



Gachapon Gals
By Menoetes

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“Yeesh, look at that... that... *skank* over there. Seriously, no self-respecting young woman would be caught dead dressed like that.” Mia sniffed through an upturned nose. “She’s single-handedly setting feminism back three generations with that ridiculous outfit.”

Mia was short, barely five feet tall despite vehement claims of being a few inches taller, and—much to her chagrin—possessed a boyish frame that was scrawny rather than sexy.

Even at eighteen years old, her breasts were two little bee stings. Too small to form cleavage or fill out the white blouse of her college uniform. Her mud-brown hair hung in a neat bob, grazing her tragically sharp jawline.

Where other girls her age ripened into early womanhood, her growth was stunted.

Bandy legs stuck out like breadsticks from under her mid-length skirt, dreadfully pale and skinny. She had no discernible curve to her posterior. The gray pleats lay flat across her ironing board backside as though it didn’t exist.

“Yeah, totally.” Her constant companion Shauna agreed, ever the reliable sidekick. “Someone should write her up for public indecency. This is a family-friendly establishment.”

The electronic blips and zings of the arcade created a cacophony around them as they stared at the scandalously attired coed squatting lazily beside a bank of brightly decorated capsule toy machines, lewdly tonguing a cherry lollipop and staring at her phone.

“Did she hem that skirt to get it so short?” Mia seethed. “And the way she’s tied the blouse over those... udders instead of buttoning it properly has to be a violation of the school’s dress policy. She’s wearing stripper heels, for criminy’s sake!”

The underdeveloped freshman was most certainly *not* jealous of the bleach-blonde tramp with her glossy tousled tresses, grown-up curves, and exposed swaths of tanned skin.

Sure, her lily-white complexion burned at the suggestion of a sunny day, and freckles marred her cheeks, but that wasn't the point. This girl was shamelessly breaking the rules.

And Mia was a stickler for rules.

Careful adherence and studiousness had earned her the role of class president in high school. 'Teacher's Pet' wasn't a slur in her vocabulary; it was validation. Envious classmates grumbling behind their textbooks didn't matter a whit to her when the valedictorian candidates were announced.

They didn't hold the authority; ergo, they were mere afterthoughts to be forgotten post-graduation.

She had at least four letters of recommendation on her scholarship application, including one from the principal, Mrs. Hellgrave, which was unprecedented.

That stone-faced shrew had been the toughest nut to crack.

"You think the slut needs the lollipop to cover her dick breath?" Shauna snickered. "She probably has pubes stuck to her lipstick—"

Mia skewered her friend with a stern glare, silencing her with an upraised finger. "The stigmatization of women based solely upon their... promiscuous appearance is not to be tolerated. We mustn't perpetuate the practice of criticizing people who violate expectations of behavior and fashion choices regarding issues related to sexuality."

"Um, we shouldn't?" Shauna sounded uncertain. It was her default setting.

“Absolutely not. We should be empowering women and girls to seize agency over their sexual identity instead of allowing the patriarchy to divide us with their preconceived notions of women’s roles and functions within modern society.”

Only three weeks into Introduction to Women’s Studies 101 and Mia already had the scholastic jargon down pat. Shauna looked confused.

She was loyal to a fault but not the brightest spark.

The freshman fifteen had dogpiled the poor girl. Stress eating and the lack of a disciplined diet had led her to gain weight at an alarming rate. Clearly coddled by her parents, the frizzy-haired ginger had no experience caring for herself or any concept of independence before moving into student housing.

Cut free of the apron strings, Shauna had floated adrift like jetsam. Relying on delivery apps for nourishment until Mia had scooped her up, muffin-top and all. Then she’d quickly fallen into lock-step, latching onto the more confident figure like an anxious barnacle who communicated almost entirely in questions.

“If you say so.” She hazarded, chins wobbling, before changing the subject. “We could play the latest Dance Dance Evolution? They’ve updated the song list and—”

“No.” Mia stated emphatically. Something about the pod vending machines captured her attention. Loud graphic designs and shiny colors trapped her gaze—the transparent plastic capsules within gleamed like gemstones waiting to be unearthed. “I want a cute charm for my phone. Hang back, okay? This will only take a sec.”

Suddenly apprehensive, she shuffled forward, her black Mary Janes scuffing the worn carpet. The busty bottle-blonde glanced up at her approach, tucking a strand of hair behind an ear.

“Whatcha staring at, huh? Ya need something?”

Her voice was pure delinquent. The accent, harsh and challenging. Completely in sync with her fashion choices and gaudy accessories. Pastel heart earrings dangled above bare shoulders, the open school blouse slipped off her shoulders to unveil rolling hillocks of bronzed cleavage stuffed into the cups of a racy red bra.

“You... You’re crowding the machine.” Mia mustered her haughtiness and pointed at a pod dispenser that had caught her eye. It featured an overly busty anime girl with pink hearts for pupils, wearing a far-too-small cheongsam dress and making a victory sign with two fingers. “Have some consideration for others... please.”

She spat the begrudging courtesy as though the word was poison.

“Eh, ya mean the gachapon?” The blonde lazily scrutinized her, jerking a thumb at the machine. “This gachapon? Ya sure, lil’ mousy?”

The temerity—no, the audacity of this rude bitch. Calling her a denigrating nickname!

“That’s the one I’m referring to.” Mia ground out through gritted teeth. “If you would be polite enough to move aside...”

They locked stares. Engaged in a brief battle of wills before the skank capitulated with a careless chuckle and a shrug that set her sweater-puppies swaying obscenely.

