

Getting Cozy With Roomies

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A New Room Mate

Maxwell pushed the ajar door fully open and walked into the dorm room, looking over at the only other person inside. "My mistake, I think I'm in the wrong building! I'm looking for... A Charles?" Max asks, pausing for a moment. "Carla, thanks. And you're Maxwell, right?" Carla asks. Max just stares at "Carla" for a while, unable to stop himself from admiring the other... Boy? Well, if it weren't for that sizeable package, Max would hardly believe *Carla* was a boy.

"Yeah, but you can just call me Max, since we're already using shorthand names." Max responds. Carla was a rather fair-skinned and effeminate boy, a few freckles here and there, hazel eyes and gorgeous auburn-red hair. Comparatively, Max was more average, trim, just a bit athletic and with cropped black hair. But one thing did catch Carla's eyes, fittingly enough Maxwell's own gorgeous dark blue eyes. But while the fem-boy's eyes were busy, Max's were too, drinking in those lush curves.

Max would even find his eyes lingering on Carla's bulge, a mix of envy and attraction gripping him. Max had pegged himself for straight, but the young man had far from figured everything out. And Carla? Well, a boy like him was helping him find his sexual limits didn't lay where he thought they did in a hurry. Max swallows softly, then finally pries his eyes off Carla. He'd been ogling him for several minutes now, but if anything Carla seemed to like the attention.

Carla winks at Max playfully. "Just go get your stuff and get settled in. You can *admire* the *scenery* later." Carla muses, gently coiffing that crimson hair with confidence. Max nods and quickly excuses himself from the room. No sooner is Max out of sight, then he tugs at his pants to free his trapped arousal, hidden only by his somewhat restrictive jeans. Max takes a few trips, piling boxes and bags by the door, finally calming down by the time he's done.

After he unloads his beater of a car, Maxwell then sets about unpacking and settling in. He'd then give his half of the rent for the dorm apartment to Carla. "I'm a bit short, but I can get the rest to you by the end of the week, I swear!" Max says, causing Carla to give him a cute pout coupled with an accepting look.

Settling Into a New Life

The first couple of weeks were fairly uneventful, a few ogling glances here and there, coupled with some awkward moments of sexual tension. But Max managed to *only just* scrape together the money he was short on rent in time. It was a bit odd, Carla wanted a female variation of his name. But more than that, the boy made Max use female pronouns too. Max was fairly alright with it, he could accept transgenderism. It was a bit odd at first, but as time went on he got used to seeing carla as female.

But a little more than half a month into his new living arrangement, something finally happened to break the ice between the two. Max had classes scheduled all day, but two had been cancelled on short notice, so he came home early. Max would walk in on Carla naked, splayed out and right in the middle of a bout of self pleasure in the middle of their apartment. Carla doesn't notice Max at first, busy more than wrist-deep in her own rump and rummaging around between various sweet spots.

Max goes beet red from embarrassment, but can't pry his gaze away or bring himself to say anything. As Max continues enjoying the show, he'd find himself unconsciously groping his own groin. Before he realized it, Max was masturbating right alongside Carla too! The rather forward Carla would eventually hear Max's heavy breathing, realizing she was being watched. The effeminate boy would only endeavour to put on a better show now that she knew someone was watching.

Carla rolls over onto her front, practically presenting that big curvy rump to Max, then beaconing him closer with the hand not deep inside that lush butt. Max couldn't take it, over two weeks of sexual tension, and that ass... It was beautiful, perfect, so wide, curvy and shapely. Max was just too into Carla's ass, but in the moment of seeing it bare and exposed for the first time, he couldn't handle it. That beet red face drains to a pale white as Max literally creams his pants.

Max lets out a needy, lusty moan as a wet-spot grows in his now too-tight pants. And in the aftermath, he falls back and passes out for a moment. Carla just giggles, watching how big of a reaction that rump got. "Oh gosh, if I knew you felt this way about me earlier... You poor pent boy..." Carla muses, freeing her hand before slowly sauntering over to Max and giving him a smirk. Max was woozy from a mix of orgasm, embarrassment and a lack of blood to his head.

Max just nods softly, murmuring to himself. As Carla snuggled up with Max on the floor, Max's blush returns in full force. "If you've got another in you... I'm still very much in the mood." Carla whispers. Her voice was just as perfect as her ass, the most gorgeous mix of masculine and feminine, and it was pushing all of poor Max's buttons. Max would nod, but before he can act, Carla would steadily start helping him out of his clothes and settle that big rump right in his lap.

"Try to last a bit longer this time, sweetie." Carla says, using a seductive tone as she grinds that large, lush ass down into Max's lap, making him squirm about beneath her. Without much more than a glance between them, Max would move to grasp and take over pleasuring Carla's shaft, teasing the thick and heavy shaft by working his fingers around the head. Max gently kneads and toys with Carla's rather ample foreskin too, reaching under its closed head.

That foreskin is another thing Max envied about Carla along with her sheer size, but everyone desires what they don't have. Max pushes the foreskin down over Carla's tip with his mouth, licking and swirling his tongue eagerly but amateurishly. Carla chuckles softly before gently stopping Max. "Here, let me show you how it's done." She muses, then moves to gently wrap her rather lush, soft lips around Max's arousal. With quite a bit of skill and oral dexterity, Carla drains the colour from poor Max's face.

Max lets out a silent moan as Carla goes right down to the hilt, unable to even breath as his more experienced roomie gives him the best blowjob he's ever had. Max just can't cope, blacking right out as he releases another huge orgasm. But at least Max was out with a smile on his face, leaving Carla to chuckle softly. "Poor Maxxie, you'll need a lot more training to keep up with me." Carla muses, before pondering making use of the unconscious Max for her own needs.

Her first thought was something sexual, but then her mind wandered, what if she were to take max and stuff him inside her? Carla had been experimenting with larger and larger objects, exploring and pushing her limits. Admittedly, she had a goal in mind, to slip an entire person up inside. But she wasn't quite ready for Max, not yet at least. Besides prep, Carla also wanted to get Max to go willingly, or at least consciously without too much objection.

