The Sexual (mis)Adventures of Danielle

The mall was swamped, flooded by families doing their last minute back to school shopping, the new school year just around the corner, and already it dragged the life from the children, who whinged and moaned about going back. Many claimed they still had things to do, but their parents knew better. Most of the summer was spent playing video games or going out with friends. Nothing productive like practicing a skill.

Though Danielle couldn’t judge. She had spent the past two months on her computer, playing any horror game that caught her attention, or talking with her friends on the phone, since they went away for the summer. Several people had invited her to parties or to just hang out, most were strangers, people who saw her walking down the street and decided she was their friend. America was a strange place indeed.

Even after living there for six years, she was caught off-guard by some of their attitudes. The noise, for one. Strolling through the mall, she was bombarded by the shouts and unfettered conversations of passers-by, and more than a few whistles aimed in her direction. Did they think she was a dog?

Impossible. She walked on two legs, just like everyone else, spoke English – though some words still gave her trouble – and ate with cutlery. Maybe they were visually impaired, she thought and headed into a clothes store, the reason for her outing that day. The pocket and crotch of her jeans bulged with her wallet, full to bursting with her birthday money, most of which would fall today for a valiant cause, and her unusual endowment.

Her shirts were all too tight now, as were her bras. Her pants and skirts were snug, but not uncomfortable, though she doubted it would last. Last week, following her birthday, her body decided a growth spurt was in order. Danielle kept her breaths short and shallow, afraid for her shirts integrity.

The store was massive. Racks upon racks of clothes lined the floor, with the walls sporting even more options, though she doubted most would suit her. Unlike the Americans around her, Danielle had a tall, svelte frame that overflowed with her curves. It made shopping difficult, finding the right clothes that fit over her sleek shoulders, but wouldn’t constrict or tear around her bosom. Bras were even worse.

Danielle decided against searching for anything herself and approached an employee.

“Hi. Could you help me?” Danielle asked. The employee turned, head tilted down as she checked a shirt’s condition.

“Certainly,” they looked up now. Her name tag, attached to a purple vest over her fashionable dress shirt, read ‘Joan’. Joan’s eyes travelled across Danielle’s body, head to toe, and she gulped, then recovered, “What’re you after?”

“Well,” Danielle thought for a moment, making sure she had the words correct before she spoke, “I need a new bra. And a measurement. Also some shirts and pants.”

“Okay, there’s a changing room over there,” Joan gestured to a set of doors a few feet away, “I’ll be right back to take your measurements.” Her voice lost its power on the final word and her cheeks were flushed. The store wasn’t hot, it was quite cool in fact, but Danielle guessed the summer heat was taking its toll on the woman. She smiled and thanked her, then headed into the changing rooms, where she stripped.

A deep sigh escaped her lips as she unclipped her bra. The band size was perfect, but the cups suffocated and smothered her breasts, like a bear hug from a bodybuilder limited to her chest. She tucked a lock behind her ear and glanced to the mirror. It wasn’t simply that her clothes felt tighter, the changes in her shape were visible from just a few days ago.

From the way her boobs teetered at the bottom of her ribs, to the flare of her hips. Even her penis was bigger than when she last checked. Her underwear strained against its size, the crotch pulled taut and the band was forced away from her waist to let her glimpse the base. She slid them off with another sigh. Her phallus slapped against her thighs as it tumbled into freedom.

“Sorry for the wait,” Joan said, entering the room, “Oh my god…”

“Hmm?” Danielle turned to face her. The woman’s face was slack, her lips parted as harsh breaths rasped between them, and her eyes were locked down. Danielle shrugged, “Thanks. I really need to get a better bra.”

“I’d bet,” Joan murmured and shook her head, “Sorry. Let’s start?”

The measurements took longer than Danielle would’ve liked. Joan kept making mistakes. Her hands slipped and rubbed against a nipple, so she had to readjust the tape, or she wouldn’t pull it tight enough, all things a professional wouldn’t do. Perhaps she was new, Danielle thought and waited, hopeful that she would improve. The prospect dimmed when Joan got to her hips. She kept pausing and staring at the phallus, which hung halfway to Danielle’s knees. Didn’t men have them as well?

“Um, I need to touch it. To get a better measurement, I mean.”

Danielle shrugged, “Go ahead.” Why did she need to give permission? It was part of the job, so surely Joan would have gone ahead without issue. The employee raised it in her hand and stared, lips slightly parted. She gulped and was silent, off in her own world. It took a gentle poke to bring her back.

