

Catgirl Maid with a Swapping Device
(Aka - Catgirl-Maid's Futa-Milf-Mistress With a Testing Device, and That's Not All! - Director's Cut)
- A CYOA Turned Rollercoaster Short -
By Razmagurk

~ With thanks to everybody on the discord for participating! ~

Bess finished milking the creamer into her mistress's tea with a soft purr of horny satisfaction, then pulled her maid's outfit as far over her fat tits as the skimpy article would go.

Perfect!

She picked up the tray delicately, double and triple checking against a list in her head to make sure that everything was just so. One thing out of place, and she'd be punished for sure.

Mm... okay, she tilted the spoon slightly askew, maybe a little punishment sounded nice.

She tilted her head in consideration. You know what? There was one thing that was missing. She reached into the closet and placed a roll of turbo-extra-large ultra-magnum condoms in the corner of the tray as well. She smirked. It was going to be one of those nights.

Her smirk turned into a smile and then a giggling grin of exuberant anticipation, but she did her best to remain professional.

It had been an especially difficult week for her mistress, what with the PTA meetings and the recitals and the birthday party and all. Lots of stress that now needed to be relieved, and she was the only one who could do it.

Ah, not that her mistress's husband wasn't up for the job, of course - on the contrary, he took her dick like a champ and loved her very much - but they'd been married for over a decade now and he struggled to stay up past the fourth round most nights.

And that meant it fell to her to fill the gap. A maid's sacred duty. Her giggling grin returned.

Careful not to spill the milky tea, she plodded gently up the stairs, one soft footpad after another, her fuzzy tail poking out from under the illicit skirt of her uniform just enough to give anybody looking a delicious peak of her bright kitty-print thong beneath.

She had just cleared the upstairs landing when there was a knock at the door. Her ears perked up. Who would be knocking at this hour?

She looked back and forth between the door and the tea, trying to decide which should get priority.

"Bess?" came her mistress's voice, "Can you be a dear and get the door? I'm in no state."

Bess nodded. The last time mistress had been in no state, she'd almost poked that poor Jehovah's Witness's eye right out.

She set the tea down on the table and hurried down the stairs, her heavy, creamy tits bouncing and jiggling wildly.

There was another knock. This time different. This time urgent.

Her tail twitched as she approached. Something... something wasn't right.

She opened the door.

It was a dark and stormy night. A ragged masculine form stood there, clothes wet and clinging from the rain, a frantic glint in his eye. Lightning flashed in the distance.

"Barry?"

"Oh thank god, you're okay!" He wasted no time in stepping up and pulling her in for a hug. Her tail straitened in surprise. "I was starting to get worried."

"Why wouldn't I be?" she raised an eyebrow. None of her friends had ever visited her at her mistress's house like this before.

"Listen, Ben," he said, pulling away to look her in the eye. "This is very important. I found a - " he blinked. "Wait. Hold on."

He shifted his eyes down towards her chest. Her eyebrow raised even further.

"Have you - hold on -" he reached up and squeezed her boobs. She pulled away blushing. "Have you always been a catgirl?"

"I- what!?" she took a step back. What kind of a question was that? "Yes, I've always been a catgirl!"

"In a maid's outfit?" he tilted his head and gestured with his hands. "With big jiggly boobs and a round plump ass?"

"What? Yes, Barry! And I work very hard for this butt, thank you very much! Try to keep up!"

He looked her over as though for the first time, then glanced around at the foyer with the same look of surprised confusion.

"No, no, no. This is all wrong. Catgirls and fancy manors? This isn't even the right genre. Who did this to you?"

"What are you talking about!?" She stomped a foot for emphasis, but not too loud. She didn't want to bother her mistress. Barry was clearly losing it.

"Look," he sighed. "It's... it's a long story. Why don't we sit down?"

"Fine," Bess acquiesced, guiding Barry into the living room. "But we need to make this quick before my Mistress -"

"Before I what?" the voice was so stern and sharp that it put a shiver clean through Bess's spine.

"Mistress!" Bess panicked, eyes downcast, head bowed as her glorious mistress descended the stairs in a generous bathrobe, her sizeable cock - unrestrainable at the best of times - swinging hotly out before her. "I'm so sorry Mistress. I had an urgent personal caller and I -" her eyes widened as she noticed the wet muddy puddles Barry had tracked in. "I'm so sorry, it all happened so fast!"

"Tsk tsks." her mistress tutted. "Making such a mess on my nice clean floor. How horrible! I ask you to get the door, and you- Wait, is that the plumber?" her dick twitched. "Here to help with my pipes?"

Barry's eyes boggled as he laid his eyes on the woman's massive member and sultry, hungry glare. This wasn't right. This wasn't right at all. He hadn't said anything about any of this! And there was something strange about...

"Oh, no Mistress, this is -"

"Hold on..." Barry interrupted. He put his hand to his head. There was something weird here. "R-Robert?"

The mistress blinked.

"Barry?" a smirk crossed her stern lips.

"You know him, Mistress?"

