“I still don’t get why I can’t go with you two,” Melody pouted.

Carmen paused her packing, though didn’t so much as glance at her sister. She knew exactly what expression she wore, that alone was enough to make her hesitate, but she couldn’t bring her. Nothing that involved Carmen ended up family friendly and, while Melody had turned eighteen just a few weeks ago, it just didn’t seem appropriate for her to come. It wasn’t lost on the older sibling that she was still treating her like a child.

That didn’t change her mind, however, “I told you; it’s a couples vacation for me and Rachel. The only reason we’re going at all is because we’re basically done with school.”

“So? I’ve got good grades too. Not like missing a couple weeks will matter.”

“Melody,” Carmen sighed, “What’ll you do if you end up failing because of that?”

The younger sister shrugged, implants bouncing slightly on her chest, “Do commissions online. Start a Patreon. Get part-time jobs. Make an OnlyFans. Besides, college is a scam and you know it.”

Since when did she get so jaded? Carmen wondered if she had anything to do with that. Definitely recently, given how little care she put into school work. Then there was the fact Melody attended Saint Puella as well. It couldn’t be very inspiring to think of leaving such a place for an otherwise conservative campus. A place where everyone was ‘normal’.

Carmen supposed it was to be expected. Unlike everyone else at school, Melody was a natural-born futanari. Before enrolling, she’d gone through a lot, growing up as a boy at first, then switching to a girl, but failing to fully fit into either. In her memories, though, Carmen had gone through much the same. Worse even, since she underwent an aberrant puberty, to put it mildly. She couldn’t help smiling at times when she thought of what her mom thought when she first transformed.

And the first time she saw Carmen’s erection. Or when she walked in on her masturbating. Those experiences must’ve informed her choice in Samantha, whose body altered to suit the older Robins’ lusts. Awful as it was, Carmen got a little thrill knowing that her figure influenced her own mother’s tastes.

“Learning isn’t the point,” Carmen said and zipped up her suitcase. It was entirely stuffed with clothing, since toiletries seemed unnecessary now. She hadn’t washed her hair in over a month and it remained luscious as ever. Even deodorant was superfluous when her natural musk did all the things those commercials promised, “It’s meeting people, making new friends, discovering things about yourself and the world.”

“And I can’t do that with the internet, because…?”

“Smart ass,” Carmen grinned, “Look, Rachel and I have been looking forward to this for a while. It could be one of our last chances to go abroad before we *actually* graduate this time.”

“You’re just going to have sex,” Melody grumbled.

“Oh, yeah we are,” Carmen said, before clearing her throat, “And that’s precisely why you shouldn’t come. It must be bad enough hearing us all day and night here, imagine that but you’re in the same room. You know very well that we can’t keep our hands off each other. Maybe we can all go somewhere another time? You can even bring your own partner and it’ll be a big couples vacation. Sound good?”

“Yeah,” Melody looked down, “Fine. I’m gonna do some drawing.”

“Melody,” Carmen touched her shoulder, only to be brushed off.

“Have a nice trip.”

As she walked away, Carmen noticed an all too familiar awkwardness to her sister’s gait. Did she get turned on? But then that would mean… of course it did. Carmen knew all too well how easily aroused futanari were. It didn’t matter where the stimulus came from. Melody definitely wasn’t turned on because she was imagining Carmen having sex.

“Oh, she definitely is,” Ryuka said, phasing through Melody’s door, “You can’t blame her, can you?”

Carmen groaned and took her suitcase downstairs. It was awkward, since she couldn’t hold it in front of her, nor at her side without it banging against the bannister. She was just too big in those areas. That meant propping it uncomfortably against her upper back, using her butt as a shelf.

“Ow,” she grunted as her forehead collided with the landing for the umpteenth time. The paint had worn away from all the impacts thus far, “Mom! Can we *please* do something about the landing?”

“Honey, I love you, but it’s not gonna happen. Not without remodelling the entire house. You didn’t say anything about it when we bought it anyway,” Alicia said.

That’s right, everyone was under the impression Carmen had always been a behemoth of a futa. Even her friends, who were supposed to be aware of all changes made by the Futa Note, only had memories of her being taller than most of them. She sighed and rubbed at her forehead. It could be such a pain to keep track of everything.

“Yeah, sorry. Thought I’d get the hang of it by now. So, you got any plans for while I’m gone?” Carmen asked, walking with her mom to the truck. It changed on its own a few weeks ago, when she completely outgrew her original car, now it had space enough to fit her obscene body. Barely.

“Sam’s thinking of taking us to a spa. Not everyone has flawless skin like you,” Alicia laughed.

