



## THE LINK

In a concrete jungle of copy paste buildings and winding streets where life has become a monotonous drag for the people that inhabited it. There lived a man whose degeneracy knew no bounds, a bona fide product of the times who called a dingy little apartment flat home.

Born to a deadbeat father who vanished on his family long before he even learned to speak his first words and a mother who simply couldn't be bothered with him, Jorge was a man with no morals to speak of and a failing career working some dead end job as a paper pusher. With average grades and a non-existent social life, Jorge was more than content with his current lackadaisical lifestyle.

In his day job, Jorge was a grump who preferred to work alone, hating every moment when his bosses threw more paperwork his way. But since he needed the money to get by, complaining was out of the question, he had to suck in his pride and swallow down the dreadful pill that was boring work if he wanted his next monthly paycheck.

Come the weekend when work could not hold him however, Jorge was free to indulge in his depraved hobbies; ranging from slovenly trawls through pornography sites to hitting the red light districts a little ways down the street he lived in, engaging in the sinful indulgence of sex for the sake of it, burning his income on the many street walkers and dancers that populated the area.

While others used the mind bending highs of drugs or the addictive spice of nicotine dyeing their lungs black wrought on by smoking to momentarily free themselves of the hardships of daily life, Jorge relished in the carnal desire to procreate, taking in the moment when man and woman became one with gusto, never tiring of it with an unquenchable thirst for more.

While he wasn't an ugly fellow, no woman worth her while would ever want to be caught near or associated with someone like Jorge. Hence the reason why he had to resort to the alternative, not like he cared much. An absolute monster, he treated women terribly, seeing them all as walking toys to be ogled and used. And much like how he had to put up with an endless pile of paperwork and overbearing bosses, so too did the sex workers unfortunate enough to end up in Jorge's radar have to steel themselves for his harsh treatment of them.

But no evil could go unpunished for long, and in a city of vice such as this, all miscreants would have what they got coming to them at some point or another, and Jorge was no exception, in fact, his misogynistic tirade had already drawn the attention of the powers that be, and for him, a fate most fitting laid in wait. A trap with his name written on it, ready to be sprung with the arrival of a new weekend.

A final day for Jorge to experience life as he always did, borrowed time he had no idea was trickling down to zero as he awakened to the sound of roaring thunder erupting right outside his window, cursing as his

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shoulders jolt upon searing white glow of a sudden lightning bolt flashing by, followed soon after by another echoing boom that shakes the foundations of the five story apartment building.

**"Goddamnit...there goes my plans for the day..."**

Hurrying out of bed now that his senses were well stimulated by adrenaline, the bedraggled man slowly goes about his morning routine, shuffling around the house in relative silence, making hot coffee before sauntering over toward the living room, a canvas of the modern day house painted in moody grays and blues filtered in by the unfeeling windows that kept the ongoing downpour at bay.

Even as he sipped away at his drink while watching the local news station comment on the sudden storm and how it seemed too early for one of this magnitude to manifest at this time of the year, the pitter patter of rain droplets hammering the rooftops above ate away at his confidence of being able to leave the house any time soon. And even if he did have a raincoat to protect against the elements, the constant barrage of lightning strikes blitzing across the sky discouraged him from setting foot anywhere near a window, much less outside in the open.

Too many horror stories and freak accidents related to lightning were rolling around inside Jorge's mind right now, and even though he was loath to admit, it seemed today would be spent entirely indoors.

**"Ahh well...at least I still got the power running...not entirely out of luck just yet."**

Pushing off his feet with a pep in his step despite the dreary mood, Jorge leaves the living room with the television still running to return to his bedroom, setting the coffee down on the table before planting his ass down on the leather cushioning of a swivel chair, ready to engage in his favorite hobby with tissues close at hand.

But before his mouse could scurry on over toward the browser, an alert from his mailbox opens itself automatically, instantly grabbing Jorge's attention and ire, clicking his tongue with a frustrated thump of his fist on the rickety wooden table, leaning back into the chair now that he was forced to wait, denied yet another moment to enjoy the weekend in such a short span of time.