"Dude! Oh my god." her mistress laughed, the stern visage of grace and elegance falling away. "How did you know it was me?"

"W-what?" Bess took a step back.

"I- I don't know, I just did! What the hell are you doing here? Why are you a woman too? Why do you have a -" he very pointedly did not look "a goddman footlong dick?"

"Dude, this is amazing, you can see through the changes!"

"I guess?"

"Hell yeah!" Bess's mistress ran up to high-five Barry, a feat which involved slapping her dick into his stomach. Barry did not return the gesture. "Dude, this is great, I thought I was the only one!"

"Hold on," Barry continued to try to keep the massive member out of his field of view, but it was rapidly becoming a lost cause. "What changes?"

"Oh, dude, I found a, like - oh my god! Its amazing! I found a remote that can swap things!"

"Swap things?" Barry raised an eyebrow. "What the hell is that supposed to mean?"

"You know, body parts, roles, traits. That sort of stuff. I totally swapped lives with this hot futa-milf!"

Great, thought Bess. Whatever madness had brought Barry here had somehow consumed her mistress at well. She backed away further, unable to escape the looming sense of dread.

"How..." Barry rubbed the bridge of his nose "How is that even supposed to work?"

"No clue, dude. But you're the only one so far that can see anything I've done. Everybody just goes around like its normal even if I like, give dudes tits or put someone's head on someone else's body. But you could tell it was me right away!"

"I think..." Barry rubbed at the bridge of his nose. "I think it might be because I have a power too."

"You have a swapping device too?"

"No, that's... that's such a dumb concept it makes my head hurt. I have the ability to direct reality like a movie or play!"

"What," Robert laughed, "like, on your own? There's no, like, magic baret or microphone anything?"

"What? No, of course not."

"I don't know man," Robert laughed again, "sounds kind of lame."

"Oh come on. At least mine isn't something as passe as a remote."

"It's not passe, its super cool! You just need to see it in action. You know what?" Robert clutched the remote in his womanly hand. Where had that come from? "I think a demonstration is in order."

Bess stepped back, unsure what to do. She had never seen her mistress acting like this before. How did she know Barry? Where had that remote come from? She didn't know if she should be supporting her mistress or trying to stop her and call – uh... who even did you call when everybody started acting crazy?

"Wait," Barry crossed his hands over his chest. "That's your remote? It looks like a garage door opener."

"Just watch and learn."

Robert stepped out the door, robe still hanging open, his achingly naked futanari body exposed unabashedly to the world. He grinned as his eyes settled upon a couple walking post. They were holding hands as they huddled under an umbrella, their moonlit through the suburbs interrupted by the sudden storm.

Robert pointed the remote towards them, then pressed the big shiny red button that was central to the thing's design, then smirked and twisted the remote back to point at Barry before releasing.

There was a sound like a rip in the air and suddenly the girl was anything but. Oh, she was still her enough to recognize: same face, same hair. Now though it was all sitting atop a very masculine body. One would almost be forgiven for thinking of her as an effeminately-faced man were it not for the distinct touch of girlishness still in her body language and the faint line at her neck where the skin changed tones.

Her boyfriend, however, didn't seem to mind. In fact, he didn't even seem to notice. Not even as he had to hold the umbrella now higher. Not even when he had to stand on his tip toes to give her a kiss. Not even as she blushed at her growing erection.

"You turned her into a guy?"

"Close!" Robert laughed. "Body swap!"

Barry tilted his head. "Who's body?"

Robert grinned and glanced downwards.

"Oh." Barry looked down at his new tits. "Very funny."

He tugged at his cutesy skirt and tried to button up his blouse to show off a little less cleavage, but it was difficult with the buttons on the wrong side. Well, at least it was relatively dry.

"You know, you being aware of this actually makes this a lot more fun." Robert pointed the device between Bess and Barry and fired. There was that sound again, though this time the results were less obvious.

"Hey, cut that out! What did you just do?"

"Just messing with your head, a little." Robert laughed. "You'll see."

"Alright, fine!" Barry curled his well-manicured hands into a ball. "You want to play games? I'll show you games! Cut!"

Time froze. Everything stopped. Light seemed to waft in the air like smoke. Makeup people pushed in from off camera to touch everybody up.

"Alright, that's a good take, good job everybody!" cried Barry, gesturing towards Bess and Robert. "But what I think this scene really needs is for the two of you to switch places. You feel me?"

The two looked back and forth between each other then nodded slowly. Bess pulled out a script and started going over her new lines while someone from the wardrobe department ran up to help Robert out of his robe and into the little maid's outfit. It was not made for someone of his more exuberant figure, but with some help from a steely-eyed grip they managed to squeeze her into it.

"Are you sure about this?" Robert stepped carefully over to his new mark, his pornographically proportioned pillows threatening to pop free at a moment's notice, to say nothing about the way his huge dick and balls completely buried the little kitty panties.

"Oh yeah!" Barry gave a thumbs up. "This is going to be great. Okay," he turned to the girl in the catgirl costume "so you're now playing the role of Robert, and you, he turned to the big dicked milf "are now playing the role of the maid."

