Carmen wasn’t one to boast. Those that misconstrued facts as bravado would be proven wrong, swift as possible. She saw that expression in the futanari laid before her, each with one leg high and pushing into their bloated middles, and their holes stretched by her. Memories of the strip club filtered in, of her boundless lust, moving from one group to the next and leaving them dribbling messes of cum. For all the orgasms and enjoyment since entering Rachel’s house, she hadn’t reached that limit yet. Far from it.

But she’d get there now. Both futanari were challenging her, even if they didn’t say anything, their eyes doubted her ability. Carmen licked her lips, heat pouring into her gaze, and pushed deeper. She twisted her fist as more of her forearm vanished into Rachel, whose walls collapsed on her from all sides, unfettered by the fact it wasn’t a cock. Both shuddered, eyes rolling as she exhausted all her lengths.

“Ready or not,” Carmen chuckled and chose a soft rhythm, sliding to and fro in her lovers. They cooed and moaned, kissing in a similarly lazy pace, but that was the intention. Little by little, as the orifices squeezed harder and the moans saturated the space, Carmen sped up. Almost imperceptible increases, but present nonetheless.

“Fist so deep,” Rachel groaned, rocking her hips to the punches that reached all the way to her cervix.

“Hmm, her cock too,” Zoey said. They didn’t sound impressed, closer to disappointed after Carmen’s claim. It was too slow after all, she thought and forewent the crescendo, skipping to the flurry of notes on her two instruments.

“Holy fuuuuuck!” Rachel wailed as her anus opened and closed between blinks. Her pussy met the same fate. Carmen yanked her entire arm out, before slamming it home in the next instant. The force of each thrust echoed through the rest of Rachel, every curve jiggling as if to welcome the next shove. Opposite her at eight-feet tall, Zoey couldn’t even speak. Carmen was a blur, her own tits flying high and clapping together, while her belly rippled and dumped its contents as her muscles worked harder. This was retribution for being underestimated.

“I’m… gonna cum,” Zoey sputtered through grit teeth, veins popping across her frame as she fought the ecstasy. Sweat cascaded across her skin, pooling between her tits and following the little rivers of veins along her belly. Her cock flung long ribbons of pre-cum with the brutal pace. Carmen’s hand appeared on her chest, the other going to Rachel’s, and groped. Electricity dripped from her fingertips, the other futanari like circuits. Rachel’s face contorted into a live form of the hentai she frequently showed Carmen, eyes rolling and crossing, tongue flopping out and a delirious grin, even tears gushed down her cheeks.

Zoey wasn’t so expressive. She grit her teeth, grunting asynchronously with Carmen’s hips, pussy foaming from the rapid-fire tempo. It wasn’t just speed on the more endowed futa’s side, but power. It wasn’t hard to understand either, as she reared back almost two feet at a time, then used that length to gather momentum. Each thrust was a crack of lightning followed by the thunder of skin on skin.

Not only that, but the tingling in her fingers was everywhere now. She wasn’t sure in her focus on the two, but the air itself seemed thicker, rich with static yet humid like a swamp. Of course, its fragrance was like liquid sex evaporated for their enjoyment. Carmen couldn’t guess at her speed, however it was enough for even her to work up a sweat, and yet she still processed every movement. Not just the protrusion of her horse cock in Zoey’s abdomen as it arched along with her shape, but the slap of their tits on bellies and the rise and fall of tendons in their throats as they screamed and the ropes of cum from their cocks. All while she worked their cunts into foaming caverns.

“Stop! Stop! Stop!” Zoey shouted.

“What?” Carmen asked, coming to a standstill with her cocks fully buried inside them and her arm elbow-deep in Rachel.

“Can’t take… much more,” Zoey said.

“Okay.” Carmen pulled out, eliciting a sharper moan from the pair. They weren’t fucking for that long, were they?

“Oh my god,” Rachel gasped and flopped onto her back, fingers twitching as if to touch herself, but then thought better of it. Her cocks twitched, volleys of jizz arching forth despite the action ceasing. Likewise, Zoey’s member drooled enough to glaze her balls, “Carmen, you… I thought you were gonna fuck us to death.”

“Can’t stop cumming,” Zoey moaned and her pussy clenched, or tried to as it refused to close even an inch, but still squirted a line of leftover pre-cum.

“We barely started,” Carmen said, stroking her denied members. Were they serious about it being too much? Or was it not enough? Rachel was only receiving a fraction of her full capabilities after all, but it couldn’t be helped with only three cocks. *Only*? Carmen snickered at the thought. This was her life now, where possessing three cocks all over two-feet long didn’t seem like enough.

