Seeing the Earth again did stir other thoughts. Like what might’ve happened if I didn’t have cancer? What would I have done? College, of course. Not exactly like I’m doing now, though it wouldn’t be much different. I’d discover more about myself, probably try things I’d never get to at home, meet someone. Of all the billions of humans, there was surely someone as incredible as Vivi. We’d see each other at a party or something, I’d get a little drunk because I was such a chaste girl, and she’d take care of me. Then we’d keep meeting, eventually by design, until one of us spent the night with the other.

Sure, I’d be nervous as hell. My head would be a storm as I tried ignoring the conditioning my mom forced on me, only for it all to melt away when she kissed me. Every touch of her fingers, of her lips, brought me closer to true enlightenment. By the time she tasted my core, there’d be no doubt left to stay my own hands. Or tongue.

It’s amusing to think how lewd it would’ve seemed back then. Even just a few months ago. I glanced down at the gorgeous Roth-Fu pulling my arm, her behind swinging wide from necessity rather than intentional seductiveness. I’d never have seen such a view if I hadn’t died and come here.

I also wouldn’t be nearly nine feet tall. Or have boobs that dominated not just my torso, but my hips. And a butt that several people had jumped at, only to be sent flying from how bouncy it was. When I tensed anyway. Relaxed, it was softer than any pillow. Of course, none of it would be complete without the two, meaty pillars dangling between my legs. Or their testicular throne.

More importantly, if I’d remained on Earth. I’d never have met Vivi.

That alone made me glad I’d died. It sounded so morbid, almost funny actually, but it was true. I don’t know what might’ve been, but I know what my future holds. If I had to live through it again, suffer that feeling of sinking into despairs icy embrace again, I would. Just to be with Vivi.

She didn’t talk to me as I was led off campus and into the town. We came to a local restaurant, the one where my second puberty started, and she sat me down. It wasn’t very crowded, affording us plenty of privacy. But she still made sure no one would bother us.

“So, uh… you wanna tell me what that was about?” Vivi asked, “It’s cool if you don’t. It just worried me is all.”

“No,” I shook my head and grabbed her hands, “I need to tell you something. It’s weird, even for me, but it’s true. One-hundred percent.”

“Okay,” she didn’t break eye contact and just squeezed my hands tight, “Shoot.”

I told her everything. Maybe if this was some grand epic story with a great evil to defeat, this would be a sharp turning point. Like, I’d be telling her some divine being reincarnated me to save all of creation or something. Then she would doubt me, only for something to happen that would convince her.

Of course, this wasn’t anything like that. I was only here for a second chance at life, or that’s how I viewed it. I told her about my original parents, how they controlled me, my hopes for the future and how they were eviscerated with a single diagnosis, then I told her what it was like opening my eyes as a babe. Still in my mother’s womb no less.

“And… that’s it.”

“I thought so.”

I blinked at her, “Huh?”

“Well, I mean… I knew you were special. For so many reasons. And I’ve heard some people have these, um, flashes of places they’ve never been. People they used to be. It’s pretty fascinating honestly.”

“Right…” Was I disappointed? I didn’t want her to have some huge reaction and accuse me of hiding stuff from her, but this was, I don’t know, so normal for her.

“So,” Vivi squeezed my hands, “What was it like? Being human? What’s their language like? Do they have any special powers or something? You said you wanted to fly away from your family, does that mean they have wings?”

I had no better response at that moment, other than to laugh, “No, they don’t have wings. They use planes to fly, sort of like spaceships. Powers would be… I can’t really think of anything. They’re very diverse though. Nearly every large group speaks a different language or has a different accent.”

“What do they sound like though?”

“Um…” I haven’t spoken English since being reincarnated. Could my vocal chords even make those sounds? We’re not too dissimilar, so it was worth a try, *“Hello, my name is Lola*.” It still came out very rough, kind of gargled. I hadn’t really given much thought to how different out languages were until then.

Vivi just stared at me, blankly, then beamed, “That’s so cool! What’s my name sound like?”

“Uh, the same?”

