Ashley howled and pulled her girlfriends closer, their heads all but vanishing into her bosom, cocks unloading down their throats. At the same time, they played with her main cock, fingers deep in the hole, before ripping them out to make way. Gallons of the stuff burst free and into the custom made tanker. It had the force of a fire hose. No other sound could be heard over the impact on the cum she’d already shot out.

That was just from her balls. Everything else in her breasts went straight into Mary and Dakota, the pair gulping loudly, throats working over the shafts that inflated their stomachs with the days breakfast. And lunch. And dinner. Possibly even tomorrows.

“Feel better?” Dakota asked, looking up with the fat cock hanging overhead, cum and spittle dripping onto her smiling face.

“Much better, babe,” Ashley said and caressed her. Things were so much better now. In one set of memories, she was always this way, though her polyamorous relationship only began after Carmen gave her the push. Much preferable to before. Even now, she grimaced at the thought of being Gretchen’s lapdog. Of the things she helped do against Carmen.

Mary licked along the slowly softening nipple. It retreated away into her breast, waiting for when it’d be called on again. Looking at the time, it wouldn’t be that long. Almost time for school.

“This place is the best,” the pig-tailed futa said as they strolled onto campus. Occasional passers-by looked through the gate - finally replaced - and either sneered in disgust, or bit their lips in barely disguised want. The reasons were obvious and never more than a glance away.

Along the path leading to the main building, couples either laid on the grass fucking each other’s brains out, or tried to walk forward even as one was stretched out by several feet of dick. Those were just the ‘normal’ futanari. Plenty of others littered around. One with multiplied, well, everything had a whole orgy around them, two heads sucking on a monolithic member and four hands tending to a bunch of phallic tendrils. Over by the stairs, a centaur had four dicks plugged by other cocks, all clearly stretching the tubes.

Then there was the star attraction. Leaning against a wall stood a tower of femininity, juxtaposed by no less than three enormous, inhuman, gorgeous cocks all an inky black. Save for the middle. Even next to the others, it was dark. The only reason Ashley could make out its veins was the sunlight reflecting off all the saliva multiple futanari applied to it. Several others were at her sides, taking turns with the other shafts. More hugged her sides as they gladly smothered themselves in her four tits.

Someone must’ve said something, because the epitome of mostly humankind soon changed. A muzzle formed, the cocks all grew even larger, giant bulbs forming toward the bases, while stunning white and blue fur sprouted all over. The futanari on her cocks gagged as it grew too much for them. A genuine howl signalled her eruption.

Just seconds attached to any cock was enough to turn any of them into a sphere of cum. Ashley had to save up all day to have that kind of output, while Carmen casually dumped it into anyone willing. And *everyone* was very willing.

Where Gretchen had ruled through fear and manipulation, Carmen simply ruled. It was the difference between a queen by natural right, and one that only played the part. Worshippers thoroughly bloated, the staggering futa sauntered away, still in her wolf state. Ashley didn’t have to look to know Dakota and Mary also watched the sway of her hips, swinging her balls around so elegantly. No normal person could walk with testicles that huge.

“I never get tired of this,” Mary said and embraced their personal queen when she was in range.

“Hey guys,” Carmen chuckled as Dakota joined in, nuzzling deep into her fluffy bosom. Ashley soon followed, incapable of ignoring the urge, “You know, if I didn’t know better, I’d think you got off on me being all big and furry.”

“It’s definitely a plus,” Dakota said, “Doesn’t hurt that you’re the hottest girl… futa… everything on the planet.”

“Try the universe,” Rachel cooed when she waddled up to them. She was getting huge around the middle, enough that even her breasts couldn’t obscure her tummy. The stout beauty noticed Ashley staring and rubbed at her belly, “Always growing. Definitely some little Carmen babies in there.”

Ashley glanced to Carmen, looking for her reaction to that, but found her muzzle just lifted in a grin. The others all rubbed their own bellies, still full from that mornings cum. But there was something else. Lower down, a roundness in their abdomen, sticking out just enough to be noticed. Ashley was no different. Yeah, that wasn’t a surprise. Just looking at Carmen’s nuts felt like it would impregnate her.

