“Welcome back!” Everyone cheered as their fallen team mate walked through the locker room doors. She stood over most of them by a couple inches, scarlet hair draped over one side that called more attention than her height. Everyone on the volleyball team knew Camilla for those reasons, but now also for the legacy she’d leave, as the futa hospitalised for taking a spike to the balls. Above even her height and striking hair, it was the still engorged groin that marked her as the victim.

Terri stayed at the back and finished prepping for practice. While she didn’t have ill wishes for her comrade, that didn’t mean she had to cheer her return. They only had a couple weeks before the qualifiers, then it’d be championships after that. No time for distractions.

“Wow, did you grow?” One of the girls asked.

“Yeah, went up another two inches since last week,” Camilla said, which earned Terri’s focus, if momentarily. That wasn’t fair. She gets slammed in the testes, takes over a week off practice, and then grows even taller, while Terri and the others spent all that time covering for her. Only a few of the girls and futanari were above six-feet, which proved a natural advantage, but Terri and Camilla were the aces in that regard. Being honest, Terri enjoyed being the clear ace.

Now Camilla had grown two inches? That meant she was even with her. Terri glared over the others, hoping her baleful gaze would shrink the insolent player, before she released a deep breath. Let it go, she thought. Height didn’t mean anything if Camilla was rusty or awkward thanks to the growth spurt. Terri would prove her superiority on the court.

“Hey, Terri,” Camilla said, coming to her locker.

“Hey.” Terri had no further words. Compassion for her rivals was a weakness she couldn’t afford, not when the seniors were leaving soon, then it’d be time for a new team captain. Associating with someone as cavalier as Camilla would undermine her own efforts. Beside her, a soft groan called her attention. She turned on the redhead.

Terri hated admitting anything good about Camilla after their first year on the team. The futa always outshone her somehow, despite not being as powerful, nor was she as stable, often performing fantastic one day, then floundering the next, but the older players still treated her like a proper ace. Despite all that, she was a stunning futa with the richest ochre skin on the team with an equally subtle, yet overt musculature across her frame.

And, unavoidable as it was, Terri was jealous of her dick. Camilla was a show-er based on the times her member was out, with a good two or three inches on the other ace, however her recovery mustn’t be finished. ‘Swollen’ didn’t seem wholly appropriate for what filled out her panties. Although designed for a hung futa, they just weren’t ready for balls of that size.

They had to be the size of a polo ball. Though it wasn’t those that Terri swallowed back a stunned gasp at, it was the sheer girth of her team mate’s cock. Camilla was always broad down there, fatter even than Terri when hard if her eyes were trustworthy, however she took that to a new level. The thing looked wider than both had swollen balls put together.

A slight red tinge covered its otherwise darker tone, like it was ready to pop despite being flaccid.

“Should you really be here like that?” Terri asked, still worried for her. Only futanari knew just how bad an injury Camilla had taken, and the leftover effects made her own member flinch.

“Yeah, nah, it’s fine. Just feels kinda… sorta full? I guess?” Camilla shrugged, “Doesn’t hurt right now, but I’ll take it slow. Thanks for caring, Terri.”

“I don’t. It’s for the team,” Terri quickly rebuked the notion.

“I know. Oh man, can’t wait to play again though. See what these extra two inches can do.” The dark-skinned futa stretched and flexed her physique.

“Don’t get cocky just because you caught up,” Terri snarled and did the same. Muscles rippled across her body, rigid beneath a soft, feminine layer. Much as she prized function over form, she took great pains not to lose her womanly lustre, or to diminish the impact of her own bulge.

“I won’t,” Camilla said and licked her lips.

Terri quickly relaxed and pulled her uniform on, muttering a venomous ‘bitch’ under her breath. It was clear Camilla didn’t care for her company either, yet she always flirted like that. And Terri fell for it every time, because of which, rumours circulated that they were ‘smooshing booties’ behind the scenes. Not in a hundred years. A hundred and one maybe, but definitely not anything less.

Or maybe if Camilla was the last futa on earth. There’d be no reason left for her to dislike the other futa then.

“Head in the game,” Terri snapped at herself and yanked her shorts up until they wedged deep in her ass, salvaging her thoughts from her wounded colleague. She left first, always taking the chance to make sure the court was set up for them even before the seniors got out. Call it brown-nosing, but she at least hadn’t slept with any of them, unlike her only rival had. Camilla didn’t seem to understand that she was just a sophomore.

Not that she could blame their upperclassmen for it. Perhaps if they were in different sports, Terri might’ve tried a go at Camilla. The violet-haired ace tightened her French-braid, winced at the pinch, then waited for the captain to come out. All the doubts she had were better served to fuel her skills.

Before long, all her thoughts were superseded by the game. Each time she set up the ball, she envisioned another of her problems flying over the net. It came back often, however she wouldn’t let it touch ground. That is, until Camilla stole a spike from their captain and it whistled past Terri’s ear to slam into the ground. It wasn’t the planned play, yet it worked flawlessly. They were ready for the captain’s attack, yet Camilla came from another angle and completely derailed it.

