Waking up in a daze sucked. Yesterday’s events blurred together, robbing her of the intensity that should’ve come with them. Sighing, Destiny rolled over the edge and planted her large feet on the ground, gut sticking out beyond her knees. A heavy thump ripped a hiss of pain when her cock flopped over and landed on the floor.

“What happened last night anyway?” She murmured and looked around. Everything, from floor to ceiling, was drenched in cum. The bed faired no better, Hazel’s gigantic knockers standing proud within their pile of jizz. Wasn’t there another one with them? What was her name? Toni, right?

That sounded correct. Taking a deep breath, sucking in the air fermented by cum and sex, she strained to her feet, legs bowed to accommodate her fecundity. She’d pump some more points into strength later, though she had no idea if it’d do anything. At her size, it seemed like no amount of power would be enough.

She was getting sidetracked. Destiny waddled around the bed, feet sloshing through her dense ejaculate, and took a final look at her lover, before heading to the bathroom. No sign of Monica, though that wasn’t uncommon, or Toni. Did she leave already? Destiny opened the bathroom door and found her latest partner, who stared at her, razor buzzing near her face.

“Hey, hey! Occupied!” Toni yelled and slammed the door shut.

“I thought you’d left,” Destiny said, waiting outside.

“I’m not that type of girl.”

“Glad to hear it. Least we could do is make you breakfast.”

“You don’t have to. I-I don’t want to impose or anything.”

“It’s fine. We have plenty of food. And you’re a guest. It’d be pretty shitty if we didn’t.” Destiny rubbed at her gut, wondering how she wasn’t always starving. A body like hers must require so many calories, yet she didn’t feel like she ate that much. Things might’ve just normalised for her.

“Thanks. For that… and last night,” Toni said, the buzzing switching off, “It’s, uh, unfortunate how many people just, you know, switch off because of me.”

“Sucks to be them,” Destiny shrugged, “Everything’s still a blur, but that just means you did great.”

The door opened and Toni’s blushing face peered out, “Appreciate it. Um… wanna shower together?” A tumescent, jerking length pointed to Destiny’s thighs as a drop of pre-cum escaped.

“As long as we actually get clean in the end. I don’t think Hazel or our roommate would appreciate tracking cum all over the place.”

“Monica? Is she here?” Toni asked, looking around in a mix of concern and intrigue.

“Maybe,” Destiny pushed into the bathroom, massive body blotting out the doorway, and guided Toni to the shower, “Now let’s clean up.”

While Toni couldn’t just fuck her to an orgasm, the girl’s fervent perseverance was something to behold. Destiny bent over, sudsy water cascading over them both, while the much smaller person slammed against her fat cunt over and over and over. A natural ass would jiggle and roll like waves of jelly, but hers just bounced to and fro, wetly smacking against Toni’s chest with enough force to almost knock her down. Though it did nothing to dissuade her as she thrust back equally hard.

Seed spilled into Destiny before she could cum, however Toni wasn’t done. As she emptied herself, she reached between their bodies to manhandle the futa’s pussy lips, which wrapped around Toni and pulled her in deeper. If either were any bigger or smaller, they might’ve swallowed her whole. Destiny held back, wanting to push her new friend.

It didn’t take long for Toni to grab her giant clit. Strokes tore away at Destiny’s restraint, however she held on, even as her pussy gushed around the small cock and filled the bathtub. Equal amounts of pre-cum filled the space, the depraved cocktail climbing up their shins.

“That all you’ve got?” Destiny teased.

“You asked for it,” Toni panted and slid her arms between the massive ass cheeks that squished her chest. Fingers felt around blindly for a minute, then found her pucker.

Anal was nothing to such a lewd creature as Destiny. Her body was designed to be used in whatever corrupt fashion her partner desired. And so, Toni’s hands, elbows and biceps dove inside her ass with only a grunt of effort. As they raced toward Destiny’s second sphincter, then curved into her bowel, the arms squashed the dozens of clits that lined the way. It almost broke her, pussy clamping hard, yet she resisted.

“Not qui… HOLY FUCK! What’re… What’s?! OH SHIT!” Destiny howled. Deep within her anus, Toni’s hands clasped a large bump. The fingers warped her insides to wrap around the shape, then squeezed, the passage and everything else rolling violently as she finally lost the battle. Her rigid kegels abruptly relaxed, then clamped up once again and unleashed all the pleasure she’d fought against. Toni fell back, though her arms remained trapped and was sprayed from head to toe in fem-cum.

