Expectant gazes awaited Carmen’s continuation. Even without the promise of a revelation dangled before them, none would look away from Carmen, just as Rachel wouldn’t if given the chance. The fact all her friends, and her sister, were in the same position didn’t bother her, if anything, she wanted more to feel that way; to know how amazing Carmen was. As silence continued, Mary raised her hand.

“Is it that you’re gay? Sorry, Carmen, kind of already knew.” Dakota and Ashley snickered at her, both rapping her on the head.

“It’s not that,” Carmen smiled, casting the sun into darkness with its radiance.

“Oh god, you’re straight? Sorry you had to find out this way Rachel.”

“I am gay,” Carmen said and shook her head, “It’s… more complicated than that. Um…” She looked to Rachel, however the petite futa only offered a shrug and a smile. It was hard to focus on the sincere worry her girlfriend exuded, between the earlier promise of make up sex, and the fact Carmen was somehow even more stunning than ever. Just looking into her eyes shaped like a womb and ovaries made Rachel’s tingle. Could they tingle? She didn’t have a better description, so that must be it.

“This book, it, um, it changes people. I write their names and it makes them futanari. You just don’t know because I added a rule that rewrote your memories.”

“Uh huh,” Mary intoned, heads nodded in agreement, before the magnificently endowed blonde stood up and splayed open her arms, “Prove it. Change me and make sure we know it happens.”

“I don’t…” Carmen bit her lip, “Okay.” She unfolded the book, a soothed grin teasing the corners of her lips and pulled a pencil from her pocket, like she’d expected this to happen. With precise, efficient strokes, she finished and opened her phone, “40 seconds.”

All eyes shifted to Mary, awaiting the prophesied change. The blonde didn’t mind either way. She arched her body, played to her audience with graceful strokes across her frame, highlighting her curves, even the bulge in her shorts. Everyone present was futanari, all with their own uniqueness, yet with Carmen around, they almost seemed plain. Maybe at a glance, it seemed the opposite.

Dakota and Leah’s shirts strained around multiple pairs of breasts. Zoey was sat on the floor, head still above those on the couch, and sporting muscles on par with any Olympian. Possibly above them all, Ashley’s breasts poured off her lap and were so heavy it required assistance just for her to move around. Mary might’ve been simple, but her tits declined all sense of decency, nipples hooked into her shirt to keep at least half her mammaries contained. The bottom halves travelled far from the mere notion. And Rachel, herself, had the most bias ratio of body to tit, cock and ass. She was barely ninety pounds before Carmen wrote her name, now she’d gained almost fifty in curves and dick alone.

But the honour student and object of all their deepest affections still enraptured them. Was it her tits? Their size and shape? Her hips? The obscenely egregious bulge in her pants made from three mare-breaking cocks? Her height?

Rachel forced her eyes away at the stirring of her privates. Just looking for a bit too long aroused her. There wasn’t much choice for her, however, as time elapsed and Mary hunched over to clutch at her chest. Moans trickled from her mouth, musical notes of pleasure rather than pain, even as her ill-equipped outfit became all but useless. Two familiar mounds proved from beneath her upper set.

“Oh my god,” Ashley said, echoed by murmurs from the others, except Carmen and Rachel, who noticed her lover’s tongue flick out. A subtle twitch tested her pants as Mary’s latest transformation continued. Zoey leaned forward and lifted her knees, hiding the shifting in her crotch, while few of the others bothered.

“That was… so good,” Mary sighed once she straightened her back, stumbling from the abrupt addition to her front, “Holy shit! I’ve got more boobs. I’m like you, Dakota.”

“Yeah,” Dakota said, mouth never fully closing, “Just bigger.”

“Way bigger,” Ashley added.

“Does that prove it?” Carmen asked, glancing between everyone, pencil at the ready. It might’ve been Rachel’s own perceptions, but it seemed she was hoping they’d ask for another demonstration.

“I’m not sure,” Zoey said, “I remember being born like this, growing up hiding myself, the humiliation when people found out… are you saying you did all that?”

“I know it seems crazy, but it’s true,” Rachel said, coming to stand beside Carmen, “The only reason I know is because she wrote it that way. Why not do that for them?”

Carmen blinked, then her cheeks lit up, “Oh yeah. I could just do that. One minute.” It wasn’t like her to overlook something simple as that, unless she’d been hoping for an excuse to change someone. For someone so smart, she’s an idiot, Rachel thought with loving smirk.

“Fuck!” Dakota yelled once a minute elapsed, clutching her head, “That’s… oh fuck, that’s a lot. She really did it.”

Leah cupped her top-most breasts and travelled down the others as if meeting them for the first time. Then she squeezed her crotch, moaning softly, and noticed everyone looking at her.

“What?”

“Isn’t this freaking you out?” Zoey asked, standing up to her full height and narrowly avoiding the ceiling.

“Why? It feels good,” Leah sighed, still groping herself, “Way I see it, I’m happier this way. Sex is amazing, I have milk whenever, and people always stop and stare.”

“Gotta admit, I kinda like it too,” Dakota said, tail swishing against the couch, “Sure people can get annoying, but I hear way better like this, and, uh, maybe it’s the dog part talking, but I just love everyone here.”

