*-Approximately thirty minutes before Carmen writes Melody’s name-*

“Hello?” Stacy said, picking up her phone. She didn’t recognise the number.

“Hey, Stacy,” Rachel said from the other end.

“Rachel? Um, to what do I owe the pleasure?” This felt awkward. She’d technically been in a relationship with the stout redhead too, even if it was more of a by-product of being with Carmen. Oh Carmen… just thinking her name summoned dozens of incredible feelings, mostly in her chest and groin. They were almost enough for her to reconsider her decision.

“It’s Carmen’s sister, Melody.”

“What about her?” Stacy’s brow furrowed, prepared to hear that the young woman had run away.

“She’s in the hospital. Something… I don’t know what exactly, but something happened to her. I know you’re not with Carmen anymore, but I think she could really use another friend. I’ve never seen her face like that before.”

“I’ll be right there.” Stacy hung up and gathered her things, all while texting her employees that she’d be out that day. There was plenty of her milk in storage, so they should be fine for the morning rush at least. The whole time, her chest was numb, mind spewing various horrific scenarios.

Yet she kept them compartmentalised. Panicking wouldn’t help her or anyone. Least of all Carmen. She was so smart, wise well beyond her years, but her her impulses were difficult to manage at the best of times. Who knew what she’d do in such a frame of mind?

Keys in hand, Stacy headed down from her apartment. Elevators were out. Great, stairs it is then, she thought and stomped down them. Speed was never her forte, much less so now that she had such an erotically resplendent body. Her breasts sloshed the whole way down. Several neighbours scrambled out of her way as she went down. Even so, she knocked into more than a few, not that they seemed to mind.

The car groaned under her weight. It’d been doing that more and more lately, “Just hold on for a while longer.” Is what she kept telling it. She fully intended to retire the clearly outclassed vehicle. Just never got around to it.

Driving in an emergency ranked pretty high on her list of stresses. It seemed like every traffic light, every asshole in the other lane, all the cyclists were there just to slow her down. Adding to that, her car choked and sputtered whenever it stopped or started. Each time, she thought it’d die on her, yet it persevered.

For five minutes.

“No, no, no. Come on, baby. You can do this,” she repeated it like a mantra as she tried the engine. Over and over and over and over. No luck. If she waited for AAA, she’d be stuck there for hours. Sighing, she called them and scribbled a note, then rushed over to the nearest bus stop. Luckily, it pulled up just a few minutes later.

“I should call,” Stacy pondered from the back. There weren’t many passengers, leaving her free to take up an entire row, such was the majesty of her hips. Despite knowing what she should do, her fingers refused to take that final plunge. Carmen’s number and picture stared at her from the screen, a carefree smile on her stunning face. Her peculiar eyes, a consequence of the Futa Note she claimed, were still so enticing. If only her libido wasn’t so unmanageable.

Thinking of that just brought back memories of the long nights they spent making love. Usually days too. If Carmen had her way, they could’ve done it for entire weeks. That might be one of the things Stacy missed most. The endless intimacy certainly went a long way to keeping her satisfied. Now she had to deal with it alone.

Not that it wasn’t fun. She certainly enjoyed rubbing her many dick-nipples together, using the bountiful pre-cum to lube them up so they slipped over one another, while giving herself a nice tit-fuck. Then there was all the milk too. Still, it’d be nice to have a partner, someone to fuck… *help* her settle down faster.

“Oh crap. Dammit, Carmen,” Stacy hissed, realising she’d let herself get turned on. This wasn’t the time or place for that. Still, it was nice knowing what they had still affected her to such an extent, “Stupid, sexy Carmen.”

Maybe when they saw each other, it wouldn’t hurt to find somewhere nice and private, with plenty of drains, and just… no. Stop it. Stacy took a deep breath right as the bus stuttered to a halt. Lousy driver, she thought and looked to the front, hoping to give them a slight frown of disapproval. But what she saw there, climbing onto the sorely average vehicle, was a creature of staggering beauty.