“Oh? Sorry about that,” Joan said and released the phallus, “I think we’ve got some stock that’ll fit. I’ll go check.” She left, though not without a final glance to Danielle, who shrugged and sat down to wait.

This had always happened. For some reason, anyone who saw her naked, whether by accident or profession, seemed captivated by her. She could understand if she was a celebrity, or if she had some freakish birth defect. All she had was a large bosom and a penis, albeit both were a step above the average even here in America. In Sweden, she was famous for it among her many slim peers. It almost got her in trouble, though she still didn’t comprehend why exactly.

Her teacher had kept her back one day and they were talking. Then her teacher started stripping, revealing her body. It was a hot day for Sweden, and the school heating was on full. She was pretty, like most women Danielle remembered from home, and always smiling. She wanted to see Danielle naked too. Why not? Then another teacher walked in and it turned into insanity.

One moment, she was going to school, and the next, she was on a plane going to America with her family at twelve-years-old. Danielle didn’t resent them for it. She’d made friends, improved her English and even found that the culture wasn’t as obnoxious as she had feared. But it would be nice to go back and visit someday, nothing she’d encountered here replaced that sense of unknown she felt walking around a country that wasn’t her own. Instead, she was one of the few girls she knew with naturally bright blonde, almost white hair and sleek shoulders. Everyone kept dying theirs to a rainbow of colours that it became a nightmare to keep up.

A voice broke her reverie, “Hello?”

“Hmm?”

“Sorry to, like, bug you, but, like, I saw you looking at clothes and thought, like, I could totally help.”

It was a Bimbo. The voice gave them away, young teens and Bimbos used ‘like’ so often, even Danielle could recognise them. It didn’t hurt that a friend was one, though she sometimes slipped up. Bimbos weren’t brain damaged or drugged, they were people, some more intelligent than nerds and geeks who prided themselves for smarts. It was more a lifestyle.

“Sure, I guess,” Danielle answered and the Bimbo stepped in. She was a sight. Just because it was an act and lifestyle, didn’t mean they held back on the expenses. This one had dyed hair in a mimicry of Danielle platinum locks, large lips painted a glossy red, a shirt cut down to her navel that streamed over her enormous implants like paint, and her mini-skirt left entire inches of her rear hanging out. She also wore a pair of high-heels. In one hand, she held several clothes and a purse in the other.

“Hey baby!” She cheered as if meeting an old friend and set the clothes down, bending over to present her too-firm butt and offer a hint at her naked privates. Danielle smiled back. It was impossible not to when the Bimbo offered such a jovial smirk, “Wow, you’re, like, really hot. Who’s your doctor?”

“Mallory Preston,” Danielle answered, frowning at the odd question, then chuckled, “Oh, you mean plastic surgeon? I don’t have one.”

“Awesome,” the Bimbo beamed at her answer, gawking at Danielle as if she were a priceless idol found after being lost for millennia. She supposed it was true to an extent. So many people got plastic surgery that it was considered strange to be natural, more so when your endowments surpassed most implants. “It’s a shame you have to, like, wear clothes. If I were you, I’d totally walk around nude all the time.”

“It’s against the law though.”

“I know,” the Bimbo sighed and pouted, “Anyway, I’m here to, like, help you find some super cute clothes to wear. Name’s Bethany Shade, at your service.” She winked and giggled.

“Danielle Olsen,” Danielle said and extended a hand. There must have been a misunderstanding, as Bethany didn’t take her hand, not conventionally. Instead, she grabbed the wrist and brought it to her breast. It was firmer than her own, and yielded only enough to get a decent squeeze, and much bigger, by at least three or four inches. Danielle frowned but didn’t let go. Perhaps this was how Bimbos shook hands. She shrugged and brought the other into action, squeezing Bethany’s untouched boob in greeting.

“Nice to meet you,” Bethany said. Her voice was lower now, a gentle husk as if she were coming down with a cold. Danielle glanced at her in concern.

“Are you alright?” The Bimbo’s face was flushed too.

“Yeah, it just feels nice when someone plays with my boobies is all,” Bethany explained and stepped closer, forcing Danielle’s hands deeper.

“Really?” Danielle asked. She’d touched her own bust a lot while wrestling it into her bras, but it never felt all that good, though she couldn’t call it unpleasant. Everyone’s different, she thought and let go.

“Aww,” Bethany pouted, “Like, keep going, babe. I’ll, like, totally return the favour.”

