

# Critical Tits

## Chapter Six

*“Guess we’re a little late to save Sintheigha,” Brent observed as a trembling, freshly spanked and freshly climaxed Cindy took her seat.*

*The boys bantered back and forth while she set up for the session. Mostly about how hot her tits looked, about how hot her ass looked, about how hot her tits and ass looked. Side points in the chatter included her bondage slave outfit, as well as to their shock at what they’d just seen. Cindy barely listened. She was so proud of herself. She’d barely even cried. And when her eyes squeezed shut through the haze of blistering pain exploding through her now raw, red-painted backside, she had seen the heart of the dice, starlight exploding in the endless dark.*

*She switched on her camera; four eyes on Bobby’s TV screen immediately went to where her tits rested atop Sintheigha’s character sheet. Those were the real tabletop game the boys wanted to play. Requesting to borrow a pencil reminded her that she still had the ball gag fastened in her mouth. Cindy trotted back over to Bobby and carefully knelt at his feet, head lowered in submission, while she waited for him to dig the key out of his pocket and release her. Then he gave her permission to get a cup of water to wet her throat, raw from all the recent screaming and squealing, muffled though it had been.*

*Bobby had to snap his fingers to get their attention, and even then he had to repeat the recap twice, parts three times, before being satisfied that the boys heard it over the sound of the leather straps squeezing beneath and around but definitely not at all across Cindy’s big fat titties. She didn’t care. She was browsing the core rulebook’s section on obscure combat rules to see what other ways her dice might be rolled, to make sure she got as many opportunities as possible.*

*Her tits would still be there when the session was over. Her dice would go back in the box. If only she could go in there with them. An anachronistically goth impulse, to want to lock herself inside a lightless airless box forever. Cindy suddenly felt rather—*

*“Oooh, if I bull rush someone into a wall they take 1d6 nonlethal. I’ll have to remember that.” She clapped her hands together giddily, bouncing in elation at her rediscovery.*

*Finally, Bobby threw up his hands and told the boys to just snap their screenshots, take ten, and come back to the virtual table clear-headed. Cindy obliged; she figured they’d get all this distracting lust out of their systems faster – ergo letting her roll her dice sooner – if she posed for them. Andy moaned like a wounded moose when she bent over and spread her glowing red ass cheeks for the camera. Brent’s roommate could be seen watching from somewhere deeper in his dorm room. Cindy*

blew him a kiss and winked. Brent must have thought it was for him, because at that moment he darted out of the room.

A little while later, a red-faced Andy and a very pale Brent returned to their stations. Almost simultaneously, weirdly. “Should I put on one of your t-shirts, Bobby?” Cindy asked. Her voice was higher pitched now. *Breathy. Fucking slutty as hell. Probably on purpose. Pleasing boys was a constant drive in the back of her mind now. If these boys stayed happy, she got to play. In hindsight, she could hardly believe how long it took her to abandon dignity. That tired old instinct had been in the way of what really mattered for far too long. She would never let self-respect stand between her and her dice ever again.*

Andy and Brent tripped over themselves in their rush to swear they could focus despite her toplessness, so Bobby didn’t make her delay things longer trying to find another old t-shirt of hers that would fit while still showing off her titties. That was good. Bobby hurried through the process of Sintheigha’s release from her spankylicious captivity and return to the party, where Jerom and Skuf formally learned all the recap Bobby had provided earlier.

“All right, so this Koltron fucker is part of some weird cult, along with the goblin king. Do we know anything about that name, their god or whatever it was? This... what was it? Naggalabba... shit. I’m so bad with names.”

“Nyarlathotep,” Brent supplied. He still took good notes, even after all these years. “Skuf still has bardic knowledge, even as a skald. Can I make a check on that?”

Bobby permitted a Knowledge check for it. The only thing stopping Cindy from tearing her hair out in anguish at not having taken any ranks so she could have an excuse to assist was the fact that she didn’t have the special d20, so it would only have been another roll on sad old plastic. She had the rest, but not that. Not yet.

Maybe if she fucked Bobby? Who was she kidding. Of course she was going to fuck Bobby. She would fuck him out of sheer gratitude for what he’d already done to her. Err, for her. She would fuck him just because she was horny. She would fuck him because she’d forgotten that was something she didn’t want to do.

Brent’s check failed. “Nope, the name doesn’t mean anything to you. That was a decent roll, though, so let’s see...” He flipped through his thick stack of notes. “You can at least surmise it’s something ancient, something very secretive. Almost like you used to know it, or like it’s right in front of you on the tip of your tongue, but you can’t make yourself acknowledge it.”

“Huh. Creepy. Well, could we gather info? Maybe try the local holy men. If it’s a cult, the churches might know something,” Brent suggested.

Cindy spoke meekly, and carefully swirled her d12 around her nipple as she spoke. “Should we risk it? Right now, our biggest strength is that we got our info

*without them knowing about it. If we wander around the city asking strangers questions, we might lose that.” Bobby nodded to her.*

*“Oh, and real quick, before I forget, you two said you were doing some looting from Koltron’s storeroom while Sintheigha was doing her thing in his bedchamber. Cindy, you want to give us some rolls? We’ll need 4d12 platinum, 6d100 gold, 10d10 x10 silver...”*

*Her pussy squeezed hard around her fingers as she came. “I can just roll 100d10 for the silver if you want, so it’s really random,” she offered in a tremulous voice.*

*But Bobby laughed. “We do have other things to accomplish today, Cin. Go on, get rolling. Let’s see, 1d4 random potions...”*

*Massaging her tits with her slimy hand, she got to work. It came out to less than a thousand gold, plus a collection of minor items so meager it wasn’t easy to parcel them out with no one wanting to bother writing them on their sheets. Cindy took them on as party packslut, as Andy dubbed her. But Cindy had gotten to use every die at her disposal. She prayed he would let her fuck him after this.*

“Can I quit my job, Bobby?” Cindy asked. “Please?”

Bobby shook his head again. Even with his dick nestled between two pudding-soft tits, he wasn't bending. “No. C'mon, you need to get out of the apartment sometimes, right? Not that I don't like having you here, but it's not good for anybody to just sit around the house all day every day. Plus, if you ever decide you want to move out—” For all his boyish earnestness, she was somehow sure he didn't really think that would ever happen. “—you'll want to have something saved up, right?”

