Destiny’s life had changed immeasurably more times than she could count on both hands and toes. There were the usual world-bending landmarks of college, moving out, finding love and so on. Of course, she had plenty extra, such as when her belly bloated uncontrollably in early pubescence, closely followed by her dick getting too big for its own good, coming into its own just in time for her fascination with huge, fake tits and subsequent implants that came with an even bigger online following. On top of those were her more canine attributes of course.

Things only got crazier in her life as she delved further into her expansive obsessions. Meeting Hazel fuelled those desires, especially as she joined in and they got to grow together. Or that was how reality saw them. In truth, Destiny had used the app to rewrite history and give her partner the biggest tits and ass anyone of her height could possibly handle. And she looked amazing with them.

It wasn’t uneven either. Hazel had doubtlessly done plenty of stuff to her with her own, watered down version. But the last major update came when Toni entered their lives. Destiny gave the former trans-girl what she wanted, which somehow led to their meeting earlier and subsequent hiring of the newly cis-female. All of that resulted in Destiny having an Only Fans account that had just recently gone full-on porn.

The debut orgy had made them a fortune. Which made Hazel happy, as it funded their necessarily lavish lifestyle, since their home constantly needed renovations to handle Destiny. Mostly the doors.

She smacked her head on one for the umpteenth time that week. Did Hazel make her taller again? Not that she could tell if she had, given the rewritten memories, though she thought the app would make accommodations for that. The red bump on her forehead confirmed otherwise.

“We need to raise the doors,” Destiny groaned. She didn’t know if the app caused it, or if it was her supposed perpetual growth, either way her gripe was valid.

“The contractors are coming next week,” Hazel said, eyes locked to her phone as she idly shovelled cereal into her mouth.

“Thank god.” Destiny grabbed a few bowls for herself. With a body of her size and prolificacy, she needed many times a normal person’s calories. It didn’t seem to matter what nutrients she ate, they all went where needed. Usually her belly, balls and whatever glands determined her fem-cum.

“Morning,” Toni yawned from atop Monica as she strode in. The pair were sticky from last night, having filmed a few scenes. Just because it was Destiny’s page didn’t mean she had to be on it all the time. Even for her, that’d become exhausting. And it’d saturate the market or something, according to Toni anyway.

The four ate in silence. Destiny still struggled to grasp just what her relationships to everyone was. She knew Hazel was her partner and Mistress, but it was clear Toni and Monica were more than roommates to her in the new history. Even now, the pair were cuddled up close, yet they eyed her with unreproved desire. Destiny avoided meeting their gaze as she ate.

“Right, I’m off to work. Those new dildos prototypes are coming in, so there’s a lot of testing today,” Hazel said, dumping her bowl in the sink. She waddled around to Destiny and kissed her cheek, only able to reach because she was seated and hunched over, then headed out the door. The saying was true; Destiny hated to see her go, but loved watching her leave.

Hazel handled the income of their unique household. Merchandise, advertising, sponsorships and so on. She, and her team, handled it all.

That just left the three alone. Nothing came of it, Destiny was plenty satisfied after her regular night of debauchery, wherein her tentacles and cock turned her and Hazel into quivering messes. It always left a giant mess in their bedroom, but she liked that. That way she had something to do beyond gaming or watching videos.

God, she could barely remember a time that her biggest priority was getting 100% achievements in her favourite games. Back then, all that mattered was getting paid to play more, and if she found a partner to fuck for a few weeks, then great. Hazel had been her goal back then, the only she thought she could be with for the rest of her life. In hindsight, they hadn’t shared much. Maybe it was fate that the app found her and enabled a proper relationship.

Don’t dwell on it, Destiny thought and set to cleaning the table. The other two went off to edit and film ‘pick-ups’. From gamer to housewife, she silently mused with a soft smile. It wasn’t the easiest job by far, though she was the only one free to do it. Toni was a perfectionist at heart and had to edit until she was satisfied, while Monica had frequent outings. Her life as a dominatrix hadn’t ended it seemed.

Of course, Destiny’s work was only made harder by her curves. She’d gotten used to it thanks to muscle memory, however that didn’t magically fix it. Her arms had to raise high to get around her breasts, which curved at least two feet past her shoulders, while she had to lean or squat to make sure her belly didn’t push her away from whatever she worked on. After each task, she rubbed at her fecund gut. Perhaps Hazel had done something more, but Destiny actually felt motherly. It was probably just associating her housework with being a mom.

