“Identify sources of anger, huh?” Mirin muttered over her morning coffee. She’d gone out drinking last night, the echoes of a hangover still throbbing in her head, as did the words of her therapist. Her left cheek was swollen from a short fight, which hadn’t sobered her at all. Erin was later made to take the brunt of her drunken frustrations.

“What?” Her mother said. She had the morning off, as such she lazed around on the sofa, channel surfing and nursing a glass of wine. The glass was worn and smudged from years of use.

“Just something my therapist said,” Mirin shrugged and munched her toast. Ugh, how did people get up and function at 6AM? In the last month, she’d woken earlier and earlier, timing it before her mum got up. That gave the perfect chance to masturbate before work, still a risk though, but the pay-off was worth it every time. Even when Lorraine passed her door last week, almost stopping her heart,

She chanced it every time for one reason; to satisfy herself. Masturbation only did so much though, and she was raring to go again soon after. Work, however, offered proper sources of relief, always at her beck and call. She left an hour early, as she had for the past two weeks, pulled her phone out and contemplated the two names she kept. Everyone else had an insult tied to them, but Erin and Brianne were left alone. They’d long since become synonymous with ‘bitch’ in her mind.

A quick text to Erin and Mirin was off. She headed away from the office to pick up her relief tool, waiting outside her house and teasing an erection the whole time. After a few minutes, just before Mirin was about to call, the Swede exited. She beamed at the familiar car and driver and stepped up her pace, practically skipping. Her tits threatened to smack her face each time.

“Morning Mirin,” Erin said as she climbed in. What was once a svelte foreigner had become a facsimile of the futa, with a chest the size of volleyballs, and an ass that swallowed the seat with flesh to spare. Her belly bulged over her shorts, cut to just below her heavenly rear.

“Erin,” Mirin warned.

“Sorry. Good morning, my mistress,” Erin bowed her head, “Mistress, would you like to see my new tattoo. I think you’ll love it.”

“Go on then,” Mirin said and pulled away from the house. It was a nice, semi-detached tucked neatly between others of similar ilk. In each of them, another asexual pranced about, ignoring what their body truly craved. She rubbed her bulging crotch and glanced at Erin, who pulled her shorts down to reveal her crotch. The frequent sessions together had taken their toll, turning the once neat labia into a mess of folds and desire. Moisture glistened on the lips already.

Above her clit, two lines of elegant script were forever carved in ink that read ‘Mirin’s Cum Hole’. The cum hole’s owner smirked and pulled into an alleyway. It was still early enough that most people were inside, getting ready for a long day.

“You know,” Mirin said as she pulled the passenger’s head down into her groin, “It’s probably my cum that’s made you like this.”

“Don’t you like my body?” Erin asked through huffs of musky air. The stench of her pussy poured through the car, erasing any freshener Mirin used, but was beaten back by the fiercer reek of cock as it entered the world.

“I do. Especially the way it makes people talk about you. You know what they say?”

“No. Tell me, please?” Erin slurred as her tongue flattened on the swelling shaft. She probably wasn’t listening anymore, licking her way from top to bottom.

“They think you’re insane. Everyone’s noticed, you know? How you’re glued to me, like you can’t get enough. I bet they’ve guessed what you do for me every lunch break. Everyone thinks you got knocked up with my genes. And that’s true isn’t it?” Mirin wasn’t sure if she could get people pregnant. It seemed so, as Erin and Brianne both took sick days recently, right when morning sickness would settle in. And their bellies were growing.

“Yes… I took a test. I’m carrying your child,” Erin moaned and looked up, “It’s all thanks to your cum, Mistress. Now I’m almost as beautiful as you, and I get to birth your baby. Oh, I think I’ll cum just thinking about it.”

“You’re such a slut,” Mirin snorted, though she wondered at how she’d changed this girl - it couldn’t be an act at this stage, unless Erin was that devoted to a trick - not just physically, but psychologically. Part of her wanted to bring it up with her therapist, see what they made of it. Not that they’d give her any useful information.

The last session had been fruitless like all the others. More awkward questions on loan from the first time. Mirin had tried hinting at how she’d noticed changes around her, but her therapist played it off as imagination. Even the mention of ‘friends’ failed to get a response.

Worthless bitch. Mirin snatched fistfuls of Erin’s hair, the pain a signal to open her mouth and take a deep breath, before slamming her lips down the cock until they met cloth. People like the therapist had no place if they couldn’t give a shit about their patients. Might as well just be bred like Erin and Brianne. They were useless before, now they served a new purpose. Mirin’s purpose.

