Another day and more points down the drain. Well, they weren’t wasted so to speak, but she’d spent way more than she planned. Again. The couple hundred she left with just two weeks ago were down to seventy. More than her calculations led her to believe, but maybe the thing was being generous? Or she just wasn’t thinking straight.

Destiny made that difficult. Just thinking of her name brought last night to the forefront, and with it a rush of blood into her dormant clit. It tented her panties, pulling a hiss of pleasure through her teeth. One of her co-workers glanced over, then shrugged and left her alone. They should’ve been used to the sounds by then. If not, then it was their problem. Her body was crazy and thus did crazy things, not exactly much she could do about it.

Of course, staring at her phone and the uncanny render of Destiny didn’t help things. Hazel slipped it between her breasts and returned to work, inputting numbers at a robotic tempo. Frequent throbs distracted from her rhythm, panties rubbing against her fat clit. If she didn’t focus, a hand would wander away from the keyboard and poke at the slight bump in her skirt. Which fed the pleasure and temptation.

“Keep it together, Hazel,” she said. Her face was reflected in the old monitor, eponymous eyes staring back with a knowing glint. Lines of account details blurred together. Work became less and less important as she changed Destiny, whose obscene body demanded her attention, regardless of location. Being there made less sense too, given how much her partner made with a single post on Instagram.

Though Destiny seemed against it. Whenever Hazel brought up how she could quit and they’d be fine, the futa changed subject. For that matter, Destiny still hadn’t quit that supermarket job. Surely her body made it nigh-impossible? Even Hazel struggled with a far more ‘acceptable’ shape.

“Just… focus,” Hazel hissed. Her feet bounced, legs tempted to squeeze shut against her swollen clit, but she stopped them soon after as her thighs rubbed the juicy folds of her… huge… hand dwarfing… puffy lipped… cunt. Only a few accounts needed attention. Someone of her calibre could finish those in a day with just one hand. The other could do whatever.

“Yes, sir. Sorry. It won’t happen again,” Hazel bowed her head, cheeks hot and hair matted in sweat. She gave her lust the slightest concession, what she meant to be just a bit of light petting, maybe a fist if she was productive enough, but her libido took that opening and forced her to pump her fully engorged clit until her fem-cum exploded all over her cubicle. Naturally, her noises caused quite a stir and caught her boss’s attention.

Now she was on her way home, arousal barely satisfied, and humiliated. She didn’t know what it was exactly, but work had become impossibly dull. She remembered enjoying it fine, turning off her mind or listening to podcasts as she and the other drones made sure the company didn’t go under, however the past few months just dragged. Even when she masturbated, it was just a blip of colour against a grey sky. The recent weeks were especially obnoxious.

It had to be that app’s fault. She never used to jerk her clit so often. Or fist her pussy. Or use her legs to push her two rows of boobs together, their tight flesh rubbing deliciously. And she certainly never tried stifling the sound by cramming her clit in her mouth.

Another incident like that and she’d see a doctor. Something was clearly wrong with her if she couldn’t keep things under control for a single work day. Maybe she just needed to fuck until her body got the message, like with cigarettes. But did that even work? Chances were it’d do nothing, but the point was she wanted to fuck and Destiny had the day off, which meant…

“Oh god!” Hazel cried out, squeezing tight with her lush thighs around Destiny’s hips, as that behemoth dick pumped her womb full of jizz, abdomen swelling up until they were pushed apart. That only made it easier to see the futa’s stunning O-face, jaw slack, whole body quivering as the orgasm electrocuted her nerves. Hazel tugged on her lover’s huge nipples, then bent them around to penetrate those incredible pussies. At the same time, Destiny’s belly-cunt squirted all over Hazel’s blossoming gut.

“We stopping?” Destiny asked, peppering the huge dome before her with wet kisses.

“Am I conscious?” Hazel asked back.

Another creamy filling later and Destiny repeated the question, despite her cock not having softened at all. To which, Hazel responded by pushing the Amazonian futa onto her back, “Not done yet. Come on, Pet. I want you to fuck my brains out. Literally.”

“Yes, Ma’am!” Destiny yipped and set to pounding the shortstack, whose belly rippled with every little movement, yet Hazel demanded more. Every load pumped into her already gigantic body just fuelled that desire. Her cunt was swollen and red, gushing at the slightest thrust, and her tits stung from smacking into one another and her chin. Even so, she craved more.

