The preview was delayed. It’s host was unavailable for some reason, much to Rachel’s dismay. Fortunately, she perked up quickly upon noticing a tucked away hall with a small sign labelled; Hentai. Carmen was aware of it, though she hadn’t delved in much beyond the little clips Rachel showed her, most of which featured some monster inflating a mind-broken girl of questionable age. She swore all characters were legal, but Carmen had doubts. If nothing else, it made her own interests seem less outlandish.

But there was a whole other world. The stuff that got official animations were considered vanilla, a poor representation of true depravity, something Carmen realised as they rounded the corner. Stacy, even less familiar with the concept, gasped. Her sharp intake swelled her chest and pushed a breast free of her costume. She quickly shoved it back in, however that just squeezed out a rush of milk and soaked the glorified apron. No one paid them any attention as they skulked through aisles.

It was impressive really. While Carmen knew full well how perverted people truly were, she didn’t think so many would be open about it, or that an official event like this would even host them. Truthfully, it wasn’t nearly as bad as she expected.

Larger stalls had body pillows suspended from their roofs. Some were almost chaste, others displayed well endowed, and equally well drawn, anime women in an inviting pose. Figures were displayed all over too, some seeming to recreate scenes. Carmen didn’t know how many were handmade or just bought from other sellers, but the effort people made to display them was impressive nonetheless. Some even offered live speed drawings.

One girl was stashed behind a stall. She clearly wasn’t comfortable in public, sequestered in her own stall, blankets bunched up around her. Even so, a smile was plastered to her lips as she laboured over a tablet, which was connected to a larger screen, on which the shape of a woman was apparent, with tits the size of beanbag chairs and nipples gaped around phantom cocks pounding inside. Or not… she erased those and instead drew the frames for a pair of dicks on the woman herself, arching around to fuck her own nipples. Carmen licked her lips, her own members throbbing.

“Holy shit, I know her,” Rachel whispered as they watched from the back, “That’s Vivi. She’s like the biggest NSFW artist ever.”

“I can see why,” Carmen said, doing her best to ignore the urge pulsating through her members. It’d been a while since she saw one of Melody’s drawings. If she supported her sister’s hobby, would she reach such notoriety? She’d get her one of those tablets that weekend.

“I never thought anyone was as perverted as you, Carmen,” Stacy said with a chuckle.

“Man, I hope we can get a commission from her. Imagine a family portrait in her style,” Rachel sighed, like a love-struck girl at a boy band concert.

“You said you know her?”

“Well, kinda. We chat online from time to time. We’re not, like, *friends* friends, you know.”

“Huh, I always figured you were the type to worm your way into people’s hearts from the get go,” Stacy said.

“I don’t worm my way in,” Rachel pouted, “I nuzzle up until they open up willingly.”

“She’s fast,” Carmen noted, the image already in a fairly complete state. Being a live session, she saved it and moved onto another one, looking to the crowd for suggestions. Then her eyes fell on Carmen and froze. The futa smirked, the artist jerking in response, and parted the crowd. Stacy and Rachel followed close behind. Now that the screen was blank and eyes were looking elsewhere, they became the new centre of attention.

Vivi gawked at the hulking figure of sensuous excess. It had to be strange for a creative like her, to see something straight from her art step right before her eyes.

“Hi,” Carmen said, leaning forward to rest her abundant cleavage on the table.

“Hi,” Vivi squeaked, “D-do you want a c-c-com… commission?”

“My girlfriend would love one,” Carmen said and gestured to the petite redhead at her side. Though ‘petite’ pertained to height only. Vivi gulped, then her eyes flicked to Stacy and she shuddered. A lustful scent wafted from her, so dense and rich Carmen had to hold her breath to keep her cocks contained.

“Uh, hey. Vivi. It’s, um, FutaLover420.”

“What?” Vivi whispered, then blinked and fixed her gaze back to Rachel, “Oh, hey!”

“Could’ve told me you’d be here.”

“It was last minute. So, uh… your costumes are…”

“They’re the best, right? Really shows us off in all the right ways,” Rachel said.

“Y-yeah, they do!” Vivi looked her up and down, gnawing on her lip, “Uh, you wanted a commission?”

“Of course. Could you draw us three in like a family portrait style? Kinda wholesome, but not really. You know?”

The artist tapped her pen on her tablet, “Yeah, I know. As for payment…” Carmen stepped back up, leaning in until her lips were against the mousy girl’s ear. Her breaths went still, heart racing.

