

“One (Un)lucky Customer”

The sun was blazing that hot summer day, its glorious yellow eye glaring upon the continent of Yaquoris. From the factories of industrious Melvice to the dense jungles of Khi, everything was engulfed in a sweltering heatwave, the likes of which few had seen. Worse yet, fierce storms raged in the Cerwiss Sea, leaving the air so humid that it felt stifling, like a damp fog smothered the land.

To escape the heat, many retreated to their homes, dousing themselves in ice to keep cool. Others relished the warmth, such as the reptilian Scaly Brood, who basked upon rocks and crags. Some even found a balance, enjoying the balmy weather while battling heatstroke.

The young human, Brass J. Williams, was one such individual. After completing business in Karfar, Brass enjoyed his time in the desert country. He explored the bazaars of Al-Jayda, twisting around its maze-like streets and sampling its wares. He met colorful folk, from merchants who sold precious jade to sword swallowers and fire-breathers. He even visited the capital Lentilan, admiring its domed architecture, brilliant artwork, and the illuminating words of Auran, Who’s Breath Moves the World.

It was so wondrous, so enchanting that, by the time the sun kissed the horizon, Faikh Beach felt bland in comparison. Sure, the golden sand was warm on the feet and sunlight shimmered off the water like diamonds, but it felt quite boring. But when Brass went for a swim, he met someone anything but ordinary.

“Shahaha! Wow, are you turned on right now?”

“Holy fuck, he is! He popped a boner and everything!”

Sweet Onir, what did he get himself into this time? About halfway through his swim, Brass bumped into a blue shark Spawn. At first, she seemed welcoming, bubbly even! With eyes like amber and a laugh that rang like bells, Rachel was charming and pretty, if a little ditz. Perhaps Brass found a new friend?

Then, out of nowhere, a second Spawn emerged from the ocean, right beside Rachel. After introducing herself as Rachel’s twin, Rebecca drew Brass in close, her grip strong as steel. Her teeth sharp as knives, Rebecca smiled with hunger in her eyes.

It was only then that Brass noticed the sisters were conjoined at the shoulder, their heads sprouting from a shared body. At a towering twelve feet, the Nola Sisters were absolutely huge, their blue-and-white body covered in scars. No doubt from years of fighting fellow sea creatures. While Rachel had an X-shaped scar on her nose bridge, Rebecca had a small cut on her chin. What’s more, Rachel’s head was placed right on their conjoined body, while Rebecca was left, and their brown hair mirrored each other.

Most curious of all, however, was the binder across their chest. As fish people, the Spawn weren’t known for being busty; in fact, they didn’t have breasts at all! Why Rachel & Rebecca bothered to cover their flat chest was a mystery, though Brass had bigger concerns in mind, namely their voracious appetite.

Licking her lips, Rebecca had opened her mouth, ready to bite off Brass’ head... only for Rachel to notice the bulge in his swim trunks. Cackling like crows, the Nola Sisters teased Brass mercilessly.

“Geez, what a weirdo!” said Rachel, masking a grin behind her hand. “We expected you to piss your pants, not cum in them!”

Rebecca nodded, holding Brass by the arm; if he struggled too much, the young man would pop his shoulder from its socket.

“Yeah, what a freak!” said Rebecca. She raised a pencil-thin eyebrow at the young man. “You’re a freaky pervert, ain’t cha?”

Brass bowed his head. It wasn’t his fault powerful women excited him. Since forever, Brass admired strong women, who didn’t back down from challenges, who stood tall with pride. Sure, the Nola Sisters didn’t have feet, but that’s besides the point!

What’s more, Brass had a thing for mean girls. Something about being embarrassed, humiliated was darkly enjoyable. It cemented a woman’s power, showing how much stronger she was to the feeble human. Every time a woman tongue-lashed him, jolts of pleasure ran down Brass’ spine and tickled his hands and toes.

As for being eaten alive, well, everyone has their dirty little secrets.

Muttering under his breath, Brass said, “... yes, I am.”

Clicking her tongue, Rebecca frowned.

“Geez! Now I don’t wanna eat this loser. He probably tastes like body spray and lotion,” said Rebecca. She hurled Brass out of the ocean, but before he hit the beach’s sandy shore, Rachel caught him by the ankle. While Brass splashed heavily on the water and floundered, Rachel shook her head.

“Tsk tsk tsk, Becky! I’m surprised by you!” Rachel tilted her head to the side. “Don’t you recall what Mama said about wasting food?”

Rebecca crossed her arm and rolled her eyes.

“Yeah, it was ‘get back here, you tasty morsel! Mama Nola is hangry!’” Rebecca snorted. “That wasn’t motherly advice, she tried to eat us!”

“Exactly!” Rachel nodded knowingly. “Based on her wisdom, it’d be a gosh darn shame not to eat this human. I mean, just look at those cute chubby cheeks! Imagine all that meat, sloshing around our belly!”

Pulling Brass close until his ear was pressed to her lips, Rachel growled sensually.

“You’d like that, huh? You wanna become meat-mush? You wanna squirm inside our gut, helpless and weak?” Rachel clicked her teeth together while running a finger down Brass’ cheek. “You do! You wanna become a part of a sexy beast, don’t deny it! It’s all written over your face, Fish Freak.”

Brass’ mouth wordlessly opened and shut. His eyes bulged and his body went stiff. If the Nola Sisters didn’t know better, they’d swear he looked like a dying fish.

“I, I mean... fuck, I just... jedjjnf- ”

Brass melted into an incoherent mess, for all his kink buttons weren’t merely pressed, they were smashed to pieces with a baseball bat. All that escaped were gibberish squeaks as Brass hung in Rachel’s arm, like a piece of meat begging to be devoured.

It was rather adorable and the shark Spawn squealed.

“Daw, humans are so cute when they’re helpless! Don’t worry, little fella, you’ll be someplace nice and warm soon!” Rachel opened her mouth wide, exposing her razor sharp teeth. A blood red tongue stretched out like a welcome mat and drool oozed from every corner of Rachel’s maw. “Say nighty-night!”

