Should she feel ashamed? This was basically cheating on Rachel without her knowing, the redhead still unconscious when Carmen left the house, but she had no choice anymore; her body wouldn’t let it end so soon. Nor did she want it to.

Carmen looked back at the beauty close behind, hand in hers. The months hadn’t been kind in the same way they had to her, leaving Stacy larger and so much more enticing. Every step, she jiggled in all the right ways, a teaser for when they’d ripple from Carmen thrusting deep inside her. The cocks led the way, all five erect and dripping, such was their desire. Their desire? Carmen thought, amused at the thought. It was *her* desire, no more, no less.

She was the one that started this. She called and broke off whatever arrangements Stacy had prior, now they were consumed in what she began. The night wouldn’t end without several orgasms on each side, or with Stacy still a full-fledged woman. Carmen didn’t plan to write her name straight away, part of her didn’t want to at all, but it was inevitable. Only a selfish lover denied their partner similar bliss that they felt. But Stacy could still put an end to it.

“Last chance,” Carmen said, stopping at a familiar door. She half-turned, letting her cocks jut out beyond even her oversized, perky breasts, “Once we start, nothing will be the same.”

“I’d like that,” Stacy closed the distance and hugged her, squishing her abundantly curved body into Carmen’s taller frame, “Long as we’re together, I’m happy. Even sharing you.”

“Even if I’m not the same person you knew?”

“I like the new you,” Stacy said and turned her face into a quick kiss, “Besides, you’re still as considerate as ever.”

“I wouldn’t say that.” The strip club came back to mind, all those people she changed and fucked and left alone to sort their lives out. She could try and help them, but why? Statistically, those altered by the Futa Note had a hundred-percent satisfaction rate, even if it took time.

“You told me what happened, gave me the choice, and I’m here. No more waiting, please? I’ve done that for so long. All alone in that bed, just waiting, hoping, you’d come.”

Carmen pushed the past aside. The future was smiling at her, naked and wet, but still too collected for her liking. Only one way to fix that. She opened the door and pulled Stacy in, shutting it, then pushing her onto the single-bed at the centre. Its groans under their weight went ignored as Carmen planted her knee against her first lover’s pussy, hands gripping hers, while their lips clashed after the minutes long famine. Her central prick rested between Stacy’s breasts, which avalanched off the sides, nipples a tempting, ruddy pink colour. She didn’t go straight for them, happy to look for a moment.

Just a moment, though. Stacy hefted them up, holding the nipples close together, and squeezed out a fountain of milk, splashing back against her and on Carmen’s cheek. She wiped it clean, then dove in. Delicious cream flooded her mouth in seconds, like long lost lovers rushing into each other. Her cocks pulsed and leaked with each swallow that filled her belly, while she felt around for every little facet of Stacy’s being. She looked up, met by flushed cheeks and a content smile. Carmen took a long drag, then moved up and kissed her again, this time sharing the milky bounty.

More sprayed out as she groped the still full globes. The gates were opened, leaking constantly even as her hands moved further down, devouring every square inch of Stacy’s body. Even if it changed in the future, she never wanted to forget this softness, this familiar warmth that comforted her so often as her life deterred more and more from her original path. Now it was her turn to return the favour.

Without a doubt, Carmen thought as she massaged the luscious thighs. Stacy cooed at her touch, spreading her legs to reveal webs of juices hanging between them, which only lured Carmen in. The musky scent whirled around her like a storm, overriding even her own for a second. She leaned in and lashed her tongue along the skin, clearing it of viscous juices, nearing the source. Before long, it consumed her vision, the clit twitching at her softest breaths.

“W-wait,” Stacy said, clenching shut and propping herself up, “You already made me cum. It’s your turn.”

“It’ll make a mess,” Carmen warned, though she was already climbing back, kissing along the plush tummy on her way, “You’ll never be able to clean it all.”

“Nothing would make me happier than to have your cum always with me.” Both giggled at the offbeat romance.

