‘A home is what you make it’. That’s what Mina remembered hearing for much of her life, though she didn’t pay the phrase any mind until recently, over a year since she’d left her parents and the home they’d made. Now she had her own. It was crude, a work in progress that would remain as such for years to come she expected, carved deep into a mountain. Others bore the experimentations, many razed to dust and debris.

She didn’t need one. Her scales protected her from any rocks, her natural body heat and fur kept out the icy mountain air, and her curves provided a pillow at her convenience. All that spurred her to make one, was her burgeoning bellies, both the one on her humanoid form, and the mountainous sphere swaying between her fore and hind legs. Each carried a portion of her litter, their birth imminent.

For so much of her life, Mina had expected to be a mother - or father - later in her life. And she when she was married at that. She cradled her upper stomach, flesh taut and glowing with life, her spare hands cupping her many breasts. For all the changes she’d undergone, motherhood proved both under and overwhelming.

Milk production climbed a steep hill at an unreasonable pace. One morning she was putting out enough to drink herself dry over a day, and the next her belly protested after draining just one pair. All she could do was empty herself into a once dry ravine, now flowing rich with her milk. She wasn’t sure where it went, nor did she really care. No armies had marched on her home yet.

Even with her body as it was, that being a malformed centaur, her hips broadened at both ends. Did her wolf half really need an erotic swing to its steps? And an ass she frequently knocked into nearby mountains? Mina figured it was a counter to her balls and cocks, just to balance out how massively swollen they were. Trying to justify her body was like explaining existence itself to a toddler.

Perhaps the worst change brought by her pregnancy was the libido. After her fight with Li and coming to terms with her true existence, Mina felt she was prepared for her urges, being manageable at the time, then she started showing. Perhaps an hour of her days was free, the rest spent sucking herself, either nipples or cocks. She thanked her insane body for allowing her cocks to extend and turn prehensile, otherwise fucking herself would be nigh impossible.

“Finally,” Mina groaned after her lust dwindled to a calm ocean. It was pervasive, always present and ready, though it didn’t storm at the moment, “You lot need to hurry up. I want to learn what I can do, which you’re making very hard.” She stroked her upper belly as she spoke, feeling the young kick back at her. Snarky bastards, she thought with a small grin.

For all the grievance they put her through, she already loved them.

“Is it almost time?” Jules asked.

“You don’t have to check on me everyday,” Mina said, “If you’re not careful, I’ll knock you up again.” No matter how she tried reigning herself in, pheromones saturated her musk, which itself filled the mountain region. It hovered on the skirts of the town nearby, but didn’t spread much unless the wind blew wrong. Her musk led Jules to a moment of maddened lust, wherein she climbed down one cock, got stuck in a testicle and fucked by Mina’s sperm. Now the tiny half-fairy was similarly gravid, just a month behind the chimaera.

“Why do you think I’m wearing this thing?” Jules said, pointing to her mask that distorted her voice, “It filters what little clean air is around, so I’m only a little bit horny. Anyway, you look ready to burst.”

“They’ll be okay, right?” Mina asked, “If I’m this big, then they must be huge.”

“The souls are where they should be. Their bodies are a product of yours, so of course they’re huge,” Jules explained, coming to rest on the upper belly, looking over the lower orb in fascination, “You’re not even at capacity. You could carry so many more and still be mobile.”

“Ugh, no thanks. I can barely think straight with this bunch.”

“Tell me about it. I’ve never touched myself this much. Must be worse for you, o’ Queen of Monsters.”

Mina rolled her eyes and fiddled with her crown of horns and ears, “I’m not a queen. Just a Chimaera.”

“You just haven’t encountered enough Monsters. When you do, you’ll see just where you stand by comparison. Oh fuck!” Jules yelled and fluttered up, the hilltop of Mina’s belly quaking. The Chimaera clutched at it with her six hands, legs curling as the same sensation hit the other womb.

“They’re coming,” Mina gasped, a moan slipping out as her cocks burst to erection, a dense mist rolling from them. She turned onto her side, shuffling her many balls to leave her cunts open. One at the front and the other at the back, both engorged, yawning wide to deliver her young. A rush of fluids pooled on the ground of her home, her bellies tightening further, before another deluge poured out as her sexes clenched in miniature orgasms. Cum hosed the fairy and knocked her down.

“This is much faster than expected,” Jules said, then groaned as her hands circled around her fecund middle to between her legs, the taste and smell overwhelming her mask. She shuffled back into a wall to watch, enraptured and in pleasure, as Mina’s front snatch convulsed.

