Bed springs creaked as Rachel was tossed onto the mattress. A far larger form mounted her right after, a knee spread her legs and pressed against the roiling heat of her balls, then lips were on her like a vulture, stripping away at her until she was nothing but a hot mess waiting to cum. It didn’t take long. Carmen’s kisses rained upon her throat, teeth kneaded her flesh, hands moved from hips to her waist to hold her in place, and three erections throbbed and oozed all around her. Rachel was tiny and helpless to her lover’s whims.

Just one hand was enough to control both her wrists. The middle horse-cock dominated her body, easily the girth of her waist, yet the others were always there. She’d take all three before long. Rachel cupped her lover’s cheek, stopping another love bite, and pulled her into a deeper kiss. Though her tongue surged to meet Carmen’s, it was immediately subjugated, forced to the bottom as her mouth was explored as if for the first time. Rachel moaned into the kiss, pulling her love in tighter.

Their tits mashed together and spilled over the sides. Nipples ground into each other, firm nubs that flicked the others as both futanari breathed deeper. Rachel’s little fingers weaved into the cosmic black of Carmen’s hair, doing her best to never let go and feel every little bit of her girlfriend. She wrapped her legs around the taller futa’s hips, and used her feet to feel at her voluptuous rear. Maybe she didn’t have the biggest breasts of their group, nor were her cocks the biggest, but her ass was flawless. Pert enough to bounce a penny off.

Human weakness forced them apart, breathing deep, each breath shaking the ropes of spit between them, “I’ve missed this,” Rachel said. Even separated like this, their chests were together. She felt Carmen’s heartbeat match her own, racing faster the longer they looked.

“Me too,” Carmen said and cupped the much smaller hand on her cheek. She kissed it, inhaling deep, “Everything’s different, but I’ll always remember this smell. This feeling.”

“Weirdo,” Rachel snickered, “What kind of obsessed stalker memorises their girlfriend’s scent?”

“The kind that has a magic book and three cocks, which, by the way, are getting dry,” Carmen said and reared back, protruded her hips to make clear just how huge her members were against Rachel’s aroused body. While individually, they were smaller than Rachel’s biggest member, they stood out against her frame.

“What do you want me to do about it?” Rachel asked, voice lowering to a loving huskiness. She reached up and brushed the heads with her finger tips, smearing endless streams of pre-cum over her skin and the purple glans. The middle prick drooled unobstructed, long ropes of pre snapped under their own weight and landed with a heavy splat on Rachel’s bed. That’s right, she thought and arched her head to catch the next dollop in her mouth. This was the first time they’d fuck in her house. All the other times were at Carmen’s place, when her family was out.

Now they were in a far more average room. Rachel wasn’t rich by any means, comfortably placed at middle-class with a single-sized bed that forced her few past girlfriends to snuggle real close when they slept over. She couldn’t imagine how tight it’d be with Carmen, but she couldn’t wait. The simpler setting only made the goddess known as Carmen Robins stand out more.

She didn’t need to, of course. Rachel gulped down the dense offering of pre-cum, so thick it pasted her gums in Carmen’s flavour even once she’d licked them clean. It seared every inch of her oesophagus down into her belly, where it caught aflame and spread throughout her body. Her cock twitched beneath Carmen’s and launched its own salvo of dick juice.

Carmen moved so she straddled the diminutive futa, “Well, that’s up to you. I can use your body until I’m satisfied, which won’t be for a *while*, or you can make the first move. Either way, you won’t be walking out of here today.”

“So confident,” Rachel said, unsure if she was teasing or marvelling at her lover’s words.

“I’ve been thinking about this for a long time,” Carmen said, fingers tightening around the redhead’s wrist, “Those rare times I could feel properly, I always thought of what I’d do to you. Even when I fucked that entire strip club, even as I was face fucking our friends downstairs, I tried imagining how I’d wreck your cunt for all other cocks. There’s only one possibility I came up with though.”