And because of that, she was clapped on the back with a string of compliments for her ‘instinct’ and ‘drive’. Terri took a deep breath for the next round and plays as she usually did, setting up her allies as the plays dictated, yet Camilla only became more brazen and stole point after point. Fine, Terri decided and let her team know she’d be attacking next. They shrugged and nodded.

Camilla had gained two inches which made her the same height as Terri. She accounted for any slight deviation and aimed accordingly, letting loose a spike with all the considerable power she wielded. It flew exactly where she willed it; beyond her own, and by extension Camilla’s, reach. Her smirk was short lived as the ball flew back over the net. Saved… by Camilla.

“Ow, shit!” The black futa nursed her hands where the ball struck, while the others congratulated on that miracle, seeing as it was an otherwise flawless spike. Terri heard compliments thrown her way too, but they were overshadowed by the colossus her rival had become. That should’ve been impossible. She’d never have saved that herself, and she was faster than Camilla, stronger too.

“Oi! Camilla!” Terri called her over.

“Hmm? What’s up?” Camilla asked, looking *down* at her.

“You bitch. I thought you said you only grew two inches?!”

“I did.”

“Then why’re you taller than me? We should be fucking even,” Terri said, using her hand to emphasise the point that, against everything she thought decent about the world, Camilla had a whole inch extra on her. Not only that, but was her chest bigger?

“Guess I didn’t measure right,” Camilla shrugged with a snide grin, “That was a fucking killer spike, by the way. Wanna try it again?” She winked. How did that constitute flirting? Terri just stared for a second, unable to comprehend why this futa always felt the need to do so. It even happened when she got injured and Terri was the first one on the scene, asking her to ‘kiss it better’. Was she just hornier than most futa?

“Hey, you two, either get a room or get a move on.”

“Sorry!” Terri squeaked and hurried back, while Camilla strolled onto court, still looking at her. It had to be a trick of her eyesight, but she already seemed bigger. She was certain that they were equal in the locker room too. Camilla was probably hunching back then, just to mess with her.

She’d show her this time.

So she thought the next time, and the next, and each one after that. It was impossible to believe, but Camilla must’ve grown over the course of the match, otherwise she had no explanation for the futa blocking each and every spike, no matter how flawlessly set up or how powerful. She just returned them with a swift grunt. Even stranger, Camilla kept palming her crotch instead of her hands like it was taking the blow.

Noticing that, Terri realised something else; her rival’s bulge was bigger. Not only the bulge. What in the world was happening? Terri stared at her as they marched back into the lockers, many already stripping down for a much-needed shower, but Camilla made some excuse and fled the scene. Terri gave chase, observing the entire time as Camilla palmed her balls and seemed to swell a little each time, until the futa dove into the restroom and locked the door.

She waited almost thirty minutes before the room was free. Sweat had dried on her skin, though her clothes remained soaked, clinging to her body like a layer of paint. Once inside, her jaw dropped. Everywhere, not just in the nearest stall or a little wayward puddle, was covered in semen. There had to be litres of the stuff. And thicker than anything Terri produced in her lifetime.

When she returned to the showers, Camilla was the only left and vastly taller. Terri only came up to her chin, yet, despite her earlier worries, the futa didn’t seem to be growing anymore. Nor was she fretting over her balls.

It couldn’t be…

The next day, Terri took pictures and compared them to some from just a couple weeks ago. Using the others for scale, it was clear Camilla had exploded in height, all within a week no less. By itself, she could accept that. Weirder things could happen to a futa, such as the one with a cock longer than her pet python. Regardless, Terri kept an eye on her the entire day.

Nothing changed until practice. The sophomore class had a packed day, which only allotted for one release, which Camilla used right after lunch, about two hours prior to practice. Unlike yesterday, she was rubbing at her crotch from the start and, improbable as it seemed, she kept improving. Terri spent hours last night envisioning her spikes to overcome her nemesis, however, like Camilla’s growth timed itself to spite her, she kept gaining more. That was the only real way to describe it.

More. Camilla just kept getting more. In team pictures from two weeks ago, Camilla was only peeking over the others heads, now they were lucky to be level with her chin. Even Terri, who stood head and shoulders over the average woman on campus, just didn’t match up. What did that make her then? From the six-three yesterday, to literally looking down her nose at Terri , had to involve a few inches. Minimum.

“Holy shit, you’re really shooting up,” Heather said, holding up a tape measure overhead, which showed that Camilla was 6’9’’.

“Nice.” Everyone said and nodded.

“Measure her again,” Terri said.

“Don’t be a sore loser,” Camilla said.

“I’m not. Just trust me.”

Heather shrugged and did so, eyes popping wide as she measured; 6’10’’. Covertly, Terri glanced at her teammate’s crotch, the bulge vastly more egregious than it was mere moments ago. Something must be up with them.

