

Gone (Cat)fishin' (Bully to Dream Girl TG)

By FoxFaceStories

When the school bully finds a new way of pranking his favorite target by catfishing him and pretending to text as his dream girl, a local fairy takes action. Now, every detail he writes seems to be coming true, until the bully is his target's dream girl in real life!

Gone (Cat)fishin'

Zack cackled as he watched poor little Leonard Barnes exit the bathroom stall.

“Lenny! Been too long, buddy!”

The short, dark-skinned man with short curly black hair adjusted his glasses as he took in the sight of the much more imposing Zack Kudrow looming over him in the men's bathroom.

“Oh, Zack. Yeah, it's, er, good to see you. I'll be going-”

Zack thrust out a hand. He was easily able to stop the much smaller man. After all, he was a 6'2 beast of a man who was the college's star quarterback. Everything about the pair was a contrast: Zack was tall and Lenny was short, Zack was white and Lenny was black, Zack was a popular jock and Lenny was a loser nerd, Zack was in peak physical fitness and Lenny had asthma and required prescription glasses. Even their fashion was in binary opposite; the powerful jock wore the finest designer clothing thanks to his rich parents, while Lenny was some poor kid who had to read that loser manga comic books he loved so much in the library, all because he couldn't afford it on his own. This utter difference between the two was what allowed Zack to hold his target in place with ease.

“Before you go,” he said. “I forgot one last thing. I think you might have had an accident. You should really clean yourself up, dude.”

Lenny cringed, and Zack relished the way the scrawny nerd knew what was coming.

“Zack, you don't have to-”

“Whoops! Someone's spilled himself!” Zack cried, and at the same time he unscrewed his drink bottle and splashed a heavy amount of water all down the front of Lenny's tan trousers, making it appear as if he'd urinated all over himself.

“Oh damn!” Zack said. “And I think I was drinking yellow Mountain Dew too. That will look especially suspect . . . and sticky.”

He expected Leonard to cry, or to run away, or to try and fight him (he'd done that once, and it had *not* ended well for the man), or any other extreme reaction that would give the larger man satisfaction. But instead, Leonard surprised him. He simply looked down, shrugged, and then seemed to summon a reserve of willpower that almost impressed Zack.

“Oh, that one,” he said. “I think you’ve done that before, Zachary. I thought after coming back from holiday you’d have some new tricks. I’ll see you later.”

And then he strolled off calmly, seemingly uncaring about the mess on his pants. Zack found himself at a loss as Lenny left, but then his face slowly contorted into a smile.

“Challenge accepted,” he said.

It wasn’t hard to create a profile. He enlisted the help of his friend Hayden, who was another bully jock just like him, only lower on the pecking order. The man was good with computers and electronics pranks though, which was what he needed.

“So we’re making him a fake girlfriend?” Hayden asked. “Why are we doing that?”

Zack smacked his buddy upside the head. “Jesus, dude, you’re even dumber than me. Look, it’s called catfishing. You ever heard of it?”

Hayden’s eyes lit up. “Oh, oh yeah! That’s old school. Fake profiles and shit to get his money.”

“Dude, does it look like I need his money? I just need to humiliate the shit out of him. Pretend to be a hot girl and lead him on until we can all jump out and laugh at him, capiche?”

Hayden smirked. “Okay, that’s fucking hilarious. He’ll never show his face on campus again. But, er, why you got it in for this guy? Ain’t he kinda a nobody? I don’t think anyone looks twice at him except for you.”

Zack frowned. He wasn’t quite sure how to answer that. All he knew was that Leonard Barnes was weak, and therefore he deserved what he got. There was no backstory, no inciting incident. He just liked making the little guy squirm.

“Eh, it’s a long story,” he lied. “Can you do it?”

His friend nodded. “Yeah, I can do it. I can set everything up, even make it so that a nerd like Leonard still can’t tell she’s fake. I can even put a voice recording modulator in so if you two chat, it’ll sound like a sexy, sultry lady, ya know what I’m saying?”

Zack chuckled. “I know. I got some notes here. Done a bit of research on what that little shit prefers. He’s huge into manga, and these are some of his favourites.”

