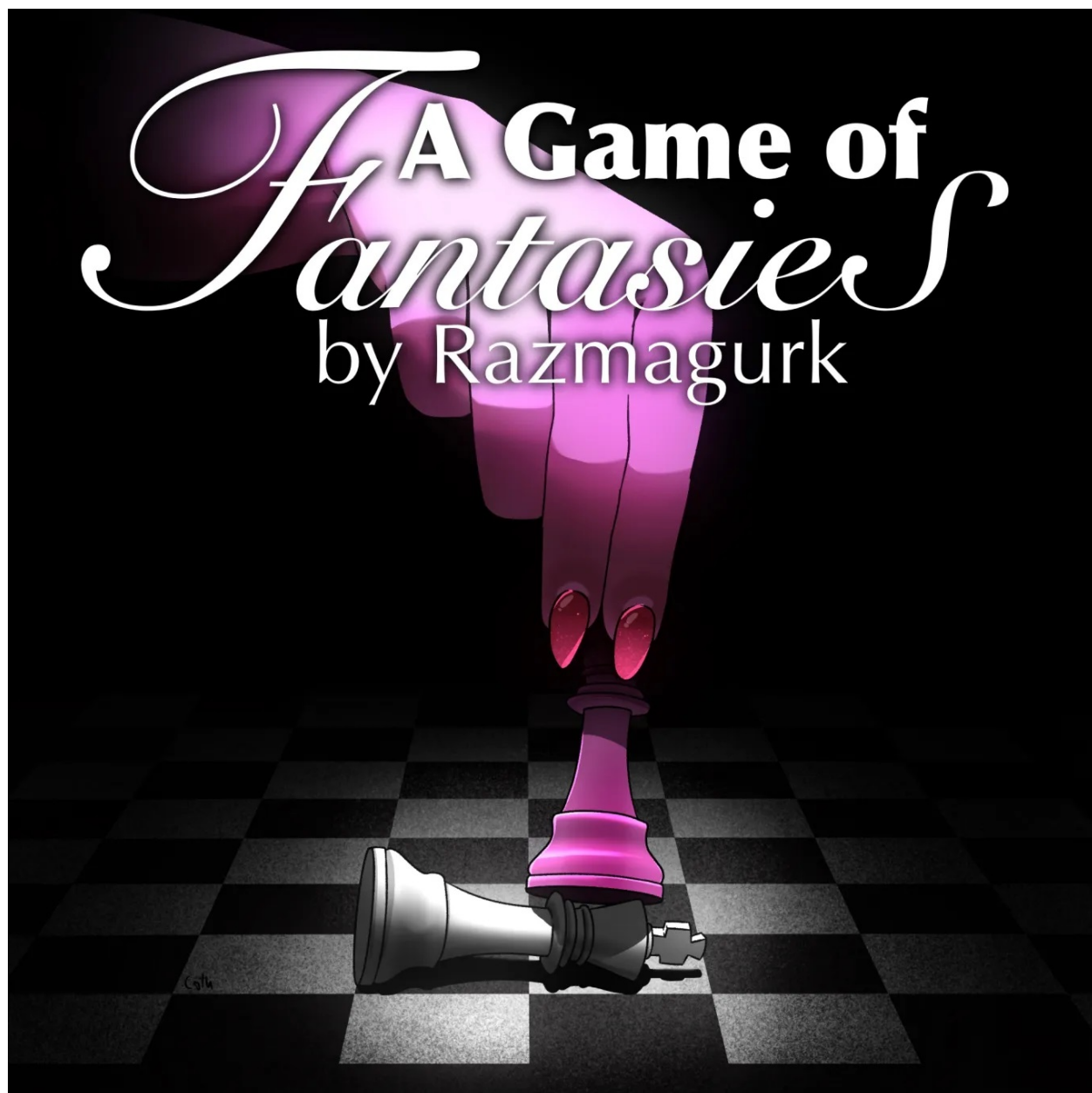




A Game of Fantasies
- A Smutty Sapphic Short -
By Razmagurk

"Congratulations." The girl inside the chalk circle smirked seductively. Her voice was laced with a teasing lilt as her cinder-red eyes smouldered appreciatively at my body. "You've caught me."

Well, shit. That hadn't been supposed to work.

My jaw hung loose as I took in the figure before me. This girl - no, not a girl. That was important to remember. Not a girl at all. No matter how much she looked like one, and damn did she ever.

She had the soft face of a model, with big expressive eyes and long blonde hair that ran in languid waves down to her butt. Her lips were plump and rich, curved into that knowing eager smile, and her body, goddamn. She looked like someone had found all the hottest porn stars and photoshopped their best traits together, then beat her with the bimbo stick just to be sure. I didn't know tits could get so big.

She'd look like a perfect fuck bunny bimbo if not for the burning red eyes and the mischievous expression, like she knew more than I did. The app hadn't said anything about what to do after I summoned her.

"So what now?" She raised her perfect eyebrow in challenge. "Do you want to play a little game?"

I coughed, pulling my eyes off those incredible tits and trying but failing to look her in the eye. My dick was throbbing, my body screaming at me to step across that circle and take her then and there.

"A game?" I tried to sound firm and in charge. Dominant. "You're in no position to be making suggestions."

"Oh, on the contrary," she purred, running a hand down her sensuous body. "I believe you'll find I've got all kinds of *fun* ideas."

I couldn't help but follow the motion of her hands as they ran across her soft, delicate and incredibly naked flesh, guiding me along an unabashed tour of her soft body.

I opened my mouth to say something, but no words came, my tough guy routine melting in the heat of her body. I could feel a red flush burning in my ears. Who can be confident around a girl like that? God damn!

"Gosh, Summoner." She arched her back, stretching to draw further attention to her breasts, the subtle and tantalizing bounce and sway of them, the firm plumpness of those perfect nipples. "What *ever* shall we do? Or would you rather I call you *Master*?" Her tail bounced. "You caught me fair and square. You clearly want *something* and honey, people only summon the likes of me for one reason. What are you waiting for?"

"No." I turned away, despite all the evolutionary instincts to the contrary. "You must think I'm an idiot. If I sleep with you, you're going to suck out my soul or something."

"Aw," she widened her mischievous smirk to suggest it would still be totally worth it. "Would I do that?"

"I've summoned you for something else." I cleared my throat as I tried to reassert control of the situation, tried to pretend I'd planned this far. "You have... powers?"

"That's right." She grinned sharply, tail swaying eagerly.

"You can help me..." I flushed. "Get laid?"

God help me, with tits like that before me, how could I think of anything else?

"Oh, there it is." She giggled eagerly. "Easy as can be. You just have to step across this itty bitty line of salt and silver and I'm all yours, baby. Tonight, tomorrow, forever." Her eyes flared. "You never have to be lonely again."

"No." I crossed my arms over my chest, staring defiantly at anything that wasn't her smouldering hot body. "I told you; I'm not sleeping with you."

"Oh well," she shrugged. "Worth a shot." Suddenly I could breathe again, I could focus again, like she'd turned off an interrogation light she'd had me under. "So! Having a bit of a dry spell are we? This is a trifling task for – wait." She started sniffing in my direction. I took a step back. "Master!" She laughed scandalously. "Are you a virgin?"

"What? At my age? D-don't be ridiculous."

"Ooh, this will be fun." She wiped drool from her plump lips. "Tell me true then, what does thy poor innocent heart desire?"

What did I desire?

Fuck, that was a big question, wasn't it?

"I... uh..." I scanned my brain, all of my wildest dreams suddenly clamouring for prominence. Big breasted bimbos dressed like cheerleaders and schoolgirls jiggling their tits? Big-bootied babes getting split open by massive anal sex toys? Girl on girl on girl? I was a 30-year old gooner virgin. I had a lot of dirty ideas to choose from. Or... maybe I didn't have to choose? "I want you to make *all* my sexiest fantasies come true. I want to not be a virgin anymore. I want to get laid!"

"Now that," she grinned triumphantly, "I can do."

"Really?" My heart pounded.

"For a *price*."

"What price?" My elation fell away.

