Tosaki’s Adventures in Curses

“Go and have some fun. You’ve earned it,” Tosaki said for what felt like the hundredth time that hour alone.

“Yeah, no, you’re right. It’s just, I’ve never been away from home this long before and Kuta is such a handful,” Gwen said, still fussing her large dog with the carriage waiting just outside. She was one of the queen’s handmaids that had earned the right to an exclusive week-long stay with the local duke’s family at their holiday estate. While she would be working, the atmosphere would be so relaxed it might as well be a vacation. It did, however, require her to leave her precious pet back home.

“I’ve fought dragons. I can handle this little guy.” She said that, but Kuta was anything but ‘little’, reaching her hips on all-fours and towering over her on his hind-legs. Still, Tosaki had taken on beasts many times larger and come out relatively unscathed.

“You’ve *fought* dragons, you haven’t cared for one.” The curvaceous blonde looked up, not pausing her petting of her hulking dog.

Tosaki looked at her new companion for the next few days. She’d seen more than enough to know he was a gentle giant. Really, this was just as much a holiday for her as for Gwen. A chance to sit down and relax for a time, before she hit the road and continued her travels.

“We’ll be fine,” Tosaki assured her, ushering the young woman toward the increasingly impatient carriage. She and Kuta watched it go, with her picking the dog up so it could wave goodbye. Once Gwen was gone, Tosaki settled into what would become her new routine. She played with Kuta, took him out on a walk, fed him his dinner and went to bed.

This continued for three more days. Tosaki never expected anything to happen, not with as well-behaved a dog as Kuta. Nothing was out of the ordinary that day, all she did differently was take some time to ward herself from the coming full moon. With the barrier between reality and the ethereal blurred, her magic could slip beyond her control. Last thing she wanted was a lapse in control turning Kuta into a six-foot wolf-man.

She even made sure they had no reason to go that night, taking care of errands in the village long before sundown. Nameless for as long as it had existed, the town wasn’t present on any maps but their own. The only reason Tosaki was caring for Kuta was because she happened to be passing through when Gwen asked for the favour.

That night, Tosaki finished with her nightly routine. Her hair was becoming increasingly messy, thanks to it growing out for the colder months. Autumn had come in full, and the nights were turning bitter, making well-stocked firewood all the more important. That evening in particular was chilly, urging her to curl up under a blanket in front of the fire. Kuta joined her, adding his warmth. It was no surprise that she drifted off.

A gust of cold air woke her. The fire had faded to embers, crackling softly, and the house was dark and still. Nothing stirred within it except for Tosaki herself. Ordinarily, she would be fine with that, prefer it even, but not when she was in charge of somethings safety. The elf bounced to her feet, magic flaring up and stirring the fire to a blaze that illuminated her surroundings. No sign of Kuta.

The door was open. Her ears twitched, trying to listen for sounds of the animal, but heard nothing. She sent out a pulse of magic, designed to detect the movement. No sign of him. He must’ve wandered into the woods. Taking deep breaths, Tosaki drew a cloak around herself, enchanting it to keep her warm. She had to keep calm. Letting her emotions rise on a full-moon could be disastrous.

Which was easier said than done. Kuta might be Gwen’s pet and companion, however he was Tosaki’s responsibility and she wasn’t about to let her friend down. Racing into the night, she was startled by just how visible everything was. The moon looked down from a cloudless sky, glowing brilliantly. She would find it beautiful under any other circumstances. Who knew what creatures could be lurking in the surrounding forest. Kuta just had to get out tonight of all nights.

Despite the glow, it was a pale light, painting the normally warm-coloured village in cool tones and heavy shadows. If she didn’t know better, she’d think it was abandoned. Tosaki didn’t look for long and raced around the perimeter, eyes and ears alert for any sign of her friend’s pet. He must’ve gone deeper, she thought and took to the trees. With the waning leaves, there was plenty of light to use, though the many limbs cast unwelcoming shadows, seeming to curl around her as she moved. Her powerful thighs burned after minutes of searching, every ounce of her strength going into every jump to clear several metres at a time.

The night wore on with still no sign of Kuta. Dawn still hadn’t broken, but the moon was listing downward. Tosaki panted heavily, wiping the sweat from her brow. It’d been a while she last had this much exercise. She reached up to one of her piercings, ready to remove it and allow her magic to flow more naturally. A dangerous move on this night, but one that she had to take.

If not for the rustling of fallen leaves. Tosaki wasn’t a fool and maintained her distance, amplifying her senses just enough to get a look. Small animals scuttled away from this creature, which was much larger than most beasts she usually saw in this area. About the right size to be Kuta, though it was hard to judge with the angle. She followed, listening close. She needed to confirm if it was him, but if she startled him and he ran, she’d be hard-pressed to keep up without using more magic. She stayed on its tail for a few more minutes, and was about to make her move, when she spotted another beast. It did confirm for her that the first one was Kuta, as this thing’s steps snapped anything underfoot, be they twigs or full branches.

They were approaching each other, no doubt smelling one another. Tosaki reached up and removed her earrings, shuddering briefly at the wave of unfettered magic that flowed through her. She was playing a dangerous game here, about to fight something easily on par with a bear. She’d done it before, however not on a full moon, when this could be something else entirely. Still, it was to keep Kuta safe. Breathing deep, Tosaki dropped from the tree, landing several feet below with the grace of a cat. Oh lord, she hoped she didn’t walk away from this as a cat-girl again. She always ended up going into heat when that happened.

Unfortunately, the crackle of leaves gave away her presence. Kuta’s ears flicked toward her, but no else. He was focused on the encroaching enemy. The other entity stopped, however, suddenly faced with two large creatures. Tosaki couldn’t see much of its face, shrouded in shadow as it was, but the eyes were clear as the moon. They glowed a molten gold colour.

That confirmed it for her. This wasn’t a natural animal, something either affected by the full moon or a spirit given flesh. Tosaki channelled her magic into her limbs, then launched herself, landing between Kuta and the beast, both of which snarled at her. She saw fit to return the favour, surprising the dog most of all. Something in her tone must’ve broken through his thick skull and he backed away. Taking that as a signal to start, the beast galloped toward them.

Its heavy paws and thick claws tore into the ground. Tosaki braced herself and took the impact, then swung it into a nearby tree. The wood bucked under its weight, its few leaves scattering. Vicious eyes focused on the redhead. She ducked low as it attacked again, narrowly avoiding the claws, then grabbed a leg to slam it down. The blow did little. It kicked away her hand and lashed out.

She avoided each and every attack, side-stepping the obvious swipes. To avoid those claws, Tosaki primarily kept to throws and sweeps, staying low and light, but that could only last so long. The beast was relentless. And not wholly unintelligent. After her fifth evasion, it adjusted its aim to slash at her, catching her shirt. Tosaki grunted as she landed a kick to the side of its head, rolling away with the same momentum.

Growls vibrated in her skull, the beast already upon her before she could right her posture. It was getting faster? Tosaki’s instincts pulled up more magic, allowing her to just barely duck the next swing. If she let her magic flow unobstructed, then she could dispatch this easily, but that opened herself to who knows what. As it was, she doubted she got away from this unscathed.

Another slash went for her jugular. She caught the paw, briefly noting the thumb, then twisted the arm. Anguished yelps almost gave her pause, but she buried any feeling of guilt and swung her leg over the beast, forcing it down on its stomach. Tosaki saw her chance and stepped over it, taking the arm and pulling it hard. The socket popped almost instantly, while she wrenched at the elbow. Instead of yelping again, it growled and writhed.

She didn’t realise the danger until the fangs dug into her ankle. Tosaki let out her own bestial snarl, letting her instincts dictate her next move, in which she stomped the beast’s head repeatedly. It took several bone-rattling attempts, but the jaws soon unlocked. Magic immediately went to work on stemming the blood flow, while she went for the final blow. Muscles flared across her leg, imbuing it with the power to shatter brick and rend metal.

The beast kicked up at the last second. Her foot grazed its snout. Nowhere near enough to end it, though the fight did conclude. She’d inflicted enough damage, the creature choosing to preserve its life rather than try and end hers. It lumbered off into the woods. Tosaki continued pursuit, however she had bigger concerns. She had to find Kuta.

Dawn was just breaking when she returned home, tired and defeated. There he was. The big shit laid in the doorway, snoring peacefully, while Tosaki winced from putting weight on her bloodied leg. The wound was mostly healed, though that didn’t stop it from stinging something fierce. It got its fangs in pretty deep.

Tosaki eyed the bastard dog and sighed, dragging herself to the bedroom. She checked her wound, making sure there weren’t any supernatural infections and, satisfied, plopped onto a pillow. Sleep took her within moments.

The next few days with Kuta were peaceful enough. Her only source of ire was the sudden burst to her libido. It wasn’t uncommon for her to masturbate fairly often; it kept her head clear and stopped her making dumb mistakes. But she didn’t usually want to go multiple times a day, or rather, she didn’t *have* to. The want was usually there. At least her bite had healed nicely.

Gwen returned exactly as she said she would. Unfortunately, Tosaki had decided on one last orgasm before she left and lost track of time, leaving her preoccupied when her friend came back. She was discovered mid-stroke of her member, its head held tight between her lips as pre-cum drooled freely.

“Oh!” Tosaki jerked back once she finally noticed her friend in the door. Her cock jerked free of her lips and sprung upright, standing a few inches over her head, “Uh… welcome home.”

“It’s certainly a warm welcome,” Gwen sighed and shook her head, shutting the door, “Looks like Kuta was happy, so how about a little tip?” She undid the buttons holding her uniform in place, one by one, each revealing just a hint more of her undergarments. They were strained around her chest, nipples poking through. Tosaki stroked to the show, offering soft groans of encouragement.

Gwen’s tits bounced in her face as she straddled Tosaki. The elf’s fat cock was squeezed between their soft bodies, eliciting a deep moan that was stifled into her friend’s soft lips. Down below, an inviting wet heat pressed into the base of her cock, sliding with increasing fervour as their kiss deepened. Gwen’s folds parted around its girth as her lust leaked on it, lubricating her path to slide up.

“I never get tired of this,” Tosaki said.

“Can’t say I disagree,” Gwen said, circling her hips over Tosaki’s crown. Despite standing over it, her pussy was still pressed against the blunt tip. Tosaki grabbed her by the hips, making it clear what she wanted. The woman was inclined to agree, lowering her hips and taking the first half-inch.

Just that much was no small feat. Tosaki’s thickness was second to none, at least among humans and elves, stretching her friend to the limit, yet also making her want for more. Magic tingled in the elf’s fingertips, soothing any discomfort and easing the penetration. Some days, Tosaki considered shrinking it down, at least a few inches, but as she pushed deeper into Gwen’s sopping tightness, she couldn’t imagine giving up any of it. Not when it tested people’s limits and made them sweat just taking the first third.

Gwen bit her lip hard, hands bracing on the wall as her belly bulged in a distinct shape. Soon enough, they were stopped by a stubborn barrier. It wouldn’t be in the way for much longer. Despite her many safeguards, Tosaki’s magic often went beyond her control during sex. Now was no different and, unbidden, it loosened the way into Gwen’s womb.

A viscous pop marked Tosaki’s entry. The bulge in the blonde’s stomach jerked high, shoving her breasts aside and poking her chin. There were still quite a few inches remaining too, which Tosaki fully planned on burying into her friend.

“You’ve no idea how bad I needed this,” Gwen panted, rolling her hips in ever quickening circles.

“Hmm,” Tosaki groaned, running her hands down her friend’s sides to cup her bubbly rump, firmly kneading her cheeks.

“The lord and his lady are… insatiable, but they just don’t measure up.”

“Few ever do.” While not one for pride, the elf couldn’t disguise her satisfaction in knowing a noble didn’t come close to her. All she did was lay there, cock at attention, and her friend was cooing and moaning for her. But Tosaki wouldn’t remain passive. She wasn’t a selfish lover, nor could she mark this bitch as hers without putting in some effort.

Mark? That thought came out of nowhere. It was pretty hot though.

She let Gwen take the last few inches herself. Even with magic at play, Tosaki had two-feet of cock, its girth shaming her arms. All of that was buried deep inside Gwen’s womb, pushing aside organs just to accommodate itself. She could even feel her friend’s heartbeat against it. Tosaki waited for her to adjust, hips slowly circling once again, then made her move.

Gwen wasn’t a small woman. Tall, buxom and well-fed, she wasn’t like the nobles that prized a slim figure over all else. Most would struggle to lift such a gorgeous woman, but Tosaki did as easily as lifting a doll. She laid Gwen down, legs splayed out and pushed up to her shoulders, giving an unrestricted view of her gorgeous pussy stretched taut by Tosaki’s girth. A few inches had slid out in the move, shining lewdly with her friend’s juices. She pushed them back in without delay, watching as its bulge rose in front of Gwen’s face.

“Are you ready?” Tosaki asked, balls throbbing as if to answer for her friend.

“So fucking big,” Gwen moaned, biting into a finger as she looked into her eyes. The invitation was clear, but Tosaki wanted to hear it. She lowered her hips, causing her prick to lift up and stretch the lucky woman even further.

“I want to hear how bad you want it, my fucking big cock.”

“I don’t want it,” the blonde said, rocking her hips while pressing her tits around its bulge, “I need it so bad, Tosaki. I need your fat dick to stretch me out until the lord won’t even feel my walls.”

The elf smirked and pulled back, holding in a moan at how Gwen’s hole clung so tightly to her, “That can be arranged.” Before she plunged in, Tosaki folded over to capture her friend’s lips in a tongue filled kiss. Being almost a foot shorter, the futa had to stretch to reach, but that only made it better as her cock completely dominated the taller woman. She returned every inch back to Gwen’s pussy, her shaft protruding up beside their faces.

They ignored it as Gwen palmed the elf’s thick ass, urging her next thrust to be even harder. In return, Tosaki groped her friend’s tits, massaging them against her cock. A powerful ripple flowed from top to bottom whenever she pinched Gwen’s nipples, eliciting a guttural moan from her too. Tosaki quickly found her rhythm, fucking her with long, deep strokes that no other could hope to achieve. Their lips separated as Gwen bounced harder, the bed creaking and groaning. Tosaki didn’t hesitate to move down and catch a nipple between her teeth.

Every time she thrust or bit, Gwen got that much wetter. Soon, her pussy was all but gushing, making viscous squelches with every thrust. Tosaki’s balls rumbled, announcing her climax too.

“I want you,” Tosaki groaned, moving her lips up from Gwen’s breast and nipping her collar, “I want everyone to know who you belong to.”

“Do it!” Gwen howled, pussy convulsing.

Tosaki growled deep in her chest and dug her teeth in, hips pounding rapidly. Her balls clenched up, pressing tight against her snatch. Gwen wrapped around her, holding the elf tight as the first eruption hit. Hot cum poured all around Tosaki’s cock, flooding the tight space instantly. Gwen bucked as her own orgasm hit, walls squeezing powerful around the elf and milking her next shot. Jizz spurted out from Gwen’s hole, but it was mere drops compared to what inundated her womb.

The orgasm didn’t stop Tosaki from thrusting still. Her semen just made it feel even better, like thrusting into a second pussy. It slurped and squelched loudly from within Gwen’s body, growing dimmer as the blonde inflated. Tosaki pushed herself up, looking down at her friend, whose collar now bore a deep bruise and teeth marks, glistening with her saliva. Another wave of jizz gushed loose, swelling Gwen’s belly even further to look a few months pregnant.

It was far from over. Gwen panted heavily, breath hitching with every pulse, nearing a second climax already. Tosaki angled her hips to mash against her friend’s clit, while grabbing onto her tits and pinching her thick nipples hard. As Gwen bloated up to look heavy with child, another orgasm hit her, pussy clamping down hard and coaxing an even thicker wave from Tosaki.

They stayed like that for what felt like an hour, though it was likely only a few minutes. Tosaki reluctantly pulled out, goosebumps rising all over at the thick slurping of her cum and Gwen’s pussy. The blonde grunted when the head popped loose, leaving her gaped and leaking. They laid together, catching their breath and luxuriating in the afterglow.

“Why don’t you tip like that more often?” Tosaki asked, nuzzling into her friend’s neck. A thin coat of sweat clung to her, amplifying the smell of sex on her skin. It was honestly intoxicating, enough that the elf wondered if she could convince her friend for another round.

“Hmm,” Gwen murmured, breathing evening out.

“That’s okay, you rest. It’s probably been a busy week for you,” Tosaki said and sat up, looking at her cock, still wet with Gwen’s juices. She should probably clean it, but the smell was just too tantalising. And she needed to be moving on anyway.

First, a trip to the local tavern. Tosaki always liked to treat herself after a job, even if it was a relatively simple one, though that full moon did complicate things. She still had no clue what that beast she fought was. At least it didn’t end up with her turning into something completely inhuman. Or any change for that matter.

A surprise, to be sure, but a welcome one. She ordered herself a meal and sat down, enjoying the warm atmosphere with a pint of ale. There were many strange smells around for some reason. The food, the general musk of people, some recently washed and others come from a day of labour, and just a hint of lust coming from the barmaiden. Tosaki eyed her as she was served, catching a wandering eye lingering on her chest.

Well… perhaps it was worth delaying her departure for one more night?

“Tore my coop apart.”

Tosaki’s eyes perked at that.

“Found Mirabel mauled and torn apart the morning after. Now I don’t know if I’ll have enough milk to trade.”

“We need to find this beast before it strikes again. God forbid it be the end of this town.”

It sounded like that creature she fought was still around. Gwen and Kuta could be in danger if left unchecked. She would ensure they were safe, and get some revenge too. Her ankle still ached from where it bit her.

Finishing her meal, she approached the men discussing their problem.

“I couldn’t help but overhear you,” she said, pointing to her ears, “Any chance I could be of assistance?”

“Tosaki? I figured you’d have moved on by now.”

“I wanted a meal for the road. What do you know of this creature?”

“Nothing, except it’s big.”

“Vicious.”

“And strong.”

“I think I saw it,” a neighbouring patron said, “Eyes of gold, stature of a wolf it looked like, but it walked on two legs. Never saw anything like it.”

That lined up with Tosaki’s own encounter. She informed them of it. The fact she was wounded by the beast worried them more than their lost livestock. Her reputation was well known here, seeing as she often stopped by to see Gwen during her travels. They knew the numerous piercings were there as much for her style and for their protection. Without them, this could be a village of alranue within a day. Or worse.

She moved on quickly, not wanting to entertain such thoughts. It became harder to control if she let her imagination fester, and given the fact this beast had wounded her after removing two piercings, meant she might need more. Now, more than ever, she needed to keep a level head.

Tosaki’s eyes wandered from her conversation, straying to the barmaid. She was the flawless picture of what all taverns longed for. A young woman with a fresh smile, not yet dulled by years of employment, and with an incredible bust that bounced with every graceful step. The elf’s gaze followed her, arching a brow when the maid spotted her. Most of the patrons visibly lusted for her, though the villagers were behaved enough not to be too overt.

They held each other’s gaze for a moment. She glanced around, then nodded to an open door that led into the back. Tosaki grinned and nodded. Just that was enough to make the statuesque woman blush and hurry away.

A minute later, she went into the back. Tosaki excused herself, telling the farmers to look for nearby hunters, and followed after her admirer. She didn’t waste time with pleasantries as she pressed her body into the barmaid, trapping her against some boxes. It was cool in the storeroom, which only made it easier for the elf to close in on her partner’s nipples.

“Mirabella,” the girl introduced herself. Tosaki only hummed in acknowledgement, swirling her tongue around the melon-sized tits in her hands, switching back and forth. She released one, tracing her fingers along Mirabella’s stomach, then bunching up her dress to sneak under and rub along her panty-clad pussy. It was soaked already, a muggy heat clinging onto her thighs.

“You’re Tosaki, right?” She got another hum that went right into her breast, “That, haa, that means you’ve got…”

Tosaki suckled hard, drowning the girl’s thoughts in pleasure, then came free with a wet pop, “A cock?”

“Yes!” Mirabella gasped as a finger dragged between her folds. She panted heavily as the elf kissed up from her chest, licking along her neck and chin, then took a deep sniff. Various scents clung to the girl. Largers and various meats, the musky perfume of a busy tavern, but most importantly was this delectably sweet aroma. Tosaki wasn’t familiar with it, despite travelling far and wide. She couldn’t get enough and took another sniff. The scent got stronger as she dug her fingers in further.

“It… it’s just that, oh god…” Mirabella raked her fingers across Tosaki’s back, already approaching her climax, “I’m a virgin.”

That’s what it was! Tosaki pulled away from the barmaids neck to kiss her deep, while tugging the panties aside to let her pussy breath properly. It pulsed against her palm as she lightly petted it, spreading her tight lips apart. Mirabella wasn’t content to be taken, hands floundering between their bodies to find Tosaki’s shorts. A moan vibrated in the girl’s chest when she felt how tight the garment was, and how it only got worse as Tosaki’s lust thundered through her veins.

“I’ll be honoured to deflower you,” Tosaki whispered, barely pulling away to make sure she could resume the kiss as fast as possible. Tongues swirled together, Mirabella’s spasming as she rubbed Tosaki’s cock and was rubbed in return. Two fingers parted her folds, sliding neatly inside of her. She was well and truly soaked already.

The elf grunted as her cock strained for freedom. Mirabella, ever the conscientious employee, worked to free her, probably not realising just what she unleashed. The instant Tosaki’s prick saw its chance, it struck, bursting out into the open. She stood half a foot below the barmaid, which proved the perfect height as Tosaki’s semi-erection slapped against her thighs.

“So hot!” Mirabella gasped, head jerking back in her surprise. Strings of spit connected them, then stuck to their skin as Tosaki dove back in to kiss and lick at her throat again, “It feels like it’s already inside me.”

Tosaki pulled her fingers out just as her cock jerked higher, pressing its broadness against Mirabella’s quim, which twitched and oozed onto it. The elf rolled her hips in long strokes, sliding several inches of her shaft across the folds, getting herself nice and wet. And also pushing the darling maiden to what might be her first climax.

Mirabella’s breaths quickened, becoming shallow and heavy. One more push. Tosaki moved up her neck, finding an earlobe to suckle on. That brought forth a delightful squeak, and a nice rush of juices, but it wasn’t enough. After teasing her enough, the elf kissed her way back down, until she was licking a fat nipple once more. They’d become even fatter in her absence, filling with virgin lust. They were far too enticing to ignore.

Tosaki bit into one and arched her hips back, flattening Mirabella’s folds against her glans. The barmaid whimpered and bucked against her, pussy pulsating as if to suck on the prick taunting her with its tumescence. It swelled up, pressing harder and harder, demanding its way in.

“It’s so big! It’s not even in me yet and already I’m… I’m…”

Tosaki moved back to her ear, breathing hotly in it. For a moment, they were still except for their hearts and breathing, then, “Cum for me.”

