




YOU  
GOOD?

FUCK THIS  
WAS AMAZING  
AGAIN! JUST AS  
ALWAYS!


**Cracking the Egg** by **belal04**

A man and a woman are in a bed in a dimly lit room. The man is lying on his back, looking up at the woman. The woman is sitting up, leaning over him. A speech bubble is positioned above the man's head, containing text. The scene is intimate and appears to be from a film or television show.

I MEAN,  
SERIOUSLY!  
YOU'RE NOT JUST IN  
THE TOP THREE, YOU  
**ARE** THE TOP  
THREE!

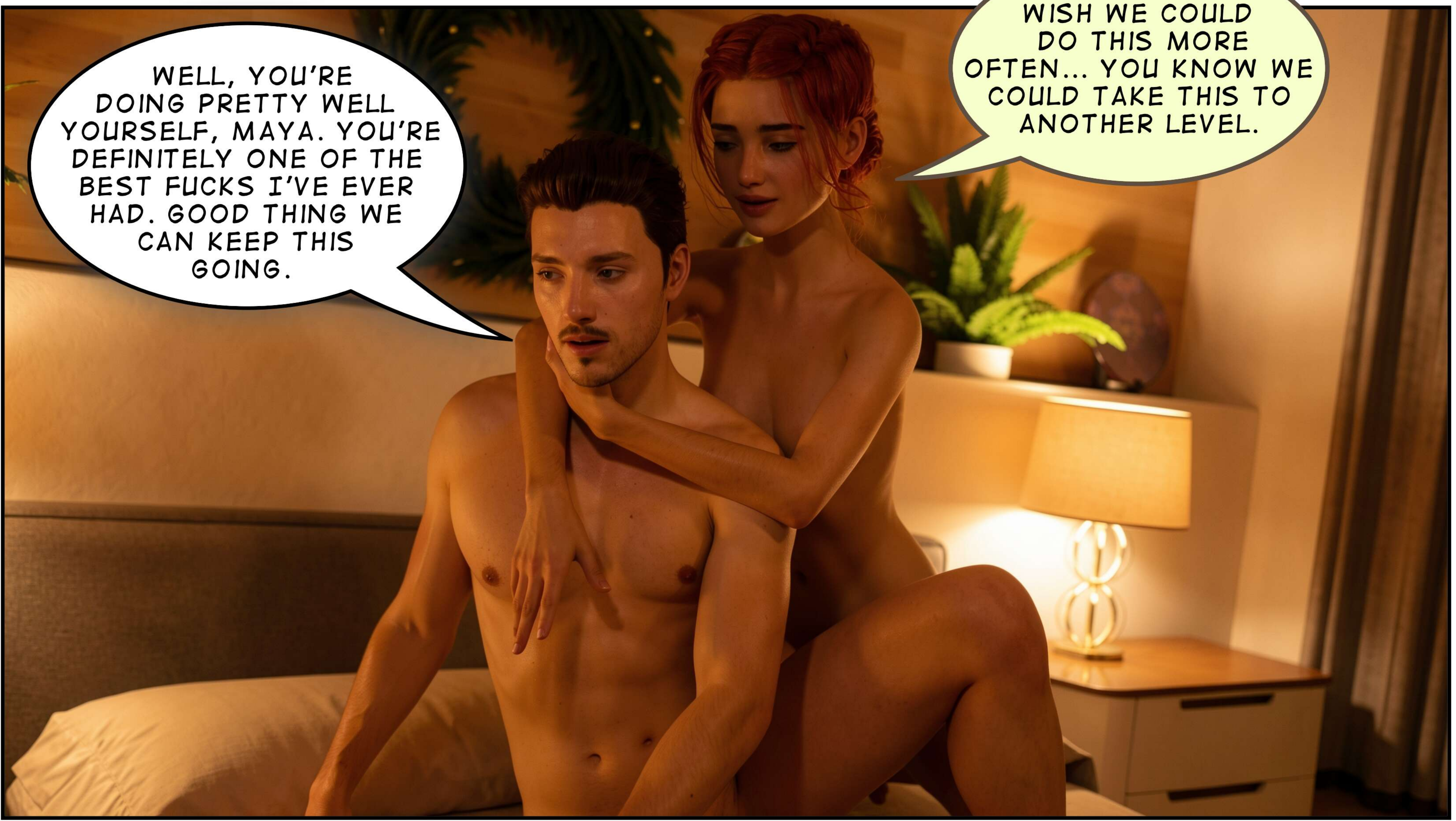
WELL, YOU ARE  
CUTE, MAYA. NO  
WONDER YOU CAN'T  
HANDLE ME.






