

Reality Wiki
A Titacular (not so) Short Story
- By Razmagurk -
= Part 2 of 2 =

I was still thinking about Sam's tits the next day.

My stilettos clicked precariously beneath me as I walked through the halls. I had to walk slowly - a long seductive strut that kept me balanced on the heels without misaligning my crotchless g-string.

Around me students were rushing to class and loitering in the halls. The girls were prancing around in their stripper heels and tight slutty outfits as they tried to beat the heat. I tugged down at the demicups of my own lingerie, making sure my big fat nipples were properly exposed in return. I wanted to make sure I was giving these girls just as much of a show as they were giving me.

Look, it may be a total stereotype that college girls were all ragingly horny bisexual perverts, but around here it was truer than not.

Yet despite even the ready lewdness of the scene around me, my mind was elsewhere.

Sam's tits. God, I had jizzed all over Sam's tits.

I looked down at the phone in my hand. At the mysterious wiki open on it. A wiki that could edit reality. A wiki that had given Sam the biggest sexiest tits in the whole damn country. And I'd cum all over them.

They were all I could think about.

Focus, Sarah, god.

It's such a big question - if you could change anything, what would you do?

It was terrifying, really. No one would even notice. You could fulfill your wildest, most perverse dreams and everybody would just keep walking along like it had always been that way. Imagine the chaos if this thing fell into the wrong hands.

I was so deep in my thoughts I almost stepped on a pair of girls 69ing by a locker.

I wasn't the wrong hands though, was I? I wanted to do good by it, really, I did. I wanted to make the world better. But who was I to decide something like that?

I sighed and shifted the dick I'd given myself last night. I could feel it's weight bounce with each step, swaying somewhere in the shadow of my own ridiculously huge melons. I knew that I probably should have gotten rid of it this morning, but honestly? I was curious.

Curiosity. That was half the damn problem wasn't it? For all my moral ambitions I could barely hold back from the siren's lure.

Like, god, I apparently wasn't the only girl with a dick now. What was that all about? Had it echoed out into the other sororities? And I definitely saw one of the Tau-Gamma pledges wearing a strap-on. What the hell had I done?

Oh sure, Sam had advocated I let loose. Have fun along the way. Well, that was easy for Sam to say, I was the one who kept noticing all the weirdness.

No, I'd been good. I had avoided the wiki the whole rest of the night. I'd been too busy with marathon masturbation sessions and hanging with my now well-hung sorority sisters. Frequently the two had been one and the same, but along the way we had a big laugh about hypothetical 'world changing magics'. At some point someone had broken out a dildo and we'd gone to town on it, as is such a big part of Greek life.

It was when I was drifting off to sleep, one hand still getting acquainted with my new appendage, that the nightmares had hit.

What if - what if none of this was right?

What if someone really was making changes and I was completely oblivious? What if who and what I was, wasn't me?

But it was an insidious spiral. It was all too easy to doubt. If I gave it too much thought, I'd never stop. I'd be checking my phone for edits every five minutes 'just in case.'

I didn't give in.

And when I woke the next morning, it was like I was a whole new woman. I was confident, rested. I didn't even know why I was worrying - Sam and I were the only ones who knew about this thing, right? There was no one I trusted more.

What was the worst that could happen?

Now here I was on campus, hoping to catch another glimpse of those impossibly sexy titties once again.

I looked around. Most of the girls I passed were busy making out, as girls do. A few were throwing themselves at cute boys, but given the fact that our school, like all the best ones, was overwhelmingly populated by like, 80% slutty girls, sometimes you just couldn't find a boy to help out. These sights of public masturbation were thus commonplace and helping a girl indulge in her lesbian side to vent some steam was just what good friends did.

Ah - I lowered a hand back to my dick for few long slow strokes, giving all the appraising eyes watching me something to fuel their own desires. I didn't want to be rude.

I'll say one thing for my playing around with this thing earlier - I was glad I'd made everybody so damn hot. These girls looked more like pornstars than college co-eds, and damn if there wasn't a single guy here who didn't look like he'd stepped off a firefighter calendar shoot.

Well... maybe one.

I turned the corner and ran tits first into the now supermodel-attractive Scarlet and Sebastian. Scarlet's hair, brighter red than it had ever been, cascaded down her back in waves. She had the pink haired femboy pushed up against a wall, his legs were wrapped around her waist, their tongues clashing in a hungry passion as their breasts bounced and rubbed together. Her hips bucked back and forth, carrying her slick member past the hem of her own skirt and plunging into the darkness beyond his.

Sebastian, of course, was a stark contrast to all the other boys, small but with curves that put the girls to shame. He had tits big enough to rival even Sams, to say nothing of his dripping cunt and his sexy moaning alto. I'd never seen either of them so enthusiastic.

They were so distracted by the intensity of their fucking that Sebastian just gave me a thumbs up as I walked past, his eyes glued lazily on my own hefty fuckstick.

I laughed. Okay, it was a little perverse, sure, but I couldn't help but smile. I was glad I had done right by those two. We weren't the best of friends or anything but I'd never seen either of them so -

Wait. I froze, heart pounding in my chest. Something about this wasn't right.

I turned back to them slowly. What was it about the sight of this big-titted femboy getting his pussy ploughed by the smirking redhead with the big dick - right here in the hallway - that seemed so suddenly wrong?

Right, shit - I slapped my forehead. I'd forgotten to fix men's fashion, hadn't I? They were still all running around in skirts. How had I missed that? Not that I minded, I did like the easy access. But it was the sort of change I wanted to make intentionally, not by happenstance.

I had just pulled up the page in question when a cry came down the hall.

"Sarah!"

I turned to see Sam's tits bouncing towards me.

The rest of Sam was there too, of course, her long pink hair tied back in wavy pigtails behind her and her bubble butt brining poked out from under a skirt so small it may as well have been a belt, but that was the first thing I noticed - her gigantic jugs bouncing like an anime protagonist.

My heart pounded. That was another thing I was proud of. They were some damn fine titties.

She leapt into me, arms outstretched to tackle me into a hug.

"Sam!" I grabbed her ass in greeting and kneaded it as our tongues met in tender greeting. We had just seen each other last night, but it felt like weeks. I struggled to keep our sexy sapphic make outs in the realm of friendly. I didn't want to seem to affectionate, I didn't want her to know that her tits had been all I'd been thinking about last night and this morning.

We had to stretch to reach the hug around the enormous pillowy real estate of our mutual cleavage, but it was worth it. The salty taste of her plump pink lips teased of a very busy morning.

"Mmm," I forced myself to pull away. "You're in a good mood. Wait, is there something different about you?"

"I was just about to say the same about you! Someone had fun last night." she giggled as she gave my dick a playful squeeze. I grunted at the sudden unfamiliar pleasure, my core tightening, but that just seemed to encourage her.

"Wish you could have been there." I laughed. "The girls were all disappointed you ran off."

"Omg sorry again for that. The football team needed to squeeze in an emergency practice to rail me silly. Sydney says I did a good job on it though. He was fucking me after and he says I'm finally getting what I deserve!"

Sam beamed, that big dopey grin of hers. It was hard not to let it light you up, not to want to protect that smile. I loved that smile. Even if it was because she was thinking of Sydney.

So why was something inside of me screaming this wasn't right? Was I jealous?

"That's -" somehow I managed to avoid staring back at her boobs. "That's really sweet of him." I tried to give a genuine smile, to be happy for her.

"Right?" she shivered at the memory. "And let me tell you, I haven't been fucked that good in ages, wow."

I mean, it made sense, I guess? Sydney was the nerdiest guy on campus and therefore the hottest, but Sam was the sluttiest bitch around - she even had the collar and the tattoos to prove it - so they were a perfect match.

I should be happy for them. Even back when Sam and I had been dating she'd always been such an absolute whore - that was just Sam for you, my girly-girl bimbo ex. And what could be girlier than gargling on as much dick as she could get? It was nice to see Sydney could at least keep up with her appetites.

"Wait hold on. If I have a big dick, how come we broke up?"

"What?"

"I mean, that's why we broke up, right? I didn't have what you needed sexually? But now I do -" I gripped my dick. "Now I always have."

"Aw, babe." She stroked a hand along my cheek. It was warm and tender. "Don't get me wrong your cock's amazing, but you know I'm just not a one-dick kinda girl. We tried, we really did, and you were great, but exclusivity just isn't for me. Doesn't mean I don't love you babe, you know that. You're the only person who puts up with a skank like me, but sometimes I just gotta get held down and sewn by all those wild oats, you know?"

"Right..." Okay that was starting to sound a little bit more like the Sam I knew.

“Aw hey, cheer up!” She pulled my head down into her boobs. “It’s all in the past right? So how was last night? You have some fun? Make any more changes while I was gone?”

“No, I was good!” It was a struggle to make my brain lock on the words, buried as I was in the marshmallow heaven of her warm embrace

“Aw,” she pouted. “Here I was hoping you’d done something big.”

“Why are you so disappointed?” I laughed. “You wouldn’t even notice.”

“Oh sure, but its just so much fun watching you react to this sort of stuff. Look!” She pulled me out and swayed her chest back and forth. “You’re completely obsessed, I love it.”

“I am not!” I lied, trying and failing to turn away. I couldn’t help it! They were so milky and soft and warm, not to mention so damn big. And look at how proudly those nipples thrust out, as large and deliciously ripe as big fat horny strawberries. I mean, I was bi yeah, show me a girl who wasn’t, but something about Sam’s tits were just... extra sexy.

