



Truth Of The Matter
- A Quick Short -
By Razmagurk

I always found truth to be a funny thing.

People act like Truth is some immutable force. But to me? I've always found Truth was quite malleable. It only takes a few words to change it. For most people that would be a metaphor, a commentary about media or journalism or propaganda. In my case its quite literal.

It's probably for the best. If anyone else was capable of what I was doing, they'd turn the world into a perverted nightmare, I'm sure of it. Most don't do well without some objective reality grounding them. Not me though. I realize how fragile it is, how precious. I use my powers with great care.

Well, mostly.

I smiled as I looked across the busy cafe at the poor bastard I was here for. He was the tall athletic type, handsome, if you were into that, in a rugged kind of way. He sat gazing longingly out the window as he picked away at a muffin and sipped his coffee. He had no idea the hell I was about to unleash.

"Zach?" I asked, walking up to his table.

"Who wants to know?" One eyebrow raised as he looked me up and down. I'd just come from work and was still dressed like a CSIS spook. I took off the black sunglasses and tucked them in the breast pocket of my equally black suit.

"I'm your old friend Zephyr." I pushed gently with my powers. "What, you don't recognize me?" It was a simple test, to feel at his defences.

"Zephyr?" It took a moment, but I could see the memories filling in. Awareness blossomed on his face. "Zephyr! Oh my god, I totally didn't. It's been forever. How have you been?"

I did an internal check, seeing how much bounce-back I was receiving, how much of that truth had spilled onto the real me instead of the facade I was putting up. Very little. Good. That would make this easy.

"You didn't recognize me?" I teased. "I'm the hottest girl in the world." I pushed again, putting myself into the lie, letting it affect the way I looked. Next thing Zach knew he was looking up at a busty model pulled straight from a scene.

I caught my reflection in the window: I looked like I'd been wrung through the bimbo filter several times over. I had huge fake tits in a bikini top and a super short skirt that showed off my big juicy ass. Of course. I resisted the urge to roll my eyes. Guys like this only wanted one thing. This wasn't my first time being a hot slut, it probably wouldn't be the last. Well, it made things easy.

"Close, Zeph," he laughed. "Come on girl, you know I only have eyes for Zandra these days."

"Really?" I teased, resting a hand on my hip seductively. I leaned forward, bending down to let these huge ridiculous breasts he found so beautiful sway in front of his face. "You don't want to slip away, you and me, and give me the good hard fucking I need?"

He took a moment to process that, his eyes wandering once more down my body. I wasn't the best flirt in the world, but with a body like this, it shouldn't have mattered. I could see the heat building in his brain, approaching the boiling point. Then he let out a big, long sigh.

"Zeph, bro," he said, giving a conciliatory shrug. "You know I'm normally down to be friends with benefits, but things are really serious between this girl and me and I really don't want to blow it this time, like I did with Katie."

I frowned. Maybe this wasn't going to be so easy after all.

"Really?" I crossed my arms over my chest. "You think she's hotter than *this*?" I bounced on my heels, letting my breasts jump and jiggle in a way real breasts absolutely do not. "You've never been more turned on."

"Yeah, dude." His knuckles were white from gripping the table. His eyes were that of a man dying of thirst forsaking an oasis. "You have no idea, but cut it out, I told you, I'm a committed man."

"You really think my sister is so special?" I gave my ass a shake for good measure.

"Wait, hold on -." His eyes snapped up to my face. "Sister!?"

Whoops. I hadn't quite intended to let that one out of the bag so early. Oh well, no use in denying it.

"That's right, Zach." I tried to pivot on my heel dramatically, but my huge breasts carried the momentum too far and almost spilled out of the flimsy little cups. "You're dating my sister."

It was true, though it wasn't a truth I was pushing through.

"How have I known you my whole life and never known that?"

"It's not important. Listen. That's why I'm here. I've asked around. I've spoken to your previous girlfriends, the long line of lies and broken hearts. And you know what they tell me?"

"Uh-." A flash of panic crossed his face.

