

Joey Farrell returned from the pub to find a spike of weirdness waiting for him on the back lawn.

It was a literal spike of weirdness. It looked like someone had stuck a giant pin—about four feet high—right in the middle of their postage-stamp-sized city-centre lawn.

Joey looked at the windows of the house. It was one in the morning and the windows were shrouded in darkness. There were some lights still on in Bristolls Terrace, hardly surprising even at this time given Bristolls Terrace was mainly student digs, but Joey's housemates all appeared to be asleep. Had one of those chuckleheads done this? Normally he would have thought Duncan, except, well... there was a very good reason why it couldn't be Duncan. That reason was why Joey had spent the evening drinking—alone—in the pub in the first place.

In the dim light the spike did resemble a giant pin—like a prop from a *Jack and the Beanstalk* production. Joey looked up at the mostly cloudless sky as if wondering if it had fallen from the heavens. Then he looked around the confines of their tiny, scruffy garden, wondering if he'd see the practical joker skulking in the garden's equally scruffy bushes.

The top of the spike had a bulbous head and was the reason why it reminded Joey of a giant pin. As he approached he saw it seemed to be some sort of sculpture—like a carving on the head of a walking stick. Joey couldn't see it clearly in the darkness, so he pulled his phone out of his pocket to illuminate it and...

...everything became a lot clearer.

The sculpture on the head of the pin was of a maiden with a huge—and fully naked—bust. No, not a maiden but some kind of demon woman or vampiress. Her mouth was open and you could see the fangs. The tits were the most obvious feature—huge and overinflated like a puerile anime girl. Despite this, the sculpture managed to straddle the line between weird art and tacky erotica.

Weaver, Joey thought. It could be no-one else.

Her style. Her twisted sense of humour.

Great. What a perfect capstone to an already shitty day.

Linda Weaver, the self-styled 'techno-warlock', had moved into the area at the beginning of the university year. A darling of activist social media, her arrival had generated a lot of buzz amongst Joey's circle. It was a dark time for progressives everywhere, so to have someone like her, who elevated the roasting of the gammons and other assorted trolls on social media to an artform, was a bright ray of sunshine. Joey's university friends all loved her for her sass and no-fucks-given attitude.

Joey didn't.

Oh, he had at first, but not now. Definitely not now.

Privately, Joey was of the opinion Linda Weaver might just be pure poison in human form.

Privately, of course. If he ever expressed that opinion publicly, he'd have to delete his Facebook, Twitter and Snapchat, and maybe go live in a cave somewhere like a hermit for a good measure. Better that than face the opprobrium of his friends. They were convinced Little Miss Techno-Warlock was above all criticism.

Joey had run in social activist circles long enough to run into plenty of phonies—people more interested in building their own personal brand than actually getting worthwhile shit done. They were the first to shove their faces in front of the cameras when a demonstration attracted media attention, and yet always curiously absent when you needed six or seven pairs of willing hands to help clean the local women's shelter after a burst pipe had flooded the basement with raw sewage.

Those, Joey at least understood.

Weaver, however...

He remembered the gleam in her eyes while she watched Duncan beat seven bells of shit out of Ben Rubin. At that moment he felt like he'd been given an unguarded glimpse right into the very heart of her psyche. She wanted this. Not change. Not progression. Not societal improvement. Just chaos. And violence. She got off on it.

Joey couldn't even remember what had kicked it off. Ben Rubin was an annoying little shit who thrived on stirring up controversy on campus. He'd wormed his way into leadership of the university's moribund Conservative society and abused his position to book the worst people imaginable—ranging from walking sacks of excrement to actual card-carrying white-supremacist fascists—to give talks. There was no purpose to it. No-one wanted to listen to these morons. Ben did it because he knew it would rile people up. He loved needling people.

That day he'd needled 'Big' Duncan Smith too far. Duncan had been unlocking his bike at the time. Joey didn't know what Ben had said to him, but it must have ignited a spark in the burly student as the next moment the normally easy-going Duncan had taken his metal bike chain and whipped it around the side of Ben's head.

The cracking sound the chain made as it connected with the little twerp's skull was strangely satisfying on a visceral level. As were the blows Duncan had rained down on Ben's body after the other student had gone down like a sack of spuds. Joey was ashamed to admit he'd been caught up in the moment as well. Ben was a little shit. A good beating was exactly what he deserved.

Someone—multiple people—had filmed the whole incident.

It looked terrible.

That's because it was terrible—a six-foot-five former university rugby team player assaulting a five-foot-six Jew.

It went viral.

Of course it went viral. It was yet another piece of evidence of 'left-wing violence' for the assorted online shit-flingers to smear all across YouTube.

Joey didn't really blame them. What had happened was inexcusable.

What had come over Duncan? What had come over *him*?

It had taken the literal snap of Ben's rib breaking to snap him out of it.

That's when he'd noticed the expression on Weaver's face. She was watching the violence with an unhealthy—almost orgasmic—gleam in her eyes. Joey thought she might have even had a hand down her trousers.

