

It was a gorgeous summer day. Birds were singing, the sun was shining, and two best friends were bickering.

“Come on, Circ!” Nella said, frowning. “You said /you/ would clean the kitchen this time!”

“Sorry Nel,” Circ said, shrugging. “I don’t remember saying that. Plus, I cleaned this last time.”

“Hmph!” Nella said, folding her arms with a confident smile on her face. Circ watched as she rested her arms on top of her belly. Nella was 13 months pregnant, but that had only improved his friend’s figure: though she was a short 5 foot 4 inches (he was 5 foot 11 inches), her C-cup breasts and curvy ass were incredibly good to look at. Currently, that beautiful body was /just/ hidden away behind shorts and a tank top, not to mention that wonderful pregnancy—all of it made Circ’s knees weak. And behind Nella’s clothes was still more beauty. . .

“How about a deal?” Nella suggested. “Arm wrestle me. Loser cleans the kitchen.”

“Oh come on!” Circ said. “You only want to arm wrestle because you know you’re going to win!”

“Exactly,” Nella said, smirking. “What, you chicken, loser?”

“No. . .” Circ muttered. He sighed. “Alright, fine. Let’s arm wrestle.”

“Great!” Nella plopped down at the kitchen table and waved Circ forward. As Circ walked by, he noticed a bulge in Nella’s shorts—she was getting hard off this? His friend was a hermaphrodite, or a futa: an individual with both male and female genitalia. Circ had to admit he was jealous of how big Nella’s balls were—they were absolutely, unrealistically /massive/, bigger than her belly, and they had only gotten larger after the pregnancy. He was enraptured by them, he had to admit—but right now he had to focus. He didn’t want to lose the arm wrestle and clean the kitchen, now did he?

Circ sat down at the table, gulping. Nella smirked, got her arm, in position, and held out her hand. His tomboy friend had a beautiful tan from her exercise, and her muscles were larger than he could ever muster. Sure, he was nerdier than her, and didn’t run nearly as much, but Nella had done the work—she was clearly going to win this contest.

Not that it didn’t hurt to try. He clasped his hand in Nella’s, and the arm wrestle began.

A second later, his arm was slammed down on the table, and Nella cheered. “I win!” she announced, smirking at Circ. “Looks like you’re cleaning the kitchen buddy.”

He sighed, and stood up. Nella raised a finger. “One more thing before you get to work?”

“What’s that?” Circ asked glumly.

“Arm wrestle me again,” Nella ordered.

“What? Why?” he asked.

“Well, I want a belly rub and a foot massage,” Nella explained, putting a hand on her distended stomach, “and when you lose, I want /you/ to give me one. Deal?”

“Sure, alright.” Circ nodded eagerly, and sat back down.

This time he didn’t even mind when his hand hit hard against the table. “You’re zero to two, pal,” Nella smirked. She leaned her chair back, and propped her feet up on the table. “Now, my /servant/, give me a belly rub.”

Circ swallowed—he hoped his friend couldn’t see how hot and bothered she was making him right now. “Do you have to put your feet on the table?” he asked.

“You’re going to clean it in a second anyway,” Nella said. “Now. Belly rubs. Get to it!”

Circ sighed, then smiled and stood up. “As you command.”

“Thank you, servant,” Nella said, smiling as Circ walked up to her. The man stopped next to his friend, and took a deep breath. Then he put his hands on her stomach.

It was incredible, really, to know that in there, Nella was cultivating another life inside of her. The thought was amazing, and made Circ’s heart skip a few beats. He prayed Nella couldn’t see he was hard right now.

He put light pressure on the center of her stomach, going in small circles around her belly, gently pressing the skin as to not hurt Nella. “Oh . . . oh yeah,” Nella said, closing her eyes (good—now she definitely wouldn’t see the bulge in his pants). “Keep going.”

Circ continued to rub her belly, going up and down her stomach, then side to side, until Nella finally opened her eyes again. “Nice work,” she said. Then she plopped her feet onto the floor, and said, “Now, do my feet, servant!”

