



Trickster's Holiday
- A silly chaos-filled getaway -
By Razmagurk

"This sucks!"

It was an unfortunate, inescapable truth. This vacation was not going according to plan.

“How can you say that? Look around us! The sun, the water, the sand.”

“The people?” I raised an eyebrow and looked pointedly around us.

“The people!” My boyfriend laughed.

He couldn’t deny it. The beach was crowded beyond any reasonable level. Families and couples and loners. Beachgoers of every shape and description. People talking and children screaming.

“Well, the website did say it was a popular location.” He kissed me gently on the forehead. “Look, I’ll go wait in line for ice cream for us, you just relax for a bit, okay?”

Easier said than done. I sighed as Graham stood. He had to trudge up and over all the other beachgoers, invading what little personal space anybody had as he worked his way to the ice cream cart. I didn’t like this. I didn’t want to be here. I didn’t even like beaches to begin with, nor other people in general. Being sarined into a crowd of strangers was hardly my idea of a good time.

“Perhaps I can make things a little more interesting?”

I jumped. The voice was right in my ear, perfectly clear despite the otherwise roaring din.

I looked up. There was a girl standing over me, blocking the sun. She was wearing a tuxedo designed to show off her curves, with a thin red tie. A tuxedo. At the beach. I don’t know how she wasn’t sweltering in that thing.

“Look, ma’am-” I rubbed the bridge of my nose. Why did I always get the weirdos? This is why I hated people.

“Is that your boyfriend over there?” Her lips curled appreciatively. “Perhaps a demonstration is in order.”

She snapped her fingers.

I turned to look as my boyfriend’s chiselled chest softened and his clothes melted away, his body warping as if seen through a shimmer of heat. I rubbed my eyes and looked again. I wasn’t believing what I was seeing.

My boyfriend’s body was gone, and a bodacious female one, swim suit and all, stood in its place.

My jaw dropped. The figure just barely held back a bout of laughter.

“What did you - /how/ did you - ?”

“I heard what you were saying earlier. I’m just trying to make your day a little more interesting. Not enough?”

She snapped her fingers again and suddenly the conservative one-piece he was wearing shrank into a comically small pink micro-bikini.

“Is that better?”

Graham’s tits wobbled as he turned, ice cream in hand, headlights on full display. He waved excitedly as he saw me, chest heaving. I waved back. It was like he didn’t even notice. No one did. No one even gave the sight a second glance except for a few girls checking out his body appreciatively. Was it some kind of illusion?

“Dude, killer suit.” A surfer said as he walked past, holding up a hand for a high five.

“Thanks!” Graham struck a few decidedly feminine poses to show it off.

It must have been the heat. I must have been going crazy. The only other explanation was...

I turned to look at the mystery girl. She was grinning like a magician after a particularly good trick.

“You - you can’t just...” I was struggling to find the words for it. “...put my boyfriend in a bikini!”

“Hmm,” she rubbed at her chin. “You’re right. That seems a little unfair, doesn’t it? “Let’s get the rest of them too.”

And with another snap of her fingers, it wasn’t just Graham.

Everywhere I looked, boys walked past in cutesy one-pieces or daring two pieces, their junk just barely concealed by the skin-tight fabric. Worse, the women, though many still had t-shirts on, mostly seemed to be wearing little more than trunks, their breasts bare and free to the sun and air.

Including mine.

“Eek!”

I covered my chest with my arms, my whole body flushing red.

“Uh,” said Graham, holding out an ice cream cone. “Is everything alright, Grace?”

The girl laughed.

“I’m topless!”

“Yeah?” He smirked like I was the one being crazy. “Isn’t that half the point of coming to the beach? Why are you trying to hide your chest like a boy?”

People were staring. My attempts to preserve my modesty had only attracted more attention.

What the hell was going on!?

“I’m fine.” I tried to put my hands down, tried to blend in, tried not to blush. I just had to pretend I was at a nude beach or something, right? Graham didn’t even give them a second glimpse, as though they

were something he'd seen a thousand times before. Meanwhile I was doing everything I could to not gawk at his new bazonkers.

