“Feels like forever since I was here,” Rachel said, flopping back on Carmen’s bed. The room hadn’t changed since her last proper visit, the white background broken up only by the infrequent furnishings. To the side, Carmen sat at her desk, smirking at her. It didn’t matter how minimal the room was, so long as she was there, but that didn’t mean it couldn’t be spiced up, “Still not putting up any posters or anything?”

“Never feel the need,” Carmen shrugged, tapping a finger on her oak table, her most precious possession under her forearm. It didn’t stray far from her hands in the past week. Even upon her return to school, she kept a tight grip on her bag now. With good reason, as Gretchen stalked them under the assumption they didn’t know. It wouldn’t be long before she made a grab for the book again.

“What if you could put me up?” Rachel asked and sat up, pulling a pin-up pose straight from the fifties.

“Maybe I would, but it’d get so distracting having your portraits to look at, yet you’d be so far away.”

“Gotta keep your attention somehow, what with your harem and all.”

“They’re not… no, I guess you’re right,” Carmen leaned back and pondered her azure ceiling, painted such to feel more like a sky, “And yet it’s not enough.”

“What isn’t? The sex? Because I think you’re absolutely right.”

Carmen snickered at her, then her face tightened, “Partly, but there’s something else. I don’t really know what it is though.” She looked around, hunting for something invisible to Rachel’s eye.

“Are you talking about Ryuka?” Rachel asked. With everything out in the open, Carmen had told her of the deviant goddess, and that she’d tried seducing her on multiple occasions.

“Maybe. She’s been distant lately. Used to be that she’d pester me every minute.”

“She’s a goddess, right? Probably just getting used to being around someone amazing as you.”

“She’s been with me for nearly a year.”

“Delayed reaction? Besides, from what you’ve told me, you weren’t nearly this hot back then.” Rachel changed seats, opting to plant her voluptuous rear in Carmen’s lap and grind into the obtuse bulges it sported. Wardrobes remained a difficult thing for the tri-cocked futa. Her custom orders were supposed to arrive soon, but until then everything she wore did little to conceal her endowments. No bras fit her, no panties or boxers did the trick, anything but cargo pants were lost causes around her crotch and even her oversized tops were watertight against her breasts. Such as the tank top she wore at that moment.

Summer was still in effect. A clammy sheen clung to Rachel, though Carmen’s skin didn’t feel the same, despite its glossy appearance. Did she even sweat anymore? No, she did, just not in the heat. Rachel didn’t mind the weather, though she used to prefer a cooler climate, since it gave her an excuse to be more than a little daring herself. A button-up short sleeve covered her upper body, though she couldn’t fasten the top buttons anymore, while a once adequate skirt grazed the tops of her thighs. Her favourite male thong did its best with her double-cocks and abundance of balls.

“Neither were you,” Carmen said, hand cupping the ass she was responsible for, “You used to be such a small thing. Now look at you; a curvy futa that can’t even wear jeans because of her ass.”

Rachel arched against her hands, groin rubbing into hers, “Is it big enough for you though? I mean, I know it’s cheeks are bigger than my head, but still… I feel like Ryuka or Stacy have more.”

“They do,” Carmen admitted, still groping the flesh as she leered over the redhead. Echoes of arousal shrank her slightly, highlighting just how tall Carmen was even while sitting, “Ryuka’s got a butt you could bounce a penny off of and lose a bank in. Stacy’s bigger and softer, like kneading two giant balls of dough.”

“Are you trying to annoy me?” Even so, Rachel leaned into her, breathing heavier, yet her ears zeroed in on Carmen’s steady heartbeat, then her breaths as she whispered into her ear.

“But that’s not what matters. It’s the ratio, right? When you shrink and everything else gets so much bigger on you, I can’t resist.”

“That doesn’t answer the question,” Rachel huffed. The echoes became a powerful beat, so familiar to her. Every thump of her heart and she was a little smaller, yet also bigger. Her cocks pulsated in their prison, while her skirt lifted higher as mass moved to her hips and ass. Buttons strained as her chest followed suit, pushed to their limits with each breath. It always became so hard to breathe properly when Carmen turned her on.

