“W-what?” Zoey asked, thoughts slow after cumming from both genders.

The honour student didn’t answer. She rushed from the school and hurried to Soothe the Soul, compelled by pure, inane lust. The doors were locked, a sign said that the owner was away for the morning.

“No, no, come on…” Carmen moved onto Stacy’s apartment, praying she was there. Stacy lived in a small block around the corner from Soothe the Soul. It wasn’t the nicest place, but it was luxury compared to Carmen’s home. She found the door and knocked, then waited in twitchy anticipation. She knocked again after a minute.

“I’m coming!” Stacy said. Even muffled, Carmen recognised her voice. It could speak gibberish and she would know her from the warmth and love that permeated it. Today, though, she hoped to hear it in the throes of bliss.

Stacy opened the door. She was dressed in a nightgown, one stretched taut over her bust, with a robe over her shoulders. Her hair was a mess and her cheeks were a darker red than normal. A cursory sniff of the air brought the scent of sex to Carmen’s attention, though she suspected her own activities could be the culprit.

“Carmen? What’re…” Not another word. Carmen charged forward and captured her face in her hands, then pulled her close and kissed her with all the passion that had been boiling beneath the surface with Zoey. Half a minute passed before she separated, breathless and with a thick rope of spit between them.

“I can’t wait any longer,” Carmen panted and embraced the plush woman. Her hands zeroed in on Stacy’s rear, then snaked between their bodies to grope her lust-inducing tits. Milk soaked through the gown immediately.

“Neither can I. Come in…”

Zoey stumbled into her house. What just happened? She leaned against the front door, cold against her back, and stared ahead, down the hall or up the stairs, her eyes refused to focus on either. Nothing had changed. Of course it hadn’t. She’d only been gone for a few hours, yet she expected the bright walls to have turned grey, to sprout black mould in the corners, to be adorned in cracked pictures of herself. But everything was as it should be in her home of eighteen years.

Outside was another matter. Despite Michelle’s disqualification, Zoey hadn’t won the race, nor had she even received second or third place. She’d left to lick her wounds, and to unleash her pent up emotions toward Carmen. Her cock still jerked at the memory and her pussy lapped at her balls. Soon after, she’d left the locker room to find a horde of suspicious eyes, with Ms. Blake amongst them.

“What?” She’d asked.

Ms. Blake, accompanied by Mrs. Strep, the head of the track team on paper, approached, “You’re hereby removed from the track team for having an unfair advantage. We know you’re trans, and identity as a woman, but that doesn’t change the fact you have a physical advantage over the other girls. You will not be expelled, though.” The principal said everything, backed by the bobble-head of Mrs. Strep. Few of the teachers cared enough to tutor their students, let alone try and encourage them, but she did. To an extent that didn’t reach her job security.

Zoey didn’t say a word. They were transparent to her, phantoms that blurred the gleeful smirk of a plastic blonde, whose flawless skin hid a twisted, gnarled monstrosity of a human. It was a paradox for every lesbian or bi-sexual at the school, that they despised Gretchen but wanted her body. The same held true for Zoey. She pictured having the spiteful teen pinned between her legs, face a bloody, broken, unrecoverable mess, but, in equal measure, she also saw herself pounding into her fat cunt and cumming in her womb.

Neither was possible. Gretchen was untouchable, worse, she had just retracted the sole protection Zoey was granted. Any step out of line, if she so much as looked at her for longer than a second, she was gone. Zoey could handle that. It had been her intention to avoid the bitch wherever and whenever possible. What she’d done, however, was take away Zoey’s only chance at making a name for herself. Her grades were average at best after all.

Now, she slouched against the door of her home. Alone. The place was still, not even the dust moved now, as if frozen by her disbelief. She hadn’t shrunk. Perhaps the curse understood how futile the situation was and left her be? At least that was a silver lining. She curled her knees to her chest and hugged them. If nothing else, she couldn’t lose this fantastic body that she’d suffered for.

Her days of running as a track star were over. She might get lucky and join a team in college, but it would be subpar, a facility of mediocre equipment, trainers and peers. Running was a respite for her, and a triumph. She could ignore everything and still come out victorious over others. This body wasn’t designed for running though, and her drive had dwindled, siphoned off into another desire. She wanted nothing more than to indulge in her new form. If not with Carmen, then someone else.

