“Earth to Destiny? You there?”

“What? Oh, yeah. Yeah, I’m here.” The glass of water in her hand was trembling, but she wasn’t afraid, exhausted or even nervous. It was real. This couldn’t be a dream, she knew what those felt like and this was nothing like them. Even her most vivid fantasies didn’t recreate the apartment this well. Much less take an image she’d just seen and flawlessly impose it on Hazel.

“You high again?”

“No,” Destiny put her glass down, her strength untrustworthy in the current situation, and looked properly at her roommate’s figure, “How’d you forget to get dressed anyway?”

“I thought I did, but next thing I know, I look down and these girls are naked.”

“You better not be teasing me,” Destiny said.

“Never,” Hazel chuckled, “I’m not that cruel. Anyway, you gonna get me something to wear?”

“Sure.” Destiny had to see what else changed. Hazel had grown into her current state, which was enough to tear her clothes apart, yet she didn’t notice the scraps around her. The question was; had her wardrobe changed to reflect it? The room was the same as what she remembered, though she didn’t often go in. A small double bed in case Hazel’s boyfriend slept over, chest of drawers and a small desk for her laptop.

In the drawers, she found nothing had changed. Excited tremors ricocheted through her body as she picked up Hazel’s panties, comparing them against her current shape and how unprepared they were, then did the same for a top and shorts. How would she react?

“Did these shrink or something?” Hazel grumbled and tugged them on, barely managing to squish her abundant curves in. Several inches of cleavage stretched out her top, which didn’t reach her navel anymore, while her shorts bit into her lush thighs. This girl of five feet was a textbook definition of ‘thicc’, “Guess I need to go shopping.”

“I’ve got stuff to do, so see you tomorrow,” Destiny said and shut herself away once more, then all but leapt for her phone, “Okay, fucker, tell me everything!”

While it didn’t speak, she delved into the app like a scallop diver and hunted for every little treasure. The UI had changed, now featuring a slide out menu for three basic options; settings, character, and quests. That made it a game of sorts. Under character, there were several blacked out slots beneath the top, labelled ‘Hazel’. Whoever made it had to be listening at least, or this app was something beyond human understanding. The latter seemed more likely given what she’d witnessed.

Settings only had the basic notifications options and a dark mode that was enabled by default. Quests was where the real surprises laid in wait. Destiny chastised herself for expecting anything better, though it still amazed her to see every single one, that was available at the time, involve something sexual. Basic stuff dominated so many of them, from masturbation, to using toys, voyeurism, for which cam shows counted, and first times. Maybe it was a good thing she never tried anal before.

Tutorial pages explained the simple mechanics. Quests provided points, which were necessary to use the creation aspect, the sliders now having numbers tied to them; 1-100. Some of the options were unavailable, but she focused squarely on the ‘cock’ slider. It was still listed under Hazel, which meant… what exactly?

Destiny recalled the game from earlier. While it stepped beyond what she personally enjoyed, the fact that, she could make it real tempted her beyond reason. As did a very desirable slider labelled ‘libido’. It was already at twenty out of a hundred. That seemed pretty high for a default, so she assumed it had already been tweaked. At that number, maybe she had a chance?

Embers from her orgasm caught alight once more. Nothing tempted her more than the possibility of bedding Hazel. Straight or not, surely at that libido she would appreciate a hand. Or tongue.

She went to the bathroom, eyes away from Hazel and checked herself in the mirror. Patience was never her strength, but she forced herself to slow down and smooth out her hair, apply a subtle layer of makeup, and adjust her clothes to a sexier state. One shoulder was pulled down over her arm, far enough to show a bit of her breast. She did a similar method for her shorts to show off a little of her ass cheeks with a button undone. Just a wandering eye would see her lack of panties.

“Seduction mode, activated,” Destiny said and blew a kiss to her reflection. While she wasn’t vain enough to fuck herself, if someone came up to her with a similar look, then she’d be in their bed right away. She took a deep breath at the door, said a silent prayer and walked out to join Hazel back on the couch.

Her absence hadn’t lessened the impact of the new quintessential shortstack. Everything was bolstered by the undersized clothes, pinching into Hazel’s breasts and thighs, which squished together as she reclined against an arm.

“Mind if I join?”

“Yeah sure, I was just gonna change shows anyway,” Hazel said and went through the plethora of options.

“How you feeling?” Destiny asked, searching for any sign that her friend was aware of the alterations, or noticed what she was wearing.

“Good, why?”

