Carmen’s hackles rose as she whirled around.

“Who are you?” She demanded. There was no sight of this person, not yet, but she could sense them just beyond her sight, like that feeling of being watched amplified.

A haughty chuckle answered her, as did the abrupt silence in the gym. Everyone had stopped fucking, or moving at all, not even breathing. Carmen breathed deep, trying to settle her heartbeat. It was in her ears, thumping so loud she could barely think. Her eyes darted across the stage, to each of its entries, yet no one was there. She was the only one up there.

“Are you sure about that?” The question was right in her ear.

Carmen turned again, cock almost pulling her the whole way. Nothing again. Another laugh made her lips peel back in a snarl. It was an aggressive move, yet she didn’t feel that way. She felt… wary. This person - *creature* - could read her thoughts. So it had to be a Seikogami. The one Ryuka feared? Another one?

“Oh, very well. I suppose I should reveal myself. Truly, I thought you, the great Carmen, would have seen me by now. I expected too much it seems.”

Again, Carmen swung around. Her snarl fell. There was someone else on the stage, right behind her no less, that hadn’t been there before. How? She would’ve heard them in the middle of a busy intersection, much less the dreadful silence of that moment. And how hadn’t she felt them against her tail? They were inches away from her ass.

“That’s a good look, though I wonder how it’ll change when you see the rest.”

She looked up at the sound of their voice. Tilting her head back further and further, much more than she ever expected, she finally saw their face. Carmen’s fur fell as she reverted to human. It was a Seikogami, the red eyes and pale skin made it obvious, but where Ryuka had been beautiful, this goddess was… divine. Her features weren’t all that different, there was just something different about her.

Their eyes met and Carmen blushed. *Blushed*! She’d been the matriarch of orgies the likes humanity rarely even imagined, had people shove their heads and bodies into her holes, inflated others to the size of houses and beyond, and she could even bring an entire building to its knees just by willing it. But one look at this deity and she was blushing like a schoolgirl.

“I expected someone more my equal, but I suppose that is my fault. After all, none could match me.”

Carmen was inclined to agree. She’d thought her face and body were free of all defects after the Futa Note had its way with her, but seeing this being suddenly made her self-conscious of everything. There wasn’t even one thing she could identify that was wrong about her, only that this entity made her ugly by comparison. And Carmen hadn’t even looked at the divinity’s body.

“You want to see more? Then you should kneel, yes?”

She fell as if the weight of a galaxy just landed on her. From there, she couldn’t see anything of her goddess’s face, however there was something several times more stunning; a cock that bulged with aggressive veins, each the size of Carmen’s thigh. It was a perfect design. She didn’t need to rely on inhuman forms or weird shapes to make someone feel as if they were boring fucked by a dozen other cocks at the same time. And that said nothing of the monolith they coiled around.

“Good girl. You’ve pretended to be a big, strong futa for long enough. I think you should shrink those things down and prostrate yourself before a real cock.”

“I can’t.”

“Hmm?”

“I can’t shrink them.”

“Oh,” the goddess chortled. Carmen’s face burned even hotter, like she was being shamed for lacking the most basic knowledge known to all creation, “That is precious. Here I thought you had already ascended to a Seikogami, yet you’re still just a bud. Good enough I suppose. Makes it easier to prune you.”

“Oh shut up!”

Carmen jerked at the obnoxicously obstinate voice. She looked around reluctantly, though only enough that she could keep the goddess’s member in her peripheral view, and saw a messy blonde mop atop a mountain of bronzed flesh inflated to its absolute limit.

“You’re sooooo great, huh? Well, Carmen fucked me so hard it broke whatever shitty brainwashing crap you tried on me.”

“I never did anything of the sort.”

“SHOVE IT! I’m talking to Carmen.”

What the hell was this bitch saying? Didn’t she realise she was talking to an actual goddess? To ignore her in favour of Carmen was ridiculous. Beyond that, it was crazy. Enough that she should be institutionalised for it. Or better yet, fucked into a coma that not even giving birth would wake her from. It was about the only fate someone like Gretchen deserved.

