Carmen sucked in a raspy breath and coughed violently. It felt like she was sucking in pure liquid, the air was so humid. She sat up, reaching over to feel for any of her numerous lovers, but met nothing. Not even a floor. What the…?

No light graced her surroundings. She couldn’t even tell if there was anything around her. All she knew was the air was thick and nothing supported her, meaning she was floating somewhere. She must’ve died. Carmen curled up, hugging her knees as she tried piecing together what happened. Ugh, her head was a mess.

What was she even doing before she ended up here? She must’ve been on her way to work or something. Wait, that meant her family didn’t get her income. Mum couldn’t support herself and Melody alone. No, no, no. She had to get back. Their mum would be fine, she’d work something out, but Melody was just a little girl. Wasn’t she? Carmen grabbed at her head, trying to hold it together as her memories split down the middle, envisioning one of her sister as a sweet child that loved drawing. And in the other side she was a grown woman with enough plastic inside her to fill Beverly Hills.

She tried looking around for something - *anything* - to focus on, except the rampant beating in her chest. There was nothing. Not a single shred of light meant her eyes couldn’t even adjust. She was stuck here, floating in darkness, mind fracturing with every haggard breath she took. And the one thing she could focus on was her body, didn’t even feel right.

But this *was* her body. She knew it, yet she knew it wasn’t. Just like her memories of Melody, they were true and false. That didn’t make any sense. None of this was correct. She couldn’t breathe. She clawed at her chest, like opening it would somehow fix it.

“It’s okay.”

Carmen stopped, fingers digging into her slight chest, and looked for the voice. She still couldn’t see anything, but she could hear, even if that was mostly her own breathing and heartbeat. There was something else too, a soft palpitating that surrounded everything, almost comforting even. Carmen focused on it, slowing her heart and thoughts. As she did, soft waves of pink light rolled across the world.

She squinted against it, at first unable to make out anything in the sudden illumination. A few more ripples passed through, each one gentler to her eyes, until she could make out an obscene silhouette. Well, relatively speaking. Carmen had a far more incredible figure. Didn’t she? Touching her chest again, it was definitely way too small. Then again, it felt almost natural to her.

“Take your time to adjust. Once you’re settled, I’ll explain everything.”

Carmen focused on the figure, trying to make out details as to who it was. She knew the voice, but it was like hearing an acquaintance over the phone. As the pink glow undulated across the sky - and the floor and walls - she got to see more of them. This person, quite clearly a woman, was utterly naked. Her spherical chest projected at least a foot and a half from her chest, with tiny nipples poking out. She was approaching, hips swinging widely, which brought Carmen’s attention down to something distinctly non-feminine.

A trans-girl? No, there was another word for her. Carmen knew it too, yet she couldn’t remember the damn thing. Calling this woman ‘trans’ wasn’t inaccurate, given the appendage swinging on her crotch, however for her to be *that* big among other things just wasn’t possible.

“It’ll come to you soon.” The figure stopped just a ways from Carmen, though she couldn’t say how far. There was nothing around to judge the distance. Except, maybe, the thing attached to this over-exaggerated girl. What was with that anyway? Carmen didn’t have much experience with them, but they definitely weren’t so thick that she doubted her hands could wrap around it. Why was she focusing so hard on it anyway?

“Futanari,” the word burst from her lips and, along with it, came understanding, “What the hell happened?”

‘Melody’ smiled and leaned over, offering a perfectly manicured hand. This obscene person could’ve passed for a mix between Melody and Gretchen, yet Carmen knew for a fact that her sister wasn’t anything like this. Even if she didn’t know Melody’s age anymore. One part of her knew Melody was a child, but another was certain she was almost the same as Carmen.

“In due time. You’re still adjusting.”

Carmen took the hand and pulled herself up, intending to enforce her full height and power over them. Only to stop short. Literally. She looked up at her sister’s imposter. They weren’t so different that Carmen was face to breast, but she could’ve rested her chin on one. That didn’t stop her from giving a hard stare, one that made it very clear she wasn’t interested in waiting.

