

Hi! If you got to this story through normal channels then you probably know all of the usual warnings and have some idea what you've found.

However, if you were googling for Sidney Crosby, Kirk McLean, or Henrick Sedin, you ought to go read something else. This story contains some stuff that's not for children, people offended by textual representations of sex acts, or people with no sense of humour.

Assuming you are still reading, here are the caveats:

If you don't think you should be reading this, you probably shouldn't.

If you are planning to try any of this stuff, be my guest; don't expect it to work, and do expect to be arrested.

If you are going to boost this story and post it elsewhere please contact me first. I probably won't mind, but it is only fair to find out first.

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Master PC: Wing Girls

By William Pratt

Master PC created by JR Parz

The Art of Meeting Girls: Sidney McLean

“OK. Remember to stick to the script,” said Trish. “Stick to the script and you will have no problem picking someone up. You point them out, Kari will case them, Kari or Steph approach them and guide them your way. Play it cool and be yourself or trust me, you *will* blow it.”

“But...”

Unlike the rest of our party, Trish looked like she had just left the office. Strategically arranged clips kept her black hair up off the collar of a navy blue blazer suitable more for work than clubbing. The rest of her attire played to the same tune: white blouse, long skirt, hose and a pair of functional flats on her feet.

Scary, right? Then a flash of light from the spinning mirror ball illuminated her neckline for an instant. I wasn't going to guess at her cup-size, but could see enough in the playing shadows and their after image to know she'd look fantastic on the beach. With sights like that, despite the severe attire, I could tell Trish was a stone-cold fox.

Emphasis on cold. Regal didn't quite cover her bearing, imperial came closer, but still missed out. Looking at her you'd assume lawyer or Wonder Woman in disguise or perhaps Mary Poppins since she was practically perfect in every way. Stick her in club attire or—my heart skipped a beat imagining it—a bikini and she'd be Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious. If I had any say in the matter, I would have asked uncle Hank to set me up with her. Instead—

“But nothing. If they don’t like you, it is not meant to be. Remember. The Wing Girls are just aids. *You* have to seal the deal. We are only here to make you more attractive. With three guys and two girls, obviously there is a hole to be filled. A romantic hates that. Some women will even latch on because you look unavailable. I’ll handle those. Karen takes the others and Stephanie works as back-up. Craig and Jim make it look more like a party.

“It is like a piece of performance art, only it does more than merely look pretty. You are paying for proven success.”

“I ... Uh... I’m....” I was paying for jack and shit. My dad’s older brother Hank was footing the bill. He figured that it was a damn shame I never had the time at Tech to get it on with a woman. And now that I had my Thesis finished, he figured it was time. Was I going to argue? Not much. And not at all after I met Trish Yates and her associates. Any one of the three women.... Wow.

At first glance I thought Uncle Hank had hired prostitutes for me, and I was disgusted. The fact that they were all so hot I couldn’t help getting turned on made it worse, but then Trish explained the plan. I relaxed. A bit.

They were Wing Girls. They were there to help guide a compatible girl my way and make me look less pathetic by mixing me in with women in a social setting. In theory, they also made me look less threatening and more attractive. In the worst case, it gave the target female someone to talk to while they got comfortable around me and realized I wasn’t just another horny creep.

Which is fair. I wasn’t a horny creep, which is why at twenty five I might as well still have been a virgin. The best I could claim was getting drunk at an old gaming buddy’s wedding and not remembering the night I spent with a bride’s maid. She *says* we had sex. Fortunately, she *also* says I’m a complete loser, so nothing happened afterward. A very good thing. She didn’t have what you would call a pleasant disposition.

Trish didn’t either, but she made up for it in other ways. They struck an odd balance, “This is a job” versus “You want to fuck me” and certainly made me feel horny. But still not like I was a creep. Really. I was actively trying to *not* look at her boobs when the mirrorball lit them up.

“You are here because you want to hook up. We are here to hook you up. We are actors. We are the best. All you have to do is play your part. Just don’t be a creep.”

Her blonde partner, Kari, had Trish’s attention, so my eyes took a shot at getting a glimpse into the shadows of her blouse. The mirror ball spun too fast and I never got a—

Eyes up. “I won’t.”

Her eyes narrowed. I don’t think she believed me. Probably why she brought a posse with her. She claimed it was to have more of a “Friends out partying” feel, but with a look at them and then a look at me, a moron would call shenanigans.

Kari, Trish’s number one—a short, studious-looking blonde with petite, rectangular glasses augmenting her amazing green eyes—had a nice body she only gave peeks at. With a demure sweater and skirt, she looked kind of like a school girl tease. She also had a razor-sharp wit. I liked that for about the ten seconds it took to realize Kari wasn’t really interested in discussion as much as scoring points and establishing her place at or near the top of the hierarchy. Any hierarchy. Maybe we could have looked like

a pair to a casual observer, but I wasn't her type. Too much of an intellectual challenge. And too far out of her league.

Besides, she brought her own, and I really felt for the poor guy. I shouldn't have. Craig Elefante fell off the cover of a romance novel. A beefcake, but he wasn't dumb or anything. I think he just mastered good natured cluelessness and Kari's barbed monologues slid off him. Seriously, the guy could do better. I don't know how he hooked up with Kari, but Trish saw him as protection in case I tried anything stupid. Overkill.

Jim, the other guy, looked about half Craig's size and could *still* handle any trouble I could make, hands down. Dark-haired and sickeningly handsome, he probably made even women feel inferior—right up until he lured them into bed. Then they likely felt like they'd won the lottery.

Jim and Craig came as a sort-of pair, bantering back and forth like old friends. They even tried to include me, but our interests only crossed over at video games, and that was limited at best. Jim was a first person shooter fan and I was more into real-time strategy. Craig was a Guitar Hero all the way. For real. Still, they were so good-natured that I could probably hang out with them and be comfortable.

The large party was also training for Stephanie, a part-time model Trish and Kari hired. Out of pity, I think. I didn't catch much on the way over because they talked around the issue without confronting it, but apparently it was either this or what Kari dismissively called "Expanding The Website." I didn't know what site, but I could guess. And I could be fairly certain Stephanie wasn't the webmaster.

Why Steph had to work for Trish was beyond me. Her parent's genes skimmed on breasts, but nowhere else. She certainly had the looks to make a living in front of the camera. Her face was to die for, symmetrical, high cheeked, and with bow-shaped lips built for kissing. Her body was slender without surrendering much curve, well exercised, and too fine for words. And she had legs. Lord, did she have legs. Put together she had the sort of loveliness you found on the Internet with a much larger set of boobs grafted onto her by some drooling Photoshop geek.

Her pink top looked stretchy enough for the geek to perform miracles. And if not, then the low scoop neck showing off her push-up enhanced cleavage provided a fantastic escape vector, waiting to be filled with round, softly tanned flesh struggling to be free.

And did I mention legs? The skirt Steph wore made sure no one could miss or forget.

Her job was to watch what Kari did and put it into practice. I didn't mind much because even though she was a little vapid, the tall brunette was great to look at. Better, she wasn't seeing "her" guy. Or at least I hoped not. Jim was her brother.

Like that made any difference. Taking *her* home was out of the question. I wasn't hooking up with any fashion models, even out of work ones, until I earned my first couple million. Seeing how my goal now that I had my doctorate was working on CERN's Large Hadron Collider, fat effing chance of that.

For about the millionth time I wondered why I didn't just get an MBA and go working for uncle Hank. He made big money doing whatever he did without seeming to work, and he was always surrounded by women closer to my age than his. I asked him about it once when I was a teen.

"Computers," was all the paranoid old bastard said.

He was more loquacious when he dropped by the university. Probably because was celebrating another new girlfriend, about my age and hotter than Hell, by staggering around drunk off his ass.

“I make dreams come true.” He belched. His girl, Kandi, giggled. “Us’ally mine. You ever want anythin’, you let me know. How about Kandi? Wanna try her out? C’n always get ‘nother. Plenny prime pussy ‘roun here”

Yes. You bet I did. The girl clearly had no brains at all, but did have the body of a Playmate and the face of a horny freshmen co-ed. Kinda looked like Katherine Moon from down the hall, but better. Much, much better. Take Kathy and trade down her intellect to up her cup-size to drool-worthy and you had Kandi nailed. Not the right thing to say about your uncle’s girlfriend, though. Even if he offered to share. I lied and said no.

He shook his head a little too hard and winced. “You needa relax, kid. I’ll help. When you graduate, I’m gonna set you up. Yul see.” Uncle Hank shot a huge smile of promise along with a blast of Gojira-class booze breath.

Frankly I should have seen this coming. His idea of setting me up was to surround me with three of the hottest looking girls I’d ever seen on this side of a monitor without any hope of touching even one of them. Thanks Unc. You’re my hero.

That was too harsh. He *was* trying to set me up, and with someone I have a reasonable chance of keeping. It still wasn’t fair.

So now I sat in Club Zero awaiting a date with Destiny, or any girl who’d actually take me. Dark, loud, but a nice place. Kind of what I’d expected from a dance club, but I really liked the seats. You could spin around in them but they were still comfortable. The mirror ball doing nice things with Trish’s breasts hung over the main floor, turning the dancers into a stroboscopic series of images. If you wanted cozy, you went up the stairs, away from the dance floor. The further you went, the more the place thinned out.

“I’m going to be over there.” Trish pointed to a seat in the next tier of the eating area, up and behind me. I had been positioned with a good view of the dance floor to better spot my one true love. She picked her spot to have a good view of me. “I only step in if it becomes necessary. Maybe I call a target. The real work will be done by Kari, backed by Steph. Start with—”

Trish jolted slightly, then shook her head and pulled a smart phone out of her purse. She tapped it and said, “Excuse me.” before holding it to her ear and shouting, “Patricia Yates.”

“Yes.”

“What?”

“Fuck you!”

“Calm down? No. I’m not going to calm down. This is something you should have balls to say to my face.”

“I’ll be there in ten. No make it fifteen.”

“Fucker!” With only a small amount of additional force, her finger would have gone right through the phone when she stabbed it to hang up. “Congratulations Steph, graduation. Kari, run things until I get back. This won’t take long. This better fucking not take long.”

Kari’s short blonde hair bobbed as she nodded, her face calm. “I can do it.”

Trish didn’t even respond. She was already half way gone. Someone was going to die. If he got lucky. I wondered if I should call the cops.

Shepherding a Loser: Kari Krijek

“Start with—” The musical strains of Everything I do were barely audible over the blaring beat of dance music, but Trish’s response said everything. Her boyfriend never called at work. That was one of the rules. Trish had a lot of rules. It amazed me that she *had* a boyfriend.

“Excuse me,” she said, politely for someone who was about to gut a man. The phone, same as mine but one version back, was out, answered, and at her ear in a flash. She stuck a finger in her left ear and shouted, “Patricia Yates.”

From there the one-sided conversation went awry. Dave must have struck first and knocked Trish off balance. Probably the only way to deal with her, I guess. Maybe they were into hot make-up sex or something.

“Yes.”

“What?”

“Fuck you!”

“Calm down? No. I’m not going to calm down. This is something you should have balls to say to my face.”

“I’ll be there in ten. No make it fifteen.”

Trish did the new millennium equivalent of slamming down the phone: Slapping the touch screen silent. “Fucker!”

She spun on Steph and for a moment I thought she would take her anger out on the easy target, but Trish got unpredictable when she was pissed. “Congratulations Steph, graduation.” Her head snapped over and it was my turn. “Kari, run things until I get back. This won’t take long. This better fucking not take long.”

Easy as cake. Find a girl for the client. That big a loser would settle for anything, but who would settle for him? That made for a good puzzle. Regardless, I nodded and fixed Trish with a steely glare of my own. “I can do it.”

I could. Matching people was just a psychology game. I was good at psychology. I had a Masters in it. I know how people think, and add that to the way Trish treated people, I’d be running this show in another two months, tops. Trish was my best friend since forever, but this was business.

Trish didn’t even respond. She stomped off before I could finish. I leaned over and whispered to Stephanie, “Dave’s a dead man.”

She nodded, then frowned. “How d’you know it’s Dave?”

“Who else could set her off that fast?”

“Uhhhh... Like, her dad?”

That he could. “Sergeant Major Yates would not have a Bryan Adams ring tone.”

“Yah. He’d be something like the Colonel Bogey March.”

I looked her over again. Sometimes Steph knew too much to be the airhead she portrayed. I hate it when people try to play games with me, but I kept coming back to the same point. Steph was a culturally aware airhead. An airhead savant. Maybe it was all the ballet and classical dance she took while I was leading cheers. I had a lot of catching up to do on that front once I decided I’d get further using my brain for a living.

Steph picked the opposite and stayed an airhead. She’d be the classic tits-for-brains bimbo if she had tits. But she knew her classics and I was still working my way up from boy bands and dating a bass-playing surfer dude. Culturally a step down from that History postgrad I dated before him, whatever his name was. A highschool teacher for the rest of his life, if he got that lucky.

I checked out Sid. There was potential there. University educated, I knew that from the real client, his uncle. This was a graduation gift bestowed on a gormless nerd by a filthy rich relative. Unmarried relative.

Ha! Hardly! The guy was in his fifties. And hard-core creepy. The woman with him made Steph look like Einstein. Not my scene.

But Sid... he was in line for some serious inheritance. And a completely different sort of clueless from Steph. He looked and talked smart as hell, but he actually drank up the mindless swill Trish fed him, staring at her boobs the whole time. A little skin and I could work wonders moulding him. If I played my cards right, I could end up with a lot more than...

Oh what the *Hell!* He’s in his mid twenties and just graduating university? No amount of his uncle’s money could make up for that. Playing Pygmalion was a serious rush, but only with someone worth the time spent on the remaking.

And Sid... the sooner I dumped the guy on someone equally pathetic, the better. I looked Stephanie over again. Wouldn’t it be funny if...? I bet I could....

Not in one sitting, of course, but Nerd and Model.... Now how do I keep them together long enough for Steph to think they are in love? Craig. He gets along with everybody. Get Craig to guide Sid, Jim goes along for the ride and Stephanie.... Now *that* had a lot of potential for fun.

Vapid is as Vapid Does: Stephanie Parker

Wow. Talk about a *hard* case. I studied Sidney. He was, like, tall and some girls really got off on that, but neither dark nor handsome. If Trish gave me, like, an hour’s warning, I could have dressed him. He’d still look like a nerd, but he’d be a cool nerd. Nerds can be cool, right? I mean there’s that whole Geek Chic thing. They don’t have to look even skinnier because their suit’s too big. They don’t have to wear a suit to the club even if Trish did. Serious faux pas. Like, even Trish could only *kinda* make it work.

First of all, Sid needed hair that didn't make his head look tiny. He's like this megabrain, right? He needed to show it, and I knew this guy who could take care of that in like twenty minutes, tops. Next were jeans and a tee-shirt to bring out the lanky without making him look like an anorexic basketball player. He looked like maybe a 32 waist by 34 leg. Any department store could take care of that. Just a little work and he'd look a *thousand* percent better.

Anyway, it would get time consuming after that. Sid needed some real work. I bet his face wouldn't look as long fattened up a little. He had the room for that. Guys were so lucky. A little bit of time in the gym every week, or just sports and they were good to go. An ounce of fat on me and I'd *never* get work.

Seriously, Sid, you're like six and a half feet tall. You could play basketball. Solve *all* your problems.

Kari probably had the same idea, looking him over and wearing her thinking face. Giggle. Craig better watch out! Not! Kari liked her guys kinda dumb and beefy.

I knew I could find a girl for him. I knew he could find his own girl if he just looked after himself. It blew my mind that he didn't. That anybody didn't. I mean it's not like it's *that* hard, or anything. I only spent a couple hours a day and look at the results I got! Some people—Trish, my brother—got *super* lucky. They never seemed to do *anything*, but the rest of us had to work. It wasn't fair, but like, neither were starving kids in Africa.

Will Model For Food helped out with that, but not nearly enough. We barely broke even on the last calendar.

Kari was looking at me again. Studying me. I smiled back. I know it doesn't seem like it, but she really is a sweet person, most of the time. I mean, Craig likes her. They've been together longer than anyone I've ever seen him with. She completes him somehow, I guess. I dunno.

I tried dating him, Craig, back in high school, but it was too weird dating my brother's best friend. And this was before girls discovered Jim and he discovered them and things got *really* icky. If he was a girl, he'd be a slut. These days I was about the only girl who *hadn't* tried him out at least once. I mean he's how Kari met Craig.

I heard from Trish that Jim cycled girlfriends so fast because he had a tiny dick. I used to think, *well, at least something is wrong with him*, but I grew up. Besides, he works in a bank. I mostly wait tables and wait for phone calls.

Seriously, how was I supposed to know the website would bring in so little money? It did *so* well a couple years ago, but then so did the *Model for Food* calendar. Worse, all of my pictures kept popping up all over the internet, and I had to keep sending out these stupid DMCA Notices that everyone ignored. Every time I *did* get something deleted, it would be put back up. Sometimes even at the same place with a different name.

And all the forum chatter was guys saying I'd be totally hot if I had tits. I didn't want tits. You didn't do Milan with tits. Even my old agent brought it up once, said I'd be more marketable. At least if I did have tits, maybe I wouldn't keep finding those gross pictures of my head on someone else's body or their breasts on mine. Talk about stomping on somebody's self esteem. Like, "Oh baby, you'd be so hot if you weren't you."

Blah. The Internet sucked.

Even Kari got in on the act, saying I should add an adult section to the site. I didn't think that would do any better. I'd just be writing a more notices, have more people commenting on my lack of boobs, and it would *totally* kill Milan. No one took you seriously once you started stripping for a living. I didn't need that stress. If this Wing Girls thing panned out, the whole site was *soooo* done. I'd turn it into, like, a portfolio or something and concentrate on my real career.

But first I had to find a girlfriend for Sid and prove to Trish I could do this.

Hank's Graduation Gift: Sidney McLean

I didn't realize how far out of my fish tank I'd wandered for the first half hour. I sat and gabbed with Craig and Jim. Even Kari seemed to lighten up a little. Stephanie was on her own planet, just looking around and mostly at girls. Now that really wasn't fair, her looking the way she did and probably being a lesbian.

Then it settled in. Club Zero was Mars, maybe even Pluto since it wasn't even a planet anymore, compared to the dorm and lab I'd lived in for the past seven years. I needed some of the trappings of home for comfort, so I fell back on old faithful. I pulled my laptop out of my briefcase and took advantage of the wi-fi to check my e-mail. I'd be quick, I promised myself. Unless it was a job offer from the guys from Switzerland I met last semester.

