Terri didn’t know what to expect. Truth be told, she didn’t know much of anything about Camilla, beyond the surface level stuff. She was a star volleyball player, overtly sexual and flirtatious, big in every sense of the word, stunning, and seemingly a good person. To others that is. To Terri, she was an infuriating existence.

Not just because she stole the spotlight time and again. She’d adjusted to that in high school, though it still irked her, since Camilla just did whatever she wanted. Regardless of what the upperclassmen said. They knew better! Yet her disobedience was rewarded of all things, her name praised after every game. Terri was the better player overall, she just needed a leg up on the giant bitch. The possibility of which seemed slimmer and slimmer.

“You coming?” Camilla asked, already ducking for the door.

Terri didn’t respond and just walked up. The unknown waited for her inside this abode, a glance into the life of her biggest - literally - rival, who spat in the face of tactics. It had to be a chaotic home, rife with discord, a mess of personalities that created the ochre-skinned futa. The door clicked open. Her heart raced, faint echoes reaching her cock, and she held her breath as it revealed…

A perfectly normal foyer. Disappointment briefly soured her expression, then she pushed it away, assuring herself that everyone wanted a clean first impression. They couldn’t hide it all. Terri followed her in, ducking as well. The ceiling was quite high, allowing them to stand up once indoors, though Camilla’s head brushed it. A simple wood floor hosted their shoes as they kicked them off.

Terri took a breath and regretted it as she got a sudden, oppressive dose of Camilla’s scent. She coughed, trying to dispel it so she could focus on finding some dirt. Maybe if she was lucky, there’d be some blackmail material, then Camilla would have to listen to her and the seniors. If she did that, they could win the whole championship.

Although, if Camilla just kept growing there wouldn’t be a need for strategy. The team would just become numbers on a field, her retainers in essence, each assigned to one job. Terri’s would, of course, be sucking the star athlete’s cock and gulping down all her seed. Her brow twitched in frustration from the fact she didn’t mind it.

“Welcome home, honey!”

“Hey, Mom,” Camilla said and hunched into the kitchen, where she pulled someone into an all encompassing hug. It was a small woman, or rather, an average woman. She had curly waves of oaken hair, which complimented her golden skin. Hints of a Latina accent made clear where Camilla’s name came from.

“Oh, and who’s this?”

“Hi, Mrs. Banks,” Terri said and knelt down to make sure she wasn’t staring down at her host, “I’m Terri, Camilla’s… team mate.”

“Ah, another one. Camilla, you can’t just do this to all of them. They’re meant to be your friends, not one-night stands.”

“Don’t worry, Mom. She won’t be like them,” Camilla said with a wink.

“Try keeping your clothes on,” Mrs. Banks whispered.

“I… will try.” Terri honestly wasn’t sure she could do that. Much as she disliked Camilla, her cock was in another league. Undeniable. One whiff of the naked meat-stick and…

“Your father’s in the other room. Go say hi, then you can slink off to your lair.”

“Yes, Mom.”

Terri had no idea how to feel. Everything she understood about Camilla was that she didn’t follow instruction and just did whatever she wanted. Volleyball, school work, even sex. Yet she seemed almost demure as she ducked through the hallway and into the living room. There, Terri found a man reclined in his chair, headphones on as he watched a volleyball game. Camilla tugged them off and kissed his bald head.

“Welcome back, Sweetheart,” he said, a rich Southern voice that suited his own ochre skin, “How was practice?”

“Awesome as always. Dad, this is Terri. My… *team mate*,” Camilla said, shooting another wink and a smirk at Terri.

“Oh my, you said there was another growing girl on your team, but I didn’t think she’d be so impressive.”

“Dad used to be a volleyball coach, scouted a few great players,” Camilla explained.

“Retired unfortunately, didn’t want my professional life interfering with Cami’s. Lovely to meet you, Terri.”

Terri reciprocated it and followed Camilla out, mind reeling from everything. These were average people. The living room layout was normal; couch facing the wall mounted TV, a coffee table, and a love seat that was probably for the massive futa. The Banks adults were painfully plain, at least compared to their daughter. Neither of them could be anywhere close to six feet or an athletic figure. It was her own fault for expecting a family of Camilla clones.

“See you at dinner,” Camilla said, then fixed her smile on Terri, “Welcome to my room.”

“Um… pretty sure this is the garage,” the shorter futa said, but stepped through, “Holy shit.”

“Yeah, our driveway’s pretty big so we didn’t really need the garage, and my gear was already in here anyway. So we just made it my room.”

Terri looked around in quiet shock. While nothing was outright surprising, beyond the location, it was just a bedroom with a bunch of workout equipment, she felt weirdly awestruck. Like someone of Camilla’s unreachable level was somehow attainable now. Perhaps because their lives were similar. Right down to the brand of equipment they used.

Shoved at the rear, by a door that led to the backyard, was a queen-sized bed. A necessity for people of their height, though still inadequate for stretching out. Would it even fit both of them? *Not* that Terri had any intention of laying on it. She’d get out before Camilla’s dick ever got near her pussy. Maybe she’d suck it, just to keep her from growing too much overnight, then have dinner just not to be rude, after which she’d take off. No coitus would take place.

“Take a seat. I’ll grab some drinks.”

“Okay,” Terri nodded and went for the bed. The garage was cordoned off into sections with wooden boards, one for a bed and she assumed a desk, the second for exercise and the last for a small kitchen unit. Must make training more convenient, she thought and rounded the first corner. She froze.

“Oh, shit. Sorry about those. I didn’t have time to clear them out this morning, and my folks aren’t strong enough. Here, take these I’ll chuck them out.”

What Camilla referred to was no less than a dozen condoms filled to the extreme. Their brand was printed across several facing her; Deluxe Extra. Those were nigh-impossible to attain, handed out on a case by case basis, only for those that proved to be hyper prolific. She shouldn’t have been surprised.

But logic did nothing to lessen the impact of Camilla *struggling* to lift them one after the other. She took them out into the yard and dumped them there, taking half a minute for each trip. Plenty of time for… something. Terri felt at her gut, recalling just how heavy it got at full size, yet those cum balloons had to be larger, packed to the absolute brink. And so many…

She sniffed the air and shuddered. Her new shorts strained, groaning from the sudden jerk of her cock, practically leaping at the chance to break out. Moisture soaked into them without a barrier in the way, since no underwear from stores would fit over her balls anymore, and her throat went dry. Another breath and all control left her body.

“So much cum,” Terri murmured as she knelt down before one of the many beach balls, then fell forward. How was it still so warm?! Cum sloshed around her, tinted hills rising around her face. She pushed her face in and inhaled, whole body shuddering, cock and pussy screaming for release. Another breath was all it took. She didn’t even taste the stuff.

“One… more…” Camilla said, coming back in.

Terri jerked away from the condom like it just used a cattle prod on her. A thick, white layer of white slime was left in her wake, while a trail of fluids streamed down her legs.

“Um…” The violet-haired futa didn’t have an explanation that made sense.

“Don’t worry about it,” her rival said, “I know how you get.” She winked and took the condom, now filled and covered in jizz.

Terri found a towel and wiped up her legs, refusing to be a bad guest. Even if she didn’t care for whose room she was in. Once they were clean as she could make them, she settled on Camilla’s bed, grimacing at how soft it was. She wanted to just lay back and sink into the mattress. Instead, she studied the drinks Camilla gave her, finding they were the same brand of sports drinks she liked.

“Why the fuck does she have good taste?” Terri grumbled and took a drink. It was citrus flavour too, her favourite.

“That’s the last of ‘em. It gets annoying to deal with them, but…” Camilla shrugged, “Not like I have another option… usually anyway.”

“We are not…”

“I know, I know. Just the usual stuff. But that’s for later.”

“Then why am I here?”

The larger futa shrugged again and sat down, taking the other drink, “Is it too much of a stretch to think I just wanna learn more about you?”

“A bit, yeah.”

“Well, it’s true. Honestly, you’ve hated my guts since we met, like… what, four? Five years ago? I wanna know why.”

“Because you’re cocky, disrespectful and a total show off,” Terri listed.

“Right, but what else?”

“Huh?”

“Have you really not thought about other reasons?”

“I haven’t needed to. Those are usually enough.” Terri hoped that would be enough, but her rival just kept looking expectantly, awaiting a better explanation. She sighed, “That’s really all there is.”

“Hmm… doubt it, but whatever.”

“It’s true.”

“Right, so you don’t also hate me for scoring more than you, being bigger, getting better grades…”

“Ha! Like hell you do. I’m top of all my classes.”

“So the others are true?”

Terri bit her lip, internally smacking herself for stepping into the trap.

“Fine. Okay? I don’t like those things. Happy?”

“What about the fact I’m way, way hotter than you?”

Terri went quiet. Confident as she was in herself, she still understood her limits. There weren’t many people that could measure up to Camilla. Luscious lips, warm eyes, irresistible skin when it glistened with sweat, and a body in a league all its own. Her cock stole the spotlight of course, at least when she took it out. Even there, dressed in plain tank top and skirt, she was stunning.

