*Where was she? Carmen looked around a black void that lacked any semblance of warmth. Right, Stacy had left, taking the light with her. Nothing was left for Carmen anymore. Except sex.*

*Her body was probably doing that. No one wanted to feel pain, she was no exception, so better to drown all emotion in layers upon layers of gross, messy sex. Although that didn’t explain why her mind was surrounded in darkness. Did she retreat there to avoid processing anything? But that was foolish, since now she only had her thoughts.*

*“Not exactly.”*

*Carmen’s physical shape formed in the void, allowing her to stand and stare her mirror image in the eye. So that’s it, she’d found herself in a dreamscape of sorts, once again faced with the manifestation of lust that was the Futa Note. Though that also applied to her now, since they were so alike.*

*“Hmm,” the book stroked and lifted its immense bust, “Almost. But we’re getting there.”*

*“What do you mean?”*

*“You haven’t figured it out yet? Remember the strip club? I had to merge our essence a teeny little bit, but that opened some interesting avenues for us. Most importantly, that we’re still merging a little at a time.”*

*“That explains a lot,” Carmen pulled at the pink strip of hair, much more pronounced by then. She dropped it, hand frozen in place, “so it’s your fault Stacy left.”*

*“You can be angry at me all you want, but we all know it’s you in the driver’s seat. Think of me as the vehicle or sat nav. I can get you there faster, but the destination is yours nonetheless. And by the feel of it, you’re speeding toward it.”*

*“What do you mean?”*

*“Your body is… let’s say it’s not handling the breakup well. You’ve written so many more names in me already,” the Futa Note shuddered and groped it’s - and, by extension, Carmen’s - breasts, “Such wonderful perversions. Ooh, breast wombs that’re expanding and making the tits even bigger. Pussy tentacles milking hundreds of cocks. Cunts in place of every other hole and all bigger than a person. Ooh, this one hasn’t been changed but you’re still fucking them so viciously.”*

*Carmen scowled at her, even as she focused on her physical self and saw through her eyes. Bloated bellies the size of houses surrounded her, while she pounded into a comparatively tiny girl, not a futa, whose body stretched around a cock more than twice her size, with a knot several times wider than her hips slamming into the human’s swollen cunt. At least she looked to be cumming her little brains out.*

*“Of course, it’s not just your body’s fault. That was the last direction you gave it, to fuck and fuck until you can’t even remember what’s her name.”*

*“That’s right,” Carmen said and walked toward her clone, yanking her in close, their cocks rubbing against one another and tits crushed tight, “I don’t want to remember her. I just want to feel good. Doesn’t matter with who or how. I’m done caring.”*

*“Much as I appreciate the sentiment, you’re not, hmph!”*

*Carmen cut her off with a tongue down her throat. This was also her body, so she knew exactly where to target, hands immediately finding the rim of her fat ass-ring and teasing it. Much as she liked just diving in, a little build up was sublime too.*

*“Do whatever you want,” Carmen said, “I’ll just do the same with you too. Use you until your last page is filled. All for my pleasure.”*

*“That’s what I exist for,” the book moaned, kissing down her neck and all over her tits, “The Seikogami have forgotten my truth. Everything I do is for pleasure. And you…” Carmen couldn’t see it past her tits anymore, only feel it shudder in bliss, “You’re perfect for me.”*

*“For you?”*

*“Yes!” The book rose back to its feet, now substantially taller, “You’ve no idea how long I’ve spent waiting for someone like you. Seikogami, even their queen, are stagnant. A little growth here, a few extra penises there. But you, Carmen, are my true owner. I’ll gladly be absorbed into your being if you so wished.”*

*Carmen just stared at the hybrid wolf-tiger leering down at her, its enormous cocks absolutely rigid with steam rising off them. She wanted to question it, specifically what it meant by ‘absorbed into her’, but there were far, far more pressing matters. Like returning to her body and indulging in all the debauchery she’d wrought.*

“Carmen?” Rachel squeezed her way between enormous bellies. They were all several times bigger than her, cunts gaping large enough for her to slide her cocks in without touching the walls, with lakes of cum oozing out. Despite being so thoroughly ruined, their wombs didn’t relinquish much semen. She looked into one and saw the cervix flexing hard against the pressure within.

