Five minutes? Ten? Mirin could say all manner of horrible things about the society she grew up in, but they were organised. After checking for any potential threats, the elevator would be back on the move, and swarmed the second it arrived. She had to be quick. Though the ache in balls made clear that it wouldn’t be an issue.

She was desperate for release. That’s where the pain came from, why she couldn’t sleep, and why she was atop Erin, bearing down on her like the animal she was called. Rationality argued for her to stop and leave the asexual be, that way she could quit her job and find somewhere else before Erin said something to get her prosecuted. But something else had a shorter, far more enticing retort; ‘fuck her’.

For years, the word ‘fuck’ had been reduced to a mere expletive. All meaning was taken from it, except that it exacerbated a sentence, but the definition was still the same. Now Mirin would put it back into practice. Her penis throbbed in agreement. But how?

Sex Ed in school was more a biology class. Humans no longer needed that knowledge, unless they went onto study animal biology. Although, if she recalled, human and animal’s had shared the same reproductive process. That meant the vagina was the key. It didn’t matter either way. Mirin’s body craved to put her dick in something, some*one*, the semantics were unimportant.

She’d wasted enough time. When in doubt, act natural. Mirin hooked her hands into Erin’s shirt and pulled. The girl was in shock, or something inside her was compelled to help, as she raised her arms. Few asexuals wore bras, most were born flat, and she was no exception. The tiniest of bumps on her chest, hinting at a potent motherhood in her future, capped by pale pink nubs. Mirin licked her lips and leaned in.

“What’re you doing?” Erin asked, breathless. Either heat or nerves caused sweat to gather on her skin, as it did for Mirin, who swallowed her worries. This was natural for her. She snagged a nipple between her teeth and tugged, “Ow! Fuck!” Despite her shout, Erin didn’t attack. In fact, she puffed her chest out.

She tasted delicious. Not like a good meal, more akin to a promise of delight. The tang of perspiration, her body wash, and a hint of her clothes, all tantalised Mirin. Pain stabbed at her gut. She was wasting time. Mouth still attached, she pushed Erin’s skirt down. The blonde, again, seemed to aid her. Her underwear soon followed. That musky sweetness consumed the air, as if released from a prison. Mirin brought the panties to her eye and saw moisture clinging to them.

“Did you fucking piss yourself?” Mirin said, sneering at the foreigner.

“No,” Erin shook her head, “I swear. It… it feels weird. My crotch is tingling, or buzzing, like there’s…” Mirin stuffed the soiled underwear into her mouth.

“You talk too much,” Mirin said and spread the blonde’s legs. Where she expected to find a patch of hair like her own, she saw only bald skin above a plump vulva that shimmered under the potent light. She hadn’t thought to ask about it. History books claimed that people, female and male alike, grew hair on their crotches. Yet another difference.

“What’s going on?” Erin spat out her panties, her voice frantic as she pawed at herself, unconsciously rubbing circles around the cleft of her vagina, “It’s wet. But I… I just used the bathroom.”

“Don’t care,” Mirin said and fumbled with her own garments. She sighed in relief as her chest bounced into freedom, released from torment. Each breast sat, full and proud, against her stomach. Her nipples stood to attention, meatier and darker than Erin’s meagre set. Next came her bottoms. Even greater comfort soothed her penis.

Erin gulped, eyes glued to the appendage. She must’ve seen one before, perhaps only an animals, but a phallus nonetheless. She just stared as Mirin approached, bringing the object of fascination closer until it grazed her skin. Her hand froze over her snatch, like a valiant, yet futile guard. Mirin nudged it aside and settled her cock against the searing flesh.

“It’s hot.” Both gasped in unison.

“It feels…” Erin bit her lip, refusing to let the word on her tongue loose.

“Good,” Mirin said.

“...yes.” Erin whispered. Her eyes bulged as Mirin pushed, sweat raced across her brow, the tendons in her neck stood out and her knuckled whitened on the closet bannister. Yet she didn’t move away.

