“I’ll see you tomorrow,” Mary said.

“Yeah, see you.” Carmen watched the car speed away, hastened by Mary’s libido no doubt, and sighed when she looked upon the miserable motel. Compared to Ashley’s home, or any domicile with a modicum of care, it resembled a punishment. How could anyone sleep there? Let alone eat and relax.

On the way to her room, she passed a recently boarded up window. Another room had its door partly destroyed, chips of it lining the cramped walkway. The smell of rot urged her away. Melody couldn’t stay here. A child’s naivete is fragile, they learned faster than most gave them credit for. She had to protect it, at all costs. Otherwise all the time she spent dealing with Gretchen and restraining herself would be wasted.

The mouldy door creaked open at her shove. Her cheeks strained for a smile, but it wasn’t necessary. One foot in the door and her mother accosted her in a breathtaking embrace.

“Carmen! Oh, baby! It’s finally happened!” Alicia wailed, sobbing into her eldest child’s shoulder.

“What happened?” Carmen said, straining to breath and ignore how soft her mother’s chest felt. When released, she saw Alicia’s bloodshot eyes gleaming with her jubilant smile and tears. Across the room, Melody also stared, though she seemed flustered.

“Our lucky break! I got a call from the bank. I thought it was a prank at first, then I went and checked and… and look!” From her purse, Alicia produced a roll of fifty dollar bills. Her eyes studied it, as if disbelieving that she held so much money, then put it away, “And that’s barely a fraction of it. We’re rich, sweetheart!”

Carmen suddenly felt the Futa Note’s weight in her bag. Or perhaps that was Ryuka leaning on her shoulder, giggling at the older woman’s glee. Without either, this wouldn’t be possible. When was the last time her mother smiled like this? Alicia flopped onto a bed and just laughed, relaxed for the first time in years. Finally, no job to rush to or desperate need for sleep. All her woes had vanished. Gone, as if by magic.

Because of the Futa Note. Because Carmen transformed a wealthy girl into some triple-cocked freak that had a possible addiction to orgasms, and who, at that moment, was likely with Mary continuing where they left off. Unsanctioned jealousy swirled in her chest, a dark cloud that quivered against the brightness of her reprieve.

“That’s great,” Carmen lunged for Melody and kissed her forehead, “No more tatty clothes for you, Supergirl.”

“Really?”

“Yep. We’re gonna turn you into a princess.”

“Ugh,” Melody crinkled her nose.

“Oh?” Carmen chuckled, “What about a superhero then? Tight spandex and a cape and all that stuff.”

“You promise?”

“Yes,” Carmen said, “Supergirl needs a proper costume after all.” In the back of her mind, another thought emerged. *Her sister wanted to be a superhero, someone strong and beloved by all, and she could have it. Just a few sentences.* She held it back, strangled by chains of her self-restraint. They creaked from the strain though, having loosened in the past months of abuse.

“I’ve got some design ideas then,” Melody said and rummaged through her school bag, pulling out a tortured sketchbook. The cover had been torn in several places, and the pages seemed flaky, like they’d been doused in water and left to dry. Melody ignored that and went to the back, where she had several crude sketches of herself and Carmen.

“Wow, I get to be your sidekick?” Carmen said, biting back her mortified laughter at how large Melody drew her chest.

“Yeah, but don’t worry. You get some cool tricks and stuff too. Just not as cool as mine.”

“How generous,” Carmen said dryly.

“I thought so,” Melody grinned.

The rest of the day passed in a blur. Alicia, once she recovered from the shock of it all, was on the phone to a hotel. One with ample storage. They moved there the same evening, and had a decent meal, their first one in a restaurant since Carmen’s father passed. Melody went to bed warm and happy, mumbling in her sleep about all the things she had planned.

Carmen stayed with Alicia, corralled into her celebration.

“Just a bit then,” Carmen sighed. Her mother could be persuasive, and persistent, as such she took the glass of red wine. Not the cheap stuff either. She sniffed at it as she’d seen people do in film, then took a quick sip, “Oh god, that’s bitter.”

“You’ll get used to it,” Alicia giggled, already on her second glass since returning from dinner. The alcohol had worked its way into her system, turning her cheeks a rosy tone.

“Don’t think I want to,” Carmen said but took another sip for good measure. It burned her throat, making her crave another drink.