“You, with me, now.” Terri said and walked out, headed for the same restroom Camilla used before. It’d been cleaned up, yet the telltale stench of cum hung in the air. She waited on the taller futa, then locked the door.

“Okay, what the fuck is going on?!” Terri demanded.

“Ummmmmm, what’re you talking about?” Camilla shrugged, hands raised, though she kept shifting her weight from foot to foot, balls moving with them.

“Cut the shit. Why’re you growing like a fucking giant?”

“Well, that’s…” Camilla wasn’t embarrassed. For the year Terri knew her, she never so much as blushed, despite frequent wardrobe malfunctions and overt flirting with any and everyone. Her only reason for pausing like that was physical discomfort. Terri squinted furiously and bit back another demand, instead waiting for the now much taller futa to finish.

“It’s a hormone thing, ooh, my balls got fucked up and that got my prostate and a bunch of other things going overdrive. Now if I get blue balled, I start growing.”

“Don’t fuck with me, you only went two hours before you started shooting up again.”

“There’s so much,” Camilla groaned and massaged her bulge, showing just how firm the shape was, “Oh god, Terri, there’s so much filling up my balls right now. I’ve tried getting it all out, but it’s never enough on my own.”

“Let me get this straight; your balls are filling up too fast and that’s causing you to grow?”

“The doctors said a bunch of medical stuff I can’t remember, but yeah, that’s the gist, now could you fuck off so I can finally let it out a bit?”

“Fuck that, you said it’s not enough on your own, so I’m gonna drain you myself.” If she didn’t, then it’d only be a matter of hours before Camilla breeched the seven-foot mark, something Terri could not abide.

“You don’t have to, I can get someone…”

“Shut up and drop your shorts!” Terri snapped, already sinking to her knees. The door was locked, so no one would discover them, nor would they really believe she sucked off Camilla of all people. Realising the gift horse before her, Camilla did as she was told and peeled her sweaty shorts down. It was in that moment, Terri knew she fucked up.

Not because she hated it. Or even that she lamented that she was doing this for Camilla, but the fact her own cock jerked the instant she caught a whiff of that untamed musk. She should’ve waited until they’d showered. A tidy forest of pubes glistened from practice, a subtler sheen on the monstrous shaft before her, but it wasn’t just perspiration. She realised it as drops of viscous slime dribbled out Camilla’s foreskin.

The reek from yesterday laid forgotten as she inhaled. Terri didn’t know what to expect from herself. Such a powerful aroma would normally make her gag, however she let out a low moan instead. A chuckle pulled her back to reality, with her face mashed into Camilla’s crotch and looking up at her. Indignation took command and she leaned away, grabbed the heavy shaft and stuffed it into her mouth.

The plan was just to get it over with. There was no way Camilla could keep growing forever, eventually her hormones or whatever would settle down. For now, however, Terri had to ensure she didn’t get any bigger.

All those intentions melted to slime as she peeled back her rival’s foreskin and tasted her. Terri liked bitter, salty flavours, perhaps a bit too much some would say, but what carper-bombed her taste buds was beyond even her preferences. Mixed with that brutal stench and bitterness, was the grimy feel of left over jizz, sweat and pre-cum. It coated her tongue, clung to her gums and burned on its way down her oesophagus. She moaned and lapped it up.

Each swipe of her tongue coaxed Camilla to erection. Halfway there, Terri realised her next mistake by not considering how big her nemesis had grown elsewhere. Too late, though, as it lodged in her mouth and knocked on her throat, despite there being several inches left. Each vein bulged through the chocolate toned shaft and directed her to the trim pubes, as if taunting her with them.

Terri wasn’t a boastful futa. Achievements spoke for themselves, and so, as she glared at Camilla’s groin, she put her unmatched throat to work. The problem was it faced an unmatched cock, far fatter and longer than any in her pervasive lexicon of dicks. Regardless, she put her best foot forward and forced her gullet open, stretching it around Camilla’s length, then kept going. While the brutal flavour lessened, it still coated every inch of cock she swallowed.

Warm strings ran down her oesophagus and filled her belly. If she was leaking that much already, then she must be close, Terri thought, but when she looked up, Camilla was only panting softly.

“Don’t mock me,” Terri tried saying, almost forgetting the cock in her mouth, and put her hands to work. One stroked the log, using a mix of natural sweat and her own spit for lube, while the other cupped and squeezed the balls. Yet another mistake.

Letting herself cum from this would be humiliation incarnate. Even getting hard as she was frustrated her, yet it may be impossible. Her greatest fetish, one few people knew of, but wasn’t exactly a secret, was huge balls. Most futa were well-equipped, each no less than golf-balls, however they didn’t do it for her. Testes the size of apples at least, bigger if possible got her off quick. Camilla had surpassed those by far, sack taut around a pair of softballs. No, bigger.

