

# Author's Note

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## Summoning Trouble

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# Practical Superstitions

## Starting On The Road

The road to hell is paved with good intentions, but not-so-good intentions fly you there business class.

Don't get me wrong, I assumed my intentions were good, but subsequent events made clear that I just wasn't self-reflective enough to know, and my beliefs were pretty malleable because of it. I mean, I didn't even recognize that I didn't actively believe in God. I was a pastor, and therefore I was sure that God existed, but I wasn't a pastor *because* I was sure God existed. If you see the difference. I didn't at the time.

The actual fact of the matter was that I'd become a pastor because I craved the feeling of superiority and security it gave me. I didn't realize that, and I didn't abuse my position much until toward the end, but in retrospect that's the key to everything else I did, which would otherwise be incomprehensible. As an example of how being a pastor protected my self-image, I could always find a way to quote Ephesians 5:23 about the headship of husbands in any situation in which I felt like a woman was intruding on my prerogatives. At the time I was surprised and resentful that they weren't more appreciative of how measured I kept my theological reproofs, but they hadn't had my father, who took the same hard line on women who didn't know their place as he did on boys who didn't know how to act like boys.

I couldn't be sad that in this modern age I wasn't expected to uphold my father's brutal example, but it did mean that there were more and more women finding ways around the rightness of male leadership, taking churches of their own and all that. It didn't make any sense to me. Why would women leave behind their femininity and take what was for men like me? What was I even supposed to be, at that point? It undercut everything I understood about being a man.

I wasn't a bad-looking guy and with the wholesome respectability of the Church at my back I could 'get' women, but that wasn't as validating as you might think. Being around women always made me feel like I was intruding, and it was worse in bed, where I struggled to perform when everything I did felt wrong somehow. Yet, I didn't dare go to prostitutes, who seemed to size me up even more easily. It made me angry and afraid, and I blamed God for it, I guess. I thought He should be giving me a leg up, since I was a pastor. So I guess I also believed in Him when I needed someone to blame for my difficulties.

At the same time as my always-simmering frustration with women was beginning to boil over, I started developing a bit of a gambling problem. I wasn't an addict or anything; I didn't

even enjoy gambling. I just started cheating at Sunday bingo. Or cheating bingo itself. Let me back up: I thought I was going to be named the senior pastor at a major church and I bought some things for myself, but then I was given a much smaller church. You see, I had pissed off the founder's wife and was lucky to be appointed over any church at all, so I was having trouble paying my bills. However, that smaller church ran a popular bingo game, and gambling was ungodly, so I reasoned that it was alright to take some of that sinful money to help a man of God.

With my immediate problems solved, I didn't really dial back on the spending like I should have. Instead I kept stealing by writing down that there had been more rounds played than there had been, and taking the "winnings" for myself. But then I found out that there was an end of year audit that would show the missing money, so I had to get the money back someplace else. I was already accustomed to cheating at gambling, so I went to a local casino some of the church ladies liked, and, after carefully letting it be known that I was a pastor, started stealing from the gamblers there. Despite not having a head for maths, I really had a talent for tricking people, and I went home several thousand dollars the richer.

Despite that talent, my cover story about saving souls at the craps table, and a certain amount of raw good luck, the casino eventually sensed that something was up, and they escorted me out on my second visit. I was more circumspect after that, going further away to a different casino and stealing much more carefully.

I met a woman during one of the outings, a fit older woman who I thought was really into me, and seemed to think I was brilliant. Well, of course she'd realized I was stealing money and was getting close enough to steal it from me in turn, which she did, including the seed money I'd brought with me, leaving me several hundred dollars in the hole even before security barged into my room to search for the money. It took me quite a while being interrogated by their female head of security before they decided from examining the security cameras that I was telling the truth that the woman had stolen all my money. They still kicked me out and told me never to come back, though not before the female head of security had punched me right in the solar plexus and made me cry like a girl.

I cannot describe my embarrassment at having to call someone from the church to come pick me up from a small town two hours drive away that had little in it besides the casino. I made up an implausible story about having traveled there to save the soul of an old friend with a gambling problem who had asked for help but instead stole the money I'd brought to help her. They believed it, though, and the church even took up a collection to help me make ends meet.

They were very generous so I did okay, and I resolved that I would not get into any gambling foolishness again. I felt very virtuous and reformed for several days before recalling that I still owed the bingo fund several thousand dollars and the audit was approaching. I thought about making up another story, but couldn't think of anything that wasn't even more full of holes than the first story had been.

So, the only thing left to do was sell the car I'd bought when I thought I was about to be promoted, and not for a very good price.

Then, it turned out that the audit had already begun! The date I'd understood to be the start of

the audit was actually the date it was to be presented to the church. So, the auditor – another damned woman – immediately noticed the extra money I slipped into the lockbox. Further, she immediately deduced that it was me who had put it there because I had the key, and reported the irregularity to her boss. I was called up before the board and had to offer a rather ridiculous tale about covering a bank error with cash when paying the church mortgage, a story in which I figured as a complete ignoramus. The worst of it was the founder's wife took it as an opportunity to chastise me in a very condescending way right in front of everyone, including the really cute but stupid secretary; the sort of uneducated girl destined to pump out babies and help her husband by working in a nail salon. I had been thinking she might be attracted to me and easily impressed by my authority, but not any more. Even she would think I was a silly man after that. I was furious and felt very put-upon the unfairness of it, when all I wanted was to do the right thing.

## Sacrifices

I went home very angry at the world in general and women in particular. Why did they insist on being so nosey when they could just be women and not point out every time men weren't doing it quite right? They didn't know how good they had it and then acted as if the fact that I made a few mistakes meant I wasn't really trying. Part of my penance was to take some online courses offered by the church – which I had to pay for out of my salary – and it was just salt in my wounds.

Procrastinating, I clicked on a different link that had come up when I'd searched for the class title, “How to cheat the devil at his own game.” It was a Reddit link.

Of course, it was neither Christian nor related to the actual topic of the class, but I found it far more interesting than some boring old guy droning on about turning adversity and temptation into faith. Or something like that; I never did watch the whole sermon.

The Reddit post had all the usual stuff: the circle and the star, candles and all that, but it had a few elements that I'd never seen before, talking about how clear-eyed self-knowledge and willingness to sacrifice comfort without direct personal gain were the key to achieving advantageous bargaining positions. Like many people with some degree of both narcissistic and borderline personality disorder, I was capable of believing I knew myself extraordinarily well and was the hardy sort who could withstand all manner of privation on behalf of others. The author offered several cautions that those who tried to get greedy right from the start would end up in a “karmic deficit” or some bullshit like that, but I congratulated myself on not being such an ungodly fool as to believe in superstitious nonsense like karma.

I did at least read the ritual instructions carefully, and I succeeded on my first try. It was a tiny exchange. I masturbated into a little cup which was whisked into some nether world and replaced with a \$100 bill. At the time, I always expected things to go my way, so I was more

elated to have my masterful self-conception validated than I was shocked to observe the laws of nature apparently violated. I was, after all, a man of God, and of *course* miracles would do my bidding.

Just as intended, I donated the \$100 to the church fund for members in distress. The people watching weren't as impressed with my generosity as I'd hoped, but there was no helping it.

For the second ritual, I sacrificed the panties I'd kept from my first girlfriend, which I'd always regarded as a great trophy and which I sometimes rubbed between my fingers to remind myself that I wasn't *always* unaccepted by girls. In return, my cock grew significantly, which I reasoned was a gift to future girlfriends. In fact, it grew a lot more than I expected because I was confused about the difference between linear and volumetric growth, but I didn't mind my cock growing from 13cm to 26cm, with commensurate increase in girth. It didn't make me feel as manly as I thought it would, and I concluded that was because I'd neglected to increase my ball size to match, so they looked like shriveled walnuts glued to the base of my prick.

Still, I enjoyed the feeling of jerking off such a grand member, and I eagerly awaited the next night, when I could sacrifice the hideous spoon collection that was almost the only thing I'd inherited from my mum when she'd died, since she'd left everything else to her favorite pastor.

Sure enough, I got the huge bollocks I wanted to use to get a woman with child as the Lord intended, and when I tested them, they produced the most copious stream of cum I'd ever seen, even in porn. I still didn't feel quite as manly as I thought I would, but my gear was undeniably gorgeous, and several times I got up close to the mirror so I could see it from the perspective of a girl about to service it. It was exciting to think about how pleased and impressed she would be with it. Surely once I'd used it on an appreciative girl, then I'd feel very manly.

Unfortunately things weren't going so well for me at the church, where I was being absolutely henpecked by the ladies saying I needed to complete the courses and all that rubbish. Ordinarily the Pastor's wife led the women's portion of the church and they would address it with her, but as a single man they brought it directly to me, or even went over my head if I tried to dodge them.

I knew I was going to be able to fix it, though, with my next sacrifice.

I wouldn't blame anyone for taking me for an absolute idiot to think that sacrificing a valuable old family bible to ungodly forces could have a good outcome. It wasn't because I was stupid, though, it was because I was very clever about inventing reasons to believe my preferred truth. In this case, I reasoned that the Bible's holiness would confound the designs of any demons attempting to exploit the sacrifice.

My logic for why this sacrifice was selfless was just as transparently distorted: both the women and God would be happier if the women had a better model of womanhood. There's really no explanation for why I thought any bible might be a reasonable trade for summoning a wife.

Nevertheless, that's what I did. I summoned the biddable young woman who had many, many times featured in my dreams. I had only ever been able to see her indirectly while

dreaming, but I had imagined her as a true woman: petite yet womanly, with a healthy desire. Something about that made me feel awkward and insecure, so I mentally stipulated that this would be desire for the master of her house, not too much education or ambition beyond becoming my helpmeet. Pretty, though. Really pretty, so the women would admire her. And attractive to men as well, so they would acknowledge that I was the sort of man's man who could keep such a woman. She would be visibly fertile, I thought, looking down at my own body to more precisely imagine wide hips and a generous bosom. Not an athlete, no. I hated sports. Healthy, but well-padded in the right places, and decorating herself in a way that women would envy. No goddess pornographic actress would have anything on her.

As I held this ever-more-pleasing vision in my mind, I lit the candles in order and encircled the bible I was sacrificing with a long gold-plated necklace I'd ordered online at a very reasonable price. And then... nothing.

I sat and waited as the vanilla-scent candles burned silently. I discreetly shifted my trousers to accommodate an erection as my mind wandered to whether such a girl would be grateful to be made with the perfect body, but as time stretched without anything happen I brought my attention back to reviewing the spell components in my mind. Maybe the necklace wasn't quite latched? It was one of those finicky thin things. I stepped into the centre of the pentagram to pinch the necklace latch and suddenly I began to perceive the vaguely violet glow of the salt circle.

"Stupid cheap necklace," I muttered, then returned to silence as the salt of the pentagon formed by the interior of the star began to smoke, far more powerfully than during previous sacrifices. The room seemed to darken despite the candle flames elongating and expanding at each point of the star, and a slight tremor of uncertainty penetrated my customary overconfidence.

I caught a whiff of sulphur under the vanilla, but that immediately began to dissipate into an almost floral scent. I reminded myself that I was in charge as the floor inside the necklace faded away, leaving the bible floating in a deeper darkness than the rest of the room.

I nearly jumped out of my skin when a large, black-clawed hand rose from the abyss to grasp the bible, but then a miracle occurred: the hand shrank and lightened, and the black claws widened into feminine pink nails. As if using the book for purchase, the woman of my dreams seemed to pull herself out of the hole in the floor, exposing thick waves of shining honey-blond hair first, then big blue eyes with stunningly long lashes, then a cute little button nose and dewy cheeks showing a hint of freckles, then small ears with large dangly earrings, and generous kissing lips slightly open as if in surprise, then a long graceful neck, bare shoulders, and the swell of breasts. And yet more swell, and more, as her firm honeydew melons emerged into the soft candle light. The waist emerging below was as narrow as her breasts were wide, and when she stopped half in and half out of the floor, supported by her hands, a part of me wondered what it must feel like to have a waist so small two hands could encircle it. I wasn't sure what I was looking at, but I *wanted* it.

The figure plucked at the necklace with her acrylic-tipped forefinger. "Cheap indeed,"



vibrated a voice with many registers, as if a thousand people spoke at once. Though not loud, per se, there was a depth to it that thoroughly frightened me out of my admiration.

“Who are you?” I squeaked in fear.

“Why, I’m your future wife!” she said brightly, and by the end her voice had consolidated on a chirpy burble of feminine cheer.

“Oh yes, of course,” I said, swallowing and trying to straighten up from when I’d instinctively hunched in terror.

“We will be so fruitful, don’t you think?” she asked, looking at the fabric of my trousers under which my erection had also become shriveled and hunched in fear. Looking at her, I should have felt aroused, and she was undeniably attractive in the candlelight, but the memory of claws and that awful voice wouldn’t leave me.

## Kasey June

“What shall this body be called?” she asked.

“What?” I asked, more unprepared for her question than confused by it. Somehow I hadn’t thought to name the girl I had imagined for myself.

“By what name is this body to be addressed?” she repeated her question, pulling herself the rest of the way out of the featureless void. As her body above, so below: she had wide, child-bearing hips and perfectly hemispherical ass cheeks borne by long, shapely legs. But not *too* long; when she stood atop the material floor, she remained several inches shorter despite the length of her gams, which was reassuring. She was basically just a girl.

“Kasey,” I offered, blurting out the name of the most beautiful, popular girl I knew when I’d been an adolescent. I’d spent countless hours daydreaming about how perfect she seemed, until she caught me staring and called me a creeper. I’d tried to recover by saying I’d been staring because she was so slutty, which was transparently false, but I was so angry that she’d reacted to my idolizing her style and poise like I was being a Peeping Tom. Now twenty years later, I’d imagined a girl that was much like Kasey, though more petite and curvy. Suddenly I felt a little self-conscious of what would happen if I ran into an old classmate who noted the similarities.

“No, make it Kasey-June Richmond,” I amended. I liked it. It kept my favourite name while also sounding very salt-of-the-earth. Welcoming and unalarming.

“Very well,” she said. “What else would you desire of this body?”

“You’re not going to be in the body, are you?” I asked anxiously. It would be no good to have a demon wife.

“Just for now. I rather think you’ll be in this body,” she said with a laugh, and looked meaningfully at my partially-resurgent erection.

My breath caught, then escaped as a shaky laugh as I caught her joke. I was at least partly reassured that my dream girl wouldn’t be alarming. Then another source of anxiety occurred to me. “I want her to be an orphan. In-laws are insufferable,” I said.

“Of course. Summoning parents would be far beyond the pale,” she said, a hint of the previous polyphonic tone resurfacing to unnerve me. “Is this form entirely to your satisfaction? Would you like longer hair, bigger hips, smaller waist, bigger breasts?” As she spoke, her form altered to demonstrate each change in succession.

Despite the way her voice had momentarily disrupted my attraction to her, the sight of her breasts swelling seemed to inflate my arousal at the same pace. “Bigger!” I said, not really intending for them to actually be so unrealistically huge, but wanting to see how she looked with them.

In accordance with my demand her breasts swelled up further, stretching to the edge of natural limits. “And a butt to match,” I added.

“Is this big enough, or should I go bigger?” she asked, seeming delighted to fulfil my desires, which just spurred me on further.

“Bigger!” I said, getting carried away. When I saw her start to stoop slightly under the weight of her increasingly-droopy tits, I said, “They’re too heavy. Make them lighter and more round!” I was almost shouting in excitement. My obsession with pushing the limits of my fantasies had crowded out my awareness that I was modifying my future wife to cartoonish proportions. The thought of a woman built for sex had simply seized control of my mind. I imagined her looking down through her stupidly oversized tits at a huge cock rogering her while she squeezed her huge sensitive nipples.

“Lighter *and* more round?” she asked with a musical laugh, as if welcoming the challenge. “Anything else?” she asked as her breasts seemed to gradually rise and inflate.

“Sluttier,” I moaned, having freed my now-giant prick, imagining how it would feel in her hands when she stroked it. “A voracious cocksut,” I said, feeling the deep rightness of it, but then I had the presence of mind to add, “But she’ll always long for a giant prick. Which only I could provide.” A total slut who would remain totally loyal and docile. That was what I wanted.

“Of course, of course,” she said.

I imagined her getting fucked, but the scene felt off when it was just her, and some bloke fucking her. I mean, it was me of course, but it just seemed like it needed more femininity. “But I want her to bring home other girls,” I added, knowing that it was an ungodly idea, but not able to restrain myself.

“That’s up to you, but I’ll give her what she needs,” she said, licking her fattened dick-sucking lips with an incredibly long tongue.

Her breasts were still slowly inflating and rising, already larger than any natural breasts I’d ever seen, though they weren’t yet approaching the perfect spheres of the biggest big-bust fetish models.

“That’s round enough, but more nipple,” I said huskily.

As she complied, I couldn’t hold it any more. The sight of her perfection made me come so hard I passed out.

# Fulfilled Desires

## Savior

I was intensely disappointed when I woke, face down and alone in the middle of the salt figure, partly glued to the floor by the customarily-voluminous amount of cum my wet dream had produced. It was gross and deflating, but upon reflection I decided it was for the best. As sexy as my dream wife had been, the women of the parish would probably think I was drawn to her for lecherous reasons rather than acknowledging it as proof of my manliness.

There were several gaps in the salt lines, which I decided explained the failure of the exchange quite adequately. I'd have to try again the next day. Maybe I should ask for something more moderate, I thought as I wiped some of my mess off the bible. Perhaps a love potion or something of that nature.

Thursday was my day for ministering to the poor, which was one of my least favourite tasks, but with Mrs. Coleman out sick I really couldn't avoid it. Besides, I needed to make a show of diligence for awhile. Fortunately Mrs. Waters, who was taking Mrs. Coleman's place, would still deal with the poor people and all I had to do was fetch the heavier items that the old lady couldn't handle herself. Mostly. Sometimes they would request my help personally and then I'd have to pray with them or whatever. And of course, it was never the cute single mothers who made that request, it was always diabetic fatties and stinky addicts trying to sort their pathetic lives.

Still, I didn't entirely dislike their earnest belief that a prayer with me was more powerful, so I think I would have missed it if they hadn't asked for my assistance from time to time. Even better when, against all odds, it was a young feminine voice asking!

When I reached the counter at the basement stairs from which charity was dispensed, I was shocked to see the girl of my dream standing there speaking to Mrs. Waters. Not the ludicrously-expanded version that had caused me to reach climax; the form that had originally emerged from the portal in the floor. There was no trace of the demonic in her, though. She looked harried and exhausted, down to her last resort. She wore a threadbare coat with her hood up, hiding her hair and her silhouette except for her rain-dampened face, but between that cute button nose and her girlish voice I couldn't be mistaken.

"And what is your name, young lady?" Mrs. Waters asked with a note of suspicion.

"Kasey June, ma'am. Kasey June Richmond," the girl said, "Please, God wants me to speak

to Pastor Sero. I prayed on it.”

“How do you know Pastor Sero?” Mrs Waters challenged her. She was extremely nearsighted and a little hard of hearing so she had no idea I was standing just a short distance away.

“He preached to my father when we were at the casino. My father...” she sniffled, “He wouldn’t listen to the pastor’s words, but I accepted Jesus into my heart. I tried to bring Pa to the Lord, but...” Her voice became very soft. “I was too late.”

“Pardon? You’ll have to speak up, miss, or I can’t hear you,” Mrs. Waters said harshly.

“My father died of drink and gambling,” Kasey June said, “And I didn’t know where to go. But I prayed, and the Lord told me to come to His agent on Earth.”

“Pastor Sero put you on the right path, did he?” Mrs. Water said with an unflattering amount of surprise. “Well, good for you both. Pastor!”

“Yes?” I responded, making them both jump at my nearness.

“Pastor Sero!” Kasey June said, running to give me a hug, tatty raincoat and all. I very gently patted her shoulder instead of returning her embrace, both because Mrs. Waters was observing us and because I didn’t want to get any more rain on my clothes than Kasey June already had. “I knew you would save me!”

“No, the Lord did that,” I said modestly, “I’m merely His instrument.”

Kasey June looked up at me with shining admiration, and even Mrs. Waters seemed impressed. I noticed one exception to her general adherence to my initial, comparatively chaste vision of her: she had over-the-top plump lips that rendered her face strikingly sensual despite wearing no lipstick or any makeup whatsoever.

She was gorgeous and perfect, making me feel triumphant, yet slightly frustrated. I decided it was because of the unfairness that I would still have to ‘win’ her. But, looking at that open expression of hero worship, I decided I’d clearly been given a great advantage over all the other men who would flock to her. Flock as they would, though, she would be *mine*. That was the deal.

## Courtship

Of course, no matter how innocent our meeting or how ready she might have been to accept such an arrangement, she obviously couldn’t stay with me at the pastor’s apartment. Fortunately, she was of age, so I declared her eligible to stay at the church like any other member of the flock who was down on their luck. According to church rules it could only be for seven days, but her innocently sexy good looks won her a job waitressing at Dixie Diner and I vouched for her to rent a room from the Davises, who owned a number of inexpensive apartment buildings in town.

From the start, of course, she was constantly at the church, volunteering and attending every service that didn’t conflict with her waitressing shifts. Many men tried to attract her interest, but

she was far too focused on church life and extolling my virtues to pay them any attention. Even without us courting, she already filled a similar role to my wife by defending me to the women. As far as I could tell, she earnestly believed the completely fake stories she told about me winning souls for the Lord at various dens of sin, and her testimony did help recover my reputation.

Because she looked so young and was so obviously naive, it stumped me as to how I would actually begin a courtship with her without threatening the gains I'd made amongst the womenfolk. Fortunately, Kasey June solved the problem for me by making clear to the church women that she dreamed of becoming my wife. I dreamed of her, too, as I felt like I always had, but now that I had a clearer idea of how she looked, they became more vivid and detailed, as well as sexier. Unfortunately, the inverted perspective of the dreams persisted even after I woke up sticky with cum after experiencing sex from Kasey June's perspective. My father would have cured such emasculately unnatural images with his belt, and I wanted to put them out of my mind as soon as possible. Much better if I could just discharge my pent up libido in my actual wife.

We weren't *required* to be chaperoned on our dates because of my age and position, but I was smart enough to know that I needed to be seen to be very gentlemanly and scrupulous, as one would expect of a man of God. She behaved perfectly, wearing outfits that didn't reveal much skin but nevertheless showed off her excellent figure, which earned her many fulsome compliments and tips at work, and tremendous envy from the women of the church, none of whom could say anything negative about her behavior. They lamented her lack of education, but that didn't hurt her amongst the men, and even many of the women had to acknowledge that however unworldly she was, she did read her bible and could quote it as well as anyone.

I found an impressive-looking zirconia ring set off Alibaba for fewer than ten dollars including shipping. The founder of our association of churches and his wife visited quarterly and would take me and the senior laypersons at the church to a nice dinner at Red Lobster, and that was the perfect opportunity. I seated Kasey June next to the founder to charm him, whilst I took on the more delicate task of sitting next to the founder's wife where I could kiss her ass and show how God had improved me.

After a slightly grueling half hour, I finally decided the moment had arrived. If I hadn't already known the answer, I wouldn't have dared ask the founder to bless my proposal to Kasey June. Fortunately I knew the self-aggrandizing old man would enjoy the opportunity to act as her magnanimous guardian despite having just met her. And of course it went without saying that Kasey June would be overjoyed. After all, she was literally made for me.

I almost felt a pang at how she was blessed with the ability to cry without losing an iota of her good looks, even as she slipped on the ring that I declared had been my grandmother's.

# Consummation

To avoid suspicions that we were marrying to hide a pregnancy, I couldn't set the date too soon, but a month seemed like enough time, and in the meantime I no longer needed to keep our outings so publicly chaste.

I didn't even have to ask her the first time we were alone where no one would know we enjoyed some hanky panky before marriage. It was on the road to a sort of revival meeting sponsored by the church, and because we were going early we weren't part of a caravan as was usual.

"Pull over," she said with an assertiveness she'd never shown before.

I was momentarily worried when I recalled that she had been summoned rather than born like a normal person, but by the time I'd pulled off the road she'd already unbuttoned my flies and had my rapidly-stiffening rod in her hand.

"Oh God," I groaned as she worked her mouth down my shaft. It was a tight fit; I hadn't thought it would even be possible for her to deep-throat my oversized member, but she managed it, and her tongue somehow wrapped around the base of my cock inside her mouth. I came within seconds.

It took her a moment to pull herself off my prick, but when she did she immediately transitioned to kissing me. I wanted to pull away because I didn't fancy tasting my own cock juice, but fortunately I didn't as she kissed me with her long tongue snaking deep inside my mouth, almost to the point of triggering my gag reflex. I swallowed hastily to recover, and I thought maybe there was a weird salty tang to it, but I couldn't be sure. The whole experience was over in an instant.

"Thank you, Mr. Sero," she said shyly, batting her long eyelashes at me. "Was I okay?"

She seemed so vulnerable and desirous of my approval that my misgivings faded. "Yes, that was very good."

"I always want to take good care of you," she said, looking down at her hands bashfully before glancing up at me to assess my expression.

"I'm sure you will," I said, patting her on the head affectionately while my mind reeled from confusion about just exactly what had just happened.

From then until our wedding, she took every opportunity to suck me off that she could. I got the idea that she really enjoyed the taste of my cum because she always swallowed it. She also didn't try to kiss me again after I hinted that I didn't prefer it, so I decided she wasn't just trying to extract some other gesture of affection from me. Really I never quite got used to her uncharacteristic assertiveness in this one matter, but obviously I wasn't a queer sort who would decline such tributes to my red blooded masculinity.

The wedding itself was as elaborate an affair as my little church could make it, which was more than the uninitiated might suspect. We had some very skilled seamstresses and handy men to sew dresses, decorate the church, and restore a classic car sufficiently to take us away to our honeymoon: a weekend in a house on the lake lent by the Davises.

A petite girl like Kasey June was easy to carry over the threshold, and the fact that she giggled in delight as I did so made her feel light as a feather in my arms. More than anything else, her open and unabashed pleasure in being with me was intoxicating. Finally a woman really trusted me, wanted me, wanted to be around me. For a moment I could acknowledge how much I'd yearned for that.

"Pastor Sero! Sorry Pastor, but do you need your paperwork?" Abraham asked in a tone of almost obsequious apology. Ostensibly he'd given us a ride so the newlyweds wouldn't have to part hands, but really it was because I could barely drive a manual and I didn't want the entire flock watch me lurch and stall as I attempted to depart the church. Abraham was a young man, only a little older than Kasey June, and I was irritated to see how deeply it pained him to see her marry someone over twice her age. I had thought I would feel smugly triumphant, but instead it threatened to make me feel gross about it, and I resented it.

"Pardon?" I said tightly. I *really* wanted him to leave me alone with my new wife.

"Your marriage papers," he said, holding it up. "I thought it wouldn't be good to leave it in the car, 'case it rains."

"Oh. Yes. You can leave it there on the mantle." There'd been a wait for Kasey June's official documents, to the point that I'd worried that we might have to delay the wedding, but they'd arrived Friday, and we only had to wait for the county clerk's office to open Monday to file the wedding paperwork. Of course, even if it had gotten rained on, we could just fill it out again, so it hardly mattered. Still, I had to be gracious. "Thank you and your sister for driving us, Abe."

"You're welcome, sir. Congratulations to the both of you!" he said, and joined his waiting sister for their walk home.

As soon as the door closed, she was discarding her wedding dress, and I hastened to disrobe as well. I'd been hungry a few minutes prior, but now my hunger was of an entirely different sort.

Within minutes I had her on her back on the bed with her legs spread. "You're bare!" I commented when I saw her smooth crotch.

"I thought you'd prefer it," she said huskily, "Come on, make me yours!"

I rubbed my hard bell-end up and down her labia, wet with the juice of her arousal. She needed me *bad*. "Are you ready?" I asked.

"Yes! Do it!" she demanded.

I pushed into her elevated cunt just a little before pulling out, then a little further. It felt good, better than any sex I'd ever had before by a mile, but I nevertheless felt a little hesitant for

reasons I couldn't really put into words. This time it wasn't that I felt like I was doing something weird. Well, I still did feel a little strange about it, but the difference this time was that I almost felt as if thrusting with a huge cock would hurt *me*.

"Deeper," she said, and I pushed a little further, bumping up against resistance that startled me. "Come on, do it!" she commanded.

So, I thrust hard, and there was a sharp pain and a popping sensation. I was so horny I didn't stop despite the pain, though, and my cock penetrated deeper and deeper, giving me an amazing full feeling. The rush was so intense I felt like my sense of identity blurred.

I watched the bouncing of her beautiful breasts, so aware of them they might have been surging on my own chest. Her open mouth and fluttering eyes seemed to express my own ecstasy. I marveled at how married sex was so much better than unmarried sex; it really was as if we were of one flesh, and I got as much pleasure from her pleasure as from my own. Maybe more.

My approaching sense of climax grew and grew, assuming vast proportions that threatened to blow my mind. Was I going to have a stroke? Did I even care, if this was going the way I went?

Then it crashed over me, sweeping away everything. My whole body clenched with the power of the orgasm, and the feeling of sympathy with Kasey June became complete: I felt like I was actually experiencing what she was as I blew a massive load deep inside her. I could feel her clenching teeth and spasming hands as if they were my own, except that I had never felt such an overwhelming sense of euphoric satiation.

As I lost consciousness, I was almost confused who I was, but it was a good sort of confusion.

## Honeymoon

I woke with a start, afraid that my body had been stolen. But no, the hand I brought to my face was mine, a man's hand, feeling the scratch of an unshaven face. I snatched my hand away because I'd always hated the feeling of stubble, but it did confirm that I was still in charge and the demon hadn't tricked me.

"Oh thank God," I said aloud, in my own voice, and looked over to the other side of the marriage bed. Empty. I had a vague impression of her having gotten out of bed before me. Maybe she was about to make me breakfast in bed?

I continued to lounge, drawing my mind away from my dissatisfaction with my scratchy jawline to the more pleasant contemplation of the prospect of her walking in naked, bearing a fresh-cooked meal. It was very quiet in the cabin, and I speculated that she'd gone out for a walk or something. It vaguely occurred to me that it would probably be romantic to make breakfast for



her to return to. I almost considered it, but then decided to go back to sleep again in the hopes that she would return and start breakfast herself.

The cabin remained quiet and still when I woke again, and a slight sense of misgiving stole over me. Where *was* she? What if some jealous would-be suitor had come to take her away? What if she had found out something about my past?

I bolt upright at the thought, and that was when I noticed something else was missing.

“Ohmygod ohmygod ohmygod,” I said in panic as I looked down at the place where my cock and balls had been. There was the pubic hair I hated, but that was it: no penis, no testicles, no ballsack, nothing. As if my male equipment was just hiding, I spread my legs apart as wide as they’d go, but that revealed nothing. The one thing about my body I really loved, and it was stolen.

“Oh God, no!” I wailed, “What did she *do* to me?”

Then I noticed the keys were missing from the mantle. She’d taken the car as well as my cock; I thought I had heard the sound of the engine starting in my sleep.

“How could you do this to me?” I complained to God, or to Kasey June, or someone. Someone had betrayed me, again. Why had I thought this time would be different? I felt like such a rube, a sucker, a clod. No one would respect me. Women would pity me for my emasculation and men would know I was no man.

Then I saw something laying on the mantle that I couldn’t quite make out, and my heart leapt. Maybe the keys were there? Illogically, I thought if I could locate the keys then perhaps I’d find my prick as well.

Regardless of my dubious logic, I got out of bed, trying to ignore the telltale *vacant* feeling between my legs. There were no keys on the mantle, but there was a piece of paper, artfully folded into a pentagram shape and propped against the wall.

I frantically unfolded it, feeling that there was something inside. It would make it all better, wouldn’t it? It had to!

There was no real doubt what it was, though; I just didn’t want to admit that it would be the companion ring to the one on my finger. On the inside of the origami pentagram - made from a folded slip of church letterhead - she’d written, ‘A fair trade: your firstborn in trade for the return of your magnificent cock. With affection, Agrat.’

I was relieved for a moment; I felt very confident I would be able to part with a child in exchange for the restoration of my masculinity. Then I recognised the problem: there was no way I could father a child without my penis.

That was when I noticed that where there was previously a single stack of marriage documents, there were now two small stacks side by side. Etched into the brick above them was the word, “Choose.”

One contained Kasey June’s birth certificate, the envelope it had come in, and ID card. The

other was three pieces of paper stapled together, fronted by a hospital's cover sheet.

I opened up the medical report. It was for James Sero, and it was a case report describing a man born without genitals. On the last page, there was a line with the instruction 'sign here to decline the offer,' in Agrat's handwriting, next to a pin with a small red top poked through the page. I dropped it in horror.

After a moment of staring at the nightmarish medical report where it lay on the ground like a strange sort of grenade, I tore my eyes away to examine the other stack. It didn't surprise me to find that the torn envelope had another pin with a pink top thrust through the paper next to the instruction, 'sign here to accept my offer.' I felt tremendous relief. Once I signed, I'd get my penis back, then I'd find some chick to knock up, and it would all work out. It had to. I had summoned Agrat, after all, and she owed me, didn't she?

Somehow I knew I had to sign in blood, and I had to try several times to press hard enough with the pin to draw any, but eventually I managed it. I wasn't sure how to sign my name with it, but as soon as the first drop of blood contacted the paper, there was a flash of light and heat as the envelope burst into flames, along with the horrid medical report.

I screamed in fright and batted the burning page away from the rest of the documents, then hit it with a pillow until it went out.

With that danger averted, I sat on the bed and waited for the deal to take effect. At first, nothing happened, but then I started to feel an odd twisting sensation deep in my gut. That had to be it, my penis coming back. I could feel something pressing against my skin from the inside right where my cock was supposed to be, and I parted my pubic hair in order to observe the developments better.

To my surprise, however, my fingers brushed away the hair entirely, which seemed to have detached from my skin. A few more intentional brushes revealed the awful flatness of my crotch. Or not quite flat; a slight bump had formed where I felt the pressure, and it looked like skin below was puckering. My scrotum reforming, surely.

Surely? I watched as the pucker developed into a shallow vertical cleft, which deepened and folded in on itself. The incipient cock didn't emerge either, so much as the top of the cleft reached up to it and spread into a slight hood.

I could feel the changes continuing, deepening and spreading, and I kept staring at my crotch, insisting on believing that any moment the changes would shift and the puffy vulva-like mounds would become testicles, and the clit-like nub would sprout into a dong.

"Please," I whispered, and brushed honey-blond waves away from my face. I could see that my crotch was slowly becoming closer as the distance between my head and my bottom shrank. My waist nipped in as well, but my hips remained as wide as ever. I was shrinking all over.

Almost all over: my pectoral muscles seemed to grow, but I already knew I wasn't watching muscles, I was developing breasts. They swelled into handfuls at the same time as the size of my

hands dwindled to match Kasey June's. The boobs... my boobs... kept growing. I knew just how big they were going to get, because I had begun to grasp that I was turning into Kasey June.

That I had turned into her. The room around me felt noticeably larger than it had two minutes prior, and there was nothing about me reminiscent of James Sero. In fact, even James Sero's clothes were gone.

And so was James Sero's wallet.

And so were the documents saying that James Sero and Kasey June Richmond were man and wife. That meant Kayla June Richmond had no education, no job, no money, and no husband to support her.

"Oh God, what am I going to do?" I whimpered in Kasey June's voice.

My voice.

# A Sad Case

## James Sero's End

God didn't answer, but it was only a figure of speech for me. Some part of me knew that I didn't want any higher power scrutinizing my deal with an infernal being.

But weren't they bound by the rules? She couldn't just take what she wanted and not give me what I asked for, could she? She was supposed to give me my dream girl in exchange for... I ran a hand through my now long, luxurious hair as I tried to consider what the trade had been. Agrat hadn't taken the bible, had she? But I hadn't offered anything else, so there couldn't be a binding contract.

Kasey June's phone rang, and I picked it up. I should have been relieved when the caller ID said James Sero, but I wasn't.

"Hey! This wasn't the deal!" I tried to yell into the phone, but it came out more like a whine.

"Absolutely it was the deal, my dear," Agrat's disturbing polyphonic voice answered in my head.

"Sorry, babe, but I just realized you're too young," James' apologetic voice said from the phone. I knew the tone: he had come up with a reasonable-sounding excuse for doing what he wanted to do.

Even though it was my voice on the other end of the line, somehow it infuriated me more than Agrat.

"Fuck you!" I shouted with much stronger anger this time.

"Maybe," Agrat's voice said mirthfully.

"Babe, it's for your own good," my voice said reasonably from the phone, "You'll understand when you're older."

"What am I supposed to do now?" I shouted.

"Enjoy Kasey June," Agrat advised me, "How many people get to inhabit a body crafted to their exact preferences?"

"The church will make sure you're okay," my voice assured me confidently, "I'll send them a letter explaining how it all is." I knew myself well enough that no such letter would be forthcoming. Worse, I remembered that James had the marriage certificate that was supposed to be filed to prove we were legally married. If he absconded with the paperwork - and I was sure he was planning to do so - then I would be fucked. Literally and figuratively.

“What if I’m pregnant?” I asked, my stomach dropping.

“It will be my child,” Agrat said.

“You’re not pregnant,” James told me, having convinced himself that it wasn’t true because he didn’t want it to be.

“I hate you,” I told him, and I’d never meant something so deeply in all my life.

“Understandably,” Agrat said with great satisfaction.

“You’ll thank me later,” he said, and hung up.

I sat and stared at the phone for a moment, then asked, “Are you still here?”

“No, but I can hear you,” Agrat answered from inside my head.

“What have you done to me?”

“I have given you the body you asked for with the identity you specified, in exchange for your own body. Or, specifically, the part of your body that you truly valued.”

“I meant James. Why is he running away? Is he even real?”

“Your effigy is running away because I told it that the Ohio Bureau of Criminal Investigation is interested in some cheque forgery. Presently we will make an exchange in which it sacrifices something of no value to evade the law, which will succeed because it will cease to exist for the duration of your time as Kasey June.”

“You tricked him. Me,” I said, confused about many things, but sure that I had been tricked. I had a really good hand and my forgeries were perfect.

“It was the truth. It *is* being investigated.”

“They know it was me?”

“Let us speak of your new life. You owe me your firstborn child.”

“Then I get my body back?”

“Your penis will be returned to you,” Agrat confirmed. “You may not wish to return to your old life, however, so you may decide to negotiate for a different body, one untainted by your past deeds. But first, you must deliver the child to me. I will return for it. Until then, this will be our last conversation about this exchange. You may ask me three questions before I go.”

“I have to be a stupid bimbo for a whole pregnancy and all you’re giving me is three questions?” I objected.

“Your ideal female body, and three questions, of which two remain,” she said.

“That’s not fair!”

“I’m uninterested in what *you* think is fair,” she said, sounding more entertained than irritated.

“Okay, um, is Kasey June a real person, meaning, like, if I try to use her ID is it going to belong to a dead person or something?”

“The identity is real, and it currently belongs to you until such time as you chose to give it up. You are Kasey June, and you are a real person.”

“Who was Kasey June before I took her body?” I asked, forgetting that I was using up my last question for mere curiosity.

“Why, me, of course! I’m an excellent actress. Good of you to ask after her. I didn’t think you would,” she said, sounding genuinely pleased. “Perhaps you have more humanity than I thought. Be careful, Kasey June, and we shall meet again.”

I continued to feel her presence, but it seemed to recede. Somehow I knew she was talking to my effigy, bargaining with him. Closing my eyes, I could almost follow the conversation, and I could feel James’ panic and rage at the unfairness of being caught, sure that everyone else was getting away with their cons, or too stupid to even try. I had thought that Kasey June had been one of the latter, but of course she had been Agrat all along.

Disappointment of that kind was an unaccustomed feeling for me. I had encountered a few people I knew to be honest and earnest in my life, but my immediate family had taught me from the start never to expose any vulnerability, to seize any chance to look good, and to anticipate betrayal in moments of weakness. Religion had appealed to me as a way to always be in the right, a set of rules and a hierarchy that set me above reproach, but also because the flock was full of the sort who didn’t dare try to con me. And I mostly didn’t con them, either.

Without consciously knowing what I was doing, I had imagined Kasey June as a girl without anything so she would be too dependent on me to dare betraying me. Once I’d gotten to know her better, though, she had seemed so devoted to me that it wouldn’t even occur to her to do anything I wouldn’t like. Her life had seemed enviably simple and happy, and I had wanted to keep it that way.

Perhaps the only exception had been when, conscious that it was something I’d asked for in the deal with Agrat, I hinted to Kasey June that I would be open to her bringing home an attractive girl home for a threesome. I felt I had been thoughtfully gentle about it to make sure she knew that it wasn’t because I was dissatisfied with her; after all, the biblical patriarchs had multiple wives. She had acted like she didn’t understand what I was talking about, and, after reflecting on whether I really wanted a less devoted woman in bed with us making me feel awkward and inadequate, I never brought it up again. I would just enjoy the simplicity of Kasey June’s life and love, I thought, and hope that her trust gave me the strength to be her protector and all the other things men were supposed to be.

Beyond getting to ‘enjoy’ a life that was proving neither simple nor protected, it was also a blow to find out that it had been Agrat all along who had been pretending to be so sweet and trusting, yet hungry for me. It confirmed my cynicism to find that I had never really been what Kasey June wanted, either.

Yet, I *was* Kasey June now, and James’ failures were no longer mine. The slate had been wiped clean. I wasn’t sure how I felt about that, but I knew I was glad at that moment to consign the gibbering, pleading, threatening effigy of my previous self to oblivion where Agrat threw

him.

I wished Kasey June Richmond had been real, and James Sero had been fake. And, with a snap that I felt rather than heard, James ceased to be. With my connection to him obliterated, Agra's presence vanished from inside my head as well.

Now my wish was effectively granted, and only I remained.

## Kasey June Richmond's Beginning

With my consciousness consolidated in my new body, my focus turned to it.

It felt really young. I mean, my ID said I was eighteen years old, but I also *felt* like a teenager. I had forgotten how much energy I'd had then, and despite everything that had happened to me and the slight ache in my cunt, I felt amazing. I also looked amazing, as I peered down at myself. My breasts obscured some of my view, but between them I could see my flat tummy and perfect pussy attached to two long, smooth legs. I'd imagined such a view thousands of times, but I'd always known that I'd never *experience* it.

Maybe that was why it didn't feel like an out-of-body experience. My father might have slapped artistic ambitions out of me, but I still had an artist's imagination. And, like any red blooded man, I had devoted considerable thought to the exact dimensions of a perfectly feminine body, leaving me better prepared than most for what it would feel like to be in one. With that explanation of my own surprisingly unsurprised reaction settled, I continued my inventory of my handiwork.

I hadn't much of a tan, but my complexion was so clear that the only variation in tone was slight change in shade between skin that was usually protected from the sun and the more exposed areas on my lower legs and upper chest. And what a chest. I lifted up my breasts to test their weight, noting that only the long nails I'd worn for the wedding prevented them from spilling past my fingertips. They were enormous, and so sensitive. In a good way.

I rolled my areolae gently between my fingers, watching my little doorknobs bob atop the resulting bulge. Could I? Yes, I could pull my nipples up to my mouth to suck, and it felt *great*.

Okay, this wasn't the way I'd planned on having access to this body, but it wasn't so strange that I felt so good about it. What man would pass up an opportunity like this? My pussy felt good to stroke, too, and...

"Ow!" I yelled as the corner of a nail caught me in a sensitive spot. It hadn't actually hurt, but I could tell I had come perilously close. Okay, needed to be more careful about fingering myself.

For some reason I shook out my hand, as if it had been the painful spot. The sensation of the extra weight of the acrylics pulling from the tips of my fingers did distract me from my little

accident, and I examined my hands. I'd seen them yesterday, of course, and been a bit leery of them when these fingers had been manipulating my prick, but on my hand I found they weren't just customary feminine affectations, they were announcements of something. Of what, I didn't allow myself much introspection, but the professionally-formed French nails seemed to proclaim some mixture of adult sexuality and affluence.

False affluence, I knew, but few people knew better than I that sometimes appearances were more powerful than actualities. I considered for a moment whether I wanted the markers of my compulsory femininity gone, or whether I was glad to have my femininity magnified for whatever power that afforded me, and I tentatively decided that if I had to be a cute girl, I might as well try to use what advantages it could give me. I would need all the help I could get. Besides, it would be a shame to wreck some very pretty work.

