She had no idea what to do. Alex wasn’t exactly a stranger to infatuation, she went through the usual mire of puberty as most girls and still had a few crushes near and dear to her heart. That didn’t come close to how aware she was of Lila at her side. Of the scent of her shampoo, the timbre of her voice as she talked about the various sights around them, and, especially, the sway of her hips. Did she always walk so erotically?

It was only thanks to Alex getting to see more of her dream college that she could even tear her eyes away. Of particular interest were the ovary buildings, named such for their locations. The campus was designed in the shape of a uterus, with the ovaries being designated purely for reproductive sciences. Alex’s speciality.

“They’re working on a way to create new ovaries for women that need them. The eggs grown will still have their DNA and everything. There’s even some rumours of being able to give someone multiples.”

“Multiple ovaries? So, like, double fertility?” Lila asked, dumbfounded.

“Well, maybe not exactly double,” Alex said, still gazing at the pristine structure. She couldn’t see through any of the windows with the sun bouncing off them, but her imagination easily filled it in for her. All the scientists working together to give women the greatest gift of motherhood. And beyond even that for those with more peculiar desires, “But it could certainly be a large boost. Could almost guarantee twins or more depending.” Alex felt a soft twinge in her belly when she mentioned that, but ignored it.

“Wow.”

She finally looked at Lila, whose face was lightly flushed. It could’ve been the sun, Alex thought, but she was fairly certain it had something to do with her words.

“It’s getting a bit hot, huh? Wanna go to a café for a drink?”

“Yeah. That sounds lovely,” Lila said, resuming her usually cool demeanour with a delightful smile. How did a simple expression like that make Alex’s heart beat faster? She almost forgot to walk when Lila started, jogging to catch up, breasts bouncing around in her shirt. The bra felt a bit tight. Might be that time of the month soon.

Or something more. Her hand wondered to her stomach once more, idling around her womb.

“Hungry? Don’t worry, I’ve heard this place has great sandwiches,” Lila assured her.

Alex almost said she wasn’t hungry, not for food anyway, but decided not to weird out her new friend, “Is that what made you apply here?”

“Totally. All the other places had mediocre sandwiches, so it was a no-brainer, right?” Lila chuckled, “That, and none of them would’ve had such a cool neighbour.”

“You can’t know that.”

“No. But call it a futa’s intuition.”

Alex didn’t know what to say to that. So Lila really did like her? In what way? The scene in the shower seemed pretty obvious, but then she knew about futanari and how powerful their urges were. It could’ve just been the shock of it too.

Asking would be best. Get it out of the way. But what if Lila wasn’t into her like that? Or worse, what if Lila was? This super cool girl - uh, futa - was like Alex’s dream date that she never knew she wanted. That was before Alex knew she had a huge, impossibly prolific penis. She would’ve gladly given her first lesbian experience over to Lila without a thought.

Alex had already masturbated to her too. If Lila liked her back, then what was there to stop them from going all the way? Were there even any condoms big enough for Lila? Alex didn’t think that would stop either of them really. Something told her seeing that naked dick again would be the end of her self-control. Possibly getting pregnant with a futa’s child on the first week of college… her family would be proud more than anything.

“This one good?” Lila asked.

Alex startled back to reality, suddenly feeling gravity push her hands away from her - tragically - small belly. They were at the café already? She’d been stuck in her own head for the entire walk. Oh god, Lila must think she was being so weird and awkward about the whole shower thing.

Or not. She looked calm and beautiful as ever, if a little bemused by something. Ah, right, she was waiting for Alex’s response. Where were they anyway? She finally looked away from the purple-haired goddess. They had arrived at a pretty standard café/diner, with a warm, inviting interior filled with cushy booths and emanating the cosy scent of coffee and baked delicacies. She hadn’t really thought about it, but Alex hadn’t eaten much of anything for breakfast. She’d been far too distracted.

“Yeah, looks good.”

“I think so too,” Lila said, not taking her eyes off Alex.

