“Rachel!”

Carmen snapped upright and instantly flopped back onto the world’s plushest cushions. She rubbed at her eyes, trying to get her thoughts in order. What was she doing? Did she faint? What was that dream? Rachel was in trouble. She had to get to her. Where? At the school? That’s what the dream showed her.

Everyone was in danger from something.

“I’m here,” a husky voice soothed her, hand running through her hair, “It’s okay.”

Carmen opened her eyes and saw Ryuka’s lips first, then the cum stuck to her chin. How long was she out for it to have dried? She sat up slower this time, breathing slow and deep as she took in her room. Despite her surroundings, Carmen’s heart raced as if she were staring down the barrel of a gun. No, even then she didn’t think she’d feel so panicked.

“I have to go,” she said and stood, searching for her clothes and keys. Not the easiest thing when she and a goddess were allowed to cum uninhibited like that. Mountains of jizz dotted the room, burying random things under them. She didn’t care about that. She just needed her cars so she could get to Saint Puella. Then what?

In the dream, she saw Rachel and Gretchen. Obviously it was Gretchen’s doing. Impossible as it seemed, the blonde bitch must’ve figured out a way to keep hurting people. Not anymore. Carmen was going to put an end to it. Personally.

“What’s happened?” Ryuka asked, idly digging through a mound of semen.

“I…”

Both looked to the window. The glass quivered for an instant, short enough that Carmen might’ve questioned if it even happened, if not for the raw sense that something was *wrong*.

“It can’t be,” Ryuka muttered and plummetted to the floor, as if her wings stopped working, “She can’t be here.”

“Who?

“Not possible. I would’ve known. No one else came with me. How would she even…? No. It just can’t be her.”

Carmen grabbed the sex goddess by her shoulders, trying to ground her, but Ryuka only stared at the window. She muttered under her breath, repeating similar phrases over and over. She must be talking about another Seikogami. But, then again, she seemed adamant that it was impossible. Did another Futa Note get into the human world? Gretchen must’ve found it and done something to herself, a turbo version of Carmen’s own changes. Did it override her own Futa Note?

She left Ryuka to perhaps recover and resumed the search for her keys, though it was a hopeless endeavour. Their activities had moved things around and buried many others. After shifting the seventh mountain of semen, Carmen had to admit her keys were lost, as were her means of getting herself to the school quickly.

Did she even need a car? Wasn’t she some kind of nascent goddess thanks to the Futa Note? She didn’t have wings or the power of flight, far as she could tell, but her physical strength was undeniable. Even with her endowments, Carmen could sprint there easily enough.

She flung her door open and jumped the stairs. Alicia stood at the base, smiling serenely. Like she hadn’t just seen her daughter clear an entire flight of stairs in one go, or wasn’t currently ear-deep in Carmen’s cleavage. Cum dripped off the futa’s titanic form, some of it smearing onto her mother’s face. Alicia just raced a hand with some keys in it.

“I heard you loud and clear sweetie, so I went asking around the neighbours. One of them was so nice as to sell me their SUV. It should just about fit you, Carmen. Isn’t that lovely?”

“Don’t need it,” Carmen said, frowning at the older woman. Her mother had bought quite a few things since they got their fortune, but in this timeline they’d had it since her father passed. Alicia had a good head for money and spending, and possessing millions hadn’t changed that much at all. To buy a mini-van so suddenly like this didn’t make sense. Unless she was adamant about getting Carmen to the school.

Where this ‘surprise party’ took place. Something had been happening to all the people Carmen cared about, but she only knew about it because they were linked by the Futa Note. What about the people that weren’t? Or rather, the one person that wasn’t.

It must be part of some grand plan to have Alicia there too. Carmen didn’t want to risk her mother, but at the same time, it might give her a better idea just what was happening. How she acted when they arrive should make it clearer if it was a Futa Note pulling the strings. Or perhaps she just wanted a better reason to kill Gretchen.