I stepped in front of a mirror to view myself from a different perspective, even though of course I'd seen this body naked before. God, I really was hot as hell. My nipples hardened again at the sight of the sexpot in the mirror. Of course I missed the stolen cock because I wanted to fuck myself. What would it like, to be fucked by that amazing prick? I sort of felt like I knew, based on the strange double-feeling from my wedding night, but I wanted to feel it again, while fully inhabiting this body. I knew it would be great. And a great learning experience for me, so I'd be a better lover once I got back to being a man. No one would know how I'd learned, so it was okay.

But then I caught myself imagining being fucked with my own magically-enhanced cock and I recoiled. What had Agrat done to me, making me have fantasies like that? It had been an amazing ramrod, hard as a marble and just as sculpted, but that didn't mean I wanted to be fucked by my effigy. I shuddered with disgust at the thought, but the mental image of the member didn't fade so easily.

I figured I had better get dressed, because I was going to have to figure out what to do and I couldn't just be staring at myself all day, no matter how exquisite the view. Starting with a bra, so I could let go of my boobs. Holding them was inconvenient, and also distracting.

"Jesus," I swore, holding up Kasey June's bra. My bra, right. The reason I swore was because I saw the size tag: 28J. I had seen it before, but I hadn't twigged that it was the bra size. I figured I was a triple-D or something, but this was quite a bit further into the alphabet. And it didn't look that big. Big, no doubt, but "J-cup" sounded like a joke, or a made-up description of a porn star's breast size. A quick rummage in her baggage - my baggage - showed that I had several expensive-looking bras with similar sizes, plus a discount shop bra marked 40D that looked basically the same size. A closer examination of that somewhat worn and misshapen bra showed that the clasps had been sewn on by hand and some of the band fabric cut off.

I recalled that the ladies at the church had collected some money to get Kasey June some intimates for her honeymoon; evidently she'd brought along her hacked together old bra as well



in case the fancy new ones hadn't fitted properly. Or maybe she thought she'd need more than three bras.

Wait a minute, it was Agrat the whole time, so she must have known she wouldn't need extra bras. Why did she even bother getting enough clothes for more than the one night? Probably to throw me off the scent. And the bitch got me the wrong size bras, too! I couldn't get them on at all.

I was struggling to put on the bra from the previous night when Tammie the church secretary walked in on me and let out a shocked, "Oh!"

I spun, trying to hold my unfastened bra so as to cover my chest, but I couldn't think of anything to say.

Tammie looked off to the side in embarrassment. "I saw the car was gone and I thought the two of you would be out. I take it Pastor Sero is... is everything okay?"

"He left," was all I could say, feeling like I must look really silly.

"Yes," she agreed with a quizzical look, then her eyes widened. "Are you saying he *left*?"

I nodded solemnly, hoping that it wasn't obvious that her presence was arousing me. She appeared to have come prepared for a workout and her exercise clothes showed off her curves in a way she'd never let any of the men in the church see.

"He left you," she said, trying to get confirmation.

"Yes. He said I would thank him later, because I'm too young," I said, slightly bitter at him, even though he was sort of me. But he wasn't me any more, and even after I got finished being a girl, I wouldn't go back to being *him*, so fuck him. I could pile all the fault on him and it would never come back to me. And, belatedly, I realized that I wasn't even lying; it really *was* all his fault. It was sort of a relief, really.

"Oh, you poor thing!" Tammie said, and leapt to wrap me in a hug. She was tall enough and I short enough that she could kiss the top of my head.

Now I didn't have to worry about her seeing my wet snatch, but with no bra between my big tits and her taut abs, it seemed likely she'd feel how hard my nipples were.

"Oh!" she exclaimed again. "I should let you get dressed. It's a bit chilly isn't it?"

I didn't feel the least bit cold; quite the opposite at just that moment. Regardless, I accepted the excuse. "I've been struggling. I think my bras don't quite fit."

"They don't?" she said in surprise, "They seemed to fit before. Maybe I could help you."

"That would be wonderful, thank you," I said, recalling belatedly that Tammie had been Kasey June's maid of honor. Tammie had undoubtedly helped me with my wardrobe prior to the wedding.

She clipped it behind me without trouble. "Does that feel right?"

I didn't know what it was supposed to feel like, so I looked into the mirror for reference. It seemed about right to me. "Oh, I guess I was just doing it wrong."

“How were you trying to do it?” she asked in confusion.

“Um, like, “ I said, reaching around behind my back to try to unfasten it, feeling like my fumbling would expose me as a fraud any moment.

She giggled slightly. “Clasp it in front of you first, then rotate it around before putting the straps up. See? It fits perfectly.”

I looked up into her face looking down at me with a friendly smile, and it was lucky I was so much smaller than she was, or I might have tried to kiss her. Which would not have gone over well even if she was as attracted to me as I felt like she must be, because there were absolutely no lesbians in our church, or any other sexual deviants. Well, perhaps a cheating husband or two, but everyone understood that fallible men sometimes fell short when the devil assaulted them with womanly wiles. Gays, lesbians, and other bad influences went off to camp if they were minors, and adults were invited to find another church. Having to leave the church wouldn’t exactly break my heart, but one thing James had been right about is that they would take care of me as long as I didn’t break their rules, and I’d need their support while I was preggo.

“Thanks, Tammie. I guess I’m kind of helpless,” I said, trying to accustom myself to my new role as church charity case. I was pretty sure I’d be able to milk the fact that it was their pastor who skipped out on me. If I was already pregnant with his baby, I’d really be set; they’d really want to avoid a lawsuit. The next ten months or so might be boring, but they’d definitely be nice to me.

And, wonder of wonders, I was standing in my underwear with a woman, and there was none of the old awkwardness about it. A wave of pleasure deeper than an orgasm broke over me, and to avoid ruining by examining it too closely, I turned my attention to dressing.

## Churchladies

“I’m proud of how well you’re taking it,” Tammie told me as she drove me to the church lodgings where James had lived so I could pick up my things. As Kasey June, I was petite everywhere except bum and bust, but I did have long gams relative to my stature. The flip side of that, though, was that my torso was *small* for my stature. That meant I was even shorter when I was sitting in the passenger seat of Tammie’s car. It would have made me feel like a child, if I hadn’t been reminded of my maturity by the surge of my breasts every time the car hit the slightest bump.

“I think I somehow knew he might do this,” I said with a theatrically weary sigh, “I guess I’m just glad it happened right away. I wouldn’t want to be married to such a coward.”

It was curious. One moment I was happily dumping on the now-obliterated James Sero in order to set my new self up as a girl wise beyond her years, and the next I was hit with the

blinding realisation that James Sero *was* an abject coward, that I wasn't even making up stories about myself. He was terrified of being revealed as unmanly and unworthy, and would do anything to anyone to avoid it. God, I had been such a despicable *loser*.

I shuddered. Obviously being a dumb girl was mortifying, unfair, and completely uncalled-for, but going back to being James was somehow worse. When I returned to being a man, I would need to be stronger, more handsome, more eloquent, and more careful. Then I would win. And in the meantime, it didn't matter that I was a chick because no one would know it had been me. In fact, it was a relief to think that I was just going to be a dumb girl for a while and no one would really expect much of a bimbo like Kasey June. I almost felt like it was a vacation in some ways.

Stopped at a red light, Tammie took a moment to study me. "You don't have to answer, but did he... Did you, uh..."

"Have marital relations? Yes," I said, blushing at the memory of how good it had felt. James might have been worthless, but that cock had been gorgeous. I missed it.

"Do you want help? I could drive you to Birmingham."

It took me a moment to puzzle out what she was asking, until I caught onto the subtle suggestion of some sort of contraceptive services. I was pretty sure it was too early for an abortion, but there were pills you could get, too, right? I had never paid much attention. I was a little shocked that a church secretary would suggest it even obliquely. She could get in a lot of trouble if anyone found out that she'd helped me to terminate a pregnancy.

"No, if the Lord wills it, I'll carry the baby," I said courageously, feeling very superior that a holier-than-thou church girl like Tammie would turn out to practically be an abortionist. While I was a girl I would fulfill my divinely-ordained purpose of being fruitful and multiplying rather than being a selfish feminist. The awareness that I was also constrained to be fruitful by my agreement with Agrat only slightly impaired my feelings of righteousness.

She swallowed and nodded, but didn't argue with me. For a moment, I thought she was worried I would expose her heterodoxy, but a moment of studying her profile revealed no fear, only concern. She thought I was in over my head.

To save me the pain and awkwardness of going inside my faithless groom's quarters, Tammie ran in to fetch my things. It was a quick task, as everything Kasey June owned that was not already in my luggage fit in a backpack. A short further drive brought me to the room I'd been renting prior to the wedding, only to find someone else already moving in.

"I'm sure the Davises will have another room you can rent," Tammie assured me, "Until then I'm sure you can stay at the pastor's suite. Or... No, the pastor's suite would be best. I'll call Mrs. Davis for you tomorrow." Mrs. Davis was as devout as she was elderly, and would not take a tenant call on a Sunday. "And Mrs. Whitman, in case the church hasn't heard from Mr. Sero

yet.”

“I reckon they won’t have,” I said, knowing that he would have done almost anything to avoid giving anyone an opportunity to remind him of his responsibilities.

It was strange to find myself feeling such contempt for... myself. But I couldn’t turn it off. Now that I was Kasey June, seeing my old self from the outside but with certain inside knowledge, it was impossible not to notice how incredibly weak and pathetic he was.

For just a moment, I was forced to consider the awful possibility that I was still pathetic and weak in addition to being a helpless girl, and I burst into tears at the unfairness of it all.

Tammie seemed to have been expecting my reserve to crack, and pulled me into another reassuring hug so I could wet her blouse with my tears. Within a few seconds my attention shifted to her ample breasts beneath the blouse, and Tammie’s faint plum blossom scent. Damn, she was hot.

“You can cry. It’s okay. I know I would,” she said when she noticed I’d stopped.

“I don’t care that much, it’s just frustrating,” I said, not wanting her to think I was a crybaby.

She laughed slightly. “Come on, hon, it’s okay to care. But I do hope you can move on from this in time. It wasn’t your fault, you know. This is completely Mr. Sero’s fault.”

“I know,” I said, a little unsettled to have someone else say it on my behalf rather than having to assert it myself. Yet at the same time, I was agreeing with someone blaming me, which was even rarer. In fact, I didn’t think I’d ever done so before.

“Is it okay to stay in Mr. Sero’s suite, or,” I could see she was trying to come up with alternatives. She lived with her ultraconservative parents, so likely she didn’t think she could offer me the sofa. “The only other option I can think of is the Holly Inn.”

I winced. The Holly Inn was a motel just past the edge of town more commonly called the Holly Jolly, and was notorious for hosting whores who hung around the adjacent truck stop. “This is fine.”

“Do you want me to stay a while?” she asked tentatively.

It gave me a really strange feeling to hear a tone of voice that activated my instinct to use her tenderness to my advantage, then recall that I had no advantage, then realize that maybe I *did* have a different sort of advantage, and finally give it up because I wasn’t sure what use I could make of Tammie that she wasn’t already providing. My eyes fell down her breasts; there was one thing I might want from her, and I knew she thought I was attractive, but I’d really be in it if her unexpected sexual liberality didn’t extend to sex with women, which it probably didn’t. She was *much* too hot to be into that sort of thing, wasn’t she?

Several thousand hours of girl-on-girl porn rose to mind, but I knew it was just for the camera. At least, I had always been sure they would take a cock for the right price.

Tammie didn’t make me answer until we were back inside my old suite, by which time I had spent a bit too much time trying to imagine what it might be like to have sex with Tammie

without a dick. Uncharacteristically, I acknowledged to myself that I would be fairly bad at it, and the only thing worse than boring her with bad cunnilingus would be her condescending to teach me. And making her go down on me wouldn't work; she had all the power. In some ways, being with girls as a girl was so much less awkward, but previously I could lean on the natural deference girls owed men, hinting that any failures were due to their inexperience and unworldliness. Now that I was a girl, I couldn't call on that. Granted, plenty of girls had been so ruined by feminism that they hadn't properly deferred to me even when I'd been a man, but as a pastor I met lots of girls who were still girls and expected men to be men. Like my father had been.

Not that I wanted to be a bloody bastard like my father, but he had known how to be a man. I shuddered.

Well, no one would expect me to be a man anytime soon, but obviously my father's son wouldn't know how to be a girl, either. Maybe I would be able to get by as a girl because no one would expect me to lead the way, but I had no experience in how that would work, and I didn't want to mess things up with Tammie already.

"No, I think I want some time alone," I said, and she gave me another brief, tight hug before she left. Well, I hadn't messed it up.

Unpacking my things was a bit dispiriting; Kasey June had arrived in town with almost nothing and had dressed herself with cast offs and discount shop clothes that she inexpertly altered to fit. Or maybe... Maybe she avoided tailoring them *too* well, so the church ladies wouldn't tut-tut my figure. Her figure. Which was mine.

Though, changing into one of her baggy tops, I realized it was perhaps less baggy than it had been. She'd arrived hungry and thin, but between church meals and working at the diner, she had filled out noticeably and now some of the first tops Kasey June had altered were, if not precisely *tight*, at least no longer loose.

In fact, the track jacket she'd worn when I had first seen her was now perfect for showing off my rack while maintaining a degree of plausible modesty. Stretching across my tits drew the band up a bit; not so much that it revealed my midriff unless I raised my arms, but enough that made plain that what fat I had was overwhelmingly in my boobs and buttocks. Much better than some of the others that sort of made me look like a fattie.

I ended up taking everything off so I could look at myself in the mirror again. No, I was definitely not a fattie; I was absolutely a hottie. I had a little softness in my middle, but you could only see it if I turned side-on to the mirror and maybe slouched a bit. I snapped a couple pictures with my tummy pulled tight and thought I'd show up all those OnlyFans sluts, if that was the sort of thing I'd do. Which it wasn't, but it was kind of hot thinking about it.

That made me turn to look closer at my vag, to see if the tight feeling developing down there was visible in some way. It was, a little. Slowly, tentatively, I started to stroke myself while

watching my nipples harden and my vulva puff up noticeably. I had always wanted a girl who visibly displayed how aroused she was, and, well, here I was. As I got more excited, I tried slowly sliding a finger in, but I could tell I was likely to jab myself with the nail if I pressed as hard as I wanted to press. I switched to teasing myself along the outside, and rubbing the skin beside my clit with the backs of my nails. It felt amazing, and watching the slutty girl in the mirror frig herself was making me more and more excited.

My legs were getting shaky, but when I sat down to focus on masturbating without fear of stumbling, I couldn't watch myself any more, so I instead climbed up to crouch on the countertop. I wasn't entirely stable like that, so I rotated my stance until I could rest a knee against the glass, and fuck, I looked even sluttier now. I was also getting a hang of pushing in with my knuckles and rolling up and down in a steady rhythm. At first I used my other hand to steady myself, but I was getting impatient with how slowly my climax was building, and I wanted to see those tits squeezed.

"Oh god!" I gasped at the feeling of my fat titties in my hand, and my hand on my fat titties, and the sight of both in the mirror. That girl needed a hard fucking, I thought about myself, and I imagined that huge, perfect prick hammering into me. James' face tried to surface, but I definitely didn't want *that* guy killing the mood. Who else to imagine fucking me? Tammie?

It was of course weird and gross to be imagining Tammie with a dick fucking me, but the important bit was that it got me over the finish line, which it did.

"Oh ooooh!" I screamed, first in pleasure as I came, then in alarm as my convulsions pushed me away from the mirror toward a tumble off the countertop, and finally in horror as I grabbed the tap to steady myself, causing it to tear out of its mounting.

It was still attached to the hoses feeding it and the screw on one side had partially held, so I didn't actually fall, but it was a mess. It had been a bit loose when I'd moved in so I'd used a little leftover grout to glue it place and keep it from wiggling. I guess water had been collecting behind the tap and had rotted the wood where it touched the grout, which had pulled some of the vinyl surface away from the wood it was laminated to.

I pushed it back into place and wiped away the grout debris. Well, it didn't look too bad after all. A quick test of the tap confirmed that it still worked. If I re-grouted and was gentle with it, probably no one would even be able to tell.

A few minutes later I was satisfied that I'd hid the damage well enough that I'd be gone before anyone noticed a problem.

Just as I was congratulating myself on my resourcefulness, my phone rang. It was Mrs. Whitman, calling - on a Sunday! - to apologize to me on my behalf, saying she'd never been more shocked in her life at my reprehensible behavior toward myself. She was very sympathetic, and like Tammie also gingerly asked if the wedding had been consummated, though in her case she assured me that it was very unlikely that anything would come of having had sex with my

departed self. She also advised me not to tell anyone that it had happened, to protect my reputation.

"I'm sure you wouldn't like to stay amongst Mr. Sero's personal affects," she concluded somewhat breezily in her tone that brooked no contravention, "So we'll find a more suitable place for you."

"Tammie was trying to find a place for me from the Davises," I told her.

"Yes, we'll have to see if there's a place available," Mrs. Whitman agreed thoughtfully. "In the meantime, we'll come over and pack up Mr. Sero's things for you."

"That's nice of you, but I wouldn't want to put you to so much trouble," I said, hoping she was offering in a pro-forma way.

"I insist," she said, and within an hour three church ladies and two of their sons were in my suite, ruthlessly gathering up all of James' things and throwing them into the backs of two pickup trucks brought for the purpose.

One of the church ladies was Mrs. Whitman herself, who was impressing on me the wisdom of being quiet about what had happened with Mr. Sero until the church decided how to handle the matter.

"The tap is leaking," Mrs. Whitman's son told her and looked at me.

"I just got here!" I objected.

"And it just started leaking, based on how much water is under the sink."

"Mr. Sero must have broken it, and maybe I messed up his repairs" I insisted.

"I'll agree to that, because I can see he jammed a bunch of grout under the tap base, but there's fresh grout in with the old grout. That's not how you use grout, Kasey June. Did Mr. Sero tell you to do it that way?"

Now the other church ladies had arrived to witness the discussion, ramping up the pressure.

Eager to blame it on my former self, I said, "I'm sorry, I panicked when it broke. I didn't do anything weird."

"When did Mr. Sero have an opportunity to show you how he conducted home repairs, Kasey June?" Mrs Whitman asked.

"Uh," I said, trying to think of any church construction projects that both Kasey June and James had attended. "At the playground build for the church."

"He showed you how to use *grout* there?" the son asked in obvious disbelief.

"I don't recall seeing you with Mr. Sero there," Mrs. Whitman said, her thin lips compressing further. "Where was the grout container, Jacob?"

"In the back of the closet, where we left it after renovating the bathroom," her son answered.

"So you seem to know Mr. Sero's quarters quite well from before this afternoon," Mrs. Whitman told me primly. "I think we know now why you married so quickly, and why Mr. Sero left before he could take responsibility. Well, Kasey June, let me make clear that the church will

not be browbeaten into supporting you and your child. How long have you been pregnant?”

“I’m not pregnant!” I objected.

“Well, we trust you are not. Then perhaps we can help you to restore your reputation. In the meantime, I think it’s time that you and the church part ways.”

“I didn’t do anything wrong! Mr. Sero,” I started, before being silenced by the sight of a huge roll of bills emerging from her handbag.

“Don’t think I lack sympathy for your situation, but you see I must protect the flock. So, I’m prepared to send you on your way with some help in exchange for you acknowledging that you hold the church harmless in the matter between you and Mr Sero.”

She spread a short legal document out for me to read, and lay the cash next to it.

“You came prepared,” I said. No wonder she was willing to make an exception to her otherwise rigid maintenance of the Sabbath.

“You’ll find I’m always prepared to defend the church. To the utmost.”

The threat was clear, and I knew all of the churchladies watching would back Mrs Whitman’s account of anything, so I signed.

## Getting Inn Trouble

They were kind enough to drop me off at the Holly Inn, and convinced the pinch-faced woman running the office to accept four hundred of my dollars as a deposit, plus two hundred more for a week’s stay in advance. I went along with this course of affairs after Mrs Whitman suggested that I might otherwise find my job at the diner in peril, and also because it was rather less expensive than I had supposed.

Thereafter I found myself in a room that, while not at all luxurious, was actually not so squalid as I had expected. No bugs skittered about, nor was the cigarette smell overpowering. The sheets were basic and the blanket threadbare, but both seemed clean enough. The only real signs of what kind of motel it was were the prominent signs declaring NO GUESTS, and warnings that damage to the room or excessive messes would be taken out of the deposit.

There wasn’t much of value in the room to damage. The television looked to be at least ten years old, the sort of thing one might find abandoned on the pavement in front of an apartment building after a move. A peeling laminated sign advertised a selection of premium content, some of them X-rated channels that had since gone out of business. No remote was in evidence, but I was able to find buttons on the TV itself to turn it on set it to receive from the cable snaking in from the cable box screwed into the ceiling. The cable box was set to an X-rated channel what was still in business, but without a remote, there didn’t appear to be any way to select something else. Well, at least I had an excuse for why I wasn’t watching TBN.



Pressing the power button didn't turn the television off; instead it brought a settings menu. I navigated around a bit, but didn't find a way to turn it off again. I considered just unplugging it, but then I was distracted by comparing my boobs to the porn star's. I thought mine looked bigger, and certainly more real, based on how little hers bounced when she was getting rogered. It gave me a sort of smug feeling to think that I was hotter than a porn star. After that, though, there was a clip advertising another programme featuring a woman with much bigger breasts than mine and a very confident way with a riding crop, and I was reminded that I was perhaps not quite the pinnacle.

I counted out my twenty remaining twenty dollar bills then, and sat on the bed for a bit contemplating them. They were not quite all of my money; Kasey June had saved up almost fifty dollars in small bills before leaving on what she'd thought would be her honeymoon, and those were now in my purse. If I ate at the diner and made at least... I typed it out on my phone calculator... 6 dollars in tips per hour, then I'd be able to eat and pay for the room on the part time hours they gave me. As hot as I was, I should be able to do that no problem, right?

And now that I didn't have to keep the church happy, I could make the most of my new body. Well, not the most; it was still a conservative town, but plenty of girls here dressed more provocatively than Kasey June had, including girls in church. It was too late in the day to take the bus to Walmart one town over, but tomorrow I could replace some of my less attractive clothing. Maybe I could sell it? Probably not.

But maybe there was another option.

I headed into town to pick up the supplies, and by nightfall I had candles burning at the points of the salt star on the vinyl flooring in my motel room. Piled in the middle were my cast-offs as an offering. You might think that I was awfully quick to resort to this after the outcome of previous infernal trades, but I thought my offer was fair: four complete sets of clothes in exchange for one more fitting outfit.

"Hello again, Kasey June," Agrat's voice said, sounding amused, "Are these clothes you detest your trade of value?"

"Yes," I said, feeling unsettled. Prior small trades had been quick, and the swap accepted without questions.

"Very well, I will take them, and in return, I will deliver to you both money and clothing that will fit you more closely. Don't try to evade it; that wouldn't go well for you."

As her voice faded, so did my clothes, then I heard the lock on the door to the room turning. I rushed to clear away the evidence of my demonic bargaining before whomever came in, but to my surprise, no one did. I could hear people walking around on the pavement outside my door, and some rather drunken banter, but no one came inside.

I was just going to re-lock the door when someone turned the handle and stumbled in.

"Fuck yea, Rich Mounds. I always knew you were a whore," Buck Greenbill said with a

laugh, and kicked the door closed behind him as I backed away. He was a star high school quarterback with a reputation for drunken fighting, reckless driving, and battered girlfriends.

"I think there's been a mistake," I said fearfully, which just made him laugh as he took off his pants.

"Afraid you can't fit a dick this big in your mouth? I'll just put it in your ass instead," he joke-threatened me, exposing a prick that looked bigger than it was because it was pointed at me, like the loaded gun it was.

"I'm not a whore," I complained.

"Sure, you just give fifty dollar BJs at the Holly Jolly, whatever," he said, advancing until I'd backed against the wall. "Are you telling me you want me to assrape you instead? Get on your knees so I can fuck your stupid face, bitch."

Remembering what Agrat had told me, I decided I had to do what he said. He was sweaty and rough, but it didn't make me gag, and even his repeated refrain of "Stupid bitch, stupid bitch," as he dragged my head on his shaft lost its sting after a moment. It was sort of weird to look up and see he wasn't even looking at me. Instead he had a fist balled and his eyes screwed shut as if imagining some other scene. It went on like that for longer than I would have thought possible, but finally he pulled me off him and finished by jacking off into my face while saying, "Fuck you! Fuck you, you dirty bitch!"

"Gross," he said, and wiped himself off on my shirt before pulling up his trousers and walking out.

I locked the door after him with my eyes still closed against the sour, beery cum on my face, then immediately took a complete shower. While I was washing I tried to understand how I was feeling. Revolted, yes, but less than I would have thought. Afraid? Yes, but also less than I would have thought.

When I got out, I might have been most irritated that he hadn't left any money. What sort of bullshit was that? He had been drunk, but not so drunk that he would have forgotten he owed me fifty dollars. I was offended, and outraged. No, I wasn't a whore, but if he was going to treat me like one, he should have paid me. And now my one remaining set of clothes had cum on. I couldn't think of anything to do but put the clothes back on, sneak to the laundry room and wait there for them to wash.

This proved easy enough in the dark; I didn't pass anyone close enough for them to notice anything odd about the stains on my top, and the room itself was only accessible with room keys, so with luck I'd not meet anyone before I finished.

I didn't have luck. I was still trying to scrape enough detergent residue out of a discarded bottle to suffice for a load when the door opened and a woman stepped in.

"Oh! Oh!" she said, first in surprise, then in surmise. "You're the girl who took Molly's trick!"

“I didn’t mean to! He just barged in and didn’t take no for an answer. And didn’t pay, either!” I tried to cross my arms angrily, but it just made my boobs bulge out.

She giggled. “Sorry about that! He was pretty drunk, wasn’t he? Here, it was paid in advance.” She checked to make sure the door was latched before pulling two twenties out of her purse and handed them to me. “My name’s Yolanda. You’re in Francine’s old room, right?”

“I don’t know,” I said, “I just got here today.”

“Oh. You clean?”

“Clean? You mean, do I do drugs? No.”

“Good. Good. If you want to work here, that’s fine, but you gotta pay the house.”

“Is that why you only gave me forty dollars and the guy said something about fifty?”

“Exactly. How long you been working?”

“I swear I’m not a whore,” I said.

“Right,” Yolanda snorted, “And that’s why your main concern is why I handed you ten bucks less than you expected.”

“I’m telling the truth. I just really need the money.”

“Okay,” she said with a shrug, “Whatever you say. But if you start working, let me know in room 14 or you’re likely to get kicked out. Not because I’d report you, mind, but because the old lady watches to make sure she gets her cut. We look out for each other here, so no pimps or trash like that, but you know she wouldn’t put up with it if it wasn’t worth it to her, understand?”

I nodded, not sure what else to say. It had belatedly occurred to me that it probably wasn’t a good idea to insult this lady, who might be a little raddled and skanky looking, but was friendly enough and seemed to be a sort of important person at the motel.

“Were those your only clothes?” she asked, looking at my miniature load sitting in the bottom of the washer, and up again at me standing in my underwear.

“I lost the rest,” I said uncomfortably, trying to think of a good story to tell that wouldn’t cause problems down the line.

“Oh, honey, you weren’t kidding that you needed money, were you?”

“No,” I said, strangely touched at her concern for me, and relieved by something in her voice that said I could trust her not to try to take advantage of me.

She looked me up and down with a critical eye. “You could make a lot of money if... But I believe you when you say you’re not in the business. Do you have a regular job?”

“Yeah, I work at the diner in town three days a week.”

“Got a car? I’m guessing not.”

I nodded confirmation. “No license, either.”

“How old are you?”

“Eighteen.”

“Really eighteen? If you’re a runaway, you can tell me. I won’t tell nobody, but I can help

you.”

“No, really. This is my real ID,” I said, handing her my card.

She looked at it carefully, then up at my face. “Five foot nothing. Well, I have some things that would probably fit you okay.”

I looked at her skeptically. She was a lot taller than I was, and a lot less trim around her waist.

“Not my clothes. Francine’s. She was closer to your size,” she said, miming a big chest to let me know how our sizes were similar, “Plus they’re, like, leggings and stuff with stretch so it doesn’t have to be exact.”

“What happened to Francine?”

“Oh, she went on a bender with her worthless boyfriend and got into trouble,” she said sadly. “I helped her get a lawyer and she gave me all her stuff. She’s going to be in jail for a few months and then in a halfway house, so she doesn’t really need any of it, and it hardly ever fit her anyway, ‘cause she put on so much weight after she got off the ice. And don’t worry, it’s all been washed since the last time a whore wore it.” She gave me a wink to let me know she was just messing with me.

“I’m sorry about that,” I said, apologizing even though I reckoned I didn’t *have* to. But it didn’t really cost me anything, did it? It was still a strange feeling; apologies didn’t come easily to me, and had always reeked of vulnerability. But Yolanda knew how vulnerable I really was, so the small admission could hardly put me in a worse position, could it?

“It’s okay, girly. You just had a really rough experience. It wouldn’t be fair to expect you to be totally together. Let me go get you something. Be right back.”

She returned with a brush for prewashing to help get the cum out of my clothes, and a number of outfits worth of elastic-fibre athletic clothes, including leggings, bodysuits and sports bras for bustier women. They weren’t really revealing in terms of skin, but of course they did nothing to hide my curves; quite the opposite, Yolanda said. She watched as I tried them on, laughing several times at how much better the clothes fit me than they had ever fit Francine.

That reminded me of the trade with Agrat. Well, the events which had fulfilled the bargain hadn’t been pleasant, but I had to admit that she had indeed delivered both money and more fitting clothes for my trouble.

# Exchanges

## A Girl's Life

I evaded the necessity of meeting Yolanda's fellow prostitutes because she had to get back to work overseeing them, leaving me to examine myself in my new clothes. Definitely Insta-worthy, I thought, wondering if I could make significant money there flogging fitness and nutrition bullshit. I could definitely make loads on OnlyFans, but that was for whores, and I wasn't a whore.

A memory of the taste and feeling of Buck's dipstick in my mouth returned unbidden. What would my cock have tasted and felt like? Could I even have fit it in my mouth? Probably not. I tried opening my mouth as wide as I could and felt at the distance between my incisors, then shut them with a clack of my teeth. What was I doing?

But there was no one around, so no one could possibly know what I was thinking about. Kasey June was a good clean girl who just had a bit of an accident, and everything would be fine.

I shook my head in momentary disbelief at my whole situation. Sure, it was only temporary, but I was a *girl*. I was going to be a girl for almost a *year*. Why wasn't I more freaked out? I mean, I was really worried about what would happen, but shouldn't it feel weirder to be a girl? What if, after spending too much time as Kasey June, it *stuck* somehow? Naturally I felt uncomfortable and outraged at my circumstances when I stopped to think about it, but at other times I noticed that I was falling into *girl* habits. For example, here I was wondering what people thought of me, and worried about whether I might get accosted while walking across the motel courtyard, which I never would have as a man.

When I was done being a girl, I resolved to insist on a trade with Agrat to make myself more manly than I'd ever been before: handsome, fearless, and bold. Taking no shit from anyone. Dominating girls like me, who would beg for the unmatched cock I could give them. Yes, girls like me would get wet with that perfect, rock hard cock thrusting between their breasts, licking its glistening tip.

I swallowed hard and tried to focus on the kind of man I'd demand to be made into. Well, it didn't really matter yet; that was a long time from now.

But what if Agrat turned me into that man but people noticed me having *girl* habits? Would they think I was a bit queer? But I wasn't going to try to act like a man as Kasey June, either.

I again shuddered at the *wrongness* of trying to carry off a man's swagger while being petite bombshell Kasey June. I didn't want anyone thinking I was a *dyke* or something gross like that. Besides, everyone already knew me. I would just have to have Agrat get rid of any dumb *girl* habits I picked up. So maybe I could let myself pick up some girl habits, as long as I remembered not to get too comfortable. And probably having been a girl would help me understand them when I was a man again.

I laughed at the thought of a girl telling me I didn't know what it was like, or saying I didn't know how hard it was to, like, put on mascara, and then proving to her I knew it better than she did. It would be a real power move. I didn't explicitly contemplate the fact that I didn't yet know the least thing about doing makeup, but I reckoned it would come to me as naturally as forgery had.

Though no stranger to doing my own laundry as a bachelor, I had never taken washing instructions seriously and it had always been more or less fine, whereas this time there were several consequences. One was shrinkage of my blouse, which had already been my tightest. Another was that I had thrown my flats in, thinking they would be fine because they were canvas, but they were cheap dollar store things with uppers glued to floppy soles, and came out of the dryer almost in two pieces.

I'd brought my wedding heels with me to have something to walk in if I had to, but I hadn't expected to need to use them. They weren't that high, but standing in them I was worried how I'd look walking back to my room.

Walking back and forth in the little room, I got the feeling that maybe Kasey June's muscle memory was helping me, because after a minute or two I was walking in a way that felt right. I was conscious of my bum swaying back and forth, but that was how girls walked in heels, wasn't it? Small steps, legs crossing over side to side.

I popped a button trying to force my blouse back on, so I decided to just wear one of Francine's outfits. Maybe people would think I was a whore, but at least they would be less likely to challenge me if I looked like I was capable and confident.

Probably my strut back to my room was overly exaggerated, but I was long accustomed to the need to swagger when I might otherwise be inclined to fear, even if the exact motions were different as Kasey June. I sort of pretended to be the hooker I'd once hired. James had chosen her because she seemed smaller and less experienced, but she had turned out to be jaded and almost flinty under her practiced smile. Under the circumstances I thought perhaps I could take her as a model for confidence in the face of judgmental people. I didn't feel precisely *flinty* as I walked, but I didn't see anyone watching either, so I got back to my room unobserved. As far as I could tell.

Back in my room I pulled my hair out of my hasty pony tail and tried to comb it back into

shape. It just hung limp and wet. Then I tried drying it again, which just made it look messy. Combing it out again made it straight, but frumpy, like one of those girls who didn't know how to groom themselves. Okay, maybe I needed to let it dry a bit.

I went through my things looking for my cosmetics, but I realized that Kasey June hardly had anything, and what she did have was cheap leftovers; her high quality wedding makeup had been applied by Tammie or someone like that, someone from the church. Okay, that was another errand for tomorrow.

In the meantime I slicked my hair back and gripped my room key between my fingers as protection as I sauntered over to the truck stop to buy a late night supper. I could feel the trucker eyes following me in Francine's figure-hugging outfit, and I knew they thought I was a hooker. I didn't think I could *not* look slutty in these clothes, but I decided I had to walk like I was out of their price range. And it worked. None of them dared approach, and the slob of a shop clerk acted like I was a celebrity he was too shy to speak to. It made me feel triumphant and powerful, and I think I might have added a slight extra wiggle on my way back. Maybe it wasn't *flinty*, but there *was* a sort of confidence in knowing I was superlatively sexy.

Was this a girl's life? A Kasey June life?

I couldn't decide if I was glad or afraid that I seemed to have a talent for it, and I didn't want to think too hard about why I might feel both.

## Shopping Day

The next day I took the bus to the nearest city to buy more clothes and supplies. I tried to find cheap stuff, but not much that was inexpensive fit well at all except through a great deal of stretch, meaning it was all form-fitting and did nothing to hide my enormous rack and bubble butt. Nothing really minimized my boobs without making me look like a bit of a fatty, so I gave up on that. Instead I got some fluffier jumpers that had enough elasticity that they accommodated my chest while still clinging tightly enough around my waist that everyone could see that I had a trim tummy. The bulky fabric actually made me look even bustier, but the cut wasn't revealing at all, so counted as chaste enough. I tried a few inexpensive pleat-fronted blouses to try to give me more different 'looks', but even though they didn't make me look fat they still looked a bit dumpy on me. I felt forced to expend a shocking amount of my remaining money on a fitted polo and ruched dress that were "on sale" at a shop that catered to curvy women specifically.

Because it was muggy out, I found myself deciding of my own free will to wear the dress that I'd only bought because because I thought one would be necessary if I hoped to avoid complete exile by the church crowd. Though it was of necessity below-the-knee, the bellows-like effect as I walked and its relatively open weave kept me cool while looking classier than

Francine's activewear. I adjusted to the feeling very quickly after reminding myself that, as a girl, it was completely fine to wear dresses. In fact, I was conscious of feeling quite cheerful about it, which I attributed to pride at my own cleverness.

I also got some flats and trainers very cheaply at a discount shop, but I remained in my heels because they remained quite comfortable and I didn't want to wear shoes that likely had recently had grubby poor people's feet in them. Between my look and my trips to boutiques where I couldn't afford much, I spent the day feeling very much like a window-shopping housewife. A hot and desirable one, though, which was a bit scary at times when I noticed how much bigger the men looking at me were, but also a welcome antidote to being too aware of how poor and grubby I actually was. In fact, I felt very good about myself that day, and congratulated myself on my fortitude in overcoming the ignominy of being forced to traipse about in a dress and heels.

Eventually it was time to board the bus home, which I spent with my bags held in front of me in a somewhat futile attempt to hide my figure and dissuade the other riders from bothering me. A pale, skinny tweaker paused his muttering to start talking with increasing volume and specificity about 'stuck up bitches' as I slid as far away from him as I could. Even more terrifyingly, a huge tattooed Black man with a gold tooth who boarded the bus a moment later sat down right next to me, blocking me in. But the newcomer didn't say a word to me; he just gave the scarecrow a look that cut through his drug-induced mania enough to impress on him the wisdom of shutting the fuck up.

"Thank you," I said after a long time.

"No problem, girlie," he said with a little laugh. "You work at Dixie Diner, right?"

"I do," I said in surprise. "Have I served you?"

He laughed louder, "No, girl, I don't think they'd like my looks there."

I looked up at him. He was a very imposing person, but he had a kind smile, as long as his gold tooth wasn't showing. "We serve everybody," I insisted.

He just shook his head a little.

"How did you know I worked there, then?"

"I saw you there when I applied for a job. You're hard to miss."

I laughed, feeling flattered, but then something else occurred to me. "Have they said whether they're hiring you?"

"No, but I know they won't."

"How can you be so sure?" I asked.

"Because I'm still on parole, for one."

"Really? What did you do?" I asked, wide-eyed. I didn't feel like he was dangerous at all, now, and it was hard to imagine that he'd done something so bad.

"I told a cop what I really thought of him," he said bitterly.

"Oh," I said, and habit almost prompted me to comment that it was better to cooperate with



law enforcement officers, but caught myself before I said something so stupid and insulting. I was no longer a pastor with the authority and standing to dispense such smug advice. Moreover, it wasn't expected of me to solve anything, or to explain to the unfortunate how God and the authorities would make things right in the end. Now I was one of the unfortunate ones, and this man was helping me.

"My name is Kasey June," I said, holding out my hand.

He took my tiny hand in his huge one, and shook it solemnly. "I'm Derek."

"Nice to meet you, Derek."

It *was* nice to have met him; having a friend of sorts was a brilliant defense against other sorts of harassment on the bus, and he was also an excellent storyteller once I started to follow his lingo. As a fellow tale-spinner, I appreciated his craft, and wondered how much of the hair-raising stories he told were true. From the portions I judged to be definitely true I learned that he had dropped out of a wretchedly underperforming secondary school and gone on to work as a bouncer and apprentice electrician, until getting involved in a brawl at a nightclub for which police blamed him. I wasn't sure if he was telling the whole truth when he said the police completely made up the claim that he was immediately uncooperative, but I had no trouble believing that it took five officers to subdue him when their baton strikes made him lose his temper. He reported his height as 6 foot 3 inches, his weight as 240 pounds, and a fantastical-sounding bench press record, none of which I really doubted, given my up-close view of his physique.

He'd gotten his high-school equivalency while in jail, but lost his apprenticeship, so now he was in a difficult situation, and I heartily wished him the best of luck when I got off at my stop. As I walked back to my room, I commended myself on my courage; rarely had I felt as comfortable and unafraid as I had chatting with the huge Black man. By rights, being a cute girl stuck on a public bus right next to a large Black man should have made me more apprehensive and awkward than I ever had been as James, but instead I'd felt very much at home.

I really felt very good about the day, getting back to my room. This was slightly impaired when I belatedly realized I'd left the shoebox containing my discount footwear under my seat when I'd had to move it to make space for Derek. Well, I would have to wear heels for another day. At least the flats had been cheap.

## **Back To Work**

It was embarrassing to return to work unmarried. My boss' pursed lips let me know that someone had gossiped to her regarding Mrs Whitman's conclusions about my behavior, but she at least didn't say anything. My coworkers, meanwhile, were aghast to hear what had happened

to me, and I was forced to impugn the motives and character of my own former self. It got me a lot of welcome sympathy, but also made me out to be an object of pity, which I did not enjoy so much.

They did congratulate me on my appearance, though, and seemed to regard it as a sign of resilience and personal fortitude that I showed up looking as pretty as possible. That had not actually been my intent; the problem was simply that my attempts to make my hair look attractive, or at least tidy, were unsuccessful to the point of counterproductivity, so I'd thrown myself on Yolanda's mercy. Yolanda had been a bit shocked to find me so incapable of managing my toilet, but willing enough to show me the way. Her definition of 'light and natural' makeup was somewhat liberal, but given that she wasn't as used to acting as cosmetologist to white girls, I had to admit that she made a good go of it.

It was good that I had my aborted marriage as an excuse for impaired performance, because I was wretchedly ill-suited to my job. I had assumed waitressing must be easy, but it required a great deal of memory and arithmetic, neither of which had ever been strong points for me. By the end of my shift I was doing far better than I began, but I'd had to apologize to more people than I had in the rest of my life combined. I did so as prettily as possible, so my tips weren't terrible, but neither were they what I had assumed I'd be able to earn with my appearance.

Afterwards Tammie waited outside to see how I was doing.

"I'm sorry I didn't text you before, but I was told to keep my distance, and I don't want them to find messages with you on my phone," she explained.

"They snoop on your phone?" I asked, less surprised than I pretended, given that as a pastor I had advised parents to do just that.

"I don't know, but they might. Did you hear? The church has called in a lawyer and a private investigator to look into the situation with Mr Sero. Apparently he's wanted for forgery in Ohio! I wonder if he even graduated from seminary as he claimed."

I had in fact exaggerated a smidgen about graduating with distinction, but my theology degree was real enough; the administration hadn't been able to prove that I hadn't written my own thesis paper. I mean, I'd written some of it, yet the administration tried to accuse me of having my girlfriend at the time write *all* of it.

"I'm sorry, it must be quite a shock to you," she consoled me, having misinterpreted my momentary reminiscence.

"No, it's fine. He's done and gone," I said with a shrug.

My band had slipped a bit during the shift, tautening my bra straps so that the shrug set my chest into dramatic motion, which distracted Tammie gratifyingly. I was feeling a bit run down and sweaty by then, but big boobs made up for much, didn't they?

"Do you need a ride?" she asked, "Where are you staying now?"

"The bus should be by soon," I said, "And I don't want to get you in trouble." I also didn't

want to reveal that I was at the Holly Jolly. Even worse if she witnessed me being on friendly terms with prostitutes there.

She seemed relieved; probably she was worried about getting in trouble as well. “I’ll try to stop by again, so don’t hesitate to let me know if there’s anything you need.”

Tammie was a very sweet girl, but I instinctively knew that she would never get too close to a pity case, so I did not intend to reveal any challenges unless things got really bad. Not that I really intended to seduce Tammie in any case. I just felt like it would be very validating if I could.

“Thank you! You *do* know that Mrs Whitman thinks I was visiting Mr Sero before we were married, and that’s why she kicked me out, don’t you?”

Now it was her turn to shrug fascinatingly. “That’s just her excuse. Her first concern is to protect the church from the consequences of Mr Sero’s bad behaviour. Once she’s sure you won’t try to sue, she’ll forget all about it.”

“Do you believe me when I say I didn’t?” I asked, wanting to put her on the spot and make her assure me of her support.

“It doesn’t matter. You intended to marry him in good faith, and millions of girls slip a little while waiting for their day.”

“You don’t believe me,” I said, pouting a little.

She sighed. “Look, I don’t judge, Kasey June, but I know some of the rides when Mr Sero gave you lasted a bit longer than they should have. But he’s a much older man and a pastor; I don’t think it’s fair to expect you to resist his persuasion.”

