

A Fine Tip

Heather flicked the striker of her lighter, the flame at the end sparking and burning the end of her cigarette that was stoked by her harsh inhale. A five minute smoke break here in the pits of the city, an alleyway outside the diner she worked at. A waitress doing her time, trying to make a living, and to take each day, one day at a time.

It was cold, and the night was young. A blessing from all the summer heat of the day. The tall, petite woman with long, frizzy hair was crossing her arms, as the smoke between her middle and index finger rested. Under her uniform was a black shirt that covered a bosom of two ripe cantaloupes, the bras she wore barely doing their job. A black skirt of similar color to her shirt went almost to her knees, showing skin until reaching her white socks and coal-colored boots with laces. In the darkness, her green eyes flashed to make sure no one would sneak up on her as she lowered her cigarette to the concrete, twisting the stick as the end flared, popping a light that gave a better sight of her whiter skin, and the bright, rosy red polish coated thickly onto her nails.

It was another late-night shift. Better than the day in terms of both pay and the level of work, but it was boring as all hell with her phone broken, and too many bills needed to be paid before she could afford another. All kinds of cretins were served in this dingy establishment, but tonight would be someone she had never expected.



She truly wouldn't, because the person in question was already gone. A single coffee, no refills, a water, and an eaten, cheap \$9 steak were the remnants of her last customer. His seat empty, and his bill on the table with the rest of what he made a mess of tonight. *No fucking tip? Seriously?* she said in her head, where even the high pitched tone her voice had reigned. The receipt didn't have any added extra numbers she last remembered seeing. So no, no fucking tip.

"Hey Heather!" shouted out Malerie, the lone cashier on call tonight who doubled as a backup server. "Got no bites with that guy eh?"

The waitress shrugged. "Someone, someday, sometime... will give me a fucking *great tip* okay? It's gonna happen."

From behind Malerie popped up the head cook from the open window to the kitchen, Sam, with his darker complexion and often cited 'award winning smile' on his face. "At least you get a tip. You know how many scrambled eggs I make back here a day? Hell, even Malerie gets lucky with a bit of gratuity here and there."

"I honestly, do not, know, why. I guess some guys just want to be little heartthrobs and hope I come home to suck their dick or something."



All three gave their own kind of laugh with Heather's being the most reserved, and Sam's the most boisterous. There was a fourth here in the business, the *boss* one could say. A recluse stuck in the back of his office on most days, the man known as Peter. He did not join in any laughter. He was a stuck up obsessed with numbers and other clerical bullshit. Things none of the trio cared about.

Heather started to collect the dishes, taking the plate, then the fork, the knife, and the folded napkins. The last was the coffee cup, which underneath it, laid a bronze colored coin. Or a medal? A medallion? It had a shine to it, polished and neat. The woman picked it up, looking at it closer, noticing the vivid depiction of a giant elephant on the front and back. Its ivory canines, jutting from the bottom jaw, were long. She thought that meant it had to be one of those... kinds from Africa? Animal knowledge was not her forte.

"Wow. Look at you! Getting a nice and bright penny for her due diligence. Hey Sam? I think our Heather here might be moving up in the world." She could hear Malerie's snickering from here. While the two were never at one's throats, the other gal sure knew how to grind the gears of those around her.

"I think you only really need about a million more of those and soon you can get some shitty apartment closer to work. That's only like a million more customers to serve if you



think about it!" Sam, oh Sam, sometimes the two were like a pair, going back and forth with punches to her gut. When all she wanted was just to get through her shift.

Yet... this coin intrigued her. Despite her coworkers' ribbing, the waitress spent no energy pondering on a retort or any reply. Reflected back from her eyes was this coin, and the strong... powerful... virile elephant on the front. Down below her form, like an abandoned factory waking up, a dollop of fluid sparking from some unknown, carnal arousal. She wasn't an animal fucker or a peruser of such content, but goddamn... what a fucking stud. Heather could even notice how the coin showed a fat, turgid cock that was nearly as long as one of its legs. The girth like a penis of a horse, which only added to the musculature that turned her on so much.

She ignored the questions from her compatriots, so fixated on this medallion that the petite woman brought it over and into the female bathroom, flying inside of the closest stall to sit on the surprisingly clean toilet and ponder upon this insignia. She hadn't noticed until now that the thing was actually more of a necklace, the similarly bronze chain rubbing along her wrists.

The thing had complete control over her thoughts, and imagination. As if falling into a mirror, Heather was looking through another set of eyes. The eyes of an African Elephant, and from the pulse of her cunt came with a mimic that she envisioned and... almost felt was the thumping burst of a several-foot long elephantine rod. Pink



pheromones could be seen in the air, calling her to the wet snatches of nearby females in heat, *wanting* her seed in such giant gray testicles.

