



What Are Friends For?
- A Booby Reality-App Short -
by Razmagurk

“What’s this?”

Dylan and I eyed the empty seats warily. It wasn’t a busy train, but it was crowded enough that we were suspicious of the empty row. Even the guy who had gotten on just ahead of us, craning his neck left and right for the best place to sit had walked right past it. Did he know something we didn’t? There didn’t seem to be anything obviously wrong. No weird smell or blood stains, at least. Just two pairs of empty

train seats facing each other, their plush fabric patterned in the inoffensive green of the train company's logo.

Well, almost empty. There was the tablet, too, of course. Don't know how that slipped my mind. Innocuously it lay, that thing that would change our lives forever, as smooth, shiny and dark as obsidian.

"Someone left their tablet?" Dylan raised an eyebrow and started scooting towards the window seat. "Sucks to be them, I guess. Free iPad."

"Dude, come on." I elbowed him. "How would you feel?"

"I'm just saying. Sucks to suck, you know?" He picked it up and gave it a look, then a dismissive snort. "Not even an iPad. Some cheap knockoff from the looks of it. It's heavy though." He held it out to me.

It was heavy. Surprisingly heavy. I gave it an experimental shake as we sat down. Outside, the hilly greenery of southern Ontario accelerated past us. The view would be dense and urban soon enough, but this far from Toronto there was still some nature. We were seated in the second story of the train, affording us an excellent view, not that I was paying any attention. We'd ridden this train a thousand times.

No, my focus was on the tablet. I turned it over in my hands. It wasn't a brand I recognized and the more I looked at it, the weirder it became. The shape wasn't quite right, for one, being almost a square, and it was shiny all over, rather than just one side. There didn't seem to be any cable ports, just some buttons on the side. The only identifying mark was a cheap sticker on the back that said 'iMaster'.

"Maybe the owner has their number in here?" I suggested. "We can let them know and leave it with the lost and found when we get to Union?"

"If you don't want a free iPad, sure." Dylan rolled his eyes. "You're no fun, you know that?"

I pressed the button on the side. The screen lit up with a 'Welcome' message in a font straight out of the 90s, then went immediately to the camera app. I was looking at the thighs and crotch of Dylan, who was sitting across from me. For an off-brand, the image was crisp and sharp. Was this a 4k screen?

I pressed the button to try to bring the photo app down, but with a flash of the camera, it took a photo instead, freezing the image in front of me in lifelike detail. I pressed the button again, but that brought it back into camera mode. I tapped around the screen, hoping to get a menu to come up, but all that did was highlight Dylan's thighs with a green glow. Was this some kind of live photo editing software?

I tried swiping from the side of the screen, hoping that might bring up other programs, but the tablet must have thought I was trying to stretch the image instead. Dylan's hips and thighs swelled tremendously. I smirked. They were girlishly thick, his jeans, the now tight skinny jeans he was wearing in the photo, giving a perfect view of his new curves. He looked like one of those cartoon moms. Was this some kind of AI thing? A weird filter? I was impressed, it was so realistic.

"Having fun, Diego?"

I angled the camera up to get a better shot of him. He grinned and stuck out his middle finger like in all the photos I had of him. Faint green highlights floated over top of his body, representing various body parts I could highlight. Curiously, I tapped on his chest and dragged the green bar wider.

On the screen, breasts exploded out from his chest, huge heaving things, impossibly feminine on his otherwise muscular frame. It looked like he had two perky round balloons stuffed under his Leafs jersey. His shirt in the photo had shrunk around them, pulling itself tighter to better cling to and showcase each round orb of flesh beneath, and the neckline had shrunk downward to create an eager expanse of soft quivering cleavage.

"Holy shit," I laughed, pressing the button to take a picture, then turning it to face him. "Check it out, dude, you've got great big fucking tits!"

"Aw, thanks bro." He looked down. My gaze followed. The smile on my face froze, and my blood ran cold.

There, swelling beneath his shirt, were two boobtacular orbs. They were the spitting image of the ones in the photo. Same balloonish swell, same tight low-cut jersey, same expanse of delicious cleavage.

"I guess this jersey does a pretty dope job of showing them off, huh?" He tugged at his shirt, pulling it tighter against his lovely lumps. "I should really wear it more often, but every time they're doing well, they manage to fuck it all up. You know how it is."

I didn't even hear what he was saying. What the actual fuck? Then I started to laugh.

"Dude!" I doubled over. "You got me, bro! How did you know I'd go for the boob slider like that?"

"The what?" He crossed his arms under his ridiculous cans. The contrast of his masculine reaction and his feminine chest had me laughing even harder.

"Damn, Dyl, dude, those breast forms are top notch, bro." I leaned in forward to get a better look. "How'd you get into them so fast?"

"Breast forms? Nah bro, these are all natural. Why, you think I should be padding? Making them look even bigger? You think the chicks would dig that?" He lifted his boobs and let them drop, they jiggled and swayed bralessly beneath, perfectly lifelike.

"No, seriously." I started golf clapping. "Kudos. You got me. Your sweet cans are hilarious. Once again, you've got me. You're the prank master, but come on, cut it out." I reached out to put a hand on his boobs. They were soft, warm, and real.

"Mm, careful dude," he mewled. "You're gonna get me all hard."

I could feel his nipples stiffening beneath my hand.

I recoiled. My heart was racing, I felt my face flushing.

“Ah, you’re horny too,” he teased. “I see how it is. That’s what you get for copping a feel. Don’t worry bro, I’ve got you covered. When we get somewhere more private, I’ll you a private show.” He winked and mimed taking his top off.

“What?” I drew back mentally. I had no idea how to respond to something like that. What the hell was he saying?

“Sure thing man, what else are friends for. You know I love showing off my tits for you guys.” He leaned forward to give me a better view, grabbing one in each hand and jostling them up and down. “I mean, come on, most guys aren’t as blessed as me when it comes to the titty department, know what I’m saying? And god forbid you losers ever see a girl’s gazongas. Though I suppose that isn’t fair, is it? What girl has boobs as perfect as mine? Oh my god, is that why you guys are always so dateless? Am I ruining boobs for you?”

I fumed. I didn’t know how he was doing this, but he was taking this too far. I did not want to have to sort through the feelings of an asshole like Dylan now occupying the same part of my brain as ‘big titty hottie’.

I looked back at the tablet. I didn’t know how he was doing it, but this had to be a prank. I pointed it back at him, then held a firm finger on the green section around his boobs. I was going to prove a stupid table wasn’t giving my friend big stupid girl boobs.

I intended to drag pinch them down to a smaller size, but after a second of my touch, a rotational menu of options came up. There was a spiral of all kinds of little round icons representing firmness, perkiness, shape and more. Around the edge a number of menus, bars and buttons poked their heads in from the side of the screen. What was all this? I tapped one at random and a slider appeared. I raised it up to max, curiously. In the app, Dylan’s huge breasts swelled, not growing in size, but rising in defiance of gravity and good sense. His huge nipples stiffened, raising the fabric of his tight shirt as they shifted upwards, jutting and protruding until, despite their tremendous size, he was almost poking his eyes out with them. His jersey, even as tight as it was, was hanging loose in front of him, his fuckpillows so perky he’d never be able to wear something and not have it tent up at least a little in front. In all my life I’d never seen boobs so big.

But I wasn’t looking at the screen. I was looking at Dylan. I was looking at Dylan and his impossibly perky titties.

“Oh my god.”

“Right? They’re pretty fucking great. Watch.” He gave them a few big squeezes then tugged his shirt downwards. The motion pulled his breasts down until he had them in a position that would be considered high on any reasonable person, then he released them and they bounced back up, jiggling and bouncing high on his chest in a way I was pretty sure normal boobs did not. “No girl’s going to be able to do that, huh?”

Okay. Deep breath. This tablet had just given my friend boobs like something out of a hentai. If this was a prank, Dylan was tapping into some serious new ground. I managed to pull my gaze away from Dylan’s curvaceous cups long enough to focus back down on the tablet. What was this thing?

I held my finger down again. When the radial menu popped back up, I gave a closer look at the interface poking in around the corners. It listed Dylan's name, and a series of strange stats and options I didn't understand. What I did understand was the big angry red button down at the bottom that said 'Reset All' and the prominent dropdown section at the top labeled 'Attitude' which was currently set to 'Custom Preset 4: Eager.'

I clicked the dropdown, a number of other presets populated the menu. The 'Natural' option was listed as default, and then there were a number of increasingly alarming presets: Rebellious, Oblivious, Accepting, Eager, Horny, Super Horny, Triple X Horny. All the presets were outlined in red.