“I can’t believe we’re really here,” Alicia said, looking around the spacious room. Even occupied by three beds, a nightstand between them, and the unnecessarily large tv, they had plenty of room. And things could only get better from there.

Clothes and school supplies were the tip. Soon they’d have a house, somewhere to call home without a hint of sarcasm or fear that it would collapse on them. A room and bed for each of them, somewhere to be alone and relax. Even a garden. Alicia had said she liked raising plants. What little excess she could once afford had been spent on trying to liven the apartment up with flowers, but rats got to them before they could even bloom. Not anymore.

“Me neither,” Carmen said and had another sip. The taste still revolted her, but the heat was welcome. It seemed to flow from her mouth throughout her body, soothing all her muscles. She sank into the pillows on her bed. Had she really been so tense?

“We could buy a house,” Alicia said.

“Yep.”

“And a car. Oh, I really want a car. Buses and trains are nightmares.”

“Can’t stand them.”

“You and Melody can finally have some proper clothes. And toys! She hasn’t had a proper toy since she was tiny. Phones too.”

“Don’t spoil her. Last thing we want is Melody to grow up as a snob.”

“Hell no,” Alicia giggled and poured herself another glass. She raised a brow to Carmen, who realised her own drink had gone. The honour student shrugged and let her mother fill it.

“Still, we should get her into a better school. That place is horrible.”

“Agreed.” Melody’s school, while not dilapidated or haemorrhaging money like Saint Puella’s, had a reputation for being unsavoury to say the least. Her sketchbook was proof enough that she was bullied there.

“And you too. Won’t have to deal with that ridiculous prep year.”

“Um, no. That’s fine.”

Alicia frowned, “Honey, that place is awful.”

“Yeah, but… I’ve got friends there. And it’s not like I need to rush into college now or anything.”

“Alright. If you say so,” Alicia said, though she sounded unconvinced, then yawned, “I’m turning in for the night.”

“I’m gonna have a bath first.”

“Sure. Good night, sweetheart.” And like that, her mother was passed out. Carmen shook her head at the woman and pulled the covers over her sleeping form, then parted with a grateful kiss on the cheek.

“Good night, mum.”

Of all the things being poor had robbed from her, Carmen hadn’t expected to miss a proper bath as much as she did. She sank into the clear water, disturbed only by the suds and swirls of nutrient oils. It caressed her skin rather than clung and seemed to ripple with her movements, always staying in sync with her. A sigh slipped out at the sensation of it against her breasts.

“You seem happy,” Ryuka said.

“I’ve missed this,” Carmen said and raised a leg, smooth as the marble tiling along the walls. She hadn’t needed to shave since finding the Futa Note, one of the few welcome changes, “Warm, clean water. And bubbles! It’s the simple things that make life worthwhile.”

“Hmm, let me see.” Ryuka released whatever power that kept her afloat, splashing into the water, “Oh, that is nice.” She reclined into the water, kicking up her legs on either side.

Carmen gulped. The tub was large, two people could fit with ease if they didn’t mind touching, which meant her leg came into direct contact with Ryuka’s penis. Her eyes wondered over the Seikogami again, willing the bubbles from her sight to bask in the pale splendour. With skin like a fine cream, Ryuka’s midnight wings, and scarlet eyes and lips stood out all the more vibrantly. This was an immortal creature, with a beauty humans had strived for since the dark ages, and she’d turned Carmen’s life into torment. Yet also brought her to this point years ahead of schedule.

“Thank you,” Carmen said.

“For what?” Ryuka sank deeper into the water. Her breasts floated on the surface, so huge but buoyant and tempting.

“For the Futa Note.”

“I thought it ruined your life.”

Carmen shook her head. The water seemed hot now, or was that Ryuka’s heat. It couldn’t be her own, “I mean, it’s messed up all my plans and made me into this, but… I never thought I’d get here until I was, like, twenty-five or something. Let alone with my whole family. And did you see my mum? I haven’t seen her smile like that in years. So, yes. The book ruined my life, but we wouldn’t be here without it. Or you.”