I MEAN,  
WHAT KIND OF  
LOSERS WERE YOU  
EVEN DATING IF I'M  
SUPPOSEDLY "TOP  
THREE"?

WELL, THEY WERE  
DEFINITELY  
AMATEURS COMPARED  
TO YOU.




WELL, YOU'RE DOING PRETTY WELL YOURSELF, MAYA. YOU'RE DEFINITELY ONE OF THE BEST FUCKS I'VE EVER HAD. GOOD THING WE CAN KEEP THIS GOING.

WISH WE COULD DO THIS MORE OFTEN... YOU KNOW WE COULD TAKE THIS TO ANOTHER LEVEL.



YOU KNOW I HAVE SARAH. SHE IS MY WIFE AND I'M YOUR WIFE, MAYA.

THEN WHY DO YOU KEEP COMING BACK? WHY CHEAT ON HER IF YOU DON'T WANT ANYTHING MORE FROM ME?



MY LOVE LIFE IS...  
COMPLICATED. WITH YOU,  
IT'S JUST RAW AND PURE  
SEX, FANTASIES, AND  
GETTING EXACTLY WHAT I  
WANT WITHOUT ANY  
STRINGS ATTACHED.



WET AND  
STEAMY HOT  
SEX...


SO YOU  
REALLY JUST  
THINK OF ME AS  
YOUR SEX  
DOLL?



OH, SHIT. I  
FORGOT ABOUT THE  
MEETING WITH MR.  
CARLSON!

WHY DIDN'T  
YOU WARN ME,  
MAYA?


WAIT... SO I'M  
YOUR ASSISTANT  
AGAIN? JUST LIKE  
THAT?



YOU REALLY  
ARE BACK TO  
BEING A BOSS,  
AREN'T YOU?




OH, DON'T ACT ALL SURPRISED! I KNOW YOU LIKE BEING MY LITTLE ASSISTANT WHO GET'S A QUICK FUCK DURING LUNCH BREAK!



ALTHOUGH, I  
REALLY DO HAVE TO  
TAKE THIS MEETING. MR.  
CARLSON ISN'T THE KIND  
OF MAN I WANT TO  
MESS WITH.


BUT WE WERE IN  
THE MIDDLE OF A  
CONVERSATION!

A man with dark hair and a goatee is sitting on a bed, talking on a black smartphone. He is shirtless. Behind him, a woman with red hair is sitting on the bed, also shirtless. She has her arms crossed and a serious expression. The room is dimly lit with warm, orange light. A wooden chair is visible in the background.

MR. CARLSON!  
YES, OF COURSE.  
HOW ARE YOU DOING?  
DON'T WORRY, I  
DIDN'T FORGET.

I'M FULLY  
PREPARED FOR  
THE REPORT, AND  
THE NUMBERS LOOK  
EXCELLENT, I THINK  
YOU'LL BE VERY  
PLEASED.


SERIOUSLY? YOU  
ARE SUCH AN  
ASSHOLE...

A 3D rendered scene with a warm, orange-toned lighting. On the left, a large, out-of-focus torso of a person is visible. In the center-right, a woman with reddish-brown hair is sitting on a bed, looking towards the camera with a neutral expression. She is wearing a dark, strapless top. Her hands are clasped together in front of her. In the background, a wooden chair with a lattice back is visible. A speech bubble is positioned on the left side of the image, containing text.

EXACTLY. AND  
THAT'S BEFORE THE  
SOUTHEAST EXPANSION  
FULLY KICKS IN. WE'RE  
STILL IN THE WARM-UP  
PHASE HERE.



HE'S SO FULL OF HIMSELF... I CAN'T REALLY FIGURE HIM OUT...

A woman with red hair, wearing a bra, stands in a dimly lit room. She is holding a glowing blue energy orb in her right hand. The room contains a desk with a lamp, a chair, and a bed. A thought bubble is above her head.

BUT MAYBE I CAN  
BEND THE RULES A  
LITTLE... DIG A BIT DEEPER  
AND SEE WHAT'S REALLY  
HIDDEN UNDERNEATH.

LET'S SEE WHAT  
KIND OF FANTASIES  
YOU'VE BEEN  
HIDING...





OH... BLESS HIS  
HEART... HE IS NOT  
THAT HARD AFTER ALL  
BUT... THERE IS  
SOMETHING...



OH, MY GOD!  
WHAT A LITTLE  
PERVERT!



SO ALL THAT  
TOUGH-GUY  
ATTITUDE... IT'S  
JUST A MASK,  
HUH?

LOOK, I TOLD  
THE BOARD SIX  
MONTHS AGO: IF WE  
STREAMLINE OPERATIONS  
AND STOP PLAYING  
DEFENSE, THE MARKET  
RESPONDS.

