

Messing With the Bull

Nami was relaxing on the deck of the Thousand Sunny, wearing only a blue and white striped bathing suit as she enjoyed the mid-day sun. The orange haired girl's body was barely contained by the tight top and snug bottoms she wore, as usual showing absolutely no self-consciousness in flaunting her attractive, hour-glass shaped body. With her lithe legs, taut stomach and full, large breasts, it was easy to see why. Nami was still in the flower of her youth, and already a great beauty, which often helped her when people underestimated her cunning wits and manipulative mind.

But for the moment, all thoughts of schemes or the perils of navigation could be forgotten. The Sunny was sailing through a calm stretch of sea, so she had nothing to worry about. Laying on a long, reclined chair, her peaches and cream complexion was soaking up the sunlight while her long hair lay underneath in a luxurious fan of silken strands, Nami's day could hardly be going better. Her eyes were shut in quiet contentment, shielded from the sun by a pair of large round sunglasses, white with purple lenses.

"Oh, Nami-chan~!" Came a voice, accompanied by hurrying feet. Nami sat up a bit, realizing it was that time already, having finished her lunch perhaps an hour ago.

It was Sanji, the Strawhat Pirates' cook, walking towards her with a twinkle in his eyes. He'd promised her something special for her after lunch dessert, and was presumably carrying just that underneath a covered dish. The blonde, curly eye-browed man still had his apron on over his vest, shirt and slacks, so clearly this was something Sanji wanted to get to her as soon as possible.

"Neh, dessert already? What did you make this time, Sanji-kun?" Nami favored him with a rare smile, and for once it wasn't part of a clever flirtatious ploy on her part. She was just glad to taste whatever Sanji had whipped up this time. As a romantic, his skills were somewhat lacking, but as a chef, there was none better.

"A fruit parfait, just for you, my Nami-chan!" He wasn't fooling her, and she was sure he had another dessert whipped up for Robin most likely right at that moment. Still, a gift was a gift, and Nami's eyes widened in expectation as he whipped the cover off the dish, his fingers clutching a slender cigarette between them.

A bright-green parfait awaited her in a tall curved glass, with layers of whipped cream spread throughout the substance, mixed with what looked to be dark chocolate ice

cream. The delicious confection was finished with a generous dollop of whip cream on top, complete with a bright cherry.

“It wasn’t easy to make, as this *particular* fruit is difficult to cook with. But once I found the perfect flavored syrup to go with it, the rest was a breeze~ Its all in how you-“

“Yes, yes, thank you so much.” As Sanji went on about baking temperatures and fruit reductions, and the perfect to use a frosting bag, Nami had already swiped the parfait off the tray. She barely remembered to grab the silver spoon he’d laid next to it and within a minute, she’d practically inhaled the entire thing.

Nami laid the glass back on the tray, the spoon still spinning from how fast she’d replaced it. For a moment, she closed her eyes, letting out a pleased sigh, feeling very full and content. The sudden chill of the cold dessert made her body tingle and Nami let out a luxurious full body shimmy, her curves rippling and jiggling in her bathing suit, her body almost feline in its languid sensuality.

“Mmm, that was delicious, Sanji-chan~” Nami’s agile tongue licked at the remnants of cream on her lips, savoring the last few delectable morsels. But then...

“Eh, Sanji.” Her voice had suddenly lost all trace of playful friendliness. Something wasn’t right, she felt rather strange.

“Yes, Nami-kun?” Sanji asked, leaning close expectedly, cigarette dangling from the corner of his mouth. If he was waiting for praise or (as he dared to still dream) some physical sign of affection, the amorous chef was to be disappointed.

“*What* kind of fruit did you say was in this thing?” Nami placed one hand on her stomach, but oddly enough that didn’t seem to be where the source of her discomfort was. No, that was quite a bit...lower than her flat stomach.

“Oh, well,” Sanji actually for once, looked sheepish for a moment, rubbing the back of his neck.

“I was waiting to tell you till afterwards, but actually it’s a funny story. See I found this rare fruit, and I thought there was no one who better deserved it than you, my lovely Nami-chan. However, I’ve been told people often don’t enjoy the taste of these fruits, so I worked extra hard on it-for you of course, and then I...”

Sanji continued to babble, but Nami wasn't listening anymore. She rushed off the deck in a hurry, not exactly sure where she was going. This didn't seem like the kind of food-related emergency that would necessitate going to the bathroom, so maybe she should just head to her cabin and lie down.

"Ah!" Perhaps by chance, Nami's hurried footsteps had taken her directly to the medical room, and she could only hope the Doctor was in.

"Chopper!" She said, throwing the door open. The room seemed the same as always, full of clever little medical experiments, test tubes, and plenty of equipment that a cat burglar like Nami could see the value and rarity in, if not the actual use.

Tony Tony Chopper looked up at her, sitting in his normal hybrid form, as a Reindeer who had eaten a rare Devil Fruit that had given him certain human characteristics. As such he resembled nothing so much as an anthropomorphic deer child, covered in soft fur, with small antlers poking out from his blue and pink hat, along with his characteristic and unusual blue nose.