He placed several Japanese comic novels on Hayden’s desk. Many of them displayed rather busty ladies in superhero style outfits or tight ninja costumes or revealing combat gear.

“Likes dem big tiddy Japanese girls, huh?” Hayden chuckled.

“And he goes to those weird comic-con things. So I’m thinking a hot Japanese girl. Nice big tits and hourglass figure and all that. Make her profile really nerdy - smart, loves comics and physics and all that stuff, but also loves to cosplay or whatever they call it. Give

her long legs. Nice ass. Long silky black hair. The works. Oh, and make it clear she's really into nerds. Like, she gets turned on by them and everything. Think you can do that?"

Hayden was hurriedly typing notes. He pivoted on his computer chair to Zack and grinned.

"I reckon I can," he said. "I just wanna be there when the curtain comes down."

Zack slapped his friend on the shoulder. "Trust me, man, it'll be a hoot."

Less than a week later Zack made contact with Leonard over social media. Of course, he wasn't going by 'Zack' at the time, but rather through the profile that Hayden had created, the one that would catfish the loser and humiliate him to the point where he'd *never* act as defiant as he had in the bathroom ever again.

Her name was Izumi Tanaka. She had been carefully crafted to be the perfect girl for a loser like Leonard. She was Japanese but hoping to find a way to stay in America by forming a long-term relationship leading to marriage, and she could easily get one if she were real, because she was a damn bombshell. She had gorgeous almond-shaped eyes with pupils that seemed to look like wide, dark pools. Her hair was long, going all the way down to the small of her back, and it was silky and reflective, like something from a shampoo commercial. Her lips were full but not excessively so; she didn't look plastic but perfectly natural in the face. And her figure! Zach got half a hard-on just looking at his own creation. She was slender and willowy in that beautiful Japanese way, except for one area: her chest. There, she had a pair of very large grapefruit-sized breasts that noticeably pushed up in the stylish evening dress she was wearing in the fake photo he and Hayden had made. A line of deep cleavage was displayed, and her expression was one of demure embarrassment, which gave her a submissive look that nerds like Leonard would fall for.

"She's perfect," Zach declared as he looked at her profile, which even listed that she was into cosplay and loved cooking, especially for others, and got nervous around men but wanted someone protective, and blah blah blah. It was the perfect bait, just as Zach had wanted her to be. He quickly engaged her online profile, using the login details Hayden had supplied, and then let it sit.

"No need to rush," he mused. "We'll have her swipe away a few people so she looks real and shit. *Then* we can start the game."

Zach smirked, cracked his powerful knuckles, and then got to work.

Semelie was a joyous little pixie who was always drawn to excitement and love. Like all magical creatures from the land of the fae, she retained an invisible glamour when in the land of mortals, in order to prevent them from seeing her and knowing about her kind and her kin. To that effect, she simply danced and flew and weaved through the realm of the humans, always looking to be inspired by connections of love in all its forms. And lucky for her, she was ecstatic to see a young man finally, *finally* connecting to another woman. Semelie could *feel* the loneliness in his soul, the desire to be with a woman finally, and so she flew down closer. They were in some kind of educational institution, him lying back on the campus green while perusing one of those little devices that they loved to use so much.

“Oh, and she’s so very pretty too!” Semelie squealed with delight. “I can’t believe a man like this has snagged her! True love reigns! I think I can use some pixie dust to bless their love and -”

And then she stopped. Semelie could perceive something. It was enough to make her gasp in shock.

“That woman, that object of true desire for this poor young man . . . she’s *FAKE!*”

Semelie nearly fainted. Who could do something so nasty as this? Who could possibly be so foul as to create a fake woman all to tempt a good-hearted man such as this? Semelie drew nearer, sensing the power inside the strange device known as a ‘phone’ that the man was holding. On it, some rather flirtatious and romantic messages appeared from this mystery woman - this *fake* mystery woman.

‘Oh, you know, I just LOVE nerdy stuff like cosplay and the like. I dress up for it and everything! I’m really excited to be talking to someone like you who gets it, Lenny. Can I call you Lenny?’

