A zoo would be quieter. And cleaner. Ashley sat in the cramped toilet, chest pumping to her panicked breaths. Sweat clung to her shirt and adhered it to her skin. She peeled it away, grimacing at the tightness in her breasts, which shoved against the fabric, and the heavy odour that mired the space. People bustled around her, chatting and complaining about long waits. The doors next to hers creaked open and slammed shut repeatedly.

“Okay, okay, this is fine. It’s over. I’ve got this,” Ashley didn’t believe herself for a second. Each word sounded like she was dying, suffocated by the bra. It seemed to have shrunk, but she knew better. Her tits had grown to overflow and swallow the cups. They were tight as well, the skin barely gave under her touch, and the nipples refused to retract. Worse, they sloshed if she moved too suddenly.

It still didn’t make sense. Nothing should cause her to lactate. She wasn’t pregnant, her few times with boys had involved condoms, and she wasn’t on any drugs. The ones Gretchen pressured her into taking once, years ago, didn’t count. Was she just a freak? Like Mary and Zoey?

“Fuck!” Ashley clamped her thighs together. She dripped with more than sweat. Hot rivulets crossed their way down her legs, having escaped before she closed them. It wasn’t urine, though she almost wished it were. That could be explained as simple terror from the roller-coaster. What would Gretchen say if she saw that she had cum? And she’d soaked her shirt in her own milk of all things.

She couldn’t just leave either. Gretchen would demand an explanation and nothing would satisfy her. The ‘psychological damage’ of being abandoned would be a limitless supply of ammo, brought up any chance she got and turned into insults, and she’d take them. Ashley couldn’t refuse that woman, regardless of how she despised her. Because what would she do then? Crawl to Mary and beg to join the freak crowd and become a target for Gretchen?

Changing schools wasn’t an option. Her parents had ties to the board committee for Saint Puella. Leaving would sever those ties and cost them potential favours in the future, which could cost them. Maybe not in a month or even a year, but it would, and they’d have her to blame for it. No, it was better to stay with Gretchen and tolerate her. At least until they were permanently separated.

Someone banged on the door, causing her to yelp. Others chuckled at the sound. “Oi! Hurry up in there!”

“S-sorry! Just, uh, just finishing up!” No, no, no. If she went out there now, everyone would see her. She sniffed the air and scrunched her nose; it reeked of dread and sex. Anyone not brought up Catholic would recognise it. People would take pictures, post it around social media, until her face was recognised and her family mocked.

The path to absolute corruption was paved with riches, even parents would turn on their child to keep it. Gretchen had taught her one thing in life, that people were cruel, regardless of relation. No one did something out of decency, but for something in return. Ashley’s parents gave her life and comfort, in return, she wouldn’t make life difficult.

Now look at her! Her legs dripped with her fluids, her nipples were puffed up and waiting, while milk trickled from them, and her clit longed for her touch. She was a mess.

“Out the way dickheads!” That voice… it snarled and spat every word, yet was drenched in saccharine, coated in sugar, then layered with caramel and syrup. Gretchen spoke again, “Hey Ashley, come on out. We’re about to go into the maze. Won’t be any fun without you.”

Yeah, right. She wanted to see her get lost and panic. Which she would. She’d lost her way in her own house before, probably because she never left her room at home, though it was the reason why she didn’t. Too many rooms to become lost in. Maybe if she looked for it, she could find a place no one would find her in. Then all her worries could drift away into nothingness.

“I… I spilled something on myself,” Ashley said. Better to give an excuse before Gretchen came to a mortifying conclusion, and it wasn’t a lie.

“So? We’ll find you a towel,” Gretchen’s meagre patience was lost and poison crept back into her tone, “Now get out.”

“Fine,” Ashley straightened her skirt but left her top, hoping the random folds would conceal her nipples. The bra straps bit into her shoulders as she stood, yanked down by the added burden of her boobs.

“Geez, you look like shit,” Gretchen said. She didn’t spend a second longer looking at her, “Hurry up.”

“Okay,” Ashley breathed as she followed the blonde. Whatever afflicted her wasn’t done yet, as her breaths shallowed and her loins quivered. Her thoughts hadn’t drifted, nor had she touched herself on purpose, nothing of the sort, yet her underwear wedged in her pussy and her thighs scraped it on every step. She remained present, eyes fixed on the malevolent beauty strutting away.