“Carmen?”

The beautiful creature turned. No, it wasn’t her, just incredibly similar. At least in terms of size. The face was a far cry though, cheeks gaunt and lips pursed in an odd, unfriendly smirk. Her eyes were nothing like Carmen’s either, lacking the ovarian shape, yet they still shone with otherworldly lust. Stacy knew that, because they met her own and her body flushed even hotter.

“Well, well, what’s a gorgeous woman like yourself doing on a dump like this?” The woman asked. Strange, she wasn’t a futa. Surely anyone with tits that size, more than twice the size of their head, must’ve been someone Carmen changed. Yet this one lacked that key distinction.

“I could ask you the same thing,” Stacy said. Not intentionally, the words just came out. The woman chuckled, deep and husky. Just like Carmen, her voice dripped with sex.

“Name’s Tricia. A pleasure to meet you…”

“Stacy.” They shook hands and the woman sat in the seats across from Stacy, requiring a row all to herself as well.

“So, you gonna make me repeat myself?” Tricia asked. She had a British accent, very lightly posh.

“Oh, just on my way to… to…” A wave of nausea overcame her for just a moment. Stacy leaned back, breathing deep while the world balanced out. When it did, she was at a loss for why she was on the bus in the first place.

“You alright?”

“Yes, I’m just… I’m going to see an old friend.” That sounded about right. She got a call from Rachel who said that Carmen wanted to reconcile, and with how long it’d been, Stacy was starved for some proper sex. It couldn’t hurt to meet up for a friendly quickie. So then why was she on a bus going to the hospital?

“I see. Sounds like quite the ‘friend’.”

Stacy flushed. She must’ve let her desire seep into her voice.

“You sure you’re good?” Tricia asked and scooted closer, hips taking up half the aisle, then placed a hand on the futa’s knee, gripping it. Glancing at her, a hundred thoughts raced through Stacy’s head. None of them decent.

She tried taking deep breaths, but that just puffed her chest out, swelling nipples rubbing into her shirt. They wanted out. She wanted to let them out. This woman’s gaze said she wanted them out too. Would it be so bad to indulge a little? It’d been weeks since she split with Carmen. The debauchery had gotten to be too much, yet she missed it all the same. Why couldn’t she be the one to relax control?

“Perhaps you’d like a hand with relaxing?” That wonderfully refined voice called her back. Stacy blinked and found she’d nudged over a little as well, hips almost rubbing the other woman’s. Help? With relaxing?

“Sure. That sounds nice.”

“Give me your back,” Tricia said. It was awkward, being so wide, but she squished her hips into the seats in front of her and offered the tantalising woman her back. A second later, hands were upon her. Stacy moaned, she couldn’t help it. The fingers dug in with such precision, like she knew exactly where the tension gathered, then pushed it out. In their wake, they left only relaxation, bordering on blissful nirvana. Stacy relaxed deeper into the massage.

She didn’t even question it as Tricia worked her way under the shirt. Skin on skin just made it better. The woman worked back up, taking the top with her, until she convinced Stacy’s to lift her arms just enough to slide it all the way off. It clung to her front, glued there by the pre-cum leaking from her nipples. By and large, however, she was topless facing out the bus window.

People could see her. So let them, a voice in the back of her mind whispered, just as endearing as Tricia’s. Yeah, let them stare. She had nothing to be ashamed of. Just the opposite in fact.

“You’re incredible,” Tricia said. Her breath became another point of relaxation on Stacy’s flesh, even as it sent goosebumps rippling along her arms and neck.

“Me? Hardly. You’re very good at this.”

“You could say I have some experience,” Tricia chuckled, though Stacy didn’t get why, “More?”

Stacy didn’t hesitate this time, “Yes, please.”