The door opened and banished her thoughts. She turned her head and saw Megan standing in the entrance, clad in a dress shirt and skirt, the model of an employee if not for her dishevelled appearance. Her face was flushed, makeup hastily reapplied where it had run off, and her skirt was askew.

“What happened?” Megan asked and stepped in, shutting the door as she slumped down beside her sister.

“Nothing. What about you?”

“Got caught fucking the manager. Got fired of course,” Megan said and brushed a lock of hair from her face, then turned to face Zoey and noticed her swollen ankle, “Oh shit, what happened? Do *not* bullshit me.”

“Someone tripped me,” Zoey sighed and rubbed at the tender bone, still an angry red sheen, “Made me lose the race. And I got kicked off the track team.”

“Because you’re trans?”

“I’m not trans! I don’t fucking know what I am, alright? I’ve got a huge dick and balls and I’ve got a pussy, huge tits and a bubble butt. So? What does that make me? Huh?!” She was being hysterical, she knew it, but that didn’t stop the words from boiling over the surface. The beast of her insecurities was finally given a voice to the outside, and it howled with mournful glee. Then it stopped and a comforting weight curled over her shoulders as she was tilted toward Megan.

“Shh,” Megan stroked her hair, something she hadn’t done since they were kids and Zoey had been bullied for the first time.

“Why’re you doing this?”

“Because my sister’s an emotional wreck right now.”

“I mean ‘being so nice’. You were a bitch for so long. I refuse to believe you’d change overnight.”

“I haven’t changed. Ever heard of a persona? Everything I did was an act. I was a bitch because that’s what made me cool, what made people like me. You couldn’t do that, so I pushed you away. It was a fucking stupid mistake. Besides, it’s been a while since I turned over a new leaf.”

“Whatever,” Zoey said and nestled into her sister’s one-armed embrace, sinking into her breast. It was too much of a coincidence, that Megan would have such a perfect explanation already on hand. For now, however, she was glad to have her sister back, if only briefly. Neither said anything. Silence hung over them, broken only by the soft strokes through Zoey’s hair. Until Zoey broke it.

“Megan?”

“Hmm?”

“Are you attracted to me?” Zoey asked, too exhausted after the day’s events to be tact.

“I… yes,” Megan whispered and looked away. It was wrong on so many levels, yet it was also the perfect opportunity. Zoey needed something to focus on, something that wasn’t Carmen Robins, that wasn’t running, that her new body could excel at. That her consciousness could drown in. And Megan was simply sexy. Large breasts that didn’t upset the balance of her luscious hips, and a waist that didn’t cry for food or detract from the prior assets.

“Why’d you post that picture of me? It ruined everything,” Zoey asked, though she wasn’t sure she cared anymore. She sat up and leaned over her sibling, whose five-foot-five body seemed puny by comparison. It was a guess, but Zoey believed she stood at least two feet above her now.

“You never saw the caption did you?” Megan pulled out her phone and showed it to her. It read *‘All MINE! Hands off!’* The comments ranged from jealous refusal that it was real, and harsh words from those who recognised Zoey as Megan’s sister.

“I thought it’d keep people away from you. And, uh, cut off my ‘friends’. They haven’t talked to me since. I mean, I am the pervert sister who claimed your giant dick for herself, right?” Megan had her eyes trained on a random floorboard, avoiding any contact with Zoey, who leered closer. It had been years since they were so close to one another, so open. Vulnerability permeated the sullen air. Both were at their worst, yet also their best. They were sharing, they knew one another’s pain – to an extent – and one had just admitted to lusting after her own younger sister. Zoey didn’t speak.

Instead she closed the fine distance between them and mashed their lips together. Since the curse, or gift as she was learning to see it, her own lips were the plumper between them, though that didn’t diminish Megan’s own luscious set. They were soft, a set of pillows that welcomed hers. It wasn’t a deep kiss, little more than a trial.

“We are so going to hell,” Megan said.

“I’m in if you are,” Zoey said.

“Are we really doing this?”

“I’m done holding myself back. And I’d be lying if I said I don’t think you’re hot,” Zoey forced her eyes to remain level, averse to letting on how frayed her nerves were just from that single kiss. Anything more and she would be shaking.

“So… my room? I’ve got the double bed after all.”

“Y-yeah, that… that sounds good.”

