Destiny groaned and turned away from the constant pinging of her phone. It ignored her efforts at neglecting it, shooting off her old notification sound, seemingly louder each time. After several minutes of struggle, she finally gave in and grabbed the device. On the lock screen was a single notification, but one that woke her right up. She sat up right and read through it again and again, finally doing so aloud.

“So, ‘limited time quest; Second Chance. Complete the requirements and reset all slots.’ So wait, that means… Yes!” She leapt up, jumping on her bed like a kid, except with her boobs clapping against her stomach. Right, she was still naked. And covered in spit. The shower could wait, however, as she eagerly opened up the app to read further details. To her further joy, it wasn’t anything complicated.

She would be randomly altered for the quest. Then, using her new body, she needed to seduce and fuck someone a minimum of five times within a twenty-four hour period. Additional times would go toward a bonus. Simple, but ambiguous. Random alterations meant literally anything.

Yet again, she hesitated. With how the app affected Hazel, what was to stop it from doing something far more drastic to Destiny, or to others? It could make the catalyst for some sex-zombie apocalypse. No, she doubted that. Everything about it was designed around sex and nothing had been necessarily extreme, in the sense of altering the entire planet. Still… it could change at any time. Being a magical app and all.

Destiny sighed and set it aside for the moment. As she did, she noticed a familiar colour peeking from under her bed, one of pale flesh exactly like Hazel’s. After yesterday, she could do with a little self-love, especially when she’d been so intimate with her love yet so far from the ultimate goal. Maybe a quick cum would help her think?

“Oh fuck…”

The app hadn’t finished with Hazel. She’d hoped ‘double the burden’ had run its course having duplicated so much of her love’s body, but evidently not. What had been a fifteen inch monster had grown into a behemoth, two-and-a-half feet in length. One of her hands didn’t even reach halfway around its girth. This? Inside her? She adored Hazel, but that was insane. It’d take months, years even, of practice to handle it.

“Asshole,” Destiny said to her phone. She could’ve sworn it timed this just to make her decision clear. It was one thing to let Hazel go around as a human-taur with a pair of big, juicy dicks hanging out, but another when said dicks put any stallion to shame. Jerking those off couldn’t be easy. And, to a lesser extent, Destiny dreaded the very idea of dealing with them. Just holding the dildo in her hands seemed like too much.

Fine, random alterations be damned, she just wanted Hazel to have a chance at a normal life. Destiny opened the app, accepted the quest and tossed it aside in defeat. Whatever happened would be temporary anyway. She hoped. Irregardless, long as she did everything expected of her, then Hazel’s insane life would revert. Once it did, then with any luck they could talk about where they were headed.

She laid back on her sheets and contemplated the sex toy in her grasp. Being online so often, Destiny came across plenty of fictional works involving phalli of such size, yet holding one, albeit made of plastic - highly realistic though - put those into perspective. Holding it against her body, with the balls flush against her snatch, the tip reached well beyond her head.

“Maybe they’re not totally crazy,” Destiny mused as she measured its girth against her fist, dwarfed in comparison, then wrapped her legs around it and rolled her pussy along the first few inches. Veins ground along her folds, some dipping slightly into her hole.

She didn’t know how to describe it. The idea of fucking something that enormous should’ve cooled any lust, yet the more she moved against it, and the tighter her grip, the better it seemed. Maybe her cunt could handle it? Just take it slow, she thought. No, don’t be stupid. Grinding was more than enough based on the sensations.

Even the sheets on her back felt like silk and velvet. She pumped her hands along the giant shaft, arms pushing into her tits and rubbing into it too. All the while, juices flowed from between her legs, making the patch of realistic plastic-cock slip and slide all over her lips. Eventually, her position became flawed as she couldn’t grind along much more than a few inches. Destiny remedied that by flipping over and riding the length.

