The plane was cramped as expected. Even a private flight left little room for Carmen to fully stretch out. Not that was opposed to a little tightness every now and then, especially with such a gorgeous redhead snuggled up against her. She peered out the window, watching cityscapes and lush forests disappear in the distance.

Their business in Peru had concluded much faster than she expected. She’d orchestrated it so they had a good couple of weeks for their trip, which left plenty of time for another excursion. Rachel was insistent on going to England at least once, just to see what it was really like. Carmen saw no reason to refuse or delay.

Between Rachel’s chatter and the occasional stunning view, time passed quickly and they descended into another Heathrow Airport. Not much was different to it than any other, though Carmen was pleased to hear many people yell ‘bloody hell!’ and various obscenities upon seeing her. She had to wonder how far the Futa Note’s influence reached. Because, surely, a person such as herself, or even anyone from Saint Puella at that stage, would be an international celebrity if only for their bodies. These people seemed to only just now become aware she even existed.

A standard taxi was out of the question for either futa. Really, any form of transport that wasn’t altered to Carmen’s exacting needs was borderline uselss. That being said, a rented ran offered just enough space to fit them and their luggage. It must’ve looked as if they were being kidnapped. With how nervous the driver looked at them, though, it could’ve been the other way around.

Rachel pouted about not being able to see the scenery, but Carmen promised they’d go out right after getting to the hotel. She was just as eager to explore a new city. Surprisingly, she didn’t feel jet lagged, despite having slept very little on the flight. She surposed that was yet another perk of her supernatural form.

The van all but wailed in relief once they departed. Carmen took a moment to take in their surroundings, but found them oddly mundane. Aside from the old fashioned terraced houses across the street, and the unusual - for her - fashion of tracksuits passing by, there wasn’t much different to any other city. The scent of a fresh rainfall mixed with the usual odours of gasoline and pollution. Nothing really caught her eye.

Even the hotel was plain. She hadn’t paid for anything particularly fancy, just a place that could accommodate a nine-foot futa and her partner, but she at least hoped for something unusual in the lobby. But there wasn’t. Just the usual staff hanging around, dressed in fancy-casual uniforms, and a pair of self-check-in stands. At least the lights had an pleasing warm tone to them, but were still plain. One thing did catch her eye; the receptionist.

She only needed one look and the woman was hers. They didn’t get around to exploring London, though their new friend was more than willing to provide some insight for them to do. Between bouts of mind-melting sex. Inevitably, the sun set on their activities and Carmen was left the only one awake, nestled between two thick futanari, each of them still hard but unable to continue. What did it take to actually drain her anymore?

Carmen pondered that as she lightly raked her nails over the Futa Note cover. So many questions lingered from Peru and she had no clue how to get answers. There was Ryuka, though the Seikogami wasn’t particularly forthcoming. The notebook itself seemed the best option. If only it would communicate with her at more regular intervals. Or even…

The thought died at a sharp stab in her head. Carmen gasped and clutched the book to her breasts, feeling it squish into her, while she panted for air. The pain subsided quickly, which only raised more concerns. What *was* that?

It felt like something trying to claw into her mind. It might’ve found a foothold, only to be rebuked with extreme force. The sort that could’ve destroyed what needed protecting in the first place. Carmen regained control of her breathing, more annoyed than anything that she didn’t know what caused it. She could’ve almost believed it was Gretchen, somehow annoying her from across continents. But that was impossible.

Probably just a sudden migraine. With all the crap she’d experienced, it was probably the least insane thing she could think of. She did just get off a long flight with little sleep. Still, she couldn’t shake off a new unease. A fear that something was going wrong. She just didn’t know what. It might be worth checking in back home. If just to assuage her concerns.

She grabbed her phone from the bedside table. Her lovers mumbled in their sleep, but didn’t awake, thoroughly knocked out by Carmen’s prowess. Scrolling through her contacts, she wasn’t sure who to contact. Given the time overseas, everyone should be available, although she doubted many of them would be any position to answer their phones. She lingered over Zoey’s name, wondering what she might be doing at that moment, then shook her head. She was being paranoid.

Right?

And this was her and Rachel’s first vacation together. She couldn’t go about ruining it by fretting over nothing more than a *feeling*. Still cradling the notebook, she laid down and breathed deep, the clogging scent of sex filling her nostrils. It’d been an eventful week already. She just needed sleep.