Fingers dug harder into her cheeks and seemed to reach straight to her core. Each powerful knead of her flesh piled on the lust, which only made Carmen that much more intoxicating, like inhaling her scent was more important than life itself. Her belly fluttered as she reached full arousal, now more tits, ass and cock than she was a person. Before long, her abdomen would take on a similar mantle. She leaned back and gazed into the fertile eyes of her towering lover.

“Bigger is better?” Carmen said, more a question, as if she wasn’t sure of herself.

“Then why not make me grow?” Rachel asked and ground harder, “I’m yours to do with as you please.”

“Hmm, tempting…”

“Or do I need to earn it?” Rachel grinned and slipped back until she was lowered to the floor. With her curves and cocks, she couldn’t be very light, yet Carmen didn’t so much as grimace at her presence on her lap. She wasn’t muscular like Zoey, but an unnatural power flowed in her veins. On a whim, she could overpower Rachel and fuck her back into oblivion.

The redhead squeezed her thighs together at the thought. She had other plans first, that being to please Carmen. The cargo pants slid away to reveal the bloated sheaths. Pre-cum erupted as their dwellers engorged and slipped out, blood pumped louder by the second, and in mere seconds Rachel’s face was cast in the shadows of three horse dicks. All for her.

“How about this,” Carmen said and rolled back to present the heads to her diminutive lips, “You suck all three, drink every drop, and I’ll make your ass the biggest in my life. No exception.”

“How about…” Rachel licked at the main, monstrous prick, tongue dashing into the gaping cum-hole. She gripped the right and left shafts in turn, “This one makes my titties bigger. And this one makes my ass even more of a booty.”

“What about the middle?” Carmen asked, sighing gently as Rachel licked around the ridged crown. She caressed the spines underneath it, looking across the enormity at the segmented rings, each designed to stretch her pussy walls such that she was little more than a quivering mess of pleasure.

“Up to you, babe. Make me bigger, brainwash me, turn me into your permanent fleshlight… I’m yours, how ever you want me.”

“Why brainwash you?” Carmen leaned forward and cupped her chin, eyes gleaming as her delicious lips curled in a commanding grin, “When you’d already do anything for me? Like suck me off before Stacy gets here in, oh, the next half hour.”

“Just say the word.”

“Rachel,” her name always sounded way hotter coming from Carmen’s lips, “Face-fuck yourself on my cocks and drink them. You have thirty minutes.”

“Yes!” Rachel squeaked. Her cocks shot from her skirt and slapped against her tits, firing ropes of pre-cum, as a flood of arousal washed over her. Drool leaked down her chin and fell on her taut shirt as she looked between each member. Save the biggest for last, she thought and angled the other two. Smaller, yet no less immense in the shorter futa’s hands, which didn’t even cover half the girth. Broad heads stared her down, each throbbing for her attention.

She didn’t postulate on which went first, instead she kissed one and devoted her hands to the other. With such a fat urethra, her tongue easily slid out and into the opening, swirling around in search of any lingering pre-cum. Its sizzling tang on her taste buds compelled her to search deeper, French kissing the right cock as her hands stroked its sibling. But making out wasn’t Carmen’s words. Rachel kept the intimacy as she swirled her tongue around the flare. It was bigger than her head, consuming her sight except for the shadow of its much larger master.

Deep breaths drowned her lungs in pure, filthy cock musk. Her lips tingled against Carmen’s spongy tip, a mere echo of the bubbling in her cunt. She pushed up on her knees and caught her sack between them, pushing it back until it was sat under her slavering pussy. Moisture poured over the skin, just as saliva overflowed her mouth. When Carmen’s dick shone with her spit, she opened her mouth and pressed in.

Rachel wondered if she resembled a snake. It felt like how it looked, as her jaw creaked and ached, teeth scraped along tender flesh, lips spread thin and her tongue was forced flat underneath an insatiable girth. Then the head was in. Just the start, but Rachel’s whole body hummed in quiet bliss, which would build into rapture as she fed more into herself. For now, she settled on the first section and took her time. This was how a proper fucking began; slow and methodical, savouring each moment until passions ignited and civility was lost.