"I told you, Master. I want you to play a game with me."

"A game?" I raised an eyebrow. Monopoly with the devil?

"Well, if you're not going to feed me, the least you can do is keep me entertained. Do you have any idea how boring eternity is?"

"Ugh, fine." I rolled my eyes. This was going to be a trick, wasn't it? "What's the game?"

"Oh you poor schmuck." She grinned. "Lo, the bargain is struck." Thunder crashed from outside and the sky abruptly grew dark. A foul wind whipped through the room, a hurricane that seemed to only envelop

me and her. Her grin grew inhumanly wide, then wider still. Row upon row of sharp teeth glinted like knives.

My heart pounded. I held my hands up to protect myself.

"Wow," she smirked. She was back to normal, as abruptly as it had started, everything stopped. "It's a good thing you got an old softie like me. You wouldn't last five seconds against my sisters."

"Hey!"

"The game is this." There was an exuberance in her voice. "You have to go for one week without cumming."

"What?" I laughed. "How is that a game?"

"Because," She crossed out of the salt circle like it wasn't even there. "I'm going to give you exactly what you asked for. I'm going to make all those little fantasies of yours come true." She took another step towards me, suddenly much taller, as though she had been far away until now. "If you can go a whole week without climax, you win. You can have your way with me. I'll do anything you ask, my powers are yours until the day you die. It won't even damn you to Hell. But if you lose my little game, if you cum your puny little mortal brains out, even just *once*, then you're mine and I get to have my fun with you until I've squeezed every last ounce of essence from that delicious virgin body of yours."

"I - I don't agree to that!"

"Oh, but sweetie, you just did." She gently stroked the underside of my chin. Her nails just barely made contact, but left warm gooey pleasure in their wake.

"Stay back!" I cowered.

"Aw, relax." She licked my cheek, her tongue long and slobbering and serpentine. I shivered, and in that involuntary action, a soft moan erupted in the back of my throat. "This will be fun."

I shook. I gasped. My body was suddenly on fire, heat soaring through me, burning and burning though not with pain but with pleasure. I gasped, I stumbled back, I fell. As I fell I could feel my body shifting, changing.

"W-what is this?" I reached a hand up to touch at my swollen lips, but the hand before me was not my hand. It was soft and feminine, with shining red nails.

"Honey." the world started to get dark, like the only light was the glow of her skin and the glint in her eyes. "I never said I was going to play fair."

Then everything went black.

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I was floating.

I was floating somewhere warm and soft and peaceful.

I was in a gentle pink boat on a gentle pink river, rising and falling on the waves. With every rise of the boat a warmth flooded through me, pleasant and tingly. I let out a long soft sigh. It felt *good*. So good, I wanted more. And the waves were all too happy to oblige, rising higher and higher with each swell, pleasure amplifying, tingling through the softness of my body, bringing me closer to... to...

"Big sis!" Something flumped next to me.

Reaching through the softness I opened my eyes. A girl was looking down at me, her hands sternly on her hips, eyes narrowed admonishingly.

My half-asleep brain wasn't quite processing what I was seeing. I was in some kind of pink ultra-girly bedroom, like something out of a Barbie playhouse. Silky sheets were pressed against my body, I was pressing into something, squeezing something, rocking gently. I was...

"Are you jilling off in your sleep again?"

What?

The girl pulled the blankets off me to reveal one of my arms, reaching down past my tits and losing itself between my legs. I was face down, ass up, with my huge pillowy boobs grinding into the bed beneath me, humping my hand for all it was worth.

What???

I pulled my hand away. It was sticky and cold and the loss of contact took the breath out of me. even as its absence made me feel cold and empty. The river of pleasure I'd been coasting down was abruptly absent.

At that point, I did what any red-blooded man would. I screamed. The voice that came out of my lungs through was high and lilting. The kind of scream that suggested someone had just broken a nail.

"It's okay, big sis," the girl said, acting as though I wasn't causing a huge scene. "I know how gooshy your girly pussy get at night, but if you want someone to take care of your kitten, you should really leave it to me." She let out a soft giggle. "Are you still horny? Ooh, we should like, totally make out before school starts!"

The girl opened her arms to pull me into a hug but I leapt off the bed, scrambling away as best I could, but my body was heavy and my balance was strange.

I bolted for the door, then skidded to a halt as I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror. That girl, that creature! She was standing there, watching me from the other side where my reflection should be. My eyes widened. I stepped towards her in anger, and she did the same.

I froze.

Fuck. That wasn't the creature. It was me. I held a hand up to my soft cheek, a flush of color rushing through my perfect skin.

"Oh shit." I looked down at my body.

No, not my body. Very not my body.

This time I had a soft model's face, with big expressive eyes and long blonde hair that ran in languid waves down to my butt. My lips were plump and rich and sensitive, seductive even as I opened them in a horrified pout. And my body, goddamn. I looked like someone had found all the hottest porn stars and photoshopped their best traits together, then beat me with the bimbo stick for good measure. All in all, a very familiar form.

I was her? That creature? Without the sharp ears or the little horns or the heart-spaded tail, but for-sure the boobs, holy shit.

I reached up to grab at my titties, trying to will away the illusion, squeezing them like it might prove their falsehood, but - fuck - these were undeniably real. I let out a soft cry. They were real and they were undeniably good. Just the touch of my hands was cultivating a powerful heat within me, and as my exploring gropes found my nipples, well - god damn! This just wasn't fair!

I mewled as I sat there, the image of this impossibly sexy creature in the mirror masturbating before me making my body even hotter.

Now I was the perfect fuck bunny bimbo.

"Ooh," the girl wiggled her way over to me. "Want me to lend a hand, big sis? Come on, let me make you feel good."

Only then did I really get a look at the girl. She had much the same look: similar nose, similar eyes, same hair. Her face was infinitely more innocent, but it would be difficult to tell us apart on the street.

The biggest difference seemed to be our boobs. Mine were comically big and round while hers smaller and perkier, far more natural. On anyone else they'd still be considered hefty, but next to mine they were modest and repressed. She was also wearing clothing, for what little good it seemed to do, a diaphanous little lace nightie that swished oh so innocently about her curvaceous body, teasing at innocence even as it presented anything but.

I'm sure most guys would never in a million years turn down a smoking hottie like this, but given the circumstances you could forgive my apprehension.

"Who are you?" I croaked. I put a hand on my throat. My voice was sex incarnate. Tenebrous and lusty, with a healthy bubblegum edge. "What's going on?"

"Aw, big sis is still sleepy?" The girl put her arms around me and nuzzled her sweet face into the crook of my neck. "It's me, Angella. Your totally legal 18+ incest-loving stepsister."

"My what?" I choked. I pulled away, backing up to the bed to get away from this crazy girl. "Sister!?"

Who the fuck was this girl? And who spoke like that?

“Oh, is this a game?” She giggled and crawled across the bed towards me. “Do I get a yummy treat if I win?”

Wait. Game?

Everything suddenly made a horrible kind of sense.

That creature had done this. That bitch! She had, what? Based her form on my own fetishes and desires? And when she said she’d make my dreams come true, she’d made all this?

No wonder this was like something out of a porno. This *was* something out of a porno.

“Big sis?” Angella tried crawling across the bed to get to me, but somehow got herself tangled in the blankets. Her whole upper body was covered and stuck while her lower body was perfectly presented for a rough doggystyle fucking, pussy at the ready, spared by only the merest wisps of delicate thong. “Help me big sis, I’m stuck!”

Oh my fucking god.

How many times had I jacked off to this scenario?

I brought a hand down between my legs, to my pussy. A bare, well shaven pussy. It was already glistening and swollen. It twinged, wet and hot, between my legs. Throughout all of this chaotic excitement it was still hot and swollen and ready to go. But how the fuck was this even supposed to work? I was supposed to fuck this girl? I didn’t have a fucking dick!

“Big sis?” Angella continued to writhe invitingly, oblivious to my confusion.

But then, the porn I watched *didn’t* have guys in it, did it? It was all girl on girl.