“Tosaki!” Mirabella cried and clawed at the futa’s shirt as full-bodied convulsions ravaged her, each one leading to a downpour of fem-cum. Tosaki grabbed one hand, then put it on her shaft, urging the girl to stroke in the middle of her climax. When it faded, the elf let her breathe.

“What is this?” The maid asked, lifting her hand that was now sticky with her juices, yet rife with the scent of Tosaki’s cock.

“That’s *your* cum,” Tosaki rolled her hips as she took the wet hand, cleaning its fingers in her mouth one at a time, “And I plan on having you make lots of it for me. Would you like that, Mirabella?” She rolled her tongue around, savouring the tart-sweetness.

“Call me ‘Mira’. And yes. Yes, I do.”

“How about I call you something else?” Tosaki grinned and hooked her hands under the barmaid’s luscious thighs, digging her fingers in as well, to lift her up against a pile of boxes. Hopefully they were heavy enough to handle what was to come.

“Call me what?” Mira asked, face red and chest heaving with anticipation.

Tosaki leaned in as she lined her cock up, its head parting the folds just a bit. She ran her tongue along Mira’s cheek, then nibbled on her earlobe. As she pushed the first bit inside, magic instinctively working to ease it in, she whispered one word; “Slut.”

The barmaid didn’t get a chance to be offended, turned on, or both as she was impaled on Tosaki’s fat head. The only expression on her face, and thought in her head, was of pure shock as she was stretched beyond typical reason. It was only possible thanks to magic and nowhere was that more obvious than the bulge already creeping up her belly as Tosaki pushed deeper. Mira’s virginity stalled her for but an instant, then it was her cervix. She paused there, letting the former-maiden adjust on her own.

Mira panted hard, wincing every now and then as her kegels contracted around Tosaki’s massive shaft. More magic softened the discomfort, allowing the pleasure to flow. At first slowly, the barmaid rolled her hips in small circles, the bulge in her abdomen stretching her out in all directions. Pre-cum leaked from Tosaki’s peak, joining the flow of pussy juice.

“It’s hot!” Mira groaned, folding over to hug the elf, who took the chance to suckle on her neck, making sure to leave behind a little mark of their time together, “Feels like you’re boiling me from the inside.”

“I can pull out,” Tosaki breathed, doing just that, only to be halted by Mira’s legs clamping around her.

“Can you…” She whimpered, seeming at war with herself, “Start moving?” That didn’t sound like what she wanted to say, but Tosaki would fuck the words from her soon enough. She nodded against the woman’s throat, tightened her grip on Mira’s thighs, then pulled back, drawing a low moan with her length. It wasn’t even a third of her length, but it was enough to ruin most men for Mira.

Not that her pussy wouldn’t recover. Tosaki’s magic saw to that. There just wouldn’t be another man or woman that could hope to contend with the elf. Her first proper thrust was slow. This was Mira’s first time, so she would try and be gentle for a while longer. That said, the girl was tight, almost having a stranglehold on Tosaki’s member. The urge to abandon all kindness almost overwhelmed her.

It was stronger than expected too. Tosaki had spent nearly her entire life mastering her emotions. Sex did loosen her control somewhat, but she always remained disciplined. Yet she couldn’t fully ignore the desire to ignore Mira’s own pleasure and just fuck her cunt, hollowing it out until it was permanently stuck in the shape of her cock.

“Fuck,” Tosaki groaned, sensing the surge in her shaft, “So fucking tight.”

“So big,” Mira gasped, bucking her hips into the careful thrusts, “W-wait, it gets bigger?”

Tosaki summoned more of her magic. She’d kept a handle on it with Gwen, but taking a virgin called to something primal within her. Multiple inches piled onto her already enormous shaft. Especially its girth. Mira grunted from the strain on her lips, especially as the elf continued thrusting to and fro. Her folds clung to it like a sheath, following its motions, lips collapsing in as Tosaki filled her with increasingly dense fuck-meat. The girl jerked and squeaked as her clit folded inward, rubbing along over half a foot of cock.

“F-fuck me,” she whispered, so quiet that even Tosaki wasn’t sure what she heard. But she had an idea of it.

“What was that?” Tosaki asked and pushed a little hard, bending the cervix into the womb. It had softened up considerably. A few more of the same thrusts and it’d cave. Or just one big lunge.

“Please…”

“Please what?” Tosaki held still, the only movement being the powerful throb of her cock. That alone was enough to make Mira’s juices flow faster.

“Please fuck me,” Mira whined, pulling away to look down at Tosaki, whose face remained tortuously impassive, “Use your massive she-cock and break into my womb! Make me your slut!”

“Slut?” Tosaki chuckled. Something about those words went straight to her head, not unlike a shot of overly strong alcohol in a normal person.

“Yes! Slut! I’m a slut for your giant cock. I’ve refused every man that tried before, even nobles. I thought I was chaste. Someone that could stay pure until I met the one. But… but you’re just so fucking erotic. I needed you the second I served you. I… I want to serve your cock with everyTHING!”

Tosaki broke her train of thought with a brutal thrust. The kind that she normally reserved for one of her usual partners, and certainly not used with virgins. Over half her remaining dick shoved clear through Mira’s cervix, stretching the back of her womb up into her chest. It throbbed and arched away from the woman, making sure her nerves were pressed flush against every square inch.

Between her legs, Tosaki’s balls plumped up to nearly double their usual mass. She had no power over them, fully beholden to her own lusts. They pulled on her crotch, making her pull back even easier, while forcing even more strength into the next thrust. Mira’s legs went weak, dropping down and impacting the dense spheres heavily.

“Are those…”

“My balls? Yes, they are,” Tosaki snarled, sinking even deeper with her next thrust. She leaned into the taller woman, whose uniform distended awfully far with the elf’s cock. Even through the ruffled fabric, its fat veins were plainly visible, “They’re inflating with my seed. Barrels of the stuff is churning inside them. Thickening with more and more of my progeny. And every,” she punctuated the word with a thrust. “Last. Drop.”

Mira howled as their crotches joined with a sticky squelch. Over two-feet of turgid futa-meat filled her, supplanting her own heartbeat with its mighty throbbing. Tosaki pressed her chest into the barmaid, waiting for Mira to meet her gaze.

“Is going to flood your tiny womb. It’ll swell until you look pregnant, but it’ll just be my cum. Then you’ll get bigger and bigger, until the pressure is too much and it comes spraying out your cunt. But do you think that’s it?” Mira didn’t answer, merely staring and gasping, “It’ll flood your ovaries too. Not one of your eggs will be safe. I’ll make sure you’re so full of my progeny that you’ll never be done giving birth to them. You’ll be my broodmother from now until forever.”

“Give it to me,” Mira groaned, bucking her hips hard. She even used Tosaki’s balls to push herself up, then drop back down. It was only a few inches at a time, but her desire was impressive, “I don’t care if I can’t even walk after. If this slut can serve your cock by carrying your babies for the rest of this slut’s life… then I want it!”

Tosaki didn’t say anything. She took a second to make sure the boxes were stable, and that her bitch was comfortable, then launched into a flurry of thrusts. Her balls impacted the wood and Mira’s thighs. Even that couldn’t drown out the viscous slurp and splatter of their bodies impacting. Tosaki bit and licked at every part of the barmaid in reach, leaving her tits covered in lustful bruises. Before long, Mira’s nipples were red and swollen from being sucked on.

“So good, so good. Cock so fucking good,” Mira slurred. Her tongue hung out and tears streamed from her rolled back eyes. Her dress began to snap under the constant strain, tearing down the centre. Threads bit into Mira’s skin, bulging with Tosaki’s pre gushing length.

Sweat glistened on her skin, then with Tosaki’s spit as she licked it up. The elf dug her nails in deep, almost enough to draw blood, as she ramped up. Mira’s scent surrounded her, seeping into everything. Pressure mounted within the futa, belly clenching as her balls pulled up tighter. Her scrotum became taut as the contents ballooned.

Soon enough, a heavy churning noise suffused the storeroom. She slammed into Mira, whose only contributions was incoherent babbling, occasionally a word slipped through, usually some variety of ‘cock’ and ‘babies’.The skin around her belly turned a shiny red as Tosaki’s cock swelled up, preparing for the inevitable climax. Beads of sweat rolled down her chest, drawing the elf to them. Their bodies moved in sync, making sure the last several claps of flesh louder than ever.

“Babies, babies, babies!” Mira gurgled, silenced by Tosaki’s tongue all but sliding down her throat. Their voices harmonised as the pace ramped up past human limit. Mira’s whole body went rigid, her pussy clamped down on Tosaki’s girth as she could even think of pulling out, legs locking around the elf’s waist and nails drawing red lines across her back. Then it was the futa’s turn, humping hard and fast until the pressure exploded.

Cum surged up her length, fattening it further. It came with such force she couldn’t even savour the experience, simply erupting into Mira’s unprotected baby-maker. The instant her first shot landed, the barmaid whined and whimpered, body convulsing with another orgasm mere seconds after the last. The glossy peak of her belly bubbled out, then shrank as pints of cum pooled against her cervix.

This repeated over and over. Her swelling gut forced the two apart, the bridge of spit snapped over Mira’s stomach. The threads of her uniform held on for dear life, causing the obscene sphere to bulge around them. More and more cum erupted into her, gallons of the stuff. Her belly button popped out. As it did, her dress finally gave in and snapped.

Her cum-inflated belly wobbled in its freedom, jiggling so heavily it bounced between her and Tosaki’s tits. As if sensing this newfound room for growth, the futa’s balls unleashed everything left. In moments, Mira’s belly more than tripled her head in size, doubling again within just a few more shots. All noise was drowned under the sloshing of her jizz inside Mira.

Tosaki panted hard as she stepped back, yanking her three-foot member out. Except for the tip, which hooked onto Mira’s opening. The woman moaned in a daze with every attempt, until it finally came free with a dramatic, wet pop. For a moment, Mira’s pussy gurgled and bubbled, then her body tensed and out came a deluge of cum.

“Oh my,” Tosaki covered her mouth in surprise, and to hide the proud smirk pulling at her lips. Even for her, this load was especially potent, at least twice as dense as her usual output. And the amount spoke for itself, pooling onto the storeroom floor. It lapped at her ankles as Mira’s womb drained. Despite how rapidly it flowed, her belly remained a plateau all its own, shaking and rippling as she tried squeezing out more.

Once the tide dwindled to a ‘reasonable’ gush, Tosaki inspected her prick. Where one change occurred, others usually weren’t far. She didn’t think much else had transformed at first. Her cock had simply grown significantly, albeit with an exaggerated bulbous crown. The veins were highly pronounced, however that wasn’t exactly unusual. What did catch her eye, after several seconds, was the swelling toward her base.

It was easily missed, but also not insignificant. A good couple inches in her circumference. Enough that Mira doubtless enjoyed some extra stretching, though nothing to write home about when stuffed with three-foot of cock that was already way fatter than either of their fists. Tosaki watched her shaft deflate, retaining much of its extra mass.

Hopefully she hadn’t triggered something during that full moon scuffle. Magic that acted on its own was dangerous enough, but when it had random trigger attached, there was little Tosaki could do until she figured them out. Which often came a little too late and she was pushed way past the Hyper line. Things looked fine though and she had a dangerous animal to find.

They left the search for tomorrow, that way everyone could be fully prepared. Tosaki still did some recon around the perimeter, both to look for signs of the beast, and to work off some of her excess energy. It also helped keep her temptations to a minimum. For some reason, all the most beautiful girls in the village decided to be out and about that day. But after Gwen and Mira, she didn’t think she needed more sex.

Even if it did linger on her mind the entire evening, remaining just as strong until sundown. She would keep her senses alert, but it was important to get some rest. Going after a beast that wounded her of all people in pitch black wasn’t a great plan, much less for a bunch of humans.

“Thanks for letting me stay,” Tosaki said, cuddled up with Gwen in front of the fire, a book in one hand. The other was busy gently groping one of her friend’s naked breasts.

“You fuck me like that twice a day, and you can stay however long you want,” the blonde giggled, brushing her matted hair aside.

“I don’t know what came over me. I didn’t hurt you, did I?”

“It was certainly a stretch, but the best kind.”

“Good.” The elf went back to reading her book, breathing in the warm scent of Gwen’s home, now undercut by the acrid aroma of their coitus. It took everything in Tosaki’s small body not to get excited from it all over again. Gwen would be needed at work tomorrow and she could barely walk as is.

She just about managed to avoid laying her friend in the morning, taking care of her morning wood on her own. Not that it was exactly tedious or unpleasant. A little strategy and magic and she was tit-fucking herself while sucking the first foot down her own throat. It was an incredible feeling, tasting her own meat and having it sucked at the same time. No wonder she came so quickly, hips jerking hard as if to breed her throat.

Unfortunately, she didn’t get to enjoy the afterglow for long. Nor the exhilaration of getting her first breaths after choking on herself. More changes had appeared overnight. She’d first thought that her orgasms might be a trigger, however hours after cumming with Mira, then with Gwen, there was nothing. So why now?

It wasn’t a drastic transformation admittedly. She was a little bigger all around, and the head was more pronounced, as was the swelling near her base. Other than that, nothing to worry about. Aside from the possible growth to her hair of all things. She liked to grow it out for the colder months, but even with her magic at play, it was never this fast. Or this shaggy. Even after brushing it, she still looked like she’d walked out of an hours long sex marathon. Not a bad look though.

What was a bad look, however, was the huge gut hanging off her. She just had to swallow it all, didn’t she? Tosaki sat in Gwen’s bathtub, using a mix of her muscle and magic control to push the semen down. That was how her friend found her that morning, sat in a pool of cum quickly rising up her body. Surprisingly, it wasn’t an unpleasant feeling, pushing all that jizz out her ass. Her erection rose back to its glory in front of Gwen, who bit her lip as she watched it rise.

“Sorry, Gwen. I’ll take care of it outside. You focus on getting ready.”

“I’ve been a loyal servant for years. I think they’ll forgive one tardy day,” Gwen said, stripping out of her nightwear.

Tosaki didn’t argue. She guided her friend onto her cock, pulling her down until their bodies were pressed up tight, sending waves through the rising tub of cum. Gwen laid her hands on Tosaki’s belly, helping push the semen out faster and harder, until they was splashing about in the second-hand seed.

As Gwen inflated once more, she fell back into the bath. Every part of her, from head to toe, was covered in it. More overflowed the edge, displaced by their bodies and the extra gallons pouring from Gwen. Against her better judgement, Tosaki kept going. Her beautiful friend would come out of this suffused in her scent, reeking of this moment for days to come. Her employers would certainly notice, but they wouldn’t say a thing. They’d know how virile Tosaki was by smell alone. They’d know Gwen was *hers*.

“I am so sorry, Gwen,” Tosaki said, wiping the last of her semen off her friend. They were both late now, having become consumed in the elf’s lust a third time. She helped Gwen get dressed, the blonde thoroughly out of it. She giggled and leaned into the futa.

“Don’t be. I had a great time. I don’t even mind the feeling like jelly part.”

“I’ll bet the nobles will though.”

“Pfft, they won’t care so long as I flash some of the goods.”

Tosaki gulped. She’d gotten the worst of it off her friend’s body, however she was all too aware of the semen oozing from between her legs. The double-layering of underwear would stem the flow, as would the dress, but if she was expected to ‘show off’, then people would definitely know why she was late. Even so… the idea of them seeing how thoroughly marked she was stirred Tosaki’s desires.

She used a bit of magic to return some muscle control back to Gwen, then sent her on her way. It was for the best. Tosaki adjusted her member, balls having joined her prick in swelling. She’d be in trouble if her shorts weren’t enchanted for this very reason. They didn’t conceal the increase or anything, but they would contain them at least. So long as the elf didn’t approach her biggest size, they’d hold.

The hunt started late thanks to her, but she made to sure to make up for it. She covered more ground than planned, while marking their progress and even gave the hired hunters a little something extra by bending over in front of them, giving the women a real eyeful of her cleavage. Why did she do that? Tosaki left before questions could be raised, hoping to find the beast and leave the village that same day. Something was affecting her body and the longer she waited for Delphi to help, the worse it would get.

Unfortunately, they came up empty. The day wasn’t all bad. Mira was waiting for her at the tavern, serving on her hand and foot, then on her knees in the backrooms once more. Tosaki was a sexual being. It was an outlet for the magic constantly bubbling within. Her runes only did so much to restrain it after all. Even for her four times in one day was too much.

Five, then six and seven even more. Then eight and beyond when she returned to Gwen. But fuck, she couldn't help herself. Gwen was so gorgeous in uniform, especially when she was staring up at Tosaki with a foot of dick down her throat, then even better when her belly pushed her apron taut around it. The human wasn’t much better either, begging for more even when her strength failed.

That continued for a week without progress on the hunt. There was progress elsewhere however. Tosaki stood in front of her mirror, provided to her by the inn. She figured it was better if she didn’t sleep with Gwen, that way the girl could at least get to work at a reasonable time. It didn’t stop the elf from coming at night, though she probably should have. Gwen had become… insatiable. Almost addicted to Tosaki’s body.

She was used to people being in awe of her cock, many of them outright worshipped it, and there were a few people that were equally in love with her figure itself. Gwen, however, had only shown real interest in her dick. Now, however, she would bounce atop Tosaki’s cock while lathering her tits with her tongue. That or she would instigate a deep kiss and outright suck on the elf’s tongue while groping her tits. Then there was one night, when Tosaki was washing off the day’s hunt. Her friend wandered in and plunged her face between the futa’s ass cheeks.

It had certainly awoken something in Tosaki. Whenever she thought her friend needed a break, she would sit on her face, getting her asshole eaten out by her. Though Gwen obviously preferred it after Tosaki had taken care of herself, when there was still several pints of jizz left to slurp up.

Mira was similarly infatuated, though she made more sense. Tosaki had at least caught the barmaid ogling her chest as well as her crotch. It still confused her that they were happy enough to worship other parts of her body. Especially when her cock had only grown bigger, now approaching a bitch-breaking four-feet, and thicker than Tosaki’s undeniably voluptuous thighs. The swelling was distinct now, taking considerable effort to get it inside. And her glans were becoming strange too, flanging out to scrape along their insides and snag on their openings.

It certainly made the hunt difficult. For her and the other hunters. They were paid to do this of course, and that professionalism kept them on a mostly focused excursion, however there was clearly something else at work. Their payment should’ve only been for a week. Most hunters tended to wander off on the last day of their job, assuming it wasn’t complete, yet these two showed no signs of wavering. Tosaki might’ve thought they were loyal workers.

Had they not taken the chance one night to corner her. The elf regarded them coolly. This wasn’t her first time being targeted. Some people had heard of her and hired mercenaries to track her down, intending to add her to a harem of some kind, but that hadn’t happened for quite some time. Elizabeth was probably behind this.

As they neared her, back against a tree, Tosaki tensed. She wouldn’t hurt them too badly, just enough that they got the message that it wasn’t worth trying her. Definitely should avoid the faces. The hunters were discrete, masks pulled up over half their faces and hoods drawn at all times so only their eyes were visible. Even then, Tosaki could see the sharp, yet supple features hidden away. A part of her considered overpowering them, then pulling their masks down to rub her cock into their bare faces.

She buried those thoughts as they closed in. Neither seemed more dangerous than the other, so she focused on the one equipped with a bow. In case it turned into a fight, she didn’t want to be in a melee while arrows rained on her. It was strange though; their daggers remained sheathed at their admirably wide hips, while the bowstring dug into one’s bosom. Surprisingly well endowed for hunters.

“See, I told you it was bigger.”

“Holy shit, that thing’s… um…”

“Is that how it is?” Tosaki chuckled, slowly relaxing as she approached them, “You two just want a look at my cock.” Despite her back being to a wall moments ago, now it looked as though she were pinning them instead. It was surely a humorous scene, since both hunters had a whole foot on her.

“I-it’s not like that.”

“It is like that.”

“Clara!”

“What? You’re the one who wouldn’t stop moaning about it every night. ‘Ooh, Clara, how big do you think it is?’ or ‘Clara, you think I wear this short skirt, Tosaki will be interested?” Oh, and let’s not forget ‘Fuck my tiny pussy with your massive she-cock, Tosaki!’ That about sum it up, Vi?”

The embarrassed hunter, Vi, blushed so powerfully it was visible through her mask. She looked at the elf, who regarded her with an increasingly mirthful expression, then down at the ground. Unfortunately, her view was interrupted by a distinct bulge.

Tosaki’s shorts would continue to hold for a while longer. It didn’t look that way, however. The crotch was distended obscenely far, ending past her knees. She was just lucky her balls hadn’t grown nearly as drastically, since they already impeded her movements more than she’d like. At this rate, when they found the beast, she’d be forced to remove all her runes to put an end to it.

That was a concern for later. Right now, she had two almost definitely beautiful hunters staring at her crotch, masks growing damp with their heavy breathing as it gradually swelled. Tosaki stepped in, finding their hands before they even reacted, then placed them on her nuts. She leaned between them, making sure both heard her.

“Open it.”

A shudder ran through them both as they did her bidding. One by one, her buttons were released, each one alleviating the strain on her shorts. Her cock filled that space quickly, bulging against the openings. The hunters brushed along it. Despite touching Tosaki’s member, *they* were the ones that gasped. The last button was released, and so too was the futa’s cock. It came loose with a heavy swing, smacking a hunter’s thigh.

“Let’s go to my room,” Tosaki said.

“Yes!” Both Vi and Clara said, following her like loyal pups.

Once in her room, their weapons were hastily dropped in a corner, along with Tosaki’s shorts. She laid on her bed, legs spread slightly, with her cock standing nearly full as the hunters crawled on. They both grabbed onto it, sucking a sharp breath once again. Not even fully erect, it was too thick for their fingers to meet and as it hardened their digits were spread further and further. They awkwardly stroked it to full tumescence, eyes going wide.

Tosaki was short for an elf, only five-feet tall, and now that was nearly matched by her dick alone. Even her significantly taller prey were at a loss, unable to do anything more than run their hands along it. Vi especially was fascinated by the swelling at its base. Each time she stretched her fingers over it, her breath hitched and a tiny twitch went through her lower body. Clara seemed less infatuated, though maybe she was just better at hiding it.

“How about you remove those masks?”

“Remove them?” Vi looked to her partner. Both were uncertain. Understandable. Many hunters doubled as assassins and mercenaries. Better for their faces not to be known.

“Nothing leaves this room. Even then,” Tosaki reached down to pull both their faces against her prick, “You’ll do it anyway. If you want to taste it.”

Vi was first, yanking her covering away. Tosaki didn’t get a good look at her face, as the girl quickly buried it in her cock and balls, huffing greedily. On the other hand, Clara was slower, clearly more disciplined than her partner. The elf’s eyes widened as Vi slid up, running her tongue along the underside of the obscene mast before her. With both faces before her, she could see far too many resemblances to be coincidence.