She rolled her hips like a nymphomaniac. Each time, she raised her pussy clear of the dildo, only to mash it back down with a skin pimpling squelch. Sliding along made a similar noise, juices flowing freely and coating her thighs. Did she even get that wet when Hazel ate her out yesterday?

Memories were hazy. The only thing clear in her mind was how good it felt to masturbate with the dildo, and that she needed more. Destiny slumped down and pressed her chest into the broad shaft, moaning deep at the touch of it and her sheets. The app must’ve done something already, or was she that horny just thinking about Hazel’s huge dicks? Questions without answers as she let the sensations lead her on.

“Oh fuck, fuck, fuck,” Destiny grunted. Thoughts of the dildo sinking deep into her pussy flashed before her eyes, before switching suddenly to her sliding down it, foot after foot stretching her asshole open wide. It was impossible no matter how she looked at it. That couldn’t happen, not with her. Maybe for one of those pornstars that destroyed their asses, but not her. Yet the idea wouldn’t leave her alone. Just the opposite, it made her wetter and hornier.

“Might as well try,” she said and planted the heavy fake-dick on her floor. It was tall enough that she had to bend it in half to aim it properly, though once between her ass cheeks, Destiny gasped as the head entered her. Impossible as it seemed, she kept taking more. Above even that, she was loving it.

The head pushed open her walls like a battering ram. Little bumps squished against its girth, each one deliciously sensitive and only becoming more so the deeper she went. So fucking deep, Destiny thought and looked down, eyes bulging wide at the oddly beautiful sight of her belly jutting out so perversely. She sank lower and watched it stretch her skin higher until it nestled between her tits. God, her little pussy felt so empty, yet so tight from the sheer enormity straining her anus.

If Hazel had two cocks, and the dildo was a replica of that, then shouldn’t there be a second? Destiny usually kept it under her bed, so maybe… yes! Her blind fumbling discovered another massive shape, identical to the one spearing her ass. Adjusting her stance, she guided the second cock to her pussy, each breath an airy gasp as her lust kept building. Fortunately, her cunt was so thoroughly soaked that the cock slipped in even easier than her ass.

Impossible. Everything in that moment was unfeasible, from how wet she was, to how amazing it all felt, to the fact her holes were stretched to inhuman levels. The dildos had to be bigger than any newborn, yet her cunt and ass took them easily, still hungry for the rest. Planting the second toy down, she balanced herself on the bed and squatted low, belly leaping out from the rest of her.

“So full. They can’t be that deep, right? I’m still stretching, hmm, fuck. I want it deeper.”

At her wish, all strength left her legs and sent her falling hard enough that her ass clapped against the carpet. Destiny flung her head back in silent adulation of the pleasure coursing through her veins.All her power abandoned her, focusing in her core and crotch so she could squeeze her kegels and roll her hips. Mere inches thrust into her, yet it did the job of catapulting her to the stratosphere and suspending her there, unaware of anything but bliss. Even the rampant transformation of her body.

Like it channelled her conscious into the act, her physical form changed in leaps and bounds. Alterations had already begun from the second she accepted the quest, starting in her asshole, the interior now lined with nubs of increasing size as they went deeper, leading all the way to her stomach. Smaller changes were instantaneous, like her sensitivity rampaging and her natural lubrication.

As her mind floated in ecstasy, each pulse of pleasure in her body resulted in new, stunning changes. Inches added to her limbs, primarily her legs, which thickened beautifully around the thigh. Destiny’s lips lifted into a smirk as they blossomed into pouting dick-suckers a slut would pay good money for, a trait that extended lower into her chest. Natural D cups adorned her torso, stunning in their own right, yet the app saw fit to perk them up into near spherical shapes. Her nipples plumped up and opened around invisible tubes.

Saline pumped through them and into the firm, yet supple implants Destiny possessed. At the same time, the definition of dildos decreased as her tummy bloated out. While it didn’t reach the levels of an extreme pregnancy, her bump would never be concealable, resembling a full term woman carrying twins. Occasional bumps rose across its taut surface from the single occupant.

