Destiny had no idea what was going on. After perhaps the greatest sex of her life, though it wasn’t hard to beat when she now had a lewd body for just that purpose, she was forced to refresh herself and go deal with a Karen and her cronies. As if that wasn’t bad enough, her belly had grown enormously, weighing on her like a bag of concrete, or a full grown woman. She could just about manage with her old size, now she moved with an exaggerated waddle.

Clothes weren’t any more ideal. Her shirt hadn’t covered most of her stomach before, now it was little better than a halter top for her huge, saline-filled titties. Fortunately, her pants came on smoothly enough, not that they did anything about her gigantic camel toe. If she pulled them too tight, her cunt seemed like it would literally devour them.

In the confusion of it all, she didn’t have the wherewithal to deal with even a basic customer, much less one so condescendingly entitled. She watched and listened to the woman spit her woes at her, not even holding back in the face of a ‘pregnant’ girl. If anything, she seemed pleased, as if understanding that she was the last thing Destiny wanted to deal with and therefore would give up easily. Well, she was half-right.

“Security!” Destiny called and gestured for their lone security detail to come. Normally, she’d take some joy in the woman’s dismay, however that’d only distract from the greater mystery; where was Monica? Better yet, why did no one remember her?

Talking to Gabby about it, she found that no one by the name ‘Monica’ had ever worked at MalWart. Even when describing her, something Destiny figured most people would remember, given that her roommate was quite a looker, there was nothing. If nothing else, her obvious discombobulated state gave her a perfect excuse to sit in the break room and just think.

Or sleep. Sleep was good too.

No dreams greeted her. Far as she knew, she blacked out for hours, until Gabby came back to check in. Seeing her belly in all its glory, Destiny just sighed and steeled herself for an exceptionally weird day.

“I’ll be right out, just give me a minute,” Destiny said, but her co-worker lingered, “You need something?”

“Well, um…” Gabby bit her lip, eyes dilated and resting conspicuously on Destiny’s chest. Oh, right, the pheromones.

“If it’s not important, then please go.” That got her to leave. Destiny slumped over on the employee couch and cupped her face. She and Monica fucked, then Monica disappeared, or rather was erased from existence, now her belly was enormous, big enough for two grown women. Or one and a tentacle creature.

“Are you in there, Monica?” Destiny asked her belly, stroking over the tight flesh. No stretch marks marred her skin, though it did have a faint redness towards the centre, culminating around her swollen belly button, which she couldn’t even reach anymore.

No response. Even by the apps standards, this was crazy. If she was correct, and Monica had been straight-up eaten by her ass, then that meant the app had retroactively put Destiny in her position at work. Things couldn’t get much worse than that. Longer hours meant less time with Hazel, not to mention dealing all the menial and often frustrating duties of a manager to a bunch of girls that didn’t want to be there. The only option she saw for evicting Monica from her body, however, sent shivers of horror up and down her spine.

“Cross that bridge later,” Destiny grunted and got up.

If nothing else, she stilled looked fantastic. The extra girth around her waist bolstered the other aspects, just as tight and round as her other curves. And the way it weighed on her lower body, muscles clenching in her pussy, while her thighs constantly rubbed at the labia, was sublime. No matter how stressful the day got, at least she had some reprieve.

She doubted she’d have survived the day without that constant stimulus. As the sun set on her first day as manager, she waddled into the parking lot and groaned.

“Fuck, guess I’m driving myself now.”

What the fuck was she supposed to do with her belly like this? She couldn’t reach the end of it, let alone a steering wheel. For all the app could do, it seemed keen on challenging her, as the car hadn’t changed at all. Taking a deep breath, Destiny set off for the bus station. All she wanted to get home and crash on her bed. Hopefully things would return to normal when she woke up.

She had no idea how Monica did it everyday. Then again, she didn’t have several dozen pounds of plastic and belly on her frame. Because of those, when Destiny pushed the apartment door open, she didn’t even think of who else might be home. The floor even looked inviting to her over-worked body.

