Growing Together Chapter 13

“I’m listening,” the nameless gypsy said, head inclined toward Alisa, who stood, motionless in her tearing dress. It strained against her mammoth cock. Veins pushed between the slits, offering a glimpse at her pale foreskin and, lower down, her angry, purple head. The gypsy hadn’t moved from her chair. She faced the futa, withered face and hooded eyes fixed upon her. A hint of a smile teased the corners of her wrinkled mouth.

Alisa glanced to her left. She didn’t dare take a step in any direction, even to help Bianca. The gorgeous portrait of sex panted on her hands and knees, clothes tighter than the nuns who gave them to her. Huge had become a subpar description for what she now possessed. Her hands were pressed flat into the ground, raising her torso high as possible, and still her breasts mashed into the ground below. Further back, Bianca’s ass rose high, a shelf all on its own.

The futa breathed deep, nostrils flared as a mixture of her and Bianca’s musk warred with the stale air. Part of her, cowed by the threat before her, craved to devolve and indulge in her desires. She turned her gaze back to the gypsy.

“So, uh… yeah, a bet,” Alisa said. She swallowed her doubts, hoping to keep them locked in the pits of her stomach, away from the gypsy’s prying eye, but they refused. Her fears and more bubbled back to the surface. Her hands turned clammy no matter how often she wiped them on her garment.

“What sort of bet, Alisa?” The gypsy chuckled.

“Um, yeah… what sort of bet? Well,” Alisa glanced between her lover, and enemy, wishing one might kick her well-honed mind back into gear. Her vision fell upon her groin, from which a cock no creature, with the exception of whales, possessed to her knowledge. The gypsy would refuse any wager that failed to peak her interest. In that case, she had one option.

“I’ll m-masturbate and if I don’t cum… If I don’t cum within ten minutes then you’ll release us, curse and all,” Alisa panted. The tightness in her chest hadn’t dissipated, if anything it got worse. Each exhale shuddered in her lungs, frantic for escape.

The gypsy laughed. Her bemusement scratched at Alisa’s ears, burrowing into her mind, detailing how poor a decision she’d made, “Sounds delightful. And what do you wager?”

“Me,” Alisa said, “If I fail, then do whatever you want to me. Bianca goes free, but I’m yours. Or Karen’s.”

“Liz,” Bianca rasped and coughed.

“Excellent,” the gypsy beamed, showing the rotted remains of her teeth, and yawned. She stood from her chair and shuffled past Alisa, “I’m afraid this is when I usually have a little nap. Old age is so unforgiving. Karen will preside over our arrangement.” She paused in the doorway and turned to face the pair.

“Oh, one more thing. If either of you tries something, like holding my granddaughter hostage, then the curse will activate to its full effect.”

“Full effect?” Alisa blanched at the idea.

“Oh yes. What you’ve sampled thus far is barely a fraction of what could be. I’m afraid I’ve made a habit of holding back for my amusement,” the gypsy shrugged and stepped from sight. Despite her departure, Alisa’s mind echoed with the ghost of her laughter and warning.

“How could you say that?” Bianca hissed. She managed to push herself to her feet and waddled to the futa.

“It’s fine. If I win, then we’re off the hook right away. If I lose, then I just have to wait until the old bitch dies,” Alisa said.

“Harsh.” Karen strode into the room and claimed her relative’s chair, smirking at Alisa as she glanced over at Bianca, “You took my advice. Smart.”

“There’s a first time for everything,” Alisa said.

Karen flipped her blue hair and leaned back, “Grandma really knows good furniture. You could fall asleep here and never wanna wake up,” she murmured. Neither Alisa or Bianca responded.

“Geez, you guys could be a little lighter hearted. Alisa’s set up a perfect win-win,” Karen leaned forward, resting her breasts on her legs as she peered at Alisa’s semi-erection, and her chin in her palm, “Even if she loses, both your lives improve. She gets to be my wife. Or would it be husband, considering her dick? Eh, semantics. And you, Bianca, will walk out of here with the fetish figure of a pervert’s dream. Sounds great, right? I’ve even been…”

“Enough talk, Karen,” Alisa sighed.

“Rude. But I guess you’re right,” the statuesque gypsy relaxed once more, “Just so you know, gypsy’s take their bets very seriously. Cheat in any way and I have full authority to turn you into a cock. And I don’t mean a bird.”

“I don’t cheat, unlike some people,” Alisa said.

“Ouch,” Karen winced, though her mocking grin remained, “But I suppose you’re right. You’ll just have to be extra watchful, won’t you? Now, onto the rules. You can masturbate how ever you want, so long as you are being stimulated. Also, I’m the judge of whether you’re feeling it.”

“You’ve gotta be kidding?” Alisa groaned.

“Now, now. I get that you don’t trust me to be fair, so how about this?” Karen spoke in a language foreign to Alisa. Some words resembled Latin, some Greek and others could’ve been gibberish, she couldn’t say, “Now I’m also cursed. For the next ten or so minutes, that is. If you’re feeling sexual pleasure, I’ll be, shall we say, sharing it.”

“How do you I know you’re telling the truth?” Alisa squinted at her ex. She’d lied before. Her falseness came with ease, natural as a college professor stating facts.

“Oh, you can’t miss it,” Karen chuckled. A liar’s mask, Alisa thought. But did it have to be so tantalising? Karen’s smile reflected the opposite of Bianca’s, radiating a discreet intent no one could discern until she informed them. Dishonesty personified. After years together, Alisa still couldn’t read her.

All she could do was stare at the stunning page inscribed with nonsensical, familiar patterns. Mischievous lips framed by a set of strong cheekbones, overseen by a cute nose governed by the heterochromatic eyes above, circled in thick eyelashes. Each had captivated – blinded – her.

Alisa’s memories of their time rested toward the back of her mind. A shimmering, clear pond full of inconsistency in how she’d felt. At the surface, burying any negativity, danced her pleasure. Drops of pleasure seeped into the cracks of her thoughts, winding their way to her consciousness. How Karen’s body had felt against hers, the way the gypsy’s hair went wild in the mornings, the feeling of her dripping hot insides wrapped tight around Alisa’s length.

She jerked back to reality at a sharp snap. Looking down, Alisa discovered the obvious culprit. It drooped from her crotch, not yet hard but well on its way. Dark, purple veins undulated across the surface, escorting blood and pleasure and desire throughout the vast expanse. She estimated four feet of unique futa-cock, and growing, swelled from her groin in a perverse extension of her body.

Karen gave a low, wolf-whistle. Alisa looked to her and away again. Her cock jerked and extended several inches at once, with several others piling atop it. Temptation pumped through its veins. Karen set a few feet away, the gap rapidly closing as her cock swelled to its true, glorious size. The girl appeared unchanged but for one thing; her true nature. A real gypsy, one with powers to curse others and even herself, which made her dangerous. Which made her intriguing. Which made her tempting.

So, so tempting.

“Looks like you’re ready to begin,” Karen said.

“What?” Alisa blinked and peered down. Her erection had remained dormant since yesterday, offering mere glimpses at the utter monstrosity she now possessed. An apt description, Alisa thought.

From her crotch, extended an, at first, unassuming girth no greater than her original size. As her vision moved, however, it exploded in majesty. The veins formed a labyrinth, each wall larger than any of her fingers, before fading into one another. Her skin stretched around her cock, so thin she could make out other, smaller circuits meandering beneath the surface. Every purple line led to a single goal, the true zenith of a cock. She followed them, compelled by a mix of desire and dreaded curiosity, to her wine-coloured, lustful and angry head.

A burst of pre-cum rocketed through her length. She bit her lip against the pleasure, holding the moan in her chest. Her pre-cum distended the path of her urethra, pressing out against all her nerves, hitting the perfect buttons to spark her lust into full gear. It splattered against the floor. One drop struck her bare foot.

“Hmm,” Karen moaned.

“What the hell?” Alisa whispered, at a loss for how else she could respond as she raised gaze.

“Told you ‘you can’t miss it’,” Karen snickered as she checked her tits, each now half-again their former mass, placing them on par with the gypsy girl’s head. Neither lost its shape, though, retaining the full, vaguely fake form Alisa had once lusted after. They couldn’t contend with Bianca’s. Nothing could. Alisa looked back to her fiancée, who leaned against a wall, rubbing under her breast where a rib had likely cracked. Bianca gave her an encouraging grin.

“Thank you,” Alisa mouthed. Yes, Karen is tempting, more than she’d ever want to admit even in the privacy of her mind, but Alisa had someone beyond mere enticement. Someone her life would be irrevocably joined with.

