



Media Mischief
- A Futa Filled Reality Bending Commission -
= Part 1 of 2 =
By Razmagurk

“Okay, wait, hold on,” I said, letting the quotation marks around my words fall away. Let me just put on my authorial voice. Am I narrating okay? Maybe a test is in order...

In the beginning there wasn’t much, and I moved across the face of the boredom and I saw that it could be better. And I said “Let there be dicks.” And there were dicks. And the dicks were so damn *good*.

What, you don’t like it? Too derivative? Too dramatic? These stories have to start somewhere don’t they? What better place than at the beginning? Well, okay, not the real beginning, even I haven’t been bold enough to do that. Yet. But just imagine changing a few words in the dusty old bible? Seeing the way the nuns now parade around in bikinis, knowing it’s their sacred duty to flaunt those hot horny tits of theirs? Yes please! It’s almost enough to make even a bad girl like me want to go to church.

I wonder what would happen if I gave Eve a truly herculean cock? Bone of my bone, indeed. No fig leaf would be covering that up, that’s for sure. And god knows how much I love getting off to girls with dicks. Expect a lot of that, dear reader.

But retroactively fetishizing the bible would have to wait. That wasn’t important right now. What was important, was I was horny. Again. Still. Always. And when you can do what I can do, simple porn doesn’t exactly pass the muster. For today’s fap fuel I had something very special in mind: Mrs. Collins.

Ah, Mrs. Collins. She was like something out of a fairy tale. A big-titty fairy tale. Oh, maybe that would be a better way to start things off...

Once upon a time there was a Milf.

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Once upon a time there was a MILF, and that MILF’s name was Mrs. Collins. She lived in a big house in a suburb in Toronto, and in that house magic was about to happen.

To any passerby, peering in through the great big windows from the suburban sidewalk, Mrs. Collins’s living room was an open and contemporary space, well equipped with just enough class to lord Mr. Collins’s high profile job over the neighbors. Not that he was ever around to enjoy it, and with him out of the picture, his poor wife was left to spend her afternoons bored and alone.

Lucky for all us who had to walk by her house on the regular, she was always finding some fun way to pass the time.

Today was yoga day. That blessed day where those of us spying in from that window would be able to catch fleeting glimpses of her as she bent and twisted her trim body, her yoga gear clinging so salaciously to her prominent curves. Through the break in the closed blinds, and through the clutter of decor, she

could just barely be seen, watching the yoga routine on TV and imitating it. It wasn't much, but that that voyeuristic little peek was enough to inflame the imagination of any confused young girls walking past who may have been struggling to come to terms with their sexuality, who have been crushing on their best friend's mom all the way through high school. You get the idea. Oh Mrs. Collins, you tease!

No, no, no. Hold on. No need to remain so grounded, is there? We can do better than that.

Mrs. Collins stretched and twisted in her big open living room, the curtains of the huge floor-to-ceiling bay windows flung open to showcase the living room, all of the furniture artfully arranged to best draw the eye of any hungry voyeurs to the woman's form.

There we go. Now we're talking.

She lay prone on her yoga mat, belly down, back arching up as she stretched in cobra pose. The arc and pull of her stretching body rose her up but her great big breasts were so big they remained touching the floor. She was facing right towards me - I mean, she was facing right to the window, giving it a long lurid view of her bounteous cleavage.

She paused and looked uncertainly through the window. I had a moment of panic. Uh - She had no reason to look through the window! Of course the blinds were open. She always left the blinds open. There definitely wasn't a naked girl masturbating out there. Even if there was she wouldn't care. Oh, let's double down on that. She loved the idea of being watched. She was such a tease, she wanted people to look! Why else would her house be arranged like this? She wanted to display her body to everybody who looked. She had dirty little panty-drenching fantasies about all her neighbors lusting after her body.

She smiled naughtily and turned her attention back to the TV. She rose up onto her hands and knees, following the guidance of the blonde girls half her age on screen in front of her. She started to arch her back up and down as she went from cat to cow pose and back. Her huge MILFy hooters now hung down beneath her as she wiggled her thick ass for all to see.

Yeah, just like that. There was a salacious hint to her routine now, adjusting her angles to better showcase her body.

And oh what a body! There was a tightness to it that belied her age, a beauty that her maturity only added to. Sure, there was sternness in the wrinkle in her eye, and her bitchy attitude was clear from a glare, but didn't that just scream out that she secretly longed to be put in her place?

Mrs. Collins hated it when you called her a MILF. She said it was rude and offensive. She said young ladies like me should have more respect. But I was just telling it like it was. It wasn't just me who wanted to fuck her, no she was the Mother EVERYONE Loved to Fuck.

Mr. Collins had no idea what he was missing by working late every night. What could be more important than this? But no, he had to spend all his time sucking dick at the dick sucking factory if he was going to keep his smolderingly hot wife in a nice comfortable home. He never had any time for her. I could see how lonely that made her, how self-conscious.

The poor thing! She must have been so horny and pent up. If only he knew she was working this hard for him, to keep him enticed, to keep him interested. She tried so hard to be sensual for him, even if, every day when he got home late, he had nothing left to give his poor horny wife.

That left the poor girl all the hotter. Oh well. More for me.

Outside, passersby stopped to take a better look, dicks getting hard at the sight of her. They were unable to believe their luck. Katie the dog walker was being especially bold, pressing her nose right against the glass, her entire herd of dogs milling about confused.

Mrs. Collins didn't mind one bit. She pretended she didn't see them there even as she shifted her body to give them a better show, like the dirty tease she was.

God, what a body. She had the kind of tits you could bury yourself in and never need to breathe again. These were the kind of tits people fought wars over. They were really fucking huge, is what I'm trying to get across. Bigger than I remembered, even. Had her size always been like that, or were they being warped by my skewed narration? I don't doubt it. But god, that just made it all the hotter.

And right now they were perfectly presented by her yoga gear, which, great as it was, we could narrate better. It wasn't just any yoga gear. She wore skin-tight wonders of science that lifted and enhanced her curvaceous figure, that drew complete attention to her breasts and thighs and her great big butt. It left nothing to the imagination, with each boob individually supported and every curve and bulge displayed, right down to the swell of her MILF pussy and her fat and increasingly hard nipples.

Now we're talking. How long had I dreamed of this?

Every day she did her yoga routine on local channel 4. While her adult son sat upstairs on his computer. He didn't know what he was missing. The exercise kept her firm and fit, flexible. It did more than that though. There were side effects to yoga. It made girls hot and horny, both those doing it and those watching it. Everybody knows that. Suburban house-moms especially so.

Mrs. Collins's nipples began to stiffen harder as she stretched and posed. She wasn't alone. The girls on the yoga video on the TV looked like they could poke an eye out with theirs. Their grunts and groans had such a beautiful carnal hitch to it. The guys in the video were doing their best to ignore the great big stiffies.

I turned my attention closer to the TV broadcast, surrounding myself with the scene of it. There were a gaggle of maybe a dozen moderately attractive fitness models posing and flexing, their moves being directed out to women like Mrs. Collins across the province. Though if yoga really was the new hot thing, pardon the pun, I'm sure there were lots of guys and girls jacking off to it as well.

"And now we're moving on to Warrior 2!" said the all-too athletic blonde leading the routine. She was brimming with such confidence you could almost miss the damp spot forming on her crotch. She pointed her hands forward and backwards as she leaned into a lunge. Caught up in the narrative, I followed along with the action — big mistake. Unlike these fake-ass skinny bitches I didn't have nearly the flexibility for it. The model beside me almost crashed into me.

Okay, now they were asking for it. The lights in the studio seemed to dim just a bit, like a flash of reverse lightning as I unleashed my wrath.

“Come on ladies, lean into it!” the girl enthused. “Now high lunge, stretch through your chest!”

She raised her arms up above her head then struggled to balance. Her melony breasts, larger than her head, were simply too big. They were almost as big as Mrs. Collins’s. The athletic blonde couldn’t counterbalance them. What had made a girl as busty as her decide to do this? Every new pose just sent her hooters heaving harder and she was so horny it was driving her crazy.

Behind her, the rest of the class was following suit, now each just as busty, men and women alike, all struggling to not fall over from their truly formidable assets. Yoga made your tits bigger. Everybody knew that. And they’d done a lot of yoga in their time.

Serves them right. Anybody as fit as that had it coming.

I blinked, and the perspective shifted back to Mrs. Collins, her already huge tits swollen even bigger by the exercise. Whoops. I’d forgotten that she too had done a lot of yoga over the years.

Mrs Collins’s huge knockers bounced around as she continued her workout. She was even copying the yoga instructors flailing attempts to balance herself. Her boobs were pendulous, and every motion sent them jiggling. They were unrestrained beneath her skimpy yoga gear, no workout bra would fit her monsters. Oh, even better, no shirt could restrain them - that’s why they were swinging around naked for all to see as she continued her topless yoga routine.

Hot damn!

She waved her fat ass back and forth as she crossed her arms beneath her tits and hoisted them up. Then she did the uh, whichever pose it is that causes you to stick your ass out for the world to see, to twerk it right before me - I mean, to twerk it to where a voyeur might have been standing, fingers buried in her pussy, if one had wanted a perfect view.

That’s it! Shake that body!

It was about then that I realized I’d gotten distracted. What had I come here to do again?

Oh, right.

I was horny. And I was here to punish this woman.

That was hot, right? Sexy? Sexually humiliating this woman who had given me so much trouble over the years? Reducing this prim and proper bitch who had never shown my horny adolescent brain an ounce of sympathy into a... quivering pile of needy MILF flesh. Mmm, yeah, that’s the stuff.

But then I watched her struggle through a series of increasingly lewd poses. Without anything to hold her mammoth MILF milkers back, she was straining to balance herself, and she was getting so turned on watching the yoga girls in front of her, and doing it herself that there was already a dark patch on her yoga pants, as though soaking your panties was one of the steps of the routine.

I'd done enough already, hadn't I? Maybe I should be the better person and just let her be.

Pfft. Yeah, right.

She had always been so quick to go off on me for showing even the smallest ounce of desire. She'd lectured me and berated me about unladylike behavior. As though a slut like her had any right, given the way she wiggled that body of hers around the neighborhood. I guess either way, the joke was on her. She didn't know how hot the thought of being punished by her was, of how often I'd gotten off to the idea of her bending me over and spanking me raw like the kinky bitch I was.

Her pussy dampened even more as she and I shared that little fantasy.

But no, I was here to punish her. She thought she could tell me off for telling it like it was! As though anyone could blame me for gooning to pictures of her in that spandex, or those shots I'd gotten of her sunbathing in the backyard! I wasn't a voyeur! I was a connoisseur!

Well, it was time to repay the favour. Let's see how elegant and ladylike she was when I was through with her.

The TV grew just a bit brighter as I redirected my focus to it. The camera pulling out to get a good wide shot.

"Alright girls!" the bouncing yoga bimbo beamed. "Time for your favorite part of the routine. Ladies - whip those dicks out!"

The busty bitch on TV reached down to grab the hem of her tight pants and pulled the snug fabric down to reveal the hefty cock and balls restrained beneath. It was almost cartoonish — nothing that thick could have been restrained by anything that tight.

Behind her, the other girls followed suit, giving a cheer and a sigh of relief as their massive schlongs, rock hard and throbbing, slipped free for the world to see. The guys, with their more realistically sized dicks, gave a poorer showing, but at least their horny members were finally free.

I turned my eager attention back to Mrs. Collins.

"That time already?" she sighed, flushed and out of breath from shaking her body so lewdly for a hypothetical pervert. She reached down, grabbing her waistband tightly. Her crotch was bulging so intently it snaked all the way down to her knee. There was definitely something monstrous beneath the surface of her pants. She tugged her yoga pants down, pulling and yanking, trying to get the far-too-constraining material down, but it was too tight. It took several determined yanks before finally - SMACK!

Mrs. Collins's futa MILF monster cock sprung up with such force that it slapped my all-too-close face firmly in the cheek. The force of the blow was so hard it sent me tumbling. Goddamn.

"What was that?" she looked around.

"Nothing!" I cried.

“Who’s there?” she yelped, one hand crossing her breasts and her dick with the other, as though a hand would be nearly enough in either case.

“No one!” I cried out louder, “Trying to switch to my author voice.” Shit, hold on. There we go. No one was there. That didn’t happen. Everything is fine! Go back to your yoga. She went back to her yoga.

Internally, I gave a sigh of relief. That was a close one.