“Oh, right. Then, what about the table? And the restaurant? I wanna hear it all.”

I humoured her every request. Every moment, she thought of something new to ask me, only disappointed when I didn’t really have an answer. Some things we took for granted just weren’t on Earth yet. That surprised her the most, that humans didn’t have refined space travel at all, and yet they were so developed. Most planets at their stage were already making contact with alien life. I just lowered my head, embarrassed for my old species.

“You said you wanted to do lots of things before… like what?” Vivi asked after we ate.

“I think I’ve done everything. I made friends. I’m learning new things. I have someone I love,” that made her blush, “Well, there was… no. It’s dumb.”

“No, tell me!” Vivi said, leaning forward until she hovered over my breasts. I was too tall for them to fit under the table, so the only option was resting on top.

I’m helpless under her gaze, “I wanted to see a planetarium.”

“A what?”

“It’s, uh, like a place where humans can see all the planets they’ve discovered so far. Like I said, it’s dumb. Children toys do that.”

“I have an idea. Come on.”

And like that, we were moving again. She wouldn’t tell me where we were headed, keeping her lips tight no matter how much I asked, so I settled for walking with her. We kept a brisk pace, though it was normal for my long legs. My cocks and balls bounced between my legs, each stride adding a tiny fraction of girth to the former. It couldn’t be helped since we didn’t have time to do more that morning. I didn’t mention it, not wanting to ruin whatever surprise Vivi had in store.

She slowed down when we came to a dome-like building. A telescope extended from the top. Oh, this was the observation facility, used for long-distance monitoring of other civilisations and how they reacted to our presence. It made it easy to mobilise a team in case anything happened.

“I appreciate the idea, but I don’t think they’ll let us use it.”

“That’s not the plan, silly,” Vivi led me through. Only a few people milled about, too absorbed in their own worlds to notice us. This must be what it meant to devote one’s life to research. It was a nice change from the constant stares we got around campus, though I’d be lying if I said it didn’t disappoint me slightly. How could I not enjoy the fact my body was so incredible, people had to stop and stare?

But it seemed to work in our favour as we went deeper, eventually coming to an unmarked door. It opened automatically, leading into an imperceptible darkness. She wasn’t deterred and walked in, taking me with her. The door hissed shut and locked us into the pure black space.

“It’s still a work in progress, but it should work fine,” Vivi said.

I didn’t get a chance to ask her what she meant. Lights boomed into life all around us, forcing me to look down, where I noticed tiny rays pushing through. Was this… a hologram? The blare settled down and let me finally look around. My eyes bulged, mouth agape, as I took in the spread of planets. They extended all around the room, much larger than the simple door would imply, dozens of them all with their orbiting moons and stars.

“It’s… this is…” I searched for the right word as I walked through them. The projections were crude, visibly grainy under any level of scrutiny, but that did nothing to diminish their beauty. There’s no chance a planetarium on Earth would ever match up. Even if they did, it’d have cost me an arm and a leg.

“You like?” Vivi asked, strolling around.

“I love it. How’d you know about this?”

She shrugged, “I overheard some of the professors talking about it. Asked around. And, yeah. Here we are.”

I came to the planet we’d just visited. That whole trip was like a fever dream, yet I still got flashes of our time there, which naturally titillated my members. I walked through it and pressed into Vivi.

“Thank you.”

Something in my voice made her blush, “It’s nothing.”

“Not just for this,” I leaned down to press our foreheads together, gentle volts passing between our hair, “But everything. If I didn’t have you, this puberty would’ve been too much.”

“Well, you also wouldn’t have run into that other plant and gone into your third,” Vivi said, trying not to meet my gaze.

“That’s another reason I’m so grateful to know you. “

“I thought you hated it.”

“Not anymore. I might’ve. But with you,” I kissed her cute little nose. It was such an innocuous gesture, nothing compared to the masterpieces of pornography we’ve done before, yet it made her shake just as well, “I love it.”

