

“Hey, dickhead! Give us the case!” The punk barked.

The man under the neon streetlight ignored him at first. Until the lowlife brought his head of red spikes in close. Clapping his aluminum baseball bat on his free hand.

“I’m talking to you, pops!”

Green eyes affixed the young punk from under a wide-brimmed hat. The heavy grey duster coat gave away nothing of the man in under them. He looked so plain he actually stood out among the weird vibrant throngs of New London.

“I know.” A deep voice acknowledged. “I’d prefer you weren’t.”

The punk spat and grabbed for the long black case. The man swung its corner up hard and fast; into the punk’s balls. He let out a strangled squeak but rallied, this wasn’t the first time he’d been hit there. The man heard the bat whistle for his dome. But the kid was not very strong. He caught the bat mid-swing and twisted it from his grip.

Disarmed, his opponent scurried away from a crushing thrust of the bat. Aimed at his nose. Now spooked for real, the punk turned to run. Until he remembered they had an audience; the rest of his gang. All jagged and technicolored like him. He heard a snicker in the knot of degenerates.

The man rolled his eyes. Right, so his dumb shit friends wouldn’t let him do the smart thing. Might as well play the villain, he was good at that.

“Come on you little shit!” The voice behind the upturned collar barked. “I’m right here! Get me!”

He even clanged the bat on the streetlight’s metal stalk for good measure. That provoked the poor kid. He saw the sudden full body tense in him, the twitch that came with activating neuralware.

“Wa taw!” The kid exploded into motion. A flurry of kicks and punches too crisp and fast to be muscle memory. “You like that, old head! I got one-a them kung fu brain chips! I’ll beat ya so bad—”

“Yeah yeah to a bloody pulp, shitbird.” The man beckoned him with the bat. “Let’s get this over with.”

The punk came at him fast. Fast like a movie on 2x speed. But the movements were choreographed, pre-recorded. And the man had seen the pattern before. Two kicks and a punch were as far as the punk got. All of them missed. But the bat across his face did not.

CLANG!

The punk collapsed, clutching his cracked face. Apparently he’d had cyber work done to square up his jaw. Blood and sparks oozed from the crack.

“Bruce Lee. Enter The Dragon.”

“Wh...what?” The punk sobbed through blood and snot.

“That’s what you were doing.” The man threw down the dented and bloody bat. “Those moves were from a damn movie. Your implant dealer ripped you off. Bet that chip cost your whole allowance, didn’t it?”

“Aw fuck you, man.” The punk sobbed.

“You’ll live. Hope you’ve got enough left to fix your face.” The man shrugged, turning to his buddies who were *not* laughing anymore.

“Which way to the pits?” He asked.

“Huh?” A punk with girlishly long blue hair slurred.

“The fighting pits kid. The gladiator matches. Where do I find them?”

“...the fuck you wanna go there for? Just watch ‘em on ya headscreen.”

“Kid, if I wanted to watch them kick each other’s shit out. Don’t you think I’d be doing that? I need money, fast, and I hear the pits pay stacks.”

They did, but that was because the stakes were sky high. Sure you could set yourself for life with less than a dozen wins. But even one loss could ruin your life.

“Pops, do fuckin’ anything but that. You’re tough but you ain’t that tough.”

“I took him out.” The man tilted his head at his first victim.

“They’re mean down there, man. They’re fucking psychos.”

The man approached the gang. Stepping over their wailing leader. Most of them scattered, but blue hair was not quite fast enough. A big, callused hand clamped his faux leather collar.

“So am I.”

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Nobody could have missed the Body Dome, not unless they were an out of townner. It had dominated New London’s skyline for generations. Erected a century and a half ago, during the Eurasian Collapse. In the rubble strewn lot where parliament had once watched over its people. Politics had shattered after the collapse. All the regions in Britain disintegrating more and more into extremes of border gore.

Some prophets of mankind’s doom had foretold the tyranny of the corporation. A dark future where soulless capitalist monoliths controlled every fungible inch of the globe. The truth was the opposite. Everything was so damn fragmented, so chaotic, it was impossible for a Londoner to find any unity beyond the handful of streets they’d grown up haunting.

Yet even in all this social noise, one unifying factor worked as New London's singular point of unity; the gladiator matches.

Two towering bracelets of neon-splattered curtain walls cut a cookie section out of New London's overgrown urban sprawl. As if God had dropped his bling in the heart of the hive. The Body Dome shone with the brightest lights. The Body Dome pumped out the loudest music. An AI-generated cacophony of pseudo-rock and hyper-pop. Its sweltering air stank of sweat and drugs and sex.

Swarms of vid-billboards flitted around the eaves on hard light wings. A skyborne bazaar full of mechanical turk peddlers, all hawking their own special brand of body mods.

What're you doing with legs!? Those're, like, sooooo last year. Try a snake tail!

Hey kid. Ignore those phonies. Ever wanted to try seeing the world like a predator? We got all natural tiger eye swaps. All natural, fresh from the kitty farm.

You'd look great with big tits. Go up ten sizes or more and we'll add a titanium cyber spine absolutely free!

Our hero shouldered through the chaos. Leaving his guide at the entrance. One hand thrust forward while the other clutched his case to his chest. His goal danced in the distance. A fountain of prismatic neon spelling the words SIGN UP HERE.

By the time he got there he'd only had to slug one jerk for stealing his hat. Not too bad, the punks respected this place, they were downright well-behaved.

"This' for the matches, right?" The man grunted.

The receptionist laughed, he was a big Polynesian man. No doubt made even bigger by hormone treatments from some kind of large animal. Bulls were popular in these parts.

"Sorry, champ. You gotta know somebody to get on the waitlist."

The man expected this. His long case thudded onto the smug prick's desk. Then he opened it. The guy behind it didn't see the contents, but the punk directly behind the strange man dropped his bong on the concrete floor.

Kssh

“Holy shit.”

A stack of bills dropped on the receptionist's blotter. That didn't surprise him much, bribes were how you got anywhere in New London. Now what else was in the case, on the other hand.

A gold-leaf hand came up to stroke a long salt and pepper beard. “Now hol' up. Whatchu got in that case?”

“Borg spec vibro-saber. Military grade.”

Now the receptionist whistled, impressed. “Who'd you steal that from?”

The man took off his hat. His hair was an inch above a buzz cut. Short enough to show the full halo of scar tissue encircling his crown. That went on top of the case.

“Division thirty-five, Dragoon Cyber-Troopers. Popped my brain clean out and stuffed it in an eight-foot killer robot.”

“Hmm, not a bad story. Course that's awful convenient. The armies don't keep any records I can check.”

The man scowled. “You want a resume? Look at this.”

Next came the coat. The man flexed a bulging bicep. Rippling the sleeve of tattoos covering his arm. Drawing his audience's attention to the dragon skull symbol on his shoulder.

“You can’t fake tattoos like these. That’s the company symbol. You can find it on anywhere you get your news slop. Those three big skulls down here are auto-bunker kills. All the birds flying around them are drone jets.” His finger dragged down the Boschean hellscape etched into his skin. “You want me to keep going?”

“Okay okay, I get it.” The receptionist put up his hands. He began pecking in the man’s info. “So army boy, you got a name?”

“Put me in for Casper.”

“Fuck you mean Casper? The friendly ghost?”

“That’s what they called me.”

“...okay, Casper it is then.” More typing. “Whatchu doin in a shithole like this anyhow? I thought borg soldiers got paid a bundle.”

Casper laughed bitterly. “Only if you die, apparently, then the money goes to your family. I was too stupid to suck at the job.”

“Well we don’t swindle our gladiators here, friend.” The receptionist pressed a big red button. “Now let’s see who mama algorithm’s gonna pit you against—aw *shit*. You piss on an old gypsy woman or some shit?”

“What? Who’d I get?”

Whatever hulking abomination of flesh and metal Casper pictured in his mind. It was not the woman he saw on the monitor. The sight of her made Casper laugh so hard his side ached.

“You’re fucking with me!”

“I ain’t, brother.” He said, gravely.

“She looks like a damn bimbo! The hell kinda pornstar name is Ivy Valentine?”

“I’d keep ya voice down if I was you. Ivy’s queen in this city.”

“*Her? She’s* your best fighter?”

“She’s the original, Casper.”

“No way, she’d have to be like three hundred years old by now.”

The receptionist shrugged. “She fights like she’s three hundred.”

“I bet she does.” Casper put on his hat and threw his coat over one shoulder. The case closed next. “I come to you to get my winnings?”

“You would.” The receptionist sighed. “If you hadn’t gotten her ass.”

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“That is my next opponent?” Melon’s mistress nibbled her plump lower lip. “My my, he is handsome isn’t he?”

Melon kept her attention on the massage. Positive that the great woman’s question was rhetorical. A plunge of gloved hands into the bucket on the steaming bath’s rim re-slickened her touch. Golden trickled between her skinny fingers, foaming with lots of small bubbles when she rubbed them together.

Massage oil infused with castile and min-cooled through the latex gloves. Lovely as the stuff felt and smelled, she knew better than to get it on her skin. She did not need *another* sweaty late night. Not when her life revolved around pleasing Ivy Valentine.

“I said, *he is handsome.*” A hard edge in Ivy’s posh English voice cut through her concentration.

Melon immediately snapped to attention. Oil slicked hands lubed her skinny thighs...immediately she felt the active ingredients soak into her skin. Crap. The faux-pas inverted the sensual frown of her mistress into a smug smile. Melon stared into eyes deeper and clearer than hers could ever be, razor sharp sapphires cut from a spring sky. Above a fine nose and plump rouged lips softer than rose petals. All set into a face cast from the same mold as the old world’s loveliest queens.

Combined with her soaked silver hair clinging to her cheeks, Ivy’s face alone could have made a man leak into his pants. There was a reason why males were not allowed within the high white walls of *Chateau de Valentine*. Not without an invitation.

“Isn’t he?”

Ivy’s question broke the spell of her own beauty. Melon came back to reality. She glanced at the holo-screen. A 3-dimensional projection of the little closet Ivy’s latest challenger had been packed into. He was warming up, stripped bare to the chest, muscles pocked with scars and sheened with sweat. Flowing through blade drills that quite literally sliced the air into ribbons. Glowing blue ribbons trailing behind the curved humming blade. Mono-sabers were sharp enough to do that.

“I...yes Miss Valentine. Very handsome.”

She went back to her work, reloading her hands, Steeling for the follow-up question; “Would you like to fuck him?”

Yes was her first answer, of course she did, but she swallowed the word. Ivy had played this game before. An answer of yes would prompt needling, sweetly venomous questions about Melon’s insufficient body. With its chronic lack of any kind of curves. Nothing in the hips, nothing in the buttocks, not the thighs, or even the chest. The name she had had hers legally changed hers to, was a cruelly ironic one.

Like her two counterparts, Maroon and Marie, Ivy had hired her at great expense. It was hard to find flat-chested women in a city as hypersexual as New London. Where the preposterous ease of acquiring fat naughty knockers had pumped the average cup size up to 42HHH. A cup size that had

made Pandora Peaks a legendary pornstar. Now that vaunted size and shape was the new normal. Impossible to attain without some kind of tit mod; or good old macromastia. Most less-fortunate young women ended up desperately slathering a full tub of Breeder Corp brand Udder Care lotion on their chests the instant they turned eighteen. Just to keep up.

This led to the inevitable inflation. Most lacking the back muscles to easily adjust to such a brutal shift in their center of gravity. Not to mention the chronic lactation, which was so common now that people had a name for these women; Leakers. But Melon's family hadn't even had the pocket change to spare for *that*. Her flat chest had been a bigger millstone around her shoulders than some big boobs could ever be.

At least until the phattest pair of knockers in the city came colliding down their apartment hall, two under-endowed boob assistants in toe, eager to complete their trio.

Morals had become a distant ideal when the queen of the fighting pits quoted the future Melon's salary. A number with more zeroes than she had seen on any paycheck. She had taken the devil's deal. Contract sealed by a kiss to the great lady's nipple, a meaty bud as big as a silver dollar.

That was ten years ago.

"Only if you permitted me to...to fuck him, Miss Valentine."

"Ha ha ha! Good answer, my pet."

Melon approached the breast to which she had sold her soul. Ten years had not sagged it one millimeter. No illness touched it. Ivy was a woman time's scythe could never touch. The old cougar's posh laughter had kicked the tit's floating island of mass into gelatinous ripples.

Hot water splashed up to Melon's bony knees. She knelt before Ivy's left breast, evocative of a fertility cultist. Slick professional hands slathered chilly oil onto its pouting nipple. Then rubbing in alternating spirals out from there. Thick white foam mounded in their wakes. Clinging to the cliff face of an areola to rival a dinner plate. Gently she scratched the gallons of man-stupefying flesh all over with her french nails. Long ones with pink cuticles and glittery green tips.

“Mmmmm...yes that’s just the way.” Ivy’s hawkish eyes fluttered, muscular shoulders shimmying.
“*Good girl~<3*”

Whoever had said that larger breasts had no feeling at all, well, they had never met Ivy Valentine. It was as if the ruthless warrior had taken the old joke about time shrinking her clothes and inflating her breasts to heart. They had grown to be obscene! Gigantic even! Great heaving slabs of maternal flesh born from a coomer’s deepest, darkest, slut-immobilizing wet dreams.

