The con was anything but quiet. People were always talking, voices raised to be heard over everyone else, and crammed into a single room, they were even more egregious. Fortunately, they became murmurs when Carmen entered the room, led by all five feet of Rachel and her equally massive hips. Stacy was no less awe inspiring, perhaps more so, as her costume left nothing to the imagination. Her crotch distended with the abundance of flaccid phalli, as did her chest.

Vivi was perhaps the most unimpressive at a glance. She’d solidified her form as they walked, face almost normal if not for the off-white colour, and dressed to cover up with an extra-large hoodie and jeans. Of course, her curves were no less exaggerated.

Fortunately, a row of seats were still available at the middle. Rachel squeezed in, ass knocking against each chair, and more than a few faces that leaned into the path. The others were no more graceful, though Stacy at least apologised whenever her incredible rump so much as brushed a nose. With just four people, they occupied nearly the entire row, with the redhead occupied four chairs all her own. Carmen sat beside her, Stacy on the other side, and did her best to slouch for the benefit of those behind her, but it was a futile effort at her height.

She noticed the staff around the stage gawking in her direction. Hopefully, her presence didn’t derail the whole event. Or perhaps it already had.

“Hello everyone and sorry for the wait. Had some… difficulties,” Tifa said, waddling on stage, belly shaking from the force of her waddle. Even after a couple hours, she was still heavily inflated with Carmen’s seed. Her costume had quickly become indecent on her frame, the sports bra under her top shredded down the middle to try and accommodate the watermelons squished in there. Likewise, her skirt distended around the bottom of her gut and hiked up from the swell of her ass and thighs. Naturally, a thick cock stretched her underwear past the hem.

“But we’re back on track and so… how’re you doing?!” The crowd cheered, unaffected by the presenters appearance. Carmen applauded too and met her eye, Tifa stumbling over the introductions for the cast coming on stage.

They weren’t of interest to the futa. The reactions made each appearance worthwhile, awe-inspiring in that such a relatively small event could excite so many. A final girl walked on, waving her hands and smiling shyly, which brought Rachel to her feet, howling in excitement. Carmen joined her, hoping her much larger frame would bring attention to her partner. It worked, the entire cast’s jaws fell and the actress stopped mid-stride. She recovered quickly and waved to Rachel, being the far more exuberant of the two.

“That’s Rika Sanatsuki. She’s… amazing,” Vivi explained, the redhead too busy vibrating in excitement.

“I see.”

It wasn’t hard to understand her lover’s apparent infatuation. Rika looked to be no taller than her, but with a tom-boyish build that completely juxtaposed the shortstack, just a hint of curves stretching her chic clothes slightly. She also had a nice voice, high pitched without being grating, with an infectiously throaty laugh and a slight accent.

“She’s so cute,” Rachel chortled. The word summarised her perfectly.

While Carmen only had a fleeting interest in the panel, she adored Rachel’s responses. She laughed and cheered with the rest of the audience, engrossed in whatever innocuous conversations were taking place.

“Alright, and I believe we have an exclusive preview here today?” Tifa asked.

“Yes! The first twenty minutes of the movie are here for you eyes only!” Rika said, looking out into the audience, though her eyes quickly zeroed in on the quartet. A shadow flickered behind her, though nowhere tangible enough for Carmen to make sense of it. Still, it intrigued the futa, who focused on the actress just as intently as Rachel did.

As the lights dimmed down, Carmen noticed her excuse herself from the panel, tip-toeing into an adjacent restroom. Neither of the others seemed to notice.

“Be right back. Need the toilet,” Carmen said and went in as well. Rika had taken to one of the stalls, so she took a neighbouring one and just waited. Soft breaths came from the other stall, the kind one made when doing something indecent in a public space, hitching slightly as Carmen’s scent drifted over. Looking down, a glimpse of a shadow peeked under the gap, as if to stretch for Carmen.

“Come on,” she whispered to the intangible presence, “Show it to me.”

Perhaps Rika thought she was talking to her and a stifled moan leaked out. The shadow thickened and extended further, almost like a snake. Other limbs followed after it, each gradually took on a penile shape and coiled around her leg. Then a much larger form slithered in and just covered her foot, as if devouring it.