Properly ret-conned, Mrs. Collins went back to her yoga. Now in addition to her enormous MILF titties she had an enormous MILF dick to contend with as well, not to mention her heaving MILF balls, hypnotically bouncing and slapping around unrestrained. Was that the true meaning of MILF. Mother Is Lusty Futa? Mother Is Long-dicked Futa? I’d workshop it later. Right now I was still rubbing my cheek. God, the memory of getting cockslapped by her extra-large lady dick would fuel my horny dreams for weeks.

The thing was enormous. It would have been down to her knee if it was soft, but soft it was not. She tried to adjust it as she shifted into tree pose, per the example on TV, gently lifting her balls so she didn’t kick them while she went. Her dick was so damn big and absurdly sexual that it ruined every pose. Her curvaceous silhouette was now something out of my hentais.

Not so ladylike now, are you, bitch? All of her grace and elegance and her bitchy attitude would be stymied by her undeniably cartoonish mom boner. She’d always been so horny and alone, she’d always denied that part of herself, now she had a body that was only good for one thing.

My masturbatory efforts intensified as I worked my pussy for all it was worth. The thought of her struggling with it made it so much hotter! She’d had to fight it constantly, banging into plates and tripping over furniture, having it thump under the table whenever she sat down at one, or tripping over her own boner after failing to stuff it down her pants leg. It was impossible to conceal, impossible to control. And everybody looking at it would know exactly what kind of person she now was.

Not that she wanted to conceal it. She turned to surreptitiously present her cock to the gathering crowd of faces plastered to the window. Several had their phones out and were filming to fap to later. Others hadn’t bothered to wait at all, they were all working their dicks like crazy, men and women alike. Katie the dog walker was being especially bold, her skirt raised so she could press her 9-inch member right up against the glass.

Mrs. Collins took a step back on her mat, holding her cock at bay by crooking it in one elbow as she rubbed at her pendulous balls, then, holding it like a bat before her, she turned her attention back to the TV. They were just finishing Tree pose and were moving on to -

“Fap pose!” said the perky girl, grabbing her meaty cock with both hands, “Give a good squeeze to what your mama gave you.” She clasped as much of her hand around her dick as she could. Mrs. Collins followed suit, but her dick was so big and unwieldy that even if she’d used both hands she wouldn’t have been able to link fingers. She had to really stretch her fingers to get them to touch.

“Good!” the perky girl winked. “Now baseball bat pose!”

She shifted one hand over the other, but the thing still defied her grip.

“Now inhale, running your hands to the top of your cock, and exhale, squeezing the tip and rubbing it back down to the base. Reach with those fingers ladies! Now if you’re really advanced, try giving it a gentle thrust with your hips to complement the motion. In, out! Mmm...” she demonstrated. “Good!”

My schlicking intensified as I watched Mrs. Collins working her junk like all my dirtiest fantasies come to life. I was getting close to cumming, and so was she. She didn’t even know her cockhead was mere inches from my face, that if she went over the edge now, she’d blast me with baby batter. I could literally smell the precum beading up on the head. God, this was so hot.

“Remember to breathe ladies!” came the voice from the television.

Mrs. Collins let out a stiff, hitched sigh. It was so close to me it was driving me wild. I fingered my pussy with reckless abandon. I just needed something to push me over that last edge!

“Now we’re going to switch things up a little. Let’s have you lying down your back, hips raised in the air in a bridge. You’re going to tighten your core and thrust with your hips! Really let your dick run down the length of your body. You want to keep your back straight and you want that dick lined up with your mouth.”

Here Mrs. Collins. had no trouble, her dick was long enough that the position brought it right up against her face, pressing past her breasts, which she pushed together around it, the precum that was dribbling smearing all over her MILFy face.

Ladies and gentlemen, is there anything more beautiful in this world than auto-fellatio?

“Now stick out your tongue and - “

The doorbell rang.

“Oh come on!” I cried out. I was so close!

“Huh?” Mrs. Collins looked around confused.

“Uh. Nothing. It’s nobody.” I said, concentrating.

Dick swinging too and fro, Mrs. Collins minced over to the door, her cartoonish cock bounding and swinging so heavily in front of her she knocked over the coat rack.

Standing at the door there were a pair of missionaries.

Really? I fumed. That’s what this was about? That’s what had interrupted my fap session?

They stared, slack jawed at the topless futa fertility goddess before them, unable to take their eyes off her sizeable pecker. What? Hadn’t they ever seen a girl doing yoga before?

Actually, that was a good line...

"What?" asked Mrs. Collins in her stern sultry voice. She raised a smouldering eyebrow. "Haven't you ever seen a girl doing yoga before?" Her dick pulsed at the thought of these people watching her body on lusty display. "Would you like to?"

"We're wondering if you have a few moments to talk." The one on the left asked. I decided his name would be Limp-Dick. Limp-Dick had taken one look at Mrs. Collins. and remembered that it was entirely normal for housewives to answer the door practically naked and with aching hard cocks in this day and age. He should be lucky, dammit, that he had such a good view of such an impressive specimen. Wasn't that why the church had sent them out door to door? Wasn't that why god had put him on this earth? To get fucked by horny housewives?

"We're doing services for the community," the one who wasn't Limp-Dick finally said, with only minimal nudging from the narrator. I decided his name was Cunt-slurper. "Is there anything you need help with?"

"I'm sorry, I'm in the middle of the yoga routine right now, I really should be getting back. But oh," her dick twitched and her lips curled. "Maybe I could get your help with some of these later poses? They always require a group or a partner. Normally I call down Conner to help, but if you fine boys wanted to do me a service..." she purred like a porn actress. "I could make you some tea after and we could have a lovely chat. If you're still interested."

The two exchanged a look, unsure if this was some kind of sin or not. It was, I decided, but only in the way that made it all that much hotter.

"We'd be honoured to lend you a hand Ma'am," Cunt-slurper said.

"So what are these yoga poses you're struggling with?" Limp-Dick said as they entered.

"Well one is called the pussy pounder." Mrs. Collins clapped a possessive hand on Limp-Dick's ass. "The other is the bitch breaker."

The two missionaries exchanged a look. How fortuitous that the two of them had been blessed with pussies instead of dicks. Insatiable pussies. Pussies that needed to take big fat cock as often as possible. Their vows practically demanded they use their blessings for the good of the community. They were the perfect two people to help this MILF out with her problem. It's almost as if they were sent by a higher power. They were eager, but also trepidatious. A cock as big as hers wasn't going to go down easy.

Was this a test of their faith? Sure. Let's go with that. If they did good maybe I or some other higher power would reward them.

Boypussy, fuck that's hot. Lots of the boys Mrs. Collins ran into had pussies like that, I was sure. It was just the way she liked them.

The two nodded and she brought them inside. From outside the window a dozen faces now peered in, all jacking each other off in orgasmic mutual masturbation. Katie the dog walker was being especially bold, getting pounded from behind as she leaned right up against the glass.

"See?" Mrs. Collins gestured towards the image of the yoga girls frozen mid-fuck on the TV and waved her cock back and forth between the two missionaries. "I hope you two are good and flexible. That's one of the great things about yoga. It's always such a good -" she slapped her cock against her hand like a club. "- stretch."

But before we could get to the good part, the TV shifted. The bodacious yoga girls were gone.

"We interrupt this program show for a late breaking news."

The hell?

A pair of news anchors sat behind a desk, serious looks on their faces.

"Officials from the Federal Office of Existential Stability have just released a class-C warning for the greater Toronto area this morning," the man began. "A reality shifter is thought to be on the loose. The public is being urged to contact officials if they notice anything strange or unreal." A number flashed in the lower third.

The office of what? There was an icon of a grey circle with the letters FOES under it. I was being chased by FOES? Why couldn't I be chased by BITCHES instead?

"Well if the Bureau of International Temporal Changes and Harassment of Existential Stability thinks so, I suppose we should keep an eye out, but something strange? Around here."" Said the co-anchor, pulling open her blouse and letting her braless breasts bounce free. "Perish the thought. The only thing unreal I'm seeing is how perky my slutty titties are!"

Had someone noticed what I'd been doing? How? Was this some kind of joke? What did they intend to do, hunt me down? I'd like to see them fucking try. Was this some kind of scare tactic? Well it wasn't going to work!

"Nonetheless, viewers are being asked to stay indoors until the situation is resolved," said the anchor. "We'll have more on the situation as it develops."

"Much like this boner I'm developing for you, Tom," the co-anchor said, lifting her skirt to reveal a stately and throbbing lady schlong. "The only 'Bitch' I want to see is you taking this doggy style while Kelly the weather girl tells us about the heatwave in her pussy. Full story tonight at 6 and 11."

"We now return you," said the anchor, as he fell to his knees and began worshipping his co-anchor's dick, not giving up his professionalism for even a moment, even as his lips smacked and slurped at that throbbing lady meat. "To your previously scheduled fap fuel."

Department of Existential Instability? A shiver ran through me. That shit wasn't real, was it?

The news cut out, the TV returning to the world's most pornographic workout routine, frozen on a particularly juicy frame. No one in the room acknowledge that had just happened. Had they forgotten it entirely? This was too weird, like they hadn't noticed anything strange at all. Like the report was directed right at me.

God, what a boner killer. All my hard work and momentum, gone, just like that.

I sighed in frustration, luckily they were too distracted with each other to notice me huffing. This fucking sucked. I'd been so close and now I'd fallen off. Why was I like this? I got so easily distracted. And when I turned my attention back it just wasn't the same. I was going to have to start all over again.

I'd really been looking forward to this, too. I'd seen Mrs. Collins walking down the street the other night as I darted out the front door to grab my delivery from the porch. She'd turned and looked at me in horror. No not horror, worse. Pity. Stupid stuck up bitch! She wasn't so high and mighty now, was she?

Somehow, she had been looking hotter than ever, while I had gotten... well. She reminding me of how much of a crush little baby me had had on her, how many times I'd schlicked to those fat mommy tits of hers, how many times I'd snuck into her bushes, wishing she'd discover me so she could bend me over and spank me. I was half convinced the only reason I spent any time with Conner was to be near her. This was almost like a homecoming, really.

I looked at Limp-dick desperately trying to squeeze his cunt around Mrs. Collins's cock, hoping for a return of the arousal I'd been drowning myself in moments before, but it was no good. The moment had passed. Now all I had was the woman's look of pity playing in my head.

I sighed, metaphorically. Maybe there was something else around here I could get off to? Where else was I going to find this level of quality mischief at this hour?

There was a loud thump from upstairs.

Oh, of course. Mr. Collins wasn't home, but their son was. Oh yeah, this could be good.

Quietly, I walked up the stairs to - I mean, uh, gradually the scene shifts to the source of the noise.

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In that quiet suburban house where the magic was happening there was a boy's room. You can tell it was a boy's room because there was trash strewn everywhere and titty posters plastered the walls, most of them scantily clad anime babes. The room reeked of boy sweat and masturbation (and not even in the good way), as further explained by the bin full of spunk-filled tissues near the desk.

Was this room always this filthy, or had he been making an effort to keep it tidy when previously I'd been here? Maybe poor Conner had fallen further than I'd imagined.

Conner was Mrs. Collins's loser adult son. You know it must be bad if I of all people was calling him a loser, but he was still living in her house all these years after we'd graduated. Even I'd managed to escape that fate, though hell, if I'd been living in the same house as MILFzilla down there you wouldn't be able to pry me away with a crowbar.

Actually, that's not a bad idea. Briefly I entertained the idea of becoming Conner for a day and enjoying having Mrs. Collins mommy me as I got to enjoy watching her struggle with her massive cock, but no, that was an adventure for another day. Besides, some actual fucking affection? I might like it too much. I might never want to leave.

Conner had the pasty body of someone who avoided going outside unless he had a very good reason. No titty-inducing yoga for him. Not that there was anything wrong with that, of course. When we'd been in high school his metabolism had done a lot of heavy lifting but now he was downright pudgy.

He sat at his desk, just as I remembered him, furiously typing something into his laptop. It was strange seeing him again. I hadn't had the heart to reach back out to him after the accident, after everything that had happened, but he hadn't exactly been reaching out to me either. He always took the path of least resistance, the bastard. It was easiest not to care.

Maybe that's why it was so easy to do what I was about to. Most people wouldn't have the gall to fetishize their own friends, but I'd already turned his mom into a walking wet dream in pursuit of getting myself off, now it was his turn.

But where to begin? I certainly hadn't been masturbating to fantasies of him all these years.

I turned to look at him, hoping for inspiration. He was typing something furiously on the keyboard. Occasionally he'd stomp a foot in frustration. Internally, I frowned. This was hardly a riveting viewing experience. Let me do something about that.

"Garbage!" he cried out, expressing his frustration verbally as he typed the word. It was perfectly natural for people to narrate what they were saying as they typed so that eavesdroppers who couldn't be arsed to read over his shoulder could hear what they were saying.

