Magical Girls Vs. Kuroi

It happened from time to time. Not often, but enough that any Magical Girl with a year of experience knew it was a possibility. For Naka, the sight of Ookii, the big sister of their team, writhing in apparent ecstasy as slippery, hideous tendrils squirmed their way from her yawning pussy like a sight from a horror film, was one she couldn’t bare. Leaving Jin to destroy the corrupt young, she went to her room. It’d been two days since everyone reconvened with no sign of Kuroi pursuing them.

All the girls were fine. Relatively speaking. Naka crawled into bed and whimpered in shame, a hand sneaking down to her pussy, reliving the sensation of Kuroi’s cunt wrapping around her shoulders. The insides had been so warm, like an electric blanket tucked all around her body. Only her fingers could experience that same sensation again.

“Need to… focus… hmm,” Naka admonished herself, fingers working harder. She hooked her fingers into an awkward position, using it to rub at her clit, famished for attention. If no one had interfered, then she wouldn’t be worried about this. Based on Shoku’s testimony, and what little she’d seen of Kuroi when rescuing Ookii, the corrupt girl commanded legions of tentacles. Under their attention, she’d never be left wanting for pleasure.

Not like this. So many times, Naka had done this same thing to great effect, now, after the experience few dreamt of having, she was left soaked to the core without hope of relief. She felt it inside herself, that absence of fulfilment. Ripping her fingers away, Naka stood and headed for their training area.

Ookii watched in dismay as child after child was swiftly birthed and just as soon met their end. Restraints kept her in place, legs spread, but even without them, she lacked the magic to do anything against Jin, the murderer. Despite the pleasure of the birth, Ookii hadn’t cum. All she felt was contempt.

“That’s the last of them,” Jin said and wiped at her brow, looking to the senior Magical Girl, who just glared. Without another word, she left. Ookii contemplated the spot she’d vacated, wondering how best to avenge all those children that only wanted to fuck and feed. Did no one else understand how good it felt to be stretched beyond human comprehension? They’d learn, she thought and breathed deep. But first, she’d need to convince them she was ‘fine’.

It didn’t take long. To them, she was second only to their superiors - the Magical Girls that stayed on into their forties - it was unfathomable to anyone that she’d be corrupted for longer than a day. And that’s what she led them to believe.

“Are you sure you’re fine?” Jin asked, walking with her, “Hiryou still isn’t all there and Shoku is acting aloof.”

“Yeah, take your time,” Naka agreed.

“It’s fine. We need to make a plan. Kuroi’s too dangerous,” Ookii said as they came to Hiryou’s room, “I’ll talk with her. You try your luck with Shoku.” The other two shared a glance, but did so. While they didn’t let it on, she could smell Kuroi on them. Naka in particular was beside herself. She smiled and entered Hiryou’s room.

The formerly pregnant Magical Girl was on her side, weeping into a pillow. She turned at the door clicking shut, sniffling, then returned back to her sorrow. Not even Ookii sitting with her prompted another response, though she didn’t need one. Lust wafted off Hiryou in shadowy waves, intermingled with the crimson of anger at being denied her dreams.

“I’m sorry for stopping you,” Ookii said, to which her comrade flipped around in shock, “We can both get back what we want, but you need to trust me.” Sincerity reverberated in her voice, augmented by magic, however the fragile girl missed that fact. People, normal or magical, will do anything for their desires.

“I will.”

“Good. Just go along with everything until we meet Kuroi again, then we’ll fix this mess,” Ookii said, stroking her team mate’s hair, hints of Kuroi’s magic clung to it, seeping into the girl’s mind and keeping her lusts at the forefront. How she got that proficient with magic was beyond any of their understanding, however its origins didn’t matter so long as the result was the same. She left Hiryou to clean herself up.

A short walk down the halls of their home and base brought her to Jin and Naka. They pondered the floor in defeat, a barrage of thuds against the door to Shoku’s room.

“No luck?” Ookii inquired.

“Nada,” Jin confirmed, “She’s still pissed at me for rescuing her. Who the hell gets pissed at being saved?”

“I’ll give it a shot. Hiryou’s feeling better, so you two better get her up to speed and maybe start strategising. We’ll need a plan to beat Kuroi.”

They nodded and left, not even questioning how Ookii so swiftly rehabilitated their friend. To get people to act, just offer what they want most. She knocked on Shoku’s door and the thudding stopped. Augmenting her ears, she heard loud squelches and slurps, before the handle turned and Shoku’s livid face appeared in a crack. What looked like sweat matted her hair to her skin and her lips appeared swollen. Ookii glanced down to see a subtle writhing in her stomach.

“Sneaky girl,” Ookii commended and forced her way inside, instantly bombarded by the reek of sex, despite there only being one person inside. The door locked and hostility thickened the air, “I’m not here to stop you.” Hostility wavered, confusion splicing within.

“Don’t give me that shit. You know, don’t you?” Shoku asked, summoning her weapon, though one hand remained on her belly. Unlike the other two, she’d only been bred a small amount, not enough to show clearly enough.

“Yes, I do,” Ookii grinned and strode over, pinning Shoku’s dominant hand, while she stroked the girl’s pudgy gut, “You were fucked and impregnated by tentacles. That’s your fetish isn’t it? Seems Kuroi knows more about us than we do about each other.”

