Carmen brushed at her bangs, the final point of black in her otherwise neon pink hair. Under the bathroom lights, it seemed to actually glow, but that was probably just the insane sheen she had. Crazy to think that, not even a year ago, she had the limpest greasy mop that hadn’t known a conditioner in half a decade. Now she could’ve stepped out of a hair care commercial.

Little else had changed from her time in the village. With what transpired there, she half-expected to be a full Seikogami, with wings and all. Though she doubted a big change was far off. The more her hair changed colour, the stronger everything became. Mostly her libido. But there was one other massive difference, visible on the hand moving her bangs around.

Pink markings ran across the length of her forearm, from elbow to fingertips. There didn’t appear to be anything unique about them, no symbols or patterns that she could discern, just lines that seemed to line up with her veins. The only thing that denoted them as being special was how they glowed as she accessed her power, leaking her concentrated Aura into the room. She turned her gaze to the couple stalls in use and grinned at the sight of toes curling slightly.

She just wished she understood what the sudden appearance of these markings meant in the grand scheme. Assuming they were another step in her supposed merging with the Futa Note, then how far along were they now? Last time she got any solid information, the book claimed it was miniscule at best, but this felt much bigger than that. If they were gonna merge, why didn’t it just get it over with?

Carmen sighed and splashed her face. It felt like this incomparable entity was messing with her, and she was helpless to do anything about it really. Giving up the Futa Note sounded like a terrible idea, if only because she had no idea if that would even solve anything. Or if Ryua would just keep it, rather than give it to someone else. Not everyone had nearly the same self control as Carmen.

Worrying wouldn’t accomplish anything. Not about her appearance anyway. She needed to check on her friends, then find Gretchen. That was the only person she could imagine causing her any measure of alarm like this. The biggest problem was how? Gretchen had nothing, not to mention the constant pregnancies, she shouldn’t have time or energy to antagonise Carmen to any meaningful degree. Unless someone, or something, was helping her.

“You’re overthinking everything,” Carmen said, watching the way her lips moved, how they naturally pursed into a seductive pout with every word. She walked out, catching the bounce of her ass cheeks in her periphery. Call it narcissistic, but she was already on par with Ryuka in how she embodied sex.

Rachel waited for her, standing guard over their suitcases. Not that Carmen expected she could exactly fight someone off, but then no one was brave enough to approach someone that looked so incredible. Carmen saw it pretty much everyday, and much more, yet she never wearied of it. The way Rachel could just shift her weight and send hypnotic ripples all through her body, thighs pushing her enormous package around. One of the best parts was how her face lit up.

Even Carmen couldn’t help smiling despite her concerns. They couldn’t easily, given the height difference, and she doubted her clothes would handle her bending over. No one would dislike the show, except perhaps a security guard. Still, Carmen hugged close, burying the redhead in her boobs.

“Shall we go?”

“MmHmm!” Rachel hummed happily.

The drive was uneventful. On the outside anyway. Every mile closer to home, Carmen’s chest got a little tighter, the anxious uncertainty squeezing her. The occasional touch from Rachel loosened its grip, but never fully removed it. Just enough that she could focus on driving, rather than the dread for what might await.

She dropped Rachel off first, leaning over the seat to kiss her softly. It wasn’t a sign of passion, but rather a parting promise to fuck like no tomorrow. Or just as soon as Carmen assuaged her concerns. Really, it would be fulfilled the second Carmen decided she was horny enough. For now, the redhead would have to satisfy herself by her own means. Or proposition her sister. Leah would probably be down for that, so long as Rachel did most of the work.

Carmen watched her squeeze inside her house, waving goodbye. Now it was time to go home. She gripped the wheel, taking a deep breath that threatened to tear her shirt asunder. Everything was probably fine. She had the Futa Note anyway. Whatever happened, she could fix it with a few sentences. Really, she should just pacify Gretchen completely anyway, then she wouldn’t have to worry about any of this. But seeing the blonde, bimbo bitch’s world-view unravel and warp as she succumbed to Carmen’s whims… just thinking of it sent a trill through Carmen’s body.