“Let me empty a bit,” Hazel said after the fourth orgasm had her overflowing the bed. The urge to continue remained, pulsating in tandem with her heartbeat, “Go get a drink or something. I’ll be alright.”

“Okay,” Destiny said, hopping away like a pleased dog.

With her gone, Hazel reached over to her phone. They’d made it a habit to keep those within reach, just in case something happened, and pulled up the app responsible for her depravity. The only way to put an end to her desires, was to spend all those points and remove the temptation. If, in the process, Destiny became an even more incredible giant dog-girl, then so be it. She clenched her diaphragm and kegels as she worked, dumping cum onto the bed and floor.

She called Destiny back in after spending the last point. Hazel spread her legs the second she laid on her even taller, more endowed lover, who dove in with a greater vigour. Not only did that tentacle-cock coil inside her cum-stuffed womb, but the tentacle itself raced through her guts, curling around the fattest clit on earth in the process. Anyone else would’ve died or been left permanently gaped wide enough to get lost in their holes. Hazel, meanwhile, just got the ultimate pleasure she so craved.

“Hmm, this is the best,” Hazel sighed as she was lowered into the bathtub. While she hadn’t considered a cum bath before, after trying it once she was hooked. The tar-like sludge clung to her body like a safety blanket, trillions of tiny, wriggling forms against her pores, and the heady reek of so much semen maintained a pleasant buzz in the back of her mind. Of course, being nestled between Destiny’s thighs and tits, with the cock and clit snug between her ass, completed the scene. The tentacle spiralled around Hazel’s tits, lazily massaging the seed into her skin.

Finally, she was satisfied. Her pussy still wanted more, but that was just a product of the bath. It’d settle down later. Hopefully for good.

Destiny shook off the layers of cum and inspected her reflection. Hazel had promptly passed out in bed, little body exhausted from what had been perhaps the most orgasms either had experienced, just by process of how long they fucked that day. Things had clearly been changed, she just wasn’t sure what. All her points were gone and she hadn’t done anything more to Hazel, which meant her lover had been very active.

What had she done exactly? Destiny ran a paw along the fur that ran up to her elbow like a soft glove, then hefted her enormous tits, all one-hundred and twenty-thousand CCs of them, then rubbed the belly that dwarfed octuplets, and finally her cock. For all she knew, nothing had changed physically and everything was mental. It was possible, though she didn’t know why Hazel would change anything about her personality.

They got along so well. Even their bickering and rare arguments were in good fun, Destiny served to the best of her ability, whether that meant carrying her mistress when they went out, or licking up any messes they made in public spaces - a surprisingly frequent occurrence - so nothing serious came to mind. Of course, she wouldn’t know of anything if they had been changed.

Or maybe Hazel had used someone else for the base. Destiny shot down the notion, certain her love would never ‘cheat’ on her. She knelt down and stared at her dozing mistress, whose face seemed so normal by comparison, almost plain to the uneducated. Not even a foot down, the story changed and no one would ever wonder why they were together. That was Destiny’s handiwork, even if Hazel didn’t know it. From what she remembered, her lover was much happier with four giant tits, an ass that crushed any unprepared seat, pussy lips so fat Destiny sometimes got lost in them, and a clit big enough to fuck her back. She was perfect.

Unfortunately, over the next few weeks, Hazel didn’t seem to feel that way. She constantly checked her phone when she thought Destiny wasn’t looking, refreshing the app, only to sigh and plop it down. It wasn’t so bad that she did it during sex, but no matter how many times she came, even to the point of passing out in the middle of one, Hazel just came off as… frustrated. Destiny, of course, did everything to please her.

Foot rubs, back massages, sleeving her clit in her throat for hours on end, however nothing changed. Eventually, Destiny just had to ask.

“Are you not happy with me?” It was direct, but she didn’t know how else to ease into a question like that. Hazel’s bird-like eyes stared at her for several seconds. They were on the couch, watching some new dating show, though it was just background noise.

“Of course not! Where’d you get that idea?”

“You just seemed, I dunno, out of it lately.”

“That’s just… work stuff, you know?”

“Right,” Destiny caught her glancing to her phone, then back to the Amazon, eyes critical as they roamed across her body. She recognised the want in her gaze, familiar with her own cravings; the lust to change someone, “Do you want my breasts bigger?”

