Futa Note Chapter 11

Everything around her blurred into an amalgamation of colours and pointless shapes. She knew what they were. The faded turquoise painted walls that clashed with the strange red shade of the floor, coated with caked in dirt, and twin rows of students that kept to themselves. Some shapes were those of bags or haphazard posters celebrating school pride. None mattered in the slightest.

Carmen had her bag and its contents gripped tight in her white-knuckled grasp. The chipped plastic doors creaked open, their hinges barely capable of tolerating Carmen’s excessive force, while she squinted against the bright sunlight. She glanced down the left path to the library, then to the right and chose the former. Dakota and Mary knew that she preferred the library for privacy, and she wanted nothing more than to be alone. Even Ryuka seemed to understand.

If the damned Seikogami hadn’t dropped the Futa Note, then this likely wouldn’t have happened. Carmen reached into her jostling bag and grabbed the book, almost able to feel its tantalising power seep from the cover. Because of one little thing, she had antagonised possibly the worst person she could have. Mary at least kept to those who outright offended her in some way, albeit that could mean nearly anything.

What made it worse was that ‘one little thing’ could make it all go away. Less than a single paragraph and she could control everything, let alone Gretchen. She passed one of the few trees that followed the cracked path, offering the blossoming vegetation a brief glimpse. No one paid attention to a maple tree. They just walked by without a second-thought, precisely how Carmen would’ve liked the rest of her high school life to have gone.

She shook her head with a disdained groan. Dealing with the hand one was dealt was just another part of being successful. If she wasted her time on hindsight, then she’d never get anywhere. The untended stone path came to an end, the weeds and cracks leading into the grass behind the main building. In the early morning sunlight, she spotted the track team practicing before class. They wouldn’t bother her.

The honour took folded her legs beneath her and sat against the building. Her enriched rear cushioned her against the dry soil below. It hadn’t rained for almost a week, leaving the ground just as fractured as the pavement. The grass and occasional flower wilted under its malnourishment. Carmen withdrew the Futa Note and a pen from her bag, immediately flipping it to the first page.

How many names would another person have written by now? She wondered, glancing at the near-empty, greyish-white page. It didn’t matter. There’d only be one more name written in this book for the rest of her life, a name that would remedy her school problems and give her, and dozens of others, a deep-rooted sense of retribution. She wouldn’t try to be smart or controlling this time. Gretchen would get exactly what she should.

“H-hi,” a small voice whispered just as Carmen’s pen touched paper. She shoved the book back into her sack and pulled it close, before checking who it was that might’ve discovered her, “Can we… can I apologise?” Zoey practically mouthed the words, though her pretty lips hardly moved at all. Like all those openly affiliated with Gretchen, she was stunning at a minimum, though in different ways.

Naturally tanned skin dominated her features and helped her lively, green eyes stand out. Her hair was a dark red, closer to an auburn tone and was cut into a long pixy-cut. It curled into her left-cheek. Carmen had to rear her head back to properly take in the taller student, whose body seemed designed for athleticism. Long legs with powerful quads and thighs, and sleek curves. Her arms were soft to the eye and folded behind her back.

If not for what she had done, Carmen might’ve enjoyed such a view. Instead, her eyes darkened into a vicious glare that her voice reflected, “No, now fuck off.”

“I…” Zoey gulped, shying away as if she were a small dog being reprimanded. She slowly brought her arms around to the front, a familiar wrapped package rested in her hands, undamaged in the slightest. Carmen rushed to her feet and took the gift away, looking it over in disbelief. Even the tag was still in place, “I put it in my locker so Gretchen wouldn’t find out.”

The athlete turned to leave, offering a half-hearted wave goodbye.

“Wait,” Carmen snapped, clinging to the present as if it were a scholarship letter. Zoey stopped and slowly circled around, a look of worry on her face, “Why’d you do it?”

“Because Gretchen told me to,” Zoey explained, her voice still as light as air.

“Not that. Why’d you save this?”

“Um,” Zoey smiled shyly, “She only said to ruin your stuff… that’s for someone else, so…”

Carmen didn’t notice her laughter until it had already trailed from her lips, “Clever.”

“Th-thanks,” Zoey blushed, red peeking through her bronze cheeks. Carmen returned to where she was sat, smiling softly at Melody’s present while Zoey hovered anxiously.

“What is it?” Carmen inquired. Nearly every ounce of her earlier fury had retreated from her consciousness, skulking back into the corners of her mind, waiting to be called on again.

“Just… how do you do it? You know, standing up to Gretchen like yesterday,” Zoey murmured.

“She’s a spoiled bitch, doesn’t mean she’s the President of the US or anything. Though I don’t know who’d be worse right now,” Carmen added under her breath, then glanced up as Zoey giggled.

“I think she’d OD before she could be sworn in.”

“She does drugs?” Carmen rolled her eyes, “Why am I not surprised?”

“And she drinks,” Zoey added, forming a slight smile.