This was too much. Panic flooded through me. Whatever was going on here was too fucking much.

Maybe coming here was a bad idea. "Actually, Graham," I tugged at his arm, "we should go, we should get out here, we should - we should..."

The girl snapped her fingers again.

"We should sit down and finish our ice cream," I finished robotically. I needed time to think, to figure out what was going on. "It's very important we don't leave the beach yet."

"Well, cheers then." Graham smiled, toasting his cone to mine. I kept glancing down to his newly babelicious body as he licked the soft serve. The white cream was already starting to drip down the side of the cone.

And as Graham turned to look out over the beach, my gaze turned to the girl.

"Don't worry, sweetheart. You can talk to me all you like. No one will find anything strange about it."

"Wait, really?"

"Hey, Mr. Boyfriend!" She walked up to Graham and shouted in his ear. "How do you like them big old titties, huh?" She grabbed them and started manhandling them. "You like those jumbly wumbas? Those massive honker donkers? You're a piece of grade A fuck meat now, aren't you?" She slapped his ass for good measure.

"Hey!" I yelled, "Cut it out!"

But Graham barely paid her any mind, his gaze caught on two big titted blondes standing out in the waves in Speedo briefs as they bounced a ball back and forth. Their own beachballs were bare and bouncing for all to see.

"See?"

"I guess so..."

"So, still having a bad time?" Her lips curled further than that face should have allowed.

"What did you do? Who are you? /*What*/ are you?"

"See? That's what I like about you, Grace: you ask the right questions." She gave a dramatic, sweeping bow. "We're not so different, you and I. What I am is bored."

I gulped.

"And if you're someone like me - */something/* like me - that means trouble for everybody else. I mean here we are, both on holiday, but can either of us just relax and enjoy it? Not for a second. We need excitement, we need to be in our element." She lowered her sunglasses and looked at me over them. "But don't worry, I think I just found a new toy to play with. What do you say, Gracie, up for some fun?"

I looked at this woman. This was impossible, this had to be some kind of dream.

"Wait." My pulse was racing. "You change people around, for what? A quick thrill?"

"Of course!" She laughed. "And don't get all offended. You love it. I can see it in your eyes. This is excitement like you've never had before."

It was terrifying. But I couldn't deny there was some truth to it. I looked back at my boyfriend and bit my lip. The sheer surrealism. Damn, what a rush.

"That's what I'm talking about! You should have seen the look on your face just then!" She laughed so hard she doubled over. "And look at all the fun we can have!" She snapped her fingers at a pregnant woman and suddenly her husband was the one who was pregnant, with her doting on his every need. "You can't deny this is hilarious!"

I looked around at everybody. At the three surfers in skimpy two-piece suits hitting on a woman in a wetsuit. At the pregnant man's wife fussing at him to take it slow. At my boyfriend's head on a bikini model's body.

Okay - I smirked. Maybe it was a little funny.

But no - no! I wasn't about to admit that. And it being funny didn't make it right.

And besides, I liked my boyfriend with a dick, thank you very much.

I knew I was going to regret this, but I had to put my foot down.

"You can't change people like that!" I crossed my arms over my chest. "You have to fix all this."

"Boring!" The girl rolled her eyes. "And why should I do that?"

"Look, you want me to play along? You want to have some fun? Fine. But you do this first. And whatever happens, you have to put things right after."

Her eyes flashed. "You know, most mortals try to make it a point not to anger the cosmically powerful goddess."

"I - uh..." I don't think I'd ever sweated in terror before, yet there it was. I'd be damned though if I wasn't too stubborn to back down, even from this. "Those are my terms!"

"See?" She laughed again. "I knew I'd found someone fun. Way better than some cowering simp. Very well, if you want things to go back to normal afterwards, you just have to ask."

She snapped her fingers and suddenly everything was just that - normal. I let out a sigh of relief.

The girls were once again wearing their swim trunks and the boys their one and two-piece swim suits. Graham had his fat tits back and his big ass and that slutty little micro bikini I'd helped him pick out.

