

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Con

By any standard, it had already been the most bizarre weekend of Corey's life. Setting out for the convention. En route, seeing that old man getting mugged at knifepoint in an alley. Getting more scared than he'd ever been, yet still somehow rushing in to help. Watching the trigger get pulled, seeing nothing happen. Slashing. The mugger fleeing. Blood – so much blood, staining his clothes, his hands, the screen of his phone as he called 911.

That had been terrifying.

But then things got weird.

“Been a long time since anybody tried to help me of their own volition,” the man on the brickwork alleyway said, wheezing, glazed eyes staring up at his would-be rescuer. His words were spoken with finality. With trembling hands, he reached into a pocket of his coat and pulled out... something. Honestly, Corey thought the thing was a dildo at first – it was around that shape and length, anyway. He almost let it fall to the ground as the old man thrust it into his hand, but at the last moment he said it had some kind of digital interface, buttons, a small screen down the length of it, a metal dome on the tip that was like polished silver atop the black length. A rod, he supposed was the term. Something he'd only ever seen before in comic books.

“Never gave much thought who I'd will this to,” he continued. “May as well go to you.”

“What? No, you're going to pull through, buddy. An ambulance is on its way. Just hold on,” he said, maintaining pressure on the gash.

But the old man only shook his head, urgent to get out the words he needed to say. “Simplicity itself. Set it for the fetish you like, hold down the activator, and touch it to her. Doesn't matter where. Head seems to work strongest, but anywhere'll do. Then give her what she wants, and she's yours.” He groaned in pain, eyes squeezed shut.

He was clearly delusional. “Sure, sure,” he said, placatingly. He had no idea what the heck any of that could mean, but he was a lot more concerned with the fluids leaking out of the man than the words.

The man didn't say anything further. He either ignored Corey's attempts to question him, or was simply too dazed to reply. By the time the paramedics arrived, loading the gurney bearing the wounded fellow onto the ambulance, Corey still had not learned so much as his name.

The police arrived then, and after giving a brief statement, one of them was kind enough to offer the dazed youth a ride home. He stumbled into his apartment, hands shaking so hard he could barely get the key in the lock. No sign of Olivia. The shower was his next stop, where he hoped the water could wash away the trauma of it as much

as the blood. The rod lay dropped, forgotten, on the sofa. The only reason it even made it home was because he'd been too numb to relinquish his grip on it.

Some time later, when he finally realized the water had been cold for some time, he exited the shower. His ex-girlfriend, now roommate, was sitting on the sofa, looking up with some concern. "You were in there for over an hour, Corey. Everything OK?"

Ever since they'd broken up – which is to say, since Olivia had dumped him – he'd had a hard time cohabitating with her. The only reason they still lived together was because their lease only had two more months on it, and neither had anywhere else they could go. "It's fine. Long day."

"It's one in the afternoon," she said, arching an eyebrow. "Sex toy shopping go that badly?"

He nearly dropped his towel. Nothing she hadn't seen a hundred times, but still, it would be weird now that they were broken up. "Excuse me?"

She held up the rod. "Sorry, you left it on the couch. What the heck is this thing? Looks like a vibrator, but I don't get what the modes do. Sounds like categories on a porn site. Feet, blowjob, public, humiliation... Creepy stuff, Corey. And when I hit the big button, it doesn't turn on even though the battery's obviously working, what with the screen on and all."

Corey just shook his head. "It's not a vibrator. I... tried to help someone today on my way to the convention, and he gave it to me. No idea what it does. He said it... well, you're supposed to touch it to the head or something, and it does... I dunno. He was pretty out of it, and I was pretty distracted."

"Sounds like you have a story there," she said, but as she stopped let him tell it, she was still fiddling with the rod. "'Abuse,' huh? Blech." She put the silver tip on her head and pushed the button.

Instantly, her body spasmed like she'd been shocked and she reflexively threw the device to the floor, letting it clatter away. "Olivia? Olivia! Are you OK?" He rushed over to her, clutching his towel in place.

Then she looked at him as if he were insane. "I'm fine. But your stupid little toy just shocked the shit out of me, you asshole."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean for you to actually try it or whatever. You're sure you're OK?"

"I said I'm fine, didn't I?" she snapped, recoiling from his comforting touch and storming across the living room to spitefully kick the contraption. It bounced loudly off a wall, then slid partially into the hallway. "Fucking stupid thing. Did you do that on purpose?"

"On purpose...? Olivia, when I tell you about the day I've had, you'll–"

“I don’t care about your day. If you’re going to pull shit like this, we’re going to have to start dividing up the apartment more formally. So you can’t booby trap it again.” She snorted, a sound she only made when she was really angry.

Corey, however, had had enough. He’d had real problems today, and he didn’t have emotional energy left to mollify his crabby ex-girlfriend. “It was an accident, like I was saying, and I’m sorry, OK? Jesus, Olivia, a man almost died right in front of me today and here you are totally bitching out on me.”

He hadn’t meant to be confrontational, but suddenly, her jaw dropped and she gasped. Her eyes narrowed as the apartment faded to silence. “Did you just call me a bitch?”

