

Random (NSFW)

File: file.png (856 KB, 850x533) -Snake devouring an adult cuckoo-

Anonymous (ID: S/8BuYtERT) 05/03/25(Sat)23:25:13 No. 885842896 [Reply] ▶>> 502855871 >> 574412961 >> 988556632



Hey, bois! I know some of you have been wanting to know in more detail what my punishments were for each of these degenerate bitches. Well, today I'll grant your wish! But first, some necessary clarifications.

I'm not particularly vindictive. So I was skeptical I'd be able to punish them adequately. However, with my creativity and knowing them so well, I created the perfect "lose-lose" situation for each and every one of them... Still, there was one in particular who surprised me and actually earned a little sympathy and respect from me. But we'll get to that. I was going to start with some fucking "*Karate*" shit, but her story is so idiotic and absurd it deserves a page of its own. But don't worry, anons. Today I'll give you a little taste! For now, bear with me because I'll start with the greatest mother in the world.

Ah, damn woman. Of all four of them, she tried to bribe me... Allow me to explain in more detail.

One day, she appealed to me directly via LINE. She complained bitterly about the fact that "Cow", whom she saw as nothing more than a brat, had used and ridiculed her at will, but, on top of that, she had been ridiculed into a sinful, lustful, and vile woman. Then she began to feel sorry for herself, pointing out how she had failed in all her maternal duties and obligations and that this constituted an unforgivable crime. She begged me for one last chance to "*atone for her sins*". She swore by all that was sacred (the memory of her husband, that damned, disgusting woman) that she would become a better woman, mother,

and person. And, here's *"that part"*. She told me that if I gave her this chance, I could ask her for anything I wanted, including her body; she seemed very aware of her attributes, because she positioned her arms in such a way that her breasts looked more voluminous and provocative; the cleavage she wore was also *"strategically selected"* for this purpose. She hadn't forgotten how the *"Tech Support Scammer"* hadn't stopped praising her body and intended to use it to her advantage to get out of the mess SHE had dug HERSELF into.

M: *Ok you know what? I am just getting so damn tired of hearing you lie to me about how much you love your son and how you are willing to "sacrifice" yourself for him. Seriously. Will you please fucking STOP with that?*

Mo: *It's the truth and I refuse! I'M WILLING TO DO ANYTHING FOR MY FAMILY! He is my precious-*

M: *Your precious baby boy, the same one you said made you feel amazing for fucking his bully at his father's altar, YOUR HUSBAND... yeah, yeah, yeah you've said that so many times it's practically a damn mantra at this point. but you and I know that's a damn lie.*

Mo: *It 's NOT!*

M: *Prove it.*

Mo: *I- What?*

M: *Prove it. Tell me here and now how you actually love and care about him. Prove it without having to use that disgusting body of yours and shake those disgusting tumors you have for tits in front of me.*

Mo: *I... Well... [covering her cleavage with one of her hands] I- I do what's necessary. He's my son, I love him, and I don't want him to get hurt. I believe there's another way to do things, that's why I... Anyway, I'm just... I... I want what's best for him!*

M: *I feel like you're trying to make me eat a bowl of rice with shit like these were black beans. Even you sound confused by what just came out of your mouth. But ok. Let's play this game. Tell me. How is fucking his bully that's beating him every day supposed to be a sign of love? Explain to me how deciding to tell the "social cancer" you're fucking how many grams of smegma the pediatrician removed from your son's glans in the childcare consultation helps him become a grown man.*

Mo: *Fuck off. How many times do you want me to tell you it was just a game! I wasn't thinking clearly about what I was doing! I just... I just... I didn't know-*

M: *You saw him coming home every day bruised, battered and miserable, distraught because he wasn't strong enough to protect you. At the hands of the guy you were actively fucking and openly admitted enjoyed tormenting him.*

Mo: *I- Ok FINE. I was a little absent minded with that but that does NOT mean i don't love him!*

M: *When.*

Mo: *"When" what? Bastard...*

M: *When was the last time you told him you loved him?*

Her mouth hung open as nothing came out. I could see the hamster wheels turning in her semen filled brain. She was trying to remember the last time she even told her son she loved him.

Mo: *Wait a sec-*

M: *Check Mate, bitch.*

Mo: *Wait, wait, WAIT! GIVE ME A MOMENT!*

M: *No? I'll make it easier. When was the last time you hugged him? Asked him how his day was? Sat him down and had a conversation about his school life? Asked him about his future and what he wanted to be when he grew up? When was the last time you even so much as checked on him without intent to tease or mock him? Do you want me to remind you how you felt when that disgusting piercing in your navel replaced your "umbilical bond" with YOUR SON?*

Mo: *I...*

Her face went completely blank as her mind at BEST could only recall instances of that. From **BEFORE** she met her "personal living dildo".

M: *What would happen if, after ignoring him for so long, you came home one day and found him hanging from the ceiling? What do you think he'd do if one day he discovered that everyone "hated" him and was sleeping with his worst enemy?*

She just remained silent, but her gaze was lost, her eyes moist, her hands automatically going to her own neck, as if she were experiencing it firsthand.

M: *I think finding him hanging would be "the best thing"; it could be much worse. Imagine his corpse on the riverbank, swollen with water, pale, being devoured from the inside by the aquatic fauna...*

Mo: *SHUT UP YOU SICK FUCKER! LEAVE ME ALONE!*

M: *So tell me how you've shown him you love him. Tell me how you've supported him during the misery he's been living in all these months.*

Mo: *I... There... was... I... I cook meals for him...*

M: You mean the ones you leave cold in the microwave after you run off to your next orgy with only notes for him? The few you prepared for him in person, you "seasoned" with the "special african ingredient". I know what you did, wicked bitch, but it disgusted me so much that I tried to erase it from my mind because of how vile, scoundrel, and disgusting you are. You smiled at the poor kid when he thought you had made his favorite dish "with love" when in reality, you made him eat the same garbage you're addicted to... If I could, I'd murder you right there. I'd rip out your intestines and strangle you with them.

Mo: YOU! HOW? IT'S... IT'S IMPOSSIBLE THAT-

M: Leaving that shit aside, when was the last time you even sat down and shared a damn family meal with him that wasn't just an excuse to feel superior to him? Or tease him with how naive, innocent, or "perverted" he is? Tease him by shaking those tumors in your chest to turn him on? You think I didn't see you? When the poor thing was heading to his room, you sighed and said in whispers that your body belonged to that disgusting pig and that it was too late for your son! You disgusting bitch!

Again her face went blank.

M: I TOLD YOU I KNOW EVERYTHING. I TOLD YOU! I FUCKING TOLD YOU! I'm waiting. You claim you love him so much? Well when was the last fucking time you did ANYTHING loving or even mildly caring or considerate of him sense the moment you decided you wanted to keep fucking his bully?

Mo: You... You.. It's... More complicated than... T-that... You... You're not a woman... You don't know...

M: Oh! Now I must have a cunt to understand? So help me understand what the hell is going on in that damn little head of yours, "cum chef". If it's complicated EXPLAIN it to me then!

She lowered her head in shame at the new reminder of the atrocious incident and said nothing. What else could she do?

M: And there it is. ZERO. NADA. You can't. You say you love him. Yet you yourself know damn well everything you did shows you didn't give a single damn about him beyond using him as a way to boost up your pleasure. You cannot name ONE MOMENT since this madness started you were even a friend to him. No. An ACQUAINTANCE even. You are so adamant to insist on your love of him. But you don't have any examples to offer. And do you know why?

Mo: No- You don't understand. I was alone and I didn't think this would all end-

M: It's because to you he's both your husband AND your son. But you know what? Even that I think is off. You do not love him or even respect him. Just like you do not love or respect that poor soul that made the life destroying decision to put a ring on your finger. You if ANYTHING love the IDEA of these people. And what the IDEA of what they SHOULD

mean to you. But as people? As human beings? You cannot give less of a damn if you TRIED and oh boy did you ever.

Mo: STOP TALKING LIKE YOU KNOW ME! YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ME!