“After this is over, Anca,” Alisa said, ignoring the blue-haired gypsy, “I… do you… could we try? You know, for a baby? I mean, properly. Without *this*.” She gestured to their insane aspects.

“We’re a little young,” Bianca laughed, sending delightful shudders through her curves, “And I’m probably pregnant already, babe. But yes, Liz. After you win, put as many babies in me as you want.”

“As many as I…” Alisa’s cock leapt at the prospect. Great, she thought and turned away, now I’ve got an impregnation fetish. She could imagine it so clearly. Bianca, trapped not by her breasts and ass, but by a belly filled to bursting with life they’d created. She’d be helpless to stop Alisa from sampling all the milk she’d make, or from having her pussy pounded again and again.

“Are you done?” Karen asked, tone harder than before. Her face set itself into an expressionless mask, an obvious sign of her anger.

“Y-yeah,” Alisa said. To last ten minutes and save Bianca, she’d have to forget her. Any thought of the voluptuous siren would lead to a loss. No matter how tempting the thought of learning gypsy magic and curses was, or how enticing it was to sleep with Karen again, she couldn’t afford to lose. Not here.

“Then get masturbating. Last ten minutes, and you’re both free. Fail and you’re mine,” Karen said, eyes fixated upon Alisa, tracking her movements as a predator would.

“Anything’s fine so long as I feel pleasure, right?” Alisa asked.

“Don’t get creative,” Karen warned. Her hard exterior cracked into a grin, “You can’t just coast by on a little fondling here. If I’m not growing an inch every few seconds, then you fail. Or don’t you want to see me explode out of my clothes here? In front of your girlfriend? It does seem…”

“Fiancée,” Alisa said.

“What?” Karen’s lips sank.

“She’s not my girlfriend. She’s my fiancée. We just don’t have rings right now,” Alisa explained.

Karen’s expression solidified further, appearing to be sculpted from granite, “Just get on with it.” She leaned away and folded her arms over her enhanced chest, squishing the mounds, as she crossed her legs. Her asymmetrical eyes observed Alisa, unblinking as if she might miss the inevitable failure.

Deep breaths, Alisa reminded herself. So long as she remained calm and in control, she would succeed. She had cum more than she cared to know in the past twenty-four hours, as evidenced by her seven, possibly eight, foot member. Her hands didn’t compare to its sheer girth, present but insignificant by comparison, like a child’s hand against an ancient oak. Her cock jerked and her veins throbbed, threatening to dislodge her grip. She held tight, stifling a moan as she pulled her monument to masculinity flush against her body.

The taut skin had the barest hint of give to it. She pushed and pulled on it, cooing at how the motions echoed in her glans, from which a wave of pre-cum flowed. A blissful shudder rocked through her as the slimy emissions poured across her balls. They roiled in need, splashing her congealing seed against its prison. She dug her fingers into her cock, finding an unexplored sweet spot, and stumbled as her testes clenched and relaxed at the pleasure, rocking into her legs.

Alisa wrapped her arms around her member. If Karen deemed her efforts unworthy, then she would fail. The reminder filtered in amidst the rising tide of pleasure. She thrust her hips upwards, yelped as her balls swung and knocked her legs out from under her. The petite futa fell atop her cock. Where pain should’ve distracted her, she gasped, moaned and rolled her hips in lust. Her cock ground into the floor, coating it in her slick fluids.

She curved her legs to press her feet into the tremendous swell of her balls. Her toes dug into the folds, massaging the spheres, churning cum and heightening her sensations. Pricks of lust tingled across her cock where her fingers squeezed. Dozens of veins pushed against her body, pulsating with her racing heart, each palpitation presented another wave of pleasure. Alisa raised her head to stare at the angry, purple crown. It rested several feet away, off to the side of Karen’s chair.

She glanced to Karen and stared. Her hips pumped in the absence of her mind, acting on the sight of her ex, a curvaceous girl by any definition, swelling out from her chest and sides. The chair creaked against her curves, snug around her form. Pre-cum exploded from Alisa’s tip and splattered against the opposite wall.

“See something you like?” Karen asked, leaning forward. Her breasts, once huge, now dominated her entire torso, each greater than prized watermelons and pressed outward to highlight their new mass. Though obscured, her hips blossomed from her sleek waist into erotic handholds a giant would struggle with. Alisa shook her head free and looked away. A line of drool hung from her chin.

“Come on, baby,” Karen teased, “Don’t stop now. You’ll lose and I won’t get to grow anymore. Oh! I think the shirt’s on its last legs.”

“Shut up,” Alisa moaned. She steeled her jaw against any such sounds. Ignore her, she thought, and focus on not cumming. But Karen clouded her head, rather, the thought of her growth latched onto her pleasure, pushing it higher. The more she felt, the more Karen would grow. Alisa laid her cheek against her cock, away from the blue-haired temptress, and shuddered at the heat.

Her body hadn’t paused for a second. Would anything distract her now? She wondered, even as her arms pumped her cock, which slid between them and the floor as her hips undulated. Fresh floods of pre-cum poured from the depths of her heavy balls, forced out by the ever-thickening load held within. Her feet continued to work at the orbs, now equivocal to beach balls.

Alisa whimpered in her chest. Every movement jolted her with pleasure, whether small or grand. Her twitching fingers fed into the long stroke of her cock, vibrating her throat with an untameable moan, as she fucked the poor equivalent to a pussy. She wanted a pussy. So much of her cock remained unloved, too long and hard, unreachable for the petite futa. Her eyes turned traitor and compelled her to look at Karen once more.

As promised, with mere moments passed, the gypsy had swelled further. She leaned back in her chair, breasts still heavy in her lap, and had her knees clasped together. Not by choice. Her hips and, by extension, her thighs made it impossible to open her legs while in the resilient chair, though her shirt fared far worse. The neckline had torn halfway down the centre, unleashing an abundance of pale cleavage. Alisa licked her lips, certain the mounds were soft as marshmallows.

“Hmm, you like this, right?” Karen grunted as she wrenched herself free from the chair. Standing, her breasts came to rest at her hips and crept ever-lower. Threads snapped under the constant strain, its tear falling lower until it snapped apart. An avalanche of tit-flesh fell free. Her plump nipples, dusty pink and pierced with a barbell, flopped about in their newfound freedom. All they lacked was a constant stream of milk.

Alisa shook her head at the thought and turned away once more. Her cock lurched in her embrace, basting the furthest wall in her pre. A rush of pleasure made her body clench. Her feet pressed hard against her monumental scrotum, her arms attempted to crush her cock as she rocked her lower body. She forced herself to slow down, to try and savour the sensations.

“I think the pants are starting to star,” Karen said, now mere inches from Alisa’s ear. Her naked tits squished against Alisa’s side and brushed her cock, offering a taste of what she could offer. They’re so soft, Alisa thought. She shuddered, the vibration moved through her crotch, fluttering within her untapped pussy.

“You hear it, don’t you?” Karen continued. Indeed, Alisa heard the beginnings of fabric tearing apart, “Soon, I’ll be completely naked. You know,” Karen lowered her voice, “I still shave. I’m smooth as a baby’s bottom down there. And, not to toot my own horn, but it’s still tight as fuck. I can barely fit three fingers inside.”

“Oh fuck,” Alisa moaned. She was going to lose. How long had it been? Had it even been a minute? Seconds could’ve passed for all she knew. Moisture brimmed in her eyes, teetered on the edge and blurred her vision, but not her pleasure. Nothing short of the world ending would stifle the sensations.

Her balls grumbled and churned as her cock throbbed and spat buckets worth of pre-cum. Though faint, her pussy gushed with desire and her nipples scraped against her tree-sized dick. Drool caked her chin in filth and smeared her member. The musk alone could inspire her to masturbate, now it pushed her to work harder and faster toward her orgasm.

Would she stop at one? Somewhere in the corners of her mind, buried under the concrete haze of her ensuing bliss, something told her this would be her last moment of lucidity. Unless Karen reversed the effects. She could save her. Alisa looked to the gypsy, whose curves bloomed greater – sexier – by the second.

“That’s right. Give in and let yourself cum. I can give you this kind of pleasure again and again. And so much more. No strings attached,” Karen said. Her hand found one of Alisa’s and moved it quicker, urging her arms to follow suite.

“I’d call this cheating,” Bianca said.

“This doesn’t concern you,” Karen answered coldly. She distanced herself from Alisa, as if to avoid discouraging her with the ice of her voice.

“Oh, yes it fucking does.” Bianca snarled.