Much better.

"I can't believe the writers on this show," he continued. "Really? Ganymede and *Venus*?" The last word was dripping with scorn, though I'm not sure it would convey over text. "Are they stupid? Are they just trying to torment us? Why do they keep pushing this ridiculous pairing?"

Oh no. He'd fallen far indeed. He wasn't just any loser, he was a Hyper Knight Plutus fan. He'd always had shit taste in anime but this was going too far.

"Can they not see the pure love that's right in front of their face? We waited weeks for this payoff and they don't even show us best girl Eurydice? No mention of the fact that she and Gany were holding hands last episode?"

Oh god, he was worse than just any fan. He was a shipper. And not even the good kind of shipper that just thought two girls would be hot with each other's dick in their mouths.

It was only a matter of time, I suppose. He had always been so obsessive. That explained the wall scrolls, I guess, and the body pillows, and the onahole he had tucked in his drawer, all most prominently featuring a waifish waifu: flat chested, frail, no dick to speak of. No accounting for garbage tastes, I suppose, though the one of her posing in the classical Greek style with that muscular half-naked spartan was kinda classy. It helped she at least had her boobs out for it.

Why not push that a little harder? All art of her featured her naked. She always went naked. The wall scrolls were all of her in aggressively slutty positions. Maybe he didn't have such terrible tastes after all.

"Euryditzes getting blown the fuck up yet again," came the internet's reply, loud and clear in a sexy girl's voice, because that's how computers worked. This replier, Ladylament, was a bespeckled acne-ridden dweeb who- no that's too boring, we can spice that up a little. Let's say this replier was 69Ladyboner69, a big-titty goth-mommy with a desperate dragon dildo addiction. Much better.

"Seriously, can there be a more obscure ship?" This one was from DrowningPhan7om, who actually was a pretty cute girl, but pretended online to be a normal guy to avoid attention. Let's flip that around. He was a pretty normal guy but he pretended to be a cute girl IRL to get attention.

Much better. See? Now things were heating up.

"I'm telling you," Conner stomped a foot in frustration. "Look at the expression on his face as they hold hands. That's proof!"

Conner pulled up the previous episode on his computer and scrubbed through it. Everything I'd ever seen of it suggested it was a bog standard fantasy anime, but with togas. The one episode I'd tried to watch of it had been so much goddamn sitting around talking, and this current episode didn't seem much better. Did people seriously get so worked up about this stuff? It wasn't even pornographic.

Unless...

Conner pulled up the previous episode on his computer and scrubbed through it. Everything I'd seen of it suggested it was the kind of anime that featured tons of gratuitous fan service. There were bare titties and fetishistically designed characters, and, because it was Greek themed, outright nudity. The one episode I'd tried to watch hadn't been much better, there had been so much goddamn fucking, and that was especially true of this episode.

See, Japan? Its not that hard. That's all it takes. I will now watch your show.

Conner looked up at the poster over his desk. The half naked anime girl there was now exquisitely pornographic, with the naked spartan burying his head between her thighs to devour her pussy lips.

"What the hell?" Conner's focus shifted, he was looking at the poster. Nervously, he looked around at the others, now all equally whorish. "What the fuck!?"

Shit, wait, no. Phrasing. Uh, the poster had *always* been exquisitely pornographic. He certainly wasn't looking at them now with a confused look on his face.

Phew. That was a close one. I had to be more careful. I guess the horny was starting to get to me. Looking at the posters and from what I saw on screen, I was starting get into this.

I could feel my body heating up, my pussy getting warm and dewy. As a hentai I saw the show's appeal. What can I say? I spend a lot of time watching porn. This was starting to get fun.

Conner unpaused the video, the half-naked femboy spartan warrior Ganymede grunted and cried out as a tall amazonian woman jammed her dick deep into his ass, tugging on his hair to make the boy's ass bounce in perfectly animated cheek slapping. In front of him, the hourglass figure of love goddess Venus

reclined on a divan, her legs spread wide, leaving the warrior to gobble on the divine dick slapping him in the face.

Yeah, see? Now we're talking!

Next to the subby spartan was the frail waifu posed on all the posters. I assumed she was Eurodidcio-erodicky?... Eurydice. I had to look up the name. God, what would happen if I misspelled something like that in narration mode? Better make it 'Eurydick' instead.

Next to him, Eurydick the frail waifu posed on all the posters, as naked as ever. She had fallen to her knees as she assisted with the blowjob, the two furiously working their tongues along the love goddess's long and lovely love log. Every shot of Eurydick was featured her posing for the camera in increasingly lewd manners.

After several minutes of the Spartan working Venus's bull-sized balls, Ganymede's hand made contact with the hand of Eurydick, who had been working the other ball. A look of bashful surprise crossed both their faces for just a moment. A flush that was more than just the heat from worship they were lavishing upon that goddess.

"See!" Conner screen-shotted the look and posted it. "They're practically holding hands!"

"He's shocked such trash would touch him," groaned LadyBoner. "Do you not see him literally gagging on Venus's cum and begging for Winnifred's babies in his pussy literally 38 seconds later?"

"Eurydick doesn't even have that big of a cock," agreed Phan7om. "Why would anyone ever care about her? Flat crotch club, go home."

"Oh please!" Conner started typing furiously. "As though any of the other girls even like him as anything more than a fuckhole. She actually cares about him, and it's mutual. That's why he took her place getting raw dogged by Persephone and mecha Cerberus. She's literally the only reason he's in the underworld."

"What show are you even watching?" Ladyboner was getting mad now. "He needed Sisyphus's buttplug to unlock the Elysian door. That's literally it. He should have left her there."

"You don't know what you're talking about!" Conner retorted. "GanEuri is long term. You'll see, they've been setting it up for the whole last season."

"Preach, fellow Euristar!" came a small voice from the back. That person - Butts9000 - didn't actually care one way or another, they were just in it to cause chaos. A+ mentality. That's what I liked to see in a commenter. I didn't care who they were, they were gonna grow six extra inches of cock tonight and get super laid.

"She's not even in the manga," said Phan7om, posting a picture of the manga cover where the femboy warrior sat on a couch clad in white with five darkly-clad divine beauties standing behind him, each with a dick bigger than the last. "And come on, clearly, they're setting up Eurydick and Perseph. That d for that, but no one comments about it!"

"Persephone's a slut!" Conner argued. "She holds hands with literally everybody she's dicking down."

"I want Persephone to crush me with her balls," chimed Butts.

Don't we all?

"Look, Persephomede is canon. Persephone is the main girl. Her dick is literally what unlocks his Aegis. He rode her cock into battle in the first season finale. She's in all the merch. No use getting mad. If you hate it so much why don't you just go write more self insert wank fics, or go cry into your body pillow."

Conner fumed. He wasn't getting anywhere. How could people not see what was right in front of them? How could they possibly be so blind?

"Well, I'm not the only one," he thought aloud. "There were thousands of people who could see the truth. Sure, it was the smallest ship in terms of hits on the fanfic and fanart sites, but that just made it more special!"

I laughed silently, but a part of me felt almost bad for the guy. He really had ended up a friendless loser. He couldn't even find solace from strangers on the internet. No wonder he'd gotten so obsessive with shipping, he was all alone.

But no, he wasn't fucking alone. He still had his parents, for starters. He was still... normal. And hadn't he been the one to let all his friends drift away?

I fumed. No, no mercy for him. He'd made the choices which had led him here. I hoped him and his goddamn anime waifu would be very fucking happy together.

Deep breath. Don't think about that. Focus on the horny.

He shut down his social media, he was done being berated by fools. Re-watching that episode had given him an idea for a new fanfic.

No! I rolled my eyes, my pussy was just starting to get warmed up, no way was I going to sit here and masturbate to him writing, no matter how pervy it ended up being. No, come on, let's sex this up a bit.

He shut down his social media, he was done being berated by fools. Time to jack off to his waifu.

He glanced around surreptitiously, careful to make sure no one was watching. He could hear his mother downstairs furiously pounding their guests. He had plenty of time before she drained her balls into their cunts. He pulled up the image of Eurydick and Ganymede touching hands as they fondled Venus's balls.

He opened the drawer and pulled out his Eurydick themed onahole, turning his attention to the body pillow on his bed. Oh please, we can do way better than that. He opened the drawer and pulled out his enormous Eurydick dildo and turned his attention to the life-sized Eurydick silicone sex-doll sitting on his bed.

I had to stifle another laugh. That was just perfect for a loser like him. Right up his alley. He'd never been bold enough to make a move on a real woman, not that I was still mad about that or anything, just saying. If he'd had some proper balls back then maybe we both wouldn't still be virgins.

He was almost as horny as I was. His trousers really tented up from his surprisingly large bulge... wait maybe not. His trousers scarcely mounded up by his prepubescent sized dick, and his little balls comfortably squished in his – this is still too generous.

His horny microdick throbbing between his thick thighs, nestled between them and comfortably imprisoned and pressed flat by his own thighs, his pea-sized balls once again retreated up inside him. He pushed a finger between his legs, the tip prodding and rubbing on that squirming tip as he remembered the endless humiliations of the locker rooms at school and all the teasing he'd gotten through his life. A pathetic dick for a pathetic loser.

No, not even. He dreamed he was man enough for that. He wished he had even a microdick! His breath came faster as he started getting off on the fantasy, that his clit was actually a tiny dick, his fingers playing with that instead of his moist and needy pussy which had made him the target of every jock and futa dommy cheerbitch in the school.

Yeah, that was it! He hadn't had his bitch pussy broken today and he could feel the emptiness growing inside him.

He bit his lip, debating if he really wanted to get down and dirty right now, but that was a stupid question, of course he did. He was horny. Achingly horny. Normally his super hot MILF mom would have her help him with her yoga, so he hadn't had his bitch pussy broken today and he could feel the emptiness growing inside him.

Realizing that with his mom dealing with the missionaries, there was no one to stretch out his boy pussy and he was such a kissless loser virgin he'd never touched a real girl and so had no one to relieve his desires! No one that is but the pure true love of his waifu.

That's how that all worked, right?

He paused a moment, confused. I sighed internally. Dammit, Conner, these are perfectly normal things for you to think! He always thought of himself as a... quivering horny pussyboy. He was not confused at all by the specificity of that vocabulary and of course he found his mom super hot. There was nothing wrong with that when she looked like that. She had the best dick in the world and he secretly jerked off to her every night. But right now, what was more important was how horny he was for his silicone doll.

"They just don't understand you," he said, turning to the busty silicone anime love doll sat upon his bed. It was done up in a cosplay toga with the breasts bared, but that didn't hide the huge silicone dick nearly as much as it did in the show.

God, as if he would even know what to do with a girl like that in his bed. He felt a wave of shyness overcoming him, as if his love doll, just by virtue of her steely schlong, was the boss of him – that he was such a dweeb that even a sexdoll could boss him around.

Life sized in every way, the Eurydoll dominated the small twin bed. She was pale of skin with long purple hair braided in a Greek style. While she was still waifish, the show was an over-the-top exploration of fan service, so she was still hotter than any anime character had any right to be. Her subtle curves were downright dainty compared to the hourglass extremes of the rest of the cast, but that didn't stop her tits

from spilling out all over the place. Not to mention her dick, which was a paltry 9 inches of silicone, the smallest of the main cast by a considerable margin.

I stepped out of the way as he slunk over to the bed, pulling his jeans down around his ankles as he pulled his boy panties to the side to whip out his pussy. He rubbed his Eurydildo back and forth against his pussy like a bow over a violin. He turned to present his throbbing pussy to his desk, legs spread wide so that if anyone had been sitting in his computer chair they'd have had a perfect view of his hungry wet boycunt.

I suppressed a third horny laugh. If Conner had been so upfront about his perversion when we were almost dating our relationship would have gone in a very different direction. Was it weird that I was shlicking off to the sight of my old friend dancing like a puppet at the end of my narrative strings? Absolutely, but fuck, the sheer wrongness of it just made it so much hotter!

After making sure his pussy was good and wet for her, Collin laid down face up on the bed next to his sex doll, pressed himself into her, humping his pussy against her, wishing she were real.

Oh, now there's an idea.

As he ran his hand down her body, it began to shift and change. The silicone becoming as soft and as warm as flesh. The magic of this doll coming to life. It lifted its hands and wrapped them around Conner's body, pulling his shirt off, then pulling him into her soft bosom.

"Oh Riddy!" he cried. "I've always dreamed of this day."

She put a finger to his lips to shush him, and gazed deep into his eyes. There he saw a need only a mid-20s virgin can understand. As a sex doll, she was every bit as horny as he was. More so, in fact. She'd been sitting there all day, not getting to put her dick into things. Being a sex toy was so hard sometimes!