M: Grow the fuck up already. You're not that young, middle school girl with a cute innocent face and voluptuous, un-fucked body lured away by a big, bad, strong and handsome older boy you can't possibly hope to resist due to how oh so innocent and fragile and vulnerable you are. I strongly suspect your past is full of shit...

Mo: HO-HOW...?

M: Wow. I was just talking shit for the sake of it, but judging by your reaction, it seems my suspicions are right. Grow the fuck up already and OWN who and what you are and stop being a...a-

Mo: A what?

M: A FUCKING CHILD! You're almost 40! START ACTING LIKE IT!

Mo: Please, can we fix this in-

She offered me her body; she even began to move her hands in a very sensual and suggestive manner over her stomach, even promising the "scammer" that she would bear him a child if he wanted. Then she comes back with the false guilt, knowing that "she's sinned against the most sacred thing in her family" and that, in exchange for very intense and passionate sex, she wanted him to show kindness, mercy, and compassion. Then she knelt down and laid her head on the floor. I just laughed at her. Kindness? Mercy? Really? Those are precisely the things you had the least of with your poor, wretched son! Bah, come on. I knew for a fact she'd relapse if I gave her a chance. She was just desperate to save her pathetic, adulterous ass.

So I simply said no and I sternly urged her to accept her punishment with dignity, because she had no other alternative and she had to take responsibility for the consequences of her decisions. Solemnly repeated her punishment. And now what punishment did I give her, my anons?

Simplicity itself! As you know, I told her not to sleep until 4 a.m. every morning. Manageable on weekends and days off, but on work days, she'd have to eat shit.

But that was just the first step, as you'll see later... Oh, I forgot, before I continue with her, there's something I'd like to apologize for, since I've read many posts in this thread criticizing a certain decision I made the day of the confrontation. You see, I changed my plans and my mind. I was planning on having the "Karate" idiot put the chastity belt on. But when I thought about it, I realized it was better not to. Why not her? Because it wasn't her who wanted to put such a monstrosity on "H" and it wasn't her who talked about castration. I imagine you've realized that the honor of using this instrument of humiliation belonged to

"Cowtits". If there were some legal mechanism that would guarantee me impunity for performing genital mutilation on her clitoris, I'd do it without a second thought. It's a shame we're not in a remote corner of civilization in Kenya...

The day after our meeting, I contacted "Cow" to ask if she'd already thought about her punishment. I was really hoping she'd say no. *"Hey Cowtits. Aren't you happy to hear my seksi seks voice?"* Hahaha, it was lovely to piss her off. Although she came up with several clever counters, like, *"Why are you here? Don't you have other people to scam? Some goat to fuck? Some sewer or drain to dig shit out of?"* Hahaha. Anyway, I just wanted to see if the only little whore of the four who resisted my justice had reflected on the need to drink the shit and pus soup that was my punishment.

It bothered me a little that she continued to act so oblivious and innocent, pretending I would let it go and not insist, given the severity of the penance I intended to impose. And I truly believed it, judging by the surprise she got when I brought up the subject again. I told her that, among the four of them, she was the only one who resisted, and that it wasn't in a way *"fair"*, since among the other three, some cried, others complained and moaned, and even, surprisingly, stoically endured their punishment because they knew they deserved it. Meanwhile, she remained more or less steadfast; I could almost respect her if she weren't so morally repugnant.

When I insisted, "Cow" just very politely exhorted me to practice coprophagia and then die. I even seemed more annoying to her than her *"boyfriend"*, even throwing out insults related to the size of his manhood, which I found unoriginal and cheap. When I confronted her about this fact, she just remained silent (because she doesn't know shit about her *"boyfriend"*), and I rubbed her in her face again, without holding back on my victory, her lack of intelligence and imagination when mocking "H." I even rubbed my finger in the wound a little further by insinuating that it was even possible that "H" was bigger than *"Basketball"*.

The subsequent exchange went something like this:

C: *Hahahaha! I highly doubt that, no way. He is a "kiddie" in ALL senses...*

M: *"Cow", how do you know "H" has a micropenis if you haven't seen it?*

Lovering at her fear about the potential fact that "H" was well-endowed was extremely amusing to me. Just like with *"Karate"*, I could tell a certain fear was creeping into "Cow's" little head, the fear that maybe everything she's done was ultimately for nothing.

M: *So? You're not going to tell me anything? Obviously, we'd be facing a situation similar to "Shrödinger's Cat," or rather, "Shrödinger's Cock." Hahaha.*

C: *Shut up, shut up, shut up! You only say weird things, because you don't talk like a normal person, you fucking nerd. Normal people don't say the stupid things you do. If you were in my class, I'd make sure you were my toy until you killed yourself. "smartasses" aren't good for shit, only to be humiliated and trampled on! Oh my God! Shut that conceited smartass mouth of yours. I'm a woman, I'm pretty, that makes me smarter, more intelligent,*

more cunning than you with your weird names and your shitty computers. GOD, I hate you so much!

M: *I love these bursts of sincerity from you, "Cowntits." You see, this nerd has you eating shit, EXCREMENT. Hot, sticky, stinky, thick, and delicious, you're swallowing it and you're going to keep swallowing it, whether you like it or not.*

C: *I'M NOT WEARING THAT DAMN THING! I'M NOT WEARING THE DAMN CHASTITY BELT! FUCK YOU, DIE!*

M: *Are you sure, "Cow"?*

C: *FUCK YOU.*

M: *Are you really sure, "Cow"? Oh, your poor little whore friend... When everyone finds out she was playing "basketball fetus toss" with a curette at a prenatal clinic...*

C: *I TOLD YOU TO LEAVE HER OUT OF THIS, DAMN YOU! SHE HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH IT. DAMN BASTARD! YOU SON OF A BITCH!*

M: *NO. YOU didn't leave out your friends or your friends' families, so I don't give a shit, EITHER, SO I'm not going to! That whore of a friend of yours is EXTREMELY careless, I'd almost say "reckless". She thinks that because she's already won and has her cuckold she doesn't have to hide it, but I have tons of recordings and audio of her and what she does in that shitty club for sick and degenerate people with those monsters, I can and should DESTROY HER FUCKING LIFE UP and expose her as the sick whore who loves foreign cocks and if that wasn't enough, I can expose the little "problems" she's been having that cause her visits to the doctor. Oh! Who knows? GONORRHEA? CHLAMYDIA? SYPHILIS? PAPILLOMAVIRUS? DID YOU KNOW THAT FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MANY YEARS, THE INCIDENCE OF SYPHILIS INCREASED IN THIS DAMN COUNTRY? OOOH! WHY THE FUCK WOULD THAT BE? I'm not going to repeat it to you again, you're going to bend over backwards, you're going to kowtow TO ME, and you're going to get that dirty little ass of yours in a standing position like you did with Mobutu, or SHE will pay the consequences!*

And this, anons, I'll leave as a brief appetizer of what happened with "Cow". I had found her weak spot and I wasn't going to stop screwing her over until I got everything I wanted. She may be a narcissistic sociopath. But she was still young, and perhaps out of gratitude or loyalty, she valued her friend more than her own partner and family. Why not, after all? She was her mentor and guide! She NEEDED her to be safe so the two of them could share this little bit of... "basketball joy". If something were to happen to her because of Cowntits' actions... Well... That can't be allowed!

But I'll return to "Cowntits" later. For now, let's pick up where we originally left off, with the mother of the year.

After rubbing her sensual and obscene body against me, appealing to my lust in the hope that "as a man", I would accept and leave her out of the collective punishment, and after that little waste of time, she tried to feed me, I made sure to destroy all those ridiculous and disgusting hopes she was harboring with her degenerate little plan. I bluntly told her to "eat 45 acres of shit" and to shut up, because if she kept trying to force an easy way out using that filthy slutty body of hers, I was going to screw her life up, and for real.