“I almost feel bad for Ms. Blake,” Carmen mused, “You can sit down, you know.”

“Oh, uh sure,” Zoey squatted down beside Carmen, though she kept over a foot between them and hugged her knees to her chest.

“Why aren’t you over there?” Carmen nodded to the track team on the field, though calling it such was more out of principle. Any markings that designated as such were long gone. Only a single goal post remained standing, the others having fallen to rust or weather. The track team still enjoyed themselves, laughing almost obnoxiously loud when a member tripped and her shorts ripped. Or that was what Carmen presumed was happening, since she couldn’t make them out very clearly from such a distance.

“Gretchen wanted me nearby,” Zoey lowered her head to hide it in her knees, as if ashamed to mention the queen bee’s name aloud.

“Should’ve figured,” Carmen muttered.

“I’m really sorry,” Zoey peeked at the honour student, glancing from the bland, beige wall to her, then the grass and back again.

“It…” Carmen took a deep breath, forcing her arms to stay relaxed, “It’s not really your fault. Gretchen made you, after all. How come you let her push you around like that? You should be able to run away if nothing else.”

“I can’t help it,” Zoey divulged, once again lowering her face, “She scares me… everyone does…”

“Then why’re you talking to me?” Carmen questioned.

“Dunno,” Zoey shrugged, “Guilt?”

Carmen sighed and glanced at her second-hand watch. The seconds arrow stuttered constantly, while the minute hand was always fluctuating between ahead and behind the actual time. She’d grown used to it by then, able to guess the time with a ninety-percent accuracy, “Class is starting soon,” she stood up and turned to stare down at Zoey.

“You can’t be happy taking crap from people, Zoey,” Carmen determined, offering a hand to the limber athlete, “Take it from me. Stick up for yourself, even if it scares you.”

Zoey let out a nervous laugh as she took her hand, rising to stand just over the honour student. The athletic student didn’t openly admit it, but Carmen could see her pride at being so tall, “Rachel says the same thing.”

“Really?”

“Well, she usually adds ‘fuck those fucking fucks’… or something.”

“Charming,” Carmen dryly complimented.

They separated prior to entering the school building. Neither wanted to think about what Gretchen might do if she thought they were friends, though very few people occupied the tattered hallways. Carmen glanced to down the corridor as she came to her class, watching as Zoey hesitantly stepped into the girl’s restroom. It was faint, but she heard Gretchen’s voice filter through the gently bustling air. She spared a mournful thought for the girl and stepped into the classroom.

Dakota turned in her seat as Carmen sat behind her. She’d changed from her usual desk at the furthest corner in recent weeks at Dakota’s behest, though she hardly resisted. Having someone – who wasn’t a perverted deity – to distract her from the mundane lessons was strangely pleasant.

“You okay?” Dakota asked, ignoring the teacher as they entered. Most of the students did the same, even those that came in after them. The educator hardly glanced at them, simply reading mindlessly from their textbook.

“Yeah,” Carmen exhaled slowly as she tapped her pen against the old and chipped desk, unable to note anything down until she could buy new materials, including the school’s textbooks, which didn’t come cheap. Hopefully her mother could handle the finances without her humble addition for the next month.

“What about the books?” Dakota continued, glancing at the ordinarily occupied space on Carmen’s desk. Without a pad of some kind to inhabit the area, all the gouges and crude drawings on the once finely crafted wood were plain to see.

“I’ll make do,” Carmen shrugged, “I always do.” She spared a grimace for her clothes, particularly her top. It wasn’t as bad as the brown sweater from yesterday, but that was far from a compliment. Individual threads could be seen around the neckline, which came dangerously close to revealing the tops of her breasts, and the hem drooped an inch above her skirts end.

“It’s a shame you’re so curvy,” Dakota sighed, “Must be hell finding clothes that’ll fit.”

Carmen arched a doubtful brow, “Please, I’ve seen you staring at my chest.”

“Can you blame me?” Dakota tilted her head innocently.

“Yeah… you’re the one that does it.”

“Fine,” Dakota sighed and slumped in her chair, folding her leg to idly swing it, “If you need new clothes, I don’t mind pitching in.”

“It’s fine, Dakota,” Carmen enthused.

“Maybe some of Mary’s might fit?”

“It’s fine,” Carmen repeated firmly.

“Okay, okay,” Dakota raised her hands in surrender, then lowered them and changed the subject, “I saw Zoey chase after you.”

“Yeah. We talked a bit.”

“Poor girl,” Dakota shook her head, “All she kept saying before she left was ‘I’m sorry, I’m sorry’.”

“She’s not bad,” Carmen noted, “Just needs a backbone.”

“Damn straight. It’d be great if she wasn’t Gretchen’s bitch anymore.”

“Yeah,” Carmen nodded and glanced down at her bag where, like it always did, the Futa Note peeked out to tempt her, and, like always, she found it nigh-impossible to resist. But she did.

