

The Girl at the Video Rental Store

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I stood there with a dumbfounded look on my face, wondering if I was, in the moment, way too drunk, mistaking this store for a different one, but the logo was unmistakable.

The old video rental store that I visited often as a child had been boarded up for over a decade now. But that night, with no one around to witness, it had its lights on. I peered through the dusty windows, past the cardboard stand-up ads for movies I didn't recognize. I saw racks full of video cassettes, those big, blocky shapes unmistakably last generation. There was movement between the racks and, with curiosity guiding my hand, I stepped inside the store for answers.

A tiny bell signaled my entrance, just as I remembered it as a child. The lights were brighter inside than I remembered, but perhaps it was my inebriated status that made them harsher than they were. Navigating the tall rows of immaculately organized materials, I couldn't help but feel uneasy; There wasn't a single movie on the shelves I could recognize, each one only *seeming* familiar until closer inspection. From time to time, the flickering lights of CRT TVs would catch my attention from the corner of my eyes, and the room was filled with the incessant yet indistinct murmuring of their audio.

I turned the corner and made it to a kiosk. There, a young woman in the store's familiar uniform was putting something under the counter. I reeled back and my heart stopped when she finally stood up to greet me. The girl had short blue hair and equally deep blue eyes. She had a slim frame, with a sharp nose and jaw, though her thighs and hips were thick and meaty, wrapped tightly beneath denim jeans. She wore her red,

short-sleeved collared uniform over a long white shirt, and would be, by all means, a normal girl if it weren't for her gargantuan, back-breaking breasts. My eyes were rudely glued to her chest in disbelief, and I would have bet my left nut each tit was easily twice the size of their owner's torso. Even though her breasts were bound to her torso behind the stretched-sheer, white shirt, it was still entirely too revealing. Holes and tears in the shirt revealed her milky, pale skin underneath. Braless, her grapefruit-sized nipples poked outwards against the shirt in the chilled room, each somehow pierced with proportionally-large bar-piercings.

The clerk shifted her weight and put a hand on her hip, every tiny movement causing her supple breastflesh to sway and jiggle like a plate of gelatin.

"Ah-hm!" She cleared her throat.

I was ready to be berated. My eyes were unable to focus on anything but the glorious globes in front of me.

"Welcome to Video Rentals, how may I-"

Insanity. Here I was unabashedly gawking away, and I get an unenthusiastic generic greeting?

"Uh... Sir?" She noticed my inattentiveness to anything but her tits.

Even just the act of speaking caused wild 'earthquakes' in her breasts. Just who was this girl? Was she even human? With curiosity guiding my hands, I reached out across the service desk towards the milky mounds, my finger curling through a hole in her shirt. I could feel the warmth of her breasts positively radiating against my finger.

"Hellllo? Are you there, Sir?"

WELCOME TO
VIDEO RENTALS,
HOW MAY I...

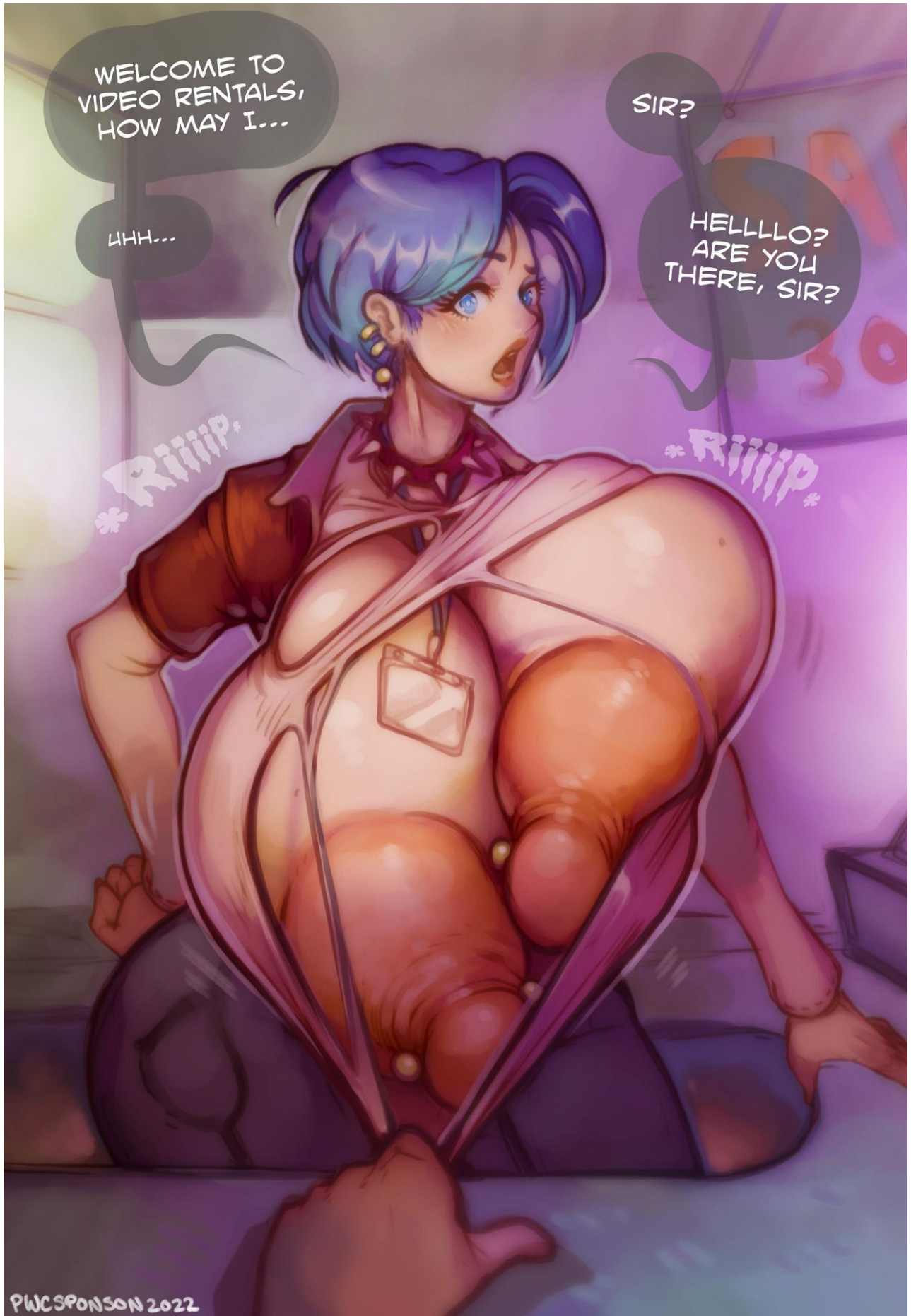
UHH...