“I understand. You want to vore people,” Carmen said, so soft it could’ve been mistaken for her talking to herself, however that wasn’t true for Rika, whose leg kicked into view as a sharp moan left her lips. How would that affect the preview?

Carmen had seen photos altered to match changes she’d made. It stood to reason that a movie would change too, but would it change the plot? Some scripts were written with specific traits in mind. If that was true here, then what kind of changes would be made to accommodate an actress with a starving cock that could swallow people whole? She fidgeted with the pencil, Futa Note splayed out on her lap. Several other names occupied the same space just from that day alone.

Really, she should leave it alone. Maybe change Rika later that evening, add a clause that brought her to their room for a night of debauchery, but… she only understood so much about the book. Sure, she knew everything important, however the scope of its effects remained a mystery. Carmen shook her head. She’d changed enough people already. This was supposed to be a ‘normal’ weekend for her, Rachel and Stacy to relax.

Rachel… wouldn’t she enjoy a much more lurid Rika? Someone with a body she could feasibly fuck? And what film couldn’t be improved with a futa? Representation was important after all.

Almost without her consent, her hand was moving across the page and Rika’s fate was sealed. Thinking of it that way sounded so foreboding, however Carmen knew for a fact everyone’s lives improved from the book’s involvement. Her friends were all the evidence she needed.

With the entry complete, Carmen headed back. Rika returned soon after, haggard and breathing heavily, her shorts struggling against the swelling presence. None of her cast mates were aware, neither were the onlookers, their attention on the big screen, on which, Rika’s character had just finished slaying a hideous creature.

“Oh my god,” Rachel gasped, then looked to Carmen. For a second, the futa feared she’d overstepped, especially as Rika’s living cock snaked out and swallowed the monster whole, however Rachel just grinned and nodded her approval. Stacy on the other hand, just lowered her head.

So they added the cock vore into the action, Carmen noted. Wisps of lust wafted up around her, no doubt many of the fans having gained a vore fetish from following Rika’s career. She’d have to look into it later and see just how she rose to stardom. However, despite the obviously depraved addition, very little was altered. But what if the whole cast were futanari with equally lurid forms?

Would it change from an action film, to a pornographic one? Or simply continue as intended? She had an inkling as to what was more likely, given her track record, however the desire to find out still tugged on her fingers, already in her bag and holding the book. Rachel glanced to the side, noticing where her hand was. Carmen jerked it away, but the redhead reached over to pull it out.

“May I?”

“Of course.”

Rachel tapped the pencil against her chin for a moment, eyes lost in thought, before her lush lips pulled into a smirk. As she inscribed the names of every cast member, Stacy looked over.

“What’re you doing?”

“Making things more interesting,” Rachel answered, not pausing, even as her head rose higher, ass swelling from arousal, even as her overall body shrank.

“I think this plenty interesting,” Stacy hissed, glancing around to make sure she wasn’t disturbing others, “Besides, didn’t you want to see this movie?”

“Yes, but everything is made better by big tits and dicks.”Almost an exact mirror of Carmen’s justification, “And I’ve already written their names, so why not make them interesting at least?”

“I…” Stacy looked to Carmen, expression stoic, though her eyes lacked the usual warmth, “What’s done is done.”

Rachel went back to her scribbles. The cast had already turned into basic futanari, their pants stretched around fourteen inch erections and chests sporting decent breasts. Not bad, just plain. Something the redhead quickly solved.

Some were simple. Their cocks expanded rapidly down their pants, forcing their legs straight until the fabric ripped open - timed with a lull in the footage, so everyone heard the tears - and let loose a fat cock larger than they were tall. Another, the only girl besides Rika, went topless as all six of her breasts burst into the open, nipples as big around as dinner plates, with even broader, puffy areolae. Beads of milk soon appeared and became eruptions, even as she tried stifling the flow.

The most striking was in the middle of it all. She shrank until she was little more than a foot tall, butterfly wings sprouting her back, with svelte curves. Her wings soon became useless as her lost mass found a new home in her quintet of balls, each one bloating to the size of a basketball, overlooked by a simple foot of cock. Perhaps not surprising to them, with their rewritten histories, but Rika’s hungry struck from nowhere to swallow the tiny futa up to the balls.