Clara joined her sister in licking Tosaki’s cock. They could only cover a tragically small amount, but it was still pleasant. Made more so by the obvious relation. The same brown eyes looked at her, similar lips pressed into her veins and the same small tongue attacked from both sides. Even their steadily rising moans were alike.

No wonder they worked so well together. Tosaki had been impressed by how they moved so in sync without speaking, being raised and trained together would do that. They displayed the same level as, with a single glance, Vi ducked down to focus on the swelling nuts, while Clara put both hands and mouth to work. Tosaki hummed her approval, squeezing her tits as she enjoyed the show.

“Do all girl’s balls smell this strong?” Vi asked between increasingly wet licks. She was drooling constantly, leaving sloppy kisses all over the huge sack.

“Most girls don’t have balls,” Clara rolled her eyes, then took a sharp sniff of her own, “Haaa, but there’s no cock like this one.”

Mira and Gwen had been doing much the same stuff lately. They were obsessed with her scent, seeming to get off just from sniffing her alone, but Tosaki just assumed it was a side effect of fucking them so often. For these two to become like this on first meeting, her cocks size and shape wasn’t the only thing changing.

Vi continued lavishing her balls in adoration, all but French-kissing Tosaki’s balls. Her sister’s once measured movements turned almost feral, slurping on every inch she could reach. Their hands weren’t idle either, massaging their respective parts. It wasn’t long before the first deluge of pre rolled down Tosaki’s shaft.

It was intercepted by Clara. A whorish moan vibrated against the shaft as it met her tongue. Clara’s pupils dilated and she was suddenly upright, straddling Tosaki’s balls and her sister’s face into them, all to get at the source. She tongued the rim around the urethra, panting heavily when the next wave came, greedily slurping it up. Her hips circled against Vi’s head, making sure her face was truly buried.

Despite that, Vi didn’t fight back. If anything, her massage got stronger, as if to help her sister get the pre-cum she so craved. Tosaki cooed and flexed, squeezing more into Clara’s mouth. The apparently older sister suckled at the tip, hands caressing the flanged head like it was the holiest grail in the land. Her tongue swirled around Tosaki’s urethra, dipping in to get every drop possible.

She only moved when Vi’s air ran out, toppled by her sister’s desperate need for air. Impressively, they didn’t hesitate to change positions, both coming to Tosaki’s peak and nuzzling their faces against it, fingers working over the huge, sensitive glans. They looked to the elf, pleading with her to give them her pre.

Tosaki smirked and grabbed Vi by the hair, angling her so her lips pressed into the tip, “Come and get it,” she said, then pushed the hunter.

Vi choked in surprise, but quickly commanded herself down. Her jaw stretched impossibly far, not quite unhinged, but with the wide brim around Tosaki’s glans, that would soon change. The huntress struggled, trying to wriggling her way down. It felt good, bulging out her cheeks with the enormous head, however she made no progress. Tosaki tried helping her, applying pressure.

Unfortunately, the girl just couldn’t do it. Clara didn’t need any encouragement, taking her sister’s place, not even hesitating to go down on the spit-slickened crown. She came to the same stoppage, but clenched her eyes shut and shoved herself past it. A gag tightened her throat, squeezing and lubricating Tosaki even more. But this was her perfect chance. The elf grabbed onto Clara’s head. The girl opened her bleary eyes, then widened when she met Tosaki’s gaze. Before she could protest - or try taking the initiative - the futa thrust up.

Minimal magic was at play here. Tosaki wasn’t sure if it was on purpose, however she enjoyed the difficulty in shoving her shaft deeper, forcing it to bend down Clara’s gullet and into her oesophagus. Vi was suddenly at her sister’s throat, caressing and smooching the obscene bulge.

“Come on, Clara. Go all the way. That’s the least you can do for a cock like this, right?”

The bulge pulsed and swelled greater as Tosaki shoved more in. Not only was she wreathed in a tight, wet, convulsing tunnel, but she had hands gripping her through said tunnel. Clara choked louder as she was made into an oral cocksleeve, yet she made no effort to pull away. Instead, she was groping herself through her light armour. In all their eagerness, no one had actually stripped.

Vi noticed and leaned away, tugging at the clasps holding her clothing in place. The instant she threw the top layer away, Tosaki clapped a hand on the girl’s ass. Vi arched into the slap, even parting her legs to give a clear view of her drenched panties. She replaced Tosaki’s hands on Clara’s head, forcing the other girl to go deeper. The bulge extended down into her chest, straining her armour.

“Come on. You’re halfway,” Vi said, trying to encourage her sister. Unfortunately, it only made Clara’s eyes roll back. She slumped away in defeat, retching hard once her airways were clear. Thick globs of spit clung to Tosaki’s shaft, slowly oozing down its length. Vi moaned and raised her hips higher, pushing her face against the sloppy shaft, stroking it against her face as she added her own her spit to the mix. She hadn’t even been fucked yet, and she was already enamoured.

Tosaki ran her fingers along the girl’s panties. Vi moaned, pussy leaking heavier, until it seeped through her underwear. Sticky ropes hung between it and Tosaki’s fingers when she pulled away. Hunters were usually known for lithe frames, made to fit into tight spaces and slip through crowds as they needed to. But Vi and Clara were the antithesis of that, both armed with delectable handfuls on their chests and a set of lush cheeks.

“Your turn,” Clara said, guiding her sister up. Their faces were so similar, yet unique now. Clara’s cheeks were bright red, eyes watery and bloodshot, while Vi glistened with her spit.

“Yes!” Vi’s pussy visibly twitched inside her panties, then her mouth was back on Tosaki’s cock, slurping even more eagerly than before. She didn’t hesitate to try getting past the thick rim, this time not accepting her own weakness.

Clara groaned as she watched her sister’s throat bulge. She removed her own garments, including her underwear, revealing a pair of deliciously plump nipples. For a moment, she groped herself as Vi gagged and retched, spittle leaking past the seal of her lips, then crawled forward. Tosaki happily grabbed onto a breast, kneading it and Vi’s ass.

“Aren’t you being a little selfish?” Clara asked.

“I’m letting you two taste my cock. Seems fair to me,” Tosaki said. Though, she supposed the hunter had a point. Very well… she grabbed Clara and pulled her up high, until the hunter was straddling her head, pussy right above. It was plump, lips damp and meaty. Perfect for a meal. Tosaki hooked her arms around Clara’s hips, pulling her down. The hunter gasped and bucked onto her tongue as it lapped along her folds.

All the while, Vi continued her descent. She didn’t have anyone pushing her, yet she’d surpassed Clara already, bra straining harder as her chest distended with cock. Unfortunately, she did meet a hard limit at three feet. That’s where Clara came in.

“Don’t you fucking stop,” Clara said, grinding hard into Tosaki, who ate her pussy with the same fervour as Vi sucked her cock. She couldn’t see past her meal’s ass, but she felt the sudden ascent of Vi’s lips, then the brutal plunge. Vi choked louder, whole body revolting against the intrusion. Her hands pushed on Tosaki’s hips, but only to maintain balance. A heavy slap caused her to go even deeper, throat convulsing powerfully.

“Take it all. You wanted your first cock to be something special? It doesn’t get any better than this. Take the whole fucking fucking thing. Make her cum inside your gut,” Clara’s grinding got harsher as she spoke, pussy all but gushing into Tosaki’s mouth, “I’ve heard the stories. She cums enough to make people look heavy with child. Don’t you want her to breed your virgin mouth?”

Vi made a noise somewhere between retching and moaning as she grabbed onto the elf’s ass and lifted them up to her. An immense pressure suffused the threesome, everyone waiting as inch by inch, the last foot of cock disappeared into Vi’s once pure body. Now it was defiled. Filled with so much she-dick that it’d remember this day well into the future.

“G-good girl,” Clara gasped, shaking atop Tosaki’s face as orgasm took her.

Vi stayed where she was for a good few seconds. Heat surrounded Tosaki’s cock, seeming to grow hotter as she was showered in Clara’s tangy juices. She felt Vi try to pull back, no longer just retching, but clearly in need of air. She got a few inches, before Tosaki shoved her back down, thrusting against the girl. Intense waves rolled through the elf, nipples achingly hard as she swivelled her hips, stretching Vi out in all directions. Yet it wasn’t an orgasm.

“H-hey, you’re gonna… she can’t breathe… Fuck, but she looks so happy.” Clara sat up, lifting her ass from Tosaki, who could finally see Vi fingering herself as if desperate to cum. The older sister wasn’t any better, rubbing herself heavily, while also palming Vi’s ass.

“Can’t help it,” Tosaki grunted. What was this heat? She knew what it felt like to cum and to transform, the warmth that came with them, but this was on another level. Like she’d suddenly become drenched in fire from the second circle of hell itself, subsuming her in raw pleasure. She sat up, pressing her face between Clara’s cheeks to lick at her asshole and kept delivering short, powerful thrusts against Vi’s lips.

“Oh, fuck! Fuck! I’m cumming again!” Clara yowled. The elf wished she was so lucky, still thrusting for her bliss. Vi actively fought against her now, yet couldn’t seem to get away. Even so, Tosaki wrapped her legs around the hunter’s head, holding her down. It would have stayed that way, possibly until Vi suffocated, if Clara didn’t intervene. She tried forcing Tosaki’s legs away, but they overpowered her. Then she resorted to tickling her feet.

With the hold released, she yanked her sister’s head back. It still took their combined effort to do so, but they succeeded in pulling Vi all the way up and off the behemoth cock. Vi sucked in a haggard, gurgling breath as the sisters fell back to each side of the red-headed elf. They stared at the ceiling for a moment, then Tosaki’s hands were on them, forcing both to face her chest.

“What’re you dawdling for?”

“Sorry,” both sisters gasped and wrapped their lips around a nipple, sucking and biting.

Tosaki moaned, caressing their heads and pressing them into their breasts. Their tongues swirled around her erect nipples, teeth gnawing on them, while they all but inhaled her tits. It was a stunning view, especially as their warm eyes looked up at her, seeking approval. Unfortunately, Tosaki couldn’t quite meet their gaze, not when she finally noticed the abomination sticking up from her crotch.

There’d been plenty of times where Tosaki’s body had changed significantly. She’d been a cat girl fairly often, sometimes her whole physique changed, other times she just had ears and a tail. Yet, her cock remained the same. Possibly because it was a product of her magic, though no one could say for sure. So why would it transform now of all times? And into… *that.*

It wasn’t human. The size usually implied that anyway, however its shape remained ‘normal’ with a few small exceptions like the recent swelling. Now that had gone completely overboard. Her normally pale skin, decorated in fat veins was nowhere to be seen, replaced by a goosebump-inducing monstrosity. Deep red with even more prominent veins that all led to its flanged head, which tapered to a sharp point. Like it was designed to ease its way inside a woman.

Even if the rest was anything but. She’d well and truly entered her Hyper territory now, staring at a monolith taller than her whole body, and just as wide to boot. Until she got to the bottom, anyway, then it expanded several inches wider. Hadn’t she seen this somewhere before? On an animal?

The hunters finally decided to look as well. Tosaki’s nipples fell from their mouths, which hung open in quiet awe. They, then, looked to one another, gulped, and proceeded to play rock paper scissors. Tosaki just watched and felt at the rest of her body, seeking any other alterations she wasn’t yet aware of. Her hair was noticeably longer, but that was a minor change.

Not nearly so minor were the two bumps she discovered under her breasts. Or the nubs attached to them and the sharp dose of pleasure they gave her. Another pair of boobs, an inhuman monster of a cock and longer hair. While not the most egregious transformation in her life, it certainly was the most unusual. What was even causing all of this?

She didn’t get a chance to consider it further when Clara came out the victor. Hands pulled her cock down, while the older sibling got into position, standing over the elf, legs spread wide and arms braced against the wall overhead. Tosaki thought of telling to stop, but the touch of a wet pussy against her tip silenced the idea.

“Fuck, it’s hot!” Clara groaned, rubbing her snatch against the cock, making sure it was coated in her abundant juices.

“Feels like it’s gonna burn me,” Vi agreed, stroking in time with her increasingly heavy breaths.

“We’re not gonna walk away unmarked,” Clara said, pushing just a little so the tip poked inside. She gasped and clenched up as Tosaki gave the smallest thrust, unconsciously rocking back to meet it.

“I can’t fucking wait,” Vi whispered and yanked her sister down.

The scream Clara let out was something Tosaki would never forget. It was the sound of a bitch breaking for the first time. The woman’s whole body convulsed, attempting to fold in on herself, which proved impossible as Tosaki’s cock simply would not bend as it protruded up her torso. Up and up it went, her hips pulled down, until it brushed past her chin and past her eyes. She came to a stop with a meaty splat, pussy twitching as she struggled to breath.

“How is it?” Vi asked, coming to straddle Tosaki’s stomach, and push her ass in the elf’s face. She pressed her body into the bulge, cooing huskily, “I can feel its heat through you. It’s so fucking big, throbbing so hard. I wonder if you can even feel your heartbeat anymore, or if it’s just this mega cock.”

“It’s…” Clara rasped, reaching up to get a feel for how tightly stretched her skin was, letting out a giggle, “So fucking gooooood. I can feel it… streeetching me all over. My pussy is soooo ruined. Vi, I can feel it pushing my bones apart! My organs are just smushed up against this thing. I don’t think I can keep being a hunter after this. I’ll only be good for pushing out babies!”

“That’s okay, sister,” Vi said, peering back at Tosaki, “I think Tosaki is fine with that plan.”

The elf was still unsure of these latest transformations, yet the pleasure was undeniable. It was like her nerves were all at the surface now, turning her cock into something akin to an obscene clit. Once she started thrusting for real, she wouldn’t last for long. She could already feel her balls churning powerfully. Ready to breed the first bitch. She just needed one thing first.

Tosaki slid her fingers along Clara’s thighs and up to her hips. Holding firm, the futa pulled away, ears burning at the obscene slurping noise, then slammed up. The impact reverberated through the entire room, along with Clara’s howl, as she arched back, pulling her skin even tighter across Tosaki’s monster cock. Moisture pooled around its base, then gushed out as the elf pulled away once more. She wanted to cum.

But not yet. She had to tie this bitch first. The instinct was foreign to her, yet all-consuming. Her next thrust had much the same result, causing Clara to cum loudly and messily, yet her cunt remained stubborn against Tosaki’s girth. For her part, Vi pressed down on her sister’s shoulders, trying to force it inside too. All while grinding her body into the bulge and moaning as if she were the one being fucked.

Tosaki ignored the other bitch for now. She’d take her soon enough. For now, she just wanted to knot Clara and inflate her to the point of immobility. After several more thrusts, with no headway, Tosaki decided she’d had enough. She bolted upright, pushing Clara onto her back, with Vi falling on her as well. She tightened her grip and put her whole weight into her next thrust, this time with the heft of her pumpkin sized testes behind her.

Finally, she made progress. It wasn’t even an inch, but Clara’s pussy gave way. That was all Tosaki needed to spur her next onslaught, ploughing the ruined woman with increasing power. Vi’s ass smacked against her abdomen with every thrust, drowning the hunter’s pained gasps. After what felt like a hundred tries, Clara’s hole fully caved and Tosaki slid the rest of her shaft inside.

“Holy fuck! She’s forcing my bones apart! My hips… my pussy… she’s breaaaaaking them!” Clara wailed, thrashing about in violent ecstasy.

“So lucky,” Vi panted, pressing her pussy down against the enormous bulge in her sister’s lower abdomen, “Come on, I want my turn!”

Tosaki ignored and howled as she finally attained release. Her cock pulsed and jerked up high, lifting the hunters with it, as jizz rushed through and bloated it further. Clara babbled incoherently as the first wave exploded inside her. It distended her skin a full foot further, before it flowed under gravity’s power, inflating her belly for several seconds. Vi was finally pushed off, choosing instead to shove her face against Tosaki’s balls as they violently rumbled.

It was just the first eruption, yet Clara was already huge, appearing heavy with twins already. Tosaki pulled the girl tighter against her crotch. Some part of her considered relaxing her grip, since she was probably leaving dark bruises, but that was the least of Clara’s concerns. Tosaki felt the girl’s pelvis around her cock, forcing the bones apart to accommodate her sheer girth. Not to mention the second eruption had already come, rapidly inflating her belly. It decompressed under its own weight, drooping over the sides.

The pressure forced Clara’s belly button out. Her skin around it brightened to a raw crimson colour, straining to take her load, which had no escape thanks to Tosaki’s size. Every drop was locked inside, churning with a constant influx. Clara’s womb wobbled heavily as the elf kept cumming, audibly stretching as whole inches were added with every shot. She didn’t stop squirting that whole time, bathing Tosaki’s cock in both of their cum.

“So full,” Clara slurred when she was finally dropped onto the bed. They were still tied together, the hunter’s pussy still squeezing, but Tosaki was done. Only the dregs of her climax oozed out now, though even those were far denser than the average man’s orgasm.

Vi flopped onto her sister’s belly, giggling at how it barely gave under her weight, “So warm and gooey. Is it my turn now?”

Tosaki grunted and pulled, but found herself locked to Clara. She growled and tried again, only making the hunter moan from the pressure. It seemed they were stuck until Tosaki’s cock settled. She shot an apologetic look to Vi, who just shrugged.

“It’s fine. I can enjoy other things.”

That wasn’t why Tosaki was remorseful. She wanted to fuck and blow up this bitch too. They were so alike, it seemed almost cruel that one would have a flat stomach, made worse by laying on her sister’s enormous cum-gut. Still, Tosaki could at least take this time to indulge in Vi’s body. She grabbed the girl, spinning her around and sitting on Clara’s mountainous belly. Before she could utter a word, the elf tore off the bra and panties.

Vi just arched her chest out for her, gasping as her tits were grabbed without hesitation. A second later, her breaths were stifled by a firm kiss, with Tosaki’s tongue invading her throat. It wasn’t a euphemism either. The futa might’ve thought it strange for a moment, but then she was groping Vi’s ass and feeling just how drenched the slut was. She wanted a taste.

Despite having just changed position, Vi was suddenly forced onto her back. She folded over Clara’s belly, which shook and gurgled beneath her, while Tosaki bent down and lifted the girl’s hips up. Their eyes met for a moment, a silent understanding passing between them as Tosaki took her first lick.

They really were siblings. Similar right down to the taste and scent of their cunts. Tosaki pressed her tongue flat against her folds, lapping along the entire thing, always ending with a strong flick at the clit. Vi clenched her thighs around the elf’s head, jerking in the beginnings of a climax already. All sound was dampened by her lush legs, however Tosaki easily felt the cues given to her. She went back for another lap, then stopped short, pressing her long tongue into the hunter’s depths. Further and further, walls clamping down on her. She mashed her nose into Vi’s clit.

“Oh sweet fuck I’m cumming!”

Where the sister’s differed was in how they came. It could’ve been because Vi had been pushed to the brink long before Tosaki got to her, but even that didn’t account for the voluminous eruption. Tosaki opened wide, tongue still inside and swirling around to coax a second spasm. She gulped it greedily, like a wanderer in the desert, humming at the flavour. Vi’s strength failed, legs falling away to hang over her sister’s belly.

Just in time too, as Tosaki slid free of Clara’s snatch. She pulled it out foot by foot. Vi was too out of it to even question what was happening, until she felt the scalding tip against her folds. Unlike with her sister, Tosaki didn’t make the mistake of waiting to use her magic. Her point slid in easily, as did the rest of her head. The hole yawned open to accept her.

Tosaki growled deep in her chest, basking in the sensation of pelvic bones being forced to accept her. Vi screamed in a mix of discomfort and ecstasy, her sopping walls slurping on Tosaki’s behemoth dick, as if to pull her deeper. A welcome gesture, but unnecessary as the elf pressed ever onward, grabbing the hunter’s legs and tugging her closer. Her balls pressed into Clara’s body below them and, soon after, the base was agaist Vi’s opening.

“Please, please, please,” the huntress begged, “Ahh, I… I need…”

Tosaki didn’t let her finish. She knew the words, they echoed her own her desires after all, and lunged forth. It took significantly more magic to make it happen, but the fat bulb of flesh squelched into Vi’s tight hole with only one, brutal thrust. The girl howled at the penetration, arching far back so the spire of cock-flesh completely dominated her frame. In that moment, she was more Tosaki’s dick than a person.

“Fuck her, give my dear sister a big load so we can birth your babies together,” Clara said, feet coming around to massage Tosaki’s balls.

“Don’t need to tell me,” Tosaki said, gritting her teeth as she let her strength run rampant. She yanked herself free of Vi’s cunt with the wettest pop so far, then slammed back home with the force of a battering ram.

Heat suffused the room as Tosaki ramped up, putting her all into hollowing out this new bitch. Sweat rolled down her body, flying off her chest as it bounced with every impact of her crotch against Vi. It mingled with the others, saturating the air in a myriad of lurid scents that made her cock pulse even harder.

Clara’s feet dug into her balls. The flesh had barely any give left, made taut by the cum barrels still bloating with fresh baby-batter. Tosaki pummelled Vi’s hips, pulling her down to meet every thrust. The hunter’s voice had long faded into rare moans and gargles, completely drowned out by the terse stretching of her body. That didn’t stop her drenched pussy from gushing around Tosaki’s shaft, their heat feeding one another.

Pulses ran through the elf’s entire body. The fire she felt before returned, softer than before, but present all the same. They ran from her scalp down into her cock, reaching the end and bouncing Vi atop Clara’s belly.

“You’re close right?” Vi whimpered, struggling just to get the words out and to lift her arms, hugging her tits around the body-dwarfing bulge arching along her ruined body, “You’re gonna cum in my body, right? Please, do it! This whorish body is all for you. Your cock is my everything now. I’ll quit being a hunter. I’ll even follow you when I’m so fucking pregnant I can barely walk. I’ll bend over when you want me. I’ll be your cum toilet,” Vi shook when she said that, cunt and womb palpitating, “Please use me and dump all your cum inside me!”

Tosaki snarled, feeling her fire coalesce in her chest and abdomen. Pressure mounted faster than she could react and she suddenly found herself hilted inside Vi’s body, semen rampaging up her length to explode with the same force as before. Fortunately, Clara at least had some sense. When Tosaki’s cock flexed hard, lifting Vi off her, the other hunter shuffled aside. As Vi quickly inflated to catch up, Clara grabbed her face, kissing her deep. Both of their hands dug into the expanding belly, moaning deep at the sensation.

“We’re not done,” Tosaki said as she plied her hideously swollen cock free.

Both hunters were quick to move as best they could, pressing their cum-inflated bellies against it as Tosaki thrust away, hands groping her newly grown boobs. What were barely lumps moments ago had become handfuls, with fat nipples that her upper rack brushed against with every laboured breath. She wasn’t concerned with any of that though.

Or even the violent out-pour of cum from the girls’ bodies. She just wanted to keep feeling good. Sometimes that meant ramming into the sisters, refilling their wombs and witnessing their minds melt into pools of pleasure. Other times, she was content to lay there as they used their obscene tummies to get her off. She wasn’t a selfish lover, even riddled with lust, and put her mouth and hands to work on getting them off often as possible. Though that was also to pump a little extra magic into them, making they could keep going that little bit longer.