"They tell me you're a piece of shit."

"Oh." He looked down, ashamed. "Yeah, that's fair. It's true. I was. I wasn't ready for those relationships then, but I've worked so hard to become a better person. I've grown so much."

"You think I buy that crap?" I stamped one of my high-heeled feet, furiously. "How many people girls have you told that to?"

"Look, Things are going to be different this time." He sighed, taking my hands in his. "I've put a lot of work into myself, Zephy. I'm going to be better. I'm going to do good by this girl. I'm not going to hurt this girl."

I pulled my hands back, a cold storm of anger forming within me. "You're goddamn right you won't. I had hoped I could just seduce you away, prove what kind of man you are. I see now we're going to have to get a bit more involved."

"What does that mean?"

"It means I don't think you're man enough to date my sister, and I'm going to make that a reality." I sat down opposite him at the cafe table. "We're going to have a little talk and I'm going to make you give her up willingly. In the end you might even be glad I did."

"Zephy, come on, did I do something to hurt you? Where's all this anger coming from?"

"You like my boobs?" I pulled my bikini top up and let the mountainous mounds he was so into swing free.

I could have spared us both a lot of trouble and just erased him from existence, but I'm not the monster here. Besides, what I had in mind was a much more fitting punishment.

"What?" He balked, turning away politely from the sudden nudity.

"You like my boobs. Go ahead and stare, it's okay. You're turned on. Feel your pulse race. When you find something hot, you can't help but drool all over it."

"I, uh-." His face turned back, his eyes locking on the jiggle, swing and bounce of these watermelons.

"You like boobs." I reinforced the push. "A lot. You love them. You love everything about them. The shape, the softness, the size. The bigger, the better."

He nodded, half hypnotized.

"You like them so much, you want a pair of your own."

"What!?" He flushed and pulled back, but he wasn't able to stop staring. "No, I don't."

"Shh, it's okay." I reached a hand out and took his. "You don't have to lie to me. We're friends. You're going to be completely honest with me."

"Right, friends. Honest."

"What else are friends for, but talking about tits?"

"It's true," he confessed. "You always did have just... the hottest boobs. I guess I *am* kind of wondering what it would be like. God," he let out a nervous laugh, "I don't know why I'm feeling this way."

"Come now, you've always wanted breasts. As far back as you can remember."

"No. I ... I.."

"Yes. You remember your aunt Zelda. She had boobs even bigger than mine, huge mountainous things. Z-Cups they called her. She wore it like a badge of honour. She was such a bimbo. Such a slut."

"Right! Oh wow, I haven't thought about her in ages."

"Who are you kidding? She was your idol." I leaned into it. "You wanted to be just like her when you grew up. Remember that?"

"I remember. Oh wow. Come on, Zephy." He shook his head, waving away the embarrassment the memory brought. "I was a kid. We all did weird things when we were kids."

I frowned. Normally I'd have seen physical changes by now. This was going to be a little tricky. I could have forced the matter, could have done all this in one simple statement. These things work best though when you can lay down a foundation, when you can reinforce fact over fact. Besides, I was going to have fun with this.

"Weird things?" I teased. "Like all those times you dressed up in her clothing? You used to shove watermelons down into her bikini top and prance around pretending to be her. You tried so hard to walk like her, to be like her. You even put on her lipstick and used to chase around the other boys while wearing her high heels, trying to kiss them. Remember?"

"Exactly." He looked away, flushing even harder. "Just dumb kid stuff. Why've you got to bring that up out of nowhere like that?"

"I don't see why you're so embarrassed by it," I chided. "You still have a stash of girl's clothes and makeup at home. You always have."

"Is that what this is about? You think I'm, what? In the closet or something? You're trying to confront me with it? I appreciate that you're trying to help, Zephy, but there's nothing more too it. Yes, occasionally I indulge in silly childish feminine fantasies. Nothing wrong with that. Frank's always sending us My Little Pony memes, but I don't see you busting his balls. Just 'cause I own some skirts, doesn't mean I want to be a girl. Boobs are great, and maybe sometimes I dream about having some, but I don't want any myself."

