

Parallel Reality Continued

I stepped outside, ignoring the chill that washed over me.

In my knee-length black shirt and thin t-shirt, the winter was air was a nightmare to deal with. So much chill, and nothing to protect me from it.

I couldn't wear a jacket or trousers anything like that.

They weren't my style.

Wearing long-sleeve tops or skirts past my knees would've been *wrong*. Dressing like that was such an alien concept to me that I could barely even comprehend it, much less actually *do* it. Imagining myself in such hideous, disgusting clothing made me shudder in revulsion.

Even with as cold as it was out right now, I refused to don any more clothing than I currently wore.

It might mean shivering and discomfort on my part, but that was a price I was more than willing to pay. So what if my skin prickled at the chill? So what if my nipples hardened in the cold and drew unwanted gazes? At least I'd be properly dressed.

I walked down the street, ignoring the gazes cast my way.

Guys always liked to look at me.

I couldn't blame them, honestly. I *was* attractive. They couldn't help that they liked what they saw. It was only natural.

Full brown hair. Ordinary on most people, yet on me it was mature and sexy. A perfect counter to my youthful, cute face. Which again was countered by my womanly, full figure. Everything about me drew the eye, from my bust to my bottom to my stunning irises to my swaying hips. My clothing was only the icing on the cake, a tiny addition to the beauty and sexiness I naturally possessed.

They couldn't help being attracted to me any more than a moth could resist the allure of bright lights.

But, just because I accepted their gazes, it didn't mean I'd reciprocate. They might all want to talk to and kiss and touch and fuck, but I had no intention of doing *any* of that with them.

At home, I had all the cock I'd ever need and more.

My marvellous collection.

No man could ever hope to compare to my toys.

I walked with my eyes forward, back straight, ass and hips swaying with each step. Enjoying the looks men gave me, but never returning the stares.

And, as I walked, the chill faded – my own body's warmth more than making up for the cold air around me.

I was just reaching an intersection when it happened.

The world-blur. The fuzzing of my senses as the world rippled around me. The odd sensation I'd been experiencing for weeks now.

Still, after all this time, I had no idea what was causing it.

All I could do was stand still, wait for the sensation to pass. And, within moments, it did just that. The world stopped fuzzing and distorting, and I was left standing motionless on the pavement.

At some point, I'd have to see a doctor about what was happening to me.

Right now, though, I had shopping that needed doing.

I resumed walking, feeling even colder than I had a moment before.

I glanced down at myself, my eyes widening at what I saw.

Gone was my knee-length black skirt and my t-shirt. Now, somehow, I was wearing a mini-skirt and boob-tube.

My mouth dropped open at the sight, my brain reeling in confusion and shock. Where had my clothes gone? Why was I wearing *these*? What the *hell* was going on?

Before I could question things further, the world fuzzed once again. I stumbled, mind aching for a brief heartbeat.

Then everything was back to normal.

I stared down at myself feeling an odd wave of confusion.

Why? Why did I feel so weirdly confused and surprised? I was wearing my usual clothing – tube-top and mini-skirt. Nothing unusual there. So why did I feel like this?

I shook my head, shrugged off the odd emotions, and continued walking.

When I got home a few hours later, I walked straight to my bedroom, dumped my bags on the floor and stared at myself in the mirror.

On the way home, people had *not* stopped staring at me.

I was used to guys looking. But not *that* much. And it hadn't just been guys, either. *Everyone* had been staring at me.

Yet, as I stared at myself in the mirror, I had no idea *why*.

Normal clothes. I was wearing the same, normal clothes I wore all the time. There weren't any stains or anything, nothing unseemly. Just my ordinary, unremarkable clothing.

A two-piece, transparent bikini.

What was the big deal? Why had everyone been staring at me?

I shook my head, sat down.

So many world-blurs today. I'd lost count. A dozen, at least.

Somehow, I couldn't help but link the two things together. The way those people had been staring at me and the world-blurs. They were connected somehow. They had to be. But, for the life of me, I couldn't work out in what way the two things were connected.

I pushed the thought aside, slowly began stripping out of my day clothes. Tonight was a work night. I had to get ready, put on my work clothes and doll myself up.

My work uniform wasn't the best. It didn't match my usual clothing at all, and always felt uncomfortable to wear.

But there was no avoiding it. A job was a job.

I went through the bags of clothes and toys I'd bought, fished out a pair of stocking and a mini-skirt, pulled a matching tank-top from one of my drawers. As I put them on, I pushed down my annoyance at having to wear so much clothing.

Quickly, I slipped into some high-heels, put on my make-up with heavy emphasis on eyeliner and lipstick. And then I was ready.

All in all, I'd been inside the house for maybe twenty minutes before I left again – off to find a nice corner to work for the night.

In the early hours of the morning, a familiar car stopped at my corner. The driver-seat window wound down, revealing a fairly handsome middle-aged man. A man I knew all too well, and who'd come to pick me up half an hour earlier than he was supposed to.