“I could make way more money with an OnlyFans than I do at my shitty fast food job. I've been thinking about it.” Sort of. She had actually been dreaming about it, dreaming of an excuse to not wear clothes, to pleasure boys and pleasure herself all day, to become something boys would adore. Diamonds on black marble. “The articles say starting up is always hardest because you have to get word out there, except a lot of normal girls, the ones who aren't in real porn, they don't want their friends and family to know.”

“I can imagine. Perfectly reasonable.” Bobby spurted her on the chin with a little precum. Her nipples tightened.

“No, but I mean, I don't care. My parents already think I'm a degenerate little whore, right? Not that they're wrong, I guess. But I know a ton of people from high school would pay out the ass to see my tits and ass.” How much would Bobby have paid a month ago? Now he saw them almost constantly. One less customer – though even in jest, thinking of taking anything from Bobby turned her stomach. “You reel them in with a bunch of skanky stuff, bikinis and underwear and implied nudity, but then you sell all the good shit piecemeal for like \$5, \$10 a pic. That's where I'd rake it in.

“Neighbors, maybe some creepy relatives – I have this one cousin who is always staring at me at family get-togethers – and some teachers, probably. Remember that sub who got fired for looking at porn at the teacher's desk, like... sophomore years? I bet I could find out who he is. I bet he'd put a hundred bucks a week in my account, easy, fucking perv. I could pretend I'm a little younger, too, slap the teen hashtag on there next to amateur, have men all over the world paying to see your – my – body.”

Cindy paused to rub his leakage into her boobs. It wasn't enough, so she squirted another blob of lotion. She might have to go out just to get more of the stuff. With this many handjob, titjob and footjob and buttfucks (*why not “buttjobs?”* Cindy wondered), she went through the shit like crazy. The place had taken on a permanent odor of coconut.

“Well I won't stop you, if that's what you want to do. Women should be free to earn a living however they like. But I still think you ought to keep doing Arby's. Just for a little while longer.” He patted either side of her boobs, squishing them against his cock. “You have the meats! Right? What if some hotshot customer comes along and you're not there to wow them, huh?”

Cindy wanted to tell him she'd never heard of, much less met, a hotshot customer, and was pretty sure she had never wowed anyone at any job. Well, no, maybe a few folks on her wet t-shirt day at the carwash a couple years back. Or weeks? Weeks, somehow. Not sleeping, at least not without losing the night to more dice dreams, was making time flow by like a river in flood season.

Speaking of floods, then Bobby really came. Cindy threw herself forward, aiming him at her face. He always came hardest on her face. It seemed like he must have already come on her half a dozen times that day and it wasn't yet noon, but she didn't really know. She didn't really know anything any more, it felt like, especially not pointless shit like the time of day. Bobby reminded her when it was time to rinse off and put on her work clothes and go sling beef, but otherwise she pretty much didn't stop worshipping his cock any more.

Work was stupid anyway. All she did was let her coworkers take turns using her in the break room. She'd decided to stop letting them fuck her pussy. That was for Bobby, if he ever decided he wanted to. Her pussy could be special for him, some exclusive privilege to show everyone that only the dice could open up some gates. Not that Bobby knew that. And not that Charlie or her other coworkers minded fucking her mouth, tits and asshole instead. Fuck, if jizz could fry mozzarella sticks the store could have stopped ordering oil. She loved how their spattered cum looked on her black work shirt, the way it echoed the rattle of the dice in what was once her soul. No telling what it was now, but not that.

The owner, some super rich megamillionaire named Oleander whom she'd never even met before, fired her manager after he got wind of an employee flashing her tits and ass at the drive-thru window. When he came to the store to deal with the vulgarities himself, Charlie wound up getting promoted into the vacancy after introducing the man to her. A "just show him what you do for morale around here, Cin" later and she'd lifted her shirt and dropped her pants, plunged the old fucker into her cunt – oh yeah, maybe it wasn't so special – and fucked him into acceptance. He promised he'd stop in more often, to check and make sure the new manager was keeping her in line. Charlie did insist she spend at least a little time actually working, so she took a customer or two from time to time.

One of them told her how much he liked the new uniform, and she couldn't stop giggling. Cindy didn't have the heart to tell him it was nothing but cum soaked into the fabric so thick it practically looked like a monochromatic tie-dye.

Then one day – she knew they had names but other than Saturday, game day, none of them meant anything to her any more, and even there she thought she remembered there was something wrong, something the boys had said last week – Charlie sent her home early.

“Why? I’m still so *horny*,” she whined, slipping his hand up to cup her boobs. Charlie really liked her boobs. Most of them did. Especially slapping them, for some reason. Whatever. It wasn’t as good as when Bobby had paddled her with his Core Rulebook that morning, but it was still pretty hot. That time, though, he pulled his hand back, frowned at the slime trail on his hand, and hastily reached for the hand sanitizer dispenser, rubbing the stuff in intently.

“Sorry, but I got two new trainees coming in this afternoon. No offense, but you’d freak them the fuck out. Plus I figure a shift with you is more of a perk of seniority, anyways, right Cin? I have every guy on crew offering to take a pay cut if they can get a shift with you, you know that? Can’t believe Mr. Oleander wanted to fire you. When he sees how much you’re cutting down overhead, he’s gonna give your ass a raise.”

“Not my tits?” Oh, that had been figurative. Cindy giggled. Boys didn’t care if she was going insane as long as she giggled a little. “But... please can I stay? I’ll be good. I’ll stay in the breakroom and play with myself quietly until someone wants me.”

“God, you’re fucked up. I don’t know what the fuck your deal is, if this is your breakdown after getting dumped by Dominic or something...”

“Who?” Oh, right, Dominic, the guy she’d pimped herself out to when the boys threw her out of the group again. She giggled.

“But yeah, you are delightfully damaged goods, Cynthia.” Charlie inspected the shoulder of her uniform, decided it was safe to touch, and patted it affectionately. She smiled, as much because he’d dead-named her as anything. The dead were always funny, and she’d murdered that cunt Cynthia as surely as any bitch had ever been murdered. It was a shame she was dead. Cynthia had always appreciated an especially grizzly murder story.