DAMN, JASON  
YOU ARE SO  
LUCKY TO HAVE  
ME...



WELL... IT  
RESPONDED.



THE INVESTORS ARE  
HAPPY. VERY HAPPY. I  
HAD TWO CALLS THIS  
MORNING ASKING IF WE'RE  
CONSIDERING AN  
INTERNATIONAL...  
PUSH?





HEY... WHAT  
WAS THAT? DID  
YOU JUST... DO  
SOMETHING?

*GIGGLE*



ME? WHAT  
DO YOU  
MEAN?

A photograph of a man and a woman in a room. The man is shirtless, holding a smartphone, and looking towards the woman. The woman is seen from the back, with her hair styled in a braid. The scene is lit with warm, indoor lighting. Two speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing text.

I SWEAR THERE  
WAS JUST...  
SOME...


LOOK, JUST  
DON'T INTERRUPT  
ME WHILE I'M ON  
THE PHONE,  
OKAY?

A composite image featuring two panels. The left panel shows a shirtless man with dark hair and a goatee, holding a black smartphone to his ear. He has a neutral expression. A white speech bubble with a black outline is positioned to his left, containing the text 'YES, I'M HERE MR. CARLSON! OF COURSE...'. The background is a dimly lit room with a patterned pillow visible. The right panel shows the back of a woman with dark, curly hair, looking towards the left. She is also shirtless. The background is a plain wall with a wooden door frame on the right side. The lighting is warm and soft, creating a moody atmosphere.

YES, I'M HERE  
MR. CARLSON! OF  
COURSE...

YES, AS I SAID,  
REVENUE IS UP,  
RETENTION IS UP...  
AND... AND...



A shirtless man with dark hair and a goatee is talking on a black mobile phone. He is standing in a room with a bed and a patterned pillow visible in the background.

AND.. AND FOR  
THE FIRST TIME IN  
THREE YEARS WE'RE...  
AHEAD OF SCHEDULE  
INSTEAD OF EXPLAINING  
DELAYS.

A shirtless woman with red hair styled in a braided bun is shown from the back. She is giggling and has her hand near her mouth. A wooden door is visible behind her.

GIGGLE



MY VOICE...?  
NO... I'M  
ALRIGHT... YEAH...  
S-SURE!

I'M HEADING  
OVER TO... TO...  
DAVID, HE CAN FILL  
YOU IN ON THE  
DETAILS.



W-WHAT IS THIS? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

HAVING A LITTLE TROUBLE WITH YOUR MEETING, JASON?



DID YOU JUST...?  
WHAT THE FUCK? DID  
YOU MAKE ME...  
SMALLER?!


AWWW... SO  
CUTE... LITTLE  
JASON IS SO  
SMALL...

**WHAT THE  
FUCK DID YOU  
DO TO ME?!**



WHAT? NO... NO, NO,  
NO! I'M... I'M SORRY, MR.  
CARLSON! I WASN'T TALKING  
TO YOU, IT'S JUST MY CAT.  
SHE'S BEEN... P-PLEASE,  
CONTINUE.



A man and a woman are shown from the waist up in a locker room. The man, on the left, is shirtless and has a concerned expression while talking on a mobile phone. The woman, on the right, has her hand on his shoulder and looks at him with a questioning expression. The background consists of rows of wooden lockers.

THE NUMBERS  
YES... I CAN  
PROVIDE MORE  
DETAILS...

YOU LOOK A LITTLE  
STRESSED. ARE YOU  
SURE YOU CAN HANDLE  
THIS KIND OF  
RESPONSIBILITY?




MAYBE YOU SHOULD RECONSIDER YOUR POSITION AT THE COMPANY...



HOLY SHIT! THIS...  
THIS CAN'T BE REAL!  
Y-YOU ARE HUGE!

AND IN OUR  
RELATIONSHIP...




OH, MY SWEET  
LITTLE BOY, I'M FAR  
FROM HUGE... THIS IS  
ONLY THE TIP OF THE  
ICEBERG.

SO... REVENUE  
GROWTH WAS, UH...  
ACTUALLY PRETTY STRONG  
THIS MONTH. WE WERE  
UP AROUND...  
TWELVE...

AND THE SAME GOES  
FOR YOU... BY THE TIME I'M  
FINISHED, YOU WON'T EVEN  
RECOGNIZE THE MAN YOU  
USED TO BE... YOU LITTLE  
WANKER...

NO, WAIT...  
FOURTEEN PERCENT  
COMPARED TO LAST  
QUARTER.





OH, SO YOU LIKE  
WHAT YOU SEE?  
INTERESTING! HOW  
ABOUT WE GO  
FURTHER, HUH?