I put a hand on my hip, enjoying the sensation of the sun on my own naked breasts again after that horrible stint in a tankini.

I breathed a sigh of relief.

"Better?" she grinned impishly.

"Much."

"You know," she wagged her eyebrows at Graham. "He really looks better this way, doesn't he? Don't you just love his big manly titties? His fat fuckable boy booty? Doesn't that flimsy little bikini just make him look so dominant and studly as it clings to his every hourglass curve?"

"Hey watch it, lady, that's my boyfriend you're talking about."

But crass as her comment was, she was right. He was the hottest guy around, wasn't he? I may have hated the beach, but if it meant I got to see him wearing that? Well worth it.

"Shall we continue?" She had that smirk again, like she knew something I didn't.

"Fine, fine. You want entertainment?"

"You have no idea!" She said it quietly but it hit like a roar. What had I gotten myself into?

"Well, what do you normally consider fun?"

"A fine place to start." Another grin. "You see, I have all this power. Unlimited agency, and so very little in what you might call an ethical framework to restrain it."

"That sounds... uh..."

"But no, no, you see..." She was giving me sad puppy dog eyes. "It's horrible. It's no fun playing by myself, is it? It gets boring so fast. What I need is a mortal to bounce things off of, to react and respond to. I'll tell you what, if you could change anything, what would you do?"

If I could change anything? My immediate thought was that I wanted out of this situation. Was this some kind of test? I tried to think of something small, something obvious, something simple.

Then I looked at Graham and there was only one thought in my mind.

"There is one thing..." I looked around conspiratorially. "Two things, really."

"Oh?"

"I mean, it's the same thing every girl wishes, right?" I half-whispered despite myself. "And if it's only for a little bit..."

"Name it!"

"I want my boyfriend to have even bigger tits."

She laughed, a big belly laugh that sent her reeling. It hadn't been that funny, had it?

"See?" she wiped a tear from her eye. "This is what I'm talking about. Something every girl wants, coming up."

A snap of the fingers and suddenly the beachball getting battered back and forth down in the water was not quite so large compared to the breasts hanging from my boyfriend's chest. The thin line of the microbikini was struggling valiantly to keep them covered but it was a hopeless task, as fat slutty nipples spilled around the edge. Hell, the only thing the bikini seemed to really be doing was lifting and presenting them.

My eyes bulged.

Two perfectly displayed melons. All the other girls were staring jealously, obviously disappointed by the shortcomings of their own boys.

Not that the boys weren't trying! Some seemed to be wearing padding, or had stuffed their bikini cups to accentuate their chest, but none had the sheer verve and cleavage of my man.

"How's that?" she laughed.

"Babe?" Graham turned to face me, licking the last of the melted softserve off his hand. I'd been so distracted I hadn't even notice my own completely melt away. The act of turning had imparted a pendulous momentum to his new assets that he had to over-correct his body for. "Do you think you can rub some of that lotion on my back?"

"Uh- sure?" I cleaned the ice cream off my hand, then reached down into our bag and pulled the lotion out, squeezing it too tightly - the warm cream sprayed out and splattered his cleavage.

"I said on my back," he winked, rubbing the lotion into the eastern slopes of his mountainous mounds.

He turned again and lay down, his tits pressing down beneath him like boulders, his short boyish hair giving me a full view of his slim back as he reached around and untied the bikini string to give me unobstructed access.

"Uh."

I didn't know if this was more of the girl's magic or a side effect of the bigger tits or if he'd always been so shameless. But you know what? I couldn't complain.

“Having fun yet?” The girl plopped down on the towel next to Graham, looking up at me from her back as I started rubbing the lotion on my hands and across his soft flesh. “What’s next?”

“Maybe uh- Okay, fine, let’s do something about this crowd, shall we?” The jealous stares were getting a little too much for me. The last thing I wanted was for some mother or child or someone to get the wrong idea.

“Ooh, yes, Agreed! Let’s make things more exclusive.”