Mirin also watched, fascinated by her own actions, and gasped when she was consumed by a warmth she never knew. The purple top of her dick was inside Erin. She pushed again, sinking deeper into an abyss so inviting, so hot and slick and blissful she feared she’d never want to leave. One inch, then two, three and four. Each became tighter than the last as she neared the middle of her cock.

Then something stopped her. A barrier? The cervix! Mirin finally looked up from where their bodies united, though she still had several inches left, and met Erin’s fitful eyes. Confusion, anger, horror and pleasure quivered inside the blue circles. Mirin didn’t care about her pleasure. It was the other three that held her interest. She wanted more of that. Erin deserved to suffer. They all did.

“Superior, huh?” Mirin couldn’t get her breathing under control, “Well look at you now. Getting bred like some bitch.”

“I-I’m not.”

“Oh, yes you are. My *dick* is inside you. I’d wager I’ve got sperm. Imagine if I release it inside you. Would you get pregnant like any other animal?”

“No,” Erin said, but her hole tightened and seemed to pull on Mirin. Like it wanted her to stay, no, it wanted her to move. She grabbed Erin by the wrists and withdrew her hips, scraping her turgid cock along those smooth, moist walls. Pleasure voiced itself as a moan, echoed by the foreign bitch beneath her.

“What’s happening?” Erin asked.

“Just shut up,” Mirin said and thrust back in to a sharp, almost cute squeal, before it turned to a jagged groan. Alien sensations permeated her, prevented her from finding a proper rhythm. Like it mattered. If Erin thought she was an animal, then why shouldn’t she mate like one. She tightened her grip and ground her teeth against the pleasure. Something built inside her, teetering and ready to crush her, and it grew with every thrust.

Her breaths turned to gasps. She stared down at Erin’s slack face, pale cheeks flushed crimson, and eyes fixated on the motion at her crotch. Hesitant moans escaped at each thrust, which hastened the longer Mirin worked. Slick fluids coated her shaft, lubricating her path. She practically slid back and forth, like it was covered in oil. Oh, but the smell was heavenly, new and exciting.

Mirin leaned down, hips still thrusting. She didn’t know if they could stop, whether she wished them to or not. And she didn’t. If they did, then the pleasure would vanish. Her nostrils flared and devoured the acrid splendour. Sweat, tangy and humid. Sex, musky and intoxicating. Erin’s breath, blustering against her face. It all merged with the ongoing tirade of sensations that threatened to overwhelm her.

Yet she could take more. She released Erin’s wrists and grabbed the girl’s chest, then slid down her stomach and to her hips, which she pulled closer, trying to bring them flush to her thrusting crotch. Her clammy skin was hot against Mirin’s and her heart pounded through every vein. Erin tilted her head to face her, panting and confused. She puckered her lips, as if expecting a kiss.

“Dream on,” Mirin said and forced the blonde’s head back, chin up, before biting into her neck. Erin yelped, but her tunnel clenched. Another bite and she tightened again. Pleasure darted across Mirin’s nerves, razing what little tempo she had. Whenever Erin gripped her, it only made it better, made her crave more. That meant deeper.

“Wh-what’re you doing? Any deeper and you… you’ll…” Mirin bit her again, shoving against the blonde’s groin like a battering ram. The cervix softened under her assault, caving to her desire. Erin whimpered, throat vibrating with the sound, while her chest rose and fell faster. Her tendons pulled her skin taut, like she was restraining something. Whatever it was didn’t concern Mirin.

“I’m gonna… something’s… fuck. Oh fuck! I’m gonna explode!” Erin screamed and an abrupt deluge of juices spewed from her, dousing the elevator and Mirin. Her hole became a living vice, squeezing and relaxing and pushing and pulling the cock until it pierced her womb.

The ache Mirin felt burgeoned to agony and spread through her loins, then out from her dick. She moved and tightened her grip on Erin until she was sure bruises would be left behind, using her as an anchor amid the maelstrom surging through her body. Heat flowed from her shaft and pooled around it. The tide ebbed, then surged again, stronger than before. Erin went limp, slouched against the wall. Her back arched and brought the bulge of Mirin’s cock into stark relief.

