

New-U (Friends to Latina MILF & Goth Futa TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Story Tier Prompt for Scoobert

When Dan and Gabe both use the mysterious New-U app in the privacy of their shared apartment's bedrooms, they become stuck in their altered states when the app suddenly goes down for maintenance! Neither knows the other has used the app, but they can't stay in their rooms forever. And besides, they might find themselves impressed with each other's results . . .

New-U

It was called the New-U App. Neither Dan nor Gabe were sure it could do what it promised, but after the advertising blitz they had experienced on the net, how could they not try it out? Of course, it wasn't an app that was *meant* to be downloaded. It seemed to originate out of Belarus or something, and had a lot of dodgy rumours about its source code. So it wasn't on any *official* app store or anything. Still, it wasn't hard to find it if you knew what you were looking for, and when it came to the Dark Web, Dan always knew what he was looking for.

The young man had always been quite a nerd. He certainly had the looks of one; he was only twenty years old but already fairly obese and was losing hair on the back of his head. His beard had far too much 'neck' in it, and his glasses were thick. Combined with a stutter and a lisp, and he was basically a social outcast regardless of how nice he was; hence why he vastly preferred to be online rather than interact in person.

His roommate and friend Gabe couldn't have been more different from him. He was a handsome man, also twenty years old, and he loved to play sports, watch sports, bet on sports, and build his own fantasy teams for numerous different sports, especially football. The two would never have become friends were it not for the fact that they had a shared love of video games and digital entertainment, especially horror movies. Besides, with his tousled blonde hair and good looks, Gabe had nothing to fear from the rotund Dan. He was, in a word, the 'unthreatening' friend.

He was also damn useful, because he'd managed to get them both the app.

"Can it really change your body? That's, like, science fiction bullshit, right?"

Dan shrugged. "Who knows? I mean, I highly doubt it, but I've managed to get rid of any viruses that may have come with the download."

"Still, it'd be sick to turn my six-pack into an eight-pack, right?"

"Yeah, or get rid of my fat gut and give me more hair."

"I could have more muscles than Gerald Liner."

“And I could just *have* muscles.”

They shared a chuckle which then petered out into silence.

“Still, probably not actually a good idea to do it, at least until we’ve investigated it a bit further,” Gabe said.

“Yeah, right. Of course. You’re the techie wiz after all, dude.”

“Did you wanna play some video games? There’s the latest *Erutell* adventure pack that’s out today?”

Gabe normally would have said yes, but a quiet curiosity was upon him. The handsome footballer instead shook his head. “Nah man, I appreciate it. But I really gotta study for this upcoming test. Can’t just be sports all the time, right?”

“I wouldn’t know,” Dan said, “but I’ve got a physics test coming up that I should also study for.”

“Well, off I go now. To study.”

“Me too. Also studying.”

They both retreated at the same time to their respective rooms. Neither had any intention of studying, however. The New-U App was simply too tempting *not* to try out. And both of them had a secret about how they wanted to use it that they had never told another living soul, not even each other.

Dan closed the door to his room and brought up several images on a hidden file on his computer. He made sure his door was locked several times before bringing them up, because they portrayed a secret kink of his. A massive file of nearly six hundred different images, both real and commissioned or sourced from transformation-based websites, displayed sexy goth girls. There was nothing particularly shocking about this, it was a fairly common fetish. Dan loved their long black hair, particularly with dark purple streaks through it, and he adored their pale skin and black eyeliner and lipstick, the way they wore tight black dresses or, better yet, leather corsets. Their tall black boots made him imagine them being used to step on him, and it was all the better when they had short skirts with black-and-purple patterning, perhaps even pleated. But whereas for most men this would have been enough, there was another condition for Dan that he loved beyond tall, fit goth chicks who could crush him with their thighs.

He loved the idea of them having big, rock hard cocks.

He couldn’t say exactly why he had this fetish. It wasn’t like he actually wanted to have sex with a woman with a dick. And yet still, the idea turned him on. These athletic, sly goth girls, the best of them quite tall and powerful looking, but with big hard members they stroked beneath their short skirts. Perhaps it was a dominance thing, but the idea of it turned him on *hard*. And now, with the New-U app, there was a hope, however slight, that he could

become one of these girls. Be tall, hot, and dark, and have not just a pair of big pale tits but a long girthy dick as well.

