

HOLLY'S  
VISCIOUS  
HALLOWEEN

DAMIEN DÉESSE

Copyright © 2023 by Damien Déesse

All rights reserved.

No portion of this story may be reproduced in any form without written permission from the publisher or author, except as permitted by U.S. copyright law.

# PROLOGUE

Holly sat across from her stepdaughter, Caroline, as they sipped their tea. Holly wanted to form a better relationship with Caroline and thought that letting Caroline host a Halloween party at their house while Caroline's father was away on a business trip would be a start.

She sat nervously at the kitchen table, wringing her hands together as Caroline read off a list of demands.

"I need red Solo cups, a canopy for outside, and a fog machine," Caroline instructed.

Holly nodded meekly, feeling like a servant rather than a stepmother. "Okay, I'll make a list and go to the store tomorrow."

Caroline scoffed. "Can't you just order everything online? I don't want some cheap knockoff party favors."

"Oh, it's alright. I enjoy going to the store and take it all in."

Holly's eyes lit up with excitement as she thought about all the Halloween decorations she could buy. She had always been a huge fan of Halloween and didn't mind getting a little cheesy with the decor. She wanted to transform the house into a spooky wonderland, complete with cobwebs, jack-o'-lanterns, and ghoulish props.

“I was thinking we could get some of those fake spiders and webs. Oh, and I found this really cool floating ghost decoration that we could hang in the living room!” Holly exclaimed, barely able to contain her enthusiasm.

Caroline rolled her eyes and let out an exasperated sigh. “Ugh, Holly, you’re so cringe. I don’t want any of that dorky stuff at my party. It’s going to be a cool party with cool people, not some lame kid’s party,” she said, before scoffing and walking out of the room.

Holly’s excitement deflated like a balloon, and she couldn’t help but feel a little hurt by Caroline’s dismissive attitude. But she knew she couldn’t let Caroline bring her down. She was going to make this the best damn Halloween party ever, with or without her stepdaughter’s help.

She sighed as she looked at herself in the mirror. She was a little envious of Caroline and her friends, all in their youth and full of life. It seemed so long ago that Holly was in college herself, full of confidence, spirit, and a whole lot of fun. Now, she was a middle-aged woman with graying hair, a timid demeanor, and a stepdaughter who barely tolerated her.

As Holly continued to stare at herself in the mirror, her mind wandered to Caroline’s mother. She couldn’t help but feel resentment towards her for running off and cutting all ties with her daughter to pursue an acting career.

It wasn’t fair that Holly was left to deal with Caroline’s anger and bitterness. She wished she could make her stepdaughter see her for the fun-loving person she used to be. Maybe throwing the perfect Halloween party was the key to proving to Caroline that she was still capable of being fun and exciting.

Holly stood up from her chair, determined to go out and buy everything she needed for the party. But as she took her first step, her sock caught on the edge of the carpet, causing her to slip and fall with a resounding thud onto her back.

“Oww,” she groaned, clutching her back in pain. She was used to being clumsy and whimsical; it was a common occurrence for Holly to tumble or slip on something.

Despite the pain in her back, Holly refused to let it stop her from getting the supplies she needed. She stood up slowly, using the table as support and grabbing her purse from the counter. With a determined gleam in her eye, she headed out the door, ready to buy all the decorations for the perfect Halloween party.

Holly stood up from her chair, determined to go out and buy everything she needed for the party. But as she took her first step, her sock caught on the edge of the carpet, causing her to slip and fall with a resounding thud onto her back.

“Oww,” she groaned, clutching her back in pain. She was used to being clumsy and whimsical; it was a common occurrence for Holly to tumble or slip on something.

Despite the pain in her back, Holly refused to let it stop her from getting the supplies she needed. She stood up slowly, using the table as support and grabbing her purse from the counter. With a determined gleam in her eye, she headed out the door, ready to buy all the decorations for the perfect Halloween party.

As Holly drove to the store, her air-headed nature quickly took over as she realized she couldn't remember the name or location of the store.

“Pumpkin something... no wait, Ghostly Grotto? No, that's not it,” Holly muttered to herself, as she drove aimlessly through the streets.

Her absent-mindedness got the best of her as she accidentally ran a red light, causing her to swerve and narrowly avoid an accident.

“Oh no, sorry! Sorry!” Holly exclaimed, flustered and apologetic. She checked her mirrors and pulled over to catch her breath. She realized then that she was in the wrong lane, and in an unfamiliar part of town.

“Oopsie!” she laughed, not wanting anything to ruin her day.

Finally, Holly turned into a parking lot and headed towards a small store with a Halloween display in the window. She parked her car haphazardly, not paying attention to the lines, and headed inside.

“I knew I should have written down the address,” she said, shaking her head at her own forgetfulness. “Oh well, I guess I’ll just have to make do with what’s here.”

Holly gingerly stepped into the store, her back still aching from the slip earlier. But as she began to peruse the aisles filled with Halloween decorations, her pain was momentarily forgotten.

The store was impressive. It was somehow much larger on the inside than it appeared from the outside, as if it was some sort of magical portal to another dimension. But Holly was too excited about finding the perfect decorations to notice the oddity of it all.

She wandered down aisle after aisle, her eyes bright with anticipation. There were cobwebs, jack-o’-lanterns, ghosts, witches, and ghouls of all sorts. Holly’s mind was in a frenzy, imagining what she could do with all the decorations.

“Oh my goodness, look at these!” She exclaimed, picking up a plastic skeleton. “And these! These are perfect for the front yard,” she spoke to herself, with only the Halloween decorations to hear her excitement.

Holly continued down different aisles, filling up her cart with all sorts of decorations. She walked deeper into the mysterious store, and before she knew it, she had lost her bearings. Holly realized that she had no idea where she was or how to find the exit. It was as if the store had swallowed her up whole.

She paused, looking around, trying to get her bearings, and that’s when she spotted a strange display in the distance, a glowing green jar and three ominous candles surrounding it. She walked over to the display, studying it closely.

Suddenly, an unexpected voice made her jump out of her skin. “I wouldn’t buy that one,” the voice said, causing Holly to spin around quickly in fright.

Holly let out a nervous laugh, composing herself after the unexpected jump scare. “You scared me!” she exclaimed. “Oh my goodness, that’s a great costume. You make one spooktacular witch,” she complimented the old woman standing next to her.

The woman in front of her was old, dressed in a black cloak with a pointed hat. She looked like a witch straight out of a fairy tale.

She looked at Holly quizzically, as if she didn’t understand what Holly meant. “Costume? This isn’t a costume, dear,” the witch replied, looking down at her own outfit. “This is just my everyday attire.”

Holly laughed, not realizing the implications of what the witch had said. “Oh, I see. That’s so cool. You have like a really authentic witchy vibe going on here.”

Her curiosity got the best of her, and she felt compelled to ask the witch why she shouldn’t buy the green jar of slime and the candles.

“Is there something wrong with it?” Holly asked with a puzzled expression. “I mean, it looks kind of cool, doesn’t it? Is there something I’m missing?”

The old woman looked at Holly, her eyes sparkling with a hint of mischief. “Maybe you’re not ready for what you’ll find inside that jar,” she replied cryptically.

Holly chuckled, impressed with the woman’s acting abilities. “You’re really selling it, aren’t you?” She mused, thinking that the woman was an employee trying to scare her.

The witch couldn’t believe Holly’s airheadedness and naivety. “No, no, no,” she said in a stern voice. “You don’t understand. The green slime is the remnants of Slurthak the Endless, a vicious slime monster from ancient times!”

As the witch spoke, Holly just laughed, taking it all in stride. “Oh, wow, that sounds really scary!” she said sarcastically. She couldn’t believe how seriously the woman was taking it all. “This Slurthak guy sounds like a real party animal. What’s his deal?”

The old witch leaned in, her voice dropping to a whisper as she began to tell the gruesome tale of Slurthak the Endless.

“Legend has it that during the witch trials, the witches of Salem tried everything to protect themselves from the Puritans. They mixed countless potions and concoctions, trying to create a spell powerful enough to repel their enemies. But when those potions failed, they were cast aside and thrown into the swamp.”

Holly listened intently as the witch’s voice trembled. “Little did they know, the swamp itself was awakening. It absorbed the potions and concoctions, and with each passing day, it grew stronger. With time, something began to stir in the murky depths of the swamp. A colossal slime monster, Slurthak the Endless. The monster became a force of its own, killing many of the witches in its rage. Eventually, the witches struck a deal with it. They would sacrifice someone every month, and in return, the monster would leave them alone.”

“Wow, I had no idea that Halloween decorations could be so... intense,” Holly said with a nervous chuckle.

“It gets worse,” the witch continued. “At first, the witches tried to sacrifice men, but Slurthak didn’t want them. He only wanted to devour women. And so, the witches found themselves forced to sacrifice one of their own every month, praying that it would be enough to satisfy the monster.”

Holly couldn’t believe the old woman’s creativity. She was genuinely impressed by the story and the atmospheric display in front of her. “Wow, you really know how to spin a yarn!” she said, admiring the strange green jar and the three candles surrounding it.

The witch smiled a twisted smile. “One day, they cursed one of their own witches, an innocent young woman, with the most cruel and disgusting spell one can imagine. They then sacrificed her, her once pure soul now corrupted and rotten, to Slurthak as their monthly offering. The spell was so strong that even Slurthak couldn’t handle it and disintegrated, leaving behind only that jar.”



“Holy cow, that is seriously dark!” Holly exclaimed. “But what’s up with the candles?” she asked with a quizzical look on her face.

The old woman’s eyes glinted in the dim light as she gazed at the three candles. “For each sacrifice, the witches would light an enchanted candle, so the soul of the one that was sacrificed could remain intact.”

“But after Slurthak’s demise, the witches stopped enchanting candles,” she continued. “These three are the last ones that were ever enchanted. They say that if all three are ever lit, the remnants of Slurthak will awaken for one final feast — a feast of three souls.”

Holly clapped her hands together, still not taking the old woman’s story seriously. “You’ve got me sold, lady. I’ll take it!” she said, already imagining how her stepdaughter’s college friends would react to the creepy tale.

“I can’t wait to tell my stepdaughter all about this. They think it’s so cool!” Holly added, chuckling to herself.

The old woman nodded, her eyes narrowing as Holly took the jar of green slime and the three candles. “Be careful what you wish for,” she said cryptically, giving Holly one last warning.

As Holly turned to leave, she suddenly found herself near the exit of the store, not realizing how she got there so quickly. She didn’t think too much about it and turned around to say goodbye to the old woman, only to find that she had disappeared into thin air.

“Hmm, that’s strange,” Holly thought to herself, shrugging it off. She paid for her items and made her way out of the store, her back still aching from before.



Holly arrived home with all her decorations, grinning from ear to ear with excitement. She ignored the persistent pain in her back and lugged all her bags inside the house. Caroline was lounging on the couch, looking bored and disinterested.

“Look, Caroline! I got everything we need for your party tonight!” Holly exclaimed, gesturing to the bags of Halloween decorations.

Caroline looked at the decorations with a scowl. She may have been dressed as an angel for Halloween. “This looks like cheap garbage, Holly. I don’t want my friends to think I have no taste.”

Holly’s excitement quickly fizzled out at Caroline’s harsh response. “Well, actually, there’s this really interesting story behind one of the decorations,” Holly began, trying to regain her stepdaughter’s interest. “It’s a jar of green slime, and there are three enchanted candles that-”

Caroline cut her off, rolling her eyes in annoyance. “I don’t care about your stupid decorations, Holly. I have more important things to worry about,” she said as she started walking towards her room.

But before Caroline disappeared into her room, she turned back to Holly and looked her dead in the eye. “Listen here, *stepmother*. This party better be absolutely perfect. If it’s not, I’ll never forgive you,” she spat before slamming her door shut.

Instead of feeling angry or resentful, Holly blamed herself for not choosing the right decorations or not doing enough to impress Caroline. But she refused to give up. She knew that she had to make the best of what she had and create the most memorable Halloween party yet.

Despite the pain in her back growing worse by the minute, Holly pushed through and began decorating the house, hoping to surprise Caroline with something special. She hung cobwebs on every corner, placed pumpkins and gourds on the tables, and set up the three enchanted candles in the hope of creating a spooky atmosphere.

As she finished up the rest of the decorations, she turned to look at the display holding the jar of green slime and the three candles. She carefully set them alight, watching as the flames flickered and danced. As she inhaled the scent from the burning candles, she felt strangely giddy and lighthearted, but in a good way. She couldn't quite put her finger on what the smell was, but it was oddly enjoyable.

But when she looked at the jar of slime, she felt that it didn't suit the overall Halloween decor. Instead, Holly found a decorative bowl lying around and decided to move the jar into it. She carefully picked up the jar, feeling a strange tingle in her fingertips as she did.

As she placed the jar in the bowl, she couldn't resist picking up the slime with her fingers, feeling the slimy texture squishing between them. Despite the slightly gross feeling, Holly found the sensation satisfying in some way.

As Holly stood there holding the green slime, she felt a strange sensation emanating from it. It was almost as if the slime was calling out to her, beckoning her to touch it further.

Unconsciously, she began to play with the slime, squishing it between her fingers and enjoying the way it felt. But then, something strange started to happen. The slime seemed to be absorbed into her skin, tickling her in a way that made her giggle uncontrollably.

Unable to explain why, Holly's giggling grew louder and more frenzied as the slime continued to be absorbed into her skin. She couldn't seem to stop playing with it, even as it seemed to fade away into her body.

"Ha ha, oh wow, this feels so weird... I can't..." Holly trailed off, her giggling leaving her unable to speak coherently. "I don't know why, but I should probably keep playing with it..."

Holly continued to play with the slime in a trance-like state, utterly absorbed in the sensation it provided. She began smearing it on her face, completely oblivious to the

ridiculousness of the situation. She even dipped her fingers into her mouth, tasting the slime without realizing what she was doing.

“Mmm, this tastes... green. Ha ha! Whoa, this is so much fun! Wheeee!” Holly exclaimed, her voice high-pitched and childlike as she continued to play with the slime.

“Oh my god, this feels so good, I can’t stop playing with it!” she said to herself as she smeared more slime on her cheeks. She ran her fingers through her hair, smearing slime all over it in the process.

The slime gradually faded into Holly’s skin, leaving only a few traces of green on her cheeks and in her hair. Holly was still giggling and laughing uncontrollably, feeling as though she were in a world of her own.

But her trance was suddenly interrupted as Caroline walked into the kitchen, looking confused and annoyed at the commotion. “What the actual fuck, Holly? What are you doing?” she barked, eyeing her stepmother and the slime-covered mess in front of her.

Holly’s giggling abruptly halted as she realized she had been caught. “Oh, uh, nothing. I was just, uh, trying out a new skincare routine. This green stuff is so good for the skin!”

Caroline rolled her eyes at Holly’s poor excuse. “You’re such a fucking freak, Holly. No wonder dad pretends to go on these ‘business trips’ just to get away from you.”

Tears stung Holly’s eyes as she looked down at her slime-covered hands, feeling exposed and vulnerable. “W-what do you mean?”

“The ones he’s been taking for the past two years, obviously. Dad’s been cheating on you with his secretary. He only comes home to keep up appearances. Holly. Wake up and smell the coffee,” Caroline spat.

Holly crumpled under Caroline's words, feeling as though the floor had been yanked out from under her feet. She had never suspected anything was wrong between her and Tom.

Caroline's expression softened slightly in pity, noticing Holly's genuine confusion. "Oh my god, you really didn't know? That's kind of pathetic, Holly. I just assumed you had accepted that it was either that or staying alone your whole life."

Holly, still trying to process Caroline's words, was feeling more flustered and overwhelmed by the second.

"Uh, yeah. Let's, um... let's get ready for the party now. That's what's important now," Holly said, shaking slightly as she tried to regain composure.

Caroline raised an eyebrow at Holly's sudden change of subject, but decided not to press the matter. "Fine. But you better make it a good party, Holly. I expect nothing but the best," she said coldly before walking away.

Holly stood there alone in the kitchen, her mind a jumbled mess after Caroline's revelation. She had completely forgotten about the slime, not even registering that her face was now clean and that all of it had been absorbed into her being.

With a dazed expression, Holly looked at a custom ghost-shaped cookie cutter. She had been so excited when she bought it, thinking it would make Caroline happy. But now, with everything that had happened, it all seemed so insignificant.

Holly picked up the cookie cutter and began mechanically making cookies. Her movements were slow and methodical, her mind blank as she cut out shape after shape from the cookie dough.

She continued to work in this trance-like state, not caring about anything apart from the task at hand. It was as if she was in a different dimension, completely disconnected from the reality around her.

As Holly continued making her ghost-shaped cookies, it seemed as though time had entirely lost meaning. She was so deep in thought that she didn't even hear the doorbell ring.

But suddenly, as if jolted from her sleep, Holly was shaken out of her daze by the excited chatter of the young college students, the sound of high heels clicking on the hardwood floor as they made their way into the living room.

Startled, Holly accidentally cut her finger on the cookie cutter, her clumsiness causing her to wince in pain.

"Ow, darn it!" Holly exclaimed as she looked at her bleeding finger. She quickly went to the sink and ran cold water over the wound, trying to stop the bleeding.

As Holly ran cold water over her injured hand, she was surprised to hear someone approach her from behind.

# ONE

“Are you okay, Mrs. Hudson?”

It was one of Caroline’s best friends - Jess, the red-headed gym rat.

Jess was the epitome of health and fitness, with toned biceps, defined abs, and muscular legs. She was dressed in a warrior costume that accentuated her chiseled body, with a short leather skirt that showed off her strong thighs and a tight leather top that highlighted her toned arms and shoulders.

Her fiery red hair was pulled back into a tight ponytail, showcasing her striking facial features and making her look even more fierce. She wore a gold headband around her forehead, and a pair of black sandals that laced up her calves.

