



Media Mischief
- A Futa Frenzy of a Commission -
= Part 2 of 2 =
By Razmagurk

How did I end up here, of all places? What could I have possibly done to deserve this?

Oh right. The pornography.

I'd been so desperate to get off I had decided to drift through the ghost of my life, turning everybody into fap fuel. Come on though, what else is a girl with unlimited power supposed to do?

That's no reason to try to arrest someone!

Now I was being hunted by.... Oh, what had I turned the name of that shadowy government agency into? The Bureau of International Temporal Changes and Harassment of Existential Stability? BITCHES were gonna bitch, I guess.

And now I was running, for as poor a term as that was to describe it, for my life. It wasn't anything physical, of course. I had dived into the internet. Now I was bouncing from server to server as a cloud of data and packets of pings. I was sparks along a wire, ubiquitous and banal, I was everywhere and I was nowhere. Data wheeled overhead, and every day was as long as the life age of the Earth.

Despite my haste, I wasn't left gasping for breath. A perk of not having a proper body. Usually, I got winded walking down the stairs of my apartment. If only I was immune to the terror and fear and panic in my psyche.

Was that another reality bender they had working for them? He had to be. He was up here in the narration. He had cornered me in that library.

Who the hell did he think he was, coming into my life and ruining everything like this! The only person that was allowed to wreck my shit was me! It's not like I was trying to hurt anyone. I mean, okay, I'd been trying to punish Mrs. Collins and I'd given that MILFy marvel a bitch-breaking dick any prize stallion could be proud of. But come on, I was horny! It was just a bit of harmless fun to churn my cloying cunt with. She loved her new dick. She had been a total repressed bitch before and now no one would mistake her as anything but lewdness personified.

That wasn't worth hunting a poor girl like me down, was it?

And I suppose I had made her son Conner a super subby femboy with an achingly horny pussy. And sure, I'd sexualized his favorite anime and brought his futa sexdoll to life then made him fall in love with it. But come on, that was hilarious! That was hot! It wasn't like he would have been going to be getting anywhere near a real girl any time soon without my help.

Or, wait, hold on, was this about when I sexualized Victoria's Secret? Made them sell ball bras and cock socks and other lacy futa nothings, made it so that any girl who saw it would have a big dick in need of a bra? As though that wasn't helping them increase sales by greatly expanding their product range.

What else could it be? I tried to think. It had been a long morning, hadn't it? Was it me replacing rock and roll with pornographic grunting? It was better this way if you ask me. Think of the live shows!

Okay, you know what? It *had* been a busy day. But it wasn't like I was trying to turn the prime minister and his cabinet into an orgy of nympho-brained tit-obsessed bimbos or anything, even though that would be a huge improvement! I wasn't hurting anyone.

I was just... *so horny*. Every time I'd gotten close to getting off, something had interfered. After all that beautiful sexy chaos I created, all I had to show for it now was a sore cunt and tired fingers.

So, okay, not only did other reality benders exist, but there was a government agency of them. That's who that guy in the grey must have been. He'd come at the slutty librarian I'd given a reality bending book to with grey tape and as soon as it touched her all the changes I had made just dissolved. Her poor boobs. It was like someone burning the Venus De Milo. What a waste.

There were others out there like me.

All those nights tormented by existential dread, by how alone I was, of doubting my place in this fucked up world. All the time I'd spent wishing I had someone to share this with. That whole time, there had been others like me! This was great! But no, they were cuntblocking motherfuckers. Just my fucking luck.

If I had lungs right now I'd have taken a deep breathe, tried to calm my nerves. Or cry out in frustration. Either way. I tried to take stock of how long I'd been running. How long had I been rafting along this electric current? Weeks? Years? It seemed like forever. Had I hid too long and let the whole of the world go by? Would I emerge into an uncertain future?

Twelve seconds.

If I had lungs I'd have sighed. That was probably long enough, right? How had they even found me? Too much power all at once? Did they have some big magic map of the world that lit up the more I changed things? Or hell, maybe there was just a big flashing light that said "No fun allowed" and then it printed a set of coordinates.

Either way, the lesson was clear: I had to be more careful. Maybe I'd avoid settling down anywhere for a little while, be discreet with my powers. I'd just have to resist getting myself off at every available opportunity. No more fucking anything bigger than my own head.

I could do that right? How hard could it be? If I had lungs I'd have *screamed*.

I hid my self in the next server I bounced into. Where had I ended up?

I metaphorically looked around, taking in my virtual surroundings. I clung tenaciously to the narrative, trying to coax as much from it as I could.

There was a glaring black and orange light blaring at me like a neon monolith in the digital darkness. It was a logo.

Pornhub.

Oh, of course! If I had a smile, I'd have grinned. I had made it so all the computers at the library were blasting fetishy filth. When I'd dived past the gooning businessmen to jump into the net, I must have landed on that connection. I'd been riding the signal deep into the internet, tracing them all the way to the pornhub servers, then followed them randomly back out.

I'd been porn this whole time.

But where was I in the real world? I pulled myself up a layer, putting myself between the web page and the computer it was loaded on. I looked out through the monitor as though I were a tiny speck upon it. In front of me I could see out of the screen. There was a scruffy frat boy sitting in a studio apartment. He was loading a video up, he had his dick all lubed up and ready to go. Judging by the pile of Kleenex nearby, this was a regular occurrence. My saviour.

I turned to get a look at the porn playing behind me. There was a painfully stacked blonde sat sitting around in a negligee, lounging around seductively and clearly quite bored. I made sure to keep a layer of abstraction between me and it, like I was sitting between the monitor's screen and the porn playing behind me.

"The hell?" he said, squinting into the monitor. "Fucking ads."

Suddenly the mouse came careening towards me, trying to click me out of existence.

Come on! Like I was sitting - invisibly! - between the monitor's screen and the porn playing behind me.

That was too close. I had to be more careful. This was the best place though to scope things out. I wanted to keep an eye on the macro level and that meant I couldn't lose myself in the porn, no matter how fun that might be.

In the video now playing, a classic hunk of a man stood, tall dark and handsome. He was wearing a far too tight pizza delivery driver's uniform and showcasing what would have probably been considered a truly big dick if I hadn't been staring at extra big girl dicks all day.

Ah, I knew where this one was going. Pizza delivery boy fucking lonely housewife? A tale as old as time.

The frat boy looked on wistfully. He clearly hadn't been getting much action either.

Well, why not help a fellow gooner out, huh? He'd saved my life and I was feeling generous.

But no, shit. Bad idea. What was I thinking? The motherfucking reality police had almost caught me back at that library. Who knew how much I could do before they found me again? The smart play was to be cool and avoid using my powers as much as possible. No matter how much it pissed me off knowing that was exactly what they wanted me to do.

It got my hackles raised just thinking about it. I didn't like being told what to do at the best of times. Unless like, the person telling me to watch her flash me her tits or something, then I'm all in. I couldn't let them win, could I?

Besides, the immediacy of that threat had passed. Being menaced by that BITCH felt so distant, so small now that I had gotten away. He had caught me by surprise, that was all. What were they going to do to me here? Chase me down on the front page of Pornhub? Come after me as I leapt from "Big Dick Bimbo Fucks Petite Asian Stud" into "Horny Housewife Creampie Compilation"? This was my turf.

But come on, was I really so horny I'd risk it all for the sight of some pussy?

You're damn right I was.

I was *horny*. That was the trouble. I was always horny. My whole life was just gooning, eating, sleeping, and hell, most of the time the latter two were optional.

So yes, dear reader, I wasn't about to slow down my elusive quest for the big O now. No matter how much trouble it could get me in to.

Why not liven things up for my saviour out there? He was so hard. He had been pining for something like this happen, hadn't he? Why not give him exactly that?

I started narrating in earnest. Test test? Was this thing on. Ahem...

As the pizza boy in the porno pressed the doorbell, the viewer's doorbell in the real world rang.

"The hell?" The frat boy gooner jumped, frantically trying to get his pants back on, but it was clear to anyone how heftily he was tenting his sweats. Anyone looking would know immediately he'd been masturbating.

Conveniently forgetting to pause, he got up and answered the door. A smoking stacked blonde stood there, wearing orange booty shorts and a skimpy little pizza-delivery girl vest that barely contained her pornographically perfect tits. I mean she had real big tits. Seriously giant gazongas. Bigger. Perkier! There we go. She had a pizza box in one hand and a wicked grin on her face.

"Uh-." The boy's jaw dropped, his brain short circuiting. He was such a loser he'd never seen titties that nice in person before. His modest dick was now throbbing extra hard.

"Pizza's here," she said, her words echoing those of the pizza guy in the porno. "I've got an extra large sausage with extra creamy sauce."

The loser stood there for a beat, confused. He certainly didn't give in to his first instinct, which was to pull his eyes from the girl's tits and respectfully inform her that there had been some kind of mistake. No, none of that boring real person stuff here.

"Golly," he grinned, "I don't remember ordering a pizza, but I'm sure not about to turn down anything a hottie like you wants to give me."

His words perfectly echoed the words spoken by the horny housewife in the porno behind me.

“We aim to please, Ma’am,” the pizza girl said with a wink.

“Oh gosh, I seem to have misplaced my purse,” the boy exclaimed. He wasn’t at all confused by why he was speaking this way. He was too caught up in the moment to care. “Maybe I can think of some other way of paying?”

The porno pizza purveyor pressed inside and set their box down on an end table, soon to be forgotten. The girl at the door in reality did the same. They were lockstep in synch. The two in real life moving to mirror the world of the porno. And yes, dear reader that does mean the loser was moving his body with all the grace of a pornographic housewife, cooing seductively over the pizza girl’s stacked body.

After a few minutes of seductive but poorly written banter, The horny housewife and the eager fratboy finally found themselves fondling their partner’s bulging crotch.

“Ooh,” they cooed in tandem. “Maybe I can help you with that salami in your pocket?”

The gooner pulled down the delivery girl’s little orange shorts to reveal the dick beneath. Not just any dick, this was the dick that had won Brad Longrod Johnson the Dickie award in 2012. Then he eagerly slid out of his own sweatpants, showcasing Mussy Miley’s marvelous muff.

There certainly was not a five-minute gap there while our eager narrator swiped through dicks like it was a video game before finally finding the right one. That would be silly. And yes, that did end up being the ones from the porno, so sue me. It’s not lazy! They have some really nice anatomies, okay?

Well, had. Mussy Miley had ended up with the loser’s lacklustre log and Longrod now had the delivery girl’s admittedly eager pussy.

I let out a digital sigh. If I had a proper body right now I’d be putting it to good use. I adjusted my narrative perspective so I could see both sides of the screen at once and better compare them.

I watched the two mirrored scenes play out, growing hornier and hornier and unable to relieve myself.

With their junks all swapped up, a strange contrast was playing out now. Having a pussy had done nothing to slow down the dominant role of the pizza guy in the porno. He was still lifting the housewife up to better guide her humble chode into his feathery pink folds. The pizza girl in real life, however had a great big dick instead, and was lifting the fuckboy up to better guide it into his hypersensitive, multi-organic pornstar pussy.

Excepting for the small differences necessitated by the differences in anatomy, the two were beautifully symmetrical. See? This was fucking art right here. Horny perverted art. And there was no one but me around to appreciate it. They shouldn’t be trying to arrest me, they should have been sending a poet. A horny poet. Maybe I was the horny poet in this analogy? This had gotten away from me somehow. It wasn’t important.

What was important was that, while we were making this loser’s night, why not take things a little further?