The one known as ‘Lenny’ giggled and blushed, and then began hurriedly typing a response.

‘You certainly can, Izumi! I love the pictures of your cosplays that you put up. Your hair is amazing! You’re so talented.’

‘Awww, thanks! I do my best with it. What kind of stuff are you into?’

And on it went. It *should* have been a romantic interaction, but instead deceit infested every message, a corrosive maliciousness that was the very *opposite* of romance! She knew she had to react, so the pixie invisibly reached out and touched the phone. In a flash, she was transported across space to where the one who was *truly* sending the messages resided. To Semelie’s horror, the one doing the messaging wasn’t even a woman, as she’d hoped the figure would be. Instead, it was a large, well-built man with a nasty grin on his face. Worse, he was on the same college campus area, looking at Lenny from a distance. As Lenny chuckled and smiled, his heart zooming with hope at finally finding a woman for him, this brute of a bully cackled to himself.

“Oh man, I can’t *wait* to throw this in that loser’s face. It’s gonna be so fucking hilarious when he realises his super sexy Japanese nerd of a girlfriend is just a catfish!”

Semelie screwed up her face with anger, so much so that steam began to pour from her ears, as is wont to happen with fairies from time to time. She balled her fists and flew next to the man, shouting into his ear, despite the fact that she was still invisible, which had the side effect of also making her inaudible as well.

“You think this is funny!?” she shrieked. “I could sense the aura of that poor mortal who you are tormenting! He’s a good man, and I can tell by your aura that you are *not!* Well, I oughta do something! In fact, I will! Lenny deserves his perfect romantic partner, and you have created one for him purely to torture him! Well, if you’re so good at acting the part of Lenny’s perfect one true love, then you might as well *be* her, for life at that!”

She threw out her pixie dust and let it settle, the magic making her intentions come true. Semelie liked to think of herself as a loving, caring, compassionate and wholesome fairy, but once in a while mortal humans could remind her how terrible they could be, and that meant karmic retribution was the only way to bring things back to their rightful sweetness.

“There!” she declared, before giving the man a gentle slap on the cheek, which had him looking around to see what caused that strange little bump on his face. “I hope you learn how to act a lot better in your new life, mister! Now, keep on typing those messages, and let the magic do its work!”

Zack looked around, unsure of what had caused that strange feeling. He shrugged it off when he got another message from Leonard Barnes, however. The man had actually sent another photo of himself lounging on the college campus grass, and it left the bully chuckling. There was even a message below.

‘This is me. I hope I don’t disappoint, lol. Just relaxing on the college campus green between classes.’

“God, what a loser! He hasn’t even taken off those loser glasses. Well, Hayden showed me how to send a fake selfie, so why don’t I make this one a little sexy.”

‘You look so cute!’ he replied. *‘This is me right now, in my room. I hope you like my hair. You said you liked it before so I thought I’d emphasise it.’*

He took a selfie and let Hayden’s programming do its work. Sure enough, it quickly used generative AI to match the model of Izumi Tanaka they’d made together, and then transplanted the background into a rather nerdy backdrop with lots of figurines and the like. Sure enough, Izumi was wearing a cute crop top that left her midriff on display, and her very

large breasts looked like they were about to burst through the top, leaving a lot of cleavage on display. Her beautiful face had a flirty expression on it; grinning but with one eye winking. Her long silky black hair was held out to one side by her hand, emphasising its length as it trailed down beside her.

'I hope I don't let YOU down, haha! I'm not in a cosplay outfit or anything, but I hope I still look kinda nice!'

Zach sent the message and looked hungrily at Lenny's expression across the campus green. The man clutched the back of his head and literally took a couple of steps back, his eyes wide and his mouth making a silent 'holy shit!' exclamation. And yet even as Zach laughed at this, his hair began to grow and extend. It turned from its light blonde colouring to a raven dark black and continued to flow down over his shoulders, growing more and more until it finally descended to just above his rear. It lost any of its wavy curves and became totally straight, so silky that it gained a semi-reflective sheen to it. Zach grimaced, troubled by this strange sensation. He turned his head quickly, causing his long hair to shift about. Quickly, the man held a long curtain of it and pulled it up to view. It was flawless hair, beautiful just like Izumi's. He blinked, trying to make sense of this, and then suddenly he just shrugged and let his long and gorgeous hair flow down his back again.