Carmen couldn’t get her mind off Zoey. Each time that she passed the tanned athlete, who, alongside Rachel, always trailed several paces behind Gretchen and Ashley, she constantly looked on the verge of fleeing. She even overheard Gretchen deriding Zoey while in the lunch line, and not in a friendly manner like some would, but openly insulting the track star. The cafeteria was once again off limits to Carmen and her friends, forcing them outside. They sat against the school building, facing the field.

Several students eventually filed out from the cafeteria and onto the field as lunch break continued. They were mostly comprised of the track team, since they were the only athletics club that still had regular attendees, and decent equipment. The school refused to even pay for a soccer ball, much less provide additional equipment like netting or gymnastic mats. And the students were far from enticed to spend their own money.

How Saint Puella had remained open for so long eluded Carmen. Especially when their students primary form of pastime during recess was to play tag or leave campus to play hooky for the rest of the day, though the former usually lasted the entire year. She’d glimpsed the school’s attendance list last month and found that over half the student body was regularly absent. A blessing, since the school would likely crumble under so many feet.

It was a miracle that it didn’t anyway. She glanced up at the roof, where the drainpipes hung ominously far from the structure, no doubt weakened from the relentless accounts of students climbing them. They creaked and groaned in the gentle breeze, just waiting for a gust to send them careening to the ground below. And perhaps crush an unsuspecting student or teacher in the process.

“Isn’t that Zoey?” Dakota pointed to the field, bringing Carmen’s attention away from the lurking danger. If the pipes fell, they would land several feet away from her spot.

“Yeah… and she’s It. Again,” Mary sighed.

“She just tagged someone,” Dakota noted.

“And they’ll get her again with just one word,” Mary commented, lifting her fingers to count the seconds before Zoey was announced as It once more. She chased after people, but her attempts were half-hearted at best. The moment they told her to leave, she turned to another target, who did the same. It was an endless cycle until she caught someone unawares. Then she tagged only moments later.

“Why does she even play with them?” Carmen wondered aloud, unable to resist glowering at the physically superior runner. This was a person born with almost every advantage over Carmen, so then why would she have to take such abuse. Her intimidating height aside, she could at least enjoy herself.

“It’s better than dealing with Gretchen,” Dakota answered, while Mary only nodded. Carmen shook her head and stood.

“I’m heading to the computer room. I’ve gotta look up a few things.”

Once inside the dingy room, where two rows of chipped desks housed horribly outdated computers, she turned to address the permanent presence at her side, “Can the Futa Note change a person’s personality? Without making them a futa, that is.”

“Oh? You finally acknowledge my existence and that’s all you have to say to me?” Ryuka draped an arm over her face and shook her shoulders, forcing out fake sobs that wouldn’t have convinced a drunk.

“Can it?” Carmen persisted.

“Fine,” Ryuka sighed dramatically and floated over to sit atop a computer, the blocky tower more than capable of supporting her bountiful ass, “The answer is ‘no’. Any name written in that book makes that person a futa. Doesn’t matter what you write or how you phrase it, they’ll have a dick and a pussy.”

“And what if I removed the name afterwards?”

“Then it’ll just reappear,” Ryuka snickered, “Really, you think the book exists just for my kind’s amusement?”

“What *does* it exist for?” Carmen frowned. The Seikogami was right, her species survived off sex, yet their bodies and powers were more than enough to lure anyone into such a trap. Why would they need the book?

“Hell if I know,” Ryuka shrugged, “The Queen might, but she’s all the way over in my world.”

“You have a queen?” Carmen inquired doubtfully.

“Well, not really… she’s just the most powerful one of us all. Kind of gives her the right to do whatever she wants,” Ryuka explained, then changed the subject back to Carmen’s query, “Why’d you ask something so strange anyway?”

“Nothing that concerns you,” Carmen stated and left the room, though Ryuka remained at her side, absentmindedly fiddling with her nipples.

“I get that you’re still angry,” Ryuka started, “But cheer up.”

“I’m not angry,” Carmen bristled, then took a breath to calm herself.

“Sure,” the Seikogami rolled her crimson eyes and moved to hover just behind Carmen’s head, then leaned down to press her lips close to her ear, “Don’t forget, you’ve got that date with Stacy later.” Carmen froze in place, startling the perverse deity, whose soft mounds crashed into Carmen’s back. The nipples poked against her, unmistakable in their rigid yet squishy texture.

“Oh fuck,” Carmen groaned and rounded on the Seikogami, setting her sight firmly on Ryuka’s eyes, “If you do anything to ruin that, I will find a way to make you suffer.”

“Honey, please,” Ryuka chuckled, causing her breasts to quake sensually and her cock to sway, “You already bore me half to death every day, what more could you do?”

“Dunno, maybe I only feed you rotten oranges?”

Ryuka’s smile fell in an instant, her full lips curling into a disgusted grimace, yet she somehow still looked beautiful, “You wouldn’t.”