What the hell?

With more curiosity than sense, I set it to Horny. The screen flashed white and Dylan's boobs started changing again, his nipples swelling even more prominently, lustily, as large and lurid as could be. The jersey shrunk smaller and smaller around them until it was a barely-there crop top stretching out his Maple Leafs logo for all it was worth. It still hung down loose in the front, but now it was a deliberate statement. His boobs were so big, perky and sexy, no shirt could keep up. He'd be flashing huge swaths of underboob to anybody lucky enough to be looking up at him.

I gulped and flushed further. 'Horny' was an understatement. I could feel my heart racing, my dick stiffening in my jeans. On a guy or not, no straight red-blooded Canadian could stare at a pair of honkers like that and not get turned on.

This was, what? Some sick dream? Or was I going crazy?

"Mmm," Dylan groaned softly, leaning forwards to luridly showcase his now-feminine flesh. They jiggled impossibly with even the slightest provocation. He looked to and fro, naughtily, quite pleased at the effect he was having on me. "Though if I've really got you all worked up, why wait until we get somewhere safe? How about you whip out that fat cock of yours here and now and I make you blow your load before we even get to the first stop?"

"What!?" I choked and coughed. If I'd been drinking anything I'd have done a spit take. I stood and tried to step away, but that just put my very confused dick at the same level as his tits.

"Ooh, that's the kind of eager I like to see! If you were this eager around girls maybe you'd be getting laid more, bro," he laughed. "Though, what can I say? More for me." It was the tone of voice he used when he was bragging about grabbing the last beer.

He reached out to pull my zipper down, but I stepped away, stumbling out into the aisle. Everybody turned to look at me as though I was the one being weird here.

"What?" he looked up at me. "What's the matter? You okay, dude?" A wash of sympathy wiped the horniness from his face. "You feeling alright? You wanna fuck some boob?" he squeezed his perfectly perky tits together and tugged down on his shirt to display more cleavage. "It'll make you feel better."

"This is crazy!" I gestured desperately at his ridiculous udders.

“Oh come on,” he said, swinging his chest back and forth tantalizingly. “This isn’t even the most public place we’ve done it. Remember that concert down at Macey Hall? And I’m happy to oblige, dude. I love the feeling of your fat cock between my fuckmelons. You and all the guys. Don’t try to deny how much you love having your dick between my big horny tits, bro. I know you too well.”

Horny tits? I looked at the tablet. This was because of the Horny setting? I guess it didn’t just transform him physically, he was acting like it was normal for him to have a... a... a huge horny pair of titjobbers? Hell, no one was reacting to him, as if some busty boy slut throwing himself at me wasn’t at all strange.

Experimentally, I set the attitude dropdown back to Eager. There was a flash of white and the jersey shifted back to its previous form. It was still sexy, but as eager as his stupidly perky nipples now were, they lacked the in-your-face horniness they had been throbbing with a moment ago. Wait, shit, was this why he had been so excited about his tits? Because it was set to Eager?

“Bro?” he no longer seemed quite so desperate to have me blow a load between his mellons right here, right now. Thank god.

“Right, sorry. It’s nothing.” I sat down and sighed in relief, though perhaps my celebration was a little premature.

“If you’re not feeling great man, I can help you out,” Dylan said, hoisting his tremendous tanks towards me. “Give ’em a feel. Put your head in them. I know a good motorboating always cheers you up!” He pulled my head into the cartoonish expanse of his hot titflesh. “Better than ogling a picture of them on that tablet, that’s for sure.”

“M-maybe later.” I flushed, pulling my head out. “I gotta deal with this thing first.”

“Your loss,” he shrugged, a motion which sent his mountains swinging. “Does this mean you’re keeping it?”

“I’m...” I furrowed my brow. That was a very good question, and it raised all kinds of other questions. Who had this belonged to? Who had made this? What would they do if I did return it? God, what would they do if I didn’t? Did they need the tablet’s power to do crazy things to me, or would they have further power of their own? How did someone like that leave this on a train?

As ridiculous as it was that my otherwise entirely male friend now had an enormous pair of gravity defying stripper tits, the truly crazy thing here was the tablet itself.

What else could this thing do?

I looked around the train, or, well, as far down the aisle as my seat would allow, which wasn’t far. Down the aisle there was a college girl focused on her phone, seated with a couple who were probably her parents. Across from Dylan and I sat a trio of black-suited lawyers, older men, discussing some case one had argued in court recently. I’m sure I could have found more people to change if I’d stood up or leaned out into the aisle, but I’d gotten enough weird stares from my little outburst earlier. These would have to do for now.

Discretely, I held the tablet up to the lawyers and clicked the photo button, then I returned the tablet to my lap. Incredibly, the image on the screen showed them still moving and talking even though the camera wasn't even pointed at them.

"Diego, dude, what are you doing? Why are you just taking pictures, man?"

"Just..." I paused. Did I tell my friend the truth? But no, I dismissed the idea just as quick as I had considered it. Bad idea. Dylan was the last person I'd want with something like this. His sense of humour could be... cruel. "I'm just trying this thing out." I lied, "nothing weird about it at all."

"Sure, sure," he waved a hand dismissively. "If you find any good nudes on it though, I want to see."

I gulped. He had no idea.

Actually, that wasn't a bad idea. I tried to swipe back, hoping I could maybe go to previous photos, get some clue to the thing's mystery, but nothing worked. Why couldn't this stupid thing have come with a manual?

What could this thing do besides just stretch and hornify?

I touched the screen, dragging my finger to highlight all three of the lawyers, then held my finger down to pull up the radial menu and the options. The Reset All button gave me the assurance that even if I fucked this all up it would still be okay. There were more radial options here than when I'd been looking at Dylan's boobs, but of course none of them were labeled apart from a little icon. Some were outlined in red like the preset attitudes had been. Were they also non-default options? I tried holding my finger down on one of them, but that just caused a new radial menu to emerge from that icon, and further ones from that. My heart was pounding. This program was crazy.

The only icon I was sure I recognized was the male/female icon. That seemed as good a place to start as any. I tapped it and dragged the resulting slider, which was at about 20%, all the way to the opposite side.

There was a flash of white and over the next several seconds, both before my eyes and on the monitor, the lawyers shifted and transformed. Their bodies shrank, their flesh shifted, musculature drained away as fat retreated from their faces and guts and their bodies as a whole, then swelled and swelled and swelled their chests and butts.

Oh my god, I had turned them into women! I mean, of course I had, but this whole thing still felt so impossible. And what women they'd turned into! They looked more like sexy secretaries than lawyers, with short business skirts and playful blouses that proudly showed off their curvaceous and intensely feminine bodies. Even their complexion and makeup was immaculate. These were clearly women who took great pride in their appearance. They were enthusiastically feminine.

I looked at the little dropdown at the top of the screen. I briefly considered flipping attitude to Natural or Rebellious, just to see them in action, but if they did what I figured they did, I didn't want to cause a panic. Instead, out of morbid curiosity (and because I guess this whole thing had me a little worked up), I set it to Horny. Just to see what it would do, I promise.

Their bodies shifted, thickening and swelling just like Dylan's tits had, their figures amplifying, exaggerating from outspokenly feminine to horny fantasies. Seconds later, they were now hypersexual parodies of themselves, as though they'd been recast with Pornstars. Their makeup had turned from elegant to whorish, and their clothing was reduced from well-selected businesswear to what you would find on Amazon if you googled 'slutty secretary.'

My breath caught in my throat. I now sat across from three smoking hot babes looking like they'd just stepped off a pornshoot. If my dick hadn't been diamonds before, it was now. The only reminder of their former life was how they were still talking, in their phone-sex voices, about work.

It was with great shame that I didn't immediately turn them back. No, I spent a good few minutes gawking first. My brain frantically searched for justifications for leaving them like this. Maybe having some eye candy on in the background would make figuring out the tablet that much easier? Yeah, I wasn't buying it either. Maybe there was an undo button? I'd seen the Reset All thing, but was there something to just go back a step?

I looked around at the interface, but it was slim pickings. No obvious undo function. One of the buttons in the bottom right corner was larger than the rest, though. It looked like a cross between an ellipsis and a hamburger button. I tapped it, and a 'more details' screen popped up. Three profiles appeared on screen, each containing the name, headshot and a biography of one of my selected targets. The menu was just translucent enough you could still see them moving about on the screen beneath it.