**"Fuck me...first the rain now this?! The hell's up with today being so screwed up..."**

Just before he could mutter even more expletives under his breath, the strange email finally loads, alleviating the anxiety beginning to build within Jorge's mind after thoughts of an annoying message from work devolve into irrational fears that his computer had fallen victim to a virus. But the contents of the message only served to deepen the crease on Jorge's brow as his eyes scan over the shady title and the equally strange text below, reading the words with mocking incredulity dripping from his voice;

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**"Reply with any link you desire...and it will be sent back to you a hundred times better...oh brother...what sort of get rich quick shit is this..."**

He'd seen enough scams to figure out how these sorts of things worked; promising great returns if the recipient would kindly hand over vital information to the sender. In this case, he could only assume the people behind this were hoping to mask the anxiety and fear an obvious scam message would induce with the offer of something good and the ridiculous nature of such a thing being real; asking for internet links with the proposition of sending them back 'a hundred times better'? Pure poppycock.

*"This is either a stupid prank, or some poor schmucks attempt at getting credit card numbers..."*

But somewhere at the back of his mind, the mischievous prankster that never really learned to grow up was already scheming, hatching a plot in a bid for some entertainment on this gloomy Saturday morning. If he couldn't go out and this anonymous fool had decided to pick him out of all people to try and scam, then he would gladly entertain them.

And so the sneering man would open up his browser, scrolling down his bookmarked list of 'educational' websites until he found his favorite one, minimizing the page before dragging and dropping the link into a reply box simply titled YES PLS in full caps, choking back a laugh just before his middle finger slams down over the enter key after getting another silly idea as he opens a Bluetooth connection between his phone and the desktop, pulling down his pants to snap a picture of his wiener before transferring it to his hard drive and attaching it to the email. And with that devious package ready to fire, Jorge hits the button, sending the payload of immaterial data speeding through the net back to the original sender. Tit for tat in Jorge's eyes.

Before he could reveal in the moment however, a notification chime grabs his attention, turning a would be smile upside down as furrowed brows narrow inward at the sight of a brand new reply, sent not even a full second after he had sent his own joke response.

**"No way...this a bot or something...how the hel-lo baby...sweet Jesus..."**

Opening the response, Jorge was greeted by an almost identical clone of his message, save for some major changes in regards to the image, with the new link looking slightly longer than the original thanks to the new addition of some strange symbols he'd never seen before. But the alien script did little to grab the hormonal man's interest, not when the sight of a woman's privates had his utmost attention, eyes wide and nostrils flaring as he drools over the image, imagination running wild at the possibility of the sender being a woman...

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*'Or some nerdy tech wiz tryin' to play funny...still...this can't be some coincidence can it? What're the chances...'*

With the storm still raging outside and a shocking thunderclap snapping him back to focus, Jorge moves to drag and drop the link into the browser without hesitation. Unlike software files or unknown packages, a simple link wouldn't do much to harm his computer, especially since he'd been careful to always run an incognito profile on a virtual machine, protecting his actual hardware and software from any potential harm while keeping his credentials and privacy locked up tight if the link actually did turn out to be a bogus one.

Plus he was actually interested in seeing what this 'new and improved' link had to offer if this...*LifeSaver101* fellow could be trusted. A strange label to use for an email but if you were going to scan someone, earning the victims trust and peace of mind through a positive moniker was the way to go. So when the loading icon vanished and the familiar layout of the website appeared, the anticipation that had been building inside him instantly faded, considering the fact that besides a longer time to load, nothing had changed. The site still looked the same.

His browsing history was there, the video he'd paused the night before was still saved in the bottom right for future viewing and his account details were untouched. After wasting precious minutes entertaining what he was now certain to be an unthinking bot, Jorge was miffed that something hadn't happened, fuming while the incessant rain continued to beat down upon the city. Unaware that his thirst for excitement would soon be granted upon the irreversible act of entering the link, VM or otherwise.



For the briefest moment, Jorge's frown would lighten momentarily upon the sight of a young oriental woman dressed in a deep blue yukata that clings tightly to her curvy form, highlighting broad handlebar hips he never would've noticed if it weren't for the painfully tight sash wrapped around her fragile waistline. And atop a body so fine, the face that adorned it was nothing to scoff at; lively but not too young, a mature gaze cast from eyes brimming with motherly understanding and a well kept head of brunette hair traced with pink undertones tied up into a prim bun. It was everything he could ever hope to see in a woman...almost as if the link had sent him to a video starring his dream babe.

