

Hey everyone! Got another lesbian smut story full of big-dicked futas for you! Hope you enjoy! Here's a version in [Times New Roman](#).

CW: Futanari, Coercion, Impregnation, Cervical Penetration

I stepped out behind my father, taking a deep breath of the sulfurous air that greeted us. My hackles were raised, having entered the hells, but I straightened my shoulders and licked my teeth. We had a job to do.

My father turned to me, taking me by the shoulders. "Just be silent, alright? You'll get the hang of negotiating eventually. For now, listen and learn." I nodded eagerly, ready to do exactly that. It was such an honour to be meeting the patron of our house, and while I was nervous, my father exuded confidence.

Lady Volir's envoys, a pair of Canids, greeted us on a rocky outcropping, and guided us down to her mansion. Other hellish fortresses dominated the landscape, some far, others nearer, and as we approached Lady Volir's house, I was excited. Nervous, of course, but excited.

Our guards waited outside as my father and I entered, still being led by the Canids. Despite their ugly faces, being in the presence of two muscular women made my womb ache. My heat was coming on, and I couldn't wait to get back home and find some cute girl at a bar somewhere.

We passed through the grand foyer to a sitting room in which sat our patron, Lady Volir. She was absolutely gorgeous, her black wings folded behind her as she took a sip of wine. "Have a seat, my lovely Gulfmaines."

My father sat across from her, and I picked a loveseat near him, but close enough to the Canids that I could relish their scent while still maintaining my composure.

"Thank you for coming," she said, indicating to the dark-furred Canid to pour my father some wine. "Anything for you?"

"Ah, yes, thank you."

She flashed me a bright smile as her servant poured me a glass as well. I took a sip of the deep red. It must've been a Deep Vintage, since I didn't recognize the flavour. Still delightful, though.

"On to business, my dear Wulpren. You know why you're here."

My father nodded, wringing his hands together. "We can offer half what we agreed upon. I'm happy to pay the other half in another form."

Her eye twitched. "You want to renegotiate? You'll need an enticing offer to make me believe you didn't just renege on our deal." I wasn't worried. My father was an expert negotiator. I took another sip of my wine.

He nodded. "We cannot provide the numbers you're looking for. But we have bountiful resources in other departments."

"I'd like to hear what our Lady Mora has to say."

I nearly choked on my wine. I hadn't expected to be called upon. "Pardon?"

Her eyes flicked over to me. "I'm sure the daughter of the great Wulpren Gulfmaine has some ideas as to how we can reach an agreement."

I nodded, looking to my father for support. He seemed equally as lost. "Well," I cleared my throat. "As my father said, we have plenty of resources to offer. If we cannot pay you in manpower, perhaps we can outsource some of your needs? You need steel, weapons, armour? We have smiths and miners."

She smiled. "Smart. But we have smiths and ore aplenty. A result of other deals of mine. I'm afraid you'll need to offer me something else."

My father shook his head. "I'm afraid-"

"Tut, let the lady speak."

I took a moment, considering all of our options. "What if... we provided the men some other way? I'm against slavery, but it's an idea."

Lady Volir nodded, licking her fangs. "Now we're getting somewhere. Any ideas, Duke Gulfmaine?"

My father's eyes flicked back and forth, thinking. "King Richard owes me a favour. Perhaps-"

"No, Richard has already sworn himself to the other."

My father shook his head, brow creasing. "We can provide children. In nine months, should you be willing to raise them."

She took a breath, examining her glass. "It is acceptable. I can provide the breeders if you provide the wombs. Say, one hundred adult fertile women. One hundred pregnancies."

He nodded slowly. "I will need to consult my council-"

Her eyes narrowed. "And what if I reduced the number? Say, fifty women. And your daughter."

His eyes tore to me, panic setting in. "My Lady-"

"You remember what happens if you renege on our deal? These are my terms. You provide fifty childbearing women, and your daughter Lady Mora. Once their pregnancies are complete, they will be returned to you, unharmed."

He glanced between her and me. "May I have a moment with my daughter?"

She sighed. "Very well." Snapping her fingers so her dogs followed her, she left.

