Early morning bathed the grass in its warm glow, at least the part not shaded by the wonderfully conformed house. Carmen looked upon it from Stacy’s car, unsure why she didn’t get the same smile she did back when they first moved there. Perhaps the sight had become so rote for her, no longer a vision worth grinning like a child over anymore, or maybe it was the fact she’d be saying goodbye to her lovers for the day. She wouldn’t be much of a sister if she spent all her time away from Melody.

She climbed out to a slight creak from the vehicle. Even for a marvel of engineering, carrying three women with dozens of kilos of curves between them couldn’t be easy, though even if broke down, Carmen had plenty of funds to repair it. Or just buy a newer, improved model. Before turning her back on the gorgeous woman in the driver’s seat, she leaned down and in for a quick peck on the lips. Remnants of milk and cum lingered on Stacy’s lips.

“I’ll see you soon,” Stacy said.

“I miss you already,” Carmen sighed, earning that smile she swore could end wars with the kindness it radiated.

“Me too, but I’m sure you have plenty to keep you busy.”

“If Melody gets her way, I’ll be a damsel in distress, or a guest for her tea parties for the whole day.”

“Sounds nice,” Stacy said and meant it. Yeah, she was right. Carmen’s world had become subsumed in sex ever since the strip club, with brief stints of placid normalcy dotted throughout. A day of being her sister’s plaything would do her good, help reset her priorities a little. Or at least make her appreciate the constant bombardment of pleasure she was becoming accustomed to.

“Bye,” Carmen waved her girlfriends off, though Rachel remained passed out in the back. Their early morning ‘quickie’ had taken its toll. In more ways than that. The not quite human sniffed at herself, “Definitely need a shower.”

While she didn’t mind the musk of sweat and sex that clung to her body like an invisible cloak bellowing in phantom wind, her mother and sister would take umbrage with it. Maybe not Melody, since the girl rarely cared how Carmen looked or smelled. Alicia certainly would. Better to avoid making her worry over silly things.

The door was unlocked to her surprise. While she’d squandered some time at Stacy’s, it was still early enough that she doubted her mother had left the house, and the car was still there. No signs of a break in either, but one couldn’t be too careful. If Gretchen had tried something while she as gone… Carmen nudged the door open, in case an intruder remained, only to catch the scent of bacon and eggs. Mom must be in the kitchen, she thought and relaxed.

“Morning,” Carmen greeted as she stepped into the kitchen, only to freeze in the door at the sight of a complete stranger, who whirled around in fright.

“Oh! Uh, you scared me.” It was a woman. No, a futa? Carmen frowned, noticing the bulge in the stranger’s underwear. Had she written their name and just didn’t recognise them? “Hi, I’m Samantha Stevens. Your neighbour.” No, there weren’t any ‘Sam’s’ in the book. Though Sam Evans did have a shadow last time she saw her.

Carmen forced her focus back on the apparently invited person, “Carmen. What’re you doing here?”

“Well, um… wow, you’re… even more impressive than in the pictures. Sorry. I’m Alicia’s… *friend*. She invited me in.”

The teen’s brow furrowed, then a grin lifted her cheeks. Time with her family had been fleeting in recent weeks, however she’d heard about a ‘friend’ her mother made, one that she talked about with obvious fondness. So, she finally made a move, and on a trans-woman no less. One with a surprising endowment.

Carmen took a seat at the table and looked her over with a critical eye. Perhaps too intense, she noted as the woman nervously toyed with a spatula, “The bacon’s burning.”

“Shit!”

For every stereotype Carmen knew of, Samantha didn’t fit them quite right. A bit of an inverted triangle in shape, however she still had decent hips and a pert ass shaped by genetics and uncountable squats. She liked to be proven wrong about her own assumptions. However, despite Samantha’s obvious femininity, there was self-doubt. Her voice, low with a slight croak to it, had a hint of acting to it. Like she’d yet to fully settle into herself.

“When did you transition? If you don’t mind.”