I reached down and grabbed her thighs, earning a throaty moan, then lifted her high. She kicked her legs around my waist on instinct, our faces now level. I moved us over to a wall, pressing her into it as I put my hands to better use by undoing the clasps of her shirt. Each one removed bared more of her cleavage, until the fabric was loose enough that her breasts poured to the sides. Her breaths quickened as I did so, a familiar heat building against my crotch as I pressed against her.

When her shirt fell away, I made my move to capture her lips. She wrapped her arms around my head, pulling me in with just as much hunger, tongue looking for mine. They vied for dominance, but mine came out on top, coiling around hers on its way to her throat. I savoured her sweet flavour, and the vibrations as her moans increased. Wetness soaked through her pants and into my largely ineffective dress.

She pushed my face away, gasping for air. Our tongues remained entwined for a moment, separating with a slimy sound, a bridge of spit linking them, “I have another surprise for you.”

“It can wait,” I panted, trying to get at her pants. She stopped me, instead leading my hands under her breasts.

“Almost… there!” She gasped when I discovered her latest surprise for me, “More of me to love.”

“Those are breasts!” I groped around and, without a shadow of a doubt, the two hand-filling globes I felt were scaled down replicas of the enormous mountains pressed into my own. Complete with their own fat, lactating nipples. How had I missed them?

“They’re pretty small, so I honestly didn’t notice them either. Until they started lactating this morning. I wanted to show them off when they were bigger, but…”

“Small? You call these small? Girl, they fill my hands. Not too long ago and Licia would’ve killed for these.”

“Well, they are!” Vivi laughed, “When compared to these puppies.” She pushed on my still concealed tits, making them jiggle.

“Can’t argue there.”

“But here’s the best part,” she cooed and pulled me to whisper in my ear, “They’re growing every time I cum. I’m sure of it. So, if you wanna balance them out…”

I don’t think I’ve torn a set of clothing so fast in either of my lives. Just seconds after the last word sank into my consciousness, I was naked, cocks rising fast, while I did the same for her pants, letting the scraps fall. Only her underwear remained.

Really, they were pointless. The second she got a little excited, she soaked through them. Not only that, but her lush folds devoured the fabric. At best, they were a strip of cloth around her hips that pointed one’s gaze to her greatest treasures. I didn’t destroy them right away, instead returning to kiss her. She brought me here to fulfil a dream of a previous life, so I needed to make this the best fuck of our lives. So far.

But how to do that? Every time we made love was better than the last, or that’s what it felt like to me, and we did so often, there aren’t any surprises left. She knows my tells, I know hers. She knows how to make me gasp and beg for more, and vice versa.

In that case, I just had to pour all my love for her into the next… hour or two. Possibly more if things go well. I nestled into the crook of her neck as I ground into her mostly naked snatch, nipping at her flesh, licking up her delicious sweat, and breathing in her scent. If she was a human, I’d leave a love bite, but our kind don’t bruise. Still, I made sure to stake my claim on her, to make it clear to us both that she was mine. She cradled my head and rolled her hips in time with mine.

I climbed up her throat, pepping it with kisses, until I came back to her mouth. I didn’t kiss her right away, instead I stared her in the eye, enjoying her increasingly desperate panting as I raised a leg. It pushed my cocks firmer against her dripping folds. Hard enough, in fact, for me to feel her hole palpitate, as if to slurp me up from there. But I was in control here, and she’d wait until I pushed her to the absolute brink.

Or until my discipline gave out. It was a 50-50 chance by that point. Then, only then, would I slam into her with all my might. Endurance be damned!

At some point in my thoughts, our lips met, tongues once again entangled. Oooh, she tasted so good. The moans slipping out just made it better. I’d be happy to stay like this until the heat death of the universe. If not for an even more tempting treat just below.

We separated with a wet pop. I propped her up on my cocks and leg, letting my hands heft the two giant breasts lactating against mine. Chunky nipples filled my gaze. A much darker hue than the rest of her skin, juxtaposed by the bright, creamy rivulets gushing from the tips. My throat went dry, yet my mouth watered just looking at them. The urge to drink won easily and I crammed them both inside my gullet.