Carla decides to make use of Max after just a bit of deliberation, the curvaceous boy rolling her spent roomie onto his front before positioning herself atop Max. Carla takes it slow, letting Max's body set the pace, afterall, she didn't want to hurt him. Carla found her roomie's rump rather surprisingly accommodating, not something she's used to given how well she's hung. Was Max training in anticipation, or fantasize about this? Regardless Carla lets out a soft, pleased moan of delight.

Max tosses softly in his sleep, groaning slightly, but instinctively working his hips back against Carla. Max might not have consciously said yes, but it would seem he wanted it *badly* unconsciously. Even though Max could accept that length and girth, he was still incredibly tight, tight enough the Carla could barely stand it. "Ugh... Damn, I chastised you for cumming quick, and you've got me on the ropes!" Carla exclaims, gripping Max's rump firmly and continuing to smoothly buck.

Max lets off quiet little moans in his sleep, clenching and working his hips against the intruding member. Max ends up biting the pillow as Carla gently stretches his back door, surprised that the previously straight boy could accommodate her so. But unknown to Carla, Max had been practicing while he fantasized about Carla, and that impressive package of hers. Max was still very tight, but surprisingly able to take Carla. But that fem-boy wouldn't stop with just the tip, Carla wanted to push Max's limits as much as she could.

Carla steadily pushes in towards the hilt, sinking her girthy shaft in deeper and deeper as he sinks his teeth into the pillow further and further, quieting his rather constant moans. A mix of pain and pleasure that doesn't touch Max's conscious mind starts to invade his dreams, a mix of what's happening currently, and other fantasies the boy had imagined with Carla. Of course this sensual dream, coupled with the intense stimulation of Carla riding him hard is enough to get max to climax a final time.

Max makes quite a mess of the bed, just as Carla finishes, sharing in Max's climax with a stifled moan, so as not to wake her slumbering lover. Though if the sheer volume of spunk she just dumped into Max's rump didn't wake him, a moan probably wouldn't either. Max looked like he had a cute little beer belly when Carla was done, but it doesn't last, as soon as Carla pulls out, it comes gushing forth and makes a horrible, sticky mess that reeks of their combined lust.

Carla just gives Max a little kiss on the cheeks, then goes to shower up. Max would be left to clean himself up come morning. Though Carla would at least take care of his bed for him, as a thanks for helping her to get off too. The rest of Max's sleep is quite pleasant, filled with images of cuddling close to Carla. It would seem that Max was in love, or at least entirely infatuated with the effeminate male he'd moved in with. But that was still locked in Max's subconscious for the time being, only to surface later on.

The next morning Max wakes up, sore, but feeling pretty good. Carla's arms were wrapped around him, and she'd pulled him to her bed. Max blushes a bit, then turns to kiss Carla before heading off for classes and work. By the time the end of the month rolled around, Max was once again short on rent, only having just over half his share. How could he tell Carla he was short, again? What if she kicked him out? Worse than being homeless, Max was feeling attracted to Carla, and didn't want to ruin their relationship.

Eventually though, Max would come clean and tell Carla he was short. Carla was disappointed, but she didn't seem too upset overall. In fact, the fem-boy had a deviously wry smirk after the initial disappointment faded. "I can cover your rent, hon, but in return, I want a favor." Carla says cryptically. "What sort of favor..?" Max asks, tilting his head. "Promise you won't freak out? It's a bit weird..." Carla says, trailing off. Max nods softly. "Just tell me, please?" Max asks.

"Fine... I want to stuff you up my rump and keep you there for a few days." Carla says. If Max had been drinking anything, he'd have sprayed it all over from the surprise, and hilarity of the statement. "Wha, come on... You can't be serious, this is a joke, right?" Max says, stifling back the need to giggle. "Not at all." Carla replies bluntly, before making a demonstration of her abilities. The fem-boy reaches back and ever so delicately dips her hand into her rump, without any lube or much effort.

Max goes wide-eyed at the display, but Carla wasn't done yet. Carla slips out of her clothes and walks over to the closet, taking out her latest training aid. It was a fairly girthy butt-plug, almost as big around as Max's waist. Carla then slowly slips down onto it, while Max blushes and looks away slightly. "Ok, you made your..." Max can't even finish, exhaling in excitement as Carla takes the entire toy right up her rump with a soft, feminine grunt and a little moan.

"I'm dead serious hon, if you want me to cover your rent, you're going up my rump!" Carla energetically says. Max gulps softly, then nods. "If that's what it takes to stay here, with you, then I will do it..." Max says, resigned to his fate, but also immensely flustered at the idea of being *inside* of Carla too.

A New Accommodation

Max's thoughts were racing all day, Could Carla even get him all up her ass? Was that even possible? But while imagining and questioning it, Max started to find himself growing aroused at the thought before ultimately banishing it. At least until he returned home in the evening, only to be greeted by a nude and visibly excited Carla, whom evidently had been preparing for Max all day, eagerly waiting for him to finish and return home so they could begin their fun little experiment.

"So, we're still going to do this, then?" Max asks, getting a slow nod from Carla. Max just swallows softly, but before he can say anything, Carla instructs him to get undressed with body language and hand signals, a growing smirk on her face. Without even thinking about it, Max obeys, stripping nude for Carla and giving another nervous gulp. That subconscious attraction making Max obey, fearful of being rejected if he protested. But worse, Max was getting more and more excited at the prospect of being inside Carla.

It was wrong, right? Being stuffed up inside someone? What kind of sexual deviant was into that sort of thing? Max asks himself internally, but a small voice in the back of his head seemed to respond, like an eager admitted pervert raising their hand and proclaiming "me" proudly. Max couldn't let social pressures force him to deny it any longer, he wanted it dammit, it was hot. Max didn't know or care why it was anymore, all he knew was he wanted it, and if he was going to stay with Carla, he'd have to do it anyhow.

With the why nots all out of the way, Max moves closer to Carla with confidence, then kisses her right on her large, eager and well trained pucker. Max gently kneads into Carla's ample rump as he indulges her sumptuous pucker with gentle swirls of his tongue and soft suckles from his rather supple lips. Carla lets out a hot moan, getting lost in Max's attention and pressing her large rump back against him. Carla's body language and pleased groans told Max everything he needed to know, helping him home in on just what felt best for her.