“Thanks.” For once, the deity looked uncomfortable. She didn’t blush, perhaps because she was incapable of it, but she’d never looked more… appealing. Carmen pushed through the water until she all but straddled Ryuka. Their genitals touched, the same yet exact opposites to each other, earning a soft gasp from Carmen. She cupped the Seikogami’s cheeks, captivated for a moment by how soft they were in her hands, and leaned in. Their lips met for the briefest moment, a spark of desire crackled within her, before Carmen realised what she’d done.

“I’m leaving.”

Ryuka didn’t follow, merely looked to the empty doorway and touched her lips. “So interesting.”

Entire continents separated yesterday and waking up the next morning. The motel had been a frozen tundra, desolate and inhospitable, fraught with danger at every corner. And now she experienced a gorgeous sunrise on a field of daisies and daffodils, punctuated by the sheen of a gorgeous goddess. Carmen ran a hand through her hair, hoping to swipe away such thoughts.

She let the strands flow around her fingers. Darker than it had ever been, but cleaner, fuller and stronger too. Though slight, the similarities between herself and Ryuka grew everyday. There are far worse fates, Carmen thought with a glance to the dozing god. Her lips drew her gaze, kindling the memory of yesterday night. That was a mistake, spurred by Alicia’s wine.

“I can’t lose control, even now,” Carmen murmured and went to use the toilet, careful not to rouse Melody. That girl deserved to sleep in luxury for a lifetime.

She coasted by on days of extravagance. Everyday, she went to slept and woke in a luscious bed, bathed with clean water, and went clothes shopping for the first time. Melody’s excitement was intoxicating, even dilated by a memory. But it wasn’t extravagant. Beyond the hotel, everything was as it should’ve been. After so long, they ate good food, she and Melody had clothes to call their own, without holes or the reek of previous owners.

School fell to wayside. She didn’t pay attention to the shift in murmurs around her, discussing the massive improvement to her wardrobe, or how Ashley had returned with an opposite change. The former millionaire, once clad in designer shirts and sweaters, now walked through with a simple tee that hugged her plump figure. Bold move, considering her oddities. Over the weeks, she adopted a darker aesthetic. Dark eye liner and lipstick, with matching tights that rose beneath her skirt. At times, Carmen noticed a bulge in them.

Neither Dakota or Zoey argued her being around them. Carmen had forgiven her and that was enough, especially after they heard what she’d done for the Robins’ family. It’s strange, the honour student thought one day at lunch, looking around at the people sat with her. Each of them had wronged her in one way or another, some more than others. She’d gotten them back of course, which was why they sat with her, talked to her, and trusted her.

But they didn’t know what she’d done. What they did to her ranged from mere inconvenience to outright malicious, yet she’d turned them all into futanari and made them attracted to her, removing their social status in the process. Would they still like her if they knew? Carmen didn’t want to find out.

Why? If they knew that she was somehow responsible for their new genders, what could they do. Spread the word perhaps, but no one would believe them. They’d end up separate from everyone, Carmen included, and suffer for it. The Futa Note made them attracted to her, they all longed for her. She saw it day after day in their glances, or inconspicuous flirting, how they wished she was theirs. They’d never leave her.

A smile escaped at the thought. She’d spent every year of high school friendless without complaint, and now she didn’t want to to lose them. Nothing made them that different to any other person she’d met. Dakota was nice, athletic and that slight twinge of German in her voice. Mary had the greatest breasts that Carmen had seen. Zoey towered over them all with muscles to match. Then there was Ashley, plump and soft and eager to please.

“I’d wager they all tick a little fetish for you,” Ryuka said on the way back to the hotel, “Well, except Mary. Big tits are absolutely your kink.”

“Shut up,” Carmen said, but couldn’t stop a grin. Denying the fact was futile, given how much she’d adored Stacy’s chest. Her smile fell.

“Sorry,” Ryuka said.

“For what? You didn’t say anything wrong.”

“God, you humans are an enigma,” Ryuka rubbed her head, “You got all mopey suddenly, so I thought it was my fault.”

“No, just thinking about Stacy. Can’t you read my mind anyway?”

“Not when you start blocking it,” Ryuka shrugged.

“Good to know.”

“Why don’t you try calling her? I’m sure she wants to see you.”

“I can’t,” Carmen said and glanced down the route she’d normally take to Soothe the Soul. It was likely a development sight by then, devoid of the cosiness she’d come to appreciate and long for, “I bet there’s some stupid contract that means she can’t interact with me or something. Besides, I was just an employee. She’ll move on.”

