Alisa never thought she’d see a sight as perfect as the one before her. Awe inspiring scenery surrounded her, aged and fantastical in how the moss and vines crept along the fountain and high walls, with painstakingly engraved imagery carved into them. Even the sight of Sister Judith laying atop the ball of her stomach, face a mask of bliss and her gaping snatch oozing heaping globs of cum, was quickly lost to her. Just how had she come to deserve the goddess that knelt at her feet with a full-grown cock down her throat?

In all their months together, she hadn’t found an answer. Nor did she need one. Alisa ran her fingers through the sticky, matted mane of brown locks. Entire handfuls of white came free and clung to her hand or fell to the floor with a distinct splat, joining the viscous layers below. Car horns blared nearby, and people yelled while birds occasionally chirped in the clear skies above.

All paled to the slimy push and pull along her turgid prick. The sound was reminiscent of when she and Bianca had used too much lube one night. They had slid across one another so much that it was impossible to penetrate her. Alisa stroked Bianca’s hair fondly as she controlled the pace, taking her pleasure in watching the gorgeous spectacle beneath her.

Bianca’s warm eyes were fixed on hers. They swam with strained tears as her throat was reamed by Alisa’s behemoth cock, and her nostrils flared from a lack of air while her cheeks bellowed out like a chipmunks. Her face was smeared in cum and spit. She fell back slightly, the very tip all that was left to stuff her maw and flood it with pre and waited there. Heavy rungs of spit drooped from her lips and from the far off centre of Alisa’s shaft.

“Stand up,” Alisa panted and stepped back, nearly knocking herself down as her balls swung against her shins. She couldn’t see Bianca’s full glory past the rigid enormity of her cock, and she *had to* properly see her lover. Not through glazed over eyes with her dick buried in a nun’s pussy, but with clarity – or as much as she could manage.

Bianca smiled as she stepped back out of arms reach. Lewd streaks of saliva poured across her chin and across her body, which was far from clean. Slight splashes of her gently tanned skin peeked out from amidst the layers of cum, with small lines appearing as her spit drooled across her form. Alisa heard herself gulp, yet she was numb to the action. Bianca consumed everything in her mind.

The curse had more than taken its toll on Bianca. Her face was as beautiful as ever, perhaps more so with the crude slop caked to her skin. Gently angular cheekbones slid elegantly into her full lips, above which her nose sat delicately between her brown eyes. Ordinarily long and flowing, her chestnut hair was instead a mess of slimy locks that barely showed beyond the coating of jizz.

Bianca’s smirk turned mischievous. She shoved her hands under her breasts and lifted them, the malleable mountains devoured her arms, while the bottom halves spread out further from how she squished them. Only the top of her hips were visible past the wall of tit. She, then, leaned forward and lifted them higher, mashing them against her chin. Her smirk shone brightly as Alisa’s cock jumped.

“You like?” Bianca teased, jiggling her landscape of breast. Her huge, deep-pink nipples flopped with the motions. Massive, puffed up circles of a similar shade surrounded the stiff masts. Alisa spotted several tiny ridges spread across the peaks, each beading with an intimately familiar fluid. Those beads gradually formed into large drops and broke apart, becoming part of the paste-like seed that coated her body.

“I love you,” Alisa gushed. The air felt hot and heavy as she inhaled, as if the very atmosphere was intoxicated by the heat they exuded. Her eyes moved sluggishly down Bianca’s voluptuous form, desperate to engrave every inch into her memory.

From a tiny waist that her breasts vastly overshadowed, her already erotically broad hips flared into a fetishist’s dream. Bianca was a slender girl for her height, yet, even if she had shoulders like a bodybuilder, her hips stretched far beyond them. It was close, but Alisa was certain they inched out her breasts for width.

Catching her eye’s focus, Bianca giggled and languidly turned. Her curves bounced with the slight movement, betraying the firm appearance they somehow maintained. Not an inch of Bianca appeared to sag despite the rigorous weight. Her ass curved out from her back into a shelf all on its own, then gracefully slid into her tree-sized thighs and long legs. A faint yet powerful layer of muscle rippled beneath the tiers of softness.