“And still so much time to go,” the wolf said, kissing Rachel deep as she reverted back to a human form.

“Hey… if you breed someone when you’re wolfed out, would the babies look like you now, or like you when you’re, you know?” Mary asked.

“Not sure. That’s something only time could tell. But, if you’re offering to help me find out, then I’m game.”

“I think we’re all offering,” Dakota said.

“Actually, there is a way she could find out much faster,” Ashley said and nodded to the gate, where the biggest gut on campus waddled into view. Two massive breasts framed it, as did a set of double-door breaking hips. They were barely contained in her top and shorts, which acted as little more than a bikini at her size. Just a shame they were attached to… *her*.

“No, not yet. I want her to beg for it. She needs to admit she lost.”

“She lost the second she tried anything,” Rachel chuckled.

“You know that, we know that, but between us she’s pretty dumb, so…” Mary shrugged and got a laugh.

“To tell the truth,” Carmen said as they headed into the building, before Gretchen inevitably blocked the hallway, “I just want her to suffer.”

They heard the stomping well ahead of time. Panting soon followed. Then the moaning.

“Carmen!”

She smirked, “You guys go ahead. I hear Ms. Harris has something special planned today.” Ashley walked with them, though they quickly vetoed the original plan, instead hiding around a corner to see what took place.

Gretchen waddled into reach. Rather, her belly did. She remained a good two or three feet away from Carmen, who just stood there, hips notched expectantly. Fuck, if an ass could be literal perfection, then that was it. Just staring at those cheeks made Ashley crave another round with her girlfriends.

“What did you… can’t you get fucking dressed, you whore?”

“Hmm?” Carmen seemed genuinely surprised when she looked down at herself, “Oh, guess I forgot about those. Well, nothing fits right anymore. You can sympathise, can’t you?”

“Ugh,” Gretchen rolled her eyes. Despite her overt disgust, it was clear her heart wasn’t in it, distracted by multiple somethings, “Whatever! Just… undo whatever the fuck you did!”

“You’ll have to be more specific.”

“The…” Gretchen said something else, but it was lost to Ashley. Thankfully, they had Dakota’s hearing.

“She’s finally grown a dick of her own,” the dog-futa said.

“Belly must be hiding it,” Mary muttered.

“Oh that. You misunderstand,” Carmen laughed. The melody moved through them, Ashley’s nipples poking out in response. Whether or not it was because of that magic book like Carmen claimed, the fact she could laugh and turn them on so bad was incredible. It sometimes boggled her mind to think how sexy someone had to be for that.

“The fuck do you mean?”

“God, your grammar sucks. It means I didn’t explicitly give you one.”

“Explain.”

“I think you know the reason. But here’s a hint; I think Ms. Harris needs some assistance with this morning’s class. We’re all gonna be there. Aren’t we?” Carmen turned around and looked them in the eye.

“Busted,” Rachel giggled and waved goodbye. They headed off to the class, much more interested now that they knew Gretchen was involved. ‘Classes’ were a loose concept in modern Saint Puella.

They still learned necessary skills, got homework, assignments, tests and so on. It all came packaged with some of the best sex normal people couldn’t fathom. It was amazing how a palpable incentive improved moral and grades. With the changes to history, Saint Puella was among the best schools in the nation. Albeit with a unique qualification for entry. Luckily, Carmen was more than willing to provide it.

Ashley didn’t excel in academics, nor did she fall far behind. She stayed in the middle of the pack. Even now, she didn’t stand out much, except when it came to extra credit. It was amazing how many of the teachers, all futanari, loved a dominant student that could put them in their place. No wonder Gretchen had the entire faculty under her thumb.

The classroom, like most of the school by then, reeked of cum. Ashley took a deep breath, savouring it and the knowledge that it’d only get more pungent after they were through. Everyone took their seats, many with special accommodations, her among them, since their bodies were so erotically gigantic. Ashley squirmed back against the cock poking her from behind and looked to find Zoey already prepared for class.

“How are your pets?” Ashley asked, with a knowing smile.

“Nice and full,” the horse-futa said, “Looks like you emptied this morning.”