The real life pizza girl's tits were even bigger, so big you could take meaty handfuls of them. They looked so good bouncing against his back as she raw dogged him from behind. Every slap of her cock into his pussy sent them bounding, sent him screaming in bliss especially because he had always had an intense, burning and insatiable fetish for getting his pussy fucked down by surprise super-stacked pizza delivery girl cock.

That was more like it! With every thrust he was creaming himself stupid. No porno masturbations had anything on this. He'd never be satisfied again without this girl in his life. His wildest dream was coming true. And now that he'd tasted it, he knew every time he ordered a pizza from here on out, a girl would come fuck him silly.

It was around then I noticed that I may have given Brad Longrod huge tits too? And you know what? Rather than fixing it, I was going to double down. He also had that exact same fetish!

Oh yeah, that was hot! Now they were all getting into it.

Maybe I could extend this a little further?

The pizza boy fucking the housewife was such a classic wasn't it? Everybody had seen it.

Wait, no, how did I want to phrase this?

The pizza girl fucking the fratboy was such a classic wasn't it? Everybody had seen it. It had been genre defining, going on to define so many memes and imitators. Hungry guys all across the world lusting over the fantasy that one day they'd open the door to see a girl there who was real happy to see them, and she'd have more than just a salami in her pocket, that was for sure.

Some would even get lucky enough to experience the real thing. Some guys who were especially bold would include a little instruction with their order, "send your most horse-hung delivery girl".

Ooh, and there would be a whole natural section thing to it! They'd get the biggest tips — everybody knew, after all, that the best way to get money in this economy was to be a girl with a giant dick. Girls without would be stuffing socks down their shorts! Oh god, even businesswomen would do it as a power move, panties stuffed with packers or strap-ons big enough to outcompete any little-dicked businessmen who got in their way.

Goddammit! All this hot energy and I had no pussy to finger. I have no cunt and I must scream. This was too much. I was dying to get off. Any more of this and I was going to explode. Time to get out of here.

But of course, little old distractable me couldn't help but notice one last thing on the way out.

There was a banner in the corner, the golden glow of it floating before me in this digital space. "Hot singles in your area," it read. The ad burning vibrant and bright like a 3D picture. Flirty girls sauntered beneath the text in their underwear, jerkily animated in 3-frame gifs.

Those kinds of ads were writ large across huge swaths of digital space. They were everywhere, weren't they? Variants on that phrase everywhere. Hot singles in your area. Hot, lonely and horny girls waiting for you. Lonely sluts looking to get laid. It gave me an idea.

There were ten thousand permutations to a simple phrase. Ten thousand horny eager girls ready to go at a moment's notice. And they were oh so close.

Let's mix this up a little.

Hot singles in your area, the text still read, but now the picture below that blazing text featured a girl stroking her eager cock.

But no, that was too easy. That was too obvious. As good as that girl looked with her dick out, we could do better than that.

Hot boys in your area. The girl had now always been a guy. Still effeminate, still mostly naked in scandalous lingerie, submissive and breedable. The perfect little slut to get held down and bred by big enthusiastic girlcock.

But why hold back?

Hot boypussy in your area. Now their legs were spreading, as hot and as whorish as any girl.

The ad had been a lie before but now it made good on its promise. Wherever that ad would go it would be true. Any girl who looked at it would get a big fat boner. It wouldn't matter if they hadn't had one before, they'd have always had one after. Not a one of them wouldn't then go out into their local area and look for that promised pussy. And when they found a boy and took him home, they'd find exactly what they were looking for. Molten hot, tight wet clefts, perfectly suited to take something long and hard and rigid.

Hot!

With electric swiftness the ad spilled out through the world and I went with it. I could have gone anywhere. Porn was worldwide, after all. But I didn't want to get too far ahead of myself. Had I laid low long enough? It had been, what? 30 minutes? If they hadn't moved on by now I didn't know what I was going to do.

Enough hiding.

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I emerged from an ad server somewhere in Alberta. I stepped out of the computer, disappointed to see that I was clearly in some guy's dirty-ass bedroom. Camera gear and computers crowded one wall and there was a green screen on another. The guy in question was seated at his desk, mugging up at his webcam.

Disappointingly, there were no girls here to be infected by lewdness. Well, not yet anyway.

“Yo yo yo! What up chat?” said the well-lit boy into his webcam. He was fit and tall and had the douchiest haircut I think I had ever seen. “It’s ya boy EdwinAllStar. Today we continue up tha’ ladder in Madden!”

On his monitor, I could see some overly-muscular super-cool live-animated anime avatar acting out his movements. He was a v-tuber, I realized. His system was translating his motions onto that avatar as he streamed himself playing video games. Okay, correction, his avatar had the douchiest haircut I’d ever seen.

Ugh. No. I sighed. Just no. We could do better than that.

“Hi everybody!” came the sugar-sweet lilt of the sweet-voiced girly-girl. “It’s ya girl BubblegumBaby back with more Barbie-mod Minecraft!”

Better. He was still the same alpha-male looking douchebag he’d always been but you wouldn’t know it from watching his streams. His avatar was a moe moe bimbo sweetheart with pink hair and huge tits. She made a lot of funny faces, especially when he was exasperated, and exasperation was the name of the game as he proceeded to ‘oh shoot!’ and ‘gosh!’ his way through the game. He was just so comically bad at video games, much to the delight of his audience.

This wasn’t some faked affectation for the stream, either. This was how he talked and acted all the time. His next Halo night with the boys was going to be quite the experience.

You may be asking, dear reader, why I didn’t turn him into some kind of pussy-dicked turbo slut or whatever so I could get my rocks off? Good question. Maybe I’m not so driven by my passions after all, you ever think of that? Maybe, deep down, I was a genuinely good person who – sorry, I can’t even keep that up as a joke. The truth was as soon as I saw the streaming setup I knew all too well what my next move was going to be, and it wasn’t this dickbutt.

Also, fair point. Bubblegum here was also a pussy-dicked turbo slut, whatever that meant. That one’s on you, dear reader, not me.

I dived back into the internet, but this time with a bit more direction. I soared along the Twitch interface and rode it to my next destination. A swirl of blue and purple light as ads whooshed past me.

I emerged into a girl’s room. Girly and nerdy. Well kept, but still crowded with enough kitschy and obscure nerd stuff to leave no doubt in anyone’s mind that this girl was the real deal. Not that I needed any proof of that. I knew this girl well.

Oh yes, this was going to be fun.

“Welcome viewers,” said the girl at her computer in a dark sardonic voice, “to BunnyBunny’s burrow. How is everybody doing today?”

I’d heard the girl say it a thousand times, but hearing it in person? It was giving me chills. Look, I didn’t really interact that much with the world these days, but watching streamers? That was what the internet was for! Well, that and porn, obviously. And hey, why not combine those two great flavours? Not that

Bunny had ever gotten properly lewd. She was a bit of a tease, sure, but she never crossed the line, no matter how many of her fans she left blue-vulved in the process. Trust me, I would know.

But god, how many times had I driven myself to a frenzy jilling off over the thought of it? Of her showing her tits, of her screaming like a whore as a vibrator in her pussy buzzed with each incoming donation.

And now here I was, and there she was, and joy to the world because sometimes dreams did come true.

“Welcome, viewers.” Bunny purred seductively, “This is Playb0yBunny’s horny hole. How are all my little goonsluts doing today?”

Excellent. I slid a hand down along my body, fingers finding my own familiar horny hole, in the flesh once more. There was no place like home. Mm... I’d missed this!

This wasn’t some off the cuff, on the fly perversion. I had fantasized about this before, much like the Mrs. Collins situation, I was coming into this loaded with ideas. I had so many I wanted to try out.

I looked around her room. The parts that were not directly on camera were still quiet and girly and nerdy, but everything in the camera’s path was deliberately decorated to be downright whorish, complete with a number of artistic and likely quite challenging sex toys placed very deliberately on the shelves.

A big part of Bunny’s lore was that she was trying to overcome her crippling shyness by putting herself out there like this. I surprised to see that was all real. She had tantalized and teased in the early days, lots of her wearing masks and not showing too much of herself. Not that you needed to see much to know what a killer body she had. Turns out she was a turbo hottie. I don’t know why she hadn’t gone right into porn. When she did her first unmasked stream everybody was losing their minds.

Still, she avoided getting too lewd. She knew her limits all too well.

But of course, I narrated, everybody knew that the best way to stream was to be as lewd as possible! The best way to overcome your crippling shyness was to be as big a slut as you could get away with. Everybody knew that. That’s why they told you when you had stage fright, you should imagine the audience picturing you naked.

Lewd streams always did best, as well. The hornier, the better. She was still a shy, quiet girl deep down, but she had to overcome that crippling shyness to goad her viewers into one erotic thrill after the other. She was already flush at all the attention she was getting from chat.

“Whoops!” she said, pulling her shirt up over her head and jiggling her perky tits to the camera. “That was a close one. Can’t go not topless on camera, I’d be breaking TOS!”

Goddamn, those tits! They were everything I’d imagined and more. And I was seeing them in person! They were awe inspiring. Stellar. Planetary. I’d say they were world-class, but they were in a class all their own. She had the biggest goddamn areolae. They were like saucer plates. I wanted to eat off of them. And as I watched from the monitor I could see her nipples stiffening in the cold. She arched her back to better present the supple naked flesh to the camera, her body red with embarrassment at the humiliation. Her heart was pounding.

Inside, her head was fluttering with her very real worries. Was this good? Did she look enough like a slut? Did they like it? She fought through the humiliation pounding in her heart. She was still getting used to being a giant whore on camera, but everybody seemed to love it. This is what they wanted to see, right?

I followed her gaze to the chat window where she was gauging everybody's reactions. They *were* loving it. Lots of fap-fap-fap emojis flying by. Donglord420 commented that she looked like a dickless Venus EX from Hyper Knight Plutus Plus and suddenly everybody else picked up on that and started calling her cute and moé.

Was slutty big-titted bimbo the new moé? I hadn't intended that. I guess the changes I made to that dumb show had ripple out effects I wasn't prepared for.

God, that was really hot, actually! I had never considered that I could change so much by changing shows, but I guess it made sense. I briefly wondered what would happen if I gave the Mona Lisa a bimbo makeover or put a dick on the statue of Venus or whatever? I bet if I tried hard enough, really dug into things and biased the media, I could completely change the concepts of masculinity with femininity. But no, that would have to be a story for a different time. Right now I was going to make all my stream highlight fantasies come true.

"So today's stream is going to be a very special one." Bunny began, angling the camera so that her tits occupied the entire lower half of the screen, her nipples well displayed. There was an incredible foregrounding effect, as them being so much closer to the camera made them look even bigger. "We've got a big charity stream today. Lots of great stretch goals."

There was some cheering from chat and an abundance of boob emojis.

"What's the charity, you ask? Well, I know you thirsty boys all want a piece of this," she bounced on her feet to send her boobs jiggling. "And good news!" she shot a smouldering look to the camera. "I want a piece of you as well."

More cheering from chat.

She wiggled nervously as she tried to get her boobs to sway just right. She was thirsty for their approval, not that she could show it. She had to look cool and collected like she was naturally the kind of girl who walked around with her pendulous knockers hanging out for all the world to see. Maybe she'd better jiggle harder, just in case.

"That's why today for this donation drive..." she leaned forward to showcase her hooters even better, then stood so everybody could see the thong and garters she was wearing. "Instead of money, you're going to be donating inches of your dick!"

Chat was silent for a good several seconds, then exploded.

"That's right," she said, gesturing to the smooth front of her short shorts. "The charity is the me-not-having-a-dick-fund. I think we can all agree it's been way too long. You've all been telling me about your dicks, sending me pictures, well now it's time to put your money where your mouths are. And, because I

treat my goonlosers right, I'll even make sure that the top donors over six inches get to give me their inches in person. What do you think?"