Being little more than a side-attraction, Destiny’s cock simply spat a heady load of pre. Her legs quivered, locked in place, while her hips jerked back and forth against an invisible dick ploughing it. Every little muscle spasm triggered a deluge of pussy juice, rapidly filling the tub faster than it could drain.

“I don’t, ooh, know if I wanna get clean now,” Toni chuckled, pulling a cup of thick juice and slurping it up.

Destiny huffed a laugh and sank down on her, ass consuming the girl’s face, “Well, there’s always another time.”

“I’d like that,” Toni sighed and kissed the asshole she’d just fisted.

It took hours and all the hot water, but they managed to properly wash everything. That only left the bedroom. Hazel remained sound asleep in there, so they opted to sit on the couch and leave her alone for the meantime.

“So,” Destiny flicked through shows and services, not really looking for anything, “How long have you been a fan?”

“Since, like, twenty-twenty. Maybe nineteen. I was just starting to figure myself out and looking into… things. That’s when I found you.”

“And how’s everything?” Destiny asked.

“It’s good. Mostly. My mom and dad are still a bit weird about it. Like, they say they’re fine with it, but then they avoid anything to do with *me*.” Toni crossed her legs, then grimaced, “They’re the reason I haven’t done more yet. I only make so much, you know.”

“I could pay for it,” Destiny offered. Her friend giggled, “I’m serious.” Several seconds passed in silence, Toni’s eyes widening as understanding dawned on her, then turned her shock on the futa.

“You… you gotta be joking.”

“I’m not. I know we’ve just met, but I’m like ninety-five percent sure you’re a good person. You shouldn’t be forced to live as someone else just because of money.”

“I… I appreciate it. Really I do. But that’s too much. I can’t accept it.”

“What if you worked it off? Consider it a loan or something?”

“It’s… I’ll need to think. It’s just… a lot.”

“Take your time. I’m gonna go do some… influencer… stuff. Be back in a bit.”

Destiny headed straight for her computer room where her old phone waited. While Toni wasn’t sure whether to accept her charity, there was another option that didn’t require her input or any money whatsoever. She just needed a picture of Toni to upload. Fortunately, last night included plenty of selfies where Toni was prominent, all of which were backed up to her cloud storage. As she retrieved the best picture, the app pinged her.

*New Limited Quest!!*

“What a surprise,” Destiny rolled her eyes. She’d long since stopped caring how the app monitored her so closely, always ready to justify whatever decision she was about to make. As she suspected, Unreal Creation had a quest that involved her changing someone to match their true self, “Gee, wonder if that means Toni.”

She didn’t linger and uploaded the image. While she should’ve received Toni’s consent for it, there was little point when her memories would be adjusted to match whatever new reality came from this, and Destiny was confident that she’d do a decent job. Anything Toni didn’t like afterwards could be fixed with a few questions and some more points.

“Okay, that should do it.” Like usual, her heart pounded as her thumb lingered over the final button. Yes, she was sure nothing would go wrong. Even the mess with Hazel had ended up working out in the end, though that was because the app decided to basically fix it for her. She took a deep breath and pressed it, tossed the device aside, then returned to the main room. Or would have if the floor didn’t roll beneath her.

She stabled herself against a wall and swallowed the panic of experiencing an earthquake. Except it felt completely different, being a long, slow shift like stretching taffy. Before her eyes, the once dark tone of her walls shifted to a peppy aqua green tone. She whirled around to check on her computer, but the sudden spin and constant movement below tripped her up. Where she expected her huge ass to cushion her fall, she instead found it embraced by a beanbag chair. And in place of her desk, monitors and pc, there was a projector screen.

“What the hell is happening?” Even her voice was wavy as everything kept changing around her. There was no way changing one person should’ve resulted in such a massive reality alteration. She had to check on Hazel. If something happened to her because of this, she’d never forgive herself.

“Hazel!” Destiny called when she ripped the door open, then choked on her next shout as she registered the world around her.

“Did you need something?” Toni asked from the couch, which had changed to a massive L-shape, enlarged to suit Destiny and Hazel’s asses.