“Huh?”

Destiny crawled over her lover, making it obvious just how much bigger she was than Hazel, and leered into her eyes, “We could go see Doctor Filler right now. She’d be happy to pump my titties up again.”

“I-I mean… maybe…”

“And we could do my ass too. Just say the word,” Destiny whispered and leaned in to whisper, “Tell me you want my ridiculously curvy body to be even crazier. She can do just about anything, that woman. So if you want me to get even more done… Hazel… Mistress… you only have to say it.”

“Don’t be silly,” Hazel giggled, but the words were strained. Among the best parts of Destiny’s physiology was her hearing, so sensitive she could detect the smallest inflection, the whitest lie, with ease, “I love you just the way you are.”

“Okay,” Destiny relented and got up, “I’m gonna play some games if you need me.”

In truth, she went straight to her phone. She thought she’d be done with the app by then. Much as the idea of maxing it out enticed her, after giving Hazel that body and vice versa, she expected it would’ve been enough. For her, it was. She loved her life and mistress, but clearly Hazel wasn’t quite done with her. Maybe she should talk to her about it, reveal the app and everything it had done to them. But that meant admitting she gave Hazel that body. Who knew how she’d react.

Safer to just keep it secret. And Destiny wouldn’t refuse her lover’s wishes, regardless of how those manifested. To that end, she scoured the available quests and accepted everything that wasn’t time sensitive. Most were simple sex acts, like inflating Hazel to the size of a beanbag chair, or using her tentacle to go all the way through her own body. Others were more daring.

To the point that she doubted she could do them alone. Like… oh god, she didn’t even want to think about it. They might not have been anywhere near as niche as her usual sex life, but they demanded a different form of depravity. She couldn’t just… or that… or…

“Hey, Hazel,” Destiny began as she left her room.

“Yeah?”

“I, uh, found this website for really, really perverted activities and, uh, wondered if, maybe, you might, possibly, wanna try them? Or something?”

“Oh? Like what?” Hazel arched a brow, then looked to Destiny’s arms, where an invisible - to the futa at least - outfit was folded. Her shorts thumped as her clit tried escaping, “Okay , now you have my erection.”

Destiny hunched her shoulders as she padded across the mall grounds. It was the same one she’d almost been arrested at for indecent exposure, at a time when she could almost pass for normal, though no security made any effort to stop her. Far as they knew, she was fully clothed, just in an eccentric - erotic - manner. People stopped and stared, nudging those not paying attention. Hundreds of eyes tracked her elegantly quivering steps.

“You’re doing great,” Hazel said through an ear piece. She was watching from somewhere, opting not to be directly involved to keep the focus where it needed to be.

“I can’t do this,” Destiny whimpered.

“You already are.”

“I mean… am I… really gonna give people this?” Destiny glanced to the enormous thermos clasped between paws. Its contents were so thick that it didn’t even slosh, despite her nerves. Paper cups were stacked next to a tray inside her bag, ready for the main event.

“Remind me, who brought this up?”

“... I did.”

“And who already had that hot maid outfit ready to go?”

Well, she hadn’t actually seen it. All she did was go to the wardrobe and thought of something that would suit the quest, “I… I did.”

“And who is going to hand out cups of their cum for a bunch of strangers to drink?”

“Someone with a fetish for that stuff?”

“No. It’s you. The futa with the best jizz on Earth. Trust me, even if they don’t realise what it is, they’re in for a treat. Okay, there’s good! Now… move the product,” Hazel cackled.

“You sound like a witch,” Destiny sighed and straightened up, puffing her already giant chest out. Mistress gave her a job, even if she suggested it, so she would do it as best she could. People were already paying attention, many guys and pre-SRS girls had popped erections. So they should. When she looked at her reflection in a nearby clothes store, her outfit was designed for that purpose. Though it failed as appropriate attire for cleaning.

Everything was an oil coloured plastic with lace and frills attached. Her top wrapped around her breasts and vanished between them and her belly, which was left bare save for the lacy strip that adorned it like a crown. It’s enormity obscured most of her crotch, draped in a latex skirt that ended a third of the way down her thighs and left just as much of her ass on display. It must’ve included underwear that compressed her pussy, since it’d hang out in the open at that length. No one said anything about it or her cock, so something must’ve been hiding them.

