A dizzying array of lights spanned the highway, flaring up from the awful downpour that took everyone by surprise. Some families were even dressed for the beach, but clearly had to veto their plans. Still, the sound of rain was a comfort. This was something familiar to all, a comfort when nothing seemed to make anymore sense.

Stacy stared at the wheel her hands. It was difficult to use with breasts and cocks of her size, even when she adjusted the seat as far back as possible, constantly leaving her struggling to maneuvre properly, but she’d had plenty of time to get used to it. That wasn’t the reason for her disquiet, however. Why was she in the car on this highway in the first place?

Just a couple hours ago, she’d been in the middle of milking herself for tomorrow. It was gonna be a big day, some convention of coffee lovers in town that were looking to sample every local blend, but she dropped it all and got in her car for… some reason. Having a foggy brain wasn’t the most uncommon thing for her. It was so easy to forget everything when in the middle of milking or masturbating her many members.

She continued down the left, looking for signs of where she was headed, but they were impossible to makeout in the rain. She had no GPS on hand, so she had no idea how she knew where to go, but her hands moved confidently even as her mind trudged through a mix of mud and fog. The feeling wasn’t unlike when she finished with Carmen back in the day.

Look at her, thinking like that was long ago at all. It was only a few weeks. Or was it a couple of months now? It felt longer. One hand trailed over a breast, illicting soft coos of pleasure. The slightest touch was all it took to arouse her, though thinking of her ex certainly didn’t help with the stiffening of her numerous nipples and bouquet of pricks. She didn’t have any space to spread her legs, meaning all that pressure just helped push the blood through even faster. The vibrations passed smoothly through her legs, jiggling the supple flesh and stimulating her even further.

Stacy almost veered off to find a pitstop to relieve herself. But her hands wouldn’t allow it. They stayed the course, even as her top was pulled further and further out, revealing some of her plush belly as it tented around her teats. There wasn’t much traffic from the opposite direction, so she wasn’t too worried about people seeing her aroused state. The biggest problem was that she was close to her goal. Whatever that was.

It was like alll the lust was sucked from her body. She let out a quiet gasp at the sensation, unsure how to feel about it. Relieved that she wouldn’t be exposing herself? Shocked that it would happen without her understanding? Horrified that she had no apparent control over herself?

Or curious as she pulled into a rather luxurious looking spa? She had no idea why she was there, though her last few nights of sleep had been anything but restful. It felt like she was back with Carmen, with how often she went to bed in an orgasmic coma, then woke up feeling completely out of it for that very reason. Except, she didn’t remember taking any new lovers. She didn’t remember much of anything these last few weeks really.

Stacy pushed that worrying notion from her mind as she walked into the lobby. Everyone there had suitcases with them, yet she had… nothing. Just her maroon shirt and milky-white apron with a set of parachute pants that were made skin-tight by her voluptuous thighs. She was also the largest person there. By far.

Some people were plump, but that wasn’t what she cared about. It was the apparent lack of futanari. How far from the city had she gotten? It felt like she saw a new futanari everyday lately. Even aside from that, no one was particularly well endowed. All the women were still well within the alphabet too. Maybe that was for the best? Stacy could use some time away from all the sexual insanity around her.

“Here are you, Miss Robins. Your room is 212.”

Stacy’s ears perked up at the name. It couldn’t be who she thought. Surely she’d have spotted *her* from the second she walked in. Looking around, the futa saw no sign of the towering Amazon she’d so recently been infatuated with. Instead, she spotted a different familiar face. Alongside the first futa other than herself.

“Alicia?” Stacy said, louder than she intended. Loud enough for the middle-aged woman to hear.

Alicia Robins turned at her name and, unlike Stacy, had no trouble spotting her. She poked the arm of the futa next to her, gesturing at Stacy. They also turned, eyes going wide and mouth falling open. Then a little grin spread across her face and she whispered something. Before Stacy had any idea what was even happening, they were walking over.

“Stacy! It’s been a while. How’ve you been?” Alicia asked, doing her best not to look right at the buxom futa’s chest. It was difficult, given the ten inches of height Stacy had on her. The other futa was only slightly shorter, but didn’t make nearly as much of an effort not to stare.

“Pretty good, all things considered. I, uh,” Stacy glanced between the two. There was clearly something between them, given thei closeness, but that meant Carmen had made this person a futanari. Did Alicia know? “I didn’t expect to see you here.”

“Me neither,” Alicia chuckled, then glanced at her side, and cleared her throat, “Where are my manners? This is Samantha, my partner.”

“Pleasure to finally meet you, Stacy. Please, call me Sam.” She extended a hand. Stacy shook it without thinking, taking note of the firm grip.

