Carmen pulled on her shirt, the latest in a long line of new articles that she hadn’t wanted to buy. In fact, such purchases comprised most of her wardrobe, and it seemed that she would be getting more. The hem didn’t cover her waist anymore, and her pants were tighter than they were last week, a fact her girlfriend and fashion adviser enjoyed.

“I never get tired of this,” Rachel said from the bed, eyeing every detail. She was dressed in a punk lolita style, with a pleated skirt and a thin, black jacket studded with silver. The neckline hung low over her chest, revealing ample cleavage. Every inch an unnatural product of the Futa Note, yet she loved it all the same.

“Well, I do,” Carmen groaned and chucked the shirt away, rummaging around for something that didn’t make her feel half-naked. In the past weeks, Rachel had made it point for her not to wear anything baggy.

“It’s fine. Come on, last day of summer and you’re gonna about this?” Rachel grabbed a random top and chucked it at her, “No one cares what you’re in, they’ll still be looking at you. And maybe me. I dunno, you have made my ass pretty huge.”

That was an understatement. Rachel’s skirt, which should reach past her knees, fluttered around midway down her thighs. At a convenient breeze, they revealed a pair of tight shorts that kept her cute dick from bulging out. They’d shred once she got hard, but for now it was fine. If she got aroused though, her shirt wouldn’t hold either. Admittedly, both enjoyed watching her rip through the cheaper clothes.

“Don’t remind me,” Carmen said and pulled on a tank top. In recent weeks, her skin had turned a splendid pale as if to spite the summer sun, no matter how revealing her clothes were. She could sunbathe for hours and remain unchanged. The shirt rode up from her chest, teasing a view of her hips and, with the right breeze, flashed the bottom of her breasts. She didn’t wear any bras, as her nipples behaved most of the time, nor did she need the support. Despite being so endowed, her back didn’t ache and they only jiggled the appropriate amount. Or that’s what Rachel claimed.

“Oh? Unsatisfied with it?” Rachel asked and sauntered over, accentuating the already salacious sway of her sides, “You could always bump it up a few inches. Or feet?”

Carmen snorted at the suggestion and pulled her in, “Don’t tempt me. You’re already struggling with doors.”

“No I don’t,” Rachel pouted and stomped out the door, not thinking to angle herself just a little. She got wedged in the frame, “Fuck.”

“Oh, did someone get stuck?”

“Just get me out, please?”

“I don’t know,” Carmen said and came over, hand cupping one cheek, trailing under the skirt to feel the bountiful flesh through the shorts, “Maybe it’s better you’re stuck like this.”

“I’d love to,” Rachel sighed, wriggling as best she could against her lover’s hand, which squeezed deep into her. It’d take a giant to cup the whole cheek properly, but that’s what made it a joy for Carmen. To feel something soft as Rachel’s ass all but oozing between her fingers, and know that the redhead enjoyed it just as much, stirred her lusts like few others could.

“But everyone’s gonna be waiting. Besides, your mom and sister are home,” Rachel said, though the slight bulge of her cock twitched at the idea. Sighing, Carmen grabbed her bag, in which she kept the Futa Note. She kept it there more often, always on her person. It soothed her somehow, though she worried over why that was. At that point, she just pushed it from her mind.

“Another day,” Carmen said and gave her ass a firm spank, pushing the redhead free. Since their first time, it was rare a day went by that they didn’t have sex, given their nature as futanari. Insatiable didn’t cover it. Any normal couple might’ve slowed down, taken a week to breathe, but they couldn’t help it. Even Carmen, for all her self-control, crumbled at Rachel’s teasing. The girl knew how to hit all her buttons.

Despite that, Carmen found time for driving lessons. Once she passed, her mother insisted on buying a car, something new and exciting. Thus, Carmen ended up with a sleek car that wasn’t the most suitable for her height, curves or when she had a throbbing hard-on because Rachel’s ass almost overflowed the seat. Carmen sighed, again changing the seat around to suit her ever growing form.

“You really can’t say no to your mom can you?” Rachel said once they were in, chuckling at how awkward Carmen was. She slouched to see properly, tits squeezed tight against her legs, which was better than getting in the way of the steering wheel.

“Melody also liked it,” the taller futa said in defence and gave up on finding the right position, “But I really do need something bigger.” She leaned forward to turn the key, breasts mashing deep into the steering wheel. Even relaxed, her chest occupied half the space between her and the dashboard.

“Oh, get a pick-up truck!”

“Why?”

“Then we can park somewhere, roll out some blankets and fuck in public.”