It was finally time. After carrying them for so long, the lives Li had taken would be reborn as her children. Mina expected pain when the next convulsion struck, hands lashing out to crush stone into dust, recalling the sounds she heard back in her village, yet her pricks all launched more cum, as if to shout their joy. Likewise, a blissful growl rumbled in her chest while milk sprayed forth. All six refilled from her earlier drink and flooded the area, pouring from the exit in a white tide.

Mina groped and caressed wherever her hands would reach, jumping from belly to boob and back again as her babies did their duty. They squirmed inside her, bulges from their movements telegraphing progress, until they were in position, bearing down on her cervices. Another convulsion knocked the air from her lungs in a coarse moan. Her muscles pushed down.

Perhaps for a human, labour would’ve taken much longer. For Mina, whose body was designed to stretch and distort all perceptions of reality, her cervices opened for the first babies and all but handed them into her canal. Still gushing with juices, they crowned in seconds, then slid to the floor and took their first breaths. Mina’s moaned again as the second pair pushed down, while their siblings cried. Like a call to her maternity, the sounds reverberated in her breasts and hastened her flow.

Jules broke from her lustful stupor at the noise and focused her magic, lifting the first born children to Mina’s nipple. They latched on, cries muted as they drank from her. The second set arrived not long after, their wails silenced in short order. After the third, Mina’s holes closed shut, as if sensing not enough nipples were available. Her unborn babies were restless, however, and fought for freedom.

Closing out all distraction, Mina shrank her cocks by several inches. The mass moved to her breasts, relocating her nipples into a square pattern filled out by new ones. Now equipped to handle more, Mina pushed once again and joined her babies in their cries, though hers were of joy. Even ignoring her climaxes, just the feeling of finally meeting her children warmed her.

“You truly are incredible,” Jules panted as the last of the reincarnations finished the first meals of their new lives. Mina curled her furry half around them, keeping out the cold, and looked over her many, many young. It was too early to see, but she recognised certain traits were emphasised more in some. The cat and dog ears on her first two, the bumpy beginnings of horns on another. Time would tell if the plan worked or not, but Mina wasn’t concerned.

“Thank you,” Mina said and picked up the fairy, bringing her over to kiss her body, “Will you stay? I can help when you give birth. It’s the least I can do.”

“Won’t I end up even more pregnant? I know what your sperm is capable of,” Jules said, wiping some saliva from her eyes.

“Don’t worry. Things are already calming down, I can feel it. There’s also something else…”

“You want me to teach you magic?”

“How to control it,” Mina corrected, summoning sparks to her fingers with a flick of her wrist, “I’m comfortable with my body’s abilities, but I’m still not sure how to use it all yet. Wouldn’t want me accidentally casting a spell that changes the whole world? I’m joking. I can’t be that powerful.”

“I wouldn’t be so sure,” Jules said.

“What?”

“Mina, you’re unique. I’ve only heard stories of Chimaera that were, themselves, legends of legends. If one existed before, it was millennia ago. For all I know, your very existence will change the world.”

“That’s, um… that’s a lot of weight on a new mother’s shoulders.”

“Oh, don’t you worry, dear. Aunty Jules will make sure you don’t fuck things up too bad.”

“Aunty Jules?”

“What? I’m gonna be training you around the little Monsters, I might as well have a…”

“Futanari,” Mina interjected, “Li was a monster. I won’t let my children grow up like that.”

“Understood. I may as well have a cute name the little Futanari can call me.”

“Fine,” Mina said, then rolled her eyes when she caught Li staring at her nipples, “You want to ride them?”

“If you wouldn’t mind. Being this close to you isn’t easy on my old cunny.”

Mina’s life became a hectic mix of endless pleasure, looking after over a dozen young Chimaera that were getting bigger everyday, and mastering the magic inherent in her body. Routine was nigh impossible to implement. Either her libido would act up or the children would and derail any attempt. All she could do was take her blessings as they came.

Jules’ presence proved indispensable. Between teaching Mina magic, helping pleasure her under strict guidelines to avoid another pregnancy, she used her own power to craft furniture. As the weeks turned to months, Mina’s crude home turned into a welcoming one. A fireplace, though unnecessary, cast a warm glow across the enormous sofas and tables, varying in sizes for her young. As their teeth grew in, Mina weaned them off her nipples and onto solids. Though her production didn’t dwindled at all.

“Feel the power within,” Jules said, guiding her through a warm up. Several of Mina’s children watched, enraptured by the seemingly dull exercise, as pointed out by the others, who ran about like swirling storms, “As a Futa, your cum is your source. Focus on it, let it warm you, then focus it.”