“Ya got big stones for a small gal, but sure, have at it.” She dipped into the bountiful cleft of tit-flesh and produced a fat billfold wrapped around a charge card, which she tapped on the pod machine’s pay point. It beeped and flashed green. “Here, the first spin’s on me. Learn to loosen up and have fun, lil’ mousy. Smell ya later.”

Then she was gone. Strutting away on those ridiculous slingback heels, hips swinging and inadequate skirt swishing, turning every male head she passed.

“What a whore.” Mia grumbled.

“Does that count as stigmatization?” Shauna asked, stepping up behind her. “Because you just said—”

“No, no. This is different.” She waved away the fretful ginger’s concerns and cranked the dispenser handle. “There are nuances you wouldn’t understand. She did give us a free credit, though. Let’s see what we get.”

“It’s a twofer. I bet that never happens!” Shauna whooped, dancing excitedly. Her burdensome body jiggled in an unsightly fashion. “Hoowee, we hit the jackpot!”

They’re only cheap trinkets. Mia thought, regarding her prizes. *Stop acting like we won the lottery. It’s embarrassing.*

The open capsule in her palm contained two charms, cast in the shapes of a miniature tiger and bunny, with tiny LEDs for eyes. They were the type that blinked colorfully when receiving calls and messages—exactly what Mia had hoped for.

“Here.” She tossed her friend the bunny. “Tie it to the loophole on your phone.”

“Why do I get the rabbit? What if I wanted the cat?”

“Because you’re so darn cute.” *And you are not a tiger,* Mia didn’t add. “Come on, I spotted Mr Kepler playing Extreme Shot with his kids. Let’s say hello.”

“You wanna chat with your high school algebra teacher? Isn’t that weird?” Shauna frowned but followed like a trained puppy. “I feel like that isn’t normal. He’s shooting hoops with his family. Maybe we shouldn’t bug him?”

It probably wasn’t normal behavior for a recent graduate, but Mia wasn’t normal either. She was exceptional—an exceptional student and networker.

Besides, the middle-aged math teacher had penned one of her letters of recommendation, describing her as ‘diligent and attentive’. Thanking him was the least she could do.

She would also compliment the man on his lovely children, banking the generated goodwill like credit for future withdrawal. It cost her nothing beyond a practiced smile and a few kind words.

‘Brown Nose’ wasn’t a slur in her books, either. That was simply hater talk.

She fastened the tiger charm to her phone, yelping when a painful jolt stung her hand. It left a faint tingle.

“Ow! Yours bit you too?” Shauna whined, shaking a finger as though burnt. “That hurt. Perhaps they’re defective?”

“Don’t be stupid. It was just static. Now hurry up, I don’t want to miss him.”

“See, that wasn’t so bad.” Mia stated proudly, marching through rows of pinball machines. “He didn’t mind at all. It was a pleasant conversation between equals.”

“Was it?” Shauna was her usual uncertain self, trailing behind. “Didn’t you preen just a little? Twirling your hair and giggling a bit? Isn’t he too old and... um, married for you?”

“I did not!” She retorted, then paused, thinking back over the exchange. “Mr Kepler said I was one of the finest students he’s ever taught, and I graciously accepted the praise. Nothing undignified occurred.”

“You batted your lashes at him.” The ginger-haired coed replied with unusual conviction. “I think you swished your skirt too?”

That couldn’t be right. Mia didn’t have lashes.

Wispy stubs that repelled all mascara protected her corneas. As for the skirt swishing... well, she had been fidgety since the odd tingling in her hand spread from wrist to shoulder. It felt like a warm but itchy wool sweater coating her arm, which couldn’t be scratched.

“Ridiculous. You need glasses because that never happened.” She huffed, searching for a distraction. There were plenty of options. They were in a game arcade, after all. “Do you want to play Dance Dance Evolution? Or we can hit the food court for lunch...”

Shauna wasn’t listening. Her glassy eyes were locked on the blinking LEDs of the resin bunny dangling from her phone. Pink and white flashes illuminated the pudgy girl’s face as she stood frozen.

It was strange. Her friend's phone wasn’t buzzing with an incoming call or text, yet the miniature rabbit sparkled like a disco ball.

Mia was about to say something when orange and, somehow, *black* lights flashed from her tiger charm, dragging her gaze to it like a beach-goer caught in a rip tide. The irritation plaguing her arm surged across her flat chest, seeping down her featureless torso.

“Whaaaaa—?” She exhaled before the dazzling flickers consumed her.

“Perfect!”

“Perfect!”

“Marvelous!!!”

The game announcer boomed, tracking their flawless combo. Synth music blared as they stomped the foot pads, jumping and twirling in time with the heart-racing beat.

Mia blinked colored spots out of her vision, attempting to focus on the screen. Uncertain of when they’d started playing, she and Shauna were on fire. A small crowd had gathered, watching them dance in perfect synchrony as they challenged the high score.

Somewhere along the way, she hitched the waistband of her pleated uniform skirt up under her top, exposing more sun-starved thighs than normal. Every time she spun, the pleats flapped, nearly giving the onlookers more of a show.

The click of a camera shutter made her frown.

*Someone snapping a photo without consent.... wasn’t that, like, a violation?
Or was it objectification?*

The distinctions were confusing.

Stealing a glance at Shauna, she almost missed a step. The girl was sweating up a storm! Her friend glistened with more moisture than a fever victim, plastering the white blouse to her flabby rolls and turning the thin cotton translucent. Copper strands stuck to her perspiring face and neck, but she smiled beatifically as the song track blazed.