So her shift ended early. Cindy changed in the parking lot. It was the first night that week when it hadn’t been dark out while she was heading home. Oh well. She didn’t want to go home to Bobby a cummy mess. Turning her into a cummy mess was part of his privilege for letting her breathe the close, dicey air of his apartment. A car honked its appreciation as she tied the exercise band around her naked, glistening tits. Bobby didn’t have many clothes that fit her, but he basically never exercised, so she figured it was OK to borrow these things as clothing. They covered enough of her boobs to be legal in public, even if anyone looking would assume she was on her way to a shift at a strip club.

It was uncomfortable, almost hard to breathe in with how tightly it squished down on her tits, bulging over and under the strip of gray rubber. She’d already begun to untie it in the hallways outside his apartment, but as she neared the door, she heard unfamiliar voices on the other side. Shit. For now, she’d be stuck hiding them. It wasn’t fair. Bobby deserved to see them, touch them, pinch them, squeeze them, chew on them, motorboat them, fuck them. He’d given her so much.

Well, no, the dice were still his. But he'd let her borrow so much, which still went a long way with tit access. Then again she'd loaned them out to strangers all shift long for free, so maybe she was just a fucking slut.

In the living room sat Bobby and the sources of those other unfamiliar voices, two of them known to her, the other familiar. "Well hey there," said Frank, rising to his feet, looking her over with very male appreciation. There was a beer bottle in his hand to go with the dozen or more like it on the floor and coffee table. The other boy, sitting on the chair Cindy usually used for gaming (or practicing lap dances when Bobby was sleeping and she needed to work out some libidinous energy), she didn't know by name, but it was someone else from the cheer squad, another male lifter. Buff, like Frank, and likewise holding a frosty beer.

Cindy's attention, however, was more drawn to the other occupant of the room, none other than cheerleading alpha bitch Evelyn. Cindy almost didn't recognize her with her honey blonde hair dyed deep purple, her skin so fair she would have looked sickly if she weren't so goddamn sexy. Though Cindy was glad to note that the girl didn't look like such hot shit right then. Splayed out on her back in the middle of the living room rug, frigging her clit so rapidly it looked immensely painful with one hand and twisting even more painfully on one petite breast's cherry red nipple with the other. Evelyn didn't look up when Cindy came in. If she minded being naked in front of company, masturbating like a trailer park hooker celebrating a fresh hit of meth, she didn't show it.

There was cum on her, too. Frank's? The other boy's? Bobby's?! That was worrisome. Had he needed to get off and she hadn't been there? Why wouldn't he let her quit that stupid job!

"Cindy, you're home early," Bobby said, looking surprised, though not embarrassed. He was so good about taking her whorishness in stride. No wonder he didn't seem to mind Evelyn trying to be as bad.

"Charlie made me. I tried to do what you wanted. I'm sorry. He made me. I can ask for more hours if you want. I'm sorry. Punish me." She put her hands on the wall beside the door, presenting her ass. She had a big ass; the old pair of boxers Bobby had loaned her were stretched almost as tight on it as they would have been on his dumpy butt.

"Cindy...?" Frank twisted his head to the side. "Wait, no fucking way. Is that Cynthia? Goth Cynthia? What the fuck, dude?! She's so much hotter, now! Not that she wasn't hot before, brah, but damn, she's like Barbie hot now!"

Evelyn moaned. It was needful, animal, primal. It reminded Cindy how horny she was. She moaned. Evelyn moaned. So she moaned even sluttier, which Evelyn returned along with a high-pitched whine and a single desperate "please?" with no request attached. Following a glare over her shoulder at her copycat, Cindy broke off the cycle

(with a whimper and a few shuddering breaths). “Why is Evelyn diddling herself on your living room floor, Bobby?”

Frank laughed, as did the other boy. Bobby shook his head. “It’s a cheerleader thing. You wouldn’t understand.”

“The rings,” Evelyn whined. Cindy’s scowl intensified. The girl’s voice was so... weak. Sexy. She was envious.

It was hard, craning her neck like that, but there on Evelyn’s fingers were a set of rings on every finger but her thumbs. No – not on her ring fingers, ironically, not on either hand. They were hard to miss once she looked for them. Solid black, though her eyes, ever attuned for anything even remotely dice-like, picked up some glitter in them. For a moment, she wondered... But no. She was kneeling on the floor beside the lust-stricken cheerleader before she knew it, yet up close, it was obvious these were nothing like her dice. These were plastic. Cheap, sparkly plastic, nothing more. Cindy would have been embarrassed to be seen wearing them.

Evelyn’s dad owned the major factory in town and was some kind of state senator or some hifalutin shit like that, and his daughter had always liked to show off her daddy’s money with jewelry. The only girl who’d worn real diamonds to prom, while Cynthia attended in a pair of black men’s slacks and a tuxedo t-shirt. It had felt like that was all anybody had wanted to talk about that night, precious Evelyn and her big fat diamonds. Cindy had learned about it in spite of how hard she had tried to avoid having to know anything about the skinny bitch that wasn’t kompromat.

“Is she... like her?” asked the third boy.

“They’re each their own thing,” Bobby answered, and Cindy wanted to fuck him more than ever for recognizing her individuality. He was entertaining company, though, so for the time being, she would take care of her own urges. Her dice were in their usual handy spot on the coffee table, but nobody objected to her lying down near Evelyn and pouring out the contents between her boobs. It was easy to keep them smushed together with her left arm while she began playing with herself with her right.

Would Bobby mind her masturbating in front of his company? No, he didn’t say as much. Good. She hadn’t gotten off in almost an hour, not since taking Lance’s dick in her ass in the breakroom. She didn’t come easily from anal, but he’d already done her butt earlier that shift, so he’d had enough stamina the second time around to get her off, too. Very considerate, for a boy.

“So, when exactly did you decide you wanted to copy my entire brand, Cynthia?” Evelyn asked between heavy pants.