Holly hesitated for a moment, unused to the attention. “Oh, y-yes. I’m fine. Just, uh, had a little accident with the cookie cutter,” she said, holding up her hand to show Jess the cut. Meanwhile, she tried to conceal her envious gaze as she eyed Jess’s perfectly toned physique, feeling slightly self-conscious about her own body.

Jess nodded sympathetically and asked, “Do you need any help?”

Holly hesitated for a moment, unsure of how to respond without seeming uncool in front of her stepdaughter’s friend.

“N-no, no thanks. I’m good,” she stammered, putting on a brave face. “Just a small cut.” Holly then attempted to prove that she was fine by awkwardly trying to take the cookies out of the oven, fidgeting with the hot oven mitts.

However, she had completely forgotten about the pain in her lower back, causing her to wince and stumble. In an attempt to steady herself, she grabbed the nearby countertop, accidentally knocking over a jar of sugar in the process.

“Whoops! Ah, jeez,” Holly said, trying to salvage the situation by propping the jar back up and pretending like nothing had happened.

Jess gave her a sympathetic smile, but Holly could tell that she was trying her best to hide a laugh.

Feeling even more flustered than before, Holly quickly turned back to the oven and tried to focus on the task at hand. But as she took the tray out of the oven, she accidentally knocked her head against the stove, sending the cookies flying out and toppling onto the kitchen floor.

“Ah, shucks!” she exclaimed, her voice cracking with the embarrassment of it all. “I’ll, um, I’ll just... make some more cookies, I guess.”

Jess shook her head. “No, no, it’s alright, Mrs. Hudson. Let me help. I don’t mind at all.”

Holly tried to protest, feeling embarrassed by her clumsiness. “Oh, no, that’s okay. I can handle it,” she said, her voice unconvincing. She then proceeded to awkwardly bend down to pick up the cookies, but lost her balance and tripped, stumbling right into Jess.

“Whoa, watch out!” Jess exclaimed, trying to steady Holly as they both landed in a heap on the kitchen floor.

Holly looked down at Jess, mortified. “I am so sorry. I am so clumsy. I don’t know what’s wrong with me. I-I didn’t mean-”



Jess, still laughing, tried to calm Holly down. “Hey, no worries. Accidents happen, right?”

As Holly began to push herself off of Jess’s muscular arm, she unconsciously lingered, eyeing the defined muscles with a hint of envy.

“You’re so strong,” Holly said, her voice dreamy as she looked up at Jess through half-lidded eyes.

Jess looked taken aback by the sudden question, but quickly recovered. “I work out a lot, I guess,” she answered with a slight shrug.

But as Jess continued to speak, Holly’s attention wandered. She felt a strange sensation in her chest, like something was stirring deep within her.

Jess noticed that Holly seemed distracted and tried to get her attention. “Uh, Mrs. Hudson? You okay?”

But Holly didn’t respond. Instead, her eyes slowly began to glow green, the pupils dilating until they seemed to take up her entire eyeballs.

A sinister grin formed on Holly’s face as her hand moved of its own accord, running down Jess’s arm in a slow and seductive manner. Jess raised an eyebrow, noticing the sudden change in Holly’s demeanor.

“I can see why my host is so envious of this form,” Holly said in a deep, almost malevolent voice. “It’s so strong, so powerful... so much... better.”

Jess frowned, feeling a sudden unease in the pit of her stomach. “Um, Holly? Are you sure you’re feeling okay? You’re kind of... scaring me.”

As Jess continued to look up at Holly in alarm, Holly’s glowing green eyes seemed to bore into her with an almost predatory intensity.

“Slurthak the Endless accepts your sacrifice,” Holly said in a low, guttural voice.

Jess, frightened and confused, had no idea what Holly was talking about. “Huh? Slur-who the what? Holly, what are you-”

But before Jess could finish her sentence, Holly interrupted. “Don’t worry about it, child. Accidents happen, right?”

As abruptly as it had begun, Holly’s eyes returned to their normal color. She blinked a few times, as if trying to clear her head, and looked down at Jess in confusion.

“Why are you looking at me like that?”

Jess looked at her curiously, not sure what to make of it. “Y-you... don’t remember? Are you serious?”

Holly nodded slowly, still on top of Jess. “I... I think so. I don’t know what happened. It was like... I was somewhere else for a second.”

Jess stared up at her in disbelief. “Holy shit, Caroline was right. You are a fucking freak!”

Holly looked hurt by Jess’s words. “What... what are you talking about?”

“I don’t know what the hell just happened, but one minute you were acting all normal and the next you were giving me the creeps with those glowing eyes and that creepy voice... Now, get the fuck off me, you psycho!”

But as Holly tried to disentangle herself from Jess, something strange began to happen. Her skin started to shift and expand, as if it were made of some sort of jiggling gelatinous substance.

“Wh-what the hell?” Holly sputtered as Jess looked on in horrified fascination.

“Get away from me!” Jess screamed, trying to scramble away as Holly’s skin continued to shift and change. “What the fuck is going on?”

Holly couldn't answer - she was too overcome with the strange sensations coursing through her body. She felt like her skin was melting off, like her insides were being replaced with something... different.

The strange sensation started in her fingertips, before spreading to her arms and then her entire body. She felt as though she was being pulled apart and put back together at the same time.

"Oh god, what's happening to me?" Holly cried out in terror.

Jess was just as confused and scared. "Ugh... Get... Get off of me!"

As Holly's body continued to shift and change, she realized with dawning horror that her skin had turned a green, translucent color, and had taken on the form of a kind of slimy gelatinous substance.

"Wh-what's happening? What's... what's going on?" Holly stammered, her voice low and gurgling.

Jess tried to pull away, but found that Holly's slimy form only seemed to cling tighter to her. "What the fuck? Mrs. Hudson, stop! You're hurting me!"

Holly could feel the fear coming off Jess like waves, and something inside her... stirred at the thought of it. As Jess continued to scream and writhe beneath her, Holly couldn't help but feel a macabre kind of fascination with the whole thing. "Oh goodness, good thing the door to the living room is locked," she said involuntarily, before quickly clapping a hand over her mouth in shock at her own words.

Jess kept struggling, even as she found herself gradually being absorbed into Holly's new slime form, as if she was being swallowed by a gigantic, jiggling blob. She scabbled frantically at Holly's slippery skin, but found that it was too slick to hold on to.

As Jess continued to writhe and scream, Holly began to giggle, the sound jarringly out of place in the grotesque scene. "Heeheehee... stop squirming. It tickles!"

But Jess wasn't laughing. She could feel the slime creeping across her skin like a living thing. She was afraid that if she didn't escape soon, she would be sucked entirely into the creature's writhing mass of green goo.

"Get... off... me!" Jess managed to shout hoarsely.

But Holly didn't seem to hear her. She was too lost in the strange sensation of her victim becoming part of her.

"Oh my, the tickling... I'm so squishy!"

Jess could see the laughter in Holly's eyes and hear the sickening squelching sound of her own body being slowly absorbed, but for her, there was only a growing sense of horror and claustrophobia as she began to lose control of her own flesh and blood.

"Help! Someone help!" she cried out, her voice little more than a muffled scream as she began to feel herself being crushed and compressed by Holly's body.

But it was no use. Holly's slimy form only seemed to tighten around Jess's body, pulling her in deeper and deeper into the gelatinous mass.

"Ohmygod... I'm so sorry, sweetheart," she said through her laughter, almost lascivious in tone. "I don't know what's gotten into me... it just feels soooo... tingly... when you struggle like that."

"Oh god... oh god, please, don't," Jess gasped as her limbs began to disappear into Holly's form.

But Holly's giggling only grew more enthusiastic as Jess's body was pulled deeper into her own. "Ohhhh yesssss," Holly moaned, almost in trance-like ecstasy. "This... hahaha, this feels soooo goood, soooo right..."

Jess's screams turned to incoherent sobs as the last of her body was consumed by the green slime. For a few seconds, there was a moment of stillness, and then...nothing.

Holly looked around in confusion, as if seeing the aftermath of a party hangover for the first time.

“J-Jess?” Holly stuttered nervously, looking around at the empty room. “Where did you go?”

She looked down at her own body in confusion, watching as her skin began to shift and change once again, returning to its normal color and consistency.

But not only that... She could feel the surge of something new and unexpected coursing through her veins... it was like a warm, pulsing energy that suffused through every fiber of her being.

At first, she was too shocked to even process the changes slowly unfolding before her eyes; her limbs growing taut and defined, her flabby skin tightening up and growing youthful and smooth. She could see her muscles pulsing, burgeoning beneath the surface of her skin; pecs rippling, biceps bulging, quads becoming taut and slim.

Her muscles bulged and firmed, rippling beneath her skin like waves of liquid steel. Each new flex and contraction brought a wave of euphoria surging through her like an endless wave of vitality.

“Oh my god,” she gasped in delight, running her hands over her now taut biceps. “This... this is amazing.”

Before Holly’s eyes, her body transformed from middle-aged to something more akin to a fantastically toned 25-year-old, every inch of her flesh now ribboned with dense, feminine muscle. She couldn’t help but revel in the sensation of newfound strength that coursed through her veins, feeling like she could run for miles, bench-press boulders all day long.

By the time her transformation was complete, Holly was aching and panting with exertion, her newly muscled body twitching with the remnants of the incredible power she had summoned up. “Oh my... what on earth just happened...?” she muttered in disbelief, looking down at her own perfect, taut form.

Holly stared into a mirror, taking in the sight of her youthful, toned body in marvel. It was like all her old, worn-out flesh had been replaced with brand-new material, leaving her feeling stronger, more powerful, and more vital than ever before.

She watched in disbelief as her hair, once a mousy, dull shade of grey, had transformed into a wild, vibrant shade of crimson red. It was like a fiery inferno had been set loose upon her locks, lighting them up with a wild, untamed energy.

Gone was the drab, lifeless mop that had plagued her for years; in its place was a wild, playful mane of fiery red. It was like someone had taken a blowtorch to a patch of dried-out grass, setting it ablaze like the burst of light that accompanied a starburst.

Holly stared at her reflection in awe, feeling as if she had been set free from some kind of cosmic burden that had been weighing her down for years. Her old, sad hair had been transformed into something powerful and utterly captivating.

She watched as her hair seemed to shimmer and dance in the light, each strand gleaming with a feverish intensity. It reminded her of the way that molten lava flowed, all molten reds and oranges and golds, the hair's fiery palette almost taking on a life of its own.

With a tremble of her fingertips, Holly reached out and ran her fingers through her new hair, relishing the sensation of the vibrant red locks beneath her fingertips. It was like a wild firestorm, ready to ignite at any moment, and Holly could feel the thrill of it coursing through her body.

Holly laughed at the sight of it - she couldn't help herself.

But then, as she continued to stare at herself, the realization struck her like a bolt of lightning.

Jess had been a redhead...

Holly felt her heart sink as she made the connection, as the pieces of the puzzle began to click into place. The toned, youthful body, her newfound strength and energy... And now, with the transformation of her hair, it was all becoming clear to her.

Had she erased Jess entirely, leaving nothing behind but this transformed body?

*“You deserve it... She called you a freak... and you made her your own.”*

Looking around in confusion, Holly tried to find the source of the voice, but there was no one there. She was alone in the room, and yet... the voice had been so clear.

Holly felt her stomach clench in fear as the realization hit her - the voice was coming from inside her own head.

But who... or what... was speaking?

For a moment, she wondered whether it was Jess, somehow still inside her head, but the words felt different somehow. Darker, more malevolent.

“Wh-who’s there?” she asked in a trembling voice, her heart pounding in her chest like a frightened animal.

*“Her superiority was a stain on your life, a burden you were better off without. You envied her, and now she’s yours.”*

Holly shook her head, trying to dispel the voice’s influence. It was like someone had implanted a dark, malign presence inside her own skull, one that was now taking root and spreading like a malignant cancer.

She stumbled backwards, trying to distance herself from her own reflection, even as the voice continued to swirl around her like a dark, malevolent mist.

“Wh-who are you?!”

The voice chuckled, the sound echoing inside her mind like the scraping of nails on a chalkboard. *“You know who I am, human. You have known all along.”*

As she continued to look around the room in confusion, her eyes were suddenly drawn to the display where the slime had once been, and she felt her heart skip a beat as she realized that one of the three candles she had lit had gone out.

Holly shook her head, her mind reeling as the implications washed over her. She tried to shake the thought from her mind - it was just a story, a myth, a cautionary tale...

Or was it?

For a moment, she was too stunned to do anything but gape in disbelief, as the realization of what this meant gradually dawned on her.

The old woman in the store... she hadn't just been selling decorative Halloween displays and telling ghost stories to earn some extra cash. This was all real. Everything she had said about Slurthak, the ancient slime monster, and the dangers of dabbling in forces beyond one's control... it was all true.

"Slurthak..." Holly whispered, testing the name on her lips like a wizard uttering some unspeakable, ancient tongue. The sound of it alone made her shiver.

*"In the flesh... Or, well... slime."*

She wasn't sure what she was seeing in the mirror anymore. Was it herself, in some new, twisted form? Or was it something else entirely, something that she no longer understood or recognized?

Without another thought, Holly raced over to the display and reached out to snuff out the other two candles, trying to put an end to whatever dark magic had been unleashed inside her.

But to her horror, she found that the candles refused to be extinguished. No matter how hard she tried, the flames persisted, burning as brightly as ever.

She tried splashing water on them, but the liquid simply washed off harmlessly, as if repelled by some invisible force. She tried blowing them out, but it was like trying



to extinguish a star - they continued to burn with a furious intensity no matter how much she huffed and puffed.

She even tried to pick up the candles and smash them against the wall, hoping to snuff out the flames that way, but to her even greater horror, she found that the candles had become immovable objects, anchored to their display with an unbreakable grip.

It was like she was trapped in some kind of twisted carnival funhouse, one where the rules didn't make sense and there was no escape.

*“Ha! Foolish human! You cannot defeat the power of Slurthak! I am endless, and you will receive my gifts whether you want or not!”*

Holly could hear footsteps approaching, the sound growing louder with each passing second. She realized that whoever was coming would be able to see her and understand that something very strange was going on.

She glanced down at her new toned physique. How would she explain this sudden transformation? Would anyone even believe her?

Panicked, she turned to the doorway, her eyes darting around in search of something... anything... that could help her.

And then, Holly felt the sudden sensation of her outfit shifting and transforming, as if the slime itself was rearranging itself in some new, unpredictable way. She stared down in shock as her clothes slowly transformed into a baggy, shapeless hoodie and sweatpants, hiding her newly muscular physique from view.

The outfit seemed designed to hide as much of her body as possible. The hoodie was oversized, falling down around her thin arms, and the sweatpants were baggy, with a drawstring that cinched tight around her waist.

As the footsteps grew louder, Holly's heart hammered in her chest with mounting dread. And then the door creaked open, revealing Caroline. At this moment, there was nobody she wanted to avoid more than her perennially bitchy stepdaughter.

Caroline's eyes narrowed as she took in Holly's hastily thrown-together outfit, her expression distasteful. "What are you wearing, Holly? You look like a slob! You're hosting a party, for fuck's sake!"

Holly stammered, caught off guard by the sudden scrutiny. She glanced down at her baggy outfit, trying to think of an explanation. "Oh, I-uh, just thought I'd change into something more comfortable," she lied unconvincingly.

Caroline raised an eyebrow, skeptical. "Comfortable? That looks more like something a homeless person would wear. I mean, seriously, couldn't you have put in a little effort?"

"I-I'm sorry," Holly replied. "You're right. I'll go change."

Caroline's gaze flicked towards Holly's hair, her expression suddenly intrigued. "Wait a minute... why is your hair red?"

Holly felt her face flushing, an anxious buzz ringing through her entire body; she had completely forgotten about her hair transformation. What was she supposed to say now?

"Umm, I... You see, uh..."

She tried to think of an explanation, but her mind was blank with panic.

And then, to her surprise, Caroline's face lit up with sudden realization. "Wait, that slime earlier... It was hair coloring, wasn't it?"

Holly's eyes widened in shock, amazed that Caroline had accidentally come up with such a plausible excuse. "Uh, y-yeah. You're right - it was definitely hair coloring. I wanted to look a little different for the party, you know?"

Caroline raised an eyebrow, but didn't seem to press the issue. "Right, whatever. Well, good luck with that, I guess. As long as it's not permanent."

She turned towards the door, clearly ready to head back out to the party. But then she paused, glancing back at Holly. “Hey, have you seen Jess? I haven’t seen her in a while.”

Holly felt her heart pounding in her chest with fresh anxiety. Jess... The one whose fitness ability now resided within her own body.

“I-uh- I think she left, actually,” Holly stammered, her lie stumbling out in a jumbled rush. “She said something about feeling sick or something.” The words felt clumsy and unprepared, and she could feel her face flushing with embarrassment.

Caroline frowned, but didn’t seem to suspect anything. “Sick? That’s so like her. She was always such a lightweight. Whatever, I’m heading back out to the living room. But seriously, go change before someone sees you.” And with that, she was gone, disappearing out the door without even a second glance.

Breathing a huge sigh of relief, Holly collapsed down onto a nearby chair, her heart still racing from the close call with Caroline. She couldn’t believe how close she had come to being exposed.

She poured herself a huge glass of wine, the cool liquid sloshing back and forth as she lifted the glass to her lips. She chugged it all down in one long gulp, feeling the buzz of alcohol spreading through her body.

As her anxiety start to recede, she poured herself another glass and downed it as quickly as the last one. She knew she was probably drinking too much, but at this point, she didn’t care. She just needed something to help her cope with the madness that was unfolding around her.

Before she knew it, the bottle was empty, the last dregs of wine swirling around the bottom of her empty glass. She felt herself swaying a little, her head growing foggy and unsteady.

As she emptied her glass for the umpteenth time, Holly heard the sound of footsteps growing louder once again. She stood up unsteadily, feeling the room spin a little around her. She stumbled towards the door, desperate to avoid being seen.