That was something Carmen could easily fix for her. She didn’t even have to turn her mother into a futa to do so, as she’d learned with Gretchen. A simple condition like breathing a certain number of times and Alicia would never grow a penis. It’d be a nice, clean way to fix all the older woman’s physical worries. So why didn’t Carmen just do that then?

Because it spat in the face of natural life. People grew older, their bodies more frail, that was the whole point of life. If something threatened to end Alicia’s life prematurely, then Carmen would fix it without question, she just couldn’t justify something selfish as keeping her mother around for longer than nature intended. Well, that’s what she told herself. The other reason was that she didn’t trust herself not to drift off while writing.

“Don’t be silly, Alicia,” Rachel said, leaning out the passenger window, “You look amazing. Carmen’s just a freak of nature is all.”

“Says you,” Carmen shot back.

“Oh, I’m well aware,” Alicia said, “I still remember that summer when you grew five cup sizes. The look on that poor girl’s face whenever we came back to return them.”

“Mom, did you really just agree with her?”

“No use hiding it, sweetie. You’re an incredible girl, uh futa - sorry, still catching with the new lingo - and there’s no point being ashamed of it. Besides,” Alicia pulled her down until their foreheads touched, “You’ll always be my little baby.”

Sweet as that was, Carmen pulled back much too quickly. Her eyes had betrayed her yet again, drifting away from her mom’s gentle gaze, to instead leer down her blouse.

“Sorry, just gotta get going you know? Our flight leaves at four and you know how security can be.”

“I get it. Take care you two and call when you land.”

“I will. Bye Mom, see you in a few weeks.”

This wasn’t a vacation in the strictest sense. Carmen finally found something pertaining to Seikogami in human history, beyond the usual tales of succubi and their assorted lineage. All the way in Peru. It did finally give her the chance to take a holiday.

Though that implied her life was anything but easy. Wake up, usually with her dicks buried in Rachel or one of their friends, fuck said friends, go to school, fuck various acquaintances and see how they liked their lives, then keep fucking. Fucking. Fucking. Fucking. That was her life in its purest form. She supposed it didn’t have much variation, aside from all sorts of people she got to sleep with. A vacation would be good for her.

Well, it’s not like she wouldn’t be having an obscene amount of sex during the trip. Even if Rachel had opted to stay behind. Carmen glanced to their bags in the back seats, knowing hers held the Futa Note. Having the redhead along for the journey was for the best. She didn’t exactly want to go around South America making even more futanari. Especially when she wouldn’t be around to enjoy them.

Predictably, the airport was full of lecherous eyes that couldn’t think to look anywhere but at her. To them, she was a walking fertility idol, and to young boys and girls just developing their crushes, she was an awakening. Even for a lot of the older, conservative and distinctly heterosexual crowd, their world-views were unravelled. Who was she? What was she? How in the world did she grow up like that? And is she single?

Carmen only had to smile at them to know her guesses were correct. The blushes caused by a simple grin were adorable. She could just imagine their faces if she did something more. Like if she just tugged her tank top down a few inches. Assuming she could even get a finger between it and her breast. Nothing in her wardrobe was anything but constricting.

“You sure we don’t need bug spray or anything?” Rachel asked, performing a final check of their bags.

“Good question, but I think we’re fine,” Carmen said, scanning the departure board for their gate, “Something tells me it won’t matter what bugs come after us.”

“You’re the goddess.”

“Hardly.” Though not untrue. Carmen was about as close to a goddess as most people would ever get. Not by her own power. It all came from a very unique book.

They quickly got through security, until a guard demanded a search. Apparently, Carmen was suspicious. Fine. It might be fun. Especially when there was a cute, bashful girl on duty. She looked about ready to drop dead just looking at Carmen’s chest. The futa smirked at her partner and held up her arms, gladly offering herself for inspection. Not that they needed to touch her to see everything on her person.

Her tank top could’ve been matte paint for how tight it was. The fact they hadn’t stopped her for indecent exposure was more surprising, given that her nipples were about as obvious as a skyscraper in the desert. Then there was her crotch. Really, she had to question the morals of the country at that point.

Still, the TSA did their duty with as close to stoicism as possible in the situation. Hands ‘accidentally’ groped her curves, fingers flicked across her erogenous zones, and mouths hung open when they felt her cock and found it was real. What adorable expressions, she thought. It felt like forever since she last saw a normal person’s reaction to her body. The temptation to mess with them further was almost too much to pass up.

“Are we done?” Carmen asked, lowering her arms with just enough force to make her breasts jiggle.