So Rachel wriggled her tongue and hollowed her cheeks as she suckled on it. Carmen issued pre-cum for her efforts, drowning her in cock juice. The front exit was airtight, which left only one direction for it to flow; her throat. She anticipated this as any good cock-sucker should, gulping as she pressed onward. Inches trampled their way into her mouth, then the head was against her gullet. With a breath saturated in the nastiest sweetness she knew, Rachel lunged forward.

She looked up and saw the behemoth. This was but a precursor, even though her throat was stretched out, the flare bulging out her neck, and sliding deeper, she had something far greater awaiting her. Not to mention the true bounty pumping off heat just a couple feet away. Her eyes crossed to focus on Carmen’s balls, a tremendous sack of flesh smoothed out by its relentless cargo. Each testicle easily matched Rachel’s head in size and must’ve weighed more than all her balls combined.

Between a blink and a gulp, she went from just seeing them to feeling the majestic orbs. It couldn’t be helped. Rachel had to stretch just to touch, but it was glorious to feel the bubbling of cum within. She pushed further, still working her tongue and jaw in a sucking motion, swallowing all the time, and caressed each sphere in turn. Which set’s load would she drink first?

The more cock she devoured, the better she held them. Rachel moaned deep in her throat, then gagged as the shaft lurched forward, or rather her head was dragged down. Delicately powerful fingers weaved into her hair and pulled so her eyes met Carmen’s face.

“I said ‘fuck your face’,” she said.

Rachel nodded, the hand left her, but she rose with it. Even standing while Carmen sat, she wasn’t eye-level to the futa, though that was in part because she was hunched over, still impaled on succulent horse cock. That position left her gazing straight at her love’s tits, which only motivated her next act as she drooled all over the prick. Rivers followed the path of veins, pooled on Carmen’s balls, then rolled off the sides. She looked up, though she couldn’t meet the eyes. But she knew they watched her.

Hence why she braced both hands on Carmen’s deceptively powerful thighs and slammed her face down like any proud metalhead would at a concert. Hair flipped over her face, but flung back soon as she rose to the head. No matter her changes, it was a brutal stretch to her throat, made all the better by the sheer force behind her descents. She gagged each time, slobber cascading with her lips. Some of it splashed back up with her, matting her hair and smearing her cheeks in cock-scented spit.

There was no room for breath either. Any attempt only burned her nostrils as pre-cum was pushed up her sinuses. Tears joined the mess on her face, yet she didn’t slow or even hesitate. In fact, she sped up as the throbbing cock, violating her all the way down to her stomach, twitched and unleashed deluges of pre.

Most muscles screamed for an end. Her core the loudest of all as it tackled the growing weight of her stomach, filling with pre-cum by the second, yet even that was slammed into a wall of noise made by her pussy and cocks. A button shot off her shirt, creating a diamond around her stretched-out tummy. The carpet was already damp around her feet where her fem-cum gushed in time with her retching, while random splotches surrounded Carmen’s chair where her cocks leapt for joy. And the mere sounds of Carmen’s moans were enough to keep her going.

Fingers entwined with hers atop the seven-foot futa’s thighs. A subtle undulation matched Rachel’s tempo, then dictated it as Carmen groaned from above, the palpitations in her cock grew stronger, its rigidity increased, while an ominously lurid bubbling emanated from her balls. Rachel swallowed harder, exercised her tongue more, and moaned loud as possible.

“I’m gonna cum,” Carmen announced, slamming into Rachel’s face. Drool splashed out from her lips each time. Much harder and it’d leave her bruised and swollen and oh, so satisfied, “Remember what you said, ‘right one makes your tits bigger’. I’m gonna hold you to that.”

Rachel nodded eagerly, then squealed around the excessive meat as Carmen held her down. A few blank pulses tested her first, then the floodgates shattered. With all twenty-eight inches buried, the deluge gushed straight into her already engorged stomach. The litres of pre-cum sloshed with the new addition. Instantly full to the brim, her stomach had no intention of evacuating it’s load and bellowed forth. Her skin creaked from the strain, but accepted it all the same.