Those who knew Gretchen’s personality, despised her appearance more than her ego. Just a glimpse of her was enough to remind anyone of how unfair life was, and that it would continue to be. She didn’t need any of the work she’d had done. However, the attraction laid in how fake she was. Mary shared the extravagance, though hers had faded in the past weeks, while Gretchen’s persisted.

Her hips swung side to side, too firm ass cheeks almost clapping with the motion, and withdrew into a doll-like waist. With her arms down and her back turned, Gretchen’s core expenses were hidden, but a simple lift of the shoulder and they were seen. Two rotund spheres, planted in her chest, stretched her once adequate bust into a whorish size. They rose and fell with her stride and breaths, but didn’t jiggle. The skin was too tight for that.

From the outlook, she was a bimbo. All it took was a moment, however, and it became obvious that she wasn’t. Most bimbos seemed benign in their stupidity, at worst they offended without malicious intent. Gretchen used anything to cement her position. She was top of the food chain, despite being daughter to a failing school and relying on Ashley’s frightened charity. Whatever it took, she did.

“Get your fat ass moving,” Gretchen growled. She didn’t look back to make sure Ashley still followed her.

“Okay,” Ashley said and hurried. Her clitoris ached now. It was just out of reach of her thighs, leaving it to rub against her sopping panties. She wanted to touch it, a simple touch, something to soothe the discomfort. But she didn’t dare, not with Gretchen on the cusp of whirling at any second. Once they were in the maze, she could ‘lose her way’ and tend to her body. If Gretchen let her slip away, which seemed impossible. The entire goal was to watch her suffer.

Once they reached the maze, Ashley struggled to keep her breaths short. Her bra and shirt were tighter already. The straps coiled around her like a boa, while the shirt seemed to melt into her skin, offering enough give for a hint of relief, but impossible to remove. Much longer and they’d break from the pressure. Or she would. Both sounded awful.

“Let’s do this,” Gretchen said, “Ashley, how about you lead us through?”

“Okay.”

“Is that all you’re gonna say?” Gretchen snickered, “Just ‘okay’?”

“Yes.”

“Oh hey, looks like you do know a second word. Good to know. Get moving,” Gretchen slapped her back, made a noise of disgust and kicked her forward, “Ugh, you’d better shower when we get back.”

“What?”

“Didn’t I tell you? We’re going back to your place. I’ve got a bunch of guys coming to see me, so I need a big bed.”

“Get a hotel.”

“Like I’m gonna pay for one when I’ve got such a *generous* friend. You’ll let me, won’t you?” Gretchen neared her. She didn’t get too close, mindful of Ashley’s sweaty state, “Otherwise everyone finds out about this. I’ll change your name to ‘Skunk’ in minutes. Imagine what your parents would say.”

“Okay…” Ashley blinked. What was it about Gretchen that tore through her like this? Her eyes stung, but she ignored it and started through. Rachel followed them both, silently annoyed.

It didn’t take long for Ashley to get them lost. Dead ends at every corner, walls of fresh plaster painted to resemble a field at her sides, and a constant throbbing in her body. Gretchen chortled the whole way. She’d been kicking the walls, smearing them in whatever dirt had the nerve to ride on her shoes.

“Um…”

“Come on already!” Rachel whined from the back. She leaned against a painting, frustration on her face.

“I think it’s, uh, right… no, left! I mean…” Ashley wished she were somewhere else. Anywhere. If she looked left, the right seemed to close around her. If she looked right, then the left threatened to crush her. She stepped back and knocked into Gretchen, who lashed out. Once the tirade was over, Ashley hugged herself tight and tried figuring a way out. It wasn’t beyond Gretchen to leave her behind. She’d done it before as a freshman.

No one would help her either. People were cruel that way. They’d see her suffering, on the verge of caving in on herself, laugh and walk away. One might think twice, but they wouldn’t approach her with her clothes drenched in sweat. She wondered how the others hadn’t noticed it yet. They were within a few feet of her, surely they could smell how wet her pussy still was.

“Give up? Whatever. Let’s go,” Gretchen said and headed back the way they came. Ashley shuffled quickly after her, worried that they’d leave her if she lagged behind, then the walls would close and seal her in forever. Away from the world and any of its small joys. At least she’d be away from Gretchen, though the idea was a double-edged sword. Bitch or not, she was an idol, something to be admired and sometimes dreamt of. Such embarrassing dreams.

