

The dark sorceress grasped the threads of the ethereal plane. Gossamer strands of dreams and lusts and jealousy wove into braids of raw pulsating arcane power. Incantation in hand, sumptuous flesh spilling forth from her seductive costume, the dark elf began her chant. Sculpting full lips around ancient (...ish) words of power.

“Bingus bongus chimichongus!” Kuroeda intoned. “Gyatt gyatt skibidi rizz fanum tax... Wait what? *Fanum tax?*”

Kuroeda scrolled to the top of the discord post again. That could *not* be the right incantation! She had to have read that wrong! ...nope.

“What the hell is a Fanum? Why does it need to be taxed!? What makes something skibidi rizz? And by all that’s holy *what is a gyatt?!*”

As usual, the online community was a universe and a half *less* than helpful. She had wasted the last two weeks pestering these little bastards about how the quote-unquote “Struggle Snuggle Gyattifier” functioned. All she’d gotten in return was a dozen variants of ‘boomer lol’.

Stupid Gen Alpha elves, no respect for their elders.

“Hmph! I’ll show them! I will show them all!” Kuroeda stomped her foot on her kitchen floor.

That stomp had near-disastrous consequences. ...for her dignity at least. Five years in the human world had done zero, zero favors for her.

Well...

There was no polite way to say it; her ass had gotten *huge!* It’d been big before but *now?* By Hecate it was downright *obscene~*

‘Manju butt’ didn’t even begin to cover it these days. Literally, she’d had to start getting her pants tailored. Half basketballs worth of heaving blubbery backshot meat that swayed with the tiniest

motion of her hips. As if some joker had cursed her fatty bubble butt with hentai -mommy jiggle physics. Prone to getting all sweaty from the lightest physical activity.

*Woob...woob...woob...woob...*

...Like right now. Hecate's tits this was so embarrassing! Elf women weren't supposed to be forty-five inches around the hips! N-not to mention so *pouty*. Tight along the sides and bulging in the middle. Just enough muscle to give it definitive shape. Not like those ridiculous human sluts and their obviously fake rear ends—w-wait stop! She was *not* proud of her big gross butt! She wasn't!

Kuroeda pulled her cape tighter around her luxuriously overblown backside. Swallowing what little pride she had left, she started over again.

“Bingus bongus chimichongus. Gyatt gyatt skibidi rizz fanum tax sussy baka.” So stupid. “Wanna be your sigma rizzler mewing Ohio...”

The pot began to boil. All manner of random reagents bobbed in the syrupy pink potion. Eye of newt. Breath of fish (*not* easy to get). Testicles of a yata-garasu. Stupid internet magic, this aphrodisiac had better be worth it.

“Ohio great aura BBL drizzy.” She sneezed, which made her butt jiggle like mad. “Ohio negative aura goon sesh brainrot.” Much more of this and *she'd* get the brainrot! She could feel her IQ dropping. “Ohio great and mighty mother of skibidi toilet and all the hairs on Leonard Nimoy's butt.”

She wanted to slam her head on a wall.

The incantation went on and on like that. Praising the great and mighty Ohio. Ohio this! Ohio that! What even was an Ohio anyway—Wait, what if it wasn't a what at all? What if it was a who? Or worse yet, a what? This spell was obviously working, it had to be drawing its mana from somewhere. Was...was the great and powerful Ohio watching her right now?

Kuroeda suddenly could not shake the feeling something was watching her. Of course nobody was there because Ohio is a state and not some bug-eyed tentacled thing that runs around screaming 'Ka-Phooney!' But she didn't know that.

She finished the incantation like an auctioneer.

**“Gyattgyattskibidirizzohioalmightywhatthesigma!!”**

The \$20 stock pot exploded with arcane might! Kuroeda stirred in the final ingredients with her finest wooden spoon (available for ten bucks on amazon). And with that the violet mixture separated into two distinctive layers.

Eddies of thick lube-like liquid swirled in reversed eddies. The process of mixing run in reverse. One potion heavier than the other. Pulling on over mitts with little duckies on them, our bottom heavy heroine poured off the pink top layer into an empty soda bottle.

...Then realized she couldn't let the blue layer on the bottom just sit in her only pot. She poured off that one too. She needed to be careful. According to the internet the blue byproduct was supposed to be a really powerful ass-expanding potion.

Of course.

But how was she supposed to test that? It wasn't like she had the time to whip up a whole new concoction to test for *gthiccening* magic. So how...

Kuroeda ruefully glared down at her meaty keister. “Don't get any ideas, mister. This is for science.”

Her only spoon went into the blue syrup. It yielded thickly, slippery like astroglyde (so lewd!). She shook most of the thick droplets back into the concoction. Only a thin coating on the utensil's silver back passed her lips.

Ohhhhhhh~ Ooh it tasted sweet.

Unnatural heat blossomed in Kuroeda's meaty chest. Suddenly the whole world fogged into soft focus. Blood rushed in her ears and even the scantiness of her ritual clothes just felt *soooooo stifling~~*

Licking licking licking all over the spoon, soft pink tongue circling the bulbous tip just like a cock. Glaze-eyed and desperate to *taste that delicious slime again*~~<3 Numb to the outside world, Kuroeda barely felt her cape slide off her shoulders. That was when her thick ass began to warm. Plump thighs turned knock-kneed and all weak 'n shiver-y.

Kuroeda felt the growth hit her backside. Fatty tissue gurgled and swelled like slime getting pumped into *two big fat punchballs*~~ She half fell against the counter, knees bending in anticipation for an increase in weight.

“Haah...Haah...Fuck why’s it gotta feel so *good*~?”

The hardest working thong in Japan strained. Already stretched to the absolute limit on a good day, Kuroeda’s compounding cakes were one straw away from breaking the camel’s back. The actual growth was miniscule, but that miniscule change may as well have been the last straw.

*SNAP*

“Nooooo...darn it not again...”

Kuroeda’s witchy garments vanished in a puff of purple light. Naked for a split second, her normal clothes returned in their place. A thick beige sweater and skin tight black yoga pants. The stretchiest she could find.

A spit-shined spoon clattered off the counter. That noise broke the spell. Kuroeda came to her senses with the blue potion pressed to her lips.

“Eek!”

Kuroeda set down the bottle so fast some of it leapt out onto her favorite sweater. One taste and she’d gained...

She gripped and shook her engorged backside. Manually jiggling earthquakes of ripples through enough plump rump meat to slake a train's worth of pygophiles.

Just a little, not even an inch. But still, that much from *one* taste of the blue potion. Goddess knew what would happen if she'd actually chugged the whole bottle. That stuff was *dangerous*~

It definitely worked, and that meant the other potion...

Kuroeda held her nose when she handled it. The Booty Fattening potion was bad enough but *this* stuff? It was like handling toxic waste...in a hot way. Even with her breath held she could feel its scent tendrils caress her *smooth milk chocolate skin*~

Ooh...that felt kind of nice. Like a massage for the head...juuuuust under the scalp...all tingly and warm~~ Mmmmmm; you know now that she thought about it, that human, Naoe, he was kind of cute...

Whoa! Where did *that* come from!?

Kuroeda bottled the potion lightning fast. Instantly the fantasies of Naoe Tomoatsu dissipated...well, kind of. A few of them lingered at least but, again, he wasn't exactly an *unattractive* male.

But it was a shame, him being a human and all. Their lives were always so short.

Shaking off the melancholy, Kuroeda forced herself to remember who and what she was. A dark elf! A proud race of sorceresses! She planted a foot dramatically on her kitchen table. Subtle and quick to anger and...

*Srrrrrip!*

"Oh dammit not again!"

First her casting garments and now her good yoga pants!? Our heroine stumbled off the wooden spool serving as her table and chased the whacking great tear in her pants around in circles. As if today couldn't get any more embarrassing!

*Ha ha! Blubber butt!* Elfuda jeered.

Well, not actually Elfuda, just Kuroeda's terminally annoying mental image of the smug forest elf. Bah! Even in the privacy of her own *home*, that fat little potato gremlin buzzed around like a horsefly. She would show her, if Elfuda wouldn't respect the might of her kind; then she would have to demonstrate it!

It was why she had risked sexual brainrot to brew this Super Extra Concentrated Breeding potion. If this stuff was powerful enough to make a male of their race attracted to an actual woman (for once) then it would have to send a straight person into a slaving fuck frenzy.

All she had to do was get Elfuda to drink the potion and then BOOM! The chubby slut would get so turned on she'd hop on the first dick she could get her hands on! And from there? Well, it was meant to initiate elf breeding after all. Pregnancy was virtually guaranteed. And the ten to twenty pounds of baby weight which inevitably porked out every engorged preggo?

Well, it was just about impossible to get rid of wasn't it? Her plan was brilliant! Brilliant! Muahahaha! At this point, Kuroeda's long and pointed ears began to wiggle. Totally ruining the evil witch effect she was going for. It was a commonly accepted fact that, when a lady elf wiggled her ears. She was in what people liked to call Dummy Mode.

"MUAHAHAHA! Cower fatty potato elf! Kneel before me!"

Wiggle wiggle.

...Oh crap she was monologuing out loud again wasn't she? She was turning into her mother. Stupid dark elf instincts, age seemed to make her a bigger ham every year. Not to mention the desire to dress in VERY skimpy black dresses while plotting the downfall of the kingdom.

Which didn't even make sense. There were no kingdoms around here! ...Well that she knew of. Did the Kardashians count? Hmm, file that thought away for later.

Anyway, point is it was about damn time she started acting like the cunning destroyer of the light she'd been raised to be!

But first; a change of pants!

Positive that the Dark Lord Ohio was perving on her from the shadows. Kuroeda scampered into her sparse bedroom to get changed. She had exactly ONE pair of pants left to her name.

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Ten minutes later our...rather low-stakes lady of darkness made her way to the place where her master plan would reach its devastating climax.

The public park.

