Excitement and arousal had such a fine line. One so easily related to the other, more so than ever after Carmen’s incredible gift, though Stacy was confident she’d be just as happy to see her wonderful girlfriend… *girlfriends*, she reminded herself, with or without the impossibly erotic augmentations to their bodies. They just made everything better for everyone involved. Carmen most of all.

A blurry set of memories told Stacy just what her ex-employee had been through. Losing a father, living in poverty, studying day and night while working just to eat… she would gladly suffocate whatever god decided to put her through all that. But now, Carmen had both her and Rachel, and a book to make sure nothing so horrible happened to her or her family ever again. Not that she should need it for that purpose when her life was so glamorous.

Stacy pulled up into the driveway of a wonderful suburban home. It wasn’t hers, though she hoped to have one someday with Carmen, their kids, a couple dogs and maybe a cat. She rubbed circles over her belly and chuckled; it’d need to be bigger than this house. One or two, even as low as four children with Carmen didn’t seem possible. Not that she wanted it to be. The thought of swelling so beautifully fecund all from her love’s seed made her want more.

That could wait. Tonight was a simple date, just the three of them at dinner, talking and enjoying one another’s company. Sex would happen, an inevitability when Carmen was involved, but later, when they were all romanced by the atmosphere and each other. Stacy tapped the steering wheel to distract her from the yearning in her loins, then made the journey from her car to the door.

Difficult as it was with breasts larger than beach balls, a similar ass, and hips that spilled over into the passenger seat - luckily she didn’t drive stick - she enjoyed every moment. This was all Carmen’s doing, her desired form for her, and she’d be a fool to deny how much it suited her. Even back in college, people claimed she looked motherly, now her figure screamed that to the world. Her curves settled down as she knocked on the door.

“No! You’re staying here!” A shrill voice shouted through the barrier.

“It’s only for the night,” Carmen said.

“We’ll have her back before you go to bed,” Rachel added.

“Nooo!”

The door opened and there stood beauty in all its excessive glory. Along with a blonde girl latched onto a leg and looking up with the most adorably outraged pout Stacy had seen. Her eyes were accusing, unnervingly so, like a hardened detective staring right through every lie. In that situation, Melody looked beyond the obstructing mountains Stacy sported.

“She’s mine!” The little girl yelled.

“Melody,” Alicia groaned, coming up from behind, “Hi, Stacy. Sorry about this.”

“No, it’s alright,” Stacy crouched down, biting back the groan from her knees squishing deep into her breasts, “I’m not taking from you, Melody. Promise, it’s only dinner.”

“But she won’t play with me if you go out.”

“She will, just later. Your sister works really hard at school and takes really good care of you and us. Doesn’t she deserve to be pampered every now and then?”

“I guess. Can’t I come with you?” Melody’s grip relaxed, though she remained locked around Carmen’s leg.

“It’ll be so boring,” Carmen interjected, dropping down to be level with her. Like with Stacy, her breasts squished up against her thighs, but it also made her ass stand out all the more, “Plus it’s a French restaurant, they only serve snails.”

“Eww,” Melody’s expression soured.

“And besides,” Carmen leaned in close, “Who’s gonna watch the house and mom if we’re both out? I’m relying on you to keep everything spick and span, Supergirl.”

“Okay,” Melody finally let go and stood up, backing away. Even crouched low, Carmen was eye level with the girl. Being so close to her only exaggerated just how tall the futa was as she stood up. None of them were anyway close to her chin, not Alicia, not Stacy. Certainly not Rachel, who appeared to have changed dramatically since their last meeting. She wouldn’t bring it up there, since neither Melody nor Alicia would know.

That was part of the true beauty behind Carmen’s power; no one but a select few knew when its power was at work. Anyone transformed had a life that reflected their new self, sometimes that meant a supportive relationship, or far more physical alterations in extreme cases, from clothes to houses. Because of it, despite her enormous curves, Stacy’s co-workers and acquaintances behaved as if she’d always been so voluptuous. Even though she still often bumped into them and spilled milk thanks to her much improved production.