Suddenly, Alex’s clothes mattered a lot. She wasn’t dressed in anything fancy. The only difference to her usual attire was her skirt, which was purely out of necessity. Even that wasn’t anything special. Just a typical a-line that fluttered just above her knees. Maybe it was her shirt? It was tighter than usual, hugging her chest and leaving no illusion as to how endowed she was. Okay, yeah, that might be it. She didn’t pick it on purpose or anything, she just didn’t have anything looser and it was way too warm to wear a hoodie or sweater.

Maybe she should’ve bought some new tops. Then again, if Lila like it, then she supposed they were fine. Plus they added some much needed support to her bosom. Bras only did so much at this size and buoyancy.

Lila held the door open for her, head bowed slightly like a butler to their mistress.

“My, how chivalrous of you,” Alex chuckled and walked in. As she did, her attention moved to Lila’s incredible height, easily cresting the six-foot mark. Which meant the futa’s bowed head got an eyeful of Alex’s jiggling bust. The shirt didn’t offer much in the way of cleavage, but the way they bulged over the cups was pretty evident. She didn’t stop or make any effort to obscure it, letting Lila have her fill. Based on how the futa hesitated before following her in, she was certain it had been worth it.

Classes didn’t start for a few more days, so the café was mostly empty, allowing them a booth toward the back. Sunlight bathed Lila in its radiance, highlighting the glimmer of her contacts, looking like a break in a stormy sky. Alex was, again, struck by just how amazing this person was. How they’d ended friends in such a short time was beyond her. Lila just had this air of… not superiority or ambivalence, just… calm. Yet, like her eyes, there was a typhoon waiting. Alex could almost feel it on her skin as she looked at her.

They ordered and settled into a conversation. Mostly led by Lila. Alex found her mind drifting way too easily. Sometimes, it wondered back to the showers and a flash of heat would make her legs clench up. Others, she just found herself getting lost in Lila. Not her eyes, but all of her. Was that love? According to all romance novels and movies, it certainly seemed like it.

Alex sipped her iced coffee, casually running her eyes over Lila’s shoulders. Despite her height, she was quite slim, just broad enough to appear athletic. She had tan lines too from what Alex had seen. Her height and build aside, there were obvious paint stains across her shirt.

“Yeah,” Lila said when Alex asked, “I don’t know exactly what I want to do yet. Something creative for sure, just not entirely decided. Writing or painting.”

“Why not both?”

“I’m shit at splitting my time between things. It’s usually all or nothing. I’ll feel inspired and do nothing but write for a week, then I’ll do the same for painting or drawing.”

“Won’t that make assignments difficult?”

“Well, yeah, but I figure it’ll force me to make a choice, you know?” Lila said, taking a sip of her coffee.

“Fair. What’s your biggest muse then?”

“Aside from the one sitting across from me right now, you mean? Hmm, probably Motionless in White. Whenever they come out with a new single, I just feel like I have to do something, you know? What?”

Alex knew she was blushing. Her cheeks were equally hot as the furnace between her legs had been for pretty much this entire outing. She couldn’t get herself to stop gazing at Lila. There were confident flirts, like those weird guys that went around using pick-up lines on people way out of their league, but for someone to so casually drop such a charming statement, with all the ceremony of a comment on the weather… well, it did things for Alex, that’s for sure.

She gulped, trying to get her brain back into gear. There was something here. The mutual flirting wasn’t just slips of the tongue. It couldn’t be. Come on Alex, just ask it. Ask what?! She couldn’t just outright ask if Lila wanted to go out with her or something. She deserved a better confession than that, surely. Maybe try doing something with painting? Get some new paints with a note asking her to paint Alex… like one of her French girls. No! That was way too fucking cheesy.

Fortunately, Alex was saved by her body.

“Uh, I need the toilet. Be right back.”

“Yeah, sure.”

Alex didn’t look back until she was at the bathroom door. Lila was staring in her direction, then waved nonchalantly and returned to her drink, apparently unbothered that she’d been caught looking. Sat upon the toilet, Alex finished her business, grateful for the physical relief. Unfortunately, her mind didn’t benefit at all.

Nothing she thought of seemed good enough. Maybe her married sisters would have advice? It couldn’t really hurt, except for the relentless teasing she’d be subjected to. Alex played out the possible conversations in her head, only partly noting the stall to her left opening and closing. She idly glanced at it, then frowned at the weird black circle in the middle of the otherwise stainless birch wall. It was at a weird level too, almost to the point that she could kneel and be eye-level with it.