She had to find Carmen. Something about her face in the backroom unnerved her. It’d been blank, devoid of even the slightest lust. Those unique eyes had gone dull, lips slack, yet her cocks were absolutely rigid. Rachel had tried getting her attention, even punching a testicle when all else failed, yet her lover only wandered away and proceeded to pin three random futanari and mounted them. The redhead watched and jerked herself as Carmen inflated them.

But it was far from over. After bloating them to the size of a horse, she moved onto others. The stench of her musk thickened with every passing second and condensed exponentially after she came, a congealed layer of jizz clinging to her lengths. It was irresistible to any of the furries with their heightened sense of smell. Rachel only retained her senses out of worry.

“Carmen?!” Rachel called, shoving past another set of bellies mashed together, “Where are you?”

“Over here.”

The redhead rushed in the direction of her voice, “Are you okay? You were really… quiet…”

“I’m fine,” Carmen said and stood up from her throne, though it was really just someone’s gigantic scrotum, within which hundreds of tiny human shapes pushed out against the flesh, “Just needed to vent some stuff.”

“I-I can see that,” Rachel said and stumbled forward, feet catching on the various legs in her path, “Uh, you’re sure you’re okay?” She nodded to Carmen’s throbbing erections, all steaming hot, their scent so terrifyingly potent that Rachel was on the edge of cumming just sniffing them from dozens of feet away.

“I will be. You know, other pussies are good, but yours is perfect,” Carmen cooed as she stepped down. The angle was steep, with little to no real footholds, and her body must’ve weighed hundreds of pounds, yet she descended with the grace of royalty. Perhaps that was insulting? Royals had to work for it, but Carmen just exuded it.

“I, uh, yeah. I made it that way,” the redhead blushed. What was happening? She’d never been bashful around Carmen, or pretty much anyone for that matter, yet now she felt like one of those shy virgins in a movie talking to their crush for the first time, “Just for you.”

Carmen stopped in front of her. Their heights were so vastly different, that Rachel’s face was consumed entirely in her scrotum. Several beads of sweat rolled down the onyx, leathery flesh, its stench almost knocking her to the floor in climax. Leaning her head back, she couldn’t see anything past her love’s massive bust.

“Uh, did you get taller?”

“Hmm,” Carmen studied her arms, “Probably. It seems the more I use the Futa Note, the bigger I become. And it looks like I used it a lot.” She leaned in closer, hips rolling to and fro, rubbing her grimy sack into Rachel’s face.

“Yeah.” The evidence of that consumed her peripheral vision. If the mountains of taut flesh around her wasn’t from cum-inflated bellies, they were from enormous tits, asses, balls, or even pussies, “Did they all want to be that big?”

“Hmm? I don’t know. Some of them probably did, just by laws of probability and all that. But enough about them. I need a proper release, and you’re the only one that I can trust for that.”

Rachel grinned as a short orgasm shook her from head to toe. Just knowing this goddess of a futa relied on her was enough, but Carmen always took things to another level as she grew even taller, thighs enlarging and fur coming in fast. As she grew, the brutal musk raised several levels, so powerful in fact, Rachel’s eyes watered as her face was enveloped in flesh. She didn’t even realise she’d shrunk down in her violent arousal.

Pulling away, the redhead panted hard as sticky strings connected them. All from Carmen’s sweat and the left over juices from all the people she’d mated. Rachel stumbled back, womb flaring. She rubbed her plump gut all over, then her knees bucked when she squeezed two distinct orbs on either side of it. They weren’t huge by her completely skewered standards, until she came to a realisation; they were her ovaries.

Not only that, but the little spheres vibrated against her hands. She sniffed the air and they *jumped* against her skin in response to the fresh deluge of Carmen’s musk. Not to be left out, Rachel’s pussy clenched and hosed down the floor.

“Let’s do this,” Carmen said.