“Y-yeah. Go ahead.”

“Thanks, cutie. I hope you’re on duty when I come back.” The agent turned such a bright red that Carmen worried she’d pass out. With a final, flirtatious grin, they boarded their flight and went straight to first class.

“Sorry ma’am, but I don’t think you’ll be able to fit in your seat,” a flight attendant said after a few minutes trying to understand what she was seeing.

“It’s alright. I bought the others too,” Carmen answered. It definitely hurt to see that amount of money leave her account, but it was necessary. Even in first class, she just didn’t have enough room to sit. The same for Rachel. Between them, they took up no less than three chairs worth and still had more to spare. The attendant looked about ready to drop when she excused herself.

“Damn, this is fancy. I feel like a princess,” Rachel giggled.

“Well, for the next couple weeks, you are.”

“What does that make you? My handler? My queen? My goddess?”

Carmen leaned over and tilted her short lover’s chin up, staring into her eyes with all the confidence of a feline about to pounce, “Your owner.”

“Yes,” Rachel sighed, then moaned into a deep kiss. It tempted Carmen into taking this much further. She doubted anyone would object to a free show in first class. Still, she reigned her urges in for the moment. Better not to be put on a no-flyers list since she couldn’t fly herself.

Yet. She already had the more outstanding qualities of a Seikogami, growing wings and gaining flight seemed almost simple compared to so much. Perhaps she’d try them out someday. Until then, Carmen was content enough to recline upon her couch-like ass and enjoy the vibrations of the plane as it took them across land and sea. Come to think, this was her first time out of the country. Her dad liked to talk about it, wanting to show her everything the world had to offer.

He never could’ve imagined she’d find pleasures that no Earthly creature could so much as conceive of. Carmen looked out the window, seeing clouds spread out far as the eye could see. Would he be happy with her choices in life? While this had largely come unbidden, she’d chosen to exasperate things.

That led her to finding love though. Carmen couldn’t imagine a world where her father didn’t want her to be happy. She weaved her fingers into Rachel’s, enjoying how tiny they felt in her grip, and settled in for the flight. Once they landed, they’d head to the hotel and spend the night. Hopefully it had a strong foundation and an exceptional cleaning staff.

Carmen’s memories blurred from when they landed to waking up the next morning. After rubbing the sleep from her eyes, she stared at the unfamiliar ceiling for several long seconds, before turning her attention to the much more known visage of a petite redhead cuddled up against two of her giant breasts. A line of drool escaped Rachel’s parted lips, before she smacked them and mumbled something, before nestling deeper into the supple, boob-pillows. Streaks of milk were pushed out by the pressure, adding to the pleasant feeling that pervaded Carmen’s body.

Though that could’ve just been her trio of waking cocks. The sight was something that she’d both become numb to, and yet it was no less incredible. Each penis could’ve been a fifth of their size and still be impressive, yet that would’ve been sacrilege against a body that celebrated excess in its purest form. No, the smaller pair *needed* to be six-feet tall. Just as the middle, with its beastly presence, needed to come in just under eight-feet. She ran a hand along its thick, leathery and grimy foreskin.

A day would come that they became longer than she was tall. When? She didn’t know, but it’d be soon. Carmen licked her lips, tasting the cum that’d been splattered there, a mix of hers and Rachel’s. Everything about her physical self had become completely obscene, to the point that she was barely human anymore. Just a walking, talking set of tits, cocks and balls. Well, her face wouldn’t get obscured any time soon, so at least she’d keep that.

“Come on, Rachel. We’re wasting daylight,” Carmen nudged her dozing partner, who muttered something to the effect of ‘five more minutes’. A very slight grin teased the edges of Rachel’s lips. The Amazonian futa sighed and sat up. Rachel’s head plopped onto the sodden mattress without delay.

Lazy as she was acting, her commitment to feigning sleep *was* admirable. Though Carmen had the perfect method of waking her sleeping princess. Rachel let her body be manipulated freely, still deep in the act, not even changing her breathing as her ass was lifted into the air with her face shoved deep into a squelching pillow. That left her pussy perfectly framed by luscious thighs, with her asshole just barely peeking from beneath her cheeks.

Carmen easily could’ve shoved into either hole and be done with it. There was plenty of leftover jizz from last night to lubricate the way. Even if there wasn’t, Rachel was dripping with anticipation. They were on vacation, that meant she deserved something special. Something Carmen meant to try a while ago, but always got distracted.

