

The Risk of becoming a Wanker

The evening had settled heavy over the quiet suburban house. Mark, twenty-eight and already feeling the drag of another long day, stood by the kitchen counter nursing a lukewarm coffee. His girlfriend was pulling another late shift at the hospital, so he'd offered to babysit the neighbor's daughter, little Emma, just to be helpful. She was twelve, polite enough, and right now curled up on the big sectional couch with her favorite storybook open on her lap. The lamp beside her cast a soft golden glow across the pages while the rest of the living room stayed dim, night pressing against the windows.

Mark glanced at the clock. Almost bedtime. He cleared his throat, ready to call out, "Hey Emma, time to brush your teeth and hit the sack," when something strange flickered in the air right beside him.

A low, electric hum filled the kitchen. A shimmering oval of light tore open, no taller than a doorway, edges rippling like heat above asphalt. Mark froze, coffee mug halfway to his lips. Through the portal he could see the exact same living room, same couch, same lamp, same time of night. But the girl on the couch wasn't little Emma anymore.

She was Emma all grown up—mid-twenties, body filled out in ways that hit him like a freight train. Long legs tucked beneath her, thick thighs stretching the thin fabric of her sleep shorts. And her chest... fuck, her tits were enormous, heavy and round, straining against a simple white tank top that looked two sizes too small. The way they rose and fell with each slow breath made his mouth go dry. She held the same storybook in one hand, but her other hand had slipped under the hem of her shirt, lazily circling one nipple through the cotton while her eyes stayed half-lidded on the page.

Mark's pulse kicked hard. A rush of pure, stupid instinct flooded him. She looked so relaxed, so unaware, so fucking touchable. Maybe he could just step through for a closer look. Just a second. No one would know. The thought felt electric, dangerous, and way too tempting.

He took one step, then another, drawn like a moth. The hum grew louder as he reached the edge. He leaned in, eyes locked on the way her fingers pinched and rolled beneath the fabric, the soft jiggle of all that soft, heavy flesh. His cock twitched hard in his jeans.

Before he could talk himself out of it, Mark stepped forward.

The world lurched.

He didn't walk through so much as tumble, gravity flipping like he'd missed a stair. A sick spinning rush yanked at every part of him—bones shrinking, muscles softening, height collapsing inward. Clothes vanished in a blink, ripped away by the same force that rewrote him. When the spinning stopped, Mark found himself standing barefoot on the cool hardwood floor, completely naked, heart hammering against a much smaller ribcage.

He was thirteen. Skinny, smooth-cheeked, gangly limbs, and a stiff little boy cock already pointing straight up from the sudden hormone storm raging through his new body. The living room looked identical, but the energy in it had shifted completely. He was no longer the babysitter. In this reality he was the kid being babysat—Emma's secret little charge, hiding in the shadows near the hallway like a guilty perv who'd snuck out of bed to watch the hot older girl on the couch.

Emma (the grown-up version) still sat there, legs parted just enough, one hand lazily kneading the massive swell of her left tit while she pretended to read. The book rested against her thigh, but her attention had clearly drifted somewhere lower. Mark's new, inexperienced brain flooded with raw, urgent need. His small hand moved on its own, wrapping around his throbbing dick as he stared, transfixed.

She looked even bigger from this angle—those tits so full and heavy they strained the fabric with every breath. He could see the faint outline of her nipples, stiff and dark against the white cotton. His strokes started slow, shaky, the unfamiliar tightness of a thirteen-year-old body making every tug feel brand new and way too intense.

Through the shrinking portal behind him he could still see the original scene: little twelve-year-old Emma sitting quietly on the couch, book in her lap, completely unaware. The oval was already closing, edges pulling inward like a slow iris. Mark's stomach flipped with panic. He had to get back. He had to—

But then grown-up Emma shifted. She set the book aside and arched her back a little, both hands sliding up to cup those enormous breasts. Her thumbs brushed over the nipples, pressing the thin fabric tight so the shape of them stood out clearly. A soft, breathy sigh left her lips. Mark's hand sped up without thinking, fist flying along his stiff little shaft as fresh, humiliating waves of pleasure rolled through him. He was a horny little boy now, spying on the babysitter like some pathetic perv, and it felt way too good to stop.

The portal kept shrinking, now no wider than a dinner plate.

Mark's legs trembled. He whispered to himself, voice cracking high and boyish, "I can still make it... just one more look..."

Emma's fingers hooked under the bottom of her tank top. She started to lift it, slow and teasing, the heavy undersides of her tits coming into view—creamy pale skin, faint blue veins, the weight of them making them sway as the fabric dragged upward.

Mark's eyes widened. His hand blurred, pumping frantically, the wet sound of skin on skin filling the shadows where he hid. He was so close already, balls tight, every nerve screaming.

A sharp knock echoed from the front door.

Emma froze, shirt halfway up, one fat tit almost fully exposed. She blinked, then tugged the hem back down with a little huff and stood up. Her heavy breasts bounced heavily as she crossed the room toward the door, hips swaying in those tiny sleep shorts.

Mark's body locked up. He was right on the edge, cock twitching wildly in his fist. Panic and lust crashed together. He ducked deeper into the shadows near the hallway, pressing his back to the wall so she wouldn't spot him. His hand never stopped moving—fast, desperate strokes, chasing that peak even as terror clawed at his chest.

The portal was gone now. Just empty air where it had been.

He heard the door open. A deep male voice rumbled something low and affectionate. Emma giggled, the sound warm and flirty. Mark risked a peek around the corner just in time to see her rise up on her toes and kiss the tall guy who'd stepped inside—her boyfriend, or whoever he was in this new reality. The man's hands immediately found her waist, then slid up, boldly cupping those massive tits through her shirt, squeezing them together so the deep cleavage spilled over the neckline.

Emma moaned softly into the kiss, pressing her chest into his palms.

That was all it took.

Mark's skinny hips jerked forward. A hot, shameful spurt shot out of his little cock, splattering the floor in front of him. Another pulse, then another, his whole body shuddering as he came hard, eyes glued to the way the man's fingers sank into the soft, overflowing flesh of Emma's breasts. The orgasm felt endless and way too strong for his new smaller frame, knees buckling, a tiny whimper escaping before he could bite it back.

Breathing fast, face burning with fresh humiliation, Mark wiped his sticky hand on his thigh and bolted. Bare feet slapped quietly down the hallway as he ran for the bedroom that now belonged to him—the little boy's room in this twisted new life. He slipped inside, shut the door with a soft click, and leaned against it, chest heaving.

His mind raced. The portal was gone. He was stuck here. Thirteen years old, naked, cum still drying on his fingers, while out in the living room the grown-up Emma was letting some guy grope her huge tits like it was the most natural thing in the world.

And worst of all... a tiny, treacherous part of him already wondered what would happen next in this house tonight.

He was trapped in the wrong reality, and the night was only just beginning.