Cindy laughed. Sort of laughed, anyway. Whatever a laugh-moan hybrid was called. A whore like Evelyn probably knew the word. “Since when did your ‘brand’ include having actual titties and an actual booty, you anorexic ironing board?”

The part of Evelyn's retort was impossible to understand; she had taken the three fingers out of her pussy and was sucking them clean. No, just two, actually, index and middle. Her bare ring finger went neglected. At the same time she rolled onto her side and wriggled closer to the mystery boy, pawing at his calves pleadingly. It was only then Cindy caught sight of what had to be a recent tattoo on Evelyn's back. It was positively massive, broader than her shoulder blades and covering from her neck down past where her beltline would be if the fucking whore were wearing pants. A red-skinned humanoid demon with big red titties bared, a vicious grin on a beautiful, evil face. The succubus herself was covered in arcane tattoos, pentagrams and upside-down crucifixes and tons even Cindy didn't recognize.

"Whoa, and who's stealing whose look now?" she grumbled.

"Don't hate 'cause you ain't, you blonde bimbo."

Cindy groaned as the d4 dug hard into the tender flesh of her tits. She injected a thick, fake, chipper tone in her voice. "You're right, Evelyn. I oughta be chipper as a chipmunk, like you, right? Shit, I guess if I'd let the football team run a train on me as a consolation prize for losing sectionals, maybe I'd have lots to smile about too!"

"Uh, we *won* sectionals senior year, you hateful spiritless bitch." The nipple on each perky little tit (if you could call those perky little tits of hers tits) received a vicious twist. Even big muscly Frank hissed at the savagery of it. The other boy looked like he wished the others would leave so he could masturbate, too. Bobby was reading something on his phone.

"You're right, Evelyn, the insult there was that you would fuck the losing team, not that you're the trophy whore for a bunch of knuckle-dragging neanderthals. Can't sneak nothing past you, unless it's a case of chlamydia." Her laugh turned into a squeal of alarm as the d8 popped free and skittered across the floor. Cindy had the discipline not to dive after it; despite how desperately she wanted to, such a move would have risked scattering the rest. (Except the d20. She still hadn't earned that, but with dumb easy fuck toy behavior like that Bobby was right to withhold it from her.) It was Frank, actually, who stumbled over and grabbed it from under the kitchen table. His head slammed into the underside as he stood up. If it had been anyone else, Cindy would have invited him to use her for this act of chivalry. Instead, she merely licked her lips suggestively and sucked the die out of his hand, swirling it around her mouth with her tongue.

"Gee, Cynthia, maybe someday I'll dye my hair full black and lie to everyone about my implants so I can be as classy as you."

"And maybe I'll work up a fetish for flashing my panties to the dads of every dickhead at our high school on the sidelines. Then people would really respect me." As Evelyn sucked the other cum-dribbling set of fingers into her mouth, Cynthia allowed herself a moment to gather the dice into a clenched fist, then positioned herself over

Evelyn and gave her a hard slap in the head with each tit. Bobby looked up, intrigued, so she did a few more jiggly slaps side to side. “And do these feel fake to you?”

“Stop hitting me with those things!” Evelyn complained beneath her. She didn’t stop masturbating though.

“Then take it back!” Cindy wished she didn’t sound so pouty. Sort of. Pouty was slutty, and slutty was needy, and she was nothing if not needy.

Frank was recording them, she noticed. That made her laugh. That haughty slut Evelyn, former teen queen, caught on video being smacked around by her enemy’s huge (and very real) titties. Cindy wrapped her jugs around the girl’s face, smothering her for a moment. The former high school cheerleader didn’t seem to notice, her fingers and their gaudy plastic rings busy working towards another orgasm. The girl probably hadn’t eaten anything but her own pussy juice all day.

With the bitch’s ears momentarily blocked, she whispered to Frank, “Send it to me!” She couldn’t wait to spread the link around on social media. Take the prissy cunt down a couple dozen pegs. Maybe she should see if she could get the boys to come on them first. That’d be hilarious.

Cindy had gotten off enough, especially lately, to recognize an authentic cry of orgasm, even if it was sent right into her tits. It wasn’t fair. Evelyn had *everything*. If Evelyn wasn’t too cool for D&D and had any idea what dice like these were worth, she’d fuck Bobby into giving them to her in a second. Now she was coming while Cindy knelt there barely getting her boobs sucked? No fucking way! She flipped herself over, butt in the air, and treated them to a show of a real woman with real curves diddling her pussy like the cheapest easiest slut in the world.

At some point, Cindy picked up her face out of the dirty shag carpet and looked around. It was dark out. How long had she been finger-fucking herself? How could she have all six dice in her mouth and breathe that hard and not choke to death?

“Where’d everybody go?” she mumbled.

Bobby, half-asleep, jerked awake. “Oh, god. Hours ago. Remember, you let Frank and Landon take turns drumming the fight song on your butt?”

She did not remember, and in fact she forgot the second boy’s name the moment the sound of it died in the room. Oh, well. So some stupid assholes had played a childish game with her butt. Nothing new there. “Did... did Evelyn look embarrassed? Or...” She wanted to say jealous, but couldn’t. “Or anything?”

“She’s my friend, Cindy. Or, I guess a cheer buddy. Whatever. You can hate her all you want, but don’t expect me to.”

Cindy still hated her. She was pretty sure Evelyn had come more times, but Cindy came harder, which counted for more. She plucked the d4 from where it was stuck in the dried-up corner of her cheek. “Fine. Can I do anything for you? I got so caught up when

I came home – to your home, I mean, not that it's my home obviously, but... Ugh. Anyway, would you punish me? I should've paid more attention to you."

Boddy flashed her a smile and nodded solemnly. "Sure, Cin. Go get the bondage gear on. You look cute in it."

She didn't have to work at all the next day. Those leather straps were all Cindy wore for days. When Evelyn came back the following evening, even she had to admit that she looked too fuckable not to enslave.

