This couldn’t be happening.

This could not happen.

Not now. Not to Melody. That wasn’t fair in the slightest. She’d done nothing wrong. Except listen to Gretchen.

“Oh fuck,” Gretchen shuddered, head in her sweaty hands. Everything was still sort of numb thanks to the booze and pot in her veins, but they did nothing to stop that awful tightness in her chest. She could barely breathe. Yet it was all she could do at that moment.

Because she was just a stupid bimbo that gave a child - a fucking *child!* - straight fucking vodka and a shitty joint. If she’d just been smarter, better behaved, an actual good fucking person, then this wouldn’t be happening. None of this. But hindsight would do nothing when Melody’s sister got there. Just the thought of what would happen made her skin crawl.

Or that was the commotion down the hall.

She looked up and saw her instantly. It was impossible to miss. A hulking creature of inhuman beauty, with tits that took up the entire passage, and standing head and shoulders over the masses. She was led by a nurse, who jogged just to keep pace with the Amazon’s strides, and to avoid getting knocked over by the enormous bulges. Then Carmen stopped and her crushing gaze found Gretchen’s.

The next seconds were a blur. She stood up, then she couldn’t breathe at all, a hand around her throat, while the sterile hall blurred around her. The world stopped and she was dropped onto her side. Gretchen ignored the stabbing pain in her arm and the grazes all over it as she turned over to look at Carmen.

“Tell me everything.”

There was no disobeying her. Gretchen told her everything, how she’d met Melody and spent a weekend with her, told her to misbehave. All of it culminating in that day, where she came to Carmen’s house, armed with all the things she shouldn’t have brought, and ended up in the hospital.

“I’m sorry. I’m so fucking sorry,” Gretchen wept. That almost surprised her. When was the last time she cried because of something important? When her dad left? It felt like it.

“No, you’re not,” Carmen said, much too calmly. Gretchen opened her mouth to repeat herself, only for the whole world to spin. When it came back into focus, she was on the ground. Something wet and warm poured down her cheeks. It didn’t hurt. Not yet.

An immense weight settled upon her body and forced the air from her lungs. Carmen straddled her. In nearly any other situation, she might’ve enjoyed it, but here, with those frigid eyes bearing down on her… Gretchen saw death. Only for an instant, as another blow rattled her brain. Another followed soon after. Now the pain came.

Carmen was relentless. Punch after punch bloodied her hands, leaving Gretchen’s face more and more disfigured. One of her eyes had already swollen shut, her nose was crooked, a couple teeth had come loose, and she was barely breathing.

“Still alive?” Carmen asked when she finally paused. A single, weak breath was all that answered her, “Hmm, the book certainly is impressive. I don’t know how strong I actually am, but I’d wager I could knock out just about anyone. Yet you’re not breathing, but still conscious. Though I bet that’s a curse right now. Does it hurt? Do you want it to stop?”

“I wonder how many people have wanted the same thing from you,” Carmen mused and stood, allowing the bimbo to take in a shuddering breath. Her good eye was bloodshot with tears streaming from it, “If I ever see you near Melody again, you’ll wish for death.”

Knuckles dripping Gretchen’s blood, Carmen rushed back to Melody. There was nothing she could do personally. Just sit and wait and hope. By the time she got back, her mother had arrived, clearly after being interrupted if her dishevelled hair and lack of makeup was anything to go by. A doctor was with her, doing their best to keep her calm, but the tears in her eyes were obvious. Carmen swallowed her fears as she joined them.

“We’ve got the reaction under control, however the poisoning is another matter. In someone so young, it’s doing more damage than expected. At this point, her organs could start failing any second. The best we can do is monitor the situation and respond if the worst comes to be.”

“That’s it?” Carmen glared down at them, hands still dripping. The doctor glanced down and gulped, but didn’t back away.

“Anything we could try is too dangerous when she’s this young. I’ll, uh, leave you two alone.”

“I’m a horrible mother,” Alicia said once they were alone, sliding down a wall to sit on the bench. Carmen remained standing, looking through the window at Melody’s curtained bed, as the only guaranteed solution weighed on her shoulder.

“No, you’re not.”

“Yes I am. I knew she was acting out, but I just thought it was because of Sam. So we gave her space. Then this happens.” She was on the verge of sobbing now.

“It’s my fault.” If she’d just removed Gretchen as a threat or… or if she’d paid more attention to her baby sister, then none of this would’ve happened. Alicia was fine. She made a small mistake born from a new love. Carmen had no such excuse. She was supposed to have control. To be better.

“No, don’t say that, honey,” Alicia caught her in a hug from behind, hiding the tears, “She’s a strong girl. She’ll get through this and we can make it up to her.”