So, she had turned me into a girl myself? I lowered a hand down my body once again fruitlessly hoping I could will this pussy away, but no such luck.

“Big sis?” Angella wiggled her pussy again, in an imitation of a struggle. “Are you still there? Get behind me and pull me out!”

I frowned. Now I just felt bad for her.

I walked towards her perfectly presented posterior, wriggling so desperately. Maybe I could just reach out and...

No. Jesus. I pulled my hand back. No matter what the creature had done, this wasn’t porn. This was real life. People just didn’t act this way. I wasn’t playing this stupid game.

I pulled the blanket off Angella. She looked almost disappointed I hadn't ravaged her senseless. She stood up and adjusted her nightie so it hung oh so tenderly over her wide hips.

"Thanks, big sis, you're the best." She leaned in for a giggling kiss but I pushed away. She looked even more disappointed.

I flushed guiltily. I wasn't used to dealing with girls, let alone disappointed ones, even in a fantasy like this. I'm sure other guys would have bent her over and fucked her senseless or something, but I just wasn't that kind of guy, no matter how much I'd fapped over the thoughts.

What did that say about me? That I wasn't some alpha dick? Maybe I was missing the point of this whole exercise, but I had more important things to worry about first. Like my utter lack of dick.

"It's okay, big sis." Angella said, bouncing back like it had been nothing. "You're right. If we spend too much time smooching, we'll be late for school, and Miss said if we're naughty one more time she's gonna spank us silly."

"School?" There was no way a girl with a body like that was still in school.

"Yup!" She skipped over to the closet and gestured to the matching pair of pornographic school girl outfits within. "Come on," she made a groping motion in the direction of my overwhelming bust. "I can help you get ready!"

"No way." I crossed my hands over my chest. "I'm not putting that on. I'm going to stay right here and figure things out. You knock yourself out though."

"Ooh," she cooed. "Only bad girls don't go to school, big sis. Mommy's going to give you such a spanking. I bet she'll have you tied up on the porch, a free use pussy for all the horny neighbors again."

I gulped, my brain all too eager to visualize that little scenario. A flush of heat ran through me as I could feel my pussy lips salivating.

"Unless," the girl giggled, "you want that? You're such a bad girl, Amber." She giggled again. The way had said 'bad girl' made it sound as though it wasn't necessarily a bad thing at all.

I let out another hot breath. Maybe school wasn't such a bad option after all. It would give me a chance to figure things out, right?

After all, how bad could it be?

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The next thing I knew we were standing outside, looking up at a regal building. I was wearing the schoolgirl outfit that Angella had been brandishing, as was Angella, despite the fact that it should have been impossible to squeeze our oversexed curves into those flimsy things.

I swooned at the sudden shift. How was I suddenly dressed like this? How were we suddenly here? I was wearing heels! How the fuck did that work? I held my arms out for balance and Angella pressed her hot body into me for support.

What the hell had happened? One moment I'd been in the bedroom and the next... the next...

- We had giggled and flirted and teased each other's supple young bodies as we handsily dressed each other in slutty little nothings, dreaming eagerly about all the dirty possibilities that lay ahead. -

It was a strange half memory. It didn't feel right at all. No detail, just knowledge. It was like the entire process was glossed over with a few dismissive sentences, like someone fast-forwarding through the boring parts of the porno.

And speaking of...

"Ms. Jiggles 21+ Academy For Dummy-Thicc Breedable Sluts and Needy Pussy-Obsessed Bitches?" I read the sign overlooking the school's proud entrance. If I had been drinking, I would have done a spit take.

Based on the gaggle of other pornstar lookalikes gathered around us, giggling and gossiping and engaging in barely contained lesbian flirtations, that was a pretty apt description.

They all wore matching uniforms, little thigh-high stockings and pleated pink plaid skirts with far too tight crop tops displaying their abundant cleavage. The tops did very little to cover their firm round mounds, with many sporting unignorable prominent nipples. The girls were teetering in five-inch Mary Janes, walking with great seductive deliverance. Hair was pulled up with ribbons and clips in braids and pigtails and ponytails. Flashes of color made themselves known as hip-tugging skirts proved insufficient to hide colourful thongs, or, should one bend over, a full display of creamy spankable cheeks.

"Isn't it great?" Angella giggled, eyeing up the abundant girl flesh like a kid in a candy store. "I'm so glad we got in. The proctors didn't like our test scores, but when we showed her how good we were at eating pussy, they had no choice. Thanks for all the practice, big sis."

I coughed. I could barely focus amidst all this *girl*.

Maybe this had been a mistake. I needed a moment to ground myself, to get a feel for what was going on. Was this part of the creature's game? She wanted me off guard?

I had to remember that she was playing for keeps. I had to avoid sex. I couldn't let things get out of control, no matter how pornographic things got. I couldn't get distracted.

"Amber!" came a cry. "Oh my god!"

A girl came crashing towards me, pulling me into a tackle hug, her lips pressing into mine, tongue finding its way into my mouth with a needy pull. She tasted like strawberry to match the flash of red in her hair, and there was something salty under it that I couldn't quite put my finger on.

So much for keeping focused.

My eyes widened. I didn't know what to do, it was my first kiss! And damn - I wriggled - what a kiss. The girl pressed herself into me, mistaking my indecision for eager submission and proceeding to kiss harder and deeper.

To say that butterflies were fluttering in my stomach did not give it justice. My nipples throbbed with yearning. This felt so much better than my own hands had. I didn't know my body could feel so good. She reached down to my pussy, sending shocks and sparks through my vision from just that faint touch of her finger against my lacy white thong.

I let out a breath and started to melt into her, then caught myself. Fuck, no. I couldn't get sucked up into this.

"Wh-what the hell?" I stumbled back, almost tumbling over in my high heels.

"Aw, come on 'Ber, I'm just saying hello. I was dreaming about that tongue of yours all last night. You don't have a little sugar for your BFF Ava? Are you feeling okay?" She gave a concerned little pout. "Normally you love it when I finger you hello. You always have such a juicy pussy."

"It's true," said a girl nearby in the crowd. Others started to murmur in agreement

"Such a juicy pussy, gosh," said another.

"The *juiciest*," said a third. "Down right delicious. I want her to ride my face until I'm dripping in cum."

"See?" Ava wagged her eyebrows.

The crowd giggled in scandalous agreement.

I coughed, and blushed, opening and closing my mouth like a drowning fish. Everybody was looking at me. I flushed, but the heat of it just made my libido all the hotter. My nipples were so painfully hard.

The unreality of my situation did little to abate my shock and humiliation. People were talking about my *pussy*? Gossiping about it? I was a virgin, I was unaccustomed to sexual stuff on the best of times, but now? Like this? The humiliation would have been too much even if I was a guy, but having my girlishness rubbed in my face like this added a whole extra layer.

"P-please." I whimpered. "Stop"

"Oh, you love it," Ava purred into my ear. "You can play innocent but we all know you're the biggest slut around."

Something about being called a slut sent a shiver down my spine.

"It's true," added Angella. "That's why your Miss's favorite."

"Mm, that's right." Ava stepped up and ran her soft tongue along my earlobe, leaving me trembling. "Teacher's pet."

Luckily, before my brain could short circuit with any more erotic confusion, the bell rang. I let out a sigh of relief.

"Come on, 'Ber!" Ava waved. "We don't want to be late for class."

"Right. I'm coming." I took an experimental step forward, still unaccustomed to these high heels. There was something about the way I was moving, my hips grinding, that wasn't right. It was like I was unable to move in any way that wasn't sexy. If I had to pick something up I doubt I'd be able to do it except in a way that flashed the world my stupid wet pussy.

Not that I should care!

God. This had me so messed up.

I adjusted my thong. Every step reminded how gooey and wet I was. I briefly considered not even bothering, taking off this ridiculous excuse for an outfit entirely. What difference did it make? But wouldn't that just make it worse?

I took a breath. I was almost there. Class didn't sound so bad after that. I could sit through any amount of boring lecture, I could put up with being surrounded by these girls if the rest of it was an otherwise ordinary day, right?