Like a gloryhole. She rolled her eyes at the thought. That was something found at gas stations or in strip clubs or something, right? No way would there be one at a café on such an upstanding campus as this.

Sighing, Alex dabbed at herself. It was almost forgettable when she was with Lila, but her pussy was still hugely engorged, easily bigger than her fist. She bit her lip to hold back the moans touching it brought, then took out her phone to get a proper look. In case it had grown or changed in other ways. When she got the camera leveled, her ears burned with the sound of rattling plastic. She turned and saw the black circle wriggling.

No way… she dropped her skirt and reached over, hooking her nails under it. The plastic gave easily and popped out, replaced by a rich, purple head that had to squeeze through the smooth hole. Someone had clearly put a lot of effort into making it. The edges were sanded to perfection and done with incredible precision at that, it truly looked like a perfect circle. Alex jerked away when the purple beast throbbed at her, apparently furious that she wasn’t paying attention to it.

She wasn’t trying to ignore it. She just… couldn’t believe this was really happening. When Alex got accepted, she figured she’d go to a few parties, meet some people and get to know someone first. Rather than be faced with a mammoth dick. At least it wasn’t a strangers.

Their meeting was brief, but impactful. She still felt the phantoms of its hot, sticky seed on her skin. Still tasted the salty brilliance just thinking about it. As if Lila wasn’t already amazing enough. Just looking at that thing was enough to sap the strength from Alex’s legs. That was why she fell to her knees. And, of course, she needed something to lean on, so she crawled over to the wall. It just coincidentally put her face to face with Lila’s cock.

Did she know it was Alex in there? Of course she did. No other stalls were in use when she came in, and Alex hadn’t come out before. This was entirely purposeful, right?

Flirting was one thing, sticking your cock in someone’s face was another. But, then again, Alex didn’t have much experience with this sort of thing. They didn’t cover this in any rom-coms or novels. Maybe the raunchier ones that she steered clear of, in case they gave her the wrong ideas and she ended up following in her families legacy earlier than most. That didn’t stop her from feeling the call in that moment, as she leaned closer and took a curious sniff. Somehow, Lila didn’t smell at all of her body wash. Instead, it was just the raw stench of cock.

Did she not clean her dick? Or was it just that potent?

Alex didn’t mind either way. Such a strong aroma was perfect for this monster. She hadn’t gotten a proper look at Lila’s balls before, but she imagined they were just as huge, easily the size of tennis balls and much, much denser. Raking her eyes across its shaft, she wasn’t sure how someone as effortlessly pretty and charming and gorgeous as Lila could possess such a beastly thing. So many veins weaved across the surface, all throbbing under Alex’s gaze. And all roads led to the peak.

She let out a sigh. It twitched in response to her breath, as if trying to reach her. Alex gulped, face hot as a similar sensation reached her lower body. She leaned in closer, its scent coiling around her head and pulling her in, until her nose was barely an inch away. She could stick her tongue out and touch it from there.

Is that what Lila was hoping for? She did come in here and decide to use a gloryhole, despite knowing Alex was the only other person in the bathroom. Then again, futanari were known for their sexual appetite, to the point that it was necessary for them to relieve themselves multiple times a day. Some were even considered disabled because they couldn’t go ten minutes without release.

The showers were little over an hour ago. So Lila might’ve just decided to try her luck with a random girl, rather than come here seeking Alex specifically. That made more sense. Probably. Well, that didn’t matter. Lila probably needed the help right now and Alex was the lucky girl who found herself in a position to do so.

“Your first time sucking dick. Can’t be that hard, right?” Alex muttered and shuffled to kneel before the behemoth member.

It looked even bigger staring down the length. And some of it was cut off by the hole. Alex gulped again, feeling the same flush in her privates as before. Truth be told, she was more than a little tempted to go all the way. Her huge pussy agreed as she unconsciously squeezed it with her thighs.

This wasn’t about her wants. She was doing this to help her first college friend and neighbour. She only had to look at the thing to know Lila was eager to cum, with its fat veins pulsating up and down its turgid length, and the fat crown that looked ready to pop. Alex steeled her nerves and reached up, unsure at first how to handle this thing. She supposed she had to use what little she knew and wrapped her hands around it.