But what if she didn’t make it? Carmen kept the question to herself. Faint memories of her father sifted back in, of those last moments she saw him in a hospital bed, suffering before the end claimed him. She didn’t have the means to save him. She had them now.

“I… I need some air.”

Carmen found a mostly abandoned hall. Only a couple of people milled through from what she saw. She propped herself against the wall and pulled out the Futa Note. It’d make Melody a futa, sure, but that was a small sacrifice to save her life.

*“No*.”

Carmen looked around at the whisper in her ear, but saw no one. Was it the book? Couldn’t be. It had to understand why she needed its power, now more than ever. She put pencil to paper and the world went black.

When she came to, she was back in her room. Or not. Everything was covered in a pink haze, out of focus, like one of her eyes wasn’t fully working. Her desk was a mess, her laptop propped open and blaring light into the otherwise dark space, illuminating specks of dust floating around. Seeing nothing else, she walked over to it, footsteps reverberating despite the carpet.

Nothing.

“Things are a mess. Comes with the forced link.”

Carmen whirled and stared at her living reflection, no longer fazed by how similar she and the book’s representation had become.

“Why am I here?”

“Because you were about to break a natural law.”

“As opposed to everything else I’ve done?”

“Children are off limits.”

“I have no intention of using it for that,” Carmen said, almost enraged by the insinuation.

“That isn’t the point. There are rules. Some are flexible, yes, but not this one. If you try, there’s no telling what will happen.”

“If I don’t, Melody will die.”

The Futa Note cast its gaze down, “That’s not guaranteed.”

“It might as well be. And it’ll be my fault. So let me fix it!”

“I can’t! Carmen, I have done everything in my power to give you whatever you desire, you understand that? I’ve removed your inhibitions so you could finally enjoy life. I merged part of our essence so you wouldn’t suffer. I even helped give you the body of your dreams. You can’t just take and take without consequence. If you do this, there’s no telling what could happen.”

Carmen touched the laptop and the screen flickered. Melody’s face appeared on it, as she’d appeared when they first moved into the new house, beaming with joy. Probably the happiest she’d been in a long time. Then it changed. That smile shrank away, replaced by a pout, then a scowl. Lastly, Carmen saw her sister with sunken eyes, hollowed cheeks, and chalky lips. A death mask.

“I’m partly you, correct?”

The book frowned at her, “Yes.”

Carmen nodded and pushed the laptop closed, leaving them shrouded in shadows. The only light came from the Futa Note’s eyes, glowing subtly as they tracked Carmen’s own moving closer. Its frown persisted until Carmen kissed the embodiment of all her lust.

“Then give me more,” she grunted, feeling up the book’s - and, by extension, her own - breasts. Her fingers sank all the way in, swallowed whole by the supple flesh, “Give me your power.”

“No, I can’t…”

Carmen silenced her with another kiss. Despite its protests, both of their bodies were reacting, cocks hardening and rubbing together, feeding one another’s desire. Carmen pulled away and shoved one of their many members against the book’s lips, keeping it quiet, while she stood up. She angled another prick at her pussy, then sank down in one smooth motion.

“Give it to me. I don’t care if my body becomes even crazier. Or if the universe tears itself in two because of this. Just let me save my sister!”

Under her assault, the Futa Note had no chance. A knot of cum formed in the shaft and sped up, several others following, before erupting into Carmen and bloating her stomach into a flesh-coloured blimp. With every deluge, she felt power surge in her veins, the pleasure escalating several fold each time.

“You want this?” The book gasped, other cocks shrinking away to devote their mass to the middle, still pumping into Carmen, “Then fine. But there will be consequences that even we can’t handle.”

“I’ll take that chance.”

Carmen jolted back to reality, book still in hand and body thrumming with spectral pleasure. Her cocks throbbed in their bondage, eager to break free, but tempered by concern. A few people watched her from the end of the hallway, whispering to one another. Ignoring them, she turned her focus onto the Futa Note… but why? She was horny, but not to that extreme. Besides, Melody would be just waking up.

“There you are,” Alicia said, “I was about to send a search party after you.”

“Sorry,” Carmen rubbed at her eye. Why was she exhausted?

“You alright?”

“Yeah, just… tired?”

“Hmm, well they said Melody will be up any moment.”

“Right. I still don’t know why she did it.”

“How could she not?” Alicia said, “Sharing a house with people so much bigger than her would take its toll eventually.”

Carmen nodded; a fair point. It still felt like the decision came from nowhere, although she supposed she’d caught Melody staring at her and her friends more often lately. Hadn’t she? She must not have gotten as much sleep last night as she thought. Thanks, Rachel, she thought. Even though they hadn’t spent the night together. Or did they?

