“Are you sure we’re not pushing things too far?” Destiny asked, disembarking the bus they had to rent exclusively for themselves. Even so, she was forced to duck low.

“Don’t know what you’re talking about,” Hazel chirped as she waited for the customised doors to open wide enough for her hips to fit through. The suspension groaned miserably when she stepped down, like it mourned the loss of such a curvaceous goddess. Or wept in relief.

That was to be expected when just a breast weighed more than any scales could measure. With four of them and a set of ass cheeks that measured even larger, nearly every vehicle would give up, much less with the addition of Destiny’s own obscene form. Every now and then, she had to chuckle at the turn in their lives, especially in the past couple months since they revealed it all to one another. No longer were they worried about overstepping as they changed the other, instead they just indulged in whatever fantasy swayed them. Even if that involved giving Hazel dick-nipples to compliment her own nipple-pussies.

All those changes led them to even greater fame. Together, they were the biggest couple on Earth, figuratively and very literally. As they grew, so did their following until it reached a point where they could rent out a huge building and host their own convention. Hazel was ecstatic over that part, insisting that everyone make an effort to cosplay.

She opted for a classic Evangelion outfit. A custom made latex body suit left nothing to the imagination, from her fat, pussy-wrecking clit, to bulbous sheaths for her nipples. Its patterns followed her curves, accentuating them. She turned down using Destiny’s magic wardrobe, a phrase that sounded ridiculous, were it not the truth, wanting to make the effort. The Amazon had no such qualms and paraded around naked, while everyone else thought she was dressed as a Shinigami from Bleach.

“Yes you do,” Destiny chided.

“The questions you should ask is; ‘have we pushed far enough?’ and whether you love my giant ass.”

“Cannot argue that,” she sighed and slowed to walk behind her mistress, admiring the butt she’d strived to give her. It took weeks of grinding, in all meanings, and yet she still thought Hazel would look better even bigger. Would she ever be content? Maybe when her partner’s lower-body so completely outsized upper half that it was a struggle to recognise her as a person. Just a pair of hips, thighs and cheeks to literally get lost in.

“Keep it in your robes until later,” Monica said, coming from the rear.

Destiny willed her cock to settle down, draping it across her elephantine stomach. Last time she counted, no less than a dozen tentacles resided inside her now, though more could’ve been added without her knowing.

“You know, it kinda takes the romance out of things if you’re always telling me to ‘pack it in’ or ‘get a camera first’,” Destiny said.

“Whenever you get horny is a chance for content,” Monica shrugged, “Besides, I’ve heard you two, there’s no lack of romance.” Destiny and Hazel just shared a grin.

The convention was at a local hotel. It wasn’t the fanciest or even the biggest, but it didn’t discriminate and had plenty of room for the ‘activities’ that’d ensue. They also had a reinforced infrastructure for the tons of saline that’d walk their halls. Not to mention a luxurious insurance policy for sex related destruction.

“Whoa.” Destiny gawked when she and Hazel opened their room, finding a bed that must’ve cost more than a small house given its ornate construction and sheer size. That had proved a struggle for Destiny, as nearly every bed on the market couldn’t accommodate her, let alone her and Hazel.

“Looks like they really know how to treat VIPs,” Hazel strolled past and planted her ass on the mattress, sinking half a foot. No matter how often she saw it, Destiny giggled at the fact her partner was taller when sitting. Of course, the view also inspired a not so small reaction from her numerous genitals.

Padding forward, the Amazon dumped their bags and pushed her lover back so she could crawl on top. The bed groaned, but held up under well over a million units of saline, along with the kilos upon kilos from their sexes added. A distinct bulge in Hazel’s front stretched up her belly, between her tits, then pushed through her neck opening. Likewise, Destiny’s cock rose up to eye level.

“Wanna grind some points before the big day?” Destiny asked, already leaning to the side so she could reach Hazel’s lips.

“Hmm, always,” her mistress cooed and kissed back, opening her legs. Several spare costumes were in storage, giving them free reign to tear through it and fuck to their hearts content.

Hours later, it was time for bed. Tomorrow promised to be a busy day, meeting fans, signing and selling merch, giving rides on her unstoppable dick and/or tits. Just the thought was daunting.

“Think they’re gonna bitch and moan about the mess?” Hazel asked, rinsing after brushing her teeth. She referred to the ocean of cum that flooded their suite. It had drained substantially, but still rippled around her shins.