“Aww,” Ashley cooed and pet her between the ears, earning a soft hum of appreciation, “I got no complaints here. Well, maybe it’d be nice not to get stuck on my tits so often. Other than that, having dicks for nipples is pretty fun.”

“I’ll say,” Mary giggled, sitting back down with them, her new breasts jiggling for several seconds. She pulled Dakota down into her lap, the dog-girl nuzzling into her, while Ashley shuffled over to lean on Mary’s shoulder. Her breasts blanketed Dakota’s legs, “If it weren’t for this, I’d still be a total bitch. I’d never have come out to anyone, much less gotten this.”

“You were gay before this?” Ashley asked.

“Well, maybe more curious? I never really had experience, but I can say with certainty now, I’m hundred percent team futa. Long as she’s got a dick and pussy, I’m into her.” Both her lovers snorted, spanking her naked breasts in reprimand. Zoey looked around at everyone, their faces calm despite the ‘new’ information presented. She sighed and sat back down.

“I guess it’s fine. It did get me away from Gretchen after all.”

“And we’re still friends,” Rachel said and hugged her, the athlete still head and shoulders above her, “Well, maybe more if you’re interested.”

“Rachel,” Zoey chuckled, “Your girlfriend can hear you.”

“I don’t mind,” Carmen said, then addressed the others. She was the only other one standing, capturing all their attention in the doorway, her body like a black hole devouring all light yet emitting its own luminance, “You’re all actually fine with this? You’re not just pretending or anything, right?”

“Don’t know about everyone else, but I love it,” Rachel said.

“I know *you* do,” Carmen laughed.

“I wasn’t lying.”

“Me neither.” Dakota and Ashley said.

“What’ll it take to prove it?” Mary asked, fluttering her lashes at the mastermind behind all their changes.

“Yeah,” Leah furthered, slinking to the floor and crawling over, the swing and jiggle of her breasts exaggerated, “I’ll do anything.”

Rachel watched her girlfriend. Any other time that she was propositioned by their friends, she’d turn them down, usually followed by the two absconding and rutting for hours, but after what she’d heard it didn’t seem impossible. Hesitation chewed at Carmen’s lip, her unique eyes glowing brighter even as they flitted about the room. The petite futa walked over, steps shrinking little by little as she neared.

“How about it?” Rachel asked, eye-level falling to Carmen’s crotch. Her distinct musk flooded the air, smothering her nostrils. It was so strong now, faint vapours trailing off the bulges and coiling around her. Even if Carmen declined the other’s invite, neither Heaven or Hell would stop Rachel’s lust at that point.

“I changed all of you without your knowing. Some of your lives were ruined by it,” Carmen said, though she held onto Rachel.

“Ruined? My parents spend way more time with me now,” Ashley said.

“I don’t have to deal with Gretchen anymore,” Dakota added.

“I like the new me,” Mary shrugged.

Zoey pulled her knees to her chest, bust squishing out the sides, “I’m grateful, but… it’d be nice not to worry about growing and shrinking all the time.”

“I can stop that,” Carmen said, “I can change you all however you want.”

Everyone shared a glance, then everyone barring Zoey and Ashley shrugged.

“It’d be nice if I didn’t need your help all the time,” Ashley said.

“Just stop the random growing stuff, please.”

Again, Carmen’s hand moved across the pages in fluent fervour. Less than a minute later, Ashley and Zoey moaned as the changes struck, though the Amazonian futa recovered sooner. Their softer friend arched her back, trying to feel it, before yanking her shirt off without a second thought. Nothing about her front had changed, her humongous bust cascaded down her front and over Dakota’s legs, hiding her pudgy gut. As she twisted around, the real change became noticeable; muscles. While she remained soft up front, her back tightened with strength.

Once finished, she resembled a bodybuilder. From behind that is. As she breathed, new muscles flexed and settled upon her form. She stood up, wobbling as she exerted far more force than necessary, then stabilised. Her legs had thickened, still shrouded in a cuddly layer of softness, but packed with power. More than enough to stand on her feet, despite her breasts protruding several feet in every direction.

“Holy fuck, I’m standing up! And it’s, like, normal. This is so… hot,” Ashley groaned as the extra effects of the note took hold. Her jeans, already pushed to their limits around her new thighs, groaned under the strain of her cock hardening, a restriction her nipples no longer had. From the inverted mounds, twin shafts extended, thick and juicy and, above all, *hard*. Likewise, Zoey’s athletic shorts neared their limit.

Rachel fondled herself, though only half-looking at them. It was Carmen’s reaction that compelled her above all, that being the stirring of three massive beasts in her crotch. A Cerberus of cocks, Rachel thought and giggled, their scent wafting stronger. Similar states of arousal spread like flames amongst the onlookers. Mary was already moaning and fondling her fresh row of tits.

“Rachel…” Carmen said, and the redhead snapped back around to gaze upon her. Arousal suffused her body, condensed to just four feet, but with more cock and curves than ever. Her skin felt like it should’ve been the same shade as her hair, such was the inferno of lust bubbling in her veins. But it was tempered by Carmen’s heat. Just standing before her was like a sauna if the steam was pure, addictive dick stink. Rachel wiped the drool from her chin.