“As much money as you want. Or…” the futa pushed a little closer, breasts flattening into Vivi’s lap, “A night with us. Free to do everything your heart desires. Or you can let me have my way.”

“I’ll do it!” Vivi yelped, then realised she was too loud, “Uh, s-sure. Sounds… boob… uh, good! I-if you’re fine with me.”

“I can’t wait,” Carmen parted with a husky chuckle, the kind she knew made women weak in the loins.

Once she stepped away, Vivi worked like a woman possessed. She was, in a sense, her arousal pounding through her veins, guiding her arm through several drafts, before she settled on one she liked. Her eyes constantly flitted up to Carmen and her lovers, the three commanding everyone’s attention.

Each stroke of the pen fuelled Vivi’s lust. Yet she worked with unerring precision, translating their extravagant figures to the screen. Each time she seemed to have the ideal sizes, she shook her head, lap shifting as her legs rubbed together, and redid them even larger. Carmen bit her lip at the interpretation of herself.

She had no misunderstandings of her beauty. Enough women fell to their knees just to pleasure her that she could’ve been the Hunchback of Notre Dame and still had no confidence issues. Even so, seeing an artist bring that same confidence to the page was almost intoxicating. The way her lips were lifted in a sensually cocky grin, sat upon a throne with her legs crossed like a monarch, flanked by Stacy’s motherly presence. Rachel brought it back to perversion, her clothes hanging off her frame, nipples poking through the fabric and a pining expression on her face for the one thing missing from the frame; their cocks.

Something Vivi realised when she next looked up. Carmen glanced down and smirked, seeing her cock sleeves lifting into view past her tits, then met Vivi’s eyes and mouthed ‘they’re real’. The artist clutched at her tablet and curled over, quivering from head to toe as a tiny, muffled squeal escaped. A wave of lust poured off her, catching Carmen’s attention and bringing her cocks closer to full mast. Vivi attacked the artwork with renewed passion. She changed Carmen’s crossed legs to a splayed position, allowing her three cocks to lay over her enormous balls.

Likewise, she added them to Stacy and Rachel. The former was given some artistic liberty, her nipples being replaced with a trio of cocks of her own, all three erect and tenting what looked to be a lavish gown. Rachel’s expression changed from one of longing, to worship as she kissed a testicle that dwarfed her head.

“Oh my,” Stacy gasped when she saw herself, cheeks flushed and cock jerking against her apron.

“Would you like them?” Carmen asked.

“I… I shouldn’t, but… It does look fun.”

“We’ll try them out tonight. If you don’t like them, we can try other things. You are a bit… lacking after all.”

“Lacking?!” Stacy guffawed, “My boobs produce enough milk to put every dairy in America out of business, and I’m lacking.”

“Well, you do only have one cock,” Rachel chimed in, “Gotta have at least two to be cool now.”

“Kids these days,” Stacy sighed, “ Alright, in that case, give me as many as you want. We can cull them until we find the sweet spot.”

“You read my mind,” Carmen said and kissed her deep, glancing to the side to see Vivi staring, drool falling from her chin. She wiped it up and returned to the art.

With those thoughts swirling in her head, it was only a matter of time before Carmen was fully erect. Her sleeves strained around the rigid shafts, veins bulging through the material. More than a few girls covertly touched themselves, though they became bolder every breath of Carmen’s musk. It wouldn’t be long before the entire crowd was dripping wet.

“The preview’s not for another two hours,” Rachel said, her costume loosening around her shoulders.

“Huh?” Stacy looked around, seeing the arousal spreading like a wildfire, “Oh… I don’t know if…” Her cock jerked harder, struggling with her tight costume, “Just, you know, keep it simple, okay?”

“Nothing is simple with us involved.” Rachel moved to Stacy and, glancing around to make sure all eyes were on them, shoved her costume inward, freeing the magnificent bust. They swung against one another, jiggling from the impact, while her nipples twitched and swelled, milk beading all over them. All it took was Rachel’s little hands sinking deep to bring forth geysers.

She didn’t waste the milk for long and wrapped her lips around a teat. The other was lifted by Stacy herself, deep throating it with practised ease. Moans ricocheted around them as the display pushed many over the edge of their inhibitions. One audacious woman broke from the crowd to take Stacy’s other nipple, even if it was too much for the average pervert to handle. She adjusted quickly, seemingly having practice with shoving things down her throat.