But before he could make his well wishes for LifeSaver101 known through more crude expletives and mockery, a sudden wave of nausea would lay claim to Jorge's mind, leaving him dazed and unable to vocalize any coherent form of speech until it passes, just as quickly as it had arrived. It had lasted for less than a

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handful of seconds, but there was a brief out of body sensation where Jorge felt...free. A momentary escape into the ethereal plane of the afterlife before being slammed back down into reality.

Except things didn't quite look or sound like the familiar cold bedroom he was just lounging around in once the strange spell passed. Jorge felt warm, uncomfortably so, and his body now felt both heavier and lighter in a great many places. Like how his chest seemed to pull forward with a heft of its own while the void from his well maintained legs were now filled by a pleasant warmth gleaned from rubbing...pudgy thighs together?

It didn't take long to piece things together as more of Jorge's senses kick in; hearing the sudden bustle of a foreign crowd pinging in his ears instead of the ambient pitter patter of rainfall, the warm and strangely arousing touch of cotton fabric that composed the navy blue dress speckled with firework motifs brushing against his body, and how his vision was blurred by the presence of a silken fringe hanging down above where there wasn't any before. He always styled his hair in a crew cut, constantly slick with gel and brushed back in a sweeping curve that ended with a blonde fork of sorts jutting out just above the nap of his neck.

Floundering with dainty hands tipped with smooth nails in an effort to feel up his now abundant head of hair brought none of that familiar pomp to his palms, instead he felt a luscious mane of string alongside the subtle brush of a hairband keeping the bun he now sported together.

Panicked breathing elicits the soft gasps of a young woman from between shimmering lips while adrenaline only served to make Jorge privy to the sight of enormous breasts jutting out from his front, and from his hurried attempts to brush the perky melons aside, trembling hands gleaned the feel of a warm, rotund core instead of muscle, sporting a sleek, downward slide leading to emptiness, no weiner, no testicles, just an empty space and-

**"W-Where's my...m-my voice?! What is...this can't be happening...how is this happening?"**

“どうしたの、どうして大声を出すの？” (What's wrong dear? Why're you shouting?)

A husky voice stuns Jorge amidst his, or rather her meltdown, even more so the enormous hand that slings itself around her pencil thin waist, making the former man feel threatened and small when in comparison to the giant of a man she somehow hadn't noticed standing next to her all this time. His cocky smile made Jorge shiver in disgust, wanting nothing more than to make some distance between him.

But instead of punching the stranger in the side like she intended to, Jorge finds his frown vanishing against his will, creases fading altogether as she shoots the man a warm smile, taking his itchy hand in her own like a lovestruck maiden while letting loose a salacious giggle in the most arousing voice she was shocked to hear coming out of her own mouth.

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So instead of freeing herself to try and figure out what was going on, whatever had taken the reigns from her had decided to force her along down the path, walking hand in hand with the man, disgusting her before raw anger allows her the strength to try and break free once more, wiping the artificial smile off her face before shouting. Although she couldn't seem to control her body, and neither did the man seem to notice or care about the fact his partner was suddenly screaming in highly accented English.

**"Let go of me you prick! Once in our of here you better start praying cuz I'll-"**

*'Come now...threatening a man just enjoying a summer festival with his girlfriend? Really Jorge...Jorge...that is your name right? Well...I guess it's mine now...'*

**"The fuck? Y-You...t-thats my-"**

Before Jorge could finish her sentence, the world seemed to freeze for a moment just as the pair turn away down the tiled path that served as the main road, heading down off the beaten path toward a nearby conclave of trees and bushes...a perfect spot for say, a couple to get to know each other even better away from the prying eyes of the public.