The curse hadn’t touched anything else. Bianca’s back was as smooth as ever and blended into her shoulders and arms like a single stroke of a paint brush. She let her breasts fall into their natural form and laid her hands atop them, while her head turned back to beam at the captivated futa. Alisa’s cock jerked and sent a stream of pre-cum sailing high, before it fell on Bianca.

The impact set her breasts jiggling once more. They stretched so far from Bianca’s torso that Alisa saw every ripple from behind, and even watched the drops of milk thickening into streams. Bianca twirled gently in place. Their bodies were capable of moving despite the inestimable weight they now carried, however that meant little to the power of momentum.

Despite her care, Bianca stumbled a little as her breasts swung. Alisa couldn’t resist and giggled at her lover, who mock pouted before joining in.

“Come here,” Alisa chuckled. Bianca sashayed over, curves jiggled lustfully with every step, no matter how gentle her movement, and straddled Alisa’s cock, hugging it between her heavenly thighs. Her enormous breasts surrounded Alisa, trapping in the greatest prison she could imagine. They draped their arms loosely on the other’s shoulders.

“Are we doing this?” Bianca asked, leaning close to see her own reflection in Alisa’s eyes.

“I don’t think we have a say anymore,” Alisa said, “Every part of me is screaming to fuck you, Anca.”

“I know,” Bianca smirked and entangled her fingers in Alisa’s hair, holding her firmly, “Just the one, right? Then we’ll go and fix this.”

“That’s the problem,” Alisa panted. Exactly as she’d said, her body was crying out for her to fuck this woman who shared her curse, to fill her more and more as they grew, “I don’t know if I can stop.”

“Me neither,” Bianca admitted, then added, “Not alone anyway.” She leaned in close, pressing her forehead to Alisa’s much like a feline would. Her breath washed across the futa’s skin, warm and soothing yet filled with lust, “We’ll beat it together.”

“I don’t think it works…” Her words died on her tongue as Bianca kissed her, lips encapsulating everything that she could want to say. Even so, Bianca pulled back shortly after.

“For better or worse, we’ll be together,” Bianca declared.

Alisa didn’t know where the courage came from, much less how she even spoke the words in the face of her overriding desire, “Will you marry me?”

Silence hovered between them. It shuddered against the constant drops of Bianca’s milk against the ground and the primal beat of their hearts. Neither breathed in that moment, seemingly stretching it out into an entire hour.

Alisa had contemplated the possibility for weeks. Here was a beautiful, kind woman who didn’t care that she was a futa, rather, she loved the fact. Most men would be crazy not to at least think of popping the question, regardless of how long they’d been going out for. She wasn’t lost to how fast – ridiculous even – this was. And yet, she’d said the words and Bianca was taking them in.

“What kind of proposal is that?” Bianca eventually exhaled, “Most people drop to one knee. You? You just pop it on me when I’m straddling your giant dick.”

“Y-yeah,” Alisa murmured and lowered her head. That basically equated to a ‘no’ in her mind. She couldn’t fault Bianca for it. After all, they were still in college. Neither of them could legally drink, though Bianca’s charms made that detail irrelevant, and they might even grow so big that normal lives became impossible.

“What date did you have in mind?”

“Huh?” Alisa was absolutely certain that she had never sounded so dumbfounded before in her life. Even her cock pulsed as if shocked. She gawked at Bianca, whose eyes glistened in the fiery sunlight that peered over the courtyard walls.

“We might not have that long, so… now?”

“You can’t be serious?” Alisa rasped.

“Why not? I’m sure Judith’s ordained. Or, uh, someone here who’s conscious maybe?”

“You’re serious?” Alisa’s jaw fell low until it felt like it might brush the floor. Or sink into the inescapable depths of Bianca’s cleavage.

“I am,” Bianca nodded, “If I weren’t, I’d be humping you until one of our pelvises broke.”

Alisa’s cock twitched once more, “It’d probably be yours.”

“Yeah, wouldn’t complain though,” Bianca giggled and reignited the earlier kiss, tongue slithering in to tangle with Alisa’s. They swirled together and explored the other’s abode, leftovers of Alisa’s cum decorated their orifices, thick and slimy as it clung to their tongues.