“Not to our faces,” Destiny sighed, taking some extra time to brush her sharp canines. She hadn’t grown a muzzle, retaining her half anthropomorphic appearance, though it was hard to tell if that was Hazel’s preference or just an oversight while she tuned other things to her liking. Not that the futa would mind. Monica looked amazing as a full tigress, and longer muzzle made for incredible blowjobs.

“Maybe they’ll add to it?” Hazel mused and waded her way back to the bed, “Hey, Babe! You’ve got a notification!”

“From what?” Destiny asked, confused by that. It couldn’t be Monica or Toni, since they could just walk over, and she kept her socials turned off. She checked her phone and arched a brow, then smirked at her lover from across the giant bed.

“What?” Hazel asked, then her own face shone as Destiny explained, “Well now, it’s about time.”

The notification was for a new quest. If it could be called that. At that point, any ‘task’ it set out for them was something they’d at least considered before, or outright asked for. In that case, the app would change Hazel into the human-taur form she had several timelines ago, and even give the option to switch back and forth. Their only condition was for every guest to be knocked up by the end of the event.

They spent the night preparing for that ordeal. Monica and Toni were also enlisted. Neither had any recollection of Hazel not having her unique body, nor were they surprised that the pair wanted to instigate an orgy of massive proportions, wherein every female would impregnated. To do so, they required a back up or cum, enough to flood the entire hotel. The other, more pressing issue was how they’d get everyone’s consent for such a thing.

Toni provided the answer when she entered the room and came on the spot. A wave of white sludge washed past her, yet she was frozen in place, clinging to the door as her legs shook and she squirted into the flood. The cause wasn’t simply all the semen fermenting in the closed room, but also Destiny’s raw pheromones.

“What the fuck happened to her?” Monica asked, less affected, though her cock was still twitching against her belly.

“I edged her all night. Even when she was sleeping,” Hazel explained, the only one resilient enough not to sport an erection, though only by sheer will power, “Looks like we’re set for today.”

“Remember the plan, Toni?” Monica asked the only girl remaining, who slurred until a sharp tap on her but knocked her out of the stupor.

“Huh? Where…? Oh, right. Yeah, I remember. Gotta… gotta get this rancid, intoxicating, ovary-fucking smell in the air vents.”

“Nice way to put it,” Hazel chuckled, then tugged on a lead, pulling a barely conscious Destiny along, “Well then, we’ll see you at the main event.” As she walked away, Hazel pulled up the Unreal Creation app and applied all her points from last night. The steps behind her grew heavier, more laboured as Destiny dragged something along.

“After this,” the white-haired domme cooed, peering back at the multiple phalli trailing behind her love, “You’d better make me the most fertile bitch in the universe. I won’t allow anyone to carry more of our young than you or me.”

She jumped when those huge, furry arms wrapped around her.

“Of course not,” Destiny huffed, “I’m not about to be the only giant belly in this relationship forever.” She tilted Hazel’s head to the side and kissed her firmly, tongue sneaking down her throat for a moment. They cuddled for a minute longer, mentally preparing for the gauntlet that awaited them.

The main reception was stuffed with people when they wandered in. Hardly a surprise with a following like theirs, especially after they’d just made the announcement that this convention would have less panels and be more… action oriented. With their reputation, anyone could guess what that meant. Not a single person was dressed more than necessary, which wasn’t much given the heat so many people generated.

Cheers erupted when Destiny was spotted, then more as Hazel stepped onto a platform. She raised her hands to quiet the applause, though it still took a minute before they settled. Destiny looked around, vibrating in place from the effort of holding back, and grimaced at how many stalls were setup. Though she couldn’t be as famous as something like Comic Con, plenty of creative fans had brought their own merch, stories, comics and so on about her. This was their chance to sell something and maybe start a living all their own.

She’d compensate them for it. Even if their deepest wish was to fuck her, it was an awful thing to deny them income. At least she’d also supply them fresh fuel for their works. Few erotic creators got a chance to be up close and personal with their muse, particularly fetishes that aligned with her body.

“You’ve all seen the announcement?!” Hazel yelled, projecting her voice throughout the hall. Cheers answered her, though a few looked confused and were checking their phones, “For those that haven’t, allow me to explain.” She cleared her throat and took to pacing, much like a general delivering an inspirational speech to the soldiers.