“Ok, ok!” Circ said with a grin, going down on his knees in front of Nella. He reached down and applied pressure to the middle of both feet, going in circles. “Oh fuck, right there,” Nella said, leaning back in her chair and closing her eyes. “That’s perfect. Yeees.”

Circ continued the massage, pressing on various joints around her foot, and finally finishing up near her ankle. “Happy now?” he asked. That’s when he saw it.

Nella was having a major erection. It was stretching out the fabric of her shorts, pushing them out. Was she getting turned on from dominating her? Circ blushed happily at the thought, and quickly looked back down at Nella’s feet, just as his friend opened her eyes.

“Am I happy? Very,” Nella smirked. She stood up from her chair, idly stretching as she did so. “Well, I’m gonna kick some ass in /Super Fury Fighters 4/. Join me when you’re done cleaning the kitchen, ‘k?”

Circ shrugged. "Sure, I guess."

"No guessing," Nella said. She grabbed his collar and brought his face down to hers. "I want to kick your ass in /Super Fury Fighters/, so be there." She let her friend go with a laugh. "Besides, you don't want to make a pregnant woman mad, now do ya?"

Circ quickly shook his head, and Nella smiled. "See you soon," she said ominously, and walked into the hall, heading toward her room.

The man watched her go for a long moment. Then, he quickly started cleaning the kitchen, so Nella wouldn't be kept waiting.

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As Circ walked upstairs, he could hear the sounds of /Super Fury Fighters 4/ from Nella's room. He walked down the hall and knocked, pushing the open door inward.

Nella looked up at him as he entered. She was sitting on her floor in front of the television, and as Circ sat down next to her, she laid on the final blow to the computer-controlled character, and knocked them out.

"About time," Nella said, turning to Circ. "I always enjoy beating your ass."

"Alright. You're on," the man said, picking up her second controller and pressing the start button. The game immediately recognized a second player, and brought them to the player selection screen. Nella picked her favorite character, the hyper-masculine Gregor McMuscle, and Circ picked the nerdy Ian Clockworth. Then it was time to fight.

Their on-screen avatars came to blows, and for a moment, Circ thought he actually might take a victory this time. But then Nella got the upper hand (as usual), and threw his character to the ground repeatedly. /WINNER!/ the screen announced, and Circ groaned.

"Nice," Nella said. "You just can't beat me, can you Circ?"

"Come on, one more game," the man insisted. "I'll beat you this time."

"Would be funny if I took you down twice, wouldn't it dude?" Nella asked, giving Circ a wry grin.

"Ha ha," Circ said flatly. "Let's go again. You won't take me down this time!"

"Sure, sure," Nella said, smirking. "You're all talk."

And unfortunately, it turned out he was. Circ was beaten, even quicker this time. "One more game!" he said. And they played again, and again, and again. And Nella beat him every time.

The more times Nella won, Circ noticed, the harder her nipples were getting, and her dick was getting harder to match. He could see everything poking through her shirt and

shorts, showing exactly how horny the tomboy was getting the more she won. And her nipples looked like they were starting to get wet. . .

“Another win! Yeees!” Nella cried as she delivered the final blow, milk spilling from her breasts. She turned to Circ, who quickly tried to divert his attention away from her boobs. “C’mon, let’s go another round! I’m on a winning streak!”

Circ didn’t even get a chance to answer before Nella hit the reset button, and then she was pummeling him onscreen! He quickly tried to get back in the game and defend, but it was too late; Nella took him down in a few seconds.

“Alright!” Her nipples were /extremely/ hard now, and visibly lactating; milk was leaking down her shirt. That bulge in her pants seemed to get larger—winning was giving her a quite the hard-on. And Circ could audibly hear both of their aroused breathing; neither were just playing the game anymore. “Another! C’mon!” Nella shouted.

Restart. Fight! Their on-screen avatars came to blows, and but Circ was finding it harder and harder to focus on the game—both of them were breathing harder now; the air felt humid with their arousal. “Fuck yeah!” she shouted. Before Circ could say anything, she mashed the restart button.