“Just give me a break.”

“Yeah, catch my breath then you can fuck it out of me again.”

“Sure,” Carmen shrugged and sat back, idly toying with her shafts as she waited. She watched them like a cat eyed its prey, secure in its victory even before striking. They knew it too. Seconds trickled by, the constant tide of cum from Rachel and Zoey acted like sand in an hourglass, and each drip dragged out forever in Carmen’s mind. Stopping so suddenly after she actually put her all into it was like plugging a dam with duct tape, a tenuous pause at best, one that slipped each time her cocks throbbed. Despite that, neither of her lover’s seemed eager to continue.

“You know, you can rest and pleasure me,” Carmen said and lunged forward to pull them both down into her crotch.

“The air’s so thick here,” Rachel murmured, eyes crossing.

“Can barely breathe,” Zoey said, though neither pulled away.

Carmen’s members twitched and smacked their cheeks. Like the most persuasive debater, they silenced all doubt and convinced the two back to work, their lips falling open, noses flared to take in rabid breaths even as they licked and kissed up and down Carmen’s lengths. Both took on the horse cock, nursing on veins. Rachel sank lower and dug her tongue into the sheath, deeper until her nose was practically mashed against it. When she withdrew for air, half her face was covered in slimy residue.

“It stinks so good,” Rachel giggled drunkenly and rubbed it into her skin, “Hmm, there’s more here.” She hunched over and buried her face in Carmen’s balls, hugging them as she snorted the sweat off the tight skin. Zoey wasn’t much better as she rubbed the cocks on every inch of skin in reach, vision unfocused except when a dick lurched from her grip. Like her fingers, Carmen’s cocks tingled with lightning and spread it elsewhere. Mere worship wasn’t enough. She needed to fuck.

“Zoey,” Carmen said, “Turn around and bend over. Rachel, eat my fucking pussy while I break her open.”

“Yes!” Both squeaked and assumed their positions, moaning as Carmen took hers. Rachel’s head vanished beneath her marvellous ass, consumed in its splendour, but her presence remained as she latched onto the juicy folds. Zoey arched her own rump high, her holes gaped like awestruck onlookers, then were plugged as Carmen reintroduced her pricks. The horse cock took the asshole this time, while her twin humans splayed the cunt open.

“That’s the stuff,” Carmen groaned and picked up where she left off. Both of Zoey’s holes were still drenched in pre-cum and her own fluids, allowing her to glide in and out at the same vicious pace. Her balls rested heavily on Rachel’s chest, crushing her tits and trapped the cocks beneath, yet the redhead only moaned in contentment as she slurped and licked and kissed and gargled on Carmen’s pussy. More of that electricity surged within Carmen, arcing from her skin and zapping the others.

Under a minute since resuming, both her lovers screamed in orgasm. Yet Carmen remained steadfast, still on the build-up to her own bliss. The wolves were no longer her pack, much too weak to help her, let alone drag her under anymore. Each clap of flesh was another mountain, its precipice was Rachel’s nibbles on her clit, but the climb was what she lived for, that being the thrust. As she drew back, Zoey’s holes unfolded with her, walls suctioned onto her shafts, then followed her back in until her pert cheeks bounced against Carmen’s crotch. But it wasn’t enough.

For as good as it felt, the experience lacked something. She wanted more. She’d promised Rachel it’d just be them, a vow already broken by Zoey’s inclusion, so she refused to drag the others into it. Then what? Carmen upped her ferocity, deaf to Rachel’s muffled cries into her pussy and Zoey’s plea for respite, focused solely on that elusive pleasure. Why didn’t this feel right anymore?

She already came multiple times, so what changed? Carmen sank her fingers deep into Zoey’s ass, moving it with her thrusts to drag out more sensation, and ground harder into her lover’s tongue. Still not enough.

“Fuck!” Carmen grunted and stood up, then moved Zoey and Rachel so their heads hung over the bed, before she crammed her human shafts down their gullets. She grabbed her horse cock and jammed it into her own mouth, groaning deep at the flavour. For another minute, she pounded their faces as she throated her inhuman prick, yet it did nothing and she pulled out. Was it the fact she couldn’t fuck them both at the same time?

Technically, she could, but only by dividing her cocks unfairly. Using a fist just didn’t compare. She needed more dicks, enough to fuck them beyond oblivion. Without error, her eyes darted to the Futa Note, just where she left it. There was no other way.

