again? A couple of hours? Minutes?

“Let’s go,” she said.

Sunlight bathed the local shopping district. Glistening streaks broke through where they could, illuminating swirls of dust as they broke from the ground, or highlighting the vibrant colours of the various stores. Or, to Alisa’s dismay, they acted as a spotlight for all eyes to follow. Once they did, they wouldn’t look anywhere else.

She shuffled behind Bianca, whose assets wobbled akin to great, heaping spheres of jelly. What a view, Alisa thought. The dresses that pretended to be clothes girded her curves, but they were a poor substitute. Her breasts pulled the top dress flush against her shoulder-blades, stretched so far that it couldn’t reach any lower. The lower garment was wrapped around her waist and did no better a job than the upper one.

If not for the gawking and muttering masses, she would’ve enjoyed the spectacular sight.

“Sorry,” Bianca said for the umpteenth time. Someone, a man, mumbled a hasty apology and stepped aside. As Alisa passed him, her fingers tight around Bianca’s hand, she caught him gawking at her lover’s ass. His gaze drifted to her body, a distinct change from Bianca’s voluptuous shape. Then he spotted her crotch and the enormous mass she possessed. The colour drained from his face.

Alisa hunched her shoulders and kept her chin down. The ground wasn’t judgemental. Cracked and caked in dirt, yes, but not judgemental. Yet her curiosity demanded her to look around at the stunned faces, at the sneering teenagers, at the disproving mothers, at the baffled doctor, at her ex-girlfriend. She froze in place.

“Hm? What is it?” Bianca asked. The futa said nothing and stared across the road, where a tall girl with blue-hair stood, also frozen.

“Alisa?!” They called, waving to her.

“It’s Karen. My ex,” Alisa mumbled, as her former girlfriend sprinted over to them.

“I thought I recognised you,” Karen said, coming to a stop in front of the pair, “Despite the, uh, changes.” Her eyes zeroed in on Alisa’s captivating cock, its shape vivid against her loaned dress.

She hadn’t changed in the slightest in the four years since they parted. Sky-blue hair shaved on one side, long and full on the other. It contrasted her mismatched green and yellow eyes, a result from an early head injury, and thick eyelashes. Her full lips glistened in their purple lipstick.

“Hi, Karen,” Alisa smiled despite herself and glanced at Bianca, pleading for her to do something. Anything. Karen followed the look to Bianca.

“Oh, hey-whoa!” Karen’s eyes swelled to saucers as she took in Bianca’s figure. She looked back to Alisa, “Babe, you hit the jackpot.”

“Yeah,” Alisa shrank behind her lover, a task both easy and impossible with their respective curses. She recognised the look in Karen’s eyes. Curiosity. Few things could distract Karen when she found something of interest to her. And someone with such an outrageous figure, one that even Karen’s curves couldn’t match, was bound to catch her attention.

“So, what’s with,” Karen waved her hand around Alisa’s crotch, “This?”

“Something we’re about to fix,” Bianca answered and resumed her stride, Alisa in tow. Karen strolled beside them, long legs and manageable curves outmatching Bianca’s pace.

“Aw, but she’s so big now,” Karen giggled, “You should’ve seen it before. She only had, like, five inches. Which was fine, but, c’mon, it’s not gonna get the job done. Know what I mean?”

“What’re you doing here, Karen?” Alisa demanded. Part of her wanted to ask how Karen was so calm, so accepting of what she saw, but she pushed it aside. The faster this conversation moved, the better.

“Harsh. I’m visiting my grandma. Anyway, what happened? You never said.”

“Allergic reaction,” Bianca snapped. Alisa saw it on her face, a hardness that came from annoyance. She knew the reason. Karen’s presence in and of itself was cause for alarm, more so when she spoke. Her words, though friendly, carried an edge beneath the surface. Some were blinded by her apparent demeanour, others caught on within moments. For Alisa, she needed an entire year to peel back the layers.

“Yeah, right,” Karen said, “Alisa doesn’t have any. Believe me, I checked.”

They rounded a corner and paused. Bianca pulled out the address from a pocket in her lower dress and turned to Alisa, “Think that’s the place?” She pointed to a rundown building across the street, wedged between two apartment complexes.

It looked to have been built in the early twentieth century, an eyesore against the modern architecture. Ivy crawled up the walls and the windows were shattered. How such a place hadn’t been condemned was beyond Alisa’s comprehension. No passers-by spared it a glance, as if blind to the structure’s existence. She, Bianca and Karen were the sole individuals who seemed aware of it.

“Oh, you guys were looking for my grandma?” Karen asked and glanced between them, “What?”

“Your grandma’s a gypsy?” Alisa blurted, scowling at her ex.

“Well, yeah. Why do you think I had all that voodoo stuff?” In the back of her mind, Alisa fretted over the response. Karen shouldn’t know they were aware of her heritage, or where her grandmother lived.

She ignored the unnerving reaction and continued, “So, you know about curses and all that stuff?”

“Please, you don’t get a body like mine without some meddling,” Karen laughed, “I thought you guys were her handiwork. She loves sexual curses.” She said and looked them over once more, though she passed across Bianca as if she were judging an unremarkable piece of brass next to a diamond that was Alisa.

“Then you can get her to undo it,” Bianca said.

“Nope,” Karen shook her head and danced in front of them, hands clasped behind her back and lips tilted into a grin, “She’s a stubborn old bat.” Her features remained immobile, as if sculpted to resemble the Cheshire Cat, an expression without focus. Did she intend mischief or was she amused by the situation?

“Please?” Alisa stepped from behind her lover, “Can you try? For old time’s sake?”

“I can put in a good word,” Karen shrugged and resumed her path to the miserable building, “But I’m not sticking my neck out for you. Last thing I need is for her to use one of those curses on me. I will say that she loves a bargain.” She stepped inside with a short wave, leaving the two in their uncertainty.

“This can’t bode well,” Bianca said.

“Yeah,” Alisa nodded, “She’s not the type to take this stuff well.” Pimples rose across her skin, up her arms and legs while a quiver passed along her spine. Karen had a vengeful side few people saw, those that did, often wanted to forget. It would be easy to write it off. What was the worse she could do after all? Stalk someone, a restraining order fixed that, or send threatening letters, call the cops… no, she always did something Alisa thought was just pure karma.

Those that wronged her became impotent. Hideous. Mentally retarded. Or worse.

Alisa gripped Bianca’s dress so tight she thought her nails would tear it. Karen had broke up with her, which she now realised was a blessing, but she wasn’t above sabotaging Alisa’s future relationships. Or her attempts at them, at least. She gulped at the mere recollection.

Any girl that gave her their number, or who she hung out with met the same fate as those from before. As if they had personally wronged Karen by approaching Alisa. They’d give any reason possible not to be near Alisa after they met. One girl’s number didn’t even work after Karen was through with her. She shuddered at the idea of what could’ve happened.

 She thought Karen had stopped after she moved into the dorms, two towns over. Alisa hadn’t seen or heard from her since, and Bianca didn’t mention any incidents.

“You don’t think she got her grandma to do this, do you?” Bianca asked.

“I-I wouldn’t put it past her,” Alisa answered, “Come on, we don’t have long.” She placed a hand on her oversized crotch. A visceral rumble and pulsation met her touch.

“Right, yeah. This’ll be easy,” Bianca said and straightened her back, pushing her chest out further, “We have a chat, plead our case, get the curse removed, go home and fuck.”

Alisa giggled and slid her hand into Bianca’s, “Sounds like a great plan.” She reached up and pulled her down into a kiss, savouring the plushness of Bianca’s lips and the taste of her breath and her scent. Their mouths opened for one another. Alisa poked her tongue against her lover’s, before she retreated. A promise for later, she thought.

They strode up to the building and stood at the doorstep. Like everything else, the door had seen better days. Chips of wood splintered across its frame and the stone footing sprouted weeds. Its handle had long since rusted, and the knocker laid on the ground, broken and forgotten. Alisa leaned into Bianca and reached for the knob. There’d be no turning back once it opened, she thought. Her balls rumbled as her stomach would, eager to get off.

Bianca’s hand clasped the handle over hers. They shared a grateful smile and pushed it open. Rusted hingers squealed in response.

Inside the should-be condemned building, it both met and exceeded their expectations. Alisa anticipated cracked walls with jagged holes through them, perhaps a broken pipe jutting through the ceiling and dripping sewage everywhere. If someone was living there, then it had to have running water and electricity or gas. Would it reek of dust and disuse?

No, it didn’t. It smelled of nothing. Alisa repressed a gag at the realisation, finding the lack of pungency somehow unnerving, more so than any stench that might’ve taken its place. What kind of place didn’t have a scent? Even the outside world didn’t register against her senses. She pressed the disquiet down and took in her surroundings.

The outside suggested a rundown décor, and it was, but she saw no sign of true damage. Every wall was in tact and painted in a dull blue. There were no doors, only their frames. Through the foyer, she saw a kitchen in a near-immaculate state. On the right, she spotted a staircase, and a room to the left. She heard muffled, scratchy voices from inside.

Aside from the voices, nothing suggested that there were any residents. Alisa would’ve believed that this building was created and forgotten, tucked away from the public and elements, and, without anything to disturb its state, was kept in nigh-perfect condition.

“Don’t just stand there, come in. Come in,” a tired voice said above the others. Alisa and Bianca shared a glance as they stepped into the living room, where a dull glow illuminated a lone chair, in which a frail woman sat. A shawl was draped across her withered shoulders, wiry grey hairs strewn about her face, and a remote in her frail hand. She wore a simple nightgown. By no means, did she resemble a powerful gypsy.

“Um, hello?” Bianca spoke.

“Yes, yes, hello. What brings you here, hmm… Bianca and Alisa, I presume?” The gypsy tilted her head in their direction without taking her attention off the tv. A game show of some sort was playing. Alisa saw no sign of Karen, nor did she hear anything from upstairs. Such a place shouldn’t have soundproofing, not enough to mask footsteps, she thought. The old lady chuckled as if reading her thoughts.

“Um, you-you cursed us,” Alisa said. She stood against Bianca’s broad hip, knuckles white as she gripped her hand. Fragile and weary described the woman’s appearance, yet she carried a weight around her. It threatened to crush Alisa, her chest tight and heart slow. Sweat lined her forehead despite the chill of the room.

“Well, what did you expect? Thinking with your sex drives like that,” the gypsy shook her head, slow and precise.

“We’re sorry,” Bianca bowed her head, “We got drunk.”

“And underage drinking too. My, my, I should’ve done worse.”

“Please,” Alisa stepped forward. Her leg rolled her testicle, sending a burst of pleasure across her sensitive nerve-endings. She bit back a moan, “Can’t you reverse it? Or… or make it stop?”