“What’s that?” Rachel asked, breaths heavy like Carmen was crushing her lungs. She wasn’t. If anything, she was so powerful, it was like she pulled Rachel off the bed and into her personal world of unsatisfied lusts.

“It’s embarrassingly simple,” Carmen leaned down, slipped her arms under the petite futa and held her tight, then whispered in her ear, “I’m gonna fuck you. I don’t mean make love or have sex or mate, I’m going to fucking destroy you. You showed me some hentai, remember? Those faces they made as they were fucked into oblivion? When I’m through, your brain will be mush, hollow, only capable of one thought; sex. Then I’ll fix it with the book and do it all over again.”

Rachel shuddered. For once her cocks were silent, only her pussy convulsed and squirted across the bed. Her eyes rolled at the sensations, her cunny walls ground together, as if to crush the imagined cock that violated her to a near untouched orgasm. Drool escaped her clenched teeth, which Carmen licked up, leading to another deep kiss that only prolonged Rachel’s climax. It didn’t last long yet dilated into hours in her mind.

“You like my plan?” Carmen teased, fingers playing across Rachel’s body like a piano, before delving past her masculinities and dipping into her sodden depths.

“Oh god,” Rachel bucked into the penetration, slight as it was, “Please, Carmen. You have to do it now. I’ll fucking die if you don’t.”

“Don’t be so dramatic,” Carmen chided and gave a light slap on her inflamed mons, prompting a startled squeak.

“I’m serious,” Rachel groaned, hips rolling in desperation, “I need your cocks in me. All of them. I’ll go crazy if they don’t stretch me out. I want to feel them ruin me. I want them to be my everything. I *need* them to fuck my womb and inflate it and fuck my ass and my throat. Please, give it to me!”

Carmen erected herself back to her imposing stance, cocks casting long, gnarled shadows over the redhead, “In good time. First, we have friends to help out.” She picked up the Futa Note, a mischievous smirk on her lips, “But I’m generous. On your hands and knees.”

Like the most obedient dog, Rachel followed her instructions and raised her hips high. She expected Carmen to penetrate her then and there, while using her back as a table to write in the notebook, instead she felt her lover’s breaths on her belly as she slid underneath.

“Hi,” Carmen grinned, then lifted her up, aimed the cocks at her face and slid them past her lips with a moan. When did she get so good? Rachel wondered in the flash of cognition before her mind slowed to a halt, the feelings of Carmen’s lips, teeth, tongue, throat and oesophagus all working in tandem to pleasure her. Skin met her cunt next, the overly endowed futa raising her knee to grind against Rachel’s femininity and balls. Paper touched her stomach and a voice reached her mind; ‘hold it’.

Rachel grunted and shifted her weight to one arm, while the other held the book in place. Her body dipped, pressing her crotch harder against Carmen’s mouth, which invited her deeper. The feel of quick lines being written barely registered above the sensations, then her whole body shook as she humped into her lover’s throat.

“Wh-what’s happening?” Rachel asked, though she recognised the feeling. They hadn’t done it in weeks, but she knew how it felt to be changed by the book. She didn’t get an answer, though it breezed through her mind as she luxuriated in her pleasure. Then the writing stopped and the book placed aside. Hands clapped tight onto her decadent ass, locked into place, and she squealed as Carmen picked her up.

The much taller futa slid free with a lurid slurp, “I made them match.” To demonstrate, she held the slimy pricks apart, both now the same hulking mass wreathed in brutal veins. Rachel just stared and moaned when Carmen took them both into her mouth, lips spreading further than should be possible for the pair. They bulged through her neck and into her chest, before she pulled off again.

“Before I destroy your slutty cunt,” Carmen said, the description sending flutters through it, “I owe you.”

“Huh?” Rachel grunted, her lover kissing each cock head like they were copies of her. Carmen smirked and laid down on the bed, her head draped over the edge, offering a straight path down her gullet. The invite was obvious, even in a fugue state, and the redhead leapt up to waddle over. Her balls jostled heavily with each stride and made running impossible, though she reached her goal quickly. Obscured by her genitals, hands on her tits as if to offer them, Carmen waited.