- Heels clacking against the linoleum, I jiggled and giggled my way through the halls, the flowery aroma of lusty lesbian schoolgirl sex playing at my nostrils, sending my soft nubile body yearning for release. With each bounce of my full breasts, my tasty virgin heart pounded at the thought of what a naughty dirty girl I was for being late. Finally, I opened the classroom door to find -

"You!"

I pointed, jaw dropped, at the woman standing at the front of the class.

No, not a woman. That creature.

She looked older now and was squeezed into a hobble skirt and a ruffly little teacher's blouse that showcased her impossible body perfectly. She had her luxurious blonde hair up in a messy slutty little bun to complete the look, putting her two little horns and her sharp ears well on display.

She looked like an older version of me.

"That's right," she grinned, revealing teeth sharp enough to tear my throat out. "Having fun, little morsel?" Enjoying having all your fantasies come to life? I'm surprised you've lasted this long already, but don't worry," there was an undertone of excitement in her voice, "I have a whole week lined up. This is just the beginning."

"You crazy bitch!" I screamed out, stomping towards her furiously, though I'm sure I was far less of a threat than I would have liked. "Turn me back!"

"Aw" she tutted. "Now why would I do that? None of those fantasies of yours ever included any guys. A few girls with a few fun extras, sure, but never any *real* men. Why should I interrupt this sloppy sapphic school love affair? Ooh, unless that creamy little cunt of yours is hungering to get held down and bred? You've barely lasted an hour and you're already ready to wear that cunt out?" She winked and suddenly she was tall, muscular, and undeniably male. She flexed to demonstrate her virility, and I couldn't help but notice the distinctly horse-shaped bulge running down past her knee. "Mmm..." her voice was still feminine and seductive. "Maybe I should keep you after class and drill you on what you've learned?"

"No!" I cried out. As hot as it made my body, the thought terrified me. I turned away, but the image of that massive thing still seemed to echo in my brain. God, would that even fit? How good would it feel to have my gushy pussy absolutely stretched out by that thing?

"Suit yourself." She was suddenly a woman again. "I'll tell you what. Since you're being such a *good* sport, why don't I let you choose the direction things are going to go here in class today? What will today's lesson be? Bimbos, or sluts?"

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Why it's a teacher's duty, of course, to mold impressionable little minds, isn't it? And thanks to that over-eager imagination of yours, there's simply so much on my curriculum. I figured I'd start with a lesson straight from that little mind control fiction archive you visit."

My blood went cold. Of course she would know about that. And that meant... oh no.

"You can't." I gulped.

"I can." she purred. "So, what will it be?" she gave another grin like daggers. "Would you like to learn about being a braindead giggling Barbie pink bimbo girl, or would you like to learn about being a desperately horny slut, unable to resist the velvety allure of your little pink pussy?"

"Neither!" This was some kind of trick question, right?

"Listen here, you little bitch." Her teeth seemed somehow even sharper. "We have a bargain you and I. You agreed to play the game, and I agreed to make all your wildest fantasies come true. I'm giving you the chance to play along, but know that if I must force these fantasies on you to fulfill my end of the bargain? I will. Now choose one, or so help me, it will be *both*."

My heart pounded. Did I really want to want to tempt this creature?

Bimbo or a slut? It was hardly a decision. I didn't want my intelligence tampered with. I liked my smarts. I was proud of them. I was a nerd for god's sake. But what was the alternative? That I became a slut? Horny and weak against her seductions? She'd be setting me up for failure. I had to do the smart play, no matter how much it hurt.

"B-bimbo?"

"Then please," she gestured, a big self-satisfied smile across her face, suddenly devoid of all but an impish malice. "Take your seat."

I looked over at the class. All of the smoking hot schoolgirls who had been milling around earlier were now seated at little desks, their girlish bodies far too big for the little seats, but the dreamlike effect of it just exaggerated their abundant abundance. Their posture was prim and too perfect, breasts thrust out for inspection or resting on the desk before them without regard for comfort or tiring backs or indeed, gravity.

God, I'd never seen so many perfect tits in all my life.

Beneath, their legs were all spread. Some were coy and restrained, showing just a flash of thong, others were wide and whorish and begging for their dewy thongs to be seen, or, in a few cases, their total lack thereof.

Unable to move any other way, I strutted sexily over to the empty seat at the back of the class. I had a perfect view of the teacher, but just because I was playing along didn't mean I had to like it.

In an act of petty defiance, I squeezed my legs together, making sure no one could see my underwear. The tighter I pressed however, the more pressure I was putting on my pussy lips, squeezing a warm, horny pleasure through me. I caught myself letting out a soft sigh, then flushing red as I wrenched my legs open.

The creature noticed and gave me a little wink of approval. Somehow, I went even more red.

This was going to be harder than I thought.

"Alright class," the creature began, pulling down a slide board showing an image of an empty head. "Today we'll be clearing up that brain of yours. It has come to my attention that some of you naughty girls have been doing entirely too much thinking. We can't have that, can we? Good girls are blank girls. Good girls are nothing more than gleeful little giggling fuck puppets. I don't know what they've been teaching you, but the truth is that girls are only really happy when they're thinking with their pussies."

I raised an eyebrow and looked around uncomfortably. The girls were hanging on her every word, some even taking notes or murmuring in agreement.

"Miss?" I put up a hand. "This seems kind of... sexist?"

"Hey, you're the one getting off on it." She waved away the complaint, leaving me feeling guilty that I was subjecting these girls to my esoteric fetishes.

She was right, was the worst part. All this stuff was laser targeted right at my libido. Being sexist made it a thousand times hotter! Having these girls give in so eagerly to their place as giggling fuck puppets? I let out a hot breath. What good *was* a body like this besides as a sex object? Why even try to use my brain when my pussy was in such a better place to make persuasive arguments?

Softly, I spread my legs wider. A little giggle escaped my lips, I wondered if I started twiddling my pussy, would she notice?

But no. I softly scolded myself. I had to be ready for any mind control assault. I had to resist.

I kept my ears trained on her every word, focused, ready, but all she was doing was laying down some basic facts.

“Bimbo girls are glittery and girly. Obsessed with pink and cute things. Pink is the best colour. The colour of bunnies and kittens and pink pulsing pussies.”

I looked down at my sparkling gleaming pink nails and smirked at how pretty they were.

“And of course, bimbos don’t have boy hobbies like math or science. They have hobbies like makeup and shopping. Things to make you look pretty and more fuckable. Bimbos just aren’t having fun unless they’re sexy.”

More good ideas. I’d always prided myself on my programming, but I could see now what a waste of effort it was. This whole time I could have been gossiping with other girls or flirting with boys or making my tits look good. I made a note that when I was through this I would go shopping for new lipsticks.

The more she went on, the less she seemed like she was about to start implanting suggestions. I let my guard relax. Down beneath my desk I rubbed a hand idly, up and down my pussy. I was sure that half the class was doing likewise.

“Now let’s do some exercises, shall we? We’re going to unlearn some of the boring things you’ve learned and replace them with giggling and unicorns.”

She stepped up to the board and wrote out a polynomial formula. What was that all about? What did math have to do with bimbos?

Then she erased one side of the equation and drew in a heart and some bubbles.

“Now who can solve this equation?”

I put up my hand. What was that supposed to represent? Was she trying to teach us math? It was simple enough, you just had to- ?

“Yes Amber?”

I tried to say the answer, but as soon as my brain managed to get the numbers together it burst into a firework of bubbly hearts and warmth and glitter that left me no choice but to giggle.

I let out a long “Ummmmm,” pencil pressed against my thick lips. “I dunno?”

“Very good,” the creature grinned pridefully. “Who else wants to try?”

Angella raised a hand.

“Math is hard!” she tried.

“Good!”

“Remember class, the correct answer to any hard math question is to giggle and ask someone smarter than you. Like your domme or a boy.”

That didn't quite seem right.. Hadn't I known how to solve this before? I mean, of course I had been a boy, hadn't I? I tried to scan my brain for anything math related, some quick simple equations. It came easy. Obviously, the answer was to giggle then ask a boy. That's how you did math. I knew it as sure as the sky was blue or that I loved pink.