Duncan hadn't killed Ben, thankfully, although it had been touch-and-go for a moment. He'd fractured Ben's skull and broken two of his ribs.

There was an arrest.

And a court case.

They'd all hoped for some leniency, for the court to recognise Duncan's previous history of good behaviour. The fact he'd never shown any inclination to violence before. How out of character this behaviour was. These were strange times. There was the current idiot president of the USA. The economic uncertainty in Britain. People were riled up. The summer had also been unusually hot. There were plenty of extenuating circumstances. This was not how Duncan normally behaved. He was not a common thug. The judge had to see that.

The judge had. Unfortunately, he'd seen it too well.

There had been a spate of similar incidents over in the States. The powers that be were worried the same type of political violence would spread to here. An example needed to be made and that example was Duncan Smith.

He was given the maximum permitted sentence.

In keeping with his character, Duncan was more distraught over what he'd done than with the harshness of the sentence.

"What came over me, Joey? They showed me the videos. I didn't even recognise myself. Was that really me with my face all twisted up in rage? That monster. What happened? We were supposed to be the good guys. It even felt good while... I was doing it. Righteous. What was I thinking, Joey?"

Joey didn't know. He'd asked the same of himself on that day. They'd all cheered the bike chain cracking Ben's skull.

"I asked to see him. To apologise... for what I'd done," Duncan said. "They wouldn't let me. They think I'm a monster. Maybe I am."

Then he'd put his heads in his hands and wept.

'Big' Duncan Smith, a big soft-hearted giant of a man. Joey's best mate. Barely in his twenties and with his life fucked forever.

Joey had wondered about Duncan's uncharacteristic violence. And about the self-styled techno-warlock, Linda Weaver. He'd wondered a lot about her, especially when examining the video coverage afterwards had confirmed what he thought he'd seen on the day.

He'd done some research on the darling techno-warlock. It was difficult to pin down accurate views on her. She moved around a lot. The people Joey spoke to seemed to fall in two camps. There were the typical gushing orbiters. Joey had seen plenty of those on social media, but they didn't seem to

personally know Weaver all that well. Then there was the other camp. They seemed curiously reticent to speak about her at all.

And there was the violence. Always violence. In the last city she'd stayed there had been a picket of a local independent café-cum-burger bar. It was supposedly a peaceful demonstration to show the owner that the 'joke' name he'd picked for one of his speciality burgers was offensive and hurtful to some members of the local community. The protest had degenerated into a mass brawl that had left five people hospitalised.

Weaver liked instigating trouble. Her supporters claimed it was to bring about positive societal change. Heck, even Joey had bought that one at first. Now he suspected she did it because she liked spreading anarchy and chaos.

Joey had dug and dug, and the deeper he'd dug, the less he liked what he saw. It would be difficult given the cult of personality that had sprung up around her, but Joey was determined to drag the real truth about Little Miss Techno-Warlock into the light.

And now this.

Joey looked at the giant metal pin sticking up out of his back lawn.

What was this?

A taunt?

A warning?

He did remember receiving a warning about Weaver, albeit an extremely cryptic one from a young woman named Aurora Williams.

"Don't push this. She's dangerous, but not in any way you're familiar with. This world is not what you think it is. You are not prepared to deal with the threats Linda Weaver is capable of summoning."

Joey hadn't known what to make of that one. It had been a surprise to find anyone willing to say anything critical of Weaver at all, but this one seemed a little too kooky. You ran into them from time to time. The sort of people that even the hardcore vegans rolled their eyes at. They believed some strange things—New Age fantasies mostly—but were harmless.

She even mentioned she was coming up to explain these dangers in person. Joey was positively *thrilled* to hear that.

Joey reached out and wrapped a hand around the metal spike...

...and was promptly forced to revise his opinion on 'harmless' New Age fantasies as the world fell out from underneath him.

Literally.

His hand coming into contact with the metal spike triggered some kind of eldritch trap. Trails of light, spitting pink and purple sparks, scorched lines into the lawn. They drew a circle about twelve

feet in diameter. Weirdly, the light seemed to be shining up from beneath the lawn, as if from fissures carved deep into the ground. It looked like a magic circle from an online fantasy RPG, but that couldn't be...

The circle flared brightly and segments of the lawn started to break away and tumble down into... *what*.

It didn't look real, was Joey's thought. His brain tried to rationalise it away as a movie special effect. It even looked like cheap CGI—the way the lawn broke up and fell away looked more like broken shards of glass than clods of soil and grass. The collapse started at the edges and moved inwards to where Joey stood, stunned, in the centre. And below Joey...

A pair—no multiple pairs—of giant tits.

No, that couldn't be right. This couldn't be happening. Someone must have spiked his drink. This had to be a hallucination... a bad dream.

The collapse reached the centre and the ground fell away beneath Joey's feet. For a brief moment he was suspended above a bizarre dreamscape of giant bulging tits. Then gravity returned and he was tumbling down, down, down.