No! She’d work through this blip in her psyche. That’s all it was. Carmen remained standing as she recreated the original layout, Rachel and Zoey’s bellies mashed together, legs raised and sexes gushing for her attentions. She crammed a dick into each of their asses, but left the centre loose at first, then crammed into Rachel’s cunt. Dozens of thrusts later and she ripped it out and moved it to Zoey, fucking her just as brutally.

Their skin was covered in cum and sweat. One of Rachel’s eyes was glued shut by fem-cum, viscous like actual semen, and Zoey’s ass was bright red. Both their cunts were inflamed, swollen to several times their normal state, with clits grinding into Carmen’s horse cock as it pounded their wombs. Little cognisance remained in their expressions, but they still found the will to make out, hands melding as Carmen brutalised their bodies into orgasm after orgasm. And still it wasn’t enough.

“More, more, more. Give me more,” Carmen grunted, each word punctuated by multiple thrusts. Droplets flew off her skin with each slap of her crotch into either of theirs, rivulets glistened on her body, following the dip of her muscles and rise of her curves. That electricity sparked inside her and caught fire. She leaned forward to grope her lovers, hard enough to leave bruises in her wake.

“More, more, more,” she chanted. Half-conscious, the other two repeated it back at her, though Carmen didn’t recognise it as parroting, but as whole-hearted desire for more. Even they were disappointed in her lack of fairness.

She’d spent so much of her life dealing with it. Even people in similar situations as hers got better off, though others suffered worse, but that itself wasn’t justice either. Now she had the means to right those wrongs and she wouldn’t even use it. How selfish!

Carmen sped up, provoked by the loathsome realisation; she was a selfish cunt. No more. She’d make Rachel feel better than any human in existence, even those taken by Seikogami themselves. And the same for Zoey. The others too. Everyone.

That was her path as owner of the Futa Note; to spread pleasure even it warped people. Even if it warped *her*.

Without a physical catalyst, she didn’t understand what happened. Pleasure erupted throughout her body, forcing it to hold more than it should, but she had a simple solution. Carmen slowed her thrusts into languid waves, hands leaving the others to feel at herself, gasping and moaning at the peculiar sensations. Her growth since finding the book was slow, unnoticeable, and the changes at the strip club were lost in a drunken haze, however now she felt a whole new pleasure as her body filled out more.

Skin creaked and strained, then settled smoother than ever. Her nipples became pinpricks against her bellowing bosom, before filling out to stand out further, sat upon their pink thrones. Bones in her hips popped from place, then realigned even wider, padded by inches of muscle and fat. Her ass stretched out into a shelf, her legs fattened to support it, while spreading to allow her chubby pussy room to grow. Each squeeze of her muscles rubbed her ass cheeks against something new, a sensitive ring that could only be her anus.

“Keep going,” Carmen said, unsure if she, Ryuka or the book was responsible for these changes, but welcomed them all the same. Even as her cocks erupted in flame from within. They, too, grew like the rest. Unlike the other two, however, her equine mast fattened to resemble a little person in size, before splitting into thirds. Two new horse dicks identical to the last, yet her centre cock remained unique as the flames coalesced within it, leaving only embers elsewhere.

Segments spread along its mass. To all sides but the top were arched slopes approaching the head, they began at her sheath. Her medial ring had separated into nubs and multiplied across her length, each the size of a pencil eraser. Larger even than the slopes, her veins pressed out like cartoon mole tracks, visibly and audibly pulsating as her crown flared to nearly double her natural girth. Splayed out beneath the mushroom-like helmet were spines that seemed to breathe with her, spreading and flattening. The head’s only other change she saw was the softly serrated nature of its rim.

What she couldn’t see, was the yawning cum-hole, shaped like her eyes, at its peak that covered two-thirds of the actual head. Carmen panted in the passing of her latest change and grinned; now she could fuck them. She grabbed the two new horse cocks, leaving the grotesquely lewd hybrid alone, and crammed them into both her lovers’ cunts. They jerked as she entered them, seemingly roused back to consciousness. The first thing they saw was the mammoth prick between them.

Rachel wasted no time in leaning closer, her and Zoey’s boobs squished around it, as Carmen’s rhythm resumed. Despite her excessive pre-cum, each futa’s holes gripped her like vices, the friction on her glans and shafts fuelling her bottomless lusts. Her central member, almost dragonic as its colour shifted to a dark ruby, fucked the soft crevice of her lovers’ bellies and tits. As it surged between them, they each took a turn to nurse from it.