Rachel guided Brass upwards, ready to swallow the young man whole... right before Rebecca shoved a tuna inside instead. While Rachel glared at her twin and chewed messily, the shark Spawn waggled a finger.

“Hold on, sis! Let me pitch this idea first!” said Rebecca. Turning towards Brass, Rebecca winked at him. “Hey, Fish Freak. You look awfully wealthy. Got any money? If you do, we could offer some... negotiable affection before we eat you.”

Brightening up, Rachel swallowed the tuna and grinned toothily. “Good idea, Becky! Hey, Fish Freak, have you ever fucked a fish before!?”

Brass’ heart nearly froze in his chest. Held in the arms of a giant woman, who could break him in half at any moment, the young man felt overwhelmed by such immense power, and now felt dumbfounded by her capricious will. How did this turn from attempted murder to a sexual advance!?

At the same time, it felt like his dream just came true. Brass didn’t fetishize the Spawn, but the idea of making love to a monster woman was certainly alluring. If he must be devoured, Brass wanted to end his life on a bang!

Gulping hard, Brass nodded his head.

“I mean, yeah? I’ve got... a hundred on me?” Brass fervently patted down his swim trunks before finding a waterproof wallet. He held it out to the Nola Sisters, his eyes shining with hope. “So can we... do it?”

Brass’ words cracked on every other syllable. The young man was clearly lovestruck, or at least consumed by lust, so he looked away and whispered under his breath.

“And to be honest you’re both really pretty and if we met under different circumstances I’d love to do it.”

Both Nola Sisters blinked. While Rachel scratched her head with a confused expression, Rebecca managed to piece together the word salad.

“Pretty?” Rebecca barked a laugh and slapped their chest. “Bitch, you’d better recognize! We are the Nola Sisters, the biggest and most beautiful Spawn this side of the Emerald Bay! Don’t let no one tell you differently.”

Snatching the wallet from Brass, Rachel popped it into her mouth and swallowed it. The movement was so fluid and effortless that the Nola Sisters clearly ate objects on a regular basis. Sharks weren’t known for their discerning palates, Spawn or no.

“Yeah, we’re pretty as fuck! Thanks for the cash, by the way!” Rachel let out a belch, which spat up some loose change. The coins pelted Brass before sinking into the water, disappearing from sight. “With a hundred smackeroonies, you can afford a BJ, a double handy, or ten minutes of sex!”

“Sorry, but them’s the rules.” Rebecca shrugged helplessly. “So much for being rich! If you had enough mollah to reach the King’s Package, we might have spared you. But as it is, you’re lucky we accepted this at all.”

Brass bowed his head and twiddled his fingers.

“Sorry... I spent most of my travel money in Al-Jayda. They sell such interesting stuff, but ivory necklaces and silk tapestries cost a lot” Brass sighed. “A pity I won’t get to use them. At least my family and friends will enjoy them, once my will comes into effect.”

Rebecca rolled her eyes.

“Yeah yeah, ‘Fish Freak was lost at sea after a riptide dragged him away.’ Very tragic, boohoo, like anyone gives a crap.” The shark Spawn leaned close until her nose touched Brass’. “Just take your pick so we can eat you already.”

For a moment, anger boiled in Brass’ chest. It was one thing for him to be made fun of, but no one insulted his loved ones. From his parents to his friends Michelle, Leo, and Felix, many would mourn his passing. Brass didn’t want his loved one’s suffering to be a joke.

Still, he was at the Nola Sisters’ mercy, and arguing meant dying sooner rather than later, so Brass bit his tongue. Instead, he shrugged with an anxious if hopeful look on his face.

“Let’s... go for the sex?” asked Brass. Sweat dripped from his brow as the young man fought to maintain his composure. “Uh, vaginal, preferably. Or is there a difference for Spawn?”

Both Rachel & Rebecca’s eyebrows raised. When they spoke again, their voices were hushed whispers.

“... if we didn’t plan to eat you, we’d tear you apart right now, Fish Freak.”

“You don’t talk about a lady’s cloaca like that.” Rachel blushed and covered her face.

“Seriously, dude. Rude.”

Rebecca scratched her head, gritting her teeth.

“But... we can hardly expect humans to know about Spawn biology. So we’ll forgive you and move on.”

His forehead even damper than before, Brass clasped his hands together in supplication.

“Oh! I’m so sorry! I didn’t realize how sensitive a subject it was.” Brass tapped his fingers together. “I-I’ll... take the BJ instead...”

Rachel shook her head. Although her cheeks were still tinted red, the shark Spawn looked apologetic as well.

“No no! You made your choice, there’s no backing out now. If you wanna pork a shark, you’d better fill us to the brim!” Rachel kissed Brass’ forehead and gave a playful wink. “Just don’t blame us if we break your pelvis.”

Rebecca barked out a laugh.

“Hah, yeah right! He’ll probably tap out in five minutes. No way this puny Fish Freak can show us a good time.”

With that, the Nola Sisters dove beneath the ocean’s waves, swimming with easy grace. They stuck close to the surface so Brass could breathe, their fins cutting through the water like silken blades. The green waters of Emerald Bay were vibrant and clear, giving a short but beautiful showcase of the many corals, sponges, fish, and other marine creatures that called these shallow waters home.

By the time the golden sun was halfway swallowed by the watery horizon, the trio reached a lonely isle. It was a small place, home to only a few Balolum trees, crabs, and seagulls, a pebble compared to the archipelago’s vast islands. And yet, there was a cozy atmosphere about the isle, like it was a half-forgotten home that lived in one’s memories, full of nostalgia and warmth.

It was so comfortable, in fact, that a ramshackle hut stood alongside the treeline, constructed from driftwood, seaweed, and torn ship sails. Wooden crates of food filled the hut, as well as an unlit lantern, some pencils and paper, and a brass abacus.

Not that Brass got the chance to appreciate it, because when the trio reached the isle, Rachel bodily tossed him onto the shore. The Nola Sister then climbed across the shallows, dragging themselves by the elbows. Their lower half remained submerged, so water still passed through the pink gills on their waist.