I skimmed through the bios, which seemed to focus largely on their relationship to each other. Was that because I had them all selected? It was giving me details of them as a group? Amidst it, there was all the basic personal details one would require. They were high honchos at a law firm downtown, and they were all happily married. I clicked to scroll down and got a text entry prompt instead. This was editable? In a flash of curiosity I wrote 'to each other' in that bit about marriage. The page flashed and over the next several seconds all of the text shifted and transformed, not moving around on screen, but each letter warping to a different one. The information had rewritten itself around this new relationship, now the bio focused on how they had met and fallen in love at a company orgy and found a loophole in the law that let them be married. Also, it seemed, they fucked, a lot. The tablet went into lurid graphic detail on that point. Who had designed this thing?

I looked up, red of face, at the three of them cuddled up together like amorous newlyweds. A horny, smoking hot lesbian threesome of newlyweds. In skanky little skirts and sheer blouses which did nothing to hide their intense arousal.

Curiously I swiped through the attitudes. Oblivious had them sitting in their previous positions across from each other, did that mean they were obviously married? How did that work? Very Horny had them pressing their bodies together, wearing nothing but lingerie, each in a different colour, mashing their bodies together as they fingered each other silly. I felt so embarrassed watching this, like I was blasting porn on my phone or something, but no one was giving either me or them a second glance. Morbidly curious, I set it Triple X Horny. They were now naked and in an intensely acrobatic three-way, bodies pressed together in positions that really shouldn't have been possible on those seats, thrusting huge dildos into each other's pussies as they played with each other's tits and occasionally even kissed. Their carnal cries were echoing even louder than the rush of the train.

"Bro?" Dylan waved a hand in front of my face.

"Huh?" I looked over at Dylan. I'd all but forgotten about him. I was hot and horny, body flushed with desire, practically squirming with need. There was no hiding my jeans-straining erection.

"It's not polite to stare you know," he teased. "I mean, I know that's probably the closest you're going to get to seeing a girl sexually satisfied, but come on dude, you're making us look like creeps."

"Do you-" I gestured at the throuple wildly copulating opposite us. "Do you even see that? Do you not see what's wrong with that?"

"I mean," he shrugged, a casual motion that set his perfectly perky peaks shaking yet again. "It's cute, right? What's wrong with a bit of PDA? They should probably get a room, but I'm hardly one to decry that, you know? God knows I've been in that situation."

"It's so much more than that - it's - it's..." The words trailed off. What was I going to do? Tell him? No. Absolutely not. I loved Dylan to death, he was my friend, but he was an enormous asshole with zero respect for other people.

Which is why, given what happened next, I probably should have been a little more vigilant.

"Yoink!" He grabbed the tablet from me.

"Dylan!" I cried "Careful."

"What? It's just some weird photoshop right? You've been going through the filters for like, ten minutes. That means it's my turn!" He held it up to me and took a picture of me and my horrified face, then started dragging his finger across the screen. From the angle he had it I couldn't see what he was doing. "Whoah, that's actually pretty cool."

"Dylan, please." It was okay. I took a deep breath and tried not to consider what horrors he could unleash on my unsuspecting body. If I made a big deal out of it, he'd just be more firm that he have it.

"Dude, check it out!" He turned the tablet to show me the screen. "You've got tits even bigger than mine!"

The floodgates of panic broke within me. He had done something to my boobs?

I looked down in trepidation, scared of what I might see. I gazed deeply at my great big naked breasts, hunting for anything out of place. My heaving backbreaking boulders were the same as ever. I ran my hands sensuously along my bare flesh, squeezing and pressing and occasionally pinching at one of my great big horny nipples. I was revelling in the rush of pleasure my oh-so-sensitive skin was capable of. My boobs were big and horny and aching to be played with, but what else was new? I could barely go anywhere unless I was rubbing or squeezing them, lest the sheer horny need within them overwhelm me entirely. Hell, whenever I stopped paying attention to them for even a moment I found my hands wandering back to them.

Wait, no. Shit. Don't get distracted. What had he done? I must have lucked out. It must have been something minor. I think I'd notice if he'd made these ridiculous sexy tits any bigger. Mm... that was a fun

idea. I wished he'd bury his face in them, squeezing them with his rough hands, pressing his own fat horny tits into my own. I let out a soft whimper. Why did my tits have to always be so distractingly sexy? Yeah right, as though I didn't love every second of it.

"Dude." Dylan's jaw had dropped, he was looked back and forth between the tablet and my chest. "Did this thing just...?"

"Yeah." I sighed, horny. Looks like the cat was out of the bag. "It did. What did you do to me?"

"N-nothing!" he lied. "Oh my god." His jaw was still hanging open as he gawked at my fat naked melons. Dylan was a good friend in that one regard at least. He knew how much I loved the attention. I suppose he could empathize. "Do you realize what this means?"

"It means we have to be super careful not to mess with anything!" My voice hitched as my fingers pinched at that sensitive spot at the tip of my nipple. "It means one slip of the finger and we end up like those three." I gestured at the lawyers fucking across the other aisle.

'What, no. This calls for a makeover!" He grinned, but his enthusiasm was not as infectious as he thought.

I narrowed my eyes at him.

"Oh, come on, we can make ourselves look however we want? It'll be fun."

"Dyl, I have to fix this first!" I pulled it back, clutching the cold smooth surface so tight against my lava-hot tits that it sent soft waves of gooey pleasure coursing through my spine. I pulled up the Attitude dropdown, but before I could do anything with it, Dylan pulled it back, burying it between his own perky puppies.

"You can fix it later!" He reached out and plucked one of my huge lurid nipples, sending me gasping in further bliss. "It's my turn."

Not fair! My body trembled and shook. Dylan knew my boobs had a hair trigger. I took a deep breath, fluttering my lashes as I tried to deal with the carnal euphoria coursing through me.

"Mmmph," I moaned as I tried to catch my breath. "Just please at least let me see what you're doing."

He turned the camera around to face himself and gave an exaggerated grin. The image continued to update in real time even when he turned the camera back around. "Oh that's freaky," he said, tilting his head around to various angles. "I love it! Okay, how does this work? What's this attitude thing it's asking me for?"

"Careful with that." I cautioned, but the words were faint and hitched beneath the pleasure bouncing within me.

"Whatever." He made his selection and the dropdown went away, giving the whole of the screen over to the realer-than-real display of his eager face.

He tapped around at the green highlights, seeing what areas he could select. He wasn't making any changes, he was figuring out how the thing worked. It wasn't long before he accidentally caused a radial menu to pop out. One of the little round options was outlined in red, it looked like an icon of a supermodel. "Holy shit," he grinned. "Is this a beauty slider?" He tapped it and raised an eyebrow, evidently disappointed at how low the resulting bar was reading. "Let's amp this up, shall we? Ladies are going to be creaming their panties just looking at me. Well," he gave me a sly glance and a wink. "More so than they already do."

"Uh.. Dyl?" I was a little more insistent this time. "You've got it set to -"

"Oh shit!" He put a hand up to his face. "What did I just do?"

"What *did* you do?" I shot him a glare. What was he playing at? He was the same guy he'd always been.

He poked into his soft round cheeks and cute button nose. He ran a finger along his fat dicksucking lips, shiny and plump from the ruby red gloss he always wore. He raised his soft chin to get a better angle, then lowered it to bat his striking icy blue eyes and long lashes, well framed by his heavy eyeliner, mascara, and smokey eye-shadow.

His eyes went wide in shock. You'd think he'd never seen himself in the mirror before. Was he realizing that if he made any changes he'd be altering that girly seductive face he was so proud of?

"Dude!" he chortled furiously, twisting his head to get a better view, the enthusiasm of the motion making his tremendous mounds bound tremulously. "That's crazy! I wasn't aiming to make myself look like bimbo slut Barbie goes to prom. God, I'm... I'm..."

"An idiot?" I rubbed at the bridge of my nose with one hand as I subconsciously played with a nipple with the other. Dylan was vain at the best of times, but this was taking it a little far, no?

"I'm gorgeous!" He blew a big sloppy kiss to the camera. "Holy god damn, I'm a total undeniable hottie. Shit, bro, he bit his lip sultrily. I kind of love this? Like this totally fucks. Why is having a chick's face making me so... *turned on*?"

You'd think he'd be used to it by now. It was bad enough putting up with him in high school, always wearing the sluttiest make up he could find and sending all those boner-inducing selfies he was so fond of, or even more recently, all those times he was trying to prank people into thinking he was a girl online so they'd jack off to him and buy him stuff. He was a menace. And god forbid he receive a serious compliment, he'd be insufferable all day. He was probably even worse now that I'd given him boobs, come to think of it, especially ones so big and round and perky.. Sure, it was one thing for me constantly rubbing my horny fuckmelons, that was one thing, but a guy like him having that kind of thing? We'd never hear the end of it.