“What’s your point?” Shoku grunted, trying and failing to wrest her arm free.

“She’s got a whole dimension of them,” Ookii said. The struggles instantly ended, “I glimpsed it, but there must be tens of thousands. Some bigger than a horse. Imagine getting bred by them all,” as she spoke, Ookii’s hand drifted to rub at her own pussy, still gaping enough to swallow someone’s head. The aching emptiness spread all the way to her chest, like she was missing something as a person now.

“You want it too?”

Ookii shook her head, “It’s just a bonus. I want to be stretched, Shoku. I want my holes to be so fucking brutalised that they’d never close, that I’d need an elephant just to feel anything. But you and Hiryou want to birth lots of tentacles, right? Dozens every minute, thousands every hour. Bellies never empty and tits full with milk.”

Shoku quivered and lowered her head, “You’ll help me?”

“Our goals align.”

“Then let me correct one thing,” Shoku said and crammed a hand into Ookii’s cavernous cunt, “I don’t want to birth any of them, I just want to be full to bursting with tentacles. I want to feel them fucking my soul. I want them to take me in every way imaginable.”

“That can be arranged,” Ookii sighed; even her allies fist wasn’t big enough to stimulate much at all, “Just act natural for now. We’ll all get what we want eventually.”

“Okay. In the meantime, wanna meet my babies? You interrupted our fun, so it’s the least you can do.”

“Are they big?”

“Well, maybe not your ‘big’…”

“Then no. I’m not interested in baby-dicks.”

“Bitch, they’re at least six feet long.”

“Tell me when they triple that, then maybe I’ll be interested,” Ookii teased and left. The beginnings of her plan were in place. Jin and Naka could formulate whatever strategy they wanted, but she’d see to it that Kuroi claimed them all. No, she should aim for something better. If she submitted to Kuroi, then the corrupt girl would leave her in a dimension of tentacles and, while they’d satisfy her, they’d never match the feeling of a truly giant cock. With the five of them working together, they just might subjugate her.

She magicked away the puddle of juices she left in her place. She’d help them win, defend humanity, and in the process make Kuroi her, Shoku and Hiryou’s personal fetish slave. Oh, just imagine coming home from slaughtering baby-dicked monsters - most of which somehow thought thirty-six inches was impressive - to relax and be impaled on a true cock. Maybe it’d bring her and the others closer as they fucked Kuroi.

Maybe she was getting greedy to want Kuroi’s dick and continue her life as a Magical Girl. It’ll work out, she thought. After all, if anyone could handle a double life, it was her.

With everyone seemingly on the same page, the five convened in the kitchen. The job had many perks, which included a personal building made to cater for their every need, granted it was required for a Magical Girl to move in with their team. They knew each other’s habits in and out, though not deep as Ookii once assumed, given what many had learned of each other. Fetishes aside, they needed a method for taking Kuroi down.

Yet none had any suggestions. Each plan of attack was vetoed by the fact Kuroi knew their deepest lusts, from Jin’s giantess fetish, to Ookii’s pinnacle designs on size. Anything they tried would be met by those.

“It’s worth a try,” Jin argued.

Ookii levelled a sceptical look at her, “Can you guarantee that you won’t change your mind when you see her again? She’ll change to suit your fetish.”

“I’ll handle it,” she affirmed.

“Really? You’ll be fine when she grows fifty feet tall and starts treating you like a little doll again?”

“I…”

“I’ll back her up!” Naka jumped in.

“Definitely not,” Ookii sighed and pinched the bridge of her nose, “At that size, she’d vore you in a second. You’d fly into her on purpose.”

“No, I… sorry.”

“It’s a good idea, though,” Shoku said, glancing at the senior Magical Girl, “We could come at her one at a time and switch whenever she changes to match our fetishes. If she keeps changing, then it’ll wear her out eventually, right?”

“A battle of attrition?” Ookii asked.

“It’s the best idea anyone’s said,” Shoku shrugged.

“I don’t know. It’s too risky. Who knows whether she’ll have captured other Magical Girls, or how many humans will be fuelling her when we face off.”

“Any better idea?” Jin challenged.

“We could distract her,” Hiryou offered, a spark of hope in her once stoic eyes, “Shoku and I can keep her occupied, then you all come in and lop her head off.”

“It should be me,” Ookii said.

“No, you’re stronger than us,” Shoku said, a teasing grin in her gaze, though her lips remained steadfast, “Those are our best options it seems.”

“I don’t like it. What if she catches on? She’ll suck you both in and get stronger. It should be me and Naka, we’re the weaker ones,” Jin said, then shook her head when Naka perked up, “On second thought, maybe not.”

“So distraction or attrition,” Ookii mused, a solemn groan slipping her control, “Neither are good, but time isn’t on our side. We’ll take a vote.”

Kuroi detested many things about Magical Girls. Their fame, the faith humanity placed unerringly in them, how they prattled on about protecting the weak. Only sheep would believe them. Magical Girl’s cared only about how the media saw them and, so long as they prevented worldwide disaster, casualties weren’t reported as anything more than a random statistic. That’s why no one cared how she’d disappeared one day.