“Uh…”

The layout of the main room was basically the same, just much larger. Her and Hazel’s room now had a door that rose all the way to the ceiling, wide enough for two or three people to comfortably squeeze through, or for one oversized futa. The same had happened to Monica’s door. Amidst those changes, the colours had become more vibrant, designed to accentuate the plentiful sunlight streaming in through equally massive windows. They oversaw a city landscape that she didn’t recognise, but could’ve easily passed for L.A.

“You alright?” Toni asked, suddenly beside her.

Destiny jumped, but corralled her anxiety enough to take in the apparent cause for all these changes. The app had worked flawlessly. Toni wasn’t bad looking before, however there were subtle layers of her upbringing that kept her from being the way she wanted, all of which were nowhere to be seen. In their place was a gorgeous visage that could’ve stopped traffic framed by sharp-cut pink and blue bangs. Although Destiny had given her DD cups and a pert butt that college sluts would envy, she clearly didn’t see them as enough. Implants of a few thousand CCs adorned her bust.

She had to admit, they looked good on her.

“Y-yeah, I’m… fine,” Destiny finally said, “Uh, how are you?”

“Good,” Toni frowned, “You sure you’re alright?”

“Of course! Why wouldn’t I be?” Destiny forced a smile. While nothing seemed immediately wrong with her life, there could be any number of unknown changes.

“You’re worried about today’s shoot, aren’t you?”

“Y-yes! Exactly,” Destiny chuckled, then registered the words, “What shoot?”

Monica’s door opened before Toni could answer and out stepped the magnificent tiger-taur in nothing but a tank top. Her muzzle tilted up as she approached the pair, then yanked Toni up and down into her cleavage, holding the girl in place with just her boobs. They nuzzled and kissed, oblivious for the moment.

“Morning, ladies,” Monica said, a subtle growl in her voice that vibrated through Destiny’s chest.

“Morning,” Destiny whispered.

 “Something wrong?” The tigress asked.

“No, I’m good! I’m gonna go find Hazel. See ya.”

Once the huge door separated them, she fell to the floor and rocked in place, repeating the age-old mantra of “What the fuck, what the fuck, what the fuckwhatthefuckwhatthefuckfuckwhatthe…”

Then her breath hitched when small hands lifted her ears and face, filling her vision with Hazel’s radiance. Close behind, the upper implants came into view and invited her in.

“It’s okay,” Hazel cooed, stroking her hair until Destiny’s breathing evened out, “What’s up?”

“I just… I have no idea what’s going on anymore.”

“That’s what I’m here for,” Hazel said, “So, want me to run through the plan?”

“Uh huh,” Destiny nodded, gazing into her love’s eyes, knowing they held all the answers she could ever need.

“So, we’re doing our first ever full-on shoot today. It makes sense; we can only do so much softcore stuff on OnlyFans. You’re allowed to be a bit nervous, but it’s real simple really. We’ve just gotta do what we do all the time… just in front of a bunch of cameras.”

“We’re… on… Only… FANS?!” Destiny blinked. First, she was an influencer, despite having little to no idea how that worked exactly - all she did was post the occasional photo of herself, and now she was on OnlyFans. That… it… how? She never even considered doing porn.

So what changed?

“We’re lucky to have met Toni at the convention. She’s awesome with cameras and all that shit.”

Toni! Of course. Whether by omnipotent design or pure, stupid coincidence, giving her the body she’d always wanted had woven Toni into their lives even further. To the point that it brought Destiny to fucking OnlyFans. That was so stupid. Even if it was online, having strangers drooling over her was just gross. She had to tell them ‘no’. This just…

“Come on,” Hazel said and tugged her up, “I’ve been looking forward to this.”

“You have?”

“Of course. Haven’t you?”

“Not really.”

“Seriously? This isn’t just you and me like normal. We’re all fucking.”

“Huh?”

Hazel rolled her eyes and lifted her hands, then raised two fingers on each, “You and me. Toni and Monica,” she wriggled them for each couple, before she scissored them together, punctuating each following word, “We. Are. Gonna. Fuck.”

“Can… can’t you do that with them? I don’t really… feel comfortable… you know?”