No such luck there, but I did get a mail from uncle Hank that changed my life.

From: "Henry McLean" <hmac@mac-for.com>

Sidnye! Congraduations! Hope you'er having fun with Trish. Fucking hottie, huh? Wanted to do her ass, but had to catch a flight. Did a stwardess instead. If she won't put out, run the program I attttttched.

PS: frogive teh typing I am sloshed.

Run the program I attached. Right. The antivirus didn't make a peep, and G-mail didn't allow exe files, so how bad could it be? Besides this had to be my uncle. A spammer wouldn't know anything about Trish, but I didn't know anything about what else could be living on uncle Hank's PC. Not too much I figured, considering how paranoid he was about the thing.

Finally I decided that it *was* uncle Hank and to just run the damn thing. My hard disk immediately began to scream, spinning at full speed as something massive installed. One seat over from me, Kari rolled her eyes. I don't know if it was because I had a crappy laptop and she knew it or because I was damaging my own cause by looking like a nerd. Probably the latter, but the former didn't help.

The screen went black. I had a brief "Oh shit!" moment before a genie popped up on the screen.

Total bullshit, I thought as I read the introduction to the pompously named Master PC. Master of all around me for 100 miles. Right. Become or feel when I hit send. Right. This was in line with my uncle's sense of humour. He'd sent me a hentai game. I alt-tabbed back to G-mail to send a thank you to my uncle for setting me up on a date *and* providing me with wank material for after. He had such faith in me.

And he'd already sent me another e-mail, this one too late.

From: "Henry McLean" <hmac@mac-for.com>

Sidney:

Do not open that last attachment. I shouldn't have sent it. Delete it. Do not run it. Do not even look at it.

The e-mails were only minutes apart. How could you be drunk one minute and totally sober the next? That made less than no sense. Probably he was still bombed, but worried enough to spell check.

If any of my dinner companions saw what he'd sent, I'd be strung up. But I wanted to play around with it for a while before I deleted it. Uncle Hank was into some seriously weird shit, and if this freaked *him* out.... Man, I really wanted to see it. That Kari chick beside me would probably castrate me, so I had to wait until she was gone. Best way to do that?

"Hey, uh, Kari... What about her?" I pointed to a perfectly reasonable candidate. With muddy hair and no figure to speak of, I probably did stand a chance with her, barely, and Kari nodded.

"I'll check her out." She gave Craig a kiss and slipped out of her seat. I wanted to be Craig for a moment. Then I remembered that I was smart enough to understand the verbal daggers she hurled and snapped the laptop back open. The genie seemed to wink at me as I logged into uncle Hank's game.

False IDs didn't work. I tried six of them, all with "user not found." Uncle Hank must have set it up so that only my real name would let me in. Weird, but so's uncle Hank. And one of his people must have built the 3D model of me based on family photos or something. It was a very good model. Very accurate. Very depressing. Very naked.

Alongside the very modern, and very out of place, rotating avatar were an array of checkboxes, slider bars and buttons that looked straight out of the nineties: A hideous mish-mash of grey boxes with the occasional black line acting as a poor-man's shadow to make it look 3D. If the program was written for anything newer than Windows 95, I would have been surprised.

But still a little depressed. Here I was trolling for dates and I didn't look very appealing. On a lark I moved one of the sliders, marked Penis Size (erect) over half way to the right. Probably because the avatar was flaccid, not much happened. The shrinky dink lengthened a little and thickened quite a bit, but otherwise, *Yay*.

I played around with Global Musculature a little, watching the avatar Hulk out at one end and collapse into Stephen Hawking at the other. In the middle it looked like a Boxer or MMA fighter. Moved back a few pips, I had a pretty good idea what I could look like if I got out of the lab for a while and jogged or something. I nodded and promised myself I'd do some of that, because the Avatar wouldn't have much trouble getting women, and it didn't look like *too* much work to attain and maintain.

Looking up and around to make sure no-one was watching, I went back to work on the penis. The easiest way to see what it would look like erect was to make it erect. I moved the libido slider all the way to the right. His balls inflated and he got a glassy stare, but didn't get a hard-on. Beyond that, not much to see physically, but it did update a statistics panel floating to the avatar's right. Apparently, the avatar now had the capacity to get hard and cum a few dozen times a day. Sounded useful for a sex game, so I left it and slid Sexual Arousal to about the same level.

Bang! My avatar now looked disproportionate, his dick at least a foot long and losing the struggle with gravity. I scaled it back, this time watching in real-time, until the readout listed 8.378 inches. Probably good enough. I tinkered with some of the other settings placed around Penis Size. Cum flavour I set to "Ambrosia." Ejaculation volume I maxed out. Recovery time I set to nearly zero. And due to a checked box Master PC called Retroactive Reality, no one but me would notice a thing had changed. Of course not. That's because it wouldn't happen.

I clicked send to apply the changes and save them, then minimized the window before I got busted for gay porn and tossed out.

I felt blood pumping into my dick. My cock. Lots of blood, and it was packed full of hyper-horny hormones like someone swapped my libido with that of a dozen thirteen year olds who'd found their dad's porn stash. And that someone was me. It felt fucking amazing. Awesome! For no reason at all, I was getting hard as a rock. No reason? I knew the reason! I was stupidly horny! I looked up from the aching bulge I now had in my pants to the computer screen and hit maximize. My naked avatar had the cock of the gods. A tool designed to receive and deliver ultimate pleasure.

And it felt like I did, too. It was pretty obvious how uncle Hank got his women, a different one practically every day. That and how he got rich. Also explained why Kathy Moon dropped out so suddenly: She was enjoying a new career at Penthouse as Kandi. Fuck! I should have taken Unc up on his offer. Kathy was hot, but Kandi... Irresistible! I'd do her right here on the table!

I needed to get laid. I needed it now. My Wing Girls were going to have to work doubletime finding a girl before I exploded or had to take a trip to the bathroom.

"You OK?" asked Stephanie in response to my groan.

I looked higher up, over the screen, at her. She went from attractive to a thing of erotic wonder in an eye blink. Her full lips still looked infinitely kissable, but now suggested new pleasures. Her tiny tits even appealed. They could be a lot bigger and still look right on her body, but.... My balls hurt I needed her so bad, but she was off limits. Out of touch. Unless...

I typed Stephanie Parker into the subject bar. The object of my lust spun in full 3D, totally naked. I actually got harder. According to Sexual Orientation she was pretty firmly heterosexual. Good place to start. What her obsession with the women in the club was, I didn't know. Then I did. Me. She'd had her eye on women for me.

Real nice of her, but I had the one I wanted in my sights.

Brown doe-eyes, red lips, button nose. Cute and sexy at the same time. Steph had this tight pink shirt, contoured to help her push-up bra emphasize what little she had up front. I had to picture her white skirt in my mind, tight, but not slutty. Beneath that, legs. They were on display for me on screen, but I wanted to see what Master PC left out and her skirt concealed. Panties. I wanted to tear those panties off and bury my cock in her. Here she was this absolute babe and I was going to fuck her brains out. Because she wanted it. Or would. I clicked and dragged a slider bar and watched.

Steph's eyes shot wide open and she choked on her drink, killing a gasp dead. While she gagged, her eyes glazed over and her pupil won the fight with the soft brown of her irises. She squirmed and leaned back, her nipples erect and pushing against her cute pink top. She squirmed as she looked back and forth. Her libido jacked up to match mine, suddenly guys were a hundred times more interesting to her, and I could see her mind working as she stared at and rated them, trying to decide which one to pick and ditch me to fuck.

"Uhhhhm Hay, guyyyyys...?"

Not what I wanted at all. I wanted to be the one spreading the model's sexy, long legs. I wanted to be the one filling her pussy with my superheated cum. I wanted to be the one making her howl with ecstasy as she came again and again, bucking against me and writhing. I wanted to be *the* guy.

Yeah, and I really wanted to cum.

I clicked Attraction to User and inched it over pixel by pixel, watching Stephanie's expression transform. Her attention focused. Focused on me. A smile widened her lips as she slouched a little and gazed hungrily. She licked her lips.

That was too much. I put a checkmark in Craves Oral Sex and she pursed those perfect lips, deep in thought. And I knew the thought. I'd just put it there. She sucked her top lip beneath the lower and chewed. She met my eyes and long before I reached the far right of the bar she'd made up her mind. She leaned forward, elbows on the table and used gravity and her upper arms to make her little breasts stand out.

It looked so awesome that I missed what she said. Also I had clicked the cup size slider over a notch. Her athletic boobs became somewhat less so and much more pronounced. Amazing what a single extra cup could do for a woman. I was ready to spread her and screw her on the table. She was ready for me to do it, too.

But she had better ideas.

"I've got to go to the bathroom." Her voice thick with lust, she nodded her head to the left. Toward the men's room. "But I'm not supposed to let you out of my sight, so you better come with me." Her hungry smile pulled me out of her cleavage. She leaned forward and mouthed, "I want to suck your cock." Not that I could hear her over the pulsing music and noise of the crowd, but her lips were pretty explicit.

"He's OK here with us, Steph," said her brother.

I'd let go of the attraction slider somewhere around 80% to tinker with her brain and boobs. Now I decided to finish it off. She shivered and got up shakily. She started walking away, swaying her hips. She only got a few steps before she looked back to make sure I followed. Her tongue touched her perfect, red lips again. Red lips she would soon wrap around my horny cock. I wanted more. I moved another slider and her sexy profile went to the next level.

"Ya. Probably," she said, her eyes not leaving me. Her tight pink top strained as I eased the bar to the right. Steph's tits filled to fit the sweet curve of her top, swelling up and out. She looked left and right and tried to adjust her bra. She failed. Her bra just couldn't handle the big, perky tits I'd given her. My big, perky tits. Steph breathed in and her chest *heaved*. Her pink top bulged out as her boobs overcame the constraints of her push-up bra, pushing it down, and leaping forward into half-globes held high on her chest by the thin layer of pink clinging to their bottom half. Only a little more would give everyone a fantastic show because either they would pop right out, or the stretchy little pink top would burst, cut open by the pointy, suck-able nipples.

Nice idea, but it would have to wait. If she attracted too much attention she wouldn't be able to keep her promise. My cock needed her lips. Both sets. More than once.

She stood watching me as though she knew what I was thinking. She probably had a really good idea. She certainly knew what her body did to men, and now that I had more than tripled her cup size, she could do it a lot faster. The funny thing is she didn't even seem to notice anything odd about having a huge pair of knockers thrusting out of her ribcage.

She just posed to stick them out further. Eat that, Photoshop geeks.

I'm going to love this, I told myself. But I wanted her to love it, too. I took the sexual sensitivity slider and jerked it hard right.

"But it's my job that's on the liiiiii—*yuh!*" Steph's eyes widened. Her back arched. I loved the look. Her breasts would have lifted out of her top if it hadn't been so seriously overpacked, and she sucked in a breath to scream it back out. But before she could, I moved the slider back to a more reasonable position about half way and a rapturous sigh whistled out. She relaxed a little and pulled her top up to cover more of her tits. Now I dragged the slider beneath sensitivity up to a much higher level because no way she was going to stop at a mere blowjob. We were both way too horny, and I wanted to see what happened when she had an orgasm five times stronger than anything she'd ever experienced before.

"Come on." She smiled. I read the anticipation in her expression. My busty model looked like she was one deep, hard thrust from screaming my name as she fucked back like a demon.

"You sure, Steph?" asked Craig. "Trish...."

"Trish said not to let him out of my sight. I won't."

"OK sis." Jim shrugged.

Right. Jim was her brother. I got to thinking that maybe I shouldn't....

Stephanie's lips convinced me otherwise. I typed in Jim and fed in Steph's last name. Sure enough, that was Jim. I wasn't at all interested at looking at him naked, so I just reduced his attention span and concern. And doubled the size of his dick. Poor bastard needed it, and I owed him at least that much for screwing with his head. His sister was getting a reward, too. 8.378 inches of it.

Craig got the same treatment as his buddy, more or less. Only he didn't need nearly as much on the penis front.

I looked back up at Steph waiting for me with hunger and excitement in her eyes and followed though the crowd. She looked back a couple of times to make sure I was behind her and every time her smile grew and her eyes brightened.

First Day on the Job: Stephanie Parker

My first client, Sid, made a funny sound while checking his e-mail. Maybe it was bad news. Maybe someone sent him the one with the two girls and the cup. Whatever. No idea what happened. So I asked.

He looked up and his eyes nearly popped out of their sockets. It was pretty cool. I do that to guys sometimes, but Sid gulped and stared, then shot his eyes back down to his computer to hide. This was *exactly* why he wasn't having any luck with women: Too scared to get it done. Still I loved the brief look in his eyes. He'd have done *anything* for me. I wouldn't have abused that, I'm not like Kari, but I'd love to just sort of bask in it for a while and feel sexy. Prove to the world I didn't need big boobs to be super hot.

He wasn't that bad looking, either. Actually, now that I really checked him out, he was pretty hot. Lean, you know? Put him in jeans and he could sell underwear. Put him in a suit and he'd... He'd... I'd *totally* do him!

There were a lot of guys around. Some of them, most of them, *really* good looking. I lingered checking one out and caught myself imagining a torrid affair with him. It was hot and fun, so I gave the guy next to him the same kind of look-over. I'd do him, too.

There was this one guy and... screw the job. I was picking him up and getting out of here right now. "Uhhhhm Hay, guyyyyys...?"

Fuck I was horny. Every guy I looked at, even a few glances at Sid, had my heart pounding and my imagination running wild. I thought about the extra section on my site I'd been considering. It had some serious upside, other than cash. I'd never want for guys again after it went live and they saw what I looked like naked. The next step after that even looked kind-of attractive. Me and some hot guys getting it on in front of a camera. But that would totally fuck Milan, so no. No cameras.

But me and Sid.... Ooooooooooooo! He was gazing at me again with that new look. The interested look. He'd lost some of that control that turned me off earlier. He wanted me and showed it. I wanted him. He was cute.

Cute? Fuck he was a *total* dream! I got *wet* just from looking at him! Sid was going to be mine. Sure, it was poaching, but did Trish really care who he hooked up with? Not likely! She'd already been paid, and, like, *no* refunds!

I leaned forward and wished I'd taken getting my boobs augmented a little more seriously. Before it had been a career thing, but now it was a Sid thing. I'd seen how he looked at Trish, as in barely ever at her face. If I had her tits to go with my face, I'd *already* have him inside me. Oh wow, did I need that!

But I didn't get why I was so horny. It wasn't me at all. Sid was hot—yah, *totally!*—but I was always more a rose petals and romance person. Sid made me want porn. Total hardcore porn. No subtlety. No innuendo. Just the two of us, our clothes piled around our feet, fucking.

My mind started to drift, imagining what he looked like naked. He had a big dick, I was sure of that. A big cock. Just perfect for me. My cock. My perfect cock. Mine. Perfect for me to lick and play with and suck on 'til he popped in my mouth. "Mmmmm! Omigod I can't wait!" I whispered. I felt so weirdly empty.

I closed my eyes and imagined Sid's hard cock slipping between my lips and into me. My head bobbing up and down on his cock, his big, thick cock. His huge, wonderful cock. Listening to him moan and grunt as I took him places he'd never been. Making him feel so good. Making me feel so good. Oh my god! For him I'd even swallow just to keep him in me those few extra seconds!

I reached back and played with my bra. It was a little too tight, but that just made my little tits look bigger. Made it more likely that Sid would spread me out on the table and take me to heaven with his big, fat cock. Fucking me like I was some screaming slut in a porno, bucking and twisting to get him in harder and deeper.

Oh gawd, I needed him so bad!

That was a bad idea. My brother for one thing. Massive audience, for another. I wanted a bit of privacy. A bit of romance. I also wanted to get *fucked*. Which I wanted more went to war.

"I've got to go to the bathroom," I said, coming to a compromise. Some privacy while I checked him out. I smiled at Sid, putting as much invitation into it as I could and angled my head toward the men's

room. "But I'm not supposed to let you out of my sight, so you better come with me." He stared at my tits. I loved that. Guys rarely ever did that. I leaned further forward and whispered, "I want to suck your cock."

If that didn't get his attention, nothing would. And it did. His eyes said so.

"He's OK here with us, Steph." Jim looked at me like I was insane. My god! Couldn't he *see*? Sid made *him* look like.... Ha! That was it. Gentleman Jim, Sex God, was jealous!

I stood up and posed for Sid. I had some trouble because my legs were all wobbly, but I straightened out, I'm a model after all, and he practically drooled. Gawd, I *totally* wanted him! I took a few steps to give Sid a little ass-wiggle, then looked back to feed him some come-hither. My lips were dry, well one set anyway. A slow sweep of my tongue took care of that problem. Maybe I could get his tongue to take care of the other while I worked him over my own special way.

Jim expected an answer, so I gave him one without looking. I couldn't take my eyes off Sid. "Ya. Probably." I took a breath and my cutesy pink top strained over one of my most defining features: My perky C-cups. Just a bit on the big side to walk the runways of Milan, but almost perfect to fill out a bikini for Maxim. I looked around, then scratched my back to cover more fiddling with my bra.

Tight bra meant bigger looking boobs, but too tight meant I could barely breathe. I was ditching the thing as soon as I got to the bathroom. Why I ever thought it would fit over my D-cups was beyond me. As it was, the bra was sexy, but useless, just bunched up beneath my tits. I had to be careful. One wrong move and one of my favourite shirts was done for.

And my agent thought I needed a reduction to hit the big time. What a laugh! I probably should have stuck with the old one. He appreciated a busty woman. OK, so Milan was probably out, but Maxim and VH1 were still in the cards. I even had guys on the internet pasting actresses' heads onto my body and it felt *awesome*! Sort of. I mean what was wrong with *my* face? I'm more than just a pair of tits.

I mean look at Sid! I *loved* the expression he wore when he looked at me! The only reason we weren't *already* getting it on was the crowd. My mouth wasn't the only thing that felt empty.

Seriously! If he'd been dressed up when we met earlier, I would have totally told him to forget about hiring us and taken him for myself! Maybe fucked him in the coffee shop. It hadn't been *that* busy. I could have slid under the table and sucked him off.