That was a true sign of beauty, when someone made their clothes look better just by wearing them. Rather than the other way around.

“Oh shit, you agree.”

“Shut up. I’m still stronger than you,” Terri snapped.

“Oh?” Camilla smirked and guzzled the last of her drink, then hopped up, “Wanna bet?”

Terri thinned her eyes, “Go on.”

“You win, I’m at your mercy until you leave. I win, well…”

“The usual?”

“I won’t force you to do otherwise.”

“Fine. Most reps win,” Terri said and jumped to her feet, flexing her impressive biceps, “You’re going down.”

Twenty minutes later and she gave up, panting on the bench while a very smug Camilla stared down at her. Terri glared, “Best two of three!”

They tried burpees next. Terri just stole the win with those, her smaller body more accommodating for agility based tests. Despite that, Camilla didn’t seem worried in the slightest. She looked more intrigued than anything, like she’d not considered that someone could outdo her. Terri refused to let it bother her and focused on the next challenge; squats. With medicine balls.

Just like she did every leg day. But so did Camilla. As they panted, legs straining their respective garments, she went through her routine. An eerily similar setup to Terri’s own. Wake up, protein shake, run, masturbate, then arms or legs depending on the day.

“So you just give it a little mix at first, then add in the rest and it makes it way creamier,” Camilla puffed. All her muscles were activated, striations pouring down her arms and legs, guiding the sweat in elegant patterns. One errant stream broke away and dove into the bouncing cleavage.

Terri gulped as she bobbed up and down. Her own body was coated in perspiration, just another layer of beauty she was proud of, yet her attention was entirely on Camilla. A group of drops appeared from below her tits and raced between the paths of her abs. One got lost in her navel, but the rest coaxed Terri’s helpless eyes down to her rival’s crotch. The skirt did nothing to hide her meaty bulge.

As she watched, a very familiar darkness fell into view whenever Camilla squatted. They were full already, each testicle the size of her head, which would only get worse the longer she left them.

“Giving up?” Camilla teased.

“Shut… just shut up,” Terri moaned and sank to her haunches, “Give it here. You’re full.”

“Hmm, no. You lost the bet. So I’m not gonna do a thing for you,” Camilla said and strode out of view, the bed springs squeaking under her weight, “I’m waiting.”

It was so tempting just to growl some insult and leave, but… then she’d be empty-bellied and that beautiful bitch would grow even bigger. Terri cursed under her breath as she walked over, dripping sweat as she went, eyes on her tits. Despite her being shorter, she at least matched Camilla in curves. Or more when it came to her ass.

She took a semblance of pride in the fact. Even as she came to stand before a seated Camilla, the only time she could look down at the futa, but it didn’t matter since she wasn’t much lower anyway. Dark, glossy thighs spread open and two massive, glistening behemoths slapped against the bed. They hung halfway to the floor, despite their relatively tight sack. Terri whimpered as she plummeted to her knees, slouched over like a submissive cock-slut, and took a single sniff.

“Typical,” Camilla said and reached down to pat the violet locks, matted in sweat, as Terri’s lips kissed all over the throbbing spheres, “You lose and still get exactly what you want. Hardly seems fair, right?”

Terri only moaned and lapped up the deliciously salty sweat. What she didn’t clean with her tongue got wiped onto her face. As she went up to nuzzle into the nook between sweaty dick and cum tanks, a drop of raw musk invaded her nose. It wasn’t the first time she’d gotten it in her nostrils - and she doubted it’d be the last - however it was never that potent. She didn’t have a clue what changed it to be so… so… orgasmic.

Flashes of cognition joined drawn out sections of unconsciousness. In one, she was staring up at Camilla, sucking on her scrotum, while also groping the suddenly naked breasts. They were so soft, like chocolate covered marshmallows. Deep moans encouraged her fingers to squeeze and vanish into the softness. Then Terri leaned back to finally suck that cock, only for a dollop of pre-cum to douse her whole face.

Another black out. When she blinked, her lips were grinding across Camilla’s fat cock, which stretched her jaw to its utmost limit. Waves of spit erupted from her as she took the last inches. Her nose burned, slime oozing from there too, and her eyes watered. Amidst those discomforts, which only made her sexes gush more, her tongue was saturated in Camilla. Everything she tasted was from the damned futa.

And it was divine.

She passed out again. This time she found herself on her back somehow - her one rule broken - with legs splayed open, hands by her head and cock belching pre-cum from high above. Terri focused on the black mass behind it, getting closer. A pair of unreasonably gorgeous tits filled her vision, their aroma swirling around her head like a fog, then she looked up. Camilla stared back as she lined their sexes up.

Terri tried refusing, but her throat was a wreck. She barely managed a croak. Yet it worked.

“I knew you were out of it,” Camilla said and rolled her hips, cock rubbing up and down the other ace’s snatch.

“What’re you doing?” Terri asked, voice haggard. She never got that way before. Even in their most depraved sessions, she was fine. What had she been doing?

“Nothing you don’t want,” her detested rival said. She expected her to push in, but it was the opposite, “But I won’t make you if you’re not ready.”

“I…” Terri clapped a hand over her mouth, a wave of pre-cum gushing between fingers. How much pre did she swallow?

“Look, I know you hate me for no reason. And that you’re only blowing me so you can get bigger too, but there’s no way you can keep it up. Not without this,” Camilla rubbed under her pudgy belly, right where her womb was.

Nothing she said was true. Terri had plenty of reasons to hate her, they just didn’t make sense to someone like Camilla. And she wasn’t just blowing her to grow. It was to keep her from growing, the fact it did it for Terri was just a bonus. That, and she’d never enjoyed a cock like hers. Most of all, she didn’t need to use her womb to keep up.

“How about this,” Camilla got up, then positioned Terri like a doll, such that her head dangled over the bed. She caught onto the plan as that gorgeous, deadly, slab of girl-meat smacked against her chest, “I’ll fuck your face, cum in your stomach, and if you can keep it all in like a pro, then I’ll leave your other holes alone.”

“You… you mean it?” Terri wasn’t sure what she referred to. Denial wouldn’t do her anymore favours, not in her own mind, where the craving for Camilla to borderline rape her face was everywhere. The only other concept that crept in and out came from down below. Of course she wanted to be fucked by this massive dick. Everyone with a pussy in the college wanted it. Even those that didn’t she’d wager.

“I never break a promise. But,” Camilla stepped forward and plunged her balls onto Terri’s face, their fire bathing her skin. It was just her imagination - probably - but she swore she felt millions of tiny things writhing against her. She couldn’t resist grabbing and slurping on them. “Fail, or change your mind, and I’ll show no mercy.”

A vicious shiver danced across Terri’s spine and into her cock, which smacked against her chest. She hoped Camilla didn’t notice, however the next quake went straight to her pussy and triggered an alarming squirt that splattered loudly on the carpet. When the balls lifted from her face, much to her chagrin, she couldn’t meet her rival’s eyes. Even so, she nodded in agreement to the conditions.

“I knew you couldn’t resist,” Camilla smirked and, before she could corrected, the giant dick gagged her. It wasn’t that she couldn’t resist, just that it didn’t make sense to do so. Terri retched as it curved into her throat, tongue pinned underneath, and tried opening wider so her teeth didn’t impede its progress, yet that proved impossible. Camilla was just too big.

In that position, as the contemptible futa sank almost two feet inside, her balls came to rest on Terri’s chin and neck. They pushed against her, further cutting off all breath, their heat washing over her and causing her own sweat to mix with Camilla’s. She brought her hands back to the oppressive spheres, massaging them while her oesophagus was stretched out.

It happened between blinks. One moment she was worshipping those balls, the cock just the icing on the proverbial cake, and the next they were against her forehead and nose. Terri moaned and rubbed at where they once were, trying to work their stench into her skin, then choked as Camilla reared back to deliver a jaw-breaking thrust. A lesser cock-sucker would’ve buckled under the force.

Terri performed as she always did and moaned for more. Truth be told, this was almost her ideal situation. Cock was all she tasted and felt inside her, overshadowing even her heart thumping in her chest. Each thrust may as well have been in her pussy as it gushed all over the bed. It practically was, as no less than three feet of thick, black dick stretched her stomach and knocked on her womb. Then there was the balls.

Through tears and goop covering her eyes, she watched the balls swing to and fro. When they swung into her, they slammed her nose and cheeks, threatening to bruise them. She wanted them to. Those balls basically owned her, heart, mind and soul. If Camilla just offered to sit on her with them for the rest of her life, she’d have agreed to anything.

Although, she’d never get their delicious, growth inducing load then.

“God, I love your whore throat,” Camilla snarled from above, her length and tanks pulsating wildly, “Get ready. Remember, spill a drop of change your mind and your pussy’s mine to ruin!”

Terri didn’t know if the orgasm was quick or not. She lost all track of time in their sessions, more so when she acted the part of a living fleshlight. The anticipation overwhelmed her, an orgasm of her own surging forth. All the growth left her with an impressive amount, her cock jerking high and showering Camilla’s ochre flesh in viscous, girl-cream, while she squirted all over the place. Anyone would be happy with it.

