

Ryu's Punishment

Based on art by DarkerEve



It had been Ken's idea to finish their day of training with a practice match. Ryu had felt too exhausted to comply, but Ken had insisted.

"C'mon, you pussy!!" he'd said. "Just one match! Loser's a pussy!"

And without waiting for a response, he'd charged Ryu. The attack had caught him by surprise, and before a minute was out, Ken had delivered a devastating uppercut that knocked him unconscious.

Ryu didn't know how long he'd been out when he woke up. He was nicely tucked in his bed, feeling somewhat warm and disoriented. He looked around—this was his bedroom and

there was no sign of Ken. He felt an unusual pressure in his groin like he *really* needed to pee, but not quite. With one swift gesture, he flung the bedsheets away and swung his feet to stand up. Then he caught his reflection in the tall mirror he used to perfect his katas.

He gasped in shock.

The image in the mirror looked like him. Same haircut, same red bandana, same white karate gi, but that's where the similarities stopped. His black belt was untied and his uniform was parted, revealing his naked form underneath. His reflection looked at his chest with a puzzled expression, staring at a large pair of female tits that didn't belong there. As his gaze fell down, he found his naked crotch and suddenly realized the source of his discomfort. It wasn't a need to pee; it was a bare, shaved, and very moist pussy.

"Nan desuka?" he mumbled in his native tongue, noticing his sharply female voice. "Nantekottai?"

What had happened to him? How could he possibly be a woman all of a sudden, and where had his underwear gone? Come to think of it, why were his clothes undone that way? Utterly confused but not wanting to stand half-naked in front of the mirror in case Ken came bursting in (as he sometimes did), Ryu decided a trip to the bathroom was the best option for privacy and exploration. He walked quickly and quietly, not wanting to attract any attention. He found the door to the bathroom ajar. He stepped in and closed it behind him.

Then he saw Ken sitting on the toilet, looking back at him in red-faced surprise. His best friend had his pants down to his ankles and was holding an oversized erection with both hands. The turgid glans was tipped with a white pearl as if it were moments away from ejaculating. From the white streaks staining Ken's exposed chest and hair, that wasn't his first orgasm and probably not even his second.

"—the fuck?" Ken exclaimed. "Privacy?"

Ryu's heart skipped a beat then went into a frenetic drum solo. The sight of his best friend in such a state of arousal struck a chord he didn't know was there. His crotch was aching in a way that was alien and arousing. His eyes fixed on Ken's dick, he reached down with a hesitant hand. He'd been with many women, but feeling his fingers probing his own drenched pussy was maddening and exciting. He struggled to find an explanation for his condition—not to mention his raging arousal—but his thoughts were clouded in visions of his naked form impaled on his friend's ridiculously large cock. He'd seen Ken naked before—he wasn't that big! Whatever had turned Ryu into a woman had also transformed Ken's penis into that of a raging bull.

That somehow made Ryu's cunt very, very wet.

His fingers probed his pussy and found his rigid clit. He moaned as he brushed against it. It was too sensitive! Almost made him cum!

"Fuck this!" Ken said, pulling Ryu from his daydreaming.

Ken's eyes were going from Ryu's tits to his pussy. The Japanese man realized what this must have looked like: upon seeing Ken, he was fingering his pussy like a whore in heat. He knew Ken liked his women hot and busty, and that's just what he was at the moment.

What was even more messed up was how Ryu found himself getting hotter just thinking about Ken fucking him.

Ken wrapped his arms around his friend and drew him into a kiss. Ryu felt his whole frame shudder while Ken's cock slid horizontally between his wet thighs. He felt his labia part even more than before if that was possible. The male part of him struggled against the thought of being penetrated by that bestial meat hammer, but his very female cunt seemed thrilled at the prospect. He fought against the instinct to close his thighs and grind his groin against Ken's dick—and lost. He broke the kiss, hoping to talk some sense into his American friend.

"We can't," he said, fighting to keep the tremor from his voice. Everything in his tone said *yes, fuck me.*

"We gotta," Ken answered. He slid a knee between Ryu's legs and parted them. "Ever since I saw you in your bed, unconscious, I've been jacking off, but nothing seems to work." He guided his cock inside her wet opening. "Maybe that'll do it."

And as Ken's cock entered Ryu-chan, she lost what little she had left of her male mind. She was a rutting slut, a bitch in heat whose sole purpose was to suck her friend's cock dry, preferably half a dozen times or more.

Ken pushed her against the wall and began pistoning into her with the strength and tenacity of a Terminator. As Ryu-chan launched into her first climax, Ken knew instinctively that this was but the first of many, many more.

Helluva reward, he thought, and he too came like a crashing comet.