“Very well,” Imposter Melody sighed and explained what transpired, “The only way I could escape her was to take us here: The Womb.”

“That explains very little.”

“Did you not hear of this before? At the village where you single-handedly - with just a little help - solved their population issues?”

“The village?” Carmen’s eyes widened. That seemed so long ago now, like she’d lived lifetimes between that and facing the Seikogami Queen. She did recall hearing of ‘The Womb’ from there, the Futa Note even partially explained it to her, “Right. And now we’re essentially in the origin of all life?”

“Essentially,” The Futa Note shrugged and smiled, “Truth be told, I was only fifty-fifty on whether I could actually pull this off.”

“And if it didn’t work?”

Another smile, “Let’s not focus on that right now.”

“Yeah,” Carmen resumed her baleful glare, “Let’s focus on the fact I can’t do anything to help my fucking friends and family. Or, I know, how about the fact you took the place of my sister, who randomly returned, and was then left to get *eaten* by that psychotic monster?” Carmen tempered her voice well. She had to vent, but she needed to stay calm, collected. Getting too angry wouldn’t help anyone.

“I’m sorry, I…”

“Sorry?!” She snapped, then laughed bitterly, “You’re ‘sorry’? Like you didn’t do everything on purpose? Like it wasn’t all according to some grand plan of yours to have some fun? It was your influence that turned me into *that*. It was your corruption that put us all in danger over and over. It was you…”

Carmen stopped herself and curled in on herself, “No. That’s not right.”

“It’s not.”

“It’s my fault.”

“That’s not right either.”

“No, it is. I could’ve just done that stuff to Dakota, then made her normal again and ignored all of this. Could have put the book away and moved on. Then I’d have gone to college like I planned, maybe made friends on my own, and been on track to get us out of that hell-hole.”

“Carmen,” the Futa Note said and touched her shoulder. Carmen’s impulse was to shove her away, but she allowed it. It wouldn’t be good for her to shun the one point of contact she’d have for the rest of her life. If she had to guess, they were stuck there now. The Futa Note didn’t seem confident that it would’ve succeeded in bringing them here, and going back was about as likely.

“I’m the reason everything broke down,” Carmen insisted, “You were just a temptation. I overcame it before, I should’ve done it again.”

“There was nothing you could have done.”

“Yes there was! I just told you what I should have done.”

“The outcome wouldn’t have been any different. The moment you held me, we were intertwined. Your soul called out to me and I to it. We freed each other in a way. And now I’m here in flesh and blood, able to talk to you directly, feel you, and help you.”

“Help me?” Carmen guffawed and looked up, taken aback when she met the earnest gaze of her sister. She knew it was a disguise for the Futa Note, nothing but an imitation of Melody with absurd augmentations, yet she couldn’t separate them.

“I didn’t bring you to the origin of life just to escape *her*. I could have brought us to the Seikogami realm for that. With your body at the time, you’d have fit right in. Perhaps even amassed enough of a following to oppose her. But that would take too long and we’re tight on time.”

“What do you mean? I missed my chance to help everyone already. Go ahead and take me to the Seikogami realm. I don’t need that body back either. Just throw me to them. At least then I can forget everything.”

“You’re acting like you’ve lost already. Like you don’t have me right here, willing to give my all to help.”

“We *have* lost! I was nothing compared to her. I did everything I could, used every trick I had, and she didn’t cum once! I doubt it’d be any better if we tried dropping a nuke on her.”

No matter how Carmen redid the sequence of events in her head, they all ended in her defeat. She could’ve stayed with Ryuka, but then everyone would be lost and it was only a matter of time before they were found too. She could’ve taken them and left, but that just had the same result. Even the Futa Note seemed weaker than the Queen.

All roads led to ruin.

“Her power is finite. Ours is not.”