“I’ll make your wish come true,” Carmen said and sat up on the edge, balls dangling over the edge, almost to the floor, while her cocks all stood almost ninety-degrees from her crotch. Stacy slid off the bed and knelt between her legs. At her presence, all five relaxed and fell to greet her. She caught the primary cock, completely inhuman in its shape, and stared down the yawning cum-hole. Endless rivers of pre fell from it, faster than the others, and poured across her chest. She shuddered, then closed the gap and ran her tongue around the glans.

Such a simple act. Not half an hour ago, Carmen had crammed the entire thing down a throat alongside the others, but this was Stacy. Just seeing the face that made most days worthwhile slowly decline into lust was wonderful. Her lips met the shaft and followed the path down to her busy groin, tongue digging into the wrinkles between cock and testicles, then soared back up her near four-foot shaft. Stacy cradled it against her lips as she swirled her tongue around the urethra, making out with the cock.

“Tastes so good,” Stacy moaned, pulling out a dollop of pre-cum, which dribbled down her neck. She swallowed it with a deep sigh, “I wonder how it’d taste with coffee?”

Carmen snorted, “You’re welcome to try. What’ll you call it?”

“Hmm,” Stacy hummed as she retrieved more, “Get back to me on that.”

“Take your time,” Carmen said, weaving fingers through the woman’s hair. It’d grown out, becoming flowing locks that begged to be pulled on, but that would wait. Even if her body wanted to jump ahead, she was happy to let Stacy define the pace. Sweeping arcs of her tongue travelled across Carmen’s length, ignoring the other members, despite their constant emissions. It couldn’t be helped; the centre prick offered the thickest pre.

Then Stacy opened wide at the tip. Her jaw strained, eyes intense as they stared down the shaft, but it wasn’t enough. No matter how she tried, the glans just mashed against her lips. At best, she squeezed a portion past her teeth. It didn’t stop her, however, and she kept pushing from different angles in hopes the spongy crown would cave, but it held. With such a girth, no normal human could handle it.

“Sorry,” Stacy panted, slinking back with a pout, though she didn’t stop stroking, “It’s just too big.”

“That’s okay,” Carmen said and massaged her scalp, gently pulling her back against her member, “It’s stupidly big, isn’t it?”

“No! Of course not, it’s just too big for me.”

“It’s too big, period,” Carmen chuckled and held her forearm against the cock. Just a few months ago, this would be a fine comparison for a member suited to fucking anyone to orgasm. Now her arm was lost in its shadow. She hadn’t taken its measurements, but the girth exceeded most soda bottles - except the ludicrously huge ones - and its length even more so. Yet she’d just fucked Rachel and Zoey with it.

“I know how to handle it,” Stacy said and ushered Carmen to the floor, since the bed was too high. Once there, she plopped her chest in Carmen’s lap, smothering every cock in range. Milk leaked out. She, then, pushed up so her monumental breasts hung low and dripped all over the primary cock. Once its dark skin was splattered in cream, she pulled it up and caught the beast between her tits. Maybe she wasn’t a contest to Ashley or Mary at the moment, but they were transformed to be that way.

Every inch of tit-flesh that squished and slid along her cock was natural. Carmen leaned over the milky tit-fuck to kiss her lover, sampling the hint of her dick in her saliva, and moaned against her lips. The pressure around her cock increased, ounces of milk splashed against her belly. She cupped her hands and caught some, then rained it over her cock. It rose between her and Stacy, blocking eye-contact, but there was a simple solution.

Carmen leaned in with her tongue outstretched. Her first love did the same, meeting the sweet, musky flavour of her meat at the same time. Nothing could overpower her natural taste, but Stacy’s milk was no less prevalent. Carmen brought her own boobs into the mix, resting them on the lactating pair and taking the upper half. They worked in unison, licking and smooching the tastiest cock on Earth, and kissed around the peak as it spewed pre-cum faster and faster.