Except her. It was a paltry load compared to what she coveted. Terri reached up and sank her fingers deep into her rival’s ass, pulling her close as Camilla roared in climax. What started as fat beast became obese, as if it wanted to dislocate her jaw - and nearly succeeded - as the first eruption of jizz surged through. Even at a breakneck pace, it still took several seconds to pass through so many inches. Terri’s hands followed the wave as it travelled down her body, then clapped over her belly when it bellowed up and out.

It just kept going. Those balls, mashed tight against her head, clenched up tight, churning powerfully as they delivered shot after shot after shot. Each one felt just as huge as the others and lasted an eternity. Her abdomen raced through stages of apparent pregnancy, shooting straight past full term and into multiples just from the start. Camilla kept grunting and panting, occasionally thrusting, even after a full minute elapsed.

Then Terri’s worst fear, and greatest hope, came to fruition; she reached her limit. Camilla wasn’t anywhere near finished, even when she shot the load that sealed the shorter futa’s fate. It burned on its way back up her throat, blocked by the sheer girth plugging it, then exploded past her lips. When that failed to clear enough, it gushed out of her nose too. And Camilla didn’t stop.

“You lose,” the dark-skinned, antithesis of everything Terri stood for, said after extracting her shaft, now coated in its own seed.

“I know…” Terri gurgled, unsure what she felt in that moment. The acrid odour permeating her nostrils, its flavour dense on her tongue, and the absurd weight and size of her gut were… she loved them. It didn’t matter that Camilla of all people made her feel that way.

Or rather, *because* it was her just made it better. She wiped the gunk and tears from her eyes and turned onto her side, looking upon Camilla. Maybe she wouldn’t say it aloud, to herself or anyone, but Camilla really was gorgeous. Even taking the sexual elements away, her face was enough to convince her.

Confidence shone in those dark eyes. Scarlet hair stood out like streaks of flame in the night, loose and matted with sweat, the fringe long enough to entice Terri’s eyes to those lips. They’d kissed a couple of times, but never properly. She had to wonder what it’d be like to make out with her.

And if those features weren’t enough, Camilla’s nine-foot-four-inch frame was adorned in curves people would die for. Packaged with a cock that Terri might actually kill to have all to herself. Actually, she couldn’t remember the last time she saw Camilla leave campus with someone. She was still plenty pent up after classes, yet she chose to deal with it alone. There must’ve been dozens of willing size sluts she could’ve picked from.

Yet she chose masturbation.

Almost like she was waiting for this.

Terri gulped, “I… I guess I’ll keep m-my… promise.” Her heart skipped a beat when Camilla’s dick leapt up and splashed her in its leftover jizz. There was so much, even though it didn’t cover much at all of her belly.

“On your back. We’ll keep it simple. For now.”

“Okay,” Terri nodded and did as instructed, only to squeal when she was picked up. What the fuck?! What the actual fuck?! She could barely walk with her belly so inflated, yet Camilla gave minimal effort as she walked over to the pillows, then dropped her on them. Her belly jiggled and bobbed all over the place like a waterbed.

She only just grasped what happened when Camilla shoved her legs apart. That sent her belly rippling anew. An instant later, that behemoth dick was back against her sopping wet cunt, and parted her folds. It didn’t push in yet. No matter how eager her pussy, it’d take more than a little coercion to stretch her little hole *that* far. But there was no doubt that she would be penetrated.

Camilla appeared overhead. Their tits and bellies pressed together. A flare of pride warmed Terri’s cheeks when she finally got proof that her bust had overtaken her rival’s. Dark hands ran along her sides, then dug under the covers to sink deep into her ass cheeks, lifting her hips slightly.

“You have no idea how bad I’ve wanted this,” Camilla breathed, then pushed.

It didn’t go in of course. Terri never expected the first thrust to do anything more than sell just how huge the thing was, especially compared to her snatch, but the fact it pushed her further up the bed was nearly enough to make her cum again. Camilla didn’t stop either. She kept up the pressure, forced the smaller, yet still huge futa to the wall. Terri braced her hands against it, pressing back with the tension building.

Her cunt offered the smallest amount of give, but that was enough for Camilla. Muscles blossomed across her black frame, glistening with sweat and fem-cum, all of them working in concert to stretch Terri so she never wanted another cock. She didn’t already, but this would seal that desire.

“Come on, hon,” Camilla grunted, arms standing sentry to either side as she leaned down low until her breath was on Terri’s skin, “Push back. Show me why you’re number two.”

Terri glared back at her. The insult was too great for her pride to ignore and she shoved off from the wall. Her indignation squelched into liquid and sprayed from her airtight cunt, squirting even harder as the first inches stretched her painfully - blissfully - wide. The folds went taut, whitening from the strain, and suctioned to Camilla’s ebony tumescence. A scream rose from her throat, as did a wave of cum. It never made it to the outside as a set of lips mashed against her own.

Some corner of her mind rejected the fact. Another noted that Camilla’s lips were even softer than expected, just firm enough to entice her into a deeper kiss, while a cocky tongue dominated her own. The rest were preoccupied with the fullness spreading deeper into her body. Her eyes bugged open and stared past Camilla’s dumb, gorgeous face, to see the futa’s hips still raised high. They slowly sank in tandem with the building fullness.

Yet there was still so much to go. Terri jerked her hips against her rival, shaking as another orgasm crashed into the original, a wreckage of blissful proportions as she screamed and moaned into Camilla’s mouth. Despite who it was, she came to a simple realisation that only etched itself into her thoughts with every inch her cunt gobbled up; that she was nothing but a hole for this magnificent cock.

Terri rarely topped. She occasionally took the lead, usually when her partners were intimidated by her size. They always just assumed she was better suited to fucking them, rather than being fucked. While that wasn’t incorrect - she liked doing the fucking - she *adored* a good, hard cock pounding at her holes. Especially with a fat set of balls that clapped against her own with every thrust.

Much to her disdain and ecstasy, Camilla had everything and more. Not only was her dick amazing. Not only were her balls so huge they hung low enough for Terri to feel the heat wafting off them. But she was taller. Stronger. *Better*.

“Fuck me!” Terri cried into the bigger futa’s mouth, spewing cum as the pressure in her lower body worsened, “Yes… ooh fuck… so big… stretching me so fucking wide. I feel it… never gonna recover. More… give me more…”

She was babbling. Words incoherent even in her own head. Every inch of Camilla’s cock reshaped her depths, the fleshy walls clinging to the veins like a second skin, yet wasn’t anywhere near its peak. Fortunately, Camilla heard her wish loud and clear. Or just planned on fulfilling her depraved urges anyway.

Irregardless, she wasted no time in plunging her womb-bruiser deep inside. Terri arched her back, tits flattened against Camilla’s, and came yet again. Not that the others had ever stopped. Or even dwindled. They just blended into the next.

The sharp thrust ended just as fast as it bashed against her cervix. Not that it would stop her. Modern day futanari and girls were durable, built for pleasure in a sense. Cumming directly in the womb wasn’t simply possible, it was encouraged, a sure fire method to make them cum. The thought launched Terri into another barrage of orgasms, her impossibly tight cunt spraying across the feet of dick left to enter.

Her pussy squeezed so tight that it was a wonder how Camilla moved back to deliver the first real, pelvis cracking thrust. Just another way the bigger futa was superior. Terri reached down to her belly to keep it from swinging up and down, yet her hands were dislodged from the next plunge. It launched up and into her tits, which smacked her face. They did again and again, each time more forceful as Camilla’s frustrations built.

That was Terri’s greatest feature. Her partners, those that actually worked up the coverage to stuff her pussy, had to work to fill her properly. Now, with her improved body, even Camilla struggled. But only for so long.

“Let! Me! In!” Camilla roared, then yelped as she fell forward onto the submissive cocksleeve. Their lips reunited in a deep, lethargic kiss as both struggled to process what happened.

For Camilla, she’d abstained from full on sex in the hopes that she would do so with Terri. Now she was caught off-guard by the unbelievable sensations of a near perfect pussy wrapped around every inch of her ever-growing shaft, with a uterus flush against the tip, which pushed up against Terri’s overstuffed belly of cum. It caused a surge of jizz to rise up the smaller futa’s throat, which she happily took into her own.

Terri, meanwhile, had no frame of reference for such a penetration. She didn’t even register that she was vomiting precious cum into her rival’s mouth, or that she was kissing back like a schoolgirl in love. All her lovers were large, a prerequisite for someone of her size, even before her growth, but none were even comparable to Camilla. Each throb ran through its length like a tsunami and completely drowned out her own racing pulse.

For her, it was just an endless tirade of pleasure that kept climbing higher as Camilla pounded away. Clap! Clap! CLAP! The more she came, the louder each thrust became, punctuated by squelches and slurps and her own wails of abject bliss. Horror thundered in her chest when she looked down at the black mast churning her unprepared cunt, then glanced back to Camilla’s face and felt… adoration? It couldn’t have been love.