*Bickering and old treasure and pre-game jerking off behind them, the session properly began with a sidequest that was little more than a transparent excuse to dump a little more loot and XP on the party. A last holdout of Mokvinorg's elite hobgoblins commandos found them. Cindy wasn't the only one dubious about their methods, sneaking through the sewers yet finding their precise inn effortlessly, but so be it. They stole the party's stash, along with the party's packslut. Cindy was barely surprised they decided to kidnap her, and Sintheigha barely fought it this time. The DM made it clear they were packing a variety of magical gear, which was all the incentive Brent and Andy needed to track her down and rescue her, again. Cindy described Sintheigha's grateful kisses in exquisite detail, and then demonstrated them on Bobby, who finally told her it was enough and they should get on with the session. Between a tracking mini-mission, the combats themselves, and then a pair of random encounters with a troll and a trio of rat swarms, most of the session was already over by the time they got back to an earnest discussion of next steps.*

*Andy snorted, but for once it was at someone other than Cindy. "It never gets old, listening to the DM argue with himself."*

*Cindy wished she could point out that Bobby was only using Bregan and Eisheth to get them to make up their minds on a course of action, but there was no way she was about to risk coming off as confrontational. Better to be wrong, fuck up the mission and TPK the party and ruin the campaign than make the boys mad at her. She sat up straighter, chest thrust forward. "Maybe we just need to pick a side. What do you guys think? I'm happy to do whatever you want. Just tell me what you want me to do."*

*"And I'll never stop hearing that sound byte rattle around my head," mumbled Andy.*

*"Focus, man." Brent's warning was barely even veiled in referring to stopping Bobby from having Cindy get dressed in normal clothes. "So we have Bregan telling us we need to rescue as many of Koltron's slave girls as we can before he sacrifices them like he tried to do with Eisheth. Or we can listen to Eisheth herself, and just kick in Koltron's door and kill kill kill. Am I to understand those are the two paths your plans cover, Bobbers?"*

*"You can do other stuff. We might have to rely on some less refined encounter maps or whatever, but that's fine by me. You guys are always free to do whatever you want. I'm not here to tell you that you even have to oppose Koltron in the first place."*

*The idea of not going after the obvious enemy before them was dismissed out of hand. A discussion followed, mostly regarding how they could discover the best time to strike, to make sure they caught Koltron at home and kept him from escaping while they fought through his guards. Cindy was almost beside herself; they were even letting her have input! Like she was a full member of the team, almost – although she*

made sure nobody could think she was trying to take charge. She almost laughed at the thought of a weak, silly, horny little sexpot like Sintheigha calling the shots. She was sure Brent and Andy would have laughed, too.

Only suddenly, Brent stopped. "Or... hang on. Maybe we're looking at this the wrong way. What if... No, I don't want to say Koltron's not a bad guy. He's a slaver and a cultist and a traitor to his people. World's pretty clearly better off without him."

"Yeah, so let's go put a claw to his throat, like I was saying. What'd I miss?"

"No, but like... this is bigger than him. He's just the devil in front of us."

Cindy realized she'd been leaning forward too long. If she wasn't careful, the sweat from her underboobs was going to leave stains on Sintheigha's sheet. "How do you mean?" She made sure to sound as if she were very, very interested in hearing his explanation even though she'd already picked up where he was going with it. Didn't hurt to kiss ass all the time, though.

Andy seemed to be picking up on it, too. "Yeah, I hear you. I mean, the quest isn't one cult member. It's the cult's plan, right? If we kill Koltron, we might never figure out what these Nyarlathotepites are up to. And let's be real, even with DPS as low as Princess Dildo Dagger's over there, we're not well-suited to taking him alive, and even if we did, our best Intimate is raw Charisma. Does Bregan have charm person?"

Bobby nodded. "She does. Though remember if you've attacked him, he gets that big bonus to his save. +5."

"Yeesh. So yeah, we're shit for interrogation."

"So," Brent pursued, "maybe we play it smart and don't charge in like a couple idiots? Something really fucking weird is going on, after all." His eyes narrowed, looking to where Bobby's image should be on his monitor. "I'd rather understand why than get the baser satisfaction of quick loot and XP."

"I am fine with loot and XP," Andy said.

"Come on, dude, you have to admit this is a pretty weird mystery. Aren't you at least a little curious what gives, sacrificing innocent young women and all, to this Great Old One?"

"Great Old One? What, like C'thulhu?"

In the chat window, normally just a repository for dice roll results, a squid emoji appeared, entered by Brent. "Exactly."

"How do we know Nyarlathotep is a Great Old One?" Cindy asked.

"I did some googling. It's meta knowledge, but even in character I think some curiosity and paranoia are justified at this point. We have nothing on this guy's motive. Usually you see a guy amassing sex slaves, you figure sure, that's the end game, but for Koltron it's only a means."

Andy gave a grudging nod. "Shit, look at Sintheigha. She used to actually push back, try not to let herself get slutted around Hypheron. Look at her now. Volunteered

*to pose as a harem slave. Flirted her way into this psycho's bed chamber. Submitted to a spanking like it was a slap on the wrist."*

*Cindy shook her tits for them. Neither had ogled her in minutes, and she didn't want them to forget she brought valuable assets to the table. These were a much more powerful weapon than anything she'd ever written on a character sheet.*

*"Eisheth speaks up, 'We have nothing on this cult, and even if we found it, who's to say they wouldn't make us a better offer? Whatever they're offering, it's enough to seduce noble lord and savage king. What happens when their masters dangle our dreams before us? The glue that holds us together is tenuous, at best. Can you truly trust one another when temptation sings its siren song? Do you have such faith in our collective will?'"*

*Andy's voice adopted Jerom's gravelly nature. "So what do you propose then?"*

*"Kill. Kill them all. Whatever Koltron has been given, take it. Make it ours. Satisfy our bloodlust, line our pockets, and leave Hypheron behind."*

*Bobby didn't need to announce Bregan. They recognized his lilting attempt at a woman's Irish brogue. "I know you don't share my perspective, but I ask again what it is you seek. To profit from misery? To satisfy base urges? Or to do real good? These women in Koltron's estate, we know what Koltron will do to them, the same as he would have to Miss Eisheth had we not interceded in the lair of Mokvinorg. He will make them sacrifices, vessels of his master's will, or at best, use up their innocence and virtue until they have naught left but broken souls, and then not even that. You wish to do good, the chance is before you. Help them."*