It came as no surprise that even Tosaki’s body ached when she woke up the next morning. Her morning wood bobbed powerfully as she walked to the lavatory, dripping constantly, though not entirely with its own pre. After relieving herself, Tosaki rubbed the sleep from her eyes and checked her face. It was a habit after a night as debaucherous as that one. She usually wound up with some noticeable changes when she got so riled up.

Today was no different. Her lips were much plumper, the top touching her nose if she puckered even a little. The general visage was the same, no bone alterations. Good, however the glimmer in her eyes was more than a little disconcerting. Flickers of gold swam in the green iris, seeming to pool around her pupils before fading away.

Down below, she confirmed yesterdays findings weren’t just a feverish hallucination. Her impressive bust hadn’t grown, though it was now joined by another set, which she fully expected to catch up in the coming days. It wasn’t her first time with multiple breasts. She just hoped she didn’t end up with a third row.

Strangely, a second row of tits was almost standard compared to the raw, red and decidedly not-humanoid cock attached to her body. Her skin faded into the ruddy tone, but other than that, it was a dramatic shift. One that, even with it in front of her eyes and the sensations pulsating back through her, she wasn’t entirely sure was real.

This had to be the beast’s doing. She wasn’t sure how, but that bite must’ve done something to her, or just simply being exposed to it had tainted her transformation-prone magic. All the more reason for her to find and end it fast. Which was certainly easier said than done when it had eluded her, the townsfolk and paid hunters for weeks now. And she’d just made it worse, hadn’t she? Tosaki rubbed at her face, grimacing at her reflection for such a lapse in judgement.

Mira and Gwen had shown signs of being more than a little distracted by her mere presence. They often forewent all others just to fawn over her. Gwen, especially, wasn’t even bothered by the prospect of losing her job if it meant Tosaki fucked her. Based on what transpired last night, the hunter sisters would be the same or worse.

“Gotta face it,” the elf said, then frowned. Her voice sounded odd, and her mouth felt full.

She opened wide and stuck out her tongue. That was much longer than normal, easily half a foot long, but she’d noticed that already. What she hadn’t seen just yet was the thicker canines jutting out. Not enough that she couldn’t close her mouth or anything, however they were definitely present. And probably ideal for tearing into meat.

Was she turning into a copy of the beast? Maybe. She touched her piercings and rings, making sure the runes were still in effect. As long as they held on, the transformation shouldn’t fully take. Even if her magic was hijacked to cause it, her precautions would restrain it. Hopefully. Even with them on, she doubted the growth would end any time soon. Perhaps she was staving off the full effects by channelling it into enhancing everything else?

Tosaki sighed heavily, making her breasts - all four of them - jiggle against each other, and went to face the consequences of her actions. She doubted the inn would welcome her back next time, and they’d only tolerate her presence because she had plenty of coin to compensate them, not when she’d turned the floor into a soggy paradise for cum-addicts. The bed got the worst of it. She only had to look at it, and the still bloated forms of two hunters, to know that it was completely saturated. The smallest movement was announced by an unnecessary amount of viscous squelching and slurping.

At least they looked to be in high spirits, based on the wide smiles when they saw Tosaki. Specifically her cock. Dawn was just breaking, casting its subtle warmth over the scene. She could probably afford a few quickies before heading out. Vi and Clara wouldn’t mind, their eyes were fixated on the dauntless erection bobbing toward them. Tosaki only stopped at the quiet knocking on the door.

Not wanting to be rude, she answered promptly. Without getting dressed. For anyone else, that might’ve been an issue, but she’d long since learned to quell any shame for her frequently altered appearance. Granted, that usually meant a bigger cock and boobs, not whatever monster she’d gained. The door swung open nonetheless and she was greeted by a wonderful sight, that being Gwen and Mira.

The two looked angry at first, however that only last an instant. Their eyes didn’t even meet before they saw Tosaki’s cock, standing almost perpendicular to her, which put it multiple feet overhead. A single sniff brought their arousal to her attention, overpowering the musky stench of her own sex. She stepped aside, gesturing them in underneath the arch of her cock. When the door latched shut, she was upon them.

It was all a blur of motion from there. Tosaki impaled one girl, she didn’t really know which - all of their pussies felt similarly incredible around her Hyper dick - while fingering another and eating out a third. The fourth was much too busy bathing in her ball sweat to care about being ignored. When she came in one, she switched, this time nursing on someone’s tits. They were big, so she assumed it was Mira, while someone else choked on her cock and the other two desperately ate her ass and pussy. They changed again as she unloaded once more.

The sensations were incredible of course, yet she found herself savouring the scents. Everyone had a unique aroma, even buried under layers upon layers of girl-jizz. It was the only way she identified them anymore. When everyone else needed a chance to rest their bodies, she was moving between their pussies, lapping up her cum mixed with their juices, and getting a load of their scents too. They smelled so strongly of her that Tosaki doubted they’d ever really wash it off.

Good. All four bitches were well and truly hers. Even without the deep bruises from where she’d bitten them, or the huge bellies of her progeny, they’d know who they belonged to. Tosaki finally came her last as the sun reached its precipice.

She could’ve kept going, but a part of her remembered her reason for being there; to find the beast. It seemed unnecessary really. There’d been no sightings, nor any reports of attacks in the weeks since it was first spotted. The thing had probably moved on. Still, Tosaki had taken payment for a month’s work, and a sizeable discount for this room that she’d absolutely ruined. The least she could do after all that was keep going.

And who knows, it might just be waiting for them to let their guard down. Much as Tosaki would like to leave and try getting her body back to normal, she’d wouldn’t live with herself if the beast came back just after she left. The villagers probably wouldn’t stop, they weren’t known to let grudges go so easily. One of them was bound to get hurt, or killed, if she was so lax.

“Don’t worry, I’ll cover for you two,” Tosaki said after forcing her cock and balls into her shorts. They might as well have been painted on for how tight they stretched, revealing every little detail of her - mostly - flaccid penis. Two thumbs rose from amongst the mountains of bellies.

It turned out hunting for a beast wasn’t easy when her focus constantly drifted to various scents. She went deep into the forest this time, having scoured the immediate vicinity multiple times, yet it didn’t seem to matter the distance between her and the village, she still caught whiffs of the women going about their days. The sun was relentless despite being autumn, stirring up a sweat. Even Tosaki found herself unbuttoning more of her shirt than normal.

She could ignore those if she put her mind to it. However, there was one thing that wouldn’t go unheeded. Every jump she made through the trees, she had to squat down and tense her thighs, muscles flexing up in response, which naturally squeezed them around her cock. More often than not, her mind drifted to her room. There was some guilt there; she had made it so none of the girls could do their jobs that day. But more than that, she regretted not having someone there to fuck.

Maybe she could figure some sort of harness to take one of them with her. Tosaki bit her lip, cock throbbing at the thought of all her acrobatics with someone’s pussy undulating around her the whole time. It’d be a win-win. She could feel good and hunt for this monster at the same time.

The idea lingered with her that whole day. She was just glad she didn’t get fully erect, becoming too caught up in the ‘how’ she would even do it. Much as pumping out a load in a hot womb while hunting sounded divine, Tosaki didn’t have the means of doing it without putting someone in danger. Aside from all the flips and jumps, what if she came upon the beast? No, she would just have to take care of her urges before heading out.

And after she came back. Might be best to take a break in the middle too, just to make sure she didn’t get too pent up.

The logistics swam around her head the whole way back. She wasn’t even paying attention to her surroundings as she walked into town, failing to notice a young woman in her path. Tosaki, being far heavier with her recent developments, knocked her over with ease. It just so happened to also kick up the woman’s dress and flash her bare pussy.

“My bad. Sorry, Tosa…ki…”

“Come with me,” the elf said, fearing the worst as her shorts audibly strained to hold her swelling member. The girl just nodded, taking an offered hand and jogging to keep up. She was tall, a good few inches on the tallest men Tosaki knew, which made her tower over the futa. It was her favourite dynamic truth be told.

Back in her room, the others were still there, having just about recovered from the morning. They just smirked at the new girl, who introduced herself as Dahlia, helping strip and urge her to suck every inch of Tosaki’s cock. After that, with her still choking up cum and spit, Tosaki laid her down, grabbing a long leg for leverage, then proceeded to reshape her pussy and womb. Kneeling as she was, the elf got to feel her balls swell up beneath her, until they propped her hips up. All four of the others worshipped at the obscene shrine.

As the elf baptised this new womb in her semen, she was already looking back at the others, picking out the next one. She went through them all over and over, using magic to restore their stamina. Even when they regained some sense and asked to stop, Tosaki made them cum, paving over any sort of reason with pure pleasure. Even after the sun had long set and a half-moon rose, she kept going. Tosaki only stopped when she realised they were all unconscious, opting to pull out and finish herself, cumming hard under the faint light streaming through the window.

“Gotta… figure this out,” Tosaki panted as she collapsed on her back, cock still erect between her legs. It had grown again, but at that point a few inches weren’t really noticeable. She glanced around at her partners, though she’d treated more like living cum-dumps. They couldn’t keep this up. If her hunger for women increased more, then she’d be sleeping with the whole village before long.

Another week past and Tosaki’s fears had yet to come to fruition. There were still a few women, loyal to their husbands, that had yet to join her in bed. She was the only one hunting now, the husbands too busy making up for their wives frequent immobility. She sensed their disdain for her, and there was some guilt, but then she was inside a fresh pussy and her worries melted away. No less than a dozen women occupied the inn at any time.

It was for the best really. They all came willingly, though it was unclear when Tosaki’s musk surrounded her like a spectre, fanning out to encompass any female in her sight. She’d woken up multiple times already to nearly a dozen women just huffing her balls, saturating their sinuses in their scent. Baths did nothing to help either.

Tosaki sat on the rooftop one evening. It was a rare moment of lucidity post hunt, one that she chose to hold onto for a bit longer this time. The women were just below her, their scents and voices calling her like a siren’s song. She let her cock hang out, pulsing ever larger. It was covered in a perpetual sheen, a mix of sweat, cum and pussy-juice. The strange, lumpy red pillar of masculinity glistened under the nearly full moon. Her limit was almost up.

Even if the town decided to pay her for another month, she just couldn’t do it. A full moon in this condition? Tosaki wasn’t sure she’d keep her sanity. It was too late to return home either; that took at least two weeks of travel, assuming she went full speed the whole way. It just wasn’t possible.

She breathed in the cool evening air, wishing it would calm her down. Her wish went unheard. The breath only made her more aware of how full her shirt had become, struggling with the twin rows of her tits. They’d only gotten larger too, thoroughly dwarfing her head now. Her partners seemed to love them, when they weren’t snorting her sweaty balls or impaled on her dick anyway.

The scent of women, ripe for breeding, was everywhere too. She could ignore the softer aromas coming from neighbouring houses, largely thanks to the windows being shut, but her room was always open. It just got too hot and stuffy otherwise. The whole place already reeked of sex and cum, she couldn’t imagine if that was left to ferment unfiltered for a day. Even amidst the overpowering stench, Tosaki picked out each of the girls who’d managed a spot in her bed that night. Gwen was among them, meaning she wouldn’t be working the next morning.

Sighing, the futa swung herself in through the window. It was folly to even try ignoring her urges at that point. Not because it was painful, or because she feared for her sanity, she just couldn’t imagine why she would. Even after weeks of near non-stop sex, the pleasure was brilliant as ever, if not better as her body slowly changed. Like a diamond being steadily polished day after day.

Her balls squelched in the pool of jizz on the bed. Three women were prostrated before her, their asses in the air, all gushing cum yet begging for her to keep fucking them. Gwen was at the centre, her more experienced cunt gaping wide and slurping whorishly. Tosaki slapped her cock against the blonde’s ass, leaving a red mark in its wake, then slid down to aim her tip. No matter how often she penetrated them, how absolutely ruined their holes became, it was still a struggle to get past the head.

Several others crowded her main body. They followed as she slid foot after foot into Gwen, eyeing the maid jealously, making sure they didn’t spend one second away from the elf. It didn’t seem to matter what they were doing to her, just that they were with her. Four girls suckled on her nipples, others groped the same breasts, while more lathered her fat ass in their slimy adoration. Fingers dove into her holes, feeding the endless stream of orgasms. Regardless of how many there were, more always seemed to find their way to her balls.

“Please give me more!” One girl to whined, smacking her hips into Gwen’s so their cheeks rippled enticingly.

The other girl pulled away from licking cum off Gwen’s face to protest, “No! Fuck me! I’ve been waiting since this morning!”

“She fucked you five minutes ago.”

“Well that’s still too long.”

Tosaki spanked them hard, silencing the pair as she kneaded their reddened rumps. She was always stronger than average, a by-product of constant magical output, however that had certainly ramped up of late. To the point that she wasn’t fully aware of it. Many partners stumbled home with finger-shaped bruises on her their hips, or a perpetual stinging on their ass that made sitting impossible for a whole day. Any concern she felt for them was usually removed by the fact they came back, begging to be fucked harder than last time.

Despite her boundless stamina, even Tosaki felt she was being overwhelmed by their numbers. Sweat cascaded down her body, hands working it into her skin as if to make sure her musk was stronger for the next day. She panted softly as she pumped Gwen fast and hard, muscles feeling the constant effort of the last few weeks. If only she could satisfy herself faster, with more of them at a time.

Making them cry out with her hands and mouth was delightful, especially when they harmonised, however it did nothing for Tosaki. She only had one dick and pussy to cum with, and her partners were rarely so intent on her femininity. Even now, just three fingers curled inside her, far from intent on making her cum there. It was just a way to get her cock to go off so she could move onto the next girl.

Not that it was ineffective. She dumped her load into Gwen, inflating her stomach until it creaked in distress, then she moved on. Gwen was pushed to the floor to empty out, her spot taken up by another cum-dump. There was always a trio before her, which made it easy to thrust her cock in one, and finger the other two. She always got a thrill of coating her hands in their juices, then slapping them across the cheeks.

But a thrill wasn’t enough to sate her appetite. She wanted to fuck more. Tosaki could just switch holes every few thrusts, but that defied her instincts to fully impale them and make sure her seed claimed every last egg for her progeny. It wasn’t even clear if her changes made her virile enough to do that, or even impregnate them at all, but the desire was dominant. Heat collected around her crotch.

Even in that state, Tosaki recognised the pattern for further changes. She licked her overly plump lips, feeling her canines scrape gently along her tongue, while her cum and sweat matted hair bounced with every thrust. She half expected to feel her balls rapidly expand, propping her up until she was forced into a mounting position, taking her partners like a beast. Her ass lifted high, balls coming with her and knot popping out with a pussy-tingling pop, then she plunged.

It all happened in an instant. Multiple feet of cock arched through the woman, whose name Tosaki didn’t remember - assuming she ever heard it at all - then the bulb slammed against her pussy. Fem-cum splashed everywhere at the impact, lips stopping her from going any further at first. She kept up the pressure, ass and pussy clenching up, until it finally snapped inside with a clap of ass cheeks on her crotch. Then she did it all again.

The heat ramped up greater and greater. Girls observed her tempo, before diving in, shoving their faces against her sweaty body just for a taste of her. Tosaki didn’t focus on them at all. Her only goal was to fuck this one woman until the fire was gone.

“Fucking take it!” The elf growled, ears twitching with her fervour. She shortened her thrusts, basking in the feeling of her cock popping in and out, “Take every fucking inch of my monster cock.”

“Yes!” The woman howled, trying to buck into her thrusts, but unable to match up to her rapid rhythm. Tosaki grabbed her hair, pulling it back so she could lick at her face, tasting the sweat and ecstatic tears on her skin.

“You’re all such sluts for me,” Tosaki said, not slowing in the slightest, “One whiff and you’re soaked. I can feel your pussy trying to squirt around me every time.”

“So fucking good.” That was about the only response she got, having fucked this woman’s brains into mush at that point.

“Can’t get enough,” another girl said, running her tongue and face across Tosaki’s scrotum, before getting flung back as the futa reared up for another pelvis-crushing thrust. Another replaced her, gasping and moaning as if cumming from that alone.

“You’ll all carry my young. You’ll give birth and immediately beg for more, even as the babes suckle from your milky tits.”

“Give me milky tits!” Someone groaned, “Wanna feed you and babies so fucking bad.”

“Babies, babies, Tosaki’s babies,” the others chanted, speaking through gasps as they came from the idea. She wasn’t much better. The idea consumed her, directing the heat down into her balls as well.

Pressure mounted in her gut. She grunted as it worsened, almost uncomfortable if not for the bliss of her cock wrapped in tight, velvet walls. Whatever was going to happen just needed to do it already. She didn’t care if it grew her cock past her previous records, or if her balls became so huge they made it nigh-impossible to continue the hunt. All she wanted was to cum.

Pressing her tits into the woman’s back, she pulled her up. The change put more pressure on her base, the woman clamping hard even as her limbs bounced uselessly with every thrust. Tosaki held her head, making sure it didn’t flail about, while grabbing thick handfuls of her tits. She squeezed them around her cock, sliding her own pairs over her cocksleeve’s back. The position was better for everyone else, allowing them to get at her, rubbing their bodies over her and still cooing for her babies.

One on each side found her ears, licking and sucking on the sensitive lobes. Tosaki continued her thrusting without care, sliding a hand down the woman’s erotically disfigured belly, over the huge mound made by her base. She stroked it in time with her thrusts, trying any and everything to get herself off.

“Oh!”

Tosaki arched a brow at that. The only noises people seemed capable of there were sounds of pleasure, but that was a gasp of surprise. She turned her head, slowing slightly, and saw a brunette staring at an earring in her palm.

“Oh…”

The system of runes she used to suppress her magic wasn’t so weak that one missing link would ruin everything. Under normal circumstances. The magma bubbling in her crotch reached its precipice and erupted in the same second. Tosaki arched her back, dropping the woman and grabbing her breasts as if to cool them down. The cocksleeve didn’t go far, held aloft by the fattest dick on Earth. And braced on either side, not by her fellow dick-sluts, but a pair of slimy girl-cocks.

Tosaki gasped, fingers digging into her boobs deeper as they ballooned. The skin tightened, rising higher on her chest as they turned from teardrops into spheres. Her nipples engorged too, rising out of inch-deep areolae. White beaded across the pink expanse then turned into streamers, sprinkling everything in sight. Her groping triggered even greater jets, which in turn meant greater pleasure as her cock throbbed and grew. A sudden jump in weight between her thighs pulled her hips down, until she was braced by the bed. It creaked beneath her.

Shocked gasps from all around rang in her ears, but she was deafened to them by the heavy churning between her thighs. Vibrations passed through her balls and up her body, passing into her palpitating cock. That was the final warning. The elf finally released her still pressurised tits and pushed her cocksleeve down far as possible, ensuring nothing would leak out. As if that were possible when her person-sized bulb had them locked together.

Tosaki braced for the rapturous impact of her release, only to be floored by the three-fold explosion. She finally focused, coming down from the inferno inside her to witness it erupt in a trio of torrid geysers. Three?! Three cocks?! And they were bigger than just a moment ago, visibly pulsing with dozens of veins stretched across the surface. Most were the size of her fingers, but some dwarfed her wrist. Especially along the bottom, her urethra had ballooned into a dick all its own.

Just like Gwen only minutes ago, the woman’s belly turned into a bed all its own. It only took a few shots to do that, but Tosaki didn’t feel emptied at all. She still had so much to unleash. Every eruption travelled up her lengths, bulging out the underside grotesquely far. Everyone else moved off the bed, kneeling several feet away to catch her errant loads on their bodies and in their mouths. Many of them shovelled handfuls of the pudding-thick goo into each others holes as they whined for more.

After what felt like far too long, Tosaki reattached her missing earring. The heat had already dissipated, however she couldn’t risk it coming back when her defences were lowered. She yanked her member from one of her many concubines, who gaped wide enough that she suspected a person could actually fit inside her. The rest resembled snow-women as they luxuriated in cum.

“This is…” Tosaki wasn’t sure how to put it. Three cocks wasn’t entirely beyond her experience, having grown a second one a few times already, but those were nowhere near this size. And what of the wreath of skin below her bulbs? It reminded her of her foreskin from before, only far thicker, like it was supposed to protect them or something. Curiosity was stronger than her lust for that moment. Until she felt three pairs of hands grabbing her triplets.

“Ugh, fuck it. I can’t think straight right now.” The elf grabbed each woman and, one by one, impaled them on her members, making them all cum with just the entry.

Morning came and found Tosaki lounging on the inn’s roof again. Rest had finally settled her penises down, all retreating into their foreskin, or whatever it might’ve been. She cupped a breast as the sun breached the trees, now mostly bare of leaves as the season persisted. Everything was about as bad as she’d experienced, and she doubted it was over. Even an alranue might not be adequate enough to suck out whatever magic was causing this.

The most problematic part of everything was her lack of knowledge. What was actually happening to her? Tosaki considered herself well-travelled, though she mostly stuck to her routine areas, and figured she’d seen just about everything. But that’s what she thought a few years ago when those spirits afflicted her.

She needed an outside opinion. An expert. But this village was too small to have a mage around, much less one that would know more than Tosaki. Her best chance was to visit the duke. Most nobles were paranoid enough to have a mage around, at least the sensible ones were.

After a while, she spotted Gwen stumbling from the inn, cradling a still swollen belly. With the latest growth, Tosaki’s cum was just too thick to leak properly. Really, Gwen was among the lucky ones; at least she could walk. Or waddle. She looked pregnant already. No doubt the same thought was on her mind as she rubbed her inflated womb like it was a real pregnancy.

Tosaki ignored the twitch in her loins and jumped down. Magic usually lightened her falls, purely out of instinct, but even with it her landing was heavy. She blamed it on her balls, which threatened to rip her shorts asunder at any time.

“Gwen, I need a favour.”

Gwen turned around, nostrils and eyes dilating, “Anything for you, Tosaki.”

It was, perhaps, not the best choice to rely on her given current circumstances. Tosaki could’ve made her way to the duke alone, however she doubted they’d let her in with her body as is. At least with Gwen, there was a chance they’d hear her out. Maybe.

The mansion wasn’t far, only a ten minute carriage ride away, however the enclosed space with Gwen tested both of their patience. Which is to say, Tosaki restrained her friend and did her best not to sniff the air, now ripe with Gwen’s scent. Even breathing through her mouth was a bad idea, as she just tasted the blonde instead. She ended up holding her breath for nearly the whole trip, but they successful arrived without incident.

As it turned out, the duke was away on business, but his wife was more than willing to accommodate Tosaki’s request. Given the size of the mansion, and all its rooms therein, the elf hoped her musk wasn’t too potent, though the wife’s nose did crinkle upon meeting her.