Neither Naoe nor any of the rest of her chronically chubby friends had found the time for a full-on mountain trip this week. They all had jobs now, after all. She'd heard the human world tended to pull friendships apart as time dragged on but, it was nice, doing a little extra to make sure they all stayed together...

No, wait! Stop that! You're supposed to be evil now! Evil!

...And stop thinking about Naoe's dick!

During the picnic itself, Kuroeda kept mostly to herself. Nodding politely and keeping up the façade of being a respectable person. But inside, she boiled with the power of *EVIL*. ...Or maybe that was indigestion, it was hard to tell these days.

The section of the park was actually quite secluded. More like a hiking trail which wound through a forest. Tributaries from the main path led to clearings where clusters of park benches stood. Also those little charcoal grills you never saw anybody use.

And her target, the chubby blonde airhead herself? She lit up when she saw a food truck, guarding the entrance to the trail. Overloaded with greasy American food. Burgers, milkshakes and, most devastating of all for her ~~love~~(!) rival's waistline; french fries. She could smell the fry oil from here.

Jackpot.

*"French fries~"* Wiggle wiggle.

Naoe had to drag her away. "No, Elfuda! You're still dieting!"

"Aw, come on, baby! Just one cup!" Elfuda grunted her way toward the heavenly aroma. Naoe had both arms around her plush waist and she was still dragging him!

"Gah! When'd you get so strong?" Naoe's shoes slid on the hard dirt. "Oga? A little help here?"

Oga of course wasn't paying attention at all. Some random human child had run up to her asking why she was so big. The inevitable happened and now said poor kid was running for the hills. Before the big horned muscle lady hugged him to death!

Kuroeda giggled behind an elegant hand, what a foolish creature! Enslaved to her appetites like some base animal. She would be so easy to manipulate. That food truck had all the condiments a hungry customer could ever want. Mustard, relish, mayonnaise, but best for her; ketchup.

Elfuda *loved* ketchup on her fries. Given half a chance she would drown them in the stuff. All it took was a little switcharoo and...*victory!*

Wiggle wiggle.



At the picnic itself, Kuroeda bided her time. Like always, most of what they ate were salads and other healthy foods. Much to Elfuda's grumbling. Kuroeda waited for her prey to slip away, then followed after her.

An invisibility potion made the act of sneaking easy peasy. Except for one problem... *whap... whap... clap... whap...*

"Huh? What's that slapping noise?" Elfuda stopped short.

Oh shit! Her booty was clapping again! Elfuda seized her mighty arse cheeks as hard as she could. Fingers digging in in a desperate bid to control its wildly gelatinous cake ripples— Ooohhhh~ That felt kind of nice. H-Her butt must still be sensitive from the growth that morning.

"Hello? Is someone spanking their kids again?" Elfuda called out. "Kinda sounds like that. It's really loud...and kinda fleshy."

"Shut up. Shut up. Shut up. Shut up." Kuroeda mumbled, ducking behind a tree.

"No? I'm just talking to myself here? Well you'd better not be some weird fapping!"

Elfuda was thoroughly convinced some weirdo was stalking her. ...Which was not necessarily wrong but, Kuroeda definitely was not interested in her rival's quote-unquote 'luscious elven curves'. Eventually though, she did give up and move on to snag her contraband.

That was when Kuroeda took her chance, jogging on ahead when Elfuda stopped to catch her breath. *Whap whap whap whap whap whap!*

"Eek! Pervert! Fapping stealth pervert!" Wiggle wiggle.

Dummy mode activate!

Elfuda let started firing arrows randomly in EVERY direction. Left right forward back up; down. Just in case this mythical 'invisible fapper' was some kind of mole. ...Presumably. Kuroeda had long since stopped trying to understand how her Mei-built blonde counterpart's brain worked. Lucky for her nobody else was around.

Through to the mouth of the trail and up to the open front of the food truck. A pimply millennial lazed inside the window. Pretty much asleep in the hot summer sun. Perfect.

*Whap...whap...whap...*

The guy at the window groaned. "God dammit not again."

Oh crap *why won't this ass stop clapping!?*

"Oi, Daiki! Quit beating your meat I can hear you from here!"

Kuroeda clamped her buttocks as hard as she could. Grabbing those luscious wobblecakes—  
*Mmmmmhhhhh~<3!*

Her legs shook, shuddering and even sweatier than usual. Dampness began to spread in the junction between her plump thighs. Even in the extra breathable yoga pants she'd jumped and hip-wiggled this stupid bubble butt into...fuck she was gonna have to peel these pants off once she got home.

S-since when were these embarrassing hamhocks an erogenous zone!? Why would anyone want that!? But at least her impromptu round of bum petting stopped that obnoxiously loud rump from giving away her position.

Whap...

whap...

whap...

“Thank you!” The guy at the counter threw up his hands. Only for his punk buddy to fire back from the truck cab.

“Up yours! I ain’t touchin’ myself! You like thinking about that ya’ homo?”

“Fuck you!”

“You’d like that wouldn’t ya!”

Counter guy spluttered. “W-Whatever! Someone’s beating their spam porpoise around here!”

Our heroine rolled her eyes and mimed a yapping motion. Bent over and still careful to hold her unruly backside in place, she shuffled out of the treeline and up to the truck. Quick as a whip she snagged the red ketchup bottle and dumped it out behind the rear wheel. After that the entire bottle of Fuck Me potion went into the bottle.

Whoops, it was pink, wasn’t it? Eh, Elfuda probably wouldn’t notice. Wiggle wiggle.

Kuroeda lurked in the shadows (booty grabbed to maintain stealth mode), watching Elfuda arrive. Sweaty jiggling her way up to the truck. Bounty of perky elf titties stretching the ‘i’ in the middle of ‘Fries’ into a square. She had it printed over her shirt.

The purchase went over without a hitch, Kuroeda got so invested she started miming the motions Elfuda went through. Right up until her rival started squirting the good red stuff over the tops of them...

“Uh, huh?” Elfuda cocked her head at the weird pink sauce. “Hey. This ketchup’s the wrong color.”

Oh crap, she noticed! Elfuda dropped her forehead against the truck’s metal siding. The buy behind the counter snored.

“Hello? Human?” She waved her hand in front of the lazy guy’s face. No response.

“Hello?”

“Khhhhh...Khhhhh...” The guy snored, and drooled.

“Hey!” Elfuda clapped her hands.

That woke him up. “Blagh! Ahh! What? I’m not asleep! Milkshakes!”

Thoroughly annoyed, Elfuda shoved her tray of fries in the guy’s face.

“Oh my shit, *what?*” He groaned.

“Does that *look* like the right color for ketchup?”

“I don’t know lady, maybe some dickhead dumped a bunch of mayo in there.”

Elfuda blinked. “That’s a thing?”

“Yeah it’s pretty good. McDonalds makes their secret sauce that way.”

“Is it good?” Elfuda suspiciously eyed the ‘sauce’.

“No shit it’s good. I put that stuff on everything.” The guy shooed Elfuda off. “Now get, I’m trying to sleep.”

Torn between annoyance and hunger, Elfuda's stomach won out. But not before sticking out her tongue at her serially unprofessional junkfood dealer. Kuroeda watched all this with increasing glee, pumping her fist when the lazy punk covered for her wicked scheme.

Going back to the group would cost her her prize. Tray in hand, Elfuda sat herself down on the ground in front of the park's map; and set to work.

"Nom! Nom! Nom! Aahhnn~" Elfuda moaned. "This stuff's shooo good... it's all sweet and savory. All...almost meaty~"

Her big tits began to heave, heavier breaths bulging her stretchy sports bra. The potion began to wreak havoc with her hormones. Firing off chemical rewards she normally only felt when chowing down on her *favorite food*~~<3

"Mnnnnn... Naoe-kun. Naoe-kun I've been such a bad girl. I'm cheating on my diet. *You gotta punish meeeee*~~"

Elfuda started scrubbing her plush backside against the ground. Legs pretty much naked, somewhere along the line she'd picked up a love for short, *short* denim shorts. A glorified thong that clove deep into that tight pillowy canyon of dumpling-soft buttmeat. Artfully weathered strands hung off the daisy dukes' frayed edges. Plastered along those thick cheeks like *groping fingers*~~

"*Haah...Haah...* I've heard of foodgasms but this'.." Elfuda panted and stripped off her shirt. Fat udders of flesh rolled out of her straining t-shirt. An avalanche of boob bulging through the V-cleavage in her sweat wicking spandex boulder holder.

"Crazy...<3"

As she snacked her nipples got harder. Years of self-pampering had made them thick and succulent like gumdrops. Perfectly hard and twitching. Visible because Elfuda's sweat incessant sweating had made her white bra embarrassingly clear.

The two punks stared at this show like they were dreaming. Showing each other to figure out which would make the first move.

“Hey, uh, baby!” The lazy one hollered. “You wanna bring your sisters over here—YIPE!”

An arrow almost put a second part in his hair. Punching through the microwave behind him in a shower of sparks.

“N-nevermind...”

Elfuda grumbled. “Weirdos...c-can’t a girl just enjoy her food in peace anymore?”

Kuroeda watched with glee, waiting until Elfuda’s plump and shiny pink lips had slurped down half her contraband before the dark elf downed her re-visibility potion and...

“Ha ha ha! Foolish elf! You’ve fallen for my trap!”

Elfuda stopped eating, one french fry hovering an inch from her teeth. A drop of the potion splatted onto her shirt.

“...huuuuhhhh?” She slurred.

“You can feel it, can’t you? Stupid light elf.” Kuroeda snickered, smugly. Ears wiggling. “Soon you’ll succumb to your base urges. Then you’ll hop on a man and get yourself pregnant and you’ll stay fat forever! Muahahaha!”

“...Thash a shtuppid plahn...” Kuroeda slurred, drunkenly stuffing a hand down her sweatpants.

Kuroeda stiffened. “Sh-shut up! I ran out of all my good ideas years ago!”

“Wait a sec.” One of the punks hiding in the truck spoke up. “You slipped her some kinda magic horny potion?”