"Weird," he said. "Though something was wrong with my hair."

He noticed no difference thanks to Semeli's magic, and instead went back to messaging his prey. Already, Lenny had written some cringey response to Izumi, and the bully was ready to lap it up.

'Holy shit, you're beautiful! I hope you don't mind me saying so. I know that some women don't like guys to always focus on physical beauty, but you really just look captivating, Izumi. Not just the hair, either!'

Zach chuckled. He was intrigued as to how far he could take this, so he started typing.

'Oh, really? I won't lie, I'm a sucker for compliments! What else do you like about me, if you don't mind my asking. If it makes it easier, I find guys with glasses totally cute, and I love your hair too; so thick and curly!'

Again, Leonard looked utterly smitten across the campus. The man was pacing in circles, smiling from ear to ear and barely able to contain how clearly head over heels he was already. He replied with a heart emoji, only to quickly replace it with a smiling emoji; clearly worried he was coming on too strong.

'Well, I don't know how to write this, so I'm just going to say it and hope I don't, you know, come across like a huge creep. But you have a really lovely figure! I'm sorry, is that going way too far? I just mean that you look utterly gorgeous and your photos all show off what a great body you have, and I'm glad you're proud of it!'

Zachary had to hold his mouth to prevent himself from cackling too loudly. No wonder this loser didn't have a girlfriend! He had no idea how to flirt confidently. Still, he had the perfect response in mind.

'Haha lol you're too kind! But be honest, you mean my big boobies, don't you? You can tell me the truth. I don't mind showing them off a bit, you know. I'm pretty proud of them, teehee!'

The response came quickly.

'I didn't want to say it so plainly, lol! But yes, you have a really great chest, if I can say so!'

'I better! I'm a full F-cup! And trust me, they're super sensitive, if you know what I mean.'

Lenny looked ready to faint, but another shiver came over Zachery. He grunted, his long black hair shaking near his ass as his chest started to inflate. He covered said area with his hands, applying pressure as the most alien and strange experience imaginable occurred. A pair of actual *breasts* started to expand into existence, only to grow and grow and grow and freakin' *grow*, gaining a significant amount of weight and wobbliness as they strained his shirt, lifting it up to show off his midriff. Zach moaned, fondling his breasts, his super sensitive new tits making him shiver from the sensations. His nipples were fat and deeply responsive, and as they slipped through his fingers they elicited a whimper from the man.

"Oh God, oh fuck! Why have I got such huge tits . . . without a bra on? Ugh, Zach, you idiot. You know you can't go unsupported for long without getting backaches! Shit!"

His conversation would have to wait with Lenny. He really needed to find a bra.

'Woah, an F-cup? I didn't realise they got that big. They look amazing.'

Zach typed a reply, but was surprised by what he had written.

'Maybe if you keep being so cute and just my type we can meet in person, and you can feel how big they are for yourself. For now, I really need to get a bra!'

The bully blushed and ran off, cupping his large breasts which only suppressed *some* of the excessive jiggling. His hair swayed wildly from side to side as he made his way to his locker. Thankfully, a rather lacy black F-cup bra was inside, more of a sexy lingerie piece than anything else. It would have to do. Of course, Zach had no way of knowing that his messages had caused this mess.

Or even that such a mess was occurring at all.

Zach could barely pay attention to his sports science lecture, nor could he really focus on the fact that he had game practice with the rest of the football team soon. Instead, he was

constantly aware that his phone was in his pocket over that long hour of listening to his professor drone on. He usually barely paid attention anyway, but this time it was because he desperately felt a need to message Leonard. Why had he flirted so hard? All that stuff about big tits and getting Lenny to feel them, it had been good material and all, but was it *too* good? He kept playing with his long silky black hair and running his hands through it, thinking that something was wrong. The same was true when he looked down at his cleavage, the collar of his shirt stretched by his incredible rack. He was proud of his awesome boobs, but somehow it felt like he hadn't always had them as an adult. A ridiculous notion, of course. Still, the thoughts only made him want to return to his texting sooner, his private catfishing project waiting for him. Finally, towards the end of the lecture, he gave in.