“No, I... look, I just meant I was having a hard day. Not your fault. I shouldn’t have—”

“No. Say it again.” Her voice was low.

“What? No, Olivia, it was an accident. Slip of the tongue. You’re not a bitch. And for the record, I said you were bitching out on me, I didn’t—”

But then she gasped again, and to his shock, one hand immediately darted between her legs where he was pretty sure it briefly rubbed at her crotch through her pants.

“Olivia? Uh... what’s...”

“Call me a bitch.”

“I didn’t call you—!”

“*Call me a bitch.*”

He cinched up his towel, frowning at her odd behavior. “You know, normally I’d just walk away, but since I definitely didn’t start this fight, you know what? Fine. You’re being a bitch, Olivia. A bitch. Happy?”

She launched herself at him. The towel was off in a flash, and her soft hands, freshly lotioned as almost always, were fondling at his still-damp manhood. Her lips locked on his, tongue pressing fervently into his mouth as he squealed in surprise. The girl was frantic, almost, certainly more so than he’d ever seen her before when they’d been dating, even when they’d been in the middle of intimacy. She had him on the couch and was sucking him to hardness before he even had a chance to consider whether he intended to consent.

Once she let him out of her mouth and crawled up into his lap, his brain finally regained sufficient blood flow to have pause. “Whoa! Hey there, Olivia, what the hell? I mean, not that I’m not, ya know, flattered, but... what’s up?”

“I don’t know,” she mumbled, still sucking on his neck, stopping only to throw her shirt off over her head. “You just... you were being such a grouchy little prick, and I just... I dunno. Come on, help me with my bra.”

Much as he missed the sight of those shapely, perky tits of hers, he made himself seize her wrists and hold her back. “Olivia, come on. Talk to me.”

“I don’t wanna talk, I wanna fuck!” she whined. She was a squirmy thing, and it only served to remind him he was already naked with a writhing half-naked girl in his lap.

“Olivia, knock it the hell off! You’re acting like a fucking psycho! I just want to...”

They hadn’t dated for a very long time, well under a year, but he remembered the look on her face when she was really turned on. Right now, she had the look, eyes narrowed and lips slightly parted, wrists fidgeting as if she had more purposes in mind for them than hands with which to achieve them. It was more intense than he’d ever seen her.

“Oh fuck, you’re right,” she moaned, grinding herself against his cock. “What else am I?”

“Honestly, I’m caught between slut and lunatic,” he said – only then she broke her hands loose and leapt up, shedding her pants with such urgency she fell down in the middle of it. She was wearing some pretty boring little off-white panties, but he still couldn’t miss the huge wet spot in the crotch. He’d never seen that happen before, that was for sure.

Then she was climbing back into his lap. “Yes! Yes, I’m such a fucking little slut, such a psycho fucking slut, fuck, yes!” He narrowly kept her from putting him right inside her. “Oh don’t stop – come on, tell me what else is wrong with me!”

“Olivia, I’m not going to sit here and abuse...”

Finally, it clicked.

The thing worked. That ridiculous device had actually done it! Well, unless... “How do I know you’re not just fucking with me?”

“No, never – just fuck me, OK? Fuck your little slut bitch, Corey,” she pleaded.

“That still sounds like you might be fucking with me, actually.”

“Look, I don’t care! I’ll do whatever you want, just *please* fuck me, and keep talking at me like that!”

Corey gave her one last long look. Either the thing worked or she really was being a bitch; either way, he wasn’t going to let the opportunity pass. “Fine. You really mean it, then get on your knees and blow me your worthless braindead cumbucket.”

She screamed, talons sinking into his back as she quavered in ecstasy. He had no doubt she’d just had an orgasm. But before she’d even finished the sound, she’d slid to her knees and was sucking him off like never before. Olivia hadn’t been squeamish about oral sex, but this... this was depraved, wanton. It was louder, wetter, hungrier than he’d ever experienced it. He hadn’t even seen girls suck cock like this in porn, and he’d seen his fair share of porn.

Weirder still, every time she slowed down, all he had to do was give her another dose of disrespect and she was once more insatiable.

“You call that a blowjob?”

“Tiny titties like those, no wonder you learned to suck guys off so enthusiastically.”

“Ride it like you’re grateful, you selfish cunt.”

Every time he worried he’d pushed it too far, she demonstrated that it was entirely welcome, every mean-spirited, condescending, even totally baseless comment. Corey frankly loved Olivia’s tits, but he knew she felt like she was too small, and today that was an opening.

He never made it back to the con Friday night. Olivia was determined to test the limits of his erectile stamina, which went on well into the night. By the time she finally fell asleep with his cock in her mouth, he’d pumped the well dry looking for creative material and was simply applying blunt invective. “Dumb slut” was the last thing he said to her before sneaking out of bed to find that marvelous device.

Which, he fast realized, was broken.

“I said you broke it, you fucking moron! You fucking broke it!”

Olivia sunk to her knees at his insult, taking in air through a ragged gasp, but she was still able to reply. “It shocked me! I didn’t know it was gonna shock me! Why didn’t you warn me?”