“You’re right. I won’t,” Carmen said and turned her back on the god, “So long as you stay away tonight.”

“Sometimes I hate you humans,” Ryuka murmured bitterly, then added under her breath, so quiet that Carmen barely heard her, “But that’s why you’re so fascinating.” And the same to you, Carmen thought yet remained silent.

The remainder of the day passed in relative calmness. Gretchen only made passing insults toward the three, apparently satisfied with the earlier outburst on Carmen’s part. Classes were strange for the honour student, her bag empty save for a cursed book, a pen and Melody’s present, and her desk void of any form of education. They sailed by, carried along by an endless string of conversation courtesy of Dakota or Mary, sometimes both.

“You should come over some time,” Mary had offered.

“We can go to the movies. My treat,” Dakota had suggested.

She declined them both. Chances were that she’d need to work weekends to buy new note and text books, not to mention the hours it’d take to redo her notes. Most were committed to memory, but she had no desire to take such a risk when the exams started. Anything that might hamper her college degree had to be controlled. No matter how hard she had to work to do so.

A year of non-stop studying. Weeks of late-night shifts.

“Whatever it takes,” Carmen whispered under her breath as the final bell rung, its shrill echo bounced around the school before it was cut off abruptly. It gave one last ring a moment later and faded into obscurity, undoubtedly broken, fated to be thrown out and unreplaced. The honour student took a deep breath as she followed the masses, praying that it wasn’t an omen. Perhaps if she and Stacy hit it off, she could move in with her and lessen the load on Alicia.

Not to mention the perks. Carmen sighed into the open air, a pale smile lifted her lips at the thought. She would wake up to Stacy’s cheerful face, or pressed against her buxom figure, their home filled with the aroma of coffee and herbs. After they spent the night… her mind trailed off as a gentle warmth thrummed to life within her, one that steadily distended into her lower half. Mary noticed her smile and nudged the honour student.

“You look way too happy to be going to work,” the blonde pointed out, staring up at her.

“I have a great boss,” Carmen defended, glancing at her friend. Mary’s shirt stretched tight over her chest, its neckline forced to bare a large portion of her cleavage. It left her arms and navel bare, while her skirt barely managed to conceal her cock. She never purposefully revealed it, however the wind often had other ideas. Even just a leg raised a centimetre too high made her circumcised tip peek into the open. It also made her voluptuous ass stand out all the more.

The warmth flared hotter as it weaved its way between Carmen’s thighs. She couldn’t help but imagine how Stacy might look dressed so revealingly, her pudgy belly on display, hips scarcely contained beneath a skirt that was much too small, and a huge cock dangling almost to her knees between her meaty thighs. Her imagination paused at the final image, yet the thought still lingered.

“You sure it’s not something else?” Mary teased, wriggling her eyebrows. She leaned in close, pressing her firm bust against Carmen’s arm.

“I’m sure,” Carmen insisted.

“Who’re you trying to fool, Carmen?” Dakota snickered, jogging to step in front of them, “I’d bet we all had the same thought yesterday.”

“Don’t know what you’re talking about,” Carmen turned her head to the side, avoiding Mary’s cleavage.

“Fine,” the pair sighed, relaxing into their usual pace alongside Carmen.

“You better give us details,” Mary quipped, earning a bemused snort from Dakota.

“Only if you shut up,” Carmen grumbled.

“So you admit it!” Mary announced with a broad smirk.

“No, I… whatever,” Carmen hung her head, defeated.

“You deserve someone nice,” Mary said, softly.

Dakota nodded, “Well, as nice as you can get when they’re not me.”

“Says the futa with the smaller dick,” Mary cackled, causing Dakota’s cheeks to redden through her tan.

“Wait, have you two…?” Carmen glanced between them, noticing their darkening faces, “I mean, I don’t mind. If you’re getting along, that’s all that matters.”

“It’s not like that, we just, um,” Mary trailed off, looking to Dakota for support.

“Helped each other out,” the half-German stated.

“I won’t harp on it if you guys don’t on me,” Carmen proposed. The other two nodded, then parted ways as they came to a stop in front of Soothe the Soul. Carmen stood there and stared through the ceiling height window, watching Stacy move from the front to the back like a yoyo, curves swaying with each hypnotic step. Her trademark smile only faltered when she had to rush but returned just as quickly.

There were only a small handful of customers seated amongst the three tables. They looked about ready to leave. One swirled his cup and set it down with a disappointed sigh, while another pair made their way to a bin. A familiar woman diligently typed away at her laptop, only pausing to sip her coffee or push her glasses back into place. She had become a regular over the past month, usually showing up during Carmen’s shifts.

The honour student focused on her reflection in the glass. No one mentioned the changes that had plagued her since finding the Futa Note, even now that she looked half-a-foot taller, or that her breasts had more than doubled in size. They didn’t sag, though, or not enough for their sheer mass. Likewise, her ass had swelled spectacularly and her hips had widened accordingly. Her skin was paler than before as well, her eyes and hair were darker and she swore her lips had filled out.