“Yeah, ran out of oil so I couldn’t get through my bedroom door. I really need to talk to Carmen about maybe altering my life, give me some extra-wide doors.”

“Same,” Zoey sighed, leaning against the inadequate chair back. It didn’t even reach her shoulder blades. Likewise, Ashley’s didn’t have a hope against her butt, nearly getting swallowed in the soft cheeks, “Still, now that Ms. Blake is one of us, maybe this place will finally get up to code?”

“We can only hope.”

“Alright, quiet down. We have a lot of work today,” Ms. Harris said and sauntered in. Once a frail old woman that should’ve left teaching decades ago, now stood a stunning young futa, blouse straining around her cock that was held up by her unnatural tits, each one filled with enough saline for a dozen implants up to D cups. By all appearances, she wasn’t a teacher anymore, rather a bimbo masquerading as one. Carmen left her mind intact though. Few people were better off as air-heads.

“I have a special guest helping today. You are all familiar with our sexy principals daughter, I presume?” She even had the vocal fry of a valley girl, “Well, Gretchen has courteously agreed to a little extra credit, seeing as she can’t get it the normal way. Gretchen, would you mind?”

And in waddled the former queen bee. Her tanned cheeks were the darkest shade of red, hair falling over her eyes like she couldn’t bare to look at her erect audience, while her shirt was already damp with sweat. No matter how well she hid it, the girl obviously looked forward to her role in this. Ashley could already guess it, based on their usual curriculum, though what Carmen said before had her intrigued.

“I trust you all remember last week’s test?” A chorus of giggling confirmed they did, “Well, the highest scorers will be greatly rewarded by Gretchen here. But! There’s a chance for everyone.” Ms. Harris went around handing out sheets, except for Carmen, Dakota and a couple others. Ashley pouted at hers.

She shouldn’t have emptied herself last week. Inflating Ms. Harris to the size of a blimp would’ve definitely tipped her score into the top percentage. Still, watching the others have their way with Gretchen would be a perfect incentive. Especially Carmen.

“Actually, Ms. Harris, I have a meeting with Chelsea and a few others,” Carmen said.

“Oh.” There was no hiding the wave of disappoint that swept across the room.

“Perverts,” the Amazon chided them, “Don’t worry. It’s an actual meeting. Come lunchtime, I’ll gladly feed each and everyone of you a gallon of my seed. On the condition that you do well here, of course. Both in the test and the *extra credit.*” She looked at Gretchen when she said it, the pregnant futa gulping loudly as she scanned the room, seeing intent eyes fixed on her.

“You heard her. Take your time with the answers, then pump this breeder bitch so full she fills the room.”

“Yes, Ma’am!”

Ashley licked her lips. Sure, she and her friends all got regular attention from Carmen, but there was no way she wouldn’t go all out if they did well. Mary looked at her, as did Zoey, all sharing the same thought. Rachel didn’t seem interested, then again she got to ride Carmen every day and night. Several times.

They just had to do better than the others. Dakota, meanwhile, smiled sweetly at them on her way to the front, along with a couple otherwise normal futanari. They watched Carmen leave, still naked, before turning their full attention on the matter at hand. Gretchen didn’t move from where she stood, not until Ms. Harris clapped a hand against one of her fat cheeks, the smack echoing for several seconds.

“Ready, Gretchen?”

She only nodded and climbed onto the desk. It was already cleared of clutter, allowing her to lay down and scoot further up so her head hung over the side. Dakota gestured for the others to go first, their skirts fell as their erections rose, while Gretchen glared and opened her mouth. So that was Carmen’s plan? Kind of boring.

Until Ashley’s phone pinged at her. She pulled it from between her breasts, forever thankful that she had a natural place for it, since she was too thick for pockets to be of use, and checked the message.

*She needs to drink cum or her cock grows. But the more she drinks, the more she’ll need later on. So, feel free to stuff her until you can’t give anymore. She’ll be* fine*.*

Well then, that made things way more interesting. Ashley looked to her friends, seeing they’d had the same message. This wasn’t about doing well on a test, or simply getting a chance to fuck Gretchen’s filthy mouth, but to make her suffer even more. Although, an oversized cock would complete the look of excess.

