“Thirsty? Here, I’ll get it,” Destiny said and all but leapt from the couch to refill Hazel’s water, letting the petite futa remain seated, boobs resting against the arm of their couch. They were watching TV, though Destiny’s attention was divided, always glancing back to her crush in case she was uncomfortable. In the week since learning how Hazel’s endowments weighed on her, she’d done everything to alleviate that issue.

From something simple as getting water, to carrying Hazel around like a princess, she worked herself ragged. Yet she did it with a smile. Not least because her new self-imposed responsibilities often involved using her hands as an organic bra for Hazel’s boobs, frequently letting her feel their heat and weight. A model servant, she never squeezed, though Hazel sometimes shifted in ways that did it for her. Part of her believed it was on purpose, a small reward for her pleasant work.

Of course, Hazel was only comfortable with so much. Using the bathroom, for instance, was a solitary task. Masturbation too. Destiny hadn’t asked about it, though she knew the answer. Things weren’t quite there yet. Massaging Hazel’s shoulders and back was the closest she came.

“Thanks,” Hazel said and nodded for her to sit. In that position, Destiny’s cupping skills were unnecessary, though she remained alert just in case, “You know, you don’t need to be around me twenty-four-seven. Go play your games or something. I’m fine.”

Truth be told, Destiny didn’t miss her games. Sure, a bunch of new ones she’d bought just a couple weeks back were gathering proverbial dust in her Steam library, however her time felt better spent helping Hazel. Or herself in the most lurid way, which proved far more tempting at that moment.

“Are you sure?”

“Yes,” Hazel chuckled and rolled her eyes, “I’m watching TV, not much you can help me with anyway.”

“Well, alright. I’ll put the blankets here if you get cold and I’m only a shout away so…”

“Go!”

“Right! Right, but if you…” A pillow struck her face, “I’ll just go.”

Back in her room, Destiny immediately went to her phone. There had to be more quests for her to do, anything to get that second slot and make herself a better fit for Hazel. How had she done so much, yet earned so little? In the past week, she’d completed at least a dozen quests, levelled up, and still had yet to receive a new slot. All she’d earned were points and unlocked a few new stat options that she hadn’t explored beyond a cursory glance. They couldn’t help her or Hazel, therefore weren’t important.

The only quests she could do were her usual dailies. Barely a pittance toward her next level, but they did fulfil two desires of hers; progression and release. Destiny stripped down, rolled onto her bed, then reached under the covers for her uncannily real copy of Hazel’s cock. It even felt like flesh sometimes when she was lost in the throes of passion. She squirted out a healthy dose of lube in case her own wetness didn’t cut it.

Not that she really needed it regardless. Sucking on it worked just as well, especially since it had a strangely musky flavour no matter how often she washed it, but she was impatient. Destiny pushed her shorts down and off, taking her panties with them, and pushed the knob against her damp lips. She teased herself for a moment, running its tip up and down her folds, prodding her clit, and basking in the subtle waves of pleasure. Then she pushed it in and gasped at how her opening stretched.

Frequent usage had done little in adjusting her hole to such a girth. She was used to three, maybe four fingers, sometimes a very slender fist if her partner at the time was small enough, but Hazel’s member was something else entirely. It pushed her walls apart like nothing before with just the tip, then kept them separated as she pushed inch after inch inside.

It wasn’t long before she bottomed out in herself. The kiss against her cervix forced her legs to clench, tightening her pussy along its length and augmenting the already dangerously intense sensations. She felt every vein within her sopping depths. Her imagination even made her think they were palpitating in time with her heart. After holding it there for a few seconds, she slid it back and moaned at how it pulled on her canal.

“Oh fuck, Hazel,” Destiny groaned and groped a breast, “You’re so fucking big. I literally can’t take it all.” She pushed in again, yet only six or so inches passed her entrance before it reached her womb again, denied entry by her stubborn cervix. That didn’t stop her from deriving so much glorious pleasure as she slowly pumped her replica of Hazel’s cock.

It filled her so nicely and had just the right grip on her walls for the perfect friction. Even as her juices flowed faster and her tempo built into a steady pounding, she felt all the little ridges rubbing into her flesh. She angled her thrusts, grinding the shaft into her clit, and pinched a nipple. As her pleasure grew, so too did her motions, hips rolling in tandem while her kegels undulated like waves in the ocean. Moans left her lips in growing fervour.