"I really hope this works. Please let the Dark Web rumours be true!"

He opened the New U app and found that it worked. The UI was a little hard to navigate, but he soon reached the main purpose of the app, where one could input descriptive details of the bodily changes one wishes to possess. It even showed the most common ones; mostly muscle growth, breast enlargement, weight loss, etc. But Dan didn't want a little experiment. He wanted to go *all* in.

"Here's to becoming an amazonian goth girl with a big dick," he murmured to himself excitedly. "God, I can't ever let Gabe know what a total freak I am."

Of course, at that exact same moment, Gabe was not exactly beating any potential 'freak' allegations himself. He had always been a sporty guy, and had girlfriends easily as a result thanks to his good looks and natural charisma and success. But he too had a hidden secret that he'd never, ever let the other players know. There was one cheerleader, a girl named Marcia, who the entire team agreed was one of the absolute stunners. She was lithe and beautiful, with a radiant smile, and she loved to flirt with all the boys. And yet Gabe had turned down a private offer for a fling with her. He'd had to crush accusations that he was gay by going out with someone else later, but the truth wasn't that he was gay at all.

No, he was far more interested in Marcia's *mother*.

Ever since he was a teenager, Gabe had been fascinated with older women. He loved the shape of them, their maternal bodies and natures, the way their hips were wider and their waists delightfully thick. Even the slight pooch in their stomachs from previous childbirth was a turn on for him, and to know that a woman was vastly more experienced than him, with large breasts and a cougar's confidence . . . it was a private fantasy. In his even more private moments he imagined what it would be like to *be* one of these women. The idea of looking like Marcia's mother Eiza was positively intoxicating. He sometimes even masturbated to the image of waking up as a gorgeous Latina woman, Spanish language and all, but with a voluptuous body that could attract younger and older men alike.

And now here was his chance, provided the rumours about the New-U app were real. He doubted they were, of course. Such things weren't possible. But it didn't hurt to try in secret, right?

He put some heavy weights against the door, and then Gabe set about opening the app. He was slow to get it to work, and chuckled at the muscle gain option - he was going the opposite route!

"Sexy momma Latina," he said. "C'mon, c'mon, c'mon, baby. If I can have just this, I'd trade any championship win in the world."

He input his selections, following the categories, and Dan did the same in his own room.

Height.

Weight.

Gender.

Ethnicity.

Bust size.

Languages.

Age.

Other (Please Specify).

There were numerous choices, and even more in the advanced settings, and both young men went over them with a deep level of scrutiny, their excitement building. It was never going to work, of course, but still that hidden enthusiasm, that hope, continued to rise. Finally, there was the last prompt: *Activate?*

Both men breathed a sigh, and less than a minute apart, as if in near-sync, they both pressed the button on their respective phones.

Activating your New-U! Please see settings to change back whenever you desire. For now, enjoy your new body to its fullest!

For a moment, nothing happened. Disappointment reigned. And then . . .

ZAP!

“Ow!” cried Dan.

“The fuck!?” Gabe shouted.

“Dude, are you okay?”

“Uh, yeah. Just tripped.”

“M-me too.”

Their voices echoed between their rooms, both covering for themselves. But their attention was quickly redirected by the results of the strange green electric zap that had emitted from their phones. Suddenly, a warm soothing sensation came over both men. Dan’s body began to feel like putty, as if it was being massaged by some outside invisible force. His large belly began to press inwards, shaped like Play-doh, and this was followed by a stretchiness in his limbs. He gave a little squeak of excitement, shocked that it was actually working! His skin began to lighten, and his hairy chest, arms, and legs became quickly smooth and womanly. He moaned quietly to himself as his chest bloomed, two small breasts forming and then rising. The looseness of his shirt became very much *not* loose in response to this change: now it was just baggy around his thinning waist and increasingly tight around his chest.