But it felt so fucking good! All those veins battered against her lips on their way inside, throbbing and pushing her walls a little wider. Several even crashed against her clit, micro orgasms detonating amidst the nuclear devastation Camilla caused as she sped up even further. Then her balls were crushed between their bodies, held there for just a fraction of second, but enough to squeeze a limp rope of jizz from her cock. Their tits were covered in the stuff as they slid to and fro.

Then the most shocking thing happened. Terri was sure she was stuck in a perpetual cycle of climaxes, her very being inundated in that pleasure, and yet…

“I’m CUMMING!” She shrieked to the heavens. Or rather, into Camilla’s tits. They vibrated from her screams, stifling them just enough so she didn’t burst their eardrums, however that position only exasperated her ecstasy. Though silent, her cock and pussy weren’t bystanders. A sea of jizz erupted against her chin, a stronger jet than anything she’d produced before. While her pussy clamped down - to no avail against Camilla’s strength - and sprayed everything in range. The sheets, the carpets, Camilla’s crotch and balls...

“That’s it, let it all out,” Camilla huffed in her ear. The scene had changed, meaning she ‘d passed out yet again, now she was on her front, belly pushing her rump up high for easier access. Now her balls were bullied, pummelled more like, by the much fatter, heavier set flying in from behind. A set of hands were around her face, pulling her head back to look at the face of primal lust personified. Shivers ran laps around Terri’s gut, circling her fucked up womb.

The smells forced her eyes to roll back. Tears streaked down her pained cheeks, a permanent, depraved smirk lifting them. It wasn’t that she hated the odours, rather they were so strong it was impossible for her to breath it in properly, like the particles were clogging her lungs. Saturating them, even. At that rate, she’d never lose Camilla’s musk. No matter many showers or what soap she used.

“Cumming…” Terri rasped, then received an animalistic kiss. Tongue shot toward her throat, almost big enough to enter, and spit that wasn’t hers streaked down her chin. She giggled, then moaned and squirted from both sexes once more. Her cum was thin by then, prostate and balls unable to keep up with the constant shots.

She was on her side when she recovered. Terri’s leg was lifted high, her flexibility tested, with the knee butted up against the headboard, as was her head. The position forced her kegels to clench uncontrollably, which only made the pounding that much more potent. Much longer and she’d never recover. If it wasn’t too late already.

Camilla’s hands were on her leg and breast. The former was crushed in her mighty grip, yet another layer of terrifying bliss. Terri didn’t fight it. She couldn’t. None of her limbs worked anyway. Even if they did, she couldn’t have dislodged her rival’s hand. Nor would she have tried even when those fingers pinched her nipple so hard it seemed like it would pop clean off.

There’d be bruises. Easy ones to hide, but would she? Everyone would smell Camilla on her, the beastly ace’s scent no doubt ingrained into her very existence. They’d know right away. It wasn’t hard to tell when Camilla fucked someone; they usually had a funny walk. Oh fuck, would she even be able to move after they finished?

“Cum for me?” Camilla growled in her ear and the world went dark again.

She awoke to violent movement. Terri’s eyes bulged when she looked down at herself, spotting the ground bouncing back and forth. Next, she noticed her legs raised on either side, dark arms snaking up from behind, which convened at her head. Two enormous hands cupped the back of her head, forced it to bend forward. Even in her fucked-stupid state, Terri knew a full nelson well. She’d used it on a great many assholes in her life.

But never got put in one. And *never* in sex!

Camilla didn’t even lift her. Terri was held in place, hips strained by the position, while her pelvis slid down to crash against Camilla’s hilt, only to fly up from a vicious thrust. Her ass stung from the constant punishment, likely bright red, and would be for weeks to come. She went limp and squirted herself dry. No more screams left her lips.

At least she didn’t pass out that time. Like her body was too fucked up to even lose consciousness anymore, which left her to feel every single detail of Camilla’s piston-like thrusts. They weren’t mechanical, the rhythm constantly shifting, leaving no room for her to adjust. Even when she got close, Camilla slowed down and yanked her head to the side, kissing her hard. They were so forceful, like another claim on her.

“Get ready,” Camilla snarled against her lips, now sore from the kisses, “I’m gonna cum straight in your womb. It’ll swell with my load until you’re bigger than a fucking whale.”

“Yes!” Terri thrashed about, freeing herself so she fell forward. Powerful arms wrapped around her hips, leaving her top-half to flop over. Blood rushed to her head, but she ignored it and reached between her tortured legs to palm Camilla’s gigantic scrotum. It’d swollen spectacularly since they started, filling with so much cum. The taller futa’s threat suddenly seemed much more real.

“Oh fuck, blow me up like a brainless fucking cum dump! I wanna be so big! Wanna inflate with your cum! Fuck, fuck, fuck! Balls… so huge… can’t…” Terri’s eyes started rolling again, but the sudden feeling of carpet on her cheek brought her back.

Now she was on the floor, a hand pushing her face hard into it. Her ass remained high, which allowed her abundance of fem-cum to pour all over the place, and Camilla slammed her the whole time. They weren’t anything like the previous thrusts, which were quick and powerful. Now she pulled out slowly, practically dragging her length in a one-sided war against Terri’s cunt, only to dive back in. The sounds of bones cracking mixed with the brutal, wet slap of their bodies.

“Take. It. You. Hot! BITCH!” Camilla roared and her balls lurched up tight, then swelled half again as large. Terri drooled on the carpet, eyes bulging, then rolling back as the first of several... dozens of waves. It proved completely different to swallowing the futa’s loads, where she was usually an active player. In that moment, however, she was just a receptacle.

And it was glorious.

Terri laid there in the endless stretch of bliss as her womb bloated and pushed against her stomach. She clamped her mouth shut, cheeks bulging out. It was a futile battle, the abundance of futa cream in her belly wouldn’t be denied escape, as it needed to make room for the new enormity taking up all that space inside. Streams oozed from her nostrils. No breath made its way in or out. Eventually, she couldn’t take it anymore.

Cum spewed from her mouth in a poor copy of the deluge filling her uterus. So much heat. Was it always that hot? It seared everywhere it touched. She felt every spurt as it shot through the already dense pool inside her, striking the back of her womb with enough force to cause another eruption up through her throat. She never lost her smirk.

As the climax settled, Camilla fell into a distinct pattern. When one spurt calmed down, she yanked her cock from the stew of fresh, hot semen, until right before the follow up explosion, where she rammed home. Even when she bottomed out, she kept pushing throughout the flood, grinding her fat balls against Terri’s barren set. Despite their lack of sperm, they twitched and lurched in their own dry orgasm.

What never ran dry was her pussy. It clenched and relaxed rhythmically, milking Camilla for all she was worth - regardless of how many gallons already flooded her tiny womb - releasing squirts of pure fem-cum between each. Those efforts weren’t unrewarded, Terri’s cum-starved uterus bloating bigger and wider. It pushed on her belly, which, in turn, shoved her tits up and into her face. They’d suffocate her, if it wasn’t for Camilla yanking her head up for a possessive kiss.

“Mine.”

Just that one word rang with enough authority to rattle Terri’s brain. She moaned and nodded like a sex toy, which she may as well have been at that stage. It wasn’t like Camilla lied. Even if she did rebel against the statement, who the fuck could even match her? Not only that, but no one at college was anywhere close to either of them in height. There really was no one better suited for her than Camilla.

Which she proved time and again. The orgasm ended, leaving Terri incapable of moving even if her gut wasn’t the size of a small beanbag chair. They laid together for a while, Camilla’s erection plugging the exit and making sure every sperm raced around Terri’s insides. When she recovered enough to move her limbs, that was all the insatiable futa needed to start another round. After that, she didn’t even wait for a sign of consciousness.

Terri became the sex toy she feared. Everything her rival did to her was orgasmic, just a touch enough to further degrade her mind, which made the giant cock pounding at her cream-stuffed cunt a constant mind-wipe. When her head did recover enough to realise that she was submitting to Camilla, it was less and less horrified by the notion. Until, eventually, she just embraced the whole thing. Not that it lasted much longer. To her, that is.

She passed out for good after the fifth… sixth? It could’ve been a dozen by then.

Consciousness snuck back in. She cracked her eyes open and found herself staring at the curtain that separated Camilla’s bed from the rest of the room, then found the futa herself when she turned slightly. They were spooning. Naturally, Terri was on the outside, her gut stretching well over the bed’s rim. It was packed so tight with cum, that it didn’t even droop under its crazy weight. She could’ve passed for a record breaking pregnancy.

Everything she’d dreaded had come to pass. Camilla had fucked her. Not only that, but she loved it, remnants of that pleasure reverberating throughout her body. Fortunately, they’d both gone soft. Oh god, her balls ached so bad.

Camilla mumbled something in her sleep and pulled the smaller futa in close. Terri froze for a second, expecting a sudden follow-up that never came. As she relaxed, a new sensation joined the multitude of pleasures and concerns. Camilla’s arms were snug around her chest, hips flush against hers, or as close as they could with such a huge package, and one leg swung over Terri’s thigh. An out of context picture and anyone would think they were lovers.