“Why yes, I did! Obviously!” Kuroeda declared, wiggling her ears.

“That’s like, super illegal ya know.” The other punk said. “I’m calling the police.”

...well crap. Kuroeda began to splutter. “Wha-wha-what kind of punks are you!?”

“Law abiding ones.” They said in unison.

Kuroeda grumbled, damn hipsters. “Fine, just for that I’m cursing you both! Twice!”

“...howshhh that’ gonna wor’?” Elfuda slurred.

“You shut up! I’m being evil!” She rounded on the ‘punks’. “I hope you hipsters like spending the rest of your lives as poisonous mushrooms!”

Kuroeda raised her wand...and promptly forgot the magic words to turn humans into toxic fungi. Crap! Okay...time to improvise! She said the first magic words to come to mind.

“Sim sim salabim!”

The food truck promptly *exploded*. And what else would be found amongst the wreckage; but a pair of camels. One male and one female.

“...Spending the rest of your natural lives as camels! That’s what I meant!” Kuroeda turned on Elfuda. “And now for you, elf!”

“Mah name’s Elshudah...” Her ‘victim’ slurred.

But before a dopamine drunk Elfuda could obey her new mistress. The sole responsible adult in this entire story appeared. With flawless dramatic timing.

“Okay, what the hell is going on out here?” Naoe said, arms folded. “We can hear you all the way back at the tables—“ His eyes bugged out at the ruins of the foodtruck. “Why are there camels over there!?”

“...Uhhhh, no reason.” Kuroeda stammered.

“I’m blubber butt’s sesh shlave now...” Elfuda slurred.

“...A what slave?”

“Sesh shlave.”

Naoe scratched his head, not having the foggiest idea what she’d said. “Well...I guess as long as all parties are consenting...”

Then his Naoe senses tingled. And he saw the french fries sitting between Elfuda’s spread legs. Quick as a flash he snatched them up.

“This, though.” He began. “I don’t know what’s going on here, but you’re not eating any more of these, Elfuda.”

“Noooo....french fries—a-and sex...need both...” Elfuda moaned.

Naoe blinked, okay what the hell was going on here? Kuroeda looked like she was about to panic.

“Human, listen to me very carefully.” She said, like he was a tiger out of his cage. “You need to give me those fries, now. They’re loaded with a powerful potion human men aren’t meant to consume—

“Ooooh, no. I’m not falling for that one again.” Naoe shook his head.



Kuroeda blushed, she *had* used that excuse to steal sweets out from under his nose before; hadn't she? "N-never mind that! It's for real this time!"

"French...fries..." Elfuda growled, turning feral.

She began to crawl toward Naoe. Kuroeda put on her best supervillain stare and advanced as well. Staff at the ready, she had one good hex left before her thong exploded...again.

As for our poor hapless friend Naoe, he did the only logical thing anyone would do; turned tail and ran like hell. Both elf woman gave chase. Off the beaten path and into the forest.

Now, trying to escape a pair of desperate elves in a forest was roughly as wise as trying to hide from a great white shark in a chum factory. Or in other words, the chase did NOT last long. One high energy chase scene later and...

Naoe found himself lost as shit, backed up against a tree with both crazy elf babes closing in.

"Human..."

"French fries..."

And so, Naoe did the only logical-ish thing a young man trying to be a responsible friend in that scenario could do. He scarfed down the fries himself. Pink potion and all.

Kuroeda's face dropped. "...oh. Oh poop."

"Noooooooo...!" Elfuda cried dramatically.

It began with an ominous rumble in his pants. Naoe staggered and clutched his groin. Almighty groan sliding up his throat as a long, THICK bulge crept down his left pants leg. Thick as a vienna sausage...thick as his wrist...thick as his *arm*...

Thick as a LOG~~!

Oozing precum into his pants! Matting the hair on his damn *shin* it was so long! Seams tore, ordinary threads exploded from raw penile overpressure. No mortal cloth could contain such a monstrosity of a cock.

Naoe had made a critical mistake. The potion he had consumed was meant for male elves. Who were, shamefully in the opinion of their women, all super SUPER gay and roughly as well endowed as a hamster in a blizzard. Potions like the one Kuroeda had brewed were concentrated enough to compensate for that straight up *negative* sex drive.

And when you packed that much male power into a human body? A straight male human body who needed no trouble at all being attracted to women? Well... it was like slapping nitrous on a Bugatti Veyron.

Instantly all the strength Naoe had in his legs shot clean out of them. Collapsing against the foot of a tree, eyes rolling back as a goddam tsunami of pleasure hormones crashed over his tiny, young mind.

Past any noise any human throat could make, drowned in paroxysms of ecstasy, he could only lay there and twitch as his mighty cock began to pump out precum.

“...wow. That’s...wow~<3” Elfuda gasped.

“Oh...oh my I think...oh those pheromones are powerful~~” Kuroeda’s legs shook. “I think I used...too much rape seed.”

“Nooooooo...that’sh the right amount...”

Entranced by the raw aura of mighty CAWK. Both elves crawled over to their suffering victim. Elfuda pressed her elbow against the base of the monster. Laid along the greasy, vein choked staff. Gasping as she felt his heartbeat through the *mutated weapon*~~

It overshadowed her whole *arm!* Blunt end of her dainty little clenched fist barely reaching the flared crown of the bulbous tip.

“Oh my gawd...” Elfuda babbled. “H-human? Can you hear me?”

“H-holy shit...holy shit what was in those fries?” He gurgled.

“N-nevermind that! It was that imp, she cursed you again.” Kuroeda lied. “We’ll help you work all that, um...white stuff out before your balls explode.”

“...I thought it was yo—“

Kuroeda smacked her partner in crime upside the head. “Shut up and help me jerk this thing off.”

It took all four combined hands to properly stroke that thick beast. But even their combined efforts and all its attendant oohs and ahs and cute little tongue laps couldn’t bring a single drop of the good white stuff out of the deadly weapon. Hands alone could not make Mount Naoe erupt.

Worse yet, his foreskin began to regrow! Creeping up his fat tip but not able to stretch beyond the halfway point of his softball sized glans. But it wasn’t a human foreskin. It was some kind of freakish textured ring of flesh. Covered with onehole-esque bumps and ridges on the inside. Lewd enough to make someone even as oblivious to sex as Elfuda was to shiver when she *swirled her finger around inside it~~*

They needed to think of something else, before the potion forced his meat to mutate into something even MORE depraved.

“It’s...not...*working*...” Naoe growled, half feral from blue balls. Brain melting from the semen backup, thoughts turning naughty.

He was going to need old-man levels of dick pills to get this monster erect now. One of those daily pill organizers with five little compartments for each day. A little blue pill with breakfast. Cialis at midday. Gas station boner pills with lunch. Stud-X gel capsules in the evening. And a nice big dose

of good old horse viagra with dinner. Mixed in with all and sundry sorts of sketchy vitamin supplements. Conceived to pack-a-punch his balls into mutated glue factories, churning out horses' worth of creamy thick *nut*~~

"Well...I mean..." Kuroeda coughed, trying to remain dignified, even though she was drooling girl sauce all over her legs. "C-clearly we'll have to stimulate you the old-fashioned way!"

Elfuda paled. "Old *fashioned*? You're not gonna..."

"I plan to. This was my mistake— b-because I let that fat little demon curse you, of course!" Kuroeda covered for herself.

Kuroeda rose to her feet, a clap of her hands banished her street clothes and summoned the magical garments which had vexed her for so many years. Acting quickly she peeled down and jumped her way out of that criminally tiny thong. Shyly pulling her cape around her naked womanhood while she undid the silver skull brooch clasping it around her neck. Soon that fell away as well, Naoe only got a glimpse of trim silver-violet hair down there; before she covered herself.

"I've...I've never showed my sacred spot to a..." She gulped. "A *man* before."

"It'ssssss..." Everything in Naoe's head screamed at him to make her stop being a damn tease. Let him see the goods! "Itsokay...t-take your time, Kuroeda-san."

"Call me 'Eda."

"...huh?"

"I said, call me 'Eda." She began to lower herself, a hand on his chest. Feet balanced precariously on protruding roots. A bird in the distance chirped, radiant heat from her feminine core made his bloated monster drool. "Kuroeda-san's not..."

Pussy touched glans. Both lovers stiffened and then shivered. Synced gasps at the sudden (expected) contact still caught them off guard. One drop of evergreen scented woman honey

tirckled down his throbbing shaft. It got caught in the Y-juncture of a cock vein as thick as her little finger.

“Nhhh~<3 N-not something you call the girl that’s taking your virginity~”

Naoe blushed, if it was possible to get any redder. “How...how’d you know?”

Kuroeda gave him a shivering little smirk. “Come on, Naoe. It’s so obvious. Us girls can smell it on boys like you~~”

She began to push down, squeezing silken hot tub warmth enveloped Naoe’s tip. Oh my god! Kuroeda felt so good! This was how girls felt on the inside!? It was amazing!

“Ahhhnnn—!”

“Shhhh.” Elfuda covered his mouth. “Keep it down. People’ll hear.”

He couldn’t. He didn’t *want* to! Elfuda had to hold her hand over his mouth as Kuroeda began to, gently, bounce her hips. Gasping at his girth, biting her lower lip. Manicured nails scratching his chest as she shivered above him. *Shivered around him~*

She’d taken it, she’d taken his virginity and she was still going! He was a man now! The urge to thrust roared inside him; he succumbed to it. A thrust with so much force it jammed *two inches into Kuroeda at once~~* Jarred her body who hard it popped her left breast out of its cup. The woman herself gasped and gurgled, hunching more over him as her face went slack

Kuroeda fought down his thrust with a powerful squeeze of her pelvic floor—  
fuckfuckfuckfuckholysithewasgonnacum! But her icy stare stopped his cum cold, that look welled fear in his chest even as her luscious body kept her *throbbing erect~<3* Until then, he’d never fully registered what Kuroeda was, not human but a powerful being older than his entire bloodline. Only incidentally shaped like him on the outside.