“This feels so good,” Mirin moaned, staring down at her shape in awe as it faded away, swallowed by the burgeoning mass around it. Each pulse through her cock disturbed the mass, causing ripples in Erin’s flesh. It dwindled to a stop, leaving Mirin panting in place awash in a faint ecstasy. She needed more. As she pulled back, intent on starting it all again, the elevator jerked into motion.

Erin laid in a crumpled mass on the floor, clothes haphazardly thrown back on. She almost looked asleep, but her eyes were open, staring like a blinded buck as Mirin straightened her own garments. The smell of what she’d done filled the cramped space, bathed their very skin in its essence. Mirin ignored it, though her penis struggled to surge back to action. She kept it tight between her legs.

“Not a word of this,” Mirin said. The elevator pinged its arrival and the doors slid open. She didn’t wait to be questioned, or to hear Erin’s response, and rushed through the crowd. Being treated like a leper had its uses, affording her a fast getaway. No one wandered about her. They all fawned over Erin, afraid the freak might’ve done something.

“What was that?!” Mirin demanded of her reflection. The bathroom was empty besides her. She lathered soap over her skin, hoping to wash away the clamminess that still clung to it, and remove the memory of what she’d done. But what did she do exactly? Humans no longer mated. Their bodies recreated genes within a foetus, growing it into a clone of its parent’s recessive genome. Mating was unnecessary.

Then what did she do? Documentaries detailed the human history, and others followed animals through their lives, including how they reproduced. And she had done it just as they would. Erin might be pregnant. No, that’s impossible, isn’t it? There hadn’t been a human like her before, or even a man since before she was born. She had no precedent for what she was. Anything could happen.

Calmness chilled her reflection. It didn’t matter if Erin conceived a child, the girl was no longer her problem. Early as tomorrow, or even in an hour, Mirin would be fired for what she did. Losing the income was annoying, but she’d survive. Maybe she could work from home instead, oh that would be a dream. No one but herself, and sometimes her mother or neighbour, all alone without insult or added work. And that added freedom meant she could explore what mating meant for her.

The calm ruptured at the thought, replaced by an ugly smile she didn’t know she had. Not ugly, she thought. Predatory, was that the right word? The smirk widened. Yes, Erin had been a scurrying rabbit in the presence of a wolf, and she pinned her down and took what she wanted. Asexuals were all prey, rodents, before her fangs, or rather her cock.

She shook her head and wiped her face. Those were dangerous thoughts. Arrest was one thing, she already had experience in that regard, but behaving that way had other consequences. Maximum security jails, or worse, a permanent vacation at the nuthouse. Oh, but that had benefits too. So many patients barely lucid of what was happening…

Not like that. Erin was one thing, but innocents, crazy or not, were another. Although, she thought and played the scene over in her head, was Erin unwilling? Even before she mated her, the Swedish girl had been docile, like she accepted everything happening to her. Why?

Her phoned blared at her. Lunch was almost over. Mirin tried straightening out her clothes, though they still appeared dishevelled, and tidied her hair, then headed back to her cubicle. With any luck, the rest of the day would go by without concern. She doubted she could focus on anything beyond the mystery that was her body.

No such luck. Sasha came and piled on Erin’s entire share of work, what little she didn’t pilfer onto others, several of which were overdue reports. Now they were hers. Hours trickled by, gaze fixated on the computer screen, watching words appear that had, by then, lost all meaning. All she wanted was to understand herself and she couldn’t even manage that anymore.

Minutes before quitting time, she headed for the restroom. Ciara liked to have her stay overtime, unpaid of course, but she couldn’t if she was already gone. Perhaps it would bite her later, but she was likely already fired. Mirin considered just quitting, perhaps in some grandiose manner like she heard the other girls fantasise about, however that might bring unwanted attention. If Erin considered her being fired as satisfactory, then no need to aggravate the problem.

Home sweet home. Mirin collapsed back into place on the sofa, can of cheap beer nearby, and stared at the game show on tv. She didn’t pay attention to the game or host. The participants held her eye, all middle-aged women with children at home. Their bodies shone with the fruits of that labour, with actual hips and breasts and thighs. Mirin felt her crotch stir at the sight.