Carmen laid down a flurry of kisses upon her girlfriend and employer. Their lips were red and swollen, coated in layers of the other’s saliva, a sloppy bridge connected them as they gasped against each other. It was a brief moment of respite that Carmen gladly finished with another, forceful kiss.

They were in Stacy’s room atop her bed. Stacy writhed beneath the student, mewling as deft fingers toyed with her body, dancing from nipple to her ass, while an indominable knee pressed between her lush thighs. Carmen forced her tongue into the open and sucked on it, before making it clear she expected the in return. Whatever their work relationship, or their age difference, Carmen was in command. She kept her plump love from grinding too fast or slow, even dictating when she could so much as move her arms to embrace her.

Several minutes had passed since they began. A culminative thirty seconds of those minutes were wasted on air, but their bodies never separated. Carmen’s voluptuous breasts crushed against Stacy’s larger set, nipples stiff and occasionally finding each other. Milk had soaked through both their clothes. It took a stern push from below for Carmen to pause, if only for the second it took her to throw off her top and skirt. She did the same for Stacy, tossing the drenched nightgown aside.

“What brought this on?” Stacy asked, though her answer would wait as Carmen sealed their lips together. A haze had settled in her mind, dense with the musk of this gorgeous woman and all the stimulation pummelling her senses. Her pussy dripped as her leg was coated with Stacy’s juices, the fat pussy gliding along her thigh as more was added. She brought a hand to the lower lips and pressed a finger inside.

It was clear that Stacy had been masturbating that morning. Her room had already reeked of her snatch when Carmen entered, and it showed as her loosened cunt swallowed the finger like a greedy child scarfing down a chocolate bar. A second finger was added, both curled and thrust deeper, nails gliding across the sensitive walls. Stacy bucked at the sudden stimulus, then moaned deep into Carmen’s mouth.

Arousal poured from the woman. Her voice was low and husky as it moaned and muttered incoherent pleas for more, while her cunt squished around Carmen’s thrusting fingers. Each retreat pulled a gush of feminine cream with it, and the push squelched. Carmen hastened the motions, angling herself up and down, left to right, seeking Stacy’s delicious g-spot. Louder moans reverberated in the student’s mouth as an orgasm mounted.

“Mm! Hmm! Ahh!” Stacy arched her back and cried out. Her legs snapped shut around Carmen’s thigh and hand, pussy conforming to every ridge of the invasive digits, while a deluge of milk poured from her nipples. Still wreathed in her sanity, Carmen lunged down, captured a tit with her teeth and inhaled around it, tasting the deliciously rich, smooth and sweet fluid. The other nipple gushed as she tugged on it with her spare hand, drenching her hair and back in the fountain.

“Oooh, Carmen,” Stacy cooed as she came down, though her snatch still convulsed, rippling around the fingers as they gently pushed to and fro. The scent of sex saturated the air now, Carmen’s tongue was inundated in milk, her hands deep in Stacy’s buoyant breast and soaked pussy, while their eyes lingered on one another. Adoration and lust raged in both, though Stacy’s were clouded from the recent climax. Carmen pulled free with a lewd pop, milk splashing onto her cheeks, as she kissed her lover once more. She extracted her fingers and brought them between the two.

Stacy’s heady musk compelled her tongue forth and she licked the extremities clean. Whether a factor of age, or attributed to her pure lust, Stacy’s cum was thicker than anything Carmen had produced. Spicy, bittersweet flavours treated her tongue as a bed for their own intimacy, spurring her own cunt to drool in desire. It made her wonder if she’d ever tasted anything so delicious. Her own cunt surely didn’t compare, even as it dripped down her thighs in a cry for attention.

“Not gonna share?” Stacy asked, her tongue extended, but not reaching for the fingers.

“Apologies,” Carmen grinned and pressed her fingers into the woman’s mouth. Her breath hitched as Stacy’s supple tongue swirled around her, clearing spit and cum from her digits. She suckled on them as well, as if they were a set of long nipples. Or cocks, Carmen’s mind supplied, flashing back to Zoey in the locker room. The images were hounded into a corner of her mind.

This was her and Stacy’s moment. No Ryuka. No Futa Note. No futanari. Period.

“Stacy?”

“Yes?” The matronly coffee lover released the fingers and smirked up at her, eyes half-lidded and burning with renewed desire.

