Daily quests were done. Destiny checked her total points, just shy of a hundred, a little more and she’d dump them on all onto Hazel. The first batch she spent on her produced mixed results, in that her friend epitomised her fantasies, while also taunting her with what she longed for, yet couldn’t have. Either because she came on too early, or because Hazel just wasn’t into her. Either way, she had this app and she was going to use it.

A notification popped up; one more quest to level up. She bit her lip. In the past week, she’d performed all the safe, one-time quests to amass points, but now all that remained involved outside interaction. They went in order of what it deemed hardest, with the first one being to masturbate in a public place, while at least three people were in a hundred-metre radius. She still had time before work and not many people would be at the local park, maybe it was worthwhile.

After all, she only needed the one more. The app didn’t tell her what level she needed to be, but there were other ‘character’ slots locked to her, which meant she could change herself too. For all she knew, Hazel shared some of her niche tastes and those were all she lacked.

“Fuck it,” Hazel grumbled and grabbed her coat.

The apartment building was close to a park. Not the best maintained, but well enough for families to come on weekends and hang out. A few homeless people slept there, though they cleared out in the day, either to hunt for jobs or just to keep moving. Some were still sleeping when she got there and sat on an open bench. The quest didn’t say they needed to be conscious.

With a nervous glance around, she slid a hand into her jacket. It covered her down to the hips, hopefully enough to conceal her actions in case anyone showed up. They’d think she was a complete slut if they saw her doing this. Especially Hazel. Or maybe she’d be into it and join in? Destiny pushed under her panties and brushed her clit, finding it already poking out. She couldn’t believe it, she was looking forward to this.

Everything about this was taboo in ‘cultured society’. A lone woman, in a park, touching herself all because another woman rejected her, and enjoying it no less. Destiny sucked on her lip as she pushed a finger inside herself, still wet from her earlier masturbation, though she knew some of it was fresh. Three entrances led into the park, though only one gave a clear view of her with tall hedges blocking her view of the street. Anyone could walk by and spot her and she’d be helpless to stop it.

An involuntary moan slipped out. Another finger pushed in. Her pussy welcomed it with a snug embrace, walls conformed to her phalanges, invited them deeper until the nails grazed her g-spot. Destiny opened her legs for better access. Her panties pressed against her hand as she mashed the palm into her erect clit. It was a good thing she wore her work clothes, otherwise it’d be all the more apparent. Although she might try a skirt next time.

“The fuck’s wrong with me?” Destiny groaned and added a third digit, eager to cum and leave before anyone spotted her. She looked around just to make sure no one had, then realised her mistake in choosing the park. While it was convenient and fulfilled the quest, it also was caught between several apartment buildings, many of which had windows facing her. She wouldn’t even know it if someone was watching her.

Her legs twitched and pulled together, pussy squeezing the life from her fingers. It wasn’t an orgasm, just the surface of a pool that she sank deeper into with each frantic beat of her heart. She looked to her apartment. Hazel’s room faced toward the park, which meant she could be watching. Juices flowed and urged her on.

“Watch me, Hazel,” Destiny said under her breath, fucking herself as she rocked to a primal rhythm, inebriated on her need to cum, “This is your fault. Look what you reduced me to. I’m just a filthy little slut now. I’m fucking myself in public. I’m gonna cum in public. People can see me. They probably already have. Come on and fucking cum from watching me you fucking perverts.”

The pinkie finger stretched her walls. She curled them, pressed hard against her spot, and rubbed at her clit. Her spare hand went under her jacket to a breast, pinching the rigid nipple through her t-shirt. Jolts of taboo pleasure shot to her crotch and back again to her tits, a feedback loop that pushed her deeper and deeper into orgasm until she hit the bottom. Finally, she came.

Her legs jerked up, toes curled, and she crammed her coat into her mouth to keep from crying out. She chose her thickest jacket despite the lukewarm weather, but it wasn’t the sole reason sweat gleamed on her brow and suctioned her clothes to her skin. Did she really just do that? Destiny retrieved her hand and studied the juices on it, thick and creamy. At that moment, it was the only evidence.

As her afterglow settled in, she didn’t think and licked a viscous finger clean. Tang filled her mouth, stronger than her past experiences with pussy juice, like it was seasoned by the debauched actions she took. Once her hand was clear of proof, she took a moment to calm her nerves, then got up. Her shift began in twenty minutes. Fortunately the MalWart she worked at was local, giving her enough time to grab breakfast on the way.