‘It happened while monsters were being defeated, it’s to be expected’ is what people said. ‘At least it was only one’. On and on and on… Not just herself, but the other people either killed or captured didn’t matter in the grand scheme. She met those that survived, kept in a perpetual cycle of pleasure to syphon what little power they had. They shared her disdain.

Funny thing about spite. People often forget about ghosts and how poltergeists can form, while this wasn’t that situation, having so much hatred gathered in a place of magic resonated on levels unheard of. Kuroi reclined in the air, body still hugely altered from her time with Ookii, studying a latex glove. Though it was faint, she could see the souls of all the others swirling within, fuelling her, demanding retribution. And they’d get it soon.

“How’s it feel?” Kuroi asked, floating to the captured Magical Girl, currently being stuffed with eggs in all her holes. She screamed in orgasm, trembling in the aftershocks, even as another tentacle approached and opened wide. Other of her kind were already trapped in Kuroi’s dimension, supplying her unfathomable power. One more and she’d be more than ready to destroy Ookii’s team.

They were on a different continent. Plenty of time for her to stock up as she approached. Days passed with her flying through cities, tentacles snatching random people in the short time they had. Each human added to her collection strengthened her. Over an ocean, she was stopped by a team of Magical Girls. None that she recognised to her disappointment.

All were armed and steadfast in their stance against her. Kuroi chuckled and flashed a glimpse of her power, peering deep into their minds, their memories, drawing them out as she mutated her form to match them. One by one, the Magical Girls lost their resolve, many grew damp staring at her, and some even masturbated. A single girl remained stoic, exuding hostility. Until Kuroi looked deeper, her tits swelling up in response. Like all the others, the girl dropped her guard.

In the next instant, each was given their fantasies before swallowed into a hell of endless delights. Clouds darkened, bright streaks of black sparking around them as her power reached new heights, impossible to be contained in her current body. It wasn’t uncommon for stronger Magical Girls to be better endowed, tall or incredibly muscular. Kuroi channelled it all, muscles and curves swelling with the magic, while her sexes engorged on the feast. Veins across her body dimmed to oily strands.

“No reason to delay our reunion any further Ookii,” Kuroi said to her stretching limbs, which left her two feet taller, “I’m coming.”

Ookii leapt from her bed at the voice resonating between her ears. No doubt about it, the corrupt girl was headed for them, and with power enough to transmit thoughts. It took concentration and intense strength just to send basic ideas, let alone entire sentences. If that was any indication, Kuroi had grown far, far stronger.

“We’re going,” Ookii said, banging on every door. Better they were awake and prepared, rather than caught half-asleep, where inhibitions lacked power. At this point, their only chance was the distraction plan. So long as they could hold out long enough, and maintain Kuroi’s attention, then they might have a chance at subduing her. That was the best case scenario. Worst case, Kuroi died. So long as Ookii either enslaved her or was enslaved, she considered it a win.

“Shoku! Wake up, we’re going!” Jin slammed on the tentacle-obsessed girl’s door.

“Just… one… minute!” Shoku called out.

“We can’t wait for her,” Ookii said and lead the others, their uniforms appearing in a dazzling array of lights. She timed her change with theirs, concealing the specks of black amidst her light, with no one any wiser. Weapons ready, magic charged, and determination set for various goals, they leapt from the building and into the fray. Not a second into their flight, lightning shattered the surrounding area, blinding them. As Ookii’s vision recovered, a mostly unfamiliar silhouette hovered stark against the light.

It’s her, Ookii thought and the glare faded. In its place, flaunted a being of unmatched lust, its shape that of a human exaggerated to its fullest extents and yet with the aura of further potential. From rippling holes in space around her, tentacles emerged, thick, red and covered in slime. Atop them all, was the hulking mass of unfeminine flesh perversely jutting several feet ahead from a crotch framed in hips wider than any couch. Matching it was a set of tits capable of smothering a dozen people. All of it was scarcely contained in strips of black silk and plastic.

Then it spoke, multiple lustful tones all layered into a single voice that offered two simple words, “Hello there.”

A tremble ran through Ookii’s crotch, eyes following a dribble of cock-juice that leaked out the tip. It fell to earth, prompting an outraged cry that morphed into moans, spreading like an outbreak among the citizens. Just a drop did that.

“Good you see you all again, though I believe this is Shoku’s first time seeing me properly,” Kuroi said, leering at the straggler, whose face was shaded red, sweat on her brow, with a hand trying to pull her skirt lower.

“We’ve got this,” Jin said, floating over to Ookii, eyes still closed from the earlier light, “We just need to distract her long enough and that’ll be it.”

“Open your eyes,” Ookii said.

Jin did so, finally laying eyes upon Kuroi’s latest shape, “Oh no, she’s hot!”

“I’m looking forward to our time as well, Jin. Ready to get swallowed by giant pussy?” Kuroi asked, hefting her boulder-sized testicles to reveal a pussy pumped up dozens of times larger than normal. All her aspects exceeded human reasoning, even her height had increased to better accommodate her curves and sexes, yet they appeared no less massive.