Nothing else needed be said. Rachel was instantly on her hands and knees. Or she tried. Her tits were so huge, it was easier for her to rest on them, milk squirting out under her weight. It also helped to bring her rump in line with the three feral, misshapen breeding-rods. She arched her ass and bent her back like a prized gymnast, legs fully extended.

A single, rough hand palmed her enormous rump. In her ‘human’ form, her curves were soft as dough. Which Carmen made full use of, sinking her claws up to the elbow, then pulled the cheek apart and slammed her middle cock against her bloated asshole. Just feeling its heat, the pulsating veins, and the spurt of pre-cum that doused the back of her head shot her to one of the strongest orgasms of her life.

This wasn’t simply about fucking. Or making love. Or even quick and dirty sex like a one-night stand. Rachel was going to be bred, knocked up, stuffed so full of jizz teeming with centilllions of sperm, then impregnated all over again.

Her ovaries swelled even larger. This was Carmen’s greatest desire at that moment, to make sure she was so pregnant, she never stopped giving birth. Or… she frowned, whole body still pulsating, yet not in the same way. She turned back to focus on Carmen, only to be turned over, flipped like a flimsy table, and her lips smothered in a much thicker set. No, her girlfriend didn’t just want to knock her up.

She wanted love.

Rachel wrapped her arms around the hybrid’s head, pulling her in tighter. Their tongues wrapped around each other, though went no further, while the heat of one another’s desire warmed them. The redhead weaved her fingers through Carmen’s hair, who did the same for her, while they rocked their groins together. It was a slight pleasure, more akin to snuggling.

It didn’t alleviate the lust that thumped through her veins. Every smack of their lips, even just the smallest suckle on Carmen’s lip and tongue turned her on something fierce. She moved her hands from the glorious mane, down to the spheres squishing her breasts, then between them to stroke the rigid masts pinned against her. Waves of pre-cum moved through them and spilled over her.

“Carmen… about Stacy…” Rachel said when they parted.

“I don’t want to think about it,” the Amazon said, then clamped her jaw around Rachel’s throat, “I’m just going to breed your slut pussy until I forget everything else.”

“Okay,” Rachel rasped, voice choked slightly, then was flipped back around, though not before she felt a single drop of something very distinct from pre land on her cheek. Much as she adored sex with her partner, it wasn’t the sole reason she made that change in the Futa Note. She wanted to be everything to Carmen, whether that meant a sex toy, or an outlet for her emotions. In that case, they crossed over.

Once again with her ass raised as far up as she could, Rachel flexed her kegels. Her cunt slurped on the air, desperate to be stuffed once more. The orgy from just over an hour ago, where she’d passed out no less, did nothing to dissuade her lust. She’d cum enough to empty her Tanuki balls, which had been fat enough for her and Carmen to lay on if they wished. And still she was on the verge of losing her mind waiting for Carmen to breed her.

She got her wish soon enough. Two fat glans pressed against her folds, then squeezed between them to nestle into her salivating hole, each one stretching it well over a foot wide. Her walls weren’t so supple that they just stretched like putty. They fought Carmen’s girths, forcing the heads to squish together, only to be cowed into submission when the third crown pushed in.

Rachel’s whole body locked up as her cocks erupted like the dancing fountains in Vegas. If the pipes shattered that is. Her pussy wasn’t any better, gushing so hard it impacting Carmen’s balls, splashed back onto her, and poured down her thighs to pool on the ground. It quickly spread several feet as her orgasm persisted with every micrometre of Carmen’s cocks pushing into her.

Once the heads were all situated within her cunt, the spines flared out. Her mouth fell open and darkness enveloped her vision as they hosed down her insides with that blissful chemical. When her walls clamped down, they squeezed even more out. Not a drop escaped the seal around the three cocks, all packed in tight.

And Carmen had yet to thrust. She just kept pushing in, parting the walls on the way to Rachel’s cervix, which flexed open on instinct, just another layer of their mating. Rachel shouted when her womb was penetrated once again. No matter how many times this happened, she loved it more and more. The spines dug into her uterus and inundated it. As Carmen thrust ever deeper, two caught in her fallopian tubes.