Could she do it, though? Mirin shoved Erin aside, waiting for the girl to regain her breath, before plugging her gob again. She hadn’t tried taking anyone else since Brianne, content to fuck the two girls until they were gibbering messes everyday. Although the act didn’t satisfy her the way it used to. And her cum supply seemed endless.

Her body needed more than two mares to breed. As the last human with a dick on Earth, she had a responsibility to fuck everyone she could get her hands on, right? Pregnancies, growing tits and asses, subservience. A new world order. If she went far enough, then she could all but rule the world with sex. No. She wouldn’t try that. Enough movies and books made it clear such ambition ended poorly.

Her therapist had told her to ‘identify her sources of anger’. Maybe the first good bit of advice she got. She envisioned the therapist, forcing her to acknowledge Mirin beyond a presence. The woman had a nice shape, plump and soft. Not a mother by the size of her curves, but with potential. With Mirin’s cum, what could be she become?

If it was her cum that caused the change that is. That needed to be tested. Another time, Mirin decided and set Erin’s pace. Orgasm encroached, but Mirin had an appointment to set before that.

“Hello? Yes, Miss Kierick, it’s Mirin. Lester. Yeah, hi. I was hoping we could reschedule our appointment. Next week? That’s great, thank you.” Mirin hung up and stroked the bobbing mane of blonde on her crotch, encouraging a faster tempo.

“Who’d you call?” Erin panted during one of her rare breaks, then she was back down, gagging on over half a meter of girl-cock.

“That was my therapist. Useless really, just like you and Brianne were. So… I figured I’d try some things out on her.”

“Like what?” Erin mumbled.

“Hmm, I’m still thinking on it. Now shut up and swallow, Cum Hole.” Supply and demand ruled the world. It governed procreation; the body demanded a child, and another supplied it. And, while Erin and Brianne were little more than organic condoms they demanded semen. Mirin’s body supplied. In excess.

Erin was a champion cum guzzler. She always had the ability, having chugged three litres of water in a single breath to prove a point. Not a smart choice since she passed out after, but one that eased any concern Mirin might have, as she choked the woman on cock and cum. Streaks of white leaked out her nostrils and lips, thick like molten steel. Most went straight to her stomach. Litres upon litres of the stuff, until her tiny baby bump was lost.

She moaned the entire time. The smell of her pussy got stronger as she came just from taking Mirin’s orgasm. Yet nothing she could experience compared to Mirin’s pleasure. The futa rolled her hips in tandem to her spurts, clenching muscles she was once unaware of, and savouring how the cum sloughed through her urethra to hose down Erin’s insides. She almost wished her cock was longer so the release could last.

“Thank you for breakfast, my mistress,” Erin panted once she was released. Cum mustn’t be very nutritional, but it was hard to argue with how filling it was when the woman cradled a basketball sized belly.

“Clean it up,” Mirin said and sighed as the tongue gathered globs of cum and spit from her cock. Once it was clear enough, she put it away. Work beckoned, as did a second hungry belly.

Women gawked and muttered as Mirin walked in. They couldn’t help themselves it seemed, as the same occurred yesterday, and the day before. Brianne and Erin shuffled behind her, the blonde waddling with her cum-baby.

“Please, please, please!” Brianne pleaded. Not an ounce of effort to hide her dependency. It was pitiful, and annoying. Hour after hour, she pestered Mirin for sex or to drink her seed.

“You’ll get fed when I say,” Mirin growled, “Now shut up, or Erin’s getting a double helping.”

“Really?” Erin perked up. If only she had a tail, Mirin thought, imagining one wagging behind the Swede.

“I’m sorry,” Brianne said and bowed her head, “It’s just… I need it so badly. My pussy has been aching.”

“Yours too?” Erin asked, “To be honest, my nipples feel weird too.”

“Don’t care,” Mirin shook her head, then paused to think on the words. If her cum made their bodies change this drastically, what was to say anything more was beyond it. Brianne had grown as well, not as impressive as Erin, not a small amount however. Impossible to miss.

“Actually, Brianne,” Mirin sneered at her pet, “I’m going to give you a lot today. I want to confirm a few things. Don’t worry Erin, I’ve got something to try out on you too.”

“Like what?”

Her cubicle was a prison fettered in boredom for the longest time. Three walls, one opening that led to more walls and a flow of disdain, enveloped in the sound of tired mutters and key taps. For so long she’d sat there with one eye on the clock, now she couldn’t resist peeking over the wall at the group gathered in a corner. Erin was at the centre, answering questions about her recent attitude and changes.