“Loser of this game loses eight inches,” Nella said, smirking.

“Of what?” Circ asked, though he had a feeling he knew what she was saying.

“Of cock, dude,” Nella said, giving him a sly smile. “What, are you chicken? That means you’re gonna lose!”

“No way!” Circ said, mashing buttons in a panic. “I’m not going to lose!”

But then Nella pressed a few buttons on the controller, and sent his on-screen avatar smiling. “Looks like you just did,” Nella said, a shit-eating grin on her face. “Lay down on the ground. I think I know what I want to do with you.”

Circ swallowed, but did so, laying down face-up on the carpet floor. He watched as Nella removed her pants, fully displaying her raging hard-on, massive cock, and huge balls.

“Open wide, dude,” Nella said, smirking. “Time to drink some tea.”

Circ obeyed, and Nella crouched over him, blocking out the light with her large ass and balls. Then she began to teabag him.

Her balls came down into his mouth, and Circ gagged as the massive organ landed on his mouth and blocked his airway. He could taste her balls and feel her heart beat; it echoed loudly in his ears. He breathed in through his nose, in and out, desperately grabbing breath, until Nella finally came up.

Circ took a deep breath through his mouth, gasping. “You are /such/ a loser,” Nella said, shoving her balls on top of Circ’s mouth again. The man gagged as her balls

landed, and he tried to remember to breathe through his nose. Nella's heartbeat filled him once more, and he could hear her saying, "You can't even win one game against me. Because I'm the best, of course."

Nella came up again, and Circ took another deep breath. Then Nella jammed her giant balls back on top of his mouth; her heartbeat and the texture of her balls overloaded his senses. Fuck, this was degrading. And that really turned on his submissive side, even as he choked on his friend's privates.

He started sucking on Nella's balls. "Oh fuck, that's nice," Nella muttered, as Circ's tongue wiped over her cumsacks. She lifted them out of his reach, and Circ leaned up, gently kissing her privates. "You're weird, dude," Nella said, bringing her balls back down again.

This time, Circ was ready to please her. He sucked on her balls, gently pressing the sensitive organ with his mouth and tongue. Nella's sounds of pleasure energized him, and he pressed his lips around the organ. When it left his mouth, he kissed them one last time.

"Weirdo," Nella teased. She lifted up, and looked down at Circ. "Alright dude, that's enough messing around. Let's see that cock, loser—you owe me eight inches."

Circ swallowed hard. He stood up, and placed his hand on the waist band of his jeans. "A-Are you sure we can't come to a compromise? Maybe I can give you something else instead!

"No way!" Nella said, smirking. "When am I ever going to get another chance like this? C'mon man, don't be a pussy—let's see that cock!"

Circ was blushing like mad now, and before he could say anything, Nella reached over and tried to yank his pants down.

"Hey!" Circ yelled, pulling his pants back up from the small way they'd slipped. "Ok, ok, I'll do it myself!" He stood up, took a deep breath, and began.

Nella watched with a shit-eating grin on her face as her friend unbuttoned his jeans, pulled down his pants, and revealed his cock—slowly at first, but then quickly removing his pants so he could get it over with. He hesitantly dropped his jeans on the floor, resisting the urge to cover up his member with his hands. Sure, it was ten inches, but that was /nothing/ compared to Nella's massive member. And, if he was truly honest with himself, it made Circ a little jealous that his friend's penis and balls were so much larger than his—but he was also in awe of Nella's huge organs.

"Nice," Nella said, staring at Circ's dick. He couldn't tell whether or not she was being sarcastic. The man could actually hear the sound of cum jostling around in Nella's penis, because it was so massive; his own dick was getting hard as hell. Each were turned on for very different reasons. Circ because things were getting sexual with the

person he loved most—finally, after all this time. Nella because she was dominating her best friend, and it felt amazing to be in charge like this.