Ookii and her teammates gawked for a second, before their rationality returned. Jin and Shoku nodded, rushing the hyper-endowed girl. They evaded her tentacles and flew in opposite directions, hoping to distract her, but Kuroi’s focus remained on the other three, only her tentacles chased the pair. Shoku looked to Ookii, who nodded, signalling her to whirl around on Kuroi.

“What is she doing?” Naka whispered as Shoku embraced the corrupt girl, who frowned in confusion, before her tentacles removed the eager Magical Girl, penetrating her. To Shoku’s credit, despite her egregious moans, she did her best to keep Kuroi’s attention. Long enough for Jin to lose her pursuers and circle back, poised to strike.

Not far behind, Ookii and the others charged the front. Their comrade’s moans filled the air, drowning even their war cry, as did the wet slapping of tentacles pounding her various holes, variations spawning to tease her untraditional holes as well. Ecstasy glazed over her eyes as they pushed into her nipples, expanding rapidly to stretch and bulge her tits. Thicker tendrils surged into her pussy and ass, forcing their slimmer brethren out and into her urethra instead. Lurid tubes danced through the thin veil of her abdomen as they filled her belly and sought deeper holes.

Ookii looked to Kuroi, hoping to see fear in her eyes, but was met by a malevolent smirk. The girl’s eyes gleamed with a cruel light, then a huge tentacle forced its way into their dimension, its tip opening like a demented flower bud. With a final, climatic shriek, Shoku was swallowed. A faint bulge travelled through the limb as it retreated.

All their attacks missed in the next instant. Rather, they were deflected. A barrier formed around Kuroi, denser than anything either of them could conjure. Phantasmal hands reached from it, stroking key points on all their bodies, except Ookii’s. The fingers just beckoned to her, drawing attention from Kuroi’s face, to her gorgeously monstrous cock. She licked her lips, desire palpable around her, but wrenched herself free. The others did the same.

Only a seconds rest was permitted as tentacles chased them. Ookii kept her distance, artfully dodging, but Naka faltered in perception, being led back toward their enemy. She had no opening to rescue her. All Ookii could do was evade and watch, in both morbid fascination and excitement, as Kuroi’s body swelled to better entice Naka. As the Magical Girl finally realised her situation, her hands were fighting themselves not to masturbate at the inhuman cunt about to swallow her whole. To Ookii’s surprise, it was Hiryou that broke away and knocked Naka back.

Her surprise lasted only a second as it was clear Hiryou had given in. In one deft move, she vaulted onto Kuroi’s cock, using magic to angle it and her pussy to meet, tentacles wreathed her limbs and pulled her down. One almost caught Ookii as jealousy flared in response. She kept one eye on her defeated ally, who loudly announced her orgasms as her belly bloated into obscenity, more tendrils adding to that pleasure by contorting around her tits and penetrating her just as they had Shoku. An instant later, fat balls pumped down their lengths.

“Impregnate me…” Hiryou moaned, before her mouth was similarly stuffed, throat undulating with the spheres pushing in. The otherwise smooth expanse of her belly turned lumpy after a few minutes, veins and oval shapes protruding. Clearly not taking her time, Kuroi groaned, cock bloating many times its ‘normal’ size, presuming it had such a thing, and inundated the breed obsessed girl with an avalanche of sperm. Even between spurts and eggs, Hiryou’s belly wriggled from the sheer number of swimmers.

“I’ll get you out!” Jin shouted, making a spirited attempt at breaking through a horde of tendrils, but they outnumbered and overpowered her. Naka intervened in time to keep her from being captured, both erecting a barrier as the limbs approached. All they could do was struggle and watch, as Hiryou met the same fate as Shoku, except with a pregnancy numbering high enough to repopulate the planet if needed. Even the massive tentacle couldn’t full encompass her belly as it pulled her away.

Two down, only three left. Ookii joined the other two in their barrier, strengthening it, though it was just a method to prolong the inevitable. With almost half their power taken and added to Kuroi’s already indomitable strength, chances of victory were as close to zero as possible. The only chance they might have is for every Magical Girl to appear and eviscerate Kuroi. But that wouldn’t happen.

Not before Ookii got another chance. First, she needed Jin and Naka to fall. Kuroi needed magic to grow her cock and, while they weren’t the strongest, their essence would be welcome. She looked through the barrier, feeling Kuroi’s gaze upon her despite the writhing horde of tendrils. Their short time together had nestled part of her corruption in the Magical Girl, connecting their minds on an intimate level.

As if reading her intentions, Kuroi called her army off. All three remaining Magical Girls looked on in caution, each echoing a gasp at their enemy’s latest changes.

“She’s growing…” Ookii said.

“She could swallow us whole,” Naka whimpered.

“We’re smaller than her finger,” Jin moaned. Each glanced at the other, catching them in the act of masturbation, yet none of their hands moved away. Kuroi grew to new heights, feet reaching the ground despite her flight never stopping, breasts, ass and cock keeping, then outpacing her height. Their home, a sizeable apartment-style building, only grazed the height of Kuroi’s nipples. Similarly, many of her tentacles expanded as well, gorging on the fresh magic supplied by Shoku and Hiryou.