Heather had secrets. We all do. Hers was sucking on the toes and licking the soles of feet. A common fetish, but now it combined with her current, and sudden overwhelming addiction for all things elephant. She made a honk like a goose as in the vivid hallucination, she climbed up on top of a smelly bitch with a cunt soaked in estrus, sliding open the female's labia as their trunks fired out blaring, loud horns of sexual elation.

An unseen, unheard series of rapidly escalating knocks on the door brought her out from her delusion, the stern and hearty voice of Peter roaring on the other side. "What the fuck are you doing in there?!" he shouted, giving another beat of his fist to the bathroom's entrance. "You've been in there for nearly fifteen minutes and you're... are you sick? You keep groaning!"

Heather's eyes went wide, her largest toe from her left foot currently being suckled between her plump lips. The entire bottom side of her foot covered in her spit and sloppy saliva. It had a rough... grayish texture to it, as if covered in hundreds of dried out calluses that formed together. The nail of the toe itself was no longer white, but a rather ivory color, one spotted with a dirtish hue.



And her cunt... it was inflamed, engorged, a part of it bigger than it had ever been before. The shapes of both feet had subtly been changed from the outside, but the internal bone structure, had it been found in some archeological dig site, would've classified Heather as a subset of a human long past. Her nerves sensed it as it was unnatural to walk on, but there was no time to complain about it. She *needed* this job.

The woman stood up, her skirt flopping downwards as the white, precum-infused panties let several droplets of arousal fall and splatter against the floor. Had anyone been in the room, they might've thought someone was missing the toilet, but for Heather, it was a mark of admiration. She walked to exit the room with a dumb stuck grin, opening the door back into the restaurant as the shorter Peter stared at her, crossing his arms.

"Took you long enough didn't it? Are you on your period or something?" She never liked his boss, and his whiny, unrefined voice did little to make him likable to others. A tiny man, with a tiny brain, and no doubt tiny gonads. "Hurry the hell up! There's people to attend to!"

Exactly! So many bitches with big rears that needed a good fucking. Heather's trunk wrapping around theirs to restrict them into doing what she wanted. The necklace was around her neck, and it faintly glowed, each surge sending more graphic signals to her head to be that magnificent male on the medallion.



Sam and Malerie looked up from what they were doing with concerned glances, the latter seeing dark spots matting into the waitress's skirt. She was in another dimension at this point, her feet changing within her black boots to be less pointed with the toes of the human's feet bulging up into nubs. The entire thing more or less becoming two mounds that'd create a deep, circular print in any ground it'd walk upon. It made it hellish to traverse with her footwear, but she couldn't care about that. Now in her mind, her thick tongue was licking out a trumpeting lass with a fat ass.

Heather's next customer was a man in his thirties with a dark coat and trilby which he removed and set upon the table. "I'm ready to order," he said with a wave of his finger.

The horny girl bit her lower lip, struggling with a pair of shaking hands to get out her pad and pencil, mumbling at the man with her usual script. "W-w-what the... the fu- what w-would you l-l-" her tongue rolled in her mouth, and the way the customer cocked his eyebrow caused an audible squelch of pre to discharge off into a cotton wall already well past crumpling from the constant assault of her sex.

"Like? You're asking me what I would like?"



Heather nodded like an insane woman, happy, overly stimulated tears leaking from her ducts as she broke the tip of her writing tool from how hard she pressed the graphite against the paper. “Y-yes please. Yes... yes...”

The patron looked past her at Malerie, a genuinely worried expression shared by them both. “Is this bitch on something?” For such a gentlemanly attire he wore, the vocabulary he used was not so refined.

Her heart pumped in tandem with the shine of the medallion nestled between her quivering bosom. The double D’s shaking as her entire body reverberating from the evocative, down right overly realistic depictions of elephant sex happening right in front of her. As if two worlds were merging together and her perception could not perceive which was what.

It was a moan she could not stifle, which brought three sets of eyes upon her. The man in front of her gasping as a glob of Heather’s seminal cum flew to land on his hand, the panties starting to tear as her clitoris was now the size of a one inch cock, her pussy lips coming together to fuse and bulge, the formation of testes here faster than the poor woman could ever hope to deal with. Ounces of sperm not of her own species filling them out until the underwear ripped completely and fell to the floor with a loud **smack**.



Malerie was horrified. "Heather what the fuck?!" The customer would not stop roaring out into various expletives and bleats of furious irritation, damn near pushing the waitress away from him. Which wouldn't... matter much in a second.

Heather loved this. She could not believe the attention she was getting. She did not see human beings around her, but the forms of elephants who were fucking *jealous* of what she had. The throb in her crotch causing her new cock to continue in being erect. Two inches, then three, then four, then... enough for the man in the dark coat to see her penis peek out from under the waitress's skirt, looking right at him as another liquidy concentration of masculine delight marked his clothing. He looked in panic as the deranged, sex-addicted woman's body pulsed in all directions like her form was made of butter. The flab and mass expanding slowly in all directions.