Each breast stretched all the way across the alphabet. Great mountains of erotic flesh packed with a pussy’s worth of pleasure nerves; *each*. Free to bobble in the bath, they spread out into fat torpedo shapes. Priapism-prone nipples bobbing in and out of the surf. In the rare moments where their host deigned to stand un-supported, their jutting masses covered her torso all the way down to the crests of her muscular child-bearing hips. Only the lowest hints of her belly button peeked out between them. And even then they jutted forward still, nipples first. Angled down but far, far from saggy.

Such tits would have destroyed the life of an average woman. Rendered her bedridden and miserable. They were well beyond the largest size the body-modders could legally provide. But Ivy’s enormous suckers were not augmented. Nothing of her outsides—beyond a reinforced spine—suggested a hint of chrome or vat-tissue. And even then, that augment had been out of convenience, not necessity.

“Can you beat him, mistress?” Melon’s counterpart asked. Dark skinned, bottle blonde, and limped to Ivy’s other breast as she was. She had to nuzzle her face around the tit’s side to gaze into her mistress’ eyes.

“Of course I can.”

“He’s a dragoon though.” Maroon rubbed her cheek on Ivy’s grand boob. “I heard they’re really tough, and clever.”

Ivy laughed. “Dear, I could eat *ten* tough and clever soldier boys for breakfast.” She had to reach some to stroke Maroons hair. “And still have room for *your pretty little pussy~*”

Maroon moaned at her mistress' come on. Circling her tongue on the skin that made Ivy's rift valley cleavage. The older woman let out another savage purr. A move which drove her thick, muscular thighs to clamp shut. Pulling the snorkel which had—until then—been bobbing between Ivy's seismic jackfruits, underwater.

Melon suppressed the urge to roll her eyes. She'd never understand why Maroon liked their owner so much.

The pool exploded into splashes. The third of their trio thrashed in the surf. Marie had just gotten a mouthful of Ivy's bathwater. She fought to pull her head free of Ivy's skull-crunching thighs. More than one warrior had died between them on the coliseum floor. Maroon pushed Ivy's tit toward the woman. Bulging up its top to make a cushion for the queen to rest her head on. Ivy did so, counting long seconds until she let Marie come up for air.

Marie burst from the surf and flopped between Ivy's monsters. Shock of felted Africa red hair tickling her lover's jaw.

"Oh you poor thing. Did I hold you for too long?" Ivy simpered so sweet she drooled syrup. Melon was positive she meant not a word of it.

"Not a chance mama. I can lick you all day." Marie giggled.

They lingered in that position for many minutes. Counting the race of hands around the face of a grandfather clock. Ivy watched Casper flow through his blade drills with increasing anticipation. The boy was good, very good.

Melon felt Ivy's nipple pulse against her lips. The arrogant woman get turning herself on. Ivy's lowest temperature was a slow simmer. But just the idea of taming such a strong man, oh she had to be boiling in her skin~

Then the clock struck four, and the master of the house clapped twice.

"Time to get up girls. The queen must entertain."

They grunted together as one. Reaching over her head, Ivy grasped the iron rings hanging over her head. Rings which hung from the high ceiling by long steel chains. With a controlled *hup* she pulled herself up.

Decades of slinging around such torso-sized tits had adapted her body to their ridiculous mass. The back which emerged from the soapy water was downright ripped. Sculpted from sleek, womanly muscle from shoulders to ass. Soapy waterfalls cascaded in a Y down the central cleft of her famous ass. Swollen into great load-bearing spheres of hard-bodied muscle, pants ripping half basketballs erupting from the small of her back. Overflowing shapely shoulder-width hips.

Through this laborious emergence, her tit slaves employed all their strength to support those monsters. Three faces and six arms buried in boob. Pussies squatted a hair above the water, they helped their mistress step backwards and up out of the bath.

Ivy was too fancy a woman to settle for a mere towel, she air dried herself. Three of her bathing chamber's four walls were glass. A panorama of New London sprawled below her. Ivy posed naked before her city; face inclined to the sky. And if a sky car happened to zoom past? Then by all means let them see her naked.

With her sun salutations complete, the girls brought her battle gear. Age had made her choice of combat gear more scandalous than ever.

Now not merely protecting her left arm, golden armor completely enclosed her shoulders. She would have preferred to expose their silken milky skin. But she needed something sturdy to hang her boulder holders from. A great band of violet cloth lashed down her precious breasts horizontally tight. A glorified tube top that narrowed between her nipples, to emphasize the stretching power of her priapism-inducing mega pillows.

Jutting from the nape of her gorget was her family's symbol, a rose carved from a ruby. Below that stretched another strip of the cloth. Its alloy of latex and Kevlar would strain to contain their up-down earthquakes. But not enough to deform the snake scale pattern imprinted upon it. This supportive strap merged with the tube top to form a cross. But split once it continued past that scanty nipple cover. Angularly outwards left and right, to form the top of a diamond which framed Ivy's flat and taut supermodel stomach.

From there, the split ends merged with a thong to complete the tummy diamond. An armored thong so sinfully narrow, cut so diabolically low, that her clit could have slipped out like a nipple. Viewed

from the back, you'd be forgiven for thinking the gladiator queen liked to strut around commando. That was how utterly her powerful ass overshadowed the little strips of dental floss stretched over their tops.

All this, of course, was only visible because of how well the combined tube top and suspensor strap lifted and shaped Ivy's monstrous melons. Those tits fought its textured embrace, bulging over its top hem just that little bit more than its bottom hem. Cleavage devouring the central strap as thoroughly as her backside devoured its thong.

But even then the outfit was incomplete. Because snake scaled garters hung from the high-cut thong's stems as well. Riding over Ivy's harshly jutting hipbones. Down man-choking thighs to hold up the violet stiletto boots that had crushed the bones (and self-respect) of countless challengers.

Dressed at last, the mistress of the house strutted several laps around the bath. One foot precisely in front of the other. Armored gauntlet on hip, talons pointed to her pussy. Hips swaying left-right (and swirling circularly forward-back) to a degree a girl would *need* an augmented spine to perform. All this came with a very slight backwards lean, perfect elegance compromised by the hint of a gravid wobble. Gracile as Ivy was, she was still carrying a lot of weight.

Ivy slid her index and middle fingers into her mouth and whistled. The sharp and clear call carried through *Chateau de Valentine*. Somewhere in the lower floors, in the lab where the girls were forbidden to go, they heard chains rattle. And then the slow scrape scrape scrape of razor edges on wood. Up the many flights of stairs and to the hand of its mistress, the snake sword Valentine slithered. Its many sections were linked by iron chains engraved with writing violet alchemical symbols.

Melon, Maroon, and Marie all stepped far, *far* back from the sword. To these young women who had grown up in a wonderless world of cold-hearted science. Magic, in all its arcane foibles, was a frightful thing.

Old leather slotted into an old hand. Ivy took up Valentine's hilt once the weapon offered it. Then in a great whirl of speed weapon and woman exploded faster than mercury. They scalpel-sliced the holoscreen projector neatly down its middle.

This motion summoned more chain-rattling. All around the room in all the places the girls could not see. In the shadows under the windows. Beneath the glare on the surface of the bath. Behind their own heads.

“Bring my latest project to the coliseum’s augmenting chambers. Brief Doctor Sawz on its capabilities, do not give him an excuse to botch the procedure. Clear?” Ivy said.

“You mean the big one, mama?” Marie asked, excitedly.

“Yes my little peach, the big one. This new toy seems tough enough to live with it.”

Melon’s co-workers let out several oohs and aahs. Melon herself felt her throat dry up. She knew The Latest Project, born of Ivy’s gluttonous appetite for *cock*. She had seen it floating in its leg-sized nutrient vat, its texture had dampened her dreams every night for the past month. Ivy was actually going to weigh a man down with that thing?

She was insane.

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[ANNNNNNND THAT’S ANOTHER HIT!] The announcer bellowed, seismic electric voice amplified to boom across the stadium. [SHE’S RUNNING CIRCLES AROUND HIM, FREAKOS!]

Casper rolled his eyes. At ground level in the challenger’s tunnel, behind an electrified plane of glassy red light. He had the best seat in the house. The announcer was an idiot. Sure the redhead’s lightningfast twin-scimitar assault had her hulking opponent hunkered down behind his shield. But that didn’t mean shit.

In the Coliseum there were no weight classes. Belladonna’s ugly brute of an opponent outmassed her at least twice over. Fully cybernetic from the waist down, chrome pelvis overshadowed by a hanging pendulous gut. The ogre’s spiked club smashed the ground where Belladonna had been standing.

To be fair to the waifish little redhead, she had some sharp reflexes. Everywhere the club was; she was not. Sometimes only by half a hair. Elf-mod body a marble pale streak of sleekness. Darting in and out, probing, prodding with electrified swords. But But she could not widen the narrowing gap between her and the club. The ogre was reading her, locking on to her habitual dodges.

Sure the big guy hadn't hit her yet. But even a glancing blow would fuck her up. Throw off the mobility keeping her in the fight, then he could smash her at his leisure. Apparently she hadn't noticed.

One too-close swipe drove the red-white blur into retreat. Widening her orbit around planetary muscle. She streaked past the challenger's entrance; Casper saw a face in the blur. She was eye fucking him, and those eyes were flat black, shiny like a shark's. Full lips parted to show serrated fang teeth.

Belladonna liked what she saw. On every third rotation she mouthed a different word his way. Pronunciation exaggerated to show how good she was with her mouth.

You're. Next. Stud. She mouthed.

Eyes on your work, red. Casper thought.

He almost, *almost* would have liked fucking the red hot psycho slut for a night or two. If it hadn't been for the phallic bulge stretching her black thong. If she hadn't been a damn futa, he've hopped in her bed so fast the sheets'd on fire.

But that wasn't going to happen, he could feel it in his bones. From his low position sitting cross-legged on the rusty floor, he watched her undoing.

It was a countdown to execution. The ogre accrued dozens of cuts to the crowd's rising roar. But not one of them cut deep enough to hurt the brute. Redundant systems whirred on, reinforcing a damaged outer shell. Belladonna grew frustrated, reckless, aiming for spots the fat fucker was quicker to defend.

That was how the bastard caught her. Baiting her in by dropping his shield. Two hands on his crude weapon. Belladonna went for a flensing liver cut, only to find her swords spark off the club. She backpedaled but the ogre charged. Mace head whirling over his ugly face.

[HOLY SHIT! HE'S GETTING HER! THE CHALLENGER HAS BELLADONNA ON THE ROPES!]

Belladonna's retreat backed her into a pillar of scrap. The club smashed it; and her. An almighty crash shook the stadium. In the crater of wreckage, Casper saw a white leg, it twitched. She was alive. Casper waited for the execution but it never came.

Half the crowd cheered, the other half booed. The ogre ignored them all, blubbery lips licking at the delicious woman beaten beneath him. Half-conscious, she faded in and out. The ogre dragged her by the ankle, into the challenger entrance and past Casper.

"Help...me..." Belladonna rasped. Clutching Casper's pants.

Too shocked to intervene, Casper turned to watch the brute take her. Several yards behind him, a knot of men in white coats had gathered. Grim in stature and faceless behind re-breather masks. The ogre dropped Belladonna in front of them.

"Git rid oh da cock." He rumbled. "Give de slut a real pussy. And some great big tits too."

[One modification per victory, sir.] The surgical android droned, jagged voice electric.

The ogre growled, annoyed. "Fine, jus' de pussy den. You'd better make it a sweet one."

[Of course. We aim to please.] The drones all bowed.

Casper shivered, that was what they fought for here? So that was why the punks were all shit scared.

[LADIES AND GENTLEMEN AND ALL YOU FREAKS IN BETWEEN! THERE YOU HAVE IT! MY HEART GOES OUT TO ALL YOU BELLADONNA FANS IN THE CROWD! BUT HEY AT LEAST THE OGRE'LL HAVE A FUN WEEK!] Saxophone music blared through a pylon of speakers.

One week, so there was a control on this madness after all. One week of sexual slavery for the loser, and a pile of cash for the victor. Casper tried to imagine what a woman as ridiculous as his opponent could want in a man.

No, don't look at the water. The real question was what would *he* want done to her? Truth be told he didn't care much. It was the money he chased, not the sex. He'd think of something when the time came.

Casper watched fireworks explode across the ring. The AI-generated phonk soundtrack swelled in volume. Where before the schizophrenic crowd couldn't agree on whether they liked the last fight. Every last freak roared as a glowing blue idol of light filled the stadium. A holographic stream of the woman herself, blown up to twenty feet tall, strutting down the entrance opposite Casper's.

[AND NOW FOR A WOMAN THAT NEEDS NO INTRODUCTION! ...NAH I'M *beep*ING WITH YA! THIS JOB PAYS BY THE WORD!]

Casper tuned out a long string of epithets. Shouldering his sword, ready to enter when the announcer stopped glazing this bubble-boobed bitch. He watched when the woman strutted into the ring. She moved like a runway model and he could hear those tits moving even from this far away. Deep and fleshy titty claps, the sound of sumo wrestlers chest bumping.

[APPARENTLY, THAT RETIREMENT WAS SHORT, LADIES, GENTS, AND FREAKS! AND SWEET MOTHER OF *beep* I THINK SHE'S GOTTEN BIGGER TOO!] The announcer capped off his long soliloquy.

The projector played a looping gif of Ivy's luscious, seismic cleavage. Wobbling in contained gelatinous waves while the caption 'HOLY TITS!' pulsed on top of them. Covering Ivy's face.

