Nothing happened. A whole week had gone by since Destiny flipped her roommate’s sexuality switch, yet all she noticed around her was a constant aversion, like her very presence was awkward. If she was around for more than a few minutes, Hazel just left the scene, always citing a random errand or needing the toilet or that her laptop was burning her laundry. The app worked, Destiny knew that for certain after spotting Hazel’s bulge several times. It was just taking its sweet time.

The changes only made things worse for her. Hazel’s curves were more abundant than ever, not egregious as to warrant a whole new wardrobe, but enough that her current outfits were tight, some even dug into her soft figure. An old tank top from before the app had even become little more than a sports bra on her. All of which only fuelled Destiny’s desires.

Call it a fetish or a simple proclivity, but whenever she walked out and saw Hazel barely dressed it sparked something within her. Her roommate was petite, no more than five-feet tall, yet her breasts would look massive on a six-foot model. On her, they obscured most of her belly and, if she sat down with her legs raised at all, they rested in her lap. At least she had a firm counterbalance in the form of her ass.

“Come on, give me a new slot already,” Destiny whimpered as she rounded off that day’s quests. It only got easier as her infatuation grew. She held her phone in one hand, drooling over Hazel’s character model, while the other rubbed at her clit in mad lust. The image showed her crush as erect, another point of size disparity on the otherwise small futa.

What did it feel like in her hand? Did it taste good? How would it feel inside her?

Destiny never let a dick near her before. She knew her sexuality from an early age, though it didn’t get out until high school, and stuck to women. Guys had been friends, sure, but none were ever seen as anything more and she shot down those that so much as looked at her with hope. It was better to avoid mishaps.

But she’d happily embrace Hazel’s. All she wanted was to feel her everywhere that she could, inside and out. If that meant a cock pushing open her pussy lips and invading her depths, then she wanted it all the same. So long as it was Hazel’s. All for Hazel.

“Hazel, please…” Destiny said, fingers now diving into herself. They curled on trained impulse to scratch at her g-spot, nails digging hard against her inner walls. A poor imitation of the tumescent, vein-riddled prick on her screen, but her imagination filled in the rest. She and Hazel would kiss as they rolled their hips together, offering themselves to one another completely. All the while, Destiny would bask in the bosom she’d given her love as it smothered her own.

It’d be hard to decide where her hands should be. The breasts seemed so obvious, having taunted her even before they were so deliciously huge, yet she couldn’t refuse such an ass. Each cheek was easily wide as Hazel’s svelte torso, stretching past her shoulders just like her tits, and made her as great a bombshell from behind as she was from the front. Doubtless that throngs of people had stopped and stared at her.

Why couldn’t it be her? Destiny bit her lip and gulped down her jealousy of random strangers. They all got to gawk at her roommate, like that pervert from down the hall, but if she so much as entered the room, Hazel covered up. Was it really that bad having a lesbian confess to her?

“It’s fine,” Destiny grunted and worked harder at her pussy. Intermittent squelches filled her room as she built toward a climax, “I’ll get my own slot, then I’ll grow until she loves me back.”

New fantasies spurred to life. Of her own body, not lacking by any means, swelling to sizes most hentai steered away from, until she could smuggle her little roommate in her cleavage, or jiggle like a hypnotic dancer as they fucked for days on end. She’d have an ass that Hazel could just lay upon when they passed out, then wake up and pick up right where they left off. What a couple they’d make.

“Give it to me…” Destiny hissed through clenched teeth as her muscles tensed. She put her phone down in favour of pinching a rigid teat, pulling on it until pain seasoned her pleasure, then did it again. A faint pulse ran through her clit, then her canal, more followed close behind. Destiny went harder, *faster*, desperate to attain orgasm. Perhaps the one that would finally give her the new slot?

“Ooh, Hazel fuck your huge dick into my pussy!” Destiny babbled when the climax finally washed over her. She thrust her hips up, mind in full control as she pictured Hazel pumping into her, just as eager to cum, and finally screaming her name too.

Someday… She’d make it real eventually. Destiny let the afterglow run its course, then caught her breath and cleaned up. Though her own body remained untouched by the app, she swore she came more than normal. At least it wasn’t anything crazy like she saw online.

A ping brought her attention to her phone. It was another special reward, congratulating her for working so hard at the daily quests, though she had to accept it.

“Special reward?” Destiny frowned and checked the info, “’Orgasm three times a day at random… in exchange for heightened pheromone output’. I’m sorry, what?” She re-read the information, then it clicked; this was perfect! Random orgasms didn’t seem too bad, given that she doubted they’d be anything special without proper build up, and the thought that she could be like some queen bee putting out pheromones was irresistible. It went into more detail, only further selling how good a deal it was.

