Carmen sat across from the Futa Note, still in the guise of her sister. Though ‘sat’ was subjective. Her legs were crossed, but there was nothing to support her. She simply floated in the dimly lit void. Now that she was paying closer attention, it was obviously organic. Whenever the pink light pulsed, so too did the walls. Strangely, for as far as she could see, something told her there was no end to it. Where exactly were they?

“So?” Carmen asked, looking around for the familiar black notebook, “Where’s the book? Or… you? This is all very confusing.”

The Futa Note chuckled, “Here, this is my form. I can change it, if you’d like. This can’t be pleasant for you.”

“No, it’s fine,” she said after a moment’s contemplation. It was nice to see her sister’s face. Even if it wasn’t really her, it was a stern reminder of what Carmen had to fight for, “More than that, can I call you something other than ‘the Futa Note’?”

“I… don’t have a name. I think? Perhaps I did once? But it won’t matter for long. We will be a new being soon. We can think of a name then.”

“I’ll just call you ‘Note’ then. Sorry, I should’ve done this ages ago really, ever since you started invading my dreams.”

“That’s a strong word; ‘invading’. I was called by your subconscious. Was it not good for you? I think I helped you quite a bit,” Note said, grinning impishly.

“Yes, you helped me become a total pervert and tempted me to use you way more than I should have.”

“Or not enough. Maybe if you’d been more free-spirited with it, none of this would’ve happened. We might’ve become a single entity weeks ago.”

“Maybe,” Carmen sighed, “But I’m not interested in the past anymore.”

“Good answer.”

Carmen leaned forward, gaze intently focused on Note’s misshapen irises, “Now how are we going to beat the Queen? I said it before, but I’m pretty sure she kicked our asses.”

“You’re not wrong, however *we* aren’t going to be challenging her. She’ll be facing the combined force of us both, united within The Womb itself.”

“So that’s what this is,” Carmen murmured. She suspected as much, based on the organic space and Note’s earlier words, but knowing she was where all life came from had a certain grandiosity. No better place to be when creating a new life, “So we’re going to use its power to overcome her, then?”

It was the only thing that made sense. Carmen strength before came entirely from the Futa Note, simply combining their powers wouldn’t make any difference if they were both soundly defeated. Taking from The Womb itself, essentially the big bang personified as a female reproductive organ, would overcome even the Queen.

“You can’t *use* its power. However, us simply being here… it fills us with its presence,” Note stopped and breathed, filling her already giant chest, which swelled up, far too much for it to be a simple trick of the light, “You must’ve noticed too?”

“I don’t feel anything,” Carmen said.

“Then look.” Note’s eyes fixed on the girl’s chest. Carmen followed, sucking in a sharp breath at the distinct bust she now sported. Nothing special in their own right, yet easily double their former size.

“So the plan is for me to absorb its essence until I’m back to normal?” She withheld her surprise at her own words. ‘Normal’ was a strange word to apply to what she once was, that being a futanari with three horse-cocks, one of which had plenty of other obscene formations across it, towering over nearly all others and could change into a humanoid wolf. She missed it. The sense of being so much more than… *this*.

“Something like that.”

“And how long will that take?”

“Too long,” Note smiled slyly, “You’ll need to take it in directly.” At her words, lights pulsed rapidly, illuminating the area and a slender limb loosely spiralled around Note’s body. It was about the girth of her cock, slightly thicker than Carmen’s wrist. The pink glow made it difficult to identify its colour, though it was dark, possibly a rich crimson.

“How am I not surprised?”

Note snorted softly, making petting motions at the tentacle, but not actually touching it, “All of The Womb’s creations are united by sex. While some aren’t affected by it, the connection is still there. Even The Womb is no different.”

“So it reproduces asexually?”

“At first, yes. Then it had others. And, as you experienced, once you know true pleasure, it’s hard - impossible even - to go back. It has been an eternity since it last had a partner. They used to wander into its domain once, however certain events made that impossible.”

“The Queen?”

Note nodded, “Or Seikogami in general. I don’t know the details, but she created a realm all her own, one that hijacked the passages The Womb once used. Now people wander into that dimension, or vice versa. Despite what it seems, it is a sentient being. Loneliness can be depressing and suffocating.”