"Neh? Nami-san, is everything ok?" He asked, voice high and concerned. It was usually never a good sign when one of the crew burst into his medical room like this, though sometimes some of them (especially Luffy and Usopp) simply had overactive imaginations.

"N-no! Something is happening to me! My body, my body is...changing!"

Indeed, even as Nami finished speaking, her body began to change right in front of Chopper's eyes. The slender and short girl began to expand, her legs lengthening, calves thicker and thighs getting larger and dense. Her shoulders broadened as well, as though Nami had just completed a rigorous six months of exercise in the space of an instant. Even more shocking, horns grew right out of her forehead, poking out of her hair, short thick and shining a bright white. Unlike Chopper's own thin brown antlers, these were the heavier, strong and almost dangerous-looking horns that one might expect to see on a bull or a similar animal.

But the biggest, and most alarming change was yet to come.

"What's happening? I feel like I'm burning up! Oooh-waah!" Nami yelled in helpless confusion, her arms crossing in front of her body, forming a 'v' shape and pushing her

tits together and up, fingers hooking into the waistband of her bikini bottoms. There was a ripping sound, but not from Nami doing anything—at least not with her hands.

“Whaaat?!” Nami and Chopper spoke in unison, as their jaws dropped in shock and amazement, expressions that would have been comical in any other circumstance.

With a quick *schri-ripp*, Nami’s slender bikini was torn apart as a massive, huge cock ripped its way free of the tiny cloth. Standing tall and proud, the strange new appendage was a dark shade of brown, and scarcely looked like it fit on Nami’s much paler, small and of course obviously *female* form. The tip of the cock was flared and also shaped a little differently than the penises Nami had seen before (and also much, much larger) looking more like the kind of thing one would see on a farm animal than a person.

“Ho-how did this happen?!” Nami yelled, her knees buckling. All kinds of strange sensations and feelings were running through her body. Her nostrils kept sniffing, taking in the scents of the room, which suddenly included an unmistakably male, virile musky scent.

Beneath the dark-skinned, almost angry looking cock, crisscrossed with thick veins, was a pair of absolutely, breath-takingly huge balls, perfect spheres in a smooth almost purse-sized wrinkled expanse. The contrast between Nami’s slender though newly muscular and fit body and this impossible, rigid, sweaty cock was almost too much for Nami to process. She felt like some strange freak of nature, even as her dick bounced in the air, the very air of the room on her hot hard flesh a strange new sensation that made all sorts of new feelings run through her mind.

“Ah! Chopper, what are you doing?”

The inquisitive doctor had seized a pair of medical tools, almost resembling tongs, and gently lifted Nami’s cock by the bulbous head, getting a bit closer to it. Nami bit her lip at this feeling, the pressure gentle and strangely arousing, making her legs buckle.

“I just need to get a closer look, Nami-san. I think...” He sniffed the air several times as well, his small not quite human fingers resting on his chin. The scent that reached his nose was strong, like a pungent cloth pressed to his face, and rather unpleasant as well, like an overabundance of cologne, a musky humid aroma.

“I think you may have eaten a Devil Fruit, specifically the Zoan kind. Your scent, as well as the obvious physical changes to your body, are all very animalistic. This kind of musk

is usually only produced by certain kinds of male animals when they're in the middle of a very intense mating season, combined with feelings of aggression, intense arousal, and many times the normal amount of semen and testosterone production."

"Hah...what, a Devil Fruit? But how could that...*Sanji!*" Nami made a fist, feeling new strength coursing through her arms, broad shoulders and newly swollen biceps flexing with might. Her horns actually trembled a bit with anger.

"That bastard! When I get my hands on him I'll..." Her voice trailed away, mind still reeling from everything Chopper had told her. Even if she had eaten a Devil Fruit, it made little sense to her, among everything else, that these changes would have included a...*penis*, huge, heavy, and stinking of sweat and dickdirt.

"Well, calm down Nami, there might be something I can do about this." Chopper said reassuringly, his doctor's mind hard at work. In this default form of his, what he called 'Brain Point', Chopper was one of the smartest members of the crew. That usually included Nami as well, but her head felt strange and fuzzy, far more focused on her physical surroundings and emotions than any sort of logic or cunning. Was this what it was like to have a big hard cock, feeling like your brain was on fire?

"I might be able to help you with a rumble ball, like the ones I use."

Nami leaned back a bit, resting her wide hips against an examination table. Her cock kept bobbing around whenever she used, and it was so heavy jutting out from her crotch like that, it almost felt like a third leg.

"T-those things that you eat to transform? The ones that if you take too many of you turn into that...giant monster?" A sudden scary thought came to Nami's mind, and she stuck a hand down onto her crotch, lifting her massive balls. The contrast of her soft fingers and palm against the hot, wrinkly flesh made her teeth grit in sudden pleasure. It seemed having a dick would take some getting used to. Nami pushed them aside and reached, searching...