For everything they’d done, Carmen had always been on the ‘pitching’ end. Rachel didn’t mind either way; the orgasms were unmatched back then, though she’d wager today would make them seem like drops in an ocean. But here her lover laid, mouth open and willing, tongue whipping at her balls like the most seductive poet, and at her mercy. Rachel stepped back and angled one cock down to Carmen’s lips, the other targeted the grandest valley on earth; Carmen’s tits.

“I won’t hold back.”

“Please,” Carmen said and kissed the head taunting her, tongue flicking at the urethra. With a wailing moan, Rachel charged and buried over two foot of hyper-sensitive cock down her love’s throat, while the other was caught between those tits, so soft they felt like clouds. A moan compelled her deeper, vibrations passing along her length, until her heavy balls smothered Carmen’s face from the nose down. Not one second after hilting, Rachel yanked back and slammed home again.

“Oh fuck, I’ve never, hmm… felt this before,” Rachel moaned, leaning forward to grope her far bigger girlfriend’s tits, hands no larger than a house cat’s paws by comparison, “I sucked myself off once. Oh god. But that doesn’t compare. Your throat… fuck, moan for me again, Slut. Ahhhh hmmm, fuuuuck.”

Carmen’s throat rolled as Rachel impaled it on twenty-eighty inches of rigid girl-cock, then vibrated when it lingered for more than a second, before she slurped as it withdrew and gagged on the return. Drool spilled from her lips, down her cheeks and into her nose. Viscous bridges connected her and Rachel’s balls whenever the redhead pulled away, then reconnected with a splat. All the while, Rachel’s snatch coated the other side of her scrotum and her thighs.

“It’s so good,” Rachel cooed, hands moving to hold her love’s head in place as she hastened her thrusts, “Your tits are so fucking good. Look at them with my cock there. And, hmmm, the other one’s bulging too. I can see it as I fuck you, Carmen. How’s my balls in your face? Are they sweaty? What’s my musk like?” Moans answered her, each hum another stab of pleasure. She slowed down.

“I’m close. I’m gonna fuck your face properly now, babe. I want to stretch out your throat like no one else, then feel you do the same to my holes. But first, I’ve gotta dump a load in here,” she reached over and stroked Carmen’s flat stomach, soft on the surface, but rigid bumps rested beneath. Her balls gurgled in response. “So much cum.”

‘Do it’, Carmen’s voice echoed in her mind, mired in a sultriness that almost had Rachel cumming on the spot again. She stepped back and angled her second cock to join the first, then pushed it in, her lover’s face distorting around the combined girths. With the addition, the bulges in Carmen’s throat and chest pronounced all the more powerfully. They throbbed and ground against each other on the way to her stomach.

Despite Rachel’s claim, she was on the edge. As she pushed to the hilt, her lover’s nose buried in the folds of her scrotum, one little move and she’d cum. But it was a matter of time regardless. Gritting her teeth, Rachel pulled back, cock heads scraping and gliding along Carmen’s oesophagus from the endless pre-cum, then surged forward again and again.

“I’m cumming!” Rachel announced. Hands dug once more into her ass and ramped up her pace, even as her balls pulled tight and delivered a pent up flood into her shafts. Inch by inch, they travelled until the heads bulged and unloaded straight into Carmen’s belly. She hung her head and forced her eyes to remain open and focused, searing the visual of her love’s abdomen bloating with cum into them. It expanded further with each of Carmen’s gulps, always urging another, thicker dose to fill her out.

As the flow turned to droplets, Rachel backed away. Her erections dipped under their weight, no longer fuelled by that need to cum, and slipped from Carmen’s lips. They were dredged in phlegm and pre-cum, any jizz having come off along the way. She swayed on her feet, until Carmen pulled her back to the bed, their lips clashing yet again. The taste of cock saturated the taller futa’s mouth, while the reek of Rachel’s ball sweat coated her face.