That was an interesting thought; could she kill someone for this? It seemed like a good enough reason, and it *was* Gretchen’s fourth big strike against her as well. By rights, she should’ve eliminated her after that mess with Melody. The only reason she didn’t was because Melody seemed genuinely happy with the results.

Melody… she was away with friends apparently. Did that mean she was safe? Carmen wouldn’t know if she was or wasn’t. They weren’t linked by the Futa Note. She just had to hope for the best and focus on the immediate issues.

“You know what, fine. I’m still tired from the flight anyway,” Carmen lied.

The SUV was decently sized for Carmen, in that she actually fit with minimal fuss. She had to get in through the boot, the backseats all lowered, with her back pressed flush against the front seats, looking out at how her body completely filled the vehicle. This was almost definitely illegal, since the rear-view mirror was ostencibly useless with her in the way. That didn’t dull Alicia’s increasingly unnerving grin.

It wasn’t a long drive to Saint Puella. Still, it took long enough that Carmen had time to sit and think, though it wasn’t exactly fruitful. Nothing was clear to her, aside from the fact something had happened. She didn’t actually know if Gretchen was responsible. Or if there was another Futa Note at play. What if she was letting her anxieties get the better of her and this really was just a party?

That was answered as they turned onto the road. Carmen’s skin prickled, her cocks jerking slightly in a strange mix of fear and lust. Out the window, Saint Puella loomed. She’d been going there for years, even before she took over and made it a place people actually enjoyed, and it never intimidated her like this. She took a breath and observed. It wasn’t the building itself. There was a haze around it, a thick purple mist that poured from every window.

Didn’t she see something like that in a video game Rachel showed her? A frequent motif of a demon castle or something.

“Beautiful,” Alicia whispered, soft enough that she probably thought Carmen didn’t hear.

They pulled into the parking lot. Very few cars were around. Most students didn’t have bodies that fit into basic cars anymore. Alicia didn’t even bother parking properly, simply leaving the car spread across three spaces as she climbed out. She didn’t pause to help Carmen, instead rushing out, eyes fixated upon the gynasium. That was a sight Carmen knew all too well; obsession.

And it only got worse once Carmen set foot on the ground. If the haze wasn’t bad enough, she could sense the lust permeating the entire area, perculating beneath her toes as if to trap her. The marks of her arms pulsed, chasing away the creeping arousal. To replace it with a warm arousal. Similar results, but they felt very different. The first step reminded her of how Gretchen once made her feel.

That only made her more certain of that blonde bimbo’s involvement.Her mother entered, an even denser wave of mist pouring from that brief opening. The sounds of moans coaxed her closer, as did the scents of dozens of rutting bodies, covered in sweat and a mixture of other fluids. Hardly anything new to her. Only the fact that her *mother* of all people just walked in was of any concern to her.

She wasn’t about to let Alicia get involved any further.

Carmen had many options for her entry; push the doors open and walk in as if nothing was happening. Run in and start fucking to get everyone’s attention. Or…

Raising a leg, her muslces coiled up, then she released. The thick doors flew open, hinges coming loose as they were embedded into the walls. A miasma washed over her, the purple cloud only dissipated by the glow of Carmen’s arm. She expected that would attract more than a few eyes, and no doubt everyone would be gagging for a chance to get hollowed out by any of her cocks. Yet that didn’t happen.

She was ignored. *Her!* Obviously, that made her sound like Gretchen, but she at least had a good reason. Everywhere she went, people were entranced either by raw lust, curiosity, shock or all three. But no one even glanced her way, too caught up in the orgy. Which, to their credit, was something impressive.

Orgies were nothing new. This, however, was debauchery the likes Carmen had rarely seen. It looked like the whole student body was present, coming in all forms and putting them to good use. The usual airtight penetrations were abound, faces, asses and pussies all stuffed to the brink, but those were the minority. Just glancing around, Carmen noticed very few nipples, navels, urethras, ears and noses were unpenetrated. Many arms and legs were positioned to allow others to thrust between them. No one there thought of anything but fucking.