“Oh fuck! So big!” Rachel said between her turns, “You’re ripping me apart. My pussy will never close again. Oh god, oh god, oh goddesssssssss, you’re destroying my tiny fuck-holes! Fuuuuuck! You’re gonna make me your little fuck-toy. My mind’s going blank… you’re fucking my mind to mush! All that’s left is sex and baby-making!”

Zoey didn’t have such words. Her lexicon was reduced to animalistic grunts of pleasure, though her cunt and ass spoke volumes as they clamped down on Carmen, as if to slow her down, or to challenge her, which she accepted. The bed creaked from the constant pounding against it, Carmen’s overblown sack swung against it like set of wrecking balls, slamming the wall in time with the futanari. Finally, she saw it; the peak.

With that realisation came a second wind in the midst of a hurricane. Carmen bore down on her friends, pouring all her strength behind every thrust. That electricity resurged as well, leaking from her tips, and triggered another string of blissful shrieks from the pair. Cum sprayed the wall, which chipped as Carmen fucked harder and faster, and small lakes of pussy juice spread beneath them. Rachel’s cries muffled as a thrust gagged her with the biggest cock in the house.

“Gonna cum,” Carmen said, her first words in several minutes, voice awash in euphoria. At long fucking last she would orgasm and fill these two with more seed than any mammal alive. She leaned over them and found a hand from each, gripping it tight as she slammed home. Heart-ringed and glazed over eyes met hers, each begging for the onslaught to begin. This was all just a prelude, after all, to her orgasm. All the jizz Rachel and Zoey had wasted would be returned into them ten-fold.

The hybrid-cock slipped from Rachel’s mouth as Carmen arched and roared at the ceiling. Wood cracked, the bed fell beneath them, and Carmen with it, fully burying every inch of her four cocks just as their cum pipes swelled with wads of thick, steamy ejaculate. She felt how dense the loads were, their race through her urethras more a crawl, and basked in the sensation. Carmen clenched hard to keep it from going too fast, but the others had different plans.

Rachel and Zoey, almost in sync, clamped down once more. Not only that, but their walls rippled, milked Carmen for her loads, pumping her until she finally gave in. Her other four were first to shoot, jizz by the dozens of litres saturated wombs and weaved through intestines, bloating each futa into rotund spheres the size of beach balls in seconds. The main event, of course, was her new prick.

The segments along its sides fattened with the bottom, like cum surged through them as well. Unlike the others, the ascent was swift and brutal, like a whip cracking the air. Both the other futanari arched their backs, heads flung back, throats bulging with cries beyond human ears, then flopped forward as the surge hit. Cannon fire was less intense, yet her load didn’t shatter the entire wall - only a few centimetres of brick - before Zoey clamped her mouth of it. Her cheeks bloated like her belly before she gave in, then it was Rachel’s attempt.

It ended a second later, to which the redhead pouted despite all but drowning in semen. Her disappointment was short lived as the second wave struck. Zoey reacted fast, gurgling in bliss as her cheeks and belly filled out. Already, her gut appeared fecund with octuplets, however it was only the start. She gave up again once jizz sprayed from her lips. Rachel lasted longer, using her insane elasticity to hold and swallow nearly a litre each time.

Of course, Zoey’s stomach only took so much. With litres flowing in both ends, she couldn’t handle much more and convulsed. Rachel trapped the still cumming cock between their tits and tugged the much taller futa into a sloppy, open-mouthed kiss, then pressed tight as a tide of viscous jizz gushed from Zoey’s mouth. It spilled from between them and onto their shared cleavage, baptising them and Carmen’s new dick as it saturated the bed sheets.

Their hips moved further and further away as their bellies filled out, pushing against one another. Not a drop escaped, perfectly plugged by Carmen’s girths and their own tightness. Rachel kept drinking Zoey’s second-hand jizz, throat bobbing with the thick loads, not even bothering to chew on the dense goo. She only separated as cum-bubbles popped from her nose. Her open maw faced Carmen, allowing her to see the gunk clinging to her gums and throat.

And on her orgasm went. Rachel’s belly surpassed her overall mass, her flesh so taut every vein, every slight deviation in their path, was obvious as they condensed around her outward navel, which rubbed against Zoey’s own. The athlete’s once tanned flesh was a ruddy tone, shiny from the sheer pressure within and without. Both their stomachs pushed up and into their breasts, almost smothering themselves in tit-flesh.