“I want to taste you. Fresh,” Carmen said and, not waiting for a reply, slid down her lover’s milk sodden body, until she was crouched on all fours between her thighs. Was there a more beautiful sight than a plump pussy, framed by delicious thighs piled high with fat, and tinted with slight muscles, to the wealth of labia that kept her gorgeous vulva from view? Carmen parted the folds with a pair of fingers and stared, watching as the insides twitched from her reverent breaths.

A mixture of sweat and pussy juice rolled down Stacy’s skin. Carmen shuffled in closer, until her lips were an inch away. Just the smell alone would be enough to soak her panties, with the sight and sound of her lover combined, however, it took all her willpower not to fuck herself to a dizzying array of orgasms. Only her self-control and thirst for Stacy’s cum kept such urges at bay.

She trailed her fingertips across the lush woman’s thigh and along the shape of her crotch, leaning in further all the while. Womanly musk immersed her sinuses, masking all other aromas and hypnotising her. Carmen prided herself on discipline, on the ability to keep from making rash decisions, but this was no place for such pride. Passion took the reins and shoved her forward, mashing her lips and nose into Stacy’s rich labia.

“Ahh! Not so fast, Baby, hmm… that’s it,” Stacy moaned from above, reacting to every change in Carmen’s approach. She worked her jaw and tongue in tandem, lapping and nibbling her employer’s folds. The plump woman arched her hips and rubbed her pussy into Carmen’s mouth, grinding her clit against the girl’s nose and slavering her in juices. No other taste or smell came through the dense fog of cunt.

It was delicious, as if pleasure itself was condensed into a viscous nectar that Carmen gorged herself on. Her mouth covered the lush mound, lips sealed tight around it. The spongy folds submitted to her tongue’s wild ministrations as it fluttered and rammed inside, catching the heavenly fluid directly. Only mere droplets could escape as she devoured her lover’s cunt.

She couldn’t hold back another moment and reached down for her own salivating snatch. Already, her thighs were caked in the precursor to her orgasm, gelatinous ropes closed the gap between limbs and her pussy. Carmen rubbed her nether-lips, stimulating a thicker flow, before she shoved three fingers to the knuckle. Her clit poked against her palm as she worked, each thrust sending a shockwave that would domino into Stacy as Carmen’s moans heightened, the vibrations echoing in the coffee lover’s devoured pussy.

“Ahh god! So good, so fucking good,” Stacy said, hips rolling with the subtle motions of Carmen’s jaw, “No one’s eaten me so good. Come on, Baby, eat momma out some more. Drown in my cum. Ah fuck, I’ve never felt so good before.”

Never? Carmen glanced at her employer. Surely she had been married once, or at least in several previous relationships? Yet she said Carmen was the best? The honour student, her life ruled by grades and excelling at everything she could, redoubled her efforts. If Stacy thought so highly of her, then she would exceed those expectations. She would blow them apart. She would make her beautiful lover cum until she begged her to stop.

“Cumming!” Stacy suddenly cried.

Carmen stopped in shock, having expected to take another minute at least, yet the pussy around tongue and in her mouth didn’t lie. Pulsations thundered through it, the walls clenching around her trapped muscle, before a deluge of fem-cum flooded her maw. A tidal wave poured down her chin and onto the sheets below. Stacy cried again and another pulse went through her cunt, preceding a second release. Carmen swallowed it all this time, jaw working to get every drop of tart juices down her gullet.

The squirts died down, but she wasn’t done. Carmen sealed her mouth to the main hole, tongue squirming within, and brought her thumb to the clit. A moment later and Stacy was caught in ecstasy again.

“So soon?! Ahh! Yes, yes! Drink it, Carmen! Drink my cum! Then my milk! Hmm, my titties are so full!” Gone was Stacy’s caring, motherly tone, replaced instead by a husky slut’s voice that demanded satisfaction. Carmen was all too glad to supply it. A few quick, yet no less effective moves later and Stacy was cumming again. Her legs locked around Carmen’s head and pulled tight to her cunt, suffocating her nose in the fat folds, then exploded once more. Carmen moaned with her, approaching her own orgasm. She looked to Stacy’s face, hoping to either see it twisted in bliss, or to meet her eyes. It was neither.