“Ready?” Ms. Harris asked. The first futa in line levelled her dick with Gretchen’s mouth, everyone raised their pencils, and waited for the signal. Their bimbo of a teacher grinned at them all, licked her lips as a distinct throb tested her top, “Begin!”

There was no gunshot or cheer. Only scratching of lead on paper and the impressively loud \*glurk\* from Gretchen as her throat bulged. Tina, the futa now hilted inside her, wasn’t anything special. Just two-feet of dick plunged into the willing, if resentful cocksleeve, but she made it seem like Carmen was the one fucking her face. Now wasn’t the time to focus on them.

If she wanted a chance to truly carve out Gretchen’s throat, then she needed to ace this.

Not an easy feat. For all she lacked in size, Tina made up for in ferocity. The slap of her balls on Gretchen’s forehead got louder and wetter, drool cascading over the blonde’s face. Ashley bit her lip, shirt tenting slightly, while her pants struggled harder. She wasn’t the only one struggling, as Zoey’s flared rim twitched against her ass, spilling pre all over it. It made a pleasant squelching whenever she adjusted her posture.

It wasn’t getting any easier either. Just when Ashley thought she’d pushed those distractions aside, Tina had to cum. The whole class looked up at that, all sporting throbbing erections, as Tina’s volleyball nuts clenched hard, dumping a fat load straight into the waiting gut. It didn’t show much with Gretchen’s pregnancy, however it was far from over. The sack fell, shuddered, then shot up with a visceral smack against Tina’s pussy. Ashley sucked on her lip, knowing just how good that felt.

Ms. Harris guided the student away when she tried going for a second round. Oh lord, her shirt clung to her body like glue. Probably because there was something akin to glue sticking it down. Everyone could see her nipples as clear as day. Then it was Greta’s turn.

“Oh no, don’t touch me with that… *thing*,” Gretchen shook her head, despite a hand pinching her nipple and spraying milk through her barely there shirt. Her eyes followed the unusual cock as it swelled.

“My thing?” Greta asked, running a finger along her three-feet of dragon dick. That’s what Carmen said it was anyway, and it looked that way. Not like she had anyway of knowing for sure. But the way it arched, with a unique sections like armoured plates, all flaring out slightly. Ashley knew for a fact it felt amazing when it snagged on her walls as she pulled out.

“Oh, this thing,” Greta smirked and pushed the pulsating, red shaft down. She angled her hips away such that its tapered peak met Gretchen’s lips. Nestled among the spongy flesh was a thick ring, from which a steady flow of semen oozed out. Unlike most futanari, she didn’t have pre-cum. Just pure jizz. It was perhaps a little watery compared to some, however the amount compensated greatly.

It poured over Gretchen’s face and into her mouth. Even from halfway back in the class, Ashley saw her pupils dilate. Best part of Greta’s gifts was the addictive taste. Like a drug. No, even better. Gretchen had tried plenty of them before, none gave her that look before. Nor could they shut her up.

“Focus on your tests,” Ms. Harris reminded them, “If you don’t then our dear cumdump might not get filled up.” Her eyes lingered on Ashley, Mary and Zoey, the three best performers in that regard.

Greta chose not to make it any simpler. Every segment of her cock that slid in and out of Gretchen’s throat was accompanied by a wet, heavy gag. It only got louder too as more and more of her cum overflowed from the cock-hole. Ashley glanced to Dakota, her other girlfriend seemed focused on staying calm. Like she wanted a build-up to her turn.

She caught Ashley’s eyes and mouthed, “Focus.”

Well, she wasn’t the one trying to take a test with three raging erections - and no small amount of leakage. And she knew it too. Dakota poked out her tongue, a mocking grin on her cute face. Ashley thinned her eyes and silently promised they’d have ‘words’ about this. It gave no small amount of joy to see her girlfriend’s cocks stiffen inside her pants.

“Oh, your insides are so cool on my dick,” Greta said, loud enough for all the class to hear, “Tina’s cum feels good too, all thick and creamy, like I’m fucking a second hole inside you. It’s mixing with my seed too, warming up nicely. And look at your belly bouncing around! It’s so fucking hot.”

