Katie and Laura: Joys of Growing

1st class flying truly was an incredible trip, one Katie was glad to have splurged on. She didn’t have prior experiences with planes, nor did she want one after that. Between the higher end food, spacious seats and stewardess offering whatever she needed, there really was no going back.

“Anyone need help?” Katie asked once they landed, looking over the chaos that she should’ve expected, given her involvement. While she’d taken care to empty herself before the flight, they hit some turbulence and the vibrations got her going again. The staff and other passengers clearly didn’t have much experience with a Hyper packing something extra, as a stewardess figured it would be easy as sucking her off and maybe a quick fuck. That resulted in her becoming immobile and the others having to deal with her.

A few hands raised in answer to her offer and she helped them off. One of the stewardess’ reminded her of the complimentary clothes they offered for such an occasion, though they only had a couple sets, since most futanari weren’t nearly so productive.

“Wow, that’s some great service,” Katie said. After helping everyone out from the cum-drenched cabin, she headed for a bathroom and got changed. Her outfit was a couple sizes too small, but elastic and hugged her nicely, save for the skirt. It got over her hips well enough, though ended only halfway down her thighs. With a lack of panties on hand - what with her cocks shredding them mid-flight - her members hung half in the open.

Perhaps that’d have posed an issue back home in Surrey, but this was California. Reality shows were guilty pleasures for her, and they were shockingly accurate how they portrayed sunny state Americans. Despite her dicks on display, *she* was the *conservative* one around. Girls and futa alike walked around in little more than fishnets at times, while some only wore painted on boxers with nipple tape. A security guard was no better, wearing a halter top and mini-skirt. Her cock swung about next to her baton.

Oh yeah, she was gonna like it there. Especially once she met Laura in the flesh. So, so much flesh. Katie shut her eyes, closing out the visual splendour of her new surroundings, replacing it with something far more incredible; her pen-pal, Laura. They’d been talking online for little over a year, having met on a support forum for Hypers. Seeing her had changed her life.

“Katie Barns?”

Katie cracked an eyelid at her name and saw a vaguely familiar face. It resembled Laura’s, the reason for her trip, and whose eyebrow was arched, gaze pointed at Katie’s crotch. Following her eyes, she found her hands stroking herself, pre-cum slowly ramping up as her balls gurgled. She didn’t stop, just offered an apologetic shrug for the familiar stranger.

“That’s me. Why?”

“I’m Daniel, Laura’s sister. Care for a ride?” Daniel asked, not making any gesture to a vehicle, instead leaning over to give the Hyper an eyeful of her impressive cleavage, the breasts all but spilling from her shirt. Just past them, a juicy, though average cock lifted her own skirt. No balls, Katie noted. Her balls throbbed at the offer.

“Sure, if you think you can handle these,” she patted her own shafts, each more than twice the size of Daniel’s. A dense puddle of pre-cum had pooled around their feet, spreading out by the second as her arousal neared its peak.

At her challenge, Daniel smirked and led her away. Crowds were forming and, though starting a public orgy wasn’t beyond Katie’s abilities, she didn’t want to keep Laura waiting. Just a quick fuck, then she’d be on her way to meet the most stunning woman she knew. ‘Quick’ was a subjective term, however.

Once in the designated fuck rooms (for those wanting a bit of privacy), she wasted no time in slamming one cock into Daniel’s pussy. Being on the smaller end of Hyperism had its benefits, in that she could fit in most people easily enough. Especially someone that had experience with stretching themselves. Her shaft pierced deep, ramming against the cervix and shoving it open to bury every inch of her two-foot member. The other sawed between Daniel’s plump ass, dousing her top in pre.

“Sorry about the mess,” Katie said, pumping away.

“It’s okay,” Daniel panted between thrusts, each breath punctuated by the Hyper’s strong motions, “Should’ve been working on my ass more.”

“Where’s Laura anyway? I thought she was gonna meet me here,” Katie said, taking a second to adjust her grip and make sure her partner didn’t slip in the toe-deep muck she’d produced.

“Ooh, fuck… she’s, hah, had a little trouble with production,” Daniel explained, her own member twitching in time with her tunnel, milking the larger futa, “Could barely get out of bed.”

“That’s so hot,” Katie groaned. Her balls rumbled and pulled tight to her body, “Here it cums! Hope you can take it!”