“Great!”

“Perfect!”

There was something different about how the larger girl moved to the music. She danced—no, she *hopped* through the choreography with her wrists tucked under her fat breasts, fists pointed downward. It was an odd posture that called attention to the excessive bounciness of that region.

Mia was surprised to feel a little bounce in her own chest. It was a foreign sensation—a slight wobbling of perky flesh that had never warranted the support of a bra before now.

“Cleared!!!”

“OMG, we did it!” Soggy arms grabbed Mia in a crushing embrace. “A double-S ranking on the final stage! We’re top of the scoreboard!”

“Ew, you’re all sweaty. Get off of me!”

“Oops, sozzles.” Shauna giggled, releasing the skinny brunette.

Looking down in horror, Mia saw that the transferred wetness had soaked her front, giving damning testimony of her braless condition, evidenced by two stiff pink nipples poking the suddenly limp fabric.

Covering herself with a forearm, Mia snatched up her phone and fled the crowd, cheeks burning with mortification.

“I am so, so sorry.” Shauna repeated from outside the changing room. A bra was shoved under the privacy curtain. Sunflower patterns decorated the small cups. “How about this one? Isn’t it cute? If you think about it, this was probably a good thing. An opportunity to clothing shop together. That’s quality girl time, right?”

Mia was staring at her reflection in the mirror. Her *topless* reflection. The young woman staring back sported teacup-sized breasts capped with raspberry peaks.

There was even a slight crease forming on the lower boundary of each budding dome. Inframammary folds, they were called—she’d long abandoned any dreams of developing them, but they’d miraculously appeared in her darkest hour.

Brushing a pebbled nipple sent shocks of pleasure through the nubile nubbin. An experimental pinch weakened her knees, causing iridescent soap bubbles to fizzle in her brain.

“Oooomff~...”

“Too cutsie? Here, try this on.” A black balconette bra with tangled back straps sailed over the divider. “It’s a tad risque, and you’ll need a top that isn’t white... but hey, that’s, like, another reason to keep shopping, yeah?”

Mia’s brows furrowed as she struggled against the thrumming heat coalescing in her middle. Every touch sent another wave through her. Blood pooled and toes curled.

It was terribly, deliciously distracting.

Was her mud-brown hair slightly longer and a shade lighter? Did her fishbelly-white skin fractionally darken to a richer hue? Were her bony hips and shapeless rear slowly filling out?

...just like her sensitive, sexy, fun-time tits?

That was impossible. Unbelievable. The stuff of fairytales.

An ugly duckling didn’t magically become a swan overnight.

But the guttural moans couldn't be contained when Mia squeezed her swelling bumps like rubber stress toys. Lightning struck like the wrath of an angry Norse god, electrifying her churning core. Juices gushed and muscles spasmed in a rapturous paroxysm.

“Oh, my fucking gawd!”

This wasn't her. The girl in the mirror, collapsing in jittering bliss from mere breast fondling with a blissed-out, drooling expression, wasn't Mia. It couldn't be.

Those same glazed-over eyes twinkled when their gazes met, surveying lusty new horizons waiting to be explored.

“Oh, okay. We're doing that now?” Shauna chirped excitedly. The curtain of a neighboring stall rustled. “Thank goodness. I've been dying to strum one out since...”

Mia stopped listening to her friend's mindless prattle and the accompanying *shlick-shlicking* noises when the tiger charm began flashing again. The toy feline blinked and strobed colored light directly into her brain, relaxing the tightly strung gray matter into malleable putty.

She sighed in relief.

“Fuck, I'm, like, totally rocking this number.” Mia purred, examining her latest outfit from all angles.

The shoulderless zebra-print micro-dress was extremely... provocative.

It clung to her like body paint, creating the illusion of expanding curves. Large cut-out sides exposed gently tanned contours of ripening hips, her narrowing waist and thickening thighs. A steel ring clasped the plunging neckline over

burgeoning breasts that bulged within their strict constraints as though the black and white stripes were an optical effect.

Even her hair looked lengthier, somehow more voluminous—a few silver blonde streaks joined the brown locks coiled down to her collarbones.

A wardrobe change could be downright magical!

“You are! You really, really are!” Shauna applauded enthusiastically, bouncing like a coiled spring in her seat. She’d become a bundle of energy that couldn’t sit still. “An absolute smoke show! Let’s talk accessories. What are you thinking?”

Turning to address her companion, Mia paused. Did the heavy-set ginger look... different?

She still perspired like a sinner in church and must have been shedding water weight because her sodden uniform wasn’t pulled taut. The clothing hung loose everywhere except her overly generous bust, filling the blouse enough to form gaps between the straining buttons. The sweat slickening her skin created an odd glowing sheen and damped down the frizz in her coppery hair, making it shine as though freshly styled with product.

Blinking, Mia stared around in confusion.

What store were they in?

Racks of teensy club dresses, shelves of rhinestones-studded heels, and displays of chintzy jewelry didn’t scream high-class. Even if those large hoop earrings would look *super* glam with her new outfit.

Something was wrong. She would never shop in a place that shilled inappropriate fashion to impressionable young women, yet all around her were discarded mini skirts, disastrously short shorts, and stringy tops.

Had she been trying those on, undressing on the sales floor? Mia could feel she wasn't wearing a bra. Her distressingly hard nipples rubbed against the stretchy fabric of the indecently scanty dress.

Every shift of her not-so-meager chest sent flurries of foam through her racing thoughts, muting any concerns, which was alarming too.