The corrupt girl turned around. Her back was richly toned with muscle, leading in elegant waves down to her ass, broad enough to flatten entire neighbourhoods, yet her breasts and testicles stretched beyond even that. She bent over, tentacles digging deep into her plush rear to pull its cheeks apart, revealing her chubby pucker and a pussy the size of a whale. To cement just how massive she’d become, her tentacles picked civilians up by the dozen, rubbing them on her folds, before they disappeared inside. The clit alone was larger than any human.

“Forget her finger,” Ookii said, “We’re smaller than a nipple now. You could literally sink into one.”

Both Jin and Naka moaned, their ministrations hastening. They shared a look and forced themselves to stop, though neither of their hands moved away, and faced Ookii. Desperation, lust, and determination mingled in their gazes.

“We have to win. She’ll destroy everything if we don’t,” Jin said.

“And we have to avenge Hiryou and Shoku,” Naka added. The trill in both their voices made it clear they knew it was futile, that even if they poured their combined power into a final attack, Kuroi would shake it off and claim them just as she did the others. But there was a chance. Often times, that’s all a Magical Girl needed to try.

Ookii sighed and channelled the weather as she once had. It didn’t work then, it wouldn’t now, however she had allies to supplement her own power. All manner of things were possible with magic. Their chances of victory were nigh-invisible, yet still present. Kuroi let them meditate, enjoying her body as more humans were spirited away to strengthen her further. It was typical monster behaviour to think itself superior. Perhaps they could do it?

Only one way to find out, Ookii thought and dispelled the barrier. Scenery smeared and blended together as she moved like a flash of lightning, appearing one instant and gone the next. Energy shrieking around her fists, she landed the first blow in tandem with her friends. To her shock, Kuroi stumbled from the impact. Recovering, she rained more upon the corrupt girl, a spark of hope igniting.

Kuroi propped herself on her arms, earth-shattering attacks storming across her back. Her breasts mashed into the ground, crushing the far smaller homes littered about, causing the earth to shudder with each hit. She’d made a mistake allowing Ookii to get so close before. Seeds of corruption ran deep through the Magical Girls soul, but not enough to turn her like they had Hiryou and Shoku. Instead, they allowed her to tap into similar powers as Kuroi’s own. Combined with the second and third pummelling her, they might very well overwhelm her.

No, there were two sets of attacks upon her. One knocked her head into the ground, where she noticed a tiny creature writhing around in her breasts. Jin’s head squeezed into the open, taking a gulp of air. This was perfect. Tentacles converged on Kuroi’s back, shielding her from the attacks at the cost of their own existence, while she leaned down.

“Hello, Jin.” Though soft, her voice reverberated through the ground and her breasts, waves of flesh crashing into Jin’s tiny body. The Magical Girl didn’t respond, nor did she struggle. Easy as it would be to snatch her up right there, seeing them submit of their own will provided a much cleaner energy source, and this girl was right at the edge.

“You know, my pussy feel so empty when I’m this big,” Kuroi said, “I’ve got dozens of people jammed up, but I barely feel them. They’re just so… puny.”

Jin gulped, hands concealed by mountains of squishy tit-flesh, but their movements were obvious. If not from the motion of her shoulders, then the faint, wet sucking noise and the scent of womanhood. Kuroi summoned a tentacle, one on a larger scale, and licked its tip.

“Even this big tentacle won’t satisfy me. But you can, right? You can use your magic to try and pleasure me. Wouldn’t that be nice? Forever spent in my giant cunt, using your power for a good cause, knowing you’re too small to really do anything.”

As she spoke, smaller tentacles slithered from between her breasts. They spiralled around Jin’s legs, closing all gaps, but were light in their touch, even as they wrapped up her hips and stomach. Breaths deepening, the sound of planetary devastating strikes in the air, and neck constricted by tendrils, Jin nodded. She was yanked into the depths of Kuroi’s cleavage, the many limbs taking the chance to gag her maw and begin siphoning her magic. Even buried, the beautifully lewd squelch of her ass and pussy stretching reached Kuroi’s ears.

Down across her belly, between her thighs, Jin was finally given a first hand view of the biggest pussy known to history. Coated in juices, it prevented any grip, nor did the tentacles give her a chance to admire it for long. She was dragged across the massive lips, dredged through thicker juices than most yoghurt, before vanishing between them. A tight hole replaced the tentacles around her ankles, unravelling the deeper she sank.

The sounds of combat still raged around her, but they dimmed as her own cunt clamped on the many tentacles inside it. She was being devoured by a giant’s vagina, its walls surrounded her, conformed to her shape, while still pulling her further, to depths there’d be no escaping from. Only sex and ecstasy awaited her, made all the lewder by the knowledge of where she was. Jin slipped past a final barrier and was accosted once more by tendrils. Once through, all she saw were the squirmy limbs and humans bound by them.

In seconds, she joined them. Her tentacles moved her beside two familiar magic donors; Hiryou and Shoku. Both sported bellies too big for reason, though Shoku’s writhed far more viciously, while their friend’s was a solid, fecund monument to fertility. More than that, her breasts had the same shape to them and swelling larger and firmer all the time. Jin looked down at her own body, petite by comparison, and fumed in envy.

