“Ready for round two?” Monica asked.

“What?” Destiny blinked, unsure where she was for a moment as she looked around. The scenery had changed, or rather, her perspective of it had. She was on her back, belly somewhat flattened by gravity. Her vacated pussy gushed with Monica’s cum. It occasionally clenched down and made an unflattering, wet sound that caused her cock to jump to attention. Her tentacle remained entwined, both more than willing to for another round.

Monica stood overhead, her own cunt oozing semen. Her cock stood out far more. From where it exited her thigh-thick sheath, to the pink crown, the thing measured sixty-nine inches long and nineteen wide. If the app was accurate that is. She wouldn’t be surprised if it gave a few more inches. The tiger-taur positioned her pussy and sank down. Destiny’s cock and tentacle dove back in, following her desire.

“This time,” Monica cooed and leaned over to grab at smaller futa’s breasts, fingers diving into her nipples, “I’m gonna use all your holes.” She used both hands to spread one nipple-pussy wide, then reared back, angled her cock and pushed.

Stars danced in Destiny’s vision and consumed it.

When she woke up next, it was to the muffled sounds of her ringtone. Destiny climbed from the bed, too tired to care about the splashing of her feet, and waddled out to answer.

“Hello?”

“Looks like you had fun,” Hazel said.

“Hazel?!” Destiny instantly woke up, then frowned as she became aware of the stickiness covering her body.

“Sorry I’m not there to tease you in person, but work kept me late. Well, Mr. Finch did for obvious reasons.”

“That’s okay. And yeah… I had fun.”

“Good. I know I’m awesome in bed, but there’s just no way I can satisfy your every need. You need a good dicking every now and then.”

Memories of the app’s punishment teased her mind. It wasn’t impossible for Hazel to satisfy her that way. Destiny shook the thought loose. She couldn’t just change her partner’s whole life all for her own enjoyment.

“Gotta admit, I’m a little jealous,” Hazel said.

“Why?”

“Babe, I love you, but Monica’s dick is capital ‘H’ HUGE!”

“Well, I mean… do you want mine to be bigger?”

“Bigger is better,” Hazel sighed, faint sounds of clothes rustling, “The fact your dick’s almost as long as me is so fucking hot.” Naturally, her member rose, as if hearing the praise.

“Yeah?” Destiny angled it to penetrate her navel-pussy, while the tentacle went for one of her nipples, “You like me being so much bigger than you?”

“Love it. The way you just smother me. Ooh… I’d kill for your dick to be able to coil around me. Like a python. Fuck, what if it got so huge your cum-hole could just swallow me up?”

“Like vore?”

“Yes! Can you imagine that? Me squirming down your shaft. My tits bulging through. Until I end up in your balls, swimming in cum. Then you can puke me back up and fuck me brainless.”

“Yes! Anything you want!” Destiny fisted her spare nipple and asshole, punching hard and fast, while the others were pounded into frothing messes.

“Oh fuck, baby, I’m gonna cum. I’m fisting my huge cunt in the office. I’ve got my boobs out too. Someone could come by and see me any second now. If only your cock could gobble me up so no one would know I’m such an exhibitionist slut.”

“Me too. I’d swallow you and carry you around in my balls. Your own personal cum bath! Whatever you want of me,” Destiny moaned.

“Fill the tub for me. I’ll be home in an hour. I wanna bathe in your fucking jizz so I can shovel it inside of me. Go!”

“Yes Mistress!” Destiny waddled to the bathroom as fast as her body would allow. Each step almost pushed her over the edge, but she managed, “I’m here!”

“Do it! Cum for me, my precious bitch!”

“YES!”

The bath wasn’t even half full from the one orgasm, so she came again as Hazel came down. When she finished, the tub was more than full enough to cover someone as small as her lover, who panted down the line.

“Sorry about that. Didn’t mean to insult your cock.”

“It’s okay. But did you mean it?”

