This was it. No reason to be nervous. They knew each other better than most people, worked together, slept together, helped and loved each other. Stacy still moved around her apartment in a flurry of doubt. Nothing was perfect, something always seemed just off enough to bother her, like the plate of cookies she’d plucked from the oven little over twenty minutes ago. Were they done enough? The stack didn’t look very neat. Too many chocolate chips stuck out.

No. No, it’s fine. Stacy plopped herself on the couch, hands clasped in front of her chest as she hunched over, trying not to look around and find another thing that would somehow turn this meeting into a disaster. Her breasts were full, almost uncomfortable, however she wouldn’t empty them yet. Maybe expecting anything of tonight was blindly optimistic, but she still hoped.

Everything about this could be a giant mistake. Opening old wounds for no reason other than the possibility of healing them might be too great a risk.

“It’ll be fine. She called me. That’s a good sign, right? I can’t come off as desperate in this situation, can I? So, it’s good. All’s good. We’re just gonna talk, catch up, laugh a little and let things go from there. Into the bedroom… Oh god, what’s wrong with me?” No one was around to hear her, the words just bounced off her walls. Though they didn’t echo, she heard them over and over in her head.

Not just the words, but everything she’d missed in the last several months. Cuddling while soft lips nursed from her bosom, feeling deft fingers dip into her and coax out pleasures beyond her abilities, and… her hands were between her legs now. Stacy bit her lip, staring at them drift closer to her heat, closed off by thighs mashed together. Moisture saturated her panties, leaking out onto her skin and showing through her strained pants. Maybe she should deal with that first?

“Stacy?”

“Fuck!” Stacy jerked up, curves jiggling as she rushed to the door. Was it her? Calm down, act natural, don’t cry too much and try not to leak right away. That could wait until later. *If* things went well, “HI! Car… Mel, hey, what’s… ooh…”

Her co-worker stood in the doorway, dressed up and clearly ready to go out. Co-worker? What was wrong with her that she still thought of Mel, whose body she’d seen more of than any other in the past few weeks, as anything but a girlfriend? She knew what. It was the whole reason she’d fretted over every detail in her home, the reason her pussy was wetter than it had been in months.

“You, uh, need time to get ready?” Mel asked.

“No, uh… I mean…”

“Expecting someone?”

“Yes, wait, it’s complicated.”

“Right.”

“Well, a, uh, family member is going through a tough time and called me and I didn’t think, so I offered to help them out and you’re not buying this, are you?”

“Not at all,” Mel said, looking closer at the apartment, “Whoever they are, they finally got you to clean up, I see.”

“Look, it’s not your fault or anything…”

“I know. Stacy, you’re a great woman, but you’re way too nice sometimes. You’re still not over your ex, are you? It’s cool, I get it. This was fun though.”

Stacy caught her arm as she turning to leave, “Hey, um, maybe stick around and meet her? You’ll love her.”

“And you’re way too optimistic,” Mel sighed and pecked her on the lips, “I meant it, this was fun. If things don’t work out and you just need some casual lovin’, let me know, okay?”

“Okay. I’m sorry.”

“Me too.”

With that short exchange, Mel left and Stacy was alone once more. Single. Unless… She shut the door and returned to the cushions, smothering them in her rear. Stupid. Stupid, stupid, stupid. Carmen wouldn’t be attracted to her anymore. She’d put on all that weight, not only that, but Carmen was going out with that obnoxious, albeit hotter than hell, blonde. And before her, it was that adorable redhead.

Sure, Stacy had more curves than either of them - though the blonde was close with those implants - but that came at a price. Her belly rested on her legs as she returned to the couch, and sat upon it were her breasts, so huge and pert from the abnormal milk production. If she had any pride, it was them. No one could shame her for them, given the flavour they produced and the sexiness of gushing milk if she built up long enough. And the way Carmen adored them.

Was it too late to call and postpone their reunion? She just needed a month to get in shape, maybe use liposuction if necessary, get her hair done, put on better makeup and let her tits fill up so she could give Carmen a big, milky hug upon seeing her. A short series of raps on her door had her standing once again.

“Deep breath,” Stacy said and opened the final obstruction. And there she was…

“Hi.” That musically husky voice, like it just finished grunting all night in bed and was seducing her into continuing throughout the day.