As if sensing her emotion, dozens of the fattest tendrils she’d seen converged on her. For a moment, fear broke the cloud of inane lust, then it condensed to water, drowning all other thought as they penetrated her pussy. Not a second later, eggs and sperm were deposited by the truckload. Hiryou growled at the sight, other similar tentacles appearing for her. Shoku didn’t pay them any mind, though dozens more squirmed past her holes. Tiny ones even appeared to hook into her nose and ears.

All three squealed in orgasm, just one of infinity, and gladly offered their magic in exchange for more.

“Oh shit,” Ookii said as she laid a final punch to no effect. Yet again, her magic was drained, even something simple as flight strained her reserves, and Kuroi hadn’t taken that much damage. It was hopeless. More so as Jin had vanished early into the onslaught, no doubt caving to her fetish, and Naka didn’t look far behind. No sense in delaying the inevitable, Ookii thought and moved over to her ally.

“What do we do?” Naka asked, despite rubbing at her crotch in her exhausted state.

“I’m gonna give you exactly what you want,” Ookii said, taking the weaker girl’s hand and pushing against her crotch, “I’ve been so fucking empty since you and Jin ‘saved’ me. Now you’re going to fix it.”

“You mean you’re gonna…” Naka trailed into a moan, eyes sparkling bright as the last of her magic poured into Ookii, “Do it, Ookii. Swallow me with your pussy.”

“You’re hopeless.”

“I know. That’s why all I’m good for is filling your womb until you get fucked by that giant dick, right?”

“At least you understand,” Ookii grunted, forcing her down and under her skirt, head immediately mashing into the maw of her moist cavern. After taking Kuroi’s dick just days prior, a person’s head was nothing, even Naka’s shoulders proved easy as they were slurped up. The breasts followed, nipples poking into her inner walls, and seemed to spur Naka into action as she licked and kissed at everything in reach. Ookii moaned and clenched her muscles, dragging her former friend, now womb passenger, past the hips. From there, her legs proved no challenge and disappeared inside her. Naka wriggled for a minute, then settled in a foetal position, though she still moved. Eventually, she cried out in climax.

“I can’t believe you just came inside me,” Ookii groaned, then turned her attention back to Kuroi, the giantess watching her with lurid interest.

“How’s it feel? Swallowing someone and taking their magic for your own?” Kuroi asked.

“What’s the point of answering?” Ookii asked, one hand on her now enormous gut, “You’re just gonna do the same to me. After you fuck me again that is.”

Kuroi chewed on her lip, eyes flitting to and fro like a shy schoolgirl, “Well, I’ve been thinking it over with the others and… thing is… I kind of had a crush on you before all this.”

“Get to the point,” Ookii said, leaving the ‘others’ part alone for the moment.

“It’d probably get lonely if I were to take over the universe. Sure, I can fuck whenever, whoever and whatever I want, but still… I can tell you’re catching on, Ookii. It’s not just giant dicks that you crave, is it? There was corruption deep in your soul long before I turned up. What do you say? Join me and fuck and indulge in whatever fantasies you might have?”

“What’s the alternative?” Ookii asked. Magical Girls got offered contracts for entertainment all the time, her more than most. A level head was needed for negotiations.

“Isn’t it obvious?” Kuroi tilted her head, legions of her crimson tentacles blotting out the sky overhead.

“Yeah,” Ookii groaned and ran a hand through her sweaty hair. She was in no condition to fight back or try bargaining for Earth’s peace. That possibility had vanished long ago. Anyone with half a brain knew where the benefits laid, “Can I ask a favour first?”

“Sure. I can’t guarantee I’ll do it though.”

“Fuck me first.” Ookii had a simple plan. If she fucked this corrupt entity and retained her mind, then she’d take the offer. The other possibility meant she wouldn’t care either way. Far as she was concerned, it was a win-win.

“You’ll lose your mind,” Kuroi said, cradling the Magical Girl in her hands like a baby bird, “I know your thoughts, they’re clear as your belly, and you won’t come out in tact. Last time was just a taste. Either you accept and become as stronger as me, or you’ll end up like the rest.”

“I’ll take my chances,” Ookii grinned, “For someone acting so confident, you’re eager to make me agree. Afraid I’ll turn the tables somehow?”

Kuroi smirked, “Alright then. I won’t hold back this time.”

At her words, four tentacles snapped around Ookii’s wrists and ankles. They manoeuvred her to hover over Kuroi’s cock, appropriate for her gigantic state, though far smaller than the last time they were together. She glared at the corrupt girl.

“What’s with that puny size?”

“It’s a test,” Kuroi giggled, “I’ll make it grow once inside you. If you can’t handle the full thing, then I’ll consider it as you joining me. If you can, then I’ll leave you on it forever as my personal cock-sleeve and power generator. Either way, it’s a win-win, right?”

“Whatever,” Ookii sighed, though her words meant little as her thoughts spiralled with the possibilities. She’d been too focused on attacking, then unbirthing Naka to pay attention to Kuroi’s cock. It must’ve grown after she swallowed Jin. How big? How thick? How much cum?