"Oh thank god!" She breathed, finding her familiar dripping pussy lips, underneath this new male appendage. At least she hadn't changed *completely*, though this was all still too much for her to understand. Nami withdrew her hand, and her balls fell back into their normal position, unspeakable sloshing noises that made Nami's head swim coming from them. Just how full of nasty, male sperm was in these fat fucking bull balls?

“Right, just like those, though you won’t be turning into a monster any time soon.” Chopper chuckled, his relaxed demeanor a clear contrast to Nami’s own panicked nature. Bodily transformations and the nature of a Zoan Devil Fruit were something he had intimate familiarity with.

“Just sit on the table and relax, Nami. Close your eyes and focus on your breathing, in and out. I should have something for you in a jiffy.”

As Chopper got to work, Nami hopped up on the exam table, her perky bubble-butt crinkling against the paper. She tried to focus on things like that, the temperature of the room, the feeling of the hard table underneath of her, the soft sunlight beaming in from the rounded windows, *anything* except for what had happened to her body. She supposed there were other changes as well, internal alterations that she wasn’t fully aware of yet and could only experience as emotions and sensations, unaware of their causes.

Chopper kept mumbling to himself as he worked, concentrating in a manner that was almost cute, given the contrast between his appearance and his keen intellect. Words like ‘estrogen’, ‘rapid release’, and ‘secondary characteristics’ filled the air, along with the clinking and clanking of various scientific instruments. Not understanding what was being said actually helped Nami detach her focus from her current changes, like the gentle sounds of the beach.

Nami was slowly able to calm herself down, breath returning to normal, though to her astonishment her cock remained quite large, though no longer fully hard. While not wanting to think about it, Nami supposed it was more than half the length of her forearm, and as thick as her new hard bicep. *That* change wasn’t too bad, she thought, as it was quite nice to feel strong, effortless might coursing through body. She’d still change it for her old body in a heartbeat, though.

“Ah, Nami-san, its ready!” Chopper called to her, and Nami opened her eyes, wide lashes fluttering in surprise.

“Oh, really? That was quick, Chopper, thank you so much!” Nami reached out for the little ball, a small pink sphere that Chopper was holding, though not quite proffering it out to her.

“Well, now hold on Nami. Its hard to tell how this will interact with the specific Devil Fruit you’ve eaten. While it might bring out your natural self’s feminine features, you will still

have these Zoan characteristics...if only we knew exactly what animal you were emulating. I suppose I could ask Sanji, but even *he* might not know; I doubt he expected something like this to happen, after all.”

Nami had waited far too long to put up with any more of this. Those feelings of aggression Chopper had talked about earlier were filling her mind, “Chopper, we can deal with that later. Just give it here!”

She grabbed his wrist, even as Chopper tried to pull it away from her. The exam table rocked beneath Nami as Chopper pulled back, and Nami stood up. She was much stronger than him now, and given his small size she had been earlier, so it was a simply matter to *twist* his wrist just so-

“Ah, wait!” Nami gasped as she saw her error. Holding Chopper slightly aloft from the floor, his legs kicked and his mouth opened in pain...just as he dropped the new Rumble Ball. Like this, it landed right in his open mouth, and with a quick sudden reflex motion...he swallowed it.

“Noo!” Nami yelled, unable to believe she’d acted so rashly. She’d always been an impatient person, and this new growth of her’s hadn’t done anything to change that. How often had she joked about men only thinking with their dicks, and now in her haste to rid herself of her’s, Nami had also acted without stopping to consider what might happen.

“Eh...Chopper, are you ok?” She asked, letting him drop to the floor, and softly stroking his fur by way of apology.

There was a sudden shifting sound in the, of muscles and bones contorting. Chopper had long ago mentioned that the Rumble Balls were not to be used lightly, as they distorted the wavelength of a Devil Fruit, whatever that meant. Not knowing the science, Nami knew only what she had seen them do, which included all sorts of incredible things, and terrifying as well, from Chopper’s Kung Fu Point to his dangerous and sometimes feral Monster Point. But *this*...this was something else altogether.

Packed with estrogen and other hormones, a flood of chemicals and mutagenic compounds flooded Chopper’s body. Like Nami before her, and in so many of his other transformations, he grew, gaining several more feet of height. This new form topped out at just under five feet tall, which meant Nami’s new muscular body was almost a foot taller still.

But more than that, Chopper had apparently switched genders completely, and not just gained one new trait like Nami had. She, for Chopper was undeniably female now, was more human than usual, with bare skin over most of her body, devoid of fur and revealing pale soft skin. Despite her short height, she had an absolutely massive pair of breasts, completely exposed, as Chopper hadn't been wearing a shirt. They were utterly flawless, and seemed even larger than they were in comparison to Chopper's slight, waifish form.

Holy shit! Those tits are even bigger than mine, or Robin's! Nami thought, feeling shocked at how this day was turning out. She could never have imagined something like this would happen when she was blissfully sunbathing earlier.

