“So… thoughts on what just happened?” Mary asked the others. Her girlfriends sat on the floor with her, leaning against one another, while Zoey slouched off to the side and Leah lounged about on the love seat. With an ass like hers, it took up most of the space. She’d thought it was an incredible feat of human growth, but now it was likely because of that Futa Note Carmen told them about. As was all their cocks and her and Ashley’s massive tits.

Zoey shrugged at her question. Her eyes were downcast, fixated upon her newly enlarged cock that rested half on the floor thanks to her bloated nutsack. Among their group, she had the biggest member now, though how long that would last was up to Carmen. One girl… futa, she corrected herself, had total power over them. On a whim, she could make them into mindless sex slaves. Or mannequins to be displayed at her pleasure.

“It’s crazy,” Dakota said, rubbing at her ears, which flicked at her attention, “I really do remember always being like this, but also not.”

“What timeline do you prefer?” Ashley asked.

“Hmm,” Dakota fell into pensive silence, finger tapping on her chin as she laid down with her head on Mary’s lap, vision filling with the second-largest breasts in the room, “Well, in one history, it’s because of my body that you two became so important to me. You accepted me for what I am.”

“Even if you had pig ears, I’d love you,” Mary said, then reached down to stroke the dog-futa’s stomach, still rounded out from Carmen’s loads.

“What about you?”

“Oh, you mean the timeline where I was a bitch to just about everyone, didn’t know I was gay, or at least bi, and made Ashley pay for my implants while I harboured feelings that I’d never have acted upon? Yeah, nah, I prefer the one where I get with you both.”

“Such a sweetheart,” Ashley chuckled and kissed her cheek, “What is our relationship now anyway?”

“Hmm?” Dakota quirked a brow at her.

“Well, I mean, we’re girlfriends, right? Or futa-friends, whatever. But we’re definitely gonna be fucking other people… by which I mean Carmen. So what’s the deal with us?”

“Ever heard of an ‘open-relationship’? Besides, I think we all know that none of us would turn down fucking Carmen,” Mary said, to which everyone mumbled and nodded their agreement. The curator of all their fates was something else entirely, unbound by societal norms. Anyone that refused her must have a screw loose.

“Someone’s thinking about her,” Dakota teased as the blonde’s cock nudged her aside.

“Says you,” Mary said, pointing out the pair of dog-cocks rising high. Beside them, Ashley’s nipples extended further by the second, while on the floor their personal Amazon stared at her own rising pillar, coated in fat veins. Her powerful blood flow made it bulge in odd places, befitting her muscular appearance. It must feel incredible in a pussy. Leah groped herself and gushed milk on her member.

“Seriously?” Zoey groaned, “We just start thinking about her and this happens?”

“Are you complaining?”

“No… not really… it’s just… she has all that power over us. Doesn’t that bother you?”

Mary shrugged, “Not really. It kind of turns me on actually. She could do whatever she wants with me.”

“Make us suck her dicks until we’re so full of cum we can’t move,” Ashley said, moving a hand to her dick-nipple.

“Pose and freeze us so she can fuck us whenever she wants without any questions,” Dakota added and nuzzled into Mary’s cock, sniffing out the crux where scrotum met penis and most sweat gathered.

“Make me her personal dairy cow and breed me. Keep me in her barn, just lazin’ around until it’s time for milkin’ or fuckin’ or birthin’,” Leah moaned, her nipples - all twenty-four of them - gushed milk onto and around her.

“Can we even get pregnant?” Dakota asked, hand flying to her inflated belly, Carmen’s recent load still fresh in her stomach and womb. Everyone did the same, then looked upstairs and back at each other, the same thought in Mary’s head gleaming in all their eyes.

*“I’m cumming!”* Rachel’s voice announced from above, the sound proofing in the house only muffling so much.

Dakota jumped from the shout, earning a giggle from the others.

“Hey, so not to be awkward or anything, but I’m feeling pretty full over here. Anyone want a drink before I spray it all down the drain? We’re pretty much out of bottles,” Leah asked. Her nipples were faucets at that moment, even the ones without attention maintained their flow, those her fingers pulled on gushed halfway across the room to splash against Mary’s foot. The sight dried out her throat. She and her girlfriends stood to take care of it, only for her and Ashley to waver and fall back to the cushions.

“You two alright?” Dakota asked, then gasped and backed up, a lopsided smirk on her face as her cocks twitched. A long rope of pussy juice hung between her legs, opaque from the mix of semen oozing out. Pre-cum dripped from her members, each a brilliant crimson and already swelling at the bases.