“Jesus,” Carmen rolled her eyes, “You’re gonna get us in trouble someday.”

“I was kidding. Mostly. It’s a hot idea,” Rachel said.

“Yeah. Gonna be a ‘no’ though. For now at least.”

They were headed for the arcade, where Zoey and the others waited. It was the last day of summer before that ridiculous year of school started, though Carmen no longer cared about the lost time. She had everything already, more than most people had or would ever possess. Friends, family, wealth, a lover and incredible figure. What else did want or even deserve?

“Oh, I forgot to mention it. I applied for college,” Rachel said on the drive.

“Really? I thought you didn’t like education.”

“Still don’t. But I figured it’s worth a shot.”

“What’s the plan then? Art?”

“Yep. What about you? I know this whole extra year thing messed your plans up, but you’ve gotta be interested in something,” Rachel said and leaned back, pronouncing her chest, “That isn’t my butt, of course.”

Carmen chuckled, “I really don’t know. Before, it was just whatever made me rich fastest, but now…”

“Ever thought about porn?”

“What?!”

“Yeah, you’d be great. Though what would your name be?”

“You can’t be serious.”

“Totally am,” Rachel said, “Come on, brainstorm with me. There’s gotta be something good. Carmen Sandiego?”

“Pretty sure that’s copyrighted.”

“Maybe if you go on with me, it could be Robin’ the Cradle?”

“That’s just wrong,” Carmen chuckled and shook her head.

Rachel went on, “Hmm, something to do with being futanari. Futa Fiesta? No, that’s more Latina. Although, you could use the book to look Latina, right?”

“I’m not using it on myself,” Carmen said, though she couldn’t deny having considered it several times. The temptation was greater now, worse every day that she saw just how much larger Rachel’s cock was. Carmen had dealt with jealousy for almost a decade, envying what others had and wishing she could trade lives, but it was never so petty. It shouldn’t matter that she was smaller than Rachel, since she wrote it that way. Though the book was always changing her to resemble Ryuka.

“Although, I don’t even know if it could. Honestly, I don’t know much about what it’s capable of.”

“Hey, maybe that’s something. You could look into it, right? There’s gotta be some stuff hidden around.”

“Yeah. Oh!” Carmen’s eyes brightened. Her work ethic was something she prided herself on, that and the fact she spent years learning all she could, it might actually make sense to just keep going with that. Seikogami and the Futa Note have been around for millennia, since before time existed if Ryuka was correct. There must be evidence of that throughout time, perhaps artefacts or creations centred around them, even whole civilisations.

“I love that look,” Rachel said.

“What look?”

“That look you get when you figure something out. I love it,” Rachel said and leaned over at a red light to kiss her. They smiled against each other, eyes telling the other just what they wanted to do. But, alas, they were expected.

They arrived in time to catch Zoey ducking under the door. Rachel’s face brightened at the sight and she hopped over to her towering friend. Against the Amazon, she stood no higher than her waist, almost pushed away by Zoey’s bust. The outline of a conspicuous bulge ran down Zoey’s thigh, halfway to her knee, despite the incredible length of her legs. Unlike the others, she was known for it. A ‘trans’ athlete that also challenged for tallest human alive made it hard to hide.

“You look taller every time I see you,” Rachel said, using her hands to try gauging just how Zoey had grown. The redhead had taken on a curious habit of measurements, insistent on herself and Carmen keeping track. Thus far, Rachel’s numbers were; 24G-22-70. Looking at her was ridiculous enough, but hearing the huge change from waist to hip was oddly enticing. Carmen embodied an hourglass with 32K-26-42 with decimals aplenty.

It was embarrassing at first, though she adjusted. Then Rachel wanted to measure their cocks, which Carmen went along with, but it made her feel… inadequate to know her girlfriend - when aroused - had over a foot on her. Things smoothed out quickly enough with sex, but the thought nagged at her from time to time. It might’ve been why she turned Rachel into her personal cock for a while. Oh that was fun. Stop thinking about it, Carmen thought and focused on her company as they looked around for the others.

“Feels like it,” Zoey said, grinning down at the tiny girl, then at Carmen.

“Hey,” Carmen said, “Sorry we didn’t make the race. We got distracted.” She glanced at Rachel, who studied Zoey’s figure with rapt interest, mumbling numbers under her breath.

“No, it’s fine. I mean, I won pretty hands down. And my sister was there,” Zoey shrugged, glancing away for a second. The others were already inside, having taken a table at the small fast food restaurant built inside. A bar ran along a nearby wall, lined with soda and juice for the children running around. Carmen and Zoey looked comical as they sat down, each towering over the others.