“Tough day?”

Just her voice was enough to perk up the egregiously fecund girl, who straightened up and stared at a glorious sight; Hazel in nothing but an apron, nursing a bolognese, with small, yet brilliant smiles on her faces.

“Of course it was a tough day, why’d you even ask?” The right-head chided her.

“Right, right. Well, go take a load off, Destiny. Dinner’s almost ready.” Hazel put the spaghetti, stirring it, while another set of hands sliced some bread, toasted with garlic butter

Destiny’s gut growled powerfully enough to send ripples through her gut, “Okay.” She took to the couch, almost collapsing into the deep cushions, and settled in to watch her crush. Whether because of the day she’d had, the hormones of her ‘pregnancy’, or just the fact she was perpetually horny, she never thought Hazel looked better. Maybe it was the fact her ass looked like it was always presenting, ready for someone to come and worship. Or rather, to eat it until the sun came up.

Though it only took a few minutes, Destiny could’ve believed it was just a couple blinks between stepping in and having the plate of her dreams put in front of her. Spaghetti and bolognese piled high, sprinkled in herbs and cheese. Hazel had a smaller amount, though far more than most would eat. The human-taur parked herself next to the much heavier girl and put on a cartoon. Like always, Destiny paid no attention to the screen as she gobbled the meal down, not that it held her focus much. She only had eyes for Hazel.

All too soon, only smears of sauce remained. Destiny guzzled some water and heaved a sigh at the lethargic pleasure that washed over her.

“Glad you liked it,” the right-Hazel said.

“Sure did,” Destiny yawned.

“Come here,” Left-Hazel beckoned her over, both her left arms raising in an obvious invitation. Hesitation kept Destiny in place for a moment, then she gave in and scooted over, laying her weary head on a breast. She imagined heaven wasn’t much different, though she had an idea of how it could be improved.

Not that she planned on starting anything. Truth be told, she didn’t want to move an inch, for fear the dreamlike moment would shatter. Hazel seemed to think the same, holding still but for her soothing breaths, rocking Destiny’s head on her bosom. After a minute, as if sure nothing would ruin it for them, both her left hands came up to stroke along Destiny’s bellowing gut and hair. For her part, the overly fecund girl sighed and sank deeper in.

The temptation to close her eyes and pass out was almost too much. Destiny only kept it at bay by contemplating her myriad of concerns, primarily in how she was supposed to get Monica back, or if she could. A faint warmth emanated from her gut, though that could’ve just as easily been from her tentacle baby. What was it even supposed to be?

Did it even matter? Far as she was concerned, her body was something straight off the internet, hand designed by some pervert hentai artist with way too many followers. Nothing she could do about it in the meantime. Except by completing the quest.

“Fuck!” Destiny sat up.

“What?”

She’d forgotten all about it in the turmoil of, well, everything. It should’ve been so easy too, given how some were drooling over her. Answering the call, her body instantly warmed all over, coalescing in her loins, soaking through her pants and spilling onto the couch. The encroaching food coma vanished from her body, replaced by an ignition on par with a space shuttle. Only one thing would cool her now, though it’d take a while.

“Hazel!”

“Y-yeah?” Both heads asked, glancing between each other and the feral look on Destiny’s face.

“Fuck me!”

No room for subtlety. It was already late and she’d only fucked twice that day, assuming it counted her two times with Monica. She had to believe it did. At that point, her only option was to get Hazel to pound her into a sex-addled, cum-covered mess. Thrice!

Silence lingered between them. For a moment, Destiny feared that she’d be denied, forced to find some other means of completing the quest. Last thing she needed was to fail and get another penalty. What would it be this time? Hazel could turn into a three-headed dragon with lips for nipples and dicks for legs. Wait, that shouldn’t arouse her more. Fuck, she really needed to get laid. And fast.

