

If you don't think karma exists, you obviously haven't lived with faeries before. It may take a day, a year, or a century, but things you've done in the past will come back to haunt you. For me, it was something from over a decade ago, back when my best friend Brooke was turned into a hot babe by my resident faerie Attitude, and burdened with curses that I'll get into shortly.

Nowadays, thanks to more faerie magic, I now inhabit his former babe-body while he lives in mine. And if you're not all caught up on the details, suffice it to say that he has acquired tremendous magical control over me and can make me do any slutty thing he goddamn wants.

Yesterday, I was coming back from work and thought I deserved a fancy coffee for a job well done at the Victoria's Secrets lingerie shop. As I waited in line, I spotted two young women at a nearby table who were giving me surreptitious glances. I'm used to those by now. Living inside Brook's body means I get leered at by men and women alike. Unlike most people, however, these two were staring at me with an unusual level of hostility. Whatever, I thought. That's also not unheard of, especially among the more conservative religious crowd. Sure, I wear some tight-fitting clothes that cling to my curves, and my tits are pretty out there, but this is 2022, folks. Being sexy isn't a crime.

I quickly got my coffee and looked for a table to sit at. I had a series of text messages and social media pages I needed to catch up on. Unfortunately, the only available table was next to those two bitches (who I nicknamed Paris and Nicole because of their vague resemblance to Hilton and Richie). Ah well. What were they going to do to me, chastise me for looking hot? Let them. I'm prettier and have bigger tits than they do. There would be no comparison I wouldn't objectively win.

Even though I wasn't looking at them directly, I could tell they were still casting glances in my direction and snickering. Eventually, I even heard one of them (Paris) take a photo with her smartphone and show it to her friend. Was it a photo of me? Yeah, probably. There was some giggling as both were hunched over the phone and tinkering on the screen. Nicole laughed out loud and high-fived her friend.

"Yeah," she said, "send it like that! Denounce the sluts!"

"Amen to that," Paris said with righteous conviction.

As I heard Paris's voice, I felt a sudden surge of heat rise through me. My skin became flustered and my heartbeat raced up. What was... Oh no! I knew the signs. Out of the blue, I was ramping up to an orgasm. I wanted to get up, but my legs failed me. I fell back in my chair, pressing my thighs together and clenching my fists in defiance. What the FUCK? God, no, not here! Not in front of these two bitches.

But the orgasm crashed through me. I shut my eyes, put an elbow on the table, and bit into my fist almost to the blood. I struggled to keep my voice down, limiting the damage to muffled groans with each devastating spasm that hit me.

And just like that, it was over. Fuck! That had to be one of Brooke's "pranks," if they could be called that. A long time ago, he'd been cursed in such a way that hearing the word *amen* would cause him tremendous orgasms. Was he now doing that to me? Why now?

There was no time to answer those questions. Paris and Nicole were staring at me with wide eyes, their phones held up as (presumably) they were recording what had just happened. I decided to grab my phone and coffee and get up while they turned to talk to each other.

“Did she just—?” Nicole said.

“I...I think so,” Paris answered. “Happened just as I said ‘amen to that’...”

Oh, holy fucking fuck! I came again! I was at the door of the coffee shop. I fought through the orgasm to step outside on the sidewalk, reeling from the devastating shockwaves pounding through my pussy. Pedestrians around me reacted as one would expect when someone has a public orgasm. Guys ogled me (or my tits); women sneered disapprovingly. I didn’t care. I leaned back against the front window of the shop, looking for a way to get out of here fast. I realized I had dropped my coffee and was clutching my groin as my hips were bucking wildly. What a display it must have been. I didn’t want to think about how many guys would beat off to that image later that day.

Finally, the second orgasm subsided. I spotted a taxi and hailed it. Christ, I was so wet my jeans were getting soaked. Hopefully, I wouldn’t stain the back seat. And hopefully, the driver hadn’t spotted my little show moments earlier. As I opened the door to get in, Paris and Nicole emerged from the coffee shop behind me. Nicole had her camera in hand and was framing me.

“So hey everyone,” Paris narrated for what seemed like a live broadcast, “we found ourselves a slut and it seems like the power of God compels her. Check it out: AMEN!”

I had hoped to get into the taxi before she said the word, but I was too late. I literally dove onto the back seat, shouting “go go go!” to the driver. The climax hit me again. I heard Paris yell at me from outside.

“AMEN! AMEN! AMEN!”

Oh, God!!! I spasmed helplessly on the taxi’s backseat as each orgasm piled on top of the previous one. I somehow managed to straighten myself and shut the door. Then I bucked and thrashed wildly as half a dozen orgasms kept me cumming like a crazy slut for several minutes. Everything was blurry fireworks. I was pawing at my tits and rubbing my crotch like a porn star doing the performance of her life. There was no helping it or no stopping it. And finally, when it all stopped, I realized the cab driver had started the ride to get me away from Paris and Nicole.

“So,” he said, “where are we going today?”

I held up a hand while I caught my breath. Finally, I was able to speak.

“Home,” I said, giving him my address. “It’s been a long day and I think I need a drink. Maybe three”

He looked at me through the rearview mirror and winked.

“Amen to that,” he said.