“I’m fine,” Danielle said, satisfied with greeting the Bimbo, and looked at the clothes she’d brought in, “So, what do you think will look good on me?” Bimbos were fashion conscious, more so than others. They had to be. How else would they know what complimented their obscene curves so well?

Bethany sighed and rummaged through, then pulled out a pink, low-cut shirt. It was plain, save for the two stars on each side. Danielle tried it on. The material was soft on her skin, like her mother’s touch, and the price wasn’t bad either. She stood and examined herself in the mirror. Her bust distorted the stars, causing them to frame her chest, almost like targets. But it looked good.

“What do you think?” Danielle asked.

“Great,” Bethany said, eyes far from Danielle’s own, “Here, try this next.”

Shirt after shirt adorned Danielle’s body, each one followed a similar theme as the first, with some pattern or addition framing her bosom. A few seemed to point downward for some reason. She didn’t mind. It was the price of having such a large chest, and if Bethany thought they looked good on her, then she had no reason to doubt her. Then came the pants. This posed a challenge.

Most were shorts or skinny jeans, designed to cover but also show off a woman’s curves. Not a penis. Danielle yanked a set on and came to a stop at her groin. It wouldn’t fit around her phallus.

“I don’t think this’ll work,” Danielle said and sighed.

“Why not?” Bethany queried and inspected Danielle’s hips. They weren’t the problem, so it was the penis, “Oh, almost forgot about that. Silly me. Hmm… try these.” She handed her a set of shorts that widened as they went down, designed hug the rear but allow free airflow.

They fit. Barely. Danielle took them off to let her crotch breath, “Not quite.”

“Shame. Damn, you’re not even erect, are you?” Bethany asked, though she seemed to speak more to herself than Danielle.

“No?” Danielle frowned at the odd question. She technically was erect. Her back was straight, shoulders squared and legs level, but she suspected Bethany didn’t refer to her posture. Then what?

Bethany licked her lips and gently pushed Danielle to the bench, until she was sat, looking up at the Bimbo in confusion, “Up for some fun, babe?”

“I guess so.”

“Good,” Bethany unclipped her skirt and let it fall, then sank to her haunches before Danielle, “Just sit still and let me handle everything, ‘kay? I promise you’ll enjoy this.”

“Enjoy what?”

Bethany didn’t reply. Her long lashes fluttered as she reached toward Danielle, parted her legs and grabbed her penis. She, then, leaned in close and opened her overly full lips. Before Danielle could guess her intent, the Bimbo took her penis in her mouth, earning a startled yelp.

What was this? Danielle wondered as the Bimbo slid lower, taking more of her penis. What was she doing? Bethany came to a stop with every inch past her lips, then slid back and down once more. She repeated it again and again. A strange sensation pushed a quiver down Danielle’s body. She widened the spread of her thighs in response and slouched. Why did it feel good?

Bethany shot her a smirk around her penis and started to stroke it with a hand. The sensation worsened. Danielle watched, fascinated and perturbed, as her phallus swelled bigger and bigger, until it was at least twice its former size. The Bimbo came free with a loud pop of her lips. A ring of red was around Danielle’s groin.

“Oh my god, you’re so huge,” Bethany said. The husk in her voice was back, stronger than ever. Danielle almost offered her a lozenge, but remained quiet. Whatever this was, she didn’t think stopping it would be wise. Though what would a Bimbo do? She’d never heard of one being violent before, but Bethany seemed intent on doing… whatever it was she was doing.

“Okay,” Danielle said.

“Don’t worry,” Bethany said and stroked Danielle’s spit covered penis, from the base to its broad crown, which had turned a deep purple. She leaned in close and licked the bottom, moaning as she did so. Was she sick? No, she seemed fine, despite her flushed face and hoarse voice, and the fact her lower body was shaking. Bethany raised her other hand, which was covered in fluid. She licked it clean, “Hmm, love the taste of pussy.”

“What?”

Bethany didn’t seem to hear her. She moved back in, breath heavy and hot against Danielle’s phallus, which twitched against the breeze. It rose from her crotch and swelled around the middle, then thinned at the head, rigid as a marble pillar. Bethany’s lips returned to it and kissed, as if they were lovers in a romance novel, while her tongue fluttered against the crown, then swallowed it once more.