That’s strange, she thought upon seeing her mother’s car in the driveway. Last she heard, Mom and Sam were away at a spa retreat. Maybe she misunderstood and they were only there for a day?

There were few better reminders of how just how big she was than to squeeze herself through a car door, and then duck almost in half just to enter the house. And no matter how she angled herself, her curves snagged on the frame, forced to shove herself through.

She took a deep breath, relieved to take in the familiar aroma. The trip didn’t last long, but with everything that happened in Peru alone it felt like so much longer. Not to mention the stress of not knowing what she was coming back to, every second away from home just seemed to drag. She couldn’t even bring herself to find some ‘reflief’ on the flight back.

And yet everything seemed fine.

“Carmen, sweetie! Welcome back!”

“Hey, Mom. How was the spa?” Carmen asked, looking her mother up and down. Nothing out of the ordinary.

Alicia’s face turned a soft shade of red, “Oh, it was wonderful.”

 “Glad to hear it,” Carmen chuckled, though she couldn’t help wondering how much better it could’ve been if her mother had some… enhancements. It really was such a stark contrast between mother and daughter, no one would think they were related, or even in the same family tree. And Carmen knew her mother was at least a little jealous. How couldn’t she be when living with a literal budding goddess?

“But you’re back so early. Did something happen?” Alicia asked, her blush instantly replaced by her classic brand of motherly concern.

It did, or rather, Carmen was sure something happened. But she couldn’t just tell her mom that she cancelled a vacation because of a hunch. Instead, she shook her head.

“No, just started feeling homesick more than I expected. Plus everything in Peru and England is so cramped for someone like me,” she said with a laugh, causing her breasts to bounce in her shirt, nipples sliding against the fabric.

Alicia’s eyes followed them, “Can’t say I’m surprised.”

Carmen siftled her movements. It wasn’t because her mother was looking at her bra-less tits, but there was a lack of shame in her eyes. Like ogling her daughter’s breasts was normal. Or she just didn’t care. Alicia stared for a good few seconds, before she noticed the silence and snapped herself free. She gave an awkward laugh and refused to meet Carmen’s eyes.

That was a relief. Maybe she’d just relaxed a little too much at the spa. Though ‘relaxed’ had many connotations, which Carmen quickly banished from her thoughts. Much as her morals and inhibitions had loosened, or outright become lost in her constantly changing psyche, she wasn’t about to entertain fantasies of her family. No matter how much tempting something might be. Like Melody.

“Hey, where’s Melody? I would’ve thought she’d be the first one here to see me.”

Alicia’s eyes briefly widened, then she exhaled, “Oh! She told all your friends at school about you coming early. So she got together with them to throw a little surprise welcome home party.”

“Really? That’s nice of her I guess.” That certainly sounded like something her sister would do, though for their mother to spoil a surprise was odd. She almost seemed to be grasping for a means of telling Carmen about it.

“Y-you don’t have to go!” Alicia blurted, then cleared her throat, “Sorry, I, uh, I know it’s sudden and everything. But everyone really missed you.”

Carmen’s chest tightened; there was something going on and Alicia was involved. It almost looked as if she were brainwashed, but not completely. Without a doubt, this ‘party’ was part of something else. A trap, most likely.

“I’ll go check it out later. Gotta unpack first. And it’ll be nice to sit on my own bed again.”

“Okay, want me to drive you?”

“Mom, I haven’t fit in your car for ages,” Carmen laughed, but watched her parent’s reaction, noting the look of anxiety that flitted across her features. Still, Alicia joined the laughter, if forced, and watched Carmen ascend the stairs. The futa could almost feel the eyes watching her ass.

She paused in front of her door. Why did it feel like this was a threshold to something… final? Maybe if she just backed off, went to Rachel’s and ignored this obvious invite to the end, then things would gradually go back to normal. And she could regain the sense of control she felt waning these last few weeks.