Bess, practically swimming in the larger woman's bathrobe, went over to where Robert had been standing a moment ago, still going over her lines.

"Perfect!" Barry grinned. "That's what I want to see. And you know what? Why don't we make this a sex scene, too, okay? I want the two of you really going at it! With feeling!"

The two nodded enthusiastically, eagerly lapping up Barry's vision.

"Alright, places! Quiet on set! Lights, Camera... Action!"

Time resumed.

"Dude - " Robert looked down at his body - at Bess's catgirl body, standing there in a bathrobe - and did a double take. "Did you just - ?" He looked over at Bess, standing there in the futa milf body he had been in a moment ago, eyes sparkling with servile devotion as she started at her mistress. "You can body swap too?"

"I can do more than that." Barry grinned.

"What's that supposed to..." but Robert's eyes locked on Bess's throbbing boy-breaker dick. He swallowed, then started breathing heavily. He wasn't normally into that sort of thing, he'd swear.

"Mistress?" Bess flushed. "I don't know what's going on, but this whole thing clearly has you all worked up. Why don't I-" she took a hesitant step forward, her huge dick and balls bouncing under the way-too-tight hem of her maid skirt. "Why don't I help you with that?"

She slipped delicately to her knees. It was a little rude to be working like this in front of Barry, but she was sure he'd understand. Besides, Mistress didn't like to be kept waiting.

"Mmm" she mewled and purred as her nose pressed tight against her mistress's catgirl pussy. She inhaled deeply, tongue slipping out to circle Robert's pounding clit. "Your dick is so big Mistress!"

"Ah, fuck!" Robert groaned "That's it, get it good and wet! If you get it slick enough, I've got some cream for my little kitten."

Barry laughed.

"Wait - ah!" Robert groaned at his maid's skilled tongue. Where had those words come from? "Are you doing this?"

Barry laughed all the harder.

"Fuck!" Robert pulled Bess's head out of his crotch. "That's it! We're taking this to the couch!"

"Ooh, yes, Mistress! Rail my horny ass with your massive cock!"

It wasn't long before Robert had Bess bent over the smooth leather of the couch, her plump ass wriggling needily in the air as her cock - eager, hungry and ramrod hard - bounced and slapped wetly against the couch cushion with every thrust.

"Oh fuck! Mistress!" Bess mewled as Robert ground and slapped his dickless hips against the girls ass. Robert didn't know why he was doing this instead of, well, any of the more logical ways the two of them could have fucked, but he couldn't argue with results, and right now the little slut was taking it hard. Her enthusiasm was so infectious that this girlish pussy-humping was more than enough to send him shivering to his own heights of pleasure.

Barry, meanwhile, just looked on bemused, an artist appreciating his creation.

And then he bit his lip.

Because despite his directorial detachment, there was a rabidly building heat inside him that even he couldn't ignore. In this female body he'd ended up in it was leaving him wet and flush and sticky.

"Cut!" he yelled. Time froze once more.

"You know what?" He wasted no time with these changes. "I'm going to jump in and join you! Action!"

"Oh goodness, where are my manners?" mewled Robert, gracefully speaking around gasping moans.

"Bess dear, why don't you make sure our guest is taken care of?"

"Y-yes Mistress!" Bess shuddered as she withdrew her dick from the precum stained cushion. It was hard and throbbing and oh-so-fucking close.

"Ah," said Barry, sizing up the considerable rod now bouncing towards him. Perhaps this had been a miscalculation. He had a woman's body now, but that thing was a beast on a whole other scale. Besides. He was as straight as they came wasn't he?

And yet...

His heart thrummed. hormones Churned. There was something about this bouncing beast that was making him just so... *wet*. He swallowed. Though the sensation was entirely alien, his mouth was juicy and ready to suck.

Had this been the change Robert had made, messing with his head earlier? Or was this just awakening something within him he'd never known existed?

Before he could figure it out, however, a voice came from the stairs.

"Honey? Do we have visitors?"

"Oh, shit," Robert mumbled, looking up at the pajama-clad gentleman making his way down the stairs. "I forgot about him. Uh," he tried to put as much regality into his voice as he could. "Yes, uh, dear! Why don't you come down and join us."

"Good heavens!" the man's eyes went wide at the sight before him. For a moment it seemed as though he was going to find offense at the carnal display, but then he just nodded agreeably. "Oh, very good, I see the maid is keeping them entertained."

Indeed, Barry's attention was fully occupied by the fat chode before him as he slathered his tongue along its stallion-like proportions.

"Ah!" the man sighed. "To be young again."

He stepped up to Robert and pulled him into a hug, hands exploring sensuously over Robert's delicate skin. He let out a gentle sigh of his own and almost melted into those warm hands.

No. He caught himself just in the nick of time. If there was one thing he'd realized being in other people's bodies it was how easy it was to get swept away in their chemistry.