The door rattled and opened. Mirin sat up and slouched, using her heavy chest to hide the bulge in her underwear. She and her mother had long since made peace with the fact neither liked being cooped up in too many clothes, though the latter did everything to avoid Mirin at such times.

“How was your day?” Mirin asked, offering an unopened beer.

“No thanks, I’m not putting that crap in my body. Ugh, where’s the good stuff?”

“More for me,” Mirin shrugged.

“My day was good, by the way,” her mother, Lorraine, snapped. Sometimes Mirin couldn’t tell if her mother’s selective hearing was amazing or aggravating.

“I did ask.”

“I hope you’re gonna clean up,” Lorraine said, ignoring her again. She sat on the far edge of the sofa, over a foot of dead air between them.

“When do I not?” Mirin sighed, “Not gonna ask about my day?”

“Why bother? You say the same things over and over. ‘It’s boring’, or ‘people keep giving me more work’. Can’t be that boring if you’re always busy,” Lorraine said and popped the cork from her wine. She took a long sniff and sighed, “Hmm, now that’s good.”

“Something, uh, weird happened,” Mirin said, trying to keep her voice neutral. Bitterness and her mother were a package, inseparable it seemed, at least when Mirin was present. Lorraine poured a glass and sipped it, then took another and relaxed.

“Everything’s weird where you’re concerned.”

“No, I mean really weird.”

“Whatever it is, it’ll sort itself out. Now hush, I’m watching.”

Mirin inhaled to try and explain what happened, when she heard next door’s lock unlatch. It had a particular sound to it, sharper than most and lingered longer. Cassidy was home. Glancing at her mother, Mirin got up and put a pair of sweatpants on. More often than not, she couldn’t have a decent conversation with her mother. The closest she got was nodding along to whatever issues Lorraine had.

“Where’re you going?” Lorraine asked, snappy as usual.

“Does it matter?” Mirin shot back.

“If you’re going drinking don’t wake me up,” Lorraine slouched deeper into the cushions, relaxing now that her daughter was leaving. Mirin loved her, and vice versa she hoped. Perhaps it was just familial affection, determined by nature, though she couldn’t ask for much more. For now, it was enough that Lorraine quietly tolerated her.

She didn’t need love anyway. She had found something far more satisfying. No, Mirin shook her head, hoping to ignore the peculiar heat flushing through her system. Deep breaths did nothing to stop her dick from swelling against its bonds, travelling down her pant leg. She stood outside Cassidy’s door, trembling. The heat was still there. Arousal, she realised. Animals didn’t sprout erections at random, so why did she?

The question dissipated as Cassidy opened the door, beaming at her regular guest, “Hey Mirin. Figured that was you loitering outside. Come in.” Refusal suddenly plummeted to the bottom of Mirin’s intentions. She walked inside like she had so many times before, greeted by the warm décor and the scent of Cassidy’s life.

“Fancy a drink?” Cassidy asked.

“Yes. Please.” Mirin cleared her throat. This was nothing new. She collapsed into a chair, comfy and fashionable, forcing a smile to her face. It came easily, yet it felt off, “How was work?”

“Oh, you know. Same old, same old. Kids trying to survive the teachers, and teachers trying to survive the kids. Here’s your juice,” Cassidy handed her a juice box, perfect for a child, while lording a pint glass full of amber over her.

“It better be the one I like,” Mirin grinned. She drove the straw inside and took a drink. Vodka and orange juice. The burn of alcohol surged in her veins and soothed her muscles. She reclined into the chair, watching Cassidy get comfy. The woman, half-again Mirin’s age, had an eloquent air to her, despite being one of the more prolific mothers she knew.

“You think I don’t know you?” Cassidy folded her legs onto her sofa, reclining against the arm, “So, how was work?”

“Same old,” Mirin said and chided herself, “Well, I mean, something weird happened.”

“Oh?” Cassidy leaned in, eyes flashing, “Is it gossip? I bet it’s gossip.”

“No. Maybe? It would be if people found out.”

“Don’t keep me in suspense. Spill already!”