Listening was out of the question, but that wasn’t Mirin’s goal. She snickered when Erin shivered and stumbled in her responses. Moisture trickled down her leg from beneath her skirt, worn at Mirin’s behest. It made sex easier when she didn’t have to take off finicky trousers and undies.

Someone expressed concern, though Erin brushed them off and looked in Mirin’s direction. No one else but Brianne knew the reason she shook that way, or why her words trailed off into moans. Mirin palmed a remote in her hand. About two weeks ago, Cassidy had found another antique Sex Ed textbook. It covered mostly the same topics, but also spoke of sex toys. Who knew a vibrator from a toothbrush could be re-purposed for such a thing?

She taped two to Erin’s crotch. One on her clit, the other was inside her pussy, drenched by now. The idea had come from Erin herself, when she brought up how she could set up a remote for them. Now they tormented her for Mirin’s amusement. Everywhere the girl went, people asked if she was okay, or suggested that she take a break. When Erin looked like she’d accept, Mirin cranked up the vibration. Tomorrow, she’d reward the bitch for making this.

But she’d promised Brianne. Lunch came and Mirin stayed at her desk, a Tupperware box in her lap, where she waited. Minutes after the break started, Brianne appeared and, without a word, crawled on her knees between Mirin’s legs. She fished out the cock, looked to her and swallowed the flaccid length.

“Hmm, that’s nice. Like a massage for my dick,” Mirin said as the brunette’s tongue snuck into her foreskin, teasing the head and coaxing her to erection, “Now, your job is simple whore; suck me off and swallow every drop. Then you’ll do it again. No stopping until you think you’re about to shit cum. Got it?”

“Absolutely Mistress,” Brianne grinned and sank down the length. Her mouth was forced wider as it hardened, snaking down her throat. She gagged, then controlled herself and brought her hands to the shaft. Frothy spit clung to it and her palms as she stroked, encouraging pre-cum to seep out. She was messier than Erin, summoning saliva and even gagging on purpose.

Mirin brought her hands down to feel the whore’s neck. It bulged as she moved down, stretched so thin Mirin swore she felt the veins of her cock through it. If her prick was bigger, then they’d come through clearer. There must be ways to enlarge herself. An exercise or a tool. She’d look into it later.

“Breathing alright?” Mirin chuckled. Brianne couldn’t breathe, not with her nose mashed into the nook of Mirin’s groin, while her gullet rolled around her cock. Saliva leaked onto the futa’s balls, “Ew, you’re getting my balls dirty. Fix that.” Not a second hesitation and Brianne retreated, fighting against Mirin’s hands, and shoved her face into the sack.

She panted there, hands falling between her legs, “My pussy feels… big.”

“Oh?”

Brianne nodded, “It wants, ah, needs you. Oh fuck, I want to get even more pregnant.”

“You’re hopeless. Nothing but a slut, a freak for my dick and cum. You’re no better than an addict. I bet you couldn’t go a week without my seed.”

“What’re we betting?” Brianne asked, licking up any errant globs of spit. Her eyes were glazed over, yet her mischievous light remained.

“If you fail, you’re going to help me breed your family,” Mirin said. It was - mostly - a joke. She knew Brianne would fail. Just going the weekend left her a chittering mess, almost feral in her need for cum. Erin had more composure.

“You’re not serious?” Brianne stared at her, then gulped and nodded, “A-alright. But if I win, then… then you have to move in with me. And fuck me every morning and night and weekend and lunch and…”

“That’s cute,” Mirin taunted and tilted the former asexual’s chin. Black lettering peaked over the top of her blouse, “Hmm, what’s that?” She popped several buttons and giggled. Brianne tried to cover herself, but a quick slap on the wrist stopped that.

“Always so proud,” Mirin mused. She opened the top, further revealing lines upon lines of crudely written words. Anything from ‘cum dumpster’ to ‘whore’ or the more eloquent ‘Mirin owns my womb’. But it was all in temporary ink, “You’re worse than Erin. Well… not quite. She got a tattoo on her crotch, calling it my cum hole. What about you?”

“Will you fuck me if I do?” Brianne asked, bottom lip quivering.