“I… think that’s a great idea,” Sister Judith groaned from nearby, weakly raising a hand. Alisa glanced in her direction without breaking the kiss that fed her foolishly wonderful desires to fuck Bianca, and to marry her. What little sense of sanity remained close to her thoughts, stealthily crawled away from the light of consciousness, thus leaving the path clear for her lust to take hold.

“Wanna celebrate?” Alisa panted in her dwindling moment of lucidity.

Bianca tilted her face down as though contemplating the query. It was only a joke. Alisa read it on her lover’s half-hidden face, in the way her cheeks were raised, and felt it through her body, savouring the sudden plush tightness that gripping her monolithic penis. She reached up and tilted Bianca’s chin to face her once more.

Above them, above everything, the sun cast its radiance without judgement. It represented the closest thing to a god on Earth, despite being so far away, and yet it paled in Alisa’s eyes. The only light she needed came from the woman in her arms, whose lips were parted in harsh, airy breaths and whose eyes were wide with unrepentant need. In those eyes, Alisa gave into her own crushing urges.

Their lips melded together and separated, only to clash once more. Deep, husky groans filled Alisa’s ears, the sounds a mix of her own rumbling voice and Bianca’s. Nothing held them at bay anymore. Not for that moment of their existence. Alisa groped at every inch of her lover’s colossal bust, the pressure ushered forth a heavy flow of lactate that gushed across the defiled stone, before she gripped a pair of huge, soft handles. They squished between her small fingers like sponge.

Bianca’s voracious moans vibrated deep within her chest against Alisa’s own petite form. The overly endowed futa gripped her nipples tighter, milk pouring from them with every squeeze, as she pulled her tight. Details of their surroundings turned to a smear; sounds became indefinable, scents collapsed into a single aura, the breeze meant nothing as it deflected against their naked skin, and all they tasted was each other’s spit and Alisa’s seed. They couldn’t be happier to fall into each other.

Alisa rolled her hips with the hungry motions of her lips. All her senses were turned inward, fixated on how… *good* everything felt. Her balls ached deliciously from their fullness, and her cock twitched and drooled in desire for the pussy that ground against its base. Oh, that pussy. Alisa wriggled a hand between Bianca’s extreme breasts to find her crotch.

So wet, Alisa thought and pressed harder into her girlfriend. Rather, her fiancée. The sudden change in title only made her want Bianca more, to prove that it wasn’t simply a spur of the moment, that she meant everything to her. That their relationship meant everything to her.

More than finishing college. More than stopping this curse. More than her own life. No, she amended. She cherished her life dearly, because it belonged to Bianca now.

Alisa slowed the ravenous kissing and let her eyes peek open slightly to find Bianca’s own warmth gazing back at her. They separated with a reluctant smack of the lips, lavish strings of their thick, murky saliva bridged the small gap between them, then broke as Alisa spoke, “I need you.”

“Cowgirl?”

“Then reverse later?” Alisa added.

Bianca smirked at her, gorgeous with her spit smeared chin and cheeks, “And doggy to finish it all off.”

“How many times do you think we’ll cum?” Alisa inquired as Bianca kicked her leg off the futa’s majestic cock, letting her lay back on the cock-slime ridden ground. By some miracle, or through sheer power that her prick had developed, her member stood upright like a glorious pillar. Her eyes spent a moment taking it in, travelling along the different veins like she was trying to escape a maze. The only end that she could find, though, was the pinnacle of her shaft. An angry-purple head that added at least another inch of girth.

At the very least. In truth, she couldn’t estimate how big it was compared to the rest of her length. Her eyes strayed the moment Bianca made the slightest move, which brought her huge curves jiggling back into perspective. She glanced between her shaft and loved one, astonished at the few inches that separated their height.

And Bianca would take that inside of her? She’d stretch her pussy and belly around it like a human condom. Every logical facet that compiled to form Alisa’s conscious mind screamed that she would rip Bianca apart, or swell her up with cum until she burst. She silenced it.