*Andy seemed to be paying close attention, but Brent's eyes narrowed. "Those slaves won't know anything about Nyarlathotep's plan. Without skill or magic for interrogation, without even a reliable way of taking Koltron alive... We're going to dead end, and whatever they're really after, they may well get it."*

*"What I hear you saying is you want to solve a mystery but that we have no way to solve mysteries." Andy rolled his eyes, then contented himself admiring Cindy's boobs. She smiled gratefully.*

*Brent wasn't to be deterred, though. "But look, But that's not the only way to learn stuff. We have Stealth. A little Diplomacy, with the fighter who dumped Strength for Charisma over there. A few Knowledges, buffed with Skuf. Solid Perception, some Spellcraft if we find out they're using magic, and all the Survival we could need to track them wherever they're meeting up. We can do this. We just have to deal with it the hard way."*

*Andy picked up his phone and shook his head. "Look, my head's not in it, and..." He glanced at Cindy's chest again, licking his lips subconsciously. Maybe consciously. She didn't care. "Since we got two weeks before the next session, why don't we pick this up over text so you can plan?"*

*“Two weeks?” Cindy leapt to her feet, fighting down panic. “Why? What’s wrong? Can I help? Why?”*

*Two male heads slowly lilted to the side, taking in their first sight of her bare snatch in hours. Sheer proximity rendered the moisture dribbling out of it visible even through her mediocre webcam, beads of crystalline moisture against her heavily tanned skin. With their mesmerization paralyzing them, Bobby had to answer. “Next weekend is the weekend before finals for them, so they need the weekend to study. But the good news, we’ll be able to play in person the week after once they’re back in town for the summer!”*

*“Mm. In person,” Andy droned, though she thought he was trying to be funny. In any event, she made sure not to sit down. They’d had a very positive dynamic this session aside from a few demeaning nicknames (Cindyslut was her least favorite, she thought, but Princess Pricklepussy annoyed her more than it should. Still, she giggled with enough force to make sure her tits bounced, to make sure they didn’t pick up on the whispers of resistance choked deep down in her gut.)*

*“You’re... you’re not going to dress like that in person... Are you, Cindy?” Brent asked hopefully.*

*“Do you guys want me to? I don’t wanna be a tease, jerking you around online and then being a dried up stupid cunt in person. I’ll dress however everybody thinks is best.”*

*“We’ll add that to our discussion points on the text thread,” Andy said quickly, eyeing what she thought would be Brent’s place on his screen. She nodded. They wanted to talk over what whorish, degrading thing they wanted her to wear. Or not wear. Which was fine. She was so horny, she hated having to wear panties any more.*

*The session wrapped up, though she left her webcam running while she tidied up her things. So did the boys. Brent’s roommate could be heard demanding to know how much this stream subscription cost. She and Bobby shared a laugh before he switched off the TV.*

*“So... did I do good today?” Cindy asked from her place kneeling under the table in front of him. She’d had to wait for him to finish up his notes and brainstorming, which had probably taken a couple hours. No matter. This was important. More important than anything had ever been.*

*“Yeah, you seemed like you were finally getting into Sintheigha’s head in your roleplay. Glad to see it. Did you have fun?”*

*She undid his zipper and let his erection roll out through the gap and thump her between the eyes. Its sweaty, funky length immediately received a few passionate licks. “So much fun. I think the boys really like my outfit. And the roleplay with the judge was soooo good. My ass is still tingling a little.”*

*“I’m glad you had fun with it. That’s the point after all.”*

*He let her blow him in silence for a while. Silent aside from the wetness of her mouth, the buzz of her moaning echoing down his dick hole, the slippery noises of her pussy being teased mercilessly by the hand that wasn't playing with Bobby's balls. At last they tensed, and she pulled back to let him plaster her tan face back to its old pale state. Some of it hit the underside of the table, which she licked off for him.*

*"So, if I did good, do you, um..." Ugh, this was hard. He'd done so much for her, it felt like he'd handed her the winning lottery ticket and then still asked him to buy her dinner. "Do you think... Maybe..."*

*d20. Just ask for the d20, she ordered herself. But that was laughable. Cindy couldn't give orders to anyone, self included.*

*"You know," Bobby said, as if she hadn't been talking. "I was thinking about your d20, and how you could earn it."*

*Without meaning to, she flopped down on her side, thighs wide, masturbating helplessly, a bitch in heat. "Please," she whispered.*

*The boy continued as if her response had been entirely typical. "That's assuming you still want it? I shouldn't be presumptuous."*

*Cindy launched herself at him, impaling herself on his reinvigorating cock with laser precision, a fuck toy on a string being dragged back to its resting position. One tit in each hand, hips swirling so he got to feel her ass on his thighs, lip to lip, tongue to tongue. "I want it. Oh fuck, I want it. I'll do anything. Anything. Use me any way you want. Forever. Own me. I want it."*

*Bobby chuckled around her frantic efforts to kiss him harder. "I'm not looking for a sex slave, Cindy. Taaake it down a notch."*

*She did. A notch meant still the most desperate fuck of her life, just without the cringey pleading. "How? I'll do it. Please." She limited herself to that. It was hard.*

*"Oh, I don't have a concrete idea. I only brought it up to encourage you to think about it. I know you've been, well, affectionate lately, but it doesn't feel right to take advantage of that in exchange for gifts. That's... I dunno, awful close to prostitution, isn't it?"*

*Instantly she assured herself that she would absolutely prostitute herself for it. Not just to Bobby either. Cindy would enthusiastically whore out her pussy, her tits, her ass to anybody who'd pay, all the money funneled through a pipeline over which she had no control, right into Bobby's bank account. She'd make him so rich. Let him install a debit card reader in her cunt, and watch men swipe away.*

*But right, he'd said not to do it like that. "So... then how? Anything, Bobby, anything," she moaned.*

*"Anything? That's awful vague. For now, just think on it, yeah? And maybe by next session you'll come up with something more specific. I really want you to earn it,*

*because I can't wait to give it to you. So I'll try to keep an open mind, and maybe drop a hint here and there if I think of something I think you wouldn't mind doing for me."*