"Oh fuck!" Heather screamed at the top of her lungs, making even Peter rip open his door in anger to notice his employee... *growing?* "I'm the fucking alpha! I'm the fucking goddamn KING of this land. NONE of you are worthy to be anything other than my fuckholes!!!"

Her balls dropped, two melons larger than her deflating tits dangling now near her knees, the sexual organs, including her cock, unfit for the human body. They belonged on the frame of another. One that would be coming in faster than anyone expected. From her nose came a tendril that thickened as it grew, gray and wrinkly until



it slithered between the customer's pants, his own groin pounding with a magically induced erection. In some... weird way... he agreed with the woman's declaration.

Heather's nose weren't the nostrils they used to be, now able to suck like a vacuum's hose as the appendage snuck its way into the client's pants, chugging on the man's cock as he screamed from the surprise sucking. He slammed his fists onto the table as the pressure became too much to bear, his eyes buzzing around as with every gurgle of her trunk, his dick receded until turning inward. Upon feeling the snout enter inside him like a pussy, he flatlined, going comatose as he laid back, and merely drooled from insanity.

It took the entire other three, Peter, Malerie, and Sam to pull Heather off from what she had done. Her body was larger than all of them, the leather of her boots slowly being picked apart until it burst with a haggard boom, sending black scraps to the furthest reaches of the room. Where there were once small, dainty human feet were now the obscenely large stompers of an African Elephant, gray knobs that looked like mallets without a handle. Bigger than one's face, the trio trying to ascertain what the fuck was going on could only gasp in further horror as the changing female, one with a set of balls and a cock getting only longer and girthier, commenced her next horny action.

Heather reached down with hands that were merging fingers together, a manic expression that coincided with her loose tongue dropping spit all over herself, grasping



at her leg to pull the entire thing up to her. Pivoting her ankle, the sole of the foot she now possessed was right in front of her. Using one hand, she smashed it into her face, feeling the rough yet squishy underside against her trunk and mouth, while the other hand dived down to plunge fingers into what she thought she still had. Once her touch discovered a massive shaft too large to even get a firm grip on, her instincts of servicing males took over, and she did what she could to jerk the meaty, throbbing rod up and down to the best of her ability.

Malerie's eyes couldn't move. Her friend she'd known for a few years now at this point was licking the bottom of her foot like men eating out her cunt. Trying to stuff down the entire base down her throat, the ivory tinted toes wriggling and flexing with pleasure. Her gaze went to Sam, who did just the same as herself, adjusting then to Peter, his face stuck in disgust. They tried to say one thing or another to break the girl out of it, but nothing worked. It only added to the lewd bitch's pleasure.

And it's not like Heather was much of a girl anymore. Malerie choked slightly as the pink tip to the transforming waitress's new cock brushed against her shin, backing her body up as every pulse and increase in size made it feel as if it was following her. Behind the cashier, the customer who was Heather's first victim brought his fingers to a wet, puffy snatch. A pussy fit for a pachyderm as he moaned in feminine throes, corking his hand deep past the lips to palm-fuck himself with his pants unbuttoned and thickening out the more his legs inflated with a gray tone.



“What the fuck do we do?!” shouted Sam, sweat beading along his forehead as Heather’s body grew even further, knocking over the nearby stools to the floor. From her back touching the front counter to her left leg now stretching into one of the booth’s, the woman was getting bigger and fatter. Her wrinkly balls full of potent seed splayed across the red and white checkerboard floor, spasming with the reverberations created by her cock as it spewed out fluids, shaking and rising upwards before falling back down, just to do so again, and again.

The taste of her foot was just as what she imagined. Heather moaned in a husky voice, the masculinity coating and enveloping her former femaleness like chocolate covering a strawberry. From the bottom of her jaw, tusks poked out, grinding against what her tongue plowed upon. It scratched at where she licked, and like a dog getting a good scritch behind the ears, Heather felt another dramatic anvil slam upon her skull. Like being punched repeatedly from the spirit of whatever was changing her. The medallion was glowing now, and all the people inside the building felt one thing or another due to its aura, and from the waitress’s deeds.

Sam’s entire body was secreting natural moisture the longer he stared, Malerie’s own crotch hummed with arousal. Peter’s will seemed to be the only out of the three employees to hold out, finding the entire thing revolting as his floor became covered in slick, sexual fluids. Heather’s ears flumped out, turning into huge, leathery waves of



flesh that were drooping down onto her shoulders. Her entire frame widening to a breathtaking degree. The mighty flushes of her precum marking the ceiling, walls, floor, all bringing in an elicit nerve to their senses. Heather roared out as her trunk was now as large as her coworkers' bodies, and the overall bulk of her figure turned her sideways. Now her head aimed at her boss and his office with her ass towards the exit and the frozen Malerie and Sam. The customer's clothing had ripped, his table and the seat he sat upon pushed out as his body tried to make room, a female to be mated by the gallant Heather in his *very* near future.