Sister Judith had come out fine. Exhausted, but fine. Why should Bianca’s fate be any different?

“We might have to get airlifted out of here,” Bianca interrupted her thoughts with a light giggle. She patted the side of Alisa’s pillar and lingered there, eyes fixated on how it swayed under her touch, “But we’ve got another problem.”

“Oh, yeah,” Alisa flushed as she realised her cock had grown much too big for Bianca to ride it. Just as she used to, after Alisa sat through test upon test and wanted nothing more than to relax. Bianca knew exactly how to soothe her.

“Don’t worry, Liz,” Bianca cooed and, following a turgid vein, ran her hand down the tumescent length until she couldn’t reach any further, “Pull it down toward you.”

“Okay,” Alisa heaved her cock toward her chest. It tilted up from her petite bust, unrestrainable, and continued to spit thick, slimy threads of pre-cum. Bianca, then, walked out of sight past her head. The futa bit her lip at the revelation of her lover’s plan. A deep, unfeminine groan roared within her chest, one that pined for Bianca to hurry yet also for her to savour every moment.

“Yeah,” Bianca moaned softly, breathless in her own excitement no doubt, “This’ll be perfect.”

“Yes, you are,” Alisa murmured, almost dreamily. Something hot and moist, soft and puffy pressed into her spongy tip. She craned her head back to watch, eyes and lips wide in enamoured wonder. Weak gusts of her breath parted coolly around her still wet cock, passing delicious shudders through her. They grew heavier and stronger and longer as soaked folds separated against her tip, spread around it, engulfed it and squeezed it.

Such a sight should’ve been reserved for gods. Bianca’s face was obscured from view, her huge round buttocks filled Alisa’s gaze instead, yet it was no less tantalising. The body of her lover screamed sex in amounts of excess. Bianca had her hands lodged deep into her ass cheeks, between which Alisa saw the woman’s gently puckered anus and, more importantly, her impossibly elastic cunt.

“It’s so big,” Bianca moaned, unseen yet heard as if she whispered into Alisa’s ear. She pushed back further, harder, to stretch her already taut folds to their absolute limit. There was no ‘easing’ into such penetration. Alisa was huge from her cock’s zenith, to its pit. And yet, almost in spite of that, Bianca opened slowly and smoothly. Her pussy lips turned thin around the watermelon-sized head.

Slick lines of drool seeped from either side of Alisa’s mouth. Her parents had owned various pieces of ‘art’, all supposedly praised for their beauty. And they paled to the gorgeously lewd sight that drew, slipping across her length, nearer and nearer. Thick rungs of Bianca’s musky juices drooled from her snatch and over Alisa’s prick.

“Deep…” Bianca gasped, though she didn’t seem aware of her words, “Fill me up… so deep.”

She slowly squatted lower and released her ass as she shuffled backward. The delectably rotund cheeks wetly clapped against Alisa’s cock. Pre-cum and pussy juice quickly smeared across the flesh, which slid against the futa’s pulsating cock as it sank further, as if to proxy a tit fuck.

Is Bianca big enough to do that? Alisa wondered, then forgot as her lover stumbled, her sopping cunt gliding to a slow stop directly overhead, so close that the futa could almost taste it on her tongue. Bianca’s clit was fully engorged, its hood peeled back to expose the sensitive nub. Just a little closer and Alisa could kiss it. Suck it. Yet the tiny ball of nerves remained out of reach.

The sensations, however, more than satisfied her. Alisa could only guess at the pleasure that permeated Bianca’s body, that made her strained walls squeeze and flutter violently, but her own burgeoning ecstasy was far from a mystery.

In a typical case, the larger the surface area, the less condensed the nerve-endings were. Such was the reason that big boobs were, in actuality, far from ideal for a sexual person. Alisa had no such problem with her cock. Every inch was as sensitive as ever, if not more so. Like her nerves had doubled, no, tripled to account for every foot she’d gained. And Bianca’s cunt made her feel everything.

Every slight ripple against her shaft and head. Every trickle of their juices. Every slight crevice in Bianca’s canal. Every beat of her heart.