Stacy had her mouth latched firmly to her breast. Thick rivers of milk oozed from her lips, while the other breast squirted with abandon. Carmen took a final gulp of cum, then propelled herself forward, breaking free of Stacy’s legs, and engulfed the spare nipple. She replaced her mouth with four fingers, then, as Stacy came time and again, her entire fist. Eventually, the tsunami finished and Stacy’s cries faded into soft moans, broken only by her and Carmen’s insatiable gulping.

“That was…” Stacy later said, the two resting side by side, hand in hand and each covered in pussy juice. Though Carmen had yet to cum.

“Delicious,” Carmen finished, licking around her lips. Here she had thought that, perhaps, Stacy’s cum was the greatest thing she would taste in her lifetime. It certainly beat out the boring meals she called dinner. But the addition of milk, its overpowering sweetness balanced against the tartness of her lover’s juices, was a combination made in Heaven. Regardless of whether she came, Carmen had rarely felt so calm.

“I was going to say ‘incredible’,” Stacy giggled, then she turned over and rested on her elbow, her heavy breasts falling to lay upon the bed and each other. The nipples were still erect, leaking stray drops of milk. She was a goddess of excess and fertility, with a body ripe to be adored, and already prepared for motherhood. Carmen bit her lip as she followed her employer’s lead and took in her abundant frame.

Pregnancy was a distant concept for her. While family was important to her, to the point that it superseded her own happiness, she hadn’t given thought to a child of her own. Carmen looked to her belly, flat save for the faint indents of burgeoning abs, over the monumental swell of her breasts, then to Stacy’s. Motherhood would suit the coffee proprietor, no doubt about it. She already looked like a mother. A beautiful, sexy mother.

“Do you have any kids?” Carmen asked, wrenching her employer’s eyes from her young body. It made her smile, knowing that Stacy was as enamoured by her body as she was with hers.

“No, sadly. I never found the right man. Or woman for that matter,” Stacy said and circled her nipple, “Such a waste isn’t it? I make enough milk for a dozen babies and I don’t even have of my own.”

“I…” Carmen gulped and leaned down to suckle on the nipple, “Don’t worry, I’ll drink it all for you.”

“Actually, I have a confession,” Stacy said.

“Hmm?”

“Well, I have a secret ingredient that I put in every cup of coffee. Except the black ones.”

“Your breast milk?”

Stacy blushed, “Yes.”

Carmen didn’t answer for a second and, instead, kissed her deeply. She pulled back when they were out of breath, “I thought there was something familiar about the taste,” she said, licking a stray drop of milk from her lover’s cheek.

“Such a naughty girl,” Stacy chuckled and kissed her again, “Why’d you ask about kids anyway?”

“Well, I… uh…”

“It’s alright. We don’t have to rush anything. You’ve got your life ahead of you. And I’d wager I’ve still got a good few years in me.”

“Thanks,” Carmen said and resumed the kiss, ignoring the light jab at the age difference between them. This woman may be old enough to be her mother, but she was also her lover. It almost made her laugh; what did that say about Carmen herself?

“You know,” Carmen said during a slight break, “You’d look amazing with a baby.”

“Everyone says so,” Stacy laughed, “Now, enough talk. You’ve tasted everything I have to offer. I think it’s time you return the favour.”

Carmen’s breath hitched in her throat and anxiety clouded her head. No, it poured into her skull, pressing against the bone from within. Her chest felt as if it might cave in. What was it? Why should she be worried? This was Stacy. They’d done so much together, yet having her own pussy involved crossed some undrawn line. That made no sense. Rather, it did, more so than what she lived with. This was her most private part of her body, something she hadn’t allowed anyone to such as view aside from her parents or doctors.

“Shh,” Stacy cooed and kissed down her neck, smothering her nerves with those soft pillows and saliva, “Everything’s scary the first time we do it. I can’t tell you how nervous I was when I had my first times with boys and girls. I’ll help you.”

Stacy laid down and directed Carmen to straddle her face. She did so, muscles tight as she hovered above her employer. No one had come so close to her pussy before, not in a sexual sense. Now Stacy was mere inches away, so close that her soft breaths were like hurricanes.