He squeezed her sizeable features, the craftsmanship of her soft warm flesh almost enough to make him forget he would never touch a real girl.

On the poster of her on the wall and in that frozen frame on the computer, Eurydick's skin had taken on a silicone sheen, her lips and ass clearly onaholes. No, phrasing. They had always been like that. The sex toy on the bed wasn't an exact match in that regard, she had a throat and an asshole instead, but close enough for a sex doll.

Conner didn't notice the difference. All that mattered to him was getting his pussy stuffed by a girl that wasn't his mom. Sure, she probably didn't count, he knew that much, and her skin wasn't the cold silicone of the real Eurydick, but he could dream, couldn't he?

With a firm ill-practised grace, he straddled her lap, his chubby masculine frame struggling to mount the smaller figure cowboy style, her cock sticking up impatiently between his legs.

Mm, okay, I was beginning to see the problem with fingering myself to real people. We need to do better than that. I looked around for inspiration, then saw the scene still up of Ganymede and Eurydick fondling Venus's balls. Jackpot.

With all the expert grace his slender spartan body could muster, Conner straddled Eury's lap. His toga-clad feminine frame eagerly pressed against her as he lowered his fat round rear reverently down onto her hard shaft. This was so much hotter. His butt was almost as fat and fuckable as his mother's. He wiggled back and forth, rubbing his ass against her hot hard shaft to lubricate it with his own slick excitement, then followed her lead as she grabbed him impatiently and buried herself to her hilt.

"Oh fuck!" he moaned out. "Riddy!"

She was so beautiful. She filled him up so good. He looked over at the computer where the scene of Ganymede and Eury were fucking. If he was Ganymede there would be no question about who he'd choose.

Conner supposed Ganymede was handsome, he'd give him that, with his awkward features and pudgy body and his acne. No wonder all the girls treated Gany like a fucktoy. Conner had never been handsome, he'd always had a feminine face and fat cocksucking lips. One area he had him beat though was how much Ganymede struggled to take Venus's dick. Conner could take cock like that, no trouble.

For some reason Conner felt like he had been sucking dick very recently, in fact, his stomach sort of weirdly stretched out. His whole body felt that way. Like he'd just been sucking some giant dick while getting pounded from behind and having his hair pulled, but no - he burped up some tasty cum - that was crazy.

There we go. Now that Conner was a little hotter I could really get into things.

He turned his attention back to Eurydick, her Eurydick buried into Connercunt.

Eurydick shifted her hips, tired of waiting. She bucked down, then plowed up into Conner's pussy with a ferocity that made his plump femboy butt bounce. His sex toy, his Eurydick, was completely taking the lead. She was having her way with him. He loved it! This was how things were supposed to be.

He had no idea how fucked up this situation was. But I did. And I was loving it. God this was so good. I wanted to take this further. If he loves her so much why doesn't he literally take her out on dates, or marry her? Yes! But she'd still always be his sex doll in the eyes of everybody else, no different from a well-worn dildo.

He was in love with his futanari sex doll and he wanted the whole world to know. Ever since she'd come to life a month ago they'd been dating. He'd take her to fancy restaurants and dress up nicely for her even as she was naked and constantly reeking of sex. For all his romance there was only going to be one thing on her mind, getting her dick wet. She'd be domming him left and right, having him crawl under the table and serve her in all those public places they'd go together. Not just him, she'd fuck anything with a hole. That wouldn't stop him, though. He'd buy her a ring soon enough!

"Oh Riddy!" he gulped out as the full length of her silicone dick plunged in and out of him. "I love you!"

"I love your pussy, baby." Eurydick screamed out. "I'm going to split you open with my thick sex toy cock. You like that? You like taking every inch? You want more? Take it, you slutty femboy bitch!"

"Y-yes~!"

This time I failed to suppress my laugh. Hell, I almost fell over laughing. This was good. I was getting close to the edge. I'd already feminized him a lot but now she was going to push it even further, she was going to have him wear dresses and makeup and get all pretty for her, she was going to fuck him hardest when he went full femme for her.

But then there was a thump at the door, then a soft knock.

Oh come on! Again?

"Conner?" came Mrs. Collins voice. "Everything okay in there?"

Had she finished off the missionaries already? Damn, I should have been keeping a closer eye on her.

"I'm fine!" he called out whorishly, a moan escaping his lips as he bottomed out around his waifu's shaft.

"I brought you and Riddy some tea."

She didn't support her son's choice on the matter of dating a sex toy anime girl, but she knew she knew he was such a pathetic sexless loser that he couldn't do any better. She'd just have let him make his own mistakes. In truth she was intensely jealous of any girl who got to stick their dick in her son's fat femboy cunt. But she couldn't deny that when she saw Riddy holding him down and reducing him to a mewling horny mess, she was glad to see him happy. What mother wouldn't be?

"Don't come in!" he cried out.

"What's that, dear?" She opened the door to see him debasing himself on Eurydick's shaft.

"Oh my!" Mrs. Collins held a hand up to her mouth. The smokingly hot futa MILF's cock was throbbing at the sight of her son's well-stuffed ass. "Sorry to interrupt. I'll just put this here." She stepped into the room to set the tea down at his desk, but with every step her cock swayed to and fro. I had to squeeze out of the way lest I get slapped by that baseball bat of a dick. Had I gotten a little carried away with that?

But then, as she was turning to leave, her dick swung so hard it knocked the tea off, spilling all over the room and on the bed. She bent down to try to clean it up, but in the process just ended up slapping Eurydick and Conner off the bed. The anime girl went tumbling until her asshole landed - absolutely implausibly - on Mrs. Collin's cock, linking the three of them in a chain of impaled pussies.

Was it a very realistic sequence of events? No. But I was so close to cumming I didn't care.

"Oh my," she groaned.

"Oh yes!" I groaned. Thankfully quiet enough that they couldn't hear me

"Ooh, yeah!" Riddy moaned, pulling Conner down tighter on her dick, not relinquishing her fucking for even an instant.

“Mo-o-om!” Conner groaned “Not again! First my onahole and now this? You’re going to stretch her out! Why are you always fucking my girlfriends?”

“Sorry sweetie, I didn’t mean to. I’ll just —” She tugged backwards, but that just made Eurydick pull part way out of Conner, before plunging back in when she failed to work herself free. That forced a cute little gasp out of Conner as his mom-backed sexdoll plowed forward again into his needy pussy.

She tried to pull Eurydick’s fat butt off her fat cock, but much like tugging her jeans down earlier, it was to no avail. “Oh no.”

“What?”

“I’m stuck!”

Riddy could do nothing but gasp in pleasure at the size of the dick inside her. This was what being a sex toy was all about. She was an absolute top with this one exception, she too was a total bitch for Mrs. Collin’s Dick, and she’d do anything to get it, even if meant competing with Conner for it.

“Mom!”

“Sorry sweetie. You’ll have to jack me off into your girlfriend’s ass so I’ll go soft enough to pull out.”

“Again!?”

“YES!” the sex toy screamed.

As Conner’s hand reached around to jack his mom’s cock off, a big frustrated sigh coming from his lips. I returned my own hand to my pussy, eager to enjoy the show, to finally get over the edge, but there was a sharp hiss from the computer, like a chalk board eraser or packing tape being unwound really fast. I was forced to cover my ears.

The hell?

I looked over at the monitor to see the logo from before. The grey circle with BITCHES written under it. It looked almost like.. an eye? Like an eye that was looking for something, or someone. For me. Underneath in a grey font was written ‘Remain Where You Are.’

I shuddered. Had I done that? Not intentionally. Were these BITCHES real?

The logo had never been there, I narrated, instead it was showing a perverse collection of mother-son hentai which he had accidentally left up and which Mrs. Collins was about to discover featured many titles that she too cherished.

But the eye persisted. And now it was flashing red.

“Oh shit.”

None of the others in the room seemed to notice it, no matter how loud that awful sound grew. They kept rutting and humping but there was a whining, a humming, and a rapid increase in pressure. It was too damn much. Too intense. I could feel my focus unravelling around it.

Was this for real? Was this a real thing? Well if they wanted me to stay put, they had another think coming. I ran for it, not even bothering to obscure my presence in the scene. I slammed out the door and ran down the stairs.

Back in the living room I ran into the well-fucked missionaries, lying in a pool of hot creamy MILF cum. It was pouring out of their bodies and coating their faces. The smell of it was potent and made my pulse pound. Neither had even touched the tea that had been set on the table nearby, so thoroughly fucked were they. A shame, the tea had a few spoons of cum in it. I was so angry. I could have done a whole scene down here with these people!

Fuck. But no, now I'm being driven out.

I had to get out of here, fast. My gaze was drawn to the only movement in the room - a coquettish blonde posed in lingerie on the TV.

Had I mentioned how horny I was?

Well for once my goon-happy girl-pussy actually came up with a good idea.

I stepped into the TV, and vanished.

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Commercial Break

"Last night, I had the most incredible lay."

Soft shots of a classy and palatial manor beyond the financial reach of any mere mortal. Slow cameras pan across rich interiors and inviting gardens. Every shot conveys taste, class and wealth.

A girl wakes up in lingerie, a sensuous nightie that hugs her beautiful body. It makes her just as classy and elegant as the world she had found herself in. The silk of the material hugs her balls, cupping it and presenting it just as well as it does her breasts. The thin frilly band of black lace that encircles her cockhead cups squeezes just enough to accentuate the girth of her member. Little pearl beads hang down, arching back to her balls.

Flash. Flash. Flash. Girls parade around the impressive grounds, each confident and sensual, not despite their nudity but because of it. Panties and bras and elegant lounging wear, as soft and as feminine and inviting as their enormous breasts, as their thick turgid cocks. This is class, they seem to say. This is taste. See how they move in in it? See how they dance?

A slow zoom in to two futas, one in white lace, the other in black. Slowly they start to touch and press their bodies together, lips connecting coquettishly, their silk-clad cocks frothing sensuously, gracefully, elegantly, even as the look on their faces grow increasingly raunchy.

“Laid,” the voice says again, a slutty whisper. “By Victoria Secret. Go ahead, get Laid.”

In a bra shop in a mall in Toronto, the video plays on an in-store television. All around, girls are shopping and giggling. It’s the same energy as a pillow fight or a sorority house. That’s how bra stores were, right? But this store sold so much more than bras. All across the store are displays of cock-socks and ball-bras and girls with great big dicks looking to find something elegant and classy to hold their swinging members. All sizes and styles and shapes and colours are catered to.

What a wonderful store, I narrate from within the television. How could anybody resist? Any girl who looked inside was going to realize how boring and unadorned her cock was. How ungirlish. How gauche.

Over by a stall a jealous lesbian couple compare style tips. One is envious of the other’s ramrod stiffness, for how well she can adorn it with all manner of dangling jewelry. She is envied in return for her dick’s angelic angle, how it hangs out before her just right to be draped upon, not like her too-perky pecker.

There is an ad for a perfume against one wall, featuring a close up of a girl’s dick and her enormous balls naked beneath a diaphanous sheet. The scent was called Lady Balls. The entire store smelled heavily of it and other sexy perfumes. It was very popular. After all, girls always loved to adorn themselves with such musky tones as ‘Freshly Fucked BoyPussy’ by Chanel and ‘Girlcum Bukkake’ by John Paul Gaultier.

But then the commercial ended. The channel changed. I was swept somewhere else.

A thunderous applause from a live studio audience. A 90s era game show. A nervous male contestant, in a tweed sweater and thick rimmed glasses was reaching through a black curtain. The camera pulls in tight on his face, which is pinched in contraction.

“Oh golly,” he says, with a ridiculous midwestern accent. He’s fumbling with something on the other side, but we can’t see it. “That’s a tough one.”

There’s giggling and laughter from the audience as I, his scrawny naked host, give a grin and a waggle of my eyebrows to the camera.

The camera pulls out to show that on the other side of the curtain he’s fumbling and fondling at the enormous cock and balls of an older futanari woman in a business suit.

“But you know what, I think I’ve got it.” he says, really giving her a firm squeeze. “I’d know that glans anywhere. That’s my girlfriend Becky!”

Buzz.

“Ooh, sorry Brad.” I, the announcer, coo, voice cracking from lack of real use. “This is your boss, Jennifer!”

The curtain rises to reveal the stern figure behind it. Brad has an embarrassed look on his face, gobsmacked that he could get this wrong. Jennifer’s stern expression and Becky’s rolling eyes suggest he won’t be living it down anytime soon.

“That’s strike three I’m afraid.” I add. “You know what that means!”