“Hmm, what exactly?” Hazel asked, that teasing inflection rich in her voice.

“You know,” Destiny sat on the edge, running a hand through her viscous goop, “That vore stuff.”

“Well… I wouldn’t be opposed to it. Like I said, ‘bigger is better’. Don’t know how you’d get your thing that much bigger, but I’ll support you. And if it works, we’ll do some real kinky shit. Oh fuck, gotta go. Finch is coming. Love you.”

“Love you too, bye.”

Destiny set her phone back down and went to their room. Her old device laid on the bed, like it expected her return. A sticky hand picked it up as she sat on her equally goo-covered butt. Messes weren’t an issue for them, given how often they made their own. Monica’s semen leaked from between her luscious thighs and soaked into the sheet, the scent wafting up. It had a more animalistic tint to it, though no less enticing.

“Okay, how much did I earn from that? Holy shit!”

Who - or what - ever designed the app had no idea how to create a game. Or at least not a mobile one. She’d spent nearly all her points on Monica, yet she’d earned at least double them - giving her little over six hundred. No designer would be so generous. Though she doubted the creator cared about making money or keeping her engaged through ‘gameplay’. The overall design was clearly just an excuse to fulfil someone’s depraved fantasies.

“You know, if you ever want to make an actual game, hit me up,” Destiny said, knowing it was probably listening, “But thanks, I guess..” She went to the ‘phallus’ menu and licked her lips, already imagining her own member becoming so obscenely huge that it could engulf Hazel. Before she could do so, however, a blinking light in the corner caught her attention.

Frowning, she pressed it and was greeted by a simple, but loaded prompt;

*Initiate Co-Op Play?*

Expanding the prompt elucidated what it meant. She could send a link to someone, who’d get the app too, but only with one slot and no access to quests or settings. Their points would be linked to hers, as would their actions, meaning if they fucked, it went toward Destiny’s own total. Which they’d do plenty of. After all, she only had one person in mind for it.

Hazel dabbed at her thighs. Fun as it was to get off with a little phone sex, the mess almost made her regret it, her prolific, fat pussy dousing her in its juices. Mr. Finch didn’t notice to her relief, though he might’ve just been distracted by her cleavage, of which there was plenty since none of her blazers and shirts did much to cover up. Though maybe it was time for another filling?

She couldn’t let Destiny race so far ahead. That last boost left her several times Hazel’s size, dwarfing the petite girl in every way, adding more than twice both her boobs into each breast. Just thinking of the huge things made her crave more for herself. Yeah, she thought, definitely time for a fill up.

“Better tell Destiny first,” she reminded herself. Communication was important. She loved the surprise, but she would’ve liked for her partner to at least tell her first, then she could’ve gone and watched it all happen in real time. Right as her thumb landed on the first letter, Destiny texted her… with a suspicious link.

*I know what it looks like, but trust me, this app is great.*

Hazel didn’t trust technology much. Or rather, she didn’t trust herself with it. Anything that wasn’t automatically done freaked her out. Like when she had to add WhatsApp, the amount of possibilities left her confounded, so she just had Destiny do it for her. She knew it wasn’t really hard, but dozens of horror stories from Youtube had infected her.

*I don’t know. Do I have to do anything?*

*Nope. Just press the link and it’ll do everything for you.*

*Okay… what even is it?*

*It’s a character creator. Like those things in games, but it’s super detailed.*

*Okay… but why?*

*Well, this one lets you upload pictures and it’ll make them in the app, then you can do whatever. Figured we could try some roleplay stuff with it.*

*Huh, that* does *sound like fun.*

*Thought so. Give it a go and if you have questions let me know.*

Hazel took a deep breath and pressed the link. A download started immediately, ending in just a minute thanks to the company’s internet - and lack of users at that moment. She checked that the coast was clear, not eager for Finch to find her on her phone again, then opened it. The first screen prompted her to upload someone’s image. Naturally, she chose one of the many shots of Destiny.