I wanted to object and point out that Kasey June had pushed for it far more than I had, but then I remembered that Kasey June was me, and kept my silence. It was a rather incriminating silence, but at least it meant my former self drew the majority of the blame in Tammie’s eyes rather than my current self. But if Mrs Whitman knew, she would *definitely* blame me. The current me. She fully subscribed to the idea that girls were supposed to be the ones who avoided tempting boys too much, avoided men when they were drunk, and so on. “Thank you for not telling her,” I told Tammie instead.

“Of course,” she said with a smile. “I would never do that. It’s between you and God, not anyone else. Take care sweetie; I think that’s your bus.”

It was. “Thank you!” I said again, and hurried to the bus stop.

Why had I thanked her? It was a serious tactical mistake to both admit my offense and confirm that I owed Tammie for her forbearance, yet I’d done it anyway.

After a moment of thought I decided I’d done it because it’s what Tammie would have expected of Kasey June, and I needed to keep Tammie believing that I was a good girl.

## Career Moves

Though I continued to improve at my job, I remained far less good at it than Agrat's Kasey June had been, and it made it difficult to be cheerful all the time when I could almost watch the town's opinions of me change. From a plucky, attractive young girl from a difficult background who nonetheless worked hard and was clever at her job, I became to be regarded as a bit of a hapless, uneducated bimbo whose ditziness brought on her own misfortunes. Somehow it got out that I was a dropout with no prospects who had hung all her hopes on marrying a man who proved to be a scoundrel. My customers became condescending, or, worse, overtly flirtatious. Men who were far too old acted like I should be excited to be called a 'pretty little thing' and eagerly thank them for their compliments on any part of my appearance. Sometimes they tipped well. Just as often, though, they used my mistakes as reasons why I should be glad to get a dollar for serving them for well over an hour as they meandered through their meals.

By the end of my miserable three day part time work week, I was ready to find another job. Unfortunately, all the jobs that paid well required completion of secondary school. So, I scheduled myself to take the high school equivalency exams. It was expensive, but there was an administration scheduled for the next day in the city and they provided results immediately. As an adult, I figured it would be easy, and return its investment almost right away.

Unfortunately, I'd never paid that much attention in school, and I hadn't thought to find a way to cheat. I wasted a long, dispiriting day failing every exam. I might have been able to pass at least one of them, but by the time I got to the latter tests I was so discouraged that I spent a lot of the time doodling and staring into space thinking about whether I could bring myself to apply for some of the more questionable job offerings. The only moment that wasn't totally humiliating was when one of the other girls taking the test complimented me on my doodle.

"I wish I could draw," she said wistfully as she rubbed her pregnant belly.

"Why?" I asked, in a rare humble mood. "It's pretty useless unless you're *really* good."

"You're really good though!" she said, trying to raise my spirits.

I shook my head, thinking about the only part of my art skill that had ever made me real money would have eventually put me in prison, or at least driven me into hiding once someone started investigating who was crafting the high quality fake IDs I'd made.

"You know you can retake for free," she said, trying to address the true source of my pessimism.

"That would only help if I knew any answers. I didn't think it would be so hard."

"Well, you should either practice drawing and blow them away, or study up, girl. Or both. You can do it, girl."

I managed a smile to show that her pep talk had cheered me up a bit, but she seemed very naive to me. After all, she'd let some bloke knock her up before she finished school.

Which, from a certain perspective, was also what I'd done, but I hadn't any idea what I was doing could end with me being pregnant.

Afterwards, I decided to stop by the city's Busted Babe breastaurant. Obviously it was humiliating to even consider working there, but because it was in the city, no one in my town would know. Hopefully. Plus Busted Babe probably wouldn't care as much about how good I was at waitressing.

"Do you have experience?" Leanne the shift lead asked me when I asked about a job. She was fit, but didn't have nearly as big breasts as I expected. Or maybe my perception had been warped by looking at my own.

"As a waitress?" I asked.

"Yes, as a server," she said with a little smile that told me she thought it was a silly question.

"Three months," I said, giving myself credit for Agrat's time at Dixie Diner.

"Are you good at it?" Leanne asked.

As I tried to decide how to respond to this, she added, "Because you have to be good at the actual job itself. Yes, we hire pretty girls, and you're a very pretty girl..."

I couldn't help smiling at her unprompted acknowledgement.

"But," she continued with relentless practicality, "We're fundamentally a restaurant that serves people food, and we have to be good at it."

"I think I can do it," I said, struggling to summon my battered braggadocio. "I'm getting better."

"Unless you *know* you can do it, you're going to have a tough time," she said with friendly condescension, "But tell you what, if you want a shot, fill out the application on our website, and mention me as someone you know who works here, so I see it. I appreciate your honesty and I want to give you the benefit of the doubt. But understand, we rely on each-other here, and it wouldn't be fair to the other girls if they have to cover for someone who's moving slow, mixing up orders, getting snippy with guests, or whatever."

I nodded solemnly at her recitation of the precise faults that happened to be my particular weaknesses.

"Hey, don't let me scare you. It's a good crew, and we'll help you as much as we can. I'm just saying that if we hire you, it'll be on a trial basis at first. Okay?"

"Okay. Thank you for the opportunity," I said.

"Well, it's not a done deal until I get those references," Leanne reminded me, "But if you've been straight with me, then I'll see you again soon."

"Thank you!" I said again, and hurried to catch the bus home.

By the time I got confirmation from Leanne that I was hired on a trial basis, I'd cleverly purchased a high school diploma online and my habitual hubris had returned, so I quit my job at

Dixie's Diner. I might not be the best waitress at Busted Babe, but I was a very pretty girl, and probably the bustiest babe, so they'd cut me some slack. Besides, I thought Leanne fancied me.

## Busted

"Kacey is a trainee, so she's tagging along to learn the ropes," Cassandra explained for the fiftieth time as I trailed her through my first shift as a Busted Babe.

"She'll do great here!" the buzzed red-faced businessman commented with a leer at my rack, probably the fiftieth example of that particular compliment I'd received during the shift. I giggled exactly the same as I had the first time, though the novelty had certainly worn off. Not that nearly every customer said something of the sort, but several groups of middle-aged guys had made up for the others by referencing my chest's fitness for my role over and over, until I became quite tired of hearing about it.

"Thank you!" I said with a big smile, because that was my job.

"How old are you, Kacey?" another man asked.

"Let's get your order in, so you're not waiting too long," Cassandra cut in with a smile and a wink at the man, as if sharing a private joke. As it had many other times, it worked like a charm, because there was always at least one guy too hungry to wait for his mates to finish flirting, and that guy would get the ordering started. There was still a sidebar conversation about me, but I didn't have to respond to it, and soon enough we were off to the next table.

Leanne came to collect me during my mid-shift meal break. "How's it going, Cassie?" she asked.

"They sure like her," Cassandra answered, sharing a wry smile with me. "Kasey's handling it great."

"Good, good. I'm going to get some food into her and catch up with you later," Leanne said.

When we'd sat down with our plates, Leanne asked how I felt so far.

"Good. I'm getting a handle on the menu and how to handle the customers."

"Guests, yes. That's a key skill. And listen, if they're being especially obnoxious or if they touch you, absolutely do not hesitate to come get us. We're friendly here, and guests can get a little familiar, but there's still lines they can't cross. Part of your job is to politely remind them where the lines are, but another part of everyone's job is to back each other up when guests refuse to respect the lines."

"Does that happen very often?"

"Not *often*, but it happens enough that you have to be prepared. Tomorrow you're going to be the one talking to customers and Cassie will be observing and supporting, so you'll get a lot of

practice on this. And I'm going to be honest: I don't normally put quite as much emphasis on this part, but I'm sure you understand that you're both smaller and bigger than the average Babe here. And you look young. It can make some guests think they can get away with more, so you might have to work a little harder to police those boundaries. Cassie will step in to help if things look like they're getting out of hand, but do practice handling it on your own as much as possible. On the third day, the general manager will be watching you handle a shift mostly on your own, and he's the one who decides when you're finished with training. If he thinks you're struggling to manage the guests, it could mean more days training, or maybe he'll decide you need some hostess time before becoming a server."

"I thought you need waitresses, not hostesses."

"Well, that's true, but he might make room for you," Leanne said, and didn't have to explain to me why I might be considered especially well suited to hostess duties.

"That doesn't seem so bad," I said. The hostesses' job seemed nicer to me.

"It's not! We want you to succeed here. But of course, servers definitely make a lot more."

"Really?" I asked, confused.

"Yes really," Leanne confirmed, sounding puzzled. "Waitstaff and bartenders get the tips."

"But hostesses get like five more dollars per hour, and get to share the tips, right?"

"A little, yeah, but waitstaff get more, and tips are where servers make their money."

"Oh, that makes sense," I said. It seemed wrong, but I wasn't good at calculating percentages and things like that, and I was pretty sure she wasn't lying. Maybe the manager was misleading her, though. They did things like that, and I doubted a waitress at Busted Babes was going to be a lot better at maths than I was.

What was undeniable, though, was that amount of money Cassandra took home at shift end was more than twice what I had made at Dixie Diner, even after she'd given away a lot of it to the staff. I wouldn't get to keep my tips until I was done with training, so after a somewhat uneven second day of training after which Cassandra and Leanne seemed a little worried about whether I would pass, I steeled myself to give my all on the third day when the manager would be watching. I also gave Yolanda some of her favourite MAC cosmetics in exchange for her doing my makeup and hair before work.

I did put in maximum effort, trying to remember the script I was supposed to go through when guiding customers through their meals, who got what meals, complicated instructions on how to split bills, and flirting with everyone, including most especially the manager. I definitely made some mistakes, but I was pretty sure everyone was okay with it as long as I apologized prettily and found an excuse to bounce a little bit. The manager was smiling appreciatively every time I looked at him, so I was very confident.

Leanne and the manager went to his office to speak privately, so naturally I hid behind the food waste bins to put my ear against the wall.

"I don't think another round of training will help," Harold the manager said, "She struggled with some really basic skills, Leanne."

"Yes, but she's got a great attitude and she works hard."

"There's loads of cute girls with good attitudes, who work hard, *and* can split a bill three ways. I don't know if I've ever seen anyone so hopeless. She really worked as a server before?"

"Yeah, at a little diner; I checked on it. She must have been really nervous," Leanne said, "If she really couldn't do simple math, she wouldn't have lasted at the diner."

"We don't know that. Maybe she's someone's kid. I mean, she didn't seem nervous, Leanne. She's actually really good at the interpersonal part of it. I really think she's just... Not smart. Academically."

There was a pause; maybe there was a sigh, but I couldn't be sure through the wall.

"Maybe we give Holly another chance at the server slot?" Leanne asked.

"To make room for Kasey June as hostess?" he asked.

"Right," she said.

"Honestly, I'm a little afraid she'll mess up seating, too, but I have to admit that she'd be a draw. Do you think she'd be okay with it?"

"She sounded open to it. And she has a good attitude."

He chuckled. "Yes, you mentioned that. But even a person with a good attitude might be upset at being offered a position with a lot lower pay."

"Well, it's possible that..." Leanne said, as if trying to decide whether she should admit something, then continued, "She might not really understand how much less it is," Leanne said. "She thought that since hostess hourly rate is more and they still get a share of the tips that they must make more."

"Oh my god, she did? Really?" he asked, and started laughing helplessly. After a couple seconds, Leanne joined, and I pulled my ear away from the wall, unable to bear them laughing at me.

I had been legitimately trying my best, but they thought I was literally too stupid to work as a waitress at a Busted Babe. I was so mortified that I considered just leaving straightaway, but then I recalled that I hadn't yet been paid. Moreover, I hadn't any other job, nor was I optimistic that Dixie Diner would hire me back. And even if they did, working as a Busted Babe hostess probably still paid better than waitressing at Dixie Diner, where the tips were shit. Or at least, *my* tips were shit, because I was constantly screwing up people's orders.

I tried to be angry at Leanne for betraying me, at Harold for jumping to conclusions, at Cassandra for not training me correctly, but I couldn't keep it up this time. I had heard Leanne with my own ears arguing on my behalf, and my recent utter failure on the exams was fresh enough on my mind that it was difficult to pretend Harold was so wrong about my ability to do arithmetic that involved fractions. Even Cassandra had unsuccessfully tried to get me to practice



splitting bills on my own time when she'd seen my initial struggles.

In fact, I was lucky to be offered the hostess spot, and by the time they did so, I was composed enough to accept it without betraying how embarrassed I was. I was determined to show them that I wasn't as dumb as they thought I was, though, and I tried my best to change my look from sexy to sophisticated for my first shift as hostess. I couldn't get it right in time so I ended up begging Yolanda to do my makeup again, which meant my look remained as unsophisticated as ever. At least I didn't show up looking like I didn't even know how to do my own makeup. I resolved to watch some video tutorials and try again the next night.

My relative lack of refinement turned out to be for the best, though, after I was summoned to a very serious meeting with Harold and Leanne.

"Kasey June, where did you go to high school?" Harold asked.

"Uh, I didn't go there, but I got my diploma from Princeton Excellence Academy," I said, deciding to play dumb rather than lie. "They gave me credit for life experience." That was how they couched their diploma-granting criteria on their website.

Harold and Leanne exchanged looks, and Leanne asked gently, "*Did* you graduate from a real high school?"

"Um, I'm guessing Princeton Excellence Academy doesn't count?" I said, sounding crestfallen. It wasn't entirely an act. I had figured Busted Babe wouldn't care whether I had a real diploma or not. I was careful to get a diploma from a place that was at least 'real' enough that they would answer the phones and confirm that I had earned their diploma.

"No, it doesn't count," Harold said. "What was the last grade you completed in a school that you actually attended?"

"Uh, I'm not sure," I said, both because I couldn't really remember exactly when Kasey June was supposed to have dropped out, and also because I couldn't decide what answer would help me most.

"You're not sure?" Harold asked incredulously.

"I was in my third year of high school, but, you know, I wasn't doing so great, so I'm not sure if I was really in the 11<sup>th</sup> grade when I had to leave."

"Why did you have to leave?" Leanne asked.

"My dad drank himself to death," I said, the effort of remembering Kasey June's backstory making me say it louder and more emphatically than I had intended. "And he was in real bad gambling debt when he..."

"Oh hon," Leanne said, sweeping me into a hug. "You must have had such a time."

"It's, it's okay," I said unsteadily, almost crying with stress and the confused emotions caused by Leanne's sympathy and the unwanted recollection of my actual father. "I mean, things weren't really great when he was alive, so it's actually a lot better now."

Leanne looked at Harold, shook his head and sighed. "Well, I'm sorry to say that corporate

policy is that you must have a high school diploma, from a real, accredited school. Or pass an equivalency test. But... I'm going to see if we can make an exception this time. Temporarily, until you can take the equivalency exam."

I paled, wondering if he somehow knew I'd tried and failed. Evidently not, though, because he was merely sympathetic rather than skeptical. "If you study, I'm sure you can pass. We'll even pay for a prep course under our educational benefit program."

"Really?" I said, shocked that they would go to so much trouble for a girl they thought was so gullible and ignorant. I immediately suspected that Harold hoped to seduce me. Which was a cynical thought, but also reassuring, because it implied I had leverage over him.

"Really. You'll have to pay for it now, but we'll reimburse you once you become a regular employee," Harold said, and smiled at Leanne, who smiled back. This was a favor he was doing Leanne. He wasn't trying to seduce me at all. Maybe Leanne was?

But Leanne treated me like a naive kid sister after that rather than showing the least interest in attracting me, flirting, or anything else that would betray her true intentions.

Regardless of any ulterior motives they might have had, though, my own interests had switched from trying to prove that I was smarter than they thought to maintaining the persona of the kind of girl who was too dumb to know that you couldn't buy a legitimate diploma off the Internet.

# Blossoming

## Hostess

Working five days a week as a Busted Babe wasn't making my fortune or anything, but it suited my natural indolence perfectly. It even had a sort of cachet in certain circles, and one of those circles included Yolanda's girls at the Holly Inn. To them, it seemed very respectable that I avoided the siren calls of alcohol and other drugs, and they had a somewhat exaggerated idea of how pretty one had to be to become a Busted Babe.

In one way I did actually exert myself: I wanted to stop relying on Yolanda to help me with my hair and makeup. She was really nice, but I wanted to be able to choose my own look more, and anyway I didn't like how Mrs Jackson at the motel office tried to insinuate that I was trying to hook on the downlow. She was pretty racist and asserted that white girls didn't hang out with Yolanda unless they were "working". I mean, that's also pretty much what I thought, but I felt it was racist when Mrs Jackson said it.

Whatever she suspected, though, I didn't bring anyone to my room. And I didn't even spend much time there, between work and the classes Busted Babe had sponsored to help me pass my exams. I enjoyed the classes because they were very self-paced and self-assessed, providing me with the freedom to do very little and pretend that I had everything under control. It started, as it usually did, with me wanting to avoid embarrassment by revealing how much I had forgotten in some subjects, and how easily confused I was by more advanced arithmetic. But, I was so good at pretending that I wasn't worried I sort of forgot that I did in fact need to learn the material sooner or later.

Nothing at work reminded me. As hostess I didn't really need to do anything more mathematical than counting how many customers were in each Babe's section. Occasionally there were reservations that made things a bit more complicated, but because my coworkers thought I was dense, they were always sure to help. And even when I made mistakes, no one gave me much of a scolding. My stupidity was my shield, so I didn't really feel driven to dispense with it. Sure, I wanted another chance at the better money the wait staff made, but it also seemed really stressful, so I wasn't in a tearing hurry.

Another reason I liked being hostess was that part of our job was to create a 'fun' atmosphere with dancing, singing, and decorations. Obviously James Sero was never into any of that girl stuff, but as Kasey June, Busted Babe, that was just expected, and it wasn't like anyone was

going to think I was sillier than they already did. So, after a bit of initial awkwardness as I got used to the idea, I discovered I was really good at it. Well, I wasn't a great dancer or singer, but everyone was too distracted by my boobs to notice anyway. When it came to decorations, though, I really shined. My window painting of a ripped pilgrim chopping wood and hot native girl roasting a turkey was neither historically accurate nor culturally sensitive, but everyone was impressed with how good I was at it, including me. I'd been nervous when I started because it was a lot bigger than one of my doodles, and it was in color, but I figured it out well enough as I went along.

The amount of different looks I could give myself with makeup also fascinated me, once I got over my initial awkwardness about being one of those slutty girls who were always wearing too much makeup. Once again, it was a job, so it wasn't my fault. I was playing a part, unlike the other girls who were genuinely invested in it. If anything, I felt a little smug about being better at it than they were. Well, not actually *better* than they were, but I was pretty damned good for someone who had only been doing her own makeup for a few weeks. I wasn't so quick to master 'natural' makeup that still looked glamorous enough for work, but the additional layers of 'slutty' makeup necessarily gave me more scope to craft something that looked good. It was strange to think that I was spending over an hour a day applying cosmetics, but the time flew and I always felt a sense of triumph when I got done and knew that I looked good. For a dumb girl, anyway.

And when I failed my exams again because I hadn't studied, the running mascara helped me when I pleaded with Harold to give me another chance. Corporate wouldn't let me work another shift without passing an exam, but he rearranged the schedule so that I could take the exams one more time before my next shift.

## Third Time Charm

Obviously, I wasn't going to pack weeks of study into one night, so it would have been a hopeless task if not for my special resource: Agrat.

"Well, you do at least care about money," Agrat commented in my head as the roll of bills I'd offered glowed with a faint violet tinge.

"Is it enough?" I asked timidly.

"To help you pass the test? No. It does not interest me."

"Come on, you put me in this situation," I complained.

"Did I? Did I choose for Kasey June to not have a diploma? Did I choose for James Sero to have cheated her way through school?"

"Okay, maybe I made some mistakes, but if you're looking for poetic justice, don't you think tricking me into becoming Kasey June for almost a year is enough of a punishment?"

“A punishment?” she said with one of her disturbing polyphonic laughs. “I haven’t punished you at all, my child. And really, punishment rarely interests me, either, though I do make exceptions where warranted. I prefer *learning experiences*.”

“Don’t demons punish people?” I asked, remembering that black-clawed hand, “Why else would God create you?”

“You are suffering from a number of misconceptions stacked atop each other,” she told me, “But let us move on to your request. I can guide you in your answers tomorrow, but to make it worth the boredom of devoting so much of my time, you must reward three who have helped you with a lingual token of your thanks. You will encounter one before, one during, and one after the test.”

“A lingual token? Like a poem?”

“If your talents run to poetry, yes,” she said, “But recall that it must be a *reward* for them. If you’re not sure you can make them feel rewarded with poetry, then you should consider whether you have another way to reward. Now, I have other matters to which I must attend, Kasey June. Wear these earrings so that you might hear me tomorrow.”

As I watched, my money faded, and in their place hung two chandelier earrings I’d seen once before. I’d been wearing them at the time. Or Agrat had, in the form of Kasey June.

Now that I wasn’t distracted from them, I noticed their resemblance to another pair of earrings years ago which I’d noticed an actress wearing on the cover of one of the tabloids at a checkout line. I’d tried to surreptitiously take a picture of them with my phone, but because I dared not give myself away by looking at my phone when doing something so girly, it had come out a blurry mess. I’d deleted it hastily anyway, wondering what had come over me, and put it all firmly out of my mind. Or so I’d thought.

The earrings felt lighter than I expected in my hand, and I was pleased to see that they looked classy rather than trashy. Agrat had good taste, I decided, and good color sense; the pale gold matched my hair perfectly. I tried dancing in front of the mirror for a bit to make sure I could move without getting hair tangled in the dangles, and approved very much of what I saw.

Eventually, though, I had to think again about what Agrat had said regarding a ‘lingual token’. Could she be trying to trick me into eating someone out? I felt tense about it, but I also sort of looked forward to it, if I *knew* that the recipient would see it as a reward. Then I had a bad thought - what if it was Yolanda? She had done a lot for me, but I didn’t want to eat out someone who would have had a bunch of unknown men’s pricks there only hours earlier. And would she be interested in it? She seemed pretty straight.

So maybe it wouldn’t be Yolanda. But if not her, then whom?

I thought about the other girls at Busted, most of whom had helped me at one time or another. Perhaps I’d run into one before the test? I’d be happy to go down on any of them, though I did wonder if it would make work awkward. I was just a hostess, though, so it wouldn’t really

matter.

Outside of work it wouldn't matter too much, either, because I wasn't friends with any of them. Not really.

Sometimes I got lonely and almost wished they would ask me to go out with them on one of their girls nights, but of course they all thought I was a dumb bimbo like them, and I didn't want to have to act like I was down at their level. I was already spending way too much time acting like a girl as it was, and any time I started getting too comfortable, I'd remember that at some point I'd go back to being a man, and if I still had all these girl habits, well... It wouldn't be my father's leather belt across my back, but men would sense it.

Not for the first time, I tried striding around the room like a man, just to stay in practice, but it felt so wrong that I shuddered and felt slightly sick. It would feel natural when I was a man again, I thought, ignoring my uneasy feelings.

I steered my thoughts back to the other... to the girls at work, and convinced myself that if Agrat was trying to blackmail me into giving oral, it would be to one of my cute coworkers, who, after all, lived in town where the test would be administered the next day.

That gave me a nice bit of fantasy fuel for the evening, and even after I'd gotten myself off, I did my homework, in the form of watching girl-on-girl porn and paying a lot of attention to technique. I wasn't so stupid as to take it as an accurate representation of top class cunnilingus, but it was a lot more fun than reading articles about it and less weird than asking someone. Ultimately I decided to believe that it couldn't really be that difficult now that I was a girl.

Especially a girl with my body. I'd put on some weight since I started at Busted Babes, but it had mostly gone to my tits and ass. It was really a body to be proud of, and I never tired of looking at myself in the mirror. If anyone had suggested that I was prouder of Kasey June Richmond than I ever had been of James Sero, I would have laughed in their faces. I was just satisfied at how good a girl Kasey June was. I would point out to them that I was offering an example to all the feminists out there who didn't know how good they could have it if they just embraced their natural roles as sources of beauty, care, and babies.

Only, girls were supposed to have men to protect them and whom they took care of, and that wasn't part of the example I could set. Obviously. But fooling around with other girls was fine. Harmless. It didn't make me an actual *lesbian*, which was the only thing that might be as bad as an effeminate man. I mean, I couldn't even technically be a real lesbian, because I wasn't really a real girl.

That thought really wasn't reassuring like it was supposed to be. It actually made me feel sick to my stomach and think of my father's violent disgust. I shook away that thought as best I could and replaced it with the affirming knowledge that Kasey June was not disgusting in the least.

I took one last look at my decidedly non-butch face and body to get myself in a better frame of mind before laying smugly in bed with my sheets piled to support my very feminine curves.

## A Reward

I decided to go for classy casual for the test; something that would work with my earrings without seeming too dressy or slutty. It took three tries to get my makeup just right, but I felt pretty good about the results: innocent and fresh, but with all the lusciousness of youth. It made me just a bit late, but the bus was usually *way* late, and I was convinced I would need to charm the pants off of up to three girls by the end of the day to satisfy Agrat.

Of all days to be on time, though: I could see the bus accelerating away as I emerged from my room, and despite running as fast as I could in heels and shouting, the bus kept going.

“Agrat!” I asked in desperation.

“Yes?” she responded from inside my head.

“You have to help me get to the test.”

“The agreement is that I help you with your answers, not transport you to the test,” she said.

“But you can’t give me the answers if I’m not there,” I said, trying what I felt was a clever contractual argument.

“No, I don’t need for you to be present at the test to give you the answers,” she said cheerfully, “Whether they’ll be of any use to you is another matter. For example, the first answer is ‘A’.”

“Could we make another deal?” I asked desperately.

“Hmm, no. You don’t need my help to make it there. You still have almost two hours.”

“The next bus isn’t for another hour at least, and if I take it I’ll be late!”

“Be resourceful, girl,” she told me, and her presence ebbed rapidly.

Standing on the side of the road, I felt like a hooker, and suspected that Agrat was trying to get me to offer sexual favors to get a ride. She probably even arranged for the bus to be on time, the bitch. Well, I wasn’t going to give in. I’d... A thought occurred to me. Tammie would be getting out of morning services in about fifteen minutes. Normally she had several post-church duties, but if I told her what had happened, I was sure she’d feel so sorry for me that she’d give me a ride. And it was only about an hour by car, so I’d be sure to get there in time.

And if Agrat tried to arrange for me to go down on Tammie, well, that was okay with me. In fact, I thought giddily, she wouldn’t be experienced at all, so I wouldn’t even have to be that good to blow her away.

It was a long walk in heels to the church, but I wanted to get it over with because I didn’t enjoy the honks and men who shouted unintelligibly as they drove past. That speed meant I arrived just as the first parishioners exited, mostly the families with restless young children. I was similarly restless as I waited for Tammie to emerge, but of course she’d be talking to the codgers and old biddies who never passed up an opportunity to force someone to listen to their complaints and wandering stories.

I got a lot of curious looks as I waited some distance away, and one of the church ladies glared at me in a repelling way, but I was very set on my path, so I ignored it all as best I could, hoping that Tammie came out before they found someone to shoo away the bad influence. I almost laughed when I saw the woman guiding Tammie out the doors and pointing her at me. Tammie was being tasked with the shooing.

“How are you doing, Kasey June?” she asked, sounding guilty.

“I’m in a bit of a bind, Tammie,” I said, trying not to smile, knowing that I had her just where I needed her.

“What kind of bind?” she said, looking me up and down.

Probably she was worried that it was something prostitution related, and I flushed, but I plunged forward to disabuse her of that notion. “I have my high school equivalency test today, but I missed the bus.”

Tammie broke into a relieved smile. “Oh, how wonderful! I mean, not wonderful that you missed the bus, but I’m so glad to hear that you’re getting your, uh, equivalency. But you need a ride?”

“I know it’s a lot to ask,” I said, “But I thought... I *knew* you would want to help, if you could.”

She nodded happily. “You’re very right! Thank you so much for coming to me. I’m so happy... oh! I need to tell Mrs... You know which car is mine. I’ll meet you there in just a moment, okay?”

“Sure. *Thank* you!” I said, feeling unexpectedly good about asking for help. Usually it made me feel uneasy and exposed, but in this instance I just felt, well, okay about it. I mean, it seemed okay for Kasey June to ask for things, and I hoped that Tammie would ask for something, too.

“How are you doing? I’m so proud of you!” Tammie said when we were on our way.

“Thank you! I’ve been studying ever since,” I told her proudly, without any consciousness that I wasn’t telling the truth.

“I... You must have gotten another job?” she asked hopefully.

“Yeah. I’m actually a hostess at a restaurant in the city,” I said, deciding it was better not to specify *which* restaurant.

“Good! Good for you!” she said. “That’s so good to hear. I was worried about you. Gossip is so unkind, so unchristian, but it seems like people can’t help themselves. I didn’t think it was true, please don’t think I believe it for a minute! But I did worry that you might have gotten into some kind of trouble after being thrown out on your own like that.”

“What did you hear?” I asked.

She shook her head. “It doesn’t bear repeating. People can be such meanies sometimes.”

I smiled down at my hands at her gentle choice of words, which she misinterpreted as embarrassment. Happily, this drove her to change the topic to how impressed she was with my



more mature look.

The hour-long drive was the longest time I'd ever spent with Tammie, and I discovered that she could be very funny in a self-deprecating way, always telling stories about mistakes she'd made and silly situations she'd gotten herself into. It was strange, though, that it somehow didn't make me feel like she was silly or stupid; it just made me feel *not* silly and *not* stupid. I even reciprocated a little, telling expurgated versions of my adventures with the motel laundry machines. They did make me feel a little stupid, but not in a bad way. It was a further confirmation that as Kasey June I didn't have to be smart all the time, and by the time we were approaching the community college building where I was to take the test, I was also feeling much less embarrassed about needing to cheat to pass. I mean, Kasey June was meant for marriage and motherhood, so it was fine not to be an academic genius.

"Thank you so much, Tammie," I was telling her as we pulled into the car park, "I can't even tell me how much better you've made me feel."

"Oh, you're really welcome, Kasey June. I'm just so happy I was able to help you somehow."

I was suddenly reminded that I was supposed to reward her somehow, and I stammered, "Oh, uh, is there anything I could do to thank you?" I belatedly tried to look sultry, but it was difficult to do while sitting in her passenger seat, wearing a seatbelt at an angle that emphasized how short I was. I hit the release, but turned toward Tammie as I was, the seatbelt caught on the tight button between my boobs and yanked my chest to the side in a not-very-sexy way, which also led to Tammie helpfully pulling the seatbelt away as if I was a child. It was a very unsexy moment.

"Just pass the test and I'll feel well-rewarded," she told me while I was still flustered.

"I'll pass it for sure," I said, trying to sound confident rather than embarrassed.

"That's what I like to hear," she said, and gave me a disappointingly sisterly squeeze before telling me farewell and good luck.

I waved goodbye as she backed out, then asked, "That was it, wasn't it?"

"The first reward?" Agrat's voice responded, "Yes it was. Very nicely done."

"But I didn't *do* anything," I complained, and I was surprised to find that I wasn't merely disappointed not to have had the chance to taste Tammie's snatch; I was a little ashamed that my only 'reward' to her was accepting her help. It just highlighted that she was a genuinely better person than I was. Not that some part of me hadn't known it, but somehow I'd always imbued it with an element of self-righteousness on her part. Throughout the entire ride, there had been nothing but goodwill from her the whole time, and a real desire to help. Moreover, it made Tammie seem somehow *stronger*, not weaker.

"You expressed genuine gratitude, and sometimes that's enough, Kasey June," Agrat told me.

"What kind of demon *are* you?" I asked, trying to square her disturbing voice and the memory of her ebony claws with her seemingly wholesome lessons.

"You would call me a succubus," she answered with a laugh.

## Passing a Test

“You’re a succubus?” I said, shocked, yet not. It explained so much.

“You must learn to listen more carefully,” she admonished me, but she sounded more amused than upset.

“You told me before?” I asked, trying to remember. I was a bit more self-conscious about seeming stupid to Agrat than to Tammie, but I still felt a great deal less anxious about it than I had as James.

“I think you should make your way inside rather than cut your time close,” Agrat advised me, and once again her presence receded.

Inside next to the check-in desk I encountered the pregnant teenager I’d met at my first test, though she’d become a new mother in the interim. She was standing with her hand on a pram, listening to an older couple giving her rather minatory advice. They were of the right age to be her parents, though they didn’t look related, and she looked besieged.

“What if you fail again, what then?” the man asked.

His probable-wife immediately answered for the new mother, “She’ll just lay around with this wrinkled little baby she says is Andrew’s son, even though he doesn’t look like Andrew at all.”

“Please Karen, I want her to answer,” he said with some exasperation, but I could tell it didn’t spring from greater affection for the girl; he was trying to nail her to the wall. “What happens when you fail again.”

“I didn’t fail, I just,” she started, but he cut her off.

“The paper says you failed. Are you saying they’re lying?”

“It’s just a mistake. I was tried to withdraw from that subject test because I though I was having contractions and the proctor wouldn’t let me because she said it didn’t matter,” the girl said shakily.

“It’s always someone else’s mistake with you, isn’t it?” the older woman said.

“Oh hi!” I interrupted cheerily, as if I hadn’t heard any of it. “I didn’t know you rescheduled for today!”

“Um, hi!” the girl said, confused but relieved at my intervention.

“Is that lady here again today? I hope not,” I said.

“Who?”

“You know, the mean proctor who didn’t let you withdraw because she didn’t know the rules,” I said. I hadn’t actually been able to hear any part of the girl’s conversation with the test proctor during the test, but when I had been trying to find loopholes to contest my failure or get special accommodations, I had noted that pregnant test-takers and others with medical conditions were allowed to withdraw and retake tests. Which hadn’t been of any help to me, but was just the

sort of rule I always took care to remember in case I needed it later.

"I... I didn't know you'd heard all that," she said, smiling uncertainly.

I shrugged. "I have good ears." I shook my head slightly to make my earrings swing. In the moment, I was really enjoying being Kasey June. I felt like I'd simultaneously charmed and offended the older couple, and I'd certainly wrongfooted them.

"Who is this?" the man asked the girl.

"Um, I met her at the first test," the girl said.

"Oh, you failed too?" the woman shot at me.

"Yeah," I said with a ditzzy shrug. "This is my third try, which is why I know the rules real good. I wish I was as smart as your daughter."

"She's not my daughter!" the woman said.

"Oh, sorry," I said, pretending not to notice how offended she was. "Aaaanyways, she must be pretty smart to be having, like, contractions during the test and still do pretty good."

The baby started fussing. "Oh. My. God. Too cute!" I lied. Like most newborns, he was an unremarkable lump of wrinkles, though at least his blanket was cute.

"Would you like to hold him?" she asked. It hadn't occurred to me that she would ask me something like that, but I couldn't back out now.

"Oh, could I?" I asked, playing my part as best I could, though my voice shook a little as I gingerly accepted the fragile bundle of future human. More because I felt that it was expected than because I wanted to, I brought the baby up to my chest. There really wasn't any alternative to holding the baby more or less against my breasts, and he turned directly into my shirt seeking a nipple. "Woah, easy there," I said with an embarrassed laugh.

That elicited laughs from everyone present except the woman, who seemed determined not to be pleased by anything. Nevertheless, the laughing from others nearby, including at the checkout desk, made clear that there was an extensive audience that might be sympathetic to the young mother.

"Oh, have you signed in yet?" I asked.

"No, have you?" she asked.

"No," I said and turned to the woman. "You must be here to look after your grandson while she takes the test. So nice of you!"

"If he is my grandson," she grumped, but didn't deny it.

I laughed. "Of course he is. He's got your eyes!" I had never known precisely what this meant, but the newborn had black eyes and so did the woman, so I figured it was close enough.

"Really? Do you think so?" the woman asked dubiously, which gave me the opportunity to hand him over.

"We should really sign in," I said apologetically, and we went to do so.

She pretended to be in a hurry just like I did, even though we were very early and there was

no rush. Once we were inside she thanked me profusely.

“My boyfriend’s parents hate me so much. They wanted me to give up the baby. But how could I give up that face?”

“Really!” I agreed vaguely, though I devoutly hoped my baby was a lot cuter than her rather unprepossessing spawn. “Do you trust them with him?”

“Yeah, Mr Packard, he’s my boyfriend’s dad, he knows Kyle’s his grandson, even if Mrs Packard pretends not to think so.”

“Why don’t they like you?” I asked.

She motioned to her face, which didn’t quite explain anything; she had good skin and her makeup was on point. On the other hand...

“Wait, is it because you’re Mexican?”

Her lips thinned. “I’m not Mexican. I’m Puerto Rican.”

“Sorry,” I said, thinking that Puerto Rico was in Mexico but not sure enough that I was going to challenge her on that technicality. Not when I’d just made an ally and probably satisfied Agrat while I was at it. “I mean that’s pretty *in* right now, though, isn’t it?”

“Being from Puerto Rico?” she asked.

“Yeah. Like Selena Gomez,” I said trying to think of a famous Mexican.

“Selena Gomez isn’t... Never mind. This is your third test already?”

“I took one yesterday, but I messed up on one,” I said, which was sort of true. I had messed up on several ones.

“Oh! Cool. Hopefully we get done around the same time! I should really look over my notes for a few minutes before the test. Good luck, and thank you *so* much!”

Once I had a moment a little apart, I murmured, “So, was that the second?”

“Yes. Again, well done. You do not need to speak aloud to me. I can receive any thoughts your direct at me, and would also rather you not get expelled from the test for talking.”

‘Like this?’ I thought silently

“Yes,” she said.

‘You’re a succubus?’ I asked again, now that I had her speaking.

“A Mexican succubus,” Agrat said sardonically. “I’ll be back when the tests begin.”

She was true to her word, and for the next five hours, she coached me through the entire test. Instead of just giving me the answers, though, she seemed to want to talk me through them, and I discovered I knew the answer to far more of them than I would have thought. Only when I came to the maths test did I find myself entirely at sea again, and after I started getting panicky she started just giving me the answers, which was a great relief.

Of course, the new mother, little Kyle, and the Packards were all long gone by the time I emerged from the test site, as I had expected. Also expected: I passed all parts of the test! I now had a real high school diploma! Or at least, a legal equivalent. And I’d mostly earned it, I felt.

## Failing a Test

With evidence of success in-hand, I decided to take a detour to the restaurant, both to present evidence of my success and to give myself plenty of opportunities to satisfy Agrat with a third lingual reward. Howard probably wouldn't be there on a Sunday, but Leanne would, which was perfect. I still worried that perhaps Agrat would try to get me to give another blow job.

I decided to call a ride service for the trip now that I was going to keep my job, and probably become a waitress, too, which would double my earnings, maybe more. In fact, Busted Babes who waited tables made more than I had as a priest. I'd be able to move out of the Holly Jolly into one of the few places in town not owned by the Davises. Or maybe I'd move to the city.

"You think this exam result will really help you a lot," Agrat intruded on my thoughts to comment.

'Yes, do you think I'm wrong?' I asked anxiously in my head.

"That is up to you," she said.

'Why do you say things like that?' I asked, irritated. 'You keep pushing it all on me.'

"I don't control the laws of the Universe, Kasey June, I can only remind you of them," she said.

'See? You're being all cryptic!' I complained.

She didn't reply, and the silence in my head tilted my anxious irritation back to irritated anxiety. "What?" I asked.

"In my dealings with you so far, I have made allowances for how severely handicapped you were by your upbringing, but you are still not making the most of learning opportunities intended to allow you to take ownership of your evolving self."

'Come on, you're a demon. A succubus. You exist to trick men to their doom,' I thought at her angrily. I hated it when people told me I should 'take ownership' of things. They never said it about good things; it was always code for everything being my fault and me being a bad person.

"So you still think of yourself as a man?" she asked.

'Well, I was until you made me a girl!' I pointed out. 'And you have to turn me back into a man once I give you my firstborn.' I was feeling panicky just thinking about it.

"What if I was to tell you that I can't make anyone a girl or a man?" she asked.

'I'd say that you were trying to trick me again,' I thought at her with as much anger as I could summon. I couldn't pretend there weren't nice things about being Kasey June, but I knew I *had* to become a man again as soon as possible or I'd probably get stuck this way. The weird hopeful feeling I got when I contemplated this was proof that Agrat's magic was slowly bending my mind.

But staying Kasey June would be a disaster in the long run. Trying to make a comfortable living without a college degree was really hard, and I knew I would never be able to get through

college as Kasey June the way I had as James Sero. I'd had enough experience as Kasey June to know that if I tried to cheat, everyone would suspect me straightaway, and I wouldn't be able to bluff my way out of it. No one would take me seriously until I proved my skill and knowledge, and though my success on a simple high school equivalency exam had somewhat bucked up my opinion of my abilities, my recent experiences with the study programme had reminded me how much I hated academic drudgery, and how exhausting some maths were.

Some part of me knew that if I stayed Kasey June, I would be tempted to date my way out of my predicaments, and might even do more than that. I shuddered at the thought of yielding to the blandishments of Marcus the head chef, who had offered to let me live with him rent-free in the wake of his ex-wife's departure. I didn't fancy men at all, of course, but being a girlfriend seemed like such an easy way to secure a comfortable situation for minimal effort, especially given what I looked like. And as that wasn't the sort of thought a man would have, it was clearly Agrat's fault I was having it.

If Agrat somehow tricked me into staying a girl, that would be her fault, too, I thought. It was a very reassuring thought in a way. Demons were so crafty and underhanded that it didn't really prove anything about me if her trap prevailed.

"Ma'am?" the driver broke in on my ruminations, "We're here."

"Oh! Yes, right," I said, and hopped out to go into the restaurant.

I had to wait for Leanne to deal with an irate customer before I could get a moment with her, which was doubly awkward because I wasn't really supposed to hang around out of uniform. I finally got her alone, though, and proudly presented my results.

"Good work, Kasey," she said, giving me a brisk little hug, but she still seemed a little distracted.

"I want to *thank you* for giving me a second chance," I said, with special emphasis so Agrat would take notice.

"You're very welcome, Kasey, though really it was Howard who stuck his neck out for you. I'm glad you didn't disappoint him. Relieved, too, because he would have looked bad to corporate if you hadn't gotten your diploma."

"Do you think he'd feel rewarded?" I asked, a little awkwardly.

"I suppose so, yes," she said, looking at me like I was being weird.

"Good, I'm glad. So, see you tomorrow?"

"Yes, I hope so," she said a little warily. "It has to be in the system, though. We can't, like, send a photocopy to corporate; they have a service that checks these things and if they can't find the result, we can't let you work."

"But I can't do anything about that," I complained, trying not to sound like I was complaining.

"I know, Kasey. I'm sure it'll be fine," she said, and I could tell she was just trying to get rid

of me even before she congratulated me again briskly and apologized that she had to get back on the floor because two people were out sick.

I wasn't really in the mood to share my triumph with the other staffers, who were looking a little harried, and anyway if I hurried I could catch the next bus home. Otherwise I'd have to wait at least two hours for the final bus of the night, which was often late to boot.

Fortunately this bus was also a bit late, or I would have missed it, but I got on without even breathing very hard.

'So, I did it!' I asserted to Agrat.

"Did what?" she asked.

'I rewarded all three people.'

"Do you think Leanne felt rewarded?" Agrat challenged me.

'Even if she didn't, Howard will,' I insisted.

"I'm sure he will feel relieved at the least, but in any case it would not represent a lingual token of thanks," Agrat said.

As she was speaking in my head, Derek the huge ex-con was boarding the bus. I returned his friendly smile as best I could, feeling trapped.

'You're trying to trick me!' I thought at her furiously.

"I am offering you a third opportunity," she said.

"How are you doing Kasey June?" Derek said, sitting down next to me as before. Instead of the ill-fitting dress shirt and slacks he'd worn last time, he was wearing workout attire as if he'd just come from lifting weights. Happily he must have showered before leaving the gym, because he smelt of freshly-applied deodorant and shave creme.

Inwardly seething with the certainty that Agrat was trying to hustle me into giving Derek a blowjob, I couldn't help looking at the intimidating bulge at his crotch. She couldn't make me do it, though!

"I'm uh, I'm not feeling well," I said, trying to get him to sit someplace else.

"Oh, should I sit..." he moved so as to sit a slight distance away.