None of the others could give her this. Unless she wrote it for them. Stacy’s milk was sticky despite its creaminess, clinging to their skin even as she bounced her tits up and down, creating a wonderful boob-pussy for Carmen. Boob-pussy? Her mind really was decaying, though she didn’t correct herself. It was as accurate a description as any.

Especially as she thrust into its tight, silky embrace. If this was the fake, then she couldn’t wait for Stacy’s real cunt to be wrapped around her. Did she remember them having sex like this? What did she expect to happen? Carmen had no experience using any cock on Stacy, let alone the demonic sceptre and its equine branches she now sported. Maybe just use the human ones, but that wouldn’t be enough. They were superfluous next to the others.

Stacy jammed her tongue deep into the urethra to rip her attention back to reality. Smirking, Carmen did the same, her longer muscle sliding into herself while she bathed in Stacy’s presence. Together, they writhed against the snug, slimy interior and basked in the heady flavour of cum. Stacy stopped moving her tits, instead just wrapping an arm to keep them together, while her freed hand drifted underneath Carmen’s heavy sack to find untapped pleasure. The futa moaned deep as fingers breezed past her pussy.

“Naughty girl,” Carmen slurred, tongue still buried in her cock. She slurped it back up, “Keep that up and I’ll cum pretty quick. You do know how big my balls are right? Just think about the mess I’ll make if you keep going. I’ll probably cover you and your bed with gallons left to spare. How about it? Fancy a literal cum shower?”

“Now who’s naughty?” Stacy teased and kissed her deep, swapping a large bundle of pre back and forth, until it had dribbled from their lips, “Can I confess something?”

“Of course.” Those fingers delved deep, a thumb joining in as the knuckles popped past her lips.

“I’ve always wanted to be covered in cum, yet I’m gay. Isn’t that weird?”

“Not at all,” Carmen said, then moaned as the fingers curled into a fist and pushed on toward her cervix, “Besides, you’re with the right person for it.”

“So you’re gonna do it?” Stacy asked, now punching to and fro inside Carmen’s pussy. The effects rippled through her cocks as well, all throbbing and at attention, though none more so than her centre, “Are you gonna cum and soak everything in it?”

“Keep it up and I just might.”

“Don’t you want to soak my big, milky titties in your cum?” Stacy pouted, squeezing her chest tighter, “Don’t you feel how bad they need a good sperm bath? And my ass too. You can watch it jiggle as you cover it in layers.”

“When did you get so kinky?” Carmen asked.

“Ever since I met you,” Stacy said, calming her moves to a slow, intense beat, “I used to think of you whenever I milked myself, then I started thinking of you when I masturbated, then when I made coffee, then every waking moment. Before long you were everywhere for me. I couldn’t help but imagine the things you could do to me. I still do. Carmen, if it’s you, I want to do everything.”

The teenager gulped, cock flexing so hard it almost broke from the tit-pussy. At that moment, Rachel was probably pregnant. Zoey too. In fact, it wouldn’t surprise her if the entire strip club, and the people she fucked on the way home, were also carrying her child. If Stacy became pregnant, then would her lactation skyrocket?

Carmen pulled her into the deepest kiss, almost shoving her tongue down Stacy’s throat. It only lasted a second, before she sank lower and latched onto the nipples, guzzling whatever remained of their bounty. Despite the constant flow, they didn’t feel much lighter. She must be producing more already. The book altered history to make everyone think Carmen always had cocks, then did it already impregnate Stacy since they slept together? No, she didn’t think so. They were just memories.

In that case…

“Have my children,” Carmen said once the last drops were in her belly, now pudgy from the drink.

“What?” Stacy gasped. Her nipples were red, sucked raw by Carmen’s intensity. Their lips met again as Carmen bucked against her, cocks rubbing all over the woman’s figure, pre-cum gushing out as her orgasm encroached.

“I can’t stop thinking about it,” Carmen groaned, holding back even as she felt up every inch of Stacy within her considerable reach, “I want to fuck you, cum inside and watch you carry my children. I want to see your belly get huge and taut. I want your tits to get so full of milk you’ll never run out. I want to have a family with you.”

