“She’s trying to get the book back,” Mary said. She’d gathered them all right after the school day ended, opting to join up at a nearby coffee shop, which only made them all stand out even more. Not one set of eyes was anywhere but on them, though it was hard to say who specifically they stared at.

First there was Mary, with her four massive tits, one set resting on their table and the other filing out her lap. Then there was Dakota, even ignoring her own newly grown endowments, her dog ears and tail called for many people’s attention. Three whole chairs supported Ashley’s matronly hips, while her ass lifted her high enough that her knees were above the table. Then there was Zoey, the most normal among them, yet drew just as much, if not more, focus than her friends.

“Oh god,” Dakota said. They all only had vague memories of when Gretchen had it the first time, however the feeling from those times was enough to make them despair the very idea.

“We gotta stop her,” Ashley added.

“Just tell Carmen,” Zoey said, slouching in her seat. She couldn’t sink fully, legs too long for that, but at least it kept her from standing out too much.

“We could,” Mary admitted, “But this is our chance. Gretchen’s fucked now, but that’s not gonna stop her. Sure, Carmen could turn her into a literal walking cum-dump, but she’ll end up enjoying it because of the book. She deserves to suffer.”

“So, what’s the plan?” Dakota asked.

“It’s simple. Trap her in the bathroom, have Zoey there to hold her down, then we fucking destroy her cunt and ass.”

“Isn’t that rape?” Ashley inquired.

“Well, yeah, I guess. Hmm… okay, we’ll pretend to be some guy with a big dick, right? Lure her out, maybe have her blow us through a gloryhole or something, then reveal it’s us. Then we carve out her cunt and ass.”

“I don’t want to do this,” Zoey said and stood, ignoring all the looks.

“She fucked you over too, didn’t she?” Mary said.

Zoey’s phone went off, she checked it, then quickly put it back in her bag, “Yeah, but I don’t want to rape someone. Even Gretchen. I gotta go anyway. See ya.”

Zoey only told half a truth. She’d gladly put Gretchen in her place any day of the week, however there were issues at home that required her attention. Issues that were constantly making themselves known by messaging her phone. Fortunately, with legs like hers, it didn’t take long before she was on a bus back to her house. Only one car was in the driveway, which meant it was just her and Megan.

Since history rewrote itself so that, far as people like her sister were concerned, Zoey had always been a futa of record-breaking height, things had been… unique. Sifting through her own memories, she knew Megan was always flirtatious with her since puberty started, but on Zoey’s eighteenth birthday, it culminated in a moment of weakness of the Amazonian futa. Just once seemed innocent enough, futanari had libidos on par with half a dozen nymphomaniacs, and her sister was genuinely attractive. The second and third times seemed that way too.

Then it repeated over and over. Everyday, without fail, Megan would wake her up with a blowjob, sometimes followed by sex if they had time, then she’d be home before Zoey. Usually naked, in her bed, and often masturbating in anticipation. There was just no refusing her. In part because she threatened to reveal their ‘relationship’ - if it could be called that - and because Zoey didn’t want it to stop.

Everyone else were perverted sex craved maniacs. She tried acting the part of a normal girl-turned-futa, still wanting a somewhat normal life as a star runner, though her gender threw some confusion onto that front. It didn’t matter whether they put her against men or women, she’d take them down. None of that mattered, however, when her own desires intruded on her day-to-day life. They only got worse as Carmen changed the school into a utopia for all sorts of fetishistic madness.

Zoey kicked her shoes off and took a deep breath. She could practically smell her sister’s pussy from down there, its scent trickling down to her cock and coaxing it to erection. Everything in her life taught her that fucking her sister was wrong, that to want it was wrong. Yet she did.

When it started, she was torn up over Carmen. Anything to take her mind off of her was appreciated, even if that meant fucking Megan. Now it had evolved to a fetish, each time offered a greater thrill as she wondered if their mother would catch them in the act, and Megan was eager to nurture it, pushing their boundaries more and more. Like the earlier messages, showing her very clearly with her pussy on full display, a ‘large’ dildo stretching out her pussy for Zoey. If anyone but her saw it, they’d know they were related. And what they were doing.