“You said you were cold earlier, figured I’d see if you still were.”

“Well, I am a little chilly. Should’ve grabbed a blanket or something.”

“Could always cuddle up to me for warmth,” Destiny offered.

“You sure? I don’t want you getting flustered because of me.” Her personality had changed slightly too. Just an hour earlier and she wouldn’t have thought twice, assuming her svelte body was undesirable to Destiny. She was wrong, but the temptation of her new shape was far, far greater, and she knew it.

“Don’t flatter yourself too much.”

Hazel shrugged, “If you’re sure.” She shuffled over, curves quivering erratically, and leaned on the taller woman with a deep sigh, “How come you’re always warm?”

“You complaining?”

“Not really. It’s nice that you let me steal it.”

They put on a random cartoon that Destiny had no interest in. Hazel did, however, eyes not even drifting as a stealthy hand circled around her shoulder and hovered above her chest. When it dove in and touched the plush shape, she exhaled harder, but didn’t say anything. Did that mean it was okay to do more? She might’ve thought it was just Destiny getting comfortable, so she tested the waters again, a bit firmer this time. Still no response.

Destiny took a deep, quiet breath and laid her palm flat on her roommate’s breast. Endless thumping reverberated in her ears, seeming to come from every angle or within her own body. No reaction from Hazel. This could be it!

Partners were few and far between for her. She’d dated a few girls, though even fewer ended up in her bed or vice versa, not least of all thanks to her parents. Last time was well over a year ago and the relationship only lasted a week. Now she could end that dry spell. Was she sweating? Even for her warmer body temp, she felt hot. Hazel still kept her eyes on the screen, lips pursed and framed by her white hair. It’d make an incredible morning after photo of their monochromatic locks entangled together.

Just go for it. Destiny sucked on her bottom lip and finally sent the signal to her hand, fingers sinking deep into a softness her own breasts could only imitate. Finally, Hazel reacted and looked up at her, eyes wide, impassioned, and her lips opening and closing as she sought the right words. Destiny’s ears burned in longing for an invitation to go further. Just one touch of perfection wasn’t enough and those lips were just as enticing.

“Please…” Destiny whispered and leaned in, then froze as Hazel recoiled.

“Look, I’m flattered, really, but I’m straight. And I have a boyfriend. So… maybe I should go?” Her normal heat turned frigid soon as Hazel moved away, robbing her of feeling while in the face of another.

“No. It’s fine. I’ll go.” Destiny stood, hand still tingling from the squeeze earlier, though now the pleasant energy seemed to burn her from within. She pulled her shirt back up just as the front door opened. In stepped Monica, dressed up in a crazy luxurious coat that hid her outfit. Not that she needed to, both Destiny and Hazel knew what she got up to.

Destiny didn’t linger and went back to her room, only pausing long enough to notice that Monica had no reaction to Hazel’s growth. Which meant only she was aware of any and all changes. Not that she had any immediate plans to take advantage of it. All she wanted was to burn her embarrassment for even thinking life would become like a hentai all because she got one magic app. Was it magic? Didn’t matter.

Away from the prying eyes of others, she opened the app once more. She had zero points to spend, however those were easily attainable. All she had to do was let her frustrations play out. The avatar image of Hazel stared blankly at her, unfazed as Destiny fingered herself to the sight and fantasy. If Hazel didn’t want her, fine, she’d still enjoy watching her body grow and grow. Then maybe she’d try again.

The app didn’t tell her how to unlock those other slots, though it seemed straightforward; keep playing. Destiny did just that and broke out her reliable toy, jamming it in her snatch, while she shoved a tit toward her mouth. Doing so would complete three quests at once after she came, then she could work on more. Anything that didn’t require a partner was simple really.

“Just you wait, Hazel,” Destiny moaned into her breast, biting down on her nipple as pleasure swirled together like the eye of a storm. For a moment, serenity remained and she wondered if she should really care, there were other women after all, then the orgasm struck. She flopped back, gasping as the aftershocks pulsed throughout her limbs. Multiple beeps went off from her phone to notify her that she had completed the quests.

For accomplishing multiples in a set time, it even offered her a bonus reward; mystery chest or extra points. Only a fool would take chances with such a strange creation, she thought and chose the safe option. Fifty points were available to her now. Each slider, except the libido, was set to ten, the ‘default’ level. Several things remained a mystery.

Did it increase in set increments? Was it percentile? Did it use a different formula altogether? How much could this reality alteration manage? And just how far was she willing to take it?