Not this time. She lifted the hulking set of balls and rested them atop Rachel’s glorious ass, then pulled each cock so they jutted straight toward her. Taking the spare pillows and ruined sheets, she propped them as she shuffled away. Once at the proper range, she pushed her smaller members against Rachel’s set. That got the redhead to crack an eye, before they both snapped open as Carmen kept pushing.

“A little more,” Carmen grunted, then sighed in pleasure once her cocks were stretched apart and stuffed with another set of cocks. Docking wasn’t possible for most people. She and Rachel were about as far from ‘most people’ as one could get.

And to complete the whole sordid affair was sliding her middle dick up between Rachel’s testicles. An abundance of sweat, among various other lurid fluids, made it just smooth enough that they both enjoyed it. Carmen pushed a little closer, phalli engorging on her redhead’s own. What a feeling! It wasn’t unlike getting her cunt stuffed, but her urethra were far, far tighter. And the way they clenched as she tried pushing out pre-cum.

Rachel openly moaned, her charade forgotten. She backed up against Carmen’s thrusts, fully inserting her shafts into the larger pair, balls gurgling loudly from the sudden over-stimulation. It was too early for this kind of pleasure, orgasms already on the brink of eruption for them both. Everything worked in harmony to create a perfect storm of ecstasy.

“You close?” Carmen groaned, resting on her balls as she rocked to and fro. Rachel’s pre-cum flowed into her, adding to the blissful, slimy sensations in her cum-pipes. Muffled squelches oozed from within the inhuman meat-pipes.

Rachel nodded, at a loose for words and breath. Her cocks jerked inside Carmen’s, spewing faster and heavier by the second. The balls fattened in response, like they wanted to crush the eight-foot dick between them. Carmen wasn’t much further behind, though, her own members thickening. It was all to prepare for the coming deluge. The big question was; where’d it go?

Her urethras were air-tight around the redhead’s phalli. The only thing that escaped their hold were the lurid sounds of their docking, but that was easily drowned out by the pair moaning louder and louder. Carmen slapped her hands down on Rachel’s ass, cooing at how the ripples passed into the balls and around her member. Being the only un-stuffed penis, it dumped heaping loads of pre-jizz right onto the redhead’s back.

“Got a long day ahead,” Carmen said, rocking faster on her balls and rubbing her fat cunt into them. She clenched her ass to feel the cheeks rubbing across their hidden, puckered jewel, “Can’t have our balls getting too full on the hike.”

“Hike?! You never said, ooh fuck. Why does this feel so good?”

“My sources say that a tribe had contact with a Seikogami. They aren’t keen on the modern world. So…”

“We hike,” Rachel groaned, both in pleasure and obvious disdain for the planned activity.

“Don’t worry,” Carmen whispered. She grabbed onto one of her cocks and squeezed tight, “If you get tired, I’ll carry you. My darling,” she tightened her grip, “My precious,” she stroked up her length, forcing pre to wash across her redhead’s shaft, “My dumptruck princess.” She let go and clapped both hands onto Rachel’s rump, pushing all the way until she felt muscle. Right to the bicep.

“Oh! Fuck! I love you!” Rachel howled. Her balls rumbled and sent thick globs of jizz into her shafts, bloating them - and Carmen’s - even larger. A pressurised spurt shot straight to the larger futa’s cum-tanks, splashing into the denser ocean brewed up overnight. The sensation nearly knocked Carmen off her feet.

And it did shove her right over the edge.

Her own seed rocketed up to meet the surge and pushed it right back whence it came. Rachel gasped, shuddering from head to toe, as her balls fattened and fattened. The added friction for Carmen meant an even greater release that splattered against the wall and back onto them. But neither paid it any attention, too caught up in the overload of cum being pumped into Rachel’s testes.

“It’s like I’m breeding your balls!” Carmen huffed as the sack overgrew the shelf of Rachel’s ass and fell onto their docked members. Even Carmen’s dicks couldn’t handle the weight, forced down to the mattress, but that didn’t stop the cum from flowing and bloating them even more.

“Fuck yes! I love it. So fucking good. Keep pumping my balls full of your cum!”

Carmen massaged the heaving globes filled with a mix of their jizz, feeling it churn even thicker from the constant influx. Would her sperm simply takeover, or was there a chance of them combining? Neither of their bodies were remotely normal anymore, so who knew what could happen. She let the obscene fantasy play out as she kept unloading.

Before long, Rachel’s scrotum had inflated to surpass even Carmen’s. They just kept going. The pair had neither the thought nor the desire to pull apart yet, ruled by lust and curiosity. She’d already taken so much, how much more could she take? Besides, they weren’t even close to finishing with that morning orgasms.

