



- Content Warning -

This story contains:

Futanari, femdom, sweat, musk, dirty underwear,
smegma, anal sex, use of toys

All characters are 18+ unless stated otherwise.

To all the friends that ever said good things
about my OCs.

The sound of rustling paper and beeping scanners filled Sehn's ears as she waited in line.

For the third consecutive weekend she visited the post office, and she was starting to recognize the employees' faces. *Maybe it's time to go to a different one*, she thought with a tinge of unease. Can't get too familiar with people in this line of work, especially after the little... incident that transpired a few weeks prior.

As she examined the small cardboard parcel, she couldn't help but feel confident about her last acquisition. The vacuum sealer had done an impeccable job of securing its contents, shielding them from all senses. It could now be discreetly wrapped, boxed and shipped without risk of anyone finding out what was inside. *No more incidents, no sir*, she thought.

Her mindless tapping on her phone was interrupted as her number was called, and, to Sehn's delight, it was the same freckled guy from last week who greeted her. He had a sort of boyish charm to him, and avoided her piercing purple gaze at all costs, much to her enjoyment, as if she was playing with her food.

Even through his trembling hands, the package was weighed, stamped and scanned in a matter of seconds. Sehn paid in cash, making sure to touch his fingers while getting the receipt, giggling to herself as she walked away. *Oh, you're awful, Sehn...*

As she got into the low seat of her coupe, her phone chimed.
"Work is never done, huh?"

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Hilda's fried rice sat atop the living room's simple center table, surrounded by an array of mismatched coasters and a couple of well-worn manga. It was quickly losing its reheated heat as the smells of soy sauce and black vinegar drifted through the compact apartment, and yet the stubborn oni sat in the worn-out sofa, cradled by pillows, her long green hair tied up in a ponytail. Refusing to eat until she found something to watch, she browsed through a myriad of genres on the TV.

The distant hum of city life seeped through the apartment's thin walls, busy and

noisy even on a Saturday. The place, though small, had its charm, decorated with trinkets and knick-knacks hoarded over time from the odd jobs her roommate had pushed her into. It was actually kind of funny to think that, despite her sleek aesthetic, the purple-haired gal had a penchant for collecting such things, even the shabby rug they took as payment for pet-sitting one time.

"It ties up the room together!", she had said. Well, it kind of did, though Hilda would have liked payment in cash.

A metallic click of the door interrupted Hilda's thoughts.

"I'm hooooome!" announced Sehn, locking the door behind her and leaving her purse on the tiny entryway table.

"Hey..." she replied, stammering, torn from her TV exploration. "Did... did everything work out?"

"Yeep. No issues at all, as always!" she answered, walking into the kitchen and pouring herself a glass of water from the fridge "You gotta stop worrying about it, we've been doing it for a while and, like I said, nothing happened!"

"Yeah, but... I'm still not sure if we should ship that kind of stuff, you know...? What if they open it? What if we get caught?!" continued Hilda, eyeing the nonchalant girl with worry.

"Uh, what are they gonna do? Arrest us? And what do you even want to do about it? In-person delivery like we're some kind of street dealers?" laughed Sehn between sips.

"I- I don't know! I just... This whole thing is so sketchy!"

"But the money is good!"

"Yeah, but..."

"And talking about money..." said Sehn, making her way to the living room and standing in front of Hilda "...how's the next batch? Did you finish cooking it yet?"

"I think so..." replied Hilda, her eyes finally breaking contact with Sehn.

"Alright, let me see it."

"R-Right now? I'm about to have l-lunch an-

"Right now."

"Ugh..."

Regretfully, the oni let go of the remote and got up, then took off her gray sweatpants.

"Now that's the good stuff!" said Sehn with a sly smile.

Good stuff was an understatement. Clients would pay good money for that, even more the special grade Hilda was capable of producing.

It all started a couple of months ago, when a client of Sehn's, after his usual flogging routine, shared a small online forum dedicated to the reselling and auctioning of used garments.

"So what? I've sold used panties before, that's nothing new..." she replied absentmindedly, until she took a look at the listings.

"XXL girlcock jockstrap, worn for three squat days at the gym"

"Slobby NEET striped panties, worn for a week while I waited for the water in my apartment to get fixed"

"Rave girl thong, neon green, worn for all four days of the event, possibly covered in other people's fluids"

"MILF panties, worn for five days, no showering, anal hairs included"

The only thing filthier than the listings were the prices.