Gretchen wound through corridors like she’d designed it herself. Or the walls reorganised themselves to suit her wishes, weaving a path straight to the exit. A sign hovered not far away, flashing against the amber sky. When did it get so late? Another hour and twilight would swallow the warmth, a prelude to darkness’s gluttony.

“Oh shit!” Gretchen stopped at the exit and patted at her body, not subtly either. The guy manning the station turned to face her and got an eyeful of what looked like self-groping. She turned to Ashley, sickly sweet smile in place, “I think I dropped my phone. Go get it for me.”

“I’ll get lost,” Ashley said.

“So? My phone’s already lost. And it’s got GPS, so you’ll find your way out. Now get going. I’m hungry,” Gretchen shot the still ogling man a wink.

“Gretchen,” Rachel said but didn’t persist. She offered an apologetic shrug to Ashley, “Well, if we’re done here, I’m heading home. See you tomorrow.” She waved and dissipated among the throng of people.

“Please? Don’t make me go back,” Ashley whimpered, glancing back to the maze, now dark and hidden. What light was offered flickered dangerously, and made the walls cast oppressive shadows that seemed to dance. Others were milling around, unconcerned. A child skipped their way in front of Ashley, having completed the maze on their own. Since when was she less competent than a child?

“It’s not far. See ya,” Gretchen didn’t wait for her to reciprocate and walked to the man. Ashley was alone, out of her element, and still aroused. She pulled on her shirt. With the sun’s departure, the heat had dwindled, though her internal temperature countered it, like fire was its new normal. Her breasts continued their pressure on her bra, feeding the hooks into her back.

Maybe this was a blessing, she thought. Few people were still in the maze. If she found a quiet spot around a nearby corner, then she could take care of herself. Sparked by the thought, her nipples pulsed and let out a stream of milk. It dribbled down her belly and further soaked her clothes. The skirt was already a dark blue, so the moisture didn’t show. A small mercy at least.

Ashley took a deep breath and wandered back into the maze. She had no intention of finding Gretchen’s phone, which wasn’t lost, since she saw her take it out before her back was fully turned, and instead found a quiet corner. Once there, secluded from the outside, she peeled her top away. The once cute garment, embroidered with flowers and a subtle rainbow of colour around the trimming, was soaked. Drops of white fell from it.

The park must have merchandise somewhere. They’d have shirts. For now, however, she needed to get her bra off. A mission easier said than done. The hooks were well-made and at their limit, straining to keep their hold, and the straps refused to budge as well. Ashley pushed a hand into the cups, and bit her lip to keep from moaning too loudly, then yanked it up. Her breast came free with a wet slap against her pudgy gut. She repeated it on the other.

“Oh, thank god!” Ashley gasped and panted in place, inhaling lungful after lungful of air, tainted though it was with the musty air of a theme park. She leaned against a wall, sighing at how cool it felt on her glistening skin, and removed the bra. Once she had her fill, she inspected her breasts.

‘Big’ had described her well throughout her life. She’d been a chubby child, which persisted to the present. A soft stomach, luscious padding to her thighs and rear, and a chest that reaped just as many benefits. Her shape suffered but she had size. In the end, most men only cared about that. Now she had more than any could handle.

Manipulated by the new cargo, her breasts had attained a teardrop shape. Milk tightened the skin, she could see the intricate circuit of veins against her pale complexion, yet her stretchmarks had vanished. If her nipples didn’t jut out a full inch, or secrete a constant stream of milk, then she’d almost be happy for herself.

The size was ridiculous. Why any girl, or guy, would find them attractive was a mystery. No. Not quite. Ashley held them in her hands, let the weight rest in her palms. They were hot, sticky from sweat and milk, to her touch. She couldn’t hope to grasp it all without both hands. But the weight was comforting, like a security blanket, and their size made it impossible to forget them.

“What the hell is this?” Ashley asked the walls and laughed at herself. What did she look like? Something from the internet, like those stupid photoshopped models with tits bigger than their heads. She looked to her own and judged them to be such a size, perhaps larger than Zoey’s even. Ashley missed her. She was one of the few who seemed to genuinely care.