Her pheromones would only work on those she was attracted to. The more powerful her desire, the greater their effect. Destiny leaned back on her pillows, still naked, and contemplated her phone. Whoever, or whatever, made the app was still listening in. They had to be. GirlyGirl claimed not to know anything, they still claimed that it was just a character creation app, but she had her doubts. At that point, however, she wasn’t sure the cons outweighed the pros. After all, this was a program that affected reality and brought to life her wet dream version of Hazel.

She’d be a fool not to use it.

Destiny hit ‘yes’ and left it to enact the changes, while she went to get a drink. It was strange how people thought coincidences were only in movies, but art imitates life, as such even the more random circumstance of Hazel also using the kitchen after Destiny finally found a way to get her attention took place. The petite girl-turned-futa glanced toward her, then away again. It didn’t bother her that time. Things would change soon.

“Doing anything today?” Destiny asked, while she grabbed a glass of orange juice.

“Not really,” Hazel said, eyes firmly on her bowl as she poured in cereal, “You?”

“Streaming a game. That’s about it.”

“Cool…”

Nothing more came of it. Destiny lingered a moment longer, hoping the pheromones would come soon, but Hazel just went to the couch, unintentionally giving her roommate the best view in the house as her ass jiggled along the way. Sighing, Destiny returned to her room. Anywhere without Hazel seemed almost hollow to her. Was her obsession getting that bad?

She checked her phone, though only found a progress bar about a quarter of the way done. She guessed it made sense, given the scale and subtlety of the change. Unless it intended to give her outward glands for her new pheromones. Destiny shuddered at the thought, but figured it was unlikely. Worst case, she just needed a slot of her own to get rid of them. Or cover them up for the rest of her life.

“Gotta shower,” Destiny said, cutting off the anxiety. Clothes in hand, she checked her phone one last time, then headed for the shower. Hazel was still on the couch, slumped down so her breasts rested in her lap. Her hair was a mess, sticking out in random places like chaotic webs, “Want me to brush your hair?” The question came unbidden, more a whim that bypassed her thoughts.

“Huh?”

“Uh, it’s just, you look tired and I figured…”

“Sure, I guess,” Hazel shrugged, “Brush is on the table.”

Progress! Destiny set her clothes down and retrieved her roommate’s hairbrush. Even unwashed, Hazel had incomparable hair, the kind people only saw in artwork, like strands of white silk. Next to her own messy undercut style, it was refined, like a princess. Or a prince, given Hazel’s talent as a cosplayer. The amount of stories she told of girls trying to flirt with her, thinking she was an actual boy still made Destiny giggle.

Did those happen in the new reality? Hazel’s face remained the same, yet her body was unmistakably feminine, so much so that no amount of binding or ingenuity would conceal it.

“You got any cosplays planned?” Destiny asked while she ran the brush through, untangling knots and smoothing out the glorious locks.

“None that I really want to do,” Hazel sighed, “I wanted to try being Lily from Zombie Land Saga, but I’m too big everywhere. Thought about doing someone from Touken Ranbu, but it’s the same problem.”

“What about someone from My Hero Academia? Like Midnight or Mt. Lady?”

“I don’t wanna be stupid big titted women,” Hazel said, “I miss being a teenager, before all this just exploded on me.”

“Why not do genderbends?”

“I don’t like those. I want to be a faithful recreation of a character, that’s part of the fun. Although, going as a dummy thick Light would be hilarious. ‘L, I’m trying to kill you, but the clapping of my ass cheeks keep making me drop the Death Note’. Or something, I dunno.”

Destiny snickered, “I’d be down for seeing that. You’d look great in a suit. What about Ryuk? You could put his eyes on your boobs.”

“Ha! Solves the whole ‘my eyes are up here’,” Hazel giggled and leaned back, letting her chest jut forward. Fathomless cleavage stretched before Destiny’ gaze, half a foot of supple, creamy flesh that just begged for a weary head to rest upon them. Any larger, and people might think she smuggled pillows under her shirts.

“Thanks for that,” Hazel said once her cuticles were smoothed out, once again a flawless cascade of white, “Sorry things have been so… weird, it’s just… you know?”

“Yeah, I make you uncomfortable. It’s okay.”

Hazel grabbed her arm, “No! It’s not that, really. It caught me by surprise, that’s all, and I didn’t know how to handle it. So, I, um… It’s cool, honestly. I mean, if Roy and I weren’t together, then maybe.”