Yes, she was ashamed of it. Outside of sex, the thought of being found out chilled her to the bone, yet she kept doing it for that same reason. Was it really that wrong, though? If people at Saint Puella fetishised having pussies the size of their heads, or being completely dwarfed their own penises, or that one girl Carmen gave the ability to turn others into her cock, temporarily of course, who had willing volunteers lining up to enjoy… if all those were acceptable, then maybe hers was too.

“Welcome, sister,” Megan said, her tone for ‘sister’ much more suitable between lovers.

Zoey didn’t even acknowledge her at first, instead she set her bag down and stripped. All her clothes were custom made for her body, keeping her curves and phallus bound tight for when she ran. It made them difficult to remove, however the reward was worth it, as her unsealed tits slapped against her belly. Megan said nothing as she enjoyed the show, only making a noise when over two-feet of turgid fuck-meat leapt up.

Dropping her shorts, Zoey turned to her sibling, “On your knees. I’m feeling pent up.”

Sex with Megan versus someone changed by the book was a difficult affair. Unlike Mary or the others, she couldn’t stretch beyond reason to take every inch of Zoey’s dick, yet it was that same struggle they both enjoyed. She was lucky if Megan could suck on the glans, not that she wasn’t eager to try everyday. Once it was slathered in spit and lube, they moved to the main event.

In the old timeline, she remembered Megan being a lethargic person. No drive for anything. Now, she had something worth trying for; taking Zoey’s huge cock. To that end, she got a job, invested in every sex toy made for stretching her out, even going so far as to try permanently stretching out her cunt. Each endeavour had middling success.

Compared to the first time, she took far more. They no longer spent half an hour just trying to cram the head inside, by which point Megan was whimpering and only stayed out of stubbornness, instead it squeezed in and splayed her walls apart. That didn’t mean anything for the length. Not even a foot inside and Megan was at her limits, the cervix much too sensitive to handle anymore pressure. It didn’t matter as she quickly orgasmed as Zoey pounded her into the mattress.

They tried her ass, but even after months of training, Megan just couldn’t handle her girth. Eventually, perhaps, that would change. Zoey didn’t pressure her into it, more than enjoying the tight, sultry sleeve she fucked into shape. Without fail, she came inside her sister, who swore on their mother’s life that she was on the pill. Thus far, she hadn’t gotten pregnant, so Zoey trusted her. The resulting flood of her climax left the bed soggy and ripe with her scent, but she’d long since given up on cleaning it up. She’d even come to enjoy it.

“Wonderful as always,” Megan said, snuggling up to her breast. Sweat matted their hair, bodies glistening with it, and saturated the air with their musk.

“Wasn’t too rough?” Zoey asked.

“Never. Sorry I can’t take more of it though.” As she spoke, Megan reached down and cradled the lower half of Zoey’s cock, mostly dry except for where her juices had flowed.

“You will one day. You’re still stretching it, right?”

“Yeah, but I don’t know if it’s working anymore. I’m on the biggest dildo and nothing.”

“Just get bigger ones.”

“Too expensive. Things that big cost so fucking much.”

“Hmm…” Zoey could always ask Carmen to make a few changes. Not to her sister, but herself. After everything she’d seen, it wasn’t unfathomable that her own body could make Megan stretchier. That said, she enjoyed her sister putting in such an effort to accommodate her overly endowed body.

“Zoey?! Could you give me a hand with the groceries?!” Their mother called up, footsteps following not far behind.

“Shit, shit, shit!” Zoey acted quick, as she had done a few times before, lifting Megan and dropping on the other side of the bed, away from the door. She’d organised her room for just that reason, at first just to hide the oversized condoms she inflated when she didn’t want to make a mess, but also to keep her sister from view. Not a moment after Zoey was back on the bed, covers pulled over her chest, her mother walked in.

“Mom! Can’t you knock?”

“Oops, sorry, sorry. Really, though, it’s not like I haven’t seen it all before,” she said, then crinkled her nose, “Maybe we need to get you a, uh, bin? For your… emissions. Your room stinks of it.”

“Mom!” Zoey whined and sank further under the covers.

“Sorry. Well, get dressed soon as you can. I’m not getting any younger and there’s a lot downstairs. See you in a bit!” Then she was gone, though she didn’t close the door, allowing Zoey to watch her mother’s ass swing away. Why did her parent have to be a total MILF?