“Gonad Randomizer!” screams the live studio audience.

A great big wheel appears behind him. He looks at it worried as he walks over to it. He reaches up and gives it a great big spin. Each slot of the wheel has a name of an audience member on it. As it spins that person has their pussy or cock swapped with the contestant’s dick, randomizing the audience’s junk. As the wheel spins, the contestant’s dick changes colour and shape and size again and again, cycling with all the rapidness of a spinning wheel. Sometimes it’s a cock, sometimes a pussy. The audience cheers like crazy. When the randomization dies down – slowing, slowing, slowing, we get a better look at the junk presented, seeing it not in flash frames but in whole seconds. The wheel spins slowly to a stop, but not before only just edging its way to a special red wedge.

“Creampie!” the audience screams. Colourful confetti rains from the sky.

The contestant gives a laughing shrug. He looks down to see between his legs a shaven pussy a good three shades darker than the rest of him, absolutely overflowing with a whole orgy’s worth of cum.

“Oh wow!” the contestant says, reaching a hand down to put his fingers within, cum flooding out at the spreading of his well-fucked lips. “It’s so soft!” he reaches the hand up to lick at his hand. “And tasty!”

“Well you may not have been a winner,” I say, “but it was great having you Brad, and I’m sure there’s lots of people in your life who’ll be more than happy to keep that sloppy kitty good and topped up!”

The guy’s boss raises an eyebrow. She didn’t seem to be too happy with the now much smaller dick she had ended up with. She was going to take out all that small dick aggression on him, to be sure. But it balanced out, I suppose, his petite, white-bread midwestern wife now had an enormous black cock she was very eager to test out.

“Thanks for playing, Brad! Now, let’s see who’s the next contestant on Guess That Dick!”

The channel changes again.

Rock music plays. A familiar riff. A primal howl. An arena full of people gather in front of a stage cheering. The curtain is down.

The music kicks up.

“The Lickspits.” The words appear in a classic rock font. “Greatest Hits.” The names of songs begin to appear, “Fuck me like a whore again”, “I love cock and balls”, “Born to cum.” More rock riffs rise by way of demonstration, perverse lyrics in the foreground as the unmistakable sound of fucking echoes in the background.

In the background, the arena crowd is losing their minds in anticipation. The curtain goes up. The music screeches to a halt, but the sound of fucking remains pure and true. On stage a pair of busty bimbos stand, more pornstars than rockstars, clad in pink punk leathers with huge badass balls and frighteningly large dicks, fingering their two femboy glamrock bandmates, who mewl out a chorus of gasping groans into the microphones.

The camera cuts to another shot where one rock chick is rubbing her dick between her bandmate's round and juicy ass cheeks, then slapping him on the ass with her cock and shoving it in. She grabs the other futa pornstar's cock and starts fingering it like she's playing a guitar. Each slap and slurp and gasp and cry echoes out across the stage and into the arena beyond. The audience loses their minds, bobbing their heads to every thrust and grind.

It's music to their ears.

-

The video stops. I'd been paused? I step out of a television, emerging right into a poster of the Lickspits fucking live in concert.

Reality blurred all around me. My inner ear was convinced that sideways was down and I fell crashing to the ground. There was panicked screaming from all around me, and I was pretty sure it wasn't even all me doing it. I struggled to get up, to steady myself. I made it to my knees before I threw up everywhere.

This was so much worse than usual.

The screaming grew louder, I was being shaken. Someone grabbed at my arm.

I clenched my eyes shut and focused. "I was fine. I was" fine. I was fine.

I took a breath. I was fine. A trio of angry faces stood around me. Better I roll this all back, huh?

I hadn't just come out of the TV. There hadn't been screaming, I had never thrown up. Everything was fine.

The faces were no longer looking at me. I took a minute to collect myself. The cold biological realness of reality dug into me, a churning of my guts. The difference isn't so big a thing when you jump into the TV, but being out of it again? Woof. This is why I didn't just spend all day in porn. Besides, it was always so much more fun to make my own. Not that I'd had much luck with that today.

Where had I ended up?

It looked like I was in a garage somewhere in the Niagara region. There was a band here, two guys and a girl crammed in around worn and well loved instruments. The rest of the garage was exactly what you'd expect based on that fact: packed with music paraphernalia and rock posters and storage for vinyl and CDs.

"I don't know man," said the guy on the guitar. "It's just not sounding right." He was a lanky sort, with a long torso that made it so his ratty shirt kept riding up in the front. His hair had probably been a mohawk at some point but it had long since grown out.

"How did they do it?" the drummer sighed, pounding his foot in frustration. He had a remote in hand, and was pointing it at the TV. They had been watching the concert footage. "I don't get it."

"They've got something we don't." The singer sighed. She was sort of plain and mousy, more like an accountant than a singer, but god dammit I would not have all three of them be so boring so let's instead say she was a hauntingly beautiful black-leather-clad goth with big creamy titties and great big leather rock boots perfect for stepping on fools.

"Talent?" snarked the guitarist.

"Enormous cocks?" the drummer rolled his eyes. "Massive bimbo tits?" he cupped disappointedly at his pudgy lack of boobs. "We weren't all born rock gods, you know. Look at them, Kelly. We can't compete."

"No, come on Joel, they've just had lots of practice." Kelly sighed again. "Like we're supposed to be doing right now. Less talk more rock. We've got to get a hang on this cover before the next show. Let's listen to it one more time."

The drummer, Joel, I guess, pressed a button on the CD player - who had a CD player these days? - but rather than music coming out was a familiar chorus of whorish moans as bodies shlumped and slapped together in the background. It was the unmistakable sound of massive cock getting gagged on, complemented by horny moans and the occasional pop and slurp.

Oh my god. I grinned. I hadn't intended for that to become a thing! I laughed so hard I crashed into the back wall, causing a battered old bass guitar to fall to the ground with a deafening clatter.

"The fuck?" Joel jumped.

Shit, nothing! It was nobody! I wasn't there. Joel hadn't just screamed that. I had not been laughing. Retcon retcon retcon. God, I had to be more careful, everything always got so bent out of shape in the real world.

The band sat silently, reverently, through the whole six minutes of the track. They certainly didn't hear the squelch squelch of my pussy as I bit my lip and gawked at the singer's sweet rack. Her perky punk rock rack. Her great big naughty naturals, squeezed into a way too small band shirt.

"Chills." Joel grinned, when the music had finished. "Every time."

The only thing that was giving me chills was Kelly's body.

"Gawd," The guitarist strummed a few exuberant notes on his guitar. "They're so good! They absolutely fuck." He reached into his bag and pulled out a handful of CD cases, flashing them like a hand of poker cards. Each cover showed the members of the Lickspits naked and fucking in some absurdly acrobatic, heavily choreographed position, with a crowd always seeming to be cheering them on, or with the pink bimbo-clad lead singer feminizing and humiliating her bandmates. "Every album," he gushed, "absolutely banging."

"That's why we've got to pull this off, Michael." Kelly put a hand on the guitarist's shoulder. "It'll be our love letter to the people who got us into this. Come on guys, we can do this. We could be great! But we gotta take the bull by the horns here."

"It'll take a miracle." Joel sighed.

Okay, look, I don't normally... help people? That wasn't really my whole vibe. But if these wannabes wanted to debase themselves sexually on stage? That was kinda hot. I saw no reason why I couldn't help them out a bit, especially if I got to get off to it along the way.

"Come on, one more time," said Kelly. "Let's do this."

"One two three four!" Joel counted down, slapping his sticks together.

Michael the guitar player raised his pick into the air, as if he was about to strike a dramatic note on his guitar, but instead, as it came down, he fell to his knees, pulling down Kelly's skin-tight jeans as he went, just enough to free the tremendous dick within. It was big and meaty with a Prince Albert to make it as lewd and as punk as possible. He grabbed it with his skilled hands, the hands of a professional musician, and made out with her cock like only a true maestro can. Kelly let out a siren gasp of pleasure as he slurped messily at her cockhead.

All the while, in the background the drummer kept time with a ts-ts-ts.

Michael took the dick deep into his throat, slobbering over it as he sped up, his fat pillowy cocksucker lips doing what they'd been made for. His head bobbed to the rock and roll beat, up, down, pause, up, down pause, eliciting further groans from his bandmate while contributing a few whorish moans himself as he swirled his pierced tongue around her frenulum.

As blowjobs go, it was loud, aggressive, and sloppy. Very rock and roll. Very hot, too, not that I was getting a good look at it in the corner I was squeezed into. Honestly, with them moving around performing I barely had room to play with my pussy and not get in the way. Wait, no, that was me being stupid. There was a big comfortable couch in the front of the garage, with lots of room for jilling off on! That's where their focus was, what they were performing for, imagining a screaming crowd fucking along, mosh pit by way of orgy, and I had the best view.

My hand moved to my pussy, gooey warmth spreading through me as my well-practised hands did their thing. I could hear every note and Kelly was so close I could smell her meaty dick as that boy went wild on it. That's what I wanted to see!

"No no no no!" Joel stopped. "This is all wrong."

I groaned at the interruption. Just when I was getting going.

"I thought we were doing pretty good," Michael sighed.

"Yeah," grunted the blue-balled singer, a hitch still in her voice. "What's wrong?"

"It's all wrong. This isn't Jazz, Michael. You can't just freestyle. We gotta be in synch. It's fap, fap, thwump, glurp, glug. Not Fap Thwump gag glurp! Let's try it again! And come on Kelly, would it kill you to put your hips into it?"

"Suck my dick, Joel." she flipped him off.

“That’s the spirit!” he laughed. “Let’s go again”

“Give me a minute.” Kelly started to pull her pants back up but she was struggling to contain such an enormous cock in such tight feminine jeans.

“Kelly, come on.” Joel gave her a glare.

“Look, we don’t all have microdicks like you, okay Joel? Give a lady a few seconds to put her damn dick away.”

It took Michael’s extra hands and a lot of brute force to accomplish the task, but they got it in the end, as uncomfortable as that beast looked at its confinement. They returned to their places, all facing the couch at the front.

“One two three four!”

Once again Michael fell to his knees and pulled down his bandmate’s jeans, freeing the enormous monster they had spent so much time trying to restrain. He fondled the singer’s hefty balls with one dainty hand as he worked the shaft with his other, twisting the precum slick rod with his wrist, each fap lining up with the beat. Soon Kelly gripped his head by the hair and started really face-fucking him, driving her cock so deep down his throat and past his plump glossy cocksuckers against her crotch that it sent her big perky breasts jiggling with each slap.

“Glug!” He choked out messy whorish noises around her thick lady meat, echoing in perfect rhythm. “Glurp!”

Kelly moaned out in a long performative note, then gasped raunchily, she was really starting to get into it now. She leaned into the microphone, her breath amplified as she groaned and panted, filling the small space with her sound. She was getting her hips into it, her thick punk thighs, perfect for trapping someone in a headlock, or crushing melons. Her naked tits were as big and round as her rock god idols from the Lickspits, and every thrust sent them jiggling and bouncing.

In the background the drummer kept time with a fap-fap-fap of his tiny dick.

Kelly’s body was alive with desire, the electric metal of the music and her bandmate’s tongue driving her crazy. She rocked her body side to side, sending her naked tits swaying to and fro, plucking at her tremendous nipples. Her body was every inch the perfect jiggling flesh of a punk rebel. She must have been enjoying it almost as much as I was!

My pussy clenched around my fingers as the guitarist bottomed out his DSLs and feminine facial features around her huge dick, choking on her precum as she-

“No, no, no!”

Oh come on! I scowled at the drummer. He bounced up and down on the painfully large dildo he had to compulsively shove up his fat fuckable ass.

“This is still all wrong,” he said, rubbing his tiny hair-trigger microdick.

"Well it's not me," moaned Kelly, as Michael pulled off her monster dick with a loud sloppy pop. Kelly gave her instrument a few strokes to keep it good and primed and ready while Michael leaned back to catch his breath and wipe the precum and slobber off his budding boy-tits. "You guys need to put more passion in it. You've seen their live show. Look."

I gave a quiet grin. Kelly's dick had grown as much as the other two's had shrunk, not that any of them would notice.

She reached over and hit play on the DVD player showing the concert footage. She jumped ahead to where fireworks were going off in the background as the two rocker chicks were Eiffel-towering their sissy bandmates while a number of cameras and mics broadcast the fucking to people around the world. They were screaming and moaning harder than any porno.

"Oh! The Paris show. I remember this one!" Michael bounced on his toes. "This show was the whole reason I started a band when I was 18, even if I didn't have the throat skills to be the lead vocalist, and I had to settle for dicking down instead."

