

FUSION ADVENTURES MAEVE + JESSICA

By SOPHIE93

“I knew you had something else up your sleeve,” Maeve said with a weary sigh. “It wasn’t normal for the lazybones Jessica to show up at my house just to ask me for a workout routine.”

Jessica stuck out the tongue of her right head while holding a mutagen vial in one hand, watching the liquid swirl as her left head tilted to follow it. “We still have vials left, and I thought it’d be fun... at least more fun than exercising.”

“Exercise is important and fun,” Maeve replied.

Jessica nodded with both heads. “I know, I know. But if we use this, we’ll be doing plenty of cardio anyway, don’t you think?”

Maeve rolled her eyes. She set the routine she’d prepared for Jess on the table, then stretched both arms up and behind her head, her back tightening as her long tail extended with the motion. “I guess it counts as cardio, sure.”

“But honestly,” Jessica continued, “I wouldn’t mind taking advantage of that routine you already made—so long as you didn’t make it too brutal.”

One corner of Maeve’s mouth lifted. “No promises. Pushing your limits is how you improve.” Her gaze drifted to the liquid shifting inside the vial. “And... Why me instead of any of the other girls?”

“I want to know what it feels like to be a humantaur. I’m missing that experience,” Jessica said, all four of her eyes bright with excitement—like a scientist who’d just stumbled onto a new breakthrough.

Maeve exhaled, a little disappointed as her attention flicked to her second torso. “Sophie and Lucy told me the same thing... Do you all only want to merge with me because of my mutation?”

Jessica went serious. She set the vial on the table and, before Maeve could react, took her hands. “Don’t say that, Maeve,” her left head said, and her right head picked up immediately after. “Yes, we’re a little... pervy and impulsive about mutations. That’s true. But everyone likes you for who you are—me too, underneath all this perversity.”

Maeve softened a little. “Well. I do admire your willpower—saying you want to be a humantaur instead of saying you want to feel what my dicks feel like.”

“It’s just that I’ve already felt what it’s like to have dicks with other fusions.”

“Jess! It is hard to defend you if you say that!” Maeve groaned, and then they both started laughing. Jessica wiped a tear from the corner of one of her eyes. “Still, yours are definitely the biggest. I remember seeing them up very close.”

“You don’t have to remind me. That was traumatic,” Maeve muttered, cheeks burning.

“Traumatic?” Jessica tapped one of her chins and looked up, thoughtful. “It gave me healthy envy.”

“I don’t want to know what image you’ve got in your mind right now.” Maeve crossed her arms—though there was a confident little smile on her face. “Anyway... why does everyone want to know what it’s like to be a humantaur? It’s not like having extra legs is some special thing compared to your mutations.”

“Probably because it’s different,” Jessica said. “I already know what it’s like to have two heads, or multiple breasts like Antonella. I know what it’s like to share a body with basically any of our mutations... but dicks and extra legs? Only you get that luxury in our friend group.”

Maeve blushed even harder. “Is that supposed to be a compliment? And besides—multiple heads versus the whole tail-head mutation is pretty different.”

Jessica nodded, and Maeve went on, “Also... when you grew dicks in the other mutations, where did those even come from?”

Jessica shrugged. “No idea. Mutagen randomness, I guess. Look at it this way—maybe those random mutations will make you experience something new with our merge.”

“I’ve experienced plenty,” Maeve said, scratching her head. “But I won’t deny it’s tempting. And... I still haven’t merged with you. Maybe if our memories mix, you won’t even need to take that routine sheet with you—you’ll know how to do it yourself.”

Jessica narrowed her eyes. “So what you really want is to turn me into an exercise addict like you.”

“Honestly? I wouldn’t mind a friend like that,” Maeve said, unflinching.

Jessica blinked, surprised for a beat—then smiled. “Alright, then.”

Within minutes, they were both completely naked, with far less embarrassment than they’d had in the past. Jessica couldn’t help staring at Maeve’s twin dicks—already half-hard, heavy with the kind of anticipation that was impossible to pretend wasn’t there.

“Looks like you’re excited about the idea,” Jessica teased.

Maeve shifted her hind hips to hide them. “If you had dicks, I know they’d be hard all day.”

“Wow. I didn’t know you could read my mind before we even merge,” Jessica said, holding her vial out to Maeve.

“I don’t need to get inside your heads to read you, Jess,” Maeve replied, uncorking the vial—only to feel Jessica suddenly climb onto her back. “Hey—wait. What are you doing?”

“Experimenting. Let’s see if position affects the fusion result,” Jessica said, and then she tipped her vial back and drank it in one swallow.