Alisa heard the familiar, lust-inducing noise of Bianca’s approach. Milk sloshed in her breasts, enough to feed each other, and any babies they had, for a lifetime, while her thighs slid against one another, coated in the slimy, lewd mucus from her pussy. The futa saw her on the opposite side to Karen. Her own personal angel and devil, each too big to perch on her shoulder. Her balls might work, she thought with a silent giggle.

“Anca,” Alisa moaned. She wanted to touch the pinnacle of voluptuousness and beauty, to pull her close and have her ride her cock for all eternity. Her hands refused to be swayed from their position, “It feels so good.” The futa ran her eyes across her lover’s figure. Karen’s growth was impressive, amazing even, but she had minutes to go before she so much as approached Bianca.

“I know, sweetheart,” Bianca said, “And it’s gonna feel a whole lot better.”

“What?” Alisa rasped. Her fiancée turned, presenting an ass wider than Alisa’s desk in their dorm. Bianca’s tits showed, clear as ever, as they swelled out from her torso to jut out entire feet past her shoulders. She’s naked, Alisa realised as she glimpsed her pussy, concealed within the delectable embrace of her thighs. They rubbed together as she walked, eliciting soft moans from the woman who, in Alisa’s mind, personified beauty.

“What do you think you’re doing? Don’t interfere!” Karen snapped.

“So long as she’s feeling enough pleasure to make you grow quickly, it’s fine, right? That’s what you said,” Bianca lowered herself to her back and spread her legs wide, revealing her sopping cunt. Her vulva had swollen to a lush mound, while her lips engorged into meaty folds designed to embrace a massive cock, and her clit poked out clean into the air. On each side, her breasts fell and flattened against the floor. Her giant nipples gushed with milk in her excitement.

“A-Anca, stop,” Alisa panted, though her eyes remained locked upon her lover’s pussy. She felt its heat as it neared her cock, sensed its desire, neigh *need* to be filled, and doused it in her pre-cum, “If you do this, I-I’ll cum too fast.”

“I know you can’t hold out for much longer,” Bianca said, lips raised in a forlorn smile, “So… why not have one last time? I take it that it’s fine with you?” She looked to Karen.

“Fine,” the gypsy waved her hands and slumped back into her chair. It creaked under her bolstered weight. “I’ll think of it as a teaser for what’s to come for me and my lovely wife.” Karen beamed at Alisa, who spared her but a glance.

Bianca inched closer. Streaks of translucent pre-cum covered her from head to pussy, casting a lurid sheen across her tanned skin. Her hands slid through the slime to her waterfall-snatch, where she sank two fingers from each hand inside and pulled her hole open. Alisa’s gaze shrank to tunnel-vision.

She peered into her lover’s cunt. Phantom sensations of Bianca’s tight, wet canal zipped throughout her hyper endowment, setting another, greater spurt of pre-cum loose. The walls drooled viscous pussy-slime and clenched around thin air, desperate to be forced apart by a girl-cock. Deeper, her cervix undulated in fertile desire. A tiny hole, often invisible to the human eye, winked at Alisa. The futa forced herself to her feet and held her cock over the mesmerising hole.

“Make it count,” Bianca moaned.

“Okay,” Alisa said and, incapable of sparing another second, sank herself into her fiancée’s last embrace. Both threw their heads back and cried out at the initial penetration. Alisa pushed the head in, stretching her fiancée’s hole wider than a basketball could. By itself, her glans outranked every human phallus on Earth, yet she possessed over six feet more. Bianca’s cunt squelched as the air was shoved out alongside a deluge of her cum. The walls rippled and crushed against Alisa’s prick, and still it progressed, deeper than any man could reach. It paused against her cervix, then continued through.

“That’s it,” Bianca panted. Already, her face had contorted into a mask of rapture, mere moments away from a punishing orgasm. She hooked her arms around her tits, pulling upon her chest and presenting the forearm-sized nipples to Alisa, “Come to me, baby. Sink it all in me. Ah! Stretch me! Yeah, yeah!” Bianca wailed as her body convulsed and pussy attempted to squash the pillar.

Alisa persisted amidst the vice-like grip. Entire ounces of Bianca’s juices squirted from between her lips and the futa’s cock, even as her womb opened and distorted around a girth thicker than a tree trunk. Milk exploded from her nipples, dousing the area as Alisa’s pre once had. Now the viscous slime filled Bianca’s womb.

She couldn’t cum. She couldn’t cum. She couldn’t cum.

Alisa repeated those words as a monk would their mantra, all while praying to whatever deity might listen. Her feet sloshed through a mix of her and Bianca’s fluids, as fresh milk barraged her. She ignored it, focused on her goal; hilting Bianca. Once she did that, she could cum. And cum. And cum.

And *grow*.

“Look at me, Liz,” Bianca gasped, gripping the petite futa’s attention. She leered down at her lover, whose body swelled once more, triggered to by her fantastical climax, “The least you could do is make me grow bigger, since you gambled on this.”

“I… Anca, I love you,” Alisa said, at a loss for anything better to say as she rammed deeper. Her lover’s face vanished behind a mountain of cock, shrouded in a latex-tight seal of skin. Bianca’s breasts accepted the massive shape, enveloping it in softness and heat. Moments later and Alisa felt her lover’s heartbeat against her pulsating shaft.

“I do too. Now get over here,” Bianca said. She leaned around the monument bulging her skin and beckoned with her nipples, flinging milk across her face, “I’m feeling full. Could you help with that?”

“Yes,” Alisa moaned and strode forward. A little more. A few more feet and they’d be together again. Her balls swayed like a pendulum, pulling her forward. Foot after foot stuffed Bianca’s taut cunt. Its plump lips looked thin stretched around Alisa’s girth.

“Deeper. Deeper. Deeper,” Alisa repeated under her breath. Her eyes followed Bianca’s nipples, throat suddenly dry, drawn in like a moth to a flame. Then she couldn’t move any deeper. She looked down at her crotch, ready to whine about something blocking her way. Her voice died in her throat. They were touching. Her groin became doused in Bianca’s juices, expelled by every inch of the eighty-four inch obelisk.

“Liz,” Bianca whispered.

“Anca,” Alisa raised her head to find her lover’s eyes peering at her from beside her cock. They said everything she wanted to hear. Everything would be alright, she could cum to her hearts content, she could grow and, in turn, make Bianca grow until they crushed cities under their endowments. She could love her without restraint.

“Cum in me,” Bianca said. Every shred of affection, of lust and fear and bliss enthused those simple words.

Alisa said nothing. She reared back and lunged forward. The lewd clap of their slimy flesh echoed in her ears. Her cock swelled and jerked, lifting Bianca clean off the floor. Her balls clenched, ballooned and roared with cum. Her lips parted with an inhuman shriek, mistakable for a wild beast in breeding season, then closed around Bianca’s nipple, so long she reached it with a simple bend of her neck. And, finally, her cock exploded with cum.

She lost.

“Well, that’s my win!” Karen cheered a minute later, after Alisa’s cries dwindled.

“Not quite,” Bianca grunted.

“Wh-what’re you doing?” Alisa panted when she pulled free of Bianca’s nipple. She should’ve been insensate with the onset of her cum. Her cock should’ve grown too. A pressure, both painful and sensual, coiled about the base of her dick.

“Nothing much. Just *stretching*,” Bianca moaned and giggled as she nudged the mammoth bulge that had taken over her torso, “The rules a bit.”

“I warned you about cheating,” Karen snarled.

“*You* tried it just a, hmm, moment ago,” Bianca explained, “And you never said anything about a ‘cock-ring’.”

“There isn’t a…” Alisa paused and laughed. She flung her arms around her cock and lover. Her chest and shoulders shook with her joy, while her hips ground against Bianca’s opening, “I fucking love you.”

“You said that already,” Bianca cooed.

“Whatever,” Karen spat, “The next time you cum, you’ll relax and she’ll lose.”

“Hmm, I think I can last another minute,” Bianca smirked.

“A minute?!” Alisa blinked at the declaration. She’d done better than she thought.

“I doubt it,” Karen said.

“Then shut up and watch. I’ll prove it to you.” Bianca groaned.

She did. Alisa’s seven-foot cock remained buried in her, wreathed in constant pleasure, brought to the brink of orgasm time and again, but denied at the peak of ecstasy. Her balls shook and expanded with their unspent loads. They stretched across the floor and lifted Alisa off her feet, forcing her to lean forward to keep her dick inside Bianca. Karen remained silent until an unseen alarm went off.