Neither needed another word between them, the two proceeding ever closer to their now mutual goal. Carla's rump relaxes, gushing out a whole lot of body-temperature lube over Max and making him groan in surprise and delight at the warmth as it flows over him. Some of it was natural, and some added in preparation for the deed at hand. But stewing inside Carla as long as it had made it warm, and potently scented of her.

The heat and scent drove poor Max wild, making him indulgently press both arms into Carla, who slowly pushes down at the same time. Groans and moans of delight come from both as they test things out, play around. Nervousness had melted away into lust and need, letting the two proceed without any further hesitation. Carla firmly pushes down, devouring both of Max's arms until her hot, slick pucker presses into his face once more, kissing him back teasingly.

With a low groan Carla would start to firmly push downwards, working her ring over Max's face as he indulges it with licks and kisses. That pliable ring would gently engulf his head, then stretch around under his arms and seal around his chest. Carla's wide ass and hips stretch even wider as she works past Max's chest, her mouth open in a silent moan while her breath catches in her chest. It was almost too much for Carla to take, but lust would help push her onwards.

Mustering her resolve, and with a low moan, Carla once more pushes downwards. Another few inches and Carla was at Max's widest point, a few more and she was past it. Now it was only a matter of if she could handle the entire length of his height, as she'd conquered his girth utterly. By now Max was finding out that Carla wasn't just your "typical" effeminate boy, oh no, Carla was quite unique in terms of internal anatomy. Beyond being able to take a near full grown person inside, anyway.

Inside Max would find himself pushed into an enclosed alcove, something that felt like an offshoot to Carla's bowels, not that Max particularly took conscious note of it. By now, Carla was almost sitting on the floor, having only Max's ankles outside. Carla looked quite gravid, as well one who has someone their own size within should. Flopping onto her back, Carla clenches just so to pull the last of Max inside, groaning out as his mass shifts inside and fully settles into that offshoot.

Max curls up inside Carla, taking a rather appropriate fetal position. All the warm, soft flesh around him was relaxing, the sound of Carla's excited heartbeat. Max could easily just drift off to sleep, but maybe it was the lack of oxygen talking? Outside Carla writhes around in pleasure, the overwhelming stimulation causing the feminine boy to climax without even touching her loins. Subtle moans of pleasure would only serve to excite and comfort Max more, letting him know Carla was enjoying herself.

And as Max managed to share in with his own little orgasm, he'd find all the factors pushing him towards sleep too great to resist. Both Carla and Max would pass out in bliss, sexually sated, surprisingly comfortable, and well fulfilled. Carla in particular found the full feeling Max gave her immensely enticing and satisfying. Although as the two slept, a number of changes would occur, though ultimately this would prove beneficial for the both, for a variety of reasons.

Carla slowly wakes the following morning, laying in the now cool aftermath of the night before. Carla murmurs out a good-morning to Max, then realizes he's still inside her. Carla's first reaction is panic, thinking that Max surely must have suffocated. But as she prods her gravid belly, and calls out to Max, he responds with movement. Carla is relieved, but curious, just how did Max not suffocate? But with further stirring from Max, her curiosity is brushed aside by just how good it felt to have him in her.

Carla croons out, squirming in place and groping herself all over as Max squirms and struggles around. Clearly Max was none the worse for wear, and it had been over 8 hours since he went in. Surely a few more hours wouldn't hurt, right? But hours would melt into a day, and in time, days into a week. Max just seemed a bit lost, there was no concept of time inside Carla, just a wonderful warmth and softness surrounding him. That pleasing experience was one he didn't want to leave, not yet anyhow.

Carla herself shared that feeling, wanting Max to stay inside. In fact, Carla would do her best to keep Max in her belly for as long as she could, perhaps even *forever*. Max squirms around a bit, getting comfortable and making Carla gasp and groan, kneading her belly to help get Max settled in. Once Max was in a position that was comfy for both of them, he'd start to drift to sleep. Soon after Carla would follow, climbing into bed drowsily and tugging her covers up over her domed belly.

It doesn't take Carla all that long to pass out once she's nice and comfy. The pair end up sleeping well through the night and past noon before Carla finally stirs. Luckily for Carla, she had nothing planned for the day. Max, on the other hand? Well, a few calls and Carla manages to convince his professors he can't make it in due to urgent medical reasons. With a day to themselves, Carla would decide to head out and get some lunch. Luckily Carla had thought ahead and gotten some looser clothes that would fit on overtop the swell Max caused in her middle.

Max, on the other hand, remained blissfully asleep, stirring only occasionally within Carla's belly. Of course, with such a belly, Carla would end up getting a whole lot of attention. Which only grew more so when she ordered enough food to feed both her and Max twice over. Carla packs away the huge meal with gusto, feeling a deep hunger, in spite of the fullness provided by Max. After finishing, that greedy fem-boy would take home a few extra helping of dessert too.

"I *am* eating for two." Carla said, in a playful tone, giving the shocked cafeteria server a playful wink before heading out. No sooner does Carla get home, but she packs away her desert as well. Hefting Max around all day, plus a big meal had both taken their toll, and after a short day, Carla returns to bed. By the morning, a mix of hormones and that huge meal would serve to amplify Carla's curves, even causing her to produce a pair of soft, lush breasts, only just reaching a B-cup by morning.

All of that would be quite the surprise to wake up to indeed, but far from unwelcome, Carla would admire the changes, growing quite excited by them. So excited, in fact, that she starts to chub up against her domed belly. "Oh... Sorry, Maxxie, I hope you don't mind if I..." Carla trails off, sitting down on the end of her bed and looking at herself in the mirror. Taking her shaft, Carla would start to gently stroke up and down, pressing it into the sumptuous bulge that Max made.

Gasping and panting softly, Carla uses one hand to rub over her belly and curves, while the other works her male endowment at a brisk pace. All that disturbance does finally wake Max up, who squirms about and struggles, having forgotten where he was. The feeling of Max stirring so vividly inside make Carla moan out sharply, falling onto her back as she shoots thick ropes of liquid lust up and over the swell of Max in her belly. "Keep struggling, Maxxie... Momma's getting close." Carla says, between pants.