“So how come we’re not being railed right now?”

“Patience,” Note said, “And the fact it is cautious. We’re new after all. That said, once it touches either of us, I’m sure it’ll be fully roused.”

“And if it impregnates me? Does that mess with our plan?”

“There is no ‘if’,” Note giggled, “And no, it helps us more than anything. Budding life forms directly infused with The Womb’s essence, they’ll be taken into our new self as well.”

The tentacle extended away from her, now reaching toward Carmen, as if finally noticing her existence. She couldn’t blame it. Compared to a Futa Note made flesh, she was more like a flickering candle next to an inferno. Still, without any contact from Note, it turned to the next best source. Carmen did her best not to cringe away from it.

Up close, it was clearly slimy. Vascular lines ran its whole length, giving it an angry appearance, that wasn’t helped by the dark colour. The head was blunt and smooth, with no clear delineation from the rest. It curled around her shoulders, not quite touching, but she felt its incredible heat. A tremor went through her body, resulting in a squelching between her legs as Note’s seed dribbled out.

“This could be your last chance,” Note warned as the tendril began drifting over Carmen’s front, barely hovering over her now, “Like I said, it’s been a long time. Imagine when you were at your most pent up, then amplify it several quintillions. *That* is just a fraction. I can feel its lust for you, you know? Like a pounding headache through my entire body. Makes me want to take you for myself, honestly.”

“I can see that,” Carmen breathed, unconsciously opening her legs a bit further as the limb dipped past her navel.

“If you do this Carmen,” Note said, cock pulsating madly, “You could break entirely. The Queen will be nothing compared to this.”

“I’m ready for it.” There was no hesitation. Even if she was worried about that, she would sooner beat it down and pretend it never existed. Words were pointless though, so Carmen unfolded her legs, pussy oozing semen, and grabbed the tendril.

The texture was strange. It had the same give as rubber, yet was distinctly fleshy and, as she expected, slimy. The tendril went rigid in her hand, but put up no fight as she guided it to her vagina. She rubbed it along her folds at first, giving it a nice coating of juices and Note’s cum, then shoved it into herself. Her walls parted easily, gripping the broad member as it surged past the ruins of her hymen.

Carmen hunched over when it smashed against her cervix, but kept pushing. It didn’t go in, instead finding a little pocket to invade. Her breath hitched as it stretched up into her, more and more, until she finally couldn’t handle even one millimetre. For a moment, she just breathed. Lights pulsed around in time with her heart. The tendril throbbed, veins getting fatter and pushing on her insides.

Then it retreated from her. The human gasped, feeling the stretching ease up, until it was just the entrance. It seemed hesitant to continue. Carmen grabbed the tentacle again, though she didn’t force it in, stroking it instead. The Womb pre-dated language, so words seemed pointless, but actions spoke volumes anyway. She rolled her hips around the tip, stretching herself out a little in every direction. Eventually, it understood her wants and pushed in just a little.

Holding back the urge to buck her hips and impale herself fully, she watched it slide up. The lights were firing off constantly now. They were like neurons in the brain, and the brighter they got, the bolder it became. She clenched and relaxed her muscles, pulling it deeper with just her kegels. That got the lights firing rapidly.

Once it was at her cervix, she shifted her angle so it pushed into the pocket once more. Further and further up her body it went, beyond where she left it before, until she swore she felt it in her chest. There was no bulge, though that was just as likely because of her pudgy gut, which tensed up as she worked her lower-half.

It was a different kind of pleasure than riding Note earlier. There was no wide-brimmed head to scrape along her insides, but the thick veins and abundance of length made it all worthwhile. As they moved together, it became more comfortable, sliding down her tunnel at an angle, making sure she felt every inch, then jamming back in. It wasn’t nearly as fast as Note was, however they were reaching that point.

Every thrust came that much faster. Stronger. She kept her hands wrapped around it, holding loosely to make a second, pseudo pussy for it, while her legs kicked out into the void. Carmen moaned deeply each time, whole body warming from its presence. Her nipples stood up like small beacons, but went ignored.