Alisa released her cock from her arms and clapped her hands on Bianca’s ass. Freed, her prick jerked and nearly uplifted Bianca, were it not for Alisa’s tight grip. Her delicate hands were insignificant by comparison. She massaged the giant mounds, squeezing them around her broad shaft and pulling Bianca lower.

The impaled woman’s thighs saturated her peripheral view. Thick and juicy, beautifully sculpted as if from her deepest fantasies. Alisa leaned up as Bianca descended, to finally clasp her lips around her love’s clit. She suckled on it and moaned at the sounds of pleasure from above. Slowly, Alisa lapped her tongue across the tiny nub while Bianca continued to slide back. The pressure of her stomach stretching brought Alisa’s attention upwards.

Bianca’s belly had lost all of its own definition. The slight divot of her belly button was gone, replaced by the throbbing labyrinth of veins and a bell-shaped peak, which occasionally bulged as pre-cum shot forth. Her heaving tits framed the bulge, hugging it tight between their enormity. It surged greater with Alisa’s pounding lust.

“How’s the view?” Bianca’s voice roused Alisa from her trance. She tilted her head far back, hoping to see Bianca’s beautiful face, yet her vision was eclipsed by her peerless dick, wreathed in her fiancée’s unbreakable skin, that stretched far beyond their heads.

“Could be better,” Alisa rasped.

“I was talking about my pussy, Liz,” Bianca chuckled, her musical joy drifted through Alisa’s ears and coaxed the same from her lips. She lowered her gaze back to Bianca’s strained snatch, and she watched as sloppy rivers all but gushed from her. Gravity demanded that they fall and land on Alisa’s skin in thick, slimy ropes. As Bianca slid lower, her flushed, tightly stretched folds oozed another dollop. It landed in Alisa’s belly button, overflowing it in an instant such was the quantity.

The futa brought her hands to stroke across her body. She gawked at Bianca’s pussy, overjoyed and dismayed, as it took inch after inch of her turgid prick. Just a few more to go, Alisa thought as the strangely thin base came within Bianca’s reach. Her veins thudded erratically, as though calling out to Bianca. Alisa massaged a handful of her lover’s cum into her own tiny tits, pausing to pinch her nipples. It was all she could do to avoid shoving Bianca the rest of the way.

“Fuck!” Bianca exclaimed. Her pussy, already tighter than any grip or vice and softer than the finest cotton, clamped around Alisa’s girth. It relaxed, then clenched again. The walls rippled around her, rolling like waves. They pushed and pulled, rather, they tugged on her length like a cum-hungry whore. Entire floods of juices poured across her groin, pooling beneath her and splattering across her torso and thighs. She even felt drops on her toes.

Alisa tensed every muscle to keep herself from orgasm. She kept her gaze fixed squarely on Bianca’s tits, bug-eyed as they grew before her eyes. They were both fully aware of the curse, and Alisa had seen it in action before. But this… this was an entirely new level.

Shiny from spit, milk and cum, Bianca’s tits bellowed out from their already unfathomable size. No bra could hope to contain them, even a poncho would be hard pressed to do so. And that possibility became less and less likely as they grew. They swelled around Alisa’s cock, somehow swallowing its enormity within their own. Her mind surged at the sight, then stumbled at the spectacle of Bianca’s nipples.

Cock-sized was an insult to them now, as would comparing them to cans. Milk spewed from them like water from a high-pressure hose, dousing the stone and Alisa in the creamy sweetness. Bianca arched her back as another wave of pleasure overcame her, forcing her body straight. The futa gasped, her cock twitched and drool streaked down her chin. For as titanic Bianca’s boobs had become, her hips and ass were eager to match.

“Ready?” Bianca panted once she came down.

“You’ll get too big. You won’t be able to move. You’ll be stuck here, helpless. And what about me?” Alisa wanted to say that, speak her fears and make Bianca understand them. But she remained quiet. They both knew the consequences. It was a simple matter of instinct and desire warring against common sense.

And, faced with tits bigger than her body paired with an ass no amount of injections could create, Alisa’s had no chance of winning.