Gretchen moaned and retched in response. A few people giggled at that. Even if their memories of the bitch weren’t the same, part of them delighted in seeing her reduced to a mewling cock-slut. Mostly they just masturbated to it, already certain they wouldn’t pass the test by then. Ashley wasn’t so pessimistic.

“You’re pretty good at this,” the dragon-dicked girl moaned. It wasn’t obvious from there, but Ashley was certain Gretchen was a very active participant, working her gullet hard and even squeezing her massive boobs together around Greta’s bulge, “Fuck, I’m gonna cum already. I knew I should’ve fucked someone this morning. Well, you’re hungry for it too, I bet. Aren’t you slut?”

Ashley grit her teeth in an effort not to look up. It didn’t stop her glimpsing it in her periphery, or filling in the blanks using all the sounds. When Greta came, she came hard. The splash of her seed hitting Tina’s was loud enough to echo off the walls. Not only that, but the pace of it forced Gretchen to expand rapidly, skin creaking from the strain of its inflation. She couldn’t take it anymore and looked up, cocks all throbbing when she saw that bitch’s gut bloating up to match her womb.

“That was good. Bet your pussy’s even better. Hey, when you drop this litter, hit me up. Dakota, you’re up.”

“Finally,” the dog-futa stretched, accentuating just how massive her assets were, especially her loins. Balls the size of literal boulders pushed against their bonds, a custom set of underwear Carmen had designed to holster them. They functioned more as a bikini than anything, covering very little while keeping things at least somewhat supported. It all got overshadowed by the rising of her cocks.

All eyes were on her as they got free of their cage and shamed the prior futanari. Their members put together only equalled one of Dakota’s and only Greta’s even came close to how raw, yummy and sexy they looked. A luscious ruby tone with even darker veins creeping along it, the skin taut, but also bumpy, designed to scrape along someone’s insides and pull out the most pleasure possible. At their peak? A pointed crown that almost immediately broadened out to stretch whoever got lucky with it.

“I think that’s enough,” Ms. Harris said, drawing a bunch of groans, “Don’t give me that. We all know this is about to get very interesting. No one’s gonna be able focus. Least of all me.” She unbuttoned her shirt, letting her own member fall free, dense ropes of cum bridging it and her big, fake spheres, “Ashley, Mary, Zoey, you guys lasted the longest, so get up there and let’s see all those juicy cocks in action. Luckily for the rest of you, I have a makeup exam ready for you.”

As she said that, Ms. Harris shed her pencil skirt and bent over the nearest desk. No one needed being told twice. Before Ashley even left her seat, a futanari was behind the would-be educator, while another had ducked under the desk to suck on her dick.

“Hello, lover,” Ashley said and pecked Dakota on the lips, “That teasing earlier… I really didn’t appreciate it.”

“That’s the point. The more I rile you up, the harder you fuck me.”

“Is that how it works?” Mary asked, decidedly plopping her ass onto Gretchen’s red, slimy face, “Ooh, Greta’s cum really works, huh? She’s trying to eat me out already.”

“It’ll wear off,” Dakota sighed, “A shame. She looks way happier like this.”

“Yeah, a shame,” Zoey said, “You guys go first. I want her lucid when it’s my turn.”

“If we don’t break her first,” Ashley chuckled and looked between their lower bodies, each of them packing far more than any person needed, “So, who gets first dibs?”

“Well, I was already up here.”

Ashley pouted, but shrugged, “That’s fair. Although, we’ve only got so much time left. And I know you’re not a quick shot.”

“Someone’s got a plan,” Mary said, pressing their busts together.

“Carmen said to fill her up, right? We all know the best way to get my juices flowing. And it’s like you said, babe,” she yanked Dakota into a passionate kiss, “The more riled up I get, the harder I fuck.” The dog-girl yipped at a sharp smack on her butt, then moaned at a pinch on her nipple from Mary, before turning around to aim her cocks. It seemed impossible for Gretchen to handle one.

Then again, Carmen had made redefined ‘impossible’.

Ashley pushed down her shorts to let her sweaty dick jerk free. She grabbed it just as Dakota pressed the first tip into Gretchen’s mouth, the rest of her shaft flattening her nose. Just the smell of it alone got the blonde bitch extra horny, its stench coming in fast and strong. A synchronous moan ran through the class as everyone’s cock reacted to it.