I belatedly remembered that I should try to reward him verbally, to avoid giving Agrat an excuse to do something else bad to me. "No, you can sit here, if you want," I said, tossing my head nonchalantly as I patted the seat next to me, trying to avoid giving the impression that I *wanted* him to sit there. That would make everyone think I was flirting with him, or worse.

He hesitated, then sat next to me, but sort of halfway out of his seat to give me extra room, which reassured me that he wouldn't try to push me to do anything.

"Uh, tough day?" he asked me uncertainly.

I shrugged, which distracted him enough that I had to suppress a smug smile of pride in my tits. "I was just taking a test all day, so I'm a little frazzled."

"A test?" he asked.

“Yep, I passed, too,” I said, unable to resist the compulsion to brag a little. After all, I had mostly passed it all on my own, hadn’t I?

“Good for you,” he said with his gold-toothed smile.

“Hey, I want to thank you for the other day,” I said.

“For what?”

“For scaring off the tweaker,” I reminded him.

He shrugged and his smile became somewhat crooked. “Being a scary looking mofo helps sometimes. I mean, lots of times it *really* doesn’t, but sometimes it does, and I’m glad I was able to, help.” His smile became more genuine when he added, “And I really appreciated that you didn’t freak out on me. Lots of white girls...”

“Oh, I could tell you weren’t one of the bad ones,” I assured him.

His smile vanished. “One of the bad ones?”

“You know, one of the thugs,” I clarified.

He took a deep breath and blew it out, looking straight forward down the length of the bus, before finally saying, “Well, I suppose that’s good.”

“I’m sorry, did I remind you of prison?” I asked, worried that I had messed up my lingual reward.

“Yeah, I guess so,” he said flatly.

‘He felt rewarded, didn’t he?’ I thought at Agrat.

“Kasey June, you know the answer to that,” Agrat responded unsympathetically.

‘You’re trying to get me to suck his cock,’ I accused her.

“I’m trying to get you to make clear to him that you properly appreciate his help, no more, no less,” she said, “And if you don’t, then I’m afraid I’ll have to impose consequences for breach of agreement that you will find punitive.”

‘This is demonic blackmail!’ I thought angrily at her, but I knew I had no choice now. ‘Bitch.’

“Are you okay?” Derek asked, making me stop glaring at his pants and look up at him.

“There’s more room in the back of the bus,” I told him.

He looked down at the seat he was half sitting on. “Oh, uh, yeah,” he said unsteadily, and got up to move.

When he turned to sit, he seemed surprised to see me following him, and he looked confused at the glower on my face. I knew he wasn’t at fault for my situation, but still felt like I had to be mad at him, so he didn’t think that I was the sort of submissive slut who *liked* sucking cock. I motioned for him to scoot over closer to the window, then quickly stepped over one thickly muscled thigh to duck between his legs before anyone noticed, hopefully.

“What are you doing?” he murmured furiously, but I knew he was just pretending innocence because I could see his prick trying to swell up inside his weightlifting shorts.



“Shut up,” I whispered at him and unsnapped his fly. He’d just showered, I remembered, so it shouldn’t taste too bad.

“Hey, hey, get off me!” he said angrily, “Are you trying to get me in trouble?”

“What’s wrong with you, I’m just,” I started, furious at being rejected even though I didn’t want to suck his stupid cock anyway.

“Hey, stop bothering her!” the bus driver yelled.

“Me?!” he said, outraged, “You got me fucked up. She got on me, not the other way around!”

“You need to get off the bus,” the driver said, stopping the bus rapidly.

I knew I should say something, but I was so embarrassed.

“I can’t believe this. You’re kicking *me* off the bus, and it’s two hours until the next one.”

“You can get off, or I can call the police,” the driver said implacably.

“He didn’t really,” I murmured quietly.

“I’m calling them right now!” the driver said, either not hearing or ignoring me.

“I can’t fucking believe it. *Again*,” he seethed quietly as he made his way to the bus’ rear exit.

“I’m sorry, I’ll make it up to you,” I said, digging in my purse for a twenty dollar bill.

“Just... stay away from me,” he said, skirting around me to get to the door, “Before they say I stole it from you.”

“Ma’am, are you okay?” the driver asked once Derek was outside.

“Yeah, that was really just a misunderstanding,” I said tentatively.

“Well, I’m not going to let someone like that swear at me,” the bus driver said in a gruff voice that didn’t fool me. He also knew that he’d kicked off an innocent man, but he didn’t want to admit it. “Sit down so we’re not any later than we already are.”

“Unbelievable,” Agrat said, sounding furious.

‘This is your fault, you know,’ I thought at her.

“*My* fault?”

‘If you hadn’t tried to bully me into giving him a blowjob, none of this would have happened.’

“I was not trying to get you to sexually assault him, nor would I ever,” Agrat said.

‘That wasn’t sexual assault, he was just too surprised to play it cool, and let his dreams come true,’ I said.

“That was more like his nightmare.”

‘Bullshit. Any red blooded male would love having his cock sucked,’ I told her with all the certainty of someone who had learned this universal truth at my father’s knee.

“That is false, insofar as it has any meaning at all,” Agrat said. “Regardless of his general willingness to have sex on a bus, he’s certainly not going to be excited to do so with an erratic racist who might turn on him at any time.”

‘Are you saying he thought I was a racist?’ I asked her, outraged.

“I’m saying you behaved like a racist.”

‘I didn’t say anything about his race. And what kind of racist offers to suck a black man’s cock? The *bus driver* was the racist!’

I could feel her contempt without her saying anything.

‘You’re just trying to renege on the deal,’ I told her when I couldn’t take the silence any more.

“I already helped you through the test, doing my part,” she said gravely, “For which you have expressed no thanks.”

‘Oh come on, that was just the deal. And then you made it so the only person available was Derek.’

“If you had true and steady gratitude in your heart, this would have been easy for you, Kasey June. But you do not, so you failed.”

‘I did everything I could to fulfill the deal!’ I shrieked inside my head. ‘You’re cheating!’

“I can see that I won’t be able to convince you otherwise, so I will not attempt to,” she said. “However, it is inarguable that you are in default. I suggest you recognize and correct your mistakes as quickly as possible.”

‘It’s not a default if you were cheating!’ I objected, but she was no longer present to listen.

## Consequences

I spent the rest of the bus ride alternating between resenting and fearing Agrat’s retribution, but when nothing happened to me before I got back to the motel I was cautiously optimistic that my refusal to acknowledge any breach of contract had succeeded and I wouldn’t be punished after all. My conviction got stronger as the night continued and nothing else bad happened, and I convinced myself that it was all everyone else’s fault. The bus driver had been racist, Derek had been timid, and Agrat had been manipulative. I congratulated myself on not succumbing to her attempt to gaslight me into believing I had defaulted.

I woke the next morning from an erotic dream that left me incredibly horny. I couldn’t recall exactly what it had been about, but it didn’t matter too much; I had plenty of time to frig myself while enjoying the feeling of my amazing tits and prominent nipples in my other hand. First thing in the morning, and aroused as I was, both felt even bigger and firmer than usual, which got my motor running even faster.

It put me in mind of the extra-slutty Kasey June I’d seen briefly a couple months previously,

and I mounted toward orgasm quickly. If anything, I came too quickly, because the swiftly-achieved climax didn't entirely satisfy.

Just as well, though; I needed to get ready for work, and I wanted to look my best for my first shift with a genuine high school equivalency. Reluctantly getting out of bed, I absently felt up my breasts some more, this time to assess their size. I hadn't yet had a period, but I knew that breasts changing size through the cycle wasn't unusual, and they didn't really feel *heavier*, just rounder.

But then, when I looked in the mirror, I realized that they had to have increased at least a cup size, if not two. They weren't nearly the ridiculous proportions that Kasey June had reached during the peak of the summoning, but the increase in prominence was remarkable.

They didn't look *fake* per se, but no one would believe they were entirely real, either. They just didn't hang low enough for their size, and the nipples... besides pointing out at an overly perky angle, they had swollen up half again larger than they had been, and they hadn't been small before. I didn't even think my nipple stickers would be able to cover them.

"Fuck you, Agrat!" I said unsteadily, staring at myself in the mirror. That was going to make it even harder not to look like a slut, and she was probably laughing at me now.

Well, it would serve her right if I pretended I didn't even mind, I thought, thinking about how fuckable I looked. I mean, what if I just decided to enjoy it? While I was a girl. That would prove that she hadn't won.

I got dressed in all of my work clothes to see how I looked. The nipple stickers looked really weird, so I removed them. Sure, my huge nobs caused clearly visible bumps in the fabric of my shirt, but there were no rules against it as long as my bra color didn't show through at all.

Agrat had tried to punish me, but I was going to carry it off with aplomb, I vowed. I just regretted that she wouldn't be there to see how unbothered I was going to be.

# Reality Cheque

## Admonition

I spent so much time on my makeup and hair that I almost missed the bus, but I felt that I had attained a very creditable intersection of fresh, glamorous, and sexy. The reactions of my coworkers confirmed this impression, and I felt extremely triumphant. I wasn't in a habit of examining my emotions, but I reckoned that I was exhilarated by the idea that, by refusing to be bowed by Agrat's punishment, I was winning.

Certainly I felt like a champion, and I dared to ask Leanne about getting another shot at the waitress job. She seemed distracted by my nipples, but said she'd present the idea to Howard.

Later, Howard called me in to congratulate me on my exam results and my enthusiasm as a hostess, and gave me a raise as well. "But," he said, "Leanne tells me you'd like to take another try at becoming a server."

"Yes sir!" I said cheerily.

"You'll need to go through the second day of training again, and pass the third day test," he warned me.

"No problem," I said confidently.

"Also, ah... I would suggest a more minimizing bra. Guests usually appreciate curves, but past a certain point it can start to become an obstacle."

"This is just me, sir," I said, conscious of a flush of pleasure at my ability to say it and have it be true.

He shrugged. "It was just a suggestion about how to present yourself. How does next week sound?"

"As soon as possible, sir," I said, wanting to get him to commit.

"Well, we do have to wait for the official diploma to be issued."

"I already passed the test," I said, trying to keep the worry out of my voice.

"Right, they confirmed that, but corporate needs your degree number on file or something like that. Just a paperwork thing."

"Got it. Thank you, Howard! I really appreciate all the help you've given me," I said, bouncing a little to show enthusiasm and cleavage.

"Sure, no problem. I appreciate you sticking with it," he said, carefully turning his gaze back to his computer screen, "I'll let you know."

All day, I felt really good, especially when someone did a double-take at my boobs or my bum, trying to figure out if they were real. And I knew they were. No padded bra, no stick-ons, no implants. Just my body. And, validated as I was by my coworkers' admiration, I didn't feel like my body was a manifestation of being at Agrat's mercy; it was a *trophy* from having turned the tables on the succubus.

I was also really, *really* horny. I found myself daydreaming about Tammie walking in to see me and being so overcome with lust that she sneaked into the back to rail me with a huge strapon. A part of me knew that I should probably not be entertaining a fantasy where I was on the receiving end, but I told myself it was better than getting off on the idea of having sex with any of the men coming into the Busted Babe.

"Do you want to go to the Chandelier Theatre with us Friday?" Cassandra asked me after shift, "Kliklik is playing."

"I have to work Friday," I said, confused about what I wanted. I was flattered to be invited, but I hated Kliklik. Or rather, I had many times in the past expressed hatred of the dance music duo because their music was for frivolous party girls. But I really didn't know what their music sounded like, and it was the first time any of the other Babes had invited me to anything. And it was okay for Kasey June to be a frivolous party girl. Almost obligatory.

"We all do, silly," Cassandra reminded me. "Their set doesn't start until at least midnight, so we won't miss anything. If you're worried about making it home afterwards you can totally sleep at our place."

"Oh! That would be really cool! I, uh, do I need to get a ticket or something?"

She laughed. "No way you could get a ticket now. But we have extras. General admission, sixty bucks apiece."

"Wow, thanks! Sure!"

"The other ticket's also up for grabs, if you have a cool friend who wants to come. No boys, though; it's a girl's night. See you there!"

It's impossible to describe how I felt at that moment, but it was one of the most intense feelings I've ever had in my life, some kind of mix of euphoria, relief, and hope, all mixed with a dangerously obvious truth that the ingrained habits of three decades informed me would doom me if I acknowledged it.

I tried to come up for some other reason for my confused, silent sobbing in the stall of the restroom, but failed. I felt like I was staring down the barrel of the deadly reality that I *liked* being a girl. That it felt natural. That I *wanted* to be a girl. But, there was still one thing that saved me from an excess of self-knowledge: anger.

"Why did you do this to me?" I asked Agrat.

I didn't feel her listening, which made me as afraid as I was angry. I didn't want to stop being a girl, but I wanted to want to stop. Or at least, I needed for her to confirm that it wasn't my fault.

“Well, I suppose it isn’t your fault,” she emerged suddenly to comment.

‘So you *did* do this to me,’ I said, relieved.

“Kasey June, you have a serious listening problem, and I fear it’s incurable.”

‘You lied! You said you couldn’t make people girls!’

“The second is true, the first is not. But I’m not here to waste time arguing with you, I’m here to inaugurate a new phase of your education. You have some apprehension of the vulnerability of a young woman like yourself in the world that your father made, but you have not had to really experience it so far. You do not want to become anyone’s girlfriend, but I tell you now that you will need protection. Especially you, because you are not very perceptive. I have arranged for you to meet several people who could protect you, and you have treated them inconsistently at best, more according to how much you desire their good opinion than according to their actual desserts.”

‘Are you threatening me?’ I asked.

‘I’m warning you, fool.’

“You’re trying to bully me again,” I asserted, “But you can’t actually do anything do me, can you? You tried to punish me but you failed.” It occurred to me that this might have been untrue, given my realization about feeling like a girl, but then it occurred to me that I’d felt that way well before the test agreement, so it couldn’t be in response to my default. Only the boobs and, I suspected, my raging sex drive were new.

“I have not punished you at all so far. I have given you what you asked for, and tried to introduce you to why you asked for it. Sometimes, I find, when humans learn the true reasons for their fears and they are allayed, they are able to shed many of their other faults. But, you make disappointing progress, Kasey June, and I am reluctantly convinced that you may need to face some more explicitly negative experiences to take your next steps.”

‘What are you going to do to me?’

“It’s a matter of what I will *not* do to you. I’m going to stop providing you with the wholly undeserved streak of good luck that has protected you so far. Though I think you are incapable of believing me, I’ll still tell you that you bear culpability in most of the bad things that are likely to eventuate.”

‘Because I made myself like this?’

She sounded moderately pleased when she answered, “Yes, in part. James Sero had much to answer for. But Kasey June, you remain in default on our last agreement, and that is not Sero’s fault. Until you make good on your promise, I’m well within my rights to take any measures I please.”

‘Like making me so horny I can hardly think sometimes?’ I accused her. I knew rationally that it wouldn’t rattle her, but accusing my way out of tight spots was one of my most deeply ingrained defensive reflexes.

“Oh, Kasey June, that was just your request to ‘long for a giant prick’ like the one you provided. According to your own specification, I’m afraid you’ll find your libido impossible to fully satisfy for the next seven months. I wouldn’t have let it go forward if you hadn’t showed that you needed to live with more consequences of your actions, but no, it’s not a punitive measure per se, and certainly not what I was referring to.”

‘Okay, if not that, then what?’ I asked

“Maybe nothing, if you apply yourself soon.”

It felt a little ominous and I resumed crying a little, mostly from fear and emotional exhaustion. ‘I can’t take this.’

“Probably not at this point, no,” she agreed thoughtfully. “Well, you’ll either learn to manage, or I’ll just have to find a position for you where you don’t need to.”

‘Of all people, why did you pick me?’ I asked plaintively, feeling so singled out.

“Well, there are certainly a vast number of more deserving people out there with whom I would have preferred to deal, but you’re the one I was summoned to,” she told me. I could feel her beginning to recede again. “It just goes to show that demons can have bad luck as well.”

## Protection

I looked for Derek on the bus ride home, and I was both relieved and disappointed that I didn’t see him at the stop where he had sometimes boarded in the past.

As I recovered more of my emotional equilibrium, I contemplated what I had learned. Because my libido returned apace, I found myself viewing my newly acknowledged feminine affinity in a sexual light. Not that I hadn’t before, but I recognized as I hadn’t in the past that I simply enjoyed being extremely hot. I felt proud of how attractive I was not just because of the advantages it gave me, or because it was evidence of my craftiness, but because it fit my idea of an ideal woman.

I tried to determine when this change had been imposed on me, but after reaching only unsatisfactory answers, I gave up that line of thought. What was done was done. There was probably no going back, I thought, with a distinct sense of relief. My only real regret was the lost cock. I still thought about it a lot, wishing I could feel it again, especially now that my hands were smaller. An image of it ramming into me was also difficult to dispel when I was so randy, but whereas in the past I’d tried to put it out of my mind because it wasn’t a proper thing to fantasize about, in my new circumstances I thought it was a bad idea to give myself false hope. At best, I might hope for a similarly-pretty strap-on.

“Hey girl. Hey,” a man said, waving a hand in front of me.

“What?” I asked uninvitingly.

“You’re pretty bangin’,” he said.

“Oh,” I said, and turned to look out the window. Or rather, face the window; I was watching his reflection.

“That’s it, you’re not even going to say thank you?”

“Thank you,” I said.

“I see, you’re fucking stuck up. Fat slut.”

I pretended I didn’t hear him.

“How much does it cost for a blow job? Ten bucks? You probably got a disease, so maybe two dollars. Right? Right? You a two dollar whore?”

He continued talking about how cheap I was and the probable things I let men do to me, but he didn’t get any closer, so I kept my mouth shut, just looking out the window and keeping my eye on his reflection. He eventually tired of his abuse, but I continued watching him the whole long ride, waiting for him to disembark. He didn’t, and I wasn’t willing to let him know which stop was mine, so I stayed on until the stop in town, near the police station.

As I feared, the man got off as well, and though he didn’t say anything to me, I felt sure he was following me. I didn’t look back, but I quickened my pace as much as I could without being too obvious about it. There was a street light out on the way to the police station, and it didn’t look like there was anyone out in front. The tire shop was also closed already, and there were no lights on at the diner, either. The best I could hope for was the church; often there were people there until late.

My heels threatened to sink into the turf as I walked past the diner’s car park to the hedge, and I could hear by his steps that he wasn’t far behind me. I imagined him catching me and pulling me back into the shrubbery.

‘Agrat!’ I thought desperately, ‘Help me!’

I could feel her attention, but she didn’t respond.

“Please, I’ll do anything!” I said aloud in desperation.

The man behind me laughed derisively. “I bet you would, crackwhore. Like I would want to touch your diseased ass.”

His voice indicated he’d stopped following me, though, and I belatedly perceived that Tammie and a tall blonde were talking on the doorstep to the church offices.

“Tammie!” I called, waving in a way I hoped communicated excitement rather than terror.

“Kasey June! Where’d you come from?” she asked, pleased but a bit mystified as to how I appeared just across the street without her noticing my approach. I hoped I didn’t have any scratches or stains on my clothes that she would notice as I got closer.

“I just got off the bus,” I explained without explaining.

“Oh, well, this is really great timing. The Reverend Dr Zelda Melek is our new pastor! Dr Melek, this is Kasey June Richmond who I was telling you about.”



Reverend Melek had exactly the style of the new breed of female pastors, looking like a Fox News host with a bit less makeup and wearing a slightly more conservative outfit. She looked like an honest to goodness model, including her height; she would have been a foot taller than me if I hadn't been in heels. She put on a friendly smile that still looked quite stern, and said, "I understand you've faced some real ups and downs in the last year or so, Miss Richmond."

"Um, yeah," I said, breathing somewhat heavily. I wasn't built to move fast or over rough terrain.

"Do you need help?" Tammie asked.

"Yeah, I... Well, a man was following me," I admitted, uncomfortably aware of how condescendingly James Sero would have responded.

"Oh dear," Reverend Melek said, looking around, "I guess he turned back?"

"Yeah, he must have seen you," I said.

"That's so scary!" Tammie said, and gave me a reassuring hug. The most reassuring thing about it is that she didn't doubt me for a second. I almost felt guilty, even though I wasn't lying even a little bit, yet somehow I felt like I was.

"I take it you didn't know him?" the pastor confirmed, a faint echo of the 'Why was he following you? Are you sure he was following you?' I would have asked as Pastor Sero.

"Never seen him before," I said, "And I got off here because I hoped there would be people around, and also I didn't want him to know my real stop."

"Would you like to report it?" Reverend Melek asked.

"Do you think they would take me seriously?" I asked.

Tammie looked embarrassed and Reverend Melek looked wry. "I could come with you and make them do so."

I felt warmed by the unquestioning support and shook my head. "No, I didn't even take a picture. Why didn't I take a picture?"

"Because it would have been really dangerous if he'd noticed?" Tammie said, as if this was very obvious. And in fact that was exactly why I hadn't dared.

"If you change your mind or see him again, don't hesitate to come to me," Reverend Melek told me seriously.

"Yes, ma'am," I agreed, and let out a sigh as I realized how knackered I was.

"Would you like for me to give you a ride home?" the pastor asked, motioning toward a large black SUV.

"Oh, I can take her home, Dr Melek!" Tammie said quickly, possibly to save me from having to reveal that I lived at the Holly Jolly.

"Okay. You two stay safe, alright?" Reverend Melek said as if she was much older than her apparent age, which was no greater than her late 20s or perhaps early 30s. Then again, I knew I looked young for my age, so perhaps she was responding to that.

“We will. I’m so glad we got to have this talk. I’m really excited for your ministry, Dr Melek! I think it’ll be a real breath of fresh air!”

Something about the reverend’s smile made me wary. I knew how ruthless church ladies could be, and a woman who managed to elbow her way into the church’s ranks without the benefit of a famous or powerful husband would have had to be extra tough. Or maybe I hadn’t heard of her before she hadn’t taken her powerful husband’s name? That would have been controversial.

“Is Reverend Melek married?” I asked Tammie as we got into her car

Tammie laughed as if she’d had the same thought. “No! Isn’t that amazing? I wouldn’t have thought that Dr Whitman would have selected a woman pastor, but I guess he’s more progressive in his outlook than I knew. It just goes to show that people can always surprise you with their goodness.”

Though I privately thought it was far more likely that Reverend Melek had some kind of hold over Dr Whitman, I expressed agreement with Tammie easily enough.

“How are you feeling, Kasey June?” she asked again, turning back to my recent frightening experience.

“I think... I’m a girl,” I said, meaning to continue with ‘who knows how to take care of herself,’ but the bare statement ‘I’m a girl’ brought me back to my line of thought from before the creep had interrupted my evening. I was a girl. It was okay for girls to ask for help.

“What are you saying, Kasey June?” Tammie asked, concerned. “Are you not really 18 years old yet?”

I startled. “What? No. Why do you ask that?” I wanted to fetch out my ID check to make sure it was legitimate, but restrained myself.

“I’m sorry! it’s just the way you call yourself a girl rather than a woman, and... you look pretty young. And I couldn’t figure out what else you meant.”

“Oh, yeah, well, I don’t blame you,” I said. “I *am* really young. And it’s a big, dangerous world, with predators prowling for the young and the old. And now that I’m...” I stopped myself from saying ‘prey’, since that wouldn’t make sense to her, and substituted it with, “Out of the herd, I’m feeling pretty exposed.”

Truly, I’d *always* felt like I was on the knife’s edge between predator and prey, always struggling to wear the wolf’s clothing so I wouldn’t be outed as a sheep.

I looked up at Tammie to assess her reception of my thoughts. Her brow was furrowed in determination to help. She wasn’t a predator, but she didn’t look like prey, either. How had I ever mistaken her resolute cheerfulness to be silliness? She was just the sort of woman I wanted to be. Except she was also stuck, wasn’t she? She had to guard against her parents, who demanded the right to search her phone, and the judgmental eyes of the church ladies, and the clumsy flirtations of the husbands and boys.

“Now that Reverend Melek is pastor, I think maybe she can find a way to help. I heard why they... kicked you out, and I don’t think they’ll budge on that so soon, but you deserve some protection, and I’m sure we can... What’s happening here?”

The police cars that had been missing from the front of the police station were at the Holly Jolly, along with the county sheriff, blue and red lights flashing.

## Interrogation

Yolanda and, I assumed, one of her johns were standing next to the Sheriff’s SUV in handcuffs, and I thought I saw several of the other prostitutes and their clientele also under arrest. On the second floor, all their doors were open, with police going in and out.

“Oh no! Do you think anyone’s hurt?” Tammie asked.

“No, they’re just a bunch of hookers,” I said dismissively, feeling a twinge of guilt at describing them that way, after how friendly and helpful they’d been, especially Yolanda.

“I see,” Tammie said, sounding disappointed. Disappointed in *me*, I suspected, for my lack of concern.

“Oh shit,” I exclaimed, “Why did they raid *my* room?”

“They did?” Tammie asked, sounding gratifyingly shocked. At least she didn’t suspect *I* was a prostitute, which I would have done, in her position.

Police were already watching us when Tammie parked, and I could see I had an interview ahead of me. Even though I couldn’t think of anything Kasey June had done that was at all illegal, my time as James Sero had included plenty of behavior that instilled in me a fear of this sort of invasive search.

I tried to calm myself with the knowledge that I had done nothing wrong and had nothing to fear, but the fact that Tammie got out with me was far more effective in steadying me.

“Officer?” Tammie queried the policeman coming toward us before he could say anything, “Can I make a report?”

“Um, uh I, we’re in the middle of an investigation right now.”

“Well, it’s something that just happened. A man was saying threatening things and following my friend Kasey June here and he might still be in the area.”

“Threatening?” he asked, seeming inclined to follow up, but then he stopped himself and shook his head. “We’ll definitely take that report as soon as we can. Kasey June, you are a resident here, correct?”

“Yes,” I answered, trying to strike an innocent and helpful tone.

“Which room?”

“204.”

“Does anyone else live with you?”

“No.”

“How often do you have visitors?”

“Uh, never,” I said, which was stretching the point, but I didn’t want to give him any reason to believe I was hooking.

“And what is your employment?” he asked, giving me a hard look like he expected me to lie.

“I’m a hostess. At a restaurant.”

“What restaurant?”

“The Busted Babe,” I said.

“Really?” he and Tammie said at the same time, with different sorts of surprise.

“Yes, really. Why?” I asked, avoiding Tammie’s eyes.

“Just sit tight for a moment,” he said, “I need to talk to the shift supervisor. Don’t go anywhere, so we can let you go as fast as possible.”

“Is she being detained?” Tammie asked.

“Uh, not at this time, but just give me a minute. She can’t go into her room for a little while anyway. Okay? Just sit tight.”

“Sure, it’s fine,” I told him with my most dazzling smile,” and he couldn’t help but smile back at me. It made me feel powerful and in control. I loved being a hot girl.

“You work at the Busted Babe?” Tammie asked when we were more alone.

“Yeah. It pays better than the diner. A lot better, once I make waitress.”

“How is it?” she asked, trying to control the note of concern in her voice.

“It’s really fun. I know, it’s not *very* modest, but it’s basically just being friendly and a little harmless dancing. They’re pretty strict about making sure the guests don’t overstep,” I tried to assure her. It was true in a physical sense, at least.

“I understand,” she said, “But I don’t think others in the church would see it that way. Maybe Reverent Melek would...”

“Probably better not to mention it to her,” I said hurriedly, seeing that the officer was coming back to us.

“I think she could help,” Tammie started to say.

“I don’t need that kind of help,” I interrupted, unable to resist decades of habit telling me that vulnerabilities must be hidden from authorities.

“Miss Kasey June Richmond?” he asked.

“Yes?” I responded despite my feeling that his use of my full name was a warning sign.

“Could you come with me over to the car?”

“Is she being detained?” Tammie asked.

“Yes. Please stand back.”

Tammie took a small step away before following up with, “Why is she being detained?”

“Do I need to detain you, too?” he asked threateningly.

“For what?” Tammie asked, caught between confusion and incredulity.

“Interfering in a police investigation,” he said, taking me by my arm and pushing me toward his squad car.

“I’m not interfering in anything,” Tammie said, following at a distance, “But she has a right to know why she’s being detained.”

“You’re starting to piss me off, lady,” he told her, “This isn’t any of your business unless you’re involved, in which case we need to detain you, too.”

“Alright, okay. Kasey June, you should call Reverend Melek. Let me write down her number for you.”

The mention of a church authority seemed to have sway. “You can give me the number and I’ll keep it for her,” he told her. “Just hang out in your vehicle and I’ll get it when I’m done.”

“Can you tell me why I’m being arrested?” I asked after he’d read me my rights and searched me somewhat cursorily. My outfit couldn’t exactly hide much.

“Drug possession, for starters.”

“What? Why? I don’t have any drugs.”

“We found residue and a large amount of cash.”

“The cash is because I don’t trust banks,” I said, which was mostly a lie. I really kept it in cash because I wanted to make sure that when I got a new identity I could grab the money rather than it being stuck in Kasey June’s bank account. “I don’t know where the residue is from, but I’m not the first person to live in this room. Francine lived there before me, and she was, like, a druggie.”

“How do you know Francine?” he asked.

“I don’t. That’s just what Yolanda told me.”

“What’s your relationship with Yolanda?”

“We’re just friends. She helps me out sometimes. I’ll go over to her room and she’ll help me with my makeup and such. She gave me some clothes when I first arrived.” That might provide an innocent explanation why they’d found pot residue

“She *gave* you clothes? Why?”

“It was an apology for, uh, a misunderstanding.”

“A misunderstanding?”

I was thinking about the likelihood that they had video or testimony from Buck that I’d sucked him off, so I decided to explain that away, too. “Well, when I first moved in, one of her, uh, clients came to my room on accident.”

“On accident?” he asked skeptically.

“Yeah. Just that one time.”

“And who was that?”

“Buck Greenbill,” I said, sort of glad to think that I might mess up Buck’s day with my testimony.

“And what happened then?”

“He demanded, uh, certain favors,” I said, embarrassed, but also glad to smear his character. Well, not *smear*, even; it was perfectly true.

“And did he receive them?”

“I was too scared to refuse. He said he’d rape me if I didn’t.”

“And did you report this to anyone?” he asked skeptically.

“No, but...” I said, and tried to think of what I could say that would explain to him how unreasonable it was to expect me to have reported it under the circumstances. Given that the single biggest reason was my knowledge that the police wouldn’t take it seriously, I didn’t feel there was a good way to convey that reality to a member of that group.

“And did he pay you?” he asked, when I failed to continue my previous sentence.

“He paid Yolanda,” I said, glad to get the focus off me.

“So she gave you clothes?”

“Right. I guess.”

“Did she give you anything else?”

“No,” I lied, trying not to think about the forty dollars.

“Not forty dollars?”

I startled. “Did she tell you that? Look, it was just an apology, giving me the money that would have gone to Francine.”

“Mmm hmm,” he said, with a pleased smile, jotting it down. “And how many more times did that happen?”

“None! That was the only time!”

“Sure it was,” he said with a little laugh, and I realized how big a fool I’d been to speak without a lawyer.

## **Incarceration**

Back at the county sheriff’s department I steadfastly refused to be interviewed without a lawyer. Finally, after processing they put me in their single holding cell with the others. They tried to reassure me that I’d be fine and probably released with a simple misdemeanor charge that the public defender would plead down to a fine. My money was definitely forfeited, though.

I didn’t explain to them how much I’d told the police officer, which I thought he might have recorded at least partially, and I hoped it wouldn’t matter. A disappointed hope; I was charged with prostitution and felony marijuana possession with intent to distribute. I wasn’t provided

with any counsel for my bail hearing, and there was no way I could come up with the ten thousand dollars bail; even the one thousand to pay a bail bondsman was far more than I had after basically all my money had been seized. Apparently I was the only one in such a fix; when I got back to my cell after the bond hearing, I was alone except for the woman brought in for public drunkenness who was, by my return, sleeping it off on one of the benches.

I did at least have my rechargeable debit card waiting for me when I got out, but I'd have to make the fifty seven dollars on it last until my next payday, even if I could get someone to bail me out.

The obvious choice, in my mind, was Agrat.

"Sure, I can get you out. Are you going to be thankful?"

'Yes! I've learned my lesson,' I insisted fervently.

"No, you haven't," Agrat told me flatly, "Not really. It's rather more like you've just crammed for a test, but you'll forget the moment you think it's over. But no matter, help will arrive regardless."

'Thank you.'

"It's too late to thank *me*, Kasey June. I tried to help you before. Now I'm just giving you advice because I don't want you to miscarry your obligations."

I decided to use the other bench to get a bit of a nap myself, and dropped off to sleep despite it being quite unforgivingly hard and narrow. I woke to the sound of the drunk woman explaining to two newcomers that I was one of a group of hookers arrested in a raid the previous night.

"Hey, I'm not a whore!" I objected somewhat groggily.

"Sure you ain't," the older of the raddled newcomers cackled with a heavy rural accent and a mouth with many teeth lost to drug use. "That's why ya bought yerself them big ol' tiddies and cocksucker lips o' yours."

"I didn't buy anything," I insisted. "It's all real."

"Bullshit," the younger woman said, and grabbed my boobs.

I'd planned to shout, but one of her hands had accidentally gripped around my right nipple, and it came out as a whimper. I hadn't had a chance to masturbate in way too long, and despite everything, my body wanted more. She was clearly a habitual meth user as well; possibly the other woman's daughter, or perhaps the resemblance was due to them both being emaciated and pockmarked bleach blondes with roots showing. Regardless, the younger woman was still somewhat attractive despite the marks of her addiction. She seemed to have all of her front teeth, too.

"What the shit?" she said, responding to my wordless noise of arousal.

"She's a lezbeeyan," the older woman asserted with another cackle. "A lezbeeyan hooker."

"God, what a slut," the younger woman said, amusing herself by tweaking my nipple.

"Probably should charge the lezbo for this."

I was deeply mortified by my body's obvious reaction as my oversized nipples displayed prominently through my top. I'd discarded my panty liner when I was last at the loo, so there was also a danger of developing a wet spot in my crotch.

"You're going to get in trouble doing that," the drunk woman commented warily.

"You're going to get in trouble running your mouth," the woman feeling me up told her. "Do you even know why we're in here?"

"No, sorry," the drunk woman said, not daring to get involved as the older woman oriented herself somewhat threateningly in her direction.

"Yeah, that's what I thought," the younger woman said. Whether to the drunk woman or to me, I couldn't tell. "What a whore," she added as I pressed myself against her hand in my crotch, "What a cow-titted slut. Real, though. A real slutty cow," she told me as she rubbed her fingers roughly up and down my vulva atop my leggings and I moaned.

It was almost as if the abuse was turning me on. It *was* turning me on. I liked that she acknowledged that I was real, and I thought she was excited by my body as well, in her own way. I thought she was a little overwhelmed and fascinated by the size of my rack, and something about the obscene prominence of my nipples as she tugged them up into view made me feel validated. A small part of me was exultant that I wasn't just *pretending* to be a cow-titted slut, I was the real deal. I was what all the big-bust porn stars pretended they were. And no one could ever tell otherwise.

"See, she likes it. Look how soaked she is," the woman narrated toward the drunk woman while cutting her eyes over to lock gazes with me. I felt very intimidated and helpless, and somehow that just made me even hornier. When she dug her slimy fingers viciously into the fabric over my cunt, the leggings and my panties kept it from hurting enough to prevent me from climaxing.

"See? Don't act like you're better'n us, you twisted little lezbo whore," the younger woman told me as she rinsed off her fingers.

"I wasn't trying to be better than anyone," I said once I was coherent enough to recall that Agrat had reminded me to thank people. It seemed very unfair to have to thank someone who had just assaulted me, but I didn't want to risk things getting worse, either. "I'm really not a prostitute. I just got picked up because I live next to them."

"Yeah, at the Holly Jolly!" the older woman said, her laugh showing off her disquieting lack of teeth.

It seemed pointless to argue. "Uh, yeah. Um. Thanks."

"What?" the younger woman said angrily.

"What?" I asked, confused.

"Don't be all snotty with us."

"I wasn't being snotty! I was just thanking you! For, uh, getting me off."



“Wow, you *pathetic*,” the woman said, looking disgusted. So did the drunk woman. The older tweaker just cackled.

“Don’t you laugh, Martha,” the younger woman told the older, “You ain’t better either, takin’ it in the butt for a quarter bag. Nasty.”

That wiped the smile off Martha’s face. “Oh, like you’re one to talk, Kaykay!” she shot back, and they got to arguing who was the most disgusting junkie.

I felt ashamed and embarrassed, but even though they occasionally threw insults my way, there was a sort of reassurance that it didn’t turn into a verbal pile-on, much less the sort of beating that my father would have meted out whenever I disgusted him. And was it even disgusting, if I really was the thing? Kaykay might have been pretending to just be abusing me, but I was pretty sure she’d been aroused as well, and then she locked horns with Martha to hide it.

It wasn’t until Yolanda showed up to bail me out with her own money that Martha and Kaykay focused their abuse on me again, though that round of excoriation was inspired by the fact that I was being bailed out by a Black woman. This time it was clear that their naked racism disgusted everyone else present far more than my pathetic moment had.

“Thank you so much,” I said, thanking Yolanda far less reluctantly than I’d thanked Kaykay. “How can I repay you?”

“I don’t know, girl, but you better do it,” she said firmly. “And quick. I had to borrow money from some people I don’t like to fuck with because the cops stole a lot of my money too.”

“Oh. Uh.” In my moment of humility, after weathering being molested by a meth addict in a jail cell and coming away with no real harm, I thought maybe it wouldn’t be a big deal if I took another plunge. “I could maybe... work for you a bit.”

“Oh? You’re not better’n us hookers?” she said tensely.

I winced; I’d hoped that Yolanda hadn’t given any credence to anything the tweakers said, but apparently she’d taken them seriously enough to deduce that I’d claimed to be too good to be a prostitute. “I’m so sorry. They were...”

Yolanda softened immediately. “Nah, it’s fine girl. I know it can be scary in there by yourself. Do you want to clean up before we go?” She nodded discreetly toward my slightly-damp crotch.

I blushed deeply, wondering what she made of it, but once again she was being so gentle about it that I felt like maybe it wasn’t so bad after all.

“Yeah, thanks,” I said, and, my purse once again in my possession, went to make myself look less of a mess.

# Education

“Now, I ain’t tryna be your pimp,” Yolanda told me once we were out of the station, “And the biz isn’t as easy as you think, Kasey June. You should borrow money from someone else to pay me back, alright? And then you can do whatever you want to pay them back.”

“Yeah, okay, good idea. How long does it take to get your money back from the police?”

She snorted. “Girl, that money’s gone. Haven’t you ever heard of ‘asset forfeiture’? They get to keep it for themselves unless you can prove to a judge it wasn’t being used as part of a crime. Which you won’t be able to do, because the judge gets paid, too.”

“That’s outrageous!” I protested angrily, “They can’t do that!”

She snorted again. “You naïve as fuck, girl. Of course they can do it. Do it all the time. You look it up when we get back.”

During our hired car ride back to the Holly, she kept me distracted with a story of her sister’s breakup with a cheating coworker, and when we arrived, a different problem prevented me from carrying on my attempt to convince her that the authorities couldn’t possibly just steal my money for themselves when I hadn’t done anything wrong. In much the same view, we found that we were all ejected from the motel, our rental advance payments seized to cover unspecified cleaning and repair costs. Yolanda was angry, but unsurprised.

I was less reconciled, and my vocal rage didn’t abate until I was thrown against the wall by the guard the motel owners had hired for the occasion. Coupled with the threat to call the police on me for trespassing, Yolanda was finally able to drag me away from my insanity.

“Girl, you wanna go back to jail? You might be a white girl, but that skin only gets you so far when they think you a cracked out ho. And you actin’ like a cracked out ho, KayJay.”

I gulped air as the anger that had kept my fear at bay crumbled. “What are we going to do?”

“Girl, I ain’t your mama. You gotta figure this one out for yourself.”

“You’re leaving me here?” I asked plaintively, tears sliding down my cheeks. I truthfully couldn’t blame her after my behaviour. At first I’d thought of myself as fighting for Yolanda and her girls, but now I was realizing that I’d really just wanted to deny my own powerlessness.

“Look, it wouldn’t be safe for you to come with me to my brother’s house. It ain’t even safe for *me*. But KayJay, you’re small, you’re cute, you’re...” I could tell she was going to remind me that I was white, then decided not to. “The girlie girl a lot of people want to help out. You got friends at work?”

I shrugged. Did the invitation to the Chandelier Theatre mean Cassandra was my friend? I would have said so before my night in jail

“Ask one of them. Or any other friend you got. You still got your phone, so...” She stopped as her own phone vibrated. “Ayjay! You here?”

She spun to wave an old Cadillac in imperfect condition.

“What’s good, Yoyo,” her brother yelled at her as he pulled up. “Dayum, you got some thicc hos now, Yoyo. Hey, hey girl.” He seemed amused by my attempts to pretend he wasn’t talking to me.

“Leave her alone, Ayjay, she ain’t one of mine.”

“You wanna be one of mine?” he offered with one eyebrow raised.

“Shut up , Ayjay. Kayjay, have my money when see each other at court. Got it?”

“Sure, Yolanda,” I promised.

“Or her brother gonna come get it,” Ayjay said with exaggerated threat.

“Shut up, Ayjay,” Yolanda said, flicking his arm and rolling her eyes for my benefit.

“I’ll have it,” I reiterated.

“I know. Good luck, girl.”

I stood there for a little while after they’d left, trying to decide what to do. A couple of the other girls were at the truck stop, looking for work and rides from the truckers. I wasn’t going to seek help from them, even though my returning sense of panic was pushing me to seize on a known source of assistance. Just, what if they held the rather reasonable expectation that I do my part in helping to entertain the truckers.

I shuddered with revulsion, thinking of some of the less attractive truckers I’d seen hire girls. Calling any of my coworkers seemed like a sure way to spread around that I’d gotten arrested, and why. I wished I could call Tammie, who I knew would want to help any way she could, but I knew she couldn’t help me the way I needed; she didn’t have a place for me to stay or enough money for me to borrow. She’d just fob me off on Pastor Melek.

The new lady-pastor seemed the obvious person to ask for help, but the idea of appealing to an unknown authority filled me with unease. Even the police, whom I’d expected to be bound by rules and laws, had stolen my money without recourse, if Yolanda was to be believed. And I did, now that I was finished with my temper tantrum. No one had more awareness than I did, though, how few hard-and-fast rules there were for pastors. Pastor Melek would be limited only by her cleverness and conscience. And something told me she was *very* clever to have reached her position at her age. And maybe not overly burdened with a rigid conscience, either.

‘Agrat?’ I asked. There was no answer, but I thought I had her attention. ‘Is there any way you could make Pastor Melek attracted to me?’

“I can’t change peoples’ minds,” she answered, sounding amused and curious.

‘I don’t mean her mind; I’m talking about her body. Like increasing her libido.’

“That would be unlikely to do anything unless she was already attracted,” she said.

Evasively, I thought.

‘But maybe she’s already attracted to me?’

“What is your goal?”

‘I need her help, but I want it to be a mutually beneficial arrangement,’ I told her, feeling

very proud of myself. I'd managed to turn the desire to have a hold on the pastor into an act of generosity or at least fair dealing.

"And what would you sacrifice?" she asked.

"I don't have much left. They took almost everything. All that's left is what I have on me right now."

"Very well, that's acceptable," Agrat said, "Are we agreed?"

I couldn't help smiling to myself that I got out of giving up anything further. 'Yes, agreed.'

I had time to recall with sudden worry that I had my phone 'on me', but nothing vanished. I imagined myself left standing on the side of the road, naked, with no way to contact the pastor. Yet, Agrat had receded, and I somehow knew that the deal had been struck.

My phone vibrated. Would it be the pastor, contacting me? No, just an email about my equivalency exam, probably congratulating me on my success. I ignored it like I ignored all the other pointless messages from them. Then my stomach sank. What if *that* was what Agrat had taken in trade?

"Dear Ms Richmond," the email started, "As mentioned in previous emails, you are required to pay the out-of-state exam fee or provide evidence of prior attendance of an accredited in-state educational institution such as a high school. Your exam results cannot be entered as final until this matter is resolved..." the message continued, but I didn't read further. It took a moment to get ahold of myself, but I reminded myself that I would be able to get the money to pay the additional out-of-state fee. If I did it quickly, I could avoid getting sacked from the Busted Babe.

I thought I might be okay.

But I was finally beginning to learn that I might not.

# Means of Support

## Pastor's Pet

"Hello," Reverend Melek answered her phone.