Dakota, Ashley and Mary were sharing a plate of fries when they arrived. The blonde had grown spectacularly over the summer and showed it off well, though partly against her will, with cleavage spilling over her halter top. It pulled tight around her chest and defined her nipples. As she leaned over to get a fry, they mashed into the table and even stole looks away from Zoey.

That had been the greatest change for the Amazon. Carmen hadn’t known her for long, but she’d heard and seen enough to know Zoey didn’t care to show off, or be spotlighted, at least a couple months ago. Now, she looked relaxed as people gawked at her or blatantly snapped pictures from across the room. Alone, she drew a crowd, with the group in tow it was a miracle anyone could ignore them. Dakota might’ve helped with that.

Next to anyone there, she was average. Or as close as they got. Carmen both pitied and envied her for that, wishing she could blend in, but Dakota’s glances made clear how jealous she was of everyone. The girl had been nothing but a friend. Carmen wondered if she deserved something more as well, like the others, but always talked herself away from it. Using the book didn’t feel as taboo with Rachel, however she had her consent for that. That didn’t change how Carmen wanted to change the plain girl.

A creeping hand distracted her. She followed its path to Rachel, the minx acted nonchalant, like her fingers weren’t inches from Carmen’s groin.

“Keep it in your pants,” Carmen whispered.

“I see you two are still going strong,” Mary said, looking between the couple.

“Uh, yeah. Yeah, it’s going… good,” Carmen said, blushing when Rachel didn’t move her hand away.

“No need to be modest. What about you, Zoey? Got anyone?” Mary asked, attention on the Amazon. It might’ve been Rachel’s influence, or Carmen’s burgeoning libido, but she saw lust in the stacked futa’s eyes.

“Nothing,” Zoey said, a bit too fast, “I mean, it’s hard to find someone that’s into all of this.” She gestured to herself. Most guys and girls, or anyone in between, would salivate over her tits, but the slab of meat on bulging through her pants might be a deal breaker.

“Don’t be silly,” Mary chuckled and pulled Dakota in, the brunette’s head contesting with her boobs for size, “Dakota’s been staring at you for weeks.”

“Mary,” Dakota whined, trying hard not to stare, but her options were limited and her will even more so.

“Besides,” Mary ignored her, “Ashley and I are always up for fun.”

The blush her offer brought on was enough to blaze through Zoey’s tan. While Mary had always been a slut, a fact she freely admitted, it was amazing for her to be so open, and for Ashley to nod in agreement as well. Although, everyone there knew about each other’s secret. Everyone’s, except Carmen’s, though she expected they had suspicions.

“I’ll think about it,” Zoey said, to which Dakota’s face sank. Carmen spent years focused on her studies, but she had also watched those around her, in case recognising body language would be useful. Even without all that time, she could read all the insecurities on Dakota’s face.

As could Rachel. The redhead gave a slight tug on her arm, pulling down to whisper in her ear, “I think she should get a little something extra, you know? Something to help her stand out.”

“Yeah, but… isn’t it wrong? I’d be doing it without her knowing.”

“That’s the beauty of it. No one else will know. Just you and me.”

“I guess you’re right,” Carmen sighed, “Can’t believe you talked me into this.”

“I barely said anything.”

“Fine, I admit it. I’ve been thinking about it too,” Carmen said.

“Do you always crumble this fast? Or is it just me?” Rachel teased.

“It’s just you.” Carmen exhaled and grabbed her bag, excusing herself. In the restroom, she leaned her head against a wall and bit her lip, pants strained by her erection. Ryuka hovered nearby, cackling in a creepily erotic way. It wasn’t her fault, but what Carmen had written. She couldn’t help herself. The second lead touched paper, her subconscious took hold.

She rummaged around for an eraser, but came up empty. Then it appeared before her in Ryuka’s hand, snatching it away when she made a grab for it. The Seikogami tutted at her, seductive grin in place as she toyed with the rubber.

“Now, hear me out. This could be good for her. And you. Rachel is a wonderful futa, and you’ve been doing wonderful things with her, but others deserve that fun too. Don’t they?” Ryuka said.

“Yes, but with something not so conspicuous. I don’t want her labelled a monster.”

“Give it a chance. You can always change it later.” Ryuka tossed the eraser back and floated away, leaving just her scent and echoes of her voice behind. It took a minute for Carmen to decide, and another for her erection to settle. She’d almost considered texting Rachel about it, but stopped the thought before it could make things worse. When she came back, the others had moved to an air hockey set and Dakota’s shirt was fuller.