Chopper looked down at herself in amazement, actually jumping in place.

"My hooves!" She cutely exclaimed, realizing she now had a pair of delicate, small human feet instead of her usual hooves. Her hands were likewise human as well, and the only animal traits she seemed to retain were her horns though they were much smaller now, popping out from either side of her long, shoulder-length brown hair, as well as cute, reindeer-ears. Her nose was still blue though now a cute dainty button shape, far more befitting the beautiful human girl she now was.

"What about...my, oh my gosh!" Chopper exclaimed cutely, her new voice even higher pitched than before. Perhaps due to the fact that Chopper was still somewhat an adolescent, and her body going through changes, but the Rumble Ball had acted beyond her wildest dreams. In addition to the enormous, wobbling tits on her chest, her slender waist now tapered out to a pair of big, child-bearing hips and a huge, giant fat ass. Her shorts were stretched to the breaking point, openly showing rips and tears down the sides. About the only saving grace was that her tail was still in place, poking out just above the expanse of her big, firm booty.

Apparently, Chopper's Human Fruit had interacted with the Rumble Ball in a way she couldn't have predicted. If she had been more calm, and given it time, Chopper would have supposed the only correct thing to call this transformation would have been Sexy Point. With her dainty little arms and lithe legs, seemingly lacking in both unsightly fat or overtly obvious muscle, but with wide hips, well-defined obliques, a lean taut stomach and the biggest pair of tits either Nami or Chopper had ever seen, it was clear this form was only meant for one thing. Her various minor non-human traits only served as icing

on the top, giving her an exotic appeal beyond the most beautiful mermaids or fish women any sailor might encounter.

“Chopper...you’re a girl now.” Nami said, stating the obvious and yet surprising herself. Her own voice sounded strange to her ears, husk and tinged with a dark sense of...arousal, but of a kind Nami had never felt before. This was not the quick flutter she got in her chest when a handsome man smiled at her, or the way her pulse might race when seeing a particularly heroic man perform thrilling deeds of action.

“A...very gorgeous girl.” Nami said, aware of just how close they were standing now, with Nami casting a shadow over Chopper. Her cock seemed to stir on its own, and was soon growing rapidly in hardness and length.

“Ahh! This...this wasn’t supposed to happen!” Chopper said, her new voice practically a squeak, girlish and undeniably cute despite her distress. Her hair flew about her face, with soft round cheeks and an elegant jawline as she shook her head in disbelief.

“I...I need to fix this! My, my body...my breasts are so big, enough to feed an entire family of children! And my ass is so fat I’m afraid I might fall over! How do you possibly walk around with these tiny little toes and not good strong hooves!” Chopper was in full freak-out mode now, and she turned to the table, trying to find the diagrams and formulas she’d used to make the new strange Rumble Ball in the first place.

Everything had happened so fast, the room seemed to be spinning. Despite her new, less sensitive nose, Chopper was more aware of the scent in the room than ever before. For one thing, Nami’s cock and balls had been sweating in the gentle but warm temperature of the room for the past fifteen minutes, filling the enclosed cabin, and for another...it seemed different to her. No less strong, heavy on her nose to the point of almost being able to taste its musky aroma, but somehow sweet as well for some reason. Almost...tasty.

Likewise, Nami sniffed the air, the bullish changes in her body detecting something she hadn’t sensed since growing this new dick. A worthy and attractive mate, something that Nami was aware of on a more hormonal level than anything else. Rational thought was soon leaving her lust-addled mind just as it was leaving Chopper in her distress and confusion. Chopper wasn’t just a sexy girl, she was a mature-bodied female, absolutely begging to be bred, walking around with all that tits and ass, practically shaking it off in Nami’s face through those tight shorts.

Her cock was soon harder than ever before, reaching its massive, alarming full length. From the massive, throbbing tip, down the thick girthy weight of the shaft, to her balls which seemed to be working overtime to produce more sperm, making a strange burning sensation in Nami's crotch, the transformation seemed complete. Its size was thicker than most people's biceps, and from the base of Nami's crotch, with soft almost downy red hair springing above her balls, to the end it was perhaps as long as the distance from her closed fist (she hadn't noticed she'd clenched them, perhaps in some vain attempt to hold back these new feelings) to her elbow. A massive, cunt-wrecking, sperm-blasting length of virile, sweaty bull cock. Like Chopper's new female body, it had only one purpose.

Nami wasn't confused or shocked anymore. In fact, she couldn't remember the last time she'd felt such surety of purpose.

"Chopper, hold on. I don't want you to change back just yet. That boring science can wait for a while." She said, voice a little deeper, resonating with the timbre of command.

Chopper turned to face her, looking a little confused, but on her face too were written soft signs of arousal. These sudden changes could have been overcome, trained to manageable levels, if only both Chopper and Nami weren't presented by such appealing counterparts, as though they were made for each other.

Nami felt the blood pumping through her cock, and it felt like the adrenaline rush she had felt during combats, at least those in which she had the good fortune to be facing opponents weaker than her. A call to conquest, though of a rather different sort than normal.