“Watch it...h-human...” She stammered. “K-keep your hips still if you...y-you know what’s good for you~”

But this old being, this powerful entity, despite her inhumanity *she was still a woman*. And even through the glare he could see the need burning inside her. The hot void at her core which sight of his penis had made her so painfully aware of.

Halfway down she began to gasp for real, stretching more around his bulging midpoint. The throbbing vein which had caught her drop of girl sauce *tickled her clit~<3*

“Ahhnnnnn...h-holy...holy shit...this thing’s fucking huge~<3” Kuroeda whined, giggling a little, manic. “C-can I make them or can I make them?”

Naoe mumbled. “If it’s too much we can sto—“

A ritual dagger slammed into the tree trunk, inches from his ear. God knew where Kuroeda’d pulled *that* from.

“Don’t you dare back out on me now, donkey dick~” Kuroeda hissed like a pornstar in a femdom movie. “I said I was going to fuck this beast and that’s what I’m gonna do. I just need to take it slow. You’re fucking massive now and I gottaAHHHHHHHHH!”

With perfect comedic timing, the root she had her bare foot on snapped. It was a sudden meaty ***schlorp*** noise that filled the air. Gravity was a cruel mistress, with no warning Kuroeda crashed the rest of the way down Naoe’s oversized pussy hammer.

Stunned, sensory overload blue-screened Kuroeda’s brain. Letting out a noise like a caribou she swayed slackly atop a frightened Naoe. Tummy *bulging* around his monster cock! Belly button inverted, twitching like a nipple on the *apex of the bulge~~!*

*‘Eda!*

Naoe's voice sounded so far away. Holy shit this dick felt **good~** It was soooo much...tooooo **MUCH~<3** She needed to get off this monster before she literally came to death. Numbly she felt him shoot ropes of cum into her womb. As if she needed to be gluttoned anymore!

...Hey, what was that light up there? The second she saw it Kuroeda felt herself floating up to it. Playing a harp with a halo over her head. Angels sang on the clouds above. The pearly gates began to open for her. Well crud, apparently she was dead already.

Death by dick, how was she gonna explain *that* to her ancestors?

"Oh no you don't!"

An arrow shot Kuroeda's harp clean out of her hands. Another bullseyed her halo off her head. Elfuda notched a third shot.

"You lazy dark elf! You're not leaving *me* alone with this donkey schlong! Now get that massive bubble butt down here before I deflate it!"

...

"Uuuuugh, fine! I'll stay I'll stay!"

Kuroeda dropped back down into her physical body. Back down onto Naoe's double-wide wagon-walloper. Her new boyfriend started breathing again. Immediately he was all over her, asking if she was okay. Which would have been perfectly sweet...if it wasn't for the fact he was eighteen inches up her belly.

"I'm okay I'm okay..." Kuroeda licked her lips. "Better than okay, actually. *Fuck me* I guess they call it the little death for a reason, yeah?"

Those two little words; *fuck me~* They possessed Naoe; he couldn't control himself! Another mighty skyward thrust pierced the heavens! Bounced Kuroeda so hard she damn near ragdolled. Slurping halfway up his monster before slowly sliding her way back down again.

“S-sorry, I can’t control it—“

“Don’t you dare apologize, human~” Kuroeda bit her lower lip. “*Mmmhhnnnn~* This’ starting to feel **really good~<3**”

She climbed off him, working her way off his thick pussy-seizuring dick bit by bit until she popped off in a shower of juice and precum. Shaken, shivering on all fours, Kuroeda about faced and aimed her fat ass at Naoe.

“Not as...not as intimate but...at least I’ll get some cushioning this way, right? This big fat ass of mine should be able to absorb those *crazy thrusts~<3*”

Naoe realized they were going to need lube, a LOT of it. Drunken from his own hardness he rummaged through Kuroeda’s purse. She had to have something slippery in there! Girls always had random stuff floating around in there—

Say...what about *this*?

He pulled out the re-filled soda bottle. Sloppy and thick with a viscous blue liquid. He pulled a string of it between two fingers. Shivering at how slippery the stuff felt. It was still warm too~

Normally he would have been more dilligent, but 70% of the blood meant for his brain was currently in his cock. Mind you, getting pins and needles in your heads felt kinda nice...

Trembling hands upended the whole bottle onto his penis. Shivering as he rubbed the hot slippery stuff up and down. Forgetting for a few blissful seconds of the triple platinum grade ass currently on offer. But then he saw it...

A succubus’ hump-thirsty rump conjured from the most cum encrusted pages of the Brimoire of Gyatt itself. An ass so fine it’d made lonely virgin wizards lose all control before they even began conjuring the host of that *soul-devouring derriere~<3*



Except this was not some cursed demoness' sexual weapon, it was an elf's *magically inflated slam-puddings*~~ There was no danger, no fangs lurking in the depths of that drooling caramel pussy. It wanted him in there it wanted to stretch around his bloated hog like FUCKING LATEX~~<3<3

And all he had to do to make that perfect ass fall in love with him? Why, just bend her over and frig her fat cherry clit while *pummeling her womb clean out her mouth*~~<3

A butt so PHAT and TIGHT and *LEWD* ~~<3<3 So BOUNCY SPRINGY with EXAGGERATED BOOB-JIGGLE HENTAI PHYSICS **TRANSPLANTED ONTO AN ASS**~~!!

It was madness! It was insanity! Those tanned greasy freak-cheeks gainaxed with loud hot and sticky sticky *sticky* slickness. Every strike of his hips flopped those fanny mountains so hard his imagination conjured cartoon squish and sproing noises to match the staccato *rut-beat*~<3

Naoe knee-walked toward his dark skinned paramour. Gripping those doughy cheeks as his slick missile head pressed against her hot-tub sweltering folds. Kuroeda realized what he'd rubbed on himself.

“Wha-wait! Stop that you dummy! That wasn't lube that's another poti—!”

He didn't hear her.

SCHLORP!

“NYAAAAHHHHHHH~!”

So much for keeping quiet.

Naoe's thoughts turned brutish. That intoxicating male urge to hump swallowed him whole. Drowned him in syrupy sex lube spittle. She wanted it. Yes, yes she did! She wanted it from every man who clapped their piggish little eyes on that massive rump. Why else would she have pumped her ass up *that* huge?

The growth potion began to work. Kuroeda's panicked squeaks lowered into throaty moans, the fleshy aggressive honey-magma *bubbling* in her butt came back with a *vengeance!*

Bigger bigger bigger BIGGER! Her ass inflated as Naoe's fucked it. Grippy pussy clinging tighter and tighter as the fat wobble cakes balanced on top of it got heavier and heavier by the second!

Meaty hammering noises filled the air, within minutes Kuroeda's thong snapping bubble butt swelled into a heaving, seismic inverted-heart-shaped mountain of fuckable...

Grabbable...

*ASS MEAT~~<3<3!*

Each cheek sloshed out to a ridiculous size. The kind you'd expect to see on a woman who thought calling an old gypsy lady a fatass was a good idea. ...Or more likely an OnlyFans model totally addicted to brazilian butt lifts. But none of them could have ever matched the shape and firmness of Kuroeda's *alchemically distended fuckbumpers~~!*

Over a foot across on each cheek and sculpted into the slightest of slight teardrop shapes. Seismically clapping and rippling with every brutish thrust from the enormous dick *coring out* the pussy they hid. Overblown sofa cushions kept perky from interlocking layers of muscle and fat. Optimized by some higher perverted power for maximum twerk-able softness. A butt built to last through *hours* of rough sex, the kidn that would make the average mass produced BBL strokefuel booty *spring a leak~~*

*WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!*

Kuroeda bit into a patch of moss and held on for dear life. Her tits began to grow too, overflow from the enhancement potion. Swelling up into hanging chocolate udders as big as her head. Busy enough to earn her waifu status; if her backside hadn't just *inflated to the size of a beachball~<3!*

What she said did not matter. All that mattered was that ass, with every involuntary clap of those XXL callipygean cakes they bounced their way into his brain. Blotting out all the silly things like shame and morals. All the roadblocks keeping his dick from getting hard.

No faces, no names, just the host bent over, pussy crying half hidden beneath those dummy thick cheeks. Begging to be stoppered by his thick meat.

In that moment, Kuroeda was his perfect woman. No matter whether she had her front OR back pointed his way. An oil-slick pair of upturned, pouty fuckspheres tugged at his cock strings. Unspoken promises of athletic high-impact sexual *use*~~ Guaranteed to make him shoot buckets of smelly jizzropes all over and all up inside her fat elf pussy. Everything about her was sexy, the totality AND every individual part. She was his, **HIS<3!**

This mountain bootied slut capable of shaking it like a girl compensating for a tiny ass. Heaving and wiggling those mighty glutes until every man in a hundred yards nutted in their pants. Thighs and calves thickened to Chun-Li levels of girth just to have a chance of CARRYING those monstrous doggystyle destroyers...

“Gahhg! Haah Haah! Ahhhnnnnnn~<3!” Kuroeda’s face got buried in a mound of dry leaves. “You dick! You think you can d-dominate a dark elf~! I’ll show you!”

She clamped on him and pulled her pelvic floor IN! A suction action so ridiculous she might as well have been a chinese finger trap; the harder he pulled out the *tighter she clamped*~ Even with the spurious leverage he got from grabbing the monstrous cheeks shivering above it he couldn’t...quite...pull...*OUT*~<3!

“Th-There!” She stammered, cute pointy ears wiggling. “N-Now you can’t pull out and thrust back into me, *h-human*~~! You’ll just have to stay inside me forever—“

His cock pulsed inside her like some alien beef worm.

“Nhhhhhuhhhh...t-take...t-take that...”