Chat was still going crazy. You'd have thought she'd offered them her used panties or something. It made sense though. Longtime fans had been masturbating to her, worshipping her for years. Trust me, I would know. Now they had a chance to interact with her in person, to become a part of her legend? All they had to do was give up a little (or all) of their dick to do it.

But who was brave enough to actually take that step?

"While we're doing that," she said, "I figure we'll kick back into Futa Fighter 4. Arcade mode fucked us over last time, but let's try the campaign mode."

On the screen a fighting character-select screen appeared. She cycled through the options. "Big-dick titty-ninja," she chimed. "Big-dick titty-soldier, big-dick titty-bikini-girl. Ah here we are, big-dick titty-bimbo. Nice to know they had actual girls in mind when they built this game. So many of the characters are just fan service or power fantasies for guys, know what I'm saying?"

The level loaded, Bunny's big-dick cheerleader facing off against a big-dick cheerleader in what was somehow an even more whorish costume.

"Oh, mirror match," she mumbled. "Hot."

The two twin girls immediately went at it with hypersexual slaps and grabs and playful jostling. With even the tiniest movement, their dick and tits swung pendulously, jiggling and jerking with all the perfect 60-frame-per-second definition technology could muster. Weren't video games great for that? Dick and ball physics had been the forefront of video game development for generations. After all, tits and dicks bounced and jiggled so much in real life, it was about time that was represented!

Oh, that was a good one. I pulled one hand out of my cunt to squeeze at my own flat naked boobs, pinching my tiny nipples at the thought of global jiggle-physics upgrades, of being able to walk down the street and have girls everywhere going off like it was Dead or Alive.

Bunny bit her lip as she thumbed the buttons on her glitter-pink controller, but she wasn't doing so great. It wasn't long before the other girl had her flipped and on the ground, then absolutely fed that huge throbbing cock to her. It plowed in between her titties and into her slutty mouth again and again with a mash of light attacks.

"I know. I suck at this," she sighed. "Still trying to get the hang of the cock block, but once I master the timing on that counter, I won't have to worry about nut shots anymore. I hate these stupid grapples! You get grabbed and suddenly you can't do anything but watch your opponent fuck you over. Ooh," she added, with a tease. "But you like seeing me fucked over, don't you chat? Dirty boys."

Her frustration turned to delight, when there was an exuberant little ding on her interface.

"Oh! Pogchamp69 is the first to subscribe with a 2-inch donation. Thanks for the donation, champ! Wait, it says that's your whole dick?"

She paused and sat back in her chair to get a look at her new dick.

“Wow, it’s so cute!” She spread her legs proudly, then pulled her thong aside to reveal it. It was a tiny thing, hardly a dick at all. She reached a hand down and gave it a demure little poke, then started rolling her finger around the head.

“Oh!” she gasped. “It’s sensitive.” She began to circle her finger around the whole length of it. It was barely up to her knuckle. “No wonder you’re such a quick shot. Don’t worry,” she winked into the camera. “I’ll put it to way better use than you ever could.”

A little window labeled ‘dick cam’ popped up in her display. She flushed a little at having an upskirt camera just on all the time, especially given how short and breezy her little microskirt was. It had been the chat’s idea though, the best way to show the progress of her donation drive. She hadn’t been especially enthused by the idea — in truth she was dying of embarrassment right now — but they’d voted with their money and if that’s what they wanted to see, who was she to deny the entire internet an upskirt shot of her most private quarters?

Besides, she’d have to get used to it. If this donation drive went according to plan, soon she wouldn’t be able to hide her junk at all, it would be bulging out everywhere for everyone to see all the time. There’d be no hiding a cock as large as what she was dreaming of. Sure, she hoped and prayed that it wouldn’t be so bad, but she knew she was underestimating the sheer horny enthusiasm of her little goonlords. They were always pushing her to do the horniest things.

She moved the view on her display so that her groin occupied an entire monitor, giving any perverts who might secretly be watching the whole thing over her shoulder a stellar view of all the most important updates in real time.

In the chat Pogchamp69 was saying now he could die happy, but Bunny didn’t even notice. She had turned her attention back to the game.

“Oh come on!” An opponent threw her character to the ground and started grinding her fat ass against her dick. “That was such a bullshit throw!” She was mashing her buttons as hard as possible, getting herself out of the grapple and even getting a few solid hits in with her tongue, but then she was distracted by a few new triumphant dings.

“Oh, and here come some more donations, three ones and a two. Come on guys, you can dig deeper than that. Or is that all you little-dicked gooners have? Oh well! Mine now.”

Her legs were spread wide to display her new length and girth to the camera. It surged and swelled as more small donations came in, filling out her panties bit by bit until she had a significant bulge. There were a lot of micro-donations of .1 inches, from baby-dicked cowards ashamed to give their whole dicks away, but even those started to add up to a hefty package.

“Now we’re talking!” the girl reached down and pulled her swelling cock out of her now-ill-fitting thong. She held it with both hands, the game controller forgotten. Oh, even better. What game controller? Everybody knew fondling your dick was the best way to control a video game, duh. That’s why girls were so much better at them. She circled the head of her new dick and squeezed the little nubs of pleasure that were her big healthy balls as she worked her way through the level select.

Then there was an especially celebratory ding.

“Wow! A 6 inch whole-dick donation from Goonslave!” she cheered.

“Damn dude, did you knock over a bank or something? That’s huge! For a guy, anyway. That makes you our new record donator. That means you get to come give me your inches in person!”

And just like that, he was standing there. A trembling guy, scrawny and kinda hairy, he appeared mid-fap, his six-inch boy dick already slick with precum. Neither he nor Bunny considered this strange. Chat was certainly not contemplating the reality defying implications of this little exchange. This was a perfectly normal thing to happen in a stream. Lots of streamers took body donations. Oh god, I’d have to double back around to this idea some other time.

“Oh my god!” Goonslave had a huge grin on his face, though his other hand didn’t move at all from his dick. He was starting to fangirl out. “I’m your biggest fan! I’ve waited so long for this. I’ve dreamed of this every night!” Not only did his jacking off hand not slow, he was increasing his tempo. Clearly the idea of fucking this girl had been dancing in his head as long as it had mine.

“Thanks for the donation, Goonslave,” Bunny said, still directing all of her attention to the stream. She didn’t even treat him like he was anything more than a name in chat. “Let’s put those inches to good use.”

She pulled him over, getting him in frame. She rose up from her pink gamer chair to put herself next to him. Everything was perfectly framed in the camera the whole time, no matter how they moved around, which was tricky because he was tall and had to hunch over, but that just made him seem even taller. Though big, his dick was not as hefty as hers now, as was apparent by how the hers dominated his when they were rubbing up against each other.

He was rock hard, horny, desperate. He had been dreaming of fucking this girl for ages. It was his greatest fantasy. Him giving her his dick!

But instead of her taking it inside her, she slapped her dick against the base of his balls, where a pussy would be if he had one, and she pushed. In one surge his dick shrank a good half an inch and hers swelled all that much bigger.

“Uh.” He seemed panicked, unsure. But then he felt the heat of her cock and he yielded completely. She pushed in and out. Each thrust deepened his pussy, each thrust shrunk his dick, each thrust grew hers. She was able to fill him up more and more with each buck of her hips. With each bump and grind he wanted more and more. He wanted to be filled up, the sensation amplifying, getting better and better the bigger her dick was inside her and the deeper his pussy became.

He softened as she went, becoming cuter, more feminine, more submissive and breedable and fuckable, all his masculinity gone leaving a twinkish femme in her wake.

Yeah, that’s the good stuff. My hand was furiously working my pussy. All this horny energy finally getting somewhere.

Even as Goonslave was losing his goddamn mind, even as embarrassed as Bunny was deep down, she was a professional. The whole time her attention was focused on the chat and the game and her stream. She was playing with the base of her strengthening cock to keep her bikini warrior going. Oh sure, she was nervous inside, still worried that she was doing this all wrong, but that just gave her the impetus to fuck that much harder.

Before very long at all, Goonslave screamed and creamed his pussy around her cock. His dick had shrunk away to nothing. He had nothing but a hypersensitive little clit and a tight gushy pussy. For good measure, let's say it would be very sensitive little cunt indeed. The slightest caress would be enough to send him gasping. He'd spend all his free time masturbating. Goonslave indeed.

He arched his back and came harder than he ever had in his life. Bunny increased her thrusts in response, and soon she was cumming too, pouring herself into him, cum gushing from her beefy cock into his tight-stuffed cunt.

My own pussy was on fire from the attention I was slathering on it. I was getting close. I just prayed nothing would interrupt this time.

There was no time to stop, no time to rest. No sooner had she pulled her dick out than she was hard and big and ready to go again. She'd absorbed the power of his balls and so was already reloaded and ready for another round.

"Oh fuck." He fell over, crashing down onto a beanbag chair in the background, cum still drizzling from him. He was exhausted and spent, and wishing he had an even bigger dick so he could have donated even more. It was just like he'd always dreamed. This had always been his biggest fantasy, his biggest fetish. Now he could truly start living.

And Bunny barely paid it any attention.

"Thanks again, Goonslave!" she said, pushing him out of frame and waved her triumphant dick in front of the camera, still slick and shimmering with cum and boy-pussy juice. Bunny had a lewd expression on her face, a conquest well fucked, loving her new ultra dick. Sure it was lewd and humiliating and she'd never be able to hide it but the humiliation was starting to feel... pretty good?

Chat was still losing their goddamn minds. Someone posted a picture of one of the characters from the Hyper Knight Plutus movie in a similar position. "I want to protect that smile," said BonerAlert23.

More donations started flooding in. The system dinging again and again. Most were small, because her audience really was full of tiny-dicked losers, but some caused her cock to surge and jump. Now it was getting truly huge. She had to lean back in her chair because her dick was just getting in the way between her and the computer. It was no longer comfortable just hanging, it needed support.

In the game she had been getting better and better as her dick increased in size. Everybody knew girls with bigger dicks were better at video games. She had to move her hands a lot more, but the granularity off her new cock's controls seemed to be skyrocketing. Now she was dominating the AI, fucking through her opponents like a big-dick knife through big-titty butter.

Because I was in a big horny rush, it was a only scant few minutes before there were two more especially celebratory notifications. "An eight from Slutslayer and a nine from BBCKing?" she gasped. "Damn, boys, come collect your rewards!"

The two appeared before her, tall and dark and handsome. They reminded me of that streamer I'd messed with when I first stepped out of the internet. Douchebag fuckboys. That's how I would describe them. The kind of guys who thought they were god's gift to women. I guess dicks like that brought confidence. And damn, were they working those dicks almost as hard as I was my pussy.

Muscular guys like that always looked so much better with pussies, wouldn't you agree?

"Thanks for the donos boys!" Bunny purred to the camera.

The two gave each other a competitive glare, then both pushed towards Bunny at the same time. They crashed into each other, jockeying to stand closest to her even as they kept their own masturbation going. Soon both were standing behind her computer chair. While Slutslayer had the lead on length, BBCKing was notably firmer.

"Now now boys." Bunny hefted her own dick, which still put the others' completely to shame. "There's plenty of your dicks to go around."

The two relented. Isn't there something great about a truly mighty girl dick? Boys were always so humbled to see them.

Not taking her eyes from her computer screen, She brought her hands down to both their taints and started fingering their proto-pussies. The two of them gasped in a distinctly feminine manner. Finally she bent Slutslayer over and pressed her heaving heft into his trembling taint. His dick twitched and surged in reverse, shooting down a full two inches as she dived right in.