“You’ll see soon enough. Let’s try phase one,” Kuroi said and wrapped her hands around Ookii’s comparatively tiny frame, sliding her down the cock in a smooth motion. Inside her, Naka cried in orgasm as she was also penetrated, “Hmm, she’ll get in the way. Let’s relocate her.”

Ookii gasped at the sensations of tentacles sliding through the cock and into her womb. They coiled around Naka and pulled her into the phallus, emptying Ookii’s uterus for a second, before the cock engorged on the girl’s natural energy to double its size. She moaned in relief, finally getting the sensation she longed for. Even swallowing Naka with her cunt hadn’t stretched the way Kuroi did. Veins the size of juicy thighs, a crown flared to catch on her cervix as it tried pulling back, and enough length to stretch her belly past her head.

“More…” Ookii groaned. A fountain of lubricant spilled across her body as Kuroi tightened her grip, before stroking her up and down, treating the Magical Girl as nothing more than a sex toy. Lewd squelches sounded each circuit, both from the slimy grip on her body and her pussy juice frothing at the constant jerking. Groans emanated from her skin as it stretched further, Kuroi’s prick bloating even larger.

“More…” The pace ramped up, Kuroi’s tentacles helping to hasten things along. Ookii’s ass all but slammed into the base, tiny compared to the futa reaming her cunt and womb, with enough force to leave her flesh bright crimson. Another surge in size brought her to another orgasm.

“More… more… more… more…” She maintained the mantra through her abject ecstasy, nerves sizzling with every orgasm, while Kuroi attempted to find her limit, growing larger by the word. Eventually, she slowed down and sighed, breath slicing across Ookii’s sensitive flesh.

“You want more.”

“Yes!” Ookii cried, writhing in the giantess’ grip, wanting the already twelve foot pole to expand.

“Then I’ll give you everything,” Kuroi moaned darkly.

“Fuck yes!” Ookii climaxed once more, the shaft bloating to twice its former size and more, while tentacles joined the fray. Her ass cheeks were pried apart, spanked, then split by the many limbs invading her anus. They squirmed through her, slithering past the sphincter, winding toward her stomach. The veins on Kuroi’s cock writhed to life, becoming tentacles that adhered to her walls. Tiny, hair-like filaments grew from them, touching her nerves and filling every possible space.

As Kuroi pushed her toward the crown, Ookii’s voice failed. Her body writhed in Kuroi’s grip, instinct demanding that she break free, her thoughts melting into a slurry of undiluted pleasure. Everything, down to her very heartbeat, triggered new orgasms, forcing her to climb to heights unheard of. Hormone production went haywire in response, her existence doing everything to balance the abnormal bliss. In some fragment of consciousness left, she recognised her breasts burgeoning with milk until they became geysers.

Tentacles plugged them in seconds. With no outlet, the milk built up, her tits ballooning into taut blimps on that even Kuroi’s grip struggled to contain. Good, the tiny echo of Ookii’s mind thought, she’d need it all for the babies she’d have. On cue, her hips creaked wider, both from the ever thickening shaft buried inside her, and the onslaught of crazed hormones.

“Look at you, growing into the perfect broodmother for me,” Kuroi said, moans rising, “Can you still hear me? Is your mind in tact?”

“Yes,” Ookii tried answering, but her tongue and vocal chords wouldn’t follow her command, instead babbling incoherent sounds that vaguely resembled pleas for more. And she got it. The tentacles adhered to her pussy walls pulsed and something entered her bloodstream, unleashing more as she continued slurring.

“How do you like it? Your very own cock,” Kuroi said and grabbed a giantess proportioned dick, now jutting from Ookii’s crotch. Unable to answer properly, tentacles just plunged into the peak, following her new urethra into a set of titanic, but otherwise empty, balls, “Don’t worry, you’ll make cum eventually. But for now, I figured you’d want to be the best mommy of them all.”

Ookii nodded her head in blind delight.

“Your mind really is gone,” Kuroi said, disappointment echoing through her many phallic appendages, “But that’s fine. I’ll rebuild it for you. Right after I’ve cum.”

“Cum, cum, cum,” Ookii managed to say, that being the only thought left in her mind. Delight swelled Kuroi’s dick fatter inside her, dangerous churning and rumbling shaking the earth itself, while massive spheres moved along the many tendrils buried inside Ookii’s orifices.

The first to arrive pushed through her nipples, others hot on their heels. Second stretched her ass to new levels, while the lone cock twitching in her cunt flooded her with semen denser than gold, rich with uncountable sperm. Kuroi’s massive tongue ran across her back, squishing her beach ball matching ass cheeks, and lathering her in corrupt lubricant. It sank into her pores, wreaking a new level of havoc with her sensitivity.

“I’ll rebuild your mind,” Kuroi said, giant fingers caressing the equally sized belly Ookii sported, it and her tits still bellowing with more seed, “Sure, it’s special treatment, but I’d rather you be my top bitch than some random whore girl. After all, you’re the only one who genuinely thought I’d submit to you. Ready for the finale?”

“Finale?” Ookii echoed. Inky strands of darkness fished her thoughts from the abyss, gluing them back together, despite their still being soaked through with demented lust.

“I can’t have you being so weak, so I’ll share some of my ‘generators’ with you,” the shapes of humans pushed through her many tentacles now, while the fat underbelly of her cock only hinted at the same, “You’ll have to get your own after this. I’m only so generous.”