The woman nudged in closer, hands gliding over the shoulders and grazing the top of Stacy’s bust. A moment later and she peeled the shirt away, letting the world see the twenty dicks swelling up at the peaks of her breasts. Her areola filled out with them, milk already beading all over. Tricia ignored the unusually placed phalli and went for her lactate, coating her hands in it, then went back to the massage. Now she had lubricant.

“So much tension,” Tricia cooed as she worked, sinking her fingers deep, encouraging a faster flow. It also brought Stacy to erection sooner, the scent of her virile dicks filling the closed space. But there were so many more left to escape.

“It’s been a while,” Stacy said.

“Since you got a massage?”

Stacy bit her lip. Had she misread this whole thing? That’s fine, she supposed. It still went a long way to soothing her nerves before seeing Carmen after so long. And she’d definitely be pent up enough by then.

Tricia leaned in, breasts flattening against her back as she whispered into her ear, “Or since you got laid?”

The futa half-groaned, half-laughed, “That’s a relief.”

“It’s cramped here, but that just makes it… cosy.”

“Hmm,” Stacy sighed as she turned around, letting this person she’d known for all of five minutes ogle her naked breasts. Or she expected that to be the case, if not for the sudden kiss delivered to her. Stacy closed her eyes and savoured the slimy texture of a tongue, and the welcoming plushness of those lips on hers. Saliva pooled in her mouth, yet little of it was her own. It had a subtle sweetness to it, just enough that she craved more.

As the kiss went on, her breasts gurgled and spilled fresh milk onto Tricia’s top. Her cocks hardened against the squishy mountains, throbbing, eager to find something - anything - spill their seed into. Stacy moaned and wove her fingers into the woman’s hair, slowly rocking her whole body to desires rhythm. Without breaking their kiss, Tricia tore her shirt in half. She only separated because Stacy ran out of breath.

Even then, her hands were all over the futa’s breasts. Hefting them, squeezing them, urging her cocks to gush and her milk to pour out, “Your body is amazing. I’ve never seen anything like it,” Tricia said.

“Thank you,” Stacy panted, then gasped as her pants were pulled down. She didn’t have anything as bothersome as a belt or buttons. Neither would do anything on her body. Not that it made removal a simple matter for Tricia, as she worked within the confined area, yet it wouldn’t stop her. In under a minute, Stacy was bare. With a total of thirty-eight pricks all standing at attention.

Tricia giggled, “It’s like a bouquet. How romantic.”

“They’re all for you,” Stacy said and scrambled to disrobe her partner too. From top to bottom, the woman was a regal visage. Pale skin that almost sparkled in direct sunlight, contracted by the overt criss-cross pattern of veins in her immense chest, culminating in dark nipples. Was she pregnant? If not, she likely would be after this.

“You’re too kind,” Tricia said and backed away, spreading her legs and pussy with both hands. A couple of fingers beckoned to the futa, who saw no reason to hesitate. Except, maybe, kind of, sort of because of the public space they occupied.

She only recalled that fact because of a cough. When she looked up, she found more than a few faces peering back at her. None looked offended at least, but it was enough to cow her arousal enough for her to pause.

“Perhaps we should find somewhere more private?”

“No. Let them watch. Your beauty deserves to be seen by as many as possible,” Tricia said and… she was so right. Stacy hated vanity when it was undeserved. But with a body like hers, one that obviously captivated so many people’s fancy, she could afford to be a little vane. Besides, this would no doubt be the highlight of any commuters day.

Stacy’s erections pulsed in approval of her decision and all but tugged her hips toward Tricia. The pussy that greeted them was massive, its labia the size of a grapefruit, with rich, meaty lips that promised to caress her cocks as they slid in. On top of that, the hole itself gaped wide, trembling as she dragged several glans up and down. Once she had a good coating of fem-cum, Stacy grabbed two members and pushed.