[AND HER CHALLENGER...!] The announcer paused. A finger pecked a screen behind the mic. [...THE HELL KIND OF NAME IS CASPER THE FRIENDLY GHOST?]

"Smartass." Casper rolled his eyes so hard he could hear his mother warning him of stickage.

Unlike Ivy, he didn't bother strutting out with any kind of show. Hat and coat on the ground, he strolled into the ring. Sword shouldered, one hand in his pocket. Squinting against the hot stage lights.

[HERE WE HAVE A MAN WITH NO HISTORY! AN X-FACTOR WE KNOW NOTHING ABOUT! A MYSTERIOUS WARRIOR BORN ON THE BATTLEFIELD! SUCKLED BY A MACHINE GUN! ALL THE WAY FROM THE SOMALIAN—] The announcer tried to hold in a snicker. But he forgot to turn his mic off. [I'M SORRY I CAN'T SAY THIS WITH A STRAIGHT FACE. SO I'LL JUST SAY WHAT WE'RE ALL THINKING INSTEAD! *beep* HIM UP, MISS VALENTINE!]

FUCK HIM UP! FUCK HIM UP! FUCK HIM UP! The crowd roared. Casper expected Ivy to wave to the crowd, or blow a kiss or something else silly. But those eyes of hers, they stayed firmly on him. Scanning him up and down, clear but impossible to read.

“You can back out any time you like, toots.” Casper said. “Tell ‘em you’ve got back pain.”

Ivy’s smirk did not waver. “Me? Back pain? How original.”

“Offer stands.”

“Likewise.” Ivy took up her iconic stance. One side of her body facing him, a fencer with a low blade. It made her tits jut ridiculously from her ribs. “Tell me you love me, boy. In front of all these people. And be spared the spanking your mother never gave you.”

“Yeah right.” Casper sneered.

“Then we are at an impasse. *En garde*, handsome.”

There was no starter bell, the fight began when the fight began. Casper and Ivy circled each other, one glaring and low, the other towered over him. Casper circled until his back was to a pillar. Let her try and get that damn whip sword behind him now.

They waited, silence turned to boos. The crowd hated the tension, *get on with it!* Polluted breeze ruffled Ivy’s hair, sphinxian poised. Casper baited her, opening his guard, but the gladiator queen still did not bite.

Kenjutsu was a hell of a drug, Casper had drunk deep of it, and the art always said a counterattack was quicker than an attack. But Ivy knew that also, she let the man's focus build. His tension swelled into stress, pride wounded by the jeers of the crowd.

Then just as his pride cracked; she probed.

Valentine extended; steel chains hurled its point at his shoulder. Casper had no time to curse. He threw his sword left, all he had to do was cut the chain and...sparks flew. Links ground on his monomolecular edge, but the steel did not part. Symbols on the chain warded away the slash.

The whip came alive! Lithe coils like a snake! Chain snapped around and ensnared his sword. Casper pulled it away at the last second. Staggering off balance.

Crack!

The whip came at him again. Low into the ground then erupting inside his guard. Casper controlled his retreat that time. Circling left but the whip pursued> Ivy pulled back her weapon, A swirl overhead launched the chain of razor blades. Once, twice then thrice, a dozen times.

Ivy hailed him with slashes. Casper felt himself grow frightened. Fucking hell, she was good. He may as well be fighting a snake made of swords. Stab, slash, riposte, grapple, every motion of the weapon was an attack. Even when one portion of the blade parried another swung around the point of contact. At twelve strikes a second his defense broke. Chains swept his legs. Casper the Dragon ate red dirt.

It tasted foul like rust. He was alive. He looked down, expecting to see his leg cut off. But it was still there, Ivy could have sawed it off. If she'd wanted to win clean she should have.

"Try again, soldier boy?" Ivy asked, hand on her hip.

Casper felt his blood boil. He ignored it, the bitch was mocking him, but that wouldn't work twice. Cover, he needed cover, he ducked behind a pillar.

[IVY'S GOT HIM ON THE RUN, FREAKOS! LOOKS LIKE THOSE FANCY DRAGOONS AREN'T SO TOUGH AFTER ALL!]

He ignored the announcer. If still he had his borg body then this would be a fair fight. But like this? With his meat body un-agumented? He was fucked worse than a bunker bunny on spring break. But more than that, Casper felt something in his memory click into place;

This was the real Ivy Valentine, those movements were more refined than anything he had ever seen. Not a twitch wasted, centuries of combat had shaved every unnecessary motion from the woman. All those legends of great heroic days of victory and might, where good prevailed over evil. Where all the things modern scholars sneered at as unrealistic.

It was all real. Every last one of the stories of Soul Edge were real; and he was fighting one of those legends *right now*. There was actual fucking magic in that whip sword. What else could it be?

Scrap metal screamed, torn by the snake sword. Casper rolled before the raining debris crushed him. The sword came at him next, he ran for it, circling while Ivy threw her whip again and again!

“You have brooded quite enough, young man!” Ivy called. “Now fight!”

She changed her stance to keep her front pointed roughly his way. But she was ponderous. He could dash faster than she could turn. The whip tried to fence him in but another pillar shielded him. A few seconds at best, that was all he needed.

Ivy demolished that one also, laughing as she did it. This time Casper waited until *she* committed. Circling left and ducked low into her blind spot; beneath those ridiculous knockers. Casper reversed his grip. Armchair swordsmen liked to mock the reverse grip because it cut down your reach, greenhorns.

That was the whole point, using a long blade in close quarters.

She saw him too late, inside the deadly sweet spot all whips had. Not enough time to retract, too slow to retreat, too heavy to dodge. One cut was all he needed; he would split this legend in half!

But Ivy was not afraid. Too late he noticed that, all he got was a slight widening of her sapphire eyes. Then he lost. Icy chains seized his every major joint. Wrapped up his sword and pulled it backwards over his head. Knees, ankles, wrists, even his hips! The snake sword's serpentine body mummified him in chains.

How? HOW!?! Ivy was holding the damn weapon! He could see the full length of the blade... yes he could. Casper had sharp eyes, just like Ivy. In the reflection in that blade he saw more of those twisting razor bodies.

Reflections of six more Valentine swords. All sprouting from the hidden nooks in the scattered rubble. They'd moved like chains from that old horror movie. Fuck which one was it? With all the pale freaks in leather...the one with the jackass with nails in his head.

"Not bad, soldier boy. You almost had me."

Ivy stroked his cheek. He tried to bite those slim fingers but they were too quick. The slap which followed twisted him sideways out of consciousness. Darkness crept into his vision, fatigue mixed with the stunning strike.

He passed out.

==0==

"Ohhhhhh...yes yes eeyesss~<3"

Ivy hissed half-feral lust through perfect, clenched teeth. Lip curling, subtly disgusted with herself as she "jerked off" in front of the coliseum's surgeons.

They had (VERY politely) asked her to lay on one of their surgical tables. 'So you don't fall over.' They had said. The uneducated would have assumed it was a crack at the expense of the gladiator queen's damn near nuclear knockers. But that was not true;

The knee-weakening male weapon she was testing was *just that potent~*

Even through the filter of the vaginal bulb transmitting male pleasure into her cunt...ohhhhh her legs may as well have been *jelly*~<3

Nasty over-lubed schlicks filled the testing chamber's sterile air. Ivy had overestimated how much Vaseline she had needed; the synth-cock was dribbling even MORE male slickness than she had anticipated.

Ivy double-fist pumped the grotesque flesh tube with her powerful hands. Soft as they were (a lady did NOT develop calluses) the blue-blooded exhibitionist could grip like a yandere on a killing spree.

Ruddy-swarthy cockmeat *bulged* over the top of her upper hand. Every upward drag pushing out another little precum globule tainted with white semen wisps. Fluid supplied by the great testicular reservoirs plastered to her thighs with pong-y sex sweat.

Arched off the table, the centuries old cougar gave in to the ecstasy of playing host to her dream cock. Balanced on her feet and shoulders, while muscular thighs and lean torso formed a perfect angular line down. The longest face of a flawless wedge; one which dumped her infamous megaton milkers square on her damn face!

Not that Ivy cared, she could hold her breath for a *long* time. And the loss of vision gave her Daredevil's sense of touch. Artistically placed stretch marks bulged from the beefy shaft's suddenly heartbeat-like throbs. Driven to even higher extremes of thought killing sensitivity.

Oh yes yes *yesssss*~ This new penis was *perfection*, exactly what she wanted to see attached to that smug little soldier. She would love to see him try and snark at her when he was *cringing* and *weeping* at the raw sensory overload of dick poisoning him.

Punishment Penis bucking like a tasered worm. Ivy fucked her own hands hard. She tried slapping the thing to see if it really was as masochistic as she had designed it—*yesssss it wassssss*~<3! More whiteness mixed into the steady broken-tap precum dribble.

Elephantine testicles throbbed against her sleek legs like a second and third heart. Great bladders contracting to push their viscous payload into the breach. She felt its root bulge as the flesh cannon slowly, *gurglingly* began to prime itself.

Now was the finale; as always the perverse gravity generated by the core of Ivy Valentine's ancient, hypersexual libido pulled too strong to resist. Not her vagina, oh no; her herculean mass of a bosom.

Ivy made sure the doctors were watching. For insurance reasons they HAD to personally observe all bio-implant testing. She made a show of it. Until now she had had to awkwardly jam down her arms under her precious paizuri pillows. Now she let her arms relax, peeling tacky hands from visceral male flesh. They (and her marshmallowy meteors) fell to her sides. Tits rippling like mini waterbeds for several seconds post-impact.

Powerful pelvic floor muscles clenched. Centuries of acrobatic training had blessed Ivy with crotch muscles akin to She Hulk herself. Or at least she liked to think so. Yet with all that dick bending kegel strength, she barely had the might to coax the leaning tower of penis to flop down onto her flat tummy.

Make sauce drooled on the lowest point of her own sternum. Ivy stared down the barrel of the weapon born from her filthiest wet dreams. The cock she had always imagined her bastard rapist of a father to have. *And she loved it~<3*

Ivy embraced her dream dick with her breasts. For all its tower-like girth and length and pussy-damping pheromone musk; Ivy's ZZZ-cup mass monsters still drowned that nasty penis in tit.

Loud sexual *plapping* noises mixed with the fleshy gurgles of rising semen and the scent of wet pussy. The doctors stared in awe as the queen of the fighting pit quite literally tittyfucked her own slick cleavage. Soft hands seizing handfuls of boob to wobble and circle the greater masses of breast. Masterfully rubbing her meaty mammaries in circles against the sides of that demonic dong.

Ivy's smooth, accented voice oscillated between musical and guttural. Torn between high feminine moans and grunting bestial lion snarls. Against all pull of physics and gravity, those mighty testicles *pulled up~* Tight tight *tiiiiight* between the depraved size queen's luscious thighs. Sheer volume spreading the woman's long legs.

Sensual magma squeezed up her mighty length. Ivy felt the cursed member's shaft bulge against her bosom. Felt its cum channel *streeeeeeetch*~ Sensitivity shot into the stratosphere but the size queen squeezed her atomic melons tighter around the shaft. Pressure focused most around the tip—

“AAAAARRRRRGH!”

Ivory slime *painted* Ivy's cleavage. Multiple powerful ropes of nut, each impelled by its own gravid contraction of those oblong grapefruits. Yet for all its womb churning volumes; not a single drop of semen escaped Ivy's abyssal prison of tit.

She squirted around the vaginal bulb. Just as the shorter (male) orgasm subsided its fifteen second peak, its female counterpart wracked her lovely legs into bone-cracking kicks. Pulling her down into her cum pool just when she was about to come up for air.

Another minute passed in awed silence amongst her audience. They saw their queen collapse on their soiled table in a heap of her own flesh. So out of her own head that the greenest doctor present asked if she had quite literally cum to death. But then she breathed again, throaty and slow, swaying her obese nipples atop their jello-mold oceans of tit.

Only the lead doctor plucked up the nerve to enter the chamber. Even his jaded ass swayed at the concentrated scent of *woman* saturating the air. Ivy was dangerous when she was like this. Too much sex had a habit of reverting the woman into fuckbeast mode. Not a woman but a *female* with no concept of consent. For all he knew, Ivy was playing possum, waiting for him to get close so she could leap off that table and turn that freaky synth-penis on him!

But he was lucky. A sapphire eye cracked open the moment he slipped a toe into touching range. Ivy animated all at once. Not in any way sluggish from the thought melting machine gun chain of orgasms she'd subjected her pussy to. If anything she was invigorated.

Forced to move languidly for the preponderance of flesh erupting from her chest. Ivy pulled herself upright via the chain hanging over the table. Once that once down she sat on the table's edge, knees up and heels against the cold steel edge. All dignified smiles even while her eyes sparked with a lioness' mating heat. Even while those two titanic melons each balanced on the tops of their

own thigh. Again working her arms under those monstrous tits to access the flesh between her legs. To pop her magnum opus free of her tight snatch.

She deposited the custom cyber-cock on a steel cart.

“You see? I told you, didn’t I?” Ivy smirked. “No impotence. No nerve endings burned out. Not even a little trouble getting hard. I know how to grow a limb.”

The head doctor eyed the misshapen snake of meat. Laying like an obese, greasy worm on his medical cart. It would be by far the most cumbersome slab of flesh he had ever attached to a human body. If he’d been an imaginative man, he would have pictured the thing biting him the moment he tried to touch it.