It uploaded quickly and in the blink of an eye, she was startled to find a flawless render of her lover. Was just dumb luck? No, the picture she chose didn’t show anything from the chest down. So how did it know Destiny was pregnant? And a futa? And that her gigantic ass blended into thighs so thick they could smother a cow?

*What the fuck? It looks* exactly *like you.*

*Yeah, it’s incredible right?*

*…you’re not worried about it?*

*Not really. Facebook and Google already know everything about us. This isn’t different.*

*Oh, right. Yeah. Still freaky, though right?*

*Hmm, I dunno. I’m messing around with it and I’m loving it. Ever thought about having tits bigger than your body?*

Hazel chuckled and sighed. If her tech-savvy partner said it was fine, then there wasn’t anything to worry about.

*Maybe. But I wouldn’t able to walk, so you’d have to carry me everywhere.*

*So you’re not planning on blowing my tits up until they’re bigger than a house? :(*

“Jesus Christ, I can’t even… what would that look like?” Hazel postulated, trying to imagine it when Destiny texted her again.

*Just kidding BTW.*

*No you weren’t.*

*You’re right.*

Hazel shook her head*; See you soon. Love you.*

*Love you too.*

Now she just had to figure out what the hell to do with the weird app. There were dozens of options, many of which led down a rabbit-hole to more, most of which were devoutly sexual. Just the tits menu alone led into half a dozen more choices, which had their own. It was overwhelming. Until she shut her eyes and decided to just focus on one thing at a time.

Breasts were the obvious choice. She tapped the ‘plus’ button, which brought her eyes to a steadily decreasing counter. There was a limit? Must’ve been a free version or something. At least it gave her plenty. Not that she needed them apparently when she refocused on Destiny, whose breasts had gained several inches. All with just fifteen points. Moving onto another part, she found nipples and tested them out.

She wiped at her lips as she watched her lover’s nipples swell beautifully huge. Areolae were next, fattening them into mountainous podiums for the teats and pussies to stand upon, then she moved to the shape, but quickly left it when she found adding to that made them more natural. Lactation could be left alone; it didn’t make much sense with implants. But maybe later.

The ‘belly’ menu called to her.

Hazel panted as she came down from yet another orgasm. On her phone, the render of Destiny, her stunning partner of unmatchable beauty, had become a wet dream made real. Or at least on the app. Sadly, it required all those points, which still seemed odd since it was just a character creator thing. Even so, she didn’t want to spend them all. Just in case it was stingy.

Resetting the changes, she went through a mental list of her favourite parts and enacted them. Only to about half their full potential. She wanted to see what Destiny thought, then she’d tweak it later. Some of the changes were basic, a few thousand more CCs in each breast and ass cheek, slightly fuller lips, which only required a dozen points total. She had a couple hundred left, but would only use fifty more or so. That left plenty of room.

A hand strayed to her pussy once again as she went to the animal menu. Destiny had defaulted to canine, which made sense. Adding more points caused fur to rise from her skin, starting from the feet and hands. It required most of her point budget to reach what she desired, though it was worthwhile.

“Hmm… cock or belly?” Hazel ruminated. She adored Destiny’s huge belly, though it hadn’t really grown in a long time. Truth be told, she wished her partner was really pregnant, just to see her swelling all over from those hormones. The cock could wait. Not like she couldn’t just undo parts of it and indulge in other fantasies. Besides, it was already six feet long last she checked.

She decided to give a few points to Destiny’s cock, while everything else went to her pregnancy. Fingers delved into her pussy as the render bloomed, legs widening to support her widening pelvis and hips. If her belly got bigger, did that also mean Tentacle-Chan did too? Maybe her love would have another natural growth spurt. It’d be so fucking hot if she did.

So lost in her fun, she didn’t notice the time, “Oh shit, time to go.”