A stifled gasp was her only warning before it leapt in her hands, almost escaping them. It pushed forward even further, grazing across Alex’s forehead and beyond. Her eyes crossed to look at it, watching the thick under-vein thump with raw power. This thing covered her whole face and still had length to spare.

Why did her mouth suddenly feel so empty? She licked her lips, worried they were dry, but found them damp with her drool. Oh crap, she was actually drooling all over herself. Alex didn’t wipe them though. She swallowed and leaned back, until the head slid over her face, coming to rest just before her parted lips. Breathing heavier, she opened her jaw wide as possible and pressed forward.

It wasn’t enough. Her lips ran across the tip, but quickly reached their limit before even taking a full inch. Was this her limit? Alex stared across the vast distance still before. A hint of a moan graced her ears though. This felt good? A throb went through the length in answer to her thought. If just this much was pleasurable, then taking more would be even better. That was how it worked, right? Then she couldn’t just let it end there.

Alex swirled her tongue around what little she could fit in her mouth, gathering the taste. Vaguely salty, a bit like sweat, but sweetened by Lila’s natural fragrance. Alex stroked with her arms as well, spanning as much as she comfortably could. Foreskin bunched up against her lips each time she did, basting them in Lila’s taste. Alex couldn’t rely on expressions or words to know if she was doing good, only listen for another heavenly moan. Fortunately, as she swiped her tongue across a slight divot, she got it. Even louder than the first one.

This was actually working. Ah, but she couldn’t get complacent. If - and only *if* - this became a regular thing between them, Alex couldn’t just rely on her tongue and hands. She needed to actually take this big, beautiful cock. Quelling any noise of discomfort, she forced her jaw to open even more as she pushed harder. If her teeth were unpleasant, Lila didn’t make it sound that way, even as they pushed over the precipice. Alex’s lips snapped shut around actual skin and her tongue was flattened by its sheer girth.

Barely three inches in and she was pushed to the brink. Her jaw cried out for a break, her tongue couldn’t move and she was huffing through her nose just to breathe. It felt so right though. She bobbed her head just a bit, teeth catching on the head, but she got that musical moan. Moving the little she could, Alex slid to and fro.

The fat veins throbbed against the floor and roof of her mouth. Lila’s head pulsed on her tongue, not demanding more, but its desire was clear. It was so powerful, Alex could all but hear it reverberate in her skull. Another moan stroked her arousal, supplanting the discomfort of her much too full mouth. That made it so much easier to build some kind of rhythm, enough for her to fit another inch.

Alex worked all that she could. Her tongue wriggled under the fat cock, lathering it in her spit so it could glide back and forth. Each time she pulled away was a little easier than the last, her jaw adjusting, the ache fading and replaced by a bubbling heat between her thighs. Soon enough, it wasn’t just Lila’s moans filling the bathroom.

Short thrusts met her own movements. Lila was really enjoying it then. Even though Alex still had so much to go. Almost a foot at least. She had to close that gap just a little more.

Breathing deep, Lila’s musk raising her motivation, Alex shoved herself forward. The massive head bashed her uvula, forced it flat. Her throat convulsed, but she kept the gag to a minimum and kept going. Until it really did pop right into her gullet. That was way too much and she jerked back, thick swathes of spit coming up as she cleared the head, coughing wetly. Despite the retching and feeling of filth as rungs of saliva hung off her lips, Alex was enamoured by Lila.

Just five inches, maybe a third of the futa’s length, shone with her effort. The head especially was covered in bubbly, gooey throat slime, its purple splendour visibly throbbing before her eyes. She licked her lips clean, tasting nothing but cock. Alex stroked along the lubricated part, breathing heavier at the wet noises her hands made.

Once her chest settled, Alex opened wide once more and took it back in. She stuck to the first four inches this time, finding it almost too easy as she bobbed her head. When she found her rhythm, and Lila’s moans were constant, she tried for the next inch again. She was ready for it this time. Alex waited with the head poised at her throat, breathing deep and quelling her nerves. It was strangely relaxing.