She didn't try it again for the rest of her punishment, and she obeyed. Not before, and I imagine, spurred on by "Cow's" pathetic final resistance with her ridiculous "ree-shis-ms" plea, appealing once again to her repentance, remorse, and desire to "expiate her guilt" in a more "swift", painless, and especially "pleasurable" way. **[slut mommy screeching]** ALL I ASK IS ONE LAST CHANCE TO REDEEM MYSELF! EVEN IF IT COSTS ME MY FUCKING, EXHAUSTED, AND PROBABLY INFECTED AND ROTTEN BODY! LET ME PAY! OOOOOH, I WANT SO BADLY TO BE A GOOD WOMAN, A GOOD WIFE, A GOOD MOTHER AGAIN! I BEG YOU! **[/slut mommy screeching]**

I have no idea what's going through her head, not that "woman", but that "damn bra!". She seems genuinely convinced by the hope or belief that she can still escape her problems by appealing to her role as a self-sacrificing mother, using her body as a bargaining chip. It's behavior that arouses a lot of suspicion... She thinks that with a good fuck, her blackmailer will let it go, forgive her, and everything will go back to the way it was, with her playing house, until the next monster comes along to awaken her low passions.

You know? Honestly, at that moment, a part of me began to wonder if this situation hadn't happened before, with her partners or even with her own husband and casual lovers, already in her widowhood: someone would discover her and prepare to expose her, but she would get out of trouble in extremis by giving them a "masterful fuck", namely "a fuck so well given" that the men who discovered her either kept quiet or found themselves compromised in such a way that even they couldn't expose her without putting themselves in danger. Who knows?

As a hidden "Femme Fatale", she's certainly formidable, but as a mother, she leaves a lot to be desired...

"Gal"? Well, she's been... Interesting. But I'll talk about her when the time comes. I don't know whether to define her behavior as "hostile"? "distant"? "indifferent"? But that's the only thing that can be extrapolated from her daily interaction with her mother, who she absolutely doesn't want around. They pretend when "H" is around, but as soon as he enters his room or leaves the house, "Gal" avoids "Mama" like the plague. She pushes her away when she tries to hug her. She glares at her. She refuses to eat the food she makes, locks her bedroom door, and refuses to speak to her except when absolutely necessary, and most of the time, as I said before, when "H" is around.

It was strange. On one of my "observation rounds" I noticed one night that she was saying to herself in a low, angry voice, "It's over, Mama. It's over. The ring... I'll never forgive you for what you did with the ring. It's just... It's over." Followed by absolute silence. It was weird, as I said before, but interesting what happened with her at that moment. I considered

taking her out of the "*shit pit*" and up to "*purgatory*"... I didn't know what to do at that moment, I was confused, but it was up to her.

And 'H'? Yeah... Let's just say the situation around him had been somewhat awkward with the sudden changes in behavior from the most important people in his life, and he wasn't too happy with his mother during that period.

Frankly, he told me, there came a time when he'd gotten fed up with this nonsense from them, and who can blame him? He just tells me that he feels like the heavens have cursed him. As far as he knows, his misery began when that unknown exchange student showed up a few days after he arrived, began sexually harassing his girlfriend, and 'H' tried to defend her dignity and honor, only to end up facing the brute against all odds of defeating him, and as is well known, it left him badly bruised and battered; shortly after this, his girlfriend began behaving strangely and distantly.

When he arrives home that same afternoon, his sister notices him beaten up. He tells her everything, and she offers to help him and confront the brute. When he returned that same night, she was distant and he didn't want to bother her, but almost the next morning, she started a strange game with him, something so malicious that even he, in his "*sexual*" innocence, so to speak, realized that she wasn't quite "*well*". She seemed displeased with the idea of him seeing her in a bath towel (when before it was the most common and everyday thing, with no ill thoughts on either of their parts -well, that's what the poor guy thought-); however, this actually seemed fine to him, because, you know, he's a normal person who doesn't want to see his own sister naked.

As if that weren't enough, a few weeks later, his mother also became strange and seemed to join in the game, with the now-familiar changes in behavior (both in her and her sister). She started spending inordinate amounts of time away from home (even arranging "*girls' nights*" with his girlfriend, which he didn't think was a bad idea at first, but it worried him that he was always left out and they never talked about what they did with him, only insinuations of what could or couldn't have happened, which, more than worrying him, really bothered him because he felt like they were seeing the idiot in his face). Not to mention how on several occasions the house reeked of air freshener, ESPECIALLY his room and their father's shrine.

Then, somehow, this new guy found his best friend at their dojo and was harassing her. "H" noticed how a training session progressively turned into inappropriate groping of her friend's breasts and buttocks, so, again, against all odds, he challenged him to a fight so he would leave her alone. Only to, first, be horribly beaten, and second, in a kind of macabre humiliation by this zoo animal, be forced to watch as his friend, the one he tried to defend, was sleeping with his bully.

And frankly, he was terrified of the horrifying duality she displayed. So hypocritical, cruel, and heartless, pleasure-induced with the gorilla, degrading his friend and protector only at the ape's request and desires in complete intimacy, only to then, hours later, try to smile and act as if nothing had happened and everything was business as usual. This completely shattered his view of her as an innocent and vulnerable girl who needed protection.

And then, when everything seemed to be getting worse, it suddenly got better. His bully moved away and started avoiding him. His girlfriend started spending time with him again. His mother and sister began to hug him and apologize for... Something he didn't yet know exactly what it was and was afraid to ask for fear of ruining that affection, that support he'd been deprived of for MONTHS and that he so desperately needed.

Just imagine it, from laughing, practically mocking him for seemingly harmless things, making strange insinuations, always with his childhood photo album in hand, almost disrespectfully, generally laughing at him and everything he did or didn't do, to crying, hugging him tightly, and apologizing over and over again for things completely unknown to him, no matter how much he asked or inquired. It was, at the very least, unsettling, uncomfortable, strange, and in very bad taste. There was something he didn't know, and they didn't want to tell him.

In the conversations I had with him on Discord, after my first confrontation with them and shortly after the second, he told me that sometimes their distance and indifference were so painful that it felt as if he'd just found out his mother and sister had died, only to suddenly become completely suffocating and obsessive, showering him with attention and affection in a fortuitous way, given the prolonged period of more or less concealed disdain to which she, and to some extent, his own sister, subjected him.

I myself demanded that they treat him well, I admit it, but the execution was extremely clumsy and hasty, perhaps motivated more by fear of what I might do than by genuine remorse.

And suddenly, a few months later, "H" noticed how all those strange behaviors from the beginning were repeating themselves, although this time in a more subtle, more contained way. They all reverted to their mildly disdainful attitudes, their distance again; his sister and mother relapsed into a more discrete version of their awkward game of innuendo and veiled mockery, only for it to suddenly stop and they were behaving like walking corpses.

Yes, the time had come when he'd stopped caring, and now he was pissed off. In fact, thanks to the seeds of suspicion I planted in him, he was gradually beginning to piece together the facts about his girlfriend and came to a surprising conclusion, but that's for later.

"What the hell is going on? What's wrong with them? It's clear they're hiding something from me!" That's what he said to me in one of his outbursts of frustration when we were talking about the subject. In a conversation I would have loved to witness and record, he directly confronted his mother and asked her the tough questions. She made up the worst excuses possible, beating around the bush without getting anywhere concrete. He became incredibly frustrated with her, so much so, he tells me, that he threw his plate of food off the table against the wall.

I can just imagine her, surprised by such a display of anger and masculine energy, especially when he stormed off and told her not to speak to him until she was ready to be honest.

What a beautiful moment! I wish I could have recorded it. But, putting that aside, I think it's time to see how she dealt with his punishment. At first, I felt a little sorry for her, but then I remembered how she offered me her body and her fertility in exchange for letting her out of her own mess, and it went away.

It was very simple. She couldn't sleep until 4 a.m., and on the toughest days of the week, Mondays and most Tuesdays, she couldn't take off her makeup. Even on Tuesdays, she had to apply an extra layer over the mess from the day before.

I know it sounds very simple, but believe me, anons. At her age? This was worse than torture.