Mary groped at her crotch, hips writhing as the sensation of change overcame her, the memory fresh in her mind. All four of her breasts jiggled with her rapid breaths, every little wisp of air a rough tongue across the nipples, while her crotch boiled over against her hands. Her cock was large before, bigger than any guy she’d been with, but she felt it fattening to obscene levels. It surpassed her arm, then a two litre bottle. In under a minute, it matched Ashley’s thighs and still grew.

The futa at her side writhed in similar patterns, yet her hands just stroked at her crotch-member. Each jerk was longer than the last, showing off just how big she was getting, while her dick nipples followed its lead and extended further. They were large before, especially for their location, but quickly infringed on egregiously lewd. What felt like fat fingers curling around her hand brought Mary’s attention back to her own member.

“Oh god,” she groaned at the sight of not one or two, even three separate cocks spawning from her groin, but six of them. Each was fatter than her original member and kept expanding, chunkier and longer and more prehensile. She released her collection and watched as they twined between her fingers until they were too big, then they coiled along her arms and breasts, “Fuck, these things are good. It’s like giving and having a tit fuck.”

“That’s literally what you’re doing,” Dakota said, jerking herself to the sight. Leah came to stand with her, doing the same, before pulling the less endowed futa to a breast. They watched from the side of their eyes as Ashley leaned into Mary, whose cocks left her to coil around the new behemoth on the scene. Two tendrils for each cock, spiralling around and stroking them as both their moans burgeoned. Still both futanari grew.

“So fucking horny,” Mary groaned, tugging her bigger chested lover into a kiss, as if she’d die without her tongue in her mouth. Of course, to suit their new phalli, their balls grew in size and number. While the blonde’s only gained an inch at most, their amount doubled, again and once more. Two more larger shapes filled their centre. A combined eighteen testicles supplied an endless river of pre to her restless tentacles.

Ashley, meanwhile, didn’t gain any new additions. Hers simply grew fatter and fatter and fatter still. Past the size of honeydews and soccer balls, they slowed at basketballs, then stopped a few inches larger. Her breasts, meanwhile, had no such concerns. Despite her earlier relief, they filled out, rising and spreading like dough. Blue veins spread across them as her areolae darkened to resemble a pregnant woman’s chest, only on a whole other scale. It was almost a minute before they stopped.

Each breast was enough to cover her entire torso. As she leaned deeper into the kiss with Mary, they filled both their laps, the blonde’s tendrils coiling around them as they finished growing in. The two parted, a bridge of spit between them, and looked to Dakota, whose belly had already bloated further from Leah’s boundless milk. Both their shafts were turgid, pulsating and spitting pre.

“What’re you just watching for? Come on,” Ashley said.

“What about you, Zoey?” Mary asked the athlete, who hadn’t moved from her place, staring wide eyed at them with an erection now daunted by Ashley’s own.

“I’m good here.”

“Come on,” Mary whined, unravelling her many tendrils to wave them in front of her much taller friend, “My little friends wanna play.”

“I’m good,” Zoey repeated, looking away.

“Okay,” Mary sighed, her mood temporarily soured, until Ashley’s cock smacked her in the face, rubbing a trail of musky pre-cum on her cheek, “Hello there. How’re we doing this?”

“We’ve got twelve dicks, four pussies, assholes and mouths between us,” Dakota pondered, even as she grabbed a tendril and suckled on the fat head, “Works out pretty well.”

“I’ve got another idea,” Ashley said and grabbed onto a pair of Mary’s cocks, yanking on them. Despite the harsh action, the blonde only moaned and gawked at her lengths extending well beyond their apparent limit, “Like I thought. Mary, get them all in my ass.”

“All of them?”

“That’s what I said,” Ashley straddled her, resting her full weight upon the lighter futa and grinding her plush ass into her balls, “And keep stretching them in me. Don’t stop until I say.”

“Where’d this come from?” Mary asked, only to be smacked on each cheek by her lover’s nipples, before they aimed at her lips and shoved inside.

“You talk too much. Do it,” Ashley growled, reaching back to pull her ass cheeks apart and make a bigger target. With a startled moan, Mary felt around with her pricks, then sent them storming into the biggest futa’s rear. She grunted from the penetration, but kept her place, taking every inch that never seemed to end, “Good. Now we’re going to the floor. *Don’t* let a single inch out.”

“Hmm,” Mary nodded, sucking like the expert she was, even if it was on a pair of two-foot cocks that tested her throat just with the heads inside. They sank to the floor, where Ashley suddenly hugged the blonde tight, cramming every inch of her dick-nipples down Mary’s gullet, before yanking them back. Swathes of thick saliva glistened on the members and connected them. She turned around on all fours to present herself, then looked to the pair still watching them.

“Dakota, fuck this bitch. Leah, I bet you’re just as thirsty as I am.”