"But...but I have to figure this out." Chopper said, her voice a cutesy whine as she shuffled her feet a bit.

"Come here, Chopper. Right now." Nami was stern, her short clipped speech allowing no arguments. Chopper walked towards her, seemingly unable to disobey.

"I want you to suck my cock, Chopper. Lick me all over, taste my balls, just get this big piece of meat down that sexy little throat of yours." Nami was practically hissing at this point, aggressive and demanding.

Chopper had been afraid enough of Nami before, when they'd been male and (penis-free) woman. But now, there seemed to be a very clear power dynamic

established between them without words or overt action, and it wasn't in Chopper's favor.

"Uh...ok, Nami-san. M-maybe this will help you calm down."

Nami just grunted at that, and hopped back at the exam table, bringing her cock straight up, staring Chopper in her big, moist brown eyes. It seemed impossibly large to Chopper, from its enormous length, the musky, pre-come leaking piss slit, as well as those fat, thick balls sitting between Nami's thighs-they had to be as big as two baseballs, stuffed together in one sweat, hairy ballsack. It was an overwhelming sight for Chopper, and so she slowly began to obey the new instincts before her. There was a big fat cock just inches away from her plump, full lips. What else was there to do?

"Ahh~" Chopper opened her mouth wide, tongue sticking out to begin to lick at Nami's giant cocktip. Nami moaned above her, lightly caressing one of her breasts. She began to untie the top of her swimsuit as Chopper continued to service her cock. The doctor's curious nature, along with the rush of supercharged hormones coursing through her body, were making her want to explore every inch of Nami's big fat bull dick.

"Yes, Chopper, just like that...good girl." Nami said, reaching down to lightly play with Chopper's hair, the soft strands almost as soft as her fur had been, in a strange way. She tweaked one of Chopper's reindeer ears, experimentally, and the small girl moaned softly, her hot breath spilling out over Nami's dick.

Chopper couldn't believe it, but as she started to suck on Nami's fat cock, she felt strange sensations stirring in her body. Her shorts soon grew damp and dark with moisture as her pussy began to leak, and Nami sniffed the air, smelling the distinctive scent of a female in heat and in need of a good hard breeding.

"Ahh...mmph~" Chopper moaned as she swallowed Nami's cockhead, feeling the immense weight of it in her mouth. Her tongue worked with surprising agility over the surface, taking a bit more of it into her mouth as she worked her neck forward, swallowing inch after inch of cock. Then she *popped* her lips off the hard dick, breathing a bit heavily, eyes clouded with lust. Nami grunted above her, apparently not wanting her to stop, but Chopper had more in mind.

She leaned down, stroking Nami's cock with one dainty hand, lifting the giant shaft by the base with the other. She pressed her face against those enormous wrinkly balls, feeling like her brain might just *drown* in the scent of all those balls. Without thinking

about it, she began licking, slurping and sucking at the huge testicles, trying to fit one of the enormous sperm tanks into her mouth.

“Mmm..Nami’s balls are...delicious.” Chopper said, unaware she was even speaking aloud. Her body was acting on pure, primal instinct, and just jacking this big cock off while sucking on Nami’s sweaty nuts felt more than enjoyable, it felt right. This was what she was supposed to be doing at this moment, every moment.

Chopper worked her way back up the shaft, licking and kissing at every inch of the mighty club-like dick, before she reached the head again. Opening as wide as she could, she began sucking the dick in earnest, working her hands in contrasting circular motions, up and down the heavy shaft. Her head bobbed up and down as she sucked almost hungrily at the cock, drool leaking down the corners of her lips.

Nami looked down at her, rubbing her now uncovered breasts, tweaking her nipples between her dainty fingers.

“Yes, that’s it Chopper, suck my cock just like that. Take it nice and deep inside your greedy little throat, you like that don’t you? Like the taste of my huge bull cock inside your mouth? You sexy little girl, you look so good with that dick in your mouth, dirty little slut.”

Chopper bent over further, standing in a bow-shaped position, her tits hanging low. Nami’s hands reached out and grabbed the huge tits, mauling them with aggressive force as Chopper moaned. Her nipples were almost painfully hard, and as Nami’s thumbs rubbed the sensitive little pink nubs, Chopper felt her knees buckled.

Nami was soon using Chopper’s huge tits to jerk herself off, feeling like she was in heaven. Her cock was completely enveloped by the soft pillowy flesh outside of Chopper’s wet, eagerly working little mouth. Chopper’s hands fell to Nami’s balls, working and squeezing the orbs like she was milking a cow, the two of them acting on nothing but base animal lust.

“Ugh, just like that Chopper. If you keep sucking like that, I’m going to...gonna....Ha-ahhhh!”

With a cry, Nami experienced her first cock orgasm, and she grabbed Chopper by the back of the head. Holding the small girl’s skull the way one might grab a cup, Nami

grunted and groaned, thrusting a few more inches of dick down Chopper's unprepared throat, even as her cock began to sperm, hot, nasty bull-jizz right down her gullet.