She almost resembled a more realistic variant of Ryuka, despite how impossible such a prospect was. It wasn’t unfathomable that she would experience a sudden growth spurt at eighteen, or that her hair and eyes might change shades, yet she couldn’t quell the sense that it was unnatural. Carmen turned her attention away from her visage and entered the coffee shop. There was something far more appealing to focus on.

Her eyes trailed over to the regular, whose own gaze had drifted away from her screen over to Carmen. They quickly darted away when she noticed her looking, but Carmen was certain she caught another glance in her direction. A secret admirer perhaps, Carmen thought with a slight grin. It spread wider and shone her teeth as Stacy greeted her.

“Hey, Carmen,” the coffee proprietor leaned onto the counter, breasts mashing against it, “It’ll be another ten minutes until Roger gets here. Care for something to drink? It’s on the house,” she added, spying Carmen’s hesitation.

“I’d love something, Stacy. Thank you.”

“Be right back,” Stacy said and turned, sashaying down the tight path into the back. The counter filled the front of the shop, leaving plenty of room for people to stand and talk, while they rested their drinks or arms on the wood-framed glass, which usually housed an array of baked goods. Though most were sold out or unavailable. Carmen watched her employer, turned girlfriend, walk away, wondering if she was exaggerating her swaying hips more than usual. She enjoyed the view regardless.

Then it dawned on her. The realisation that in no more than ten minutes – six-hundred measly seconds – she would be on a date with this person, someone who actively supported her since freshman year. Carmen leaned against the counter and sighed once Stacy’s delicious rear left her sights. Without any prior experience or even a decent education at that time, the cheery coffee-lover accepted her application and even paid her minimum wage right off the bat. How many other employers would do that?

Above all that, Stacy even reciprocated her newly surfaced feelings. Carmen wouldn’t deny that she had frequently fantasised about Stacy, not when the knowledge was shared between them, though she never thought those feelings went into romanticism. Maybe it still wasn’t, but she could believe the delusion. It was easy since her heart thumped harder as Stacy rounded the corner, cup in hand and an enigmatic smile on her face. She almost looked mischievous. Or aroused.

Carmen’s mind flitted back to yesterday and what Ryuka had implied. She quickly chased the thought away, trapping it in the furthest corner of her mind with her worries, and took the cup from Stacy with a grateful nod. It smelled sweeter than the usual blend, the fluid was thicker too and a lighter colour, yet it looked no less appetising. She inhaled a mouthful and swallowed with a contented sigh.

Exactly as the shop name implied, she swore the fluid worked its way into her very soul. Any discord it found was washed away, leaving only a sense of serenity. That was how Stacy tended to describe the feeling. Carmen didn’t necessarily share her opinion; the subtly bitter blend certainly calmed her nerves however.

Business was slow, as it often was at four o’clock. Most people were still working and students, college or younger, hadn’t necessarily acquired their appreciation for coffee yet. Though the location didn’t help matters. Nestled into a predominantly residential district, Soothe the Soul often went amiss in favour of the larger, more accessible brand names that crowded the malls or coveted the business neighbourhoods. If not for their regulars, Soothe the Soul likely would’ve gone under long ago.

Ten minutes passed wreathed in quiet excitement. Carmen frequently forced herself to focus on anything but the clock that hung above the counter, its hands moving painfully slow for her liking, as if it were purposefully drawing out each second. Then it finally happened. The minute hand came leisurely came to a stop at the two, almost exactly ten minutes after Carmen had entered the store. On cue, Stacy left the front to answer a series of knocks from the back.

“Sorry folks, we will be closing early today to restock. Could you please leave the store and have a lovely day?” Stacy announced. A small groan came from the woman working at her laptop, but she and the few other patrons stood regardless. No one could refute Stacy’s smile. It was a miracle she hadn’t grown into a spoiled brat, given how often Carmen had seen her flash a smirk and get her way.

“This is really happening?” Carmen wondered aloud, then jerked as her arm was taken by another. Turning, she immediately relaxed as her vision was saturated in sweetness incarnated. Stacy had somehow changed clothes without Carmen’s noticing. Her bright blouse was replaced with a simple vest and denim jacket, while her legs were snugly fit into cobalt capri pants, they each highlighted her full form. Her hair was pushed back and clipped in place to properly show off her warm face.

“I’d say so,” Stacy chuckled and pulled on her employee, ushering her through the door, “So, how was school?” The heart-faced coffee lover asked with a high giggle.

“How’s that funny?” Carmen frowned, though she couldn’t resist cracking a nervous smile.

“Because I’m thirty-eight, Carmen,” Stacy laughed.