“We did it,” Bianca whispered.

“Can I… can I cum now?” Alisa wheezed.

“Not yet,” Bianca said, “Think you can hold on until that gypsy fixes us?”

“I can try,” Alisa grumbled.

“If we’re still huge, we’ll find a park or something and let loose,” Bianca promised.

“Don’t,” Alisa huffed, “I’ll cum if you say too much.”

“Don’t worry,” Bianca grinned, “I’ll be careful. Now then… Hey, Karen! Wake your grandma up, she’s got some cleaning up to do.”

No answer.

“Karen?” Alisa turned but couldn’t see her former lover.

“If it wasn’t for her…”

“What?” Bianca frowned.

“If she wasn’t here. Everything would be fine!” Karen said. Her voice built for a whisper to a desperate shout, “Everything would’ve been fixed! I wouldn’t have to live like this. And… and I-I wouldn’t…”

“Karen, you’ll…” Alisa started.

“No! Don’t you fucking get it?” Karen stood. The chair snapped under her violent rise. She whirled around to face them, breasts swinging in a wide arc. Her body had changed to match Bianca’s, though her hips outdid the stuffed girl’s, while her breasts left something to be desired. The gypsy’s voice fell, “This was my last chance. Either I find someone or everything goes.”

“Stop being so vague,” Bianca said.

“Fine.” Karen growled. Her features turned leathery, wrinkles formed in her once flawless skin and her hair became thin and wiry. The outrageous curves vanished and her figure became frail as an old lady’s. Her eyelids drooped and masked her discoloured irises. She shifted back, “Without another gypsy, I can’t exist.”

“What the hell?” Alisa breathed.

“We’ll call it an accident,” Karen said, “I fucked around with some stuff and my grandma tried to stop me. We wound up like this.”

“So, when I was dating you…?”

“No, I did it after we broke up. I was feeling… stupid,” Karen explained.

“This is seriously messed up,” Bianca said, still pinned beneath Alisa and her cock.

“Tell me about it,” Karen groaned, “I wanted this be a peaceful thing. Or at least make it so you couldn’t complain about how it happened, but that’s life I suppose.”

“What’re you talking about?” Alisa asked and sniffed the air. Her nose wrinkled and a grimace twisted her lips. She smelled ozone, as if a lightning bolt had struck. It hung in the air and thickened, drowning out her musk. A crackling noise drew her attention back to Karen.

“I have to make you one of us, Alisa,” Karen stated flatly. She held her hands out to either side, electrical currents danced between her fingers and sizzled across her arms, “I’ll die if I don’t. My grandma only has a couple more years left to live. When she goes, I go.”

Karen stepped toward them, “Once I touch you, it’ll be as if you were born into my family. Powers and all. Then you can help me undo this. Two gypsies should be enough.”

“And if it isn’t?” Alisa gulped.

“Then at least you get some cool abilities out of it, right?” Karen shrugged.

“What will I have to do?” Alisa asked. She didn’t move, unwilling to cum and paralyzed by a mixture of fear and fascination. Becoming a gypsy proved a tempting idea, one she wanted to explore. She could reverse what had been done to her and Bianca, and, after some study, perhaps replicate it in a controlled manner. Or perform other curses of the same nature.

“Not much,” Karen said, “So long as I touch your head you’ll do what’s necessary. Once it’s over, I’ll release you.” She strode toward them, slow and careful, as though the power she wielded might blow up on her if she moved too fast. Bianca squirmed beneath Alisa, stimulating her trapped cock.

“I’ve seen enough movies to know that’s bullshit,” Bianca said, “You’re gonna take her life or something like that, aren’t you?”

Karen lowered her gaze, “Yes.”

“Not gonna deny it?” Bianca asked.

Karen shook her head, “What good would it do at this point? Besides, you’ve got her trapped there. I have no reason to convince her. I suppose I should thank you, Bianca.” She stepped within reach of Alisa, a bit further and she’d touch her head.

“Sorry, Liz. We’ll have a rain check for later,” Bianca said.

“What do you MEAN?” Alisa wailed as her cock was freed. Her pleasure, kept at bay by worry and Bianca’s excellent muscle control, flowed all at once. She shrieked in ecstasy as cum exploded from her cock. It bucked and pulled on her body, forcing her to fall once more. A sharp heat passed overhead and left behind the scent of singed hair. Someone clicked their tongue in disappointment.

She glanced beside her and saw Bianca appear at her side. The girl grabbed her face and kissed her, coaxing another jet of cum, then shoved the climatic futa. Alisa’s cock swung and smacked Bianca down, pinning her under the sheer enormity of her tits.

Alisa saw Karen through hazy eyes. The gypsy launched herself at her, hands outstretched with fingers extended, poised to grab her head. A burst of cum shot her back and pinned her to the opposite wall. When the burst dwindled she leapt once more. Her jump was short, though, and left Alisa’s head out of reach. Another gush of cum forced her back.

Karen righted herself and avoided the next blast. The energy around her arms crackled louder than before, rising in volume to resembling miniature shocks of lightning. She winced and checked her left arm. The fingers wouldn’t move from their clawed position. Alisa yelled at her fourth release. Karen dodged and charged once more. A fifth shot missed.

She manoeuvred behind Alisa, fingers outstretched to grab the futa. Mere inches separated them. Her fingers stretched out into claws, ready to grasp Alisa and steal her life.

“Yes!” Karen exclaimed. Her expression fell, eyes wide as she stumbled. Her hands grabbed at Alisa but fell short of her head, instead she clung to the futa’s monumental scrotum. Both their faces went lax. A burst of light blinded the pair before it condensed to reality as Alisa came again, forcing them apart. Karen stumbled back and fell, splashing the deep layer of cum as she did so. Neither her arms or legs moved.

She had failed.

Alisa’s orgasm waned and dribbled to a close. She panted atop her failing erection, waiting for the familiar sensation of growth that never came.

“What’s going on?” Alisa asked.

“L-Liz?” Bianca stood and waddled toward her, curves shrinking with every step until she’d returned to her original state.

“Oh my god,” Alisa whispered and stared at her own endowment, watching as it dwindled to her puny old member. She looked back to Bianca, at her lover’s original shape. Curvaceous breasts that conformed to their person’s hands, nipples large enough to capture the eye and a set of hips to fuel night after night of masturbation. A twinge of sorrow tainted the futa’s relief, but she ignored it.

“It-it’s gone! But how?” Alisa furrowed her brow and closed her eyes, searching through her hazed memories as to why such a thing would happen. Pain stabbed through her mind, shoving aside any notions of discovery.

“I touched you,” Karen rasped. They looked to her. The gypsy leaned against the wall, limbs askew and face limp on one side. Her curves vanished, steaming as they dissipated into nothing. As the pair looked upon her, half of Karen’s body formed deep crevices and folds, moles formed and blotches of discolouration marred her complexion. She resembled a grandmother.

“So, that means I’m a gypsy now?” Alisa stared down at herself, checking for any changes but found none. She felt numb but alive. Pain flittered through her mind, vanishing as suddenly as it appeared. Other sensations seemed dulled, as did her emotions. Even as she stared at Karen’s mutation, she remained calm.

“Not ‘now’. You always were as far as reality is concerned.”

“That’s seriously overpowered,” Bianca muttered.

“So what happens now?” Alisa asked. Another burst of agony seared through her skull.

“Nothing. I needed two gypsies to escape this fucking curse, and I’m just a human now,” Karen explained, “I was reckless. That curse, or spell if you’d prefer, needs a calm mind. It uses a portion of my heritage to change the target, then replicates my bloodline and erases yours. But it switched ours instead. Don’t worry, you won’t turn into me or anything. Maybe a trait or two.”

“I don’t deserve this though,” Alisa said. She kept the pain from showing, allotting a simple wince or grimace at worst.

“No,” Karen agreed, a half-grin lifted her youthful cheek, “But that’s the hand you’ve been dealt, babe.”

“I guess,” Alisa scowled at her hands. Were they even hers anymore? After what Karen had done, was anything hers? Fresh pain brought her hands to her head, a stifled groan slipping past her lips.

“Hey,” Bianca said and scooped her up into a kiss, “Gypsy or not. Alisa or not. I love *you*.” Alisa gawked at her, amazed. The discomfort faded as she sank her face into Bianca’s neck.

“Thank you,” Alisa breathed and flung her arms around the girl’s head, holding her close.

“Hehe, isn’t that a beautiful sight?” A crackly voice said, using half of Karen’s mouth.

“Hi, Grandma,” Karen’s voice said.