“Hey,” Hazel pushed down to her knees, eyes suddenly intense as a forge, “You’re overthinking things again. We’ve fucked in public, remember? This is basically no different.”

“Yeah it is,” Destiny wouldn’t meet her gaze, “This time it’ll be filmed. So many people are gonna see it and… do stuff with it.”

“Babe, I love you. And you know that, if I believed you, I’d never force you into this. But remember when you did your first OnlyFans post? Or the first time you showed your tits online? You were just like this. Now look where we are.”

“But…”

Hazel kissed her hard, “I promise you; if you don’t have fun, we won’t release it.”

“Really?”

“Cross my heart. Now then, come with me and let us adore you.”

Destiny nodded, “Okay. I’ll try.”

“That’s all I ask,” Hazel kissed her cheek, “But if you don’t at least make me cum so hard I pass out, you’re gonna get it later.”

“Yes Ma’am.”

The setup was elaborate. Half a dozen cameras were pointed at the couch, strategically placed to avoid the windows, and capture nearly every angle possible. There’d be no hiding. Several sheets were dotted around the walls, dulling the light they reflected. Foam pads were placed among them. Toni clapped a hand against Monica’s ass, the smack barely reverberating.

“Good. It’s pretty simple, but that should do,” Toni said.

“Simple?” Destiny instantly had a new respect for her. Just trying to track every camera was enough to give her a migraine.

“Right, let’s get started,” Toni announced and Hazel joined them in the circle of mechanical eyes recording them.

“I think she needs a proper incentive,” Hazel said and abandoned her clothes, closely followed by the other two, inspiring a small lurch from her pants. The trio had enough tits between them to make all of Japan busty, Monica’s resting on the much shorter girls. Under her belly, a large beast awoke and spilled from its prison, crawling toward the front. Neither Toni or Hazel missed it as they sank to their knees before the furry futa.

Destiny licked her lips, her own member bloating up in envy. All their eyes locked to hers, so enticing, but she remained in place. Even as Hazel crawled to Monica’s rump and cradled the balls, huffing up the feral musk, she was frozen as the arousal pumped through her veins. Toni took the front and lifted it to her lips.

The enormous, pink and spiky length throbbed even larger until it easily outmatched her. Each spine alone made her fingers seem small. Yet Toni wasn’t intimidated. In fact, she wiped at her lips while she drooled elsewhere. Did they fuck? Those spines must’ve felt amazing in such a tight space.

It leapt from her hands as Hazel’s face vanished from view. Her hands roamed over the massive spheres, yet it was clear her lips weren’t there. Monica’s tail lifted high, hairs standing on end, yet her face was one of lurid pleasure. She caught Destiny’s gaze, then turned to present her side to the pregnant Amazon, whose jaw fell and cock lurched upright to smack her in the face. Pre-cum streamed down its length, onto her head.

Soft whirring stole her attention for a moment as the cameras moved to keep every second of depravity in view. Toni’s grunts brought her back to the action, which had already progressed to the girl stuffing her face with Monica’s pointed crown. Even tapered, it forced her cheeks to puff out and her jaw to distend like a snake. It only got worse with every inch.

Before long, Toni’s throat bulged out in several directions from the spines sticking out. She kept pushing deeper, arms taut as they pulled her further back, toward Hazel, who was completely devoted to her duty of tonguing the tiger-taur’s rear end. Monica turned a little further, revealing the wet pucker and Hazel’s lips wrapped around it. Just below that, her hand pumped to and fro inside a set of sodden folds.

“Feel free to jump in any time,” Monica said, being the only one with a free mouth. What would it feel like on her cock or tentacle?

“I’m… good… yeah,” Destiny said, though her cock whipped around on her in frustration. A spurt of pre doused her face.

“If you say so,” Monica promptly stuffed her stumpy muzzle with a breast, sucking long and hard on it.

“Not fair…” Destiny mumbled and wiped at her face. Her eyes flitted back to the cameras, mind becoming a scale weighing the decisions before her. The one that made the most sense was to just walk away, fuck herself and figure out just what the hell had become of her life. But the vastly more enticing option was to jump in and cram her tentacle up Toni’s ass, snake it through and into Hazel’s, then into Monica’s, while her cock pounded her lover’s cunt and pumped her full of potent cum. In fact, she wouldn’t mind doing it to all of them one after the other.