“You think you get to just pump the biggest load of babies into me and submit to a cunt like that? She’s not even a cunt. She’s just a walking-talking dick and balls. Thought you were a dyke, Carmen. What, you suddenly got a hankering for cock now. Well you’ve got a bunch of your own that’re *waaay* better.”

Her voice was so annoying.

“Shut the fuck up, Gretchen,” Carmen growled and rose back to her feet, “Or I’ll fuck your face until your jaw is permanently unhinged.” Her own cock leapt up and smacked her chest and face. Huh… it wasn’t that small. Why did she think it was puny for a moment? Oh right, there was that Seikogami behind her.

“I’d hoped to leave this world with minimal meddling, but that’s no longer an option I suppose.” Now that Carmen was expecting it, she was no longer blinded by the deity’s appearance. She still felt the pull, like a voice in her head telling her how worthless she was by comparison. It’d been a while, but she had plenty of experience squashing unwanted voices. She’d have succumbed to her urges much earlier otherwise.

“You’re a Seikogami, I take it?”

“I am *the* Seikogami. The Queen. And you forget yourself, human.”

“No, I almost did. Can’t say I’m thrilled that bitch of all people helped me out, but whatever works.”

“You owe me!” Gretchen shouted.

Carmen and the Queen ignored her, “So, now what?” Carmen asked.

“Now I do this the formal way. Carmen Robins, you are charged with disrupting the natural order for purely selfish reasons. For that, I will be taking you back to my domain for an eternal punishment.”

“Huh…”

“Do you not understand?”

“No, I do.” It was obvious that she was messing with nature just by having a Futa Note in the first place, let alone using it so freely. Hundreds of girls, and a few men too, had become futanari thanks to her, “It’s more surprising that you’re here to police me.”

“You truly have no idea the forces you meddle with, *child*.”

“Yeah, yeah, you’ve lived for centuries or millennia so everyone’s a child to you. I don’t care about that.” Carmen wasn’t usually one to so flagrantly disregard someone’s authority, especially in a situation as unusual as this, but seeing the Queen’s lip quirk in annoyance was just irresitible. Was this how Gretchen felt most days?

“You act confident, but you understand your actions. So there will be no contesting your punishment.”

“I never said that. For starters, you’re on Earth and in America right now. There’re laws here. Even a foreign dignitary such as yourself isn’t free of those, so firstly I want a lawyer and a trial with an unbiased jury. Then we’ll see what they say.”

The Queen sneered at her. She was about ready to forego any semblance of due process, assuming she even cared about that. That put her in the perfect mindset.

“Or, we can just decide this like two futanari queens should.”

“I’ll ignore you putting yourself on my level. What do you suggest?”

“We fuck. Plain and simple. First one to cum ten times loses.” If there was anything Carmen was confident in, it was her sexual prowess. She’d turned Ryuka, a Seikogami, into a submissive cumdump without even trying. This Queen was on another level, sure, however she couldn’t be that different. Besides, it was better than simply rolling over and accepting whatever happened.

The Queen was quiet for a moment, then her chest rumbled, building in a crescendo until she roared with laughter that filled the whole atrium. She turned to the side, curves jiggling as her cock dragged on the ground. Carmen gulped. Part of her still felt that urge to service it, and another one wanted nothing more than to see how it felt for some of her smaller friends to be stretched beyond all comprehension. But size wasn’t everything. Carmen had power and multiples on her side.

“Before we start, perhaps I should make it clear just what you’re up against. You humans love your measurements, I believe. For starters, here in this realm, I am limited to the form you see now, though it is still magnificent, no? As for the numbers, I stand eighteen feet tall.” Carmen hadn’t noticed she was slouching until then, as the Queen straightened to her full height.

“And my bust has thoroughly trounced your measuring system, but trust me when I say they’re somewhere in the realm of twenty-feet across and about four foot deep. Nipples are about six-feet when I’m actually aroused. Though that’s hardly what you’re interested in, is it, *little* human?”