With a drunken stagger, she walked out into the hallway, her footsteps clunking against the hardwood floorboards. She was convinced that every single person in the party knew her secret. It wasn't long before she heard the sound of someone approaching from around the corner.

Panic set in again, smacking her senses back into focus. She couldn't let this person see her, not like this. Without another thought, she staggered towards the nearest unlocked door: the bathroom.

With trembling hands, she fumbled with the lock, turning the key and taking it out. She could hear footsteps approaching in the hallway, getting closer and closer before walking past the bathroom.

Holly let out a long, relieved sigh as she looked through the keyhole, watching as the person disappeared into the distance. She was safe for now, at least. Turning around, she prepared to step back out into the hallway.

And then, suddenly, she heard a voice from behind her. "You could've just knocked, you know."

Holly spun around with a startled cry, her hand flying to her chest. Her grip on the key loosened and with a clatter, it fell to the tiles.

## TWO

Her eyes widened at the sight that greeted her: one of Caroline's friends, a Korean girl named Suzie, was sitting on the toilet, peeing. The shock of the unexpected encounter was compounded by Holly's state of drunkenness.

Suzie was pretty short, with no curves to speak of and long dark hair that fell in small, tight waves around a delicate face. Her revealing top was made entirely of see-through red lace, leaving little to the imagination. It was one of those costumes where you could tell she didn't even bother pretending to look like anything in particular, but just used Halloween as another reason to wear a skimpy outfit.

"Oh, um, sorry," Holly stammered, her face reddening with embarrassment. "You... Y-you didn't lock the door."

Suzie just smiled, shrugging casually. "I never do," she said, her tone almost teasing. "It's much more exciting this way, don't you think?"

Holly felt a fresh surge of nerves at the other girl's easy demeanour. She had always been intimidated by Suzie, so confident despite her short, tomboy-like body. And now, here she was, trapped in the bathroom with Holly and looking nonchalant as ever.

Her hands shaking uncontrollably, Holly leaned down to pick up the key. But her clumsiness and drunkenness had other plans.

With a sudden kick of her foot, she sent the key flying across the tiles. It clinked to a stop right by Suzie's legs, eliciting a small laugh from the Korean girl.

"Whoops," Holly muttered. "S-sorry about that."

With a grin, Suzie bent down to pick up the key, her naked flesh revealed as she stood up from the toilet. She playfully toyed with the key, flicking it back and forth between her fingers.

"Looking for this?" she said with a giggle, making Holly feel even more flustered. And then, to her surprise, she ran the key teasingly against her pussy, eliciting a small moan of pleasure from between her lips.

Holly's eyes widened at the bold move. She was so drunk, she could hardly process what was happening. "Wh-what are you doing?" she asked nervously, leaning back against the bathroom door.

Suzie just laughed, shaking her hair back over her shoulders. "Relax, Mrs. Hudson. I'm just having a little fun, that's all." She strode towards the older woman, her movements fluid and confident.

Holly tried not to stare, but she couldn't help noticing how beautiful Suzie was, with her slim body and flawless skin. She felt a strange heat spreading through her body, a numbing buzz in her fingers and toes. What was happening to her?

And then, before she even realized what was happening, Suzie was standing right there, the key still flicking back and forth between her fingers.

"You know, Mrs. Hudson," Suzie murmured in a low voice, "I've always liked you. You're so cute and clumsy... it's kind of hot."

As Suzie neared her seductively, Holly felt herself falling under the other girl's spell, her lips parting in anticipation.

But as they were just inches apart from each other, Holly remembered. She realized what would happen if Suzie touched her, if she absorbed yet another female sacrifice into her body. Panic flooded through her mind, the wine not quite strong enough to keep the terror at bay.

“Suzie,” she said breathlessly. “Stop. You... You shouldn’t touch me. It’s dangerous.”

But it was too late. Suzie was already on her toes, her lips against Holly’s in a confident kiss.

Holly found herself powerless under the weight of Suzie’s touch, her mind dulling as she pressed against the younger girl’s body. Every inch of her skin tingled with electricity, her heart racing like a jackhammer.

“I don’t mind dangerous,” Suzie smirked before she went back in, her lips hungry for more.

For a moment, she forgot all about the danger that lurked within her body, forgot about the slime and the candles and Slurthak. All she could think about was Suzie, the warm press of her lips against Holly’s, the electric tingle of her touch.

Suzie’s hand snaked around her waist, pulling her closer, and Holly couldn’t help but respond in kind. Her hands twisted in the younger girl’s hair, pulling her closer.

The young Korean girl finally pulled away, a sly smile on her lips. But when she looked into Holly’s eyes, she saw something that made her skin crawl.

Holly’s eyes were now glowing green, a malevolent light that seemed to radiate from within. Suzie stumbled back, but the older woman’s strong arms held her back.

“Wh-whoa,” she stuttered. “What the hell?”

And then, Holly spoke, but it wasn’t her voice that Suzie heard.

“I don’t mind danger either, little girl,” Slurthak growled in a demonic voice, its power pulsing through Holly’s body. “I accept your sacrifice.”

Suddenly, the green glow vanished as quickly as it had appeared. Holly was left standing there with Suzie in her arms, her eyes fearful.

“I-I’m sorry,” she stammered. “It’s not... it’s not my fault. I can’t help it.”

“C-can’t help what?”

Holly looked down at her hands, almost as though she was seeing them for the first time. Her skin seemed to ripple under her touch, strange contours and curves suddenly appearing where there had been none before.

“Can’t help-” she began, but her voice trailed off as she realized what was happening. “Oh no, not again.”

Suzie raised an eyebrow, looking warily at her. “What do you mean, not again?”

As Holly’s eyes widened in horror, she could feel her oversized hoodie and sweatpants slowly melting away, her body shifting as though being molded by unseen hands.

Suzie was panicking, trying to pull away from Holly’s form, but finding herself stuck, her fingertips leaving sticky marks that left her more terrified. “W-what the hell is going on?”

Holly could barely speak, the transformations already having affected her vocal cords. She spoke with a gurgling, half-formed voice, like something out of a nightmare. “I-I’m changing a-again,” she trembled. “S-sorry... d-don’t hate me...”

As the gooey substance oozed around her, Holly could feel herself slowly slipping away, once again transforming into a humanoid creature composed entirely of slime. This time it was slightly different. It was almost as if the slime was trying to recreate her original form. It still had her toned physique, and even her facial features. It looked almost like a perfect replica of Holly, but with a green, translucent quality as though she was made entirely of gelatine.



Suzie, still trapped in Holly's gooey embrace, was struggling to come to terms with what she was seeing. "What... what are you?"

But Holly could only think of apologizing. "I'm sorry," she gurgled. "I'm so sorry."

Suzie was about to scream in terror, but Holly quickly covered her mouth with her slimy hand, muffling the noise. The younger girl struggled to pull away, but Holly's grip was too tight.

"I... I wish it didn't have to be this way... But it's too late for you now. I can't let anyone find out."

Suzie's eyes widened in terror as she felt herself being sucked inexorably into Holly's slimy body, inch by inch. Out of nowhere, Holly started giggling like a little girl, drunken laughter spilling from her lips.

"Wh-what's happening?" Suzie gasped, her voice muffled by Holly's slimy hand.

Holly's laughter only grew louder, the sensation of having another person slowly melting into her body sending waves of pleasure through her drunken mind. "Oh god, it's so... so tingly," she snickered. "I know it's horrible, but... it just feels so goooooood."

As Holly laughed, Suzie could feel the slime enveloping more and more of her body, slowly but surely overtaking her. She sank even deeper into the sticky mass, increasingly lost in a sea of green gooeyness.

"Hahaha, that tingly feeling iss... It's..." Holly slurred her words, her eyes glazed over.

"Mmfh! Mmfmph!" Suzie shouted from under the slimy substance.

"Oh whee!" Holly tittered, her own body rippling with delight. "You're making me feel all warm and tingly inside... like getting a massage or something! So gooooood!"

Suzie was beyond terrified now, her body almost completely absorbed into Holly's.

“I know it’s a weird question to ask in a situation like this,” Holly said, her eyes flicking to Suzie’s face, “but... can you please struggle some more? That tingling... it’s just... I need it. I need it so much. Just... just a bit. Pleasse. It feels so... so goooood.”

Suzie was taken aback by the bizarre request, but found that her body was responding of its own accord. She started to writhe and cough and kick, trying to escape Holly’s viscous body.

The struggles only fueled Holly’s delight even more. “Yes, yes, yessss! Oooh, that’s perfect, jussst like that! Struggle for me, Suzie. Give me that sweet, tingly feeling.”

She giggled and moaned as Suzie sank deeper and deeper into her slimy body, the Korean girl’s limbs flailing wildly. Every movement created a new wave of pleasure, resonating throughout Holly’s entire being.

“Aaah, that’s the stuff,” Holly slurred, her eyes half-closed in pleasure. “You’re so... so... mmmm...”

Her words devolved into moans and giggles as Suzie was finally completely absorbed, her cries of terror and panic silenced forever.

“Aaaah, so good...” Holly whispered to herself, her groans echoing in the bathroom.

For a moment, Holly just stood there, her body quivering with pleasure. It was as though every part of her was lit up with stimulation, every nerve ending tingling with bliss.

Despite the intense pleasure she was feeling, a sense of guilt quickly washed over her. She had absorbed yet another person, and felt like a monster, a grotesque creature that consumed everything in its path.

Her hands were trembling as she reached for her reflection in the bathroom mirror, staring at the gooey, translucent figure that was now her own body.

“I... I’m sorry,” she whispered to herself, staring into the bathroom mirror. “I didn’t mean to... I mean, I never wanted this... I didn’t...”

But despite the horror of what she had just done - and the knowledge that another person was gone forever - she couldn’t help but feel a little bit curious. After all, when she had absorbed Jess earlier, she had gained this toned physique and her fiery red hair. What changes would this new absorption bring? A shiver of anticipation ran through her.

But as the seconds ticked by, nothing happened. Her slimy skin slowly shifted back into its original form, leaving Holly feeling confused and disoriented. She looked exactly the same as before, clad in her over-sized hoodie and sweatpants.

And then... she felt it. At first, Holly wasn’t sure what was happening. The transformation wasn’t what she had expected - she felt no physical changes, no new curves or muscles. Instead, it was like something inside her had awakened; a spark of energy that had been lying dormant within, a flicker of light that grew brighter and brighter with every passing seconds.

Her once lackadaisical posture straightened, her shoulders squared with newfound confidence. Her trembling hands stilled, now steady and resolute. She felt as if she had been injected with a potent elixir of self-assurance and fearlessness, every inch of her being exuding a charisma that would captivate even the most indifferent soul.

As Holly peeled deeply into her own brown eyes, once dull and lifeless, they now shone with a bright, almost tangible sparkle of confidence. It was as if they were less brown and more like molten gold.

She could feel it in her bones, an inner metamorphosis that would forever change how she viewed herself. Everything she had ever wanted was suddenly within reach, and nothing would stop her from achieving her dreams.

Old memories came flooding back, memories of being tongue-tied in social situations or constantly stumbling over her words. Moments of embarrassment and self-doubt

now seemed trivial, insignificant. A distant memory. Hesitating, being held back by her own fears and doubts - those days were gone, replaced by a fierce determination that refused to be cowed. The clumsy, whimsical Holly from before was gone, replaced by someone new... someone better.

She stood tall, no longer burdened by the weight of timidity. Every thought in her head felt clearer, every movement more fluid and graceful. Something within her had been lit... unlocked... unleashed. She knew that she would never allow anyone to make her feel small again.

A realization hit Holly like a ton of bricks. The slimy substance that had overtaken Suzie's body wasn't content with simply absorbing the Korean girl's confidence. It had taken that confidence, magnified it until it was almost too intense to bear and then injected it into its rightful owner. For the first time in her life, she felt truly, completely alive.

It was like a veil had lifted from Holly's eyes, a veil that had once shrouded her from the world, from the truth of who she truly was. Now, everything seemed much clearer, everything possible.

As she stood there, feeling the rush of newfound confidence coursing through her veins, Holly's thoughts turned to Jess and Suzie. What had happened to them? Were they still conscious, trapped somewhere within her slime body? Or had they been consumed entirely, their essence merged with hers?

Part of her felt an overwhelming sadness at the thought of what she had done, the lives cut short by her actions. But another part of her, a part that was growing stronger by the second, felt... something else entirely. A sense of entitlement. She deserved what those girls had given her. She deserved it more than them. Her body was now so special, capable of the impossible. She was proud of it, showing it off like a badge of honor.

"My God," she whispered, a smile spreading across her lips. "I feel... superior."

Holly realized that she didn't want to hide behind those baggy sweatpants and over-sized hoodie anymore. Her new body was something to flaunt, something that deserved to be shown off. She stirred with excitement, imagining an outfit that would perfectly showcase her new form.

She could feel her body quiver with anticipation, her clothes slowly melting away before reforming into the new outfit she had envisioned. A tight pair of black high-waisted tights clung to her shapely hips, accentuating her toned physique in a way that she had never thought possible. Above the waistline, there was a tantalizing glimpse of midriff between the two garments, making her feel sexier than she had ever felt in her life. A matching black crop top flattened her chest, but her muscular arms and shoulders were on full display, her fiery red hair falling in loose waves around her face.

Holly looked at herself in the mirror, feeling a sense of exhilaration at the sight of her new outfit. She had never worn daring clothes like this before, and the thought of walking around in public like this made her pulse quicken with excitement. It was like her new body yearned to be on display, to be admired and coveted.

But then, she started to feel like the outfit wasn't quite daring enough. She wanted to push the limits even further, to test the waters of just how bold and scandalous she could be.

A mischievous grin crossed her lips as an idea took hold. What if she didn't wear any underwear at all? In an instant, the fabric of her underwear disappeared, leaving her pussy pressed against the tights.

Holly kept going, imagining even more daring modifications. She made the fabric thinner and more translucent, the contours of her pussy now faintly visible to anyone who looked close enough.

As if she was in a trance, Holly made her outfit even tighter, molding it to every crevice, every curve, every dip. It was as if it was a second skin, accentuating every delicious inch. She could see the faint outline of her pussy highlighted further, and found herself

getting turned on by the idea of others seeing it too. Her nipples poked through the material of the crop top, standing out like little pebbles of temptation.

Holly ran her hand over the soft material, feeling it cling to her skin in all the right places. The sight of herself in the mirror sent a thrill of arousal coursing through her, her pussy clenching with desire at the thought of other people seeing her in her scantily clad state.

“I look so... so...” she murmured to herself, marveling at the transformation. “I look... amazing.”

*One to go.*

Taking a deep breath to steady herself, Holly pushed open the door of the bathroom to face the party guests waiting outside. They were still half-drunk and laughing loudly, their guffaws and snickers echoing down the hall.

“Finally!” one of them shouted, looking at Holly with annoyance. “We’ve been waiting for, like, forever.”

She turned to face him and gave him the kind of icy stare that could freeze magma.

Holly fixed him with a withering stare, her eyes dark and piercing. “Can it, fatty,” she spat, her words dripping with venom. “Maybe if you weren’t such a repulsive, greasy waste of space, you’d have better things to do than complain about me taking a few minutes to get ready.”

The college kid staggered back, his face reddening with shame. “I... I didn’t mean-”

“You’re nothing more than a worthless sack of skin that’s taking up valuable oxygen from people who actually deserve to breathe it. So maybe chill with the complaining in *my house*, okay?”

The other college students stood in silence, their mouths hanging open in shock. They had never seen Mrs. Hudson like this, didn't recognize the woman that stood before them. She was savage, utterly devoid of any restraint.

Holly walked down the hallway with a newfound swagger to her step, her hips swaying with every motion. She could hear the murmurs and whispers of the college kids as she passed.

“Dude, who is that?”

“Is that... Caroline's stepmom?”

“What the hell happened to her?”

Holly could feel the eyes of her stepdaughter's friends on her, and she basked in the glow of their attention, feeling powerful and invigorated. It felt like she was the star of her own movie, the world whizzing by in a blur of colors and sound. Their gazes were like fire on her skin. It made her feel... wet. Yes, that was the word. Wet, and daring, and alive.

As she strode past them, they tumbled over each other to get a glimpse, their eyes like saucers as they took in the sight of the new, confident Holly.

And she... well, she lapped up their attention like it was the sweetest nectar, savoring every moment.

Holly sighed deeply as she felt the slick moisture between her legs. For a moment, her mind wandered to thoughts of Tom. She wished he was home, could see her now, could witness her transformation. He would have been amazed, couldn't have even imagined someone like Holly becoming so confident. But then she thought of Caroline's words, and the memory of Tom's unfaithfulness stung like a fresh wound.

She was angry now, furious even. How could he do that to her? After everything they had been through, all the hardships they had overcome together? The old Holly would

have just taken it in stride, would have accepted Tom's infidelity with a resigned sigh and a shrug of her shoulders. But not anymore.

The new Holly was done with that. She was done with taking shit from anyone, whether it was her stepdaughter or her own husband. She deserved better. She deserved to be treated with respect and admiration, not with lies and betrayal.

She stormed down the hallway, her mind consumed with thoughts of Tom's affair. She was fuming with anger, her hands clenched into fists as she thought of him and his secretary. But as she passed her bedroom door, she heard unmistakable sounds coming from inside. Moaning... Sex.

Her fury turned into a white-hot rage. Who the hell did these entitled college kids think they were? Using her bedroom as some kind of cheap hookup spot? Without even bothering to ask for her permission?



# THREE

Holly snatched open the bedroom door, and her eyes widened at the sight that greeted her. Two college kids, a guy and a girl, were locked in a passionate embrace on her bed, their naked bodies writhing on her sheets. The guy looked up in shock, then scrambled to put his clothes on and bolted out of the room. The girl, on the other hand, just lay there, totally unperturbed by the intrusion.