“Okay, stop. You’re gonna make me depressed.”

“Can Seikogami even get depressed?” Carmen asked.

“We’re gonna find out at this rate. So, tell me when you’re going to indulge yourself,” Ryuka said, leering at her.

“You really think I’ll tell you?”

“Come on, I know all the best techniques. With me coaching, you’ll be cumming buckets in no time.”

“I’m not telling you,” Carmen shook her head, smiling at her godly companion, “But if I suck at it, then I’ll let you know.”

“Sucking? Oh, that’s perfect. Best of both worlds. You get a blowjob, and you give a blowjob. Win-win.”

“Stop.”

“Fine…”

Back in the hotel, she found her mother jiggling a key and grinning ear to ear. Melody was already there, slamming her new clothes and toys into a suitcase.

“We’ve got a house!” Alicia announced, “Oh, it’s lovely. Smack in the middle of suburbia. Stable walls, an honest to god kitchen, rooms for everyone and a guest room to boot, and it’s just a short drive from your schools. Which reminds me, we need to get you lessons. And a car. Oh! Something nice and cosy would be perfect. Although, maybe not.”

“Calm down, Mum,” Carmen chuckled and inspected her own garments. She’d expected this and had kept her belongings in neat piles for easy packing, “We’ve got plenty of time for all that.” She frowned at a bra, bought at the insistence of her mother. Seeing its size compared to that of Alicia’s made it clear how endowed Carmen had become, yet something made it feel incompetent. A sigh slipped out at the thought of further growth.

Not that anyone seemed bothered by it. The fact she grew several cup sizes in just a few months should be cause for concern, and leave her with stretch marks, yet no such issue arose. More meddling from the book. It hadn’t changed memories, none that Carmen could discern, otherwise Alicia should know about her penis.

“Sorry, it’s just so exciting. We haven’t had a house since your father passed,” Alicia said, joining Carmen on a bed, smiling at a memory, “He’d be proud, you know? Of you and Melody. I know it hasn’t been easy, but you got through it.”

“Don’t count yourself out,” Carmen leaned into her mother’s shoulder, “We never would’ve survived without you.”

“True, true. Either way, it’s in the past now. The future’s wide open for us now.”

“Yeah,” Carmen glanced at Ryuka, wondering how long it might take before temptation got the better of her as it almost had just a short while ago, or before she wound up resembling the deity. She shook the thoughts off. Before she could worry about that, the Futa Note had secrets she needed to discover. Or at least nuances she wanted control over. Summer provided a great chance for that.

First, she had ‘graduation’ to attend. Like the school itself, the ceremony was drab, greys on grey amidst a sea of disgruntled students. Principal Blake had instituted a fee for any graduate that didn’t attend the prep year, many of the girls’ families didn’t have money to spare, and so few pupils were absent. Carmen sat in a row of her friends, waiting for the mockery to end.

“Can’t believe this shit,” Mary grumbled, tugging at the cheap gown they’d been provided. It was second-hand from another school, and still bore the emblem. Most had mismatched sizes, which somehow found their way into the worst matches. Zoey’s was too small, or perhaps she was too tall, and failed to reach beyond her knees.

Mary had a similar issue in her chest, which bulged through like she’d stuffed a pair of balloons into the gown. The constriction kept them from finding a proper shape, and squeezed them through the neck. Likewise, her hips pulled the lower half flush against her skin. It rode up her thigh to reveal a glimpse of flesh at every opportunity. A slight reprieve from the burn in her most of her skin.

“Do you just have to be half-naked all the time?” Dakota asked.

“Yes!” Mary hissed, “Don’t know what it is, but I break out in hives if I cover too much. How much fucking longer?”

“I’ve got some cream if that’ll help?” Ashley offered. Her gown fit well, tantalisingly snug around her curves, but loose enough that her erection wouldn’t give her away. No one else knew what she hid, and she was eager to keep it that way.

“No, ugh, just… fuck it,” Mary hooked her fingers into the fabric and strained. Cheap polyester and cotton split open down her front, revealing a fountain of cleavage, “Oh, god that’s better.” She did the same for her legs, leaving just enough not to bare her phallus to everyone.

“Oh, fuck,” Ashley whispered, enraptured by the display.