WHAT? NO, I'M  
HERE... I'M  
LISTENING....

HOW ARE YOU...  
DOING THIS...?  
WHY?



YOU SAID YOU  
COULD LIVE OUT YOUR  
FANTASIES WITH ME...  
WELL, THAT'S EXACTLY  
WHAT'S HAPPENING  
NOW.

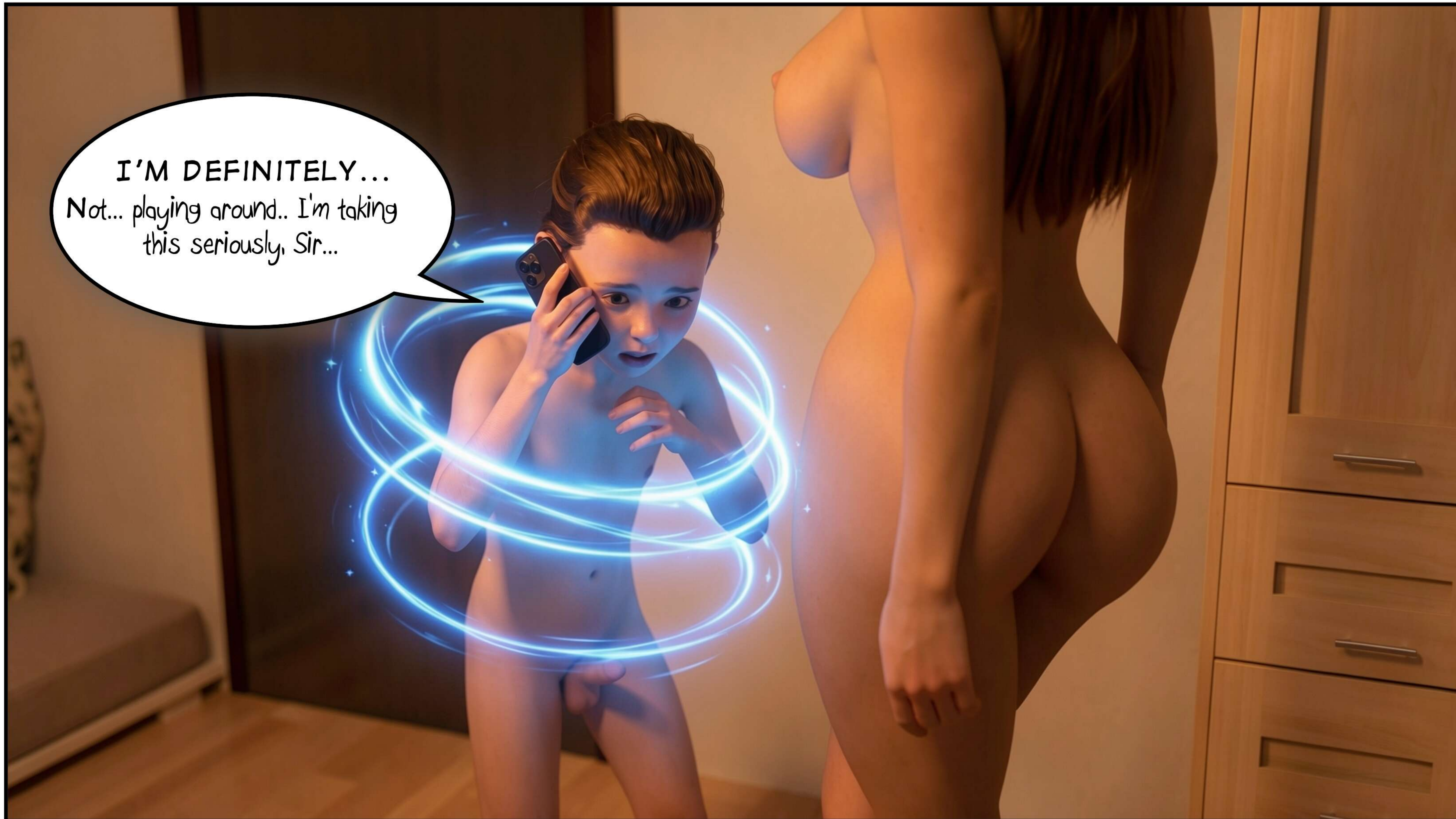


YOUR DEEPEST  
AND MOST  
PERVERTED DREAM  
BECOMES YOUR  
REALITY...

N--NO! I'M...  
COUGH, COUGH...  
I'M FINE...  
EVERYTHING'S UNDER  
COUGH CONTROL.  
THE PROJECTIONS  
ARE POSITIVE.



I'M DEFINITELY...  
Not... playing around.. I'm taking  
this seriously, Sir...





