

## Catfished

“Oh baby you know it’s thick!” I said into my phone and watched the words type out onto the phone. I looked into my images and sent another picture that I had stolen from a guy on Instagram. Several drooling emotes were sent in response and I chuckled. The ugly ones were always so desperate, especially when I pretended to be Rogan.

“Got anymore?” She wrote back, clearly eager for something a little more risqué.

“Sorry honey, first one’s free. Every picture after that I’m gonna have to charge.” I sent the message and waited for her to take the bait. I mean, why wouldn’t she, Rogan hot! I was straight and I knew Rogan was dreamy. He was everything I wasn’t, tall, muscular, handsome. Not saying that I wasn’t attractive but, to be honest, cute only got you so far when you talked to the ladies.

“What do you mean?” the girl wrote back.

“Well, I mean. I cant just give out the goods to everyone. Only those who are worthy can see what I am really packing,” I teased. I sent another picture. One of Rogan in his underwear with the outline of his cock plastered against his designer underwear. She responded again with another set of drooling emojis.

“God! Are you for real?” She asked back. I sent a winky face before I went back to see what images I had left with to tease. I was able to milk nearly two dozen photos and some videos from Rogan when I found his private Instagram account. Then it was easy to trick him into sending images of another profile I kept: Tiffany a blonde, big titted, ditzzy freshman at Columbia University.

“So real baby,” I said back to her as I figured out what pictures to sell to her and what cost to charge.

“Prove it,” she wrote. I sent another shirtless picture.

“As real as can be.”

“No send me something live, let me see you right now,” the girl sent back. I tapped the back of my phone in annoyance.

Apparently, she was not as desperate as she seemed. Usually the girls I found online threw themselves at me when I sent them the pictures of Rogan. Sometimes they asked questions, but most of them fell in line with my scam and transferred me money and I sent them the pictures. Then immediately after the transaction was done and I milked for whatever money they would send to an unknown Venmo account and then move onto the next desperate soul on Tinder.

“Sorry love, no cam shows,” I typed back, already having a set of responses. “I can send you whatever type of pictures that you want, but anything above PG-13. I’m gonna have to charge.” I sent my Venmo and listed out the pics that I had, and cost associated with them I watched as the dot dot dot of typing appeared and disappeared on the screen. “Come on. Cooome on. Take the bait.” I smiled,

knowing that I would see that notification. I rubbed my cock, as it grew harder at the excitement of conning another girl out of her money. Just the idea of it got me so hard and the act made me want to cum.

“You’re lying.” The message sat on my screen like a ton of bricks. My heart skipped a beat at being called out. I wasn’t doing anything illegal, just wrong. But that didn’t stop my heart from racing at the fact. Seconds later and a fat face appeared on my screen. The face of the girl I was catfishing.

“See I knew it!” She screamed. Her voice was even more annoying than I would have assumed, but I was far too startled to worry about the sound of her screams.

“How the fuck did you get on my phone! What are you some sort of hacker?!” I shouted as I pressed the cancel button several times, but it would not end the conversation.

“Or something.” She dragged her finger around the screen and images appeared, naked images of me.

“WOAH! How did you get those?!” I shouted at her face as she flung through the images on her end of the screen.

“Ten inches huh?” She giggled. “Seems like barely six to me. But I think maybe if we brought you down to one you will learn to not play games with women looking for love.

“What the fuck does that even-”

I stopped speaking as I felt a pulse from within my shorts. A painful throb that radiated around my entire groin.

“Ow!” I shouted, dropping my phone onto my bed I jumped off the bed as another pulse of pain shot through my cock. Quickly, I dropped my shorts to the ground. “WHAT THE HELL!” I cursed as I stared at my erect cock and watched as it slowly began to shrink, as if it was being swallowed by my body. My mind raced as inches of my cock disappeared. With a single hand I gripped my cock tightly and hoped I would be able to stop its shrinking. But I could feel it continue to retreat. Gently it shrank as if it was cold but remained hard and grew even more sensitive as the inches were lost.

As the head of my cock slid between my fingers shivers of pleasure vibrated over my body and I convulsed as the pleasure centers of my cock grew so sensitive and a burp of cum fell from the tip and onto my hands. My heavy balls looked obscene as they hung underneath my tiny cock. I pulled my hand away and saw that nearly five inches had been swallowed into my body while just the head of my cock was still visible - and visible was a stretch. The tiny button of a cock that I was left with, was mostly hidden by my pubic hair, and had to be pushed aside for me to even see it. I brushed my finger over the tip and thick glob of cum shot into my hand, thicker and heavier than ever before.

“WHAT THE FUCK IS HAPPENING TO ME!?!” I screamed at the top of my lungs as I forced my hands away from my micro cock. The laughing from the phone brought my attention back to the fat faced woman on the screen. I lifted my phone and began to scream at her, a long tirade of hate slurs

and curse words. She placed her fingers to her lips and zipped them across, and my own lips were sealed in response.

“Wow, you are a loud one,” she said with a roll of her eyes. “Don’t worry, it’s not permanent. I mean. I could change you back if I wanted, but where is the fun in that. Maybe we can take this as a learning lesson and teach you to be proud of what you have and not have to catfish people. How’s that sound? You think you can play MY game, and in return I give you back your cock?” I nodded furiously before even thinking. “Well, let the games begin!” She said, grinning like the cat who just ate the canary.