Mia rocked side to side, swaying her tits to quell the rising anxiety. Brain bubbles floated and popped, banishing worries as liquid heat gathered below.

She chewed her plump bottom lip to suppress a throaty moan.

"OMG, check these out!" Shauna dangled a pair of neon pink wedge heels in front of her. The vinyl ankle straps gleamed under the fluorescent lighting. "And, um, there's a matching crop coat trimmed with fake fur, in case you wanted to cover some skin."

Mia's gaze wandered from the sexy footwear to the cute, if functionally inadequate, jacket. It wouldn't cover much...

She'd buy it, of course. Mia didn't want to look like a slut.

"You've got a great complexion." The cosmetics rep smiled, liberally applying violet eye shadow. "Your pores are nearly invisible."

"Mm-hmm..." Mia barely heard her, entranced by the dazzling flashes of her tiger charm. The pretty lights were incredibly soothing.

"Are you girls dolling up for a special occasion?" The second saleswoman asked, sponging rouge onto Shauna's cheeks. "You'll be the belles of the ball, mark my words. Boys will queue around the block for a dance. Stop squirming, hon. You'll smudge the makeup."

Boys?

Dammit, Mia wasn't interested in boys. She craved a *Man*.

Guys her age came in two varieties: chest-thumping Neanderthals or tongue-tied social retards. There *may* have been an acceptable middle ground somewhere between those opposite poles, but they'd never interested her.

Milquetoast morons, every one of them. Pretty boys, at best. Lacking authority or drive to surpass their youthful limitations. Unaccomplished. Slaves to their hormonal urges, eager to dip their wicks into any available honey-hole.

Utterly unlike Mia and her aching virgin pussy.

"Nah, we're just doing a girl's day." Shauna blurted. "Flirting with a few guys sounds fun, though."

Her friend had exchanged the sweat-sodden uniform for a tiny black skirt that ended an inch below her crotch, a broad belt that was essentially the same width as the skirt, and a metallic purple crop top featuring an anime rabbit plastered across her ridiculous honkers.

The whole ensemble was cut from a wet-look latex material, made all the wetter by the redhead's persistent perspiration. Honestly, she looked like she'd been dunked in a vat of baby oil.

Fuzzy white raver boots reached her shiny knees, and an equally fluffy Dalmatian-print jacket draped the back of her stool. The rich tresses of her ginger mane had no fewer than seven animal hair clips failing to tame the unruly mass.

Mia's naturally pouty lips thinned in disapproval. Shauna was flaunting herself entirely too much.

A piercing glittered in the coed's uncovered midriff, drawing the eye to her flat belly. Several necklaces dipped into the fulsome valley of a gravity-defying chest. Tin bangles tinkled like bells on slim wrists as she wriggled non-stop.

She was dressed like a... fast woman, Mia decided, flicking a silvery strand out of her face. Parading that supple hourglass figure about like a side of beef for the boys to drool over.

"Only flirting, right?" The first cosmetics rep shot her colleague a meaningful glance. "Upstanding young ladies shouldn't do anything that would shame their mothers."

"Of course not." Mia scoffed indignantly, reorienting her swollen tits within the tightening confines of the dress. "We're, like, totally classy, ya know?"

Multi-hewed seafoam, softer than goose down, cradled Mia. Effervescent with mesmerizing sparkles, it steeped her mind in a lethargic warmth. It sank into the busy creases of her brain, scrubbing them free of stress and anxiety, rounding her sharp edges into smoother, simpler shapes.

All the pressure to perform well in school and social awkwardness bubbled away, popping and fizzing like a rose-scented bath bomb, leaving a comforting emptiness wherever the dancing lights touched.

She let it launder her psyche, drifting further into the luminous haze, basking in a vacuous contentment that swaddled her thoughts.

At the center of it all was a feline face—orange fur striped with black—a cartoon tiger sporting a toothy grin and strobing eyes. Hypnotic eyes that dragged Mia into their orbit and tugged at her soul. Blazing eyes which imparted an inferno-like heat to her young body, igniting dormant furnaces.

Lust and hunger spluttered to life, threatening to swallow her in surging carnality. A giddy, dizzying need to feel rough hands grope her burning flesh, to maul her bulging rack and cram her sopping slit full—

“Oh! *Ooooooh~...* this is much... *hmmff!* Much harder than I-I remember. Hahaha!”

Shauna’s girlish squeals snapped Mia out of her horny fugue with a stab of annoyance. She’d found a cozy, out-of-the-way nook to stare at her blinking charm while covertly diddling her needy clitty, but the loud-mouthed ninny kept ruining her tranquil immersion with incessant wailing.

It was, like, *soooo* frustrating.

Sucking her soaked fingers clean, she stepped out of hiding to regard the gathered crowd. Shauna had attracted quite the male following, lewdly moaning and grinding atop the Super Bike MotoGP arcade machine.

She was humping the motorcycle, sliding her restless rump back and forth, smearing glistening juices all over the saddle. Her skimpy black skirt bunched higher with each swivel of her hips, presenting the lower globes of her firm buttocks to an appreciative audience.

Mia was ready to storm over and scold her shameless sidekick for acting like a silly slut when she noticed something...

Shauna was navigating the virtual race track like a three-sheets-to-the-wind drunk. She couldn’t handle turns, constantly weaved into other riders and impacted walls in game-ending collisions.

But every time she wiped out, one of the onlookers would tap their charge card against the machine's pay point, adding extra credits. A group of them were practically squabbling for the chance to keep the show going.

