Waking was an event. One that she looked forward to everyday, a constant simmer of lust just below the surface once she opened her eyes to see the ceiling. Sleeping on her front or side was out of the question with boobs like hers, but that didn’t matter much, as Hazel happily snuggled against her anyway. The petite girl woke up first, though she rarely moved away before Destiny was also up.

Hazel greeted her with a peck on the cheek, then went to do the usual morning routines. That left Destiny to breathe in the very obvious scent of their sexes, and to psyche herself up to get up. Everything about her body was lewd to the max, however that didn’t mean it wasn’t heavy. She refused to weigh herself, knowing it’d be something absurd. Just like everything else, she thought as her hands rubbed circles into her drum tight boobs. The huge things must’ve weighed more than Hazel.

Then there was her fecund belly. No babies inhabited it, though she told most people she was expecting triplets, an easier answer than explaining some impossible tentacle monster packed inside. Destiny took a deep breath and wriggled her way to the edge, where she swung her legs over, set her feet on solid ground, then grunted and pushed herself up. She had to bow her legs slightly to deal with the weight.

“I’m never gonna get used to this,” Destiny said, looking down at Hazel’s room. *Their* room. The only reason her old room still had a bed was in case they ruined this one, otherwise it was just a place to play games in private. Of course, that wasn’t the only amazing thing when she stood up to her full height. Being close to seven feet after living most of her life nowhere near six feet was an experience to put it mildly.

“You alright? Tenta-chan isn’t being too rowdy?” Hazel asked, coming back from the bathroom.

“Yeah, I think it’s sleeping.” She wasn’t sure how to feel about Hazel naming the crazy thing inside her, though she didn’t know how to get rid of it, or if she even wanted it gone. With the size of her cock, she couldn’t exactly fuck Hazel the way her erotically messed up body wanted, and the tentacle provided a way for that. And, sure, it felt fucking amazing when using it.

“Hmm, I know how it feels. After last night, I could’ve slept for another day.”

“Yeah, right,” Destiny scoffed.

“What?”

“You’re like a puppy. A five minute nap and you’re zooming all over the place.”

“Says the futa who spends most of her time begging for treats,” Hazel said, stepping closer and wrapping her arms around as much of the belly as possible.

Destiny blushed, “That’s different.”

“I know,” Hazel kissed the very distinct belly button, tingles spanning the whole mass when her tongue flicked it, “No pup compares to you, Destiny.”

“So romantic,” the towering futa said dryly, then sighed at another kiss on her abdomen.

“Then hurry back, and I’ll prove how romantic I can be.”

Hazel never made empty promises. After emptying her bladder and combing her hair, she came back to the petite sex fiend naked on the bed, beckoning to her. An otherwise normal scene, but as Destiny drew closer it played out differently. Rather than diving head first into a make out session, their lips met in a tender kiss. Hazel pulled her down slowly, little body vanishing beneath Destiny’s much larger frame.

Their hands weaved into each other’s hair and held on, gently bringing the other closer. Tongues were introduced slowly, Hazel’s taking the lead as usual, prodding Destiny’s cheek and coaxing her muscle to extend as only it could. It all coalesced into a spark they couldn’t ignore any longer.

“So romantic,” Destiny teased.

“You know what I’m about,” Hazel moaned, grinding her pussy against the futa’s slowly squirming gut.

“You’re waking it up.”

“Good. Momma needs a morning fucking.”

“You could’ve just asked,” Destiny said and clenched down, pushing the tentacle down through her pussy, the dozens of clits lining her canal sparking alight as it touched them, until it finally came to the open air. All that stimulation made it impossible for her cock not to join the fun.

Destiny wrapped the phallus around her lover’s waist, pulling her down. It wasn’t often that she took the lead role, but Hazel wanted sex, and that was the fastest way to do so. The tentacle sensed their desires and slimmed down at the end, lapping along Hazel’s snatch, then dipped inside. Just a teaser, however, as it pulled back and fattened up to smother the entire sex. Hazel moaned and pulled her back into a kiss.