Every sex scene from every movie I'd ever seen played over and over through my head, making me hotter and hotter. God, where was this coming from? I'd never been all that interested before, but I *really* wanted to suck Sid's cock. I couldn't get it out of my mind!

Oh. Oh *gawd*! I felt like I was going to cum just from thinking about it. Imagining giving Sid a blowjob just drove me wild! I dreamed of running my tongue up his length, around the tip like a savoury treat, and then slowly, slowly slipping him between my lips and into my mouth. My head moved up and down on his shaft. His hands on my head, in my hair as I made him moan and....

And I had to calm down. Really. I had to calm down. I gasped and panted and I hadn't stopped staring at Sid for, like, ever. And my brother was waiting for an answer. And I really needed to calm down.

Relax. Relax. Remember the old tricks from ballet. I breathed slowly. Sloooooowly. Calmly. Found my center. Got my brain off cock for a few seconds. Then a little longer. Forced my eyes over to Jim. Cool. Collected. There we go.

“But it’s my job that’s on the liiiiii—*yuh!*” Just when I had everything under control, *IT* hit. I looked back at Sid gazing in wonder at my awesome body, my heavy tits, when my nipples became super hard from rubbing against my shirt and my clit went nuts. My whole body hummed! Couldn’t think. Didn’t. Just wanted.

Magic. Total magic. I gulped at air, trying to get enough in me to scream with the pain that came after pleasure. The total need. The wanting and not getting. Then it stopped. My senses calmed down some, but only some.

God, I thought I needed to fuck before... My lips moved by themselves, begging Sid to take me. I kept my voice out of it, because I didn’t want him, or anyone else, to hear me get the wrong idea. I wasn’t just some slut, not matter how much I felt like one.

“You sure, Steph?” asked Craig, looking at me funny. “Trish....”

“Trish said not to let him out of my sight. I won’t.” My voice squeaked. I fixed Sid with my hottest gaze. If eyes could give blowjobs, he would have been cumming all over them.

Eeeew. Guh-ross! I’m *totally* going to forget that one.

“OK sis.” Jim shrugged.

Just for a moment, I felt.... I felt like this was a bad idea. Jim’s face said he seriously disapproved and my mind sort-of agreed. My body didn’t. All it cared about was getting Sid’s cock buried as deep as possible as hard as possible. Over and over again. Forever.

Then Jim relaxed. He shifted in his seat and adjusted his pants. He even looked at me with a whole new appreciation as though he didn’t care that we were related. I felt a total rush at having a body so hot that my brother got wood.

Craig was the same. Normally he kept his eyes on Kari, but I had him. He *looooved* my boobs. I could have him any time I wanted, but I didn’t. Didn’t want him, that is. Or not now, anyway. He was pretty hot. I made up my mind. No Craig. I wasn’t a slut.

But I did do the full slut-march to the bathroom, using everything I’d learned from years of modelling and generally being a hot chick to keep Sid’s eyes on me as he followed. Hip sway, little turns to show off some breast. Over the shoulder smiles. I liked those. Every time I looked at him I felt a jolt of fire race through me.

Really! I mean I’d always liked teasing guys, but with Sid it took on a whole new dimension. Seriously, how was he *not* hooked up with someone else? It was nuts! A dream come true to just stumble across the perfect guy on the job.

Totally rom-com. *Me* hired to find *him* a girl. Thank god I wasn’t *stupid* like a rom-com girl and saw it straight off. Almost. Saved *a lot* of time. I felt like I was Julia Roberts, only like twenty-one and with tits. And I wasn’t Pretty Woman, I was Fucking Sexy Woman!

I looked around waiting a second for the coast to be clear, then slipped into the bathroom using Sid as cover. Easy as pie and better than expected. Empty. Totally empty. We could grab a stall and do anything we wanted, so long as we kept quiet. That wouldn't be hard. It's not like I was a screamer.

I kicked a block of wood used to jam the door open and was mad about the stubbed toe for maybe a millionth of a second before I snatched it up and used it to jam the door *closed*. Now we could really have fun. Really *really* have fun.

The little wooden ramp kicked firmly into place, I turned on my lover and devoured him with my eyes. It felt kinda surreal. I'd never been so hot, hungry, *horny* in my life. It was Sid's fault. It had to be. He was just too gorgeous for words. "What are you doing to me?" I asked, but waiting for a response was too damn hard. I attacked his mouth with my lips, and felt him up, cutting him off. He moaned into my mouth.

He was in better shape than I thought, seriously ripped under his baggy clothes. I could totally dress him up *soooo* well. He was probably better looking than my brother. Sid's crappy fashion sense *wasted* so much awesome material.

He started out polite, but about the same time I slid a hand into his pants—Omigod is he huge!—his hands hit my boobs and fireworks exploded. He peeled my top down, and I helped. Then he stopped to stare at my tits like he'd never seen a pair before.

After all the stupid comments I'd gotten about my breasts over the years, I loved his response. Kari always had this fixation with being more than just a pretty face, but I had the face, the body, the tits, the whole package. And while she was going into serious debt in school, I was buying a car and a condo. Course that didn't work out so well when the markets went tits-up.

Giggle. Everything comes back to tits. Everything. Philosophy for the day, right? See? I *am* more than just pretty!

But back to *my* tits. The second we had my top off, it was a team effort rushing to get it up over my beautiful jugs, he went at them with his hands and lips like I had the rack of a sex goddess. "Like those, huh?" I managed to say before his hands sent me to heaven. "Oh god. Oh fuck. Never felt this good before. Ohhhh fuuhhhhck!" My shirt dropped from my fingers, and the room got dark and I worried for a second before—

Bolts of lightning hit me in my nipples, lighting me on fire. An inferno raged through me, igniting my brain. My body stiffened. My back arched, and I screamed, "Ohhhhhhhh yeahhhhhh!"

Nothing should feel that good. Ever. I came so hard that I flooded my panties. I squirted! I really did! My own cum flooded down my legs, and I held onto Sid for dear life or I would have fallen for sure.

I tried to talk, thank him, but all I could do was babble and moan. "Never came from having my tits played with before," I panted when I came down a little. My voice sounded all weird. I couldn't focus. My boobs squished against him, and it felt *awesome*! His cock pressed into my abs and that felt even better. The closer it got to inside me, the more I wanted it. "I loved it. Gawwwd. I thought you....

"Why do you need us?" I practically shouted, the situation finally really sinking in. This was more than rom-com. This was *insane*! Sid should have been *buried* in pussy. Anyone who could make a girl feel like that.... "Like *you* need help getting laid."

But was I letting it get in my way? Do I look *stupid* or something? I let my tits tease him and ground against him as I slid down his body, working his pants down. His cock—his wonderful cock—rested between my tits perfectly even with his ugly underwear getting in the way. My heart beat in time with its pulsing.

“You are soooo horny! Never seen one this big or so hard!” I couldn’t take my eyes off of it. I felt like I was some sort of slut. A bimbo obsessed with getting cock, only I just wanted *one* cock, not every cock. I made up my mind right there. I was going to let myself be a slut, but only Sid’s slut. His personal porn star. I’d do anything and everything to have him.

“This is going to be so much fun. This is going to be so cool! Oh my god! I’m going to do soooo many things to you that I’ve only *dreamed* of!”

The second I had his shorts out of my way, I sucked him inside. I couldn’t wait any longer. I wouldn’t wait. I totally needed to fuck him, but I just *craved* having him in my mouth for a while first. I was going to make him feel the way he made me feel. I just hoped he had enough left to treat me to a good, hard fucking after.

I was pretty sure he would, even if I needed to help him get back in shape. I was sure I wouldn’t need them. Not the way he was going. Sid’s hands clasped to the side of my head, then let go, then he wound his fingers into my hair. Just like I’d dreamed. I picked the rhythm, though.

I listened to his moaning. His gasped warning, “I’m gonna... I’mmmmm... Uhhhh...” and I didn’t care. I went faster, took him deeper. Nothing was going to get in the way of him cumming. I would stop for nothing until he popped for me, and if that meant I swallowed, then so what? I’d gulped down a ton of precum and you know what?

It kinda tasted good. Weird, huh?

“Oooooohhhh gaaawd!” he bellowed. He stiffened. His cock felt gigantic for a moment, then it burst!

I loved the moans, the grunting, then the gasps as he pumped cum into my mouth. His hands tangled in my hair and he thrust. I had the biggest dick I’d ever seen buried in my mouth, throbbing as it squirted. He just didn’t stop. I didn’t stop until I nearly passed out from lack of air and reluctantly pulled him out of my mouth.

Gasping myself, I jacked his cock and made him spurt all over me. That was kinda accidental, but I, like, totally *loved* it! He made this really sexy sound and shot again and again, totally splattering me. Even after he was done, his cock stopped pulsing, a river of cum oozed from the tip, slowed to a trickle, and eventually stopped. I kneeled in a pool of cum. I had cum on my face. On my boobs.

God I loved them. My breasts. Boobs. Knockers. Jugs. Seriously, I used to hate them for some reason, but they gave me a chance to give him a real show. I lifted one to my mouth and licked up some of the cum. Now that I had a chance to do more than just swallow as fast as I could, I stopped and savoured it. I don’t know why I did, but man am I glad!

“That was awesome,” he said.

I couldn’t describe it, but Sid *nailed* it! Chocolate, strawberries, and, like, *cocaine* all in one. Not sour or gross or... gross. Just pure awesome. *Total* awesome. I was in love. My body tensed up, ready to cum again, just from a taste.

“Thanks!” My head spun. I felt half drunk. Higher than a kite. Little trembles through his body—I must have done a really good job—squeezed a few more drips of cum out the tip of his dick that I lapped up. I sucked him clean and back into another huge throbbing boner! “Mmmmmmmmmmm.... I *really* enjoyed that.”

“So did I,” he said with a huge grin. I was either really good or he’d never been blown before. *Totally* unlikely considering how he looked. He could do porn, easy, and women would line up to watch. They’d line up to take part!

I took his offered hand and got to my feet. Standing was almost as hard as thinking straight. “Wanna ditch? Go back to my place?” He could drive. I’d suck him all the way home. I’d even give him bad directions so it’d take longer. Maybe the park. It was dark out. We could do it there, then go home and do even more all night!

“Why? I’ve got what I want right here.” He spun me around and the next thing I knew, I had one hand pressed against the wall and the other holding my panties out of the way as his huge cock split me wide open and plunged deep. I lost it. They could probably hear me cumming in China.

Post-coital Bliss: Sidney McLean

She dressed in an orgasmic daze, her freshly fucked face filled with desire and her hair a mess thanks to cum, sweat and hairspray. Steph’s perfect lips had left most of their gloss on my cock. The rest smudged her face and she didn’t care. I’d probably fried her brain, not that it mattered much. She hadn’t been all there in the first place. Now she was out of this world, mentally and physically. And her panties were pretty much totalled. I was a bit too rough, I guess.

“Don’t care,” said Steph when I apologized. “Just get in the way, anyway. I wanna get you out of here and back to my place so we can continue. I wanna feel you move under me in a bed. I wanna make you cum the way you make me. Oh my gawd! I’ve never.... You know.... I.... Uhm.... Back to my place, right? You can drive.”

I loved the way she thought. Only one problem: We’d come in Trish’s SUV, but she had to be back by now and her mission was pretty much completed. She could drop us off on her way home.

I slipped out the door, looked both ways to see if it was clear. It wasn’t. We’d attracted a bit of a crowd. There was a lot of snickering, then Steph stepped out and the gathering went silent.

“Good man,” mumbled one big, dark-skinned guy in a state of awe, drinking in the dishevelled babe’s tits barely concealed by her shirt, soaked from rinsing off our cum and clinging as though painted on. The pink made what should have been pornographic over into a slutty innocence that had me raring to go. My dick stiffened to full erection in an instant.

The girl with Steph’s admirer glared at him and jammed an elbow into his ribs. “Richard! Hello!”

“Andrea! I... Hey!”

It would have been funny if Kari hadn’t been sitting with them, her back to us. “Is that them?” she asked, starting to turn around to check on the commotion.

I had grabbed Steph to take advantage of her lack of panties, but thought the better of it and ran, pulling her onto the dance floor, into the crowd, and toward the exit. Glancing around for the quickest path out, I spotted her brother. And the computer. I couldn’t leave that! All of my thesis work.

Fuck the thesis! Master PC! I'd just left it there. Left Master PC running. Jesus fucking Christ I was dumb!

I changed our course, coming up off the dance floor instead of from the bathroom. That actually bought us some time. If we'd come straight from the bathroom, I'd probably have been beaten to death. As it was, Craig and Jim sat at the table holding down the fort, chuckling over something.

"Uhhhh. Hey Guys... What's so funny?"

Craig's eyes drifted over Steph's super tight, wet tee-shirt. Arousal played over his face and expanded his pupils. "Some dude was balling a complete *slut* in the bathroom. Shoulda heard her screaming."

Steph went white. I joined her. Her brother stared at her mussed make-up and went googly-eyed.

"Yuh... Yuh... Steph? Wha...?" His eyes snapped back and forth between her and me, trying to accept the impossible. His babe-a-licious sister backed away, stammered about fixing her makeup, and fled. I took my seat. The screensaver made the display look like a pirate flag blowing in the wind. It looked safe. I hit a key, typed in my password, looked up and promptly got hard again. Just looking at Stephanie's lips as she fixed her make-up would give anyone pause, but to have been pleased by them.... Who wouldn't get erect at the memory?

My hand hovered over the cup size slider, but I fought the urge. Her top literally couldn't take any more. I wanted to... No I needed to take her somewhere private and fuck her. I could play with her tits all night if I wanted.

I had no idea how much time I had, we had, before Jim got over himself and put two and two together or the bouncers turfed our asses, so I went into the help screens. None. No help at all. I googled MasterPC. Nothing. I dug into it the hard way, experimentation.

There didn't seem to be a way to select an unnamed individual. That sucked. I didn't know anyone's names here. Except for Craig and Jim and the Wing Girls. A few lines of mental rewiring and Craig and Jim would never suspect Steph was the girl from the bathroom. There was no way they'd ever suspect me, so I left that alone. Best I could do. Frankly I didn't know what to do to clean things up other than leave.

I was about to close the PC down and grab Steph when Kari slid into her seat between me and Craig. Her green eyes flashed over me through her glasses and widened as though seeing me for the first time and liking what she saw.

I really liked what *I* saw. I nearly came in my pants. Before I'd redone my dick and sex drive, Kari was hot. Now she was da bomb. She looked so smart and sexy. And interested. The way her sweater curved around her boobs blew my mind and I hadn't changed a thing. Yet. The skirt concealing her thighs teased me. I desperately wanted to see those thighs. The glasses.... I had never seen anything so amazingly gorgeous in my life.

"Andrea is with someone, Sid. Sorry," she said. She turned to look at her boyfriend. "You totally missed the action, guys. Some guy was—"

"We know," said Craig. "The girl in the bathroom, right?"

Jim nodded. "Real screamer."

“Ha! No kidding. I wish someone would do *me* like that. The way she was going on...” Kari snickered.

Craig just sat there as another put-down whistled past him. The dude could do so much better. I made a promise to myself that tonight he’d be going home with someone who appreciated him, mind and body. I’d take care of Kari for him. According to Master PC, a Karen Krijek sat about two feet away from me. I’d start there.

“Wish granted,” I said.

“Huh?” Kari looked at me funny, not getting it. Then what I did to her brain sank in. She licked her lips. They were nothing like Stephanie’s. Kari was more brain than body, but put her in a bikini and no one would care. She had a plush body, not even remotely fat, but not the exercised and toned body of Stephanie. Rather than living at the gym, her sport would be something more along the lines of beach volleyball.

Watching Kari’s hot, naked body rotate on my laptop screen would have gotten anyone hard. Watching her thinking transform... I nearly came in my pants.

“I don’t get it,” she said looking at me with a curious gaze that got smoky fast. The pupils stretched out, consuming more and more green space in her lovely eyes. Her face flushed, going slightly pink as her heart rate accelerated and propelled hormones throughout her newly nymphomaniacal body.

Stephanie had been manipulated entirely with the graphical interface. With Kari I went for a bit more subtlety and used the command line interface.

While there was no obvious help in the GUI, other than the genie with his impossibly possible opening statement, typing help on the command line provided a terse listing of commands. Typing help and a command gave slightly more information, half a sentence’s worth of explanation. It was crap, but got me thinking Unix.

```
>load * in Club Zero
```

And it worked. I scrolled through the list of names loaded, removed myself, and programmed everyone else to see nothing out of the ordinary with user—that would be me—and my party doing whatever we wanted at our table. Or on the dance floor. Or anywhere else in the club. Next I locked down the club. As far as the bouncers were concerned, the club was past capacity. Any new arrivals had to be turned away.

I also cleaned up the Stephanie problem. Everyone knew some hot chick got the fucking of her life in the men’s room, but no one could remember who she was or what she looked like, other than drop-dead, utterly fucking gorgeous. I then split the grouping in two by gender and inserted some new behaviours into the females.

```
>Subject wishes she could be fucked like the girl in the bathroom  
and will fantasize about it regularly, becoming extremely horny in the  
process. They will experience twice their normal sensation and orgasm  
at twice maximum intensity when they cum imagining it.
```

The men I didn't really care much about. I just didn't want them freaking out. So now they wouldn't. I could take a guy's wife in front of him and he would clap me on the back after and thank me for showing her a good time.

And I would show her a good time.

>Any subject who has sexual contact with user will experience twice her peak sexual excitement, arousal, and pleasure.

The five worked really well on Stephanie, so why not five? Because I wanted to try a girl who was capable of doing more than continually cumming on my cock. I wanted her to be able to focus on making me.... Oh shit. Stephanie. She would get ten times as horny and enjoy ten times the rapture. Twenty if she was thinking about what happened in the men's room. I really wanted to fuck her again just to see what would happen. Probably have a screaming orgasm the second I touched her.

I looked around. I could do her on the table right now. "Hey, where is Steph anyway?"

"Went to touch up her make-up," said Jim.

Kari shook her head. "Good grief. She just got back! Jim...?"

"She's always been like that," said Steph's brother, shrugging. "Takes her an hour to get dressed for a jog."

Kari's perfect green eyes rolled in disgust.

"Ha!" blurted Craig.

"Ha what?"

"She's probably busy fantasizing about the two going at it in the men's room."

"Yeah right," said Kari. I hadn't noticed the slow wave movement of her hips until it stopped. Based on the blush, she probably hadn't either. "I can't believe anyone would do that."