What was she worried about? Carmen took a deep breath, feeling her breasts rub against the Futa Note’s covers. There was nothing Gretchen could do against that. Not when Carmen was more than willing to make her a literal bitch or fleshlight. There were very few things that could overpower her with the book in hand. Nothing short of another Futa Note. Or a Seikogami.

She opened her door, prepared to squish her way through, only for a similarly thick and endowed body to crash into hers. Before Carmen had a chance to register what was even happening fat, pillowy lips met hers. A familiar taste met her tongue when she opened it. The kiss ended with a guttural groan from them both.

“What was that about, Ryuka?”

The Seikogami’s red eyes gleamed dangerously through half-lidded eyes, lips still parted and tongue hanging out as she panted for air, “I think… I missed you.”

That was an understatement. Just looking at her face, with cheeks flushed a similar red as her eyes, she more resembled an addict desperately seeking a fix rather than a deity. That said nothing of the obvious erection throbbing between Carmen’s legs. It’s presence was all her own members needed to awaken.

Carmen glanced to the stairs, worried her mom would be there - what would that look like anyway? Was she standing there, hugging thin air while getting hard? - but they were alone. Still, she’d rather not be caught with her pants down. She grabbed onto Ryuka’s ass, holding the goddess up, then shoved through the door. It was lucky the widest parts of her body were from curves, otherwise she’d have carved her figure into the frame.

Once in, she dumped Ryuka on the bed. The deity could’ve easily kept herself aloft, but she let gravity have its way, breasts pouring over her ribs and onto the mattress. Propped up on one elbow, she began stroking herself to the sight of Carmen *peeling* the shirt from her dual rows of milky tits, each set dropping with a deep slap against her hips and each other. Her nipples bounced until they fattened with arousal, coming to resemble fat cocks all their own.

Just the sight of them made Ryuka’s member jerk hard and launch a rope of pre into the air. It landed all over the bed and deity, suffusing and thickening the air with its musky aroma. Carmen breathed it in, the markings on her arm pulsing in time with her breath, like she fed on Ryuka’s lust. Maybe she did? She had no idea what her body was wholly capable of. Come to think, she never had a clue, even when she was ‘normal’, just what she could do. She would figure that out eventually.

“I really shouldn’t be doing this,” Carmen said, but still began the arduous process of pushing her pants down, “Something’s going on at the school. I should be there.”

“There’s always time,” Ryuka gasped, breaths coming fast and shallow as the first inches of Carmen’s black, inhuman cocks came into the open.

“I suppose. And if I left now, I’d just be pent up.” A reasonable explanation, perfectly logical for someone of Carmen’s messed up biology. If she denied her body this chance at release, then it’d be in the back of her mind, gnawing at her senses. But, really, she was faced with a literal goddess of sex. Anyone, futa or not, in her position would be thinking with their proverbial dicks.

Ryuka’s breath caught as the monstrosities rose into the open. It was far from the first time she saw them, having been present through Carmen’s many, many iterations, but it didn’t look that way now. The way she gazed at them, Carmen would think she was about to take her first time. Her members jerked to attention, fuelled by memories of all the virginties they had taken. Pre-cum poured from her tips, landing in three puddles with increasingly wet, gooey splats.

The so-called human only had to grab one for the trio to shoot off, dousing Ryuka’s splayed legs with two ropes, while the third stretched across the length of the goddess’s cock. A thin steam rose from Ryuka where the dick-juice landed. Like she was literally burning with lust. Carmen stroked, feeling her sextuplet testicles jerk up against her, violently spewing across Ryuka again. In response, Ryuka’s own member unleashed a waterfall, yet it barely compared.

“Since when were you so prolific?” Ryuka asked, eyes widening as Carmen took a step closer, middle cock touching Ryuka’s own.

“No idea. I’ve given up keeping track of everything at this point.”

Carmen climbed onto the bed, hearing it creak miserably under their combined weight. Her body pressed into Ryuka’s, a total of four cocks rubbing together, while their breasts flattened into each other. Milk squeezed out from the pressure, allowing Carmen to slide further up, until she had Ryuka’s head trapped between her upper row. Once, the Seikogami seemed insurmountable, intimidating almost, yet now Carmen wasn’t just bigger than her, but utterly dominating. She only had to nudge Ryuka’s legs and they opened even wider.