"Gllch! Gllacgh, glacck, gluugh!" Chopper had no choice but to gulp down the tacky, thick sperm, her eyes watering. Her entire body felt like it was on fire as she drank the nasty stuff, like some drunkard trying to drain an entire barrel of wine from a tap. Her pussy felt like it was going haywire, sending strange sensations all throughout Chopper's body. For an instant, Chopper tried to pull away but Nami's grip tightened, holding the buxom girl in place and force-feeding her a constant stream of intoxicating, heavy sperm.

Nami was nearly as overwhelmed, feeling nothing but the need to prolong her orgasm as long as possible, to drain her balls into the willing little slut before her. Her balls churned and her dick grew so hard it almost felt like it would burst, veins throbbing as she shot blast after blast into Chopper's throat, gagging the little busty brunette with a waterfall of jizz. Eventually it leaked out past Chopper's tightly sealed lips before slowly, with a few final shots that were larger than most men produced in a week, Nami withdrew.

Her cock glistened with Chopper's saliva, still connected to her lips with frothy strands of jizz and spittle. There was silence for a moment, as both women breathed heavily, understanding that things had changed fundamentally between them in ways they were still fully understanding.

It was Nami who acted first, hefting Chopper up by the waist-it was so small Nami's fingers almost touched around it.

"Ahh!" Chopper said, as Nami placed her on the exam table, enjoying how easily she could pick up and control the smaller woman's body, barely exerting any effort.

"That was a good start, Chopper, but just the beginning." Nami reached out and ripped Chopper's shorts off, tossing them to the ground and revealing Chopper's fat ass. On a woman two feet taller than her, it would have been impressively large, but on Chopper's dainty, girlish frame, it seemed almost obscenely large, a cushion of firm plush booty that made Nami's heart race. Her hands roamed over the sumptuous piece of ass, smacking it here and there as Chopper moaned and gasped. Red handprints soon covered the giant porcelain ass as Nami climbed onto the table behind Chopper.

Gripping her cock tightly, Nami aimed it at Chopper's pussy, rubbing it teasingly along the entrance to her dripping cunt.

"You're so wet, Chopper. I can tell your entire body wants this, you're practically *begging* to be bred." Nami whispered in Chopper's ear, her other hand exploring every inch of her body. She groped her full chest, squeezing her nipples, tracing the wide curves of her hips, and trailing along her tight little stomach. Chopper had the perfect body to make breeding stock for Nami's gargantuan cock, and the redhead couldn't wait to break her in.

Chopper's ass was raised high in the air, and she grabbed the edges of the exam table tightly, holding on her dear life.

"Puh, please...Nami-san, just wait, just for a moment." She said, weakly protesting. Some part of her, a large part, wanted that cock, wanted to feel it deep inside her. But it was just so **big**, and filled her with equal parts apprehension and arousal.

Slowly, like grinding a pestle into a mortar, Nami began to work her cock inside of Chopper, fucking her virginity away in this rough doggystyle position.

"Ahhh!! Its too, too big! You're gonna break me~!" Chopper said, sounded more than a little turned on by the prospect.

"Yes, I am. Broken and *bred*." Nami promised, her larger form leaning over and completely covering Chopper's. The two of them looked like animals, two matching examples of feminine beauty, along with Nami's impossibly manly, large cock, the perfect tool for breeding any bitch she happened to mount. Her hips drove forward and down, spearing through the meager resistance Chopper's body could give.

Whatever futile battle her tight vaginal walls were fighting to hold back Nami's cock (which was like trying to turn a hurricane away by waving a fan at it), Chopper's mind had already begun to give in. Her hips, full and sensual, began to rock back against Nami's dick, her pussy practically swallowing up that dick as she was speared deeper and deeper.

Nami grabbed two full handfuls of Chopper's ass, using her height and this position as leverage to really fuck into Chopper. Each thrust knocked the wind out of her, making her gasp and squeak as the table rocked beneath them. Chopper was getting fucked so deep, and so full, that it felt like her pussy was being altered completely, her whole body

changed to be a better little sextoy for Nami, and her giant cock. The little busty slut absolutely loved it.

“Ah, Nami-san!~ You’re so rough! Your cock is so big, I...I fucking love it!” Chopper said, slapping the table weakly. As Nami thrust into her faster and deeper, Chopper began to come, actually biting the thin paper covering the exam table. She moaned and gasped, fingers stiffening and curling up as Nami pounded the shit out of her tight little cunt, wringing more and more orgasms from her wet, leaking pussy.

“That’s right Chopper, take that cock, take every last inch! Your pussy is so tight, you’re trying to swallow up this dick aren’t you, you wanna feel it stretching you out?” Nami said, pushing down and pinning Chopper beneath her. In this prone position, Nami’s cock slammed in and out of Chopper’s pussy, spreading her fat asscheeks wide, while Chopper howled and moaned in delight.