Even so, she enjoyed it. The days were mostly tranquil and she could just zone out, working to make everything spick and span for her mistress. They’d eat dinner, spend a little time chilling out, then recreate the morning’s mess all over again. Sometimes the others joined in, but usually they were just vessels for Destiny’s tendrils to plunder. They didn’t seem to mind though.

“Hey,” Hazel said. They’d moved to the couch, their spaghetti bolognese dinner devoured, and were watching The Cup Head Show, “I have the day off tomorrow.”

“Oh?” Destiny arched a brow, looking down at her love. Their typical position was for her to lay on her back, then place Hazel’s head between her boobs. Gravity kept the globes separate.

“Yeah, but I’ve gotta do some personal things. Could you run some errands for me?”

“Sure, just give me a list.”

“Always so eager,” Hazel cooed and patted her head, “Good girl.”

To some, it was condescending. To Destiny, it was the perfect compliment. She’d always be Hazel’s good girl, whatever that required of her.

Even if that meant being on her paws on day as she lugged around several kilos of shopping in each arm. People always stopped and stared, but not nearly as much, since just about anyone local knew about her. They’d probably all seen her naked by then. Even if they hadn’t, they just needed to google her. Her ‘clothes’ didn’t help.

The reflections told her she’d somehow put on nothing more than a latex halter top with an equally skimpy mini-skirt. Her cock swung against her thighs in its… hammock? Whatever it was wrapped around to somewhat cover her pussy. She was pushing the limits, but she technically hadn’t broken public decency laws. The guards wouldn’t touch her anyway. Or they would, but not to arrest her.

And she could overpower anyone. The van groaned as she dumped the latest haul, its suspension crying out, yet her arms were mostly fine. She was still glad to have finished the endless tirade of clothes shopping. Apparently, they needed all sorts of outfits for the others to wear.

‘It’s better marketing’ Hazel had said. Like that justified making the Amazon carry a literal ton. She’d better make it up to her later.

Destiny sighed, “Who am I kidding? I’ll still roll over for her.” The best she could do to ‘punish’ her mistress was to fuck her unconscious. Hardly a punishment, but it’d suffice. She pulled out her phone, texting Hazel that she was on her way back. Just in time too, as the sun was on its way down. Not a second after climbing in with the stacks of bags, she had a response stating that she had more to do. Destiny groaned. Surely she could do it tomorrow?

Apparently not. Hazel made it sound urgent, that she had to go right away and buy… oh god. The biggest dildos she could find. Really? She knew her fanbase liked comparison for just how huge she and Monica were, but surely those toys were unnecessary when their members were bigger than the people they were going into. Sensing her apprehension, Hazel sent another text affirming just how well this would sell.

“Fine,” Destiny made her disdain for it known and knocked on the walls, signalling her driver to get going. She didn’t mind running errands, far from it, but she’d been on her feet all day and she was getting hungry. Not to mention a little horny. If not for the law and knowing she’d be deeply satisfied later, she might’ve masturbated or fucked a random fan. Honestly, she was still weighing the idea.

“Welcome home, babe!” Hazel announced when Destiny shoved the door open and dragged a massive sack behind her. It caught on the frame, cracks forming as she yanked harder, before exploding into the condo. Her only relief was from the cargo lift that led straight to the door.

“That took… for-fucking-ever!” Destiny growled and kicked the door shut. Darkness had fallen, the scents of various restaurants mocking her empty stomach, while the night dwellers came out and tempted her. But she had a job to do, which kept her focused. Now, however, she was dying to grab her little lover, pin her down, and wind her tentacles through her guts, out her mouth, then back through again. She fully intended to do so when she turned around.

“H-huh?”

“I thought, since you’ve been cooking so much, I should treat you for once,” Hazel said, gesturing to the delectable spread of fine dining dishes, though these were substantial. Almost a dozen plates of various steak, salad, chicken, pasta and rice dishes beckoned her over. She paused to take in the smells, lines of drool falling to the floor, then looked to Hazel.

“You could’ve just told me to make myself scarce,” Destiny said, “Didn’t need to make carry a literal fucking ton of shit all day.”

“Well… we did need most of that stuff.”

“Most?”