Wait...

I let out a scream.

She'd brainwashed me! I hadn't even realized. I'd somehow let something slip through. I was no better than those girls in the stories who couldn't tell there was anything wrong even as they were brainwashed into thinking sucking cock was part of saying hello.

“Is there a problem, Amber? We were just about to start the vocabulary section.”

She gestured to words on the board. She had a bunch of random words written down, longer words, polysyllabic. She crossed one of them out and I frowned. The meaning of the crossed out word suddenly seemed... *vague*. I tried to use it in a sentence but my brain just substituted 'like' or 'um' as I stumbled over the hole.

“Slut!” I cried out, panic in my eyes. All the girls turned to look at me as though I'd called their name, but it was her I was looking at. “I choose slut instead.”

I couldn't take this anymore.

“Aw,” she taunted. “Learned your lesson already, have you?”

I nodded. My head felt empty and bouncy.

“Well, that just goes to show how good of an educator, I am, because you must be totally brain-dead to think Slut will be any better. Come on up, sweetheart, for this lesson I'm going to need a volunteer.”

She snapped her fingers

- I crawled, like a good girl, up of my beautiful smart and perfect teacher, demonstrating to the whole class exactly how I wanted to be seen by them - on my knees, ass up and presented to them, giving them all kinds of ideas about what to do with me next...-

“This, class, is a slut.”

I was on the teacher's desk, on all fours, facing the wall, my ass raised and proudly pointed towards the class. She whacked my presented posterior with a pointer stick. Somewhere in the transition my thong had gone missing.

“Oooh,” came the horny gasps from the crowd.

I whimpered. She wasn’t wrong, but it wasn’t my fault! I hadn’t asked for this pussy, I hadn’t asked to be a horny tramp!

“And this,” she said, drawing her pointer stick up along my slick vulva, “is a slut’s *pussy*. Also known more scientifically as a cunt or a drooling pink fuckhole.”

There was further oohing and aahing.

“You may notice that this slut’s pussy is always wet. Now who can tell me why that is?”

“Cause it’s ready to be fucked?”

“Cause she’s always got toys in there?”

“Excellent guesses. That’s right. A slut’s pussy is always horny.” She slid a finger along my pussy lips and I trembled. “A slut’s pussy is a needy, hungry thing, begging to be played with, and licked and fingered and most desperately - fucked!”

She shoved her finger inside me as she said that. I let out a gasping moan, then flushed red at how whorish it sounded. I was humiliated, but I was also drowning in the waves of pleasure crashing through me. I’d never felt anything so deep or so perfectly targeted at all my most sensitive inner spots. I saw stars. And just when I thought that was the worst of it, she pulled her fingers out and I whimpered at the sudden *loss* of pleasure. My body - my needy cunt! - was screaming out for more. Like an itch I couldn’t scratch, like a thirst I couldn’t quench.

“See?” She licked her fingers with her long seductive tongue. “A slut is never satisfied. No matter how much they get, they always want more. Anyone who sees a slut’s pussy knows 100% that she’s begging to be touched and worked over. And sluts love to be seen because they want everybody to know.”

“It’s true,” one of the girls said. “It’s all I can think about when I look at it.”

“Right?” agreed another.

I whimpered as the creature ran a hand along my trembling body. I had been half-prepared for humiliation, but I had not known how much pleasure this was going to entail.

“Now, I’m going to have each of you come up to get a better look at it. I want you to really explore this slut’s pussy. It’s because this bitch’s pussy is so slutty that she’s top of my class. If you work hard enough and do your masturbation homework, one day you too can have a needy always-dribbling pussy just like this.”

“Oooh!” There was an enthusiastic murmur, excited giggles. Like she’d told them they could have been President some day. But beneath it was an undertone of curiosity and lust.

Giggling, all the girls in the class came up, standing around me, gawking at my cunt. Their breathing was getting heavy. I could hear their voices hitching as they whispered to one another.

“Well?” the creature prompted. “What are you waiting for? Do what comes naturally.”

I trembled as they all gasped and cooed at my pussy. You’d think just having a pussy would be humiliation enough, but this was worse. I couldn’t move, not because of the humiliation or the fear, but because if I moved, if I left, there was a chance they wouldn’t finger me senseless, and that was a thought too hard to bear.

I could feel one stepping up, staring. Her breath was growing raunchy. I could imagine her heart thumping in a schoolgirl horniness echoing my own. A dollop of slick juice dripped from my pink fuckhole in anticipation. I could feel her breath as she leaned her face in, I could hear her sniffing at it, then making an appreciative moan. I flushed the harder. Could they see how red I was? How red I felt? Finally, she reached a hand up and pressed a gentle finger against my raging clitoris.

Oh fuck me. A spray of juice rocketed out of my cunt. I was exploding.

“She’s like, sooo~ wet!” The girl giggled as she applied more pressure, then less, a subtle difference, but in my worked up state it was more than enough. It took all I had not to lean into her. To devour her whole hand in my slick hot quim.

Before long, the girl pulled back and another took her place. A line had formed, and now each of these bimbo pornstar fantasies, in their innocent little schoolgirl outfits, were taking their turns playing with my slut pussy.

One after another they came, squinting to get a better look. Some even took notes. There was poking and prodding and groping, and playful, eager fingers and hands. I’m sure in real life this would not have felt nearly so good, but here in this pornographic fantasy, even these schoolgirls’ fumbling hit with the skilled dexterity of a concerto player.

With each one they grew bolder and bolder, not just going after my pussy but groping my ass as well, or my tits. Ava, especially eager, decided she was going to have a taste, and dived, face first, into my cunt, drinking deep. The others cheered her on as I squealed and writhed. Those who had already had their turn were forming a cuddle pile, making out and keeping each other warm with their hot sapphic flesh.

Then my eyes went wide as I felt something hot and wet tonguing a very different hole.

“Miss,” a voice inquired. It was Angella. “What’s this?”

“That will be the topic of our next lesson: Butt-stuff. You see, sluts loves having all their holes filled.”

“But Miss,” the girl giggled. “That’s *dirty*.”

“Isn’t it just?”

I arched my back as a finger slid into my ass, my eyes going wide. I was about to protest, but it died on my lips. I loved it. Loved it like I loved ice cream and giggling about makeup and making out. Why had no one told me anal felt so good?

A whole new world of possibilities suddenly opened to me. I lurched back, pressing into my faux-sister's finger, trying to take more of it, the way I might lick a dollop of ice cream off my lips.

"Easy now." The creature had maneuvered in front of me. Perched on her desk on all fours, I was at a perfect height for her to put my face in between her big soft melons. Her skin was hotter and softer than anything I'd ever experienced before. She stroked my hair gently, like I was some trembling pet, but wherever her skin touched mine I was left burning in need.

"Having fun yet?" The creature whispered in my ear.

I let out a throaty cry, then a series of begging moans. I was trying so hard just to not thrust back into them. That would be too much, but I couldn't take this any more.

I compromised by just pressing back more firmly, pushing my pussy into the palm of the girl's hand. I gasped as more euphoric stars exploded in my vision.

"Aw," the creature tutted. "Don't give up too easy. Come on, you gotta give me more of a challenge than that."

I groaned and pulled away, gasping for breath. How had I let this get so out of control? How had I failed to realize I'd just been about to lose the game?

I panicked. I froze, looking around in dawning horror at the schoolgirl orgy forming around me. I had to get out of this slutty hell, rules be damned.

I tried to get up, off the table. Everybody was turning to look at me. I couldn't stand, my knees were too weak, my whole body wracked with pleasure.

"Slippery little slut isn't she?" The creature grinned and snapped her fingers.

- I crawled through the halls, fingers squelching between my fat vulva lips, too caught up in my raunchy schoolgirl passion to pay attention to where I was going, too much of a brain-dead giggly bimbo slut to care. The memories of all those other girls with their delicate hands and kissable lips, as they explored my trembling soft cunt, on an endless loop in my mind. It was there, railing myself senseless against a banister, that the Vice Principal caught me and dragged me, bodily, away. -

Another sudden shift of location. I was the Principal's office. I was waiting to be disciplined?