Leaving work was often exciting because she knew who waited for her at home. That night she was even more anxious to get home, eager to see what Destiny opted to do with her in that app. Depending on what they thought of each other, they could also go to the clinic together, get filled with even more saline and fuck like rabbits afterwards. Or during. Doctor Filler wouldn’t mind.

She attempted to lock her phone, but a message popped up from the app;

*Finalise Creation?*

“Uh, is that like a save or something? Ugh, I don’t have time. Yes, whatever.”

In her haste, she accidentally ran into the cleaner. A rarely seen middle-aged woman, nice enough, but just a blip on anyone’s radar.

“Sorry, hard to see with these things,” Hazel said and rushed past, squeezing through the doors. It was hard enough to run home, but more so when she was turned on. Her pussy had swollen to a glorious size, larger than her head, slipping and squishing between her thighs with every step. But fuck, did it turn her on something fierce. Just like her doughnut between the beach ball cheeks.

Sometimes she regretted trying to catch up to Destiny, however these nuisances were just part of the pleasure. She finally plopped herself down in her customised car, its steering wheel altered so she could reach over her body-dominating chests, while her feet struggled to work the pedals. One more fill up and she’d need a personal driver like Destiny.

Well, not like they didn’t have the money for it. Between her constant promotions and Destiny’s online fame, they were already thinking about buying a house. At their age! It seemed like a dream, but then so did every waking moment that she spent with her love.

“Come on, come on,” Hazel shuffled from foot to foot as the elevator strained to bring her home. Her clit had burst from its hood on the drive over, tenting her skirt and torturing her with its sensitivity. Just the smallest wisp of air felt like it would send her over the edge. She’d had plenty of experience holding out, however.

Her apartment was easy to find. Given its occupants, the door was twice as big and made from the thickest wood to help dampen the sounds from within. A necessity when an Amazonian futa goddess lived with a hyper-sexual tiger-taur and a shortstack of biblical proportions. Honestly, if they didn’t make obscene sounds at least four or five times a day, then something was clearly wrong. Hazel was prepared to get in her quota as she stepped in.

“Welcome back, Mistress!” Destiny said, standing at attention just a few feet from the door.

“Good to be… back…” Hazel’s eyes widened and she froze. Except for her clit, which leapt to its fullest state, almost painfully throbbing. Though desperate to satiate herself, she remained in place, looking at her lover’s changed body. She looked exactly like the app version had. But that…

The thought tripped when she sniffed the air and was slammed by pheromones. No, she had to focus. Something was very wrong. The way Destiny looked her over, like she was also shocked, couldn’t be right. Hazel had filled up to thirty-six-thousand CCs months ago. And she’d always had a gigantic clit, not quite as big as her lover’s, but enough to fuck her into a whimpering, cum-stained mess. Fluids overwhelmed the shorts beneath her skirt and crashed to the floor.

There was no room for thought anymore.

Destiny walked up, those pheromones pumping hard and fast. So thick, Hazel could’ve sworn they were visible, floating through the air until she breathed, then they raced toward her. The belly pushed against her face, its pussy leaking on her cheek. Figuring things out could wait, she *needed* to fuck!

Without a word, Hazel crammed her face into the neat and tidy navel-cunt. It spread apart for her nose and lips, then clamped on her tongue when it pushed in. A pair of mighty paws cradled her head, encouraging her to push harder. Which she did. Hazel mashed her nose into the clit and inhaled the juices, taste buds dancing at the tangy notes. Drips landed in her hair.

She didn’t look as she reached up to grab both of Destiny’s nipples. They were soft, incredibly pliant despite their appearance, offering no resistance as she bent them in on themselves and stuffed her tit-pussies, hands pushing in as well. Despite their positions, the orifices had plenty of room, even as she crammed her forearms in. Admittedly, Hazel didn’t have the biggest arms. She devoured the middle pussy while the others slurped on her hands.