Still… she couldn’t help but wonder if that was all to The Womb. This was supposed to be enough to break her? She almost asked for more, but bit her tongue. Her body wasn’t anything like before. They were probably warming up to more. She hoped.

Carmen rode the tentacle as best she could. Without a physical plain to use, she could only move awkwardly, though it was still effective. Especially as over a foot of slimy tendril pumped in and out of her, now spinning around to really up the sensations. Her juices flowed freely, thickened with leftover cum. She didn’t know where the drops fell, perhaps they were absorbed into The Womb itself, or even cared. It felt good, she just needed more.

The thrusts into her cavity became heavier, tentacle fattening with errant pulses. Was it going to cum? Already? Carmen buried her disappointment, instead tightening her grip, both with hands and pussy, encouraging it to pump her full. It quickened, no longer pulling all the way, instead delivering short, rapid jabs into her chest. Fuck, it felt so deep. She wasn’t far off her own climax really.

“Cum in me. Flood my pussy with it,” Carmen said, despite her doubts it would understand. Still, saying the words aloud made her own excitement bubble up that much more, “It’s been so long, right? Don’t be shy and breed me. Let me give birth to a new species or whatever! I just want it!”

Maybe it did understand, as the tentacle reared back and made one last brutal thrust. This time, it slammed right against her womb, grinding over the tiny entry, before barrelling through. Carmen threw her head back, crying out as a bulge finally appeared in her upper abdomen, pushing up to meet her breasts. It pulsed and twitched wildly, before she was flooded with heat. The essence of creation itself.

But it wasn’t enough. Carmen came within reach of her orgasm, but fell just short. Still, it felt incredible, fulfilling in a way she hadn’t truly experienced yet. And the promise she saw was more than worth. Above and all around, the walls protruded, suddenly sporting wide veins that pulsated. Pink lights went off over, like a constant parade of fireworks. They flashed in tandem, casting everything in darkness for brief instants. When light returned, more tentacles had formed, with others already growing in.

The first slid free of her. Carmen grunted in pleasure at the flow of semen through her gaped pussy. It would recover in time, however she doubted that would happen with the army encroaching. She looked to Note, who seemed stunned by the sights as well.

“I knew you were something, Carmen,” she said, stroking herself as the human convulsed, heat taking her entire body, “But for The Womb to be so taken by you already… I think even I misjudged your potential.”

Carmen took the tentacle that just came in her and held it against her body, milking the last drops from its tip. That dose was enough to give her a figure she could almost be proud of. Pert tits that filled her hands nicely, a tight ass, and a mostly flat stomach. It was a shallow victory, in that she considered getting a conventionally nice body a win, but it was a start. She parted her legs, reaching down to spread her lips with two fingers as the tentacles approached.

One did this to her. The countless legions more would surely bring her back to where she belonged. Not to her former self. No. Beyond that. She eyed Note, who carefully avoided the tendrils.

Did they need to become an entirely person to take down the Queen?

She didn’t get a chance to ruminate on it any longer as the first wave reached her. They were far less cautious than before, coiling around her legs as they moved toward her pussy. She held it open for them, groaning appreciatively as one quickly spread her closing hole. Another rubbed along her folds, requesting entry. Alas, she couldn’t take two yet. Not there anyway.

Taking the original, Carmen licked around its head. A deep, heady flavour enticed her taste buds as she swirled it around, feeling more limbs touch her. They were exploring other options, she assumed. Well, she could show one of them. Opening her lips, she guided the tentacle past them. It seemed confused at first as she tasted it, finding her own flavour underneath the others. Unlike before, it didn’t take long to analyse the situation and just went into action.

She gagged as it made a beeline for her throat. It didn’t pull away, taking the convulsions as a sign of pleasure, and she didn’t stop it. For the purpose of her goal, Carmen couldn’t let a little discomfort stop or even slow her. A tendril wrapped around her neck and poked at her lips. It, too, was denied entry.

She gently unwound it, then guided it down between her cheeks. Hidden there, her pucker twitched at the first touch. It was hot and wet against her hole. Like her mouth, it didn’t fully understand at first. Carmen held her breath, fighting the constant movement in her face and pussy, and pushed it against her. The opening refused at first, however it gave just enough for the limb to realise its opportunity.