“Hi,” Stacy said.

“Can I come in?”

“Yes! Yes, sorry, come in.”

Carmen stepped indoors and graced the quaint apartment with her radiance. It didn’t matter that she wore a simple jumper with cargo pants, though they were tight around her legs, her simple presence was divine. She took a long breath and sighed, grinning ear-to-ear at the plump woman still frozen at the door.

“I missed this place,” Carmen said and gracefully sat on the decade old couch, so at home despite the trembling silence.

“It can’t compare to your place, your family’s rich.” Stacy said and joined her, far less graceful in her descent. Heat flashed as what little distance separated them was closed by the younger woman, their skin pressing through cloth, so close for the first time in so long.

“Money can’t recreate the smell,” Carmen said, still grinning, “Like the sweetest grandma.”

“Grandma? I’m not that old!”

“I know,” Carmen chuckled and shifted position to lean her head on the older woman’s shoulder, breathing deep, “It’s your scent. That’s all.”

She was too much. The apartment was air conditioned, but it might as well be broken with the heat blaring through Stacy’s body, compelling her to get closer. She obeyed, resting her cheek atop Carmen’s head and breathing deep as well. How was it that, regardless of what other aromas surrounded her, Carmen reeked of sex in the best possible way? Like the air around her somehow smelled like how sex felt.

It could be her body. That blonde didn’t compare. Stacy didn’t either. Nobody she knew of even grazed the same plane of existence as Carmen’s, with gorgeous breasts that rested heavily on her chest, yet they sat up like perky B-cups. And what of the obtuse curvature in her crotch?

That was special to them for so long. Stacy hadn’t confided her lactation in many people, much less any past employees, and Carmen had done the same with her penises, all five of them. Fully concealing them was impossible, but Stacy had the honour being first to see them when they slept together. Although, she couldn’t remember them clearly. She chuckled under her breath; they had spent more time inside her than out after all.

“I’ve missed you so much,” Carmen said, lowering herself until her head rested in Stacy’s lap, legs and arms curled up tight to fit on the cushions. If they started seeing each other again, she’d get a new couch, one big enough for the stunning girl in her lap. Fingers combed through the luxurious black and pinks locks, their length reaching all the way to an ass that Stacy would drool over in different circumstances.

“Me too,” Stacy said, leaning to peer over her breasts, “So, uh, why did you call?”

“I…” Carmen turned her unique eyes away, grin fading then returning, “I really, really missed you. That’s all, honestly.”

“Did it not work out with those other girls?”

“Girls?” Carmen frowned.

“That nice redhead you were with and that… blonde.” Venomous tones were foreign to Stacy’s tongue, but it suited her memory of her.

“Oh, that,” Carmen nestled into the plump woman’s belly and shuddered, “You saw us and thought she was my girlfriend.”

“Yes.”

“I hate her. The blonde, I mean. She… it’s hard to explain it now, but she did something to me and Rachel, the redhead. Everything’s fine now,” she hastily added, “But that wasn’t a relationship.”

“Oh, that’s… I was gonna say ‘that’s good’ but that sounded horrible. She broke you and Rachel up, didn’t she?”

“For a while.”

Stacy froze. Her hand, her breath, her heart… “For a while?”

“Stacy,” Carmen sat up and looked her in the eye, “What would you say if I wanted you to be my girlfriend again?”

“Yes.” It was a whisper, but she didn’t hesitate. In most people’s views, Stacy had failed as an adult, becoming infatuated with this girl barely out of high school and not even nineteen yet.

But she couldn’t help it. They wouldn’t understand having never looked into those eyes unlike any other on Earth, the pink glow around a strange shape amid an ocean of red seeming to pull on her inhibitions, unlatching their hundreds of locks one at a time. If she just stared long enough, she’d never be the same and she’d be fine with it.

“Even if it meant sharing me?”

“Sharing you?”

“Stacy,” the way she said her name alone was enough to stir greater feelings, “I’m different now. Honestly, if you’d believe it, I’m not really human anymore. What I mean is, I want sex. All the time. So much that I fucked everyone in a strip club, long story, and still left wanting more. I just had sex with most of my friends and… it’s so hard for me not to just attack you right now. I can’t just be with one person anymore.”