“Shameless as always,” Zoey said, with a playful shake of her head, then fell into quiet. She’d been doing so more often recently, as if distracted by something. Her eyes went to the opposite columns, where family members were sat. Carmen followed the direction and saw someone that resembled Zoey, slightly older, though she lacked the same physicality. A wink passed between the sisters.

Carmen withheld her words. If Zoey wanted to talk about it, then she would. She wasn’t that meek girl like before, and she hadn’t shrunk for weeks. A faint groan wrested Carmen’s attention back to Ashley, who had a hand clenched tight in her gown, while the other circled a breast in slow, building motions. Each cycle made the cloth bulge further, stretching it until every wrinkle was smooth.

Teachers were still absent and likely would be for several minutes to come. While a memorable graduation, farce or not, would be welcome in such a shoddy ceremony, she doubted Ashley revealing herself as a futa was the way to do that. Carmen wondered how the girl had held out for as long as she had, even if she only came once every day. Over two weeks and Ashley hadn’t returned to that cum-addicted state. Impressive.

But it was taking a toll. Ashley’s plump cheeks burned, stark against the pale skin and dark lips, and her mouth opened in lingering gasps. If left unchecked, her orgasm was imminent. Carmen bit her lip and glanced around, then took Ashley’s hand, leading her from the atrium.

“What?” Ashley said once they were in a secluded hallway. The brief walk took its toll, rubbing her hardening body parts against her thighs and clothes. Carmen glimpsed them and forced the surge of heat back down. This was for Ashley, the least she could do after taking the girl’s wealth and sexuality. However, the sense of anticipation wouldn’t be quelled.

The gothic style suited Ashley. She’d dyed her hair an oil black and used a thicker eye liner as well. Beneath her gown, she wore a sheer blouse that bore several inches of cleavage, and no bra. The amount of jiggle on her chest made no secret of that.

“How bad is it?” Carmen asked when she forced her eyes away. Her own member stirred in her panties.

“How bad is… oh, it’s fine,” Ashley said, though she squeaked as her trio lurched forward, “Or maybe not. To be honest, hmm, I’ve been struggling to sleep lately.”

“It’s not good to keep yourself backed up. You’ll end up like you did before,” Carmen said. She’d tweaked Ashley’s entry as a small test, stretching the length of time she could go without cumming before it became troublesome, “When was the last time you, uh…”

“Um, two days I think? It’s Friday now, and that was Wednesday, so yeah. Two days.” Perhaps another hour and she’d be left helpless, erect and incapable of cumming without excessive masturbation. Or Carmen’s helping hand. Even in the seconds they’d stood there, Ashley’s breasts had swollen with backed up semen. Too much more and she’d lose sensitivity and start leaking.

“Okay, okay…” Carmen looked to her new watch. They had five, maybe ten minutes until the ceremony started. At her stage, Ashley might end up cumming several times if she did it herself, and she doubted the futa wanted Gretchen spreading more rumours. Everyone already believed that Ashley was gay, as was the norm among her friends. Too long, however, and people would start talking about Carmen. She couldn’t bear it if that was her mother found out.

“Let’s make this quick,” Carmen said and yanked up Ashley’s gown. As if signalled, the plump girl’s cock leapt from beneath the skirt, “Shit…” she’d forgotten how big it was. Not the size of Zoey’s, but fatter, lined by angry veins and capped by a smaller head. She couldn’t fit a hand around its middle, even two were forced to stretch. A twinge of fear almost pulled her back. She hadn’t meant to touch it, let alone stroke or squeeze it.

Ashley sighed at her touch, leaning into the wall and undulating her hips. Her gasps turned to pleasure, building with every lap of Carmen’s hands until she was moaning.

“More. Please, Carmen?” Ashley blushed and pulled her gown higher, revealing her straining top. She pulled the front down and shuddered at the slap of her freed tits, upon which two stout cocks jutted forth. Milky pre-cum already leaked from them. Without them, Carmen wouldn’t hesitate. Even so, she struggled not to latch on the instant she saw them.

One hand abandoned the prime member and groped a breast. They gave under her ministrations, firming as she satiated one of her favourite pastimes. She and Stacy had cuddled in her office on several occasions, just feeling each other’s breasts. Carmen’s throat went dry. It always ended with her suckling from Stacy, syphoning the pent up milk into her clamouring gut. She missed the feeling of a warm teat spurting in her mouth.