“So if I were to slide this top off,” she put her hands beneath the well-stretched fabric of her tube top, “and rub my naked boobs all over you, you wouldn’t bust a nut here and now?”

I whimpered.

“N-no.” The hitch in my voice betraying me.

“Liar.” She pulled her top up, letting her boobs swing free, bouncing and jiggling, so large yet so impossibly perky.

Visions of my cum splashing all over those things flooded my brain, of my dick erupting into the valley of her cleavage, of burying my face in those things and never letting go.

“See?” She laughed and gave me a playful chest bump. “Completely obsessed.”

She stuck out her tongue and pulled down her top. I gave a very different whimper.

“Like I said though, I kind of love it. Look at how hard your dick is – ooh, I take it that means you’ve decided to keep it?” She bent over at the waist, disappearing underneath the canopy of my own monstrous melons to get a better view, her skirt riding up to give everybody watching a show. “Mmm, hello old friend.” I sighed as she ran a slender finger up my throbbing length.

“Ah, what can I say?” Through a shiver of pleasure, I gave a guilty little shrug. “I enjoy a good dick as much as the next girl.”

I thrust my hip forward to give her a better view. What could I say? There was just something about it that I liked showing off.

"Nothing wrong with that, girl!" She bumped her head into the underside of my tits as she tried to stand back up, then giggled and held them in her hands to steady them. Her leg rose behind her daintily and she lifted a hand for a high five. "I know you, you have almost as much fun with that thing as I do. Hell, I'm half surprised you didn't give all girls one."

"Are you kidding?" I laughed. "Do you know how hard this thing is? How horny? Having a dick is like keeping a little dog always demanding attention. And as much as I love the thing, I think it may have pushed my sorority sisters over the edge - everything they kept proposing for the wiki was sex, sex, sex."

"Hold on, wait, what? You told them?"

"Sort of? I framed it as a hypothetical. I wanted to hear if they had any good ideas. But god, they were all so horny they were using it as masturbation material. I had no idea Amy was so obsessed with boy-boobs, she kept going on about how she'd make men run around topless just to see them bounce. I had no idea these girls were such perverts."

"What? Are you kidding me, have you met those girls? You've seen how they react to me. Everytime I'm over there I end up with half my holes stuffed." She bit her lip at the fond memory. "Hold on, do boys not go around topless? Before I gave them boobs guys would go around without shirts no problem."

"Bullshit," I knocked her on the shoulder, the motion sending my breasts jiggling into hers.

"No, it's totally true!" she leaned into me. God I could smell the sex on her. She wasn't making it easy to think, was she? "Not like, all the time, but informally."

"How can that possibly be real? Girls would never be able to get anything done, we're bad enough!"

"I don't know," she snickered, biting her lip as a particularly well-endowed boy went past. I could see the wheels turning over in her head. "Maybe its not such a bad idea. Maybe we put it through?"

My libido wasn't bad enough, thank you very much.

"Oh-" she sighed. "But we'd better not."

"Huh?"

"Because - mmm - oh, okay, hear me out - then they wouldn't be able to wear cute lingerie, right?"

I turned to gawk. I mean, she had a point, I guessed. I certainly didn't want to live in a world where guys didn't wrap their tits up in manly lace for their sweethearts.

"Oh my god, speaking of - I saw a Victor's Secret on the way to practice yesterday, isn't that just the funniest thing? I told myself I'd go check it out on the way back - you know how hard it is to find a good bra that fits - but when I went past it on my way home I was like, wait I can't be here, can you imagine, me? Wearing a /boys/ bra?" She exploded into giggles.

I don't know, with tits like that she could pull off damn near anything.

"A part of me keeps thinking that maybe I should turn things back to normal, you know?" her gaze seemed focused suddenly on something far away. "Like, it's been all fun and games and maybe its time to get serious. But honestly? I'm really glad I gave guys tits. Like, wow. And I mean, I know a part of it is that I made it so that girls would find them hot – I know the wiki is making me like them – but that doesn't make 'em any less sexy you know?"

I realized again I was staring at her tits. Oh, I knew exactly how she felt.

"Plus," She exploded into more giggling. "I love having something big and heavy pressing into my back as they're fucking me! And like, isn't it just so sweet the way they moan when we're rubbing our tits together as we fuck and - Oh my god, Sydney was fucking me this morning right? - He has the best tits, like wow – do you think if I pick him up a sexy lingerie number, he'll wear it for me as he fucks my ass? Ooh," her nipples stiffened – "we could fuck in matching lingerie!"

"Yeah, I know what you mean," I tried to steer the conversation elsewhere. "I wasn't really expecting that me making everybody hot would be so nice, but I gotta tell you I'm really enjoying it."

"Omg what?" she pressed in even tighter. "When was this?"

"Yesterday? The period after I showed you. Did I not mention that?"

"Aha!" She prodded my breast. "Is that why you've been so horny lately? Wait, how did I look before?"

I looked down at her body and blushed. As though her normally lascivious form wasn't bad enough. Now I was keenly aware of how impeccably her skin was, how full and vibrant her curves.

"Are you kidding?" I blushed and turned away. "You barely changed at all."

"Aw, babe." She reached her arms around me to squeeze. "I think you're totally hot too."

"Yeah now I am." Seeing myself like this was a whole other set of problems, as I discovered while masturbating to myself in the mirror this morning. I was trying not to think of it.

"Nu-uh, even without the wiki."

"Oh please," I stuck out my tongue, but it was to hide the genuine warmth her compliment had inspired in me. "Like you'd even know."

"Hold on, have we really only done sexy changes?"

"No, I -" But I stopped. "Wait, shit."

Sam laughed so hard it sent even my tits shaking.

"No, no, it's great. It's very us. A sexier world, and fat titties for all!"

"We really should do something good with this thing."

“Ooh, do you want to make boys go around in lingerie all the time?”

“Sam, no!”

“Okay, okay!” she laughed. “Oh, here, I have an idea. Let me just...”

She reached into her cleavage and dug around for her cell phone – where had that come from? She smirked.

“Oh no, I know that look, what are you thinking?”

“Here me out, okay? I know I promised not to make any changes, but I want you to imagine - what if we gave guys like, way bigger dicks?”

“Really?” I sighed. “We should be tackling poverty, or world hunger!”

“We could solve a lot of world hunger if girls could get a mouthful of cum whenever they –”

“Sam.” I raised an eyebrow.

“Kidding.” She put up her hands. “Kidding. Look, we’ll get to that stuff. But this is a service to women everywhere, you know? Think about how much trouble is caused by guys not being able to live up to a girl’s expectations, don’t I - don’t we deserve better?”

“Sam...”

“Just - here me out. Let me do it for the morning, okay? We’ll meet up for lunch and talk. If it doesn’t make everything way better we’ll change things back - no problem.” She gave me a little wink.

A part of me wanted to argue, but honestly all of this had me so worked up that the idea of a big fat cock pounding my pussy was exactly what I needed right now, even if I didn’t have a pussy to pound. The idea sent my dick throbbing. Plus, well, I appreciated that Sam had taken the time to ask instead of just making the change without me like he had been.

“Okay,” I looked around conspiratorially, a mischievous curl raising on my lip. “Let’s do it.”

“Great!” She pulled out her phone and started writing up the entry. I braced myself for the forthcoming dissonance, the knowledge of my own ignorance. I closed my eyes and took a breath. It was one thing to look down and see the changes Sam had been making after the fact, but another altogether to be there when it hit.

“Whoops.”

“Whoops?” My blood turned to ice.

“Uh - its fine! Hold on, let me just -” she grabbed her six-foot prehensile dick from between her tits and pulled it out so she could get a better angle on her phone. “Oh no. Oh no.”

"Sam?" A fresh splurge of cum sprayed out of my boobs as I put a hand on my hip. "What's happening?"

"Sorry, I'm having a total blonde moment." She frantically typed at her phone. "Would you believe this is autocorrect? It's hard to type with these nails!"

"What did you do, Sam?" My voice was stern. I reached down with my dick to pick up my phone and swiped with my cockhead to the history page, careful to avoid the tit-jizz dripping down our naked bodies. "Here, let me-"

"No, it's fine! I'm undoing it now - It's just taking forever to load for some reason. There!"

I blinked and looked at the phone in my hand. She was pulling her boobs to the side to stare down at her pussy in relief.

"What was that all about?"

"Trust me you don't even want to know. But look, it worked! I've made all the dicks, like extra big and juicy and hard and powerful. I uh - oh damn, hello."

She reached down to feel at my cock, slapping up against the underside of her pillowy tits.

"Sam?"

Her eyes were locked on the head of my cock. It throbbed hotly in the air, ready and eager to do all kinds of things to this beauty. All of her teasing had it diamond hard and drooling precum. Wait, how else would you even describe dicks? Like, god, that was the whole point, wasn't it?

"Uh?" She whimpered.

"Now who's extra horny?" I laughed and shook my head

"Worth it, oh damn - maybe we should, uh," she swallowed hotly and started rubbing at the side of her melons. "Maybe we should test things out? That would look so fucking good between my titties."

I swallowed myself, that was exactly where I'd been imagining it all morning.

"We have class in in like, five minutes?"