Meanwhile, on the couch, Hazel was stuck in her own pleasure. She didn’t know why, but her cock was rock hard and felt very much like someone was jerking it off with an over-abundance of lube. Monica was out for the evening and, though she hadn’t acted on it yet, Destiny really tested her discipline. So many times, she’d almost popped an erection just looking at her ass.

Pulling the blanket over just in case her roommate came out suddenly, she set to stroking her length. Hazel bit her lip and clenched her thighs around her fat balls, pressuring them against her pussy to get even more pleasure. Without warning, her hips started thrusting on their own, like they were fucking something. Hazel had to use both hands just to get a good grip. The blanket slid across her tip thanks to her prolific pre-cum.

She rubbed at the glans and took that abundance of lube to the rest of her length. Stroking faster and faster, she quickly found a dangerous rhythm that propelled her toward orgasm with all the velocity of a bullet, yet she didn’t find it. Other times when she masturbated it wasn’t nearly so intense, yet she would cum faster. Whenever her cock got hard from nowhere, Hazel’s climaxes always eluded her. Like they were waiting for something.

Regardless of how fast or slow she came, Hazel kept pumping. Pre gushed out at the slightest squeeze of her fingers, soaking into her blanket and pouring down to sully her clothes and the couch. There was a reason she opted to sit in the same spot everyday, this being the obvious one. The other was mundane, being that she just preferred that side of the furniture.

As she relaxed into the cushions, prepared for a longer session, her core suddenly cramped up. Hazel yelped, clapped a sticky hand over her mouth and thrust hard into the makeshift pussy of her fist, then shot her blanket off with a mighty rope of jizz. Her testicles pulled taut against her body, heaving to deliver several more viscous strings. All that kept her from making a mess was aiming it down at the discarded blanket.

Unaware of such a development in her own bliss, Destiny came at the same moment. The replica in her cunt shot its own load deep within. She didn’t know where it got the lube it shot out, but then the app shifted reality in ways she never dreamt of before. Plus she didn’t care to question it when the feeling of it pouring into, and out of, her was enough to launch her to new heights over and over again.

“Fuck, I wish she was here.” Both Hazel and Destiny moaned as the afterglow set in.

Destiny cleaned her dildo the best way she knew; licking it. Her juices and that lube worked perfectly together, the tangy heat of her pussy magnified several fold by the weird, saltiness of the dildo’s fluids. A small, leftover spurt filled her mouth to overflowing, though she let it slide down her chin. Much as she wished to do that same thing for Hazel’s real dick, she wanted to measure up a bit more.

Be someone that looked as insanely hot and otherworldly as her crush.

The next day, Hazel had work, whereas Destiny remained home alone. Monica only had a half-shift, so it wouldn’t be long before she had company. For that reason, she opted into a quest that wanted her to be naked for four hours, mercifully not in public, though it did ask her be active. Exercising, cooking, anything that didn’t leave her sedentary for more than a few minutes. Naturally, she exploited that by using her VR headset for nearly the entire time.

It ended right when the front door opened. Destiny chucked on some clothes and went to make sure it was Monica, only to find Hazel flopping onto the couch.

“Something up?”

“Hmm, nah. Not really. Just… had to leave work for a bit.” Destiny fetched a glass of water for her, holding for when the futa decided to drink.

“Wanna talk about it?” Right then, the door opened and Monica walked in. The gorgeous black woman glanced over them, gaze lingering on the glass Destiny held, yet wasn’t drinking. She greeted them, before retiring to her room.

“Not right now. Thanks,” Hazel said and took a sip, handing it back without a thought, “Not gonna lie, kinda wish you were at work with me.”

“Oh?” Destiny arched a brow and sidled closer.

“Yeah, I could’ve really used a foot rub,” Hazel chuckled, then squealed in laughter when her flats were slipped off with her socks and hands were on her feet, “I was kidding.”

“Were you? Looks like you needed this,” Destiny said, digging into her arches.

“Hmm, yeah. I’ve only got a half-hour for lunch.”

“So?”

“Don’t stop for twenty minutes, please.”