His fall was broken by a soft yielding surface that felt like flesh. It sprang back like elastic and Joey tumbled down a slope before coming to rest, wedged even, in some kind of shallow fissure. The air was muggy and strangely perfumed. He twisted around and looked back up to where he'd fallen from.

There was a hole in reality floating in space just above him. Through it he could see the rest of his terraced house, and then—beyond that—the moon in the cloudless sky above.

His reality...

The one he'd just fallen out of.

He needed to climb back up and get out of here, wherever the hell *here* was. It was awkward. The walls on either side of him were smooth and elastic—like flesh. He struggled to stand up.

The hole started to close.

No.

It was like watching the collapse in reverse, like someone had hit the rewind button. Fragments of lawn tumbled back up into the sky and locked together like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle.

No no no.

The hole was shrinking, closing up, and Joey was down here, on the *wrong* side.

He tried to stand up and failed to find his footing between the flesh-like hillocks. He slipped and fell back on his ass. He could only look on as the hole continued to close above him. He saw a figure standing at the edge. He recognised Weaver in her distinctive long white leather trench coat. She

twirled the metal spike in her right hand like it was a baton. She looked down at Joey and gave him a wave with her left hand. She was still waving and smiling as the hole closed up completely.

Fuck, Joey thought.

Where had that witch dropped him?

More importantly, he needed to find a way out of here.

If there was a way out of here.

Joey felt panic rise up inside him and tried to squash it back down.

No, no, no. Freaking out wouldn't help him.

He needed to stay calm, collected... rational. Figure out how to get out of here.

First he had to establish where *here* was.

Here was very pink—creamy flesh-tone pink.

Everywhere he looked was... tits?

This had to be a hallucination. Or some crazy dream.

He looked up. He looked to his left. He looked to his right. Everywhere he saw tits. Big round bulging *naked* tits. No other body parts—just an endless wall of impossibly giant tits. Each had the shiny pink smoothness of freshly scrubbed flesh. Each had a darker areola crowned with a perky erect nipple.

They were tits. No mistaking that.

And that explained the warm yielding hillocks on either side of Joey. He'd fallen between two massive boobs and was currently wedged in the cleavage.

This couldn't possibly be happening.

Had Weaver smeared the metal spike with some kind of hallucinogen compound? Something that was absorbed through the skin.

Well, that was just as conspiracy-theory crazy as being shoved into an alternate dimension, Joey thought.

After a brief struggle, Joey finally got back to his feet. If he'd fallen into some giant's cleavage, where was the rest of the giant? There was no neck or belly that he could see. Just more tits. As far as the eye could see.

Joey pushed his way over and between them. He couldn't tell if they were living, or some kind of bizarre alien sculpture.

This had to be a hallucinogenic fever dream. Joey hoped he was really currently curled up on his lawn and tripping his balls off. Or on a hospital bed. At this point he wasn't choosy.

"Oh, there you are. I thought I felt someone fall through."

Joey turned slowly and came face to face with a devil.

She was a very pretty devil. You could almost mistake her for human if it wasn't for the horns sticking out of her long wavy red hair. Or her pointed elfin ears. Or her spooky milk-white eyes with no iris or pupil.

That part of her wasn't cute at all. It was creepy as hell.

It wasn't the most eye-catching thing about her. That had to go to her breasts. They were massive. They were also completely uncovered. Out of habit, Joey tried to avoid staring at their sumptuous fullness.

"I was occupied," the devil girl said. Her face was covered in strange black lines that might have been tattoos or alien skin markings. Not that she needed to look any more exotic with her horns and strange milk-white eyes. "Otherwise I would have been here to welcome you."

Far off, over her right shoulder, Joey thought he saw a vague struggling human shape silhouetted against the pink skyline. They were at the peak of an enormous hill-like breast. They threw up their arms and sank out of sight as if pulled down into the gigantic mound of flesh.

Had he just witnessed one of those gigantic breasts gobble up a human being?

It was hard to tell. He blinked and the whole landscape—or boobscape—had changed. As if the rolling hills of gigantic mammary glands were as mutable as the flesh they resembled.

"Oh, I'm sorry," the devil girl with unfeasibly large naked boobs said. "I'm Oppa."

She gave Joey a bubbly, friendly smile completely at odds with her devilish appearance.

"And you are?" she asked.

"Joey," Joey replied. "Joey Farrell."

He wanted to follow up by asking, "Where is this?" But instead other metaphysical concerns bubbled up to the forefront of his thoughts and elbowed the more rational ones out of the way.

"Is this hell?" he asked.

Oppa laughed. "Oh no. Not at all. I'm an oppabliette. I exist in my own special little bubble of reality. You must have annoyed someone in your world and they had you cast down here."

Weaver, Joey thought. Guess she wasn't lying about that whole techno-warlock thing.

"I wouldn't worry," Oppa said. "I treat my guests well. Most even come to think of this as heaven."