“I’d never used it before! Technically still haven’t, thanks to your dumb ass,” he snapped. It was meaner than he’d ever been to her, but Corey was a fast learner, and Olivia had taught him hard for almost eight hours straight the night before.

“Are you sure it’s broken? All it was doing before was flashing random kinks,” she said. “I really am a fucking moron. Had to set it to ‘abuse,’” she grumped.

“Nice going, Einstein.”

“Mmm, sarcastic Einstein. God, I can’t wait to get you in me again.”

“Well, you can’t right now. Today, I really am going to the con. That registration was expensive, ya know, and I’ve been looking forward to it for six months. So you chill here. I can’t have your skank ass begging me to remind her what a stupid slut she is all day.”

“Sure, sure. Um, when do you think you’ll be home?”

“I dunno. Depends on how things go, I guess.”

“You’re sure you gotta go? I could make it worth your while to stay,” Olivia said, nodding vigorously. “You could just lay in bed all day while I suck your cock. I totally would. You know me, cock-starved and whorish as always.” She was quoting something he’d said the day before.

What was clear was that the device had done a major number on her. Not only was the slightest hint of so-called abuse enough to melt any resolve she might still have, but she was going out of her way to fawn, please, flatter and otherwise ingratiate herself in the hopes of earning more. Which made the malfunction all the more infuriating.

He’d found the rod in the hall, where she’d kicked it yesterday after zapping herself. The screen now periodically blinked between settings, seemingly at random. Sometimes it would stay on one setting for several minutes, but as soon as he moved it, it would flash to another. Hitting the button to switch settings sometimes made it jump half a dozen times in rapid succession before settling.

Saying farewell to Olivia, and calling her a cum-greedy bimbo just to be nice, Corey first figured he needed to test and see if it still worked at all. Why hadn’t he paid closer attention to that old man’s instructions? He remembered him saying that touching it to the head worked strongest, which seemed to imply other places would still work, but weaker. That shouldn’t be too hard.

In fact, he knew just who he wanted to give it a try on.

Ten minutes later, he was in position, and the phone was ringing. “Linzy, hey, it’s Corey,” he said when she picked up.

“Ya, I know. My phone comes with this awesome feature called caller ID. What’s up?”

“Having kind of a shitty day here... engine died in the middle of town, and it’s kinda close by to your place, so I was hoping you might come give me a jump.”

“Seriously?” She yawned, which became a sigh as it ended. “Well, yeah, I guess I can. I’m not really dressed or anything, so it’s gonna be a bit.”

“Totally fine – do what you gotta do. I’m on State Street, between Pine and Elm. You can’t miss me. I’ll be here, and thank you so much. I owe you one.”

It was forty-five minutes before Linzy arrived, not looking at all like she’d done much to get dolled up for him. No matter. She was here. Linzy was his friend Doug’s cousin, and she used to hang out with his crowd until she started getting heavier into her crummy little girl band. Still, she was nearby, unattached, and pretty damn hot. Where Olivia was cute in a petite kind of way, Linzy was of a similar height but with tits and an ass that were both big enough to look out of place on her frame. Olivia used to give him crap when she caught him ogling her once or twice. Only then, when he’d muttered under his breath that she was being a bitch, she’d punched him in the arm and made him sleep in what was then the guest room. Now he lived in the guest room.

“All right, you got the cables?” she said, hands on hips.

“Sure do,” he said, showing her where he already had them hooked up. “You know where to put these on your engine?”

“Not my first rodeo,” she said dryly. Clearly she was annoyed to have been involved; he was a little surprised she’d agreed without some pleading or a promise of payment. He waited until she was turned around, arranging the clamps, to slide the rod out of his sleeve. The readout said “blowjob” – seemed about right. He hoped he didn’t need to organically make it happen, and that the mere suggestion would be enough, but Corey figured that even if that wasn’t the case, the worst case scenario was that he’d propose a blowjob, the device wouldn’t do anything, and she’d think he was a pig. No big loss.

He pressed it to her back and hit the activator.

“Ow! What the fuck, Corey?” she snapped, rubbing the spot where she’d been zapped. He’d meant to hide the device behind his back before she turned around, but she was too fast, and worse, she snatched it out of his hand. “Did you just shock me with a fucking vibrator? What the hell?”

His heart leapt in his chest as he imagined a repeat of yesterday – her throwing the device in the street, and this time it shattering altogether. “Careful with that!”

“Careful with... what is this thing?” She held it up, inspected it as she backed away from him warily. “Seriously?”

“I... I just...” What could he say? Desperate, he took a leap and hoped for the best. “Suck my dick, Linzy.”

She froze. Her eyes narrowed, her mouth pursed. It reminded him a lot of how Olivia had reacted the night before. She took a step toward him. Then another step. Then another. A smug grin crept onto his face as he braced himself for this feisty, busty babe to drop to her knees and plead to suck him off in the street.

Then she socked him full strength in the jaw. While he was still reeling from the blow, she kicked him full on in the groin. He dropped to the street in a heap, groaning in agony as his balls – which, he suddenly recalled, could have been tenderly ensconced between Olivia’s lips right then – were instead throbbing like they were thinking of bursting out of his scrotum.