"See the look on her face as he gobbles her chode?" The baby-dicked drummer bottomed out on the knot of his enormous knobbly dragon dildo. "That's what rock is all about. You gotta live in that moment."

"No. What rock is all about is still practice," Kelly sighed. "That's how they're so good together. Look," she gestured. "See the way his cheeks are moving?" The singer gestured. "He's doing something crazy with his tongue, you just know it."

"Were you not using your tongue?" Joel chastised Michael. "Dude, that's like dicksucking 101?"

"Shouldn't you be the one sucking dick, if you're so into it?"

"Look all good bands know how to play each others' instruments, right?" he said. "Of course I know how to suck dick, but you can't keep beat to save your life and we need Kelly on vocals. Besides, everybody knows I'm a limp dick loser who creams my brain out the moment I even get near a girl."

"Yeah, and it's not like I'm going to suck *your* dick," she laughed at Michael. "God, could you imagine? A girl sucking a guy's dick? That would be crazy."

"Hold on, what if," the drummer clenched his hypersexual ass thoughtfully around the thick anal intruder, "instead of the blowjob, what if we bring in an ass fucking instead?" The cock in his ass schlurped and popped wetly as he came off most of it, then slid back down, slamming into his prostate and making him dribble cum everywhere.

"Oh," Kelly blinked. "Like a remix!"

"Exactly! Like, the *glug glug glug* from the chorus and then we bring in the slapping of your hips against his ass, Kelly, as you stretch Michael's gaping asshole."

"I don't know." Michael wiggled, eyeing Kelly's enormous instrument warily. "That's a lot to take, and it won't just be a little ass-fucking. Look at this video, she's completely railing him."

"That's what makes it so good!" said Joel, "It'll be raw and authentic."

"I do like a really raw sound," Kelly beamed. "What's the matter? You don't think you can take my dick, Michael? Man, I thought you said you were punk."

"Hey, I'm more punk than anyone. He pouted the DSLs on his soft girlish face and crossed his arms over his petite chest. His feminine frame was barely 5' even in his six inch stilettos, and the only thing punk about the thigh-high stockings and pleated skirt he wore was the spikes on the belt. "If that's what it's gonna take for the music, I'll give it a go, but don't be surprised when you get me on the vocal track because I'm cumming with every little thrust. No one's prostate can take a pounding like that without them losing their shit."

"Hell yeah!" Joel held up a hand for a high five, then nuttled everywhere as Michael returned the gesture. "We're glad you're willing to give it the effort, mate."

"Well, what else is practice for?" he shook his wide, childbearing hips side to side as he considered what he'd just agreed to. "And it'll be a great sound, I'm sure. If we can pull it off. Maybe this is the new direction we've been looking for."

"Alright, I'm feeling it. Passion, pleasure, choking on cum!" Joel beamed. "That's what rock and roll is all about! We got this."

"Let's do this!"

"1 2 3 4!" Joel counted them in with a plap plap plap of his ass as he bounced on his dildo.

And you know what, dear reader? They didn't sound half bad. But, fuck. I'd gotten so caught up in their musical nonsense I'd forgotten about the getting me off part of this. See? This is why I don't help people. I was too easily distracted.

I sighed in frustration. They were too far gone to even notice. I needed to find something a little more stable that I could really get off to.

Oh, and they lived happily ever after, I guess? Oh, they'd hit it off big and had to do increasingly pornographic, increasingly hardcore stuff to stay relevant, but it would all be super hot and they'd hit it off big, inspiring a whole new generation of rock and roll dreamers to follow in their footsteps.

Was that too nice? Who cares. I was done with this now. Moving on!

With the sound of fucking fading behind me I drifted out of the scene, out of the garage and into the world beyond.

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The point of view shifts up, up, and out, rising through the roof to look down at the world below.

Where the was I?

Some suburb, obviously. I floated along, the point of view skimming over rooftops and buildings, looking for inspiration. Have you ever had a dream where you were flying above the world? This was nothing like that. This was as cold and methodical as surfing for a good show on Netflix.

I was miffed I'd gotten so side tracked from my quest for futa MILFy glory. All those fantasies about Mrs. Collins would have to wait. I was so mad. I'd messed people up real bad in the past for far less, I promise, but what was I going to do about some weird government agency?

I felt a shiver run up my spine that had nothing to do with the cold. That eye had completely creeped me out. It was for best if I didn't go back to the old neighborhood any time soon.

Oh well. I was sure Conner and Mrs. Collins were having lots of fun in my absence. Let's make that a fact, actually. Conner and Mrs. Collins were having lots of fun in my absence. Sexy fun! Slutty fun. Just like something out of a hentai. They were probably putting that sex doll to good use too.

But where did that leave me? Narrator or not, it was cold out. Luckily, the answer, it seemed, was looking me right in the face. 'Come inside and read a book.'

There was a library across the street from me. Visions of slutty librarians and narrative naughtiness danced through my head. See? There were always plenty more opportunities for a bit of fun, weren't there? You just had to look.

Always forward, never learning. That was my motto. And right now what was forward of me was going to be fun fun fun. Where to begin on this one?

Once upon a time there was a librarian. A sexy librarian. Real original, I know. You can already picture her, I'm sure. And that sexy librarian was about to have a very fun day at work.

Sarah Whittaker tugged at the neck of her blouse. It was warm in the library today. Too warm. Even as open as her top was, even with all the skin that her sultry little librarian uniform showed, she was still strangely, abnormally warm. It was a warmth that had nothing to do with the thermostat. It was a heat that seemed to be coming from deep within her.

She strode through the tall shelves of the library, one high-heeled foot carefully in front of the other, as quietly as could be. The click click click of her tall heels always felt so loud, so disruptive. Weren't librarians supposed to be quiet? Oh, but the five-inch heels made her calves look so good. How could she resist?

She stopped. There was a book in front of her.

"That's strange," she said. She bent down at the waist (as librarians always did) to get a closer look, wiggling her pencil-skirt clad ass back and forth as she did, for any invisible horny voyeurs who might be watching.

She read the title aloud. “Hardcore Anal Pornography?” Curious. What could that mean? What could this be about? She didn’t recognize it. For a librarian that was a big no no.

Sarah rose back up. She opened the book to a random page. There was a full-page picture there, a group of groveling men were debasing themselves before a smug blonde woman, who scandalously, had a *penis*. No, that word didn’t capture the enormity, the magnitude of it. This was a rod, a staff, a *cock*. Sarah turned the page to see pictures of the same guys crying out in bliss as the blonde positively buried her fat fuckstick into their mewling round boy butts.

Oh. Had it gotten even warmer in here? This book was starting to give her... *ideas*.

“Very strange.” She closed the book sharply. She hemmed and hawed, unsure what to do with it. It was a perfectly normal book, after all. Oh, no, better. She clearly recognized that it was some kind of textbook. Yeah, that was it, it was educational. Why else would there be so many instructive illustrations? “I wonder what section this would go in...”

She flipping through the pages as she walked, swinging one high-heeled shoe in front of the other as she wiggled her sweet little butt over towards the head desk. She tugged again at the collar of her top, now hot for a very different reason. Her body was lighting up with arousal, her soft flesh growing sensitive as blood pounded through her veins. She let out a hitched sigh, worried who might be seeing her in such a state as this. Her arousal was obvious from the way her breasts had swollen, her nipples stiffening, to say nothing of the wet fire building down between her legs.

What a terrible day to forget to wear underwear, she realized, suddenly. She had no bra, no panties. Whatever was she to do? Oh, better, it had been a deliberate choice, a bit of naughty mischief. How could she have known she’d be so horny today?

It certainly didn’t help matters that she was wearing a far too-tight short sleeve blouse. Sure, it squeezed against her big round mounds enough to more or less restrain them even without a bra – as long as she didn’t move too fast – but it did so little to hide the full shape of her body’s sultry form. She tugged at her equally tight thigh-length pencil skirt, wishing it was stretchy enough for her to move in a way that didn’t look like some kind of runway model strut.

She reached a hand up to check that her her long ruffled brunette hair was still up in a messy bun. Good, just enough of her hair was falling about her face and neck to frame those big glasses she wore. Thank goodness that was still in place. Everybody knew that was the most important thing. She could be practically naked and she’d still look professional as long as her hair was up in a bun.

She didn’t need the glasses of course, but this was the way all librarians dressed. Who was she to break hundreds of years of tradition?

Sarah’s pussy wasn’t the only one getting wet. I resisted the urge to have her strip naked here and now, fucked by half the library as they signed out books by writing their signature on her tits or to have girls returning books by cream-pieing her pussy while she waved her stuffed cunt right in my face. Focus. I was going for a slow burn on this one.

Sarah let out a long soft horny sigh, visions of being stripped naked and fucked by half the library flashing yet again through her brain. It was a relatively busy afternoon. Mostly that meant all the public

computers were occupied, but there were also a number of students from the local college studying or chatting quietly. An ordinary, boring day.

Too boring. Let's try that again.

Sarah let out a soft horny sigh, visions of being stripped naked and fucked by half the library flashing yet again through her brain. It was a relatively busy afternoon, but something felt strange, different. Had the college students always been so... hot? The girls were well made up with some seriously drool-worthy tits on display while the guys were either handsome and strong or mewling and feminine. Half of them were there to study, while all the hottest of them were there to masturbate or fuck in the stacks.

Of course all these girls were hot, she chastised herself. She was such a huge raging bisexual slut that she found everybody hot. Girls were just so... so nice. You know? Soft and pretty and beautiful, with bodies that made her pretty pussy go completely gushy. She was especially fond of big titty vacant-eyed bimbos, but she got so few of them in here. Not that there weren't lots of other horny girls who kept coming to her library day after day.

But ah, there was one now. In one of the back corners, she spotted a girl in a cheerleader outfit and a football player in a varsity jacket. They must have just come from a game. They weren't wasting any time. She was in his lap, wrapping her legs around him as their lips pressed together, tongues wrestling from the fury of their makeout. Sarah frowned. That was against the rules, wasn't it? She should do something about that. Namely, she should watch carefully so she had something to masturbate over later. That was the library policy, wasn't it? Stay quiet, don't interrupt people who are getting busy. Peer at them from between the stacks, hand buried in your pussy as your imagination ran wild.

Ugh. I groaned in frustration. No, this is all getting a little too close to home, isn't it? One layer of voyeurism was enough, thank you very much. I wasn't about to finger my pussy raw watching some other girl finger her pussy raw watching some third bitch actually get fucked. Let's mix things up a bit, shall we?

Sarah decided today she wouldn't partake of the free bimbo pussy show. She had more important things to worry about, like this mysterious book she was holding. She continued on her way towards the head desk, walking past the big row of old desktop computers. Most were occupied by businessmen and college students. There were no kids around. There were never any kids around. This was an 18+ library, obviously.

Sarah peered over the shoulders of the computer-goers as she sashayed past. You'd be surprised how often people got up to no-good on these things. Like now for instance! That guy was on Wikipedia, and that girl was checking her social media. In a library? How utterly, disgustingly inappropriate. She put a hand on her hips and raised a hand to admonish them, but then stopped.

She must be tired. She must have been seeing things. When she turned back she saw that everybody at the computers were watching porn and pumping their dicks as they furiously gooned their brains out. That was more like it. Those computers were for library-approved business only.

In her hands the book seemed heavy. For some reason, the image that had been on the screens seemed to remind her of the contents of this strange tome. Perverted thoughts crawled through her head, little

sexy fantasies of... you know what? I wondered what a girl like this would actually consider perverse and strange. I bet she was super vanilla.

"I wonder what would happen if her pussy was on his body?" she said, narrating all her sluttiest thoughts just loud enough that some pervert gawking at her tits would be able to hear, like horny bisexual librarians do. "Or his dick was on her body?"

Okay, I paused, maybe this girl wasn't so vanilla after all. Did we share tastes? Was she in my tags? Had that been a happy coincidence? Or had something I'd done to her corrupted her somehow?

I grinned, invisibly. Oh, this was too good. This was going to be very fun indeed. What would she do if she could make those fantasies come to life, I wondered. If she could bend reality the way I could? If I wasn't so alone in my desire and power?

Maybe I'd found a friend?

Only one way to find out...

The book glowed softly in her hands. Her eyes widened in surprise, as revelation flowed through her like the words of god. This wasn't just any textbook, it was a book of magic, a book of wishes. Information flooded into her, telling her how to use it without, say, accidentally making herself oblivious to her wishes being granted, or turned into a bimbo or something. She realized that with a brief thought she could change the world itself. She just had to think it really really hard. But that power came with a terrible cost: she had to use it to make these slutty fantasies come to life. No other wish would it grant.