Truthfully, Carmen hadn’t given any thought to numbers when it came to people in some time. She just knew they were gigantic, dwarfing just about any object used for comparison. Having numbers associated sold the sheer insanity of it all even more. Focus. This wasn’t the time to think about that stuff. She had an impending duel for the sake of her freedom.

“My majestic member measures nine-feet currently. Now if I will it to become hard,” the Queen grunted and her phallus rose of its own accord. Come to think, how had she remained soft this whole time? She’d had someone of Carmen’s calibre on her knees and she’d stayed flaccid. Not to mention the dozens of others fucking right in front of her. And she was a Seikogami.

“Don’t bother trying to compare me to the riffraff. I am Queen, I am hardly in the same league as those hopeless fools. Either I will myself aroused, or I need my equal. And, as you can see, I have none.”

“That sounds like the most boring existence I can imagine,” Carmen said, almost without thinking. She’d been something like that for a while, refusing to let herself get turned on no matter what happened.

“Don’t think you understand anything, mortal. Now be silent and awe at my majesty.”

It was hard to refute her opinion of herself. Carmen stepped back unconsciously, heel brushing the edge of the stage. The cock wasn’t anything unique aside from the sheer scale of it, however that made it no less incredible to witness its erection. Nine-feet when flaccid, and it had already doubled that while only at a semi. The skin peeled back from the glans, revealing a greasy purple crown that exuded a dense fog, unlike the one from outside.

Carmen shuddered when it reached her feet. It felt like an icy tongue lapping across her skin, except where it touched was left burning hot, which crept higher until it touched her loins. A burst of pre-cum escaped her when it did.

“So easily influenced,” the Queen scoffed, “I’m not even close to finished.”

Carmen just stared, confidence leaking in time with her pre, as that cock became something well and truly beyond reason. Even in the realms of Seikogami and the things Carmen had done, this was something else entirely. Ryuka hadn’t shapeshifted, but if this ‘Queen’ was to be believed, then she wasn’t comparable. If she could change parts at will, then keeping a human dick might not last. If it changed into something more Carmen’s flavour, then…

She couldn’t finish the thought. That would be admitting defeat before the battle even began. Carmen would stay optimistic. If she used all her power, then even a Seikogami Queen would surely fall. Size didn’t equate to power, despite Carmen’s own growths.

Yet it was harder to dissociate them as the Queen kept growing. Her cock pushed against the wall, forced to curve upward as it continued. Cracks appeared around its tip. Carmen gulped. Saint Puella had been in a state of disrepair for ages, however the buildings themselves were sturdy. Surely a dick, even one that big, couldn’t break through?

The mist poured even faster as the cracks spread out, like the immenient destruction turned it on. What was it at now? Twenty feet? No, it had to be more. She couldn’t judge it clearly with such a sharp bend. Deeper crevices extended from it, the barrier creaking as debris fell, with more coming by the second. It wouldn’t be long now. The mist suffused the whole stage now, cascading over the edge and into the gym. Moans took over the silence, followed by the smacking of flesh, louder than before.

“Are you ready to accept it yet?”

“Hardly. Keep growing. Show me how big you can really go.”

“Hmm. Very well.” Another grunt from the Queen and her cock surged. The veins pulsed so loud they reverberated in Carmen’s chest. It only took an instant. Carmen blinked as the mist poured from every inch of that behemoth. The groaning from the wall got louder, the only thing audible over the pulsating, until it gave with a violent crash. Solid brick turned to crumbes under the Queen’s sheer heft.

Where a cock barely within her messed up logic once was, now extended a monster that gave even Carmen second thoughts. She couldn’t see the head anymore, not with it extended far out of the building through the gaping hole it created. And based on the sound of skin stretching, it was still growing, filling out and forcing the opening even wider. Like it was fucking the building.

Carmen unconsciously clenched her legs together, cunt squelching viscously. It was hard to ignore the potential such a thing offered. Imagine getting stretched out by that thing. She laid a hand upon her own member, then jerked back, startled by how… small it felt. Could it even satisfy someone with a cock like that? She doubted it would.