“Karen,” the elderly voice replied, dry as sand.

“Guess this is our last moment together,” Karen laughed.

“What do you mean?” Alisa asked.

“Our entire body is numb. Everything from the neck down. What isn’t is slowly becoming that way,” the elderly half explained.

“One lung’s already stopped. Pretty sure the kidneys are down too. Only a matter of time before the heart follows,” Karen continued.

“Isn’t this the part where you apologise for everything?” Bianca asked. She and Alisa stood side by side, hands entwined, over the merged pair, who wheezed and coughed. No external wounds showed, aside from their crooked limbs. Someone might believe they were a prop of some kind.

“Like hell,” Karen cackled, “I came this close to winning. What do I have to apologise for?”

“I dunno, fucking up our lives seems like a pretty big thing,” Bianca said.

“Please, you’re both back to normal now. Hell, Alisa’s even got an upgrade,” Karen reasoned.

“And don’t even think of telling you didn’t enjoy my curse,” the elder gypsy chortled.

“She’s got us there,” Alisa said.

“So, what happens now?” Karen inquired, “I mean, I’m good as dead, probably going to gypsy hell, but what’re you two gonna do.”

“There’s a gypsy hell?” Alisa asked.

“Who knows? Maybe. If you find a way to summon my soul I’ll let you know,” Karen chuckled.

“You should probably leave,” the elder-half said, “My existence kept this place intact and separate from the world. Once I’m gone, it’ll collapse on itself.”

“Don’t you want us to bury your body?” Bianca asked.

“No. No, I think we deserve this,” Karen said and coughed again, “Fuck me, this sucks.”

Alisa studied her former girlfriend and, technical, grandmother. She shared their blood now. Magical or not, she was part of their family. Her brow furrowed as a possibility crossed her mind, “Why couldn’t you have found another gypsy?”

The mutated pair looked at her, one half through a drooped eyelid. Karen’s yellow eye shone with amusement, though her lip remained downcast, while the other drowned in sorrow.

“You are the last one now,” Karen said.

“That can’t be,” Alisa muttered. Lines of confusion etched themselves into her forehead, past which her mind worked. New memories peeked in amidst the twenty years of old ones, including a conversation where she was told the same news. She turned to Bianca, whose face resembled her own.

“The bloodlines thinned out,” Alisa said, recounting what she now recalled, “By the time your… our people tried converting others, most were too weak. Karen and I were the only ones but our parents died. Then, mom and dad aren’t actually mine…” Alisa clutched at the sides of her skull and crouched low, knees tight against her chest.

“The memories will settle within a day,” the elder gypsy said, “If you’re strong-willed enough, you’ll retain the originals as well.”

“I hate you,” Alisa groaned and looked up at Bianca, “We’re still together. Aren’t we?”

Bianca squatted in front of her, “You’re still the same. Even if you never told me about this until now,” she shook her head and chuckled, “Oh god, that’s gonna get confusing.”

“We’re still getting married,” Alisa whispered.

“You popped the question a lot earlier this time around,” Bianca giggled. The futa felt a sudden weight form on her finger and looked down, finding a simple but elegant ring wrapped around her corresponding digit. A lone diamond was embedded into the band.

“And you begged me to get you pregnant before then,” Alisa laughed and placed a hand on her lover’s belly.

“No successful attempts so far,” Bianca said, sifting through new memories as they came to light piece by piece, “But that’s gonna change right? Because I *distinctly* remember you having a huge fetish for it.”

“Y-yeah,” Alisa blushed. Some things had remained the same, though she hadn’t known about the fetish until much later in her original existence. She stared into Bianca’s eyes and pulled her close, not for a kiss, but a hug. They’d do a great deal more later. She leaned in and pressed her lips to Bianca’s ear, “The new me knows a curse to guarantee multiples. And it layers.”

“If you make me as big as a house I swear you’re gonna regret it,” Bianca cautioned.

“I like the sound of that,” Alisa giggled.

“Fuck off and get a room!” Karen shouted to get their attention. They pulled apart to look at the dying gypsies, or former gypsies. Black lines spread across their arms and legs, their neck tilted at an uncomfortable angle and the brightness of Karen’s eye had dulled. Behind them, the walls cracked and decayed.

“Come on,” Bianca said and stood, pulling Alisa with her. The futa pulled away to crouch before her short-lived family.

“Sorry things turned out this way,” She said.

Karen’s half cracked a tired grin, “I really did like you.”

“We’re sisters now, you can’t talk like that,” Alisa chided her.

“Don’t think it matters. Sisters or not, I’d still fuck you over just about anyone else.”

“Just about?”

“Well, Beyoncé is kind of a fantasy of mine,” Karen admitted.

“Makes sense,” Alisa shook her head and stood.

“Don’t tease me,” Karen rasped.

“Sorry,” Alisa laughed and turned away, obscuring her petite member from view. Above her, the ceiling splintered and groaned under the weight of its own structure. She glanced to the chair, on which she remembered sitting with the same old woman who cursed, and watched it sink into the floor. Bianca took her hand and led her from the house, leaving Karen and the nameless gypsy to their fate.

Outside, Bianca unfurled the pair of dresses she’d borrowed from the convent. Though torn, they were better than standing in the street, naked and covered in thick, sloppy cum. Alisa pulled one over her head. The garment was designed for someone far larger. It bundled around her feet and threatened to slide off her shoulders, until she made a couple of adjustments.

She turned back to the house. The ivy turned grey and crumbled into dust, scattered by a soft breeze, while the roof collapsed on itself. Each of the building’s faces crushed inward, as if being sucked in by some force. They pushed deeper and deeper before, in a cacophony of brick and dirt, the entire house folded in on itself. Then nothing.

“Where now? Bianca asked.

“I guess we should go back to the convent. They still helped us in this timeline,” Alisa said and massaged the temples of her head, “This is why I hate time-travel movies. It’s a pain keeping track of everything.”

“Yeah, yeah. I still say Back to the Future is a masterpiece,” Bianca grinned.

“Whatever,” Alisa sighed. Her head pounded, each pulse adding extra memories she’d never experienced, yet were now an integral part of her, “Let’s go. I need some aspirin and sleep.”

The convent welcomed the pair back with open arms. Many of the sisters attempted to open more for Alisa, but Sister Judith kept them in line. Everything had transpired in the same manner as before, leaving the courtyard a cum-flooded mess and the nuns in a permanent state of lust for one another, including Judith.

“So, you were successful I see,” the sister said once they’d sat in her office.

“Hmm,” Alisa nodded.

“Still, I’m amazed someone of your talent was unable to undo such a curse without help,” Judith noted. That’s right, Alisa thought, another memory coming to life within her head. Only the gypsy responsible for the curse could lift it, unless it mutated as had happened to Karen. Now she had no other gypsies to turn to. She was the last one.

“Well, uh, it’s complicated,” Alisa said.

“Indeed,” Sister Judith stood at the sharp whistling of her kettle. She returned a moment later, tray of steaming cups and cookies in hand, “I’ll, uh, admit that I’m a bit disappointed.”

“Because I don’t have a three-hundred pound dick anymore?” Alisa laughed.

“Lord have mercy,” the nun shook her head, a grin teasing at her stern face, “Yes.”

“I can do it again. Any time I want really,” Alisa mused as she studied her hand, intrigued by the power she now held. She couldn’t remember learning any curses. Not yet. The futa glanced to Bianca, who yawned and stretched. Her eyelids struggled to stay open.

“If it’s alright with you, Sister, I think we’re going to bed,” the turned gypsy rose, gesturing for Bianca to follow.

“This must’ve taken a lot out of you.”

“Yeah, it did,” Alisa offered a parting grin and left, heading to the room they’d slept in the night before. Several nuns passed them, unable to hide their disdain for Alisa’s reduced size. She ignored them.

Why didn’t she feel how she should? Alisa’s brow refused to unfurrow, fixed into an expression of disarray. The pain of new memories punctured her train of thought, always leading back to the initial question. Karen had been her lover before, now they were sisters. Now Karen was dead. Where was the remorse? Or the horror at what she’d inadvertently caused?

“Liz?” Bianca asked once they’d settled down in the squeaky, guest bed.

“Yeah?” Alisa startled from her reverie, blinking at the blank, grey ceiling. She laid on her back, with Bianca curled against her slim frame. Tingles ran across her body, faint and simple to ignore but incessant.

“What’re you thinking about?”

“I…” Alisa bit her lip, “I don’t feel anything, Anca. About what happened there. I-we saw someone die. And… and they were my family! I should be distraught, but I’m not. Am I a monster?”