“You barge into my home and expect me to do you a favour?”

Alisa stammered, “Um, no… uh, yes. Please?”

“Youth,” the gypsy scoffed and swayed her head again. She twisted her neck with a creak and gave a rotten smirk, “Ah, so it *is* you. Karen told me about you.”

“Y-yeah, we were close a few years back.”

“And you’ve already moved on it seems,” she looked to Bianca, who shrank away from the piercing, dead eyed stare.

“It was years ago,” Alisa affirmed.

“She missed you, you know?”

“She broke up with me.”

“No excuse,” the gypsy snapped, “My poor girl never got over the ‘adorable futanari’.”

“I-I’m sorry.” Alisa said through clenched teeth.

“It’s not your fault,” the woman sighed. Alisa’s brow wrinkled, but she swallowed her question, “Our family likes purity for the bloodline. Gypsies only.”

That didn’t make sense. Karen hadn’t said or implied anything to that effect. If she had, would their relationship had changed? No, it wouldn’t, Alisa vowed and glanced to her side, at her ringless fiancée. Whatever might’ve been couldn’t compare to her reality.

“She never said anything to me,” Alisa said.

“Of course not. What do you think people would say? Our people are persecuted. And, from what I’ve heard, you’re quite the logical thinker. I imagine you would’ve broken her heart,” the grandmother spat.

“I… I was unhappy with her for a long time,” Alisa admitted, “She wasn’t a good person.”

“And now you know why.”

“That’s no excuse.”

“Think about it, girl,” the woman leaned forward, chin perched on her bone-like hands, “What would your life have been like if you had a secret *no one* could know? Your penis is poultry by comparison. If the wrong person found out, Karen would’ve had to move away. Again.”

“Oh, and you think I don’t know what that’s like?!” Alisa’s voice rose. She stepped forward, within arms reach of the gypsy, “I’ve changed schools more times than I care to remember. My parents weren’t there for me, either. I had to grow up as the skinny nerd no one liked. And if they found the *one* thing that’s unique to me, they freaked out.”

Alisa retreated and breathed deep, inhaling the tasteless air until her emotions settled. She took Bianca’s hand once more. The girl pulled her into a wordless hug.

“Yes, yes…” the gypsy rasped, fingers tapping against her withered cheek, “Perhaps we can come to an agreement? Become a gypsy, Alisa.”

“I’m sorry, what?” Bianca stepped forward and stopped at a glance from the woman.

“And leave this tramp for my darling Karen.”

“You can’t be serious?” Alisa blurted. She grabbed the emotion that forced the words out and siphoned every ounce of power she could from it.

“Karen’s psychotic!” She reiterated, “She curses people over the smallest things. Do you really think I could be happy with someone like that?”

“Those are my terms. You can leave and keep growing if you wish. Don’t worry, once I die, it will wear off anyway. Or maybe it won’t? Curses tend to be unpredictable. Sometimes, they just get worse out of nowhere,” the gypsy explained, calm as ever. Alisa opened her mouth to reply, to refuse the offer, to try and reason with the old croon, but her words died in her throat.

“What… what the fuck?” Bianca rasped. A fluid rumble caught Alisa’s attention. She whirled on her lover. Her jaw went rigid as she gulped. Icy tendrils meandered through her veins, freezing her blood as it flowed.

Vast expanses of flesh bulged from around Bianca’s dresses. Her tanned skin engulfed the black as her body strained for freedom against the fabric, which groaned under the pressure, tested to its limit by Bianca’s gorgeous, swelling form. Individual threads dug into her curves with more appearing by the second. She pushed against her tits and ass in a vain attempt at halting them. Her hands were swallowed in the burgeoning flesh immediately.

Alisa didn’t move. She should. This wasn’t something that she should be watching in silence. She should be reasoning with Karen’s grandmother, trying to make a deal that benefitted them both. But her feet remained in place, her eyes refused to even blink. All the while, her cock swelled against its prison.

“A-Alisa?” Bianca panted. Her hands moved from confining the growth to yank on her dresses, now biting into her skin.

The sound of her name broke the trance, “Please stop it.” Alisa said, though she didn’t turn. Dampness spread throughout Bianca’s top. It clung to her tighter and tighter, constricting her chest. Only a glimpse of fabric slipped through the dense swells of her breasts, and the same for her bottom half.

Familiar aromas filtered through the air. Alisa hadn’t paid it attention when they walked in, but the building didn’t smell of anything. Not the foul odour of an untended home, nor the musty fumes of an old lady, but an intimate scent. Her nostrils flared with a deep inhale. Bianca’s musk saturated her sinuses and slipped through her body, pushing her blood lower. Her dress complained as her cock swelled.

“Why would I?” The gypsy laughed. Bianca’s growth hastened and her breathing grew weaker, strangled by her clothes, now threads compared to her assets. Entire inches piled onto her form within seconds. Subtle creaks emitted from the girl’s taxed skin, yet her smooth complexion and softness remained.

“I… I…” Alisa’s mind raced. Her eyes shot across her lover’s growing form in despair, and a glimmer of lust. Without the threat that loomed over the scene, or the hideous excuse for a woman’s piercing, lifeless eyes watching her, Alisa’s dick would have broken free minutes ago. Threads snapped around her member. Clear slits of her darker skin tone and angry, purple veins broke out amongst the black

Bianca released a raspy yelp. She writhed atop her enormous tits, ass crushed and quivering. The clothes are cursed as well, Alisa thought. Bianca would die if she did nothing. She couldn’t breathe. Neither of them could breathe. Coils of agony roped her chest, grasped it and squeezed the strength from her. Her knees quivered but stayed resolute while Bianca clawed at the dresses, rasping for air. There had to be *something* she could do. Alisa whipped around to face the gypsy. *Anything.*

“Just stop it,” Alisa pleaded.

“Accept my conditions,” the old woman sneered.

“There must be…”

“No! I’ve sat and watched Karen pine after you for years. I’m sick of it. Either I remove the core obstacle, or you willingly become hers.”

“I can get you money… or, or… I…” Alisa heard something crack. A rib, she thought. Or Bianca’s sternum. Her head fell. What could she do? She’d tried to bargain to no avail. Her appeal amounted to nothing. Alisa’s knees buckled. Her balls took the brunt of her fall, a grotesque mix of agony and bliss rocketed through her. That was something, she thought and raised her head.

“So you accept my conditions?” The old woman crooned with a sadistic smirk.

Alisa grinned, “How about a bet?” Bianca’s struggles faltered and gave way to strained breaths, though ones no longer pained. The gypsy leaned back into her chair, resembling a queen as she leered down at the futa. For once in her life, Karen had done something good for Alisa.

### Chapter 13:

“I’m listening,” the nameless gypsy said, head inclined toward Alisa, who stood, motionless in her tearing dress. It strained against her mammoth cock. Veins pushed between the slits, offering a glimpse at her pale foreskin and, lower down, her angry, purple head. The gypsy hadn’t moved from her chair. She faced the futa, withered face and hooded eyes fixed upon her. A hint of a smile teased the corners of her wrinkled mouth.

Alisa glanced to her left. She didn’t dare take a step in any direction, even to help Bianca. The gorgeous portrait of sex panted on her hands and knees, clothes tighter than the nuns who gave them to her. Huge had become a subpar description for what she now possessed. Her hands were pressed flat into the ground, raising her torso high as possible, and still her breasts mashed into the ground below. Further back, Bianca’s ass rose high, a shelf all on its own.

The futa breathed deep, nostrils flared as a mixture of her and Bianca’s musk warred with the stale air. Part of her, cowed by the threat before her, craved to devolve and indulge in her desires. She turned her gaze back to the gypsy.

“So, uh… yeah, a bet,” Alisa said. She swallowed her doubts, hoping to keep them locked in the pits of her stomach, away from the gypsy’s prying eye, but they refused. Her fears and more bubbled back to the surface. Her hands turned clammy no matter how often she wiped them on her garment.

“What sort of bet, Alisa?” The gypsy chuckled.

“Um, yeah… what sort of bet? Well,” Alisa glanced between her lover, and enemy, wishing one might kick her well-honed mind back into gear. Her vision fell upon her groin, from which a cock no creature, with the exception of whales, possessed to her knowledge. The gypsy would refuse any wager that failed to peak her interest. In that case, she had one option.

“I’ll m-masturbate and if I don’t cum… If I don’t cum within ten minutes then you’ll release us, curse and all,” Alisa panted. The tightness in her chest hadn’t dissipated, if anything it got worse. Each exhale shuddered in her lungs, frantic for escape.

The gypsy laughed. Her bemusement scratched at Alisa’s ears, burrowing into her mind, detailing how poor a decision she’d made, “Sounds delightful. And what do you wager?”

“Me,” Alisa said, “If I fail, then do whatever you want to me. Bianca goes free, but I’m yours. Or Karen’s.”

“Liz,” Bianca rasped and coughed.

“Excellent,” the gypsy beamed, showing the rotted remains of her teeth, and yawned. She stood from her chair and shuffled past Alisa, “I’m afraid this is when I usually have a little nap. Old age is so unforgiving. Karen will preside over our arrangement.” She paused in the doorway and turned to face the pair.

“Oh, one more thing. If either of you tries something, like holding my granddaughter hostage, then the curse will activate to its full effect.”

“Full effect?” Alisa blanched at the idea.

“Oh yes. What you’ve sampled thus far is barely a fraction of what could be. I’m afraid I’ve made a habit of holding back for my amusement,” the gypsy shrugged and stepped from sight. Despite her departure, Alisa’s mind echoed with the ghost of her laughter and warning.

“How could you say that?” Bianca hissed. She managed to push herself to her feet and waddled to the futa.

“It’s fine. If I win, then we’re off the hook right away. If I lose, then I just have to wait until the old bitch dies,” Alisa said.

“Harsh.” Karen strode into the room and claimed her relative’s chair, smirking at Alisa as she glanced over at Bianca, “You took my advice. Smart.”

“There’s a first time for everything,” Alisa said.

Karen flipped her blue hair and leaned back, “Grandma really knows good furniture. You could fall asleep here and never wanna wake up,” she murmured. Neither Alisa or Bianca responded.

“Geez, you guys could be a little lighter hearted. Alisa’s set up a perfect win-win,” Karen leaned forward, resting her breasts on her legs as she peered at Alisa’s semi-erection, and her chin in her palm, “Even if she loses, both your lives improve. She gets to be my wife. Or would it be husband, considering her dick? Eh, semantics. And you, Bianca, will walk out of here with the fetish figure of a pervert’s dream. Sounds great, right? I’ve even been…”

“Enough talk, Karen,” Alisa sighed.