"Look, bro, you gotta listen to me." I pushed past my sultry buzz to try to get through to him.

"Yeah, yeah, we gotta use it responsibly." He waved me off. "I got it. I'm not hurting anyone. Let me have my fun, I'm just getting the hang of it."

"You haven't done anything yet. Stop before you fuck yourself up."

“What else can it do?” He held it away from his body to take a shot like a selfie, getting his whole body in it. He cycled through the radial menu like a kid at a candy store until he found the gender slider.

“Oh my god.” His voice was quiet, like he’d just spotted a smoking hot chick at the other end of the bar. “Dare I?” I knew that tone of voice well, it meant he was about to do something colossally stupid and we’d be stuck cleaning things up again.

“What are you doing Dylan?”

“Bro.” He bit his juicy lips. Something had him even more worked up than normal. “Diego, bro. Hear me out, bro. I hadn’t meant to do my face like this but now that I have, I’m completely in love with it? Isn’t that crazy? What if I go all the way? Can you imagine? Me? A girl? A hot girl?” His pert and perky nipples were throbbing so hard they were shifting his shirt up. There was a hitch in his voice. “It wouldn’t even be fair. It wouldn’t even be a competition. That would be the hottest thing ever.”

“Will you shut up and listen to me first?” I cried out. He wasn’t making any sense.

“No, you’re not talking me out of it. I’m doing it!”

He tapped the slider and turned it up all the way.

“Stop, stop, stop!” I cried out. Delight pulled her hand away just in time. She held it up to her face, turning it over this way and that.

“Oh *shit*,” she moaned, hastily rising to her feet, doing as much of a twirl as the limited space between seats would allow. “Look at me!” she gasped in her low seductive voice. “I feel... good!” She slid a hand up her body, running her hands along her exposed flesh. “I feel so good, oh my god!” Her hand found its way, as it always inevitably did, to her pussy. She let out another horny moan.

I sighed.

“What’s the problem dude, are you gay or something?” she teased. “You don’t want to spend the train ride across from this grade-a premium pussy?” She leaned down to give me a better view. Her cartoonishly pert, exaggerated tits were squeezed into a blue bikini top. The cups stretched to their peak trying to contain as much of her boobs as possible, but that was always a losing battle. The Leafs logo on the right cup was deformed to the point of absurdity, and still it only covered half of her nipples. It was like every inch of the design was intended to show off how big and round her melons were. She had a whole wardrobe of stuff just like this, like those denim mini-skirt she was wearing. They had been daisy dukes at some point, but they just weren’t big enough for her tremendous buttcheeks stuffed in there.

With so little clothing on it was easy to see the rest of her body, the extreme contrasts of her hourglass figure, the tautness of her soft belly, the length of her slender legs, and yes, the inescapable view of her bare pussy, always just one slutty little slip away.

“What I’m trying to tell you, you absolute dillhole,” I said, slapping at Delight’s stupid perky tits and pointing furiously at the attitude setting, “is that you’ve still got the damn thing set to Horny.”

"Oh!" She squinted down at the menu, then she clicked the drop down. "I thought this was, like, asking me for my mood. Is that... is that bad? What does the horny setting do?"

"Best I can tell it makes the changes sexy and slutty. You're just lucky that slider was already maxed out or you could have given yourself a total slutty whore's body, or, I don't know, made it so you have to constantly masturbate or something." I squeezed my own big slutty boobs to try to calm myself down. "Not that would even be a change for a girl like you, but could you imagine?"

"A girl like me?" She flushed, then grinned naughtily.

"You know what I mean. We both know how much of a slut you are, Del. There's no beating around the bush on that one." Most girls I wouldn't dare call that; most girls I'd be more respectful with, but this was Delight we were talking about. I'd been putting up with her horny bullshit all my life.

"Mm..." she moaned as I called her a slut, running a hand up her body and squeezing her soft flesh. "God, it's all so fucking hot! I love this body! And oh, I've always loved it when you guys played with my tits," she winked. "Now I have a whole body for you to have fun with. Oh my god!" she laughed. "I've got a *pussy* for you to fuck!"

God knows it sometimes felt like the only reason we kept her around.

"Bro." Her eyes went big and wide, sparkling, as though she'd discovered something truly profound. "We gotta fuck!"

"What!?" I sighed. "What is wrong with you? Did you not jill off enough before we left?"

"I gotta test out my new gushy lusty pussy, bro!" She wriggled hornily in her seat. "Come on, please?"

"No." I sighed. "Delight, you're my friend, and I care for you, but I'm not just going to fuck you right here in front of everybody just because you can't wait the literally 20 minutes it'll take to get to Union and find a bathroom. Look," I said, hoisting my naked bust, and presenting it to her. "If you're really horny, you can worship my heaving tits, okay? God knows the shaking of the train has them all worked up. They need the attention."

She snickered at that, for some reason. She looked she was about to make a joke about them, but I raised an eyebrow and she decided against it.

"R-really?" She reached out experimentally and put her hands on my naked chest. "You're just going to let me have at those big beautiful bazangas, bro?" Her feminine hands were soft and warm and left tingles of lusty pleasure as they tracked their way around my huge round fuckpillows.

"Yeah." I sighed softly as she squeezed and groped and rubbed. "What else are friends for?" Shit it felt so good, like her hands had been made for fondling a guy's boobs, but then it really didn't take much to set off my udders. I was mewling and moaning in no time at all as she slurped and pinched my bare mounds with a hunger I hadn't seen out of her in a long time.

"Oh, sure." She pulled away, leaving me cold and hanging. "This you'll allow this, but you won't fuck me in the pussy? You're no fun." She rolled her eyes. "Unless..."

She grabbed the tablet. I grunted in carnal disappointment. Just when things were getting good.

She pointed the tablet at me, smirking as she made a few gestures across its surface. I reached out to stop her, but the sudden absence of pressure on my uncanny cans had thrown me off balance and left me weak.

“Dude!” I cried out, weakly. “Really? What did you just do?”

“I gave you a ten inch cock of course. Maximum hardness.”

“Why?” I roared even despite my arousal. “Can’t you see my dick is big and hard enough?” I gestured down to my tight skinny jeans and the massive rock-hard bulge well-outlined within. Even pressing it to the side as I was getting dressed (a frequently painful process), the tip was bulging from where it rose up past the waistband. Why was she playing these games with me?

“So I can feel it in my tits! So I can have you pounding it in my pussy! Come on, let’s let off some steam!” She pointed triumphantly down at my dick. “We’re both horny. Now with your slutty dick you’ll have no choice but to put me up against the window and fuck my slutty pussy senseless.”

“God, this is just like the road-trip to Florida all over again. Look, if you want to fuck you could have just asked. I’m here for you bro, I get you’ve got a needy pussy. You know I’m there to help. But now that you’re threatening me with that thing? No, you can just sit there and suffer for all I care. I’m going to make you wait.”

“Come on!” she crossed her arms petulantly under her perky pillows.

“When we get there I’ll frig you senseless, but until then you can just wait.”

“Not fair, bro.” she huffed.

I stuck my tongue out at her. She wasn’t wrong, I was super goddamn horny. We’d always bonded over that at least. Between my constantly hard cock and my huge sensitive cans, I couldn’t really go anywhere without getting more than a little worked up. Hell, even if Del hadn’t been teasing me, just the sheer hum and vibration of the train was enough to get me halfway to orgasm.

I frowned. I guess she and I had a lot in common in that regard. Now I felt bad for her, but not bad enough to change my mind.

I grabbed the tablet out of her hands. Sure enough, she had my great big dick highlighted. How could I even tell if she’d done anything? My dick was already hard all the time and with all this talk of boobs and sex and Del showing off her stupid slutty body, I was even more worked up than usual. I just wanted to take my dick out, lean down so I could plop it between my hair-trigger tits, and rub one out rub one out here and now. Wouldn’t that be justice? Deny Delight entirely by taking matters into my own hand?

But no, focus. I had more important things to do. I had to figure out this tablet, I had to fix the trio of horny lesbian lawyers still fucking across the aisle from us. I frowned. With all that had happened, how

was I supposed to do that? It's not like I could just set the attitude drop down now, it would only apply to the most recent change, right?

I closed my eyes. I took a deep breath and focused on the weight of my naked boobs as they rose and fell slowly.

"You're not allowed to use this anymore." I gestured admonishingly with the tablet at Delight. I had to keep it together. "We shouldn't-" I gulped as it went back to camera mode and I got a good view of her hot slutty tits, her perfect slutty peaks, her perky wonders, so good to thrust a dick into, so good pressed against my own whorish tits. "We shouldn't be doing stuff with this ourselves until we know what it can do."