Holly was livid. “What the hell do you think you’re doing?” she shouted, her voice echoing off the walls. “This is my bedroom, you little twerp. Did you think you could just use it whenever you wanted?”

The girl just smirked, her eyes tracing over Holly’s body. “What’s your problem, old lady? We weren’t hurting anyone.”

Holly seethed. “Out. Now.”

The girl casually sat up on the bed, completely unbothered by Holly’s words. “Fine, fine,” she said. “You don’t have to be such a fucking prude about it.”

Holly’s eyes narrowed into slits. “I said... Get. The fuck. Out.”

The girl chuckled as she leaned back against Holly’s pillows, shamelessly tugging her thong back into place. “You’re a real ball-buster, you know that?”

Holly ignored the jibe, her eyes focused on the girl's face. "Wait a minute," she said slowly. "I think I recognize you. Aren't you Chelsea Raynor?"

The girl smirked, looking like the cat who got the cream. "Why, yes I am," she said silkily. "And I take it from the fact that you recognized me, you've seen me around." She looked Holly up and down, her eyes lingering on her toned midriff. "Or should I say... you're one of my... fans?"

Holly scoffed, pinning Chelsea with a steely gaze. "Oh, I know who you are, alright," she said. "You're the one who got that professor fired, aren't you?"

Chelsea leaned back against the headboard, her legs still splayed open, taunting Holly. "So what if I did?" she said, a wicked glint in her eye. "I needed those grades, and he needed..." She trailed off, a coy smile playing at her lips.

It was rumored that the professor in question had lost his job over the incident, and that Chelsea herself had lost her cheerleading scholarship as a result.

For a moment, Holly let her eyes roam over Chelsea's body, taking in the curves and dips and swells. Even though she was angry, she couldn't deny that Chelsea was beautiful, the kind of girl who turned heads wherever she went. Her body was lithe and agile, with breasts that defied gravity and a perfectly pert ass. It was like she was carved from marble, every inch of her a testament to her physical prowess.

Holly had heard rumors of what had happened with the professor, of how Chelsea had been fucking him for grades and then had somehow managed to avoid expulsion. It was scandalous, to say the least, but Holly couldn't help but feel a twinge of envy. She had never had the nerve to do something like that, to use her body as a bargaining chip. But then again, she had never had the body to do so. Not like this. Not like... this.

Chelsea smiled knowingly. "Cat got your tongue?" she said, a mocking laughter escaping her lips. "Or are you just jealous, Mrs. Hudson?"

"Jealous? Of what?"

Chelsea rose to her feet and took a step towards Holly, her hips swaying seductively. She gazed at Holly condescendingly, as if she was looking at something beneath her.

“Oh, sweetheart,” said Chelsea. “Jealous that I earn more in a single day from my OnlyFans than you do in a week at your pathetic job.”

Chelsea’s words dripped with an undeniable smugness. She ran her fingers sensually through her long, luscious hair, glancing at Holly’s rapidly flushing cheeks.

“I’m worshipped by men from all over the world, Holly. They pay me just to breathe,” Chelsea said. “I bet you’ve never felt anything like that.”

Holly’s gaze followed every move Chelsea made, her eyes tracing over every curve of the girl’s body. She felt a tingle of something building deep within her, a heat in her belly that she couldn’t quite explain.

“You think I’m jealous just because you sell yourself for money?”

Chelsea dismissed the remark with a flick of her wrist, a sensual smile playing at her lips. “Oh honey,” she said, drawing a finger slowly along the curve of her breast. “You just don’t get it, do you?”

Holly frowned, her eyes narrowed. “Get what?”

Chelsea leaned in close, her breath hot on Holly’s face. “This,” she whispered, groping her own breasts. “This confidence. This power. The kind of power you can only get from being worshipped.”

Holly recoiled. “Worshipped?”

Chelsea paused, as if to emphasize her point. “Worshipped,” she repeated. “On OnlyFans, I’m a goddess. My fans will buy anything I put out, no matter how dirty or depraved it is. Because they love me. They worship me.”

Once again, Holly felt a spark of something within her, some buried longing that she had never even realized was there. “And that’s what you want?”

Chelsea leaned in close, her eyes smoldering. “Don’t you?”

Holly nodded slowly despite herself, feeling close to giving in to the other girl’s seduction. She was curious about her own body, was wondering what it would be like to be wanted like that. To be worshipped, like Chelsea said. And Chelsea... well, Chelsea was the poster child for that kind of desire.

“I do.”

Chelsea moved even closer, and Holly felt the college girl’s dark aura surround her like a suffocating fog. She was suddenly very aware of her own flat chest pressed into Chelsea’s big, perfect tits.

“I can see the jealousy in your eyes. You wish you could do the same, don’t you? You wish you could swim in cash, not living paycheck-to-paycheck like some pathetic loser.”

Holly glared at Chelsea, her heart pounding with anger. The girl was insufferable, arrogant beyond measure. And yet... Holly could feel the fire building within her, the desire to prove Chelsea wrong.

Chelsea leaned even closer, her lips brushing Holly’s ear. “You know I’m right,” she murmured. “Look at you... a washed up hag, with nothing but a boring job and a limp-dick husband. You’re too fucking ugly to even consider starting an OnlyFans. No one would pay a dime to see your old, saggy tits.”

Holly felt the anger boil within her, an anger that was turning into something else. A fierce, demanding rage that was unquenchable. She wanted, needed, to show Chelsea that she was wrong. That she was so much more than just an old, washed-up has-been.

“You know what the funny thing is?” Chelsea continued. “The funny thing is that your own husband probably thinks about me more than he thinks about you. Every time he closes his eyes, he’s probably picturing me... me and my perfect tits... my tight little pussy...”

Holly clenched her fist at her sides, the rage within her rising like a boiling cauldron. She had never been the confrontational type, but something about Chelsea's mocking was pushing all the right buttons.

But she said nothing, instead clenching her fists even tighter as Chelsea began to giggle. "Fuck," the college girl said, running her hands through her hair. "I could get off on this all day. You're such a fucking wallflower, Mrs. Hudson. It's almost too easy."

"You don't know anything about me or my husband," Holly finally said, her voice cold and even.

Chelsea laughed cruelly, a high-pitched, mocking sound. "Oh, I think I know plenty," she said. "I know that your husband is one of my biggest fans. I know that he's paying good money just to have me rate his shriveled, soft, micro-penis. And I lie every time... Just so he'll keep coming back for more."

Holly's eyes widened. "What... What did you say?"

"You didn't know, did you?" Chelsea said, grinding her naked tits against Holly's body. "You had no idea that your own husband was one of my top subscribers. The things he has asked me for... it's downright filthy. But hey, who am I to say no to a little extra cash?"

"You're lying," Holly spat out. "You're just trying to get a reaction out of me."

"Maybe you should check your bank statements sometime. Or better yet, log into your husband's Instagram account. I bet you'll find some interesting messages there... He's probably jerking off to me right now... Watching one of my videos on repeat, thinking about how much better my tits are than yours... My juicy, perfect tits, my fat ass..."

For a moment, Holly was frozen in shock. The room seemed to spin around her, as if she was caught in some kind of weird vortex.

*She's perfect. Take her.*

And then suddenly, a strange calmness washed over her, an all-encompassing serenity.

She smiled wryly, putting one hand behind her back. “You’re right about everything,” she said to Chelsea. “About me being washed up. About my desires. About... my body.”

Chelsea frowned, her confusion mounting. “What are you talking about?” she asked.

Holly locked the bedroom door behind her, the metallic click sounding final. There was a new intensity in her eyes, a beastly hunger.

“I said you’re right,” she repeated. “About everything.”

“What the fuck are you talking about?”

Holly took a step forward. “I understand now. I know what it is that I want. And I know how to get it.”

Chelsea took another step back, her eyes widening in alarm. “Get away from me, you freak!”

Holly’s smile grew even wider, her eyes now glowing a strange, otherworldly green.

“I accept your sacrifice.”

Chelsea froze, her body rigid with horror as Holly bared her teeth in a feral snarl.

And then, in the blink of an eye, Holly’s body began to liquefy into a shimmering, green ooze.

Chelsea stumbled backwards, tripping on one of the bedposts and falling onto the mattress. She screamed as Holly launched herself at her, the green slime quickly enveloping her entire body. She could feel Chelsea’s perfect, curvy body pressing against her own, feel the tickling sensation as the slime covered her exposed skin.

“Oh god, giivve it all to meee!” Holly gasped. “It tickles so much... Ahahahaha... It feels so fuuucking good!”

The slime seeped into Chelsea’s mouth and nose, filling her lungs with a thick, viscous goo. She choked and gasped, her thrashing getting weaker and weaker as the slime kept covering her body.

“Mmmyess... So tingly... So good... I can feel you, Chelsea... Your essence is becoming part of meee...”

Chelsea tried to fight back, pushing against Holly’s slimy body with all her strength. But it was like trying to escape quicksand—the more she struggled, the more she was pulled in. Soon, her arms were coated in the sticky slime, then her legs. Finally, Holly’s slime form covered Chelsea’s entire body, pulsating and squeezing like a living organism.

“I’m... I’m... a monster,” she moaned, her voice slurred with alcohol. “A sexy slime monster... devouring... everything...”

She felt her own viscous body, her breath hot and heavy with excitement. “You... you taste so... mmm... good,” she whispered throatily. “So juicy... so perfect...”

With a frenzied surge of energy, Holly’s slime form began to absorb Chelsea’s consciousness, pulling it inside her like a whirlpool of desire. She reveled in the sensations flooding through her, the taste of Chelsea’s flesh and the feeling of power coursing through her veins. She laughed and moaned and howled with a manic joy, transformed into something that was no longer human.

“Hahahaha,” she cackled, feeling Chelsea’s energy being absorbed into her body. “I’m hungry... for more... giive me evvverythinggg... YEESSSSS!”

And then there was a final, ravenous slurp as Holly absorbed Chelsea into her own body, swallowing her completely. Her screams died away, replaced by a satisfied gurgling sound as the gooey ooze consumed her in its entirety, leaving no trace of

the college girl behind. It was like nothing Holly had ever felt before—a sense of total power, total domination.

She had become something else entirely. Something stronger. Something darker.

Something that would stop at nothing to get what it wanted.

As Holly basked in the afterglow of her latest conquest, she felt a strange twinge in the pit of her stomach. She looked down at her naked body, noting the faint traces of slime residue clinging to her toned skin.

She had fully accepted her sacrifices, welcoming them into herself. And yet... there was something else, something more that she was craving. She wanted the change that was surely coming any moment now - the rewards of Chelsea.

With a grin on her face, she stumbled over to the full-length mirror on the wall, admiring her own reflection. Her body was lean and toned, sure... But toned wasn't enough for Holly—not anymore. She wanted something more, something that would make her stand out from everyone else.

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. They were burning brighter than ever... It was like a fire in her soul, a call to action that she couldn't ignore. She wanted... no, she needed more.

It was like nothing she had ever experienced before—an explosion of raw, unabashed desire, coursing through her veins like an electric current. She opened her eyes, seeing the green glow still pulsing in the reflection of the mirror. They were a symbol of her newfound power, a badge of honor that she would carry with her for the rest of her life.

As Holly stood before the mirror, she couldn't help but touch her buttocks. She thought of Chelsea's ample rump, and how she wanted hers to dwarf it. "Ooh," she gasped, as she felt her own cheeks start to shake slightly.



The shaking grew more and more intense, a wild tremble that seemed to go on forever. And then, to her amazement, the shaking turned into something else entirely—something much more pleasurable.

Her cheeks started to grow, widening and thickening in a way that was beyond obscene. She watched as they blossomed before her eyes, becoming more and more toned and muscular with each passing moment.

“Holy shit,” she moaned, as the new flesh rippled beneath the surface of her skin. “This feels... so fucking good...”

Her ass continued to pulse and writhe, growing more and more impressive by the second. She couldn’t help but let out a guttural grunt, her fingers digging into the flesh as if trying to hold on to it for dear life.

“Holy... crap...” she stammered, her voice low and ragged with excitement. “Oh damn, OH DAMNNN! This... this feels so goodddd!”

Her breath was coming in short, ragged gasps now, as she marveled at the sight of her own flesh, swelling and rippling and expanding into a perfect, irresistible posterior.

It was obscene, in the very best way. Holly couldn’t believe how good it felt, how tight and juicy and utterly perfect her ass was becoming. A dizzying swirl of sensation that threatened to overwhelm her entirely.

“Mmmmyesss,” she purred, her voice shuddering with pleasure. “Chelsea... you... you can go fffffyourself. No one deserves an assss like thiss... Oh god, it’s growing, growing, GROWINGGG!”

She couldn’t stop looking at herself from behind, her fingers still probing and exploring her new flesh. Her ass was now so thick, so bursting with life and energy, that it was practically pulsating with desire. She could feel it quivering and shaking, the tight muscles pulsing with every breath.

“Oh fuck, oh FUCK!” she groaned, feeling a powerful wave of lust building inside her. “I... I need to show this off... I need to... to let everyone see what I’ve become!”

As Holly ran her hands up her waist, she felt it narrow in response, as if she could mold her own body to her liking. She couldn’t believe how good it felt, as if she was sculpting herself into the perfect epitome of beauty. Her fingers danced along her hips, smoothing over the curves that seemed to come alive with each touch.

“Oh god,” she moaned, her eyes closed as she lost herself in the moment. “This feels... so fucking good... I can... I can feel myself changing... Becoming... different...”

Her hips widened even further, the flesh practically bursting out of her skin with each passing moment. Her waist was now so narrow, it looked as if it would snap in half—and yet she felt so powerful, so utterly in control.

“Oh yeahhh,” she growled, the words tumbling out of her mouth in a fevered rush. “This... this is what I want. What I... oh god, what I crave...”

She couldn’t stop running her hands over her own flesh, admiring her new curves and contours with each passing moment. Her waist was now so narrow that she could barely breathe—but it felt so good, so perfect in a way that defied description.

“Nothing else... nothing else compares to this... to what I’ve become...”

Holly couldn’t help but glance down at her thighs. They were already thick and toned, but she wanted more. She wanted them to be sexier, stronger, capable of crushing her cheating husband between them.

She closed her eyes and breathed deeply, focusing all her energy on her lower body. She felt a surge of power building within her, like a river slowly swelling to a flood. And then, with a shudder, she felt her thighs start to grow.

“Yeah... yeahhh,” she purred, her eyes fixed on them. “That’s it... grow, grow, GROW!”

It was slow at first, barely noticeable—but then the growth spurt hit her like a tidal wave. Her thighs swelled and expanded, thickening impossibly until they were like tree trunks of some ungodly, otherworldly tree. The flesh rippled and bulged under the surface, straining against her skin like a caged animal.

“Oh god,” she moaned, feeling a powerful wave of desire building inside her. “My... my husband... he doesn’t deserve me... But... but I... I deserve to feel this power... To be this STRONG... This FUCKING STRONNGGGG!”

And then, suddenly, they were done. Her thighs had reached their final form, and they were utterly magnificent—thick, juicy, packed with raw power and energy. She ran her hands over them, marveling at the sheer size and strength of her own flesh.

Holly couldn’t stop herself from drooling, a thick, viscous line of saliva dripping down her chin as she imagined crushing a coconut between her thighs. She giggled uncontrollably at the thought, imagining herself crushing the hard shell into a million pieces. The thought made her quiver with delight, her body shuddering with pleasure.

As Holly fell to her knees before the mirror, panting and breathing heavily, she let out a wild laugh. She couldn’t believe what she had become—this beautiful, perfect specimen of flesh and bone. Her transformation had left her utterly drained, but she couldn’t help but feel a wild sense of exhilaration coursing through her veins.

*Are you satisfied now, human?*

It was a simple question, and yet it cut to the very core of her being. She looked at herself in the mirror, running her hands over her perfect, massive ass, her newly powerful thighs, and her impossibly slender waist. She had become more beautiful than she had ever been, even in her youth. In fact, she was more beautiful than anyone she had ever seen.

And yet... she wasn’t satisfied. Not yet.

Holly laughed, realizing that Slurthak was right. She wasn’t fighting the monster anymore. In fact, she wanted to embrace it—to take all the power that it had to offer.

She looked down to her flat chest, seeing the small mounds of flesh that made up her breasts. They were tiny, almost nonexistent—nothing like the curves that she now craved. She wanted more. Needed more.

She giggled crazily, her eyes never leaving the reflection in the mirror. She could see Chelsea's influence everywhere now, from the thickness of her thighs to the lean, toned muscles of her stomach. But there was still more to come, more that she was desperate to experience.

“Chelseaaa,” she breathed, her voice dark and wicked. “I can feel you inside me... And you know what? I'm not done yet... not until I've taken everything you have to give... hehehe... You've given me so much already, more than anyone else ever has... But still... still you'll give me more, won't you? Yesss... I can feel it... I can feel it in my bones, Chelsea... you're gonna give me everything I want and more...”

She reached up with one hand, cupping her breast in her palm. It was small and soft, utterly unsatisfying—but she was determined to change that. She squeezed gently, feeling the flesh give and yield beneath her grasp.

“Mmm,” she murmured, running her fingers over the nipple. “Chelsea, please... I need you to... to give me...”

Her fingers danced over her chest, tiny nubs of flesh that barely rose above her skin.

“Come onnn,” she murmured, her eyes closing in pleasure. “Come on... give me what I want... give me what I crave...”

And then, slowly, she felt her breasts begin to shift and change. A small gasp escaped her lips as she felt the first tingles of growth, the flesh swelling and expanding beneath her fingers. The flesh grew more pliant, more malleable, responding eagerly to her touch.

Her nipples hardened into stiff points as the skin stretched and bulged, pushing outwards and upwards.

“Ohhhh, yeahhh,” she moaned, her eyes closed in ecstasy. “That’s it... That’s what I want...”

She squeezed her breasts more firmly, encouraging the growth to continue. A-cup... B-cup... she couldn’t believe how much they were growing. From the tiny nubs that barely rose above her chest, they were now beginning to take on a rounded shape, the flesh visibly pushing outwards beneath her fingers.