“I… I see…”

Carmen stood and went to a bag that seemed to materialise in Stacy’s apartment. Was she wearing one earlier? She hadn’t noticed. The apocalypse could’ve happened when she first saw her and she’d be numb to it. From the bag, she retrieved a simple notebook, then offered it to her.

“You won’t believe me, but this book changed everything.”

Stacy took it and jerked at the jolt along her skin. She opened it and saw names, followed by descriptions, or rather, directions. For them to become more like Carmen, and wholly unique too. One name, Mary, was written with four breasts, another had penises for nipples and it just continued from there. Was Carmen showing her a fetish diary? Had she gone through a sexual awakening of sorts and this was the result? Maybe that was why she was the blonde?

“I know that look,” Carmen said and gently took it back, holding and looking at the book like it was her child, “It’s completely insane, right?”

“No, Carmen, it’s fine. Everyone has fetishes. I’m fine with trying stuff if that’s what you want. I don’t know how we’d manage most of it, but we can try.”

Carmen laughed. What a sound! Each note resonated between Stacy’s thighs, that husky tone still present and more enticing than ever. Whatever she said next, whether it involved a threesome or more, Stacy would do everything to accept and please this woman, whom placed the book down and sat astride Stacy’s lap, bulges pressing deep into her belly. Arms appeared on each side and she looked up at the beauty bearing down on her.

“What if I could change you to be like that? To be like anything you or I fantasise about. What if I could give you four breasts, nipples the size of cocks, enough milk to end starvation, a pussy that’ll flood your apartment, all with a cock so thick and juicy that it’ll need it’s own pants just to be decent. What if I wanted you to have boobs bigger than a house? Would you let me do that to you?”

Stacy wasn’t much for porn. She’d heard things about what resided on the internet, strange fetishes that stretched beyond her lactation and Carmen’s unique endowments, but never had them spoken aloud to her. Did Carmen really want that? What about Stacy? She looked down at herself, almost feeling her ex-girlfriend’s eyes follow, and imagined her chest at such a size, filling with impossible volumes of milk, all while a huge dick poked between them. Her pussy boiled at the idea, dampness spreading under her cheeks.

“Maybe not that big,” Stacy said, “But if you could do that, I’d be happy with whatever you wanted.”

“You’re too good for me,” Carmen said and traced a finger along the plumper woman’s body, following its curves down to her pants, then vanished past the tight waistband. It took some struggling, however Carmen’s fingers soon found her unkempt folds and the clit that poked half an inch past, “We can wait until later, but right now… right now I need you.”

Stacy looked back into those eyes. It wasn’t every night that she fantasied of being with Carmen again, but her dreams stared her in every scenario, from as simple as being back at Soothe the Soul, working side-by-side again, to getting tit-fucked using her milk as lube. They could do that now. Those fingers hovered at her entrance, taunting her.

“But I won’t if you need time. I saw that other woman before, so I get it if you want to…”

“Just kiss me, please.” The same instant their lips met, Carmen curled her fingers inside and set off a chain reaction. It wasn’t an orgasm, but close enough. Stacy had wanted this for so long; Carmen’s heat pressing into her, Carmen’s fingers exploring her wanton depths once more, Carmen’s taste in her mouth. She felt bad for Mel, however there really was no one like her.

No one that groped her tit and milked her and moaned at the mere act of it. Carmen snagged her lip between her teeth and pulled until it hurt, then let go, tongue soothing the pain away. She whirled it around in precise chaos, then coaxed Stacy’s out. Once past her lips, Carmen suckled on it, groaning deep in her wonderful chest. Stacy didn’t think and clapped her hands upon the girl’s ass, joining the sounds as it jiggled from the blow.

Carmen released her tongue, her own hovering out to keep contact until she couldn’t reach any further. She slurped up all the loose spit, “You taste even better now.”

“Oh hush,” Stacy said and enforced it with her lips, using them to prevent any more words as she groped the ass cheeks of her dreams, while Carmen slid a third finger inside and ground into her grip. They undulated together, sinking deeper into one another, moaning their joy at reuniting. Subtle movements pressed against Stacy’s plush belly. One hand left Carmen’s bubbly ass to slip between them and feel the hardening presences.