Lightning flashed across the screen as a very similar scene played out. The little futa, who now played a fairy in the film, was trapped in Rika’s cock, but not by force as she moaned through the thick flesh and pumped her hips in absurd ecstasy. Her testicles bulged through the phallus, palpitating as the pleasure escalated. A tiny scream sounded from the screen and stage as life imitated art, the fairy’s deluge gushing straight to Rika’s own sack.

Rachel looked pleased with herself as she handed the book back, cocks straining in her plastic leggings. She expertly extracted them and pouted at Carmen, who just rolled her eyes, leaning over to kiss a member. Her own throbbed, ready to join at a moment’s notice. It didn’t take long for Vivi to notice as well, sneaking a tentacle over to suck the other. Stacy, however, made a concerted effort not to look. It only did so much as the sounds intensified.

Other viewers slowly lost themselves to the debauchery taking place. Carmen sensed their arousal, increasing as they paired up. With nowhere to look, Stacy just sighed.

“Guess this was going to happen anyway.” She pulled her costume into her cleavage, letting the multitude of cocks out. Likewise, her crotch bouquet was released, hands jumping between each shaft. Fortunately, the potent scent attracted plenty of attention to her as guests turned around and beheld the gorgeous sight. Carmen was almost jealous as almost a dozen girls crowded her lover, sucking cocks as best they could.

“We know where this is going,” Rachel said.

“I have an idea,” Carmen said and looked to the stage, specifically at Rika, “Come with me.”

Stacy watched them go, the freed up space allowing more girls to come forth and drink from her bounty. One even had the confidence to try squeezing one into her pussy. Carmen blinked as her eyes burned, but the sensation passed soon after, and watched as Stacy moaned louder, her cocks vanishing down several gullets and up a suddenly capable pussy. Strange, the futa thought, however she’d witnessed stranger things. One of which waited for them on stage.

Rika jerked to attention at the sight of them, especially as Vivi shed her clothes to reveal her true self. Her eyes bulged when Carmen did the same, inhuman cocks bobbing with her saunter, until they twitched just a few centimetres in front of the actress.

“Follow my lead,” Carmen said and picked her up, crushing Rika between her tits. Several tendrils reached around and groped the Amazon’s ass. She was tiny against Carmen, which made it easy to move up and position a cock against each of her holes.

“IKU!” Rika cried, her hungry shaft convulsing as it unloaded all over the floor, also dumping the fairy in a river of cum.

“What a hair trigger. Let’s see if we can fix that,” Carmen cooed and dropped her, the actress sliding down a pair of cocks. They punched through her womb and stretched it into a fleshy sleeve, guts forming a similar state, “Now shove your dicks up my ass.”

“YES!”

Carmen moaned as her anus spread wide with almost a dozen squirming cocks. Most were small, designed to restrain, but the main shaft was easily enough to stretch the futa deliciously far. Her own gut writhing as they quested deeper.

“Good. Vivi, pussy.”

“Yes, Ma’am!” The artist chirped and quickly moved into position. Her members distended Carmen’s cunt into a taut canal, its walls practically flowing into every crevice and feeling the glorious scraping of the heads as they moved to and fro. Carmen cooed and squeezed her kegels, then looked to Rachel.

“There’s no holes for me,” the redhead pouted.

“Oh yes there are,” Carmen said and squatted down low, ripping throaty moans from Vivi and Rika as her insides clenched up, then hefted her tits. Milk streamed down the enormous globes, lubricated and ready for the shortstack’s four-foot dicks, “Well? What’re you waiting for?”

Nothing. Rachel marched forward, glorious thighs bouncing her scrotum as she slammed one cock after the other into Carmen’s nipples. She pushed Rika up, the phalli stretching her holes so beautifully wide, and leaned in to lick at the tight ring of her anus.

“Hmm, get to fuck my girlfriend’s juicy titties and lick my celeb crush’s ass at the same time… best day ever.”

“It gets better,” Carmen groaned, then nodded to the other futanari around them. The preview kept playing on the screen beside them, though even as a masterpiece of pornographic art fuelled the others, it was nothing against the orgy on stage. Rachel howled as her own holes were spread wide by cocks as large as Carmen’s, who synchronised with her. The fairy plopped down in front of the much larger futa, then pulled her dick down to penetrate it with her own.

