Destiny and Hazel, sitting in a tree, K-I-S-S-I-N-G… The childish taunt played over in her mind as she took one final look at herself in the bathroom mirror. While nothing had come of it yet, the conversation from a few days ago still weighed on both their minds, as she caught Hazel openly looking at her multiple times, almost as much as she did. Her pheromones worked a treat too, if the frequent moans from Hazel’s room were about her.

That didn’t mean she could relax. Chemical attraction or not, even with their history, Hazel could get anyone, of that Destiny was certain. The internet was rife with women that’d kill for a night with a futa, or a dick at least a foot long. The thing was easily a fifth of her total height.

For that purpose, Destiny would attain a slot for herself and make sure she always had the upper hand. Though she’d be lying if she claimed it wasn’t partly for her own vane desires too. Since finding the app, she looked for and stumbled upon so much obscene erotica, images and stories that featured breasts even bigger than Hazel’s. Truth be told, she wanted to experience them for herself, and maybe boost her ass in the meantime. Other little touch ups would be appreciated of course.

That’s why she was dressed in a pair of booty shorts. Her ass wasn’t anything special on her body, though it still captured a few eyes. In the high-cut shorts, however, it became a beacon for attention with her cheeks showing past the bottom. Below them, she wore a pair of high heels and thigh high fishnets. Combined with her shoulder bag and her top it completed the look.

It could barely be called a top. What was it even covering? She thought and snapped a pic on her new, second-hand phone, since her first had no storage thanks to the app. This might be the only time she wore something so unabashedly slutty. The shirt was also fishnet, covering her arms and torso in large hexagons that didn’t even hide her nipples, but at least framed her boobs well. She couldn’t hide them anyway, since the quest wanted them out.

She checked the app again, making sure this was worth it. Among the many one-time quests she had yet to finish, this was the quickest and most rewarding. Probably not enough to get her another slot, based on how stingy the game had been thus far, but it’d get her close. Her thoughts naturally drifted to the future and how hot it’d be when she had huge curves and Hazel was fucking her.

“Head in the game,” Destiny snapped at her reflection. She’d overworked her makeup, doing her best to appear like some random whore and avoid any recognition. People would record her. Fortunately, her current outfit was either bought just for this, or buried under so much more comfortable clothes. Monica or Hazel wouldn’t suspect her even upon seeing a video.

She bit her lip at the thought of Hazel finding one. Whether or not she recognised her didn’t matter, just knowing that her crush would see her being such a shameless slut pushed her nipples further through the netting. All that separated her from being seen was a piece of wood.

“Be proud, you’re hot,” Destiny said and puffed her chest out. The top still pushed her boobs together, creating a convenient hold for her main phone. She arched her hips like some bimbos would. It forced her to walk with an exaggerated sway, the kind that stole looks from girlfriends, and made it even harder to recognise her. One final check to make sure everything was in place, and satisfied the quest conditions, Destiny finally left her sanctuary.

People milled about in the usual malaise of shopping. Some waddled from the heavy bags at their sides, others made crazed dashes toward a closing down sale, and the rest took note of Destiny. It took a second for the rest to see. Once they did, however, their eyes were locked onto her. She took a deep breath and nonchalantly checked her phone; the quest had begun.

All she had to do was walk around for five minutes and grope herself every thirty seconds. A timer appeared and, once she took her first step, began its countdown. She felt every step like it was in slow motion, from the slight rub of her shorts against her pussy and thighs, to the subtle reverb when her heel clicked against the polished granite. More importantly, her hand on her tit stuck out like a freak bolt of lightning in the night.

Destiny kept her face stoic even as her heels clicked past a group of girls. All were the stereotypical college type, peppy and good looking, enough that she squeezed her breast tighter upon seeing them. They stared back at her, one licked her lips, then the fact this was a one-in-a-thousand experience struck and phones were whipped out. Other shoppers did the same.

Still she walked on. Her shorts couldn’t be worse for walking, as they rode up and sank between her pert cheeks, revealing her lack of panties. Whistles rang out when it was noticed. Destiny stopped groping herself; over four minutes left. Cameras were trained on her from all angles. People saw her brazen outfit in all its glory and, in spite of her embarrassment, she was wet.

Someone even followed behind her, hunched over and arm outstretched. Did they think she was just a slut looking for a thrill? And that meant it was okay to film her like some animal? Destiny ground her teeth. She felt like an exhibit, less than human, just an experience for these people to show and brag about to more, yet it turned her on. She groped herself again, nipple harder than thirty seconds ago. A shiver passed through her crotch.