“You smell so good,” Stacy murmured, then her tongue extended and ran across Carmen’s inner thigh, eliciting a sharp gasp, “And the taste is exquisite.” Carmen focused on her lover’s legs, determined to take her mind off the nerves that threatened to topple her. Despite how much weight piled itself on Stacy’s chest and round belly, more somehow found its way to her thighs. Yes, someone of poor taste would call her fat, as if that was a terrible thing. But Carmen understood the beauty of it.

She moaned as Stacy kissed her vagina. Just that fleeting contact had her dripping for more, while her eyes devoured the feast before her. From Stacy’s stomach, a gentle swell compared to her abundance of tits and sides, her body ballooned into door crowding hips and thighs no man could turn down. Not the smart ones at least. The dumb and blind would forever be ignorant to the pleasure such softness provided.

Hidden beneath it all was Stacy’s ass. Carmen bit her bottom lip and resolved to sample the rotund flesh thoroughly before this was over. For the meantime, however, she relaxed into the burst of pecks and slurping kisses on her privates. The sharp explosions of pleasure gave out to a long, rolling wave as Stacy licked her from bottom to top, where she suckled on the expansive clit. It had followed her body’s lead and swollen into a plump pod of tightly packed nerves.

“Your pussy’s so beautiful, Carmen,” Stacy said, “Fuck, your everything is beautiful.”

“You’re, hmm… just saying that.”

“No,” Stacy firmly refuted, “It’s the truth.”

“I-I know,” Carmen chuckled. Even if she hadn’t wished for this form, she couldn’t refuse how stunning she had become. By a human’s standards, she was the perfect girl. Long, dark hair, large eyes, gently pronounced cheekbones, lush lips. If she had met a stranger with such a visage, she might’ve broken her no masturbation rule. But that said nothing of her overendowed chest, which curved from her torso like elegant hills capped with stout nipples and areolae, or her sleek waist and shoulders, or her hips that covered any chair she sat in.

She was a bombshell. An unnatural babe that would never have looked so gorgeous without a magic book. Or that’s what she assumed caused it. Ryuka was also a suspect.

“Hmm,” Stacy hummed, the vibrations transitioned to Carmen’s clit, pulling a high moan from her, “I should’ve made a move on you sooner.”

“Y-yeah?” Carmen struggled to keep herself steady as her lover incorporated her hands, using them to fondle the student’s heavy breasts, or to massage her voluptuous rear.

“From the moment I hired you, in fact. You were stunning from the get-go. I can’t tell you how often I fingered myself while thinking of you.” Each word was a gentle shock of pleasure on Carmen’s pussy, which gladly shared its delight with the rest of her body.

“Hmm, yeah,” Carmen moaned and sank lower. She gasped and rolled her hips as Stacy went into proper action now. Her older, experienced tongue swirled around Carmen’s pussy and clit, stopped as she suckled on the folds, then thrust into her hole while the lips massaged her vulva. Stacy spread her ass, creating better access, while the fingers teased at the puckered hole therein. Though obscured by the voluptuous cheeks, Stacy’s face was a mask of lust and fluids, eyes locked to Carmen’s staring orbs.

Carmen rolled her hips and ground her pussy into her lover’s tongue, watching as her cheeks covered Stacy’s head in their luscious curves. She could smother the woman if she wasn’t careful. Fire flashed and fem-cum poured from within her crotch at the idea, forcing her to arch her back and mash her cunt onto Stacy’s tongue. The sinuous muscle slithered within her, searching for, and finding, her favourite spots. Each lick offered a fresh spark in the constant, dizzying array of pleasures.

Where her nerves had once threatened to deprive her of this, only lust remained. Carmen moaned and leaned forward, raising her ass to maximise contact with her salivating pussy. Unbidden, Stacy retracted her tongue and laid it flat. She wriggled it, an offer for Carmen to use her as she saw fit. All hesitation evaporated from her mind.

Lewd juices and saliva mixed and poured across Stacy’s face as Carmen rode her. She ran her cunt from top to bottom across her employer’s tongue and lips, replacing spit with her cum, dousing taste-buds in her flavour, and drowning out any sound with her moans. At the clit, she paused and wriggled side-to-side, basking in the sharp bursts of bliss.

“Ah, yeah… eat my pussy, Stacy. Eat it. Taste it. Drown in me,” Carmen groaned as her lover gurgled on the flood of juices. The adult woman’s earlier squirt was impressive, yet Carmen had already surpassed it as she rode the rising tides. Between the two, Stacy’s bed was soaked through with her milk and their cum. The smell would saturate the mattress and air for months, if not years to come. And Stacy would live within that odour, constantly aroused by it, in need for a fresh dose every moment she was home.