I narrowed my eyes. It sounded like he was lying as much to himself as he was to me.

"Only an occasional indulgence, you say?" I pushed harder. "More like every couple of days. You're wearing panties right now. You can't bear to leave the house without wearing something girly."

"Maybe." His flush deepened.

"Let me guess. They're your favorite: pink, ruffled, cute."

"Sh-shut up!" He held his hands up defensively. "Why do you care? It's not like there's anything wrong with that in this day and age."

"And what would your girlfriend say if she found out?" I smirked. Finally getting to twist the knife.

"Actually?" A smile rose up through the embarrassment. "She knows. She's great about the whole thing."

"What."

"She's very understanding. We've been panty shopping together a few times and she has great taste. I'm telling you, Zephy, I'm really lucky to have her. She understands it's like, a part of who I am, a thing I dream about, but it's not all of who I am. You know?" He reclined and crossed his hands over his chest. "I'll be honest, Zeph, I was kinda hoping you'd be a bit more understanding about all this. We're supposed to be friends."

"It's not who you are? Oh please." I narrowed my eyes. This fucker was being stubborn. "When you see girls like me it's all you can think of. You want a body just like mine. You want big fat tits spilling off your chest so big they bounce around with every little step. You want smooth skin and a fat ass and when you look in the mirror you wish a bimbo was staring back!"

"Y-yeah." He squinted, trying to parse what I'd just said. He couldn't meet my gaze. Sometimes when I pushed too hard it left people reeling. "But that doesn't mean I'm going to act on it, dude!"

"I don't buy it, *dude*" I threw back. "Don't make me laugh. You're obsessed. You always have been. You've never been able to resist the urge to do anything you could to be more like your aunt. You've been on hormones since you could get away with it. Everybody can tell."

"They can?" His eyes went wide, but these eyes were different, suddenly doe-eyed and long-lashed. The face surrounding it was still masculine and handsome but now it was bereft of stubble and there was an edge of feminine beauty to it. Soft. "They're not that big, are they?" He glanced down at the girlish A-cup breasts prominently displayed through the white blouse that could almost pass as a men's button-up.

There we go! Now we were getting somewhere. He'd just needed a firm hand.

"Not that big?" I smirked. "'Not big' isn't ever big enough for you, is it? You spent your whole life trying to get you the biggest tits you could find. Hormones and daily massages and creams and surgery after surgery. Every boob pill, every boob technique, you've done them all."

"Fine!" he called out, his shirt now so wholly occupied trying to restrain the mounds beneath that it rode up to reveal his taut smooth midriff. "I admit it! I really like having big boobs! So what?"

"Now we're talking." I grinned at the bulging things. "Show me."

"No!" he said, clutching his arm over his chest. "You've got me all self-conscious."

"Aw, but I showed you mine." I glanced from his chest to my own, giving mine a tantalizing little wiggle. He almost had even my ridiculous body outclassed. "You want me to see."

"Alright, fair's fair." He looked around to make sure no one was looking, then pulled up his shirt. The shame on his face had him burning red. "Now will you stop teasing me about them?" Below was quite the sight. His breasts, almost as big as my own, were squeezed beneath wrapping and binders in an attempt to keep them under control, but the scheme accomplished nothing but drawing attention to how huge those things really were. Like his masculinity, it was hanging on by a thread.

I was impressed. Most guys I did this to weren't half as big.

“Teasing you?” I smirked. “How could I tease you? You’re so proud of them!”

“I mean...” He looked down at his straining melons. The flush was still there but it had gone from humiliated to hiding a hint of boyish excitement. “I did work pretty hard on them.”

“Fine work indeed.” I pushed. “You want everybody to see.”

“Nothing wrong with that, is there?” The shame left his face. Just a thrill remained.