'Okay, so I promised myself I'd try and be coy, but I really want to talk to you more, and right now,' he wrote. *'What else do you like about me, Lenny?'*

The reply came quickly. Clearly, Leonard had been waiting for this moment, and it made Zachary feel strangely warm for some reason.

'I like how smart you are! And I like how we have so many of the same interests. I've never talked to or met a girl like you, Izumi. But then again, I don't think I've ever met a Japanese girl either.'

This was what Zachary had been waiting for. Some real dirt on Lenny's amusing fetishes that he could air to the whole world. He adjusted his boobs in his top a little, annoyed at how ill-fitting it was, and then brushed his long hair back.

'Oh, you like Japanese girls, do you?'

'I like you.'

'C'mon, Lenny! Be straight with me. I've shared a lot with you. You can share a lot with me.'

There was a pause, and then he posted an embarrassed emoji.

'I won't lie. I've always thought Japanese women were the most attractive women. Not that I would ever fetishise you or anything, I just think it's true.'

Zach licked his lips, and strangely his nipples hardened, becoming long and aroused, a sensation that was, oddly enough, rather foreign to him, somehow.

'I want you to fetishise me,' he wrote back, though he had to check an online dictionary for what that word even meant. *'You know, I know we're just talking, but if I become your GF I'd love the fact that I'm your hot Asian GF. Plus, I LOVE black guys. Nerdy black guys like you are soooooooo hot.'*

Again, the wish of the pixie came into effect, not that Zach even knew that it was happening or that such a wish had even been made. He began to pant, a heat spreading across his skin. It darkened, turning to a gorgeous light yellow-olive complexion. His eyebrows turned black, and his features a little more slender. He blinked, his eyes gaining

epicanthic folds and turning almond-shaped. In mere moments he had become a Japanese man, his impressive body hair having largely disappeared, which only added to the feminine qualities of his long hair and his very ample rack.

“Woah, mmmh! Ahhh!” he moaned.

“Excuse me, Mr Kudrow!” a voice suddenly exclaimed, one that came from Professor Shanks at the head of the lecture theatre. “Is everything alright?”

For a moment, things weren't. Zack collected himself and looked at his hands, noting the change in his pigmentation, and the way his arms no longer had such prominent arm hair upon them. He felt his face, noting the way his eyes had changed shape, his nose had become daintier, and his features seemed to slope further. His heart beat rapidly, his chest heaving up and down, up and down, breasts like enormous mounds that threatened to tear apart his shirt.

“I - I - oh God, Professor Shanks, I - I'm feeling just fine. A bit distracted by a potential new date!”

The professor sighed. “As you will then, Mr Tanaka.”

“Tanaka? Oh, yeah, sorry. Used to being called by my first name, Prof. You go right on ahead.”

The professor did, but once more Zachary wasn't paying attention. He went right back to flirting with Lenny, digging that pit ever deeper.

‘So you really like black guys, huh?’ Lenny wrote. ‘I'm not your typical guy. I mean, I'm not huge and buff or anything.’

‘But I bet you're big where it counts,’ Zack replied, perhaps a little too quickly. ‘Sorry, that was going way too far! I shouldn't have said that. I'll make it up to you. Since you said you liked my figure, would you like another photo that shows off what great hips and waist I've got (among other things already mentioned)?’

‘Would !! Absolutely. I can send one too, if you wish?’

‘Please do, teehee. I bet you look super hot!’

The bell rang, and the lecture ended. Zack was first out the door, moving perhaps a little too fast, which he knew was stupid because his current bra did a great job pushing up his boobs to show them off, but wasn't actually great at reducing the jiggling, and besides, he almost got his long hair caught in the door, as if he'd only recently just gotten it! What a silly thought!