“Uh huh,” Leah nodded, while Dakota yipped and ran to Mary’s back, falling to her knees to angle her cocks right, before she rammed them inside each hole. Of the four, she was the smallest, though her girth made up for it. As did the supernatural tightness of Mary’s holes, allowing her to feel the slightest shift in shape and movement. The half-bloated knots squelched inside and a pointed tip nuzzled her cervix. Pre-cum gushed from them and lubricated the paths. Between the flow and Mary’s unbridled wetness, she went from zero to a hundred in seconds.

Between the vicious crack of hips on hips, Ashley and Leah’s gulps were heard. The cowgirl laid on her back, throat bulging just as Mary’s briefly had, while her own nipples were abused. Four breasts were crowded around Ashley’s lips, cheeks convex as she inhaled whole ounces of milk every second. Already, her pudgy belly sank lower. Her dairy feast stopped when she popped free.

“You stopped moving,” Ashley snarled at Mary, then nodded to Dakota, who slammed her hard enough for the sound to echo and force a scream from her lips. In response, the blonde clenched all the new muscles in her loins, sending her tendrils surging through Ashley’s insides. She didn’t know how deep, only that they were following a winding path.

“Good,” Ashley moaned, lowering her torso to rub her belly into her thighs and Leah’s head, “Ooh, I can feel them squirming around from outside my tummy. Keep going, bitch.”

“Okay,” Mary gasped. Dakota’s hands latched onto her tits, sinking straight through the natural layers and groping her implants. Even so, they leapt from every thrust that reddened her ass. Would that Futa Note stop bruising? She hoped it wouldn’t, this was an experience to remember. Every foot of her tentacles were squeezed on all sides, they passed over bumps, squeezed their way through tighter passages, until finally they came to an open space and filled it. Mary couldn’t gather her thoughts enough to think just where they were.

Between Ashley’s demand for more and the rabid pounding behind her, there was only enough room in her mind for pleasure. She held onto the plumper futa’s hips, flush against her own as Dakota’s twin shafts slammed her over and over. Every staccato moan was punctuated by the clapping of flesh, intermixed with the lower two’s gulps, which stopped as she found a new, tight passage to climb. Ashley twisted around to look at her, chest bulging between her tits.

“Good girl. Keep going and don’t stop. Leah, come and kiss me.”

What a different side to her, Mary thought. In all their past trysts together, so matter how passionate, Ashley was more docile, happy to let others take charge for the sake of her own pleasure, yet now she was commanding them all. Except one. Zoey still watched them, a reluctant hand on her second-place cock.

“You sure you don’t want in, Zoey?” Dakota asked, each word separated by her thrusts, “My cunt and ass-pussy are still covered in Carmen’s gooey jizz if you want some.”

Zoey licked her lips, then shook her head and glanced upstairs, “I, uh… sorry, I need to talk to Carmen. Maybe another time.” She got up and strode to the stairs, too fast to be a simple ‘talk’, especially with her cock hard enough to stand at a forty-five degree angle. Faint sounds thudded from above them, a constant beat that kept them in time.

“Come here,” Ashley said and pulled Leah to her lips, their similarly mammoth busts mashed together, spilling entire feet to either side. Gags tore through Ashley’s throat, but she didn’t pull away, instead she tightened her grip as Mary followed her orders and pushed deeper. Leah’s eyes popped open, then drifted shut as her cheeks bulged. A familiar, writhing pattern flowed down her throat.

Now accustomed to the stretching, Mary’s cocks surged faster. They really had no end it seemed. She ground into her lovers, back and forth between them, resting her weight on the softest ass she knew, before her own cheeks depressed against Dakota’s primal thrusts. Each cycle dragged on her holes, the knots gradually inflated to stretch her, as if to pull her insides into the open, before they crammed them back in. Dakota’s hands went to her nipples and pulled.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” Mary grunted with every push, which sent her tendrils deeper into uncharted territory, a ceaseless, winding system of wet tunnels. What awaited at their end, she had no idea, only aware of the sensations around and within her. They did feel different around her upper lengths, a bit looser, but tighter in places, like a pussy clenching in surprise. Like she’d moved into a different person.

Then, finally, she felt air on her glans. What did that mean? Dakota halted at her deepest thrust, almost enough to push through Mary’s cervix, and looked down. After catching her breath, Mary did the same, whole body throbbing from the encroaching bliss.

“What’s… hap... ‘ning,” she rasped.

“You went all the way through them,” Dakota said, cocks leaping inside the blonde and startling a cry from her. She leaned into Mary’s ear and flicked her tongue along the lobe, “There’s six cocks with nothing to do, and two pussies just aching to get fucked. What’re you gonna do?”