Julian was her name. Despite having two children, going through a divorce shortly after Zoey, and working hard to keep a roof over their heads, she was a stunning figure of maternal radiance. It honestly boggled her youngest daughter as to how she hadn’t found a boyfriend in over a decade. Full boobs, a luscious ass with hips a normal woman would die for, and what Zoey thought was a wonderful personality. Not many people raised two daughters, one with ‘unique’ difficulties, and maintained themselves as well.

“You go, I’ll try cleaning up for you,” Megan said, peeking up once the coast was clear.

“Thanks,” Zoey sighed and pulled on a basic tank top and what used to be baggy shorts from her old life. Much as she loved her mom, she could get impatient, as such she didn’t bother with anything more. It proved a mistake as she and her mother marched the groceries in. Being the athlete of the house, Zoey didn’t struggle. Julian, on the other hand, worked up a sweat that pulled her simple blouse flush against her skin and highlighted the D-cups on her chest. The youngest avoided looking as best she could, but it was taxing on her willpower.

If fucking Megan gave her a dangerous rush, then what about their mother?

“I’m, uh, gonna do some homework,” Zoey lied and rushed upstairs, shorts bulging with her burgeoning erection. She did intend to go to her room and try ignoring it, however she noticed Megan’s door open, heard the familiar moans, then she didn’t have a thought left. When cognition returned to her, she was in her sister’s bed, both splattered in cum, and the girl wrapped up in her arms, snoozing softly. Two times in an hour was a new record.

But it was the fact she did it after getting turned on by their mother that lingered in Zoey’s mind. She tried sifting through her thoughts, however an image of her family members side by side, nursing on her balls, raised her cock back to life. Despite it pushing against Megan’s skin, the girl didn’t react. Couldn’t blame her, for each of Zoey’s orgasms, she came four or five times. Nor was she gentle either.

Zoey froze briefly when she heard footsteps outside the door. Fortunately, their mother moved on without checking in. She was conscious, hadn’t been with anyone Zoey knew of for years and years, and, above all, sexy. Surely, Julian wouldn’t mind getting her erection to calm down.

“What am I thinking?” Zoey groaned and buried her head in her sister’s hair. She needed advice from someone she trusted, some way for her to cope with the urges and not give into them.

That led her to Rachel’s house. Carmen was out with her other girlfriend, leaving the redhead alone in the house, save for Leah, who remained sedentary in her room. Not much had changed since they had an orgy there, except for a constant humming in the background from an industrial pump, no doubt for Leah’s abundant milk production. Zoey didn’t pay it any mind, too busy trying not to stare in disbelief at her best friend’s body.

She’d seen it around school, but not up close. The changes were incredible, sporting enough curves that she didn’t have an hourglass body-shape, as her boobs melded in with her doorway breaking hips, all of which supported her plump belly. Possibly the only thing that stood out even more, was her crotch.

“So,” Rachel said as they went up to her room, “What’d you need to talk about?”

“Uh, just need some advice.”

“That you couldn’t get over the phone?” Rachel asked, “Don’t get me wrong, I’m happy to see you. Just figuring things out.”

“It’s my sister… I… I keep wanting to…”

“Fuck her?”

“Yeah,” Zoey whispered. While it wasn’t an admission of what she’d been doing for months at that point, it still made her entire body quiver.

“So do it.”

“What?”

“I’ve fucked Leah. What’s the big deal?”

“It’s… It’s not just Megan. My mom…”

“Why’re you holding onto so much?” Rachel asked and led her onto the bed. Outside, the sun was getting low, casting the redhead in a brilliant gold aura, one that helped the hearts of her eyes shine all the brighter. She sat on the bed, a small double, which barely supported her gigantic ass and hips. Zoey glanced at them, licked her lips, then looked away when her cock twitched, only to snap back when an egregiously stretched out shirt struck her face.

Fuck, her tits were insane. Zoey’s cock tested the limits of her shorts as she looked upon the biggest, naked pair of breasts in her life, with nipples to match.

“Um, won’t Carmen be mad if we…”

“Don’t worry about that,” Rachel said and stood up to remove her pants, revealing her pussy the size of a football, “We have an understanding. Besides, you’re clearly horny and I don’t think we’ve fucked, just the two of us.”