Ivy’s sharp eyes picked up the slight curl in the man’s lip. How he subtly turned his body away from her creation. Damien Sawz would never admit the thing scared him, he liked to think he was tough. His ignorance was at least somewhat understandable. Ivy had birthed that delicious dick in a cloning vat of her own construction. A merger of modern body-modding medicine and the alchemy she was so famous for. And she had drawn on some visceral, esoteric, *vengeful* secrets to birth her ideal cock.

You may have called it black magic.

“I, we still have concerns, Miss Valentine.” Doctor Sawz said, crushing down his sanded nerves.

Ivy clicked her tongue. “Ethical concerns, doctor? Really? I have watched you install a five-speed synth cunt in an eighteen-year-old girl. You expect me to believe you have any conscience left?”

“It is not ethical, woman.” Doctor Sawz snipped, annoyed. “The problem is practical. We analyzed the hormones that thing’s testicles crank out. And even when we look at the hormones we *can* identify, the concentrations are fucking insane. Not even a dragoon can’t control compulsions that strong.”

“You let me worry about that, doctor.” Ivy slunk off the table. An act which took a small grunt of effort. Braless, her unsupported breasts wobbled as she swayed toward the doctor. Stopping just before her breasts poked his chest. “He will not have to do much controlling in *my* care.”

“I know what you get up to. But what about after the play week ends? You’re just going to unleash him on New London?”

Ivy elegantly shrugged, smug as ever. “Then we add another sexual predator to the pile. This rotten city is already infested with them. What does one more matter?”

“The answer is no. We have a selection of sizes on catalogue. Pick something reasonable.”

“And what if I sucked *your* cock, doc-tor~<3?”

A tiny hint of color crept into Doctor Sawz’s face. The step back he took was subconscious. Ivy’s eagle eyes caught the slight twitch in his scrubs.

“I’m married.”

“And?”

The simplicity of the question caught Doctor Sawz off guard. Long enough for the snake sword to catch its prey. Lashing out not from Ivy’s hand but from a corner of the room nobody observed. Blades turned such that only their flats ran around the ‘good’ doctor’s chest. Blade oil stained his white coat, and the points on the bottom of each section but into his clothes. Ivy’s sword dragged him kicking and bellowing into the air. The queen strutted between his flailing legs.

His underlings tried to intervene. But snake blades spawned in the hidden places from that room as well. One for each of the five of them. Soon they were *all* bound. When Ivy tore open Doctor Sawz’s scrubs. Her serpentine minions followed suit, slicing open the pants of all the junior doctors in attendance.

Not one of them wore underwear. Similarly, not one of them sported an erection below a *plump* seven inches. Ivy buried her aristocratic face in the musky crotch of the head doctor. Licking the circuit-like seam above his shaved pubis. Where the implant married to his flesh.

“Ooh, *doctor*~ How nice.” Ivy nuzzled his meat, large enough to stretch from her chin to her hairline. “I see you keep the best augments for yourself.”

Doctor Sawz breathed harder, utterly red in the face. “Unhand me now, woman! Our superiors will hear of this!”

Ivy rolled her lovely eyes. “You would really complain about getting a blowjob from a woman with centuries of experience? They would laugh in your face.”

She licked his cum vein. Doctor Sawz choked in fury and other unwelcome feelings. “My wife could kill you in your sleep.”

“Oh really? The wife you caught *cheating*?” Ivy mocked, orbiting her tongue around his puffy glans. “The wife you bolted a massive pair of arse cheeks onto as a punishment?”

She swallowed his thick member. It was easy, all the way to the base in one viper smooth *gluhhhhking* slurp. Trails of rose red lipstick left in her wake when she hollowed her cheeks and sucked up. The lion's share of Doctor Sawz's aggression popped into arousal on the upward suck.

“Sh-shut up—Agh!” Doctor Sawz gasped.

Up and down and up the size queen bobbed her head. Arms folded under her mammoth knockers, to hold them up into plush cushions for the amoral sawbones to straddle. Inside the control room, her minion blades found a file drawer positively packed with lube and pocket pussies. Emergency supplies of one of them needed a quick wank while a woman was getting *enhanced* against her will.

Manipulated in the chain-coils of the blades. Five fifis engulfed five pulsating pricks. Forcibly jerking them all off to the sight of their twisted leader getting his soul sucked out.

Ivy popped her lips off Doctor Sawz with *plenty* of spit. “Has that unfaithful slut re-learned how to walk yet, *doc-tor*~<3, or do you keep her tied to your marital bed? Maybe you *like* keeping a glorified walking prisoner in her own home?”

“Shut...Shut up!”

Gawk...gawk...gawk...guuuuhhhhhlp~<3

Ivy’s nose stabbed the little divot above his tool’s root. *That* pacified him. Saliva trickled down his balls. “*Uuuuuhhhhhllllkk—pthah*~<3 I think you cum harder inside her harder now than any time before. Even your honeymoon.” She nuzzled his ballooned-out penis, it was primed to explode.

“You probably wish she would do it again, yes?” Lick. Smooch. Nibble the flared glans. “Any excuse for you to *use her like the whore she is*~<3”

Doctor Sawz felt his testicles implode. Thick gludging splurges of semen blew at Ivy. Thick and sticky and savory as was the fashion for male seed. She caught the first wad with the back of her throat. Those plush lips devoured his vat-grown flesh one last time, suckling him like some meaty pacifier.

Just like when the larger specimen glazed her cleavage; not a single drop of seed escaped Ivy’s ravenous mouth. Slender neck working to drink down every, last, drop. Continuing to suck even after the flow waned; to siphon all the straggling spunk morsels in Doctor Sawz’s balls into her.

The audience did not finish so cleanly. Five plump pricks pumped to eruption and beyond. Until their hosts bellowed with kinky orgasmic pain. Until they lost their manly pep and began to whine like catholic college girls at a gangbang.

Only then did the blades let them all slump free. Messed all over themselves with their own penile juices. Ivy planted a foot on Doctor Sawz’s soft, beaten organ. The tickle of her toes made him beg for no more pleasure. That was when the gladiator queen knew she had him.

“Clean yourselves up, all of you.” Ivy commanded. “You can’t perform surgery covered in your own spunk.”

Ivy wobble-strutted out of the surgical chamber. Through the observation booth. Hands on hips like the top bitch she was, prizewinning pumpkins shifting with sways of her shoulders. The audience groaned and averted their eyes. Utterly gluttoned on *anything* sexual.

Except for one, the youngest of them, the most timid. The good-sized trunk snaking down his sweaty thigh still had some hardness in it. A little of that youthful pep. Ivy spied the tiniest twitch in his third leg when her naked knockers clapped past. She paused, ordering him to stand up.

“My my~” She purred. Palming his priapistic ten inches. “Such an...advanced augment on one so, fresh~” She closed her eyes, analyzing as she casually stroked him. It felt so good it hurt, but fear had him paralyzed. “Oh, you naughty boy. The Goonstick Ten Thousand? Do you know how to use it?”

He almost missed that his goddess asked him a question. “I...I...kind of? I got this thing on a dare—AH!”

Stroke stroke; hard. “Now now, you little simp. No lies.” Ivy chided.

“I-It’s for my wife—AH!” Stroke stroke. “My girlfriend? AH!” Stroke stroke. “F-fuckbuddy?” Stroke stroke stroke stroke *strokestrokestroke*~<3

“Last chance, then I start slapping.” Ivy tapped his side with her open hand.

“Okay okay!” He panted. “I’m single all right? I’m a damn virgin. I...I got this thing for me...f-for you.”

Ivy smirked. “For me~?”

“I...I’ve got two whole terabytes of porn of you on my hard drive. All that fanart and fanfiction shit. A-anything I could get.”

“Oh? *All* me?” Ivy purred. “Do tell.”

“I...” He took a deep breath. The confession took so much weight off his back. “I tried jerking off to other women, but I kept coming back to you. I tried to get a girlfriend but...none of them were you.”

“You filthy little porn addict.” Ivy hissed, not without affection.

“I know...god I even got the surgery for this thing so our jerk-off sessions would feel even better.”

Ivy felt a warm shiver between her legs. A pulse of heat in the core of each tit. The fact this man had warped his entire life around her. Oh, it tickled her ego something *delicious*~<3 And sure enough, she felt blood rush into his tender penis all over again. Despite the brutal milking. Every bit the insatiable gooner’s organ.

“Well boy, today is your lucky day. I could use a fluffer while I wait for my new toy.” Ivy purred.

“R-really?” He lit up. “I mean I’ll do my best. My name is—”

“Shush shush shush.” Ivy silenced him with a quick kiss. “No names, naughty boy. Only sex.”

“...oh.”

Ivy cupped his chin. “Don’t be so down, it will make you soft. Besides.” She lowered her silken British voice to a whisper. “You ought to know. *I am even better than the porn implies*~<3”

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Casper woke up to a terrible throb between his legs. Slow, syrupy, leaking hot, why’d he feel so weird? His chest hurt, oh god it hurt *whydidithurt!?*

“Kid’s spiking! Get his heartrate under control!”

Through his IV, something cool flowed into Casper's arm. The pain stopped but the ache in his crotch didn't go away. Why'd it feel so heavy?

"Mister Casper? Can you hear me?" The nice lady asked through his fugue.

"Muh...I feel weird..."

"Well that's..." An uncomfortable pause. "To be expected. Considering what we just put on your body."

"What do you..." Casper opened his eyes, and beheld the organ that would take over the rest of his life.

"*Mean?*" It came out so weak, so small. Miniscule in the shadow cast by the organ erupting from his shaved crotch. They had shaved him to perform the operation, they'd needed a smooth runway to attach...*IT*.

IT was gigantic! *IT* was hideous! A jutting pillar of ruddy dark flesh as big as the nurse's arm! Three veins as thick as his index finger ran parallel across its top. Structural pipes pumping blood throughout his obscene cunt ram. Rivulets ran from those three roots, hydraulic heartbeat pulsations vibrated his hips from the inside. Faster and faster in time with his racing heart!

The surgical sheet lay around it, turquoise and sterile with a square hole for this new penis to emerge through. *His* penis—no. No this wasn't his penis! He could see the scars, an arc of a knotted white line slicing across the top of his pubis. The cut they'd made so they could take away his dick and stitch this way bigger one on!

Casper screamed, he grabbed it and tried to pull the horrible implant off. But the second he touched his new flesh pink lightning electrocuted his nerves! Honey drowned his brain! Seismic shifts! Fire under the skin! The urge to pull up became an equal and opposite impulse to pull down. Then up again! Then down! Then up then down then up then down then up then down then up then down up down up down up down up down up down up down up down up down up down!

"Get it off!" Casper tried to scream but it came out slurred.

“Shit! He’s spiking!”

The pretty nurse pulled a whistle from her cleavage and blew. Orderlies flooded the room. Half a dozen burly hands pinned Casper to the bed. Quickly, deftly, they strapped his limbs into leather restraints. Wrenching away the blue sheet they lashed two more straps across him. One above and one below his equine package.

“Fuck fuck fuck! You sick motherfuckers let me go!” Casper shouted. “Where is it! What did you do with it!?”

One of the brutes was about to cut him down, but that was the exact instant Ivy came busting into the room. Still in her combat gear. Staggering behind her came the young doctor, red-faced and too embarrassed to look at anyone. Disheveled and drawn, like he’d gone diving in a pit of succubi.

“I assume by all the whinging that my new toy is...” Ivy beheld the glory of the phallic monster sticking out of Casper’s pelvis. She gasped, pressed her hands together in front of her mouth. The act squished her biceps into the sides of her monstrous bust. The greed in her eyes would have made a dragon sweat. “*Ohhhhh my~<3 Yes yes yes this is exactly what I wanted~*”

“Don’t get too excited, lady.” One orderly grunted. “We just mopped up.”

“Do loosen up, would you?” Ivy clapped her hands. “Now, everybody out. My Toy and I need some...*personal time~*”

As one ogreish pack, the orderlies filed out, grumbling. “Time to get the mops out, again.” One of them grumbled. The pretty nurse was steered out with them.

The second the soundproof door closed, Casper turned on Ivy.

“You fucking crazy bitch! I’ll kill you! Get this thing off me right now!”

Ivy laughed at his fury. “Oh my dear sweet soldier boy, you are in no position to make demands.”

Her gauntlet grabbed his new shaft. The cold metal seared his tender flesh, but the tender soft palm inside soothed it. Sensitivity beyond...beyond...fuck he could actually *feel* the air currents from the AC! Not to mention *every little line* on Ivy's palm...

Pleasure assaulted Casper's brain. Pink washed over murderous red, drowned it and infected it, devolved pure killer's wrath into more of itself. Violent, bestial *lust~<3*

"As per the rules of the coliseum, you belong to me for one week. Seven sweet days of pure, unfiltered pleasure for me." Ivy stroked the beast, its weight flopped onto his stomach. It knocked the wind out of him. She ran golden claws along its cum vein. "Not necessarily for you, but you are very lucky. *I love it when men cum~*"

Ivy slid herself onto the gurney, its metal frame groaning under her ridiculous weight. Barely, the folding legs held. "In fact, I love it so much, I can't help but turn every man I defeat into a walking host for a big...*big cock~<3*"

"How the fuck's..." Casper hissed, eyes screwed shut against the venomous pleasure. "This even legal? I thought there was some kinda limit on how big cyber dongs could get."

"Ah, yes. There is." Ivy said, remembering. "Those were the days, before your time. Before the Studpocalypse of twenty-one fifty-five."