There was no hope of seeing the penetration, but feeling it was just as fun. Especially when Hazel’s moans provided the best commentary. Destiny’s tentacle thinned and pushed back in, then kept going, sinking inch after increasingly girthy inch through her depths. It swivelled around and Hazel’s moans hitched in response, her pitch rose and fell as it changed tactic.

“Bring your cock up here,” Hazel breathed, rolling her hips as the tendril pushed and pulled like waves. Destiny did as requested, sliding her fat dick between them until it was eye-level with both. Looking at it up close was surreal.

Of course, she knew how big it was. She felt it everyday as the heavy slab of meat swung against her thighs, and saw it in the mirror, however rarely so close. Now it suffused most of her vision, big enough that she could barely see Hazel beyond it. That wasn’t important, though, as she could feel her everywhere.

Hazel was her world. She wrapped her arms around the girl’s head and urged the tentacle to thicken, luxuriating in the squishy velvet all around it, while they both kissed the prehensile cock between them. Much less noticeable, yet still incredible, was the feel of Hazel’s svelte body against hers. It was the perfect complement to her own insane figure, a form so sleek and delicate she would’ve worried about breaking it. If not for the girl’s ravenous lust.

“Wanna try something?” Hazel asked.

“Sure.” Destiny wasn’t sure if she could even refuse the girl anymore. It didn’t help that pleasure danced beneath her skin, whole body tingling as the tentacle picked up the pace and her cock dripped with pre and saliva. Hazel pushed her up so her nipples were in reach for the small girl.

“Love these things,” Hazel moaned, circling a gigantic areolae, rising in tiers until it was capped by a fat nipple, “They make me feel so tiny, ooh… like I could just curl up in one.”

“I’d love to carry you in one,” Destiny sighed, arching her chest for her lover to do whatever she had planned. To her surprise, Hazel grabbed her cock and turned it back around, aimed at her huge nipple. Oh, so that was what she wanted. Those eponymous eyes met hers, searching for approval. She nodded, then gasped and shook in untold pleasure.

Holy shit, her nipples felt amazing to penetrate. It wasn’t just them, of course, but her cock going into a tight, wet hole that spasmed around her. So fucking good. Hazel let go, though Destiny just kept pushing more inside. Her four-feet of dick vanished inch by inch until it stretched taut between her crotch and breast. Though faint, bumps appeared across the surface as her member writhed in ecstasy.

Hazel groaned as the tentacle fattened inside her, then hooked her fingers into the other nipple, pulling it open until she could gaze down its depths. For a while, she just stared inside, as if to peer into Destiny’s heart. Then that pussy-tingling grin appeared, ripe with lurid mischief. It didn’t take long for her to guess it either, as the petite girl pressed both hands in up to her elbows and beyond.

“Fuck,” Hazel gasped as Destiny’s whole body shook against and around her, “You stretch so easily. It’s like putty.”

“What’s it look like?” The futa panted, desperate for something to cool her lust. Durable as her libido was, she still needed time between orgasms.

“Like a fleshy cave,” Hazel said, voice low and sultry as she pushed even further, now encroaching on her shoulders, “I can see rings of your insides all pulsating, trying to squeeze me like a big fat dick,” it sounded accurate thus far, her dick experiencing the same sensations, “Thick, sticky webs are sticking to my skin, pulling on me. If I didn’t know better, hmm, I’d say you were trying to… swallow me with it.”

“Like you’d refuse,” Destiny laughed.

“Let’s find out.”

“What? What are… are… oh my god… shit, fuck… oh god, oh god… Hazel… stop… I’m gonna…”

She couldn’t string another word together. Nothing in her life prepared her for the sensation and supremely erotic, fucked up sight of Hazel shoving her head into a giant nipple-pussy, all while a tentacle pounded away at her sodden snatch, with a huge, prehensile trouser-snake plunging away at Destiny’s other titty-cunt. It was too good. Too much.

“I’m CUMMING!” Destiny shrieked, only for her voice to give out as Hazel punch fucked her insides. Semen coursed through the serpentine cock and poured into her left tit, while the other clamped down as it squirted who knows what all over Hazel’s head and back. At the same time, her lover quivered and squeezed down on the tentacle.