Hazel took centre stage once more as she pushed Monica’s hind legs down. It forced her balls to spread out behind her, creating a small step for the girl, who steadied herself with one hand, as the other stroked her giant clit-dick. Lining it up, her face twisted into ecstasy as she slammed home.

Monica yowled at the penetration and her cock jerked hard enough to pull her forward. Toni’s body crumpled underneath her weight, yet still she crawled onward, the bulge in her throat going deeper until it distended her gut into a flesh condom. Jealousy throbbed harder throughout Destiny’s python-esque cock, the tigress’s situation getting more lurid as she slobbered over both of her nipples.

All her resistance cracked and blew into dust as Toni pushed onward until, impossibly - just like everything the app tampered with - her asshole protruded and dilated and birthed Monica’s ruddy pink shaft. That level of elasticity wasn’t something Destiny gave her, which meant the app had acted on its own. Again.

Did she really have any control of her life? She’d given Hazel plenty of that already, but the app didn’t care about her choices, not really anyway. Though she did enjoy the extra pussies truth be told, so that was a blessing of sorts. Maybe it just knew her wants better than she did? And in that case, did it know she wanted to be recorded for hundreds of thousands - millions - of perverts to masturbate to? The software was something beyond human after all. Perhaps it was a ‘gift’ from a god? Then what?

She knew enough from bible studies that refusing a god rarely ended well. But so did obeying. In other words, she was fucked either way. So why not do the fucking herself?

“I’m only justifying it to myself aren’t I?” Destiny whispered, the sound almost lost even to her ears when the trio moaned even louder. She shouldn’t have bothered fighting it, she only ended up giving into her libido yet again.

The three were too consumed in their actions to notice her step into the circle. The cameras noticed and tracked her as she moved behind Hazel, then tugged her head back into a sloppy kiss, where over a foot of tongue vanished down her gullet. Opposite that, Destiny’s tentacle squelched into the open, only to bury itself up her lover’s ass and race through the winding passages within. Hazel just moaned, eyes rolling and hips quivering like a woman possessed. Then, with a visceral wet splash, Destiny’s cock rammed into her cunt.

“You can’t tease me like that,” Destiny mumbled around her tongue, still pushing more of it down. Her tentacle created obscene patterns as it stretched out Hazel’s guts, thickening slightly every second it spent questing deeper. She undulated her cock, pumping in until she was out of length, yanking it all the way out, then punching back into the womb and higher. The tube it created rose between her four tits and grazed their cheeks.

No matter how big her hands, Destiny could never fully hold her lover’s breasts. Instead, she settled for roaming across them, tugging the nipples in every direction. Maybe she should have four tits too? If she made Hazel’s nipples bigger, they could fuck her tit-pussies as they rutted like rabid animals.

“That’s not fair,” Monica said, looking back them. Her asshole suckled on Hazel’s stationary clit, trying to make it fuck her again, “I need love too, ya know.”

But how? All of Destiny’s limbs were in use, and the position was too awkward for her arms or legs to be any help. While she ruminated on the predicament, her belly gurgled, ripples spreading across the surface. She idly rubbed it, tentacle, cock and tongue still plunging away at her lover, before yipping as her own pussy opened wide. Her eyes widened, keening moans vibrating her chest, then she registered them; more tentacles. Since when did she gestate more of them?

Hazel’s own eyes shot open when they explored her legs. Surprise faded, replaced by understanding. Yet another change brought on by the app. Destiny sighed and focused on the pleasure, leaving the new tentacles to fulfil Monica’s wish as they crammed into her snatch. She’d try figuring out how many there were later on.

With everyone fully engaged, the foursome began in earnest. While Toni couldn’t interact much, she moaned her hardest, sliding to and fro so her asshole constantly squelched with Monica’s pre-cum. Meanwhile, Destiny and Hazel were wrapped in their own world, bodies made for each other - *by* each other - as more tentacle meat delved into Monica’s cunt. Every second, their fervour increased.

Juices pooled on the floor and splattered the nearby furniture. Hazel’s stomach was a writhing mass of tentacle and tongue, both of which extended from her mouth and into Destiny’s, their lips never apart. So many sensations bombarded her senses. From the firm spheres in her hands and squishy nipples between her fingers, to the slimy depths clenching around her cock and tentacles. At first she could barely discern between her and Hazel’s insides as her womb tendril extended further and further, but it was clear her own were far more open. Whereas her lover’s intestines clung to her like latex.