He stepped away. It wasn't that the guy was bad looking, on the contrary he was quite fit for his age - in the way someone with enough money to hire a live-in-catgirl-maid was - but this wasn't Robert's life, wasn't his body, and this certainly wasn't his husband. He didn't swing that way, at least not right now.

"What's the matter, honey?"

"Uh - " he glanced around the room, brain wracking to find some way out of this.

But of course, this was a sex scene, wasn't it? What else could he do? His eyes fell to the remote in his hands. He smirked.

He took quick aim before firing the thing at the man's dad-bod. There was that sound again, and suddenly it was as though the two had traded places. Robert - now in the man's body - grinned.

"Nothing honey," he ran his eyes approvingly over the cat-girl body of his 'husband'. "How about we get to business?"

"There's the insatiable futanari minx I married." the man let out what would have been a hearty laugh if not for Bess's smaller frame. "My ass is all good and ready for you. I've been looking forward to this all week." The man, if you could call him that, turned one of his (now) pert catgirl ass cheeks towards Robert and let his robe slide expertly down to the floor.

Bess's pussy had been great, but this was more like it. Robert fished his newly acquired dick out of his newly acquired pajama bottoms. It was hardly impressive, especially compared to the monster behemoth he'd had just a few minutes before, but at least it was capable of insertion. And besides, who was he to refuse an invitation like that?

Just then, however, Barry and Bess, both struggling to fit as much of Bess's enormous throat-fucker past his needy mouth as possible, crashed into the couch, causing it to skid along the hardwood and knock over the standing lamp.

Robert stumbled back, leaping backwards from the crashing glass that just barely missed him and his prodigiously-posteriored paramore. In his haste, he loosened his grip on the remote, and as he held his hands out to catch himself, it went flying.

With three horrifying bangs the remote hit the hardwood floor and clattered off into a corner. In Robert's heart it was like three shots of a gun, three bangs of a gavel, three strikes of the executioner's axe.

When Robert was done flinching, he opened one eye.

Boobs greeted him. Boobs jutting out from his chest. And beyond that - a dick. A mammoth cock beyond good reason, being sucked on by a naked groaning woman.

"Oh fuck!" He rolled his head back and moaned. She was good.

What - what had happened? He looked around. He was still in the manor, though now over by the couch. Okay, that was good. Nothing too disastrous. It looked like Bess's head had ended up on top of the body he had been in moments ago, the one belonging originally to the husband. She was so preoccupied fucking his ass she probably hadn't even noticed. Not that she would. No one ever did.

So who was this - ah - naked girl sucking his cock? No, not naked. She was wearing a collar. He glanced out the window just in time to see the dog walker go past, her golden retriever now wearing a cute skirt and top.

Wait - he turned pale and drew his dick from her like the drawing of Excalibur.

The girl's head looked up at him needily, then a flash of horror crossed both their faces as recognition kicked in.

"Barry?"

"Robert!?"

"Dude! Gross!" they pulled away in mutual distaste despite their continued attraction. Was that even... disappointment? on Barry's face?

Before either of them could have a chance to continue however, Bess let out a series of grunting cries as she unloaded a fat load into the husband's ass.

"Mmmf." She let out a satisfied sigh, the kind that let the world know it was but the first of many.

"Kitten, be a dear and clean up, why don't you?" She turned to face Robert, "And then when you're all done bring the paddle up to the bedroom." she licked her lips. "After I'm done fucking your husband silly on your bed, I'm going to make you pay for that lamp."

"Wait, what?" Robert looked around confused.

"Now, now, naughty kitty." Bess chastised. "You're in enough trouble as is."

Barry snickered. Somehow in all the commotion, Robert had ended up the maid.

The remote. Robert's eyes went wide. He didn't have it. Where had it ended up? His eyes darted frantically around the room. He couldn't risk anyone else getting their hands on it.

There! By Bess's feet.

His eyes rose slowly, sizing her up. He could do it. All he had to do was -"

"Oh?" Bess - Mistress Bess - cut short his plan for a mad dash by putting one firm heel on the small device. "And what's this?"

Robert's heart pounded. This was not good. Could he overpower her? No, not while she had the remote. It was too dangerous. One wrong move and there was no telling how things would end up.

"Wait, this isn't our clicker." Bess bent down to pick the thing up, raising an eyebrow as she turned it over in her hands.

"Please, be careful with that!" Roberts voice quavered unsteadily. "It's very delicate. I - I need that back, Bess. Please, it's very important."

"Careful, kitty," her tone was stern and deliberate. "That's no way to speak to your Mistress."

"It's probably for her vibrator," laughed the husband. "Remember the last time she tried to surprise us with those vibrating panties?"

"oh?" A mischievous look fell across the girl's face. "Well then, let's see what this does, shall we?" She pointed the thing at Robert like a gun.

"No!" Robert dove forward, not sure if he was trying to get out of the way or hoping to somehow knock it free from her hand.

Either way it was too late.

Again, there was that sound. Again, he world shifted.

Bess blinked. She looked down awestruck at the device in her hands, then up at the world with horror.