Destiny pawed at her tired pussy. Most days, a single orgasm satisfied her, two if she was horny, but never so close together. Many options were locked to her, but the libido might be her best chance. If Hazel was always horny, then she’d inevitably turn to a friend. That said, her boobs could always use a boost. And her ass. Maybe trim up the stomach?

Then her musing perished as she leered at the unquestionably deviant slider. She knew what to spend most of the points on.

*(Hazel)*

Things shouldn’t have gone like that. Hazel wasn’t against trying stuff with a girl, but she had a boyfriend, not to mention it was her roommate and things could end up messy if they went through with it. The worst part though, was that look of stoic humiliation on Destiny’s face, like she’d been so sure only to have her world flipped. If she wanted to experiment, then she was her first choice through and through. But that just wasn’t her.

Hazel sighed and turned off the TV. It was getting late and she had work tomorrow, and the earlier issue soured the show for her. Back in her room, she tried finding a decent pair of pyjamas, something that would let her skin breathe, yet everything was too small. Must be the cheap, second-hand washing machine. Soon as their budget allowed, she’d replace the piece of junk.

As for now, she had to settle for a tank top that draped itself over her obscene chest and the panties she currently wore. They cut deep into her hips, but not enough to meet bone given her plushness, highlighting just how big she was. Why did everything but her height bloom early? At just five feet, she really shouldn’t have breasts the size of her head. She liked her ass, since at least it gave her an extra couple inches in the right chair. The wrong ones got stuck on it.

She set her alarm for an early start. There was no chance she’d go into work wearing clothes that mysteriously shrank, which meant an early shopping trip was in order. All that remained was to brush her hair. Hazel was a rare albino, in that only her hair was white as a hospital room. She didn’t have the same pigment issues or pink-red eyes. For that reason, she cared for her hair and let it grow down to her tail bone. It took forever to brush, though she found peace in doing so.

Each swish of the bristles through her locks calmed her breathing. Before long, the world faded and all that was left was her sensations. That was why she noticed the abject tingle in her crotch straight away. She froze mid-brush and looked down; her panties bulged out, wrapped tight around a lump that wasn’t there before. Like it fed on her gaze, it grew until a well-known shape jutted out and pointed toward her stomach; a penis.

“What the hell is going on?” Hazel gasped, though her voice wouldn’t rise above a whisper. Deja vu turned her stomach as her body refused to move, hand still on her brush halfway through a sweep. The only things that moved were her other hand and the dick sprouting from her crotch, the former drifting towards it. Something similar happened before, she was sure of it, but the memory eluded her.

Her questions stalled as her entire body pulsed with arousal. Slowly, her hand pushed her panties down and took hold of the cock, sending another pulse, which echoed throughout her groin. Ripples passed down her snatch, juices flowed and pooled beneath her ass. All was secondary, however, to the jolt of pleasure in her new appendage. It stiffened and spilled molten pre-cum across her fingers.

It was too soon. Was she already that close to cumming? She grimaced at the disappointment she felt in it, but also at the pleasure forced on her with a single stroke, like having her nipples pulled when she was on the edge. Or when her clit was focused on. Did this thing take its place?

Her hand answered that question by sliding down to the base. It smoothly melded into the rest of her body, nothing to discern from her original flesh, and sat just above her original sex, which still retained its clit. She brushed against it and doubled over with a sharp inhale. The prick stood at just the right angle to slide between her tits and out the opening, where it pointed at her open mouth as it closed in. No, no, no. If a stroke felt that good, then sucking it would drive her mad.

Nothing but her prick and hand moved. She breezed across her pleasure button, causing bursts of air as she tried calming down, but each breath just excited her huge dick. It had to be nine inches by then, more than she’d seen in person, and far beyond what her little body could possibly need. And it kept going.

Hazel followed its progress until the head finally pushed against her bottom lip. Were her lips really that soft? That explained Roy’s excitement whenever she deigned to blow him, not that she had much of a choice as the shaft grew into her mouth and met her tongue. Oh god! It tasted good! Why? Every dick she sucked before was fine, depending on the guy, sometimes salty, sometimes it was like sucking on a toe. But this defied every expectation with a bittersweet tone, like her body wash and the natural saltiness merged. She moaned as she closed her lips around the fat head.

Ten inches connected her mouth to her crotch. More swelled across her tongue, toward her gullet, however she welcomed and even suckled on it. Pre-cum erupted and marinaded her maw in a bitter, addictive taste. She swallowed and groaned for more, feeling it pour down her oesophagus and into her belly. The fact this thing just grew on her drifted from her thoughts as she dropped the brush and groped herself.