"Oh fuck~!" The motion elicited a whorish moan from him and a jealous bite of the lip from BBCKing.

God, this was hot! Watching him go had my pussy positively drenched. I was rubbing one out as hard as fast as my fingers would go.

Seeing the jealousy on BBCKing's face, she gave him a wink and bent him over too, pulling herself out of Slutslayer's pretty little puss to shove her cock into him as well, taking him down even further, with an even more orgasmic cry.

The two wiggled and bucked into each other, the two still jockeying for position, each trying to be next, to go harder, to fuck better, to give her more of their dick, but Bunny wasn't fucking around. She manhandled the two of them like a pro, her increasingly hefty dick pushing in deeper and deeper into their cunts as she focused on one, then the other, alternating.

With masterful control, she managed her stream, playing Futa Fighter and addressing chat, all while completely domming these fuckboys. She acted like it was a perfectly ordinary stream. Sure, the two of them took longer than Goonslave, their dicks were bigger and required that much more fucking, but the new fuckboys took the pounding well.

Fuckboys was an appropriate word. The smaller their dicks got, the more feminine they became. Their features kept softening and because the fucking took longer, there was so much further into the feminine she could throw them. By the time she was done with them they were wearing pink miniskirts and blouses and had bows in their long blonde hair.

When she finally brought BBCKing to a screaming climax, he was sent giggling and brainless from the pleasure, and Slutslayer wasn't very far behind.

Nor, thank god, was I.

Afterwards, the two collapsed into a pile of cum-filled makeouts on the couch that had totally been there the whole time, providing further entertainment in the background. Goonslave in the corner rubbing his his cum-stuffed pussy as he watched.

Oh god, I was cumming I was-

/ CATRINA CLAYTON /

"MOTHER FUCKER!" I screamed.

Bunny jumped, even if the three donors were too freshly fucked to care.

"Don't you have anything better to do?" I cried.

/You can't hide from us!/

Fuck, I'd forgotten all about the BITCHES! I guess I wasn't exactly being all that subtle was I? This wasn't fair, I was so horny!

Was I never going to get away? What option did that leave me? Was I going to stay and fight ? to stand my ground and battle this out in some epic Sandman-inspired reality bender battle?

/Too slow./ /The world fell away. CATRINA CLAYTON was in a grey void./

Shit shit shit. Fear flooded through me. A void as grey as his stupid fucking suit, as grey as that goddamn tape. There was no space or time, just grey.

I screamed and I narrated, and I shouted into the void, but to no avail. Eternities passed with each moment. I thought I'd spent a long time bouncing around the internet, but it had nothing on this.

Then suddenly, things were different. There was a gap in the grey, a connection to the world beyond.

There was a circle in the void that hadn't been there before. I was standing in it. It was familiar. My room? My bedroom from before all this. It was as though someone had cut a circle out of it and transplanted it here. Beyond there was just darkness and grey. The only colour was on the computer where Bunny was fucking more donors and jiggling her tits around. It seemed so tiny and far away.

/You thought you could hide from us in the internet? You thought that was your world where we couldn't follow you? Well, you're in our world now./

The grey suited man I'd seen in the library floated before me, but he wasn't in the suit any more, he was covered up in that grey tape, like he had a bodysuit made of it. No, more than a body suit, it came up over his face like a gas mask.

"This is your world?" I scoffed. My throat was raw from screaming. "Yeah, that sounds about right for you bitches. What, did you not get enough love as a child?"

/You're one to talk. Stop fighting. Listen to us. We have an offer for you. We're only going to make it once. We could put talents like yours to good work./

"You want to give me job?"

/We're offering you a way out. The alternative is you spend the rest of your life in here./

"Oh please, this is all so obviously some kind of trap. "

I turned to look at the computer, that one glimpse of colour in a void of grey. I'd spent so much time in front of this computer hadn't I? Wasting my time, wasting my life. Now I was trapped here. My heart pounded. Maybe... maybe it was time to do something with these powers. Something real. I could do worse in life than joining a shadowy government agency, right?

I turned to my keyboard and I started typing something he couldn't see.

/What are you doing?/

"Look," I gestured. "My answer is here,"

He stood before the computer to see what I'd typed.

"What?"

I grabbed his hand and shoved a finger onto the enter button: the dick donation form on bunny's stream set to Full. In an instant he was blasted away to donate his dick to Bunny and get his pussy good fucked.

Holy shit, it worked. My heart was pounding. I was just glad he had a dick big enough to be a new record donor, but I guess you can hardly call yourself a reality bender if you don't give yourself a huge dick.

The grey around me began to flicker like a computer program about to bug out. Colour was spilling out aggressively from the computer. I looked around at my filthy room. Unpleasant memories coursed through me. A shiver of disgust. I didn't want to be here. I hated this place. But where could I run? Anywhere I could go they could follow, right?

Fine, they could find me anywhere? But how about any when?

Buried under the trash and detritus and vibrators and kleenex there was a photograph, from back before the accident, when I still had my life half-together. A girl posing at a con. Not me, of course. God, could you imagine? But a familiar person. Not quite an old friend. She was different from what I remembered. Sexier, almost nude. Had something I done changed it? Made it perverse? I guess Hyper Knight Plutus had been an influential show.

This was my only way out. It had been taken years ago, but that wasn't going to stop me.

Maybe it would throw him off.

Ignoring his silently screaming face on the screen, I dived into the photo and disappeared into the past.

-

I emerged into a sea of anime characters.

No. I corrected myself, not anime characters. *Cosplayers*. The effect was like being inside an anime, but everything was a lot more realistic. There was a thick throng of them, a whole sea of people all hot and loud and bumping into each other and rubbing shoulders.

It had worked. I was in the past! This was different from just stepping into a photo, everything was still moving and I could see beyond the frame. I had put myself here on the day it was taken all those years ago. The very day it had been taken. The place it had been taken.

Oh no.

That meant...

There, before me, was Jane, giving me the same smile that had haunted me all these years.

But no. I closed my eyes. I wasn't in a position to deal with her yet.

Instead I rose invisibly above it all to get a better view.

I opened my eyes to see one of the convention halls in downtown Toronto, five years ago. A great big ocean of people had flooded in. There were art booths along one wall and clusters of vendors but mostly there were people. Tens of thousands of people, here to be seen in cosplay and costume.

Some of them I could tell had already fallen under my influence. The changes I'd made to Hyper Knight Plutus were the most obvious. This had been its premier year and it was very popular, but even beyond that, hadn't I said a bunch of stuff about good anime all being big on fanservice? There was a lot of that going on right now.

Wasn't cosplay hot? There were people who would never in a million years wear so little or such revealing clothing, but because it was in imitation of their favorite character it was all suddenly okay.

My eyes bulged as one girl in particular walked by with nothing but a belt around her honkers and an oversized skull beret. It was tricky to tell. Was that one of mine? Or had that occurred naturally? God, you gotta love anime.

To my delight, there were also a surprising number of dicks on display, which was a happy accident. You know me. I always loved seeing a good diegetic girl-dick. It was a thrill to see I'd somehow made that a perfectly ordinary character archetype or feature.

But of course, we could do better, could we?

I opened my big fat horny mouth to start narrating, then stopped. Was I really about to do this? I'd just narrowly escaped those grey-cunt BITCHES by the skin of my teeth. I should be starting a new life somewhere far far away or something. I didn't have time for more horny nonsense. Mm... no matter how much my stupid hungry cunt wanted it.

I had been so close! It wasn't fair.

I had to deal with these fuckers. I had to escape for good. I'd been brazen last time, prideful, and much like Ganymede in that one episode of Hyper Knight Plutus that I had watched, hubris (and hotties) had been my downfall.

I had said I'd be subtle and slow but it was just so hard to focus on anything with the way my pussy was throbbing.

That was the problem, really. I had to get off. It was driving me crazy. I couldn't look anywhere without my pussy demanding direct control over my brain. I wasn't about to beat a team of elite government reality benders unless I could actually think clearly and that wasn't going to happen unless... unless... oh no.

The answer was so agonizingly clear, I hated it. I had to clear my brain with the best goddamn orgasm of my life! No wonder they had kept cuntblocking me, they knew how powerful I'd be if I could think straight.

Was it a terrible idea? Yes. But one terrible decision after another was the story of my life. The only way out was through.

I cleared my throat and put my authorial voice back on. I already had a few adjustments in mind.

Ahem...

This 18+ convention attracted thousands and thousands of the hottest babes around, all stuffing their sultry hot bodies into the skimpiest nerdiest costumes they could imagine. Hot nerdy girls loved coming to these things and showing off their titty-boobs and they loved seeing titties being shown off. Geeky girls were always so gay like that, getting real horny walking through a sea of boobs. That's why anime had so much fanservice, to appeal to the typical female. 90% of otaku were sexually frustrated bi and lesbian hotties. That was just science.

A good start.

That meant that cons like this were wall to wall super hotties all down bad to see and be seen, getting hornier and hornier as they drank in all the fanservice and their favorite characters coming to life.

The vibe below me was decidedly horny and feminine. All around were fat-assed magical ninjas and mystic titty warriors and micro-skirted school girls and a million other NSFW cosplays I didn't recognize showing off painfully hot bodies. A slutty Cloud Strife went walking past wielding her dick as a sword.

Now we were talking! I felt like I'd died and gone to heaven. Why had I never been to one of these before?

Invisibly I returned to the ground to see the still smiling face of the now even more naked Jane. Right. That was why.

Jane and I were... Well, to call us friends would be pushing it. I didn't have any friends. Girls like me didn't get that luxury. She was younger than when I'd last seen her in person. She had gone off to some women's college after High School where I was sure she was happily munching as much carpet as she could get away with. This was her in senior year, when she had been just barely 18.

I had known her from the anime club. She had such basic tastes, god, but she was one of the only other girls there. She was always doodling or taking notes. She was big into cosplay.

She'd asked me to come to this, to dress up with her. Could you imagine? I was a loser, but I wasn't that big of a loser. I told her off.

So she'd gone, and I'd stayed behind. And she'd had fun and I'd spent it the way I spent every evening, under the covers with my three vibrators, working through my backlist on Ao3. The next day she'd sent me the picture of her in her stupid cosplay. She was having so much fun. She was loving it. It wasn't even that fucking good, god!

It meant nothing to me.

So why had it hurt so much?

I'd insulted her, I'd badmouthed her passion, as though I had anything in my life I cared about, that actually mattered to me. And then she had the gall to make me feel like shit about it with those pictures!

Well now I was here and I was going to -

"Cat?" her face lit up in surprised delight. "OMG you came!"

"Fuck, no! Goddammit."

"What's wrong? Oh, you're naked! Damn girl! I didn't know you had it in you. Don't tell me, WataMote? One of the doujinshi side stories you were telling me about?"

Her stupid fucking face lit up like the breaking of a storm.

"No, I'm not... I -" fuck. My body was turning bright red. I *was* naked. Fuck, everybody could see me.

Everybody was staring. I was burning red. All these impossibly sexy babes checking out my naked scrawny body. I was the odd girl out, I was sure, the ugly one. Their stares were growing in intensity, judging me, hating the disgusting creature that I was

"What's wrong?" Jane pulled me into a hug. Her mostly-naked flesh touching against mine. I couldn't remember the last time I'd been touched. She was so warm. "You look great. Very natural. I'm so glad to see you! I thought for sure you weren't going to come, and it's my first con and I just... Honestly? Sometimes I feel like you don't like me that much, is that weird? Like we're not really friends. But I told myself if you came it would prove we *were*."