Carmen didn’t realise she’d rolled them around, putting herself on top, her twitching members all aimed straight at her lover’s unprepared cunt. It wouldn’t fit them all, not by a long shot, but she wasn’t sure that’d stop her anymore.

“A family,” Stacy panted, gazing up at Carmen, but not seeing her as a dozy grin lifted her rosy cheeks. Her legs spread wider, the scent of a wanton female coiled around Carmen’s shafts, all on the edge, “What about your other girls?”

It took several seconds to remember the others, “If you’re okay with it, they’ll join us. We’ll have such a huge family together and no one will go hungry. I’ll support us all. No matter what.”

“Then what’re you waiting for?” Stacy asked and pulled her closer, “If it’s you, I’ll happily be your baby mama.”

“It’s a little more than that,” Carmen chuckled, just barely restraining herself.

“You’re right,” Stacy said with a glance at the quintet poised to siege her pussy. She pulled her down, lips at Carmen’s ear, and whispered, “I’ll be your broodmother.”

Synapses fired all across her mind, painting images of Stacy snug in a chair, knitting tiny sweaters while her belly continuously grew with new life. The size of a beach ball, beanbag chairs, wrecking balls and boulders and still bigger. All the while her tits kept pace as if pregnant themselves. More fantasies branched from that idea.

Carmen held onto her lover’s hand for dear life as she lowered her hips. Her primordial cock touched the lips she’d lusted after for so long. They refused entry, but she was patient, insistent and above all controlled by lust. If it weren’t for this, she’d have already grabbed the Futa Note. Instead, her focus was solely on filling Stacy with her cock and planting the seeds of their new life.

“Does it hurt?” Carmen asked as she kept pushing, the pressure finally bearing fruit as Stacy opened. Her jaw was clenched, but that smile didn’t waver.

“It’s really big.”

“I know.” Carmen smiled back and kept up the slow assault, more of a negotiation; allow her entry and receive bliss and family. Seemed a fair trade, but the folds were stubborn, permitting only fractions of her tip inside. She fixed her gaze on Stacy’s face, knowing she’d only be frustrated if she focused on the other part. Little by little, seconds stretched into minutes, the entrance caved and her flare burst in. Stacy squealed at the penetration, her voice quelled as Carmen soothed her with a flurry of kisses.

“It’s in…” Stacy panted.

“Yeah.”

“I thought, oh god, I thought I was ready for it…”

“Does it hurt?”

“No,” Stacy shook her head and clenched her kegels, “It’s amazing. You’re amazing.”

“Say that after there’s more inside you.”

“More?” Stacy looked down between them and saw that only the tip was inside her, “Fuuuck, I thought that… oh god, it’s really fucking big.”

“We can stop.”

“No way!” Stacy grunted and squeezed her legs around Carmen, pulling her in deeper, “Just fuck me, Carmen. I want all of you.”

Carmen didn’t reply beyond a kiss and pushed. The plumage of spines slipped in and the first row of nubs not far behind, each bump popping past Stacy’s taut folds. Despite the size of it, Stacy told the truth that it didn’t hurt, her tunnel utterly drenched as more cock slid along its walls. The second row of nubs grazed her opening, then stopped.

“The cervix,” Carmen said and looked down. Even with Stacy’s plump figure, an obscene bulge pushed through where her cock rested. It couldn’t go any deeper, not in a normal human. Even this far would be uncomfortable. Unless she did something.

Ryuka had powers to make others cum or at least feel intense arousal. Carmen had displayed something similar, recalling the spontaneous orgasms she caused in the past without focusing. If she did… Her eyes burned as they met Stacy’s, drinking in the warm typhoon raging within, and she willed an orgasm from the gorgeous woman. Like a hypnotist snapping their fingers, Stacy’s eyes rolled and her body shook. Juices flooded her tunnel, but couldn’t escape the airtight seal around Carmen’s cock.