Her cock seemed done. She wrapped a hand around it, fingers miserably outmatched by the girth, and stroked, kissing her fingers as they reached the head. Meanwhile, she dug the other digits into her tit, and rubbed her legs together to stimulate her pussy. Another pulse brought a moan as she hunched over more, back straining as she teased her throat. New flames roared to life inside her chest and hips.

The sensations didn’t stop her. She groped herself harder, unconcerned by the added plushness on her breast, and wriggled her hips like an overexcited pup with a new toy. Each move felt better than the last. Her panties bit deeper into her hips and vanished betwixt her ass cheeks, while her shirt stretched forward and up to accommodate her added flesh. It didn’t last long.

She soon realised it was just an appetiser. The pleasure of growth returned to her crotch, where two distinct shapes pushed out and filled her soaked panties, squished between her luscious thighs. She abandoned her tit and rubbed along them, cooing at the tingles racing through them and into her sexes. When things felt so good, she had no reason to question them. Even as her desire to cum burgeoned.

She was Atlas, holding the sky and giving in beneath it. Of course, her burden was the promise of an orgasm from her addled body and its new perverted dick. It couldn’t be anything but a pervert, not when it made her forget all the worries in her life. Hazel curled further, tits pressing into the inches of cock outside her mouth, while the rest pushed down her throat. She’d never taken anyone so deep, but then she hadn’t met anyone big as her.

Palpitations rippled under her skin, so hot she feared steam would rise any second. The air was icy against it, like standing in front of an open freezer, which had the added effect of hardening her nipples into diamonds. With her body folded so, her tits were squeezed tight against her thighs. She bobbed her feet to her moans, pushing her legs into the rigid teats. The only sounds were her gulps, moans and her heart pounding in her ears.

Her legs spread apart with a slurp. They were covered in her fem-cum, but she ignored that and jammed a hand between, reaching past her balls, then shoved three fingers into her slobbering cunt. Moans vibrated against her shaft. Pleasure begot pleasure as she worked her every erogenous zone, both in and out. The blissful cycle furthered until she was, at last, on the brink.

Violent zeal puppeteered her body from there. She punched her fingers into her hole, leaving only the thumb to mash into her throbbing clit. One arm wrapped around her cock and chest, holding them in place as she pinched a nipple through her top and tit-fucked her own dick. Heat gathered in and radiated from her balls, fuelled the rest of her pleasure, and built up like a pressurised gas main. Like an actual disaster, time dilated around her as she experienced every facet in excruciating detail.

The first tremble of semen inside her sack signalled her shaft to swell. Its girth already tried her jaw, but now locked itself within, a direct line to her stomach while pinning her wriggling tongue. Before it exploded, the burst reached her feminine zones first. Her nipples ached and jerked, as if a powerful electrical circuit travelled between them, until her pussy was added. The walls convulsed around her fingers, crushing them and showering her wrist and thighs in juices. Energy coalesced in her clit and backfired into her womb.

Only after she experienced all that, did her cock erupt. The cum tube along its base thickened to the size of two fingers as it carried molten hot sperm right to her stomach. Hazel gurgled and gagged on the massive burst, not accustomed to swallowing so deep. She tried, but couldn’t keep up. Each of the many, many gushes splattered from her lips, while a modicum went to her stomach. It was enough to feel it, however.

Each drop settled with an audible splat. She heard it louder than her own heartbeat, over even her torrid efforts to swallow more, only succeeding in spilling thick gouts of jizz all over her top and tits. From there, it poured like lava across her stomach and over her crotch, gathering under her pussy. The last pulses were weak enough to fully swallow, then she was free.

Hazel fell back. Her cock deflated and struck her belly with a splash in its own ejaculate. The aftermath left her hot, slimy and sticky, but that was life. In all her efforts since puberty cursed her with this body, she never swallowed enough to avoid a mess. After so many years, she just learned to enjoy it. She massaged the viscous cream into her flesh as she looked at the ceiling, then remembered her hair.

Not a drop got in it to her fortune. Though it would be hard to tell with the colour. Hazel finished brushing it as her semen gradually dried on her skin. It helped cool her off as she enjoyed the breeze from her window. Exhaustion tugged at her eyelids once she finished and broke her month-long record of not falling asleep in her own cum. Even as she drifted off, her cock rose back to full hardness.