Truthfully, Carmen was half-tempted to join in. Few things were as pleasant as turning off her brain and rutting into a few dozen sluts. She had one other priority in mind though. It didn’t take long for her to fish out Gretchen amongst everyone, being fucked by no less than ten super-sized futanari on the stage, belly hanging over the edge with more people grinding into it. Spotting her also revealed one other very important person; Rachel, currently balls deep in Gretchen’s tits.

Carmen didn’t remember giving her fuckable nipples. So there was another Futa Note. And Gretchen had used it to make Rachel, of all people, wear such a dopey expression while fucking her. That would not stand.

The last time she felt rage of this level, she’d beaten Gretchen to a pulp. Now, she was going to do something far more. Gretchen would survive in body, however once Carmen was finished, she’d be a drooling, mindless breeding sow. Carmen crouched and jumped, only intending to clear a few rows of people. It even took her by surprise when she landed atop Gretchen’s belly.

More so when the gravid sphere gave out under her feet. She stepped to the stage proper, while those fucking Gretchen’s holes were ejected by a surge of jizz. Except Rachel, who didn’t even glance her way.

“How the fuck aren’t you pregnant right now?” Carmen wondered. The orgy looked to have been going for quite some time. With that much cum inside her, and with Carmen’s own meddling, then the blonde should’ve been in her third trimester at least, yet her belly was soft. Probably for the best. Her mind would break so much easier if Carmen dumped a giant litter in her.

She picked Rachel up first, the redhead thrusting dumbly into thin air, until she saw a chance to break free and plunge into another body. It didn’t matter that Carmen had touched her, she only cared for more sex.

“I should’ve done this a long time ago,” Carmen said, morphing into her wolf-form and splitting her cocks to five.

The lines along her arm glew brilliantly through her fur, seeming to dye it a neon pink, spreading out further to wrap around her limb until it was ringed in the light. At the same time, her tar-black cocks erupted in similarly bright veins, all crawling toward the crowns. They swelled up fatter and fatter, knots inflating at the bases while nubs and spines lifted up. Her flares widened, ready to catch on a tight cervix and pull it out into the open, then slam it back in.

Gretchen made no sound or movement other than to spread her legs. She thought this was just another futa about to stuff her holes? Carmen almost laughed, eager to see and hear the shock as this cunt was completely ruined. She lined up with the gaping hole, which drooled its previous recipients jizz. It was thick, yet watery compared to what Carmen’s nuts were churning up. Her centre cock was the biggest and most altered.

Its veins coiled around it in a corkscrew pattern. Nubs the size of oversized grapes stuck right out between every ring, while stacks of them formed her glans. Similarly, spines jutted forth, undulating as her shaft throbbed larger and fatter. It expanded as she pressed it against Gretchen’s stretched out lips, almost swelling into her. She held back for a moment longer, lining up the other four first. This wasn’t about pleasure for Gretchen, even if she would cum more than ever before. Carmen wanted her to be *ruined*.

In service of that, her phalli had one more change. Her bulbous heads elongated, forming wicked points, the kind that would jab at Gretchen’s walls to where it hurt like heaven. Carmen lined up, flexing hard to keep the group aligned. Once she was sure it would work, she took a deep breath and lunged.

At long last, Gretchen made a sound. A howl of equal parts agony and abject bliss, as the tips of Carmen’s cocks scraped along her cunt and stabbed into her womb, stretching like no other could. There were futa with bigger dicks, however few had so many of this size and shape. Carmen’s crotch splattered against her ass, knots at Gretchen’s opening. It was a flaw in giving someone a rump of that magnitude, that some wouldn’t be able to fully penetrate her from the back. However, for one such as Carmen, it was a springboard. A way for her to pull back faster and build momentum.

Gretchen’s ass shoved her away. A second clap echoed throughout the gym, breaching the ears of all those present, as Carmen rammed into it once again. Her knots dipped into Gretchen this time, but only barely. Even with a hole gaped so thoroughly, the bulbs were too big. A third, fourth and fifth clap of flesh rang out. Each time, she got a little deeper and her thrusts even stronger.