"Fine!" She rolled her eyes and leaned back in her seat, huffing. Her legs were spread wide, but the motion just called attention to her thick thighs and womanly ass. "You're no fun."

I needed a distraction. I needed to see more of this thing in action. I looked around for more people.

I took a closer look at the family down the aisle. A mother and a father and their college-age daughter, though I couldn't get a great look at the mother given she was facing away from me. I supposed they'd be as good test subjects as any.

At this point I just really needed to get my brain off the horny. I ran one hand along my soft titflesh, squeezing and rubbing, riding the buzz the endorphins flooding my brain were giving me. That was more like it. Occasionally I'd idly rub the tablet's edge against my stiff cock.

First things first. I set the attitude to Oblivious, then double and triple checked it. I didn't want to cause any more horny chaos than I already had.

Let's see. The dad was a tired looking older guy, fat and boring and plain, unless you were into dad bods, I guess. I clicked on the live feed of his body, tapping at the various green highlights and dragging bars to see what happened.

Tall, short, tall, short, tall short. Fat, thin, fat, thin, fat, thin. I could control both the overall shape of him by adjusting the sliders or I could click on specific areas for finer control. I could elongate or shorten or thicken or thin anything I wanted to change, I just had to click it. From eyeballs to finger bones. It was like some kind of character creation system from a video game.

It would be perfect, if not for one glaring problem. The touch screen wasn't the most accurate of devices, and the bars weren't especially large. It was easy to max or min but my clumsy fingers just didn't have the dexterity to achieve any fine detail. In the end I dropped his fat slider down near all the way and raised his muscle slider up as well. I felt bad that I was just fiddling with this guy's body like this, but now he'd at least be compensated for his time.

I wondered if any changes I made to him would affect the daughter? Nothing I'd been doing so far was doing it, but what if I went in further? Like, if I changed the mother's age, would the daughter get younger too? I selected her then brought the mom down to the minimum, which was a red-outlined preset labeled 'Barely Legal', but it didn't seem to do anything to the daughter, even if the mom now looked like the girl's bratty younger sister.

I pulled up the dad's details, scrolling through the bio. Down at the bottom there were menus for social status and relationships and mental characteristics and a whole lot of other, stranger, options. I pressed the relationship tab. Could I jump to his daughter or wife from his account? Could I use this to target people without selecting them with the camera?

The resulting menu was a huge list of people in one column and a super simplified description of that person's relationship in the other. I clicked the daughter's name and a drop down appeared with hundreds of options for possible relationship. At the top of the menu was one labeled 'Quick Access: Horny Love Slave', and there were a lot of worrying presets in the menu as I scrolled through it. Stuff like 'Sexual Mentor', 'Trusts Completely', and 'Casual Free Use Fuck Buddy'. God, who had been using this tablet?

I tried to tap off the menu to dismiss it, but instead it selected the thing nearest to where I had tapped, which, of course, was Horny Love Slave.

Oh shit.

Wide eyed in panic, I clicked back into the menu. In the live-feed in the background I could see the dad standing and stripping off his clothes, gazing seductively at his daughter the whole time. Fuck, fuck, come on! I clicked the menu and was scrolling through it looking for - ah, Daddy. There it was. I selected it, then let out a sigh of relief.

I was surprised to then look up to see her now seated in his lap, grinding her butt against his firm muscular body. Had it not worked? I clicked around the menu, trying to get it to commit. Maybe if I pushed another change through, it would go? I pressed the little 'Reverse Status' button, hoping that would help, but that just switched the two around, now he was grinding up against her. She reached to undo the shiny bracelet she was wearing and gave it to him.

"Oh!" I flushed, my dick pulsing. *"That kind of daddy."*

I clicked back into the relationship drop down, scrolling through looking for a proper 'Father' option before this got too far out of hand.

"Dude, what are you even doing?" Delight leaned forward, blocking my view with her pendulous swinging boobs.

"I'm trying to fix this, here. Look." I clicked off the menu again, trying to pull back up the relationship tab, but once again it selected the option closest, because apparently I just don't learn.

"Preset: Smoking Hot Slutty Twins?" I raised an eyebrow, staring down at the tablet. "Come on!"

"I mean, that's certainly one way of describing them." Delight turned to look.

I looked back over at the girl and her father, who was now a girl her age, physically identical to her. Even though I hadn't had set the thing to sexy, they were now wearing nothing but (matching) lingerie, their forms adjusted to be - if not as over the top slutty as I'd turned the lawyers - undeniably sexy. It wasn't

long before the two of them were making out, their teen queen mom looking on eagerly, happy to see her little girls getting along so well.

I slapped my forehead. This was not what I'd intended.

Was she still even their mom? I pulled up her profile and swiped quickly to her relationship status.

"Well, good job." Delight rolled her eyes. "You've turned those girls from slutty twins into oblivious slutty twins. How original. My turn!" She grabbed the tablet, but this time I held firm.

"Dude, I told you, I'm fixing this." I tugged the tablet back

"Quit hogging the reality tablet, you dick!" She tugged back harder.

"Oh no, I'm not trusting you with this ." Back and forth we went, Delight's fat thumbs causing chaos on the poor mother's profile. I gave as good as I could, but Delight continued to not play fair, pinching at my nipples and squeezing for my balls with those soft skilled hands of hers.

"Don't worry," she said as she finally wrenched it free, "I'm not going to use it on you." She said that like I didn't have every reason to doubt her. She tapped around on the screen, the thing held low enough I could see she was trying to get out of the mom's profile. "Come on, I saw you were doing something to that family, I want to play with it too."

I turned to look at the mother. She was naked in the aisle, on all fours, wearing a leash and a spiked collar as she panted up at the twins, her enormous tits hanging down and dragging on the floor as she barked in excitement. Okay. I let out a sigh of relief. I was worried for a moment something had happened to her.

"Look," I sighed deeply. "Just don't put it on Horny, okay?"

"Triple Horny it is!" she teased.

"No!" I rubbed at the bridge of my nose.

She stuck out her stupid sexy tongue. "What even are these other options? Rebellious? Oblivious?"

"I think it's the vibe of how the person reacts? You set yours to horny, now you're horny about your changes. If you set it to rebellious, they'd hate it, I guess? "

"So if I give some limp dick loser a massive horse cock," she said, squinting down at the tablet, "strict upgrade, but I had it to Rebellious, they'd hate the damn thing?"

"Probably? Why?"

"Wait, hold on, even better." She held the thing up and snapped a photo of someone down the aisle. "How did you get the – ah, there it is." She made a few adjustments, excitement building on her face, then she frowned. "Boo. It makes it so she thinks she's always hated her huge horse cock. Boring. I was hoping she'd make a scene."

She lowered the tablet and I could see a shot of a scrubby nerdy girl with messy hair and a sizeable bulge in her extra baggy pants.

"Let's try something else, shall we?" She held the thing up to me and clicked the photo button.

"Watch it." I gave him a warning glare. "I just told you not to make any changes to me."

"I'm just curious about the menus, is all." She waved off my concern as she did some swipes and taps. "Where was that status menu? Now we're talking." She typed a few things out. "Why...?" she smirked. "Do you think I'm doing anything to you?"

"I'm not playing this game, Del." I brushed the long blonde hair out of my face and stood up to my full masculine height of 5'2", looming over her. I put my pink-nailed hand on my wide, cocked hip.

"What game?" she asked, quickly typing a few more things.

"You're going to say you've changed something and get me all riled up and then you've just got me second guessing my own natural traits. You tried it earlier with my dick, but I'm not falling for it again."

"Really?" she snickered and made an exaggerated stretching motion. "You're sure. Nothing at all?"

I looked down at my masculine hourglass figure and crossed my hands under my great big horny hooters. What could she have possibly changed? I was still the same guy I always was. Same soft masculine skin, same delicate masculine legs, same masculine pink nails. It didn't help that Delight was staring so luridly at my body, running her eyes all over me. She was obviously turned on by what she saw, but she was always turned on, so it was whatever, I guessed.

Beneath my skirt, my dick pulsed. That's one thing I really loved about her, she always knew how to make me feel wanted, that grin she gave as she gazed luridly at my stunning tits or boyish king-pillow sized butt. I'd have to fuck that pussy of hers later with my great big ten inch dick. It was only fair I get her off as much as possible. I'd always believed that.

"So if I told you I gave you the body of a fetish model, the face of a bimbo pornstar and the body language of a stripper seductress, you'd say?"