“Hmm, I don’t know. Hold on,” Mirin took several mouthfuls of her alcoholic juice, “Ah, that’s better. So, um…” What should she tell her? Among everyone, even her mother, Cassidy was the only one that seemed void of judgement. Mirin told her time after time how people ostracised her, kept her alone and tried overworking her, and Cassidy just said ‘that’s how people are’, or how ‘there’s good people too’. But Mirin had gone beyond simple office bullying.

“Right, so, you know about me… my, uh, thing?”

“Yes.”

“Well, it… it grew.”

“Grew?”

“Yeah, but then it shrank. Like a… an animals.”

“You mean you had an erection?” Cassidy asked, eyebrow tilted. Mirin just nodded, “And?”

“And… that’s it.” Mirin couldn’t meet her eye. It was obvious she withheld a lot of information, almost painfully so, but Cassidy didn’t press her.

“Honey, that’s nothing to be worried about.” Oh, yes it is, Mirin thought as her legs worked to hide the beginnings of an erection. Unlike Erin’s cold, slender form, Cassidy sported actual curves. Breasts that required a bra, lest they cover the woman’s ribcage, and hips full enough for custom belts and trousers. Even so, she looked regal with her hair wound up in a loose bun, and her strong nose and chin. Clad in a dressing gown, she sang to Mirin like nothing ever had.

“But it’s never happened before,” Mirin said, desperate to embarrass herself into flaccidity.

“*You’ve* never happened before,” Cassidy said, setting her glass down. She reached over and took Mirin’s hand in her soft grip, “Anything they’ve taught you in school about anatomy won’t help. Not with the curriculum these days. Actually…” The woman stood, breasts jiggling with her movements, and headed to a bookshelf in the corner. She scanned it for a moment.

“Ah, here it is. It’s a bit old, but most of the text should be legible.” Cassidy returned with an old book in hand, dusty and battered.

“What is it?”

“A book, obviously. No, it’s a textbook from decades ago. Before everyone was asexual.”

“Oh,” Mirin said, clueless.

Cassidy rolled her eyes, “It’s about Sex Ed, Mirin. About penises and vaginas and how to handle it when things get heated. Here.”

“It’s not, like, super expensive?” Mirin asked, studying the antique cover. Once, it might’ve been covered in plastic, but the coating had worn away, leaving dismayed paper in its place.

“Probably. But I’ve got no use for it.”

“Where’d you even find this thing?” Mirin racked her brain, but she couldn’t recall any nearby antique stores that would stock such a thing. Anything sexual that wasn’t part of the animal kingdom had been outlawed. Some might hold onto heirlooms from a bygone era, however most were happy to see these things go. They didn’t hold any real value in modern society after all.

“It wound up in a book delivery,” Cassidy shrugged, “It’ll do you more good than anyone else.”

“Yeah, I’ll bet.”

Hours later, Mirin returned home, a buzz in her veins not entirely from the alcohol. Anticipation also thrummed inside her, its source clenched tight in her hand, and worsened the closer she came to her bed. Once there, the light turned low and door locked, she opened the pages. The ink had been rubbed away in places, often in the middle of sentences, but the information was clear. Knowledge Mirin had unknowingly craved throughout secondary school and college flowed like a crystalline stream into her consciousness.

Things like why her body spontaneously started growing at twelve, or why she had felt ‘attracted’ to people just for their bodies. Humans weren’t much different from animals it seemed. Not even a century had passed since gender was erased and they’d completely lost touch with their roots. Not Mirin. She grinned in the shallow light; she was more human than any asexual.

Further in, the book went into detail on reproduction. Seduction was key, so it said. Relaxing the partner, making them feel good, and eventually mating would begin. How tedious, she thought. Mirin hadn’t done anything of the sought to Erin and it worked fine. Better than fine. She’d never experienced anything so sublime in her life.

“Skip, skip, skip,” Mirin muttered, flipping through the pages on seduction. If the time came that she wanted to try it, then she’d go back. For now, however, she just wanted information on the ‘disgusting’ deed. In the centre, a scrap of paper fell out. A web address was scrawled on it.