“Holy shit, I’m growing tits,” he marvelled, whispering to himself, voice cracking up to become a husky, sexy female voice. He cupped these developments, nearly drooling from their sensitivity - he’d upped the sensations quite dramatically, and was now definitely feeling it. His nipples swelled, denting against the fabric, and soon he was the proud owner of a pair of Double-D’s, the roundness of his new pale orbs big enough to almost block the view of his feet. Soon they did: his feet shrank, becoming daintier, though not too much so, as Dan’s spine stretched upwards, as did his limbs. His entire frame rocketed upwards, inch by inch. The man had only been around 5’7, and now he was shooting up to well past six feet.

“Ohhhhhh, G-God!” he muttered, spine clicking with each extension. It only stopped when he was perhaps 6’2 in height, easily taller than most men, let alone just about every woman!

And still more changes came. His hair descended, growing long and turning midnight black. There were slight waves in it, and it fell down his pale shoulders. Dan gasped due to the strangeness of his shoulders shrinking, and again as his hips widened. He was too tall for a classical hourglass figure, but it was still very much a womanly one. But this was more than just a biological change, because his shirt was also changing, turning into a white crop top that pushed his breasts up. A black bra could easily be seen through the fabric, hoisting up his boobs further to form magnificently milky cleavage. A black leather jacket with shoulder spikes appeared out of nowhere, and the sexy purple-black skirt he’d always favoured began to form from his trousers.

“Holy f-fuck! It’s working exactly! Every detail!”

His face had already changed - he could barely keep up with it! In the reflection of his mirror he was now a deeply attractive and strikingly powerful looking goth woman, right down to the piercings over her brow that had manifested, the stud in her nose, the multiple silver-black earrings she possessed. Even her belly button had a stud, and her skin was so pale it was practically Irish. And her face! Thick lips covered over in black lipstick, her eyebrows similarly thick, and her nose aquiline and authoritative. Her gaze was strong and fierce.

“Is it done? Am I - nnggh! Ohhh!”

Suddenly, her cock rose, extending upwards, hard and long and easily twice and a half bigger than it had ever been. Her balls felt bigger too, and were practically *churning* with seed, virile beyond belief.

“Oh God, holy shit. *Now* I’m done.”

Dan stared at her mirror reflection in triumph, loving the way her cock literally lifted up her dark skirt to reveal all. She was hot as hell and a total futa girl - a chick with a dick. It was everything she wanted to be.

Meanwhile, Gabe knew nothing of this, not even noticing the echoing squeaks, moans, and grunts from Dan. This was because he was changing into his own private fantasy as well. Just like Dan, the change happened after a disappointing pause. Gabe nearly walked out of the room to tell Dan it wouldn't work, ready to make up some story about trying to make himself Schwarzenegger buff or something. But then there was this powerful heat upon his skin, and to his shock he saw that his pigmentation was literally turning to a beautiful brown-bronze, the manly arm, leg, and chest hair burning away. His blemishes faded, but he felt a strange texture on his upper thighs. Removing his pants quickly, he noted that he now had cellulite and - and stretch marks! The beautiful 'tiger stripes' were even on his stomach, which had thickened a little, losing its regular muscle mass.

"Fucking hell yeah!" he shouted before realising how loud he was. "It's working! *Qué bueno!*"

He placed a shrinking hand upon his enlarging lips, shocked at the Spanish that had easily come from his mouth. As he did so, his scalp began to push out more hair. His blonde hair turned silky and dark and slightly curly. It snaked down his shoulders, ending up at his mid-waist, and was surprisingly heavy. This was accompanied by further changes to his face: his nose became longer, his eyes turned dark, and his lips became even thicker and lovelier. His cheekbones rose to prominence, while his entire jawline reshaped to remain thick yet more rounded, like a woman's. In moments, he looked like a strikingly attractive older Latina woman, perhaps in her late-thirties, with small crow's feet at the corners of her eyes and wrinkles from smiling.

The changes manifested down from there, changing his male body to match his female head. His nipples swelled, causing him to whimper in pleasure. Eager for more, Gabe stroked them, willing them to grow. They did, as did the breasts pushing out from behind them. They grew, and grew, and *grew*. Soon he had a very heavy and mountainous bosom, drooping slightly lower than a younger woman's but still impressively pert. They were the size of cantaloupes - no, bigger! Already they bounced and shifted around, and without any shirt upon his torso to contain them, he revelled in each giggle, though he winced at the pull of them.