It only took six working days, practically a week, for everything to catch up with her. By Tuesday of the second week, everything fell apart. And the third? Well, little by little, we'll get there, but let's go into detail about what happened at the beginning.

In the first week, she tried to feign strength. I noticed her in her room telling herself in front of the mirror that she had raised her children alone, that she had done well without her husband all those years, that a couple of days without being able to remove her makeup would be a walk in the park. She also told herself she had a plan to take advantage of the sleepless hours to get ahead on the day's tasks and stay awake. Ha, it's one thing to say it, but another thing entirely to do it. Obviously, by the third day, she started to feel exhausted; however, the first few days weren't so bad. No noticeable change.

It wasn't until the fifth day that the dark circles under her eyes began to become evident, and, paradoxically, she found herself needing to apply MORE layers of makeup that she couldn't remove because she didn't want them to notice her sleepless face. She started to fall asleep at work. She started to become clumsy and careless. She would file the wrong paperwork, send the wrong emails, or misinterpret or misunderstand her bosses' requests or demands.

Not to mention the rumors circulating behind her back about all that makeup she wore but never took off. In a voice note she sent to one of her close colleagues at work, she bitterly complained that she "*knew about the rumors*", that "*they thought she was a prostitute or that she was spending all night making XXX content on Only Fans*", that "*she had contracted herpes from messing with a gaijin and was trying to hide it*", that "*she had been assaulted*", among all sorts of speculations, each more incredible than the last, all the product of the imaginations of rivals in her department or area. It turns out that being a stunning hottie in her late 30s generates a lot of envy among other women her age and even younger ones.

As a result, her reputation quickly took a hit, and many of her colleagues, sometimes out of concern and sometimes out of morbid curiosity, began asking her questions; something she didn't like at all. Added to this was the fact that, due to her poor performance, she lost the promotion she was about to get and risked being demoted for having botched a VERY IMPORTANT assignment involving a project to acquire a promising corporate initiative before their rivals... And she sent the competition the documentation proving what was about to happen.

So they swooped in like vultures and bought them first, at double the price.

In another voice note, a few days later, she cried, heartfully complaining to this friend of hers about her boss yelling and belittling her for several hours straight about this disaster. This snub meant a significant regression in the projection of operating costs and profits and now they would have to make cuts or lower salaries in order to finish the fiscal year in good numbers. She wouldn't know what to do if she was fired, she desperately needed that job to support her children, she had to send them to college... Damn, it was incredible... And all of that in practically less than 10 business days!

By the end of the second week, she was stress eating. Unable to vent her frustrations with the "*basketball player*", she adopted one of the favorite pastimes of many single women: vintage romance dramas (she devoured "*Tokyo Love Story*" like three times, and it was unbearable/really cringey watching her pining over the antagonist, the playboy who deflowered the protagonist's love interest even though he knew he liked her first, just because she had a teenage dream about him -the irony of life-). And if it wasn't these shitty dramas, it was those josei/smut anime that aired late into the night, with the "*thin, fragile, defenseless, and innocent*" heroine being subdued by the "*tall, muscular, manipulative, and sadistic*" playboy. Beyond that, it was tons of ice cream, bottles of wine, instant ramen, KFC, and candy.

I was incredibly surprised by how quickly her transformation happened. But she went from being a "MILF" -"THE" MILF, as I said at the beginning- and quite pretty, to looking 37 or 38 by the second week. She began to gain weight and subtly lose her slender, voluptuous figure. Not to mention that wrinkles were appearing on her face when she finally took off her makeup, on the days I allowed her to do it.

She was declining rapidly, and no matter how much she begged me for mercy, I refused to let her go to spas or seek help to regain her beauty. Which led her to eat more junk food out of stress, try to cope by watching that "*soft porn for women*" (ironic, with so much criticism of male fan service while female fan service is just as bad or worse) that was josei/smut anime in the very late night, sleep worse and, well... There came a time when something very curious happened with one of her male colleagues at work, which somewhat confirmed my suspicions of her secret promiscuity.

The week after the incident with her boss, he put her on administrative leave for three days without pay, so for half of that third week she was working remotely from home, doing low-commitment paperwork (the irony was, she could finally use the secondary network she'd hired for "*real work*"). Even so, I forced her to wear makeup for almost 36 hours straight, as if she were still at work. Anyway, one of her colleagues paid her a surprise visit

late at night because *"he was worried about her"* and wanted *"to see how she was doing after the scolding she suffered"* last week. Equally surprising to me was the worried and anxious look on her face. She kept looking back inside the house, as if she didn't want her children to see her with that guy. To top it all off, what she said further compromised her: *"Not here, my kids are at home"*. However, that wasn't the juiciest part of the exchange.

This guy couldn't help but make a funny expression while telling her *"how worried he is about her"*. It was as if he didn't recognize her and thought she was someone else. But this wasn't as delicious as the obvious lack of *"concern disguised as a desire to fuck"* in his eyes when he looked at her at that moment, and how he seemed less enthusiastic when he elaborated more closely (seriously, she was talking to him and he wasn't paying attention, just staring at her deteriorating condition with astonishment and shamelessness). She even reproached him for not coming up with his usual antics, his suggestive lines, his naughty innuendos, and his sexual double entendres.

In the end, she made up an excuse and simply dismissed his concerns. It was obvious that after almost a month without *"playing Chicago Bulls"* and after consuming bad pseudo-pornography for several days in a row, she felt like a drug addict with anxiety. Even with her children just a few meters away, she invited him to the nearest hotel *"to be alone and talk more calmly"* (of course, and I am Riley Reed and I am nominated for an Oscar for Best Actress). But the notorious lack of interest from her *"colleague"* was not the best thing about this incident. Even when she was clearly giving him desperate signs of wanting to *"talk more calmly in A HOTEL"* (This whore and her euphemisms, every time she opens her mouth she finds a new way to make me hate her more. So much so, that it almost made me vomit), this guy just looked her up and down and, as if she were a fragile and pitiful grandmother, decided it was not the best time.

In other words, it wasn't worth it anymore. With her ruined figure, dark circles and wrinkles appearing. Her skin no longer looked as smooth as before, her breasts were no longer firm, not those masses of perfection and symmetry he probably didn't let himself think about, that he longed to touch and pinch with his hands and plunge his *"lower buddy"* between them into the moment of ecstasy. They looked saggy beneath the sweater she usually wore at home.

When he refused, and not caring that her children were there, she yelled at him to get out of the house and closed the door, collapsing beside it, sobbing pathetically and pitifully, and cursing me under her breath many times. Her good wishes will nourish me reciprocally for many years to come.

There was something else. Remember how her boss called her into the office and yelled at her for hours? Well, I did a little research, and it turned out she had a very interesting record at that company.

When I reviewed her time there, something didn't add up. Her position was good, VERY good, and cushy; let's say a senior position. Normally, a position is only awarded after demonstrating years of dedication, efficiency, and a lot of hard work. Not to mention having already earned a promotion over other more experienced members of staff. Although she was a *"fairly competent"* worker, so to speak, I was quite surprised by this meteoric rise

compared to other veterans. She was relatively new there compared to the years her other colleagues had spent there...

Yet she got this position within a year of joining the company. How did that happen? Well, I had to listen to multiple voice notes her boss sent her within hours of discovering the acquisition of this other company by rivals and the role her mistake played in the disaster. It was embarrassing to have to listen to all that shouting and name-calling; the man seemed like he was going to have an aneurysm at any moment, but the old man dropped some interesting gems:

>"How could you be so stupid?! If I had known, I wouldn't have done it... Bah!"

>"That pair of beautiful melons and that huge ass of yours are what got you into this position. Don't think you're better than everyone else just because you're halfway good at Excel and know some management nonsense".

>"It's a shame you give such good blowjobs and that those tits of yours feel like heaven. I KNEW those giant breasts were going to screw me off, BUT NOT LIKE THIS!"

But some lines caught my attention.

>"Do you know how much trouble I almost got into by helping you in exchange for our agreement? You've made me look ridiculous!"

>"Shit, shit, shit! [censored] told me that you were nothing more than an opportunistic bitch, and I didn't listen because I was infatuated with your damn cleavage!"