*She decided she'd need to learn to memorize his every word. What more could he want? He'd wanted to fuck her for so long, but he had that. Take a bullet for him? Gladly. She'd do that for free – if Bobby died, he couldn't let her borrow the other six dice. If not earning it with her body, then what else did she have left? What else could she do?*

*Kill herself? Because if there was a way to do that and still get the d20, she would. Just to prove she wouldn't hold anything back.*

*Objectively, her life didn't seem to be going that well anyways.*

*Dice notwithstanding.*

The days waiting for the next session blurred together. Somewhere along someone sent her a link to this skanky fetish cheerleader outfit they wanted her to buy. Looked like it was meant to show the bottom of her tits and most of her ass, and crotchless panties. It was a betrayal of everything she'd ever fought for in her presentation. She capitulated immediately, clicking the buttons to buy four color variations of the thing, except two sizes smaller than they'd guessed. Who cared. Maybe showing Bobby she would do anything for the group would satisfy his inscrutable standards. Would she have to blow them? She probably should. Pigtails, that would be nice for them. Cheerleaders definitely wore pigtails sometimes. If Bobby had Evelyn over again, maybe she could ask her how to look like a fetishy jailbait whore. But not only as a jibe this time.

Her days dribbled by, the endless darkness of waiting for that d20 punctuated by the tiny bright lights of the occasional orgasm. Some of them were Cindy's. Some of them. Bobby's were probably the most. Frank and that one whose name she still couldn't remember no matter how many times it came into or out of her mouth, plenty of them. Evelyn, too, but that was part of their game. Showing that preppy fucking rich bitch she could make her come so much harder, that she could smother her in puss, bury her in titties, running rings around the rings ringing in the hollow space in the evil cunt's soul. It was OK that Evelyn made her come too sometimes because Bobby would like that, like that the two bitchy pieces of trim he'd never been able to fuck were less than sex slaves now, because slaves were people and they weren't always even that. One time she woke up with Evelyn's cunt on her face and an unknown dick in her pussy. Cindy just lie there, tongue out as firmly as she could hold it, and let them fuck her like she was asleep. Or a doll. Or a corpse. Yeah, so it was at least a little goth.

Arby's, Arby's never seemed to stop with the dicks and the cum. She thought Charlie might have fired her at some point, but she didn't really listen unless a boy was telling her which hole he wanted. Customers came in on it, too, and she was surprised how many regulars she recognized thanking her and squeezing her ass as a thank you. Or to lord it over her, like they'd done something against her will, like she had a will to violate. Sometimes a line formed, and she wondered if Charlie were charging admission to fuck his pet slut. She tried to remember her pussy was a token of her appreciation for Bobby letting her fill that endless maw inside her with his dice, but sometimes that was what a boy wanted. She didn't dare say no to boys any more, because one of them might stop her from playing.

Was the game still going? It had been so long since she'd gotten to roll the dice for real instead of just batting them around like the little sex kitten she was. Sometimes her dreams were about rolling them in the real world, attack rolls and damage. So much damage. She never made her saving throws, and the loot tables never gave her anything she wanted.

Now and then Bobby wanted to rinse her off so she wouldn't cum up his apartment, even though it was already filthy and a little cum couldn't really make it much worse. Then her fingers would tangle in the dried-up gobs in her hair, and she'd grant he might have a point. And she looked sexy wet, and she could spend a little time afterwards putting on lipstick, some makeup, putting the curls back in her fake white-blonde hair so she could look cute for him. Them. For someone, anyone really.

Once she came out of the shower and found Evelyn there doing her own makeup at the counter, wrapped in a towel. Taking her supplies out of Cindy's bag, too. She almost killed her for it. That was what she used to look sexy for Bobby, and that bitch thought she could touch it?

Then again she wasn't sure how it had gotten there. Maybe it was Evelyn's, and Cindy had been the one stealing from her all along. She giggled at that, then offered to help Evelyn paint her nails. Black, she said. Because nothing said dark like spoiled, gorgeous ex-cheerleaders. Maybe she'd let some weakness slip, something Cindy could use against her so Bobby would stop inviting her over so much. Felt like she spent almost as much time there as Cindy after a while. More maybe, since Evelyn didn't have a job.

"Those are... really nice rings," she said, hoping her sarcasm didn't show too obviously.

A shudder ran visibly through Evelyn's body at the mention of them. "They're perfect." They were on her fingers, misaligned so that none of them touched, so she could feel each ring on the fingers beside it. "Bobby lets me wear them. He said maybe he'd give them to me to keep someday."

"Oh, wouldn't that be something." Why was it so hard to be civil to this worthless spooge mop? She squeezed the fingers still and went back to painting. "None for the ring fingers, though. Kind backwards, isn't it?"

A blaze ignited behind Evelyn's eyes.

Cindy had been giving this girl shit since kindergarten. In fifth grade, when it was finally starting to become cool to "date" boys, Cindy (she'd been Cindy then, too, a year or so out from the brief tragic stint as Cynthia) had sat down right across from her and her would-be boyfriend Matt, agreed to be the cutest boy in class. *Do your bra straps ever dig into your shoulders, Evelyn?* she'd asked, knowing full well the girl didn't wear one yet. Not until the next day, when she'd damn well made sure the straps showed around her neckline. Still, watching Matt suddenly shift his focus from Evelyn's face to Cindy's chest had been chicken soup for her budding goth soul, as was notifying Matt she didn't date elementary school boys. He'd picked up his tray and gone back to sit with his buddies.

The fire in Evelyn's eyes that day was a candle beside today's bonfire. Only this time, it made no sense.

“There’s only one sized for my ring fingers. Bobby says I have to decide which one I want it on before he gives it to me.”

“Oh. Well if you want it so bad, why don’t you just decide?”

“Because it’s so easy?” Evelyn snarled, then smiled at the little pink heart Cindy had painted atop the black on her middle finger.

“Isn’t it...?”

The girl rolled her eyes and tried to flip a strand of blonde hair over her shoulder. In the steamy bathroom, all it did was make her towel fall off and her tiny little titties to bounce a little. “If I tell him I want the right, then it’s a rejection.”

“Uh, of what?”