Destiny laughed under her breath and focused on her short roommate’s feet. While they never did anything for her before, they weren’t exactly unattractive either, and she took a weird joy in working between Hazel’s petite toes. Of course, seeing her crush cooing at the massage augmented it many times over. An impulse overcame her while looking up, earning another squeak.

“Did… did you just kiss my foot?” Hazel asked.

“Um… yes?” Destiny wasn’t sure what compelled her to do that. It was an act of pure submission, humiliation even, like licking the boot of an enemy in battle. No, not quite that. She did this willingly, albeit on a random impulse.

“Did you like it?”

Destiny licked her lips, “I think so.”

“Okay, um, just keep going, yeah?”

“Sure.”

She didn’t kiss either foot again. The urge was there, but she refused to act on it. Never a submissive girl, she didn’t plan on starting either. Everything she did for Hazel was guilt and lust, all to alleviate the burdens she’d given her, and to prove she was a good partner. It was basically a long seduction.

That was why she didn’t argue when Hazel told her to kiss her feet. She just wanted to prove she could be all that she wanted, and maybe more if the app hurried and gave her a slot. Even if that required kissing a foot and sucking on a toe. Hazel didn’t tell her to, but it seemed a good opportunity. Then Hazel told her to stop.

“You’re wild,” Hazel said and hesitated a moment before patting her on the head, being the taller one while Destiny remained on the floor, “I should go. Lunch is almost over and I haven’t really eaten anything.”

As she left, Destiny noticed her staggering footsteps, like something troublesome brewed within her. Fuck, she’d only made it worse. No wait, this was good. Bad, but also good. She gave Hazel an erection! This was progress, first an erection, then maybe a kiss, then who knew what would be next. Sex, Destiny thought and moved to the couch, unconsciously spreading her legs. Sex came next.

She needed it now. Not a second later and she was back in her room, on her bed and fucking herself with an imagined Hazel on top. It didn’t last nearly so long as yesterday, but she was no less pleased by the flavourful results. Though the sudden buzz of her phone soured the moment, until she checked the app.

‘New Quest Available - Instant Level Upon Completion!’

That got her attention. While she wasn’t far from another level, the fact all her other quests were public affairs and the dailies only gave a small boost didn’t sit well with her, this could be exactly what she needed. Then she checked the details.

“So, ‘obey everyone for twenty-four hours. Failures to obey will tally up at the end and penalties will be dispatched’, which could mean fucking anything,” Destiny muttered. It shouldn’t be that bad. Hell, she only had a morning shift at work tomorrow, and she could easily seclude herself like before. And whatever Hazel asked of her, she wouldn’t mind. Especially if it went a more sapphic route.

“Let’s do it,” she accepted the quest and a timer appeared, counting down from twenty four hours. Easy, she thought with a grin and relaxed into her cushions. The day was already half gone, then she’d sleep another third away, leaving just her morning shift to deal with and that’d be the end. It seemed like whoever made the app was being generous, or lazy with their challenges.

Regardless, their foolishness was her gain. She could coast by, get that level, hopefully receive that long desired extra slot - every time she opened the app, she was faced with those place-holders, mocking her - and join Hazel in being unique. How unique though? Destiny hadn’t given much thought to what she’d do for herself beyond a few touch ups, which didn’t equate to unique. She needed something big, nigh-unattainable by normal means. This was a supernatural app after all.

Her reverie was interrupted by knocking at her door. Destiny frowned, then remembered that Monica was home. Laughing at herself, and the fact she’d been so enamoured by Hazel that she forgot about the other, stunning woman in her life, she answered. Her other roommate, the one she hadn’t lusted after for years now, was an impressive woman. Well endowed, within reason, not tall but not short either, and with an ass everyone at work lusted after. They had a private chat dedicated to it.

That said, Monica wasn’t one to flaunt it or interact with others outside of work. Hence, Destiny’s surprise at being called on.

“What’s… up?” She finished with a pop of the lips, shock deepening into a bottomless pit that nothing could climb out of.

“We need to have a chat. Come with me.”