Then Left-Hazel spoke, “Alright, no need to be so aggressive. Come on, my room. It’ll be cleaner for both of us.”

Destiny didn’t know what that meant, but didn’t ask. She just took one of the hands and let herself be led into the sanctimonious room. It wasn’t her first time in Hazel’s room, though that was before the app. Not much had changed, yet everything seemed different. A nest of pillows and mattresses replaced the bed at the centre. Littered throughout were strange, murky balls tinted pink and blue, all ranging between the size of medicine balls and small beanbags. They looked like condoms.

One sniff confirmed her suspicions.

“Sorry about the mess,” Right-Hazel said, “Gotta empty the girls every morning and sometimes it’s just…”

“Less talking, more screwing!” Left-Hazel cut her off and whipped around, using her second-torso and incredible ass to slam the door shut. That left the petite human-taur looking up at Destiny, whose enormous gut lifted both hers and Hazel’s tits up. Overshadowed, the first of her pussy-breakers rose and nestled between the folds of Destiny’s cunt. Heat pumped off every finger-thick vein that crawled across its length.

“I agree,” Right-Hazel cooed, her set of arms removing the taller girl’s shirt, “We should make up for earlier.”

“It’s so big,” Destiny panted, chest heaving as her juices flowed. Then Hazel slid back, “Oh fuck…”

“Sensitive as always.”

“But it’s only the start.”

Sliding forward, Hazel reached up and pulled her into a three-way kiss. Destiny didn’t know where to focus, mind pulled in several directions at once, senses overloaded by the two sets of lips; the hands on her hips and cheeks, boobs mashing against her firmer pair, a breeding stick between her fat cunt folds, all compounded by the scent and taste of her crush. Tongues joined the fray and she just lost all restraint.

Destiny brought her hands into the mix and pulled her roommate in tighter. The cock flexed hard, grinding into her juicy snatch as Hazel rocked to and fro on her heels, before a quick angle change pushed it against the hole. Just a gentle push was all it took and she was inside. Both moaned, vibrations passing between their mouths, reverberating in their chests. Like a call to arms, their worlds imploded.

“Fuck, your pregnant cunt’s always so tight,” Hazel said. She couldn’t tell them apart anymore, unsure where one’s mouth ended and the other began as they bullied her tongue into submission. Not just her tongue, but everything. When she tried pulling on the futa’s forward hips, her hands were batted away and instead *she* got tugged close.

“Uh ah, you just need to take it. In fact, I think we need a better position.”

She didn’t resist. Every neuron in her mind and body fired off as Hazel guided her over to the bed, had her bend over so her belly was resting heavily on the mattress, then reared up. Her forelegs came over Destiny’s head, with a fat pair of balls dropping fast to slap her in the face. A faint sheen of sweat wiped off on her nose, a single bead rolling under her nostril. She whimpered, pussy shuddering in a micro-orgasm.

Then Hazel’s cock was at her sopping entrance. Destiny leaned her head up and licked at the dangling sack, its salty flavour bolstering her own desires until they exploded when that cock barged into her cunt. With only a few sensations, she could focus on what mattered; the pleasure of a huge, throbbing dick opening her equally fat pussy from top to bottom. Not only that, but the strange tentacles lining her tunnel went into action.

“Ooh, here they come.”

An arm was one thing, a massive cock took it to another level. The way her pussy-tendrils wrapped around it, brought every little detail into stark relief, each bump exaggerated. They became like a second sleeve, a fat condom that she felt as vivid as if it was her clit turned into a fleshlight. On top of it all, Hazel was still fucking her actual pussy.

Ten inches in and she mashed against the cervix. Destiny worried that her ‘baby’ would make an appearance, however it remained reclusive, only poking out to open the door of her womb and invite the human stallion inside. Her eyes rolled, seeing only her crush’s pale scrotum. As half of Hazel’s thirty-inch behemoth slid inside, her tongue rolled out like a dog panting for air. She still had wits enough to curl it up and around the delectable shaft.