“I feel it,” Mina said, all too aware of the semen that forever churned away in her nuts, never emptied despite her many, many daily orgasms.

“Good, then let’s review what you’ve learned.”

What she’d learned was shapeshifting. Magic could be used in any way, for destruction, creation or remoulding what already was, though the former was impossible for most sorcerers. It took an abyssal depth of potential just to consider it, one such as Mina’s. She also pushed to learn it, having been away from her family for two years and counting.

“Incredible,” Jules whispered, hair fluttering at the energy wafting from Mina, the children’s eyes widening in wonder. Even the more energetic bunch stopped to watch as, before their collective gaze, their mother shrank lower and lower, smaller than their nine-feet height, and her features morphed back toward human. But not completely.

Mina released a strained breath and the flow stopped. Sweat ran down bare flesh, no longer armoured in scales or fur. All her senses were dampened, constantly strained to do what was natural to her. It was torture.

“That’s the furthest you’ve changed yet,” Jules said and summoned a mirror, holding it up for the Chimaera to see, “It wouldn’t pass a close inspection, but at a glance, I’d think you were human.”

Looking at herself was a strange experience. Mina hadn’t thought much of herself when she was human, despite knowing her body charmed any man that didn’t know her, but as it grew, so too did her affection for it. Now, looking at her altered appearance, she grimaced in dismay. The slightest muzzle pulled her plush lips forward, her curves imposing yet tiny in her eye, and all her cocks had reverted to a single, puny member no longer than her arm. She recognised the reflection as herself, but as a stranger too.

“I don’t like it,” Mina said and pushed the mirror away.

“That’s not the point,” Jules sighed, “A little further and you could travel as you wish. Without getting the attention of every army on the continent.”

“It feels so wrong,” Mina groaned.

“Yes, it will. Imagine it like a piece of cloth. You fold it to make it smaller, more compact, yes? But each time you do, there’s a little more strain, it becomes harder the smaller it is. At the same time, you could also think of it like a bow string, drawn back. No matter their endurance, the archer will have to let go eventually. Like this, you are the cloth and the bow.”

“Mama’s not a cloth, Aunty Jules,” one of the children said.

“No, little one, it’s an analogy. Your mama is a very special being, like you all are,” Jules said, patting the comparatively massive child’s head.

“You’re still pretty, Mama,” another Futa said, coming up to hug her now smaller parent.

They’d been learning so fast. Perhaps because they were reincarnations, Mina wondered, but couldn’t help a grin of pride at their articulation and lexicon. Before long, they’d be talking back. She pulled her closest one into a hug, loosening her magic a little to envelop them. She was hesitant to name them, unsure if the reborn Futanari would want their old names later. Maybe it was time she consider one, since none had referred to themselves yet.

“Thanks, sweetheart.”

In another three months, Mina had mastered her human form as best she could. No amount of power, at least not known to Jules, could wholly change her back, as such she retained subtle traits. Her pupils shaped like cat eyes, the added nipples she grew for her children, her cock of course remained a conspicuous bulge, and her height. No matter how she tried, she couldn’t go below eight feet. To humans, she’d be a giant.

At least her overall appearance matched theirs. Mina avoided mirrors except to confirm her disguise worked, stomach rolling whenever she saw herself in that form, despite her family and Jules’ constant support. Regardless of how ‘pretty’, or ‘bangable’ as Jules said, this wasn’t her.

“Can’t I try an illusion instead? Just so I could keep most of it?” Mina asked.

“Illusions are useful, but fragile. No matter how good you are with them, whether you’re born talented or not, they’ll break if spread too thin. It’d take all my concentration just to make, say, that chair look like a toilet. Concealing a moving shape is much harder.”

“What about one to hide the bulge then? It’s simple, and I wouldn’t have to wear anything too thick.” The feel of cloth binding her skin, no matter how loose, was torture. The lighter the better.

“I suppose it would work in this state. Not too big, mostly inert… yes, I think you can manage that. But it’s a risk.”

“Worst case, I run. Not like any human or horse could catch me when I try anyway,” Mina said, her quadrupedal kids being a good reference as she still outran them on two legs. By her estimate, they were already faster than Jackson, a noble’s stallion, had been.

“That’s fair,” Jules shrugged, “So, when are you going?”

Mina flinched at the question. After over a year spent learning this craft, returning home seemed to always be beyond her reach. Maybe tomorrow, or the day after, and so on. Now she had everything necessary to go. Looking back at her quickly developing children, many playfully wrestling with one another, while a distinct pair looked over books Jules brought them, she wondered if she needed to leave this. Even if only temporarily.