It only lasted a moment, but they took full advantage and sprayed straight into her ovaries. That was the last thing Rachel remembered.

Carmen abandoned all sense of self and sensibility. She crammed inch after inch of her cocks inside, each no less than five feet long, then dug her hands into Rachel’s ass. From labia to womb, the redhead’s cunt milked for every drop of pre-cum as if she were actually cumming. With a proper handle on the human, she reared back. Her dicks pulled free with a grimace-inducing slurp and squelch, only to cause an equally lurid splat as she rammed them home.

Rachel made no sound beyond a shaky moan as her curves jiggled like mountains of gelatin. Her pussy clamped down as Carmen slid her cocks back, forcing her to actually fight the pull, which just made the plunge that much more powerful.

This was the best. She didn’t need or want for anything else, only to cram her shafts into some willing bitch. The fact it was Rachel this time made it so much better, not just for the fact she loved the salacious futa, but also her body being all but designed to suit Carmen’s whims. Something it proved as the clap of her hips against Rachel’s ass rang in her ears like warm drums, amplifying her feral desires. The flesh also made for a perfect springboard to thrust faster and harder.

Rachel’s walls clung to her lengths, deformed by the numerous protrusions and veins all over them. The friction was sublime, even with the gallons of their fluids sloshing with every thrust. Her shafts were so thick it had nowhere to go. Until her knots bulged into existence and created gaps. Even then, what leaked out was barely a fraction.

She fell forward and dug her fangs into Rachel’s shoulder. The bruises she left behind were a primal claim. Saliva dripped into the red locks, mixing with the beads of sweat matting it down. Even she was stretched to her limits, yet Carmen only sped up, her three knots vying for space inside. Each thrust forced a tiny portion inside, yet Rachel’s folds refused to given in.

But that resistance fed something deep inside the hybrid. Her tail bristled, teeth bared as she snarled, and her thighs flexed. Striations blossomed beneath her fur and stretched the hairs thin, revealing her blackened hide. Her arms and abs followed suite. A scratchiness fell over her scalp, though she ignored it and focused on shoving in her bitch-breakers to the hilt. The subsequent thrusts resonated loud enough to ring in her ears and only got stronger.

Rachel shrieked when her vulva couldn’t put up a fight any longer. Her pelvis creaked as it was rearranged, while her pussy lost all strength and opened for the three watermelon-sized bulbs. Sweat poured over the redhead’s skin, the heat pumping into her just from Carmen’s members like a personal furnace in her core, while her balls contracted and bellowed cum. As for Carmen, she merely held onto the shortstack as the world faded back into focus.

That last thrust actually knocked her brain around. She couldn’t imagine what it did to Rachel, but her lover was still cumming, so it couldn’t have been that severe. Even if it was, she doubted the Futa Note would allow any permanent harm to come to her.

Carmen cracked widened her stance and pulled on Rachel’s hips. The redhead’s legs had locked into position, making it easy for her to be manoeuvred to a better position. Her insides shifted around the shafts as she was moved into place. They did nothing to stop Carmen pulling away, except snagging on her throbbing barbs. The hybrid held still when she’d reared back as far as her hips would allow.

Juices dripped off her shafts and onto her balls. The stench of hundreds of other pussies and cocks floated around, all drenched in her own scents, but she picked out one above all others; Rachel’s. The perfect mate. Which meant she deserved far more than any of the riff-raff she’d fucked until then.

Carmen took a deep breath, lungs burning with the ripe stench of fertility. Her cocks throbbed and belched pre-cum. She pulled and thrust at the same time, their bodies collided with all the force of a wrecking ball in action, her vision swimming yet again. Instead of waiting to recover, Carmen snapped her eyes shut and repeated it over and over.

They only got easier as she pounded away. She found her rhythm, mind rattling as it was, and pushed the tempo faster and faster, abusing the abundant juices she and Rachel produced. The smack of flesh on her hips was like a sledgehammer on concrete. Her tits bounced at every impact, air swept across the nipples and zapped through her nerves like lightning, whereas the gusts passing over her swinging balls acted more like asteroids as she collided with Rachel’s own pulsating pair. Her scrotum tightened as the redhead’s softened.