Bianca didn’t hesitate, “No. You’re processing. I had the same thing when my aunt died. Everything seemed grey and smelled like rain. I felt numb. It took a while, but it passed. I still miss her, though. She was as close to me as my parents are. Grief is a weird thing, Liz. No two people experience it the same way.”

Alisa remained quiet. She processed the words, imagined her girlfriend – fiancée, she mentally corrected – in such a state. Her arm squeezed Bianca tight, as if to protect her from those emotions, “Since when were you the smart one?”

“I’ve always been the smart one, I just let you have your fun. I’m a good sport like that.”

“Humble too,” Alisa groaned.

“You know it.”

They leaned into one another. Their lips met, soft as a lover’s caress but emblazed with emotion. Alisa pressed her cheek against her fiancée’s head and sighed. Her eyes drooped shut, shutting her in a welcome darkness. Regardless of whatever had happened, what had changed in their lives, she had Bianca.

Alisa could handle anything with her.

**-Three Months Later-**

Both everything and nothing had changed. Alisa still went to college, took all the same courses, lived with Bianca in their dorm room and maintained the same GPA. Her mom didn’t know her any differently, nor did her dad. To them, she was still their daughter, albeit adopted. She’d kept her gypsy heritage secret for all her life, guarding it more than she did her penis, with Bianca and Sister Judith the sole two people who knew. On the surface, she might believe nothing had been altered.

But differences, many subtle, lurked on the periphery. Simple things, such as her wardrobe and taste fondness for jewellery were new, whereas other, noticeable changes made themselves apparent each time she looked in the mirror. Karen’s attempted curse, supposed to switch their bloodlines, had left her with many of the gypsy’s traits.

Half her hair extended into long, blue locks, a stark contrast to her usual crimson. One eye became yellow, while the other remained green. Both glistened like rare crystals, shimmering in the light regardless of its source. A sign, she’d learned, which signified her power. Buried deep in her childhood, she recalled her biological parents praising her aptitude. She couldn’t be certain, but Alisa suspected Karen’s curse had infused more than just her power into the futa.

The greatest difference of all, one that shone brighter than any star in the cosmos, rested on her ring finger and had come after Karen’s demise. She studied it, ignoring the glimmer of her piercings in the mirror, fascinated still after carrying it for several months, and many longer if her new memories served right. Alisa stood before a handcrafted granite counter in a luxurious bathroom, where a tall mirror reflected her altered appearance.

“Tonight’s the night,” she whispered, watching her glossy red lips move, as though she were watching a stranger on screen. Her natural appearance laid hidden under layers of makeup, designed to highlight her cute pout and cheeks. An artist had drawn her eyeliner to contrast each half, highlighting the heterochromia. ‘It’d be such a waist’ they’d said. In the intricate circles of black, her eyes were red and puffy.

Not from sadness. Nor from pain.

She glanced at the door behind her. Beyond the frail, wooden barrier rested the most fantastical woman she’d met. Alisa undid the buttons holding her suit together. A typical black coat over a white shirt, she’d felt tradition suited her best. A white petal fell from her hair as she combed through it. The futa gypsy smiled at herself.

“I can’t believe it’s finally happening,” Alisa whispered and swallowed back her tears. She’d done this moment thousands of times over in her head, but standing there, with her lacy, black bra and matching underwear on was something special. She checked her stockings, made sure the straps holding them to her garter belt held strong. Her fingers moved up and trailed across her stomach, where a tattoo inked her skin in elegant script ‘Eternally yours, Bianca’.

She stepped back. Her thong bulged with her slight package, thin gaps in the lace offered a glimpse of the shaft within. Alisa tugged at her bra, adjusting it to better emphasise her petite bust, then turned and presented her rear to her mirror. None of Karen’s curves had moved to her, leaving the half-redhead as puny as ever, until she decided to try out a curse or two. Though they weren’t curses, not always, closer to spells. But curses sounded better for the gypsy identity, otherwise they were witches and warlocks.

According to her rewritten memories, Alisa had excelled in body manipulation since she was young. Even unadjusted to her new power as she was, the futa found no trouble in altering her shape to a small degree. She cradled the bloated cheek of her ass, once firm and curveless, and savoured the heft of her luscious flesh, now full and inviting. Her hips had widened to accommodate it.

But this shape wouldn’t last, she thought and stepped to the door. She gripped the handle and took a deep breath, certain she heard Bianca on the other side, waiting. Alisa pulled the plank of ornate wood open, revealing their temporary residence. As it turned out, her new heritage came with an added perk of a wealthy bank account. It seemed her parents’ will had left her a sizable fortune. And nowhere could she see it better than in the debauched luxury of the rented villa.

The room alone matched a condo in size. Its walls were bare, painted an impassioned burgundy, and stood tall, supporting a pyramid-shaped skylight, through which hundreds of stars, long since burned out, still shone brightly over a royal bed. Four posts framed the queen-sized furnishing, a thin veil fell from them to guard the silhouetted figure from view. A door stood sentry to the far-right, sealed water-tight at Alisa’s insistence.

Time to let loose, she thought and strode toward the bed. She recited a word with every step. The carpet crackled with energy, faint sparks danced between her toes and rose up her legs, sending a wanton shudder through the futa gypsy as the electricity reached her balls. Alisa stopped before the bed, on which laid a figure she could draw, down to the finest detail, with closed eyes

“Cum.” She said and moaned under her breath. An aura of blue surrounded her, shrouding her pale skin in a mystical energy, before it dissipated like smoke. It seeped through the veil and sank into the woman within, who gasped and writhed in place. Alisa’s breath hitched in her throat as the aura coalesced on her cock, pressing into its pores and through the urethra. When not a wisp remained, she grabbed the curtains and flung them open.

Her heart ached in the most sensual way. There, naked except for her glossy stockings and cupless bra, with her legs spread wide, plump pussy lips pulled apart to reveal the stunning pink within, laid Bianca. No longer burdened with cartoonish curves, she still embodied Alisa’s idea of a bombshell.

Breasts the size of ripe grapefruits and a cinched waist started the futa’s visual feast. Fat nipples jutted an inch from the girl’s chest, bolstered by the engorged areolae, from which a steady stream of white flowed. Softly defined abs led down into Bianca’s crotch, shaved to perfection, and her delicious thighs, fat and juicy with an undercurrent of power. Squished against the fortunate sheets, her glorious ass rested.

“What took you so long?” Bianca asked, eyebrow raised and lips crooked with a teasing grin.

“I have a right to be a little emotional,” Alisa said and crawled atop the covers, ass high in the air. It couldn’t match Bianca’s, as she had willed it not to, but the girl adored it no less.

“I know. Now come over here.”

Alisa clambered over her lover and stared down into her face. Brown eyes gazed back, flecked with hints of greenery, shimmering in the dim lighting. Her cheeks curved into her lips, each graceful as a waltz. The red lipstick enunciated Bianca’s full mouth, enticing the futa lower until she felt them on hers.

Lust controlled them. Their tongues snaked out to greet each other. They flicked and twirled together, before Bianca suckled Alisa’s into her mouth, moaning as she did so. The futa reciprocated as she fell. Her hands roved across Bianca’s body, sliding from the elegant curve of her waist, between the sheets and to her bountiful rear. Alisa groped at the heavy globes of flesh, each a match for Bianca’s chest. They swallowed her fingers whole.

The two separated, “Is everything set up?” Bianca asked.

“Yeah,” Alisa panted, “Unless you have any extra requests?”

“Not for today. We’ve got two weeks.”

“No need to rush things.”

“Exactly,” Bianca said and pecked the futa on her nose. She reached between their bodies to grasp Alisa’s crotch, “Out of the clothes. Now.”

“You don’t think they’re sexy?” Alisa pouted.

“I do,” Bianca murmured, “But I’m horny as fuck right now.”

“Fine,” Alisa chuckled and stood, “But you’ve gotta take them off for me.”

“With pleasure,” Bianca smirked.

She started with the bra. Despite her proclamation, the well-endowed girl moved slow, purposeful as her fingers unclasped each hook, gradually revealing Alisa’s handfuls. She pulled the lace away, tossed it aside and kissed each of the freed nipples, as a prince might kiss their princess in a fairy tale. Bianca ran her tongue in circles around her lover’s areolae, flicking her teat on occasion, as her fingers traced the contour of Alisa’s spine to her panty-clad rear. Alisa arched her back into her hands.

“Not going for the garter belt?” Alisa inquired.