“Sorry about the rough handling!” said Rachel. She splashed some water and giggled. “It’s hard to stay aroused when you’re suffocating on dry land.”

With a smirk, Rebecca said, “When you’re ready, come get us. So long as we stay within a depth of two feet, we can fuck for the best and last ten minutes of your miserable life.”

His face buried in the sand, Brass rose to his feet. Dusting himself off, the young man glanced around his surroundings, drinking in the isle’s few features.

“... huh. Nice place you got here?”

The Nola Sisters shrugged.

“Eh, it gets the job done.” Rebecca pointed to the hut. “Whenever we ‘relocate’ people, this place serves as a checkpoint. We can only carry people for so long before digestion sets in, so they rest here and at a dozen other isles across the Bay.”

Splashing more water for the fun of it, Rachel nodded her head.

“Yup! It sure comes in handy! We also store stuff, uh, of questionable legality in the sand. Doesn’t matter if one cache is found, since we hide stuff all over the Bay!”

A certain weariness filled Rebecca’s eyes, if but for a moment.

“Life is tricky for two-headed Spawn like us. Not a lotta people appreciate our... uniqueness. At least, not in a friendly way.” Rebecca gestured to the surrounding ocean. “But! Bills gotta be paid, debts gotta be collected. We make ends meet, one way or another.”

Pursing his lips, Brass said, “So... am I an ‘end?’”

Both Nola Sisters straightened up. Neither of them looked amused.

In a voice that brook no argument or accepted any charity, Rebecca slapped the shallows and splashed water everywhere.

“You’re dinner, dude. A hundred bucks is chump change compared to what we need to live a hassle-free life. Don’t get cocky!”

Rachel giggled, though this time it was decidedly less warm.

“Oh, but do get cocky! We still wanna have fun. Come to Mama Rachel, little man!”

Rachel held out both arms, her eyes glinting with a perverse hunger. “Forget about the details and show us a good time. Who’s using who doesn’t matter. So long as we have fun, the money is just a pretext!”

Brass licked his lips nervously. He didn’t know what sort of life Rachel & Rebecca led, but it sounded one full of risks and danger. They were surely smugglers, criminals of the State. Usually, an upstanding businessman like him would never associate with such women, but well, he wasn’t here of his free will anyways. A part of Brass sympathized with the shark Spawn, for rare specimens like Rachel & Rebecca could sell for millions on the slave market, and they surely were hunted daily, but he didn’t appreciate being used either.

“*Keep it together. Just listen to what she said and have fun.*” Brass let out a deep breath. “*If I’m gonna be shark food anyways, why worry about the details?*”

After taking a minute to psyche himself up, Brass approached the shark Spawn. The cool waters of Emerald Bay splashed against his legs as Brass dropped to his knees. At the same time, Rachel & Rebecca crawled closer until Rachel took the young man by the hips. Rebecca’s hand slunk further south until it slipped beneath Brass’ swim trunks.

“Geez, took you long enough!” said Rebecca, rolling her eyes. “The clock starts now. You’ve got ten minutes before Rachel swallows you wh– holy hell!”

The instant Rebecca touched Brass’ dick, all his stress and excitement unfurled at once. Although the saltwater had shrunk the dick considerably, it now grew to fantastic proportions: sure, it wasn’t abnormally long, but the dick was thick like a third leg. Blue veins pulsated along its impressive girth and a heavy musk emanated as precum dripped from its fat tip.

At the same time, Brass’ balls swelled with semen, growing to the size of grapefruits. They were splendidly round and smooth, clean-shaven to perfection. The ballsack twitched in sync with the thick dick, and all the while, a pink cloud of arousal engulfed Brass’ mind, drowning his senses like a tidal wave of lust.

This dick was so massive that the moment Rebecca freed it from its clothen prison, it reared its head up high, eclipsed her in shadow, then slapped Rebecca in the face.

“Gra!” cried Rebecca, flinching from the blow. With a bloody lip, the shark Spawn snatched the dick before it could strike again. “Geez, this dude is thick as fuck! Look, Rach! Fish Freak’s cock is bigger than your brain!”

Huffing with indignation, Rachel said, “Hey, lay off the insults! He’s a puny pipsqueak, it cannot be that— *holy moly, look at the size of that thing!*”

Indeed, the longer the Nola Sisters admired it, the more impressive the dick seemed. From its bronze skin to the way it twitched from their hot breath, the member was a fleshy idol. Ancient civilizations once carved monuments of such phalluses, hoping to imbue themselves with such fertility. The curvature of its girth was flawless, the shape magnificent, and the powerful musk was simply intoxicating.

With drool dripping from her jaws, Rachel tapped the great dick. “Who knew humans got so big! Do you... do you think it’ll fit?”

Despite the beads of sweat rolling down her brow, Rebecca scoffed. “Of c-course it will! We’re the amazing Nola Sisters, there’s nothing we cannot handle! We just gotta... angle it right.”

By now, Rachel & Rebecca wrapped their arms around Brass, straddling the young man. They originally planned to pin Brass down, ensuring he couldn’t flee, but judging by his grunts, the shark Spawn was steadily crushing him. They sometimes forgot, but the Nola Sisters did weigh over 800 pounds.

So instead, the Spawn took Brass and swam farther out to sea. Floating on their back, they let the young man rest on their underbelly, where his cock pressed against their shark slit. Normally, a shark’s cloaca was virtually invisible on the white surface, but the Nola Sisters were so aroused that it puffed out pretty and pink.

“W-well? What are you waiting for?” said Rebecca. She shivered as the meaty member pressed against their outer folds. “Your time is running out!”

“Y-yeah...” Rachel bit her lip. “Fuck us! And make it snappy!”

Most men in this situation would happily oblige, or perhaps scream and wiggle free, for nothing was quite as scary as being captured by a hungry Spawn. But Brass was no normal man: instead, a jumbled mess of whimpers and squeals escaped his lips as red-hot embarrassment enveloped his cheeks.