“The left is your wedding ring finger, or is that not where Satan’s butt bride wears hers?” She sneered, but held very still to let the salon time continue unabated. “But he doesn’t want me romantically, except to fuck and suck his dick and dance naked for him and to be the easiest little slut in the world for him.” She eyed Cindy. “Second-easiest, anyway. Plus he always says I ‘belong’ to my dad, like Bobby doesn’t have a perfect right to fuck me whenever and however he wants.”

Cindy pointed out that only the day before she’d come in wearing a crop top with the word “DADDY” cut off just below the nipples.

“So what? It was cute, and I had to wear something, didn’t I? Anyway, that’s why I can’t pick the right, ‘cause like, it would show him he’s right and that I won’t marry him and I do still belong to Daddy... err, my dad. But what if he wants me to make the first move? What if he wants me to go left and give myself to him, for richer for poorer, til death? Except then I’m making this huge ask of him. What if he doesn’t want me that way? I’d give myself to him, obviously, but I could drive him away by seeming like I’m asking too much. I told him he can always keep on fucking whoever he wants whenever he wants – even you, I guess, if he gets bored – but maybe he thinks I’m bluffing.”

Evelyn sniffled, blinking down a tear that tried to make a break for it. “I try and I try to show him I’m not jealous. I clap for him when he comes down your stupid throat, and still, I don’t think he really believes I’m not teasing. Like I used to. God, I was so fucking stupid and selfish and....” She made an animalistic noise of rage. “He could leave me. And I can’t have that.”

Evelyn seized one of Cindy’s nipples, pulling her close. “If he left me, he might take the rest back.” The tear broke free and snaked down one cheek. Luckily their eye shadow was tear-resistant, a necessity with as much time as they spent with dicks down their throats.

“Oh.”

“Yeah, ‘oh.’” Evelyn shook her head. “You wouldn’t understand. But I figure things are really good right now. He’s letting me be close to him almost all the time,

letting me show him how much I love his rings. So I'll just ride it out and maybe he'll decide for me. Or give me some clue what he wants me to say."

"And your folks are cool with this? With their daughter being some chubby loser's fuck slave?"

Evelyn sneered contemptuously, and Cindy wished for the millionth time the girl wasn't so much taller than her. "Are yours?"

"My dad's not, how you say, in the public arena. They disowned me and moved on."

"Yeah, well, lucky you. Mine won't stop calling me and threatening to institutionalize me if I don't get my shit together." She shook her head. "He doesn't understand. Nobody understands."

Cindy didn't understand the girl. Turning herself into this pathetic sniveling sex toy for some ugly black plastic rings. "White people, right?"

"Uh, you're white. Just because you use that spray-on shit to turn yourself Mexican doesn't mean you are."

"Al menos no soy una prostituta anoréxica," Cindy retorted.

"Aw, Cindy passed sophomore Spanish class! Good for you. And fuck you. I'm not anorexic, I just actually work out, you dummy thicc bitch. And *me*, prostitute? Who's the one trading her sloppy pussy for some dice?"

"I... I wouldn't," Cindy lied. A big fat obvious glaring slutty lie. "It's just Bobby still has one he hasn't let me use yet."

"Uh, OK, so why don't you just buy one? I know you're poor or whatever, but they can't cost that much."

"It's a unique set. I don't know where he got them." She didn't think it was on this planet. "But he said he'll give it to me. I just have to figure out how to earn it."

"Well you already gave up every hand and hole to the guy. What's left? Paying him off?"

"You can't put a price tag on these." Cindy knew that, now. She could run a fire sale on the pieces of her soul, but not the d20. "I just have to think of something he'll really like. Something to show him I appreciate him."

"So go big or go home. I get why that hairy fucking snatch of yours isn't cutting it." Cindy grimaced; that cut deep. A fair criticism of the time a few days (or something) ago when she'd missed a pube. Bobby deserved a perfect porno pussy, and Evelyn was not letting her forget how bad she'd fucked up.

"Open to suggestions, especially if you're offering daddy's credit card."

"What happened to not being able to put a price tag on it."

"You can't! I was just reminding you you're a rich bitch and I hate you."

Another eye roll. “So... do something. I don’t know, kill for him, steal for him, bear his love child, clean his apartment. I’d tell you to hook him up with the girl of his dreams, but, well, he’s already got me.”

Cindy forced a laugh as a pretext for smudging the nail polish a bit. “Yeah, because Bobby’s super into flat skinny cunts.”

“What, you think you’re his type? I mean, I guess maybe now that you made yourself look more like me.”

“Right, because that mural of a tattoo of the succubus on your back isn’t you trying to look more like me.”

“I only got that to show him I appreciated the second pinky ring!”

“Right, because a thousand dollar tat is worth a two dollar ring.”

“Oh sure, and a five hundred dollar makeover is worth a cheap ugly toy for some dork-ass game?”

Every muscle in Cindy’s body tensed at once. She lashed out with the nail polish, aiming for a ring, but Evelyn was already on edge. The bitch pulled her hand back like her synapses were firing lightning bolts. “You touch these and I’ll fucking kill you!”

“Say one more slanderous word about the dice and I’ll rip them and the fingers they’re resting on right the fuck off and shove them up your—!”

The door to the bathroom swung open. Cindy no longer had a reflex to be shy when someone opened a door she was naked behind. It was Frank. “Hey, if you’re done making noise or whatever, one of you wanna suck me off? I gotta head home soon.”

The girls raced to their knees, but Cindy was closer. His dick had been out when he’d opened the door. There was no asking permission or fearing a lack of consent any more for Bobby’s guests. (It would almost certainly be the same when Brent and Andy came over, though Cindy hoped Evelyn wouldn’t be there to make her compete for their approval.) Even Frank’s request right then hadn’t been a request so much as offering a favor, letting the girls know they could drop whatever they were wasting their time with and get back to sucking boys off again.

Evelyn got the balls this time, and Cindy wasn’t gentle with the condescending smirk before she inhaled Frank’s dick.

Maybe she could kill for the last die. Bobby would be so much better off without a cunt like Evelyn around, and if he missed the pussy, well, she could supply that. Did he really want to get married?

Cindy could do til death do us part.

Evelyn moaned as her rings slipped inside her cunt. So fucking selfish. Cindy just hoped she got to pick whose death.