Now he was looking to see who might be so lucky as to catch a glimpse of his hooters. And he was not wanting for an audience. The crowded cafe was full of men and women alike who had been eyeing up the pornographic beauties at our table, hoping to catch some errant glimpse or fantasy of forbidden flesh.

They were not disappointed.

Eventually he pulled the shirt back down over his massive tits, adjusting the fabric so it clung tightly to each breast. The binders were gone, leaving them unrestrained and enormous beneath the thin shirt. His nipples were large and lurid. Unmistakably feminine. Unmistakably slutty. Unmistakably distracting.

“Nothing wrong with that at all,” I smirked. No one would ever take this man seriously again. “You got such a thrill out of that. I can tell.”

“Right?” He laughed. “But it’s not something I can go around doing all the time you know? Most guys... Well, most guys would make fun. I had a lot of teasing when I was a kid. When the other kids were playing with trucks I was playing with Barbies. When they were experimenting with drugs, I was experimenting with E. I had the biggest rack in school, and I love my boobs, but let me tell you, it got a ton of negative attention.”

“Don’t lie,” I smirked. “Boobs like yours? They weren’t teasing you. They were hitting on you. They noticed and they liked what they saw. Gawking, cat calls, the occasional brave grope. Boys are always so obsessed with big titties, and there you were, trying to change in the same locker room as them. You were always so bad at hiding it.”

“True.” He sighed as the new memories flooded his brain. “It was terrible!”

“What was terrible was that they never acted on their desires. You loved the attention. You ate it up. It made you feel just like your Aunt Zelda. You put on so many sexy little shows for them.”

“I was a dumb kid.” He arched his back, adjusting his posture just right to best showcase his blessings.

“The desire has only gotten stronger since then. You want to give them a sexy show. Look at all the men here. Guys don’t even try to hide their arousal around you. They stare. They love looking at you just as much as you love getting looked at. You turn them on. So many bulges in their pants, all for you, all for your tits. It gets you just as turned on as they are.”

"Mmf." He squirmed in his seat. Looking around he could see it was true. In the aftermath of his flashing, all eyes were on him, dreaming of all the things they would do if they could get their hands on a pair like that.

There was no denying Zach's arousal, either. His nipples now stabbed into the air like daggers.

"What are you trying to do?" he whimpered. "Why've you gotta bring this all up?" He was glancing around at all the hard cocks now occupying this little café. My earlier truth that he would be obviously drooling over the object of his arousal now manifesting in a delightful new way.

"I'm helping you accept what you are," I smirked. "I'm trying to make you see you're no man at all. Give up this notion of dating my sister. You have such a beautiful pair of tits. Wouldn't it be better to give up and just go become a stripper or something? You like the idea of that: Dancing your body around for all the boys. Just like your idol, Zelda."

"Zephy." He reached a hand out. I could see the turmoil in his eyes. This was it. This was where he'd finally give in! "You're trying to help, I understand. And the things you're saying... it's like you know me better than I know myself..."

Yes.. yes...!

"But you have to understand that this is something I've dealt with my whole life. My wants don't define me. Yeah, I love to give the boys a show..." He raised his shirt over his left boob to quickly flash the barista, then pulled it down and turned back to me grinning. "But I've got so much more going on in my life. Your sister, Zandra, she understands that. She accepts that I'm not exactly like the other guys, but she sees past that. I've never met anyone else like her."

Fuck.

"And," he continued, "I appreciate that you are trying to help me come out of my shell. Lord knows that I've suffered for these boobs. Do you know how hard it is for a growing boy to get a bra in his size? Do you know how difficult it is to get mistaken for a girl by like, literally everybody? I can barely find clothes that fit. You'd think I'd get some sympathy from the girls but half the time they don't understand or they're jealous. But it's all worth it." He hoisted his huge hooters and leaned in to rest them on the table. "But I'm not going to give up the love of my life just because I get horny when dudes DM me about how much they want to bust a nut all over my cleavage."