Novels liked to over-dramatise how a character reacted to good news. Either their world exploded into a million fireworks as they danced around a ballroom in the most brilliant dress made from gold, or they leapt for joy and squealed like kids after too much sugar at a party. Destiny remained grounded in reality as she looked at Hazel’s face, smiled, then went to take her shower.

Once alone, however, she collapsed to the floor and hugged herself as if keep her spirit from departing. It worked! There was a chance, more than that, Hazel had all but said that Roy was the only thing stopping her. Once the app fully shifted her sexuality, then it wouldn’t be a problem anymore. She didn’t even need the pheromones, but it couldn’t hurt to help speed up the process.

Although, if Hazel was gay, then what would stop her from finding another, more attractive woman? Even with pheromones, Destiny could only stand out so much. No, it was fine. She took a deep breath. All it meant was she still needed another slot to make her own adjustments, then she could be Hazel’s perfect partner. In bed and out.

Their bathroom wasn’t anything special. A bathtub with a shower head attached above it, decent water pressure and a curtain. Not many of them used it, even Monica was comfortable enough around them to leave it pushed aside, unless they were doing something… important. It could be shaving, or checking themselves for lumps, or masturbating with the water spigot. The last one was more common than any cared to admit.

Destiny did her business and stripped down. After that conversation with Hazel, she could use an extra release. Thoughts whirled around her head, revitalised by the possibility her roommate offered, of a relationship between them and all the joys it entailed. Her hand trailed along her body, imagining just what Hazel’s would feel like.

Small and precise, they’d fumble at first but would seek out all her erogenous zones. Lithe fingers pressed into them, coaxed gentle moans from Destiny, then searched for more, before landing on her inner thighs. She’d always been ticklish there, however as her body and sexuality developed tickles became erotic flutters that worked her up like few others. Of course, not far from them was her pussy.

Hazel never had a girlfriend or even experimented far as Destiny knew, just as she had never been with a real dick before. Their first time with each other would be strange, less about celebrating a culmination of lust for each other, but more to explore and learn. She pictured Hazel’s first tentative licks along her folds, each subsequent stroke more confident, while her cock filled out at the taste. Then it was Destiny’s turn.

“Hazel…” Destiny cooed in the bathroom, fingers deep in herself.

Strap-ons were familiar to her. A real dick couldn’t too different, long and hard, already warm and throbbing and rich with the scent of her roommate. Even if she failed with it, Hazel still had a pussy. The app hadn’t changed her gender after all, only grew a penis on her body. She bet the petite futa’s snatch was sweeter than peaches, and just as succulent once she got going. Of course, all of that was nothing but foreplay. Eventually, Hazel’s cock would do what it longed for above all else; penetrate her.

More fingers pushed into her depths at the thought. Her pussy was relaxed from the recent orgasms, but tightening up as she worked toward another climax. What position would they take? Missionary seemed fine, then she could look at Hazel as they came together. It would also sell the height difference between them. Maybe her white-haired crush would be in line to suck her titties as they rutted like animals.

Destiny pinched her own nipple. The longer they went, the rougher things would be. Even after two or three rounds, she pictured Hazel only getting more dominant and comfortable with their bodies, until she was pounding Destiny from behind. Those cute hands became whips as they lashed her ass, leaving scarlet prints behind that marked her as Hazel’s. By the end, she’d struggle just to sit normally.

“Oh fuck!” Destiny grabbed her shirt and bit into it, stifling a shrill cry. Pleasure rolled through her body, robbed control of her legs as they kicked out and her pussy clamped down, like it was already worshipping Hazel’s dick. In her mind, she saw rivers of white leaking from it after Hazel dumped load after load inside. She kept her fingers in place, slowing the escape of warm dick-cream.

“I might have a problem,” Destiny sighed and stood on shaky legs. They recovered quickly enough, but her mind was foggy, going through the shower on autopilot. Hot water swept away the product of her fun, though it still echoed in her pussy, “It’s like I’m one of those girls in a romance novel. ‘Oh, he looked at me and I creamed myself’… fuck, that *is* me.”

Every change she enforced on Hazel, every glimmer of hope of getting in her pants, strengthened the attraction. Sure, they knew each other for years and were good friends, helped each other out and she genuinely did want to date her, but this was bordering on infatuation. Destiny shut off the water, grimacing at the post-orgasm clarity of her situation. No matter how she spun it in her head, she was obsessing over Hazel like a stalker. Or an idol fan that thought they and a celebrity were destined for one another.

She sat in the bathtub, knees pulled to her chest, “What happens if she dumps Roy for me? What if we’re not as compatible as I want and we break up too? Things would get so awkward.”

“Destiny? You okay in there?” Hazel asked through the door.