And who else happened to live with an over seven feet tall oni with the exact equipment to produce those goods? It was too good to pass up, even if Hilda needed a little bit of convincing to get to work.

"C-Can I take them off? It's starting to get... uncomfy..."

Hilda's weapon of choice was already a fan favorite amongst collectors of the forum. The boxer briefs kept everything tight and in place, a necessity when you're dealing with someone as blessed as her downstairs. However, she avoided white undies for the exact reason the clients loved it.

Her underwear was white, once, in a distant past. As of right now, the entire fabric had this yellowed hue from soaking in her fragrant sweat for a whole week, making it tighter than it should, displaying every inch of her privates, semi-transparent, showing the oni's red skin underneath.

Hilda's big bulge, once packed tightly with her soft shaft resting on top of her fat nutsack, couldn't resist the temptation of her own scent. Her cock, in a semi-permanent state of half-chub, pointed sideways, almost escaping its confines by the lower part of the underwear.

The oni's grooming was never the best, and that meant that her bounteous green pubes were as humid as a rain forest, climbing out of her underwear in a happy trail that reached for her belly button, partially covered by a pouch of belly fat. It was a self-fulfilling prophecy: the unending pubes created a lot of sweat, which in turn made things moist, which in turn created a lot of sweat.

That also meant that her whole crotch area was damper than the rest, drenched in cocksweat and other fluids, with stray droplets of pee that hung to her plentiful foreskin peppered across the fabric. The pains of having her urges unattended also helped with the final product, as she was drooling a steady stream of pre that made the fabric right next to her head translucent.

"Wait a second, turn around, let me see the other side..."

With an embarrassed groan, Hilda turned around, and Sehn wasted no time. It was impressive that, even having barely two thirds of her height, the purple-haired girl had no problem commanding the oni around. Putting her glass on the table and somehow missing all the stray coasters, she grabbed Hilda's copious rump and spread it without any regard for the girl's privacy.

Hilda's pubes made their way through her taint and conquered even the middle of her butt, crowning that puffy rim in a wreath of green, proudly displayed as the soaked underwear hugged every crease of her backside and dyed the once pure white in an even darker streak of yellow that ran right through the middle of her ass.

"Oh, you're so nasty!" she added with a giggle. Just airing out her underwear already made Hilda's scent travel through the living room, the sour notes of sweat stinging her nose.

"O-Ok, is everything good? Can we move on now...? I... kinda need a shower... It's getting a little... itchy..." said the oni, blushing, her words barely a murmur.

"Not yet! The client wants extra sauce."

"E-Extra sauce? I mean... I can handle that on my own just fine!"

Ignoring Hilda, Sehn rummaged through the drawers under the TV rack.

"Nah, I'm glad to help" she replied with a sly smile, clicking and revving the white vibrating wand.

"N-No, it's really oka-

Sehn stepped forward and, with a single finger on Hilda's chest, pushed her back onto the sofa, the oni's heavy body making it creak, her amber eyes stunned by Sehn's smile.

"Don't worry, this is a partnership, after all, isn't that right, coworker?"

She got on her knees, making the oni spread her thick legs for her. Sehn's sharp look, a dark pencil skirt and a short-sleeved white blouse, made Hilda look even slobbier with her ruined underwear, gray socks and an old, stretched out white graphic t-shirt featuring her favorite tactical espionage action game.

Sehn brought her face to Hilda's crotch, her breathing making the oni tremble. Just an inch away was more than enough to inhale all of the tempered smells. The sour notes of old sweat and dried-up piss made her nostrils flare.

"Hm... So stinky..." she said, her sly smile still painted on her lips "You're probably so backed up, too..." she continued, using her fingers to walk from Hilda's fist-sized balls to her shaft and upwards, showing great delight in making her breathing labored with the slightest touch.

Going from just two fingers to her whole hand, Sehn tugged at the forearm-sized beast, making the pent-up oni's voice crack under her breath.

"Oh, sensitive, are we?" A dark chuckle escaped Sehn's mouth as she watched the tip of Hilda's cock leak even more inside her underwear, now escaping the fabric prison and making pearls of pre on the outside.

"Well, at least the client can't say anything about the quantity... But what about the quality?"

While still torturing her roommate with her fingers, Sehn went back in for another sniff, this time diving deep into Hilda's bulging crotch.

She couldn't help but feel a twitch between her own legs. The oni's scent was really something else.

Sehn could smell the undertones of old, stale sweat, much alike the one of an overfilled laundry hamper, cut by the stinging freshness of recent perspiration, similar to the salty aroma one gets right after a tough workout. The damp cloth rubbed against her

pale skin and, in turn, made her sweat in response.