“Rude. But I guess you’re right,” the statuesque gypsy relaxed once more, “Just so you know, gypsy’s take their bets very seriously. Cheat in any way and I have full authority to turn you into a cock. And I don’t mean a bird.”

“I don’t cheat, unlike some people,” Alisa said.

“Ouch,” Karen winced, though her mocking grin remained, “But I suppose you’re right. You’ll just have to be extra watchful, won’t you? Now, onto the rules. You can masturbate how ever you want, so long as you are being stimulated. Also, I’m the judge of whether you’re feeling it.”

“You’ve gotta be kidding?” Alisa groaned.

“Now, now. I get that you don’t trust me to be fair, so how about this?” Karen spoke in a language foreign to Alisa. Some words resembled Latin, some Greek and others could’ve been gibberish, she couldn’t say, “Now I’m also cursed. For the next ten or so minutes, that is. If you’re feeling sexual pleasure, I’ll be, shall we say, sharing it.”

“How do you I know you’re telling the truth?” Alisa squinted at her ex. She’d lied before. Her falseness came with ease, natural as a college professor stating facts.

“Oh, you can’t miss it,” Karen chuckled. A liar’s mask, Alisa thought. But did it have to be so tantalising? Karen’s smile reflected the opposite of Bianca’s, radiating a discreet intent no one could discern until she informed them. Dishonesty personified. After years together, Alisa still couldn’t read her.

All she could do was stare at the stunning page inscribed with nonsensical, familiar patterns. Mischievous lips framed by a set of strong cheekbones, overseen by a cute nose governed by the heterochromatic eyes above, circled in thick eyelashes. Each had captivated – blinded – her.

Alisa’s memories of their time rested toward the back of her mind. A shimmering, clear pond full of inconsistency in how she’d felt. At the surface, burying any negativity, danced her pleasure. Drops of pleasure seeped into the cracks of her thoughts, winding their way to her consciousness. How Karen’s body had felt against hers, the way the gypsy’s hair went wild in the mornings, the feeling of her dripping hot insides wrapped tight around Alisa’s length.

She jerked back to reality at a sharp snap. Looking down, Alisa discovered the obvious culprit. It drooped from her crotch, not yet hard but well on its way. Dark, purple veins undulated across the surface, escorting blood and pleasure and desire throughout the vast expanse. She estimated four feet of unique futa-cock, and growing, swelled from her groin in a perverse extension of her body.

Karen gave a low, wolf-whistle. Alisa looked to her and away again. Her cock jerked and extended several inches at once, with several others piling atop it. Temptation pumped through its veins. Karen set a few feet away, the gap rapidly closing as her cock swelled to its true, glorious size. The girl appeared unchanged but for one thing; her true nature. A real gypsy, one with powers to curse others and even herself, which made her dangerous. Which made her intriguing. Which made her tempting.

So, so tempting.

“Looks like you’re ready to begin,” Karen said.

“What?” Alisa blinked and peered down. Her erection had remained dormant since yesterday, offering mere glimpses at the utter monstrosity she now possessed. An apt description, Alisa thought.

From her crotch, extended an, at first, unassuming girth no greater than her original size. As her vision moved, however, it exploded in majesty. The veins formed a labyrinth, each wall larger than any of her fingers, before fading into one another. Her skin stretched around her cock, so thin she could make out other, smaller circuits meandering beneath the surface. Every purple line led to a single goal, the true zenith of a cock. She followed them, compelled by a mix of desire and dreaded curiosity, to her wine-coloured, lustful and angry head.

A burst of pre-cum rocketed through her length. She bit her lip against the pleasure, holding the moan in her chest. Her pre-cum distended the path of her urethra, pressing out against all her nerves, hitting the perfect buttons to spark her lust into full gear. It splattered against the floor. One drop struck her bare foot.

“Hmm,” Karen moaned.

“What the hell?” Alisa whispered, at a loss for how else she could respond as she raised gaze.

“Told you ‘you can’t miss it’,” Karen snickered as she checked her tits, each now half-again their former mass, placing them on par with the gypsy girl’s head. Neither lost its shape, though, retaining the full, vaguely fake form Alisa had once lusted after. They couldn’t contend with Bianca’s. Nothing could. Alisa looked back to her fiancée, who leaned against a wall, rubbing under her breast where a rib had likely cracked. Bianca gave her an encouraging grin.

“Thank you,” Alisa mouthed. Yes, Karen is tempting, more than she’d ever want to admit even in the privacy of her mind, but Alisa had someone beyond mere enticement. Someone her life would be irrevocably joined with.

“After this is over, Anca,” Alisa said, ignoring the blue-haired gypsy, “I… do you… could we try? You know, for a baby? I mean, properly. Without *this*.” She gestured to their insane aspects.

“We’re a little young,” Bianca laughed, sending delightful shudders through her curves, “And I’m probably pregnant already, babe. But yes, Liz. After you win, put as many babies in me as you want.”

“As many as I…” Alisa’s cock leapt at the prospect. Great, she thought and turned away, now I’ve got an impregnation fetish. She could imagine it so clearly. Bianca, trapped not by her breasts and ass, but by a belly filled to bursting with life they’d created. She’d be helpless to stop Alisa from sampling all the milk she’d make, or from having her pussy pounded again and again.

“Are you done?” Karen asked, tone harder than before. Her face set itself into an expressionless mask, an obvious sign of her anger.

“Y-yeah,” Alisa said. To last ten minutes and save Bianca, she’d have to forget her. Any thought of the voluptuous siren would lead to a loss. No matter how tempting the thought of learning gypsy magic and curses was, or how enticing it was to sleep with Karen again, she couldn’t afford to lose. Not here.

“Then get masturbating. Last ten minutes, and you’re both free. Fail and you’re mine,” Karen said, eyes fixated upon Alisa, tracking her movements as a predator would.

“Anything’s fine so long as I feel pleasure, right?” Alisa asked.

“Don’t get creative,” Karen warned. Her hard exterior cracked into a grin, “You can’t just coast by on a little fondling here. If I’m not growing an inch every few seconds, then you fail. Or don’t you want to see me explode out of my clothes here? In front of your girlfriend? It does seem…”

“Fiancée,” Alisa said.

“What?” Karen’s lips sank.

“She’s not my girlfriend. She’s my fiancée. We just don’t have rings right now,” Alisa explained.

Karen’s expression solidified further, appearing to be sculpted from granite, “Just get on with it.” She leaned away and folded her arms over her enhanced chest, squishing the mounds, as she crossed her legs. Her asymmetrical eyes observed Alisa, unblinking as if she might miss the inevitable failure.

Deep breaths, Alisa reminded herself. So long as she remained calm and in control, she would succeed. She had cum more than she cared to know in the past twenty-four hours, as evidenced by her seven, possibly eight, foot member. Her hands didn’t compare to its sheer girth, present but insignificant by comparison, like a child’s hand against an ancient oak. Her cock jerked and her veins throbbed, threatening to dislodge her grip. She held tight, stifling a moan as she pulled her monument to masculinity flush against her body.

The taut skin had the barest hint of give to it. She pushed and pulled on it, cooing at how the motions echoed in her glans, from which a wave of pre-cum flowed. A blissful shudder rocked through her as the slimy emissions poured across her balls. They roiled in need, splashing her congealing seed against its prison. She dug her fingers into her cock, finding an unexplored sweet spot, and stumbled as her testes clenched and relaxed at the pleasure, rocking into her legs.

Alisa wrapped her arms around her member. If Karen deemed her efforts unworthy, then she would fail. The reminder filtered in amidst the rising tide of pleasure. She thrust her hips upwards, yelped as her balls swung and knocked her legs out from under her. The petite futa fell atop her cock. Where pain should’ve distracted her, she gasped, moaned and rolled her hips in lust. Her cock ground into the floor, coating it in her slick fluids.

She curved her legs to press her feet into the tremendous swell of her balls. Her toes dug into the folds, massaging the spheres, churning cum and heightening her sensations. Pricks of lust tingled across her cock where her fingers squeezed. Dozens of veins pushed against her body, pulsating with her racing heart, each palpitation presented another wave of pleasure. Alisa raised her head to stare at the angry, purple crown. It rested several feet away, off to the side of Karen’s chair.

She glanced to Karen and stared. Her hips pumped in the absence of her mind, acting on the sight of her ex, a curvaceous girl by any definition, swelling out from her chest and sides. The chair creaked against her curves, snug around her form. Pre-cum exploded from Alisa’s tip and splattered against the opposite wall.

“See something you like?” Karen asked, leaning forward. Her breasts, once huge, now dominated her entire torso, each greater than prized watermelons and pressed outward to highlight their new mass. Though obscured, her hips blossomed from her sleek waist into erotic handholds a giant would struggle with. Alisa shook her head free and looked away. A line of drool hung from her chin.

“Come on, baby,” Karen teased, “Don’t stop now. You’ll lose and I won’t get to grow anymore. Oh! I think the shirt’s on its last legs.”

“Shut up,” Alisa moaned. She steeled her jaw against any such sounds. Ignore her, she thought, and focus on not cumming. But Karen clouded her head, rather, the thought of her growth latched onto her pleasure, pushing it higher. The more she felt, the more Karen would grow. Alisa laid her cheek against her cock, away from the blue-haired temptress, and shuddered at the heat.

Her body hadn’t paused for a second. Would anything distract her now? She wondered, even as her arms pumped her cock, which slid between them and the floor as her hips undulated. Fresh floods of pre-cum poured from the depths of her heavy balls, forced out by the ever-thickening load held within. Her feet continued to work at the orbs, now equivocal to beach balls.

Alisa whimpered in her chest. Every movement jolted her with pleasure, whether small or grand. Her twitching fingers fed into the long stroke of her cock, vibrating her throat with an untameable moan, as she fucked the poor equivalent to a pussy. She wanted a pussy. So much of her cock remained unloved, too long and hard, unreachable for the petite futa. Her eyes turned traitor and compelled her to look at Karen once more.

As promised, with mere moments passed, the gypsy had swelled further. She leaned back in her chair, breasts still heavy in her lap, and had her knees clasped together. Not by choice. Her hips and, by extension, her thighs made it impossible to open her legs while in the resilient chair, though her shirt fared far worse. The neckline had torn halfway down the centre, unleashing an abundance of pale cleavage. Alisa licked her lips, certain the mounds were soft as marshmallows.

“Hmm, you like this, right?” Karen grunted as she wrenched herself free from the chair. Standing, her breasts came to rest at her hips and crept ever-lower. Threads snapped under the constant strain, its tear falling lower until it snapped apart. An avalanche of tit-flesh fell free. Her plump nipples, dusty pink and pierced with a barbell, flopped about in their newfound freedom. All they lacked was a constant stream of milk.