Almost the size of cantaloupes. Terri’s eyes rolled as her whole body shuddered, shorts dampening from more than sweat, while her other hand abandoned the shaft. She pulled on Camilla’s sack, weighed the balls in her palms, tried feeling their heat against her cheeks, all while she slobbered on at least eight-inches of fat cock. Renewed purpose pushed her onward, impaling her face on ten inches, eleven, then twelve. Until, finally, she felt her rival’s scrotum churning against her stretched-out throat.

They were slick. The scent rubbed off on her skin, suffusing her own scent with the ripe aroma of huge, dark balls half the size of her head. Short pubes tickled her nostrils as she finally took it all. No air made it ways past Camilla’s girth, which shoved against her uvula and coerced tears from her eyes. She held that place for long as she could, sputtering all the while, then lurched back. Swathes of throat-slime followed, but she didn’t care.

Once free, she dove into the balls and huffed their musk. Rungs of spit drooled off the cock and into her hair, onto her face, yet she was only conscious of Camilla’s balls. Even the fact of who they belonged didn’t concern her anymore, not so long as she could taste them and feel all that heavy cum bubbling away inside. To get to it, however, she needed to work the cock more.

With a reluctant moan, Terri licked her way back to the head, then engulfed it once more. Her throat hurt from the strain, yet it adjusted, taking the brutal thickness with increasing ease as more and more spit and pre came forth. Moans collided with her gags and slurps, steadily rising as she pushed Camilla to her fucking orgasm. The balls roiled harder in her hands.

Terri’s own shorts were soaked through. Each throb from her rival echoed in her own cock, while her pussy lamented its emptiness, crying for such a fat prick to fill it and her. She could just imagine those massive testicles swinging into her own like wrecking balls, bullying them for being so much smaller. Dark hands weaved into her sticky hair.

“I’m getting close. Don’t fucking stop.”

Call it disdain or even contempt, Terri had no true desire for Camilla. That didn’t change how those words affected her. Stop? Not while there was cum to be seen. It must be thicker than before, their heft couldn’t deceive her. She had to taste it.

That in mind, Terri changed grip. She dug her fingers deep into Camilla’s ass and held it still, then pulled herself forward. The larger futa’s weight made it easy, hardly budging as she slammed her lips down to the base, tickled her nose with pubes, and salivated over the hot scrotum against her chest.

“Oh fuck, yes, keep going, baby. Suck my fat dick! Oooh, gonna cum. Hope you had a small lunch!” Camilla finally took control and yanked Terri down her cock, keeping her there as it twitched and lurched and swelled. Those balls audibly gurgled, then they contracted. Veins bloomed in stark relief to the smoothed flesh.

Terri’s eyes rolled as the first gush painted her oesophagus and filled her stomach. At the same time, her own prick soiled her shorts and panties. Warm, juicy jizz spurted out. It quickly saturated the garment and oozed out, obscuring the drops of her fem-cum as her pussy also got off. It was all because of Camilla and her inexhaustible surge of semen.

Conflicted feelings fogged up her mind as the balls drained. On one hand, she was cumming harder than she ever did from masturbating, and she was being filled with cum unlike any other, but also the balls she adored were shrinking. Still, Terri saw her duty through and suffered through her oxygen deprivation and feasted on litres and litres of jizz. Enough, even, to soften her abs.

“Fuck!” Camilla exclaimed once she ripped her cock free of Terri’s maw. A final rope shot out and ran from her hair down to her chest. More bubbled over her lips, but she licked it up before it could escape, “Oh man, haven’t felt this light in a while. Thanks, Terri.”

That snapped her from the fugue of ball-induced bliss, “I didn’t do it for you.” She snapped and left, ignoring the squelching of her shorts whenever she moved, or the sloshing in her belly. In private, however, Terri cradled her cum-gut and bit her lip. The usual two or three orgasms wouldn’t suffice that evening.

On her way home, she came to a halt. People stopped and stared, but none questioned her behaviour, not when a depraved look befell her. Terri groaned low in her throat, then gasped as her clothes tightened all around. Her shirt that brushed against her hips rose up an entire inch, while her shorts were pushed down by the swelling in her lower body. A rip silenced her moan as a long slit opened down her leggings.

Sudden as it appeared, the pleasure faded. Terri brushed a stray lock of hair aside and looked around, flushing the same scarlet as Camilla’s hair, then rushed back home. Only once in her sanctuary, did she realise what became of her.

“Holy shit, I’m taller,” Terri said. Being a volleyball nut since her early teens, she obsessed over her height, counting every centimetre gained with joy, and so she easily noticed how much closer the door frames were to her head.

“What the fuck?” The question of the day evidently. Just when she thought she’d worked things out, learned that Camilla’s frustrating growth was manageable, this happened. Did it mean she was having a growth spurt too? There was no catalyst, beyond her nemesis’ sudden spike. That must be it! Her body refused to let Camilla be that much taller, so it would catch up. Perhaps even overtake her.