Oh, Naoe stayed inside her alright. His brain-drained thoughts were slow on the uptake. Iterating through several failed attempts to pull out of a pussy evolved to crush ALL the cum out of an inferior elf male’s penis. The best he could do was jerk the woman herself back and forth a few times. Fetchingly flopping around the dark caramel cakes that had gotten his dick soooooo big to begin with~~<3

“Okay be that way... I’ll just... just fuck you deeper...”

Naoe grunted as he pushed apart those massive glutes. Kuroeda’s ass was so fat that the last few inches of dick couldn’t get inside her. But now?

*Shhhhhhhkluuuhhhhhhhhhhhp~~<3!*

There was no resistance, just the opposite. Kuroeda’s king fu death-gripping suck-purse pulled him the rest of the way in~~ Glans pushed past cervix. Naoe didn’t know where his tip ended up but he knew it was HOT. Sweltering and twitching around him. Pure to the touch and unspoiled by any man.

He despoiled it. Broke the virginity of Kuroeda’s clenching fiery womb. Head sized nuts slammed against his undercarriage. A visceral mud volcano gurgling marked the impending eruption. Option-mutated cum factories churning like gravid bellies *full of babies~~!*

“Oh my god!” Kuroeda cried, she could feel his nuts gurgle and *buck* against her clit. “H-How much cum do you have in there!? P-Pervert! Y-You’re making *that much* for a fattie like me~!?”

Naoe had no brain cells left to answer with. They’d all been melted down to make **MORE CUM~~<3<3!** A primal snarl and his collapse up Kuroeda’s back pinned her to the forest floor. Face bouncing off her squished-up head sized titties.

...right up until he *grabbed them*. Hips full on buried between her fat cheeks, impossible to see from the side. Against all suggestions she had no strength left, Kuroeda clamped the muscle inside her springy glutes. As if he needed another reason to **STAY INSIDE HER<3!!**

Pinned beneath his full bodily weight, Kuroeda could only cling on for dear life while a feral horse-hung Naoe had his way with her *massive chocolate ass~~<3!*

I-if only she was stronger...th-then she could fight back... f-fuck him back as good as he was fucking her...

Wh-which wouldn't be so destructive to her elvish dignity if he'd just stop FONDLING HER ENORMOUS TITTIES<3!!

Even when bloated up as big as her whole head, Naoe still clamped them in a *powerful grip*~<3  
Fingers vanishing in luxurious softness fit for a king. Fierce little nipples scraping his palms; throbbing like little fingers...

“H-hahhhh... H-hahhhh...” Elfuda began to pant, reddening in the face. Fighting the tingle making her eyes *roll back*~~

“*H-human! W-wait! Y-you gottaahhh*~<3” She twitched around him. Leaking slickness, a miniature orgasm, an appetizer for the buffet bubbling in her belly~<3 “G-gotta stop! Y-you can't get me pregnant! Th-think of the consequenc—“

WHAP!

“*ES*~<3! I-if you cum in me you'l g-get me pregnant for sure! We'll have so many babies! Goddesses I bet you'd fertilize every egg my ovaries release for the rest of your life!”

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!

Naoe found another gear at the top of his shifter. Faster than before. Forces beyond anything his skinny body should have been able to produce. Oh no! Her pleas for him to think of the consequences for his enormous cock were making him fuck her harder! L-like a Minotaur in rut? Who could've guess that!?

Wh-was she really that sexy?

“It...it'll be so many babies! We-we'd skew the statistical average~<3! A whole generation of boys with GIGANTIC FUCKING WOMBPUNCHER DICKS~<3!”

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!

“Wh-haaaahhh~~ We’d pollute the gene pool with your *big dick genes*~~<3 E-every man could have an enormous penis in the future! Th-think about it! S-sex would just be one big marathon of pumping arm-sized **pork jackhammers**~<3~<3!! U-us woman would never get a break! It’d just be *big dick after big dick!*”

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!

“Our great great great...whatever some kinda big ass number— Hehe...big ass, big fat bouncy assess...” She shook off the impending ahegao. “Our descents would all be walking with limps all the time~ Every woman over eighteen would just be staggering around *dick drunk all the time*~~!”

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!

“H-hey! Are you even listening!! I’m talking about the cock-pocalypse here!!”

The gurgling in his nuts *rose*. Higher and higher from the base of his nuts, slithering into the very base of his cock. The cannon was loaded.

Kuroeda had no more words. He’d fucked them all out of her. All she could do was babble and lick the dirty ground as the clapping of her massive ass swelled to...to...

CUM!

“AAAHHHHHGGGHHHHHHHH~<3!”

Something in her brain popped, a neuron fried, a connection re-wired. Pleasure chemicals steamed her thoughts into sweet and savory soup. Honeyed slop full of no coherent idea beyond DICK and STRONG MAN and BREED and BABIES BABIES BABIES **BABIES**~<3!!!

Kuroeda whined so high she lost her voice, it hit a register dogs could hear. Cumming her brains out didn’t do justice to the feelings igniting *every inch of her skin*~~

And just when she hit the peak of her ahegao-ing episode; Naoe lost it.

*GLUUUUUUURRRRRRRCH~!*

FIRE!

Hot seminal magma blasted up his barrel, not separate ropes but a single, continuous ***stream of jizz~<3***

He overflowed her, cum splurged out their joined crotches. Bubbling up between the lunar halves of her gelatinous mega-booty.

Naoe held his weapon inside her for several seconds, face buried in her fluffy hair. Savoring the moment. He whispered something Kuroeda thought she would never, *ever* hear from everyone.

Three little words that melted the villainous ice around her soul. They stayed like that for some time, him on top of her, their fingers interlaced...

But then he began to stir, the potion still burned in his veins and there was another ripe womb in need of thick thick *semen-stuffing~<3*

Until this moment, Elfuda had been left to stew in her own juices. Sweatpants around her ankles, two fingers buried in her hairy little snatch all the way up to their knuckles. One elastic bracup pulled down to gain access to a fat, *throbbing* pink nipple...

Silhouetted by the spurious patches of light between layer upon layer of trees. Naoe slowly, slowly worked himself free of Kuroeda's shivering and *exhausted* cunt. Barely able to even twitch a little because he'd slammed her so good.

And still, even after all that depraved abuse, his distended organ STILL jutted out from his narrow hips like some sort of *overengineered crane arm~<3*

Oh crap, she was in trouble now. The potion Kuroeda had drugged them all with could make anyone fuck all night. And they'd have a choice on whether they wanted to stay together after that. But if two people who *both* took it did the nasty? They wouldn't have a choice, they'd be *stuck with each other*~~

And they would have changed so much, become so warped so perverted between the ears. That they would happily indulge in each other every day for the rest of their lives.

Naoe, sweet considerate Naoe, loomed over her like some kind of brutish, bestial, *ogre*~<3 The long shadow cast by his dick stretched all the way up her plump tummy. Softball sized glans hovering over her great big boobs.

A mighty, *minotaurian* grunt vibrated up the slabs of muscle making up Naoe's chest. Originating from those mighty balls, shriveled slightly. Hanging lower in their leathery wrinkled sack. But the slimy boiling noises originating from in there marked their regeneration. It hadn't even been a minute and his balls were re-filling!

Precum oozed from the mouth of that arcing meat trunk. Thick like a normal man's seed the potent stuff gathered around the underside and dribbled off in crystalline drops. To spatter onto the little blonde elf's meaty chest.

"W-wait...holy shit...oh *gawd* it even smells like a big dick~" Elfuda babbled.

She tried to find some protest, some reason for why that life-altering wiener shouldn't *stretch her pussy out like an undersized tube sock*~~ She could see the remnant of the growth potion smeared on the shaft. Mingled with semen and the squirted juices of her arch rival.

With all that potential sexual energy; it wouldn't take much to change her too. To make this unnatural fuckfest of a marriage-to-be into a nasty little *threesome*~<3

One thrust, one inch of penetration, and she would be Naoe's *stepfordian cocksslave*~~

"Wh-wait... m'not..." Squidge squidge squidge; she couldn't stop touching herself. "Naw rea-y'ah be a *mama*~~" She mumbled around her own meaty nipple.



A thick hand, on the end of a long and ropey arm, cupped her chin. Gently, so very gently, squeezing her chubby little cheeks. The touch made her eyes cross and roll back. Made her plump, cushioned body squirm beneath him.

Her tongue lolled out, spotty protests melting all the way into girlish siren moans. They kissed.

“Mmmmmmmmm...”

*Squeeeeeelch~!*

“MMMMMMMMMMMM...<3!”

She came from the first inch going in her and every inch after that dragged it out more and more and more and more AND MORE AND MORE AND MORE AND MORE! She was a hedonist to the bone, she didn't have Kuroeda's pride or diligence. *One* thrust made Elfuda Naoe's woman.

*One* thrust made her cum.

Everything beyond that was gravy, but unfortunately for her sexual appetite, it would take more than *one* thrust to slake the alchemical breed-ogre Naoe had become. She clawed at her back but not to push him away. To *pull him in*~<3!

Fat nuts slapped against a plump bum. *Schlap! Schlap! Schlap! Schlap!* Naoe ripped off Elfuda's bra. Pinning her hands over her head (fingers interlaced of course) and letting those big ol' boobs *bounce free in the breeze*~

Sloshing up and down between them, Naoe pulled away to let his second wife breathe. So he could watch her big titties bounce in time with his body jarring *thrusts*. Elfuda felt his happy rumbling just as much as she heard it. Vibrant through that obese fucksnake of a cock, *pulsating* at the sight of such a classic male turn-on. Naked, bouncing big boobies~~!

She knew what was coming next, she knew she wasn't getting off Naoe's dee-licious dick without a bad, *bad* case of macromastia. And when the poisonous tingle of the potion began to sizzle in her snatch; Elfuda braced herself for the life of a *shameless tittymonster*.