It was enough for Dakota to take the plunge. Only one dick entered, the other sliding past Gretchen’s face, following the massive bulge into the chest and beyond. It vanished into her enormous belly halfway through, but the futa kept pushing, eliciting sticky gagging every few inches. Gretchen didn’t remain idle, hands groping the enormous testicles resting against her face, blotting out all else.

“If you’re not gonna use the second one on her, then how about me?” Mary asked and climbed onto the desk, already nude, propping herself up against their blonde cocksleeve’s giant belly. She didn’t ask for any confirmation and slid her pussy down the untended shaft, letting out a long moan as it stretched her wide.

“I love you,” Dakota moaned, then gasped as she sank the rest of her girl-dicks into the former queen bees of the school, while her own snatch was opened wide, a bulge appearing in her abdomen. Ashley reached around to hug her bottom row of tits, using them to pull herself even deeper. Another pair of shafts slid under her underarms.

“Your pussy is so fucking good,” Ashley breathed into her ear, crotch already pressing into her ass, with a good couple feet still to go.

“I love you too,” Dakota panted, turning her head to kiss the curvier futa, “Nothing beats this feeling.”

“Agreed. Now rock those hips, bitch.”

“Yes!”

Dakota got to work right away, sawing to and fro with all the power she could muster. The smack of her ass on Ashley’s crotch overshadowed even the clapping of Ms. Harris’s cheeks. Mary moaned loud for them, doing her best to make Dakota feel even better, all while her tentacles got into the action. They coiled around Gretchen’s tits and squeezed, with more going to her lovers.

Soon, their hips were held in a harness of cock-flesh. Ashley and Dakota moaned into each other’s mouths, hands finding and squeezing whatever they could reach, while their asses were penetrated. Each thrust of Mary’s tendrils worked with their own hips.

“To hell with waiting,” Zoey eventually groaned, “You good, Ashley?”

“Give it to me,” the plump futa groaned, only to freeze in place when her folds were spread apart by the she-stallion. It didn’t matter what she did to it, the sensation of being split open by horse cock bigger than she was tall was unbelievable. Add on how the veins throbbing was so strong it drowned out her own heartbeat, and the flared glans tugged on her insides when Zoey pulled away, made it irresistible. Then there was how Mary’s tentacle-cock thrashed her asshole and made her pussy feel tighter around the bigger phallus.

It was like being enveloped in a hug, but in reverse. Or something. She and the others had tried describing the feeling to each other several times before, yet none of them could quite get it. Mary said it reminded her of being high, that feeling of her body no longer being entirely her own. Dakota described it as getting completely overwhelmed by something so much stronger.

Semantics.

The core of the matter was it felt fucking amazing!

Such that it didn’t take long for Dakota to blow. She whimpered into Ashley’s lips, desperate to hold it in, only to cave when her nipples were pinched. Mary bucked down hard, cumming as well, even when she focused on Gretchen’s belly. Semen rushed down her gullet, following the canine she-dick, as it joined the other two loads and inflated the stomach until it finally took centre stage. At the same time, Mary’s own womb expanded. Like a lurid competition.

Zoey humped faster, taking glee in the sight. Ashley jerked her nipples, desperate for that release as well, even if it was impossible. Only her main cock exploded, coaxed into it by the spasming walls, dumping several gallons right into the dog-futa’s uterus.

“I love that feeling,” Dakota moaned, “Your cum is filling me up. Inflating my belly. Ooh, if Carmen didn’t already knock me up, I’d be so fucking pregnant with your babies. Yes, fill me, stretch me out, make my womb your cumdump!”

“Me too,” Ashley said, only for her voice to get stifled by a rough hand over her mouth. Zoey pulled her head back, forcing her to arch her hips into the taller futa, while pounding even harder. Anyone could tell what was coming next.

They separated after a few minutes longer. Cum drained from them all and joined on the ground, spreading over the floor, reaching the orgy now taking place with Ms. Harris at its centre. The bimbo was covered head to toe in cum. Every thrust of her hips or another's sent drops flying in every direction, ropes of it hung from her face as another load was shot into her.