“Yeah, totally. The more fetishes we can cover, the more widespread we’ll be. Also, don’t tell me you wouldn’t like to see me and Toni dressed like blow-up dolls?”

“You’re right, I would,” Destiny huffed and slammed her butt into a couple of chairs, “Now let’s eat before I swallow you whole.”

“Hmm, maybe some other time?”

Everything was delicious as expected. Hazel admitted it was ordered in, but that didn’t change the fact she’d taken the time to set the scene, even if the preamble was unnecessary. It was a struggle to slow down and savour the extravagant meal, each bite another wave of ecstasy. Yet something irked Destiny whenever she looked over at her love.

One thing about having senses as acute as hers was detecting emotions. People had the smallest tells, no matter how well they hid them. A stutter in their heartbeat or breath, or maybe a simple glance. She only had to look for the signs. All of which manifested in Hazel.

“What’s wrong?” Destiny asked. This wasn’t the first time she noticed her partner’s behaviour, however something always came up to distract from it.

“It’s…” Hazel bit her lip, looking Destiny up and down, a faint air of lust leaking out, “You haven’t noticed anything… different, have you?

“What do you mean?”

“Well, like… I, uh… got this… you know…”

“Hazel,” Destiny said. For once, it was her voice that pulled Hazel back from all her worries, “It’s okay. Whatever it is, you can tell me.”

“Right,” the bountiful shortstack took a deep breath, “That app you sent me, it’s real.”

A dense silence veiled the room. Within it, Destiny leaned back and stared, unsure how to comprehend what she’d just heard. She never expected her to admit it, not so outright anyway.

“Everything that I do in it, happens in real life. But you never notice,” Hazel elucidated.

“I…” Destiny gulped. This was her partner freely admitting that she’d changed her, something she never had the guts to say. By all rights, now was her turn to reveal the truth, yet the words clung to her throat. If she set everything out in the open, then what? Hazel might leave. Or… or…

The thoughts died when her eyes met Hazel’s and found the same fears.

“Mine too,” Destiny whispered.

“I know.”

“You DO?”

“I’m not just an awesome pair of tits and ass,” Hazel snickered shakily, “I kinda figured yours would be too and it makes sense when you think about it for a little while. No one else has four boobs. No one but you and me can handle implants bigger than yoga balls. Those are pretty strong signs.”

“Y-yeah. Guess so. Um, do you like your body?” Destiny asked, sinking into her chairs.

“That’s a hard question. Our memories are rewritten, so as far as I know, I’ve always had four boobs and wanted implants. Granted, I only wanted to go this giant after we met. What about you?”

“Well, um,” the futa looked down, “I wasn’t born this way. I never even planned on getting implants.”

“Huh?”

“A lot of things happened…” Destiny tried leaving it at that, but her lover’s stare wouldn’t leave her be until she revealed the whole story. From the beginning, to accidentally turning Hazel into a twin-headed human-taur, all the way to the present. That same silence returned, even richer with uncertainty as everything was laid bare.

“You weren’t a sub before?” Hazel asked out of the blue.

Destiny had no other response but to laugh, “That… that’s your biggest question? Not that I turned you into a weird monster? Or that I…” her words faded when Hazel sauntered around the table to cup her cheeks.

“I kinda turned you into half a furry and gave you the biggest pregnant belly in history. You’re forgiven for a ‘misstep’.”

Destiny frowned, “You say that like it wasn’t one.”

“Not gonna lie, it sounds kinda hot. Maybe if I could choose when I transform like that. For the record though, I think you did a great thing for Monica and Toni. Though I’m surprised you don’t do that more.There’s a lot of trans folks that’d kill for a quick and easy transition.”

“I only get so many points and slots.”

“Fair point.”

Destiny nestled her head into her lover’s gigantic chest, listening to the soothing tempo of her heart. They stayed like that for entire minutes, Hazel’s fingers running through Destiny’s hair. Each breath was a musical note. Notes of arousal tinted the scent of perfume and the cooling food. Destiny lifted her head away with a grin.

“Food’s getting cold.”

They returned to eating, but a final question lingered on both of their minds. Neither spoke it, content after cleaning their thoughts of secrets, thought it couldn’t be ignored forever. As the pair huddled around the sink, idly cleaning their dishes, Destiny finally gave it a voice.

“What happens now?”