Maeve froze, startled by the impulsiveness—and before she could overthink it, she drank hers too.

Heat slammed through them almost instantly. The contact of bare skin became electrifying, then overwhelming, as warmth spread and the boundary between Jessica’s body and Maeve’s began to blur. Jessica’s two heads bit their lips as she looked down—watching and feeling her body sink into Maeve’s mass as if the two of them were dissolving into one another.

The sensations were so intense neither of them could speak. Bones, muscle, nerves—everything shifted and reweave itself. Jessica’s torso rotated, turning so her back aligned against Maeve’s upper body, while her legs reformed—replacing Maeve’s hind legs as if they’d never been there in the first place.

More and more changes cascaded from Jessica’s torso as Maeve’s head slid to the right, and a new bulge swelled to the left—quickly shaping into another head, identical to Maeve’s, as if the mutagen had decided she needed symmetry.

In barely a minute, it was done.

Jessica stared down in stunned awe at what they'd become. Her three breasts now bore dicks—like the time she'd merged with Sophie and Lucy—each one twitching sensitively in the cool air. Between her legs hung a massive dick, bigger than the ones Maeve usually had. And her ass stretched and extended, connecting into Maeve's second torso—Maeve now positioned behind her and facing the opposite direction.

"Wow," Maeve said twice, both of her heads speaking in unison. "This feels... really strange."

Jessica could feel Maeve's senses and thoughts folding into hers—two front perspectives and, behind them, the awareness of the rear pair of heads. "Welcome to what it's like having two brains under your command, Maeve."

Maeve's two heads turned over their shared shoulders, and on instinct she tried to walk, moving all four legs at once. But the pair of legs under Jessica were effectively inverted relative to Maeve's usual sense of "front," made them wobble.

"Whoa! Slowly," Jessica said, taking control of the legs and throwing their arms out to steady them.

"I'm... I'm seeing through your eyes too," Maeve's right head said, blinking hard as she tried to get used to seeing forward and backward at once.



“And I think we share control!” Maeve’s left head added. Both heads looked at each other in shock. “Jess?”

“Yup. It’s me. Though, using a head that isn’t mine feels really weird,” Maeve’s left head said, voice shifting subtly as Jessica’s presence rode the words.

Behind them, Jessica’s two heads burst into laughter.

“It’s even weirder seeing my own face talk to me like that!” Maeve blurted, still trying to get used to the sensory overload. “I’m feeling too much everywhere and—ah!”

She saw through Jessica’s eyes as Jessica focused on the dicks on their breasts and between their legs—and then moaned sharply when their hands wrapped around the thick length at their groin, making all four legs tremble.

“God, Maeve... are your dicks always this sensitive?” Jessica asked.

“N-not even close... it’s the mutation—ah, slow down...”

Jessica froze when she realized their hands had stopped—not because Maeve had forcibly taken control, but because Maeve’s emotions and needs surged up and tangled with her own. It felt like a feedback loop. “I think... we’re way more intertwined than we look. Not just physically.”

Maeve flushed, suddenly far more shameless than usual. Part of her mind screamed at her to get a grip; the rest of her begged to touch everything at once. “It doesn’t feel like me,” one of Maeve’s heads admitted.

“I feel the same,” Jessica said. “But it’s... warm and romantic. And it doesn’t feel bad.”

“You’ve definitely mixed with me mentally. The Jessica I know would never say that.” Maeve said using one of Jessica’s heads as she ran fingers through Jessica’s hair. “Wow... is your hair always this soft?”

“It is, I take care of it properly” Jessica said with the other head “Though right now it’s yours too.” She paused, thoughtful. “Do you think this is happening because we’re using each other’s heads?”

“I don’t know. When I merged with Antonella, I could feel everything her two heads felt—but our personalities and control stayed divided.”

“Yeah, I know what you mean...” Jessica hesitated. “Can you read my thoughts now?”

Maeve—still controlling Jessica’s head—squinted. “Not exactly. But I can feel your emotions clearly.”

“I can’t tell what you’re thinking with that head while you’re controlling it either,” Jessica admitted. Then, with a mischievous snap, she added at the same time—through Maeve’s two mouths—“Even if I take control of both of your heads.”

That made them both laugh.

They practiced moving, slowly getting used to the strange leg orientation. Maeve took control of her two heads as she spoke,

“It’s a shame you didn’t get to experience exactly what it’s like being a humantaur.”

“No big deal,” Jessica said. “I can read your memories—so I already know what it feels like.”

Maeve’s blush deepened. “Right... and I can also see that more than once you’ve—” she hesitated, then said it anyway, because the merge made honesty feel effortless—“masturbated thinking about me.”