It wasn't just that, as each tiny little movement of her face against that bulge explored more of her stink, like the little lost notes of pungent urine, all dancing on top of that powerful, unmistakable sour musk of cock.

The girl pulled back, and breathing the warm summer air inside the living room felt cold and crisp compared to the dickmusk sauna between Hilda's legs. Her strong scent still lingered, however, as Sehn's flawless skin was now doused in that mix of fluids, making her face look almost glazed.

Sehn took her time to breathe.

"Yep, that's the stuff..."

Finally bringing back the wand, she looked into Hilda's eyes, the oni trembling with a mix of terror and arousal.

"Now, since you've passed quality control with flying, if yellowed colors, it's time to get back on track, right?"

Hilda tried to vocalize a complaint, but her voice was but a whimper quickly drowned out by the dull buzzing of Sehn's toy, a wand that might as well be magical for the results it produced.

The demoness had it down to a science. Practice makes it perfect, and she had lots of *practice* with her roommate well before it had turned into a business. Using both hands, one with its fingers tightly wrapped around the oni's shaft while the other held the vibrating wand against her tip, Sehn worked the painfully neglected mast with calculated precision, and the results were quick to literally pour in.

"N-Not that... You're pressing too h-hard..." murmured Hilda, to no avail.

Hilda's pearly pre gushed out in a continuous stream, quickly saturating the fabric surrounding her tip and oozing out both to the surface and underneath, adding to the mess inside her underwear. It ran down the side of her leg, with droplets soaking into the sofa, filling the room with another layer of scents, this time of a freshly milked cock.

"You are a terrible liar, you know that?" replied Sehn before gracefully doing the opposite of the poor's oni request, milking her with even more force, almost as if she was kneading her cock against her thigh, eliciting shudders from her victim, her heavy bosom sticking to her sweaty shirt.

The red-skinned gal couldn't contain her own jittering legs, her nails digging into the sofa. The previously self-stimulated chub had grown tall and strong, threatening to break out of its stretchy fabric prison, but Sehn was a professional, herding it uncomfortably sideways inside Hilda's underwear.

Yep, a size bigger really did the trick, she thought to herself. Hilda was already fond of roomier underwear, but even then their first experiment resulted in her length violently and irreparably bursting out and ripping the poor garment to shreds, wasting a week of their saved product.

"If you keep going... I won't... I can't..." muttered the oni, her hips trembling. Even with her erection uncomfortably cramped and held sideways, it was just too much for the poor, neglected gal.

Sehn had already caught on to it, of course, seeing Hilda's plump balls contract ever so slightly, and the base of her cock engorging itself, ready for release. All it needed was a little push, a push she was more than glad to perform.

It was only another knead, a tad more forceful, perhaps, but still just a knead, and Hilda's voice cracked, her fingers digging into the cushions as her hips bucked.

Hilda pumped out a thick, powerful jet that would have easily flown across the living room if not by Sehn's deft hands. At the very last second, she swapped the wand to the previously kneading hand, cupping the now free one around the oni's enlarged cockhead, the blast of semen going straight through the fabric and hitting her palm like the back wall of a womb, splattering droplets of that almost yellow batter.

It felt almost sacrilegious to not let Hilda's precious saved resources fly high into the air, but it all had a purpose.

"C'mon now, settle down, we can't let it go to waste, can we?"

Jet after jet hit Sehn's hand and was therefore soaked into the already grimy underwear. The spot close to Hilda's cockhead was instantly oversaturated, making the deluge of cock juices either emerge through the fabric and run over its top, or get sealed inside those tight confines, running down her skin, bathing her already filthy crotch and pubes in waves of gooey cum.

Sehn wanted to get it all out, pushing the wand down from the base of her cock right to the tip, making sure no drop went unmilked. The forceful milking combined with the wet, warm feeling inside her underpants almost made Hilda get there again by herself.

“Well, our clients definitely can’t complain about our portion sizes now, can they?” said Sehn, chuckling to herself as she wiped her dirty hand on the other side of Hilda’s briefs, watching the oni’s sore cockhole ooze through it again and again, in the same rhythm of her faint breathing.

It was a complete mess, the already vile piece of clothing now damp and gross, impregnated from the inside, and even leaking underneath, despite her best efforts to contain everything.

Hilda laid there on a halo of her own sweat, eyes blurry, her intoxicating aroma making Sehn feel like she went for a steam of pure dickmusk.