“Unhhhh,” she groaned, feeling the flesh dance and writhe beneath her touch. “That’s it... keep going... Keep... Keep grOOOWWinnnggg... So heavyyy... mhmmm.”

Her breathing grew ragged as the growth continued, the flesh inexorably expanding, stretching, pushing against her skin. C-cup...

“Yeah, yeahhh,” she crooned, rhythmically kneading and squeezing her meaty tits. “That’s it, that’s it, more, more, MORREE, come on...”

As Holly’s breasts grew to a D-cup, she felt a strange sense of nostalgia. She remembered a time when breasts like these—full and round, heavy with flesh—would have seemed like a burden. She used to think about the aches and pains that must come with all that extra weight, the difficulty in finding clothes that fit, the unwanted attention from men... But now?

*You’re the perfect host, Holly. You’re so hungry... So insatiable.*

Now she wanted *more*. More heft, more weight, more flesh. She wanted to feel those heavy breasts swaying back and forth as she strutted down the street, to see them bulging out of a tight tank top, bouncing invitingly with each step she took.

“Need... more,” she muttered. “Need to... feel them grow... tingle, ache, swelllll.”

*Yes... More, Holly... You can grow even bigger, you know that. You could have breasts that would make men weep, that would make women envious. You could be the envy of every room. Every. Single. Room. Yesss, imagine it.*

She wasn't sure anymore... Did the voice belong to Slurthak or was it her own? It didn't really matter. She wasn't satisfied yet. No, she wanted more—more volume, more fullness, more bounce. She wanted them to be the first thing that people noticed about her, the thing that made them remember her forever.

Holly couldn't stop herself now—she craved more, and more, and more. Her hands moved more aggressively now, digging deep into the flesh of her enormous, swelling orbs, sinking into them like they were made of clay. It was like she was trying to force them to grow, to stretch out to their full potential under her grasp.

“I don't want boobs,” she muttered under her breath, her voice growing hoarse with lust. “I don't want breasts... I want TITS... Big, juicy TITS... Something that defines me... that people can't stop staring at... that men sit at home jerking off to the mere memory of... ohhhh, fuckkkkk...”

Her hands continued to grope and squeeze her growing mounds, each movement eliciting a low moan of ecstasy from her lips. She watched in the mirror as they grew larger, rounder, more gravity-defying, her nipples engorging and growing ever more sensitive.

Holly let out a guttural groan as she pressed herself against the mirror, feeling the weight of her breasts pushing back against her. She was practically suffocating in pleasure—the tantalizing feel of her swollen mounds, the heady scent of her own sex, the lewd sound of her panting breaths—it was all too much.

“Mmmm,” she moaned softly, her eyes fixed on the mirror as she rubbed her nipples along the glass. “Oh, god... oh, fuck... more... more... more...”

Holly's hands moved with such ferocity that her glass reflection seemed to vibrate with the force of them. She gripped her tits tightly, feeling the soft, yielding flesh push and give and push again at her fingers. She squeezed them together, rubbing them up and down against the cold surface of the mirror, feeling the glass grow colder and colder.

An insatiable hunger had truly been awakened inside of her, a hunger that could only be sated by devouring every inch of her own body. Holly shifted her weight back and forth, her chest rising and falling with each breath, her stomach beginning to clench as if with impending orgasm.

“Oh, god... I’m gonna come... I’m gonna come all over your fucking mirror,” she laughed maniacally as she spoke to her clone in the mirror, her fingers digging into her tits hard enough to leave bruises. “You like that, huh? You like when I go crazy for my own tits?”

Slowly but surely, the transformation was complete. The once-flat planes of her chest had been replaced with two enormous, undulating melons, a full and lusty display of pure, unadulterated sex.

Holly took a step back, trying to get a better view of what she’d done to herself. Her nipples were dark and hard like jewels, the areolas twice as big as they had been before. They jiggled enticingly with even the slightest movement. She caressed them with her hands, marveling at their weight.

“My tits,” Holly breathed, feeling a sense of utter awe wash over her. “Oh, my god... my big, beautiful, luscious tits.”

*I knew you could do it... Now you’ll be the envy of everyone around you. They won’t be able to look away. They’ll all want a taste...*

Each breast was practically its own solar system, eclipsing everything around it with sheer size and weight. They were so big that she couldn’t even see her feet—when she looked down, all she could see was her massive cleavage, the two globes of flesh pressing together like twin portals into a hedonistic realm of unbridled passion.

As Holly admired her own body, she felt a sense of peacefulness wash over her. Slurthak’s voice, which once filled her head, was now gone, leaving her alone to worship and adore her own body.

For the first time since she opened the jar of slime, Holly was completely in control of herself again. She had been given a great gift—the power of transformation—and with that gift came a sense of strength and confidence that she'd never felt before.

*It's just me now*, she thought, running her hands over her massive breasts and feeling an inexplicable sense of ownership over her own curves. *Just me, and my big, gorgeous tits. Nobody else.*

It was as if Slurthak's hunger had been sated, replaced by Holly's own innate desires. She still wanted to flaunt her body, to revel in the attention that her massive breasts would earn her. But now, she had a newfound sense of control—the power to decide what she wanted, and to get it.

“God, I feel good,” she whispered, rubbing her hands over her body with a sense of reverence. “So good...”

Holly started thinking about her stepdaughter. For so long, Caroline had seen her as a bumbling, airheaded stepmother who was constantly getting in the way. But now, with her added confidence and sex appeal, Holly felt like she had a new lease on life. Maybe Caroline would see her differently now, as a woman who was confident in her own skin, a woman who knew what she wanted and how to get it.

She smiled to herself as she daydreamed about her potential new relationship with Caroline. She imagined them shopping together, lounging at the pool, and talking about boys and sex. Holly wanted to be more than just a stepmother to Caroline—she wanted to be a friend, a mentor, and a confidante.

*I should show her*, Holly mused, a smile spreading across her lips as she imagined Caroline's reaction. *I bet she'll be shocked, but... in a good way. Maybe she'll even think I'm cool!*

Holly let out a satisfied sigh as her hands trailed over her massive, gravity-defying breasts one more time. They felt heavy and full, their sheer size feeling like a delicious



burden on her chest. She had achieved the perfect look—one of a creature that was both lewd and enticing, daring and irresistible.

But now, she realized, she needed something to wear—something that would show off her new curves to their fullest potential. Her eyes landed on the pile of discarded clothing, and she smiled in triumph.

Chelsea's dress lay in a crumpled heap on the floor, its cutouts and sheer panels practically begging to be filled by Holly's massive new curves. She knelt down and started to pull it on, the fabric stretching and clinging to her body like a second skin.

At first, she had to wiggle and wriggle her way into the dress, the tight fabric pulling and pushing against her skin in ways that made her gasp. But once it was on, she knew that she had made the right choice. The dress hugged her like it was made for her, the cutouts digging into her flesh and the sheer panels showing off her nipples in all their engorged glory.

The dress was so tight that Holly could barely breathe, the fabric pressing against her in all the right places as she admired her own reflection. It was like wearing a flimsy prison made of cutouts and sheer fabric, each curve of her body on full display.

Holly smiled as she stared at herself in the mirror, admiring the way that Chelsea's dress molded to every curve of her engorged, voluptuous body. But as she looked closer, she realized that the dress was still lacking—it was too simple, too tame, too... Chelsea.

After all. How could something that was good enough for Chelsea possibly be good enough for Holly? Holly was so much more—so much better—than Chelsea could ever dream of being. It was only right that the dress reflect that fact.

She closed her eyes and focused, visualizing each thread of the dress as it twisted and changed under the power of her slime. She could feel the fabric of Chelsea's dress warping and twisting in new and obscene ways, the cutouts and straps multiplying and expanding until they became an almost fluid mass of fabric, all designed to contain the irresistible curves of her body.

## BEYOND

As the dress continued to change, Holly felt a sense of liberating exhilaration wash over her. The fabric molded and stretched against her flesh in all the right places, each curve of her body a symbol of wanton need. Flesh bulged out from everywhere in an obscene hourglass shape, the cutouts daring anyone to look away.

The dress was nearly all straps and holes now, the fabric so thin and flimsy that it looked like it might tear apart at the slightest movement. And yet, it clung to her like a second skin. She could feel the fabric rubbing against her nipples, the straps digging into her flesh like a series of lewd reminders.

“Please,” she moaned. “More... sluttier... tighter. I want it all...”

The dress answered her call, morphing and twisting to become even more depraved and obscene than before. Holly could feel every strap and hole digging into her skin and rubbing against her most sensitive areas, the fabric uneven from the way that her own body forced it to conform to her curves.

It was almost as if the dress was alive, feeding off of her desire and growing stronger with each moan and gasp Holly let out. She could hear the threads and straps groaning with effort, the fabric pulled taut against her nipples and clit until she could barely think.

Holly could feel the dress massaging her body, sending shockwaves through every crevice and curve. She could feel the straps digging into her ribs, the fabric rubbing

against her nipples with a delicious friction. It was like being cradled in a series of erotic embraces, each one sending her closer and closer to the edge.

“More,” she gasped, her voice a pitiful moan. “Make it... tighter... tighter... oh, god, more!”

She completely lost herself in the sensation of it all, in the irresistible feeling of being so exposed and vulnerable.

“Ohhh, yesss...” Holly gasped, her hands now rubbing frantically against her mound. “Squeeze me... hold me... So slutty, so dirty.”

The dress seemed to understand Holly’s words, and it continued to twist and squeeze her in all the right ways. She moaned, her hands moving up to cup her massive newly formed breasts, feeling the nipples bulging out from the fabric.

As Holly stumbled out of the bedroom and into the hallway, she could feel her dress barely clinging to her swaying curves. Her legs were wobbly and unsteady from the alcohol, her nipples and clit utterly engorged with lust.

Every step she took was an ordeal, her body rubbing against the flimsy fabric of the dress with every movement. The straps and holes dug into her flesh, sending pleasure through every nerve in her body. She could feel her juices running down her thighs, her mind consumed with the need to show Caroline what she had become.

It was like an inferno was burning within her, her entire body consumed with a lustful haze that made it hard for her to think straight. But even through the drunken fog, she knew what she had to do.

“Caroline,” she moaned, barely able to form words. “Caroline, where are you?”

For a moment, all she could hear was her own labored breathing and the sound of her dress rubbing against her skin. But then, she heard music and laughter coming from the living room. Holly stumbled in that direction, her body aching with desire.

As Holly stumbled down the hallway, she felt eyes on her from every direction. The lustful whispers and murmurs of the college kids echoed through the hallways, each one commenting in turn on the perfect curves of her body.

“Whoa, dude, did you see that?”

“She’s like a fucking goddess.”

“God damn, is that for real?”

“Is she... fuck, she’s hot!”

“It’s like... whoa, it’s like she’s not real, man.”

“Do you... do you think we could-”

But Holly didn’t hear their words. She didn’t even notice them. Her mind was consumed with the need to find Caroline, to show her the new and improved version of herself. She could feel her body swaying and shifting with every step, her curves bouncing and jiggling with every movement.

“Caroline,” Holly slurred. “Caroline, where are you? I have something to show you.”

She was in a trance, unable to stop herself from moving forward. The need to show Caroline what she had become was almost a physical ache, something that burned deep in her gut and made it hard to think straight.

Holly felt the eyes of every college kid in the room on her as she strode forward, her engorged ass shifting and swaying with each step. It was like every one of them was holding their breath, waiting for her to get closer so they could see her with their own eyes.

Caroline was standing in the corner, her back towards Holly as she concentrated on shooting the ping-pong ball into the cup. The college kids around stared in disbelief, their eyes wide and mouths agape at the sight of the new Holly.

“Fuck,” one of them muttered under his breath. “Is... Is that really Mrs. Hudson?”

“I think so,” another replied, staring avidly at her jiggling posterior. “I mean... holy shit.”

“What the fuck happened to her?”

“She wore those baggy clothes earlier,” another offered. “I... I never knew she had curves like that.”

But none of it mattered—Holly needed Caroline to see her new form and react accordingly.

“Hey, Caroline,” Holly said. “What do you think?”

Caroline didn’t turn around, her back as stiff as a board. Instead, she just stood there, a red Solo cup Holly had bought for her in one hand and a ping pong ball in the other.

“Not now, Holly,” Caroline said. “I’m busy.”

“But I-”

“I said not fucking now!” Caroline snapped, still not turning around. “Fucking hell, can’t you just leave me alone for five goddamn minutes?”

“But Caroline...” Holly said, reaching a hand out to her stepdaughter. “Look at me. I... I want you to see-”

“Jesus Christ, Holly,” Caroline said, turning her head slightly but not enough to really acknowledge Holly’s presence. “Just leave me alone, will you? You’re fucking pathetic.”

Caroline snorted, still missing cup after cup in her beer-pong game.

“What is it, Holly?” she said. “Your latest set of granny panties? Your knitting project? Whatever it is, I can guarantee you it’s not worth my time.”

Holly's heart sank as Caroline's voice cut through the drunken haze, reminding her of just how vicious and cruel the girl could be. She'd hoped that her transformation would be enough to win Caroline's affection, that maybe—just maybe—she could finally break through the wall she had put up.

But no. Caroline was still Caroline. Still the bitchy, selfish stepdaughter who seemed determined to make Holly suffer at every opportunity.

“You... you're not even going to look at me?” Holly whispered, her voice shaking with anger. “After all, I did for this party... you're just going to... just going to ignore me?”

Before Caroline could answer, the doorbell rang, cutting off their conversation.

“Well, are you going to answer it or what?” she said. “You are the ‘hostess’, after all.”

Holly felt her blood boiling at the disrespect in Caroline's voice, at the way she was treating her like some kind of servant. But she knew better than to let her emotions get the best of her. She took a deep breath, trying to calm herself.

“Of course,” Holly said, her voice strained. “I'll just... go answer the door.”

She felt her drunkenness fade away like the last embers of a fire, clearing her vision and thoughts. Caroline's arrogance and disrespect had acted like a slap in the face, lifting a veil and clearing away the haze.

As she reached turned around, she saw a scrawny-looking guy standing there in a vampire costume, staring at her with an expression of awe and disbelief. She could practically see the drool forming at the corners of his mouth.

“Wh-whoa,” he stammered. “You... you look amazing.”

Holly smirked, feeling a sense of power over him.

“Like what you see, pipsqueak?” she purred, pressing her body against his and letting her massive breasts smother his chest.

The guy could only gasp and groan in response as Holly kissed him dominantly, her tongue plunging deep into his mouth. When she finally let him go, he collapsed in a heap on the floor, his body spasming with evidence of his inexperience. Holly looked down at him, a smirk on her lips.

“It looks like I’m too much woman for you,” she said, grinning wickedly. “But don’t worry, there’s plenty of fish in the sea.”

Holly looked down at him with a mixture of amusement and arousal, realizing how intoxicating it was to have such power over another person.

As Holly made her way to the door with the grace of a god, she could feel the eyes of every college kid in the room - except, of course, Caroline - following her. She heard their whispers and murmurs issuing forth like an erotic symphony, heard the way they gawked and leered at her with undisguised lust.

And for the first time, she didn’t ignore them. She reveled in it, soaking up their attention and letting it seep into her mind, using it to fuel her ever-growing confidence.

And as she reached the door, her thoughts turned to Caroline. The girl was still over in the corner, surrounded by her entourage of college friends. She looked over at her stepdaughter with cold eyes, letting the heat of their mutual disdain wash over her.

But something had changed within Holly, something profound and earth-shattering. Suddenly, she realized that Caroline was nothing more than a small, insignificant bully who needed someone to put her in her place. And that someone, she realized, was her. She was done being treated like a second-class citizen, like someone who was only there to serve and cater to the whims of her stepdaughter.

Caroline may have been the queen of this little kingdom, but Holly realized—with a growing sense of glee—that she could knock her off her throne with a single glance.

With a flick of her red, fiery hair, Holly swung the door open to reveal the person standing there. And as the handsome figure came into view, a broad smile began to form on her face.

Everything was suddenly perfect. She didn't know he'd be here tonight, and yet here he was, like a gift from the universe. He was dressed as Superman, his muscular frame stretching out the blue spandex in all the right places.

Her eyes traveled up his chest, admiring the way it bulged and swelled with every breath he took. His chiseled abs were clearly visible through the skin-tight costume, and the curve of his biceps was like a work of art. Holly's mouth watered at the sight, feeling her own juices starting to flow.

It was Caroline's boyfriend.

"Gary," she breathed, barely able to contain her excitement. "I... didn't know you'd be here tonight."

Gary just stood there, his jaw slack and his eyes wide as he stared at Holly.

"M-Mrs. Hudson?" he said. "Wha... what... what happened to you? You... you look... different."

Holly chuckled, adopting an air of nonchalance.

"Oh, this?" she said, gesturing to her body. "Just a costume, Gary. You know how it is."

Gary's eyes scanned her body hungrily, taking in the numerous straps and holes in her barely existent dress. She could see the confusion in his expression, the way he licked his lips and shifted his weight from one foot to the other.

Holly leaned a little closer, letting her breath brush against his neck. She could feel his body responding to her proximity, his heartbeat racing like a herd of wild horses.

"Do you like it, Gary?" she purred. "You don't think it's too tight? Too skimpy?"



Gary swallowed hard, his gaze flickering down to her ample cleavage. He could see her areolae peeking up over the fabric, the tips of her nipples straining against the thin material. A low groan escaped his lips as he felt his cock strain against his costume.

“I... um...” he stammered, his mind completely blank.

“It’s okay, Gary,” Holly purred, moving closer to him and tracing her fingers down his chest. “You can be honest with me. Do you think it’s... too revealing?”

Gary swallowed hard, his eyes once again drawn inexorably downward to her cleavage.

“I... I mean, your... your areolae are... um... visible,” he finally managed to say. “But... but it’s... it’s nice, Mrs. Hudson.”