>"Fuck... If that little tight cunt of yours wasn't like boiling lava..."

>"You and your mommy game crap..."

I shouldn't repeat that, when I'm interested, I start investigating. And let's just say that in some old photos from the company's anniversary, I saw her boss standing too close to her and smiling too broadly. He was hugging her, his hand dangerously close to the base of her cleavage (holy shit, this woman was a femme fatale, no doubt about it).

The juiciest part was that this happened approximately six months after "Gal" and "H"'s father passed away. What a naughty, naughty widow you are, "Mama"! Ah, but I'll get to that later. She really has no shame or boundaries, does she?

But enough about this slut. She won't be "fucking" much anymore, though. (I'm such a "Sam Hyde".)

Let's delve a little into the "Karate" bitch. There's not much to say about her, but hey, if she hadn't done everything she did to her friend and protector, it would be sad rather than funny. But it's not worth considering.

But first, a little detail, anons. To keep an eye on these little whores and torment them a little more, I created a fun update system for each one. This way, I was able to keep a meticulous record of their daily misery. At first, I thought about creating a system to check on them one by one on a daily basis. For example, "Karate" on Mondays, "Fucking Mother" on Tuesday nights after removing her makeup, "Gal" on Wednesday nights after taking her

much-needed shower, etc. But I discarded that when I realized I could get distracted, so I developed a much better system.

I decided to invite them to a weekly Discord stream (using one of my many disposable accounts). You see, you can't follow a Discord stream, so I required all four of them to create accounts there (they're just normies whose daily lives revolve around X/Instagram/Facebook/TikTok/LINE, so they had no idea what the platform was or what it was for), and so they did. To torment them further, I used a frame from a documentary showing a snake devouring an egg from a bird's nest, but it wasn't a normal egg; it was visibly larger than the other two eggs. Yes, it was a **cuckoo's egg**. Oh, "Cowtits" hated that because she grasped the meaning instantly and just let out a grunt of annoyance.

They each joined the stream and I demanded to see their faces on camera so I could record them and add to my beautiful collection of lustful bitches in distress. Week 1. Then 2. Then 3. And, oh, how joyful! When I showed them their "versions" from week 1, "Karate" and "Mama" screamed and cried. "Ga", on the other hand, acted differently than the others, but we'll get to that, I promise. "Cowtits" was more or less the same. Only clearly angrier; she didn't want to be there.

According to my new orders, "Karate" not only held back her punches and purposefully left her guard open with the "H," but also all her training partners. And the results were even better than I dreamed.

You see... "Karate"? She found herself in a bit of a sticky situation. In addition to the harassment from her "old friends", she was faced with the fact that the other members of the dojo actively hated her and refused to help her (I mentioned it before, "The Wednesday Afternoon Massacre" had quite a following; it was a snowball that gradually formed and that impacted her directly). This was due to the fact that people knew very well what she did with the gorilla (who was not well liked in the dojo for his rude and petulant attitude) and how she betrayed her own protector with that same hated man. And on top of all this, and as if that weren't the worst of it, how she delighted and enjoyed herself while proudly displaying herself next to the brute during training and how everyone had to endure his not infrequent inappropriate touching of her private parts. A phrase, "It's karate, not Greco-Roman wrestling", became popular when, during training, one of the partners executed an "illegal" grappling move, clearly alluding to what those two were doing.

"The Wednesday Afternoon Massacre" had a long-term consequence that proved completely devastating to her image as a "happy, feisty, and determined girl". It made her look like a complete traitor to the ideals of her dojo. And what happened as a result? Simple.

Her training partners took every opportunity to mistreat her and try to defeat her; every sparring session seemed like a real fight in which they gave their all to defeat her. And they certainly took advantage of the "training" to hurt her, especially after everyone realized she wasn't defending herself as well as before. Bruises, scratches, bumps, and marks appeared on her body like never before. The younger ones especially were brutal and for a VERY good reason, given certain "activities" she performed on them when I had first simply asked them to STOP and had 'cut her off' from her beloved 'Ape milkshakes. But I will save what she did for when the time is right.

Even my curiosity (and taking advantage of my inconspicuous or unusual attire) led me to "*casually*" pass by the dojo in the afternoon, shortly after training, and I saw her standing apart from her classmates (who ignored her like air), preparing to leave the facility while she was just crying, clutching her bruised and battered body, flinching only from walking or bumping into things.

And it gets even better! You see, she was a black belt in Karate, but after all this... She quickly made her teachers, not to mention the rumors of her little activities that reached their ears, decide to gradually remove her from all school, inter-school, regional, and friendly competitions. As more sordid details of her "*activities*" with the gorilla (real or not) became known thanks to "*her special friends*", this "*divorce*" from competitions occurred more quickly.

Tacitly, silently demoted. She attended many of these competitions and friendly matches as part of "*the club's support group*", along with the lower-ranking students, so to speak, and had to endure how many of her club rivals, and even many juniors who weren't black belts, competed for the spot that, under other circumstances, would surely have been hers. Outwardly, it was only said that she wasn't very well and was injured, but rumors circulated, and well... Let's just say that her "*activities as Shannon Sharpe's cheap 'Snow Bunny'*" were more or less known to everyone.

This was, in a way, the worst of all for her, perhaps more than the torture of her "*special friends*" and her "*little secret*" becoming known in her sports circle, being stripped of her spot or her quota for the competitions. I could have allowed her to recover and earn a place, and then forced her to lose humiliatingly in the finals, for everyone to see, including the press and TV. But no. I decided it was best to crush her completely and deny her any hope. Just like she did to her supposed best friend. Unfortunately for her, my punishment coincided with the internal selection stage for choosing tournament representatives. I didn't care, let her eat shit and suffer.

In light of the above, "*Karate*" is in a fragile emotional state. Of all these, she seems on the verge of a complete breakdown and willing to give in to anything I ask of her to stop it and not destroy what is perhaps, the greatest aspiration of her life.

Her life of pleasure, joy, and a sense of superiority has turned into one of pain, harassment, humiliation, ostracism, degradation of her athletic abilities, and isolation. No one, not even her parents, shows her empathy and kindness, INCLUDING the newly arrived students, the "*heroic loser*" types, who don't even deign to try to interfere and help her due to the toxic cloud polluting the air around her due to her actions.

In short, I had screwed her, made her life miserable, and despair was taking hold of her. "H" even told me that "*Karate*" had started getting close to him again and asking to mend their friendship. She implored him to go back to the way things were, begged him to be with her and how important he was to her life.

But let me tell you right now. This was HOLLOW. She may have noticed how important he was to her life. Because she cannot protect or defend herself and NEEDS a protector. But notice very clearly what I said there *"how important he was to her life"*, and *'mend their friendship.'* Not *"earn his forgiveness"* or *'admit her love.'*

This will be important later. But let's just say if things had gone the way she wished and 'H' had at long last developed those precious return feelings for her she once desired, he'd have had them denied until the day he died. But that's for another part of this sordid tale.

To be clear, "H" isn't afraid of her anymore, but he feels very disappointed in her, and his attitude and disposition are *"politely indifferent"*. She's no longer his friend or his little sister; let's just say she's been demoted in his *"pyramid of emotional priorities"* to just an old acquaintance. All this while the poor wretch is trying with all her might to rekindle a bond she gladly destroyed when she happily chewed the semen treats the ape gave her. She's an abandoned puppy without a master. A dog without a breeder. Just another thot pumped and dumped by "Tyrone". That's why she's trying to win back the sympathy of the boy she hurt the most. The boy she mocked. Humiliated. Despised. Shamed and abused. The boy she looked down on as trash.

At that moment, she desperately tried to crawl back to, on her hands and knees, to 'save' her just as he once did before. The very thing she hated him for in the darkest corners of her soul and her heart How pathetic. As I said before, if I didn't know the shit she pulled, I'd feel sorry for her.