His thoughts fast as lightning, Brass thought, *“Oh god oh god, this is really happening. I’m about to fuck a shark Spawn and they made fun of my dick and why is this my life? I just wanted to take a nice swim before getting drunk at a bar and being shut down by pretty ladies. How did I end up here of all places!?”*

Holding onto Rachel & Rebecca for dear life, Brass tussled with the storm of lust raging in his loins, while shame boiled his guts. There was no time to think, to come to grips with the situation. He had to act, to embrace his feelings. So as he straddled the shark Spawn, his hands aching on their sandpaper-like scales, Brass nodded tersely.

“I-I guess I’m happy you like my dick? Were those compliments, I can hardly tell!” Brass’ voice cracked and hit pitches high enough to make dogs bark. “I’m n-n-not usually so big, you two are just so sexy and mean and I love it but but never mind, guess it’s time to do it!”

Rachel & Rebecca shared a glance. It was a lot of fun to bully and tease their prey, but if they wanted a piece of this monster-cock, Brass had to overcome his anxiety. Nothing was more frustrating than a virgin too nervous to stick it in.

With full confidence, the shark sisters nodded their heads.

“Definitely. I believe in you,” said Rebecca. She gave an encouraging wink, which was only slightly condescending. “Let’s go the extra mile, Fish Fr– I mean, human, I mean, Whatshisname?”

Rachel cackled, covering her mouth with her fingertips.

“Yeah! And if you kill us with that murder dick, you’ll live to see another day!” Lust brimmed from Rachel’s eyes as drool pooled in her mouth. “So ram us as hard as you want! Force it all in! I won’t forgive you otherwise.”

With that, Rachel & Rebecca parted their slit, exposing the warm flesh to the open air. The Nola Sisters’ cloaca was pinker than coral and softer than velvet, oozing with oily fluids. It was the prettiest thing Brass had ever seen, and as beads of slick juices rolled down their side, the pink palace called to him. With its size, it was possible to shove one’s arm into the cloaca, but even it struggled to embrace Brass’s massive manhood.

Visibly shuddering, Brass guided his thick cock into the wet womanhood. It was tight, terribly tight, yet slick like grease and warmer than anything Brass had ever known. It felt like his soul entered the heart of the universe, wrapped in its infinitely dense and hot embrace.

The first thrust was slow and steady, for Brass didn’t want to hurt the Nola Sisters, nor be overwhelmed by pleasure. He slid all the way up the hilt, where his tip kissed the moist cervix. The shark Spawn stiffened up, their faces tinged red.

Taking this as a good sign, Brass pulled back and rammed that cloaca as hard as possible. His vision instantly blurred at the torrent of pleasure, for the warmth enveloped him entirely. Letting out a high-pitched moan, Brass felt the Nola Sisters clench him tight as his bloated balls slapped their underbelly like a drum.

Biting her lip, Rebecca swallowed a moan while Rachel gritted her teeth.

“Whoa! You’re, *aaah*, bigger than I thought!” said Rachel. Her breath went short as a powerful heat enveloped her body. She nearly went cross-eyed when Brass thrust extra hard, hitting her sweet spot. “Fffuck, that’s not fair! Your cock is tearing us *aaaaa*apart!”

Glaring at her sister, Rebecca resisted the electric shockwaves making her nerves sing, her pleasure centers lighting up. Big dick or no, this man was still a human, and Rebecca wouldn’t submit so easily.

“Pffft! What are you, *aaah*, talking about? This guy isn’t so hot!” Glaring coldly at Brass, Rebecca said, “You’re really, *aaah*, getting into this, *haaah*? Don’t you know *aaaaa*anything? Sex is for baby-making, but we’re different species! You should *aaaaaah* fuck humans instead! This proves you’re a failure *aaaaa*s a human being!”

Driven by the white-hot pleasure scorching his brain, Brass thrust into the Nola Sisters again and again. Their sweet moans were like music to his ears, and the fleshy *plap-plaps* of sexual fluids was addictive as it coated his fat cock. This cloaca was the warmest thing ever, and Brass wanted nothing more than to become one with it.

Then Rebecca’s words stung his ears. Even as he pounded their cloaca like a sexy tuna, Brass felt pathetic, weak, an absolute freak for liking the Nola Sisters. A freak for enjoying this, a freak for fucking a fish. For making love to the women who would devour him.

For being himself.

That tripped something in Brass’ mind, and like a steam train picking up speed, he thrust even harder. A fiery heat boiled within his chest, one that spread to his whole body and ignited a primal beast inside Brass. This creature was dark, brutal, mindless, and yet... it was unstoppable, like a force of nature.

Suddenly, any thought about satisfying the Nola Sisters was stripped away, burned by the beast's fury. This beast wanted, it needed, it demanded to be satisfied. Brass would love this sex, one way or another, but most of all, he would prove Rebecca wrong. He would show his worth, show how great he could be. Brass would prove he was a fantastic lover, one worth remembering long after he was tail fat.

Brass thrust harder and harder. He gripped the shark Spawn's vestigial fin-legs and grunted deep from his throat like an animal in heat. His face twisted into a fierce mask of lust and saliva pooled in the corners of his mouth. Veins popped beneath Brass' brown skin, which grew red as a coat of sweat enveloped him.

Every hearty thrust was now an explosion of pleasure, a mad rush towards rapture. The speed was more akin to a jackhammer, and as Brass' nuts swelled to the size of medicine balls, they pounded the underbelly until it was red. The cloaca clenched and unclenched to milk Brass, which built pressure in his loins. Muscles tightened, and any second now, the dam walls would break and Brass would cum.

But not before the Nola Sisters came first, which looked increasingly likely.

"Fuckfuckfuck! He's too good *aaaaat* this!" said Rachel, her tongue lolling to one side. "His dick, it's like making *aaah* love to a god!"

"Fffine, maybe it's *aaah* not totally worthless!" said Rebecca, her hips bucking wildly. She timed the bucks perfectly, so the cock penetrated their cervix whenever Brass thrust hard. "But don't dare cum inside! I *aaah* don't want your useless seed!"