Danielle gasped and curled her fingers around the bench. What was happening? She didn’t know. This Bimbo was trying to eat her, it seemed, except her tongue was moving as if licking at an oversized lollipop, and her teeth weren’t biting. Not to mention how good it felt as Bethany bobbed to and fro. Whatever it was, Danielle wanted to see it through to the end. She wasn’t sure she had the power to make it stop anyway.

Bethany brought her hands into play. One wrapped around Danielle’s slimy length and the other dove for beneath her balls. The Bimbo’s large eyes widened as her fingers brushed against Danielle’s other genitals. She came free and gazed at the foreign woman.

“You’re a futanari?”

“A what?” Danielle asked. She was a hermaphrodite, or that’s what her doctor called it, someone with both sets of genitals. Extraordinarily rare, she was told.

“You know, a herm.”

“You mean hermaphrodite?”

“Yeah, that’s it. Like, I’ve never met one before and, oh my god, you’re hotter than I thought you’d be.”

“I’m not that warm, though,” Danielle said. It was partly a lie. Her skin had a fine film of sweat, almost invisible, and the room had turned stifling. She was glad to be naked. Not to mention the odd scent that permeated the slight space. Danielle couldn’t place what it was. It had a spicy note, but also sweet, and almost clean, sterile, like a cleaning solution. But that couldn’t be it.

“Oh, this is gonna be fun,” Bethany giggled and straddled Danielle over the bench. Fun? It did feel good, even as her penis twitched in the open air, cool against all the slobber spread across it. So it was a game, she thought and shrugged. It certainly seemed that way. Bethany had accomplished a goal of some sort, now she was moving onto her new objective. Though Danielle wished she knew what the game was so she could participate, but Bethany hadn’t done anything she hadn’t enjoyed yet. Might as well let her play.

Something hotter than the Bimbo’s mouth kissed Danielle’s member. Moisture dribbled down its length, thick and heavy. Bethany gyrated her broad hips, inflated lips pursed together in a coo of delight, before parting in a wide circle as she descended. It was tighter than her mouth and so much wetter, like what Danielle had heard of dank caves in horror stories.

They stretched on forever and the walls dripped with moisture, while the air was thick and heavy with it. Everything would soon be coated as well. And her penis was trapped inside one. It climbed higher and higher, deeper into the sweltering cave, deeper into the trap, from which she doubted there was escape.

But it was amazing. Constrictive walls parted around her like an army before its king, then enclosed her in protective coils. They throbbed asynchronously from her heart, as if answering the pulsations of her phallus. Bethany sank lower, every inch her huge rear dropped was another detonation of pleasure. Then it stopped.

Danielle cracked open an eyelid, shut as she struggled to process the new sensations, and saw that Bethany was flush against her lap. The Bimbo leaned forward, pressing her fake breasts into Danielle’s natural set, and breathed upon her face. She was hot, as if burning up with a fever, and her breaths came in short, raspy gusts.

“Fuck me,” Bethany said.

Danielle frowned, certain she had heard another language before ‘me’.

The Bimbo realised this, “You’ve… oh wow,” Bethany giggled. The sound reverberated through her body, down into her privates, now spread around Danielle’s shaft, “Sweetie, never change, okay?”

“Okay?” Danielle’s frown wavered as she was bombarded with pleasure. Bethany’s hips hadn’t stopped moving, grinding into her crotch like the skilled hands of a masseuse.

“Now, sit still and brace yourself. This is the best part of the game.”

“So it is a game?”

“The best kind,” Bethany giggled, as if it was an inside joke, then she pushed herself up. The friction of her insides against Danielle’s member crashed upon her, as if she were in the ocean on a stormy day. Once a wave took her, she couldn’t recover as more came and kept her under. She didn’t want to breach the surface, however.

Whatever game this was, whatever this Bimbo meant by ‘fuck’, whatever the reasons, this felt amazing. Her brain fired across her every nerve. They twitched and jerked in response, inadvertently pushing her hips up and her penis into Bethany. It was even better when she did that, but the Bimbo told her to stay still. A part of the game, she assumed. So she did, even as she wished for something else that she couldn’t put into words. Whether English or Swedish.

It was a kind of emptiness. Like something within her wanted to be filled. She gazed down at the Bimbo’s hips, their movements hypnotic as their owner moaned and giggled and said strange words, to where their bodies met and the flush of pink that was Bethany’s vagina. It was almost white from the strain of taking Danielle’s girth. A subtle ache peered into the pleasure. Did she want that too?