Even that felt amazing. Hazel rocked her whole body, gradually feeding more and more into the starving womb, her fore-dick sliding through the sloppy tongue. Pre-cum gushed out, lubing its length and gifting Destiny with a genuine delicacy. She worked her muscle, milking the cock for all it was worth.

“Fuck yeah, you like my cocks?”

Destiny only moaned in response.

“Of course you do. My big, preggo slut. Listen to the bed creaking. Your fat fucking gut’s gonna break it at this rate. But that’s not so bad. Just proves how big a bitch you are for my cocks.”

She was, she really was. Oh fuck, was that how the tentacle thing grew, by feeding on cum? Destiny had no idea what sustained it, though it didn’t matter at all when her whole body felt so fucking good. Whenever she thought her pussy was full, Hazel added another inch and seemed to saturate her whole body with cock. It just kept coming until she felt it; Hazels crotch against her overfilled rump.

“All in. Now the fun really starts. Ready, slut?”

“Hmm hm!” Destiny moaned, then repeated it louder as Hazel utilised all four legs to jerk back. Almost a foot wrenched free of her clamouring hole, only to be slammed home with greater force, which sent Destiny’s balloon tits leaping up and into her chin. The cock wrapped up in her tongue followed the same path, gushing pre-cum faster and faster. Her belly dug further into the bed, creaking as if moaning alongside them.

“Yes, fucking take it. God, you keep doing this to me,” Hazel grunted, both heads speaking in unity as she railed the oversized slut, “I can’t get you out of my head. I was with clients all day, you know? Kept almost popping a boner because you’d suddenly get in my head. Fuck, you nearly got me fired so many times just by being you.”

“Sorry!” Destiny whimpered, slurring both because of her tongue and the maddening bliss pumping through her veins.

Fuck, fuck, fuck! This wasn’t exactly what she’d imagined her first time with Hazel would be like, but she wouldn’t complain; it was amazing after all. A pair of hands cupped her cheeks, while the others pulled on her tongue, tugging more of it out and wrapping it around the heavy balls above her. The best part of so many taste buds across several feet, was how she could taste everything.

That earthy, musky headiness of a cock laced with a sharp pre-cum. At the base, it became saltier as Hazel built up a sweat, but that flavour really exploded at the testicles. Destiny happily slurped up everything that she could, encouraging her lover to fuck her into oblivion. Not that she needed to.

“So fucking wet, hmm, time to let loose.”

Hazel did exactly that. Her already colossal thrusts dragged out even longer, using her legs to their full effect, torturing the fecund girl with a slow withdrawal. Once at the limit, she held still until Destiny was whining like a bitch in heat, shaking her hips and clenching everything muscle possible, even flexing her overstuffed ass cheeks and clapping them together.

“That’s my bitch,” Hazel said, then catapulted back to the base. The resulting smack of flesh on flesh briefly deafened Destiny, rattled her brain too, leaving her barely conscious of the follow ups, each faster and stronger.

“That’s it, cum on my fat girl-dick,” Hazel snarled, gripping her face tighter now, pulling up it up so they could meet one another’s eyes. Or try to. Destiny’s had long since rolled back, tears streaming down her face to join with her drool, vacant but for the loopy grin tilting her lips.

“God, you’re such a slut for my cocks. What’s with that face? You look like a brain-dead girl from hentai.”

She felt that way. What little cognisant thoughts remained were mired in filthy pleasure and how to get more of it. Her pussy rolled, the many tendrils writhing against one another and the cock throbbing within their grip, while her hands blindly rubbed all over her tits. With her skin so tight from boob jobs she had no memory of, the nerves were right at the surface. One graze of a nail and she quivered from head to toe.

Her hands were wrenched away as Hazel pulled them back, forcing her to arch high. Doing so lifted the egregious weight of her belly from the bed, jutting before her by no less than three feet, a shelf all her own. Bumps distorted the taut surface, her tentacle - and possibly Monica - luxuriating in the same pleasure she felt. Or seeking to raise it until her entire being melted into ecstasy.