“No. It’s sexy. The panties have to go, though,” Bianca said and tugged on the racy underwear, retrieving the thin fabric from between Alisa’s curvaceous ass. She eased them down, eyes fixated upon the bulbous crotch, strained by a semi-erection. As the cloth slid lower, it burst free. The girl moaned in her throat at the sight and released the panties, letting them fall between Alisa’s ankles, to grasp the swelling length. Unimpressive when compared to a few months ago, but everything paled when paired against that.

“I can’t wait to get this inside me,” Bianca murmured. She reared back on her haunches and pressed her lips close. Her hot breath coaxed Alisa to her full erection, an amicable five inches, its dark purple crown peaked through the foreskin and glistened in her anticipation. She raised the phallus and leaned her cheek against it, nose tilted to bury itself in Alisa’s crotch. Her hand stroked with each of her deep inhales and brisk releases.

“Then open wide,” Alisa cooed. A grin teased her lips as Bianca did so, lips falling apart to unveil the moist cavern where an eager serpent waited. Her delicate hands found Bianca’s luscious brunette mane and entangled her fingers in the threads, holding her tight as she reared back. Their eyes met, three separate colours all blazing with the same, burgeoning emotion; lust. Alisa pulled her lover close, driving every inch of her cock past her voluptuous lips.

The futa’s chest reverberated with her soft moans. Her hips and hands moved in sync, pushing forward and pulling back respectively. Bianca took it all with glee, humming as she gazed into Alisa’s eyes. Her throat coiled tight around the head as it pushed past her uvula, while her tongue lashed and circled the shaft. She held the futa’s balls in one hand, massaging the petite orbs for a greater load, as the other found its way to her own sex. Three fingers sank past her soaked lips.

“Oh fuck,” Alisa panted. Her rhythm hastened, hips rolling in rising ecstasy, and fucked Bianca’s throat, building strength as she did so. The grip on her balls released, letting them hang and swing with her racing thrusts. She clenched her eyes shut, cutting out excess sensory input to focus, to bask in the expertise of her lover’s maw. Bianca moaned and slurped at the cock, cheeks turning convex.

“Gonna cum,” Alisa rasped, a mixture of her fervour and the curse she’d used had her close to the brink from the second Bianca’s sweet, supple lips wrapped around the base of her shaft, “Ahh, yeah… suck my cock, baby. Suck the cum right out. More. More.” Bianca didn’t disappoint. Her suction increased, as did her pace. She moved against Alisa’s hand, bobbing to and fro, faster and faster, as her spit flowed.

“Cumming!” Alisa lurched forward. Both her hands seized Bianca’s head and held her tight, lips and nose buried into her hairless crotch. Transparent slime drooled from her balls. They clenched up, pushing close to their counterpart, and forced her load out. Her voice devolved into a wordless cry. Bianca gagged on the initial burst, recovered and gulped down the next, as she’d done time and again.

In the midst of her climax, Alisa’s cock lurched and swelled. She moaned at the sensation and jerked back, stuffing Bianca’s mouth with a fresh helping of semen. Her eyes cracked open and watched, in rapt bliss, as her fiancée’s – wife, she corrected herself – cheeks ballooned with jizz. The pressure forced a river to escape, trailing its way down her neck and to the gorgeous valley of her bosom. Bianca swallowed before the next, equally filling shot bloated her.

“So good,” Alisa moaned. She stroked the girl’s hair, praising her for drinking it all. Her hands had no power anymore, kept in place by instinct alone, an inane urge to make certain that her seed poured into Bianca. Unnecessary. Bianca moaned and sucked, tongue slurping across every inch within its reach, as she added a fourth finger to her pussy, churning her fluids to a frothing mess. Her spare hand groped at her naked tits, smothering them in her spit and Alisa’s cum.

The futa fell back as her orgasm reached its conclusion. A final spurt, desperate to join the others, launched itself across Bianca’s face.

Bianca kept her mouth open and tilted her head back, tongued extended. Her maw was full of cum, close to overflowing. She gurgled a laugh, closed her lips and pulled Alisa to her knees. The gypsy futa met her kiss, mouth parted, ready and willing to share in her climax.

“Hmm,” Alisa moaned, swishing the slimy mixture around her mouth, washing her tongue in its flavour.

“Did it work?” Bianca asked after they parted.

Alisa swallowed with a deep sigh, “Yeah. But it won’t do much instantly. Remember, it took a few days, and a week’s break, before we got ridiculously huge.”

“Don’t worry,” Bianca breathed. She pulled her hand from her sweltering cunt and brandished her drenched fingers to the futa, waving them under her nose, “We’re not in any hurry.”

“Uh-huh,” Alisa nodded and took a digit in her mouth, sucking it clean and repeating on the next. Her taste buds rejoiced in the delicious spice of Bianca’s cum. The girl spread her legs wide, a lewd sucking emitted from her thighs, coated in layers of juices. Her scent blasted Alisa and wound its way into her head, calling to her primal desires.

“But that doesn’t mean I don’t want to be huge again a-s-a-p.”

“Fuck yeah,” Alisa groaned and positioned her cock against the sultry opening. She teased the lips, pressing her tip against them, covering herself in lubricant, before her urges overcame her. The futa rammed inside, back to the welcoming embrace of her wife’s walls. Their hips smacked together, sending a ripple through Bianca’s full frame and new, pudgy gut.

Cursed or not, Alisa’s production was unmatched. But it was a mere appetiser to what would come. She captured Bianca’s lips in her own as their hips ground together, pressing her cock against the blissful, velvet insides. For now, she wanted to make love. Her lust hadn’t yet grown out of control, acting as a powerful suggestion. As she grew, however, it would get worse. So much worse, she thought and moaned into the kiss.

Her hips rocked to and fro, lifting and falling with her breaths. Alisa ran her hands down her wife’s back, nails clawing at her skin as they zeroed in on her ass. She gripped it, sank her fingers into the plushness and raised Bianca’s hips. Her cock drove upward into the woman, scraping along her soaked walls.

Bianca returned the favour. Her snatch coiled about the throbbing girl-cock, indulging in its hardness, as she held Alisa tight to her chest and face. Their lips separated, breaths and hearts racing as they stared into one another’s gaze, each as enraptured as the other. Alisa resumed the kiss, tongue frantic to reunite with its partner. Their muscles danced together, emboldened by the motions below.

The futa pulled Bianca close as she thrust forward. Each clap of their skin, both drenched in Bianca’s fem-cum, fed into the next. Her short length had one perk. As she reared back, her cock slid to the opening of her lover’s pussy, leaving the head alone inside, before she rammed back in. The sheets below dampened.

Alisa broke the kiss next. She pushed herself up to gaze upon Bianca. The girl’s face twisted and relaxed in pleasure, each thrust eliciting another deep groan from her full lips. Her hair splayed across the pillows, unruly locks matted themselves to her skin. Sweat, spit and cum glistened on her skin, while streaks of white poured across her torso. Alisa followed a river as it snaked its way across Bianca’s belly to her groin, where their bodies united.

The futa’s cock sank past the plump vulva. Pink, swollen lips closed around her girth, as if to pull her in. A blunt nub poked out atop the folds and squished under Alisa’s weight. She removed a hand from Bianca’s curvaceous ass, leaned back and pressed her thumb against the engorged button. Bianca yelped at the touch, her hips raised and bucked against Alisa, as her pussy clamped down on the futa. Her voice quickly rose to blissful scream.

Alisa kept thrusting into the vice-like grip. Juices doused the gypsy in moments, leaving her dripping in Bianca’s cum. She panted and moaned amidst her wife’s cries, before quelling them in another kiss. Their bodies rolled against one another as Bianca rode out her orgasm. Beneath her, Alisa noticed how Bianca’s full breasts swelled outwards, crushed under the futa’s own petite bust.

They came apart after Bianca calmed.

“Even small, you’re still amazing,” Bianca panted.

Alisa pouted and, by way of reply, latched onto her wife’s teat. She inhaled the fleshy peak and its sweet bounty, gulping to avoid drowning in delicious milk. One hand found the spare breast and pushed it toward Bianca. Cream spilled from the tip, wasted on its creator’s skin. Alisa bit into the other nipple.

“Okay, okay,” Bianca giggled and latched onto her own tit. They worked in sync, eyes locked to guarantee that fact, while Alisa continued to fuck her wife’s sopping wet cunt.

She popped free soon after, panting and thrusting with abandon, “Gonna cum!”

“Hmm,” Bianca moaned around her nipple. Her hips moved with Alisa’s, also building to her second orgasm. She took her freed breast and brought it to her mouth, devouring the leaking tit.

