

Dream Cure



ISSUE
#4

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 BOTCOMICS

Botcomics Presents:

DREAM CURE

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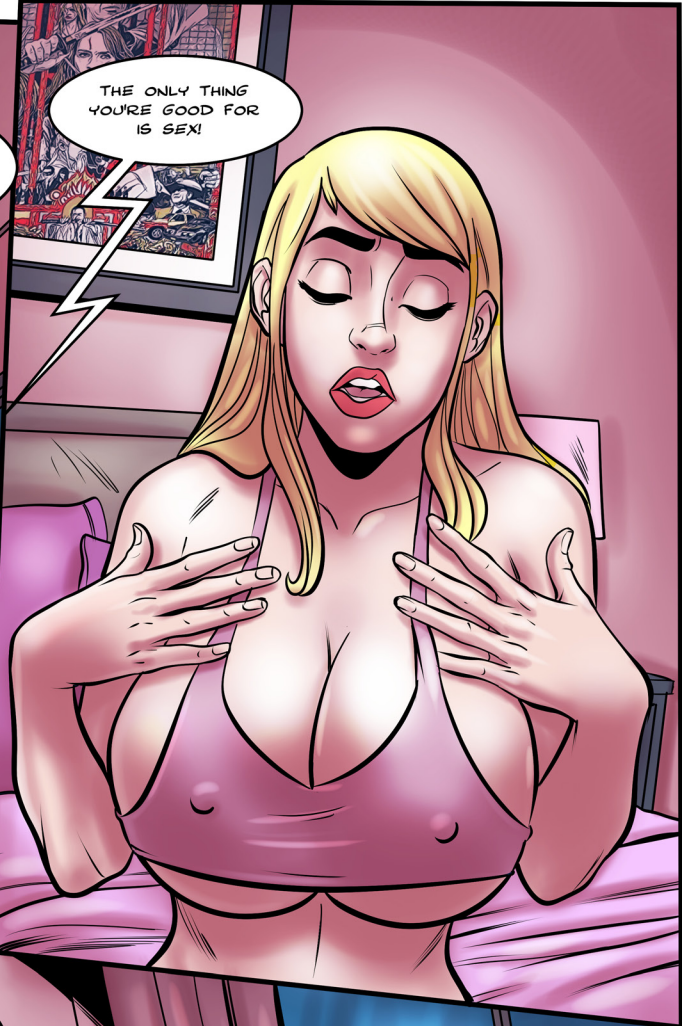
I let the hot water spray against my huge tits, moving them from side to side to catch the stream and feeling them sway with every movement.

GET DRESSED, YOU'RE COMING WITH ME.

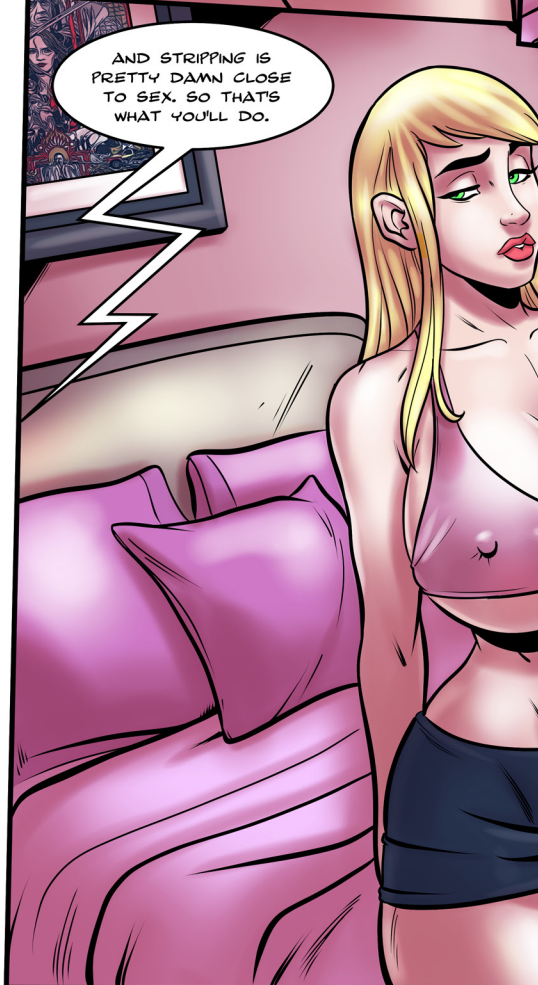
WHAT?