"OK. I can," she amended after a short pause. "But that loud?" Her flush deepened and her expressive face told me everything I needed to know. She was horny and more than a little creeped out by the circular direction of her thinking. No matter where she forced it to go, it kept going back to the couple in the bathroom. To the ecstatic screams of the woman crying out as she got fucked again and again. She shook her head and made another attempt. "So, Sid, you in college?"

"Just finished university."

"Bachelors in what?"

"Doctorate in physics."

"Doc...?" Her face lit up with surprise. "Right on! I have a Masters, but I'm going to finish when I have more time. And money."

I blinked. She looked interested. Really interested as opposed to simply horny.

“Physics?”

“Science. Psychology.”

“And you’re working with Trish? I would have figured... I dunno. Something different.”

Kari shrugged. Even muted by the sweater, it did amazing things with her breasts. God, I wanted to take her. Her body was built for sex.

“Tried marketing. Crap pay. Worse work. Basically, how close can I get to lying without getting the company sued. Went back to what I did for spending money in school for a while, at least it’s honest. Then I met up with Trish again.”

“What did you do in school?” I asked, struggling with the urge to just flip her brain into complete slut mode, tear her sweater from her body, and fuck her beautiful body until she passed out.

“Applied psychology,” she said, grinning like there was a hidden subtext I missed. “Just like this, only different.”

She read my face. “You don’t get it.”

“Nope.”

“Think about what we at Wing Girls do. We study people, help you find a good match, hook you up with that good match. Psychology.”

“Cool. Makes it sound even more like cheating.”

“It is!” she said with a grin. “Totally. But it works. Our success rate is *sick!* We’ve got every website and chatline beat, solid. You have to see Trish at work. She can get a virgin into the bathroom with... Er... into the bedroom with...”

“What’s that?” She finally looked at the computer sitting in front of me. I’d been so focussed on watching and wanting her that I’d totally forgotten about it.

“Laptop.”

She frowned. “Duh. Em Es Cee, remember? The app.”

“It’s, uh... Here, let me show you.” I wanted to spread her on the table and fuck her brains out while those perfect eyes gazed at me filled with delight and lust. “I just need to type in your full name and—”

“Karen Elle MacArthur,” She offered, smiling and reading. “...Who makes sexual contact with user will experience twice the.... Are you reading porn?”

Karen MacArthur didn’t exist, or at least wasn’t within the posted 100 mile range. But Karen Krijek’s eyes bugged out when she saw her real name listed in the drop down of suggestions. I selected it.

Her jaw dropped. Her naked, spinning avatar’s jaw dropped. She had *great* tits. Of course they were aided and abetted by a bra I couldn’t see, but who cares? She was fucking hot! Kari Krijek even sounded like a porn star, one from Eastern Europe where they were into all sorts of crazy sex. I couldn’t wait to...

Oh my god. She was a stripper!

Blondes Have More Fuck: Kari Krijek

“You don’t get it.” He didn’t. My read on him was only batting a little over 500. Not too good. Somehow he kept on surprising me, but I had an excuse. I couldn’t get the two making out... Making out? They were fucking. No euphemisms could describe the sounds they made. They had out of this world sex and I couldn’t stop thinking about it. About being the girl. About being the screamer. About screaming and being made to scream by—

“Nope,” said Sid.

See? Bingo. He had the hottest body, but no experience at all. No exposure to the real world. That’s what I hated worst about college: the ivory tower academics. They always knew everything better than you did and went into denial when reality kicked them in the teeth. It was my duty to save Sid from that. And if I got some men’s room action out of it, bonus! “Think about what we at Wing Girls do. We study people, help you find a good match, hook you up with that good match. Psychology.”

“Cool.” He nodded slowly as it sank in. “Makes it sound even more like cheating.”

“It is!” I blurted. He got it. He really did. “Totally. But it works. Our success rate is sick. We’ve got every website and chatline beat, solid. You have to see Trish at work.

“She can get a virgin,” like you, “into the bathroom with...” with me. Wait. Something wrong with that. “Er... into the bedroom with...” Not that I couldn’t do that on my own, but getting a straight arrow like Sid to fuck me in the men’s room... Make me scream like that slut in the men’s room.... I shuddered at the thought. I’d have to work him for a while to get that. Might even be worth it. I’d *make* it worth it. His eyes bounced down to his computer screen, the first time they’d left mine in quite a while.

I grinned. Probably wouldn’t take as much work as I thought. When, if ever, was the last time Sid got laid? Sure, he looked great, but you don’t take a laptop out to pick up women. The guys at the Sci-Fi convention where I did the Orion slave girl even understood that. “What’s that?” I asked, pointing at the computer.

“Laptop.”

I sighed. Stupid. “Duh. Em Es Cee, remember? The app.”

“It’s, uh... Here, let me show you.”

I wanted him to show me something all right: Heaven. Gawd. All of a sudden I was even hornier. Like ten times hornier. I wanted him to spread me out on the table and gaze onto my eyes as we out-did the couple from the bathroom.

He turned the laptop so we could both see and asked, “I just need to type in your full name and—”

“Karen Elle MacArthur,” I said cutting him off to speed things up. He had a 3-D model of the club. A good one. Complete with people walking around. If this was real, Trish and I could up our planning to near perfect. As it was, it was a neat toy.

I read some of the text at the bottom of the screen and just about burst out giggling. I had to play it cool. He could take laughter as an attack and it could ruin his trust. Then I’d have to work extra hard to

get my treat in the men's room. "...Who makes sexual contact with user will experience twice the.... Are you reading porn?"

He grinned. I busted him surfing porn while out picking up women and the little nerd actually grinned. Maybe he wasn't so dull after all. I watched as he punched in my name. Punched almost literally. Sid couldn't type to save his life. It rejected the fake name I'd given, then prompted with my real name. I choked on air as he selected it.

The club vanished, replaced by an image of me as I was sitting, only completely naked. "That's impossible," I muttered. A shitload of boxes, bars, and buttons surrounded my picture, labelled with stuff like Sexual Arousal, Sexual Sensitivity, Sexual Orientation, Cup-size, Desire for Anal Sex, Desire for Oral Sex, Exhibitionism...

"Cool huh?"

Realization hit like a bomb went off in my brain. "You... This program. That's why I can't stop thinking about... You did this." I was out of my seat in a flash. I should have just run for the door, but somehow I knew I'd never make it no matter how crappy a typist he was. And the concept of editing people.... If it hadn't been pointed at me I might have gotten wet. I stared horrified as he typed. "You were the guy in the bathroom. Steph! You made Steph *fuck* you!"

"Oh come on," said Jim. "Steph would never do that."

I didn't take the time to look away from the computer. Sid was typing.

>Master PC and its implications no longer frighten Subject.

"You... Ooooooooooooo!" He hit enter and I got wet. I wasn't scared. Of course I wasn't. This was one of my top sex fantasies. Being able to control someone utterly. Being able to make them do, want, things they never would. Things that scared them, revolted them, suddenly excited them uncontrollably. And since Sid was probably the guy from the men's room... Oh fuck, I started to gush! "Oh my god that is cool. Steph was always so uptight about sex. What did you do to her? What else can it do?"

"Do to who?"

"To Steph! Omigod! What have you done to me?" The odds of him having not fucked with my mind were about zero. For some reason I liked it that way. I wanted him to fuck my mind along with my body.

"To you? Nothing, really." Disappointment set in, but that left him plenty of room to play in the future. I couldn't wait to see how I thought in a few minutes. "Stephanie I kinda made a firecracker. Trust me, she won't be uptight anymore. She'll be way too horny for that nonsense."

"Way too horny..." I mumbled. I needed to get off. I needed to cum. I'd never been so turned on in my life. "Sorry. This is kinda exciting. I've always wanted to, you know, fix people. My mom, she.... She had problems. 's why I went into psychology."

"You sure you don't just get turned on manipulating people?"

"Mmmm. There's a bit of that, I guess," Sid was fucking with my head, but I just knew that he wouldn't.... He.... "Did you just write that I trust you like my best friend?"

"Yup."

“You didn’t have to. I’ve trusted you since... Or did I? You *are* changing me! How can I trust what I think?” I couldn’t. And it felt tremendously enormously *good!* “This is so impossible, it’s like a fantasy come true. What was it like with Steph?”

“Awesome!”

“I bet. Reshaping her mind. Making her want new things, think differently about... about anything. Making her something she isn’t. God, and I thought screwing with Craig was hot!”

I looked over at Craig, looking at me. “Sorry Craig.”

“No problem.” He shrugged and turned his attention to this tiny Asian chick dancing away in full slut-wear. She didn’t do anything for me, and other than her dressing like a skank, I couldn’t understand how the flat-chested....

I blinked. Holy shit she had huge boobs! No way in hell those were real! Half of her body weight must be tits! What was she thinking? The little scrap of silk she had covering her front didn’t stand a hope in hell of... The only thing keeping her street legal was straining white cords digging into her sides and back, threatening to snap the second she jiggled too hard. And she was fucking dancing! It was only a matter of time before those tits tore her top apart.

She realized the same thing at about the same time as me and grabbed her little scrap of a top, trying desperately to keep it over her massive rack. Then it hit me. Sid. He changed the little slut’s clothes or something. Sure enough, her petite but insanely busty body rotated on Sid’s computer screen. Tits had a name, too: Tasanee. Tasanee Tittie-fuck, probably.

“What did you just do?” I asked. “You did *something* to her, but I can’t tell what.”

“Nice rack, huh?” he clicked. “Think she would have worn that top with tits that big?”

My jaw dropped. I must have looked really stupid. “You didn’t.... Steph... Steph wasn’t always stacked, was she?”

“Nope,” he said.

“Can I try?” I prayed he done something to his... I didn’t have to pray. Sid was a guy, right? The first thing he would have done was supersize his dick. What I really needed to watch out for was him oversizing his dick.

“Nope.”

Asshole. I really wanted to see how big he’d made his dick. Then turn it down to something realistic so I could fit it in me. “Make me do something.”

“Kiss me.”

I shook my head. “Something I wouldn’t normally do.”

Upping the Ante: Sidney McLean

The gloves had been dropped. Kari was going to give me the hottest, wildest kiss, ever. And she’d know it too, because I clicked the checkmark in Retroactive Reality away.

>subject is overcome with the desire to give the user a long and passionate kiss. The longer the kiss goes on, the more sexually excited she will become.

I hit enter and waited for Kari to kiss me. She just laughed. I stared at her stunned. “Why didn’t it...” I turned in response to a tap on my shoulder. Two hands pressed against the side of my face and pulled it into a very pretty face. Her lips came down on mine sweetly, then with more intent and heat.

Tasaneer crawled onto my lap straddling me. Her huge breasts crushed against my chest and with her silk-wrapped pussy squeezed against my groin, quickly provoking another jumbo-sized erection. Her eyes snapped open and her lips twisted with shock, but the kiss didn’t end. It heated up and her eyes flickered back shut. She started riding me through our clothes, my shaft lined up perfectly and her lower lips parted, her moist panties riding up and in.

We moaned simultaneously. My hands explored her back. Little straps dug into her, the result of massively increasing the size of the pneumatic breasts squishing against my front. They were easy to deal with and a few squirms later, her tits were free. I wanted to suck on the hard nipples poking me, but she wouldn’t let me. She rose up, placing her shins on my thighs and without breaking the kiss sat back on the table. Her panties came off in a flash, her hands made short work of my belt, and I helped her get my pants and boxers down toward my knees. Then she slipped back into my lap, slid up, and impaled herself on my waiting cock.

Cries of pleasure echoed inside my mouth as she rose and fell, fucking quickly and happily, her speed increasing rapidly and the precision of her movement descending into frenzied chaos until the kiss shattered when her back arched and she screamed toward the heavens, “Yuh-Yes!” She howled and bounced her way from one orgasm to the next taking me along with her.

“Thanks,” said Tasaneer, standing up after she’d cooled down. My cock popped out of her with a slurp and cum dribbled down its length, pooling between my thighs. “I needed that. Oh. Oh fuck, I can’t believe I did that...” Her eyes cleared for a second, then rolled upward as her body remembered and wavering like a drunk. “But it was *sooooo* good!”

She bent over and kissed me again. Her huge tits hung from her body for a moment before she straightened up. They still succumbed to gravity, but their fullness gave them a projection that bordered on unnatural. She pulled her top back down to make them decent—barely—and tied it up in the back to make a feeble attempt at keeping them covered.

Pulling her mini skirt down, Tasaneer wandered on shaky legs back to the dance floor and, presumably, her boyfriend. She stopped, turned, and fixed me with a hungry grin. “Hey, later you wanna meet me by the men’s room?”

I gaped. I’d do her anywhere.

“Think about it.” She winked.

“Missed me.” said Kari, looking at me with increased erotic interest.

“I noticed.” I looked out onto the floor at Tasaneer grooving to the music. Her tits shook the hell out of the tied-on slip of silk, constantly threatening to escape.

“What all did you do to her? Bigger boobs for sure, and the kiss, but that should have just made her horny, not happy to cheat on her date. And why isn’t he up here beating the shit out of you?”

No doubt he probably could, but I shrugged. “He’s more interested in her enjoying her evening.”

“She sure has so far,” Kari said with a giggle and a not so subtle facial hint that she wouldn’t mind being next. “Now... you were trying to do something to *me*.”

I switched back to her profile and thought for a moment. I was going to up-size her breasts, that was a given, but I was getting off on having an audience—and inside the best looking girls I could find. “I guess I could turn you into a porn star or something.”

“Pathetic. Come on Sid. Be original. Look at the girls around us. Heck, look at me!”

I did. I loved the look, and I *still* hadn’t made any physical changes. “I have. Total babe.”

“Thank you. Put practically, any of the girls in here could be porn stars. All you really need is to be passably attractive and have the right sort of mindset to spread for the camera.” She pointed to a flirty-looking redhead. “Slap implants in her and she’d have no trouble getting work if she wanted it. Make a *great* girlfriend for you, huh?”

And then it hit me. Kandi Moone wasn’t just Katherine Moon transformed into a porn star. She wasn’t uncle Hank’s new girlfriend. She was mine. She was *last year’s* birthday gift. This year Uncle Hank set me up with a team of dating experts because he figured I wasn’t into the same sort of women he was.

Kari really was good at psychology. “Let’s test that theory.” I looked the flirty, red super-hottie up in the index by distance and position, the command line was totally the way to go, loaded her and typed,

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>Subject has implants.
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Kari laughed. “Siiiiid! We’re talking *porn star* material here! Go big or go home!”

I amended the command.

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>Subject has full, jutting double D implants.
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I smiled at her, catching her eye. She looked back and gave a wink in response. She was so getting fucked. I hit enter. Nothing happened.

“You need to learn to touch type,” said Kari, tapping the screen with a pink-painted nail. The redhead wasn’t the only girl getting fucked. I wanted those nails digging into my back as Kari howled my name and squirted onto my cock. Then I actually paid some attention.

I probably looked like a moron staring back and forth between Kari, the monitor, and the still-flat redhead. Kari burst out laughing and pointed me in the right direction just in time to see the main event. Two girls to the redhead’s left, a server gasped as her tray toppled, the drinks knocked flying by her blouse as it blew open propelled by a wicked-big, jutting fake rack.

Teach me not to look first. The spinning girl wasn’t even a redhead. Whoops. Awesome wavy curls, though. The things I could do with her... I would. I smiled at her.

>Subject is a redhead.

And now she was. She stared down at the newly expanded tits thrusting sag-free from her ribcage, then she looked around, stunned. Her lips mouthed, “What the fuck?” Hair swished in front of her. She grabbed it and repeated, this time loud enough, for me to hear.

>Subject’s hair runs down to her ass.

Flame-red hair dropped like a waterfall down her back. “What the hell?” She looked hot trying to cover her huge new tits with her tiny hands, her head snapping back and forth looking for something, anything, to explain what had happened.

The explanation was simple. I’d forgotten to click Retroactive Reality back on after showing off for Kari. Easy fix. I clicked it and updated the new red-head’s thinking.

>Subject loves the look too much to care why her tits and hair grew.

She fluffed up her hair and posed. Hair streamed out behind her and her tits jutted forward partially supported by her hands. “Fuck! I look *awesome!*”

The couple she’d been serving when her tits exploded her top stared in amazement. I selected them and gave them a distraction. The girl moaned, shot to her feet, grabbed her guy, and guided him to the men’s room, her tits swelling up like balloons and pushing the top of her little black dress down and out of their way.

“OK,” said Kari. “Time for the second requirement: Make her a slut.”

I switched subjects back to my red-headed exhibitionist.

>Subject has the mindset of a horny porn star and wants to give user a blow job.

Kari howled with laughter, her eyes flashing with an almost sexual pleasure.

“Want me to make her bi?” I asked.

Kari nodded her head, giggling as I typed it in. “Do it! Not for me, though. I’m sure we can find someone—”

The server’s head swung toward and locked on me like I was magnetic north. She smiled and started walking over toward my booth. She strutted up the stairs separating the sections, never once taking her eyes off me until one of the other servers grabbed her arm.

“Rebecca! Jeeze, put your top back on. No one wants to see—” Her eyes bugged out as Rebecca posed to show off her fabulous new assets. “What the *hell* did you do to yourself?”

“—we can make interested,” Kari finished, her grin predatory.

While Rebecca shook the other server loose, I looked and confirmed I had the right girl subject this time. Amy Peters. Both the screen and reality pegged her as a super slender blonde with a classically Persian face and soft brown eyes.

“Love the legs. Dancer for sure. I think we’ve found another great test case.”

I, and my achingly erect cock, had to agree. Stripper material for sure.

>Subject is a bisexual nympho stripper.

A strange expression crossed over Amy’s face and quickly transformed to one of pleasure. Her posture shifted from server to seductress. She used her tight uniform to emphasize her taut body, unbuttoning blouse buttons down past her breasts to invite glimpse into the rounded, dark hills beneath. “*Fuhhhhhk!* Those look awesome! I’d kill to have a rack like that...”

“Do it,” prompted Kari, looking even more aroused than the stripperized waitress.

>Subject’s tits match those of Rebecca Moore.

With a whump of banished air, the released buttons were all that saved her top from the sort of detonation that had destroyed Rebecca’s. Amy’s tits filled her top utterly, crushed together into the sort of dream cleavage you only see in tittie flicks and totally out of proportion with her slim body. Her nipples barely avoided the sort of exposure almost half of her areolas now enjoyed. “But that doesn’t mean I’m letting you work *my* tables.”