“Mistress,” Destiny whined, “My cock… please…”

“Bedroom. Now.” Hazel said and jumped at her lover, who caught her with ease. She dug her legs into the futa’s sides, grinding her mostly concealed clit into the giant belly she was so attached to. A door slammed shut, then she was on a bed. Neither she, nor Destiny, had the patience to spare her clothes, tearing them to shreds. She did, however force her dog-girl love to step back for a second.

The brief indulgence helped clear the fog. Just enough for her to fully appreciate just what she apparently did to Destiny. Running a soggy hand through the long, silky fur of her arms, she came to the paws. Claws capped them, potentially deadly, yet something told her they’d make her scream in ecstasy. They were incredible, the pads slightly rough on her skin and easily fatter than two fingers together. Despite that, each digit retained the same articulation.

“You’re amazing,” Hazel breathed and leaned up to plant both hands on the huge belly, feeling its passenger push against her touch. She tilted her head to meet Destiny’s stormy eyes, like a hurricane of lust raged just beneath them. That enormous cock made its appearance to the side, begging to join. Pre-cum drooled from its tip like a hungry anime character.

She just grinned at it and brought her hands to the nipple-pussies. Unlike the navel, they had no intention of being hidden, their lips thick and juicy, covered in fem-cum as more gushed down the giant sphere. In place of clits, the nipples were equally enormous. Short but easily fatter than most mouths could handle.

“Use me… please…”

“If you insist,” Hazel groaned, clit flexing as lust clouded her mind, “Suck my giant clit, Destiny. I want to see your throat bulging with it.”

“Yes Ma’am!” Destiny shuffled lower on the bed and gazed in adoration at the red pillar.

A giant clit was an unusual sight. At least it was the first time Hazel’s reached full erection. It resembled a cock, but lacked the mushroomed tip and the foreskin, leaving it a deep, glistening red. Veins bulged from deep within, their throbbing guiding all eyes to the peak. Destiny’s breath forced her hips to arch.

Regardless of size, it was still an absurd cluster of nerves. More so even, as the slightest breeze brushed along all sixteen inches of fat clit. That was its true strength. Length didn’t mean much to Destiny at her size, but its brutal girth changed that. Even Destiny’s huge paws failed to fully wrap around the eight-inch wide mast. But their bodies were all but designed for one another, so her dog-eared lover didn’t hesitate to slip her mouth over top.

Destiny sank with ease. Her jaw was at its limit, throat bulging just as Hazel wanted, and tongue slipping out to lather every oncoming inch with spit. Until her nose crushed against the base, then the limber muscle slithered down to the unmissable folds. Those paws grabbed onto her labia as that mouth pulled away, slurping the whole way, and groped them like a pair of supple tits. Destiny’s tongue found its entry and dove in.

“Oh god, fuck!” Hazel squealed, hands darting to her face. If they moved away, it felt like her mind would explode into a million fragments, such were the blissful sensations. Every little bump or dip in Destiny’s throat reverberated throughout her clit and up her spine, shocking her every nerve. Even her nipples, untouched, tingled with a billion volts of pleasure. Then her world receded as the fat balloon knot that was her anus split apart to welcome a depraved tentacle.

This always happened. No matter her experience, she could only handle so much. The first times knocked her out right away, usually spasming and squirting for hours on end. Now she remained conscious, though only by instinct, as she jammed Destiny’s face into her crotch, inciting her to squeeze her cunt flaps harder, tongue hammering her cervix, and tentacle winding through her insides. Fem-cum erupted from her depths to douse her fluffy lover.

All that kept her from falling unconscious was Destiny pulling away.

“Thanks,” Hazel said, clit flopping to and fro with each clench of her kegels.

“Sorry, I should’ve known better,” Destiny said.

“It’s fine, babe. It’s a giant clit, of course it’s super, mega sensitive.”

“No, I mean… never mind. What next, Mistress?”