Then she started hanging with that honour student. Ashley conjured the image, summoning all the bile she could muster, and found none of it. The visage came clearer than the sky itself, yet any anger, even a shred of dislike, didn’t come too. Other emotions replaced them, drowned them, too many to perceive. At the forefront was guilt, it made sense, given what she’d caused. But lust roared not far behind.

As if appalled that she wouldn’t focus on it, her arousal ignited. She clenched in shock and yelped as she pinched her nipples. Milk exploded from them at the pressure. Her body flared in response. It circulated between her tits and crotch, an endless cycle that fed each other. Hotter and hotter, until they threatened to burn her if she didn’t relieve them.

But here, in a maze where someone could wander by and see her? It didn’t matter. She couldn’t go back to the toilets, people must be drinking now so they’d be crowded and filthier, and no other place offered a semblance of privacy. She hadn’t seen anyone walk by. Better now than later. Ashley pulled her skirt up, breath hitching at the sight of her panties tucked into her pussy.

The lips were fat and swallowed the fabric. She traced them to her engorged clit, which jutted like a pencil eraser. A soft moan escaped her, she let it. So long as she was quick, then no one would suspect her. Once she came, she could call Richard, get a ride home and forget the day even happened. *After* she got off. No sooner.

Ashley tucked the underwear between her thigh and cunt, then pressed a trio of fingers into herself, “Oh, fuck! That’s good.” Her nails scratched the walls and caught the itch she desperately needed satisfied. The cycle of heat turned to pleasure. One hand ravaged her tits, switching between them, spraying milk in random intervals. Each drop seemed thicker than the last, and the sensation of pushing them out became harder too. When she looked, the splatters looked akin to a heavy cream. She moaned as more pushed out her massive nipples.

She tugged on them, one after the other. Each circuit made them bigger in her fingers, until she was using her fist. It should worry her, as should the overbearing stench of her pussy as it gushed around her hand, and the fact the cream had stopped pouring. Now it was a constant trickle, but far from the flood she’d first experienced. The pleasure hadn’t dwindled, it increased, pushing moans from her lips. She added a fourth finger to the slop of her pussy.

It squelched as she pushed and her clit pulsed against her palm. Ashley found a rhythm, slapping her palm into the swelling bundle of bliss, while her fingers sought deeper pleasure, and her lesser hand jerked her tits off.

“Ah, hmm, yeah… more, give me more…” Ashley leaned against the wall, projecting her hips and chest. She stared down at her body, ignorant to the changes taking place. Pleasure dominated it all.

Light flickered around her. A weak glow illuminated the sky, fading as the moon took centre stage. Much longer and the maze would be dark. It wasn’t for that reason, however, that she redoubled her efforts.

A new burn joined the others. It simmered in her cunt, turning her juices into blazing droplets as they oozed from her folds, boiled in her gut and roared within her tits. Ashley stroked her nipple faster, tightened her grip and pinched the head as she pulled up. The other needed attention, but her pussy demanded it as well. She yanked a boob to her face and snagged the huge nub between her teeth. What she wouldn’t give for a dildo or some cock to fuck her.

She humped into her hand, rolled her spine to push against her fist, and suckled from herself. The new milk, had become highly viscous. She swallowed and it clung to her throat and tongue. Even amidst her pleasure, the decadent sweetness came through. She sucked more into her mouth until it tickled the top of her gullet, then she slid back and forth. As if sucking a delicious cock.

Her pussy squelched at the idea and her mind embraced it. It almost felt like her nipples had turned rigid, building veins and a thick layer of skin. Because they were. Ashley’s moans turned confused, yet didn’t stop, nor did her masturbation. She had no control, just a spectator in her own head as her body delighted in its lurid nightmare. A puddle of her slop had pooled. Her ass splashed in it when she jerked in mounting bliss.

Pleasure soared and carried her mind with it. Any thought became lost among the clouds, trapped under a veil of worry, while she raced above it all, bathed in the sultry warmth of a sun that didn’t burn her skin, caressed by a gentle, teasing breeze and a serenity unlike any she’d known. Then the storm came.

All at once, her serene landscape turned to a maelstrom. The clouds reared back and swallowed her, dumping her back to earth in time for a flash of an ecstasy she should never have known. It flung her back above the clouds, into the maelstrom, slamming her with bliss. Something splashed her face, yet she couldn’t wipe it off. To do so meant stopping. Uncertainty flourished as other sensations whirled around her, but they drowned under her delights.