"Fuuuuuck, they feel g-good," he moaned. Like Dan, he'd really turned up the sensitivity.

More changes occurred. Muscles melted away as he grew shorter, reducing down to a mere 5'7, which was Dan's height (or so he thought). His hips widened considerably, his pelvic bone audibly creaking out loud as it stretched, making him look ever more maternal. And where Dan was hit with renewed confidence - a mental change the nerd had asked for -

Gabe felt a more womanly, maternal side come over him. Competition mattered far less than compassion and care, and there was also a desire to look good.

“A dress. I’d love a beautiful dress!”

He received his answer, even as his thighs thickened and his ass inflated, leaving him with a magnificent *culo*. His shorts extended, rising up to cup his large G-cup breasts and pushing them into massive melons with plentiful cleavage. It was a bright yellow sunflower dress, something to match his changed mood.

Not that he was going to be a *he* for much longer.

“Ohhhhh, *dios mio! My pene!*”

It shrank back into his body, its large girth vanishing up into him in mere seconds. It caused a tidal wave of bliss, and Gabe was left shaking as he became a *she*, a gorgeous latina momma around thirty six years of age, with an ass that positively shook with her movements and a chest to match. She was a curvy, maternal-looking goddess, and looking in the mirror at her reflection, she felt it.

Both former men posed and took secret photos of themselves. Both recorded videos. Both uploaded them to their computers for later enjoyment. And both walked around, whispering to themselves, simply enjoying being a goth futa and a latina MILF.

But they couldn’t stay hidden forever, and they both knew they could do this again. It was time to come out into the living room and pretend to try the New-U app for the ‘first time’ in a more regular fashion, of course. Gabe would make himself tougher, and Dan would make himself thinner. It was all very obvious. Neither would share their secret kinks, nor know the other had one themselves.

Dan sighed, saddened to be seeing the back of this futa form. Hopefully, she could be her again, and actually go out in secret at a club and enjoy herself, especially with her new confidence and willpower. But frankly, she needed to pee and get some food, and Gabe couldn’t see her like this.

Gabe felt similarly. She was getting hungry, and this latina hottie needed a bigger meal to keep up her curves. Besides, she had a date tonight, and didn’t want to be lazy about it. She could enjoy this another night . . . hopefully. Maybe even meet someone and have a bit of fun.

“Time to turn back,” they both said, almost at the same time, in their respective rooms. They both brought up the New-U app on their phones, ready to change to their old selves. Except something was wrong: a new message was now showing on the app, one that made their collective stomachs drop.

New-U is down for site maintenance for the next 24-48 hours or so. We apologise for any inconvenience this may cause.

They were both stuck. They were both changed. And they both needed to come back into their shared space and reveal their New-U selves.

There was no time set for maintenance completion. All attempts from both Dan and Gabe to find out when the New-U app would reactivate gave no information, only a full line that wasn't taking any new calls thanks to the veritable flood of other people presumably having the same issue.

"Shit," Dan said, looking over her body. She was a woman, a tall, fit, sexy goth girl, albeit one with a very impressive set of cock and balls instead of a pussy. I can't go out like this! Gabe will see me and know!"

She still wasn't used to her new voice, which had a powerful vocal fry in it that was just made for sarcasm. She ran her hands down her form, wondering if there was any way to disguise herself, but given that she was literally over six feet tall now and had skin that was alabaster white, she doubted that would be the case. Besides, what would even fit her beyond the sexy black leather she was wearing now?

"I really hope Gabe is studying hard right now," she told herself, still staring at her reflection in the mirror.

Meanwhile, Gabe was also panicking. She was now a shorter and very curvaceous latina MILF. She couldn't stop touching her magnificent *culo*, or her *tetas*, or pull away her clothing to examine the fact that she no longer had a *pene*. Her mind was a swirling mix of Spanish and English, and regardless of how she spoke, a lovely Mexican accent emerged from her, so unlike her usual jock-ish baritone.