With a snap, the crowds were gone. No, gone isn’t even the right word. The sand that had been so trampled moments ago was now pristine. The crowd had never even been there in the first place. There were still people around, but there was space enough to breathe and no crying children or families.

Wait, hold on.

I took a closer look at those who remained. Muscular men flexing in their bikinis, giggling bimbos whose asses were hanging out of their Speedos.

They were all so - so hot!

“What did you do?”

“Two birds with one stone.” She did something resembling a shrug. “Now if you want to get out on the sand, you gotta be an 8/10 at least, and no one’s going to be underage.”

She gestured over to the beach entrance. A bouncer was tending a line like this was the hottest club in town, turning away those who didn’t cut it.

“Hmm... unless?”

She looked at a trio of boys out in the line, who couldn’t have been more than ten years old, and snapped her fingers. Suddenly, from the neck down they were taller and decidedly more feminine, each having the body of a smoking hot college age party girl, scantily dressed and ready to hit the bars.

“No!” I crossed my hands over my chest. “Absolutely not. Turn them back!”

“Fine, fine.” She rolled her eyes and snapped her fingers again, returning them to normal. The three of them turned and strutted away in their high heels to go spend their allowance on ice cream and candy and cute bras or whatever it is that boys that age are into.

“You’re right, the fewer kids the better, especially with what I’ve got planned. “

“And what do you have planned?”

She grinned and looked at Graham. He was starting to squirm under my touch, his whole body going red. There was a hitch in his breath and a moan in his throat as he wriggled.

“Uh- are you okay?”

“Yeah baby,” his voice quivered. “You can go harder.”

“Uh- “

What could I do but oblige?

A gasp escaped his lips, then a raunchy whimper as I ran my hands down the flawless skin of his slender back. I’d never heard him groan so whorishly. His whole body trembled, tensing as he cried out.

I blushed.

But he wasn’t the only one. A few towels away another boy seemed to be getting a similar treatment, like this was just how they reacted to having their body touched.

“Okay, messing with your boy is fun and all,” she said, poking at his big jiggly butt. “But come on, this is starting to get old. What’s next?”

I gulped, remembering the situation I was in. Now that the beach was clear it was actually a rather nice spot. But something told me she wasn’t going to be interested in sandcastles and splashing around.

“Uh.”

God help me. I was drawing a blank.

She was having none of it. She rolled her eyes and snapped her fingers.

Graham rolled over.

“Can you get my tits now too? They’re so big I have trouble getting them all, and the last thing I want is sunburned underboob.”

Again I squeezed the bottle a little too hard, splashing cream all over his curvaceous body.

“You know what?” the girl sighed. “I’m disappointed. Maybe you weren’t the one I was looking for after all. Maybe I should have played with you in some other way instead?”

Another snap and I lost all control of my body, watching helplessly as I squeezed the lotion out over my naked chest – Shit! I was as stacked as Graham now! – and rubbing it into his tits with my own.

The girl sighed.

“Fine, fine! How about - uh”

“No, no, no.” She waved her hand dismissively. “The moment’s passed. You can’t just say random things, it lacks narrative. You know what? I think that’s the issue here. Silly mindless fun, but no */stakes/*. How about we kick things up a notch, shall we?”

“What are you proposing?”

“A contest!”

What the hell was this girl saying?

“Doesn’t that sound fun?” Her eyes gleamed, glinting in the light of the burning sun as her lips pulled up into another manic grin. “We pick a target. I make a change, then you make a change. Whoever makes the funnier change wins! I’ll even be generous and say best two out of three. Winner takes all.”

My heart pounded.

What choice did I have? I looked down at my boyfriend, now sunning his massive tits around his skimpy little bikini. I looked down at my own expansive melons. She’d already proven she wouldn’t hesitate to change me or him at a moment’s notice.

I had to keep her entertained, or god knows what she’d do with us.

“I’m in.” My voice was shaky. “But I don’t see how I’m supposed to be able to compete when you’re the one with all the power.”

“Oh?” Her lips curled. “See? I knew I chose you for a reason. Very clever, little mortal, trying to trick me like that.”