"I'd say you're crazy." I shot her a smouldering look. "Come on, I think I'd notice all that. With a body like this? My broad hips and hourglass figure are way too manly for a pornstar, and what kind of fetish model has such a fat ass? And my face? My complexion is too creamy and soft for that." I leaned in to give her a better look. What was she talking about calling me a bimbo? My long wavy hair is honey coloured, not blonde, and if I was a bimbo I'd have it styled in something other than messy braids, wouldn't I? I twirled it around my finger for emphasis. "And wait, is that seductress comment a stab at how I keep falling into compromising positions whenever I lie or sit down? Dude," I crossed and uncrossed my long slender legs. "I'm just clumsy like that."

"Uh huh," she smirked. "And the skirt? The shoes?"

I looked down at the thin shiny pink strip of pink PVC wrapped tight around my big pillowy ass, though it didn't go much farther. The front had had been rolled up so my dick could poke free, my scanty little thong doing very little to restrain my horny fuckstick or my big heavy balls. Down below were my matching 6 inch pink patent leather platform pumps, with the open toe that really showed off my sparkling pink toenails.

"What about them?" I stood, turning to give her a better look at the way the skirt rode up oh so perfectly to show off the masculine curves of my enormous pillowy posterior. "I love showing my body off for you, you know that." I shifted my pose a few times to give Delight a good show, my hands rubbing up and down along my body, and most prominently along my hot slutmelons and my thick slutcock, occasionally pressing down on the former to have them brush the tip of the head of the latter. "You know I love dressing like a bimbo slut for you, dude. Giving you something to drool over and get horny for is what being bros is all about."

"And that's..." another giggle. "Normal?"

"For us, yes, as normal as we get, anyway. Look, I'm telling you, I'm not playing your game. This isn't going to work. You know why?"

"Why's that?"

"Because," I sat back down, the momentum of the action sending my knockers jiggling. "I'm your friend. And god knows you don't have very many of those. And as my friend, I trust that you would respect my bodily autonomy and not make any changes to me."

"Ugh, fine!" she fumed, her smile falling away. "You're no fun."

"Love you too, bro." I blew him a sultry kiss.

"Well if I'm not messing with you, I'll just have to find someone else. And -ooh!" He looked down the aisle. "I think I might have just the person."

She leaned out and took a photo of someone from the aisle, then made a show of setting the tablet from Oblivious to Triple X Horny.

"Del?" I raised an eyebrow.

"It'll be fine. Look, I'll let you watch the whole time." She lowered the tablet so I could see as she worked.

I turned and stood on my teetering heels to peak out above the seat at who he had targeted. There was a girl walking down the aisle, wearing a hi-vis vest over a go-train uniform that featured the words 'Fare Inspector' prominently. She was checking everybody's cards to make sure they had paid, running them under a scanner until it beeped. Honestly, she was kinda plain? Maybe it was just that her work uniform was intentionally obstructing the form of her body with blocky utilitarianism. Sure, she had a white collared blouse and a little black tie, but most of that was obscured by a utility vest full of equipment. She was a girl here to work, not to be looked at. Maybe it was just because my brain was so caught up

right now on all the hypersexual creatures around me. In a sane world, she could probably pass for cute and I'm sure she'd be downright hot in the right context, but it wasn't this one.

"Let's see what this puppy can do!" Delight started tapping at the controls with a dramatic flourish. She was adjusting sliders on the girl's screen, giving a stretch or a pinch here and there, then moving on to another section and doing the same there. She went into her bio and started entering text. By all indication, Delight was absolutely going to town on this girl. From my perspective, however? It was the weirdest feeling. I knew the power of this thing, but I couldn't see anything changing on the screen no matter what she pinched or twisted. Honestly, it was Delight's face that told the real story, her thick plump glossy lips grinning wider and wider with each change. She must have been having some real fun because it wasn't long before her other hand worked its way down to her pussy.

In the background I could hear the girl getting closer. The little beep beep beep of her device growing closer with each change as she scanned her way down the aisle, until finally she arrived at ours.

I shot Delight a glare. She put the tablet down, a cat that had caught the canary. Or, more accurately for her, a pussy who had caught the cock.

"Tickets, please," I thought I heard the girl say, but that was silly because what she had actually said, in her cooing orgasm-adjacent voice was, "Dicks out, please."

I gave the mostly naked girl a close look, trying to figure out what Delight had done. I'm surprised she hadn't given her a big fat dick, but maybe she was more subtle than I was giving her credit for. Unless her pussy was somehow a dick I was oblivious to? But no, that didn't make any sense, her pussy was far too stuffed for that.

The girl's backbreaking beach-ball boobs bounced to and fro as she rotated to position herself better before me, jiggling and swinging with every little movement despite their immense size and obvious weight. The little high vis vest she wore was barely visible, hidden by the massive eruptions of her titties, and her little tie was immediately swallowed up by the blackhole that was her cleavage. She was a little out of place in that regard, sure, but it was understandable, she was in no position to fix her uniform, her hands were occupied wholly with the duty of keeping her shoulder boulders in control. Reaching around, her palms were only just able to reach her rigid fist-sized nipples, which she was squeezing in her delicate soft hands. She was so worked up and horny a dribble of milk was running from each. Her face was flush in erotic torment as something down below her waist buzzed and thrummed, but at that point I couldn't get a good view of anything besides her boobs.

In other words? She was just an ordinary girl. I didn't understand what Delight had done. The girl was just as plain as when I'd looked at her a few minutes ago. She could be cute in the right light, and if I caught her without her uniform on, maybe I could see her as hot, but with her in her uniform like this? Naked and with her pussy stuffed with a company dildos and vibrators? It wasn't easy.

"Sir?" she said again, her voice breaking in sexual ecstasy. "Dicks out, p-please."

"Oh, right." I rolled up the hem of my skirt to let my normal throbbingly hard ten inch dick swing free, it sprang up with such verve it slapped erotically into the underside of my titties, causing me to moan as not one but two bouts of heat flushed through me. "Here you go," I said.

She bent down to sink her fat dicksucking lips around the head of my dick and started rolling her long skilled tongue around the shaft as she slurped up and down its length. I let out a gasp of pleasure, my masculine voice echoing through the train car with a further series of bubblegum moans.

As she sucked and slurped, I reached my hands out to my own tits, ostensibly to keep them out of the way so she could work, but in truth, I don't think I could have stood the sensation of having her head pounding into the underside of my sensitive slutbags over and over again as she sucked and slurped on my cock. Instead I pulled my titties to either side, looking down through the canyon of them at the girl as she worked. Her sultry eyes were angled upwards, watching me watch her, to make sure I didn't try anything to cheat my ticket. The warmth of my hands on my melons however, combined with the hard horny urgency building in my cock and balls was making my tits ache with need. I started to pinch and tug at my nipples, as she was doing with her tits, the horny sensation flooding through me had me melting in carnal bliss, the heat from my tits amplifying the heat from my dick and vice versa. I can't believe I was getting so turned on from this girl checking my ticket. Maybe she was hot after all? Or maybe I was just a more horny perv than I thought.

As the girl bobbed up and down professionally, she was trembling in need. I could feel the press of her long, long tongue as it swirled around my length. I knew that fare checkers had to have orgasmically sensitive tongues and mouths, so her work was leaving her body shaking so hard you could see it in the jiggle of her tits. She was so horny from the task of checking my payment she was drooling a torrent of juice from her fountaining pussy. She'd left a whole trail behind her, a little pool at each seat. But she wasn't allowed to climax, if I understood correctly, until she had finished the whole car, otherwise that would be most unprofessional. Finally, right as I was on the edge of blowing my load down her throat, the vibrator in her pussy went "Beep!" and sent a wave of pleasure crashing through her. She doubled over in the orgasmic satisfaction of a job well done, coming up off my dick with a loud carnal pop.

Through the sexual edge, she was panting, tongue lolling out of her mouth as she struggling to retain her sense of place amidst the pleasure. She was so close to climax, she knew it, but she still had a long line of customers ahead of her, so she clamped down on her vibrator and wiped the juices off my cock with her big fat tits before turning to Delight.

"Me next!" Delight was chomping at the bit. She scooted to the edge of her seat and raised one leg up, revealing her perfect pink pussy, almost as horny and as eager as this girl's.

The girl dragged her tits over, lowered herself to give Del's groin a lick, tracing her foot-long tongue first around her clit, then going deeper into her pussy, her sensitive organ so long and big and finely tuned she could taste every horny warm inch of my friend's pussy with it.