“Fuuuck, yeah! Give it to me,” Daniel cried out in her own climax, spurting a pitiful amount of semen - mere drops in the ocean below - while a veritable flood erupted inside and over her. As the first waves rolled out, bringing the cum levels to their ankles and rapidly rising, Katie reached back to open the door. The room was spacious, but she didn’t want to risk getting stuck again.

Tides of semen poured out as more was added by the second. Daniel put up a tremendous effort, her belly inflating until it touched the floor, despite her legs being fully extended, however it groaned from the strain as more pumped in. The skin turned an angry, glossy crimson, before it gave up and expunged the excess. Regardless of the seal around her cock, gaps were formed as litres upon litres erupted to cover Katie from the waist down. Her second member kept up its launch unimpeded.

Witnesses naturally gathered to witness her load.

“Oh my god, is she…”

“Those are definitely Hyper sized. And two of them to boot!”

“I want a go.”

“She’d pop you in a second.”

For five minutes, Katie basked in her release and the admirations of strangers. Many were inspired by her display and took partners, whether they knew them or not. Even the on duty security guard couldn’t help but rub out a few spurts, resulting a couple of shift-eyed futa getting pass without a check. As was normal for her, Katie’s fresh outfit was drenched in cum once more.

She didn’t bother with replacing it this time and strolled out. Her face was splattered in cum, though her hair was mostly spared, while ninety percent of her body from the neck down was coated, repainting the complimentary clothes in white. If nothing else, it would make a good impression with Laura. Oh, it would be incredible to finally meet her face to face. Video could never do her justice.

“Wow,” Daniel said when they got to the car.

“Hmm? Oh, uh, yeah. That happens a lot lately,” Katie said, inadvertently smearing pre-cum on the windows.

“Because of Laura?” Daniel teased.

“Of course,” Katie said, “Are you okay waiting? I can take care of these real quick.”

“No, no. It’s fine, don’t worry.”

“You sure? I’m probably gonna make a mess.”

“Not like I haven’t had those before. Trust me, you try keeping things dry and clean living with Laura. It’s just not possible.”

“Ooh, I can’t wait,” Katie cooed, hand moving to her shaft. She caught it early and pulled back, “Oops, sorry. Bad habit.”

Daniel giggled and invited her into the car, “It’s okay. Let’s get going. Oh, by the way, I’m spending a week with some friends so it’ll just be you and Laura.”

Instantly, Katie’s mind raced with the new knowledge. Just her and Laura, all alone at her home, two Hypers in the same place with no obligations… and Katie knew she had a libido on par with hers, if the hours of video sex they’d had were anything to go by. From those videos, Laura’s breasts had seemed immaculately squeezable, the kind of tits that put feathered pillows to shame and welcomed any weary traveller to rest on their expanse. She couldn’t wait to see them swallow her hands. And later her cocks.

The tumultuous rise of pleasure snapped her from the reverie, followed by the fierce splashing on the front windscreen. Katie jerked her members with abandon, moaning her apologies for the mess. Before long, the vehicle was flooded and groaning from the weight. Daniel, in a daze, opened the doors to drain it out.

“If you’re going to cum, maybe do it outside,” she said.

“Yeah, sorry. I was just thinking about Laura and… like I said, bad habit.”

“Looks like you’re not calming down,” Daniel noted, “And traffic’s not really moving either.”

“Are you implying what I think you’re implying?” Katie asked, to which the driver responded by shifting over to straddle the multi-endowed Hyper, pussy sliding down one shaft, while the other stood between them, rubbing at Daniel’s own member as they moved in rhythm. Horns blared at them to drive, but they died down as others caught sight. The radio played in the meantime, a traffic forecast warning of a spontaneous orgy on the highway.

Asking a futa not to get horny was unreasonable. For a Hyper like Katie, she’d gone through the past year since her growth spurt with infrequent flaccidity, their occurrences more like erections for average futanari. Much as Daniel watched her words for the rest of the journey, she would inevitably slip and mention Laura, spurring her passenger’s mind to wander. Without fail, Katie’s dicks rose back to full hardness and led to minor flooding on the roads as they drove. Modern advancements in vehicles prevented any major accidents.

Eventually, the car rolled into a car park overseen by a tall building segregated by dozens of balconies. At their peak, Katie noticed a waving shape, before it vanished with nothing but a small drop of white falling in its wake.