But it did end. Eventually. Carmen decided a large breakfast was in order and ordered one of everything on the menu, reclining against her lover’s sack as she waited for the room service. They’d done a real number on what was once a pristine room. Every wall was at least splattered in their juices, and covered from top to bottom at worst. She even finished coating the ceiling thanks to that recent debauchery.

With her lusts finally sated for the meantime, she also had a chance to think about what laid ahead. She’d prepared just about everything in advance, including their guide to the tribe. This wouldn’t be their first contact with an American woman, though she doubted they had any precedent for someone like her.

Hopefully, they wouldn’t assume she was some demon from their history and attack. Though what kind of history did they have? The tribe was an enigma to even the most persistent researcher. All their traditions were unknown, save for their eating habits which were mercifully not cannibalistic, and the fact their bodies, supposedly, quite gifted. That was what attracted Carmen to them in the first place.

A tribe hidden in Peru that very little of the modern world knew about? That was interesting enough, but the fact reports claimed their women resembled housewives from Beverly Hills in terms of chests, and the men could’ve had a career in porn with what swung between their legs. None of that was entirely out of the ordinary, however the pictures that got put up included one of a tablet. It depicted a woman seemingly reclining in mid-air, with stunning wings and a figure almost a direct copy of Ryuka’s.

The Seikogami denied any knowledge of it, but agreed that it was an uncanny resemblance. Carmen doubted she’d find anything there, beyond more legends around the deities, but it was a good enough reason to try. It also gave her an excuse to finally go abroad with Rachel. Though she’d hoped to bring Stacy too.

They never did get to go on that cabin trip.

Room service arrived just in time for Rachel to recover. A spread of local delicacies and a healthy dose of greasy American dishes. The guy that delivered it deserved a raise just for keeping a stone face when the door opened. Carmen had long since adjusted to all the insanity of her day-to-day life, but she could easily imagine what it must feel like to peer into a world that surpassed all sense of decency. A large tip would no doubt with whatever awakenings she’d started within him.

“That was so much more intense than it had any right to be,” Rachel said, biting into a breakfast burger. She, then, decided it lacked a good white sauce and scooped up a load of cum from beside her.

“It was early and you weren’t expecting it.”

“It shouldn’t surprise me when you’re involved,” Rachel took another bite and sighed, “Ooh, yeah. Your cum is the best condiment.”

“Of all the compliments I’ve gotten, that’s somehow the most embarrassing,” Carmen chuckled.

“Well get used to it, I’m gonna bottle this stuff up and make a fucking mint!”

“Do I get a cut?”

“Of course, but I’ll be CEO. So that means… you’ll get about five-percent.”

“Huh? But it’s my cum. I produce it!”

“Yeah, but it was *my* idea. Plus I’m gonna be super busy running everything and hiring and talking and sitting on my ginormous ass.”

“But I do all the work.”

“You think you can milk yourself? When I’m not in meetings and being super rich, I’m gonna be bouncing my ginormous ass on you every minute of every hour of every day.”

“That just sounds like our current lives.”

“Yeah, but we’ll be getting crazy rich doing it.”

Carmen rolled her eyes. It wasn’t like she needed more money. Her family’s history had distorted to the point that they’d always been well off, then with a few shrewd investments, it put them all the way up in the top percentage. But it would be nice to have a business of her own.

“Well, eat up, princess,” Carmen said, “We’ve got a long day ahead, then after that we’re building our cum-condiment empire.”

Rachel snickered, “Has a nice ring to it, don’t you think? CEO Rachel Robins and her ever faithful jizz-fountain/super sexy futa wife, Carmen Robins.”

“Isn’t your last name…”

“Carmen,” Rachel climbed off the bed and sank to a knee, bright eyes gazing up at her. She looked so small from that angle, and smaller still when Carmen stood up. It was an amazing sight, with tits that almost sank to the floor and an ass that did touch the ground. Not only that, but she was at the perfect height for Carmen to unsheathe a cock and shove it down her throat.

No, wait. That wasn’t what Rachel was trying to do. She reached under the bed, one of the few places that hadn’t been doused in semen, and retrieved a small, unassuming box. No, no, no. Wait, this couldn’t be what Carmen thought it was.

The box folded open to reveal a simple, yet ornate gold band made of two strands. They formed a small bowl at the top, in which laid a tiny emerald jewel, its shade not unlike Rachel’s eyes. But… but they’d only been together for a few months! They weren’t even in college yet. This had to be one of the most irresponsible things Rachel had thought of.