“Likewise. So, what’re you two doing here?” Stacy asked, trying not to look at the differences between their bodies. She couldn’t really blame Alicia for being attracted to Sam. While she wasn’t anything as extreme as Stacy, or some of the futanari she’d seen, she was still far and above the average woman. Alicia included.

“Oh, Sam won a weekend stay so… here we are. What about you?”

“I… just needed a break,” Stacy said, unsure if that was exactly true. This felt too convenient, that she would spontaneously go to a spa for the first time in her life - and profits weren’t exactly high enough for her to just go off whenever she felt like it - and run into Carmen’s mother. Soemthing was wrong.

She hadn’t even informed any of her employees.

“I hear that,” Sam sighed and leaned into the much shorter Alicia, who made a concerted effort not too look at her partner’s bust, even as it jiggled right by her face, “Like, work isn’t hard or anything, but getting away and letting loose a little is soooo nice. Right, Alicia?”

That sounded oddly flirtatious. And the little nudge she gave Alicia, seemingly spurring her to look at Stacy’s chest, looked anything but accidental. This only exasperated her confusion. Not just a massive coincidence, but now someone she just met was actively flirting with her and pushing their partner to do the same. Something didn’t feel right. Like all of this was happening for Stacy. Or someone else?

The thoughts vanished with a click of nearby heels. Stacy didn’t need to think about stuff like that, she just had to focus on checking in and having a nice, relaxing time. The fact that would include a fantastic looking futa and a good looking woman was a nice bonus.

Some time later and she was with those same people, in a hot tub, laughing about all their varying trials and tribulations. Sam and Stacy more so, since they shared some of the troubles of being futanari. Alicia just listened, sipping a tall glass of wine with the bottle close by. The alcohol was hardly necessary. Their day was spent going from massage to massage, leaving them all relaxed and eager to gossip. But that eventually led the conversation elsewhere.

“Man, I love this body and all, but it does make keeping a relationship difficult,” Sam said, then squeezed Alicia’s knee through the water, “Some women just can’t handle all this. Even you struggle sometimes.”

“Sam!” Alicia giggled, slapping her hand away, then leaned in, causing the futa’s breasts to jiggle and send ripples through the pool.

“Yeah, you need to be compatible,” Stacy said and took a drink of her own, “It’s so hard to understand each other. One day you think you know someone inside and out. Then they surprise you.”

“Is that why you and Carmen broke up?” Alicia asked, then covered her mouth with a hand, “I’m so sorry. It’s the wine. I shouldn’t ask.”

“No, it’s fine. I’m an adult,” she swirled the wine for a moment, then downed the last of it before going for a refill. Good thing she wasn’t working tomorrow, otherwise her milk might have a slight alcoholic effect, “It’s partly why it didn’t work out. She changed so much so fast.”

“I’ll say. It felt like we were buying new bras for her everyday,” Alicia laughed, “Sorry. Wine. I’ll stop.”

“Her uniforms never seemed to fit right either,” Stacy chuckled, mind turning to how rapidly Carmen developed. She remembered them working together at Soothe the Soul, how the young futa went from stacked to making an hourglass seem flat. And all the fun they enjoyed during that time.

“But I suppose that’s partly what attracted me to her. We were both a little odd, I suppose.”

“A little?” Sam raised an eyebrow, getting a sharp elbow in the breast from Alicia.

Stacy hefted her own tits. They were amazingly buoyant for their size - and bounty - allowing them to break the water surface and flash her numerous phallic nipples to the other two. Sam was right. ‘A little’ was a complete understatement. She possessed more flesh on her chest than some women did in their whole bodies. To say nothing of what lurked between her legs.

And, oh! How Carmen would lavish them all! Stacy rarely did the penetrating, but Carmen always paid close attention to her. Whether was rubbing them with such adoration until she exploded in ecstasy, or taking some of the many nipples in her mouth to guzzle all that dick-milk until she was heavy and bloated with it. But, really, that was completely secondary to how it felt being so full of her lover that she couldn’t tell them apart anymore.

“Oh my god,” Alicia mumbled, hiding her shock behind another glass.

“Holy…” Sam licked her lips, the water trembling around her as her own arousal spiked. Stacy ignored it, though, hands reliving every moment that she and Carmen spent together.

Tumultuous as the end was, feeling like nothing was truly enough for the futa, the sex was still incredible. Even that scene she walked in on, with all the strange creatures Carmen created, her desire to simply release her morals and join in nearly overwhelmed her. She’d heard Carmen did sometime similar to herself. But she never got to try it.