‘No.’ She snapped at the thought. For all her parents knew, she had died on her journey, or been taken and enslaved by a Futa never to return home again. Both possibilities were half-correct. Mina as they knew her had perished and been reborn, almost literally given how she defeated Li, and she was herself a Futa, enslaved to her own libido and family. They deserved to know she was alive and well and happy.

Yeah, she was happy. Mina breathed deep, enjoying the innocent, calming scent of her children, and steeled her resolve.

“Kids! Gather round,” Mina said, everyone rushing to sit before her. Shades of who they were had developed further, yet each shared parts of her own features. Reincarnations or not, these were her children. Just thinking that and looking at them made the idea of leaving an ominous one.

But that meant she knew full well how her own parents must feel. Mina explained that she would be leaving for a few days, perhaps longer if necessary, and they’d be in Jules’ care. The fairy squeaked in ire at this, but quieted down at a glare from the Chimaera mother. Fast learners or not, she couldn’t leave them unsupervised.

“You’ll be good for her, right?” Mina asked, “Otherwise I’ll have to be mean when I get back.”

One scoffed at her, “You don’t have a mean bone in you, Mum!”

“Oh no?” Mina arched a brow at the spunky child, her most obvious features being her round ears, the stripe across her eyes and similarly striped tail, “Okay then, how about when I get back, if you behave, I’ll give you all names.” That perked their ears up, Mina noticed and grinned.

“It’s settled. Be good to Aunty Jules and you’ll get your names, okay?”

“Okay!” They chorused back at her.

The next morning, Mina climbed to the mountain peak and looked over the area she called home. From there, it appeared desolate, inhospitable for most lifeforms, much less a growing family of giant Futanari, but the fog and stark hills concealed so much life. A circle of mountains housed a lake, all but overflowing with fish that was popular with larger mammals for hunting. The sun rose on one, casting its warmth on a lush growth on its way to being a forest. Smaller patches of such developments were dotted throughout.

This was her home. Without a doubt. Mina focused her mind, soothed by the cold air, and shifted her body to human once more. She didn’t put on any clothes yet, still concentrating on one more change. Travelling on foot would take days, even weeks, just to reach her old village. By air, however, she’d be there in a day at most. Groaning in effort, her back shifted. The mass she held captive with magic erupted to her sides, luscious plumage spreading out to catch the air.

Once complete, Mina leapt off with her new wings outstretched. All four swept at the ground and pushed her high, reaching into the clouds. Any humans that saw her would only recognise a flying silhouette, one that few would believe was real. Much as her human form constricted her, the feeling of the wind and sun on her skin was divine. She’d do this again someday, just not as a human. Or as a giant, that would capture too much attention.

All too soon, she recognised landscapes and descended into the surrounding forest. Her wings shrank into her back and, from behind, left her completely human. She rummaged through her bag and pulled on the clothes Jules had supplied her, grimacing when they settled on her skin. Nudity felt so much nicer. She couldn’t feel the air or sun on so much of her like this.

“It’s just temporary,” Mina whispered and swallowed a growl when she yanked the trousers on. Nothing agitated her more, thus far, than rubbing her cock and balls against the comparatively rough fabric. She’d burn the clothes when she got home. That’d show them for putting her through such discomfort.

Though her senses were dulled like this, they still outmatched any humans. Through them, she heard the panicked scrambling toward her. Turning, a small shape crashed into her. She stood her ground and lifted them high, only to get clawed at. Not letting go, Mina studied her abrupt company.

“What’s wrong?” Mina asked, noticing the feline features. Her question stunned them, the bristling fur on their tail and ears settling.

“You… you’re not gonna hurt me?”

“No,” Mina said, then noticed the blood. Deep gashes lined the Futa’s arms and legs, one ran along her side. Not the type of messy cuts from claws or brambles. Footsteps approached, steel cutting through air and vegetation, “Stay behind me.”

The cat girl just nodded, wide-eyed, and did so. From the same direction, three armed men stepped out. They lacked armour, meaning they weren’t soldiers. Village guards?

“Stand aside.”

“Leave,” Mina snarled and raised a hand, her balls churning as a flame erupted from her fingertips, “Or burn.”

“Witch… you are protecting a Monster.”

“I see three of them ahead of me, none behind,” Mina said and fuelled the flame into a roaring inferno, held in her palm, “Tell me, what did she do?”

“We found her on the outskirts.”

“And?”