Monica quickly succumbed to her own pleasures. Her hind legs tensed up, then bounced up high enough to almost remove Hazel’s clit, sliding over a foot of her own dick from Toni’s throat, before gravity pushed down with a deafening smack. Though Destiny’s view was obscured, she could easily imagine her roommate’s cock erupting from Toni’s rear over and over. The Amazonian-canine-futa laid a hand on Monica’s rump, then timed a powerful slap to her descent.

It rang in her ears. As did the choked moaning from Hazel, and Toni’s retches, and Monica’s moaning, and her own yelping and panting and squelching of her cocks and…

Yet those were just one part of it. The air reeked of all their sexes. A pungent aroma of cock that flattened her sinuses like a bulldozer mingled with the alluring scent of ripe, breedable, squirting cunts just begging for seed. Destiny ran her hands down to Hazel’s grotesquely writhing gut, constantly shifting with the tentacle doubling in on itself, and imagined it like her own; huge, round and teeming with life. Just not a bunch of tentacle creatures.

The idea stuck and inspired her cock to thrust ever faster. Her abdomen had flattened substantially as her tentacles piled into different holes, leaving a slight roundness with four distinct bumps on the sides, two of which far outsized the others. Those shapes gurgled and swelled, rapidly producing seed to fuel her desire to breed. She started thrusting with her hips as well, slapping her body against Hazel’s.

Moving her grip to the four-breasted beauty’s hips, Destiny pounded with unrelenting fervour. Monica increased her tempo as well, yowling in pleasure as the thrusts moved Hazel’s clit even faster. It also moved at an angle, stretching her ass in different directions with every push.

Deep within the couple, Destiny’s tentacle completed its fourth loop. They were locked together, given only enough leeway for the feral mating, mouths and asses linked by the fat, fleshy rope. Both their guts squirmed with its length, adding a deliriously depraved sensation to the already lurid situation.

“I’m gonna cum,” Destiny slurred, barely understandable with her mouth stuffed so full. Hazel couldn’t even speak, her smaller maw at the brink already, yet eager for more. She still conveyed the same sentiment, pussy collapsing around the cock and dousing the floor in more fem-cum, while her fat clit throbbed and stretched Monica’s ass even wider. The other two weren’t any more coherent, faces either stuffed with dick or contorted into masks of ecstasy.

A few minutes later and Destiny still hadn’t blown. Her efforts hadn’t slowed, nor was Hazel denying her release, she just wouldn’t cum. Neither did Monica. The females, on the other hand, were squirting all over the place. A pervasive ache formed in Destiny’s gut, balls pulsating furiously. The urge to cum pumped through her veins, transforming from a simple desire to an all consuming need. Like if she failed to do so, then her whole world would implode.

Then she noticed Hazel looking at her with a smile in her eyes, taunting the futa. Something snapped. The darkest, most feral corner of Destiny’s mind broke loose and tore through every fragment of control Hazel held over her, leaving only the ultimate need to knock up this curvy minx. To breed her until nothing but dust came out. And until they were adrift on a yacht made from Hazel’s womb.

Even the unmatched shortstack didn’t expect the sudden flurry of thrusts. They weren’t short or weak either, every stab into her depths carrying enough force to knock Monica’s huge frame forward, only stopping when she fell forward to brace against the floor, face directly in front of a camera. None of those mattered to Destiny anymore as she fucked toward a messy climax.

“Take it!” Destiny howled, tentacles doubling in girth as her gut clenched hard and steaming hot, sperm-rich semen soared through her cock, which similarly swelled, stretching Hazel further. A precursor to the real deluge, ready to stain her womb in white and expand it into a matronly globe.

“Takeittakeittakeittakeittakeittakeit!!!” Destiny shouted, hips not stopping even when her urethra gaped wide and unleashed all her pent up seed.

A filthy slurp preceded the crash of metal as Hazel’s belly pushed Monica away and off her clit. The tiger didn’t pay it any mind, rolling onto her back with Toni still impaled. She held the human in place and pounded her, finally shooting her own sticky load in and outside the female. They were only a side act, though, as Destiny’s cock lurched and spewed gallons upon gallons of cum into Hazel’s once small frame.