“Fara, I assume?” Tosaki asked, upon entering the mage’s room. It was no small feat convincing Gwen to stay behind and actually do her job. Nor was it easy to ignore the flushed faces of every other maid that she passed. She doubted the workers being all female was an accident, but chose to ignore the likely unwelcomed debauchery that took place between them and the duke. Nobles were all alike, some were just a little less creepy than others.

“Yes? How can I… assist you?” Fara was everything a studious mage should be. Cute and small, clearly suited to study and magic than actual combat. Her large room was made cramped by the hordes of books strewn about, despite the multitudes of shelves put in place for her. She even had a cute pair of oversized glasses that frequently tried sliding off her small nose.

And yet, despite her clearly intelligent nature, one breath in Tosaki’s presence and her tone shifted to husky and seductive. The elf kept her eyes focused on Fara’s face, specifically away from her surprisingly plump lips and told her story.

Fara, despite her cheeks blushing and breathing becoming slightly laboured, mulled it over. Tosaki kept her distance, idly scanning book titles to keep her gaze off the human. It was difficult, however, when Fara frequently crossed and uncrossed her legs. She seemed unaware of how much she exposed each time she did it, her black leggings growing damp underneath a short skirt.

“I’ve read of a similar creature that only appears on a full moon, but there hasn’t been any confirmed sightings, only rumours and myths. But what you describe is far too similar to dismiss, particularly the apparent infection you’re dealing with.”

“Infection?” Tosaki hadn’t considered the possibility. She assumed her magic had reacted to something about the creature.

“Yes, what you describe is far more like an infection, rather than haywire magic. It’s just your symptoms are… abnormal compared to more mundane viruses and the like.”

“Which should mean there’s a cure or something, right?”

“For known infections, yes,” Fara shook her head, undoing her hair in the process, “You’re the first one to have reported this. At least the first in recorded history. I can only prescribe what the myths imply regarding this ‘werewolf’.”

“Fine, tell me everything you know.”

“Yes, um… but first… I, uh… need some hands-on inspection. Just to confirm everything, and ensure there’s nothing you missed that might change my mind. You understand?” Based on how her eyes fidgeted, constantly darting up and down Tosaki’s body, the elf was pretty sure that was all a ruse. That said, she wasn’t about to deny the probably repressed mage some fun.

“Go ahead,” Tosaki said beside the human, who bit her lip as two pairs of massive tits wobbled against her arm. They’d been emptied the night before, taking their time to refill, however the futa could feel the gradual tightening of her skin. She suspected arousal had an effect, since the sensation got stronger the second she entertained the idea that she would fuck Fara.

“Oh gosh,” the younger mage said when she initiated contact. It was just resting a hand on Tosaki’s upper breast, but this girl clearly hadn’t indulged in her desires. The elf arched her back, pressing more of her boob into her palm. Fara squeezed on impulse, then looked up as if afraid to be reprimanded. When Tosaki just smiled, she squeezed again, other hand coming to cup the bottom row.

“I’ve never seen a person with four breasts before.”

“I wonder if you’ve ever seen a pair before at all,” Tosaki said, smirking at the look of shock on Fara’s face, that was soon replaced with indignation.

“I have too seen a pair before! In case you haven’t noticed, I’m a woman.” Oh yeah, the embarrassed pout was doing things for her. Tosaki reached over and ran a hand over Fara’s chest. It wasn’t non-existent, but certainly less than just about any woman Tosaki had met.

If this infection was to blame for Tosaki’s growth, then what if she infected Fara? It stood to reason that she could do so. What did that mean for everyone she’d already slept with? Tosaki pulled away, leaving Fara cupping thin air.

“What?”

“I don’t want to infect you.”

“I’m fine with it,” Fara immediately replied, then realised what she just said, “Uh, um, I mean… I heard about you and Gwen, and she seems fine so I don’t think it can transmit that way.”

“You said this creature only appears on a full moon?” Tosaki asked.

“According to myth, yes.”

“Then what if symptoms don’t present until then?”

“What if I’m already infected?” Fara countered, “There is little to no concrete knowledge on this creature or how it propagates. The only reason I’m reasonably sure of anything is because it’s mentioned frequently in multiple myths. And if…” she took a deep breath, pupils dilating as a strand of drool fell from her lip, “If your scent is this strong, then it may be too late. After all, it is like I’m breathing you in directly and you’re so many feet away from me. I can feel something welling up inside already. This… *need*.”

“Have you never been aroused before?” Tosaki asked, only half-teasing.

“Many times,” Fara pouted again, “But I always focused on my studies. It was necessary to get ahead far as I have. Not many mages find such gratuitous employment after graduation. I couldn’t end up like… the point is I didn’t have time to indulge in such things.”

“So you’ve never masturbated?”

Fara waved her hand flippantly, unintentionally directing more of Tosaki’s musk toward her, “No time for such frivolities.”

“And you’re a virgin.”

“I…”

“You’re a virgin,” Tosaki repeated as she closed the distance, bearing down on Fara. The mage wasn’t much taller than her. Even if she was, she’d resemble a mouse with how she cowered under the double-stacked futa, “And yet you want your first time to ruin you for all men.”

“I, uh, don’t really care for men.”

“Even better,” Tosaki leaned in, all but smothering the girl, “You think any woman will see you after I’m done and want you? They’ll know you’ve been claimed by something they could never amount to. Even if they get over how badly gaped you’ll be, they’ll recoil in barely disguised horror when you beg for me, instead of them. There’ll be nothing of you left after I finish. You’ll just forever be chasing a feeling only I can give. No amount of toys will be enough. No partner will compare. And all your studies? I doubt you’ll be able to focus on them when you’re fantasising about my cocks all day as your arousal drips onto whatever chair you’re using.”

Tosaki guided a hand to her crotch, feeling it throb at the touch.

“Cocks… plural?” Fara asked, barely breathing at that point.

“Three of them.”

“I think… you’re not turning into a werewolf,” the mage said. It was impressive, cute even, that her mind was still working so well despite Tosaki’s cleavage being in her face, “I’ve heard of you. How your magic is, hmm, volatile at the best of times.”

“Yes it is. Honestly, I feel like it could go haywire at any moment.”

Fara squeaked as the elf’s crotch pulsed powerfully, “The oldest stories speak of an ‘original’. It apparently became diluted over time, passing from host to host as it did. I just assumed they were exaggerations, but… ooh, that’s… that’s big.”

“Focus,” Tosaki cooed, then juxtaposed that by pressing the girl deeper into her cleavage.

“It… it was said to have three heads. They called it a ‘cerberus’. Honestly, when I read some of the stories, I figured they were fantasies. All of them really. Then you came along.”

“I’ll do more than that soon.” The elf rolled her hips, sliding her bulge along Fara’s stationary hand.

“I think, aah, it’s so warm… I think you’re turning into a cerberus.”

“And what does that mean?” Tosaki unbuttoned one level of her shorts, allowing some of the heat to escape.

“I don’t know. I can only assume you’ll be so much *more* than a werewolf.”

“Then you’d better get familiar with me, yes? I’ll be a living legend come full moon. Surely a mage such as yourself would love a chance to witness it up close.”

“I… I don’t think I care much about that,” Fara said and undid the rest of Tosaki’s buttons for her, “All I can think about right now is getting stuffed with your babies!”

Tosaki smirked and let the mage push her shorts down, letting her genitals into the open. While she’d have preferred a fix for this mess, the knowledge couldn’t be overlooked. That being the case, she couldn’t just leave Fara without some ‘payment’ for her assistance.

“Those are just the sheaths,” Fara gasped as she touched the bare flesh, “It’s so different to the rest of your skin. Like unrefined leather. And so thick.”

“Sheaths, huh.” That was a good description. She wasn’t familiar canine anatomy, but she might need to brush up on that. Getting her old body back was a tenuous hope at best.

“If they’re this big, I can’t wait to see your cocks. And the knots, they must be something else,” Fara said, face still buried in Tosaki’s bosom. Knots? Well, they certainly tied people together. She gasped as the mage’s fingers dug into her sheaths, touching the tip of a cock. That was the final straw and they pushed out with a low slurping noise, dangling before Fara’s slack-jawed face.

Heavy breathing filled the silence. Tosaki’s cocks throbbed, twitching closer to the girl’s face until they touched. Fara sucked in a sharp breath, exhaling in a moan. Her breath washed across the sensitive skin, causing all three to jerk and smack her, which just made her pant harder. Before long, all members stood at attention, their undersides consuming Fara’s vision. A pulse ran through as a dollop of pre-cum overflowed the tips.

“Cumming already?” Fara asked, with a hint of amusement.

“That’s pre.”

“Pre? That?!” The girl reared up and pulled one cock down to get a proper look, eyebrows shooting up as she saw the thick globs of off-white pre-seed. It bubbled up right in front of her. As if unconsciously, her hands stroked Tosaki’s length, absolutely tiny compared to the futa’s veins.

She had a mage’s hand, soft and smooth, delightful on Tosaki’s rod. Nice as they were, however, a far more inviting hole tempted her as Fara panted heavier. Pushing her hips forward just a bit, the futa brushed her tip against Fara’s chin. It slid up and over her cheek, just barely missing her lips. A smear of pre was left in its wake as Tosaki realigned and repeated it on the other side.

“Touch is only worth so much,” the elf said, freely rubbing her centre cock all over Fara’s face now. She seemed frozen in place, not even moving her hands. Only her chest rose and fell as she was glazed in pre, leaving herself an open canvas for Tosaki, until the cock lodged it under her nose and twitched. A glob of cum burst out and covered her.

Fara let out the deepest moan of her life, followed by a pitiful whine as she licked her top lip clean. In just a few minutes, Tosaki had painted her in cock-juice. She’d heard of noble parties where they did this exact thing, but those took hours. It was almost disappointing that Fara hadn’t joined in with the duke’s less than savoury parties, then she’d at least have a proper reference for how completely monstrous Tosaki really was. Then again, staring down over six-feet of girl-dick was sufficient.

Any trepidation she felt melted under Tosaki’s pre. Fara opened her mouth wide, just barely fitting the pointed tip inside, and pushed forward, stopping with barely a tenth of the head in. Her lips pursed and suckled, tongue swirling around.

“Good girl,” Tosaki said, “But don’t be afraid to test yourself. Surely you don’t think I can fuck you if this is your limit?”

Fara shook her head, cock still in her mouth, and clenched her eyes shut. Whimpers of discomfort vibrated around Tosaki’s member, which only made her want to take over and fuck the mage’s virgin throat. She held back, occupying herself by stripping the last of her clothes. All four tits bounced free, their impact louder than Fara’s gag as she finally got the head inside.

Her lips stretched obscenely tight, forming a tight ring around Tosaki. The elf slowly pressured her into taking more, cooing as Fara’s tiny throat parted around her and wrapped her in its velvet embrace. As she sank deeper, the other cocks surrounded her, pulsing and drooling onto her shoulders. She was still dressed, her shirt becoming steadily soaked in Tosaki’s musky pre.

Rather than stop and strip, the mage let it happen. She tightened her grip on the cock and all but pulled herself toward the elf, gagging as her throat was violated beyond compare. The choking just made it tighter. Whenever Fara slowed down to try and catch her breath, the futa pushed that little further, sliding into the mage’s gullet. She couldn’t see it, but she definitely felt Fara’s little throat straining and bulging around her.

This continued for several minutes. Tosaki had to be patient, she was simply too big to go fast, not until she could focus her magic on Fara enough to make her more pliant. However, once Fara was in her reach, the elf threw caution to the wind. She lunched forward, weaving fingers in the human’s brunette locks. Magic surged on both sides, yet Tosaki’s trounced Fara’s, who gasped in shock as she was pulled down several inches all at once.

“That’s it, take my whole cock. I wanna fuck your guts,” Tosaki groaned, shoving half a foot deeper. Fara was almost at the knot, though for now it was just a little thicker than the rest, waiting for a wet hole to lock into.

Some measure of survival instinct told Fara to resist, yet her method of doing so was to push on Tosaki’s balls. Which barely moved under her efforts. All it did was excite the elf that much more. Much as she wanted to bury every inch, Tosaki craved pleasure more than anything and, with a firm grip on Fara’s head, began thrusting.

The slippery walls convulsed around her when she pulled back. Fara choked as she thrust forward, cheeks bulging as spit and pre-cum was displaced from her throat, leaking around her lips and the cock. One thrust sent it shooting up her nasal passage, burning her nose as thick, bubbly goo streaked from it. Her efforts renewed with greater strength, summoning some measure of magic to reinforce herself, as she shoved against Tosaki’s scrotum. It was little more than a massage for the futa.

“Keep it up. Your hands feel so good on my huge, sweaty balls. Can you feel them swelling with my cum? I almost feel bad for your books. I have two more cocks you know. They don’t have such wonderful cocksluts to hold their loads. And let me tell you know,” Tosaki dragged the human further and further, until she could bend over and look her right in the eye, “I cum a *lot*.”

Fara glanced to either side, seeing the violent pulses travelling through the unsheathed members and feeling it go down her oesophagus. Her eyes watered as Tosaki kept thrusting, driving deeper each time. The knot bumped into Fara’s lips, requesting, no, *demanding* entry. It wouldn’t be refused, no matter how impossible it seemed. Fara retched hard as it pounded into her a second later, yet nothing got out. Her mouth was watertight around it.

“Hmm, that’s so fucking good. I wonder why my knots are so much more sensitive than the rest? It doesn’t matter. I just wanna fuck your stomach.”

And she did. Fara coughed up swathes of spittle whenever the elf pulled back, knot popping loose, requiring more and more force each time. The broad head gaped the entry of Fara’s stomach, stirring it up as it was inundated with pre. Even without her belly violated, it felt like she’d drunk far too much. It sloshed with Tosaki’s increasingly violent movements.

Fara was just there for the ride. Even if she had the mind to use her magic properly, she doubted it would work. Tosaki was just… everything. The salty taste of cock saturated Fara’s mouth, even her spit carried its flavour. Its scent was all she could smell, the sounds of her body being hollowed out blocked out all else, and the heat emanating off it suffused her entire being. Fara moaned and moved her hands, holding them against the other cocks.

So what if they destroyed her library? If Tosaki was to be believed, then her orgasm would cover everything. Her pre-cum was sublime, what about the real thing? Fara’s stomach growled at her, hungry to find out. After this, she wouldn’t need her books anymore. Being a young mage was hard, she had to constantly be at attention, ready to be of use or find herself unemployed.

A cocksleeve didn’t need to be so alert. She could sit at Tosaki’s feet, huffing her musk in blissful hedonism until it was her time to be speared on cock again. The image made her giggle, the sound made into a lurid gurgle by Tosaki’s prick. All that time spent proving herself to others was such a waste. She should’ve gone out and found Tosaki sooner.

Then she could have embraced her true self sooner. Fara summoned what strength she had to move with Tosaki, adding her own meagre strength to the thrusts and ensuring the always swelling knot breached her lips. At the same time, she stroked her hands. They were tiny, barely a blip on the monster shafts, however she had to do something. Tosaki moaned, inciting her to work even harder.

“Getting close,” the elf said.

Fara slurped loudly and pulled the other cocks to her cheeks as she dove down. Was Tosaki even doing anything now? She wasn’t sure. She just wanted to make this perfect woman cum. And when she did it once in her stomach, then there was a clear follow-up to them. Fara imagined her pussy, which hadn’t even tasted a single finger, stretching obscenely around this behemoth. Would her ass be next?

What a filthy idea! She swivelled her head on Tosaki’s cock, choking on purpose now as the knot inflated bigger than could possibly fit. Her lips splashed and nose folded against it, she rubbed herself into it, coating it in a sheen of her spit and Tosaki’s pre. A vague sheen reflected herself, eyes dilated and bloodshot, tears streaming down her face onto the other two members. The knots on them had inflated as well.

“Hold still,” Tosaki ordered and Fara obliged, pausing with the entire shaft buried down her throat. Its tip pushed her stomach out from within, throbbing heavily and sloshing its contents. As she waited, lungs painfully devoid of air at that point, Tosaki’s hands moved overhead. It looked as though she were pulling a sheet over them, but nothing was there. Some part of Fara tapped into her training to sense magic.

A shimmering blanket was held by the elf. It moved on its own, though she was clearly in control, guiding its movements. Fara moved her attention to a far more interesting thing, that being Tosaki’s face. It looked incredible, framed by two rows of boobs bigger than either of their heads, with lips parted in breathless pleasure and cheeks flushed red. It was Fara’s duty to maintain that expression.

So she suckled and worked her tongue as best she could with it pinned like that. Soft coos left the elf, the sounds swimming around Fara’s ears, conditioning her to want more. She swallowed, barely holding in a moan at how little her throat moved when she did. In fact, her whole body couldn’t really move. All she was in that moment was a human condom for the mega cock suffocating her.

“I’m not a total bitch,” Tosaki said.

Oooh, the word ‘bitch’ sent chills down Fara’s spine and into her pussy. Her panties were thoroughly soaked at that point, but now a torrent of her juices pooled on the floor beneath her.

“So I’ll try and spare your books. After I’ve fucked your brains out, you’ll need them to recover. Assuming you can read afterwards,” she added, returning both hands to Fara’s head. They held her tightly, refusing any chance of escape even if she wanted to. Which she didn’t. The mage only had Tosaki’s cocks on her mind.

It was with great joy that she felt the cock sliding up her oesophagus again. Her eyes crossed, trying to see all the glorious inches pulling free of her, covered in a viscous goo of their creation. Thick rungs of it hung freely, swinging and breaking off onto Fara’s leggings and shirt. She truly hoped it would soak into her so she could smell of Tosaki forever.

She might even get her wish as the elf launched into a series of thrusts powerful enough to shake the mage’s brain. The knot slapped against her lips several times a minute, splashing spittle all over the place. Fara rested both hands on Tosaki’s hips, not to stop her, but simply to feel the power within them. They drove foot upon foot down her gullet, right into her stomach, stretching it down well past her crotch.

An idea seared itself into her mind. Two, actually. One of her body being the perfect sleeve and accepting Tosaki’s cock deeper into herself, down her insides and out her rear. That way she could fulfil her new purpose and Tosaki could fuck more women at the same time.

Even in her current state of mind, she found it just a bit too absurd. The other idea, however, was far more plausible and she enacted it right away. What little flexibility she had was used to angle her hips, arching her pussy up and into the bulge as it thrust down. Fara shuddered in a micro-orgasm as it worked, her slippery folds gliding over her stretched out belly.

“Get ready,” Tosaki growled, grip getting stronger as a series of brutal pulsations ran through the shaft, “Because after this, your pussy is next.”

Fara moaned emphatically and rocked her hips as best she could. She wasn’t sure if Tosaki could feel it, but her actions seemed to inspire the futa to fuck her face even harder. Their voices matched up as Fara reached her climax first, clit throbbing as her insides undulated around a phantom cock. Tosaki mashed the mage’s face into her knot, which swelled up even further, consuming Fara’s sight. Then the first wave hit.

An inferno poured through Fara’s body as the cock filled with semen. Then it erupted and she was inundated with heat, pressure and unfiltered ecstasy. Her first orgasm surged into her second, squirting all over the cock-bulge that ballooned her flesh into a cum-bubble. She squeezed her thighs around it, shuddering at the warmth.

At the same time, her chest was flattened and heated by Tosaki’s balls. Despite shooting inside her with the force of a tidal wave, they had only grown larger. She wrapped her arms around them, hands nowhere near meeting, and dug her fingers into the sweaty spheres. None of them had any give, even when they contracted, then swelled violently. If not for Tosaki, Fara would’ve been knocked onto her ass by the sheer force of them.

Her ears were deafened by the loud roar of cum shooting through the other two. They jerked away from her shoulders, landing back down with a heavy thud. As they did, warmth poured over Fara’s back. But it wasn’t a liquid, despite the similar feeling. Like it was contained in something. She didn’t have the luxury of moving her head, held fast by Tosaki and her cock. It didn’t matter to her, basking in the heat inside and outside her body.

“Good girl,” Tosaki said after several minutes and stepped away, kicking books aside to save them from getting drenched in the slime dripping off her main dick. As she did, two enormous balloons dragged across Fara’s back, forcing the mage down onto her heavily bloated stomach. It was a small mercy on her part, creating condoms to contain her load so the books wouldn’t get destroyed. She tied them up and plopped them on the bed, which creaked ominously.

Fara panted and gurgled. No one would think she came so close to suffocating with that dopey smirk on her face. Bubbles of cum blew from her nose as it trickled down her chin, then a shudder ran through her whole body. A second stream poured from between her legs, so thick that it subsumed the puddle already there.

“Still awake?” Tosaki asked and got a gurgle in response, “Can you move?” Fara nodded and clenched her eyes. She forced herself to sit up, leaning heavily on her belly to do so. The position sent more cum gushing out her ass, which made her gasp and moan.

Grinning, the elf crouched down, balls splashing on the sodden floor, and yanked Fara’s legs from under her. With the mage on her back, legs spread thanks to the giant mountain all but pouring over her body, Tosaki remained on her haunches as she lined up her cock, sliding its fat underbelly across Fara’s lips. Just the urethra was fat enough to completely cover the girl’s sex.

“I think you’re wet enough.”

“W-wait,” Fara said, attempting to reach down and stop her, but her abdomen was much too big, “I’m still so full. I don’t know…”

“You’ll be fine,” Tosaki said, moving back so the tip pressed between the girl’s folds. They were delightfully soft on her head, subtly pulsating as if to beckon her in, “And this is the fattest way to get you nice and empty.”

“I-I-I…” Fara stuttered, eyes quivering as Tosaki’s flicked her clit with the tip, “I need it in me so bad!”

“That’s what I thought.”

Hours later, Tosaki emerged from the room. It was once more of a library, with just enough room for Fara to sleep comfortably, but now it may as well have been a cum repository. The elf was careful not to soak too many books, since it was unclear how expensive they might be, and they were obviously important to Fara. Though Tosaki suspected she’d supplanted them in the mage’s heart.

“Find what you needed?” A voice asked. Tosaki turned and found the duchess grinning at her, dressed in a decidedly inappropriate gown. The sort someone would use for seduction. Fara’s door opened just a crack, a breeze coming through. While it was cool outside, the air was heated by all they’d just done, and carried with it the raw stink of sex. The duchess took a deep breath, cheeks immediately turning red as her breathing increased.

Tosaki just shrugged and approached. If a noble wanted her, then who was she to deny them? Really, any other day and she would have walked away. They were usually boring lovers, either too selfish or scared when met with someone that knew how to actually fuck. In this case, however, the futa was far too horny. Fara only lasted a few orgasms before getting knocked out.

The duchess only managed a couple before she was done. Fortunately, their rutting had attracted quite a few of the staff, Gwen included. Tosaki hesitated for a moment, still unsure of if she could infect them, but they were insistent, rubbing their bodies all over her cocks. This continued into the night, when she and Gwen climbed into the carriage back home. The driver had likely never seen anything like a woman being carried on another woman’s three dicks, but at least he was professional enough to keep to himself.