Hazel stared at her plate, gnawing on a lip and shifting her weight from foot to foot. So distracted by her return, dinner and their respective reveals, Destiny hadn’t noticed just how much effort her partner put into her outfit. Or rather, how effortless she made it look. Only a simple, black dress adorned her frame, filled out to its limit by her figure, with a sleek, elegant necklace dipping into her cleavage. She had her brilliant white hair draped across her shoulders and a pair of small heels added an inch to her otherwise diminutive height.

Of course, she hadn’t left her makeup alone either and searing crimson lips shone against her pale skin. Dark strands curtained her eyes, weaving mystery into hazel gems. And, though unseen, she’d put effort into keeping her scent as romantic as possible with just a hint of her arousal sneaking through. Honestly, it made Destiny feel inadequate for her mistress.

“I think we have to ask ourselves something else first,” Hazel said, bringing her focus back up, “Are we satisfied?”

“I am if you are.”

“No, I don’t want my submissive pup answering. Tell me, Destiny, my darling *partner*, is there anything more you’d want from me?”

“I…”

“Because I’m not done with you,” Hazel pressed, poking a finger against Destiny’s ‘shirt’, which pushed into a pussy, “I don’t know if the new memories or whatever, but I’ve got a bunch of fetishes that you fulfil perfectly. Almost. So I’ll keep using the app until I’m happy. What about you?”

Destiny looked away. She’d never given much thought to her own preferences. Or she had once upon a time, before Hazel’s happiness became paramount. That was the reason she gave her a second pair to breasts, in case she missed the double rows from being a human-taur, despite never remembering that. And the extra size increases were so she didn’t feel too small compared to Destiny. The clit was so she could pitch and catch. And the…

“You know, I have a real problem with justifying stuff to myself,” Destiny said, “Every single time, I talk myself into something by convincing myself it’s for someone else’s sake.”

“Sooo?” Hazel tilted her head to look her in the eye.

“We’re gonna need a *lot* of points between us.”

“Which we get by…?”

“Fucking.”

“A literal fuck-ton,” Hazel grinned.

“You’ve been waiting to use that, haven’t you?” Destiny asked.

“With our lifestyle? It was just a matter of time. Now then, shall we?” Hazel set her final dish down, unfinished, and stepped away, holding a hand out with a perverse grin on her face.

“Are you sure you can handle it?” Destiny asked, her paw engulfing the far smaller hand.

“Doesn’t matter. Just keep fucking until *you* can’t handle it anymore. Then keep going. Maybe take a few pics or clips in the process.” Hazel led the way, an increasingly less subtle squelching and slurping coming from between her legs.

Likewise, Destiny’s massive folds dripped and twitched as a set of very eager tentacles waited for their time. Her cock tore through its invisible bondage, fattening as it followed Hazel’s glorious ass to the bedroom. It hadn’t changed much, aside from the vastly larger bed and the industrial drains dotted around. Once shut in, they dove on the bed and locked lips.

Each swipe of their tongue on the other spurred their arousal further. Hazel tugged at her dress, but refused to pull away to remove it, leaving Destiny to shred it with her claws. Unsurprisingly, Destiny’s trouser-python wrapped around her waist and pulled the petite girl in closer, their many enormous tits sliding together. Smooth and rough hands explored one another’s rigid curves. Destiny tightened her cock and wrapped it back around her lovers’ thighs, sliding it between her fat, juicy folds.

“Before that, let me service you,” Hazel panted, cheeks red. The penis loosened, but didn’t let go as she sank down, “I’ll never get tired of this view.”

Her crotch wasn’t something Destiny thought about much. Usually she focused on Hazel or whatever crazed pleasures she experienced, but it really was a strange experience to have sexes dozens of times larger than their regular counterparts. Her pussy alone filled the space between her thighs if she didn’t keep them splayed out. Hazel grabbed its lips and pulled them open like giant flower petals.

“I made it so big,” the girl cooed as she manipulated the squishy folds, fingers squelching as juices flowed, “Do you want to know what I wanna do to you?”

“No,” Destiny groaned, hips thrusting against her little hands, “I just wanna be your perfect pet.”

“Hush, we’re not doing that right now.” To prove her point, Hazel dove in. Destiny lurched in place as she felt her partner’s face in vivid detail with her pussy of all things. Though huge, it didn’t make her any looser. Her snatch collapsed around Hazel’s face, adhering to its every feature, especially her collagen-inflated lips.