At her touch, moisture erupted against her fingers as each bulge lurched. She kept touching, kept making out, kept returning the joy Carmen gave her even as she raced toward a climax. Too long had passed since she came, but her love would break that curse. Stacy chittered at the fourth finger stretching her pussy, while a talented thumb massaged her clit and sent tremors throughout.

“It’s okay,” Carmen said, pulling back just to nip at her neck, “Go ahead and cum first. It won’t be the last time, I’ll have you screaming with more soon.”

“So confident, ooh fuck, I think I’ll… hmm, do that,” Stacy said, “But I’m returning the favour, okay?”

“I look forward to it,” Carmen said, grinning up at her, before she latched onto her neck and suckled. Everyone’s erogenous zones were different, yet Carmen found her most innocuous place to target. As the flesh bruised in a love bite, Stacy panted and gasped, her pussy rippled, slurping on the fingers with enough force to suck the thumb in as well. Even then, Carmen angled her wrist to grind against her clit.

“Carmen, oh god, fuck, Carmen I’m gonna cum. Make me cum, baby! Make me feel so good! Fuck, I’ve missed you. So much. God, please!” Tears rolled down her cheeks, but were intercepted by Carmen’s spare hand, which cupped her and pulled her into a kiss, fingers slowing. As their tongues met once more, she jerked back to full speed. Stacy cried her out in her first orgasm since they last saw each other.

A wet hand appeared in her periphery and drifted closer. Carmen pulled away and brought the soggy fingers to her lips, licking them clean one by one. As she finished with the last digit, she shuddered as if in her own climax, though it wasn’t.

“I know it sounds awful, but…”

“But what?” Stacy asked, cupping her lover’s ass once more as the bulges in her pants grew. The cloth strained harder than ever, pushed to its limits, and creaked as Carmen rolled her hips.

“I think I might’ve missed your pussy the most.”

Stacy snorted and spanked her firmly. The ripple effect was too much for the poor garment girding her lower body. Tears bloomed across them and Carmen’s cocks lurched to freedom, but were bound by insurgent threads. The unique girl leaned back, as if offering them to her. Stacy licked her lips and tore the remains, then gawked as the quintet rose to their full glory. Were they always so huge and… inhuman? Her eyes locked to the middle, tracing the nubs and segmented bulges along its sides.

Carmen distracted her, taking her hands and putting them on the softest tits Stacy would ever feel.

“You can still back out. We can just be friends,” Carmen said, reading the apprehension caused by her giant members, “Once we really get started, I won’t stop. I don’t know what you remember, but I’m gonna do much, much more than that.”

Stacy gulped and squeezed, her pussy already famished for another orgasm, “I’m already past stopping.” Her love smirked, flashing her teeth.

“Then what’re you waiting for,” Carmen said, lifting her hoodie slightly and offering a glimpse of her gorgeous stomach, flat unlike Stacy’s. Before any doubt could creep in, the hoodie fell and fingers trailed across Stacy’s belly, so gentle and caring that her fears fled, “Show me everything. After so long, I want to see all of you.”

Maybe she was too eager, but Stacy all but ripped her shirt off and flung it aside. Her tits fell with a loud slap against her belly and Carmen’s pricks, blue veins pointing toward her dark, puffy nipples. They ached from the milk trapped inside, but the look of thirst that fell over Carmen’s face promised to relieve it soon. Her own top was gone soon enough and there she was, naked as their first time and, somehow, even more stunning.

“I love you,” Stacy said.

Carmen blinked at first, then her cocks flexed and pre-cum gushed down their lengths, “I love you too.” They parted the forest of phalli and kissed once more. Hot, bare flesh pressed against each other, no longer obstructed by clothes. It felt like she might burn up in Carmen’s heat, yet she never wanted it to go. No, she was burning up. Carmen’s eyes glowed brighter as they looked into hers and, like phantom hands toyed with her entire being, Stacy shuddered in her second orgasm.

“I need you,” Stacy said and wrapped both hands around the centre cock. Her hands didn’t even meet around it. Had this thing really fit inside her at one point? Yes, it must’ve. Even if it didn’t now, she could pleasure it in other ways.

“You have me. But we should probably move to the bedroom. Don’t want to make a mess of your living room.”

“Good point,” Stacy chuckled, feeling the massive balls churn. They’d definitely make a mess and more.