

Superstar Redux

Chapter 2

I woke up covered in sweat, heart pounding in my chest. Images flashed in my vision; ugly, terrifying images. Fighting demons and vampires alone, being swarmed. And, somehow, managing to fight them off.

Impossible. I was no Slayer. No monster-killer.

I was just... me.

Buffy the Failure.

Sidekick to the *true* hero, Jonathan.

It wasn't *me* who saved the day, was never *me* who defeated the monsters. I was, at best, just along for the ride. An onlooker to witness my boyfriend's - my mentor's - greatness. These dreams I was having, as scary and thrilling and amazing as they might be, were lies.

I wasn't the hero. I was just me.

But... They felt so *real*.

Less like dreams and more like *memories*. Things I'd *actually* experienced. The fighting, the pain, the thrill, the victories. All of it felt so... Right.

It was like a puzzle. The dreams felt like the right pieces, they felt *true*. And yet, at the same time, they didn't fit into the rest of the puzzle – the rest of the world. I *couldn't* have been the hero all those times, because I knew it was Jonathan who'd saved us all. It'd been *him* that had slain evil and kicked ass. Not me.

The more I thought about it, the more my head hurt.

It felt like my brain was splitting in two different directions. One that accepted the truth; that I was a failure and that Jonathan was the true Slayer. And one that didn't; that wanted to believe that somehow *I* was the real hero. And, worst of all, it was the second half that felt *right*.

Was it envy? Narcissism and egotism? Was it outright insanity?

Or was there more going on here that I thought?

Every dream brought me closer to the brink, closer to paranoia and distrust and darkness. And so, when I couldn't take it any more, when I started to distrust reality itself, I did the only thing I could – while I was still able to tell the difference between reality and fantasy. I went to see Jonathan, told him all about my dreams and how they made me feel.

"That's very..." Jonathan said, sitting back in his chair, eyebrows raised. "Concerning."

I nodded my head, couldn't look him in the eye. I was too ashamed and embarrassed. I'd told him – my boyfriend – that on some level I didn't believe he was a hero.

"But," he continued, a bead of sweat forming on his forehead, "I think I know what the problem is. A minor curse that you must've picked up during one of our outings, one that sows mistrust and causes rifts between people. Don't worry, it's one I can fix rather easily with a spell. Just give me a few moments to find the right one..."

He pulled a small book out of no-where, began flipping through the pages quickly.

Much as I wanted to feel relieved, I couldn't. My stomach was churning, thoughts racing with dangerous, treacherous thoughts. What if Jonathan was lying? What if he really *wasn't* the hero?

I pushed those wicked ideas aside. My head was filled with memories of all the times Jonathan had saved the day. They couldn't *all* be fake. *He* couldn't be fake. No, Jonathan was a hero. If he said he knew what was wrong with me, that he could fix it, then I *had* to trust him.

Eventually, Jonathan found the page he was looking for.

He glanced up from his book, began muttering something under his breath quickly –

the words too quiet for me to hear.

I tried to listen, sitting there quietly as he spoke softly.

But, the more I tried to listen, the more my thoughts seemed to vanish. My brain slowing down, the sharpness of my mind softening and losing its edge. The words my boyfriend spoke became a pattern, repeated and repeated over and over again.

He was so handsome, so smart and kind...

I smiled at my boyfriend, eyes focusing on his moving lips. The words he was speaking didn't matter. Why would they? All that mattered were those lips, and how much I wanted to taste them. How much I wanted them on my body.

I giggled at the thought, the unexpected sound causing Jonathan to stop talking. I smiled at him, my desire for him shining through my lips and eyes. I twirled my blonde hair around one finger, giggled again.

And, slowly, Jonathan began to smile.

Such a handsome smile. A handsome man. What I wouldn't give to have him on top of me. To be on top of him.

Why had I come here again? What had I wanted to talk to him about?

It didn't matter.

I pushed myself off my chair, circled around to him and climbed onto his lap.

Nothing mattered. Nothing but Jonathan.

"Here," my beautiful boyfriend said, handing me a little glass bottle with a brownish-blue liquid in it. "Drink this."

I didn't question it, didn't think. Reaching down, I unstopped the bottle and raised it to my lips – drinking it all down in one go. The flavour wasn't pleasant, but I'd had worse tastes in my mouth that I'd happily chugged down.

When I was done, I smiled up at Jonathan. And, when he smiled back, butterflies filled my stomach and heat filled my cheeks.

He was *smiling* at me!

I just about swooned there and then.

I probably would have, if not for the sudden ache in my chest. A blistering, burning pain.

"Owie," I gasped, clutching my boobs. "Ouchie."

"You might wanna take you top off, Buffy. Your bra too."

As soon as my boyfriend spoke the words, I rushed to follow them – pulling my top over my head and tossing it aside, quickly unhooking my bra and letting it fall from my shoulders. And just in time, too.