A full days hunt, wasted on fucking a mansion of women. The duke probably wouldn’t be thrilled when he returned, especially when he found his wife and maids were all stretched to the point of his cock being little more than a needle. Still, Tosaki found some answers. Her prey likely wouldn’t show itself until the full moon, however she’d be compromised by then if Fara’s research was correct.

The twins wouldn’t be much help either, addicted to Tosaki as they were. Although, if she turned into this werewolf and hunted the other in that state, they’d likely track her as well. It seemed like her best option. Until then… she supposed hunting couldn’t hurt. If she was experiencing changes like these, then surely the other creature was in a similar state. But there were so many unknowns.

“I just don’t know what to do next,” Tosaki sighed, idly pumping three girls at the same time. She didn’t have long until the next full moon, at which point she didn’t know what would happen. No matter how she searched, there were no signs of the creature, though it was probably in human form. She’d contacted Fara again, hoping the mage had found more information.

She had, but nothing useful. More possibilities, many contradicting each other, that just made it harder to discern what to do next. Tosaki’s changes had persisted, though it was mercifully just more growth. She was about at her limit, cocks close to double her height. Her breasts weren’t much bigger, though at their size it was hard to tell.

“The creature hasn’t shown itself for almost a month. Maybe it’s moved on?” Vi said, slurping up Tosaki’s milk.

“And if it shows up again, the village will contact us,” Clara added, popping her head free from under Tosaki’s ass, face coated in sweat and saliva.

“It might be too late by then,” Tosaki groaned and shoved the other hunter back underneath, grinding onto her tongue and lips, “I’m already like this. Who knows what happens next? None of Fara’s books have any concrete information.”

“Even if you turn into a giant wolf, I’ll still want you,” Gwen said, coming up from the lower breasts to kiss the elf.

“I’m already your bitch, it’ll just be more official like that,” Mira gasped, peering up from Tosaki’s crotch, drenched in ball-sweat and pussy-juice from the others.

“That’s nice and all,” Tosaki pushed the barmaid back into place, “But I’d much rather be a person than a deranged monster.” She sighed and focused on rutting the three women, among which was the duchess, using the encroaching orgasm to stave off her anxiety.

She came no closer to forming a concrete plan as the days passed. Every night, the moon was a little brighter, a little fuller. A strange pressure built in her head and above her obscenely bubbly rump, getting worse each night. Nothing was there when she checked, but the sensation persisted. Tosaki assumed it was one of the final stages.

Without any better option, she told the hunters her plan. They weren’t pleased with it, since she had to withhold from them, but the promise of what could happen when they found her was ample motivation.

“Remember, don’t get close to me at first. I should still have my rings and piercings on, so use those to tell us apart if the creature shows up. And if I start attacking anything but the creature…”

“We’ll take you down,” VI said.

“If we do, can we put a collar on you? If you don’t turn back or something, then we can keep you,” Clara said wistfully.

“Sounds like it could be fun,” Tosaki said, smiling nervously. She wasn’t sure if they’d be capable of it, but she hoped they’d be enough of a distraction to prevent any attacks. This was easily the worst predicament she’d been in. There’d been times Tosaki feared her life may be in danger, or that she might transforms others against their will. Now, however, she was terrified she’d actually hurt someone.

Maybe even kill them.

She buried the fear under sex until the day was upon her. It was a strange feeling, with this burning pressure spreading throughout her body, like something was trying to escape her. Her ears were especially sensitive. Just a breeze made her flinch, so she used her hair to shield them. Tosaki’s usual short locks had grown wild, unrestrained, hanging down to her chest. The smell of sex saturated it despite her bathing most evenings.

She stood at the border of the forest. Most of the leaves had fallen now, with only a few clinging to branches, and crunched underfoot. There was a peculiar aroma in the air, aside from the scent of damp Earth and sex that hung around her like a cloak. She hoped it was the creature. Perhaps it turned faster than her? If so, then she could find it.

Looking back, she spotted the hunter twins crouched low on Gwen’s roof. It was the closest building to the perimeter, the best place vantage point they could find. They were checking their equipment, which had been left unused the last couple weeks. After seeing them drowned in bliss so often, Tosaki had almost forgotten they could look so intent. Though she suspected they were using the lure she’d provided to keep focused.

It was a comforting sight. With any luck, they’d be up to the task if Tosaki lost control. But with good luck, they wouldn’t be needed at all and she’d come home to fuck them with a normal dick. Well… maybe not totally normal. The knots were a lot of fun, hearing them pop in and out, feeling someone stretch flush around her so not even air could escape. Tosaki forced herself to stop there. Her balls were cumbersome enough without an erection.

Preparations made and resolve set, she ventured forth.

Just as she thought, her movements were awkward. Jumping between branches had far more risk, her overall weight too much for most trees to handle. She only saved herself from falling by luck, finding another, stronger branch to stop her. Tosaki adjusted, as she often did, and made fewer mistakes the deeper in she ventured. The scenery blurred around her as the scent of nature took over, supplanting the reek of sex and women as she’d become accustomed to.

Except for two subtle flickers on either side. She couldn’t see them amongst the trees. Hunters through and through. She darted around the forest, mostly following instinct and targeting areas they hadn’t covered much of, with the twins just about keeping pace behind her. Daylight slowly dwindled, replaced by dusk and the beginnings of the moon.

Tosaki’s skin prickled, causing her to rub and itch at it. After a time, she felt something… unusual. That in itself wasn’t strange, this whole month had been unusual, but nothing so unnerving as going to touch her skin and finding hair instead. She stopped abruptly, momentum nearly pulling her over, and inspected her arm. Where she once sported a pale splendour, was now lost under what looked like a long glove of burgundy fur.

It was on her other arm as well. Her fingers had changed too, not quite changing into paws, but they had developed padding. Sensation still passed through clear as ever, but it was certainly strange. Mercifully, her rings stayed in place. She didn’t want to think how intense things would become without them.

“At least I have backup in case I lose my weapons,” Tosaki said, pointedly ignoring the weird sensations cropping up across her figure. She prepared for another leap, legs tensing up as she did. As she went to jump, all her strength failed, sending her plummeting to Earth. The impact didn’t hurt nearly as much as the crazy pressure in her shoes. Scrambling around, she kicked them off and heard her socks ripping apart.

Her hips bucked, balls fighting for freedom as her shorts strained. The same prickling feeling lanced up her legs and thighs, vanishing as fast as it appeared. Tosaki panted, staring at the darkening sky. Clouds floated over, obscuring much of it. Her vision was usually pretty good at night, however it wasn’t this clear. Some colours were muted, others heightened. Nothing that would prevent her from tracking her prey.

She still felt her legs, which meant they hadn’t fallen off. She didn’t expect them to, though with this werewolf transformation being so unknown, there was no telling what could happen. Sitting up, she restrained the shock at what she saw, that being her legs bent completely out of shape. The same fur on her arms had reached up to her thighs, stopping just shy of her shorts - though she could swear she saw the hairs growing higher - which was the most normal part… ugh, what was that pressure under her butt? She couldn’t even focus with it there.

“Just get going,” Tosaki growled at herself and used a tree to pull herself up. As she did, the pressure beneath was relieved, joined by a sudden flutter of movement. Her eyes went wide, realising what that meant without seeing it; she’d grown a tail.

The last time this happened, it wasn’t far off that her ears also changed and lost their piercings. She’d been lucky then, having camped out in the middle of nowhere away from people, so her magic couldn’t affect others. Now, however, she was keenly aware of the hunters just a ways off, and the smell of their loins. They burned in need of her cocks, begging to be knotted and bred by her.

Tosaki clawed through a tree with a vicious snarl, channelling her less than prudent thoughts into it. She breathed heavily, shirt suddenly constricting, but she left it alone; she’d wasted enough time already. In a matter of hours, the full moon would be up and these transformations would exasperate beyond control. They already were.

It took a moment to get steady on her new legs, their shape like that of a wolf now, then she was off. She stuck to the ground this time, not wanting another fall to slow her further. It also meant she was closer to the creature’s scent. The fact she was acting like a bloodhound wasn’t lost on her, she just didn’t care at that moment. Tosaki’s only goal was to stop these changes before they overwhelmed her.

Unfortunately, the creature might have very well moved on already. Even with her improved senses, desperation pumping through her altered body, and the promise to herself that she would rail Vi and Clara as soon as she finished this, Tosaki found no signs of it. Surely there’d be a hint by then? If she had changed this much, the other werewolf had to be in the final stages too. Or was it dependent on experience? Or person to person? Maybe the location?

This was her worst fear. She had no knowledge of the creature, only a vague idea of how it infected others and that it supposedly only appeared on a full moon. Was there even a point? She’d scoured the forest at this point, searched high and low with no signs of it. There was nothing she could do without releasing her magic, and she had no idea the ramifications with this infection having already run havok on her control.

She did have one option; she could go back to the village and take its women. Some of the men might get hurt trying to stop her, but Tosaki wasn’t interested in them. And if she infected them, maybe they’d be able to satisfy the women after she left to try and solve this on her own. No. No, she couldn’t just endanger everyone like that…

Can’t let it control you, Tosaki told herself. The correct choice was to keep heading west, toward her home, put as much distance between her and civilisation before she fully turned. Then the only person in danger was herself… and the twins. Oh crap. There was still some time to warn them off, with force if necessary, and get away.

Tosaki turned around and raced toward them. She only had to sniff the air to tell where they were hiding, the fire in their crotches gave them away, and her new legs were designed for sprinting. As she got closer, the constriction around her chest got worse, as did her shorts. The bands around her fingers were biting into her now, but she ignored the minor discomfort, focused on her task of hunting the would-be hunters.

As she raced through, the clouds above parted, revealing the moon, glowing softly as the safety of daylight dwindled to nothing. Steam rose in the night air as Tosaki came to a sharp stop, hair bellowing before her as it extended further, falling over her rapidly palpitating chest. Every breath stretched her shirt more than the last, buttons straining for dear life. Wide tears formed across the sides and rose up, following the trail of fur burgeoning on her body.

Tosaki needed to look away. Summon her magic and fight this unwanted change. She did none of that. The moon captivated her like never before, its light far more alluring than any star. A sucking sensation removed the sounds around her, then they returned, louder than before and accompanied by several soft thuds. She finally looked down and recognised the multiple shimmering objects amongst the dirt and leaves; her piercings.

“Tosaki?”

She raised her head at her name, and the sharp notes of fertile women. Clara and Vi dropped from nearby trees, abandoning what little advantage they had. Subdued gasps tickled the futa’s ears, which flicked atop her head. They’d make far more incredible sounds once she got started with them. She met Clara’s eyes, seeing in them two golden irises reflected back at her, glowing with excitement for the prey just standing before her. Licking her lips, Tosaki dropped to a low crouch, legs bunched up and ready to pounce.

The hunters shared a look and bolted.

Or rather, they took one step, then froze. Tosaki never had to move, her balls impacted the ground and signalled for her cocks to unsheath themselves. A heady steam wafted from them, overpowering all other scents in the area. She picked through it as she approached the women, detecting their sudden wetness. It had always been there, even when tempered by the briefest fear, but now it poured from them. Tosaki rose to her full height, towering as the hunter twins sank to their knees.

Any sense of consternation was erased by their exposure. Tosaki took them both by the head and pulled them close, mashing their faces into her giant nuts. A fine layer of fur covered them as well, yet they weren’t deterred. Rather, they were incensed by it, digging their noses in and huffing her musk. Approving growls rumbled in the futa’s chest as the moonlight imparted the last of her changes.

What a strange sensation. Tosaki expected to lose her mind at this point, for her base urges to completely consume her. Maybe they had and she just wasn’t aware of it? After all, she had Clara and Vi licking at her balls instead of using her enhanced senses to track down the creature. But that was to be expected. The girls had been dripping in hopes for this moment this entire time, she was just going to give them what they craved.

As the two came up for air, they gasped as two shafts slapped their faces. Tosaki had exceeded her former limit, stomach tense to keep her balance as a trio of canine cocks stretched well beyond arms length. They completely obscured either hunter’s face. Each girl panted heavily, breaths cool against the vein-riddled skin, taking the musk into their lungs. All that oxygen that would’ve kept their minds and bodies functioning was deeply tainted.

Every action was to fuel their lusts. Clara rubbed her thighs together, squeezing them around her sodden panties, nipples poking through her top. Vi pushed her tongue out, pressing it flat against Tosaki’s giant cum-vein, unable to make a dent in the rigid flesh. It pulsed against her as distant patters disturbed the night, leaves breaking under a three-pronged downfall.

Tosaki arched her hips, a new weight appearing over her bubbly rump. She wasn’t done? No, of course not. All her prior changes were tempered by runes and what little self-control she retained, but that really wasn’t a concern anymore. She hadn’t cum in hours already. That was just too long for a futa with testes as big as hers. As she thought that, they filled out even more, fur and skin impacting the ground with a violent rumble.

“Oh fuck,” Clara said, pressing her nose flat into the cum-vein and taking a deep sniff, “Vi… don’t… don’t we need to do something?”

“Dunno,” Vi slurred, now swirling her tongue around.

“Didn’t she,” Clara shuddered, a throb surging through Tosaki’s cocks that further out-scaled the humans, “Weren’t we meant to do something if she got like this?”

Vi hummed against her prick, pressing her lips tight against the cum-vein as it pulsed with buckets of pre, hands coming to massage Tosaki’s balls. She looked at her sister, who hadn’t stopped huffing, “Does it involve her cocks?”

“I…” Clara paused to take a deep breath, “Fuuuuuck, I don’t care.”

“Enough talk,” Tosaki grunted, another surge passing through her body. She wasn’t turning into a copy of the creature, that seemed clear, however she definitely couldn’t be considered an elf. Her hands were larger than normal, as if designed to hold a bitch tightly, with silky fur from her claws to elbows. The same was true of her legs, however the fur extended to her mid thigh, and a forest framed her sheaths. She panted softly as she stepped back, dragging her balls and feeling a delightful jiggling atop her thighs.

Tosaki was already a perfect breeding stud. Wide hips, fat cock and balls, and an unrivalled stamina. Now those traits were exasperated several times over. Muscle piled onto Tosaki’s hips and ass, softened by an abundance of fat - it seemed like her magic still understood what she liked - while her cocks bloated to twice her entire mass. Once she was finally far enough away that the hunters starred down the barrel of her shafts, she arched her back and howled to the sky as a third row of breasts bloomed into life.

Both hunters had a clear view of Tosaki. The trees overheard were bereft of leaves, thin branches doing nothing to stem the moonlight that glistened on her sweaty, pallid skin. Her fur was a few shades darker than her hair, which swept across her front and back, easily reaching her knees now. Clara and Vi stared in silence, an unbroken rope of drool hanging from their chins and between their legs.

Tosaki met their gaze. The futa was shorter than them and stood over a dozen feet away, though her cocks remained poised at their faces, yet they felt trapped by her. The look in her eyes was that of an arrogant predator, aware that its prey was unable to escape no matter how it tried. Not that it would want to. Those golden pools seared into their minds, imparting upon them their true place in this world; as Tosaki’s baby-making bitches.

Long before either women realised it, they were naked on all-fours and shaking their rumps. Clara snapped to her senses when a smear of scalding pre-seed marked her ass. She looked to her side, finding her sister’s face down, ass up and a delirious smirk on her face. They had to get away, right? If Tosaki fucked them in this state, then there’d be no coming back from it. Without a doubt, the two of them, respected hunters even among the more senior members of the guild, would become slaves to she-dick. Clara clawed at the Earth to try and drag herself away, legs refusing to work.

Then her lips parted around a burning point. It licked along her pussy, smothered her clit, and dipped just a hairsbreadth inside. But it was enough. Clara lowered her face as well, facing her sister as she took in Vi’s breath. It tasted of Tosaki’s cock. Both whimpered as the former elf pushed in, opening their holes wide. They were used to the initial stretch, but nothing prepared them for when it rammed inside.

Clara kicked her legs up as her whole body shuddered violently, closely mirrored by Vi. The sisters didn’t even think as they came together, lips locked as they grabbed each other’s ass to hold them open for Tosaki. A bulge distended their stomachs down to Earth, both gasping into each other’s mouth as it forced their insides to accommodate it, then shaking in another climax as it pushed between their chests and past their chins. A body-melting heat pooled inside them with every fat pulse through Tosaki’s cocks.

In the next moment of lucidity, Clara gasped as a massive hand clapped down on her ass. It easily covered a whole cheek, kneading it heavily. It pulled her open, the heated air of Tosaki’s crotch invading her asshole as well. She looked to her sister, who had the dopiest look on her face as she licked the monumental pole stretching out her belly. With far more effort than it should need, Clara lifted her head to peer back at Tosaki.

Only to get blinded by the third cock, slamming down between the sisters. Its smell eviscerated everything else, compelling Clara and Vi to focus on it. They licked at the enormous shaft, its head completely out of reach. Its heady saltiness filled Clara’s mouth, urging her to seek out more, digging her tongue under every vein. The cock slid back and forth across their tongues and lips as Tosaki kept thrusting, something huge and heavy slamming against them. Clara echoed her sister’s gasps and moans of bliss, pussy desperately flexing for more.

Pressure mounted against her entrance. She suckled on a vein and pushed back, heeding only her basest desires. It must’ve been Tosaki’s ‘knots’. Honestly, Clara was almost impressed that she could remember anything at that point. Every thrust slammed into her, and not just against her hole, but her ass and thighs too, rattling her brain as it tried tying them together once again. She came just remembering all the other times that happened.

However, this was different. The way Tosaki’s shaft pulsed inside her, the heavy liquid pooling in her womb, and how she kept pumping away was familiar, but the intent behind it was depraved. Animalistic even. Tosaki wasn’t simply looking for some fun and relief, she wanted to breed them.

Clara wanted it too. Fuck the guild. Fuck being a hunter. *Fuck*… she just wanted to be fucked. Bracing herself on the dirt, she put all her years of training to good use, bucking her hips hard enough she felt bruises forming on her rump. The pain just added to the storm. Every repetition went that little bit further, Tosaki reciprocating and pulling her back even harder. That massive hand holding Clara’s hip made her own efforts seem paltry, but she tried regardless. She *needed* to get knotted!

The world froze in place. Clara stared ahead into the forest, glimpses of the homes warmed by fires peeking through the skeletal trees, before her eyes rolled back. It wasn’t an orgasm. This heat suffused her whole body, creeping warmer by the second as Tosaki’s knot inched ever deeper. She ripped into the Earth, grunting hard at the pressure filling her up. A pop deafened her as Tosaki’s hips clapped hers.

When hearing returned, it was too vibrant. Clara whimpered, both in ecstasy and at the painfully loud noises emanating from… everywhere! The forest, her breaths, even Tosaki’s throbbing tumescences in and beside her were deafening.

And smells too! If Clara was overwhelmed, infatuated, with Tosaki’s musk before, she was hopelessly smitten with it now. She mashed her nose into the unsheathed cock, snorting up the sheen of sweat coating it, while the inferno razed through her body. A stabbing pain in her lower back made her ass jerk up hard, rolling Tosaki’s fat knot around inside her, flattening all other sensations under it. She didn’t look back to find out what caused it. That meant separating from a cock.

More jabs of pain pursued across her body, but went ignored as Tosaki pulsed rapidly. Here it comes! Clara rolled her hips faster, flexing her kegels and slurping on the other prick as best she could. Peeking over it was her sister, who looked to be in her own state of utter bliss. Something was different about her, but she couldn’t say what exactly when the futa yanked her knots out.

Too empty. Clara had enough cock to fuck the entire village inside her, yet without that knot, she felt nothing but a void as her insides closed around air. Before she could even make a sound, it shoved back in, thicker than before. Here it comes! Tosaki was going to cum any moment now, breed them both. They’d get knocked up at the same, give birth to Tosaki’s pups at the same time, then do it all again.

“Clara!”

“Vi!”

The sisters beamed at each other as they licked Tosaki’s cock like it was the last piece of ice in a desert. Clara heard the gurgle of Tosaki’s balls and surge of cum into her shafts. The elf’s hands dug into their asses, holding them tight as if they might escape. That would never happen. Clara didn’t know about her sister, but she certainly never wanted this to end.

“Get pregnant! I’ll knock you up so fucking hard you’ll never be done birthing my babies! I want you to populate a whole village with my young alone!” Tosaki snarled as she jabbed against them, knots too big to pull out anymore.

Her words invading Clara’s head and burying into her very being. All that heat spread across her body focused into her womb, dozens of pinpricks making her twitch wildly. Her belly distended further around Tosaki’s swelling cum-veins, the surge moving rapidly to the end. Both Clara and Vi threw their heads back and howled to the moon as they were inundated.

Their pussies squished around Tosaki, milking for more as the next surge raced up before the first even finished. The floor sank before them, hands and legs no longer supporting them as their bellies inflated. Tosaki’s middle cock lifted with them, resting on their expanding bodies. Clara kept licking at it, gasping and whimpering through orgasm after orgasm. Each one was marked by a distinct throb inside her.

She was getting pregnant. It seemed impossible to know, yet she did. These sensations were her eggs being bred just like her. A familiar warmth emanated from her womb as she was knocked up more and more, spreading to every extremity.

Tosaki pulled as her climax petered out. It lasted several minutes, perhaps even longer. Her sense of time was non-existent at that moment. Clouds had moved in, so she couldn’t even use the moon. As she attempted to move away, however, she found herself dragging two very heavy weights. Forcing herself to focus, the futa was greeted by a strange sight.

Not the horse-sized bellies.While bigger than usual, they were par for the course. What truly interested her was the changes to Clara and Vi. Both girls were out of it, that was clear. They were breathing, eyes open but rolled back from their pleasure, and that was enough to assuage any concern as Tosaki looked them up and down. Both girls had been exemplary hunters, bodies honed to peak physicality, with svelte curves and muscles. That was nowhere to be seen anymore.

Both sported curves that would’ve matched Tosaki’s a couple weeks ago. That alone removed any hunting activities from their futures. The only reason Tosaki could move as well as she did was thanks to her innate magic. If that wasn’t enough, however, they were definitely no longer human. Not entirely at least. Each twin sported matching dog ears and tails, with a soft, downy fur covering their lower arms and legs.

Like Tosaki, they hadn’t become turned into the creature, but they weren’t free of the infections effects either. She would deal with it later, she wasn’t satisfied yet. Pulling harder, her knots finally came free with a squishy pop. Their pink walls flexed hard, squirting an built up fem-cum all over, before a short tide of jizz followed. It only lasted seconds before they squeezed shut, barely leaking. Both girls moaned something akin to a ‘thank you’.

Tosaki ignored their state. The forest was quiet tonight, so they’d be fine. She had her sights set on the distant lights of the village.

Mirabella finished the last of her duties with a sigh. Her belly felt so empty. Tosaki mentioned that she might be leaving tomorrow, so of course every woman in the village flocked to her room, but Mira found no room for herself amongst the crowd of bloated bellies. Denied possibly her last chance at pleasure, she went to work in hopes she’d be distracted. Unfortunately, they’d fucked there often enough for Tosaki’s scent to soak in.