Ivy remembered with wistful nostalgia. When big thrusting crotch forearms were *in~* Glorious days when she could exit her manor onto any filthy street, strip herself naked, and order the nearest man to slam her with his fat, throbbing horse cock. A prospect her prey for the day always scurried to indulge in. Even if the stud had a girlfriend.

Sometimes, even if they were *married~*

But of course, it was the angry wives that spoiled her fun. Wives and career prostitutes. As a rule in New London, the average vagina took a hell of a beating. Crotch repairs were an accepted part of life, like getting a haircut. But when more than half the female population had to keep two or even *three* cyber-snatches on rotation through the fixer shops? *Then* it was a social problem, apparently!

“Fucking hell, you’re older than the hills.” Casper tried to snark, all he got was a grunt. “And I’m gonna get arrested for possession.”

“As long as you don’t whip it out in front of a copper, you’ll be fine.” Ivy chortled, smokey low. “Unless you *want* to be a female officer’s sex slave~<3”

Through all this, multiple cumshots worth of clear precum had begun to drool down Ivy’s golden knuckles. All supplied by a cowper’s gland which had to be as big as a damn golf ball.

“I designed this cock myself, Toy.” Ivy slunk onto the bed. Hidden rings released, her boob-restraining straps peeled away. An avalanche of pale tit *schlorped* around his new cock. Sheer weight of them lending an intense inward pressure. Tight and hot like a baseline woman’s vagina. “Fifteen inches long and *disproportionately thick*~ Bulging veins for texture, an ugly club shape. Mmm, I even cloned it from the DNA of serial rapists.”

Casper paled. “You what!?”

“Oh, yes. When it comes to slaking my appetite for cock...” Ivy squeezed her elbows into the sides of her mammoth dick drowners. “*There is nothing I will not do*~<3”

Then Ivy fucked him with those enormous tits. Not a single inch of it escaped her cleavage. This alien parasite bolted to his groin was big, but Ivy’s controversial cleavage was *deeper*~

Plap! Plap! Plap! Plap! The flexing lifts and drops of those gigantic hentai tits jarred Casper’s whole body. He roared but nobody cared enough to help. His first eruption with the new organ wracked his entire body. Bent him back like some possessed cultist.

Ivy had had the first round of extra-thick nut gruel licked clean, by the tongue of the young doctor. Now it soiled her bust a second time. Popping through a tiny, vaginal opening in the top of her cleavage. Streamer ropes of thick white stuff splattered all over their upper slopes.

“Ahhhhh, yesssss...” Ivy sneered playfully. “*I have such sights to show you*~<3”

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Casper woke up to soaked sheets clinging to his bare erection. His condom had burst in the night, spilling clear secretions all over Ivy's silken bed linens. Face burning, Casper felt behind him, where Ivy had lain all night. Spooning him, smothering his head between her tyrannical melons. The right hand one had served as his pillow all night. Scent and softness and taste catalyzing a long night of filthy wet dreams.

He'd "woken up" at least five times last night. Only to find himself tied to this soaked bed and raped by one or more sleep paralysis demons. Every, single, *time*~

Sticky mouthed and aching in the head, Casper rolled over—*Oohgawd*~<3 Fuck these sheets really were clinging...cold but soaked soft with all the erotic torture of a yuki-onna's slit. Face burning, Casper forced his hips to stop humping; *stop dammit!* Clenching them tight he gripped the mattress, forcing his whole body to freeze. But that forced him on his back, thrusting up his new organ as the central pole of a circus tent.

"Hey, you awake in there?" A woman called through the door. Not Ivy, too rough and casual

Casper fell silent, nobody could see him like this. Trapped in a precum soaked bed with a busted condom on his dong. The voice behind the door sighed.

"I can hear you, you know. You're breathing really heavy."

Embarrassment burned his stomach, he hadn't even noticed. "Yeah, yeah I'm up."

The servant let herself in. She was naked, and pretty. In that girl next door kind of way New London women were so eager to rise above. Body slender to the point of bony, face pursed and arms folded. As if challenging him to comment on her lack of curves. Long and straight navy hair pinned back over one ear, held in place by a cute little plastic hair clip shaped like a melon.

She smirked at his tent. "Fun night?"

“Not as fun as you’d think. I think I’m down a couple pints.”

“I’ll pour you some water before we put you in costume.”

As she said this, Melon rounded the bed. Casper tried to stop her from pulling back the thick comforter. But she slapped his hands away. He expected her to gasp when she saw the popped condom. Or how his precum stained everything from the waist down.

“You know she told me to say something mean here?” She said.

“Who did?”

“The bitch I work for, who else? Something about you being a dirty animal that can’t control himself.”

Against all her attempts to sound sarcastic, Casper’s alien dick pulsed all the same. Melon curled her lip.

“Seriously?” She clicked her tongue.

“You tell it to stop. It doesn’t listen to me.” Casper grumped.

“The thing won’t listen to me either, that’s the whole point.” Melon clapped once. “All right, mister stud, up with you.”

Melon rushed him through a shower that made him feel more like a convict than a sex slave. She did get him some water; from the bathroom tap. But then Casper was at the point of slurping his hydration from a ditch. Anything would do.

Once that was done, she steered him through the *Chateau de Valentine*. Past staffers of every gender, aggressively modern New Londonites dressed in clothes straight from the renaissance.

One purple-haired maid giggled at his nakedness, fat tits overflowing a creaking corset. She tried to touch but Melon warned her off with a glare.

Into the west wing, where the queen of the castle lazed, Melon steered him into a stuffy changing room. Maroon and Marie were already waiting for him. Gasping and giggling at how the sheer weight of his new organ tugged on his crotch; ever so slightly tilted his pelvis forward.

The trio worked as one to sponge him down. Wiping away eight hours of accumulated sweat and grime and half-dry precum. Casper forced himself to look forward, shivering when the soft warm sponged squished across his synthetic cock n' balls. The mirror above the vanity at least didn't show him from the waist down.

"So, what's this about a costume party?" He asked.

"Mama's throwing a party tonight. You're gonna be her plus one, mister." Marie explained.

Shock made him look down. Square into the sight of Marie almost, *almost* touching his dick. Cupped hand hovering an inch above it while she scrubbed the bottom. Soft peach of a glans so close to her lips she could have *nibbled it~*

"I'm going to a party like *this*?"

"Nah, not like this." Maroon cut in. "We've gotta get this beautiful dick *in costume~<3*"

A kiss to his scrotum turned his legs to jelly. Two thirds teasing and one third sarcastic, the trio set about dressing him up. Casper did not like the look of the gimp suit, not the zipper over the mouth, not the closeable patches over the eyes. And *definitely* not the ovular hole where the crotch should have been!

His cock and balls were going to be hanging out all night!

"Wait a sec! This is nuts! Who the fuck's gonna be at this party!?"

“Nobody you know, don’t worry.” Melon said.

He did, he did very much. He worried when they zippered the shiny leather onto him. He worried when they pulled the hood over his face. And he worried the most when they jerked and squeezed and wrestled his overgrown genitals through the crotch hole. All that casual, chaotic tugging got him erect all over again.

Just in time for the woman of the hour to arrive. Tarted up to the nines in her own costume, which struck him as bizarre. She was dressed like a pornographic ringmaster.

Whatever tricks of tailoring had been employed to make the double-breasted purple coat close over the lower halves of those titanic tits. Well, they would have had to be the purview of a master craftsman. Or perhaps a bridge engineer. The long-pointed tails of that violet coat hung well past her plump ass. Down to her knees, past her bare thighs.

Her knee-high boots tried to compensate for the lack of pants but fell woefully short. Although they were stately in their own right. High white leather affairs with raised block heels. Adjusting her sleeve ruffles around her white gloves, Ivy completed the ensemble with two accessories on the hook by the door. A tophat tipped onto her head, and a heavy walking stick.

Artfully torn fishnets cinched tight around her thighs, emphasizing a depraved fact; Ivy’s costume was crotchless, just like his.

“Ah! Girls you have outdone yourselves!” Ivy drummed her cane on the floor.

When she approached, the sway in her hips waved that fat pussy at Casper. It was like staring into Medusa’s face. Look too long and you will turn to stone. And she got close, painfully close. Close enough for those plump lips to come a breath away from mushing on his cock’s side.

“I have just had a flash inspiration.” Ivy fished a bottle of pills from her cleavage. “Hot from my pill press. The guests will love this.”

“What the hell is that stuff?” Casper asked.

“A surprise, Toy.” Ivy tapped two pills into her palm, then added a third for good measure. “Now open~”

Casper clamped his mouth shut, shaking his head.

“Oh, honestly. And here I was trying to be playful.” Ivy snapped her fingers. “Maroon, Marie, masturbate him.”

Three sets of soft expert hands attacked Casper’s most vulnerable organ. A torrent of dry ruthless strokes brought out a bovine groan from the big man, weakening his knees. He fell but Ivy caught him like a blushing bride. The stroked continued until his jaw slackened, then Ivy tacked the pills onto her own tongue;

And kissed him.

Her lips devoured his. Her tongue lashed across his, rubbing the pills in until they dissolved. Ivy had forced him to take the mystery drug. All at once the chemicals burned into his blood. Lust like he had never felt before roared from his cock. Spewed from his testicles and flooded his body like a tidal wave of molasses! Penis jutting out so hard he swore he heard his skin stretch!

Painfully erect, his weapon slowly pulsed like some lazy cursed serpent. He needed to cum, semen boiled in him he needed to let it out! Needed to! Needed to...!

Needed...

Nothing happened. Slowly Casper came to his senses, crotch tense and stretched from the excess of blood pooled there. He felt the girls schlick their naughty fingers up and down. His balls ached; but he could not cum.

A broken bullish groan marked his realization. Hard as iron, hard like the erections men dreamed of having. But no matter how hard the girls stroked, nothing came out of his cock. Edged and edged and edged...

“Fuck..y—” He groaned.

“I hope you are not saying fuck you, Toy. That would be rude.” Ivy squeezed his root until he moaned.

“Fuck...yessss...I love it, mistress.” He told himself that was a lie. “How long...does this last?”

“Not long at all.” Ivy whispered in his ear; “*Only a few hours~<3*”

From there, the girls fetched an old paint can. A storage vessel for a very special black dye. One which colored the skin the same shade as the gimp suit. Soft paintbrushes tortured his ugly root further. Completing the illusion that his priapistic penis was nothing more than a big black dildo.

They all left him alone after that. The party was not set to begin for several hours yet. Until then, he had free reign of the house. So while the staff bustled to prepare the ballroom for all the guests, Casper tried to find some way to relieve his chemically enforced erection.

Desperate, he tracked down the maid with the purple hair and the big tits, dumped her face down on a Russian chaise; and savagely fucked her for an hour at least. She loved it of course, but the act only frustrated him more. Deepening the sticky swell and empty fear swirling in his guts. Even while the top-heavy slut spasmed around him half a dozen times.

Once his testicles bulged tight like water balloons, Casper wrenched his weapon free of her torturous slit and staggered away like a drunken satyr. Leaving the maid to stew in a mess of pussy juice and torn skirts. Word got out after that, about how good of a cocksmith he was. Casper had to hide in a high tower, lest a gang of horny maids catch and *bounce on him for hours~<3*

Casper his there until night fell, that was when Ivy found him. With no care for his unwanted pleasure, Ivy led him to the ballroom. One hand holding him by the glans as if the tool were a leash.

Into a mob of gorgeous women. Rich women with supermodel faces of every conceivable caste. All attached to bodies where the average measurements were 46-24-36. Bovine bosoms bulged over embroidered corsets, hips padded even wider by the lacy trains of 15th century dresses.

Casper stared down the barrel of over a hundred high class bimbos, all with million-dollar bodies, plus lives more privileged than his. And his cock was out.

More bosom-y than two of her 'average' guests combined; Ivy swaggered into the throng, Toy in toe. His sheer distended size left a trail of gasps and whispers in his wake. Not to mention bitten lips and smokey-eyed winks. Though they all seemed concerned about...something.

"Not to worry, ladies." Ivy sensed the tension as well; she addressed the crowd. "I have not, in fact, broken the one rule our parties have. He is carrying one of my newest creations. A dildo to introduce my spring line of toys. This nice young man is simply here to...*model* it for us."

Ivy gave him a vicious squeeze. Murmuring to him: "Play along, if you break the illusion I will break *you*, clear?"

She took his silence as assent.

Ivy paraded him around like a prized stud bull. Encouraging him to flash and swing his massive 'dildo' at every woman that showed even the *tiniest* interest. *And they all reciprocated*~ Soft hands laden with jewelry touched and tugged his pulsating pecker. The things they said about his cock, as if he wasn't even there, ohhhhhh...they made his semen *tsunami* against his paralyzed PC muscle.

"Goodness, it's enormous~"

"How does he walk with it?"

"Walk? Did you see him come in? He was waddling like a pregnant whore."

"Will it come as an implant? My husband needs a lot of help."

"Not my husband, one erection would give him a heart attack."

"Mm, indeed, it would have to go on your gardener."

A gasp. “You filthy woman! What would his wife say?”

“Hmm...before or after begging him to hammer her womb into her mouth?”

So many conversations like that swirled around him. Alongside joking pinches and hard slaps from the more conservative contingents. The ones that thought he was much too big. Cruelly joking about how ‘he must be half horse’ or ‘he would likely force himself on us if he could’.