"I'm not here." My voice was cold and trembling.

"What?"

"I'm not here." There were tears in my eyes. "You can't see me."

"I don't understand..."

"I'm not here." I slipped on my authorial voice. I slipped on my authorial voice. I slipped on my goddamn motherfucking authorial voice.

I wasn't here. She couldn't see me. That had never happened. No one could see the tears in my eyes or the anguish on my face.

Relief. Calm. Even among the throngs. Being in the narration put me apart from the world. I wasn't in a place from where I could be hurt.

I didn't have the time for this introspective bullshit. I was trying to get off. Who cared if I'd let this girl down? Who cared if I was all alone? It was better this way. No one to get in the way of my gooning sessions. What more could I possibly want out of life?

"That's strange..." Jane said, "I thought I saw..."

Nobody. I was nobody.

I was too horny to deal with this bullshit right now.

I needed to get off, and I think, after what she had just put me through, I was going to take all that frustration out on Jane. All those years I'd spent dreaming about that photo. That's why I'd kept it hadn't I? Because Jane looked hot in it? Surely there wasn't any other reason.

Jane's huge boobily tits jiggled and boobed about as she adjusted her micro-toga.

Come on, get it together. I had to do better than that. Focus.

Jane was grinning. She was quite proud of her costume and rightly so. She was the spitting image of Venus from Hyper Knight Plutus. Sure, it had taken her months of intense crafting, but it was paying off in spades. She'd barely been here an hour and already she'd been asked to pose with dozens of other achingly hot Hyper Knight Plutus fans. One of the Ganymede crossplayers even asked her to pose like they were in the scene where he was choking on her dick as she tested his Aegis potential. What an intense scene that had been, god. What dedication that Ganymede had put out there, because Jane's dick was goddamn enormous.

It hadn't been easy. She didn't exactly have the anatomy to pull off a dick like this naturally. She'd had to make her own. No one made strap-ons nearly big enough, so she'd had to get creative. She'd borrowed time at her dad's work in the dick making studio carefully folding every last inch of Venus's divine dick in clay before casting it in a triple-layer silicone moulding, just like the professionals did. She'd done so much research for it. The painting had taken her months. She made sure every line, every freckle, every vein was a perfect match for the goddess.

Hornier. This needed to be hornier. This needed to be so horny I could forget it was Jane entirely.

And of course to seal the deal, she had a vibrator underneath it, taped against her clit. It pushed in tight when anyone manhandled the dick. How else could she match the love goddess's signature rosy cheeks, hitched voice, and raunchy moans?

Now we were getting somewhere. And her tits were huge now too. Because uh...

Fuck, get it together.

Yoga! She had been doing yoga all year to get them so big and round, because everybody knew that yoga made your tits grow, even if she wasn't great at it and always ended up giving up halfway through the routines and masturbating to the busty guys and girls that always led the videos.

It had all been worth it! She was easily the best Venus here. After a year of work and time and all that money, the cosplay contest and its \$50 craft store gift certificate would be hers!

She felt pretty good about her chances. The other Venuses she'd walked by (Veni?) were all girls with dicks of their own. They were all playing up that element, trying to enhance their own fat cocks, but this just gave them more realistic proportions because no one IRL had a dick like Venus. She was everybody's favorite lusty love goddess after all.

Was it crossplaying? If she, a girl with a pussy - a horny pussy - dressed as a girl with a dick? Probably. But at least she was accurate to the source material. That was the great thing about cartoons, they could dream such wonderful costumes and characters. So many amazing dicks. That's what anime was known for, wasn't it? Futanari? Well that and heaving jiggling fanservice.

"Where is Sarah?" she sighed, checking her phone.

Oh right, Sarah was here too, somewhere. Yay. More unhappy reunions.

Jane started to walk across the length of the artist's alley. She dreamed of having a booth one day, of selling her big-titty fanart of all her favorite characters to her fellow obsessed worshippers. Step by step

she worked her way down the hall of eager illustrators. She had to move slow, of course, because with each step, her dick swung girthily in front of her, just like in the show. Of course that caused her vibrator to press in, making her go weak in the knees. This let her imitate Venus's signature wiggle of her hips as she walked and showcased her micro-toga's thong-like properties as it lost itself between her hefty cheeks, but if she tried to go any faster she'd probably fall over, cumming her brains out.

I started working my pussy again as I followed her. Despite the intensity of the crowd there was enough space behind her some pervert could walk to get a perfect view of that sweet ass.

Hold on. She paused. Something didn't quite feel right. She looked over at one of the art displays and frowned. Had some of the artists drawn dicks on the anime characters?

She turned to look. Sure enough. That guy had a prominent bulge. They all did. Even more criminally, there were all kinds of girls drawn without their dicks. That wasn't right. That wasn't the style at all!

Who would come to an anime convention and swap around all of the characters' junk? Was this some kind of weird fetish art thing?

The irony was so hot I buried a new finger between my legs right up to the knuckle.

But as she turned around she thought she must have been mistaken. Dicks were hanging beneath skirts and boys had their camel toes well on display. Was she seeing things?

Before she could investigate further she was caught up in a fresh crowd of onlookers begging for a picture. She was surprisingly popular, but it was expected I guess. She was a contemporary character from a popular show, and while most of the Venus's were going the simple toga route, she had gone all in on the finale episode battle armor, every millimeter of Venus's glitter-strewn, scanty, gravity defying toga, perfectly rendered out of three and a half microbikinis and a spray-painted dishtowel.

"Jane!" she heard a voice cry.

Right. Sarah was here too. The other girl from the anime club. She and I hadn't even had the pretense of being friends. She was always trying to cut me out. Always whispering with Jane and giggling and excluding me from the conversation. Of course. I had forgotten this bitch had been here too.

She tripped over her enormous floppy dick as she approached, face-planting embarrassingly to the ground, giving all the other con goers a perfect view up her skirt at the lack of panties.

Sarah and I never got along. Not that I was holding a grudge or anything. Was it still called a panty shot if she wasn't wearing any?

Jane helped Sarah back to her feet. Sarah was dressed in a Japanese schoolgirl uniform, her enormous dick hanging down between her legs. As she stood she had to take a minute to adjust the top of her dick-sock so it would line up perfectly to match the absolute territory presented between her skimpy skirt and the thigh-highs on her legs.

Of the two, she wasn't nearly as dedicated to the cosplay arts, but Jane had been so into it that she had inspired Sarah to come out with her. I was sure they were going to have so much fucking fun gossiping and giggling together about me behind my back.

As she tried to stand up her bra broke, sending her tits jiggling comically, crashing into Jane. She'd have to spend the rest of the con braless because all her spares were accidentally way too small. Better, she'd have more and more costume misfortunes as the night went on, a cruel series of sexually explicit embarrassments and slip ups!

"Haruhi?" Jane took a step back and gave her costume a once-over. "Really?"

"It's a classic. Remember the episode she got super into hardcore pornography and reality changed so all the girls had huge bitchbreaker dicks and all the guys had drooling pussies?"

That was the worst part of Sarah, her taste in anime and my own were so similar.

"That's literally the whole show." Jane rolled her eyes.

"It's a common theme, sure. But remember that time she got hugely into bimbos and everybody's tits exploded, or when she got into TG and everybody was gender swapped for the day? Or oh, the one season that was just 8 episodes of her fucking a guy in the ass nonstop because they were stuck in a time loop?"

"Pretty standard anime plots, really," Jane shrugged. "It feels like every show coming out these days has one of those as the focus. When's the last time we got a good isekai or giant robot show?"

"You didn't like 'Help I'm a salary man turned into a bimbo futanari dark elf sex slave?'" She gestured at a banner featuring a super-stacked dark elf with an air-brained expression on her face and a fat dick between her tits.

"It's okay, I guess, I'm just tired of how they all those shows these days have some obnoxious cheat ability, like they always have the most fuckable pussies or dicks or whatever or they've been mind controlled to be the biggest slut imaginable. As much as we all dream about having cheat powers like that, I want something original."

I snickered at that. When it came to cheat powers I was hardly one to talk.

"Well I think you might have come to the wrong convention, Jayjay. Look around."

"Har har," she laughed sarcastically and rolled her eyes. "That's why I like Hyper Knight Plutus so much. It may be based on Greek mythology - everybody knows the Greeks loved futa just as much as the Japanese do, just look at all the statues - but at least it's the original."

"Speaking of originals, I saw that new —" Whatever Sarah was about to say was consigned to irrelevancy as her eyes went wide. "Oh shit, don't look!"

"What?"

"It's Becky Langstein."

I could do better than that.

"It's Becky Dickrod!"

"Oh no. Are you sure?"

"I'd know that cock anywhere. And girl you're not going to like what she's wearing. She must gunning to win the cosplay contest too."

"Hasn't she won like, the past three years in a row?"

"Girls," came the voice from behind Jane.

Jane turned around to see a figure that could have been her perfect twin, from the blush to the makeup to the enormous boobs barely contained by gold-rimmed armor. It was a 1:1 replica of Battle Armour Venus, just like Jane's was. The only difference was that *her* massive golden god cock was real.

"Oh, it's you," the newcomer sneered at the other girls.

"Becky." Jane scowled. "I'm surprised to see you here. I'd have thought you'd have trouble getting those fat balls of yours out of bed."

"Oh, well I just asked your dad for help, he has happy to because of all the cum I'd been feeding him last night while fucking him senseless. You should really try growing a pair yourself, this showing is pathetic." She slapped Jane's proud faux-cock, sending it bouncing and eliciting a whorish gasp from Jane's lips.

"You fat-dicked bitch!"

"You pussy-having whore!"

"OMG, could I get a photo?" said a passerby. "I love the dick blush you're using!"

"Sure!" they went from fierce rivals to a duo act in a heartbeat, each leaping up to strike a well practised slutty pose from the show, then switching from that pose to another more whorish one as each tried to outdo the other. Eventually they landed on just heaving their huge hefty hooters together as Venus would do, lusty and loving.

As soon as the interloper had snapped their last photo they resumed glaring daggers at each other, dicks crossing like swords between them as the two girls who could have been twins squared off. There was just enough room between them for an invisible pervert to stand masturbating.

"I'm surprised you can even show your face, with a fake dick like that."

There had been some... *heated* debates in the fandom community about this topic. Even if most agreed that more cosplay was best cosplay, and that it didn't really matter as long as there was lots to fap over. Some couldn't get over the fact that their method wasn't always regarded as the best.

"Oh please. At least, fake dicks won't get soft and floppy halfway through the convention!"

"Pfft, maybe an amateur like you can't keep an erection for eight hours, but some of us have something called dedication."

"You're going to go a whole con, act out all the sex scenes, and still be rock hard for the cosplay contest this evening?" Jane raised an eyebrow. "I doubt it."

"This isn't my first con, pussy girl." Becky sneered. "I know how to handle myself. Unlike you." She gave Jane's faux-cock another slap and Jane almost fell to her knees. Becky put a hand on her hip, triumphantly, flexing her dick to demonstrate her kegel mastery, but for once no one was watching.

As much as I wanted to just get to the "And then they fucked" part of this, I had bigger ideas.

A crowd was forming and Sarah was not at the center of it. There was murmuring, a genuine commotion.

"What's going on?" Jane asked.

"Apparently there's a *boy* here," said Sarah, looking at her phone.

"A boy!" Jane gasped scandalously.

"Boys don't' cosplay." Becky scowled.

Cosplaying was such a female space. Boys were too timid come to places like this. The ones that do are cute and horny though in their little sailor skirts and kimonos. All the ladies go completely gaga for them, wanting to fuck them raw. These girls especially.