However, it wouldn’t make itself known just yet. Her body still had further augmentations, like her tongue extending eight-feet to hang between her rotund, inflating beach ball tits. It curled on impulse to wrap around one, feeling the plastic pouring in ounce by ounce. Such weights should’ve pulled her over at that point, but the changes weren’t so lopsided as her ass cheeks took on a similar quality and swelled outward on hips many times broader than her shoulders. Throughout all that growth, her pussy wasn’t left alone.

What began as a plump set of lips just begging for a mouth to touch them, had blossomed into a quivering maw drenched top to bottom in viscous fem-cum. The base of her replica cock was nowhere to be seen, devoured by her mons the size of a football. A clit befitting of such beauty crowned its peak, round and a deep pink colour, twitching from all the mind-numbing pleasures. The undulations of her hips were punctuated louder by the constant squelching of her massive cunt.

Destiny wasn’t done. In tandem with the rolling of her lower body, the dildo stretching out her pussy moved as if pumping into her, despite having no motor or outward aide. Concealed by her gorgeous mons, the insides of her pussy were lined in nubs not unlike smaller variants of her clit, however these shared in her tongue’s blessing as they extended, winding around the dildo and moving it for their own pleasure. Which only furthered Destiny’s changes.

“Ooh, fuck…” she croaked when reality came back to her. The ceiling stared down at where she laid on the floor, her bed at the side. Raising a hand surprised her with its difficulty.

Nothing felt right, like her body wasn’t hers. Or like it suddenly became too heavy for her meagre strength, but that couldn’t be it, since just looking at her arms revealed how toned she was. Except they shouldn’t be so muscular. What happened?

A ping answered her thought. Right, the app. She accepted that quest after seeing what Hazel was carrying around. Well, if it only made her more athletic, she couldn’t really complain. She’d already planned on keeping herself fit when she got her own slot to use. Groaning, Destiny pulled herself up and barely kept herself from toppling over. The culprits soon unveiled themselves when she glanced down.

“What the shit?” Destiny shuffled around the floor so her back was leaning against the bed, then took in the unreal state she woke up to. Each of her breasts made her computer seem light and tiny by comparison. She tried hefting them with just her arms, however that proved pointless. It took both hands just to move one.

Doing so, however, unleashed yet another reality-shifting shock in the form of her belly. She released her tit and rubbed all over her stomach, muttering denials to herself the whole time, that she couldn’t be pregnant. Her abdomen said otherwise, from the tightness of her skin to the very distinct nub of her popped out belly button. As she rubbed, a bump rose that didn’t feel anything like a hand or foot.

“I swear if that app put a baby in me… wait, what’d that even be? 1’s and 0’s? Fucking magic bullshit. Alright, need to make sure nothing else is crazy. Oh, of course it is.” Destiny stood up and realised how she didn’t topple over, despite her front being insanity personified; her ass was a behemoth all its own. That didn’t hold her attention long when she took a single, laboured step and felt her thigh rubbing against her pussy.

“Nooo,” she cooed, both horrified by the sheer size of her sex and overcome by the pleasure of that single step, “Please, for the love of god, let me fit into something.”

To possibly her greatest relief since finding out Hazel was into her, the changes extended to her wardrobe. She pulled out a pair of maternity pants already stretched out around the crotch, like she’d been wearing them all her life. Which she probably had in her new history. Once on, she was struck all over again just how… big everything about her was.

“It looks like I’m smuggling beach balls in there,” Destiny said in reference to her humongous ass cheeks, so round that they really did look inflated. Touching them and her breasts made clear they shared the same insides, that being one part to ten parts saline. What did Hazel think of her like this?

Oh shit, the quest! She needed to sleep with someone quick and, of course, that had to be Hazel. No one else.