It began with a tingle, hot and syrupy. Bubbling out from her deep-dicked womb. Spilling up her stomach and into her ricocheting milk dumplings. Sticky, clingy, an orgasm extended and manipulated to—**OOOOOOHHHHHH~<3!**

F-fire! They were burning her breasts were on fire! But *gawd* it felt so goooooood! Elfuda had never given much thought to her boobs. Sure they were bigger than average, but mostly she'd resented the, for getting in the way. A reminder of the children who she (as an elf) would have had to go through hell to have but...

But—**AHHHHNNNN~<3!**

She could feel every *nerve~!* Every pleasure center in their luscious teardrops. F-focused around the nipple but diffusing from there like a clear night sky of silver stars. Fuck...if she closed her eyes she swore she could still see them glowing;

**GROWING~~!**

A soft sweet bubbling under the skin, new flesh conjured from a tit-flushing storm of nipplegasm. Sweaty and plapping with lubed slippery shiny paizuri sounds. They began to creep down her stomach. Stalled by the swell of her cut potato tummy but not for long. Driven by the overwhelming command to **GROW~~!**

Within seconds they had halved the distance between their original lower halves and her stretched horizontal belly button. Widening as well, rounder and bouncier, defiant of gravity and all those flat-chested boob-haters forever insisting big tits were all gross and they sagged and all that shit. Elfuda's burgeoning milk tanks blew all those trends away.

Plump and short nipples pulsed atop pillowy pink areolas, half submerged in their thickness but too big to fully invert. Only slopping off to the sides when they blew up so fat and round they slid off the sides of her narrow chest.

*Flop! Flop!*

Melons wobbled for several seconds post-impact. Elfuda's tits had blown past anything reasonable an anime lover could find in a mainstream OVA. Great heaving pumpkins of succulent mouth-watering flesh. Thunderous in their jiggling. Slowed by their sheer increased mass. Cute jiggling inflated into lurid sexual *plap plap plap* sounds. Almost as loud as the noise Naoe's hips made against her crotch.

"Titties..." Naoe grunted. "Big...big titties..."

"Ahhnn~<3" Elfuda craned down her mouth to try and suck one of her nipples. Rendered every bit as babyish as the stud pummeling her slit. But she couldn't...quite...reach! "Y-you gotta do it, human~! You gotta suck my big elf titties!"

Hilted in that plus-sized pussy. Cock induced tummy bulge squirming around her plush stomach. Her navel popped out and she let out a tit heaving *wail~~*

"OH! Oh! Oh. Oh... Oh~<3"

Squeeze...shiver...*leak~<3* She came on his freakish horsecock, wracked by the pleasure amplified by her mighty melons. She made him grab and massage them to extend her time with the little death.

It was a naughty, depraved little trick. The goddesses of the elven pantheon had connected the average elf female's boobs so *strongly* to their pleasure centers. Survivable by the slender and mystical elves of old. Not an udder-boobed gremlin with a BMI optimal only for *high impact sex~<3* An enterprising stud could make such a meaty meloned mama (or mama to be) cum their brains out for minutes at a time with no stop function beyond soreness in their hands.

For the woman, it was like being *tickled~<3* She couldn't control her natural, *lewd* reactions.

It got even *naughtier* if the man kept on stuffing his gorgeous plus sized elf fucktoy's fat pink pussy through this session of *oedipal boob lovin'~~* Vagina so overcharged by her excess of tit that it

practically ran on porn logic. Orgasms superfetating one atop the other, adding to the bubbling mire of sweet poison in her tummy.

Elfuda drank deep. Milk began to flow, dampening warmly his palms; his favorite beverage. Hubby (of the moment) rubbed his strong hands out to the sides. Smearing white streaks across those epic melons.

Naoe's hands lost themselves in the sides of them, even as his grunting squeeze (they were *heavy*) warped their shape. Deprived of his touch her nipples throbbed. Visibly pulsating in a desperate plea to be nursed.

Her milk tasted like maple syrup. Minty, just a hint, so thick and creamy it coated his tongue. Suddenly Naoe felt like a baby again. First memory of going hungry only to be alleviated by mama. And by what else but her breast? A breast larger than his tiny head. So huge he could bury his face in its cushioned ecstasy. Forget the cold and dry outside world. To remember the womb and all its safety and all its closeness.

He'd cried back then, mama had bounced him until he felt better.

Time had remade him in tougher stuff but he still drank *greedily* from Elfuda. Both hands abandoning hers to caress her right breast. A change which its host didn't mind at all. Tongue circling a nipple as touchy feely as any clitoris, and twice as prone to *naughty throbbing*~ His rapid-fire beef nail drivings slowed, mollified by the comfort exuded by the bountiful pillows of heaven engulfing his head.

"W-wow...you really like my—NNH!" Elfuda bit down on another orgasm. Plush legs wrapped around his ass. "You really like my boobs don'tcha?"

The whine she let out echoed the one Oga made around kids. A change had come over the mischievous ditz. A slowing of her thoughts, this tenderness she'd never felt before. The thought that someone could just, just *love* her so much. It made her want to love him back.

She hugged his head to her boob. Petting his bowl cut black hair. Guiding his sucker mouth to her other breast when he tapped out the first. Yet through all this, he was still a man. And he still relentlessly, *slowly*, slid his dick in and out of her.

“Hey...’Eda? I think I found his off-switch.”

“Mufflllahmle...cum~” Her ex-rival babbled, still zonked off to mars.

“..Eh, I’ll tell you later.”

Later turned out to be a good hour after the fact. Worn out as he was, Naoe’s throttled libido let him keep up the lazy pace even long after he’d drunk Elfuda dry. Long after he’d loosed another round of nut into her as well. Long enough for Kuroeda to put the bits of her brain back together. Long enough to crawl over (legs still numb) and half collapse next to Elfuda.

“Jeez...he’s still going?”

“Yeah...” Elfuda bit her lip. Liking the slow sex. “

“Soooooo...” Kuroeda poked her fingers together. “Sorry about trying to roofie you.”

“Eh, I’ve had worse.” Elfuda nuzzled Naoe’s jostling head. “This isn’t so bad. The potion doesn’t wear off does it?”

“No, if conception occurs then all body modifying alchemicals effects become permanent.” Kuroeda quoted her notes.

“Wait, ALL potions? So I’m stuck with these massive tits?”

“And I’m stuck with a wagon for a butt, yes.” Kuroeda shrugged. “It could be worse, my Auntie Sacrolash got her vagina stuck as a spider.”

“A spider? Then how was she having... Oh, wait a minute, butt stuff?”

“Butt stuff.” Kuroeda confirmed.

Elfuda laid her head back against a root, absorbing what their future was about to become.

“You’re gonna have to start practicing doing butt stuff, you know.”

Kuroeda blushed. “I...don’t even know how to start with that.” She made a muscle with her arm. It wasn’t all that impressive. “One thing’s for sure, we need to get in shape.”

And that was when, with perfect comedic timing, sirens started blaring. Red and blue light pulsated across the trees. Because this was a world where the rules of biology did not apply. And thus, a pair of camels were fully capable of calling the cops.

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(ten years later)

“No way, leave me *alone*.”

Kuroeda grunted out the last word. Not about to stop her hip-raising set for anything. Especially not some spray-tanned sleaze ball that thought it was cool to wear sunglasses indoors. Legs burning ever so deliciously, Kuroeda Tomoatsu lifted the 250 pound barbell back into its hooks. Wiping away her sweat with the towel she used to pad her stomach.

Surizu (that was the creep’s name) somehow took that as a hint that she secretly wanted him to keep talking.

“Aw, come on, don’t be so cold, mama.” He reached for her towel. “A gentleman can’t just let a lady dry off.”

She slapped his hand away. “You are no gentleman, young man.”

Kuroeda hauled herself to her feet, ignoring the hand he offered. She tried to swallow the breathy grunt she always made when standing up these days but...

Grrrrh! This ass was *heavy!*

She'd given up on trying to shrink her obscene backside a long time ago. Getting five pounds of baby weight indelibly pumped into each cheek tended to have that effect. Time had compounded with the Gthiccening Potion to make the thing *phatter~~*

She was freakish to behold now, she knew that. A walking ass whose planetary backside pulled with a gravity all its own. Each low-slung teardrop-shaped glute was over a foot across in every direction. So round they bulged out from her back in a full bookshelf's worth of wiggly ass meat. As always those seismic slabs of booty exploded from her stretchy purple thong leotard like supernovas of fuckable fat. Legholes so high cut that the tops of her ass cheeks and the bottoms of her heavy tits were separated only by a length of torso barely wider than the span of Surizu's hand. Kuroeda's butt was so enormous it had begun to crawl *up her back and down her thighs~~<3*

Those delicious twerk-hills were speckled lightly with cellulite spots just to confirm that, yes, this ass was in fact real. You could indeed grab it...If you wanted to die.

She was Naoe's woman and everyone knew it, even if she didn't wear her ring on the gym floor. All the smart men kept their distance. Kuroeda's rules were simple; look but don't touch. Photos were fine as long as you were discreet, but if you shared them she'd turn you into a newt. Surizu was *not* one of the smart ones, with no morality or common sense to stymie its flow, those simp-crushing cheeks had sucked all the blood out of his brain and *pooled it in his dick.*

He followed her to the next machine. Weighted wide pulldowns to strengthen her already powerful arms. Careful to center her double-wide doorway destroyer over that narrow, *narrow* padded bench. Thick legs planted and flexed like oaken treetrunks to keep that apocalyptic ass stable. Fitness had become her refuge from a home full of half-elf babies, and it showed most of all in her arms and back. Toned to the point of being truly muscular and sleek, biceps lats and obliques flexing to bring that bar down to her meaty chocolate udders.

Motherhood had, also, swollen *them* to cum inducing sizes. Heaving head sized perky melons bulging through the U-cut top of her leotard. Sweaty from her workout, smell of exercise sweat mingled with the comforting aroma all big boobs carried. Upper black X-s peeked over the top of its cleavage hem. Covers for her fat nipples so they would not poke through her criminally thin top.