She summoned more spit as well, hoping more lube would make it easier. When it was all but bubbling over her stretched out lips, Alex pushed. At that exact moment, Lila’s entire shaft jerked and a wave of something hot, slimy and deliciously salty flooded Alex’s mouth. She moaned at the flavour of it, almost wishing she could stop so she could savour it fully, but she was already in motion. The head barged past her uvula, her throat convulsed, yet it kept going. Inch by inch, until she could not handle even a fraction more. Alex tried valiantly to hold it, but her instincts were too strong.

Alex wrenched free once more. It took much longer that time. The wide brim of Lila’s head scraped along her throat, pulling another gag before it came out with a pussy-tingling squelch. Alex didn’t pull far away, rasping wetly with the head an inch from her lips. Sloppy, bubbly ropes connected them, shaking with Alex’s breaths.

Looking across the shaft, she felt no small amount of pride at how much shone with her spit. She almost couldn’t believe she did that. It had to be seven, maybe even eight inches, and about half that had been in her throat. If only for a moment. Alex massaged her neck, marvelling at how it had fit such a huge girth. It was so fat, it had to make an incredible bulge. She had to know for sure.

Taking one hand, Alex wrapped it around her current record. It still amazed her how short her fingers came from meeting. She corralled her breath and nerves, then took the cock back in. It must’ve surprised Lila, because she jerked up and forward, burying five inches inside. The head nestled into the nook of Alex’s throat, just barely avoiding the full gag reflex. She held it there rather than start moving, letting her throat adjust and bask in the feeling of fullness.

The instant she felt herself relax, Alex shoved the next inch down. She nearly choked again, coughing lightly as she waited once more. Not for as long, her desires winning out. As it went deeper, she cupped her free hand around her neck, and gagged, forced to back off once more. It wasn’t too much for her. She just couldn’t keep it together when she felt the cock through her throat, its enormity throbbing against her hand. Alex stared at the behemoth, suddenly more aware of just how huge it really was.

And how badly her body wanted it.

Just gazing at it warmed her in ways she usually needed a lot of prep for. That was true for the entire time she’d known Lila, however her cock cranked that feeling to a thousand. The swelling of Alex’s pussy likely didn’t help. Even now, practically infatuated with cock, she felt how damp things were down there. When she shifted her thighs, there was a distinct squelching sensation. Not quite audible over her breathing, but still potent.

The cock throbbed hard, jerking high over her head, and Alex clenched in response. The most pathetic yelp escaped her, born from two points. Her thighs clenched together, squishing her fat pussy lips. They had swollen around her underwear, turning it into nothing more than a string. But that was just one part. The other came from her leaning forward, catching the falling prick on her face.

Its head rested heavily on her forehead, with the underbelly pulsing against her nose and lips. She unconsciously pressed her tongue flat against it, feeling a surge of movement, before a deluge of something hot poured over her head. Alex gasped loudly and nearly fell forward.

She almost came. Just by sucking Lila’s cock, she was on that brink. Alex shuddered and reached up to cradle the massive thing, rubbing it against her cheek. This wasn’t a dick. It was a divine monument of masculinity attached to the most cool and beautiful woman Alex had met. Her belly clenched as she inhaled its scent, made all the more potent by the slimy goo trailing down her face. She leaned back, pressing her crotch down, until the head was nestled against a cheek. Where it erupted again.

Alex couldn’t help but stuff it back into her mouth. The fluid came freely now, drowning her tongue, as she gurgled and swallowed what she could, drooling the excess onto her chin. It trailed down her neck, where she massaged it in. She could happily kneel there and suckle like this for hours. Though leaving the job half-done couldn’t be allowed.

Bobbing her head on a good five inches, Alex quickly worked her throat open yet again. This time, she worked her thighs in tandem to her head, chasing any discomfort with a wave of wanton pleasure as she slurped on seven whole inches. Her lips bumped into her fingers. Funny, she felt almost comfy like this. In that case…

She breathed through her nose, difficult as it was with her windpipe plugged so tight, and pushed. The eighth inch vanished, throat bulging lower as she claimed new territory. Then the ninth. Its throbbing strengthened, like it was trying to match the pounding of her heart as it sank toward her chest.