“Well… looks like she survived the journey,” Daniel said, patting the dashboard. It started off as a matte black colour, now it was plastered in white slime compliments of Katie’s balls, “Definitely earned that full wash.”

“Can’t believe I’m finally here,” Katie said, not paying any mind to the cum bath her feet rested in, or the fact her driver was currently forced to lean on her egregious gut just to reach the steering wheel, “Will you be alright? I know my cum doesn’t like to just slip out.”

“Yeah. Yeah, I’ll be fine. Might get pregnant though. But hey, you’re gonna be my sister-in-law before long so it’s cool.”

Katie looked down, hand going through her dark blonde hair, “I, uh, don’t know about that. We’re just good friends right now.”

“Just you wait until you see how excited Laura’s been to meet you. I’d be shocked if you two aren’t walking down the aisle by tomorrow.”

“At least I’ve got your blessing,” Katie chuckled, cheeks warm at the implications.

“Just make sure you guys don’t flood the whole complex. Last thing we need are the neighbours complaining again. Oh, need a hand with your bags?”

“No, no, it’s fine. You’re carrying plenty already,” Katie said.

“True. Don’t know how you Hypers carry all that weight around,” Daniel stroked her belly, eyeing the Hyper’s balls. While huge, they were poor containers for the amount of jizz they shot in just a few minutes. Even after cumming five times along the way, Katie’s sack was no less taut, skin glossy from the pussy juice and cum that’d been rubbed into it by Daniel’s gyrating ass. They honestly looked as if Katie had applied several layers of ball polish to them, despite her never buying a single bottle.

“Guess this is it,” Katie said and climbed out, shoes splashing in the immediate puddle made by her prior emissions, “It was fun.”

“I’ll give you a call if this turns up positive,” Daniel said, patting her malleable middle, “Or if it’s not, try to change that.” She winked.

“It probably is. Half of my friends wound up pregnant after one night with me.”

“What about the other half?”

“They’re massive cum sluts, refused to let me cum inside. Gave them a shower instead,” Katie giggled.

“Oh man, Laura’s gonna love you.”

Backpack slung over her shoulder and getting coated its share of her ejaculate, Katie headed in. She dragged her suitcase behind her, wheels rolling loudly on the reception floor, containing nothing but clothes. Much as she aimed to spend time with Laura, this was her first time in the States and she wanted to sightsee, which seemed the perfect opportunity to show off the warmer wardrobe she rarely used back home. More than anything, she wanted Laura’s opinion on them.

Before she could use the intercom or let Laura know she’d arrived, the elevator groaned and dinged. From its doors, stepped two humongous sets of boobs, the top supported by their larger siblings and announced the arrival of the beautiful, illustriously endowed, Laura. She wasn’t dressed to impress, though it was easy to appear that way with her proportions, wearing only overalls tented by her nipples. Salacious ripples passed through the mountains as she bounded over to Katie.

“Katie! Oh my god, it’s so good to see you!” Laura squealed, face vanishing between the bouncing of her huge knockers, each reveal just as intoxicating as the first.

“Same here!” Katie squealed in return. She abandoned her suitcase and ran over, colliding with the girl and silently crying at finally touching her in the flesh. The novelty marshmallows she’d bought a few weeks back to try getting a sense of what Laura would feel like didn’t do her justice. While soft like pillows and easily the squishiest confection she’d enjoyed without eating, Laura’s were supple yet firm. They conformed to her body as it squished into them, and her arms were swallowed at the sides when she tried embracing the Hyper girl.

“This is so much better than I imagined,” Katie said, doing her best to lean into her once online-only friend. It really was. Something about just seeing Laura in the flesh, even after hours upon hours of video chats, was fulfilling. Much more so thanks to her incredible perfume. And the twinge of sweetness that floated up from Laura’s bosoms.

“Understatement,” Laura giggled, giving her best hug, despite her arms not reaching around her incredible bust, “Guess I know you’re a boob futa.”

“It’s that obvious? I’m not drooling right?” Katie asked, wiping at her mouth. She was drooling.

“That and either you’re just happy to see me, or your cocks are trying to drill into my tits,” Laura said.

“Yeah, think that’s gonna happen a lot,” Katie stepped back, retracting her erections and salivating over the indents they left behind, which recovered back to a flawless shape. Her pricks lurched and splattered Laura’s overalls in pre, “Oops, sorry about that.”

“It happens. Is that your stuff? Here, I’ll get it.”