“Oh god,” Carmen echoed the sound out of sheer amazement. They walked down the sidewalk, people parting around them like they would for any other couple. Yet they were twenty years apart, “I… I guess we can do some mommy-daughter roleplay…” She clapped a hand over her mouth at the words, then glanced around for Ryuka, certain that the unruly god had to be responsible. Yet she was nowhere to be seen.

“My, my,” Stacy chortled, then lowered her voice, “I’m not opposed to the idea, though.”

“Please, never bring it up again,” Carmen begged.

“Sure thing. Now, let’s get a move on. I booked tickets for a movie,” Stacy urged.

“When does it start?”

“Oh, about five minutes ago.”

Two hours drifted by before they exited the theatre. The movie was a silly rom-com, one that elicited laugh after laugh from Stacy. Carmen, on the other hand, found herself wracked with guilt. It was a girl next-door setup, though she always ended up with the wrong guy. The main character wanted to help her but didn’t want to overstep his boundaries. Each such a dilemma cropped on screen, it reminded Carmen of Zoey.

“That was lovely,” Stacy sighed upon leaving, smiling to herself.

“Yeah,” Carmen mumbled, forcing a grin. Of course, the always smiling Stacy noticed almost right away.

“Sorry, I didn’t know what one you’d like.”

“It wasn’t that,” Carmen quickly assured her, “I’ve just got something on my mind is all.”

“Hmm, let’s get some dinner and you can tell me about it. A problem shared, is a problem halved after all,” Stacy declared, heading away before Carmen could say anything. She was grateful to have any decision taken from her at that moment. Her last date was over three years ago and it hadn’t gone the best. The memory alone made her heart sink.

They ended up in a small diner. It was modelled after the 50’s aesthetic, though with some modern designs and comforts. The floor was a cool blue carpet. Against the walls were the typical booths, simple square tables between leather benches big enough for two each. Condiments sat in the centre of each table. A mahogany bar stood opposite the booths, with a pair of waitresses stood behind it. Taps and bottles lined the wall, then stopped a chalkboard menu. The special was a baked seabass.

Very few other patrons occupied the diner. No one that Carmen recognised. She and Stacy sat toward the end, two booths away from the nearest other occupant. A waitress dressed in a tight shirt and frilly skirt quickly came over with a pair of menus, asked for drinks and zipped away with a friendly smile.

“So, what’s bothering you?” Stacy asked after their orders were taken and their coffee and diet coke were delivered – naturally Carmen took the coke. She took a long gulp of the carbonated beverage.

“It’s this girl at school,” Carmen began, staring into the dark drink as it rippled with the constant bubbles, “She’s being abused by her ‘friends’.” The air-quotes were practically visible as she infused every ounce of disdain for Gretchen into her voice.

“You like her?” Stacy inquired, gazing at the student carefully.

“Not like that,” Carmen flushed, “But she’s a good person that deserves better. She’s just a wimp,” She looked to Stacy and found her eyes, searching for a potential answer within the warm, brown circles, “I want to help her. I can. I just don’t know if I should.”

“Well,” Stacy took a deep, satisfying drink from her coffee, then fixed Carmen with her characteristically kind smirk, “If you have the power to do something good, you should do it.”

“Even if it might make everything worse?”

“Sometimes you’ve gotta hit rockbottom to start going up,” Stacy advised, “Oh, I should write that down. Might make a good motivational poster.”

Carmen laughed and leaned forward, extending a hand to take Stacy’s own, “Thanks, Stacy. You should be a public speaker or therapist you know.”

“Me? No, no,” Stacy chuckled softly as she gripped Carmen’s hand, “I only give out advice to people who’ve earned it.”

“I don’t feel like I have yet,” Carmen said, moving closer. Her hair fell into a curtain facing the bar, shrouding her blush from view, “Maybe I should pay you back.”

“I like the sound of that,” Stacy agreed, closing the distance until her lips were on the verge of meeting Carmen’s. The honour student caught the scent of mint leaves and coffee, an oddly pleasant mixture, as she leaned in to her employer.

“Name your price,” Carmen whispered and, finally, closed the gap. Stacy’s lips were just as soft as yesterday, her taste just as strong and familial, and her tongue just as intrepid.

“Ahem,” the waitress cleared her throat, forcing the two apart. Carmen turned her down and aside, barely able to keep from covering her face in shame, “Sorry ladies. Here’s the special, and here’s the crab cakes. Enjoy.” She left with a broad, knowing smirk on her face.

“Let’s eat,” Stacy decided, already slicing into her crab cakes.

“Uh huh,” Carmen nodded. She felt almost numb with shock. Never in her life had she even considered doing something like that, not in public that is. Although, she would’ve gone much further if they weren’t. She, again, chased the thoughts away. Ryuka must’ve been wearing off on her, that or the Futa Note was somehow playing with her mind.

“Then we’ll head back to my place,” Stacy added quickly. Carmen froze, fork halfway to her gawking mouth. Her employer looked away as she chewed, warm cheeks a deeper rose than normal, “If you’d like.”