“The plan was to have just a normal convention. Sell some merch, meet and greet, maybe hold a raffle to join an orgy or something. Plain and simple, right? Well forget about it! We’re not here to just do the same old shit. We’re here to innovate. To expand horizons. To give those that travelled across the globe to be here an experience unlike any other. So what’s this all about, I hear you cry?”

Hazel held a hand out to signal a response, nodding proudly when she got it, “Now, you can probably guess it’s gonna be a very family friendly affair. No more than PG-13.”

A wave of ‘boos’ rolled through the still growing crowd. More guests were filing in, either just arriving or guided there by Monica and Toni. Destiny licked her lips, cock throbbing from so many fertile women amassed in front of her, though she would’ve expected some men there too, but the app might’ve been responsible. Her libido didn’t care regardless.

Nor did the crowd. Despite how open the reception hall was, with plenty of room available even with the hundreds of people crammed inside, her pheromones spread throughout. She sniffed the air, catching a draft of cum-stench, and glanced to the vents spaced throughout. A faint vapour moved through them, such was the potency of her seed.

Lowering her gaze to the guests, many were flushed. More were outright touching themselves or others, if only some light petting, but a few were already stripping. They all looked to Destiny, specifically the way her robes moved as her cocks swelled. After being edged for so long, she could’ve cum just from the breeze, however she held on, waiting for Hazel’s signal. The minx kept up her pacing, still playing up the lie, while casually stroking her giant curves.

Destiny mimicked her. Not nearly so overt, but it had the desired effect of hardening her prehensile members, now snaking out from beneath her invisible costume, seemingly meeting the eyes of those up front. They had no chance of maintaining the lie of decency, several turning to each other and kissing deep, forced into tricky positions with their own implants in the way. As couples formed and fell to the floor, desperate to relieve some of the heat in their loins, the same phenomena spread rapidly.

Before long, everyone was in a state of undress, moaning, kissing, or outright finger-fucking. Destiny’s trio of trouser-pythons pined for the action, but held under Hazel’s command. The couple looked to one another and smiled at a plan well executed; not a single person in the hall, or to come, would even hesitate to accept their seed.

“You’re right, you’re right,” Hazel chuckled, then ripped through her bodysuit as she morphed into her human-taur form, a second head joining her. A pair of huge cocks grew from between her hind legs and past her front, spilling pre-cum onto the front row. In unison, her heads shouted, “Let the orgy, begin!”

Hectic didn’t begin to cover the chaos that unfolded at her words. Destiny didn’t attempt to make sense of it all, being the centre of the madness. She dove into the throngs, belly roiling as its occupants burst from her pussy to grab the nearest women, stuffing mouths and asses in the same instant. One by one, pussies were invaded by her cocks and stretched wider than their pelvis should be capable of.

If it hurt them, no one complained. Though they might have, but it was lost in the mind-numbing climax the penetrations induced, augmented by Destiny’s pheromones pumping straight into their bloodstreams. One girl grabbed onto the cock and yanked it toward her, belly turning into a torpedo shape as the phallus went rigid. They did the same in two others.

Edged throughout the night and teased relentlessly, Destiny had no conception of holding back. She grabbed the three women she’d penetrated and brought them into a four-way kiss. Her tongue looped around their throats, holding them in place and feeling the vibrations as they screamed in jubilance. It didn’t last long with the massive deluge into their respective wombs, pushing them apart. Others crowded them.

Several women climbed on top of the inflating tummies and ground against them. Shivers and cries rolled through everyone, orgasming with each of Destiny’s throbs. Onlookers, only slightly distracted by their own partners, watched in blatant lust, hoping for their turn. Destiny met one threesome’s gaze. Her tentacles acted on impulse, looping through whoever they’d stuffed, then darting to the trio. Wherever she looked, they went, skewering people and leaving them in crazed bliss while they waited their turn.

Her climax waned, though her members didn’t falter in the slightest. She needed more wombs. Lurid pops marked each of her knots popping out with foot after foot of her dicks. Once open, the gaping cunts released a literal flood of jizz. Fortunately, volunteers scooted forward to plug the exit with their faces. Destiny hoped they wouldn’t drown in the stuff, though it was only a passing thought as she grabbed another threesome.