Fortunately, Hazel couldn’t climb all the way inside. Her stupid need for air got in the way, forcing her to slide back with a stressed gasp, panting hard as Destiny fell back, still twitching in the aftermath. Moments later and Hazel climbed on top of her, kissing along the massive belly and the tits that dwarfed it.

“How’s that for romantic?”

Destiny just laughed.

Things were good. She honestly didn’t have much, if any, complaints about her new life. Maybe she could whine about how difficult moving was, or how she couldn’t see her legs, or the fact people stared at her 24/7, but rectifying all of those would’ve just made it fake. Everything she experienced was real.

Not to mention, with all the sex she and Hazel had, she’d already levelled up again on the app. At last, she had a second character slot ready for… who? She didn’t trust herself or the app not to make Hazel’s life difficult again. Monica perhaps? No. Why was she even thinking about using someone else? She was content with her life at that moment.

In fact, she was beaming as she half-waddled, half-strut her way down to the local diner. It took a week of pure practice, and many accidents at work, but she’d finally learned how to do more than stomp her feet. Endless whispers chased her, always discussing what the hell she’d done to her body. A question she could answer, though it’d sound insane. Instead, she just let them craft whatever rumours they liked.

Of course, her truth and the one everyone else knew was different. The app did it all to her, however those closest to her, or the ones that followed her socials long enough, knew it was all science. Mad science really. How else would she end up with almost a hundred thousand CCs of saline in her chest?

Sitting under the veranda outside the diner was the love of her life. Hazel always looked gorgeous out in public, mostly because the sun refracted off her hair just right, even in the shade, and other people only made it clear how little she really was. Destiny waved and hurried, braless tits bounding with her tremendous steps.

“You’re on time for once,” Hazel chuckled.

“Like I was gonna miss lunch with you.”

“It wouldn’t have been so bad if you did. Gives me an excuse to really put you through the wringer later.”

“You’ll do that anyway,” Destiny said and sat down, using two chairs, which creaked ominously under her weight.

“Can you blame me? You’re the most beautiful piece of ass around.”

“There’s that romantic mouth again.”

Hazel giggled, “Alright, let’s actually order something before this flirting gets a little too serious.”

They did. Destiny didn’t really pay much attention to the food, enjoying her B&T sandwich well enough, but when Hazel was around, the rest of the world just didn’t interest as much. She wished she could explain why to herself, beyond a simple; she’s amazing. Maybe because of how Destiny first used the app and how it led to her taking care of Hazel? Or possibly the fact they’d known each other forever in this timeline.

Or because of the mind-blowing sex.

All three played a part, yet didn’t summarise her feelings. She just loved the white-haired half-pint. Plain and simple.

“Oh shit, um… I kinda don’t have my wallet,” Destiny chuckled nervously. It was impossible to carry shit anymore. None of her clothes had usable pockets and she’d yet to go about ordering new ones. She refused to use that weird wardrobe either.

“Don’t worry. I already planned on paying,” Hazel said and whipped out her debit card like a suave agent, sliding it over the cheque. Destiny clapped her hands in awe, a little jealous over how gracefully her love moved.

“Holy fuck! It’s her! Uh, shit, didn’t mean to say that so loud.”

Destiny turned her head at a couple of women walking by. Her eyebrows shot up at the sight of them. Were they prostitutes? Given how they dressed, it was that or they were heading to a porn shoot.

“Uh, hi.”

Both of them squealed and rushed over, boobs nearly bouncing out of their latex mini-dresses, “You’re Destiny Jones, right?”

“Yeah. Why?”

Another squeal, “You’re, like, our idol. I discovered you when I turned eighteen and you inspired me to get these puppies. Totally the right call.”

“O-okay,” Destiny forced a smile. Based on first impressions, she suspected that one wouldn’t gotten implants anyway. Just maybe not as big.

“And I found you when I was working some dead end job. It was horrible! But you gave me the courage to finally pursue porn. Now I make bank, get fucked, and look super hot.” At least she was honest.

“Right. Glad I, uh… helped?”