If their bodies weren’t already so insane, they’d be easily mistaken for nothing more than bimbos. As it was, every passing second drained Destiny’s cognition, until her voice was just breathless gasps for more, which Hazel couldn’t hear as her ears were swallowed by the biggest pussy on Earth. Wasn’t that one of Hazel’s many fantasies? To be ‘vored’?

Well, whatever she wanted, she could do without guilt now that everything was in the open. Destiny reached down and pushed her in harder, cock adding its own strength, then her eyes rolled as the tentacles within her joined in. They erupted from around her lover’s head and wrapped around her shoulders, yanking on her. All except one, which shoved itself down Hazel’s throat.

Even that worked to their advantage when it swelled up and lodged itself inside her. The girl didn’t struggle, rather, she pushed as well. Destiny howled as her insides wrapped around her slender neck. Was that what it felt like to give birth? In reverse that is. But she wasn’t done, her orgasm pulling Hazel even harder.

“Oh god, fuck!” Destiny yipped and moaned, pussy stretching deliciously wide around the shoulders. It didn’t seem possible, even for her, but the possibility was very real for her to unbirth Hazel, “Deeper, deeper, deeper. Come on, babe, climb into my womb. Let me carry you!”

Her lover moaned around the arm-thick tentacle slithering down her oesophagus. Everything worked in concert to fulfil her depraved want, pulling and pushing, but to no avail as Hazel’s breasts squished against the folds.

“Nooo…” Destiny whined.

No matter how they tried, there was no getting her tits inside. Hazel realised it too and pushed away, struggling against Destiny’s various grips, gradually extracting herself. When her face appeared between Destiny’s valley, it was dripping in viscous pussy juice, throat and stomach bulging obscenely as more tentacle-meat rolled in. The other two spiralled around her breasts in a figure-eight, binding them together for her cock to push between. Streams of cum rolled across her skin, glistening under the light.

She wriggled her eyebrows and shoved both hands into Destiny’s cunt, curling them into fists, then tugging back. The fistfuls of fem-cum was quickly applied to her tits, rubbing it in like a massage oil. Destiny’s nostrils flared and a lustful growl rumbled in her chest.

Much as she liked Hazel’s perfume, the scent of pussy was… incomparable. Even if it was her own. Hazel just kept applying more, switching between her and Destiny’s cunts now, the breedable odours fattening her cock further. As trails rolled down her belly and hips, Destiny couldn’t help it anymore and pushed her lover down, pinning her under her much larger form. The cock and tentacles unwound, then spiralled around one another.

“’Just keep going’, that’s what you said, right?” Destiny panted as she positioned her triple-threat dick at the entrance to a higher plane of ecstasy. Hazel nodded, belly writhing as the tendril tunnelled deeper. Slime and drool leaked from her lips, stretched tight by its girth. Not an uncommon sight for them, but still one of the hottest things Destiny could even imagine.

She clapped both paws down on her lover’s nipples and thrust in. They both cried out in tandem with the obscene, wet squelching of Hazel’s cunt stretching around a combined thigh-thick girth. It didn’t matter how stretchy her pussy was, or how experienced, the thickness strained her walls as it pushed them apart. Less than a foot in and she was against the cervix. Hazel’s lower abdomen was an obscene cylinder wreathed in constantly moving roots. It sank away, bunched up like a spring, then lashed out.

Instantly, Hazel’s womb was stuffed to the brim with cock and tentacles. At the same time, her bowls clung to the one snaking through, bulging around the womb and bumping against her bottom row of tits. Not to be outdone, the tentacles around Destiny’s cock unwound and coiled around the womb, filling up every micrometre of space, then forcing it to accommodate even more. Fem-cum coated her appendages and allowed her cock to slip out from between them.

Destiny snapped both paws onto her lover’s hips. Her claws hooked into the firm flesh, just deep enough to spice the pleasure with pain, and held tight as she jerked her hips back. At the same time, her cock slithered away, coiling against her fat pussy. Once just the head was inside, the tension built until it couldn’t take anymore.

Their bodies collided with such a visceral splash of juices that it resembled a rainstorm unleashed all at once. Flesh impacted flesh with a thunderous crack. Destiny flung her head back and arched her chest into Hazel’s, nipples rubbing hers. Between their cleavages, taut skin rose, its pale hue turning pink and red from the strain. It stretched so thin, there was no mistaking what created it.