"Oh baby, it's worth it. Come on." Somewhere beneath the canopy of my tits she stroked a finger along the slick precum-drizzled length of my painfully erect member. A shiver ran through me. How could I pass up an invitation like that?

She led me by the dick as we hustled in the direction of the spare study rooms. But despite our carnal urgency my curiosity got the better of me. I already had the phone in hand.

"That's weird..." I furrowed my brow. "I'm at low signal."

“Omg, right?” She pronounced the letters. “It was loading so slowly.”

“Come to think of it, it was at half bars yesterday -” I flicked to the history page. “Oh, right, I wanted to ask you about all these other changes.”

“What changes?”

I turned my phone towards her. “All these changes you made last night and this morning? I figured it was you experimenting?”

“Huh?” She stopped, pulling her focus away from my dick with great difficulty. “Babe, I haven’t used it since you pulled me aside yesterday.”

“Sam you’ve been using it this whole time. Look.”

“What? I would never! You made me promise, remember? Besides, I’ve been way too busy getting fucked by every hot guy I see.” She giggled as we just such a specimen walked by. “I thought that was you playing around.”

Oh god.

Oh god.

I froze.

I started swiping through the list. There were so many of them. Dozens of changes large and small. A ton of them had come in late last night while I’d been sleeping.

“Girls are always wet, horny, and eager to fuck?”

“Yeah?” Sam looked up confused. “How else would we get off?”

“Women feel no shame from engaging in sexual acts in public. It just arouses them further?”

“Like yeah?” She gave another giggle. “Newsflash: fucking with an audience is hot?”

“Hold on, you’re telling me you didn’t make these? What about this one on your page - ‘Sam Walker is the sluttiest bimbo on campus.’ Look, there’s a whole section added into your history about all your degrading sexual escapades. You mean to tell me that’s not you padding your reputation?”

“Like ew!” she huffed. “Where’s the fun in that?” She grabbed my phone to see for herself. “If I wanted my reputation padded I’d go out and get my ass padded myself.”

“Uh, Sarah?” The color drained from her face. “Why does this say you changed my sex from male to female? I was a boy!”

“It wasn’t me!”

"And if it wasn't you, then that means..."

The other shoe dropped.

"Someone else has the program."

-

"But how? We'd been so careful!"

We were sat at the back of the class, alone in an out of the way table watching the professor get her pussy pounded by one of the class's resident studs. Sam had her tits resting on the table and I was trying not to bang my dick against the underside.

My eyes darted too and fro, searching frantically for some sort of clue, some kind of sign. The horny sighs and moans of my fellow students now carried a sinister undertone.

Everybody was a suspect.

"Who could have heard us? There had been a whole surge of people moving from class to class - anybody could have been eavesdropping." I tried to think back, but all I could remember was the room we'd hid in. When I poked my head out I'd been so concerned with the boys tits I hadn't even looked at their faces.

"Maybe it's someone else who discovered it on their own?"

"It couldn't be, the network was gone when I looked with my computer, and look, they didn't start making any changes until after I told you."

Damnit, and now... I looked at the history. There were dozens and dozens of changes unaccounted for. Changes I'd had to reassure myself were fine because it was Sam making them, and I trusted her. The betrayal was enough to make me wretch.

"Hey come on, take a breath. It'll be okay. Let's just think about this - who would make these kinds of changes?"

"That's just it, that's the worst part - I can't even imagine how else things would be. Like this one," I passed her my phone. "'Girls can masturbate whenever they want and are encouraged to do so.' What even does a world look like where us girls aren't jilling it 24/7?"

"Yeah..." Sam tilted her head. "Were we just like, horny all the time? I mean, even more so? Did they have jerk off breaks throughout the day?"

"What kind of prude would want a society like that?" I tried and failed to imagine such a bizarre hypothetical. "Is it weird sex thing? Are they all chastity fetishists? What was next? Wearing clothes that completely covered your body?"

"Maybe..." Sam leaned back as much as her tits would let her. "Maybe they thought they were making the world a better place too?"

"This is so fucked up." I rubbed at my forehead as I tried reading through the wiki's archived version of the page. It was like it was describing a completely alien world.

But of course /I'd/ think that wouldn't I? I tightened my grip on my cock. It was like getting mad at water for being wet or gravity for being too heavy.

And that... that just made me all the angrier.

So what, none of this was real? Just because my world wasn't the one that had come first it was somehow less legitimate? Was there some version of me that got off on wearing sweaters and stewing in her own juices that was the 'real' me? Who the hell did that bitch think she was?

"Sarah?"

"Huh?"

Sam put an arm around me and pulled me into her. She was warm and soft and safe and I melted into her. I wiped one of the tears from my eyes before it messed up my thick eyeliner. I hadn't realized how much I needed this.

I felt hurt, used, and so damn stupid. And now I couldn't even trust my brain. If anything it just made me want to dig my heels in all the more.

Up at the front of the class, the professor screamed in bliss, cumming like a faucet as she shifted her powerpoint to the next topic.

"What if..." my voice was dark. "What if they weren't trying to make things better?"

"That's... that's the worry isn't it? But I mean, I guess if you think about it, does the intent really matter?"

"Of course it matters! They could have been using this thing to advance their own political position or whatever, or to put others down or, hell to get laid." There was a scream at the front as the teacher came again. "What if all the good its done was just a side effect?"

"You think someone gave women bodily agency by accident?"

"Why not?" I rubbed my face into her shoulder. "Look at all the good our stupid sexy antics accidentally caused."

"Right, so does it matter the reason if the results are the same?"

"Yes! No? I don't know." I threw my head back. "But I'll feel a lot better about all this when I know why. I can't believe you're taking this so well."

“Babe, are you kidding? I was a boy! Like, can you even imagine? Totally gross.”

I tried to picture girly girl Sam as a big manly dude, but lord knows the fantasy wouldn't last five steps before she was doubling over in a fit of giggles and swinging her big titties to go hunt down some cock to suck.

“How does that not drive you crazy? Knowing that you're someone else?”

“That's the thing,” She gave me one of her warm hopeful smiles. “I'm not someone else. No matter what happens, from my perspective I'm still me, right?”

I realized I was staring. That stupid smile. Those stupid tits. My heart raced. Since when had Sam been so damn cool?

“Sarah?”

I blushed and redirected my attention to the phone. What did it matter the why? What we needed to do was figure out the who.

I looked around the class, supermodel students looking on horny and bored at the fucking down at the front. The girls were all playing with their pussies as the boy's big dicks strained against their underwear and bulged out their little skirts.

Apart from the hotness and skirts it was a perfectly mundane scene. Not a hair out of place. What the hell were we supposed to do?

I buried my head in my hands.

“We have to turn everything back.”

“What?”

“It's the only way to get out ahead of this. We have to roll everything back to the start, go at it with a clean slate. It's the only way we can get the kind of perspective we need.”

“Wait, really? But I like being a girl! You're not going to get rid of my tits are you?” she hoisted the things up and squeezed them tight against her.

“I know, I know. I like your tits too, trust me.” God did I ever. “And I like being able to masturbate when I need to, but if these things are some kind of perversion on the natural order then the only way to -”

“What, hey no, that's an appeal to tradition. Total fallacy.”

“Where did you learn that?”

“I banged the debate team, remember?”

"I don't like it any more than you do," I sighed. "But what if whoever has it is actively trying to hurt us? They could make us want this even if it was objectively worse. We don't know who or what is at play here. If we want to move forward with these changes afterwards, we can, but let's step back and regroup, okay?"

"Fine." She sighed. "but I'm getting my boobs back as soon as possible."

"I wouldn't have it any other way." I clapped her on the back. "Now come on, help me go through and undo all of these."

"Oh no." came a voice. It was thick and powerful and authoritative. It sent a shiver clean through me. "I'm afraid I can't let you do that."

"Huh?"

I dropped the phone. The world spun. I had to grip the table to steady myself.

I turned pale faced to see the handsome form of Sydney seated at our table. How long had he been sitting there? I thought we were alone.

Sydney.

My girlish heart did a flip in my chest, trying to decide how to react. I'd never seen him so close. God, he was so dreamy. He had such a handsome, dorky face and body to match, not to mention the biggest dick and tits on campus - even bigger than mine on both accounts.

But fuck, none of that mattered right now.

"Where did you come from?" My voice was quiet. "How long have you been sitting there?"

"Don't worry about it." His grin was sharp and sinister, but I couldn't quite place why.

My heart throbbed. Something about the way he'd said it made all the anxiety drain away. I let out a breath, the concern of his sudden arrival retreating rapidly, leaving just the simmering arousal behind. I gripped my dick tighter.

"Sydney!" Sam's voice had such eagerness to it. She leaned back, positioning her foot to stroke his member under the table. "What are you doing here?"

"What can I say?" He shrugged. "I figured the two of you would be up to no good. Looks like I was right."

"Trouble?"

"That's what I get for letting you off the leash." He glared at Sam. "Come on, slut, I have a big fat dick for you to suck under this table, then after class I'm going to drag you down to the chess club - I found a whole new group of losers to run a train on you. Plenty of payback to go."

"Ooh!" Sam shivered. "Yes, sir! I can't wait!"

"Fuck, you really are a whore, aren't you? /My/ whore." Sydney laughed as Sam scrambled to get her tits under the table, it was like the ringing of bells. "All these years, all your posturing, all your gloating and showboating. I knew there was a little bitch inside you all along. I can't believe how easy this was."

"Huh?"