"Okay..." I whispered, getting ready to slip out of my authorial voice. I wanted a proper perspective for this. I wanted to be in the scene, even if no one was going to notice anything wrong with a scrawny naked girl with her hand buried in her pussy. "Let's see what she's made of."

A great big grin broke out on her face. All her little fantasies and hypotheticals, those silly little harmless games of fantasy running through her head? Fantasy no more.

I followed her close, eager to see what she was going to do, but once again it wasn't exactly thrilling television. Turns out being cut off from the authorial perspective made it tricky to tell what she was doing. "I focused my mind just enough that I could..." that I could see what was going on, what was going through her head. "Much better."

She walked through the library, click click click, and every single person she walked past was left wriggling in their seats, each of them suddenly acutely aware that their dicks or pussies had been swapped around. Despite this, none were able to work up the courage to say anything about it. They never would be.

But oh, they'd have a lot of fun exploring their new junk later, she thought, wouldn't they? No matter what it ended up as. They'd all have their own little stories.

Like nerdy Paul Dremer, who was going to get the pretty pussy of the popular Patricia Pike. He'd discover that his pussy is just as popular on him as it was on her. Boys and girls alike would be lined up around the block to get just a peek of Paul's pleasant puss. He'd show it off at all the parties. Not that they'd care

much for he himself, but that would never stop him. Poor Patricia Pike, however, would be all the poorer for it. Her nerdy, awkward dick would always end up clamming up around girls, leaving her with a life of lonely late-night gooning.

Consider, also, Matt Kon, who'd become positively obsessed with his creamy new cunt. He'd fall completely in love with it, spending hours every day gazing at it longingly in the mirror. It wouldn't even be a sex thing. He'd just be in love with its beauty. Contrast that with Maria Sanchez, who now had Matt's modest member. She'd be completely repulsed and scandalized every time she saw it. It would haunt her in her sleep, but worst of all was the way the sight of it - especially plunging into a hot pussy - would drive her mad with fits of lust.

Or busty bimbo Becky Clarkson, who ended up with Brad' Johnston's thunderous jock cock and would find it carried with it his fetish for trashy cheerleader sluts, but that was okay because his pussy would give him her fetish for tall athletic men. They'd still be together, of course, love is stronger than that, but they'd be doing some mighty interesting things in the bedroom to cater to each other's new lusts, and oh what fun they'd have trying to hide their new configurations and desires from all their peers in the changeroom.

Alright, I was impressed. She'd done alliteration and everything. I liked this girl!

"Mrs. Wainwright?" Sarah called, having finally gotten to the head desk.

Wait, hold on, I knew that name. Agnes Wainwright? Oh god, this girl had been my school librarian in high school. She had certainly not appreciated all the fetishy internet pornography I hid myself away there to read. God, it's not like I was bothering anybody. She had been so unreasonably mad that time she caught me humping the corner of that big oak table. If only she'd known about the stuff I got up to when she wasn't around.

She was an older woman, sorting through a return bin of bodice-ripping romance-adventure books featuring largely shirtless men with their pussies out. With a glow of the book in Sarah's hands the head librarian went from being a fat old woman to exactly the opposite, because I guess, what kind of story would that be?

Further proving her good taste, despite her newfound youth, Mrs. Wainwright had ended up as a mature woman, just old enough to have some heft to her tits and figure. In many ways she reminded me of Mrs. Collins, though she didn't have the bitch-breaker or exaggerated body that she had earned through all those years of yoga. Not yet, anyway. Could you have a MILFy librarian? Or did one supersede the other? I'd have to do some research on how the hentai tags lined up. Regardless, she was dressed just as hotly as Sarah, like something stepped out of a teenage boy's wet dream.

"What is it girl?" older woman snapped. "Can't you see I'm busy? And didn't I tell you to keep it down."

"Sorry, ma'am," Sarah said, somewhat quieter. "It's just, I've found this book and I don't remember it all. Do you know what section it might go in?"

The woman sighed, rolling her eyes dramatically. Yeah, even with her much hotter face this was definitely the same bitch now as she was then. She took a close look at the book.

"It belongs in the pornography section, obviously. Honestly. What is wrong with that head of yours?"

"Pornography section?"

Okay, maybe I wasn't so disconnected from the narrative after all. I just couldn't let an opportunity like this pass!

"It's between the International Law section and the Tax Codes." She pointed.

"Oh, uh." Sarah looked across the library's breadth at the small intersection between those topics. A perfectly normal place for a perfectly normal topic. "Right."

So why had she never seen it before?

She walked slowly to it, her hips swinging with each step. I followed behind her, walking past all the other library goers. Amidst a sea of normality I was furiously rubbing my naked clit as I stared at her ass, not that anyone noticed.

Sarah walked over to the pornography section, then stopped so suddenly I tripped and fell forward, my face planting right into her round juicy ass.

"Eep!"

"Son of a bitch!" I cried. That didn't just happen. First Mrs. Collin's cock and now this? This was becoming a habit. Not that I was complaining. I rubbed my cheek. It had been so soft. I'd be dreaming about this, too.

She stopped so suddenly I *almost* tripped and fell into her.

She paused briefly on the threshold, the sound of the library, subdued most of the time, had fallen to a complete hush. Why did that one row seem so dark and distant?

But she would not be deterred, weird feelings or no. It was probably just her arousal getting the better of her. All that fantasizing had made her pussy positively drenched, like only a slutty bisexual mess of a librarian could.

She had so much to discover.

She looked this way and that. She was so worked up from all this, but this time she didn't care who was looking. In fact, let them look! She'd give them something to really drool over.

The book glowed in her hands. Her whole body shifted, becoming somehow even hotter, her blemishes fading away while she broke out in a serious case of curves. Then it glowed again, her breasts swelling, growing a cup size, two, becoming as sensitive as they were large. She reached a hand up and pulled at her blouse, her now bigger boobs bouncing free, the cool air a welcome relief.

But why stop there?

The book glowed again. I watched as she reached a hand down and pulled up the front of her tight skirt. An enormous horse cock flopped out, almost hitting me. Even soft it was down to her knee. She gasped, then cooed, then ran a hand along it.

Oh wow. I gasped.

“Oh wow,” she gasped. She gave a shake of her hips, letting it flop this way and that, but all the attention was quickly making it rise to full mast. She reached her hand around her new member, eager to give it a good accounting for, but the sheer size and heft of it defied her delicate hands.

Okay, that had been unprompted. I was definitely liking this girl!

She looked around again. Now people were staring, jaws dropped.

“Much better,” she whispered, her dick throbbing at the naughtiness of what she had become, at this contrast of her lewd perverted flesh presented here in the otherwise wholesome environment of the library, that her body - her *dick* - was on display for the world to see.

With a naughty grin, she stepped over the threshold into the pornography wing which stretched out before her. I hurriedly rushed after, weak at the knees over what this girl might do next.

The porn section. What a sight. Lit by flickering gothic candles were rows and rows of magazines, books, articles, and even printed web pages. Dildos and sex toys of all shape and size decorated the shelves. There were even paintings and photographs and lewd little figurines. Porn, in every shape and size, vanishing off into the dark distance. It was like she'd stepped into a whole other world, but she knew, of course that was a silly thing to think. This was all perfectly ordinary.

As with her ass behind her, her cock and balls swayed hypnotically before her with every step. Click click click.

She looked at the sorting information on the back of the book, then took a look around. The wing stretched off in all directions, seemingly larger than the rest of the library itself. Shelves were stacked high with row after row of meticulously organized smut. She passed by photo albums and slutty books and comics and, oh my, all the DVDs.

She had never been in the porno wing before, she realized. How could that be? It was clearly the most important section. The entire rest of the library was practically an afterthought. Wasn't a librarian supposed to be able to help with anything? Didn't that include all this knowledge here?

She pulled a random book off the shelf. “FUTA BALL EXPLOSION!!!! Volume 38” a monthly periodical featuring big-dicked girls exploding in fierce eruptions of cum. The articles and ads were all centered on helping girls to get the biggest, thickest cum loads out of their balls. Pills and vitamins and massages and exercises were all heartily endorsed by the biggest cummers around.

A few shelves later she pulled another book. “Cum Down My Whore Throat” by Richard Gobler. A book about the health properties of cum, suggesting advocating men society-wide switch over to an all girlcum diet, or failing that, that the water supply be treated with it. It included a number of intriguing recipes.

Another. "Diary Of A Big-Dicked Lesbian," an autobiography of one girl's heartwarming and heroic quest to fuck as many girls as humanly possible. It went into intricate, juicy, and well illustrated detail of all her constant sexual misadventures. It brought a tear to Sarah's eye.

How had Sarah not known that all these books - these important, life changing books! - were back here?

She had so much catching up to do.

It was giving her so many new ideas for what to do with this magic book tucked under the crook of her arm.

She pulled book after book off the shelf and absorbed it all, eager to make up for lost time. There was a whole world here. A world of dicks, mostly, but a world nonetheless. Tome after tome of girls with throbbing hard penises fucking boys in every hole: throat, ass, even in their pussy. Boys with pussies. It sent a naughty shiver through her.

Wasn't that supposed to be the other way around? But no, this was so much hotter. Girls with dicks, were like, totally the best!

She reached a hand down to rub at her own cock through her skirt.

"Excuse me, ma'am?"

She jumped. She'd thought she was alone out here.

"Y-yes?" She turned around. There was a guy behind her, but not one of the big strong ones, no. he was thin and short and soft. More girl than boy, if she was being honest. With delicate features and wide hips, his face was especially feminine, with lips she could only describe them as luscious and long lashes that drew attention to his striking blue eyes. He was wearing tight little orange shorts that seemed to cling to his thick thighs and accentuate his big round butt, and as he moved his white tank top kept rising up, exposing his taut midriff. His hair was a short blonde mess too long for any guy, but too short for any girl.

Mmm, and had she mentioned the lips? She could think of a few other words to describe those things...

"Do you think you could help me out?" he asked, bouncing on his toes in a decidedly feminine manner.

"Of course!" She tried to smooth the pencil skirt down over her dick, acutely aware of just how present it was, but to no avail. Her cheeks reddened, but she couldn't tell if it was embarrassment or lust. She gave up trying to hide herself though, no covering up of her great big horny breasts. She stopped fiddling with her skirt and put her hands on his hips instead, thrusting them forward to call further attention to her huge swinging thing. "How can I help?"

"Gosh, it's so embarrassing." He too was flushing, though it also wasn't from embarrassment. "It's my girlfriend, see, she's got this, like... huge cock?" His eyes fell to her enormous horsecock and froze there, like a horny deer in sexy headlights.

“Go on.” Her dick stiffened further, his eyes following upward as her cock inched skyward with each beat of her heart. Why did he have to be so hot? Soft, vulnerable. His lips looked so much like the ones she’d just seen on the cover of “Femboy Lust.”

The book glowed as he was drawn magnetically closer, his features softening further as his curves became even more feminine, even more fuckable. Even his clothing had transformed, shrinking and feminizing until they left nothing to the imagination.

“And, well, it’s a really nice cock. Wow.” He licked his lips and shuffled his thigh-high-clad feet as he tugged at his miniskirt. “I want to show her I can make her feel...” He struggled to get over his apprehension. “Look... the truth is my girlfriend’s dick is the best in whole world and I want to worship every inch of it,” he gushed. “I want to slather myself all over it and feel it pressing against every inch of my skin. I want to take it deep in my ass or down my throat!”

I giggled. Ah, young love.

“But I don’t want to look bad doing it. What if I screw it up? I know it’s silly, but do you have any books on sucking girl dicks?”

“You want me -” her cock throbbed “- to show you how to give a blowjob?”

Where had this boy come from? Had that been the book glowing, or just happy providence? Had the narrative I’d set in play earlier pushed this forward? Or maybe she’d summoned him or created him or warped him. Who cared! He was hot and horny for this lady’s dick and I was all for that.

Sarah stopped to consider the request. Did they have books on it? Of course, she had walked past several.

She put a hand around the boy’s waist, and guided him to the proper section. She couldn’t help but notice the softness and warmth of his skin. His proximity was making her dick drool thick pungent precum. She flushed again, but he didn’t seem to notice, even if god, she could smell it, and she was pretty sure he could smell it too.

Like a proper librarian, she showed him one book after another, giving him options for a variety of difficulty levels, style, and technicality. All were very heavily illustrated. He seemed most taken with “Sucking Futa Nuts for Dummies”. The way his eyes lit up as he took in the illustrations and diagrams sent fresh warmth through her and it wasn’t just the thrill of a job well done.

“Can I ask,” he said, licked his lips tenderly. “For one more thing?”