“Enough,” Carmen groaned and stood up, taking the chance to surprise the imposter by pushing her down, “There’s no point anyway. By the time we do whatever it is you think we can do, it’ll be over anyway.” She straddled the Futa Note, grabbing the long, fat shaft as she pressed her naked sex against it.

“I’m telling you, there’s still time.”

“And I’m,” Carmen grunted as she sat up, lifting her snatch over the head, “Saying there’s no point. So let’s just do what you were made for and have some fun, yeah? I bet I’m a virgin again. Must be *super* tight inside me right now.” She winced as the head parted her lips, at first sliding up her pussy and over her clit.

She was dry. That was no good. But it would fix itself soon enough. This was the Futa Note she was about to fuck after all.

Sure enough, as she rolled her hips, lapping along the cock, moisture brimmed over her folds. A gentle squishing sound joined the comforting thump all around them. Carmen sucked in a sharp breath, holding it as she lined them up and sank down. She wasn’t wrong; her pussy was incredibly tight.

All her experience was with a very different physiological structure. It never mattered the size of what she fucked, her body more than accommodated, it adjusted to maximise the pleasure for both. Now Carmen was just a normal virgin. With that came a mix of sensations; pain as her body stretched wide, taking something much thicker than the average man; and pleasure from that same feeling. The warm shaft pulsed inside her, head and veins scraping over her sensitive walls.

She stopped with a grunt. Not even a third inside her, it met its first barrier. The hymen. Carmen sucked in a sharp breath, trembling at what was about to happen, then dropped her hips. Agony stabbed at her nerves, whole body convulsing as she tried holding in a whimper, which escaped as the Futa Note moved, sinking deeper inside her. As their bodies met, she finally folded, landing atop the balloons attached to her sister’s chest.

An awful tremor went through her as she looked up. It was the Futa Note, she knew that from the eyes alone, but it was also Melody’s face and in that moment, she didn’t care to parse the differences. Melody’s cock was inside her. She was fucking her sister, whose balls twitched and churned against her ass.

What would they mother say? What would anyone with half an ounce of morality say? It was gross. It was wrong. It wasn’t natural. Perhaps it was for all those reasons, Carmen found herself squeezing tighter as she lifted her hips. A lewd sucking noise reached her ears, sending tingles down her spine, followed by a rich squelch of her juices when she sank back down.

It was such a familiar feeling. Being full. Yet it was so foreign to her. Likewise, whenever she pulled up and that fat head dragged along her walls, she felt this amazing emptiness that just made her eager to be full once more. Still… it was only pressing against her cervix.

Carmen dropped her hips harder, meeting a thrust as well. The cock popped deeper into her, however it didn’t go into her womb, rather it just stretched her back wall out to make room. At least it felt good. Her body bounced back as she lifted away, making the perfect chance to feel that pop again. Juices flowed thick and fast with her increasing fervour, allowing them to move faster. Melody was getting into it too, gasping and thrusting.

“Doesn’t it feel so good inside me? Because, ooh, it feels so good with you splitting me apart.” To emphasise, Carmen pulled up until just the head was inside her, then took it with one with, powerful squat. Their crotches wetly slapped together, filling the air with gooey sounds as she rolled her hips around.

“It’s amazing, Carmen.”

“Then don’t hold back. Give your sister everything you’ve got. My pussy is perfect for your cock, Supergirl, so give it a super pounding.”

Melody snorted, but her pace ramped up nonetheless. Carmen stopped moving, instead propping herself up on those enormous spheres as her snatch was carved out by Melody’s fat cock.

“Come on, harder!” The older Robins sibling called out, lowering herself down into Melody’s cleavage and arching her hips up, “Fuck me harder. Make those balls slap my ass until it’s bright red!”

Ever the dutiful superhero, Melody heard her loud and clear. Carmen kissed and licked at her sister’s enormous fake-tits. They were obscene, but they really were so erotic on the otherwise petite futa. So firm and huge. Carmen ran her hands over them, feeling sweat beading across their vast surface. Hands clapped down on her rump, moving it in time with thrusts so they hit even harder.