Carmen, meanwhile, walked over to the still drawing Vivi.

“Uh, it’s almost done.”

“Don’t worry about it for now. I’d like to move my offer forward a little.”

“R-right now? But there’s… so many people around.”

“We don’t have to do it in public. We can take these blankets and block it all out. Then, when and if you’re ready,” Carmen gently took the tablet from her, “We can join the orgy.”

“Wait!” Vivi took the device back and saved multiple times, “Okay, let’s… let’s do this!”

Carmen took some of the blankets from her and hung them from the stall roof, providing a flimsy curtain. It would do the trick for the moment. She didn’t expect it to take long for Vivi’s own shyness to be obliterated. Especially if she used the book.

With the public eye blocked out, Carmen moved around the back and joined the artist in their tiny slice of privacy. The artist turned around in her chair, revealing that she wasn’t even dressed, nothing but pasties stuck over her nipples and a pair of sodden panties pulled halfway down her thighs. Clothes were neatly folded to the left. An exhibitionist it seemed. Vivi’s pale cheeks darkened several shades as Carmen looked her over.

“I… it helps me get in the mood. Even if it’s a bit cold.”

“Don’t worry,” Carmen peeled the sleeves from her cocks, not unlike a snake shedding its skin, and knelt down to be level with the girl, “It suits you.”

Vivi’s figure embodied her apparent personality. She was petite, more so than Rachel before they met, with twigs for limbs and subtle bumps to her chest. Comparatively wide hips filled out her chair better, though they were still leagues smaller than anything Carmen was used to. Not one to just sit and stare at a delicious meal, Carmen peeled the sodden panties away to reveal a shockingly plump pussy. Vivi’s hands covered it.

“Not yet,” Carmen assured her and instead pulled her costume off, then slammed her tits down into Vivi’s lap, each big enough to smother the girl. She pressed closer and lifted the pasties away, revealing similarly lush nipples. Before the artist could hide them, Carmen leapt in and wrapped her lips around one. With such a small layer of fat between them, the girl’s heartbeat came through loud and clear. As did her sharp breaths.

Carmen’s much larger hands moved along her slender body. Any bigger and she’d be able to wrap them around Vivi’s waist, as it was, just one hand was enough to cover the artist’s other breast. The nipple poked into her palm, throbbing in need, which she gladly met with an expert pinch.

“Ooh, g-gentle. I’m really sensitive.”

“I know,” Carmen whispered, earning a soft moan just from her breath on the dampened nub. A flick of her tongue earned another, each swipe along the small mound heightening the pleasure. She didn’t know just what her physiology had become. It was entirely possible her spit was an aphrodisiac. Or perhaps her natural aura was always seeping out, along with her musk. Regardless, her current partner moaned and whimpered as her legs rubbed together.

“I’m gonna… you’re so good… I’m gonna cum!”

“Then mind if I get a taste?” Carmen looked her in the eye, waiting. The artist’s chest heaved, nipples rigid.

“Just… be gentle.”

“Always am,” Carmen lied and Vivi knew it, yet she still spread her legs wide, giving the futa an unobstructed view of her juicy snatch. How someone so small had a pussy so large eluded Carmen, who pushed the curiosity aside as she sank down and kissed the meaty folds. Her own lips were large enough to match them as she, for lack of a better term, made out with the delicious flower.

Vivi arched her hips in response, hands finding the black locks and latching on. Each squeeze and gasp guided Carmen, who unfurled her long tongue and lashed at the clit, before flattening it under her nose. The final straw was bringing a set of fingers into the mix. Despite the exterior, Vivi was as tight as her body would imply, walls clinging to the digits like a glove. Especially as she howled in release.

Juices spurted out onto Carmen’s waiting tongue as she prolonged the ecstasy. She only stopped when Vivi pushed her away. With a slurp, her fingers slipped free of the death grip, dripping wet and ripe with the aroma of lust.

“That’s… gentle?” Vivi rasped, clit twitching from its hood.

“For me,” Carmen smirked and licked a finger clean, then offered her the other. Vivi wrapped her lips around it without hesitation, sliding up and down it like an expert giving a blowjob, even moaning as she did it.

“Can I taste yours now?” Vivi asked, pouting adorably. Carmen just smiled and turned around, pulling her ass cheeks apart to reveal her own, exceptionally juicy cunt. The chair shuffled forward and Vivi palmed the mounds larger than her head, then pushed between them, where she halted and just breathed. Carmen was about to urge her when the mousy artist took her by surprise and tongued her pucker.