“Huh? No, I don’t mind,” Samantha chuckled, “Sorry, didn’t expect you to notice so, well I guess it was pretty obvious, huh? Um, it’ll be twelve years in Spring.”

“Twelve years… So you transitioned later in life.”

“Do I look that old?”

“Just a guess. Unless my mom’s a cougar?”

Samantha laughed again, “No, you’re right. I was almost thirty when I finally got the nerve to start. Always been effeminate, but things never clicked until I started therapy. Just wish I’d known earlier. Maybe then I’d have been brave enough to try hormones.” That’s where it came from, that sense of putting on airs. Even after a decade, this woman still felt inadequate for who she really was inside.

The faintest hint of movement caught Carmen’s eye. A shadow, basic compared to what her various classmates possessed, beckoned to her, running its hands along its curves. Looking to Samantha’s face, she caught her gaze flickering to her chest more than once every few seconds, always jumping back to the stove. Or her own breasts.

Carmen’s whole purpose in using the Futa Note as she had been was to help people realise what they truly wanted, and bring that desired-self to reality. The fact she hadn’t considered using it for transgender people almost irked her. Now was her chance to start righting that wrong.

“So, no hormones? I thought that was like a prerequisite?”

“Well, I mean… Like I said, I was always feminine and I’ve always been squeamish about things like that. Maybe I should start, but then my, uh, well, *it* might stop working.” Samantha slumped her shoulders, trying to make them appear slimmer, more in line with her lower-half.

“To be honest, if I didn’t walk in on you in your panties, I probably wouldn’t have guessed,” Carmen said and meant it. Just imagine if this woman had gone on oestrogen, combined with the somewhat blatant surgeries and naturally femme appearance, she’d be a literal bombshell. Samantha turned and just smiled, then refocused on the breakfast.

“Thank you. That means a lot, really.”

“One more question.” Carmen asked, trying to pick out just what Samantha’s shadow was trying to tell her, but it was too faint, like a shade on an overcast day.

“Ask away, miss interrogator.”

“What’re your intentions for my mother?”

That got a snort, “Nothing nefarious. Promise. We’re just testing the waters right now, but I really enjoy being with her.” The smallest hint of desire crept into her voice there.

Since her husband passed, Alicia had been so busy looking at her children in the dourest circumstances, barely able to look after herself on the most primal level. Much as Carmen shouldn’t consider her own mother in that way, she truly did deserve a loving partner. One that satisfied her perfectly.

“Thanks. By the way, Melody prefers scrambled eggs. The creamier the better.”

“Guess I passed,” Samantha sighed in relief, “Thanks for the info. Do you want anything?”

“No, I’m good. Had a big breakfast,” Carmen said, smirking to herself in memory of the delicious mix of cum and milk she’d ingested from Rachel.

“Okay, mind seeing if your mom’s awake… she might be, uh, a little… you know?”

Carmen grinned, “Yeah, I know.”

With that, she left Samantha to continue cooking. A shower could wait just a few minutes longer, first she had a very important note write down. Her mother had finally put herself out there, found someone that, at present, seemed to genuinely care for her, and vice versa. For that, and everything Alicia had done for them since her father’s death, she deserved the best. Which Carmen would give her.

It was the sweetest bonus that Samantha also wanted to change. She’d get her wish and Alicia would get someone that would love and satisfy her forever. The only issue giving her pause was Samantha’s shadow. Too vague for a solid transcription, which left so much of it open to her. She could do almost anything, so long as she fulfilled the woman’s base desires. What did that entail?

Unquestionable femininity. She didn’t seem bothered to have a penis, or perhaps she was just frightened of the final surgery, however working on the former meant she could have something bigger. Some people enjoyed the contradictory look, especially in Carmen’s ever expanding circle of lovers. Her mother should be with someone huge, a flawless specimen that made her scream in joy every night. One that intimidated her, but thrilled her every time she saw it. Not like Carmen’s members, something human at least.