“I’m not poaching, Amy,” Rebecca looked Amy over appreciatively and licked her lips. “See that guy over there? I’m going to suck his cock!”

Amy looked me over. I smiled back, already typing. “Him? C’mon! We can do—”

I wasn’t taking any of that.

>Subject is incredibly horny and finds user extremely attractive.

“—Oooooooooo!” Her eyes did loop-de-loops inside their sockets as her thinking reconfigured and lust stampeded through her body. Her nipples hardened, lengthening, thickening, and shoving her scandalously revealing top out of their way. Amy reached up and pinched them, cooing in pleasure.

“What?” asked Rebecca.

“I was going to say we could do a lot better, but *fuuuuuhck!*” She looked me over again, sucked on her index finger suggestively, and giggled. “Butt fuck.... I know what *I’d* do with him. You’re selling yourself short with a BJ, you silly slut.” Amy groped Rebecca’s tits and teased her into a deep, open-mouthed kiss.

“Ahhh....” They broke off quickly staring at each other and panting. “He’s nothing special. I just think he’s got a nice dick I’d like to try out.”

>load Rebecca Thomas.

>Subject feels a physical attraction to user that is normally reserved for her sexual partners, only an order of magnitude stronger.

Rebecca gasped as she looked at me. She didn’t do the full-on eyeball flip like Amy had, but she did go cross-eyed for a moment. She flushed right down to her bare breasts and her nipples distended,

swelling up to a knuckle's worth of thumb in size. "You're right, Amy. I think he could be a lot more fun. *A lot!*"

"Yum, huh?" Amy gazed as she approached, drinking me in like a favoured treat.

"Seriously!" The other busty server had liquid lust trickling down the inside of her thighs as she walked the few remaining steps to my table. "I'm going to ride him until I fuckin' *scream* like that bimbo from the men's room."

Kari looked beside herself with arousal, squeezing a breast. Her squirming had worked her skirt up around her waist and she took advantage, massaging her pussy through her dripping panties. "They are such *sluts!* Omigod, we made them *total* sluts!"

Amy looked Kari over, acknowledging her and probably marking her as a future candidate for seduction. I made a gesture of offering. "Go ahead."

Amy grinned. "You serious?"

"Sure. I'm going to be busy getting a blowjob for a while so you two might as well have some fun." I smiled at Rebecca.

She winked back, eyes sparkling and asked Craig to move so she could get under the table at my cock, still out and sticky from Tasanee but already stiffening in preparation. Craig obliged, taking time to admire her tits up close as he did.

"I don't normally..." said Amy, hesitating. "But she's awful cute!"

"Oh my god!" blurted Rebecca. "Amy! Look! He's fuckin' huge!"

I smiled, but had to put her on hold. I was almost done setting up Kari's first girl-on-girl encounter.

>load Amy Peters

At first Kari laughed as Amy crawled under the table beside Rebecca, but that choked off when Amy started in on Kari. "Hey!"

"Wait! What? What are you doing?" She looked more excited than frightened even as she tried to clamp her legs together to lock Amy out. Amy had better leverage. Her hands on Kari's knees, she easily pried the blonde open and slipped between. The bisexual server leaned forward and licked up the outside of her customer's wet panties. "Sssstop! Stop that!"

"I am *soooooo* going to enjoy this," moaned Rebecca, wiping me down with a bar cloth.

I typed away and Kari struggled. She pushed against Amy's forehead, forcing her back. Rebecca wasn't making it easy on me, either. Her wipe-down shifted gears from sanitary to sexual, intermixed with kisses and licks. She let out an "Uhhhhn!" of surprise, then, "You taste *soooo* good!"

I had to ignore her. I had to, but she made it *soooooo* hard!

"*Mmmmmmmmm!* This is gonna be *soooooo* goood!"

>Subject's oral sex and foreplay skills are such that she can drive even the most reluctant participants to intense, earth shattering ecstasy.

"Sid! Make her stop!" I didn't. Instead I watched Kari's face to see what would happen when I typed the next command.

>Load Kari Krijek

"No! Don't you dare!" Moving like lightning, she let go of Amy and grabbed my hand to stop me from hitting enter. I didn't mind. That hadn't been my goal. "Don't you—Oooooooooo!" Her head lolled over to the side and her eyes flickered shut. Her body began to quake as Amy went to work on the already horny girl, her lips, tongue and fingers evaporating all Kari's capacity for thought.

"That's better," said Amy as Kari stopped struggling and instead wound her fingers into Amy's brown-streaked-blond hair.

"Are you done playing around?" asked Rebecca. She had a firm grip on my rampant erection, not to mention a bit of trouble pulling the tip down toward her mouth. "I so totally wanna taste this, but it's no good if you're too distracted to enjoy it!"

"Why'd you wait?" I asked the newly-minted porn star.

"What? And waste this? I want *all* of your attention! A girl only gets a treat like this once in a lifetime... Unless... you're not seeing anyone. Are you? Not that it matters. I'd do this even if you were married. Fuck, you are *sooooo* hot!" She giggled. "Don't know why I'm swearing so much. Or how my tits got so big, but I don't care!"

My cock slid into her mouth. She was sensational. She moved with excruciating slowness, doing her best to drag the affair out for an unseen camera. When I finally reached the back of her throat, I groaned. I felt her smile. She pulled back up to the tip and gave it a kiss.

"How was that?"

My hands had her back to work in an instant. Her giggle rippled down my shaft and up my spine, setting off fireworks.

Kari said it best. "Uh! Uh! Oh fuck! Oh god! Please! Please more! Uh!"

I quickly forgot about Steph and Tasanee because Rebecca, blessed with two times the immense pleasure her slutty new self got from sucking the cock of someone she wanted more than anyone she'd ever met, began to shudder and moan.

"Want you to take me," she said between teasing strikes on my ready-to-pop cock. "Take me like that chick in the men's room. That was you right? That had to be you. No one else could make a girl feel so... So..." She lost it, moaned and dove back into her work, all control gone. She just needed to make me cum. Needed to finish the blowjob so she could move on to what she really wanted. Really needed. And the whole time, she played to the camera.

My hips worked counter to her mouth, driven by her passion. She worked me like a jackhammer, and in no time at all I finally burst and filled her with cum. And more cum. She spat it all back out with the scream of, "*Fuuuuuuuuuuuck!*"

Rebecca bent backward, shaking and shuddering as cum rained down onto her. Amy looked over at her, bucking and thrashing, and said, "Not bad! Mine squirted, too."

Kari looked comatose except for the unconscious twitches shaking her body. She'd burst like a dynamited dam, drenching her thighs, the seat, and Amy. I groaned. My not-yet flaccid cock jerked and stiffened right back up again. Amy pushed Rebecca out of the way and over onto her side.

"So good... So good..." moaned my sensational new porn star, twitching and shuddering on the floor.

Amy nestled in between my legs. Her fantastic fake tits surrounded a large portion of my cock and squeezed, stroking up and down. Amy bowed her head and her lips sucked and her tongue tickled. The next thing I remembered, my cock was squirting in Amy as she rode me with Rebecca between us, screaming and shouting as Amy's cunnilingus skills took her over the edge.

Kari smiled at me, one hand working between her thighs and the other typing on my laptop. I was horrified for about a second, then the friction of the slow, steady rocking of Amy's body atop mine, hips rising and dropping and working in circles, reignited my immediate interest in pussy.

"My turn," said Kari. She gave the keyboard a rapid fire burst and slapped enter with glee. Amy's eyes sort of switched off. I can't describe it better than that. She quivered and stood rising off me, moaning.

"No... No... Cock. Need cock...."

Amy shook her head, wavered, moaned, then dove on Jim, kissing him frantically and tearing into his clothes and begging for his cock. Rebecca showed a little more class. She put her hands on the table and bent slightly, presenting her wet pussy to Craig. She looked over her shoulder at him, smiled, and said, "I want you. Fuck me."

Craig's jaw dropped. He looked at me and Kari as if for permission, then back at the ass swaying back and forth in front of him and missing Kari nodding her assent. Two hands dropped onto his shoulders from behind. He looked up into a pair of giant boobs.

"Go for it," said Stephanie, all made up and finally back from the lady's room. "She's hot." She met my eye and gave me a hungry smile. "Thanks for helping me sort things out."

"Fuck her, Craig," said Kari, a massive smile on her horny face. "You know you want to."

Craig's hands went to his belt.

I reached for the laptop, but Kari spun her seat away and continued typing on her lap, rattling off another two quick instructions.

Stop! Hammer time!: Kari Krijek

I smiled, knowing what was coming because I'd typed it in and could read it off of the screen. Craig's jeans tented enormously for a moment before and his zipper popped and a huge, hard cock leapt out. I do a pretty good penis, if you don't mind my saying. Ego's a good thing, in limits.

That didn't make it feel any less weird. I'd just made Craig's dick huge, absolutely massive, but I remembered it always being that big. It had always been that big, despite intellectually knowing that it hadn't. Without the reminder glowing on Sid's monitor, I'd never have thought any differently.

So cool.

“What do you think, Jen?” I asked the budding porn star. She shuddered and pushed herself backward, teasing her pussy on the swollen tip of Craig’s obviously enhanced shaft. She moved slowly, seductively, and positioned herself over my boyfriend, holding to allow a photographer to get a perfect shot.

“Jen?” asked Sid, raising an eyebrow.

“Anything you can do,” I grinned at him, my fingers prepping for Amy to take another taste of my pussy. “I can do better. Got tired of typing.... Uhhhh.... Whatever her name was over and over.”

I slid my hand up my thigh to give myself a feel. Hairless. She’d like that. I had a feeling I’d like that, too. Fuck, probably all the girls here would. I made sure of that by scrolling back in the list of Sid’s commands and reloading all the ladies in the club.

>Subjects have no leg, under-arm, or pubic hair, nor do they grow any. They especially love the lack of pubic hair. It sexually arouses and pleases them to be so slutty. They all love being sluts.

I felt myself up. It felt so good to have a bald pussy. So hot. It made me wet just thinking about it. My fingers worked in and out, in and out. I just couldn’t get enough. I loved the sensation. The... the... Aw crap. I was a woman in the club, too.

And I *loooooove* being slutty.

“Hey!” shouted a guy three tables away, distracting me from my self-pleasuring. “Can we get the waitress for a few minutes here? I want a fucking drink!”

“I need a drink, too,” said Stephanie, dropping into the seat between me and Sid. She leaned over and started sucking his cock. Just like me and everyone else, she now loved being slutty.

“Kari?” moaned Sid.

“I’ll take care of it.” I laughed and typed new instructions for my pet stripper. “This is *too* easy! Amy! Go. Take care of your customers.”

The slutty blonde stiffened and got off of Jim, letting go of his erection reluctantly. She pouted. “See you later?” she asked.

Jim gave her a glassy-eyed gaze and nodded stupidly. Amy dropped to her knees, quickly and completely swallowing Jim’s dick. I added an inch to its already prodigious length and girth and watched Amy’s cheeks pull into a smile. She probably thought she was doing it. Bitch. Still, it took her maybe five seconds before she hopped back to her feet, cum dripping from her lips and oozing out of Jim’s nine inch meat popsicle in a trickling white stream.

He looked like such a lovely sex toy. I couldn’t for the life of me remember why I broke up with him. Oh yeah. I read the text on the screen. I’d just given him the big dick. So confusing. So fun.

“Bye!” Amy waved at us as she made her best attempt at closing up her top one-handed. It was doomed to fail. She couldn’t cover up properly even with both hands.

I had a giggle-fit watching. “Awwwww. Poor widdle Jim. No pussy for you.” I had a really cool idea. Really, really cool. Steph and Jim. I licked my lips. First she should finish Sid. I liked Sid. Liked him a lot.

I typed. Steph’s eyes widened as her brain filled with everything she needed to know about orally pleasuring men. New muscle memory she had been working on since forever took over her lips and tongue and mouth. She relaxed, languor filling her as she really got into it and did what the bikini-modelling slut loved better than almost anything. Now at least.

A few more characters of command altered her and a pair of tits that would really help her website—whether her top came off or not—hung from her ribs, swaying as she worked Sid to overload. A nice honey-brown frame of hair accentuated her sexy face, making the now-pale blue eyes staring up at Sid really stand out. Not that he noticed.

Sid moaned and fucked her face. She fucked back. He exploded. Steph gulped down his seed like an addict. Her head snapped up out of his lap, whipping her hair back, and moaned low and long. She looked so hot with her skirt up around her waist and her hands working her bald pussy as she came, gurgling Sid’s cum.

Oooooo! *I loved* that term: Bald pussy. So sexy. So slutty. *I* was so slutty.

I reloaded my profile and studied my body for a while. I was hot. My smooth pussy especially. I needed bigger tits to *really* be slutty. Probably not to the extent of Steph’s lovely and bouncy Double Fs, but I didn’t want to be *that* much of a sex-crazed boy-toy. I grabbed the slider bar for boobs and moved it over a notch. My avatar looked scorching with C-cups on her chest. I hit send.

Nothing happened. I looked at the rotating me. Still C-cups, not the big, slutty D-cups I wanted. I moved the slider again and hit send. Maybe it would take this time.

Fuck. Nothing. I wriggled in my seat, so frustrated I was having trouble breathing. I moved the slider over three bars, inflating my plain-old D-cups to super sexy, totally slutty G torpedoes. My avatar looked like an Internet tittie model with the giant orbs jutting from her chest. Well, I’d always wanted bigger boobs... No I hadn’t. Well I had, because I’d always loved looking slutty, but that was *after* I changed everyone in the club to be a slut.

Anyway, I love being slutty now, and like I told Sid, go big or go home.

I went big. I could tell because my bra snapped in the middle and fell away. I looked great! Super slutty! A living sex-toy. I had tits. My angora sweater pulled almost transparently tight over them, ready to burst. And that was the only clue I had that I’d changed anything. Using the GUI didn’t leave me any hints.

That was kind of stupid. Seriously, I could have started at an A-cup for all I knew. I couldn’t remember Jen’s old name, my original cup size, or any of the other changes I’d made, and for some reason that made me *super* horny. But how were you supposed to know it worked?

By the dazed stares of the guys I guessed. Like Sid. His eyes popped out of his skull as I ran my hands over by big new titties. I smiled at him and made sure I got what I wanted. And so did everyone else.

Sidney, Sidney, puddin' an' Pie: Sidney McLean

Kari smiled at me, hunger and a touch of jealousy filling her face as Steph fingered herself and bobbed her head on my hard shaft. She turned the laptop toward me so I could see what she'd done. Her hands caressed bare breasts that looked massive on her slight frame as her avatar revolved. I read what she'd written.

>Sid McLean is going to fuck Subject's brains out with his big, fat 10" cock.

Coupled with her colossal new tits, it was more than I could take. Blood and fire flooded into my dick, and it swelled up, exploding into Stephanie's mouth before she was ready. She gagged, then sealed her lips and began rapid swallowing until I was spent. She kept on sucking, not giving my cock a chance to relax. Like that was possible. She let what she'd gathered in her mouth slide down her throat, moaned, and then looked up at me with her stunning blue eyes and cooed, "Gotta stay hard, lover. Kari *wants* it. I wanna *watch*! And *omigawd*! Your cum tastes, like, so fucking *awesome*!"

I already stood, in motion before Stephanie finished. I locked my hands around Kari's waist and lifted her. Thighs slick with her own juices wrapped around my hips and her fingers entwined behind my head. She gazed at me, those sexy green eyes amplified by her sleek glasses, and I felt the muscles around my cock clench. It felt harder than ever. Bigger than ever. It slipped between her ass cheeks as she wriggled against me.

She let out a squeak, and I took advantage. Her lips pressed into mine and tongues duelled. She squirmed up, and I helped. She'd plumped up her ass for sure. It felt fantastic in my hands, but I really wanted at her new tits. Before, I thought she had a volleyball body. Now that thinking was literal. Her tiny body had the tits of a goddess, huge and round and needing to be felt and groped and licked and sucked.

The sweater came off hard. I don't think I wrecked it, her huge rack had already done that, but forcing it up over her mountainous melons didn't do it much good. The fuzzy wool sat bunched up over top of her jutting jugs, making them look even bigger, until Kari pulled it the rest of the way up and off. The resulting bounce and jiggle was quite possibly the sexiest thing I'd ever seen.

But I didn't get much time to appreciate it. Her left arm hooked at the elbow behind my neck and her right hand went looking for my dick. It didn't have to try hard. She lifted her body, positioned my engorged manhood, and lowered herself onto it. She was so wet that her outer folds parted easily around the head of my cock.

I grunted in pleasure at the sensation. Her eyes nearly popped out. She made a weird warbling sound as her eyes rolled upward and her body slid down. God! Was she *tight*! She shuddered, moaning and I pulled her upward the first few times until she got into the swing of things. I don't know if her brain was fully engaged, but her body sure was. It enjoyed itself immensely, her thighs and ass flexing and shouts of pleasure erupting into my mouth with practically every up-and-down motion of her super sexy body.

Kari's eyes slammed shut, depriving me of that sensual joy, and she hugged me so tight I thought I'd crumple like a tin can. On the plus side, her pussy clamped down and started milking. She barked incoherently and her body shook so violently I was worried that we'd fall over and I wouldn't cum, so I laid her squealing fuck-toy body on the table beside Jen and slammed my cock deep into her.

I needn't have worried about not cumming. The rhythmic contractions of her vaginal walls took care of that. Kari gasped and bucked as I filled her past capacity with white-hot sperm.

And that woke her back up again. Her eyes shone so brightly they burned like the sun. “Yes! Yes! More! Moooooorrrre!”

She fell back and draped herself across the table, pushing the computer and our empty drinks out of the way. Reaching up, she grabbed Jen’s head and pulled her into a kiss.

The server yelped in dismay as she was tugged forward off Craig’s cock, but arched and moaned when he hammered back into her. Then she kissed the blonde back.

“Oh god. Can’t believe you’re doing that here!” moaned a low, throaty voice. Stephanie stared with vacant blue eyes at Kari twisting on the table as I fucked her. I didn’t pay too much attention because I had more important things on my mind, but I promised I’d take care of her as soon as Kari didn’t have any brains left.