Joey remembered the struggling figure slowly sinking into a giant boob.

He couldn't see the rest of Oppa's body. He couldn't see past her enormous tits. This wasn't because he was some crude horny idiot who couldn't control where he looked (though he had to admit the sight of Oppa's enormous naked breasts did turn him on). Something weird happened to his perception every time he tried to look below them. Oppa was standing behind two fleshy hillocks. Or she was standing within a mass of giant tits bulging like ripe fruit. Or she wore a skirt of lovely ripe breasts the size of large apples. What made it weird was she was *all of these things simultaneously*.

It made Joey think of Lovecraft's description of R'lyeh, where sailors fell between angles that should not be there and were lost forever. Looking at Oppa was the same. The lovely pink curves of her breasts trapped his gaze and sent it down hidden valleys until it was lost in a maze of bulging pulchritudinous delights.

Joey snapped his gaze back to Oppa's smiling face. He felt dizzy and unmoored.

"Right," Oppa said. "Take your clothes off and we can begin."

"Beg pardon," Joey said.

"I can't rub my lovely soft titflesh all over you if you still have all your clothes on. It would be pointless. You wouldn't feel anything," Oppa explained as if it was patently obvious.

Joey looked at her in open-mouthed surprise.

"That's not going to happen," he said.

"Tsk," Oppa said. "That's the problem with guests falling in like they do. It always starts everything off on the wrong foot."

She drew herself up to her full height. Her boobs bounced perkily in a way Joey couldn't ignore despite his best efforts.

"This is drugs, you know," she whispered conspiratorially. "You're really back home, tripping your little balls off. And because this is a drug hallucination, you can do what you like without any consequences. None of this is real. So why not enjoy yourself with my lovely big tits?"

She flashed Joey a sultry smile, placed hands under her big pink tits and plumped them together as if they were deluxe pillows.

Then she caught the way Joey was looking at her.

"You don't take drugs? Hmm, so many humans do."

She put a finger on her sumptuous lips as she pondered an alternate approach.

"How about if I told you this was all a lovely dream... a deliciously wet one."

Oh fuck, Joey thought. This *was* real. All of it.

Oppa tsked again.

"It's so much easier when they fall into me drunk or on some kind of hallucinogen-fuelled vision quest. They just roll with whatever happens. We have fun together."

She folded one arm between her big breasts and thoughtfully tapped her cheeks with her other finger.

"You, I see, are going to be awkward. Oh well."

The hill-like boobs around Joey suddenly shuddered and released thick clouds of purple smoke from the nipples. Joey was enveloped in a perfumed fog. It stank of sex, as if his face was wedged between a woman's thighs and his nose pressed up against the folds of her sex.

"I could tell you that I dislike doing it this way," Oppa said. "It feels so... forceful."

The powerful stench of wild wanton sex made Joey feel giddy and aroused. His heart kicked up and the world span around him.

"But I'd be lying," Oppa said with a vulpine smile. "I like being forceful."

The ground opened up beneath Joey. Or had gravity switched to turn up into down? Or maybe, like one of Lovecraft's doomed sailors, he was swallowed up by an angle which shouldn't have been there. Fell through it like another crack in reality.

Ha, reality. What did that even mean anymore?

Joey reeled, and span, and fell, buffeted all the way by giant yielding tits. The smaller ones smothered his face and rubbed nipples against his body. The bigger ones wrapped around his body and squeezed him like giant pillows before releasing him to fall still further.

Joey was span and bounced around through perfumed clouds until he lost all sense of up and down. One moment he was falling feet first and the next he was lying on his back on a carpet of plump little tits.

Oppa lay on top of him with big round boobs squished against his chest. He felt her warm flesh against his and realised that sometime during his fall all of his clothes had been stripped from him.

"Isn't this better," she said. Her smile was more suited to a cat with a mouse.

Joey tried to push her off. He didn't succeed. She was bigger and heavier than him.

Oppa rolled her eyes.

She wrapped her arms around him, pinning Joey's arms to his sides. Her tits puffed more perfumed clouds in his face. He thrashed his head and tried to avoid breathing in the tainted smoke.

"Why are you making this so hard for yourself," Oppa laughed. "Just relax and let me pleasure you."

Joey's head was filled with exotic scents. He felt wanton flesh rubbing against him. His arousal rose as thoughts of Oppa's gorgeously large tits crowded out everything else.

"Better."

Joey sank into the bed of soft boobs. He wondered if Oppa had brought friends as it felt like other pairs of tits were rubbing all over him. They smothered his face and their nipples puffed more perfumed gas. Joey felt warm, comfortable, and aroused. His penis started to surge erect.

"Yes, get in the mood. We'll have such fun together," Oppa said.

She reached under her belly to encircle Joey's cock with a warm hand.

That jolted him out of her perfumed fug. He slapped her hand away and tried to wriggle out from underneath her.

Oppa sighed. "What's wrong now?"