What started as a tube standing high overhead, quickly became a rotund sphere that pushed her four tits up to smother her face. The shape of Destiny’s tentacle, still pounding at their guts from within, was lost in the expansion. It surpassed her breast in moments, then all four as it sank to the ground and pushed them up. Destiny locked her limbs around as much of her lover as possible, refusing to let go until every drop was spent.

Well before that, Monica was empty. Her flaccid shaft slipped from Toni’s lips, spines briefly catching on her teeth, and pulled a tide of off-white sludge with it. The pair cuddled in their mess, heedless to how it stuck to her hair and fur respectively, focused on watching Destiny rise higher atop Hazel’s mammoth cum-belly. There’d be no stopping them. All they could do was watch and wait for the end.

Yet it didn’t seem likely. Without Monica’s womb to house them, Destiny’s newly discovered tentacles rounded back on them, or rather, on their mother. As her flow abated, filling Hazel just an inch bigger, they plunged into her additional pussies and expanded. Destiny howled around the prehensile invader. Her whole body convulsed and her claws dug deep into Hazel’s flesh, leaving angry red marks behind.

If she noticed, it didn’t bother her as Hazel joined the euphoric cries. Her clit flexed wildly, smacking into her still expanding abdomen, while her fat pussy lips hosed Destiny’s crotch and legs in squirt. Inch after inch piled onto her already gigantic shape, easily wider than Destiny was tall by then, and only growing.

“Oh shit,” Toni said, too exhausted to move even as Hazel’s belly swelled beyond the circle of cameras. Several were knocked down, others doing their duty as they awaited their fate. Just minutes later and they joined the mess on the floor. Soon, only the top cameras remained to action, but they too neared the danger zone as Destiny pumped her fuller, rising up to match her normal height. And still her reserves held strong.

“I’m sorry,” Destiny said once the ordeal was over.

“That’s the millionth time you’ve said that. Don’t worry about it, okay?” Toni said.

“But I…”

“‘But’ nothing, bitch. We got the most depraved shit on the fucking internet and, unlike the anything close, it’s not animated. We’re sitting on a goldmine.”

“You’re… uh… really into this, huh?”

“Well, I better be. It is the reason we met,” Toni shrugged, not looking away from the monitor as she spliced together the various angles to create what she called a ‘work of genius’. While many of the cameras were damaged, the SD cards had survived.

“Y-yeah. I’ll, uh, let you get on with it.”

Destiny walked out into the aftermath of her… she didn’t what to call it. The whole thing really was just a blur. At least after she spawned those new tentacles. Her nipple and navel-pussies still ached from the pounding. Though she doubted they felt anything like what Hazel had gone through.

“Hey,” Hazel said from her perch.

“Hey… you alright?”

“I’m wonderful,” the shortstack sighed dreamily and rubbed at the vastness of her belly. Monica appeared from behind, carrying a five gallon bucket full of cum, while another one collected more. Walking over, Destiny only had to turn her gaze down to look at her partner.

“You’re sure? I went a little crazy.”

“I hoped you would,” Hazel gestured her over and nuzzled against her, “Why do you think I kept you from cumming?”

“How?”

“Raw talent,” Hazel said.

“Fair enough,” Destiny leaned against her, breathing deep and partaking in the visceral scent of their love making.

“Next time, I want a proper gangbang.”

“Huh?”

“I wanna fuck Toni, while you and Monica fuck me. And every other combination of that. On camera, of course.”

“O… okay.” Destiny didn’t have the will to refuse after what she just did. Filmed or not, they’d probably do that anyway. Why not monetise it? She was sure that’d become a new mantra of hers for anything involving the cameras.

“Glad to hear it. And don’t worry, you’ll get more comfortable over time. Then you won’t even know they’re there. Plus, I’ll always be with you.”

“Thanks,” Destiny yawned, the warm skin she leaned against so comforting. As was the constant, soft sounds of her cum emptying out. She nuzzled into it, muscles relaxing as Hazel whispered sweet nothings to her.

Whatever happened to her life, she’d always have Hazel. That was the only constant she needed in her life. So long as Hazel wanted the same.