As her belly grew, the buttons on her shirt gave their all. The diamond framed her navel as it popped out, stretching wider and wider. Eventually, however, they had to give and several flew off, thudding against the floor. Her nerves pushed to the surface, skin so taut and thin just a simple breeze made her cum. Her cocks shot off, a paltry amount next to the impregnating sludge filling her belly out into a beach ball, and her pussy hosed her legs and the floor. Eventually, her strength gave out and she fell to her knees, still inflating.

“One down,” Carmen said and pulled the cum-drunk, oxygen-deprived redhead from her cock, “Two to go.”

Rachel grinned and rubbed the sloppy mixture into her face. Her cheeks puffed out as a burp escaped her, creating a huge cum bubble in the process. It popped and covered her lips and chin, “Sorry.”

“Don’t be,” Carmen chuckled, “Should I burp you?”

“*Haha*, treat me like a baby and see what happens.” Rachel coughed, hacking up the semen clinging to her throat. Some splattered against her rotund belly, which issued from her ruined shirt like a true baby bump.

“Point taken, but you’re still not done. Or was one dick too much for you?”

“You could never be too much for me,” Rachel said and pulled the left cock to her face, smearing it in her scent and vice versa, “I’ll always want more.”

“Me too,” Carmen said, flexing her muscles such that her cock crudely nuzzled against Rachel’s cheek, “But I need to officially introduce you and Stacy to my mom, which means we need to be presentable. I want to make a good impression.”

“Well, bit late now,” Rachel said and kissed the head, “Itadakimasu!” Before she could dig in, her meal was cruelly taken away.

“When I said ‘presentable’, I mean I can’t have you walking around with two hard-ons,” Carmen said, standing up and pulling her top off. It was swift, but the bounce of her tits had Rachel drooling all over again. A finger beckoned Rachel to followed as she laid down on the bed, her tremendous trio standing vertical, “Plus I skipped breakfast.”

Rachel didn’t waste time and jumped on the bed. She crawled over Carmen, moaning softly as the three cocks rubbed against her fecund middle, and bit her lip at the size difference between them. Looking back, her legs barely passed Carmen’s knees. Their hands found each other as she leaned in for a kiss. Just one, though, since their mouths had more important pleasures to find. She turned around and rested her balls on Carmen’s fore head, while she laid on her stomach to stare down the trio of stallions.

It was a blessing for Carmen to be so hugely endowed. With a normal cock, Rachel would be hopeless, as her mouth came to just past the belly button, but the horse cock was more than enough to meet her. It mashed against her lips, while Carmen forewent any greeting and lifted the redhead’s hips high, aimed her crotch, then swallowed her shafts to the base. Rachel yelped and moaned, her open cavity a perfect invite for the second dick. It shoved past her lips and violated her throat.

All it took was a minute away for her to miss the flavour of Carmen’s sex. Her tongue wriggled in joy at the reunion, tasting the heady mixture of dick and natural flavourings, eerily close to the tang of a pussy, but dense like semen. No matter how long she spent analysing it, even if her mind could work straight as Carmen’s mouth and throat undulated along her members, she’d never fully understand it. That was just how amazing she was.

She sank deeper into the sixty-nine. This was their first time in that position, a fact she’d not forget in a long time. Sucking Carmen was divine, however fucking her face in return elevated it to a whole new level. Her belly pushed harder on Carmen’s breasts, pushing them to the sides as they and her belly warred for space. Through it all, her cocks were coated in layers of spit. The air felt cold against them, but only for a second before she bucked back and sank them to the hilt.

Rachel didn’t have the willpower, let alone even an inkling of restraint when it came to this futa, and pumped her hips in disorder to the rest of her body. Both her cocks throbbed against each other in the tight confines of Carmen’s throat, snaking their way down toward her stomach, but coming short. That didn’t stop her trying over and over, smothering her love’s face in her crotch, while she blasted pre-cum down her gullet. Everywhere her oesophagus touched went off like sparklers.