"Nothing. Again, don't even worry about it."

And as soon as he said it, the care seemed to fade from Sam's face like it had from mine. Already she was distracted by the thought of all the dick she was about to get.

"And Sarah, Sarah, Sarah." He tutted, turning to me. His grin growing wider and more predatory. 'What am I going to do with you? "

"Wh- what do you mean?" It was hard to speak. God, Sydney had that effect on girls, didn't he? I mean, all boys did, but with him it was like trying to talk to a supermodel, even before I'd made everybody hot.

"I mean why can't you be happy like everybody else, huh? Why can't you just accept things?"

The hackles raised on the back of my neck.

"I was good!" He continued. "Live and let live, says I. You do your stuff, I do mine. But here you are threatening all the good work I've done? You don't see me getting upset that all the sorority girls have dicks now, do you?"

My face went pale.

"You?"

"Wait, -" Sam's voice scoffed from beneath the table. "But you're the biggest man on campus, why would you possibly need to unless - oh!" Sam laughed as she put two and two together. "You weren't, were you?"

"Oh no," Sydney grit his teeth, glaring down at her from above the table. "I'm not about to hear that sort of shit from you anymore. I'm the big man on campus now. You get to grovel longingly from my shadow."

"I'm just saying--"

"I do what I have to to get by!" His eyes flashed. "God, you never could leave well enough alone, could you? Get those lips on that dick, maybe that'll shut you up. I want to feel you choking on it!"

He pushed his chair out, showing off the way his monster cock jutted out so proudly from his designer skirt for all the see. Sam cooed as she crawled over to it. Sydney grabbed her hair as she got to work.

"Hey," I gripped my fist. "Don't you talk to her like that!"

“Aw, don’t you mind. Hell, you think its good that I’m looking after your /ex/. You know how much of a cocksleeve she is. Isn’t that right, bitch?”

Sam cooed between gasps of air, rubbing her face greedily against his virile stiffness.

Something about what he was saying didn’t quite line up, but I couldn’t deny that he was right. I was glad my friend had found someone who could satisfy her, even if I couldn’t deny the jealousy that it wasn’t me.

“Now -” he turned back to me - “Where were we?”

“Fuck.” I looked down at my phone, still open to the page with all the changes. Who had the most to gain?

Sydney Haldron has the biggest dick and tits in the country.

Sydney Haldron is so attractive he’s regarded as a sexual god.

Everybody obeys, trusts and believes Sydney Haldron.

“It was you.”

“Maybe you should have been paying attention to me after all.” He gave a bow. “I saw you playing on your phone. I knew you were up to something. All you had to do was talk to me about it -” he shook his head. “We could have worked together, but no, you decided to spill it all to tits-for-brains here instead.” he slapped Sam’s fuckpillows.

My heart lurched. This betrayal was so at odds with his beatific form, with the innate trust I felt for him.

“But how?”

“Because you, like everybody else, decided to dismiss me, to ignore me. Even when I followed you to that spare room. I heard everything. You were even dumb enough to broadcast the network.”

My breathing went shallow. How could I have been so stupid?

“You know what? Maybe its a good thing. It really showed me that I’m better off alone. A whole world, a whole reality, bent to my pleasures. You and Sam always have lacked imagination.”

Disgust roiled through me. And I had thought it unfair I wasn’t the original - would I have felt that pride knowing I was /his/ me?

And that’s when the panic hit. I had to turn things back. I had to fix this. I snapped my arm out, grabbing my phone, reaching for the undo changes button.

“Stop.”

I froze. He smiled. Everybody had to do what Sydney said. That was just the way the world worked.

I gaped at him in horror and disgust. It was all I could do.

“Don’t you give me that look! You think you can judge me based on the changes I made, huh? You think you’re better than me because you go off about doing good things for others? I’ve seen the edits you’ve put through; I know how much bullshit that is. You’ve been thinking with your dick just as much as I have, haven’t you?”

“What? No! Sydney, listen to me, you can’t use this like this, it’s not right! Think about all the people you’re hurting!”

“Quite!” He bucked his hips deeper in Sam’s throat in anger. “I don’t want to fucking hear it from you. Do you know what its like being a nerd? An outcast? You people are the worst - always judging. I’m tired of being looked down up on by the likes of you, even now after I’ve put myself on top. Look, I’m not a bad guy, really. But I’m not about to let an opportunity like this pass me by. And I’m certainly not letting you ruin it all with your moralistic bullshit.”

“What? Judging? Looking down on?” I wanted to scream it but his commands forced me into a tense whisper. “What the hell are you talking about? I don’t judge or look down on anyone, let alone nerds and outcasts, and Sam wouldn’t hurt a fly! You know that. I don’t know what you think has been going on, but –“

“Oh please, you only say that now. I’ve seen the way the two of you get along, rubbing your success in my face. He’d rather run off to grind tits with you girls than hang out with old friends. And I’m so sick of seeing the way he keeps looking at you in particular – You know what?” He took a breath. “I don’t have to explain myself to you.”

Sam grunted in objection, but he forced her down harder.

“What are you even saying?” I shook my head. “Please, Sydney, wherever this hurt is coming from, let’s talk this over.”

“No, you know what?” He pulled out his phone. “I’m done fucking around.”

“What are you going to do?”

“I can’t have you changing everything back. So when I’m done with you, you won’t want to.” He grinned and made a show of pulling open my page. “There’s a lot of things I could do to you, you know. But like I said, I’m playing nice. Let’s have some fun with this, shall we? Let’s teach you a lesson about judging people.”

“I’m not judging you for anything!”

“I’m going to bring you down to my level. I’m going to show you what its like. You’ve been careful with this thing? Using it so sparingly? Let’s change that. Look around. I want you to dig deep into your wildest most perverted fantasies. If you could change anything, what would you do?

That damn question again.

I roiled under the damn question, struggle to resist the urge to contemplate, to let all my most perverse fantasies spring to mind.

"I'd make... I'd make it so Phil Thompson didn't wear a bra."

"You what?"

"Oooh, or maybe - " My dick throbbed in my hand. "Maybe I'd have it so that the prof had to be bent over the desk to get fucked so we could see the boys' dicks better."

"Ooh, yeah!" Sam popped her head off his dick with a loud slurp. "Great idea!"

"Shut up, you!" He grabbed Sam's head and pulled it back onto his dick, then turned back to me. "Is that really the best you can do?"

"Okay, this isn't going to cut it." He looked at my entry on his phone, scrolling through it and scowling. "I'm amping up your horny. Enjoy your nymphomania, even more so than usual. And -wait, are these really your fetishes? Christ, your lucky I got here when I did."

"Huh?"

"Let's spice this up a bit shall we?"

He typed something in and hit change, but nothing happened.

"Now, let's try this again. Let's hear your deepest perviest fantasies, shall we?"

My throat hitched as I turned, heart pounding a mile a minute. Was the first time not perverse enough?

"Ooh, maybe-" Both hands were on my dick now, stroking for all it was worth. "Maybe all the girls in class have to keep dildos up their asses at all times and and ooh, they have to go up to the front to answer questions and the professor can fuck them silly while they do, and if they get it wrong they get spanked or tied up or ooh, they get panties - dripping pungent cum-soaked panties - stuffed into their mouths!"

"See?" his head fell back in laughter. "Good good! See? Doesn't it feel good to let loose? And there's more where that came from. Those are the sort of changes I want to see."

"What?" I recoiled. "No! Have you not been listening? Just because you can do this, just because it would be so fucking hot to turn all the schoolgirls into total anal sluts, that doesn't make it right! You can't hurt people just for your amusement!"

"Hurt them? Hurt them!? Where was your sympathy when I was being ostracized, huh? When their laughter, their sneers from across the room hurt me? When no one will take your side." Sydney's fist shook around Sam's hair. No, you don't get to talk about hurt."

"Sydney..." Sam grunted around Sydney's dick. "This isn't the way."

"Oh no, I don't want pity from you. You had your chance. Keep sucking.

"Where was I? Ah, right. I think hurting them is exactly what I want you want to do. That's an order, in fact. I want you to feel how badly you want it."

I whimpered. As soon as he said the words they were true. The chemistry in my brain reconfiguring, emotions and priorities shifting to his will. He was right. I hated it, but he was right.

"And now for the fun part. I'm ordering you to forget what you realized about me being responsible. In fact..." He pondered for a second. "No matter how hard you try you'll never be able to even suspect me of being aware of the wiki, let alone controlling it. You're not going to remember this conversation soon enough."

"Remember what?"

And you know what?" He added. "Let's make this all the more fun. All those perverse changes I made? Turning girls into sluts and whores - I'm ordering you to believe that you made them yourself. I'm ordering you to believe that you wanted this, you pervy little girl. Doesn't that sound sexy? You're going to be happy with what you've done, it's going to make you so damn horny. Do you understand?"

I didn't understand what he was saying but I nodded anyway.

"Not so high and mighty anymore, are you? You're going to spend the rest of the morning using that little wiki to let all your new perversions come to life. You're going to degrade and humiliate yourself and all your classmates, because that's how you get off."

I nodded again. Though I wasn't paying attention to what he was saying, not really. I was too busy expanding on my little fantasy. Dildos on all the seats. Entire classes devoted to cocksucking and dirty rough fucking.

"We'll meet again at lunch. I'll figure out what to do with you then. I'm very curious to hear what you'll have gotten up to." He laughed. "Now forget I've said any of this. That goes for you too, Sam."