"I want to get out of here and go home," Joey said as he tried to fend her hand away from his penis.

Oppa snarled as she grabbed his hands and forced them behind his head. She shifted up his body until his lower jaw was nestled between her huge breasts. She looked down at him coldly.

"There is no getting out of here," she said. "You angered a warlock in your world and they threw you down here to be lost and forgotten for all eternity. You can rage against it all you like, but you are doomed to spend the rest of your days down here with me."

She reached again for his cock. Her lips turned up in a lascivious smile.

"That need not be all that bad."

"I can't accept that," Joey said. He tried again to shove her off.

Oppa laughed and squashed him down further beneath her enormous tits.

"You're only making this more unpleasant for yourself than it needs to be."

She playfully juggled her boobs in Joey's face while the nipples released more swirls of perfumed purple smoke. Joey tried to hold his breath for as long as he could. If anything, that only made it worse. As, when he finally had to take a breath, he drew a great lungful of the tainted air into his body. His lungs—and the rest of him—burned with a different kind of need. His cock swelled and ached with the same craving.

No!

Joey tried to shake the lewd thoughts out of his skull. It only served to buffet his face against the smothering press of her tits and raise his arousal still further.

No no no!

He was not letting himself be thrown down here to rot for all eternity.

Oppa laughed. "So much fight. Am I that repulsive to you? It's futile."

The world shifted and changed again. All the dimensional axes fell apart and came back together in a different configuration. Joey was squashed under Oppa. Then he was falling away from her. Falling until his fall was checked between two gigantic mounds of flesh. Oppa had grown giant-sized and caught him in her cleavage. Moaning with sexual pleasure, she placed hands on either side of her enormous tits and pressed them together, squeezing Joey between them.

Joey squirmed, wriggled and writhed. Giant Oppa simply purred as she squeezed her breasts together. Not enough to crush him, but enough to leave him tightly wedged between two enormous fleshy pillows.

"I keep telling myself to not be so forceful with them," Oppa laughed. "But it's so much more fun this way."

Oppa's boobs throbbed around Joey. It was like he could feel her heartbeat all around him.

No, this was something different. Joey felt a strange draining sensation wherever his skin came into contact with Oppa's flesh. And as her gigantic breasts were wrapped all around him, that was pretty much everywhere. It felt like something was flowing out of him and into her in a weird sort of osmosis. It left him feeling feebler, as if she was siphoning off his energy. It didn't feel unpleasant. Joey didn't feel so much as weakened as relaxed... relaxed and comfortable.

Joey's struggles grew feebler and feebler. He just didn't have the energy to keep moving his arms and legs. This wasn't any sort of natural fatigue.

Giant Oppa sighed with pleasure as her boobs soaked up Joey's energy like a pair of giant sponges.

"Mmm, it's hard to feel bad when this feels so good," she said. "I think it feels nice for you too."

Joey was now motionless in her cleavage. It felt pleasant to be sandwiched between her giant soft boobs. Comforting.

Reality shifted again with a sudden lurch. Vertical was now horizontal, and behind Joey was now down. Oppa, and her smothering cleavage, evaporated like so much purple mist and Joey was falling again. His fall was broken by another cushion of giant soft tits.

Joey's body lay between giant tits. His head rested on a pillow of normal-sized tits. His arms and legs lay nestled between rows of soft, yielding boobflesh. It was as if Oppa had gone fractal—her body and boobs splitting and dividing and multiplying until she, or rather her sumptuous cleavage, was everywhere around Joey.

The 'real' Oppa, human-sized again, reared up between Joey's legs. She encircled Joey's erection with her hand and this time Joey didn't have the energy to slap it away.

"Better," Oppa said. "Now that I've drained all that stubborn resistance out of you, I think it's finally time to get down to the business of pleasure."

She leant forwards and tucked Joey's cock into her ample bosom.

"Mmm, and maybe let my lovely tits drain something else out of you as well."

Joey felt the warm pleasure of her soft boobs pressing against his cock. Oppa placed hands on either side and plumped her breasts together as if they were a pair of exquisite silk cushions. Joey's cock was gently plumped between them.

Not just his cock. It felt like Oppa was plumping the rest of her tits as well. Joey's arms, legs, head—even his chest—was plumped between soft fleshy cushions.

"Mmm, now you see the futility in fighting. Pleasure is so much better, don't you think."

She grasped her big tits, her fingers deforming the shiny pink curves, and started to rub them up and down. Her motions transferred a pleasurable friction to Joey's cock.

Joey's previous girlfriends had all been slight or average in the bust department. This was the first time he'd experienced a good titwank.

Did they always feel this awesome? Or was this just the influence of the drugged aphrodisiac smoke pumped out by Oppa's other tits?

Did it really matter?

He relaxed into the bed of soft yielding tits and let Oppa continue to wank him off with her lovely big boobs. She jiggled them, squeezed them, rubbed them up and down. Between them, Joey felt pleasurable friction as her silky-smooth skin rubbed against his shaft and sensitive glans.