Alisa shook her head at the thought and turned away once more. Her cock lurched in her embrace, basting the furthest wall in her pre. A rush of pleasure made her body clench. Her feet pressed hard against her monumental scrotum, her arms attempted to crush her cock as she rocked her lower body. She forced herself to slow down, to try and savour the sensations.

“I think the pants are starting to star,” Karen said, now mere inches from Alisa’s ear. Her naked tits squished against Alisa’s side and brushed her cock, offering a taste of what she could offer. They’re so soft, Alisa thought. She shuddered, the vibration moved through her crotch, fluttering within her untapped pussy.

“You hear it, don’t you?” Karen continued. Indeed, Alisa heard the beginnings of fabric tearing apart, “Soon, I’ll be completely naked. You know,” Karen lowered her voice, “I still shave. I’m smooth as a baby’s bottom down there. And, not to toot my own horn, but it’s still tight as fuck. I can barely fit three fingers inside.”

“Oh fuck,” Alisa moaned. She was going to lose. How long had it been? Had it even been a minute? Seconds could’ve passed for all she knew. Moisture brimmed in her eyes, teetered on the edge and blurred her vision, but not her pleasure. Nothing short of the world ending would stifle the sensations.

Her balls grumbled and churned as her cock throbbed and spat buckets worth of pre-cum. Though faint, her pussy gushed with desire and her nipples scraped against her tree-sized dick. Drool caked her chin in filth and smeared her member. The musk alone could inspire her to masturbate, now it pushed her to work harder and faster toward her orgasm.

Would she stop at one? Somewhere in the corners of her mind, buried under the concrete haze of her ensuing bliss, something told her this would be her last moment of lucidity. Unless Karen reversed the effects. She could save her. Alisa looked to the gypsy, whose curves bloomed greater – sexier – by the second.

“That’s right. Give in and let yourself cum. I can give you this kind of pleasure again and again. And so much more. No strings attached,” Karen said. Her hand found one of Alisa’s and moved it quicker, urging her arms to follow suite.

“I’d call this cheating,” Bianca said.

“This doesn’t concern you,” Karen answered coldly. She distanced herself from Alisa, as if to avoid discouraging her with the ice of her voice.

“Oh, yes it fucking does.” Bianca snarled.

Alisa heard the familiar, lust-inducing noise of Bianca’s approach. Milk sloshed in her breasts, enough to feed each other, and any babies they had, for a lifetime, while her thighs slid against one another, coated in the slimy, lewd mucus from her pussy. The futa saw her on the opposite side to Karen. Her own personal angel and devil, each too big to perch on her shoulder. Her balls might work, she thought with a silent giggle.

“Anca,” Alisa moaned. She wanted to touch the pinnacle of voluptuousness and beauty, to pull her close and have her ride her cock for all eternity. Her hands refused to be swayed from their position, “It feels so good.” The futa ran her eyes across her lover’s figure. Karen’s growth was impressive, amazing even, but she had minutes to go before she so much as approached Bianca.

“I know, sweetheart,” Bianca said, “And it’s gonna feel a whole lot better.”

“What?” Alisa rasped. Her fiancée turned, presenting an ass wider than Alisa’s desk in their dorm. Bianca’s tits showed, clear as ever, as they swelled out from her torso to jut out entire feet past her shoulders. She’s naked, Alisa realised as she glimpsed her pussy, concealed within the delectable embrace of her thighs. They rubbed together as she walked, eliciting soft moans from the woman who, in Alisa’s mind, personified beauty.

“What do you think you’re doing? Don’t interfere!” Karen snapped.

“So long as she’s feeling enough pleasure to make you grow quickly, it’s fine, right? That’s what you said,” Bianca lowered herself to her back and spread her legs wide, revealing her sopping cunt. Her vulva had swollen to a lush mound, while her lips engorged into meaty folds designed to embrace a massive cock, and her clit poked out clean into the air. On each side, her breasts fell and flattened against the floor. Her giant nipples gushed with milk in her excitement.

“A-Anca, stop,” Alisa panted, though her eyes remained locked upon her lover’s pussy. She felt its heat as it neared her cock, sensed its desire, neigh *need* to be filled, and doused it in her pre-cum, “If you do this, I-I’ll cum too fast.”

“I know you can’t hold out for much longer,” Bianca said, lips raised in a forlorn smile, “So… why not have one last time? I take it that it’s fine with you?” She looked to Karen.

“Fine,” the gypsy waved her hands and slumped back into her chair. It creaked under her bolstered weight. “I’ll think of it as a teaser for what’s to come for me and my lovely wife.” Karen beamed at Alisa, who spared her but a glance.

Bianca inched closer. Streaks of translucent pre-cum covered her from head to pussy, casting a lurid sheen across her tanned skin. Her hands slid through the slime to her waterfall-snatch, where she sank two fingers from each hand inside and pulled her hole open. Alisa’s gaze shrank to tunnel-vision.

She peered into her lover’s cunt. Phantom sensations of Bianca’s tight, wet canal zipped throughout her hyper endowment, setting another, greater spurt of pre-cum loose. The walls drooled viscous pussy-slime and clenched around thin air, desperate to be forced apart by a girl-cock. Deeper, her cervix undulated in fertile desire. A tiny hole, often invisible to the human eye, winked at Alisa. The futa forced herself to her feet and held her cock over the mesmerising hole.

“Make it count,” Bianca moaned.

“Okay,” Alisa said and, incapable of sparing another second, sank herself into her fiancée’s last embrace. Both threw their heads back and cried out at the initial penetration. Alisa pushed the head in, stretching her fiancée’s hole wider than a basketball could. By itself, her glans outranked every human phallus on Earth, yet she possessed over six feet more. Bianca’s cunt squelched as the air was shoved out alongside a deluge of her cum. The walls rippled and crushed against Alisa’s prick, and still it progressed, deeper than any man could reach. It paused against her cervix, then continued through.

“That’s it,” Bianca panted. Already, her face had contorted into a mask of rapture, mere moments away from a punishing orgasm. She hooked her arms around her tits, pulling upon her chest and presenting the forearm-sized nipples to Alisa, “Come to me, baby. Sink it all in me. Ah! Stretch me! Yeah, yeah!” Bianca wailed as her body convulsed and pussy attempted to squash the pillar.

Alisa persisted amidst the vice-like grip. Entire ounces of Bianca’s juices squirted from between her lips and the futa’s cock, even as her womb opened and distorted around a girth thicker than a tree trunk. Milk exploded from her nipples, dousing the area as Alisa’s pre once had. Now the viscous slime filled Bianca’s womb.

She couldn’t cum. She couldn’t cum. She couldn’t cum.

Alisa repeated those words as a monk would their mantra, all while praying to whatever deity might listen. Her feet sloshed through a mix of her and Bianca’s fluids, as fresh milk barraged her. She ignored it, focused on her goal; hilting Bianca. Once she did that, she could cum. And cum. And cum.

And *grow*.

“Look at me, Liz,” Bianca gasped, gripping the petite futa’s attention. She leered down at her lover, whose body swelled once more, triggered to by her fantastical climax, “The least you could do is make me grow bigger, since you gambled on this.”

“I… Anca, I love you,” Alisa said, at a loss for anything better to say as she rammed deeper. Her lover’s face vanished behind a mountain of cock, shrouded in a latex-tight seal of skin. Bianca’s breasts accepted the massive shape, enveloping it in softness and heat. Moments later and Alisa felt her lover’s heartbeat against her pulsating shaft.

“I do too. Now get over here,” Bianca said. She leaned around the monument bulging her skin and beckoned with her nipples, flinging milk across her face, “I’m feeling full. Could you help with that?”

“Yes,” Alisa moaned and strode forward. A little more. A few more feet and they’d be together again. Her balls swayed like a pendulum, pulling her forward. Foot after foot stuffed Bianca’s taut cunt. Its plump lips looked thin stretched around Alisa’s girth.

“Deeper. Deeper. Deeper,” Alisa repeated under her breath. Her eyes followed Bianca’s nipples, throat suddenly dry, drawn in like a moth to a flame. Then she couldn’t move any deeper. She looked down at her crotch, ready to whine about something blocking her way. Her voice died in her throat. They were touching. Her groin became doused in Bianca’s juices, expelled by every inch of the eighty-four inch obelisk.

“Liz,” Bianca whispered.

“Anca,” Alisa raised her head to find her lover’s eyes peering at her from beside her cock. They said everything she wanted to hear. Everything would be alright, she could cum to her hearts content, she could grow and, in turn, make Bianca grow until they crushed cities under their endowments. She could love her without restraint.

“Cum in me,” Bianca said. Every shred of affection, of lust and fear and bliss enthused those simple words.

Alisa said nothing. She reared back and lunged forward. The lewd clap of their slimy flesh echoed in her ears. Her cock swelled and jerked, lifting Bianca clean off the floor. Her balls clenched, ballooned and roared with cum. Her lips parted with an inhuman shriek, mistakable for a wild beast in breeding season, then closed around Bianca’s nipple, so long she reached it with a simple bend of her neck. And, finally, her cock exploded with cum.

She lost.

“Well, that’s my win!” Karen cheered a minute later, after Alisa’s cries dwindled.

“Not quite,” Bianca grunted.

“Wh-what’re you doing?” Alisa panted when she pulled free of Bianca’s nipple. She should’ve been insensate with the onset of her cum. Her cock should’ve grown too. A pressure, both painful and sensual, coiled about the base of her dick.

“Nothing much. Just *stretching*,” Bianca moaned and giggled as she nudged the mammoth bulge that had taken over her torso, “The rules a bit.”

“I warned you about cheating,” Karen snarled.

“*You* tried it just a, hmm, moment ago,” Bianca explained, “And you never said anything about a ‘cock-ring’.”

“There isn’t a…” Alisa paused and laughed. She flung her arms around her cock and lover. Her chest and shoulders shook with her joy, while her hips ground against Bianca’s opening, “I fucking love you.”

“You said that already,” Bianca cooed.

“Whatever,” Karen spat, “The next time you cum, you’ll relax and she’ll lose.”

“Hmm, I think I can last another minute,” Bianca smirked.

“A minute?!” Alisa blinked at the declaration. She’d done better than she thought.

“I doubt it,” Karen said.

“Then shut up and watch. I’ll prove it to you.” Bianca groaned.