“The things Carmen did,” Stacy murmured, unconsciously stroking herself, “How she ‘taunted’ me with entire feet of her cocks. But it was effective. She had me begging for the rest everytime. And she’s only gotten bigger since then, right?”

“Definitely,” Alicia said, grabbing for the bottle now, though her eyes never strayed far from Stacy’s body. Even she seemed unaware of that fact.

“I can just imagine it,” Stacy was outright groping herself now, leaking pre and milk into the water, “When she fucked me last time, her cock bulged all the way to my chin,” she bounced her tits, as if stroking them along a fat dick, “But now, I bet she’d stretch past my head. Beyond my reach. She must be so big my tits can’t even compare.”

“She is incredible,” Alicia said, again, seemingly unconscious of it. Sam took her by the hand, pulling the sole female over so she was between them.

Any other time and she would look fine. While far from the majesty seen to either side of her, she was still a good looking woman. The wrinkles on her face added to a matronly charm of her body, the subtle pudge around her body, and the adorable D cups on her chest. She had a figure most would sell their souls to have in their forties.

It was just totally overshadowed by the two futanari pushing in at her sides. Stacy hadn’t intended to lean in, but the compulsion to take one breast and dump it onto Alicia’s lap was irresistable. The gasp she got in response sent trills down her body, nipples and cocks twitching.

“There’s really nothing like getting railed from behind,” Stacy said, not entirely aware she was still speaking, “And having your tits manhandled or your nipples milked to the rhythm of getting fucked.” Sam took one of Alicia’s hands and placed it on one of Stacy’s fat cock-nipples, brushing the actual teat that was nestled amongst them all. Stacy bit her lip at the touch. Milk and pre poured in abundance, already turning the water a murky colour. Alicia watched it and subtly squirmed beneath Stacy’s body-pinning breast.

The plump futa leaned closer, imparting the full weight of her curves upon Alicia. Even buoyed by the water, she was so voluptuous and full of milk and cum, it pinned the woman no matter how she struggled. Not that she was struggling, one hand still on Stacy’s prick with the other conspicuously missing.

Sam leaned closer, her own womanhood coming into view as it broke the surface. Alicia’s eyes flicked to it, tongue running across her lips. It was an impressive member, easily three feet long and thicker than most soda bottles. But where she had quality, Stacy had such an overabundance it couldn’t even be compared. As Alicia quickly discovered when her stray hand brushed one of the many.

Stacy cooed into her ear, reclining back so her hips arched and exposed her bouquet to the world. Despite their having seen them already, the gasps of shock at seeing an additional thirty-six cocks, each the length of an arm, was enough to give Stacy the final jolt to full erection. Whether by accident or not, Alicia’s hand stroked the one she held, skin brushing several others. It was impossible not to touch multiple with them so densely packed onto Stacy’s crotch.

“How do we even do this?” Sam whispered in awe.

Stacy smirked and pulled away, freeing Alicia, “Can I show you something?” She asked the stunned woman. For a moment, Alicia didn’t seem to hear her, fixated on the literal dozens of cocks, then she nodded.

The water level dipped sharply as Stacy climbed out to sit on the edge. She had no qualms with revealing her body, they were in a private place, and with the atmosphere there was no way they weren’t going to see everything anyway. Of course, without the water obscuring her, they were struck once again by how resplendently endowed she was. Her breasts poured over her thighs, obscuring her soft gut, and would have pooled on the floor if her ass wasn’t equally enormous. Despite their size, they remained just pert enough to project her cocks forward.

“It’s like a fortress of dicks,” Sam said, then, when they both looked at her, “What?”

Stacy snorted, quickly succumbing to full blown laughter. Alicia was barely more restrained, though her noises were caught somewhere between amusement and lust. Her gaze naturally locked onto Stacy’s quivering bosom, watching the erections bounce as well. She was so fixated, she didn’t even notice the arms close in on each side.

Being a futa, Stacy naturally had some extra strength over most women. It was both a natural bonus of having male genitalia and a necessity when she carried so much. Because of that, she lifted Alicia as if she were a doll, holding her up and over the forest of dicks.

“Okay,” Alicia said, clearly trying to work this out. Then her eyes went wide as she was lowered, “Uh, um, Stacy! I… I appreciate the confidence, but I don’t think I can fit all of them. Maybe two or three… perhaps four if I really TRY!” Her voice cracked as her pussy was impaled with just one. The others slid up her body.

As she sank lower, Alicia squeezed her thighs together, closing them around at least three. Another arched between her ass cheeks, smearing the valley and her back in pre. Several others bent under the weight of her legs, some pointing toward Alicia’s feet. When Stacy was sure her thighs wouldn’t relax, she reached down and folded the woman’s legs, created more pressure along her other shafts. Multiple cocks blocked out her tits as she took the rest of Stacy’s member.