All three girls squirted just from the heat of her cock as it pressed against their snatches. The orgasm wasn’t nearly enough to sate her, however it did relieve the pressure enough for her to take in the new broodmares. Not that there was much difference between them. All three were bright blonde, tanned skin, huge fake tits that made their slim guts seem thinner. Looking at them, it was easy to assume they were party girls, hardly fitting mothers.

That didn’t stop them creaming themselves as Destiny shoved past their cervix and stretched their wombs into condoms. Pre-cum gushed into and inflated the tiny space, turning their svelte middles into drooping balls of dick juice. Just a sample of the ecstasy to come.

Destiny yanked one forward to throat-fuck with her tongue, while the other two moved together so they could mash their clits together. The cocks found a simple tempo, punching the backs of their wombs and stretching several feet past their heads. None of their eyes were visible anymore, rolled back so only the whites showed, while they drooled and moaned and squirted everywhere. Destiny groped them, using their tits to further stimulate her dicks until she exploded again.

Just minutes into the ordeal and six women were more belly than person. Dozens others were linked by an endless stretch of slimy, tentacle-meat. Each appendage was at its max thickness, outmatching any normal person’s thigh, yet it did nothing to stop them snaking through people and out their mouths or asses. The only sounds to be heard were moans and lewd squelching.

Though it didn’t stop her from picking out Hazel’s voice. Destiny turned and saw her lover mounting two shortstacks, nothing like her, each stuffed full with her new cocks. Catching her eye, they shared a smirk, before Hazel busied her lips with someone’s rigid tits. In the opposite end, Monica railed what looked like a supermodel, her body little more than skin and bone, except for the saline on her chest. It made the daunting tiger-taur even more impressive.

Toni spent her time in the midst of a lesbian orgy as they all waited for their turn. Taut flesh stretched as far as the eye could see, with bloating bellies joining the sea. Destiny moaned as her impatient fans impaled themselves on her shafts. The girls trying to stem the idea from the others had given up, instead using it to make their own fun even messier. The reek of cum saturated the air already, and only grew stronger as her fermented semen spilled out.

Destiny rolled her hips in time with her pricks thrusting. Reclining back, she cooed as her glorious rear trapped a couple locked in a sixty-nine. They switched focus to her ass and pussy, lips and hands disappearing within. It didn’t take long for a pair of hands to find and grip her prostate, squeezing it firmly, milking it for all the pleasure Destiny could take. Not only that, but the girls’ heads pushed into the orifices.

“Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck…” The Amazon panted, hands rubbing all over her tits and belly while her many limbs went crazy in their hosts. Some girl climbed onto her gut and pulled her face into a deep kiss, earning a throat-fuck in the process. On each side of her, three girls nibbled, licked and sucked on her nipples, as their arms pushed into her tit-pussies. Another one crawled between them to eat out the other pussy on her navel.

“FUCKKK!!!” Destiny shrieked into the stranger’s mouth. All her holes convulsed and pulled on those pleasuring them, yanking the couple beneath her *inside*. They writhed deliciously, stimulating every single nerve in reach. For her ass, that included dozens of clits mashed against her fan’s body, gripped between the smallest opening. She wrapped her lips around a large one, while her partner was constricted by the numerous tentacles pouring from Destiny’s womb.

All those pleasures were too great. Even a little more and she feared her mind would fail. Fortunately, her very existence was refined by Hazel and the app, withstanding the bliss even as it stacked and pressed on her from all sides. She howled and gargled and whined as the third climax - out of dozens more to come - crashed down upon her. Massive spheres of jizz collected at the bases of her cocks, pouring through like pressurised lava, before erupting into the waiting uteri. Similar cries of ecstasy mixed with hers as the fanatical cumdumps rejoiced.

But there were so many more to do. Destiny breathed deep when the waves settled, though another orgasm wasn’t far behind with the duo squirming around inside her ass and pussy. She stood, clenching tight to feel their bodies as she grabbed the woman throating her tongue. Two others stepped into her grip and arched their rears, shaking like overexcited dogs. Their eyes rolled back and drool rained as they were penetrated.

So it continued. Destiny, Hazel and Monica pounded and inflated everyone within reach. So many swollen bellies crowded the hall, pushing others toward the walls for room, but even then it became nigh-impossible for anyone but Destiny to move around. Toni broke away from her sapphic mating ball to guide or roll the cum spheres outside. A look of envy clouded her face whenever she heard them, but it was quickly obscured by a layer of cum.