She reached into her cleavage for the dark-haired goddess’s head, tilting it up and into a lewd, tongue-filled kiss. Ryuka tried taking control, putting her centuries of experience to use, but Carmen just slurped on her tongue, looking her right in the eyes. The lone, pale cock flexed hard, sliding against the others as they all gushed with pre. Carmen into her balls, bullying the smaller set into rubbing Ryuka’s pussy.

It took an embarrassingly little amount of time for Ryuka to unravel. Without penetrating her properly, without even teasing her that much, Carmen had the Seikogami moaning and gasping for more. A little more pressure and she was sucking on Carmen’s tongue instead, opening her throat for it to explore as deep as it pleased. Only to give a pitiful whine when the futa pulled back.

“Lift them,” Carmen said, still staring into Ryuka’s eyes. A pink light flashed within them, before she nodded and reached down to grab two handfuls of her basketball sized testes. Carmen reared up, unblinking. Her lower-breasts remained glued to Ryuka’s, milk leaking between them, even as she arched her hips high.

“Oh my god,” Ryuka whispered as Carmen’s centre cock dragged along her shaft, yet it didn’t seem to get any further away, “It’s *that* big…”

Carmen licked her lips, feeling her other members be absorbed into the prime dick. It was hard to describe how it felt losing two cocks and growing so spectacularly huge. In one way, she felt relief, in another it felt tight, like holding a breath. She alleviated some of that by shifting form, cock fattening even greater, its knot visibly inflated, yet clearly not at full size. It wouldn’t fully grow until she was balls deep in Ryuka.

To make sure every last gallon of sperm went into Ryuka’s womb.

Could Seikogami get pregnant? All the basic necessities were there as she finally hooked her cock under Ryuka’s churning balls. She had to assume there was a womb and everything.

“We can’t get pregnant,” Ryuka said, voice soft and trembling as Carmen touched her pussy.

“Have you tried?”

“I... I haven’t,” Ryuka’s breathing picked up as Carmen’s pointed tip rubbed between her folds. It caught on her actual hole, before snapping free and flicking her clit, “Oh god…”

Carmen’s testicles throbbed and the lines along her arm shone brilliantly, “Then let’s give it a go.”

“Carmen,” Ryuka closed her lips, eyes unable to hold her gaze any longer, then sucked in a sharp breath as a burst of pre entered her tunnel, “You’re the only one who can!”

Strangely cute reaction aside, Carmen had just been given direct permission breed an actual god. She refused to hold back any longer. Not even taking a breath, or giving any silent warning, the futa lunged forward. Divine lips spread apart around her pointed peak, then squelched lewdly as the widest point shoved past. They clung onto her shaft like a condom, fleshy walls quivering and sucking on her shaft as it sank ever deeper.

Ryuka’s cock lurched and erupted with pre, spraying the wall behind her. Even more spurted out as Carmen pushed onward, as if displacing the Seikogami’s reserves with her enormous member. The gushing shaft rose higher, though not of its own power, the bulge of Carmen’s cock was simply too massive. Every square inch that pushed in was clear as day, simply coloured in Ryuka’s palid complexion. Every vein, every little ridge that rubbed her walls, and, of course, the watermelon-sized head.

That was just the first foot. Carmen came against a barrier. She looked to Ryuka, the goddess biting a finger with eyes clenched shut. Was it by design that she looked like a bashful virgin? Or was she really losing it that badly?

Carmen mashed her peak against the wall, working her hips in circles as if teasing another pussy. Not a word escaped Ryuka, but she whined and moaned, moving in time with Carmen. That was all the invite she needed. The instant her pointed tip caught on something, she rammed forward. A barely stifled squeal vibrated through Ryuka’s body, all the way to her womb and pussy, as they stretched taut around Carmen’s girth and length. In mere moments, it bulged past Ryuka’s face and beyond. And yet there was still so much left.