"Mmm, I think you like this," Oppa said. "Your little man certainly does. I'm going to give him a good pampering between my lovely boobs."

Plump, plump. She squeezed her boobs together. Joey's cock was pumped between them.

"Feels nice, doesn't it," Oppa said.

It did. Lying on a bed of soft tits, Joey felt perfectly relaxed. And horny. Her soft tits wrapped around his cock were hugely turning him on.

"I don't think you've ever had a lover do this for you," Oppa said.

She smooshed her big boobs together. The entire length of Joey's erection was smothered between them.

"And even if you had, no human woman can do this."

Reality blurred again. Her cleavage sprouted a multitude of smaller tits. Joey felt their little nipples tickle up and down his shaft. He moaned and shivered in ecstasy as she rubbed them against him.

"Or this."

Another warp and now Joey felt like his cock was *inside* her soft tits, as if his flesh had merged with hers. Waves of soft tit flesh undulated up and down his cock. He writhed beneath her in erotic torment.

"But I shouldn't push it too far. Your toys are less interesting after I melt your minds to mush."

Joey gasped as reality—and his thoughts—returned to some semblance of normality, if such a thing was even possible here. Oppa's breasts were breasts again. She smiled serenely at Joey while she continued to rub them and plump them against Joey's hard-on.

She paused.

"Oh, I felt a twitch," she said. "Are you about to spurt your dirty milk all over my pristine boobs?"

Joey felt twitches too. In his cock. In his balls. Everywhere. Her soft boobflesh had stimulated him all the way. His fear and anger at being cast down into this little bubble of hell had been completely subsumed beneath animal lusts. Now he wanted to come. Really really wanted to come.

Oppa leant into Joey, burying his whole crotch beneath her massive tits. She plumped them together with greater force and urgency.

"Don't even think about trying to hold back," she said.

Joey writhed and squirmed beneath her. It was coming. He couldn't hold it back even if he wanted to.

"Yes," Oppa hissed.

Joey's hips bucked. The tip of his glans nudged up out of the top of her cleavage. His cock throbbed. No, his whole body throbbed. He let out a loud groan as he came. Cum erupted out of his cock like a geyser and splashed back down to besmirch the pristine pink skin of her bosom.

"So high," Oppa said. "You must have been building that up for a while."

She reached underneath her boobs and grasped Joey's balls.

"Tsk. As I thought. Still hard. So much tension inside. I'll drain that right out of you."

She pressed her hands into the side of her tits. The pink flesh rolled up and buried Joey's cock out of sight again. Then he felt a strange throb. This wasn't through the manipulation of her hands, it felt like it emanated from within the breasts themselves. Another throb and Joey's hips twitched. He also felt that same trickling, leaching sensation he'd felt before, only this time it felt more lascivious—a wet mouth sucking on his cock. A third throb and Joey was caught. He shuddered helplessly in orgasm and deposited a massive load right into the heart of her bosom.

Oppa moaned with erotic delight.

"Oh, so much. Give me more."

She squeezed her boobs harder. The warm flesh pressed in tighter around Joey's cock. The trickling, draining sensation intensified.

What was she doing in there?

This was more than wanking him off. And more than him coming. Joey felt like Oppa had formed some kind of vacuum in there. She sighed. Her boobs throbbed. Joey jerked helplessly as he came. Another ejaculation, only this time it felt like it had been dragged—*sucked*—right out of him.

Oppa gave her own orgasmic moan. Milk leaked from her many nipples and ran down the sides of her tits in little white rivulets.

"Mmm, you taste so nice," she said.

Warm milk poured from her countless nipples and soaked Joey's naked body.

Joey heard a liquid squelching sound from within her cleavage. He felt another pumping throb. And then he was writhing helplessly again, lost in the grip of ecstasy as Oppa's tits pulled another massive load out of him. She didn't even need to place her hands on them. They were working of their own accord—pulsing and swelling up like great pink sponges as they soaked up Joey's issue... and maybe something more.

"No more," he pleaded. "Too much."

He felt like he was breaking apart inside.

And then the sucking, draining force relented. Reality blurred and shifted again. Oppa lay next to him. She cradled his head in one arm while her other hand was wrapped around his cock and lazily pumping up and down.

"There, there," she said soothingly. "You're my new toy. I couldn't possibly break you so soon."

She leant over and pushed a swollen tit into Joey's face. The nipple brushed against his lips.

"Here. Drink up. My milk will make you feel better."

Joey did. He hated himself for it, but he did. His whole body was wracked with an unnatural thirst. This was the only available fluid for his parched body.

He drew her nipple between his lips and sucked. Warm milk flooded his mouth and he drank. It tasted like milk, but it was not milk. Drinking it filled him with energy as if he'd been on a late-night Red Bull binge to get a project in for the next morning. But this was unnatural—perverse—energy. It raised Joey's vigour, but it also raised his libido far more. His cock surged to iron in Oppa's grasp. He started moving his hips to increase the friction. He drank some more of her milk and with it knew he was lost, as damned as if he'd signed his soul over to the devil.