“Fancy meeting you here,” Hazel said and smooched the Amazon from behind.

“How, ooh, how long…?” Destiny rasped, leaning against a set of cum balloons. She had her legs spread wide, allowing impatient fans to busy themselves with her gaping holes. Temporarily flat-stomached girls bounced their asses against her cocks, striving to earn her next load.

“About two hours I think,” Hazel cooed, “I think you need a drink before you pass out.”

“Y-yeah. Where’s the water?”

Hazel smirked, “I’ve got a better idea.” She stepped onto a couple of insensate girls, causing semen to squelch from their wombs, so they were almost eye-level. Or high enough for Destiny’s lips to reach her beautiful nipples.

They were truly works of art. Destiny had laboured for days sculpting them through the app, thanks to her ‘earning’ such a reward, refining every lurid impulse she had while doing so. The end result; a pair of knotted dog-cocks big enough to make an elephant blush. They strained her jaw to its limit, then beyond, as she scraped her teeth along their scalding hot flesh. Delicious pre-cum splashed against her throat, bubbling back up to flood her mouth.

“That’s it, sweetie, drink my nipple-cum. I bet you’re the reason I have these, aren’t you? Hoping I’ll knock up all your wombs with them? Don’t worry. When we’re through here, you and us are gonna set unbreakable records together.”

Like they hadn’t already. In their respective timelines, they’d broken every record of fake breast sizes over a year ago, back when their chests were almost reasonable, and destroyed the rest with every filling. Not to mention their anomalous bodies. Hazel was ‘born’ with her nipples and power to change shape, though it required puberty for Destiny’s body to be unleashed. Looking up, both her lover’s heads grinned down, then pursed their lips in a moan as some girls speared themselves on her cocks.

“Isn’t this amazing?” The right-Hazel cooed, while the other looked around, a set of arms gesturing to the debauchery, “And it’s all thanks to you.”

“She’s right,” the left said, “We’d just be some boring workhorse if you didn’t get some naughty ideas. Or maybe not. We might’ve gotten the app and this would’ve happened anyway. Maybe fate wants us to be this way?”

A snicker escaped Destiny. The cock was pulled from her lips, throat gaped and aching for a fat, dog-nipple-dick to suck. Hazel tilted her chin to look her in the faces, two eyebrows arched with intrigue.

“What’s so funny?” They asked in unison, an obvious threat of a good time laden in their voices.

“You would’ve chucked your phone if it happened to you,” Destiny said, smirking.

“True,” the left-Hazel sighed.

“But we can’t have you laughing at your mistresses in public, now can we?” The right pushed her away, using the extra pair of arms to aim all four of her nipples. Two at Destiny’s face, the others at her nipples, “Get ready. We’re gonna make sure you cum your sexy little brain out.”

“Won’t be that hard,” the left giggled. They didn’t wait for Destiny to respond - though it would’ve just been a moan for them to do it - and shoved her face down on two massive cocks. At the same time, her nipple-pussies were stretched taut by their obscene counterparts. As they pushed closer, her own teats were squished and flattened against Hazel’s firm bust. It hurt so fucking good.

Especially as the warmth of pre-cum spread throughout her body. Destiny felt up every inch of her lover’s body that she could reach, while angling her cocks to impale still more waiting cunts. The penetrations rippled through her holes, clamping on the women she’d unintentionally swallowed with her ass and pussy. She moaned like a true slut as her jaw dislocated, stretched past its limit. Pain had lost its meaning, now just a motivator for her fuck or cum even harder.

Which she did with endless vigour. Three by three, she bloated her fans’ into spheres of jizz, their eggs assaulted from all sides by relentless sperm. Hundreds had come to her convention and would leave with a permanent gift that they’d only dreamt of; her children. In nine-months, she’d be the sire of countless young.

“Oh fuck, you’re cumming hard!” The Hazels cried as her pussies and throat convulsed like a pythons coils, choking the cocks for all their seed. Destiny whimpered as the knots inflated inside her, locking them in place and straining her already worn out jaw. But those were mere accents to the real joy she found, that coming from Hazel dumping untold litres of glorious jizz down her throat and into her tit-wombs.