They were all thinking it. Every girl here. They could see logically where that line of thought led...

Any boy who came one of these things would be asking for it. Begging for it. That could only mean one thing - they were a slut. Looking to get laid. And maybe, just maybe, it would be with them.

"This has to just be a rumor."

"It's true, look," said Sarah holding up a phone. There were pictures of him. He was wearing a cosplay toga that I recognized as the femboy spartan Ganymede. All around him were girls trying to hit on him. He was soft and delicate, with lush pussy-slurping lips and sparkling green eyes.

"Dibs!" Cried Jane.

"Bitch I saw him first!" Becky growled.

"Yeah. you and every other girl here. Where is he?" cried Jane, craning to try to see over the crowd. "I gotta see him."

"As if you'd ever have a chance," Becky scoffed. "That's what he gets for waving that pussy of his around all these nerds."

"Blood in the water." Jane shook her head. "Gonna make this place a war-zone."

"Oh," Jane hummed. "Apparently he's in the cosplay contest later."

The girls' eyes went wide.

"Maybe I can slip in on him in the changeroom..." Jane hummed to herself.

"Ooh good idea! We can pay him a visit between rounds."

"We?"

"You're just mad you didn't think of it first."

"I did!"

"Jealousy is such an unbecoming emotion," Becky said, waving her off.

"Okay, fine, you think you're such hot shit? Let's make a deal. Why don't we settle this fairly. Whichever one of us wins the cosplay contest gets to ask him out."

"Ha! Deal!" she grinned, dick swelling. "As though I'll lose to a fake dick bimbo like you."

"Oh please." Jane flicked her dick, causing it to 'sproing' like a doorstep. "Your flesh is weak. You'll be done long before then."

"Joke's on you, cunt queen." Becky stuck her tongue out petulantly. "I'm running on like, three monster energy drinks."

"Skank."

"Bitch."

Okay, this was driving me nuts. I just wanted them to fucking make out already. As hot as these two were bitching at each other, I didn't have time for a slow burn tag right about now, no matter how juicy it might have been. Especially with those BITCHES on my tail. Let's fast forward to the good stuff, shall we?

Okay, deep breath. Here we go. I took a step back, narratively. I let the unimportant fall from my description, focusing only on key events.

And so it came to pass that there was a cosplay contest! And everybody in attendance was super horny because they knew that's where all the sluttiest stuff happened and there were tons of very high quality pornographic costumes to drool over and cum your brain out about, including the two Venuses, obviously. Cosplay girls were masturbating and fucking each other in the stands, that's how hot it was.

And lo, Jane and Becky were neck and neck through every round, always scoring the highest, especially in the bikini competition and the wet t-shirt portion. Sarah was there too, cheering from the sidelines even as her costume kept ripping to expose her humiliated naked form. Where it really came down to a tight competition was in the blowjob portion. The two skilled cosplayers, both acting perfectly in character, stretched the lips of the judges to their limits. On stage they were the epitome of strength and grace even if, backstage they were coyly jabbing at each other.

They were so caught up in things that they barely even noticed the boy was keeping up with them the whole time. Though he presented an aura of purity and innocence, he was a natural talent, a true slut. When his diaphanous toga clung to him during the wet t-shirt, it clung tight enough to show everybody the folds of his smooth eager pussy lips. For those pent-up otaku girls it was enough to make them cream right there and then.

In the end it was a close match. As the judges deliberated the girls were glaring daggers at each other as the results were declared. No, wait, they were, I don't know, slapping at each other's tits playfully and making out with each other to something to give just that little bit more incentive for the judges to pick them as hottest bitch.

But then - was it any surprise? - it was the boy who won.

Though the two were neck in neck through each of the rounds, they were outdone in the end, for the winner of the cosplay contest was the boy, whose mastery of Ganymede's various heroic blowjobs won him the day. The blowjob portion of the cosplay contest was of course very highly weighted, as is tradition.

The horny crowd went wild.

With their bet in shambles, and tied for second, the two girls were completely shocked. Imagine losing the cosplay contest to a boy! It wasn't even fair though, was it? Not when he looked like that, with his wide hips and his fat fuckable ass. The more they thought about it the more it drove them wild thinking all the ways they wanted to work out their aggression on him.

They got to talking to him after, in the changeroom, just as they planned. They had tied, hadn't they? That meant they had to split the prize, even if the prize was the rights to ask the boy out. And coy and bratty as he was, he couldn't deny his own frantic lusts. All cosplayers were total sluts. Who knew the kinds of debauched stuff they got up to at these cons?

Me. I knew. And we were about to find out.

While losing to each other had taught Becky and Jane to respect each other, the two were still bickering about who got to fuck his pussy first. They both wanted to be the one in his pussy while the other got his mouth or his ass

It had *my* pussy positively burning.

The implications from this one were just too good, too juicy. Just like that femboy's tight cunt would be later tonight when he saw these two big dick Venuses fighting over him. He'd always fantasized about Venus ever since episode 7 where she bestows her blessings on the gathered Greek chorus by spraying

cum all over them and turns them into nymphomaniacal girl-cock obsessed slut machines. He had always dreamed of that happening to him. That's why he'd come to the con.

Now he'd get his chance. They would spend all night fucking him senseless as he came over and over again, filling every last one of his holes with hot tasty cum. They'd fuck him so hard even Jane's fake dick would get him super boy pregnant.

How romantic!

I slowed it down just as the three of them were in a hotel room, the boy asking the two girls to leave their outfits on. Let's get back into the good stuff.

Sure, Jane was technically fucking with a strapon, but that never stopped girls did it? The thrill of it was better than any vaginal sex. All girls knew it was why pegging was so common.

As I watched the two of them take up position at each end of the boy, my heart was fluttering. I wondered what Jane was up to now, now that she was on this timeline. Still munching pussy at college, I bet but getting so laid by every slutty pussy boy in her path. Confident in her superiority as a cosplay master.

Hell, if conventions looked like this, maybe I'd start going in person. I'd changed a whole genre, a culture. God, I couldn't wait to see the knock on effects. How had this affected, say, video games? How had this affected Japanese culture? How had this affected western culture?

The possibilities were getting me right on the edge of cumming. And I was just getting started. I had to see it! My glorious vision. Just what I needed to push me over the edge!

I opened a hole into the future and peeked through.

/There you are/

Mother shitter!

I closed the vision of the future. /But it was too late. Holes go both ways, don't they?/

The world shattered into a thousand pieces. This time it was sharp, tearing. Each shard was grey around the edge and they cut through my flesh as they flew through the air. The grey edges of the shards didn't bring pain though, they brought numbness.

The BITCH was standing there, wrapped up in a grey-tape gimp suit, floating, half-suspended in the air by a cable of tape leading back through the hole I'd opened, like an astronaut on EVA.

/We were generous. We gave you a chance. And here you just went and made things worse. Do you have any idea how long it will take us to fix this timeline? These are serious offences./

"Yeah, as serious as my balls." I swiped /ineffectively/ at the floating figure. "You fuckers can get the hell out of here! I don't give a shit about any of that crap, I'm just trying to get off!"

/It's over. You have one last chance to surrender./

"Screw you asshole!"

/Based on what we've seen of you, you'd like that quite a bit wouldn't you?/

"Oh you've got a sense of humour now?" Something told me he hadn't found it very funny when Bunny had been collecting that donation earlier. I could see the more hourglass figure of his body. I looked at the flatness of his crotch and smirked.

"I've escaped you plenty of times. What makes you think you're going to get me here, Bitch boy?"

/We were playing nice. We thought we could recruit you. We see now that you're far too dangerous to allow in the field. Don't you see? We don't need to defeat you./

"What?"

/We already have./

"What!?"

I looked down to notice I was bound head-to-toe in grey tape. It tingled, numbly.

/You're not the only one who can mess with time./

"When... how? You really think I'm giving up that easy?"

"The tape unspooled," I narrated! "The tape was never there."

/It was over. CATRINA CLAYTON had lost./

My vision started to swim.

It was over. I'd lost.

/All went grey./

All went grey.

-

-

-

Pain.

Confusion.

Consciousness.

I woke up dry retching over the side of the bed.

It was dark, layers of heavy blinds shut against the noonday sun beyond. I gasped, choking for air, coughing so hard my throat ached. Something was extremely wrong. I was trapped in a moment, I had no concept of location or time or situation. All I knew was panic and pain, and I couldn't tell what was wrong, which made the panic and pain build even further.

Where was I? Who was I? I needed to get out of here but I didn't know who I was to do that. Dreams and visions and truths warred inside me. Surely not... surely not this one. This one in so much pain? What kind of world would exist just to torture me so?

I fell out of bed, eyes stinging. I was sweating profusely. I couldn't feel anything from my nerves. How could I be in so much pain and still be so numb?

I took in a huge gasping breath.

I took a second deep breathe. My whole body ached. I was dry mouthed, cracked lips. My body – I had a body - felt gross and heavy and confused. Everything stank of sweat and masturbation. The world swam into focus.

I was in a room.

I was in my room.

Of course I was in my room. Where else was I going to be? When was the last time I'd gone out? Or even showered? Why was there still something strange about this?

I was standing in my bedroom. It was an absolute mess. A sty. Every corner screamed out 'damn bitch, you live like this?' It was cluttered with sex toys and drugs and clothing that hadn't been washed since I'd stolen them. It wasn't like anyone was ever going to see. It wasn't like anyone was ever going to care.

But no. I had been... I had been...

Somewhere else?

I shivered. My brain felt like it was splitting open. There had been more than this. It was like waking up from a dream, all of the horrible realness of reality suddenly reasserting itself as the vision of dreamed perfection drained out into the cracks of my brain.

There was a surge of wrongness. Where was the harem of big dick'd goth cheerleaders I kept warming the bed? Where was the big-titty mommy-dommy maid whose fat fuck pillows I could rest on every night? Where were all the cartoons and paraphernalia I'd transformed when I first discovered my power? All the people I'd... I'd...

I put a hand on my head. What the fuck was I thinking?

There had been something about... turning people into ridiculous porno knockoffs so I could watch people getting sandblasted by a girl's dick trumpet?

I stopped. What the fuck was that supposed to mean? It was some remnant of a dream, like a cramp in my brain, but it was already gone, unmoored from long term memory as soon as I turned my focus to anything else.

Whatever I'd been dreaming about must have been a lot of fun though, my pussy was throbbing.

I stumbled blearily to my desk, leaving a trail through the trash and clothing. Emotions flitted around my brain. Not memories but impressions... unplaceable. Something about... Mrs. Collins?

Mm... my pussy throbbed all the harder. In my dream I hadn't been happy, but I'd been... what?

I sat down and opened my laptop. I typed in Futa Milf into the search bar.

Of course, how could a loser like me ever be happy?

I looked at the discarded hentai novels around the room. I spent my whole life losing myself in porn, it was no wonder it would screw up my brain someday. I looked out through the barest crack in the window.

The world outside was cold and grey.

But that didn't mean I couldn't dream. When I dreamed, I dreamed in colour.

I didn't have interests or hobbies or sports or friends. No family since the accident. All I had was porn and fantasies.

I reached for one of my well-loved vibrators and got to work.

-

Days passed. It was the same boring routine ad nauseam. Wake up, goon, eat, sleep. Wake up, goon, eat, sleep. My boring grey existence.

But ever since that day, something hadn't been right. I must be sick. Something must be wrong with me. No matter how much of a rumble I gave my battle-hardened cunt, it just wouldn't cum. I didn't even have that relief from this shitty world. Nothing was working. Like, it took me a while to get off normally, but I was still getting off like, four times a day. Now, nothing. Was this Depression? I'd heard that could kill your sex drive. But I was still so goddamn horny!