Sehn let her rest for a moment, like a chef waiting for the juices on a steak to be locked in before slicing. After that, coaxing out the underwear from the oni’s climax-inebriated body was a struggle, but nothing she wasn’t used to.

Don’t get high on your own supply Sehn thought to herself, looking at the mess she held with the tips of her fingers. It was hard to believe it was once white, as the parts that weren’t streaked yellow were now soaked in that jelly-like semen, its sheer thickness not letting it leak onto the floor’s wooden tiles, just hanging in ropes to the fabric. It even felt heavy in her hands.

The sorry state of her roommate didn’t help her feelings, either. Laying in a puddle of her own sweat, her cock retained some blood, bobbing under its own weight. Glazed with her own juices, web-like strands of that pearly concoction connected the weary shaft to the messy, green pubes.

“Might as well have some fun while we’re here, right?”

Sehn left the product of Hilda’s hard work on the center table and casually kicked off her sandals to the side. Unzipping her skirt and unbuttoning her blouse, Sehn was quick to reveal her simple yet tasteful dark lingerie, which was promptly tossed aside on the same pile. There was no need for seductive stripping when your target is ready and waiting, even if she doesn’t know it.

The contrast between the roommates was even more glaring now, as even the hair under Sehn's arms and above her crotch was plentiful but groomed. Hilda's surplus of chub gave her a tummy Sehn loved to grope and play with, while the demoness herself was svelte, only betrayed by her full thighs and even fuller bottom.

"Alright, lift with your back... Hnnnnnnng!"

Maybe going to the gym wasn't a complete waste of time, she thought as she managed to lift Hilda's legs and butt back to the sofa, laying her sideways. As she wiped the sweat from her brow and caught her breath, one leg slid back down, but that was good enough.

She got onto the sofa, putting herself between her legs again, but this time crotch to crotch. Sehn was above average herself, but even then she was completely outmatched down there. Hilda easily doubled her girth and towered over her in length, but that only made the purple-haired girl more excited as she grabbed both with one hand, rubbing them together.

"S-Sehn... P-Please... Hng..." whispered Hilda, her voice even lower now, her plea ignored yet again by Sehn.

Her pale and smooth shaft looked almost regal next to that veiny beast. Their sweat mingled, and the remains of Hilda's orgasm made everything slick, aiding the demoness as she played, eliciting the help of her other hand to fully grasp both of them together.

"You're complaining, but you want this, don't you?" she said, feeling Hilda harden against her "Don't lie to me, I know you got another one in the tank..."

And she wasn't wrong. The sway of Sehn's hips rubbing the backside of their intimacy together and the delicate firmness of her grasp were more than enough to bring Hilda to tip-top shape, Sehn's hand barely able to fit both of them in her hands now.

"I know it's been hard on you... You're used to cranking this thing all day every day, aren't you?" continued Sehn, now giving Hilda a deserved tight solo-squeeze with both hands "Don't worry, I'll make it worth your time."

Sehn hadn't put Hilda back on the sofa just to prevent her from falling to the floor, of course. Her hips were in the right spot to fully display that hole between her

copious cheeks.

Possibly even more unkempt than the front of her crotch, Hilda's ass also suffered from the neglect. The road of green pubes that went down her taint circled that puffy hole, crowning it in a hairy mess that could be mistaken by a humid swamp. It was as disgusting as it was inviting.

The demoness teased her, feeling her bristles against her pink cockhead and, after making herself slick with Hilda's juices, she let herself in without knocking.

"Fuck, I missed this..." moaned Sehn. Underneath that laziness and chub, Hilda was still an oni with taut and hardy muscles, including down there. Oni made great bottoms, even if the most powerful and prideful of them would never admit it.

Hilda's voice cracked as Sehn bottomed herself inside her. It felt like she was sucking her in, and as she pulled back after their hips kissed, strands of sweat and juices from the oni still connected them. Their mixed perspiration contributed in more ways than one, as the crash of their bodies made lewd, wet plapping sounds that drowned out the city outside.

"Hng... S-Slow down... Please..."

The oni's muscular arms grasped the sofa for support as she moaned, her long tongue escaping her mouth. Regardless of how many experiences she had, Sehn was always a clear standout. Her body swayed like a flicker of a flame in every thrust, a sultry dance that dedicated all movement to Hilda's weak spots.

Hilda's cock was already stiff and stressed in Sehn's hands, solid enough for the demoness to hold it for support as she fucked the poor oni, but the tight grip wasn't unwelcome at all: despite the red-skinned girl's pained moans, she was already leaking profusely, dirtying Sehn's fingers in that sticky, off-white pre.