Despite her words, the Nola Sisters held onto Brass for dear life. It wasn't quite a leg-lock, but Brass couldn't pull out if he tried. Not that it mattered, for pressure built inside the shark Spawn, one that brought them to the edge of heaven and hell. They didn't resist it at all, and in an eruption of fluids, Rachel & Rebecca hit the greatest orgasm of their lives.

The screams that followed could only be described as bestial. Rachel & Rebecca roared like mighty Typhons as their body contorted wildly, splashing water everywhere. All coherent thought dissolved as passion consumed them and their faces twisted into horny, if goofy expressions.

"GraaaaAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!"

"FFFUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCCCCCKKKK!!!!!"

When the Nola Sisters came, Brass' dam broke and his mind nearly shattered. All his nerves fired off at once and an animalistic cry escaped his throat. His dick pulsed rhythmically as it shot hot, steamy sperm straight into the shark Spawn's womb, flooding it with white cream. Gallons of baby batter filled their insides, bloating their gut as Brass' balls steadily shrank. Together, the trio rode the waves of this orgasmic storm.

"Hah, hah, *aaaaaah!*" said Brass, his eyes clenched tight. Once or twice, he thrust again, diving deep into the Nola Sisters, but his heart wasn't in it; Too many sensations, hot and cold, pleasure and pain, coursed through his body to concentrate. It was so intense that Brass didn't notice how eagerly Rachel & Rebecca's cloaca drank his cum, which only squirted out a few droplets of the fertile seed.

The Nola Sisters, however, were much too wild to be contained. Their faces crimson, they thrust their hips against the cock, stirring the baby batter with his dick.

"So gooooooood!" cried Rachel with tears rolling down her face.

"Fffuuuuuuuuuuck, how is this freak so good!?" said Rebecca, gripping her skull until her wig popped off.

Alas, as all good things are wont to do, the orgasm ran its course and came to an end. Letting out a happy sigh, Brass rested on the Nola Sister's underbelly as their body went limp. Content to drift on the open water, Rachel & Rebecca saw the sun disappear into the horizon, leaving the sky a reddish-orange hue. They felt as beautiful as this sunset, their minds drifting in a golden haze.

Steadily, the passionate heat of sex ebbed away and was replaced by a dull warmth, which the trio basked in. Rachel stroked Brass' back while Rebecca stroked her globular gut, feeling warm cum slosh around her womb.

They felt so peaceful, warm and cozy, and the Nola Sisters were ready to fall asleep... until their belly gurgled. Sex took a lot of energy, and if this shark Spawn was hungry before, they were ravenous now.

Picking up the exhausted Brass, Rachel licked his face, her cheeks burning pink.

"Well, that was fun lil' fella, but it's time you fed Mamas Rachel & Rebecca. Such a shame to eat someone so skilled though..." said Rachel. Rebecca, her own face bubblegum pink, stuttered.

"It, it wasn't *that* good. It'll take forever to get out this worthless seed!" said Rebecca. Even as she said, Rebecca knew her words were hollow: that was the best sex she'd ever had. Already her cloaca ached at the thought of never feeling Brass' mighty dick plunge into it again, to never feel this sensual beast hit all her sweet spots.

What Rebecca lacked in dignity, however, she made up for in pride. Gritting her teeth, the shark Spawn guided Brass into Rachel's mouth, his face resting on her tongue like a pillow.

"Hmph! Let's eat this Fish Freak before we change our mind..."

Drained as he was, Brass didn't resist the shark Spawn. He tried to move an arm, a leg, but his limbs wouldn't listen. It was like he was broken by the world, his body limp as a noodle. At best, he squeaked as Rachel licked his face, savoring his sweet flavor...

... and below, blood rushed back to his groin.

"Mmm, so good!" said Rachel, sucking on Brass like a jawbreaker. She could easily crush his skull between her jaws, but the human tasted like pork loins drenched in BBQ sauce. The flavor hit Rachel like a lightning bolt and sent shivers up her spine, making her insides melt. At the same time, there was a salty undertone, laden with juicy fat.

It was so amazing that Rachel couldn't help but savor the moment, drenching Brass' face in saliva and twisting his hair like cotton candy. She even shoved her tongue into Brass' mouth, tasting the lobster bisque he had for dinner.

"You know, for a sex god, your kissing skills suck." Rachel playfully bit Brass' tongue, then kissed his forehead. "Guess you really were a virgin before we met!"

Clicking her tongue, Rebecca huffed. If only she hadn't given up her chance, perhaps she too could taste such a delicacy. Most humans taste like chicken, but if Rachel's moans were anything to go by, Fish Freak was delicious. Envy stabbed her heart, and to distract herself, Rebecca snatched a nearby squid and took a big bite.

"Yeah yeah! Rub it in, why don't yah? If you like him so much, why not marry him?" Rebecca narrowed her eyes. "But I'd never approve. Who'd wanna be married to such a freak? He never even tried to run away! Someone so weak is better off as food."

Blowing a raspberry, Rachel said, "Hah! Who said anything about marrying him? Humans are fun toys to tease, but I'd gag if we ever dated one! I'm just playing with my food."

The more Rachel tasted Brass, however, the more his dick and balls swelled in size. Fortune favors the bold, and if nothing else, Brass' body was far braver than his brain. Bathed in

its own juices, an alluring musk filled the air, which was strong enough to draw the Nola Sisters' attention.

"... oh. Would you fancy that?" said Rachel, in a distant tone. Just the sight of Brass' mammoth member was enough to make her pause. "How, how are you still horny?"

Gulping hard, Rebecca took Brass by the arm and shoved him deeper down Rachel's throat. Rachel's eyes grew wide, but she hurriedly gobbled the human up to the armpits. Together, the Nola Sisters silently agreed that if Brass wasn't eaten soon, they could really die from this murder-dick.