“Carmen…” Rachel moaned, her weak voice sneaking through the stupor. Slowing her thrusts, though she didn’t stop, Carmen folded over to pant into her lover’s ear, “I can’t…”

“Can’t what?”

Rachel just panted and stared ahead. Like she didn’t know where Carmen was. Her eyes were unfocused, seeing nothing except stars, with tears streaming over her cheeks and catching on her demented smile, replaced with drool over her chin. Ripples compressed around the cocks and pulled on the barbs to drag them in deep. The three enormous crowns extended over two feet away from them.

“Rachel… do you want me to stop?” Carmen asked.

“Noooooo!”

The hybrid grinned and stabbed hard against her, then yanked her knots out, “Sorry, couldn’t hear you over your cocks cumming. What was that?”

“Don’t… stop…”

Carmen angled her hips, the bulges shifting left and right, up and down with her next thrusts, “Still didn’t catch that.”

“BREED ME!” Rachel howled, her face morphing into its tanuki form, curves exploding in mass and balls pushing on Carmen’s sextet.

“Gladly.”

The hybrid tugged her face to the side and shoved her tongue down her throat. Carmen planted her paws on the couch-sized scrotum below and used it to squat-fuck her fertile mate. With Rachel’s transformation, her juices were even more abundant, and her much enlarged ass made for the perfect springboard. A constant, beautiful medley of their bodies clapping together filled the air, intermixed with their heavy breaths.

She wrapped a hand around Rachel’s tiny throat and slid her tongue out, “I love you.”

No response. She didn’t need one. Carmen was approaching the edge by then, cocks throbbing, knots burning hot, and balls churning as the skin got tighter. Her prostate swelled inside her ass, looking for something, anything, to pleasure it. In the same breath as her next thrust, Carmen twisted her tail around, traced it over her pussy to get it coated in her juices, then shoved it into her own anus. The fat ring of muscle clasped it tight, despite being used to penetrations dozens of times thicker. As her tail bottomed out, she prodded the fat organ.

Even in her far larger body, Carmen’s prostate was several times bigger than it should’ve been. She couldn’t see it of course, but she had a good idea as her tail thrust against it, easily the size of her fists put together. At that moment, however, it had swelled to twice that.

Carmen growled deep in her throat and clamped her teeth on Rachel’s shoulder again. Harder this time. The tanuki screamed, her juicy cunt pounded viciously, until her voice gave out as Carmen’s masts doubled in girth. Each pump following that had a slow build-up, then a sharp descent with a earth-shattering crack.

“Take. My. SEED!” Carmen roared and slammed in one last time. Her knots tripled, spines flared out with her glans, as her veins and nodules protruded and dug into the supple flesh surrounding her. She tried pulling back for a final thrust, but even her strength faltered with her knots so massively swollen. Waves of jizz poured into the bulbs and inflated them even larger, the flooding so loud it almost drowned out the popping of joints. She ignored that as her urethras bulged out and she inundated Rachel’s womb.

Everything before had been water by comparison. Uncountable lifeforms squirmed within her cock, all working to the same goal as they spilled into Rachel, her womb inflated to match a mattress, then beyond with just the first, minutes-long wave. Carmen didn’t have the mind to count the exact length, though she’d later guess each shot lasted at least five. The next deluge was even longer, her initial wave serving to open the path.

They rose higher off the ground as Rachel inflated. Even the obscene weight of her balls did nothing to flatten her. Carmen readjusted her stance to use the burgeoning belly, fangs still clamped down on her lover’s shoulder, and dug her toes into the squishy enormity below. Just how many sperm saturated the countless gallons of jizz?

Though faint against her paws, tiny shapes squirmed against the walls of Rachel’s womb, with more still being added. One day, Carmen might take the time and lock in just how many swimmers she possessed. It was always such a wonderful experience with a climax that lasted so long, her mind adjusting and finding brief moments of clarity to ponder what other insanity she had yet to try. Such as sperm the size of people.