Whap! Whap! Whap!

Nami’s huge balls were bouncing off of Chopper’s ass at this point, making the little busty piece of ass moan and gasp.

“I’m kuh-coming! I’m coming, I’m coming! Fuck me Nami, fuck me *hard*, I need it!” She yelled, her body feeling far too good for her mind to ever resist. She moaned openly, like a wanton slut as Nami proceeded to reshape her pussy, fucking her with all the superhuman might the Devil Fruit she’d unwittingly consumed gave her. She was a bull, and Chopper was her bitch, and Nami was gonna make sure she proved exactly what that meant.

Grunting, Nami leaned back, reaching out with arms to lift Chopper up, hooking her arms underneath the short girl’s armpits. She stepped off the bed, taking Chopper with her, hooked onto her cock like an anchor dropped deep into the seabed.

“Oooh-wahh!” Chopper yelled, falling back against Nami, her back resting against the redhead’s full heaving chest. Nami was fucking her in a rough, fast-paced standing position.

Their size difference was on full display, as Chopper’s legs were suspended out to either side, as she reached back and wrapped her arms around Nami’s neck. Nami kissed Chopper deeply, the pair exchanging a passionate, spit filled kiss as CHopper opened her mouth deeply. Nami’s tongue probed into her mouth, tasting the other

woman deeply even as she grabbed her thick thighs and spread them wide. Chopper's hips burned from the exertion of being fucked so thoroughly, being speared like some poor inmate impaled on a stake, but she loved every moment of it. Getting dominated by Nami's giant bull cock as her ass bounced up and down, body shaking all over.

Nami's legs were tense, fucking upwards into Chopper like she was trying to dig a trench, busting her pussy lips open. Chopper grabbed her massive swinging tits, and her hands were soon joined by Nami's, even all four of their hands barely enough to contain and cover the heaving, sweaty tits.

"I'm gonna get you pregnant, Chopper. Gonna mate with you, breed this tight little pussy of yours. You're going to raise strong offspring for me, just like a good little female." Nami was utterly lost in her lost now, knowing that what she was doing was simply what she was made for, and fucking a big-titted hot piece of ass like Chopper was her destiny.

"Ah...puh, pregnant?!" Chopper said, barely able to believe it. Tears streaked down her face from the exertion, crying from the sheer intensity of getting her pussy pounded.

But she couldn't deny how good it felt. The feeling of Nami cupping her tits, the sensation of Nami's tongue tracing along her lithe, elegant neck. The way her whole body shook when Nami bottomed out in her cunt and slapped her fat nuts off her pussy lips like wrecking balls. Chopper's body wanted this, wanted a strong male to use her and impregnate her, help her reach her true potential and use as a woman, and Chopper's mind was quickly coming around as well. Nami could tell that Chopper wanted this just as much as she did, and it only made her fuck the mewling little slut that much harder, wanting to ride her as deeply and roughly as possible.

Wham! Wham! Wham!

"But, ah, but if you come inside me if you get me pregnant, I might be stuck like this...forever!" Chopper said, sounding just a little afraid, even as her voice was wracked by ecstasy and lust. Nearly drunk off that big fat cock, and barely able to hold on anymore, her body somewhat limp against Nami's strong, muscular form.

"Ah, that's what you want Chopper, I know. You're gonna be my mate for the rest of your life!"

Nami thrust deep inside her one last time, unloading a load of jizz directly into Chopper's vulnerable pussy. Her womb was flooded by Nami's come, and Chopper cried out at the sensation of being used, being *bred*. She now realized her entire life had come to this, to get fucked by the biggest cock she'd ever seen, and she knew protesting was useless at this point, though if it made Nami fuck her any hotter, then it was worth it.

From then on, the two mated like a pair of rabbits, with Chopper shouting out how much she enjoyed being Nami's "fat-assed breeding bitch," getting fucked in a rough mating press position. The pair's body slapped together in a wet, hot sweat embrace as they shared a sloppy, frenzied make-out session. Chopper wanted this dick more than anything else in her life, and Nami was more than willing to give her all she could take, and then some.

Eventually, taking a brief break, Nami decided to mark her territory once and for all. Chopper's ass was bouncing in her lap as she rode the redhead in a lewd reverse cowgirl situation, moaning like a bitch in heat. Nami felt her orgasm coming, but as much as she wanted to bust another fat load deep inside Chopper's already stuffed pussy, she had another idea.

"Ah..huh?" Chopper moaned, barely conscious as Nami picked her up easily and pulled her off the dick. Chopper moaned as her pussy desperately tried to close, gaping wide open from countless hours of furious sex. Nami set her down for a second on the floor, firmly but gently in her own way. Then Nami took Chopper's prize hat off her head, upending it in her grasp.

Nami jerked herself off openly while Chopper watched, her jaw slack with awe. Every muscle in Nami's new body tensed, her abs tight as she wanked off that fat cock. Before, Chopper might have protested at something like this, but by now she'd surrendered completely, understanding that Nami was fully in charge.