“The park is now closing! Everyone please vacate the premises and have a pleasant day!” An automated message broke her stupor. Where was she? Oh right, the theme park. So Gretchen had ditched her again. Ashley rubbed at her eyes. When had she passed out? Something gooey came away from her face. What…

“What the fuck…?” Her voice was muddled, her throat felt clogged with something, and her stomach rolled as she stared at a massive glob of white on her fingers. She looked down and saw a line of it stretch from her. Droplets had landed on her splayed legs, where a drying puddle sat. Then the smell caught up to her. Whatever was on her face slid slowly to her lip. She licked it up in a daze, before looking to her breasts.

They hadn’t grown to her mercy, but the areolae were huge and dark. Almost black. The nipples no longer stood out, instead they’d inverted. Two slits adorned the front of her monumental bust. She touched them and jerked away. This wasn’t natural. Must be a hallucination. The park had said it was better than drugs, probably because they pumped drugs into the air. Or something.

“The park is now closing…” the message repeated. She had more important things to worry about. The wavering light above finally gave out. She fumbled for her phone and found it covered in gunk, but it worked. A moment later and she dialled for her most trusted butler.

“Hello, Richard? I need you to come get me. Um, that new theme park... yeah, that one! Also, bring some clothes too. Thanks.”

“Okay, just… just gotta find my way out,” Ashley said to herself and pulled her shirt back on with a grimace. She took a step and shuddered. Her pussy was still swollen and, despite the sessions moments prior, it already longed for more. She steadied herself against a wall. Though faint, there was enough light for her to recognise objects. She followed it, slowly as not to agitate her snatch, and saw the exit sign, still lit up to her relief. Once free, she staggered her way to the entrance. A spacious car waited for her there.

“Thank you,” Ashley said as she climbed in. A shutter cordoned the back from the front, where Richard sat. He’d been with her family for a decade, and proved a reliable confidant and friend. When given the chance, she’d vent to him about Gretchen. He would try placating her, but not in a patronising way, as many of the others would.

“Shit,” Ashley groaned into her hands. They reeked of pussy and… cock? No, that couldn’t be true. It just smelled that way for some reason. Maybe it had rubbed off the walls? But they hadn’t smelled like it when she walked in. The problem was insignificant, however. Gretchen had said she planned on coming over that day, with the intent of an orgy it seemed, and Ashley had indirectly refused her. Tomorrow would be a nightmare. Couldn’t be worse than today, she thought and rubbed her crooked nose.

When they arrived at her family’s estate, she’d calmed down. If Gretchen was pissed at her, she would’ve called. She wasn’t the type to wait until later to bitch at someone. The smell had been masked by the fresh clothes and deodorant, though her pussy continued to simmer, mashed against her thighs. Richard had said her parents were home too. They wanted to talk apparently.

The estate wasn’t as ridiculous as those Ashley had seen in movies. They didn’t own entire acres of land. Enough to have a swimming pool, some sculpted hedges and a patio, all leading to the always stunning structure of her house. Four stories tall, a minimum of six rooms per floor, and equipped with all the extravagant necessities she could ever want for. Her bedroom was on the ground floor, near the kitchen and her personal games room.

On the opposite side, conjoined to the foyer, was the living room. A space dedicated to comfort made dreary and oppressive by the costly renovations her parents bought. Leather chairs, a fireplace, ornaments won at auction, a television set that slid from the floor and stood taller than Ashley, and other assortments that made it clear they were wealthy. Her mother called it a good business practice to remind others of one’s status. Ashley called it uncomfortable.

Ashley walked in and saw her parents walking to and from a set of boxes. Several of the expensive ornaments were gone, in their place was the buried family pictures they’d taken when she was a child. She looked like a cherub back then.

“Hey,” Ashley said after watching them for several seconds.

“Oh, good evening sweetheart,” her mother said and set aside a vase, “Frank, come on. Time to talk.” She gestured to a trio of chairs, which they then occupied. Ashley squirmed as she sank into the seat. Somehow, it was awkward enough to press against her pussy.

“So, we’ve decided to make some changes,” Frank said.

“I can see that,” Ashley said.

“Yes, well… we’re going into early retirement,” her mother, Angelina – or Ange to most – said.

“Okay.”

“So we’re gonna downsize,” Frank said and slapped the chair, “We’re gonna try for a more normal family dynamic.”