Another stab of pain hit her. Carmen bolted upright, clutching her head. It was far worse than last time, like something was trying to drill through her skull, and ended just as suddenly, only for a second, equally intense agony to strike. Even she couldn’t keep her lips shut and let out a cry, waking Rachel right away.

As the pain passed, she found herself presented with a glass of water and painkillers.

“What happened?” Rachel asked.

“I don’t know,” Carmen gasped after chugging the glass, “It came out of nowhere.” She looked to the Futa Note and flipped its pages open, as if the answer would be written there. Blank, save for the occasional transformations she’d written without names. Just in case.

“Freaky. Anything I can do?” The implications were clear, yet - for the first time in months - Carmen remained soft. It was almost amusing, *that’s* what worried her far more than the swift migraines.

“Something is wrong. Sorry, Rachel, but I think we need to cut this trip short.”

The redhead pouted, but nodded, “Good thing we didn’t unpack. Oh, what about her?” She pointed to the still dozing receptionist, who spooned her own cock.

“She’ll be fine.”

It was raining. Pouring really. Like someone had turned the shower on full blast. Thunder rolled in the distance, but no flashes yet. The wind was brutal enough to make Carmen’s tits quiver with particularly powerful gusts. They managed to get an Uber that could handle their bodies, granted it was cramped, and it still took hours to reach Heathrow due to flash floods at various points. Almost like the weather itself was conniving to delay Carmen.

Which only seemed more likely as they walked into the airport and found every flight in and out of the country was delayed. There was no arguing it either. This was nature after all. Carmen booked their flight and they shambled to the waiting area. She all but collapsed into a chair that was far too small for her ass.

“Get some sleep. I’ll wake you if anything changes,” Rachel said, stroking her hair.

Carmen nodded and laid on her side, head cushioned by her lover’s thighs. All sound was blotted out as Rachel’s boobs rested upon her, the only noise being her own breathing and Rachel’s balls gently gurgling.

*When next she opened her eyes, it was in an unfamiliar territory. It looked like the waiting room at a doctor’s office. Chairs arranged against a wall, coffee tables with magazines on them, and medical documents pinned to a board for all to read. Only two people occupied the space that Carmen could see; a receptionist and a young woman. An impressive young woman at that.*

*She wasn’t anything special compared to Carmen’s usual standard. No enormous ass that could’ve doubled as a couch, or tits the size of beanbags, nor was she encumbered by an obvious log of cock between her knees. Even so, she had incredible proportions, as if crafted by the most thorough sculptor. She was even dressed plainly, with blue jeans and a black shirt. Her brunette locks draped over her shoulder in an elegant braid.*

*Why was she so familiar?*

*Carmen drifted closer, possessing at least some control over herself, to hear what they were saying. But, just her luck, they finished right as she came within earshot.*

*“Right this way.”*

*The young woman walked through a door. Carmen attempted to follow, however the scene melted around her, reveaing her room instead. Which meant the Futa Note wouldn’t be far behind. She heard a breath behind her and turned to face it, questions on the tip of her tongue. Her mouth opened, but no sound came out.*

*This wasn’t the Futa Note, or a copy of herself. There, instead, stood Melody, the tight skin of her chest on full display, as were the disproportionately small nipples pointing straight at Carmen. A little below them, just past her nearly obscured navel, jutted her adorable phallus. By most standards, it was probably quite large, though Carmen’s perceptions were warped by her possessing three dicks almost ten times bigger than Melody’s. And all her similarly endowed lovers.*

*She expected Melody to say something, to reveal herself as the Futa Note using this form to tease her. But no words came from her. Instead, she just stood there, staring at Carmen, or staring through her, she couldn’t be certain. Then things changed.*

*From the walls, clear thin tubes extended, no bigger than Carmen’s thumb. Only two of them, far from some of the hentai Rachel had shown her. They converged on Melody, twisting around her torso until they were aimed at her nipples. A throb went through Carmen as they penetrated the tiny nubs.*