It wasn’t a ginger lick either. She shoved her little muscle in as deep as it would go, lips wrapped tight around the knot of muscle. Those tiny hands worked the mountains of flesh on each side of her, disappearing halfway to the elbow with in her zeal. Carmen cooed and reached back to push her in harder, clenching muscles to feel the tongue at work. Eventually, the artist had to breathe and slurped away, panting against the moistened hole.

“You taste so good,” Vivi said.

“Thanks, but wait until you get the real thing.” Carmen turned back around, just fast enough for her cocks to swing against Vivi’s face, almost knocking the frail girl off the chair. Her eyes threatened to pop at the sight, however she composed herself long enough to pull the middle one, that was bigger than her whole body, in for a sniff. A jet of fem-cum shot out from between her legs.

“Let’s switch,” Vivi said, hopping to her feet and briefly trembling as the futa towered almost four feet above her. Carmen took the chair, it’s arms creaking in agony around her hips. Its support groaned as well, but held under her. For the moment. Whether it’d last the whole encounter remained to be seen. Vivi didn’t seem bothered by its fate as she climbed on and sat on the sextet of balls, “So warm… it feels like, ooh, your cum is trying to impregnate me through the skin.”

“Would you like that?” Carmen asked, and took a breath, her members merging back into the main so it towered over Vivi, whose legs were spread wider by the single pair of balls pulsating against her snatch.

“I would, but it’s impossible. You’re impossible. Just let me enjoy this,” Vivi said and wrapped her arms around the cock, barely meeting around its girth, “So thick. Fuck, if this got in me, I’d die. But what a way to go.”

Carmen grinned and reached down to grope her rear, grinding it into her sack, “So, what’re you gonna do now?”

“This,” Vivi undulated her whole body and stroked her arms, rubbing her whole torso against the monolithic phallus. Her mouth quickly joined in, kissing at the monstrous bumps that lined its length, “It’s a monster. I’ve drawn some weird dicks in my time, but this is up there. Tastes sooo fucking good.” She ran her lips along a the cum pipe, then froze. A single stream of pre-cum had come to meet her.

“What… what is that?!” Vivi whimpered, fresh juices gushing from her cunt and pouring over the leathery sack she straddled. She slurped up more and ran it around her mouth, the goo clinging to her teeth and lips, slurring her words, “It’s so thick. And delicious and heavy. I want more!”

For all Vivi’s exuberance in art, it was outmatched by her new-found passion for Carmen’s cock juice. Her arms jerked in a full body motion, the blunt protrusions barely hindering her progress as she used a full-body motion. She wrapped her lips around a nodule and sucked it like a nipple, before coming away to lap the underbelly. Drool cascaded down her chin and onto her chest, which rubbed into the cock. Realising it made things easier, she started slobbering even harder. She didn’t seem bothered by the mess.

Carmen hefted her tits and squeezed them around the lust-stricken girl. Vivi raised her hips and angled her crotch to rub against the sheath, covering it in her juices. It was a stunning sight, one the artist would be proud of. Their porcelain complexions mashed around an enormous cock the colour of tar and covered in a sheen of what might’ve sweat or residual cum. A basic contrast, but an effective one.

As was Vivi’s efforts. Her single-minded devotion to making Carmen cum showed progress, pre-cum by the ounce gushing from the head and streaming down its length, which just made it easier to milk more. Good thing too. Vivi was clearly not made for labour, her mop of violet hair matted in sweat. That soon changed as Carmen grunted, cock flexing, and a rush of pre launched from her tip. It didn’t go far and fell with a dense splat upon Vivi’s head. The artist didn’t stop even as she struggled breathe through the veil of musky goo.

Her gasps and moans got wetter by the second. Carmen matched her, hoping her pleasure would fuel the girl. It did.

“Give me your cum,” Vivi said between viscous kisses and sucks, “I want it all over my body. In my hair. Up my nose. I don’t want it to ever wash out. I want to wake up stinking of your jizz for the rest of my life. Shoot it all over me. You can do that right? Cum so much I could bathe in it?”

“And so much more,” Carmen panted, nearing her climax. She’d thought Tifa was hungry for her cum, but this girl put her to shame. It’s always the small ones, she thought and rolled her hips in time with Vivi’s, “You want it all over you?”