*'Was your voice...you can't see me Jorge, but I can see you...how's it feel by the way? Being treated like that; pulled around like a doll, having your pleas ignored, your emotions rendered mute in the face of a being greater than you...not to say Itsuki's a bad man...to him, you're his Haruna, childhood friend, highschool sweetheart and now; his one and only...'*

Those words left a biting chill in Jorge's heart as her frozen eyes remained glued to the figure of the tall, lanky man who looked like the type of person she'd bully back in school for their lunch money. How the hell did someone like him even manage to land a girl...like her?

*'Y'know, being kind and...well...not an asshole can net you the love of your life, someone you'll be happy living with, sharing things together...you're too superficial Jorge, too focused on the looks...I'll have you know the girl you're in right now? Haruna? She wasn't always the looker you suspect her to be...but it's no fun having you take the backseat forever, let's hear what you have to say.'*

**"-voice?! I can speak again...what the hell is this?! Why are you doing this?!"**

Just as quick as the ethereal version of his voice had queried for her response, time begins to flow once more. Although she could speak again, her body remained out of her reach, moving legs against her will, hand still wrapped tight around Itsuki's own as they moved toward the hidden clearing in the trees, dreading what they were about to do after the memory of watching many such salacious acts play out in that exact same spot across the globe.

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*'Really? More questions...? I suppose I could fill you in I guess...I'm not quite sure about the details myself but...whoever made me...well, did it with the express intent of screwing you over...'*

**"S-Screw me over? But what did I ever do?!"**

The voice seemed to go quiet after that, leaving Jorge with a growing ball of anxiety in her chest once her hands leave Itsuki's, pressing her back against the smooth, mottled trunk of a maple tree while her 'boyfriend' moves closer, cradling the sleek contours of her chin before gently leaning in with his neck, closing the distance between them to press his mouth up against hers.

While her exterior suggested a swooning girl melting in the arms of her beloved with cute giggles and seductive sighs escaping from Haruna's dripping lips as she jousts her tongue over Itsuki's like serpents performing a mating ritual, the soul of Jorge within her was shivering, retching in abject horror at the sensation of another man's tongue probing her mouth while itchy hands begin to undo the sash holding her yukata together, slipping the obscuring fabric over her petite shoulders, brushing porcelain smooth skin in an act that sends a tingle of arousal bolting through her spine, arching her perfectly sculpted back in pleasure despite her inner protestations.

**"H-Hey?! Y-You...please...stop...whatever this is...put me b-back in my body! I swear, I'll do anything you-*ahn!*"**

Cutting her pleas short, Itsuki had already moved on unbeknownst to Haruna, who seemed thoroughly dazed from their heated french kissing, missing the sight of her boyfriend lowering his head a little while hefting a breast in his hand, squeezing the meaty balloon tightly before biting down on the swollen nipples that tipped it like a baby suckling on their mother's bosom. And just like a mother, Haruna's body immediately relents to the stimuli, producing a spurt of sweet nectar from both of her enormous milkers, blanking out her and in turn Jorge's mind as the passenger in her mind writhes against the alien sensation of the female body. Holding back moans and squeals mentally while her new body unabashedly wraps her arms around Itsuki, unaware of how the man was slowly lifting her away from the tree while he continues to drink from her, repositioning in one fell swoop as his teeth finally free themselves from her udders, spinning Haruna around until all of a sudden, she found herself panting and gasping face down, shivering arms braced against the trunk in preparation for what they had come here to do, feeling Itsuki's hands undo the rest of her clothes, leaving Jorge in horror once she realized Haruna wasn't wearing a single piece of underwear beneath, choking back a moan once her boyfriend makes a sly remark while sliding a finger inside her sopping wet vagina, feeling disgusted with a minute drop of fascination from the feeling of her folds and abdominal muscles flexing around Itsuki's finger, clenching and squeezing in need while excreting a fresh



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dose of ejaculate from the hole located at the spot she remembered her former manhood to be, now rendered a twitching nub of pink between hairless lips.

But now wasn't the time to be drooling and moaning, even now she could hear Itsuki unzipping his pants, amping up the dread in Jorge's mind, contrasted by the rising joy and anticipation she could feel from Haruna, shivering in fright and excitement when the head of the man's pecker suddenly slaps across her buoyant ass like a tease, rubbing over her still oozing snatch in a silent countdown.