In fact... all of them were going to meet that fate. The escalation of vigor and maleness in her... or *his* head told him that. Heather's cock was thicker than most of their builds, and it ached for release. His head looked deformed as the broad tendril that was his nose declared such a notion with a loud boom. A thick bull that saw nothing but targets to claim, and the first was that bastard of a boss.

His hands had long passed the point of human utility. Round, blocky things that helped demonstrate the power and consequence of annoying a proud elephant like he was. The visions of the savanna and the diner merged together. The new Heather stood up on his four legs, the ceiling with square panels bulging upwards, with some boards falling to the floor as the true ceiling with all its wire and pipes were revealed. The cock of the bull was pointed right at Peter's form as the pachyderm's tail swayed from left to



right. The trunk was used for one great blare that made his boss shriek in terror, trying to run away only to feel the proboscis wrap around his form, and pull him in closer.

Chunky, bubbling testes churned as the size of them caused the bull to widen his stance. Malerie and Sam both began to masturbate as all the scents wafting from the rear of the elephant corrupted them. The female human was already fucking her cunt by digging her fingers all the way inside, with her male coworker doing the same thing in a rough manner to his crotch. Plowing his fat digits into his erect cock as the penis bent and buckled, disfiguring and opening up with a pop to join the band of females mentally bowing to this *grand* male.

And not to forget the first newly made female in the room, her suit gone as her body rolled off towards the side of the wall and into the alleyway, now crumpled in debris as the roof tried to collapse. Thankfully, thanks to Heather's height, it used his body as a peg to keep things level. But the more he grew, the more the canopy raised before, like a dumpster, flung into the nearest building's wall.

Peter wanted to get away, he could see the visions in his own head now. There was no beautiful sight of females for him to fuck like Heather could gleefully sulk into. No, his sight was of an open plain, a sudden weight on his back, and the plunge of a big cock into his cavernous cunt.



Which played out in real time. In a single second, Heather's tip ripped into the human's pants, spreading the human's asscheeks vastly, no doubt savagely mangling his body had the medallion not protected them all from realistic pain. The elephant bull's penis slid far up his anus as he forced out a disheveled cry from the bottom of his throat like a hoarse horse. Where the beefy shaft touched, changed Peter's body instantly so as to not turn him into a bloody pulp of a colossal's sex toy.

Heather's animal brain tilted as weight speedily formed under him, now mounting on top of a sow as Peter was given around ten seconds to go from understanding all, to nothing. To go from a smart, intellectual human being trying to comprehend a fat dick skewering her body like a kebab, to the feminine, feral brain of a sow in heat for truck-sized mammalian offspring she'd carried in a womb the size of a closet.

Behind Heather, watching her fuck their former boss, were the remnants of Malerie and Sam, their trunks riffling around their snatches in the vain hopes it could replace a bull's shaft. Their lips and tongues kissing and licking along Heather's godlike testicles, eager to know that they'd be fucked by the best for their species.

Each former human, from the original Heather, to the changed customer, and all the coworkers including the boss, were all elephants in mind, body, and now soul. Their hallucinations of the African savanna flashing like they were being brainwashed into believing they were always animals. The summer night of their North American inner



city surroundings shifting for the high grass, the hot sun, and the large trees in the distance that giraffes would eat from, and leopards would lazily lay upon during hot afternoons.

In all regards, it could've been elephants fantasizing they were human, and in the end, it might've been like that. The four new elephants had no clue, nor care of what came before, only what came now.

Which Heather did so diligently, those massive, musk-immense balls bouncing back and forth against the underside of every animal she fucked, starting the new herd he'd establish as the Alpha he was now. Not a single female that day both created, and later found, would escape with their virginities intact.

Years later, in the distance, a jeep of tourists and locals would watch a group of thirty or so elephants muck about on the plains, pictures taken of the big gray creatures, so majestic, and so proud. Around the neck of one was a faint medallion hanging from what looked to be like a necklace. Yet, before any could get a better look, the male bull charged the vehicle, causing them to retreat. The animal had no idea of the thing it carried. It only knew that it had a family to protect, and it would do so for as long as it lived.



For it was the Alpha. Its tusks the longest and sharpest, its mighty penis the farthest in length and girth, and it was in charge. For now, until its final breath. The tip Heather wanted may not have been dollars, but it was something much greater – the round point of an African Elephant cock.