The Queen sighed deeply, forcing the mist to bellow away from her and into Carmen’s face, “I’m ready now. Come, mortal, try and give me what so many Seikogami have tried; a single orgasm.”

A single orgasm? That meant the Queen hadn’t cum much at all, she must be constantly on edge. Carmen exhaled. She had power too, and the bonus of having cum multiple times just that day, and the Queen wasn’t *that* big, only about three times bigger than the average woman, and six or seven inches was usually fine for them. A pink glow pulsed from Carmen’s arm and the miasma dissipated around her as her cock surged to its full tumescence.

“Oh, so you’re challenging me? Instead of running away, you intend to fuck me?” The Queen mused, resting a cheek in one hand with a gawdy smirk.

“I can’t make you cum if I run,” Carmen said and rushed up behind her, then pushed the oversized Seikogami down, earning a satisfyingly surprised grunt in response. The Queen bent her knees, bringing her pussy down on Carmen’s flared glans. The flat tip mashed into her plump lips. Carmen intended to tease her first, to try and make her bed, however her plan was ruined with a single squat.

The hottest cunt engulfed half of her cock in one motion, sliding down to her medial ring. Her eyes bulged and a soundless cry parted her lips. Carmen had fucked more people than most pornstars, experienced pussies and asses of all sorts, yet none compared. She couldn’t put it into words. The Queen was just hot and wet, pure and simple. Her walls undulated in strange patterns, compelling a surge of pre from Carmen much sooner than normal.

“My, you are quite filling. But surely you can *move* for me? Just a little bit. One thrust for the best pussy of your short life.”

Carmen dug her fingers into the Queen’s fat ass. The flesh sank deeper as her nails lengthed into claws. It was a bad idea to transform, her cock growing even larger inside the Queen, making her even tighter, but also her only option. She got a moan from the deity, and a strong clench all around her dick too, as she thrust deeper. The air reverberated as their bodies clashed, Carmen’s abs and lower-breasts slamming into the Queen’s rump. Fur grew across her body as it grew in all the right ways. Instinct gnawed at her senses, demanding she knot this bitch.

And she saw no reason to ignore it. A feral fucking was exactly what she needed to one-up this Queen bitch. The futa growled and followed through on her desire, slamming her knot in, moaning huskily at how the walls were forced to accommodate her. They’d felt so tight before, yet she got the sense they were just placating her. Now, with her fat knot throbbing inside… she still got the feeling it wasn’t the Queen’s limit.

Fuck it! All this thinking was getting in the way of her fucking. Carmen tugged out, sliding as far as her legs would allow. Thick bumps scraped along the walls, spines of all sizes hooked into every crevice, flicking loose and jabbing any nerve-endings in reach. Once her legs couldn’t go any further, she lunged forth into the enormous ass.

The cheeks flattened against her abs with the sound of deadly thunder. They fought to spring back and she let them, taking the extra momentum and putting it into her next thrust. Pussy juice splashed all over her thighs, soaking through the fur immediately. A sure sign she was getting the upper hand.

Carmen angled her hips, making sure her knot butted into the clit. It seemed impossible, but the Queen actually got wetter, her fem-cum just pouring all around Carmen’s cock. Was she getting hotter too? The futa ignored it, much more concerned with pumping her load into this fertile cunt. Not the least because, much as she hated to admit, this was the best fuck of her life.

Viscous noises filled her ears between the deafening crack of flesh on flesh. The Queen’s ass was a flawless masterpiece, tucking into the tight waist that deformed so salaciously around Carmen’s dick as it reached all the way to the pillowy mountains. They hugged the misshapen head, bouncing around it with every thrust as it extended toward the ethereal, smug face grinning back at her.

…smug?

“Impressive as this is for a mortal, are you hiding any other tricks, hmm? Because I haven’t even gotten started yet.”