But that wasn’t it. Having tits big enough for someone to sleep on had another, very delicious perk. Stacy groaned deep in her chest, feeling Alicia - Carmen’s mother! - squeezing her cocks with so many different parts. Her pussy was delightful, every bump and crevice undulating against Stacy’s member, with the cervix practically suckling on her. It clenched almost painfully tight as the futa hefted her enormous tits, closing them in around Alicia.

“How is it?” Stacy asked, slowly rolling her hips, “Being held between my soft and oh so fucking huge titties?”

“It’s amazing,” Alicia gasped, reciprocating the movements, stretching her pussy and womb around Stacy’s shaft. Only her face was visible anymore, her lower body completely enveloped in the largest bosom around for miles. That was perfect for Stacy, who leaned down to capture the woman’s lips, their moans mixing and reverberating within each other. It didn’t even take a request for Alicia to open her mouth for Stacy’s tongue.

The sound of their smacking lips was interrupted by a deep groan, “Aren’t you two forgetting about someone?”

They separated with a wet gasp to face Sam, who desperately double-fisted her cock. Tempting as it was to cuck her a little longer, Stacy wasn’t one to deny someone their passions. With the two seated, they were at the perfect level for Sam’s prick to slide between their faces. As the fat cock pushed through, Sam reached down to grab both of their heads, holding them against it. Stacy and Alicia just moaned as they kissed and licked it.

Things quickly turned slimy as spit and pre-cum doused Stacy’s breasts. As it oozed between them, it rubbed off onto Alicia, who was already slathered in the stuff from the myriad of cocks using her body. She freed her arms from their boob prison, massaging the abundant dick-slime into her surroundings. Stacy moaned, all her milk and jizz churning up within as Alicia got more eager.

“You two are so fucking hot,” Sam moaned, thrusting between their lips. Her cock was slick and shiny with their saliva, with more only being added as their tongues worked across it.

Stacy met Alicia’s eyes, an understanding passing between them. When Sam next thrust, the plumper futa turned her head, opening wide and taking a deep breath through her nose. It’d been weighing in the back of her mind for some time now, but the once soothing lavender aroma the spa used was long gone, replaced entirely by the smell of sex. And, as her jaw strained to handle Sam’s girth, she tasted just one of many components.

The heady flavour of girl-dick slid over her tongue. Sam sucked in a sharp breath, not expecting to have her member wreathed such warm wetness, then let out a drawling moan as Stacy opened her throat to take more. First the head bulged out Stacy’s throat, its bell-shape clear as day, then sank lower and vanished into her prodigious chest.

Alicia wouldn’t be forgotten. As Stacy’s lips neared Sam’s crotch, the mother of two leaned forward, insides compressing around the cock stretching her, and wrapped her lips around a fat testicle. Stacy hummed, feeling a wave of pre shoot down her oesophagus. It was thicker than before, extra sticky too. She could feel it clinging to the tube of flesh, making the path squelch loudly, even through her skin, as Stacy took the last few inches. She held it for a moment, then Alicia squeeze multiple cocks.

Sam was wholly unprepared for the sudden removal. A mix of spit and pre flew everywhere with the violent release, her cock covered in an even denser layer now. She was even less prepared for Alicia to take Stacy’s place. It should’ve been impossible for a normal woman like herself, but Carmen must’ve known that. Alicia gagged as it tried coring out her throat, but pushed on, forcing herself to stretch and stretch. For a moment, Stacy was enraptured by the sight of her throat protruding so lewdly.

But her mind had conjured Carmen’s visage. She bucked into Alicia as she imagined the woman’s daughter walking, cocks out. One for each of them. They were in the perfect position for it too. Alicia couldn’t handle Sam’s cock for long, pulling away and sucking sharp gusts of air, ropes of spit between her lips and the phallic head. That’s when Carmen would strike, not even taking a moment to consider the anatomical impossibilities of it.

Her several feet of cock would barge their way down each of their throats. Deeper and deeper, until they felt it pushing on the path to their guts. She was doubtless larger than when Stacy last saw her, so what was to say she couldn’t go further?

Stacy’s dozens of cocks flexed as she took Alicia’s place on Sam’s cock, while also bucking her hips even harder. The way she moaned, how she struggled to keep any semblance of rhythm, left no illusion of how close she was.

“Will these cum as well?” Alicia panted, grinding back just as hard, pussy a loud, sloppy mess at that point. She slapped Stacy’s tits, biting her lip as they jiggled around her whole body.