“You’re filthy,” Rachel said.

“Just wait,” Carmen snickered and nuzzled into her, smearing spit on her cheeks, “You’ll think I’m a nun by the time we’re through.”

“I’d like to see that,” Rachel sighed, reaching down to feel the product of her orgasm, “You as a nun with a giant set of cocks and me, your wayward student that needs to be punished. Hard.”

“Why wait?” Carmen asked and stood up, brandishing her cocks. She wiped the spit from her face and used it to jerk her central member. The pink shine in her eyes strengthened until it suffused the crimson. Her tits rested heavily on her pseudo-pregnancy, nipples engorged and outstanding against her pale splendour. Not to mention the coating of pre-cum that glistened on her belly and chest. “You’ve had your fun. Now I think it’s time I make good on my promise.”

“You’re really gonna fuck me unconscious for a whole month?” Rachel asked, legs twitching apart in anticipation.

“Well, maybe not a month. Got any plans for the next few days?”

“Not really.”

“Good. We’ll go with that then,” Carmen said, “So? Where first? I could stretch out your ass until we could fit someone’s head up there. Or we could turn your womb inside out? Or maybe you want to get your tummy filled up like mine?”

“Yes,” Rachel moaned, jerking her reinvigorated cocks.

“To what one?”

“All of them!”

“I asked where first,” Carmen sighed, rolling her eyes, then lurched forward to yank Rachel to the edge. Her legs dangled until Carmen forced them up against her shoulders, revealing the redhead’s ruddy cunt, its folds swollen and desperate for penetration. She dropped them, though planted her cocks to keep the balls from interfering. Eyes intent on Rachel, she climbed over and kissed her again.

“It’s been so long. I want to make this last a while longer,” Carmen said, “And prove just how much you mean to me.” As she spoke, she rained kisses upon the petite futa, soon finding her nipples. Once she caught one, her hips jerked forward, all three cocks pressuring Rachel’s opening. They’d grown so much since last time, Rachel thought and spread her legs wider, submitting her puny cunt to their glory.

“We can go as long as you want,” Rachel said, cradling the luxurious black locks, while her lower lips opened bit by bit. The horse cock was too fat and bent against the too-small orifice, while the human members dipped inside. Carmen bit into her nipple and lanced forward, two of her pricks sliding half a foot inside. Lightning arched from all her erogenous zones to one another, feeding back faster and stronger. Slowly, another inch entered her, while Carmen moved onto the other nipples. It’s sibling was darkened from the abuse and gleamed with the spit left behind.

She squeaked when the heads butted against her cervix. Carmen raised her head at the sound, a teasing grin on her lips, “You’re so cute.”

“Shut up,” Rachel said, but made the sound again when the cocks rubbed harder, “It-it’s been awhile, okay?”

“Don’t worry,” Carmen said, coming up and planting the softest of kisses on her lips, and whispered into them, “I’ll train it properly this time. You’ll never fully close when I’m through.”

“What’re you waiting for?” Rachel panted, the pressure increasing, especially as the horse prick made headway inside her, “Fuck my womb. Paint it in cum. Knock me up with your seed.”

“Knock you up, huh?” Carmen mused and gave a short thrust, still enough to earn another squeaking moan.

“Yes! Fuck… do it, do it, do it,” Rachel gibbered. Their foreheads touched as she looked down at their bodies. Carmen’s belly squished against her own tummy that, in turn, bulged in obscene tubes which sported their own protrusions. They pressed deeper, her cervix arching against the two shafts, before a third kissed it. Like a fairy tale’s true love, the kiss melted all resistance. Rachel clung onto her lover as their crotches moved closer inch by inch.

Her own cocks throbbed so loud it resonated in her ears. Sandwiched between her protrusive gut and Carmen’s cum-baby, they spewed pre-cum by the cupful onto their bodies, which led to them sliding together. Bolts of pleasure zapped her nerves as their nipples met. She wrapped her arms tighter around the much larger futa, holding her breath as she awaited their true reunion. Then, with a grunt and wet clap of flesh, their sexes were united.