“Yeah, sure.” Destiny didn’t even think to question her, that simmering desire in her belly boiling over regardless of the fact this wasn’t Hazel’s ass she followed. From head to toe, her roommate was exposed. Not naked, but her shiny bra was nothing but triangles with strings attached. Lower down, the night-invisible string of a thong wrapped around Monica’s bare hips, while her ass was kept teasingly from view in a pair of leggings just as shiny as her bra. This was a new side Destiny witnessed and one she had no qualms with.

The light was off inside Monica’s room, leaving Destiny with nothing but smell and sound for the moment. It did the trick, however, in finally rousing her back to reality as she heard unfamiliar breathing. It sounded laboured, as if through a barrier or deep breaths from the nose. Her heart jumped in tempo, thumping in her ear and spinning her mind around in circles. Everything came down to a single thought; was Monica going to kill her and someone else?

Her thoughts froze when the lights flicked on and everything came into perspective. No, she wasn’t going be murdered, but that didn’t calm her heartbeat. Monica’s room was a mystery to her and Hazel, particularly since their roommate rarely spent much time at home. They just assumed it was barren, a place for sleeping and nothing more. If Hazel had bet on a BDSM dungeon, she’d likely be much richer.

Everything screamed ‘domination’. Despite it being the smallest of the three bedrooms, the lack of a desk or TV stand made it seem larger, with nothing but a bed at the centre and a tall, slender wardrobe in a corner. The walls were decorated in hooks, from which hung various ornaments of sadistic glee. Paddles, studded and smooth, whips, floggers, cat o’ nine tails, several more that Destiny vaguely recognised from her fling with bondage porn. It just wasn’t her scene.

But clearly Monica couldn’t be any more opposite to her. Just the fact she stood amidst it with the demeanour of a businesswoman in their office spoke volumes. Of course, it was also plain to see that she wasn’t on the receiving end, if the girl tied up on the bed was any indication. Monica gave her a second to take it in.

“So, how long have you been Hazel’s sub?”

“Huh?”

“Not long then,” Monica said and strolled over to the furthest wall, running a finger along the air, waiting for a tool to speak to her, “Gotta admit, it surprised me.”

Destiny realised the misunderstanding and had to quickly correct, “It’s not like that, okay?! I’m just…”

“Shhh,” Monica hushed her and, much as Destiny wanted to keep talking, she had the quest to think about. And something slightly more concerning; when did Monica bring the girl into their home? How long had she been tied up?

She didn’t ask those questions outright, but her thoughts must’ve been obvious, “I brought her here last night. Don’t worry, I only tied her up when I left for work.”

That didn’t necessarily make it better. There was a *stranger* in the apartment and neither she, nor Hazel knew about it. It bordered on a kidnapping. Monica had been at work for over four hours, from eight to twelve-thirty. They must be really thirsty and uncomfortable.

“Slave,” Monica said and the woman on the bed instantly went rigid.

“Yes, Mistress?” The words were muffled from the ball gag in her mouth, however they were clear enough. Whoever she was, she’d had plenty of practice speaking through a such an apparatus.

“Would you like something to drink?”

“Yes, please.”

Monica looked at Destiny, who may as well have been in a dream. Her body had no sensation to it, nothing more than a vassal for her to witness this entire debauched affair, and part of her prayed she’d be left as nothing but a voyeur. The black dominatrix had other ideas.

“Destiny, remove your soggy clothes and straddle this slave’s face.”

“What?!” Destiny squawked, unintentionally, then clapped a hand over mouth, both embarrassed by the noise and the fact she might’ve already gotten a penalty.

“I won’t tell you again. If you think my slave here is against it, then let her convince. You may speak.”

The slave took a deep gulp of unobstructed air, a fair bit of saliva around her lips and on the ball, “Please, Mistress Destiny. Let me lick your pussy so that I may drink the juices.”

“What the fuck is this?” Destiny whispered, locking her knees to try and keep her legs from shaking. She failed. Monica climbed over the bed and the girl on it to stand before the stunned woman. A couple inches smaller than Destiny, she seemed to tower in that moment, like a Goliath to her David.

“I saw you with Hazel. You gave her a foot rub without any real prompting. Then you kissed them. Not even that, you sucked her toes when she told you just to lick. You’re so eager to please. I just want to give you some experience with a real domme.”

“Look, Monica…”

“Mistress!” Monica snapped, arms tensing with obvious intent to correct her.

