“Leah, I’m home!” Rachel called upon squeezing into her home. She nearly got stuck if not for her perseverence. One of the very few not so awesome parts of having an ass about as wide as she was tall. Honestly, she was surprised the Futa Note hadn’t altered her house like it had with Saint Puella, although daily reminders of how enormous she was compared to before was pretty hot.

“Leah?” She called again. Even if her sister was busy draining herself, she usually gave a loud moan or two in response. But nothing.

Rachel waddled down the hall to their designated milking room. It was one of the few outright changes to the building, and a very necessary one. Even taking Leah out of account, the few times Rachel masturbated made enough of a mess that she could clog and flood the bathroom with ease. She cracked the door open, ready to impact her sister’s body-dwarfing milk-bags, but nothing. It was clean too - relatively anyway.

Likewise, she checked Leah’s room and found it just as vacant and unused. Where was she? Neither of the siblings went upstairs much at all, except to shower, and even that was rare since their bodies and hair didn’t really need it. It didn’t sound like anyone was home at all really. Their parents wasn’t odd, they were out at work at near all hours of the day. But Leah should be there. Her car was in the driveway after all.

A gnat of worry buzzed in her head. Carmen’s earlier concern, and lack of libido, came back to mind. As she ventured upstairs, on the off chance Leah did have a shower and just stuck there, she pulled out her phone from her cleavage. It rang a few times while she confirmed the house was completely empty, then clicked to the basic voicemail message.

Now there was a swarm of worry as she raced downstairs. Or as close as she could with hips like hers. Ordinarily, she would enjoy how they rubbed the walls with her every exaggerated step, however this wasn’t the time to enjoy something. She barged into Leah’s room. Invasions of privacy didn’t matter when she didn’t know if her sister was safe or not. After some rifling, she found Leah’s phone. This didn’t make any sense. Even Leah had the sense to carry it on her at all times.

An abduction? Was Leah’s girlfriend involved somehow? She was a bimbo, but unaffected by the Futa Note, so Rachel had no idea what she was capable of. It felt like grasping at straws though. She rummaged around a little more, before deciding to just unlock Leah’s phone - her passwords were always way too easy.

“Nothing, nothing, nudes to Carmen… a party?”

It was details for a surprise party for Carmen, to celebrate her return. That didn’t make any sense. They were only gone for like a week. Not to mention this was *Zoey* leading the conversation. While Zoey had blossomed into a sexy freak in her own right, she absolutely wasn’t one to organise a party. Literally anyone else would’ve made some sense.

And holding it at the school? Really?

Everything about this reeked of a trap of some kind. Which obviously meant Gretchen’s involvement. Rachel snarled under her breath. It was one thing for that bitch to pull something on Carmen, she could easily handle it, but to involve Leah and Zoey was much too far. She found Leah’s keys and put her couple of driving lessons to the test.

All in all, the drive went well. Few things focused her like anger, and even fewer things pissed her off like Gretchen using her friends and family. Maybe this is what Carmen was feeling? Gretchen must’ve done something to Zoey to make her do this, though what could she even do to someone like that? Zoey didn’t just have horse-cocks, but she was strong as one too and blackmail wouldn’t matter when they had Carmen on their side.

“Figure it out later,” she told herself when she climbed out, staring at the school building. In a previous life, granted one that she remembered, she detested the sight. It was a place where she had to associate with the worst of humanity, while also bored out of her mind. The only bright spot had been Zoey during those times. Until Carmen and that wonderfully bonkers notebook came along.

That futa had done so much for them all, even if she had worried about doing too much at first. The fact she’d been so worried for everyone that she couldn’t even get it up for an entire day, just spoke to how much she loved them all. Rachel steeled herself, ready to either punch Gretchen in the face, or fuck her until her mind was well and truly broken, and marched toward the gym. The thought of an ambush crossed her mind right as she pushed the doors open.