OH, JASON,  
JASON... YOU'RE  
STILL CLINGING TO THAT  
OLD MASK, STILL  
PRETENDING YOU'RE THE  
ONE WHO KNOWS THE  
RULES.

YOU SHOULD  
OPEN YOUR EYES  
AND SEE  
EVERYTHING  
CHANGED!



YOUR OLD REALITY IS FALLING APART PIECE BY PIECE. ONLY FRAGMENTS REMAIN, LIKE THAT PHONE CALL, STILL HOLDING YOU BACK FROM BECOMING WHAT YOU TRULY WANT TO BE.



I... what is going...

JUST LOOK AT YOU... LOOK AT ME...



Uhhh....

LET ME HELP YOU  
SEE THINGS FROM A  
WHOLE NEW  
PERSPECTIVE.




Huh... what are you....

HMM... YOU ARE STILL NOT YOUNG AND SMALL ENOUGH...

BETTER... WE  
ARE GETTING  
THERE...





W-what are  
you?! S-some kind of  
a... w-witch?!

**SANDERSON!  
WHAT ON EARTH IS  
GOING ON YOUR  
END?!**



*YOU'RE  
DISTRACTED,  
SCATTERED, AND  
FRANKLY BEHAVING FAR  
BELOW THE LEVEL OF  
PROFESSIONALISM I'VE  
COME TO EXPECT  
FROM YOU!*

A woman with long brown hair is shown from the chest up, blowing a large, translucent bubble. She is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. The background is a plain, light-colored wall. A speech bubble is positioned to the left of her face, containing text. The lighting is soft and warm, highlighting her skin and the bubble.

LOOKS LIKE YOU ARE  
LOSING THE CONTROL,  
WANKY...



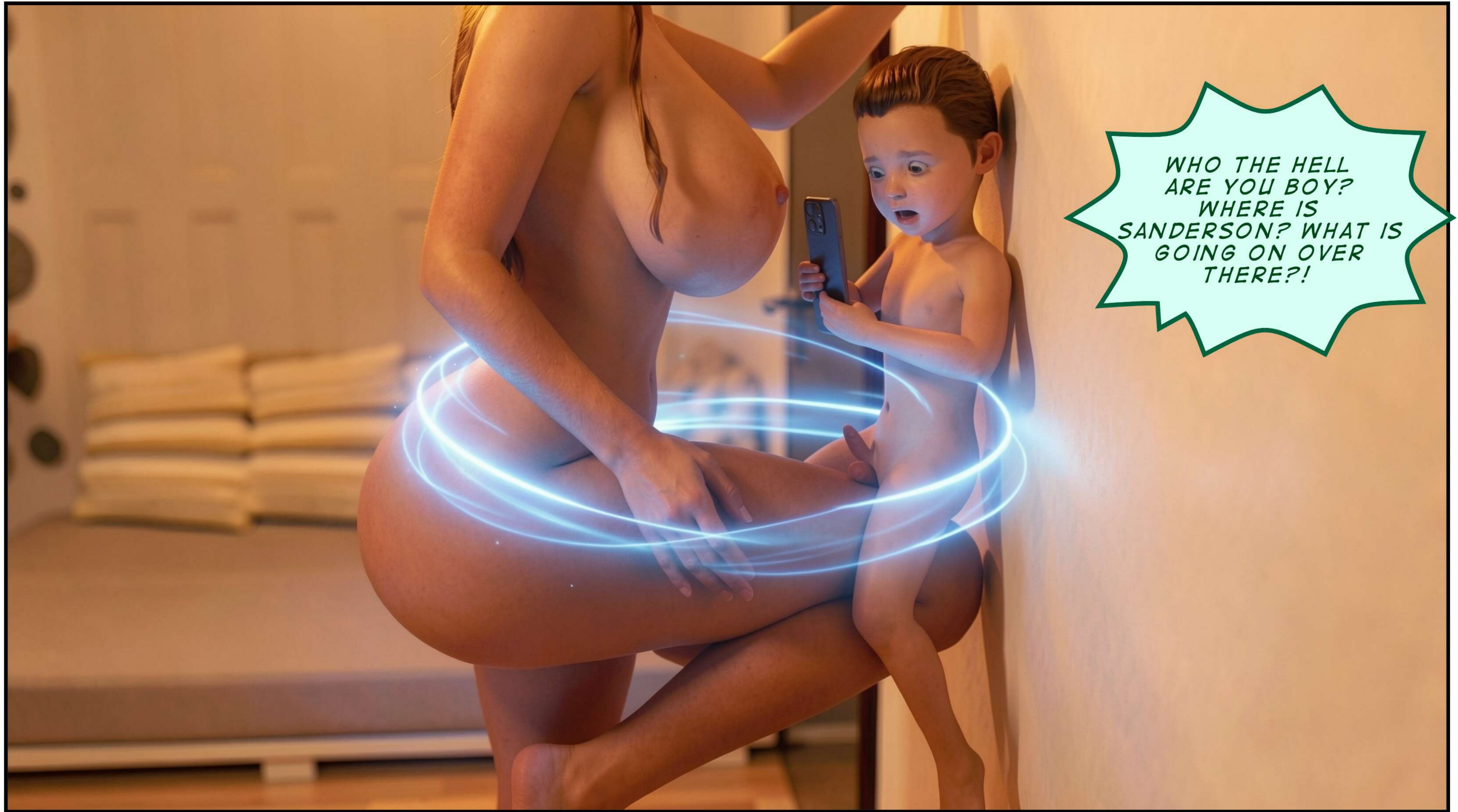
I'm really sorry  
Mr. Ca...