Boyfriend Therapy: Andrea Howe

My mom had already freaked out when I started dating a black guy. She was so 1950’s it hurt. She didn’t care that he was tall, strong, and dead sexy. I didn’t bother telling her how good he was in bed because she would have locked me up. Premarital sex... Oh My God. Sex with Richard? She’d kill herself and blame me. Telling her that he’d proposed and I’d accepted was going to be really tricky.

The aftermath I’d deal with later. Probably by moving across the country. Just then I only wanted more of that premarital sex. Lots and lots of it. Those two going at it in the men’s room echoed through my head. I could barely think of anything else. I needed to get laid, bad! Get some bang-bang-bang action from my big, bad, black man.

Take that, Mom. “Oh, Richard...”

We split the check, general principles, and were on our way out of the club and back to his place when I saw that little blonde tease with the so-huge-they-had-to-be-fake boobs from earlier, Karen, giving some guy a lapdance, “When Harry Met Sally” style. She bounced up and down on his lap and screaming, “Yes! Fuck! Yes!” loud enough to be heard over the club’s music. She howled incoherently and almost leapt into the air, giving me a better look at things. It wasn’t a lapdance. She was *really* riding the guy. The guy from the bathroom.

Time seemed to freeze for an instant, then Karen’s body slammed down onto his huge penis. My brain went pop. For an instant I kind of regretted turning down the offer to join up with her party, but sanity returned quickly. Mostly.

But god help me, I wanted it to be me. I needed it to be me. I couldn’t get what he’d done to that girl in the men’s room out of my head. That’s why Rich and I were leaving so early. And to his place. I desperately needed some sexual attention, but that was... If he was...

If the guy banging Karen was the Sidney guy she’d tried to set me up with... Oh my god. I turned it down. I couldn’t stop dreaming about it, and *I turned it down!*

I was so fucking *stupid!*

Not really knowing what I was doing, I started walking up the steps. Not able to help it. I couldn’t believe what I was watching. I mean in one way it seemed so ordinary for such total hotties to be making out, but still something felt wrong. Jealous. I was jealous. Their table was practically an orgy. The only two not making out were obviously related and both incredibly gorgeous. The girl, a brunette with

Playboy looks gazed on Karen and Men's Room Man with obvious lust and worked a hand under her skirt. The guy would have been leading man in any of my fantasies before I met Richard. Or heard that girl screaming with glee in the bathroom.

"Andrea?" asked my soon-to-be husband.

"Just want to talk to Karen for a sec," I mumbled back. Then I repeated myself louder because there's no way he could have heard over the music.

"She, uh, looks kinda busy," he called back. He sounded so far away, but he wasn't. He grabbed my arm. Then Karen turned to look at us. Her eyes lit up and she smiled.

"Hey you two! Andrea! C'mon and meet Siiii—AHHHHHHHH!" She lost it, bucking and babbling and bouncing, trying to hammer more and more big, thick, yummy cock into her hot, gushing pussy. She looked so hot and slutty. I shook my head because for a moment she looked so good I wanted to eat her. God, that would be slutty.

I shook my head and looked away. This wasn't right. It wasn't. But it was. It sure looked right. "Is that the guy from...?"

"The men's room? Yeah!" said the brunette. "Awesome, huh?"

"Who are you?" I asked her. "You know him?"

"Ya! Of course! Like, I was the girl." She giggled and offered a handshake. "Stephanie. Hi!"

Richard moaned. He looked about to cum in his pants. Well that had his interest. At least her tits did.

I looked back at Sidney and swooned. Something was seriously wrong. I never got like this. Sure, I got horny, but never to the point of panting for breath and seriously considering cheating on my boyfriend no matter how slutty I liked to act.

He elbowed me softly. I elbowed him back, hard. "You can look, I can look, got it?"

"You want to do more than just look," he said.

"What? No!" I lied.

"Go ahead."

"Huh?"

He blinked, locked his eyes on mine and smiled. "I just want you to have a good time, baby."

That's so sweet. I glared at the brunette Playmate. At Stephanie. At the bitch making eyes at my fiancé. At the guy who just gave me permission to fuck a complete stranger. Who I desperately wanted to fuck. Wasn't Richard awesome? No wonder I loved him! He knew what a slut needed!

"You had your turn," I told Stephanie. "I'm next."

She frowned, then looked Richard over. "I suppose I *could* wait... You mind if I...?"

I blinked. She couldn't be serious. She was. She lifted her slutty, pink top up over her gigantic boobs and pulled it over her head and off while her tits bounced and jiggled. Richard's eyes bugged out. They never did that for me, but then I didn't look like a sex toy. I was cute. She was a goddess of truly Sheenian proportions. And then some.

"Hi," she told Rich. "I'm Stephanie. We're gonna, like, trade boyfriends for a while. That OK?"

"Uhhhh huh...."

No it wasn't OK. Richard and I were in love! But that was so weird. It was perfectly OK for me and Sid to... But not for Rich and Stephanie? What the hell was I thinking? This whole thing was insane. I didn't do this. I wasn't like this. I needed to grab Rich and get out of here before I made the biggest mistake of our lives. I loved being a slut, but....

I looked over at Karen for help, but she ignored me, calmly riding Mr. Men's Room and typing on a laptop. That was *too* screwed up! Who used a computer while having sex? Especially knowing what he could do to a woman's body? What he's just done to her body. Either she faked really good or she had a screaming orgasm in public. And now she played with a computer. I would probably have passed out.

No matter how much I wanted, needed, to have Sidney fuck me, I couldn't compete with these girls! Not with my girl next door brown hair, plain face, and rectangle body. I don't know how I even got Richard! I was a six at best. Sid was an eleven.

I don't know how to rate Karen. She was short and cute and had watermelon halves jutting from her chest. Stephanie looked like the cover of a men's magazine, all leg and boob and sultry smile. Even the girl taking it from behind from the surfer looked more like a porn star than a waitress. I was about to tell Steph to go fuck herself, but then I couldn't! I don't know why!

Kari stabbed a finger down on the keyboard, looked over at me with a smirk, and giggled. "He's not done with me yet," she said. "I still have brains left, so get in line."

I looked at Richard for a second, then over at my boyfriend, my eyes pleading as my voice begged, "Jim, come on. Let's go this is too.... Too weird."

He stood from his seat, but only just enough to slide his pants down and reveal his mouth-watering, huge cock. I gazed in wonder, amazed that such a handsome man would choose me when he had friends like this. He even dated Kari for a while, I remembered. My head hurt, like a river of information poured in all in a rush. It felt as though I hadn't really known my own life before and it all flooded in just now.

I wavered on my feet, pulled off balance by dizziness and the weight of my big fake titties, but then I threw my head back to straighten up and give my long and silky auburn hair a sexy toss. I loved what that did to Jim. I draped it over my shoulder to keep it out of the way, and Jim knew that that meant. His huge dick throbbed in anticipation. It oozed pre-cum. No way was I sharing *that* with anyone else. Especially his sister. Ick. I mean *seriously!*

She'd just have to make do with that Richard guy, whoever the hell he was.

"Don't worry, Steph," said Kari. "I'll fix up Rich. Feels kinda silly, the black guy having the smallest dick."

“Huh?” Rich looked down, confused. So was I, but it’s not like I cared. He moaned as his pants tented, then strained to hold in what was easily the biggest boner I’d ever seen. Sure, I stared for a second, what slut wouldn’t, but then got back to business. Jim had more than enough cock for me.

“And sauce for the goose, tits-for-brains,” giggled Kari as I looked my boyfriend up and down, savouring what was about to happen. Mom was going to love Jim. He was exactly what she wanted me to have in a guy, other than loads of money. She’d probably even forgive me for the implants. But at least I wasn’t dating a black guy. Ooooo! She’d really *freak!*

Speaking of implants, oh my god was Jim’s sister stacked! Her rack made my boob job look lacking. Her boobs jutted like gravity didn’t exist for her, but they still had a tonne of jiggle like they were real! But come on! No one with a body as slim as hers had real tits that big. Or that firm. Impossible. I’d know. I spent *months* researching before I had mine done.

Kari cackled and rattled away at the keyboard of her laptop as I checked Steph out, feeling my pussy moisten the way it always did when I saw a hot chick. Her tits were *awesome*. And almost as big as mine.

I bent over, my plush bubble-butt stuck out behind me showing the world what ass should look like, and started with a kiss. Then I felt my curvaceous, bimbo’s body up as I dropped to my knees and tugged by dress down below my full, jutting fake tits. They were so huge, almost as big as Kari’s, and so slutty. Made me so hot. Fuck, I loved being a slut. I couldn’t wait to feel Jim’s huge cock jerk and shoot cum into my mouth. There was *nothing* better than making a guy totally lose control.

And when Kari was done... Yum. Sid was all *mine!*

Reflection: Sidney McLean

“So the stuh-stripper makes a better p-p-porn star than the porn staaaaahhhhr,” Kari managed to stammer out as she did the wave on my cock. Three tables over, Amy, topless again, fucked another patron while sucking another and giving hand-jobs to a third and fourth.

Jen—formerly Rebecca—was much more conservative. She bucked atop the next table beneath Craig, her high-pitched voice demanding he take her harder. She seemed fake somehow. I know she enjoyed it, but her constant camera whoring, even in the absence of a camera, turned me off. She should have been gazing in lust at Craig, not at me.

She should have been more like Steph or the new chick, Andrea, totally consumed by lust and pleasure. Andrea consumed Steph’s brother’s cock like it was a drug, her hair swaying as she bobbed her head up and down and massaged the remaining length of his nearly foot-long shaft with her jumbo tits. I’d seen her before and couldn’t place her, but Kari definitely knew her from somewhere and gave her a major make-over.

Stephanie sat impaled on this dark-skinned guy, her hands on his shoulders and eyes locked to his. Musical gasps of pleasure radiated from her body as she moved. I swear Kari had made her rack bigger because I stopped somewhere around a D cup. Steph clearly sported a hell of a lot more than that now; she had her back to me and I could still see most of her boobs as they bounced up and down, slightly trailing the rest of her in her slow ride. She also wore her hair in a golden brown wave extending down to the small of her back rather than the darker shoulder-length do she’d started with.

“Yeah. Funny how that worked out.” I tried to look around her to see Steph’s partner, but it was incredibly hard to not watch her hypnotic, swaying tits.

The huge breasted brunette turned part way, and Stephanie's heart-shaped face, enhanced by the heat of sexual desire, came into view. Along with the equally aroused face of some guy I didn't know. "Kariiiiiiii!" she squealed, her body bobbing up and down on mystery dude's ridiculously big cock. "You were right. Rich is *soooooooo* cute!"

"Hey!" said Kari. Her hands slid up from my back to the back of my head and pulled my face down into her more available, and much larger, rack. "Get to work. I've still got some brains left!"

I got back to work, pounding her pussy as Kari twisted on her back and thrashed beneath me. This was taking too long. There was Andrea to try out and this Hispanic girl dancing nearby that I really wanted to see with bigger tits, so I decided to speed things up.

"What are you doing?" asked Kari when I slowed and stopped. She lay on the tabletop clenching and relaxing her thighs to keep up the movement. Her gravity-defying boobs slapped the back of the laptop I'd just put on her belly.

"Fucking your brains out." The touch pad was annoying enough to use at the best of times, but with a horny, squirming woman providing the lap, it bordered on impossible. Her boobs shrank and then grew, she became a dedicated lesbian for about half a second, and her clit tripled in size—I left that alone because it looked kinda cool—before I finally managed to click the Sexual Sensitivity slider. I inched it over. She bucked and—

"*Fuck!*" Kari shrieked and arched, dumping the laptop onto its side, our nice, pleasant pump disintegrating into a feral fucking. Her eyes were wild, the glasses had fallen off in her frantic response, and she drooled. Incomprehensible garbage shot from her lips as her body went into orgasmic overload.

I struggled with her, trying to work around her to get the computer upright. I could see the slider I wanted, jammed all the way right. All the way on. Maximum intensity. I probably didn't even need to fuck her at this point. I could breathe on her nose and Kari would cum like crazy.

I fucked her any way because it felt so damn amazing. Sadly she passed out, delirious from the pleasure, pretty fast.

Jen watched in wonder. "Do that to me next!"

Steph looked back over her shoulder at her brother's friend's girlfriend gasping for breath as she came continuously even in her pleasure-induced coma. "*Awesome!*"

I pulled out of Kari and her body bucked off the table.

"*Totally awesome!*" Steph cooed.

Two girls further up stared at me in a combination of horror and lust. I had a seriously hard cock all ready for them, but first thing was first. I adjusted Kari's sensitivity down to a mere three times her normal sensation level. That would be a pleasant surprise for her, I figured, but still low enough for her to function normally. Mostly.

Then I loaded Steph and Jen... Fuck it. I loaded all the girls in the club and turned their vaginas into literal pleasure holes. The results were drastic and immediate. Steph squealed and squirted all over her partner's cock. Andrea gasped, then gagged on Jim and buried most of the fingers on one hand in her cunt, fingering frantically. Jen's eyes did end-0s and she sagged, whimpering in pleasure and trembling as

Craig took her closer to the edge. For probably the first time that night, she lost interest in making a show of it and really started fucking for fun.

My Hispanic angel stumbled as she danced and pressed into her partner for support. Of the two girls watching, one swayed in her seat, suddenly dizzy and the other melted onto hers, a silly expression on her face. A silly expression I fully intended to make serious really damn soon.

And would have if Trish hadn't shown up.

The Return of the Queen: Patricia Yates

"What. The. Fuck." I could not believe what I was seeing. It made no sense at all absolutely no sense. Sid sat at the table fucking around with a computer, but everyone else... Fucking each other.

Impossible. Insane. And weirdly hot. A rush of fiery delight shot through my groin, as though simply walking had become a sexual experience. I groaned and stumbled. It just went on and on, but the distraction didn't last long. The sight before me was too creepy. Jim's stripper girlfriend put on a show titfucking him with her stupidly fake orbs. You couldn't even call them boobs at that point. Steph rode some guy she'd probably picked at random out of the crowd. What the fuck was I thinking when I hired the slut? Karen lay on the table in front of Sid, squirming like she wanted him to eat her.

Sid's jaw dropped when he saw me. A new look for Sid. He stared at me with undisguised lust. I found it refreshing in a way. At least he was being honest. Before it was all sneak peeks and rapid look-aways. Seriously, if he'd done this sort of thing sooner, he probably wouldn't have needed my help. Or maybe he would. His look of hunger was too intense. Frightening.

And then maybe he didn't, not with Karen offering herself up like a horny bimbo. "Karen, Steph. Andrea!" I looked the fourth girl over. The one with the fake tits fucking the hell out of Craig. Right in front of his girlfriend. "Jesus. Who the hell are you?"

"Jen," she said, trying to stay in total control even while gasping with pleasure. "A waitress. Huh-hi. You Sid's girlfriend?"

The idea hit me clit first. Something about being Sid's melted me inside. I shook my head, trying to force out a sudden daydream of meeting Sid's family. Going on dates, dressing sexy for him. Dancing around in lingerie to arouse him. I flushed the possibility. Sid *was* not my type. I didn't date losers. "What? No!"

"You should be. You're pretty." But Jen was bang on. Sid and I both were. His athlete's body complimented mine perfectly. We would make a *great* couple.

But seriously! Sid? Great body, no confidence. Not my type. "Fuck you."

I turned to him and felt butterflies. He really *was* good looking. Date, no. One nighter... Probably. "Sid, you're the only sane person here, what the fuck is going.... You aren't wearing pants. Where are your pants...?" My brain drifted out of gear with my mouth. His cock was hard. And huge. And inviting, even coated with what was probably Karen's cum. The need to take it inside me, to have it pleasure me as it clearly had Karen, left me dizzy. The world spun, but it remained locked on his cock.

His cock... What happened to penis? Dick? Sid had a cock. I wanted it. I wanted to suck it. I wanted to ride it. I just couldn't help it. Something was really wrong with me. I couldn't take my eyes off it or get it out of my mind.

“You’re supposed to be helping me pick up women,” said Sid. I nodded helplessly. “But so far I’ve done all the work.”

“You...?” That broke the spell. Everything came crashing home. My sudden desire for him, all of my friends getting it on in public, no one doing anything to stop it.... Hell, the servers were even in on the act. There was a one woman orgy going on a few tables away. “You can’t be serious! Clothes on. We’re lea—”

Sid pressed a button on his keyboard, and I stopped for a second, my thinking cloudy. When the sensation passed, I’d changed my mind. What was I so worried about? OK, it was weird, but everyone here was a consenting adult, right? Who was I to say they couldn’t have a little fun? Or me for that matter? Sid was more than just kind of cute. Why didn’t *I* take a hit of him? No harm done. That’s what condoms are for. Besides, everyone else had, and Steph could have *anyone*.

Stephanie confirmed that rethink moments later. “Come on, Trish! Sid’s great!” She twisted around to say more, but that did nice things to her partner and he thrust into her. Her eyes glittered and she gasped and twitched. She gave up on talking and concentrated on fucking. Still weird, but a sexy weird. Watching them actually turned me on.

“Ohhhh Sidney,” moaned Karen, fingering her.... Oh god. She shaved. That’s so... So sexy! It was sexy. Karen, Kari, was a serious hottie. I couldn’t get over her boobs. Her tits. They were enormous and round and... and...

“We’re supposed to be working here, people.” I pried my eyes off of Kari’s fuck-toy body and back to the least threatening thing I could think of: Sid. Big mistake.

He turned and gave me a much better look at his stiff cock rising up proudly. I licked my suddenly dry lips and began to drift back into daydream land. “Uh.... Nice dick, Sid. Put it away, Kay?” Resistance was truly futile. I stared in spite of myself. It looked so nice. So big. Tasty. Tempting. I needed to get fucked, and that was a major problem.

Porn Takes Queen: Sidney McLean

Trish looked nice, all dazed and confused and horny, but there was room for improvement. Not much, but room.

>Subject fantasizes about encounters with user. These encounters become increasingly sexual and pleasurable the more she tries to resist them.

Her eyes clouded and she smiled. She needed a bit more smile. Actually, she needed a complete attitude upgrade. Outlook wasn’t on the main control panel, but all you needed to know about the mindset of Master PC’s creator you could infer from the cup-size slider sitting right on top.

But first things first.

>Subject’s nipples are extremely erotically sensitive and quick to respond. Caressing, sucking and licking them will stimulate her to orgasm.