Surizu remembered an image one of his old loser roommates had shown him back in college. A humanized version of some character called Applejack, drawn by some artist called SunnySundown. 'Applejack' had been spilling out of a red cocktail dress so narrow in the lower half it might as well have been a sex slave bikini. What was worse, some *other* virgin loser had digitally inflated her legs and arse to a scale so absurd he could actually see pixellation in the outline.

He'd laughed in the loser's face for being so horny. Insisting real women could never look like that and he's destroy his chances of snagging actual pussy if he kept cranking his hog to that shit. ...But lo and behold, this chocolate elf slut was built EXACTLY like that image.

Who cared if she was married? There was no way her husband fucked good enough to please a woman like that. Mind you he wouldn't be able to either but that wasn't his problem. All he needed to know was that this cold bitch had to be *gagging for it*~<3

"Don't get any funny ideas, Surizu-san." Kuroeda glared at him over her fit shoulder. "I'm not dressed up like this for your pleasure. Pants just don't fit me."

"Yeah, I bet."

He watched her work her arms, sweat running down her head-crushing thighs. Past her knees to be absorbed by fluffy lime green leg warmers. Every cute little effort noise she made bulged her fat mocha tits through the top of her leotard.

Surizu made his move. Parking himself, gym shorts and all, squarely down on the weight bench. Close enough to those ball-filling bouncebubbles to look like he was riding a motor cycle.

"Hey! Jerk! I said hands off!" Kuroeda barked.

"My hands aren't going anywhere." Surizu held them up, placatingly. "They won't touch your body at all."

But part of him did touch her. The meaty prong which had lured so many married women away from their husbands. Ten uncut inches that (in his mind) pushed the limits of what a woman's vagina



could take. Closed eyes and a deep breath cleared his mind, emptying the stage for all the obscene things he was going to do to that mammoth rump.

The familiar rush of such a taboo touch made him flush hot, then cold. Kuroeda's little gasp came out downright girlish. Oh yeah, this elf slut had one sensitive ass. Imagine what he could do to it when he'd bent it over in the bathroom. Would she even be able to *fit* in one of the toilet stalls?

There was only one way to find out.

"I've always said..." He turned up the charm. "It's better to have your palms facing you, when you pull *down~*"

He pushed his hips against her practically *naked* ass. Meaty bulge rising into an outright pulsing tent as it pressed into sofa cushions forth of firm 'n sweaty butt *meat~~<3* Shivers ran up Kuroeda's back, he saw all the little tanned muscles shiver. Like they were all little cells he could pleasure on their own.

Manicured nails tickled down Kuroeda's toned arms, tracing the subtle divots between her back muscles.

"You're so tense, I bet you gotta do a lot to carry those big tits~" Surizu whispered in her ear.

No response from Kuroeda, she didn't tell him to stop, but she also didn't push into him. Caught in the sugar-venom spider web of her own sex drive. Trapped until he released her. Surizu rubbed down and down her back. Lazy firm spirals pulled, through raw lustful gravity, down to the ass of his dreams.

Wiggle wiggle.

Her voice stopped him an inch above those glorious glutes. "Fine, you want me, you can have me."

Surizu blinked. "Really? Just like that? *You must be a real slut~~*"

Kuroeda didn't look at him, keeping her eyes trained on the stack of square weights built into the machine. He didn't see the wicked gleam in her eyes. The fetal seed of a nasty little trick.

"You're right, I am. My husband has such a tiny dick, Surizu-kun. Nowhere near your big log~<3"  
Kuroeda shoved back her monstrous ass against his boner. Phallically engulfed in sweaty mocha ass, Surizu didn't notice the rest of the patrons. The ones in earshot shifted in their routines.

They all knew what was coming.

Kuroeda got up slowly, careful to keep her enormous ass looming over Surizu's tiny ozempic face.

"Meet me in the changing rooms in ten minutes."

She thundered away with a distinct sway in her legs, Powerful thighs flexing to shift the crushing ham-hocks deforming the outline of her hips. Pendulous sways of greater than shoulder width hips practically made his dick throb in time with her sways.

As she passed into the back, Kuroeda shot a meaningful look to her best friend; and sister wife.

Running eternally on a treadmill, Elfuda huffed and puffed under the immense weight of her titanic udders. An archetypal reverse of Kuroeda's diabolically pear-shaped body. Thick legs and head-sized plump glutted strained to carry a pair of torso smothering *TITS~<3*

Spilling off the metal tray she's laid across the treadmill's handlebars, those ridiculous monster melons rippled with her every heel strike. Braless but with the same black tape X-s over them. The tape she used needed to be two strands of tape wide. Her short nipples were as thick as three fingers pushed together. Succulent pink gumdrops drowning in puffy areolas as big around as a man's face. Puffy pink blended into the baby smooth vanilla flesh of the rest of her boobs. Faint blue veins cascaded from the nipples.

They were the perfect boobs for any hentai-brained gooner. Big enough to revert even a hardcore woman hater into a suckling baby. *Begging for mama's milk~<3* Her distinctive shirt had stretched out into a glorified belly top, sheer from sweat. Her plump tummy hung out, changed from the gaggle of babies Naoe had pounded into her womb. A taut line down that cute potato tummy gave it

a distinctive shape. Marked in the middle by a belly button whose many, *many* invertings over the years had stretched it out horizontal.

By the power of Naoe's dick, Elfuda had blossomed from a chubby gremlin into a padded fuckable MILF-cow. Built for filling her soft belly with lots of babies, and then feeding them all with her enormous paizuri milkers so they would grow up *big and strong~*

But Elfuda was still Elfuda. And when Kuroeda winked her way, and then nodded toward the leering Surizu; an impish little smirk split her pink dick-sucking lips.

Their prey had been snared.

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Ten minutes later, Surizu slipped into the changing rooms at the back of the gym. Not exactly where he'd wanted to split Kuroeda's ass open. But hey, maybe he could shove her against one of those full length mirrors and *force* her to watch herself *cum on his cock~*

That'd be fun.

But when a tanned hand beckoned him into one of the open doors, the sight he saw inside was not what he expected. What the hell was that fat blonde with the big tits doing here?

“So...two for one deal? Blondes ain't really my thing but I guess you could toss my salad while your thick ass friend gives it up—”

*Thunk!*

An arrow sprouted next to his shoulder, steel broadhead threaded expertly under his wifebeater.

“The fuck, are you crazy!”

*Thunk thunk thunk!* Elfuda cracked off shots with lightning speed. Until an outline of arrows pinned Surizu's upper half to the changing room door.

"Sorry, jerkwad." Elfuda snickered. "This ain't going the way you think it is."

"Fuck fuck fuck! The hell's that mean! Security! These bitches are—!"

A wave of Kuroeda's wand stole Surizu's ability to speak. Tucking it between her tits for safekeeping, Kuroeda sashayed toward her prey. Giving off Jojo levels of menacing aura. She'd changed into her spellcasting clothes, with a few critical subtractions. Casting aside her cape and thong, she stood bottomless before Surizu. Hands folded over the cleft between her plump thighs while her elbows rested on her ridiculous hips.

"So...you think you're a big man, *human~?*" Kuroeda purred.

Surizu gawped and tried to splutter some kind of threat, but she had made him mute. Still, she pressed a finger to his lips.

"Shush shush shush, no more talking. You've told on yourself more than enough. An egotistical little *boy*." She grabbed his crotch and squeezed until he cried. "Not even a century old but thinks he's heaven's gift to women just because he's got a big penis."

"Not to mention rude." Elfuda piped up. "One look at me and you bust me down to rimjob duty? Did you even see these tits I'm rocking?"

"Mm, I think he needs to learn some respect, Elfuda." Kuroeda said.

"Eeyup, big time~" Elfuda titty bounced her way up to her sister wife's side. "And I mean big, whatta ya think we should do with him?"

"We could always shrink him."

“All of him or just his dick?”

That made Surizu turn sheet white.

“No, it would be a shame to ruin such a nice penis by shrinking it. Even if it is attached to such an arrogant ass.” Kuroeda said.

“Hey, what about the opposite. You know, *fwwwwwwwwit~*” Elfuda mimed an inflating sound while pulling her palms apart; fast. “’Til he can’t function.”

...Oh shit that might be even worse.

“Ooh, Elfuda. You’re a genius.” Kuroeda started rummaging in her purse. “I have just the thing.”

Kuroeda pulled out a large glass flask, stopped with a cork and brimming with a thick light blue lotion. She waved it under Surizu’s nose. “Pretty isn’t it? I call it Eggplant Plumping Lotion, I brewed this to help Hitome’s husband fuck her properly.”

“He only needs a little to stuff her good.” Elfuda chirped. “And she’s a super big cyclops. So you know it makes him *beefy* down there~”

“And we’re going to smear...oh, how much should we do?”

“I dunno, sis. Maybe...hmm...” Elfuda sagely stroked her chin. “How about *all of it~~?*”

Kuroeda let out a positively wicked little giggle. “All of it? Elfuda honey, that would be dangerous. We might melt his brain.”

“If he’s got no brain he can’t hit on married women anymore.”

“Fair point. Let’s do it. Take his shorts off off.”

Elfuda worked an arrow into his waistband. Using the broadhead's razor edge to slice off his spandex shorts and silk boxers. Ruining any chance of him walking out of here with a shred of dignity. Fear had not shrunk his beefy organ. Plump with at least a little kinky anticipation, the infamous organ that had broken so many marriages plopped into Elfuda's tight and sweaty hot cleavage.

Kuroeda poured a big glob of the blue lubricating poison onto Surizu's cock. Another gesture expanded the silencing spell out from just his mouth, to encompass the entire changing room. Nobody outside would hear them, but they could hear each other. She gave him his voice back for good measure.

Then those gloved leather hands began to rub the lotion into his pecker. The dreadful sauce worked its magic. Surizu began to gasp and heave, his penis swelled like a balloon, taking on an alarming red color. It throbbed and bucked, deluging precum in ropes to make the handjob even *messier*~

"You think it'll pop, sis?" Elfuda asked, casually

Surizu furiously shook his head.