Even "H," already hardened by hypocrisy, suffering, lies, and humiliation, knew at that moment that she clearly wanted something from him and that she greatly exaggerated her suffering to touch his heart. A heart that SHE cut through with something big, dark, and long. However, "H," perhaps in his naiveté or perhaps out of genuine pity, decided to *"hear her out, to see what she really wants"*. As they would say in a foreign cartoon:

"You didn't ask me for help when you didn't need it. Why should I give it to you now that you do?"

Oh, "H," you are too good for this sinful world, and this sinful world eats good-hearted people for breakfast, without mercy. But enough about the "Karate" bitch, let's move on to someone more... Interesting. *"Cowtits"*.

I'd like to talk about "Gal" now, but this little whore was getting on my nerves back then. I'll explain why, despite the fact that I had her by her tits and her filthy pussy, and the objective fact that her entire life and future were hanging in the balance, what did she do? She persisted and vehemently and haughtily refused to put on the chastity belt, so I brought in... Let's call her *"BBC Whore"* and threatened to destroy her life too.

Only at that moment did "Cow" actually look VERY scared. Despite all her cruelty and wickedness, she's still a young woman for whom, paradoxically, certain kinds of friendships carry a far greater weight than her close family and partner because, as we already know, this *"little friend"* who claims to love her boyfriend a lot and posts inspirational quotes by day,

and who, by night, smokes a whole pack of black cock cigars, opened "*Cowtits's*" eyes to the world of BBC doujins and unbridled sex; and from there, to practice, with real black cocks. Obviously, between family, sincere love, and pleasure, the latter, embodied in her friend, was the only thing in the world that truly mattered to her.

In other words, in the crudest terms, she was the only person in the world she wanted to PROTECT.

When I threatened to ruin her, "*Cowtits*" faltered for the first time. She seemed willing to give in to protect her friend... She was about to put on the damn chastity belt, but at the last moment, she refused. And I warned her. Oh, boy did I! And she still refused. As if I'd made a fool of myself with the BBC bitch thing, of course I had some plans for her too, you know, freeing who knows how many wretched, faint-hearted cucks from "*penile kidnapping*". But "*Cow*" was holding out bitterly; she wanted to play hardball. Well, I know how to play hardball too. STILL, in my magnanimity, I gave her a couple of extra weeks to consider it, but the card of her friend "*Snow Bunny*" wasn't producing any results, and I had to take decisive action.

So, at the end of the first week, I demanded that they all meet on Discord. After gloating over the girls' misery and obvious physical and emotional deterioration, I decided to tell them what was happening to "*Cow*" that their lives and futures depended on her putting on the chastity belt. It was funny how "*Karate*" and "*Mama*" begged her, one in a desperate whisper so as not to wake her parents, and the other in a slurred, very annoyed and enraged voice, to be considerate for once in her life and give in, that it would only be a few days and then they could all finally start rebuilding their lives. But "*Cow*" didn't care and flatly refused. Meanwhile, "*Ga*" remained silent, but I got the impression that she was staring angrily in a specific direction on the screen. I'd like to believe that "*Cow*" was the recipient of these beautiful thoughts. Finally, "*Karate*", almost pulling her hair out, whispering desperately so as not to be heard outside her room, threatened to personally come to her house and force her to put the damn thing on, otherwise she'd rip those disgusting tits off and feed them to the pigs. Her frantic, deranged look showed, she clearly meant it.

"*Cowtits*" hesitated, and I thought she'd give in... But that's for later.

Let's talk about "*Ga*" seriously.

Of all of them, she's the one I have the most and the least to say about.

She obeyed. Without complaint. She gritted her teeth and endured my punishment, went to the gym, and worked her body to exhaustion as I ordered. Then she didn't bathe. She didn't fight back or complain. I could see her on the security camera in the evenings and sometimes into the night, prostrate in *dogeza* but with her forehead touching the floor in front of her father's altar. After this show of apology and respect, she would just sit there, head bowed, muttering something I found difficult to understand, and curling up.

Sometimes she would go to the door of her brother's room and stand there, as if gathering all her strength to enter (I was ready to destroy her life the moment she tried anything), but she always backed away before making a move. She bowed and went to her room. I caught her a few nights sitting, staring at something that appeared to be a photo of them from better times. I couldn't see it clearly; the quality of the laptop's built-in webcam wasn't exactly the best.

She was strangely quiet and submissive, and even seemed... Ashamed of herself when she looked in the mirror. It's hard to say. But during our third weekly Discord meeting, and with "Cow" already making me lose my patience with her damn stubbornness and pride (while "Karate" and "Mama" behaved like cockatoos themselves, begging her to buckle up for them), she did something completely unexpected, and to be honest, it made things a lot easier for me because, one way or another, I was going to do it.

She was the only one who told "Cowntits" not to do it. Surprising us all. The two sluts asked her if she was crazy.

"Gal" just said, *"I won't run away again. I am what I am. And I'm tired. Stop it"*. And then she told "Cowntits" not to do it. It seemed like, if anything, she wanted to be punished. Maybe she thought she deserved it? I'm not sure. But... To address what came next, I'll have to explain what happened when Cowntits decided to be stubborn.

The exchange went roughly as follows:

C: *Laugh, you shitty con man. This little victory of yours won't last long; when I find out who you are, I'm going to have you raped, and that ass of yours will be stretched so thin you'll wish you weren't born.*

M: *You know what you just said is very interesting.*

C: *What? What the fuck are you talking about, shit collector?*

M: *Have you ever considered that that could apply to you too?*

C: *I don't understand a damn thing you're saying in your sick nerd language. Talk like normal people, bastard.*

M: *Nothing. Just... I mean. Think about it. What if your victories don't... Last?*

C: *I just said stop the nonsense. Stop talking in riddles, moron. Stop acting all smart and sophisticated. I've told you before, I'm a woman. I'm smarter, smarter, and stronger than you, who's nothing more than a poor little man who probably has a funny little dick and that's all you think about. You're inferior to me; you should kiss the ground I walk on and pay me just for breathing the same air you do.*

M: *Hahaha! Okay, okay. It ruins my fun, but think about it. It's not like you're going to lose the few brain cells that haven't drowned in gorilla semen in your little head just by spending a few minutes meditating on that possibility. How long will your victories last? What if your boyfriend found out about everything, but NOT in the way you'd like it to happen?*

C: *Haha! That idiot little boy? What is he going to do? Break up with me?*

M: *It's possible, but what if he breaks up with everyone else too?*

Again, I'll never tire of their expressions of suffering at the mere possibility of the "faggot little baby" disappearing from their lives completely.

C: *Huh?*

M: *Think about it, semen brain: his sister, his mother, and his so-called best friend betrayed him. And not to mention the shit you planned to do to him afterward, not to mention his castration. I mean... What if he decides to cut all of you out of his life? I don't know, move in with some distant relative. Is that really a victory? Maybe. But... What if he gets a new girlfriend? Who knows: tall, slender, with bigger, prettier, softer, and more delicious tits than all of yours combined. Nice, perfectly curved and firm ass... Imagine how she slowly sits on that beautiful virgin cock, taking his virginity, while looking into his eyes and holding hands, raping him with all her love, his cute virgin cock being squeezed by a virgin vagina, and his virgin semen overflowing that pristine and immaculate cavity reserved only for him by destiny, in justice. That perfect phat ass plapping and plapping his exquisite cock nonstop...*

I actually lost control and started venting my secret masturbatory fantasies, but I couldn't help myself as I watched not only the dismay on "Cow" but the absolute **HORROR** on the others' faces, "Gal" was crying, "Karate" was starting to hyperventilate, and his mother, while clutching the base of her neck, looked somewhere between terrified and excited by the scenario.

C: *I... NO! NO NO NO! He... He... He'd never...*

M: *But imagine that scenario, it's not that difficult: a prettier and more loyal girlfriend... a NEW best friend...*

If "Karate" was in a fragile emotional state, the mere possibility of losing her only hope of redemption from her parents and peers made her shudder in bed, almost as if she'd been shot straight in the heart...