In moments, Brass' head was but a bump in Rachel's throat, his face leaving an imprint beneath the scales. She nibbled his chest, appreciating its texture as her sharp teeth dug grooves on the skin. Droplets of blood sprung forth, but Rachel was careful not to shred Brass to pieces; coppery blood would only ruin his succulent flavor. And ahead, the plump potbelly loomed like a savory steak.

For Brass' part, the young man didn't resist: even if he could wiggle free, it was a long swim back to civilization. At best, he could only hope to reach the tiny isle, but then what? Would he stay for days, weeks, burning through the scant supplies while waiting for rescue? Rachel & Rebecca would surely stalk the island, waiting for the perfect chance to climb ashore and drag him to a watery grave.

No, he was trapped, as dead as chum, so Brass enjoyed himself as best as possible. Every time Rachel swallowed, pleasure coursed through his veins; Brass had dreamed of this day, fantasizing about sliding down a powerful woman's throat. Soon, he'd reach the shark's stomach, where he'd be trapped forever in the fleshy prison.

"*Good Onir, it's better than I imagined,*" thought Brass. Squeezed tight by throat muscles, the young man squirmed as the pink tunnel pulsed around him. "*I don't wanna die, not really. But this looks like my fate!*"

By the time Rachel reached Brass' potbelly, his dick was fully erect. It swayed with every gulp, and the ballsack beneath it sloshed with fresh cum. The tip dribbled precum everywhere, including the shark Spawn's flat chest. The musk was overpowering and it exuded an aura of animal primality.

Like a mouse mesmerized by the swaying of a cobra, Rebecca eyed the mammoth cock. From its veiny shaft and immense girth to the nuts swollen with fertile cream, Brassy's junk was positively hypnotic. As the musky aroma wafted into her nose and wrapped around her brain, the shark Spawn quivered with desire.

"Grrrrr..."

Rebecca growled. She knew what she wanted, but she didn't like it. Obeying her base instincts like a dumb animal was insulting, especially when it concerned humans. Sure, swallowing people like sardines was fun, but acting like a bitch in heat was humiliating. And yet, if Rachel got to eat the Fish Freak, Rebecca was owed a taste.

Grabbing hold of the shaft, Rebecca rolled her eyes and said, "... fine. I'll blow you off! Think of it as... an extra perk for not sucking at sex."

So, while Rachel gnawed on Brass' potbelly, her teeth poking the flesh until goosebumps rose on its surface, Rebecca kissed the dick before wrapping her tongue around it. From there, she swallowed it whole, her lips forming a fleshy seal. The throat was warm and wet like the sea, yet tight as a vice. The dick's growth fit Rebecca's mouth perfectly, like they were meant to be; perhaps its best use was to suck Brass off?

“... *stupid humans with their stupid, fat, tasty dicks.*” Veins popped in Rebecca’s forehead. “*Male shark Spawn have two dicks, so how come this Freak’s is so perfect?*”

With that question boiling on her brain, Rebecca bobbed her head back-and-forth, slurping the cock in slow and steady strokes. She sucked gently, then hard, then gently again, as if trying to pump Brass for his seed. Every stroke washed feelings of warmth across the dick, enveloping Brass’ whole world.

At the same time, Rebecca played with the fat balls, cradling them between her fingers. Each nut was so big that Rebecca struggled to hold them, and with all the jostling around, the creamy cum grew frothy and sweet. It was like Rebecca was stirring the finest yogurt in the land, which was so fertile that a single sip could make women pregnant.

This extra affection excited Brass more, who moaned so loudly that it echoed in Rachel’s throat. Filling with more cum, the balls pulsed in Rebecca’s grasp and precum tickled her tongue. Half devoured as he was, Brass couldn’t thrust his hips back-and-forth, so all he could was surrender himself to the pleasure.

As for Rachel, the flavor washing across her tongue hit impossible heights when she reached Brass’ belly. Even the gentlest lick, the lightest nibble led to an avalanche of savoriness. The shark Spawn’s mouth overflowed with drool and she dragged a hand across her face, shivering from the meaty snack.

Between sucking off Brass and swallowing him whole, the Nola Sisters felt horny again. If they didn’t fear death by snu-snu, they might have engaged in another round of lovemaking. There was just something adorable about Brass’ fragility, his round, chubby cheek features, and his misguided lust. He was the perfect prey! The shark Spawn’s instincts went into overdrive, and the Nola Sisters wanted nothing more than to torment Brass forever.

But alas, Rachel had reached the young man’s waist, which was savory from its juicy fat. Before they tore Brass in two, or bit off his dick, Rebecca hurried her pace. She sucked the dick with a ravenous fury, her mind melting from the intoxicating musk. The balls churned with cum, and once the balls clenched, Brass came again.

A flood of semen shot down Rebecca’s throat. It warmed the Spawn from head-to-tail and coated every inch of her mouth. The salty flavor was indescribable, a one-of-a-kind delicacy. Tears streamed down Rebecca’s face as the taste was forever etched in her brain, so if Rebecca ever forgot this human, she’d always remember this flavor.

Nor would she forget how much Brass came, for the young man came like a fire hydrant. It shot straight into the shark Spawn’s stomach, bloating it with cum. It doubled in size, then tripled until the Nola Sisters looked positively pregnant. The cum sloshed around with gross *glorp glorp plorp* sounds, and once it was over, a trail of white cream leaked past Rebeca’s lips.

“*Where does he store it all?*” thought Rebecca, clutching her engorged gut. “*If this man had mated with humans, he could father thousands!*”

Once the dick spent its load, it grew flaccid again and popped out of Rebecca’s mouth. Throughout the whole affair, Brass had screamed silently and rocked back-and-forth, unable to escape but unable to withstand the pleasure either. Rebecca felt every thrash and kick, and it took every ounce of her willpower not to bite Brass in half; whenever a blue shark sensed a struggle, their first instinct was to chomp their prey.

“*Geez, talk about overreacting!*” thought Rachel, rolling her eyes. “*I suck dick way better than Becky! Fish Freak, you have no standards.*”

So, with a touch of vindictiveness, Rachel gobbled Brass' hips, her moans extra loud. With her cheeks stretched wide, she then swallowed his legs; the last part to vanish were the toes, which wiggled past Rachel's lips before she slurped them up with a smirk.