“I’m glad you like it,” Holly said, arching her back slightly. “I was worried it might be a little too much. After all, I’m not exactly... young anymore, am I?”

“I-it’s not... exactly like you, Mrs. Hudson,” Gary said. “I mean...”

Holly gave him a sultry smile, knowing exactly what he was thinking.

“I know what you mean, Gary,” she said, moving even closer to him. “But a girl’s got to have a little fun sometimes, right?”

Gary could only nod, his eyes locked on her cleavage. Holly could feel the power of her body, the heat of it, strengthening, and comforting, melting away all of her doubts and insecurities. She could practically smell his nervousness as he shifted his weight back and forth like an unsure colt. His eyes kept darting around, like he was looking for an escape route.

“Y-yeah... Haha... So... so, Mrs. Hudson,” he stammered. “How have you been? I... I haven’t seen you around lately.”

Holly could sense the tension in his voice, the way his breath was coming in short gasps.

“I’ve been fine, Gary,” she said with honey-sweet charm. “Just keeping busy, you know how. And how about you? Still managing to keep up with Caroline?”

“Yeah, she’s been... she’s been pretty busy with school lately,” he said. “Lots of projects and stuff.”

Holly’s hand slid down Gary’s shoulder and came to rest on his biceps, the cut of his muscle throbbing beneath her touch.

“Well, I hope she still makes time for you,” Holly said. “It’s important in a relationship, don’t you think? To make time for each other’s needs?”

Gary could only nod, his eyes wide with disbelief at the way Caroline’s stepmother was talking to him.

“I... I guess so, Mrs. Hudson.”

Holly leaned in closer, her breasts pressing against the fabric of his costume.

“I’d hate it if Caroline didn’t take care of you, Gary,” she said, letting her hand drift down to his chest. “You’re such a... handsome young man. You deserve to be treated well.”

Gary’s heart was beating like a rabbit’s as he looked into Holly’s eyes, feeling like he was drowning in them.

“Y-yeah, Mrs. Hudson... T-thanks, Mrs. Hudson.”

“Please, Gary,” she purred. “Call me Holly. We’re practically family, aren’t we?”

“I... I don’t know if I’m comfortable with that.”

“Oh, I wouldn’t want you to be uncomfortable. Well, I guess Mrs. Hudson does sound kind of hot... It makes me sound so... mature. So in control. Makes me want to take care of you, haha!”

She trailed off, staring out into the air, and Gary could only stare back at her in wonderment.

“S-sorry?” he said, thinking he must have misheard her.

“Oh, I just said Mrs. Hudson had a nice ring to it,” Holly said, flashing him a sly smile.

Gary could only nod, his eyes still wide with disbelief at the way Holly was talking to him. He had never seen her like this before, so forward, so self-assured. It was like she had become a completely different person.

“Hey, why don’t we go inside, Gary? I think it’s getting a little cold out here.”

As they made their way inside, Holly could once again feel the heat of the party washing over her. The music was pounding, the college kids were screaming and shouting, and the smell of alcohol was thick in the air.

“I should... I should probably find Caroline,” Gary said, looking around nervously.

“Oh, she’s upstairs, Gary,” Holly lied, taking his hand and leading him towards the staircase. “I’ll show you the way.”

They made their way up the stairs, Holly leading the way with the confidence of a queen. Her hips swayed with each step, her perfect ass bouncing beneath the tight fabric of her dress. She could hear him breathing heavily behind her, and she knew that he was staring at her ass. Not that she cared. In fact, she was going to give him an even better show.

As they reached the top of the stairs, Holly noticed an empty beer can lying on the ground. She bent down to pick it up, the short, tight dress she was wearing riding up as she did so.

Gary’s eyes were like two saucers, staring straight into the thin strip of fabric that barely covered her ass. He could see the curve of her cheeks, the smooth expanse of her skin, and... wait, was she not wearing any underwear?

As he wondered, the dress continued to creep up, exposing more and more of her skin. Holly didn't make any move to stop it. In fact, she wanted it to happen. She wanted Gary to see everything.

He stared, transfixed, his eyes roving over every curve and crevice of her perfect pussy. It was a vision of absolute beauty, slick and glistening in the low light, the delicate folds of her sex inviting him in like a flower in bloom. He could see every detail, from the bulbous lips of her labia, to the juices streaming down her inner thighs, leaving shimmers of moisture on her skin. He could see the way her clit was engorged, standing out like a small, pink jewel. The most forbidden fruit at its ripest. He couldn't help but lick his lips in anticipation at the sight of her, so open and inviting.

Holly straightened up, holding the can triumphantly in the air.

"Got it!" she said, turning around to face him. "Now, where was I?"

Gary could only stare at her dumbly, his eyes still glued to her ass.

"I-I don't know," he said. "You were... you were saying something."

Holly just laughed, adjusting her dress to cover herself up.

"Right... Oh, well. It probably wasn't that important."

Holly led Gary down the hallway, her hips swaying seductively with each step. She gestured towards a door and said, "Here we are. Caroline's room."

Gary felt his heart pounding in his chest. Something felt off, but he couldn't quite put his finger on it. He looked at Holly, trying to read her expression, but her face was a masterclass in inscrutability.

"Are you sure she's in here?"

"Oh, I'm absolutely positive," Holly said, pushing him towards the door. "Just go inside, Gary. You'll see."

“Uh, okay, thanks,” Gary said, taking a step towards the door.

He opened the door and stepped inside, the darkness shrouding him like a blanket. He could barely make out anything, and he called out Caroline’s name hesitantly.

“Caroline? Are you in here?”

Nothing.

He took a step forward, and then the door slammed shut behind him, the lock clicking into place. He spun around, panic starting to set in.

“What the... what’s going on?” he said. “Caroline? Is that you?”

Still nothing.

Gary’s hands were outstretched in front of him, moving slowly to feel his way through the darkness, searching for something to guide him. He didn’t know what was going on, but he knew he needed to find a way out.

And then, his hands touched something pliable and yielding. Pillows. He felt pillows. Warm and soft, with a yielding texture that begged to be touched. He squeezed his fingers around them, feeling them compress beneath his touch.

But something was wrong. The pillows felt too big, too... firm. And there was something beneath his fingertips, a hard, pointed shape.

His heart began to race as the realization hit him. Breasts. They were breasts. But whose?

He heard a soft chuckle in front of him, and suddenly the room was flooded with light. Holly was standing right there, his hands still firmly planted on her magnificent breasts.

“Well, well, well,” she said, a sly grin playing across her lips. “What do we have here?”

Gary could only stare in horror, his mouth hanging open like a fish. Holly didn't seem to mind, though. She just kept on grinning.

"Mmm, you're quite the eager one, aren't you?" she said, running her hands through his hair. "I can tell you're enjoying yourself."

Gary tried to pull his hands away, but they seemed to be glued to her breasts, as if his hands had a will of their own. He could feel her nipples hardening beneath his touch, poking into his palms.

"I... I didn't mean to... I mean, I couldn't see... I was just..."

"Relax, Gary," Holly said, still smiling that sultry smile. "I know exactly what you were doing."

"I... I'm sorry," Gary stammered. "I didn't mean to... I mean, I didn't think it was you... I didn't know what was going on..."

Holly just chuckled. Gary couldn't help but stare, drinking in every inch of her perfect flesh.

"Well, now you know, don't you?" she said. "And I think you like it, don't you, Gary?"

Gary backed away nervously, almost tripping on the edge of the bed. He stumbled backwards, his back hitting the soft surface of the mattress.

Holly loomed over him, a predatory glint in her eye as she looked down at him. Her gaze trailed down to his crotch, and she could see the bulge forming in his tight Superman costume.

"I'll take that as a yes."

Gary's face was bright red with embarrassment, his body squirming on the bed.

"I... I don't know what's happening," he said. "I didn't mean for this to happen."

“Oh, I know,” Holly said. “You didn’t mean for it to happen. But it did, didn’t it?”

She jumped up onto the bed with an effortless grace that belied her thick, luscious curves, making her dress ride up to reveal her toned, taut thighs. She landed with a soft bounce, and then crouched low, a nimble carnivore ready to pounce. Her ass thrust up towards the ceiling, proudly displayed for Gary to admire. He couldn’t help but stare, transfixed by the sight of her perfect posterior.

She crawled towards him like a lioness stalking her prey, her mountainous breasts swaying enticingly as she moved. Her eyes glinted with a feral hunger as she looked down at him, her lips curled into a dangerous smile.

He tried to scramble away, but she was too fast, too strong. She pinned him down against the mattress, her mountainous breasts swaying enticingly above him.

“So, what are you gonna do about it?” she whispered, her breath hot against his ear.

“What... what do you want?” Gary said. “I... I’m with Caroline. I can’t do this.”

Holly ran her hands over his chest, feeling his heart pounding.

“That’s right, Gary. You are with Caroline,” she said, settling down on top of him and straddling his waist. “Remind me again, how long have you been together?”

“Six years,” Gary gasped. “We’ve been together for six years.”

Holly let out a throaty laugh, her body writhing atop Gary’s as she relished the knowledge that she was about to break something so delicate, so precious. Six years... it was the perfect amount of time. Long enough to have established a deep connection, but still young enough that it could be shattered with a single blow, like a delicate piece of glass.

“Six years,” she repeated, her lips grazing his ear. “You were so young. Is she your first, Gary? Are you hers?”

Gary nodded mutely, his mind clouded with desire and confusion. He couldn't believe what was happening, the way Holly was touching him, the way she was talking to him. It was beyond anything he had ever experienced.

Holly let out another laugh, her body undulating on top of his like a coiled serpent.

"I'm gonna make you forget all about her, Gary," she whispered. "I'm going to break it, smash it to pieces."

"Why are you doing this?" Gary said, trying to squirm out from underneath her. "This... this isn't right. Caroline is your stepdaughter."

Holly leaned over him, her ample cleavage right in his face, her hands moving over his chest, down to his waistline. She traced a finger over the bulge in his costume and murmured in his ear, her breath hot against his skin.

"I know I shouldn't, Gary," she breathed. "I know I shouldn't, but I can't help it. I'm just so lonely when Tom is away. And you... you're such a good-looking boy. So strong. So confident."

Gary groaned, trying to push her off of him, but she was too strong. She ground her hips into his, her own arousal obvious as she continued to touch him through the tight fabric of his costume.

"I just... I need a Superman to take care of me while Tom is away," she said, her voice dripping with insinuation. "Are you my Superman, Gary? Will you take care of me?"

She felt her way down the front of his costume, past his rock-hard abs and all the way down to the thick bulge below. She traced a finger around the outline of his erection.

"Oh my god, Gary, you're so hard," she said, running her fingers up and down his length. "Is it me? Am I doing this to you?"



Gary's eyes rolled back in his head as she continued to tease him, her fingers expertly stroking him. He gasped and groaned, trying to resist her, but his body was betraying him. It was like an electric current was running through him, straight to his cock.

"I... I can't do this," he said, his voice strained. "I... I'm with Caroline."

Holly just laughed, her fingers still moving over him.

"Even Superman must have a weakness, right?" she said. "But I just can't remember what it is... Hmmmm."

She closed her eyes, her fingers still playing over his shaft. Gary squirmed beneath her, trying to resist the maddening pleasure.

"K... Kryptonite," he stammered. "His weakness is kryptonite."

Holly opened her eyes, her face just inches from his own. She grinned wickedly, her green eyes like two gleaming gems of kryptonite staring straight into his soul.

"Yes, that's right," she said. "Kryptonite. I'd totally forgotten."

She leaned in even closer, her lips brushing against his.

"But don't worry, Gary," she said. "I won't hurt you. Not too badly, anyway."

Without even meaning to, Gary opened his mouth, letting out a soft moan as Holly's lips touched his. He had never felt anything like this before, never experienced such raw, unbridled passion. It was like plummeting headfirst into a hurricane—terrifying, exhilarating, addictive.

And then she kissed him.

It was like being hit by a freight train. Her mouth was a vortex, her tongue a serpent hunting for its prey. She attacked him with a ferocity that left him gasping for breath, his body thrumming.

Gary couldn't believe it. This kiss was so much more powerful than any he had ever shared with Caroline. It was dominating, violent, erotic. It was like kissing Aphrodite herself, a creature of pure, unbridled desire. He couldn't help but think that Caroline's kisses paled in comparison.

As Holly continued to devour him, Gary felt like he was sinking deeper and deeper into a sea of lust. It was like being swallowed whole by her, absorbed into her passion and her power.

He tried to resist, tried to pull away, but it was no use. Holly's kiss was too strong, too powerful. He was helpless against it, a mere mortal caught in the grip of a goddess.

It was like she was drinking him in, consuming him whole. He could feel her tongue probing the depths of his mouth, exploring every inch of him.

Every second was like an explosion, a violent, addictive burst of pleasure.

Gary couldn't believe it—how could he betray Caroline like this? But he was powerless against the dark, all-consuming passion of Holly.

He felt like he was drowning in her kiss, suffocating under the weight of her erotic power. Torn apart, devoured from the inside out.

And he loved it.

Holly finally broke away, looking down at Gary with a condescending gaze. Her lips were wet with his saliva, her eyes smoky with desire.

"So," she said, a wicked grin splitting her face. "Did you like that, Gary?"

Gary could feel his mind clouding over, his thoughts muddled and confused. All he could do was nod, a mindless drone at the mercy of his mistress.

Holly just laughed, running a hand through his hair.

"Of course you did," she said. "I'm irresistible, after all. Inevitable."

She leaned in closer, her eyes locking onto his own.

“Do you miss her, Gary?” she said. “Your sweet Caroline?”

Gary shook his head, his mind still muddled from her kiss.

“N... no... no, I don’t... I don’t.”

“Of course you don’t,” she said. “Why would you, when you have me?”

She leaned in for another kiss, and Gary couldn’t help himself. He met her halfway, his lips smashing into hers, his mind consumed by her passion.

She pulled away again, grinning down at him. She could hardly believe it. Here she was, straddling Caroline’s boyfriend, pinning him down against the mattress with the sheer power of her desire. She could feel his erection throbbing against her thigh, a deep, pulsing heat that made her pussy ache with need. And yet, she felt no guilt, no shame. Only pleasure.

It was like a switch had been flipped inside her, transforming her into someone else entirely. Someone powerful. Someone dangerous.

She looked down at Gary, her eyes roving over his muscular chest, his tight abs. The way his body squirmed beneath her, the way his eyes rolled back in his head... it was all so intoxicating.

God, it made her feel unstoppable. Invincible.

She could hardly believe that she had once been timid, clumsy Holly. The woman she used to be was so far beneath her now, so insignificant. And Caroline... that bitchy, arrogant, pathetic girl... she was even lower. Dust beneath her feet.

“I love the way your body responds to me,” she said. “The way your cock gets hard, pressing against me. So big. So... **thick.**”

Gary moaned, his head thrashing back and forth on the pillow.

Holly could feel the heat between her legs growing, the wetness spreading from her pussy to her thighs. She pressed herself closer to him, her body writhing on top of his.

It was almost funny, really. Holly used to be so intimidated by Caroline, so awed by her beauty, her sharp tongue, you might think she was Holly's stepmother instead of the other way around. But now... now it was Holly who had the power, who had the beauty, the confidence, the unbridled sexuality.

She looked down at Gary again, her eyes blazing with desire. The sight of him, so helpless, so lost in the whirlwind of her seduction... Fuck, it made her wet. It made her feel so powerful, so in charge. And the fact that he belonged to Caroline just made it all the sweeter.

"I bet Caroline wishes she was here right now," she whispered, her hot breath washing over him. "Doesn't she, Gary? Doesn't she wish she was here to see this?"

Gary groaned, his body bucking beneath her. It felt like being electrocuted, every nerve in his body firing at once.

"She wishes she could be here to see what a real woman looks like," Holly went on. "What a real woman feels like. She's nothing compared to me, Gary. Nothing at all."

Holly leaned down, her silky red hair brushing against Gary's face as his muscles quivered beneath her touch. It was like he was made of molten steel, just waiting to be shaped by the power of her will.

"Why haven't we done this before?" she whispered. "Is it because I was so unadventurous, entirely... ignorable?"

Gary just stared at her. He couldn't believe the transformation that had taken place in her, the way she had gone from a clumsy, timid wallflower to this... this goddess. It was like he was in a dream, one of those fevered fantasies that you wake up from covered in sweat.

“I... I don’t know,” he managed to stammer. “You’ve never... you’ve never been like this before. So... so confident. T-the... the implants.”

Holly laughed out loud, the sound echoing through the silent room.

“Implants?” she said, shaking her head. “You’re kidding me, right? You think I... what, spent my life savings on a set of shoddy fake tits?”

She leaned down and cupped her breasts, her hands squeezing the soft, yielding flesh.

“These are 100% all-natural, Gary,” she said, a touch of pride in her voice. “The product of... well, let’s just say good genetics.”

Holly gazed down at her breasts, admiring the perfect roundness of them, the way they jutted out from her chest like two ripe fruit. She was almost getting lost in them, forgetting that Gary even existed. They were so full, so plump, so... perfect.

She ran her hands over them, feeling the firmness of the muscle tissue beneath her fingertips. It was like they had a mind of their own, pulsing with energy and life. And then she realized that Gary was staring up at her, an almost unhinged look in his eye.

He looked like he was seeing something unheard of entirely, some otherworldly creature of pure sex and power. He was completely overcome by the waves of lust that she radiated.

Holly couldn’t help but smirk. It was like she had emerged from some sort of chrysalis, a fragile caterpillar transformed into a divine, irresistible butterfly.

And Gary was just the first of her conquests. She could feel the hot, pulsing heat between her legs growing, the wetness spreading from her pussy to her thighs. She wanted more, more, more.

“I don’t need implants,” she purred, tracing a finger over one of her own rosy nipples, visible through the fabric of her ‘dress’, if it could even be classified as that. “I’m pure, unadulterated woman. One hundred percent Holly.”