"R-robert?" she stumbled back from the figure kneeling before her. "What the hell just happened? Why am I a girl? Why do I have this dude's body, oh god!"

"What do you mean, Mistress?" Robert looked up at Bess with absolute adoration. "You've always been a woman, and what a woman! The most beautiful in the whole neighborhood."

"Wait, hold on!" Barry leaned forward. "Ben?"

"Barry!?" Ben clutched his hands to his head. "Oh god it's all coming back."

"Holy shit." Barry doubled over in laughter. "You accidentally made yourself aware of the changes. You lucky bastard! What are the fucking odds?"

"This isn't funny! Quit laughing, you ass! Don't you see? We've got to get out of here."

"What? What are you talking about."

"We've got to get out of here before she gets back!"

"Who?"

"Who else!" Ben hissed. "The one who turned me into this!"

"Wait, wait," Barry held up his hands. "I thought Robert turned you into this?"

"No, he found me like this! Now come on," Bess - Ben - snatched up as much clothing over his nubile form as possible and made for the door. "We've got to get out of here before she-"

"Before I what?" there was a voice from the doorway.

"Crap!" Ben swung the remote in the direction of the voice, but like Robert before him, he just wasn't fast enough. His thumb froze right over the button. A book had opened, and with it the world had stopped. Outside the rain hung in the air like a photograph.

"Really, Ben?" the woman sighed and stepped in. "I'm gone three hours and this is what you do to the place?" droplets hung in the air as she shook out her umbrella.

Her plainness was a stark contrast to the hyper-erotic features of all the others present, though not for lack of trying. Between her mousy hair up in a loose pony tail and the large tome she was clutching she almost - but not quite - managed to pull off the sexy librarian vibe.

She pulled out a pen and started scribbling something contemplatively into the open book in her hand, almost absentmindedly disinterested in the state of the chaos she had walked into, or just how close she had come to getting swapped into oblivion.

"You bitch!" Ben spat.

The woman froze, head turning slowly to confirm that which she couldn't believe her ears were telling her.

"How dare you!"

"Wait," she took a step back. "Why aren't you frozen?"

"Because the game's up! I have powers now too! And as soon as you close that book, I'm going to mess you up so badly you'll never even see it coming!"

"Powers?" she flipped frantically through the book, glancing up occasionally to compare it to the mess all around them. "Bullshit! Last I left you, you were about to spend the night getting railed by the world's biggest cock. I don't know how you got out of it, but -"

"Hold on, hold on!" Barry would have put up his hands if he was able. "Ben, you mean to tell me the one who turned you into a catgirl maid was your girlfriend!?"

"Ex-girlfriend!" they both said at the same time.

"Wait how are you talking too? Wait - " she squinted, then opened her eyes wide in recognition. "Barry?"

"He has powers too, Barbara!" Ben cried maniacally. "We outnumber you two to one!"

"Ex-girlfriend? When did that happen?"

"It's a long story," she sighed. "Here, let me help tidy up this jackass's mess and then we can talk." She turned the page in the book and started scribbling. When she was satisfied, she slammed the book shut dramatically. There was a flash of golden light and everything was different.

Barry blinked. He was holding a cucumber sandwich.

The three of them were sitting down at the dining room table as Robert, clad in a fresh catgirl maid's outfit while a dildo buzzed gently in his pussy, served them tea and snacks.

"The hell was that?" Barry looked around. This wasn't just that they had been moved somewhere else. This was more than that. There wasn't a drop of sweat or cum anywhere, his jaw didn't ache from the massive knob he'd been slobbering over, it was as if none of it had ever happened. Instead, they were here.

"Oh real funny!" Ben groaned. Sitting on the table in front of him was his remote, encased in a small block of ice. "If this damages it, you're going to be in so much trouble!"

"Oh don't worry, it'll be fine. I made sure of that. I just wanted to buy myself some time to have a little chat."

"A chat?" Barry raised an eyebrow.

"Oh yes." Barbara raised an eyebrow of her own. There was something below it, something maniacal. "I want to know what the hell you're doing here getting in the way of my plans!"

"What kind of plans involve catgirl maids and big-dicked milf mistresses?" Barry asked between bites of a lemon square. Had Robert retroactively made these? They were good.

"Oh, this is just the beginning!" Barbara tried to play it off like she had ice in her veins, like she was the one in control, but truthfully, she was almost giddy at the notion of actually having someone to talk to about all this. Well, someone with more brains than Ben, anyway. "Bess was what you might call an experiment. A test of but the shallowest layers of my power. Ben made for a convenient test subject and well, I was owed some payback."

"Oh my god, what did he do this time?"

"Don't listen to her!" Ben stabbed at the block of ice with a fork. "She's crazy!"

"Oh please. I literally caught you red handed cheating on me!"

"Oh my god, Ben."

"It wasn't..." Ben blushed "It wasn't like that!"

"It's more than just that, of course." she waved her hand in the air. "Even right from the beginning, we'd had a fundamental disagreement about the proper course of action to take regarding the book. I want to use it to make the world a better place. He just wanted to make my tits bigger."