Rachel bounced at the sight of her, winning before she accosted Carmen in a giant hug. Her head was all but submerged in the taller futa’s breasts. It was just a cover, of course, “Come on, come on. Tell me what you did to her.”

“You’ll see. It, uh… it’s a bit more than I planned on.”

“Oh, sounds spicy.”

They watched her as time passed. Dakota acted no different, as Carmen had written it, even as her shirt rode up with her tits. The bra snapped not long after, giving up on handling the now melon-sized breasts, their underbellies swallowed up her shirt and revealed a second pair. Rachel’s eyes widened, though she said nothing.

“Hey, Dakota, you’re showing there,” Mary said, pointing to her friend’s swelling pair of tits.

“Shit! Ugh, this always happens,” Dakota muttered, freed her top and hooked it under the bottom pair. That worked for covering them up, but not to conceal her burgeoning nipples. They kept pace with her growing breasts, adamant not to be left behind.

“That *is* spicy,” Rachel said, to which Carmen groaned.

“It’s not over.” On cue, her girlfriend spotted the two distinct bulges in Dakota’s pants, and the curious third shape wrapped around her pert rear. The Futa Note rarely changed the immediate past, far as Carmen knew, but this time a hat appeared just to fall from Dakota’s head. There, blending in with her brunette waves, were a pair of fluffy dog ears.

“Wow,” Rachel said with a whistle. The ears reacted and Dakota looked at them, the pair turned around, suddenly engrossed with the prizes on offer, “What brought *that* on?”

“I don’t know,” Carmen groaned and rubbed at her eyes. She wasn’t tired, nor was she pent up - perhaps a little from the bathroom - and she hadn’t even considered giving someone animal traits before. Much less a second penis and pair of breasts. Leah was an exception, but even she didn’t have cow parts like horns or a tail. Although they might complete the look. Perhaps an udder?

“You know, she should have a third and fourth set of boobs if she’s supposed to be a dog,” Rachel said, shocking her from the reverie.

“You’re into it?” Carmen asked.

“Babe, we’ve only been dipping into my fetishes,” Rachel giggled and kissed her cheek, “Next time we’re having fun with the book, just go nuts.”

“You’re a bad influence on me, you know that?” Carmen said and pulled her in for a proper kiss.

Back with the group, Dakota’s changes had finished. She wore a cap over her ears and, when she got excited, her pants would wriggle with her tail. No one in the group was bothered by her abundance of breasts, or the bulges of twin cocks in her pants. Carmen wasn’t sure if anyone else knew about the ears and tail, but they didn’t bring it up so neither did she. At least Dakota seemed more comfortable around them, like she belonged.

Other people, however, weren’t so accepting. Kids mocked her, or asked unreasonable questions, adults thought she was obscene until they spotted Zoey, whose own cock stood out even more. Mary was quick to snap at them, faster than Carmen might’ve expected, until she noticed how she and Ashley treated the multi-breasted futa. They were in a three-way relationship, made obvious as they kissed to celebrate even the smallest victory.

“Huh, so it turned them poly?” Rachel asked.

“Seems like it. They’ve probably been together for a while,” Carmen shrugged.

“Kind of expected her and Zoey to hook up, honestly,” Rachel said, noticing that her oldest friend was the only one without a partner now.

“It’s alright if you want her to join in.”

“Hmm? What?” Rachel did a double take between her girlfriend and the Amazon, gulping as the wheels turned in her mind. A twitch in her pants made the nature of her fantasies clear.

“You love Zoey. Don’t you?” Carmen frowned, certain she’d read all the signals correctly.

“I-I mean, yeah! But, that’s… I don’t know what she’d say about it.”

“The offers there,” Carmen said and pulled her into a side-armed hug, gigging at the slight dip in her girlfriend’s height as arousal seeped in.

“To be honest, I never expected you’d say that.”

“I want you to be happy. Zoey’s part of that. It only makes sense,” Carmen explained with a shrug, not telling just how much her loins burned at the thought. Maybe someday, but for now she let such concerns drip away.

It was their last day before Saint Puella forced them back, no reason to dwell on morality or repercussions of what she did with the Futa Note. Carmen and Rachel joined forces for a shooter against Mary and Dakota, winning easily, though Rachel carried her to victory.

Zoey dominated when they played basketball. The only one capable of pressuring her was Carmen, despite never working out a day in her life, but that didn’t go far. Driving games were impossible for Zoey, her height and endowments too much for the seat. Likewise, Mary’s breasts mashed into the wheel and Dakota’s bottom row kept her legs from raising too high. They still laughed at everyone’s attempts to fit in, especially Rachel. The redhead fit well enough, though her hips overflowed the seat.