“Give me my team,” Ookii said, grinding her teeth against the urge to scream in bliss again, not before she got what she wanted, “It’s their fault this didn’t work as planned. I want them to be useful for something.”

“Oh, you’re a real bitch, you know that?” Kuroi giggled and grunted, her cock bulging with a large mass. Four faces stretched the foreskin, each familiar to Ookii. The bulges all stopped at her many entries, “Aren’t you gonna open your dimension?”

“No,” Ookii cooed and stroked her behemoth tits and belly, “I want to feel them inside me, stretching my body.”

“I think we’re gonna have a lot of fun together,” Kuroi gushed and shook the air itself with her climatic roar. Dozens of humans were dumped into Ookii’s various holes, filling out her womb, stomach and breasts, with more always following. She kept her silence throughout, despite her forever ruined cunt raining juices, until the final, largest deposit. Hiryou, Shoku, Naka and Jin all surged forth on a tide of cum and slid into her womb.

Corruption surged in response to Ookii’s wishes, her uterine walls mutating to form tentacles of her own. Her boobs and stomach followed suit. There’d be no need for food anymore, not with half of humanity to feed her. These limbs coiled around everyone and pulled them into the walls, away from her innumerable young as they developed, instantly rectifying Kuroi’s gentle treatment of them. Everyone, experienced or not, were inundated with tentacle meat, made to stretch just as Ookii wanted.

Power coalesced in response. Kuroi’s climax finally shot its final load, mere drops leaking from it. She pulled away, yet Ookii remained suspended in the air, black streaks appearing on her skin, patterns akin to hieroglyphs mixed with circuitry. Her curves shrank to a semi-manageable state, enough to fit through double doors at least, and violet tentacles wrapped around her to craft new, glossy clothes for her. Though ‘clothes’ was more a suggestion, as they barely covered half her ass and were tented by six-inch nipples. Her cock was still on full display.

The only real covering came from her thigh-high latex stockings that bit deep into her plump flesh. From her should blades, more tendrils extended, spawning others that webbed together. Thin scales formed across the webbing, masquerading as feathers. Only a human could mistake her wings as anything but demonic in nature.

“How’s it feel?” Kuroi asked.

“Hmm,” Ookii stretched her arms and neck like she’d been asleep for days, then licked her lips, newly violet eyes glowing as they scanned the landscape for stragglers, “It’ll be a lot better once I fuck some people.”

“Agreed. Shall we?” Kuroi asked, shrinking back to a mobile state.

“First to a hundred gets to knock up the other?” Ookii suggested.

“Deal.”

-5 years later-

Humanity struggled. Oh, they did everything in their power, but it’s not enough. Monsters were Magical Girl territory. No gun or sword, bow or spear, tank or plane, made by traditional means could harm them. So what could they do as their Magical Girls vanished one after the other. Entire cities of people met the same fate. At its centre were two people at first mistaken for Magical Girls themselves.

One was a lewdly endowed ‘woman’ with a pregnancy to shame any prior record holder. At her side without fail was a similar ‘woman’, however she possessed a dancer’s frame by comparison, were it not for the eight-foot phallus jutting from her crotch, always at attention. The former shared this trait, but on smaller scale.

Any city they appeared in quickly became deserted. But the people weren’t dead, nor were they sad with their new lives. Eternal pleasure left no room for sorrow or remorse in their minds once inside the corrupt duo. Reports even showed the pair double-penetrating a young woman, her body smaller than their erections, and yet she was clearly in bliss as they argued over who’d keep her. Such arguments rarely ended in anything less than sex, which often levelled entire miles of urban development.

Survivors that got away in those times weren’t unscathed either. Corruption polluted the air now. Just breathing was enough to arouse even the most rigid of asexuals. Scientists reported that amoebas present on such scenes would reproduce at a frantic rate, unable to express the darkness in any other way.

Should the duo go undefeated, it’s likely their corruption would extend through evolution and all lifeforms, regardless of complexity, would take on similar aspects. All creatures would become corrupt, sexual deviants. Even now, the effects have extended across the globe. Countries otherwise untouched by the pair have seen a ninety-percent rise in public indecency every few months, along with unusual sexual behaviours from otherwise conservative individuals.

One such individual was a devout nun. She lived her life in service of her god, content with her sisterhood, free of indecency. Two years ago, she confessed to having performed oral on another woman. Just months after that, she began confessing of similar deeds every few days. One year ago, she began slacking off in her duties and dressing inappropriately for the sisterhood. After being forced into a confession, she revealed to have gone out to a bar and slept with everyone present. She, then, seduced the priest taking her confession.

The last report was from two months ago, detailing that the convent had become a free-use brothel. It was apparently the most popular, if least profitable establishment in history. At this rate, it would only take another couple years at the most for all humanity to be affected in similar ways.

As if aware of this fact, the pair have been taking their time going across the world. Only last month had they moved onto Europe, finished with most of Asia. Despite their blatant acts of evil, any nuke launched at them was safely contained. They refused to allow a single human, that could otherwise power them further, die. Humanity is doomed to an eternal paradise of mindless depravity.