“Not inside,” Alisa panted. Even inundated in lust, she remembered their plan.

Bianca had, reluctantly, decided it would be better if she got pregnant after the wedding. On one condition, though Alisa didn’t mind it in the least. Over the following weeks, they explored the internet, looking at stories, artwork and hentai of inflation and impregnation. They often lost control during it. By the time they’d said their vows and reached the villa, Bianca and Alisa were enamoured by the idea of stuffing Bianca full to bursting.

But that wouldn’t happen. Alisa had made sure of it. Her earlier curse, a modified form of what her grandmother had performed on them months ago, guaranteed Bianca’s safety, and that of their young. Right now, swimming in Bianca’s womb, were several ova, each waiting to be fertilised. Others would join them as the evening wore on, brought out by the lust and pleasure.

She couldn’t cum inside until they’d maximised on the possibility. Alisa jerked back and grabbed her cock. She straddled Bianca’s waist and aimed her prick at the girl’s face, intent on finishing her earlier attempt. Their eyes met. Alisa’s hands worked her cock and Bianca’s clit. They inhaled, mouths parted and shouted in harmony.

And let loose their second orgasm.

Minutes later, Alisa ran her tongue along her wife’s face, clearing her of the viscous jizz, “You look way better like this.”

“Who needs makeup with you around?” Bianca giggled. Their hips bucked against one another, soft in their afterglow, though neither felt any less aroused than before. Alisa’s cock remained hard as stone, enclosed in the dripping confines of her wife’s pussy. She traced her fingers across Bianca’s form, to her stomach. Energy crackled between her fingertips.

“I feel them,” Alisa said and nuzzled into her lover’s neck, “Your eggs. Our babies to be.”

“Can’t wait until I can too,” Bianca said. She placed her hand over Alisa’s, holding it tight.

“You will. There’ll be so much you’ll wish they’d stop moving for once.”

“You can see the future now?”

“No, but I know you,” Alisa chuckled and pushed up, “And, because of that, I know you’re going to let me do this.” She yanked free and ducked her hips, holding her cock steady, poised to thrust past the tight ring of Bianca’s ass.

“You bitch,” the woman growled, then yelped at the burning penetration.

“No womb in there,” Alisa said as she sank into her wife’s rectum, “Turn around, I want to watch.”

“You fuck my ass without telling me and expect to obey?”

“Yes.”

“Fuck, you really do know me,” Bianca chirped and did as she was bid to. Alisa’s cock was soaked and leaked a constant flow of pre-cum, oiling the inexperienced confines and allowing Bianca to turn without removing the enlarged girl-dick.

“Of course I do,” Alisa groaned. She sank to the hilt and fell forward, hugging her close as she claimed the most private hole, “I’m your wife, stupid.”

“Don’t call yourself stupid,” Bianca cackled.

“For that, I’m gonna cum in here at least, hmm… five times,” Alisa snarled. After the mess with Karen, she found it easier to fall into a dominant role. A trait, she’d noticed, that affected most of her life.

“You’ll grow so huge, though. I’ll be left behind.”

“You’re worried about that?” Alisa giggled and pulled her wife’s face to the side, pecking her on the cheek, “What kind of slut doesn’t cum from being fucked up the ass?”

“The bad kind.”

“And what’re you?” Alisa asked. Her fingers gripped Bianca’s throat, the threat plain to see.

“A good slut.”

“No,” Alisa shook her head and squeezed.

“I’m not a bad slut,” Bianca defended.

“I know. But you’re not just a good one.”

“I… I’m your slut.”

“And more,” Alisa urged.

“I’m your good, cum slut!”

“Come on!”

“I’m your good, ass-pussy slut! I’m your cum dumpster! I-I’m whatever you want me to be!”

“Fuck yeah, you are!” Alisa growled and set about pounding her wife harder than ever. She muttered a short curse, one to enhance her strength and stamina. What kind of slut-owner would she be if she had to stop every few seconds?

Five orgasms later and, as agreed, Alisa slipped free of Bianca’s ass. The hole gaped wide, offering a broad view of the cum-soaked insides. Bianca’s rim clenched, trying to lock it in, but failed. Her body twitched in the afterglow. She laid atop her breasts, each now the size of yoga balls. The quivering woman’s ass and hips had followed suite. Yet she still had a ways to go before she approached her former glory.

Alisa grinned down at her cock. She’d missed the feeling of being so large, though she still didn’t compare to before. Her length extended from her elbow to fingertip, its girth exceeded her fingers’ reach and her balls matched cantaloupes in mass. Inside, they were a compressed ocean of semen. As Bianca’s ass and stomach attested to.

Cum poured from the woman’s ruined asshole, forced out by the pressure inside her rotund belly. The round curve extended to the bed and jiggled with Bianca’s orgasmic afterglow. One hand steadied the flesh as she fell to her side. She opened her legs wide. Her eyes, glazed over in ecstasy, found Alisa’s.

“Still not… big… enough,” Bianca panted.

“Yeah. But first,” Alisa said and moved to her wife’s head, offering her cock, “Clean me off.”

Outside, the sun crested the treelines to cast its brilliant glow across the world. Its warmth sustained the life that stepped out to greet its radiance, eager to begin the day its light signalled. Men, women and children would rise shortly, the nightshift workers looked forward to finally sleeping, and the unemployed shouted and cursed at their computers. But two people failed to notice its ascent, nor did they care to find out.

Alisa watched, transfixed as the bulge of her cock vanished from Bianca’s belly. A constant Jetstream of cum inundated the woman’s uterus, swelling it larger than seemed feasible. Seven-and-a-half feet of futa-dick was engulfed in her swelling abdomen. Her belly button popped out, splashing the cum and milk that had pooled there, cresting the rising sphere. In seconds, Alisa believed she could fit inside.

Yet it would be a full minute before the dome matched Bianca’s breasts. After a few hours, Bianca’s orgasms seemed to bleed into one another, each spurred on by a simple thrust. Later, a flick to her mammoth nipples could spark a climax. Now, Alisa’s caresses acted as carpet bombs of ecstasy. Milk fountained from her nipples, both over a foot long and wider than a soda bottle.

Alisa’s climax had ended after what could’ve been an hour. Nothing told the time. Their phones laid in their discarded clothes, too far for either to move for something as trivial as knowing the time. Days could have passed and she wouldn’t be any wiser.

“Worth it?” Alisa asked. She and Bianca laid together, on their side and back respectively. Cum saturated the bed and air, bullying all other aromas into submission. Alisa rested atop her wife’s breast, unable to reach the bed anymore.

“Oh god, yeah,” Bianca said.

Alisa had dulled their sensitivity and libidos. Much as she wanted to continue, even now her cock strained to awaken her arousal, they needed sleep. Her hand stroked the base of Bianca’s belly. It would take a hike to reach the peak.

“Mt. Bianca,” Alisa chuckled. Energy danced across her fingers once more, telling her the results of their plan, “Perfect.” She decreed, beaming at her lover. Almost two dozen eggs were attached to Bianca’s womb, promising that, in nine-months, she’d see the same belly again. She relayed the news to Bianca.

“Do you think we can handle it?” Bianca asked, gawking at her state.

“Yeah. Between my powers and your ‘you-ness’, we’ll manage,” Alisa said.

“But you said there’s at least twenty in there, right?”

“Do you want more?” Alisa leaned her head up, eyebrow arched and a hopeful grin twitching on her lips.

“We’ll be bankrupt with just this many,” Bianca reasoned.

“Stop stealing my role,” Alisa snickered, “Don’t worry about a thing, Anca.”

“How can’t I?”

“Because I’m going to make us rich. Everything I’ve read, everything I’ve *lived,* has told me that gypsies, at least those in my bloodline, stay in hiding to avoid being hunted or prosecuted. But no one believes in this stuff. People rationalise everything with technology now. Whatever I do, no matter how miraculous, they’ll think was through science. So, why hide?” Alisa explained.

“All I have to do is sell my curses or create things with them. I can even manipulate someone into giving us a store, rent free.”

“When’d you get so devious?” Bianca laughed.

“Since I got a bit of Karen in me. Now, hush,” Alisa pressed her lips to Bianca’s, “Mommies need their rest. As do daddies.”

“Okay,” Bianca yawned, as if her body realised how exhausted it truly was.

“I love you,” Alisa said and curled up with her wife, basking in her warmth.

“I love you too,” Bianca murmured. They shared a final grin as sleep claimed them.

-END-