In hindsight, the arcade might not have been the best place for a group of extraordinarily sexual women. They settled back at the restaurant portion after exhausting their options. Carmen looked around, ignoring the families rushing around, at her friends and lover. In a year, once the ridiculous business at Saint Puella was taken care of, she’d take steps to a fulfilling career. Maybe with Rachel or someone else down the line, she didn’t know. But Carmen was, for possibly the first time of her life, happy.

The mood at Saint Puella the next day was as expected; frustrated. No freshmen for senior students to mess with, and those senior students were themselves trapped in the school again, while the teachers trudged along in their own misery. It was expected that they’d only be there for a little longer, now Principal Blake had laid plans to extend their underpaid positions. To make it all worse, Gretchen was still around.

Despite all that, Carmen was optimistic. She had friends to enjoy the year with, before she or they moved on, and most evenings were passed quickly with a visit to or from Rachel. Going to Rachel’s proved interesting. She never altered Leah’s entry, so the older Adams futa kept growing and growing, day by day. It didn’t help that Rachel used her to tease Carmen relentlessly.

“Oh god, here she comes,” Mary said, grimacing toward the queen bitch, whose heels echoed over the conversations throughout the halls. Not much had changed about Gretchen in the Summer. Without Ashley’s wealth, she couldn’t afford anything extravagant like more augmentations, or new designer clothes. That didn’t stop her from throwing her clout around with a platoon of sycophants desperate to get in good with the principal.

“Let’s just go,” Carmen said a second too late.

“Oh look at the freak show,” Gretchen’s sneering voice said, wrapping around their ankles like a slimy tendril, “Would’ve thought you’d be carted off by now. Or at least made it so no one else has to look at you. Ugh, especially you.” She spoke at Dakota.

“Back off,” Mary growled, and, with Ashley at her side, stepped forward. At the same time, Zoey tensed, ready to step in as well. That got Gretchen nervous, having been punched by her once before.

“See you around, Mary. By the way, maybe stop mooching off the rich, or at least spring for a better surgeon. The boob job is pretty obvious.” With that, Gretchen sauntered away and exaggerated the motion of her fake ass.

“Well,” Carmen said and shut her locker, “That was tame.”

Classes resumed with a spiel about the new curriculum. The wording emphasised how it was supposed to reflect a college environment, so students were expected to uphold higher standards or decorum, and so on. Gretchen heard none of that. She’d walked through all the years past and this was no different, her mother wouldn’t risk reputation over her child’s misdemeanours. It was more important that she find something on those freaks. Carmen, in particular.

It didn’t make sense. The bitch had always been quiet, an eyesore but one that she could ignore, then, from nowhere, she starts ‘befriending’ Gretchen’s inner circle. There had to be something else. Wait… Gretchen frowned at her reflection; why were they her inner circle? Dakota was hideous, Mary made sense until she went overboard on the enlargements, or her macromastia kicked in - whatever it was - and Zoey was muscle, despite her fucked up body. Rachel was… she made Gretchen feel tall. That explained most of them.

She groaned and rubbed at her head to ease the headache she felt coming on. They were increasingly more annoying, often getting in the way of a good time, and she didn’t know why. Not like some doctor would tell her without taking a chunk of cash, and she wouldn’t risk being some junkie because of headaches. They’d go away once she figured out what the fuck was with Carmen Robins.

“Done,” Gretchen chuckled as the locker clicked open. Staff at the school might not get paid well, but they wanted their jobs, so all records were at Gretchen’s disposal, including locker combinations that were forcibly registered to the school. It was stupid, but she wouldn’t bring it up. She rifled through Carmen’s crap until a black notebook fell out.

“Futa Note? What crap is this?” She flipped through and almost giggled at the ridiculousness, “Well, someone’s kinky. But this is just them. Weird.” Flipping through to the back, she found a list of ‘rules’, then stopped at the sight of Carmen and Rachel’s names.

“Only those whose names are written here will know what happens? Might as well,” Gretchen shrugged and found a pen in the locker, because of course a nerd like Carmen would have a spare one. She added her name. It was probably some weird fetish diary. Not like anything would come of this, other than messing with Carmen when she noticed Gretchen had written in it.

As she went to put it back, agony stabbed through her head. She collapsed mind spiralling in a torrent of information from two different lifetimes it felt like. Memories of a normal, spineless Dakota, and a meek Zoey, and Ashley with all the money anyone could want, all pierced her skull. Once the maelstrom had calmed and she could breathe, Gretchen stared at the blank page beneath her… It was real.

And it was hers.