“Aaaw, like, thanks cutie! This is *soooo* much fun!”

A wicked, devious notion percolated in Mia's frothing mind.

Boys were so stupid. Slaves to their hormonal urges, who'd do just about anything for the scarcest hint of boob or butt. More than a few were nursing boners, watching Shauna paint the saddle with her thong-clad snatch.

She obviously didn't notice or care about the hungry stares fixed on her.

Mia snapped a quick selfie, then scrutinized the result.

Pillowly candyfloss pink lips puckered and luxurious double lashes half-lidded; her duck face was on point. The way her unruly blanket of silver-blond ringlets tumbled past her richly tanned shoulders like liquid moonlight to spill across the hefty golden orbs on her chest was more than eye-catching. With a protuberant nipple on the verge of slipping free from her heavily warped neckline, it was closer to eye gouging.

She looked and felt hotter to trot than a prize-winning filly.

Her entire body swayed as she prowled toward the concessions counter on her vinyl pink heels. Fleshy thighs sliding lubriciously together, wide hips rocking, and prominent tits all but bursting out of her slinky microdress—she blew the pimply teen attendant a kiss, then swiped some candy.

The kid only blushed and stammered incoherently when she sauntered away without paying.

The throng around Shauna made a path for Mia, as if she were a celebrity walking the red carpet. They got cheeky smirks and suggestive winks in return and groaned *en masse* when she bent at the waist to adjust an ankle strap.

One audience member started to wheeze before the puff of an asthma inhaler steadied his breathing.

Primitive apes, all of them. Lonely sheep begging to be fleeced.

“There you are, girl. Gee, aren’t you little Miss Popular?” She greeted her friend. Shauna’s innocent gaze was misty and distant. “I think we’ve had enough of this game. Let someone else have a turn.”

“She... she doesn’t have to stop.” Objected a reedy teenager wearing a Dragon Ball t-shirt. “We’ve got her covered, no problem. She can keep going, right?”

“Mia? Oh, Mia... I’m having the best time.” The shiny redhead giggled, collapsing against Mia when she dragged her off the motorbike. “Everyone is acting so kind to me and paying for my games. Do I really have to stop?”

She was still squirming erratically—stinking of sweat and feminine sex—as their lush figures smooshed into each other. Shauna’s creamy hooters were larger than hers, and the randy skank pushed them into Mia’s face in a crushing embrace.

“She can keep playing...”

“Yeah, we don’t mind.”

“Please don’t make her leave...”

The protesting mob hushed when the two locked eyes, their parted lips a finger’s width apart. Sapphic tension crackled between them, and the electronic hubbub of the arcade faded into background noise.

“Gosh, Mia. You’re, like, super pretty now.” Shauna breathed, stooping to claim the inevitable kiss. “Mmmm-*oomph!*”

Her husky purr ended abruptly when Mia shoved a grape-flavored ring pop in her mouth. The brainless slut instantly began slurping on it like a pacifier.

“Suck on that, girl. You’ll need it ‘cause we’re done with these kiddy games.”

“Yesh, Mia.”

“Um, I’ve got twenty-two bucks and a handful of quarters?”

Mia thought she recognized the lanky freshman from orientation. He shuffled awkwardly in place as she leaned beside the bathroom entrance, arms crossed defiantly, giving him an assessing stare. The line behind them grumbled impatiently.

“That’ll buy ya five minutes.” She drawled lazily, tucking the crumpled bills into her sun-kissed cleavage. A wealth of lower denominations was stashed in those cushiony depths. “Save the bus fare, slugger.”

He was unbuckling his belt before she swung the door open. The lewd sounds echoing from within were loud and distinctly pornographic.

“Yes! Yes! Aw, yes... fuck me! Stuff all my horny holes and... *Hyaa!* Cum all over your naughty fuck bunny!”

“Jeezus, stop gabbing and suck, bitch.”

“Shit, bruh. She’s bouncing on my cock like crazy, I’m about to shoot my shot!”

A glance inside found Shauna squatting astride a pantless college jock on the tiled floor with her short skirt hiked up, furiously twerking her thick rump on his lap while blowing an older man with thinning hair and a pot belly.

That guy wore a name tag identifying him as Greg, the arcade manager. He’d asked pointed questions about the queue to the handicapped bathroom, which Mia had brushed aside, offering him a free ride instead. After a sneak peek at the debauched hottie taking all comers, the ugly bastard had pushed to the front of the line.

“Cum in me... *Ahhh!*” Shauna gyrated faster. Grinding harder like the cum-starved bimbo she was. “It feels, like, *soooo* amazeballs when you... *haah~!* When you hunks spray inside my dirty pussy!”

She had the ring pop in one hand and Greg’s hard prick in the other, alternating between slobbering on both with happy mewls as the two guys aggressively double-teamed her.

The new arrival didn’t know where to insert himself but gamely waddled over with his pants around his knees.

Letting the door swing shut, Mia checked the time on her phone. She had to pay attention or they would be here all day. The tiger charm beckoned her with hypnotically blinking lights...

“Hey, um, are y-you... ah, on the menu t-too?” Stuttered a pasty-faced nerd holding out his wallet. It had a superhero emblem on it. “I-I have t-two hundred bucks and, uh, you’re probably the h-hottest girl I’ve ever seen...”

Whoring herself out to disgusting trash like him? The very idea was revolting!

Mia plastered on a plastic smile and plucked the wallet from his limp grasp.