A path they seemed destined to travel. Each thrust from Hazel churned her insides, destroyed all thoughts, and echoed throughout her body. Destiny just moaned, her only true contribution to the whole affair as Hazel spat more beautiful insults down at her. She was just a slut now. A set of holes for Hazel to dump cum into. A sex toy for her to fuck on a whim.

No, she was more than a mere toy. Even as Hazel tried ruining her pussy for all others, there was affection in her demeaning, a softness in her eyes that only made the cruel words better.

“Look at you,” Hazel panted, “Just a fucking cumdump. Your mind’s gone, but your tongue is still slurping on my other dick. What a slut! I should just tie you up like this. You aren’t good for anything else, are you?! Just a stupid broodmother. Fuck! Hmm, ooh, I should just knock you up too. Turn you into my own personal cow. Your tits are big enough after all.”

Whatever she wanted, Destiny thought. Her mouth wouldn’t move anymore, all her strength centred in her tongue and cunt, each squeezing tight around the hammering shafts.

“Yes, yes, yes! Fucking knock you up!” Hazel shouted and recreated a thunderclap once more, her cocks lurching and balls pulling tight. Not even a second later, her shafts thickened and Destiny was flooded with molten jizz. Her own shriek of ecstasy joined the futa’s roar as gushes of fem-cum sprayed onto the floor.

That wasn’t the end. Mere seconds after the final eruptions, she extracted herself from Destiny’s tongue and clenching depths, hard as ever. The girl’s legs gave out, spreading out as semen trickled into a pool on the bed, though her body still hummed with inane lust. Little by little, the cum in front of her disappeared as she scooped it up with her tongue.

Yet one part of Hazel’s body remained unsampled. Two parts, technically, but they were the same.

“Pussy…” Destiny groaned and rolled over, belly jutting high up, “Let me taste it.”

Hazel smirked down at her, then pushed her further onto the bed as she climbed aboard. While the cocks were divided ‘normally’, her pussies weren’t. They both occupied the stretch between Hazel’s rear penis and her assholes, which were stacked upon one another. Each had a juicy set of lips, a pair of succulent clits, and the sweetest tangy scent Destiny knew. Her roommate’s weight settled on her, partly supported by the sheer glory of her belly, and her world was engulfed in pink folds.

Already frazzled from the afterglow, Destiny lost track of where she ended and reality began. She tasted every drop of tart sweetness on her boundless tongue, snaking it deeper until she was blocked by Hazel’s cervix, which she happily teased. It took a moment of hazy thought, but she did figured out how to get into the other snatch. Her tongue twisted around on itself and raced for the exit, while more kept Hazel full, then burst into the open before the muscle whipped back and into the second. Subtle differences separated the holes, ones that she was all too eager to find.

Hazel refused to be idle. Her cocks jerked with every shift in Destiny’s tongue, while she slumped over and put her arms to work, using two to massage the beautifully huge vulva, fingers dipping into the gooey hole, while the others reached even further and stroked along her puckered ass. Then she was pushing in deep, not worried about lube when cum and pussy juice practically gushed from the girl. Destiny responded by fingering both her lover’s anuses.

Still sensitive from their shared orgasms, both were quick to cum. Destiny triggered her partner’s with a single push, fingers pushing on a small bump that pushed Hazel to fist her with all four hands. Spurts of fem-cum spilled from Destiny by the cupful, while she slurped the far more manageable streams from Hazel’s pussies. All the while, dense ropes splattered between their bodies, mostly covering Destiny’s gut.

“So warm,” Destiny cooed as she rubbed the viscous white goo into her taut flesh. While she had no experience with pregnancy, she liked to think it was about as good as any skin cream on the market.