The tenth inch proved a struggle. Her position was just too awkward to get it to curve down her gullet much more. Still, Alex was pleased. She was so close, she could definitely take it all next time with just a little more practise and a better setting. Squeezing her thighs and hands, she slid back, moaning at the sensation of so much cock moving through her. It felt like it’d go all the way through her if she’d taken much more.

When it bumped her uvula, she gagged. Alex didn’t pull away though. She stroked her hands up, catching the burst of spit, then slid them down. While she couldn’t suck the whole thing, she could still give it some loving. With her throat slime as lube, she jerked the bottom few inches, while carving out her oesophagus with the rest. Doing so required her to lower her head and arch her back, which put pressure on her crotch. Pressure that pushed her ever closer to her own, hands-free release.

Lila moaned louder now, clearly enjoying her blowjob much more now. The sounds not only fuelled her movements, but also her burgeoning heat, pussy all but gushing on the floor. Alex moved as best she could despite the awkward position, pushing herself up and forward with her haunches. She still gagged every time, though that just made it better in her opinion.

When she descended, her pussy squashed against the linoleum floor through her skirt. There was definitely a huge wet patch there now. Alex didn’t think of that. Or how long they’d been in there. Someone must’ve come in and heard the noises they were making. Yet Alex made them louder, ears ringing with the sloppy slurps and squelches and Lila’s increasingly animalistic moans.

Against all odds, Alex even crammed yet another inch in. The hole was at just the wrong height though, so they couldn’t angle it any better. That was alright. Alex put a slight twist onto her movements, making sure every square inch of mouth felt Lila’s presence. As if she needed to.

“A-Alex!” Lila said, nearly surprising her enough to stop.

Alex didn’t though. She worked harder. If Lila really knew it was her doing this, then she needed to make a good impression. Prove that she could look after a futa’s needs. That she *wanted* to.

That seemed to signal Lila to let loose. Up to that point, she’d barely moved, only lightly thrusting, maybe adjusting her angle. Now, her cock slid back with Alex, and lunged forward to meet her. The walls rattled with the thrusts. Especially just below the hole.

Alex’s eyes nearly rolled as she imagined Lila’s balls filling up. Hanging lower and lower, until they were swinging under the stall. Blowing up with gallons of sperm-dense cum meant to breed her several times over. If even a drop of that stuff reached her womb, she’d be waddling around in under six months.

Several twinges in her belly put a stop to Alex’s movements. Her hips arched, mashing her oversized cunt into the floor as spasms rocked up and down her sex. Juices exploded from her, jetting out in time with Lila’s increasingly brutal thrusts. She stared at the hole, wide and teary-eyed, as cracks began spreading. If only Lila were pounding her pussy with that level of force. She’d be pregnant in no time. Big and round and waddling and leaking milk and so fucking horny.

More pangs struck Alex. Her orgasm renewed as Lila grunted like a wild beast, sounding as if she despised the wall for separating them. Her thrusts became shorter, no longer pulling out enough for Alex to breathe, until she was barely pulling an inch back. Then she stopped. Her huge prick jerked hard, pulsing harder as it burgeoned from base to peak.

Alex gagged again at the sudden boost in girth. Her eyes rolled at the lack of air, but came back down at the feeling a massive swelling at her lips. This was different. Lila’s orgasm wasn’t coming in ropes, it came in bundles of dense, rich ball-batter. Alex felt it stretch out her throat even further, undulating toward the end where it exploded right down her oesophagus. Just one was enough to fill her stomach to the point of sloshing.

A second had already pushed past her lips with the third coming hot on its heels. The fourth, fifth and so on weren’t any further behind. Alex gulped loudly, trying desperately to clear some room for air, but there was always more on the way. There was so much in the showers, yet that seemed small by comparison.

Alex was choking. Her stomach was so full, she didn’t know how its contents hadn’t come back up or pushed even deeper. And she was cumming so fucking hard. Not just one orgasm, or even two, but a third was already boiling over as her belly sloshed with the… tenth? No, the eleventh shot. They hadn’t dwindled at all either.

Twelve. Her belly was getting really full now. Thirteen. She felt it stretching her shirt out. Fourteen. Fifteen. Sixteen. They were coming faster now, overwhelming her as what little oxygen in her brain finally ran out.