She gasped and her nipples dimpled her blouse. Buttons on Trish's shirt strained, others popped. I didn't go gonzo on her because why bother? She had been put together pretty damn well in the first place. Moving the slider from C to D-cups was more than enough.

But Master PC's creator was right. Double-D would look much better. Her flimsy bra tore loose of its straps and the remaining white buttons on her blouse flew. Trish glanced down at her tits pushing her blazer wide open and froze in horror. Then she shrieked, "Fuck! *Everything's* going wrong today!"

She looked about to cry, so I stopped playing with her. That much misery went way past just a torn shirt and didn't work at all with the supersized, supersensitive nipples begging for my touch. I hit enter on what I had at that point and asked, "What's wrong?"

>Subject has a libido bordering on nymphomania and the sexual skills and responsiveness of a character in a porn film.

Her eyes fluttered for a moment. I half expected them to snap back open and for her to proclaim, "I know fuck-fu." But she didn't. Instead she shouted, "What do you care? You just *fucked* my best friends. I just bought this bra. Two hundred fucking dollars and it's shit!"

"Dave called it off?" I asked, browsing her personal information.

"Yes, Dave called it off, asshole!" She snapped, then she looked at me, puzzled. "How do you know about that?"

She finally noticed the laptop and scowled. "Oh god. You better not be Facebook stalking me."

OK. So she was abrasive, but come on! I was *dying* to fuck her. Any guy would. "That sucks, but what's the big deal? You could have any guy you want, so why be so upset?" David Kenner, mid-coitus, filled the 3D viewer. I used him to lock onto his partner Kendra and did some reading. Cute. "Besides, *he's* the asshole. He's been balling a legal assistant at work for the past three months."

"Hello! There's more to this than sex. Fuck!" I read what she didn't say from her eyes. "No wonder you needed to hire us to get laid." Then the rest of what I'd said kicked in. "Wait! *What?* How do you know that?"

"You *are* stalking me, aren't you?" A smile flirted with stepping out of the gloom. My interest amused her a little more than it creeped her out. Soon it would do more than amuse, but it would probably take a few more minutes before she gave in. She squinted. "Is that me?"

Trish problem one: Bitch. Working on that. Problem two: Believed the world revolved around her. Not a problem much longer. Problem three: Refused to admit her eyesight *sucked*. I was busy watching Kendra fake arousal on her hands and knees while Dave pumped her ass, not Trish. I fixed that right up.

Kendra, that is. No more faking. The face of her computer generated avatar lit up with glee as she started down the road to her first, and explosive, anal orgasm. Her mouth opened to scream. Her eyes bulged. Juices trickled down her thighs, then gushed. She screamed.

Then back to Trish. I had to fix her sight with the command line. There was an RGB wheel for choosing their colour, just like there was the check box I used to make Kendra really appreciate anal sex, but no easy tool for altering actual eye performance. Master PC's creator did have only one thing on his

mind. I slid the cup-size slider over another couple notches and watched her posture change and as her tits inflated and forced her blazer open wider around them. This was seriously cool.

Her icy grey eyes widened as her surroundings sharpened. I flirted with violet for a moment, but something possible would be a lot easier to explain. Fortunately, Master PC meant I didn't have to care about possible or explain. The laptop screen resolved for her stunning, newly coloured eyes, giving her a look at her naked body slowly rotating. Her desire spiked before she realized *she* was the top-heavy Playmate on the screen, and she gasped, "Holy fuck! What *is* that?"

"Nothing important," I told her, admiring the thrust of her tits filling her blue blazer. I pumped them up another cup just to watch the buttons strain. I overshot and about half of them popped.

Kari, half-awake again, recognized it instantly and sat up. With both hands between her legs, her arms crushed her breasts together into blush-pink watermelons. Her glasses were slightly askew, but she didn't seem to care about that as much as she did about the pleasure she brought herself. "Ooooooooo! Trish! You're gonna love this! He's gonna make you cum *sooooo* fuckin' hard!"

"No. No. You're crazy, Kari." Trish spun on her friend, then turned away before she got lost in Kari's stunning and massive display of cleavage. Instead, she got Jen with her own set of bouncy jumbo orbs riding Craig reverse cow-girl to watch. Stephanie was exactly no help. She shook her head trying to get the strange new needs out, then settled back on the familiar: getting hot over a guy. Me.

And she was getting hot. I could tell. An idiot could tell. Her eyes grazed over mine on the way down to sneak a peek at my oh-so-appetizing erection, then they hopped back up. And drifted down. A goofy smile spread across her face. That smile still needed a better attitude.

>Subject now has a tendency to interpret events in an upbeat, but realistic, manner.

"I thought so, too," said the blonde slut. "Then he fucked my brains out."

Girlfriendly: Patricia Yates

"He *what*?" My brain couldn't handle Karen's transformation from deathly serious to point of boring to out of her mind with giddiness. Maybe Sid had fucked her brains out for real.

"What was I supposed to do?" Kari wailed. "He was sitting there all sexy and lonely and I was, like, *soooo* totally horny!" She giggled. "I *still* can't think straight! I'm *still* horny!"

"Well you could *try* to keep your legs closed. He's *my* client!"

"Yer client?" Kari adjusted her glasses and looked me over. God she was hot. Her eyes toyed with me. Her hourglass body with its spectacular curves taunted me. Her tits looked absolutely mouth-watering, and I wasn't even gay. Really. I wasn't. I don't know what happened.

I sighed. "Our client,"

"Jealous." Kari gazed hungrily at me and smirked.

"What? No!"

"Yes you are. 'Member, I'm the one with the Masters in Psych."

I looked over at Sid, my only friend here whose brain hadn't turned to oversexed mush, and rolled my eyes. He laughed.

I glared as hard as I could. "You have any useful input?"

He spun his seat to face me and stood. "Well, I'm still short a girlfriend. I know you don't promise anything long-term, but *you* could use a boyfriend right about now. I'm betting you're pretty turned on."

"No... I'm..." I lied. I lied my ass off. I'd never been so turned on in my life. I was on fire. My cunt screamed to be filled. I had to fight to get my mind off Sid and his cock, but if I looked away, I started getting wet because of all the tits and ass on display in the club.

Sid reached out like he was going to grope my breasts. My body arched, putting my boobs at his disposal like I was some sort of slut or something. Then he stopped. I was all ready for him and he stopped. When body didn't get what it expected and demanded, I snatched his outstretched hand and pulled it against my left boob, stuffing it under my blazer and inside my blouse. Then I grabbed his free hand and placed it beside the other.

I didn't know why I did it, then he squeezed and all became clear. The world faded to black and I heard a woman moaning. I knew it was me because my nipples pressed into his palms as his hands drove my body completely nuts.

"Oh-ok." When my brains sorted themselves back out, I had to admit it. "I'm horny."

"So how about a date?"

Light returned as my eyes blinked open. "Huh?"

"Date? Take you to dinner? A movie?"

"I can't date a client!"

"Then quit."

"Are you k—uh!" He began kneading my breasts. I fought it, but it felt too good. My head snapped back and a keening cry of pleasure leaked out. "Sssssstop! Stop that!"

He did, the asshole. He stopped. But I didn't let go of his hands. I swayed on my feet, dazed and dizzy. My hands tightened on his and it felt soooooo spectacular that before long I was using him to feel up my tits. My breasts. "Don't know... what... what's come over me!" I mumbled. "Oh gawd, that's good!"

"Better than Dave?" he asked.

My eyes cleared. I steadied myself and tried to relax before I did something stupid, but he was so sexy. His hands... I couldn't bear for it to stop. "Way better! Oh fuck, where did you learn to do this?"

"Me? You're doing it."

I looked down and giggled. "Yah. Guess I am." And that made up my mind. Stupid idea or not, Sid was fucking me. I just wanted it too badly. Needed it too badly. His hand on my tits... making me... so close. So close to cumming. Body all tense. Waiting to explode. Waiting for the...

“Yuh—*Yeah!* Oh! Uh! Uhhhm!” I fell back, but Sid caught me and held me up with arms stronger than they looked. My body bucked mindlessly against him, and I got louder. There was nothing I could do but shudder and quake and cum and he wasn’t even doing anything anymore. He just held me as I shook.

“Told ya,” said Kari. She wiggled across the table to the laptop. Sid let go for a second and I panicked. Not because my legs weren’t ready to hold me, but because I thought that he would go after Kari and her big, perfect tits. Why was I calling them tits? Why was I interested in them at all?

Anyway, I put a stop to the seductive, blonde bitch. I leaned forward, bending at the waist. My hands at my ankles, ass went swish-swish, to distract my man. Sid, not my... Sid. I cursed myself for wearing flats. If only I’d paid better attention to my subconscious and worn my stripper-licious clear blue stiletto heels. The best I could do was fake it. I spread my legs and teased my skirt up.

I must have planned on something like this happening. Something subliminal from the earlier interview with Sid told me, but my loyalty to that asshole Dave got in the way consciously. Thank God part of my brain had my best interests in mind and put me into a tight top to fuck with his mind and the sluttiest red thong panties I had to make it easy to seal the deal.

They worked, his attention moved down my fabulous long legs. God. They even made me hot, spreading in an inviting V. I smiled and gazed back at Sid. I tried to look at his face, but my eyes locked on the huge cock about to enter me and I licked my lips like some slutty seductress.

My fingers led the guided tour as they swept upward. When they reached the hem of my skirt, my hands pulled it with them. He stared at me in wonder. At my ass. Lots of guys did, but none like Sidney. I could tell he needed to see what I had for him behind the thin red line of my scandalous panties. With my skirt safely in place hugging my hips like a belt, I showed him.

“Hey, Kari?” he said after an awe-filled whistle.

“Yah?” sing-songed my bimbo friend.

His hands rested on the cheeks of my ass and caressed lovingly. “Do me a favour and put a check in the box marked anally orgasmic.”

“You got it!” The blonde’s fingers exploded into action, flashing over the keyboard. Her eyes bulged for a moment, then she giggled stupidly. “Didn’t have to.”

“Then quadruple the pleasure.”

I couldn’t track their conversation. It didn’t make any sense. Nothing did. My own juices ran down my thighs even before he pressed into me. That was a good thing because otherwise my pussy would have caught on fire. I almost blacked out, but fought. I wanted to experience this, the fucking of my life time. I needed to feel my lower lips stretch and part around his massive rod. I needed to feel him fill me over and over until I couldn’t handle it anymore and started to tremble and buck and scream.

I didn’t have to wait long.

Analysis: Sidney McLean

“Siiiiiiiiid!”

I was only about half way in when Trish howled and bucked backward, slamming me in deep. Not to the hilt, but close enough for rock and roll or its close cousin, sex.

She had the perfect ass. Totally perfect. Not as nicely rounded as Kari's, but a soft version of a runner's or dancer's. I slid easily into her drenched and well trimmed pussy wishing I was going in a bit higher and taking her the way Dave's Bimbo Kendra was getting it. She'd probably needed a tune-up first, though. Fortunately Kari was an insanely fast typist.

And horny. "Can I make her bi?" she asked.

"She already is."

"No I'm not," Trish panted.

Kari laughed. "Omigawd! So cool! You are. Like, you rilly are! This totally makes sense!"

No it didn't, but thanks to Retroactive Reality, probably trademarked, I guess it did.

Trish moaned and helped out as I sawed into her. "Am not!"

Kari giggled again, typed, clicked, then lay down on the table in front of Trish. "Prove it."

Kari had made some changes, I noted. For one thing, she wasn't a blonde downstairs anymore. She had more in common with Professor X. That got me to reach around and check out Trish's carpet. None.

Kari also smelled nice. Perfumed. The scent wafted up to me and if I hadn't already been rock hard and buried inside another woman, Kari would have been getting it. As it was, I started burning with need and began fucking faster to the pleasure of both Trish and myself.

"Karen! I'm... I'm not..." Trish sniffed.

I wish I could have seen her face. I did see Kari's, but her smirk wasn't the full story. "You know you want it, Trish. Just like you want my perky ass and big, sexy titties. If Steph was here, you'd want her, too."

"Can't, Kari." Trish struggled with herself. She kept inching closer, then snapping back. I have to say her indecision made my dick feel fantastic. "I've got a boyfriend." She looked back at me again and smiled happily.

"He doesn't mind, do you, Sid?"

I ran my hands over Trish's ass, cupping and stroking. She wriggled and pushed back, taking my cock deeper. I responded by teasing the rosebud of her ass with my thumb and slowly inserting it, feeling her tremble and loving the gasps as I said, "I think I can handle it."

Trish moaned. Got closer. Her tongue slid out, ready to lap. Kari's hips lifted to make the job easier. "But you... you're not..." she panted. She leaned up and away

"No I'm not," said the blonde bimboslut. "But I rilly, *rilly* like having my pussy eaten." Her legs spread wider.

“Can’t. No. Kari...” Shuddering as Kari’s magic pussy exerted a perverted gravity and pulled her in, Trish drooled a little. Her lips parted. She got ready to lick. To taste. To lavish oral pleasure on her best friend. “Have to. So sexy. So... Oh fuck. I—”

When her tongue hit ground zero and Kari’s eyes rolled, I added, “Heck, I think I could handle two girlfriends.”

Kari screamed and came. I don’t think it was entirely Trish’s touch that set her off, because Trish recoiled, “What?”

And that was as far as she got because Kari gripped the sides of her head and pulled her mouth back into service. Trish fought for a few seconds, but Kari’s gush poured her pussy perfume all over Trish and in seconds she enthusiastically responded. If the scent had my cock throbbing and ready to pop, I didn’t want to think about how direct application made Trish feel.

But it must have been pretty good. Her body stiffened and her pussy clamped down on my cock before it started rhythmically convulsing, milking a load of cum from me without giving me a chance to soften even a bit before the fun started again. Kari lay on the table looking up at heaven, aftershocks trembling her body.

“Muh-muh-my gaaaawd!” Trish moaned when Kari finally let her go. She arched back, her weight sinking my cock deeper inside of her and became a living wave, her body undulating as she gasped and incanted a summoning charm for C’Thulu.

No, not really, but I had absolutely no idea what she had tried to say, until it transformed into ecstatic shouts of, “Yes!” and her responsive body exploded into violent bucking and writhing. I know I just got started, but I will *never* tire of hearing my name screamed as a girl’s body goes crazy. She came, I came, her pussy filled past capacity with semen and cock. Cum poured down the inside of her thighs as she quaked and wailed.

“Oh fuck. Why did I waste so much time on Dave?” panted Trish. “He never... No-one ever... Ohhhhhh gaaaaawd...” Intelligence left her eyes for a moment, then they brightened. They seemed to glow. She smiled. “You said something earlier to Kari. Karen. Anal. Fuck I’m so horny, I want you to... Dave always wanted... Serve him right.... Fuck you, Dave... OoooOoooo! Fuck.... Fuck me... *Fuck me!*”

Bedtime: Sidney McLean

I woke up in bed hard as a rock and horny as fuck and not entirely sure how I’d gotten there. Retracing, memories of the day played through my head at a breakneck pace. I had gone from zero to three girlfriends—Trish, Steph, and Kari—in the span of about an hour and all of them were perfectly happy to share me. And share each other. And any other girl that caught our attention. My post-thesis party had turned into a buffet of breasts, mouths, pussies, and...

I moaned remembering Trish’s ass. My balls ached for release. I was such an idiot for letting everyone go home. My shaft needed the comfort of a hot woman’s body. I’d had enough already that day, must have cum enough times to know this was completely insane, but you couldn’t tell a hard dick *anything*. I needed to turn my libido back down to something reasonable if I ever wanted to get on with my life, so reluctantly I sat up, pulled my laptop out from under my bed, logged in and ran Master PC.

I started typing my name into the subject box when autocomplete distracted me. I hit enter reflexively. A young lady of impossible beauty came up on screen. My dick throbbed in awe at the

gorgeousness of her eighteen year old body. It oozed pre-cum in anticipation. I couldn't believe what a total *fox* my little sister Michelle was.

I couldn't help it and I'd clean everything up later, but I needed to get laid. I had to feel an athletic pussy massaging my cock. Maybe another fuck or two and I'd be able to sleep.

I was in the process of dragging Michelle's libido up and inviting her to join me when an Angel stopped to pose in the doorframe. I don't think she meant to, I'm pretty sure she planned on asking a question, but she caught sight of me laying on the bed and her brain sort of switched gears. I could see it in her gorgeous blue eyes. They twinkled constantly, lit by the raging fires burning within as her body began to heat up.

"Oh my god you're gorgeous!" I nearly came right there. "I thought you'd all gone home!"

"Jim and Andrea are gone. They took Tasa with them for a three way." Stephie giggled. "Andrea's kinda into interracial, I think.

"Anyway, she left me with first prize, so I'm not complaining."

"How long was I out?"

"Seriously? Only about twenty minutes and a blow job."

"I slept through a blowjob?"

"Not entirely." A long nail scooped some of my cum up off her large left breast and raised it to her mouth. She salaciously licked it clean and her pupils expanded as the splendid flavour stimulated her tongue and the sexual pleasure center of her brain. She shivered.

"Looking for the shower?"

"You kidding?" She fluffed up her honeyed locks. "Takes forever to dry all this stuff. Looks hot though, huh?"

No lie. Either me or Kari, I can't remember who but I approved whole heartedly, had worked Stephie over before we left the club. Her hair had gotten even longer and fuller, swishing against the top of her ass as she walked and perfectly framing her slender body as she stood in the door. Slender except for her tits. She pranced gracefully to my bed, her new I-cup udders bouncing and swaying hypnotically with each step.

"She's cute," said the sex bunny as she pushed the laptop out of her way and straddled me. "But I think I bring more to the table."

I looked back at the 3D image of Michelle, lying half altered on her bed and finger fucking herself madly, woken up and overcome by the sexual desires of a dozen nymphomaniacs. I could hear her gasps and moans through the wall.

"Fuck... Gawd... Yaaahhhh... Do me.... Do me next...!"

I wasn't going to do her, not when I could have Stephanie, but I couldn't leave Miki like that. Steph really did bring more to the table. A lot more.

So I gave it to her. I dragged the cup size slider over four or five clicks to the right, just to help her out with bringing home guys of her own. The corresponding inflation in Michelle's already sizable jugs, and, through the wall, the pleased yelp and ripping sound of her nightie bursting made my dick jump. I reconsidered screwing her for a moment but checked off Seductive Gaze and Magical Voice instead. The result was mind blowing. If that didn't get her laid, nothing would!