I tried everything I could think of. I tried mixing up my porn, hoping it would help, but it was no use. I tried all my toys and more. Nothing. It's amazing what desperation does to a girl. I found myself going down some strange rabbit holes.

That was how I found myself, one night at four in the morning desperately jacking off to a shitty self-insert fanfic on Ao3. It was some romantically contrived thing where the mary sue saves Eurydice from Ganymede and then they make sweet love thereafter. It reeked of virgin desperation. No that I was one to talk.

Not normally my cup of tea, but the whole time I was reading it I couldn't help but feel something familiar with it, like it was something from a dream. For some reason I kept expecting her to grow a huge cock at any moment and domme his ass senseless. I'd gotten pretty worked up, sexually, on that assumption, and was completely disappointed to see the vanilla ending. When will writers learn everything is hotter with hardcore fetish pornography?

For some reason it left a weird taste in my mouth. I looked into the author to see if they'd done anything else, It seemed most of what he did was argue with people on the internet about Hyper Night and brag about his girlfriend. Sure thing, buddy. I wouldn't be surprised if he was dating his Riddy love pillow.

Was Hyper Night any good now? The fic had me curious. I vaguely recalled it having a lot of fanservice, maybe I could get off to it? But no. I tried to watch an episode, but it was agonizingly boring. Why did I think it would have more boobs? Hadn't Ganymede been some kind of femboy? Not that there weren't some hot characters, but the entire time I kept expecting them to whip their dicks out and go at it. The whole thing just felt like wasted potential.

I was losing my mind. That had to be it.

That night when I slept, I dreamed of a big dick loved goddess.

On Wednesday, I had an appointment with Dr. Grey, my psychologist. He was... the psychologist I had always had. I had always had a psychologist named Dr Grey. This was normal.

I told him I hadn't been feeling like myself lately. He suggested maybe I should be looking for other outlets for my stress and frustration that aren't sexual. He said I should go out and try to be in public more. He almost prescribed yoga, then stopped awkwardly and suggested meditation instead.

He probably thought I'd be getting off to the girls in the yoga videos. They were pretty hot, weren't they? They'd be even hotter with big meaty dicks and fat fucking tittles, but who wouldn't?

Most importantly, he warned, I should tell him about any strange fantasies or thoughts I might be having, any weird visions or impressions.

I didn't, obviously. As though I'd tell him I was fantasizing about him growing a pussy and getting it absolutely stuffed by one of the streamers I watched.

He blushed shortly after. Almost as though he could read my mind. Wouldn't that be funny? I tried increasing the intensity of the little fantasy, and he blushed even harder.

As ever, I don't listen to a thing Dr. Grey tells me to do. I don't like being told what to do. Meditation? As if. The only meditation I'd ever do was meditate on the bouncy nature of big fat hentai titties.

Something *is* wrong though, I can feel it. Something doesn't seem right. Everything seems too... normal. And I don't mean the usual normal where there's all these fucking normies rubbing things in my stupid face. Somehow I'm drowning in mundanity.

By Friday I'm desperate enough to give his advice a try. Fine, I'll go outside. Maybe I'll leave the stinking realness of my sanctuary, and venture into the cold and grey of the world beyond. Even if people stare at me. Even if I'm so... visible. I hate it when people look at me. They're always judging me. We weren't all born for this world, okay?

But if it will help get my goddamn groove back, I'd do it. On a whim I go to one of the libraries nearby. I don't think I'd been inside one since high school but there was something familiar about it. There was one section that seemed to call to me, a space between two shelves, between pork and porpoises. The aisle was crossed off with caution tape and all the shelves were empty.

Once again I see how much of a coomer-brained girl-fail I must be because I walk in expecting the librarians to be smoking hot stern things like a something out of a porno. They are not. Not that I didn't spend a good fifteen minutes watching that librarian wiggle her way around, getting bossed around by her bitch of a boss. Oh, what she could have done if she just had some confidence. I kept expecting her to pull her boss aside and strip her down, humiliating her in retaliation.

Then she caught me staring, and there was something in her eyes, something familiar. She sauntered over to me and asked if I needed any help.

In retrospect it felt like a lifeline, but in the moment it just seemed like an attack I was in no position to deal with.

I noped the fuck out of there.

Had porn really corrupted my brain so much? Was I really such a loser?

This was what I got for going outside. My heart ached, there was a lump in the back of my throat. I should have just stayed in my room where nothing could hurt me.

On the way back I braved the convenience store. Normally I only went at 3am when no one else was around, but I was out of food so I figured I would pick up some of that shitty ramen.

That's when things started to go weird again. There was a song playing on the radio. The Lickspits? Where did I know this Riff from? Something about... glug glug slap slap slurp.

What the fuck was wrong with me? My brain must really have been fried. What else was I supposed to do? Could you die from lack of cumming? I think I must really be going crazy.

I was loading up for snacks, Bunny was doing another charity stream that night. I remembered how her naked tits looked after the last one and wanted to be front and center for it. But there was a commotion up front as I went up to pay.

It was Mrs. Collins. I'd know that voice anywhere. I'd know that body anywhere! 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 –

I put a hand to my head. Weird, I felt like I was having Déjà vu.

But her body was... frustrating. Like it could be so much more, like it was a flower that had been unwattered, but could bloom beautifully if it got a bit of care and sun.

She was certainly frustrated, given the way she was taking it out on the store clerk. Guess her husband was still not giving her the attention she deserved. Maybe I needed to get back to my roots. Maybe I needed to spy on this girl. What a lonely housewife she must be...

My heart was pounding as hard as my pussy.

And that's when it happened. Something truly strange.

As she turned towards the register, rotating her hips, a pyramid of 2 liter soda bottles got knocked over.

It took me a second to parse it. It made no sense. She hadn't touched the things, I could see that perfectly well from here. It was as though there were something large and heavy jutting from her crotch that had knocked it over. She jumped back in surprise.

It sent a chill through me. No, the opposite of that. It sent a warmth through me. A warmth I hadn't experienced in a long grey time.

I didn't have time to dwell on it though.

Then she turned to look at me. There was familiarity in her expression it. She recognized me. My horrible ugly body, she recognized it. There was pity there, disgust?

But no, she tried to be friendly. She asked me how I'd been doing, how she hadn't heard anything about me since the accident. How it had been years and she was happy to see me. I'm sure it was all a put on show, that behind it all she was sneering and thinking what a terrible person I had become.

My skin itched as I struggled to get away. As soon as there was a break in the conversation I ran. I didn't want to get caught up in the drama of her.

This is what I get for going outside.

-

More and more grim cumless days pass. Each week I lose myself into the internet, brain burning down like a candle. I don't want to be in this world any more. Working my pussy to internet porn again and again and again to no avail.

I hated this world, my life.

I lost myself in a fugue state. One grey day after the other. Wake, goon, sleep. A world of grey.

I wanted it all to end.

The only escape I had, was when I was asleep.

My dreams were still in colour.

Days turned to months. With each passing week I spent more and more of my life sleeping. Removing myself more and more from this dull world.

If I couldn't even cum what was the point?

Maybe it was time to finally go to sleep for good... its not like anyone would care. Another loser gooner gone from the world for good. A failure of a girl. Of a person. Become a part of the grey nothing forever.

But that's the kind of sleep I wouldn't dream, would I?

-

I couldn't remember them, that was the worst part. Just flashes of something beautiful and colourful and breathtakingly horny.

As I grew more and more desperate, I did my best to try to keep track of them, to try to remember.

More flashes, horny erotic flashes. Intense colours.

It was a world where I didn't hurt. Where I didn't thirst. I was still lonely, but I'd found something I cared about.

And bit by bit I began to piece it together. This dream, this colour, this impression. The more time I spent there the more tantalizingly close I came.

A world where I wasn't powerless. Where no one called me a freak. Where I could express myself and the world would accept it, whether it liked it or not.

Was I still lonely? Yes. But not powerless.

I tried so hard to remember. Dr. Grey said it was a waste of time, that I should be focused on the here and now instead. The real world around me, not all these flights of fantasy. But what did he know? He didn't control me, he didn't control my dreams, no matter how insistent he got when I argued with him about it.

I tried everything the internet suggested, journals and alarms and concentration. One bright morning, after months of not cumming. I succeeded. I remembered things. There had been a wheel and it had been spinning and there had been dicks flashing. There had been a commercial and a lingerie store. There had been girl dicks.

“Girl dicks.” I shuddered in bliss as I said the words aloud, committing their colour and smell and texture to memory. I could practically feel the weight and warmth of them as I dreamt of an especially large one slapping me clear across the face.

I spent the morning under the covers, driving myself crazy at the memory, putting all my vibrators and toys and porn to work, jackhammering at my battle-hardened cunt. I came closer than I had to cumming in months, but It was still no good.

I needed more

And with practice, I got better. I could remember thoughts and scraps of the dreams just long enough to name them, to make the ink stick in my brain. I had to write them out or say them aloud, consciously assign them words I could retell myself. I could scribe it into the memory, because it didn't autosave on its own.

One day I woke from a particularly juicy vision of Jane as some kind of big-boobed cosplay goddess with the biggest most realistic strapon I'd ever seen.

“Jane had big naked cosplay tits.” I said it to myself over and over. Jane had big naked cosplay tits.

Jane.

I frowned. It had been so long since I'd seen her. I wondered what she was doing now. I hoped she was doing well.

I still had that photo of her on my desk, didn't I? Somewhere under all this junk.

I went to go look at the photo and almost fell over.

The photo, bright and colourful, had Jane naked save a glittering cosplay toga, an enormous silicone dick jutting out between her legs. Somehow she had a ridiculous hourglass figure and tits so big they were larger than her head.

What the hell was going on?

Had I finally gone crazy? I closed my eyes, squeezing at the bridge of my nose.

The photo seemed bright, in colour. Unlike the rest of the world.

The more I looked, the more the same it remained.

What was going on?

The ground shook.

There was a call from Dr Grey. We had an appointment

Wait, what? No we didn't. No we didn't

/ There was a call from Dr Grey. We had an appointment/

Right. We had an appointment.

I put the phone down and started throwing on whatever clothes I could find. As soon as the photo was buried under a pile of dirty laundry I already started to forget it, like it was something unreal, some foreign body in the system of my mind. Even if the dream, the dream remained.

I made my way to Dr. Grey's office.

The entire way there was this strange buzz in the air. I couldn't shake the feeling I was being watched from every angle. Strange grey eyes from every grey shadow.

As I walked past a garage I heard a familiar riff from inside. A band must have been practising. There was something familiar about that. Hadn't I had a dream about that? I tried to bring it forward in my mind. I locked onto the words I had said when I woke up to try and pluck at the strings of memory. "I turned the band into sluts. I had turned the band into sluts."

Suddenly the music that came out was very different. Oh my god, had they started fucking? And here I wasn't even in a position to see it. Rude!

The buzzing seemed louder now. The suburbs I was walking in seemed strange and distant. Where was I? This wasn't the road I normally took.

It was familiar though. And I immediately realized why. I found myself outside past Mrs. Collins's house. My heart lurched. This took me back, nostalgically. And, oh my god, could I be so lucky? She was standing there in the living room, yoga mat ready.

I crept up, hiding in the bush I had spent so much of my adolescence peeping on this woman from. Dr. Grey would have to wait. I couldn't pass up an opportunity like this. It was the original sin all over again!

She bent down and forth, twisting this way and that, showcasing her supple soft Milftastic body.

There was something colourful in my brain that this reminded me of.