“Enjoy it while you can, Camilla,” Terri sneered at her reflection, imagining her rival’s face instead, “I’ll be the taller one again before long.”

Later that night, just a few miles across town, Camilla cuddled up to her dakimura and snored softly, feet dangling over her seven-foot long mattress above the deluxe condoms she recently filled to bursting. Even so, her balls were already full and wreaking their havoc on her body.

Terri was confident walking onto campus that morning. Most of her wardrobe was undersized and enunciated her improved figure, as did her gleeful struts. Everything froze when she caught sight of torn clothes and a towering figure she couldn’t have anticipated.

“Camilla?!”

The dark goliath turned innocently, then blinked in surprise, “Hey, did you get shorter?”

“I *grew*, thank you very much,” Terri restrained the twitching of her eye, instead looking to her unintentional tormentor’s crotch. The shorts were ready to split any second, a growing tear windowed a fragment of Camilla’s insane testicles. Clearly full. “Come with me.”

Terri didn’t wait to see if she followed. She would, after all, it was obvious what would take place in the closest empty restroom, it’s door locked behind them.

“Listen, I can’t have you growing like this. It’ll get on the upperclassmen’s nerves, I’m sure. So I’ll suck you off whenever you get full. Got it?”

“Sure, sure,” Camilla said and waved her hips about, “So… gonna do it?”

Branding sticks were colder than the look she gave, but Terri couldn’t turn it down. Not after what she said, and definitely not when she got a look at the even fatter, unfathomably huge balls she craved. While they couldn’t have gained more than a centimetre, it still stood out like a foot in her famished eyes. Almost before her mind ordered it, her hands and tongue were on them.

Camilla was pent up. That was obvious as she announced her orgasm far sooner than yesterday, much to Terri’s secret disappointment, yet her release was even greater than before. It took all her willpower not to waste a single drop. Her lungs burned when she took her first inhale in over a minute, her stomach cramped from the load, easily half again the previous orgasm, and her pants were soaked once more. None of it bothered her, though. She laid on her back and stared at the ceiling in a mindless afterglow.

A burp overcame her and brought with it the brutal flavour of Camilla’s cum. She tasted and smelled it throughout the morning, only fading as lunch came around, however she noticed a slight, but distinct change in her rival. Another visit to the nearest toilet, and the flavour was back, her belly more swollen and her appetite drowned in semen. Not long after and she noticed Camilla grow again.

“Stop doing that!” Terri hissed backstage. They were in the auditorium, the only place available at that point, but their positions were the same as ever; Terri on her knees and slurping on Camilla’s cock and - or - balls.

“What? I haven’t even touched you yet.”

“Growing!” Terri snapped, sliding the cock into her throat and out with a glare, “This is the third fucking time already.”

“I told you, my body’s fucked right now,” Camilla said, “You should’ve seen the condoms I used last night. At least three of them were the size of volleyballs.”

Terri unconsciously felt at her full, squishy belly. It’d take at least a day to process it all, meaning she’d spend practice with it, but that was fine. Camilla would need the handicap anyway.

Camilla went on, “I had to keep switching between them. The first one I didn’t and it exploded all over me. You’d think the deluxe brand would be stronger.”

Deluxe? Terri moaned around the testicle in her mouth. She didn’t doubt the claim, though it still boggled the mind. Deluxe condoms were designed to handle nearly anything, at least a gallon of syrup, and the abuse most futanari were known for putting latex through. To think Camilla, or anyone for that matter, could pop one with a single orgasm was… so fucking hot.

Like yesterday, her mind went blank as she worshipped the prolific sack and cock. Who they belonged didn’t enter her thoughts, only that the dark skin glistened beautifully from her spit and the pre-cum. Looking up, Terri’s own shaft flexed in desire for the huge mounds overshadowing her. Camilla was always busty, however her status only inflated with her growing frame. And cock.

At least a foot-long yesterday, it kept growing and now Terri’s gullet contended with at least fifteen inches of dick. She couldn’t be sure, memories and sight hazy from the lust and tears of her brutalised throat. No concern was spared for her uvula or tongue as she rushed to and fro, churning the saliva and pre into a lurid froth that spilled down her chin and into her cleavage. She gathered some on her hands and used it to massage Camilla’s heavy sack.

“Gonna cum,” Camilla said. At the very least, she was consistent in her warnings, giving Terri a full ten seconds to gather her breath, then suffocate herself on cock. She swallowed around it, hard as possible, coaxing a moan from the futa, followed by a deluge of her only meal since breakfast. Hard to believe as it was, there was even more than last time. Each orgasm from Camilla seemed to set a new record.

“Stop growing,” Terri said once she recovered and stormed off, blushing fiercely whenever someone gestured to her stomach, which was often. Anyone had the right to think she was pregnant with her belly so swollen and round. It looked as if she smuggled a bowling ball under her shirt. Fortunately, she had a high metabolism, already at work breaking down the sludge within.