“She’s a Monster.”

“Leave,” Mina repeated, “I won’t say it again.” Two of them shuffled to the sides, thinking to attack from three directions. In response, Mina raised the flame higher and separated it into three, equally sized spheres, each trained on a different human. While she hadn’t mastered offensive magic, it was a natural side-effect of learning control that she could manage this. The two at her sides looked to the third, who sucked his teeth.

“You are an enemy of humanity, witch.”

“Better that than a piece of shit,” Mina retorted, just loud enough for the retreating men to hear. She snuffed out the flames and looked to the Futa, quivering behind her.

“W-what are you?”

“My name’s Mina. I know I don’t look it, but I’m a Futa too. What’s your name?”

“Jazz…” The cat girl swayed on her feet, eyes rolling as the adrenaline crashed. Mina caught her before she fell.

“Poor thing. I should’ve learned how to heal,” Mina said and cradled the bloodied Futa to her chest. Looking around, she spotted a hint of a fence nearby. She grinned at her near-perfect landing and headed onward, “We’ll get you fixed up. I know some kind people.”

Wide eyes looked up at her through listing hoods, “Thank you…” Then she was unconscious.

The days in a week had lost all meaning to her long ago. She almost wished she’d paid attention, then she would’ve known where her father was. She scanned the farmland, before seeing movement. On that day, he was out tending to their pigs. As he came from their pen, she came into his direct view. The older man’s eyes widened at the sight, disbelief and happiness chasing each other in an endless cycle. Even with her change in height and overall physique, a father knew his daughter.

“Carrie! Get out here! She’s… she’s back!”

From the house, Mina spotted her mother rush out. Or try to. She was heavily pregnant. Her husband ran over, supporting her as they both moved to the gate. Mina bit back a smile, feeling the chill settling into the small Futa she carried.

“I know we’ve got a lot to talk about, but she needs help.”

“Mina!” Carrie gasped, spotting the shape in her arms. She lowered her tone, “That’s… that’s a Monster. Put it down before someone sees.”

“She’s hurt,” Mina said.

“We can’t help that thing…” Carrie trailed off at a touch from her husband.

“Her mind’s made up. Let’s get it inside at least, then talk,” he said, glancing wearily at the Futa. Mina kept the discomfort in her stomach to herself. This might’ve been a huge mistake. They wouldn’t understand. All they’d see was a monster if she revealed herself to them. It didn’t matter that it was her choice.

She pushed those thoughts back down while she used her parent’s supplies to patch up Jazz. Her body was skin and bone, muscles tense despite her unconscious state. How long had she been running? Were there no other Futanari around to help her?

“We need to talk,” Mina said once she was sure the bleeding had stopped.

“Yes. We do. Come on.”

“I’m not leaving her. I want to be here if she wakes up.”

“It’s fine. Why worry about it?” Carrie asked, disdain in her tone.

Mina looked at her and shook her head repeatedly. She’d shortened her hair in this form, but now it grew out, reflecting the unravelling of her magic. When she stopped, she gave a great sigh of relief, much like she would as a human when she took a bath. That’s what her home needed next. None of her children had experienced a nice, warm bath yet.

“What… what happened?” Her father asked, while Carrie remained silent, gawking at the animalistic visage of her daughter, eyes flitting from the face to the dozen ears crowning her head.

“This is what I am,” Mina finished after a long explanation of her journey, never looking them in the eye, instead focused on Jazz, “I’m a Chimaera, a mixture of Futanari.”

“But… but can’t you reverse it?” Carrie whispered.

Mina shook her head, “I don’t want to.”

“What about Samuel?”

“You think he’s waited all this time for me? Besides, I refuse to live a lie. When I’m not holding back, I feel so comfortable with myself,” Mina wrapped her arms around her sides, “I don’t remember ever feeling this way before.”

Silence lingered like oppressive, blackened clouds overhead. Then her father sucked in a breath, but it was her mother that spoke.

“I’m sorry. You… you’re safe, you’re alive and… oh lord, I’m a grandmother aren’t I?” Carrie took a long, shuddering breath, “Okay. It’s… Jazz can stay here to recover. I’m just going to fix up some clothes for her.” She left the room to Mina and her father, the sleeping cat girl only present as a soft breathing.

“I don’t know how to feel about this,” her father said after several seconds of silence.

“Don’t worry about it. I’ll leave with Jazz when she wakes up.”

“My own daughter has a bigger dick than me.”

“Dad! What the hell?!” Mina snickered, burying her face in her hands, “Oh god, of course I have a bigger one than you. I’m normally over a hundred feet tall.”