Mel certainly didn’t seem to mind. Things weren’t even awkward between them, like her brief lover was content to have spent even a fraction of her life with Stacy and, though it sounded bad even in her head, she more than understood. If given the chance, she’d happily fuck a copy of herself. Unless it was a choice between the clone and Carmen, then the latter always took precipice.

“I’ll go get ready,” Carmen said and gestured for her to come in. When Stacy was in range, she whispered, “Thanks for helping. Melody can be a handful sometimes.”

“It’s nothing. Good practice for the future.” Again, a hand strayed to her belly, knowing full well several embryos developed day by day. They wouldn’t know just how many until much later, though she could wait. Just the sensation and knowledge that she was steadily becoming a true mom was enough for her.

“I like your thinking,” Carmen kissed her cheek, then quickly sauntered upstairs. Her two lovers moved into the living room, taking the couch. Hips squished together, Stacy finally took in the redhead’s latest alterations, a twinge of desire smouldering as she did. It was like her own body squished into a far shorter form, with double the breasts.

“Sorry, I shouldn’t stare,” Alicia said, joining them in a loveseat. She seemed to unconsciously make room for another, but after so many years as a widow, she must’ve gotten used to sitting normally. Did that mean a new partner was in the mix?

“It’s okay,” Rachel chuckled, “It’s hard not to, right?” She referred to her double cleavage, on full display in her unbelievably stretched shirt, the fabric taut around her front, cut perfectly to end just at her waist. Her ensemble changed into a mini-skirt at that point, or perhaps it was designed to reach ankles, pushed up and out to the point that it became miniature. The only thing keeping her cocks decent were the glossy tights, which kept them pinned to either thigh. And knees, Stacy noted upon looking further down.

“I’ve heard of people born with extra nipples, but I never thought someone had four breasts. Nevermind ones so big.” Alicia struggled to keep her eyes away from the redhead’s chest and fidgeted in her seat a bit more than someone merely uncomfortable would, “They must really hurt your back.”

“Not really. I’ve got very strong muscles beneath all this,” Rachel said and slapped a thigh, the flesh jiggling for several full seconds.

“Still… how don’t you fall over with them?”

“It’s easier than you think,” Stacy said, “When you’ve been so big for so long, it just kinda becomes instinct. Not to say I haven’t stepped on a couple feet by accident.”

“Especially when we’ve got great counterweights,” Rachel added, wriggling deeper into the cushions, which didn’t hold a candle to her rear. While Stacy didn’t have the same attachment to her as they did with Carmen, she couldn’t deny how bad she wanted to see those cheeks bouncing on her dick.

“Are you interrogating them again?” Carmen asked. All eyes went to her and widened, gawking like a supermodel had just stepped in, stripped down, did a strip dance, then offered them her body. Except Carmen remained clothed and stationary, doing nothing more than leaning on the doorway, hip cocked to the side with arms folded under her bust. A single piece dress sheathed her glory and left little to the imagination. That little bit, however, was enough to have Stacy’s fingers grasping at air in hopes of uncovering it all. A glance at Rachel found the redhead openly drooling.

“Nothing so nefarious,” Alicia said, a bit higher than she probably intended, since she cleared her throat, “You look… great, sweetheart. It won’t get cold?”

“I’m like a walking heater, it’ll be fine.”

Alicia’s concern was valid, given the backless design which, combined with her chest, allowed more than a little boob to be seen from behind. Not that many would linger that high up, eager to look at her ass. Up front, Carmen’s members were mostly loose, restrained by a series of string made to fit her attire. A long slit down her right let all bask in the beauty of a single, alabaster leg and glimpse the black splendour of her cocks.

Better to go before Stacy started something that, in all likeliness, would result in a mess in her car, “We’d better go, don’t wanna be late.”

“I’m starving,” Rachel cooed, patting her belly, only visible thanks to her specialised bras keeping her tits aloft. It, like the rest of her, had grown rounder but, unlike the others, it appeared much firmer. Almost pregnant. Alicia must’ve thought the same thing, because she suddenly refused to look anywhere near her daughter or the redhead, even as she saw them out.

“Mom! Come on, I need a princess to rescue!” Melody shouted from within the house.

“Coming! Alright, I’ll see you later, I guess.”

“I’ll let you know if I’m staying late,” Carmen said, glancing at her lovers, “I probably will now that I think about it.”