A bluff. Her pussy was gushing the entire time, so it clearly had an effect. Not even Ryuka could’ve handled this without turning into a drooling mess. Carmen bared her teeth, drool overflowing as she upped her pace, willing more blood into her cock. The Queen cooed softly, but her expression didn’t change.

“Perhaps you’re not feeling good enough to go all out? Here, allow me.”

Carmen gasped. She’d been dictating the pace the whole time, thrusting as her libido demanded. It only took one change to completely disrupt her tempo, as the Queen bucked into her thrust. Just that would’ve been fine. She could adjust. But when the already heavenly pussy began sliding up and down her whole shaft, faster than her own hips could manage, it was all Carmen could do just to hold on.

The ass slammed into her with greater force too, leaving a stinging pain in its wake, like she’d just been whipped. The Queen’s entire body seemed to move against her, from the sensual look on her face, to the rippling of her thighs against Carmen’s own.

Gritting her teeth, the futa returned the favour. Her body was designed to fuck, same as the Queen’s, adjusting to a new rhythm was nothing. That is, if it didn’t change constantly. Rapid squats on her cock suddenly stopped, replaced by heavy grinding into her crotch. When she reared back to thrust, the Queen beat her to it. Not only that, but the swivel of her hips forced Carmen’s cock to stir around her insides. It didn’t seem to affect the deity much, however Carmen was left breathless. Every clap against her crotch knocked the air from her lungs.

“Is this too much for you?”

“It’s… nothing!” Carmen snarled and put her all her strength into her arms to hold the ass steady, then slam-fucked it for all she was worth.

“Hmm, you are persistent. I will say, you would’ve made an excellent Seikogami. Alas, I’ll settle for keeping you as my personal toy.”

“Just. Shut. UP!”

The Queen guffawed and clenched down extra tight. Carmen’s balls shuddered and her cock fattened with a surge of pre, like it was directly slurped out by the pussy. Wasn’t she supposed to be the one breeding this giant bitch? It felt like the other way.

“Oh my, looks like our display has attracted some attention.”

Carmen ignored her. It was just a distraction. That is, until she felt the distinct tips of multiple cocks against her rump. She tried focusing, not wanting to give the Queen such an obvious opening, but the prodding quickly snuck between Carmen’s cheeks and thighs. Turning, her pussy clenched involuntarily at the sight of all her friends.

Unfortunately, their eyes weren’t on her. They only stared at her hips, or rather, what was contained betwixt them. That didn’t diminish their respective beauties, if anything, their absolute lust was stunning. All their cocks were rigid. Dakota’s double canine members dripped with want, knots already inflated and inflamed. Mary’s tentacles squirmed, spanking Carmen’s rump every so often and smearing it in jizz. Ashley’s pricks gushed endlessly, pouring between the futa’s crack and down her thighs. Then there was Rachel and Zoey.

The stacked, little tanuki thrust into the air and against Carmen. Her balls so full and tight it looked like she’d explode at any second. Beside her, Zoey stood just a few feet shorter than Carmen, cocks out and practically steaming hot. Their scents wafted up, mixing together into something strong enough to make her eyes water. Yet she couldn’t get enough.

“The bonds mortals make is truly impressive. They could’ve been fucking anyone in this cesspit of a realm, or even each other, yet they all came here for you. Would be cruel for you to ignore them.”

Carmen might’ve let them if the Queen hadn’t spoken. It was her voice that reminded the futa of what was at stake if she just let go. The added temptation of her lovers only fuelled her urge to fuck. Cock pulsating, Carmen flung her hips against the Queen with enough force to send her balls flying. The heavy orbs slammed into the Seikogami’s legs, yet didn’t even budge her. All it did was make her moan a little louder.

“Aren’t you ignoring someone?” The Queen asked.

“Just shut up and fuck!” Carmen said, finally focusing on her Touch. *That* finally got a startled response, a genuine moan of pleasure. Her movements stuttered for a moment, allowing Carmen to thrust as she liked, plunging her knot in and out wildly. This was it! The opening she needed.

