

A Prompt from Gforce1000: LDGTS Prompt: Through off-screen shenanigans, Lisa ends up with a dick and a mind for some vengeance. Taylor's in for a looooooong night. And day. Maybe night again. We'll see what happens.

"I've got no idea as to how we got where we are today. Zero. None. Nada. Don't much care either." Lisa's smile was utterly shameless; damn near evil as Taylor found herself being taken in, paralyzed with indecision as her instincts came up empty. "It's amazing how powerful you can feel with a little *weight* between your legs, ain't it?"

Taylor had no idea what had just happened either. Just that she was pretty much paralyzed with indecision after having one of her most defining characteristics vanish on her. Or, well, not vanish. She knew exactly where it had gone after all, so vanished wasn't the right word at all.

She was missing her dick. Her balls. Everything below the waist (and possibly several organs) that made up her male half, all gone... Lisa hadn't even waited for a full five minutes before coming to gloat.

Taylor hadn't been that bad, had she? Taylor knew that she wasn't exactly perfect on multiple levels, but she hadn't been *bad*. She was a good friend, a comrade, a provider, and an attentive lover... Maybe a little overly attentive at times, but still just a little. It wasn't as if Taylor had been going all in from day one, so, really, what was there to be mad about?

... Something, clearly, and Taylor could only chalk her obliviousness up to her own personal blindspots. That those hadn't left her along with half of her genitals was disappointing. Fuck Lustrum, and not in a good way. She was more than capable of doing that much, cursing the name of the one that had made her who and what she was.

"It's like I'm swinging a fucking hammer here." Lisa grabbed at herself suggestively, the skintight spandex of her costume leaving nothing to the imagination, every vein and ridge more than obvious against the dark purple fabric; at least Taylor now knew it was all Lisa's and someone hadn't just taken hers and slapped it on the blonde. The biggest vein was on the *right side* and not the *top* so it *couldn't* be hers... What an odd thing to be relieved about. "How you can travel without breaking surrounding furniture, I have no fucking clue."

"Practice." Taylor grimaced as her fists balled up in frustration... She felt *less* now. Like half the person she should be but *worse*, as insane as it sounded. Like she'd lost both her hands and an eye. Totally ridiculous and nowhere near the same thing... She felt like less of a woman now, not that it made sense. God damn it, Lustrum. "Lots of practice."

"I see...that makes sense. A lot of sense. Practice..." Lisa let out a throaty sigh, her eyelids fluttering cutely as she gave the growing, suit-stretching length traveling down her thigh a full on stroke through her clothing. "I think it's going to take me a lot of - practice - to get used to this."

Taylor swallowed roughly as her frustration slowly turned to unease; Lisa's now open eyes having gained a touch of something *wild* in them. Something dark and hungry; a startling contrast to the soft, sweet smile that had taken the place of her customary grin. "Are you okay?"

Taylor had her doubts.

"Never better, sweetie." Lisa assured Taylor with open hands, an act as convincing as a three dollar as the blonde took a step in her direction. Firm, yet not entirely confrontational. Disquieting, but not enough to set off the flight response while causing an upsurge of curiosity and excitement. Lightly dominant tone and set to the body, a set of moves that had Taylor's heartbeat picking up the pace as buttons she hadn't expected to be hit *were*; standard seduction tactics, one and all. "Why? Does it look like something is wrong with me?"

... No. No, and that was the problem. To Taylor, Lisa looked perfectly fine as she was. Better than fine. Like this was normal, like Lisa could have always had a cock and nothing important would have changed.

The thoughts that brought up were...not entirely pleasant. Not that Lisa allowed her to focus on them for even a second. A relief.

"Of course there isn't. Look at me. You can see it. Think about what it all means. For you. For me." Lisa took another step. Another and yet another as Taylor came to realize, in an abstract sort of way, just how Lisa had felt whenever she'd done much the same Terrified. Aroused. Terrifyingly aroused and only getting more so as her chin was caught by Lisa's hand and eye contact was made, their faces only inches away from each other, the suspense it caused leaving her weak. "*Think.*"

Lisa's calm breaths mixing with the rough wash of her own, the bottle-green of her irises turned a darker jade as a perfectly manicured hand moved across her face. Up. Across her right cheek to move several strands of hair out of her face and behind her ear, setting a mad blush loose to run rampant across her features; a suggestive tug at her waistband and a touch of musk, a minute shift of the blonde's hips, leaving her feeling lightheaded and more than a little agreeable.

"I always thought Priscilla was a cute name for a little girl." Lisa brought Taylor closer with that non-sequitur. Gave her a nip on the neck and a lick before crooning something into Taylor's ear that nearly broke her, right then and there. "Lets see about making one to give it to? Just the one?" The bottom half of Lisa's costume dropped and Taylor was entirely *lost*. "Just to start..."

... Karma was a cast iron bitch.