My expansive posterior was squeezed onto a small uncomfortable little chair as the creature sat in a domineering leather seat on the far side. Her porno teacher's outfit was all the primmer now and she was wearing glasses that complemented the look. On the wall behind her was an assortment of BDSM gear. On the desk was a pair of handcuffs and a little name plaque.

"Principal Bitchbreaker?"

She stood up, letting me see the enormous horsecock dildo strapped to her thick powerful hips.

My eyes went wide. Oh shit. I recognized this one.

How many times had I masturbated to the slutty school girl losing her anal virginity to that massive thing? And now I was the doe eyed innocent about to have my quivering little asshole brought to its limits.

“So I hear you’ve been disrupting class?” the creature spoke. “Masturbating in the halls without a pass? Have you no shame, girl? Can you not control that sloppy cunt of yours? Or do you just miss the punishment that much?”

She stepped around her desk, her strap-on bouncing and wobbling right at my eye level.

I let out another whimper.

I wanted nothing to do with this. I had to run, to get away. But when I tried to stand, tried to argue, I found I couldn’t move, I was frozen. There was a weakness in my legs and in my heart.

No, not in my heart.

In my cunt. And in my ass. My holes.

No matter how much the rest of me wanted to get out of there, my body wasn’t going anywhere. Not until it had had a taste. Not until it had been stuffed and felt this massive thing splitting me open just like the girl in the porno. It was ridiculous. What kind of a slut would actually want something like that?

Dumb question. I licked the drool from my plump cunt-sucking lips. It was me. I was that kind of slut.

I had to run, to escape, but I was losing control of my executive functions. My body refused to move unless my holes got what they wanted.

“Stand.” she commanded. My legs obeyed all too eagerly. It would have been a very precise motion if not for the way my enormous breasts bounded around after.

“Not quite what I had in mind when I suggested we fuck.” A familiar tone of mischief broke through her stern principal act. “But I suppose there’s a fetish out there for everybody. You mortals are so very creative.”

“No, please.”

“Bend over, *Slut*.” she twisted her hips and slapped me across the ass with the cock, the sheer heft of it sending me teetering forward. I found myself bent over at the waist, pussy presenting once again. “This is your punishment.” She hefted the cock in her hands like a baseball bat. “I’m going to fill that hole of yours right up till you burst “

I could picture the video in my mind. I’d seen it so many times. The curious vigour in the girl’s eyes and the stern educational nature of the older woman’s thrusts. It was a classic for a reason.

I shook my pussy at her, trying to show her how wet I was, how desperate I was to have that fill my cunt to its absolute limits. But my cunt wasn’t the main thrust of the video, was it?

Her thick cock prodded against my pussy, rocking me bodily with its crass heft, as if sniffing at it; just long enough to get the head sloppy and wet. Then she shifted her hips and I let out a cry.

My eyes went wide. This was not a gentle warm up. This was a punishment. My brain, already so giggly and pink, had what few thoughts remained driven away.

There was pain, but it was an erotic pain. The kind of pain that showed I wasn't a quitter. The kind of pain that showed I was a bad girl and I deserved this. It was stretching me, filling me up, suddenly all I could think about was how *full* I was.

"Th-that's not my pussy." I moaned, just like the girl had in the porno.

"No," she laughed. "This is so much hotter. Give up?"

"N-never!" I squirmed defiantly.

"All you have to do is take it." She chuckled. "If you can keep those little hands of yours off your clit you can avoid cumming. But be careful." She gave my ass a slap. "One wrong move and you'll be putty in my hands."

Not give in to my pussy? God, was that even possible? I looked at the clock. There was ten minutes until the next bell. Could I last that long?

But I didn't get the chance to strategize. She pulled her hips back, the whole length of her cock sliding teasingly out until it was almost at the head. I felt so empty. Then she started back in. And out. In and out, long slow strokes that only highlighted how big the horse dick was.

Soon she had established a rhythm. I arched my back as she grabbed my hair and tugged. More pain that seemed just to amplify the pleasure. This was a far cry from the gentle fingers and giggling naughtiness of the schoolgirls. She was guiding me, working my body with a skill and grace I didn't know existed. I was putty in her hands and she was treating me like the bitch I was.

The rough motion set my breasts bounding free of my scanty little top, my hot orbs of jiggling perkiness bouncing with every deep thrust she took as my swollen pink nipples begged for attention. I reached up to grope one and the sensation sent my eyes rolling up into my head.

With every smack of the phallus's horse balls, there was a slap against my vulva, shooting a fresh explosion of gooey pussy bliss through me, bouncing around my body just enough to build on the previous in an ever-escalating spiral.

It took all I had not to reach down and frig myself silly. My pussy was screaming for it, and knowing that was an option, knowing how easy it would be to reach down and work myself until I came my brains out just made it worse.

I had to figure out a way through, I had to distract myself. I gripped at the desk. My knuckles went white. I refused to shift them even an inch. But as the seconds ticked down I realized how foolish it had been. My hands were growing weak. How long had I been clinging? Barely a minute had passed.

But as I tried to adjust my grip I knew what I had to do. I waited for her to best position my body, then made a lunge, grabbing the fuzzy bondage cuffs off her desk, slamming them onto my wrists.

Real cuffs wouldn't have closed so easily like that, but we weren't in the real world were we? Here porn logic applied. The cuffs snapped shut around my hands, trapping me, and from the position I was in, bent over the desk, there was no way I could reach my pussy from here.

"Clever!" she commended. "For that I might even let you go on to the next game."

"R-really?"

"Oh yes," another slap on my red rump. "But I'm going to make you suffer first."

And she did. Now she wasn't playing to tempt. Now she was going to show me what I was missing. Her fingers found their way to my trembling pussy, and it was an electric shock travelling through me. In no time at all she had me on the edge. So close, so unbearably close.

But never quite over.

I cried and I screamed and I bucked back into her, but it was no good. She knew what she was doing.

She kept me there, moments away from divinity until the ten minutes was up.

The bell rang.

I collapsed, exhausted.

-

The next thing I knew I was groggily returning to consciousness.

I was standing in the locker room. The girl's locker room. Like everywhere else I had been today, it had that dreamlike pornographic property to it. This was not a room for legitimately changing in, was too open, too given to various voyeuristic views. Not that the girls seemed to mind. They were dancing around naked or in their underwear, still passionately horny for each other's nubile feminine bodies. It was that kind of casual and open lesbianism only seen in porn.

"Amber?" Ava bounced in front of me, her naked tits perky and luscious, their nipples as prominent as my own. "How was it?"

"W-what?"

"The Principal's strap!" she giggled. "Obviously! Did you take the whole thing?"

A strange swell of pride worked through me. I nodded softly. Everybody gasped.

"Balls deep?"

"B-balls deep." I could feel my ears turning red as I blushed.

The girls exploded into a scandal of giggling and cooing, with a few whoops and cheers in there for good measure. It was like it was impossible for these girls to think about anything else.

"Lucky!" one groaned, her fingers slipping down between her legs, a hand working her vulva as she bent over to remove her thong.

"I should get sent to the Principal's office sometime," another said, deftly giving the first a hand by bringing her soft fingers to bear. "Ooh, if we got in trouble together do you think she'd do us both at the same time?"

"Only one way to find out," a mischievous third smirked.

I took a step back and let out a hard, horny breath.

After everything that had happened, I needed a minute.

I closed my eyes and tried to tune out the giggling lesbian sluts fingering each other at just the thought of what I'd been through.

What the hell was happening to me? My brain was swimming, my body was throbbing. I was drowning in pornographic quantities of estrogen and I was having a hard time of telling where I ended and where all these fantasies began.

I mean, I was loving it. Of course I was. Sluts always love having their holes filled. I just wished she'd shoved that thing into my cunt too, or god, down my throat. How would it taste? Even now my holes felt so empty, so lonely. Like a violin no one was playing.