...qqqAqAAR/sooon!



Oh, my God!



WHO THE HELL  
ARE YOU BOY?  
WHERE IS  
SANDERSON? WHAT IS  
GOING ON OVER  
THERE?!

A close-up photograph of a young woman with long, straight brown hair and blue eyes. She is looking towards the right of the frame with a serious expression. In the foreground, the back of a man's head and shoulder is visible, out of focus. A speech bubble is positioned in the upper left corner of the image.

YOU KNOW IT  
WOULD BE EASIER TO  
HANG UP AND FACE  
YOUR REALITY.

I...I can't.. this is  
who I am... supposed to  
be...



JASON,  
HONEY... YOU ARE A  
LITTLE BOY... A  
WANKER... MY BREAST IS  
BIGGER THAN YOUR  
HEAD.



YOU NEED  
TWO HANDS JUST  
TO HOLD THAT  
PHONE IN YOUR  
HANDS...





WHEN YOU  
COULD USE THOSE  
TWO HANDS TO  
HOLD MY BIG  
TITTIES!



*GIGGLE*  
I MEAN, IT'S KIND OF  
FUNNY IN A WAY... EVEN  
AFTER HAVING YOUR  
DEEPEST FANTASY  
COME TRUE, YOU'RE STILL  
TRYING SO HARD TO  
ACT LIKE YOU'RE A  
MAN.




I MEAN... DON'T YOU WANT THAT LITTLE COCK OF YOURS TO BE PAMPERED?

I KNOW YOU LOVE THIS. YOUR HOTTEST DREAM IS NOW YOUR REALITY. DOES THAT PATHETIC LITTLE COCK OF YOURS TWITCH WITH EXCITEMENT SEEING THAT EVEN MY FINGER IS BIGGER THAN IT?



W-what do you want  
me to do, Maya?



ALL YOU HAVE TO DO  
IS ACCEPT YOUR NEW  
ROLE... AS MY EAGER LITTLE  
WANKER, MY DEVOTED  
SERVANT... WHILE I  
BECOME YOUR QUEEN  
AND MOMMY.



Maya  
Mommy...

JUST SAY IT INTO  
THE PHONE... CONFESS  
IT TO THE BIG MAN ON THE  
OTHER END OF THE LINE...  
SAY GOODBYE TO YOUR OLD  
LIFE FOREVER... AND ONLY  
THEN WILL I LET YOU  
CUM.





ANSWER ME,  
SANDERS OR YOU  
ARE FIRED!

I... I'm... I'm  
no-one.. I'm just...



I'm just a little wanker boy! I don't care about your big company....

I'm a pathetic servent  
for my Mommy... my Queen...  
My only goal is to wank on her  
big titties!



I'm nothing more than an eager little wanker, sitting on my Mommy's knees... waiting to be allowed to cum!





WHAT ON EARTH  
ARE YOU....

I'm a pervert little  
boy! Leave me alone you  
big old prick!  
**\*CLICK\***



p-please let me cum  
Mommy! Touch me!  
please!



Uhhhhh.....!!!!!!!

Can't stop...  
cumming!

OH, MY GOD!  
*\*LAUGHS\**  
YOU NEVER EVER  
CUMMED THIS MUCH  
BEFORE!






LOOKS LIKE  
MAKING YOU A LITTLE  
VIRGIN MADE YOU  
FULL AGAIN...

NOW COME DOWN  
MY LITTLE  
WANKER...



A photograph showing the back and legs of a woman standing in a room. A small child is standing next to her, looking up at her legs. A speech bubble is overlaid on the image, containing the text: "OH, MY! CAN'T BELIEVE THAT THIS IS WHAT YOU REALLY WANTED!". The scene is lit with warm, low-key lighting, creating a dramatic atmosphere. The woman's legs are the central focus, and the child's presence adds a sense of scale and curiosity. The background shows a portion of a bed with a patterned pillow and a wooden floor.