“Um, honey? Your nose.”

“Huh?” Carmen dabbed at her upper-lip, feeling warm liquid following the bow of it. That was a first. “Um, I’ll get some tissues. Be right back.”

Her legs didn’t feel right. Too… tall? But she’d had this body for at least a month at this point, and growth caused by the book was gradual, not to mention it rewrote her muscle memory to suit all changes. It’d take a purposeful rewrite for her to feel any of it and she hadn’t used it since the arcade. Maybe that was it? Pretty much all her friends got off except for her.

“Oh my god, are you okay?”

Carmen looked up. Four women stood before her, dressed in scrubs, brows furrowed in concern. The nosebleed, right. But this might be the perfect opportunity.

“Not really,” she said, hardly a lie.

“Right come with us. There’s a room free this way,” one of them said. Another handed her a bundle of tissues. Carmen followed, mind already at work as to what she could do with the four of them. Three on her cocks and the other planted under her pussy? Or one huge cock going all the way through into another, while two others throated her nipples? Maybe shove one up her pussy, ass or her cock? Perhaps all three? The best part of her insane form was the possibilities it offered.

One of them sat her down on a bed and talked to the others. Carmen wasn’t listening, too preoccupied with which one she wanted first. There really wasn’t a matter of if when they’d already been exposed to her pheromones. A couple were already breathing heavy, masks puffing out quickly, while the others couldn’t look away from her crotch. Her legs spread apart, both for comfort and to give a better idea just how enormous she was.

Two looked like twins with how similar their faces were. Blonde hair that framed rounded cheeks and big, blue eyes that screamed naivety, matched with juicy lips and slender bodies. Either would look splendid wrapped around a cock.

Then there was the gawker. Long black hair, barely held back by a hair band, strands breaking out to dangle over her forehead. It paired well with her gaze, sharpened by sleek glasses. Likewise, her outfit was tidy, not a ruffle or strand out of line. Carmen licked her lips at the thought of completely ruining that appearance.

She and the twins looked young enough to be in college.

“There we are. Shove those up your nose holes and I’ll ask some questions. That okay?”

Carmen nodded. This one was older, probably a doctor with the other three shadowing her. Crows feet were dotted around her eyes and her cheeks weren’t as tight as the others. That said, her body had clearly reaped the benefits of age and child-rearing, with large breasts and hips that made the scrubs appear almost indecent. Sandy hair was tied back in a high pony-tail.

All her questions went in one ear and out the other. Until she peaked Carmen’s interest, “Are you sexually active?”

There it was. Her eyes lacked the usual professionalism and she knew it, keeping them averted from Carmen’s own gaze, though they flicked back at her answer, “Very.”

The doctor cleared her throat, “Um, well. Have you been very… rough?”

“Oh yes. I very much prefer it rough.”

“What about multiple partners?” A twin asked, then realised what she’d asked and shrank away to hide behind her sister. Despite that, no one made to dissuade the question.

“Do you think one person can handle me?”

“No,” the twin sighed.

“Your body is… intriguing,” the doctor said, trying to maintain something professionalism, “Such hyper developed sexual characteristics, especially those…”

“Cocks!” The other twin exclaimed, blushing fiercely. She wasn’t corrected.

“Would you like to study me?” Carmen asked and stood. The floor shifted underneath her, but she kept her balance and undid a button on her pants. The waistband snapped apart, the elastic grateful for such relief. She pushed them down an inch and heard a moan. Not from the twins or doctor, but the tight-dressed girl.

Even just this much exposure aroused them. Carmen smiled at them all and set to removing her top. A tremendous undertaking with tits like hers, requiring her to peel the fabric up and over them, revealing the mountains inch by inch, until they came free with a reverberating smack against her stomach. All four onlookers gasped at the sound.

“You can probably guess why I don’t wear a bra,” the futa chuckled, then pushed her pants down, eliciting a long, drawn out moan from all three. What must they be thinking? They all studied biology, had a deep understanding of the human body as their profession necessitated, but Carmen’s body spat in the face of any and all textbooks. Truth be told, she was curious to know just what her internals were like.

“How is this possible?” The doctor whispered, falling to her knees as a trio of inhuman cocks, coated in black, leathery flesh and capped with glans that flared out almost half again as wide as the shaft. They jaws collectively fell when all three members flexed and gave them a few of the fat rims of her urethras, all gaped and ready. A faint steam wafted up from them under the lighting.