No sooner had the girl got a taste, than Delight grabbed her head and started pumping and grinding it tight against her crotch. She was really getting into it, face fucking the girl, rubbing the girl's nose on her clit, riding the girl's slick tongue for all it was worth. The roughness just caused the girl to shudder in micro-orgasm though, and soon she was gushing extra hard.

I shot Delight a glare. Didn't she know it was rude to rush a girl just trying to do her job?

Delight certainly wasn't holding back on my account though. She tormented the girl by bucking her hips and making the girl work for her pay. I could see on the poor thing's face that she was doing all she could

to resist cumming, here and now, which would be a total breach of protocol, totally unprofessional, but Delight just laughed at the poor girl's plight. Well, laughed and moaned and gasped and grunted.

"Del." I slapped her on the boob. "Be nice."

But the titty tap just sent Delight over her edge, screaming in orgasm. Oops. I guess she'd been a lot closer than I'd thought. Was she also super turned on by this girl? Del's pussy was gushing a torrent of juices into the girl's eager, receptive face, quite the compliment of good service, even if she had been rough on her. Not that the girl noticed. The vibrator in her pussy beeped again, and she was sent in full-body tremors across another orgasmic edge, gritting her teeth as she rode through the fight of her life.

Del looked on grinning. The girl mumbled a tiny 'thank you' and turned to check the payments of the three lawyers fucking across the aisle. She was bending over at the waist at just the right angle to give us a perfect glimpse at her huge ass and the flared base of the enormous vibrating dildos she had strapped into her ass and pussy, both daintily held back by a lacy g string.

"Dude!" Del couldn't stop grinning as she watched the girl's fat ass wagging around in front of us. "That was nuts!"

"What was? Getting your ticket checked?"

"She just sucked your dick, dude!" she giggled, then held her hand up for a high five, which I shakily returned. "She just fucked my pussy with a prehensile tongue! Oh my god, I have a *pussy*, that's never not going to be hot to say, to think about. I have a hot slutty gushy pussy." She brought her hand back down to the organ in question. "And it just got fucked! I love it so much."

"I don't get it." I leaned forward and jiggled my tits for her, so she had something to look at as she masturbated, as friends do. "How else is she supposed to check the ticket?"

Delight just laughed even louder.

"Look, now that you're done with her, maybe you should turn her back? Whatever it is you did." I grabbed the tablet back, trying to figure out what she had done, but Suki Dickswallow, as the girl's name was, was normal as far as I could tell.

"After all that effort I put into it?" Now it was her turn to shoot me a glare. "Dude I'm having fun, lighten up. You know what? I think you just need to get laid."

"Yeah, well I'm certainly not letting you help with that." I glared pointedly at her buoyant bouncing boobs. "I'm not fucking you Del, we've been over this. It's the only way you'll learn."

"No, but I could help you in other ways!"

"I don't think I like the tone of that."

"Oh, no, this'll be great." her hands increased the intensity with which they were pounding her pussy. "Changing that girl gave me so many ideas. Dude, we can go absolutely wild on this train. We can be like horny gods, dude. Can you picture it?"

I could. And it worried me. The whole train as messed up as the twins making out or the lawyers across from us going at it? I tried to imagine every seat turning into some kind of oblivious hypersexual orgy, the train one big triple-x horny mess.

It was more likely than I could imagine, wasn't it? I wasn't getting through to Del. I could never get through to Del when she was like this. That meant she was just going to go more and more crazy. And that meant... oh no.

I was going to have to stop her wasn't I? I was going to have to step in and put a stop to this madness. I looked down at the tablet. If she wouldn't lay off, I knew just what I had to do.

"Okay, fine." I waved her off. "Do whatever you want. Just let me have my go first, okay?"

"Why?" She clutched the tablet tight to her big perky cans. "What are you going to do with it?"

"Uh." I fumbled in my brain for an excuse. "I'm going to make it so your big horny tits are so sensitive that you can cum just from playing with them. In fact, you'll always cum when you're taking my cock between them, I know how much you like that."

"Hell yeah, bro!" She bounced gleefully and handed me the tablet. "See, now we're on the same page. Slut bros for life!" She held out her hand to do a fist bump and I returned the gesture.

"Slut bros for life." I returned the mantra with none of the exuberance she had given it.

I took the tablet in my hands and pointed it at Delight. She raised her hand to her cheek to give the blowjob motion like she always did when someone took her photo. I took a moment to consider what I was seeing. My friend, who had always been impossibly achingly beautiful, who had always had perfect pornstar makeup and a tantalising teasing body, who was always down to fuck at a moment's notice. I'd given her tits, of course, her mannish chest and her flat ass had always been her weakness, but now she was a perfect peak package. Unstoppable.

My slutty friend. I pulled up her profile. What was I going to do with you?

That was the trouble. She was kind of a garbage person, but she was still my friend. And hadn't I gotten her into this mess to begin with? Didn't that mean I should be giving her the benefit of the doubt? She had the chance to change me, after all, and she had held back. Surely that had to count for something?.

"Dude," I swiped around in her profile. My eye fell to the Reset All button "Now that we've seen what this can do, I think after we're done here we should reset everything and put this away. We shouldn't be using this without a very specific plan."

"No!" She recoiled like I'd just suggested cutting off her arm. "I like this. I like who I am. I'm hot and sexy! I never realized how horny being a girl would make me, but fuck." She squeezed her super perky melons for emphasis. "It's like a fetish I never knew I had! And knowing that it's artificial? That just makes it so much hotter!"

"Being a girl? Del, what are you talking about? Are you hearing yourself?"

"You wouldn't understand." She glanced away. "Ooh, but I could show you. I could turn you into a sexy girl as well. All the way."

"No!" I admonished, like I was disciplining a bad housepet. "What did I tell you about changing me?"

"Fine, fine."

I really couldn't trust her, could I? One way or another, I had to end this.

I pulled up her profile. I set the attitude dropdown to Eager, and I started to typing: "Whenever Delight uses the tablet to humiliate or sexualize others, she'll decide to humiliate or sexualize herself instead." Then, just to cover my tracks, I wrote the thing about his tits being just as hypersensitive hair-trigger orgasmic as my own.

"Well, how are they?" I glanced at her tits. "Think you could cum just from playing with them?"

"Mmm," she rubbed "I've always been a sensitive guy," she said. "That's why I've had you and the guys fucking my tits all the time. Nothing like having one of you blow your load right between my cans and feeling all the cum squelching around in my cleavage. Best feeling in the world!" she giggled. "God, I love my big sensitive tits so much."

"Okay, here's the tablet back." I handed it over to him. "But use it carefully, okay?"

"Cross my heart and hope to die." She made a little x motion over her chest.

"What do you have planned?"

"I'm glad you asked!" she beamed. "See those guys over there? She set the tablet to Triple X Horny. "I figure for a warm-up, I'm going to turn them into slutty cum-dumb bimbo bottoms, then have them come over here so I can fuck them senseless. "

"Both of them?"

"Well you can have one too." She stuck out her sexy tongue.

"Let's see..." She pointed the camera at them, then froze, a mischievous look on her face. "Oh, even better!" A big grin broke across her face. "What if I turn *myself* into a slutty cum-dumb bimbo bottom instead and we go over there and have them fuck us senseless!"

"Uh."

"Yeah, oh this is so good, holy shit." She flipped the camera back to herself and started editing her own profile, evidently very enthused about the idea. "I'll make it so I'm a total needy slut who can't even go one day without a good fucking, and that if any dick is out or presented to me, I'll have no choice but to drop to my knees and suck it off or titfuck it. I'll make myself a total subby bottom who's obsessed with making others feel as good as possible, whose body exists just get others off!" Her grin was growing

wider and wider, more manic. "I'll make myself addicted to cum and completely boy crazy, and it'll all be set to super slutty so I have to be get fucked everywhere and all the time!"

I looked on with wide eyes. Goddamnit Del, what was wrong with you? Maybe Eager wasn't the best setting for this. hough would it be better if she was getting off to this instead, or completely oblivious to the transformations she was unleashing on herself when she thought she was targeting those other people?

"Uh, Del," I suggested, "maybe you better tone it down a bit?"

"Are you kidding? This is the best idea I've ever had! And just for good measure, I'll give myself a fetish for getting fucked on a train in a foursome with my big-titted bimbo bestie."

".. what? I'm not a bimbo!"

"Oh right, I made you oblivious to that. Surprise!"

"I'm not oblivious!" I gestured down at my pink skirt and high heels and long slender legs and tight pert midriff and my slender arms and my big tits. "What about this looks bimbo to you?"