In the crowd, Stacy was nowhere to be seen. All that remained of her were the hordes of women worshipping the dozens of phalli. Whoever left their holes unattended were quickly filled by the men in the audience, too horny to think how thoroughly outmatched they were by every futa there. But Carmen had an easy fix for them.

Rika humped against her belly, held firm between Carmen’s tits. Her numerous tentacles thrust into her winding innards, deeper by the second, until they collected in her stomach. Just as fervent, Rachel and Vivi pumped their hips with all the force they could muster, nipples and pussy squelching louder than everyone’s moans. The fairy seemed like a fount of energy, her cock a blur.

All the while, Carmen fixed her gaze on the crowd. She had no means of acquiring their names. By all rights, she should just leave them be; there were plenty of futanari to go around - especially with Stacy and Vivi. That didn’t stop her craving more. The moans of women getting pumped by underwhelming dicks could be so much better. She felt their lust as just a simmer, whereas those whose pussies clamped down on any of Stacy’s shafts were overflowing with pleasure.

If only she had a way to see their names.

A sultry groan vibrated her chest as the solution welled up from within. Or perhaps that was just Rika’s main cock thrusting up her throat from the other end? Either way, Carmen put pencil to paper as her jaw distended, going to her own entries and offering herself the easiest means to fulfil her depraved urges whenever she wanted. Fortunately, she had the self-discipline not to completely abuse her power.

This was simply a special case. She couldn’t just leave those women to suffer their mediocre orgasms. Her insides squirmed with the dozens of feet of cock churning pumping within her, the leader of which twisted in the open air, the sour taste of her ass coating its length, before it was grabbed by two tiny hands. Carmen soon found herself kissing Rachel with a fat dick connecting them.

“What’s it like in there?” Vivi asked, her hands groping at Carmen’s massive tits, sloshing with the redhead’s powerful thrusts. Rachel just gave her two thumbs up, before her own hands went back to groping her ass cheeks, holding them apart to trap the hyper-endowed futa trying to breed her asshole. The slimy hands squeezing her shrank even smaller than Rachel’s, but were soon replaced by winding tentacles.

Milk built up against the blockage of Rachel’s cocks, then burst around them. That is, until Vivi plugged them up with the same tendrils and others, no less than four per breast, pushing deeper than any dick had before.

The orgy around Stacy intensified as the transformations took hold. Dozens of extra girl-cocks spawned, their sizes far more adequate, as the moans built like an orchestra, Stacy’s own warm tones audible among them. Cum and lactate sprayed from her various parts, splattering the participants or filling their various holes. More than a couple pulled away as their bellies bloated into full-term pregnancies. Unchanged, that seemed about all they could handle.

Carmen wanted that too. She rolled her entire body, fucking back against all those plunging in and out, everyone gasping louder, as her aura no doubt oozed from her. It seemed to wrap around them, to sneak in through their pores and shock their nerves. Rachel grabbed at her face, smashing their faces together as the cock thrashed in both of their stomachs and bowels. Vivi created other tentacles to hold on tight and pump even faster. Rika licked and kissed at every inch of breast her mouth could reach.

The rest simply poured their entire beings into cumming. First among them was the fairy, whose squeaky voice announced it for all to hear, right before her quintet clenched up tight and inundated Carmen’s cock. Anatomy had long since lost all meaning to the futa. Her body, and those she changed, behaved as necessary. In that instance, that meant all the fairy’s cum shooting straight into her own cum barrels and inflating them. Her own members jerked at the unique sensation.

Her belly and tits had been inflated before, each a wonderful bliss of their own, but this was on another level. Each spurt brought her sack lower until it rested against the floor, waves of cum disturbing her own oceans. The sperm mixed together, that is until her vastly more potent swimmers swarmed the new arrivals and assimilated them. Carmen pumped her hips in response, feeling every change in her taut scrotum.

Next to cum was Vivi. The cum-slime gurgled a howl and adhered herself to Carmen’s rump, body almost turning liquid as the bliss overwhelmed her. In mere seconds, the futa’s womb ballooned into a huge sphere that pushed Rika away, the actress’s only reaction was to cover it with kisses and adulation, until her own orgasm helped inundate it. Her smaller tentacles swelled and went rigid, their forms bulging with loads of cum travelling through. The main shaft was naturally the most pleasurable, its endless length steadily bloating with semen.