Or they were too distracted by the rest of her. Regardless, she had work to do. She poured the thermos’ contents into a dozen cups, set them on the tray and held it before her belly, making sure average people could see them. With a deep breath, heart ready to abandon ship any second, she called out; “Free Samples!”

It was clear her biggest admirers were women. Most of the guys that were turned on by her stayed back, whether intimidated by her size, or content to observe and record. A gaggle of girls came up to her, all blushing and giggling, playing with their hair as they gave off very clear ‘fuck me’ signals. Destiny just smiled and bent down to hand them a cup.

“One per group, I’m afraid,” Destiny explained as they stared into the contents. A few hours in the thermos kept the heat in, but it also meant the thick, sticky cream had fermented into an even denser sludge. One girl, a short blonde with decent implants, frowned at the weird drink, until Destiny winked and her apprehension melted. She took a large chug, pulling the cup away as a full body shudder ran through her. A milky moustache lined her plump upper lip as she chewed on the contents.

“How is it?” A black girl asked. Her only response was a sultry moan, the blonde offering the cup to her. They shared it around, each gasping and moaning as they struggled to get it down. The first one tried speaking, but thick ropes hung between her teeth, resistant to her tongue.

“Glad you enjoyed,” Destiny said and turned her attention to the others. She wanted to linger, to let them praise her cum, however her cock had made itself known. As had her clit. And her tentacle. All were conspiring to make the already mortifying experience worse.

“Looks like you’re enjoying yourself,” Hazel said.

“This is awful,” Destiny whispered between customers. No matter who swallowed her seed, they all had the same, sensual reaction. Her pheromones didn’t help as they lingered around her, many absent-mindedly feeling around their crotches or chests.

“No lying, Pet. I can read you like a book. You’re getting hard over this, seeing so many pretty girls practically creaming themselves over your yummy, gooey cum. Hmm, I might be getting a little jealous.”

“Mistress!” Destiny hissed, a bit louder than she intended, which startled the next customer, “Uh, s-sorry about that. I have… Tourettes?”

“R-r-r-r-right?” This girl was unlike the others. Not in the style, that part was close, but her voice had a little more weight to it. Destiny handed her a cup, nose twitching as she caught a distinctly masculine scent from below. Following the trail, she saw a faint movement in the girl’s shorts. She smiled warmlyand handed a cup. Her pheromones were meant to only target women, but it seemed to work just as well on transwomen too.

“S-so, uh, y-you’re D-Des… Destiny?”

“I am. Heard of me?”

“Who hasn’t?! Um, I mean, y-yeah. I follow you… on e-everything.”

“Thanks,” Destiny beamed, crouching down to look her fan in the eye, “How long?”

“Since… since I found out… about myself.”

“Oh? I hope I’ve helped somehow.”

“You have! A bunch!” The girl’s cheeks bloomed and she turned her gaze back to the cup of warm cum, though she didn’t know that, “J-just when I see you, it makes me feel like… like I’m normal.”

“Well, you aren’t,” Destiny said and pulled her head up, “You’re extraordinary. Don’t let anyone, even you, think otherwise.”

“Uh, could I maybe get an autograph?”

“She’s cute,” Hazel said over the headset, then Destiny all but heard the grin lifting her cheeks, “Hey, didn’t that website say to try branching out a bit? How about her?”

“Hmm,” Destiny bit her lip, then nodded, “I’ve got a better idea.” She leaned in close, lips touching her fan’s ear, “Hang around for a bit. Help me hand these out and… who knows.”

The girl stared at her in silence, then, “My name’s Toni.”

“Nice to meet you, Toni,” Destiny said, more so Hazel could know her name.

Minutes passed as they handed out the cups of cum. Destiny’s arousal crept higher the entire time, yet no one called security. Even if they did, would anything be done? The couple of mall cops that passed by were too busy gawking to care what was going on. Toni struggled too, probably more so given her exposure. Still, she persevered.

“Let’s make this more interesting,” Hazel said, “Do a nip-slip.”

“What?” Destiny’s ears jerked up at the command, “I… how?”

“You’ll figure it out. Do it, or it’ll mean punishment.”

“Okay,” Destiny sighed, then glanced at her reflection. Her top wasn’t designed for slip ups, clinging so tight to her breasts and nipples that nothing would dislodge it. Nothing that wasn’t a very deliberate, forceful shove.

“Ten seconds,” Hazel sang.