"No, no, no, this can't be right! I have to change back. I'm meant to be a *hombre*, not a *senorita*!"

Mind, with her thicker body and large breasts, not to mention those maternal hips, she likely wasn't a 'Miss' at all, but a 'Mrs', at least as others would see her. The nervous new MILF examined her reflection, cupping her large breasts and sucking in her breath from the sensitivity of her nipples.

"This is all kinds of wrong," she said. "I'm not meant to be trapped like this! *Dios mio* . . ."

And yet, it was lovely to have more time in this body. She posed, then moved around the room, feeling the way her large breasts bounced in her bra and her ass swayed hypnotically. She could imagine herself going out on the town with this body, just for a night,

and looking for a nice woman - or even a man! - to go home with. What an exciting change from regular sex that would be.

Hell, why not try it now?

She got her hand on the doorknob before she realised the danger. Dan could be out there, and if he spotted her, he would know. His roommate and friend was a total nerd and probably had his own freaky side as those types often did, but that would be nothing compared to what Gabe had just done with the New-U app.

The thick-bodied latina sighed, running her hands down her curves.

"I'm stuck here," she said, pouting her lovely lips. "What a waste!"

Hours passed. Neither new woman had budged from their rooms, but both knew they would have to. Their stomachs gurgled, particularly Dan's; with her new height, her body required more fuel. Meanwhile, with her older bladder, Gabe felt a desperate need to pee. But such actions would require leaving the safety and privacy of their rooms.

So both waited, hoping the other would blink. That the other would leave the house and go somewhere, or give some indication that they *wouldn't* leave their room. Dan even messaged Gabe.

'Hey, are you in the living room?'

'No, are u?'

"No. Just studying.'

'Me2. Gotta go to the bathroom soon. Don't take it.'

'Gotta eat. You stay where you are. I'll bring you some food or something.'

It was an awkward dance, with neither knowing the other had changed, or that their embarrassment was simply mutual. Eventually, Gabe couldn't take it anymore. She slowly exited her room, looking everywhere to make sure that Dan wasn't looking. She quickly moved down the hall, her ass swaying, and only too late did she realise that the sway of her hips was in the process of knocking over a photo frame.

"*Mierda!*" she cried, only to cover her mouth. The photo frame fell from the wall and crashed to the ground.

She moved quickly from there, running around the corner and locking herself in the bathroom. Her magnificent breasts rose and fell with each breath.

Dan opened the door. "Um, Gabe?" she said, before catching herself. Why the fuck had she just spoken with her new female vocal fry? She quickly sent a text to Gabe, who was on the toilet and finally peeing . . . sitting down. It felt utterly alien, but not unpleasant either.

'Dude, do you have a girl with you?'

'No, do u? Just heard one.'

'No! It was probably just a Youtube video.'

'I was watching one! Just on the toilet now.'

'Take as much time as you want. Just grabbing some snacks!'

Dan dashed down the corridor, glad that her new goth top lifted up her boobs and stopped them from bouncing around too much. God, she felt so damn *fit* and *hot*. She was living her futa dream, now if only Gabe could leave so she could actually enjoy it without shame! She caught herself in the reflection of the microwave cover and smiled. Even her eyeshadow was perfect, not to mention her dark lips. She posed, then realised what she was doing and quickly opened the cupboard to grab some snacks. There were some biscuits, but they wouldn't be filling enough. Instead, she got to work making a sandwich, moving with an elegance she hadn't possessed before. She quickly slathered the sandwich with peanut butter and jelly and stuffed it into her mouth, devouring it quickly.

"Mhmmm," she moaned, almost erotically. She swallowed down the last of the sandwich, grateful to fill her stomach, and then moved to head back to her room.

Unfortunately, this was also the exact time that Gabe thought it best to sneak back to her own room, assuming that Dan was busy. She crept out into the hallway just as Dan moved swiftly, and the two collided by pure accident. Gabe cried out, and ended up pressed against the wall by Dan, who towered over her. From her perspective, a tall and very sexy goth girl with impressive muscles had just appeared out of nowhere and was now thrusting her lovely pale orbs right in her face. Her body reacted instantly.