Carmen felt up Rika’s ass, then shoved both hands inside its hole to crush her prostate. A hoarse scream, one equally befitting a horror film, preceded a violent rush of jizz. Rachel moaned into her lips as the deluge finally reached her guts. The pressure sent it racing through, but was matched by the futa plunging at her anus, before they too erupted in climax. The other one fucking her pussy followed suite.

After that, it didn’t take much for Rachel to explode in her lover’s tits. Then, at long last, Carmen came. With the fairy’s added cum, it was truly something to behold. Or rather, Rika and the fairy were. The former’s abdomen exploded from her body and warred against Carmen’s for space, only slowing slightly when a wave of cum geysered from her face. The fairy, meanwhile, received her entire orgasm with more than triple the interest. Her balls quickly became yoga balls, utterly dwarfing the futa they were attached to, and swelled even larger.

“Stacy,” Carmen said as she extracted herself from the horde. Vivi and Rachel clung to her, Rika’s cocks trailing behind, the actress too busy fawning over her tiny co-star’s enormous testicles.

Pushing aside the hordes of people, some inflated, others encroaching on it, Carmen stood over her plump love.

“Carmen, this… this was a mistake.”

“You don’t like them?” Carmen asked, lowering her pussy to the plethora of cocks. She didn’t even need to say anything for Vivi to wrap a tentacle around them, holding the eighteen members steady as she slipped over them.

“It’s not that!” Stacy groaned, then gasped when her nipples and dicks were similarly swallowed by the futa’s own breasts, “All these people…”

“Are far better off now. Now just relax and fuck me. All of you.” She only intended for Rachel and Vivi to also hear, but the order must’ve carried further than she expected, as hordes of futanari appeared around her, including those from the stage. Rika had the fairy speared on her cock, dragging the mountainous scrotum with her. That was something…

Carmen merged her cocks back into one, then yanked the fairy from Rika with a single pull, only to shove her onto her own member. As suspected, her erection just punched through the fairy, erupting from ass to mouth and beyond, leaving her as little more than an accessory. The violent thrust proved too much, as did the fact Carmen’s enormous cock crushed the fairy’s prostate.

“Now you,” Carmen looked to Rika, who seemed to already know her desire. The cock that could swallow people whole, positioned itself over her enormous prick, much larger than a person, however she was up for the challenge. The other prehensile lengths wrapped around Stacy’s tits, milking them into Carmen’s already inflated set.

Vivi and Rachel had followed the command already, their cocks vying for space in her cavernous, yet crushing cunt. A group of others stepped up behind and around them, cocks aimed to follow suit. She barely felt them. Carmen groaned in disappointment. Something about the convention, the atmosphere, the constant exposure to people’s inner desires, it didn’t just fuel her lust. It deepened the already fathomless depths of her libido, while supplying more than necessary, the desires overflowing.

She *needed* to be satisfied.

“Fuck me!” Carmen shouted, voice reverberating off the walls and into everyone’s minds. Instantly, the lesser cocks ‘stretching’ her, bloated to more than triple their size and beyond. The females crowded around her balls, grinding their pussies into the dense spheres. Those that couldn’t find room on them, squeezed in underneath to lick at her fat folds. Their fists joined the amalgam of cocks inside her.

She moaned her approval, yet it wasn’t enough. Three newly hyper-endowed futa stomped into sight. Their balls rested on Stacy’s face, though the matronly futa had no qualms with slurping all over them, while their dicks plunged straight down Carmen’s throat. Rika stayed behind them, hands darting between their asses to pump their orgasm buttons.

That still left her asshole. It didn’t take long for a nice young woman to plunge both her fists inside, following by her elbows and biceps, all the way to her shoulders, then her face. Carmen didn’t give it any thought, simply enjoying the way this person’s body ground against her own prostate, even as the head and shoulders slipped inside. Rika’s leftover cum proved to be a perfect lubricant for her too, the woman soon lost up to her waist.