There was no way she could get all eighteen together. Not when they were each fatter than a two-litre bottle and longer than her arms. Tricia helped, grabbing another two and squeezing in alongside the others. Her cunt stretched so easily, yet it held her so tight Stacy didn’t have to hold them in place. Realising this, she went about grabbing her cocks two at a time and cramming them in. Before long, all eighteen of her crotch-pillars had their tips buried inside. And it felt incredible!

“Well? Don’t keep me waiting,” Tricia said and undulated her hips, pussy doing the same around the many cocks.

Stacy pointedly ignored the audience as she delivered every inch into this stunning slut of a woman. She bit her lip with glee at the sight of all her cocks bulging through, moaning when they shoved against the breasts sat over top. Tricia lifted her bosom to allow them passage, before dropping them on the many phalli, giving Stacy a tit-fuck through the silky flesh. Once their groins splashed together, Stacy gave up all control.

Her plump body rippled from the impacts. Each one went straight to her balls, making sure they churned up a thicker load for the inevitable release. Tricia’s pussy and womb were like mouths on her cocks, slurping all over, drooling liberally and pulling her back in. Oh the sounds they were making. So wet and dense, like dropping a slab of brick into the ocean from a cliff. All while Tricia’s husky voice dropped lower as she moaned through it all.

Even then, she sounded more refined than Stacy. She’d gone from the light, warm tones all the way down to animalistic grunts. This was the price of being too stubborn to find a partner since breaking up with Carmen. Nothing compared to fucking with such abandon using well over a dozen dicks.

Then there were the scents. Subtle hints of public transport still broke through - spilled drinks, stale sweat and so on - but drowning it was the raw stench of sex. It only got stronger the more she pounded Tricia into a simpering, cumming mess. Heady, musky, notes of flora from her shampoo, even some sweetness as her milk splattered all around. Honestly, the scents reminded her of home now.

She really should clean up all those puddles she’d made in the past week.

No, make more! That sounded much more pleasing. She would. Once she finished here, and got fucked by Carmen for all time’s sake, she’d get home and drench the entire apartment in cum and milk. Maybe she’d do the same of her work too? No doubt people would flock to taste her cum when they saw just how big and sexy and potent her cocks were.

It’s just a shame that her dick-nipples were left out to dry.

So use her nipples.

“Great idea, brain,” Stacy moaned and grabbed Tricia’s teats, finding them already opening for her fingertips. Yeah, that’d do just fine. The futa grabbed their discarded shirts and wrangled her phallic nipples together. Not phased in the slightest, Tricia pulled a tit open, revealing the pretty, lumpy pink flesh within. Strands of milk and clear juices lined the passage, each one breaking as Stacy fed her numerous nipples into them.

Still not enough.

“What?” Stacy frowned. She had all of her cocks inside this sublime cocksleeve. How could she possibly want for more?

The answer came when she felt hands on her ass. Obscured by the sounds, several of their viewers had approached. Only… they didn’t look like anyone she’d seen on the bus previously. These were all incredibly voluptuous, eyes the same lustful crimson as Tricia’s, all fixated on her enormous rear. Tricia pulled her forward, mashing their tits together and angling her ass up for the audience-turned-participants. One didn’t waste a moment in shoving her face between Stacy’s cheeks to eat out her dirty hole.

She gasped at the tongue poking inside of her. It made her ass clench tight, which caused her dicks to flex and her hips to jerk forward, distracting her with how sublime Tricia felt. Only for her attention to divide again as three separate mouths latched onto her lush cunt, suckling and nibbling at her folds. Then another joined in and attacked her clit.

Too much… not enough… can’t take… need more…

Hands and mouths alike roved her overstuffed sack. Each one was subtle against the chorus of pleasure from elsewhere, yet no less effective in making her cum mere seconds later. It all flowed into Tricia, not a drop spilled, even as her cocks felt like they’d fly off with the sheer force of her release. Stacy collapsed atop the girl that started it all, silently savouring the enormous gut and tits she’d created with her cum.

But it still wasn’t enough.