She’d love whatever was written. Carmen pressed lead to paper and started writing in her quick, practised script, keeping plenty of room for future expansions should they be desired. Several pauses stalled her work, followed by a quick erasure. Last thing she wanted was to go overboard, much as she would prefer another woman with tits the size of yoga balls in her life, this was for her mother. She doubted Alicia shared her own proclivities toward such massive chests. However, she made sure Samantha had more than enough bust to satisfy them both.

“What am I doing?” Carmen groaned and pinched the brow of her nose. All she had to write was; ‘Alicia’s ideal partner’, there was no need for everything she wrote. No, that could backfire. She doubted it, however her mother seemed to light up whenever Stacy was present. Not just her, but Ashley too. There was a small, nigh infinitesimal chance that Samantha would turn into one of them.

“Body changes to suit one of Alicia Robins’ fetishes,” Carmen murmured, “That works better.” Everything else seemed extravagant, but within reason. Samantha would get a gorgeous body of such womanly charm that any female would envy, along with the pussy she wanted, just with a sizeable cock and balls. If it wasn’t to her satisfaction, then it could always be changed.

She signed the newcomer’s name and set it down. That subtle trill of pleasure vibrated through her body, confirming that she had altered someone else’s life, and that her own would further change. In this new history, where her mother chose to date a futa of grand proportions, she couldn’t say what else might’ve changed. Did they get together sooner? Did Samantha’s augmented body and libido result in a pregnancy? She’d know in under a minute. For now, she needed to shower.

Carmen grinned at her reflection as she pulled her - mostly - clean dress off. A little pride slipped in at the fact she’d kept it from being ruined, despite everything done the night before, though also a hint of dismay. If destroyed, that meant one less piece of clothing to bind her gorgeous figure. She sighed and kicked it aside to be washed later.

At least she could be naked for a short time. Looking at herself always brought a pleasant calm. She hadn’t disliked her original body, though it was hard to remember it after so long, it had been a bit dour, not just in clothes but overall shape, such as her pudgy gut and flat chest. Nothing quite matched. Now she’d gone to an opposite extreme with a lightly toned gut so trim it almost looked like she wore an invisible corset, juxtaposed by the foot-deep cleavage on her chest. She cupped the perky shapes and let them drop.

No matter how huge or heavy they were, her breasts never lost their supple perfection. They gently sloped into a teardrop shape, retaining just enough heft to jut far from her sternum. Bras were pointless when gravity had no power, nor did she feel any strain on her back.

Of course, they weren’t the main attraction of her unique physiology. That was her cocks. She defaulted to three at a time, luxuriating in the sensation of her six watermelon testicles bouncing against her legs as she walked, while also adoring the dichotomy of their black, leathery sheaths bulging with veins against her unscathed, pallid glory. Being framed by her breeder hips didn’t hurt either.

“I wonder if anything else will change?” Carmen pondered, expecting Ryuka to answer her, but the Seikogami was nowhere to be seen or heard. Perhaps she was watching Samantha’s change downstairs? She shrugged and flipped some hair over her shoulder, enjoying it settling against her shapely rump. A single pink strip ran down its length, almost glowing like her eyes. It looked a bit wider than yesterday, though that could be a trick of the light.

“Shower, Carmen. Come on,” she told her mirror image and reluctantly left to wash away the scents of last night.

Steam already saturated the bathroom when she entered. There, stood in front of several mirrors, fretting over her chest, was her mother. Neither reacted for a moment, both preoccupied by the older woman’s figure. She’d rarely considered her parent in such a way before, however Alicia certainly had an attractive body. The months since moving into suburbia had done wonders for her, losing all that stress and free fast food allowing her body to recover. A soft belly suited her well, given the plump chest and butt she sported. Alicia turned and Carmen quickly averted her eyes.

Not because she was discovered, but because her cocks throbbed in response. No way. Carmen had indulged in fetishes few people admitted to having, with more creeping in seemingly every day, but she wasn’t about to get turned on by her own mother. Everyone had a line they wouldn’t cross and, though she’d crossed several of hers since getting the Futa Note, family was her only remaining one. Besides, her mother had a gorgeous futa waiting for her downstairs anyway.