Danielle looked to the Bimbo’s eyes. Something passed between them. Perhaps the game helped, or maybe it was just obvious to Bethany, but she nodded and leaned away, arching her back and pronouncing her breasts all the more. A hand found Danielle’s testicles, fondled and worked the extravagant amount of spit and other fluids into them, then moved beyond. To her own feminine sex.

“Oh gosh! That’s… whoa!” Danielle moaned and bucked her hips, offering her vagina to the skilled fingertips tracing across them. She yelped when two slid inside, much as her penis was doing now, but they weren’t that thick, they were small, dainty, yet seemed huge against her insides. Was this how Bethany felt?

No, couldn’t be. She only had the one source, where Danielle had two. Two amazing sources, each as potent as the other. Alien explosions of bliss rocked her, greater even than the taste of the finest, most decadent chocolate cake she’d tasted, as Bethany worked her hips and hand.

“I… this… gosh, it’s so…” Danielle stumbled over her words, voice trailing off into a series of ‘gosh’, each higher than the last. Something was building. Something incredible. Something that would shame her current pleasure. Something huge.

Whatever pleasure this was, it seemed Bethany beat her to it as the Bimbo cried out and froze, though her insides kept working. Danielle was enraptured in her pleasure now, her earlier instruction lost. She moved her hips when Bethany stopped. It was an awkward motion, but the pleasure made it worthwhile. Then Bethany recovered and stopped her.

“Hold it. Can’t have you cumming inside me.”

Danielle ignored the strange word and whined, like a child whose candy bar was taken from her.

“Don’t worry. I’ll finish you,” Bethany giggled, though the once vibrant sound was now breathless, “Just you wait.” She stood, extracting herself from Danielle to a deep moan from both, then sank back to her haunches. She pressed her breasts together and raised them over Danielle’s shaft, before she slid down it, enveloping it in the firm valley of her bosom. It wasn’t nearly as nice as her mouth or vagina, but Danielle would take it.

Then Bethany started moving. The drier climate offered a new friction, one that both pleasured and captivated Danielle as she watched the Bimbo work. It gave her an odd sense of delight as the crown and shaft of her member crested Bethany’s implants.

“So, you like fucking my titties?”

“What?”

“You’re adorable,” Bethany giggled and leaned down. Her mouth opened once more and caught Danielle’s head, kissing and licking it. Something thick and slimy burst forth in a microcosm of bliss. It splashed Bethany’s face and streaked down her cheeks. She caught it on her fingers and licked it clean. How filthy! Yet, Danielle enjoyed the sight of this Bimbo cleaning herself of something that came from her penis of all places.

Bethany returned to the head, even as she kept sliding her breasts up and down. More of that slime burst free, and covered the mounds. They slid faster and faster, working to a fever pitch. Danielle moaned louder and higher, while the Bimbo enunciated her suckling noises, as if slurping up a slushy.

“Oh gosh! Oh gosh! Oh gosh! AH!” Danielle cried out as her world collapsed in on itself, enveloping her in a reality where only her bliss existed. It was bright, a blinding light that eclipsed all others, then it exploded. The changing rooms came back into focus, swayed and dimmed as her eyes rolled back. Something hot and heavy, like lava, was spraying from her penis. It forced the tiny slit up top to expand for its exit.

Faint howls echoed in the space, as if a wild wolf had joined them. But there was none that she could tell. It was just her and Bethany, who was busy saying more, strange words and cooing as if to coax something from a baby. The howls were Danielle’s.

“Jesus Christ, Danni!” Bethany said after an indeterminate time. The sense of ecstasy had passed. Now the world was focused once more. Her mind was still a mess of unknown sensations, but it was clearing.

“Wow,” Danielle said. She was slouched against the wall. She righted herself and stared at Bethany. The Bimbo’s subtle tan was painted an off-white tone across her face and chest, especially the latter. The paint was thicker than any Danielle had seen, better compared to paper mâché. Bethany was busy massaging the viscous sludge into her skin, leaving a murky sheen behind that somehow made her even prettier.

“I’ll say. That was, like, the best cum I’ve seen! And I thought I got a lot out of it,” Bethany giggled as she gathered some and shovelled it into her mouth, moaning as she swallowed. The fluid was so thick it took some tries to get it down properly, “Delicious too.”

“Where’d all this come from?” Danielle asked, gawking at the mess on her companion.

“Wow… you really don’t know anything about sex, do you.” Bethany stated, her shock overriding her Bimbo speech.

“I know about penises and vaginas,” Daniele defended.