*A translucent fluid filled the tubes. Melody let out a soft hiss as it entered her, breasts visibly expanding as she was rapidly inundated with what Carmen could only guess was more saline. Every drop they gained, Carmen felt another throb go through her body. She was getting turned on. No, no. She clenched her eyes shut. She couldn’t allow herself to feel that way. Not about Melody.*

*For that matter, why was she dreaming this? She was more concerned with what might be happening to the others. Surely, she should’ve been picturing any number of horrible outcomes involving her friends.*

*Melody let out another hiss, this time more of a moan. Carmen reopened her eyes and saw two more tubes, these going to her sister’s rear. Just like the others, they quickly filled her with the same fluid in her breasts. What began as a pert, borderline cute butt became a literal shelf. Without the hips to match, it really looked as if her ass was an afterthought. Bolted on after her creator realised it was missing.*

*“No, no, no. This will never be enough,” Melody said at last.*

*Carmen desperately fought to keep her arousal at bay, but that was an increasingly futile effort as yet another pair of tubes spawned. She tried guessing where these would go. Perhaps to Melody’s cock or her balls? A giant sack with a petite member would be pretty amusing. Especially if her output matched their size.*

*They almost seemed to tease her, dragging up Melody’s body. Past her hips, over her stomach and across the vast plains of her breasts, to her lips. The younger futa let out a sultry moan, lips already working to catch up with the rest of her. Carmen failed in her endeavour, cocks rising before her like they had so many times before.*

*It was impossible not to. She’d learned well that there were certain fetishes she couldn’t resist. Expanding curves were easily at the top of a long, and ever growing, list. Melody’s abs clenched from the strain of staying upright, then disappeared from sight, swallowed by the literal oversized beach balls she had for boobs. Her butt wasn’t much smaller either and her lips had swollen to cover her chin and nose. And they still expanded as the tubes emptied themselves.*

*“Amazing,” Melody said, running her hands over a small fraction of her new chest, “Even at this size, she can only handle a portion of my essence. Should I…? No. It’s too late by now. This will have to suffice. I just need her to…” She paused and looked - really looked - at Carmen for the first time.*

*Without words, her form shimmered and was replaced by the usual doppelganger.*

*“What was that?” Carmen demanded.*

*“Your subsconscious lusting after Melody. I’d presume.” The Futa Note said, gaze pointedly aimed at Carmen’s three erections.*

*“No, you were speaking through her.”*

*The Futa Note inhaled.*

*“Don’t even think of gaslighting me.”*

*It frowned, visibly ruminating over its next words, then sighed, “There are things I cannot tell you at this moment. We’re in a precarious situation.”*

*Carmen chose to ignore the issue with her sister. The Futa Note couldn’t have access to her anyway, since her name was never written. There were important matters to focus on.*

*“You mean the headaches?”*

*“Something related to them, yes.”*

*“Will you explain?”*

*“I… can’t? It feels like I should know, but I can’t remember. Or something to that effect.”*

*“It feels like you’ve only gotten more enigmatic,” Carmen groaned.*

*“Not by choice, if that’s any consolation. All I know is that something dangerous waits for you.”*

*“Gretchen?”*

*“Maybe? I genuinely wish it was more clear,” the Futa Note scrunched its nose, as if disgusted by its own lack of knowledge, “I have a vague sense of what’s happening, but nothing concrete.”*

*“It’s probably Gretchen. She’s the only one I can think of. Not that it’s hard to fix. I’ve been meaning to finish her.” She expected the book to share in her lewd excitement, since it surely could read her thoughts, but it just sighed.*

*“Do what you think is best. I will assist in whatever way I can as always. But Carmen, I fear this is beyond us as we currently are.”*

*“You make it sound we’re going to war. It’s just Gretchen. When I left, she was basically my bitch already.”*

*“Just… be careful.”*

-- Melody --

She let out a soft hiss as the needles went into her breasts. Her new expanders were desgined for it, though that didn’t mean she was numb to the penetration. A low hum filled the otherwise tranquil office as saline began pumping away. Her penis pulsed at the feeling of it filling her. This was the part she’d been looking forward to all week since her operation.

The doctor still marvelled at how she was already healed. Most patients needed several weeks before they were ready to remove the bandages, much less get a fill. Melody just had a feeling she’d alright almost right away. And was proven right when she removed her bandages the day after. After a quick check up, she was deemed fit to be stuffed with even more saline. She was already filled with a couple-thousand CCs, more than most started with, but she only wanted more.