“What? No I-”

“In fact, cunning like that deserves a reward, don’t you think?” Her grin somehow sharpened further. “I suppose I’ll just have to bestow some of my vast cosmic power upon you. Temporarily, of course.”

“Your what?”

And then she slapped my tits so hard I saw the universe.

“Holy shit.” It was just as sudden as any of the other changes she’d made. Not just her power, but her level of control as well. Like an instruction manual dumped right into my brain.

“Shall we get started?”

“Hold on, you can’t just do something like that! Give me a minute to adapt at least.”

I tried to think of what I’d seen her do. I looked over at a red-headed surfer in a pink heart-print bikini, trying to pick up chicks by the pier. I snapped my fingers and suddenly he had the body of the girl he was hitting on.

I pursed my lips. The guy’s masculine bikini looked so weird on his now female body, and neither of them seemed to notice the change.

But no, this wasn’t quite getting the reaction I was looking for, was it? I snapped my fingers again.

This time the girl did a double take. This time he was the only who didn't notice.

"Oh? See something you like?" He gestured down to his body like he was the hottest thing around. The girl burst out laughing and so did I.

Graham looked over to where I was looking, then let out a snort himself.

"That's gotta be some kind of prank, right?" he asked, his own tits jiggling obliviously. "Are you seeing that?"

I looked down at my fingers like they were a smoking gun. That was me. I had done that!

I needed to try more.

I looked around for inspiration. Suddenly a world of possibility was opening up to me. I could do anything! Before I'd struggled for ideas but now...

There! A 'beware of undertow sign'. I reached out with my mind and changed it.

"Beware of Tentacles."

Suddenly the blonde bimbos playing in the water were beset by long, slender, flexible limbs wrapping around them and pulling at their already scandalously slim Speedos. They shrieked and shouted playfully at the attention.

I reached out again.

Over by the pier a hunky guy swimming the backstroke was joined by a long haired beauty from beneath the waves. She smiled playfully and pulled him in for a kiss, and as their lips locked he stopped being a he entirely, his masculinity melting away even as his legs grew scales, even as he turned into a mermaid himself.

And then they swam off holding hands.

Okay - I blushed - so maybe I had a few weird fantasies to work out. It was weirdly liberating.

"Wow they weren't kidding when they put out a mermaid warning today, huh?" Graham noted. "Lucky guy."

"Having fun yet?" The girl's voice was back in my ear, demanding the return of my attention.

"You know what?" I flexed and unflexed my hand. "I think I'm starting to."

"Then let's get this contest started!"

She pointed over at a couple the next towel over. She was a knockout - no surprise. A tall, statuesque blonde with big fake tits. The guy she was with, however, was anything but. He wasn't ugly - If he was

ugly he wouldn't have been allowed on the beach - but he was at the low end for sure. 'Dad bod' wasn't quite the right word, but he was short and a little greasy. He was ogling those tits of hers for all they were worth.

"I'll go first."

She snapped her fingers and the two bodies swapped around. His head on her body and vice versa. Neither seemed to notice.

They were standing by a sign that moments ago had said 'no sex on the beach', but which now read quite the opposite.

And they were more than happy to oblige.

He descended upon her like a dying man in the desert, drinking her in, wanting her inside him. The girl giggled and demurred, her man body wanton and receiving.

'Fuck!' I heard him cry out, running his hands possessively down her body. "You really are the hottest slut around, aren't you? That chest hair, that belly."

"Mm, and I'm all yours as long as you keep buying me these expensive swimsuits," she laughed. "Glad we came to the beach to celebrate your new implants? You know how much I love a man with big fake titties."

She pulled aside her bikini bottoms, her stubby dick straining in the air as his shorts followed suit, his soft bare pussy pulsing with desire.

The sound of their fucking was almost as loud as the sound of the girl's laughter.

"Let's see you beat that!" She elbowed me.

I mean, it was pretty funny, seeing the two of them go gaga over their own bodies, I had to admit.

But it was missing something.