When she tried pushing it in, the tentacle broke from her grip and lunged forth. Carmen screamed at the violent penetration, her asshole stretching to match her pussy instantly, yet her cunt flexed and squirted as she finally came. Her throat bobbed obscenely with the other tentacle, now exploring her oesophagus. There were still so many others in this one wave, with thousands - perhaps millions - more forming behind them.

Breathing deep, hard as it was with her gullet so full, Carmen reached for her pussy. It was meant to stretch way wider than this to deliver a baby. She couldn’t let it stay like this. Hooking fingers from each hand, she pulled herself wider. It was uncomfortable, almost painful, but the opening wasn’t lost on them.

Her pussy stretched impossibly as a second tentacle, just as thick as the other, plunged inside her. They thrust at different times, filling her when one left her vacant. Sometimes they synchronised and stuffed her at once, knocking the breath from her lungs. Neither had entered her womb yet, instead thrusting into the pocket past her cervix. All the while, her asshole was plundered. She could feel it pushing in, winding around a passage. Its body moved against the pair in her pussy, amplifying one another.

Carmen choked again as the tentacle suddenly pushed deeper, meeting the rest. Only a thin barrier separated the four of them, and they knew it too, each one thrusting as deep as possible to wriggle against each other. They retreated and thrust as one, making sure she was stuffed to the brink. But even with four of them inside her, others poked and prodded at her body.

Two wrapped around her belly, feeling it shift with their siblings, while two more found her boobs. Carmen arched into them as her tits were squeezed tightly, nipples aching for a touch that wouldn’t come. She was suddenly jealous of all the people whose nipples she made fuckable. Another pair wrapped around her arms, slithering into her palms. She jerked them in tandem, fingers squelching as they stroked the slimy girths.

They ramped up faster than before. Before long, she was being shoved around the air as her pussy was reamed, then her face, followed by her ass. Slime coated her inside and out, making the thrusts that much easier. Carmen slurped around the one in her mouth, gag reflex thoroughly tamed by then. She kept her eyes open, watching the others grow. Not even a dozen for this wave, yet the next promised several times that.

Her pussy clenched at the promise of an even more potent fucking. She moved as best she could, undulating her stomach as they thrust into her, until the distinct twitching began once more. Not letting up, she worked them until all four rushed her at once. Her womb was invaded once more, stretched out in two directions, while her stomach sloshed with its own invaded and her guts fought with their own tendril. They erupted at once, bloating her several inches, before retreating.

Carmen jerked and squirted at the feeling of so much suddenly leaving her. She wasn’t left vacant for long, as the others plunged in right after, racing toward another release. They must’ve shared sensations to some extent, as these erupted much faster. When they were all spent at last, they stayed with her, idly rubbing at her body, massaging her juices and their cum into her skin. So filthy, yet Carmen welcomed it as she absorbed all that essence into herself.

C cups rose like dough on her chest, outstripping cup sizes in moments. She caressed them, joined by a tendril for each, biting her lip at how right it felt to have such a heavy bust again. They didn’t compare to her former set, or even close to Note’s spheres, yet that just made her drip with excitement. Her next wave was already approaching, and she knew the others weren’t entirely spent with just one release. Running her fingers down her snatched waist, she found her pussy and fingered it as she watched them move.

It didn’t surprise her that she’d swelled there too. Carmen eagerly dug her fingers into the plump folds, sighing deep at how loudly they squelched. A mix of fem-cum and tentacle jizz oozed out, sticking fast to her hand and thighs.

The second legion neared. At least twenty of them, but they were different, equipped with pronounced, bell-shaped crowns. Not just that, but their veins were vastly more pronounced on girths that matched her fists. Carmen traced fingers around her belly button. Her stomach was slightly rounded with their seed, even so, it felt empty without them. As they touched her body, like they were unsure if she was happy with their new size and shapes, she pulled her ass and pussy open and stuck out her tongue. She must’ve looked like a total slut.

“At this rate, we’ll be ready in no time,” Note said as Carmen was taken in all her holes, yet she was already guiding others in alongside the others.