“No, it’s cool. I got it, trust me,” Katie said, but the gigantically endowed girl was already waddling over to her, steps careful with her chest constantly butting against her thighs. Despite that, her ass cheeks hopped with her feet with an hypnotic grace. She picked up the suitcase, holding it over her breasts like it weighed nothing. The carrier was only marginally larger than her upper row.

“Shall we go?” Laura asked.

“Yeah…” Katie wiped her mouth again and resolved not to drool over her friend every second she looked at her. That vow meant nothing to her cocks, however, which slobbered all over the floor as she stumbled after Laura’s behind.

The condos were designed with ‘extravagance’ in mind and so the elevator accommodated them both. Laura hummed to the background music behind Katie, whose dicks pushed against the doors and kept up their leakage, faster now with their lusts’ pushing into her back. The humming drowned out the protests of the machine as it dealt with Laura’s weight once more. This wasn’t the first time she restrained herself when meeting someone, having several past encounters where she waited until the moment was right, but none had been so testing. Nor had they given her infallible erections.

Laura was special. Not some girl with big titties that wanted to hang out before fucking. She was *the* girl with big titties, but surpassed her physical dominance with a warm heart that welcomed Katie when she was just figuring things out as a Hyper. One did not simply fuck Laura. Katie wondered if she’d ever truly be worthy of sticking her slobbering shafts between the quartet of breasts.

But such worries could wait as the elevator pinged their arrival. A short walk down the halls, and Laura opened the door to her humble home, waving the futa inside with a low bow. She didn’t tumble over, despite an avalanche of flesh pouring out her overalls, pulling the straps taut against her shoulders. Katie’s cocks led the way in, staking their claim with a small burst at the realisation of exactly where they were.

“Well? What do you think?”

It could be a dingy dungeon for all Katie cared. So long as Laura called it a home and was around, she’d be satisfied, but the simple elegance of a sleek couch supported by iron feet - and similarly dense boards beneath the cushions - facing a wall-mounted flat screen surrounded by white and a few paintings made it a place of luxury in Katie’s eyes. One that juxtaposed Laura’s otherwise simple attire of a farmhand.

Her clothes weren’t that ordinary, however. On the rare occasions Katie had needed to keep her cocks bound, she was provided Endura-Pants, a brand responsible for ninety percent of Hyper clothing. Each thread was designed to endure all hardships, requiring a chainsaw just to cut them, yet they were crafted with style in mind as well. For someone of Laura’s calibre, they could stop a sniper bullet with barely a bruise to show for it.

“It’s amazing.”

“Aww, you’d say that no matter what,” Laura chuckled and set down the suitcase, filled to its hundred litres capacity with spare clothes.

“True, but I mean it. Nice and simple. Then there’s you,” Katie said and turned on her friend, cocks flinging pre in a wide arc, the flow still increasing as she looked upon her, “There’s so little stuff here that you stand out all the more, like a beacon in the darkness…. or a nipple in this case.”

“Okay, okay, wax poetry at me later,” Laura said, a gentle blush on her cheeks, “I mean it. Anyway, want me to show you around?”

There wasn’t much to see in Katie’s mind. Whenever they entered a new room, using the massive doorways Laura had recently upgraded to suit her, she only gave it a cursory glance before fixating on the Hyper girl once more. Katie trailed after her, doing her best not to salivate over the dance of her friend’s hips, or the increasingly lavish jiggling of her chest. They were so huge that, even contained, they extended half a foot past Laura’s arm. And that was just the top pair!

Below them, the others reached even further. Even if Katie hugged her from behind, there’d be no meeting of her fingers on the other side. She could try it with one boob, though even that seemed doubtful. One room did capture her interest; the bathroom.

“The pumps connect straight to the building’s tanker,” Laura explained, lifting a pump. They were placed by the massive bath, more of a hot tub in scope, replete with bubbles and integrated dildos for obvious reasons. It was still wet, “I was emptying myself earlier. Sometimes I get a little over productive.”

“I know the feeling,” Katie said, giving her sack a firm pat. Four volleyball sized testes filled it and made for awkward walking at first. Even before her Hyperism kicked in, she was larger than average. Of course, her production matched it. To prove her words, the twin pricks lurched and drenched the nearest wall. She sighed, “I’ll clean it up, don’t worry.”

Laura chuckled, “No worries. I make messes all the time. Come on, let me show you where you’ll be sleeping.”