His only relief was that Linzy then knelt down beside him and gently set the rod down on his chest. “Suck on that, asshole.”

With a steady flow of vitriolic commentary about Corey and the male gender in general trickling out of her, Linzy set to undoing the cables from the car. What the hell had gone wrong? His balls weren’t yet ready to exist without something cradling them, but he could do that one-handed. With his other, he grabbed the rod and looked at the screen. It was flickering between settings again. Damn! As she tossed his jumper cables onto the pavement, he desperately pressed it to her ankle and activated it again.

This time, there was no spark, no shock aside from her stepping back to try to avoid it. The only thing that changed was the readout. As Linzy thundered away, demanding to know who he thought he was, what was his problem, he flipped it right side up and squinted to see through the receding star field clouding his vision.

Mode already selected: Titjob

Huh. Not what he’d intended, but...

“...knew you were such a fucking creep, Corey, I always knew it. I didn’t realize you were walking-around-with-a-broken-cyber-dildo creepy, but I knew you were some kind of fuckin’ asshole. Olivia told me you were a loser, but man, now I–”

“Can I fuck your tits, Linzy?” It was almost a whisper when it came out.

Her eyes widened. “What the fuck did you just say to me?”

At least he still had his balls protected in case she struck again. Her nostrils flared, her spine went rigid. He braced himself to have a dozen or so bones in his hand broken as it absorbed the blow for his nuts. When she didn’t strike, he considered that she really may not have heard him, and he repeated his offer. “I said, I wanna fuck your tits.”

Slowly, she squatted down beside him, her profile blocking the sun and casting him into shadow. She really may just finish him off. He’d played enough Mortal Kombat to have some vivid notions of how that might transpire.

“Are you serious right now?” she asked.

“Um... yes?” It was so hard to tell if she was turned on or furious. Maybe both.

Slowly, a grin crept onto her haughty face. “You’re a cocky son of a bitch, aren’t ya.”

“Tits like yours, how could a guy not get greedy?”

Linzy extended a hand, and once he realized it wasn’t going to hit him, he took it and let her help him to his feet. He slumped back against his car, nuggets still too tender to stand easily, and watched her. Her lips twitched up and down at the corners as if she were struggling with something.

“Penny for your thoughts, pretty lady?” Corey asked.

“Hmm?” She looked up, as if surprised to find him there. “No, it’s nothing, I just... I mean, I’m not really into guys is all. So like... it’s really flattering, your offering to... you know. But... yeah. I don’t, like, swing your way.”

Oh, right. He’d sort of forgotten Linzy was a lesbian.

Still, she sounded displeased with her own pronouncement, which made him all the more confident it was working. Linzy didn’t seem instantly overwhelmed the way Olivia had, but maybe that was because he hadn’t gone for the head, or because he hadn’t actually committed the act. Yet.

“Usually, anyway,” she said after a moment.

“Well hey,” Corey said, forcing himself to remove his hand from his grieving balls. “You could always swing my way, then swing right back. Pretty sure they don’t have lezzie police out there busting you gals for minor deviations.”

“Pretty sure us gals aren’t supposed to get our tits fucked,” she said, though she sounded disappointed at the realization.

“Pair like yours, seems like an awful waste,” he said. Without waiting for permission, he extended an index finger toward the line of cleavage showing over her t-shirt. After what he’d seen with Olivia, it wasn’t all that surprising she didn’t stop him from sliding it between her boobs, or that, as he drew it up and down a few times, her eyes squeezed shut with obvious pleasure.

“Yeah, I guess it does,” she said when he slowly removed it. Linzy even took a step forward and squeezed them together with her biceps, her subconscious trying to trap him there. “You really like them?”

“I’d like them better if somebody hadn’t just smashed my balls into my throat,” he said grumpily. No sense making this easy for her, he figured. May as well put her through her paces for what she’d done.

“Oh fuck, yeah, I’m sorry about that. I just... you zapped me with your... what is that again?”

“Uh, a barometer,” he said. No idea why that was the first thing that came to mind, but it was. No sense telling her what it really was.

“Barometer? What the hell was it saying about feet, then?”

His mind raced for an excuse. “Oh. Uh, must’ve forgot to set it to metric again. Stupid thing keeps using English measurements.”

“Oh.” Like that, she was done being curious. He supposed her burgeoning need to get his cock between her tits had something to do with it. “So, yeah. Should we start your car? Then we could, like, get out of here. I dunno, hang out. Or something.”

This was a test run, he reminded himself. No sense doing a test run if you aren’t going to test things. Time to see how much she’d put up with before getting what she wanted. “OK, promise you won’t get mad?”

“Sure. No more kicking. What’s up?”

“My car works fine. I just wanted to see you.”

She smiled. “Really? I mean, why? We’re not really even friends, and I thought you knew I don’t like dudes.”

“I dunno, just wanted to see if I could change your mind. Guess not though, huh.”

“Uh, yeah. I guess not. I mean... no, yeah.” She was still pretty flustered.