Even so, when practice came around, she still jiggled more than normal. The others brought it up, but she explained it away as bloating. One girl, Nina, teased that she might be super pregnant. Yeah right. Porn or reality, no pregnancy would show this quickly, or without any of the usual symptoms. They didn’t know, of course, that it was all cum. From a single person too.

She didn’t let it slow her down. If anything, she felt faster and stronger than ever and let it show too, taking every chance to try proving Camilla wasn’t all that special. Towards the end of practice, however, she noticed her rival improving faster. Not just improving, but growing. Again!

Even if her balls were responsible, they couldn’t have filled up so fast. It’d only been a couple hours and she came several times that day alone, yet the proof was in the bulge. Terri watched it in fascination as her nemesis swelled in all the right places. A bit too much, it seemed. Camilla leapt for a spike, arm reared back and muscles tensed, when a thunderous rip tore through the air and her shirt fluttered down with her. The ball struck an instant later, but no one had eyes for it. Even Terri just stared in abject lust.

Camilla was a fortunate futa. Plain and simple. She didn’t struggle for money, nor was she neglected by her parents, and she had a figure most pined for - the rest simply envied her - and nowhere was that clearer than in her chest. To those unacquainted with her dick and balls at least. Sweat glistened on her naked torso like a million stars, or a massage oil, applied specifically to accent her curves. Tits larger than her head stood proud on her chest.

They weren’t fake. A mouthwatering tear-drop shape made that obvious, as did her engorged areolae and fat nipple at its centre, designed to attract everyone’s attention. Terri wasn’t a breast connoisseur, she much preferred the lower body, however they still affected her and, in the instant before Camilla covered up, her cock stiffened. All she could do was hide the nipples, their expanse far too great for her hands.

“Jump!” Someone shouted.

“Who said that?!” The captain whirled around, looking for the speaker, only to find the gym doors swinging shut, “Fucking perverts. Whatever, we’re basically done anyway.”

“I vote we end all practices like this,” Ester, possibly the most filthy minded of them all, said to a few murmurs of agreement.

“Not happening,” Camilla said, “I’m not about to ruin a bunch of shirts just for you.”

Terri walked in silence, eyes down. As they marched in, Camilla got tired of cupping her chest, instead wrapping an arm around it, squishing deep to cover her juicy teats. There was no looking away at that point, Terri openly gawked, as did a few others, at the comforting ochre flesh. Because of that, she noticed it clearly as her rival expanded before her eyes. She didn’t look away, but listened to their team’s reaction; nothing. Were they just blind to it?

Even if they were, she wouldn’t allow anymore. Terri rushed into the locker room, grabbed Camilla’s shirt and tossed it at her, glaring the whole time on her way to a recluse spot. The towering futa grinned and nodded.

“Don’t worry, I won’t be long. I know you like it when I don’t shower.”

Terri stiffened at the comment but resumed her pace before anyone noticed. Some of them were oblivious most of the time, however any sign of possible romantic entanglement was like a firework in the dead of night. In the restroom where it all started, she waited for Camilla’s arrival. It wasn’t anticipation that swelled her cock, nor was it lust as her pussy dampened the panties. She just wanted something from this on top of slowing Camilla’s ridiculous growth rate.

No other reason. Terri only did it out to spite her team mate. She was just masturbating because she barely got off that day, since all the times with Camilla didn’t count. Yeah, that was it. She had shorts down, dick out, and hands working over her sexes because she was pent up. Nothing more.

Then Camilla walked in.

“Getting started without me?” She asked and flipped a curtain of scarlet from her face. Was it always that… sexy? Her lips were so plump, just begging for another set to sink into them, and her nose was small, petite even, framed by large, warm eyes that always had a sensual hue to them. The arch of her eyebrows accentuated all of that.

Once the door clicked shut, Camilla peeled off her clothes.

“Why’re you stripping?” Terri demanded.

“I saw you staring at my boobs earlier, figured I’d show you something I found out last night,” Camilla said and sat down, cross-legged, cock at attention. It kept growing too, almost as long as Terri’s arm at that point, rising level with its owner’s nose. A dollop of pre slid down its crown, following the fat underbelly to collect in the nook of her balls, which sat on the ground. If Camilla kept growing at that rate, her testicles would exceed volleyballs before long.

“Check this out,” she said and guided her goliath cock between her tits, then squeezed them around it, holding the shaft in place, “Self-titty-fuck.”

There was no lack of lube as her pre-cum came gushing out. It splashed onto her bouncing boobies, replaced the sweat with a thick, sticky layer that only spread as Camilla gave herself a titty-fuck of epic proportions. Soft moans slipped from her lips as she worked, yet, despite it being right there, she didn’t suck or even lick her cock. Like she left it for something… or someone.