Carmen had been huge by normal standards, even larger inside Rachel’s smaller body. Now, however, she was giant. Two feet of horse cock stretched Rachel’s womb, distorted it to follow all the way up her torso and past her head, while two smaller lengths spread out and poked her underarms. Not only that, but her eyes went no higher than Carmen’s chin. It made her feel tiny, helpless, like Carmen could do anything to her.

Exactly as intended. Rachel tightened her grip as the cocks slid back, heads scraping along her walls and releasing a small flood of juices, then surged back in. Millions of nerve endings ignited at once, then settled to a simmer, before Carmen thrust again and brutalised them all over again. She was slow, methodical, even as her breaths deepened and she nicked at Rachel’s throat. Rachel stared over her shoulder, not seeing her ceiling, but envisioning the sight of three huge dicks pushing her insides to such lengths.

Their veins bulged and stretched her walls. Their heads pulsed and hooked into her ruined cervix. Her juices gushed into her tunnel and coated them.

The slow rhythm dragged out every sensation. Even the slightest change in direction became an avalanche, or a tepid change to Carmen’s heartbeat and her girth. Fingers played across her flesh, teased the strained skin around the side members, and nails grazed her hips, each otherwise average sensation a shock to her mind. As her own breaths deepened and her body clenched all over, Carmen’s pace increased.

“Fuck me, fuck me, oh goooooooooddd,” Rachel groaned into her girlfriend’s chest. A subtle gloss of sweat clung to her skin, whereas Rachel was already dripping, and burgeoned Carmen’s musk to an oppressive level, enough that she wondered if it’d taint every other odour from then on. She hoped it would.

“You cumming already?” Carmen teased, hands gripping her hips now and moving her with the thrusts, “You’re so easy.”

“It’s your fault,” Rachel moaned, doing her best to reciprocate, undulating her hips and squeezing with her kegels, “You’re so… so fucking big…”

“Hmm, but it’s more than that, right?” Carmen asked and angled her next thrust to grind her crotch into the redhead’s swollen clit, causing her to clench harder, “You’re so small and helpless against me. I could you pick you up and fuck you around the house and you couldn’t do a thing about it. I could tuck you under my arm and make you watch me fuck the others downstairs. Or use you like a sex toy. I don’t even need the Futa Note for that. You’re mine. Say it.”

“You’re mine,” Rachel parroted with a grin, that turned to a shocked ‘o’ as Carmen slammed into her, “Oh fuck! I’m yours! Fuck, fuck, fuck fuck fuck! I’m yours, all yours.”

“Your pussy is mine,” Carmen said, voice a guttural moan as she ramped up.

“It’s yours,” Rachel said in time with the sharp thrusts. Despite pulling almost a foot of cock back, Carmen impaled her an instant later.

“Your ass.”

“Is yours.”

“Your face.”

“It’s yours. It’s all yours. Everything is yours! Ahhhhhhh, fffuck!” Rachel wailed. Her cries went unchecked as she was fucked through her violent climax, voice shaking with Carmen’s persistent thrusts. Brutal splats breeched the sound when her cocks jerked and unloaded on the ceiling. Cum drops fell, splattering both in Rachel’s ejaculate. Through it all, only pre-cum escaped Carmen as she made Rachel’s eyes roll back.

They moved to lay on their sides, Rachel still impaled upon several combined feet of cock. Carmen spooned her, arms snug around the the redhead’s chest, digging deep into her plushness. Though it was slow and weak, Rachel rolled her hips into the larger futa’s crotch.

“You done?” Carmen asked, slowing to a leisurely tempo punctuated by the pure, lewd squelches of her lover’s drenched cunt.

“Uh huh,” Rachel nodded.

“Wrong,” Carmen said and turned her face to look her in the eye, the shine no less vibrant than before. Her cocks flexed, slamming her flush against Carmen’s body, and renewed lust suffused the redhead, “We’re just beginning.”