“Hey Tanaka!” someone called out to him - probably Hayden or someone else - but Zack was already moving towards football practice, stopping by the back of D-block to take a photo of himself that could be digitally altered to be the next Izumi. Indeed, it showed her wearing a tight tube top that showed off her spectacular rack, and then a set of blue and

yellow yoga pants that pulled tight against her hips. Her waist was small and trim, and Lenny replied with an emoji that had love hearts for eyes.

'Wowie! You weren't kidding. You've got a body like an anime girl, and I meant that in a complimentary sense!'

'Heehee, thanks! That's why I'm such a big cosplayer! Now send me one of you!'

Zack was glued to his phone as he marched forward, so much so that it took another change to cause him to clutch the wall of C-Block and gasp for air. His entire frame began to shrink, his shoulders compacting in, his muscles dissipating and deflating like old balloons, and his waist taking on a beautiful flatness. His hips, on the other hand, expanded, becoming wide and womanly, and because Zack had sent a bonus picture of a nice ass, he gained just a little bounce back there too. It wasn't quite a peachy rear, but enough to be an obviously womanly rear. Unfortunately, his mind snapped more fully awake this time, causing him to clutch his large breasts and then feel his elaborate curves.

"This can't be happening. Why do I keep changing and then f-fucking forgetting!? Holy shit, I've got tits nearly the size of my head! I'm turning fucking Japanese and I'm even starting to sound like . . . like a chick who really can't wait to meet this sexy nerdy guy! Which is exactly the role that I'm playing! C'mon, man, where is that pic?"

He was even speaking in a Japanese accent now, though his English was flawless, and his voice had a light and feminine quality to it, and was becoming more female by the second. He paced towards the football field but halted as soon as Lenny sent a photo. It was a selfie, and he was trying to play it off as cool, even doing the Japanese V-sign with his fingers while winking at Zack, just like he had done. He still looked like a total dork, but it made Zack's heart skip a beat, and his breasts tingle. His dick began to harden, and he found himself swallowing. He had written that he was really into nerdy black guys, and now here was one, sending a flirty photo to him, and it was making him bite his lip from the sheer desire to talk to him more.

"God, what is wrong with me? I'm losing myself in this role. M-maybe just a few more messages before I reveal it all. Yeah, haha! Just a few more until I reveal he'd been hilariously catfished."

'OMG, you're super sexy. I can't wait to meet you. I won't lie, just seeing you pose like that made my pussy get a little wet. We definitely have to meet.'

'Are you free for a date night? I won't lie, I haven't dated for a while, but I'd love to take you out for dinner and a movie. Or is that too cliché? Sorry, I'm not great at this. But given that we're both nerds, we could totally catch the latest Infinity Chaos flick, right?'

Zack actually giggled. His member was no longer hard, but was instead withdrawing up. For just a moment a shiver of terror ran through his system, but then he relaxed again. No, all was definitely right. He wasn't sure why he'd just felt like something was going *into*

him, but clearly he wanted that. His pussy often got quite hungry for dick when he was playing with his food like this.

'Oooh, I'd love a date like that! I could wear a really tight black dress I own. I think it shows off my boobs really well, which I KNOW you'll appreciate, teehee! I'll do my makeup just right as well. I want you to see my most beautiful face! And if the date goes well, we don't have to end it there. We could go back to your place, right?'

There was a long pause. Long enough that Zack started to turn away from the football field. Why would he go there anyway? It wasn't like his female body could do any good there, right? No, he was here to catfish Lenny in the most devastating way possible, and it was time to take this confrontation to the next level.

'Holy shit, I am SO lucky I met you online,' Lenny replied. *'I'd be so hopeless in person. Trust me.'*

'Let's find out, shall we?'

Already, something was changing with Zachary's clothing. His face was bubbling and shifting, his lips becoming a little more prominent, his jaw gaining a softer edge. He looked down in confusion at the black dress he was wearing with the stockings that went only up to mid-thigh, revealing a lovely line of skin there. His chest was cupped perfectly, emphasising the weight of his tits, and it left the new woman briefly confused.

But then she spotted Lenny, who had just sent a '?' as a reply. With a smile upon her lips, the newly finished Izumi Tanaka strode forward, her hips gently swaying counterwise to her lovely dark hair, and her full breasts bouncing playfully with each step. She walked right up, shorter than she had been, and tapped Lenny on the shoulder. The man turned, and the look on his surprised face was cute as hell, and enough to get her engine going.