“So big, so strong!” Carmen panted into the cleavage, breathing in its musky aroma, “Fuck my virgin pussy hard! Make it remember the shape of your cock, Melody. I never want to forget the first time I was a good sister to you!”

“I knew you were a pervert deep down,” Melody said and arched chest, making sure Carmen got to feel as much of it as she could reach. It also made their different shapes vastly apparent.

The older sister was tiny, sporting little more than pudgy A-cups, nipples nothing but pebbles on them. They still felt electric as she rubbed them over the much larger balloons, but she did miss her old set. How they bounced as she fucked, how milk exploded whenever she came - which was often - and the way people’s throats undulated as they deepthroated them. Maybe there was no going back to that, but if she just had Melody knock her up, surely they’d get bigger?

Heavy with milk. Sensitive too. Her belly would get big and taut, not like the squishy thing she had now. Nice and round with Melody’s baby. Carmen’s hips worked faster, churning her juices into a rich froth that squelched deliciously.

Whimpers left her lips as she raced toward climax. Melody twitched inside her, almost there as well. Their bodies moved in tandem, a rhythmic pounding that became increasingly wild, abandoning their sense of reason. Carmen grunted and squeezed her kegels hard, wrapping her arms around Melody’s implants. They bounced wildly with their brutal pace, yet no ripples passed through them. She couldn’t wait for her belly to be like them. Only bigger.

Bigger. Oh so much bigger.

“C’mon fill me with your cum, Melody,” Carmen groaned, burying her face in her sister’s boobs, sliding her cheeks over the sweaty spheres and peering up from them, “Dump a load in me. Knock up my virgin eggs with your seed. Make me swell up huge and round with your babies!”

“Don’t need to tell me twice,” Melody said and yanked her from the canyon of tits, kissing her deep as their bodies united in a brilliant crescendo.

Carmen bucked one last time, slamming her hips to meet Melody’s. Heat exploded from her core, squirting out her pussy, then was overwhelmed by a surge of raw magma right into her being. She shoved her tongue down Melody’s throat, sucked on hers, and rolled her lower-body to milk another spurt. They came fast and heavy, saturating her. She could practically feel the sperm ganging up on her eggs.

With that load churning away in her belly, Carmen leaned back. Her pussy rolled around the cock, milking out the last few drops. Cum spilled down her walls, pooling between them. She felt it squishing whenever she moved, warm and sticky. Afterglow descended upon her, clearing the fog of lust from her brain.

She wasn’t fucking Melody. Melody was taken along with the others. The only person she had left wasn’t even really a person.

But still… at least she could fuck it and feel good. If she just kept doing that, she’d forget everything eventually. And hey, this was *the* Futa Note. It could fulfil any fantasy she might have, then come up with more that she didn’t even know she wanted. She’d die at some point, sure, however she’d be over it all by then.

“I won’t force you,” ‘Melody’ said, sitting up as well. They were still connected, her penis not going soft for a second, as was fitting of her, “But if you just give up now, you will regret it.”

“It’s over. I thought I told you that?”

“And I’ve been telling you, it’s not,” the Futa Note growled, snatching her face and forcing them to lock eyes, “They’re still alive. And I am offering you a chance to get the power to save them.”

Carmen was about to repeat herself, but bit her tongue. Were those… tears?

“You’re serious then?”

“YES! God, how many times do I have to say it?”

“Melody… Rachel… they’re all okay?”

“They’re alive. But if you don’t get your head out your ass, that might change.”

“And you’re offering me the power to save them? Which I assume includes enough for me to put that piece of shit in her place?”

“Carmen, by the time we’re done, you’ll be strong enough to rewrite the universe,” the book said, grinning maniacally as Carmen took it by the hand, leaning closer until she could taste its breath. Laughter bubbled up, powered by spite and hope.

“Then what are we waiting for?”