They kind of were. Terri grimaced, then gasped when those arms tightened again, sensing her displeasure. Oh fuck no… she liked it. The fact Camilla was the one holding her, how firm she was, the heat and weight of countless gallons of girl-cum packed in her womb, and the smell… the fucking smell.

“I hope it never comes out,” Terri murmured and nestled against the pillow, which was soggy from all the jizz she’d thrown up, huffing the musky, sordid fumes. Little notes of her own scents filtered in amongst it all, adding just a hint of ‘normality’ to the mind-addling stench. Her cock flexed just from sniffing it.

Much as she didn’t want to get up and move, nature had its demands. Terri groaned and tried ignoring the need, but it just got more demanding. Sighing, she decided to try standing, a far more taxing move than it sounded. She swung her legs over the side and braced for the ungodly weight about to push on them.

“Holy shit!” Terri clapped a hand over her mouth and looked to Camilla, who remained asleep to her relief. From there, she took slow, heavy steps that forced her to swing her hips side to side, belly swaying loudly as the cum sloshed about. The garage connected straight to a bathroom, likely built for her given its size, yet it was cramped for Terri and her ginormous cum baby. She knocked over several toiletries, however she still managed to relieve herself.

Back in the room, she stopped at the foot of the bed. Now was her chance to leave and avoid the awkwardness of talking to Camilla, someone she hated less and less with every drop of cum that she ingested. But… when she woke up, they’d probably fuck again. And it’d be rude of her to leave like some shameful one-night stand.

“Fuck, why’d you have to be so beautiful?” Terri asked, knowing she wouldn’t get an answer. There simply was no reason for certain things in life. Like, why did taking a spike to the nuts result in a crazy hormone production that caused Camilla and Terri to grow? Life just wasn’t fair.

She sighed again and sank into the mattress. With her substantial weight focused on that spot, her ass met the hard base, though it recovered when she scooted up to lay herself back against Camilla. So long as the futa remained asleep, unaware of how Terri enjoyed the rare moment of calm, then she was content. For just a moment.

“Shit!” Terri whispered and smacked a hand against her belly.

Like she sensed the impact, Camilla also grabbed at it. Her belly had lost most of its contents from the pressure of her womb, though it was still full to the brim with cum, which rapidly declined as her body took all that growth-inducing jizz and put it to work. Terri ground her teeth together, muffling her moans as her tits pushed out, trying in vain to match her gut. Likewise, her feet moved further away, headed for the foot of the bed. She groaned as her sexes got in on the action.

Even that wasn’t enough to revive her cock. However, her body wasn’t finished. It took the momentum and processed the contents of her womb, forcing inch after inch into Terri’s mass. Camilla had claimed that the growth rate was slowing down, though Terri had her doubts as her bust devoured the space between her chin and gut. Late to the show, but not to be outdone, her ass and hips stole the limelight. Camilla’s breasts against her back drifted away as her rear pushed them apart.

Terri moaned and reached back to feel the dough-like rise of her rump. It gave to the slightest push, yet instantly bounced back, designed to cushion thrusts and aid in the next one. And her hips arched so high, they were like hills all their own, perfect for… she rubbed at her slowly diminishing faux-pregnancy. She was on the pill, a requisite for a ‘catcher’ like herself, but if she and Camilla kept doing this, and if Camilla came even more, then…

“No, no, no,” Terri whimpered as her growing body betrayed her. Every fragment of her mind rebuked the idea, but her cock finally lurched back to erection, smacking the bottom of her womb and leaving a dose of pre in its wake. Another whimper vibrated her chest as her pussy swelled, pushing against her thighs, which thickened as well.

“Hmm, did you say something?” Camilla asked, lifting her head over Terri’s shoulder, scarlet hair a mess of matted locks that clung to her high cheeks and led into those oh so soft lips. A stirring slab of meat pressed against the seal of her legs, coaxing them open.

“Um…” Terri’s heart pounded, loud enough she was sure Camilla heard it, while her brain raced through several different responses. All the while, her rival’s cock swelled and separated her thighs, rising toward to her hopelessly wanton cunt. There really was no helping it, was there?

“Fuck me.”

She didn’t regret those words. Even when she came to her senses and found Camilla eating a massive plate of curry.

“Mom made some for you, but I figured you were pretty full already. Besides,” the dark-skinned futa ace turned to her side, and offered her semi-erect cock, “I know your favourite meal.”

Terri glared at her, but couldn’t resist. By the time Camilla finally ran dry, she was the central attraction of the room, a monumental white sphere with arms, legs and a head attached. She laid on it, thoughts little more than mush, with her luscious legs spread wide and a constant river of cum oozing out. A blanket offered some modicum of decency.

Morning light pulled her from the blissful abyss. Camilla snored softly at her side, already larger than the night before. They were both dredged in cum and various other fluids, which meant plenty of showers awaited them just to be presentable. Sitting up, Terri didn’t know what to feel.

That wonderfully deep satisfaction of a good fuck emanated from her core. A slimy touch brought her attention down, trying to find its source, but her boobs completely dominated the view. Curious fingers made the discovery for her. Naturally, it was her pussy leaking the dregs of cum that her body hadn’t put to work.

The thought lit up her face. She gently rose to her feet, not wanting to disturb Camilla, and beamed at how far the floor descended. It only took a little snooping for her to find a tape measure, smile brightening with every inch over her yesterday’s eight-foot-two. Her cock surged up and smacked her abs at the sight of her new . It wasn’t just her endowments and height that saw improvement, but her musculature as well. She still looked soft most places, but the subtle power was more obvious.

Pride warmed her grimy cheeks until she looked to Camilla. The black futa laid on the ground, splayed out, unconcerned with anything in her considerable reach. That blanket tried covering her, though it was an impossible endeavour for a proper duvet, let alone a tiny throw like that. Covered, but far from hidden, her cock stood at attention.

All the orgasms were for nothing. Camilla looked to have grown just as much as Terri had overnight. One leg was kicked up on the bed, knee far above the mattress, yet the tented peak of her prick reached much higher. Cautious, Terri pulled the blanket off and stifled a gasp as her eyes bugged out, drool fell from her chin, while her nose flared. She forgot to exhale, sucking in that acrid musk that threatened to rob her of free will.

“What am I doing?” Terri whispered as she stood over the gigantic mast, tape measure dangling to the floor. She squatted down, not even at a right angle when the glans mashed against her plumped up cunny, “F-f-four… four fucking feet?!” Her legs betrayed her and dropped down, pussy stretching thin as just the head entered. A squirt of fem-cum launched several feet away from her.

Camilla’s cock/log twitched inside her and sprayed a heavy dollop of pre-cum right against her cervix. Like so many times in the past twenty-four hours, Terri just didn’t have the will to resist. Not anymore. Her body craved more and nothing, even her own mind, would deter it. An obscene bulge rose up and out from her gut, the head so broad it was like a shelf, or one of those utility poles. It pushed her tits huge tits apart and butted against her chin, compelling her attention as it ascended.

She didn’t know how long she spent riding the meaty pillar. Just having it inside her was enough to inspire climax upon climax, deleting all sense of time or self as her cock flopped all over, smacking against her thighs in tandem with her butt striking Camilla’s firm body. Each squat repainted just how huge, tight and powerful her rival was.

“Hmm… this is nice,” Camilla said.

Terri didn’t stop, “Just shut up and fuck me, you giant bitch.” Massive hands wrapped around the arch of her hips, her squats stopped with her ass flush against Camilla’s washboard abs, leaving her womb stretched far overhead.

“With pleasure.”

A couple hours later, Terri was huffing as she half-waddled, half-stomped her way onto campus.

“Look, you asked for it. I just obliged,” Camilla said, easily keeping pace despite Terri’s furious steps.

“Don’t walk by me. People will think we’re…”

“Boinking?”

“Yes! No! We are *not* ‘boinking’. That was just to make sure you stopped growing so fast. Fat load of good it did,” she added under her breath.

Her irritation stemmed from several factors. The first of which was Camilla being with her, acting so cavalier about the whole situation, like this was a natural step in their relationship. Not that there was one! The other reasons were from earlier.

After her brains were fucked back into mush, time came back into focus and Terri realised one important thing; they were late. By then, however, she hadn’t showered, brushed her teeth, eaten anything but cum, or done her morning workout. All she’d succeeded in was filling her belly to bursting with Camilla’s seed, and getting her womb stuffed until she looked ready to quintuplets *after* she squeezed more than half of it out. The rest just refused to leave.

It took hours to make themselves presentable. Camilla didn’t help matters, carefree as always about everything, taking her time ‘helping’ Terri get ready. They showered together, since time was of the essence, which almost lost them more precious minutes with that irresistible cock always around. Even with the copious soap and shampoo they used, she still reeked of Camilla. Not that she minded. So long as no one else noticed.

Breakfast went quickly enough. Camilla’s parents were already gone by the time they got out, but food was laid out, piled high and delicious. Terri didn’t get much, having already filled herself to bursting with cum. The only consolation she took was how stuffed she was.