"Izumi!?"

"Caught you!" she cheered with a giggle.

Indeed she had, she thought. The bait had been said, and her catfishing had gone perfectly.

Izumi finished singing to little Saraya, who was now murmuring in her sleep. The beautiful and busty Japanese beauty smiled at the sight of her little one. It was a necessary evil, getting knocked up with Leonard Barne's child. Just like it had been a necessary evil to go out with him, to let him fuck her body like her life depended on it, and to ultimately walk down the aisle in a radiant white dress and marry the man. As she retreated to her room, she couldn't help but giggle to herself at how successful her plan had been all those years ago.

She had intended to humiliate Lenny in the short term, but this was so much better as a long-term scheme that would destroy the loser nerd's life entirely at its ultimate pinnacle!

Of course, there had been stages where she had considered pulling out. Having sex for the first time had been one of them, but she had found it deeply enjoyable, and cumming multiple times made it worth it. Who knew that Lenny had such a big dick? But then again, black guys with big dicks were her type, weren't they? And there was also the time she'd given her first blowjob, massaging his big cock between her large soft titties while sucking on the head of his dick. Ah, but the taste had been so good, and she considered it a success in making him fall ever deeper for her. In fact, she'd been so successful that she was now his wife, ha! She, the one who was manipulating him from the beginning, was now acting the part of his sexy, nerdy wife. She'd even studied up on all the pop culture he loved, just to stay in character. She'd watched *Star Trek*, *Star Wars*, *Star Gate*, all of it! She'd played videogames, watched anime, read manga, taken physics classes, and learned advanced mathematics. She'd rapidly gained skills in cosplay clothing design, all so she could make incredibly sexy, revealing, and deeply committed cosplay outfits to wear at cons they went to together. She even hung on his arm, letting him take photos of her incredible beauty while she posed for him, even fulfilling his character fetishes in the bedroom. The rigours of pregnancy had been something Izumi had endured, and while she enjoyed the massages her husband gave her, she knew it had been just another challenge. When birth came, she had screamed in agony, but had never let slip her secret purpose, such was her dedication, though the joy of meeting the child they had made together did make such secret-keeping easier.

And so, Izumi walked to the bedroom, conscious of all of this. She was the ultimate catfisher, and the day would soon come when she would rip the curtain away and finally reveal to the world how well her silly, lovable, goofball nerd of a sexy husband had been played!

Izumi Barnes opened the door to their bedroom and closed it gently, then turned to see her husband lying in bed with a new fantasy book in his hands. Fuck, he was sexy. She couldn't deny that, not after six years of being together. And he was shirtless. And she was wearing only her nightie, so she *knew* her very presence was distracting him, just as intended.

"Woah," he said. "I still can't believe I landed a babe like you, Izumi," her husband said.

She giggled. "Enjoying your book?"

"So much! It's about this spaceship in deep space and . . . and you have something else in mind, don't you?"

Yes. It was humiliation, of course. The final triumph of her years-long experiment. She grinned, ready to reveal it as she nearly had dozens upon dozens of times. But then Izumi paused. God, he was so sexy, and she could practically *feel* her body ovulating right now. Her breasts were so sensitive, and her nipples stiffened, yearning to be sucked upon, just like her pussy desired to be filled with her husband's cock.

One more baby, perhaps. Two or three more at most. And maybe a few years after that to raise them. Perhaps to adulthood, first. Then, and only *then* could Izumi reveal how much her beautiful nerdy hunk of a husband had been catfished to hell and back.

Unless she got grandkids at some point, of course. That might delay things by two or three decades. All part of the plan, naturally. For now, though . . .

"Tell me about the book later, honey," she purred, crawling up into the bed and removing her silky nightie so that her breasts hung like ripe fruit before him as she made her way onto his hardening lap. "For now, why don't you show your wife how much you love to please her?"

He did so, and soon she was whimpering and moaning as he pounded her submissive female body.

Which was, of course, all part of the plan.

Wasn't it?

The End