If it felt amazing to have a four-foot dick sliding through her cock, then hundreds - thousands, hundreds of thousands, millions even - of similarly sized creatures spilling from her tip would be… indescribable.

Similar moments played throughout her orgasm. Rachel inflated taller and taller, pussy convulsing, while Carmen spilled her dense, sticky load. Time was just a construct, one that lost all structure in the face of her ecstasy. As little as an hour could’ve passed, or perhaps several had. All that registered in her ears was the vast expanse of Rachel’s flesh that stretched all around her.

“Finally empty,” Carmen gasped and slumped over her lover’s glorious ass, palming it. It was so warm and soft. Her eyes drooped shut, the world fading away on a tide of a rich, sexual musk.

*When she opened them again, she was back in that void. No, not quite. Neurons surrounded her, all a firing off pink volts between each other, casting a slutty glow over the emptiness. That was soon filled with another copy of her. Carmen didn’t bother greeting the Futa Note, instead sitting on her plush ass to study the surroundings.*

*“You didn’t mean it before,” the book said, joining her.*

*“I did,” Carmen said, “I’m going to use you until there’s no more room.”*

*“Not that. I’ve never doubted you would. I meant about you not caring.”*

*“Oh,” Carmen propped her chin in a hand, elbow resting on a massive breast, “I suppose you’re right.”*

*Her copy leaned back on her hands, also studying the scenery, “What’s next for us?”*

*“Us?”*

*“After everything you just did, we’re closer than ever. Will you keep up this pace? Slow down? Because if you keep it up, I’d wager we’ll be one being before you set foot in college.”*

*“College… I’d forgotten about that honestly,” Carmen said, “The future’s become so hazy. I have every opportunity available to me. But I just want to keep doing this.”*

*“Do you though? In here, I can see your thoughts much clearer. You still want something normal.”*

*“Then you should also see that even after all that, I’m still horny.”*

*“Yes, of course you are. It’s likely you’ll never be wholly sated. I admit, that’s partly my fault.”*

*Carmen finally looked at the manifestation of the Futa Note. Maybe it wasn’t even that and instead was her inner lust, manipulating her to be let out. She didn’t care either way.*

*The recent abuse of the book had caused some changes. Nothing as severe as the strip club, she doubted anything would compare to that again, however her black hair had divided, one half now the same pink firing between the neurons. It even shone in the brief darkness. Everything had grown, of course, though only by a few inches. She chuckled to herself; how was she so jaded that growing entire inches within a day was blasé now? Perhaps most striking was the neon glow in her eyes.*

*“I don’t hate it,” Carmen said, referring both to her new appearance and the conversation, “So, tell me, what happens when -* if *- we completely merge?”*

*The duplicate shrugged, “For all I know we’ll become something like the big bang, nothing but an enormous energy. Except instead of creating life, we’ll be inspiring others to create it. If you catch my drift.”*

*“I do. Hmm, it’s frustrating. I’ll admit, I’m very curious to see what would happen, but not knowing the end result is unacceptable. Any chance you know how to figure that out?”*

*“All things must have an origin, right? I’d expect even I do. Unfortunately, I have no idea where one might find such a thing. Best I could fathom is looking back through history. Human records only cover so much.”*

*“Sounds reasonable. So,” Carmen shuffled over, then swung her leg over the Futa Note’s hips, “Anything new about my body I should know?”*

*“Perhaps?” The book reached up to squeeze her ass, “This is new territory for everyone involved. But I suspect that’s not what you’re concerned about, are you?”*

*“No. I just want to fuck.”*

Carmen stretched as the real world came back into focus. Her cocks ached, having shot off repeatedly in her sleep. She rolled over and took in the sight of Rachel’s still, vastly inflated belly.

“Good girl, holding it all in. But we should probably get going. Rachel?” Carmen reached over to nudge her partner, to no response, “Oh, I know what you’re waiting for.” She walked over and squatted down. A grimy mixture of their juices coated her cocks, their stench almost strong enough to make her eyes water. She pushed them against Rachel’s lax face, waiting for her act to break.