Max blushes hotly at what Carla said, only barely hearing the words over Carla's heavy breathing and racing heart. But wriggle about Max does, soon finding himself sharing Carla's arousal and working to hump at the fleshy walls containing him. The feeling of Max putting his all into grinding himself off inside made Carla croon out in ecstasy, arching her back as her thick shaft thrives with imminent release. It wouldn't take long at this rate, not with how Max was picking up speed inside.

Moments later, Carla just can't hold back, she starts thrusting and bucking upwards, shooting her thick release skywards as she humps her own jostling belly. Max can't hold back either, soon shooting his load deep inside Carla, basting himself in his own release in an oh-so lewd manner. The two climax as one, sharing lusty moans and even throbbing in time thanks to their hearts quite literally beating as one. That moment is literally the most exciting one that Carla and Max had ever experienced.

Of course, so much pleasure all at once does leave the pair drained, Max a little moreso. And he soon nods off within Carla, returning to a peaceful sleep. Carla's lust turns from sexual, towards gluttony again. And she orders nearly a dozen pizza's all for herself, and of course Maxxie too. When the delivery driver shows up, Carla answers the door in little more than a silk nightie. The driver was a rather cute Senior that Carla had seen around Campus.

And feeling emboldened, Carla flirts a bit. With the swell of her belly, the Senior doesn't even notice Carla's impressive maleness. "So, what's your name, handsome? I've seen you pumping iron in the campus gym a few times. And I like what I saw." Carla says, putting on her best seductive tone. The Senior swallows audibly, trying to hide the sexual response Carla was eliciting. "Hane... Ah, I wasn't expecting, well, the name on the order." Hane fumbles with his words.

Carla just giggles, then jots down her number before tucking it into Hane's uniform shirt. "Call me any time, Hane." Carla says, before paying for her order and heading back into her apartment.

Friends With Benefits

Carla wakes up the next morning, her Pizza binge from the night before had left her even more voluptuous. A full set of milky breasts, wide, sumptuous hips, and that full shapely ass. Carla rummaged around her closet, trying to find something to fit, but it was pretty futile. Eventually she settles on a pair of sweatpants and a loose T-shirt that barely fit. In fact, those pants felt like they might rip at any moment. Carla made her way out, trying to hurry off campus and to the nearest store that could cater to her new figure.

Of course that ever curvy, androgynous and effeminate boy got quite a lot of looks. Jaws dropped, drinks spilled, people tripped and a few even shot a few cat-calls at Carla. All of it made Carla blush just a bit, but also made her feel quite attractive. With her ample package bouncing up front with every step, her wide hips and ass bouncing about, and those unrestrained breasts bouncing free, Carla was sending out quite a melange of signals to everyone who ended up drawn in by her newly enhanced assets.

When Carla finally decides that the bus might be a better option, she literally runs right into to Hane, the pizza boy from the night before. Hane was out of that dorky uniform and wearing athletic wear, he'd just come from the gym and was still glistening a bit. Carla bit her lower lip, having to use every ounce of willpower to keep from getting excited at how good Hane looked. "Oh, hey, Hane..." Carla says, wringing her hands. Hane looked just as flustered, especially when he realized who it was.

"C-Carla... You're looking... Good?" Hane was at a loss for words, it would be crass to just bring up Carla's overnight changes so bluntly. Hane was also hiding his own groin, something Carla picked up on quickly. "I was just on my way to get some new clothes... I had a bit of an overnight growth-spurt, as you can see." Carla says, pausing mid-way through to select her words. "You look really good, really, really good." Hane says, seeming to regret his choice of words immediately.

Carla blushes a bit more. "How would you like to help me choose some new clothes? Then maybe a late lunch together..?" Carla asks, taking her time as she speaks. Hane rather hesitantly contemplates, before the bus driver clears his throat at the two blocking the door. Carla and Hane both take their seats and remain silent for the trip, only occasionally glancing at each other as they ride out of campus. Carla exits the bus, but Hane makes up an excuse. "I... Uh, I need to hit the gym, see you around, Carla?" Hane says, clearly fidgeting.

Carla rolls her eyes and gets off by herself just down the block from a store specializing in clothing for plus-sized women. As the heavily gravid Carla walks in, she'd muse to her domed belly. "You still haven't come up with rent, Maxxie... So, I think you'll stay right in here for now, where you won't have to worry about making rent anymore." Carla teases, causing Max to stirr about and protest a bit. His protests cause Carla to give a soft moan of delight, while she rubs both hands over her domed belly.

Carla eventually gets Max to settle, but not before getting a few looks from the staff and other patrons. "Oh, my little one is just a bit lively at times. I hope he didn't cause too much commotion." Carla says, trying to be a bit dismissive. The voluptuous, androgynous boy then selects a few items, and heads to the changing rooms. "Mmh, naughty Maxxie, you're going to get me in trouble, making me moan in public. But since you can't come up with rent, I want to alter the arrangements as roommates... Or womb-mates, as it were." Carla chuckles at her little pun.

Max gives a few grumbles, but Carla was right, he hadn't been pulling his share. And it's not like he wasn't enjoying himself inside her, maybe he could stay, for a few months? But what about classes, tuition? Well, Max didn't exactly have a good place to bargain from, at best he could make Carla a bit uncomfortable by wiggling about. With a little sigh, Max begrudgingly agrees to Carla's terms. "Alright, I'll stay, but you're going to have to get me a sabbatical from classes!" Max calls out.

"Oh, alright, I wouldn't want my little Maxxie expelled. What kind of mommy would I be if I let that happen." Carla muses. Max shudders, why did the idea of Carla in a motherly role get him so hard? Well, it did, and lust once more got the better of Max as he replies to Carla. "Thanks... M-mom." Max stutters. Carla practically beams with excitement as Max calls her mom, spinning in place and giggling in the change room before an employee asks if she needs any help.

