

God Filter

Bitches. Filthy, disgusting cunts.

I stared down at my school uniform, not quite fully able to process what they'd done or why they'd done it. Behind me, childish giggles echoed through the changing room.

Why?

What in the world made them hate me so much that they'd actually *pee* on my clothes? What the hell was wrong with them?

There were three of them. Most of the girls in school would laugh along with them, poke fun and get in some light bullying, but it was those three that were the source of it all. Like a multi-headed mythical monster or something. The three bitches were the instigators, everyone else just joined in rather than risk taking my place as the target.

Jenny, Tia and, the head bitch, Nadia.

The three of them looked wildly different, not the type of girls you'd expect to hang out with each other. Yet, for how different they might look, the rot inside the three was identical.

Jenny was the picturesque 'sexy girl'. Long blonde hair that flowed over her shoulders in beautiful waves, pale skin, alluring blue eyes with perfect make-up to accentuate her already beautiful face. She wore her school uniform stylishly and her body was enough to make practically any girl jealous. Lean and elegant, with huge, full curves in all the right places. She undoubtedly had the largest breasts of anyone in school, teachers included.

Then there was Tia. Short, tanned, tomboyish Tia. Athletic and strong, a constant winner of gold medals and school-wide praise. She had tiny, barely noticeable bumps for breasts, but her ass was utterly perfect. Her tan was natural, earned from spending hours and days running and swimming and playing sports outdoors. Unlike every other girl in school, Tia wore grey trousers instead of the mandatory school skirt, and the teachers just let it slide. She tied her blazer around her waist, walked and talked and acted like a guy – a total contrast to Jenny's femininity and girlishness.

And, last but not least, was Nadia.

The ringleader.

Not amazingly beautiful like Jenny, nor naturally talented like Tia. An outsider might look at Nadia and think she was a hanger on, a sidekick. She looked pretty enough, with bright green eyes and full lips, curly brown hair; she had nice curves, if nothing spectacular. She wore her uniform like every other girl, no unique style or anything. She looked like a plain, if pretty, schoolgirl.

And she was also insanely wealthy.

Like her father collects luxury sports cars in the same way my dad might collect stamps or coins kinda wealthy.

Arrogant, spiteful, pretentious. The kind of girl that took pleasure in the suffering of anyone she thought was beneath her – which was just about everyone else in the world. For some reason, though, she'd chosen *me* as her target.

My name is Melody, by the way. Or Mel, like my friends used to call me before Nadia scared them away.

I'm plain. Regular. Uninteresting.

Put me in a crowd of girls, and I'd be invisible – that's how plain and ordinary I am. I blend in. Or I used to. For some reason, the bitches had chosen to make *me* the target of their amusements.

As I stared down at my urine-soaked school clothes, I couldn't help but wonder which of the three disgusting cunts had been the one to pee on it.

Not Nadia. She was too high and mighty for that.

Jenny or Tia?

I blinked, turned and walked away – still wearing a school-branded tracksuit.

Likely, I'd get in trouble for all this. Not wearing my uniform. None of the teachers would risk pissing off Nadia – so they'd scold me for being irresponsible and maybe give me detention as punishment for my 'inappropriate' clothing.

I slung my bag over my shoulder, left the changing room and the sound of giggling behind me.

My feet led the way, taking me to a restroom on the other side of the school, to an empty cubicle. I lowered the toilet seat and collapsed onto it.

I wanted to scream. To cry.

Frustration bubbled up inside me.

Powerless. I was powerless. The bitches weren't going to stop. I knew it. They were like animals circling wounded prey, waiting for an opportunity to snap and bite. They wouldn't stop until they had their kill. Until I left school entirely, moved away.

Why me?!

My bag buzzed. A rhythmic, soft vibration.

I reached into it, pulled out my phone, read the anonymous message.

Most of it was gibberish. Garbled text and numbers that made no sense what-so-ever. What little text was readable had something to do with downloading an app. At the bottom of the message were two buttons, a yes and a no.

I rolled my eyes, tapped 'no'.

A heartbeat later, an app called Divinity started downloading and installing on my phone.

With a sigh, I tried to cancel the download. But it wouldn't stop. I tried to stop the install, but it continued anyway. When the thing was installed, I tried to uninstall it. Nothing happened.