"Ah." Barry nodded. That did sound like Ben.

"It would be a strict upgrade!" Ben pointed the fork by way of emphasis. "That's all I was saying!"

"So of course, you can imagine my indignation" - she tapped her fingers loudly against the table - "when I walk in earlier to find he's used the damn thing to turn my sister into some kind of insatiable bimbo slut. I caught him twelve inches deep inside her ass."

"You-" Ben sighed "You weren't even supposed to realize that was weird!"

"It's fine!" she huffed. "I should be thanking you. It was just the last in a long line of red flags. And so I set up this little experiment here. Now if Ben wants to fuck around he can fuck around all he wants, and I can get to the task at hand."

"Makes sense." Barry nodded.

"Barry!"

"I don't know what you were expecting, dude." he shrugged.

"See?" Barbara laughed. "You get it!" We should work together. There'd be no stopping us."

"Oh? And what exactly are you planning?"

"Ah," she smirked. "I was waiting for you to ask. You see-"

"She's crazy!" Ben cried.

"Shut it! You see, this power of mine isn't some bullshit remote that only does one change at a time." She shot a condescending side-long glance at Ben. "The things that I've been writing?" She paused for dramatic effect. "They've been changing */history!*!"

With that, she gave two short claps of her hands and a pair of tall, imposing, bikini-clad catgirls came in. One of them was holding a remote on a little tray. Robert stepped aside to give them room as though they'd done this a million times before.

"And history?" she continued, "History is written by the winners."

"You see!?" Ben yelled. "You see?" He tried to rise to his feet, only to discover that his legs were bound. How long had they been like that?

"How may we serve you, oh Cat Milf Queen?" the lead catgirl bowed, ignoring Ben's outcry, their focus - their adoration - was focused squarely on Barbara.

"Thank you Buck, I'll take that." She grabbed the remote offered. Ben flinched as she swung it in his direction and pressed the button. There was a sound like a tv powering up.

Behind him, a tv turned on. Ben blushed.

He twisted his head around to see, then went even redder when he saw what was on tv. Fucking. Loud, hardcore, passionate. Beautiful hyper-exaggerated women surrendering themselves to their deepest carnal passions, all while... all while reading the news? It cut away to a girl giving a weather report while bouncing on a massive dildo and gushing about how much she'd love a shower of cum.

"I..." Barry tilted his head. "I don't get it."

"She's turning everybody into bimbos!"

"You're turning everybody into bimbos?"

"I'm turning everybody into bimbos!"

"But why?- I thought you said Ben and you disagreed on that fact?"

"I did. We do! But don't you see? That's the beautiful irony of it! It was Ben who started me down the path. When I saw my sister like that, I was horrified, but the more I looked at her, the more I hesitated to change her back. Because despite everything she's happier like this! Everybody is. No worries, no sorrow or tragedy, just simple lives of bubbly carnal idiocy. And with me as their queen, of course!"

"And now, somehow," Barry rubbed at the bridge of his nose. "The only ones that notice anything strange about this are me and Ben. We're the only ones who can stop you."

"Exactly! But listen, we don't have to fight. On the contrary! Ben says you have powers? I'd rather have you on my side than against me. I have beef with Ben, but you? I think we could do beautiful work together."

"What are you proposing?"

"Join me, Barry! And just imagine what our combined powers can do!"

"Well..." Barry looked back and forth between Barbara and Ben. This was a lot to take in and he wanted to consider it carefully. "I must admit, ruling over a world of bimbos does sound tempting."

"Barry!" Ben admonished, "What are you saying!"

"I mean, come on Ben, could it really end any other way? What else can I say?" he laughed. "Apart from: Cut!"

Confusion had half-crossed Barbara's eyes, but time had frozen before she fully realized what he was up to. As before, dozens of crewmembers and assistants rushed forward to touch up every little bit of the scene. One of the catgirls pulled out a little book and started reading, while the other was holding their tail in frustration and asking for a replacement.

"Props?" Barry raised an eyebrow, still not 100% sure how his powers worked

"Yes?" A mousy woman who had just been rearranging all of the little plastic sandwiches on Robert's tray turned to him.

"Can you get me that book, please? I have a few ideas for how we can really make it pop."

"Oh, yes sir!" she ran over to grab it from in front of Barbara, who was practicing her upcoming laugh.

"Thank you, kindly." Barry took the book in his hands, inspecting the cheap prop. It was rush work. Everything was. Real enough for camera, but not if you got close enough to inspect it. Frankly, Barry didn't want to think about the metaphysical implications. "And could I get a sharpie please?" he said this to no one in particular, but sure enough, one of his various assistants dug around in her pockets and got him one.

"Alright, how about we add a little bit of a personal touch to this, huh?" he started writing in the book, his own handwriting no match for the elegantly calligraphed script the props team had put in for the closeups. The props lady bit her lip at this sacrilege, but said nothing. "And I'm going to hold onto this for the rest of the scene, how does that sound?"

"You know Continuity's not going to like that, right?" she demurred.