I always wondered if this was how sucking a penis felt. Vivi never gave me a straight answer, despite having experience with both. Her excuse was ‘my cocks were the only ones she sucked, and that’s not fair to others’. Reasonable, but still frustrating.

It must’ve been similar though. My mouth was filled with this delicious pillar of flesh, its firmness arched down my throat, where it spilled a delicious bounty right into my stomach. Of course, there must be differences. The fact I had two inside was one. Another was probably the milk sweetening things. I couldn’t imagine a cock tasted anything like that.

The most important part of both, however, was knowing how much Vivi enjoyed it. I looked up, lips spread taut around her fat teats, and moaned at the sight of her enraptured face. Her mouth was open, a thick web of drool connecting her lips, while she panted heavier, each breath pushing and pulling her tits inside my mouth. It wouldn’t take much to make her cum just from this.

But I didn’t want that yet. The only way for her to know how much I adored her, was to give her an orgasm unlike anything before. I usually wasn’t in the mood for drawing out our love making, eager to cum and give my balls some relief. Just this much was as far as we ever got in terms of foreplay.

My hands slid over her body to cup her ass cheeks. I lingered to squeeze them hard, timing it with abrupt little bites into her nipples, then pushed into the valley. The moment I touched her puckered star, she moaned and it opened for me. Not one to refuse such an open invitation, I pressed two fingers past the opening. Her walls gripped me tight, yet welcomed me as I pushed to the knuckle.

Even this much made her moan and buck against me. What a slut, and I meant that in most loving way possible. She’d been with me so many times, stretched senseless by cocks larger than life, yet even this little penetration had her gasping for more. I wriggled around inside her, pressing into the thin wall separating me from her pussy.

Her breaths quickened and her insides tightened. Was she going to cum already?

Sorry, that isn’t the plan right now. I glided out and stopped suckling on her nipples. Vivi’s hips ground into me harder, now trying to mash her anus against my cock as well. They didn’t stop moving, even when I lifted her an inch over my members.

“What gives? I was so close.” She yelped when I popped off her nipples to kiss her. Despite her complaints, she returned it hungrily, hands no less eager to explore my body.

“Just be patient,” I whispered against her lips, then squatted down, sinking lower and lower, while my arms flexed powerfully to keep her lifted high. Even when my ass met my heels, swallowing them deep, I’d still be level with her chest. Or even her chin. We’d gotten so used to the usual dynamic it was harder to tell.

I couldn’t see her face from this angle. It was just a fact of our lives that, from below, our tits completely obscured everything from the hips up. The pose did have some benefits, however. I admit, much as I worshipped the ground she walked on, I was usually too consumed in my own lusts to admire her pussy. And, my god, what a pussy it was.

Thick, voluptuous lips that seemed to pucker toward me in search of a kiss. Her luscious labia swelled around them, a perfect, amber frame for the darker folds. Atop them, the perfect crown jewel for such a beautiful portrait of femininity twitched under my breath. The perfect accent for it all was the subtly floral aroma, lifting up the otherwise oppressive fertility that made my balls jump up, landing with a bone-rumbling thud. Once I got my taste, it’d be hard - nigh-impossible - to keep control.

Just breathing it in had me reliving all our past love-making and wanting to surpass them. Still, I held out as I pushed between her thighs, blocking all other sights and sounds, and let my tongue hang out. Even before I touched it, I tasted her pussy. The flavour looped around my head and yanked me forward, closing the gap as I left behind all self-control. With the way I moved, it really was like we were making out.

I almost missed her tongue. But if that was in the way, then I couldn’t jam my tongue all the way to the back of her canal, jab against the opening of her womb, and lap up all the delicious, slimy juices. They coated my mouth as I swallowed, making sure her taste would linger for hours, days even, to come. That didn’t me from gathering more.

Then I stopped right as her hips bucked. It was possibly the hardest thing I’d done so far. I watched her insides quiver, lips spread apart by sheer will, as a fresh wave of fem-cum flowed out. Not an orgasm. What a relief. If possible, I wanted her on a hair trigger when I entered. Although, it wasn’t much different for me. Both of my cocks felt as if they burst just looking at her.