“Come on. Give me more,” Stacy groaned and kept thrusting. The bus creaked as Tricia’s jizz-stuffed body sloshed about. Her flesh turned a strained red when another load filled her womb and breasts. Reluctantly, Stacy pulled out with a ball-tingling slurp, followed by geysers of cum as her pussy and tits were freed. Yet the woman remained conscious. Impressive.

That said, she was of no more use like that. Stacy shook her head. Where did that come from? She’d never thought something so horrible in all her life. The words sounded almost alien in her head. Like they were someone else’s. Granted, they were technically correct.

There it was again. Maybe she was just still horny. Looking up, Stacy found all the passengers presented themselves to her. It was still strange that she hadn’t noticed how curvy most of them were, though some were no more endowed than the average pornstar. Not that she would complain at that moment. She had thirty-eight erections still eager to pump them all full.

As she fucked some, the others descended upon her body. Hands got lost inside her pussy and ass, fists punched against her prostate to make her cum that much faster, and others wrapped their whole bodes around her boobs. That was the only way they could handle the sheer size after all. So many different mouths swallowed her nipples, deep throating them and choking when she inevitably came.

The orgasms were incredible. Just as crazy as when she and Carmen made love. If not more so. It felt like her mind was slipping out with every shot of jizz. But it was replaced just right away. By more lust!

“Don’t stop. Keep coming. Let me fuck and cum and inflate!” Stacy growled as she moved through the surprisingly full transport.

The suspension groaned louder as she stuffed one after the other. By the time she was halfway through the assortment of sluts, it finally gave out. The driver barely pulled into a nook before then. Rather than calling for assistance, they ended up joining in the orgy.

“Yes, come and worship me. Suck my cocks. Drink my seed. Accept that you are just my cumdumps!”

Those words felt so right to say. Not that she knew much else at that moment. Her brain was solely devoted to cumming. Soon enough, words left her and, not long after, her mind faded.

Yet Stacy kept going. The more she fucked, the better it felt. And the better it felt, the more she wanted to fuck. Fortunately, there was no end to the pussies craving her divine seed. It was almost sad, that any human she so much as looked at would never amount of anything better, though that was just their fate she supposed. Nothing more than auxiliary sperm receptacles. They were happy like that, though.

What could be better than to serve their queen?

Stacy strode from the thoroughly demolished transport with a smile on her face. This body would do very nicely indeed, a perfect vessel. One that the offender recognised and would be unguarded toward. Now, however, she needed to figure out a way to get to her. The previous occupant to her body wouldn’t be of any use for a while yet, her consciousness whimpering in the corner of her mind from the overdose of pleasure.

“My queen.”

“Hmm? Oh, there you are Em. I was beginning to think you got stuck between realms.” Stacy’s voice echoed with a far more regal one, subtle enough that most humans would wave it off as a trick of their finicky hearing.

“Nothing could keep me from you, your highness.”

“Good answer. Now, let’s find some accommodation until this one’s soul recovers a bit. Then I can properly pick at her memories.” Travelling realms was always such a hassle. Made worse when she needed a vessel. Their minds could only handle so much before snapping. At least this one was stouter. Still, it’d take days, perhaps weeks for her to be of any use.

“What of the offender?”

“Yes, yes, we will search for her as well, but for now, I’m eager to indulge. This body is much more depraved than I expected. And it’s not everyday that I’m in the human realm. I’d quite enjoy a Big Mac.”

“Yes, ma’am. And what of Ryuka?”

“She’ll be with the offender. There’s no rush. Reality hasn’t torn itself apart just yet.”

Em frowned, but nodded and gestured to a nearby car, one large enough to handle Stacy’s abundant form. She took up the entire back, while Em sat in the driver’s seat.

“Ooh, you brought oranges. You, my dear, have earned a private fucking from yours truly,” Stacy said, happily chomping on the fruits, pith and all. Yes, the human realm was lacking in many respects, but its few delights were truly to be treasured.