“You mind if I join in?” Dakota asked, looking to Ashley.

“Not a chance,” the triple-dicked futa said and kissed her deep, making sure to leave her lips slightly swollen, “I need you to make sure I keep cumming. You don’t get to do anything else until I say. Got it?”

“Yes, ma’am!” Her tail whipped about, a gorgeous smile on her face.

“God, you’re so smart, and still you give me control.”

“You deserve it. We were bitches to you before. And it suits you,” Mary said, squatting low to kiss her on her now popped-out belly button.

“Just don’t get any ideas about ordering me around,” Zoey chuckled and pulled her head back into a deep kissing, using her much larger tongue to utterly overwhelm Ashley’s.

“Wouldn’t dream of it,” she said into those large lips, “It’s pretty weird kissing you with a horse face. Can’t you turn back when you want?”

“I feel comfortable like this. Maybe it’s Carmen’s book thing, but I get the feeling this is what I should’ve been. Maybe I am in some other universe?”

“Oh man, imagine if all the other versions of ourselves could meet up?” Mary asked, sucking on her bottom lip, “Just think how hot it’d be to get fucked by a dozen of Carmen.”

They all moaned at the thought. As did an unwelcome voice. Gretchen lifted her head and wiped at the mix of spit and cum on her face, though it was too viscous for a quick wipe. Still, she freed up an eye. It, naturally, glared at them.

“You’re not fooling anyone,” Ashley said and palmed her much enlarged balls. A single orgasm like that only increased the combined load. Her breasts, too, had expanded with all the unspent jizz, “You’re hungry for more, aren’t you?”

“Yeah, right,” Gretchen gurgled, then hacked up a glob of near-solid cum. She looked at the orgy taking place, “Ugh, gross. I’m getting the fuck out of here.”

Zoey stepped in and pushed her shoulders back down, “Not happening. You’re our volunteer and class isn’t over yet.”

“You can’t… can’t… whoa…” Gretchen’s eyelids fluttered as her nose flared, catching the stench coming off Zoey’s member. A mix of its naturally potent musk and Ashley’s pussy.

“There, that’ll keep her docile for a bit. So,” Zoey leaned back, dragging her member across the blonde’s lips and nose, “You want me to go first?”

“Yeah. We’re gonna brew up something special for her.”

Ashley jerked when a powerful hand smacked her ass, flesh rippling. She turned around to see Zoey, cock dripping with spittle, and Gretchen stuttering with a cum gut triple its former size.

“My turn?”

“Yup. Need a hand?” Zoey asked.

“Definitely. We might’ve gone overboard.”

“Might’ve? I don’t know if Carmen herself could’ve done much better than this,” Mary said and laid a wet smooch right on Ashley’s beanbag sized breast. It wobbled underneath her, its entire mass created from nothing but cum.

“Wonder if we worked together, we could maybe outdo her?” Dakota asked, grinding her cocks into the crevice between Ashley’s ten-foot wide testes.

“I’d be down to try helping with that,” Rachel said, sauntering over. Like Ms. Harris, she was drenched in semen. The difference was she could move, “Though I don’t think we have a chance.”

“What makes you say that?” Ashley grunted as she was helped to her feet. It was a good thing Carmen had buffed her muscles. Each of her breasts had to weigh close to an actual ton, filled with nothing but semen.

“Well,” Rachel ran a hand over her breast, gathering up a mouthful of cum to slurp, “I’ve seen her when she tries. Let’s leave it at that.”

“She hasn’t been trying?” Mary asked, “Whoa. Just to check, we’re all in agreement that, next time we’re all together, she’s gonna work for it, right?” Everyone nodded, “Good.”

This really was the best life she could hope to have. Friends that cared, lovers even, and about to have the biggest orgasm in months. Gretchen sputtered when her cock slid into place, balls trembling with a sudden burst of cum, only for a dozen times that amount to replace it. An ear-tingling splash was heard from inside the blonde.

“Positions everyone,” Ashley said, voice trailing into a trilling moan as several tentacles spiralled around her tits, squeezing rhythmically, with another set that plunged deep into her lower holes. Mary sat astride Gretchen’s tits, making sure she could kiss the pent-up futa and suck her tongue. Her other girlfriend bent over and slammed her pussy down on a nipple.