"Stop." I looked up into stunning cleavage dangling before my eyes. Tits almost the size of Stephanie's sweet head swung back and forth, stealing my breath. Below, nipples stiffened and lengthened under the influence of my fixated attention, reaching out an invitation to be licked and sucked that could not be denied. Above them, the lips, eyes, and face of an.... Screw Angel. Stephie was a goddess.

I heard the forgotten laptop click shut. Her eyes glistened. Long, lovely nails tipped the slender fingers tracing the curvature of a pair of tits that made my sister look like a little girl. Those perfect, pink lips moved. "I've got something, like, a *hundred* times better than porn."

She did, too. Like, *totally*!

The Very Model of a Modern Major Jiggle-star: Stephanie Parker

"Stop." I pushed down on the laptop screen and closed it. "I've got something, like, a *hundred* times better than porn."

I did too. *Totally*. I ran my perfectly manicured fingers over the all natural, mountainous slopes that put me near the top of the tit-fetish, latex, and lingerie modelling trades. They looked so hot, so big and sexy, that even I found it hard to keep my hands off of them. I thanked my lucky stars that I'd won big in the genetic lottery. I mean my mom looked *nothing* like this. Neither did any of my grandmothers, aunts or cousins. But, like, *someone* in the family must have had these lurking in their genes.

Of course the teasing I got at twelve when I sprouted D-cups was annoying. Then the guy's interest caught up about a year later and the problem went away. The other girls all called me, like, *Milk Maid* all through high school, but I didn't mind. Why would I? They were, like, totally jealous.

Still, sometimes I wished my boobs were more like my pre-teen D-cup so I could fit in better. Doing some real modelling would be nice, but the big designers just don't make *anything* my size. I mean my bra options are either lacy, "Fuck me!" wear or have enough wire support to build a tank. Either way they cost a couple hundred bucks and there's only, like, three places I can shop in the whole city.

And they did make ballet lessons a nightmare, but daddy had insisted. His daughter had to be a classy little angel. Giggle! Was *he* ever wrong! Like, I still love dancing. And now that I know what I'm doing with my boobs when I go dancing they *really* help out. Not as much help as Kari gets from hers, but then I never stripped. I never had to. Guys pay to see me *clothed*. Not as much as they used to, but, like, you know. Fucking recession.

But seriously! *As if* Sid would have fucked me as hard as he did if I had been some underdeveloped, D-cupped waif.

Well, mostly clothed. Tight and clingy and shiny were the favourites, followed by lacy. Like, sometimes a little Goth or cos-play. Kari and I make mean Orion slave girls even though I totally *hate* the green paint. The superhero stuff, though, that's hot! If I'd been wearing any of that stuff at the club tonight, there would have been no doubt who was Sid's first choice. Trish and Kari were sexy, yeah, but who was in Sid's bed, huh?

Who straddled him with his big, fat cock pointing up between her legs? Who was about to get her mind totally blown? Who was about to, like, totally fuck a sex god? His eyes bugged out as I slid down, my body already on its way to rapture. Like, I started slowly, but couldn't last as our mutual excitement and pleasure built. Before long I was like a totally mindless pogo stick bouncing myself frantically up and down on his cock, cumming continuously and screaming for more.

I loved it. So did he. My tits would drop to his lips long enough for a quick kiss, then rebound, and he *totally* took advantage, sucking my nipples into even harder, longer, hornier peaks. He thrust up like a jackhammer, banging away hard and we'd, like, slap together and he'd grunt. Or maybe it was me, but I like to think I moan. It's sexier.

After we both came, I lay half on top of him, savouring his cock in my mouth and wringing magical notes of pleasure from him as my lips and hands played. Like, I love his cum. Inside me. On me. All over me. Anywhere. And Sid filled me to the brim. He groaned and thrust and pumped his white cream into me so hard I swear he was shooting it directly into my brain. It made me dizzy. It made me want to fuck him again and eat it out of myself. I licked my way up his cock, his still-hard cock, and then swallowed him and he shouted for more. I loved it when he did that.

But someone didn't. A door opened and slammed shut again.

"Will you keep it down in here?" screamed a voice from the doorway. It was angry, but also awesomely sexy. "What the hell are you watching anyway? I'm trying to... too...."

I turned to look and I think our eyes both nearly jumped out. She was the cutest thing, like, ever! Lazy, sexy eyes pulled me. I admit I gaped and stared. I'd totally kill for her eyelashes, let alone the eyes! She couldn't pry her dazzling orbs off me. Cute as a button, and she wasn't bad off herself, up front. About my size with pointy, thick nipples that called out to me through an old, torn nightie.

Then it hit me and I giggled. Sid hadn't been surfing porn! That was his sister! Why he had pictures of her naked on his computer I don't... I guess I did know. She was totally *hot*! I wasn't even bi or anything, but I do like a good pair of tits, and this chick was, like, *top notch*! I'd do a girl-girl fake lesbo shoot with her any time! We could really rack up the hits on my site!

"Huh-hi!" I said, but that was as far as I got because Sid wiggled around. He lifted me and I instantly knew what he had in mind. My legs spread. I giggled. "Yah! Ya! Totally stick it in me! *Fuck meeee!*"

The earth moved. So did my body. My brains melted. All I could do was moan and buck against his wonderful, hard cock until I saw stars. My tits bounced up and down and then around in circles because I looked back at the door to see if his sister was still there.

She stood by the bed showing herself off like a slut hot for a thorough fucking. Trust me. I would know. She reached back behind her head to fluff out her hair, her eyes locked on Sid and licking her lips the whole time. Her lips moved. Her sweet voice said, "I've been so keyed up since the club tonight!"

I couldn't track the conversation, not with Sid moving inside me, but I had to listen. Her voice... Angelic. If I wasn't already dripping, she'd have me wet. "Gawd you should have been there. This guy totally fucked some chick's brains out!"

She couldn't have been as lucky as me, I thought, but that reminded me.... What if...? "That whaaaaa! Uh! Uh! Was uhhhhsssssss...!"

“Mmmmm!” The memory hit me like a train. Pressed against the wall. The total desperation in the way we came together. The rapid pounding of his cock in me as I fucked back, moaning in pleasure and screaming for more. My heart went into overdrive. “Ya!”

Dizzy. I was so dizzy and it felt so good. I knew what was coming and Sid wasn’t even moving. His cock throbbed deep inside me. My pussy clamped down on him, then started squeezing by itself, totally out of my control. His hard, pulsing penis was delivering a rilly big orgasm and he wasn’t moving, so I started. I wanted it to be bigger than big. Stupendous! “Ya! Men’s room! So hot. So fuckin’ hot. Nothing could...”

I slammed my body down onto him, forcing him in deeper. I had, like, almost all of him inside me and it felt so fucking wild. I felt fucking wild. “Could— Oh! Oh fuck! Oh holy *fuck!*”

The room went black. Rockets exploded as I bounced up and down. My thighs were goinna be so mad and I didn’t care. All lights flashing and an orchestra playing and, “*Gaaaaawwwwwddd! Fuck meeeee! I need you in meeeee!*”

I’d never felt so good. Never ever. Sid had taken me a dozen ways, a dozen different and fabulous places, and none felt like this. “Ugggghhh! Mooooore!” I don’t know what I said. I just knew I wanted more. Begged for more. He was so deep. So deep. If he came he’d be pumping cum right into my womb. I really would feel it sloshing around in my brain. “You—uhhh—*yourrrrrrs!* Uhhh! Sooo goo—uhhh! Fu—uhhh—ckin’ perfect! Perfect—uhh! *Awuuuohhhhh!* Fill me—*Eeeee!* My pussy! *Yes!* Pussy’s on—guh! Fire! Fuck my *pussiieeeee!*”

And then I think I passed out.

Sisterhood: Sidney McLean

“Will you keep it down in here?” screamed my sister from the doorway, her voice honey rather than the usual whining tone she used. It resonated in my dick, making it pulsate. “What the hell are you watching anyway? I’m trying to... too...” Michelle’s eyes widened and latched onto my cock half buried in Steph’s mouth. Now that Master PC’d had its way with them, they looked vaguely Asian. Well, more Anime than anything else. And with the tits... She looked like an AV Idol.

I wouldn’t have to play much with her black hair to finish the transformation. She’d had the bangs cut to hang over her eyes, then lengthen into a dark and curved frame around her face and then shorten again into a bob in back. Make the sides a touch longer and lengthen the bob to hang down past her ass... Maybe make her a little shorter...

Stephie twisted around to look. Her eyes locked to Michelle’s for a moment “Huh-hi!”

Miki’s jaw dropped and she made a keening sound. “Sidney?”

I needed to fuck. It was Steph or Miki. Steph won. I lifted her up. Her legs spread obligingly. She kicked a little and giggled. “Yah! Ya! Totally stick it in me! *Fuck meeee!*” she managed to gasp out.

“Yeahhhhh,” Miki moaned, treated to the second best seat in the house, watching me lower an ecstatic Stephie onto my rod. She stared in wonder, her insanely sexy eyes glazing over as Wing Girl pussy spread around and then buried the top third of my thickness. “Ohhh yeahhhhh!”

Miki gazed in dazed horror and lust at Steph mounting me, screwing herself down like a total slut. Mammoth jugs swung back and forth as my leggy goddess positioned herself. Then Steph began to ride me, the bouncing up and down motion turning the side-to-side tittie trajectory into circles.

“Oh my god.” Michelle’s own oversized rack rose and pushed the remains of her nightie out of the way as she sucked in air. As her incredulous stare converted to one of half-lidded, dick-stiffening lust, her right hand began to caress her pussy through the soaked cotton fabric. Juices trickled down the inside of her thighs and she swooned, bracing herself against the door with her left hand. “Oh... My... God...!” She squeaked, “Sorry!” and backed away.

“Huh! Uh! Uh! *Fuhhhck!*” shrieked the honey-haired babe bouncing in my lap. Her head snapped back and forth and she sweetly sang her pleasure.

Miki’s eyes shot wide open, and she stopped dead in her tracks. She shook her head. Her jaw dropped in awe, then snapped back up and she mouthed, “oh my god.” She licked her lips. She walked forward swaying like Stephie did, her tits bouncing more than jiggling, and tore her ruined nightie from her body. I always suspected my sister was a bit of a slut, and her cleanly shaven body proved she’d been a little kinky even before I tinkered.

She posed by my bed to make sure Steph and I got a good look at her curvy body headlined by her heavy boobs. She reached back behind her head to fluff out her hair, but I can’t say I noticed. The motion lifted her jugs and presented them to me like they were on a silver platter. She followed my eyes down and smiled.

“I’ve been so keyed up since the club tonight! Gawd you should have been there. This guy totally fucked some chick’s brains out—”

Uh oh.

“—in the men’s room! It’s all I’ve been able to think of all night!” Miki’s eyes narrowed. Somehow she managed to look even hornier. “It sounded—”

“That whaaaaa! Uh! Uh! Was uhhhhssssss...!” Steph giggled. “Mmmmmmm! Ya...” Stephie’s eyes crossed and she moaned. Her nose flared. Her pupils swallowed up more of her eyes. Memory swept over her, and memory brought fantasy, and that brought a flood of Master PC-induced fucklust. Her cunt rhythmically contracted around my cock as she began the uncontrolled slide into yet another orgasm. “Ya! Men’s room! So hot. So fuckin’ hot. Nothing could... Could— Oh! Oh fuck! Oh holy *fuck!*” Stephie’s long fingernails dug into my shoulders and her eyes rolled back in the sockets, showing off the whites of her eyes. “*Gaaaaawwwwwddd! Fuck meeeee! I need you in meeeee!*” The spell-bound nymph twisted and shook, bouncing to get more cock deeper.

“Ugggghhh! Moooooore!” she howled, her hips driving down onto my cock with super human strength as if trying to drive my manhood up high enough to personally mind fuck her brain. The bed strained under the impact, squeaking and groaning. “You—uhhh—*yourrrrrrs!* Uhhh! Sooo goo—uhhh! Fu—uhhh—ckin’ perfect! Perfect—uhh! *Awuuuooohhhh!* Fill me—*Eeeee!* My pussy! *Yes!* Pussy’s on—guh! Fire! Fuck my *pussiieeeee!*”

“Cuh-cum in me!” she demanded, gasping for breath in the few seconds before neuromuscular tension tossed her back into a fit of screaming pleasure. “Need mo—oooooh—rrre cum! On fire! Fill me! Fucking—Ghaaaaa! *Fill me!*”

Miki stood by the bed watching and caressing her bald, sopping pussy while her other hand mauled a breast. Her erotically-tuned voice moaned along with Steph, "Fill me... Fuck me...!"

I felt dizzy. There was nothing I wanted to do more. My sister's wanton pleas and the horny babe's passionate fucking was too much for me to handle. I exploded, lifting my supermodel slut off the bed as my body arched. The room broke apart into flashes of light and random noise as my supercharged ejaculate sprayed into Stephie's hot-and-hungry pussy. She still needed more. She shook, and squirted all over me. Then she started bouncing and screaming again.

"More! Fuck me harder, Sid! Fuck me *harder*!"

"Yah! Fuck her!" demanded Miki, finger fucking herself madly. "Totally *drill* her slutty pussy!"

How could I deny that voice? I jackhammered Stephie, pumping her to the limits with cock and cum, then rolled her back onto the bed and did it again, pounding my cock into her thrashing body until she slowed. Until her eyes rolled back down. Her pupils were still massive. Her eyelids fluttered down like curtains and a huge smile spread across her unconscious face.

"Ohhhh *yeah*! She sounded *just* like that," Miki giggled. Both hotties looked like their nervous systems had been fried, and Miki hadn't even been touched. Her lovely, vacant eyes stared right through me. "Oh fuck I want you to make me feel like that!"

My first response was, "Sure thing!" but I managed to stifle the impulse. I could make her feel a whole lot *better* once Master PC had another go at her.

"You've been holding out on me, *big* brother." She paused and her dreamy eyes bugged out as I pulled out of Stephanie's unconscious, cock-hungry body. "Really big brother."

"Just give me a sec, will you Miki?" I lifted the laptop up off the floor and opened it back up. Steph's mind was pretty much still blown so she lay on her back twitching while I loaded her profile. And Miki's.

The girls weren't the only ones on sexual overload. I wanted, almost needed, to blow Miki's mind the way I just had Stephie's, but she was my sister for crying out loud! Once Steph woke up, they could take care of each other while I got some sleep. As horny as I was, sooner or later I would pass out. And I *really* needed to reset my libido before *my* brain got fried.

A few simple corrections to my girls and I put the computer aside. My little problem could wait. I wanted to do Steph while she ate Miki. My angelic sex-toy lay on her back, breathing slowly. Her tits heaved and swelled in response to her even bustier new reality, and her orgasmically scrambled brain tried to get used to a few new sexual desires.

I didn't make it easy for her. My tongue ran over her left nipple. It, it's twin, and her whole body responded by stiffening. She began to shiver and softly moan, her comatose, but still horny, body undulating suggestively.

"Mmmmm. Care to do that for me?" Miki's supernatural, sexy voice pulled at me. It grabbed my dick like vocal blowjob, running sonic waves over and around it making it fill and strain against its already sizable limits. Maybe it had been a mistake checking off "Magical Voice" on her profile. She sounded too sexy. Irresistible.

I turned and found myself looking into a canyon. Miki had leaned slightly forward to make the fleshy globes jutting from her chest really stand out. Like they needed any help, as they inflated beyond the realms of possibility. Midnight black hair fell down her back in a black curtain. Her large eyes shone. She sighed, sucking in a large breath that seemed to go straight to her breasts. They slowed their growth and stopped, hanging from her slight frame like wobbly basketballs. Already on full alert, her engorged nipples called out to me. Totally irresistible.

“Can’t hurt,” I said, my dick throbbing with need. I sat on the end of the bed and took Miki up on her offer, lapping and kissing, and sucking. She moved in close and ground against me; her dainty hand found my erection between us and began stroking it. Oh fuck. Between the feast of her tits and the slip-y-slide of her hand, lubricated by my pre-cum, fucking me, I was on the verge of popping all over her.

“No it can’t,” She sighed, her hips rolling. Her head snapped back with an, “Unnngh!” and her body arched, pulling away from me. She quaked, her massive knockers quivering, and gurgled, “Tits! Yah! Cumming! Tits cumming! Oh my fucking gawd, my *tiiiiiiiiits* are *cumming*!”

“Oh *fuck*!” Her nipples shot a stream of creamy white liquid. Miki convulsed, my AV idol-turned-Hentai sister grunted and squirted shot after shot with each shudder. Her huge anime eyes were empty. Her body fucked air and she came milk. It dripped down the walls and smelled faintly of honey.

When she returned from her titgasm, Miki stood swaying on her feet, held up mainly by her grip on my rock-hard cock. Her vacant eyes cleared somewhat before being cut off from my view by her titanic jugs offering themselves up again. “Like, that has *never* happened before.” Even pitched up a few octaves, Miki’s melodious voice told my cock to do things. It throbbed in her hand, raring to go. “Omigawd! What a mess! That was *awesome*!”

Her enormous boobs jiggled around my head as she pulled me in close and giggled.

“What’s so funny?” I mumbled, tipping my head up and out to breathe. I needed to cum more than I needed air. Maybe a tit-fuck wouldn’t be incest?

“This!” She sat down, her tight, forbidden pussy splitting around and enveloping the throbbing tower rising from between my thighs. She looked about to say more, but all she managed was “Men’s Aaahhrroooooo!” followed by a long, low howl of my name as she writhed on my huge cock, coaxing my precious cum into her pussy over and over again. As I bored into her womb, her hot, sensual voice bored into my brain, urging me to fuck her and fuck her and *fuck her*!

By sunrise, we’d collapsed into a reluctant sleep, my hentai sister finally fucked-out, Steph hopelessly addicted to the ten-and-twenty times strength orgasms she got from fucking me, and any thought of lowering my libido screwed right out of my brain.

I should have still been asleep, but instead, my rock-hard cock pressed against the bottom of my laptop as I looked through the drop-down list of neighbours for a good candidate. Jerking off while watching Steph and a now-bisexual, slightly more Japanese Miki on my bed licking my seed from each other’s wet and wanting pussies just seemed pathetic. Not when... Miss Mina Davis, freshly eighteen and ready to experience the world, would look so fucking hot standing in my doorway in nothing but a pair of heels. With a big new pair of tits.