Nella walked over to the couch, and plopped herself down. “C’mon stand over here, loser,” she said, beckoning him with one finger. “You owe me eight inches, remember? And I’m going to take what I’ve won. Get in front of me.”

“Ok!” Circ said, walking closer. Nella smirked, and once her friend was in front of her, she took off her own pants and threw them on the floor: her underwear had been snapped in half from her earlier hard-on, so her cock was on full display. Circ stared at her humongous, engorged member, three feet long, sitting below her large pregnant belly, wet with precum and clearly ready to release. What he wouldn’t give for a dick like that. But right now, he was at the mercy of it—and /damn/, was that sexy.

“Time for my reward,” Nella said gleefully. Her enormous shaft began to open, revealing a tunnel filled to the brim with cum. And then it took the prize.

Circ yelped as Nella’s huge cock wrapped around his, the shaft sucking at his member. Then, with one swallow, Circ watched as his member was pulled inside of Nella’s massive dick, helpless to pull out as it was pulling in. And with that, he went from a respectable ten inches, to a pathetic two inch penis. “Aw man,” Circ muttered. He watched as Nella’s member grew as it absorbed his, making his dick into part of hers. Nella’s penis grew fatter, swelling up tremendously, and growing quite a bit larger than it already was. Her size had already been really unreal; now it was amazingly huge.

“Oh fuck, that feels great!” Nella announced. She looked up at Circ, and gave her friend an evil grin. “How does that feel, dude? My cock /owns/ you now. It /belongs/ inside of me. Oh yeah!”

Circ blushed. The domination pushed all of his buttons, and even if she had just decreased the length of his member, he was still submissive as hell. Nella stroked the length of her shaft, clearly getting off on the domination. “Your cock belongs to me now, dude,” she smirked, her mouth opening as her arousal grew. “Oh yeah, your dick’s gonna be turned into cum for me, fucking loser . . . oh yes! I own you!”

And then, she came. A massive load of cum squirted from her enormous penis, spraying right toward Circ. He didn’t have any time to react before he was covered in Nella’s cum, and was helpless as she sprayed again, slapping him with thick white liquid. By the time she was done, the man was covered head to toe in cum.

“Fuck, that was great!” Nella shouted. Circ reached up and wiped the cum off of his eyes so he could see. “Did you see that, Circ? How much cum did I spray out? Fuck yeah, did you see that dude?!”

Despite the heavy load of cum on his head, Circ managed to nod. “Yep. I saw that.”

“Nice.” Nella looked at her large penis—it was still hard. “But I’m still pretty horny,” she said, grinning. “Get on the floor.”

“Ok.” Circ nodded, wiping cum off of his body, and then kneeling down on the ground. It was a bit slippery thanks to the white fluid. “Spread your legs,” Nella ordered. The man obeyed, spreading his legs and putting his diminished, two inch penis on full display.

Nella stood up from the couch, and sat down in front of Circ. Then she moved forward so their faces were just barely touching, and her enormous cock was shoved right in Circ’s face, the precum dripping onto his chest and shirt.

Then Nella turned around, and sat right on Circ’s tiny cock. The man moaned with pleasure and frustration as her ass came down on his member—this was the chance he’d been waiting for, the chance of a lifetime! And he couldn’t fuck the one he loved.

Nella slowly began to grind his lap, and Circ let out pleasing noises as she stimulated his small penis, moving on top of him in just the right ways. She swayed back and forth, up and down, and Circ was practically hypnotized by the movement of her ass—it was amazing, especially mixed with the stimulation to his dick he was receiving.

“Oh man, I should text Brad,” Nella said suddenly. Still grinding Circ’s lap, she reached into her pocket and pulled out her phone, turning it on and texting with one hand. Her other hand was stroking her massive cock.

“Who’s Brad?” Circ managed to ask. The grinding was starting to reduce him to just moans; it was a wonder he was able to form words at all.

“One of my baby daddies,” Nella explained, still texting with her one hand. “I want to see if he’s free to fuck—maybe he can add more babies to the ones I’m already having.” Circ saw her pat her distended belly as she spoke, and he blushed, imagining him patting that beautiful belly instead.