"Oh, no, I'm fine. Just a bit excited for... Well, motherhood, and how good these new outfits look on me!" Carla calls out. She'd slipped into an amply large black silk dress, it hugged her belly nicely, showed off her new huge ass, and even accentuated her maleness nicely. Being backless and strapless, it also highlights Carla's new large breasts. One could hardly tell that Carla was ever more masculine looking at this point, aside from that huge package she was almost entirely female leaning now.

Carla reaches down, tucking the fabric of that dress more snugly around her huge bits and further accentuating that package while looking in the mirror. "I think you managed to make this grow too, naughty little Maxxie, it's hard to tell against the silhouette you're making in my belly." Carla teases, getting an excited little squirm out of Max within her. "Yeah, it's definitely bigger." Carla says, tugging the elastic on her panties, which was stretched beyond its limits.

Getting a new set would be a big harder, after all, not many 'women' had what Carla did up front. Picking through the plus sized panties, Carla did manage to find a pair with a bit more room up front though. She takes them to the change room and slips them on, cradling that ample package of hers nicely. Carla would grab all the rest of that type, as well as her dresses, opting to wear the new black one, and panties out of the store, and getting a few looks of awe as well as the usual people avoiding staring at her.

Carla would consider catching the bus again, but given her arm-fulls of clothes, and looking a bit overdressed for public transit, she instead decides on ride-sharing. Carla takes out her phone and orders a car, a bit more expensive, but worth it. A nice looking black sedan pulls up, and the smartly dressed driver exits to open the trunk for Carla. Carla dumps her bags of clothing into the trunk, and then the young driver sees it, that ample belly, and Carla's package.

Whereas others got shy, or averted their gaze, the rather curvy feminine driver drinks in Carla's figure, especially that ample package. She plays it professionally though, Carla was cute, but it wasn't worth losing a cushy job as a high-class hired car if it turned out Carla wasn't into her advances. Once the clothes are packed up, Carla stretches her back a bit and sighs. It was then that she noticed her driver's figure, just as curvy as hers, packed into a blue skirt-suit.

A cute little uniform hat completed the ensemble, and made the driver just all too tempting, like a cute stewardess with the sort of crotch bulge Carla was into. Carla gives a teasing wolf whistle as she notices the driver checking her out, shaking her hips. The driver chuckles, caught in the act, and giving a little sashay in return. Carla grins and opts to sit up front, taking a seat as the driver goes around to her own side. "Never expected someone like you to show up." Carla says, in a sultry tone.

"That's not a bad thing, is it?" The driver asks. "Not one bit. I'm Carla, by the way." Carla says. "Lucy, nice to meet another..." Lucky says, pausing and motioning to her breasts, hips and package. "Individual like myself." She finishes, giving a giggle. Carla giggles back, adjusting her seatbelt to accommodate her own ample curves. "If you don't mind getting a bit... Unprofessional." Carla says, pausing.

Carla writes her number on a slip of paper, then tucks it into Lucy's cleavage. She had plans, and even with Hane being her next target, Lucy would make a fine 'sister' for those two boys. "Oh, I don't mind at all, not for a sweet, curvy, well endowed thing like you.~" Lucy says. It was a fairly short drive, directly back to campus without having to stop every few blocks like the bus. "Oh, thank you, you're pretty hot yourself." Carla shoots back with a grin.

"So, is that just paunch... Or are you due?" Lucy asks, seeming curious about Carla's belly. "Oh, you'll find out soon. I wouldn't want to spoil the surprise when you get a chance to come over and have some fun." Carla teases. Lucy just blushes, clearly flustered at that, but trying to keep her eyes on the road, and not Carla's curves and package. "Call me any time, gorgeous." Carla says, right as they pull up to her place.

Carla gets out, then collects her clothes with Lucy's help and brings them in. Lucy then gives Carla her personal number, before Carla leaves her a glowing review, rife with innuendo, and a sizeable tip too. Carla then heads to bed, tired from that big day out.

Carla wakes up the next morning, stretching a bit before reaching over to grab her phone. A blinking light indicating she had messages. There was one from Hane, a quick apology for bailing on her, and asking for a date sometime next week. Carla responds positively, after all, she had plans for that boy. The rest seemed to be from Lucy, and were all quite lewd in nature. Looking over them, Carla bites her lower lip and starts to get aroused, before getting an idea.

The pregnant fem-boy digs out Max's phone and sets it to charge while she devours a massive breakfast. By the time she's done, the phone is ready to go, and Carla stuffs it up inside to give to Maxxie. Max awakes with a stir at the harsh blue light in the otherwise pitch darkness. Max quickly moves to grab the source of light, then uses it to look around his confined home a bit. Before he can get too comfy though, Carla bombards him with pictures of herself, and Lucy.

"Look at how fat you've made momma... So thick and plump, and my dong is huge too. Just imagine how big I'll be when she joins you in there.~" Carla teases. Max blushes profusely, fidgeting around. "You'd like having her as a sister in there, wouldn't you?~" Carla adds in. Max blushes and just nods quietly, Carla can feel the motion inside, and smirks. "Well, you'll have her, and a lovely brother to share your new room with very soon." Carla adds in, getting ready to go to her own classes.

It's a fairly uneventful day, just the usual stares from her huge belly, now well accentuated with a stretchy, tight-fitting horizontally striped shirt, and a set of spandex shorts that fit her form like a second skin. Carla makes sure to send a few pictures of the outfit to Max, who practically has a nose bleed from the spike in blood pressure it gives him. Other people similarly stare, crushing drinks, doing spit takes and stammering, while others pretend not to look.

Carla had gotten used to it all by now, and didn't pay it much mind. By the time she gets home, Carla is exhausted again. "I think I need to hit the gym a bit, build up some strength, if I'm going to have triplets... You're quite a hefty boy, Maxxie." Carla teases, giving a soft giggle. The next week would pass in much the same way, Carla doing what she needed, teasing Max, and then her first date with Hane came up. Carla would dress up extra nice for this, something fancy, but sultry all the same.