I rubbed my chin as they fucked. This wasn't a contest of subtlety or power. It was about humor. What would make this scene fun? Oh sure, it was ironic, but what had the girl said earlier about things needing a narrative edge?

"Okay, let me try this..."

I snapped my fingers.

Nothing happened. At least, nothing obvious.

"What did you do?" She furrowed her brow, squinting to see deeper than just the surface level.

"Watch."

The guy, his body rocking as he rode cowgirl on his own cock, suddenly slowed, a dawning horror crossing his face.

“What the fuck-?”

He looked down at his body (and his other body) and his eyes went wide. He grabbed at his massive hooters. “I’ve got tits!” His other hand reached down further. “I’ve got a pussy!”

“I’m being fucked in my -” There was panic in his voice, even around his hitch of pleasure. “Oh god!”

“Mm, that’s right sweetie!” The girl cajoled. “You’ve got big fat fake knockers, just like you’ve always wanted. I’m glad we finally went through with the operation; you’ve been saying for months how much you love huge fake tits.”

“On you! How much I love huge tits on you!”

“Oh sweetheart,” she laughed and patted her flat flabby chest. “We’re not going to spend all that money for a boob job for me, silly. A girl getting a boob job? That’s so weird. But you know how us girls love a guy with big tits. You know how horny your big fake knockers get me.”

“I - what?” There was even more panic, even more confusion, even more pleasure.

“Ooh, yes, and you look so good in that bikini to boot. Now come on, after we’re done you promised you’d take me lingerie shopping. We’re going to buy you so many slutty bras!”

“Oh god oh god -” his exploring hands had found they liked this new body. “Oh god!”

“Mm, that’s right sweetheart. Maybe we should go back to the hotel room? I want to feel myself in you again and again and again. Maybe I’ll get you to put on a show for me? Give you a little reminder of why you like to buy all those pretty things for me to take off you?”

His panic and confusion were no match for the alien arousal coursing through him. There was little he could do but cry out in ecstatic agreement.

I grinned at the girl. But she wasn’t laughing. She was fuming. She was furious. For a moment I actually thought I was in trouble.

Then she turned back to me and it was all sunshine once more.

“Fine, fine, fine, you win this round.” She couldn’t help but grin. “Beginner’s luck. “

A chill ran down my spine. What was going to happen if this girl wasn’t a graceful loser? Hell, what would happen if she wasn’t a graceful winner?

“Alright, round two.” I shook the negative thoughts away. “What’s our next target?”

A voice cut through the crashing of the waves.

“Demon! This ends now.”

“Ah.” The girl’s eyes flashed. “There it is.”

I did a double take. Across the sand ran a guy dressed like a priest. He looked worn and ragged and was holding some kind of weird looking sword in his hands. An actual fucking sword. In this day and age!

“Really?” The girl pouted at him. “I go to all the trouble to show you mercy and this is how you repay me?”

“Mercy!? After what you did to my congregation? My family?”

“What did I do to your - oh!” Her eyes flashed. “Right. Now */that/* was fun.”

“You escaped us once, you won’t do it again.”

“You’re right,” she said flatly. “I won’t. Alright, Grace. Looks like it’s my turn”

She snapped her fingers. Gone was his muscular, masculine form. In his place stood what I could only describe as some kind of cartoonish bimbo nun. The collar remained, but now looked like something a dog would wear, with a buckle and everything. The sword he’d been holding had turned into a heavy looking metal dildo.

It took me a minute to realize she was still a guy. It was easy to lose it between her huge birthing hips and the enormous jiggling tits, but there was a pink bow-tied chastity cage between her legs.

Her sky-high stilettos sank immediately into the sand, sending her wobbling.

“This, like, ends here, demon!”

“What did you do?” I screamed at the girl.

“Oh, nothing much. She smirked. “I made it so all religion is about being as slutty as possible.” She gestured at a cathedral further down the beach. “See?”

The church had a neon sign flashing ‘girls girls girls’, and the cross had been replaced by an overflowing dick.

“Ha!” The nun let out a giggle that was probably supposed to sound a lot more ominous. “Your powers, like, won’t work on me! I know like, ancient secrets to defeat you.”