Her surgeon tried talking her out of it, but Melody had learned her lesson; money spoke louder than worry. And now she got to feel her skin get stretched even tighter, her nipples made to look smaller and smaller with every second. She cupped them, feeling her panties get similarly tight around her swelling arousal. It wasn’t well hidden either, as her jeans were already quite snug.

All too soon, the machine was switched off.

“That’s seven-fifty,” her doctor said.

“I want more.”

“We discussed this, Miss Robins.”

“Yeah, and that was before I proved I could handle it,” Melody said, squeezing her boobs. The skin still had so much give to it. She may not be an expert, but they looked and felt fit to hold more. Much more.

“I’m sorry, but I can’t…”

“Unless I pay extra?” Melody asked, tilting her lips knowingly.

The doctor sighed, helpless to resist such a generous offer. The machine whirred back to life and Melody rocked her hips to the sensation. She knew it was lewd, that she wasn’t actually supposed to do this in front of other people, but that didn’t stop her. She had money, therefore power. Even if she whipped out her member and started jerking it, there was nothing the doctor could do.

But she kept it in. Something told her to hold on just a little while longer. Tough as it was, between seeing her chest expand, feeling the tingling tightness of her skin being pushed to its limits, and the knowledge she was becoming more ideal for Carmen. When she got home, she’d be in for the biggest surprise of her life.

“Thanks for waiting,” Melody said, barely able to hide the excitement in her voice as she walked back into the reception. It wasn’t hard to spot her friend, even with so many other patients about.

Gretchen looked away from the crowd of women pawing at her enormous belly, eyes bulging as she took it all in. Melody giggled and did a twirl, fully aware her new bust was visible even from behind. Her shirt did next to nothing for modesty, lifted by her obscene bust to the point of resembling a bikini instead. It was her own fault really, the shirt was already a bit small before and now she had another two-thousand CCs packed in her chest. But the fabric felt so good stretched across her nipples.

She couldn’t wait to feel the same thing with her butt tomorrow. For now, she and Gretchen boarded the next bus and headed home.

Everything had aligned perfectly. Samantha had won a spa trip, taking Melody’s mom with her and leaving her with the house for the next week. That’s when Carmen would return. Once she did, Melody just had to flaunt her new assets and she’d finally have what she wanted.

“Fucking hell, keep it in your pants, Melody.”

She looked down and noticed her shaft straining her jeans even harder, “Sorry. I was…”

“Thinking about Carmen. Yeah, yeah, I get it.”

Melody grinned. She was predictable, but everyone understood why. Carmen was quite simply the most beautiful person in the whole world. Even Gretchen, who obviously didn’t like her, was obsessed. Their history was a strange one. Melody only had a rough idea what they went through, someone about Carmen ‘stealing’ Gretchen’s old friends. But things looked to be on the mend, since she saw them making up earlier.

“So, what now? Just wait for tomorrow?” Gretchen asked.

“I would, but I think some shopping is in order,” Melody said.

“Makes sense. Come on, I’ll help you find the perfect outfit.”

“I don’t want ‘perfect’,” Melody said, a small, lurid smirk on her lips, “I want to look like Carmen’s fantasy.”

Gretchen glanced down at her, “Sorry to say this, but unless you can grow a ten-foot dick and an ass she can sleep on, I don’t think that’s possible.”

She pouted, “Fine, then I’ll settle for ‘perfect’.”

Amazingly, their shopping trip went smoothly. Melody thought it’d be harder to find things to suit her huge, spherical tits, but with all the busty women and futanari around, she supposed stores had to stock appropriately. With Gretchen’s help, she found the so-called ‘perfect’ outfit, that being a cropped tube top that could’ve passed for lingerie as it stretched across her tits, leaving several inches of cleavage on display. And making no attempt to hide her braless state. The booty shorts she picked out were just as pointless, with her prick bulging clearly.

Quite frankly, it wasn’t really her style to show off so much skin. Gretchen was so certain, however, that she went along with it. The amount of looks she got on the way out were definitely worth it. That left just one thing for Melody to do.