Hane nearly explodes when he sees Carla, cracking his phone as he exerts a herculean effort not to get sexually excited at Carla. Hane quickly puts the phone away, then greets Carla. "You're... You're looking good... Really good, really, ha, wow. *So good I can't find words to express it!*" Hane says, trying to save in the face of stammering like a nervous freshman. Carla just giggles, offering a hand to Hane as a playful, if old-fashioned gesture. Hane gleefully accepts, catching on and kissing it.

The two share a dinner, in which Carla completely shames Hane, packing away four whole entres by herself, much to Hane's surprise and excitement. Everything that this well hung 'girl' does just serves to torment Hane in the best of ways. And by the time they get to Carla's place, he's more than happy to accompany her in and get a bit intimate. Carla would change into a lovely nightgown that let her shaft only *just* peek out under the bottom hem. Hane gripped the arms of his chair at the sight, finding his pants getting tighter by the moment.

Carla can see just how needy Hane is, and the way he doesn't just spring it on her was cute, so that girly boy decides to reward such good behaviour, heading over and undoing Hane's pants. She'd free his arousal with a chuckle, then sit on his lap. "Go on, I know how much you admire my belly, give it a rub.~" Carla teases. Hane breathes a sigh of relief, then gets to caressing Carla, while she squirms about in his lap. "That's right, enjoy it from outside while you can.~" Carla muses internally.

"It's so big, Carla... how many are in there?" Hane asks. "Just the one... For now, but I'm sure you can help me change that in time, and make it bigger." Carla teases back, in a sultry tone. Hane nearly explodes at the thought of Carla bigger, throbbing hard between those ample ass-cheeks and letting out a deep, needy groan. "I'd do anything to make that belly bigger." Hane says. This time Carla nearly squeals with delight, she'd make that boy eat those words soon enough.

"Mmmh, you'll get to in good time, but tonight, I'm going to make your belly big. I hope you saved room for desert, because I've got a whole lot of custard, just for you." Carla says, before lifting her dress and turning in Hane's lap. She's push her cock-tip up against Hane's lips, causing him to blush visibly, but he doesn't resist. In fact, Hane takes a few tasting licks over Carla's tip, toying with her ample foreskin and teasing it before tugging it down with his teeth gently and polishing Carla's tip.

Carla groans out in delight, before her new squeeze goes down on her tip, leaning back as Hane leans forward. How much of it could Hane even fit? Well, Carla would be the one surprised by being shoved (at least in part) into Hane's tight throat, right to the hilt. Carla moans out hotly, holding Hane down needily and thrusting against him. "Hah, oh gawds... You've been practicing for me, haven't you? You naughty, naughty boy!" Carla cries out, while Hane repeatedly swallows over her shaft.

Practiced or not, Hane was tight, too tight, Carla couldn't take it. Grabbing onto Hane's head with her legs and hands, Carla moans out hotly before blowing her load, gallons of thick, steamy spunk pour down Hane's throat and fill out his stomach until he's got a nice little food-baby made up of Carla's nut. By the time Carla's orgasm was finished, she could barely keep consciousness, pulling out of Hane, then flumping against him. In the afterglow, Hane more or less carries Carla to bed, then passes out with her.

A 'Mother' of Two

After Hane had woken up, he left Carla a sweet note, and cooked a nice breakfast before heading to his classes and part-time job. Carla wakes to the surprise and gives a giddy giggle of excitement, Hane is definitely a keeper! Over the next few weeks the two would have many more dates, sweet outings, followed by spicy nights at either Carla or Hane's place. On one night in particular, their relationship starts to pick up towards the next level.

The two are talking after a nice dinner at home. "I noticed you've got an extra bedroom, but no roomie." Hane says, while Carla lays across the couch with her head on his lap. "Well, I did have a roomie, for a little bit, he couldn't pay his rent though, and had to move to *other* accommodations." Carla says, getting a quizzical look at her tone and the way she emphasizes 'other' so playfully. "My lease ends next week, and I was wondering..." Hane says, pausing for a moment.

Carla giggles with excitement as Hane pauses. "If you can move in?" Carla interrupts, getting a bit of a blush and a nod from Hane. "I've been waiting for you to bring it up, actually. But there's one condition, I want you to give me a few month's rent up-front. You can blame my last roomie for that." Carla says, finishing in a playful tone, and patting her belly. Hane still didn't really catch on to what Carla was getting at, and shrugs it off. "Sure, that's fair enough." He replies.

Hane would gather his stuff up and move in by the end of the week, giving Carla the advance on his half of the rent as agreed. Hane also gives Carla quite the show, getting all sweaty as he totes boxes into his new room. There was something about that buff boy, glistening with sweat and in nothing more than short-shorts and a tank top that got Carla excited, and *hungry*. Hane comes up to Carla, wiping the sweat from his brow, then takes out an envelope and hands it to her.

"My part of the rent, in advance, just like we agreed." Hane says, panting lightly. Carla smirks in response as she takes it. "I was almost hoping you'd welch out... Like my last roomie." Carla responds. Hane seems lost by her innuendo, tilting his head a bit. "Did you kick him out?" Hane eventually asks, after an awkward silence. "Oh no, *much* better. You could say we're closer than ever, since then. Perhaps even *womb* mates." Carla jokes.

If Hane had been drinking, he'd have shot it out his nose as the realization of what Carla was getting at hit him. "You... In your belly? That kicking..?" Hane talks like his brain is an old computer chugging along, trying to process everything. "Maxxie was totally jerking off while we cuddled after our last round of sexy fun." Carla confirms. Hane's fists ball up, not in anger, but sexual frustration. Steam nearly spews out his nose as he exhales hotly.

"Ugh, you're a monster... A monster for teasing me like this. There's no way that could be possible... It's just too stupidly hot!" Hane says, having to unbutton his shorts thanks to the raging arousal Carla gave him. "I can let you go in yourself and meet Maxxie." Carla says, then giggles. Hane bites his lower lip and groans. "You... You... God I love you Carla." Hane says, moving to hug that femboy close. Carla steals a little kiss, then gently grasps his arousal.

"How about we go to the bedroom and take cake of this?" Carla asks, getting nothing but a repeated nod of affirmation from Hane. Carla leads Hane off to her room, then slips into something more comfortable in the form of a short, silk skirt that showed Hane everything he needed to quickly strip himself down. "You make up the sexiest stuff imaginable... It drives me wild!" Hane says, lust dominating his voice. "I keep telling you, it's not made up!" Carla teases, giggling.