"Ugh...fuck!" Nami grunted, beginning to unload her fattest, thickest load of the day into the hat. It soon filled the small little garment to the brim, meant for Chopper's old, long-forgotten form and much smaller than any headgear for the woman's body now (at best it would have made a tiny cocktail hat). The ropery jets stained the material indelibly, filling the room further with the musky, humid smell of jizz.

When it was full, Nami dropped the hat in front of Chopper, grunting at her.

“You know what to do, slut.”


Chopper rolled herself onto her hands and knees, even as Nami continued to jerk her cock off, almost angrily. Chopper’s mouth greedily gulped up the sperm, loving the way the gooey stuff filled her nostrils up with its aroma, coating her throat as she swallowed mouthful after mouthful. Nami continued to bust a fat load all over her, covering Chopper’s body.

“Now you’ve been marked, Chopper. You’ll be my hot little slut for the rest of your life, and keep pumping out kids for me.” Nami sounded like she’d abandoned her life-long dream to map the entire world and now had a very different set of life goals.

“Y-yes, Nami! I can’t wait to bear you dozens of strong, beautiful children! I’ll be yours forever~” Chopper said, smacking her lips and licking up as much sperm as she could, her face streaked with the off-white stuff, feeling it soaking into the pores of her skin. Chopper had long ago abandoned any thought of pleasing Nami getting her to ‘calm down’, and would have been against it even if she could remember.

Hours late, and close to morning the next day, Nami finally laid down, resting for a minute. Her cock was finally flaccid, hanging over one thigh and still an intimidating large size, bigger than most men could manage on their best days. Chopper looked fucked silly next to her, collapsed on the floor in a sticky tangle of jizz-covered limbs. Her hat was on her head, leaking jizz into her hair as both women gasped.

“Ah...Chopper!” Nami felt as though a cloud had lifted over her mind. She remembered everything that had happened, but it seemed difficult to put into the right context, like viewing a movie of someone else’s life. Chopper’s stomach was massive, looking like she was pregnant, her entire body covered in come to one extent or another.

“Ah...Nami-san .

 Chopper sounded different, even considering her new feminine voice, intoxicated and wonderfully happy.

“What..what happened?” Nami asked, despite knowing full well. It just didn’t seem real. She reached up and touched her forehead-nothing there, her horns were gone. Though her muscles seemed larger than before, they’d shrunk a bit as well, still part of her new and not fully understood Zoan powers.

“You...you fucked me so good, Nami, all night long. You bred me into being your little breeding mare. I think, thanks to the Rumble Ball, my pregnancy is advanced. I’ll probably give birth to your children in a few months.”

Nami seemed a bit shocked by everything, but she couldn’t deny how much she’d enjoyed their rough sex. Already her dick was stirring again, just a little.

“I’ll be stuck like this forever, but I don’t mind so long as you’re happy. Now, please...give me that cock again. Fuck me harder, use me however you want.”

Nami’s cock grew hard again at the sheer lust in Chopper’s tone, growing large and hard as steel. It even seemed bigger than before, which might have had something to do with her Devil Fruit, as users often saw their powers grow and expand with use. Only for Nami that growth seemed a bit more literal.

“Ok, Chopper. I’m gonna give you what you want, as much as you can take-and then some.”

Nami turned Chopper over onto her side, hoisting her leg up as she began to rail into from behind. Their bodies moved in perfect synch, Chopper’s pregnant pussy milking Nami for all she was worth, their hips rocking back against each other in a tight, lewd embrace. Chopper’s pussy made wet, packed sounds as Nami fucked the shit out of her, forcing out the jizz she’d been pumped full of earlier.

Nami knew she didn’t have to worry about having a cock and horns when she didn’t want to, not when she had Chopper. She could use the hot little slut to her heart’s content and keep her balls drained and urges sated. She was sure the rest of the crew would get used to Chopper being a beautiful woman now. They were an unusual pair, to be sure, but Nami was very satisfied with her new bitch, the first of many.

Elsewhere, Sanji was flipping through a book he’d acquired at high cost, almost as difficult as acquiring the Devil Fruit itself.

“Oh, no!” He said, staring at two nearly identical fruits. One had dark swirls on its yellow surface, and the other had similar loops that looked almost the same, but in a different direction.

“*This* one was the Cow Fruit, this one is the Bull Fruit.” Only now did Sanji realize his error. He’d given Nami the wrong Devil Fruit-she was going to be absolutely furious with him.

Though to Nami, a few cabins away and currently plowing the absolute hell out of Chopper, it was no error at all-though she was quite angry with Sanji. While the busty blue-nosed girl came herself stupid, squeezing her even larger, pregnancy enhanced tits hard enough to send jets of milk shooting onto the floor, Nami just grunted and worked on fucking her that much deeper, wondering just how fat and full Chopper’s pregnant tits and stomach could get.

There was really only one way to find out, even if it took quite some time for the two lust-maddened women. As far as they were concerned, the mates had all the time in the world for each other.

The End...