“Oh?” The girl raised a worried eyebrow and snapped her fingers. “And how will you do that?”

“By sucking your cock of course!” She pointed a long-fingered nail. “Everybody knows the only way to seal demons is by sucking their dick!”

“Oh gosh,” the girl faux-acted. “You really caught me now. Whatever shall I do?”

“Aha! Struggle all you want. I have you right where I want you.” The nun fell to her knees and pulled down the girl’s zipper to reveal a monstrous penis beneath. How long had she had that!?

“Psst,” she leaned over to me. “You want in on this?”

“What?”

She snapped her fingers and I had a monstrous penis of my own.

“Hey! Don’t just change me like that!”

“Sorry, sorry, geeze.” She snapped again and things went back to normal, my foot long horse cock returning to its typically massive, perpetually erect state. “I forgot how sensitive you were about that sort of thing.”

“Better.”

The nun licked her lips and got to work sucking the girl’s dick as my own throbbed impatiently over the hem of my shorts.

I looked around, trying to avoid staring at this girl’s dick, trying to comprehend the extent of what she’d done. She’d turned religion slutty? That was big, right? I mean, changing some bodies around was one thing..., but this? This was going to have all kinds of crazy knock on effects.

It considered this funny?

I tried to reach out, to make myself aware of the broader world. Congregations offering their cum to the slutty Mary as a nun debased herself around the sacred pole. Everybody leering and laughing at the novice priest in his new chastity cage. A wholesome religious milf debasing herself at a bus stop for the leering joy of those around her, because it was the right thing to do.

It hadn’t just wanted to make religion slutty – it had made it humiliatingly so.

Was that funny?

It was a stern reminder of exactly what I was dealing with, at least. A demon? That was putting it mildly.

I stared agog at the cocksucking nun. I suppose she didn’t consider it humiliating, but did that make it any better?

And now it was my turn.

How was I supposed to top that? The humor in it was... well, cruel? Somehow it seemed so much worse than just swapping some boobs around.

I took a breath. I squinted back over at the girl.

I couldn't make it funny but I could make it a little bit nicer.

I snapped my fingers.

"What did you do?"

"I made it about being kind and generous too." I smiled. "More so than it ever really was, I think."

A few blocks away a sensibly dressed girl was getting tips from a milf in a corset about the best ways to jiggle her slutty titties for everybody to see. A pair of high-heeled missionaries, in their Sunday finest of garter belts and little else, strutted door to door, eight inches deep on their respective dildoes, to spread the good news. All these religious people... still sluts, but now that was a good thing.

Okay, well. I rubbed at the bridge of my nose. This wasn't actually a whole lot better, was it? At least things were a little more positive.

"Ugh." The girl curled her lip. "Where's the fun in that?"

"You're right." I gave a shrug I hoped that look genuine. "I guess you win this round."

Now *that* brought a smile to her face.

"Babe?"

I looked down at George, who was looking up past my cock at me.

"Do you want me to take care of that for you?"

"Huh?"

"I mean..." he wriggled. "I know it's always hard, but come on, I feel kind of guilty leaving it unsucked, you know? Especially-" he whispered the last part "especially when there's a nun watching. It's just the right thing to do. If you're up for it."

"You're like, doing well, son." The bimbo slut nun pulled off the girl's demon dick with a loud pop.

"Oh, thank you, daddy." Graham gave a polite smile.

And then the two leaned in to one another and started making out, swapping tongues back and forth for a good half minute before the nun pulled away and dove back onto the cock before her.

My own cock throbbed at the sight. This wasn't right, was it? I tapped my foot trying to dispel some of the energy, trying to focus on anything but this, but it just wasn't having it.

"Come on," tempted the girl. "Live a little."

My heart pounded. This whole situation was so weird, and hot. And weird. And - and - fuck!

“Fine!”

And so my big-titted boyfriend climbed to his knees and said a prayer around my dick.

Oh fuck!

“Tie breaker round,” the girl said, a hitch in her throat. “Let’s aim for something a little more universal, shall we?”