“Ah well. Guess I’ll go see if I can find some straight girl’s tits to fuck. Thanks at least for coming out though, Linzy.”

“Wait, you’re... stop.” She interposed herself between Corey and his car door.

“What? You made it clear you’re not interested, and I’m all about consent.”

“I... I didn’t say I’m not at *all* interested. I mean... I could be talked into it. Maybe.”

Corey shrugged. “It’s OK. I’d rather not bother with a girl who’s not into it.”

She frowned. “Geez, I’m signaling I’m curious, and you’re not even gonna try? What the hell happened to the male gender since yesterday?”

“I’m sure with a set of jugs like yours, you could easily find a guy willing to wine and dine those puppies. Me though, I prefer a sure thing. Sorry.”

He tried to get past her, but she again blocked him. “Fine. You want a sure thing? OK. Let’s give it a go. It must be your lucky day, Corey.”

“My lucky day involves getting sucker punted in the nuts? I don’t think so. You didn’t even apologize. Doesn’t feel right to fuck the tits of a girl who doesn’t even care she almost neutered me.”

“No, I’m totally sorry!” she protested. “Really! Really. I really am. Come on, let me take you back to my place and I can show you how sorry I am. I’ll treat those puppies like a million bucks.”

He stroked his chin. “That’s sweet, but... all the way back to your place? I mean, that’s a long way to go when I don’t even know what I’d be working with...”

She frowned, then hefted her boobs for him, shaking them demonstratively. “These. You’d be working with these. These huge tits that I’ve caught you staring at like every time we’ve met.”

“Yeah, but... I dunno, I’ve been tricked before. They look great right now, but then you get them out in the open and they’re all lopsided, or droopy, or one nipple’s bigger than the other or a different color or something, and... Thanks, I’ll pass on the mystery boobs.”

Again he tried to get past her, this time getting all the way to placing a hand on the door handle before she threw herself in his path. “Wait wait wait! OK, so... yeah. Yeah, I could just... yeah. Here.” Was she sweating? It wasn’t that warm out. From her pocket Linzy withdrew her phone, hastily scanning through for something until she held it out to him.

It was a topless selfie. She was kneeling on the floor of a bedroom, her hair wet and a towel draped loosely around her waist. They were still glistening in the light of the flash from the shower or bath that seemed to have preceded it. Better yet, they were smoking hot tits. The sort of fat but still buoyant tits that don’t really survive a girl’s twenties. Two sweet cherry red nipples on lightly freckle-dusted boobs. Fucking amazing. He wanted to kick himself for nearly addicting this girl to cock-sucking instead.

He’d go for that on his next target.

“There. There they are. Nice, right? You like ‘em? Not lopsided or what the fuck ever, right?” She wiped her sweat off her brow with a sleeve. “Jesus fuck, can’t believe I’m seriously standing here asking if a man likes the way my tits look.”

“Well you should ask more often, because I bet they’d get a lot of compliments.” He gave the left one a little pat, and to his surprise, she recoiled.

“Nobody said you could feel me up, OK? Damn, man, I offer you a cookie but naw, you need some fuckin’ milk with it. Fucking men are so goddamn...” She caught herself, but not before she’d been brushed aside and Corey had climbed into his car. “Corey, wait! I’m sorry. Look, do you wanna fuck ‘em or not? I mean – wait, don’t turn that key – no, please please don’t put it into gear – Corey, stop, please, just listen, I’m sorry – just don’t go – just...”

As he backed away from her car so he’d have room to leave, she suddenly took off her top and threw herself on the front of his car. Ordinarily he’d have been both worried for the person on his windshield as well as concerned for the condition of the hood itself, but with those big tits of hers smashed against the glass, bulging every which way out of her bra, he couldn’t help but put it back in park.

“Fuck my tits, OK? I’m asking super nice! Just please, *please* fuck my tits!”

Corey grinned at the panic-stricken look on Linzy’s normally snide face. He let her languish another moment, then crooked his head to the passenger’s seat. Linzy was there in a flash, moving so fast she was breathing heavy.

“Thanks,” she said, then frowned as if to wonder why she had to thank him. She didn’t take it back though.

“One more thing,” he said, hand shifting back into drive. “Lose the bra.”

“Lose the...?! I can’t just ride around topless! People will see! I’ll—” She stopped herself short when she read his expression. “Fine.”

They looked even better in real life, no doubt about it.

It was at least an hour later before his balls felt well enough to make good on his offer, and from there, at least another hour lost between those glorious globes of hers. Corey had honestly never seen much appeal in sliding his dick around in cleavage; that seemed to be what pussies and mouths were for, both warmer and wetter places to shove his member. Still, once he had those babies good and lubed up, it was hot enough just watching and listening to Linzy. She was at or near climax nearly the whole time she was working on him, and afterwards actually apologized – to herself, as near as he could tell – for being a lesbian. In her words, it was like her boobs were two giant clits on her chest, and his cock sandwiched between them was better than any sex she'd ever had by a factor of ten.