"Dios mio!"

"Woah, what the shit! Who are you?"

"Who am I!?" Gabe said, her motherly voice aghast. *"Who are you, pale senorita!?"*

"I'm - I'm Dan's girlfriend?"

"Mierda! Bull shit! No way would Dan have a girlfriend who looks as attractive as you!"

Dan blinked, not knowing what to say in response to that. But then suspicion entered her mind. "Wait a moment, what do you know about me - I mean, about Dan? Who are *you*?"

Gabe wasn't prepared for this line of questioning. "Um, I'm Gabe's *mami*?"

Dan cackled. "I've met Dan's mother when she came over to ask me to help him learn how to do laundry! You don't-"

"Wait, my *mami* went to you? Dan!?"

"Hang on, *Gabe!*?"

Silence hung rather loudly in the air between the two women, who still had not extricated one another from their rather personal state.

"You used the New-U app!" they cried together.

"Ah, this is so embarrassing!" Gabe said as Dan pulled herself back. "You can't tell anyone! It was just a fun change! I wanted to be, um, well . . ."

Dan giggled, placing a hand on one hip. It was an attractive pose. "A sexy latina MILF?"

"Um . . . *sí*."

Dan cackled at this point.

"You can't make fun! You made yourself a tall goth girl with big *tetas*!"

"Not as big as yours, or as MILFy looking. I can't believe a jock like you chose to look like this."

"I wasn't meant to be stuck like this. But the app, it went down!"

"I know," the goth futa said, though she hadn't revealed *that* part yet. "I'm stuck like this too. It's just . . . a personal fantasy as well, I guess."

Again, there was that silence. This time, however, it was broken not by accusation or epiphany, but by laughter. The pair broke into chuckles and guffaws, into deep belly laughs and tear-straining giggles. They leaned against one another, unbelieving what had occurred.

"I was hiding from you!"

"*Sí*! Me as well! I can't believe it! I needed to pee so badly."

They laughed again, and the pair moved to the living room, still wiping away their tears. Dan moved to grab more food, and Gabe joined her.

"Pass me the pickle jar, thank you."

"Ha! What a reversal!"

"*Sí*. I kind of like being shorter. I don't know why."

"Because it makes you cute, maybe? Sorry, I shouldn't say that. I feel more confident as a goth girl."

"Well, it suits you! I like your thighs."

The tension began to slowly rise as the two chuckled and compared their body parts. Dan couldn't help but feel and admire Gabe's gorgeous brown skin, and Gabe in turn circled around Dan, checking out her fit physique and finding her shoulders surprisingly sexy.

"Did you just call me sexy?" Dan said, blushing red on her pale cheeks.

"Of course I did," the MILF said, eating the last of her own sandwich. "I'd totally fuck you if you were still a man."

"Funny, because . . . this is gonna sound super weird, but I find you super hot right now, Gabe. Like a really hot *Gabriella*. It's kinda . . . I think this new me is still really into girls."

Gabe swallowed. *Gabriella* sounded nice. And she couldn't stop looking at Dan's pale breasts, or her beautiful, piercing eyes. "I, well, I think this body is pretty bi, because I'm

pretty amazed by how hot you are as well, *senorita*. But, and this is weirder, I think about sexy *hombres* now, too.”

The two exchanged a glance that was filled with smiles and lusty gazing.

“Screw it!” Dan said. “I’m using this newfound confidence. Let’s compare bodies without all this shit in the way.”

“What are you-”

But Dan was already throwing her leather jacket to the side and pulling off her shirt, followed by her dark purple skirt. Gabe - Gabriella - found herself for once *behind* her friend when it came to daring, and she was not one to be outdone. Not with so much energy in the air between them. So she started stripping off as well.

“By the way, you can call me Danni,” the goth girl said, fiddling with the straps of her black bra. She removed it, and her breasts flopped out, separating a little and sagging slightly thanks to their size and weight. They were still fairly impressively pert on her chest.

“You think those *tetas* are impressive? Have a look at these mommy milkers!”