**"P-Please!!! I know you're listening goddamnit! J-Just stop this! I'll pay! I'll do whatever you want! Just don't let him-urgh?!"**

A soft wet sound fills the night while her vision grows blurry, shuddering in a sudden fit of exertion as a force from behind pushes her forward, causing her breasts to swing and jiggle like the bells of a church. Knees quivered, her legs grew weak, but before she could fully process the presence of something long, hard and hot pressing against the entrance to her baby maker, the world came to a stop once more...but this time, bodily sensations remained by her side.

Jorge could feel everything Haruna felt; the sweat trickling down her hairless hide, the warmth emanating from flushed cheeks, the ache in her shoulders from her unsupported bosom hanging down for gravity to pull at, how her untrained form struggled to maintain her spread legged stance and the burning fire in her loins caused by Itsuki's penis lodged balls deep all the way inside her sputtering cunt, droplets of ejaculate and other fluids frozen in time alongside the look of shock and wanton lust frozen on her face for the world to see, tongue lolling in the air like a thirsty dog.

It was unlike anything Jorge had ever felt before, no orgasm she had experienced before being trapped in this body could match what she was feeling right now. But her still dominant male ego knew this to be wrong, a perversion of what he saw as right and wrong, and that disgust left her broken with her final, unheard plea answered far too late as her old voice returned to mock her in a tone that suggested disgust and animosity.

*'Feel that? Think about all the women you've slept with, did those obscene acts with, and tell me; what have you done? Sure, they chose to work the streets, but that doesn't give you or anyone else the right to ignore their wishes...but alas, here we are...you've done terrible things Jorge, and if*

*there's one thing I know for sure, it's that I was made to punish you...'*



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Panning away from a frozen and helpless Jorge who by now was beginning to scream and yell for the orgasmic wave she had been trapped with to stop, the other Jorge that had taken possession of the original's body was currently sitting in the man's chair, moving to mete out his punishment with a hand on the mouse, clicking over the pause button that kept Jorge frozen in her new, digital jail, undoing the time stop effect to allow for that collective tidal wave of erotic bliss to come crashing down over her mind, engulfing her entirely to conform to Haruna's enthusiasm as the woman begins to thrust her hips backward in an effort to match her stud's relentless thrusting, driving his cock deeper and deeper inside of her until her womb was no longer sealed to Itsuki's girth, struggling to keep her moans in check considering the ongoing festival not too far away. If she screamed right now, they would no doubt attract any passersby who happened to be walking by.

And that knowledge of fucking in the open only served to make it harder for both herself and Jorge to concentrate, twin souls in one body, revelling in the sensation of making love with their beloved...but still the former man would not relent, even as his old body begins to grow hot and bothered by the sight of the steamy sex scene playing out from Itsuki's point of view, the original Jorge would begin to try and claw her way out of this hell, for there was no other way to describe it.

She'd started the day off hoping to have her way with the red light whores, and the weather kept her locked down. And now she found herself stuck in the body of a Japanese girl, forced to take his dick up a cunt she never had till this very moment. She couldn't let this happen, punishment or whatever, she wanted to beat to death whoever it was currently crawling around inside her body.

**"Ill-kgh! Show you...show yo-off! What happens...when you-ufh! Fuck with meeee?!"**

Turning her menacing revenge speech into a guttural scream of ecstasy that coincides with Haruna's own, the lucky gal twists her neck back in shock at the sudden expanse of heat blossoming inside her belly. It was like magma being dumped right into her stomach. But instead of pain, it was bliss. Overwhelming bliss that totally whites out Jorge's mind, leaving her paralyzed and stunned before time comes to a halt once more, leaving her bent over and frozen with a thick splurt of viscous cum oozing from her pussy, now shaded a livid hue of strawberry pink from the relentless and quick fucking she just took with gusto.

And to coincide with her orgasmic release, so too had 'Jorge' come back in the real world, cleaning up after himself without much problem and a look of mild disappointment on his face as he got up and off the chair to wash up, all while his anger continued to grow. The house was a certified dump; dark, stale air that stank of smoke and other unmentionables while bags of trash littered the front door and kitchen. All while his prisoner continued to writhe in unending bliss and ecstasy that utterly shattered the defiant persona she had been wearing all this time. All that cum stuck in her womb, the throbbing dick teasing her hypersensitive folds, and she could do nothing to stop it.