“I can’t believe I did that,” Destiny said as she walked. The sentence repeated over and over as she bought a bagel, even while she walked into work and greeted the others. But it might just be worth it, assuming the level up gave her a worthwhile bonus. Even if it didn’t, that was her one of her best orgasms.

“Everything alright?” Monica asked. She was the manager, which suited her given what Destiny believed she got up to off hours.

“Yeah, fine. Why?”

“You came in sweaty, and I didn’t see you leave the apartment, so I figured something was up.” Her gaze was stern, observant and piercing, yet relaxed enough to not feel like persecution.

“Really? Uh, well, nothing important.”

“If you say so.” Monica shrugged and turned away, swaying her luscious behind as she checked on others.

Destiny appreciated her other roommate’s lack of interest. Or at least her willingness to let things be revealed on someone else’s time. Sometimes Destiny considered talking with her more, but thought better of it. They were co-workers after all, best not to mix personal and business relations, especially with someone that could get her fired. A shame though, since Monica enticed her almost to the same degree as Hazel.

Once she had a break, Destiny checked the app. As promised, she had levelled up. No new slots to her frustration, however it did open up new options, including a sub-menu for personality, under which she found a sexuality slider. At that time, it was offset toward heterosexuality, with only a slight lean in the opposite direction.

She didn’t need to contemplate her actions a second further. Points sank into the slider until it read, in no uncertain terms, that Hazel was homosexual. Or would be. A pop up informed her that it’d take up to a year to fully enact, depending on the subject’s disposition toward women.

In that case, she should make it easier on Hazel. She still had eighty points to use.

(Hazel)

“Let me get that for you,” Roy said, sliding in to take her popcorn before she could even grab it.

“I can carry it myself,” Hazel said, though he wouldn’t hear it, “At least let me get the drinks.”

They were at a movie theatre. Some comic book film came out that Roy was eager to see and they had a day off just for it, though she would’ve preferred a different film. Explosions and quips only entertained her for so long, not to mention she saw the trailer, which revealed the whole plot anyway. Her boyfriend hadn’t, even going so far as to lock his social media accounts until he saw it, all to avoid spoilers. What a nerd, she thought with a grin. She liked that about him.

In the past week, he’d been extra attentive. They started working together at an accounting firm almost six years ago, about a year later they were dating, and she’d enjoyed it greatly, but he was never so quick to help out, even during the honeymoon phase. She felt like he was seeing her prodigious chest for the first time, which was nonsense since she was this size since graduating high school.

“You good?” Roy asked when they found their seats. It was a packed house, as to be expected, and she was sat next to a cute girl with her own partner. Hazel smiled when she glanced over, then blushed as the familiar look fell over her neighbour. Everyone had the same moment of ‘holy shit, she’s fucking stacked’. Some were nice about it, others took many steps too far. She fell somewhere between, gawking, but not saying anything or making unintentional groping moves.

“Yeah, bit snug, but I’ll live,” Hazel said and focused on the previews taking place. Most chairs didn’t support someone of her girth properly. Once, she didn’t pay attention and crammed herself into one that was much too small, which, like a cartoon, got stuck on her hips. Even with the wider theatre seats, she only had so much room to spare.

Trailers played out with occasional murmurs of ‘that looks good’ and ‘I can’t believe they’re remaking *that* again’. Roy was among them, leaning over and offering snide comments, often making her chuckle. Eventually, they were told to turn off all cell phones, which very few people did, and sit back for the main event. His hand mixed with hers. She glanced at the neighbouring girl, who was still recovering from seeing her huge chest.

Hazel settled in, then gasped as the opening credits blared at her. Everything on her body was hot, nothing would move, and she had the worst sense of deja vu, like this happened once before. No, twice before! She remembered it now, that her body wasn’t always so disproportionately endowed, and she also knew what this warmth and paralysis meant. Only her eyes moved from the screen and glanced down at her shirt.

She bought it a few days ago just to fit over her breasts. Now, all her searching went to waste as the head-sized globes journeyed to a new size. Her breaths came swift and heavy, drowned out by the movie. Roy’s attention was firmly on it, and she couldn’t take it away, even as her shirt lifted. No bra kept her under boob covered as they entered the scene, since the custom ordered set was still in the mail. A final burst wedged her top deep within them like a piece of rope wound too tightly.

Please be over, she thought and was answered by the pulsations shifting to her hips. Only a few thumps swelled her hips, though her ass bloomed even further, both now pressing into the arms of her chair. She felt a hand brush against her, though it wasn’t Roy’s, and glanced to her side. The girl was gawking now, as was her partner, yet neither seemed disturbed. Rather, they were enjoying it.