"It's all part of the vision!" he grinned. It was good to be in charge. "Okay!" he clapped the book closed. "Let's pick it up where we left off, shall we? Places everybody!"

He waited patiently for everybody to return to where they had been standing a moment ago. The whole world looked frozen in preparation.

"Here, we go! Lights! Camera! Action!"

"My book!" Barbara gasped.

"I think I'm going to have to say no." Barry waved the book in the air. Now it was golden. Now it was special. "As fun as a world full of bimbos sounds, well, it's not really my genre now is it?"

"Ha!" laughed Ben. "I knew it!"

"You - you stupid dumb stupid meanie!" Barbara slammed a fist down on the table, then clapped a hand over her mouth. "Like, oh my god, why am talking like this? Why is it so hard to think!? Why am I - fuck - " she blushed. "Why am I so horny?"

"Don't you see?" he winked a wink that sent a shiver of lust clean through her. "I've been writing some history of my own. Now you're no threat to anybody. This is just the start of course. You'll need a body to match your role as queen of the bimbos, but as soon as we find one, I'm sure we can - "

"No!" she screamed, struggling to stand up, but it was no use. Her legs were now just as bound as Ben's. You- you dummy! You'll pay for this! We could have been like so good together! You'll regret this!"

"Big talk for the dumbest and sluttiest of them all."

She huffed, unable to tell if what she was feeling was indignation or deep animalistic lust.

"You think you've, like, won?" she tried to cackle but it came out as a giggle. "I may be dumb now but I wasn't so dumb as to like, not have a contin... a backup plan!"

"Look out!" cried Ben.

Barbara reached into her bra and pulled out a crumpled piece of paper.

"Oh come on!" Barry sighed. "You know that that can't stop me, right? One word and I can -"

"Keep his mouth busy!"

"Oh for fuck's sake - Cu-mm!" Barry tried once more to stop the scene, but a bristly catgirl tongue found its way into his mouth instead, licking tenderly at his lips. He struggled to resist, to pull away, but damn, she was a very good kisser.

And as he struggled, she scribbled, and reality warbled.

Suddenly... - oh god - suddenly the kissing felt really nice. He moaned into it as she circled his lips one last time, then pulled away with a wet slobbery pop.

"Bwahahaha!" giggled the bimbo. Her laugh was well rehearsed. "Let's see you try and stop me now!"

Sure enough, he tried to yell, but it was no use. His lips wouldn't part, he couldn't feel his tongue. He held a trembling hand up to his face.

A shiver ran through him, half horror, half bliss.

Where had been a mouth but a moment before, was now a pussy! A cunt, dripping, oozing, and aching with need as it drooled down onto the table before him. His eyes went wide and if he could have, he would have screamed.

"And now!" Barbara hefted the book, now once more in her hands. "Now you'll, like, totally pay for that little stunt!"

"That's what you think, bitch!" cried Ben, swinging the remote to bear.

"No!" Barbara balked. "How?"

"Making you stupid wasn't the only thing he changed!" Ben smirked just enough to rub salt into the wound before he fired off a blast of button-presses with the remote. When the proverbial smoke cleared, the book was back in Barry's hands, even as he struggled against his catgirl captor. Well, they weren't quite his hands - they had been Barbara's a moment ago, along with the rest of the torso - but they were his now and that was what was important.

"You son of a bitch!" Barbara struggled against her bonds. "Why do you always have to, like, ruin everything for me!? I'm not done yet!"

With a surprising show of strength, Barbara flipped the table into the air, tea and china and little sandwiches flying every which way, and, perhaps more pertinently, knocking the book and remote out of the hands of Barry and Ben and sending them both flying as well.

"Oh, Come on!" Ben cried. "Quick! Robert - or Bess or whatever your name is now - "

"Yes, Mistress?" Robert turned, she hadn't understood a word the three of them had said about any of this, but she'd been waiting patiently regardless. It was easy to pass the time when you had a nice warm dildo to keep you company.

"Bring me that book!"

"No!" Barbara yelled, struggling against her bonds. "Stop her!" The remaining catgirl guard, with muscular thighs and powerful strides, leapt over the wreckage and chaos of the table and dove for the book, knocking Robert aside and leaving the two of them rolling on the ground as they wrestled and groped and tickled each other for control of the magic book.

And, in the meantime, the page that had been torn out of the book - the one that had been hidden in Barbara's barely-there busom - fluttered down to the ground like a leaf in autumn.

The three of them looked at each other like gunfighters at high noon, then dove for it all at once.

Barbara was the fastest, even weighed down by her bonds as she was. Barry still had to struggle to disentangle himself from the catgirl still occupying his nectar-rich lips. And Ben, well, he ran the calculations - which could he get to first? the page or the remote? And that moment's hesitation cost him much.

And yet somehow the three hands all grabbed at it once, each pulling in a different direction.

The page tore into thirds.

"Ha!" screamed Barbara. She may not have been very smart any more but this was more than enough page for her. She just needed to create a distraction, she had to be quick. There only time for one word.