Carmen’s heart raced a mile a minute, bouncing in her chest like a jackhammer. Her mind whirled, thoughts spiralling through her consciousness in an endless circle, as if carried by a violent tornado. Heat blossomed across her skin, making her clothes feel much too hot. It quickly seared across her thighs and into her crotch. She could practically feel the moisture building.

“I-I’d love to.”

She was nervous standing around waiting for the date to begin. She was nervous when they left the store. When they entered the movie theatre. When they had dinner. Even just walking together made her heart race.

None of those grazed the surface of how she felt at that moment, stood in Stacy’s apartment above the shop. It wasn’t fancy, a single large room with a bedroom toward the far-left and a bathroom opposite it. A couch and coffee table sat in front of a modest tv, and to the right of them was a kitchen counter, on which a toaster and microwave rested beside a small vase of flowers. The smell of caffeine saturated the area, doing little to settle Carmen’s jittery nerves.

Stacy did nothing to help either. The coffee proprietor pulled her in deeper by the hand, never looking back as she walked with an urgency Carmen rarely saw from her. Another vague scent drifted across Carmen’s senses, tickling her burgeoning lust. She recognised it without ever smelling it before, an aroma much like her own sex; the smell of a woman’s desire. The sound of her gulp must’ve been plainly audible, yet Stacy kept pulling.

“It’s not too late,” Stacy eventually said after they came to a stop in front of a closed door. The honour student wanted to agree, kiss her goodnight and head home. If they did this, then what would happen to their work relationship, or perhaps Carmen would love herself in the sensations and become addicted. Her mouth refused to give voice to her thoughts, however.

“Do… do you want me to go?” Carmen practically whispered, her words barely above a breath.

“Of course not, but…”

“Then let’s do it,” Carmen pressed. Every ounce of her quivering confidence went into that sentence, trying to sound as certain as her body felt. She thought of how she had restrained herself for the past few months, never indulging in her constant desires to touch her pussy just to spite Ryuka. The Seikogami wasn’t there, though. Just herself and Stacy.

Her eyes once again traced across the coffee lover’s full figure. Every inch that she took in only heightened her desires. She wanted to kiss those lips again, to caress those cheeks, feel those breasts against hers, hear the older woman moan for more… so much more.

She didn’t let Stacy answer. Carmen pulled her in for another kiss, infusing it with the sheer ferocity of her always rising lust. When Stacy returned her affections, Carmen’s hands travelled across her lush frame to cup her ass, each voluptuous cheek more than a match for her palm and fingers combined. They were softer than Carmen’s pillows and sagged just enough to fill her hands on their own.

She crept closer to the valley between the cheeks. The capri pants were so thin that she clearly felt her employers body through them, every inch of pliant flesh. Carmen sank deeper into the kiss, leaning down to wriggle her fingers between Stacy’s thighs. She groaned hotly as she brushed against a wet patch, one that had nothing to do with sweat, and pressed into it. A soft, musical moan rumbled in Stacy’s chest and reverberated into Carmen’s.

The coffee lover pulled back with a breathless gasp. Her lips were shiny with saliva, cheeks flushed a loving red and eyes half-shut, “You… you’re a natural,” she chuckled.

“I still need practice,” Carmen darted back in, resuming where they’d left off, as if they’d stopped for hours rather than seconds. All the days of repressed, raw sexual need seemed to break back into her psyche all at once. She could probably cajole them into submission again, though it’d be an arduous undertaking. And why would she want to?

Stacy arched her lower back and spread her legs, forcing Carmen to lean in further. Every brush against the growing wet patch earned a soft moan, each one stronger than the last. Their tongues duelled, dancing against one another, passing spit back and forth. It leaked from between their hungry lips, threatening to stain their clothes. Neither gave a thought to stopping, however.

“Let’s…” Stacy panted when they separated again, “Let’s get in bed.”

The bedroom was akin to the apartment. Plain with only some essentials thrown in for flavour. A modest dresser stood beside the single-bed, on which the striped sheets rested in a messy heap. There was something that stood out to Carmen, however, and that was the distinctly phallic shaped that peaked out from a box in a corner. She turned to Stacy, who, for perhaps the first time since Carmen had met her, looked genuinely embarrassed. She, nonetheless, walked to the box.

“It, uh, gets lonely sometimes,” Stacy explained with a half-hearted shrug and set the box on her bed, then invited Carmen over to inspect the contents. Her eyes almost instantly pounced on an unexpected item.

“A breast pump?” Carmen frowned, glancing at Stacy’s breasts. The woman was certainly old enough to be a mother, though Carmen had never heard anything of a child or ex-husband.

“Y-yes,” Stacy looked at her breasts shyly, “I… have a condition. I’ll spare you the boring stuff, but it’s safe to say I lactate.”

“Galactorrhoea,” Carmen stated, her voice back to barely a whisper as she stared at Stacy’s chest.