Oppa pulled her tit away. Tainted milk still leaked from the nipple.

"Ah, that appears to have perked you up," she said. "Are you ready to give me some of your milk in return?"

She gave Joey's throbbing cock a little squeeze.

"Yes," he said. Automatically and without thinking.

Reality shifted again in another blur of pastel pinks. Joey was lying on his back with his head resting between the soft pillows of Oppa's tits. Other boobs—ripe, warm and swollen—pressed against him. His naked body was bathed in warm milk.

"They call me a devil yet I bring heaven to all given to me." Joey heard Oppa's voice behind his head.

Soft jiggling boobs, their nipples leaking warm milk, rubbed all over Joey's naked body. She wrapped soft tits around Joey's erection.

"Sweet titty heaven..." she whispered. "For as long as they last," she added with a dark chuckle.

Joey's arousal had been ramped high enough to put him on a hair trigger. The merest pressure of a soft boob was enough to trigger another convulsive ejaculation. Oppa moaned as if she'd also attained her own climax. Milk spurted from her many nipples.

It did feel like heaven—a sensual one—to Joey. But he was also concerned about how long he could last. There was no way he could keep on coming...

Another soft brush of boob. Another explosive ejaculation. Another burst of pure white crowding out all of Joey's other thoughts.

...like this without emptying out. Maybe even drying up.

And then... what? He remembered the struggling figure slowly drawn into a giant boob.

"Joey."

Joey heard his name called out. It was faint, as if from a great distance.

Or from the waking world trying to pierce the veil of dreams.

Yes, it was exactly as he'd first thought. This was just some weird erotic nightmare, and now someone was trying to wake him up from it.

"Joey Farrell."

Louder this time.

Reality fractured and splintered above Joey. Through the resulting hole he saw a strange young woman with albino eyes and long white hair tied up in braids. He didn't recognise her, but Oppa apparently did.

"Aurora. Why, it's been so long. Have you come back to have fun with me? As you can see, I'm a little busy with this lovely gentleman right now, but I'm sure we can work something out. Maybe all three of us together, having fun."

Aurora? That name was not unknown to Joey, although his thoughts were currently too fuzzy for him to recall where he'd heard it.

"No Oppa, I've come for him." She looked down at Joey and held out a hand through the portal.

"Mr Farrell, I've come to take you home."

"Oh, but my lovely Aurora, how do you know he wishes to return home? He seems very comfortable here."

Joey was. He felt even more comfortable when Oppa folded her big, soft tits up around him. A pair wrapped around his erection, as snug as any vagina.

"You remember how pleasant I can make it. Don't you have regrets of your own?"

Doubt bloomed on the other woman's face, only to melt away just as quickly.

"Joey, you have to come with me. As good as you feel now, if you stay here Oppa will consume you, same as she consumes every soul given to her."

"So harsh," Oppa said. "I brought them only pleasure."

She squeezed the whole of Joey's body with her massive tits.

"Take my hand, Mr Farrell," Aurora pleaded.

"Tut tut," Oppa complained. "There are rules, as you well know. The choice has to be his, and his alone. So, what do you say, my darling Joey? Would you like to go with her, or stay here with me? I can bring you so much more pleasure."

Joey moaned as she squeezed his cock between soft tits.

"She is right, though. If you stay here, I will ultimately consume you," Oppa whispered in his ear.

Even knowing that, the choice was incredibly hard for Joey. Being with Oppa, being surrounded by—wrapped up—in her lovely soft boobs felt so good... so right. He really didn't want to leave.

He knew he must. Deep down, in some part of him not washed away by Oppa's aphrodisiac milk, he knew he had to leave here. There was a life he had to return to. People he cared about, that cared for him. Things he still had to do.

He reached out and took Aurora's hand. Oppa made no move to stop him. She let him go.

"Thank you, Oppa," Aurora said.

"Anything for you, my lovely darling Aurora," Oppa said. "You can come back to me anytime, you know that. Same for you, Mr Farrell. I will always be here for you."

Joey came through the portal and collapsed down onto his knees. Free of Oppa's embrace he suddenly felt cold, weak and shivery. Dimly he was aware of being in the living room of his student house. Looking on with open-mouthed shock were two of his housemates, Jennifer and Jack.

"Are you okay, Joey?" Jenn asked. "This woman came knocking on the door in the middle of the night. She said you were in mortal danger. What the hell is going on?"

"Whoa dude, you look like you've been bukkaked," Jack said.

Joey shot him a glance that shut him right up.

"We need to get him showered to wash this off," Aurora said. "Oppabliette milk has strong psychotropic properties and is absorbed through the skin."

* * * *

"Oppabliette, that's what you called her—it," Joey said later when he was showered and dried and sitting at the kitchen table. "What is it, some kind of demon?" he asked Aurora.