She dug her fingers into Gretchen’s ass, using it to pull herself forward whenever it rejected her. She, also, slapped each cheek in turn, making sure her claws raked across it. Not hard enough to draw blood, that would only ruin her own fun, but they left angry lines in their wake. Gretchen turned her head, eyes strangely clear, as her mouth opened and closed in what looked like begging.

Begging? For her to stop?

Carmen’s thoughts were filled with her desire to fuck Gretchen into oblivlion, but there was room for rage. She couldn’t say exactly where it came from, but it was perfectly sensible given who was wrapped around her dicks. How *dare* she beg for it to end! Carmen’s lips pulled back in a snarl, her heart thumping at the same tempo as her thrusts, while her more of her fur dyed pink. Her eyes watered from a sudden burning, but it was completely offset by her body swelling all over.

She’d felt it dozens of times before, even if many times it was in the back of her mind. But she keenly noticed this growth. The stage fell away, everyone becoming even smaller in her eyes, while more of Gretchen’s body was devoured in her tits. Her nipples undulated as they grew, erupting milk by the gallon as she slammed into the blonde slut. The already tight space collapsed around her. Or rather, she grew until it was at its absolute limit and then some. Her cocks throbbed against one another, the knots pulsating as second ones bulged around her middle.

At long last, she could see their shapes through Gretchen’s stomach. Already obscene, her development turned them into true monsters, the nubs more than tripling in size and some of the spines following suit. Those that didn’t grow, pulsed powerfully enough for Carmen to feel it through all the other sensations.

Her arms and legs filled out with new striations. Even her dense fur couldn’t obscure the additional muscle. She dug her toes into the stage, cracking it as she lunged back, held it to build power, then rleeased it all. Gretchen’s ass was nothing more than a pillow against that kind of power. Her whole body rippled with the deafening impact. A faint scream tore through her throat, but was lost in the thick, wet slurp of her pussy as Carmen pulled her myriad of knots out.

And with them came a muggy, pink fog. The instant it rolled around Carmen’s legs, they turned damp. Her pussy clenched and hosed down the floor behind her with enough force to pierce the second, ear-piercing crack of flesh on flesh. More of that miasma poured forth now, stemming from all of Carmen’s pores and holes. It rolled off the stage, blown into the crowd by the sheer speed of Carmen’s thrusts.

The sound of her balls swelling and roiling with cum became a permanent din in the gymnasium. It even drowned out the moans and wet spanks of everyone else fucking. They were still only barely aware of Carmen’s presence, not even glancing down at the pink mist supplanting the purple fog from before. But their moans changed, becoming more expressive, less monotonous. It was like they were finally waking up.

But Carmen’s whole attention was on Gretchen. The bitch’s eyes had rolled back, mouth open and tongue bouncing with every thrust. Her arms flew out in front of her, landing on Carmen’s bulges even when they pulled away. All five were enormous now, more than a match for what the futa’s single cock before. The heads alone were wider than Carmen’s shoulders.

“C-Carmen!”

That voice was the only thing that could snap her out of it. She looked down but saw nothing, save for an impressively fat ass peeking out from beneath her own, massively enhanced rump. She didn’t need to see who it was, their voice intimately familiar, as were the two cocks that found their way into her always gushing pussy. It was Rachel.

“You have to… get… away,” the redead panted, even as she pounded as fast as her plump little body could manage, barely keeping up with Carmen’s rhythm.

“From what?” Carmen asked, her voice hitching on each word as she slammned into Gretchen.

Rachel didn’t answer, losing herself and cumming into Carmen. The hot, gooey love that suffused her womb was enough to put her over the edge as well. Her knots hooked into Gretchen for the last time, inflating until even Carmen couldn’t pull them out. The spines along her cocks all extended, curling around the grossly stretched out walls of the womb, until they found the little divots of her fallopian tubes and plunged right inside. Cum erupted right away, propelled by such force it could’ve shattered stone.