“Uh, yeah. Fine. Why?”

“You’re taking a while. Something up? We can talk if you’d like?”

“Yeah… yeah, I’d like thhhhhhhhhAAAATTTT!!!”

What was that? Destiny thrashed in the tub, legs kicking out as her head looked to the ceiling, seeing stars in place of the spakle, while her whole body went rigid and the strongest pulsations surged through her unprepared cunt. Still sensitive from the last orgasm, each thump in her walls felt like a dildo pushing against them. They ground into each other, prolonging her release.

“Hey! Destiny? You okay?”

“Y-yeah! F-f-f-fine,” Destiny choked out, still in the midst of her abrupt, blissful climax. A trail of drool ran down her chin, “I-I’ll be right out…”

“Okay. If you’re sure.”

So much for weak orgasms, Destiny thought as she dried off. If all the random orgasms were like that, she’d have to be careful. She pulled on just a simple t-shirt and sweatpants, since she didn’t have to be anywhere else that day. They were perfect for comfort, though her pants felt tight around her ass. She joined Hazel on the couch, Brooklyn Nine-Nine playing in the background.

“So…” Hazel leaned back, though it was an obvious gesture to hide her discomfort, “What’s up?”

“It’s nothing, really. Just thinking about stuff and it’s a bit much. That’s all.”

“I know what you mean,” Hazel sighed, this time actually relaxing, “Things are so confusing right now. I mean, Roy and I have been fighting a bunch about my, uh, *friend* a lot more. I thought we’d gotten past it ages ago, but apparently not.”

“He doesn’t like it?” Destiny asked, knowing the answer. Not many men, least of all certified heterosexuals, would appreciate their partner packing more dick than them. And, if the avatar was anything to go by, Hazel had more than double an average penis stuffed into her pants.

She shook her head, “He even tried talking me into getting it removed. What do you think? I know you’re… gay, but, like, should I? It’s a major pain and all…”

“No, don’t get rid of it!” Destiny surprised herself with the rebuttal.

“Um… okay. Explain your thinking?”

“It’s just, uh, well, it’s part of you. And that’s… you’re perfect. You shouldn’t have to change something if you don’t want to.”

Hazel arched a brow and leaned over slightly, hair spilling around her cleavage, and bit her lip,“So, if… if we ever became a thing, you’d be fine with it?”

Destiny looked away, hoping not to betray just how much those words enticed her, and nodded.

“Even though you’re a lesbian? It’s pretty big too. That’d be cool with you?”

“I mean, I’ve never tried one, so I wouldn’t really know the difference, you know?” Destiny chuckled and moved an arm to hide her breasts, and the tactless bumps of her nipples.

“I guess so.”

“But you guys are gonna work it out, right?”

“I dunno,” Hazel stretched her arms up high, which pronounced her wondrous chest further, while lifting them high enough to reveal the bulge in her shorts. She looked at Destiny through half-lidded eyes, the beginnings of a grin on her lips, “I’m not sure he’s right for me anymore.”

Destiny stared at her for an unknown time. It was only when the intro for another episode played that she came to back to reality.

“I, uh, should get to my stream. Algorithms and all that crap…”

On the way back to her room, Destiny looked behind and met Hazel’s eyes. The warm pools looked like a serene lake reflecting nature, yet, as they dipped lower, a ripple appeared and disrupted that calm.

“I’ve got some errands too. See you later,” Hazel said and retreated to her room.

Once inside, Destiny checked her phone; the update was finished. ‘Congratulations! You have pheromones!” Beneath it in small print read ‘orgasms will be inflicted at random, except when driving, operating heavy machinery or in a situation of extreme duress’. Did that mean the pheromones were active during all that? They worked fast.

Before streaming, she plopped onto her bed and just stared at the avatar of Hazel. It was really gonna happen. Sooner or later, Roy would be out of the picture and then it was just her and Hazel. Nerves fluttered in her stomach, but were vastly outmatched by the residual pleasure in her loins.

Meanwhile, Hazel stroked her shaft rigorously to the thoughts of her roommate. Not Monica, though she was nice too, but Destiny. Why she hadn’t lusted for her sooner was beyond her understanding. The girl was nice, passionate and overall stunning. Hazel couldn’t think of why they weren’t already together, but that would change soon. Roy just didn’t do it for her anymore, especially after wanting her body altered just for his securities.

Her cock was a good judge of her attractions. Huge loads shot forth as she thought of the girl just a few feet from her room, but thoughts of Roy did nothing. Destiny was her destiny.

“God, if I ever say that to her, just kill me please,” Hazel said to her ceiling, while her cock dripped the remnants of an orgasm onto her belly.