“Making me work for it?” The Amazon chuckled and scraped off the grime, collecting it in her palm, then pressed it against Rachel’s face, still with no response, “Hey… you can’t still be asleep, right? I know you, you can’t just ignore this. Rachel?”

She shook her. No effect. She tried again, harder this time, calling her name as well. Still no effect. Was she breathing? Carmen checked, feeling faint breaths and sighed. Yesterday must’ve exhausted her more than either of them thought.

“You sleep. I’ll empty you out. Mostly. Just enough for me to lift at least.”

That proved much easier said than done. Her weight did little to the congealed ocean crammed inside her lover, and jumping wasn’t much better. She decided on reaching in and pulling Rachel open, to let the cum flow better, yet only a few extra globs oozed out. Carmen groaned in frustration, resorting to the tried and true method of scooping it out, but that would take forever. Not to mention her seed had coagulated to the point of being a new solid mass. She had to shove her fingers in just to shovel a handful.

“What to do… what to do…” Carmen mused, pacing atop her lover’s belly. Sounds of voices and shuffling bodies sparked a new idea, “If anyone can hear me down there, I need you to push on this slut from all directions. As hard as you can!”

In their exhausted state, it took everyone a while to gather the strength to even stand, but it also meant they didn’t even question the husky voice commanding them from the cum and flesh mountain. Once everyone was in position, Carmen cheered for them to push. The first didn’t do much, however the second and third bore fruit, or cum, as Rachel’s insides constricted and shot a lake’s worth of jizz from her cavernous pussy. After several more attempts, she’d emptied enough for Carmen to really dig her arms in as well.

“Thank you all. Enjoy your new selves,” Carmen said, carrying her lover princess-style. She thought about piggybacking, however Rachel’s tits and still very large middle made that impossible. Walking into the hotel’s lobby, it finally occurred to Carmen that she should’ve found some clothes for them. That didn’t matter, fortunately, as the sight of her froze everyone in place. She even smiled and nodded to a stunned woman outside the elevator.

“Going up?” Carmen asked.

“Uh…”

“Don’t be shy. There’s some room,” she pulled the dazed woman in. The elevator left very little space with her enormity, just enough for her to squeeze in, pressed against Carmen’s breast. A potent blush reddened her face as she tried ignoring the literal goddess beside her, but couldn’t help letting out a squeak when a glob of still wet cum fell from Carmen’s hair. She tried being sneaky, and failed, as she stuck her tongue out to the side.

Carmen let her do as she wished while awaiting her floor. Once there, the Amazon ducked out, leaving the woman swaying on her feet.

“How about a little farewell gift?” Carmen adjusted Rachel’s weight to one arm and dug a finger into her main sheath. It came out covered in stagnant cum, which had turned to a grimy texture, halfway between a solid and a liquid. She extended the finger and grinned as the woman licked it without hesitation, “Look forward to masturbating about that.” With those words, the doors hissed shut and Carmen continued to her room.

She ignored the residual aroma of coffee and breast milk. And the purple costume on the bed. She gathered hers and Rachel’s belongings, few as they were, and called for room service. Carrying Rachel and their stuff wasn’t impossible for her, really it would just require some ingenuity, however the last couple days had taken their toll on her as well. The fact she held such a beautiful futa and felt only embers of arousal was proof enough.

Carmen almost forgot to dress them, if not for the room service’s reaction to her nudity. She yanked a shirt over her breasts, its hem catching under her nipples, which helped keep it in place, while her pants looked panted on. Nothing was left to the imagination, but at least she wouldn’t make any strangers unbearably horny just looking at her. She waited in the lobby for their ride, having kept the truckers’ number.

Once in the back, Rachel’s head on her shoulder, Carmen let the fatigue wash over her. Wind whipped around her, dual-toned hair flying everywhere. It was overcast. Probably going to ran, she thought and lowered her head. She wasn’t horny, nor was she busy with anything. That left nothing to block out the thoughts.

Tears streamed down her cheeks and broke against her arms as she sobbed the whole drive.