I made a fist so tight my nails dug in, hoping the pain would help me see through the pussy-fog. Alas, it was to no avail. It was too much. I was going crazy. I felt like I just needed one good cum to clear my boiling bimbo brain so I could think clearly again.

This wasn't me. I just had to keep reminding myself that. She's changed me. She's turned me into this. Just like I always fantasized? No. I never dreamed of being the receiver.

So why was it when I'd been faced with horny bitches I'd acted like a total submissive bottom? How come I'd let them tease me and drive me wild instead of bending them over and making */them/* cum?

"Amber?" Ava sat down on the bench next to me, pressing into me supportively, and put her hand on my shoulder. "You getting ready for practice?"

"Practice?"

I pouted. Was I a cheerleader now too? Was I going to be prancing around on the sidelines shaking my ass for everybody to see? Was I going to do complicated acrobatic displays in the air and flash everybody my gooshy puss? Everybody cheering and roaring as they all learned what kind of slut I was.

“You know, football practice? Come on, you’re the star of the team.”

“I’m what?”

I looked up to see the other girls carefully putting away their porno school-girl outfits and pulling out from their lockers porno football outfits. They were tugging tiny crop-top jerseys over their enormous melons and squeezing their big round asses into matching booty shorts. Long athletic socks completed the look, and in the back one of them was putting on eye black. On the right kind of girl it would have been a fierce look, but I don’t know if these doe-eyed blondes could quite pull off fierce.

It was like something girls wore as a gag. Was this really a thing?

But oh my god, it was a thing, wasn’t it? Sophomore year of college, Sarah Thomson had worn that to the Halloween party. I’d fapped to that for a month after.

“Come on, get changed.”

I rolled my eyes. At least it was a male role? Maybe this was a set up? Maybe I’d finally get the opportunity to fuck a cheerleader? But as I opened the locker, I saw it wasn’t going to be that easy.

Inside was an enormous dildo, done up in the school colors.

I looked around to see the other girls inserting their dildos up their butts, making sure they were firmly in place as they squeezed their booty shorts on over them. The thick phalluses were tapered and flared out at the base. Not dildos at all, but plugs? How the hell were we supposed to run with these things inside us?

But ugh, based on the faux-Nike high heels, we weren’t.

I took another breath and looked back at the soon-to-be anal intruder. I caught myself biting my lip. My heart was fluttering at the sight of it. It wasn’t even really that big, was it? Not compared to the bitch-breaker I’d had in me earlier. I tried to figure out what this emotion was? Disappointment? Was I wishing this huge thing was bigger?

Well... I licked my lips. When in Rome.

- Boobily, the team jiggled our way out onto the field, breasts bounding as we playfully slapped each other’s asses for support in a way that made us clench down on our athletic plugs all the harder. We had to move in tiny mincing strides, lest the firmness filling our aching girl-holes would press against sensitive spots, leaving us gasping and out of breath. -

I was suddenly standing on the football field.

I looked around at my fellow footballers. I didn’t know why our tall black stilettos weren’t digging into the grass, but I guess that must have been part of the magic. There was a fog on the ground, like something out of a movie, but through the ethereal haze I could just make out a crowd. I had to stop

myself from bending over and flashing them my eager pussy. Having something up my ass was making my already typically moist cunt positively gush.

There was no one else on the field? Where was the other team?

Girly bubblegum rock started to play. I looked over to see a commotion over at the tunnel. Out of it was emerging the cheer team. All those innocent little schoolgirls from before were now squeezed into a cartoonish parody of a cheer outfit. Honestly it didn't look that much different from our football jerseys, except their little halter tops had a cleavage window cut into them and they were wearing skirts instead of booty shorts. They were each holding cute little pink ponpons.

The difference, I suppose, was they'd gone all out with the makeup and the hair. Any hint of schoolgirl innocence was gone. These were bimbos on the prowl, and there was something about the hunger in their eyes that sent a shiver through me. These girls could pull off fierce.

Briefly I wondered how I would look in a skirt like that, but I shook my head. This was it. A chance to assert my masculinity. I was going to fuck a cheerleader. That was the game, right? I had to make their slutty pussies cum before they could make my slutty pussy cum? Knowing how my fantasy played out, that shouldn't be any problem at all. Footballer on Cheerleader. The foundation of any healthy adolescence, am I right?

Even if - I squeezed my ass muscles around the dildo inside me - I was going in with a handicap.

But then the smoke cleared and I could see the rest of them.

Dangling between their legs were the second-biggest dicks I'd ever seen. These girls were packing. Some were strap-ons, some were somehow very real. All were big and imposing and looked just the right size to absolutely wreck my pussy.

The cheer team was looking at us hungrily. Predators posturing. The girls around me cooed like lambs.

"This isn't how that fantasy goes!" I cried in mute protest.

"Oh, no," said the creature, stepping forth. She was wearing that extra little flair that denoted cheer captain. "This is way more fun!"

I whimpered.

"Ready?" she cried.

"Okay!" the rest echoed.

No. No I was not.

What followed was a rush of female flesh bounding towards me, braless breasts bouncing with reckless abandon as the cheerleading team rushed towards us like charging linebackers.

I tried to stand my ground, to remember what I was here fighting for, but it all suddenly seemed so pointless. Why was I trying to *not* get fucked?

All around me, girls collided, but with none of the violence physics would normally suggest. Instead bounding breasts clashed against barreling bodies as the cheer-girls pulled my fellow lambs into firm and sensual embraces. Ruby red lips claimed their victory, starting at the mouth and working their way down, hands stripping away their little booty shorts to get to the wet prize beneath.

The girls cried in a cute needy crescendo. It didn't take long for the cheer-girls to get on to the main course.

I felt my legs go weak as I saw the first strap on find its way into Ava's pussy. The heft of it knocked the wind out of her, leaving her a twitching mess.

Footballer on Cheerleader. A match made in heaven.

I stumbled away. The rest of the girls had absorbed most of the initial charge, leaving me in a perfect position to witness the orgiastic events now unfolding. But I couldn't just stand here and watch, could I? I turned to run, but each step brought a gasp of pleasure from the big hard dick inside me.

All my life I'd fantasized about a cheerleader orgy, and this is how it was going to happen? Some girl's big school-coloured strap-on shoved into my pussy while another fed me her futa cock down my throat and the creature, if I was lucky, made me bounce on her enormous supernaturally hard rod?

Was this my life now? One fruitless flare of hope after another? Always struggling to get away from the edge, only to find myself closer and closer?

So help me, I ran. I ran through the pleasure and the weakness of my girly knees. Though in this girly body and in these heels, it was a trotting, emasculating affair, my great big breasts bouncing so wildly they threatened to jumped out of my top again. I ran nonetheless.

The crowd cheered. I could hear others running behind me. I glanced back to see that everybody, cheerleader and footballers alike, were chasing after me. Hands at the ready to grope and finger, to caress and plunge and explore.

I must have left a trail of pussy juice the whole way. If this was a cartoon they'd have slipped on it.

And of course, the crowd was going absolutely wild.

My heart pounded. I was surprised how athletic this body was. I guess my nerdy original body had never been one for sports. I guess you couldn't have a body that could carry out every carnal fantasy unless it was able to really give one hell of a performance.

But the wolves were closing in. I took a furious leap forward, hoping to clear the end zone, as though that meant anything.

There was a hand at my heel. I was pulled back by the strong firm grip of a cheerleader, reminded exactly how light I was, how easily it was to pick me up and spin me around. Fumbling hands stripped my booty shorts off in one deft motion, leaving me naked on the grass, pussy and plug exposed to the world.

I tried to escape, tried to cry out “no,” tried to resist. But I didn’t have the heart. Not when there was a girl here who was going to give me what my slut cunt had been craving all day.

I giggled. She’d caught me fair and square.

I turned to face the girl. It was the one from outside the school who had said she wanted me to ride her face until she was dripping in cum. Now was her chance. I raised my hips, wiggling my salivating cunt in her direction. Come on girl, take a bite.

But she didn’t.

Everybody was gathered around me expectantly.

“Please...” I whispered.

“What’s that?” the creature’s voice was in my ear.