“Rachel,” Zoey bit her lip. This was a fantasy of hers long ago, and with the sight before her, it came stomping back to the forefront. A moan left her lips when her increasingly small friend walked over and pulled her shorts down. Even standing, Rachel was shorter than the athlete’s crotch, the half-flaccid cock hanging around her lips.

“Come on, show what you’ve got,” Rachel teased, running a finger over the taller futa’s abs, then across the firm thighs capable of crushing watermelons, “I can take it and more.”

Words abandoned Zoey for the next several minutes. She had Rachel pinned in seconds, lips on hers with a feral hunger, groaning deep in her chest as their bodies burned for one another. A moment later, Zoey sank down to snatch a nipple and guzzle its bounty, hands trying and failing to handle the other breast. It’d take a giant to handle just one of them.

Within the first minute of kissing her, Zoey was hard and pumping her hips in a blind search for penetration. Gasping for air, they separated and Rachel spread her legs wide, lifted her cum-tanks, inviting the Amazon into her depths. Zoey didn’t know what to expect. The exterior was huge, however her friend was so small, it couldn’t possibly be that spacious inside.

“Give it to me,” Rachel said and yanked the taller futa’s hands to her tits, forcing her to squeeze them hard, “Fuck me with all you’ve got.”

Zoey swallowed her concerns. This was someone Carmen had practically made to take unfathomable cocks, and hers didn’t come close to that scale. Sinking her hands deep into Rachel’s breasts, pushing founts of milk from the nipples and all over them, she angled her hips and slammed home.

“Holy… FUCK!” Zoey gasped, freezing in place. An overt bulge marked how deep she reached, stretching over Rachel’s smirking face, yet did nothing to convey just what she felt inside her friend. The huge folds gripped her base like heavenly lips, while deeper in, Rachel’s walls became living putty, moulding to and pushing in around her shaft. When she pulled back, they sucked on her, fighting to keep every inch buried. Even her powerful body struggled against them, but that only made the thrust all the stronger.

“Oh god, are you… okay?” Zoey asked when their bodies connected with a deafening crack, like bone breaking or the snap of a whip. Looking down at her friend, however, assuaged any concerns as her face contorted into a beautifully twisted smile. So it was fine to go all out? Zoey thought and mirrored Rachel’s face when she yanked herself back, then drove forward with even greater force. No need to be gentle, she could use her strength to its full extent, fuck like her instincts always told her to.

Zoey grabbed each of her friend’s nipples and used them like reigns, holding her in place and yanking her close when required. Each thwack of their bodies rang in her ears and compelled more. Each thrust used a different angle, sometimes crushing her crotch into Rachel’s balls, others she tried using her dick to lift the hyper curvaceous redhead with middling success. No matter the strategy, her friend’s entire body would shiver like jelly in an earthquake. Lines of milk shot out in all directions.

Truth be told, Zoey didn’t know how long she’d last. Despite that, she refused to slow down the slightest bit, riding the high of finally letting loose with someone that could take it. She always had to be careful with Megan, controlled just like she was whenever Gretchen pissed her off. Not with Rachel, the shortstack took it and moaned for more. Her own cocks flew about from the force of Zoey’s thrusting, smacking the redhead repeatedly.

“Come on, let me have it. Pretend I’m your sister and fucking destroy my cunt,” Rachel said, somehow legible despite her state.

“What?” Zoey didn’t stop. It wasn’t by choice, but rather like her body refused to obey anything other than its partner, “God… I can’t… fucking… wanna…” She lowered her head in shame, yet still she pumped her hips and devoted the sight of beanbag-tits bouncing.

“Stop holding back,” Rachel intoned and reached up to cup her cheeks, forcing her to look into those heart-shaped eyes, “Carmen’s gonna make sure you never have to. No judgement. No shame. Just live out your fetishes.”

“But…”

“The school won’t care. The city won’t. Soon enough the world won’t either. Everything will be as Carmen wills it,” Rachel said, monotone despite the passionate rolling of her hips. She blinked, then grinned and kissed the much taller futa, “So stop worrying about stupid stuff and fuck me up!”

Zoey had questions, concerns over what Rachel meant, yet none of them breached her consciousness as her cock jerked and her balls tightened. She was gonna cum soon. If the little bitch wanted to be ruined, then fine. Not like Carmen wouldn’t just fix her if something happened.