"I don't buy it." I narrowed my eyes. He had to be lying to himself, it was the only explanation. "You love getting hit on like that. Your phone is dickpicks galore. The filthier and nastier the better. And you give as good as you receive. When you speak to guys, all you can do is flirt and dirty talk and debase yourself sexually!" I was losing my patience. "You sleep with men, for fuck's sake. Lots of them! And you love every last second!"

"Uh, yeah?" He reached out and took my hand. "I'm bi. Come on Zephy, you know that. Gynoromantic and panphilic, specifically. Have we not had this conversation? I thought you already knew this about me. It means just because I love feeling fat chodes between these dirty flesh pillows of mine and pounding my every nasty hole doesn't mean I fall in love with guys or anything. It's all sex for me."

"Oh don't say that. You love the attention. You fall head over heels over every cute guy you see. You're absolutely boy crazy!"

"I... I wouldn't go that far." He wiggled in his seat as his gaze returned to all the men in the cafe looking. "Just because I normally date guys, just because I talk about them a lot, just because I like it when a big strong *man* notices me, with his soulful eyes and his firm hands. I'm not a..." his head was turning as a particularly cute guy walked in. I could practically hear Zach's heart pounding. "What were we talking about?"

"You like boys."

"They're pretty great." He gave me a grin.

"If you like boys so much, you should break up with my sister and go marry one of them instead, right?"

"Are you crazy? Your sister and I are in love, thank you very much. Just because I'm mostly into guys, doesn't mean that love isn't real. It doesn't mean I don't care about her. Listen, I don't know what game you're trying to play, but if you want me to break up with her it's not happening. She's the best thing in my life."

"Of my god!" I put my hand to my head and took a deep breath. This was getting us nowhere. I'd dealt with heads of state who were easier to feminize than this asshole.

"What else did you inherit like from your slutty Aunt Zelda, I wonder?"

"God," he grinned. "She was great."

"Oh I bet. That's why you styled so much of your look after her."

"What do you mean?" He raised an eyebrow.

"Your hair. For starters. Those golden blonde curls cascading down your back. You spend a lot of time on your hair, making it as sexy as possible."

"It's true." He brushed the golden mess out of his face. "But don't tell me it isn't worth it."

"Your nails, too, come to think of it. Long beyond the point of practical. You spend a lot of time on those too. You're in the salon every week."

"So? I believe in good grooming."

"And you've been walking around in high heels for so much of your life that you're just not comfortable in flats. The higher, the better, you've always said. That works in your favor though, because you're so naturally petite and short."

"5'2" is not short! What are you getting at?"

“Nothing, sweetheart, nothing at all. Not many guys can pull off the bimbo look, but you totally do. You’re certainly dressed the part. You must read all kinds of slutty fashion magazines.”

“You got me there.” He was glowing at the compliment. “It’s like a compulsion. I can’t help it. You - you really think I pull it off?”

He stood and struck a sexy little pose, showcasing his bimbo-pink skirt and boob-strained crop top that read ‘*Come Feel*’. He raised a dainty leg to show off his chunky six-inch pink stilettos. The simple outfit was made complete by a shiny white belt, way more bracelets than seemed practical, and a white choker with little pink hearts.

“Oh absolutely. You pay so much attention to your skin and makeup, trying to make yourself look as feminine and vacuous as possible. You must be addicted to makeup tutorials. Not that your face needs it. You always did have a girly face. There’s no one who could look at you and not think ‘wow, what a bimbo.’”

“Aw, thanks! I really do try.”

Inside I was straining. It was tough doing so many changes so quickly, but thankfully I’d already laid a solid foundation. Gone was that macho asshole. He thought it had been okay to sleep around? Now he was going to sleep around with everybody. I just needed to brute force my way through the last of it.

“I guess what I’m asking, is why not embrace it? You already look like a two-bit hooker.”

“Hey-!”

“That was a compliment. You love it when people talk about you that way. The dirtier and more disparaging the better.”

“See, Zephy, this is why we’re best friends.” He laughed. “You totally get me.”