My breasts began to grow, ballooning out from my chest and changing cup-sizes in seconds. C to D to whatever letter came after D in the alphabet. Out and out they grew, not stopping until I had two huge watermelons for breasts. So heavy that I had to lean forward, back straining and struggling against the sudden weight.

"There," Jonathan said, staring at my new boobs. "Much better."

I glanced up at him, saw him smiling at me and blushed.

"What do you think? Like the new tits, Buffy? Or should I call you *Busty* now?"

Slowly, I nodded my head. If Jonathan liked me having huge boobs, then I liked it to. And if he wanted to call me Busty, then that'd be my new name. Anything Jonathan wanted, I wanted. I was his, totally and completely.

"Right then," my boyfriend – my master – said. "Lets go test those new toys out, shall we?"

I'm not greedy. Not at all.

Besides, even if I was, I knew the truth. Jonathan was too much of a man to have just one girlfriend. One sex-slave. I could never hope to satisfy him alone. No single girl in

all the world was good enough for Jonathan. And so he had to have many.

The lesbian couple; Willow and Tara. Cordelia, who'd given over all her wealth and earthly possessions to Jonathan and taken up a job as his maid, wandering around in a French maid costume at all times. Faith, who Jonathan had pulled strings for so that she could get out of prison early and be put under house arrest instead - never allowed to leave his home and not wanting to regardless.

All of them had drunk the same potion I had, growing massive breasts as a result. And all mirrored me in empty-headed, total devotion to our shared master. Not worrying about anything, not concerned with anything other than Jonathan's happiness and pleasure.

It was liberating. Freeing. Not having to think. Not having to spend countless hours lost inside our own heads.

Instead, we could devote ourselves entirely to Jonathan.

At home, he'd want for nothing. His every need seen to by us, his personal harem.

All of us did our best, tried our absolute hardest, to make Jonathan the happiest man in the world.

After all, who deserved happiness more than the greatest hero that'd ever lived?

I rode Jonathan with everything I had.

Bouncing on his huge, perfect cock as my massive breasts jumped and swayed and jiggled and swung. My eyes closed, lost in the sensation of being filled so completely that I could focus on nothing else.

A cock like Jonathan's hurt to have inside – stretching my insides out in ways that I'd never felt before. It was a good kind of hurt, like aching muscles after a long run or a particularly exhausting work-out. The kind of pain that, in its own way, was pleasure also. A satisfying, *earned* pain-pleasure that was so intense and fulfilling that no other feeling or sensation in life could match it.

I was his. My pussy belonged to Jonathan just as much as the rest of me did.

Wetness leaked from me in a flood, covering his cock and crotch and the bed beneath us. The wet sound of it filling the room with every motion we made; me bouncing on him, him pounding into me.

He reached my deepest parts – the parts no man had ever touched before. Ravishing my insides with his length and girth, moulding my pussy to the shape of his cock.

No other man would ever be able to make me feel like this.

Every other guy would be a pale shadow compared to Jonathan, a disappointment. None would ever be able to fill me, to complete me, the way that Jonathan did.

I was his and his alone. Forever.

I felt when he was close, his cock bulging inside me in the same way it always did when he was about to cum. Smiling, eyes shut tight, I sped up – rode Jonathan like my life depended on it. He groaned beneath me, I moaned his name and gasped and bounced. My tits danced in the air in front of me.

And then it happened. The tingling warmth. The feel of his cock twitching inside me, pumping me full of his hot cum.

I remained there on Jonathan's lap, back straight, as he spurted inside me – filling my pussy to the breaking point with his seed. And, only when his cock finally stopped pumping and slowly started to deflate, did I allow myself one final, blissful climax.

I moaned, shuddered. My skin prickled as tingles spread through my body to my curled toes and clenched fingertips.

I collapsed on top of him, breathless and beaten.

His hands fondled me lazily, and I could do nothing but lay there motionless as they did. Not caring when he pinched my ass, not upset when he whispered mean words into

me ear.

“Slut,” he breathed. “Whore. Cumdump. Busty, brainless bimbo.”

Jonathan was always right, after all. If he called me names, it'd be silly for me to get upset about it. If he told me I was a whore, then that must be what I was. If he called me his fleshlight, then who was I to argue?

I simply lay there, smiling as his beautiful voice spoke into my ear. Enjoying every moment of closeness.

Me? I was no hero. No savoir or Slayer.

I was Busty the Sucker. And that was fine by me.

Before Jonathan adopted me as his sex-slave, his fuck-toy, I'd had no purpose in my life. No meaning. Now, I served the greatest hero of all time – satisfied him and pleased him. I was his, a tool to remove the stresses of his life as Slayer. And I was *happy*.

Vaguely, I remembered the dreams I'd once had. Of it being me who saved the world.

I giggled at the thought, the very notion of it.

Me saving the world? So silly. How in the world could I *ever* be a hero like Jonathan? Silly, silly, silly.

No, I wasn't a hero. And I never would be.

The closest I'd ever even come to heroism was here and now, a hero's cum filling my insides up while his cock plugged my pussy shut.

This was who I was.

This was where I belonged.