She did. Alisa’s seven-foot cock remained buried in her, wreathed in constant pleasure, brought to the brink of orgasm time and again, but denied at the peak of ecstasy. Her balls shook and expanded with their unspent loads. They stretched across the floor and lifted Alisa off her feet, forcing her to lean forward to keep her dick inside Bianca. Karen remained silent until an unseen alarm went off.

“We did it,” Bianca whispered.

“Can I… can I cum now?” Alisa wheezed.

“Not yet,” Bianca said, “Think you can hold on until that gypsy fixes us?”

“I can try,” Alisa grumbled.

“If we’re still huge, we’ll find a park or something and let loose,” Bianca promised.

“Don’t,” Alisa huffed, “I’ll cum if you say too much.”

“Don’t worry,” Bianca grinned, “I’ll be careful. Now then… Hey, Karen! Wake your grandma up, she’s got some cleaning up to do.”

No answer.

“Karen?” Alisa turned but couldn’t see her former lover.

“If it wasn’t for her…”

“What?” Bianca frowned.

“If she wasn’t here. Everything would be fine!” Karen said. Her voice built for a whisper to a desperate shout, “Everything would’ve been fixed! I wouldn’t have to live like this. And… and I-I wouldn’t…”

“Karen, you’ll…” Alisa started.

“No! Don’t you fucking get it?” Karen stood. The chair snapped under her violent rise. She whirled around to face them, breasts swinging in a wide arc. Her body had changed to match Bianca’s, though her hips outdid the stuffed girl’s, while her breasts left something to be desired. The gypsy’s voice fell, “This was my last chance. Either I find someone or everything goes.”

“Stop being so vague,” Bianca said.

“Fine.” Karen growled. Her features turned leathery, wrinkles formed in her once flawless skin and her hair became thin and wiry. The outrageous curves vanished and her figure became frail as an old lady’s. Her eyelids drooped and masked her discoloured irises. She shifted back, “Without another gypsy, I can’t exist.”

“What the hell?” Alisa breathed.

“We’ll call it an accident,” Karen said, “I fucked around with some stuff and my grandma tried to stop me. We wound up like this.”

“So, when I was dating you…?”

“No, I did it after we broke up. I was feeling… stupid,” Karen explained.

“This is seriously messed up,” Bianca said, still pinned beneath Alisa and her cock.

“Tell me about it,” Karen groaned, “I wanted this be a peaceful thing. Or at least make it so you couldn’t complain about how it happened, but that’s life I suppose.”

“What’re you talking about?” Alisa asked and sniffed the air. Her nose wrinkled and a grimace twisted her lips. She smelled ozone, as if a lightning bolt had struck. It hung in the air and thickened, drowning out her musk. A crackling noise drew her attention back to Karen.

“I have to make you one of us, Alisa,” Karen stated flatly. She held her hands out to either side, electrical currents danced between her fingers and sizzled across her arms, “I’ll die if I don’t. My grandma only has a couple more years left to live. When she goes, I go.”

Karen stepped toward them, “Once I touch you, it’ll be as if you were born into my family. Powers and all. Then you can help me undo this. Two gypsies should be enough.”

“And if it isn’t?” Alisa gulped.

“Then at least you get some cool abilities out of it, right?” Karen shrugged.

“What will I have to do?” Alisa asked. She didn’t move, unwilling to cum and paralyzed by a mixture of fear and fascination. Becoming a gypsy proved a tempting idea, one she wanted to explore. She could reverse what had been done to her and Bianca, and, after some study, perhaps replicate it in a controlled manner. Or perform other curses of the same nature.

“Not much,” Karen said, “So long as I touch your head you’ll do what’s necessary. Once it’s over, I’ll release you.” She strode toward them, slow and careful, as though the power she wielded might blow up on her if she moved too fast. Bianca squirmed beneath Alisa, stimulating her trapped cock.

“I’ve seen enough movies to know that’s bullshit,” Bianca said, “You’re gonna take her life or something like that, aren’t you?”

Karen lowered her gaze, “Yes.”

“Not gonna deny it?” Bianca asked.

Karen shook her head, “What good would it do at this point? Besides, you’ve got her trapped there. I have no reason to convince her. I suppose I should thank you, Bianca.” She stepped within reach of Alisa, a bit further and she’d touch her head.

“Sorry, Liz. We’ll have a rain check for later,” Bianca said.

“What do you MEAN?” Alisa wailed as her cock was freed. Her pleasure, kept at bay by worry and Bianca’s excellent muscle control, flowed all at once. She shrieked in ecstasy as cum exploded from her cock. It bucked and pulled on her body, forcing her to fall once more. A sharp heat passed overhead and left behind the scent of singed hair. Someone clicked their tongue in disappointment.

She glanced beside her and saw Bianca appear at her side. The girl grabbed her face and kissed her, coaxing another jet of cum, then shoved the climatic futa. Alisa’s cock swung and smacked Bianca down, pinning her under the sheer enormity of her tits.

Alisa saw Karen through hazy eyes. The gypsy launched herself at her, hands outstretched with fingers extended, poised to grab her head. A burst of cum shot her back and pinned her to the opposite wall. When the burst dwindled she leapt once more. Her jump was short, though, and left Alisa’s head out of reach. Another gush of cum forced her back.

Karen righted herself and avoided the next blast. The energy around her arms crackled louder than before, rising in volume to resembling miniature shocks of lightning. She winced and checked her left arm. The fingers wouldn’t move from their clawed position. Alisa yelled at her fourth release. Karen dodged and charged once more. A fifth shot missed.

She manoeuvred behind Alisa, fingers outstretched to grab the futa. Mere inches separated them. Her fingers stretched out into claws, ready to grasp Alisa and steal her life.

“Yes!” Karen exclaimed. Her expression fell, eyes wide as she stumbled. Her hands grabbed at Alisa but fell short of her head, instead she clung to the futa’s monumental scrotum. Both their faces went lax. A burst of light blinded the pair before it condensed to reality as Alisa came again, forcing them apart. Karen stumbled back and fell, splashing the deep layer of cum as she did so. Neither her arms or legs moved.

She had failed.

Alisa’s orgasm waned and dribbled to a close. She panted atop her failing erection, waiting for the familiar sensation of growth that never came.

“What’s going on?” Alisa asked.

“L-Liz?” Bianca stood and waddled toward her, curves shrinking with every step until she’d returned to her original state.

“Oh my god,” Alisa whispered and stared at her own endowment, watching as it dwindled to her puny old member. She looked back to Bianca, at her lover’s original shape. Curvaceous breasts that conformed to their person’s hands, nipples large enough to capture the eye and a set of hips to fuel night after night of masturbation. A twinge of sorrow tainted the futa’s relief, but she ignored it.

“It-it’s gone! But how?” Alisa furrowed her brow and closed her eyes, searching through her hazed memories as to why such a thing would happen. Pain stabbed through her mind, shoving aside any notions of discovery.

“I touched you,” Karen rasped. They looked to her. The gypsy leaned against the wall, limbs askew and face limp on one side. Her curves vanished, steaming as they dissipated into nothing. As the pair looked upon her, half of Karen’s body formed deep crevices and folds, moles formed and blotches of discolouration marred her complexion. She resembled a grandmother.

“So, that means I’m a gypsy now?” Alisa stared down at herself, checking for any changes but found none. She felt numb but alive. Pain flittered through her mind, vanishing as suddenly as it appeared. Other sensations seemed dulled, as did her emotions. Even as she stared at Karen’s mutation, she remained calm.

“Not ‘now’. You always were as far as reality is concerned.”

“That’s seriously overpowered,” Bianca muttered.

“So what happens now?” Alisa asked. Another burst of agony seared through her skull.

“Nothing. I needed two gypsies to escape this fucking curse, and I’m just a human now,” Karen explained, “I was reckless. That curse, or spell if you’d prefer, needs a calm mind. It uses a portion of my heritage to change the target, then replicates my bloodline and erases yours. But it switched ours instead. Don’t worry, you won’t turn into me or anything. Maybe a trait or two.”

“I don’t deserve this though,” Alisa said. She kept the pain from showing, allotting a simple wince or grimace at worst.

“No,” Karen agreed, a half-grin lifted her youthful cheek, “But that’s the hand you’ve been dealt, babe.”

“I guess,” Alisa scowled at her hands. Were they even hers anymore? After what Karen had done, was anything hers? Fresh pain brought her hands to her head, a stifled groan slipping past her lips.

“Hey,” Bianca said and scooped her up into a kiss, “Gypsy or not. Alisa or not. I love *you*.” Alisa gawked at her, amazed. The discomfort faded as she sank her face into Bianca’s neck.

“Thank you,” Alisa breathed and flung her arms around the girl’s head, holding her close.

“Hehe, isn’t that a beautiful sight?” A crackly voice said, using half of Karen’s mouth.

“Hi, Grandma,” Karen’s voice said.

“Karen,” the elderly voice replied, dry as sand.

“Guess this is our last moment together,” Karen laughed.

“What do you mean?” Alisa asked.

“Our entire body is numb. Everything from the neck down. What isn’t is slowly becoming that way,” the elderly half explained.

“One lung’s already stopped. Pretty sure the kidneys are down too. Only a matter of time before the heart follows,” Karen continued.

“Isn’t this the part where you apologise for everything?” Bianca asked. She and Alisa stood side by side, hands entwined, over the merged pair, who wheezed and coughed. No external wounds showed, aside from their crooked limbs. Someone might believe they were a prop of some kind.

“Like hell,” Karen cackled, “I came this close to winning. What do I have to apologise for?”

“I dunno, fucking up our lives seems like a pretty big thing,” Bianca said.

“Please, you’re both back to normal now. Hell, Alisa’s even got an upgrade,” Karen reasoned.

“And don’t even think of telling you didn’t enjoy my curse,” the elder gypsy chortled.

“She’s got us there,” Alisa said.

“So, what happens now?” Karen inquired, “I mean, I’m good as dead, probably going to gypsy hell, but what’re you two gonna do.”

“There’s a gypsy hell?” Alisa asked.

“Who knows? Maybe. If you find a way to summon my soul I’ll let you know,” Karen chuckled.

“You should probably leave,” the elder-half said, “My existence kept this place intact and separate from the world. Once I’m gone, it’ll collapse on itself.”

“Don’t you want us to bury your body?” Bianca asked.

“No. No, I think we deserve this,” Karen said and coughed again, “Fuck me, this sucks.”

Alisa studied her former girlfriend and, technical, grandmother. She shared their blood now. Magical or not, she was part of their family. Her brow furrowed as a possibility crossed her mind, “Why couldn’t you have found another gypsy?”

The mutated pair looked at her, one half through a drooped eyelid. Karen’s yellow eye shone with amusement, though her lip remained downcast, while the other drowned in sorrow.

“You are the last one now,” Karen said.