“Pussy… cock…” Mary repeated the words over, her tendrils following the ‘command’. Two dove straight into the nearest snatch; Leah’s, who gave a muffled cry, lips coming away from Ashley’s to reveal a flesh-coloured bridge between them. The larger futa leered back at Mary and shook her head, then her hips. Nodding, the blonde retracted her members, then focused four of them on Ashley’s cunt instead and jammed inside. To compensate the cow-futa below, Ashley reared back and aimed her three-foot pillar.

Muffled shrieks vibrated across parts of Mary’s cocks as her lover shoved her cock in with all her weight behind it. Leah wrapped her arms around the plumper futa and reignited their kiss, while Mary moved her two leftover members between them to wrap their lengths around tits as large as the woman that possessed them. Where were Ashley’s dick-nipples?

Leah gave another scream, arms going limp. Whatever happened it was too much for her, though her anus didn’t relax at all, nor did her pussy as it slurped and squelched and marinated everything in reach with its squirt. Dakota renewed her thrusts as well, creating a train of debauchery. As she rammed home in Mary’s ass and cunt, it sent her hips forward and into Ashley’s raised cheeks, which slammed back into Leah and prolonged the squirting. Lips found Mary’s as they rutted together, each moaning louder by the second.

“I’m gonna cum,” Dakota moaned into her mouth. Their shared lover grunted the same sentiment, while Mary struggled just to string two words together.

“Do it.” There was so much. She’d fucked both futanari before, but that was just a single, foot-long cock, now she had dozens, perhaps hundreds of feet. And six of them at that! All inside two people, gripped by places untouched by human sexes. Without Carmen, it would be impossible. Without Carmen they’d never have gotten together. It was all Carmen’s doing.

It was their goddess’s will that they fuck and celebrate unnatural pleasures only they could experience.

“Cumming! I’m cumming! Oh god! Oh GOD! FUUUUUCK!” Mary wailed, louder and louder until her voice choked off, throat no less tense. All her testicles bloated, veins burst to life around her scrotum, and bundles of semen raced through her lengths. Dakota grabbed onto her hips and abandoned rhythm, rutting her until she too cried out and her knots fully engorged. Not far behind, Ashley’s legs gave out and she fell to her side, taking Leah with her. Over a foot of her cock slid out, then got caught on something. She rammed it back in without delay.

Both the futanari’s guts protruded in obscene, lumpy shapes as Mary’s orgasm surged through. Leah’s soon smoothed out as Ashley unleashed her climax, a torrent of semen that swelled her womb to the size of a full-term pregnancy in seconds. What caught Mary’s frayed attention was the growth of Leah’s lowest row of tits, which seemed almost attached to Ashley. That’s where her nipples were! Mary slouched against Dakota, who pumped her own, ‘meagre’ load into her ass and pussy.

It took a whole minute before Mary’s semen erupted. With four cocks inside her, Ashley’s stomach filled out to match Leah, while both their chests received several layers from the two outside tendrils . As all eighteen of Mary’s testes emptied themselves, she slid down to join her lover. Dakota followed, rubbing the dregs of her orgasm into the blonde’s rump.

“This is so fucking hot,” Dakota said, the only one still lucid enough for sentences as she watched Mary’s tentacles recede. The sight kept her hard, while the pleasure of metres, upon metres of cock racing back out fuelled Leah and Ashley’s lusts. Rivers of cum leaked past the seal of Leah’s nipples around the cocks inside them, while milk gushed from the upper rows.

“Guess Carmen expected something like this,” Dakota mused, stroking Mary’s hair as she slowly recovered. Hoarse screams reverberated through the ceiling, a new voice among them. Zoey’s ‘talk’ was going well.

“What next?” Mary asked once her cocks were completely out. Their base length looked to be a couple feet, matched by a girth on pair with her wrists. Any futa would be proud to have one, but six just made it perfect. She curled them around her quartet of breasts, before Dakota climbed on top to squeeze their matching sets together.

“Oh, they feel so weird. But the good kind,” Dakota said as they slithered all over her tits.

“Sounds like they won’t be done for a while,” Ashley noted, as the cries from upstairs persisted.

“Let’s keep going,” Leah said and nudged Dakota aside as she straddled Mary, puffing out her chest. Even so, it didn’t match her jiggly stomach, which oozed semen onto the blonde’s legs, “I’ve got six nipple-cunts that need fuckin’ and fillin’.”

“I think Mary needs a filling more than you,” Ashley said, fingers tracing Mary’s flat stomach. The others all sported fecund bellies, each more suitable for a woman carrying multiples, making her the smallest. She looked to Ashley’s monster dick and, almost unbidden, her legs spread wide. Globs of Dakota’s semen drooled out her gaped holes.

“Yes please,” Mary said, “Make me too big to move.”

Ashley smirked and grabbed a set of her tendrils, curling toward her own core, “Then you’d better help out.”