The demoness was meticulous. Each sway of her hips came alongside a stroke from the very tip to the very hilt of Hilda's already painfully erect mast, the drops of pre running down her quickly picked up and reused as lube. The oni's crimson cockhead peeked more and more out of its tight confines, until it finally blessed the room with its full presence.

"Oh, you filthy girl!" said the demoness, biting her lip and feeling her dick twitch inside Hilda's hole.

Hilda's exile from her own body made something stew inside that tight foreskin. The days on end of self-edging with her own stink combined with the accidental drops of urine that hung around the rim of her head resulted in a coating that filled the room with the smell of old dick.

"You've been saving this for a while, huh? No wonder you said it was getting itchy..." she continued, using her little finger to scrape a speck of Hilda's hidden filthiness. It was more than plentiful: her tip was covered in dark yellow streaks of fermented filth, the greasy cockscum accumulating even on its underside. Sehn brought the concoction to her nose, and the acrid gunk immediately made her eyes tear up.

It wasn't just her that suffered, though. Hilda hadn't felt her cockhead free like that in quite a while, and even the stale, scummy air of the living room felt fresh and crisp against her. Her cockhole gaped, pumping even more juices out. Her shirt, now a wet rag for her sweat, stuck to her skin, even giving Sehn a view of her soaked, hairy armpits.

"You've worked so hard on getting that nasty, let's not let it go to waste, right?"

Sehn reached out to the center table, retrieving the client's order. It still felt warm and heavy in her hands. As much as she wanted to enjoy Hilda's newfound product all by herself, business came before pleasure.

After brief consideration, Sehn chose the side of the underwear that wasn't completely overflowing with Hilda's semen and, with surprising placidness for someone being squeezed by something as tight as Hilda's asshole, used it to clean off the oni's smegma-ridden cockhead, dirtying the boxer briefs in yet another shade of yellow.

The purple-haired girl's cleaning wasn't without its own brand of enticement, of course, as she laid the least dirty part of Hilda's underwear on her tip, then carefully used the tips of her fingers to squeeze it, all while her other hand still stroked her length, making the oni's pre quickly go through the fabric.

"You've really seen better days, huh?" said Sehn with a smirk, looking at the poor state of her roommate's cock. Some of Hilda's cockscum was now embedded into her sullen briefs, but some still stubbornly stuck to her, nasty and dried up, specially on the underside of her shapely glans "But don't worry, I'll help you out..."

With devious intent, Sehn put Hilda's underwear around the oni's cock, making her immediately wince. It was tepid, and the soaked fabric around her cock, mixed with the still gummy ropes of her semen, felt like a hole just for her.

Sehn wrapped it tight, the remains of the red-skinned girl's produce making a squelching wet sound as she squeezed her cock again with both hands, pleasuring her with her own filthy underwear flashlight.

Hilda made a sound that Sehn couldn't quite decipher, but decided to take it as a positive.

"Hm, did you enjoy that? How does it feel to fuck your own nasty underwear pussy, huh?"

Sehn's question was entirely rhetorical, of course. She tugged and kneaded the oni's cock, filling every gap between her fingers and Hilda's skin with that fermented cockslop. Even as strands leaked from beneath as she squeezed, they were quickly brought back with her other hand, stroking her from the hilt, and that was not even counting the fresh juices she spilled over and over like a fountain.

Hilda wasn't the only one being attacked, though. As her breathing grew more labored and her muscles tensed up from Sehn's nasty handwork, in turn she squeezed the demoness back, her donut-like rim sticking to Sehn's cock as she pulled it back, as if it didn't want to let go.

As the oni's underwear grew more stuffed, so did the tiny apartment, the air so thick with the smell of cock it could be sliced with a knife.

Sehn could feel her surroundings grow more and more steamy on her own body, droplets of sweat clinging to her hairy armpits, and the perspiration of her own crotch now marrying Hilda's. The few drops of Hilda's previous orgasm that managed to evade Sehn's hands or the oni's pubes didn't go to waste, either, sliding down her ass and joining the multitude of fluids fouling the already impure assfuck, covering Sehn's cock, getting shoved inside Hilda's hole then coming back slicked over the demoness's shaft mixed with anal sweat and precum, and that only made her want much, much more, picking up speed with her hips.

"Hng, yes, squeeze my dick with that tight shithole, you dirty slut!" moaned Sehn as drops of her sweat were flung across the room every time she bottomed herself

inside Hilda.