My father's head instantly fell to his hands. "I am so sorry, Mora. I wish I could do something."

I put on a brave face. "It's alright. I understand."

"How could you possibly understand? I'm selling your body to a devil."

I took a breath. Was I really strong enough? I could survive nine months. "If my body is worth that of fifty others, I can take it." I kissed him on the cheek. "I love you. Just make sure the terms are airtight. And... can you negotiate so my lover is a woman?"

He nodded. "Very well."

We waited in silence until Lady Volir returned. "Are we in agreement?"

"Yes. Let's do this."

The signing of the actual contract took much longer than the negotiating. Each point had to be gone over, and my father looked heartbroken as he took the quill in hand. But he signed it all the same.

As soon as it was done, I felt a weight tie itself to my soul. I wouldn't be leaving here until I gave up the fruits of my womb.

"You made the right choice, Wulpren. You know the terms. You have one week to fetch me fifty more women." She smiled at me. "You may visit your daughter upon your return."

He nodded, wrapping me in a big hug and trying not to cry. I was surprisingly okay with the proceedings, waving him off as he left.

Lady Volir took me under her wing as the doors shut, leaving me alone in the hells. "Now, my darling Mora. We want you to be comfortable. Let's introduce your wives now, shall we?"

Wives? That word stuck out in my mind. Had she misspoken? My mind reeled as she led me up a set of stairs to a gorgeous bedchamber. "This will be your room. Of course, you are welcome to roam the house for the duration of your stay. I am a busy woman, but I'm sure I can make time for such a special guest."

Why was she being so nice? She'd seemed callous to my father. Perhaps she, too, was a lesbian. My mind was still stuck on that word: wives. There'd been nothing in the document specifying I'd only have one partner. But why?

"Now, let me introduce your wives: Tero and Maki." I glanced around until my eyes settled on her Canid bodyguards.

"You can't be serious."

She flashed me a toothy smile. "I can smell your arousal. As can they. Now, if you're unhappy with your mates, I'm sure I can think of someone else to bed you."

I took a moment to consider. Sex with Canids was a repulsive idea, but imagining their muscular forms contorting over me as they thrust...

"Deal. On one condition: I get to fuck you."

She raised an eyebrow. "You are quite the negotiator. He did well raising you. I accept. Though I am busy, and do not have time to indulge you now." She leaned in, licking my cheek. "You'll get your fill later, darling. Now, you have a job to do."

She turned me around, slapping my ass before shutting the door and trapping me with the dogs.

Maki sat on the bed, having stripped to her underwear, while Tero leaned against the wall.

As soon as I locked eyes with her, she started clapping, surprising Maki and I.

"That was incredible. That whole thing. Most people don't get out of deals with our mistress alive, much less with an invitation to her bed."

"What can I say? I'm persuasive."

"You're hot," Maki said, earning a glare from Tero. "What? It helps. She's got a sweet tooth for cute girls."

Tero growled. "Yes, she's hot. But you use subtlety, my dimwitted friend." She walked over, crowding into my space. "You let her know with body language."

"I'm fine with being called hot-"

She cut me off with a tongue in my throat. Her strong arms pulled me against her as I craned my neck to reach her lips. I could feel a thick bulge even beneath her leathers, and it shot a pulse to my vagina. I was so ready.

I clawed down her back, pulling myself further into her arms.

She pulled back, reaching up to wipe her lips. "Eager, are we? I could smell you were a slut the moment you walked in."

"All I could smell was two horny mutts." I hoped using a slur would get them riled up, and based on Tero's low growl, it worked. "I was planning on heading to some tavern and getting railed by a girl with short fingernails, but you'll do."

Tero licked her lips. God that tongue was vile. I wanted it inside me.

She picked me up, throwing me into bed and climbing over top, quickly stripping to her underwear. She was practically drooling, crowding over me as Maki just watched from the side.

"Want me to lube you up first?"

She grinned, her sharp teeth sending a pulse to my groin, before she slipped off her boxers and flopped her cock down onto my chest.

"Let me-"

Before I could finish the sentence, she tore my shirt and bra to ribbons. "Don't worry, mistress will fetch you something nice."