Five different points extended from within Gretchen’s uterus. The centre was biggest, with an obvious, pulsating ring where its urethra was, then they all disappeared with the first eruption of her seed. Gretchen didn’t cry out, only making a guttural moan deep in her chest as her skin was stretched out a dozen feet further into the room. Her belly was already much larger than her actual body, however that was miniscule against what Carmen’s load did to her.

People had just enough sense to move out of the way as she inflated. Her belly rolled off the stage, weighed down by Carmen’s decadently thick semen. Every spurt had the same girth as her cocks prior to her recent growth, and held that shape even as they pooled around Gretchen’s cervix and Carmen’s knot. It touched down and spread out to the sides, scraping along the walls on its conquest for the door. People clamoured onto it, their weight applying more pressure to Carmen’s cocks. That only made her cum harder.

One of them was Zoey, who looked much more ‘average’ in height now. The horse-futa blinked and shook her whole body, loosing quite a bit of cum onto Gretchen’s bubbling womb.

“Carmen?” A moan stifled her as she arched on her knees, members standing at attention as they unloaded all over the wolf-futa. Its scent wafted all around Carmen, stronger than ever as it sizzled and steamed where it touched her. Like she was absorbing it.

“When did you get here?” Mary asked, climbing her way up with the help of her many tentacled-cocks, then looked around, “When did *we* get here?” Her eyes locked onto Carmen and, like Zoey, she shuddered as every ounce of jizz was emptied from her testes.

Ashley, with the help of Dakota, also made her way up, “I remember we were fucking Gretchen, then…” She moaned, drowning it out into Dakota’s lips as the couple made out and came all over Carmen.

There were lustful murmurs all around now, people questioning how they ended up there. The fact everyone was fucking didn’t raise any issues, this was par for the course for them all. Carmen paid them no mind, fully intent on stuffing Gretchen to the absolute brink. Or beyond. Not like the world would be any worse off without Gretchen in it.

All her lovers kept cumming on her, yet even with the layers upon layers of jelly-thick jizz, the pink of her fur remained lustrous as ever. She didn’t know what that meant for her, only that her orgasm only got more and more incredible. Gretchen’s womb was completely stuffed, Carmen’s cocks buried in their own, impossibly thick progeny with more and more gushing out. Her own belly inflated to try and catch up with her tits as Rachel inundated her as well.

Before long, everyone had clamoured onto Gretchen’s belly. Their eyes fell onto Carmen, instantly forgetting their confusion as they aimed their cocks at her. The futa stood in a mountain of cum, growing every second, its fumes coalesing around her and joining with the pink miasma. She grabbed Gretchen’s head, pulling it back so she was forced to arch dangerously far. The blonde’s eyes were blank, rolled back into her skull with only the rare sound escaping her lips. Nothing that could be considered words.

The longer Carmen spent stuffing her, the more damage would be done. After this, Gretchen would be a useless husk, barely sufficient for breeding stock or a milk tankard. Just the way she should’ve been after what she did to Stacy. Carmen was just too much of a coward to do it.

“You’re all safe now,” Carmen said, basking in the last minutes of her release and the heat of everyone else’s.

“No,” Rachel gurgled, crawling from the cum and onto Gretchen as well, “It’s not her.”

Carmen’t stomach sank, her orgasm halting at the glazed over expression on her girlfriend’s face. Looking around, the others had all reverted to a similar state, even as they continued shooting all over her. Their cum had turned dull as well. Its pungency, viscosity and prolificacy all a fraction of what they were a second ago.

“Then who is it?” Carmen asked, trying to get Rachel to focus on her again.

While she didn’t get an answer, the hairs all over her body stood on end and her balls unleashed a final, almost painful eruption that pushed Gretchen to the other end of the gym. That cut off one exit. The only ones left were behind her, where this terrible presence snapped into existence.

“I believe she refers to me.”