“Fuck yeah,” Alisa breathed and clapped her hands onto Bianca’s awesome thighs. They rippled just enough for her liking. Bianca leaned around the phallic pillar of her belly and beamed at the futa.

“I love you, babe.”

“Then don’t be stingy,” Alisa gasped. Power far greater than what her lithe arms seemed capable of lifted Bianca high, then pulled her back down with just as much strength. The clap of their flesh, wet and lewd, echoed throughout the courtyard. Probably the whole church too. Bianca’s juices splashed everywhere from the force.

Both moaned at the ascent. Bianca’s pussy still squeezed in the aftermath and continued to spill entire ounces of girl-cum down Alisa’s cock. She rose again, this time under her own power, and let gravity do its work. As she recovered from the aftershocks of pleasure, Alisa took charge.

The futa yelped at every smack. Her groin sloshed and splashed with fem-cum, while her balls rippled and churned at the impact. Every nerve-ending in her cock sang at the slick friction, while the gentle tides of pain echoed throughout her body. Bianca undulated her body with the falls, fucking her tits with the movement.

“Amazing,” Alisa moaned. Her eyes refused to close for even a second, terrified that she might miss the pure, erotic dance before her. Bianca could only move so much while impaled on a literal tower of cock, yet her body did more than enough. She rose up and her tits did too, then floated as she fell and slammed against her body. They seemed prepared to jiggle for entire hours afterwards. The forearm-sized nipples flopped about and splattered the area with milk too.

That said nothing of Bianca’s great hips and legs. She squatted over Alisa, her muscles showed faintly against the deliciously soft, feminine layers of fat as she worked herself. The weight should’ve been too much for her, for nearly any woman at that, yet she carried herself with apparent ease. She pushed herself a full foot high and held it for a moment, then dropped like a deadweight.

Each time she rose, Alisa was treated to the sight of her cock being unveiled. Its girth wasn’t uniform for the entire shaft. At its base, it started at barely half its daunting width, then flared rapidly into the glorious expansion of cockmeat. Her balls were likewise hidden and revealed by Bianca’s rising hips. Each reveal made them seem bigger than the last.

Alisa silently compared them to her lover’s bouncing tits. Both went far above and beyond human possibility, each more than capable of immobilising someone, yet she was certain her testicles were smaller. An unusual twinge of annoyance ached in her chest at the realisation. She was so much smaller than Bianca in almost every way, and she was fine with that – only a fool would complain – but even her most incredible aspect couldn’t outdo Bianca’s.

Alisa wasn’t one for competition. She liked to outdo others purely to prove her academic worth to herself, and possibly to show off around Bianca or to some of her teachers. Despite that, she wanted to beat Bianca. To become so completely huge there was no contest as to who was the bigger one.

But to do that, she’d have to cum. And cum. And cum.

“Anca?” Alisa panted, brow furrowed. She softened her pace, something that registered even in Bianca’s lust addled mind.

“Y-yeah?” Bianca leaned back and rested her hands on Alisa’s huge – though not big enough – balls.

“I… I want to grow,” she admitted. Her grip tightened on Bianca’s thighs, hard enough to turn her knuckles a stark white, powered by her fear. No matter how this curse had messed with her mind, she’d never once thought of *competing* with Bianca, a path that led to constant growth. They’d never completely outdo one another. One would grow and the other would follow suite.

“I want to be bigger than you,” Alisa finished as a whisper.

“I know,” Bianca rasped as she ground against Alisa’s crotch.

“Well?”

“Well, what?”

“What do we do about it?” Alisa demanded. Her own hips moved now, slowly building in speed alongside Bianca’s.

“The only thing I can think of is to cum our brains out, like we did before.”

“But…” Alisa’s voice carried off into a low coo of pleasure as her thrusts started to bounce Bianca, restarting the constant slaps of their flesh.

“Less talk, more fuck,” Bianca snapped. Her hands dug into Alisa’s scrotum, stimulating the oversized balls that she wanted even bigger. The futa hesitated before she gave in. As they were now, neither had a chance at regaining control of themselves. It was as Bianca had said. They needed to be satisfied.

To cum until they were done.