“Smart,” Stacy smiled, “Yes, that’s right. I’ve been lucky, though. No other effects or symptoms. Just the milk.”

“Can I see?” Carmen requested. Her throat was dry in an instant, while her pussy never felt wetter. Stacy went to pull her shirt over her head, mere moments away from showing Carmen every inch of her attention demanding breasts, then paused as a nasal ringing echoed through the apartment from the main room. Carmen instantly recognised it as her phone.

Which only meant one thing. Dakota and Mary didn’t call at her behest. The only person who called her, and never without good reason, was her mother. Carmen quickly rushed from the room and to her bag. A short conversation later and she walked back to Stacy.

“That was my mom, um, I’ve gotta get home soon before she goes to her next job.”

“Don’t worry about it, dear,” Stacy smiled back, “As you can see, I’ve got plenty of ‘friends’ to keep me company.”

Part of Carmen wanted her to demand that she stay and finish what they started. But she couldn’t leave Melody alone all night, not in that place. They’d had more than a couple of break-ins, though never when they were at home. It would only be a matter of time, however.

“I don’t suppose we’ll have another chance at this for a while, huh?” Carmen softly mourned as she left the room once more. Stacy followed, smoothing out her vest.

“Not until next week. And even that’s not guaranteed,” Stacy sighed and opened the door for Carmen.

“I’ll, uh, see you at work Thursday,” Carmen said and turned to leave. Her arm was caught and tugged back. Before she could say anything, she found her face mashed into Stacy’s naked bust.

“Something for you to think about until then,” Stacy giggled. The sound rippled through her chest, causing her astonishingly smooth skin to shudder like twin globes of jelly. Carmen’s eyes widened as she heard a sloshing noise come from within. Her wide gaze dragged along the quivering expanse to Stacy’s nipple. It was a dark pink, surrounded by a vast area of plump areolae, and looked almost an inch long and just as wide. Carmen unconsciously licked her lips at the sight and silently wished that they were bigger.

“Let me sleep here,” Carmen mumbled as she nuzzled into a breast, its plush shape almost conforming to her face better than any pillow could. Everything about Stacy seemed to scream softness.

“Sorry, sweetheart, maybe another time,” Stacy laughed, again causing her jellylike bust to jiggle pleasantly. Carmen turned her head to plant a farewell kiss on her employer’s chest, then pulled away.

“I’m gonna miss you,” Carmen breathed.

“Me or the boobs?” Stacy giggled.

“Both,” Carmen deadpanned.

Later that night, after Melody was asleep, Carmen laid awake in her bed. She stared at the corroded ceiling, all too aware that it would likely give after another year at best, presuming the upstairs residents stayed as quiet as they had. It didn’t preoccupy her that night, nor did the uncomfortable mattress beneath her. Calling it a mattress was generous, since it was riddled with holes and the springs stuck out at various sides.

Neither were the reason her fingers dug into the many holes. Or that she had her legs splayed apart and her shorts halfway down her hips. Her face was taut with restraint, jaw set firm and eyes locked dead ahead, seemingly fixated on a dent in the roof. She glanced to her side, then snapped her gaze back into place. A familiar black notebook rested against her bed.

Ever since she’d come home, her every other thought flitted back to the Futa Note. There was so much it could do, like help her remove Gretchen as an obstacle, or help Zoey stand up for herself. Carmen gulped, picturing her urge sliding down her throat to be dissolved in her stomach acids. And yet it remained lodged in her mind, always teetering on the edge of taking over. Her fingers twitched each time her thoughts drifted even a little.

The untended craving toiling away in the bowls of her being didn’t help at all. What part of her consciousness wasn’t preoccupied with Zoey or the book always shot to Stacy, and what they could’ve done if Alicia hadn’t called at that moment. Just an hour later would’ve been fine. Carmen heard a soft snoring nearby and looked to its source.

Ryuka lounged in mid-air just as she always did. It was impossible to tell if she slept or not, as the Seikogami always seemed to be conscious when something interested her. That meant she’d be ready for when Carmen finally masturbated again.

“This is ridiculous,” Carmen muttered under her breath, “Fucking ridiculous.” She turned onto her side, bundling her freed hand in her pyjama shorts, and stared at the Futa Note. The prospect of altering someone’s personality made her chest ache and her stomach fall. Doing so meant stealing their free will. It’s for a good reason, she mentally argued.

Zoey deserved to be treated equally, if not better. That wouldn’t come with time if she stayed the same, her natural submission would come out and people would inevitably take advantage of it. She needed a push. An incentive.

“Fuck it,” Carmen snarled, aiming it at the unperturbed Seikogami. She grabbed the Futa Note and the pen beside it, ignoring the odd thrill that shivered through her fingers and up her arms. Regardless of what she wrote, Zoey would become a futa, that was the inescapable rule for the book, in which case Carmen saw no reason not to use it. Or to have some fun.