OH, MY!  
CAN'T BELIEVE  
THAT THIS IS WHAT  
YOU REALLY  
WANTED!

A woman with long brown hair and large breasts is embracing a man from behind. She is looking over her shoulder at him. The scene is set in a dimly lit room with warm lighting. A lamp with a glowing white shade is visible on the left. The background shows a wall with a circular light fixture and a dark object on the right. A speech bubble is positioned in the upper left corner of the image.

I CAN HARDLY  
SEE YOU BECAUSE  
OF MY BIG  
TITTIES!

SO SMALL... I  
CAN'T BELIEVE I  
HAVE TO LOOK DOWN  
AT THE MAN I ONCE  
LOVED.






HAHA! YOU LEAKS  
AGAIN JUST BY  
LOOKING AT ME? OH,  
SWEETIE I'M  
FLATTERED!



SO TELL ME. DO YOU LIKE THE NEW US?

Oh, my God! You are so fucking hot Maya! This... whole thing is just... I can't stop..! I'm to excited... I'm... I might cum again!

A young girl with dark hair, looking up at a hand pointing at her face. The hand is holding a small object near her ear. The scene is lit with warm, golden light.

You are so huge compare to me... and me... when you called me wanky... how... how did you know? How is this possible!?



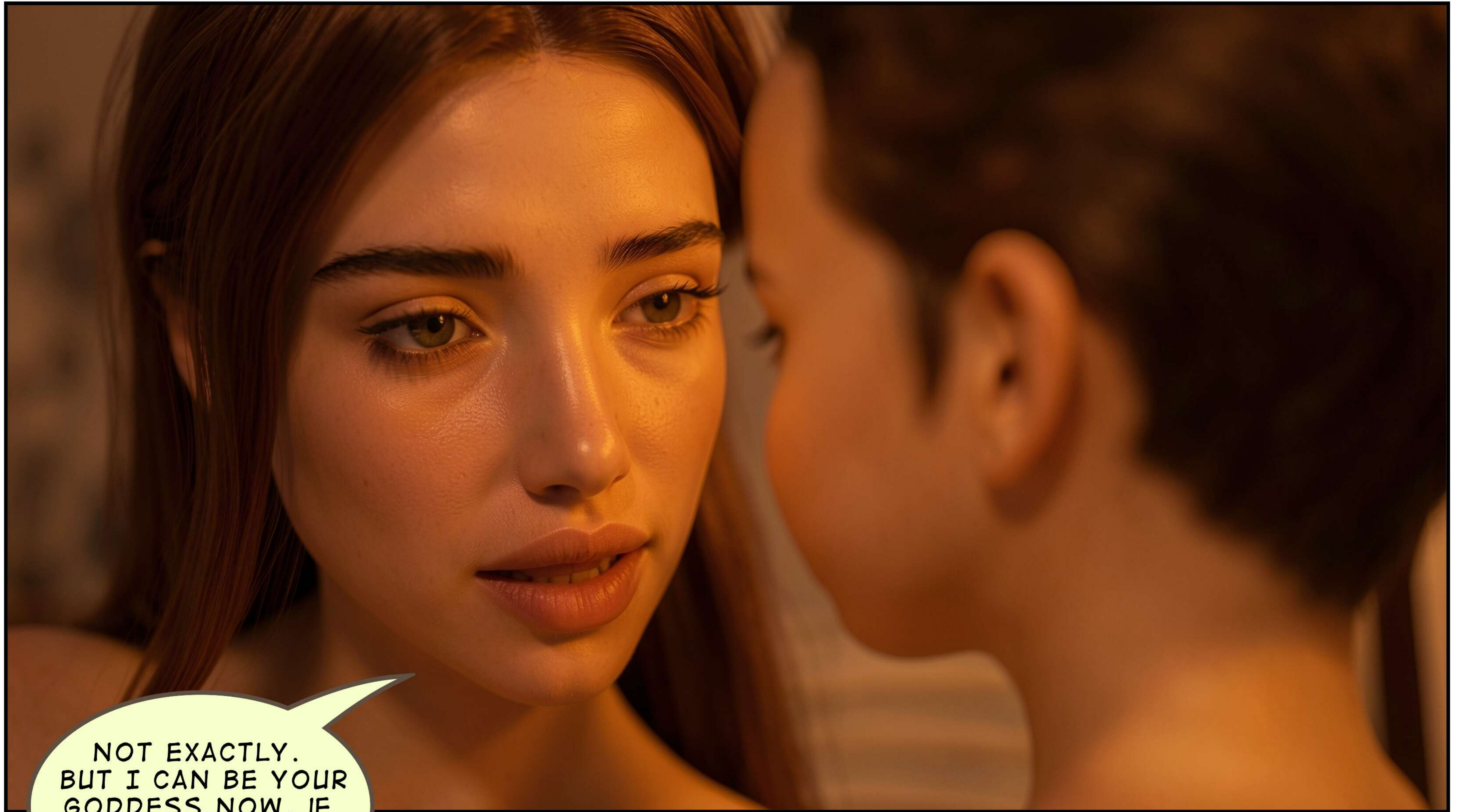
WELL, JASON. I  
HAVE "MAGICAL  
POWERS". IF YOU WANNA  
CALL IT THAT... I'M A  
SUCCUBUS!