“That can’t be,” Alisa muttered. Lines of confusion etched themselves into her forehead, past which her mind worked. New memories peeked in amidst the twenty years of old ones, including a conversation where she was told the same news. She turned to Bianca, whose face resembled her own.

“The bloodlines thinned out,” Alisa said, recounting what she now recalled, “By the time your… our people tried converting others, most were too weak. Karen and I were the only ones but our parents died. Then, mom and dad aren’t actually mine…” Alisa clutched at the sides of her skull and crouched low, knees tight against her chest.

“The memories will settle within a day,” the elder gypsy said, “If you’re strong-willed enough, you’ll retain the originals as well.”

“I hate you,” Alisa groaned and looked up at Bianca, “We’re still together. Aren’t we?”

Bianca squatted in front of her, “You’re still the same. Even if you never told me about this until now,” she shook her head and chuckled, “Oh god, that’s gonna get confusing.”

“We’re still getting married,” Alisa whispered.

“You popped the question a lot earlier this time around,” Bianca giggled. The futa felt a sudden weight form on her finger and looked down, finding a simple but elegant ring wrapped around her corresponding digit. A lone diamond was embedded into the band.

“And you begged me to get you pregnant before then,” Alisa laughed and placed a hand on her lover’s belly.

“No successful attempts so far,” Bianca said, sifting through new memories as they came to light piece by piece, “But that’s gonna change right? Because I *distinctly* remember you having a huge fetish for it.”

“Y-yeah,” Alisa blushed. Some things had remained the same, though she hadn’t known about the fetish until much later in her original existence. She stared into Bianca’s eyes and pulled her close, not for a kiss, but a hug. They’d do a great deal more later. She leaned in and pressed her lips to Bianca’s ear, “The new me knows a curse to guarantee multiples. And it layers.”

“If you make me as big as a house I swear you’re gonna regret it,” Bianca cautioned.

“I like the sound of that,” Alisa giggled.

“Fuck off and get a room!” Karen shouted to get their attention. They pulled apart to look at the dying gypsies, or former gypsies. Black lines spread across their arms and legs, their neck tilted at an uncomfortable angle and the brightness of Karen’s eye had dulled. Behind them, the walls cracked and decayed.

“Come on,” Bianca said and stood, pulling Alisa with her. The futa pulled away to crouch before her short-lived family.

“Sorry things turned out this way,” She said.

Karen’s half cracked a tired grin, “I really did like you.”

“We’re sisters now, you can’t talk like that,” Alisa chided her.

“Don’t think it matters. Sisters or not, I’d still fuck you over just about anyone else.”

“Just about?”

“Well, Beyoncé is kind of a fantasy of mine,” Karen admitted.

“Makes sense,” Alisa shook her head and stood.

“Don’t tease me,” Karen rasped.

“Sorry,” Alisa laughed and turned away, obscuring her petite member from view. Above her, the ceiling splintered and groaned under the weight of its own structure. She glanced to the chair, on which she remembered sitting with the same old woman who cursed, and watched it sink into the floor. Bianca took her hand and led her from the house, leaving Karen and the nameless gypsy to their fate.

Outside, Bianca unfurled the pair of dresses she’d borrowed from the convent. Though torn, they were better than standing in the street, naked and covered in thick, sloppy cum. Alisa pulled one over her head. The garment was designed for someone far larger. It bundled around her feet and threatened to slide off her shoulders, until she made a couple of adjustments.

She turned back to the house. The ivy turned grey and crumbled into dust, scattered by a soft breeze, while the roof collapsed on itself. Each of the building’s faces crushed inward, as if being sucked in by some force. They pushed deeper and deeper before, in a cacophony of brick and dirt, the entire house folded in on itself. Then nothing.

“Where now? Bianca asked.

“I guess we should go back to the convent. They still helped us in this timeline,” Alisa said and massaged the temples of her head, “This is why I hate time-travel movies. It’s a pain keeping track of everything.”

“Yeah, yeah. I still say Back to the Future is a masterpiece,” Bianca grinned.

“Whatever,” Alisa sighed. Her head pounded, each pulse adding extra memories she’d never experienced, yet were now an integral part of her, “Let’s go. I need some aspirin and sleep.”

The convent welcomed the pair back with open arms. Many of the sisters attempted to open more for Alisa, but Sister Judith kept them in line. Everything had transpired in the same manner as before, leaving the courtyard a cum-flooded mess and the nuns in a permanent state of lust for one another, including Judith.

“So, you were successful I see,” the sister said once they’d sat in her office.

“Hmm,” Alisa nodded.

“Still, I’m amazed someone of your talent was unable to undo such a curse without help,” Judith noted. That’s right, Alisa thought, another memory coming to life within her head. Only the gypsy responsible for the curse could lift it, unless it mutated as had happened to Karen. Now she had no other gypsies to turn to. She was the last one.

“Well, uh, it’s complicated,” Alisa said.

“Indeed,” Sister Judith stood at the sharp whistling of her kettle. She returned a moment later, tray of steaming cups and cookies in hand, “I’ll, uh, admit that I’m a bit disappointed.”

“Because I don’t have a three-hundred pound dick anymore?” Alisa laughed.

“Lord have mercy,” the nun shook her head, a grin teasing at her stern face, “Yes.”

“I can do it again. Any time I want really,” Alisa mused as she studied her hand, intrigued by the power she now held. She couldn’t remember learning any curses. Not yet. The futa glanced to Bianca, who yawned and stretched. Her eyelids struggled to stay open.

“If it’s alright with you, Sister, I think we’re going to bed,” the turned gypsy rose, gesturing for Bianca to follow.

“This must’ve taken a lot out of you.”

“Yeah, it did,” Alisa offered a parting grin and left, heading to the room they’d slept in the night before. Several nuns passed them, unable to hide their disdain for Alisa’s reduced size. She ignored them.

Why didn’t she feel how she should? Alisa’s brow refused to unfurrow, fixed into an expression of disarray. The pain of new memories punctured her train of thought, always leading back to the initial question. Karen had been her lover before, now they were sisters. Now Karen was dead. Where was the remorse? Or the horror at what she’d inadvertently caused?

“Liz?” Bianca asked once they’d settled down in the squeaky, guest bed.

“Yeah?” Alisa startled from her reverie, blinking at the blank, grey ceiling. She laid on her back, with Bianca curled against her slim frame. Tingles ran across her body, faint and simple to ignore but incessant.

“What’re you thinking about?”

“I…” Alisa bit her lip, “I don’t feel anything, Anca. About what happened there. I-we saw someone die. And… and they were my family! I should be distraught, but I’m not. Am I a monster?”

Bianca didn’t hesitate, “No. You’re processing. I had the same thing when my aunt died. Everything seemed grey and smelled like rain. I felt numb. It took a while, but it passed. I still miss her, though. She was as close to me as my parents are. Grief is a weird thing, Liz. No two people experience it the same way.”

Alisa remained quiet. She processed the words, imagined her girlfriend – fiancée, she mentally corrected – in such a state. Her arm squeezed Bianca tight, as if to protect her from those emotions, “Since when were you the smart one?”

“I’ve always been the smart one, I just let you have your fun. I’m a good sport like that.”

“Humble too,” Alisa groaned.

“You know it.”

They leaned into one another. Their lips met, soft as a lover’s caress but emblazed with emotion. Alisa pressed her cheek against her fiancée’s head and sighed. Her eyes drooped shut, shutting her in a welcome darkness. Regardless of whatever had happened, what had changed in their lives, she had Bianca.

Alisa could handle anything with her.

**-Three Months Later-**

Both everything and nothing had changed. Alisa still went to college, took all the same courses, lived with Bianca in their dorm room and maintained the same GPA. Her mom didn’t know her any differently, nor did her dad. To them, she was still their daughter, albeit adopted. She’d kept her gypsy heritage secret for all her life, guarding it more than she did her penis, with Bianca and Sister Judith the sole two people who knew. On the surface, she might believe nothing had been altered.

But differences, many subtle, lurked on the periphery. Simple things, such as her wardrobe and taste fondness for jewellery were new, whereas other, noticeable changes made themselves apparent each time she looked in the mirror. Karen’s attempted curse, supposed to switch their bloodlines, had left her with many of the gypsy’s traits.

Half her hair extended into long, blue locks, a stark contrast to her usual crimson. One eye became yellow, while the other remained green. Both glistened like rare crystals, shimmering in the light regardless of its source. A sign, she’d learned, which signified her power. Buried deep in her childhood, she recalled her biological parents praising her aptitude. She couldn’t be certain, but Alisa suspected Karen’s curse had infused more than just her power into the futa.

The greatest difference of all, one that shone brighter than any star in the cosmos, rested on her ring finger and had come after Karen’s demise. She studied it, ignoring the glimmer of her piercings in the mirror, fascinated still after carrying it for several months, and many longer if her new memories served right. Alisa stood before a handcrafted granite counter in a luxurious bathroom, where a tall mirror reflected her altered appearance.

“Tonight’s the night,” she whispered, watching her glossy red lips move, as though she were watching a stranger on screen. Her natural appearance laid hidden under layers of makeup, designed to highlight her cute pout and cheeks. An artist had drawn her eyeliner to contrast each half, highlighting the heterochromia. ‘It’d be such a waist’ they’d said. In the intricate circles of black, her eyes were red and puffy.

Not from sadness. Nor from pain.

She glanced at the door behind her. Beyond the frail, wooden barrier rested the most fantastical woman she’d met. Alisa undid the buttons holding her suit together. A typical black coat over a white shirt, she’d felt tradition suited her best. A white petal fell from her hair as she combed through it. The futa gypsy smiled at herself.

“I can’t believe it’s finally happening,” Alisa whispered and swallowed back her tears. She’d done this moment thousands of times over in her head, but standing there, with her lacy, black bra and matching underwear on was something special. She checked her stockings, made sure the straps holding them to her garter belt held strong. Her fingers moved up and trailed across her stomach, where a tattoo inked her skin in elegant script ‘Eternally yours, Bianca’.

She stepped back. Her thong bulged with her slight package, thin gaps in the lace offered a glimpse of the shaft within. Alisa tugged at her bra, adjusting it to better emphasise her petite bust, then turned and presented her rear to her mirror. None of Karen’s curves had moved to her, leaving the half-redhead as puny as ever, until she decided to try out a curse or two. Though they weren’t curses, not always, closer to spells. But curses sounded better for the gypsy identity, otherwise they were witches and warlocks.

According to her rewritten memories, Alisa had excelled in body manipulation since she was young. Even unadjusted to her new power as she was, the futa found no trouble in altering her shape to a small degree. She cradled the bloated cheek of her ass, once firm and curveless, and savoured the heft of her luscious flesh, now full and inviting. Her hips had widened to accommodate it.