He asked if he could just fuck her in the more conventional way; she balked at first, but once he dangled the proverbial carrot between her tits, she promised he could have her virginity to lube up for her tits. Corey waited until she was in the shower, rinsing off the copious amount of dried up cum on her chest, before he snuck out.

He still had a con to attend.

So now he knew this rod was real, and that it worked like a dream. Literally. He also knew that, thanks to his carelessness and Olivia's rashness, it was on the fritz. For his next move, he'd need more than a little luck to pull it off.

It began with a line that stretched down three hallways, wending back and forth between roped-off paths to diminish cutting. That line eventually lead to a doorway where a single overwhelmed security guard was manning a single inadequate metal detector to scan for weapons in case of nuttery. Corey's rod caused it to buzz, but the guy took one look in his bag of otherwise innocuous memorabilia and decided halfway through a bullshit claim that it was a facsimile of a gadget from an anime before waving him on. Then there was another line, this time to get into the line to actually meet the myriad celebrity guests they'd lined up for the con.

They'd out-done themselves with the booking this year, really. Two stars from *ST:TNG*, two from *Buffy*. The guy who played Ronan the Accuser from *Guardians*, the two chubby guys from *The Office*, the guy who'd wiggled Jabba's tail in *Return of the Jedi*, and even a minor avenger in the person of Anthony Mackie. Then of course there were all the writers, directors, comic artists and animators who were less recognizable but as much or more so deserving of awe. All considered, Corey would have easily blown a couple hundred bucks and several more hours getting signatures in here, but today, there was only one more line he intended to stand in.

The lines for the pretty females were usually the longest ones, in Corey's con experience, but there was ample competition today. It sure didn't feel any shorter, though, especially after the past hours' wait. After paying his autograph fee, little by little, he inched forward, watching as fawning geeks produced posters, photographs,

movie ticket stubs, and even a few props of tangential relevance for her to sign. He was relieved; he wouldn't be the only one lugging around weird stuff.

Finally, he was second in line, and it was time to get ready. He reached into his handbag, the same one a hundred other people in the room had purchased at check-in. There, he carefully set the rod to read *Blowjob*, and tried to hold it as still as possible. He knew it was a gamble at best what it actually landed on, but he could at least try to put his thumb on the scales. The woman in front of him giggled nervously, stammered out some words, fumbled a bit with her now-autographed picture, and stepped aside. It was his turn.

There she was. Jaimie Alexander.

She was dressed down, a tan jacket over a white t-shirt and jeans. Nevertheless she was positively stunning. Face of an angel, body of sin made flesh. And presently, she was smiling genially at none other than Corey. "Hi there," she said, prompting him to step up to the table. A stack of her own photographs sat beside her for those who didn't prefer something more specific.

"Hi, Ms. Alexander," he said. Lord, he didn't think he'd ever been this nervous. This woman would have terrified him if he'd only meant to get an autograph, and here was, about to...

"And you are...?" she said.

Why was she asking that? Was she onto him? How did she know?! "Corey," he managed. Oh no, had he blown it already?

"Corey," she repeated. "Well, you got something you want me to sign, Corey, or are you a dealer's choice kind of guy?"

"Dealer's choice?" he said, drowning in those big dark eyes.

"You got it," she said, slipping the top photo off the stack and taking the cap off her sharpie. She was just about to touch them together when he remembered.

"Wait!" he said, a little too loud. Nearby, not ten feet away, a man who was by all probability a body guard looked hard in his direction. Unlike the guy outside, this guy looked like he meant business. Moreover, he was twice Corey's size, and most of the difference looked to be muscle.

Slowly, cognizant that he was being watched and already had made a bit of a scene, he reached into his bag and seized the rod. It was still set correctly. *Here goes nothing*, he told himself.

He plopped it down on the table. "This, actually," he said, holding it carefully to keep the readout on the underside. "If that's OK."

"Um, sure." She cocked her head to the side. "What, uh, is this thing, exactly?" She laughed at the oddity. Still relaxed. Good.

“Oh, it’s the hilt of one of Hela’s swords from *Thor: Ragnarok*,” he lied. “I know you weren’t in it, but I figured that just means you didn’t get killed like the warriors three. So it’s kind of a symbol that Lady Sif will live on forever, ya know?”

His voice nearly broke at two points, he was so nervous. But, like he’d hoped, he was dealing with a woman who’d been sitting here for hours and would still be sitting here for hours more, and he was one of a thousand random dorks with dorky ideas and fantasies. She gave a half-hearted chuckle at his explanation. “I like how you think, Corey. Only... see, I’ve just got the black sharpie, and I don’t think that’s gonna show up on this. I might be able to fit a smiley face on the pommel, but if you want an autograph, I need something not black.”

“The smiley face sounds awesome, actually,” he said, holding the point out to her.

“Really? Well all right, if you say so. If you’ll hand it here, I’ll just *OW!*” She jumped back, startled by the shock of its ignition. Got her! “What the heck was that?” she snapped.

This time, Corey had the presence of mind to quickly examine the readout while it was still fresh. Damn! Not what he’d intended once again. Still, only one chance to make this work... With his heart in his chest, he made one last desperate lunge before the mountain of a guard tackled him to the ground. He could only pray it had been enough.