It was an unnecessary concern as she found… a party. Streamers hung from the ceiling rafters, a long table was set up at the centre with finger foods for people to grab at their leisure, and people stood off to the sides to wait, though they now looked straight at Rachel’s five-foot-two frame.

“Uh, Rachel? Hi! We, um, we weren’t expecting you,” Zoey said, breaking off from their usual pack of friends. None of the others approached. Rachel only needed one look into those eyes to see the futa she cherished wasn’t present. A copy? No, that was impossible with a Futa Note. Gretchen must’ve done something else. Like what? What the hell could she do to someone like Zoey? Or to anyone for that matter.

Rachel looked around her friend, taking in the rest of the decor. The only thing of actual note was at the top of the table, upon the stage once used for their mediocre plays; a white, gelatinous throne upon which sat an enormous sphere attached to the haggard form of Gretchen. She looked awful, her hair greasy and falling around her face in clumps. Deep bruises lined her eyes, yet she looked at Rachel with mirth. Just like with Zoey, she didn’t need more than a second to recognise that this wasn’t Gretchen. Not completely anyway.

Call it intuition or a lesson from how deceitful the blonde cunt could be, but she knew it wasn’t just Gretchen in that throne. Rachel pushed Zoey aside and approached, looking at the others. She recongised them all, of course, as classmates and frequent sexual partners, but none of them looked as if they even registered her presence.

“Hey, Rachel, welcome to the party!” Gretchen said with the same fake enthusiasm she usually showed, “Bit of a shocker really, since, you know, you weren’t invited. And there’s no plus ones here.”

“Who the fuck are you?” Rachel demanded, stopping just a couple feet away. Close enough that she could see how Gretchen had changed due to the Futa Note’s influence, now equipped with a scrotum filled to the brink with balls. The constant pregnancies had further fattened her curves. This latest one seemed like a real doozy too, her belly more than large enough for Rachel to fit inside.

Gretchen grunted at a sudden bulge in her belly. She rubbed where it had appeared, a malicious glint in her eye, “I am Carmen’s reckoning. Such a foolish girl.”

“Futa. Respect the gender, bitch.”

“Well, she wasn’t born that way. I only respect those born of my ilk.”

Rachel scoffed, “What, are you the mother of all futanari or something?”

“Or something. Regardless,” Gretchen pushed herself up, “Carmen messed with powers far beyond mortal comprehension and for that she must be punished. Her and her entire brood.” As she spoke, more of Gretchen’s intonations came through. That unfiltered venom was almost nice to hear compared to the eerily calm voice.

“What’re *you* gonna do? I dunno who you are, but you possessed Gretchen of all people and she’s basically useless now. Just look at her.”

“Shut up you redhead slut,” Gretchen said - the actual Gretchen that time - before her lips snapped shut, “Hush now. I think you’ll find that Gretchen has been quite instrumental in all this. Without her, I wouldn’t have spread my influence so far.”

She slapped both hands down on her belly.

“Nor would I have found the perfect vessal!”

Rachel eyes widened. She’d experienced enough stories to have some idea where this was going. Whoever had possessed Gretchen was using her to enter this realm.

“So, what? Are you Lucifer?” Rachel asked, skin prickling as that mountainous belly shifted before her.

“I am one without a name. I am simply my title,” Gretchen grunted, hunching over as a surge of cum poured from her pussy. She looked up, meeting Rachel’s gaze with eyes of pure, molten crimson, “The Seikogami Queen. Or just ‘the Queen’ for short, feel free to call me ‘your goddess’ if you’d like.”

Rachel hadn’t met a Seikogami. She’d heard about Ryuka from Carmen, that she was a goddess of lust, but that was the limit of her knowledge. If she was to believe Gretchen’s words, then this person stood above literal gods.

“Crack a smile, Rachel,” Gretchen taunted, “You’re about to see the miracle of birth!” She grunted again, clutching at her belly as it writhed. Her hands were barely noticeable upon it, like a child’s hand on a boulder. Miniscule in the grand scheme.