I rolled my eyes, squishing my breasts together to envelop her dick. "Come on, you smelly mutt. Fuck me."

As I took her pointy head between my lips, her hands found leverage in my hair. Mine were still pressing my breasts together, jerking her off with each thrust. "Good kitten," she murmured as I ran my tongue around her tip.

My mind wandered to my father. What would he say, if he could see me like this - sucking off a hellhound not for our people, but for me. For my own sick pleasures.

Maki came around, burying her snout in my crotch and slowly peeling my panties off. "She's fucking soaking."

I jerked my hips up at her while I continued bobbing my head on Tero's rod.

"Can I?" Maki asked.

I spat out the cock. "Tongue, then you can fuck me." Before she could respond with another question, I was back to choking on Tero.

I glanced up at the huge Canid above me while Maki got to work lapping at my pussy. It was hard to focus, but I chose Tero's abs as my anchor, using the sight to yank myself back to the present. These dogs were going to impregnate me. It was kind of unbelievable, but it was just so hot.

Hopefully I'd be showing by the time my dad came back with the women. Hopefully he'd get to meet my wives. Hopefully he'd like them.

This was his fault, after all. He'd made a bargain with a demon, and now I paid the price. As Maki threw my legs over her shoulders, I squealed into the cock in my mouth. What a price it was.

Tero shifted forward to get a better angle, and thrust into my throat, sliding down all the way until she hit my gag reflex, then pushing past until my lips met her knot. She was fucking huge.

I glanced up to see her eyes glowering down on me. "Such a good pussy. Hope you like dog cum."

I tried to nod, but her cock was like a steel beam locking my head in place.

Just then, Maki pulled back, aiming her cock at my pussy. Tero pulled out, leaving me to spit up a whole load of saliva and precum.

"Down," she said, and Maki obeyed. Tero switched me around so my head was at the foot of the bed, my feet towards the top. She climbed over, lining herself up with my pussy. "Maki, you'd better knot that fucking mouth."

Maki was throbbing, her cock dripping long streams of precum onto the floor. "Come here, darling," I said, reaching out towards her. Just as I got a taste of her salty fluid, Tero speared me open.

I tried to pull back, to scream from pleasure or pain, but Maki grabbed my throat and thrust all the way to the base.

She wasn't as long as Tero, and for that I was glad, as I felt Tero's cock spear me open with every thrust. I was wet enough that she wouldn't hurt me, nor did I think I could get hurt like this in hell, but it was still a pussy that hadn't been fucked in months, much less by a cock this long.

Still, Maki was thicker than Tero, and by a significant margin. And as her knot bumped against my nose, her balls right in front of my face, I started to worry. Knots flared during orgasm, right? How could I possibly take something this big inside me?

I wasn't allowed to question it as Maki thrust even deeper, pushing her knot into my mouth and resting her balls right against my nose. "Holy fuck," she moaned, and I felt a pulse of precum shoot down her length to lube up my throat.

"Holy fuck is right," Tero panted from below, savaging me with every thrust. One hand grappled my hips, the other rested on my tit, toying with my nipple. With every push and pull her fur grated against my clit, and I was very close to cumming.

Then Maki pulled out, and fucked all the way in again. And then again. They found a rhythm, spearing me from opposite sides while I simply hung limp between them. There wasn't much I could do other than clench my stomach and run my tongue along the shaft down my throat.

"Fuck, I'm close," Maki said.

"Good girl," Tero said, leaning in, and I glanced up past the cock in my mouth to find them making out over me, spit dripping onto my stomach.

Maki let out a high whine, her hips jerking twice before locking in, pushing me against the bed. Her cock flared, swelling as she let out jet after jet of cum straight into my stomach. My cheeks full to bursting, mostly from the knot, but also as the cum shot back up my throat.

But I was determined not to let any escape. Until, that is, Tero knotted my pussy, her tip piercing my womb.

I coughed up a whole slew of cum, but Maki's knot swelled again, locking it in place and forcing it down instead of up. I had a feeling my bowels would be white for weeks as I felt the cum flow down through my system.