“You bitch,” Vivi panted from above. She meant it too, but there was that anticipation in her voice, eager to see where my plans would bring her. The second her insides settled, I attacked again, raising her to the precipice of ecstasy, only to drag her back. Each time, she climbed faster, her words turned even more demeaning, cursing me for putting her through such wonderful torture.

I didn’t dare speak. I had nothing to say. My actions spoke far more eloquently than I ever could’ve in that situation. Once more, she teetered on the peak and came back down. Her juices gushed, even without my touch, coating my chest and pooling in my belly button. When it poured over my top-most cock, I knew it wouldn’t be much longer.

One last time, I speared her on my tongue. She shrieked obscenities and clenched around my head, hands joining in to try and keep there this time, but I overpowered her easily. Coming away, I couldn’t see a thing with a thick web of her juices all over my face. She was shaking all over, fingers flexing in my hair, lightning sizzling between her hair, and a fragrant coat of sweat dripping off her skin.

She was ready.

I was too.

I wish I had a picture of her face when I lifted her up, higher and higher, until her crotch was over my head. A constant wave of gooey fem-cum fell from her, landing on my waiting tongue and even overflowing it. My cocks rose inch by inch, until they were lined up. My abdomen was tight, requiring all its strength to keep them so straight. Normally, she made it easier for me by presenting herself high up on the bed. Just another reason we wouldn’t forget this moment.

Not that we needed to worry. The moment her hair-trigger pussy touched my crowns, the next minute seared itself into my mind. The long seconds of her tightness sliding over my length, folds kissing me before I was swallowed deeper, while my peaks spread her insides apart. We stopped at her cervix. She reached past her breasts to find my hands, fingers linking, and pulled as I thrust.

With all the times I’d fucked her womb, it came as no surprise when shot straight through. Her stomach distorted around the dual towers, forcing her breasts up and apart with the force of my entry. Then I got to see her face. In different context, it might’ve been horrific with her mouth agape, lips tilted into a deranged smirk, and her blank eyes rolling back. But right then and there, it was as beautiful as ever.

Vivi’s eyes crossed when I bucked into her. The bounce of her body forced her down several more inches, allowing more of my shaft to feel her walls convulsing anew. I released her hands when her waist was in reach. It was so small my fingers almost met around it, a far cry from the door-blocking hips she sported. They only got larger as she sank lower, face forced back by the obscene bulges, breasts quivering from her rapid breaths. Her nipples twitched, flinging drops of milk onto my face.

I lunged forward to suck one deep. The other nipple lurched and sprayed freely, while the other hosed down my gullet, fuelling my next thrust. Vivi’s whole body rippled from the impact, which brought her closer to me, and made her spurt even more milk and cum. I felt her heat near my crotch, legs pushing into my breasts. My own milk leaked and pooled on the ground.

Just a little more and I’d hear our bodies clap together once again. That desire revealed a flaw with this position. Hot as it was to know I had Vivi pinned, that she was helpless to both my strength and her desires, our bodies were just too voluptuous. Her and my tits got stacked, preventing her from taking the last inches. It might’ve worked if I just stopped sucking on a nipple, but I refused to give up such a treat so easily.

I tried changing the angle of my thrusts. I pushed on her hips. Even wove my arms around her back, hooking onto her shoulders and pulling with nearly all my might, to no avail. The desire to be close as possible wouldn’t be silenced, but it couldn’t fight a more pressing need; to fuck and cum.

All that edging had me on the brink. I only held on so long because I wanted to make this perfect, to feel the vibrations of her screaming orgasm from all over, but things rarely went to plan. I just had to accept that.

So I did. I held tight to her and took a deep breath through my nose. Vivi sensed the change, even through her blissful stupor, and did the same, though it was awkward when her crotch was stretched so wide, while her arms could barely get around the pillars inside her. She settled for clamping down me with her pussy, the sentiment clear; ‘fuck me hard’. So I did.