Hazel joined her. Even six hands struggled to fully cover the globe attached to her waist. On a whim, the futa leaned down and kissed the hugely swollen belly button, spasms rocking Destiny to the core. Just that kiss was enough to reignite her desires.

She pulled Hazel in, tongue already outstretched and in her mouth seconds before their lips met. Maybe it was the longing that sweetened the kiss, or just how badly she craved Hazel’s very existence in and around her. Regardless of the cause, she held the futa like a vice, exploring every crevice of her mouth, then her throat, while four arms scratched along her back in delicious pleasure. They soon drifted lower and bit deep into her beach ball ass cheeks

“You good for more?” Hazel asked when they parted for air. A twitch brought Destiny’s attention down, where a single, massive dick was staring up at her like a needy pup.

“Always.”

Neither got much sleep that night. Everything was pure debauchery, almost dreamlike in its ecstasy, as Hazel repeatedly pounded her oversized holes with her equally giant shafts. They ‘relaxed’ at times, usually with one dick between Destiny’s tits or ass, thrusting leisurely until a gentle eruption occurred. To Destiny’s surprise, she could throat a cock with relative ease, save for the eye watering punishment to her gullet.

With each prick being so huge, they could easily hug one and lick at it together. Destiny had to kneel to be properly level with Hazel, but once she was, their tits created a pseudo fuck-hole, lubed in spit and pre. Her dexterous tongue was perfect in that instance, coiling around their boobs and holding them together, even while it licked Hazel’s tip. Perfect spheres met squishy teardrops as they pressed closer, as if to sink into the other.

Cum erupted and rained down on them not long after. Globs stuck to their hair, oozed over Destiny’s eyelid, gluing it shut, while more streamed down in their shared cleavage. Sticky webs of jizz stuck them together when they tried pulling apart to sounds akin to a squishing a ball of slime, some breaking and splatting against their bellies. Mostly Destiny’s.

Naturally, they couldn’t go forever. She didn’t have a clue how late it was, but eventually Destiny had no more strength, simply laying back as Hazel reared up. Despite her body, Hazel was no taller than before, her legs barely propping her higher than the fecund girl’s belly. One fat cock slid between her sloppy folds, nestled in its own ejaculate and an abundance of pussy juice. Tired tendrils spiralled around it and pulled Hazel deeper, until she was buried to the hilt.

“Think this is the last time,” Hazel panted, sweat cascading down her pallid skin, breaking at crusted patches of semen, “You look like a real slut right now, you know?”

“Gee, I wonder why,” Destiny huffed and ran a hand up and down the futa’s leg, then went for her fore-cock, cupping its heavy balls.

“Because you’re such a good little cum dump for my big, juicy girl-cocks. The kind that’ll just lay down and beg for their cream to splatter all over your huge belly and fake tits. Because no matter how money you pump into yourself, there’s one thing you want more; my seed. Isn’t that right, my big slut?” Hazel dipped her rear-legs and thrust up, grinding into the tendrils.

“Oooh, fuck. Yes. Yes, I’m your preggo-slut! Cover me in more cum! Fill me up! Please, please, please…”

So she did. Hazel was relentless, even tired, over a dozen loads spent in and outside of her willing cumdump, she slammed away like a futa possessed, churning Destiny’s juices and leftover cum into a frothy cream. It pronounced each thrust with a dense squelch, spilling on the retreat, while more juice and pre-cum gushed to make up for every wasted drop. Meanwhile, Destiny jerked the front shaft and babbled sweet nothings as her mind was slowly fucked into mush.

In the other room, left alone and discarded on the couch, Destiny’s phone went bright and read; *‘Congratulations on completing this limited quest! The app will now shut down as it updates and resets your point allocations, to make up for this, here’s a bonus! For every orgasm from now until the update completes, you will bonus points will scale with every climax!’*

Of course, Destiny had no clue about that. She happily fell asleep beneath Hazel’s body, cock still buried deep, and dreamed of what could become of their relationship.