“What? No. You’re just copying Erin at that point. Fuck, you’re such a follower. I only fuck real sluts. In fact…”

Brianne wrapped her hands around Mirin’s cock, stroking it and holding it against her cheek, smearing it in pre-cum, “I’ll do more! I’ll get it all tattooed. I-I’ll get piercings, implants, whatever you want. Just please keep fucking me.”

“I shouldn’t,” Mirin said and slammed the girl’s mouth back onto her cock, “But I suppose I will. *If* you keep up your end of the bargain.”

“Thank you,” Brianne mumbled around the head, then dived back in. How did society function before if sex was so addictive? Or perhaps it worked because there were so many men? Mirin was just one futa. Her fucked up biology might play a role. She failed to see how being male and female could turn her semen into a drug though.

Whatever, she thought and let her mind wander. She came eventually, almost suffocating Brianne in the process. The brunette came away with a luscious belly that jiggled at the slightest motion, but it would get bigger. Three deep breaths later and she returned to work on Mirin’s cock. By lunch’s end, Brianne had swallowed three separate loads. Each the size of the first, maybe greater.

An hour before Mirin’s shift ended, Sasha appeared in her space once more. The woman hadn’t given any slack to Mirin, handing her overdue and misfiled reports almost every night. Even during the day, she pestered her for the usual workload, then went back to Ciara. No one disliked their boss, because she didn’t do anything *to* them. It was all Sasha. She took the brunt of peoples’ disdain. And, when that threatened to boil over, it was Mirin that placated their outrage.

“Fuck’s sake,” Mirin said, tapping a key to the clock’s rhythm. It seemed that Sasha was on a warpath. Most others were pressured to get their work done fast, with threats of staying behind with Mirin sprinkled in, and, naturally, they turned frustration over to her. Passers by tossed their garbage into her cubicle or on her, with some snide apology included. She wouldn’t get home until late again and they saw fit to exasperate the situation.

Worst of all, she couldn’t relieve her own anger until everyone else had left. Brianne hadn’t left her office since lunch, hiding behind a desk to keep people from seeing how huge she’d become. Some people got themselves pregnant with multiples, usually two, but a few nuts went with three or four, sometimes even higher. Brianne looked like one of those. Mirin stopped tapping and grinned to herself.

People that wanted multiple children must have some innate breeder instinct. Perhaps if she found one of them, she could test it, see what their reaction was to her pheromones. The problem was meeting someone. Online was safest, but people portrayed themselves very differently. No one in the office even had one child yet.

“How many children did you dream of having?” Mirin asked Brianne once they were alone.

“Sorry?”

“How many children did you want, before you became my breeder slut?”

“Um, I’m not sure. A few, I guess? Why do you ask, Mistress?” Brianne was more submissive without prying eyes on her. She stayed on the ground, head bowed and shook her hips like a dog ready to present itself to avoid danger. Even a speck of anger in Mirin’s tone made her nervous.

“Just a thought I’ve been having. Now shut up and get to work. If I’m stuck here, I’m gonna enjoy it.”

“Ah, but first… oh, sorry Mistress. I shouldn’t…”

“Spit it out.”

“I… I’ve been touching myself all day. It’s been torture, not having your cock in my pussy and womb. I never came though!” Brianne added, then shimmied out from her skirt. She was a thicker girl before Mirin got to her, now, with the strange cocktail of chemicals that was futanari cum, she was wider than ever. Her ass resembled a cushion filled with gelatin.

“T-then… then I felt something weird. I didn’t stop, I couldn’t.”

“Get on with it,” Mirin snapped, watching her cock-slut’s crotch to see what she meant.

“Yes! Sorry. Anyway, I found this,” Brianne stood and spread her delectable folds, to reveal a stretched hole of Mirin’s design, with another, untapped orifice beside it.

“What the fuck?”

“My thoughts exactly. It… I think it’s another pussy. I’m not sure, but my belly feels bloated too, like something grew there.” Mirin shot to her feet and shoved Brianne onto a clear portion of her desk, forcing her to present the hole. She crouched down and inspected it, finding nothing different from the first.

Impossible defined her existence. A genetic fuck up with a trillion-to-one chance, and yet she was alive. Better, she was spreading it. Mirin beamed as she tugged her hardening cock free. It stood to reason that a new pussy meant a second womb. Even if there wasn’t, she couldn’t pass up fucking this phenomenon.

Half an hour later and Brianne was a crumpled mess nursing on Mirin’s cock. Her second cunt oozed semen between her numbed legs. She leaned forward to avoid sitting on her ass, red and bruised from its punishment. Dark lines from Mirin’s fingers also lined her neck and imprinted her waist. It hurt to touch some of them, but that only made her gush with glee. Pain and pleasure were one of the same after all.