Sleeping was the furthest thing from Katie’s mind as she was led into the final room of the tour; Lauren’s bedroom. Nothing special stood out, but it didn’t need to. Lauren sat on the bed, appropriately queen sized, and stole command of her vision. Dust motes and cobwebs could line the walls, malnourished captives shackled to the walls, and a bubbling pot of death at its centre, yet Katie never gave it a second thought. She joined her friend, fighting the instinctive urge to touch her.

“Nice place,” Katie said, though it was all just a blur in her mind, “Your parents must be pretty well off to afford it.”

“Well, Dani and I help out,” Lauren shook her chest a little, “Making a few gallons of milk really comes in handy when you can’t really do normal work.”

“I’ll bet,” Katie did her best not to stare. She doubted Laura would mind, but it was rude to ogle a host, at least only a few minutes after entering their home. There’d be plenty of time for it later.

“How was the flight anyway?” Laura asked and grabbed a remote from her bedside table, bringing a second tv to Katie’s attention.

“Hmm, so-so. My parents helped pay for a bit so I got into first-class.”

“Really?” Laura’s brows perked at the information, “Come on, that must’ve been awesome.”

“I guess, but it wasn’t really anything unusual. The flight attendant was really nice though. She sucked me off when I got hard from the turbulence.”

“That’s good service. Most five-star hotels don’t have that.”

“Yeah, but she bit off more than she could chew,” Katie chuckled, “I think she’s probably still swollen.”

“Can’t wait to see it,” Laura said with a lick of her plush lips, painted in a glossy red lipstick that just begged to be smeared on a cock or two.

“Oh, and you might be an aunt soon,” Katie said, finally recalling Daniel. It was so easy to forget everything around Laura, her body and charm consuming reality until only they remained, even potential children became just a passing thought.

“Anything you wanna watch?” Laura asked, scrolling through Netflix.

“Hmm,” Katie bit her lip. It would be too easy to say ‘you’, better to wait a bit longer, let her body anticipate the eventual true meeting, “Heard good things about Castlevania.”

“Sure.” Laura said and leaned back, sighing as her lower breasts rested on the bed. The show receded into the background. Katie only glanced at it, forever captive to her friend’s body. Her staring got the Hyper-endowed girl’s attention, who arched a brow and giggled.

“Enjoying yourself?”

“Hmm?” Following her gaze, Katie rolled her eyes and blushed, “Sorry, it just happens.” In recent weeks, it’d become increasingly persistent, that her hands would ignore any idea of courtesy to her friends, and stroke her perpetual erections. Pre-cum gushed down her lengths, lubricating her hands as they worked across them. She pulled away and, in their ire, her cocks spat dense ropes across the floor.

“Mind if I use the bathroom? Get these girls back under control,” Katie said and stood up, sighing at the slap of her balls on her knees. They’d inflated in just the few minutes spent sitting with Laura. Much as she’d wanted to hold off, relax and enjoy her company, Katie didn’t have the luxury. Too much longer and she could cum without warning.

“Let me join in. I’m feeling pretty full at the moment,” Laura said, adjusting the strap of her clothes, which set her boobs jiggling, though not as much as they had before, “Think these pumps are failing.”

“Wait, you’re milking yourself right now?” Katie asked.

“Yeah. Kind of have to lately,” Laura shrugged, more tit-quakes tantalising the futa, and pulled out a large bottle concealed in her cleavage, already mostly full, “See? This should’ve lasted another few hours at least.”

Katie opened her mouth to respond, but all that came out was a guttural moan. Her cocks, free of touch, lurched up high, slapping against her breasts and each other. The heads bloomed, adding an entire inch to their girth, cum-veins following suite as palpitations raced through. She grabbed at the bases too late, squeezing tight in hopes of preventing the ejaculate escaping, as a small flood gushed out. They flew high, grazing the ceilings, then rained down.

She could almost believe it was intended as they landed flawlessly on Laura’s chest. With so much surface area, it took both streams just to glaze them in a single layer, but her pricks weren’t finished by far and launched a second burst. Katie closed off the flow before too much of a mess could be made.

“Sorry, gotta go,” Katie said and waddled away, her balls swelling rapidly from the closed off flow. Close behind, Laura sloshed in pursuit, not even wiping her tits clean. Once in the bathroom, Katie relaxed her grip and aimed both shafts into the toilet, crying out at the abrupt release. The swelling of her testicles paused, only relieved by the constant stream as she jerked them both, squeezing as she moved toward the tip and hastening the flow. One hand left its post and flushed as the basin neared overflowing.