"Huh?" Sam snapped to attention.

"I said, 'come on, bitch,'" he stood and started walking for the door. "I'm taking you to the locker room - I want those sweet lips sucking my tits until I come all over your face. I have a lot of aggression left to let out and we have a lot of catching up to do."

"Ooh, gladly!" Sam bounced up to her feet so fast she almost smacked herself in the face with her own heaving breasts. "We'll figure this whole thing out later, okay?" she turned to me plaintively. "I'm going to go have some fun testing out that whole 'big dick' thing!" She gave me a thumbs up as she rushed after Sydney, which I eagerly returned. The idea of her and Sydney fucking hurt, but the thought of my friend getting her holes stuffed - knowing I was responsible for it! - It was just so... hot!

I was glad I'd turned her into a girl. I was glad I'd made her a bimbo slut. I mean - wait, hold on - she'd always been a slutty bitch, but like, putting it in the wiki had */confirmed it/* you know?

I returned my hands to my dick and started furiously pumping. Shit, Sydney had left me all worked up, I was so horny I could barely think. I let out a hot breath.

Watching the two of them go... there was something screaming inside me. Something I had to do.

I pulled up her entry and gave her a buttplug the size of her forearm. I grinned. That ought to get her all warmed up for Sydney's megacock.

I let out another breath. Blood pounded hot and heavy through my dick, through my heart, my whole body tight with desire. I was seeing the whole world with new eyes. What had I been thinking when I walked in here today? That I had been doing so well. That I'd avoided any drastic changes. That I'd kept things simple and positive.

I thought I'd been doing so good.

But that wasn't right, was it? I'd been making changes all night and all morning. All kinds of horny perverted changes I couldn't quite remember the details of or making, but that I was sure of nonetheless. I let out a giggle at the thought.

And those were just the beginning.

Now it was time to cut loose.

-

I sat in my next class. This time I didn't have Sam to help keep me entertained. This time I didn't have Sam to hold me back.

I grinned as I looked back on the phone over all the whorish changes I'd made last night and this morning. I couldn't remember making them or why - so many of them were already hard facts - but I couldn't deny how giddy - how hot - it had me.

I looked over at Sofia, my neighbor. She had been lucky that I hadn't gotten around to her yesterday, but it seemed her luck had now run out.

She put a hand at the professor's latest question. She had always been a bit of a teachers pet. Today - I grinned - I was going to make her into the teacher's bitch.

I eagerly pulled open a handful of articles at once, my fantasies from earlier guiding me as I wrote and copied and corroborated as fast as I was able. My heart pounded in anticipation. I wanted to be sure I got this just right.

The next time she raised her hand, the professor called her up before the class. She walked the class length to the board, all eyes on her, then bent over, spreading her cheeks to allow the teacher full access. Sofia waited until the teacher had her oversized silicone dick plunging into her dripping pussy before she started writing the answer on the board.

I laughed. Why should boys get all the fun fucking the teachers, huh?

The girl struggled to write as her plump cunt was bottomed out inside, her pen leaving jagged lines behind, to say nothing of the pleasure she was feeling. When she was finally finished there were two big circles behind where her tits had pressed against the board.

As she returned to her seat, I rushed to add another entry. She was greeted by a huge dildo attached to her chair, which she started to squirm her way onto, gasping and groaning from the effort.

I let out a gasp of my own, chewing my lip. This wasn't enough. I scribbled away faster - "All lecture halls have dildos!" I added, "with their size based on the grades of the student."

Ah, big mistake.

I whimpered as a fat thick dick was now buried deep in my own ass. I squirmed wordlessly, god, it was like suddenly it was taking up all my mental bandwidth.

I scampered to the history page, to turn things back, but stopped. Isn't this what I had wanted? To hurt? Wasn't being impaled by this thick log, so damn hot?

Sometimes the only way out was through.

I struggled with my phone, fumbling to pull up an article on female sexuality. I made it so that girls were all huge anal sluts and size queens - so that we could barely think if we */didnt/* have something filling us up.

I groaned as that one hit, a deep sigh as the sensation - without changing itself - went from deeply unpleasant to deeply satisfying.

Fuck, I pushed in harder, grinding it against my prostate. I wanted more.

Sofia next to me was bouncing now, up and down on her own monstrous dildo seat. Had it gotten bigger? Mm... this was one hell of an academic incentive.

There was grunting from across the aisle. I looked over to see the cute guy there struggling to get comfortable, his skirt failing to hide that he too was impaled by a fat rubber cock.

Whoops.

The boys were, understandably, less enthused, though a few seemed to be enjoying it quite a bit.

You know what? I smirked. Why should the girls have all the fun? Let's make them anal sluts and size queens too. It just gives us girls more ways to make them feel good, doesn't it?

The chorus of grunts and moans heightened. The room now echoed with the slapping of quivering rumps clapping down upon chairs. And I was all too happy to join in - going faster and faster against my own phallic intruder, building up steam as I watched the twitching, dripping dick of the guy sitting across

from me, who was now meeting his anal task with just as much enthusiasm as Sofia and myself. I let out a soft sigh - his dick was so big It slapped up against his titties with every bounce.

A few changes to the public decency page later and he was free to do something about it. All of the guys were now running their hands up and down their fat cocks to the sight of us horny slutty schoolgirls.

The cute boy in particular was getting off by squeezing his beautiful dick between his tits as he bounced.

One more change and his tits exploded out of his top as his bra disappeared, as all men's bras disappeared. Well, except for the most sexual of lingerie's, for Sam's sake, of course. He was still wearing his top, but now his tits bounced freely in front of him, his button up hanging to either side, not even attempting to restrain those monsters.

Then I took it a step further and ramped up titty sizes the world over. You're welcome.

Now there was nothing to interfere as he proudly ground his fat dick between his jacked tits.

I chewed my lips watching, following in his footsteps and taking my own cock between my pillowy gazongas. This reality's me had done it a thousand times I was sure, but to me it was hot and tight and oh so fucking soft, my constantly leaking precum finally coming in useful.

But - fuck - masturbation wasn't enough, was it?

I struggled to type with one hand as the other continued its assault on my body. A few more changes and the boys weren't using their hands anymore, no, they were driving into the girls pussies, using their hands and mouths and asses and every wet hole that was available, all to please their dicks and tits, all to coax out a fat load out of them as they bounced on their dildos - three or four girls to every man.

"I really don't get this material" I heard the boy say, grunting and cooing at the pleasure.

"It's about property rights, I think?" said the girl slurping at his cock.

"Mmm, yeah!" Said the one nuzzing his tits as she fondled the first girl's pussy. "Landlord-client contract, chapter twelve."

"Wait, really?" He looked down at the student the professor had called up next and was spanking for her wrong answer. "I wasn't getting any of that."

"Tell you what," she winked. "Stick that big dick of yours in my ass and I'll lend you my notes."

I frowned. Were they not enjoying the show?

A few edits to human sexuality later and they were too distracted by the sight of all the other guys and girls fucking to focus on the class material.

I looked out at the perverted mess I had made of the class, at the girls getting passed around like fleshlights and horny asses getting stuffed by big fat cocks. God - I shuddered and grabbed at my

sensitive tits, playing idly with my horny nipples as I rubbed them into my cockhead - I was so proud of what I'd done here. I couldn't stop grinning.

I wished Sam was here to see this. I couldn't wait to tell her later.

But - ah - the cute guy was calling me over. That would have to wait until later.

I hoped that wherever she was, she was having fun.

-

I was antsy walking to the student center.

Somehow despite everything it wasn't enough. I had wanted to make all these pornographic changes, but now I had nothing but regret. Don't get me wrong. It was good, it was *sexy*, I was happy with all the things I'd done.

So why wasn't I satisfied?

The walk had introduced a whole challenge, trying to balance the plug in my ass as I teetered in my heels, as I tried to keep my thong straight. I wasn't the only one. Boys and girls everywhere were sporting glittering plugs or dildos of their own - many of them seemed to feature some logo or fancy design. Nike, it seemed, had a line of men's plugs.

The fucking from the classroom had spilled out into the hallway. The area normally reserved for studying was full of students stuffing each other's asses as the few boys between them fucked the girls face-down in a pile of text books.

Even the 24-hour news playing silently on the tv in the hall was getting into the spirit - the anchor's tits bouncing as they double teamed the weather girl while she went on about damage caused by the recent storm.

I frowned. I was antsy. Hadn't I done enough? They could barely function.

But the want was still strong inside me.

I thought back to yesterday's early stumblings. I thought back to last night at the sorority. Something was still missing.

Dicks.

God, did I ever love dicks. It was a girl thing, I guess. Something so fundamental I'd inscribed it in the wiki last night. I loved boobs too - especially Sam's! -don't get me wrong, and pussies! But dick's were just so long and hard and powerful. I wanted to smell them and feel them and sing songs about them. I wanted to shove my face in them and just play with them all night.

But you know what the problem was with having 80% of the school's population be female? There just wasn't enough dick to go around.

Well, I'd wanted to make the world a better place? I wanted to turn everybody into sluts? I could think of no better way.

I pulled up entry on female anatomy, and did for the whole sex what I'd done for Scarlot, what I'd done to the girls in my sorority house, what I'd done to myself, and I cranked it into overdrive.

On the tv the weather girls dick oozed precum as it slapped up against her pert tummy. One of the female anchors had even joined in, licking her balls as she took one of the anchor's mandick in hand.