She invited Gretchen inside her home. Without her mom, Samantha or Carmen around, it felt terribly empty. Even with her new boobs, she just couldn’t fill the space like them. But Gretchen dominated the living room. Her ass filled the couch from arm to arm, belly resting on the coffee table and boobs cascaded down its sides, barely held in place by her woefully undersized shirt. Despite it being a man’s XXXL.

“Here you go,” Melody said, handing her a tall glass of water.

“Thanks.” Just walking took a huge toll on her. It was an unfortunate effect of being so incredibly endowed, and usually only getting bigger over the day. Melody always looked forward to seeing Gretchen in the morning at school, knowing that she would, undoubtedly, swell up over time. Watching her belly get so huge sent thrills through Melody for reasons she wasn’t entirely sure of.

“So, I never got your verdict,” Melody sat in the nearest chair, leaning back with relief as the added weight was taken off her back.

“About what?”

“My boobs! Duh.”

“Well, what do you mean exactly?” Gretchen asked, glancing at her. What a tease, Melody thought and rolled her eyes. She yanked her new shirt down, flashing the tops of her undersized areolae, “Oh, right. You mean the several pounds of saline you got pumped into them?”

“Well?”

“They’re cool,” Gretchen said, pointedly turning her gaze elsewhere.

That wasn’t the reaction she’d hoped for. It was always so weird hanging out with Gretchen. Some moments, Melody thought there was something between them - they had done some stuff, even if she didn’t exactly remember it that clearly - but then Gretchen wouldn’t look at her. She knew the pregnant futa wasn’t dense to this stuff. She was essentially Melody’s teacher when it came to anything sexual.

So why was she acting so dense?

Fine! In that case, Melody just had to make her intentions crystal clear. She stood, reminded once again of just how heavy she’d made her chest, and plopped herself down on Gretchen’s belly. She intended to sit in her lap, but that wasn’t an option. This did have the bonus effect of putting Melody’s crotch almost directly in line with the blonde’s lips.

“Come on, Gretchen,” Melody pouted, “I need to practice for Carmen, right? Plus this whole thing got me really horny.”

“I don’t know, Melody,” Gretchen said, no longer averting her gaze, “It’s just… now’s not really the best time. I don’t want to hurt you or something.”

“Hurt me?” That was a weird thing to say. They’d done it before and Melody only remembered feeling good afterwards.

“Yeah, I’ve been going through some stuff lately and it’s making me do things.”

“In that case,” Melody dropped her voice as she leaned forward, burying Gretchen’s face in her cleavage, “Let me do everything. You can’t hurt me if you can’t do anything, right?”

“I… suppose.”

“That’s what I wanna hear,” Melody cooed and rocked her hips onto the enormous belly she sat upon. It was so big and tight, with just enough give to make for a surprisingly comfortable seat. She could probably get by just fine grinding against it. But she didn’t want this. Using her penis felt good, but she found the best sensations came from her other parts. Not her pussy though. That was reserved especially for Carmen.

She reached down to guide Gretchen’s hands up, snapping them onto her ass cheeks. They weren’t anything special, a far cry from the couch-swallowing set Gretchen possessed, but no less fun to play with. Between having her cheeks palmed and feeling hot breaths on her breasts, Melody’s erection stretched up her shorts. They were tight, but it wouldn’t be refused and squeezed free of her waist, rubbing against her belly as she undulated.

Gretchen’s cheeks were already flushed just from existing with her huge body and burned in Melody’s hands. She leaned forward to bury her in her breasts, cooing as Gretchen kissed the tight flesh, and arched her backside into the blonde’s hands. At long last, she reciprocated Melody’s affections, kneading the supple flesh. And pushed the shorts down as well.

Just what she expected. Gretchen was a pro at this, multi-tasking even as she lathered Melody’s tits in lustful kisses, sliding her fingers into her shorts and pulling them down until they hooked under her cheeks. A gasp slipped from Melody as the waistband bit into her cock, forcing it even tighter against her belly. Her naked ass bulged into the open air, Gretchen’s fingers hooking under her panties and pulled them up until it was barely a thread.The fabric dug into her balls and pussy, and rubbed along her butthole. She rocked harder in response.

“Come on, enough teasing,” Melody said, already breathless. Her whole body burned with need for more, cock throbbing against her stomach. Pre-cum oozed onto her skin, trailing down her shaft and into her shorts.