“Screw it!” Destiny grabbed at the invisible neckline and yanked it up, bunching the latex material under her chin and giving the entire mall an audience with her enormous implants and the pussies that capped them. Gasps rang out, signalling her to cover up again, however the material refused to comply, “Oh shit!” Powerful as her body was, the damned garment was even stronger. Like the wardrobe had expected this outcome.

“Toni, can you help cover me?” Destiny asked.

“Uh huh,” Toni nodded and stood in front, hands raised to obscure everyone’s view. Perhaps it was inevitable that she would get curious and cop a feel. Destiny was fine with that, she couldn’t blame her, what caught her off guard was Toni’s sudden confidence in turning around and throating a nipple. The futa tried dislodging her, but Hazel’s command blocked her.

“Don’t. Let her.” She moaning, masturbating as she watched Destiny willingly get molested, “Finger the other one. You only need one hand to give out your cum, right?”

Pouting, yet obedient, Destiny kept the tray outstretched for people to take as they pleased. Her spare fingers slipped one by one into her slick, nipple-pussy, while the other was tongued by Toni, whose wandering hands grabbed onto her ass and pulled. Surely she felt the enormous cock and clit struggling to get free? Or at the least the tentacle squirming inside Destiny’s womb?

Not that she asked about them. Destiny looked between the throngs of people gathered, all exposed to her pheromones, many chewing her cum, and more participating in heavy petting. Something hard ground against her navel, prodding different areas until it found her opening. Was that Toni’s cock?

“More…” Hazel moaned. It might’ve just been a random plea, but Destiny took it literally and offered the tray to someone else. Once taken, she reached down and fumbled with the skirt, eventually shoving it down to her ankles. That must’ve been a catalyst of some kind, a release to whatever magic kept people from seeing her prehensile endowment as gasps spread among the crowd. She aimed her cock at a cute girl, who only needed a second to understand.

Next, a volunteer jumped forward to jerk off her giant clit. Others joined them, heaping pleasure upon the futa. Hazel moaned louder in her ear, not just through the speaker either. Following the sound, Destiny looked to the upper floor and saw her beloved staring down at her, grinding against a railing with her deliciously fat cunt on display. No one lingered on her, however, compelled to follow the noises to Destiny.

As half a dozen hands and mouths worshipped her clit and cock respectively, the Amazon couldn’t take it anymore. Her cock leapt at someone - their faces all blended together - and swallowed their head whole, then lurched and doused them in semen. Simultaneously, a heavy, pressurised downpour from her pussy pooled on the ground. A huge puddle formed and quickly spread to the surrounding feet.

Her member dislodged its prey and unleashed a deluge of cum on the masses. Those that had sampled it before recognised the texture, even as it splattered their skin, soaked their clothes, and clogged their mouths. People stared at the bucking length with open mouths and cupped hands, waiting for their share.

Toni, meanwhile, pulled back to receive a mouthful of fem-cum. She ground into Destiny’s belly harder and faster, panting the whole time, until her moans reached a crescendo. Warmth erupted against the huge gut, oozing across its length, into the crevice of her pussy.

“Uh oh, cops. Bail! Bail!” Hazel shouted. Out of the corner of her eye, Destiny saw her running as best her body allowed, leaving a trail of juices behind her. A pair of mall cops gave chase, but slipped on the fluid. Destiny didn’t wait to see if they were alright and grabbed Toni.

“Wanna have some fun?”

“Sure!” Toni exclaimed as she was tossed onto Destiny’s shoulder like an empty sack. Wind whistled by as the futa raced away, thankful for her long legs and fans as they blocked the oncoming security. Hazel waited for them in the van, bought especially for transporting fluffy Amazon futanari.

“Hooooly… you’re Hazel!” Toni squealed when she climbed into the front.

“And you’re Toni. I saw you with my girlfriend.”

Toni’s whole body paled, “Uh, um, that’s… she… I…”

“Relax!” Hazel giggled, “I’m the one who told her to invite you along.”

“Oh, okay. So, uhhh… what, what’s gonna happen now?”

“Well, that depends on what you wanna do,” Destiny said, “We’re both willing.”

“And Destiny will happily do anything you ask,” Hazel added with a heavy glance toward the futa.

“I think I could die happy right now,” Toni whispered.

“Well don’t. There’s still so much to *come*.”