They just stared in silence for a second that stretched into eternity, before Alicia had the sense to wrap herself in a towel. Doing so both improved and worsened the state of things, as her breasts were squeezed into the cloth.

“Sorry, thought you were still out.”

“It’s okay. Um, Samantha wanted to know if you were awake. She’s making breakfast.”

“Oh? So you two met.”

“She seems nice.”

“She is. In so many ways,” Alicia said, then blushed at the implication of her words, “I should go get dressed.” As she walked out, she lingered, not even for a second, but perceptible when her hips brushed against Carmen’s protrusive genitals. The teen shut the door behind her and exhaled in relief. With any luck, her gift to her mother would cull whatever lust was simmering deep within. Unfortunately, she had to handle her own issues in far less enjoyable ways.

When was the last time she masturbated? Carmen looked upon her body and pictured her girlfriends, memory so strong it almost felt real, like she could smell them, taste them, feel their softness squished against her flaccid lengths. Unsurprisingly, her shafts swelled into dark monoliths, representatives of what her life had steadily become. Pre-cum bubbled out from their tips as she followed the veins.

Just one orgasm, then she’d play with Melody. Just a shame, she had to use her hands. Unless…

“Gosh, I’m so hard and Rachel and Stacy are so far away,” Carmen said in mock distress, “If only *someone* could show up from nowhere and suck my big, throbbing horse-dicks for me. Especially the middle one. It’s so fucking thick, I can’t even fit my hands around it. Hmm, the veins are pulsating so hard, like they could shatter any cock ring. They just wanna cum so bad.”

Ten beats of her heart passed before a welcome shape appeared through the door, “You rang?” Ryuka asked.

“Oh no, a Seikogami?! Please don’t suck all my gooey cum out!”

“I appreciate the acting,” Ryuka said and lowered herself to kneel on the floor, her imposing height put her at just the right position to support the human’s numerous balls with her breasts, “But you’re no pornstar. Stick to what you’re good at.”

“But I’m being honest,” Carmen said, voice husky as she reached down to weave her fingers through her eternal roommate’s hair, “I’m so fucking hard, Ryuka. There’s no way I could masturbate all on my own anymore. Even my smallest dicks are too big for me to hold properly.”

“So you only wanted me to get you off?”

“You’re welcome to do more if you want,” Carmen licked her lips and pressed her main dick against the deity’s face, while squeezing her tits to unleash a milky spigot, “What about a sixty-nine? You get something and so do I.”

“No, that’s… fine,” Ryuka said and licked along the futa’s cum vein, “You have delicious cocks, so this is hardly a chore. Just relax and let me work my magic.” As she spoke, Ryuka waved her fingers, flashes of purple sparking between them. Where her tongue touched Carmen’s skin burned like a solar flare, pulling a deep moan from her.

“Then why don’t you get some breakfast?” Carmen chuckled and urged the goddess to start.

Ryuka rolled her eyes, “So cheesy.” With that said, she opened wide, proving just what made her a deity as her lips wrapped tight around Carmen’s tip, smothering it in sublime softness, then taking more. The fact it was broader than a watermelon didn’t matter to her, gulping it down with ease, heedless of the fact her throat was stretched thin, like a condom, around Carmen’s girth. She reached up to jerk the other two at the same time, taking pre-cum and slathering it all over their lengths. A warm bath of spit filled her mouth and overflowed down Carmen’s central cock.

“That’s the stuff.” Carmen massaged her scalp, gently encouraging the lurid goddess deeper, even as her shafts pulsed stronger with her rising pleasure. Ryuka’s technique stepped up, tongue coiling around the shaft, while her lips and throat milked it of pre-cum. The other two spilled onto the Seikogami’s skin, occasional splashes even landed on her breasts. Leaving them alone was such a waste.