Carmen slouched forward and braced herself on her love’s bountiful tits. Soft and full, they made for the perfect support, even as they slathered her hands in milk, much like her cunt did to Stacy’s lips, cheeks, chin and neck. A ravishing image, one she intended to savour once this was done. She spied Stacy’s own cunt, braced between her raised, voluptuous thighs, and her throat went dry. Without a word, she fell forward and buried her face between them once more.

Their moans echoed each other with eerie precision. It almost seemed that their pussies were linked; as one gushed in pleasure, the other followed suit. As Carmen’s overflowed Stacy’s mouth, the latter defiled the bed. If Carmen left that day with any regret, aside from letting her desire overwhelm her as it had, it was not being able to see the sight she was responsible for. And with good reason.

On either side of Carmen’s head were two legs packed full with delicious weight, smooth and creamy, such that she wanted to lick them clean with her very tongue. She had her arms wrapped tight around them, savouring the plushness as her tongue dove into Stacy’s cunt. Her breasts were squashed against her chest where they laid against Stacy’s plump gut, while the coffee-lover’s own fell to gravity and framed Carmen’s undulating lower half, still lodged against her lover’s head.

Each shift in their weight caused the mattress to squelch from the milk and cum that saturated it. Carmen was the core culprit, as her knees refused to be still, always in search of a better angle to attain new, vaster pleasures. She had Stacy’s face trapped, locked tight between her thighs, muffling the sounds of her swelling ecstasy, and concealed beneath her bountiful rear.

Despite her wish to see such a view, her imagination recreated it as best it could, dousing the inferno of her arousal with gasoline. Carmen’s moans reached a fever pitch, above the squeak and squelching of the bed, even muffled against her sensuous employer’s cunt, even as she gurgled on the abundance of girl-cum. Each drop made her own snatch leak, each gulp made it drool, and each sudden burst made it gush. Combined with Stacy’s slight but effective tongue movements, Carmen found herself flung into ecstasy.

Before she could throw her head back and shriek her bliss to the skies, Carmen was caught within Stacy’s legs, which adhered her to her cunt. Stacy sputtered and moaned and cried out as she was swept up in bliss as well, all while drowning in Carmen’s orgasm. As both started to calm, they resumed their ministrations, enforcing a second climax upon the other.

Masturbation was incredible. Carmen refused to indulge in it, in large part thanks to Ryuka’s constant presence and goading, however that didn’t blind her to its pleasure. The few times she had made herself explode in such a way were incredible. Yet *this…* this moment, caught between the first and second, soon to be third, of rapid-fire orgasms, was a bliss she never expected to know. Much less as intimately as she now did.

Every nerve ending across her body was alive where they had felt dead before. The window was cracked open, from which the faintest breeze snuck in. Anyone else would have ignored it, but to Carmen, with every facet of her being alight with ecstasy, the air was a duplicate of Stacy’s inexhaustible tongue. The soaked bedsheets were expert fingers. The quivering fat of her lover’s belly on her nipples was a pair of bullet vibrators attached to her tits. Even the gush of juices against her face provided more pleasure.

But beneath all the lust and bliss, her cognisant mind, reduced to a puny whimper at the corner of her mind, wondered how she could ever come back from such pleasure. How could she return to a life without it?

For the moment, however, she indulged in every sensation she’d refused herself. Her dwindling moans revitalised as Stacy, on a sudden whim, abandoned her pussy for her asshole. It didn’t seem to matter what hole it was, as the plump woman tongued it with the same fervour as ever. Strange sensations gave way to a new bliss, as her ass was pleasured for the first time. Her fourth orgasm ricocheted through her body and mind, sapping her of strength.

“That was…” Carmen shook her head, letting the words trail off. How could she even describe that? It was heaven, if only for a brief moment. Now she laid beside Stacy among the mess of that heaven. Neither of them were spared. Their hair was soaked, matted to their skin and the pillows, faces a mess, and Stacy’s breasts were coated in layers of milk. The air reeked of sex, though Carmen suspected that was in part due to the drying juices on her lips and nose. All was silent but for their synchronous pants and heartbeats.