Terri groaned deep in her throat and crawled over. Her belly hung from her torso, smaller, but still prevalent on her otherwise fit body, a constant reminder of how much cum she’d swallowed, and a premonition as to just how much awaited her. She closed the distance between her and Camilla, forced to stand on her knees just to reach properly, then took the head past her lips. A quick shuffle of her knees pressed her own member into the much taller futa’s balls.

With anyone else, Terri might’ve thought she was dreaming. The scent was heavenly, a pungent musk that clung to her nostrils, never to leave. Tastes so bitter and salty and delicious she’d get hints of it throughout the day, possibly longer. Daggers of ecstasy stabbed into her each time she felt those balls rumble even a little. It was all complimented by Camilla’s stunning complexion and the greatest tits on campus.

Terri sank lower. While she couldn’t take it all like this, the head still barged into her throat, and the feel of Camilla’s soft bust on her chin made up for it, especially her trademarked messiness came out. The tits danced against her chin, rubbing the aromatic mix of spit and pre into her cheeks. More streamed down her throat, collecting in her already full stomach.

“You want my balls, don’t you? Go on, I’ve got this.”

For the first time, she hesitated. Gorgeous as Camilla’s balls were, she didn’t want to admit it to her, or give reason to think they got her off time and again. Indecision didn’t matter, however, as she found herself buried in their chocolatey expanse, all but snorting the sweat and pre on them. She licked all over them, cleaning every inch like a futa possessed, only leaving when she recognised Camilla’s grunts. How was she still cumming so soon?

The question didn’t matter as she fed the cock down her gullet and let her dick-girl cream inundate her further. Terri came too, cock shooting off and covering her swelling gut. Too much more of this and she’d be conditioned to cum from the smell alone.

“Oh yeah, that was good. Can’t believe you spent an hour sucking my balls though.”

“What?!” Terri looked out the windows, seeing the sun setting fast, “Oh shit.” She might have a problem with testicles. Or rather, *those* testicles.

The next day, Terri was resolute not to let it repeat. Her decision was bolstered by her own growth spurt, far more than yesterday’s, her feet almost touched the floor while she laid in bed now. All the cum in her belly had seemingly vanished, leaving her famished that morning, but she didn’t eat much. It was doubtless that Camilla’s orgasm would compensate.

On cue, her eyes followed the gasps from all around as her rival turned up. Terri’s jaw fell and her cock rose, gazing up at the biggest tits around. Just a bit lower and she found their match in Camilla’s groin, bulging like she’d stuffed a watermelon in her tortured sweatpants. All the elastic in the world wouldn’t help them now.

“Toilet. Now!” Terri said once the near-certified giant was in earshot.

Despite her determination, Terri faltered the second those balls were in her face. When she came to, she was in class, dishevelled but mostly presentable. Did Camilla clean her up and bring her there? It’s the least she could do, Terri thought and cradled her swollen stomach, a gentle smile on her face. Things could be worse.

She kept a timer that day. While she didn’t know how long she’d blacked out, she had a rough idea thanks to the lecture. When next she spotted Camilla and her once again swollen testes, she stopped it. Just under two hours. That’s all it took for her nemesis to refill, despite her massive orgasm.

“Every two hours, you come here. Got it? I’ll be waiting,” Terri said and slurped on the cock she hated, and worshipped, while looking at Camilla’s tits, balls in her hands. While that worked for the school day, even in practice they found time to slink away, it meant nothing for when they left. There was no way Terri could suck her off every two hours.

Still, she could rely on her body to keep pace now if the previous growth spurt was anything to go by. She managed to keep Camilla from breaching nine-feet by the time the qualifiers started, though 8’4’’ was hardly an achievement. Terri didn’t match, though she still stood head and shoulders over the rest at 7’6’’.

The problem with playing a match was she couldn’t swallow anything. They had to win for the upperclassmen’s sake, and she couldn’t do that with a belly the size of a watermelon. In just the couple weeks since Camilla’s return, her cock was longer than either of their arms, with testicles that encroached on volleyballs and loads just as impressively huge. She still blew her that morning, but let it all wash away down a toilet.

Fortunately, the schedules lined up fine and two hours after, they had time for another release. Terri stripped with perfect ease, having done so too many times in the past week, to spare her clothes the mess she inevitably made. She’d resigned herself to her own tendencies by then, fully aware that once Camilla’s loins were in her face, any sense of decency evaporated. They only had thirty minutes, however, so it needed to be quick.

“You’ve really grown, huh?” Camilla asked as she took in the view.

“Shut up,” Terri said, though she didn’t hide her body. It didn’t matter anymore, they’d been naked around each other more than she cared to admit, though things never went that far. And, truth be told, she enjoyed that Camilla got hard seeing her, not that it was inexplicable, quite the opposite.

With her growth spurt, Terri had more than overtaken any futa or girl on the squad. Tits bigger than her head, outmatched only by Camilla’s, with washboard abs that erupted into hips all mothers envied. Her muscles and lower-body were the only advantages she had over the Amazonian futa, whose head was dangerously close to the restroom ceiling.