“Alright, stay safe.”

“I’ll look after them,” Stacy said as the oldest among them, though she certainly wasn’t the strongest. While Carmen didn’t look it, she could likely bench anything a bodybuilder did with less effort.

Their reservations at La Riviera took them to a booth at the furthest corner of the restaurant. The lighting was low, neighbours few and far between, and Carmen sat between the two curviest people in the establishment. Even a very obvious trophy wife with obnoxious implants had no option but to gawk as they passed. She wasn’t alone, of course, as all eyes turned on them. A waitress teetered as she swivelled around to keep looking too.

It didn’t matter that they sat down. People continued staring until they realised how rude they were being and finally returned to their meals, however all conversations, the few Stacy overheard anyway, were focused on them and the validity of their bodies. ‘Surely they were wearing bodysuits or something’ was the gist of most, earning a soft giggle from Stacy. If only they knew.

But she wasn’t there for them. Stacy made these reservations for two people, whom she sat beside in quiet happiness. Just feeling Carmen against her hip, innocent as could be, was enough for now. They’d get up to much naughtier touches in the night. Their server came, stammering throughout her introduction, and dropped menus, telling them, practically begging really, to call her if they needed anything. Carmen’s eyes lit up at the conspicuous offer.

“Thanks,” Carmen said and focused on her menu, softly glowing eyes dimmed a bit, “What’re you guys getting?”

“Dunno, I don’t know any French foods. Aside from French fries, but that doesn’t really count,” Rachel shrugged, “I’ll just get whatever she recommends.”

“And you?” Carmen turned her gaze on Stacy, a soft grin on her plump lips, “Anything catch your eye?”

“You, of course,” the buxom woman said, then chuckled, “Sorry, can’t help myself.”

“It’s alright. Don’t think anyone can really,” the triple-dicked highschooler nodded to the other tables ahead of them, heads turning away when they were noticed, “We should go out more often, it’s kinda fun knowing everyone appreciates you two the way I do.”

“They’re looking at you,” Rachel said, “I mean, we’ve got bigger tits and asses, sure, but you’ve got presence. Just you being here is totally intoxicating to them.”

“It’s not to you?”

“Oh it is, I’m just used to it is all.”

She had a point. Stacy hadn’t considered it much herself, but it really did seem like Carmen compelled all the attention, regardless of whether someone ‘outmatched’ her. And why wouldn’t they? She was stunning in every way possible.

They eventually settled on what to get and called their waitress over. A fluster had come over her since last time, like she was hot, or embarrassed by something. The latter seemed likely as the heat in her cheeks flared up when she came to take their order. Naturally, her eyes flitted between her device and Carmen, and she asked more than once for her to repeat their orders, as if she couldn’t get enough of that sultry voice. When the girl finally left, her steps weren’t confident. Like something was impeding her.

“You didn’t write her name did you?” Stacy asked.

“No, but I see why you’d think that. Maybe she’s trans?” Carmen mused, “How would it affect someone like her?”

“Only one way to find out,” Rachel said.

“Maybe another time, huh? We’re having dinner,” Stacy said, wanting to avoid this outing turning into another sexual affair.

“She’s right,” Carmen sighed and took a hand from both in hers, “I just want to spend time with my favourite futanari. And Rachel.” They chuckled with her, but Stacy noticed how the brightness of Carmen’s eyes flickered, her thoughts at war with herself.

Appetisers arrived not long after, surprisingly fast even. Their waitress appeared more flustered and kept shifting her weight from leg to leg, tugging at her shirt to pull it over her tight pants. She lingered longer than necessary, making sure they enjoyed the food, like she’d prepared it especially for them. Was she wearing a bra, Stacy wondered, glancing at the noticeable bumps on her chest.

“She really wants me,” Carmen sighed once they were left alone, idly picking at her scallops, “I can feel her lust. If it weren’t for you two, she’d probably have tried going down on me by now.”

“I’d appreciate some extra service,” Rachel said and ran a hand across the centre futa’s thigh, “Of course, that depends on Stacy.”

“I, uh, I think we should leave her be. She’s working, you know?”

“Fair, but what about you, Carmen? She clearly wants you, so what’ll be?”