SIR?

HELLLLO?
ARE YOU
THERE, SIR?

Riiip

Riiip



Slowly, but firmly, I pulled. The shirt easily tore, revealing more and more of the pale flesh.

“Sir? Can... can you hear me?”

I tore away at the boundaries of decency not unlike the shirt. Areolae were revealed, and I kept pulling, and the shirt kept tearing. I gulped, reveling in the sight of these impossibly beautiful breasts. Finally I saw the nipples, and my other hand reached across and grabbed a handful of meat.

“Hey! Your hands are cold!”

A human reaction snapped me out of my indulgence. I finally looked her in her eyes, searching for any sign within them acknowledging what I was doing, yet all I saw were the eyes of a patient employee.

“Um, y-yeah, sorry,” I mumbled. “I’m looking for a uhh... romantic comedy.”

I hate rom-coms.

“Oh! Was there a specific one?”

“Uhh yeah,” I stupidly blurted, remembering none of the movies on the shelves were familiar to me. “I can’t think of the name right now, can you point me to the aisle?”

“Oh sure, just follow me.”

She slowly turned, allowing my hand to gently slide away from her breasts. No effort was made to cover, or even acknowledge, her bare breasts as she beckoned me over to an aisle, and it wasn’t until I tried to follow her that I realized there was something trailing

down my pants. I looked down and yelped; Trailing down my right pant leg was what appeared to be a two foot long *something*, as wide as a 2-liter bottle of soda. In a drunken panic I dropped my pants down to my ankles, only to be met with my own cock, veiny and nearly purple with excitement. I kicked the pants to the side.

“Sir? Are you okay? Did something happen?” she quizzically asked.

“N-No, nothing happened,” I lied, standing there drunk, horny, and panting like a dog. It seemed like an eternity as I stood there with my impossibly large erection in full view of this stranger.

I couldn't take it anymore. I walked over and, all at once, grabbed as much breast as I could, fondling the girl without remorse. I grabbed each fat tit and molded them over my cock, fucking her cleavage with wild abandon, and yet she only looked at me with mild disinterest. The rest of her shirt was quickly torn to shreds, and she acknowledged none of it.

“Are you okay with this?” I finally asked her, realizing the anticipated orgasm wasn't forthcoming.

She looked at me like I'd asked a dumb question, and after a moment she responded.

“Of course I'm okay with finding you the movie. The store's not busy right now, so... yeah, no problem!”

I pushed the boundaries even further after that. I stripped her pants off, picked her up by her dainty waist, and impaled her on my massive cock. Her stomach bulged from my cock's sheer size and girth, and I effortlessly bounced her up and down on my cock, enjoying the ruckus as her ass cheeks slapped against my thighs.



“Are you seriously okay with this?” I repeated into her ear while I pumped away at her pussy.

“Um, I just said I was! Can you describe the movie you’re looking for, for me?”

Without breaking rhythm, I gave the vaguest synopsis.

“Hmmm, oh boy...” she said. Her face scrunched up as she thought hard for a moment. Strange, I thought, that her face showed more expression thinking about a possible movie than at my rampant usage of her body.

Finally she pulled a movie off the shelf, and after a brief description asked if it was the movie I was looking for. I denied that it was and continued fucking her. Juices ran down our legs, and glistening sweat built up on our skins.

We made our way down the aisle, making small chat about inconsequential things like the weather and commercials and the like. Dozens of movies were pulled from the shelf, seemingly never ending in variety. Always I denied it was what I was looking for, and we kept going, the girl never seeming to notice she hadn't set foot on the ground in hundreds of yards. The aisles seemed endless, hours passed by and I'd long since sobered up. Yet, I didn't feel myself anywhere near climax, my inexplicably inexhaustible stamina made sure of that.

Finally, after what seemed like days of sex, I came. Interrupting another of our aimless conversations, I grunted and groaned and pumped gallons upon gallons of hot semen into her womb. My eyes opened wide as I watched her stomach distend and bulge in response to the volume of cum entering her- it was only a matter of seconds before she appeared nine months pregnant!

She gave me a certain look when I finished pumping out my last drops inside her. I thought she would finally say something about this situation. I thought an answer would finally be given. But after a brief pause, she just sighed.

“Is this the movie you were looking for, Sir?”

I denied it was, and I continued fucking her.



SIGH

IS THIS THE MOVIE YOU WERE LOOKING FOR, SIR?

Plap

Plap

Plap

Plap