“Yes! Oh fuck, are you gonna cum?!” Vivi groaned and renewed her efforts.

“On the floor!” Carmen gasped and stood when her lap was free. Her balls clenched tight, their immense weight cracking against her crotch as she and Vivi jerked her eight-foot pole to completion. It’s urethra bulged and opened, the cum vein thickening from top to bottom, before it lurched. Carmen wrestled it into position as Vivi leaned back, ready for the oncoming storm. Or so she thought.

The eruption had all the force of a fire hose. A rope of near-solid cum smacked Vivi in the chest and knocked her to the floor, its weight pinning her as another jizz-python squelched out onto her. Carmen angled the tip down to make sure she covered the depraved human. She did more than that. By the fourth spurt, Vivi was nothing but a mountain of cum. It writhed under her struggles, or her orgasmic spasms, yet she couldn’t shift it to save her life. Just in case it was too much, Carmen angled the next shots away and filled the stall.

“How was that?” Carmen moaned when she squeezed the last dollop out. The mountain wobbled as Vivi tried responding. “Sorry, here…” she shoved an arm in and found the girl, yanking her free.

“Oh my… I’m covered in cum!” Vivi squealed and jumped in place, squelching through the layers of jizz on the floor. She wriggled her toes and giggled, then tried pushing it off her skin, but failed miserably, “You know… I’ve always had a cum fetish.”

“Oh?” Carmen let her cock relax back to its triplet state. Without three separate escapes, her cum was just too thick it seemed.

“But it was more than that, like… I’ve had sex. I even did a couple bukkakes. And the cum was nice, but it never, I dunno, measured up to expectations. Then I found porn and hentai. I wanted to be absolutely drenched. But even then… that didn’t feel quite right. But now,” Vivi grabbed at her chest, now appearing much improved thanks to the conveniently stacked layers of semen, “I think I know what I really want.”

“And what’s that?”

“I want to be cum. Not digested into it, but a living, breathing, cum-person. Like a slime almost.”

“Let’s see,” Carmen mused and pulled her into the open. Being so drenched in jizz, she was actually better covered than before. Vivi’s shadow was there of course, constantly shifting in form and clearly made of something other than flesh and blood, “Would you want to live like that?”

Vivi must’ve heard the seriousness in her voice, because she stopped and pondered the ground. She was quiet for several seconds, the only sounds coming from the orgy that was in full swing beyond the stall. Waves of cum oozed into the open from the stall and a smile lifted her whitened cheeks.

“Yes.”

The orgy was nothing special. With so many normal people, Rachel and Stacy were limited to one another when it came to penetration. Women worshipped their bodies, kissing and suckling on anything in reach, yet even the most confident among them couldn’t do more than tongue-kiss any of their cocks. Rachel was about to separate and find Carmen, when a familiar smell rose above the rest.

“Looks like we need some more futanari,” Carmen huffed into her ear, before coming around the front and pushing the redhead to the ground. She mounted the twin cocks, pussy gobbling them with ease even as it adhered to their shape. Cries of orgasm echoed around them, several participants transforming into their ideal selves with cocks aplenty.

Stacy was among them. She stumbled away from the girls nursing from her tits, their guts heavy with milk, and panted through the new growths. Her nipples remained, however a circle of cocks only slightly smaller than them spawned. Likewise, several others competed for room around her crotch, making use of her bountiful hips accommodate them and the numerous balls. All in all, she came to Carmen with a literal bouquet of phalli.

“This is… a lot,” she moaned.

“It’s beautiful,” Carmen said and sucked one as she jerked two others, well over a dozen left among them. She meant it. Stacy had such a generous body, like she was designed to give more and more, now the ten cocks per breast and eighteen more at her crotch made that a reality. Fortunately, Carmen had a special guest just perfect for handling so many.

“Holy shit, is that… a person made of cum?” Rachel gasped, pricks jerking as the new and improved Vivi stepped into the orgy. Her body was a fluctuating masterpiece. Depending on the amount of semen available to her, she could grow and shrink at will. With the amount Carmen left behind, she had plenty to work with.

Breasts the size of yoga balls with an ass to match and hips to support it. She didn’t make herself any taller, though, which just made her quartet of four-foot dicks stand out that much more. Being such an amorphous being, she wasn’t just restricted to humanoid additions. Vivi spotted Carmen between the two largest futanari there and sauntered over.

“Hi! Thanks for all that cum. It usually takes me weeks to get enough to grow half this big.”