It might even outrank her pussy... Blasphemy, Rachel thought and pushed her chest down, arching her ass high, then used her freed arms to reach around her girlfriend’s balls. She found the pussy easily, its lips swollen from the same desire Rachel’s frothed with, and slid fingers inside. A laughing moan vibrated around her dicks, then fingers were on her snatch and ass. *And* her urethra. Carmen’s hips lurched up, burying more cock inside, while her digits dove inside Rachel’s willing orifices.

Four in her ass and pussy, while a thumb trampled its way into her tight piss-hole. She’d only felt it open once and, though it was for a much, much larger object, this was no less intense. Rachel had to return the favour somehow.

She balled up a hand and crammed it inside. Carmen moaned, but it wasn’t enough. Even with half her forearm inside, wrist twisting every direction, it wouldn’t suffice, however she had something more planned and shoved her other hand in and tugged them back out. Though inside for just a second, her hand came back dripping in deliciously ripe juices. Maybe after she finished with the cocks, Carmen would let her eat her out? Thoughts for later. The drenched fingers moved lower until they squished between sublime ass cheeks and found an underappreciated hole.

Carmen just moaned at the touch on her bloated ring. Had she even been penetrated here, Rachel wondered. Experience didn’t matter with Carmen though, every facet of her body seemed crafted for sex. To prove her right, the hole opened smoothly for her first two fingers, then all but gobbled up the third. Walls palpitated around her digits, as if panting like a slut in heat. Rachel posed her fingers into a cone, then pushed her whole hand in. It didn’t take long for her to come against a series of round lumps.

Likewise, Carmen’s fingers in her ass met something as well. In sync, they pressed against them and both shrieked around their respective cocks, balls gurgling and dicks twitching madly. Just seconds later, orgasms unlike any before erupted. Rachel’s eyes rolled, the gorgeous behemoth waiting for her just a blur as her whole being vibrated in bliss. Her only thoughts belonged to the fact she was cumming inside Carmen’s mouth and that Carmen was doing the same for her.

Rachel’s greedy stomach expanded where only it could; to the sides. It swallowed up even her lover’s huge breasts and kept going, sights set on the bed. Her own load swelled up Carmen’s belly too, though on a far inferior scale. It pushed her up, forcing inches of cock from her mouth, but the flow kept coming.

Once over, she rolled off and onto the lacklustre mattress. Nothing was as comfy as Carmen’s body, but the sensation of gallons upon gallons of warm, gooey jizz packed tight in her stomach soothed her. Beside her, a similarly tight belly stretched a foot high. Someday, she’d inflate Carmen to a similar level. Maybe even have it be more permanent if they had kids.

“Sorry, babe,” Carmen said and climbed to her feet, checking her phone on the desk. She pulled on her discarded clothes, the tank top only covered the top third of her expansive gut, while her infallible erections awkwardly stretched down her cargo pants, “Stacy’s here.”

“That means…”

“You didn’t get it all in time, but I’m still hard and I want you two to get better acquainted. What better way than for us all to fuck?”

“I don’t know her,” Rachel pouted, sitting up with her back against the wall and her legs splayed around her gorgeous abdomen. Her belly button had popped out long ago from the pressure, but the added load pronounced her pseudo pregnancy all the more. That said, she wanted to be bigger and, judging by the steel-like appendages trapped in Carmen’s pants, and the light in her unique eyes, she did too.

“Trust me, you’ll love her. The three of us are gonna be so happy together, no matter what anyone says or does to us anymore.”

“Yes,” Rachel mumbled, biting her lip as she watched Carmen’s ass sway out the door, “The three of us. Happy. Sure. Why’d she have to bring her into this? Isn’t she happy with me?” Rachel hefted her tits, hands woefully undersized for them, and squeezed. Even the surge of pleasure didn’t distract from the fretting in her mind. She should be Carmen’s main girl, but there was way more history with Stacy. If push came to shove, Carmen would choose her.

“But she doesn’t have to choose, we’re both gonna be her girlfriends, so there’s no point thinking about it,” Rachel folded her arms and focused on the door, waiting for Carmen’s return. But her eyes betrayed her and roamed to the desk, settling on the open Futa Note.