"Hey sweetie," my father said, eyes roaming up and down my body. "Good night?"

I nodded my head, tried not to show my annoyance.

"Seven customers so far," I said. And, with the half-hour I had left of work, there was a chance I'd get an eighth. If Dad wasn't here, that was. "You're early. I still have another half an hour of work before you're supposed to pick me up."

I couldn't have him scaring off potential customers. Most Joes drove away when they saw I was already talking to a guy. Dad being here might cost me actual clients.

"I know. I'm not here to pick you up," Dad smiled at me. His eyes lingered on my chest, staring at the openly displayed cleavage. "I'm here as a client."

I blinked at him, not certain I'd heard him correctly.

Dad wanted to...

I smiled, immediately put on my usual work act. Twirling hair between my fingers seductively, assuming a naughty, risqué stance. Even my voice changed, becoming more

sexual and flirty.

"Is that so?" I said through a suggestive smile. "Well, in that case, I know a lovely little motel just down by-"

"No motel," Dad grinned. "Not tonight. Come on, baby. Must be cold standing out there all alone. Hop into the passenger seat and we'll see what we can do to warm you up."

I couldn't argue with that.

"Sure thing, mister," I smiled, circling around the front of his car and sliding open the passenger seat door.

"Fuck, you're good at this," Dad breathed, his hand resting on my head – holding it down. "Guess that makes sense, though. You must get a lot of practice."

"Mm'hm," I mumbled in agreement, circling my tongue around his shaft.

"It's been years since your mother's given me head, and she was never as good at it as *this*." His hand tightened on my head, forcing my lips further down his cock. "Maybe you could give her some pointers sometimes. Don't say I told you to or anything, it's probably best if Mom never finds out about this. But- *Fuck*."

He groaned, hips beginning to sway a little.

It was a tell-tale sign that a Joe was about to cum. And, in most circumstances, I'd have pushed away at that – stopped sucking them off and have them start fucking me instead. Intercourse was more expensive than a quick blowie, even if the intercourse itself lasted less than a minute.

Since it was Dad, however, I kept sucking. Didn't try to pull away.

"Daddy's little slut," he breathed, his grip on my head tightening painfully. "Daddy's cock-sucking princess. That's it. Take it like a good girl. Daddy's good little girl-"

He came.

Shot after shot of warm, white cum filled my mouth and throat. A flood of my father's cum that I had no choice but to gulp down or else be drowned by. He forced my face all the way down his shaft until my lips were pressed to his base, the tip of his cock squeezed into my throat – practically suffocating me.

A warm tingle shivered through me, a hint of panic laced with overwhelming arousal. The idea of suffocating on my father's cock, of drowning in his cum, was intensely kinky.

Finally, the spurts of cum slowed, lost their potency, then stopped altogether.

I gulped and gulped, drank down every drop of cum my father had to offer. And, when he was finally done and he released my head, I ran my lips up and down his shrinking shaft one last time.

"Holy shit," Dad gasped, staring up at nothing with a satisfied smile on his face. "It's been too long..."

I rubbed the corners of my mouth with the back of my hand, wiping away the excess cum.

"I'm going to have to do this more often," Dad said, relaxing back in his seat. The car was parked in a dark alley, engine still running. "No wonder you've had so much spending money lately. If you leave all your clients this satisfied, I can only imagine how much business you get."

Returning customers, it was true, were a big part of my income.

"So," Dad grinned over at me. "How much do I owe you?"

It was a regular Saturday evening. The family sat around the living room together, watching crap on TV. Quiet and nice and relaxing.

I'd decided to take the day off from work tonight. Was wearing a casual g-string and lingerie bra instead of my usual work clothes of mini-skirt and stockings and revealing top. And, for the first night in a long time, I allowed myself to relax – not having to worry about

drawing in clients or satisfying strangers.

Mom and Dad sat cuddled together, relaxing into each other. I sat on my own, as did my brother with his silly gemstone bracelet.

A good, happy evening with the family.

"This," George said, eyes gliding away from the TV screen and settling on me, "is *boring*."

I glared at him.

Sometimes, it was like my brother could read my mind. If I was enjoying something, he hated it. If I hated something, he loved it. It was like he existed to be my opposite, to make my life as annoying as possible.

Why couldn't he just shut up and enjoy a quiet evening in?

I glanced over to Dad, hoping he'd scold George. But, as usual, my brother could do no wrong in the eyes of our parents. To them, he was perfect and I was a disappointment. The only time either of my parents ever actually expressed joy at having me as their daughter was when I was working, and Dad had his dick inside me and was grunting about how 'amazing' I was.

"Hey, I wonder if there's a parallel universe where our family does something *interesting* on a Saturday night. I mean, there must be, right?"

I ignored him. What was it with George and talk of parallel realities? Why did I have to have such a weirdo as a brother?

George pressed a hand to his bracelet, closed his eyes in concentration.