Given a few more hours and she’d probably grow again. Not only that, but Camilla had emptied enough that she should be fine for couple hours more than normal. Long enough at least for Terri to process the current loads, then she could take more. Or that was the hope at least. In reality, Camilla sought her out after the first class.

“Come on, let’s fuck,” the titanic futa said once they were alone.

“No. That was… a moment of weakness. I’m bigger now, so there’s no need,” Terri held her breath. Camilla hadn’t even said anything before pulling her pants down, only pausing with her erection hovering before Terri.

“You’re still full from earlier.”

“It’s fine!” Terri growled and set to proving her point. Only to end up confirming Camilla’s claim as she puked up gallons of cum while more kept surging in. Her clothes were ruined, her belly hurt from being so stuffed, and her pussy burned in jealousy. Unlike the other times, however, Camilla stayed until she was fully conscious again.

“Told ya so.”

Terri glared, but swallowed her disdain as Camilla went to work on cleaning her, top to bottom. It was only thanks to her, that she managed to get to her next class on time. More passive-aggressive lectures were not ideal.

It was partly that reason, that she didn’t fight Camilla next time. She waddled alongside the only person taller than her to the bathroom, assuring herself that the eyes following them were for Camilla, and that no one was talking about their apparent closeness. A couple of girls shot suspicious glances as they cleared out the room, leaving it all to them.

“Okay, try and keep it under control this time,” Terri groaned and yanked her undersized shirt off, followed by the shorts that did a poor job supporting her fecund middle. She braced her arms against a wall and bent over, legs bent to take some of the weight of her belly, then glanced back at a stunned Camilla.

“I can manage that.”

As it turned out, ‘controlled’ for Camilla still outdid any other partner. She did stop early, despite her remaining hard, giving just enough time for them to clean up. While it did nothing to help Terri’s pace, she at least held the load with minimal leakage.

“I’m surprised you’re just bending over,” Camilla said on their fourth time. It was their last session before practice.

“It’s easier this way,” Terri groaned, trying to hide just how much she wanted this, “Now hurry up. I’d like to try practising today.”

“Hmm, I doubt it.”

“You underestimating me?”

“No,” Camilla positioned her cock against the pink folds and pushed the tip inside, “I just know what I can do.”

Terri didn’t deny her confidence. After everything she’d dealt with involving Camilla, it was best to assume the worst case. In that case, her production suddenly ramping up to leave Terri immobile. That didn’t happen, but she did pound at her cunt through not one or two orgasms, but four of them. If she wasn’t constantly thrusting, leaving Terri’s cervix gaping wide, then none of the semen would escape. By that small mercy, she could still move at a tortuously slow waddle.

“Right, well… I guess you’re sitting out, Terri,” Heather said upon seeing the behemoth gut enter the gym, followed by an irate, towering futa. Camilla wasn’t far behind, not nearly as weighed down by her body, though even larger overall. All eyes were on her as she helped Terri to the bench, which creaked ominously under her weight. It was fortunate that her ass was so wide, dispersing her heft.

She despised being on the sidelines. Terri’s leg bounced in place, jostling the tonnes of futa cream in her womb, while she envied the others as they played the game she loved. Volleyball was her passion, the only sport that she enjoyed beyond a passing fancy. Most people expected her to go into basketball, though it never interested her. She liked the power volleyball allowed her to use.

Maybe that was why she enjoyed watching Camilla’s spikes. The futa didn’t just leap up and slam the ball. It was like every time she went for one, she went for blood. Untrained eyes would think she just went for power, but her positioning and aim were flawless, targeting weaknesses in the enemy formation. Their team weren’t the best, however they always made it through preliminaries and usually the first few rounds. No wins, though.

Westwood College always took that distinction. But they wouldn’t that year, Terri thought with a grin as Camilla faced an entire team by herself. It actually pushed her to work, yet she still stole the win. Sweat flowed down her skin, one bead catching the light as it descended into her cleavage.

“No! Fuck! You’re sure? Fuck, shit, crap!” Megan screeched after getting off her phone. They were in the lockers, everyone but Camilla exhausted. She provided the ultimate practice for them, an ultimate hurdle that no mortal could reasonably surpass.

“We’re against Westwood in the first round.”

“What? But the brackets aren’t up yet.”

“I’ve got friends in the right places. It’s legit.”

Terri bit her lip. Just their luck. Even with herself and Camilla, their victory wasn’t assured against a team like that. They were flawless in every play, setting up with robotic efficiency and precision, striking so fast that lesser teams didn’t even have time to react. At least now they had a chance. It just wasn’t high.

“Right! Who else is sick of losing?” Heather demanded, earning a cheer, “That’s what I thought. So, here’s what I’m thinking. You and you!” She pointed at Terri and Camilla, easily picked out for their enormous frames. They stood to attention, ducking slightly to avoid the ceiling.

“I heard a rumour, Cammi. You grow the more pent up your balls get, right?”

“Uh…” Camilla glanced to Terri, who shrugged, “Yes.”

“Right. And you, Terri. You’re growing because you drink that shit, right?”

Terri wasn’t sure if her cheeks could get any redder. She thought about refusing it, but looking around, she caught the knowing eyes of her teammates. No reason to deny it then. Besides, it wasn’t like she’d hid it well. What else would explain her belly constantly expanding to ridiculous sizes?

“Yes… Ma’am.”

Heather smirked, “That’s what I thought. So, here’s the plan. Camilla, you’re gonna wear a cock ring outside of college. And Terri, you’re gonna drink her dry during the day. Let’s face it, we’re awesome, but not Westwood awesome. So to win, we’re gonna need the ultimate aces, a pair of players that could kick the shit out of every other team. With, or without us.”

“Are you serious?” Terri asked, “But… doesn’t that go against the whole point of winning as a team? It’ll just be me… and Camilla, won’t it?”

Heather smirked, “Don’t worry, this’ll be a team effort. We’re going to be doing everything in our power to make sure you’re both growing as much as possible. Even if that means edging Camilla so she fills up more, or sticking a giant plug down Terri’s throat. We’re all in this together. And I don’t know about you lot, but I want a trophy to our name before graduation.”

“Yeah! Make them gigantic! And help us win, sure.”

Applause erupted at the notion. Terri and Camilla shared a glance, unsure what they were in for. Heather rifled through her bag and pulled a shiny, adjustable ring.

“Alright then, Camilla, we’re heading home now, so put this on.” The much larger futa gulped, but nodded, “As for you, Terri, you better not spill a drop.”

“Um, Captain,” Terri raised a hand.

“Yeah?”

“Why don’t you drink her cum too? Then you’ll all grow.”

“I don’t condone cheating. Even to beat those smug Westwood pricks. She’s your futa, I’m not about to take that from you. Anyway, bye!”

Terri stared at the door, dumbfounded that her captain just said such a thing. Others filed out, shouting their support, until it was just her and Camilla.

“Are we really doing this?” Terri asked.

“You tell me,” Camilla said and handed her the cock ring, “I’m your futa apparently.”

The thought of letting Camilla grow even faster was the worst possible future she could’ve imagined. However, it was by order of the captain. If she didn’t grow, then they wouldn’t win against Westwood. It wasn’t like Terri wouldn’t also grow… and she could take her time with draining Camilla.

“Fine. But *only* until we kick Westwood’s asses. Then it’s back to normal.”

“Sure, but before we start all that,” Camilla walked over and pinned her cock between their bodies, lips dangerously close to Terri’s, “How about another round?”

That evening was torture. Far worse than Terri could’ve imagined. It wasn’t withdrawal necessarily, given the massive dose packed tight into her stomach and womb, but her pussy yearned for more. She masturbated over and over to no avail, the sensation worsening when the cum ran its course. Even seeing her new, staggering height and figure only cooled the depraved hunger.

It only got worse when Camilla sent a video. The giant futa looked… not great. Her posture was haggard, like merely existing exhausted her, though she was no less impressive. More so, if anything. A tape measure ran alongside her, surpassing six feet by the time it reached her crotch, where the camera pulled out and revealed a literal behemoth. Terri didn’t both to wipe the drool from her chin, drinking in the sight as Camilla revealed a small sign that read; 56 inches.

“It’s almost five feet?!” Terri moaned and grabbed her cock, beating it hard, then harder when she noticed her rival’s dick taking up more of the image. By the morning, it’d be ginormous. After lingering for a moment longer, Camilla continued down her powerful legs until she was at her feet, where the tape measure read, “Ten-foot-six!” No, it was more than that by then.

“Oh fuck,” Camilla moaned and the shot went to her balls, which had turned an abyssal black colour, packed so tight with immovable semen. Beads of sweat constantly ran down them, yet it didn’t look like she’d been working out. The strain of holding it all in was just that severe.

Terri almost felt sorry for her, but then she remembered that she’d just keep growing. No pain, no gain.

Those words echoed in her mind when she walked onto campus and Camilla swept her off her feet from behind. Terri didn’t react, even as she was slung over a shoulder and made to look down was way too high up. Camilla all but ran to the usual restroom and snarled at those occupying it to leave, then set her down and stripped.

“Oh my god, you’re huge!” Terri yelled, then her mouth was stuffed.