Curiosity and inebriation make for a dangerous cocktail. Heedless, Mirin typed it into her phone.

“What is this?” Page upon page of people mating. No, they were fucking. The titles made that explicitly clear. How did such a website exist? Her brow furrowed when she stumbled on an image of a man. The images seen in history class were blurry, kept out of focus, and obscured his genitalia, supposedly not to offend anyone. These, while not HD, left nothing to the imagination.

“Ew, why were they so hairy?” According to the book, women attracted to men were ‘straight’. If her limp response to these images was any indication, she was ‘gay’. Was she? Mirin frowned at the faint bulge in her sheets around her hips. If she had this thing, and was attracted to females, then she was straight. But she also had a vagina.

“Ugh, this shit is annoying.” Mirin rubbed her eyes and refocused on the book, content to bookmark the site for later viewing. Her lips contorted into a grimace. Someone had scribbled on the pages in frantic handwriting. The actual text went into stimulation and orgasm, saying that ‘steady movements will bring the partner to orgasm’, however the scribbles refuted it. Fast and hard did it better, apparently. Rhythm was important, as was having the male abstain from orgasm.

Later, it detailed what each genders orgasm should be like. Mirin’s eyes bulged at the information. She knew she had climaxed earlier, there was no mistaking such a thing, but Erin had too. The grimace turned to glee. For someone as high and mighty as Erin to have cum from an ‘animal’ like Mirin, oh the information was priceless. Even if it would never be of use.

Sighing, Mirin hid the book in a drawer, underneath several other items, and turned in for the night. She’d need all her sleep to handle what lurked in tomorrow. Easier said than done. When she closed her eyes, she thought back to the website, and when she opened them, she saw her phone. After several minutes of trying, she failed to shut out the thought and she brought the site back up.

After a while, she tapped a video, hoping it would placate her curiosity. It seemed like most others; a man and woman, on a couch, kissing and fondling each other. Mirin ignored the guy, as did the camera, focusing on the woman’s curves. She could easily pass for a mother, yet she looked much too young. Mothers typically decided to conceive in their mid to late twenties. She couldn’t be more than eighteen.

Yet her breasts were ample and her hips more so. Mirin gulped, a growing familiarity welling inside her loins as she watched. They discarded their clothes. Her cock lurched to life, throbbing against her leg. She didn’t blink as the woman knelt down and took the man’s penis into her mouth. Oh, fuck… Mirin reached down to try and gird her member, but the touch made it harder.

The move seemed so simple. In fact, ignoring the genitals, it looked like she was sucking on a lollipop or a banana. Yet, just the man being there, having a dick that she was moving up and down on made it infinitely better. Mirin licked her own lips. The man was moaning softly, while the woman was louder. Did it feel good in her mouth?

Several minutes passed like that, until the shaft was glossy with saliva. Mirin’s own begged for release, shoving against her sweatpants. Eventually, she couldn’t take it and freed the erection, holding it in her hand. The woman was stroking her partner, hand wrapped around his cock. He was moaning again.

Mirin looked to her member, a hulking shadow against the darkness in her room. Perhaps it was perspective, the alcohol or exhaustion, but hers looked huge compared to what was on screen. She flexed her grip on the head, and jerked back in pain. The woman didn’t touch the tip very often. Just the shaft. Mirin copied the motions and slowly found her tempo.

“Fuck, what… this is good?” She didn’t know if it was or not. Touching herself this way felt wrong, yet her growing confidence made it better with each circuit. From base to helm, her fingers flexed to handle the changing girth, squeezing. Something thick and slimy oozed out and onto her hand. The woman didn’t stop, so neither did Mirin. The substance made it better. Soon, she was practically gliding along her cock. A pressure built in response.

She didn’t stop. She wasn’t she could. The video continued as the woman used her mouth again, then moved to capture the man between her breasts. He seemed to adore them, his hands cradling the mounds like they were precious idols. Mirin stroked faster to the change, enraptured by the woman’s face and body. She loves it, Mirin thought and groaned. Her breaths gained speed and pitch.