"Reverend? It's Kasey June. Tammie said I should call you if I needed help, and, uh..."

"I'm ready to provide," she said easily.

I breathed a sigh of relief. I didn't really know her, but something about her confidence made me believe she wouldn't even consider leaving me hanging. It might even imply she already had other plans for me, which gave me butterflies of mixed fear and anticipation. Granted it was dangerous to make myself prey for a predator, but it's not as if I was really the naïve teen I appeared to be.

"Could you pick me up? I'm... near the truck stop just outside town. You know the one?"

"I do, yes. I'll be there shortly and we can talk then."

"Thank you!" I said cheerfully, optimistic that she had offered because talking in person was the best way to seduce an impressionable teenager. Which would be especially true of a mutual seduction.

She was there in minutes, taking a U-turn across the double-yellow lines to pick me up.

"Thank you, Reverend!" I told her, looking at her through my eyelashes and biting my lip in a sexily-shy way I'd spent considerable time practicing in the mirror and as hostess.

Her smile broadened with appreciation of the image I presented. "You're very welcome. I'm guessing the luggage means you need a place to stay."

I nodded with a sad frown, which I'd practiced almost as much.

"You can stay with me for now. This is technically not against the rules, but it would nonetheless be best if you were discreet about staying in the pastor's suite."

"Of course, Reverend! Thank you, Reverend!" I chirped happily, feeling just as happy as I appeared. The way Reverend Melek had surreptitiously taken in my appearance shared much in common with the businessmen at the Busted Babe who started out polite and respectful but got steadily more friendly as they drank away their inhibitions.

I recited a litany of my misfortunes on the ride back to the church, and suppressed my usual habit of minimizing anything that could damage my reputation or make her think she could take advantage, because getting her to take advantage was my goal. And honestly, she was really hot in a way I'd never appreciated before. I would have found her too intimidating in my previous

life, but now it was exciting. The only thing I had to keep in mind was that she would be most dangerous if she thought I was a genuine threat, so I shouldn't ever do anything to worry her.

She listened sympathetically and uncritically, even when I left it rather ambiguous whether I had in fact engaged in the prostitution of which I'd been accused. She barely commented at all until after we'd gotten inside, when I faltered a little upon seeing how nice the place looked now. The church must have really put a lot of effort into renovating it, and it gave me a flash of resentment.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I supposed you have some complicated memories of this place," she said gently.

I shrugged and shook my head. "Honestly, it hardly even looks like the same place," I said, trying to keep any bitterness out of my voice.

"Thank you!" she said, as if I'd complimented her. "I consider myself fairly handy and decided to spend a bit of time to furbish it up. I hope you find it welcoming and comfortable. Speaking of which, I'm sure you're dying to take a bath."

"I am, thank you!" I said, contemplating if there was some way to be seductive about it, but honestly I was worried that I was quite a bit less than fresh. Better to leave that until... I had an inspiration to *accidentally* leave my luggage outside the bathroom so I had to come out to find it.

But first, given the privacy of the bath, I needed to address my own escalating libido. Without any of my toys, it wasn't going to be as good as I really wanted, but being in the flat with the hot reverend had me so horny that I knew I'd be able to masturbate to at least a little orgasm in a matter of minutes.

Looking at myself in that familiar mirror and comparing it to the last time I'd masturbated there on the counter, I realized two important things. First, my body had changed more than I thought. I knew that I was getting too big for my less flexible bras, and that those bras were bigger than the ones I'd started out with, but comparing that initial memory of myself frigging madly in the mirror with the fat-tatted bimbo reflecting back at me now revealed how much weight I'd put on in just the right places. I'd definitely have to get custom bras and no one would believe I was natural without feeling for themselves.

Second, I absolutely loved it. I looked slutty and dumb, but it didn't bother me because it felt right, looking at my glorious body. It made me feel sexually powerful, but that wasn't so new. What it really made me feel is *free*. That is, I felt, at least in that moment, like I didn't need to be clever, or wise, or respectable, or anything of that nature, because all I needed to be was hot.

And I was *hot*.

So as far out of control my life had gotten, and despite all the mistakes I'd made, and all the ways in which I was being forced to revise down my own intelligence, I felt like it didn't matter if I was a bit thick when I was so brilliantly THICC.

"Oh!" Reverend Melek exclaimed mildly.

My eyes flew open in shock, but otherwise I froze, one hand between my legs and another around a nipple.

"I didn't mean to interrupt," she explained, "But I noticed you left your clothes and other effects outside so I brought them in."

It made perfect sense for her to have entered without ulterior motives, but I had two reasons to suspect she had intended to catch me in the act. The first was that she hadn't immediately ducked back out and slammed the door, and the second was that I *wanted* her to be perving on me. And a possible third - I had been *really* close and it had pushed out everything except the imperative to complete.

"You're not interrupting," I said with a saucy little smile. I hadn't washed my face yet and my hair was still dry above my shoulder blades, so I hoped I still looked peak sexy.

A dream came true as she gave an answering crooked smile. "Oh, do you need help?"

"I might," I told her. Butterflies in my stomach at my own boldness were no match for the pulsing heat further down.

"You can be a saucy little minx when you want to be, can't you? I suppose I'm impressed," she purred as she approached. "Not wise, when you know so little about me, but very brave."

"But you're a pastor," I said innocently, "You'd *never* do anything *baaad*," I said, feeling proud of how like a pornographic actress I sounded.

"Yes, if I do it, it's not bad," she said, looming over me as she removed her top to reveal powerful shoulders and a minimising tank top supporting her pornworthy rack. She was so athletically lean that she could hardly be all natural, and hoped I was about to find out for sure. Disappointingly, the top stayed on, but then I lost the ability to focus on anything but her lips on mine.

I had always thought of kissing as a tame prelude at best, or awkward hazing ritual at worst, but from the moment she sucked my lip between her teeth for a bite that rode the edge of intensity just shy of pain, I knew I had just never experienced a proper kiss. Instead of being paralyzed by my inexperience, I felt like her hand at the nape of my neck was somehow communicating exactly what I should do directly to my spinal column.

She escalated by gently but firmly establishing control of my free nipple, and her slight tug in concert with sudden suction on my tongue made me come with a muffled squeal.

The Reverend Dr Zelda Melek didn't stop, though. She made me come three more times: once with her fingers, once with *my* fingers, deftly guided by hers, and a final time by massaging around my vagina without even really getting close to my clit.

They were all fantastic orgasms, but somehow I still wasn't really satisfied at the end, just tired.

"Maybe this time I could go down on you?" I asked, wildly curious to finally explore her body rather than the other way around.

“In due time, Kasey June,” she said, sounding smug.

“I feel bad that I’m the one who gets to come every time. It seems sort of selfish.” Which, now that I thought about it, might not fulfill the terms of the agreement with Agrat. Though I did think Reverend Melek was enjoying herself, at least.

“Now, pet, I’m doing exactly what I please. And you’ll get your chance to cause some orgasms for me soon enough. Are you excited about that?”

“Yes!” I said.

“Good girl,” she said.

## The System

Reverend Melek loaned me the money I needed to pay back Yolanda, but I realized that payday was Friday and I still needed to pay the out of state surcharge, so I gave Yolanda half with the promise to give the rest once I was paid. I wasn’t allowed to leave the county, but the court had made an exception for work, so I thought I’d still be able to get another couple shifts in. Also, the testing site was basically on the way, so I thought I’d be able to pay there in person, a necessity given that my little booklet of passwords had been impounded as evidence.

No one at work knew I had been arrested, fortunately, because the arrests had been reported in the news and they might have been able to connect me to it. And though the prospect of being known as a hooker still seemed far less unthinkable awful than it had before my sex-fueled epiphany in Reverend Melek’s expert hands, a certain amount of prudent wariness had returned. Being sexy made me valuable, and value gave me a sort of power, but also made me a target. The power afforded me some protection in the form of Pastor Melek, but that protection had its limits and, probably, strings attached, just like Agrat’s help.

It was wonderful being back at work, too. A particular joy was the opportunity to paint a ripped Santa and his busty elves for the holidays. I really felt like I’d outdone myself, and everyone else seemed to agree, asking me if I had considered making a career in art. I knew I wasn’t at that level, but I did feel like that level of skill would be achievable for me if I truly set my mind to it.

I also got ahead of the whole diploma issue, letting Leanne and Harold know what had happened concerning the out-of-state surcharge. Harold immediately sent an email to corporate HR telling them to wait before checking the database because of the issue, but assured me that it would not be a problem, provided it was handled before the corporate office concluded the background check on the following Monday. He even told me to bring the receipt and the Busted Babe would reimburse me for the expense. He seemed to regard my proactive approach as a recommendation for the waitress position I wanted.



Unfortunately, it turned out that I could not in fact pay in person at the test site except when the testing was being administered, which would not be until Saturday morning. On the other hand, that was a perfect excuse to stay in town Friday night after work. It wasn't technically allowed by my bail conditions, but even in the unlikely event that it came to the court's attention I felt they would understand and respect my reasons. After all, it was directly in service of my work, so it at least arguably fit within the work exception, didn't it? Enough that I thought I could pretend to be a dumb bimbo and make sad eyes at the judge to avoid a contempt charge for it.

I was enough of a dumb bimbo to believe it, too, because I *wanted* it to be true.

Because I didn't want to be told that my confidence was misplaced, I only told Reverend Melek I'd be spending the night with coworkers so I could pay my fees in the morning. She gave me a slightly minatory look, but accepted it after saying nothing more condemnatory than advising me to keep my nose clean.

Going out with Cassandra and the girls was even more fun than I thought. I was too intimidated at first to say much, partially because they treated me a bit like a kid sister. But, that was some of the fun of it, because while they expected me to be naïve, it seemed like they were also motivated to introduce me to all the coolest aspects of their world. In fact, they seemed quite as excited to have me along as I was to have been invited. They gave no signs of jealousy at my figure either; instead they made use of it to draw eyes and tease the boys, while we waited in line to get in, an endless source of giggles. It was really a girl's night, though, and we naturally worked as a team to fend off any attempts to chat us up. And, once we were inside in the pounding music, our attention to anyone outside our little circle became intermittent at most.

I had hoped to get more attention from Cassandra, whom I admired very much, but nevertheless, I felt very much one of the crew as we mostly wordlessly gyrated together. The biggest issue was really that after a long shift, mustering the energy for vigorous dancing quickly became a struggle. Lola, my sometimes co-hostess, fetched me one of the energy drinks she'd gotten for herself, and after that I was unstoppable. I vaguely suspected there had been more in it than caffeine, but I didn't feel at all vacant or foggy. If anything, I felt clearer and more present in the moment. And more than a little frisky, after spending half the night watching fit girls dance seductively. At least, it felt seductive to *me*. I'm honestly not sure they knew how monumentally hot they were, but I couldn't forget it for a moment. I was dying to hook up and hoping desperately that they weren't as straight as they seemed.

Kliklik's set ran until almost 2 AM, but even then the party didn't end. There were auditions for background dancers in their next video. It was obviously a gimmick to avoid paying professionals, but it also represented an opportunity to meet the twins who constituted Kliklik. I had certainly warmed to their music now that it was okay to like them, but I still wasn't that big a fan. Nevertheless I thought it would be interesting to see how far my assets got me, and anyway

the girls seemed to be really into it.

I definitely wasn't the only slim-and-stacked girl there. Most of them looked like athletes with implants, and the slight bulge below my navel meant I had the least-flat stomach of the whole bunch. But, I undoubtedly had the biggest boobs and maybe the biggest bum, so my lack of defined abs seemed likely to go unnoticed.

As it turned out, it wasn't my stomach that was the problem, it was my boobs; I was too distractingly big for a background dancer. Lola came the closest of any of us, but she was edged out by a shorter girl, as the producer wanted Kliklik to look bigger.

"But the assistant producer said he has another gig for us!" Lola said excitedly, more proud that she had a finalist than disappointed that she wasn't selected.

"For all of us?" Cassandra asked skeptically.

"Yeah, like, there's executives from Hyperdanz here - Hyperdanz is Kliklik's parent label, so they've got a bunch of big acts. So they're looking for a bunch more girls."

"Well okay," Cassandra said, "But the assistant producer invited *all* of us, sight unseen?"

"He was watching the whole thing, not just the final," Lola explained, "Plus, he seemed really happy when I said I wanted to bring you."

I felt like I was the only one who wasn't really interested, and I definitely didn't want to be a stick in the mud on the first night with Cassandra's crew, so I feigned excitement. It wasn't like I really *didn't* want to go along with them anyway; I mostly just thought it was going to be unpleasant to wake up in time to get to the test site.

Probably I was more 'out of it' than I thought, because I didn't notice that the 'assistant producer' wearing a business suit and tinted glasses was actually Yolanda's brother, even after it became clear to all of us that we'd actually been recruited as entertainment for some skeezy executives, not talent prospects. Skeezy in terms of how they were procuring feminine company; they were actually pretty young and even good looking in a slightly unctuous way. We were promised \$300 in cash for a little over an hour of our time and no expectation of anything beyond flirting a little, which I think would normally have tipped me off, especially when I concluded that some of the other girls there were definitely escorts.

Cassandra balked a bit because she was uncomfortable with being paid like an escort, while Lola tried to reassure us that it was all very normal in the music business. Had I noticed the real identity of the assistant producer, I would have supported Cassandra, but I wanted that money and another of Lola's 'energy drinks' had buttressed my overconfidence, so I allowed Lola to persuade me, which in turn seemed to turn the tide, as no one wanted to deny their new friend a chance to meet important showbiz people.

I had no trouble enjoying myself, and was flattered when the top executive present demanded I sit next to him. He put his arm around me so as to somewhat discreetly feel my breasts, but was otherwise pretty respectful until the cocaine came out. Cassandra gave me a warning look that I

couldn't interpret, but when she gracefully turned down a snort of coke, I felt better about doing the same.

"You're not even going to *try* it?" Lola said, disappointed.

"It's alright," my executive said, but I could tell he was also disappointed.

"Cassandra didn't, either," I pointed out.

"That's because she didn't like it when she tried it. Here, just a tiny bit," Lola said, holding a tiny amount up to my nose at the end of a wooden stirrer.

I had no intention of yielding to Lola's pressure, but I did consider faking a snort. I made a show of looking closer while I considered what to do, which Lola took to mean I'd changed my mind. She practically shoved it up my nose, but I managed not to inhale. "Woah! I was just looking!" I complained, wiping residue from beneath my nostril.

"Sorry!"

"It's okay. I'm sorry too. I hope that wasn't expensive," I said to the executive, who was looking at me intently.

He chuckled. "It's nothing. Plus, you look cute and innocent with that white mark on your face."

After that, things seemed to relax again, at least on the surface. Then Cassandra stepped out to the bathroom, and the other girls drifted off with their respective entertainment executives, not necessarily to have sex, but definitely to explore the reality behind executive boasts of being able to get them video gigs. That meant in less than a minute I was left alone with mine. I was hoping he didn't try to kiss me.

"Have you ever given a titfuck?" he asked suddenly.

"No?" I said, unsettled by the sudden change in topic and his whole demeanor. In a way it wasn't as bad as him trying to snog me, because I felt like it would be less impolite to say no.

"I'll give you a seven hundred dollars for me to be your first," he said.

It may sound very mercenary of me to consider it, but together with the 300 I'd already been promised, it would allow me to pay back Reverend Melek. And it actually seemed a lot less gross than kissing him. I turned the prospect over in my mind, trying to see a catch.

"Make it a thousand. As long as you let me come on your face," he added.

"Okay," I said, recognizing that it might allow me to hire my own legal representation rather than relying on the overworked public defender whom I hadn't even seen yet. Also, somewhere in the back of my mind, a part of me had always been very curious about what it was like for the porn stars when they got cum on their faces.

In the moment, my two worries were that cleaning up would mess up my makeup and that Cassandra might return to see me kneeling in front of the executive with cock between my boobs, so I set to it vigorously, trying to squeeze the cum out of him as fast as possible. Much to his chagrin and my amusement, he almost immediately sprayed my cheek and chin with his

executive spooge. He didn't get upset with me, though, and immediately paid me in cash. Instead of feeling insulted, I felt kind of giddy and empowered, and also I was sufficiently sympathetic to his embarrassment and grateful for the money that I accepted enthusiastically when he offered me an additional thousand for another go with his cum still on my face. That's why I still had his cock between my tits and a cocaine smear on my cheek when the police raided the place.

Of course, they once again confiscated my money, added new charges, and increased my bond to a ludicrous figure that I of course had no way to meet. Most infuriatingly, they charged *me* with dealing drugs. My public defender was useless, talking about extremely unfavorable plea deals I could expect the prosecutor to offer, all of which implied I'd spend the rest of my time as Kasey June in jail.

Meanwhile I couldn't seem to get Agrat to respond. If I could have gotten out, I would have performed the ritual to initiate a new deal, but of course in the county jail where they'd sent me to await trial, I had no way to get the spell ingredients. Reverend Melek wasn't very helpful, either, saying tersely that she'd see what she could do after I was convicted.

The county jail had once been both jail and courthouse, with the former portion now holding inmates considered more dangerous and the courtrooms now housing other sorts. Most were for men in on minor charges, but there were also three rooms allocated for various tranches of women inmates. The smallest was a former holding cell that had been subdivided for 'dangerous' women, and the largest courtroom held most misdemeanor inmates. I was placed in a room with bunkbeds for six inmates, and though there were never more than four of us for the few days I was there, even that small sample size made clear that we were the prostitutes.

The others had been here before, and seemed resigned to their fates. Kimmi, the most overtly friendly of my new blockmates, even said she was *glad* to be in jail for a bit, because it was going to force her to get clean. I appreciated how welcoming they were, so I controlled my urge to somehow hint that I wasn't *really* a whore. Besides, they seemed impressed with how next-level my body was, which earned me a kind of respect that I found very gratifying. There wasn't much to do all day but talk and play cards, but I was surprised to find that being at the top of low company was very pleasant in its way.

I even found a sexual partner of sorts, or she found me. Kimmi caught me furiously masturbating under the cover in a desperate attempt to work the edge off my ridiculous libido, and just silently started helping by sucking my huge nipples, and covering my mouth with her hand when I threatened to make O-noises.

"Thank you!" I whispered afterwards.

"No problem," she said, and returned to her bunk before we could get in trouble.

She repeated the favor the next night, somewhat more roughly but similarly without demanding reciprocation, which I took to mean that she simply enjoyed sucking my nipples. I don't know if that was part of her plan, or if her addiction got the better of her, because on my

third day, she used it to play a trick on me during our shower time.

I thought that she was holding me to stay longer in the shower so that we could have a short but private tryst before the next flight of inmates arrived for their turns, but instead of going directly for my nipples as usual, she reached around on both sides to tug on my nipples from behind.

“Okay, stay cool and you’ll like what happens,” she whispered in my ear, seconds before several male guards entered. “Don’t worry, easy tricks. I have it all worked out,” she assured me again when I had stiffened.

“She’s ready boys,” she said, lifting my huge, soap-slick knockers in illustration.

They’d obscured their nameplates and numbers, so I really only knew them as the thick one, the thin one, and the long one. Between Kimmi’s fingers massaging my clit and the guards’ hands on my sensitive tits, my body at least enjoyed servicing them, and Kimmi’s hand was once again necessary to muffle my orgasmic cry, which really pleased the guards.

“Wow, this bitch is a total nympho,” Officer Thick said to Officer Long.

“What did I tell you?” Kimmi said smugly.

“Come on, whores fake this shit all the time,” Officer Thin said skeptically.

Officer Thick laughed derisively as he wiped the tip of his dick off on my boob. “You’re just mad she didn’t come for you.”

I was aware that using me as his cum rag was disrespectful, but something about the way the sticky goo beaded on my skin excited and energised me.

“Fuck you,” Officer Thin said, waiting for Officer Thick to finish restoring himself to his trousers before telling Kimmi, “Okay, we’ll make sure you’re taken care of. Thanks girls.”

“See, wasn’t that nice? And now they’ll make sure you get whatever you want while you’re here,” Kimmi said, washing the cum off me. Maybe to be nice, and maybe to get rid of evidence.

“How often would we be repeating this?”

“We can’t do it like this every day or nothing, but there’s lots of ways to keep working inside. I’ll show you how to keep on the guards’ good side. And Kasey June?” she asked with a warning tone, to make sure I was listening closely.

“Yeah?”

“Girls like us in Whore Bay gotta stay on their good side, okay? The guards here all stick together and if you piss them off we could end up working for the male inmates, if you see what I’m saying.”

“I see what you’re saying,” I said in a small voice. Whatever happened, I had to get out of this county jail.

“You need anything? You worked for AyJay, right?”

“How did you know that?” I asked, accidentally confirming the lie. Well, not entirely a lie, but I hadn’t *knowingly* worked for Yolanda’s brother.

She smiled knowingly. “I heard about the bust through the grapevine. AyJay is in Block B.”

“That prick,” my anger spoke before my brain could stop it.

She just laughed bitterly. “Isn’t he? He’s the one who got me hooked on the junk. I’m guessing you need something too, right? He always liked to get his girls addicted.”

“I only just started working for him,” I said, reluctant to tell the whole story of getting duped and trying to explain everything else. Besides, in Whore Bay, being an experienced prostitute had its own cachet that I didn’t want to give up.

“Oh, lucky you got busted, then. He starts out nice, but he turns bad pretty quick. Hey, you want to do anal, or stick to titfucking? Anal would be rubbers-on and I’d make sure you’re lubed, of course. You can trust it because they don’t want to get anything anymore than you do.”

“Um, I’ll stick to titfucks,” I said, because saying ‘no more anything’ didn’t seem like an option.

The next morning I finally met with my public defender, who told me the prosecution had offered a plea deal for three counts of prostitution. Only one of these counts had actually happened, of course, but remaining in the county jail until my case went to trial was not an option. I also agreed to testify against Yolanda’s brother, which I was happy to do. I might have been more or less okay with the outcome except that my public defender seemingly forgot to mention that the third count could be charged as a felony due to the repeated nature of my mostly-fictional offenses. A low grade felony but a felony nonetheless.

It was really clear to me that I had no chance for a fair shake right from the start; the system was going to do what it wanted to anyone without the means to hire a high-powered lawyer.

So, for the next few days until my plea deal was finalized, I was literally and figuratively fucked. The guards were nice to me because I letting them fuck my tits, but I could tell that some of my fellow inmates knew why I was being treated a little better than everyone else, which didn’t seem safe if the guards ever tired of me. And apart from that, being fucked by the system felt even more dehumanizing than getting painted white in the jailhouse shower, bathroom, and supply closet.

## Useful Member

I did get one break: instead of going to prison for my felony charge, my sentence was suspended while I entered a church-run job-training and rehabilitation program for prostitutes. I knew these organizations were often major sources of revenue for the administrators, who sold the participants’ labour to private companies and pocketed the proceeds as program fees, but at least I wouldn’t have prison guards running a train on me every day so that Kimmi could score heroin.

As luck would have it, the program was owned and operated by none other than Dr Whitman, under church auspices. The need to quickly turn us into useful members of society meant that the preaching was brief and job-placement swift for those of us without drug addictions. Though I'd tested positive for MDMA in police custody, thanks to Lola's "energy drinks", I pissed clean at the rehab clinic, which was good enough for the program administrators who didn't want to spend money on that kind of rehab.

The urine sample also revealed a truth that I had assumed but avoided confirming: the cock that Agrat had made for me had indeed gotten me pregnant on my wedding night. That fact prevented me from being assigned to the more laborious work, and my lack of education blocked me from being placed for clerical work, but the administrators didn't seem too upset about this difficulty in finding gainful employment.

I couldn't understand why the program had no contracts for other simple menial work until I was selected as an 'domestic trainee worker,' and trained as a housewife. Officially as a house *maid*, but I didn't think instruction in food preparation was typically a part of a housemaid's duties, even a live-in maid. The program clerk in charge of my case said the reason they didn't enroll me in classes to get my high school equivalency was because I had already passed the exams, but then the program neither paid the fee to have it made official, nor did it provide me with any way to pay it myself. As familiar as I was with the men of the church, I knew that some preferred women with as little formal education as possible, and they would regard the program's failure to provide education as a feature rather than a bug.

Being groomed as a biddable wife for some church leader's son was, I found, about as demeaning as being a prison whore, but I also knew that the administrators had absolute control over my fate, so I played along. But then, when I was assigned to a *married* son's house, I realized I wasn't being groomed to be anyone's wife, or even housemaid. In fact, I was intended to be his house *whore*.

Not that I could have proved any such thing, but ordinarily the church hedged in young women tightly with "protection of their virtue," but I was assigned without any supervision, or warnings to stay away from the man of the house, or really anything that might prevent the man of the house from doing as he pleased with me. It had to be at least semi-intentional.

Admittedly, nothing began until he caught me masturbating in the pantry, and I did offer to suck his cock after he threatened to report me to the program, but the way he threatened and waited for my response, I could tell he was prompting me to make the offer. He made a show of thinking about it, but didn't really wait long before presenting his member for servicing.

"I suppose you've never done this for a man of God before," Jeffrey mused as I cupped his bollocks and tried to get it over with.

"Mm-mm," I answered around him. I had really missed the peculiar sensation of cum on my skin and was thinking about how to make him spray on me instead of having to get cum in my

mouth. I was surprised by how excited at the prospect I was, even without other whores around to make me feel okay about being a prostitute. If I hadn't been so damned sexually frustrated, I might have been worried, but I was too focused on extracting his nectar to think about it more deeply.

"Well, you're very lucky you don't have any venereal diseases," he told me, his confidence revealing that he'd illegally seen my medical records, "I've been almost celibate, so you don't have to worry about getting anything from me."

"Mm," I said.

"Slow down," he said, "I'm not one of those men who pump for ten seconds and then ejaculate."

I struggled not to roll my eyes at the non-sequitur, but he wasn't really paying much attention to my response anyway.

"I think, perhaps, God is using you to keep my marriage together. My wife is practically frigid, you know, which is hard for a man to bear. But now you're here, struggling with your own demons. Maybe we can struggle together, without risking my marriage and your rehabilitation."

I thought I almost had him, but then he pushed me off his prick with a show of regret. "Sodomy is wrong. We should do this as God intended."

"But, uh," I stammered, when I realized he was saying he wanted to fuck me in my vagina. And if he'd seen my medical records, he *also* knew I was already pregnant.

"Shh," he said, placing a finger over my lips. "Don't worry, I know how to do it with without getting you pregnant."

I wasn't sure how to respond. Was he testing to see if I knew I was pregnant?

He didn't wait for me to finish contemplating my situation before fucking me vigorously against a large bag of all purpose flour, but he seemed to really enjoy squeezing jets of cum out of his dick at high enough velocity to speckle my tits with baby batter.

"Wipe that off," Jeffrey instructed me sternly before leaving, as if he'd just administered a punitive lesson, but he had a bounce in his step that betrayed how giddy he felt. This was exactly what he'd wanted to happen.

Weird that it was also what I'd wanted to happen. At least, in that moment; afterwards I was offended, as I forgot to be while in search of cum.

I'd barely been in the program for a fortnight before I'd become accustomed to having his jizz on me someplace, and it never did bother me nearly enough for me not to enjoy it while it was happening. Sometimes he fucked me vaginally, and sometimes he preferred to titfuck me, but he didn't ask for anal or oral, and, contrary to his original claims, it was always over within a minute or two, so the only inconvenience was occasionally smelling faintly of cum if I missed a spot while cleaning up.

What *did* bother me was having to listen sympathetically to his self-exculpatory complaints



about his wife, and especially the phrases he used that James Sero had once employed. I'd been assigned his house five days, and I was ready to murder him.

But taking this rank abuse of a program participant to the authorities was, I was sure, doomed to failure and reprisal; the church and local authorities had a very tight relationship. My attempts to contact Agrat were in vain; my personal affects of any value weren't in my possession, and my attempts to sacrifice toiletries yielded no response at all, besides making a mess I had to clean up. The only escape possible at that point was to try to interest another important person in the church. And, if I was lucky, somehow get word of my situation to Reverend Melek.

I hadn't really hoped for sympathy from Jeffrey's wife Rebecca, who pretended not to know her husband was fucking me but clearly did. She wasn't jealous, though; she just regarded me with disdain, and seemed to consider my presence acceptable because I kept Jeffrey off her back in a very literal sense. Her attitude shifted very suddenly one day when she learned I had a preexisting relationship with the church as James Sero's almost-wife.

"Were you already a hooker when you met him, or did that come later?" she initiated the first ever conversation we'd had that didn't consist of her giving me orders.

"That came later," I answered. Trying to tell her I'd never really been a prostitute would just exasperate her.

"Were you a druggie?" she asked.

"No. I think I was drugged once, but I never did it on purpose."

"Did a doctor tell you you were pregnant, or do you just think you are?" she asked, looking at the very small bulge in my tummy.

"They tested my pee," I confirmed.

"Have you met *Reverend Doctor* Melek?" she asked with sneering emphasis on the honorific.

"I have," I said, hopeful and worried.

"What do you think of her?"

It seemed wisest not to express anything to someone like Rebecca, so I said, "She's really tall."

Rebecca's eyes rolled at my stupidity, but she accepted the answer. "How would you like to be her maid? She has a very small home and no husband."

My eyes widened and I tried to keep the excitement out of my voice. "That sounds... good."

Rebecca liked this answer so much she seemed to slightly unbend. "And if I arranged that, I would expect you to not speak a word about your time here except to say that it was a big house and hard work. How does that sound?"

"It sounds really good!" I said, letting myself show more open enthusiasm.

"Good, good. And you have been working really hard here, haven't you?" she examined my hands. "You do keep yourself presentable. But maybe you'd like to... express yourself more. I've seen the style of your personal clothes. I'm sure you would like to wear those rather than

these stiff maid's dresses that don't fit you very well. There's an oriental lady in town who could get you back in form."

I didn't know exactly what game she was playing, but I thought she was trying to protect her husband professionally by shipping the liability - me - to a pastor whom she either viewed as a rival or just didn't like on general principles. She wanted to present Reverend Melek with a maximally slutty version of Kasey June: unrehabilitated whore, and I was going to give her what she wanted.

Which I thought Reverend Melek would also want, at least privately. And if she didn't, well, maybe she should have tried harder to help me when I called her from jail. But I thought that she'd be very happy to use me like Jeffrey did, except better.

## **Destressed Damsel**

I worried how Jeffrey would react to whatever his wife was planning, but I wasn't to see him again until long after I'd left their house, which was the very next morning in any event.

Unpleasantly for me, I was once again under examination by Mrs Whitman and other church ladies, but their swift conclusion that I was an incorrigibly dumb slut cut short their angry phase and allowed them to proceed to deciding how to dispose of me. I expect that there was no real doubt as to what they were going to do, merely a question as to how it would be justified. They concluded that portion of the discussion out of my hearing, so I could only guess what they said there, but one thing I could be sure of was that they intended to protect Jeffrey's reputation before all else.

I was returned to Rebecca's custody, who drove me back to the program offices with silent satisfaction. Almost her only words to me were to invite me to change back into my personal clothes before going inside, supposedly so that she could turn in my shapeless program-supplied clothing. My panties were missing from my bags, but I thought it gave me a great excuse to tease Reverend Melek. Until then, I reckoned a tampon would manage my tendency to excessively self-lubricate.

"Did your sponsor tell you could dress like that?" the skeptical clerk asked as she filled out my change of sponsor paperwork.

"I had to dress in my own clothes 'cause she's turning in my maid clothes."

"But your new sponsor will just have to..." the clerk sighed and shook her head and shrugged. "Okay, whatever."

Probably she would have said more, but a note from Mrs Whitman herself seemed to overrule any program policies and procedures.

The program office was over an hour's drive from Reverend Melek's church, affording

Rebecca the opportunity to take me to a very cheap nail salon where I was the only white girl in the shop. Obviously, my outgoing sponsor had no interest in remaining there, so she paid for me to get my nails done and my hair styled before excusing herself to go do unspecified errands.

That was fine with me, and no one mentioned the tracking anklet I had to wear, so it was actually a very pleasant experience. The nail techs grasped my aesthetic immediately and gave me just the sort of long nails and voluminous curls I had worn until being sent to county jail.

“Those some of the high profiles?” the hottest of the cosmeticians asked.

“Oh no, they’re natural,” I said proudly.

“Bullshit.”

“Feel for yourself,” I challenged her.

“I *know* you ain’t saying I can just grab your tits,” she said, laughing.

“Yes I am! I’ve gotta defend my boob honor,” I said, joking but also very serious. For whatever reason, I wanted, *needed*, everyone to know I was an all-natural woman.

“Alright, but this ain’t some lezbo thing,” she announced to the room before hefting my breasts, then squishing them experimentally while I tried not to squirm with pleasure. “Damn, she ain’t lying. Donna, check this bitch out.”

Naturally, everyone had to have a go at the biggest, roundest boobs they’d ever seen, leaving me a drooling mess down below. It was all I could do not to moan, and even after it ended I was still distracted with my nearly overpowering desire to go masturbate.

“I expect you feel more comfortable now,” Rebecca said with ill-concealed triumph when she returned to pick me up. I mean, I looked pretty slutty, but at that moment I was so horny I was hoping that this would result in *someone* fucking me really soon. Maybe Reverend Melek would take me in her SUV on the way home.

In the back of my mind, I was aware that I *really* wanted some cum, but that wasn’t a thought I was willing for it to emerge fully into my consciousness. I blamed any and all excesses of libido on my inability to ‘reward’ the third person according to my deal with Agrat, but I was afraid of what I would find if I examined it more closely.

On the other hand, it made me feel much better about who I had become. If I couldn’t help it, who could blame me? That didn’t solve nearly everything because I couldn’t just go around telling people that I was cursed by a succubus, but it quieted the echoes of my father’s contempt still lurking in the back of my mind. Whatever I’d gotten myself into, it didn’t mean anything about the *real* me. I could decide who I really was when this was all over and anything I’d done that I wasn’t proud of would just be shed along with Kasey June.

I tried to picture for a moment who I was going to ask Agrat to make me, but it was a bit difficult. I tried to want to be a man again but gave that up with relief after the most token of efforts. What was done was done, I was a girl, and honestly more comfortable being a girl than I ever had being a man. But when I tried to imagine what kind of woman I wanted to be, my randy

mind kept drifting back to the hyper-bimbo Kasey June from the first ritual in which I'd encountered Agrat. I put that exercise aside for another time when I wasn't dying to be fucked, which was obviously the reason why that kept recurring. She was just so hot, and of course that's where my mind would go.

So I switched to trying to imagine what I would do to support myself, because obviously I wasn't going to marry some *man* and become a housewife. There was no way I was going to just let a man tell me what to do and spend my whole life futilely trying to make him happy like my mother used to do for my father.

"Kasey June?" Rebecca addressed me with a mixture of resignation and irritation.

I belatedly realized it was a reiteration of a previous attempt to get my attention. "I'm sorry, Mrs Carter, I was distracted."

"Yes, you so frequently are," she said drily, "It's very fortunate that God has given you a body that should allow you to quickly find a protector even as a single mother. I advise you to make every effort to recover as much of your physique as you can after your pregnancy. And enjoy those bare-midriff outfits now, because they will not look so good once you have stretch marks."

No I wouldn't, I thought, horrified at the prospect. I was sure I could get Agrat to fix that. Though, what would I trade for it? Maybe I could give her another child. Or, what *was* I carrying? I knew it wasn't really James Sero's child, I thought with a shudder at the thought, but could it be some unspeakable demon-spawn? What true form lay behind her black-clawed hand and inhuman voice? And how could she get me pregnant again without the big prick that had been attached to the even bigger prick of my former body?

"I'll take that as a 'no', then," Rebecca said.

"Pardon, Mrs Carter?" I asked. I knew she'd asked me a question that I'd missed.

"I think Mrs Whitman wronged you about seducing Mr Sero," she said, which wasn't what the question had been about, but I welcomed the change of topic.

"Really, Mrs Carter? I appreciate your faith in me," I said with my best innocent smile. Even Rebecca wasn't entirely immune to it.

"I don't think you *could* intentionally manipulate anyone," she said, very wrongly, "Even a fool like Mr Sero."

"Um, thank you, Mrs Carter," I said, unsure of how to respond to the insult. It was probably better if she thought I was even dumber than... me. It probably would not help my case to tell her that I only appeared a bit dense because I was preoccupied with thoughts of being railed by demoncock.

"I wish you every success with the Reverend Doctor Melek," Rebecca said, parking near Reverend Melek's SUV in front of the program building.

"Oh, she's here!" I said excitedly.

As I spoke, Reverend Melek stepped out to meet us with her customary predatory smile. Had she engineered this? I hoped she had. I felt very warm somewhere inside to think that she had hatched a plot to save me.

“Rebecca, thank you for allowing me to help,” she said without sounding overtly sardonic, but I could hear it.

“I think she needs your more *modern* touch, Zelda,” Rebecca said. I think she meant for it to be barbed, but Reverend Melek didn’t react.

“I appreciate your faith in me, Rebecca. Kasey June, I have your paperwork and possessions. I have to believe those are your own clothes. Are you ready to go?”

“I am!” I chirped, loving how cute I sounded. Which was a very useful way to sound, under the circumstances. And also there was just something nice about being cute in front of Reverend Melek.

Rebecca was very ready to part ways with a minimum of fuss, so a few seconds later I was in Reverend Melek’s passenger seat, feeling even smaller than I had in Tammie’s car.

“You seem in good spirits,” Reverend Melek said.

“Of course I am. You’re saving me!”

“I am, yes,” she said with an excitingly unnerving smile. “I’m merely glad to see your spirit unbowed by your recent experiences.”

I shrugged. “They aren’t bad now that I’ve escaped.”

“Maybe you even enjoyed them a little?” she asked mischievously.

I decided it was fine for Kasey June to be a bit of a slut, and agreed, before a question occurred to me. “Have you ever had sex with a man?”

Reverend Melek’s laugh was familiar somehow. “Oh yes, and enjoyed it, little one,” she told me.

I wrestled with my feelings. I wasn’t sure why I didn’t want her to have enjoyed sex with men, but I didn’t like that part. But something inside me wiggled with pleasure at being called ‘little one’. Maybe I’d ask Agrat to be a petite girl after I was done being Kasey June.

“You’ve gotten bigger,” Reverend Melek commented, looking at my rack.

“Yeah,” I said proudly, “Want to feel them? There’s a turnoff into the woods just past the Waffle House.”

“You’ve also gotten bolder,” Reverend Melek said.

“Do you want to fuck me or not?” I whined impatiently.

“Hmm, would it be a lesson to you to make you wait for the whole ride home?” she mused.

“Come *on*, Reverend Melek!” I said, aware that she was toying with me but feeling almost desperate. Kasey June was a slut and I couldn’t help that. “Don’t you have to be nice to me after what I’ve been through?”

“Is that how this works?” she asked with a delighted laugh. “Okay, then. I’ll do what I can.”

I relaxed at the confirmation that she actually did want to have sex and had simply been taking the piss out of me. Recent experiences had reinforced the importance of being sexually desirable to whomever was in charge of me, and confidence that I still had that value in Reverend Melek's eyes allowed me to relax.

# Calling

## Appetites

I was dismayed to find out that Agrat's curse was worse than I had supposed. Even though Reverend Melek brought me to two powerful orgasms in quick succession, I found myself even less satisfied than I had been after Jeffrey's rather contemptible efforts. I reckoned Agrat had made me addicted to cum.

It was extremely frustrating to me. Here I had a talented and extremely hot woman willing to make love to me - or at least to make me come really hard - and yet I was yearning to be slimed by blokes with no more idea of how to please me than to fly a spaceship.

Did that make me heterosexual or gay, or what? Well, not gay, for multiple reasons: first I wasn't a man, and second I definitely didn't fancy men, whatever my feelings about cum might be. I'd say I was a lesbian now that I was a girl, except somehow I'd developed a real appreciation of cocks, which didn't seem very lesbian, did it? And, if I was going to be even a little honest with myself, I knew that I hardly cared whether I was attracted to whomever I was having sex with; I just got a little kick when they came, especially if they came on me. Thinking about Kimmi, I wondered if women's orgasms could do the same.

"Can I... go down on you?" I asked Reverend Melek after we'd been back on the road for a bit. "It seems unfair that you got me off and I didn't get you off."

She gave me as long a look as she could and still pay attention to her driving. "When we get back, I'll be very appreciative."

"That's in over an hour," I complained.

"I think we can have faith that both my vagina and your mouth will remain available at that time."

I sighed somewhat theatrically, as if I really was a teenage girl. Which I supposed I was.

"You might cause an accident, doing that," Reverend Melek commented

I snatched my hand away from the nipple I'd been fondling absently. Two days without making anyone come, and I was a total slut. *Kasey June* was a total slut, I tried to remind myself. But it felt like me, and it felt good to imagine myself as a nymphomaniac slut who couldn't say no to sex.

"Yes, that's more discreet," Reverend Melek commented, drawing my attention to my hand surreptitiously stroking my mons through my leggings. This time I resisted the urge to withdraw

my hand, and instead submitted to the urge to tease Reverend Melek. Not smart, given that she was driving, but the thought of her pulling over and ravishing me was an entertaining fantasy.

“You probably think I’m a total slut,” I said hoarsely.

“Are you?” she asked nonchalantly.

“Yesss,” I said, further dampening my leggings. It felt so good to say it, even if it was also very embarrassing. I *was* a total slut, and now that I was with someone I *wanted* to have sex with, being a slut was *amazing*.

“We’re going to have to find a way to satisfy these appetites of yours,” she said without alarm, as if she dealt with nymphomaniacs like me, like Kasey June, every day.

“I *just* told you how,” I said, a bit accusatorially.

“Sure, yes, that can be part of it, but I think you’ll need more than that. And we can accomplish several goals simultaneously.”

I looked at Reverend Melek, my mind slightly cleared by the embarrassing but helpful orgasm I’d just given myself by daring to admit that I was a slut. Or rather that *Kasey June* was a dumb slut, of course. I might get to experience all the excitement and lack of responsibility of being a slut without having to worry about living with the downsides. I shook off that distracting thought and evaluated the reverend’s expression. She definitely had some plan for me.

That was fine. I was very willing to be used, if she was the user and I got what Kasey June needed.

Until I was able to find and thank whoever I needed to thank. Derek certainly deserved the best thanks I could give him, I thought, imagining his huge cock between my tits. Well, probably at least large. He seemed to have a pretty good bulge. And he was a polite bloke, so for once I’d get to feel like I was doing it for someone who deserved a good turn rather than a bunch of rubbish men.

Reverend Melek stopped for gas at the same brand of truck stop as the one near the Holly Jolly, with much of the same clientele, so I elected to stay in the car when the pastor got out to use the loo and see about some snacks. As soon as she’d gone inside, someone tapped on my window.

“Tina?” I said in surprise, opening the door to talk to her because I couldn’t roll down the window. Tina was one of my favorites amongst Yolanda’s girls. I’d found her to be intimidatingly confident at first, but that made her friendliness more trustworthy. Of course back then I’d turned up my nose at them all because they were whores, but after all I’d been through since, I was really happy to see a friendly face I could trust.

“Kasey June! It is you! I guess it could hardly be anyone else,” she said, illustrating my unique silhouette by hefting my rack.

“It’s me!” I said lamely, trying not to show how much I enjoyed her hands on me.

“Hey, I heard you got a felony and are in the rehab thing. Are you done now?”



“Not exactly,” I said, pointing to my ankle monitor.

“That your case worker, then?”

“Sort of. She’s my sponsor.”

“*She*? That was a chick?” Tina asked in surprise.

“Yeah, she’s tall, but really hot, with big boobs,” I said, feeling like I needed to defend Reverend Melek’s femininity.

Tina laughed and tapped my right boob. “Big like you? I don’t think so.”

“Tina?” a man inquired uncertainly. He looked uncomfortable and hesitant. Not a bad looking guy. Maybe a little heavysset, but he had a kind face and looked to have good hygiene.

“Oh, sorry, KayJay this is Chris. He’s one of my best customers. Chris, this is KayJay. She’s sort of new to the business, got a real raw deal ‘cause she couldn’t get her own lawyer.”

“I’m sorry to hear that, uh, KayJay?” he asked, as if trying to make sure he remembered my name. He also sounded genuinely sorry that I’d had a rough time.

“Yeah, you can call me that,” I said, certainly preferring it to him knowing me as a prostitute under my real name. Well, Kasey June’s name, but I really liked it anyway.