Carmen laid against Stacy, head resting on her boob, listening to her heartbeat. Their legs were entwined, a mess of limbs and sheets. Laying there, Carmen realised just how huge her lover’s breasts were. Before, she had only seen them from afar, or up close when she was caught in her lust and thirst. Now, with her head clear and desire just a mild throbbing in her pussy, she relished how they almost dwarfed her head. She gently licked the one she laid upon, slowly cleaning it of the spilled milk.

“Amazing,” Stacy finished a while later.

“Hmm,” Carmen nodded and reached around to find her lover’s hand, holding it tight, “How was it? Being my first?”

Stacy chuckled, “I never would’ve guessed.”

“Really?”

“Oh, you were fantastic, Carmen,” Stacy said and stroked her hair, returning the grip on her hand, “I don’t know what it is, but the moment you touched me… it was like a rush of sex. If I wasn’t holding back for so long, I would’ve cum in seconds.”

“Glad to hear it,” Carmen said and nestled deeper into the breast, squeezing a fresh trickle of milk out, “So, when’s the shop opening?”

“I think it can handle being closed for the day,” Stacy said, “I believe I’ve got some hands-on employee training to manage.”

“Oh? Getting some new girls?”

“Not yet. Besides, there’s only one girl I want right now.”

Carmen mock gasped, “Oh no! Who?”

“I think you know her. Tall, dark hair, dark eyes, huge, lovable tits and an ass I would be happy to suffocate under,” Stacy chuckled and pulled her up and into a deep kiss, both sampling the remnants of the other’s pussy on their lips.

“Hey, Stacy?” Carmen asked as she straddled her lover’s stomach, looking down on her from above the plentiful hills of her own tits.

“Hmm?”

“If… and this is completely hypothetical, but *if* I could, like, change my body in any way you want, what would you do?”

“Dear, I know not to look a gift horse in the mouth. You’re already gorgeous.”

“I know, but this is a ‘what if’. So, say, if you wanted me to have bigger boobs, or to be taller… would you?”

Stacy glanced around, then sighed, and took hold of Carmen’s breasts, “I’d be lying if I said I don’t have some… extravagant tastes.”

“Oh? Such as?” Carmen couldn’t understand why she was asking these things. She hoped it was out of simple curiosity, rather than a subconscious urge to write her name in the Futa Note. But if it was subconscious, then would she even recognise it? No. She would. There was no chance that she wouldn’t notice such a desire. That said, if Stacy wanted her to, transforming herself might not be the end of everything.

Stop it! Carmen betrayed nothing of her internal argument, which rapidly devolved into a two-sided shouting match, her rational and lustful minds screaming for the other to be silent. She couldn’t lose herself so easily. Besides, the Futa Note was already changing her. Any reason she might to write her own name was redundant at best.

“… cock…”

Carmen blinked at the word, realising she’d missed most of Stacy’s words, “What?”

“I think we might need some cock,” Stacy said and slid Carmen to the side. She retrieved the box of toys Carmen saw last time, and pulled a massive strap-on from it, “So? Pitching or catching?”

“Pitching,” Camren blurted, staring at the foot-long plastic penis. It didn’t match up to Zoey’s cock, but it was sizable, nonetheless.

“Thought so.”

Carmen returned home that evening, exhausted but ecstatic. Despite her insistence, Stacy had treated her to a nice dinner, with enough leftovers to take home for Melody and her mother. They’d showered as well, cleaning each other with the thoroughness only lovers could provide. If Stacy hadn’t thought Carmen was a boob-lover earlier, she certainly did now, as Carmen had almost wasted all the hot water on lathering her girlfriend’s tits in her affections. They had agreed to do it all again as soon as Stacy could get another evening off.

That night, Carmen laid in bed, slowly drifting off to sleep. She was too tired to study, though she considered it a fair trade. Her sleep had been suffering as of late. Ryuka was smirking down at her, supernatural senses attuned to the glow that sex provided a woman.

“So, how was it?” Ryuka asked after they were certain Melody was asleep.

“Amazing,” Carmen murmured.

“Gonna write her name?”

“No… hmm, now shut up,” Carmen said and rolled over. Even her lumpy, spring-stabbing mattress couldn’t detract from the residual joy of coitus. She slept in the warmth of her memories, recreated with obsessive accuracy in her dreams.