“Bigger,” Carmen grunted, flexing every muscle to force out an even thicker load. Her prime cock shuddered, its flow staggered, and lifted itself over Rachel’s face, then excreted a log of congealed cum. It landed on the redhead, but didn’t pour like the comparatively watery substance as before, instead it oozed across her face and into her mouth. She couldn’t even move it with her tongue, forced to chew with all her might just to manage it. Zoey took a bite from it, but that was her limit as well. Another dose, thinner than before, plopped between them. More followed, stacking it higher and higher.

“So thick,” Rachel slurred.

“Hard to breathe,” Zoey said, she tried exhaling through her mouth and only blew a massive bubble that popped and covered her face. With cum that thick, how many sperm must be condensed in each block? Carmen grunted once more and the flow resurged, her lover’s bellies encroaching on bathtubs in size.

It took all that for Carmen’s mind to falter. She caught herself on the mammoth stomachs, even then her cocks remained lodged inside, still cumming every millilitre her balls held. She looked up at the pair, eating their way through a meal of cum and nothing more. Even so, they moaned like it was orgasm made manifest. A final tremor passed through Carmen and the bellies she laid on swelled once more.

*“Well, this is interesting.”*

*Carmen jerked up onto her feet, no longer atop her friends and back in her room, only the borders were blurred. Another dream, which meant the Futa Note was speaking to her again. It bounced into view, exactly as she remembered it; an eerie reflection of herself. Except not anymore. Was it smaller?*

*“Not exactly. Only looks that way because you got taller.”*

*“How?” Carmen asked, looking down at herself. The dissimilarities didn’t end at height; her body was curvier, much more so, and hanging from her crotch were quintuplets, though calling them that seemed wrong, given how they differed. The top member was a behemoth, even soft and sheathed, it reached her knees. The others were an inch away, but nowhere as thick, “What the hell happened to me?”*

*“I have a theory, can’t offer much else right now. This is new ground for me too. The theory is simple; you wanted this.”*

*“You mean I wrote it in you?”*

*“Don’t worry, you still haven’t changed yourself with me yet. No, this is all down to your will, and I must say, I never expected something so magnificent.”*

*“I wouldn’t call it that. Wait, if I enacted this change without the book, then what does that mean? Did your power transfer to me?”*

*“Possibly. It’s also possible that, when I merged us that teeny-bit, another unprecedented act I might add, the process never actually stopped and we’re just gradually fusing. Or, yes, you gained some of my power. It could only be a fluke. Could be that you weren’t done growing from the strip club. Could be any number of things, my owner.”*

*Carmen sat down and sighed. Yet another headache for her to work through. As the book said, it could be anything. It was probably a fluke. Not like she’d need more than five cocks to enjoy herself to the fullest.*

*“Can I just say how much I admire the design of this one?” The Futa Note said, cradling the main dick as it pushed from its shelter, “These spines that scrape on walls as you pull back, the nubs on the head that poke around every crevice, the rings, and definitely these,” she stroked the bulbous segments along its sides, “Adding two more urethras linked to the original and making them all bigger… love it. Kind of reptilian in a way.”*

*“If I start laying eggs, I… that’d be kind of hot,” Carmen said, then groaned again. Why did something that should disgust her as a human excite her now?*

*“Hey,” The Futa Note perched in her lap, gentle smile on her face, “Embrace it, Carmen. I believe Ryuka and I both mentioned how much lust is lurking within you. I feel like this is still just the tip. Wouldn’t surprise me if you gave someone a pussy for a mouth.”*

*“Oh…”*

*The book giggled, “Don’t be ashamed of what you like. Enjoy them. Find those to enjoy them with. Maybe it’s time you revisited your first fetish, hmm?”*

Carmen snapped awake. She was in between her most recent lovers, both snoring softly and covered in semen. Their bellies had shrunk, though only by a few inches, but enough to allow her freedom. The pile was gone, though its remnants remained splattered across their cheeks. She climbed up and looked down at herself once more, the changes still present. Her crotch was becoming crowded with so many phalli, all thicker than her wrist, even while flaccid. A bit of cum fell from her nipple, almost like milk.

Her first fetish? Carmen entered the bathroom and stared at her reflection, searching for other changes and, unsurprisingly, a strip of the same pink in her eyes now ran through her space-like hair, so dark no light reflected off it. Beyond that and her penises, the changes were standard. Her tits were firmly past the realm of American measurements and her hips made any pockets in pants worthless. Only one person she knew of could be curvier than her.

“The first one, huh?” Carmen mused. She showered and used the nearest cell phone to make a call.