“Oh fuck, Vivi?”

“Hmm? Oh, hey, FutaLover420.”

“Call me Rachel. You, uh, you gonna use those on someone? Namely me?”

Vivi smiled. Carmen had specified that she retained human features unless Vivi decided not to, making sure her new form didn’t completely lack its humanity. She still had a defined face, her lips and eyes being different shades to the rest of her, as were her nipples and cocks.

“Of course. Just let me…” Vivi grunted and her curves dwindled, their mass redirected to her back, from which several tentacles spawned, multiplying until their numbers matched Stacy’s own cocks, “I hope you have a lot of thick, gooey cum for me.”

Stacy just moaned and nodded, hands bobbing Carmen’s head to and fro. They moved as one, Rachel standing up to offer her sopping cunt for the cum-slime, while Carmen bent over to keep her face buried in Stacy’s crotch, surrounded on all sides by fat dicks. As Rachel’s stomach distended around four massive cocks, that left only three untended to, something a group of futanari were quick to remedy. They didn’t say a word, simply sliding under the Amazon and stretching their cunts or asses around her members. Two more appeared on either side and penetrated her nipples as well.

This was the life, Carmen thought as Vivi formed a giant tentacle just for her ass. Every hole fucked, spit-roasted between her two lovers, while an orgy of more willing holes waited for their turn with her. It was no wonder she didn’t take long to cum again, inflating the three futa until they couldn’t take it anymore, switching out with another trio. Vivi, meanwhile, plundered their wombs for all that cum to grow herself even bigger.

Rachel couldn’t hold it in for long either and flooded Carmen’s womb with her seed. It was a rare sensation for her, often on the pitching side, and one she cherished. Especially when either of her loves inflated her. Of course, the redhead was nowhere near satisfied and resumed thrusting in tandem with Vivi pounding her own holes.

The next to cum was Stacy. A surprise, given the number of sensitive phalli adorning her figure, but she was no less impressive. Carmen moaned as her throat bulged with the rhythmic deluge of jizz, belly warming and swelling with it. Just like her plump lover’s milk, it was highly nutritious and bolstered Carmen’s already endless stamina.

Then there was Vivi. Being made of cum, it seemed counter-productive for her to orgasm, however that was where her ‘core’ came in. It essentially functioned as a prostate and testicle, producing cum for her to survive on. And when she didn’t need it, the jizz built up constantly, ready to be pumped into a fertile womb. Or flood someone’s bowels. Carmen moaned and groped at Stacy’s balls as the flow of cum into her stomach was matched from the other end.

So much lust pervaded the atmosphere. She could feel it, like a humid film that clung to her skin, except this seeped into her pores and siphoned straight to the nucleus of her very being, empowering her. Was this how a Seikogami felt?

At some point, she went back to riding. It was Stacy this time, her multitude of cocks all plugging up Carmen’s pussy, while her new dick-nipples were angled to spread her ass apart. Rachel and Vivi had their cocks down her throat, one from each also plugging a nipple. Around them, dozens of perverts laid in piles of cum, moaning as they pleasured themselves, lacking the energy for more. A tentacle sleeved each of Carmen’s dicks, the sensation not unlike a tight pussy.

“Oh shit,” Rachel moaned, dumping another load, “The preview starts soon.”

“Is that for the Gender-Bent Berserk movie?” Vivi asked.

“It’s not… Well, it is, but it’s not just that, okay?”

“I wanna go too. Think we should stop?”

“Ask Carmen. She’s the insatiable one.”

Indeed, she was. A dozen of her loads had been spent and she was halfway through number thirteen, yet her bouncing hips showed no sign of slowing. Her belly had inflated to the size of a living room, flattening several happy perverts, while her breasts worked to keep up. If given the chance, she’d happily turn the tables on them and fuck all three for another hour at least. But this weekend wasn’t about non-stop sex.

“We can stop,” Carmen said once her throat was free and stood up, a rush of jizz pouring from her cunt and ass, “Just let me… clean us up.”

The Futa Note was an incredible tool. Not only could it bring fetishes into reality, but a simple scribble and suddenly they were perfectly presentable with bellies and wombs full of cum. Carmen looked back at the near comatose people, then back at the book.

“Carmen?” Stacy called from the corner. How hadn’t they been thrown out? The amount of noise was one thing, but surely the smell would catch someone’s attention.

“Coming,” the futa said and walked away, though her instincts preened for her to write everyone’s names.