Nella stopped grinding, and Circ let out a small noise of protest, disappointed. But then she turned around, swinging her body so that it was facing Circ, with Nella’s large belly and massive dick between them. The two friends looked in each other’s eyes for a moment, and before Circ knew it, they were kissing.

Nella’s lips sucked Circ in for a long, deep kiss; her tongue swirled around his, tasting him before it snuck back into her mouth. When they released, Nella sucked down on his lip for a brief moment, then let go. The two friends met each other’s eyes; Nella’s was burning with horny passion, and Circ’s was filled with nervous readiness.

They both dived toward each other and latched on, kissing repeatedly, one smooch after the other, the two friends devouring each other. Circ felt Nella put one hand on his chest, and her other hand snuck behind him, grabbing gently onto the man’s hair. It made his arms prickle as his hair stood on end—it was just a little something to make sure he knew who was really in control. And that made the moment even more amazing than it already was.

Finally, Nella leaned forward and kissed him right at the corner of his mouth, then smooched his jawline, laying a trail of kisses down Circ's face, until she reached his neck. Then the kissing began in earnest, with Nella smooching and biting down on Circ's neck, leaving hickeys in her wake. As she retreated from his neck, Nella leaned forward and whispered in Circ's ear, "You like that, huh dude? There's more where that came from." She ran her hand down his scalp and to his neck, tracing her other hand on his chest at the same time. It made a pleasurable shiver run down Circ's spine, and he smiled at Nella. This moment felt absolutely incredible.

Then she descended on the other side of his neck, kissing and leaving marks all the way. Circ made pleasurable sounds at the sensation, and moaned when she tugged at his hair. All too soon, she was finished, and Nella lifted up her head, smiling.

Going with the moment, Circ stood up from the ground. For a moment Nella looked confused, and started to stand too, but Circ motioned for her to stay seated. He looked down at her beautiful, pregnant belly, leaned forward, took a deep breath, and slowly began grinding his dick against it.

"Oh . . . oh fuck," Nella said, and Circ was happy to her pleasure in her voice. She leaned back as Circ continued to rub his penis against her belly, going up and down with joy as he pleased himself and her. He loved the feeling of grinding against her distended stomach, thinking about the life inside, seeing how huge her belly was. And Nella loved the feeling of her friend rubbing his dick on her bulging belly. Both friends were enraptured by the sensation, and when Circ came, his cum splashing onto the floor, both were left panting with happiness.

Now it was her dick's turn to be pleased. Circ stood back up and stared down at the massive member, which beckoned him forward as it bobbed, clearly hard from all the attention Nella had been receiving. He bent down and planted a kiss on the tip of Nella's shaft; it made a shiver run all the way down Nella's penis, into her balls, and up her spine, which Circ felt. He smiled, and planted another kiss, making Nella moan in pleasure as he continued to give her dick the attention it deserved.

Once he had pleased the shaft, Circ moved down the enormous cock as it dripped with precum, kissing and stroking as he traveled down the large penis. Nella's moans grew louder as he made out with her dick, going downward and then traveling back up to the shaft, giving it a big smooch. His tongue left his mouth and teased the inside of Nella's dick, making her shudder again as he licked the inside of her penis, tasting her cum.

When Circ released and leaned back, he was pleased to see happiness on Nella's face; she was clearly pleased with his performance. But then, she looked thoughtful.

Nella pondered for a long moment. "Hey dude," she finally said to Circ, "do you like being covered in my cum?"

Circ blushed, his face turning beet red. "Well, I—"

“Because if you do,” Nella said, a wide grin forming on her face, “I just thought of the best thing /ever/.”

Before Circ could reply, he found himself face to face with her massive penis as Nella shoved it in his face. The shaft almost seemed to be beckoning the man forward, waving him inside.

“Get inside my cock,” Nella ordered. “We both know it owns you already. So submit to it and get in.”