"Unaware, bro," she shrugged. "I thought it would be funny. Kept the dick though because I love having something like that between my titties, you know, and now, wow, great idea me because if I'm turning myself into a needy bottom slut I'm going to be riding your dick every day – dozens of times a day! - until you break me open with it and we both die and go to heaven! I can make you always ready to bone, or even better, make myself always ready to bone." Her eyes opened even wider. "Not just your dick, *everybody's* dick... I can get fucked by the whole world, look!" She lowered the tablet so I could see. She'd already set the role for Quick Access: Horny Love Slave and was in the process of selecting "Global" from the Who that relationship was associated with.

"No, stop!"

I grabbed the tablet right before she could press the button. This was getting out of hand, fast.

"What, dude?" She whined and whimpered. "Don't be such a cockblocker!" She tried to tug the tablet back. We wrestled with it, back and forth. I had to put a stop for this.

For the record, I'm not proud of what I did next, but god help me, it needed to be done.

I leaned forward, took Del's face in my hands, and I kissed her. I kissed her and as our fat plump glossy lips mashed together, she melted into me. It was surprise at first, but her slutty submissive porn brain was soon short circuiting and exploding into fireworks. She was already such a coomer dick-brain slut, I couldn't bear her going any farther with it. I didn't want to lose my friend just so the world could have a love slave.

"W-what are you doing?" She blushed completely crimson.

"I'm being a good friend."

I pulled her submissive yielding body against my own, my hot dick pressing up against her slick fiery vulva, fireworks going off between us. I was already rock hard, she was already sopping wet. What came next just made sense. I slid my dick inside her and her eyes lit up like hearts.

“Ooh,” she moaned. “Fuuuuuck!”

It only took a handful of quick thrusts to get her roiling in ecstasy, my hands working her sensitive body, knowing exactly how to handle her perky melons to make her start gushing not just from her pussy from her tits as well. It was all the same stuff, after all, I’d do to myself on late lonely nights. That was the worst part, actually, I had to keep my own tits from getting up caught up in all this fun.

I was just glad I’d managed to seize the initiative. She hadn’t been playing fair? Well how was this, for a dirty trick? I slammed into her perfect pussy with every hard inch, with every horny frustration and like the good subby bottom bitch that she was, she took every inch with aplomb.

But god damn, was Delight’s body distracting. We fucked for what had to be ten minutes before I remembered what I had been doing, before I remembered we weren’t just going at it to relieve horny stress like friends did. I was on a mission.

So as her eyes rolled back into the top of her head, screaming out for my dick, I grabbed the tablet from her. Never letting up for a moment, I looked at it to see she had set the relationship status to Super Slutty Love Slave. She was setting who that applied to, who she’d be that to. The word ‘global’ was prominent in the drop down, I scrolled away from it. I set it to my name instead. The screen flashed as the bio updated.

“Stop,” I commanded, with more verve than usual.

“Yes, Master!” Delight’s eyes opened wide, abating her pleasure to respond to my command. She stopped her bucking and her screaming and everything else she was doing. My word was a thousand times more important.

“Delight?” I said, pulling my cock out of her pussy, a disappointment to us both.

“Yes, Master?” There was adoration in her eyes as she beheld me, like a lost dog staring fondly at its owner. Horny admiration. Lusty love so intense that it sublimated into absolute obedience and devotion.

“You’ve been a real pain the ass this trip.” I slapped her clit with the weight of my dick. She buckled and groaned, stars exploding in her eyes.

“Sorry Master!” Her mood plunged and her expression with it. She was grieving over what that might mean. She tried to beg forgiveness, listing all the ways she might make it up to me, but I pinched one of her nipples to shush her.

“It’s fine.” I rubbed at the bridge of my nose. “It’s my fault. I should have been more firm with you.”

“Please Master!” She wriggled her stupid horny body. “I’ll be better!”

"Fine," I relented, more out of my own arousal than anything else. "Turn around and press your tits against the window." I spread my legs and waved my dick in front of her, she followed it perfectly, eagerly, but didn't act without my say so. "Let's see how good that pussy of yours really is."

"Ooh, yes Master!" she cried, cooing in bliss, trembling in sexual need from following orders and from the intimidating presence of my huge cock. "You know I always love doing it on the train with you!"

Before she got the chance, there was a chime, followed by a robotic voice. "Now arriving: Union Station". The train began to slow.

"Nooo!" Delight whined and whimpered.

This was our stop. Shit, shit, shit.

Everybody on the train stood and started gathering their things, forming a line for the exit. Union was the hub so most people were getting off here. Everybody we changed was suddenly in very uncertain circumstances. The lawyers, the mom and daughters, hell, the ticket checking lady was already gone. What was I going to do?

Dammit, Delight! I didn't have nearly enough time to fix all this. Despite Desire's vocal insistence to the contrary, it was time to pump the emergency brakes.

I looked back at the screen, at the button labeled "Reset All".

Sorry Del, easy come, easy go, am I right?

I reached out one pink nailed finger, and tapped the button.

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Shortly thereafter the two of us stepped off the train onto the cool air of platform 12/13 at Union Station.

I was upset. Friend or not, that was a whole lot of bullshit I had just had to put up with that I was in no mood to deal with today. Now that we were here we had a lot to do. We couldn't be getting distracted like that again.

As we walked towards the stairs it was slow going, the trio of lawyers who had sat opposite us, were cooing and giggling amongst themselves. They were still fucking each other with big fat dildos and pressing their bodies together as they discussed where they were going to eat out for lunch. I was going to say something, but they were clearly in love and having fun and who was I to stand in the way of that?

Instead I turned to my erstwhile companion,

"Really dude?" I scolded, "Couldn't you have held it together any better? I'm so mad at you right now."

"Sorry Master!" Delight mewled, "I've always had a fetish for getting fucked on trains, you know that. And when those girls across from us started making out, it just got me all worked up! Master is right, I'm

a terrible slut to put my own pleasure ahead of yours. Punish me, Master! Tie me up and fuck me senseless, fill my holes with dildos, make me fuck everybody we see!”

Behind us, some pedestrians stepped onto the train, which was now aiming further west. One of them stepped around the ticket checking girl, who was rolling around on the floor in screaming climax. Her replacement was standing nearby, getting into uniform by stripping naked and putting on the girl’s little high-vis vest and shoving her dildos into his ass.

“None of that,” I sighed. Those weren’t punishments, they were excuses for her to have more fun. “Fine, since you’re so insistent, when we get to Greg’s you’re going to spend the entire night under the table, except when it’s your turn. You’re going to get everybody off at least twice, but you’re not allowed to cum or even touch yourself unless I tell you. You’re going to be covered in all our friend’s cum, but you’re not allowed to eat any of it until we get home.” It wasn’t the kind of punishment she’d learn from, but it would make me feel better. As big a brat as Delight could be, it was nice to be able to take a firm hand with her every now and then.

We pushed our way around the lawyers and saw what the real hold up was. A pair of smouldering hot twins were trying to drag their mother on her leash, but she was turned, her huge tits barely rising above the floor as she was on all fours, to enthusiastically sniff at one of the crotch of an incredibly embarrassed nerdy girl in loose pants, and like a dog with a stick, she would not be denied.

“But Master, the smell is going to drive me wild! I’ll be drooling pussy juice the whole ride home.”

“I’m counting on it,” I said, giving a grin that left in no uncertain terms that I meant to rail her so hard on the way back that she wouldn’t be able to see straight after. There were advantages to being blessed with a huge, always hard cock.

“Ooh,” she purred. “Yes Master!”

I stopped and looked back behind us at the train. The doors were just closing.

“Why do I feel like I’m forgetting something?”

“The tablet, Master?”

My eyes went wide.

I turned and ran for it, but I was too late, the train was already moving and soon it was a distant memory on the horizon.

Well shit.

I sighed and rubbed my brow in frustration. This was fine, right? It wasn’t like we had been able to use it or anything, had we? We had turned it on and then... and then... there had been some fucking? Del was being extra bratty, and in the end I’d been fucking her tits when... no, hold on, hadn’t there been something about a button? there was something about a button?

For some reason, the only thing I remembered for sure about it was a dialogue box saying "Global Awareness Reset Complete." What could that mean?

I frowned, I couldn't remember any other details, but that was okay. I was sure it was all a very normal train ride.

Oh well. I shrugged. Easy come easy go. With how busy the train had been, someone else would find it soon enough, I was sure of that. Maybe they'd even be able to figure out how to use it.

"Now come on," I said, turning sharply on my tall pink heels, my great big hard dick and super sensitive titties flopping about in front of me from the momentum. "Let's go check out the clothing stores at the mall. I want to get some new skimpy skirts. You know how much I love dressing up like a bimbo slut for my sex slave!"

The End.