Maybe if she got the chance, she’d make these people pay somehow. For now, however, she had a simple role to play; a slut that got off on being exposed in public. Families averted their eyes, except the more faithless husbands, and some wives to her amusement. Fortunately, most schools were still in session, so the crowds were comprised mainly of adults or college students. One of the latter of which had taken to walking with her on the other side.

They caught her eye and grinned, then made a beeline to walk beside. Destiny didn’t stop, already a couple minutes into her endeavour. If she stopped now, another attempt would be far trickier. And, truth be told, she didn’t want it to end yet. The fact a pretty, college girl was brazen enough to walk up to her and flat out gawk, did more for her than she ever expected. Destiny bit her lip and squeezed a breast.

“So, what’re you up to?” The girl asked, flicking glossy blonde locks from her face. Her chest had a decent bounce to it as she walked, though not quite the jiggle Destiny had. Were they implants?

“Oh, you know,” Destiny glanced about, knowing so many cameras were on them, some in earshot, “Just going for a walk.”

“Dressed like that? Sure you aren’t looking for more?” Thanks to hours upon hours of porn, Destiny recognised a domme’s tone. While the girl wasn’t as confident as the professionals, she had a hunger in her eyes and voice. She must’ve been with a couple others before, since her stride was confident and she didn’t waver at all.

“I-I’m good,” Destiny said. Submission wasn’t really her thing. She liked giving and receiving equally, though maybe she just hadn’t been with the right woman, not that she was going to chance it with a stranger. Though, if her hopes weren’t set on Hazel, she might’ve taken up the offer. A vibration alerted her that she needed to grope herself. She went the extra mile and pinched a nipple.

“I see… How about I give a hand?” Even in her most cocky state of inebriation, Destiny would never have tried what the girl did, as she laid an open-hand smack on her half-exposed ass. She stumbled, but righted herself and kept moving, “Or maybe another?” The girl’s hand was back, massaging her stung flesh and digging in dangerously far.

Thanks to the situation, Destiny moaned. It really couldn’t helped, between her earlier thoughts of Hazel, the fact people were watching her walk, basically naked from the hips up, and grope herself she was a horny mess. That was her justification, however it wouldn’t hold under scrutiny. The girl could reach into her shorts at that point and she’d welcome it.

What would she find there? Destiny was aroused, undeniably so, but how far was she? She didn’t dare look down, partly in fear of seeing her shorts damp with her juices, though also to keep an eye out for security. Only a minute and thirty seconds left, then she could flee to her car, get dressed, and covertly finger herself while thinking of Hazel’s huge dick. Oh great, now that image was lodged in her mind.

The girl noticed her demeanour change and smirked. She moved her hand between Destiny’s thighs, making use of her faint gap, then pushed up. The temporary exhibitionist jerked as her shorts were pressed into her juicy cunt. It pulled her attention to her crotch, suddenly aware of just how muggy it felt inside the clothes. Her clothes adhered to her ass and sank between the cheeks.

“Wanna finish this? There’re toilets right there,” the girl said and pointed to a sign.

“N-no,” Destiny shook her head. Really, it would’ve been an instant ‘yes’ a few weeks ago before the app, however she was locked onto Hazel. Starting a relationship after a one-night stand just because she was too horny didn’t seem right.

It didn’t make it any easier of course. Each step highlighted more and more how depraved she really was, as the rubbing worsened along her pussy, not just from her blonde helper, but from her own steps. Destiny unconsciously moved her legs closer, thighs met around the girl’s hand, and pushed against her shorts. Only a select few would get off to this and she approached the cusp.

“Thirty seconds left! Get a bonus for doing something outrageous!” Her phone chimed.

“Oh,” the girl’s grin widened and she pulled her hand away, slightly damp, “I see how it is. Well? Are you gonna get that bonus?”

Destiny had no idea what the bonus could be. The app had given her pheromones in exchange for random orgasms, so it didn’t much was beyond its power. Still, she wanted to see what this ‘bonus’ was. At worst, it was just more points or experience toward her next level, and hopefully a slot. This whole situation was already insane, she didn’t know what else would heighten it…

“Fifteen seconds!”

“Fuck it,” Destiny hissed under her breath and unbuttoned her shorts, then shoved them down. Air breezed along her naked, soggy folds, which squished audibly between her legs as she walked. Stars aligned and she kicked them off without breaking her stride, flinging into the face of a awe-stricken girl with a cross around her neck. Perhaps her first experience with same-sex lust and it resulted in soggy shorts in her face. Destiny almost laughed, if the app didn’t cut in.

“Not quite!”

Not quite? Seriously? She was basically naked in the mall with juices trailing down her thigh. Swallowing her shame, an embarrassingly simple task, she groped herself with one hand and pushed the other past her lips.

“Time’s up! Bonus achieved!”