“Please… get it off… need to cum… too full… gonna pop!”

Terri rolled her eyes, then moaned as her throat was violated. She reached up to feel those balls and almost came on the spot. Exercise balls didn’t compare. She tried pushing them up, but her poor position and their weight made impossible, the skin pushed to its absolute limit. Each testicle had to be larger than her head, and were still swelling. Through the thick flesh, trillions of densely packed swimmers tried escaping to her hand. She could feel them straining to get at her.

“Please, please, please!”

Oh right, the ring. Terri moved her grip to the shaft base, where the heated steel band locked her prize away. Initial attempts proved fruitless, the ring far too tight, and further efforts weren’t any better. Camilla didn’t help matters as her lust jumped in ferocity, until she was truly fucking Terri’s face, treating it like a fleshlight just the way she liked. But she had to focus! If the ring stayed on, then she wouldn’t get cum. Without cum, she wouldn’t grow.

Get off, get off, get off! Terri clawed at it, which only inspired her rival to thrust harder. If not for the cock ring, she might get off on the act, but as it was she just knew it’d be pointless. Spit and slobber made gripping it difficult, the situation worsening whenever she choked, which was often. Eventually, she just gave up.

Camilla didn’t seem bothered as she reamed her cumdump face. Without hands in the way, she slid most of her shaft inside, the length throbbing and bulging out through her torso. Terri cradled those balls, mourning the fact she’d be denied, but worshipping the flame they gave off. Even through her choked off airways, she smelled them. At that rate, she’d cum without touching herself.

“It won’t come off! Too tight!” Every thrust just made the behemoth more desperate. She buried and unsheathed no less than five feet of dick with every repetition, the ring biting deeper into her shaft, causing the rest to bulge obscenely. What were once huge veins transformed into enormous roots that could’ve passed for lesser dicks all their own. Some even pulsated through her throat.

And still Camilla couldn’t break free. No matter how hard or fast she fucked, the ring remained in place, holding her sperm hostage. That is, until she roared in what was supposed to be an orgasm.

“My balls!” Camilla wailed, the huge spheres convulsing powerfully, yet they only swelled. A huge blockage appeared at the base of her dick, contracting and swelling in time with what were supposed to be belly busting spurts of jizz, “Break, you stupid… piece of cucking shit!”

A deafening ping brought them to a standstill. Then realisation dawned on them; Camilla had been storing cum for at least half a day and Terri’s stomach could barely handle a normal load. Both locked eyes, then went into action.

“Get it in me, now!” Terri shouted, not in the mood to hide how bad she wanted it. Not a minute later and she was impaled on every, thigh-thick inch of that glorious meat stick. Last night’s growth spurt did nothing to prepare her.

Camilla’s thrust knocked all air from her lungs and forced her to replace it with the tainted, musky fog. A giant log stretched from her crotch and bashed her chin, then stretched well beyond. Even at 9ft 6in, Terri’s snatch was woefully undersized, forced to stretch like a condom over an oversized prick. She looked back at the dark-skinned beauty impaling her.

Would she ever catch up? Even if she drained Camilla every hour that they were awake, she’d just grow overnight. Did she even want to catch up? No one made her feel so… girly. Or doll-like was a better term. Terri considered herself a power bottom, though only because her height and strength made it impossible to be anything else in most eyes. With Camilla, however, she was the shorter one, weak by comparison. Practically a slave to the futa’s fat cock.

Nowhere did she feel that way than by looking up at what had to be eleven feet of pure, animalistic fuck-lust. That was Camilla in that moment leading up to her long awaited release; lust personified. She wrapped her arms around Terri’s prolific chest and pulled her up into a full nelson, drop-fucking her once more. It only last a few laps, before the futa just jammed her down to the base and unleashed… well… a *lot.*

Terri could’ve blinked and missed the moment between her otherwise flat gut exploding to fill a small car. In just the first seconds, well before the spurt concluded. She expected to feel it dwindle first, but that didn’t come as Camilla grunted in her ear, the sound so deep and primal it unleashed her own climax, and the surge doubled in power. Her belly stretched into the bathroom, taking advantage of the long space between the sinks and stalls.

In just one orgasm, all their previous records were crushed. Camilla laid atop her, pinning Terri between the only futa larger than herself, and a belly vaster than both of them combined. They panted in tandem. While it may have been harder on Camilla, whose balls might’ve literally been about to explode, the relief was echoed by Terri. None of her self-induced climaxes were even close.

She didn’t even think when she saw Camilla’s lips nearby and kissed her. It felt so right to be pinned like that, trapped by her enormous cum gut and a futa with a dick more than half her height. Maybe the pleasure of it would pass eventually, when the novelty wore off, but only time would tell. For that moment, she was satisfied in a way no partner had managed.

“I’ll make up some excuse for you with Miss Clemens. Just, you know, try to relax and I’ll see you in a bit.”

“Okay,” Terri said. Once the restroom door clicked shut, she grabbed at her violet hair and buried her face in her belly, “What the fuck did I do that for?” She kissed her. It wasn’t Camilla that instigated it. That she could handle. After all, there was no denying the damned futa after a womb-busting round like that. But no! *She* kissed *her*!

Things were getting out of hand. Not just in scale, but in her head. She *hated* Camilla since they met in high school. Now they were sophomores in college and that disdain had only quieted, put aside for the sake of working together on the team. Yet, in the span of weeks, she didn’t feel that way anymore. But what did she feel?

Terri didn’t have an answer even after the second bell rang and she heard the familiar thump of Camilla’s footsteps. Had it really been two hours already? At least she wouldn’t have to think for a while. She just had to spread her legs and cum her brains out all over again.

Afterwards, however, she was back to making out with Camilla. No, it was more than that. Her rival laid on her enormous belly, hands entwined with her hair, breasts sliding together, while they moaned into one another’s mouths. There wasn’t any overt lust in the act. Terri’s own hands were no better, studying every facet of Camilla’s powerful frame and incapable of satisfying their curiosity. Ropes of spit connected them when they pulled apart in time for the next bell.

“I’ll see you in a bit,” Camilla breathed and gave her another kiss goodbye.

“Looking forward to it,” Terri said, then bashed her head against her belly, “I need therapy.”

By the time practice came around, Terri had been moved to the gym. She couldn’t participate no matter how badly she wanted to. Her stomach quintupled her overall mass, leaving her bound in place as she watched Camilla dominate with ease. The others even had her run through dozens of exercises in an effort to drain her somewhat, but to no avail. All it did was make her hot and sweaty.

It also turned her on apparently. As the others filed back into the locker, discussing how much Camilla had grown overnight, the Amazonian futa went straight for Terri, who offered no resistance. She’d spent the last two hours huffing her rival’s stench, lust roiling in response and leaving her a sopping wet mess between her bountiful thighs. It took Camilla’s assistance to get her back home.

A few days passed in much the same rhythm. Terri woke to the joy of a new day and the growth it brought. With all the semen saturating her system, her own development jumped to new heights. Pun intended.

“Ten-foot-nine,” Terri said.

“Nice,” Camilla responded over the speaker, “I’d tell you mine, but…”

“No, it’s fine. Do it.”

“Thirteen and a half feet.”

Terri breathed deep, “Cool.”

“Wanna know the ‘other’ size?” Camilla asked, knowing the answer.

“Yes, just fucking tell me.”

“Hmm… no. You’ll just have to wait and see.”

“Bitch.”

“You’ll love it. Trust me.”

“How’re you balls anyway?” Terri asked and yanked her shirt on. Everything in her closet was several sizes too small, with a range of ‘just fitting’ to ‘shredded instantly’. New clothes were on order, however they were custom fitted and future proof, meaning they should survive the ordeal her team was putting her through. Although, she’d have done it anyway. Just slower. Or would it have been faster?

“They miss you,” Camilla sighed, an erotic sound even through the speaker, “Nothing helps soothe these things like your touch. Especially when you clean them with your tongue.”

Terri repressed a whimper of want. She could practically taste them already, knowing exactly what she would do once those cum tanks were in her face. Her fingers curled as if cradling the watermelon sized testes.

“See you soon.” She hung up and looked at her reflection. Not only was she a certified Amazoness, but her figure gave the impression that, not only was she a mother, but a broodmare with hips that forced her to take doors from an angle. Her ass saw fit to make those difficult too, though it was soft enough to let her squeeze through. Overseeing it all, her tits were enormous. Well past cup sizes.

Sure, her own cock and balls had grown too. She’d surpassed just about every ‘reasonable’ futa on the planet, her scrotum hanging low with the volleyballs, and her prick swinging just a little above her knees. If not for Camilla, she’d likely never have a reasonable partner. There were a couple of futanari strewn throughout the world, but none that she knew or likely would ever meet. In her immediate circle, Camilla was the only option.

Like another choice would’ve stopped her from choosing the behemoth bitch. Camilla just had… something about her. It wasn’t just her absurd sizes. Terri sighed and covered up her lower body as best she could. There was plenty of time for her to figure stuff out. She was still young, so she may as well enjoy her time getting railed by the ultimate sex goddess.