“So fucking big! Stretching me… so tight… Can’t…”

“Don’t say that yet,” Carmen growled, not pausing for even a second. In her wolf form, with her cocks united as one, penetrating this deep was barely a warmup. She leaned forward to grab Ryuka’s wrists, then pulled them toward herself. That had the added effect of pressing the Seikogami’s breasts together, squishing them around both her and Carmen’s cocks. Ryuka leaned to the side, peering around her shaft like it was a wall. Then her face was obscured as Carmen bulged her out even further.

“Carmen… I can’t handle it… I’m gonna…”

The futa finally paused, letting her cock rest and throb against Ryuka’s face, “Are you cumming already? I’m only halfway in. What’re you gonna do when the rest comes in? When I stop holding back?”

“Holding back?” Ryuka whispered, then forced her way past the bulge, just to see all the way down to Carmen’s crotch. Or tried to. The second row of tits obscured everything above the mid-thighs, swallowing well over a foot of cock, on top of the multiple feet waiting to break into Ryuka’s body.

As she gazed upon the pulsating log of pitch black iron, it began swelling even further. The already thick, leathery flesh spawned dozens of bumps, some swelling even further, becoming fat fingers that pushed into Ryuka’s insides. Carmen let out a satisfied moan, the pink of her hair shining brilliantly in her peripheral.

“What’re you do-ING!” Ryuka threw her head back, arching her hips and shooting a single rope of cock with the same force as a fire hydrant. It stripped the paint off the wall and, as it continued, quickly pushed through, flooding the insides.

Carmen grunted and slammed a full foot more cock into her. She’d restrained herself to see what Ryuka could handle, to see what *she* was capable of. Seeing as how she already made the Seikogami cum, it was safe to say Carmen had the upper hand. Then there was no reason to hold back any longer.

Every beat of her heart made her shaft swell that little more, but even a fraction of an inch was huge when Ryuka was already so tight. Carmen growled deep in her throat and pounded another foot deeper, yanking the goddess down to meet her thrust. Unrestrained, her knot bloated rapidly, as did her flared crown. The silky walls were divine against her coarse cock, its texture designed to make her partners feel every single inch as it slid back and forth.

Her knot finally butted against Ryuka’s folds. The goddess’s scrotum rested upon it, churning loudly to replace the load she’d shot all over, and inside, Carmen’s walls.

“You ready for the real thing?”

“Are you?” Ryuka countered and clenched hard, eyes flashing with power. A surge of lust and pleasure washed through Carmen’s body, running from her scalp down to her cock. It flexed hard, jerking Ryuka into the air, and broke her concentration.

“Nice try,” Carmen let go of her hands, placing her own on either side of Ryuka’s head, smothering the deity’s body in her fluffy tits once more. Wherever she looked, she was surrounded by Carmen, “My turn.”

But she didn’t activate her Aura or Touch the way Ryuka had. She just rocked her hips back and up, dragging her fat cock through Ryuka’s cunt. The walls clung tight to her, trying to slow her down, but ended up pulled into the open. Carmen’s position didn’t allow for much movement, barely a foot, but that was all she needed. She slammed all the way once again, juices splashing around her knot.

Ryuka howled, arching her hips into the thrust. Her pussy spasmed, squeezing down even tighter as Carmen moved back once more. The sultry sweet grunts and moans were completely drowned out by the squelch and slurp of Carmen’s thrusts, each punctuated by the slap of her knot against Ryuka’s sodden lips. Each one faster and stronger than the last.

Pre-cum boiled over from her balls by the litre. With such a tight seal around Carmen’s girth, there was no escape for even one drop. Ryuka’s abdomen swelled out, bouncing and jiggling to Carmen’s rising tempo.

“Too fast, too fast!” Ryuka gasped as Carmen’s hips became a blur, balls flying up and slamming into the bedframe.

“Aren’t you a Seikogami? *This* is too much for you?”