She noticed the other women in had a glazed look in their eyes. Those that hadn’t gotten lucky that day at least. The ones that did had yet to show themselves, likely dozing in bliss as their bellies emptied. Lucky bitches. Still, Mira doubted someone as wonderful as Tosaki would simply skip town without a ‘goodbye’.

Night settled in and the tavern filled with tense men. It was the first full moon since many of their livestock were attacked. They trusted Tosaki, despite her bedding and likely ruining their wives, but they stayed ready. Just in case.

“Sorry, Mirabella, one last thing. Promise.”

“Yeah, sure,” Mira said, taking the box destined for their trash. She put a peg over her nose and ventured out into the chilly night. Her uniform covered a lot, and had quite a few layers to it, but the cold still snuck past.

It was nearly pitch black out. Only the rare street lamp illuminated the area, and just enough that she could at least see where she walked. Anything else was beyond her sight. A gentle flickering from the inn made her sigh wistfully. She rubbed at her tragically flat middle.

With all the loads she’d taken, surely Tosaki’s seed had taken. Only time would tell, though she would certainly like to try once more just to guarantee it. A tingle ran down her spine as she squeezed her thighs together, her uniform muffling the squish of her juices. Much as her tender folds longed for release, Mira doubted her finges alone would be enough. She would suffer this feeling for the night, and hope Tosaki had time for her in the morning.

The barmaid turned to go inside and warm herself before she headed home, but paused as a trail of light passed between houses. Was someone running with a torch? No, then she would’ve seen a face or body. She stepped further out, peering around the tavern for any other signs. Had the creature actually returned like Tosaki said it would? Wait, that meant she was in danger, didn’t it? Mira backed up toward the door, eyes peeled for those glowing eyes.

Then a peculiar taste stopped her. She was still breathing through her mouth, nose pegged shut, but nothing was really noticeable before. And this didn’t taste anything like the leftovers spoiling in the bins. It was a heady flavour, musky and… exciting. Brutally sensual, like she was back in Tosaki’s room with her face buried in a freshly fucked woman’s pussy. The squishing between her thighs turned into a full blown squelch as she clenched up.

Mira looked to the inn, thinking Tosaki had returned and opened the window. It remained shut and the only movement she could see was the lazy motions of tired women. She removed the peg blocking out the unwanted smells, and nearly buckled under the deluge of sexual pungency. No doubt about it, this was Tosaki’s musk! Only amplified hundred-fold. To the point Mira thought she would get pregnant just breathing it in.

With the way her womb throbbed, she may well have.

“Mirabella.”

The barmaid almost came just hearing her name uttered by that wonderful voice. She turned and was immediately pinned to a wall, lips parted by an aggressive tongue, which she eagerly opened her throat for. Loud tears signalled the end of her uniform, then huge hands were palming her ass, lifting it up as three distinct totems of sex swelled against her body. Mira gazed into the golden pools dominating her, silently begging to be taken.

The fact Tosaki was clearly different to before didn’t even factor in. She recognised the scent and that was good enough for her. Tingles ran across her whole body, concentrating at points into sharp pricks that only made her grunt and grind against Tosaki that much harder. It felt like seconds later and she was separated from her, only to have a scorching-hot tip licking at her pussy.

Mira spread her legs, braced against the wall and panted heavily. It pushed against her, stretching her lips wider than her hands ever could, and entered her. The heat washed all other sensations away as she opened more and more. The myriad of pricks needling her skin increased, but they just made it better. As her clit scraped over vein after vein, Mira whimpered with her first orgasm of the night, with dozens more awaiting her.

“More,” Tosaki whispered, finally coming close enough for her powerful hands to grab Mira’s ass.

The barmaid gasped and bucked, heat blooming across her flank. As it burgeoned, she felt more of the cold strangely enough, but also more of Tosaki’s palms, fingers now digging deep. She thought to question it, but the futa began moving, dragging that enormous bitch-breaker through her depths, before ramming even more inside. Her womb was pushed up between her tits, then past her chin and beyond her eye-line, and still it rose higher. At that point, Mira doubted any monster could match it, let alone a human or elf.

Ripples passed through her lower-half as a obscene bump swallowed her pussy, even stretched out as it was. Mira undulated against it, knowing once it was in, she’d be getting Tosaki’s jizz. The fat knot pulsed and swelled even greater, while her clit was crushed against it. Her juices poured over it, making lurid squelching and slurping sounds as Tosaki thrust against her.

“More!” Tosaki repeated, growling low in her throat as she mashed her tits against Mira’s much smaller pair.

“Yes! More! More!” Mira panted back at her, grunting as the pricks worsened, spreading up and down her lower body.

Sound suddenly vanished for a moment, briefly highlighting the insane feeling of being so ridiculously stretched out, her womb taut around Tosaki’s cock high above their heads. When it came back, she was treated to the salacious churning of cum in the elf’s balls, and of her insides being doused in pre. How or why this happened, she didn’t care at all. She just wanted what Tosaki wanted; more.

Thrust after thrust bruised her inner thighs as the knot bloated fatter and fatter. Mira could’ve wrapped her whole body around it by then, and still it grew. Once it was inside her, there was no backing out until she was a human cum-balloon. The thought consumed her and she willed all her strength into her hips, bearing down on it as Tosaki rammed up. Rapid thrusts hollowed her out, coming so fast and hard her insides didn’t even get a chance to fully contract before they were stretched once more. The building behind her struggled under the force of it.

Mira howled to the moon as a brutal thrust finally locked them together. Her pelvis was pushed open wider than it could ever recover from. Her very bone structure was being altered by Tosaki’s sheer potency. She wrapped her limbs around the futa, quivering and moaning in climax at the mere thought.

To think, she once expected to be content as a barmaid, perhaps with a nice husband or wife and maybe even a child. Now, she couldn’t imagine ever lowering herself to such simplicity. She knew she’d never marry Tosaki, nor would they raise their children together, but that was perfect. It meant more women would get the same ecstasy. Besides, the day would surely come that Tosaki returned to breed her all over again.

Until then, she was content as Tosaki’s seed flowed. It stretched out the cum-vein, pushing harder on her insides, before erupting high above. Their torsos were separated instantly, with Mira sliding down to the floor, hips held aloft by the enormous bitch-breaker inside her. Mira came with very spurt as her belly rose higher than her, then flattened out to pour over her sides and completely dominate her body. At the same time, two more geysers unloaded onto the building and surrounding Earth. Mira gleefully passed out as Tosaki began trying to pull free.

Mary was trying to sleep. That was difficult enough on a normal day. Her body was getting old. She’d just celebrated seeing her fortieth Autumn, with many more celebrations planned. Even now, though, her joints pained her and even climbing out of bed somedays felt like as arduous a task as slaying a dragon. Today, however, was worse thanks to the constant stream of noise from outside her home.

She’d have hoped her husband would take care of it, but he must’ve been out looking for this so-called ‘creature’. Bah! It was just a stray wolf pack that hadn’t shown up in the month since. She just figured they were so ashamed at letting this happen that they made up the creature. Possibly as an excuse to keep that Tosaki person around. All the other women in the village had taken to fawning over her, coming and going from that tart’s room at all hours of day and night.

Getting out with a groan, she walked to her window. What would she say? She already had something of a reputation for being a grouchy lady, the sort that humbled hardened soldiers with a stern talking to. No point in thinking. She’d just go for a simple yell to scare them off. If that didn’t work, she could just use the reliable threat of castration.

Mary snickered as she opened the window, imagining the faces of whatever hooligan was making such a noise. A breeze made her shudder as she opened her mouth, but no words came out. What was that smell? Her nose wrinkled, yet she sniffed the air repeatedly, like a bloodhound on the hunt. It reminded her of something. Kind of masculine in a deeply personal way. That was it! She’d smelled something similar quite a few years ago, when her husband begged her for relief despite it being her time of the month. She used her mouth that time and got a good whiff of his member.

This was definitely like that, only… impossibly stronger. She was an older woman, her sex drive didn’t rear its head nearly so much these days, yet she was instantly moist under her nightgown. Mary leaned out, trying to see what could possibly be the cause and nearly gagged. Just below her window sill was a hideous trio of… they couldn’t be penises. They looked nothing like a man’s member.

These were a deep red for starters, with tips that tapered to a long point no fatter than a couple of fingers. It was bulbous too, puffing up around a distinct ring that glistened in the faint moonlight, and flanged by a broad rim. She couldn’t see much beyond it, though the fact it was here meant someone was somehow standing just below her room, or these things were positively gigantic. All three twitched under her inspection, seeming to close in around her.

She let them, not moving as if she might spook a small animal. The central… monstrosity stretched toward her. It was oddly enchanting to look at, as it pulsed and twitched. A bead of something thick and milky spilled from the ring. Steam rose from it and into her nose as she inhaled. Mary grabbed onto the strange thing. It was soft, sort of spongy even, yet firm as she squeezed. More of that viscous substance oozed forth. This time, she collected it on a finger and sniffed it directly, before licking it up.

It was cum! Her husband had been nervous enough about getting her pregnant to release it on her face, some of it going into her mouth if she wasn’t lucky. The taste remained with her - and while she never told him, it wasn’t particularly unpleasant for her - but it was like tasting wine diluted with far too much water. What sat on her tongue and glued to her gums as she swirled it around, was true semen.

She must’ve passed out for a moment, because the next thing she knew, a familiar redhead filled the window frame. Mary was on her bed, nightgown hitched up over her knees as she rubbed herself. The three monster dicks hovered in her room too, their scent saturating the air. Much as seeing Tosaki there, and in possession of these things, set off alarms in Mary’s head, she was more preoccupied with how good her body felt. All the little aches and pains were gone, replaced by raw lust.

“Take me already,” Mary said, splaying her legs open and removing her fingers with a mortifying slurp.

“There was never a question,” Tosaki said.

Mary arched her hips up high as one cock made its way inside her. Stinging heat consumed her whole body, sounds and smells amplified several times over, while her strength surged like never before. A feeling like adrenaline pumped through her veins and mixed with ecstasy. She wrapped an arm under the other two cocks, holding them close to her as she slobbered over them in turns.

She finally understood what those girls were doing. Why they so rarely washed themselves the last few weeks, and why even the duchess made herself little more than another concubine for Tosaki. This was bliss, plain and simple.

And more than that, Mary would be bred. She’d conceived once before, however complications arose. Now, though, she knew Tosaki would give her many, many little blessings to cherish forever more. Just as she’d heard from outside, Mary howled in jubilation as cum surged into her womb and sprayed all over the room. Any scent of hers or her husband would be lost forever. There’d be no forgetting who truly owned Mary’s womb.

“Mary! Are you okay? I saw the window was open and heard screaming and there’s this really intense smell and…”

Tosaki grinned at the new women, who stood in the door, mouth agape in absolute shock. It was one of the few that remained loyal to her husband. Admirable, really, but that was without Tosaki’s musk right in her face. Now, she was already shaking at the knees, hands kneading her breasts through her shirt, as she walked toward the infallible cocks bigger than any of them.

Some minutes later, Tosaki dropped from the residence. She wasn’t satisfied yet, she still needed more. Sniffing the air, the futa turned her attention on the inn. Then to the tavern. It was filled with masculine smells. Competition.

She walked past Mira’s heavily bloated form, barely noticing the fact she was covered in fur from the waist down, and to the tavern’s front door. From what she heard, all the men were inside. That made things easy. Tosaki walked in, cocks leading the way and willed her magic to flow. Cries of shock and horror filled the room, then were replaced by groans as her power overtook them.

Tosaki had no interest in men. That was true before her altered state, though now it was stronger. Where once she would have tolerated their existence, weighed down by her morals, she couldn’t do that now. These were people that couldn’t carry her seed, but Tosaki would fix that. She’d make them perfect for her means, and grant them pleasure they never dreamed of.

Rugged faces turned sleek and beautiful. Broad bodies slimmed and curves blossomed as clothes tore, becoming tatters that clung onto their bodies, some strands even biting into their newly developed figures. Tosaki grabbed one, folding her over a table and used a cock to hold her there as she moved back, lined up, then thrust into the newly created pussy. The womb followed shortly after as everyone cried out with the final changes to their bodies.

She wasn’t a fool, however. Tosaki wouldn’t stay forever, there were far too many other breedable women out there for her to be confined to one village, and that meant she couldn’t keep breeding these lot. Instead, she let the former men keep that honour and then some. Magic continued to flow from her, changing the much too small cocks into something of worth. After all, when she was through with the town, no one would be satisfied with anything less than two-foot members.

Cum dripped from the ceiling and poured out the door as Tosaki strode back into the open. She was covered in sweat and cum, with more than a little dripping from her own holes, but still she wanted more. Her members twitched and pointed to the inn. The moon was at its apex now, which left plenty of night left for Tosaki’s depravity. Perhaps by morning she would actually be sated.

Gwen threw her coat into a corner and collapsed upon her bed. With the duke’s wife and maids spending so much time away, it fell on her to take care of their duties. It was a punishment just being away from Tosaki for any length of time, but having to stay and cook and clean and act like she wasn’t miserable exasperated it several leagues. All she wanted was to get her gaping pussy wrecked by Tosaki’s fat cock.

That wouldn’t happen. Tonight was supposedly when that ‘werewolf’ creature would reappear, and there was no doubt that the elf would find and end it, thus concluding her business there. Unless the fight went poorly, then Tosaki might linger for a day to recover.

Well, the next best thing was to get blind-drunk at the tavern. Maybe Mirabella was working and they could drown in their woes together? Picking herself up, Gwen braced for the cold evening and ventured out. The lights in the tavern were still on, despite it being rather late. She assumed the men were all bemoaning their reduced status in the village. Long as there was a stiff drink waiting for her, she couldn’t care less.

The evening was surprisingly quiet. She expected to hear drunken shouting at least, or perhaps the sounds of Tosaki in combat, yet there was only the soft crunch of dirt under her sore feet, and and a strange squelching. Did it rain while she was at work? Surely she’d have noticed. There was also an occasional plopping noise. It reminded her of something, but she was much too tired to recall. Probably just a pipe, Gwen decided.

What definitely wasn’t a pipe was the odour hanging around. It didn’t register at first. The village was small and didn’t have the most robust sewage system, so strong smells weren’t particularly unusual. She crinkled her nose at first, assuming it was trash or worse. Then she breathed it in, steps stalling for a moment. Ooh, that was cum. She’d snorted, drunk and bathed in enough to know Tosaki’s semen.

But it was just vapours escaping the inn. Still, at least she got to enjoy some part of her friend before she vanished once again. How long would it be this time? A month? Six? That was optimistic, she knew. Tosaki would likely travel for years. The continent was big, even an elf wouldn’t have seen it all yet. Gwen rubbed her belly, wondering if she might have enough of a reason for Tosaki to return sooner.

She doubted it though. Even in a small town, rumours drifted in from afar thanks to the occasional merchant group. She knew all about how Tosaki wandered through cities and townships, bedding beautiful women, but not once did she hear of redheaded half-elf children. Even magical endowments had limits it seemed.

Those thoughts were pushed down as she reached the tavern, replaced by the promise of ale and food. As she tried pushing it open, the door refused. Gwen scowled at it, pushing harder instead. She would not denied the one thing she could enjoy tonight. She eventually won, bursting into the bar and calling for anything alcoholic to go down her throat. Instead, she was blasted by a pungent burst of Tosaki’s musk.

Gwen dabbed at her watering eyes. She’d been on the receiving end of Tosaki more times than she could count, but it was never so potent. Taking a breath, she immediately gagged, the smell burning her lungs, yet she was more worried by the insane sight before her. Tosaki wasn’t around, but there were plenty of inhumanly voluptuous women, passed out in all sorts of positions, most of which couldn’t have been comfortable. Even that, however, wasn’t nearly so shocking as the traits they all shared.

Beside giving Tosaki a run for her money in curves, they had cocks that could almost be a match. Looking around, she could make out the cavernous openings of vaginas as well. Since when were there so many other futanari? Wasn’t Tosaki the only one? Even if she wasn’t, Gwen couldn’t fathom why they’d all be gathered there. Though they did explain the stalactites of cum hanging from the ceiling.

Beyond them, however, was the fact none of these people were human. They were humanoid, enough that if they dressed right, they’d pass for it. Naked, however, the ears, tails and abundance of fur were all plain to see, even drenched in pudding-thick jizz as they were. Some more than others. One futa was propped against the door, and their entire lower half was decorated in a gorgeous coat of chestnut fur, which blended well with their pinkish cock.

Damn, it was really big though, with balls to match. At least a match for Tosaki before all those changes started happening. Others were larger than that. They certainly contributed to the mess, though based on smell alone, she was sure Tosaki had to be the primary culprit. Which meant… she’d come back!

Gwen left the unconscious orgy, almost falling on her face in her excitement. She caught herself just in time, finally noticing the ground was soaked in cum as well. A trail led to the inn. Every ounce of exhaustion left her body, eviscerated by her dire lust. She charged through the door, finding a similar scene as the tavern. Where was the innkeeper? He was a stubborn prude, only allowing Tosaki to stay thanks to pressure from everyone else. He definitely wouldn’t have let her in if she was trailing this much cum.

There was, however another gorgeous half-human half-animal futa folded over the counter. She was vaguely familiar too, though Gwen couldn’t say from where. Trudging upstairs, which were similarly doused in semen, she reached Tosaki’s room.

“My turn!” She shouted upon barging in. All her confidence turned to misery as she spied a dozen women, but no Tosaki. They’d all clearly changed since she was last there, sporting similar parts as those in the tavern. Now that she looked closer, they were mostly canine features, but some were equine and even feline.

Above all, they were absolutely massive! Bellies big enough that Gwen could’ve curled up inside with room to spare, tits that made the bed pillows look flat and small, and asses that she doubted would fit through the door. Tosaki must be using her magic.

And for it to be this widespread, her limiters weren’t working. Or had been lost. For a moment, Gwen’s lust was tempered by genuine fear, her rational mind taking the forefront. Tosaki made it clear that she had to keep a firm hold on her magic and emotions, though she only gave vague ideas of what happened if she lost control. With the recent changes to her body, and her personality, Gwen couldn’t fathom what could happen next.

“I wondered where you were.”

All trepidation was swept away as her pussy quivered. Just the voice was enough to overwrite all sense of self-preservation. Gwen’s skin prickled, hairs stood on end, fully aware of the potential danger as she turned around to face Tosaki.

The redhead still looked like herself for the most part. Juicer lips that wouldn’t fully close, allowing a look at one sharp canine, with golden eyes that shone behind a veil of matted, wild hair. The alert dog ears were new, but Below her face, however, just about everything changed.

From the biceps down, her arms were wreathed in long burgundy fur. Her hands had grown wildly out of proportion, big enough to wrap around Gwen’s head - all the better to fuck her face with probably - and ended in wicked claws. Chest wise, Tosaki was more buxom than ever, in both size and number. Six boobs sloped down her chest, over her stomach and pouring out over her hips. Gwen was reminded of the prized pumpkins the town had grown last Autumn.

But they were mere teasers for what laid in wait down below. Even with their size, Tosaki’s hips stretched out to either side, forcing her to take the door at an angle, though her butt still made it difficult. Gwen had thought the other women and futanari around were close to the elf, but she was sorely mistaken.

That was made abundantly clear by the trio of monuments swinging in front of Tosaki. Gwen unconsciously opened her legs, allowing the middle one to lift itself and rub against her sodden lips. They extended far into the room, dwarfing their wielder, yet she looked completely at home with them. It didn’t hurt that her luscious thighs looked built for them, or that her feet had grown just as much as her hands.

Gwen spotted multiple bands glimmering in the candlelight. So Tosaki wasn’t completely out of control yet. How long would that last? Things were already well out of hand. To the point that she doubted even Tosaki would be able to reverse it. What would a full release look like?

A wanton blush warmed her face as Tosaki closed the gap to her, all but lifting the maid with a cock. Gwen’s mind was made up, even if she knew it was a terrible idea. She expected to be lifted up and impaled right away, but her friend surprised her with a deep, passionate kiss. Their chests mashed together, with Tosaki’s swallowing hers easily.

But that was soon to change. Already, Gwen felt her body become inundated with the elf’s power, the heat within matched only by Tosaki’s cocks. Her hips rolled hard and long, grinding her folds and clit into the rigid beast below. All it had to do was throb against her and she was cast into an orgasm without warning.

“Not here,” Gwen gasped after several minutes of throating her friend’s tongue. It took that long just to form a coherent thought again. If what she planned came to fruition, then she didn’t want to be cramped in a room, “Outside. Then you can do whatever you want.”

“Hmm,” Tosaki growled in her chest, then air rushed by them. Gwen snapped her eyes shut as a deafening crash went off around her. Next thing she knew, there was a cool breeze on her sweaty skin. She didn’t know what Tosaki did to get them there so fast, but she wasn’t about to let it slow her any further.

Taking the futa’s hand, she casually slipped the rings off, one by one. Tosaki let her, watching in confusion, like she’d forgotten about them. A flicker of reason came back to the elf as she stopped the last band from being removed.

“Are you sure?” Her voice trembled, as did her loins, vibrating against Gwen’s desperate quim. Perhaps her thoughts weren’t entirely her own, fuelled by a desire that no one could fully grasp, however she knew what she wanted in that moment.

“Yes!”

Tosaki nodded and let the final ring slide off. The fact they moved at all was proof of how powerful their enchantments were. As was the fact Tosaki’s entire demeanour changed the instant it was off. Gwen had thought she was letting loose this last month, pounding her and most of the other women until their minds were mush. Now she felt foolish as Tosaki kissed her again, only this time she wasn’t allowed to participate at all. Her tongue was there to be dominated, her throat made to be pried open, and her face just a conduit for it all.

When they separated, Gwen didn’t breathe at first. She just touched her lips, finding them hideously swollen and sensitive. The second she inhaled, Tosaki was on her tits, sucking both nipples at once and nipping at her. Those sharp canines broke through, pain dancing to the same beat as pleasure as Gwen arched into her friend. Everything, even the faint breeze, was suddenly like hot iron on her skin.

She wove her fingers into the elf’s hair, gasping and moaning as a long tongue coiled around her breast. It undulated around her, milking her, while giant hands cupped her ass. A clawed finger squished between Gwen’s folds. Just breathing made her wetter and wetter, fem-cum pouring onto Tosaki’s cock. Another finger found her ass, hooking into the ring and pulling her open. Gwen grunted and bucked against her as strange popping sensations went off throughout her lower-half.

It didn’t stop her from caressing Tosaki’s head or quivering with another orgasm. She hadn’t even been penetrated yet and she was losing her mind. The tongue strangling her breast tightened, bringing forth a surge of pleasure.