Was this girl feeding herself to Carmen’s ass? The hips were next to get swallowed, her arms outstretched, all but pulling herself in. Others appeared to help her, hooking their hands in Carmen’s anus to stretch her wide, even wishing the girl luck in her perverted endeavour. It was an incredible, blissful pressure that moved through Carmen.

She’d taken cocks of various sizes, however a person was something else entirely. The depraved woman wriggled around, tongue hanging out, fingers and toes digging into Carmen’s membrane against the neighbouring shafts fucking her pussy. Her ass undulated, gaped by the massive penetration. An open invitation for others to push inside.

Each passenger was another weight that pushed down on her insides. It just made the constant thrusts even better, her walls so tight she quickly familiarised herself with every presence in pleasuring her. From Vivi’s gelatinous cocks, their shape changing to suit her muscles, to Rachel and Stacy’s rigid members, and all the hands crushed against them. Lips and tongues were everywhere too. If someone couldn’t get at a hole, they just polished the alter of her flesh. She reached out and shoved her fists up a pair of pussies, making sure not one part of her body wasn’t being used to its fullest.

It came as no surprise when she came before everyone else. Her single cock jerked hard, the fairy ejaculating in response, before inundating Rika’s own shaft with enough cum to knock up the entire convention a hundred times over. Not far behind, waves and waves of fem-cum erupted from her stretched out pussy, drenching the plethora of dicks oozing into her womb. The palpitations proved too much for Stacy, whose eighteen members jerked upright and unleashed a torrent.

Her stomach bulged with no less than three sluts, all of which had found their ways to eating out one another. It pressed down on Stacy’s tits, forcing the milk and cum to flow heavier and inflate her own enormous bust. As her womb filled up, the definition in her belly fell away, replaced by a heaving, misshapen sphere of fecundity. The deluge proved too much for Rachel and Vivi, the pair howling in release as well.

Carmen’s belly naturally pushed away the trio fucking her face. The sight must’ve been a trigger as, the second they were released, viscous ropes the size of their arms rained down on Carmen. It didn’t stick, however, as Vivi slurped it up with her tentacles, fuelling her own climax and swelling Carmen’s uterus even faster. Still not enough.

The insatiable futa pulled one of the cumming cocks to her, perching the futa on her belly, and feeding on their seed. All those girls crammed into her belly gurgled in their own climax, surrounded by virile girl-cum. She still needed more.

Hardly any part of her body was untouched. Mouths suckled on her skin, even the most innocuous parts like her biceps, and hands squeezed at her curves and balls, despite being completely outmatched. No one went soft as she kept bouncing on Stacy, whose own arms and mouth were busy with the flawless fecundity swelling over her. Carmen’s eyes burned, the heat spreading into her scalp. The cock buried in her throat suddenly doubled in girth and length.

Likewise, Rachel’s pair fattened until they pushed Carmen to her limit. The futa on her belly shuffled forward, tits and nipples swelling, the latter far faster. Soon, Carmen’s jaw strained around a pair of fat, milky teats as well. But it still wasn’t enough. Only a moment after the thought crossed her mind, the other two futa that reamed her face appeared at her nipples. Their own cocks had multiplied in size and number. One by one, they fed the phalli into her already taut tit-pussies and set to fucking her like a pair of dogs after scenting a bitch in heat.

On and on it went. Carmen inflated until her gut dominated the room. Her insides were home to a train of gut-sluts feasting on each other’s cunts, while her own snatch was an endless torrent of ecstasy, stretched flawlessly by twenty-four cocks, two of which were easily worth a dozen of the others each.

Her own cock knew no end either. Rika’s member kept thrusting onto her length, swallowing it and the now comatose fairy, while her balls kept swelling to match Carmen’s abdomen. The other tendrils spiralled around Carmen’s breasts, thrusting on their own, using the sweat and cum to pound away. Everyone was exhausted, drenched in various fluids, usually not their own, yet they continued on. For hours? Days?

Carmen eventually tired of the position and climbed off her lovers. Even her body couldn’t hold so much jizz, letting it rush out in a white flood of biblical proportions. The floor was lost under the creamy sludge, as were plenty of people. Those still conscious just moaned as they drifted away. The towering futa stomped over to Rika, who mindlessly jerked her length, desperate to cum after her balls had inflated to the size of trucks.