She funelled all her strength into the act, digging her claws in deep to make the bitch beg for her load. Finally, Carmen could just enjoy this sublime pussy. Then, once this was over, she’d go back to fucking her friends and lovers and acquaintances and so on. It was a simple life, however one that she would be glad to return to.

“Carmen…”

Her name didn’t register at first. She just assumed it was the Queen finally succumbing, moaning for the big finish, and ramped up, feeling her load bubbling. The whole world had collapsed into them, leaving nothing else.

But, like it does best, a cock penetrated her whole world. Along with nearly a dozen others.

Carmen stumbled, resting her multiple rows of tits on the shelf-like rump as her hips moved entirely outside her will. She turned her head, though she already knew the ones responsible, only to have her lips claimed by another muzzle. Two hot shafts poked at her tits from behind, while mutliple arms attempted, and failed, to wrap around her hips. She tried batting at them with her tail, but they held tight, forcing it flush against her ass as they sodomised her.

“It’s cute that you thought I’d be overwhelmed so easily,” the Queen said. Though it clearly had an effect, as she resumed her movements, but slower than before, “I’ll allow them to hollow you out first. Might be too tight for someone of *my* magnificence.”

Carmen attempted a growl, but it was cut off into a preening moan as her friends thrust into her as one. Dakota had knotted her ass, while Mary split her tentacles between the holes, and the rest focused on her pussy. On their own, they weren’t much compared to Carmen’s. Combined, however, she was stretched beyond reason with every last nerve-ending wrapped around them. They all moved discordantly, leaving her pussy to close in around the others, only to be gaped out all over again. She bucked hard against them, trying to dislodge the lot.

Yet they held fast. All it did was make them slide back in unison, only for them to thrust as one, cocks spearing through her cervix and tenting her womb in grotesque shapes. It also forced her belly out and against her tits, which Ashley’s dick-nipples greatly appreciated. Their thrusts pushed her hips forward, slamming against the Queen, who reciprocated with equal strength.

Focus! It was all Carmen had to do. Her body was incredible, but her mind even more so. Just focus on not cumming. Ignore the roiling in her balls, the constricting heat around her cock and the incredible way the walls moved against her. Just like how she needed to put aside the feeling of all her lovers fucking her holes.

Who was she kidding? It was all she *could* focus on. Her body was made for sex, her mind corrupted. Everything they did compelled greater pleasure. Right down to the impact of their balls into her sack, stirring an even thicker load that already overflowed into her cock. Even the comparatively meagre delight of Zoey’s tongue wrapped around hers pushed Carmen closer to the edge. No. No, she had to hold on. If she just made the Queen cum, then it’d be her victory.

“Just so you know, I’m only just getting warmed up,” the Queen said. A lie. It had to be, “You thought I was close didn’t you? That I must be oh so very wet for your… meagre cock. Perhaps if you had a couple dozen more feet, then I’d even feel it.”

Carmen broke from Zoey with a snarl and lunged forward, wrapping her hand in the Queen’s hair to yank her back. Once the Seikogami arched far enough, the futa wrapped her jaws around her neck. Some part of her recognised that she shouldn’t have reached that far, but she was much more focused on making this bitch hers.

A throaty laugh was all that greeted her, despite the fangs digging deep into the Queen’s throat.

“So simple. I would pity you if… well, look who it is.”

Carmen didn’t look. She clenched her eyes shut, willing her orgasm to hold off for just a while longer. The Queen was just playing with her, trying to make her lose control faster. Even those words were just another attempt.

“Carmen?”

Her eyes snapped open and locked onto the gym wall. Or what was left of it. The hole had widened, the Queen’s constant throbbing breaking away a little more at a time. And standing just beside the monumental phallus, was Melody. Or some approximation of her.

“What are you wearing?” Carmen asked around her mouthful, before spitting it out, “What happened to you?”

Melody ran a hand over her plastic sleeved chest, fingers not even grazing her nipple, “I got them just for you. But,” her hand fell to rest against the cock, which lurched hard in response, “It seems I should’ve focused on you more than myself.”