“But do you know how they procreate?” Bethany asked.

“That’s for moms and dads to know,” Danielle said.

“Were you home-schooled?”

“For Sexual Education, I was.”

“Oh, that explains so much,” Bethany cleared her throat and resumed her bubbly Bimbo voice, “Anyway, like, that was great! Give me call if you’re in the area, we’ll, like, hook up! And we *totally* need to.” She handed Danielle a slip of paper with a phone number on it.

“I guess so.”

“Great! Like, I gotta go meet some friends, but I’ll, like, see you see soon, ‘kay?”

With that, the Bimbo was gone, uncaring about the mess on her body and leaving Danielle to puzzle over what happened. She’d need to ask her parents about it. She pushed the thought from her mind and looked down at her penis. It wasn’t soft as she was accustomed, but it wasn’t the pillar she’d seen before. As she stared, it slowly dwindled back to its usual state, covered in drying spit and other fluids. She needed a shower later.

Moments later, Joan returned with a set of bras and clothes in hands, “Here we are! Sorry it took so long, it was a nightmare finding underwear for you.”

“Don’t worry,” Danielle said and took the first bra, eager to resume her original goal in going out that day. She tried it on, “Um, are you sure this is my size? It’s pretty tight.”

“Should be,” Joan said and inspected the tag, “Yep, 32M. Might be the brand. Here, try this one. Most of our larger customers recommend it.”

Danielle did so and found the same problem.

“Hmm,” Joan frowned and set the clothes down. She took her tape measure again, “Let me remeasure you.” She did, “I must’ve made a mistake, sorry. 32N. Good thing I prepared for that. Here.”

“Much better,” Danielle sighed. She tried on the others, and the clothes. She didn’t care what she bought, though her parents always asked she buy more concealing garments if possible. It didn’t make a difference. Everything in America was revealing in some way. Either the necks were cut low, or the tops stopped above the hips. And everything was tight. What was considered baggy still showed off someone’s curves. No matter how slight.

She sorted through her favourites, aware that she had a budget, and Joan took the rejects away. With everything sorted, Danielle put her old clothes back on, though she left the bra alone. If the M cup was too small now, then the measly K would be torture. She left the changing room and stretched, glad to have such open space after being confined for so long. She glanced out from the store and spotted a familiar figure strutting by. It was Bethany, her shirt was stuck to her chest, though no one said anything. And she was surrounded by other Bimbos.

Part of Danielle wanted to join them, to see if they also knew Bethany’s game. How would that feel with so many of them?

“Ma’am?” Joan broke her thought.

“Sorry. I’ll buy these.”

“Follow me to the till then,” Joan said and lead her away, though Danielle stole glimpses at the gaggle of bimbos. They were the object of every man’s eyes, and several women’s, and one hermaphrodite. Or futanari as Bethany had called her. She liked the sound of that; futanari. It had a better ring than hermaphrodite.

And if a Bimbo used it, then it must be a common term. No one would think twice if that was how she explained it. Danielle muttered the word under her breath, testing how it felt on her lips and tongue. It was strange, but she would adjust.

“Okay, that will be $120. But, since I made that mistake, I’ll knock off ten percent for you,” Joan said, eyelashes fluttering. Did she have allergies?

“Gosh, that’s great. Thank you,” Danielle said. She meant it. Her family were in the upper middle-class, but that didn’t mean money flowed into her hands as she wished. Her allowance was minimal, with bonuses if she did a chore or two, and her parents rarely brought her surprise gifts. Christmases and Birthdays were an exception. They splurged on her for each event, whether it was a huge sum of money in a card, or dozens of presents. But she knew not to spend every cent quickly.

She needed to keep some saved up for the plethora of horror games coming out in the coming months. Hopefully, her body was done with its random growth spurt. Her video game budget would weep if she was forced to buy another wardrobe in the same year.

Danielle paid in cash and went about helping Joan bag the items. The employee paused as their faces came close together, almost as close as Bethany’s had been in the changing room.

“Um, you’ve got something, here,” Joan pointed to her face. Danielle touched the opposite side, “I’ll get it.” Joan said and leaned in. She extended her tongue and licked something from Danielle’s face. She came back and revealed a glob of white, the same stuff that had been, and still was, plastered on Bethany’s face and body. Joan swallowed it with a soft groan of delight.

“Thanks. Have nice a day,” Danielle said and took her new clothes. She wiped at the spit left behind and realised how sweaty she was. A shower was absolutely in order when she got home.