And - oh right.

I whimpered as I put a hand around my own magnificent member. It was bigger, stronger, more achingly sensitive, all the more impossible to ignore.

But there was little time for explorations. I had lunch to get to.

-

The cafeteria was packed. Girls were getting their asses stuffed with every big fat dick they could find as they guzzled down a their meal of cum.

This was all my doing. It was everything I had always dreamed of. My sluttiest fantasies. Right?

But there was no denying it. No matter how good it felt. It was like scratching a mosquito bite. I just couldn't alleviate the symptoms.

Why did I feel so... unsatisfied? Unfulfilled. Hell, a part of me even felt guilty.

"Sarah?"

"Sam?" I whipped my head around to look, a great big grin crossing my face. I hadn't realized how much I'd missed her. "Oh my god Sam, you're not going to believe what I've done!"

She came rushing up, her still impossibly sexy face was made all the more so covered in cum. Her laughably tiny dick was locked away in her smallest chastity cage, one hand gently working a horse cock dildo in her ass, her mouthwatering tits bouncing at every thrust. She was completely flush.

God, my eyes bulged, how many times had I dreamed about this when we were dating?

"Sarah, thank god I found you. Listen -" she checked behind her. "I don't know how much time we have. Sydney told me to be a good girl and fuck my brains out, but I guess he didn't know how little of those I have now." She giggled. "He'll be on his way here as soon as he finishes getting his ass pounded by those girls in the bathroom. Listen," She leaned in close, her voice a whisper. "We're in trouble!"

"What do you mean, what's wrong?"

"Fuck, you're not going to like this." she looked up like a girl about to be spanked. Her ever-present smile painfully absent. "I know who's behind all of this."

I blushed. Had I not told Sam I had done all those things? Oh my gosh the girl was missing out.

"Sam..." I gave a worn smile. "Its me. I've been making all these changes. I don't know why I didn't tell you earlier."

"No, Sarah, listen, that's the thing. It isn't. I know you think that, but it isn't. It never was. You're being used - manipulated!"

"Sam, come on, I think I would know if that's the case. There's no one with the wiki except for us."

"It's not true. It's Sydney! He's got your brain all tangled up. He made you forget, he made us both forget"

"Sydney -?" I laughed. "Sydney of all people? Impossible. Why would he even need to do something like that?"

"Its true. He ordered me to remember everything. I think he wanted to humiliate me? But like, it didn't work. I remembered the things he'd told me to forget, but not whatever changes he made with the wiki. He thought it didn't do anything. We don't have much time!"

"Sam, are you even listening to yourself right now? Sydney's got a perfect life, he's beyond reproach."

"Please, Sarah, I need you to believe me. I know what it must sound like to you. But that's been this whole situation, hasn't it? Leaps of faith and blind changes. But isn't that why you told me about this thing in the first place? Because you could trust me? I'm asking you to trust me now."

"Sam..." I'd never seen the girl so serious. "What are you saying?"

"He told it was all your doing. That you'd warped people to his perversions. To love it. And then forget he'd done so. You know how everybody does what he says! But those things aren't true, not really. Not in this reality or any other, Sarah. Because you're a good person. I know you, you just want to make things right."

I thought of the fullness of the plug in my ass. If that wasn't making the world right, I didn't know what was.

If it was anyone else, I'd have laughed. But for Sam? I tried to think logically about what she was saying about Sydney, but it was like trying to swallow a stone. I couldn't even wrap my head around the idea.

But.. fuck, She was right about one thing – how had I gone from wanting to do so much good to indulging in my wildest extremes? When had I become that person?

Even now more horny thoughts bounced in my brain. I didn't want to hurt anybody, really I didn't, but looking around at all the girls getting their asses stuffed by every fat cock they could find, god, I just wanted to degrade those girls further.

Why? I never wanted to hurt anybody, did I?

"Sam," I put my hand on her shoulder. "I think you might be confused. Let's talk about this. We can go through the changes one by one."

"God, I wish!" she pulled me into a hug, the jizz on our tits intermingling tenderly. "I wish this was all just some stupid daydream gone amuck - too much time without a good fuck and all the changes getting to me. But it's not, Sarah. I've never been more sure in my life." She pulled away. "And I know what I have to do."

She pulled out her phone. She had the history page open.

"Sam -" I held out a hand to steady her. She was shaking. "What are you doing?"

"I'm going to undo it all. Like we should have done. I'm going to put it all back. Right to square one. I may not amount to much in this life. I may just be some over-sexed bimbo bitch, but here I have a chance, and there's no other way I can make the world better than to give you this - a clean slate."

"Don't be crazy, Sam. All my hard work! You'll be a boy again! You'll be a completely different person!"

"I know. I know. It's an utter fucking travesty, isn't it? Hopefully boy-me has tits even half as nice. Goodbye Sarah. Whatever happens, I'll always love you."

"Sam, no!"

I reached to grab the phone from her but she stepped back and I crashed into her tits instead.

"Sam?" came a new voice. The girl shot bolt upright. Sydney stood behind her.

"Sam, what are you doing?" His voice was tense even as it dripped with sex appeal.

"I'm Sorry, Sydney." She really was. God, you could hear the yearning in the poor girl's voice. "I'm sorry that it turned out this way. That you felt the need to do all this. That I have to side against you again. For what its worth, you were a really good fuck."

"No!"

But Sam had already hit the button.

-

Sam didn't have tits.

I blinked in disbelief. He looked down in panic at his body.

"Wait, shit." He slapped his head. "Omg, this is totally not good."

“Sam? are you okay?”

“No!” He looked up at me, tears in his eyes. I’d never seen my macho manly-man ex so emotional. “I still remember everything. I’m still a slutty bimbo girl!”

“What!?”

Where the hell had that come from?

“Ew and now I’ve got a guy’s body, gross, gross, gross!” He raised one of his linebacker legs daintily and twisted around. “I have to fix this!”

But Sydney wasn’t about to give him a chance.

“What did you just do?” Sydney rushed forward. “All of my changes!”

I looked down at my phone. The history was clear. All the changes undone, including whatever Sydney had been using to control me. I remembered the conversation with Sam back in class this morning and then...

Oh god –

Bile flooded the back of my throat as I thought about all the horrible things I had done. What had I been thinking?

I tried to remember the specifics, but it didn’t make any sense. The world had been warped in so many ways and even now I was only aware of the changes I had personally made, now all mercifully reversed.

It made me dizzy just thinking about it.

Oh my god, all those perverted things I’d done to my classmates - to men and women the world over. I could feel it like a weight on my soul. I could barely move, barely breathe.

But, shit, Sam was right. There was no time. What mattered now was Sydney.

“What have you done? Why can’t I edit your profile?” he grunted, thumbing his phone.

“Ha!” Sam laughed. “Two steps ahead of you. I’ve already got us open in edit. You’ll have to do better than that!”

“Fine,” He cracked his neck. “If that’s how you want to play it? I wanted to be nice! I should have had you two licking my feet the moment I realized this power!”

I rushed forward but he was already typing on his phone. Whatever it was, I had to stop him.

But he was fast. No sooner had he given me that smirk, than I doubled over. My girl-cum-drenched pussy was spraying juice everywhere as I grit my teeth through yet another mundane toe-curling orgasm.

What had he changed?

I fell forward, skidding to the ground, a puddle of cum flooding the floor beneath me from the waterfall of my vagina. I took a hot gasping breath and tried to restrain my girlish libido. All around me other girls looked on in sympathy, they knew all too well how hard it was to move without setting off your hyperactive clitoris.

Hell, several had begun to cum their own brains out just from dodging out of the way. At this rate I wouldn't be able to take another step.

But then, ah! - I forced my eyes to focus - I didn't need to take a step did I? I didn't even need to know what he had done. I was already in the history, already just a press away from undoing whatever it was he had done.

And then, a blink later I stumbled surprised to my feet

"You alright Sarah?"

"I'm uh- oh wow" I looked around the room. Girls were walking around wearing pants and none of them seemed even remotely phased by it. Hell, my own arousal was barely there, like my clit was so numb I could hardly feel it.

Of course. The horrifying truth hit me like a train - I was aware of the changes I made. I undid the change, but now I still remembered how things were on the other side of it. I still remembered a world where girls came at the slightest touch as real instead of whatever this weird prude reality was. Oh god.

"Sarah?"

"I'm fine!" I turned back to Sydney. "I won't go down that easily!"

"Good!" he laughed. "Because I'm just getting warmed up."

I looked down at my phone, trying to pull up Sydney's page, but whether by chance or will, it had the same lock we had. I'd have to think on our feet.

"I got it!" Sam leapt up in and gave a fist pump in victory, his heaving tits bouncing before him. He hugged and squeezed them, tears of joy in his eyes. "I've got my boobs back!"

"Damnit, Sam, this is not time to be playing with your titties!"

"You wouldn't be saying that if you know how small yours are now." He stuck out his tongue. "It's really weird!"

Wait, that gave me an idea. I still had tabs open from earlier. I pulled up the one on male anatomy and began typing. I had to get it in before Sydney could recover the advantage.

My heart thumped as I hit commit, but nothing happened.

The page stalled.

Oh god. Had he blocked me? Worse, was I somehow oblivious? I hit it again and again, willing it to work.

And then several tense seconds later, Sydney - and all the other boys to boot - had tits so big they could barely move with them.