"Great," I muttered, annoyance boiling over. "Just what I needed. A virus on my phone."

Now I'm not a techie or anything, I don't even know if you *can* get a virus on your phone. But, as I went through my apps and clicked on Divinity, I couldn't help but feel weirded out by the whole thing. Divinity, for some reason, seemed to be a regular photo-taking app. Why would a virus do *that*?

More, there were a *lot* of options for filters.

There were all the usuals; filters that darkened or lightened the image, black and white, sepia, contrast altering, filters that warped the image in dozens of different ways. But then there were filters I'd never seen before.

I stood, curious, walked out of the cubicle and posed in front of the wide restroom mirror, pointed the phone's camera at my reflection.

One of the options I'd never seen before was called 'Clothing'. I tapped on it and a long list of different costume options showed up. Everything from Astronaut to Cheerleader to Zebra. Dozens and dozens of options, even an option to add a 'custom' outfit.

I tapped on the 'Bunny' outfit option.

My eyes widened.

On the screen in front of me, my reflection wasn't wearing a school tracksuit any more. Instead, the little image of me was wearing a slutty, black and white bunny costume, complete with transparent stocking and bunny-ear headband.

I rolled my eyes, laughed at the screen, took the picture.

My laughter died as a white flash blinded me. I stumbled, shut my eyes tight against the bright light, almost dropped my phone.

A moment later, blinking away tears, I opened my eyes.

And saw my reflection.

My real reflection. Not the phone-screen. The real me.

I was wearing a black and white bunny costume, slutty and revealing, with a bunny-

ears headband.

Obviously, I couldn't leave the bathroom wearing a slutty bunny outfit. I rushed back into the cubicle and, not quite believing what had happened, started furiously searching through the Divinity app.

Some of the things it claimed to be able to do... Well, if even a tenth of it were true, it was the most amazing, terrifying thing I'd ever seen.

Luckily, the app was easy to navigate and customize.

I went through my phone, found a picture of me in my school uniform, set that as a custom costume under 'Clothing' and snapped another picture of myself. When the blinding white light faded, I was clad in a clean, new uniform. Gone was the bunny costume, vanished without a trace. Just like my school tracksuit.

Where had they gone? My tracksuit, what had happened to it?

I set the thought aside, left the restroom and headed home.

Skipping school might get me into trouble but, if this app could do what it said it could, that didn't matter. Who cared about detention when you literally had the power of a god at your fingertips?

I spent the rest of the day - and most of the night – reading through the many, many options Divinity had. And, in the early hours of the morning, I hatched a plan for sweet revenge.

The bitch trio spent their lunch hour in an empty building just outside the school grounds. Once upon a time, that small building had housed the school's sports supplies – a meet-up place for the various sports teams to gather before and after games.

Nadia had changed that.

At the snap of her fingers, the sports teams had been banned from using the building, all the sports gear was discarded or destroyed in the process. All so that the three mega-cunts would have a private place to spend lunch.

I did the unthinkable – what no sane person would ever do – and barged right into the building during lunch hour.

As I stepped inside, I slammed the door shut behind me.

The girls – all three lounging on separate, luxurious sofas – jumped in unison, flinching as I whipped out my phone. They probably thought it was a gun or something, that I was there to get revenge on them for all their harassment. They were half-right.

Nadia overcame her shock first, realised that I'd just pulled out my phone.

The look in her eyes was pure, malevolent glee.

She opened her mouth to say something as the other two girls relaxed and sniggered. Before the words could escape her mouth, however, there was a flash of blinding white.

When it faded and I could see again, I smirked.

The three girls were frozen in place, not a single part of their bodies able to move or react.

“Remember all those times you fucked with me for no reason?” I asked the girls, joy coiling inside me. I didn't know if they could hear me or not – if they were even aware they were frozen in place. “Well, now it's my turn to fuck with you.”

I stepped forward, put my phone away and pulled a pair of scissors out of my bag instead.

My eyes drifted over the three girls.

Which one to start with?

Three naked bitches sat silently in the small building. Their uniforms lay in a heap on the floor, cut to ribbons.

My eyes drifted over the three of them, excitement blossoming.

First, I pointed my phone's camera at Tia. The tomboy. The one who'd held me down that one time as Jenny removed my clothes and Nadia took pictures.