And the tentacles moved autonomously the whole time. Their endless, sensitive flesh conveyed every squeeze, every ridge and all the tiniest nuances throughout Hazel’s body, right to the end as one birthed itself from her rear. Destiny didn’t think anything of it moving toward her own ass once again.

Her only response to it punching through her pucker was to thrust even harder. It snaked through her innards, pushing out around its home to mark its progress, then stopped at the opening to her stomach. Destiny paid it no mind as she undulated her whole body, cock gliding in and out of Hazel from all the juices gushing out. Her abs clenched around the tendril, yet another level to the pleasure. Yet she needed more.

The app had a mind of its own, one even more depraved than either of theirs. It stood to reason that she’d be rewarded for giving into those desires. To that end, Destiny flexed all her muscles and flipped her petite lover onto her back, then lifted her hips up, forcing her knees to dig into her tits and frame the grotesque mass of her womb. Hazel’s eyes focused on hers over the pink appendage pumping down her throat.

“So beautiful,” Destiny huffed and doubled over to wrap her maw around a fat nipple. She’d made sure they were big enough to stretch her lips, otherwise it’d be such a waste, but enough that let her tongue snake out around the rest of the enormous sphere. Inch after inch poured from her suckling lips, winding between and around the four sensuous globes. Much as she wanted to cram the muscle down Hazel’s gullet and taste her deepest recesses, this was a worth second.

She kept running her paws all over Hazel’s ass. Even at her size, there was still so much to explore, not that she’d ever tire of feeling it up. Whimpers vibrated around the sliding tentacle as her claws left red lines in their wake. Destiny squeezed and thrust with all her considerable might, inspiring a high-pitched, muffled shriek matched by an eruption of fem-cum. The clit flexed and smacked against her own chest.

“Harder…” Hazel moaned, mouth suddenly freed. Destiny didn’t question it, instead unwinding her tongue to mash their juicy lips together, both immediately bruising from the force behind the kiss. As she’d wished, her tongue dove into the shortstacked goddess’s throat, then beyond, while Destiny raised her hips high, flexed her cock into a rigid, womb-wrecking pillar and plummeted. The flesh-condom ascended beside their locked lips and curled to frame their faces.

The tentacle formerly lodged in Hazel’s throat slid between her ass cheeks. Spit and slime poured into the valley, letting the globes glide against one another, then darted for the gaping knot of muscle. Both of their moans spiked at that, then ebbed as Destiny pulled up, settling into a similar rhythm as the mind-numbing plunges continued. Dense, sloppy noises saturated the room as did the reek of their rutting.

It was easy to lose herself in the insanity that was their love life. Destiny kept her focus, however, committing the flavour of her love’s insides to memory as her tongue explored deeper. Not that Hazel was any less attentive, arms pressing at the sides to squeeze her tits around all eight-feet of thrusting cock, while her hands jerked her massive clit, sending ripples through her insides. Her tongue danced against Destiny’s much larger one, sucking on the muscle and savouring her spit.

“Getting close,” Destiny mumbled against her lips.

She honestly expected to have cum already. Normally, she would have, but something had changed. Not physically, but mentally, with the greatest weight lifted. In its place was the invitation to lose herself in desire.

Just like the app wanted. She snarled at the thought and thrust harder, pounding into slush that poured from Hazel’s overstuffed pussy. Whatever the fuck came of her indulgence, she and Hazel would face it. Always together, whether in tumultuous bliss or tranquil joy didn’t matter. She just needed her.

Which meant she still had one thing left to do; breed her. It wasn’t the first time the urge struck, and she doubted it’d be the last, though never so strongly. Her breathes deepened, heart thumping as she imagined Hazel swelling up to match her own giant belly. What would become of their children? She didn’t know, but couldn’t wait to find out. But Hazel…

Wanted her to indulge all her desires. After all, she’d do the same. Destiny huffed and puffed like the canine she halfway embodied, pumping harder as her cock swelled, the head flanging out to catch on Hazel’s cervix as she yanked out foot after foot. Pre-cum gushed from the tip, heavier as her inferior seed were squeezed out to make room for the more deserving. Then something new came to light as she tried pulling back once more.