She tried rushing out of her room, but the size of her belly, hips and pussy slowed her to an urgent waddle. Once outside, she saw the love of her life dressed for work. Hazel really was incredible, even doubled up as she was, her custom blouse and caparison that covered her to the ankles only left Destiny hungering to discover their secrets. Both heads turned to look at her.

A very distinct twitch lifted Hazel’s clothing, “Sorry, Destiny. I’d help you out, but I really gotta go.”

“Wait, I… I gotta…” Her words failed as her tongue poured from her lips. She sucked it back in, yet that tightened her core, which reached into her pussy and got the juices flowing. In seconds, her clean pants were sopping wet at the crotch, the wetness rapidly spreading down the legs.

“I’m sure Monica will help, but I can’t be late again. Sorry!” Both Hazels apologised to her as they sprinted from the door. Despite her disappearance, her musk remained. Destiny waddled over to the couch and took a long sniff, cunt throbbing at the lingering smell of girl-cock and semen. No other scents broke through, her eyes were clouded, the thin-stretched shirt was stifling and clung to her nipples. FUCK! She was horny.

Horny… fuck… wanna fuck…

Her mind turned to the dildos. Better than nothing, she decided and moved back toward her room, the quest completely forgotten. Then a door opened. For a second, she dared to hope Hazel had turned around, but whipping her head around dashed that optimism as she saw Monica standing in her doorway, hands clasped together in awkward silence. Neither moved a muscle for several seconds.

“You’re still not ready? Come on, I’ll help you get dressed.”

Oh shit, she had work. That thought cooled some of her mind-consuming lust, though it remained prevalent as she watched Monica go into her room, rummage through her things, then come back with a heavily modified uniform. Guess MalWart didn’t discriminate against giant tittied, monster assed, and ultra pregnant workers. Good to know her employers weren’t entirely morally bankrupt.

After some difficulties, mostly from Monica trying to avoid staring, they got her dressed. On any other day, she would’ve caught a bus or an Uber, but she doubted walking to the bus stop would end well with her new body, and no driver would want her making a mess of their back seats. Monica headed over to the door, then stopped.

“You coming?”

“Huh?”

“Come on, I’ve been giving you rides since we moved in together. How do you keep forgetting that?”

“Sorry,” Destiny said and waddled over, “Pregnancy brain?”

“Yeah. Guess lifelong pregnancy would do that.”

Lifelong? She’d had this gut all her life? Then it wasn’t a baby, which only made her dread to think of what she carried. Such worries dissipated on her way down to Monica’s SUV. She’d wondered why such a woman would have one, that being a single lesbian, though after discovering her dominatrix lifestyle, it made sense to have space for multiple partners. Destiny recalled that girl bound and gagged on the bed, and wished she’d taken the offer. As if that would retroactively calm her sex drive.

“So, uh, about the other day,” Monica said, squeezing the wheel as if to wring its very existence out, “I don’t know what came over me. I just… you were so… I wasn’t thinking. No domme would do that, ever. What I’m trying to say is,” she took a deep breath, “Sorry. I’ll, uh, leave you alone from now on. When I can, I mean.”

“No, don’t…” Destiny stopped herself as the engine started up, vibrations echoing through the seat and into her oversized pussy, “I mean, yeah, you’d better be sorry. That was a pretty traumatic event.”

Monica sighed at her tone, “What do you want? A raise? More vacation days?”

“No,” Destiny leaned over and took the black woman’s hand off the wheel, shoving it between her thighs, “I want you to fuck me until you’re passed out or dead.”

“Hazel didn’t fuck you this morning?”

They were fucking? Oh god, when they reunited, Destiny would make sure to engrave that experience into her very soul, so that not even the app could change it. She bit her lip, barely keeping herself from openly moaning, and pressed Monica’s hand in harder.

“No. And I *need* it. I know you want it too.”

“No need to push,” Monica said, reluctantly taking her hand back with a sheen of juices that soaked through Destiny’s pants, “When we get in, head to the break room. I’ve got a key.”