Gary just stared up at her, completely entranced. “I’ve... I’ve n-never seen anything like... you.”

Holly just laughed, the sound like music in the silent room. “That’s because you haven’t, Gary,” she said. “I’m something new. Something different. Something that you’ll never forget.”

She leaned down, pressing her perfect breasts against Gary’s chest, feeling the heat from his skin against her own. “You can worship my body all you want,” she whispered. “But you can never *have* it. Not really, anyway.”

Gary groaned, his muscles quivering beneath her.

“And that’s what makes it so exciting,” she went on. “The fact that... that you want something you can never truly have. The fact that... that I’m out of your league, Gary. You’ll only ever have a taste of me and then spend the rest of your life longing for more.”

His eyes were blank, shining with adoration.

“But that’s fine,” she said. “I’ll let you worship me anyway. I’ll let you bathe in the glory of my body. It’s the least I can do.”

Her massive breasts were now jiggling enticingly just an inch away from Gary’s face. “Do you want me, Gary?” she whispered. “Do you want me to let you taste my flesh?”

Gary hesitated, his eyes flickering between her perfect tits and her smirking face. “I... I don’t know,” he stammered. “I... I shouldn’t...”

Holly laughed, a wicked, smoky sound that echoed through the silent room. “You shouldn’t?” she asked. “Why shouldn’t you? Because of Caroline? That flat-chested tomboy? She’s nothing compared to me, Gary. I can make you forget all about her. All you have to do is submit to me. Beg me for what you want. And I’ll give it to you, Gary. I’ll give you everything you’ve ever dreamed of.”

Gary couldn't believe what he was seeing, what he was hearing. It was like watching a movie, a fevered dream, and he was just along for the ride.

“Go on, Gary... Submit to me. Beg me to let you have a taste.”

She was burning a hole in his brain, consuming his thoughts one by one until all he could feel was the pulsing, throbbing heat of her body against his. It was like he was watching himself from a distance, his body moving of its own accord, completely beyond his control.

And Holly was just egging him on, her voice seductive and wicked. “Come on, Gary,” she said. “Take me into your mouth. Beg me for a taste. Show me how much you want me.”

All the while, her dress was changing. Her slime powers were at work, transforming the straps and holes further. She could feel her dress tightening around her, the straps moving over her body like slimy tendrils, revealing more and more of her flawless skin until the fabric was stretched absolutely tight across her massive breasts, revealing her rosy nipples to Gary's hungry gaze.

Gary couldn't help but stare, hypnotized by the sight of Holly's perfect breasts, the way they swayed and bounced with each breath she took.

He was dreaming, it was the only explanation. He was lost in some sort of erotic fantasy land. And all the while, Holly just laughed in her rich and smoky voice.

Gary's mouth opened and closed, like a fish desperate for water. He knew it was wrong, knew he shouldn't be doing this. He knew that he would disgust Caroline, if only she knew. But the sight of Mrs. Hudson's heavily augmented tits, the way they swayed and bounced and jiggled with each twist and flexion... it was just too much to resist.

“P... p-please.”

Holly practically purred, a deep, throaty sound that made Gary's knees go weak. "Please what, Gary?" she asked in mock confusion. "You need to be more specific than that."

Gary hesitated again, his hand hovering over her massive bosom. He had never felt so conflicted, so lost. And yet, the sight of Holly's swollen nipples, so pink and inviting... it beckoned him, a flame that burned deep in his gut.

"Please... Please let me... Let me taste your tits."

It was like playing with a little child, a toy that she could mold to her will. "Mmm, that's better, but that's not quite the way to address me" she murmured, leaning in closer. "You need to be more respectful... to your mommy."

Gary just stared up at her, his eyes wide. "I-I'm sorry," he said. "I meant... please let me taste your tits... mommy."

And just like that, Holly was lost. It was like a bolt of electricity had run through her body, setting every nerve ending on fire. The words, the way he had said them with such reverence and amazement... it was like music to her ears.

She could feel her nipples hardening even more, jutting out like tiny fingers, calling out for Gary's mouth. He obeyed them, his lips finally touching the rosy tip of her right nipple.

It was like an explosion, a burst of pleasure that sent Holly's head spinning. She arched her back, her fingers tangling in Gary's hair, pulling him closer to her.

It was like the final key in some sort of ancient, erotic lock. And then he finally took one of her hard, pink nipples into his mouth, devouring her with hungry teeth and lips.

"Oh God," Holly whimpered. "Oh God, yes..."



Gary's tongue was lapping up the sweat from her skin, circling around her nipple in dizzying, erotic patterns. He was worshipping her, cherishing her like a sacred relic. And she knew, deep down, that she had him under her spell.

But for Holly, one taste of her was never enough. She would demand more, and more, and more, until Gary was entirely consumed by her lust. Until he belonged to her, body and soul. It was like she had been alone all her life, malnourished and diminished... and now she was reborn. Born again in the fires of her own desire.

"Ohh... oh God, yes," she gasped, her nails digging into Gary's scalp. "Suck me, Gary... suck me harder."

He complied, his mouth a hungry thing that devoured her nipple whole, his tongue lashing the sensitive flesh beneath. Holly was gone, the rest of the world fading away to nothing.

She could feel her juices flowing, her pussy throbbing with an almost insatiable hunger. "Yes, yes, YES!" she cried out, her other hand groping desperately at her other breast.

Holly was getting wilder by the second, the pleasure of Gary's mouth against her nipples opening up new vistas of madness in her mind. She was bucking her hips against his, the wet flesh of her pussy sliding over his Superman costume. She was completely out of control, beyond even her own understanding. What was she becoming? What sort of monster had she unleashed upon the world?

And all the while, Gary just kept going, his mouth latched onto her nipple like a man starved. His tongue danced around her areola, wet and warm and oh so intoxicating.

"G-grrr... that's it... s-suck on mommy's magnificent tits..." she moaned, her voice dropping down to a guttural growl.

Gary couldn't stop, lost in his own primal rhythm. It was as if he was hypnotized, lost in the soft, yielding flesh of her perfect breast.

His hands were wandering now, running over the curves of her hips, the firm, toned muscles of her thighs. It was like he was discovering new parts of her body, parts that were just as sensitive, just as irresistible.

“Oohhh... yes,” she gasped, her voice climbing higher and higher. “Grip mommy’s hips, Gary... hold on to my muscles... they’re sooo strong, so... so hard...”

She could feel him obeying her, his grip tightening against her flesh. She was in complete control. But that wasn’t enough, no... it was never enough. There was always a new horizon to conquer, a new frontier to explore.

And so Holly pressed her mountainous breasts even harder against his face, smothering him with her erotic power. To her, it only seemed right that Gary should be swallowed up by her tits, engulfed and lost forever in her enormous mass of flesh.

She was barely even aware of her own moans, the way they were turning into deep, throaty growls. All she could think about was Gary, and how he was nothing compared to her own vastness. It was like her breasts were the sun, and Gary was just one of the planets orbiting around her.

“Ohh... Gary...” she moaned. “Feel what I’ve become. Feel all of this strength, all of this power. I’m invincible, Gary. I’m unconquerable. And you’re just... struggling like some little toy... it’s soooo intoxicating.”

She pressed harder, her massive tits smothering him completely. It was like a landslide, a titanic mass of flesh coming down to bury him alive, turning him into a willing prisoner. To Holly, it was an enthralling thought.

“You really are nothing compared to me, are you?” she asked him. “You’re just some little speck, spinning around my magnificent bosom. And you can’t even resist me, can you?”

“Mmmph!” Gary moaned, the sound muffled by her flesh.

His muffled cries did nothing to deter Holly. if anything, it only made her more determined. She loved the way he struggled beneath her, feebly trying to push her body away, as though he could resist her.

It was almost like a game at this point, seeing how far she could push him, how much he could take. And Holly was enjoying every second of it. She was watching him spasming, his body writhing beneath her with a detached curiosity. It was like he was just a toy to be used, a piece of meat that she could devour at her leisure. She could feel herself getting wetter, her juices flowing even more eagerly. The sight of him, the sound of his gasps and moans, the heat of his body beneath her... it was all too much.

“MMMMppphhh!!!!”

Holly just laughed again, her fingers tangling in Gary’s hair. “Oh, you love it, don’t you?” she asked, her voice taunting and cheerful. “You love being smothered by my tits, you little pervert. Well, guess what? I love it too. Keep struggling... It only makes me better.”

But finally, mercifully, she let him go Gary lay before her, almost comatose, his eyes glazed over and his mouth drooling. He was completely lost in a haze of pleasure, his body quivering and shaking from the intensity of what he had just experienced. The scent of her was everywhere, the salty, musky aroma of her sweat filling his nostrils and making his head swim.

Holly was admiring her work, watching with fascination as drool dribbled down from the corner of Gary’s mouth. “It’s okay, my darling. You don’t have to say anything. Mommy’s here to take care of you. Just... let everything else fade away. Just... submit to me...”

“I-I can’t help it,” he stammered.

“Of course you can’t,” Holly said, stroking his hair with one hand. “And why should you? You’re just a man, Gary. A man with needs. And I’m the only one who can fulfill them.”

Holly's words were inside him, like a deep, throbbing pulse that refused to slow down. She was an enigma, a perfect being floating in the center of an endless sea. And he was just a moth, lost in her light.

She leaned in closer, breathing in the scent of him. The musky aroma of his sweat, the salty tang of his skin... it was intoxicating. "Seeing you in this costume, weak and helpless... Ohhh fuckkk, it's like I've become the sexy villain, finally bringing Superman to his knees! And you... you're just my puppet, doing whatever I want."

Gary was panting now, his eyes rolling back in his head. Holly loved it. Loved the way that her own words turned him into a quivering, obedient mess. She was in total control.

"Mmmm, it's so fucking hot, isn't it?" Holly whispered, her lips almost brushing against his ear. "The way I've turned Superman into my own personal toy... isn't that, like, the hottest thing ever?"

Gary couldn't even speak. He just gurgled, his eyes glassy and unfocused. Lost in an erotic fever dream, a place where Holly was the only reality that mattered. And she was more than happy to feed into that delusion, to play along with his twisted fantasies. She could feel herself getting wetter still, her juices now flowing onto his costume with an almost desperate urgency.

Finally, he managed to stammer out a few words. "D-do you think Caroline will... forgive me?"

Holly pouted exaggeratedly, rolling her eyes. "Ugh, do I look like I give a shit about Caroline?" she sneered. "Fuck that bitch. She is nothing. A meaningless, inconsequential little brat. She doesn't deserve your attention."

She leaned back up, casting a wicked grin in his direction. "You know who deserves your attention? ME! And my amaaaazing, unstoppppppable body. That's who!"

Holly breathed deeply, her eyes locked onto Gary's. She could see the fear in him, the way his eyes kept darting around the room, as though looking for a way out. And yet, he was still rock hard, still practically **begging** her to use him however she wanted.

She smiled wickedly, her fingertips tracing lazy circles on his chest. "You know what's funny?" she said, her voice low and sultry. "I'm starting to look at everything in a whole new light now. Like... I see myself as the center of everything. Like everything else is just orbiting around me, just waiting for me to snap my fingers and make it jump."

"Th-this... is... wrong."

"Wrong? Oh no, no, no. I don't think that's the right word for it," she giggled. "I mean, I get it. I really do. Look at me, Gary. I'm magnificent. I'm... well, I'm just better than you, in every possible way. It makes sense that you would want to worship me, doesn't it?"

His eyes widened even further, his mouth forming a silent 'O'.

"There's something I have to confess. And you're not going to judge me for it, are you?"

He shook his head, both in fear and curiosity.

Holly smiled wickedly, running her fingers over his chest, tracing the contours of his muscles. "I'm starting to see you as an object," she said. "Like... like a toy, or something. Isn't that funny? After tonight, I'll never look at you again. But at the same time, I don't want anyone else to have you either. I kind of want to possess you forevvver..."

She broke off into a giggle, high-pitched and maniacal. "Mmm, it makes me so wet to think about it. Is that okay, Gary? To see you as just... a thing, that I can use however I want? To realize that I'm so much more than you, than anything... that I deserve to have you, to own you?"

She licked her lips, feeling her heartbeat quicken as she spoke. “It just seems right to me. That the moment I let you go, you’ll spend the rest of your life obsessing over me. That’s what you want, isn’t it? To be mine... forever?”

Before Gary could answer, his phone vibrated on the table next to them. She paused, her tits still pressed against his chest, waiting for him to answer her question. But Gary just looked at the phone, his eyes widening in panic.

Holly smirked, her eyes glittering with mischief. “Oh, who could possibly be calling you at a time like this?” she said, the corners of her mouth curling up in an impish grin.

Gary tensed beneath her, his face flushing red. He squirmed, as though trying to get away from her, but her grip on him only tightened. Holly knew that he was afraid, that he was scared of being caught.

“Who is it, Gary?” Holly repeated. “Who is interrupting our little moment here?”

“It’s... an, Umm, unknown number.”

Holly rolled her eyes, snatching the phone from his hand as the phone stopped vibrating. “Unknown number, huh?” she said. “Jeez, Gary. You really suck at lying, you know that?”

“Please, don’t...”

But Holly wasn’t listening. She was already using his Face ID on him before checking his missed calls.

It was Caroline. It wasn’t just one call either. The phone was filled with a flurry of texts, each one more frantic and disturbed than the last. And with each new message, Holly found herself getting more and more turned on. It was like watching a train wreck in slow motion, each disastrous twist only making her more eager to see what would happen next.

Holly's lips curled into a wicked grin. "Mmm, perfect timing," she purred. "Go ahead and call your girlfriend back while I'm half-naked on top of you, Gary. It could be important."

Gary hesitated, his eyes glancing nervously towards the phone. Holly just rolled her eyes, wrapping her fingers tightly around his cock over the costume. "Don't be shy now, Gary. Call her. Let's see what she has to say."

She squeezed harder, watching with glee as Gary squirmed in discomfort.

He swallowed thickly, reaching for the phone reluctantly. Holly smirked, her fingers still wrapped tightly around his cock, feeling the way it quivered in her hand.

"Mmm, put it on speaker," she whispered, grinning wickedly. "I want to hear everything."

Gary looked up at her, his eyes pleading. But Holly was unyielding, a force of nature that could not be stopped. "Do it."

Gary fumbled with the phone, struggling to put it on speaker. Caroline picked up on the third ring, her voice strained and irritated. "Gary, where the hell are you? I've been waiting for you for almost an hour!"

"Uh, h-hi Caroline," Gary stuttered. "I-I'm just at..."

"At what? Where the hell are you, Gary?" Caroline bellowed.

Holly could feel Gary struggling beneath her, trying to keep his voice from wavering as he spoke to Caroline. But it was all for nothing. Holly's fingers were already wrapped tightly around his cock, stroking him slowly and rhythmically.

"Mmmm, that's it," she cooed, her lips brushing against his ear. "Just keep talking to her. Keep *lying* to her."

Gary winced, as though struggling to keep himself from moaning out loud. Holly licked his earlobe, biting it gently as she felt him grow harder beneath her fingertips.

Without warning, she slipped a hand under her dress, her fingers sliding between the cutouts of the fabric until they reached the bare skin of her pussy. It was already slick with her juices, her thighs trembling.

“I-I’m already at the party, Caroline,” Gary stammered. “J-just... just looking for yo-you.”

“Mmm, fuckkkk,” Holly moaned softly, her hips rocking back and forth as her fingers delved deeper between her folds. “This is so hot. So... fucking hot.”

“Oh, really? You could’ve fucking told me, Gary. Well, where are you?” Caroline demanded.

Holly leaned in closer. “Tell her you’re in her bedroom,” she whispered. “Tell her you have a surprise for her.”

Gary hesitated for a moment, but Holly’s grip on his cock only tightened, making him gasp with pleasure. “I’m... I’m already in your bedroom, Caroline,” he managed. “T-there’s, Umm... a surprise waiting for you.”

Caroline snorted derisively on the other end of the line. “Pfft, whatever, Gary. You better have something fucking amazing waiting for me when I get up there. I swear to God, if you’ve fucked this up, you’ll be sorry.”

“Mmm, you like that, don’t you?” Holly breathed, her hips rolling against her own fingers. “Me touching myself like this while you watch... it’s so fucking hot.”

Gary’s eyes were wide and panicked. She just smirked, giving his cock another firm squeeze with her free hand. She could feel him straining against her touch, teetering on the edge of ecstasy.

“It... it’s something really special, Caroline... I promise.”

With that, she hung up, leaving Gary staring at the phone in disbelief.



Holly practically growled with desire, her fingers moving furiously between her legs. She could feel the fabric of her dress clinging to her, damp with sweat and arousal. Gary tried to pull away but her grip on his cock was unyielding, her fingers still stroking him slowly and rhythmically.

“Fuck, that was... that was so hot,” Holly moaned, her eyes half-lidded with ecstasy. “I can’t wait to fuck you, Gary. Right here, right now. On Caroline’s bed. Until your brain has turned to mush and you can’t even remember her name.”

Gary was terrified. But even as he trembled in fear, his cock was still rock hard, straining against his costume.

“Oh, baby, you have no idea how fucking amazing this is,” she moaned. “I-I feel like... like I’m on fire, like everything around me is just bursting with color and light. I can feel everything, Gary. Every little sensation, every little movement, it’s just all magnified, all... intensified.”

Holly had been teasing Gary for what felt like an eternity, her fingers stroking lightly over the fabric of his costume. But it wasn’t enough - she wanted more. She wanted to feel him cock deep in her pussy, pounding away until she was writhing with pleasure.

With a fierce grin, she lunged forward, tearing at the fabric of his costume, shredding it like a wild animal. All around them, pieces of the costume littered the floor like confetti, the iconic Superman logo split in two, tearing all the way down to his crotch.

And then, there he was. Naked, exposed, and hard as a rock. Holly let out a wild, almost manic laugh at the sight of him, her eyes fixed on his cock.