That just left one.

“Please, Zoey?” Ashley groaned. The bigger her body got, the more sensitive. Without movement, she was on the verge. That wasn’t bad in itself, however class had already ended. If Gretchen realised that, then she’d have actual grounds for leaving, enough that Ms. Harris couldn’t stop her.

“Since you asked nicely,” the towering equine said and bent low, ass jutting behind her by a good two feet. She pulled a cheek to the side, revealing a huge doughnut shaped hole that quickly spread open as she backed up. So squishy, Ashley thought as the velvet walls fluttered around her. For someone that huge, she was incredibly tight.

“This won’t take long,” Ashley groaned into her tentacled lover’s mouth, “Fuck, you guys all feel amazing. Even Gretchen.”

Mary’s many cocks squeezed harder in response. They undulated around her tits, milking them into the others, who rocked faster. Kegels worked overtime, juices squelched and splashed all over, while Ashley struggled not to cum right away. She didn’t want this to be over *too* fast.

That want didn’t matter much. It helped her last maybe a second longer, before her tits and balls shook violently, cum bubbling to the surface and thickening for the grand finale. Ashley tugged her blonde lover in tight, panting into her mouth, while urging those tendrils to carve out her ass and pussy. Then it reached that blinding peak.

Nothing, even sex with Carmen on a normal day, reached the same height. Her body didn’t take its time unloading everything, it unleashed all she had in one violent expulsion. Desks shook with the force of her balls vibrating on the floor, enticing the already spent students to look their way. Just in time for Rachel to come up behind Ashley and impale her ass on both dicks. The ball-quake turned into a cataclysmic event.

“Too much… it’s too much!” Ashley whimpered as her jizz shot out with all the power of the military. Her urethras all yawned wide, gaping as wide as the holes they were stuffing, feeling as if they’d never recover from it. Maybe she didn’t want them to? It was impossible to think. All she had was the ecstasy of release.

That and the bleary vision of Gretchen’s stomach getting bigger and bigger. It poured over the desk, gravity more than just her cum could fight, even as the peak ascended toward the ceiling. Cum sloshed within as she kept unloading. Zoey and Dakota both trailed behind, even as their own bellies rapidly surpassed even the largest beanbag chairs, their own members pumping onto the floor.

“Fuck, are you always this tight when you cum?” Rachel asked.

“She is,” Dakota answered.

The flow didn’t slow by even a drop. Minutes ticked by. More students came along for their own class, only to find the door mostly blocked off by a gigantic, gurgling stomach that kept growing. Rather than be perturbed by it, they did as any other would do; masturbated to it. Jizz splashed onto the enormous mass and added to the pool leaking into the hall.

And it wouldn’t stop there.

“Hey, you good?” Dakota asked.

“Huh?” Ashley rubbed her eyes. She must’ve passed out again. That happened when she got too pent up. The orgasm just went on too long, endless pleasure she couldn’t process. Especially when others kept piling onto it, “Where’s Gretchen?”

“Still in the classroom. You made us evacuate.”

“Wow, that’s… hot.” Ashley propped herself up. They were in the hall beside the classroom, others milling about, cocks swinging or pussies leaking. Mary appeared and handed her a bottle of water. The Futa Note kept her from getting dehydrated from those situations, however it still took a lot out of her.

“I know right?” Mary laughed and sat beside her, “She’s not going anywhere for a while. Think she’s gonna give birth here?”

On cue, they heard the moaning wails from the classroom. Cries of newborns followed soon after and a clergy of people no one knew came to take the babies. For the best. Even if Gretchen could somehow handle them, Ashley didn’t want to think of even one more blonde bitch walking around. Still… seeing all those kids made her heart flutter.

She found herself stroking her belly. As were Dakota and Mary.

“How long do you think? Six-seven months?” Ashley wondered. She glanced to the side and saw Carmen approaching, graceful as ever despite the gigantic endowments jiggling and swinging. Her whole body tingled just looking at the futa.

“Six.” They all said with absolute certainty.