“Okay,” Gretchen sighed, breath cool on her breast, and looked up.

Were her eyes always that red colour?

Melody didn’t get to ask, as she was pushed down so she laid on her stomach atop Gretchen’s, their faces mere inches apart. Whatever apprehensions Gretchen had before seemed long gone now as she closed the gap and kissed her. Melody gave a mental shrug and returned the favour. Tongues met and tangled together. Their hands went to one another’s busts, squeezing deep. Or as best they could with how huge each other was.

Melody’s skin tingled as the sound of smacking lips filled the room. This wasn’t the first time she kissed Gretchen like this, but it felt like it. Maybe because of her new boobs? They did feel amazing, even if someone wasn’t actively touching them. Just laying there, resting her weight on them, feeling so much of Gretchen’s own chest with them, felt almost wrong with much it turned her on. She moved her hands down to her shorts, finally shoving them down.

A moan was muted by Gretchen pressing harder. Melody hadn’t realised just how muggy things had gotten down there. Her cock was damp and sticky with a mix of sweat and pre, while her pussy had begun leaking in its own excitement. Gretchen’s hands joined in, grabbing onto her panties. Melody rolled her hips, stretching the underwear even tighter and rubbing it along her most private areas.

Melody was the one to stop first.

“Wait!” She gasped, lips sticky with Gretchen’s spit.

“Hmm,” the blonde growled, glaring down at her.

“I’m supposed to do it inside you, right?”

Gretchen’s expression softened, though she still grumbled impatiently as Melody climbed off. She stood and watched the enormously pregnant futa spread her legs, shuddering at the wet, sticky noise of those juices stretching and breaking between her thighs. A jerk between Melody’s legs broke her focus. Right! She needed to get fully naked too. Her shorts and panties landed with a subtle splat from her own arousal.

Pre-cum dripped off her tip as she climbed back onto the couch. Gretchen was so amazing. Melody hadn’t been with anyone else like this, but she’d seen plenty of futanari at school, and Gretchen was easily one of the best. A single, big dick that rested over her crazy full sack with several bulges, both entirely overshadowed by the beautiful mountain of her belly. But Melody’s attention was elsewhere, eyes fixated on the plush spread of her friend’s pussy.

She couldn’t help herself from pressing her oozing cockhead against it. A gasp escaped them both, each feeling the others’ heat. Melody’s hips jerked, but she avoided penetration for now, instead sliding up Gretchen’s folds and over her clit. Juices coated her shaft with just the one pass, but she gave it a few more, just to make sure it was well and truly covered. Once she was dripping with more than pre, Melody lined up and grabbed onto the massive belly.

When she and Carmen got together, would her belly get this big? Melody clenched her abs, imagining doing so when her tummy was huge and heavy with babies, which ended up taking over her hips too. The cry that slipped from her lips was nothing short of animalistic.

Molten walls surrounded her. They squeezed her in a chokehold, but were so drenched in fem-cum that she just glided through until her crotch pressed into Gretchen’s testicles, then into her pussy itself. The lips undulated against her, trying to suck her even deeper in. As the initial bliss passed, Melody rolled her hips in all directions, getting a good feel for Gretchen’s depths.

“Just as I thought,” Melody said and peered around the belly blocking their view of each other. Gretchen was relaxed, eyes half-lidded so only a portion of her glowing red iris shone through and definitely not listening to anything, “She’s too deeply ingrained now. I’m sorry Gretchen, I thought I could help you more directly. But I can at least give you something of an out.”

What did any of that mean and why did she say it? Melody wasn’t exactly sure, but she also wasn’t really paying attention to anything but the awesome feeling pervading her cock. When she finally found the power to pull back, she didn’t care what she was saying, only that Gretchen’s pussy clung to her every inch, before she lunged forward and deafened herself with the smack of their sticky bodies. Melody leaned up to find Gretchen’s huge, popped out belly button and wrapped her lips around it.

“Oh fuck, you’re pretty small but… fuck! You know how to use it! Come on, fuck me, fuck me!”

Melody grabbed onto as much of her lover’s belly as she possibly could, using it to heave herself forward with all the strength she possessed. Her tits clapped against it as well. They were tender after being filled to such extremes, sending shocks under her skin that made her prick jerk and swell. The tight skin was a close match for Gretchen’s fecundity. Almost like she was pregnant in her boobs.