The sensation on the other end of my body was delectable. Tero's cock poured wave after wave of thick cum straight into my womb, and as her knot swelled, pressing against that perfect spot inside, I came, whiting out both from the cum over my eyes and the pleasure.

Tero howled as her orgasm finished, and they both collapsed atop me, their cocks still pumping out the remnants of their balls while my orgasm came to an end.

"Thanks for the help, Tero."

"Anytime, darling. After all, we're both wives now, eh?"

"Oh yeah! How are you doing down there, Lady Mora?"

I raised a shaky thumbs-up.

"Glad to hear it," Maki said, sighing and jostling herself free. I immediately sat up so the cum would stay locked down my throat, but my full belly still made an attempt to expel it, so I pulled Tero into a kiss.

She licked into my mouth, moaning at the taste of the other hellhound's cum. When I was satisfied that I could keep it in, I pulled away to catch my breath. My stomach was distended, though not by as much as I expected. The way it felt, I was carrying triplets, but it only looked like I was in my first trimester.

Tero finally pulled out with a pop, leaving a tiny line of cum behind. Most must have remained in my womb, locked tight.

I collapsed on the bed. "Wow. I needed that."

Tero slid up beside me, beckoning Maki to join. The three of us lay in bed together.
"How was that, darling?"

Maki nodded, her tail wagging. "Awesome! And we get a wife, not just a fleshlight like usual."

I traced Maki's abs with a wandering finger. "What does being a wife entail? My dad said he'd tell me when I found a suitor, but that never happened. Until now," I giggled.

"Could you cook for us?" Maki said, eyes wide.

"Sure, so long as you like fish."

She grimaced.

"Kidding. Fish is nice, but I can eat meat, too."

Tero chuckled behind me, pulling me into her embrace. "Being our wife means getting fucked as much as you want. Everything else is up to you."

Maki turned her nose up. "I'm going to take care of her. Anything you need, tell me."

"I wouldn't mind some new clothes," I said, glaring at Tero, who flashed me a smirk.

"Done. I'll see what I can do."

"Thank you, Maki." A comfortable silence fell, Tero's hand tracing over my belly, no doubt hoping her litter had already taken root. "Can I ask something?"

"Of course."

"Are you two lovers?"

Maki glanced away, bringing her hand to scratch her nape. "Uhh, no. I mean, we've had sex, I guess, but-"

"Maki," Tero interrupted.

"Yes?"

"Would you like to be lovers? You never mentioned."

"Well, you just seemed happy with those other hounds."

"Oh, please, they were meat and nothing more. You've been my best friend for years. I'll gladly go on a date with you."

Maki's eyes lit up, her tail wagging so much it looked like she might fall over. "Really? Yes, yes, I want that. Holy wow, I've wanted that for a long time."

"It only seems fitting," Tero said. "Now that we're both married, we explore emotions a little more."

Maki chuckled nervously. "You know me! Always having anxiety and stress! Good ol' Maki, always nervous and repressed."

"Maki," Tero said, her voice turning serious. "I love your emotions." She leaned over me to pull Maki into a gentle kiss. "I love you."

Maki nearly cried, but she bounced out of bed, quickly donning her discarded clothes. "I'll go get your new clothes, Lady Mora! And then I'm going for a run. Definitely not going to find a canyon to scream joy into."

"Wait," I called as she reached the door. She froze. "Just Mora. I'm not your Lady, I'm your wife."

"Yes, Mora, right. Bye!"

With that, she left Tero and me alone.

Silence fell again, and I curled up to her side, listening to her breath.

Finally, she broke the quiet. "What was it like, being a princess?"

I shrugged. "Nice, I guess. Though most people treat me weird, like bowing and going out of their way to be kind."

"Is kindness not nice?"

"I didn't say that. I just... was never an equal. I couldn't be, really. I was above them."

She nodded slowly. "Makes sense. I'd have kissed your feet had we met before now."

I glanced up at her. "What were you, before this?"

"A gladiator. Born into the ring, really. Fought my way to Lady Volir's side." She sighed. "I love that woman. She has been the kindest to me, out of everyone. Even Maki."