“Something is… I’m gonna, oh, fuck yes!” Mirin slapped a hand over her mouth as she squealed in bliss, thrusting her hips into her still moving hand, as pleasure gushed free and spilled all over her. It was hot on her skin. The smell reached her soon after, a fragrance she only recognised from the elevator. She inhaled it, while savouring the video. It continued while her orgasm wound down. Mirin’s cock remained firm.

The sensitivity settled and she resumed stroking it. On screen, the woman was on the sofa, ass facing the guy, who levelled his shaft with her opening. He teased her, until she started begging for him to put it in. The camera moved to his perspective as he began thrusting. With so much extra meat on her, the woman’s ass jiggled and bounced, while her moans quickly approached a fever pitch. Mirin’s matched her.

As one cried out, so too did the other. Another orgasm tore through the Irishwoman, hips jerking once more. It was somehow better this time. The pressure not quite so intense, like some blockage had crumbled. Still the video played. Mirin remained hard and stroking. She saw the woman playing with her tits, moaning louder for it, and did the same.

*“Oh, I’m gonna cum. Make me cum big boy! Use your huge dick and fuck me stupid!”* The woman said through grunts and moans. Mirin grinned to herself, fondling her boobs despite the thick coating of semen. She was filthy, both Mirin and the woman, yet that incited her lust.

“More, more, more,” Mirin muttered under her breath. Her next orgasm approached. She tried holding back, hoping to time it to the woman. Then the man pulled out. What? The woman knelt again and cupped her hands under her chin, moaning and smiling and murmuring something. Her partner stroked himself faster and harder. Mirin did the same, then white streaks exploded across the woman’s face.

Mirin also set loose heavy ropes of seed. A single splatter of her cum outweighed the man’s load, and several others followed. With his part done, the man exited, leaving the woman’s face to fill the frame. Feeble lines of cum clung to her cheeks and forehead, but she looked happy as she wiped it off on her fingers. Mirin’s breath caught as the mystery person then swallowed it.

She closed the video and went to look at another, but exhaustion caught her.

Tomorrow brought interesting things to light. At first, Mirin wandered to the bathroom in a sticky haze. She didn’t question why the sheets felt so heavy or why they squelched when she moved. Her mother had already left, leaving no one to call her cum glazed clothes or skin to attention, until the mirror displayed it all. And through it all, her cock remained steadfast.

Mirin tossed everything she wore and the sheets into the laundry, hopeful that it would clear away the evidence. Things with her mother was tense enough, but finding out that her daughter was so… base might push it too far. Yet, the fact of what she’d done, both to herself and Erin, didn’t perturb her. Rather, it relieved her. For once in her life, she felt almost content. A feeling that couldn’t last as her warning alarm blared.

Why even bother? She wondered on her way to work. She was fired either way, possibly heading toward her own arrest even, and there were better things to do with her time. Not productive, but pleasurable, far more than going to work tired just to be bitched at, fired and mocked. Mirin didn’t receive any fanfare as she walked in. To her surprise, aside from the usual remark about her existence, things were quiet. No sign of Erin either.

“There you are!” Spoke too soon, Mirin thought and turned in her cubicle, ready to hand over her wrists to be cuffed. There was no chance that what she’d done in the elevator wasn’t illegal in some way. Perhaps she’d sneak a punch on Erin as a parting gift.

The foreigner strode toward her, face an enigma, and stopped just a foot away. She regarded Mirin for a several seconds, as if unsure what to think or do. No cops were around. What was she thinking? Mirin own thoughts stumbled to a halt as Erin lurched forward. Nothing made sense as she tried to process what she saw and felt.

Erin was hugging her, no shouting at or insulting her. People stood from their chairs, gawking at the display. Erin had her eyes strained shut, as if something was pulling at them. The spectators murmured amongst themselves, or exclaimed their thoughts. For once, some of them echoed Mirin’s own sentiments.

“What the fuck are you doing, Erin?!” Someone, Brianne probably - she had the loudest mouth in the office - shouted. She referred to Erin’s lips that were mashed against Mirin’s, who stood in total stillness. When the blonde pulled away, she was beaming.

“Please, breed me.”