Her balls clenched, pumping an errant stream of cum out. She hadn’t climaxed. She was just *that* turned on by what seemed beyond impossible. But that was her sister’s expertise. By all means, Carmen defied all laws of nature. Two rows of tits, each bigger than a person, three cocks that were black as night and shaped completely unlike a human, with an ass made to be worshipped. And those were just the most obvious parts.

“I’m cumming!” Melody cried. Thinking about Carmen usually did that to her, but it was amplified a thousand-fold being inside Gretchen.

She tried clenching hard, but that made her cock jerk, which caused Gretchen to squeeze even tighter. The blonde rolled her hips in in desperation, muscles working in concert. Her belly writhed with activity, no doubt feeling their mothers excitement.

Melody didn’t have a chance. Her urethra bloated up, stretching her member even more, but that wasn’t enough as her surge of cum inundated it. She clutched at Gretchen’s stomach, driving herself as deep as possible on pure instinct. A barrier mashed against her tip and seemed to suckle on it. Whatever resistance Melody had was siphoned away by it and she unleashed her first wave of jizz.

Another moan filled the air as she felt her seed splash back into the tunnel, coating her member in still more heat. Melody bucked her hips in a mindless pursuit of pleasure, unconsciously timed with her eruptions. Likewise, Gretchen jerked in tandem, gasping and moaning with every spurt. Despite being an otherwise underwhelming futa - as far as Saint Puella went anyway - Melody was nothing if not prolific. Not even halfway through, about thirty seconds in, and she’d created a growing pool of cum on the cushions. And that was just what leaked from Gretchen’s pussy.

Little under a minute into her release, Melody finally petered out. She gave a few more weak spurts, but then it was nothing but dribbles.

“Pull out and come up here,” Gretchen said.

“Uh huh,” Melody nodded, feeling way too good to refuse anything at that moment. A stream of white gushed out, dousing her thighs, but she ignored it to present her thoroughly coated cock to Gretchen. The blonde leaned in, taking a long breath, before she snaked her tongue out and ran it from top to bottom. She did it multiple times, slurping up every drop caked onto Melody’s shaft.

“Hmm, yummy.”

“Glad you liked it,” Melody said, still catching her breath.

“Don’t tell me you’re done already? We’ve got the house to ourselves and I’ve got nowhere to be.”

Melody looked down at her member, still rigid and eager for more, “Sure! Just let me get a drink first.”

“I’m right here,” Gretchen hefted her breasts and, on cue, squirted milk into the air.

“Thanks, but we have some juice that needs to be used. Want some?”

“Nah, I’m good. I’ll just be keeping things warm and wet for you.”

Melody smiled and did as she said, grabbing her sullied clothes in the process. As she poured a glass, naked in the kitchen with her cock damp with Gretchen’s spit, her phone pinged at her. She grabbed it, ready to swipe away whatever it was, then froze.

*Hey supergirl, we’re heading home early. Flight’s delayed due to weather, but I think we should be back tomorrow or the day after. I’ve already told Mom. See you soon.*

“Carmen’s coming back tomorrow?” Melody whispered and glanced at her butt. Her appointment was scheduled for the afternoon. Even if Carmen didn’t land for another day, there was no way Melody would healed enough to go through with her plan.

Unless she made the doctor an offer she couldn’t refuse?

“Hey, Gretchen? Sorry, but I have some stuff to take care of. Can we…” Melody trailed off as she walked into the living room, finding the couch vacant and Gretchen’s clothes gone. Weird. She shook it off and instead called the doctor, whom she’d seen not two hours ago.

“Hey doc, any chance you can bump my surgery up? Oh, I was thinking tonight. No, no, don’t say that. I’ll pay whatever you want. Please? I *need* this.” Everything would go horribly wrong if she didn’t have as much ass and tits as possible. She licked her lips, anxiously waiting for a response. Maybe she should get them pumped up too? Over the phone, she heard the sigh of defeat;

“Fine. You’re lucky I had someone cancel last minute.” There was a hint of a lie there, but Melody wasn’t interested in that. She’d done it! When Carmen arrived, she’d be in for a real sight.