“Don’t judge me.”

“I’m not judging. It’s just... weird seeing myself as sexy in your memories.” Maeve closed all four eyes. “Like I can feel my own image being attractive... while I’m looking at myself.”

“Think about your two long dicks,” Jessica said, forcing the thought forward.

The four dicks on their body responded with a twitch.

“Oh,” Jessica murmured, almost reverent. “You weren’t lying. You really do look sexy to yourself in my memories.”

“Shut up,” Maeve snapped—mortified by the proof in their own body.

Jessica inhaled, cheeks hot. “Now I kind of want to make a memory where—”

Maeve cut her off, voice sharp but smiling. “—where you don’t masturbate thinking about me, and you masturbate with me?”

Jessica nodded with both of her heads, more embarrassed than she’d been in a long time.

Maeve sighed, her expression softening into something quietly fond. “It’s impossible for me to merge with any of you and not end up in something sexual.”

Jessica went silent, letting Maeve continue. “But you also always give me this sense of safety,” Maeve admitted. “Like I’m welcome. Like I’m wanted.”

“You are,” Jessica said simply. “And considering you can feel my emotions right now, you know I mean it.”

The rush toward orgasm spiked so suddenly it startled Jessica. “W-wait—what was that?”

Maeve only turned redder.

Jessica blinked. “Did you just get turned on by hearing that?”

“I’m a romantic, okay?” Maeve said, trying to cover her faces as best she could with her hands.

Jessica smirked. “Look forward. From back here, I can’t even tell where we are going when you cover your eyes.”

Seconds later, they were in Maeve’s oversized shower—the one she’d had redesigned specifically for her body. Water poured over

their shared form, soaking them completely. For a moment, the warmth and pressure almost soothed the desperate edge of arousal... almost.

The four fully erect dicks made it impossible to ignore.

Jessica's hands began to roam—over their three breasts, down their curves, along their legs. “You gave my legs some of your muscle.”

“That’s a good thing,” Maeve laughed. “You gave me an extra head, so... we both won—ah!”

Jessica's fingers slid lower, and she parted the lips of the vagina between her legs with practiced curiosity. “Oh. Your back pussy is still here.” Her tone turned fascinated. “But it looks and feels more like mine.”

“I think it’s a mix of both,” Maeve managed, teeth clenched as the sensations threatened to short-circuit her thoughts.

Jessica kept exploring, her hands stroking the huge dick between her legs in passing—just enough to make it throb, just enough to make them both gasp.

Maeve, meanwhile, started to play with her five breasts—pinching nipples, dragging nails lightly until she shuddered—then sliding a hand down to her pussy. For several seconds, neither of them spoke. They just breathed, and trembled, and let pleasure pile up until it felt inevitable.

Jessica pressed her three breasts together with one arm while her other hand worked between her legs, and Maeve leaned forward and started kissing her own mouths. It was clumsy at first, then hungry as the shared rhythm clicked into place.

“Wow,” Jessica said, voice breathless. “You’re doing pretty well for someone who hasn’t had two heads before.”

“I learned from your memories,” Maeve replied through Jessica’s other mouth, then kissed her too.

Four mouths tangled. Tongues slipped together in a pattern that felt both practiced and strangely new. Their hands did what they could—still outnumbered by the amount of sensitive spots demanding attention.

The orgasms came fast and they were unable to stop them.

First, both pussies clenched at the same time—hard enough to make their kisses stop. Then the massive dick between their legs came hard, forcing them to moan with a choked cry. All four legs shook. Jessica’s hands slid up to grip two of the breasts dicks, stroking them in a frantic, uneven rhythm.

“B-be more creative, Jess,” Maeve panted, trying to catch her breath. She took partial control of Jessica’s hands, lifting the breasts so the dicks could reach the mouths above them.

Jessica tried to respond—stealing control of one of Maeve’s heads to speak through—“it—“I-it’s just, if you do th—”

She didn’t finish.

The breast dicks came hard into the mouths embracing them, and even the one that hadn't been directly stimulated came with a violent, helpless pulse. The second wave—three orgasms stacked on top of the firsts—made their legs buckle completely.

They sank down onto the shower floor, gasping, trying to recover while water ran over them and their bodies still twitched from aftershocks.

"This body feels incredible," Jessica whispered.

Maeve lifted her faces, breathing fast, eyes unfocused. "I think this shower is going to be a long one."

Jessica let out a conspiratorial little laugh. "I can already feel our pussies getting ready for more."

Maeve's smile turned sharp and eager. "Then what are we waiting for?"

By far, it remained the longest shower either of them had ever taken.



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