Gabriella grinned as she pulled her attractive dress off of her body and then removed her bra. Her much larger boobs wobbled heavily as she unburdened them. Her dark brown nipples were large and round, and already stiff with arousal. Soon she was standing just in her underwear, her lovely hips on display, and her magnificent *culo* too.

“Holy shit, you’re fucking *hot* girl.”

Gabriella giggled. “And you’re fucking - *what!?*”

She looked at the clear bulge Danni now presented. Her erection was throbbing. The goth girl realised what she’d just revealed.

“I - it’s just part of the fetish. I swear I just forgot - shit!”

But Gabriella licked her lips. The heat was in her now, and she was . . . curious. She stepped forwards and slowly removed Danni’s underwear, leaving it to fall down to her ankles and releasing the monster cock within. It was huge, and erect, and *throbbing*. Gabriella’s body shuddered, and she felt her womanhood moisten.

“*Dios mio*,” she said, blinking. “That’s big.”

Danni blushed. “It feels nice, though.”

“I bet.”

Gabriella touched it, slowly stroking it and causing the now-naked Danni to moan.

“Ohhhhhh. Ahhh. What are you doing?”

“Being as daring as you. You haven’t forgotten I’m still a jock deep down, right? But I’ve never been on this end of things, *senorita*.”

Danni kissed her, and the two pressed their sensitive breasts together, the pair moaning into one another’s mouths as their passion stirred. Danni lowered herself, sucking

on the MILF latina's breasts, and Gabriella in turn felt Danni's muscles. Their bodies were on fire, and the need was only growing more and more powerful by the second.

"The bed?" Dannie asked.

"S-si!" Gabriella managed. "And we should - ahhh - take the opportunity to enjoy this to the full, si?"

"Yes! Ahh . . . with this." she gestured to her hard cock, pressed against the flat of Gabriella's belly. The latina woman licked her lips.

"Absolutely!"

Their bodies were so deeply aroused by this point that neither could pull away from the other, not that they wanted to. They moved to Gabriella's bed swiftly, and soon the latina woman was having her underwear pulled from her ankles by Danni, who loomed over her. Those pale orbs hung right in front of her face, leaving Gabriella to grope and squeeze them.

"F-fuuuuuck, yeah!" Dannie moaned before kissing her. She parted Gabriella's legs and began to rub her cock against her entrance. The heat was only growing, and while she was nervous, the new latina was feeling the need.

"I can't wait anymore! Get it in me! I want you to f-fuck me!"

Danni shifted herself, and then pressed the head of her huge cock against Gabriella's opening. For a moment, neither knew how this would go, but then she entered her sopping wet interior, and the two moaned together in orgasmic delight.

"It's s-so strange! Don't stop!"

Danni didn't. She entered fully, then began to pull back and thrust, her motion made all the more erotic by the way her breasts jiggled with each thrust. Everything in Gabriella's body began to jiggle. She fondled her own breasts and begged Danni to lick and suck them, and the goth girl was more than happy to. Their roles were strangely reversed - Gabriella now passive, and Danni the stronger, take-charge one. There was something so very hot about that.

"I'm c-close!" Gabriella cried. "S-so close!" She curled her toes, eyes shut as she experienced the glory of being penetrated. Of being *fucked*.

"I am! Let's c-cum together!"

"Si! Si! S-OHHHH!"

The pleasure hit, and suddenly Danni's balls *squeezed*. The bliss hit her, and suddenly a stream of semen poured from her cock, flooding into Gabriella's tunnel. The two squealed together, pressing their bodies close and rubbing their tits upon one another. It was the purest ecstasy, and Gabriella wrapped her legs around Danni so that not one drop could escape.

It was only in the aftermath, the pair still clinging together, that their phones both dinged at the same time. They were down the hall, and both were ringing.

“D-do you think that’s the New-U app?” Danni asked, still on top of her lover, still *inside* her. “Maybe the maintenance is over?”

Gabriella shrugged, then pulled Danni down for another deep kiss.

“Who the hell cares?” she said.

The pair began to make love again, and the buzzing of their phones stopped. They could check them anytime. For now . . . they wanted to explore their new bodies some more.

The End