“It still hurts,” he said with a mocking sniffle.

“I can’t believe we’re talking about this.”

“How much bigger? Like, a couple inches?” He asked.

“No!” Mina groaned, but was candid, “Closer to a hundred feet or so more.”

“I’ll never feel like a man again.”

“Hey, if it’s any consolation, you helped make me, so technically this is all on you,” Mina said.

It was another few hours before Jazz woke up. She jumped up and huddled against a corner, before cognition returned and she recognised Mina, now back to her human guise, immediately cuddling up to her and away from the humans, despite them keeping their space. They laid out some food and clothes for her and left.

“How long were you running?” Mina asked, while the cat girl scarfed down what seemed like her first meal in ages.

“Weeks. I got separated from my kin and lost my way. I don’t know where they are now.”

“Any idea where they were headed?” Mina asked.

Jazz shook her head, “We didn’t have a destination, just wandering around for somewhere to settle in. Away from humans.”

“Not all of them are bad,” Mina said, “My parents helped fix you up, even gave you food.”

“I suppose.”

“I can talk to them if you want. Maybe you could stay here and look for your family without running for your life everyday?” Mina offered.

“They hate me. All humans hate us. We’re Monsters after all…”

“We’re not Monsters,” Mina said, leaning in and gripping the frail Futa’s hand, “I’ve seen them and they’re nothing like you or me. You’re a beautiful Futa, never forget that.”

“Tell that to them,” Jazz said, looking away with a blush, “I’m not beautiful.”

“You are,” Mina leaned closer, relaxing her magic, to press her muzzle into the cat girl’s neck, “I don’t mind proving it if you’d like?”

“It’s been so long,” Jazz sighed, laying back and letting Mina top her, lust cowing her shock at the Futa’s changed appearance, “Please…”

Leaving the room, Mina was quick to close the door. After the mess she’d made, she didn’t want her parents’ home reeking of sex. She headed to the living room, where her mother and father sat under a blanket. Was it cold? The trees had looked a little barer than usual. Winter must be approaching.

“You’re really loud,” her father said.

“Sorry,” Mina chuckled and sat down, still riding the satisfaction of sex, “Don’t open that door for a while. Maybe ever.”

“We overheard you inviting that… inviting Jazz to stay with us,” Carrie said.

“Oh,” Mina licked her lips, “Sorry about that. It just came out.”

“No, we’re okay with it,” Carrie assured her.

“What, really?” Mina gasped, brows shooting up in shock.

“She’s too frail to leave. If something happened to her when we could’ve done something…” Carrie stroked her fecund belly, “She also reminds me of you, Mina. Something about her face and the smell.”

“Are you saying I was a stinky child?”

“You used to chase the pigs in their pen,” her father reminded.

“Point taken. But are you sure she can stay? I don’t want you going through more grief because of me.”

“Fuck grief,” her father said, “That Mons… Futa needs help and time to recover. It’s the least we can do.”

“Thank you,” Mina said, “You know, I was terrified of telling you about all this stuff. I thought you’d disown me.”

“Never,” both stated.

No hesitation. Their eyes were steadfast on her own, but glanced down at her muzzle if her nose twitched, discomfort pulling at their features. Amicable to her request or not, Futanari made them uncomfortable, more so one like her. At least they tried, Mina thought and ignored the subtle discomforts. It’d be nice if more people behaved like them. Although, she had to wonder why they didn’t outright refuse her.

Any other human, related to her or not, would’ve drawn a sword or called a mob. Mina propped a cheek on her hand, sniffing for hints of secrets. It was amazing what a nose such as hers could discern; lies, mistrust, pregnancy. She whiffed each of them in that room. They were holding something back from her.

“I may be your daughter, but why are you so calm? You’re barely shying away from me,” Mina said.

“It’s… You’re still our Mina,” Carrie said, affirmed by a grunt from her husband.

“Am I?” Mina asked, sniffing again. She shouldn’t be pushing this, but something about her own scent didn’t match her parents’, little oddities prevalent throughout. The baby still in her mother’s womb smelled of them both, “Did something happen before I was born?”

“We, um, David?” Carrie looked to him, uncertainty dripping down her forehead. He pinched his brow, forearm tense as if he were trying to squeeze the information from his brain, then folded over with a deep sigh.

“There’s no point hiding it. Mina, when your mother was pregnant with you, we met someone. A Monster… uh, Futa, sorry. They were hurt and desperate, so we invited them in,” David fidgeted with the blanket, “A few days later and, I don’t know what came over us.”