“That’s my cum in there,” Carmen said.

“Let me cum, let me cum, pleeeeease, let me cum!” Rika babbled.

“Of course,” Carmen smirked and grabbed the head, heat flaring up once again. An instant later and Rika wailed in mindless joy as her balls clamped up to push the thousands upon thousands of gallons Carmen had dumped inside her. The semen rose up to her knees as she turned back around.

Stacy, Rachel, Vivi and Tifa were the only ones still standing. Or rather, they were on their hands and knees, looking back at her with utter depravity. Waves of cum splashed against their rumps as Carmen moved closer. Insensate girls fell from her ass and into the sludge as her cock splitting into four, all the same size as the original. She didn’t hesitate to push them into her four concubines, balls throbbing stronger and stronger as they geared up to pump them all full to their limits. And maybe beyond.

Each futa howled in bliss as they were stretched. With four of them, it made thrusting difficult, however Carmen was far from unprepared. Everyone was already begging for it, leaving her no reason to build up. Staccato cries marked her thrusts, each packing enough force to shatter brick. The sound of their bodies colliding could’ve deafened a god. She sank a hand into Rachel and Stacy’s ass flesh, using them to push and pull herself even faster.

Her heavy horse cocks pulsed like a furious headache. They dragged as she pulled back, the holes squeezing just as hard as she could thrust, with fat nodules spawning up and down their lengths, the heads also flaring up. Pre-cum oozed from her urethra, pouring so fast it protruded the opening. Juices splashed everywhere, from their cunts and her own as she brought her full might to bear.

Carmen grabbed Stacy and Rachel’s heads, yanking them up and back for her to mash her lips into theirs. Neither of their eyes were focused, nor were their mouths working beyond basic reciprocation, but she enjoyed smearing their faces in her spit. All four moaned like sluts in a symphony, their voices harmonised in varying levels of depravity, and only got louder with every punch of Carmen’s hips. Her lovers shared the impact, flesh rippling and flowing back to meet her next thrust.

Tifa’s cunt was tightest, clamping down on her like a vice, as if fighting against the pounding. Vivi’s was gooey, as expected, warm and eager for every thrust. Rachel hit a middle ground, her tiny body becoming little more than a condom for the inhuman mass plunging into her. Stacy, meanwhile, was even softer than Vivi, spilling juices by the bucket, yet the cervix held her in a stranglehold, almost strong enough to slow Carmen’s thrusts.

“I’m cumming!” Carmen yowled, her voice reaching even the unconscious futa, who cried out in spontaneous orgasm, adding another inch to the pool. It sloshed as the Amazonian futa inflated four wombs to the size of yoga balls with just the first shot. The second and third doubled their size, with the fourth just as prolific, each blast an audible jet into their sperm-laden uteri. They wailed in their own releases, raising the cum-level higher still.

As the climax wound down, Carmen fell into the sludge. Four cavernous cunts faced her, dripping cum like leaky faucets, despite the insane amount packed inside. The reason why was obvious as she looked deeper, seeing their cervix closed shut, only a tiny opening allowing the dribble to escape. Their walls clenched in time with their whimpers, balls twitching as well.

“Oh no,” Carmen said as she surveyed the damage. Something was clearly wrong with her. First, there was her time with Tifa, then the art orgy, and now this. She’d ruined the weekend.

Or made it better. She loved Rachel, but the convention had lacked much of anything of interest to her. Still not an excuse for… everything, Carmen thought and stood up. The jizz clung to her skin, an off-white tone against her pale complexion. She absent-mindedly wiped it off as she picked out Rachel and Stacy from the mess. They roused at her touch, clearly exhausted.

“We should probably go,” Carmen said and helped them up. Both relied on her on the way out, a flow of cum following them, providing a worthy distraction from the three futanari. Out of necessity, Carmen grabbed sheets from various stalls, using them to cover up. She made a mental note to repay the vendors. With money or sex? Money of course, she chided herself. But…

“I’m taking a shower,” Stacy said once they got back to their room. The elevator was filthy with various people’s cum, though Carmen doubted security would believe it was actually semen.

“Are you okay? I was…”

“I’m fine,” Stacy snapped. Carmen watched her go, however she didn’t enjoy it. A strange weight settled in the pit of her stomach, pushing out the warmth of all the cum she’d ingested and replacing it with… what exactly?