Through the throng of jiggling bosoms and groping hands, five distinctive freaks emerged. Announced one at a time by the footmen at the door.

“The Madames de Butterfly!”

Their entrance shook the floor. The footman cleared the way for not one but two identical womanly colossi. Pushing nine feet in height, so tall that even Ivy looked like a child before them. Not merely disproportionate in the bust but *diabolically thicc in every direction*~<3 Reubenesque slabs of terminally MILF-y women built for rough shock-absorbing sex, pouring out of fanciful geisha kimonos.

“The High Consort Kara Kuz!”

After that strong start, the figure behind them seemed...small. Vanishing beneath a black burqa. Until the doors closed and not two but *four* arms stripped away the heavy garment. The woman beneath was every western male’s fantasy of a middle eastern women rolled into one. Egyptian black hair cut into a bob ruthlessly square. Egyptian caramel skin poured over the body of a *very* top-heavy dancer. Clad in nothing but gilded jewelry and near-transparent veils as blue as her sapphire eyes; the high consort pirouetted to drunken applause. Lower arms making a hand bra for her exotic udders.

“The Countess Bathory!”

The name made Casper double-take. A haughty vampire of a goth woman swept into the fray. Ebony hair trailing behind her, animate in the air as if she lived underwater. Skin so pale the countess

seemed to be marble in motion. Flouncing to her station at Ivy's side without so much as a greeting for the crowd. Elbows resting on her bustle-widened hips.

The moment she came close a black lace fan flicked open, to hide a poisonous flower of a red mouth. But Casper still caught a glimpse of Bathory's fangs. Her plump lower lip had little grooves to hold their tips.

"The Princess Aurora!"

With the last three absurd entrances, Casper expected a woman more outrageous than these five combined. And so he waited, Ivy waited, the crowd waited, everybody waited.

"Ahem. The Princess Aurora!"

Still no entrance.

"On the juice again, no doubt." Bathory spoke like envenomed silk.

"Third time this month. The slut." Kara Kuz said, musically accented.

"Shall these two fetch her?" The Butterflies asked, in perfect unison.

"No no, this is my party. Aurora is my problem." Ivy tugged on Casper's cock. "Come along, Toy."

One hover-limo was left outside. Powder blue with purple tinted windows. Ivy led Casper to it, then rapped twice on the rear passenger window.

"Aurora! We are waiting for you!"

...silence. But when he strained his ears, he heard a faint chugging sound. Mechanical, like an electric fluid pump.

“Aurora?” Ivy tried again.

“Five more minutes~”

Ivy shook her head. “Toy, open this door.”

Casper hesitated until Ivy swatted him on the ass. That got him to slide the heavy door open. What he saw inside was a sight dragged from a preggophile’s wildest fantasies. An enormous, heaving dome of fapfuel swollen all *big* and *shiny* for his *amazing dick*~

That massive, lewd belly loomed over a hiked-up pink dress train. Naked thanks to an arched opening in the front of her corset. Tailored specially to fit that naughty womb’s contours. Curtains of cotton and lace half hung over a fat and dark pregnant pussy. Thick lips stretched around a stainless-steel nozzle, one which twitched from the pressure of the clear blueish liquid rapidly secreting into the woman’s taxed vagina.

All fed by the pump and reservoir of blue gel, sitting where the front passenger seat should have been. An especially strong hiss from the pump squirted another dose of the blue stuff up a clear rubber hose. Running the race into Aurora’s snatch.

“Mmmnnnnn~<3”

Her belly stretched a hair bigger. The gel was not going into her snatch; it was going in her womb! And that stomach was so huge already; he couldn’t even see the woman’s head! Or even her chest. Laid out horizontally across the back seat as she was.

“Is she actually?” Casper asked.

“No, it is only an implant.” Ivy tugged on the nozzle, Aurora’s cunt gripped, fighting the removal. “The fool girl was born sterile. She has spent her whole life compensating for it. That belly is practically a pleasure chamber for cocks.”

Jesus christ, what a whore. His cock made him think.

Phut... the hose disconnected. Loose womb gel oozed out of Aurora's sideways mouth. Aurora whined at the loss but did not protest.

"Young lady, get up this instant!" Ivy snapped her fingers.

No response. The older woman pinched the bridge of her nose. "All these insecure children. They will be the death of me. Toy, climb in there. You push while I pull. We will have her out of there yet."

But Casper was not listening. Molasses lusty blood gurgled in his ears. Synth-hormones flooded his body. Vivid, violent images of sex with pregnant women flooded his head. Just an endless parade of plump, round taut tummies all *heaving in ecstasy*~<3 This was not natural, preggo porn was always a thing that had disturbed Casper. Not the least because of his sister's chronically gravid fate.

Yet this new, nasty cock craved it. It wanted to get deep up in there and cum in that big beautiful tummy. Feed it another baby and blow it up even bigger. Irrational coomer urges like that, obsessed with a woman's ability to engorge with life.

Slowly Ivy's command registered, feeling like a fox entering a henhouse, he obeyed. At first, he managed to be a good servant. Until his cock brushed between her parted thighs. All at once he realized his mistake, instincts roaring to shove himself into her. To fuck that slutty stomach until she begged him to stop, tear stained and grinning through a slack jaw.

"And be careful! That woman is a walking honey trap!"

He tried to escape but his foot slipped on a puddle of the gel. Aurora and her carriage all flipped up to smack him in the face. Cunt kissed cock and shot pink spicy bolts up its bulging meat.

Laid over that massive stomach, bleary-eyed from empty pleasure, he beheld the face of Aurora. Oh god she was gorgeous, as if lifted from the fairy tale itself. But unnaturalness tainted her perfection. This was not a natural maiden, she had had her face completely rebuilt to resemble the princess from Sleeping Beauty. Her namesake.

Big fleshy melons spilled backwards up her chest, almost to her chin. A pink nipple peaked over one cup. Bedroom eyes scorched his soul, Aurora pushed a soft little tongue between her perfect teeth.

“Oh my, you dress so strange but... Mmmmm that feels like the *penis of a prince~<3*”

Casper zippered his mouth open. “Ma’am, Ivy wants you to get up. They’re all waiting for—
fuuuuuhhhhk...”

Something bestial possessed his hips, an aching hunger so intense he swore he felt them *vibrate~<3* Suddenly his mitts grabbed Aurora’s heaving stomach, the inward drive jarred Aurora’s whole body. Popped out her other nipple and glazed her saintly eyes all honey-sweet.

“You naughty boy. Saying one thing with your mouth but doing another with your manhood...” She licked her lips and then zippered his mouth closed. “No more talk, my prince, *ravish me~<3*”

Long barbie legs locked his waist and pulled him in. Forcing the poor bastard to penetrate the self-styled Disney princess. Deeper and deeper...

“But the journey has tired me so.” Aurora laid the back of her hand across her forehead. “I’m sorry, my hung little prince. I’m afraid I’ll have to lay here and *take it~<3*”

Take it, those two words made him throb inside her pregnant pussy. An act which sharpened the heat of her. Gyrated all her little silken folds. Cooled by that blue jelly, slickened by it. Casper felt dirty, vision swimming. Suddenly he was not inside a hentai-busted barbie doll with a fetishized uterus; but his own sister.

Adorably red-headed, pale and freckled, pinned to their apartment bed. Languishing half immobile beneath a heaving twinner tummy.

“Cassie...*why wasn't it you?*” The dream of his sister moaned.

Casper tried to pull out but his possessed hips started jackhammering. Pummeling Aurora's phat cunt, fake belly bouncing off his stomach with every hip strike.

Plap plap plap plap plapplaplaplaplap!

“Cassie.” There it was again, the nickname only she was allowed to use. “*Why didn't you fuck me, Cassie? I offered sooooo many times but you kept saying no.*”

Aurora braced herself against the opposite door. One arm overhead while the other groped her weaponized womb. He was only halfway in, the second half would plunge him into the heaven Aurora had built inside herself.

“Yesssss...yes yes yes...I love you my prince...*I love you~<3!*”

“I love you, Cassie. Fuck me~”

Ivy rubbed her temples, grumbling bloody murder as her Toy bellyfucked Aurora into a squeaking, girl-melting mess of cum and babbled obscenities. Every time, every damnable *time* a man got between Aurora's legs.

But she could work with this, composure regained, Ivy strutted around the nose of the car. The driver opened its window to a sharp rap from the cane.

[How may I assist?] The android droned.

“Open the windows. We will make a spectacle of those two.”

[I am very sorry, but as an autonomous intelligence my protocols—SQWARK!]

Ivy drove the point of her cane against the machine's lacquered throat. Pushed until the disposable servant squirmed.

“Do as I say. Before I make scrap of you.”

[SQWARK—Yes ma'am right away ma'am.]

Every window in the stretch limo hissed open. Cool air rushed over the lovers but they were both too heated, too primal to notice. Frustration swelled into berserking fuck-rage. Casper couldn't cum but he just didn't care anymore. He wanted to know what it was like, to feel what it was like. He wanted Sleeping Beauty to cum on his cock!

“AAAAAHHHHNNNNNNN!!!! YYYYYEESSSSSSS!!!!”

And cum she did, it was impossible to miss. Back arched like a dancer, crown slipping off her perfect hair. Belly contracting as if in labor, heavy and slow compressive squeezes. When it pulled in he saw the outline of his cock inside her. Scrubbing around behind her linea nigra.

Like Ivy had said, there were no babies in there; just tongues. Dozens and dozens of long licking *tongues*~<3 As if he were being serviced by a harem of catgirls.

Casper kept her on that peak, even after she ran out of voice to wail with. Even when Ivy summoned a crowd of guests outside for quote-unquote “live demonstration”. He could feel their eyes on him, hear their sexually charged whispers as he screwed Aurora's brains to mush.

Between growls, he desired to fuck them all. To line them up like cows on a line, throw up those fancy skirts and blow out their expensive synth-pussies One! By! One! But that was too complicated for his sex addled brain Whose thoughts had been reduced to short obscene words like *woman*, and *tits*, and *pussy*, and *BREED*~<3

“As you can see, ladies.” Ivy addressed her guests. “My boutique offers the very best. How are you feeling, Aurora?”

“F-fire! My...my womb is on fire~<3 Ohhh gawd I can’t feel my legs! My prince’s dick is sooooo big...it’s melting my pussy!”

Ivy cleared her throat. “See what I mean? She can’t even tell that the appendage is a toy. Now, imagine what a bodily implant version of the Punishment Penis could do to all of you.”

“Is it a punishment for us, or our boyfriends?” One of the ladies raised her hand.

“Hmm.” Ivy tapped her chin. “Yes.”

This went on for several hot and sweaty, sticky, *gravid* minutes. Repetitive in and out thrusts melting into an odyssey of depraved rut. Ivy let them screw each other, until Aurora’s ecstatic wails grew repetitive and the crowd began to grow bored. Seeing a pretty girl get fucked stupid was nice and all, but only up to a point. The crowd was getting jealous!

That was when Ivy cut the ‘demonstration’ short. Vaneltine crawled from under the car, whipped inside and pulled Casper out of the princess by force. Leaving him to hang in the air, upside down and grunting and snarling. Thrusting still, faster than ever, as if to get some kind of stimulation from the air.

Ivy squeezed her toy’s jaw. Tooth-creaking strength applied to snap Casper out of his fuck trance. His balls had grown even larger now, sloshy with even more seed. Stickily plastered to his thigh.

“You came this close, young man.” Ivy warned.

Casper’s frightened nod satisfied his owner. Now well aand truly dicked, Aurora got her own lazy backside in gear. Skirts pulled down and shiver-y with warm aftershocks, she joined the stream of ladies back inside.

But not before kissing our hero on the cheek. That was the last thing Casper saw before Ivy blinded him.

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The next hour passed like a dream. Touchings made even more intense thanks to the loss of his sight. Now Ivy had an actual collar for him, a leather one locked around the root of his dick. Forced to shadow his mistress as she swapped inanities with this heiress or that socialite. Casper stumbled blind in her path. Always with the gripping, teasing touches from all those gorgeous women. It shocked him how brutal girls could be with a penis, when they thought there was no man attached to the thing.

But his cursed appendage proved resilient, even masochistic, just a little. Absorbing their curious shakes, pinches, and slaps (even some cheeky nibbles). Oblivious to the torrent of male pudding roiling just over a foot away.

Eventually the party wound down, and Ivy brought him to a private retreat. Where in the chateau he could not say. But it felt outdoors, cool air tickled his penis. A soft couch cradled his sore back. Posing him like a doll, he heard the voices of Ivy's friends gather. Then the clink of fine china and the pouring of tea.

Casper felt ridiculous, stuck on a fancy couch with his cock out while some high-class sluts had a little girl talk. Dirty girl talk, in fact. Ivy kept steering the subject matter toward the most salacious topics. Eliciting the most candidly sexual comments he had ever heard from any women. Sexual enough to make his tortured meatstick pulse a little.

But then the announcement which changed everything came;

"Excuse me, ladies. I need to powder my nose." Ivy said, then left him to the wolves.

The retreat of those block heels put the fear of god in him, or at least, the fear of hot pussy. Quiet fell over the tea party. But he could feel their eyes on his distended dick.

"Is it truly that good, Cinderella?" Bathory broke the silence.

"He's wonderful, Beth. Just so deliciously bestial with that monster."

“And...it is definitely not an actual cock? I would never dream of putting a street rat’s tool inside me.”