Alex slumped, barely holding onto her consciousness as she was fed more and more of Lila’s jizz. She just about kept track until twenty, but they kept coming. Darkness encroached from the corners of her vision, not that she registered anything she was seeing anymore. She barely felt the stretching of her gut, the tightness of her shirt and the depraved, sultry heat between her legs. In that moment, she was little better than a sperm receptacle for Lila.

Until air finally made its way back to her. Alex gasped back to consciousness, coughing wetly as she finally got some much needed oxygen, finding herself staring at the monolithic beauty Lila possessed. And its still leaking head.

Seeing that, how could she not lean forward and open her mouth. The thick goo dibbled into her, sticking to her teeth and gums. It cut off after a moment, leaving her with a rich mouthful. She was reminded of taffy as she rolled it around with her tongue and bit into it. A powerful flavour too. There was a hint of bitterness, but more than anything it just tasted like… sex? Like if she were asked to explain the concept of sex as a flavour, then this might have been it.

“Ahhh, that was so good,” Lila sighed and pulled her softening cock back through, but was stopped by a firm hand, “Hey, uh, you really don’t need to do that. I’m good now. Promise. Oh, right.” She chuckled awkwardly when she found it mostly cleaned up. It had felt seriously wet earlier. Whoever it was on the other side seemed like a real pro.

It was really a miracle that they wandered into a café with futanari in mind. She’d wanted to keep things under control for this, but Alex was just too much. How did someone look so sexy without seeming to even try? Luckily, one of the staff noticed she was getting antsy and suggested this to her. If everyone sucked dick like that, then this college was easily the best choice she’d made in her whole life. Though, really, it could’ve been completely sexist against her and she’d be fine with that too. All because of Alex.

“Hey, uh, I know I got a bit rough back there so I’m gonna come help clean up, okay?”

A gurgle was all she got in reply. Wow, she must’ve made more of a mess than she thought. Lila shook her head at her softened member, tucking it back into her pants. It still made quite a bulge, but that was unavoidable for her. Some futanari didn’t have as much of problem, others couldn’t even really get dressed they were so big down there. She kind of envied both sides of the spectrum, but she was fine being closer to the middle.

She knocked on the stall, but only heard more gurgling, “You sure you don’t need help?” Another, even wetter gargle. Were they drowning? Oh shit, it had felt like she’d shot more than normal.

“Back up, I’m coming in!” Lila said and got some distance, then lunged forward with a kick that’d make her third-grade kung-fu teacher proud. The door slammed open and revealed a sight that had Lila’s pants straining for dear life. It wasn’t that cute staff lady she saw before.

Waving weakly, like the shy girl in class seeing her crush, was Alex. Face slathered in a mix of fluids, shirt stained in the same mixture, eyes wide and bloodshot, with her lips pursed tightly. Even more incredible, was her belly. It stuck out like an exercise ball, easily big enough to match a pregnant woman. The shirt had rolled up with it, leaving every inch of its creamy expanse on display for Lila to see.

“A-Alex?”

The noirette gave a thumbs up.

“I’m so sorry! I thought it was someone else in here. Oh gosh, I should’ve checked first.”

Alex shook her head and stood up with some difficulty. She wobbled drunkenly on her feet for a moment, no doubt unused to the sudden weight in her middle, but stablised on a wall. Then, with Lila’s attention on her messy face, she took a deep breath and opened wide.

“Oh my god,” Lila whispered, prick flexing so hard she thought it was another erection already.

In Alex’s mouth, nearly overflowing, was a pool of white. Not just any white though. Lila recognised the subtle, yellowish tone and consistency. It was something she’d dealt with for years now. But never had she seen it in someone’s mouth, let alone someone swishing it around and *savouring* it. Eventually, Alex closed her mouth and gulped. She had to swallow several times to get the whole load down. Even then, when she opened again, there were still stalactites hanging between her teeth.

“Thanks for lunch,” Alex said with a cheeky grin as she rubbed her faux-fecundity.

Lila wasn’t sure if she wanted to laugh, groan, collapse or drop her pants and fuck her into a human puddle. Instead, she stood there, paralysed save for her pulsating groin.

“You… you’re welcome.”