Licking Brass' flavor off her fingers, Rachel chuckled. "I hope you brought your floaties, pal! Because the waters you're swimming in are strange and sloppy!"

After letting out a long and hearty *braaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaap*, which stank of jizz, Rebecca nodded her head.

"I cannot believe it," said Rebecca. The Nola Sisters rubbed their globular gut, which was nearly as big as them. "What a freak! He's better off not in the gene pool, all his kids would have grown into voraphiles too."

"Yeah!" Rachel giggled. "What an awful world that would be!"

After cleaning themselves up and double-checking their island cache, the Nola Sisters dove deeper into the sea, far beyond the reaches of sunlight. It was a long swim home, and if they wanted to sleep at a decent hour, they needed to move fast. And all the while, they replayed the events of the past hour in their heads, the memory of their lovemaking and meal burned into their brains.

"I hope Becky doesn't find out, but... that guy was pretty cute," thought Rachel. *"Like, yeah, 'death to all humans' and junk, but he seemed kinda nice? If only I could tease him more."*

Rachel sighed.

"If only. Well, he sure tasted great! Hope he doesn't make us too fat."

And while Rachel pondered these questions, Rebecca cycled through her own thoughts.

"Damn human, he was so irresponsible! He came inside and everything!" Rebecca shut her eyes and groaned. *"... but he was hung like a horse. Almost a shame we ate him. Wouldn't mind tasting such a salty dick again."*

And as the Nola Sisters dove deeper, pushing into the dark depths of the Cerwiss Sea, Brass squirmed inside his fleshy prison. If he ever had a chance to escape, it was long gone now: this far beneath the waves, the water pressure was enough to crush a man's spine. Ironically, the safest place to be was the Spawn's stomach: instead of dying a painful and instantaneous death, Brass could survive for hours.

Here and now, Brass was utterly trapped, doomed, beholden to the Nola Sisters' will. And while doubts riddled their minds, sharks are seldom known to spare prey.

Not that such thoughts bothered Brass. No, he was far too overcome by his surroundings, encased in a prison of flesh. Sitting in a veritable lake of his own cum, the young man felt hot, hotter than he ever thought possible. He writhed in the tight prison as the acrid stench of jizz filled his nostrils, and felt a twinge of fear when acid oozed from the porous walls.

"Oh geez, oh man!" thought Brass. He kicked the stomach floor, but cramped as he was, Brass couldn't put his full weight into it. At best, he left faint and futile bumps on the underbelly. *"This is it! I'm gonna be gurgled, churned into fat! I'm scared, but also... turned on."*

Brass thought about shouting, about begging for his freedom, but his voice wouldn't reach the Nola Sisters; humans didn't have a Spawn's ability to speak underwater. He also couldn't thank them for devouring him, for making his kinky fantasy come true. Such contradictory thoughts swirled in Brass' mind, but soon they were replaced by one thing.

Sheer, unadulterated arousal.

For the third time that day, Brass' balls grew swollen, bursting with cum. Like a beast, Brass thrust his manhood against the stomach walls, grinding against the velvet soft surface, pushing the pain to the back of his mind. Even as acid rose high and the gut constricted him,

Brass came and cried like a mindless satyromaniac. The Nola Sisters' belly grew huge and round with every salvo of jizz, one after another, long after Brass' mind melted away.

By the time the Nola Sisters reached their undersea home, Brass' orgasmic cries quieted into whimpers, his thrusts making their belly bounce rhythmically. Finally, after a gentle moan, Brass passed out, drowning in cum.

Crawling into bed, which was made from seaweed and sponges, Rachel & Rebecca admired their gut. While Brass was steadily digested, the impact he left on their body was clear. Even with their inhuman strength, it was difficult to move with an elephant-sized belly, which dwarfed the shark Spawn entirely.

"Geez, the swim home was killer! I thought we'd sink to the ocean floor!" said Rachel, stroking her stomach. It was perfectly spherical, soft as silk, and gurgled with gross *glorp glorps*. "It's like he released a lifetime's worth of cum in, what, two hours?"

Rebecca snorted and rolled her eyes, but her cheeks burned red. Deep in her soul, Rebecca knew that they'd never encounter a lover like Brass again.

"He wasn't... so great," said Rebecca, trying to convince herself more than anything else. "There's plenty of perverts in this world. What's one less more?"

Letting out deep yawns, the Nola Sisters pulled a blanket of seaweed over their body. It barely fit over their torso, much less their enormous gut.

Smacking her lips, Rachel said, "Night, sis!"

"Good night... dummy."

With that, the Nola Sisters were out like a light. They fell into a deep and heavy slumber, deeper than they ever knew before. It was tremendously restful and wiped away their weariness from an exhausting day. Sometimes, they dreamed of the circus, of entertaining nasty humans as part of the Freak Show. The shouts and jeers burned their ears, and the agony of beer bottles slashing their faces scorched their minds.

Other times, Rachel & Rebecca dreamed of lying upon a trove of sunken treasure, dressed as pirates. They laughed maniacally as gold doubloons fell from the sky, and in the background, a chubby cabin boy complimented in an adorable, if awkward manner.

The Nola Sisters slept for a whole week, and when they stirred at last, they felt better than they had in years. Stretching their arms, Rachel yawned while Rebecca smacked her lips. The taste of cum was still on her tongue; perhaps it would never leave.

"Holy hell, that felt good!" said Rebecca. She tossed aside the seaweed blanket. "Goodness, talk about needing our beauty sleep, eh?"

Strangely, Rachel didn't say good morning. Her attention was downward, her amber eyes bugging out of her skull. Her mouth hung open, and if they lived on land, it would draw flies.

Noticing Rachel's silence, Rebecca followed her conjoined twin's line of sight... and her jaw fell open too.