The world fuzzed violently.

Again. It was happening *again*. What the fuck was happening to me? Why was I constantly having these episodes? *Why?*

I shut my eyes, tried not to think about the world distorting around me. Tried not to question why reality seemed to be bending. It was all just a hallucination, after all. It wasn't real, just my mind playing tricks on me. Some mental or medical condition that I needed to figure out or something. I *really* needed to see a doctor at some point.

Still, this world-blur felt big. Bigger than most.

When it was finally over, I opened my eyes.

And, of course, everything was normal. Nothing had changed in the brief few seconds I'd had my eyes shut.

There was the poker table, and Dad and his friends seated around it. Music playing softly, the scent of smoke in the air. There was George glancing around at everything in curious amusement for some reason. Mom, of course, was out. Staying with friends overnight like she always did on Saturday.

Tonight was 'boy's night'. Dad and his friends hanging out, playing poker, drinking, doing whatever else guys did when they got together like this.

Under normal circumstances, I wouldn't have been there either. I'd be with Mom or my own friends or something.

Tonight, though, was different.

I wasn't here as a girl. Not as Dad's daughter or George's sister. No, tonight I was here for my job. I was the night's 'entertainment'.

Which begged the question; why was I sitting down doing nothing when I had a job that needed doing?

I stood, quickly brushed my mini-skirt smooth and adjusted the straps of my spaghetti shirt. Put my best work-smile on my face and walked over to the poker table, leaned over one of the men – making sure to press my chest into his back – and looked to see who was winning the game.

The table was cold on my bare skin. As I laid back on it, spread my legs open, I could feel every grain in the wood. The lines and dents. I could feel the money, paper cash sticking to

my sweaty back. The discarded playing cards, the butts of cigarettes, the empty glass bottles.

"Man, you need to give me this slut's number," one of the men chuckled. "My wife's gonna be out of town for a few days next week. I could do with the company."

There was a deep, joyous laugh from somewhere else in the room. "With how much you lost today, you sure you can afford her?"

"Sure. A cock hungry whore like her? Bet she's cheap already. Add in the 'friends of the family' discount and it'll be all good."

A man leaned over me, slapped my tits roughly. It took me a moment to register the man's face. Dad.

"If the ungrateful whore doesn't give me a discount," he told his friends. "I doubt she'll be giving one to any of you."

"Don't bet on it," another man's voice piped up. The speaker was standing between my legs, cock prodding at my cunt. "By the time I'm done with Charlotte here tonight, she's gonna want to start paying *me* for sex."

"Whatever you say, Jim," Dad laughed. "Just remember the rules. No cumming inside her. No-one wants your sloppy seconds."

"Yeah, yeah," Jim said, the head of his cock pressing my opening. "Just stand back and watch. Maybe you'll learn something."

He thrust forward, impaled me with his cock.

The gasp that escaped my lips made the men surrounding me laugh and chuckle. None of them stood back and watched as Jim began fucking me on the poker table. No, every single one of the men – Dad and George included – wanted their own piece of me.

Two of them each took one of my hands, planted them firmly on their cocks. I did the best I could under the circumstances to jerk them both off. Not easy, when your father grasps hold of your head, leans it backwards over the table, and rams his cock into your mouth and down your throat. Still more hands grasped at my body, groped my tits and played with my nipples.

I was being bombarded from all sides. Surrounded by cock, unable to focus on a single sensation without being overwhelmed by all the others. I couldn't ask them to slow down or take it easy, not with my mouth filled with cock. All I could do was lay there, lose myself in the endless onslaught of pleasure.

When one man was done with my pussy, another took his place.

They didn't cum inside me, nor on my body. But each of them took a turn or two on me – fucking my pussy or my face or my tits.

I had no idea how long it lasted, though it felt like hours.

And, when the last of them was finally done, I sighed in exhausted relief.

My body ached. My jaw stung. My hips and back screamed at me. My breasts and ass felt like they'd have bruises in the morning.

And yet, as I rolled off the poker table, tried to crawl over to my discarded clothing, I knew the night wasn't over. Somehow, an instinct inside me told me that there was still more to do.

Sure enough, as I crawled over to my clothes, a hand on the small of my back stopped me. George, carrying a large bowl and smiling a wild, malicious smile. He set the bowl down in front of me, pointed his phone's camera at my face and began snapping pictures.

I stared down at the bowl.

It was filled to the brim, almost overflowing with white goo.

"A little snack for you, Sis," George smiled. "To help you regain your energy. Some of the guys – well, all of them really – have decided they're going to spend the night here. You're gonna need all the sustenance you can get, if you're going to keep our *guests* entertained all night. Go ahead. Eat up."

I gazed at the bowl of cum, felt my stomach rumble.

Odd. My brother was never this nice to me. Making sure I had something to eat?
Didn't sound like the George I knew.

Smiling a quick 'thank you' to him, I leaned my face down and began to drink.