“No, they’re separate.”

“Can’t have that,” Sam said and pulled her cock away from them, “I wanna see them all go off.” As she spoke, she slipped both hands between her legs, moaning as she penetrated herself. She pulled out with a satisfied smirk, then stepped back into the hot tub.

Stacy’s breasts were truly enormous. Even with their endless oceans of milk, they were amazingly supple, easy to manipulate, such that Sam could grab a dick on each and angle them toward herself. They drooped under their obscene weight, allowing her to guide each shaft into her holes. Alicia turned her head to watch, just able to see the penetration.

“What? No fair, I want more too!” Alicia groaned.

“That’s easy,” Stacy said and lifted the smaller woman with one hand. Her cocks immediately jerked upright, fountaining pre-cum. She lined up one with Alicia’s ass, getting just the tip in, then added another and another, waiting for the woman to refuse. It wasn’t until the third one found purchase that she grunted in a twinge of pain. Stacy still penetrated her, stretching both holes out with three pricks.

It pushed her insides to their limits. Her descent back to Stacy’s lap was slow, even with how absolutely drenched her pussy was and how much Stacy gushed, every inch a struggle. Juxtaposed to that, Sam humped onto the dick-nipples with all her might, water splashing around her cock and replaced by pre. The other nipples flopped about, leaking milk or dick-slime everywhere.

Stacy grit her teeth, fighting against the rising bliss. She was ready to cum any moment, but had to hold off, at least until Alicia was back to the hilt. But her body wouldn’t cooperate. Having a total of eight cocks fucking ass and pussy simultaneously was just too much. Stacy wrapped both hands around Alicia’s waist, tits churning powerfully all around her, and pulled. The dickless woman howled until her voice broke, likely thanks to the sextuple cocks punching against her diaphram and then her lungs. Stacy bucked a bit longer, until her multitude of balls clenched up.

“Oh fuck, you’re cumming, huh?! Do it! Stuff me with your boob-cum!”

“Me too…” Alicia slurred, undulating her hips desperately.

“I’m gonna do it!” Stacy whimpered. She clenched, trying desperately to hold it in. She wasn’t sure why, there was no good reason to hold back, nor did it make any difference. Alicia’s cumming holes rippled around her tightly, all but milking the cum from her members. It was even better with Sam, who bucked hard enough to make Stacy’s entire bosom bounce between them. The sloshing of milk and cum echoed amongst the sticky, squelching thrusts and throaty moans.

Stacy gave one last attempt at restraint, only to lose it when Alicia’s lips found hers. The raw moan that vibrated into her mouth was all it took. With a final thrust, Stacy sounded her own climax and let loose. She wrapped an arm around each tit, violently milking them to trigger their release as well. Just as the first shot reached her cock tips, the initial wave surged through her dick-nipples.

Alicia wailed into her mouth as her womb and guts were flooded in girl-jizz. Sam was more restrained, groaning deep in her chest from a similar sensation, only to mewl adorably when a second, more forceful jet hit the back of her uterus even harder. But those were just a few of Stacy’s phalli, the rest sprayed their load throughout the room. All over the tiles, across the walls and, of course, into the water. It being a hot tub, the cum was warmed even further, steaming into the air. Soon, all anyone could smell was Stacy’s cum and a hint of her sweet milk.

It was constant. Stacy had a pair of fat testes for every cock, designed to produce more than enough to inflate a couple of bellies with just one prick. With multiples inside Alicia and Sam, they quickly rounded up and out. Especially Alicia.

Carmen’s very own mother, a woman Stacy respected for raising such a wonderful futa, who always had such a kind, patient expression, now wore a mask of ecstasy as her belly pushed against Stacy’s breasts, fighting for space. The woman’s holes became vices, desperate to hold every last drop, but the pressure was just too much. At least for her womb. It groaned loudly, trying to stretch. When it couldn’t anymore, they both felt the deluge of cum explode from her pussy. Her guts, however, continued to take it, inundating her stomach. Until that too became more than she could handle.

It started as a gargled moan. A trickle of white oozed from Alicia’s lips. She licked it up and swallowed right away, moaning through a depraved giggle, only for more to leak out. Before she could lick it again, her lips closed. A brief moment of confused clarity came over her as she met Stacy’s eyes. The still cumming futa said nothing, too caught in her own pleasure, and simply mashed their lips together again. Alicia shook her head, but didn’t try pulling away. Not even when Stacy clenched and shot an even greater triple wave up through her bowels.

And out it came through her mouth.

So thoroughly saturated with cum, there was no way neither Sam or Alicia would be safe now. They were *hers*.