Two people appeared on either side of Gretchen to hold her legs up and out. Nausea churned at Rachel’s stomach. She’d witnessed a lot in the short time she and Carmen were together, child birth itself wasn’t even anything special. But it wasn’t a child coming forth. It was something terrifying. A creature with a presence that made her fear even Gretchen.

“Ahh, this one is big. I’m used to pushing out lots of little tykes, not a fucking adult,” Gretchen huffed, cheeks puffing out and sweat dripping from her forehead. The haggard look faded from her face, “Oh be quiet now. This is a great honour for someone like you.”

That made Gretchen’s brow twitch and she let out a furious chuckle, “Wanna explain that, queen cunt?”

Rachel backed away. Whatever was about to happen, she didn’t want to be there for it. She was entirely out of her depth here. If it was just Gretchen with some kind of power, then she could handle it. Nothing could affect her while under the Futa Note’s influence. Though she wasn’t about to test that theory against a literal god. The only person she could think of was Carmen.

“You’ll want to stay here, Rachel,” the Queen said and, with only a glance of her eyes, a wall of people blocked the redheaded futa in.

“Answer me!” Gretchen snarled.

“I don’t need to explain anything to you, little girl.” It wasn’t anything near the level of anger or torrid vocabulary Gretchen used, but the level of disdain in ‘little girl’ put the blonde to shame.

“Oh,yes you fucking do. I’m the one pregnant with your stupid body or whatever, so hurry up and explain, or I down a bottle of pills with a gallon of Jack Daniels.”

Rachel looked to her sides. It didn’t matter how interesting this little exchange Gretchen was having with ‘herself’ was, she needed to get away. That was the whole point of what she wrote in the Futa Note. Well… it was primarily so she would always suit Carmen’s bottomless sexual preferences, but being able to protect her was a close second. And right now she needed to warn her about this. Unfortunately, the wall of futanari extended from wall to wall.

Fine, she could fuck her way out. Rachel morphed down into her Tanuki form, biting her lip at the burst of pleasure it gave, then swung around to face her first foe, slapping their leg with her cocks. She hadn’t even looked them in the eye before someone came up behind her, stuffing both her holes in one go. With all the sex she’d had at school, she knew just about everyone’s pricks intimately. She didn’t recognise these in the slightest.

“Trying to run from my queen is pretty rude, wouldn’t you say?” The stranger said, beginning their thrusts. Rachel growled, trying to deny all pleasure this gave, but… fuck, the way her asshole stretched and folded around one cock, which pressed against the other one that had turned her pussy into a condom. Both were covered in steep bumps that rubbed every last erogenous zone as they squelched in and out of her.

Rachel was slammed into one of the futa blocking her way, yet they didn’t even budge. She reached up, hoping, perhaps, that she could push them away or at least arouse them enough to get in on the action so she could sneak through later. Unfortunately, her hands were intercepted by those on the sides, instead made to jerk their cocks that her fingers came nowhere near to meeting around. Fuck, feeling so small, with her furry tits bouncing up against her muzzle, while her own members jerked and drooled all over someone’s feet.

“There’s nothing you can do to stop this, mortal,” the Queen said. Rachel glanced behind her at the stage, seeing a stranger’s face twisted in a lewd smirk. It looked like Gretchen was wrestling with herself, figuatively and literally as her fingers dug into her colossal belly, as if trying to hold something in. Was she fighting against this ‘Queen’ thing?

“Fucker, I am your mother at this point,” Gretchen rasped, sweating heavier by the second, “My mom’s a total pushover, but don’t fucking think I’ll be like that. Now answer me, *brat*, what the fuck… do you mean… by ‘someone like you’?”

“Very well, *mother.* You are a waste of life. Surely you already sensed that? Carmen gave you a purpose when she turned you into this. At least this way you gave birth to more worthless lives. Even when I had a use for you, you somehow messed it up. You couldn’t even get the sister for me.”