“Oh, I do.” I grinned. “You’re going to take it as a compliment when I say all this: you look like a hooker. A slut. A dirty needy *girl*. And deep down you feel that way too. Who are you trying to fool by not embracing it?”

“Aw, thank you!” he gushed. “Look, the truth is, it is true, yes, this is who I am. I’m *not* trying to hide it, come on, just look at me. But I can’t just go parading that everywhere. I have a life outside of being a girl.”

“Barely.” I grinned at the opening he had left me. “Every second you spend not being a girl is a second you wish you were.”

He stopped, like this was some kind of profound revelation. I took advantage of the opportunity to strike. “What would your girlfriend say? Surely, you don’t want to burden her with this rampant sluttiness?”

“Oh she knows,” he laughed. “She’s always been very supportive of my feminine side.”

I let out a long sigh, then eyed him up.

"Fine." I crossed my arms over my chest. "Let's get serious."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You're a horny nympho slut. A big titty bimbo whore. You have no standards. You'll sleep with anyone who comes your way."

"What's that got to do with -"

"You need to get laid every day. You're a complete cum junkie." Sweat was breaking out on my forehead. "There's cum on your lips right now."

"How else do you expect me to pay for my muffin?" She gave a naughty grin and licked at the fleck of jizz.

"You have a voice like a valley-girl sex phone operator. Whenever you stop paying attention to them your hands start playing with your junk. You got fired from being a hooker because you kept sleeping with guys for free. "

"I told you," one hand dipped down to rub under his skirt while the other snuck its way under his top. "that was like, a complete misunderstanding!"

"Embrace your pathetic little gutter-cunt existence and give up my sister! Do you really think she'd want to be with something like you?"

She looked conflicted. Like I finally had her. Like she was seriously toying with the idea.

"Zeph..." she pouted. "You like, really think she deserves better? Sure, I may be a gutter cunt but I know love when I feel it!"

I sighed and leaned back in my chair. This wasn't getting me anywhere.

Okay. I took a breath. Time to cut my losses and just erase this slut from existence.

But before I could get the chance, his eyes widened in excitement. I turned to follow his gaze. A girl was walking towards us. She wasn't quite the bimbos that Zach and I were, but she could have given us a run for our money.

"What the hell are you doing here?" she demanded, locking her eyes on me.

"Baby!" Zach jumped up and ran over to give her a big hug.

"Zandra?" I narrowed my eyes. Was this what Zach had been waiting for? This was bad. I couldn't have her here for this. If she was this close, she was going to be caught up in the narrative, and if she was changed it could very easily bounce back to me. Fuck, that must have been why she was so busty.

"Baby. You never told me your sister was Zephyr!" Zach giggled. We've been friends forever. The only other girl out there as slutty as me. Remember I told you all those stories?"

"Is she now?" She shot me a gaze as she eyed me up.

"I-" I tried to keep the truth from spilling out onto my sister, but I'd piled so much of it into Zach and now it was bouncing around, suddenly unfocused. I felt myself changing to accommodate the narrative. Of course he and I had always been friends. Of course I'd always looked like pornstar Barbie. I was the sexiest thing Zach had ever seen, and all that horny sluttiness of growing up with my big-titty jizz-slut BFF was starting to rub off on me.

I took a breath. I still knew, intellectually, that I was me, but it felt more like a story than any real truth. I tried to rein it in, to hold back my power, but it was bouncing between my sister and I. Now she had a whole life of being close to a slut like me, inheriting the slutty side of things from our mother as our whole family changed to fit. She was always dressed like that. No wonder she'd been dating Zach. They were a perfect couple.

Fuck. I had to fight through this. Or, no, I needed to regroup.

"I have to go!" I stood up and started making for the door.

"Oh no you don't." Zandra scowled at me, grabbing me by the wrist. "Not until you explain to me what your intentions are with my girlfriend here?"

"Girlfriend?" I croaked. Still!?

"That's right." She let go of me and took her into her arms, pulling her tight, like she was defending her property. "You're always pushing away anyone who gets too close. What did you do to her?"