K: *"H"-Nii-No. He'd never... NO!*

Mo: *No... He's my son... I couldn't... I don't want to be alone... Everything would be meaningless, it's... NNo...*

M: *He knows, "Karate," he knows everything you did with "Shamarkis." Well, he's not exactly your senpai anymore. What makes you think he still sees you as a friend? Have you ever seen him happy to see you, like before?*

At that moment, she looked away and came to the obvious realization, her eyes watering again.

M: *That's right. Seems like he's not too happy with you, huh?*

The look on her face made her somewhat flat face seem even more... Flat. Don't ask me how. Seriously. She's not ugly or anything. Her body is kinda attractive, let's just say "fit" from exercise: nice, firm medium tits and a firm, nice-looking ass, but not a stunning beauty like "Mama" and "Ga" or obscenely voluptuous and precocious like "Cow". She was kinda far from that. It's not that she wasn't very pretty, and that stupefied expression made her look like a goldfish? Well it's pretty obvious why her new master quickly dropped her the moment he had issues.

M: *What if he switches to another dojo and gets a new best friend, prettier, more noble, more honest, more loyal... A new girl who isn't CONTAMINATED, huh?*

The sobs piled up in her throat so hard she couldn't speak properly.

K: *I... He'll forgive me... He's always protected me, he'll do it again, you'll see...*

M: *Of course, of course... What have you noticed when you look into his eyes? It's not the same anymore, right? That sparkle, that joy he showed every time he talked to you is gone. He looks at you like you're a complete s-tran-ger.*

C: *Of course this stupid bitch thinks he'll forgive her, just like his mega-whore of a mother.*

K: *FUCK YOU! FUCK YOU! I'LL KILL YOU, I'LL KILL YOU IF YOU DON'T PUT ON THE DAMN BELT!*

Mo: *How dare you, you damn brat!*

M: *Shut up, both of you! You're giving me a headache. The stench of semen from your stinking mouths is penetrating the speaker and reaching all the way here. But on the other hand, I'd be more worried if I were you, idiots. What if he doesn't want to protect you, "Karate"? What are you to him then? And if he replaces you, what value do you have anyway?*

"Karate" just remained silent, calculating with complete desolation the consequences of losing quite possibly the most important man in her life, after her father, and that she was a hair's breadth away from him never being part of her daily life again... And that it would be all her own fault for having no goddamn loyalty or common decency to the one boy in the whole world that actually cared about her for who she was and wanted nothing in return but to see her smile.

M: And you, "Shitty Mom"? He's not too old to be adopted yet, and if he isn't adopted, he could become independent without you being able to do complete and utter shit. But imagine if he's taken in by another family, by another woman... Imagine if this woman doesn't have any children... oof.

Something briefly sparks in "Mother", and she responds rather coldly, as if she's holding a knife to my jugular.

Mo: Leave him out of this... LEAVE. MY. BABY. OUT OF THIS... If he finds out... If you tell him... I'll... I'll...

M: Unlike you, I'm sure this "hypothetical adoptive mother," this potential "new best friend," this more than likely "GIRLFRIEND", would be a decent group of people. I can already tell from you, "Cow," how the idea is turning over in your deranged little head, huh? Like a little worm slowly eating away at the little functional brain matter you have left, amidst that sea of semen that is your brain. Just imagine the scenario: She would no longer be the tender and cheerful childhood friend you corrupted, she would be nothing more than an old acquaintance whom he barely remembers and has already moved on. What pleasure can you get from FORGETTING, huh? And what would happen if he were adopted and gained a new, much better mother? Or a new sister, a NORMAL girl who loves him only as her little brother?

Now it was "Cowtits" who kept her mouth open like a goldfish. That possibility had never crossed her mind.

C: He... He's too weak and stupid to... S-stop...

M: STOP WITH THE DAMN TALK ABOUT THAT! YOU DON'T KNOW HIM AT ALL! YOU COMPLETELY UNDERESTIMATE HIM! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO WIN IN THE END? In a year, all of you will be nothing more than a bunch of whores with used, discarded, and stretched pussies that he won't care about anymore. That's all you'd have left. Sure, you could gloat over the fact that you "corrupted" his mother and sister... That you desecrated his house. Even his bed. But what if he moves to a new house? What does it matter? What if he gets a new bed? What if he gets a new mother? A new girlfriend? A new EVERYTHING? Tell me, "Cowtits", how much would your victories be worth then?

Cowtits's twisted mind analyzed my answer. And a look of doubt and even a little fear filled her as well. My words spoke to a profound truth. That if that were to happen... All this convoluted conspiracy, all this game of mind manipulation and deception... It would all have been for nothing. Her victories would be useless and turn to ash. And what would he care then?

If he just stopped caring about those bitches. If he cut them out of his life and found new, better replacements... What would she have? Nothing. Absolutely nothing. And she would be absolutely nothing to him. Just a shitty ex.

And that? I think that really scared her.

That delicious doubt, that fear, I wasn't going to waste. I decided to twist things a bit to expose her stupidity.

I felt like Pitou picking at her brain.

M: *You know, Cowtits? There's one little thing I don't understand about your plan. The fact that you made me dedicate minutes of my life to your malevolent seminal rumination was really annoying, but honestly, I did it.*

C: *Fuck off! It's over, OK! You won, now leave me alone and go suck that loser's dick or smell his farts, whatever you feel like doing. I'm so tired of this crap, I really regret ever meeting that fucking idiot, everything would be easier if he wasn't here...*

M: *Uh-huh, whatever. Why didn't you wait?*

C: *What?*

M: *Forget about the Homo erectus dick for a second and think about it. Why did you even act in the first place? You should have waited, and if you had, you would have won, because, in this hypothetical scenario, I would NEVER have helped him, and I would have even sided with you a little.*

C: *Stop your damn mind games and your depraved nerd riddles. Speak clearly, like a normal person, not like a wanker with a PC.*

M: *I'll explain myself in a way you can understand, as if you were a 5-year-old brat I have to teach things with Play-Doh. You realized early on what his mother's intentions were, what his sister said to you while the gorilla was fucking you, and the confession of her own desires ended up confirming what you suspected from the beginning, even exceeding your expectations. You knew perfectly well a disaster was brewing. Why didn't you just let it happen?*

C: *Ha! That fucking loser doesn't deserve to feel like...*

M: *I mean, if you had let it happen, you'd have total control of the situation right now. All your darkest fetishes for your "dark object of desire", I mean "H", would be coming true RIGHT NOW.*

C: *What the fuck are you talking about, you depraved voyeur?*

M: *Look, imagine it for a second. Let's assume his sister's provocations and insinuations end in a night of feverish masturbation that, a few days later, crystallizes into a secret visit to her room. Yeah, let's say he sleeps with her; yeah, he's no longer a virgin. But you know what? Then he's now an incestuous degenerate. And incest is ILLEGAL. Well, fewer cousins around here, as they say. So, if you had waited, he would have slept with his sister, and eventually his mother would have found out, joining the party of depravity without putting up much of a fight. And then, at THAT MOMENT, you would have had him by the balls, not by mentally and physically torturing him with his bully, but...*

C: ...Because he would have broken the law.

M: Wow! I see your brain has given you an idea! It's good to know that not all your neurons are drowned in primate semen; you're just now realizing it. If you had done nothing. If you had waited a year, or even if you had manipulated the situation in such a way that you "broke his heart" by cheating on him with the gorilla and tortured him emotionally in such a way that you push him to fuck his sister to the point that, in the midst of consolation, he allows her to do whatever she wants with him. You could have even manipulated the situation so that she would get pregnant. Imagine that: a chromosomal offspring of incest, even his own mother! In that situation, you could... Well you tell me. What do you think he would do?

C: "H," being the honest fool he is, would have agreed to take charge of the situation, assuming his "fatherly responsibility"... And I could have had "Him" seduce them while they were pregnant with the little brat... Yeah... that wouldn't have looked bad at all: I could have had them aborted and had him watch. Better yet, let them both give birth, and let him take care of their deformed children while he listens to them fuck his bully.