Before she could properly respond, Rachel moved the box to one hand, reaching back into her hiding space to retrieve what looked like a suitcase. With a flourish right from one of her anime, the redhead flipped it open and whipped it around for Carmen to view. Her breath caught in her throat. Part of her had expected Rachel to already have wedding dresses picked out, perhaps even a priest on standby outside their door, but it wasn’t anything so presumptuous as that. Instead, she’d arranged for five more rings on a much larger scale, each equipped with a lock for easy removal.

Carmen knew what they were for based on the size alone. This wasn’t simply a proposal to her, but to her cocks as well. It was sweet in a perverse way, to the point that Carmen wasn’t sure whether to giggle or cry or just stare in disbelief.

“Carmen Robins, you are the most incredible person I’ve ever met and will ever meet. I can’t imagine being with anyone but you. I couldn’t bare it. Even if you wiped my memories, I’d always feel something is missing. You’ve completed me. I don’t know what I can offer to repay you, except my undying love and worship. If you will have me.”

Rachel gulped, showing her first sign of nerves since retrieving the first box, “Will you marry me?”

For a dozen seconds too long, Carmen was left frozen where she stood. She eventually sat down, balls weighing heavily on her like the physical manifestation of Rachel’s words, but still didn’t say a word. Truth be told, marriage never factored in her life plans. All her plans to give her family comfort for all their days only involved herself. Never a partner. Perhaps that was just short-sighted of her.

Even after everything she’d done with the Futa Note, she didn’t really think something as superficially permanent as marriage would be part of her life.

“I can’t be faithful,” Carmen eventually said.

Rachel didn’t hesitate, “I wouldn’t dream of keeping you to myself. I just wanted, *needed* something to show you how much I adore you.”

 “I’m not really human.”

“A woman married a roller-coaster.”

“Really?” Carmen snorted. She rubbed her hands together, suddenly aware that her fingers were bare. The ring didn’t look heavy, yet she felt like she’d know its presence at all times. If she were ever alone, it’d be there to comfort her. A reminder than someone loved her no matter what. She didn’t even think to extend her hand, it was already there with fingers outstretched.

Rachel’s face shone brighter than the blazing sun outside. Her whole body vibrated not with pleasure, but pure joy at sliding the ring onto Carmen’s finger. Just as she thought; it weighed little, yet its presence was impossible to miss.

“We’re going to make such a cute couple,” Rachel said.

“I think we’re going to give congress an aneurysm,” Carmen half-joked. Without the utmost care, word of their marriage would spread like wildfire, it being the first between two futanari. Or the first involving futanari in general.

“God, I hope so,” Rachel snickered, then hopped onto the bed and cuddled up to her, “I’ll be the best wife ever. You’ll see.”

“I never doubted it… do you think the others will be upset?”

“Why’d you think I got the other rings?” Rachel rubbed along the finger with her ring on it, “I get your hand in marriage. The others get your cocks. Honestly, I think I’m getting the short-end here.”

Carmen just laughed and kissed her fiancé, “Have I ever said how amazing you are?”

“I could stand to hear it more often,” Rachel giggled and pulled down to the bed, tongue pushing straight into her mouth.

Carmen had no intention of taking it further than that, yet she couldn’t pull herself away. A nostalgic hunger flowed through her veins, the kind she hadn’t felt in a while. It wasn’t purely carnal, she simply wanted Rachel. To feel her, to hear her voice, to taste her. Carmen grabbed at the boobs spilling from between their bodies, but didn’t go straight for the nipples, despite feeling them poking into her. Another hand sank below as Rachel hiked her legs up and wrapped them around her waist.

Breaths turned hot and heavy the longer they kissed. A subtle film sweat came over their skin as they rocked against each other, cocks grinding and spewing pre. Parting was such sweet sorrow as Carmen pulled up and away, uniting her dicks into one giant member, which Rachel helped guide under enormous scrotum. Practised as Carmen was, she honed in on her lover’s pussy and rubbed the flat bulb of her cock along its luscious folds. She pressed a little harder, then leaned away, repeating it until Rachel whimpered in need.

An insane difference in size should’ve been the end of their tryst, yet Carmen easily slid in. She knew it was because of the Futa Note’s power, but in that moment, it felt like a celebration of their love that Rachel’s body would accept her so readily. The walls pulled on her vein-riddled shaft, encouraging her all the way to the back and beyond. Both grunted when the barrier gave way.

Carmen couldn’t have imagined a better view if she tried. Crimson locks spread about on cum-soaked pillows, a perfect frame to the adorably lustful face staring up at her. Rachel held onto her, arms half smothered in her breasts, cock resting along the enormous bulge of Carmen’s shaft as it pushed deeper and up between Rachel’s tits, whining softly for more. As she sank foot after foot inside, Carmen’s boobs squished into her lover’s and her crotch pressed into Rachel’s churning sack.