Hazel shuddered and moaned. Of course it wasn’t over, not while her dick was left out. Fortunately, it was easily hidden thanks to the spats and skirt combo, though she doubted it’d stay that way for much longer. An explosion shook the theatre, at the same time her member twitched and grew against its prison. Elastic or not, her spats weren’t designed to contain so much meat. If she stayed flaccid, they might survive.

“Oh no,” Hazel whispered. She was being watched, her uncontrollable, shameful growth ingrained in the eyes of total strangers, who seemed more and more infatuated with her by the second. And she with them. The girl had plump, pouting lips that wouldn’t leave Hazel’s consciousness for a second, especially as her shaft filled out with blood and new length. On top of being watched, she woke up late that morning and didn’t have time to masturbate before meeting Roy.

“Help,” Hazel mouthed, knowing her voice wouldn’t carry even with the movie playing.

The couple looked at one another, grinned, then both pulled up their shirts. The partner, who she now saw was a tomboy, even reached around to grope her girlfriend. Hazel wanted them to stop, though her lips and eyes wouldn’t move. Only her hand did as it snuck under her skirt and rubbed at her length through her elastic shorts.

Blood pumped harder and soon her prick stretched past the leg hole into the open. The foreskin caught on her clothes and peeled back, the naked glans touched her skin, forcing her to clench as she hissed in pleasure. Guided by her shorts, it pointed straight at her knees, so long it pushed beyond them. Pre-cum dribbled from the tip as the theatre erupted in cheers.

“Did you see that?” Roy exclaimed, eyes still firmly on the screen. At least it was dark enough that he wouldn’t notice at a glance. Memories rewritten or not, she doubted he’d appreciate seeing his girlfriend packing over twice the cock he did, the thought of which only made hers harder. She stroked along the bare length now, one hand lingering behind to massage her heavy balls. Beyond them, she felt her pussy moistening.

“Yeah, I saw,” Hazel said, unheard to her relief, since her voice was reduced to husky moans while she fondled her testicles and rubbed them into her snatch. Each time her clit poked into them, shivers coursed up her spine, though she maintained her posture.

“Hey, give her a hand, she needs it,” one of the neighbours said. A second later and Hazel’s strained top was yanked up, her tits fell with a gentle clap against her belly. Her back was straight, yet they grazed her lap. If not for her spats containing the monster, she’d be tit-fucking herself already. The neighbour didn’t stop there and a hand sank deep into her breast.

It was the cute girl, whose chest was still on display. While not small, probably a C, she came off as puny next to Hazel. No jealousy clouded her features, instead she was infatuated as she rolled the massive globe in her hand, kneading it like a ball of dough. Then her fingers pulled back to pinch the chunky nipple. Hazel bit her lip to keep from moaning too loud.

Thank god he wanted to see this type of movie, she thought. The action hadn’t slowed for even a second, which made for the perfect cover as she masturbated to her willing molestation. In any other situation, she’d have made a scene. After all, she was being sexually harassed by two women and, on a lesser note, she was straight. Or she should be. The two girls, now toying with each as if knowing she couldn’t look away, enticed her far more than Roy. She’d try and alleviate the guilt later, maybe with a blowjob or something.

He couldn’t be allowed to see her naked body after all. What would that do to a man? She contemplated the possible consequences and stroked her prick harder, thinking of the potential fight that’d ensue, along with the inevitable need for a rebound fuck. Her mind naturally inserted her two neighbours into that role, but she didn’t even know them. It should be someone more familiar to her.

Like Destiny.

Hazel squeezed her cock at the thought. Fresh pre trailed down her leg, but the next burst was caught on her fingers and rubbed into her turgid length. The length lubricated, she rubbed faster, gentle pants vanished into the surround sound explosions and yelling, while a helpful stranger groped her tit. All throughout, even as the pleasure rose and twinges of orgasm ripped in her sexes, Destiny was in her thoughts. She looked so good last week and Hazel turned her away.

What an idiot. She was sure her roommate was gay, but surely she’d make an exception for a cock like hers, or just think of it like a big, fleshy strap-on with built-in cum pumps. Even if she didn’t, just being girls together would be nice. She licked her lips, wondering what pussy tasted like for the first time. Roy told her once that it was kind of spicy, or like a tang, more an acquired taste, but she liked the idea more and more. If things didn’t pan out with him, then she might turn her attention elsewhere.

“Is she about to cum?” One of the neighbours asked.

“I think so. She’s going pretty fast.”