YOU CAN'T GO BACK TO YOUR OLD JOB, LOOKING LIKE YOU DO NOW.



THE ONLY THING YOU'RE GOOD FOR IS SEX!



AND STRIPPING IS PRETTY DAMN CLOSE TO SEX, SO THAT'S WHAT YOU'LL DO.

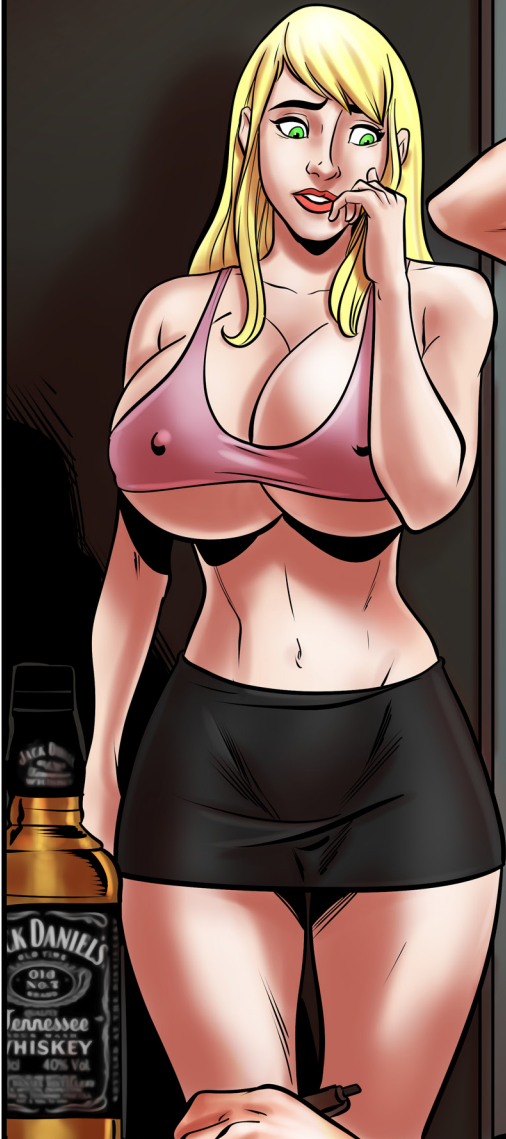
I DID AS SHE SAID, GETTING DRESSED IN HER CLOTHES, SINCE NONE OF MINE WOULD POSSIBLY FIT ME NOW.

HERS BARELY DID.

We had gotten there early so that Emily could talk to her boss about getting me a job.

HI TONI!

SHE'S HIRED!



Emily stripped me down to my g-string, and the lights went low except for a spotlight on me.