“Oh man, you weren’t kidding. You do cum a lot,” Laura said, beaming at the sight. She ran a finger through the sludge on her chest, collecting a heavy glob and sucked it clean with a heavy moan, “Tasty too.”

“Glad you like it,” Katie gasped, clenching harder to urge a thicker flow.

“Wanna see mine?” Laura asked, though didn’t wait for an answer as she unclipped her overalls. By no means was this the first time Katie had seen her naked breasts, nor the first time up close, but viewing them through a screen versus in person was impossible to compare. Subtle blue veins travelled their vastness, coalescing toward the bumpy circles at the peak. Atop even those were new heights; the nipples.

They bounced from their weight and abrupt freedom. Milk flung about the bathroom, spattering Katie, who bucked at the impact and shot harder, enough that her semen splashed back and onto the Hypers. Laura’s four nipples responded in kind and erupted from several openings, over a dozen streamers that compelled Katie’s orgasm to go faster.

“Told you I make a mess,” Laura said as she calmly prepped her pumps, attaching them one at a time with a soft pop and hiss of air. Almost immediately, her flow doubled without any real suction applied, the milk faucets responding on muscle memory. A fine layer spread out across the tiled floor, splashing as Katie’s toes curled and relaxed with her constant spurts. As each tube was attached, they turned an opaque white as the milk was carried off to parts unknown.

“Where does it all go anyway?” Katie asked, jerking off to the sight of her friend reclining on the bathtub, tits resting heavily in her lap while she groped at them. It was incredible to see just how small her fingers were by comparison. She sighed deeply, hands wrapping around the pumps and pulling gently, trying to come with them.

“There’s a, ooh… a couple of tankers in the building. Used to be just one, but then I moved in.”

“You kept flooding it?” Katie moaned, fucking the loose circle made by her hands now.

“Yuuup! I’d empty in the morning, get full again by noon, and that was all it could take. It even ruptured a few times,” Laura giggled, stroking her breasts at the memory, before reaching between them. She had to lean forward to reach her crotch, weight squeezing an even greater rush of dairy from her own tankers.

“Fuck…” Katie groaned, so deep it rumbled in her balls, each clenching up to press flush against her taint and overwhelm the toilet bowl. She hit flush again, but the viscosity had increased as well and clogged the plumbing. Dense waterfalls joined the milky layer upon the floor, “Mind if I cum in the tub? Don’t want to flood the place.”

“I wouldn’t mind that, but… I suppose it’s a little early,” Laura said and made room for the futa to join her.

Katie pinched the flow off as she shuffled over, but the pressure overcame her grip. Like when a hose was blocked, the pressure rapidly built and, upon its release, rammed into the nearest barrier; Laura. The four-breasted girl squealed and toppled over into her bath. Layers of semen coated her from head to toe as Katie’s cocks let out their displeasure at being stopped, if only for a second.

She aimed them away from Laura and let the flow thunder against the tub, “Sorry about that. Sometimes I don’t know who’s in control here.”

Laura’s breasts sloshed from their emptier state as she climbed up. While the bath offered plenty of room for someone to sit on its edge, Laura possessed enough ass flesh for multiple people, the weight of her top half pushing down and squishing it, while half a foot hung over the edge. She looked into the slurry being created, too dense for the industrial drain to handle properly, hand returning to its original quest between her legs. The smell struck Katie as they spread apart.

“This might take a while,” Katie said as she jerked herself toward a second orgasm amidst the first. A problem that few people considered came with her five minute orgasms; she could cum again in the middle of one. Only a few minutes into her first climax in Laura’s home, she reached her second and renewed the spray, slamming into the tub hard enough to send quivers through the material. They travelled up its walls and echoed in Laura.

Which, in turn, made Katie’s orgasms that much sweeter. Just watching her was enough to power them, but with the scent of a Hyper’s delirium inducing pussy and milk in the air, mixed with the sound of low moans and subtle squelching, she had no need to even touch herself. Existing was enough to bring her body to its knees and beg for a third climax not even a minute into the second.

Three orgasms within five minutes was a rarity. Her record was four, but that was after Laura dared her to edge herself for an hour - the results of which could still be smelled back home after a year. Faced with the woman of her dreams since they met online, she fully planned on shattering that record. Maybe not even by design.