"I hope not. Being a eunuch would be a mercy. He needs to live with a two foot penis for awhile, I want him to watch it *destroy his life*~<3"

"Now that's just mean, sis." Elfuda mock pouted, then she grinned. "I love it~"

She pushed aside Elfuda's hands and smothered her enormous udders around Surizu's inflating prong. For now, it vanished into her crushing depths. He tried to lock his hips but the cream had him in its succubus's pussy-hold. His hips belonged to the cream now; they bucked! Thrust into the pussy-like folds of Elfuda's cleavage! Lub-dubbing like a second heart.

Within a minute, he had gained another two inches onto his shaft. It arced down slightly now, struggling to stay erect. Hinata slapped another fistful of the cream on it. Eight inches and counting.

"Nooooooooo~!" Surizu wailed.

“You like that, piggy?”

“Noooooooo...” He whined.

“You gonna cum?”

He shook his head. Another body-curling spasm struck him, his dick swelled *again*. Stretch marks began to pock its shaft. Creeping up the neck of the meat like ghostly witch fingers. Clawed things scratching the flared end of his weeping *fist of a glans*~

Ten inches long.

“Then we’d better put more of your favorite lube on~<3” Kuroeda whispered in his ear, singsong

*Schlap...schkluhk schkulk schkluk~<3*

Her hand stuffed into her blonde counterpart’s cleavage. Rummaging around until its lotion smeared leather digits gripped him just below the tip. Elfuda continued to jack off his inflated dick between her boobs. Arms muscular from years of hefting those big udders up and down

*Schlap...schkluhk schkulk schkluk~<3*

Another slop of engorging potion. A full foot long now, it tilted his pelvis forward now. Half erect, too big to grow fully hard. Apple sized head peeking from the top of Elfuda’s cleavage. Ugly now, deformed and weird in its texture.

“Please...” Surizu begged, groping the back wall. “It’s starting to huuuuurt...”

Surizu’s voice hit a new guttural low, then up high like a caribou with a dildo up its ass. His weapon inflated beyond the one foot mark. And there was still more stuff left!

*Schlap...schkluhk schkulk schkluk~<3*

As long as a shoebox, Surizu's poor penis took on a lumpy overkneaded texture akin to bread dough. A real eye-roller of a groan shook his body. Blood flow to the brain disrupted, diverted to pool in the alien organ pulsating between his legs. Slow expansions and contractions like a mutated worm.

"Gahhhd look at this thing." Elfuda snickered. "I bet you think a dick this big and gross looks good to us girls. *Get real, loser~<3<3*"

"You won't even be able to *fit* in any normal woman, human~" Kuroeda purred venomously. "And you've already blown your chances with *us*."

She squeezed the base of Surizu's debilitating monster until something slimy began to schlurk up his long length. Farther and farther...weaker by the inch until...

"Ha! Ha!" Elfuda put on a cruel laugh. "See? You can't even cum anymore. Useless!" She spat on it. "And you can bet this potion doesn't have an antidote. You're gonna have to make do with jerking off for the rest of your life, piggy."

"You'll need to jerk off with a trashcan once we're finished with you~"

Surizu's dong ate up the abuse, packing on another two inches; 16 when maxed out. It hung almost totally limp, barely pushed out in the shallowest of shallow arcs. His balls looked *tiny* next to it.

*Schlap...schkluhk schkulk schkluk~<3*

"And now you can't even get hard!" Hinata crowed. She grabbed the rest of the tub and upended alllllll the dregs onto Scuzz Bag.

She forced her lips over his. Swallowing his tortured bellow as the sheer weight of his gravid organ bent his knees. Eighteen inches!



Kuroeda worked the root of the monster like a stress ball, she couldn't even get her hand all the way around it. But oh she tried, she squeezed *hard*~ Fleshy gurgles resounded under his skin, all the grip strength of a gentle fist expert employed to stretch him out one...last...

TIME~<3!

He was as big as Naoe now, but with none of his strength. While Naoe's mighty penis was an extension of his power, a living signpost for how much he loved both women. Surizu's bulging club was more like a curse. An alien parasite latched to his crotch, locked in place by the finger thick throbbing veins creeping up her abs.

Not satisfied with 'just as big' Kuroeda made Elfuda let go of the beast. Working together, the partners in crime dumped the rest of the lotion on his organ. Four hands quadruple fistful every last drop of the moisturizer into his distended weapon. Forcing one final, brutal stretch mark inducing growth spurt.

The final, twenty-fourth inch truly ruined Scuzz Bag's penis. Even with the overcharged lust burning out his brain; not a single hint of hardness twitched in his overinflated trunk. Impotent as a broken arm it hung to his ankles. Thick around as an honest-to-god *log*~ Twitching in pleasure at its proximity to the vicious beauty queens that had *destroyed it*~

"There. Now you're a *real big man* now~" Elfuda giggled.

A kick to the ass drove Surizu out the back of the gym. Into a dirty alley behind the respectable establishment. A dirty place where hookers liked to congregate. Higher brain functions burned out, the creep could only stumble. Reminiscent of a zombie, shaken legs knock-kneed. Pendulous penis stretched out too enormous to ever get hard again. Alternately slapping his knees with greasy *splaps* every other step.

"Eek! What the fuck is that thing!?! Get away from me creep!" A sex worker outside shrieked.

"Wait...woman..." Scuzz Ball gurgled, out of view. "You...pretty woman...pretty woman have pussy...need pussy~"

Several more issuances of disgust joined the first voice. A whole gaggle of disgusted strippers calling Scuzz Ball everything from a freak to a mutant. This went on until the sister wives shut the door.

With the pervert dealt with, they went back to their workouts. An hour later they finished up, changed into their street clothes, and set off for home. The sun was rising, soon the troops would all wake up. Ready to go to school.

Kuroeda herself had long since given up on ever wearing pants again. Long skirts did the job now. Mind you, they had the effect of making her look like a walking parade float. What with how the seams always hung off her ridiculous hips. But it was better than going around in just her tie-on bikini panties.

Naoe loved them, by the way. One of his favorite forms of foreplay was tugging open the little knots with his teeth. And speak of the devil, guess who was calling? Elfuda took out her cell phone and set it to speaker mode.

They had had a LOT of kids over the years. A number that would have brought financial ruin on *any* other family. But they had an ace in the hole. As it turned out; camel breeding was a very, *VERY* lucrative business.

<Hey, girls!> Naoe chirped through the phone. He sounded tired.

“Hi, honey!” Both superstacked elf mamas said in unison.

<How’d your workouts go?>

“It was awesome, baby.” Elfuda giggled, bouncing on the balls of her feet in a way that made her monstrous fuckmelons jiggle like captive fatty planetoids. “Some jerk tried to hit on Kuroeda and we—Mmph!”

Kuroeda covered her sister wife’s mouth. Shushing her. “We asked him politely to go away. It took a few tries to get the hint through his thick skull. You know how human males are.”

Naoe laughed a little, they could picture him rubbing the back of his head on the other end of the line. "Sorry you had to deal with that, 'Eda."

"It comes with a body like mine. Besides..." Kuroeda turned off speaker mode and whispered into her phone. "Considering what you do to *me* every night, *human*~<3 I know exactly how dirty you boys are."

Aw, that was adorable, he was stuttering! Both elves stifled giggles while their flustered hubby tried to formulate a coherent sentence. Faintly they heard a thump on the other end. Like something fleshy but so very firm hit the underside of their dining room table.

His libido had just as much of a hair trigger as theirs. And they knew all his buttons.

"Y-you can't say that!" He caught himself and whispered. "The kids are in the other room."

Elfuda took the phone. "Then put 'em to bed early, *human*~ Seeing that guy drool over us got us soooo *hot*~ We're gonna bang you through the bed when we get home~<3"

Kuroeda rolled her eyes, so much for subtlety.

"...Um...Uh...Well, I...*OhlookatthatAlba'sbitingErnieagaingottagobyeeeeeee...*" Naoe hung up.

Stifling more snickers, both women set off towards home.

"You think he's jerking off?" Elfuda asked.

"Oh absolutely. Alba grew out of her biting phase." She sighed. "We'll have to put a rain check on the sex though. Keijo and Vilde have soccer practice today."

"Pfft. That's easy, Oga still owes us a favor from when we let her *ahhlk ahhlk ahhlk...*" Kuroeda mimed a blowjob. "You know, the Christmas party?"

Kuroeda snapped her fingers. "Right. I forgot. Soooo...I think that was the only big thing we had to do today."

"Yes!" Elfuda pumped her fist. "Naoe-kun hasn't made my pussy look like a punched lasagna in a *month*... Make that a punched *alfredo* lasagna..." She glazed over, train of thought suddenly derailed by food. "Mmmm...alfredo lasagna."

Kuroeda chuckled. "This is why you're still chubby, honey."

"Eh, I can live with it. Most of it goes to my boobs now anyway." Her counterpart laughed. "What about you? Still trying to shrink that massive ass?"

"Not really, it turns out I just had to go to a tailor to...you know...size up the thong."

Elfuda busted up laughing. "That's it!? That's all you had to do all this time?"

Kuroeda rubbed the back of her head, just like Naoe. "Uh, yeah. I dunno why I didn't think of that before."

Elfuda fell silent after that, which was strange for her. Together they wound through the concrete maze of Tokyo. It took her sister wife a minute to remember things, she could wait.

"Ohio's a state." Elfuda said.

"Wait, it is? Like an America kind of state?"

"Yup, looked it up yesterday. The internet's awesome."

Kuroeda stopped in her tracks. "So I spent the last ten years praying for mercy from the Dark Lord Ohio..."

“For nothing, yup. Those discord kiddies pranked you.”

“...I am such an idiot.”

Elfuda chuckled, hugging her sister wife. “Yep, but you’re my idiot.”

“You’re my idiot too, Elfuda.”

THE END