Hours later, he was still sitting downtown in a police station, still handcuffed near the desk of the officer who'd picked him up after he was dragged out of the con. He sure hadn't acted like his heart was in it, as if he'd much rather be confronting real crime instead of tending to the hurt feelings of some rich celebrity. As for Corey, while the brief tussle hadn't been quite as painful as his ordeal with Linzy that morning, it was nonetheless far more humiliating, having thousands of strangers on hand to see him trussed up like a piglet and handed off to the cops.

Eventually, they had to let him make a phone call. That was how it always went on TV, right? Olivia would bail him out, no doubt, at least as long as he told her to drag her stretched-out cunt down here and bring her checkbook if she wanted him to talk to her ever again. In the meantime, he rubbed his jaw for the hundredth time; it was still sore from where he'd been slammed to the ground.

"All right, looks like you're free to go," said the cop suddenly, hanging up his desk phone.

"Uh, excuse me?"

But the cuffs were already being undone. "Door's that way."

"Are you serious? What happened?"

"No charges being pressed, so you're free to go," he repeated. There was no emotion to it; no more so than when he'd sat him down here to begin with.

"Uh, I came in here with some stuff?"

The cop nodded, unlocked a desk drawer, and handed Corey the bag. To his tremendous relief, his rod was still inside. No more risks like that, he promised himself.

Corey didn't know quite what to make of that – at least until he stepped outside, where a car parked in front of the station suddenly opened up and out came Jaimie Alexander herself. He back-pedaled immediately from the way she was storming up to him; it was suddenly difficult to detach the actress from her role as the Asgardian heroine Sif, even in the simple clothes he'd seen her wearing earlier.

"Look, I'm sorry, I know that was–"

Then she backed him right into the wall of the police station. "You've got some nerve, you little son of a bitch," she said darkly.

"Yeah, sorry, it's... I could explain, but you'd never believe me."

"Save it. You assaulted me in the middle of a room filled with a thousand people."

"I... yeah, I guess I sorta did. Sorry about that."

"An apology doesn't change what you did."

"Look, I hope I didn't hurt you or anything, I just... really, I–"

"You slapped me."

"I... well, I guess it doesn't make it better if I say I was trying to..."

"Spank me."

"Yeah."

“I wasn’t finishing your sentence, guy.” She took a step closer. Her face was only six inches from his. “I was telling you to *spank. Me.*”

It worked!

Here she’d seemed so pissed off, and so much more confident than Olivia or Linzy had, and he’d thought he’d fucked up! He’d only had a fraction of a second to look at the readout and dive over the table to get at her butt, and he’d mostly hit the chair. But apparently somewhat was enough!

“You, uh, want me to... spank you?”

“Look, I don’t know what the hell you did to me, but when you... it was like a lightning bolt hit me. A *good* lightning bolt. Right in the... well, never mind where. After they dragged your scrawny ass out, I went back to my hotel room and tried to see if I could make it strike twice, but no dice. I even found some guy in the hallway and had him try it. Nothing.” She made a face. “Well, nothing much.”

“You asked some random stranger to spank you? Aren’t you worried it’s going to wind up on TMZ or something?”

“Who would believe him?” She shrugged. “Now. Spank me. And if it doesn’t feel at least half as good as last time, I know a guy who will toss what’s left of you in a dumpster. If I don’t just do it myself.”

That fervent look in her eyes told him she meant it. Gingerly, he stepped around her, and as he turned around he saw she was already bent forward, palms on the brick wall of the police station. Her ass was right there, and while the comfy-looking jeans she was wearing weren’t doing it any favors, they didn’t need to. This woman was as close to perfect as he’d ever seen.

Corey gave her a single, quarter-strength slap.

Her back arched like he’d just slammed his cock into her as deep as it would go, and a sound came out of her like nothing he’d heard a woman make before. A growl that suddenly went high-pitched then cut off abruptly. A sound he would’ve thought came from a lioness on the hunt rather than this woman having her bottom paddled.

“Again,” she moaned.

“Uh, Ms. Alexander – Jaimie – we’re kind of in front of a police station. They got cameras and stuff.”

“I don’t care – give ‘em a show. Just keep going,” she demanded.

His mind flashed back to Linzy that morning, the sucker punch, the kick, the pushy attitude. The way she crumbled like a house of cards when he pushed back.

“Actually, I’d rather not,” he said, and began walking away.

“What? No, you have to!” She smacked her ass a couple times, glaring at it as if it were betraying her by not giving the same pleasure he had. “You don’t know how it feels. You *have* to. I know you want to. I could find a million guys who’d kill to be in your shoes right now.”

“So go find one of them,” he said.

She grabbed his wrist, pulled him to a stop. “No, you don’t understand. I *need* it. I need more. Please? I could pay you. Whatever you want. You can’t just go!”

Corey grinned. “Pay me? How much?”

“Seriously?” She gritted her teeth and paced back and forth, cursing at no one. “I got guys hiding in the bushes to get pictures of me, and now I find a guy with the magic hands who wants *me* to pay *him*!”