M: To top it all off, you could have gotten that stupid brainiac "Karate" involved. You could have allowed them both to start fucking like she always wanted and let "something be born" between them, so that "The Ebony Stick" could come along and steal her right from under his nose. That would have really messed him up! Or better yet: seduce her, fuck her behind "H's" back, impregnate her, she makes him believe she's carrying his child, and when he/she is born —surprise!— it's a living turd. To top it all off, she'd force him to take care of the, probably, not even his baby while she, well, you know.

"Cow" seemed to have nystagmus as her eyes darted from right to left and back again as she weighed the implications of this scenario.

M: If you'd waited. You could have destroyed him a hundred times more than you did. I would have been incapable of helping an incestuous pig. No one would help someone who fucks their own family, it's the worst kind of... Well like you said, he would actually be subhuman! You could have let him have a perfect love life and a broken family twisted by incest into a mockery of it, only to corrupt and distort it, and have everyone condemn him for his disgusting incest, thus giving you the moral authority to torture him while he blamed himself for it.

She had a beautiful "I fucked up" face, but not for the right reasons. It was like she had to choose between 100 million yen and a surprise prize, only to choose the latter and discover it was nothing but a piece of shit.

M: If you hadn't done anything, you would have condemned him to become a monster worse than "Christine W. C" (don't look that up, it's cringe-inducing and ends up being disgusting and pitiful). Instead, all the plans and maneuvers you developed as soon as "Quilombo" churned your guts turned him into the perfect martyr. If people knew the kind of shit you've done, your boyfriend would be the champion of the amorous dispossessed, of the involuntary cuckolds... A FUCKING TRAGIC HERO.

C: YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! THAT STUPID GUY DOESN'T DESERVE TO PUT IT IN A PUSSY! HE'S PATHETIC! HE DOESN'T EVEN DESERVE TO FEEL A WOMAN!

M: If your plan had worked perfectly, he would have remained a virgin forever, right? That means he would never have committed incest. Which means he would have remained pure of that black stain on his soul. Think about it, what's worse: a reluctant virgin with the potential to become a mass-idol martyr or an incestuous monster who would only inspire rejection and disgust?

C: No... It's not like that, you're the one who doesn't understand... THAT'S THE JOKE, THAT HE NEVER FEELS ANYTHING! NOT EVEN AN CENTIMETER OF CUNT! HE DOESN'T EVEN DESERVE TO BE KISSED! It's so pathetic it drives me crazy...

M: Honestly, for someone who boasts of being so smart, cunning, and calculating, you were very, very stupid. If only you had waited silently while "Toby" made a DNA, protein, and zinc milkshake in your cunt with his black blender, you would have had all the tools you needed to sink him into shit. And the best part? You would have had complete moral authority, so much so that even when you rubbed all your degenerate shit in his face, he would be completely convinced he deserved to suffer. Instead, you saved him from becoming a moral aberration! You even took away the treacherous bitch disguised as a "best friend" who would have cheated on him the moment a bigger, stronger cock appeared!

C: No, YOU don't understand ANYTHING. SHUT UP!

M: You have no idea how close his sister came to jumping on his "baby cock" and sucking it to her heart's content. And he would have accepted very easily if his emotional state hadn't been at its peak in the face of such a pornographic body. I mean seriously. You prevented her from betraying him when their "forbidden love" was in full swing! Just think for a minute how much more it would've hurt him or utterly destroyed him to see his sister. His secret lover and true partner and his first ever source of sex and emotional intimacy and god forbid soon to be MOTHER OF HIS FIRST BORN CHILD, betray him and shame him and humiliate him and rub it in his face how she was openly fucking his bully who was better than him! Wouldn't that have been the ultimate joy for you?

C: I already told you it wouldn't have been worth it. ENOUGH!

M: The worst part? His sick, degenerate, fucking mother? Even if he had stuck his baby cock in that old, stretched, used cunt, even if he had made her "his woman," she would have betrayed him too! YOU robbed YOURSELF of what would have been a pretty huge triumph, even the golden opportunity to be celebrated and showered with praise for torturing, degrading, denigrating, and subduing him. And you blew it because you feel he's not worthy of feeling the pleasure of a warm, tight pussy. You saved him, you stupid, sick fucking bitch.

C: When I find you... when I find out who the fuck you are...

M: *BUT I'M JUST TELLING YOU THE TRUTH! I'm sorry to break it to you. But you had the chance to have it all if only you'd waited. For god's sake! Think! You could have played the role of the innocent, victimized girlfriend. The one who was not only cheated on, but who discovered her boyfriend was a fucking incestuous degenerate, a true family-fucking monster. You could have cried, cried, and cried. Pretended to be heartbroken, then disgusted with him, pushing his hands away or feeling scared. Then start strutting around with "Mahamamadou" openly, fawning over him and sending him after "H," making him look like the strong hero protecting you from your vile, twisted boyfriend, who was trying to drag you into his life of deceit and degeneration. And people would have celebrated him as a goddamn hero, "Yasuke Simulator" but "GOOD".*

C: *Bah, enough of this pile of sh-*

M: *The most exquisite thing about all this for you? What would have happened while "H" was a witness, completely powerless and at your mercy. Believing it was HIS FAULT, you could have forced him to watch "Webo" "mess your guts out" while telling him it was HIS FAULT. You could have told him he deserved to suffer because he was a twisted, disgusting human being. You would have had the opportunity to turn him into a cuck OF HIS OWN WILL. Force him to watch his mother and sister get fucked as examples of "normal, healthy sex" WHILE WEARING A CHASTITY BELT! And...*

C: *I DON'T GIVE A SHIT. STOP!*

M: *You could have even gloated about it with your little group of sick friends. You wouldn't have been afraid of any social repercussions because, unlike incest, you'd only be practicing healthy sexuality with slightly "peculiar" but not harmful fetishes. You could have avoided this silly, complicated, and risky plan that ended up going wrong if you had just WAITED and then attacked. Faced with such a scenario, I would have simply stepped aside and LET YOU RUIN HIS LIFE. And in the end, what for? "Play at hurting his pride and dignity so my pussy could squeeze harder on the long black pole?" Poor idiot.*

C: *Die. Disappear. Cancer. AIDS. Death. Dead. I want you dead.*

M: *One final thing. You could've probably even talked him into self castration. You know, there are hundreds of files on "child castration" that exist as "historical archives." They did it to create "castrati", men with voices feminine enough to sing female opera pieces, something like a soprano but more powerful. Imagine, you give him the manuals and convince him to do such a horror on himself, as punishment. Ah, sorry, you're just a fan of listening to sissified Koreans, you have no idea what a soprano is, lol.*

"Mama" and "Karate" had horrified expressions on their faces. "Ga" seemed on the verge of tears and hugged herself tightly. She seemed to have realized what could have happened if her long-held desire had materialized.

C: *You treat me like a piece of shit, But you are a fucking crazy motherfucker.*

M: *I'm just posing hypothetical, suppositional assumptions. Don't tell me you're also like those young people who are incapable of understanding these figures of speech. Anyway, think about it, if all of that had happened to him and he blamed himself, can you imagine how easy it would've been for you to get him to willingly castrate himself as some form of redemption? Hell you could've even used his fucked up babies to gaslight him! If one of them was a girl you could've told him he was going to violate her one day. That he can't control himself. That the only way to keep his untainted baby girl safe was to ensure he could never fuck again. Yes YOU could've used his heroic and protective nature against him! There! it was right there! Hell you could even have recorded that and shared it around the world and people probably would have praised you as a vigilante if you got him to make a depraved face! You had it all in your grasp, you had him in the palm of your hand and the ultimate moral victory... And you threw it away for what??*

She ended up huffing and punching the pillows with great rage. I'd like to believe she realized what I was saying, but her pride prevented her from accepting that I was right. That tantrum with the pillows only betrayed her own stupidity. She could have been hailed as a heroine, sheltered as a victim, she could have walked around unpunished with her instrument of degeneration. It was an almost foolproof plan, but it wouldn't be that way anymore.

And that frustration wasn't going away anytime soon.