Mina, despite herself, grinned and teased, “You’ve got a fetish for this, don’t you?”

“Uh! Um…” Carrie dabbed at her face, cheeks the same shade as a sunset.

“So, Mum slept with her?” Mina asked, chuckling at her mother’s discomfort.

“We both did,” David said. At that, Mina’s eyes widened. All the stories she heard painted women as a Futa’s sole interest, never a man. His own eyes looked to the ceiling, reminiscing, then quickly hunched over to conceal his crotch from view, “We think that’s why you were the way you used to be.”

“Makes sense,” Mina murmured, having felt the effects a Futa’s cum could have first hand. If they could inflict changes immense enough to create a Chimaera like her, then it didn’t seem impossible, “What happened to the Futa? Did you get a name?”

“We never asked,” Carrie said, cradling her belly as she looked at Mina’s curvaceous form, “She was like Jazz. Actually, don’t they look alike?” She asked her husband.

“Now that you mention it… But that can’t be,” he chuckled, then looked to Mina, “That’s all we know, sorry.”

“Thanks,” Mina said and stretched again, relaxing her magic a little more so her chest jutted out, then stood up, “For everything. I’m not sure we’ll see each other again, it’s a serious pain maintaining this form.”

“You’re not surprised?” Carrie asked.

“Not really,” Mina shrugged, “When you’re a giant Chimaera with a dozen kids and can turn into just about anything, not much surprises you anymore.” She went back to the room with Jazz, still sleeping off their coitus with a belly bloated to extremes. Shapes writhed within, her sperm still far, far bigger than any other Futa’s or man’s. It was just a drop compared to Mina’s true production.

“Uh, she might get pregnant too, by the way. I’m very potent,” Mina chuckled, then headed for the door, “I’ll try and come back to check on her, but home’s still pretty crazy. Look after my little sisters for me.” She knelt down and kissed her mother’s baby bump.

“Sisters?” Her parents said.

“I can smell it,” Mina shrugged, “Three healthy little girls. Take care of yourself, Mum. Multiples are a pain in the later stages.” She wrapped her mother in a tight hug, “And don’t feel guilty about anything that happens. I know I was always horny when pregnant.”

“My little girl’s such a pervert,” Carrie groaned and squeezed her, “We’ll be waiting for a visit. Maybe I can meet my grandchildren?”

“Maybe,” Mina nodded, then separated to give her father a stern handshake, “Sorry about emasculating you.”

“Bah, I’ll recover.”

That proved as good a farewell as any other. Mina smirked at their shock when she spawned her wings once more and took off, pushing off the ground with a tremendous gust, many of the farm animals shouting at her. Her parents watched her, even when she was just a speck to their eyes, hers saw their awed expressions. They’ll be fine, she thought and darted away. There was one human left on her list. It wouldn’t be a long visit, the discomfort of confining her form progressing by the minute.

Fields blurred together as she flew. Small hills broke up the land between vast forests, leading the way to a larger town seemingly built around a manor house. Though the others were simple, none were derelict as she often saw in poorly governed regions, and the streets themselves bustled with activity. She landed amid nearby trees and condensed her form until she resembled a human once again.

Mina forced her hands to remain still at her sides while she wandered through the streets. Humans bumped into her from all directions, shouting for attention, some reaching out to feel her curves. Women trailed after her as she went. No matter her appearance, her body exuded pheromones in a subtle, yet pervasive musk. Sleeping with someone would be simple as requesting it.

She chained the notion away and persisted on her short, yet exhausting journey. The manor was surrounded by a tall, ornate fence, blocking entire acres of carefully tended greenery from the rest of the town, though she scaled it easily. The prospect of being caught didn’t slow her down. Any human that tried would see her true glory and be left empty handed.

Wandering through the lush area, she heard giggles and approached. A small grin teased her lips as she peeked around a corner, spotting a rugged noble rolling around with two small children, a gorgeous woman gowned in finesse off to the side. Just one flash of his eyes and she recognised him. Mina had undergone a lot since meeting Samuel years ago, yet the kind mischief of his gaze still lingered with her. Yes, if anyone could’ve tempted her to suffer as a human, it was that man.

“You know, most wanderers aren’t permitted in my estate.”

Mina jumped a little. She was caught up in memories and didn’t notice him approach, the others already back inside. One of his hands was on a scabbard, wary of the tall stranger. Taking a deep breath, she raised her hands.

“Long time no see, Samuel.” It was her voice that sparked recognition, even as he looked her up and down, struggling to place a name to the voice, “I don’t blame you. It’s been a few years.”