It worked! In that case, she could keep her cumming even as she fucked beyond the cervix. She wanted Stacy to feel bliss, to feel the depths of her love, and that couldn’t be done behind the barrier. Willing more pleasure on her, Carmen reared back. Her pull unleashed the pent up juices. Her tip remained inside, then she plummeted with a sharp thrust. Gravity and muscle united as she slammed into the entrance to Stacy’s womb.

Under Carmen’s power, Stacy exploded in another orgasm. Her cervix held its ground even as she pummelled it, thrusting with all her might. The explosions kept coming, each thrust another scream of ecstasy, until she finally rammed past and stretched the even tighter opening around her monster cock. She relaxed the power and held still, waiting for Stacy’s eyes to refocus.

“I’m in your womb,” Carmen said once she had her attention and took a hand, placing it on the bulge in Stacy’s belly.

“This is… you’re so deep. It’s like I can feel all of you,” Stacy said, breathing hard after her climaxes, though they just a start. She grinned and kissed the futa’s cheek, “What’re you waiting for?”

“Don’t worry, I’m already close,” Carmen said. Now that her focus waned, she felt the full brunt of her pent up orgasm, gnashing at her through chains after she ignored it for so long, “I’ll pull out after a bit. I still owe you a coating, right?”

“Glaze me like a cream-filled doughnut,” Stacy said, with the huskiest voice she could manage.

Carmen snorted and kissed her, “I love you.”

“I love YOU!!!” Just the first two words were enough to let loose Carmen’s ecstasy, which tore through the restraints like paper, unleashing hell upon her nerves. Millions sparked all at once, igniting throughout her crotch and up her spine, lighting her brain on fire even as she felt the bubbling of cum rising up her shafts. The primary cock launched first, all three cum-pipes engorging with the coming flood.

As it pushed out into Stacy’s womb, the others went off. They all jerked up and sprayed at the ceiling, her horse cocks’ loads splattering against, while the human counterparts fell short and fell upon the room and the orgasming couple. Just one shot was too much for a human’s womb, however, and forced Carmen out. She had enough wherewithal to be quick, though her next spurt still flooded Stacy’s gaped tunnel, before her cock jerked out and sprayed directly at the beautiful face ahead. Though not nearly as thick as the log she gave Rachel and Zoey, each rope was like a loose dough.

It separated upon crashing into Stacy and coated her just as promised. Carmen moved back and grabbed as many cocks as she could, aiming them all at her quivering lover. If she couldn’t cram it all inside her, then she would do her best to let Stacy bathe in her seed. Every inch of her being. Litres of cum fired off at a time and soon the bountiful woman’s front was, indeed, covered.

“Roll over,” Carmen gasped, clenching every muscle she could to hold back the next onslaught. Stacy gurgled something through a mouthful of semen, then did as told, revealing her naked backside in all its glory, before it too was doused. Even then, more erupted and layered Stacy in cum. Before long, she was no longer a human, but a mountain of jizz in a vaguely similar shape.

“You really did it,” Stacy said once she recovered enough to clear her mouth, though more semen kept drooling over her lips. Carmen sat beside her, still hard, but content for the moment as she pulled her sticky lover close. Cum rubbed off on her, almost blending into her pale complexion if not for her seed’s off-white colour. They each gathered some on a finger and licked it clean, sighing at the flavour.

“Sorry I couldn’t take more,” Stacy said, noticing that most of Carmen’s main cock wasn’t covered in her juices, “You even broke into my womb and it wasn’t enough.”

Carmen glanced at the door, the Futa Note not far beyond it, “I can make it fit.”

“How?”

“Be right back.” She returned a moment later with the book, “Remember all that hypothetical stuff I told you? It’s real. Stacy, I can make any of your fetishes come true. You can be whatever you want.”

“I…” Stacy gulped, one hand running over her gut, the other circled where a nipple probably was - there was no telling with the thick layers on her, “I have some ideas.”