I didn’t let my urges take complete control. I still wanted to savour the feel of her soft, wet tunnel as it undulated around me, its walls distending around my veins as they pulsed larger. One incredible bonus of two cocks was feeling them grinding into one another. Especially the crowns as they oozed pre over each other, allowing them slide against each other, almost like they could thrust asynchronously. My long arms also meant I got to rear back enough that their broad heads snagged on her lower-womb.

She always squeezed me so good when I did that. I hammered away at her, building strength and rhythm, until my balls swung wildly. They slammed into the wall. Not enough space to fly high enough to bash against her ass cheeks. With how hard they hit, I wouldn’t be surprised if they demolished the wall and made enough room for themselves.

I wasn’t concerned with all that. Not really. I just wanted to make her feel better and better. If the rapid twitching of her depths was anything to go by, she definitely appreciated my efforts. She moaned continuously, voice only breaking when I pumped harder. Her whole body froze at times, then vibrated from her head and toes, meeting in the middle to milk my swelling members for all they had. It wouldn’t be long before I lost it as well.

Everything pointed toward it. My balls tightened up, condensing all the cum being produced. Their collisions with the wall only got louder, deafening almost, drowning out our moans. Just a little more…

But something kept me from that peak. It just didn’t feel right. I had to feel her completely. A few inches of cock that only got teased with her juices was unacceptable. I was sure she felt the same.

“Time for a change,” I huffed and slowed down. She whined when I did, hips going wild atop me, but she finally understood when I pulled away from the wall, then spun her around. No matter how tight she was, between my pre and her juices, it was almost easy. I didn’t stop there. Hooking my arms under her legs, I forced them up, thighs squishing her breasts together. Her toes curled, pussy trembling in another climax.

“Much better,” I said into her ear. I wove my fingers into her hair, locking us together, then picked up where I’d left off. No build-up, no warning, just right back into the rapid tempo I set before. Vivi howled and tried throwing her head head, only for my hands to keep it in place. Even more than before, she was at my mercy. Just the way she and I wanted it at that moment.

The best part was feeling the smack of our bodies. My crotch slammed into her cheeks. No matter how buoyant they were, I had enough power to press them almost flat, driving those last inches straight into her cunt. Beyond even that, however, was the freedom of my balls.

They flew up high, such was the force behind each thrust. The holograms of planets flickered and distorted, annihilated by the catastrophic testicle meteors. I almost laughed thinking of them like that. They weren’t destroyers, far from it. The seed churning within, making them so fat and heavy, could raise enough children to populate a barren world.

And it was all for Vivi.

I knew she felt it too. Each time I thrust forward, my balls leapt up and smacked into her breasts. Thick rivulets of pussy juice poured over my scrotum, splashing over everything when I pumped into her. The sounds of her body stretching, and my balls gurgling, became a constant erotic din, with the smack of my crotch on her ass punctuating it. I tightened my grip around her and abandoned the long, powerful thrusts in favour of faster, more primitive jerks.

“Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck!” Vivi squealed, before letting out a long curse, or a prayer in her case. I bit my tongue, literally, trying anything to draw this out even a second longer.

It didn’t work.

I managed one final thrust, dragging as much of my lengths back as possible. Twitches echoed across my body, electric tingles danced under the skin, while my veins doubled in size. I felt them all vying for space inside of her. They found none. Vivi’s pussy clenched so hard I feared she’d cut off circulation, but that worry quickly vanished as the first wave shot up my lengths. I drove forward just as fast, unleashing it all straight into her obscenely distended womb.

My chin rested on her head, looking out into the room of planets. They were just scale holograms, nothing like the actual orbiting bodies, but that didn’t make it any less sexy when her belly swelled through one after the other. My legs tensed under the new weight, which only made my cocks flex and push the next wave even harder. Things got easier after her gut expanded against the floor.

In fact, it was the perfect excuse to thrust again. I released her legs and pushed her forward, resting the brunt of her body on her cum-gut. It was packed so tight, her hands and legs barely made a dent. I pulled away, still cumming hard, and rammed against her ass. Her inflated tummy lurched from the impact, almost taking her with it, only to bounce back into place against my crotch. It was like I’d thrust twice at the same time.