Carmen backed up with Ryuka still attached to sit on the tub’s edge. That way, Ryuka had the perfect chance to rear up and slap her bombastically huge tits onto her friend’s tight sack. It also enabled another source of pleasure as she bounced her tits up and down. Satisfying smacks echoed in bathroom, the descent came so fast and strong that leftover steam flew away. Pre-cum added a constant slurp and squelch as it poured into Ryuka’s cleavage.

“Fuck, I love this feeling,” Carmen cooed. There really was nothing quite like getting sucked and tit-fucked by a Seikogami. Lips like pillows slid all over the top half of her cock, stretching out as she pulled away and vacuum sealing around her. The Touch and Aura had some impact on it all of course, but even without them, she’d be nearing orgasm. It didn’t seem fair that she be the only on the verge.

Heat flared along her cocks as the pleasure rose. Ryuka stumbled in her graceful throat-fuck, then picked up the pace, moaning as her own impressive cock hardened. Foot after foot of divine dick lifted until they were nestled against Carmen’s scrotum. It pushed beyond them to grind into her pussy.

Both human and deity moved in tandem. Carmen’s juices flowed over the goddess’s cock, which spilled its own pre. A dense aura enveloped their bodies, purple for the Seikogami and a vivid pink with flecks of crimson within it for Carmen, each swelling to saturate the room. However, Ryuka’s faded as the pleasure built toward ecstasy. Crimson pink ate into it, slowly forcing the aura into submission, before shrouding Ryuka in its glow. A muffled, guttural scream vibrated through all nine-feet of the deity and into Carmen. The human grabbed her side cocks and crammed into her own mouth just when her balls clenched.

Everyone that sucked her to completion always jerked in surprise at her production. Carmen was no exception even for herself, gagging when the tidal wave gushed against the back of her throat, but she held it. Ecstasy took hold of her body and compelled it to swallow like her life depended on it, just as Ryuka did with the main shaft. Both their guts bloated in seconds as cum inundated their bodies.

Carmen quivered with every spurt. It wasn’t just her cocks shooting like a fire hose; her pussy squirted in rhythm with them, splashing off Ryuka’s dick and onto the floor. The pink of her aura shone brighter, more colours blended into it, like a miniature Aurora Borealis. All the while, semen flooded the floor, so thick it couldn’t leak under the doorway as Ryuka also came violently. For every cup of cum that piled up an ounce of pussy juice gushed out.

The pink aura receded back into Carmen, who slumped back and almost into the tub. She just caught herself, breathing heavily as her softening cocks slipped out, “That was great.”

Ryuka pulled away with a viscous slurp, then rose up. Her mouth practically overflowed with jizz, which she couriered to Carmen, pressing their lips together and sharing the deliciously thick creamy bounty. Lips smacking together, tongues tangling, and a rope of cum oozing out, they moaned against the other as the final drops disappeared down their gullets. Carmen licked the stream from Ryuka’s chin.

“Delicious,” she whispered into her ear.

“Yes. It was. I’ve… gotta go,” Ryuka said and pulled away.

“Wait, what about the mess?”

The Seikogami snapped her fingers and everything but Carmen was spick and span. Then she was gone. Without the afterglow, Carmen might’ve questioned her abrupt departure, but in that moment she basked in the dual radiance of her powerful orgasms. A shower seemed too much effort, so set the tub to fill with hot, soapy water. While she waited for it fill and clean the fresh and caked on grime of her activities, her mind flashed an image of cum filling it instead.

“With all the crazy things I’m capable of, why wouldn’t it surprise me if my cum is good for the skin?” She sighed and sank into the warmth. Once she was clean, she’d find Melody, make sure she’d eaten breakfast, then play for the entire day. So long as she didn’t have any distractions.

Sounds of giggles and moans breeched the walls. The bathroom was against her mother’s room, so it wasn’t inconceivable. Carmen tried ignoring the sounds, reminding herself that part of those sensual noises was made from her mom, however her ears refused to obey. Worse, her hearing seemed to improve as very clearly lewd smacks began. Reaching down, she found her cocks hardening once more. Well… it had been a long time she allowed herself to just bask in a proper bath.