“I’m sorry if I was intruding,” he explained to Tina, “I was just unsure if... I’ll just go get a soda and you can let me know when you’re ready.”

“No, KayJay and me can catch up later. Right? How much longer you gonna be wearing that?”

“I guess a few more months at least. Not sure where I’ll go once I’m out. How’s Yolanda doing? Is she mad at me?”

“No! She’s glad that asshole is in jail. You did her a favor. She’s also got a decent chance of beating the charges, her lawyer sez. I’m trying to make enough to pay mine, so I don’t end up...”

“Like me?” I said wryly.

“Yeah. Chris is really helping me out loads. More than I’m really worth, you know? But he’s maybe a little sweet on me. But I know he’s got a schedule to keep, so we gotta go. Unless...” She trailed off as an idea occurred to her. “Hey, would you be willing to help me give Chris something a little special? Just like five minutes tops to get things rolling, then I’ll take care of it from there. Forty bucks cash.”

I knew enough that this was a very generous arrangement, and she was basically paying me from her own pocket as a thanks to Chris, which was really just like Tina. How could I say no? Also, Chris must be a good sort for her to be willing to do it, so I felt like it was probably safe.

“Where?”

“In the storage closet connected to the handicap bathroom. I can get us in,” she said, holding up a key. “And then if your sponsor comes looking for you, well, you were in the bathroom, right?”

“Great,” I said, almost uncomfortably excited by the prospect of sating my need for jism.

“Let’s get to it, then. You like titfucking, right Chris?” I asked him, feeling very bold and experienced. I wasn’t sure in that moment if I was feeling validated as a real whore or if I was merely feeling clever to have found a way to profit from my situation, but either way, I was almost giddy to get on my knees.

“Relax, I love doing this,” I assured Chris when I had him hard enough to start squeezing him in my cleavage. He wasn’t big or anything, but I liked how hard with excitement his bellend was.

“See? Big titty anime girls really exist and they demand that you fuck their tits,” Tina murmured in Chris’ ear. She had his arms trapped behind him so he couldn’t resist, as sort of role play. Evidently he didn’t feel right about having sex with the whores he’d hired unless they ‘forced’ themselves on him. It was silly, but endearing.

And flattering, in a way, because I got him to come on me *so* fast. I actually felt a little bad, and started trying to massage him back to hardness for another go, until Tina reminded me that I should be going and took over. I gave Chris a little kiss on the cheek instead, feeling very generous and sexy as I slipped into the bathroom to clean up.

I paused for a moment to look at myself in the somewhat scuffed mirror. I had breasts big enough to swallow a whole penis, tip to base, making fantasies come true. I was almost as big as some of the cartoony pinup-style girls I’d drawn on the windows for the Busted Babe. With just slightly more aggressive overlining and maybe a collagen injection or two, I might have lips as plump and luscious as in my drawings as well. My hair wasn’t quite perfect, but the salon had given it more volume and shine, and I really liked how it looked.

A thought began to form, but some impatient rustling from outside reminded me that I needed to finish up and get back.

“All better?” Reverend Melek asked when I got back to the car. I looked at her a bit sheepishly because I was pretty sure she thought I’d been masturbating in the loo and didn’t mind it. She’d taken the opportunity to shed her somewhat conservative suitjacket, and the blouse underneath displayed her excellent curves in greater detail, though I disappointingly remained unable to discern any nipple bumps.

“Hopefully it’ll be a pleasant ride the rest of the way, then,” she said as she backed out of the parking space.

I gave her a smile and a nod, but I was preoccupied with examining my feeling of wellbeing. I’d refused Tina’s forty dollars and had claimed it was ‘my pleasure’, at least partly in the hopes that it would count as thanks that would release me from Agrat’s curse. Yet, I was still clearly feeling very good after the whole sordid affair, so evidently not. At the same time, it wasn’t so terrible to have been able to help out someone like Tina and her generous customer trying to support her out of a trucker’s income. It really wasn’t a wasted gesture.

Not to mention that it had at least momentarily quieted my cum craving or whatever it was,

so everyone got some benefit from it.

## Zelda Melek

Despite having stayed with Reverend Melek in the days prior to my disastrous girl's night out, we hadn't had any long talks, as what time we had in each others' company had been largely spent in bed, separately and asleep or together and fucking. We also each had our reasons to avoid actual conversation, from avoiding any possibility of someone hearing us talking to my latest fear that if she learned too much about me it might turn her sympathy into contempt.

But now she knew I was a hopeless slut who had sex for money, and *I* knew I was a hopeless slut who had sex for money, and really, it wasn't that bad, was it? Or at least, if it was bad, it was bad in a way that was becoming really fun now that I wasn't so trapped. And why wouldn't Reverend Melek be happy to join in?

"You're a lesbian, right?" I asked to confirm.

"My tastes are more catholic than that," she said with a subtle smile.

"You don't seem very Catholic to me," I said, using a finger equipped with a new acrylic nail to tap one of the nipples Reverend Melek enjoyed nibbling.

"I refer to the word's other meaning of 'universal'. I do suppose that I am especially inclined to enjoy women, however."

"Are you a 'stone butch'?" I asked, asking about a term I'd picked up while researching lesbian sex.

She glanced at me as she drove. "Do I strike you as butch?"

"Well, you're really tall," I said, not sure if pointing out her unusually muscular shoulders might offend.

"That is... not what butch means," she said, "At all. I'm also not stone. But you could say that I maintain a high degree of control over my libido."

"You're not, like, really a man, are you?" I asked nervously. It wasn't what I meant to ask, precisely, and I didn't really mean it that way, but it rather sprang to my mind.

"That is a rather outmoded way of thinking about the topic. Someone of your age should be a bit more cognizant of more modern understandings of gender, don't you think?"

"Sorry," I said, rolling my eyes with impatience, "But you know what I *meant*."

"Perhaps, but what if I didn't? Have you thought about offending or upsetting me?"

"Come *on*, Reverend Melek, you're not offended," I complained, "You're just avoiding the question."

"I can very easily answer that I'm not a man any more than you are, but you should know that's true of trans women as well."

“So you’re not trans,” I concluded triumphantly. Somewhat to my surprise I found that I was less cheered by my cleverness at deducing her status than I was at the confirmation that she didn’t harbour the sort of poisonous ideas about the topic that I once had. Of course, with me in Kasey June’s identity and body, Reverend Melek would have no reason to guess that I had ever considered myself a man, and at one time I might have considered myself thereby ‘better’ and more real than other trans women, but I still found myself feeling tinges of relief and validation.

“I still don’t think you entirely understand what that means,” she said with a note of resignation, “But you’ll see soon enough that I have fully functioning female genitals.”

“Are you, like, non-binary?” I asked, trying to be more sensitive.

She barked with surprised laughter. “Oh no, I think you could say that I’m quite binary. And the feminine portion thereof.” She continued chuckling afterwards, as if enjoying a private joke.

“Then why don’t you let me go down on you?” I asked, circling back to my original frustration.

“It bothers you that I can resist your charms,” she said, far too perspicaciously.

“You like sucking my nips, though!”

“Yet I can choose not to.”

“Why bother waiting, when you don’t need to?” I said, belatedly noticing that my oversized nipple, which I’d pulled out as illustration, was perhaps not so wisely displayed while motoring down the highway, even if Reverend Melek’s side windows were tinted dark.

“Your breasts and nipples are even bigger than they were,” she commented, sounding impressed.

“Yeah, it’s one good thing about being preggo,” I said, delighted by her appreciation.

“If it’s because of your pregnancy,” she said, sounding unsurprised, “Then they’ll get even bigger. How do you feel about that? Good, I take it?”

I realized then that my hold on my exposed nipple had graduated to masturbation at the idea of having even bigger tits and nips. It was embarrassing, but being so near a hot woman who thought I was hot drove my frustrated libido even further into overdrive than it had been. And the appreciative looks I was getting from Reverend Melek drove me to show off a bit. The idea that someone in oncoming traffic might see me hopped the divide from representing a remote risk to extra spice for my fantasies.

I closed my eyes to focus on them because I really wanted a good strong release. They didn’t make a lot of sense, honestly. They involved me going down on the pastor as she drove ever faster down the road, weaving around cars and evading a police chase while I sucked her clit until it came in my mouth, filling it with strawberry flavored ladcum just as the SUV jumped a drawbridge like in an action movie.

As I came, I imagined landing hard, but my stupidly huge tits acted like airbags to protect me.

Still enjoying my orgasmic aftershocks, my belated answer to her question was a bit slurred and still driven by my fantasies of being a dumb slut: “Bigger ith better.” I thought back to the exaggerated Kasey June I’d once specified to Agrat, and for the first time I consciously acknowledged a hope that I would get to experience being her. I was already well on my way.

‘Agrat?’ I thought.

There was no response, but I felt her presence.

‘Agrat? Am I going to become like Kasey June?’ I asked, assuming she would know what I meant. I sensed that she did.

“Yes,” Reverend Melek agreed with my previous statement, then added, “But with even bigger breasts, don’t you think you’ll have trouble maintaining dignity?”

“A sacrifice I’m willing to make,” I told her and Agrat simultaneously, in case Agrat was listening. “I enjoy people enjoying my tits. My whole body. It’s a win-win.”

“Does that mean you want implants?” Reverend Melek asked.

“No, I want them to get naturally bigger; I’m afraid surgery will make them not feel as good. I would be okay if they sort of look like implants, though. Big and round.” I mimed them sticking out even further from my chest, both to the front and to either side.

“That wouldn’t look natural,” Reverend Melek asked.

“I don’t really want to look natural,” I said, “I want to look better than natural.”

“A not-uncommon sentiment, I reckon,” Reverend Melek said wisely, “But I wonder if you would come to regret it.”

Maybe, I thought, but after I had Agrat’s baby, I’d be free to move on. Though maybe I’d enjoy being Kasey June for a bit longer. If I had to bear her another child as payment, that wouldn’t be so bad. My pregnancy to that point had been free of any morning sickness or really any discomfort beyond my turbo-charged libido.

On the other hand, how would she impregnate me a second time? I didn’t want her to be in James Sero’s body, which I never wanted to see again. That cock, maybe, but if it was attached to the demon’s infernal body, that wouldn’t be good either.

Remembered fear at the black-clawed hand emerging from the abyss cooled off a fair bit of my lingering excitement. I forced myself to think about it for a moment longer, though; I felt I needed to confirm that I was still willing to make the trade. I wasn’t sure if Agrat was still listening to my thoughts, so I decided to say aloud, “It’s a worthwhile trade.”

Reverend Melek looked at me with a slightly bemused expression, then shrugged. “Regrets later for pleasure now? Usually people assume they will not have regrets later.”

“Everyone always has regrets. It’s just a matter of which regrets to choose,” I said, surprised by my own wisdom. At least, it seemed very wise to me, and Reverend Melek nodded, so I felt rather validated.

At that moment I was feeling some slight regrets at having to put away my nipples because I

wasn't truly satisfied. Nevertheless, between Chris' cum contribution and my fantasy-fueled climax I was at least capable of being sensible. Even if I fully planned on being the sluttiest Kasey June I could be, I needed to exercise *some* discretion.

"So what do you want me to do for you, now that I'm your maid, or assistant, or whatever? Besides the obvious," I added, suggestively sticking out my long tongue to indicate what 'the obvious' assistance was.

"I'll have to search for satisfying work for you in the Church," she said with a shrug that caused her chest to wobble pleasantly. She was not, of course, nearly as stacked as I was, but the exactly-fitted top transmitted her shoulder movement to her boobs in a way that accentuated their excellent size and shape without seeming intentional. I wanted a top like that.

"I think I might need to get new clothes," I said. "I think maybe Mrs Carter wanted me to look as church-inappropriate as possible, 'cause she gave me my bodysuits and leggings and things back."

"I'll obtain clothes for you as necessary," she said, and something in me thrilled at the idea of Reverend Melek providing for me. She was big and strong, and always seemed to know what to do.

The only worry I had was, "If I do something dumb again, am I on my own again?"

"Only if you ignore my warnings again."

"I didn't ignore any warnings!"

"I told you to keep your nose clean and you literally got cocaine on it. Then you had sex with a stranger for money."

"I'm not really a whore! I only did it because," I started, but she interrupted me.

"*Why* doesn't matter, Kasey June. Prostitution is a fine, respectable profession as far as I'm concerned, and I'm quite pleased with promiscuity as well, for those who enjoy it. But being foolish when I have specifically warned you against it is not acceptable."

"Oh. Well, you know I'm not that smart, right?" I said, "Like, I don't have a good memory." Better she think I was daft than irresponsible. Then if I didn't understand something it was *her* fault.

She looked at me like she was going to argue, but then seemed to reconsider. "I suppose you *are* a high school dropout who failed her secondary school equivalency exams *and* her waitressing test. It would be unfair to expect too much of you in terms of anticipating the consequences of your actions."

It wasn't very complimentary to me, of course, but intellectual pride was a burden from James Sero's wretched life that seemed completely pointless to continue carrying. After all, I'd been far cleverer at cheating than anything academic, and Sero's belief that success at cheating proved intellectual superiority was obviously just one more coping strategy for a person whose life was defined by fear of exposure rather than joy at accomplishment. As Kasey June, I could

be proud of my body, which I didn't even have to work at. And I could claim some legitimate credit for my luscious body, because I'd been the one to craft it in my mind's eye down to the last exquisite detail.

"You do have some talents, however," she said. "What skills do you enjoy practicing?" She smiled at my saucy look but shook her head, "Carnal skills are very enjoyable to practice, and I will definitely provide you with plenty of opportunities to do that. However, I meant *intellectual* skills."

"I don't have those, you just said it yourself," I pointed out, feeling a bit of relief at being able to distance myself from the sorts of things that had always stressed me out, and also wondering if this was sacrificing my dignity in a way that would satisfy Agrat. "I'm basically a dumb slut." Instead of embarrassment, I felt a further loosening of the strictures of responsibility and reputation guarding. I was weirdly elated at the thought.

"That's not what I said. And in fact, even sexual skills can be highly intellectual; I don't focus on that because your sexual talents are far more physical than intellectual." She squeezed my tit to illustrate, and I smiled with delight because it fit my mood so perfectly she might as well have read my mind. It confirmed my thought that a big-titted bimbo like me didn't have to have intellectual attainments.

"But you *do* have some intellectual talents," Reverend Melek continued, somewhat spoiling the moment, "Mostly not exercised enough to be considered skills as of yet."

"Well, unless you consider makeup," I started dismissively, but she interrupted me.

"I do. That's both a talent and a skill, don't you think?"

"Are you saying I should become a makeup girl?" I asked, not excited by the idea, but willing to do it if Reverend Melek told me to do it.

"No. You should develop a skill that you enjoy practicing."

"But I do enjoy putting on my makeup," I said.

"So continue putting on your makeup, but you don't want to put on *other* people's makeup, do you? Because you have a particular style you like."

"You're really smart," I told her, because I wasn't quite brave enough to ask if she was suggesting that I develop my prostitution skills.

"I have talents, too," she said, flashing me one of the least predatory smiles I'd ever seen her direct at me. "What does the fact that you have a particular style that you prefer tell you about the nature of your talent?"

I thought about it for a moment, but I couldn't figure out what she wanted me to say. I was glad that I hadn't asked her about prostitution, because she definitely didn't seem like she was trying to guide me in that direction. And though Reverend Melek was privately twisted like so many pastors were, it didn't seem like she would actually counsel anyone to become a professional whore. I was just letting my momentary daydreaming get out of hand.

I shrugged.

“You’ll figure it out in time,” she reassured me, still smiling that unfamiliar encouraging smile. I felt it was a little unlike her, but it made me understand better why Tammie thought she was such a good pastor.

It made me feel a warmth toward her in my heart rather than between my legs, but I wished she would just tell me the answer.

## Tammie Holden

Reverend Melek asked me to tell the full story of my time since she’d last seen me, and listened to me tell it all with so little judgement that I told her almost the whole truth. The uncanny bits that owed to Agrat’s curse were almost the only parts I left out. We were almost back to her church lodgings when she finally asked if I wanted vengeance.

“I don’t know,” I said truthfully. “I guess I’m not as mad at them as I would have thought. But I don’t want them to be able to behave like that toward other girls.”

Reverend Melek smiled at me with real approval. “I’m glad to hear that. I will help you to take action on that.”

“I don’t know,” I said nervously. I really didn’t want to spend the rest of my time as Kasey June trying to convince a jury to believe me over law officers and church men.

“Oh, not like that,” she said as if she knew what I was thinking, “In a bit more of a biblical sense, you might say.”

“A biblical sense?” I asked, but then I saw a familiar face waiting in the church car park. “Tammie!”

My self-indulgent ideas of being a dumb slut turned tawdry in my mind. Tammie wouldn’t be interested in that. Funny that I’d ever thought of her as cute but stupid because I had become cuter and stupider than she was.

I was briefly shaken by the sudden realization that, far from being dumber now, I was actually *smarter* than James Sero had been. Sero’s educational and professional achievements had almost totally the result of a determined and shameless campaign of cheating and social bullying. As Kasey June Richmond, I had eventually studied and had barely cheated.

Tammie would respect someone who made the most of even modest intelligence, I knew intuitively. But would she judge me for being a slut? Or not *judge* me, exactly, but would she *pity* me?

“Tammie was quite dogged in her attempts to discover your circumstances and improve them,” Reverend Melek told me, “Her influence on Mrs Carter was, I think, decisive.”

“She looks upset,” I said, because Tammie’s smile seemed strained.



Reverend Melek looked at me with mildly surprised respect. “Yes, her efforts have not met with the approval of her parents.”

“I hope she’s not in trouble on my behalf,” I said, simultaneously mortified and cheered by the thought.

“I expect that she is, but you shouldn’t take that on your shoulders, as it’s absolutely not your fault this time.”

I wondered what she meant by ‘this time’, but she had stopped the vehicle and Tammie was waiting.

“Tammie!” I said excitedly, and forgot quite how far down the step from the SUV’s sideboard was to the asphalt and stumbled directly into Tammie’s arms.

“Woah!” Tammie said as she caught me, though it was unclear if she was surprised by my stumble or by the continued growth of my chest, which she was then observing from up close.

“Oops!” I said cheerfully, looking up at her face, and her lips. “You’re beautiful!” I exclaimed. In my mind, I meant that her ‘look’ had continued to progress from the cuteness of the teenager I’d first encountered almost two years prior to the beginnings of a more mature beauty. I wasn’t immediately sure how much of it was her actual features and how much of it was her wardrobe and carriage, but after the extended absence my perception of her progression was remarkable.

Tammie laughed and blushed before somewhat reluctantly letting go of me. “Thank you, Kasey June! You’re looking...”

I giggled as she struggled for a word to describe me. I was conscious of how Tammie’s greater stature afforded her an ideal view of my cleavage.

“Bigger?” I suggested, lifting and pressing my boobs together for her benefit.

“No!” she said with wide-eyed embarrassment at having been caught staring.

“It’s okay, they’re hard to miss,” I assured her proudly. “All natural.”

“That really wasn’t what I was going to say,” she insisted, but then her curiosity got the better of her. “But are they really as much bigger as they seem? I mean, how is it possible?”

“Pregnancy hormones,” I explained with a wave.

“Congratulations?” she asked tentatively.

I gave an awkward one-shoulder shrug. “I think I have to give her up for adoption.”

“You don’t have to do anything you don’t want to do in that respect,” Reverend Melek said, joining us after having held back a bit to allow us a modicum of privacy for our little reunion.

“Well, I suppose we’ll see,” I said, coloring at the pity in Tammie’s eyes. I couldn’t very well tell them that I had already promised my firstborn to a demon, but I didn’t want to try to argue my unfitness for motherhood to them, either. “How are you doing, Tammie? Are you okay?”

“Sure, I’ll be okay,” Tammie said, drawing herself up to her full height, several inches more than mine despite my platforms boosting me by almost five inches in all.

“But something is wrong right now, isn’t it?” I pursued her unstated source of anxiety.

“Tammie’s parents have presented her with an ultimatum,” Reverend Melek explained on Tammie’s behalf, “But Tammie has an unshakeable conscience.”

“Not *that* unshakeable,” Tammie said with compulsive modesty, “I can’t count the number of times I let their experience override mine, but this time I just can’t.”

“What are they trying to get you to do?” I asked.

“They, uh...” Tammie hunted for words.

“They want Tammie to cause your conditional release to be revoked,” Reverend Melek explained.

“Really? Why? How?” I asked, stunned.

“Yes, because they think you’re a bad influence, and by reporting that you are violating the terms of release,” Tammie answered each question with resignation.

My eyes widened. How did Tammie know? “What violation?” I asked, wondering which it was and how she had heard.

“Anything,” she said, shrugging. “They feel confident that you’ll slip up soon enough.”

Oh, *future* violations. What a relief.

“Does that mean you’re allowed to be around me now, so you can catch me?” I asked hopefully.

“I’ve told them I won’t go along with their scheme. I’m just here to talk to Reverend Melek about it.”

She didn’t add that she also wanted to see me, but I didn’t need her to; her shy smile said everything. But then she turned it toward Reverend Melek as well, and I could see a respectful admiration there that she’d never shown toward me.

Jealousy tried to rise, but it was impossible to pretend for even an instant that I would be an appropriate object of such a worshipful gaze. And anyway, that wasn’t my role any more. I had never in my life been worthy of that sort of admiration, but I had other qualities to offer now.

“If you mean to stand firm in that way, you should be prepared for them to throw you out,” Reverend Melek warned.

“I have a little money, and I can live out of my car if it comes to that,” Tammie said, unconsciously straightening her posture to stand a bit taller. In the process it thrust her chest out, which reminded me just how hot she was under her figure-obscuring outfit. I looked back and forth between the two tall, hot women, enjoying an idle fantasy of them fighting over me.

“It won’t come to that,” Reverend Melek said with a reassuring smile.

“You think they’ll relent?” Tammie asked hopefully.

“I don’t know about that, but I do know that I’ll be able to arrange a small but affordable place for you to live.”

“In town? I’m sure Father would say something to the Whitmans.”

“You may safely leave that to me,” Reverend Melek said with reassuring confidence.

“So you think I should tell them no?” Tammie asked, before looking at me with an apologetic smile. “Not that I would try to inform on you in any case. But I guess I don’t *have* to tell them I refuse.” She sounded dubious, like even shading the truth was foreign to her. For a moment I was angry at a world that would tell Tammie that she had to disregard her own conscience in favor of loyalty to her parents’ schemes.

Then I recalled how much effort I had put into reinforcing such messages in my previous life, and I dropped my eyes to the ground in private shame. Sort of to the ground. To where the ground would have been visible without my rack. Looking at my gorgeous and enormous tits gave me something nicer to think about, and after a moment imagining Tammie burying her head in my cleavage, I felt much better.

“You should follow your conscience,” Reverend Melek said.

“Maybe I should pray on it,” Tammie said.

“That’s one way of consulting your conscience,” Reverend Melek said a little briskly. “But let’s not get you in trouble by prolonging this too much.”

Tammie looked around compulsively to see if anyone was watching. “I guess you’re right. Kasey June, it’s really good to see you. Stay strong, and you’ll get through this. And Reverend Melek will protect you, right?”

Reverend Melek gave an unconcerned chuckle. “Don’t worry, Tammie, you’ll see.”

Tammie nodded and pulled me into another brief hug and kissed the top of my head. “Stay safe, Kasey June,” she murmured, and departed quickly, not looking back. It was as near a declaration of love as I’d ever gotten, I thought, and I struggled to decide if I could possibly be worthy of it.

I have no idea how long Reverend Melek waited for me before she finally said, “Shall we go in, then?”

Or maybe she’d said it more than once but I couldn’t hear it over the pounding of my heart.

## Service

I covertly bunged the tampon in the bin as soon as we were inside, expecting Reverend Melek to again demonstrate her ability to wring orgasms from me via multiple routes. Despite how horny I was, I was triumphant when she instead allowed me eat her out for the first time, and instead of being put off by her bluntly-practical instructions, I applied my attention with all seriousness, thinking of how I would do the same for Tammie. I suspected Tammie was still not

ready to depart from church teachings to such an extent, but if I *did* somehow manage to get her to let me go down on her, I was determined to Blow. Her. Mind.

“Good, good,” Reverend Melek announced after I’d been dutifully obeying her commands for awhile.

“Did I make you come?” I asked dubiously.

“I enjoyed it greatly,” she non-answered, “And now I’m going to do something for you I think you’ve been wanting for some time.”

Part of me wanted to object and insist on continuing until I gave her an orgasm, but I was so horny by then I felt like a drug addict. When she took out a huge strap-on, though, any ability to resist crumbled. “Oh, fuck me.”

“Yes, exactly,” she said handing me a small bottle of lube while she strapped in.

“I’m already wet,” I said, motioning toward the slick between my legs, glistening obviously given my complete lack of pubic hair.

“Of course, but I think you should apply some to my cock, don’t you?” she said, waving it in my face. It had a nice wobble that was a bit like a real cock, though not quite right.

It didn’t matter too much; just the feel of a huge fake member in my hands got me even more excited. It was just so big and round and *about to go in me*. I could not *wait* to get fucked silly.

Reverend Melek pushed me on all fours atop her bed and spread my knees apart to expose my naked cunt. She didn’t even comment on my lack of panties, or my slavering pussy. She just gripped me around my waist and pulled me back onto her silicone cock as she thrust it into me.

“Hey!” I objected, more shocked at the lack of foreplay than any discomfort.

“Shh,” she told me as she pulled slowly out, then slammed back into me.

That time I whimpered with pleasure. She wasn’t doing anything except fucking me with her fat cock, straight in and out, like a man. Yet I was loving it, and wouldn’t have it any other way. Maybe because it was bigger than anything I’d had in me since I’d become Kasey June, and maybe because it was her, and maybe because I was just about out of my mind with lust.

Just as I was about to come, she drove me forward with an extra powerful thrust so that my face slammed into a pillow just as I wailed in climax.

“Did you know?” I asked later as I cooked us a little supper wearing just heels and a sport bra. “That I was about to come, I mean.”

“I had the idea, yes,” she said, not looking up from where she was working on her Sunday sermon.

“How did you get so good?”

“Practice.”

“Can you teach me?”

“I am glad to witness you taking a proactive approach,” she said, “But it’s the work of a lifetime, I should think.”

I thought about that evasive answer for a moment and was unable to shake the conviction that Reverend Melek was hiding something.

“How are you going to help Tammie?” I asked anxiously. I would never forgive myself if I stood by while Reverend Melek hung Tammie out to dry.

That got her to look up at me with a little smile. “I’m going to help *you* help Tammie.”

“*Me?* How?”

“You’re going to meet with Tammie’s father and convince him to alter his behavior,” she told me.

“I am? How am I meant to change his...” I stopped with my mouth hanging open as something about Reverend Melek’s expression suggested to me what exactly she expected me to do. “He *wouldn’t*.”

“He would, in fact. That’s why he’s so strict with his daughter.”

“I wouldn’t even know where to start.”

Reverend Melek winked. “You may safely entrust that detail to me, Kasey June.”

She hadn’t even asked me if I was willing to seduce Tammie’s father! But of course, I would do whatever was necessary for Tammie. Though I very much doubted Tammie would thank me, if she knew. She’d probably think I was a dirty slut. But if Reverend Melek thought it was necessary, it probably was.

And something about being a dirty slut on Tammie’s behalf felt *very* validating.

First, though, Reverend Melek tasked me with making dinner while she went out to obtain some more appropriate clothes for me. I left her free to choose clothes as she saw fit and she left me free to choose a dish as I saw fit, and I felt very good about the exchange. For the first time I found myself grateful for the training that I had received from the rehabilitation program, and a little bit excited to get creative with my cooking. I kept it conservative for my first try, but I intended to watch what she enjoyed before planning the next meal.

The dinner was a success, earning her surprised praise, and I was also surprised by how perfect the clothes were. Not in style - they were a little plain as far as I was concerned - but in terms of fit and especially in terms of how well they brought out the chaste-but-sexy aesthetic. In a way, they were very like the clothes Kasey June already had when I’d first become her, but of course I’d gotten a lot bustier, my butt was rounder, and I’d also begun to develop a slight but noticeable belly. The clothes managed to make the first two clear while still looking remarkably innocent, and made my belly practically disappear.

“You’ll need to dial back your makeup, though,” she advised me after approving of my overall look, “And I think maybe pigtails.”

“Pigtails? Isn’t that a bit jailbaity?” I asked.

“Yes, exactly,” she said. “I’ll see if I can do it without crimping your waves.”

I laughed and sat down to experiment with my makeup while she played with my hair. I

really had to focus on what I was doing to manage the unfamiliar style, and her hands on my head were extremely distracting, yet somehow I managed to affect a dewy, naturally nubile look that surprised me with its perfection.

"I hope I can do it again when needed," I said marveling at the unexpected success.

"It's needed now. I'm taking you to Hammer & Plow."

"The hardware store Mr Holden manages?" I asked nervously. Things were moving so fast.

"There's no time to waste," she said, "We want to catch him before he goes home and encounters Tammie's refusal of his ultimatum."

That seemed perfectly obvious now that she said it, and the urgency of the moment overrode my reflex to delay. Two tiny dabs of a sweet-scented perfume, and we were on our way.

"What are you going to tell him?" I asked during the short drive.

"I'm not going to tell him a thing; he's going to have no idea that I'm there. You will be going in the store alone, just before closing time, and going to the feed section, where you should wait until he finds you."

"The feed section?" I said, wondering how this would soften his heart toward me.

"The farmers will have done all their pickups earlier in the day, so it'll be more or less already cleaned up for the day, which means no one's going to be over there working after closing. It's also next to his office."

"So I *am* going to seduce him."

"No, you're going to plead with him on your knees, and get him riled up. He's not going to even agree to talk to you, but if you do this right, he is going to rape you, and you're going to loudly enjoy it despite yourself. When you're done, you'll apologize for tempting him, and explain that he can't help that he's a man and you can't help that you're a girl. Do you see how to do this?"

"You're diabolical!" I said with admiration, "But can you be so sure that he'll react that way? Some men might panic and... try to do something worse."

She nodded. "I'm fairly confident, but I'll be nearby listening carefully so if you yell for help I'll come immediately."

"What if he takes me into his office?"

"I hope he will, but I'll still be able to hear you," she assured me.

I took a deep breath as she slowed the vehicle behind the shop. "Wish me luck,"

"You will have it," she assured me, and I stepped out.

Reverend Melek was right, at least insofar as I made it in and to the feed section without anyone noticing me, but as more and more time passed and then the lights started going out, I thought I was about to be locked in the shop without accomplishing my mission. At last, though, I heard booted feet coming my way, and I took up position with my face downcast and my fingers interlaced nervously at my waist.

“You!” he said.

“Mr Holden! I have to talk to you!”

“I don’t want to hear it. You have to leave before I call the cops.”

“Please, I’m sorry,” I started, but he cut me off again.

“Get OUT, girl!” he growled, taking a threatening half-step toward me. It sounded like he wanted to shout, but didn’t want to be overheard.

“Mr Holden,” I pleaded as I dropped to my knees close enough to place my beseeching hands on his thighs, “I know you’re a powerful man, and I-“

Again he cut me off by yanking me back to my feet. His hands were gripping my arms so hard it almost hurt, and he bent me backward as a way to force me to look up at him. “Get your filthy little hands off me,” he growled, even though my hands were now down at my sides but the tilt of my torso meant my tummy was touching the crotch of his trousers firmly enough for me to feel his erection.

Conscious of my instructions to rile him up, I did the exact opposite of his demands and pressed my hands against his chest like I was trying to push myself out of his grasp.

It definitely enraged him more, and he carried me to the offices, proclaiming that he was going to call the police on me while I tearfully pleaded with him to let me go. It looked for a moment like he really was going to call the police on me, though, so I tried to squirm out of his grasp.

He grabbed my shirt and yanked me back, tearing off a button in the process, and I started crying for real because he’d slammed my hip against the desk in the process.

I don’t know precisely what went through his mind, but my crying and the button seemed to multiply his rage and extinguish his plans for calling the authorities. Within a very short time he had me bent over his desk and was slamming his cock into me in a way that would definitely have hurt if I wasn’t basically always wet. Even so it wasn’t comfortable, but I had the presence of mind to start making moans of pleasure while he called me a Jezebel and a temptress. I don’t know if that made him madder, randier, or both, but he came in me before he recalled how very risky it was for him to rape a girl in his office. I felt flooded with power and triumph at having accomplished my goal, even though I also knew my situation was extremely risky.

The ensuing conversation went exactly as Reverend Melek had predicted, and he was even starting to lecture me a bit about how I had all but forced him to rape me when his phone rang.

He stared at the caller ID with wide eyes and open mouth before the blood rushed back into his face and he looked at me with unbridled rage. “You stay here, you... you *demon*!” He put one hand pointedly on the pistol in his shoulder holster before stepping out.

That was a murderous expression, I thought, not a chastened one, and I would not have put it past him to shoot me. But there was no way out of the office except through the door.

‘Agrat, please help me,’ I pled fearfully.

“Sit on the edge of the desk to let his semen slide out of your vagina and run down the side,” Agrat responded instantly. Strange how reassuring those uncaring polyphonic tones could sound. She might be a demon, but I was carrying something she wanted and would use her power to protect me. “Keep your legs open so the sight can remind him that the evidence will be difficult to clean entirely.”

‘Thank you,’ I told her.

“Congratulations!” she told me, “Just think of what might have been if you’d said that to me after your maths test.”

‘I never thanked you?’ I said, a little shocked. Not disbelieving at all, really, just stunned by the obviousness of it.

“Of course you didn’t,” she said with an unearthly laugh. “But you seem to be learning.”

‘Does that mean I’m free of the curse?’ I asked hopefully. I certainly wasn’t feeling very horny at that moment with an armed rapist standing outside the office.

“Do you feel like you’re under a curse?” Agrat asked me.

‘What kind of question is that? You practically turned me into a nymphomaniac!’

“You did that, not me. But, if you dislike your sex drive, then you know what to do,” she said.

Outside, Mr Holden’s voice raised in alarm, and a second voice answered from inside the shop.

Reverend Melek. She was *inside* Hammer & Plow. She didn’t know he was armed and she was pressing him while he was still agitated.

‘Can you protect Reverend Melek?’ I asked.

“I can, in fact,” Agrat said, sounding intrigued.

‘What do I have to trade?’

“I’ll do this one for the thanks, Kasey June,” she said, and was gone.

“Thank you?” I said aloud, unsure if I was supposed to thank her again.

There was a gunshot and a shout that sounded like someone hit. I experienced a flash of betrayal until I realized it was *Mr Holden* who had cried out in pain. Had Reverend Melek shot him?

“No no! Don’t call 911,” he pleaded.

“Why not? You’re bleeding pretty bad.”

“And I deserve it,” he said, his rage transitioning into self-pitying moroseness. “I’ve sinned terribly.”

“Well, I don’t think the good Lord would approve of you committing suicide because of it. At least let’s put a compress on it.”

“Right! Yes, let’s do that,” he agreed, because he didn’t want to commit suicide either, if there was a way to go on without going to prison. I felt like I knew exactly what was going



through his head.

I dared to peek out of the office and see what was going on, and saw Mr Holden laying supine with blood coming from his groin. His revolver sat on the floor some distance away.

“Kasey June!” Reverend Melek said with a distracted smile, “Mr Holden dropped his weapon and it went off.”

“The Lord is punishing me,” he said. His hope that we would decide the Lord’s judgment was sufficient and thus refrain from turning him in was almost palpable.

It was strange. I was very satisfied with the outcome and not at all traumatized now that the thing was done, but instead of feeling triumphant I was just monumentally *relieved* that I wasn’t a worm like him any more.

“Do you have a first aid kit, Mr Holden?” Reverend Melek asked.

He moaned disconsolately, but told us where it was.

## Next Steps

Reverend Melek took Mr Holden to the hospital before taking me home, and it was certainly an easy matter to make clear to him that he had best relinquish his tight control over his daughter. More generally, he understood that he would need to do what was necessary to avoid arousing Reverend Melek’s displeasure. Later, I heard that the police had responded to a call about the after-hours activity and had found the various bodily fluids, resulting in him and Reverend Melek being interviewed by police but no charges filed.

Some of this welcome news came from Tammie herself, who texted me from her now-recovered phone in the morning. I told her to come over to the pastor’s suite to pick me up if she was free, and she did, but it was not a very satisfying meeting because even I had enough empathy to know that if I told her that her father raped me, she’d feel awful and might even mess everything up by confronting him about it instead of accepting his newfound liberality. Just not telling her anything also wasn’t possible, as it was just too obvious that I was somehow involved. So, I had to let her believe that he had simply intended to intimidate me with the pistol but had dropped it instead.

‘Agrat, did you make the gun go off?’ I tried to ask her once, but she hadn’t responded. I didn’t know much about firearms, but I thought that just dropping them wasn’t likely to make them shoot, and even if it wasn’t *that* unlikely, the bullet going directly into Mr Holden’s crotch seemed a bit on-the-nose.

I didn’t see Reverend Melek again until the evening after, and I reveled in her congratulations on my cunningness and bravery. I also got another wonderful fucking during her praise of my conduct, which was just what I wanted.

“Would you like to do it again?” she asked with my legs on her shoulders and her strong hands around my waist holding me steady for her strap-on.

“Probably,” I said, slightly befuddled by the timing of the question. “Ask me again when we’re done, though.”

She laughed and shook her head. “I wasn’t asking about having sex again. At least, not with me. I was asking if you want to trap some more hypocrites.”

“That was pretty dangerous, don’t you think? He wanted to kill you. Both of us.”

“Very true. We’ll avoid that danger in the future,” she assured me.

I thought about how satisfying it had been with Mr Holden, and the probable help I’d get from Agrat. “Maybe. Let me think about it.”

“Of course,” she said, and we both returned our focus to making each other come.

Later, as I washed the dishes and Reverend Melek studied what appeared to be some kind of maths problem, curiosity got the better of me. “Who would my next target be?”

“Dr Whitman, of course.”

“Dr Whitman? He’s like seventy years old and Mrs Whitman is always around. How could I even get close to him alone, let alone seduce him?”

“You don’t actually have to get him alone. Mrs Whitman would procure you for them to share.”

“What? They do that? And if so, why did they let Jeffrey Carter have me instead of taking me for themselves?”

“Control over Mr Carter is more important to them than their private activities, of course. Also, they’ll think I don’t dare expose them because I’ll be in legal danger if your violation of your release terms while under my supervision was revealed. And also I’d lose the pastorship if their church collapses.”

“Isn’t that true, though?”

“Yes, but they have much more to lose than we do.”

“Wouldn’t I go back to jail, though?” I asked, thinking of the tight relationship between the judge and the church.

“Possibly, but they assume prostitutes are hardened against jail time so they’ll think threatening you with a little more of it won’t be effective.”

“What if they think I’m reformed?” I asked, privately wondering to myself how I felt about someone believing me to be a whore.

“They’re going to hire you from an escort ad, so they’ll be sure that you’ve returned to your old ways.”

“You know, I’ve barely worked as an actual whore,” I warned Reverend Melek. Not really regretful, but wishing I’d paid closer attention to how Yolanda and her girls had operated.

“I know,” she said, looking up at me with a reassuring smile. “But I have confidence in you.

Also, I have confidence that they'll see what they expect to see."

I felt a frisson of pleasure as her eyes traced my curves, thinking of how hypersexual my body had become. Of course they couldn't help thinking I was a prostitute, when I had a body so obviously built for sex. Though when I looked in the mirror I was a bit disappointed that my support top meant I could still only see the outer curve of one boob or the other from behind. Compared to the Kasey June I'd asked for from Agrat, I was still a little bit innocent looking. Well, it wasn't *innocence* at issue; even my dream Kasey June looked quite naïve, after all. It was more that my dream Kasey June looked like she was made expressly for sex and couldn't *avoid* being a sexpot, no matter how naïve she was. Certainly no one could demand that I be responsible for anything non-sexual if I looked like that.

A flash of horrified envy shuddered through me, but except for my hardening nipples, I thought Reverend Melek couldn't know what I was thinking.

"One goal is to make sure the Whitmans allow Tammie to rent one of their apartments at a fair rate," Reverend Melek said, startling me out of my private fantasy. "But ideally, we'll break up their cosy relationship with the district attorney's office and certain district court judges."

"How would we do that?" I asked, very willing to make that happen, but worried that Reverend Melek was overestimating both of our abilities.

"That remains to be seen. We should start small, don't you think?"

"I don't think I can do *small* anymore," I said with a wiggle of my bum and boobs, giggling with relief as much as at my own joke.

## Kayjay Mounds

I don't know why I had assumed that a pastor would be an expert on marketing sexual services commercially, but I was nevertheless surprised when Reverend Melek had me reach out to Yolanda for advice regarding where and how to place ads. Yolanda warned me to be extra careful, considering my circumstances, but she reluctantly accepted my explanation about needing to find a way to pay for legal representation.

Based on the advice I'd relayed to her and her assessment of which medium would catch Mrs Whitman's eye, Reverend Melek determined which outlets I should place ads in for Kayjay Mounds, fetish model and escort. The pictures in the adverts didn't show my face, but anyone who had seen me recently would identify me in a trice.

My advertised rate was eye-wateringly high, but even so I was immediately inundated with interest. Much of it was guys wasting my time one way or another, but some of the inquiries appeared legitimate, and I had to put them off with explanations that I was already booked out for a long time.

Or did I?

"I can hardly believe a guy who looks like this is willing to pay me five thousand dollars for one night," I told Reverend Melek, showing her the rather polite and complimentary inquiry from a very fit man whose salt-and-pepper hair lent him an air of distinction rather than making him look old. "I'm sure he could get plenty of hot girls. Maybe he's really gross somehow, or has a really small penis."

"There's many reasons why people might choose to hire you rather than anyone else, sweet," Reverend Melek said, pulling me into her lap so she could fondle some of those reasons.

"Do you think I should do it? As practice?" I asked her awkwardly. She didn't mind me having sex to strike back at bad people, but maybe she wouldn't look so kindly on whoring for money.

"The experience might be beneficial, but you should only do it if you think you're likely to enjoy it," she advised me as if it was no big deal, which made me feel like it really was no big deal.

"Well, it would be good to have money, too. For a lawyer," I said, slightly anxious about a dimly-imagined prospect of Reverend Melek deciding I was so stupid and slutty that she should warn Tammie away from me. The truth was that I was hoping that I'd be able to convince Tammie to take me as a roommate in an apartment that I forced the Whitmans to let to her.

"Good thinking," Reverend Melek said approvingly, though her approval didn't dispel my feeling that she'd guessed at least some of my true thoughts.

I messaged the man that an unexpected gap had opened in my schedule that very night, and he accepted in less than a minute. In the excitement of the moment, I agreed to meet him in the city, forgetting that my ankle monitor wouldn't let me go there. Even if it did, there was no way to explain it to him in a way that didn't make me seem trashier than the high-priced escort he was expecting.

'Agrat?' I pleaded.

"Yes?" she responded.

I breathed a huge sigh of relief. 'Is there anything I can do to get out of this ankle monitor for the night? I mean, without getting in trouble. I... I'm not sure if I have anything I really value that I'm willing to give up, though. I'm not trying to get out of giving up anything though!'

"What about the money you charge him?"

'I could do that! I had planned to give it to Tammie for rent, but I could do something else to make the money.'

"What about hiring a lawyer?" she asked.

'That too,' I said, unsurprised that she somehow knew about that. She was a demon, after all.

"Okay, here is the contract: for as long as you are required to wear the monitor, you may remove and leave it behind for the duration of any call for which you do not spend any of the

funds on yourself in any respect. Do you accept?"

'But how do I pay for my lawyer, or rent?'

"With activities performed while wearing the monitor, I expect," Agrat said.

'Okay, fair. Thank you, Agrat.'

"You don't get anything for thanking me now, you know."

'That's not why I'm thanking you,' I said, a bit offended.

"My apologies, and you're welcome!" Agrat said with an otherworldly cackle that faded rapidly as she receded.

'Wait!' I thought in sudden panic, 'What about my tummy? I'm starting to look pregnant.'

"That's not unusual for someone well into their second trimester," Agrat pointed out unhelpfully. But she'd come back, so I was relieved.

'Can you also, like, hide it? Just for when I'm escorting.'