Alisa’s teeth clenched together as her jaw and body went taut. Her hips jerked roughly against Bianca, sending a beautiful wave along her soft form, while her balls roared and her cock swelled. The sound was comparable to an earthquake. An incomprehensible amount of cum sloshed within the confines, each splash as loud as the ocean’s tides crashing against rock. Alisa dug her hands into her lover’s flesh.

Then it began. Her towering dick twitched wildly inside Bianca’s overly stretched womb. It smashed into the impaled woman’s massive tits as it jerked side to side. Bianca’s already strained skin groaned and creaked, almost like rubber, around the swelling monument. She wrapped her arms around it and held on, as if she were astride a bucking bull.

The swelling came to a stop, then. It looked half-again as big as before, each vein striking against Bianca’s latex-thin belly and faint web of blue. A powerful quiver rocked Alisa’s balls, a precursor to her startling cry. She arched her back and forced Bianca higher. Not a speck of her cock was freed from her lover’s depths, every one of her sixty-inches trapped within a perfect seal. Even Bianca’s abundant juices were trapped within it.

Alisa’s cry dimmed into a prolonged moan as, with a heavy rush of fluid, her cock bulged and thinned. The sound was a match for any rainstorm, akin to the thunderous rush of water from the heavens or the oceans yet gargled by its sheer viscosity. She was intimately aware of how thick her cum was. It oozed powerfully up her shaft, forced the urethra to distend and blasted past her head into Bianca’s all too willing uterus.

It immediately poured down to her cervix. There was no escape past the airtight grip Bianca had on her. The thick deluge gathered and shoved against Bianca’s womb, stretching it even further, out into a ball shape that rivalled a beach ball in seconds. Several drops were lost on the way, clinging to the walls or their progenitor, each plainly visible as slight bumps in Bianca’s abdomen. If she wasn’t responsible for it, Alisa might’ve believed Bianca was overdue with their child.

From just the first release. Alisa’s cry renewed itself, accompanied by the harmonious churning of her balls and the rise of her seed, before both were punctured by the second burst. She felt it burst open her urethral slit and spill out to join its comparably diminutive predecessor. It was thicker than the last, too, the untold billions… trillions upon trillions of sperm flooding every inch of Bianca’s womb.

She wondered if they’d find her ovaries. The sheer scale seemed enough to flood those as well, or to squeeze them and release their glorious bounties. Was it possible that the curse also affected Bianca’s fertility? The girl was likely already pregnant, but… Alisa couldn’t help that ‘but’. It intruded on her fleeting lucidity like a drunken frat guy, demanding attention that she didn’t want to give.

But what if the curse was that ridiculous? Her mind inevitably finished the thought. After everything that had happened – her cock growing the same length as she was tall, Bianca’s tits reaching beanbag territory – it almost didn’t seem impossible that Bianca could get *more* pregnant.

Her eyes dwelled on her lover’s massive, swelling gut. It was a close-match for her tits at that point. Then she felt it, mere seconds before her third explosion of cum, Bianca clenched and shouted in her own bliss. Alisa’s cock swelled larger than before in its next release, pouring into the woman as their curse took hold. Alisa stared at the zenith of her bloated cock as it rose higher and higher, completely outstripping her height.

She felt her balls spread out below. They crawled across her legs, heavier and bigger by the second, past her knees, her shins. Alisa’s flow of cum burst to greater levels as her feet pressed against her scrotum, which continued to grow. Another sensation sang out for her attention. She looked down from her astounding cock, its growth slowly diminishing, and saw Bianca’s tits pour out from her chest. They reached lower, rounded out greater, stretched forward further until they encroached on Alisa’s own torso.

“No, dammit,” Alisa whined. Every fragment of her being demanded that she not lose to Bianca. She *must* be the biggest. It was an inane desire, one that she shouldn’t give anything more than a passing thought, and yet it dominated her mind. She pumped her hips as her cock pulsed another helping of thick, impregnating gunk into Bianca’s young womb. Her sensitive head scraped against the gooey walls and sent blissful trills across her nerves.

“What’re… ooh fuck!” Bianca moaned.