They’d just be fucking and the mere fact would send her over the edge. Then playing with Laura’s tits in real life, feeling their milky plumpness in her own hands, tasting the milk fresh and not after it was shipped to her, would add another climax. Of course there’d be kissing too. Much as sex was little more than a greeting in most countries, there was something so… intimate about a kiss. Being that close to her, tasting her so thoroughly, knowing she reciprocated…

“Shit, fuck!” Katie roared, hands snapping up and down her cocks in rabid strokes, while her balls swelled. Two, powerful throbs drowned all other noise, before it was replaced by the uproar of jizz erupting from twin fountains and slamming into the tub. Under the force, the outer layer cracked, shards flying off and sticking to stray globs. Better equipped to handle the density, Katie’s seed bubbled on its way down.

“That’s so fucking hot,” Laura said, arm jerking faster between her breasts, triggering greater quakes in them. Her pumps whirred louder, tubes straightening slightly from the force of her lactation. Far as mutual masturbations went, it was a fantastic experience.

“It gets better,” Katie moaned and moved closer to rest her quartet of balls on the tub. She straddled them, pushing up on her tip toes, and landed with a splat from her pussy. Mere droplets seeped from her snatch, compared to her phalli, but it was significant enough as she rode the waves of pleasure to create a puddle between her legs.

“Oooh, yeah it does,” Laura cooed. She grunted and spread her legs far, thick thighs separating with a gorgeous web of sticky juices, to reveal a pair of sopping wet panties. Or Katie assumed they were panties; the fabric was stuffed into her pussy, held there by several fingers. The folds twitched and slurped on them, cloudy rivers gushing past her hand, over her tub and down to the floor, where it assimilated Katie’s own pool. Inconceable, Laura’s clit throbbed above all else.

“You’re beautiful,” Katie said, briefly forgetting her own climaxes as the sight hypnotised her.

Laura didn’t close her legs, but she did blush. Like a schoolgirl discovering her first crush, she looked around, anywhere but Katie, before she found the resolve to lean over. Following her lead, Katie moved in, cocks still gushing an ever thickening load that overwhelmed the drain. Hands covered in each other’s juices entwined, mixing them together for the first time, as their lips met.

“Oh goooooooood,” Katie moaned into the kiss, cocks flexing with yet another spontaneous orgasm, decimating her former record.

“More,” Laura sighed and pulled her in, tongue slipping out to meet the futa’s, who groaned her approval. Never in her life, had Katie felt anything so intense. Multiple things, in fact, that mired her thoughts, each impossible to discern properly. The feel of Laura’s lips, the taste of her tongue and lipstick, the feel of her hand, the smell of their sexes and milk and cum suffocating her nostrils, all while Laura’s musical moans reverberated in her own throat. When the hand separated from her own and touched her cock at long last, Katie screamed at the sudden bliss.

But that was all her poor balls could handle. They heaved, throbbing against her pussy, and forced out every millilitre leftover, turning her streams into a tiny splash in the half-a-foot of cum steaming in the tub. Exhaustion caught up and her legs folded, rump landing with a dense splat. Katie looked up at the quad-breasted goddess before her and beamed as she removed her pumps, tits also emptied of their cargo. The drain gurgled in its efforts.

“Think the plumbing’s alright?” Katie asked, a stupid grin glued to her face.

“Probably,” Laura said, to which the pipes groaned. She shrugged, “Eh, not like I’d mind showering in cum for a few days. Or weeks.”

“I swear on my dicks, I’m gonna make that happen.”

Laura giggled, “Come on, you need to recharge before that. Besides, I was getting into that show.” She stood up, legs shaky and drenched on the inside with her pussy, still pouring out. A gentle sloshing came from her breasts, now several inches smaller but no less shapely.

“Do you even remember the name of it?” Katie asked.

“Do you?”

“No!” Both snorted at each other.

“We really should rehydrate first,” Laura said and led the way out, ass pulling Katie onward as if her cocks were leashed. In the kitchen, the milky Hyper turned with a smirk, “How about some milk? Family recipe.”

Katie’s flagging erections jumped back to life, bobbing with her head as she nodded vigorously. A pair of glasses clinked down upon the kitchen counter top, followed by a gallon bottle sloshing with milk. She poured it out into both, filling them to the brim. A single drop overflowed one, which her tongue caught.

“What’re you waiting for? Come get some.”