She cranked her head to try and see, but Hazel’s hands guided her back into the kiss. Right on time for a sneaky tentacle to plunge into her mouth, coated in a deliciously tart flavour. It linked them together as it surged through, intent on looping as it had before. Destiny groaned deep and ignored the sensation of many, many fat objects catching on Hazel’s folds, squishing in with a spine-tingling splash of their fluids. All the while, her mostly empty abdomen roiled and swelled as her balls filled up. Those, and the tentacle winding through her guts to add its own brand of pleasure.

As it burst from her anus, she struggled to pull even a foot away from Hazel. Whatever she’d grown to lock them together had swollen to the point it overwhelmed even her immense strength. Each thrust became a short, abrupt burst of ecstasy as their panted against one another. The tendril raced through Hazel’s body, stretching her jaw wide once more and doing the same for Destiny. As the pleasure rose, all her sexual appendages fattened further.

Through it all, Hazel’s eyes were locked with hers. They pleaded with her to do exactly what she planned, to unload every drop of ripe, impregnating seed into her baby-maker and bloat her into a broodmother to shame all moms-to-be. Until anyone that saw her would be jealous instead of pitying the five-foot queen as her belly entered rooms a minute before they saw her face.

“HAZELLL!!!” Destiny howled, though it was barely legible with her face so stuffed, but the intent carried easily as her hips blurred. She jabbed against Hazel until their bodies clashed one last time and both wailed in ecstasy.

Contractions struck the futa and ran through her cocks and tentacles. Her member coiled in on itself and pressed the head against a tiny opening in Hazel’s womb, then lurched as a tirade of semen powered through. Each drop was dense, packed with oversized sperm just waiting for an opening. An entire litre filled the chamber with in a second.

Destiny pressed her lips into Hazel’s. While their tongues weren’t able to move with the tentacle, the sentiment was clear as they rejoiced in the new stage of their lives. Fingers weaved together, hips and sexes undulated in tandem to milk Destiny of her plentiful seed, holding tight as Hazel inflated and pushed them apart. The distance was welcome as they took in the rising mountain of Hazel’s belly.

Frequent contractions rolled through Destiny as her kegels pumped out more cum than anyone would need. She wasn’t alone in her orgasm, Hazel’s pussy clenching tight, clit leaping in time with each deluge of cum, and squirting buckets of fem-cum around the three penetrators. Yet, what they thought was the precipice of bliss was only a waypoint.

Every thought in Destiny’s head was reduced to ‘breed, breed, breed’. Her tentacles responded to that. The appendage travelling through their bowls suddenly doubled in girth, crushing her prostate and squeezing a violent rush of cum out. Its brethren, however, slimmed down to needles. They weaved through every crevice in Hazel’s pussy and womb , directly stimulating her g-spot and cervix. As incredible as that felt for the shortstack, it was their next move that brought her to the absolute peak.

Her eyes rolled and a perpetual geyser of fem-cum sprayed against Destiny’s crotch. The minuscule tendrils poked at her fallopian tubes, testing them, before darting right in. That alone was enough to short circuit her nerves, yet they only travelled deeper into her ovaries, only to swell. It was the tiniest amount, mere micrometres, yet in such a tight space it felt like a fist. And they only fattened further.

New peaks formed every second that they swelled until she couldn’t take it anymore and went limp beneath Destiny. The futa stuck to her earlier promise and kept going, pumping cum by the gallon, unaware of it surging through newly stretched out tubes. Her swimmers filled every available space and inflated her to resemble a full-term pregnancy with quintuplets, then beyond. Destiny leaned back, still pumping her hips, as her lover bloated to match her.

She rubbed at the endless stretch of flesh. It was tight like a drum, the flesh hot against her paws, while the belly button popped out into a sensitive nub that sent spasms throughout, rippling through the jelly-like load within. Despite its viscosity, her cum was still fluid, causing Hazel’s gut to flatten slightly under its weight. Using that advantage, Destiny leaned forward to grind her nipples into the firm, yet supple mountain and mashed her stretched out lips against the popped-out navel. Saltiness met her tongue as she cleaned up Hazel’s sweat.

Once the final drops were spent, she nuzzled into Hazel’s belly. The thing was massive. Easily big enough for Destiny to climb inside, though it’d be a snug fit. She grinned and the tentacle inside her throbbed, understanding her intentions even before her cock resumed thrusting again. Everything blurred into the past from there.