“Holy fucking… COCK… God!” Terri yelled when she came to the restroom and saw just what had become of her rival’s cock. It could’ve been a player all its own, outmatching many of their actual teammates in height.

“Well, dunno about a ‘god’, but it’s pretty alright.”

“Alright? You… you’re fucking with me,” Terri sighed, then bent over, ass high and her hands flat against the wall. The restroom was only viable in the mornings, since anything more than one load inflated her way too big, “But this thing is… Jesus fuck!” She tried lifting it, biceps pumping up in response.

“I’m kinda scared to weigh myself honestly,” Camilla admitted.

“Me too,” Terri gulped. With an educated guess, having lifted plenty of exercise balls and dumbbells in her time, she guessed Camilla’s cock weighed upwards of five kilos on its own. The fucking thing was still soft too! Turning her gaze to the balls, a line of drool escaped her lips. After a night of build up, they got titanic. With all that weight packed inside, Camilla’s scrotum hung low. Terri cupped one, requiring both hands, and pushed.

“What the fuck?!” She gasped.

“No ball bra could handle these puppies,” Camilla chuckled and patted her tender sack, grimacing at how sensitive they’d become.

“No shit. I’ve bench pressed lighter shit than those,” Terri said, licking her lips over and over. The drool wasn’t stopping. It wouldn’t, not until Camilla made it.

“Hmm, probably a bad idea, although…”

“What’re you, HEY!” Terri was pushed to the ground, then rolled onto her back. She opened her mouth to question the bitch, only for everything to be stifled in a sweaty void that reeked of virility. Everything in her body went rigid, unable to process the sudden influx of filth, then her legs shot out and her pussy erupted. Camille leaned more weight on her.

It’d be so easier to crush her head like that. Just the balls alone blotted out all light and air, except the tiniest breeze that was so humid with Camilla’s musk it couldn’t be counted. The sudden removal left her gasping, hands reaching to pull them back into place. She’d gladly let them smother her.

“It’s already been five minutes. Dunno about you, but I still have classes,” Camilla said.

One pussy wrecking later, and Terri had a tape measure stretched from base to tip. She perched atop her gut, which easily surpassed her improved body, which put her just eye level with Camilla’s crotch. The erection hovered beside her, a constant temptation that was only tempered by her own curiosity. Her pussy clenched and spewed cum as the number crept over six feet.

“It’s six and a half feet. Your *dick* is bigger than I used to be!”

“I thought so. She’s a big girl,” Camilla chuckled.

All of that was just inside her. Terri thought she’d gotten used to the insanity Camilla wrought over her life, but every new milestone shocked her all over again. They were coming faster too. She was sure of it. Something to do with the constant blue-balling. But if it meant the team would come out victorious - and Camilla’s dick kept growing outrageously - then she’d allow it.

She didn’t know what strings Heather pulled to get her excused from so many classes, but they even included a spare room for her to use between ‘conjugal visits’, her words, not Terri’s. It didn’t stop her from taking an unfathomable amount of space. Each of Camilla’s loads were enough for her to look pregnant with well over a dozen full term babies. And that was after most of it leaked out.

If one of her teachers had a spare moment, they’d come and help her stay in the loop. Sometimes, Camilla would show up unannounced outside of their intended times and just… hang out.

“No fucking way *you* did that!” Camilla chortled.

“I did. She was yelling at me about fundamentals, so I aimed a spike for her crotch. Knocked her out cold,” Terri said.

“But you’re such a goody-two-shoes.”

“Am not! I just like being respectful of our seniors.”

“Honey, this isn’t Japan, you don’t have to defer to them all the time. Sometimes it’s good to put them in their place. Or let your instincts take the shot. You’ll be surprised how it goes. Plus, if you keep listening to others, you’re never gonna be your own futa.”

“Hmm,” Terri pouted and hid her face in her cleavage, pushed up high thanks to her mountainous gut. Frustrating as it sounded, Camilla had a point. Not that she was about to admit that, “Just fuck me already.”

“Well, it’s a little early.”

“Just do it!”

Every time. Every. Single. Time.

Camilla just proved why she was better. Or at least that she was the best fuck on campus. Whenever that cock plunged into her cunt, stretched it to new limits, and turned her womb into a fleshy condom all for its cum. It turned her from an ace volleyball player, into nothing more than a brainless cumdump. And made her love it!

Her own dick shot off with every thrust. What were just steps toward climax for Camilla, were full blown climaxes for the shorter futa, which constantly bombarded her body. A rush of ecstasy over and over. She dared anyone to stay the same after days of that treatment, every few hours except outside of school, where the only things she was really thinking about were Camilla’s cock and cum. It went beyond an addiction.

She didn’t go through withdrawals. Nor did she feel like she’d cease to exist without Camilla pounding her snatch until it churned her fem-cum into a frothy, creamy mess. But, if they missed a day, she genuinely didn’t know what it’d be like. Terri couldn’t exactly imagine it either, when that mind-addling dick was currently balls deep in her womb, pumping endless ropes of fat, juicy, sticky sperm-riddled semen.

All she knew as Camilla wrapped her in a brutal hug, was that she never wanted it to end.

Really, the growth it caused was a bonus at that point. Terri moaned as her body went through the first load of the day, filling out in all the right places and raising her to new heights. When classes let out at the end of that day, she wasn’t thinking. Camilla asked her to come over and she just… accepted.

“So…” Camilla said after squeezing Terri in through the garage door, “I’ve been kinda selfish.”

“You’re just realising it?” Terri asked, resorting to a sarcastic tone to keep the absurd sense of relief being in that room gave her. It had to be the fact she wouldn’t be forced to go cold turkey. Every other day that week, she’d lamented coming to her home, a place that should’ve been comfortable, a realm of solace for her to relax in.

“Oh no, I know I’m a selfish bitch half the time.”

“Half?”

“But I mean when we’re fucking. Like, I know you’re cumming your brains, but that’s because I’m insanely good.”

“Humble much?”

“But I feel like it’s not fair.”

“It’s fine. I… like it… that way…” Terri mumbled.

“Oh, I know,” Camilla squatted to meet her gaze. Despite her body’s efforts, Terri remained enormous, laid out atop her belly and still taller than the average person, which made single doors nigh-impossible to navigate. It only got harder every day, as her overall mass increased and Camilla’s loads reached new levels. The dark beauty pecked her on the lips, catching her by surprise, then darted to her rear.

“I… you really don’t…”

“I can’t cum anyway, so we may as well do some ‘vanilla’ stuff.”

“Like what? Oh!”

Camilla had swallowed her cock. It was one smooth motion, no gagging or retching, as if she weren’t throating an almost three-foot prick. At the same time, both her hands shot to Terri’s pussy and ass respectively, fingers pushing in with ease until she was fisting them both. Anal never came to her mind - since it just connected to her belly anyway, and they knew it couldn’t handle a single load. She regretted that decision as Camilla’s huge fist crushed her prostate.

Moans poured from her lips and filled the room. The only other noise were her holes squelching as Camilla punch-fucked her, while all but inhaling her dick, and sending her closer and closer to blissful release. With*out* using her perfect cock. Terri panted hard, climax near, only for her holes to be emptied and her cock released into the air. Her ass and pussy clenched around thing, desperate for just a little more.

“Why’d you stop?”

“Because I think we both know a better place for your cum.”

Camilla rolled her onto her back. Terri had no power in that situation, already exhausted from the day and the denied pleasure just exasperated that problem, only moaning when her mouth was smothered in her boobs. They were pushed up by her gigantic belly, which stood a good two or three high, despite flattening out under gravity. Just peeking over the horizon was her cock head, completely rigid and ready for anything. As if it hadn’t already shot off a hundred times.

Towering over it and her, was Camilla. A striking gold cock ring glimmered at the base of her member, blocking the passage of cum, and keeping her rock hard, though Terri hoped that she played a role in that. Her balls obscured any view of femininity. Sight was overrated anyway.

Terri gasped when a piping hot dollop of gooey fem-cum landed on her glans. It really was so easy for her, and probably everyone else, that Camilla gave zero-fucks about her fairer sex. Her cock was just so… *there*. Clothed or not, almost everyone’s eyes went to it first, or second right after they took in just how tall she was. But futanari had both sexes to deal with.

Even legends had other needs.

“It’s been a while since I did this. So, sorry in advance and all that. I’ll try not to crush your dick.”

“It’s okay,” Terri said, heart pounding hard. Nerves quivered from head to toe as her rival squatted down, until her scorching hot folds hovered just over the tip.

“Oh? Then I’ll let loose.”

Terri’s pelvis, cock and balls ached fiercely the rest of week. Yet she couldn’t help but wonder when she’d next get the chance to feel Camilla’s kegels squeeze her shaft into shape, bruising and milking it until every last drop was gone. Maybe the best part, was seeing how she filled the usually pitching futa. Camilla’s belly didn’t hold a candle against hers, but it was substantial enough that they could only lie on their backs if they wanted to be close. Maybe that was when Terri came to a bone-chilling realisation:

She *liked* Camilla.