“Chill out, I’m just admiring the view,” Camilla crouched as she spoke, looking over the white futa’s package. Like her chest and height, it didn’t match Camilla’s, though was no less immense compared to anyone else. It didn’t hold her attention, however, all that went to Terri’s hips. With a soft groan, she turned around and pressed her decadent ass into the futa’s face, “Oh yeah, that’s the stuff.”

It really was. Terri touted possibly the biggest, firmest and strongest rear on campus. All her time working out paid off in droves even as she shot up and out. She couldn’t help staring at it in her mirror every chance she got. Call it narcissism, but with someone as infuriatingly hot as Camilla around, she took pride wherever possible. More so when she’d inevitably abandon all sense of dignity when she turned around and that cock…

…nestled between her ass cheeks.

“What’re you doing?” Teri snapped.

“Blowjobs get boring after a while,” Camilla said and shrugged as she slid her cock to and fro, pressing its hot underside into Terri’s hidden pucker. The shorter futa bit her lip.

“Fine, just for a bit. We don’t have time for games.”

“That’s okay, I’m always quick with you,” Camilla sighed and gripped the vast ass cheeks, working them around her shaft and pressing her hips flush against them. It put her balls directly beneath Terri’s snatch, already dripping.

“Quick? We were here for over an hour yesterday.”

“Because you wouldn’t stop rubbing my balls all over your face.”

“It can’t be helped,” Terri grumbled, then moaned as a slight shift pushed Camilla’s scrotum against her pussy, throbbing against its folds and ushering a heavy flow of fem-cum.

“Hmm, I know. Just like I can’t help this.” Camilla’s hand cracked down on Terri’s ass flesh, sending ripples throughout the cheek, then did the same for the other. Despite the sting and humiliation of it, she moaned into a hand, refusing to let this unfathomable bitch know it felt good. But only sound was stifled, not the sudden quiver through her cunt.

Another spank almost tore a vile moan from her. Terri clenched all her muscles, trying to stem the flow and brace for the next, though it did little. Each time Camilla spanked her, she pressed her cock in too, rubbing it all over her sensitive knot. Feeling her so close, in such a familiar position, with her shaft just one slip up away from entering her… Terri gave in.

She groaned in pleasure and arched her hips for the next slap. Red prints shone on her pale flesh, juxtaposed all the more by her tan. A whimper escaped when Camilla changed tactics and massaged her cheeks, using her cock juice in lieu of oil. The more that leaked out, the faster and smoother her thrusts, and the greater Terri’s own pleasure from the ass job. Frequent splats of pre landed on her upper back and in her braid.

“Hey,” Camilla breathed in her ear, balls snug against her pussy, “How about we celebrate winning later?”

“We haven’t, hmm, won yet.”

“Between you and me, I think we will.”

Terri had to smile at that. Yes, Camilla’s insane stature made her the top player by default, but at least she understood Terri’s own status as number two. For now. Eventually, she’d catch up in height and the difference in skill would become apparent.

“What’d… you have in mind?”

“You and me, my house, fucking all night long.”

“Fuck off.”

“Really? You don’t wanna try getting my huge dick in here?” Camilla wrapped an arm around Terri’s thigh, hand quickly closing in on her gushing pussy.

“Yes, now back off. We’re finishing this.”

True to her word, Terri was efficient as she sucked off the black goliath and sent its load down the toilet. She milked the testes in the meantime, urging a thicker tide that filled the room with its musk. As it slowed down, after several flushes that soon clogged the drain, she drank the rest from Camilla. An errant drop fell in her cleavage, though she ignored it; there wasn’t time.

They dominated the proceeding matches of course. She and Camilla were the ultimate defence and offence, spiking faster than their opponents could react and almost leisurely returning any attack. It still put a strain on them, resulting in plenty of sweat as the others tried tiring them out in hopes of victory. Admirable, but ultimately futile as they only scored a single point.

At the two hour mark, Terri again sucked her rival off, but it was quiet. Like a business transaction. She didn’t think anything of it as she let yet another load get away.

After the awards were handed out, Terri experienced something she never expected. Camilla left the gym with a random girl, a fan by the looks of it, clearly intending to sleep with her. Lucky bitch, Terri thought and went cold at the thought. She was jealous of someone sleeping with Camilla!

“Whatever, I’ll just jerk off the whole night. I’ve earned it.”

So she went to bed, arm and dick sore, alone and covered in her own semen. Still, she couldn’t wait to wake up even taller and, though she didn’t accept it, eager to finally swallow Camilla’s load. That morning, however, she was dismayed when she stood and didn’t get that sense of vertigo.

“What the fuck?! I didn’t grow at all… but that’s… why? Camilla’s gonna be so much fucking bigger than me…”

A tremble passed up her cock at the thought. How much bigger? She wondered.