He recognised the name now—Aurora Williams, the odd New Age girl who'd warned him about Weaver.

"Yes, a lust demon. They form little vesicles of their own reality and draw souls into them to consume. Warlocks use them to dispose of individuals they want to get rid of without causing any fuss."

"So, Linda Weaver is a warlock. An actual spells-and-magic warlock."

"I did warn you were not equipped to handle her."

"You can say that again," Joey said.

What had he stepped in?

"How do you know so much about this?" he asked her. "Oppa sounded like she knew you."

"You are not the first to experience Oppa's 'delights'," Aurora said. "I was with her for some time. It left a mark."

She sipped warm coffee as she sat at the table. In the pre-dawn gloom she looked slim, delicate and so very fragile. Her paleness looked more ethereal than regular albinism, as if her colours had been washed—sucked—out of her. He wondered just how long she'd been trapped in Oppa's little bubble of reality, and how much she'd lost, irretrievably, during her stay there.

"A white fox pulled me out," Aurora said. "And now I serve her."

"Oh, does that mean...?"

Joey was concerned. Had he escaped one demon only to be contracted to another.

Aurora smiled weakly and shook her head. "You owe nothing. You living your life as you are is already serving her."

Joey's brow wrinkled at that. Just who was this mysterious fox?

"What about Weaver? Someone has to stop her."

"Leave that to persons better equipped to combat her."

"What about me?"

"You were doing good once. Get back to that."

Outside the sky started to brighten as the sun peeked above the horizon. Joey didn't think it would help. The world was darker than he ever thought possible and no sun's rays could ever cleanse that entirely, only give the illusion of warmth and security.

"Did she get you off...? Oppa, that is."

Aurora broke the silence with an awkward question. Her face was hard to read. There were many emotions jostling beneath the surface—concern, pity, fear, envy... *need?*

"Yes," Joey admitted.

And it had felt so good. The best he'd ever experienced, but he couldn't bring himself to admit that.

"Did you drink her milk?"

"Yes."

She reached across to clasp Joey's hand. "Then it will be hard for you."

* * * *

Joey didn't understand what she meant by that until a few nights later. He was lying on his bed, unable to get to sleep at two in the morning. It had been another bad day. There were so many of them nowadays. The news was bad. The world was falling to shit. There was nothing he could do about it. Everything seemed so pointless.

Then the floor around his bed cracked and fell away like pieces of broken glass. Far below him was a pit filled with luscious pink tits. Oppa languidly lounged on top of them as if they were a pile of cushions on a bed. She pouted supple lips and her milky eyes smouldered with sultry desire as she looked up at Joey.

What was happening? He looked around as more of his room fractured and fell away. His bed was at the centre of a slowly crumbling circle.

How could this be happening? He hadn't touched the spike.

He hadn't touched the spike!

"You seem so sad," Oppa said. "Why don't you come down here with me. I'll make you feel so much better."

Joey tucked in his arms and legs. His bed was an island floating above the pit in defiance of all gravity.

Oppa held out her arms.

"I am here for you."

Part of Joey wanted to go to her, wanted so much. He still remembered the pleasures he'd experienced at her breasts. And he knew if he gave in to that, if he jumped over the side of the dwindling bed into her arms, he'd never be seen again. He'd be lost, this time for all eternity.

No no no.

Joey scrunched up his eyes and prayed this was a nightmare he could will away.

He opened his eyes. Oppa was still waiting beneath him.

"It's okay," she said.

She ran a hand over the luscious curve of her left breast.

"You're not ready. We can wait."

Joey blinked and his bedroom was back to how it normally was. No pit. No boobs. He tentatively reached out and patted the edge of the bed. Solid.

* * * *

"I was expecting this call," Aurora explained to him over the phone later. "You drank her milk. It created a connection between you and her. The wall separating our reality from hers is now fragile around you. A catalyst is no longer required. Depending on your mental state, that wall can crack at any time."

"Oh god. How do I stop this?"

"You can't. I'm sorry to say, the only person who can help you with this is you, Mr Farrell."

"What, but you must have. You drank her milk as well, didn't you?"

"Yes," Aurora said. "And she has come to me every night since. I think in her own twisted way she believes she is offering us a pleasant escape from a cruel world."

"And she'll keep doing this..."

"Until you accept, or die of other causes. I'm really sorry, Mr Farrell, I wouldn't wish this on anyone. Neither I nor my benefactor can help you with this. It's all on you. You'll have to remain strong... for the remainder of your life."

Her words echoed with Joey long after he finished the call.

For the rest of his life.

Could he do that? Stay strong for that long. Already the memories of Oppa's lovely soft boobs were filling his thoughts and reminding him of what he'd experienced, and could experience again, should he desire it.

You can come back to me anytime. I will always be here for you.

A cold chill ran through Joey then. Not because the words were memory, but precisely because they were not. That was Oppa's own voice, calling to him directly through his thoughts, and he knew he'd never be rid of it.

THE END