Like before, she didn’t realise she’d moved until it happened. Ashley mewled above her, hands on her face as if in disbelief of what she saw. And what she saw was Carmen, bowed over to reach her breast, lips puckered and cheeks convex as she suckled a dick-nipple. She switched hands to grope the other boob, stimulating all three of Ashley’s cocks.

“Fuck, oh god! It never, ah!” Ashley clapped a hand over her mouth at the sound of footsteps, yet her chest rumbled with moans and squeaks escaped. Carmen didn’t stop, glugging down pre-cum that tasted of milk. The steps came closer.

*Cum, cum, cum, cum.* Carmen urged in her head, glancing to either side in case the stranger appeared. Power sparked in her gut and raced through her body, to her hands and lips. A moment later and Ashley’s moans stopped. Her eyes rolled and drool oozed down her chin and over her hands. Tremors ran through her cocks. The veins bloated and throbbed. A lurid gurgle echoed between Ashley’s tits and balls.

“Cumming…” Ashley whispered, before her hands fell away and she prepared to scream her bliss for all to hear. The person was too close. They’d hear. Carmen popped free and claimed Ashley’s lips, willing the girl not to scream. It worked somehow. Ashley’s throat strained and her cocks all unleashed jets of cum across the floor, yet not a single cry escaped her. She gargled instead, tongue moving as if to speak, but nothing came.

Carmen ignored each spurt of semen on her gown, too worried about being discovered to care for the moment. As the climax dwindled, Ashley’s mind returned and she started kissing her. On reflex, for it had to be, Carmen reciprocated. She fell into the moment, almost feeding off Ashley’s afterglow through the kiss. The footsteps faded away.

“We’re clear,” Carmen said when she separated.

“Y-yeah,” Ashley panted, her face redder than before. Sweat had formed along her scalp and dripped between her breasts. Carmen averted her gaze.

“You should go clean up. There’s still about five minutes left… five minutes?” Carmen had intended for it to be quick, but she hadn’t realised how fast she could make Ashley cum. She dared a glance, wondering if she could do so again. Just one orgasm had put Ashley wholly under her power, what would two or three do?

“Uh huh,” Ashley nodded and put her clothes back into place, though they looked lopsided it would suffice for now. Once she was out of sight, Carmen looked to her own problem.

“Dammit, everyone will know.”

“I can help there,” Ryuka said, eliciting a sharp yelp, “I wasn’t watching, honest.”

Carmen thinned her eyes, “You were in my head, weren’t you?”

The deity shrugged, “Maybe. You’ll never know.” *I totally was though.* The thought came through clearly, as if Ryuka had said the words into Carmen’s ear. *Oh man, that was great. Shame she didn’t go further, like deepthroating the big one, or gobbling up the two nipples, ooh that’d be…* Carmen shut out the words and focused on her predicament.

Kissing Ashley had been a mistake, as it put her body in the direct path of her seed. The fabric didn’t absorb moisture well and left thick streaks of white, all oozing down her form and leaving gross trails in their wake.

“What’s your plan?” Carmen asked, ignoring what she’d heard.

“Simple, I can make all that disappear with a snap of my fingers, but…” She paused, waiting for a prompt that never came, “You’re no fun. But you’ve gotta do something for me.”

“I’ll get you some oranges, don’t worry.”

“No, no, I had a sack of those before I got here. I want you to use the damn book at least one more time.”

“Fine,” Carmen said.

Ryuka blinked at the fast response, “Uh, well… alright then.” She snapped her fingers and every trace of cum was gone, even the odour, “Go on. Do it.”

Carmen shook her head at the Seikogami, heading back to the gym, “You really should work on your bargaining skills. You never said when I’d have to use it. I could wait until I’m old and grey.”

“Damn you,” Ryuka said.

*“But I’m not that cruel,*” Carmen said through their link as she returned to her seat. A minute later and Ashley followed suite, *“I don’t want to be afraid of it, so I’m gonna understand it. The more I know, the less I have to worry about.”*

“Oh? Who’re you gonna use it on? Gretchen? The principal? Maybe your friends again?”

*“I’m not sure. We’ll see.”*

“Can’t wait.”