That discovery was quickly put to good use. I threw my whole weight into the next thrust. The crowns of my members vanished into the orb of cum, then reappeared, spurting with enough force to distort the amber sphere. More and more, without an end in sight.

I kept going. My orgasm did too. Vivi howled my name, her pussy an endless gusher. All the while, her belly ballooned with my load, snuffing out planet after planet. The lights gradually shut off, a safety measure I assumed, bathing us in the light of the last few. Those were barely saved by my load finally petering out.

Her belly button, now a firm outie, grazed one of the last holograms.

“There’s… two left…” Vivi panted when she finally regained a semblance of lucidity.

“I know,” I reached around to squeeze her breasts, now pouring down the sides of her behemoth middle. I slipped from all the sweat and milk coating her, which brought me to the lower set, once invisible under their much larger sisters. Now they were only a few inches smaller. I dug my fingers into them, “These look great.”

“Oh? Saying they didn’t before?” Vivi said, though in her breathless state, it sounded like it turned her on.

“They did, but now I can actually see and feel them.”

“Me too. But they need to get bigger, don’t they?” Vivi shook her hips on my cocks, forcing them to move around in the womb of cum. There was this… writhing sensation. It was faint, but constant. Like the thick sludge was alive.

Because it was. Those were the trillions upon trillions of sperm I’d poured into her. Not only that, they were big too. I was sure of it. There’s no way I could feel them so clearly, even with so many, at the usual size. Running my hand over her stomach, I got that same, slight feeling of many little things moving against me. It was almost like she was already pregnant.

“You’re right,” I said and reaffirmed my grip on my breasts, happy to use them for my lewd purposes.

“And I feel like those planets are mocking me. They’re saying shit like ‘hah! She thinks she’s so big, well she’s not as big as us. We’re the best!’ Why don’t you give me another filling and we’ll show them what ‘big’ really means?”

“On it.”

We… might have lost track of time. Just a bit. Only by a few hours… okay, a day. But it couldn’t be helped! After that second orgasm, I got pinned against the wall, still inside of her pussy. In no life, universe or otherwise, could I resist making love to her in that situation. I just kept pumping and Vivi never told me to stop. Or slow down.

I had to hand it to the architects for that place; it was built like a fortress. Even with Vivi’s belly pushing on every wall, with more pressure by the moment, only a few cracks appeared. It actually got to the point that my seed was forced back down, escaping her pussy in a jet stream. There was a thigh-deep pool by the time they got us out.

Somehow, we avoided getting penalised for it. I actually insisted they do so, since we damaged the equipment, yet they refused. I couldn’t figure out why, until Vivi started laughing one day, her four giant tits bouncing all over her torso.

“Come check this out!”

I turned away from my studies and saw… us. It was security footage, however unlike those on Earth, these were crystal clear, capturing every detail of Vivi’s body stretching obscenely far, of her nipples shaking before shooting streams of milk, and of my balls visibly swelling as we went on.

“So that’s why they didn’t do anything,” I said and parted Vivi’s thighs, letting my ever growing cocks rise up. They were still soft for now, easily manipulated into position against her luxuriously plump cunt, by the others. Licia held one member in place as she licked and slurped all over Vivi’s clit, while Califer and Kaylee struggled over who got to lick more of my other member.

None of this is what my old self would have wanted. My mother would’ve boiled me alive just for thinking it. I came to a simple conclusion that silenced those thoughts; I didn’t like that version of me. She was a good person, kind and loving, just like I was now, but I had so many other ways to express them now. Because of that, I got close to people I genuinely liked. Had actual friends, though they didn’t stay just friends for long.

They didn’t know the old me, but I knew they liked who I am. More importantly, I *liked* the current me. I could look in the mirror and thank whatever power gave me a second chance. I just had to make sure I lived it properly.

I put my mouth to good use, kissing Vivi deep.

Yeah, I was absolutely living my best life.