Sam struggled to get his especially large backbreakers back in his wheelbarrow where they belonged.

I rushed forward trying to clear the gap, but Sydney would not be denied. Though he couldn't reach around his boobs to type with both hands, he had evidently typed enough to finish. I'd slowed him down but not stopped him. He shook the phone as he tried to commit the changes. Was he struggling to connect too? The signal strength was so low...

"I should have done this one from the start. Let's see how you like being my love slaves, let's see how you like worshipping my very presence! Let's see how you like being on my side for once!"

I flinched, but nothing changed.

I blinked, then looked down at the phone in my hand. What was I doing? I looked up at Sydney, at my beautiful radiant Master. Why would I ever want to hurt him? I was a good girl. I was so lucky to be master's plaything. All girls were. Why would I ever want that to change?

"Well?" Sydney paused and raised an eyebrow, looking almost surprised at all the groveling sex kittens basking in his glory. "What do you have to say for yourself?"

"Master?" I looked up at Sydney, eyes watering. My heart broke at the idea of ever displeasing him. "I'm so sorry, Master! I don't know what came over me I -"

"Wait," balked Sam, he had the history pulled up. "If you were really our master, -" Sam wasn't a girl, he wasn't a slave, but he remembered being one, he knew all too well what it was like. "Then why would you need to put it in?"

"Sam, stop!"

"I'm sorry, Master. Sydney. About so much. But we need to deal with this as equals. I'm rolling this back."

"No wait!" My eyes panicked. I didn't want to not love my master anym-

Another wash of confusion. What had I been saying?

"Rolling back?" Sydney's eyes widened. He thumbed at his phone then slapped his head, a motion that sent quakes through his expansive bosom. "So that's how you're doing it, huh? Let's take a look at these recent changes..." he looked at his phone then furrowed his brow. "You gave me tits, really?"

A button press later and they were gone. He took advantage of the improved mobility and stepped back, keeping his distance.

“Oh that’s weird.” he cupped at the flatness of his chest. “Fine! I don’t need these to stop you - your more savvy than I gave you credit for, I’ll give you that- “ He was writing the next entry, it was a short one - “but I’m not above cheating.”

I was still only half way through the next change of my own. How was he getting these so fast?

But again, nothing happened.

“There,” he laughed. “Lets see you use that history page now, aye?”

“What’s he talking about?” I turned to Sam, who’s tits bounced as he shrugged. God I wish I had time to admire those things. We both knew from experience that we couldn’t look at the recent changes page. Our eyes would just glaze over if we tried. Had Sydney found a way to use it?

Shit, I’d have to be careful.

But if nothing had changed we had a chance to press an advantage.

I scrambled to finish my next entry. The site was becoming increasingly unstable, hanging and dropping, throwing 404s. Then I grinned as it finally went through.

Sydney hit the ground hard, the girls standing near him taking turns pounding his twinkish boy-butt with their oversized strap-ons. A lump rose in the back of my throat at the sight, at the memory of doing this to all those girls. But Sydney? If anyone deserved it, it was him.

I tried not to listen too hard to the moans and grunts coming from all the other boys as they got their own rear ends stuffed,

Fuck - I swallowed hotly. Did some part of my heart still find this hot? Or was this heat just a memory of that pleasure?

I stepped forward, the strap-on around my waist bouncing. Sam cried out in bliss, tits grinding against the floor as he got flipped around and pounded doggystyle, his tits swinging lewdly back and forth at the motion of his body. I knew full well just how much of your mental bandwidth getting your prostate pounded occupied, I knew how impossible it was to think when you were getting stuffed.

“Let’s see you wiggle your way out of that one.”

But he didn’t even need to type for what came next. He barely had to slap his hand down on the phone and in the blink we were both stumbling forward, my changes undone.

“What? Wait, I -” he whimpered in horny disappointment, shivering in lost longing. His body was no longer a part of that reality but damn he remembered it. “No!”

And then he locked eyes on me, and all his frustration turned to hate.

“That’s it!” he gasped, wriggling his still horny hips. “I’m so done fucking around.”

“You said that already!” Sam tutted. “Guys, you have no idea how undramatic this is from my angle.” Sam was gaining in. We had him cornered. Everybody in the cafeteria had their eyes glued on us, confused . everybody was staring.

“You think you can stop me? I’ve got ammunition for days! I’ve spent all night writing out little fantasies, dreams, all just waiting to try them out! Let’s see how you like the lot of them all at once.”

He copied and pasted something, a huge block of text, then grinned as the change went through.

I fell to my knees. Damnit, I had to get to him and put an end to this.

But I was on my knees and in no position to do any such thing. My hands were full already with the dicks I had in each, and three random guys ploughing me from behind. Where even had my phone gone? Mm. Damnit, why was there so much good dick around? How’s a girl supposed to resist?

Sydney was looking around confused, his apparent memory of his fantasies at conflict with their reality.

“Sarah?” Sam was getting his dick sucked by a trio of blonde beauties, slowly teasing his tits as they took turns with his steely stick.

I couldn’t go anywhere until I’d dealt with these dicks? Fine. I’d deal with them. This wasn’t going to stop me. I couldn’t give up here. I wouldn’t.

Sometimes the only way out is through.

I doubled down. I worked the dicks in my hands hard, fucking back against the one in my ass, squeezing tight, coaxing them all rapidly towards climax.

If there was one thing I knew how to do, it was how to make guys cum and hard.

“Don’t hold back boys,” I cooed. “Fuck a load onto me!”

The boys grunted and groaned at my ministrations – music to my ears! – Their dicks swelling from my encouragement. I set my eyes on Sydney, then glanced around for my phone.

The cock in my hand began to twitch, balls tightening.

“Oh no you don’t –” Sydney plugged in another change. “I see what you’re up to!!”

The dicks inside me twitched and pulsed and exploded, spraying me with a shower of delicious creamy boy juice, each spraying enough bukkake enough to completely cover me in jism.

“Ha!” He grinned. “Let’s see how you handle that, cumslut.”

I groped for my phone in the sea of goo, looking through heavy lashes for signs of my – aha! I fumbled with the sticky, slippery thing in my hand.

“You see! I’m unstoppable!”

“Are you kidding?” Did he really consider this a problem? I ran a tongue along the screen, drinking all the delicious cream up, savoring the taste. “What kind of horny bisexual college girl wouldn’t jump at a chance like this?”

“Hey, you’re not supposed to enjoy it!”

“Sarah!” Sam yelled. “I’ve lost the network, but I have an idea.”

“What?”

“Make him, like, a hundred times more sexually sensitive!”

“What good will that do?”

“Just trust me!”

“Oh no you don’t!” Sydney pulled up another page, started entering more changes. I flinched, bracing for something I knew I’d never be able to detect even as I struggled to enter my own.

He hit the button. Then cursed. He looked down at his phone, hitting it with his other hand. He was having the same connection troubles we were!

And that moment of lag bought me the time I needed. Just enough to amp up sexual sensitivity on the male anatomy page a cum-splattered 10,000%!

“It’s too late!” his voice thundered. “I have you exactly where I want you! Finally, I get to prove once and for all that I’m better than you! And oh, when I’m through with you, you’ll be begging me for - ”

And then Sam football tackled him at full speed.

-

Sydney writhed and moaned, gasping in pleasure. Sam had him laid out on the ground, grinding against him with his ass, moving with a practiced carnal grace I’d never known my very male ex possessed. And damn, by the sounds he was making he was just as into it as Sydney.

I approached carefully; it was more than a little weird watching my ex-boyfriend grind on a boy like he’d had years of practice with getting the guy off.

“No - mmm” Sydney struggled to get free, but between Sam’s weight and the giant tits pressed into his face it was a losing prospect. Sam’s ministrations continued, and soon the boy’s protests fell away to cries of pleasure on both their parts.

Of course, Sam was just as much a victim of the enhanced pleasure as Sydney was, as all the boys were. I looked at the gathered crowd, their meaty bulges were throbbing so hard in their pants that one or two had even gone off just watching.

Yet despite everything it took me going back in and making all boys bi and horny before Sydney dropped the thing.

Sydney's hand fell from his phone as he grabbed Sam by the back of the head and pulled him in to a mewling, passionate kiss.

Uh.

Sam returned the kiss with gusto, the two boys cooing and grunting as their struggle grew increasingly more intimate, their anger and hate turning to something else entirely. Their hyper sensitive bodies grinding blissfully against each other.

I blinked in surprise, then remembered myself.

I ran over and closed all his tabs.

Some minutes later, Sydney's page managed to load on my phone. I already had a paragraph written that would erase his memory of the wiki.

"Sam?" I put hand on Sam's shoulder. They were still going at it. "Come on, I think he's had enough."

"How dare you!" Sydney cried, trying awkwardly to reposition himself without spraying yet another cum. "How dare you ~!"

I reached for my phone, ready to fire off something serious.

"I don't believe this. You ignore me for years in favor of all those girls, in favor of her. I have to watch from the sidelines as you find success and happiness - and then out of nowhere you give me an apology like this - ? You give me everything I wanted - make me feel so damn good!?"

"Sydney." Sam rose off him, his hand outstretched. "I'm sorry if I ever treated you badly. I'm sorry if you felt like I was putting you down. I never meant to hurt you. I never meant to cause you any pain."

"You think that makes up for all you've done!? Well --" his voice quavered. "It doesn't! Not by a long shot!"