Destiny sighed and was prepared to make a break for it, when a rapid tension consumed her. She froze in place, head craned back and teeth grit, while she tried denying a whorish moan from escaping her lips. An impossible task after such a strenuous build up. Not to mention, every orgasm the app forced on her was on par with the best of her life.

“Oh fuck!” She finally groaned, loud enough for every phone in the vicinity to hear, while her inner walls trembled and clenched. A limp stream of cum ran down her thighs and soaked into her fishnet stockings. She stood in place, feet planted awkwardly to keep her upright, while the aftermath faded.

“You’re so my type, here,” the blonde girl slipped a piece of paper into her net top, “Call me if you and your current domme don’t work out.”

“She’s not my… fine, whatever,” Destiny said and took off her heels. Cops still hadn’t showed up, though she wasn’t about to try running in such things. Her feet sang her praises at that freedom, then hissed at the cold floor below. She ignored it all and hurried back to her car. Eyes still followed, but after the abrupt orgasm, most thought the show was over. One girl did catch her eye, that being the obvious religious girl with her shorts, which she now sniffed them in frenzied confusion. Destiny smiled at her, knowing the next few weeks would be tough on her.

Discovering one’s sexuality was never easy. Something that should be simple as having a proclivity toward both sexes seemed a massive leap for those held taut in others’ ideas. Of course, it was also the fear. Destiny couldn’t imagine what exactly went through that girl’s mind, only a semblance of it from her own experience. She wanted to go and talk with her, assure her that people would accept her in time, but time was not on her side.

With the show over, some ‘kind-hearted’ guy decided now was the time to alert security. Destiny sprinted from the scene of her lurid crime, leaving only a small pool of her juices to be cleaned up. To her relief, some people cheered her on and even meandered into the mall cop’s path, allowing her a clean opening to her car. Once there, she pulled on a proper shirt and some backup pants, then sped away.

“I can’t believe I did that,” Destiny gasped once she was parked back at home. The adrenaline hadn’t dwindled the whole drive over, but now it crashed as her high strung muscles loosened, leaving her as nothing but a pool of jelly in her vehicle. Without fear to distract from it, her pussy throbbed between her legs, hot and wet from the orgasm and residual thrill.

“Never doing that again,” she groaned into her wheel and took deep breaths. Better check the app, she thought and brought out her phone. A congratulations screen greeted her, then transitioned to a chest for her to click on. It opened to reveal a dildo. She barked in laughter at the relatively plain bonus.

“What, not gonna give me a dragon dick for my outrageousness?” The dildo filled her screen and, as she looked it over, found the render incredibly realistic. If the actual toy was like that, she could almost believe it was a proper cock, and a familiar one at that… where had she seen it? Then it clicked, “Wait, that’s Hazel’s dick!”

She brought up her roommate’s avatar and looked between the pictures. It really was! Every little detail was recreated, from the most unassuming vein, to the fat balls at its base. She clicked an ellipses on the dildo, finding a set of stats. The character creator was thorough, however it didn’t offer a proper stat screen, only let her enjoy the sheer majesty of her friend. Now she had a full idea just how big she’d made Hazel.

Thirteen whole inches of length, along with three inches in diameter. Few men on earth even compared, not many animals did either, less so as she looked over the testicles; also three inches wide. A quick Google search and she found that made them a bit larger than baseballs. A feasible twitch echoed from her pussy up her spine at the information.

But was it really enough? Yes, she didn’t have any real love for dick, but if she was going to be with one, then why settle for something mostly grounded in reality. Besides, thirteen was an unlucky number. Better off making it fifteen, nice and round, just overall pleasing. Destiny licked her lips as she dumped some more points, not many but enough to add a couple inches, into her romantic interest.

To her surprise, the dildo also grew. Was it meant to be an exact recreation at any given time?

“I guess I can wait a bit longer for her with this thing,” Destiny said, “When’s it gonna show up anyway?”

She mulled over the possibility of it dropping from the sky as she returned to her apartment. A wad of cleaning wipes were in hand, many already dirty from removing her over-abundance of makeup. With the extra reward, her little humiliation and undoubted internet fame, albeit with her identity unknown, was more than worthwhile. Even her continued dampness couldn’t upset her current mood.

The door was open when she returned. Hazel sat on the couch, knees against her stunning chest, TV on, but clearly not the focus of her mind. Her face was set in stone, though it only made it easier to see the gears turning in her head and the worry in her reddened eyes. Something happened. Destiny checked herself, making sure her arousal and fishnet top didn’t show, then sat beside her.

“What’s wrong?”

“Roy and I broke up,” Hazel said flatly.

“Oh shit. Sorry,” Destiny said and meant it, despite her glee at knowing she was single, “How’re you holding up?”