Not even halfway buried, Carmen’s cock hit the wall. She kept pushing. Luckily, Rachel arched her body just right, pussy squeezing all the right parts to make the shaft lurch up, propping it up instead of letting it punch through. A good thing too. Carmen didn’t have the wherewithal to consider her surroundings anymore. Her whole world had coalesced into the beautiful mess of a futa beneath her.

The angle did cause her cock to lift up, taking Rachel with it. A blessing, really, as it brought their faces back together. Carmen did the only thing worth doing in that moment and grabbed onto her, pulling Rachel down the last few feet until their bodies were perfectly united once more. The best part of her enormous dick was feeling Rachel’s heartbeat all around it.

Carmen held her place, letting their hearts beat against one another until the throbbing in her loins drowned out all else. She moved her grip to Rachel’s rump and sank her fingers into the fleshy globes, then lifted her away. Not very far. Just enough so that when she pulled back down it made a pussy-tingling clap. Waves poured through Rachel’s curves as they bounced away. Carmen timed her next thrust with the bouncing, creating an even stronger smack of their bodies.

Nails clawed at her back. Heels dug into her hips and cheeks. Moans trickled from Rachel’s mouth and across Carmen’s ear, the redhead leaning as tight into her as possible. Their breasts jiggled and slid together, nipples catching every so often. Carmen kissed and licked at her skin wherever possible, leaving bruises and small teeth marks in her wake.

The only thing that could make it better…

Rachel howled as the already enormous phallus swelled within her. Eyes wide and gleaming with rampant lust, she stared into Carmen’s newly formed muzzle, its long tongue flapping with the increasingly rapid thrusts. Not a moment later and she also transformed, curves bellowing out from an even tinier frame. Consumed in desire as she was, Rachel only moaned when Carmen snapped onto a breast.

Likewise, the wolf-turned futa sank deeper into her rut. Each thrust ended with the brutal POP of her knot driving right past Rachel’s folds, while the next began with a viscous slurp as she desperately held onto it. Though newly grown, their fur was already matted with a mix of each other’s milk and saliva.

They looked a mess, probably something out of an average person’s nightmare, but Carmen couldn’t imagine a time when her lover was more beautiful. Releasing the breast, she used her tail to tilt Rachel’s head back. The red-headed tanuki panted heavily, breath scented heavily with cum, eyes begging for the much larger futa to do as she wished. Carmen slowed her thrusts as she folded over her lover to all but devour her head, tongue darting straight down Rachel’s throat. It was a kiss in the loosest sense, but no less passionate as Rachel licked all around her maw.

Having slowed her thrusts, Carmen got to feel her lover so much more clearly. If she had the presence of mind, she’d have committed every little facet to memory. The walls undulated at random, letting all the different textures rub along her vast length. Several parts had a slightly rougher feel, conveniently placed to catch on all the bumps that lined her length, and then to be crushed by her first knot. All of them were g-spots. She knew it because whenever she slid across them, Rachel yipped and clamped down even harder.

That didn’t even say anything of the enormous ass cheeks colliding with her balls on every thrust. Carmen let her cock keep her lover aloft, now using both hands to grope Rachel’s lower tits. Even at Carmen’s scale, they were much too big for one hand to hold. So she put her efforts into squeezing and jostling the bountiful bosom.

She wondered if maybe there was such a thing as ‘too big’. It was difficult to fully enjoy someone when she couldn’t so much as get her arms around their chest. Then she reminded herself of the joys in wrapping her own tits around a person, engulfing their entire frame in her bosom, by doing so to Rachel. The redhead’s heat radiated from there, as did the molten slush of pre-cum as her pair of cocks jerked about.

“I can’t believe I haven’t cum yet,” Rachel gasped after Carmen let her come up for air.

“I can change that if you’d like?” Carmen said.

“No, it’s nice.” Rachel moaned deep as the giant phallus brushed past her cheek. Its veins throbbed loudly, reacting to her by swelling the shaft even larger, “Lets me feel you without losing my mind. But… I am getting close.”

“Me too. My knots are so fucking swollen, it feels like they’ll never go down.”

“I can think of worse ways to get married.”

Carmen snorted and flexed her cock, ripping a guttural moan from the tanuki. She wasn’t just close, she was on the brink. Probably for the best. They were already late enough as it was. Given the choice, Carmen would’ve left the journey for another day, but she’d already paid their guide. Not to mention their visas would only last so long.