And with a snap the entire mood changed. All across the beach, into the city beyond, around the world and further still. It was like all of reality had changed lenses.

“Oh shit.” I grabbed Graham’s head and shoved him down the length of my cock. I was */horny/*. I thought I’d been turned on before, but this was a whole other level. I needed to rut and fuck. I needed to find a warm wet hole to stick my dick into and I wasn’t even sure if I was that particular. It was like suddenly sex was the only priority in my brain.

“What did you -?” I moaned around Graham’s throat. He was just as eager to give, alternating between playing with his fat tits to give me a show and playing with them for his own pleasure.

“Isn’t it obvious?”

Everybody was fucking. Clothing had disappeared except to promote and emphasize sex. People were rutting on the street, girls concerned with barely more than knowing the other had seen their tits, or knew their name. The skyline of the city was gone. As though people had more important things to do than build and invent.

I glared at the girl between thrusts.

“What?” she shrugged. “It seemed on brand! Now everybody can enjoy that religion of yours. All you mortals with your pretenses and your ethics, reduced to nothing but the horny animals you are!”

“What?!”

““I don’t normally go so all out, but I do admit you have inspired me! What do you say to that, huh? Gods, I’ve never had such fun!”

She threw back her head and laughed even as the bimbo licked her balls.

It was around this point I decided she’d never had any intention of turning anyone back after our little game was through.

“Won’t that cause...?” It was so hard to think about anything that wasn’t fucking. “Trouble?”

“Oh please, you sound like my old boss. It’s hilarious! This is the funnest thing I’ve ever done! Nothing can top this!”

This was getting way out of hand. But what could I do?

I looked down at Graham, his expression pure bliss as he was throat fucked by my boybreaker. I looked over at the nun doing the same. I was so close to cumming, and from the swelling of her balls, so was she.

"I think - I think I know something that might."

I snapped my fingers.

"Oh?" Her grin was wide and full of malice. "What could you possibly have that can top this?"

She grunted, her abs tensing as she started to cum around the bimbo nun's mouth.

"I made it so that demons really can be sealed by blowjobs."

"Wait, what?"

There was a whirl of dramatic energy, a rippling in reality as the entire world seemed to swirl around her balls. She tried to pull away but the bimbo nun's throat was as strong as her faith. The girl seemed to diminish with each new rope she blew into that waiting throat.

"You tricked me!" Her eyes went wide.

"You're mad?"

"No." She let out one last laugh despite herself. "I'm impressed! You win, mortal! Fair and square! Now this is entertainment!"

And with one last fit of laughter, the 'all' of her splashed like a flood past those lips.

Waves lapped. The sand of the beach was quiet and serene. People giggled and laughed and fucked in the distance.

"Got her!" The bimbo spat out the load into a used condom bearing a pentacle. "Another demon vanquished!" she cheered, high-fiving Graham with both hands so their tits slapped together. Then she turned to me. "Thank you for your help, my child."

"Uh - glad I could be of service?"

I don't know why I thought everything would go back to normal with her gone.

"Wait." She squinted and poked my foot long monster cock. "You're not like, a demon too are you? You totally have to tell me if you are. I'll totally have to suck your dick as well!"

"Uh." I considered it, but decided to play it safe. Hell, for all I knew I */was/* a demon now. "No, not me. You know what though?" I gestured over at a big dick'd pretty-boy with sea shells cupping his chest, jacking off on the tits of a girl in a grass skirt. "That guy might be a demon. Go suck his dick maybe?"

"A slut's work is never done!" she ran off to do just that.

Wow.

I leaned back on the towel, my huge cock battering against the bottom of my equally huge tits. I'd just cum and already I was gunning for round two.

But finally there was a moment of peace and quiet.

"So?" Graham leaned over to me, his chin stained with a dribble of cum as he snuggled his body against mine. "Are we having fun?"

I laughed. "You know what?"

I looked down at my fingers, holding them as though before a snap. "I think we just might be!"

And something told me there would be a lot more fun where that came from.

Snap!

The End.