Hane rolls his eyes a bit. "Sure it's not!" He remarks sarcastically. Carla giggles a bit, then gets a mischievous idea. "Ok, if it's not possible, how about a bet? *If* I get you inside, you have to stay there... *Forever!*" Carla muses. Hane huffs deeply, now that was a bet. "You think I'd ever want to come out if I could go in that gravid gut of yours?" Hane asks, playing along. "What have you got to lose then, Hanie-boy?~" Carla chirps back. "Fine. Do it then!" Hane replies disbelievingly.

Hane's confident disbelief melts away when Carla gets up on the bed, and grabs his ankles. In fact, it evaporates right as she shoves both his feet right up her slick, hungry pucker. "Oh jeez... Did that hurt?!" Hane asks, only getting a lusty moan from Carla, before she effortlessly pushes Hane in up to the knees. Now he believed, and a sense of apprehension was quickly building in him. "Ok, ok, I believe you! You can stop now!" Hane says to Carla, right as she slurps him in right up to the hips.

"Mmph, sorry Hanie-boy, but momma's womb is *hungry*." Carla responds, wasting little time in continuing, even as Hane starts to struggle and squirm. Hane was terrified, *what* was Carla? But even still, his libido make his shaft throb and pulse against her rump, before it's folded in, making Hane yell out in hot lusty need. Hane just couldn't take it anymore, he starts to gyrate his hips, making him and Carla moan in tandem. Fear, excitement, sexual stimulation, it all melds into one big overwhelming feeling.

Before Hane can say another word, he's inside Carla to his waist, her slick heat all around him. Inside, Max would wake up from all the motion and commotion, just in time to feel Hane starting to enter and taking up space he'd previously had to himself. Hane just groans and grunts, even as Carla reaches down to push on him, working him further and further up her pucker, right up until his underarms hit her rim. At that point, Hane was stuck, at least until Carla gives a firm shove on his head.

Hane's arms are pushed up over his head, which soon slips right up Carla's slick needy ass. All the stimulation was making Carla leak gallons of thick, musky lube, while her pulsing prick throbs and bounces in front of her, eager for attention. But that shaft would have to wait, Carla still needed both hands to get Hane into his new *permanent* home. Hane lets out a muffled groan as he slips away fully, his arms slurping into that quivering ring of muscle as his hands try futilely to grab onto anything.

Moments later, Hane's last purchase is pried free by Carla's incessant sucking. His fingers losing their grip on her slick asshole before slurping inside. Hane's body is twisted and contorted, pushed in alongside Max and making both boys squirm about vividly inside Carla. The fem-boy could only groan and writhe in delight, a lusty moan caught in her throat as she frantically works her shaft towards the most pleasurable orgasm she'd had since Max slid up inside her over a month ago.

Carla moans out in orgasm, a long feminine howl leaving her throat as thick ropes of jizz shoot from her tip with force, some even splattering up on the ceiling. Inside both Hane and Max reach their own orgasms, Max had been masturbating the entire time, while Hane's was a little less willing. Hane had been rubbed off by all the moving flesh around him, and then once he'd settled into Carla's womb, he'd been pressed front to front with Max. Max didn't seem shy about the fact he was helping to jerk Hane off either.

As the two brothers unintentionally frot, they both spill their seed inside Carla. Hane for the first time, and Maxxie? Well, he'd lost count quite a while ago. Carla squeals out in delight as she feels her 'twins' hit orgasm inside her, rubbing over her belly in the afterglow of orgasm. Right before Hane blacks out from a pleasure overload, his last thought is; "I can't believe she actually did it..." But the only words he can form at the moment, aren't really words.

Hane passes out grumbling quietly, followed by Max and Carla. Their shared slumber is amazing, and filled with dreams reliving the event over and over for Hane. When Hane wakes up the next morning, he'd gently poke at the still slumbering Carla. Eventually she wakes up, but not before giving Hane time to contemplate just how long he might be staying inside her. "Hey, Carla, you're going to let me back out, right?" Hane asks. "Nope, you're in there for good now, just like Maxxie." Carla responds, with a giggle.

Hane squirms around in protest of that intent, waking up Max and making Carla moan hotly. "Struggle all you like sweetie, you're mine now.~" Carla says. Hane just grumps, knowing that with his fronted rent, she's got even less reason to let him out. "Cheer up, it won't be so bad. And maybe if we're lucky, Carla might send Lucy to join us." Max says, getting out his phone and showing Hane a lewd picture Carla forwarded of the other shemale and making Hane huff out lustfully and poke Max with his arousal.

A day and a half goes by, then Carla tells her two boys she's got a hot date with Lucy, getting both just a bit giddy with excitement. Max practically had Stockholm syndrome, but Hane was still apprehensive about spending 'forever' inside Carla. Carla, meanwhile, was adapting to the immense heft of both boys in her belly, especially the large and muscular Hane. Carla's belly was utterly massive, and her hips and shaft had plumped up even more, not to mention her heavy balls.

But in spite of that, Carla was already planning how she'd work Lucy in. Carla was insatiable, and her focus was squarely on her next target. A few teasing pictures sent Lucy's way would ensure their date would be rife with sexual tension, if it wasn't enough already. Lucy was a tougher mark than the boys though, resisting Carla's charm and playing hard to get. This only made Carla want her more. The first date ended in nothing but sexual tension, leaving Carla to head home and deal with it solo.

Or, as solo as grinding her arousal against the domed belly full of Max and Hane could be, anyhow. The two inside could feel Carla stroking off, blushing a bit as they feel 'mother' getting lewd. "Think she's having fun with Lucy out there?" Max asks, getting a frustrated grumble from Hane. "It feels too still, kinda like 'mom' is on her own." Max adds in. Hane still seemed sour over the fact that he's stuck inside Carla, denying in his mind that she can keep him like this.