“Not today, sweetie.” She cooed sweetly, extracting the cash and seductively slipping it into the waistband of her panties. The strip of pink lace pinched her lush hips, exposed by the widening side cut-outs of her tiny club dress. “But I’ll make sure ya get the VIP treatment, ‘kay? My gal pal will give ya knob a proper polishing.”

Her clothing was shrinking, snuggling Mia’s expansive figure tighter and tighter. The zebra-print bodice that supported her ballooning chest stretched into two taut bands that barely covered her areolas. Over, under, and side; she had every style of displaying bouncy boobage covered, holding on by mere threads to the shiny steel ring.

Her spreading hips and ripening rear similarly taxed the distressed bottom hemline, which habitually climbed and flashed her unmentionables when she walked.

Swollen flesh and dollar bills stuck everywhere on Mia as though she were a headlining Las Vegas stripper at the end of a profitable performance.

That was, like, female empowerment, right? Profiting from the oblig... obfess... objectifizing of the patty-arks... or something.

The subtler distinctions were challenging to untangle while her cunt was on fire. And there wasn't a grown-up, authoritative dick to be found anywhere.

"The s-super bike girl, really? Ah, um... cool. Yeah, okay! She's really h-hot too... Do I n-need a condom or—"

Mia ignored the blathering idiot, ready to delve back into the pretty sparkles of her charm, when someone caught her gaze.

Mr Kepler ushered his two children towards the laser tag arena. He wasn't quite handsome—the first hints of jowls softened his jawline, and a small paunch stressed his shirt—but his shoulders were broad, and his dark hair was still undiminished.

Mia didn't care about his dad bod. What got her juices flowing faster than a hydroelectric dam was the weight of power and authority he held over her. The strictly regulated student/teacher roles they had occupied and the lopsided dynamics that came with them.

He was so much more than these losers coughing up their pocket money to bang a loose skank in a public restroom. Mr Kepler had prestige, respect, financial means... a big grown-up dick, and years of experience using it.

A man like that wouldn't be satisfied with a quick pump and dump. He'd pin a girl to the wall and pound her virgin cunt until she creamed. He would make

her beg on hands and knees to be fucked stupid. To be reamed by his huge, adult dick like an obedient cocksheath. To...

“You. Watch the door.” Mia stabbed a long pink fingernail at a bro-dude with a varsity footballer’s build. “No more than three at a time, and keep ‘em rolling. I’ll make it worth your while, ‘kay?”

He stepped out of line with a sleazy grin. “Yeah? And how are you going to pay me, sweet cheeks?”

“Use your imagination, stud.” She crooned, shaking the aforementioned cheeks at him while she hurried away. “I’ll be back... probs.”

Boys really were dumber than rocks. Thinking with their little peckers instead of their brains.

Peering through a claw game, Mia spied on Mr Kepler.

Shit, was it even hotter if she couldn’t remember his first name? As though she wasn’t permitted to address him casually—only formal titles like *Sir* and *Mister* were acceptable?

Her drenched, clenching pussy thought so.

She badly wanted to finger herself while watching him stand there like a total DILF monitoring his brats.

The tiger charm flashed in Mia’s peripheral vision, and her hunger spiked.

Slinking, stalking, she prowled from hiding—a predator in high heels. A shimmy of her shoulders slid the minimalist coat down to dangle from her elbows as she puffed out her already overstuffed funbags.

Mia wanted to get close enough to sniff him. To scent his masculine musk before pouncing, but somehow he sensed her approach, turning to meet his one-time student...

Of course, because he's not prey. He's a hunter too.

"Can I help you, miss?" Mr Kepler's frown was disapproving, yet there was a glimmer behind that steely glare. A primal challenge.

"Gee, Mister. I, like, really hope ya can." She tittered in a light, girly tone. Flipping her silvery ringlets to the side, Mia pushed in, invading his personal space. "My friend ran off with some seriously sketchy guys, and I need, like, a totally responsible adult to rescue her for me. She's a bit of a slut, yeah?"

"Perhaps your friend should keep better company."

His expression was dubious. He clearly didn't recognize her in all the warpaint and super sexy new outfit, so she pressed even closer, resting painted fingertips on his chest.

"Please, *sir*." She quivered when the word left her lips, batting her lashes demurely. "You're absolutely right. She—*we* need a firm, guiding hand to show us the error of our ways. A strong, commanding figure who can put me—*us* in our place. Who can teach us to be good little girls like we should be."

Mia traced languid circles on her teacher's shirt, breathing in his cologne. Old Spice set her dripping nethers to trembling. How had her panties not dissolved in the torrent of nectar flooding her thighs? She had to have him...

"Go sell your sob story elsewhere, missy. I'm not buying it." He stepped away, brushing her aside with a dismissive gesture. "Narcissists like you get off on toying with people. I'm no rube, and I'm married. Seek counseling. That's my professional advice. Choose more appropriate clothing too. What would your parents think seeing you like this?"

Panic seized Mia's heart.

He was leaving? Tossing her aside like worthless trash?

Her mind raced, but everything was clouded by rainbow bubbles that fizzled and popped, beaming strobing disco lights into every corner of her brain. She couldn't lose him now. Not when she was blazing with desire, and he was right there...

"Wa-wait... I have this!" She shoved her phone in his face. "Look, look!"

Mr Kelper froze mid-turn, and maybe it was only Mia's imagination, but the cartoon feline's smile seemed more feral when the sparkling brightness bathed her teacher's eyes.

"You bimbo bitch. Homewrecking cunt. I'll make you regret teasing me!"