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By the time he returned to the computer, Jorge was a slobbering mess, sobbing amidst occasional, vapid giggling as conflicting emotions of sorrow and ecstasy exploded within her mind like the fireworks frozen high in the night sky of an artificial Tokyo.

*"After experiencing what you reveal in, what you lust after day by day...I just don't know what to say...to think a man could become an indifferent animal just because they crave the pleasure of an orgasm like a druggie would their next hit...you probably can't even hear me can you?"*

With the video now paused once more, the new Jorge knew the former man couldn't hear a lick of what he had said, nor could she form a reply even if he were to unpause the video...or rather, a specialized purgatory just for Jorge, set to loop forever once he closed the webpage. Not even reusing the link would allow him or anyone else to find the digital cell that now housed the original Jorge's consciousness, trapped in the buxom body of a Japanese woman living out an eternal summer festival that would never end...not like it bothered him much to condemn a man such as him to such a fate.

For all intents and purposes, the hijacker was now Jorge in everything but personality. He knew everything there was to know about the man after acquiring all his memories and habits, and it honestly left him feeling dirty. But the new soul knew it wasn't too late to fix this wretch of a man's reputation, set right what he had done wrong over the past two decades...he had a long way ahead of him, but at least now he had a physical body with which to see the world for himself instead of being unfeeling computer code stuck inside a pervert's desktop.

*"You should be thankful Haruna...I'll be sure to take care of this body for as long as it'll live...god knows I'll make much better use of it than you ever could..."*

With his final words said, 'Jorge' rises from his seat after closing the webpage and turning off the computer, leaving the room just as the storm outside begins to clear, bathing the region in warm blues and yellows once more.

Meanwhile, 'Haruna' had slumped down onto the grassy floor in the clearing, panting in exhaustion while struggling to extract a handkerchief from her now dislodged yukata, leaving her naked and exposed as she wipes up her boyfriend's spunk dribbling from her pussy, smiling up at Itsuki with half lidded, endearing eyes, excited to see what sort of father he would become as she runs a hand over her supple tummy, feeling the warmth radiating from her womb pumped full of his baby batter.

But her romantic evening was far from over as her eyes widen, pupils dilating as her nostrils flare from the raw scent of manhood crawling into her brain upon the sudden sight of the engorged pecker that had just

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emptied itself inside of her now hovering in front of her face close enough for her to extend her tongue and lick it.

“お願いがあるんだけど、掃除してくれない？” (Could you do me a favor and clean it dear?)

“もちろんよ、あなたのためなら何でもするわ!” (Of course Darling~ Anything for you!)



With one hand still wiping up her steaming pussy, Haruna uses her other to brace herself against Itsuki's leg before opening her mouth wide, exhaling hot air over the meaty sausage and giggling at the sight of it twitching like a cute animal before taking it into her maw without hesitation, loving the bitter taste of Itsuki's essence mixing with her love juices while bobbing her head back and forth with guidance from her man's hand over her head, grunting everytime the head of his pecker knocks against the back of her throat.

She had initially expressed uncertainty when her boyfriend had proposed they try public sex during the festival to spice up their love life together, but after deciding to try it out, a part of her now wished it would never end. The kiss of night's chill over her naked being and the thrill of being found out at any moment, coupled with the fact that what she was doing was so

inappropriate, turned her on immensely. But she knew that just like all other things in life, the excitement and adrenaline of the first time would soon wear off, losing its novelty over time, and that fact saddened her somewhat as a muffled coo escapes her mouth from Itsuki's sudden ejaculation down her throat, forcing her head to stay and swallow it all, ruining her cleaning efforts as a fresh spray of translucent liquid douses her handkerchief, rendering it useless.

Unbeknownst to her however, there was a passenger in her mind, experiencing everything she did but without the power to control anything, left helpless to deny a fate with no clear ending in sight as a void of white consumes them all, before they end up together again in the heart of the festival, headed towards the clearing in the trees with the lucky girl now wrapped tightly around Itsuki's arms...

THE END