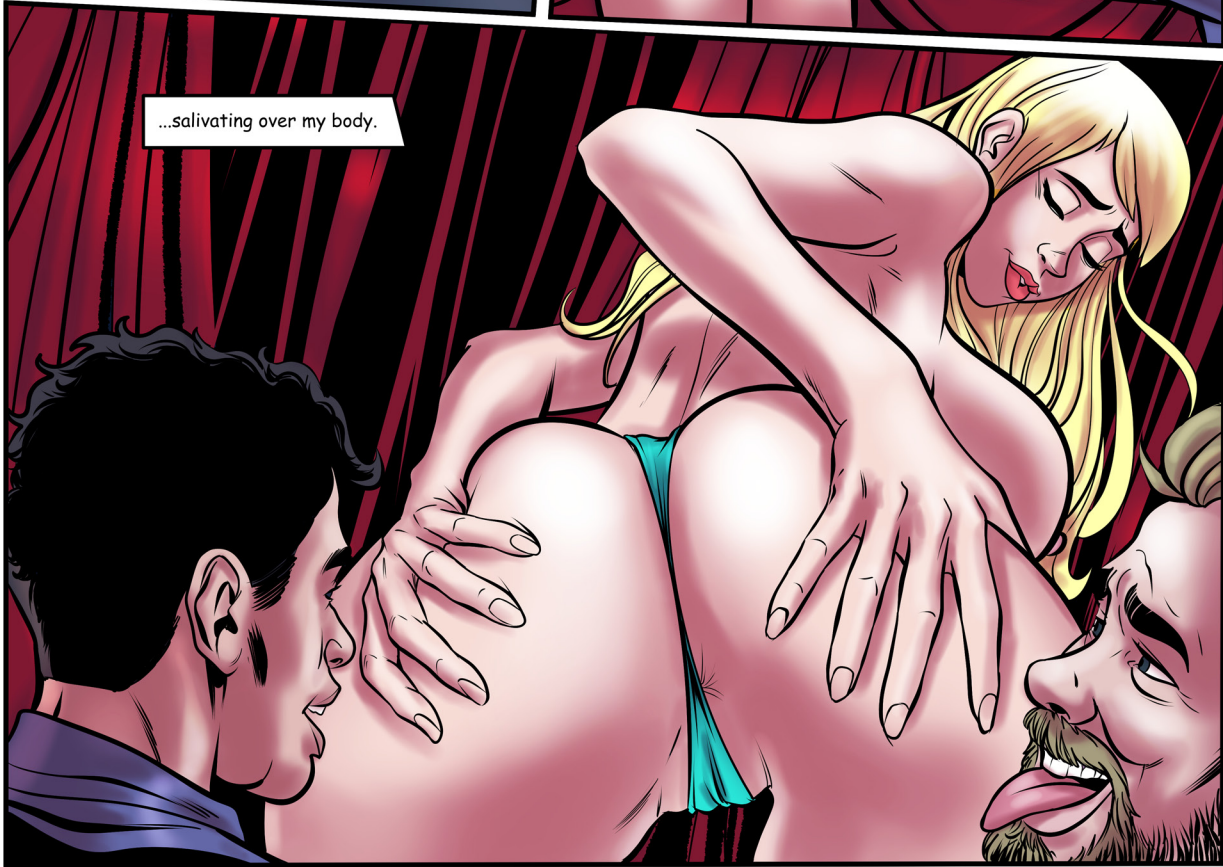
Just as they had for Emily last night.



I was horny myself, in spite of myself, at the sight of all these men desiring me...



...salivating over my body.





GO AHEAD.

YOU KNOW YOU WANT TO BE FUCKED!

Another orgy was waiting for me backstage, when Emily led me from the stage.



AND YOU KNOW I WANT TO WATCH.



I resigned myself to my fate.



It was the only cock, other than my own, that I'd ever touched.



As soon?



NEXT!



The man who had paid to fuck me, to use me like his whore, his fucktoy, was penetrating my cunt.



CAN I GIVE IT TO HER UP THE ASS?


ANYTHING YOU WANT!

SHE LOVES IT!

All I was good for now was sex. My exaggerated female body made me too horny to concentrate on anything else. All I could do was fuck.




I enjoyed the extra attention to my huge titties.
They were my favorite part of my new body.




That's the way it was for the rest of the night,
and the rest of the nights after.

Emily hasn't gotten any more of the pills from her mysterious source. In a way I'm glad of that.



You see, Emily told me she's switched the pills,
that I'd never taken the diabetes pills.



But I'm not tense anymore.

THE END