Casper heard one of the Butterflies sigh, he could hear the eye roll. He could also hear the smirk in Aurora’s answer.

“What do I know? Like Ivy said, it only feels perfectly real.”

Another pause, then Bathory sighed. “It cannot be any worse than my idiot husband’s clumsy stabbings, I suppose.”

Casper heard stilettos click, muffled under heavy skirts. Then light flooded his vision, free of the patches, he saw Bathory’s predatory golden eyes staring into his soul.

“Tell me truly, Toy.” Bathory ran red claws up his cum vein. “Is this club part of you, or not? Tell me the truth or I will rip it off.”

Casper shook his head so fast his eyeholes slid out of alignment. That was good enough for the countess. Behind her, Cinderella caught his gaze and winked. She knew! She had to know, after what they had done. With the butt of her joke distracted, Aurora set up the joke to one of the butterflies.

Both of the woman’s plucked eyebrows shot up. Wide enough to let Casper see fully black eyes. Hand over her mouth, she relayed the prank to her twin. Kara Kuz was the last to learn the truth. It took everything the exotic beauty had to not snicker into her tea. Luckily for his penis, none of them spilled the beans.

Red clawed fingers undid the profusion of hooks marrying Beth’s skirts to her corset. As she let them fall, he spied a sight which cast his long-suffering penis into twitching, leaking hell.

Madame Bathory was not wearing a padded skirt. All that ridiculous width she had spent all night resting her elbows on? All that volume in the back? It was all ass. All excessive, firm marble-white booty meat. So perfect in its smoothness it looked like it ought to be hard. But then she swayed them.

Oh yes, those hips were flesh all right. Creamy smooth and held up by half-muscular thighs as thick as christmas turkeys. Thighs dusted on the outside by twisting gothic runes, tattoos which stretched thin skeletal fingers up the outer slopes of her mountainous ivory arse. As if it were too massive for the runes to contain.

He could see the circuit-like augmetic lines on her toned calves. No doubt running up under those concealing tattoos. She must've had to have had her legs totally rebuilt to carry that much butt.

A low gurgle crept from him, he felt his naked balls boil. Beth tittered behind her fan.

“Oh my, Ivy really has outdone herself.” She lowered the black lace shield. Licking her black dick sucker lips at our hero; exposing those vampiress fangs. “Listen to those false testicles *throb~<3*”

Beth *flowed* into Casper's sparring lap. Her trim white pubis, with its clean bar of black hair above her slit, kissed his root.

“You must wish this was your actual penis, don't you, boy?” The self-styled vampire tittered. “The sheer number of girls you could ravish on its vile length~<3”

Suddenly she seized his throat and pinned his neck to the crushed velvet. All her sweetness turned to predatory venom. “Too bad. You will never be this big, peasant. You will never be this *purrrrrfect*.”

Wet bloodsucker snatch snail trailed up his meat. Sumptuous white lips straddling his lower girth. Casper felt vibrations in there, sweet subtle pulses rising in intensity juuuust as Beth's second mouth smooched the sensitive spot just under his glans.

“You will just have to watch me ride this...this...” Beth caught her breath. “Dildo, boy. God this monster feels so real~”

Behind her the other high class whores giggled. ‘Should we tell her?’ Kara Kuz whispered to one of the butterflies. ‘And spoil the joke? This is positively delightful.’

Beth heard none of this, getting far too into the 'sex'. Fangs scraped Casper's neck through the latex. "Try to content yourself with cumming in your pants, boy. Because this womanhood of mine is for rich..."

Her vaunted snatch quivered and steamed against his tip.

"Rich..."

She pushed down. Ecstasy waterfalled hellish down his penis in molten silk rolls. Lubdubbing heartbeat vibrations shook his backed up flesh like...like...*fuuuhhhhhkkkk*~<3 He didn't know what kind of luxury brand cyber-cunt this goth skank was packing—*ghhhhh*~<3 Must be some kinda custom job. Her man must've paid a *fortune* for this thing.

"Rich dick~ Only~" The bottom heavy baroness whined. Into his neck to muffle the undignified sound. "You will never...g-get to feel it."

Casper arched so hard his toes touched his ass. Or they would have if he still wasn't cuffed to this damn armchair. A shaft bulging dry-heave ballooned his meat inside the vampiress. Stopping her high performance pussy halfway down.

"Ah!" Beth visibly jarred on top of him, like he was a rollercoaster that'd blocked her into a sudden stop. "You impudent little shit~<3 Did I say you could swell up inside me?"

Beth pulled up again until her vaunted snatch nibbled only his glans. Then she parked one stiletto shod foot on the chair's left arm; and dropped *all* her weight on his dick.

"Take *that*."

The ensuing *sopping vaginal* squelch could have gotten a eunuch hard. And Casper was being eaten by the epicenter of that lewd noise. Involuntary muscles bucked against the silk rope. Casper thrust up into a pussy that would haunt his wet dreams. Every night for the rest of his life.

“Ooh~<3 You think you can outthrust *me*, you dirty serf?” Another aggressive, pear-shaped hip drop hammered his hips back into the chair. “There, now hold still and *take it~*”

The Countess Bathory rode him hard like some rabid night beast. Feminine pants sinking more guttural with every audible thigh-bruising slap of those apocalyptic cheeks smothering his lap. Womanly moans turned to snakish hisses. An effect that he'd laughed at in so many movies, now it opened a black pit of fear in his stomach.

Blackness crept into the sclera of her slitted golden eyes. Another trick of gothic body art. Those fangs hovered so close to his neck. Maybe she really was going to bite him! God knew what kind of weird compounds she had loaded in those fangs. Another dry heave of the penis throbbled his cursed tool's upper structural vein against a swollen line that ran all the way down the gullet of her fleshy cunt; an expanded g-spot.

Beth shuddered against him, shuddered *around* him~ White hands clamping his head forced him to look up, exposing his neck to her teeth. Suddenly the flambuoyant rich bitch was not so ridiculous. Especially when the mirror set into the trellis above this little tryst let him see that intimidating rear end in action.

Bouncing rippling with brutal strikes that shot aches down his knees. Every fetish inculcated into him by the rap industry about the glory of grotesquely oversized bubble butts screamed in the depths of his libido.

And it was about to get even worse.

The fangs penetrated his neck. Casper screamed into his gag. The pain made his balls crank out more backed-up semen. He heard the hiss of a hypodermic charge inside Beth's face. Half-mad from terminally blue balls, Casper swore he could feel the mystery liquid diffuse into his blood. Beth withdrew her fangs and licked his blood off them.

“Brace yourself, peasant. *That* is the penile stimulant I use for putting my stallions in rut.”

Penile stimulant!?! But he already felt like he was about to explode!

“Mmmmmph! Mmmmmmmph!”

“That’s right, you dirty boy. You are about to get the biggest erection of your life.” Beth cackled.

Beth’s concoction interacted with Ivy’s cocktails of boner-inducing chemicals. Catalyzing hallucinations of endless landscapes of undulating gothic womanflesh. Rapid lub-dubbing heartbeat pulses thrashed his meat inside the vampiress. Stretched him by what felt like another inch through raw brainrotting arousal. Yet no matter how deeply he burrowed into Bathory, he could not reach any kind of end. Fucking hell, did this slut’s pussy go all the way to her chest!?

Speaking of chests, Beth got in her head to taunt him even harder. Undoing the line of silver snaps holding each of her corset’s cups to its stays. Every last one of them was modelled to resemble a skull. White hands held the detached bits of leather against her nipples for several, eternal, tit bobbling seconds. Slut claws scratching her tender breastflesh.

Then she tore them sway. Thick greyish-black nipples surged into his face. Nipple pierced by silver bars with batwings tipping each side. Beth smothered him with her huge gothic knockers. He could never have hope to touch them with his bound hands. And even the weight and warmth and erotic scent of them proved torturously muted. Curse this gimp mask!

“There. A little more stimulation for your pathetic little penis.” Beth hissed; blackened eyes gleaming. Succubus-tight cunt dexterously milking his ‘dildo’. She bounced those big perky pale pumpkins in his face. Barely firm enough to keep from sagging, so soft that they jiggled like balloons full of pudding.

Yet another burning attempt at a cumshot came up dry. Casper howled and squeezed his crotch, trying to force something; *anything* into this woman. His distress only made his tormentor drool on his tool. Summoning up a luminous purple glow in her pupils. She groped at the top of his crotch. All around in search of his penis. Finding not even the smallest bulge, the countess drew her own conclusion.

“Ha! I should have known!” Beth laughed behind her hand. “Ivy you brilliant cunt. You found a man with a micro penis to carry your creation. Oh the irony. I might just cum thinking about it~<3”

The light in her eyes pulsed brighter. Suddenly the tattoos decorating her hips did the same. Liquid throbs of mystical LED light rolled through them. Synchronized to the kegels she wielded with such cruelty to 'brutalize' his 'dildo'.

Through it all she kept right on battering him with her double-wide doorway destroyer of an ass. Meaty *whaps* and fleshy deep *plaps* filled the air as the vampiress gave him the lapdance of a lifetime. Normally, in any other position, his big swinging nuts would be spanking those delicious callipygian cushions cherry red. But here? Now? In this mind-bending arrangement? Her ass was the one spanking his balls. Punishing them for being so big and bloated and blue and *backed-the-fuck-up*~<3

"You like that you pin pricked little shit!" Bathory hissed, feral with serpentine fuck fury. "This is the closest you will ever get to being!"

WUMP! The chair groaned.

"Inside!"

WHUMP! Something splintered.

"A! Womaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhnnnnn!"

Beth came all over his 'dildo' like a machine gun. Not one big peak and fall but multiple dick-tugging little deaths proceeding in a grinding, leaking, humping *parade*~<3 The cocky bitch was multi-orgasmic, of course she was. Every last one of these ultra-modded whore probably were. Capable of cumming nonstop for an hour or more at the hands of an attentive, enduring stud.

Oh he tried to cum with her but all that did was bloat his balls even bigger. Bigger targets for her clapping gothic bubble butt to batter into submission. The Madame clutched him to her like a favorite piece of meat; or a pet. Restricted air once again smothered by acres of ivory boob. A nipple piercing scraped his mouth plug. On babyish instinct his lips tried to pucker but the mouthguard got in the way.

God what did vampire milk taste like? Blood? He was never going to find out.

All he could do was sit there and suffer in denial while this vicious queen of the night used him for her own pleasure. And there was a LOT of pleasure. Eyes and tattoos glowing eldritch violet as if some inhuman evil force had possessed her lovely flesh.

If he hadn't had a goth kink before; he did now!

But quickly his new fetish fell to the wayside. Because even while the madame slowly let herself down from her narcotic squirt-high, the real boss of the show came striding back. It was Ivy.

"It is time, girls—" Ivy stopped the walking stick mid-twirl. Across the room, her eyes met with Beth's. Then flickering down to note how thoroughly the arrogant sadist had impaled herself.

"Oh, oh my." Ivy pressed two knuckles to her lips. "Did none of you tell her?"

"I would have." Kara Kuz raised two left hands. "But those two stopped me."

"Told me what?" Bathory mumbled, slow on the uptake.

Ivy sashayed over to her friend. Suddenly Casper got a good long look at the clothes his mistress was *not* wearing. Between her coat and knee highs were absolutely no clothes at all. He made himself look away from the medusa stare of Ivy's weapons grade cunt. Lest he reach some new skin-stretching extreme of hardness.

When Ivy leaned over to whisper in her friend's ear, her tits almost spilled out of a triangular cleavage window. One built into her costume. Another feast for the eyes he was too gluttoned to enjoy.

"Beth, dear." Ivy whispered. "That is not a toy."

Beth's pretensions all collapsed into bone dust. Her perfect marble complexion burst bright nuclear red.

“Oh no oh god oh no!” Beth panicked. She tried to pull off him but her cunt loved his tower of male meat. It would not let go. No matter how hard she tugged. Oblivious to how her inconsiderate hip jerks felt fit to pull her paramour’s penis off!

“Curse this one-way vagina!” Beth wailed. “Ivy help! Get me off him!”

Ivy guffawed so hard she had to lean on the chair. “Oh, but this is just too good. I would love to, dear, but then you did call me a cunt.”

“Th-that was the heat of the moment!” Beth spluttered, still fighting the squeeze of her cyber-snatch. “You two! Help!” She addressed the Butterfly Sisters next.

“You did this to yourself, Beth.” The Butterfly Sisters giggled in unison.

Kara Kuz and Aurora were also too amused to intervene. Perfectly happy to watch their overdecorated slut friend unscrew herself from this strange man’s enormous penis.

“Gah! Bitches all of you! This is not funny!” She aimed her fury at her implant. “How does this ridiculous thing release again?”

Impotently she slapped her crotch in various places. Wincing every time and sending ripples through her fleshy hips. Finally she hit some subdermal button and her pelvic floor opened its kung fu death grip. It took more than one awkward, bac bent step from Beth to shimmy herself off Casper’s oversized weapon.

“This thing is absurd~” Beth panted, still affected by his delicious size. “Did you have to make his club so...so long?” She whined.

“Have to? No. Want to? Absolutely yes.” Ivy patted her toy’s head.

Beth disengaged from him with a pussy-pulsating pop. Drunken weak in the legs she stumbled backwards into the table. Phat ass knocking over the tea and biscuits. Which of course led to more laughter.

“You!” Beth stabbed a finger Casper’s way. “You will pay for this you loathsome pervert!”