“Next? Well…” Hazel turned her eyes on the six-foot python-dick and its tentacle sibling staring at her, the latter much larger than the last time she saw it. Unconsciously, her hands rubbed at a breast from each row. It was an extreme procedure, getting implants in her second pair of tits, but oh so worth it. Strangely, she felt like they’d only just come back, “I can see two things that really want some action.”

“They do,” Destiny panted, tracking her hands, “Four boobs really suit you.”

“Uh, thanks.” Weird thing to say, Hazel thought given that she’d filled them just after they met, “Enough stalling though.” She planted her feet and arched her hips, spreading her legs perpendicular with her hips. In that position, her huge doughnut hole was more than visible as it throbbed against her giant ass cheeks. Streams of pussy juice rolled down the sensitive, puffy ring. Even with her hips raised so high, her butt was only a couple inches off the bed.

“Fuck me, Puppy. Make sure you pump my womb up nice and fat with your cum so I look like a pregnant goddess!”

“Yes Ma’am!” Destiny grabbed onto the thighs, pausing to indulge in their plushness, before sending her cock in.

Being prehensile, it reared up and back, head low. On another day, Hazel might’ve wanted to draw out the foreplay, however with Destiny so horny, her pheromones were everywhere. Not to mention her own body craved a release unlike anything before. She gave a nod just as it struck, squelching against her watermelon-sized cunt. Juices splashed everywhere as she cried out.

Even for her, such a member was enormous. The head completely smothered her cunt. It was persistent as usual, pushing hard until Hazel’s body remembered its purpose; to be filled like no other. With enough force to push her body up the bed, their bodies reunited. Hazel’s tits bounced into each other and her chin, while her legs turned to jelly. Fortunately, Destiny held her up as they moved closer together.

“More,” Hazel grunted and received it as her ass opened yet again, except the tentacle had pre-emptively fattened to the match Destiny’s dick, ripping a joyous scream from her. Only a thin layer of flesh separated them, both grinding against the other as they delved deeper, crushing nerves between them. Of her own volition, Destiny grabbed the huge clit and aimed it down.

Hazel couldn’t see past her four giant tits, but quickly understood as wetness enveloped it. Destiny looked down at her, cheeks red and mouth hanging open in pleasure. Their hips rocked together, both eager for the other’s touch. As they drew nearer, still more pleasure awaited the couple, that being Destiny’s own mega clit. Like everything about the futa, it dwarfed Hazel’s own enormities and stretched her cunt to new levels.

“I’m cumming! Don’t stop fucking me! If you do I’ll… I’ll…” Hazel’s eyes rolled, the thought dying as her belly bulged up between her tits and overhead. The tentacle also surged deeper, foot after foot stretched her bowels until it was coiling through her guts and disfiguring her belly even more. By the time it found her stomach, her abdomen looked completely alien. And it wasn’t done.

Rather than go higher, the tentacle circled back around. It twined around itself, its slime creating viscous squelches and slurps the more aroused Destiny became. Even after its return, the tendril didn’t exit and just coiled on itself once more. On and on, its natural lubricant allowing it to glide despite the increasingly tight space. Hazel just stared into the void as her whole body went rigid from the overdose of pleasure.

Despite the crushing bliss, she felt every touch. Destiny lacked such a hair trigger, still thrusting her cock and grinding against her mons, while using a pussy to make her clit into a cluster-fuck of ecstasy. Supple, yet rough paws rubbed at the writhing mass of Hazel’s stomach, then moved higher to the bottom tier of exercise balls. She found the nipples and tweaked them, before diving forward to wrap her pillowy lips around one.

Yet there was love in her actions. It wasn’t simply lust. Hazel’s chest warmed with every touch, like she knew she was safe, loved, able to just cum her brains out until she passed out. Even so, she didn’t feel those explosions of bliss, just more of it piling up, smothering her under an unbearable pleasure. Then Destiny kissed her and crammed several feet of that wondrous tongue down her throat.

The rest was history.