Their chest... their chest was massive! Rachel & Rebecca had seen big breasts before, beachgoers were only too happy to flaunt their goods, but these breasts weren't just melons. These breasts were gigantic, easily bigger than udders. They had bounce, they had girth, their cleavage was deep enough to hide a litter of puppies.. Their texture was supple like sponges, yet they were meaty with a hefty weight; they were immaculate breasts and no one could possibly mistake them for fakes.

While the Nola Sisters slept, their massive boobs had torn their binder to shreds, leaving the fabric on the floor. Their pink nipples were round as doughnuts and leaked creamy milk, which dissolved into the surrounding seawater.

Wait, since when did they have nipples?

“Woah...” Rebecca’s hands trembled with anticipation. Gently, she squeezed the giant tits and nearly moaned: they were super sensitive! Who knew breasts felt so good?

Once Rebecca got over the initial shock, she fondled their massive breasts with awe. Every few seconds, milk squirted out like a water gun.

“This... this feels like a dream!” said Rebecca. “These are breasts, real breasts, just like we always dreamed! Is this where the Fish Freak went? He was plenty fat enough! Oh man... we’re bigger than a whale shark.”

“That’s not all he gave us,” said Rachel. She spoke in a low, distant voice. She continued staring down, past the huge honking tits. She pointed with a trembling finger. “Becky... look.”

Confused, Rebecca did as her sister asked... only for her jaw to drop harder than before.

Their belly was massive. It was smaller than before, but roughly the size of a boulder. Brass was gone, melted into meat and bone, but his lineage remained. Some of it was belly fat, but there was no denying the split scales running down their midsection, the maternal glow, or the odd kick.

Softly, Rebecca asked, “But... how? We’re different species, we cannot breed together. How long did we sleep? Why are we pregnant!”

“I don’t know, but it’s probably why we grew nipples.” Rachel moved her lips silently, as if talking to herself. “Maybe I’m not good at math, and maybe I lost count a few times, but there’s gotta be over 30 pups in us.”

Turning to her sister even as another baby bump rose on their stomach, Rachel said, “Rebecca... we’re mothers. To a miserable human, no less.”

Her eyes wide, Rebecca said in a low voice, “... fuck.”

After that momentous day, the months flew by in a maddened panic. Despite their efforts, the Nola Sisters’ baby bump grew big and wide, ballooning to ridiculous proportions. The shark Spawn gained over two hundred pounds, much of it straight to their new breasts. The kicking became hard and fierce as the birthing drew near, often distracting the Nola Sisters during their illegal trafficking job.

Worse, the shark Spawn’s hunger grew to match their girth. Whole yachts sank beneath the waves, their passengers devoured to feed the ravenous pups. Several fish species vanished from the Emerald Bay, and whale skeletons littered the ocean floor, stripped clean of meat. Scientists pondered if pirates or pollution were ravaging the reefs, but when they investigated, their expedition boat was discovered a week later, covered in bite marks and drool.

When the Day of Liberation was at hand, the Nola Sisters practically squealed with glee. Sure, the Cerwiss Ocean said hello to thirty new lives, but maybe now they could swim easier?

To the surprise of no one, the children weren’t normal Spawn: they had hybrid traits, some with brown skin and fully formed legs, others with shark teeth and scales. A few could pass, but most resembled the mermaids of legend or Land Walkers instead of true Spawn. Mercifully, none of them had a second head.

But the fun didn’t stop there: shortly after giving birth, the Nola Sisters discovered they were pregnant again. How was a mystery: they didn’t make love to another human or Spawn. One day, they just awoke with a baby bump again. *Déjà vu* set in.

It was only then the Nola Sisters realized that, in naked defiance to the natural order, Brass' sperm still lived inside them. The human came so much that their Fallopian Tubes became a second home for the seed and every mating season, the shark Spawn became pregnant.

This happened so often that, by the fifth time, the Nola Sisters were pretty numb to it, accepting this as their fate. Years flew by, and while they tried their best, Rachel & Rebecca weren't cut out for motherhood; few shark Spawn were. At best, they cared for the pups, letting the young children suckle on their huge tits. Once a pup hit 10, however, they were on their own; some children stayed in touch, but most lived their own lives.

One day, a young pup who strongly resembled his human father, approached his mothers with a question.

"What was Dad like?" Bronze blinked curiously. "You never mention him. He was human, right?"

Rachel & Rebecca looked down at Bronze. Due to their heritage, the pups were small by Spawn standards, reaching six feet at best. Bronze was no bigger than a tuna, and not for the first time, they debated about gulping down this guppy.

Not even Rebecca had the heart to devour her own child, however, so instead she stroked Gina's head, who nursed on Rachel's milky tit.

"Well, your father was... a nice human. He was very... fruitful and kind and... Uh." Rachel pursed her lips. For goodness sake, she couldn't picture Brass in her mind. At best, strange feelings of adoration bubbled in her chest and formed a murky image of a sweaty face that smiled nervously.

Clicking her tongue, Rachel turned to Rebecca.

"Come on, sis! Help me out here!"

"Hm." Rebecca tapped her chin thoughtfully. "Your father was alright. For a human, I guess. Bit of a loser, and a massive freak. You remind me a lot of him! In a... good way."

Searching for the right words, Rebecca patted Bronze's head. "Your father was one-in-a-million. You should be proud to be his son!"

Rebecca glanced at her baby-filled belly and frowned. This was their 8th pregnancy, and there was no end in sight. Their body was utterly devastated by the constant barrage of pups, from the massive fat bags they called tits to their dumptruck hips. Sure, they were sexy as hell and regularly won beauty contests, but prize money only dampened the pain. The Nola Sisters were shark Spawn, but they felt like whales.

"But whenever you meet a girl, don't fill her with a lotta eggs. Your father wasn't the... responsible type."

Bronze gave a small smile.

"Sure thing! Thanks, moms!" said Bronze before swimming over to his siblings as they played a game of Skullyball. All the while, the Nola Sisters' belly squirmed with gods-knows how many pups, who would join the Nola family in due time. Eventually, their hybrid children would fill the Emerald Bay, starting a whole new species of Spawn. It was history in the making, and all because they seduced a kinky Fish Freak.