If the oni's ears weren't already deafened by pure pleasure, it was not like she would be able to hear anything over the sopping noises of fucking, both from Sehn's hips slamming into her and her cock fucking that slushy, dirty fabric fleshlight.

Her ears weren't the only thing being overwhelmed, as even her gasps for air between moans, clamoring for fresh oxygen, only filled her lungs with the room's already clammy, saturated air.

"T-Too.. Too much!" grunted the oni, her hips bucking upwards, wanting more and more of that filthy hole of her own making, finally reaching her limit inside that gooey, stinking toy.

"Hng, do it! Fill these dirty boxers with your cum, you filthy pigslut!"

Hilda throbbed hard, and not even the double layer of fabric or Sehn's fingers could stop that thick jet of her bubbling hot cockjuice from exploding upwards, reaching the peak of its arc right in front of Sehn's face and then falling with a loud, splattering sound all over the poor, overworked oni.

Before she could even react to her self-inflicted facial, it happened again, her neglected ballsack twitch and pumping out another load, giving her underwear a steaming hot creampie. The ropes of cum laid heavy on top of her own body, thick and dense enough to not immediately get absorbed into her shirt's fabric.

Acting a tad unprofessional, Sehn let it rip, but how couldn't she, as the maniacal bucking of Hilda's hips also affected her as the oni rode her cock, slamming her hips down onto her, squeezing her harder than ever before.

"F-Fuck... If you want my dick so much, I'm gonna let you have it all inside your dirty ass!"

Sehn's voice joined Hilda's in a moan, filling her roommate's hole with scaling hot cum. The oni's hips didn't stop, only churning the demoness' load inside her, driving it further deep in, filling her with warmth, which only brought her over the edge again. Her already fatigued cock was milked every time Sehn throbbed inside her in lewd synchrony.

The purple-haired gal leaned backwards, relishing in the oni's own body doing her work for her, feeling the movement of her hips get gradually more torpid, basking in the afterglow of that filthy fuck.

Their breathing heavy and in sync, they laid on the sofa, now soaked in a layer of their dripping sweat. As she felt Hilda's mast grow slothful, Sehn finally released it from that disgusting prison, not a single fiber in it devoid of Hilda's plentiful, piping hot juices.

As Sehn finally slipped away from the grasp of Hilda's hairy, dirtied hole, the oni couldn't contain it all inside her, and with a boorish, loud sound, she let it all out, soaking the sofa's cushions in a torrent ass-churned cockcream, making a puddle between her legs. Her hole winked alongside her breath, equally as tired, drooling the remains of Sehn's seed.

Finally opening her climax-dazed eyes, Sehn took a deep breath before recovering the results of her labor from Hilda's now defeated cock. By now, it was more cum than underwear, and the demoness had to wrap it in itself to avoid wasting any of that precious, filthy creampie.

She took one last look at the oni, her red skin on display as her shirt, much akin to her underwear, was more liquid than fabric, hugging her tight. Her hime cut bang stuck to her forehead, the messy hair fitting the entire look, her half-awake face self-glazed by those powerful jets of semen.

Her crotch seemed finally peaceful, the swelling settling down as her tip retracted back into her skin, and despite the copious amount of fluids still soaked into her pubic hair, it was finally able to rest. Unless, of course...

Before she could get any ideas, however, her phone buzzed again.

"Work is never done, huh?"

OMAKE

Hello! If you're reading this, first of all, thank you for supporting me via Patreon or Gumroad, it really helps.

I'm incredibly privileged as a creator. It's hard to even believe that there's an audience out there that will stick with you and support your works. But, having someone in there that also wants to read more about your own characters? Your tiny little critters (that were also mostly created for fetish reasons)? It's an entirely different feeling.

And that's who y'all will have to thank for this piece. If not for that slice of my audience, this original piece wouldn't exist.

That's a bit of a double-edged sword, though. Since these are my little pets, my scrimblos, if you will, it took me a while to arrive at something I'm was comfortable with publishing, even if it was just mostly straight-up smutfest. You see, it's fine and dandy to have your characters as just ideas in your head, but when you put them out there, you can't take it back anymore, can you?

It is also very weird to put out sort of an emotional statement about death of the author and whatnot like this after typing out a whole paragraph about how someone's ass hair looks like. I can't help but be a little dramatic at times.

Thank you very much for the support!

F (@effthewriter)

A big thank you to all of my patrons! I wouldn't be here working as a writer if it wasn't for them.

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