I CAME TO THIS  
WORLD THOUSANDS OF  
YEARS AGO AND WALKED  
AMONG MEN, TEACHING THEM,  
GUIDING THEM, AND  
SOMETIMES TOYING WITH  
THEM SO THEY WOULD  
WORSHIP ME.





Wait.. so... are you  
like a Goddess?



NOT EXACTLY.  
BUT I CAN BE YOUR  
GODDESS NOW, IF  
YOU LIKE IT THAT  
WAY.

I HAVE BEEN  
MANY THINGS OVER  
THE CENTURIES, BUT A  
FEW DECADES AGO,

I CHOSE TO  
LEAVE BEHIND MY  
DARKER, GODLIKE SELF  
AND TRY LIVING AS AN  
ORDINARY HUMAN.






But if you act as a human... how come you do this to me?

JUST  
BECAUSE I CHOSE  
TO LIVE AS A HUMAN  
DOESN'T MEAN I GAVE  
UP MY POWERS. IF I  
HAD, I WOULD'VE DIED  
A VERY LONG TIME  
AGO.

I FEED ON  
SEXUAL ENERGY,  
AND PERVERTS LIKE  
YOU, CONSUMED BY  
DESIRE, ARE ALWAYS  
THE RICHEST  
SOURCE.




A young boy with short, dark hair is shown from the waist up, looking slightly to his left with a confused expression. He is shirtless. His right hand is raised to his head, with fingers running through his hair. The background is a plain, light-colored wall. To the left, there is a dark, out-of-focus area that appears to be a doorway or a shadowed area. A speech bubble is positioned to the left of the boy's head, containing text.

I don't  
understand... so you...  
ate me? Or what I  
was?

WELL IT'S LITTLE MORE COMPLICATED THAN THAT. BUT NO. I SAW YOU AS A PARTNER SOMEONE I CARED FOR AND LOVED.


WHEN I LOOKED DEEP INTO YOUR SOUL, I SAW WHAT YOU TRULY CRAVE MOST: TO BE A LITTLE WANKER BOY, COMPLETELY DEPENDENT ON A SEXY, BIG-TITTED WOMAN.






Wow! I'm still a little bit confused but... T-thanks... I guess?

I mean I wasn't really myself a few minutes ago... the way you act clouded my mind...




I mean... it was so fucking good and hot... Finally letting go of all that heavy weight felt like my true little pervert could finally crawl out and show himself.

I think maybe I was never really a man after all. Maybe it was just something I built around myself to feel protected. But with you... I could finally open up that hidden side of me.



DON'T BE  
EMBARRASSED!  
YOU CAN LET GO  
AND FULLY GIVE  
YOURSELF TO THAT  
CLOUD FEELING...  
BESIDES...

I ALWAYS KNEW  
THAT IF I CRACKED  
THROUGH THAT TOUGH  
'HARD MAN' ACT OF  
YOURS, I'D FIND A  
NEEDY LITTLE PERVERT  
HIDING INSIDE.



Oh my! I just realize! What about Sarah? And everyone else? My life? I don't want her to be alone or search for me... How could I or you explain... this change?



IT'S DONE. THE WORLD HAS COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN YOU EVER EXISTED. EVERY RECORD OF JASON SANDERS HAS BEEN WIPED AWAY... YOU ARE JUST MY LITTLE POCKET WANKER.

AND SARAH IS NOW WITH A MAN WHO SHE TRULY DESERVES AND CARE ABOUT HER. ALL SET.

T-thank you my Queen!





YOUR NAME IS NOW OFFICIALLY **WANKY**. I'LL TAKE COMPLETE CARE OF YOU FROM NOW ON. YOU NO LONGER EXIST TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

YOU'RE COMPLETELY INVISIBLE. YOUR ONLY PURPOSE IS TO WANK AND SERVE ME.

Yes... YES! **YESS!!!**



FOLLOW ME  
TO YOUR NEW  
LIFE...

The End