In a couple of days, Carla and Lucy would have another date, this one getting Lucy to come home with Carla, and for the two to have a raunchy night of sex, the topper of which had Lucy give both Hane and Max a thick cum-bath up inside of Carla. By now, Hane was better coming to grips with his situation, just enough to grumpily enjoy the sticky, spunky musky bath of Lucy's liquid lust. The two 'brothers' eventually add their own spunk to the swirling bath, their motions pleasing Carla in her sexual afterglow.

It was a week later that Carla had her third date with Lucy, eventually telling her of what was really in her belly. At first Lucy couldn't believe it, but a bunch of poking and prodding at Carla's belly gets a few grumbles from Hane, and a sheepish giggle from Max. "Oh, holy shit, you weren't lying!" Lucy exclaims, almost immediately showing arousal. "When the boys are done in there, do you think I can have a turn?" Lucy asks.

Carla's eyes light up like she just won the jackpot, soon grinning ear to ear. "How about you join them?" Carla suggests, Lucy giggles and rubs over Carla's belly. "You sure I won't over-stretch you?" Lucy asks. "Only one way to find out." Carla teases. Lucy's eyes light up. "Well, if you're sure, next date, I'll join the boys, if they're still in there." Lucy says. "Oh, don't worry, they'll be right here until then.~" Carla adds in mischievously.

Triplets

Another week goes by, Carla had filled out immensely from Hane. Once more her wardrobe was rendered unwearable, but this time, not even a plus sized store or pregnancy clothing would be able to help. Carla had taken to just ordering food in, and staying at home. Once Lucy was in too, she'd be even worse off, but that's when an idea strikes her. Carla would call up a personal tailor to get something made to fit, the prospect of seeing her numerical measurements also made the femboy giggle with anticipation as much as the prospect of sexy new clothes.

Today was finally the day, Lucy was on her way over, and Carla was all dolled up to better tease her latest victim. Carla of course made sure to tease both Hane and Max with her looks, all gussied up and extra thick. Between Carla and Lucy, the two were squirming with anticipation and arousal. When Lucy finally shows up, Carla licks her lips with excitement. The femboy could hardly wait, welcoming Lucy in and not wasting time. "Mmm, you. Bed. Now!" Carla says in a firm but playful tone.

Lucy smirks and chuckles, doing as she's told. The shemale slowly undresses before Carla, while Carla's own revealing nightie didn't require removal to give Lucy full access. A bit of foreplay almost immediately commences, with Lucy exploring Carla's huge curvy body. A few kisses along Carla's shaft, teasing the huge pillar. Then down onto those big, heavy orbs, before venturing beneath them to kiss at the femboy's pucker.

That was all Carla needed, parting her legs and then giving Lucy a shove on the back. The girl's head pops right in, making Carla moan lightly. Carla doesn't stop there though, rather excitedly pushing and working on Lucy, who squirms and moans herself. Lucy could hardly believe it, Cara was working her in so easily, but given her practice with the boys, maybe it shouldn't be so surprising. Lucy practically glides into that hungry womb of Carla's, filling her out immensely.

Carla just moans in delight, using her free hand to stroke off hotly. Inside, Lucy could squeeze in between Hane and Max. "Hey boys, I've been looking forward to this for a while.~" She muses, wrapping an arm around each. The two hesitate a bit, but in the tight confines, they really can't hide their arousals. Lucy acts on their twin arousals, working both together as she helps her new 'brothers' penetrate her. With a quiet moan, both boys are firmly in her inviting butthole.

Outside, Carla can feel Lucy and the boys starting to get frisky, and the motion was delightful. Carla pauses her self pleasure for a moment, heading to the kitchen to grab the 'dinner for two' she'd made up. Though at this point, it was more like one great big snack for one. Carla digs into pasta, roast chicken and a huge salad. Packing away so many calories, Carla would help fuel even more curves spurred on by Lucy being inside. Within, the three would hear Carla gorge, whispering about how curvy she's going to end up now.

Once Carla was done eating, she turns to her one remaining hunger. Her carnal lust was even worse than before she sated her other needs, making Carla start to needily stroke off. The stuffed femboy rubbing over her belly and moaning as she works towards orgasm, wanting to join in with the fun going on inside her. It really doesn't take Carla long before she hits her climax, shooting thick spurt up onto the ceiling while moaning in hot delight.

Even as full as she was, Carla still felt a nagging hunger though. As Carla drifts off to sleep, she'd already be pondering a brand new victim, and how to find them. Carla's sleep is deep and sound, fuller than she'd ever been before, Carla could at least enjoy the partial satisfaction. As she sleeps though, her body works, getting bigger, thicker, more well endowed. It was like every inch of Lucy had become inches on Carla. And by morning, Carla would have to squeeze tightly through the door just to get out of her room.

Carla settles in for a satisfactory cup of morning coffee as she checks the date, after that feast, Carla had slept for over a day. Her new personal tailor was due within the hour, so Carla waits for them to arrive. The night before last was just a haze, it went by so fast, and now Carla was massive. Just how massive would be affirmed when the tailor finally arrives. She was an older woman, luckily for her, not Carla's type. But trying to measure Carla up, she'd have to attach two entire tape measures together.

Carla was just over six foot tall, but her hips were just shy of fifty inches across. Her massive dong was like a third leg, well, a third leg of a normal person her height. Each of her massive orbs was just shy of basketball sized. Which matched her G-cup breasts. But that belly? That belly was the most impressive of all, taking three entire tape measures to get around. It contained not only three people, but enough soft chub to make up for an entire fourth occupant.

Combined with her love handles, that made for well over seven feet around. Carla looked proud of those immense measurements, even if her tailor was flabbergasted by them. But the lady was ultimately undaunted, and took to the task of sewing a new dress to fit Carla. This one would be elastic, per Carla's request. That hungry femboy was planning for the future, and many, many more permanent guests to come. Once the tailor leaves, Carla lays herself down on the couch and relaxes.

"Mmm, you three having fun in there? I've gotta say, being a 'mother' of triplets feels great. But I'm sure quadruplets will feel better, but not as good as quintuplets, sextuplets... Oooh, Octuplets! I like the sound of that last one!" Carla muses, making the three inside blush. *Just how many would Carla put away before she was satisfied?*

- End -