Barry and Ben had the same thought. It was a race now, whoever wrote first would have it all. They all scrambled to write with whatever they had at hand.

"It's over!" Ben yelled.

"I couldn't agree more." Barbara smirked.

They all held their pages up at the same time, eyes going wide as they realized all three pages said the same word:

Orgy.

"Wait, what?"

Time stopped. Time twisted. All of history shook.

And so it was that all of history, all of time, was brought under the auspice of that single word. An orgy eternal. Without beginning or end, idyllic and perfect in form and function. Holny bliss incarnate until the end of time. A snake sucking its own tale.

And all that ever was and all that ever would be was as the fucking of the ages, a sea of sex occupying every corner of space and every corner of time, bound by no law save its own and beholden to no master but its own inscrutable self. The alpha and the omega, cumming and cumming upon in all moments forever.

All was orgy. And the orgy was so so good.

But then, somewhere, there was a voice.

"Wait, wait, we can't end it like this. Cut!"

And so the orgy froze, and all of the extras proceeded to detangle themselves, and the fluffers made the rounds.

"Is this seriously how this ends?" asked Ben, naked and waist-deep in pussy. A production assistant ran over to bring him some water.

"Hey don't look at me," shrugged the assistant, leafing through a blue reef of papers, "You're the one who kept improvising."

"Okay, okay, you know what? I think we're going to have to make some serious revisions here. The orgy thing is great, really, but can't we come up with something a little less apocalyptic?"

"Well I mean, the writers aren't going to like it, and we did spend a lot of money on this big finale, but you're in charge, I guess?"

"Good. Good." Ben wiped his brow, grateful that he had had the foresight to swap Barry's power to himself when he had given Barry the book. With his mouth like that he wasn't using it, right? "Actually. You know what? Maybe we start this whole little episode over." he smirked. "I think I know exactly where everything went wrong."

"You want to go from the top?"

"Yeah! What's the harm?"

The assistant looked hesitantly at the rest of the crew, then back at Ben's grinning face. "Alright, you're the boss. I'll have the office radio for second meal. Alright everybody, you heard the man! Back to square one! We're on overtime!"

Ben grinned.

It was a dark and stormy night...

-

"Are you sure that's how you want to start?" Barbara took a sip of her coffee. "Can't we do something a little less ominous?"

"What, ominous?" laughed Barry, "It's romantic! It highlights the warmth beneath the covers, safe from the world raging beyond."

"Yeah, but who has sex in the middle of a thunderstorm?"

Ben and Barry both raised their hands. Barbara looked around the cafe for anyone else she could drag in to her side, but something told her she was seriously outnumbered.

"Okay, fine," she rolled her eyes. "You two, but what about the plumber? Why are they making a house call at that hour? It just doesn't line up."

"On the contrary, it adds to the impetus! It gives it narrative weight. You gotta push the story where you want it to go. Ooh, maybe their car broke down."

"Then they're going to call CAA, not pay a house call! People have cell phones these days. You can't just keep expecting things to play out like a story, you have to take the odds into consideration."

"How can you still say that?" Barry laughed. "My powers prove that none of this is real! This is all just some big magical play."

"No, what? Look, I agree none of this is real, but how does that even begin to make sense? Clearly this is all some kind of weird computer simulation running an emulation of the world. That's why my book can insert things into history so well, and that means probability trumps narrative impetus."

"Oh my god, you nerds," Ben laughed. "can we get back to planning tonight's little pornographic adventure please?"

"Right, sorry. Where were we?" Barry looked back down at there notes. "Right, so then we have slutty cat-girl maid Bess, played by Robert, bringing tea to her big-dicked milf mistress, played by Ben. They're about to bone down when there's a knock at the door and then, wait shit-" Barry looked into his cup and frowned. "Damnit, I'm out."

"Oh, no worries, I got you." Ben pointed the remote at one of the waitresses who just finished jacking off extra creamer into a coffee cup, swapping its contents into Barry's mug. The bimboi the waitress had been serving grabbed the empty cup appreciatively, sipping at it cautiously like the hot beverage it wasn't, before returning with a giggle to his friends as they resumed their conversation about lube brands and making out.

"Thanks Man," Barry nodded in appreciation. "The creamer here is fantastic."

"You're welcome for that." Barbara grinned. "I told you I could find something better than breast milk."

"You know what?" Ben looked up from the notes they'd put together. "I think this is going to be our best episode yet."

"It had better be," Barbara raised an eyebrow. "That dick wasn't easy to find."

"Totally worth it." Barry laughed. "You know I had my doubts about working together on this, but this is way better than anything I could have thought up on my own."

"God, could you imagine if this had gone the other way?" Barbara raised an eyebrow.

"Huh?"

"Like, if we had just gone for each other's throats instead of sitting down and working together?"

"You know what?" Ben gave a wink to the camera. "It's not even worth thinking about. Hey, how about we go over this orgy scene in the living room one more time, shall we?"

And so, as the saying goes, they lived happily ever after.

The End.