“Finally done. Make sure you clean up. If you don’t, I’m fucking your ass next time,” Mirin said.

“You can do that?” Brianne asked, horrified.

“It’s a hole, isn’t it?” Mirin snickered and left.

The week leading to her therapy session was torture. All she could do was think about how it’d go. It was a test of sorts, to see what effect her presence had on people if she tried arousing them. She hadn’t paid any attention to the therapist last time, a mistake she realised too late. The fact she’d agreed to another session so soon was a good sign, or an excuse to mess with Mirin.

Erin and Brianne kept her distracted. It was difficult not to be enamoured by the prospect of a second vagina growing alongside the first, or what else might happen. Certain now that her cum was responsible, Mirin dumped every load possible into her cum-dumpsters. People questioned Erin about it, since she came in bloated, then seemed to get bigger over the day and shrink again. She dodged it all, but people were getting pushy.

They just said it was a rare genetic disease in the end. That shut people up. Now they only showed concern for her, and asked if it had any mental side effects, given how much time she spent with Mirin. Only a sick person would do such a thing, of course. No one concerned themselves with Brianne. A few asked about it at first, then left it alone.

The truth would come out eventually. Mirin struggled to explain the urge even in her own mind. The best she came up with was that something in her wanted to breed them all. She hated humanity; they judged and berated her for just existing. Yet she wanted to be near them. If she hated them all, she could move to the country, try living off the land and die in peace. Yet she chose to stay with her mother, in a city that wanted her gone, and in a tedious job.

She’d wanted to know what kept her there. That was why she started therapy, and because her mother wanted her out the apartment more, but after a year, she hadn’t come any closer to understanding. Not until she fucked two girls, impregnated and all but enslaved them. It was simple genetics.

All of humanity was female. She was a futa, both male and female. The basic desire for procreation was stacked and amplified in her DNA. Of course she’d want to be around fertile wombs all day, whether she bred them or not.

Mirin studied the thermos she held. She sat in the waiting room, five minutes early as usual. A water cooler bubbled to her side and the air conditioning hummed overhead. Three others were with her, trying not to stare, but happily muttered to themselves or each other about her. One even snapped her picture. Let them. If this didn’t work, then she was done with therapy.

“I’ll see you later. Mirin, come in please.” Miss Kierick appeared and gestured her through the door. That’s new, Mirin thought. Normally she had to take the initiative. She stood to enter, then paused. The person leaving was familiar, the eyes and ponytail primarily. Mirin watched her leave without a glance back. That couldn’t have been her.

“Mirin?”

“Sorry, thought I knew her.”

The room was ornate yet cosy. Bookshelves lined the walls, while a leather sofa waited beside a small chair, made to give the patient comfort and a sense of power. A large desk was behind the two, imposing itself. Browns and reds wove together to create a warmth she never received from the therapist.

“Sorry for calling such short notice,” Mirin said and took her usual seat on the sofa.

“Not a problem. A patient cancelled anyway, gives me a chance to kill time.”

Again, an unusual response. Before it was short, curt answers with a deadpan face and angled body language; she never wanted to be there. Yet, Mirin received a tight smile. Even the temperature was better than normal.

“Uh, even so, I figured I owed you. So, here. It’s a, um, special shake my mum makes.” Mirin said and handed the thermos, filled with a thick, pungent liquid familiar only to three people.

“Thank you,” Miss Kierick set it aside, and opened her file, “Last week we discussed ‘sources of your anger’, now it hasn’t been long, so I doubt any progress has been made.”

“Actually,” Mirin licked her lips, “I wanted to talk about a couple of ‘friends’ I made.”

“Oh?” Miss Kierick might be acting friendlier, but her disbelief was obvious. She took a gulp from the thermos without looking, frowned, then put it down without the lid.

“Yeah, they don’t mind what I am. In fact, they *love* it.” Mirin leaned onto the sofa’s arm, crushing a breast into it. Her therapist’s eyes flicked to them. It’s working, she thought but kept the excitement contained. She made a show of shivering, “Sorry, do you mind turning up the thermostat? It’s a bit chilly.”

“Okay,” Miss Kierick looked to be in shock as she adjusted the temperature. The room was warm enough already, but at this heat clothes would become uncomfortable. An excuse to strip, should the chance arise, and seal the deal. Mirin followed the therapist with her eyes, noting the tinge of red in her cheeks, the faint stumble of her steps, as if she were very conscious of something between them.