She was silent for several seconds, then shook her head, “This is our night. I’m not about to fuck a stranger. That said,” her gaze turned to Stacy, “We could have some fun.”

Stacy had no rebuttal when the hand slipped from hers and moved across her huge, heavy breast. Unerring precision located her nipple even through her custom-ordered maternity bra, those being the only things capable of stretching and containing her huge, soon-to-be mommy milkers. She looked around, certain someone would be watching them, then realised that of course they were. It didn’t matter what they did, people stared. This just gave them a show.

And she’d be lying if she didn’t want Carmen’s attention after seeing her in that dress. The touch sealed in that desire, spread it throughout her body, like a billion little fingers teasing her nerves and compelling her nipples forward. Carmen’s palm flattened against one, yet even with her digits splayed out she didn’t cover the full areolae. That didn’t stop her sinking in and sloshing the milk.

No matter how much she emptied, she just refilled so quickly. The gallon jugs back home were all filled up in her preparation for that evening, yet now she felt ready to fill so many more. Hardly a surprise, Carmen made sure she had milk enough for everyone’s bottomless appetites. Stacy leaned back, meal forgotten and took to groping her other breast. Pleasure naturally turned to blood flowing into her own heavy pecker.

“I think I’m due an upgrade,” Carmen murmured softly, “You two make so much delicious milk. I feel a bit left out.”

“H-here? But everyone can see,” Stacy stopped her ministrations, though didn’t halt Carmen’s, “We’ll get thrown out.”

“I think it’ll be fine,” Rachel giggled, leaning over to squeeze their lover’s chest too, “Besides, an audience just makes it hotter.”

“I don’t know…”

“I won’t do it if you tell me not to,” Carmen said, though her hand kept moving, expertly picking out where to dig her fingers in and how to encourage the nipples to full hardness, like a pair of milky dicks just aching to enter someone, “But I’d bet your milk’s better than this food.”

She was probably right too. Magic had a propensity to make anything it touched amazing. Carmen’s semen, for example, surpassed nearly all culinary delights Stacy had made in her life, and though she’d spent most of her career cooking with it, her own breast milk never tasted so good. Who could even think to deny her that enjoyment?

“Go for it. Just please be discreet.”

“Always am,” Carmen said and shuffled over, Rachel following, then leaned down while a hand unbuttoned the blouse keeping her glorious chest trapped. Without anything holding them back, Stacy’s breasts exploded into the open with a firm slap against her ripe belly. Pieces of cutlery clattered against plates and some conversations died down, eyes turned toward them with greater attention than before, but Carmen paid them no mind as she raised a huge, buoyant tit for her lips to capture. Before it vanished into her mouth, a splash of cream invited gasps from the onlookers.

Then she was drinking. Stacy cooed at the sensation, cradling her girlfriend’s head like a newborn, while also reaching down to fondle herself. Except that proved unnecessary as small fingers replaced hers. She looked past Carmen to find a sea of red locks over her groin, which was revealed as her zipper sank. Rosy flesh appeared from her turquoise pants in the form of a veiny log of meat.

The tip appeared then, with a slurp, it was gone. Rachel moaned around it, tongue pushing around the soft rod, before it slipped past the hood and swirled around the sensitive crown. A slight grin looked up at her, then she glanced at Carmen, as if telling Stacy to focus on her instead. Stacy just leaned back and settled for groping her unoccupied breast, though leaving all that creamy milk to wait for its turn didn’t seem fair. Though if she drank too much, it’d amp up her production too.

Then again, she thought and moaned as Carmen suckled harder, draining her breast for all it had, maybe a bit extra was necessary. And she had to keep up with the other two, since Rachel’s must’ve increased with the rest of her. Can’t let the youngster be the better mommy. Stacy pushed her breast up, stared into the tempting nub at its centre, surrounded by puffy pink flesh, and licked her lips. It pushed into her mouth, across her tongue and into her throat. With just a quick inhale, the cream flowed.

Oh god, what a time to be alive. Running Soothe the Soul, her first time with Carmen in either reality, when she first changed and felt the full brunt of her lover’s abilities, were all themselves incredible. She’d never thought of being in public with not one, but two gorgeously over-endowed futanari pleasuring her. On top of their attentions, she got to enjoy the sensation of her own milk filling her belly and then warming her tits up. A faint gurgling rang in her ears.