“Not bad, I guess,” Hazel shrugged, “I sort of initiated the whole thing. Every time we saw each other, he kept looking at my crotch like it was a cobra or something. I called him out on it of course, but that just brought up the whole ‘are you getting rid of it’ thing. Like it suddenly was too much for him. We’ve banged for fuck’s sake.”

“Like last night. I was at his place, we were getting into it. I got hard, like, obviously that’d happen, and he freaked out when it touched him. Honestly, I don’t mind if he doesn’t wanna touch it or something, but he went into this whole rant about it. And me.”

Her voice and eyes dropped. She pulled her knees in tighter, like a security blanket.

“He called me a freak,” Hazel said, though it was clear he’d gone much further than that, “I left after that. He called me this morning, trying to apologise, saying I was still hot and he could deal with my *thing*. Deal with it? The *thing* is bigger than my fucking arm. So I told him, either treat it like he does the rest of me, or that’s it. He said he would. He came over. He pulled it out and… I don’t know, he just flipped.”

Destiny didn’t know what to say. Breakups weren’t her speciality, most relationships only lasted a few months for her, the few that went longer were already casual and didn’t mean much when it ended. Lacking words, she wrapped an arm around her friend and pulled her in. No ulterior motive. She just wanted to comfort her.

“I shot back,” Hazel said, leaning into her, “Called him a ‘tiny-dicked loser that was scared of a real cock’. I mean, I’m fifteen inches, it’s not exactly a fair comparison, but it did the trick. We got into a fight. I actually cock-slapped him a few times.”

“What?” Destiny couldn’t hold in a chuckle, “Sorry, I shouldn’t laugh.”

“No, no, it’s cool. You should’ve seen his face. Anyway, after that, he said we were through. I agreed. Honestly, I’m kind of glad it’s over. Now I can find someone that can accept me. All of me.”

“They’ll be the luckiest fucker on earth,” Destiny said.

“Thanks,” Hazel grinned up at her and leaned into her chest more, “It’s just so weird though. We’ve been going out for ages, I thought he was cool with it.”

“He was probably ignoring it for everything else. Can’t blame him. You’re a great person.”

“Thought you were gonna mention my boobs.”

“They’re awesome too, but you’re what makes them great. If I wanted big titties, I’d hang around some plastic surgeon’s office,” Destiny said.

“God, I can’t imagine having implants. Unless they’re lighter than the real thing?”

“Don’t think so.”

“Then fuck ‘em. These are heavy enough as is,” Hazel rolled her shoulders with a groan, “At least now I’ll have more free time to go to the gym. My back’s killing me lately.”

“Is it that tough?” Destiny asked. Her own chest was large, but not beyond what most people considered the sweet spot, and while they weighed on her times, she could handle it well enough with the right bra.

“Well, and I’m not flirting or anything, but just feel one,” Hazel sat up and lifted a breast. Destiny gulped and held out a hand, then grunted as the boob dropped into her palm, “See?”

“Yeah, fuck that’s heavy.”

“It gets worse down below. Feels like I’m lugging around a log sometimes,” Hazel didn’t move.

“Um, I could always hold the other one if that helps?”

“That’s probably not… nah, fuck it. Here.” Much as she wanted to, she didn’t squeeze. Destiny had a job at that moment, to be supportive both emotionally and physically. It didn’t stop her from savouring the heat and squish that devoured her hands.

“Guess it’s worse for you, being so small.”

“Call me small again and these things will smother you,” Hazel warned with a smile, “Not gonna lie, it sucks. I’ve thought about reductions, but it just seems so… mean to myself, I guess? Like, they’re a pain, but my boobs are hot. And my dick is probably the biggest in human history, so I’m kinda proud of it, you know?”

“Yeah. Well, I mean, if you’d like I can help you out.”

“How so?” Hazel arched a brow, almost expectant.

“Well, uh, like going shopping with you, or doing the cooking and cleaning so you aren’t on your feet all the time. Maybe… this too?” Destiny nodded to her current position as her roommate’s personal bra.

“You know, much as it annoys me, I’d like that. Makes me feel all pampered like a prince or princess.”

“I’ve, um, got stuff to do, so I’ll see you later.”

“See you… slave.” Hazel said it jokingly, even giggled afterwards and enthused that she was kidding, but it reverberated in Destiny’s head. She had basically offered to be her roommate’s servant.

In her room, she found a plain brown box on her bed and inside was the dildo of her dreams. Fifteen whole inches for her pussy, each millimetre shaped flawlessly after Hazel’s own member. It came with lube, though she left it alone for a moment as she studied the rubber tool, then licked at the purple tip. Maybe one day, she’d serve Hazel in this way too?