"You already have an extraordinarily flat tummy for someone so far along, but I suppose I could make just a bit more room by slightly relocating some of your organs. In some ways similar to how a very aggressive waist training regimen relocates organs, except in your case we'd do it by widening your hips just a bit further, and perhaps also dispensing with your floating ribs, if you want to make it last a little longer."

'Would that have side-effects?' I had the presence of mind to ask despite the shiver of excitement I experienced at the thought of how much closer it would bring me to the ideal Kasey June.

"Not much. It will ease childbirth somewhat, and leave you with a waist that flares a bit more than is natural after recovery, but nothing more extreme than what Instagram models achieve through various less extreme devices."

'Such as Photoshop?' I asked giddily.

"That as well, yes."

'What should I trade?'

"Bones such as ribs are already a traditional trade."

'People pay a lot of money to get what you're giving me for free,' I said, feeling strangely generous. 'To get something not as good as what you're giving me.'

"True, and that is a defect I expect you to help solve. In the meantime, the ribs are more than sufficient, and should give you about a fortnight of leeway before your pregnancy becomes unmistakable once again, after which it will progress quite rapidly. Make the most of it. And perhaps find a way to carry on as a pregnant sex worker; there will certainly be those with the appropriate fetish."

'What about Reverend Melek? Won't she notice?'

"Yes, but I will see to it that she refrains from mentioning it as long as you do not."

This casual display of influence over someone as strong-minded as Reverend Melek was

unsettling, and reminded me that Agrat was, after all, a demon.

‘Then thank you once more,’ I told her, and didn’t try to stop her when she receded a second time.

I didn’t have to wait long before the pressure began squeezing my tummy at the same time as it was pressing my hip bones out. It didn’t rise to the level of actual pain, but the pressure was somewhat alarmingly firm, such that only my ironclad confidence that the demon would do nothing to endanger her spawn kept me assured that nothing would happen to the entity growing inside me.

After a moment, the pressure faded, leaving me looking very much as I had before, but with a less prominent tummy and more prominent hip bones. Otherwise nothing obvious had changed, and my outfit had enough stretch that it still fit well enough.

Nevertheless, I was extremely satisfied with my look as Kayjay Mounds when I left to turn my first ever completely intentional and premeditated trick. I was almost the perfect mix of innocent, nubile, and hypersexual, expertly tied together by a modest yet form-hugging knee-length dress, and carefully-applied cosmetics that left me looking fresh-faced and ‘natural’ while subtly overlining my deeply plump lips to make every expression sexual.

Undoubtedly, my body gave me enormous advantages, but between the fact that I had largely imagined the body to begin with and my unexpected gifts with cosmetics, I thought I had a true talent for this. Okay, sure, the talent was for looking like the world’s most fuckable prostitute, but I felt like I was finally finding my true destiny.

My true calling.

# Under The Covers

## Tricks

John, my John, was stunned by my appearance, but recovered himself admirably, managing to treat me to a very nice meal and carry the conversation without boasting too much, before taking me back to his hotel suite. There was a bit of a pause as he satisfied himself as to my actual age and also presented evidence to me of his clean bill of health in terms of sexually transmitted diseases. That was my prerequisite to agreeing to an additional two thousand dollars in exchange for him fucking me without a rubber.

He'd hired me for the whole night, so he got several chances to make the most of his extra money, and every time he did, I got a powerful rush of energy entirely separate from the euphoria of an orgasm. I'd felt it before, of course, but that evening was the first time I had the luxury to examine the feeling completely apart from any of the other things going on, and he misinterpreted my expressions of wonder.

"I've never done this before, you know," he admitted to me after the third time.

"What, hired company for the evening?" I asked, turning my attention back to him.

He blushed. "No, that I've done many times. I mean, I've never, uh, came this many times so fast. It's just that you're the sexiest girl I've ever seen, much less been with."

"Aw, thank you!" I said with a smile, discreetly wiping at the cum seeping out of my vagina.

"And they've been really hot, some of them. Most of them. *Really* hot. But not like you."

"I do my best," I said, feeling a bit bashful, "You're also a pretty good looking guy. You know that, right?" I didn't really find him especially sexy, but I really enjoyed how sexy he thought I was, and wanted him to feel like I was enjoying myself. Which I was! It didn't have much to do with my tenuous sexual attraction to him, but I didn't want him to get the idea that he wasn't attractive just because I apparently still didn't fancy men much.

"Well, not bad for thrice your age," he exaggerated modestly. About his age; it was no exaggeration at all to say he was in absolutely fantastic shape for 50 years old and he was very meticulously groomed.

"Not bad doesn't begin to cover it," I said, reaching for his ball sack to change the subject.

In the morning we had room service and fucked some more before he offered me another ten thousand dollars to cancel my next booking and stay with him another night, but I could see he was a little relieved as well as disappointed when I turned him down. Yes, I could lure men to

their financial or social doom, I thought, and discovered that I didn't want to do that to them. Not to men like John, at least. The Whitmans I very much looked forward to dooming.

But I greatly enjoyed feeling like I had that power, and handing a seven thousand dollar cash donation to the befuddled clerk at the food bank made me feel like a high roller rather than a whore. Well, a high rolling whore.

I also felt like I knew how John had felt, being drawn to something he knew would endanger his lifestyle. I felt the same way about finishing my journey toward being my dream Kasey June. If I followed my fantasies that far, my ability to be anything more than a sex toy for someone with a giant cock would be severely impaired. Of course, unlike John, I could always deal with Agrat to get out of that bind if I got myself into it. I wouldn't be wise to push it, of course, but even if I slipped up it would be recoverable. I almost looked forward to the likely necessity of spending an additional year as pregnant nympho Kasey June in trade for Agrat reversing some of the changes at the end.

Reverend Melek, happily, didn't ask what I did with the trick money, simply checking in with me emotionally and helping me to respond to the discreet inquiry on the escort service's messaging app that Reverend Melek assured me was Mrs Whitman. The hypocritical church lady was of course very cautious and vague as she felt me out, but Reverend Melek seemed to know just how to allay Mrs Whitman's concerns.

## Outcall

As Reverend Melek had advised, I had negotiated to be supplied with cocaine as part of my fee, thereby reassuring Mrs Whitman that I was a hopeless addict with no self-respect and completely at the mercy of anyone who might threaten to report me to authorities for drug testing. The clever pastor even coached me on how to appear to take any drugs given to me, then pretend to be high. She was exacting and relentless, but I enjoyed the practice and felt oddly professional, as if I was training to be a secret agent.

That feeling carried me through my arrival at their houseboat on the lake, through Mrs Whitman's demand that I strip to my underwear to, she said, make sure I didn't have any diseases but really was to make sure I wasn't wearing anything that might record my visit, all the way to after I had pretended to snort the line of powder but had really just gotten it almost all adhered inside the tube. I was feeling pretty damned good about myself as the nightie-clad queen churchlady was playing with my tits with a sneer that might have looked more seductive if less of her face had been immobilized by cosmetic procedures. I wasn't at all attracted to her, of course, but I didn't need to be attracted to be horny, and my euphoria about succeeding as an actress might have been slightly augmented by the small amount of coke I'd had to get on my



tongue in order to perform my trick.

But then, just when she thought that my high would be reaching maximum effect, she introduced me to her surprise guest. I had assumed it was going to be Mr. Whitman, but it was not. It was *Derek*, looking extremely uncomfortable.

“Derek?!” I was surprised into exclaiming, which made him flinch.

Mrs. Whitman laughed condescendingly. “I should have guessed you would know each other. Is that your baby in her?”

Derek’s blank face told me he was controlling anger, and I wondered why she was baiting him like that, especially given that she already thought she knew who had gotten me pregnant.

“No ma’am,” I said, trying to defuse things. “We’ve never done it.” I tried to give him as reassuring a smile as I could, but it mixed oddly with my affectation of being coke-addled.

“Do you think your little white cunt can handle his big black cock?” she asked me as she rubbed at my clit somewhat roughly.

“Oh yeah,” I breathed, as if this was the most exciting thing I’d heard all day.

Derek was looking closely at me, especially at my nose. “Did y’all give her something?”

“*Us* give *her* something?” Mrs Whitman said, offended, “Why would you think that?”

“This isn’t right,” he objected, clearly upset, “She’s too fucked up to know what she’s doing.”

“She knows what she’s doing. Did you not know that she’s been convicted multiple times for drug and prostitution offenses?” Mrs Whitman motioned at my ankle monitor.

Derek still looked hesitant, and Mrs Whitman smiled in a way that was probably supposed to look reassuring and added, “Look, we checked her out ahead of time. She’s just a little bimbo who needs to be shown the power of a real man’s cock. Can you do that, or is our deal off?”

I didn’t want his scruples to get him in trouble, so I said, “I’ll talk to him, Mrs Whitman.”

She didn’t seem to like that much and looked at me again, but given that I was wearing nothing above the ankle except earrings, she motioned for me to go ahead. I thought she might change her mind if I tried to take him into another room where she couldn’t hear, so I instead leaned in to whisper in his ear, “Don’t worry, I only pretended to take some cocaine. It’s all stuck in the straw.” That wasn’t entirely true because my technique had definitely resulted in a small amount in my nose and mouth, but it was true enough.

He looked at me a little skeptically, but went through with it, and by the time he was pounding me from behind while I tried to eat Mrs Whitman out, I think he was really enjoying himself. I was kind of enjoying myself despite having a retirement-age churchlady mashing my face into her overly-perfumed crotch, but mostly I was focused on acting my part. I thought I was pretty good at it, and being gagged because of the noise I was making just meant no more of her pubes to pluck off my tongue. And Derek’s increasing enthusiasm was very validating. I was really glad I could bring pleasure into the experience for him.

Unfortunately Mrs Whitman sort of ruined it for both of us by resuming her weird narrative about putting a Black baby in me. I wasn't even sure if she was getting off on it, and I was wondering why she was even doing it until I realized that Mr Whitman wasn't *missing*, he was *watching* through a one-way mirror. I had a strong intuition that he'd just wanked to the sight of Derek rogering me.

Upon further reflection, I revised that thought. Mr Whitman had not been masturbating to the sight of one specific person having sex with another person, he was getting off on a fantasy of a muscular Black man 'breeding' a blonde bimbo. I wasn't sure what Mrs Whitman was getting out of it, beyond the superiority of telling us what to do.

Perhaps she also enjoyed the opportunity to say very demeaning things to me as she underpaid me because the coke I hadn't really snorted was - she said - more expensive than anticipated. Me being forced to accept her unilateral abrogation of the agreement certainly seemed to fill her with pride.

"It's still better money than you'll ever make doing anything else," she said, pretending that these were somehow reassuring words. "Just remember to get married soon. You can probably get some nips and tucks after your baby is born to extend your career, but eventually everything will start to sag no matter what you do, and someone with a chest as big as yours should expect to sag even faster than most. Maybe one of your other clients could be attracted by the idea of reforming you. You'll have to learn how to be faithful and attentive, though, or you'll end up with another Mr Sero. If you're lucky. If you're not lucky you'll just be another druggie for some pimp thug to put his penis into when he can't get anything better."

I thanked her for her advice, holding my temper in hope that the mini microphone hidden in my ankle bracelet had caught everything.

## Friends And Family

Reverend Melek's praise at the successful recording was definitely more agreeable to me than Mrs Whitman's had been, but I was disappointed to discover that not having Mr Whitman on the recording meant that we had more to do.

"She thinks that they can't sacrifice her because she knows where all the bodies are buried, but she's mistaken," Reverend Melek said of Mrs Whitman, "Even Mr Whitman isn't immune. We need all the tops."

"How do we do that?"

"Let Mrs Whitman use you more. I'll have to show you a better way to make it look like you're snorting cocaine, and a few other techniques if they try to get you to do other drugs instead."

“You think they’ll try to push other drugs on me? Mrs Whitman warned me against drugs.”

“She doesn’t think you can control yourself, so it’s just a setup for her to say she told you so.”

“She is the *worst*,” I said.

Reverend Melek laughed ruefully. “If only there were none worse than her. But, I will grant you that she is distinctly worse than most even within her category.”

“Her *category*?” I asked, intrigued.

“You might say I have a sort of classification system for religious hypocrites,” she explained with a strange smile.

“You have a *system*?” I said, laughing, “How scientific! Did you get your degree in hypocritology?”

“In a manner of speaking, yes,” she said, but then carried on with a discussion of what I’d do next to get Mrs Whitman to ‘use’ me in the manner Reverend Melek planned, and how we would document it in a manner calculated to bring down the entire church.

Reverend Melek never asked me if I was okay with the inevitable ignominy of being the whore at the centre of a sordid church scandal, which surprised me. She seemed fully aware of how much anger from fundamentalists there would be focused on me as the supposed cause of the church’s collapse, yet assumed I would be okay with this. I was okay with it to some degree because I knew I wouldn’t have to live with it, but I was a bit taken aback by Reverend Melek’s lack of consideration.

The impression I’d always had of her viewing me in a somewhat instrumental manner steadily deepened, and the contrast with Tammie’s concern for my emotional wellbeing increased. Which wasn’t to say that Reverend Melek failed take care of my needs or said anything that upset me. She just didn’t check in with me to make sure I was okay.

Of course, Tammie didn’t know why I seemed stressed and insecure, nor could I tell her the truth, so naturally she assumed that I was upset by my pregnancy. Which I was, a little, but mostly because my days of looking non-pregnant were quickly coming to a close, and I wasn’t sure how I would go on when visibly preggo.

Regretfully, this meant I had to decline to accept John’s offer to spend another pleasant evening at a splendid rate so I could accomplish my mission with the Whitmans before my tummy started to bulge noticeably again. For some reason Mrs Whitman seemed to think I was desperate enough that I’d work for even less this time; hardly more than a streetwalker rate. Obviously she was correct in the sense that I was in a rush because of the pregnancy, but I couldn’t imagine how she could have deduced that so I wondered what reasoning *she* had in her head.

Happily for me, my curiosity was satisfied when I arrived at their houseboat, occupying a different, more secluded location than on our first meeting.

It had been a bit of a pain to get there because Reverend Melek had insisted I get a ride from Yolanda to avoid someone noticing the pastor's SUV and suspecting the plot. I'd never told Reverend Melek that I still owed Yolanda a fair bit of money, so she assumed I'd be able to get the favour for the price of petrol, but of course I needed to get right with Yolanda financially before asking her to drive me such a long way on her expired license. I hadn't figured out a way to work safely with my tracker on and I couldn't make money without it, so I fell back on offering to work off my debt.

It was an education, grinding through loads of men in a single night, but it wasn't really a bad experience once I got over having a little cum on my chin sometimes. Yolanda knew blokes would pay good money for the novelty of titfucking someone like me, so I could have gotten away with doing almost nothing, but Yolanda taught me it was better to draw it out a little and make the johns feel like I gave good value. Even so, I had time to get them off, clean up and fix my makeup all within ten minutes in most cases, or fifteen minutes if they paid extra to spray me in the face. I also enjoyed the novelty, to be perfectly honest, and Yolanda was really good at screening out problem customers, so the only unpleasant part about the whole thing was the freebie I had to give to the cop who was giving Yolanda cover. He was such an asshole when he was fucking me in mine.

But, after three nights of that my debt was paid and Yolanda could afford to straighten out some of her paperwork including her license, so she was happy to drop me off near the little pier that took me out to where the houseboat was. I felt more like a hardened professional, too, which really came to my aid when I encountered Judge Calhoun, the very judge who had sentenced me, sipping what looked like whiskey while reclining on a chair in the back of the boat. He'd already had a fair bit, and he called Mrs Whitman's attention to my approach by announcing, "Your cokehead's here, Debra!"

"Not so loud, Bobby," she admonished him, "Just help her in so she doesn't fall in those ridiculous shoes of hers."

I was wearing five inch platform heels because she'd specifically demanded them, but of course I didn't mention that. The judge took the opportunity to squeeze my bum while helping me up, and I didn't mention that, either. Not that it would make sense to object to that when I was tolerably sure he'd be doing quite a bit more before the night was over.

The judge himself produced the cocaine, smugly congratulating me on successfully sourcing the only coke left in the whole county after a bust a week prior. He didn't quite say it, but I could read between the lines: they had been sure I'd agree to the trick because I would be desperate after struggling to find it anywhere else. I wasn't sure what a desperate cocaine addict was supposed to act like, but apparently they found my somewhat sullen silence convincing.

Derek wasn't there that night, for better and worse. Worse because, I realized in retrospect, I had relied on my confidence in his basic decency to manage my fears about what might happen.

Better, though, because *this* time Mr Whitman joined in directly. I had all of my top targets.

I spent much of the night in the role of a wayward daughter of the Whitman family, acting in various scenes that ended with one or both of the men fucking me, though I thought Mr Whitman's favorite scenario was the one where I just waited for him to jerk off on my face as he watched the judge fuck his wife. Though I was obviously hired for my supposed depravity so I could represent the corruption of white Christian feminine virtue, I discovered that their implied insults didn't offend me. Yes, I was a whore with a felony record, yes I was a pregnant teenager with no education, yes I was poor and abandoned by James Sero, but none of that was really as bad or unfixable as they made it out to be.

In the end, my predominant emotion of the night was actually boredom, at least until they dropped me off at the public boat ramps just after midnight to call for my own ride home. I did complain about this, but Mrs Whitman remorselessly told me that I'd just made plenty to pay for the ride back to town and seemed to take a weird righteous satisfaction in it, as if it would teach me some sort of moral lesson. I acted furious but beaten, and I really did feel quite outraged, but it was hard to remain furious when I knew that I not only could call Reverend Melek to get me, when she did she would probably tell me that I had gotten exactly the evidence she needed to make them regret their hypocritical ways.

Perhaps it would be a moral lesson for them.

## Making Changes

Reverend Melek confirmed that she had everything she needed and would take it from there, so I didn't need to keep Working, as Yolanda called it. By then, though, I'd gotten over my initial reluctance to think of myself as a prostitute, and not only did I still need money, I had discovered that I enjoyed it when I could be more choosy about my clients. I was still worried about Tammie finding out, of course, but I thought it wouldn't be long before my pregnancy ended my short career as an escort, and I had already decided I needed to wait until I had straightened out my life a little before I dared to try to date her.

At first, one of those things to sort was my high school equivalency. If I hadn't gone to jail, I could have just retaken the maths portion, but by then my previous attempt had expired and anyway I didn't seem to be able to get Agrat to respond to my entreaties to help me a second time. After some thought, I decided that it wasn't *really* necessary for me to get a diploma, given my limited future. I'd just ask Agrat to make my post-Kasey June identity someone with a degree.

I also discovered that being pregnant wasn't quite as detrimental to my escorting as I thought; quite a few guys had pregnancy fetishes and were happy to pay quite a lot to fuck me, and most

didn't seem to get off on being creepy or degrading to me. Perhaps ironically, the reason I stopped hooking was because some of them showed an alarming desire to 'save' me from my fate of being a single mother with no prospects for a conventional career. I was fine with them sticking their cocks in my private parts but I didn't want them sticking their noses into my private life.

That actually drove me to start applying for conventional jobs in earnest. I'd already been doing so as a condition of my parole, but I actually started really putting in the effort. Somewhat to my surprise, I was hired fairly swiftly by a very socially-conscious restaurant supply company that was incorporated as a 'public benefit company' that at least ostensibly tried to balance social good and company profits. As part of this, they tried to hire disadvantaged people, and I qualified on several metrics. Because I was pregnant they couldn't assign me to most of their regular unskilled positions, but they decided I could work as their assistant receptionist for the afternoon rushes when there were more truck drivers and restauranteurs than their regular receptionist could handle.

Takwana the regular receptionist wasn't technically my boss, but practically speaking she absolutely was, and at first I could see her professionalism warring with her irritation at a privileged-looking white girl taking one of a limited number of positions. She warmed up to me quickly, though, at least partly because of Yolanda, who gave me rides to work sometimes. I was never sure if it was because she had deduced that I had Worked for Yolanda or just because my friendship with Yolanda meant I wasn't going to have some of the racial attitudes the other poor white girls had, but either way the result was that Takwana took me under her wing as warmly as if I'd been her little sister.

In some ways she reminded me of Reverend Melek in the way she would selectively use my appearance to disarm or distract difficult customers, but she did so in a more open, collaborative way. She also recognized and made use of my way with words, such as it was, consulting me when writing emails to contentious people. I was making minimum wage and almost everyone else around me thought I was an airheaded bimbo, but she made me feel respected and useful.

She also reinforced what the Puerto Rican girl at the high school equivalency test had told me, which was that I was good at drawing. Not only drawing, either; also makeup, and other visual arts, and encouraged me to see if I could make a career of it. She even got me my first customers after I proved that I could do makeup for Black women. Not just the over-the-top looks Yolanda had taught me, either; they seemed to think I was good at all sorts of looks, though I wasn't usually as satisfied with my results as they were. At the same time she pushed me to paint some decorations for the front office windows like I had for the Busted Babe, though obviously with much more tasteful content. It really made people in the office look at me differently, as a person with actual skills to offer.

In the meantime, Reverend Melek was making changes behind the scenes, forcing the

Whitmans into retirement. I wasn't sure if she meant for there to be an internal war over to whom leadership should pass, but she seemed very satisfied with the outcome. As part of the uproar, reporters began investigating church links with local officials including Judge Calhoun. The judge vowed not to step down, but it seemed like he might be targeted for official investigation, which clouded his chances for reelection.

The various pastors tried to ride this out by blaming it all on a combination of media lies and the decadent world laying traps for the holy but imperfect men of the church. All but Reverend Melek, whose sermons had always had a slightly subversive undertone but had become gradually more aggressive as the crisis unfolded. This was not welcomed by the most fervent members of the church, and if the wider church hadn't been deadlocked in power struggles, the older parishioners' complaints might have gotten Reverend Melek replaced. As it was, though, no faction was willing to devote effort expelling the tall, strange, unsettlingly shrewd female pastor.

Attendance at church didn't collapse, though; instead the demographics of the Sunday parishioners shifted, becoming younger and less conservative. Many of the new attendees seemed hungry for the pastor's oblique criticism of the church, validating their own disappointments and doubts for the first time. It seemed like Reverend Melek might be forming a whole new church composed of the disaffected youth from the old, which was exciting, satisfying, and financially perilous; the new flock had less money and less willingness to fork over more than they could afford to the church.

Falling revenue was the sin for which Reverend Melek was finally dismissed, several months later. She didn't seem very concerned, however. She had previously taken possession of the former Calvinist church that had been empty for over a decade, during which it had been both partly gutted by fire and also extensively vandalized. I knew that she had been spending time refurbishing it in some way, but what I hadn't known was that she'd made remarkable progress, sufficient to move us both to a new pastor's apartment that had been carved from the rooms that had apparently been the Sunday school once upon a time.

The New Church, as she called it, didn't explicitly depart from the doctrinal commitments of the old, except perhaps in her explicit refusal to proclaim any doctrinal commitments. I was not entirely happy that I was obliged to devote my Sunday mornings attending services at the New Church, and it was embarrassing to witness how much more eloquent and clever she was than I had ever been, but I had to admit that they were engaging experiences.

Part of their attraction was the attractive young people attending the services. Between the casual style of their new Sunday dress and the different way they looked at me than Sero's parishioners, I was frequently a little confused as to whether they were really the same people. Regardless, they were all very kind to me, seeming to regard me as an engaging but foolish and unlucky girl. I served as secretary of the New Church, partly to satisfy my parole officer and partly to justify my continued residence in the residential suite with Reverend Melek.

Even though she'd helped Reverend Melek with the renovations, Tammie wasn't amongst those who immediately followed Reverend Melek to the New Church, and I was concerned that she might be upset that I had taken her place. But she remained just as friendly as ever, coming by to make sure I was okay and chatting animatedly with Reverend Melek for well over an hour while I cooked my best supper. Reverend Melek never once mentioned her absence from services or invited her to attend, but eventually Tammie brought it up on her own.

"I just can't do that to my mother," Tammie explained apologetically. "She... doesn't approve of the New Church."

"Of course not," Reverend Melek said easily, "I take it you've been going to Harpersville for Sunday services?"

"Uh, no. I... don't feel right going there, either."

"But you've been driving your parents there," Reverend Melek pointed out.

Tammie nodded.

"How awkward for you to take them there, but not attend with them."

Tammie nodded again, looking down at her plate. I felt a momentary flush of pleasure at how much enjoyment she'd shown for the food so far despite the difficult conversation.

"Do you think there's any prospect of reconciling your conscience and your sense of obligation to your parents?" Reverend Melek said.

"Pardon?" Tammie gasped, as if punched in the gut.

"It's a question you should answer by and for yourself. In the meantime, have you applied to university?"

Tammie stammered the beginnings of an excuse for why she thought that she should wait another year, but Reverend Melek waved off the question before Tammie could assemble an explanation with a hope of surviving scrutiny. "Maybe you could do me a favour?"

"Of course!" Tammie said, palpably grateful to be released from the necessity of answering the unanswerable.

"You haven't heard the favor yet, but I trust it won't seem so bad. I want you to be Kasey June's plus-one at her company's holiday party. Free dinner, and a trustworthy friend at her side where there may be many temptations."

"It would be my pleasure!" Tammie said fervently, and gave me a brilliant smile that made my insides twist happily. "Are you allowed to on probation?"

"I wouldn't be, but I'm not on probation any more!" I said, showing her my monitor-free ankle.

"Congratulations!" she told me, and gave me a little hug.

"Thank you," I said huskily, looking up at her with a ravenous hunger sparked by her scent and the lowkey obscene way our boobs had pressed together.

She looked down at me from up close for a moment, swallowed, and let me go. "Well, that's



a wonderful change, isn't it?"

Reverend Melek's smile was hard to read as she looked at us. "Yes, things are changing in a very satisfactory way."

## (Can't Get No) Satisfaction

Throughout the whole time I was living with Reverend Melek, we were of course fucking all the time. I knew she had no particular affection for me, but my sex drive just would not let me stop, even though I knew when we were "done" I wasn't really satisfied. I had truly cursed myself, because I increasingly knew that I needed a huge cock in me. Maybe even a *particular* huge cock.

The more convinced I was, the more I found myself daydreaming about it, and the more I daydreamed about it, the more I felt like I needed it. One day I tried drawing it from memory, and it gave me a little frisson of pleasure to see how I could at least evoke a bit of its glory. Thus encouraged, I began drawing it more, and then I started to draw it plunging into a vagina - mine, I thought, with all the fervor of earnest prayer.

Of course it wasn't long before I was drawing myself being fucked every which way, admiring how pornographic my avatar looked. I wasn't *satisfied*, per se, but it felt like it was at least scratching *near* the itch. Even though I knew it wouldn't quench my particular thirst, I started experimenting more with color and shading, trying to achieve even more realistic representations of my heart's desire. Or my cunt's. Whatever.

"That's pretty good!" Reverend Melek said approvingly when she finally caught me practicing my surreptitious art.

"You think so?" I asked shyly. Whatever complicated feelings I had about her, I desired her good opinion, and it was rare to get so genuine an expression of approval from her.

"I do. You have a real talent for this, you know. Well, perhaps you don't yet truly *know*, but I hope that you are finally beginning to believe."

I squinted slightly at her words, which always carried so much subtext. I had been too dense and self-involved to really notice when we first met, but as I spent more time with her I'd started to grasp that there was usually a deeper message under the plain meanings of her words. Now that I knew, I *still* mostly missed her messages because I was so damned horny all the time that it was just difficult to focus, but at least I knew I was missing them.

After the silence stretched while I attempted to detangle what she was implying, she seemed to get bored by my slowness and moved on. "You don't have to hide it here, of course. I always support people following their dreams."

"What do you mean?" I asked, because sometimes she would just explain.

“You clearly care very much about the quality of your illustrations, as do you about your makeup. You are driven by a vivid visual imagination, which renders your dreams into the world.”

I don’t know what I had expected her to say, but that wasn’t it, and I stared at her wide-eyed and with gaping mouth for a moment.

Reverend Melek laughed with delight at my expression. “What a perfect vision you are! Almost perfect.” She winked at me and added, “The true artist is never satisfied.”

“You’ve been manipulating me into being a bimbo!” I accused her, caught between outrage at her and a sort of relief. Who could blame me if both Agrat and Reverend Melek were both scheming against me? And really, the outrage was a sort of pro-forma thing.

“If that is how you prefer to describe supporting you in your pursuit of your dreams,” she said, literally supporting my breast with one hand and sending a thrill up my spine.

“Are you saying I dreamed of becoming a bimbo?” I asked in a low, urgent voice as I leaned into her strong, clever hands.

“That is an assumption contained in my statement, but I would hope,” she said, pausing to give one of my hard nipples a tug of suction. Switching back to massaging my breasts manually, she continued, “It is by now unnecessary for me to point that out. And there’s nothing wrong with that dream, Kasey June. I mean, you were born for it.”

“You have no idea,” I moaned, much too horny to be offended.

Even later, as I lay on the bed feeling drowsy after a series of orgasms, I was *still* too horny to be offended. After all, Kasey June literally existed to be a bimbo. And I was a damned good one, wasn’t I?

My only complaint was that I could never reach that state of utter satiation that I’d felt on my ersatz wedding day. I knew I had only myself to blame for it, but that did nothing to reconcile me to my inability to satisfy my sex drive.

# A Lower Calling

## Independence

You might think that a combination of nearly free room and board and my multiple sources of income that I would be financially set, but I have never been good with money or keeping up with necessary documentation. That's how I ended up getting arrested for bouncing a check even though I had enough money to cover the check by itself, and then getting arrested for prostitution *again* when I tried to earn the money to pay the fine.

Fortunately I was able to hire a lawyer that got my offense bargained down to a misdemeanor with a \$1000 fine, but in the meantime I got fired from my job, my bank account was closed, and my credit cards were all over limit. Without the bank account, I couldn't get to my cam girl money. At each setback I tried methods that had worked for James Sero: bluster, promises, threats, and pleading ignorance, but they didn't work for me. Somehow everyone knew they could ignore me. Perhaps it was my felony record, perhaps it was my age, or lack of formal education, or the fact that on the phone I sounded like a teenage girl who had no idea what was going on.

Tammie saved me, though. She let me redirect my online income to deposit in her accounts, and she started paying my bills for me, just in time to prevent my phone service from being shut off. She didn't give me access to her accounts so my credit and legal problems didn't overflow onto them, but I was more than fine with that. It was really a huge burden off my mind, and she gave me an allowance in cash and debit cards that I could use for whatever I really needed.

I also welcomed the excuse to spend more time with her.

"How long did this take to make?" she asked me as she surveyed the several somewhat elaborate dishes I'd prepared for a thank-you dinner.

"About an hour," I lied, not wanting her to know that it had taken me three, partly because my belly had become so big and round that it was pushing my huge rack up so that I had trouble seeing what I was doing.

"Wow, it's so beautiful," she said, and looked down at me like she thought *I* was beautiful.

Suddenly I was bawling. A lot of my emotional overload was just because of pregnancy hormones, but it was also because some of my OnlyFans subscribers had been accusing me of being a fake because my belly was, in their opinion, shaped wrong to be real or sexy. Based on the decline in subscribers, a lot of fans agreed, and somehow it was a bigger blow than I had

expected that so many of them were so ready to believe I was a liar *and* didn't find me sexy anymore.

I don't know exactly what she made of me blubbering about being fat and unsexy, but somehow or other we ended up kissing, and it was the best moment of my life up to that point.

"I love you," I told her impetuously, foolishly, earnestly.

She opened and shut her mouth, eyes wide and stunned.

"It's okay if you don't love me. I just... I don't know. I had to say it."

"But... But... You hardly know me," she objected.

I can be a real idiot sometimes, but I knew it wasn't her real objection. "I *wanted* to kiss you, Tammie," I assured her.

"You don't have to," she started, sounding half panicked.

"I know, Tammie. I know," I told her, pressing my cheek against the palm of the hand she'd tried to take back after using it to tilt my head up for her to kiss.

"I don't know what got into me," she said.

"I know what got into *me*," I said, kissing her wrist and looking up at her through my excessively long lashes. "You're so hot when you take control like that."

She looked like she was trying to will herself to retract her hand, so I pulled her into another hug before she could convince herself that she was morally obligated to put distance between us. It worked perfectly, and soon my head was nestled under her chin and I was luxuriating in the wonderful scent of her.

"What am I going to tell my parents?"

"Nothing you don't want to tell them. You don't belong to them," I asserted.

"I can't lie to them," she said, "And it wouldn't be fair to you to... to keep us hidden."

My eyes widened at this sudden leap in implied relationship status. "We haven't even been on a real date yet, Tammie. I know I just said I love you, and I do, but it's not like I just asked you to marry me. You can give yourself a minute to figure out what you want."

She blushed deeply, and it dawned on me that she'd been thinking about this whole thing a lot more than I had assumed. "Wait, do... do you... want to marry me?" I asked.

"It's not like that! I just thought we're already kind of like a traditional married couple, a little. I'm in charge of our finances, and you're cooking our meals. And..." she put a hand on my pregnant tummy, "We're about to have a child."

She'd said *we* were about to have a child, and for the first time I felt a horrible pang at the thought that I couldn't keep my baby. Our baby.

"I'm sorry!" she apologized as the tears resumed rolling down my cheeks.

"No, I'm sorry! I want to have a baby together! But I'm not ready," I said, telling two truths and a lie. I was sorry, and did want to have a baby with her. But I knew I couldn't keep it. Could I? If I did, I wouldn't deliver on my deal with Agrat and I'd be stuck as a cock-hungry bimbo,

forever dreaming of the huge ramrod I couldn't have.

But then, in that moment, there in her arms, I was almost willing to accept those consequences. Only a moment of self-knowledge stopped me from trying to contact Agrat to call off our deal: if I did, I wouldn't be able to keep myself from cheating on Tammie. Eventually my relentless sex drive would have me bouncing on some dude's lap, trying to scratch the itch.

"Besides, what if it's James Sero's child?" I said with revulsion. Strange that I would rather raise a demon's child than one from my former self.

"What *if*?" Tammie asked, backing away slightly.

I blushed and told the only story that would make sense. "I was desperate."

She nodded, not judging me at all, and I started weeping again at how good a person she was, while she tried to console me about the supposed shame and trauma of the survival sex she assumed I'd been having.

When I got myself together enough, I reminded her that the food was getting cold, and so we finally tucked in to eat. Tammie kept the conversation to less emotional topics, though she remained even more gentle and sweet than usual. I wanted badly to find out what she tasted like, but she resolutely insisted on taking me back to Reverend Melek with nothing more than a chaste but fervent farewell kiss.

"Congratulations!" Reverend Melek said within five seconds of seeing me.

"What? How can you tell?" I asked, flabbergasted.

"It's the smug look. But you didn't have sex. That was her decision, wasn't it?"

"How do you *know* these things?" I said, embarrassed but impressed.

"You're *very* pent up."

"God, so much," I groaned.

"Poor thing," she said, about whom I wasn't sure, "She's definitely still boxed in by her idea of Christian chastity."

"Yeah," I agreed sadly.

"So, do you want my help with it?" she asked.

"I do, but I can't cheat on her," I said virtuously.

"That doesn't seem like a rule you'll be very good at keeping," Reverend Melek said dubiously.

I sighed and shrugged. "I'll do my best."

"What if she 'cheats' first?" Reverend Melek said, making finger quotes to show that she didn't really believe in this whole cheating thing.

"She would never," I said, then narrowed my eyes at her. "You wouldn't!"

"Why wouldn't I?" she asked, not pretending to misunderstand me.

"Come on, you don't even care about me. Let me have this," I begged her, "Besides, she'll feel terrible if she cheats on me."

“That’s true,” Reverend Melek said, as cold-bloodedly as ever, “But don’t you think that will make it easier for you to set reasonable expectations with her later?”

“Are you saying you’re going to seduce my girlfriend so she doesn’t dump me when I turn out to be an incorrigible slut?”

“Well, that is one benefit,” she agreed with a smile.

“You’re jealous, aren’t you?” I threw at her in a mixture of accusation and shock that she had such a weakness.

But she just laughed. “Oh no, sweetie. I would never indulge in something as vulgar as sexual jealousy.”

“Then why are you trying to sabotage me?”

She rolled her eyes. “I’m not trying to sabotage you, you sexy little idiot. I would like nothing better than for you to get married to her and pop out babies every year like the wife and mother you were meant to be.”

“Are you mocking me? You don’t believe that all women are meant to be wives and mothers.”

“No, no, but some women are. *You* are.”

“Because you think I’m an idiot,” I said, struggling to disagree with her.

“Idiocy has little to do with whether someone should be a wife and mother, but it is undeniable that you’re not exactly built for independence,” she pointed out by poking one of my huge tits.

“Oh, I guess not,” I gasped, because the tiny motion had made my momentarily-suppressed libido come roaring back.

I didn’t want to have sex with Reverend Melek, or at least, I didn’t want to want to have sex with her. But I did anyway, because I wasn’t built for independence.

## Delivery

Tammie and I were giddily planning how and when to meet again when I went into labour. I’d been prepared for hours of agonizing contractions and all that, but I didn’t even make it into the maternity ward before I delivered my firstborn child.

“That was really your first child?” the attending nurse said in astonishment, “I’ve never seen a first time mother deliver so fast. What is her father’s name?”

“Um, I don’t know,” I said.

She looked at me in a mixture of pity and condescension. “Well, that’s what happens, isn’t it?”

“What?” I asked, distracted by having a real live baby in my arms. *My* baby.

“You know, you can get help to leave prostitution,” she said righteously.

“Excuse me for my tardiness,” Reverend Melek said, barging in on us. “It took me longer than I expected to park the car.”

“Reverend Doctor Melek!” I said with a big toothy smile that I directed at the officious nurse.

“Oh! Reverend Melek?” the nurse said, surmising as intended that my soiled soul and reproductive organs had already been vouchsafed with a respectable pastor.

“Yes?” Reverend Melek responded, looking at the nurse with a smile that didn’t reach her eyes.

“Kasey June was just saying that she doesn’t know who the father is,” the nurse said, vaguely intimidated but trying to establish common ground with the tall woman pastor.

“I’m not sure you should be sharing that private information with me,” Reverend Melek said, her smile widening just very slightly.

“Well, ordinarily I wouldn’t, but,” the nurse tried to defend herself, but Reverend Melek cut her off.

“That is the practice you should keep, then,” Reverend Melek said, and motioned for the nurse to leave. I don’t think the nurse was technically supposed to leave me alone, but she fled anyway.

I laughed at the way the nurse scurried away, but became solemn again quickly as I looked at Reverend Melek’s serious expression. “I don’t want to give her up.”

“Then don’t,” she said.

“I have to,” I said sadly.

“Why?”

“I made a deal.”

“No one can force you to honor a deal involving your child,” she said.

“No,” I agreed, but didn’t say anything further.

Her expression softened, and for whatever reason she didn’t interrogate me about the deal I’d made. All she said was, “Whatever you decide, Tammie and I will support you.”

“Tammie and you? You talked to her about me?”

“Yes.”

“You seduced her,” I said, surprised to find that I wasn’t as upset about it in the way I thought I would be.

“I supposed you could say that, yes,” Reverend Melek confirmed.

“You’re better for her than I am,” I admitted.

“That’s not the right way to think about it,” Reverend Melek said.

“It’s true, though.”

“I will not argue with you any further on that stupid topic, but I will tell you that if either of us weds her, it will not be me.”

“Then why did you seduce her?!” I asked, outraged at Reverend Melek’s treatment of Tammie’s pure heart.

Reverend Melek just sighed and rolled her eyes. “Tammie will be here soon, feeling very guilty because she is even stupider than you in that respect. You should speak to her before making any decisions. I am going to go make sure no one else bothers you.”

“Thank you,” I muttered, and she left me alone.

‘Agrat?’ I asked.

“Yes,” her familiar voice resonated in my head.

‘I had your baby,’ I told her unnecessarily, because she surely knew already.

“Yes,” she said again.

‘Is there any way I could keep her without being a cock-addicted bimbo forever?’

“No.”

‘Is James the father?’

“No.”

I allowed myself a moment of relief, then I asked the natural follow-up question. ‘Then is she, like, half demon?’

“No.”

‘Then who *is* her father?’

“Technically she has no *father*. As for who her other biological progenitor is, that is to some degree yet to be established.”

I knew I should inquire more, but my heart drove me to say instead, ‘I want to keep her.’

“You have two options. You may break our agreement, remain a forever insatiable nymphomaniac while raising the child with Tammie. In which case I relinquish all claim on the child. Or you raise the child as my heir, and in return you may have the penis you so ardently desire.”

‘Raise her as your heir?’ I asked, confused but cautiously optimistic about this possible way out of my situation without giving up my baby.

“Yes, in time she would become a demon like myself.”

‘Would that hurt her?’

“I would do my best to avoid it hurting her in any way,” Agrat said, and despite her otherworldly disharmonious voice, I thought I could detect something almost like compassion.

‘But what about Tammie in that case? It wouldn’t be fair to her to raise a child with me only to have her turn into a demon.’

“Not if she doesn’t also agree to it,” Agrat agreed.

‘She’d never agree,’ I asserted.

“She certainly could not if you don’t tell her.”

‘You think she might?’



“That depends on your future actions. In the present, you must decide whether you will deliver on our deal, or not.”

‘Can I take some time to think about it?’

“You have had almost eight months to think and may have eight more seconds.”

‘One more question?’ I begged hastily.

“I’ll allow it.”

‘Can we make another deal, if I complete this one?’

“There will be no deal that changes anything else I’ve told you.”

‘So if I keep her, I’m a bimbo forever, no matter which I chose.’

“If you give her up entirely, then you might be able to avoid that fate. But that is enough. Choose now.”

It wasn’t really a choice, honestly. The seven months had been enough to get through even my thick skull that being a bimbo suited me better than anything else ever had.

‘I’ll raise her for you. As a bimbo.’

“It is done,” she said, and was gone.

I expected to feel some kind of dismay or shame at my ignoble fate, but instead I was elated. I got to keep my baby and was forced to do what I had *really* wanted to do all along: be Kasey June permanently.

## Courtship

“You decided to keep her?” Tammie said with mixed excitement and dubiousness.

“Yeah,” I said, looking down at my baby fondly.

“Have you decided what her name is going to be?” she asked.

“Ashema,” I said, surprising myself and Tammie.

“That’s an interesting name,” Tammie said, “What’s it from?”

“I don’t know, it just came to me I guess.”

“It’s pretty,” Tammie said, and I preened a little even though I knew she pretty much had to say something like that.

But Ashema was a very cute baby, and I didn’t doubt any of the other praise Tammie heaped on my little girl. Who would be a demon someday, I supposed, but in a way I was proud of her future as a being of immense power. I hoped she would be a *happy* demon.

At that moment, though, she was a rather unhappy baby, letting out a shockingly loud bawl that brought a nurse to the bedside, happily not the one from before.

Reverend Melek returned presently, and between her and Tammie the remaining paperwork

got done in a whirl while I barely paid attention, focused as I was on my baby. *My* baby. Agrat's too, perhaps, but also mine. Several times, when Reverend Melek wasn't immediately present, I thought Tammie was trying to figure out how to tell me that she'd had sex with Reverend Melek, but I was too preoccupied to allay her concerns.

It wasn't until we got back home that Tammie finally found the time and privacy to tell me.

"I know, Tammie. I'm not mad at all. I'd have to be a huge hypocrite to be mad at you when she and I have been fucking daily for months."

"Daily? For months?" Tammie's tone was neutral, but I thought she was taken aback despite her scrupulous refusal to judge others.

"I don't know how to tell you this, Tammie, but my sex drive is... was insatiable."

"Oh, because of the pregnancy? I've heard of that," she said, making excuses for me as usual.

"Maybe? I don't know." Agrat had implied that I'd finally get satisfied, and I wasn't especially horny at that moment, but I was a little hazy on how exactly my libido would be satiated. I should have asked more questions. Because if she brought back James Sero as a way to return the prick, I'd probably murder him. But I didn't think she'd do that to me when I was giving her what she wanted.

"I'm surprised at her. I don't know Reverend Melek was so..." Tammie trailed off, trying to think of a word.

"Unethical?"

Tammie tilted her head. "I think she has very firm ethics. They're just, I don't know, at right angles with traditional morality."

I laughed. "Yeah, I'll say."

"Honestly, I just didn't think she liked you that much," she said with a note of apology.

"Oh, she doesn't, but I can be pretty persuasive."

"I imagine so," Tammie said with a smile that made me feel tight and needy inside.

"Can I, uh, demonstrate for you when we get home?"