“No more crazy expenses, or butlers and maids. We’re gonna move to a suburb and be a family,” Ange added.

“What?” Ashley frowned at them, trying to comprehend and contain herself. This was something she’d thought of before. Her parents were away on business most of the year, when they were home, they still worked. It’d been that since she was a child. They had seemed so far from her, beyond her reach, that she didn’t tell them about anything. Not about the bully from second grade, or the one from third, fourth, fifth and so on. She ate what she pleased, since they didn’t tell her otherwise. Even after Gretchen forced to stay out well into the night and mornings, they said nothing.

Now they wanted to be a family. Bullshit. It was too good to be true. Something must be wrong. They’d made a bad deal, gone bankrupt and didn’t want her to know. No, that wasn’t it. Ashley stared at their faces, read the smiles that brought out the disused laugh lines around their ways. They held one another’s hand.

“It’ll take some time to work things out, but we’re sure it’s for the best,” Ange said.

“I… okay,” Ashley made the mistake of crossing her legs. She wanted to say more, but feared a moan would slip out. The action had stimulated her snatch, which was on a mission to soak through the new panties she wore, and jostled her tits. They rubbed against her shirt. Something pushed from within, longing to be freed. It peeked out. She panicked and pulled her knees up. Another mistake.

Her parents looked to each other, then at her, “It’s a lot to take in. If you need to talk, just come and find us. We’ll try to be around more.” Frank said.

“You should go to bed, it’s late,” Ange said.

“Y-yeah,” Ashley said and surged from her chair, “I’ll, um, see you tomorrow. Before school.”

“We’ll be there,” Frank chuckled.

Back in her room, Ashley pulled her shirt off and stared at the tubes that extended from her chest. Tubes? What is she, ten-years-old? They were dicks. Plain and simple. Hard as bone, long and covered in veins, and with a loose sack of skin occupied by balls at the base. The heads were strange. The glans angled downward and tapered at the head, which made sense. Nothing about the situation was normal, so why would it.

Tears overflowed. Ashley fell to her bed and onto her side, which smacked her tits and… and her dicks together, which sent unwelcome pleasure through her. The fact she was a freak shook her from the corner, but it didn’t bring the tears. It was the desire she felt toward herself, toward her now freakish form. A pair of cocks had replaced her nipples. They even had balls.

And all she could think of was how wet she felt. How hard her cocks were. How… how much she wanted to taste her cum. Her hands worked before she finished the thought. One for her pussy, the other for a cock, while her mouth latched onto and suckled the other. Her clit pulsed bigger too.

No, please… Ashley waited as the pulsations built until both her hands were occupied by a cock. They stroked as she sobbed and moaned. Stopping wasn’t an option. Her body was in control.

Carmen stared at her phone in silence. Melody slept at her side, nervous from their mother’s frantic state when they came home, so she refused to sleep alone. She was glad to share the space. Looking down and brushing a strand of brilliant blonde from her sisters eyes soothed her. Carmen had tried calling Stacy again, to no answer. Not even voicemail. Their mother was at least trying to find work, but something told her it was unnecessary. Whatever she’d written in the Futa Note would fix it, though she didn’t know how.

“Why don’t you just look already?” Ryuka asked. Guessing at her thoughts was becoming a hobby for the deity, who swore to Carmen that she couldn’t read minds.

“No,” Carmen shook her head and set her phone aside. It was late. She should at least try and sleep. Tomorrow would be an interesting day, especially to see what had become of Ashley. A tingle ran down her spine and her penis twitched. She cut the sensation off with a dangerous thought.

“I saw that,” Ryuka chuckled. She came to hover over her, inhuman glory radiating despite the lack of light, “You got turned on for a second. Someone’s starting to enjoy herself.”

“Shut up,” Carmen said, though she didn’t deny it. Power had an enthralling and forbidden taste to it, more so when used for retribution, to make a girl suffer. She drifted, exhausted from last night and the day’s events. What had she done to Ashley?

That same girl bit into her pillow to keep from screaming as an orgasm overwhelmed her. It was the strongest yet, brought on by a sudden fantasy she never expected. She’d imagined Carmen, the girl who had punched her hours earlier. It didn’t take much from there. Nudity, a little dirty talk, and Ashley became putty. She passed out shortly after, dreading the day to come.