At the same time, her own gallons inundated her fans. All of their voices moaned in tandem, an ear-tingling chorus of bliss, building with every foot their bellies swelled. Even Destiny’s already fecund middle ballooned in time with her breasts. Tens upon tens of thousands of CCs already stretched the shapes, with a similar amount of cum pouring in. Hazel hugged her face in close, undulating her upper torso to smother her flesh in the excess jizz leaking from Destiny’s nostrils.

“Keep it up,” one Hazel said. It was so difficult to differentiate them in the thralls of lust, “Impregnate them all, Destiny. I don’t want to see a flat belly when we leave.”

“Hmm!” Destiny nodded around the rigid cocks and turned her trio onto another set of waiting girls, already stuffed full by tentacles. With Hazel’s constant stimulus and encouragement, it didn’t take long to creampie the new receptacles. And the same with the next. And the ones after them. So on and so forth.

At some point, her body went on auto-pilot. Bellies disfigured by tentacles smoothed out with so much cum, swelling foot after foot. The smallest couldn’t have been any less than twelve feet across, stuffed to the brink, so taut they offered no give even under their weight, and dwarfed Toni as she rolled them out. Even as her stamina flagged, they remained enormous.

“Destiny? Babe?”

“Huh?” Destiny rolled her head around. Every muscle was sluggish, even her eyelids refused to blink properly, but she still managed to clear her vision enough to make out a single Hazel looking down at her.

“Good, you’re not dead,” Hazel chuckled, “Time to go back to our room, sweetie. There’ll be more guests tomorrow, we need to refuel. And *other* things.”

“Right,” the Amazon murmured and pushed herself up. Not surprisingly, the hall was stuffed with bloated bellies of varying sizes. Only a few were flat, those being Hazel, Monica and Toni’s. She brought a paw to her lover’s middle, lightly scratching around where the womb was and grinned. Once this was over, she’d make sure they wrecked every record her own belly had made. Hazel laid her hand over it, smiling back.

“Soon.”

Destiny slept throughout the night. Her cocks were bound with brutal rings that denied any leakages, forcing cum to build up inside her. The other futanari were similarly caged, all to fulfil the quest and give Hazel another dimension of pleasure. Of course, with so much fucking involved, they farmed so many points it would make their heads spin. Or their loins.

The next day, Destiny pounded all the fresh wombs begging for her seed. Monica and Hazel were slower, exhausted from yesterday, but the Amazon was driven by the all-consuming need to breed. Her desire to grant Hazel’s wish only bolstered it further, granting her strength where she should be exhausted. Nothing would stop her until she guaranteed a litter of her young inside each and every female.

“That’s… the last… one?” Destiny panted after unleashing her final reserves into a fiery redhead with the biggest ass she’d seen on a ‘normal’ person.

“Yep,” Hazel rasped, splayed out amidst a group of quivering women, still in the throes of orgasms from the cum swarming inside them.

“Thank fuck. My dick’s so fucking sore,” Monica said, on her back with her flagging dick in the open. Toni was with her, licking it all over to soothe the angry-red shaft.

“We’d better check the app,” Destiny groaned as her tentacles retracted, winding through dozens of insides and spurring a short orgasm that glazed the redhead beneath her.

“Yeah. We’ll see you two back upstairs!” Hazel called and the pair stumbled out.

Back in their room, after a very necessary shower, Destiny frowned at her phone. There was a bar for the current quest, with the number four flashing above it. Was that how many she had left to go? But she was sure she’d fucked everyone in the hall. Any late arrivals would’ve been flattened by her pheromones and lured in. So who…

“Oh crap…”

“What?” Hazel asked, back to her standard form, hair bunched in a towel but otherwise naked.

“Apparently, we’re also guests.”

“Oh crap,” Hazel groaned, as did the bed when she sat down, “So much for knocking me up properly.”

“Hmm… maybe we can.” Destiny minimised the quest tracker, then gawked at the number of points they’d amassed. She gestured for Hazel to check as well, a similar expression lighting up her face. Eyes locked and wicked grins mirroring each other, a single question hung on their lips.

“Go crazy?” Hazel asked.

“As opposed to normally? Yes!”

Maybe they’d go too far. Maybe the exhaustion would change their lives in the craziest ways possible. Or maybe all that’d result from it was a bit of fun?