She set Rachel down on the bed, ignoring whatever mess they made of it - having already left it in a lurid state - and waited. Her leg bounced, listening to the shower. Several layers of cum congealed on her skin, not quite dry, but not fully wet either. By all rights, she should’ve jumped at the chance to join in on a shower and clean herself off. She was filthy. Her pussy clenched, an errant blob of cum squelching out with a soft moan from her lips. So, deliciously filthy.

It took half an hour, but Stacy eventually came back, wrapped up in a towel that did a poor job obscuring her nipples. She glanced at Carmen, then sat on the bed, back facing her. Even from that, her breasts spilled over the sides, rolling over her thighs and vanishing behind her ass cheeks. Despite the view that Carmen adored, she felt nothing.

“What was that?” Stacy asked.

“I didn’t say anything.”

“I meant in the preview. Why’d you do it?”

“I… uh… Rika, she wanted…”

“Did she?”

“I saw her shadow.”

“Again with the shadows. Carmen, I believe that you see them, but are you really seeing *their* desires and not your own?”

“I… don’t know,” Carmen admitted. Something told her the shades were other people’s desires, but she didn’t have any proof. Everyone she changed had their memories altered to believe this was always their life, unless she specified otherwise, and the amount of pleasure she gave them meant they, of course, loved their new lives.

“Are you addicted to it?”

“What?”

“You look for any excuse to ‘improve’ someone’s life. Then, when you find it, you abuse it.”

“No I…”

“Then what do you call that?” Stacy shouted, turning to face her at last, eyes shimmering.

“It… it was just meant to be an experiment… to see if the movie would change because of…”

“Then why’d it go that far?” Carmen kept her mouth closed, unsure how to respond. She wasn’t addicted. She couldn’t be. Impulsive, undisciplined people would get addicted to the power she held, but not her. Someone like Gretchen definitely would.

“When was the last time you didn’t write a name? Or, hell, when was the last time you didn’t have sex for more than a couple hours?”

“That… uh…” She was at a loss, “When I was hiding.” That was months ago. Since then, she really hadn’t gone long without fucking someone. Had she even studied since then? No. Her original future had decayed, neglected in favour of the lurid path her body and the Futa Note laid out for her.

“Can you go one day? For me?”

“I, uh… I don’t know. My body, it feels like I need it.”

“Like an addiction.”

“No, it’s more than that. When I recovered, the book did something to me. I don’t know if I’m even human, Stacy.”

“Carmen,” the matronly woman finally turned all the way around, holding the towel close, “You are one of the smartest, most tenacious women I know. Of all the people with crazy bodies I know now, you’re the one I know can get a handle on it. Besides, I don’t remember you, before or after all this, being one to just let your urges dictate everything. Be the Carmen I knew, not some horny shell of her.”

“I don’t know if she even exists anymore,” Carmen whispered, running fingers through the dense coating on her breast. Unlike others, she didn’t remember being curvy from the onset of puberty, yet the memories of those times were faint. It even boggled her mind that she once wore a B cup if she felt swollen. Or that her butt didn’t make any garment seem painted on. Or that her crotch didn’t weigh twice her body weight on its own.

“She’s in there,” Stacy said and let the towel fall away, though Carmen made a distinct effort to look her in the eye, “You might just have to dig deep. Something I know you’re an expert on.”

“Now who’s the perv?” Carmen chuckled with her, leaning over to rest her forehead, the only part of her that was even remotely clean, on the futa’s shoulder, “I’ll try. That’s all I can say. But I can feel it. Even after all that, I’m just one step away from that edge. It’s just…”

“How about we start tomorrow? One day without sex, then you’ll know you can do it. But, until then… you do look beautiful covered in cum.”

Carmen leaned up to kiss her, that simple act enough to send blood flowing back into her cocks. They’d reverted to normal, the unbound lust finally restrained, though it remained to be seen for how long. Especially as they rubbed against Stacy’s numerous shafts and a small hand reached out to cup them.

“Don’t forget about me.”

“Wouldn’t dream of it,” Carmen said and resumed making out with Stacy, while their members were handled by the salacious redhead.