“I don’t want to cheat on you again, but it’s…”

“It’s alright,” Rachel said and pulled her own shorts down, cock slapping her chest and face in attention. It was bigger than anyone else’s she knew, but it was secondary to Carmen’s chained monsters. Removing the last article of clothing, Rachel stepped back and spread her arms, knowing the others were doing the same. Much as she wanted Carmen to herself, to be used as a plaything until she passed out and even beyond that, something about the triply-endowed futa made it evident just one lover wasn’t enough. Nor would it ever be.

Those unfathomable eyes shone brighter than any spotlight. Her breasts, as they jiggled in freedom, capped by nipples like lighthouses, lured in all who looked upon them. Arms that exuded comfort and power. Hips that gradually slid into the open, so thick and juicy, so perfect for mating. Then her cocks. Fat veins crowded the bases and seemed to spread out across the slowly revealed lengths.

As her pants slid past their peaks, the two cream-toned shafts leapt up and splashed against her chest. Thick rivulets of pre-cum already streamed down their obese forms, collecting in her pants that hesitated at the end of her central member. A black, leathery spear decorated with veins fatter than any other, its middle marked by a ring more important any wedding’s, yet the head was kept hidden. Until Carmen shoved the cloth away and it, too, jerked upright.

Rachel clenched as every inch of her love was unleashed at long last. Though it’d only been a relatively short time since she last saw her this way, it was like a long lost family reunited, despite what Carmen had told her; much of her body was due to recent developments after losing herself in a strip club, yet that didn’t matter. As if to beg, the taller futa’s cocks drooped down under their own heft, pointing at the six futanari. From their broad slits, viscous globs of pre-cum fell. The centre had a bloated ring for its urethra, one that spat rather than drooled. Sparks exploded in Rachel’s abdomen as she watched it twitch and lurch, like it wanted to break free and fuck them on its own.

“After this, I can’t promise things will be the same,” Carmen said, her voice dropping an octave with a huskiness creeping in, almost like she was moaning.

“I’m fine with that,” Mary said, always the first to agree.

“I mean… I might use the book,” Carmen said. She still had the note in her hand, fingers tense around it.

“And do what?” Rachel asked, stepping forward, cock and balls swaying pendulously, “Tell me, babe. What would you do to us? Make us your pets? Turn me into your sex toy? Make us so huge we could never move again?”

“More,” Carmen said, reaching out to pull the petite redhead close, her face mashing against her crotch. Despite being so close, Rachel kept her composure, nuzzling adoringly into Carmen who stroked her hair, “Oh fuck, Rachel, I’d do so much more than that. I’d make it so you couldn’t live without me. Give you infinite pleasures until you’re a mindless fuck machine all for me.”

Rachel yelped and giggled when she was lifted from the ground. No exertion showed on Carmen’s face, like she was lifting an origami figure, even as she supported her with one arm, their faces level. With just a look, Rachel leaned in and their lips met. Their earlier kiss was no more than a greeting, this was a true reunion of lover’s thought lost to one another. Rachel wrapped her legs around the much taller futa, refusing to let go. Not only for the pleasure of her cock mashing into the softest pillows on Earth, but also the sense of ownership. Not hers over Carmen, but the other way.

As her tongue submitted and Carmen’s invaded her mouth, even poking at her throat, she was hers. Perhaps it wasn’t love anymore. Perhaps Carmen would never be hers. But Rachel would always be hers, whether that was as a girlfriend, a sex toy, a pet, a piece of meat to vent her emotions on, or even a random fuck for no reason other than they could.

“I love you,” Carmen said against her neck, teeth gnashing the tender flesh and teasing a groan. That’s right, Rachel thought and reciprocated. It was love, maybe not in the conventional sense given what was about to transpire, but love nonetheless.

“I love you too,” Rachel gasped, voice caught between a moan and a sob. Carmen was back in her arms, better than ever, and, most importantly, open, “But you still owe me.”

“I do, don’t I?” Carmen mused, tongue climbing up the redhead’s throat until it traced her lips, “Think you’ll need to walk for the next week?”

“Yes,” Rachel giggled, “It’s okay. You can make it up to me tonight. And tomorrow. And the next day.”

“Forever.”

“Well, I was thinking your debt would be up after maybe a month, but if you insist.”

“I do,” Carmen said, eyes enveloping Rachel’s soul.

“Um,” Mary stepped forward, “That’s beautiful, but wasn’t this gonna be an orgy?” The others all joined her, stroking or groping themselves, each united in their overwhelming arousal. Even Zoey was outright touching herself, cock drooling.

“Fuck them up,” Rachel whispered into her lover’s ear, “Show me what a horse cock can do. Make me beg for it too.”

Carmen licked her lips and set the redhead down. Though no command was spoken, the others all sank to their knees, mouths falling open and tongues flopping out in a whorish display of lust. Shadows of Carmen’s cocks darkened their faces, while Rachel jerked herself in anticipation.