“We’re headed to a super cool shoot now actually,” the ditzier one said, not so subtly adjusting her dress, almost pulling it down over her nipples, “If you wanna come with.”

“Sorry, she’s taken,” Hazel snapped, taking a classy slurp from her coffee.

“Uh, who are you?” One sneered.

“Her girlfriend,” Hazel said dryly, using every ounce of her time cosplaying upperclass pretty boys to exude superiority.

Despite that, they both snorted, “Yeah, right?! And I’m the Virgin Mary. You shouldn’t hang out with tiny losers, Destiny. It’s bad for your brand.”

“Yeah, you’re the biggest, hottest bitch alive. You can’t have some flat-chested skank around.”

“If we collab, we’ll, like, totally get a million more followers in no time. Bet your fans would love to see you show two big-titty plastic bitches who the real star is, right?”

“Hell, bring the brat too. She’ll make us look even bigger. Although, people might just think it’s a twink.”

“Okay, that’s it!” Destiny snapped and stood, shoving the veranda off her head, “One more word and one of us is going to jail.”

“One?”

“Because you two are going to hospital,” Destiny snarled and cracked her knuckles. Fuck, that hurt! She didn’t let it show, however, and just maintained her glare, “What’s it gonna be?”

“Fuck it, whatever. Don’t need this shit. Prepare for social homicide, bitch!”

“Uh…” the other just kind of gawked for a second, then went the other way. Destiny heard her phone someone, “Yeah, any chance you can book me and expansion today?”

Once the pair were long gone, Destiny sat back down. Onlookers seemed to realise that was the end of the show and continued as if nothing happened. Well, some teenagers were staring at her, but she just expected it at that point.

“You okay?” Hazel asked.

“No. Why doesn’t anyone say cracking your knuckles hurts like a bitch.”

“That’s the price of being such a big, strong girlfriend.”

“Are you mocking me?”

“A little.”

They laughed, but something nagged at Destiny as looked over the love of her life. While she smiled and didn’t seem bothered by the bimbos, a pensiveness occupied her normally warm eyes. She refused to meet Destiny’s eyes too.

“You okay” Destiny parroted at her.

“Y-yeah, I mean, it’s fine. Just, they kinda had a point, you know?”

“What?”

“Well, you’re, you know? You! And I’m just… this,” Hazel shrugged, “Honestly, I don’t know why you’re with me. There’s gotta be hundreds of hotter girls than me.”

“Hazel…”

“It’s fine, really. I would’ve totally understood if you went with them. Yeah, it makes me happy that you didn’t, but… they’re a better fit for you. Physically, anyway.”

“I don’t care about that. In case you haven’t noticed, I’m not aroused at all, and they were *trying*. You turn me on like no one else can. Got it?”

“Yeah. Let’s go home. I think that new Marvel movie is on Disney Plus now.”

Destiny contemplated the app. Hazel was in the other room, watching something in silence, while she excused herself to use the toilet. It seemed dumb for Hazel to care about what those sluts said, however it really wasn’t. Even in the past, she wasn’t confident in her appearance, banking on other means of pleasing her partners. Girls must’ve used similar insults on her for years.

“Well, not anymore,” Destiny said and uploaded a pic of her lover. From there, she used all her points to make sure no one could think she didn’t belong with her.

Leaving the bathroom, she peeked around the corner to see Hazel still sat on the couch. As she creepily observed, Hazel moaned under her breath and arched her chest, showing just how tight the shirt was getting. Not just her top either. The shorts she threw on once they stepped in were pushed to their limits in seconds as a magnificently fat ass tested them.

Destiny looked to the app and licked her lips. Curves weren’t the only thing she gave her love. With any luck, they’d be fucking properly in the next few minutes.

“Destiny?!” Hazel half-shouted, half-moaned.

“Yes?” Destiny walked into view and almost tore her own pants as blood flooded her cock.

“I’m horny. Fuck me hard and maybe I’ll sit on your face.”

So demanding. It was like she just expected Destiny to obey for the chance to be a seat for Hazel’s ass. Of course, she performed as desired, and savoured the reward, and came harder than ever multiple times, but not because Hazel ordered her around. She just wanted the petite bombshell to be happy.