They crashed through the door marked 'Staff Only' into a storeroom packed with cardboard boxes, toppling several stacks in their riotous entry. Plushy dolls and chip packets flew as he stampeded through the space, wearing Mia like a fucking shirt.

"Yes! Yes, punish me. Teach me a lesson, sir!" She wailed, arms and legs wrapped around his muscular torso, humping the impressive lump in his narrow slacks. "I *neeeeed* it! Train my wicked pussy on your giant fuckstaff!"

Mia wasn't sure what had happened.

One moment, Mr Kepler—the stern, principled educator she'd fantasized about for years—had been ready to discard her like a common tramp before suddenly, inexplicably, he was all over her.

Rough hands lifted Mia as easily as a bag of feathers. Grabbing her thick hips and ample butt, he motorboated her fat tits and gnawed on her bronzed skin. She was butter in his ravenous grasp. Pliable clay, desperate to be molded into something fuckable.

“You’re exactly like all the other whores that strut into my classroom. Thinking they are hot shit because they’re pretty with firm young bodies!” His sleeves bulged, then ripped around two beefy biceps. The rest of the shirt creaked like a sailcloth during a storm as the teacher’s middle-aged torso filled out with new muscles. “They dress like goddamn hookers and expect a man not to look—to pretend he doesn’t have blood in his veins!”

Speaking of veins, Mia watched one on his temple throb like an aneurysm. The sag in his jaw receded, replaced with a rock-solid line coated in stubble. Tree trunk thighs split the seams of his pants as they magically took on added bulk.

Was he taller now, too?

She nearly drooled, imagining what other parts might have grown. It was difficult not to when the pictured appendage prodded her through his disintegrating slacks.

“That’s me, sir. Show me what you’ll do to those schoolsluts next time you see them.” Mia whimpered, wriggling helplessly in his iron grip. “Spank my naughty bottom. Gag me with your hard dick. Wear my disobedient pussy like a condom... it’s, like, totally fucking wet for ya, mister.”

She felt his shirt buttons explode in a descending sequence, stinging her crushed tits and flat belly. If she could just tilt her hips a fraction, he’d slide inside her, pants and all.

“You’re worse than them, whore.” Mr Kepler snarled, dumping her in a pile of stuffed teddy bears. He was, like, sooo considerate. “Seducing a complete stranger out with his family. Made up like a skank and waving those fat udders

in my face,” a powerful flex shredded the last of his clothing, “now you’ll get what’s coming.”

Mia could only stare dumbly at her teacher’s magnificent manhood swaying hypnotically in front of him like a dancing python. Long, thick and meaty, it looked rigid and angry. A wrecking ball that would shatter her virginity.

“C-Cock...” She observed astutely, churning her honey-slickened thighs. A greedy hollowness blossomed in her center.

“This is all you hungry bitches care about, isn’t it?” He smacked her across the cheek with it, leaving a sticky splotch and sending her head spinning. “Fine then, I’ll feed you until you choke on it.”

Seizing a fistful of silver-blond hair, he yanked Mia’s pretty face back and rammed the bulbous tip between her pillowy lips. She squealed with excitement before coughing when it punched her tonsils.

“Hmmmph~!”

Not struggling or fighting, she gazed up with dewy eyes as he ravaged her throat. Mascara and tears marred her cheeks but it was essential to show a real Man how grateful she was to be used by him. To convey how lucky she felt to be his chosen fuckpuppet.

A powerful studmuffin Man who demanded complete subservience should be called something super sexy like “Sir,” right?

Aw, yeah. The thrill that quivered her quim confirmed it.

She was just, like, a delinquent gal, after all. Only suitable for sucking and fucking that huge, mega-yummy slab of manmeat until he was sated. Mia’s dribbling cunt burned, but she focused everything on her first sloppy blowjob.

“Hurg! Ack... Ack... Glumff~!”

Sir hammered her esophagus, painfully tugging her hair like reins to set a violent pace. She stuck out her tongue to make room for his suffocating girth, welcoming more of him in as her fizzling brain boiled with unbridled lust.

He was unleashing a career's worth of pent-up aggression on her, and she was slaveringly thankful for the skull fuck. Emptiness yawned each time Sir withdrew, replaced with sparkly detonations when he slammed back in.

“Dumb sluts don't need clothes.” He grunted, grabbing the ring over her jostling melons and tearing it away. Most of the insubstantial dress went with it in a flurry of dollar bills, rending beneath his indomitable might. “Shit, look at those milk jugs. They'll hold a gallon apiece when you inevitably get knocked up. Maybe I should kickstart the process. Do you want that, whore? A stranger's baby swelling your stupid tits and belly?”

Mia wailed around his tumescent gobstopper when the implications struck home with the precision of a heat-seeking missile.

*IdowantthatOhfuckOhfuckOhfuckIneeditIneedhimIneedtobehisbreedingbitch
HisgoodlittlecumdumpGivehimlotsofbabiesOhfuckI'mfuckingcumming!*

Carnal euphoria electrified her bimbo body in a gigawatt orgasm. Rapturous paroxysms swept her ditzy mind clean of everything but the soul-crushing craving to grow gravid with Sir's offspring.

She could taste how virile he was in the copious precum coating her tongue. A potent flavor that promised a bun in the oven from a single drop of that gooey ambrosia.

Mia was getting high on the stuff, drunkenly guzzling it and silently begging for more—milking Sir's majestic manpole with her ecstatic esophagus.

“Fuck, fuck! Swallow my load, you dirty skank!”