“I am,” Hazel whispered. Whatever power held broke around the hips as she thrust into her stroking hand. Moans vibrated in her chest, deep enough to resonate in her sexes. She ground her pussy into her sack, which grew taut, pulling right against her lips, as more pre-cum burst out and onto her hand. Most still poured down her leg, she felt it soaking through her sock and into her shoe. Good thing too, otherwise there’d be a puddle of evidence.

On screen, she saw the masked main character pull their love interest in and kissed. It was two women, a triumph for mainstream media, but all she could focus on was pasting her own image on the initiator and rubbing faster. Cheers exploded in response, people jumped up, including Roy, loud enough for vibrations to pass through the floor into her seat. Hazel took the chance to moan loudly and jerked into her hand once more as jizz erupted. It splashed against the chair in front, but its occupant was on their feet and didn’t notice.

Only herself and the two girls were aware of it as she painted the furniture white. Gush after gush, it never seemed to end. When one rope weakened, she had hope, however the next doubled its efforts instead. The cheers were winding down, her window for ecstasy closing fast. Her assistants were quick to help as Roy took his seat. They pulled her shirt back down to hide her juicy nipples, one swollen from its treatment, while she did the only option available and yanked her skirt down.

It barely reached her knees while standing. She forced it over her cock and caught all the following bursts of cum. What didn’t soak in splashed back onto her seat, following the slope under her ass. It was disgusting, yet her dick flexed harder in its final spurts. What a fucking pervert, Hazel chastised herself, but at least it was over. Her member twitched and oozed the last of its climax.

“That was so worth the wait,” Roy said, bringing her attention back to the screen. It was over? But she’d only just cum. She must’ve lost track of time, which meant her cock wasn’t soft yet, and he’d see it. Worse, everyone would see the stains on her skirt. Soon the lights above would come on and her mess would be revealed.

“I need the bathroom,” Hazel said and didn’t wait for a response. She kept her rear to him as she shuffled past his legs, though it rubbed her sensitive prick against the seats in front. Just as she stepped into the aisle, the lights came back on. Oh no...

Then her worries were over. This wasn’t anything unusual for her, she just didn’t think things through clearly enough. Of course this would happen with a big loud movie, in a dark theatre, and a pair of hot girls next to her. It was Roy’s fault to begin with.

“I can’t believe you did that,” Roy said in a hushed tone as they exited the complex. She spotted the two girls in the crowd as they waved at her.

“What did you expect? You know how she gets,” Hazel said in the car, referring to her egregiously big member.

“I thought you said it’d be fine for a couple hours.”

“Yeah, that was before we sat down and I was right next to a hot chick. Really, it’s your fault for not taking that seat. Then I would’ve only been bored instead of horny.”

“Aren’t you… you know? Dealing with it?”

“What do you mean?”

“Uh, didn’t we talk about getting it removed.”

“She’s not going anywhere,” Hazel said and clamped her legs together. Sure, it gave her more than a lifetime’s trouble from the second puberty kicked in, however everything else about her wasn’t much better, and she wasn’t about to remove something from her body just because her boyfriend didn’t like it, “Even if I did get rid of her, then you’d better be ready to give something up in exchange.”

“Like what?” Roy frowned.

“Oh, I don’t know, these huge knockers that constantly make my back hurt.”

“But they’re…”

“Hot? I know, right? Guess because we both find them hot they’ve gotta stay on my body and bother me for the rest of my life, right? Heaven forbid the one part of me you don’t like ruin the fun.”

“I’m sorry, alright? It’s just…”

Hazel thinned her eyes. She didn’t want to hurt him, but then he shouldn’t have brought her dick into things when he knew exactly what could happen.

“Are you fucking jealous of her? I get it, she’s a fucking behemoth. It’s like comparing that purple guy to cricket man or something.”

“Thanos and Ant-Man,” he corrected, not looking at her. Shame dyed his cheeks red.

“So you agree,” Hazel said. He didn’t reply, only kept driving until they were outside her apartment building. He lived a few blocks away, so it was convenient, though she wasn’t sure how she felt about the fact at that moment. Maybe after some time away, she’d feel better.

“See you tomorrow,” Roy said and pulled away.

Hazel retreated to her room. Though Destiny and Monica would be out for a while longer, she needed to relax, and couldn’t bear them seeing or hearing her. She turned on her laptop and stripped while it booted, then sat naked in her chair as she pulled up Pornhub and clicked on the first thing to catch her eye; Straplezz, then the video with the biggest toy they had. She jerked to whatever video she fancied for the next hour, enjoying her bisexuality as she basked in all that the internet had to offer.