“Yes! Oh fuck, I can’t take it! It’s too fucking much!” Ryuka wailed in another orgasm, breaking another part of the wall. Despite her words, she rocked back against Carmen’s thrusts, angling her hips so the cock scraped along her most sensitive parts.

“Doesn’t feel that way. Your cunt is gripping me so tight and I can feel your womb throbbing.”

“They want you so bad!” Ryuka panted.

“Don’t hide behind them,” Carmen clenched her abs, holding herself up as she grabbed huge handfuls of Ryuka’s tits, squeezing as if to the choke the life from them, “Come on! Tell me what it is you want!”

“I can’t! Oh fuck, this is… your cock is too much!”

“Alright,” Carmen stood upright, then backed away.

“Huh, wait! You can’t just…”

“I’m just making it easier on you,” Carmen said, an innocently predatory grin on her face. She stopped when her tip was just poking into Ryuka’s cervix, “See? Now you can handle it, right?” Her movements resumed, pulling out until her flare made Ryuka’s pussy bulge obscenely far. Like she was already trying to give birth. A fresh surge of pre poured out at the thought.

“No! That’s not… what I meant!” Ryuka gasped. Her breaths came in sharp gusts as Carmen raised the pace, sliding barely a foot of cock to and fro.

The futa reached down to grab one of Ryuka’s bouncing tits, crushing the areolae and inverted nipple under her palm, “Out with it then! What *did* you mean?”Carmen dug her fingers in deeper, until she felt Ryuka’s hidden teat.

“I…”

Carmen rolled her grip, slowly forcing the nipple out from its sheath.

“I want…”

Carmen undulated her thrusts, sliding her pointed crown along Ryuka’s cervix and pronouncing the bulge even more.

“...you…”

With a grunt and the wettest squelch yet, Carmen drove nearly her whole shaft inside. That was the final straw for Ryuka’s frayed nerves. Every last receptor that lined her pussy and womb, and those of her neighbouring organs, all lit up like fireworks in the night sky. Even for a Seikogami, to suddenly be dealt such pleasure, by such a cock, there was no holding back.

Her nipples erupted from her breasts in a wave of milk. Carmen, then, opened her own bosom to welcome Ryuka’s erupting obelisk, tit-fucking it for even stronger bursts against her ceiling. Warm, sticky cum rained upon her naked, jiggling frame. The lines on her arm shone brighter, almost dying her fur a blinding pink. Her prick throbbed once, twice, then swelled even greater. Blood and lust inflated her knot until it felt ready to explode.

Nothing stopped her thrusts, however. She simply slammed into Ryuka, pressuring her cunt into accepting the medicine ball sized lump, which it always did with a loud splash. Then she did the same in reverse. Ryuka clenched down so hard in her orgasm that Carmen didn’t even get a chance to see the hole gaping around her cock. Not at first anyway.

The longer she fucked, the more Ryuka’s strength faltered. Her cock - a *Seikogami’s* cock - jerked weakly, no longer launching cum, but merely oozing onto Carmen’s tits. The hot sludge rolled between her fluffy mountains, making the obscene act even messier than before. It began softening before long.

“Uh uh, not yet,” Carmen panted, only now losing her breath as she continued her multi-foot-long pounding, “You’re a goddess. You can’t be empty aleady. Give me more!”

“Anything for you!” Ryuka wailed, wings stretching out from underneath her, the darkness blotting out all else. They curled around Carmen, who opened wide to swallow the deity’s cock, not even blinking as it bulged out her throat.

In that moment, there was no sunlight. Everything was suffused in darkness from Ryuka’s wings. Neither could see each other. Save for their eyes and Carmen’s arm. Each shone with an ephermeral, lustful light, only Carmen’s much more so. It all happened so fast, at a time where the former human couldn’t process anything more than her burgeoning ecstasy, that she didn’t even notice Ryuka’s eyes dimming. The crimson glow settled to little more than basic pools of ruby.

While Carmen’s arm and eyes illuminated the space around them. Even Ryuka’s wings, which absorbed light in all its forms, couldn’t dampen the glow anymore. Carmen eventually closed her eyes, the shine focusing on her arm as she groped Ryuka’s breast. It was subtle, but the light pulsed away from Ryuka, as if siphoning something from her.