Exhibitionist Futa Milf.

I'd had a dream about this, hadn't I?

"Mrs. Collins was an Exhibitionist Futa Milf." I whispered it. Then started repeating it to drive the memory up into my brain. "Mrs. Collins was an Exhibitionist Futa Milf. Mrs. Collins was an Exhibitionist Futa Milf." Mrs. Collins was an Exhibitionist Futa Milf.

The world lurched, my heart exploded.

"Oh my god." My eyes went wide at what I saw. I fell back from the window. There was no flush of heat at this, it was a flood of lava and it was all going straight to my cunt.

Was this some kind of joke? Had she known I'd be here? What was going on?

No. It was real!

Her incredible hypersexual curves, her magnificent tits, and her baseball bat of a dick. It was all there in living colour. She swung it lasciviously in my direction, as though showcasing its perfection. I reached a hand down to play with my pussy. She had dick that could topple kingdoms. This was it – this was going to get me there!

There was a hand on my shoulder.

"Ms. Clayton." The voice of Dr. Grey came from behind me. "You're late for our appointment."

"I – I just... Are you – are you seeing this?" I gestured frantically as Mrs. Collins adjusted her yoga pose to better display her enormous cock and balls and her exaggerated curves to the window. I had to prove I wasn't crazy, that this was actually happening.

"All I see is more of your Delusions, Ms. Clayton."

"But I just.."

"All these hypersexual hallucinations of the people in your life, your friend's mother, your cosplay friend, it's all in your head, Ms. Clayton. You need to recognize it. Say it with me, please. 'It's all in my head.'"

"All in my..." I followed him half on instinct, then stopped. "Wait a minute."

"Ms. Clayton?"

"I never told you about Jane."

I turned to look at him. Really look at him. I don't normally look people in the eyes... how had I not realized my psychiatrist had no face? It was just a whorl of sucking grey.

"You were there too. In my dreams. Some kind of weird grey gimp suit."

"Listen to yourself," he chastised. "You hear how irrational that is, don't you? I'm trying to help you Catrina Clayton. Really, I am. But I can only help people who want to be helped. You have to meet me half way."

"Help me with what? Who cares if I'm delusional? If those delusions are better than this world, what's wrong living in them instead? What's wrong with spending all day in porn? At least there I'm happy, at least it's an escape."

"Would you burn the rest of the world around you to escape, Catrina Clayton? When you did, were you any less lonely?"

"No..."

"I'm trying to help you move on with your life, but you need to be willing to make changes to yourself. You need to be open to growth."

"Changes to myself..."

The words bounced around my brain. I laughed.

I clenched my fist. The motherfucker. I hated him so much, but he was right. Isn't that the worst feeling in the world, when motherfuckers are right?

The visions I saw earlier, the dreams, they were all proof, weren't they? They were just these ridiculous fantasies I'd had. In my dreams I'd watched a hypersexual world unfold. I'd had all the power in the world and I was no different at all, still sitting in front of the screen, jerking my clit off to hentai.

He was right. I needed to grow. I needed to be more than that. I needed to be more than I was.

Goddammit, why was Dr. Grey always so convincing?

I took a deep breath. I looked at the hypersexual futanari milf dancing around on the far side of the window.

I closed my eyes.

"You're right, doctor. I do need to change. I should be focusing on myself. On growing..."

"Thank you for listening to me." He sounded relieved. "I know this is all confusing now but one day you'll look back at this and —"

"Growing these huge nuts!"

"What!?"

Got him. I laughed.

I opened my eyes. Rainbows roiled in my vision.

"It's so obvious, Doc. This is what it's all been leading to. I understand now. You're right. I'm growing a huge dick. I'm growing a huge dick."

I'm growing a huge dick.

A surge of heat swelled in my crotch, all the months of grey horny torture flooding forth and transforming into heat and lust and pleasure, my frustration turning into length and girth. An enormous bitchbreaker between my legs, as mighty as Venus's ought to be.

"You were right. I need to be more involved. I can't just sit back and watch dickgirls fuck. I have to get involved with that myself. I've been treating the world like I was an outsider, an observer, then blaming

everybody for excluding me. I have to take the risks. I have to go step into the scene. I need to be there, gargling Mrs. Collins balls, I have to sniff her taint and feel the warmth of her dick against me.

Even if putting myself in the scene opened me up to hurt.

It would take a long time to get over that. But this was an epiphany. That path was sure as hell better than the route I was on now.

Yes, it was lonely. But only because I wasn't putting myself in the scene, I wasn't making it real for me, as it was real for them.

"Catrina, please. Stop this."

"I realized what was most important in the world. Girl dick."

"I remembered..." I remembered everything.

Colour exploded out of my eyes, driving away the darkness and the cold and the grey.

My body still hurt, still ached. I had been hurt thinking about Jane. I had driven everybody away. That's what had hurt. I was always driving people away because I was afraid they'd hurt me, they'd leave me like my family had in the crash.

Ever since the accident, I had done nothing but curl up in my room and hate. I hadn't been much better before but at least there'd been hope I'd grow out of it. Instead, after the accident I sank worse into it.

I'd always held myself above the rest, kept my distance. I needed to get involved.

I grabbed my dick, it was big and hefty and sensitive. It took two hands to manhandle properly, I could feel the swing of it with every little motion, I could feel the air passing over its nudity. It was the kind of dick that could cum and cum and cum and fuck pussy after pussy and a few assholes and throats mixed in for flavour. It was the kind of dick everybody would love. The kind of dick I could show the world.

As scary as that thought also was.

But no, I saw the light now. The world doesn't accept me? That's because it doesn't know me. It hasn't heard my message. The people I'd changed, the people I'd shared my expression with. They were all better off for it.

I rose up into the air, shining light pouring out of me. Wherever the light touched there were dicks and fucking and goddamn enlightenment.

"I'm sorry Cat, that it's come to this," Dr. Grey said, his body fading away against my light. He pulled a roll of tape out of his pocket, but the tape exploded into rainbows. The world exploded into rainbows.

In my dreams I saw colour.

I woke up.

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“How!?” someone screamed.

I was in some kind of hospital, gagged and bound in grey tape. There were doctors and scientists and BITCHES all around, reaching for weapons and rushing to sound alarms. I was in the depths of some kind of secure SCP-ass facility.

I opened my mouth to narrate myself out of there, but they had me gagged. No, not gagged. My mouth was gone! Motherfuckers.

But I was stronger now, I thought very loudly. I didn’t need to speak it any more.

They were upon me in an instant, and we clashed like only reality benders could. Now it was time for the big Sandman-style fight. I hit them with a sea of dicks. The walls warped and shredded the walls around me, sucking me in and binding me. I made everybody’s tits expand, their boobs so big and horny they couldn’t even move. They blew up every one of my cells. I slapped them in the face with my immortal godcock and reformed myself from it’s balls.

The whole facility getting caught up in the crossfire, other secure prisoners escaping, distracting. All of my pent up horny desperation was flooding out, more extreme than anything I’d ever known. It was another one of those instances where time didn’t mean much. I don’t know how long we battled.

But do you know what did it in the end? Something they weren’t expecting. I put something in their brain. Something wrong. A niggling little idea.

Doctor Grey stood over me amidst the rubble, moonlight dappling down upon us. He was still trying to shake off the bikini body I’d given him. He reached out to snuff out my life. Then he froze, nipples tenting, unable to push any further.

“What did you do?” he asked, through a facemask of now tie-dyed tape.

“I gave you a kink, motherfucker.”

He tried focusing on bending reality, but the sight of my throbbing lady boner was too much for him. He couldn’t focus enough to narrate any changes that didn’t involve him diving on it and gargling my cum till the cows came home.

Got him.

It would always be like that, every time he tried to make a change, he’d do something to debase himself sexually, and he’d be loving every minute of it. He couldn’t even change himself back without making it even worse.

He fell back, trying to get control of himself, but he couldn’t help but bring his hands up to play with his tits, to curse himself for getting rid of his super-huge tits I’d given him.

I looked around at the destruction.

I'd gone off like a bomb. Everybody remaining amidst the rubble of the facility was as infected by my little mind worm as him. Farther than that, even. Probably everybody around for miles. Some of them had even started fucking then and there.

I'd shared my vision of the world with all of them. Made them realize how wonderful the world could be.

"The department isn't done with you. Even if you get rid of us," said Dr. Grey, biting his lip. "This isn't over."

"It's over for now," I said, stroking my reality bending lady boner. God, it felt so good. I should have done this ages ago. "I'll have to have words with them. You've got a lot of cleaning up to do in the meantime. But for now I'm free."

My stroking increased in intensity, the light so bright it blinded all who saw it. The last I saw was Dr Grey's feminized body furiously burying his fist into his pussy as he screamed in delight and frustration.

I disappeared in a flash.

He was right. I couldn't keep running forever. Sooner or later I'd have to get involved. I couldn't just sit back and let my life happen, or let other people dictate it.

I couldn't just sit back and watch.

The world was no longer grey, but if I let my guard up it would be. I had to seize control of my own narrative, not just go along in other people's. I had found happiness sharing my perversion with the world and you know what? I think they responded pretty strongly to it as well. Conner had a girlfriend, Mrs. Collins was getting the sex she needed. That librarian had gotten one up on her boss, the band would go on to do great things, the frat boy was getting fucked for real, Bunny would be topping the charts, hell, even Jane had become a cosplay queen. Plus, of course, they were all getting super laid.

And oh my god, do have any idea how good it feels to have a dick? There are so many things I suddenly felt very keen to rub it against and shove it in. I'd be having lots of fun with this, I was sure of that.

I suppose some people would have cried out, "Oh my god, what have I done?" looking back at all that chaos, but having seen the grey of mundanity, the closer I look the more I see everybody is happier because of me. Because of me. My creativity, my passion. Even if that passion was for hot big titty girls with swinging cocks.

And now, I have as a dick of my own. That's a metaphor if ever there was one. I'm done just sitting around watching all this stuff. It's time to get involved herself. It's time to have an impact on peoples' lives. Possibly for the better, probably for the perverse, right?

But first... I stroked my dick. It was so much more sensitive than my pussy had been. I'd always been so scared to change my body, to change my pussy. But this was everything I'd dreamed about and more. It looked like sometimes personal growth was good. Even if sometimes it's just twelve inches at a time.

And I was going to put it to good use. I was going to get into the middle of that threesome with Mrs. Collins and Conner and their sex doll and I'm going to find out what it feels like to get my dick sucked by a femboy and I was going to be a big-dicked genie for that librarian, making all her sexy wishes come true! And you know what? I was going to cum so goddamn hard the world would tremble!

I think I'd earned that much, wouldn't you agree?

Then I was going to talk to Jane. And apologize. Maybe see if she wanted to go out sometime.

After that. Who knew? I could try to get close to people? Make friends. Maybe... Maybe I could help people out? I could elevate them without them realizing, like some kind of enlightened master. I could make everybody's life better. I can abolish war and get rid of traffic and erectile dysfunction. I could make the world a better place!

Or, more likely, I'd be better off just giving girls huge dicks every now and have them fuck boy pussy while I watched. Or I'd turn guys into girls and swap around people's junk. I'd have some fun with it! And, I promise, so would the people I changed.

I'd find people whose lives were boring, who could use a bit of help from the unreal. Who knows? Maybe I'm in the room with you, right now, dear reader? Giving you tits or a dick or a pussy and making your life so much better than it ever was before. Well, as long as I can get off on it.

Maybe, if it's good enough, I'll even join in.

But first...

I have to go see a Milf about a dick.

And we all lived happily ever after.

The End.