Of the three, she was most definitely the most boyish.

I scrolled through options, used a naked picture of a very well-endowed man as a filter, took a photo.

When the white faded, a huge, fully-erect cock protruded from Tia's crotch. A monster cock for a monster bitch. And, just for good measure, I switched to a different filter, one that would effect Tia's arousal and sex-drive – set both to max and snapped another picture.

I turned my phone on Jenny and gave her the sluttiest costume I could find. Leather straps and metal chains, a whip in one hand and a paddle in the other. A double-ended dildo materialised between the beautiful cunt's legs - half buried inside her, the other half ready to be used on someone else. I set her arousal and sadism up to max and took another picture.

Finally, I set my sights on Nadia.

For her, I changed nothing. Well, nothing save for making her submissive and weak and aroused – obedient.

With a wide smile on my face, I walked back to the building's door, took a quick picture of myself using the 'Invisibility' filter, turned my phone on the three cunts and unfroze them.

"What the fuck?" Nadia growled, staring at the empty spot where Melody had been a moment before. "Where did she-"

A loud, erotic moan cut her off.

She turned on the spot, jaw dropping open at the sight of Jenny.

"Jesus Christ," Nadia spat.

She knew Jenny was into some weird, kinky shit. But here and now? What the hell? And how had she gotten changed so quickly? Where had she gotten that toy from and-

Every thought in her head died as, for the first time, Nadia realised that she herself was naked.

"What the *fuck*?"

Creaking sounded from where Tia was sitting, the dyke getting up out of shock most likely. Nadia didn't turn to look, ignored Tia entirely as she stared dumbfounded at Jenny.

What the fuck was going on?

"Jenny!" Nadia began, taking on her most commanding tone. It didn't matter that she was naked. She was in control here. This was her place. These were *her* goons. "What do you think you're-"

"I'm sorry," a gentle voice said behind her. Tia's voice. "I can't resist."

Two strong hands grasped Nadia's head, forcefully spun her head around.

Before Nadia could so much as react – so much as even notice and take in the oddity before her – a huge cock rammed into her open mouth. Her throat bulged and widened as the cock forced its way down her gullet.

"Oh," Jenny moaned, voice laced with arousal. "Yes please!"

As Nadia's chin pressed against a pair of impossible testicles, eyes watering and lungs screaming, she felt Jenny grasp her hips from behind. She lifted her ass instinctively, presenting herself to the school's beauty. An alien feeling blossomed between Nadia's legs – the feeling of an object pressing against her opening.

Why was she so aroused?

What was going on? Why was-

Jenny thrust forward, the dildo between her legs pushing inside Nadia in one go.

Every thought vanished.

It didn't matter that her cronies were using her. It didn't matter that strange things were happening; unusual, impossible things. It didn't matter that she was rich, that she shouldn't be submitting herself to this humiliation.

All that mattered was cock. And how good it felt.

And how much she wanted it. Needed it.

I watched, recording every second of it, as Nadia bounced back on Jenny's dildo – slurping and chocking on Tia's huge cock.

Truth be told, the sight was more than a little arousing.

I resisted the urge to get involved – have my own turn with Nadia. Instead, I kept recording, enjoying events unfold.

With me having this on them, the girls would never bully me again. No, they'd be *my* toys from now on.

When a flood of white burst out of Nadia's mouth around the Tia's cock, two jets of white shooting out of her nostrils, I zoomed in on the rich bitch's cum-soaked face. A beautiful sight to behold.

The three went at it well past lunch hour ended. Tia and Jenny pounding Nadia with everything they had.

I almost felt bad for the girl.

Almost.

When it was finally over, I watched with amusement as Nadia collapsed onto the ground, panting and shaking – coughing up globs of white, leaking the same colour from between her legs. The other two, done taking turns on their 'friend', were spent. Tia fell back onto a sofa, knocked out instantly.

The only girl who had any energy left was Jenny.

Slowly, she stumbled over to Nadia, crouched above her.

And, a moment later, I leaned something unexpected about the most beautiful girl in school.

So *that* was who'd pissed on my school uniform.

I left the small building with a wide smile on my face, slipping my phone into my pocket.

My school life, I was sure, was about to get a whole lot more fun.