Tammie suddenly blushed a bright red and stammered in sexual anxiety. "I don't... I've only ever..."

"I know," I said, feeling protective of her in her inexperience. I was almost literally born to induct her into the art of fucking. "You can decide what you want to do when we get there. For now, would you like to hold Ashema?"

"Yes please!" she said thankfully, and reassumed her motherly Christian girl persona for the moment. But when our eyes met, I could still feel the heat there.

We never explicitly discussed it, but it somehow went without saying that I was moving in with her, and even with my inability to satiate my resurgent sex drive, I had never been nearly so satisfied with my life as I was then. Between new motherhood, recovery, and Tammie's lingering

discomfort with her own sexuality, our sex life was one-sided and intermittent at best for the first several weeks, but I found it indescribably fulfilling to care for her and Ashema.

I was as proud as any 1950s housewife of how well I was able to bring off a dinner for Reverend Melek in our small but tidy apartment. Even more affirming was that Tammie appeared proud of me as well, and a little bit possessive. Tammie was also clearly still attracted to Reverend Melek, but it didn't bother me as long as she thought I was sexy enough to still regard me as a prize in Reverend Melek's presence.

And slowly, bit by bit, Tammie came out of her sexual shell. Her kisses became deeper and more passionate, her hands on my tits more assured and assertive. Her massages to help me express my milk got more lewd, and she even agreed to 'milk' me for my online patrons, though of course she wasn't willing to speak or expose more than her forearms and occasional glimpses of her clothed body from behind.

It was unlike any serious relationship I'd ever imagined in my past, straitened as it was by a narrow conception of courtship. It nevertheless felt comfortingly conventional. Tammie was working toward a career that would make her the breadwinner and managed all the things a traditional husband would, whereas I took to the role of traditional wife and mother with relish.

The only problem was that we *weren't* actually married, and I could tell Tammie was still wrestling with the idea of where we were going as a couple. The first couple times I tried to bring up what to do about our future together she subtly shifted the conversation to focus on her commitment to participating in raising Ashema rather than discussing our relationship with each other. Eventually, though, I felt I had to get the topic out in the open.

"Is it because you doubt whether it's a real marriage in God's eyes?" I asked her.

"No way!" she denied it in surprise, but then steeled herself to more honesty, as she sometimes did when she felt the conversation was too important for half truths. "Well, okay, I guess there's *some* truth in that."

I shrugged to show her I wasn't upset with her. "Someone as big hearted as you are can take a while to get comfortable acknowledging you're gay if you've been told all your life that it's selfish." Told by arseholes like James Sero, I thought with shame.

"Oh, I've known I was a lesbian for a long time," she said, "But I also always wanted to have a big family, and thought I would have to get a husband to do it. And even now, I have to admit that I'm thinking about how hard it would be to adopt, especially here. But maybe we could, you know, get donated sperm."

"You don't like that idea," I said, because I could tell she didn't.

"I worry the donor would be someone too impressed with himself. Or like that doctor who swapped donated sperm for his own." She shuddered. "I want it to be someone I know I can respect."

I sighed. Ashema wasn't James Sero's daughter, but there was no way to explain that to

Tammie, and I knew Tammie would always be struggling to overlook her sordid paternity. Or at least, I would have been, if I hadn't known she was Agrat's.

"I'm sorry! I know how selfish I'm being, and I promise I'll get over it! I just need a little time."

"You're not being selfish! Or at least, no more selfish than I am. I wish..." I decided I didn't want to say exactly what I wished, because I thought I might be able to get it, if Agrat was amenable. But I'd sound like a complete nutter if I told Tammie. "But yeah, it's okay, let's take our time and enjoy being together before we jump into the next step."

She hugged me tightly, and kissed me, and kissed me again, but deeper, and pretty soon I was kissing even deeper than that into her slaving cunt, where I belonged.

## Contract Renewal

By then I'd figured out that I could present myself as the offering in the ritual: in the same way that I had, as James Sero, inadvertently presented the beautiful cock Agrat had taken in trade for making me Kasey June Richmond. Not that I intended to give up my vagina that I valued even more than the penis; I was offering her another use of my womb.

I felt no fear this time, just resolution. The only thing I feared was how I was going to explain it all to Tammie, but Agrat had become almost familiar, and more than that I trusted her. She might be a demon, but she had dealt with me more than fairly. Nor had she stolen my soul; if anything she'd given me one. I felt profoundly grateful, really.

At least, until the floor disappeared inside the circle, and Agrat's black-clawed hand reached through to grab my ankle. I screamed like the frightened little girl I was, sure I was about to be dragged into the pits of hell.

"Calm yourself," she commanded me as she used my ankle as a sort of handhold to pull herself into the mortal realm.

I wasn't exactly *calm* as I watched her emerge, but I was at least shocked into silence at the dark angel who emerged from the portal, looking like... "Reverend Melek?!" I exclaimed when I could no longer deny the resemblance.

"Come now, you can't be *that* surprised," she scolded me.

I could perceive in retrospect how similar they were, but it had truly never occurred to me before that moment. But Agrat was hotter than Reverend Melek.

Agrat smiled as if she could read my mind. Which she probably could.

"Are you going to make me pregnant now?"

"That is the exchange you offered," she said pointedly, nodding in a way that would have

seemed more humanlike if not for her enormous goatlike horns, “Not to mention that it’s what I always promised.”

“What you always promised?” I asked, confused.

“To give you back that exquisite cock,” she said.

“What do you mean?” I asked, confused but excited.

She motioned at her crotch, where her clit was rapidly swelling in size, and sprouting two enormous bollocks inside a tight-packed sack underneath.

“Ooooh,” I breathed at sight of the gorgeous penis I’d once thought would make me a man. Now, as she pushed me backward onto the kitchen counter, I knew it would make me even more of a woman, and a mother for a second time.

“Come on, just fuck me!” I begged when she didn’t jam it into me straightaway. Foreplay was all well and good under normal circumstances, but I knew that here at last I’d finally be satisfied, and I wanted it *now*.

“But I owe you some other changes,” she said, and lifted my breasts to her onyx face, suckling milk from one, then the other. As she did, they grew rapidly, expanding from their previously huge but almost plausible size up to the ridiculous orbs I’d imagined for myself the first time I’d ever seen her.

“Ahhh!” I cried, orgasming at the sensation of becoming the stupendous bimbo I’d always wanted to be.

She wasn’t finished. I could feel my waist pinch in just a little bit more as she encircled it with her demonic hands, and when she lifted me slightly from the counter my bum filled out just enough to keep me in contact with the surface. I held onto my ideal bimbo boobs with both arms and made room for my knees to swing up and past them to my shoulders, positioning my engorged vulva for splitting.

When she finally did, I would have screamed with ecstasy if her bellend hadn’t smashed so deep inside that it knocked the breath of out of me. It didn’t *hurt*; it wasn’t even uncomfortable. It just knocked me silly for a moment while I climaxed and my mind fuzzed slightly due to lack of oxygen. The orgasm went on and on, perhaps prolonged by hypoxia as Agrat continued to return the cock to me in the most vigorous way.

I don’t know how much later it was when I was hanging for dear life from Agrat’s horns as she rogered me from behind while upright. However long it was, it had allowed Tammie to get home, because my position allowed me to watch her eyes widen at the sight of her transformed girlfriend being bred by an 7 foot tall horned demon.

I couldn’t have stopped if I wanted to; the best I could do is indicate through happy grunts that I was enjoying myself rather than in pain as she might conclude from how tightly my vagina was stretched around Agrat’s magnificent cum injector.

“Come here,” Agrat commanded, and Tammie obeyed, as if in a trance.

I had the vague idea that I should warn her of something, but I couldn't think of what.

"You wish to have children with the woman I have made for you," Agrat said to Tammie, "In return, you will give your future wife to me."

Despite her trance, Tammie shook her head slightly. "No."

"Yes. You must see that she can't reach her greatest potential as nothing more than your good little wife."

At this I managed to produce words. "Yes. Be. Good. Wife."

"Now now," Agrat assured me, "You can still be a good wife. But I also need you to continue to serve me from time to time, at least until my daughters are grown and can decide whether they wish to join me."

"Oh," I said, and smiled with relief. It sounded like I'd get everything I'd ever wanted.

"Good," I tried to say, but it emerged as an inarticulate whimper because she'd made me come again.

"I'm not going to let you take our daughters like this," Tammie said with surprising resolve, considering the way she was disrobing.

"Oh no, if they agree to embrace their demonic potential, then of course they'd have all the powers and autonomy I can give them. Obviously Kasey June's potential is of an entirely different sort."

"What would you make her do?" Tammie asked,

"Oh, pretty much just going about her business as an utter bimbo like she already does, plus being a slut from time to time when I need her to be."

"Mmmm," I said, because this sounded perfect for me.

"Do you... *want* this?" Tammie asked me hesitantly.

Agrat, to her credit, stopped her thrusts so I could speak halfway coherently. "It's my dream," I told Tammie.

"Your dream to be a..." Tammie said skeptically before trailing off, unwilling to say the word.

"Bimbo, yeah. And wife and mother. I always thought it would make girls happier. But it was just me. It makes *me* happy. It's what I'm *for*." As I spoke this truth, my mind cleared. This was my true calling.

"But what about her art? What about your art, Kasey June?" Tammie asked.

"Uh?" I said intelligently, sort of wanting to get back to fucking without contemplating this, but Agrat and Tammie both looked at me expectantly.

A glance at my breasts which I had at times tried several times to hold with either arm made me wonder if they would make drawing too difficult, though also it seemed unlikely anyone would care. "I just draw dumb little illustrations, though. I'm not, like, an artist or anything," I told Tammie with a shrug.

“That’s not true. Is it, Agrat?” Tammie asked, throwing the question to someone who I couldn’t dismiss as lying to me.

“As little as I like to simply tell your little idiot these things as opposed to her learning about them herself, just this once I will point out to her that she crafted some of the finest forms I’ve encountered. Kasey June, you are your own work of art, and I would not at all like to deprive the world of your talents in that direction.”

For some reason I was distracted by the smug look on Tammie’s face, as if she’d just beat me at cards by forcing me to accept this accolade.

“It would be rather more correct to say that Tammie beat your father at cards,” Agrat said sardonically, reading my mind as usual. “Certainly he deserves a beating, insofar as that blasphemous little monster lingers on in your mind, Kasey June.” The tone of her voice indicated a shift to address Tammie, “But to move this along, I’m just going to point out that she will have many opportunities to pursue art in a variety of traditional and nontraditional media.”

Tammie looked like she wanted to ask about this ‘nontraditional media’, but I was satisfied with the answer and I didn’t want Tammie to spend ages indulging her anxieties on my account. “So then, like, better than a dream come true. I promise it’s even *more* than I ever hoped for.”

“If that’s true, then what am I even sacrificing, really?” Tammie asked Agrat. She grabbed my giant milky nipples with either hand and gave them a firm but gentle tug that made me moan like the cow she was treating me as.

Agrat laughed her terrifyingly sexy polyphonic laugh. “Ah, Tammie, it has been so long since I last had the opportunity to deal with someone so deserving of good fortune, and it is truly my pleasure to renew our contract.”

“Except that I killed poor Mr Sero,” Tammie reminded Agrat.

“Oh, that was the kindest thing of all, Tammie!” Agrat said, laughing with delight, “Kinder than you will ever know.”

“Thank you,” I told Tammie shakily, but of course she thought I was responding to her sucking milk from my teat.

Which I was, in a way.

## Contract Fulfillment

“James Sero was a bad, unhappy man, and everyone is better off now,” I told my guilty girlfriend later as I nestled into her arms as best I could fit.

“I didn’t have the right to make that choice for him, though,” Tammie said.

“Sero also chose it, though. Because I was created to replace him, I had a sort of connection

to him and knew some of what he was thinking,” I explained to her in a half-truth.

“You didn’t seem to think that way when I came to pick you up after he abandoned you,” she pointed out.

“Well, I didn’t really understand then. It took me a really long time to figure it all out. I’m not smart that way.”

Tammie frowned as she no doubt blamed herself for my stupidity. “No, I have the same brain James Sero did, kinda. I’m thick because Sero was. Well, I’m not as thick as Sero was because I understand myself much better than Sero ever did.”

Tammie mischievously nudged the side of my gigantic boob with her elbow and joked, “You’re thick in the best way.”

“Yeah,” I agreed, letting her change the subject, “Thank you!”

“You don’t mind at all?”

“No, this is what I really wanted.”

“Because it’s what I wanted, deep down,” Tammie said, the guilt back.

“No! Not because it’s what you wanted, because it was what *I* wanted,” I told her forcefully.

“But you were made to want it for me,” she said, even more guiltily.

“No, Agrat can’t even do that, I don’t think. I was made this way because it’s what Sero wanted. I know that because I knew Sero.”

“Really?” she asked hopefully.

“Yes.”

“Well, that’s good then. So much better. There’s just one little thing I don’t like about that.”

“I don’t like having the same tastes as him,” she admitted.

I couldn’t help giggling. “Oh, I understand, Tammie. But I’m so, *so* happy you do. It’s about the best luck anybody could have.”

“So you forgive me?” she asked.

“No, because there’s nothing to forgive you for. But if you’re still feeling guilty, you can make it up to me by milking me on camera the next time I stream.”

Tammie obliged easily enough, and even helped me explain my massive growth to patrons by referencing my milk coming in. The smarter patrons concluded that I was actually wearing expensive prosthetics, but everyone seemed to appreciate it whether they believed my story or not.

Unfortunately, the trouble brewing between credit card companies and my new patronage platform blew up. I’d already been kicked off OnlyFans because I’d flubbed my identity documentation, but apparently my new service’s more relaxed attitude had gotten it kicked off its payment platforms. Tammie was clearly torn between being supportive of my disappointment and her relief at me no longer being a cam girl. Accordingly I decided it would be nicer not to tell her when I returned to in-person sexual services to make money.



It started with taking appointments to do nails and makeup in the area, but men took one look at my picture and hired me. I was okay with it because they'd pay me the full amount and all I had to do was let them jack off on my tits or whatever, which was a lot less work, and I felt like it wasn't cheating if I didn't directly touch them. I probably could have done that for a long time if Judge Calhoun hadn't gotten one of his police buddies to keep tabs on me - easy because I was such a recognizable bimbo.

Running a whole operation to catch one prostitute was evidently completely out of line, though, and didn't fly once the lawyer Tammie hired for me got my trial moved to a different court. The judge in that court angrily berated the prosecution and one of the police witnesses for engaging in what looked a lot like harassment before throwing out all prostitution charges. It was a delicious result, and good for me, given what my repeated offenses might have done to the sentencing guidelines. Unfortunately, I *was* still convicted of practicing cosmetology without a license.

Judge Jacobs was fairly lenient on me because he believed my claim to be too stupid to know I wasn't allowed to practice cosmetology without a license, so I was just barely able to pay my own fines without asking Tammie for more money. That hurt, but I felt worse about the fact that everyone in town knew I'd been caught hooking again, which I could see bothered Tammie.

Agrat, on the other hand, was very pleased with the result, thanking me for exposing more corruption amongst local law enforcement. This blew up into a major regional scandal as reporters discovered the link between the police, prosecutors, and Judge Calhoun. I became moderately famous - or infamous - for my role as a victim, despite reporters exercising at least *some* discretion regarding my story because I was the victim. Not everyone was so professional, of course, and there were those who crowed about how my new fatherless pregnancy proved that I was a brainless cumdump who deserved to be taken advantage of.

They also clearly viewed my pregnancy itself as a punishment, which I was glad of, because it seemed to satiate some of their desire for revenge on me for being the downfall of the corrupt men they regarded as guardians of feminine virtue. I refused to act embarrassed in public when I encountered such people, but acting *really* dumb seemed to defuse things without quite encouraging them. I would probably have been in more danger if I'd been out on my own, but Tammie or "Reverend Melek" was always with me, making sure no one went further than a lewd comment or obscene gesture.

# A Woman's Place

## Difficult Women

It was the women who were more of a problem because they just wanted me to go away and stop reminding them how shitty their men were. They were constantly saying nasty things to me.

"It's too bad about the big fat sluts in this town," the heavyset, middle-aged woman on the till said loudly to the embarrassed shop assistant at the dollar store while I waited to buy my things.

The woman ahead of me seemed a little startled at the harshness of this and looked back somewhat apologetically. I pretended not to have heard anything, or perhaps to have not understood that I was the 'big fat slut' targeted by the statement.

"That's not very nice," the woman said somewhat diffidently.

"Don't tell me you're taking that stupid cow's side. You'll regret it when she goes after your husband."

"I just don't like name-calling," the woman said stiffly.

"Name calling? But she *is* a stupid cow. Look at her!" the checker said, angry that she couldn't bully the woman into agreeing.

"Moo!" I said playfully.

That made my defender laugh, and infuriated my critic even worse. There wasn't much further she could say, though, so she just angrily rang me up, inattentively scanning one of my items twice after the other woman had left.

"Hey, I only had one candle," I objected when she entered the sale without fixing it.

"You should have said something before, dummy," she snapped. "I'm not going to back out the whole transaction for ninety nine cents."

"Oh. Then can I get another candle?" I asked.

She glared, but it was clearly easiest for all concerned, so she let me do it. By the time I'd picked out another candle, though, she'd had another idea.

"Hey, I think I saw her put something in her bra," she told the shop assistant.

"Ma'am?" the shop assistant said apologetically. Karen, her name tag said.

I stopped on my way out so the poor girl didn't feel like she had to run after me. "Yes?"

"Did you maybe accidentally take an additional item?"

"No," I said.

"Search her!" the older woman insisted, probably meaning to punish us both.

I didn't mind, so I held my arms out to make it easier for the girl to do what she needed to do. Karen apologized multiple times, tentatively doing as the other woman demanded.

"What's her name?" I asked Karen.

"Geraldine," she answered.

"What?" Geraldine snapped, hearing her name.

"I'm done. I didn't find anything."

"You didn't even search her bra!" Geraldine said angrily, and stomped over to show Karen how it was done.

Of course, there was no bra around nearly big enough for my titanic tits, so I was instead wearing a combination of two supportive tops that combined to mostly hold my girls in place without causing any unsightly double-loaf lumpiness or that sort of thing. There was, however, a weakness in the arrangement in that a firm tug on the fabric stretched over my cleavage could, depending on how full of milk my udders were, cause one or both to pop out.

Which was exactly what happened, and when she tried to yank the fabric back over them in alarm, she just forced my nipples to spray a shotgun of cream all over her.

"What's going on here?" Reverend Melek asked, arriving just in time to witness Geraldine's white-splattered look of shock.

Karen made a choked noise as she tried and failed to contain her laughter. She looked like she was having a heart attack, she was laughing so hard, a condition that spread to the stocker who had come out of the back to see what the commotion was.

"I, uh, accident! It..." Geraldine said, trying desperately to wrestle my boobs back under cover without spraying herself again. Squeezing my oversized nipples to pinch off the flow just put my cream under higher pressure, and my sudden orgasm at having my nipples grabbed made my nipples ejaculate even harder as I shuddered with pleasure.

"Why are you molesting her?" Reverend Melek demanded with unholy enjoyment.

Rather than answering, Geraldine turned and ran as fast as she could toward the back of the shop.

Karen and the stock boy were both incapacitated by their attempts to contain their mirth, which became more hopeless the harder they tried.

Reverend Melek's amusement was hidden behind a look of disapproval as she handed me a handkerchief with which to clean myself up. "I think I should go remind Geraldine of how to treat people with proper respect. Especially when one's behavior is being recorded."

The intimation of more serious consequences sobered the other employees, but they didn't seem unhappy about it.

"She's probably in the manager's office on the right," the stock boy said.

"Are the video recordings kept in there?" Reverend Melek asked as she started walking toward the back.

“Yes,” Karen said, wide-eyed with surmise at Geraldine’s jeopardy, though neither of us got to watch how that played out because she misinterpreted my post-orgasmic slump as a sign of distress and tried to render assistance.

Happily that episode did not result in me getting dragged into any further legal actions, but it still reinforced my reputation as a perpetual source of controversy and gossip. Acting invincibly stupid only worked so well in protecting me from consequences. The conventional wisdom was that I’d done so many drugs that I was suffering from brain damage, but some cleverer people suspected it was just an act and treated me like I was radioactive. It made it difficult to live in town with so many people shunning me.

Really, my condition made it difficult for me to do much of anything practical. I mean, my rack was just so ridiculous on my relatively petite body, and it got in the way all the time. Plus, I couldn’t drive, or walk very far, and I was always worried about riding the infrequent busses by myself. Soon my belly was swelling up with Agrat’s twins, and I used that excuse to stop going out at all.

Instead I learned to pamper Tammie better. I learned how to make her breakfast just how she liked, using only one hand at a time because I could only see what I was doing from the side, standing on tiptoes to boost myself high enough, if I wasn’t wearing platforms around the home. It took longer to convince her to let me eat her out under the table while she ate, but it always made me feel good to take care of her a little when she was taking such good care of me, finding ways to make ends meet even though I couldn’t contribute much to the budget.

I did slowly work my way through my cosmetology certificate, though, and I managed to graduate before I gave birth.

## The Present

Another thing I tried to do for Tammie was to help her over her scruples about having multiple girlfriends. That is, I could tell Agrat did things for Tammie that I couldn’t, such as have really really smart conversations and also being topped by a demon with a gorgeous cock.

“It’s sort of mine, you know,” I told Tammie one night after Agrat had been by to fuck me with it, which Tammie acknowledged was necessary for me to have a sensible thought in my head. “I dreamt it up as the perfect penis.”

“You did a good job. It is attractive in its way,” Tammie agreed wistfully.

“So why don’t you let Agrat fuck you with it? I know you think she’s hot, and she fancies you loads more than she does me.”

“I know, Kasey June,” Tammie said with a sigh, having heard that part before, “But I just don’t feel right about it.”

“Even though I’d be a creative part of it?”

“Kasey June...” she said, but stopped herself from whatever she was going to say.

“No, say it! You won’t hurt my feelings! Please just be honest with me!” I pled.

She bit her lip, and I thought she was once again going to change the subject like she always had before, but to my surprise she managed to force out, “I’m afraid you’ll find out you’re not as okay as you think, if it turns out I, uh, enjoy it.”

My brow lowered for a moment, and suddenly I made the connection. “Oh my god, I’m so sorry! It makes you feel bad when she fucks me, and you don’t want *me* to feel bad when she fucks you.”

She blushed, and I knew I’d scored a direct hit. “Oh, Tammie, you never let on. But you know I love you, and you make me come all the time. I adore making love with you. Don’t get me wrong, Agrat is amazing in her way, but I don’t love her, and she doesn’t love me. She barely even likes me.”

“But you can’t deny that you don’t come as hard with me as you do with her.”

That was undeniable. “That doesn’t mean it’s *better*,” I said somewhat weakly.

She smiled and kissed my hand, and I had to let it drop because I needed to think.

Because of the advanced state of my pregnancy Agrat could barely fit more than her bellend into me. It was enough to get me to orgasm, but I had to finish her off between my boobs.

“I think I should be able to ask you for more, because I’m giving you twins,” I told her as I expertly fondled her balls at the same time I squeezed her shaft in my precum-lubricated cleavage.

She didn’t say anything for a few seconds because she was too close, but after she’d coated my neck, shoulders and face with her garden hose of semen, she said, “That’s not how these things work, but what do you want?”

“I want Tammie to have your cock. The one I made. Not all the time! Just when she wants, like you do.”

“You want me to make her part incubus?”

“Maybe? Would that be bad?”

“I don’t know. Maybe it’s your dream to be always bringing home new girls for her to fuck alongside you. I seem to recall that being one of your goals.”

The thought of it was making me horny again. “Yes, that would be amazing.”

“Are you worried that she might find someone she likes better than you?” Agrat asked.

“Not really. She already likes you better than me, and that doesn’t bother me.”

“*That* is not true,” Agrat said fondly, poking me very gently on my cum-coated nose with one of her terrifying claws.

“Well, she certainly likes you in ways she doesn’t like me,” I said with a shrug, and relished

the way the motion made my tits slide along Agrat's softened rod.

"That's true, but you, too, are one of a kind," Agrat said, My shrug having reawakened the beast between my tits, she demonstrated by titfucking me again, this time grabbing ahold of my teats herself and doing all the work for me. it afforded me the luxury of focusing on the sensation of my ludicrous udders rubbing against the perfectly-ridged cock I'd made, and the tight sensation surging up and down the big stupid nipples I'd also made for myself. When my climax forced milk out my nipples despite Agrat's firm grip, I *did* feel like one of a kind in that moment, a true work of art, which I'd done myself, even if it had required Agrat's magic to bring into physical being.

"So, will you do it?" I asked as I attempted wiped Agrat's glue out of my eyes.

"Oh, sure," Agrat said. "There are other consequences if I do this, but I know you'll like those, too. They fit your ambitions."

"My ambitions?"

"Such as wanting to give Tammie a baby of her own."

"Yeah," I said, sighing happily at the thought. "I'm willing to give up everything else for that."

"Give up? No no, Kasey June, that's not how I deal. You should know that by now."

I looked at her with one unglued eye. "I guess you only make people give up stuff that isn't making them happy anyway."

"Not universally, but you're lucky enough to have Tammie looking out for you, and I wouldn't do anything bad to someone she loves."

"You really love her, don't you? Even a demon like you. She's really great, isn't she?"

Agrat laughed. "Yes, I suppose I can safely admit that to you."

"Then why did you give her to me?"

"Kasey June, I didn't give her to you, I gave you to her."

"Oh, yeah, that makes sense," I said, feeling a bit dense not to have seen it before. "Well, I'm glad you did. I'll try to be the best present I can."

Agrat's expression softened. "And this is why I love her."

"Pardon?" I asked.

"She was the one who took her chances to save you, to change you, even though I told her that you were beyond saving."

"She asked you to change me into a woman?" I asked.

"I've told you before, no one can change whether you're a woman. No one else can change whether you're worthy of being given your heart's desire, but she decided to do it anyway. She couldn't see what had caused it, but she *could* see how utterly lost and confused you were. I didn't think you were worthy of her gift, and you weren't, but she had faith that you *could* be. And in the early days, when the effigy made of your worst aspects abandoned you, her faith had

been so shaken. But in the end, she was right. Here you are, rejoicing in being a present for someone else. You have *become* worthy of her sacrifice. That doesn't always happen, especially with people like James Sero."

I shuddered.

"My apologies. I'll never mention that name again," she told me, with respect.

I shrugged. "I owe you thanks for giving me all the opportunities to learn my place. I'm okay with being nothing more than a, I don't know, dumb bimbo slut."

"You *are* more than that. You're an artist, and a mother, and cook, and an accomplished entertainer. And I hope you're not embarrassed to be a 'dumb bimbo slut', as you call it."

"Oh no! I'm proud of it!" I said, lifting up my huge milk tanks in illustration, enjoying the way they continued to wobble in reaction. "I'm proudest of being worthy of being a present for Tammie, though. She would never dare wish to have her very own dumb bimbo slut like I did, but now she gets to have one anyway!"

For whatever reason that made Agrat randy again, so I stopped talking and put my mouth to better use.

## Wedding Belles

Everyone seemed to assume that Tammie decided to marry me so my children would have a parent who wasn't a complete dolt, and to protect me from myself. To be fair, they weren't even entirely wrong. I wasn't the brain-damaged ditz people thought I was, but I had always screwed up if I didn't have someone else to manage my affairs. Now that I had three beautiful little demons to raise, I couldn't afford to slip up and go to jail or whatever.

She first proposed at the hospital just after I'd had the twins, and of course I was overjoyed to accept. But she wasn't satisfied with that, and so repeated her proposal at a swanky restaurant in the city in the midst of a meal in which all the cultured people around us had been watching us closely throughout, no doubt because none of them had ever seen a woman with boobs so big she couldn't see a plate in front of her. That meant that even though Tammie's actual proposal was quiet and discreet, everyone noticed and clapped when I accepted. It made me feel like a very *fancy* bimbo, and I liked it.

The reaction closer to home was a little less flattering, as it was obvious that most people, even Reverend Melek's parishioners, felt Tammie was really wasting herself on a brain damaged slut like me, whose dodgy career in drug-addled prostitution was reflective of my true potential. That was okay, though. I did feel like I was getting the better bargain than Tammie was, by far,

but I knew also that I would be giving Tammie things no one else could.

And she'd be giving at least one of them right back to me on our wedding night, if all went well.

Just thinking about it made my cunt swell up like a hungry clam, but I resolutely refused to avail myself of Agrat's cock despite my spiraling libido. I wanted my next child to be Tammie's, conceived on our marriage bed. Or at least, wherever we ended up fucking after we exchanged vows. Technically, I could have satiated myself with a titfuck or something, but I was afraid that once I had that big beautiful cock in my sights I wouldn't be able to resist asking Agrat to jam it in my aching pussy.

Agrat and I did work together to get together the money to pay for a fancier wedding, and no one could ask for a better pimp. It was really mutually beneficial, of course; I placed myself in situations where corrupt people in positions of power demanded sexual favors from me, which supplied Agrat with what she needed to compromise those positions of power.

I didn't tell him it was me, but somehow Derek figured out on his own that I was the one who got several of the cops fired whose false reports had sent him to prison. Rather than be thankful, he was exasperated that I would get myself into such danger. I didn't feel right explaining I'd purposely brought them down to make amends for my previous poor behaviour, given that I'd merely suggested them to Agrat and she'd instructed me on how to do the thing, but when I used mere words to make an inadequate-feeling apology, he just smiled and told me he'd already forgiven me long ago. He didn't *say* he'd decided I was too dumb to be fully responsible for my actions, but I could sort of hear it in the gentle way he spoke to me. And though I felt I had improved since, it would have been idle to deny that I had been behaving with fairly extreme stupidity whilst recovering from my obtuse stint as James Sero.

In return for my assistance targeting such corrupt figures, Agrat made sure that I wasn't in serious danger. I knew Tammie would understand that it was no reflection on our relationship that I was still more or less trading sexual services for money, but I didn't tell her about it because I didn't want her to think that Agrat was taking advantage of me.

Or rather, I didn't want her to feel like she needed to prevent Agrat from taking advantage of me. Making the world a better place - and loads of money - for nothing worse than getting my cleavage sticky with cum was a no-brainer.

I was *so* proud of my wedding dress, which I designed and paid for myself. It was a figure-hugging, tit-supporting metallic-pink mermaid type dress with full sleeves and puffy shoulders that helped balance the hugeness of my bust and bum. Not that it was a minimizing dress! I wasn't trying to draw any attention away from my dummy thick curves, and I took particular pleasure in lifting and shaping my tits and buttocks to announce that the most fuckable sexpot in the world was about to belong to Tammie Holden. Tammie was winning the biggest trophy wife.

Part of this was to make sure everyone knew that I chose the outfit myself, so no one could



claim that Tammie was taking advantage of me, and so Tammie never saw the dress until she was waiting for me on the altar with Reverend Melek waiting to marry us in front of her stunned parishioners. It made me so hot, and I enjoyed the possibility that those closest to the aisle could smell my arousal juices lubricating the insides of my thighs underneath the dress.

Tammie had also elected to wear a wedding dress that showed off her physique, including curves that would have been impressive in their own right if her bride had been anyone else. Of course, her dress was far more tasteful and understated, as befit her less flamboyant tastes. I only worried for an instant that she might feel upstaged, but if there was another emotion under her appreciation for my sexy looks, it was a certain smug satisfaction that I belonged to her. Not that she would quite look at it that way, but I did, and I wholly approved of it.

The wedding was as about as traditional as could be under the circumstances. Tammie's parents refused to attend, of course, and I didn't have any to begin with, but Derek agreed to walk me down the isle, which he did in style wearing a perfectly-tailored suit that looked dignified without hiding his impressive physique. Tammie of course eliminated the traditional references to God's ordinance and obedience, but I ironically rebelled by adding the 'and to obey' back into my vows, because I thought I'd be a lot better off if I did.

The reception was a lot of fun, especially the first dance when Tammie squished me to her as best she could. Because of the extensive support on the undersides of my rack, my boobs had to bulge upward to the point where they actually forced my head back as if I was begging for a kiss. It was simultaneously innocent and hella lewd, which was just what I wanted.

## Mrs Holden

For our wedding night, Reverend Melek had somehow gotten the Davises to lend us the same lakehouse where she'd first made me Kasey June, and thought I'd felt a little strange about it at first, upon reflection I decided it was the perfect place for Tammie to make me Mrs Holden.

"I'm a little surprised this was Agrat's wedding present," she told me, which was her way of telling me that she was not going to try to carry me across the threshold. Despite my petite frame, my boobs and butt made me rather heavy, not to mention quite wobbly.

"Oh no, this is Reverend Melek's wedding present," I corrected her.

"Right right," she said, a bit distracted by the task of freeing me from my dress.

"I'm really excited for Agrat's present," I added, trying to return her favor, but impeded by my need to hold my tits near what I considered their most attractive position.

"I can do it," Tammie said, and gently shoved me back onto the bed. "I guess this means she's got a surprise for me?"

"Oh yeah. Well, it's really from both of us, for both of us. Meaning from Agrat and me, to

you and me.”

“A present for yourself?” Tammie said, by that time wearing a smile and nothing else.

“Yesss,” I breathed, and lifted my ankles up where Tammie could easily place them on her shoulders.

She looked at me with her brow furrowed for a moment before she identified the sensation of her clit swelling, and elongating, and jutting proudly into the air between my legs.

“Is this...”

“Yes,” I confirmed her partially-formed question.

“She also lent me her penis for the night?”

“No, it’s yours now, when you want to use it. So you can knock up your bimbo whenever you want.”

“My wife, you mean?”

“Your bimbo wife,” I said, pushing rhythmically against the sides of my boobs so that the waves of undulating flesh emphasized how much of me was tits and ass, “Future mother of your biological children.”

“You don’t have to do that,” she objected weakly, but the pulsed hardening of the perfect cock I’d made for her gave away how much she liked the idea.

“I want to do that. Now, will you fucking breed me already?”

“Like a cow?” she said, starting to get into the spirit of it like I hoped she would.

“Moo,” I said appreciatively when she gripped my huge nipples in either hand and tugged.

I moaned with pleasure as my hypersensitive body reached a small climax and I squirted just a bit from both nipples and my cunt, wetting her hands and the bottom of her pole.

“Wow, that sensitive?” she asked in genuine astonishment.

“Kind of, but also I’m just really excited for you to make me completely yours.”

“Come on, you’ve had sex hundreds of times, maybe thousands.”

“Tammie, will you please fucking fuck me?” I begged her.

“But maybe I’m too big?” she asked, teasing my pussy with her babymaker sliding over my drenched and swollen vulva.

“Tammie, I’m literally made for your cock. Come on, use me like I’m meant to be used.”

“You’re not just a womb to me,” Tammie objected, but she did at least start guiding her bellend between my puffy labia.

“Sure sure,” I said impatiently, “But can I please be your cockholster? Your cumdump? Your...” I gasped as she started thrusting. “Don’t stop!”

“It sounded like you were in pain!” she objected.

“I’m not in pain. You can’t hurt me, Tammie, except by *not* fucking me.”

“But it’s so *big*,” she said, staring in awe at how my tummy visibly bulged with each thrust.

“Yeah it is,” I said, inebriated by the vast orgasm I could feel welling up inside. “I’m going to

come my brains out. This is... going to... be the... biggest... orgasm... of my... liiiiiiiiiiii!”

“Oh god!” she said, probably squeezing and tugging my teats harder than she intended as she shot her massive first load into me.

I screamed in ecstasy as the feeling of cum pressure somehow amplified the rest of the experience, and milk erupted from my nipples in high-pressure jets that arced over Tammie and got everywhere.

Tammie grunted through her first experience with ejaculation, any I wrapped my legs around behind her waist to make sure she didn’t try to pull out yet.

“My god,” she said finally. “I can *see* the bulge.”

“Let me feel it,” I said, and relished the feeling of a taut bulge where my wife’s cum had practically blown up my uterus like a balloon. So much cum. But I wanted more. “Again!”

Tammie looked like she was considering objecting, but momentarily she resumed thrusting with wonder in her face. “I thought guys couldn’t go twice in a row like this!”

“You’re not a guy,” I pointed out.

“I guess not,” she said, and helped me roll over onto my hands and knees so she could use me from a different angle without pulling out at all.

“I’m going to get milk in the bed,” I warned her.

“Okay, let’s do it in the jacuzzi,” she said.

“Yes!” I agreed.

“You have to let go of me with your legs,” she told me.

“No! Just carry me!” I insisted with just a little bit of petulance.

“Okay, fine,” she said, wrapping her arms around me beneath my udders and leaning back so that she could scuttle over to the jacuzzi.

I had to let go of my milk factories to push the cover off, which meant that I dribbled cream everywhere, but I didn’t care. I just shoved them over the edge into the water where they acted as flotation devices keeping me from drowning when Tammie began to jackhammer me.

Tammie stopped to make sure I was still conscious when my next orgasm momentarily tore away control of my limbs. “Go!” I almost shouted, “Inflate me with your cum!”

“Ugh!” she grunted as she met my demand.

“Oh my god,” I gasped at the unnatural stretched feeling and also dipped a bit into the water as my sources of buoyancy slipped to the side.

“Are you okay?”

“Yes! Yes. Just. Okay, maybe give me a moment now,” I gasped. “No! Don’t pull out yet. There’s a lot in there and you should take me someplace where it’ll be easier to clean.”

“There’s already a bunch of milk.”

“Cum is worse,” I told her with the assurance of extensive experience with it.

“Okay,” she said, giving way to my greater expertise.

After she'd taken me to expel the extra semen and rinse off milk in the shower, she helped me walk back to the bed mostly under my own power.

"I guess it's done for the night?" she asked me, because her prick had subsided back into a clit in the meantime.

"Maybe, maybe not," I said, "But this makes it a lot easier for me to get to the next thing I wanted to do tonight."

"Oh?" she asked, but she knew what I meant, because I'd stuck my long tongue out as far as it would go, and buried my face between her legs. It was one of my favorite tastes: post-orgasm cuntjuice.

I got to work making more. I intended to show Tammie so many ways to orgasm she'd be sore in the morning.

Our actual honeymoon took us to New York City, where I drew looks but less comment than you'd think, and most of it from fellow tourists, many of them speaking foreign languages such that we could only guess what they were saying. Not that it was all *that* difficult to deduce based on how they stared at my body and face.

I like to think that Tammie impregnated me on our wedding night but she definitely left nothing to chance, rogering me in our hotel room every morning and night, and sometimes in between. The best part for me was that she gradually started to understand that as her wife I was always ready for her, day or night, sleeping or awake. There was no better way to be roused from slumber than being impaled by my wife's cock.

By the time we returned home, I was truly Mrs Holden in every possible way, and I couldn't have been happier.

## **A Bimbo's Work Is Never Done**

Obviously marrying a woman didn't confer much respectability on me amongst the more traditionalist set, but that was actually convenient for Agrat who continued to use me to entrap the corrupt and seduce the repressed, because my low status made people think they could treat me badly. I was very willing to participate in her schemes as long as Tammie gave Agrat permission to use me.

Which, of course, she usually did. Tammie wasn't prone to jealousy, and anyway spit-roasting me was one of their preferred methods of bonding. We all enjoyed it and I couldn't interrupt their discussions with any dumb comments if my throat was preoccupied with sucking semen out of one of them. Afterwards they'd tell me what they decided I would do. Okay, they'd ask me if I wanted to do it, but it was a pro-forma thing. If Tammie wanted me to let a barn full

of stallions fuck me I'd do it without asking why.

But that wasn't nearly a full time job. I did work in the salon sometimes, though more to make contact with people who needed some help than for money. I made much more money drawing lewd pictures for patrons who enjoyed knowing that the artist was just as big a bimbo as the busty sluts I drew for them. That, too, put me in contact with some people who needed help.

And when I say 'needed help', I meant people who would benefit from Agrat's help in some of the same ways I had. Over time, the eruption of new bimbos around town started to become a little too obvious, so it was time to move on.

"You're not coming with us?" I asked Agrat after what I hadn't realized was a valedictory spit-roast.

"No, it's time for me to return to the demon realm."

"Oh. What about your daughters?"

"You'll take good care of them," Agrat assured me, allowing her hands to become black claws for a moment as she lifted my chin to look into her face. As I watched, her horns and no-longer-terrifying fangs sprouted.

"And what about all the people trapped in non-bimbo bodies? I can't teach them to do demon stuff like you can."

"No, but you don't have to. I haven't been doing much *demon stuff* anyway."

"Oh yeah? What about her?" I challenged Agrat, pointing out our newest bimbo Charlie that Tammie was busy fucking with a more reasonably-sized version of her usual cock.

"I didn't do that, *you* did, when you let her suck on your tits."

"What? I've let loads of people suck my tits and most of 'em didn't turn into bimbos."

"Haven't you noticed that they only change when you imagine new bimbo bodies for them? Tammie will help you decide when you need to use your succubus powers to paint in the nontraditional media of human flesh."

"Uh, no one really told me to do that with Charlie," I admitted guiltily.

"No, you thought Tammie would enjoy Charlie in the same altered form that would address Charlie's discontent, then you acted accordingly. Please believe that I don't expect you to wait for Tammie to tell you such things verbally, because one foolish thing about her is that she won't even when it's blatantly true. Sometimes you'll have to be the wise one."

"Wise?" I said making a face at this manifestly unreasonable expectation.

"Kasey June," Agrat said seriously as she lifted up my chin with one long ebony claw. "You've only been a succubus for a little time now, and some of that has been a process of no longer hiding your weaknesses. But I've also witnessed your perception improving as you begin to lean into your strengths. Tammie will need to protect you when I am gone, but you also will be protecting her, ever more as time passes and you come more into your own." Agrat's gravity cracked and her sardonic expression returned. "Though I do not anticipate you ever tutoring your

daughters in maths.”

I laughed ruefully, but it was a serious concern. “You don’t want bimbo daughters, do you?”

“Succubus daughters, yes. Not bimbos though, no. There are other ways to seduce and change people who need changing. You can be my main bimbo succubus. You’re very good at it.”

I beamed with pride, but then I got a little sad. “What about Tammie? She’s going to miss having someone smart around. And, uh, this,” I added as I stroked her monstrous black demon cock between my tits. Agrat didn’t use it directly on Tammie, whose pussy wasn’t built to handle it, but if Agrat buttfucked me, her demon ichor both sensitized and lubricated my rear entrance to make it more fun for both of us. Tammie particularly enjoyed the novelty of fucking me in the bum while Agrat took my cunt.

“Oh, be patient,” Agrat assured me, “Another demon will learn to do you in the rear in due time.”

“Another demon?” I asked curiously. “Someone you’ll send?”

She laughed as she came on me. I loved the sweet cinnamon scent of demon cum and rubbed it into my décolletage. “Yes, I suppose so. In the meantime Charlie will help keep Tammie satisfied, and help you raise the kids.”

“She can stay? That’s nice! She seems almost as stupid as I am sometimes, so I was worried about her.”

Agrat shook her head like she always did when I talked about how dumb I was. “She actually has two doctorate degrees, but she does need to turn it off sometimes, as you’ve seen.”

“Oh wow! That’s good! That way Tammie can talk to someone smart sometimes, and Charlie can be stupid with me when she needs.”

Agrat sighed. “Well, yes, I suppose that’s sufficiently true that I won’t attempt to correct you.”

I give the demon a little wink as I massaged her cum into my tits. “Thanks for making me a professional bimbo, Agrat. Best job ever. Best everything.”

“I’m glad you enjoy it, as you have a great deal of work ahead of you.”

“So, I never asked, but I want to know. Am I going to hell when I die?”

She laughed her beautiful polyphonic laugh and held me out at arm’s length to get a good look at me. “Impossible.”

“Hell doesn’t exist?”

“Not physically, no, but mentally and spiritually, of course. I feel very sure you’ll never return, and expect Tammie and you to free as many others from it as you can.”

I straightened with pride even though my feet were still dangling almost a meter off the floor. “Yes, I promise!”

“Good.”

“But here’s the thing I don’t understand, Agrat.”

“Yes?”

“Why are you a demon? You’re not evil at all.”

“That is a story for another time.”

“So we’ll meet again?” I asked eagerly.

“Yes, when you decide it’s time for you to retire.”

“But I never want to stop! Think of all the poor non-bimbos out there who need my help!”

“We’ll see. In the meantime, I wish you joy of your calling.”

“Thank you!”

“Thank you, too, Kasey June”