Twin sensations, both eerily alike despite being so different, saturated Alisa’s body. Electric bursts of delight shot through her as she fucked Bianca with her now six-foot majesty, then a deep, roaring fire charred her senses when her cum gushed free. Each was just as fantastic as the other.

It was only a matter of time before Alisa’s thrusts turned jerky and violent. She froze, then, buried to the hilt within Bianca, threw her head back in a silent exclamation of the scarcely understood ecstasy she stumbled upon. Alisa had achieved multiple orgasms before, but they were rarely fulfilling and often left her empty and exhausted. This… was something extraordinary.

There was no dilution to her pleasure. None. Her body, already caught ablaze in her climax, plummeted into a pit of lava. Rather than burn alive, however, she was suffused in bliss. The searing agony that should’ve killed her, instead shamed every sensation she’d experienced before. This wasn’t simply one orgasm after another. This was two at the same time.

Bianca’s own cries also fell silent as her body followed suite. Her cunt rippled and squeezed like a vice made from slick velvet, while her juices drowned Alisa’s cock, which reciprocated by further swelling her womb. The smooth orb stretched across the futa’s body, its peak at her chin now.

“Turn… turn around,” Alisa forced the words past her bliss. Somehow, Bianca heard the command. She twisted around, still buried on all six feet of Alisa’s cock. Her belly slapped against the futa’s enormous balls, which answered with another burst of cum and a surge in size. Alisa almost regretted saying words as she lost sight of her lover’s glorious cum-gut, but Bianca’s ass more than sufficed.

Entire feet of ass cheeks stretched out from Bianca’s waist. They were framed flawlessly by her hips, each now pushed a foot past her shoulders, and were bolstered by tree-trunk thighs. Alisa clapped her hands onto the rear mounds, amazed as her fingers disappeared into the abundance of firm flesh. She opened the cheeks to leer at the lightly puckered ring of muscle. Her next target, she silently vowed.

Then their growth ignited. Alisa felt the heat, that was similar and unlike her dual-climax, and watched in fascinated lust as her towering cock swelled higher still. Its girth far exceeded Bianca’s shoulders as well, while the veins each resembled cocks of their own in their sheer size. Her balls were far from missed, hidden though they were. They exploded past her feet, gaining entire inches within seconds as if they fed off the remnants of her first orgasm.

Bianca wasn’t far behind. Her ass swelled massively in a mirror of her tits and swallowed Alisa’s hands deeper, surrounding them in plush warmth up to the wrist. Every inch of their shape remained as smooth as ever, save for the crease where Alisa’s hands vanished. Her tits were obvious from every angle, each mountain easily more than three feet in diameter. Alisa could only guess at their depth.

“You… you done?” Alisa rasped once her orgasms slowly drew to an end.

“Maybe?” Bianca huffed.

“I’m still hard,” Alisa groaned. Somewhere amidst their blissful growth, she’d lost track of everything and found herself leaning heavily against Bianca’s ass. The still impaled girl rested atop her belly, which hardly gave under her entire body’s weight, with her tits pushed out on either side of her and her enormous ass raised high. The cheeks came level with Alisa’s slight breasts.

“Then what’re… you waiting.. for?” Bianca panted. She arched her back and twisted her head around, one arm reached out to Alisa and pulled her in close until their lips almost met.

“Won’t it be too much?” Alisa’s brow furrowed. Her mind turned to the enormous spheres of cum that sat behind her, each orb more than a match for her entire body mass, sans cock and balls of course. She glanced to the front where her cock stretched several feet past Bianca’s head. It had to be at least seven-and-a-half feet, “What about finding the gypsy?”

“We’ll manage,” Bianca assured her and gave a quick peck on the lips, “I’m sure your harem will be more than willing to oblige.”

“My harem? What…” Alisa trailed off as she, finally, turned her attention to something other than herself or Bianca. They were surrounded by women, all of whom were soaked in cum and sporting tiny copies of Bianca’s stomach. She vaguely recognised them as the nuns who had cared for her, and who had clearly fallen victim to her urges.

“Let’s give ‘em a final show, eh?” Bianca giggled and pulled her in for a deep kiss. One more time, Alisa silently promised herself.