“M-mistress,” Destiny bit her tongue. Why did this have to happen now? She might already have two penalties on the quest, and they could result in anything. The app might double her own size for each one. Or something far more dreadful, like turning her into nothing but a Chihuahua that her roommates wouldn’t recognise as her. She’d be tossed out, picked up by some wannabe Paris Hilton and pampered to death.

No more Hazel.

“I’ll… do it.”

“That’s better,” Monica said and stepped away, casting a critical eye down to her still on pants. Blushing fiercely, Destiny pulled them down. They were damp, just as her roommate pointed out, with the results of her masturbation obvious in the crotch. And some of the leg. Even then, her pussy was still moist and ready.

She held a hand over her crotch, avoiding Monica’s eyes the best she could. Which wasn’t well. On a normal day, Monica commanded attention, if not respect. Here, in what could only be her element, she demanded both in spades. The confidence she exuded, despite being scantly clad and faced with Destiny’s admittedly hot body, and the naked, bound girl on the bed, saturated the room. Destiny felt she had no real option but to look at her.

“Straddle her face,” Monica said, to which the flustered girl just nodded and placed each knee on either side of the stranger’s face, though keeping her pussy above. They wore a blindfold, so they didn’t know how far away it was, yet her mouth was open. Obediently waiting, “Lower. Push your pussy against her face.”

This wasn’t how a domme should behave. Even Destiny knew trust and boundaries were a big deal in the BDSM scene, yet Monica seemed to give little to no thought to her feelings. It was like something had possessed her. Or she finally hit a limit.

Destiny gasped both from her lips touching warm flesh and her realisation. The pheromones caused this. Her own idiocy led to this situation, if she’d just given it some thought, she’d have realised her pheromones were responsible, not just attracting Hazel to her bit by bit, but also Monica. This might’ve happened sooner if not for Monica’s numerous trysts outside Destiny’s knowledge. But human biology only resisted certain urges for so long.

Now those desires were coming in droves. Monica licked her lips, an unconscious slip from her steely mask.

“Eat her out, slave. Don’t stop until you’re sure she’s cum.”

“Yes, Mistress,” the slave moaned into Destiny’s pussy, which naturally broke her own efforts at stoicism. Remnants of her recent orgasm lingered and were ignited anew by a torrid muscle of sapphic talent, compelling a slew of juices from her depths. Her walls doused themselves instantly and leaked onto the stranger’s tongue. Moans echoed hers and vibrated in her snatch.

And that only started things off. As her pleasure grew, Destiny’s perch raised her level, lips and tongue working in orgasmic harmony to get her to that edge. It felt as though her entire pussy was being worked over by this girl.

Naturally, she couldn’t hold back for long. Destiny fell forward, steadying herself with the stranger’s hips, and came all over their face. Someone she didn’t know, whose hair colour she hadn’t even bothered to notice, was covered in her squirt. She looked to Monica, silently pleading for it to end. Anything more and it was a betrayal of her own wishes.

Hazel was the only partner she wanted. She was the whole reason Destiny humiliated herself in the mall, why she did those daily quests regardless of how she felt, and why she’d gone along with this sordid act. Now it had to end.

“Eat her out.”

Destiny clenched, waiting for the girl to resume, but she didn’t. Why?

“I said,” Monica’s finger tilted Destiny’s ruby cheeks up, “Eat her out.”

Then it finally registered just what she meant.

“No.” Fuck the penalties. Given the apps propensity for sexual effects, it’d probably give her giant nipples or something. She wouldn’t taint her eventual first time with Hazel by tasting anyone else’s sex.

Why couldn’t Monica have come onto her a couple months ago? Some casual sex with a BDSM twist would’ve suited her just fine back then, but now she was laser-focused on the petite futa. All thought died when a hand twisted into her hair, pulling her nose to nose with Monica.

“Eat her out. I won’t give you another warning.”

“Do it yourself,” Destiny spat. Shock fell over her roommate’s face, giving her the only chance she needed to slip away and back to her room. Checking her phone, she saw four penalties tallied up with a little over twenty-three hours to go. Fortunately, Monica didn’t come after her.

And they had work together tomorrow.

“Fuck…”