Not that either were exactly aware of this.

All they cared about was Carmen’s suddenly heavy thrusts and the deafening gurgle of her balls. The wolf pumped her head up and down Ryuka’s cock, timing it to her own thrusts.

“I can’t… I can’t hold it.. oh fuck, I don’t know how I have any left, but it’s all yours!” Ryuka slurred, bucking against her with every last bit of strength she had. Her balls pulled taut in their sack, acting as a cusion for Carmen to thrust against. Even after cumming twice before, Ryuka was still cumming again before her lover even did once.

But Carmen would fix that. As she guzzled goddess-jizz, belly inflating an inch a second, her control finally waned. She pulled off Ryuka’s cock with a bubbly slurp, then shoved it aside to kiss the goddess. Swapping cum was hardly anything new for either of them, however it made something clear; Carmen was in control. It was one thing to make someone suck her cock and swallow *her* cum, but to make someone drink their own seed said all she needed. Ryuka was her cumdump. Whether that was hers or someone elses.

And Ryuka clenched extra hard in response, finally coaxing the first wave of actual semen. Just the runoffs was thicker than any other futanari’s load. Carmen grunted deep in her chest from the pressure inside her cock, cum ‘slowly’ spreading her urethra wide. Once at her tip, though, it exploded the same as ever.

Carmen pressed her own bloated middle into Ryuka’s, making sure they both felt the instant her abdomen swelled. They didn’t wait long. Not even a second into her first eruption, and Carmen’s member lost all definition around Ryuka’s waist. They groaned deep into one another’s mouths at the feeling of her belly-button popping out from the tension within, cum dripping down their chins. That was just the first wave.

The next came with as a heavy ripple through Carmen’s shaft, stretching both it and Ryuka’s cunt even wider. It was too much for them to stay close, her inflating gut pushing Carmen away. Light bathed them as Ryuka’s wings went limp, allowing them both to see the sweaty, cum-stained belly become a fecund ball of fertility, in which a full-grown person could fit. And it only kept growing.

As it did, Carmen was forced to step back. That was where the true benefit of her sheer size revealed itself. Every step she took, she remained in Ryuka’s womb, directly pumping it full of her rich, sperm-saturated baby-batter. There was no telling if it would take. They were different species technically, but Carmen was reasonably sure as she pushed what felt like the thousandth load into her divine partner.

Inevitably, Carmen’s bed gave out. It did well holding up almost a literal ton of futanari resplendence, but as Ryuka’s belly touched the ceiling, forced to spread more to the sides now, there was nothing it could do. The only it survived so long was likely Ryuka doing something to alleviate the weight.

And still Carmen continued cumming. It never seemed like it would end. Her balls churned endlessly, as if replenishing themselves faster than she could expel it. That is until her head snapped open.

Someone took a hammer and chisel and prised her skull open a little at a time, only condensed into an instant. The sheer agony of it was enough to stop even her orgasm. She stumbled onto her ass, so plush that it wasn’t much different to squatting really, and her cock went limp. Not even a drop of cum leak out, such was her pain.

It wasn’t physical. She confirmed that with a panicked hand touching her face and head. She even morphed back just to be sure. This was like the headaches she got before, only on a whole other level. Something happened. Someone was in trouble. That had to be it.

Carmen attempted to stand, but her legs buckled under their own weight. She even braced herself against a wall, to no avail. The pain was still there, stabbing at her consciousness every other second. Gritting her teeth, she fought through it.

That was nothing. If any of her friends were in danger, even if she didn’t know from what, then she couldn’t afford to let something as basic as ‘pain’ stop her. She couldn’t…

But her body wouldn’t obey. She slumped to the ground, only upright thanks a wall against her back. Her breathing was uneven, darkness crept in at the edges of her vision. Keep it together. Don’t pass out. Who knows what could happen if she did. They needed her.

Rachel needed her.

So did Melody…