Sister? Are they talking about Carmen’s?

“If she finds out about that,” Rachel grunted, unconsciously bucking her hips into another bone-rattling thrust, “You are so dead.”

“Oh, you can speak? Certainly impressive. More so than this one,” the Queen said.

“I might’ve fucked up about Melody, but what about you? This was your whole plan and your power and it didn’t work,” Gretchen snickered, the same way she would when insulting people before Carmen’s rise to power, “And you chose me after all. What does that say about your stupid ass.”

Even Rachel had to laugh, though it was swallowed up in another moan. These cocks were really fucking *good*. She squeezed with all her strength, trying to make them cum faster, however they just kept going. Even Carmen would’ve been on the verge by then.

“You know, I once intended to fulfil our deal. You would have Carmen all to yourself to do with as you please. When I’m not prolapsing your holes that is. But now, I’ll be wearing you as my personal cock-sock for the rest of your life. And don’t expect me to make it pleasant for you. But I’m merciful. I’ll fuck Melody with you wrapped around my dick. Now… Let. Me. Out.”

Gretchen grunted hard, eyes briefly rolling in their sockets. Her belly churned, more cum pouring from her yawning pussy, which bulged out further and further.

“Not a fucking chance! OI! Rachel! Quit fucking around and leave already.”

“Can’t… really… help… IIIIIIIITTT!” Rachel howled, pussy creaming all over the fat cock that kept pounding away at her, churning up her juices into a thick, froth that splashed and oozed all over.

“Ugh! Fucking figures. Hey, someone give me my phone!”

One of the onlookers shared a glance with some others. It was faint, and hard to see through the constant thrusts, but they looked more alive than before. Rachel looked to the one directly blocking her, and saw the flicker of discension.

“Come on already,” Rachel said, “You know you want to.”

“Yeah,” the futa said and grabbed Rachel’s hair, “I do.”

“Wait, let me raphrase th-GLURK!” Her mouth and throat were stuffed full with dick, her jaw unhinged by the sheer girth of it.

“Are you serious?!” Gretchen shrieked, releasing another tirade of jizz.

Rachel couldn’t even argue with her about it. The one time she needed not to be a horny mess and she messed it up. If she just phrased it better, then she might’ve been on her way to Carmen. Then she could’ve gotten dicked down extra, extra hard.

But it was hard to feel remorse when she was so damn full.

“Phone. Now!”

Finally, someone did as Gretchen asked. The blonde curled over, legs trying to squeeze together, but the people holding them open weren’t concerned with her comfort. She glared at them, but focused on her phone.

“What do you think this will do?”

“Unlike me, and Rachel, Carmen has half a brain. So she’ll know not to come if I warn her.”

“Very well, go ahead. Warn her. Then I’m coming.”

Rachel couldn’t see anything now. Her eyes were buried in another futa’s crotch. Even her sense of smell was impeded by the raw stench they exuded, her tongue pushing out between her lips and the cock to lick at those fat, sweaty balls. The only things still working to discern what was happening were her ears, but her brain was already half-mush as the futanari churned her insides around their cocks. She barely heard the click of Gretchen’s nails on her phone screen.

“Good. Now be silent, child, as I show you just what you’re dealing with.”

The whole atmosphere changed. A crushing weight fell across the gym, causing the futanari to squat down with Rachel still spit-roasted between them. Their balls impacted the floor with the same force of a basketball in practice, briefly ringing in Rachel’s ears, before she parsed the wave of moans approaching them. Her skin prickled in warning, but it was much too slow - not that she could do anything about it. As the phenomenon reached her, Rachel rolled her eyes and came. As did the other futanari.

Unbroken rivers of jizz poured into her. The already bloated redhead expanded even greater, her tits pushed up into her chin and the throat-fucking futa’s testes. With one up her ass and another dick down her throat, two waves of semen clashed together inside her belly. Pressure mounted, her skin creaking as she inflated more and more. Milk spurted from her tits, like that would somehow create more space.