They could fuck whenever they wanted once they returned home. Forever and ever. Carmen had plenty of means to generate passive income. In theory, they could forget the world and time itself, simply rutting one another day and night, until either they tired of it, or the universe ended. The latter was far more likely.

“I have to pull out,” Carmen said.

Rachel opened her mouth, then thought better of her words. The haze of their rut hadn’t fully lifted, only thinned enough for logic to break through.

“Yeah, I guess you’re right. You’ll owe me a creampie then.”

“No wait. I can’t cum in you, but I can cum *through* you.”

It didn’t click right away for Rachel, who could only moan in confusion as Carmen set her down and backed up all the way down the bed. As she did, she split her cock back into its five smaller variations to shrink it down. She signalled for Rachel to get on all fours and back up. Carmen’s words finally registered as a member pressed between the couch cushion-sized cheeks and against Rachel’s bloated pucker. It was huge compared to a normal person’s, yet her ass still completely obscured it.

Carmen didn’t waste time. Her cock was soaked from top to bottom in a mix of pre and pussy-juice, with even more having spilled over Rachel’s doughnut shaped hole. With all that lube, Carmen shoved right in. She reunited her cocks at the same time, stretching the tanuki’s sphincter well beyond human limit. With all the augmentations from the Futa Note, Rachel had a body designed to accommodate any and everything.

In this case, her insides rearranged themselves to allow Carmen a straight path through. Pre-cum, fem-cum and more than a little squirt gushed from Rachel’s pussy as the enormous shaft pushed on her womb and bladder. The flared head of Carmen’s prick moved up her torso, skin pulling taut around it and clinging onto the rest of the shaft. It entered her stomach and shoved up her oesophagus. Rachel shuddered in orgasm as her jaw was pried open from the opposite end. Her little head was completely dwarfed by the titanic cock that spawned forth.

Foot after foot erupted from her face. Carmen’s first knot entered and made the same journey, rising up the tanuki until it climbed up her throat as well. It was at just the right distance for Carmen’s second bulb to enter, fully locking them together once more.

“There, completely impaled on my cock. Now get ready,” Carmen dug her fingers deep into the cheeks, “I’m not stopping until my balls are empty.”

She held true to her word. In the interest of time, Carmen unleashed her full lust upon the redhead. She stepped back to get full momentum, dragging a good three feet out at a time, which included yanking her fat knot out, before stomped forward and punched all the way to the base once more. Rachel cried out each time, ass rippling like the waves in a storm, while her sexes jetted fluids incessantly. Carmen curled her tail around to slide it along her own pussy.

That extra pleasure pushed her over the edge after only another five minutes of brutal pounding. Her sextet of balls swelled down to the floor and spilled to her front and back, before they condensed. She doubted the other hotel residents didn’t hear it. They probably thought it was the piping, perhaps about to explode and flood the entire building. Carmen briefly entertained the visage of her on the top floor and cumming without, filling the complex with her seed.

She’d settle for this room for now.

Jizz collected in her knots and swelled them even fatter, before the pressure sent the congealed semen hurtling toward the peak. Her cock undulated with every dose. The urethra stretched, cum-hole opening wide, before a literal jet of semen rocketed forth. Huge chunks of the wall came loose from the impact.

Carmen and Rachel bucked into each other. The tanuki came just as excessively, though with far less force, adding to the growing inches of jizz pooling on the floor. There would be no saving the carpet at that point. It’d reek of their seed for all time. Perhaps they’d leave it that way and hope no one noticed. She could just imagine couples coming there and being disgusted at first, only for the laden pheromones to coax their libidos into overdrive. Friends might even become something much more.

Cum sloshed around her shins now and neither of them were even close to done. Carmen leaned over to envelope Rachel in her tits once again, feeling both her insides and outsides quivering with pleasure that no human could fathom. Even most futanari hadn’t experienced such ecstasy.

Opaque streams of jizz flowed from them, adding to the near-solid pool. She imagined the feeling of it wasn’t unlike tar. Lifting a leg, the off-white sludge didn’t break even after she raised it past the mattress, only thinning after she kicked about. She propped it up on the bed, using it to better slide back and forth. Her knot wouldn’t be removed so easily anymore, simply pulling on Rachel’s ass from within, before pressing deep and crushing her prostate.

At some point, the redhead passed out while cumming. Carmen heard her breathing, impossible as it was with a knot bigger than a watermelon crammed up her throat, and simply enjoyed the sounds of their orgasms flowing. She had things to do, but she couldn’t bring herself to hurry.

Why rush when she could spend that time with her beautiful, cock-stuffed wife-to-be?