One moment Hazel floated in happiness, a contentment that could last forever. The next and she was flung into the stratosphere, then yanked down to Earth with enough forced to leave a crater the size of New York. Or that was how it felt when her gut clamped down and unleashed every drop of fem-cum she’d built up since… forever. Muddled sounds of droplets spraying walls and skin triggered another violent flight as her body convulsed in terrifying release.

Through it all, Destiny was relentless. Part of it was guilt, having let her urges take hold as spent the hundreds upon hundreds of points offered to her, giving Hazel a second set of tits on par with the first, and filling them both a little bigger for good measure. After seeing Monica change, she just couldn’t get the memory of Hazel’s double-endowed body out of her mind.

Now she had part of it back. Along with an ass big enough to be mistaken for another person in size alone. Swelling her anus to the size of a deluxe doughnut was just a whim. When she got the chance, she would make more revisions, such as the sensitivity. Making Hazel into a sexual goddess was well and good, but pointless if she came so hard so fast. She had better things to focus on for the moment. Those being Hazel’s many wonderful assets as they ground against and around her.

She gave it her all. Hazel’s tongue wrestled with hers on instinct, infrequent, animalistic moans vibrating through the dozens of kilos of saline, while her holes undulated like a starving snake. The clit pulsed so hard, jerking up and driving Destiny’s own pleasures to new heights. Each thrust was like a heavyweight punch, so powerful it echoed in her bones.

Their bodies clapped together loud enough to echo off the walls. Air and pussy juice combined to make the lewdest symphony, punctuated by the damp claps and squelching of fat pussies colliding. The wet sounds of Destiny’s tentacle sliding around itself were a subtle hum in the background. Sweat ran down their bodies, beads of it gleaming on Hazel’s mountains. Destiny pulled her tongue free, then spun it around a breast and cleared it off perspiration. Until only her saliva remained.

“It’s so good,” Destiny slurred, eyes crossing at the taste and feel of her loving mistress. Her belly quivered and swelled, cum pumping into her internal tanks by the gallon. Hazel had demanded she fill her up like a pregnant goddess, “Gonna cum… gonna be so big for you… Mistress! I’m cumming! Inside! Yes! Breed you! Gotta breed you with my pups! YES!” Destiny howled, inspiring neighbouring canines to take up the call as her several bulbs engorged across her length.

They tripled her already impossible girth and ran from the base, all the way to Hazel’s womb. Nothing would escape anymore. The once fat lips had stretched thin around it, holding on just as tightly. Then each knot swelled even further as cum rushed through, her unique biology dragging out the orgasm into an even more blissful experience.

Whenever the cum surged from bulb to bulb, it was like shooting off all over again. That is, until they reached the final knot just inside Hazel’s uterus and exploded, uninterrupted, up the remaining few feet. Her urethra bulged from within as the wads backed up, then forced it wide apart for a legendary eruption. It depleted her belly by just a fraction, however Hazel’s womb ballooned from the load.

Her tentacle went crazy in response to the sensations. It finally stopped doubling back on itself after half a dozen circuits, and instead raced for the upper exit. Destiny mashed her lips against Hazel’s, still shouting in bliss, in time for her lover’s throat and jaw to bulge obscenely. Her tongue was pushed flat as an even larger beast pushed into her own mouth, heading straight for her gullet. The feeling of it rearranging her insides more than it already had was enough to spark another orgasm.

Then it bursting from her backside to dart back whence it came triggered yet another. Destiny and Hazel were stuck together, each lost in the endless waves of pleasure, closer than they’d ever been despite their bellies pushing each other away. Then tentacle kept them united, as did the cumming cock, pumping gallon after gallon of fat clods of girl-jizz deep inside, intent on breeding Hazel dozens of times over.

Of course, their bodies only lasted so long. Destiny’s cum ran dry, her tentacle exhausted itself and retraced its way through their guts, leaving a deliciously sour taste on their tongues. Her cock similarly slipped out, limp at last. They laid side by side, hands entwined and finally contented.

Until they woke that is.