The girl pressed her body into mine, the rigidity of her nipples rubbing against the firmness of my own, diamond-hard strawberries rubbing under our shirts.

“Please fuck me.” I begged. “Please touch me and rub me and put your hands all along my body. Please, shove your face in my overflowing cunt until I’ve drenched your top, then fill my pussy with your strap-on.” I spun around so I was ass-up face down, ass and pussy spread for all to see. “Please!” I begged harder. “Fill my every hole. All of you! Put your hands on my sensitive, aching body and squeeze my big bimbo tits and fuck my girl pussy until I scream and scream and scream and never stop cumming.”

“Well,” grinned the creature. “You heard the girl. Are you sure? You don’t want to lose the game so soon do you?”

“I don’t care!” I screamed, bringing my hands down petulantly against the oh-so-soft grass. “I don’t care any more. I give up! Just fuck me already!”

And, god help me, they obliged.

Dozens of hands and fingers were on me. Soft breasts and muscular thighs, girl-dicks and strap-ons and I was pretty sure some of the footballers who weren’t surrendering themselves to the cheer squad’s tender lips were rubbing their pussies on me. The soft squidging of gooshy cunts echoed in my ears. All my girlish fantasies got fulfilled as the girls wrestled each other for the next shot at a chance to fuck my slutty hole. At this point I wasn’t the athlete. I was the prize.

Of courses, There was no way this girl pile could have ever realistically happened, but we weren’t aiming for realism, were we? Every thrust was perfectly lined up to bring maximum pleasure, each bounce and squeeze and giggle and moan was pornographic perfection.

Somewhere in the background, the crowd was cheering. Could they see what a good slut I was being? Could they see how wet I was? Maybe if I surrendered hard enough, the crowds would empty and they'd all come get a slice.

And as the pleasure amped up, as the fire which had been burning within me was fed, I didn't struggle. I didn't resist or fight against it. I could see the swelling peak of orgasm coming and I doubled down all the harder to get there.

I lost myself in the lesbian press of a dozen bodies all focused on making me feel good. Nothing in my whole life had prepared me for the body-wracking pleasure coursing through me.

It was everything I could have dreamed of and more.

I came so hard I saw the face of god.

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Then, abruptly. It stopped.

I was standing again in the basement, the circle of salt before me. The creature stood within, though something told me she was just there to be polite.

I blinked in confusion. The euphoric sexual bliss I'd been feeling had abruptly stopped. Not even any residual hormones were lingering in my brain. It was like none of that had even happened.

I was a guy again?

I looked down. It felt so *wrong*. All of the keening eroticism that had been flooding into me had all abated. I tore at my shirt to fondle my sensitive titties, but only unresponsive boy flesh greeted me, as numb as a deaf ear.

Oh no. Was my pussy was gone? My gooshy slutty cunt? That little pocket of pleasure that I never wanted to stop playing with?

I reached a hand down my boring boy clothes and was greeted by the barely sensate lump that was my dick. I let out a breath. But I was confused. If my slutty pink fuckhole was gone, did this mean I was free of whatever brainwashing she had done to me? No longer haunted by insatiable urges or bimbo thoughts? I tried to work up the enthusiasm to do some math in my head, but what was the point?

Had all that been.... What, a dream? A fantasy? Why wasn't I more excited by that?

"And you call yourself a man!" The creature spat at me.

"W-what?" I held up my hands in surrender.

"Six hours!" she screamed, any pretense of her being anything human lost in her fury. "That's all you could endure!?" Her horns were growing long and rolling, her eyes aflame, a sheath of heat blasting around her. Somehow she was still painfully beautiful, even in her wrath. "I wanted a week! That was the

game. That was the deal! One measly fucking week. You didn't even last a day! Do you have any idea how long I've had to wait for this? Do you have any idea how *boring* eternity is?"

I cowered before her.

"Fine." She sighed. She reached out and grabbed me by the head, shoving my face into her pussy. The touch of her was the tingle of some exotic spice, it was like I'd lit myself on fire, with none of the pain. "You want to get laid. Let's go. You lost, bitch. Now you're mine, to do with as I please. Maybe you'll worth a few measly more minutes of my time."

I felt hands all over my body, lifting me up, folding my hands behind my back to restrain me as they lifted me off the floor.

"A-are you going to eat my soul?"

"Your soul?" she laughed. "You have far more urgent matters to deal with. I'm going to pull the breath from your body. I'm going to wring out every ounce of your essence. Look, you barely gave me any fun at all. But you played along and that's something, so I'm going to do you a small favor at least and not flay you alive first."

"Wait." I whimpered, brain racing to find some way, any way, out of this.

"Oh, here it comes. The begging, the pleading for a second chance. Do you really think there's anything you can say that will change my mind on this matter?"

Wait, that was it!

"Best two out of three?"

"What?" Her fury froze in confusion.

"Best two out of three!" I repeated, with more confidence this time. "The game. Round 2. Double or nothing?"

"What did I just say about second chances?" Her eyes flared. "As though you'd do any better this time around."

"No." I wriggled dramatically against my supernatural bondage. "I won't. You said it yourself; I'm barely a man at all. I'll be a gooey slutty mess in no time at all. Come on, you said you have a whole week of..." I arched my back. "Of *fun*. Why let that go to waste?"

"And when I win again?"

"Three out of five. Five out of nine. Seven out of nine? You could be tormenting me for weeks... months... hell, I could be your plaything, your toy - for *years*. You can't tell me that's better than an eternity of boredom."

She blinked, processing what I was trying to lay down.

Then, god help me, she laughed.

“Are you really so craven, you’d spend your whole life as my mewling cunt-tart, rather than face my wrath here and die fucking?”

“Look.” I flushed, despite everything. “I don’t know if you know this, but I spend a lot of time jacking off. Being a girl - being a total slutty-slut hoe? Absolutely worth it if it means I get to cum like that.”

She raised an eyebrow.

“Wait.” I paused and narrowed my eyes. “That isn’t you fucking with my brain is it? Are those slut lessons still in effect?”

“They aren’t. This is a revelation on your part, nothing more. The women in your fantasies always seemed to enjoy themselves so.”

“Then let’s play again. You’re bored? I’m horny and lonely. Maybe we don’t have to be. Let’s come together on this. Friends?”

“Friends?” She frowned. It was the first time I’d had her off guard. “Those are dangerous words to say to one such as myself, mortal.”

“I don’t care. I think we can both get what we want this way. Even if it means trying new things.”

“You really aren’t a real man, are you?”

“For you?” I smirked. “I’m whatever you want me to be.”

It continued to hang in the air as she took a few moments to consider the offer.

“Very well.” She gave me a fresh razor-lined grin. “Best two out of three.” She licked my cheek again and I could feel my body changing. “Enjoy your new life, slut.”

Everything went once more dark.

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“Big sis?”

I woke up, with a scream of pleasure on my lips. I was gasping for breath. I was back in my big pink fluffy bed, horny as ever, a hand buried softly between my pussy lips, hips gently rocking.

It worked! I was back!

I reached up to grope at my tits and mewled at the lewd wash of pleasure that flooded through me. That was more like it. What a horrible nightmare being a guy again had been.

“Having fun dreams again, big sis? You’re always so worked up on the weekend.” Angella teased. “Want me to help get your mind off it?”

“You know what?” I ran a hand down Angella’s cheek, then put a finger to her plump innocent lips. “I think that would be real nice.”

She grinned eagerly and dove into the bed with me.

Twenty pseudo-incestuous makey-outy minutes later, we were skipping hand in hand down to the kitchen, our breasts bounding boobily with each step. There, standing at the fryer, pan in hand and wearing nothing but a pink apron that could do little to hide her curves, was the creature, in her older, bustier, MILF form.

“About time you two are up,” she said, flipping a pancake. “Breakfast is ready. You two aren’t going anywhere until you two have had a taste of my cakes.”

“Ooh, yes mommy!” Angella giggled.

“Now then.” She set the pancakes down on the plate and pulled the apron aside to reveal her preternaturally tight pussy. “Who wants some cream?”

And we lived happily ever after, and were never lonely again.

The End.