"Really?"

"Like Maki said: she has a soft spot for hot women."

I shrugged. "So do I. Suppose it's not too abnormal."

She chuckled, and silence fell again. Before we could continue the conversation, the door burst open, and a sweaty Maki appeared. She tossed a red thing of fabric onto the bed, before dashing off without a word.

"Guess these are your new clothes," Tero said, going over to prod at the fabric.

I grabbed it, letting it hang to get a good view. It was a gorgeous scarlet dress covered in violet fire. It almost glowed, and was certainly warm in my hands. Tero was silent as I slipped it on.

As I fit my arm through the hole, the entire piece shrunk to hug my figure, and while it was tight, I could still move comfortably. It certainly made the bulge in my stomach apparent. "Oh, this is heavenly. I wish we'd had some magic clothes back home."

Tero still said nothing, and I glanced over at her to find her completely still. "What?"

She looked down. "That dress belonged to Lady Volir's wife."

I twirled around in it. "She has a wife? Then why is she..." I realized she'd said 'belonged.' As in past tense.

"Oh."

Tero nodded. "I hope to god she gave that to Maki and she didn't just find it in a closet somewhere."

My tail curled inwards in angst. "Should I take it off?"

"No, no. It's supposed to help with fertility anyways. Perhaps she meant for you to have it."

"I'll need to thank her properly, next time I see her. Maybe on my knees, between hers."

Tero shook her head. "If she's gifting it to you, I implore you to say thank you genuinely. It would mean a lot to her."

"Oh. Okay. I guess I never knew a lot about her."

Tero went over to the dresser, pulling out a change of clothes for herself. "Let's go for a walk."

She led me down a few hallways, past ornate tapestries and gorgeous busts, to a greenhouse full of red and purple vegetation.

She picked up a watering can, going to tend to the plants while I watched. While looking for a bench, I realized one of the glass walls looked out over the hells. As I waited for Tero to finish, occasionally sneaking glances back at her, I gazed out over the stormy wilds.

Eventually she joined me, reaching for a key on her belt to let us out onto a terrace at the edge of a cliff. Roiling fire and endless storm clouds crackled in the distance, and other keeps and castles peppered the landscape.

"What a view, eh?"

I nodded, still breathtaken. I rested my elbows on the stone fence, and Tero sidled up next to me, wrapping an arm around my shoulders. She was so warm, even out here in the fiery expanse.

"Is it weird that I'm glad my father made that deal?"

Tero shrugged. "Not really my place to say. I'm certainly happy we got to know each other."

"We have nine months, I suppose." I sighed. "I can't wait, however strange that may be."

She shifted behind me, so her crotch was pressed against my ass and her arms gripped my waist. Her chin rested on my shoulder, looking out at the same view as me. "I love coming here."

"It is quite nice."

She smiled. "You interested in coming here?"

I glanced over at her, raising a questioning eyebrow.

"We're alone, and I've heard orgasms are quite good for fertility. Especially among felids."

"That's a wives' tale. But..." I turned around, pulling her against me. "Why don't we try it, just in case?"

She grinned, licking her teeth before sliding a hand up under my dress until she reached my pussy. I was still soaked from earlier, maybe even more sensitive now that I'd had some time to rest.

"Here," she turned me back around. "Enjoy the view."

Before I could get out a response, she shoved a finger into me, causing me to gasp out her name.

"That's what I like to hear. Now, relax, enjoy yourself."

Her digit pulled out, slipping between my folds before she seized my clit with a pair of fingers and then stuck a third back inside me, scratching that ever-present itch. "Tero," was all I could say as she continued.

It didn't take her long, feeling her breasts against my back, her breath hot on my neck, and her tender caresses deep inside me. I came out with a cry that echoed back at me from the wasteland I stared at.

A blush overtook my cheeks as I realized I'd just been fucked in public. Me, Lady Mora Gulfmaine. I shook my head, thighs still shaking, as I went to turn around.

But Tero held me still. "My turn," she said, slipping into me with a single thrust.