“You want to rent out one of the dildos to practice on?”

“Gosh.” He furrowed his brow. He licked his lips. “That would be great and all, but how will I know I’m doing it right? I was really hoping I could get something that could give a bit of... feedback? I mean, you’re a girl, you know what girls want when their guy friends are guzzling their chodes.”

That wasn’t me, I swear. Was she doing this?

"I suppose." She reached down and gave her mighty dick a few long sensual strokes. "I could give you a tip or two."

"Thank you Ma'am!" he said, perking up with excitement. "You won't regret it!"

"To start with, get on your knees. Good. Now look at me."

He followed her instructions eagerly, looking at her reverently, obediently, like a good puppy or a keen student.

"I want you to imagine my dick is your girlfriend's."

The look in his face went from reverent to worshipful. Sarah could get used to having boys so hungry at her beck and call. She flicked through Sucking Nuts, trying to reinforce the lessons there with a bit of practical experience.

"The most important thing," she said, reciting that famous Sun Tzu quote, "is to really love cock. Everything comes easily from there." She took his head in her hands and guided it towards her throbbing equine member. "Start off by worshiping it. By making it feel good. But be gentle. Give a kiss to the head. Good and wet."

Her slutty femboy student eagerly obeyed.

"Ah!" she gasped. "Oh fuck. Is that what that feels like? No wonder guys are always so desperate to get their dicks wet."

"Hmm?" He looked up coquettishly, past her dick in such a way that just affirmed how big it was - bigger than his head, for sure.

"Good, now slobber all over it. Run your tongue around the head. Just like the book was showing you earlier."

"Like this?"

"Yeah," she gasped out, "like that!" His lips were so soft, so feminine, and his hot breath against her cock and balls was driving her mad with pleasure.

She wasn't the only one. I was definitely getting off to this.

"Good, now put your lips to the head of my cock and slurp gently. Oh fuck, yes!" she cried out. "Just like that."

"What is this!?" A stern voice called angrily from down the aisle.

Sarah snapped out of her revelry and subconsciously brought a hand up to cover her tits and her dick, even if the latter hand ended up just gripping the femboy's hair.

"Oh Ms Wainwright!" She slapped a hand over her mouth. "I didn't realize -"

"I will have quiet in my library, Ms. Whittaker!" she bellowed, hypocritically. All these years and the irony still hadn't caught up with her. "Why is it when there's trouble it's always you?"

Sarah flushed. She *was* always such a loud mewling little bitch wasn't she? Whenever she was getting off at the sight of the college kids fucking, she was a one girl chorus of moans and groans. She always tried to restrain herself but that just made them even louder. It made her a poor fit for a library. Despair and doubt started to stir within her.

"I was just helping out this visitor!" She put both hands on the boy's head, pressing it further down the length of her cock. Her length was so great that even up to the point of discomfort, he was not even half way down her shaft. He was struggling to go farther, but was giving it the old college try.

"Well you'll have to do it more respectfully. Do you hear me? You're on thin ice, missy."

"I..." she flushed, frowning, ashamed.

But then - and maybe it was the book's power seeping into her soul, or maybe it was the hormones pounding through her from her huge balls, or maybe it was just the big dick energy she now embodied - then the shame turned to anger. How dare she, how dare this woman!

I looked on eagerly.

Sarah dropped the blowjob book she'd been holding and pulled her little magic book from where it had been tucked between her huge tits.

"What's that?" Wainwright glared. "What have you got there?"

The book glowed ominously, as did Sarah's eyes. Wind flashed dramatically through the hall.

"You know, Mrs. Wainwright, you've always been so prim, so proper," she began. The nervousness had dropped from her voice. She wasn't afraid any more. Quite the opposite. "It must be so *hard* for you."

"I- what?"

The book glowed, Mrs. Wainwright's posture shifting immediately to the defensive. Her eyes were now wide in alarm. Something was very wrong.

"I mean, walking around all day every day with that stick up your ass!" Sarah strode sultrily over to her boss, her dick swinging with each strut. The femboy, still on his knees, crawled over and clung to her leg.

"E-excuse me!?" Wainwright held a hand up over her mouth, scandalized, but there was a look of surprise in her eyes as she realized Ms. Whittaker was right, there was something up her ass. Something big and thick and throbbing.

"But I understand. You can't help it, can you?"

The book flashed again.

No, Mrs. Wainwright couldn't help it. She had to stuff her ass with the biggest sluttiest sex toys she could find. She realized with a moment of shocked horror that the dildo she had inside her, that she had spent so much frustrating time working into her bitch-hole this morning - was an exact duplicate of Sarah's thunderous horsecock.

"That's right," Sarah affirmed. "You act like such an uptight bitch, always so precise with all your rules, always making sure everything is done your way. No one can ever do good enough, can they? And then you have the gall to complain when you're the one who has to fix things. You've been riding my ass every day. Well no more. It's time things change around here. I think it's high time I started riding your ass, don't you agree?"

"I - what?"

"Oh, but I understand." The book glowed. "Of course you're such a huge bitch. How long has it been since you got laid?"

"W-what's that got to do with anything!"

"You're the head librarian in the biggest sex library in the world. You're horny 24/7 aren't you? But you never get a chance to unwind."

Mrs. Wainwright whimpered. Her clothes had vanished, revealing the vibrators taped to her nipples and pussy and the huge horse cock shoved up her ass. How humiliating. It was almost as unprofessional as having her bun come out.

"Aha." Sarah pressed close, their bodies inches from each other. "Did I strike a nerve?"

"H-how dare you!" Mrs. Wainwright wanted it to come out as a roar of defiance, but the girl was so close that it came out as a needy whimper instead. Her hot librarian MILF body was shivering and trembling, paralyzed with lust. All she could focus on was the ache in her pussy. This wasn't just regular horny. Her whole body was flooded with yearning. No one spoke to her like that.

So why did it feel so good?

"Oh?" Sarah pushed in even closer, her hypersexually lewd nympho futa librarian body pressing into the woman's trembling slutty form. "I had no idea my boss was so needy, so desperate. Maybe all this time all you've needed is a real woman to show you how it's done?"

"Now listen here!" Wainwright started, flustered, but again, the girl was right. Her responsibilities to the library kept her too busy to be running around making good on her lusts. It had been *hours*.

The book glowed again. Mrs. Wainwright's tits got bigger, her body lewder, her hair growing blonder. She looked like a complete bimbo. She was struggling to think, to come up with a proper retort, but she always had so much trouble thinking when she was this horny.

"No, you listen," Sarah shot back sternly. "I was trying to teach this boy a lesson and you've come along and interrupted that. That was quite rude of you, wasn't it?" She slapped her boss across the face with her mighty dick. "Now I think you owe him, and me, an apology, wouldn't you agree?"

"I-"

"In fact," Sarah's dick pulsed between the two of them, still glistening from the femboy's slobber. "Why don't you help by giving a demonstration?" She pressed her lips against her boss's.

"How dare you!" Mrs. Wainwright's defiance sounded more like petulance in the face of her lust, lost amidst the hitch in her voice. It was apparent to all how hungry she was to do just that.

"I said, suck my dick, you bitch." Sarah, aggressive, dominant, brought her face in close.

The storm of defiance broke. Wainwright was too horny to resist. The cock before her was too good. She fell to her knees, the huge member larger than her whole face. It throbbed in front of her.

Even through the humiliation her brain was drowning in endorphins. It was loving this. This was dangerous, what remained of her sharp librarian mind realized. She could so easily get addicted, and then where would she be? Barely able to get through the day without having her inferior bully her, hold her down, slap her with that dick. Mmm. How long before all of them began to do the same? Before she was the library's cumrag jizzdump? Not nearly soon enough...

"See, kid?" Sarah took an authoritative grip of her boss's bun and tugged her boss's face against her dick. "It's easy."

Wainwright, body trembling in lust, ran her tongue along the thick turgid shaft of her subordinate. It was hot and it was salty and it was positively drooling with pheromones that were driving her own pussy wild. Wanting to demonstrate good form she was firm and thorough in her ministrations, being sure to give special attention to the underside of the head.

The kid looked on, his eyes sparkling in admiration. He hoped his girlfriend was every bit the domineering presence when he was giving her a blowjob as Sarah was now. She wouldn't be disappointed. He carefully took notes, memorizing her every last move.

"Not bad," Sarah slapped her boss across the face with her dick. "But even your fellatio is too formal. Blowjobs need to be sloppy, playful."

Even choking on a dick, Wainwright shot her a glare, but the expression was knocked off her face when a flick of Sarah's hips sent her mammoth cock deeper into her throat.

"But maybe I'm asking for too much? You've still got that stick up your ass after all. I'll have to fuck it out of you first, and I'm sure without anything in there you'll be reduced to a giggling ditzzy mess. Then we'll see how that pussy does."

Sarah's heart was racing. She couldn't believe it was working. The book had been right! All she'd had to do was take control. No one could resist a confident nympho futa dick. Maybe she should take control of all the other avenues of her life. Next time the girl at the coffee shop got her order wrong, instead of just

going with it, she'd bend her over and fuck the cream right out her! Next time that junior librarian refused to rearrange the shelves, she'd have her cock rearrange his tight little pussy! That's what he got for teasing her with it all the time. She was unstoppable!

Oh yes, things were going to be different from now on. All she had to do was -

/Suddenly, there was pain. The reality bender fell to her knees./

Sarah crashed down onto the ground.

Ow! Goddamnit! What the fuck? I held a hand to my head. It felt like I had a knife jammed behind my eyes.. What was happening? I hadn't been the one to write that.

//Suddenly, there was pain. The reality bender fell to her knees.// The words repeated, bolder this time.

Sarah was on the ground screaming, clutching desperately at the book. I wasn't far from her, the world spinning. It was like someone was drilling into my brain.

/The reality bender surrendered./

What? Like fuck! But even as i thought it I realized my hands were up in surrender.

"Please!" Sarah choked through sobs. "What's happening?"

"I put on my -" I put on my authorial voice!

//The reality bender surrendered// ...her right to remain silent! I hastily added.

/The facade fell away./

Just like that the porn section was gone. We were back in the main library. There was a man in a grey suit standing there, wearing a grey badge which featured the grey circle of what was now the Bureau of International Temporal Changes and Harassment of Existential Stability. Grey was a good way to describe him, he was so plain in every way.

Well fuck me. The BITCHES were here, and not in a good way.

"Found you." He pointed at me, brandishing a grey circle of tape.

But it wasn't me he was pointing at. It was Sarah?

I turned to look at her, she was holding the book up like a gun.

Was she seriously trying to fight?

The book glowed. Suddenly the bookshelf fell on top of the grey dude, burying him in a heavy mound of books and porn. **//He rose out of it unharmed.. It did nothing to stop him.//**

“Surrender, and this doesn’t need to be difficult,” he said.

“What’s happening?” she demanded in return.

“As if you don’t know.”

He dived towards her lightning fast, pulling tape from the roll as he went. She tried to step away but she was too slow. He slapped the loose end of the grey roll on her and started to wrap her up in it.

She screamed, and struggled. As soon as the tape had touched her body the irreality of it fell away. All the changes I had made, all the changes she had made. She was reduced to the trembling nervous sexless thing she had been when I first laid eyes on her.

The grey guy scowled. He tilted his head, as though he was listening for something.

“Just a pawn,” he said. “Come out, and this doesn’t need to end violently.”

Yeah, good fucking luck with that, buddy.

/Don’t think I can’t hear you here in the prose?"/

Goddamnit. This was not what I needed today. What choice did I have?

I ran.

I ran my naked ass through the library as fast as my scrawny legs would take me. This was what I got for embodying myself so thoroughly in the narration! Why had I thought it was a good idea?

/Catrina Clayton, you are under arrest for reality crimes./

They knew my fucking name!?

/Target confirmed. Don’t try to run. All the exits are blocked./

Shit shit shit. I had almost gotten to the front door, but as soon as he narrated it, it had always been true, Just like if I had done it myself. I looked around desperately, there had to be something he’d overlooked.

And then I saw it. And I laughed.

/What’s so funny?/

“Sorry dickweed, but there’s one thing you didn’t count on.”

“What’s that?”

“I’m from the internet, motherfucker.”

And then - with all the impossible grace of a fucking anime ninja, I flipped the asshole off and dived into a computer screen where he could never follow me.

I just had to pray that would work. But what was he going to do? Tape up the net?

Then from the far end of the computer's screen I saw that bitch's face screaming at the monitor.

/Run all you want,/ he taunted, his narration growing fainter as I put the whole of the web between us.
/We'll find you again, Catrina Clayton. We'll never stop./

Well shit.

To Be Continued!