“Now now.” Ivy chided. “Casper was only doing as he was told. If you want to be angry at anyone, be angry at me.”

That mollified the furious goth at least a little. The ensuing ‘Well, fuck you then.’ Came out halfhearted.

“My answer to that is always the same, my lovely. Name a time and a place.” Ivy licked her lips. “I have always wanted to see how fast I can make that blubbery backside of yours bounce.”

That made Madame Bathory fully back off. Whether it was a desire she would never allow herself, or simple fear of Ivy was hard to say. Both most likely. Whatever the case, the lady of the night huffily re-attached her skirts and flounced her way into the manor again. Shoving a butler out of her way.

The older gentleman recovered quickly. Straightening his waistcoat before bowing toward the lady of the house.

“The stage has been set, my lady. Whenever you and your friends are ready to begin.”

“Very good, William. Take the rest of the evening off.”

“Thank you, ma’am.”

He left them at that. Kara Kuz, Aurora, and the Butterfly sisters all excused themselves. None of them wanted to miss the show Ivy had planned. One which of course starred her new toy.

“Oh, poor baby.” Ivy whined. Lifting one of Casper’s bloated testicles with the body of her cane. “You look fit to burst. Beth must have been riding you like a *stallion*~”

Overcome by spite, Casper tried to curse out his benefactor. Fortunately all he could manage was a broken gurgle.

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But even after the party wrapped up, and the pair found themselves alone again; Ivy was still not finished with him. He needed his reward after all~

By instinct, Casper struggled against the full-body harness he hung from. Intricate lattices of ropes dangled him from the sex dungeon's ceiling. Not just strapped into a sex swing; he *was* the sex swing! Even free of the gimp suit he still suffered, the mere sight of the naked folds between Ivy's legs tortured his distended organ.

All those hours of sexual torture had taken their toll on his testicles. Distended each as large as his head. Hanging low and slovenly with thick semen, pocked with stretch marks, heavy despite looking like overfilled saline implants.

Ivy paced around him, still in costume, tits colliding loud in the quiet. Nibbling a finger while she admired her rope work. How the carefully placed knots rubbed against her toy's nipples. The backs of his knees, the nape of his neck. All the neglected sensitive spots men had. She could have lashed some supports around those udder-stuffed testicles, but she wanted him to *feel their weight*~<3

He must feel like a dairy cow.

The sound and feel and memory and sight of all her cruel delights all dredged a thick white dollop from Casper's dyed glans. At last, the pills had worn off, the poor bastard teetered on the edge over a deluge of dick sauce. One false move would blow him like a volcano. But Ivy knew every nerve and skin patch of his vat-grown cunny bludgeon. A caress on one testicle would not break his seal.

"Ngghhh..." Casper grunted, tortured, feral with lust.

“Are you ready, Toy?” Ivy purred, spilling dozens of pounds of tit on his torso, penis drowned in creamy cleavage. All so she could lick her taunts into his ear. “Are you ready for my version of the missionary position?”

Semen almost deluged right there. Ivy’s mammoth tits squeezed *that* tight. But she would not allow her toy to blam all over her boobs a second time. She pulled down on his scrotum, stretching the vesicles just the little bit needed to *close* them.

“GRRRRHHH!!!” Casper bucked in her cleavage, glans peeking through the top. “Just get it over with, damn crazy woman.”

“Ha! Ha! Ha!” Ivy’s evil laugh tremored his testicles. Boobs wobbled around his shaft. “So demanding, Toy. You won’t even give me the freedom to decide *when* to fuck you?”

Casper’s glare could send street punks scurrying, but when it passed an organ as ridiculous as his current weapon the effect turned comical. That penis sang ecstatic death dirges when his mistress slunk onto him. Sheer mammalian weight of her straining his ropes, hyperextending his joints. Yet the clever harness bore most of her erotic mass.

The instant she took him inside her; he erupted. Magma semen deluged into a slit identical in feel to the sleeve Bathory had tortured him with. Now he knew where the Countess had acquired such a lewd implant. Ivy massaged him with it, unlike Bathory her control was flawless, wet and pink and perfectly slick-warm. Heaven between the thighs of a she-devil.

Not content with one shot, Ivy ground her hips on him. Muscular ass brushing his balls. She rode him through the end of his orgasm and squeezed *tighter(!)* when his sensitivity hit the stratosphere.

“Fuuuuuuhhhhk...” He gurgled.

“Shush shush shush, this is for your own good~” Ivy’s lips brushed his. “We need to get all that semen out of you, Toy. It would not be good if we let it fester. If we did, you might end up preying on hookers to *slake your appetite~<3*”

She embraced him, her succubus hips dragged out another slop of thick seed. “Give me more, stud.”

The coat burst open; buttons spilled all over the granite floor. A meaty nipple invaded his mouth. He gave her more; yes yes yes he gave her everything! Ivy devoured it all. Crushed his pride and self-respect beneath her thick ass, smothered his sense of self in the black-widow choke of her legs. Soon there was nothing, and his manly grunts devolved into downright girly whines. Babyish noises muffled by suckling tugs on her nipple.

Ivy lactated tainted milk, saturated with more alchemical poisons. Not food to feed babies but depraved nectar to push a toy deeper into her garden of earthly delights. Casper’s semen overflowed her cunt, drooled down his lurching testicles like curdled milk.

“More~” She moaned.

“Mmmph...” He muffled.

Another eruption.

“MORE~”

“Mmmmmuuuuuhhhhhllp...”

Optimized lattices of pleasure nerves fired bolts of ecstasy through Ivy’s milk ducts. Doing as they were designed, Ivy’s breast ignited the sensorial superhighway connecting her tits to her pussy. She could cum just as hard from her bosom as she could from her pussy.

And she wanted both.

The sex dragged on and on, past baseliner endurance. Over the next several hours Ivy drained every last drop of jism from her dream dick. When one breast’s pleasure lost its spark she switched Casper to the other. Feeding the leg-numbing syrup crashes in triple-waves up her powerful back. Tit-pussy-tit-tit-pussy-tit-tit.

Latency between peaks shortening by the hour until; Heaven.

“AHHHHAAGGGHHahhhhh...!”

Ivy reared up on top of her toy, flushed all the way down to her nipples. Hugging her megatits as they fountained milk all over Casper’s slack drooling face.

“aaaahhhhAAAAHHHHaaaaahhhhHAAAAHHHahhh~<3!”

Everything went white in Ivy’s head. White and sparkly, for a moment she like like everything was going to be okay. Barely registered to her was Casper emptying the last of his backed up jism in her. For several seconds she lingered on top of him, high performance snatch twitching on his agonized flesh. Ivy rested her head on her monsters, whispering;

“I love you.”

Then she regained her composure. Aarms behind her head she arched her back and swung her mallowy meteors for Casper. Not that he was coherent enough to praise them.

“Ah, that was perfect, Toy. You made my treasures feel soooo *good*~”

Casper could only gurgle in response. Sighing, Ivy pulled herself off of his monster cock. Even after a total, brutal drain, the shaft did not shrink much. It was still huge and spongy, just an inch behind its creator’s forearm.

“Hmm, now I could let you out...” Ivy’s blue eyes flickered to a toy in the corner. “However.”

She wheeled the device over. Four wheeled legs supporting a spring-stabilized cam arm, tuned to make the horse breeding machine suspended on it feel weightless. Ivy pressed the loose silicone mouth over Casper’s reddish tip. Then made the weapon swallow him to the base.

“No...No...” Casper whined, mouth sloppy with milk.

A lever on the back chugged the wicked device into life. Heavy industrial vibrations damn near rattled Casper’s pelvis. So intense his moans came out silent.

“Good night, my Toy.” Ivy kissed his forehead.

“You...bitch...”

“Flatterer.”

Ivy left him to ‘suffer’, as she exited adding an extra sway in her hips. She knew he was watching.

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“Why *did* you become a gladiator?”

After six days of nonstop depravity, Ivy’s question came out of nowhere. It was the evening of the seventh day. His allotted time between the gladiator’s queen’s legs was coming to a close. He laid facing away from her, looking out her bedroom window. As always, she spooned the man. One breast pillowing his head while the other damn near smothered him.

“You wouldn’t get it.”

But to a woman like Ivy, there was no such thing as final. At first he felt that mammoth bust slide away from his head. Cool sheets caught his head. He heard the iron ring overhead creak. Ivy was sitting up. He saw her shadow cast over the window, backlit by buttery yellow light, flickering. She sat cross-legged, lap overflowing with tit.

“Try me.”

Casper heard himself confessing, why he could not say. Ivy had dragged out every dirty secret hiding in his soul. Wormed her fingers and tongue into the most private parts of his soul. Why not just tell her his last secret? She could easily take it from him.

“Remember that scandal a couple months back? When Breeder Corp and the subliminal hypnosis they put in their maternity ads?”

Casper heard teeth grind. “I remember, several women took their fertility drugs. They all blew up like balloons.”

“Yeah, my sister got mixed up in it. Just went out one night after drinking half a bottle of their pills. A couple scumbags got their mitts on her. We don’t even know which one of the shitbirds is the father.

“She’s so...big now. She can’t even get out of bed and. I mean fuck obviously she lost her job.” Casper folded his arms, hunching into himself. “We’ve got like fucking four kids on the way and it’s just us. You know how expensive medical care is these days.”

Ivy stayed quiet for a long time. The shadow looming over him did not move.

“Just another sob story. Forget I said—” Casper began.

“How many children? Boys? Girls?” Ivy cut him off.

Casper paused. “Four girls, it’s a hell of a coincidence. Why do you ask?”

“...Stay where you are, Casper. I will be right back.”

Casper heard the bed creak. Heard the grunt as the great woman scooted herself off its plush edge. Not exactly graceful, but then she was off duty. Casper smiled at the thought of the haughty beauty queen shuffling around like a normal person. It almost made him—no, no don’t think of her that way. The bitch had turned his body into a tool for her own pleasure. She’d poisoned his mind with lusts no normal woman could ever accept.

She was a monster to him, and yet...

There was that little tug.

Casper heard Ivy scratch a pen on paper. Then the paper tearing. From the unknown beneath the bed, Valentine slithered, pulled an easy chair into position across from him. Ivy sat into it, breasts resting on the wide platform arms. He expected her to cross her legs like she always did. But instead she leaned in and pressed a check into his hands.

Not a money chip, not a credit card; an actual paper check, he'd seen these in museums. The number on it choked him; \$4,000,000. Questions exploded in Casper's head. More than he could ever ask.

"What...?"

"There is a private bank on 47th street, fifth floor of the Sakuzaki Building. Ask for mister Hirohiko and make sure to mention me by name. His family handles all my accounts."

Casper realized this was real, it was not a dream. He sat bolt upright, Ivy had just given him a check for four million dollars. She answered the why question before he could ask.

"I was born in..." Ivy chose her words carefully. "Circumstances not so different from those girls."

"I can't accept this, Ivy."

"You can and you will. There is more than enough there to cover any medical bills. The rest will go into a trust fund for them. Now." Ivy drummed her hands on tops of her bosoms. Sending ripples through them. "For you, my toy. Write these numbers down."

Casper was quick with his phone, tapping out the phone numbers as Ivy recited them.

“The first number will take you directly to Aurora. She seems to like you. The next two are Kara Kuz and both Madame Butterflies, in order.”

Casper rushed through the first three contacts. “Then the fourth one is...” He knew, he shivered.

“Bathory, of course. If you are feeling brave.”

That should have been enough, asking any more would have been greedy. But Casper still heard himself ask;

“What about you?”

Ivy gave him a sad kind of smile, then recited one last number. His fingers added that one quickest of all.

“There, now I believe that is everything. You should have just enough time to hail a taxi before they—”

Casper hugged her. It was awkward, he had to lean way over to get past those ridiculous tits of hers. But awkward was fine, he buried his eyes in her neck so she would not see him cry.

“Roll up the sidewalks.” She finished.

“Thank you, Ivy. So much.”

Ivy nuzzled his hair for the last time. She stiffened, this was someone who had not been held in a very long time. She almost held him back, he prayed she wouldn't. Because then she would have him for ever. “It is...the least I can do.”

She pushed him away.

“Now go, off with you already. Go live your life.” She shooed him away.

“Yes ma’am.”

Casper retrieved his clothes from the washroom. Dressing himself. But after that he lingered, peeking through a crack in Ivy Valentine’s door. Watching the great woman flop onto her bed, staring through the ceiling. Alone.

As he left, he phone pinged, a text message from an unknown number came through.

<One last thing. Make sure those girls turn out NOTHING like me.>

A week later, Casper strode into the bank, security tried to throw him out, until the name dropped the gladiator queen. That made them respect him. As Ivy had said, Mister Hirohiko was one of those dying breeds in New London. The type of man who could not be bought, loyal as they came. He respected that.

Two weeks after that, the urges returned. Huge, throbbing unnatural needs. Within moments he was calling Ivy’s number. An addict’s excuse on his lips to please please *please* take him back.

[Hello, the number you have dialed is not in service. Please try again.]

Even when he re-dialed the number the text had come from, nobody answered. Casper felt his heart break, but he still laughed.

Aurora was eager to meet her ‘Prince Charming’ again. Casper had no idea what kind of woman she was behind the Disney princess persona. But their first date proved she was nice enough, a downright sweetheart in fact.

When dinner and a movie turned into some rough and dirty sex in a 24-hour motel. Casper did not think about his silver haired siren so much as once.

Seven days, as promised. Now he was free.