“Can I ask you something?” Mirin said, leaning back into the sofa and spreading her legs a little. She didn’t want Miss Kierick to bring it up, but still notice, maybe stare. Mischievous beads of sweat ran down her naked thigh, obscured by her skirt and nothing else.

“I suppose.” Miss Kierick took another sip, then a longer gulp. She licked what clung to her lips.

“Does something smell?” To someone in the know of Mirin’s plan, she was being obvious. Pheromones carried in her scent; the deeper breaths her target took, the deeper she fell into their intoxicating trap. Her ploy was a simple, yet effective one as Miss Kierick sniffed the air, frowning and leaning around. She looked at Mirin for a second, then away.

“No. I don’t smell anything.”

“My bad then.” Mirin widened her legs. The female could see her dick at any time, one wrong glance was all it took, but she kept her eyes elsewhere. The usual questions followed and Mirin deflated, worried that her plan had failed. All the conditions were correct. Alone in a room, offering the forbidden fruit, and nothing. Her right leg bounced, passing her dick over to the left with a pat. Miss Kierick paused at the sound.

Mirin thinned her eyes and smiled. It wasn’t that her plan was a failure, this women had a stronger foundation than the other two.

“So, uh, Mirin… how are things with your mother?”

“Same old. She drinks, I drink. I ignore her, she ignores me.”

“Okay. Tell me about those ‘friends’ of yours. What are they like?” Miss Kierick asked, finally breaking from the ritual.

“Hmm,” Mirin pulled at her shirt, using it to breeze her scent toward her therapist, “One’s called Erin, she’s Swedish and my god, she’s a good sl… friend. She’s kind of like me, actually.”

“How so?”

“Well, she’s got massive tits. Almost the size of mine.” She leaned forward to accentuate her twin mounds, “And her ass is nothing shabby either.”

“You say it like those are good.”

“They are,” Mirin affirmed and squeezed her breasts, sighing at the pleasant tingle in her nipples, then slid her hands down her svelte belly and cupped her hips.

“So base,” Miss Kierick muttered.

“Want to feel?” Mirin said, stood and turned, “It’s soft and squishy, like a stuffed toy only… better.”

“Um, I don’t think…”

“Then don’t think. Do.”

“I suppose,” Miss Kierick reached out and poked one cheek, her finger sunk to the first phalanx. She retreated and stared at the digit, then went back. This time her palm touched Mirin, then she squeezed, “So soft. But it’s firm. Do you work out a lot?”

“No. I’ve always been like this. Look,” Mirin turned with her shirt raised, showing her abdomen. She sucked in and her abs appeared, “Almost like I’m supposed to be better than others.”

“Better than others,” the therapist repeated, as if under a trance. Mirin returned to her seat, sneering at her supposed superior. This was someone with a degree, a PHD, for which she spent years and thousands on graduate school. Yet she was losing herself against Mirin’s baser self.

“I’ve done some learning, Miss Kierick, Susan, and humans aren’t like you.”

“What do you mean? Everyone’s like me. You’re the abnormality.”

“See, I thought that for ages too. ‘I’m the freak, I wish I was normal…’ So on and so forth. But then I met my ‘friends’. I did what animals do, what humans did for millennia. I mated them.”

“What?” Susan blinked at her and leaned back. She licked her lips.

“You know about it, right? You’ve got that expensive education. Makes you special, doesn’t it? Not really. You’re just like everyone else. Deep down, I’m talking way deep, you’re just a beast. A worse one than what you people call me.”

“Mirin, this is…”

“Do you want to see it? The thing I used on them. The thing that got them pregnant. The right way.”

“If… if you must.” And the rest was history.

About an hour later, Mirin lounged on Susan’s desk chair, browsing through patient records. There! Nora Riley. It’d been almost ten years, which was perfect. According to Susan’s notes, Nora was part of a Facebook group for their old school. They were talking about doing a reunion party. She looked up from the document at the therapist coming to on the sofa.

“How’s it feel getting bred?” Mirin asked, coming to stand over her, cock out and still covered in pussy juice and cum.

“Unbelievable,” Susan licked at the flaccid tip, “Will you stay?”

“Convince me.”

The cum-bloated therapist slammed her intercom to an assistant, “Cancel everything today. How’s that?”

“Well, I’ve got nothing better to do,” Mirin said, though her erection was eager impale Susan’s womb again. The next would be Nora’s.