Yet it was only a fraction of Carmen’s majestic form. The cocks made up a majority of her mass, however that also meant they obscured much of it. She turned around, meeting each of their eyes in turn, and sighed contentedly at their gasps when they saw her flawless rump and the juicy treasure between her thighs. Running a hand over her ass showed off just how soft it was, despite shaming any other butt in the world; natural or otherwise. She pulled a cheek and let go, flashing them her thick asshole.

Of course, that was only a test. From that angle, they had full view of her femininity. Any who gasped from that little treat were clearly interested in other places. That was the sharp-dressed girl, who palmed at her body through her clothes, seemingly unaware of it. None of the others were aware of their actions either.

The doctor in particular was on the cusp of abandoning curiosity for raw lust. Carmen watched her closer, tracking everywhere the older woman glanced, eyes never lingering for long.

“Has it been long for you?” Carmen asked, bringing her members back into main view.

Everyone answered, “Yes.”

She looked at the twins, certain that was a bold-faced lie. Between their faces and similarities, few people would turn them down. And, call it a hunch, but Carmen suspected they’d shared plenty of threesomes.

“I meant you,” the futa stepped toward the doctor, only then realising she never got her name, “Ms…?”

“Jane. Just… just Jane. That’s Megan, and those are Hillary and Val,” Jane said, introducing the tightly dressed woman and the twins respectively.

“Well, Jane,” Carmen said, letting the name linger, “When was the last time you were satisfied?”

“Last night. I did it myself,” Jane said, not convincing at all.

“I said ‘satisfied’. You can’t tell me using your fingers or some little toy is enough.”

The doctor took several deep, panicked breaths. Her eyes darted around, as if looking for an excuse or an explanation, yet she always returned to Carmen’s face and body. There, she found her response, “It’s been years. My husband doesn’t pay attention to me. My toys are small and I have to do it in secret or he gets mad.”

Carmen closed the gap. Or rather, she took another step closer, breasts consuming the older woman’s face, “Tell me, then, how much do you want me? How badly do you want me to ruin your little body?”

“Just fucking do it!” Megan, the normally cool-headed girl, shouted. Carmen turned her head and found the girl propped against the bed, shirt unbuttoned and pants shoved halfway down her thighs, with a hand between them as she groped herself. Nothing special, but eager. The futa smirked and stepped away from the doctor, who panted faster as a nipple brushed past her chin.

Megan looked mortified as all eyes went to her, yet she didn’t stop, “My parents are so fucking strict. I can’t do anything without them breathing down my neck. They monitor everything.”

“So?” Carmen asked and notched a hip to the side.

“I…I…” Megan moaned as she fingered herself faster. A string of drool fell from her lip, tongue failing to catch it. She resembled a dog in heat as she arched her hips forward, trying desperately to entice Carmen. When no words came to her, Megan dropped to the floor and turned around, ass high up, with her pussy dripping down her inner thighs.

“I just wanna get fucked! I saw some porn a while back and I just need it!”

“Hmm…” She wasn’t being honest. Carmen returned her attention back to Jane, who groaned in delight as those cocks moved closer. They were half-hard, showing just a hint of what laid beyond.

“No! Please!” Megan whined.

“You won’t even admit what you really want,” Carmen said, checking the girl’s shadow and the fat, writhing stomach it possessed. It’d be simple to give her that with the book, however Carmen didn’t want to use it. There was something special about using her impossible body on normal people, “You don’t have that problem, do you, Jane?”

“Please fuck me up so hard that my husband realises what a limp-dicked loser he is!” Jane said without hesitation. While she hadn’t removed her clothes yet, it wasn’t from lack of desire, but being so completely fixated on the body in front of her, “I want to be able to shove a watermelon up my cunt and not feel it.”

“That’s more like it,” Carmen cooed and willed her cocks to rise.

“Dammit! Just… fuck a baby into me!” Megan screamed.

“Getting close, but not yet.”

“I… I…” Her eyes widened as all three dicks swelled up, casting their shadows upon her, each one more than enough to smother her whole body. Just looking at them, her whole body went tight and a jet of pussy-juice splashed across the floor.

“She’s a total freak,” Hillary said - or Val, they were very similar.

“Val’s right. We overheard her sleep-talking. She wants to be knocked up.”

“Not just knocked up, but so big she can’t even move,” Val said.

“I think she wants to outgrow the dorms.”

“The campus even!”

“All with a fucked up pussy,” they both giggled.

Carmen licked her lips. A very tempting thought.

“That’s not it,” Megan moaned and tried shoving her hand up her pussy, “I just wanna be used. Whether that’s giving birth to bunch of brats, being fucked day and night for any and everyone, having my holes turned inside-out… just use me. Fuck me. Break me.”

Well, how could she refuse such a desire?