“Mina?”

“There you go,” she said and stepped back, “I’ve gone through some changes.”

“Yeah, I can see that. A lot of changes,” Samuel muttered. Despite clearly being married, his gaze wouldn’t drift from her cleavage. Though her shirt wasn’t made to entice such attention, it was impossible with a chest like hers. No matter how she had tried, she couldn’t go any smaller. She reached out and tilted his chin up higher.

“Eyes up, married man.”

“Right, sorry. I thought you were, ah, incredible before. What happened?”

Mina pulled at her shirt and took several breaths, “Samuel, I know it’s late, but would you love me if I was a Futa?”

“Of course,” he said, no hesitation just like her parents, though a trickle of nervousness escaped in his odour. Mina grinned and looked around.

“Are you sure?” The wind whipped up, flinging loose petals and leaves between them, as her magic loosened. She stopped it a few feet taller, her breasts doubled in size and number, while a trio of her members protruded. She released the illusion on her crotch as well, allowing him to see it all. Samuel backed away, jaw slack and hands trembling, as if unsure where to go; his sword or his belt.

“Welcome to the real me,” Mina said, flicking several of her ears against the breeze. Her clothes hung from her frame in tatters, what few strips remained in tact bit deep into her curves. The wind died down and left one sound; Samuel’s heartbeat, “I’m a Futa. Always was. I only just discovered what I really am, though.”

“That… does explain the toilet,” Samuel said, “You know, from after we got drunk that night and you stayed with me.”

“Oh crap, I thought I cleaned it all,” Mina groaned.

“Most of it. There was still a bit on the ceiling. And you had some on your cheek.”

“You remember all that? I didn’t even notice.”

“I have a good memory. And I like to think I’m loyal, except, well…” He looked to where his wife and children had been playing, “Time makes demands of us all.”

“I understand. I wouldn’t want to marry you now anyway,” Mina said with a chuckle at his crestfallen face.

“Why not?”

“Samuel, I don’t want to hurt you, but I’ve experienced pleasures you’ve only heard stories of. And they only skim the surface. A human just couldn’t match.”

“I suppose” Samuel pouted, glancing at her crotch, mostly naked but for the errant strips of cloth, “Maybe I need to rethink my preferences.”

“Don’t tell me you’re getting turned on from my cocks?” Mina giggled and fanned herself with a hand, “You’ll make me blush.”

“Can you blame me? Mina, human or not, you’re easily the most beautiful creature I’ve ever seen. Oh, Sasha’s gonna get it tonight.”

“Make sure you tell her who’s responsible for that,” Mina said, then rolled her shoulders. Even relaxed, holding this form was taxing. No, it was worse than before. She’d given her body a hint of relief, now it wanted more, “Before I go, here.” She swiped at a nipple, catching a stray drop of milk. She wiped it on his outstretched hand.

“Um, you’re a mother?”

Mina nodded, quivering from the strain of her body wanting to revert. No matter how powerful her magic, it couldn’t hold out forever.

“Yep and I’ve gotta get back soon. Anyway, lick that up when you two are alone. It’ll help. Good luck!” Mina said and extended her wings once more. The sound of their unfurling brought out an array of curious servants and his wife, all watching in fascination as the salacious figure ascended, then vanished. Not long after, her willpower gave in and she grew out.

Mina took to the clouds. Tiny birds migrated alongside her, riding the powerful gusts of her wings. She caught glimpses of the ground below, including the occasional awed traveller or farmer. Some children pointed at her, though only seeing a silhouette against the fluffy white sky. Her cover thinned out as she approached the mountainside. The town on its outskirts should be used to a giant shape flying overhead by then.

“Help! Help!” Mina slowed and trained her eyes on the grassy plains stretching out below. A herd of bulls had gotten loose it seemed, chasing the only person in sight; a woman by the looks and sounds of it. Her belly grumbled, not having eaten since the morning, along with her expending energy all day just to be presentable. A feast of beef would do nicely.

Plummeting, Mina swung up just over ground level and extended her six arms to snatch a set of bovines in each. The others saw her and reared away, shouting warnings to anyone stupid enough not to notice her. As she rose back up, her fingers crushed the bulls, putting a swift end to their suffering. From below, the human they chased had collapsed and stared at her enormous saviour.

“Wait!” She shouted, but Mina ignored it, keen to see her children and share this meal. Secure in her family knowing she was well, and that Samuel hadn’t waited all that time for her, she could focus on her own young. It really was a poor decision not to name them earlier. Hopefully they were good to Jules.