"I know." Sam laughed and pulled his face between his tits. "But it's a start."

"Yeah well..." Sydney's voice hitched. Tears were forming in his eyes. He looked around the room confused. "You haven't heard the last of me!"

He grabbed his clothes and ran off, his dick still dripping behind him.

“Sam?” I put a hand on his shoulder. His nipples were painfully erect and he was running his other hands along his body to sate even some of the sensation. “What the hell was that?”

“Ah –” he blushed. “I’ve got a lot of fucked up memories. It’s less than he deserves. I know. God, I know. But he’s not a threat anymore, right? And now he doesn’t have to hate anymore.”

“I cannot believe you sometimes. Fine. Fine! We’ll forgive him.”

“Mm... shame.” Sam sighed, licking the cum off his hand. “Not as good a fuck as I remember. Wait, hold on. Sarah!” His eyes lit up as the situation hit home. “Oh my god, we won? And, fuck, we’ve gotta fix this. Like,” he gestured around. “All this!”

He was right. We were running out of time.

“I’m trying!” I was desperately typing, trying to remove all the changes that I could remember putting in, but god it had all been so fast. It’s no good. It’s like skating uphill, the site keeps crashing, I’m only barely holding on and I don’t even know what he did!” My voice quavered. “Sam, I don’t know if we can fix this.”

“Wait hold on, what was he saying about rolling back? About the history page? He had some way of accessing it? That means we were right, there was something on the page - we just can’t see it.”

“What are you saying?”

He flipped his phone facedown and held the buttons that took a screenshot. “I was thinking about this when I was fucking the football team last night. There. A picture of the changes! We can’t look at the page, but we can look at this.”

“Sam your a genius!” I wrapped my arms around him in a big hug, his tits crushing into my side. “How did you – wait, you were fucking the what!?”

“Don’t worry about it.” He waved a hand nervously. “Its not a complete picture but we can use it to reconstruct right?”

Right. We just had to get in there and change everything back manually as the network grew dimmer and dimmer. There wasn’t much time left, but we had to try.

How hard could it be?

Then I looked at the changes in question and my heart dropped.

“Wait, how do we change these back? He gave girls horny pussies?” I pulled my fingers from my cunt. “What did we have before?”

“It would have to be dicks, I guess?” We looked at each other and blushed.

“Hold on, that doesn’t seem right. I gave girls hard dicks when I was playing around today, how could that be if they already had them?”

"Hard dicks like, you turned the existing dicks all hard?"

"No, like..." I rubbed at the bridge of my nose. "Why are you making this difficult?"

"Okay, maybe another one," he swiped to a different picture. "Girls always wear slutty clothing. That should be easy enough, right?"

"Is it? What's the alternative here? Prude clothing?"

"Maybe it was no clothing at all? Girls just went around naked?"

"That doesn't sound right either."

"Does it sound less right than walking around in sweaters and jeans?"

"Sam - that's what I'm saying. We have no way of knowing. Nothing that was really right, really true, would seem that way to us anymore."

We stared at each other. I could see the fear in his eyes.

"Fuck, Sam." My heart pounded. "Everything on this list seems so wrong. There's no way to be sure about any of this! It's hopeless! How are we going to do this?" I looked down past my lingerie-clad tits at my horny jizz-stained body. "Maybe... is this world really so bad? Are we going to risk making it worse?"

"Sarah, baby, come on." he forced that big optimistic grin. "We've got to do what we can while we can, right? Didn't we want to make the world a better place? You don't really want to leave Sydney's thumb print on it do you?"

"And what? We'll leave our own cum-smear prints instead? I don't even know who I am anymore! I remember girls cumming at the slightest touch, none of this is my world!"

"Trust me," he laughed. "I get it, I just want to go back to being a bimbo, I just want a comfortable life surrounded by big dicks! But if I can use this limited time to do something that makes people happy instead? Totally worth it. Listen, Sarah, I love you. I always have. But do you know why we never ended up together?"

"At this point? I honestly don't!"

"Because the person I was couldn't be the person you needed. Because you couldn't be the person I needed."

"Damnit Sam, what does this have to do with anything!?"

"I'm saying Sarah that I can be. That you can be. With this. We can be anything we want. We can be the people we need each other to be. We can remake this world so we can be together. Because there's no one I'd rather spend the rest of my crazy mixed up life with than you."

"Sam..." I could barely process what he was saying.

"And that goes for this whole damn world, too. If we don't know what's 'real' then lets make what we have good. Let's make it what it needs to be."

"You're crazy." My heart pounded. "Oh god, this is such a bad idea."

"Absolutely." He laughed and held out a hand. He was shaking, his breasts trembling. "Come on, let's make a better world."

A better world?

I laughed despite myself.

"I'd follow those tits anywhere."

-

Sam had tits.

God, did he ever.

It had been a week since the storm, a week since all that madness. We were still acclimatizing, but Sam seemed to be fairing a lot better. His monumentous breasts bounced with every step of his high-heeled shoes as he made his way up to the front, eager to give another presentation.

And the class, all sexy, horny and bisexual, whipped out their dicks and pussies, just as eager to see him do so.

I adjusted the strap of my own lingerie. There were still so many things that didn't quite feel right, but we had done the best that we could. We reduced poverty, pollution, crime and war. We made the world a better place in all the ways you'd expect and more.

It was a constant battle. Every change we made we thought was our last.

And then, well, it turns out we had longer than we'd expected.

Sam assured me that boys are better off with big bouncing boobs. I assured him women are better with hypersensitive clits, though maybe not so much they couldn't move. And that was just the start.

We had changed ourselves as well. We had become our best selves, true to our ambitions.

Sam had compromised halfway between the man I knew and the bimbo he remembered being. He was my inspiration, my cheerleader, driving me up whenever I was down, keeping me grounded or laughing whenever I was spinning my wheels or digging too deep into my own head. Plus, well, I mentioned the tits right?

And I'd changed myself as well. I'd let myself live in the moment and enjoy things without stressing. Now I was there for him, to remind him to look before he leapt, to keep his head focused and in the game. Ah, and of course, I'd gotten a matching pair of tits myself.

The weirdest part of it all was knowing that neither of our histories was real. We'd given ourselves the memories of this world, but we still had the echoes, the scars, from so many different lives.

I'd be lying if I said that not knowing the truth didn't keep me up at night sometimes. Sam as well. Not to mention all the nightmares of what I did. Of what I couldn't possibly fix - the doubts that plagued us and the ramifications of our attempts to make things better.

But hey, we had each other. My slutty big-titty boyfriend. We've grown closer over the past week than in all our years of on-again off-again dating. I couldn't have been prouder.

"Fuck." Sighed Sebastian, dreamily eying as Sam danced around the front of the class. "Totes jealous. They're like little miracles made flesh."

"Mm, right?" Scarlet leered, then glanced over at Sebastian's own impressive bust. "I'm just glad I have a boyfriend with tits half as big and as nice as his."

"Aw, you think?" A blush crossed his feminine features.

"You'll always be number one to me."

She leaned in and they kissed, her fingers tenderly increasing the pace in his pussy as he stroked harder on her dick in return.

I smiled. Okay, so maybe I'd put in a few personal changes here and there as well. Didn't we all deserve a happy ending after all that?

"Good job, my love." I gave Sam a hug as he came back up, our boobs crashing into each other like blimps. "Everybody was glued to you the whole time."

"Mm, I was thinking about you the whole time." He winked.

"Oh?" I raised a flirtatious eyebrow. That would explain why his nipples had been tenting his blouse so hard.

"Yeah, and you know what? I think I might have something special to show you after class."

"Oh?" I smirked. "Is this a booty call?"

"Get a room you two," laughed Sofia.

"Aw, no, it's sweet." Chastised Scarlet.

"Hey you girls are more than welcome to watch if you'd like." I stuck out my tongue. "You know how Sam is."

"Like yeah?" Sam laughed. "Newsflash: fucking with an audience is hot?"

"Ooh, can we?" Sebastian turned to Scarlet, his eye-shadow laden eyes sparkling as he brushed a pink lock of hair from his face.

"If you're good." She grinned lasciviously. "Maybe as a treat."

"Oh I'll show you good." He laughed, increasing the pace on her cock.

"You know what? I'm down." Sofia acquiesced. "I haven't gotten off all day. You in, Sydney?"

"Are you kidding? I'm always down to see Sam fuck," the boy laughed, rounding out our table. "But I can't stay too late, I'm helping the Tau-Gamma girls break in their new strap-ons later."

Sydney had been... well, with Sam's help he was already starting to let go of all his hate and anger. It helped that he was dealing with some confusion of his own. He didn't remember any of it, but his history was just as mixed up as ours.

I still didn't know if I'd ever be able to truly forgive him, but Sam wants to try to make him a better person, and who can say no to that smile?

Let it never be said, however, that he escaped punishment - he was still every bit the anal-whore size-queen I had turned him into in our fight, and he still dreamed of having boobs so big he could hardly move. Maybe one day, if he saved hard enough, he'd get there again.

And as for his crush on Sam? Well, we were taking that one step at a time.

"See babe?" Sam gave a laugh of his own then flashed me his great big grin. "This is gonna be fun!"

"Yeah!" Cheered Scarlet, with a giggle. "Let's see those tits for real!"

The tits.

I laughed.

Somehow it always came back to Sam's tits.

The End.