But this shape wouldn’t last, she thought and stepped to the door. She gripped the handle and took a deep breath, certain she heard Bianca on the other side, waiting. Alisa pulled the plank of ornate wood open, revealing their temporary residence. As it turned out, her new heritage came with an added perk of a wealthy bank account. It seemed her parents’ will had left her a sizable fortune. And nowhere could she see it better than in the debauched luxury of the rented villa.

The room alone matched a condo in size. Its walls were bare, painted an impassioned burgundy, and stood tall, supporting a pyramid-shaped skylight, through which hundreds of stars, long since burned out, still shone brightly over a royal bed. Four posts framed the queen-sized furnishing, a thin veil fell from them to guard the silhouetted figure from view. A door stood sentry to the far-right, sealed water-tight at Alisa’s insistence.

Time to let loose, she thought and strode toward the bed. She recited a word with every step. The carpet crackled with energy, faint sparks danced between her toes and rose up her legs, sending a wanton shudder through the futa gypsy as the electricity reached her balls. Alisa stopped before the bed, on which laid a figure she could draw, down to the finest detail, with closed eyes

“Cum.” She said and moaned under her breath. An aura of blue surrounded her, shrouding her pale skin in a mystical energy, before it dissipated like smoke. It seeped through the veil and sank into the woman within, who gasped and writhed in place. Alisa’s breath hitched in her throat as the aura coalesced on her cock, pressing into its pores and through the urethra. When not a wisp remained, she grabbed the curtains and flung them open.

Her heart ached in the most sensual way. There, naked except for her glossy stockings and cupless bra, with her legs spread wide, plump pussy lips pulled apart to reveal the stunning pink within, laid Bianca. No longer burdened with cartoonish curves, she still embodied Alisa’s idea of a bombshell.

Breasts the size of ripe grapefruits and a cinched waist started the futa’s visual feast. Fat nipples jutted an inch from the girl’s chest, bolstered by the engorged areolae, from which a steady stream of white flowed. Softly defined abs led down into Bianca’s crotch, shaved to perfection, and her delicious thighs, fat and juicy with an undercurrent of power. Squished against the fortunate sheets, her glorious ass rested.

“What took you so long?” Bianca asked, eyebrow raised and lips crooked with a teasing grin.

“I have a right to be a little emotional,” Alisa said and crawled atop the covers, ass high in the air. It couldn’t match Bianca’s, as she had willed it not to, but the girl adored it no less.

“I know. Now come over here.”

Alisa clambered over her lover and stared down into her face. Brown eyes gazed back, flecked with hints of greenery, shimmering in the dim lighting. Her cheeks curved into her lips, each graceful as a waltz. The red lipstick enunciated Bianca’s full mouth, enticing the futa lower until she felt them on hers.

Lust controlled them. Their tongues snaked out to greet each other. They flicked and twirled together, before Bianca suckled Alisa’s into her mouth, moaning as she did so. The futa reciprocated as she fell. Her hands roved across Bianca’s body, sliding from the elegant curve of her waist, between the sheets and to her bountiful rear. Alisa groped at the heavy globes of flesh, each a match for Bianca’s chest. They swallowed her fingers whole.

The two separated, “Is everything set up?” Bianca asked.

“Yeah,” Alisa panted, “Unless you have any extra requests?”

“Not for today. We’ve got two weeks.”

“No need to rush things.”

“Exactly,” Bianca said and pecked the futa on her nose. She reached between their bodies to grasp Alisa’s crotch, “Out of the clothes. Now.”

“You don’t think they’re sexy?” Alisa pouted.

“I do,” Bianca murmured, “But I’m horny as fuck right now.”

“Fine,” Alisa chuckled and stood, “But you’ve gotta take them off for me.”

“With pleasure,” Bianca smirked.

She started with the bra. Despite her proclamation, the well-endowed girl moved slow, purposeful as her fingers unclasped each hook, gradually revealing Alisa’s handfuls. She pulled the lace away, tossed it aside and kissed each of the freed nipples, as a prince might kiss their princess in a fairy tale. Bianca ran her tongue in circles around her lover’s areolae, flicking her teat on occasion, as her fingers traced the contour of Alisa’s spine to her panty-clad rear. Alisa arched her back into her hands.

“Not going for the garter belt?” Alisa inquired.

“No. It’s sexy. The panties have to go, though,” Bianca said and tugged on the racy underwear, retrieving the thin fabric from between Alisa’s curvaceous ass. She eased them down, eyes fixated upon the bulbous crotch, strained by a semi-erection. As the cloth slid lower, it burst free. The girl moaned in her throat at the sight and released the panties, letting them fall between Alisa’s ankles, to grasp the swelling length. Unimpressive when compared to a few months ago, but everything paled when paired against that.

“I can’t wait to get this inside me,” Bianca murmured. She reared back on her haunches and pressed her lips close. Her hot breath coaxed Alisa to her full erection, an amicable five inches, its dark purple crown peaked through the foreskin and glistened in her anticipation. She raised the phallus and leaned her cheek against it, nose tilted to bury itself in Alisa’s crotch. Her hand stroked with each of her deep inhales and brisk releases.

“Then open wide,” Alisa cooed. A grin teased her lips as Bianca did so, lips falling apart to unveil the moist cavern where an eager serpent waited. Her delicate hands found Bianca’s luscious brunette mane and entangled her fingers in the threads, holding her tight as she reared back. Their eyes met, three separate colours all blazing with the same, burgeoning emotion; lust. Alisa pulled her lover close, driving every inch of her cock past her voluptuous lips.

The futa’s chest reverberated with her soft moans. Her hips and hands moved in sync, pushing forward and pulling back respectively. Bianca took it all with glee, humming as she gazed into Alisa’s eyes. Her throat coiled tight around the head as it pushed past her uvula, while her tongue lashed and circled the shaft. She held the futa’s balls in one hand, massaging the petite orbs for a greater load, as the other found its way to her own sex. Three fingers sank past her soaked lips.

“Oh fuck,” Alisa panted. Her rhythm hastened, hips rolling in rising ecstasy, and fucked Bianca’s throat, building strength as she did so. The grip on her balls released, letting them hang and swing with her racing thrusts. She clenched her eyes shut, cutting out excess sensory input to focus, to bask in the expertise of her lover’s maw. Bianca moaned and slurped at the cock, cheeks turning convex.

“Gonna cum,” Alisa rasped, a mixture of her fervour and the curse she’d used had her close to the brink from the second Bianca’s sweet, supple lips wrapped around the base of her shaft, “Ahh, yeah… suck my cock, baby. Suck the cum right out. More. More.” Bianca didn’t disappoint. Her suction increased, as did her pace. She moved against Alisa’s hand, bobbing to and fro, faster and faster, as her spit flowed.

“Cumming!” Alisa lurched forward. Both her hands seized Bianca’s head and held her tight, lips and nose buried into her hairless crotch. Transparent slime drooled from her balls. They clenched up, pushing close to their counterpart, and forced her load out. Her voice devolved into a wordless cry. Bianca gagged on the initial burst, recovered and gulped down the next, as she’d done time and again.

In the midst of her climax, Alisa’s cock lurched and swelled. She moaned at the sensation and jerked back, stuffing Bianca’s mouth with a fresh helping of semen. Her eyes cracked open and watched, in rapt bliss, as her fiancée’s – wife, she corrected herself – cheeks ballooned with jizz. The pressure forced a river to escape, trailing its way down her neck and to the gorgeous valley of her bosom. Bianca swallowed before the next, equally filling shot bloated her.

“So good,” Alisa moaned. She stroked the girl’s hair, praising her for drinking it all. Her hands had no power anymore, kept in place by instinct alone, an inane urge to make certain that her seed poured into Bianca. Unnecessary. Bianca moaned and sucked, tongue slurping across every inch within its reach, as she added a fourth finger to her pussy, churning her fluids to a frothing mess. Her spare hand groped at her naked tits, smothering them in her spit and Alisa’s cum.

The futa fell back as her orgasm reached its conclusion. A final spurt, desperate to join the others, launched itself across Bianca’s face.

Bianca kept her mouth open and tilted her head back, tongued extended. Her maw was full of cum, close to overflowing. She gurgled a laugh, closed her lips and pulled Alisa to her knees. The gypsy futa met her kiss, mouth parted, ready and willing to share in her climax.

“Hmm,” Alisa moaned, swishing the slimy mixture around her mouth, washing her tongue in its flavour.

“Did it work?” Bianca asked after they parted.

Alisa swallowed with a deep sigh, “Yeah. But it won’t do much instantly. Remember, it took a few days, and a week’s break, before we got ridiculously huge.”

“Don’t worry,” Bianca breathed. She pulled her hand from her sweltering cunt and brandished her drenched fingers to the futa, waving them under her nose, “We’re not in any hurry.”

“Uh-huh,” Alisa nodded and took a digit in her mouth, sucking it clean and repeating on the next. Her taste buds rejoiced in the delicious spice of Bianca’s cum. The girl spread her legs wide, a lewd sucking emitted from her thighs, coated in layers of juices. Her scent blasted Alisa and wound its way into her head, calling to her primal desires.

“But that doesn’t mean I don’t want to be huge again a-s-a-p.”

“Fuck yeah,” Alisa groaned and positioned her cock against the sultry opening. She teased the lips, pressing her tip against them, covering herself in lubricant, before her urges overcame her. The futa rammed inside, back to the welcoming embrace of her wife’s walls. Their hips smacked together, sending a ripple through Bianca’s full frame and new, pudgy gut.

Cursed or not, Alisa’s production was unmatched. But it was a mere appetiser to what would come. She captured Bianca’s lips in her own as their hips ground together, pressing her cock against the blissful, velvet insides. For now, she wanted to make love. Her lust hadn’t yet grown out of control, acting as a powerful suggestion. As she grew, however, it would get worse. So much worse, she thought and moaned into the kiss.

Her hips rocked to and fro, lifting and falling with her breaths. Alisa ran her hands down her wife’s back, nails clawing at her skin as they zeroed in on her ass. She gripped it, sank her fingers into the plushness and raised Bianca’s hips. Her cock drove upward into the woman, scraping along her soaked walls.

Bianca returned the favour. Her snatch coiled about the throbbing girl-cock, indulging in its hardness, as she held Alisa tight to her chest and face. Their lips separated, breaths and hearts racing as they stared into one another’s gaze, each as enraptured as the other. Alisa resumed the kiss, tongue frantic to reunite with its partner. Their muscles danced together, emboldened by the motions below.