Suddenly, she was flying on angelic wings. Blessed warmth flooded her throat, pouring directly into her stomach. Twinkling stars went supernova in her cock-addled brain, and the world spun away for a brief eternity.

Mia floated adrift on blissful winds; her spirit absolved of any constraints. High above moral concerns and life's daily stresses. She simply... *was*. Blank and vacuous. A feather floating on the breeze, destined to flow through the storm and emerge into clear skies beyond, utterly unaffected.

She returned with a gasp when a mitt-sized hand clamped around her neck.

"Gonna wreck your slutty pussy." Sir growled, wading through boxes to pin her against the wall by the neck. "Gonna ruin you for other men and make you my personal fuckpet. Understand me, girl?"

His vocabulary had diminished somewhat, but Mia wasn't about to complain when he ripped off her useless panties and dredged that giant bitch tamer through her sopping folds. She wheezed for air and spread her glistening thighs wider to facilitate his monstrous length.

"Say please. Beg for it."

"Pl-please... please... sir." She guttered through bruised, jizz-glazed lips.

"Good enough."

He plunged recklessly into Mia, outright destroying her precious hymen in a single thrust. She howled like a wild animal as Sir pistoned his turgid immensity in and out of her pristine pussy. It was supposed to hurt—and it did—but the pain was buried under an avalanche of sinful fulfillment.

Every forceful stroke scraped her g-spot and battered her cervix, depositing gouts of vital cum in the barely-legal coed's fertile depths.

She crossed her ankles behind his back, kinky heels clicking and locking him in place. Unwilling to surrender an inch of that impregnating baby-maker until she claimed her prize.

“I bet I’m, like, totally hotter and tighter than your boring old wife, Sir.” Mia moaned into his ear. Clenching her silken walls around his rampaging width. “A hung stud like ya deserves better. A dick as big and amazing as this should have hordes of eager young hotties fighting for the chance to be bred.”

FuckthemPlantbabiesintheirwombsMakethemyourcumslavesMakemeyourbestgirlPutachildinmybellyNeverstopfuckingme!

“Yeah... yeah!” He grunted, plowing relentlessly into her. “Gonna put all those prissy little cunts on their knees where they belong. Make ‘em beg too!”

Sir’s already enormous physique swelled larger, his cunt-splitting cock delving into deeper depths as it expanded. Mia’s ovaries rumbled like an eighteen-wheeler, releasing exhaust fumes of breeding hormones.

“Oh god! Oh yes! Keep pounding me, sir! Own my slutty snatch, and knock me up... *Yaaah~!* Take me home and fuck me in front of your wife... *Hmmph!* Make her watch while you claim me as your bimbo cocksleeve. Show that hag how ya prefer younger, wetter... *Gnnnnh~...* more fertile pussy over her dusty old cooch!”

His jackhammering intensified, driving her into the cinderblock wall with spine-creaking force. The fist around Mia’s throat squeezed until spots swam in her vision.

She relished the brutal dominance he was exerting, manipulating her smaller, frailer body like a disposable fucktoy. Wallowing in his masculine control when another brain-blitzing climax spiraled through her psyche.

“Ya don’t need her, Sir. I’ll, like, take... *guh~...* care of ya every day. Bring home other pretty little things to, like, totally break and breed on your...

hnng~... perfect gash-basher!" Her babbling devolved into a stream of incoherent filth when Sir bit down on her collarbone. "AAAAYYEEE~!!"

He was marking her! Mia's young heart brimmed with joy even as his plundering pole breached the last of her futile defenses and plunged into her cervix.

She was cooked—thoroughly roasted by the inferno of raw passion. The last vestiges of resistance crumbled like sandcastles under the encroaching tide of foaming lust. Her eyes crossed and tongue lolled, drooling a line of saliva down her chin.

Mia surfed an endless wave of cunt-gushing gratification, hips bucking autonomically while the rest of her limbs slackened.

That was fine.

A stupid gal like her was an object meant to be used by a big strong Man. She didn't understand how she'd gotten this far in life without a jumbo wang juicing her puss-puss.

It was, like, the best thing ever!

"Here it comes, cumslut. Gonna dump fucking triplets inside you!"

...then the world became blindingly bright when Sir unleashed load after sticky load, bloating Mia's flat tummy and unraveling her completely.

"So, this is what zapped me. A phone dangler that is... what? Magic? Cursed? No, don't bother answering. Keep sucking..."

Mr Kepler's titanic bulk sandwiched two cardboard boxes where he sat while Mia enthusiastically deepthroated his unflagging enormity. He was examining her tiger charm.

It was a silly little nothing.

A toy.

Just like her.

Mia's distended stomach rested upon her bent knees, full and sloshing yet never satisfied.

"Mmm-hmm!" She hummed on Sir's mind-altering mega-dick, forever keen to please and serve. Her nimble tongue swirled around his turgid tip, suctioning down more gloopy seed.

"Phew, shit got wild. Thank fuck for post-nut clarity." He chortled, pushing her bobbing skull deeper on his length. "Though this definitely warrants further investigation. Eyes up here, cocksucker."

Sir had tied the strobing charm around his girthy base. It rested against his heavy balls. Mia's drunken gaze fixated on those flashing lights and her scattered mind bubbled.

Her last thought was just how pretty the colors were before they fizzed and popped into sweet, blessed nothingness.

She adored the aimless, uncluttered sensation, giggling vapidly around her teacher's scrummy dick.

After all, Mia didn't need smarts to know she'd be a good gal for Sir.

The End.