“Drink me,” Gwen breathed, gasping in time with the popping still going off in her legs and hips. In her addled state, she wasn’t sure what was happening, but she definitely felt more of Tosaki’s cock than before, “Take my everything and use it. I don’t care what for. I just want you to have me.”

The elf looked up, not pulling away, her shining eyes near solid gold, only broken by flecks of silver. Or perhaps it was the moon itself. Upon meeting her gaze, Tosaki shoved a finger into both holes. They were nothing compared to what Gwen had taken, but her holes squeezed around them all the same. The rough padding was exquisite on her insides, every aspect brilliantly vivid to her nerves.

“That’s right. I’m yours. Womb and all. Go ahead and breed me, eat me, treat me like a toilet for your baby-maker. Just use me,” Gwen lifted her hips, then slammed them down, making sure Tosaki’s fingers scraped along her walls and her pussy landed with a satisfyingly loud squelch.

At last, the elf pulled away. Her tongue undid the loops, coming free with a flick of Gwen’s much fatter nipple. White beads stood out against the pink flesh, now plump and pebbly atop her tit. Two punctures marked where Tosaki had pierced her, but they were already healing over, becoming nothing more than a couple of raised pinpricks. And, just as she’d hoped, her boobs were massive, overflowing her chest by a wide margin.

“You’re all mine,” Tosaki said.

Gwen shuddered. She got the sense that her friend wasn’t referring to just herself - rather it was the whole village - but in that moment it felt like it was all for her. The female nodded, then her mouth stretched in a soundless cry as the popping became full on explosions. She clawed at Tosaki’s back as her bones and muscles were forever changed.

“Pumping up what’s already there is easy. Mostly painless,” the elf said, licking a claw as she observed Gwen impassively, “But creating something new takes a lot more. Consider yourself lucky I can use magic for this.”

“For what?” Gwen tried asking, but her vocal chords wouldn’t work. All her muscles were rigid, not allowing a single inch of movement. So Tosaki did it for her. She took the woman’s head and turned it around, angling it down to what was happening to her lower half.

“I was reading some of Fara’s books a while ago,” she said casually, as if they were sharing a drink, “Everyone else became somewhat like me, but you, my dear Gwen,” she run a claw under Gwen’s chin, smiling softly, like an owner at their pet, “I knew you deserved something more. Especially for taking those off.” She nodded to the ground where, barely visible, her rings laid forgotten.

“So let’s see where this goes, yeah?”

Gwen couldn’t believe this was her friend talking. Her words were always measured, save for when passions took over, but even then they didn’t have nearly the same tone. It may as well have been a different person.

And yet… Gwen nodded weakly and experimentally kicked a leg. One of four. It took everything in her will to do so, fighting through a pain unlike anything she’d felt, but she wanted Tosaki to know how badly she wanted this. It hurt, but the sheen of fur growing across her new half was beautiful, the sort a duke’s prized horse would have. She whimpered as her backside extended outward, then found the sounds muffled by Tosaki’s lips.

It was a small comfort, but a comfort nonetheless as the rest of her transformation took place. Her feet cramped, her toes went numb while new muscles twitched above her oversized rump, all the while her pussy pulsed and swelled. Gwen focused on the lips and tongue overwhelming her own, squeaking every so often at a spike of sensation.

After a while, the pain faded as fine hairs fluttered over her pussy lips. She couldn’t feel it through the hairs themselves of course, but it was pleasant nonetheless. Then it got better and better as another, unusual feeling joined it. Similar to the tickling of her snatch, yet very different as well. Tosaki pulled away from her when her sounds became low moans.

“Done.”

Gwen panted heavily, face covered in Tosaki’s drool and turned to look. In place of her pert butt was a horse’s body. Not a prized one either. This had the stature of a war horse, broad and sturdy, made for endurance. Though she suspected it was this large for another reason as Tosaki’s cocks pulsed. Despite the new shape, she still had an incredible set of thighs and cheeks. It didn’t matter that her body was no longer human, she was as alluring as ever.

“Oh, my mistake. One more thing,” Tosaki said, eyes flashing bright. Gwen was blinded for a moment, but that was a blessing really, as she felt the distinct emergence of multiple somethings inside her body. Unlike the rest of her change, this was pleasure incarnate. As they reached an apex, her pussy clenched up and sprayed everything behind her.

“Now we can begin.”

“Yes!” Gwen chirped, clamouring to get up and prop herself against the inn. It was strange, her sense of balance completely off, yet her new muscles adjusted instinctually. She didn’t have long to come to grips with her body, however, as Tosaki lined up. Excitement poured down Gwen’s thighs, then splashed as two other points entered her pussy.

“All three?!” The former maid gasped.

“Nothing less for you, my friend,” Tosaki said. It sounded like she was right at Gwen’s ear, right down to her breath.

One cock seemed impossible, but she made it happen. So what did two more matter? Gwen braced herself and shook her hips, trembling just from the tips stirring her insides. The second she pushed down, not even taking a full inch, Tosaki rammed forward.

Gwen was prepared for this. First the ecstasy of her walls parting, then feeling the head pop into her womb, followed by getting stretched beyond reason. It all happened as she expected, except amplified three-fold as the trio powered through her, making her cry out and squirt all over them. They formed a triangle shape inside her, one pushing up against her other organs, while the other two protruded through her belly as they moved further in. She craned her head forward to see the bulges reach her front legs.

It was a shame she wouldn’t get to feel their heat against her face like this, but the sight would be well worth it. The bulges sank out of sight. Gwen readied her muscles, then bucked hard into Tosaki’s thrust. Her eyes bulged in a brutal climax, mouth hanging loose and drooling over herself as the three heads prodded at something else inside her, then erupted inside. It was just like having her womb invaded normally, but that happened ages ago. What was…

Gwen’s mind crumbled when Tosaki’s hips clapped against her ass. Bliss. Plain and simple. It thundered through her much larger body, every nerve ending, new and old, flushed white-hot and nearly burned her alive. If not for the deluge of equally hot slime cascading through her insides. She couldn’t go yet. Not until she felt Tosaki’s load inflate both of her wombs.

With that goal in mind, Gwen was about to buck like the mare in heat she was, when she spotted the real treat. Tosaki’s cocks had arched up around her body, distending her upper half too. Those massive claws kneaded her ass, moving it around something large and squishy. Even that was an amazing feeling, like she had a second pussy between them. Tosaki drew back for another thrust, all the heads popping out as one, then punched back through.

“I’m not done,” Tosaki growled, repeating the thrust again.

Gwen felt the shafts sliding through, yet the bulge in her top-belly didn’t get any smaller. When Tosaki’s hips collided with hers again, they surged up past Gwen’s face. Three giant tubes, each incredibly vascular, with huge undersides all stretched her out and pumped heat at her face. She took a breath and their musk lashed out, pulling her to them. Sweat beaded all over her skin, enhancing the swathe of scents circulating.

As if that wasn’t enough, the kneading of her ass changed to a finger diving in. A second soon followed, then she was pulled open. Tosaki kept thrusting, while peering at her insides. It was filthy, like her entire extensive was laid bare for the elf to see and corrupt. As if it wasn’t already.

The fucking continued as the fingers pulled her wider. Gwen’s insides pulsed, trying to close, but was only spread further. Then another finger from each hand pushed in. The claws dug into her walls, drawing long lines across her, as if coaxing more pleasure. Before she knew it, other fingers entered and she was stretched taut around them. Tosaki wasn’t holding her ass anymore, letting it bounce in time with her thrusts.

Gwen looked over her shoulder, panting heavily as she tried processing the waves of salacious ecstasy crashing into her. Her eyes widened and her lips lifted into a wild smirk. Tosaki met her gaze and slowly pushed deeper, knuckles disappearing into Gwen’s anus. The ring of muscle stretched out to swallow her wrists.

“All mine,” Tosaki said and began thrusting her arms, alternating between them and her hips.

“Yes! All yours! I’m your fucking toy! Just never stop fucking me, please! I need you. I need your babies. Blow me up with your cum!”

Gwen babbled along that line of thought between huffing the stink of cocks soaking through her womb-condom. Every orgasm wiped her mind, then the next thrust restarted it, only to frazzle an instant later as Tosaki’s cocks stretched out her insides. Was there even a chance that she would come away from this with her mind intact?

None whatsoever. It would be a personal failure for Tosaki to leave the blonde maid’s brain even slightly functional. Her pace ramped up, both brutal and controlled. All six breasts bounced rhythmically, clapping against her chest and each other in time with the wet slapping of her hips on Gwen’s oversized rump. The ground sloshed with every thrust as her balls swung with her thrusts. Tosaki dug her claws in deep, pulling Gwen’s hyper-sized rear against her.

Pressure mounted, building with every squish and slurp around her cocks. Tosaki growled, chest vibrating with her ferocity. The moon cast its light upon them, as if blessing Gwen’s physical and spiritual destruction. More than that, though, its power pumped through the elf - if she could even be called that anymore - amplifying her lust several fold. The visceral clap of flesh became a constant, chaotic symphony. Her hips blurred, the inn shook, and Gwen was nothing but a fount of fem-cum.

“Get pregnant! Birth my litters for the rest of your life!”

“Yes! God, fuck, please! I need it so bad!”

The fact Gwen could even speak a word was impressive enough. Nearly full sentences was just an insult to Tosaki’s prowess. The futa snarled, drool falling from her chin, and summoned her magic. Her testes ballooned, her cocks swelled and she lunged forth with enough power to push Gwen through the inn’s walls.

It wasn’t so poorly built that it crumbled under that damage. Without something to brace herself, however, the centaur practically glided forth until she was flattened against another wall. The very foundations shook now, Tosaki stayed relentless, even when her balls swelled further than her legs could handle. She just jumped up onto them, paws digging in hard, as she sawed to and fro. The weight and massage simply made it better.

Her stomach clenched up, making a better platform for her bottom row of tits to bounce off of. Cum roiled in her balls, bubbling up into her shafts and bloating them out as well. It overflowed into Gwen’s womb, pouring down the walls and pooling at her cervix, before leaking into the other womb. She sloshed loudly with every impact, bellies beginning to jiggle.

The flow increased rapidly. Tosaki held back, ensuring that her pricks were well and truly engraved in this bitch’s soul. Her knots burst in and out of Gwen, pulling with them a deluge of pussy juice to add to the endless pool of sweat and pre already soaking into the inn. Unfortunately, there was always one thing stronger than the elf; her orgasm.

“Here it comes. I’d say prepare your wombs, but I can feel how they’re squeezing me. You’re just lucky I used my magic to make them worth a damn. If you were just a shitty human, you’d be lucky to carry triplets. But because of me, you’ll get to push out brat after brat after brat! Aren’t I so nice?” Tosaki dug her claws in, snapping Gwen back to the reality.

“Thank you, Goddess Tosaki! I can’t believe I get to birth your babies. I hope I never stop!”

“That can be arranged,” Tosaki grunted. An especially viscous jet of pre distended Gwen’s upper-womb, but it didn’t stay long, soaking into her walls immediately. The once-human slut wailed and came hard as her entire reproductive system undulated around Tosaki, walls thickening as divots formed by the dozens. Fat spheres grew around her bellies, tubes linking them all to her individual wombs.

Gwen babbled maniacally, just about forming the occasional word, such as; ‘eggs’ and ‘babies’. It was all she existed for. Her body nothing but a carrier for eggs, which were destined only to be bred by Tosaki’s seed. So attuned to this purpose, she felt it as the ovum pumped through her tubes and into her wombs, sloshing around in the elf’s pre.

“Take it all and put some use to your worthless life!” Tosaki howled, flinging her head back as her crotch slapped into Gwen for one last time, knots nearly doubling in size and forcing Gwen’s hind-legs to spread wider. She didn’t drop even an inch, easily held by the three cocks. Balls the size of the duke’s carriages bloated one last time, skin perfectly taut around them, then erupted.

All it took was one spurt and Gwen was pushed away from the wall by her belly. Three separate streams stretched her skin in different directions, but it all flowed back to her ruined cervix. The pressure instantly pushed the sludge back into her lower-uterus. It quickly swelled to match the first, which lost none of its grandeur despite the leak.

That was the final nail so to speak. Tosaki could’ve pulled out and let the lake of cum pour out and Gwen would be pregnant for years to come. But that would be cruel to her prime broodmare. While she considered the woman as little more than a female to breed, they were friends and Gwen had been the one to free her, so she deserved better. That meant every last drop of cum, all of it locked inside by Tosaki’s knots.

Gwen shook from head to hoof. At that point, her body was nothing but an amalgam of ecstasy, exploding in orgasms every second as her eggs were inseminated and Tosaki continued pumping. It was a full-bodied effort to push the cum up her enormous cocks, swells of semen moving along and stretching Gwen even further. She inflated rapidly, hooves leaving the floor.

Tosaki’s foothold shrank as all its mass poured into the blonde. She stepped down, holding the tail up so she could see Gwen’s fat lips palpitating and slurping noisily around her, and breathed in deep. It was obvious already, but the scent just confirmed; Gwen was pregnant. Several times over. Each womb would cultivate an entire village of young.

What would they turn out like? Tosaki hadn’t consciously done much to the eggs themselves, she wasn’t even sure exactly what she did, she just wanted to make sure Gwen was well and truly impregnated. Hmm, the fact she was even thinking about this meant she was finally coming down. Or that she was acclimating to this state.

“Huh, that could be… interesting,” Tosaki said, grimacing at the excitement in her voice as she looked down at her enormous paws. Surely she would turn back once the morning came? Judging by the moon’s position, that wouldn’t be long.

She needed to find the werewolf! The memory hit her like… well, like the scent of an untouched, ripe woman. Fortunately, there weren’t any of those left. Tosaki wasn’t sure she could keep a clear head if one of them showed up. Sighing deeply, she tried focusing on her new senses, hoping they’d be keen for detecting another like her. That wasn’t meant to be, however, as all she could smell was Gwen. All she felt was Gwen. All she heard was the churning waves of cum inside Gwen. Even the air tasted of her.

Clouds drifted overhead, covering the moon. Only the faint glow from the upstairs inn and the tavern illuminated her surroundings. Though her eyes were much better now, she could still only make out the silhouettes of various houses. Not that she could move to search anyway, not when her balls were still pumping Gwen up fuller and fuller. The woman was stranded atop her own belly, with a second one pulling her forward into a wall.

“Might as well enjoy myself,” Tosaki said. Part of her noted that she’d at least try and stop, so she could finish her mission, but it was soundly defeated by the call of thrusting into a hot, slimy pussy. Her lakes of cum made it better too, as she delivered short jabs into the ball-brew. It created air-pockets, which squelched loudly as she moved and filled them with more cum.

The night had darkened considerably once Tosaki yanked her shafts out. Gwen’s pussy undulated before her, spread so far apart that the elf could’ve crawled inside. It slowly closed as another opening appeared in the depths, followed by a flood of white. Tosaki side-stepped the rush just in time, though her cocks hung in the path, getting showed in their progeny. A dense steam rose off the growing puddle, filling the whole village with her musk.

“Running out of time. Gotta hunt.”

The moment those words left her lips, a large form barrelled into view. Golden eyes met hers and lips peeled back in a vicious snarl. She didn’t even think, nor was she aware of her muscles activating. One instant, Tosaki stood beside the results of her pleasure, and in the blink of an eye, she was several metres away, holding something in one hand. She looked down, meeting the baleful eyes of the beast. They slowly dimmed as the body crumbled.

“I feel robbed,” Tosaki said. She’d expected a fight when they next met, something that would get the blood flowing, maybe even force her into using magic for more than sex. Instead, she hadn’t even noticed herself taking its head. Yet another problem with this curse, though not anymore.

Her changes weren’t reversing, but she assumed they would take time. They’d be gone when she woke up. For now, she could do with some rest. Dawn wasn’t far off and she’d been very busy, no doubt changing most of the town into willing cocksleeves. Ah, but she hadn’t gotten to the duke. He was already testy after she showed his wife and maids too good a time. Who knew what would happen when he discovered what she did to his domain.

She made a beeline for the mansion, cocks already lifting up in excitement.

That was how she ended up splayed out in an extravagant bed, a vivacious vixen dozing on her lap. Tosaki wiped the sleep from her eyes and sat up. She expected the woman to slide off, but she was well and truly stuck. It looked like things had returned to normal. The bulge in her stomach didn’t stretch toward the ceiling at least, though it was still enormous. Tosaki reached out to push her off and froze.

Extracting the woman, who groaned groggily, Tosaki rushed to the nearest restroom. Like everything else, it was too big for any one couple to possibly need, with a giant mirror in place of a wall, but she was grateful for it at that moment. Staring back at her, was exactly what the elf feared; the curse was still in effect. Though not all of it.

Her ears were back to normal, as were her eyes. Near enough everything else was as she remembered from last night, blurry as that was. Huge paws in place of hands, burgundy fur stretching to her biceps like a set of fluffy gloves, and the same for her legs. She was still extra curvy, in both size and number, though at least it was just four breasts instead of six. Her thighs looked like they could outmatch a prize-winning pumpkin. Each.

Balls weren’t much better, also covered in a fine coat. Admittedly, it was incredibly soft where it brushed against her skin, but the extra size was definitely unwelcome. Hopefully this was just what they reached during erections. Speaking of, she’d retained the distinctly mutated canine appendages. Sharply tapered tips that quickly exploded into fatly ringed heads, veins the size of fingers and undersides that were comparable to a human’s penis on their own. The knots were deflated, appearing as little more than slight swelling at the base.

Assuming they worked as normal, they’d grow much, much larger when she came. It was honestly a relief she could look at all this with some measure of dissociation, rather than allow the confusion and worry to take hold. That allowed her to fully soften, her shafts retreated into their sheaths. She sucked in a sharp breath when she tried bending over, feeling them move inside her. Tracing her abdomen with a claw, she found subtle arches where they rested.

Taking deep breaths, and silently fighting back the urge to scream in frustration, she headed to Fara’s room. She had the sense to grab a bathrobe first. Even if it couldn’t fully close around her chest, at least it was some covering. Digging through tomes, novels and diaries of those who claimed to have face werewolves, she was again faced with a simple fact; no one truly knew what they were. Or how to manage the curse.

Why couldn’t a werewolf have documented its changes? Unless, of course, they were unable to retain themselves even after reverting back to normal? Or they were hunted down and slain before they could do that. The one she fought had been strong though. It would take a whole platoon of soldiers to take it down quickly.

She supposed she could document her own experiences, but she was hardly an average specimen. None of the records suggested they had cocks, nor that they were created from elves, let alone ones so terribly gifted with unpredictable magic. The only time she felt in control of it was last night, and that was when she was well and truly out of it.

Tosaki closed the final book, now armed with the conclusion that she was basically on her own. Truth be told, it wasn’t as terrifying a prospect as she might’ve expected. It was rather exciting really. Maybe it was even a chance for her to understand more of herself?

The fact she could direct her power without any runes at all was already more progress than she’d made in decades. She just needed to figure it out. First on her list, she needed a way to convert her limbs back to normal. If it worked like her magic, then the same runes should be enough. That said, she doubted the usual amount would suffice. She might even need bangles all over her arms. Belts might suffice around her thighs. Cocks were… probably a lost cause, though she would still try.

Soon as she had her appearance managed, then it’d be onto figuring out how she could control herself. Tosaki grabbed a bath and what clothes would fit, then commandeered a horse. The first thing on her long list was to return home and see if Delphi could drain it out of her. New enchantments were in order too. The next few years would be very busy for the cursed elf.

Meanwhile…

The village, nameless for far too long, finally had its moniker; ‘Herma’. It was coined by Fara after she inspected everyone present, noting that no one was human anymore. They were all some amalgamation of human and animal, and not the simple canine or felines that most kept in their houses. Fara had taken on more vulpine aspects, whereas the hunter twins, Vi and Clara, were dogs through and through. The most impressive of them all was Gwen, embodying the mythological centaur.

With their bodies altered to such a degree, ‘human’ no longer applied. They were a new race, one that needed a name fitting for their dual-natures. What better one was there than the gender of Tosaki, their creator. Futanari fit nicely, especially with the ‘men’ now decidedly removed from their former sex. Despite the changes, almost everyone was optimistic. Those that weren’t, well, they were more concerned with where Tosaki was.

Indeed, where had their goddess run off to? Fara tried a scrying spell while the hunters tracked her scent, but they both came up with little to go off of, just that Tosaki had left for the duke’s manse at night, then departed from there that afternoon while they were still reeling. Oh well, it couldn’t be helped. She had much to do no doubt.

And she’d left them with more than a gentle reminder. Every single one of them could feel it, a warmth in their tummies as they gestated untold numbers of young. With it came the urgent need to bolster their village. Fortunately, that was made far easier by their increased strength and heightened senses. It would still take time, however they were prepared and united.

They needn’t worry about the creature, as Tosaki had made good on her promise to take care of it. The body was still in the centre of town, as people focused on restructuring first. Most avoided it, except one cloaked figure that wandered into town one day. Fara approached cautiously, able to smell that they were an outsider. No merchants had come by as of yet, and they worried for the day humans discovered them. This was no merchant, but still human.

“You did your job admirably.” It was a woman of nobility based on her accent, and one from the upper echelon. Clearly not from around there. Based on her words, she was linked to the werewolf. She even pet its dismembered head, “Those spirits were a godsend weren’t they, Geld? Showing us a way to finally get through to her. Though the results were definitely more than expected.”

She stood. Fara ducked behind a building, not wanting a confrontation when everyone else was occupied. She was a mage, yes, however she was never one for combat.

“I think one more big push and she’ll be ripe for the taking. You shouldn’t have spurred me, Tosaki. By this time next year, you will know the true might of Elizabeth Drescher.” She gave a haughty laugh, the kind that made Fara instantly cringe, and went on her way.

But Drescher? Wasn’t that the noble family in charge of Harrow, the capital? For one of them to be so invested in Tosaki, and clearly not for pure reasons either, it couldn’t be good. Fara would venture out in search of the elf. She doubted it would be necessary, Tosaki was basically a goddess among mortals, however a warning couldn’t hurt.

Fara informed the duke of her departure. She took it well, aided by being in the middle of a languid orgy, as had become commonplace in Herma. A few days later and her preparations were made. She didn’t admit it aloud, but she was nervous. Terrified even. Tosaki’s residence wasn’t common knowledge, and her tracks were covered well enough that the hunters lost it within half a day. Still, Fara had to try.

She just hoped she found her before too long. Her belly was already rounding slightly, as were so many others. By Spring, she’d be too round to move properly, and with so many months yet to come after that. Fara steadied her breath and pulled her cloak in tight, concealing her more defining traits from unwanted eyes. The twins gave her directions to where the trail ended, and their best guesses for where to head next.

With all that, Fara kicked her horse into action. It was dangerous. No one knew what would happen if she were discovered by humans. And what if she took too long? Or if that woman found her? But she might also find Tosaki quickly, perhaps even convince her into a tryst or two… dozen. If all went well, she may even convince the goddess to return to Herma.