The futa pulled Bianca close as she thrust forward. Each clap of their skin, both drenched in Bianca’s fem-cum, fed into the next. Her short length had one perk. As she reared back, her cock slid to the opening of her lover’s pussy, leaving the head alone inside, before she rammed back in. The sheets below dampened.

Alisa broke the kiss next. She pushed herself up to gaze upon Bianca. The girl’s face twisted and relaxed in pleasure, each thrust eliciting another deep groan from her full lips. Her hair splayed across the pillows, unruly locks matted themselves to her skin. Sweat, spit and cum glistened on her skin, while streaks of white poured across her torso. Alisa followed a river as it snaked its way across Bianca’s belly to her groin, where their bodies united.

The futa’s cock sank past the plump vulva. Pink, swollen lips closed around her girth, as if to pull her in. A blunt nub poked out atop the folds and squished under Alisa’s weight. She removed a hand from Bianca’s curvaceous ass, leaned back and pressed her thumb against the engorged button. Bianca yelped at the touch, her hips raised and bucked against Alisa, as her pussy clamped down on the futa. Her voice quickly rose to blissful scream.

Alisa kept thrusting into the vice-like grip. Juices doused the gypsy in moments, leaving her dripping in Bianca’s cum. She panted and moaned amidst her wife’s cries, before quelling them in another kiss. Their bodies rolled against one another as Bianca rode out her orgasm. Beneath her, Alisa noticed how Bianca’s full breasts swelled outwards, crushed under the futa’s own petite bust.

They came apart after Bianca calmed.

“Even small, you’re still amazing,” Bianca panted.

Alisa pouted and, by way of reply, latched onto her wife’s teat. She inhaled the fleshy peak and its sweet bounty, gulping to avoid drowning in delicious milk. One hand found the spare breast and pushed it toward Bianca. Cream spilled from the tip, wasted on its creator’s skin. Alisa bit into the other nipple.

“Okay, okay,” Bianca giggled and latched onto her own tit. They worked in sync, eyes locked to guarantee that fact, while Alisa continued to fuck her wife’s sopping wet cunt.

She popped free soon after, panting and thrusting with abandon, “Gonna cum!”

“Hmm,” Bianca moaned around her nipple. Her hips moved with Alisa’s, also building to her second orgasm. She took her freed breast and brought it to her mouth, devouring the leaking tit.

“Not inside,” Alisa panted. Even inundated in lust, she remembered their plan.

Bianca had, reluctantly, decided it would be better if she got pregnant after the wedding. On one condition, though Alisa didn’t mind it in the least. Over the following weeks, they explored the internet, looking at stories, artwork and hentai of inflation and impregnation. They often lost control during it. By the time they’d said their vows and reached the villa, Bianca and Alisa were enamoured by the idea of stuffing Bianca full to bursting.

But that wouldn’t happen. Alisa had made sure of it. Her earlier curse, a modified form of what her grandmother had performed on them months ago, guaranteed Bianca’s safety, and that of their young. Right now, swimming in Bianca’s womb, were several ova, each waiting to be fertilised. Others would join them as the evening wore on, brought out by the lust and pleasure.

She couldn’t cum inside until they’d maximised on the possibility. Alisa jerked back and grabbed her cock. She straddled Bianca’s waist and aimed her prick at the girl’s face, intent on finishing her earlier attempt. Their eyes met. Alisa’s hands worked her cock and Bianca’s clit. They inhaled, mouths parted and shouted in harmony.

And let loose their second orgasm.

Minutes later, Alisa ran her tongue along her wife’s face, clearing her of the viscous jizz, “You look way better like this.”

“Who needs makeup with you around?” Bianca giggled. Their hips bucked against one another, soft in their afterglow, though neither felt any less aroused than before. Alisa’s cock remained hard as stone, enclosed in the dripping confines of her wife’s pussy. She traced her fingers across Bianca’s form, to her stomach. Energy crackled between her fingertips.

“I feel them,” Alisa said and nuzzled into her lover’s neck, “Your eggs. Our babies to be.”

“Can’t wait until I can too,” Bianca said. She placed her hand over Alisa’s, holding it tight.

“You will. There’ll be so much you’ll wish they’d stop moving for once.”

“You can see the future now?”

“No, but I know you,” Alisa chuckled and pushed up, “And, because of that, I know you’re going to let me do this.” She yanked free and ducked her hips, holding her cock steady, poised to thrust past the tight ring of Bianca’s ass.

“You bitch,” the woman growled, then yelped at the burning penetration.

“No womb in there,” Alisa said as she sank into her wife’s rectum, “Turn around, I want to watch.”

“You fuck my ass without telling me and expect to obey?”

“Yes.”

“Fuck, you really do know me,” Bianca chirped and did as she was bid to. Alisa’s cock was soaked and leaked a constant flow of pre-cum, oiling the inexperienced confines and allowing Bianca to turn without removing the enlarged girl-dick.

“Of course I do,” Alisa groaned. She sank to the hilt and fell forward, hugging her close as she claimed the most private hole, “I’m your wife, stupid.”

“Don’t call yourself stupid,” Bianca cackled.

“For that, I’m gonna cum in here at least, hmm… five times,” Alisa snarled. After the mess with Karen, she found it easier to fall into a dominant role. A trait, she’d noticed, that affected most of her life.

“You’ll grow so huge, though. I’ll be left behind.”

“You’re worried about that?” Alisa giggled and pulled her wife’s face to the side, pecking her on the cheek, “What kind of slut doesn’t cum from being fucked up the ass?”

“The bad kind.”

“And what’re you?” Alisa asked. Her fingers gripped Bianca’s throat, the threat plain to see.

“A good slut.”

“No,” Alisa shook her head and squeezed.

“I’m not a bad slut,” Bianca defended.

“I know. But you’re not just a good one.”

“I… I’m your slut.”

“And more,” Alisa urged.

“I’m your good, cum slut!”

“Come on!”

“I’m your good, ass-pussy slut! I’m your cum dumpster! I-I’m whatever you want me to be!”

“Fuck yeah, you are!” Alisa growled and set about pounding her wife harder than ever. She muttered a short curse, one to enhance her strength and stamina. What kind of slut-owner would she be if she had to stop every few seconds?

Five orgasms later and, as agreed, Alisa slipped free of Bianca’s ass. The hole gaped wide, offering a broad view of the cum-soaked insides. Bianca’s rim clenched, trying to lock it in, but failed. Her body twitched in the afterglow. She laid atop her breasts, each now the size of yoga balls. The quivering woman’s ass and hips had followed suite. Yet she still had a ways to go before she approached her former glory.

Alisa grinned down at her cock. She’d missed the feeling of being so large, though she still didn’t compare to before. Her length extended from her elbow to fingertip, its girth exceeded her fingers’ reach and her balls matched cantaloupes in mass. Inside, they were a compressed ocean of semen. As Bianca’s ass and stomach attested to.

Cum poured from the woman’s ruined asshole, forced out by the pressure inside her rotund belly. The round curve extended to the bed and jiggled with Bianca’s orgasmic afterglow. One hand steadied the flesh as she fell to her side. She opened her legs wide. Her eyes, glazed over in ecstasy, found Alisa’s.

“Still not… big… enough,” Bianca panted.

“Yeah. But first,” Alisa said and moved to her wife’s head, offering her cock, “Clean me off.”

Outside, the sun crested the treelines to cast its brilliant glow across the world. Its warmth sustained the life that stepped out to greet its radiance, eager to begin the day its light signalled. Men, women and children would rise shortly, the nightshift workers looked forward to finally sleeping, and the unemployed shouted and cursed at their computers. But two people failed to notice its ascent, nor did they care to find out.

Alisa watched, transfixed as the bulge of her cock vanished from Bianca’s belly. A constant Jetstream of cum inundated the woman’s uterus, swelling it larger than seemed feasible. Seven-and-a-half feet of futa-dick was engulfed in her swelling abdomen. Her belly button popped out, splashing the cum and milk that had pooled there, cresting the rising sphere. In seconds, Alisa believed she could fit inside.

Yet it would be a full minute before the dome matched Bianca’s breasts. After a few hours, Bianca’s orgasms seemed to bleed into one another, each spurred on by a simple thrust. Later, a flick to her mammoth nipples could spark a climax. Now, Alisa’s caresses acted as carpet bombs of ecstasy. Milk fountained from her nipples, both over a foot long and wider than a soda bottle.

Alisa’s climax had ended after what could’ve been an hour. Nothing told the time. Their phones laid in their discarded clothes, too far for either to move for something as trivial as knowing the time. Days could have passed and she wouldn’t be any wiser.

“Worth it?” Alisa asked. She and Bianca laid together, on their side and back respectively. Cum saturated the bed and air, bullying all other aromas into submission. Alisa rested atop her wife’s breast, unable to reach the bed anymore.

“Oh god, yeah,” Bianca said.

Alisa had dulled their sensitivity and libidos. Much as she wanted to continue, even now her cock strained to awaken her arousal, they needed sleep. Her hand stroked the base of Bianca’s belly. It would take a hike to reach the peak.

“Mt. Bianca,” Alisa chuckled. Energy danced across her fingers once more, telling her the results of their plan, “Perfect.” She decreed, beaming at her lover. Almost two dozen eggs were attached to Bianca’s womb, promising that, in nine-months, she’d see the same belly again. She relayed the news to Bianca.

“Do you think we can handle it?” Bianca asked, gawking at her state.

“Yeah. Between my powers and your ‘you-ness’, we’ll manage,” Alisa said.

“But you said there’s at least twenty in there, right?”

“Do you want more?” Alisa leaned her head up, eyebrow arched and a hopeful grin twitching on her lips.

“We’ll be bankrupt with just this many,” Bianca reasoned.

“Stop stealing my role,” Alisa snickered, “Don’t worry about a thing, Anca.”

“How can’t I?”

“Because I’m going to make us rich. Everything I’ve read, everything I’ve *lived,* has told me that gypsies, at least those in my bloodline, stay in hiding to avoid being hunted or prosecuted. But no one believes in this stuff. People rationalise everything with technology now. Whatever I do, no matter how miraculous, they’ll think was through science. So, why hide?” Alisa explained.

“All I have to do is sell my curses or create things with them. I can even manipulate someone into giving us a store, rent free.”

“When’d you get so devious?” Bianca laughed.

“Since I got a bit of Karen in me. Now, hush,” Alisa pressed her lips to Bianca’s, “Mommies need their rest. As do daddies.”

“Okay,” Bianca yawned, as if her body realised how exhausted it truly was.

“I love you,” Alisa said and curled up with her wife, basking in her warmth.

“I love you too,” Bianca murmured. They shared a final grin as sleep claimed them.

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