Rachel’s ears flicked about, unable to decide on a focus. There were moans everywhere, cum splashing all over the floor and walls and people, while her insides were a roiling mess of thick, squishy noises. Only one sound stood out in the chaotic cacophony; Gretchen’s ghastly howls, somehow deep and animalistic, yet light and airy like when she faked being nice, all mixed with a terrible orgasm. The louder they got, the stronger everyone’s pleasure became too.

Rachel was only able to finally see when her belly pushed her away from the other futa. She turned her head to the side, instantly getting a cock bulging out her cheek, but now she could see Gretchen. Or rather, Gretchen’s belly. It had grown since she last looked. Not only that, but her overstuffed scrotum had been pushed up by her billowing pussy. It was gaping now, revealing a deep, pink pussy.

No, wait. That wasn’t her pussy. Rachel’s eyes widened as the folds stretched wider and wider, turning white from the strain, before a distinct phallic head erupted from her depths. It was enormous. Easily a match for any of Carmen’s set.

“Ahh, finally. It’s been terrible having it cramped up inside here. Now I can relax a little.”

At those words, the already ridiculous member swelled up. Long spikes flared out around the crown, each one the size of an average guy’s dick. Rachel shuddered, imagining them getting caught on her cervix, pulling her pussy out with every thrust. And it was only getting bigger.

More extended from Gretchen’s cunt. It easily passed five foot and just kept going, seemingly without end, until it reached all the way to Rachel’s spread ass cheeks. She half-expected the futa to pull and offer her to this monster, but it just hung there as she was triple-stuffed. A mix of disappointment, horror and lust singed her nerves. She was so fucking small compared to it. And she wasn’t thinking of herself either. Carmen, of all people, couldn’t compare to this behemoth.

A drop of pre-cum beaded at its tip. Within it swam dozens of little tadpoles. That didn’t sound impressive, but the fact they were visible at all, in a single drop, said all Rachel needed to know. She squirmed against her partners, trying to move away. Something told her the second that *thing* touched her, she’d be a lost cause. Forget trying to warn Carmen, she’d be lucky to have even one thought still in tact.

The only effect her movements had was make the other two fuck harder. Her breathing hastened, searing her sinuses with the combined stench of dozens of futanari. She clawed at the futa stuffing her face, yet they didn’t feel it. Or if they did, they liked it since they slammed her down into their crotch. Rachel watched the bead grow bigger and bigger, hanging slightly. It wobbled with every pulse, each one bringing it closer to falling.

Gotta get out. Can’t let it touch me. Need to find Carmen.

Rachel tried thinking of an actual way out, but her heart pounded in her ears, drowning out everything. Even the constant slam of hips against her ass cheeks was lost as she watched the bead, counting the seconds before it fell.

“You’re gonna owe me for this, cunt!”

Rachel barely recognised the voice, but she saw the phallus swing and knock the futanari aside. It had enough weight to send them all but flying, dropping Rachel to the ground. The sudden weight on her belly sent waves of jizz flying from both ends. She didn’t have time to drain, however, and clamoured to her feet.

But she made a mistake; she looked back. Why? To confirm if Gretchen had actually done something good for once in her life? To confirm that the Queen’s cock was as big as she thought it was?

Well she did. She saw Gretchen’s victorious smirk fade to nothing as Rachel came face to cock with a literal god’s penis. The bead that was once there had broken and returned several magnitudes thicker. It jerked forward, closing the gap between them. Her entire face was swallowed in the urethra. She took a breath as it squeezed and shut out the world around her. Nothing penetrated the thick darkness. All she could do was taste and smell.

Taste and smell…

Taste and smell her goddess’s divinity. Become inundated in her majesty. Give every last drop of her being to the superior being. Every thought she once had, every dream, all her love and hate, all of it was for the Queen. Even her former love, the one person whose name still existed to her, was for her goddess.

She couldn’t wait for Carmen to experience this too.