"Nothing!" I lied, badly. "Your boyfriend has always been a busty wet-dream." I looked at what I'd turned him into, my eyes tracing along her exaggerated figure. I tried one last time to force the issue, to get them apart, but I was losing track of who even Zach really was. "He's always been a girl with massive titties and an appetite for sex so powerful she can hardly keep her hands off herself. She's always been a begging mewling little hoe."

"And you don't approve?" She dropped her arm from her former-boyfriend and put a hand on her cocked hip.

"Dammit, Zandra, it's for your own good!" I tried to stay true to my original objective, no matter how false it now seemed. "She's gonna sleep around on you the first chance you get! I'm trying to help."

"I can't believe you're saying that! She may be a dirty little slut, but she's *my* dirty little slut, okay?" she put a defensive hand around Zach's waist, pulling her in tight again. "This little hoe is my soulmate, Zee."

"God, you wish you had someone who has half the passion and dedication, the sense of humor, the sense of style. But no, you never let anyone get close, do you? You'd never know what it was like to wake up next to someone, to do each other's make up and giggle about boys together and finger her senseless

as I hold her close and tell her what a good bitch she is. Besides," she said, her gaze drifting downwards, but no less fervent. "have you seen her fucking tits?"

"Sis!" I balked. Since when did she lust after women? I'd never heard a gay word out of her mouth, till now.

"And yeah, she sleeps around. She's got sexual needs I'm not able to satisfy, but I'm not going to let that get in the way of our feelings. If anything, it makes us stronger. I'm the one she comes home to at the end of the night. With her, that means even more. And when she finds a real gem, she takes them home and we fuck them together. It's great, but you wouldn't understand, would you? You're always so close-minded. You can't see beyond your little truths."

"Sis," I begged. "None of this is..."

"This is my decision, Zee. I'm sorry. You should be happy, you were always warning me away from those big strong asshole guys. She's anything but. Can't you just be happy for me?"

I looked at the two of them, the defiance and the verve in their eyes. The way they looked at each other, the way they held each other. The thought hit me like an earthquake: somehow, despite all my truths, their relationship had managed to last.

Maybe... maybe if it could survive me, it could survive anything?

Or, - I shrugged mentally - more likely, when he broke her heart I'd just come in and deal with him then. I wondered how Zach would feel with boobs so big he couldn't even move.

"Alright. Alright." I held up my hands. "You win." Briefly I considered turning him back. But I always was a sore loser. "The two of you love each other very much. You will be very happy together."

"Wait, really? Simple as that? No argument, no drama?"

"Simple as that."

Zandra threw her arms around me, a big booby hug. "See? That's all I want, Zee."

"Love you, sis."

"I love you too. But as good as it to be seeing you again, we've got to go. I've got plans to fuck my little bitch here before I send her off to frat row with nothing but bikini bottoms on and her hands tied behind her back."

"Really?" Zach's eyes lit up.

"Anything for my little slut." She ginned. "I know how much you like it when the boys stare."

And then they started to make out so hot and heavy it could have been mistaken for hardcore pornography.

I took that as my cue to leave. I made for the door as fast as my erotically bouncing body would allow, my brain was still tingling with arousal and slutty memories from the truth bounce-back. It would take me weeks to get myself back in order.

I needed to get home and start pulling myself back together.

But... the truth was, at that moment? That was a low priority.

Far more urgent was the fact that I was *horny*. I let out a soft gasp as I ran a hand down my sensitive flesh, and thought back to how happy my sister had seemed. Maybe it was time to get a boy of my own? All that stuff he was saying about being close to someone... when was the last time I'd been in a relationship?

And - I grinned down at my huge slutty tits - it would be nice to find a boy who could do my makeup and keep up with me bra shopping. I smirked.

So I set off, high heels clacking loudly, into the night. Truth is a funny thing. Sometimes you change the truth, sometimes the truth changes you.

Maybe I'd stop by a singles bar on the way home...

The End.