My eyes crossed, and all time went out the window as she fucked me. It was far gentler than the previous time, and I was relieved to know she had this softness in her. I always liked hard women, but sometimes a loving touch was all it took to make me come undone.

She came again, this one much less powerful than before. I sighed contentedly as she pulled out finally, turning around to take her lips against mine.

"That was delightful," I whispered as she finally pulled back to catch her breath.

"Sorry it wasn't as much. Sometimes I need a little extra to get me going a second time."

"Extra like what, this?" I said, scratching her chin. She keened, tail wagging.

As I let up, she caught her breath. "Yes, but also rimjobs."

My eyebrows shot up. "Oh." She seemed so... calm, about asking such a naughty thing. Not that I minded, of course.

"You don't have to-"

"I'd be happy to. Rimjobs, I find, are the way to a woman's heart."

She nodded sagely, before leveling her gaze to meet mine. "I'm definitely gonna like the next nine months. I kinda wish you could stay."

"Think your mistress would let me?"

"Let you what?" Lady Volir's voice came from the other end of the terrace.

Tero pulled herself away from me, standing at attention.

"Oh let it go, Tero. She's your wife, you can kiss her in front of me." Lady Volir sighed, gazing out over the hellscape. I adjusted the dress so it fell back to my calves, rather than being hiked up for easy access.

"I'll ask again, let you what?"

I blushed. "Well, uhh, Lady Volir, I just really like it here, and was hoping after my baby is born I could maybe stay. If that's not asking too much."

"Too much?" she said. "Mora, my dear, you have bargained for your father's life, and now you want to give up your own?"

My gaze dropped. "Sorry. It was a stupid thing to ask."

"Tero, give us a moment, will you?"

My wife nodded, walking away while her tail wagged anxiously.

Before the door to the greenhouse shut, Lady Volir wrapped her arms around me.

"You may stay, my darling Mora. But your father will not be happy."

I shrugged. "My brother can take over as heir. I've never wanted the position anyway."

She smiled. "I urge you to think this through, before you make a final decision. I am happy to grant you visitation rights."

I nodded. "I'll talk to my father. Though that may just push me further into your arms," I admitted.

"Wouldn't that be a shame," she cooed, bringing one hand to stroke through my hair.

"You know," she said, breaking the silence after a while, "you smell like her."

"Who, Tero?"

She chuckled, pulling away slightly. "No, Yune. My wife." She looked me up and down.

"Must be the dress. It suits you."

I nodded, blushing. "Thank you so much for such a kind gift."

She waved her hand. "I was looking to rid myself of it regardless. You're just cute and convenient."

"While that may be, I am still very grateful."

She took a moment to look me over, then cleared her throat. "You seem to be warming up to your wives. I hope they were the right choice. I can always switch you out."

I patted my belly. "Are you kidding? I might be in love already. I'll happily share their bed, so long as they are what is advertised."

She bit her lip. "They are... softer, than they may seem at first. Tero especially."

I nodded. "I can tell. Maki... well, she ran away as soon as things got emotional. But I'm sure we can work on that."

"She is avoidant, that one. Exercise is her coping mechanism. Maybe make her lift you as a weight." She shrugged, lighting a red pipe that appeared from nowhere and taking a puff. "I was always fond of those two. I'm glad they found someone who cares so deeply."

"I try. I've never met my match. Until now, I suppose."

She turned to me, blowing out a plume before cupping my cheek in one hand. "I hope we can grow very acquainted over the course of your stay. You won't be a replacement for Yune, but perhaps you can be entertainment."

As she turned on her heel, I grabbed her hand. "Will you tell me about her, someday? I'd love to learn."

She looked back at me over her shoulder, conflict raging in her eyes. "Perhaps, if you are skilled enough with your tongue."

I smiled, nodding and letting her hand go. She kept walking, but something in the way her puffs of smoke came out made me think she was smiling.

Thanks for reading! This is a bit of a return to form for me, rather than the longform stories I've been telling. I suppose (and was planning) for this to be longer, but it really fits for it to end there, don't you think? Sometimes it's better to leave things to the imagination (like Mora's reunion with her father). Anyway, feedback and suggestions are always appreciated! Check out my website [here](#).