Carmen gulped faster. Even as they both drank, however, Stacy’s chest ballooned, her cream rapidly taking effect to keep itself flowing ever faster down both their gullets. It wasn’t long before she felt Carmen’s chest expand into her belly, then the dampness of her lactation overflowing. All that paired brilliantly with the pleasure of Rachel’s lips, tongue and throat working over her length.

And everything was in view of the other diners. One couple, a man and woman, were openly gawking at them from just a few metres away. The man didn’t seem pleased at the sight beneath the table, even with Rachel in the way, Stacy’s size was obvious, while his partner openly drooled, fork halfway to her mouth. She only closed it when Carmen’s own gaze settled on her. The hand resting on the table vanished beneath it. At the same time, her cheeks turned a searing crimson.

Like that stranger’s not-so-subtle masturbation ignited something in her, Carmen sucked harder. The swell of her breasts increased, each burgeoning in time with her gulps, while Stacy’s grew faster than either futa could drain them. Down below, Rachel’s gob tightened around her shaft, massaging it from all directions. A familiar face came into view, timid, but always looking.

“Um, uh… you can’t…”

It was the waitress. Carmen’s hunch about her being trans proved true, as a slight bulge pushed out the crotch of her uniform. By design, it wasn’t much, though her chest really needed some help. She’d heard trans-girls struggled without augmentation to show results. But she could help this girl.

Stacy let her nipple fall free, licked the cream from her lips, and said, “Come here, quench your thirst.”

“I… I shouldn’t, it’s, um, I’m on the clock and Michelle will yell at me and…”

“Just come here,” Carmen groaned, pulling away for an instant.

“Okay.”

From there it didn’t take long for her to give in and take the long tit down her throat. She choked at first, though she recovered quickly and took the flow, moaning at the sensation that peculated in her chest. Stacy caressed both their heads, moans deepening as her pleasure built. Rachel heard it and bobbed her head, acting the part of a cum bucket with flawless skill, like every little flux in her oesophagus was designed to milk Stacy of her semen. All that and the publicity of it all finally got to her.

“Oh fuck, I’m gonna cum,” Stacy pulled the two closer, all but smothering them in her bosom, as she undulated her expansive hips, balls churning up a thick batter all for Rachel’s tummy. Dinner had been served, just not by the restaurant. She chuckled at the thought, then bit back a high moan as the bliss struck her. Carmen’s hands went down to grip her balls and felt like bolts of lightning striking her.

“Cumming!” Stacy cried. Milk erupted from her teats and overwhelmed even Carmen, who let it spill out and over the breast she rested against.

“Sorry I got us kicked out,” Stacy said after they were clothed.

“It’s fine, we weren’t gonna last the entire time anyway,” Rachel said.

“And I doubt I’d have enjoyed their dessert anywhere near as much,” Carmen added, “Though I did put on a few pounds. Or kilos.” She patted her expanded chest. It got hard to discern at that stage if she only grew a little, however she’d gained more than a few cup sizes in sheer milk production. They made it to Stacy’s car and were about to climb in, when a voice stopped them.

“Hey!” It was the waitress, now vastly improved from their first meeting, though her top struggled with her new, abundant chest. Not that she held a candle to the others, “Um, I don’t know how the fuck it happened, but you made me bigger right? Up top, I mean.”

“That was all Stacy,” Carmen said, smirking at her ever more buxom love.

“Can, uh, that is if it’d be cool with you, um, could I get bigger? I still feel kinda small.”

“Sure,” Carmen pulled a door in the back open for her, “Hop in and we’ll make sure you never feel small again.” She looked to Stacy, who just nodded, breasts still full. Besides, she loved helping someone love themselves.

By that night’s end, the waitress left with perky, beach ball tits, enough milk to cater for the entire restaurant, and multiple other changes thanks to the Futa Note. She didn’t need to use it. The girl only wanted bigger breasts, though she did seem happy upon leaving, and it made sense to change her reality so her much improved chest was normal to her. Still, it seemed like Carmen just wanted the excuse.

Maybe they needed to talk about the book more.