With a feral grunt, Zoey flipped her friend over. Not a friend, she corrected herself. This was just a proxy for her sister, a brainless onahole that could handle all the abuse she’d bottled up over the years. She took everyone’s shit, never said a word against them, just listened and believed every fucking word of it. Gretchen was just the most recent tormentor. It didn’t matter that Zoey had ended all that with Carmen’s help, or that she no longer feared the former queen bitch, she hadn’t worked out anything. She *needed* this. *Needed* catharsis.

Needed to prove she wasn’t the same person. That she was strong, in control, and not some freak like Gretchen thought so. Or how Megan once treated her. It wasn’t always lust from her sister, even in the new timeline. Just fucking her wasn’t enough, she had to be shown her proper place, as nothing but a stupid cumdump, living onahole for Zoey to use on a whim.

“Fucking take it! You dumb fuck, Megan. Beg for my cock, BEG!”

“Give it to me! Oh god, I’m just a slut for you, Zoey! Make my pussy yours!”

She knew it was Rachel saying it, but at that moment, she was too deep in the fantasy to care.

“Show me your ass, bitch! I want to leave a hand print that’ll never go away!”

Rachel started turning over too slow for Zoey’s taste. She flipped the redhead over, now staring down at an ass so huge it pushed against her tits. It only made her pause a moment, before separating the cheeks and stepping between them to get as close and deep as possible. All twenty-eight inches of her girl-dick pounded the fattest cunt of her life, while her balls battered the larger pairs.

True to her word, Zoey delivered open-handed slaps on the giant globes of ass flesh. Each impact stung her hand, yet it did just what she wanted and left red prints that quickly inflamed. More. More. More!

“How is it?! Getting fucked… MARKED by your futa sister?!”

“It’s so good! I wanted this for so long, Zoey. For you to breed me! To own my slut body and make it submit!”

Breed? She didn’t… fuck it. Zoey didn’t give a shit anymore. She just wanted to cum.

“Beg! Beg you worthless bitch! Beg for your sister’s cum!”

“Fill me up with it! Flood my tiny slut-womb with your sperm! Make them rape my ovaries!”

That sealed it. With a final thrust that numbed her hips, Zoey slammed to the hilt and released every drop of cum broiling away in her balls. Rachel let out a shrill cry, pussy pulsating wildly as it squirted all over Zoey’s legs. Pump after pump emptied her testes until she had only drops left. At that point, the Amazonian futa pulled back on shaky legs, collapsing on the floor. Rachel did too, though her entire body quivered sporadically.

“I think you broke something,” the redhead eventually said.

“Oh shit, fuck, are you okay? Should I call 911?”

Rachel giggled, “Don’t worry about it. I feel great. Hmm, I need to get Carmen to fuck me that hard sometime. Your dick’s nice, but you know it just doesn’t compare.”

“You’re sure you’re alright?” Zoey asked. Even with the afterglow, surely breaking a bone would’ve hurt. What did she break anyway? The pelvis, duh. Her head was so muddled obvious things seemed like abstract ideas of a bygone era.

“I’ll shoot Carmen a text to fix it in a bit. What about you? Feel better?”

Zoey gulped, still unsure about her friend’s welfare, but nodded.

“Y-yeah. I do.”

“Cool. Let me know how it goes and if you need another ‘chat’. Maybe ask Carmen for an upgrade? Bigger feels better after all.”

“I don’t know about that, but thanks, Rachel,” Zoey said and got up, only to buckle, “Uh, I think we killed my legs.”

“Well, you did go pretty hard. You can spend the night if you want. Our parents are still out of town, so there’s plenty of room.”

“Yes, please.”

Zoey told her mother where she was and almost immediately went to flop on Rachel’s parents’ bed. Sleep was so welcome, she didn’t even have the presence of mind to fret over her dug up desires. Her mind was still muddled in the morning, but she made it home on an early bus. It gave her just enough time to get ready for school, where she had every intention of talking with Carmen and the others. Things couldn’t go on as they were.

No one was home when she got back to her relief. She didn’t want to see Megan yet. On her bed, however, was a note in her sister’s handwriting. All warmth drained from her body when she read it, immediately rushing elsewhere as her shorts bulged, the tip of her cock forcing its way out along her thigh. Under the note was a pregnancy test.

Two lines stared at her like the apple of Eden, enticing her with forbidden ecstasy.