“Tell ya what, Jaim. Give me a ride back to my car, and if you’re a good girl on the way, I’ll give you another swat. Sound good?”

She stopped and looked up at him, eyes wide. “Maybe... maybe one before we go?”

“Tell ya what. Take your pants off, and we’ll see.”

Even though they were still standing in the police station parking lot, she didn’t hesitate for an instant. Her shoes landed on the sidewalk, forgotten in her urgency to get her jeans down. There it was, her tight round ass, nothing covering it but a pair of white cotton panties only marginally paler than the flesh beneath them. Not unlike with Linzy and Olivia, she was sporting an embarrassingly large wet spot in the crotch, he noted. Not that she seemed embarrassed. Far from it, actually. She bent herself over the hood of her car, presenting herself for treatment.

He just laughed to himself. “Not bad, babe. Come on, let’s get in the car.” He prodded her with a couple gentle pats on the butt, just to get her moving, and even that mild contact was enough to make her moan.

“Nice car,” he said as he settled into the passenger seat.

“It’s a rental,” she said curtly.

“Nice tits,” he said, not bothering to conceal his ogling.

She rolled her eyes. “Yeah, I know.”

He laughed. “All right, I’m at the garage by the convention center, so... let’s get going. Mind if I finger you while you drive?”

“What? Yes I mind, you little pervert.” She squeezed her bare thighs together, though he could still smell her arousal in the close air.

“Fair enough. That’s a shame, I was really gonna let your ass have it once you dropped me off.”

She stiffened. “Really? Like, a full... session, or whatever?”

“And then some.”

Her legs spread. “Try not to get us killed, Tiger.”

And they were off. By the time they reached the parking garage in question, he was proud to say he’d gotten her off at least once. That she was as aroused from that one little smack as any girl he’d ever seen in his life didn’t hurt, and he did sorta cheat at one

point where he had her twist to the side at a red light and give her a micro-swat. From then on, she was trying to keep her eyes focused on the road.

Halfway there, he proposed a change in destination.

She put up the same half-hearted protest she had about the fingering when it came to asking to go up to her hotel room, again when he proposed she strip down for a few selfies together, again when a blowjob was requested, and again when he told her to take a facial. Every time, the promise of an eventual spanking eroded all resistance, and however sullen, she complied with gusto.

He fell asleep in her huge plush bed without ever giving her so much as a tap. When he woke up the next morning, it was to the sight of Jaimie Alexander's naked body stretched out on top of the sheets, bottoms up. She turned out to be a sound sleeper – and maybe he dreamed it, but she may also have been up frigging herself crazy half the night after he accidentally palmed her ass in his sleep – and so he simply wrote his name and number on the bathroom mirror and excused himself.

He was confident she'd call.

That night, Corey found himself back in his own cozy apartment, looking forward to a home-cooked meal. It smelled great, whatever it was. Still, he had a whole evening of activities to look forward to, and he was getting impatient for the more basic elements to be over with.

“Olivia, you worthless lazy cunt on legs! When’s it gonna be ready?”

The first response he got was a moan of bliss from the kitchen. The second came from one of the two women kneeling at his feet giving him a tandem blowjob. “Didn’t you say she’s your ex-girlfriend? She lets you talk to her like that?”

“Didn’t I tell you what I wanted you to do with your mouth, Jaimie?” She immediately dove down and nudged Linzy’s cheek aside with her own to take him back in her mouth. They’d been told that the hottest cocksucker would get their choice of tit-fuck or spanking, and that brief interruption was the first either had paused to do more than theatrically lap at his shaft. Neither had much experience at sucking dick, but he’d have plenty of time to change that.

Olivia came out bearing a plate soon after. She was wearing nothing but an apron, which he thought was a nice touch. “Steak and eggs, like you like, babe,” she said, holding it out toward him.

“Took your time, ya stupid bitch. Hope it tastes better than that sloppy pussy of yours smells,” he said appreciately, and she dropped to her knees then and there, coming so hard she flopped all the way down to the carpet and trembled, masturbating enthusiastically to extend the wave a few extra seconds.

Jaimie served as a human dinner tray, hovering over his lap in what had to be a heck of an ab workout for her. Linzy continued to blow him while he ate, and though she tried her best to heed his instructions to make him last the whole meal, he still had six or seven bites left to go when he unexpectedly sprayed her face. That was the deciding factor, so after dinner, Linzy went to the kitchen to do the dishes while Corey and Olivia watched *Survivor* with Jaimie sprawled out across their laps. He spanked her whenever he felt like it, which was fairly often, until she proved unable to keep her moaning and coming quiet. Then it was back to blowjob duty for her, but by that point she was too blissed out to care.

For dessert, he took all three into his bedroom and bent them over his bed in a row, ass by ass by ass, fucking back and forth down the line until he could barely tell which pussy was whose. As a reward for saving her virginity for him, he even let Linzy tit-fuck him for a while as he had the other two sixty-nine one another for his amusement.

So yeah. All in all, a pretty weird weekend, and not at all restful. But still, he couldn’t wait for his week to begin.