“Holy shit, Gary,” she groaned. “Why the hell aren’t you wearing any underwear? You dirty little pervert.”

“I... I was hoping to surprise Caroline,” he said weakly. “It was supposed to be a joke, really. But-”

“But instead you surprised me! And what a lovely surprise it is.”

“F-fuck, Mrs. Hudson,” Gary moaned, his hands fumbling at her thighs. He looked into her eyes, glinting like emeralds, fierce and relentless as she looked down back at him. “Y-you’re... you’re out of control.”

“Of course I’m out of control, Gary,” she practically purred. “Don’t you remember how pathetic I used to be? You must’ve thought it every time you came by to fuck Caroline. Polite, courteous, always doing what I was told. But that’s all over now. I’m not the sweet, docile stepmother anymore, Gary. I’m a savage beast who wakes up every day, knowing that she can devour whatever prey looks her way. And I’m hungry for you, Gary. So fucking hungry.”

“Holy... fuck,” Gary gasped. Mrs. Hudson... you’re so... so...”

She leaned in closer, her lips brushing against his ear. “Unhinged?” she whispered. “Vulgar? Hot? Unadulterated? That’s who I am now, Gary.”

He moaned softly beneath her, his hips thrusting up instinctively as she rubbed herself against him. He was already leaking pre-cum, his hips thrusting upwards in anticipation. Holly too could feel her own pussy aching with need, slick with her juices, ready to be filled to bursting with his cock.

Holly shifted, positioning Gary’s member at her entrance. She didn’t even need to lift her dress up first. It was already so short and full of holes that her pussy was already on full display, wet and glistening with arousal. “You want this, don’t you?” she breathed. “You want to be inside me, feeling my tight little pussy wrapped around your cock. Don’t you, Gary?”

“I... I-I don’t know, Holly. I don’t want to hurt Caroline, she... she-”

“Don’t be stupid, Gary,” she sneered, grabbing hold of his cock and rubbing it against her clit. “It’s not your fault. You’re just fucking me... the superior option. And if you’re not man enough to do it, to give in to the urges that are screaming through your mind right now? Then leave, Gary. Leave and never come back.”

She tightened her grip on his cock, her fingers squeezing tightly, watching with pleasure as his hips twitched involuntarily. “If you have any semblance of feelings towards Caroline... If you’re willing to say no to the goddess before you, now is the time to speak up.”

Gary knew he shouldn’t be doing this. It wasn’t just about Caroline. It was about him, his own sense of self-worth. He had always thought he was better than this, better than the other guys who went after unattainable women. But even as he tried to tell Holly no, to get up and walk away, he found himself unable to speak.

Holly was just too beautiful, too alluring. Her curves were like a work of art, her touch like a drug, sending him spiraling out of control with every moment that passed. He realized, with creeping horror, that even if he left this room right this minute, he would never forget this moment. It would follow him around for the rest of his life, taunting him with what could’ve been.

It was all so confusing, so complex. But even as his inner turmoil raged on, Gary couldn’t help but be swept away by the raw, animalistic pleasure coursing through his body. He didn’t want to think, didn’t want to question. He just wanted to give in completely to the lust and desire that was overwhelming him. All he could think about was how much he wanted her, how much he wanted this moment to last forever. He would worry about Caroline later, would deal with the consequences of his actions when they inevitably came crashing down on him.

“I... I want you, Mrs. Hudson,” he moaned. “More than... more than anything.”

Holly grinned wickedly. “That’s what I thought you’d say,” she breathed, finally sinking down onto him, feeling him fill her up to the hilt until she practically overflowed. “Oh, fuck, yes,” she moaned, her hips rising and falling in a wild, uninhibited rhythm. “This is what I’ve been waiting for, Gary. All these long, boring years of being the timid Holly fucking Hudson. This is what I could’ve been.”

They fucked wildly, furiously, caught up in the all-consuming heat of the moment. Holly laughed, moaned, and gasped her way through their tryst, her hips pounding

down against his in an almost manic rhythm as she rode him to the brink and back again.

“You like that, don’t you, Gary?” she breathed as she tightened her grip on his hair, pulling his head back until he was forced to meet her eyes. “You like being fucked by a perfect queen like me, don’t you? You love being my little jester, my toy to be played with whenever I want.”

Gary moaned and thrashed beneath her, his cock throbbing with need as she rode him harder and faster. “Y-yes, Mrs. Hudson,” he gasped. “I love it. I love being your... your toy.”

“Good boy,” she purred, her lips close to his ear again as she leaned in, close enough for him to feel her breath hot on his skin. “Because that’s all you are to me, Gary. You’re nothing compared to me. Nothing at all. Do you know how good it feels to have all this power? To be so beautiful, so perfect that everyone else just looks like dirt in comparison?”

Gary looked up at her with a mixture of fear and fascination. His muscles were tense, his face flushed and covered in a light sheen of sweat. Holly could tell that he was close, closer than he’d ever been before. And she knew, with a deep and abiding certainty, that she was the only one who could ever bring him to this level of ecstasy.

Holly shifted again, rubbing herself up and down against Gary’s cock with almost absurd abandon. “I just wish Caroline could see me now,” she said. “The way I look, the way I fuck. The way you chose me over her.”

Gary could feel it building inside him, the pressure mounting, his muscles tensing and spasming with each passing moment. “Oh, God, Mrs. Hudson,” he gasped, his hands digging into her hips as she rode him mercilessly. “I’m- I’m gonna...”

But Holly just smiled serenely, shushing him by putting a finger on his lips, her hips grinding down against him in an almost hypnotic rhythm. “No, you’re not,” she

breathed. “Not until Caroline gets here to see it all. Not until she watches me ride you till you’re too spent to even move.”

Gary was confused by her words, by the aura of control that surrounded her like a cloak. He didn’t know why, but he knew that all he could do was lay there and moan, his body writhing and twisting beneath her in response to every little twitch of her hips.

“Mmmmm, oh fuckkk, ohhh, oh god, no...” he moaned, his voice trailing off as Holly clamped down on him with almost inhuman strength. He could feel her pussy contracting around his cock, squeezing him tighter and tighter until he was literally unable to come. “Please, I need to-”

“Need? Why would I possibly care about what *you* need, Gary?” she laughed, grinding down against him harder than ever. “You’re my little houseboy, my slutty little whore. I own you now, Gary. Every fucking inch of you. You’re like... like a disease, infecting me from the inside out. And do you know why I’m letting you, Gary? I LOVE being your superior, your queen, your everything...”

She rolled her hips down against him, her perfect ass bouncing and jiggling with each passing motion. “Don’t you see how lucky you are, Gary?” she moaned, grinding herself against him with even greater intensity. “How fucking lucky you are to be allowed to serve a goddess like me?”

She giggled, giddy with excitement. “Mmmm, you know what, Gary? We should do reverse cowgirl! I want to see Caroline when she comes in. I want to see the fear, the shock, the- oh god, yessss!”

Gary complied, and before he knew it, Holly was leaning back against his chest, her hair sweeping down to brush against his stomach. From this position, Holly could see the door clearly, and she felt her heart pounding with anticipation as she imagined Caroline walking through it.

“Oh, god... it’s... it’s too much, Mrs. Hudson,” he whimpered. “I... I can’t...”

But Holly just shook her head, riding him harder and faster with each passing second. “You can,” she breathed. “You fucking can, Gary. You can do anything I want you to. Just feel. Feel what it’s like to be used by me, to fill me up and stretch me out until I’ve drained you completely dry. Until... until...”

# THE PERFORMANCE

Suddenly, the door burst open, and Caroline was standing there with a half-empty bottle of beer in her hand. For a moment, she just stood there, her brain close to malfunctioning. The last time she saw Holly, she'd been nothing more than a sad, clumsy stepmother, easily dismissed and forgotten. But now... now she was something else. Her bumbling, clumsy stepmother was now transformed into some kind of perfect, ethereal goddess, her hips gyrating wildly as she rode Caroline's boyfriend to the brink of ecstasy.

Gary looked up at Caroline in terror, his entire body going rigid. But Holly just smiled, still riding him with slow, rhythmic movements as though nothing were out of the ordinary. In fact, she seemed almost amused by the whole situation, her lips curved in a wicked grin. "Oh! Hi, honey!" she said, giving her stepdaughter a little wave of her hand. "We've been waiting for you! How's your little party going?"

Caroline tried to speak, but no words came out. She felt like her brain had short-circuited, leaving her unable to think or breathe or function in any meaningful way. All she could do was stare at the scene in front of her, watching as her stepmother rode her boyfriend with an almost savage intensity.

"Holly? Gary?! Wh-what the fuck is going on?!" Caroline sputtered, her voice high and squeaky with shock. "What are you doing? Why do you look like that? Why are you... Oh, God. Oh, my fucking God."

Holly just chuckled, shimmying her perfect hips and grinding down harder onto Gary's cock. "What's the matter, Caroline?" she purred. "Use your words, honey."

Caroline narrowed her eyes, her fists clenching at her sides. "You... you bitch," she hissed, taking a step forward until she was just a few feet away from the couple. "What the hell have you done? Why are you... you can't just..."

"Oh, it's nothing, Caroline," Holly said. "Just... exploring some new territories, you know how it is."

Caroline was practically vibrating with anger now, her fists clenched so tight that her knuckles were turning white. "No, I... I don't know how it is!" she spat. "I don't know what kind of fucked up game you're playing here, Holly, but it's not funny. I don't... I don't even know how to fucking-"

But Holly just waved a dismissive hand, cutting her off before she could finish. "Oh, honey, don't be vulgar," she said, still grinning that infuriating grin. "You know I don't like it when you use language like that."

Caroline just shook her head in disbelief, feeling a mix of horror and disgust at the scene before her. "You're sick," she said. "Both of you. Sick fucking perverts. Get off him, Holly. Get off him right now."

"Oh, Caroline, dear, don't be silly. Gary and I are just... having a little bit of fun, you know? Nothing wrong with that."

Caroline felt herself starting to break, starting to lose it entirely. "Stop it," she growled. "Stop it right now. Get off of him, you... you monster. This can't be happening. No, no, no..."

Caroline was about to turn and run from the room, to put some distance between her and this inexplicable, perverse scene. But before she could move, Holly's tone changed. Suddenly, she was screaming at Caroline with all the force of her newly empowered voice.



“Where do you think you’re going, young lady?” Holly shouted, her voice rising to an almost ear-splitting volume. “Walking in on us like this... it’s not polite, Caroline. It’s just not polite. You need to be punished.”

Caroline felt a shiver run down her spine at Holly’s words, the cold, unyielding tone of authority that was edging its way into her stepmother’s voice. She’d never heard Holly talk like that before - not once - and the very sound of it sent a chill through her core. She knew, with a cold and thundering certainty, that she wasn’t going anywhere.

“I... I’m sorry?” Caroline muttered, not quite sure what she was apologizing for. “I... just... can’t we talk about this, Holly? Please? Can’t we... just stop for a second and... and...”

But Holly just shook her head, her perfect ass moving up and down with almost machine-like precision. “No, Caroline,” she said, her voice cold and unyielding. “We can’t stop. You can’t leave. You’re going to stay right here and watch. I want you to see everything, Caroline. I want you to watch me take everything that’s yours, everything that’s ever been yours. I want you to grovel at my feet, Caroline. I want you to beg me for forgiveness, beg me for mercy... but most of all, I want you to know that I could have anything I want. Anything at all.”

“What... what the hell is wrong with you?” Caroline spat, more hesitantly this time. “You’re not... you’re not yourself, Holly. This... this isn’t...”

But Holly just laughed, her hips still gyrating wildly against Gary. “Oh, trust me, Caroline,” she said. “This is me. *Mmmm, fuck*. This is who I am now. And you’re going to see it, *obbb*, whether you like it or not. And from now on, you will refer to me as ‘Mom’. Do you understand?”

Caroline felt like she had been hit with a brick. Mom? What the hell was Holly even talking about? She’d never called her that before, not in a thousand years. But for some reason, the way Holly spoke, the way she commanded the room with such imposing power... Caroline just couldn’t bring herself to argue.

“Yes... Mom. “She felt like a little girl again, like she was back in elementary school and her teacher had just scolded her for talking during class. “I... I understand.”

“Mmmmp, gooooood,” Holly said, nodding approvingly. “Now, listen to me carefully, Caroline. *Oh fuckkkk*, I want you to watch this. Really... *mmmm*, watch it. I want you to see how it’s done, how a real woman fuckkkkkks. Do you understand?”

Caroline nodded, still feeling like she was caught in some sick dream. But no, this was real. All too real.

“Now,” Holly said, her voice almost stern now. “Repeat after me, Caroline. ‘I am nothing compared to Mom. I am nothing without Mom. All I want in life is for Mom to be happy. All I want in life is to serve Mom.’”

Caroline hesitated for a moment, her throat feeling like it was closing up. This was all so wrong, so twisted. But something about Holly’s tone, about her commanding presence... something about it was making her feel like she had to obey.

“I am... nothing compared to Mom,” she whispered, feeling dirty and humiliated. “I... am nothing without Mom. All I want in life is... for Mom to be happy. All I want in life is to... to serve Mom.”

“Good girl,” Holly said. “That’s exactly right. Just keep watching, Caroline. Keep watching Mom show you what it means to be in charge.”

Holly continued her frenzied movements, her perfectly toned ass bouncing and jiggling against Gary’s abdomen. “Come on, Gary,” she said. “Who has the better ass? Me, or Caroline over there? Tell me the truth, you little slut. Doesn’t my ass feel fucking amazing?”

Gary shook his head, his eyes squeezed shut in pleasure and shame. “Oh god, yes,” he panted. “Your ass... It’s perfection. So tight, so... so fucking sexy. Oh god, Mrs. Hudson, I... I can’t...”

“That’s what I thought,” she breathed, her eyes locked onto Caroline’s in a challenge. “You see that, Caroline? You see what a real ass looks like? You can’t compete with me, honey. You can’t even come close.”

Caroline felt like she was going to be sick. She couldn’t believe what was happening right in front of her, couldn’t believe that her stepmother was dominating her boyfriend like this. She wanted to scream, wanted to run, wanted to do anything to escape the twisted, sickening scene in front of her. But instead... she just stood there, frozen in place, watching as Holly continued to twerk and grind against Gary like she was some kind of savage animal.

Holly let out a throaty moan as she leaned back against Gary’s chest, her toned body moving in a sensual rhythm against his. “Now tell me,” she purred, turning her head to look him in the eye. “Who has the better waist? Me or that little brat?”

Gary’s gaze flickered between the two women. “Oh god, Mrs. Hudson,” he groaned. “I... I don’t know. They’re both... they’re both so...”

“Answer the question, you little shit. Who has the better waist?”

Gary let out a whimper as Holly pulled his hands around her toned midsection, her skin hot and slick with sweat. He could feel the faint indentations of her six-pack abs, the tightness of her stomach muscles making him shiver with pleasure.

“Y-you do,” he gasped, unable to hold back any longer. “You have the... the best waist I’ve ever seen. It’s so... so fucking cinched, it’s like you’re a cartoon character or something. God, Mrs. Hudson, you’re so... so fucking perfect...”

Holly just grinned, gyrating her hips and letting out a low, guttural moan. She looked back at Caroline, almost daring her to say something, to try to compete with her, but Caroline just stood there, her eyes wide and her body trembling with shock and arousal.

“That’s right, baby,” Holly said. “My waist... It’s fucking tiny, isn’t it? It’s like you could wrap your whole hand around it. Makes me look like some kind of... ohhh... hot little... oh god... sex goddess. Doesn’t it?”

Gary’s hands tightened slightly on Holly’s waist. “Y-yes... Mrs. Hudson...”

“Isn’t he just the sweetest thing, Caroline?” Holly said, stroking Gary’s cheek with an almost possessive affection. “You have such a well-behaved boyfriend, my darling stepdaughter. He says all the nicest things, doesn’t he? You must be sooo proud of him.”

Tears started to prick at the corners of Caroline’s eyes, but she couldn’t look away. She was like a deer caught in headlights, unable to move or speak or think. “He’s... he’s not...” she stammered, but the words died in her throat. She didn’t know what to say, how to respond to Holly’s taunts. She just felt so weak, so powerless.

Holly just laughed, her hips gyrating in time with Gary’s desperate thrusts. “Aww, look at her... All upset because her boyfriend likes me better. Well, it’s not my fault that I’m just... better than her in every single way, is it?”

“Why... why won’t you let me leave? Just fucking keep him!”

“Now, now... Caroline,” Holly said. “Don’t be rude. You have to give Gary a chance to answer one last question first. And believe me, it’s a good one.”

Gary moaned in frustration as Holly shifted his hands from her waist to her massive breasts, using them to grope them and roll her nipples between his fingers. “Now tell me, Gary,” Holly breathed, turning back to face him. “Who’s got the best titties? Caroline’s little mosquito bites or my... oh god... my fucking...” Her voice trailed off into a moan as Gary squeezed her breasts, jiggling them for emphasis.

Gary let out a shuddering breath, his hands gripping Holly’s tits as though they were his only lifeline. “Y-yours,” he gasped. “Oh god, Mrs. Hudson, yours are... they’re so big, so perfect... soooo fucking good...”

“You hear that, Caroline? Sweetie?” Holly purred, her toned body undulating against Gary’s rock-hard erection. “Even your boyfriend thinks my tits are better than yours. And why wouldn’t he? I mean, look at these bitches... They’re like something out of a porno. So ripe, so fucking juicy... The biggest fuck pillows you’ll ever see... Mmmmm...” Her voice trailed off into a moan as she pinched her own nipples, her eyes locked onto Caroline’s with a wicked, almost maniacal glee.

Caroline felt tears streaming down her face. She just felt like giving up, watching as her stepmother kept taunting her, dominating her. And of course, her so-called boyfriend, moaning and gasping with every movement of Mom’s toned body, simply lay there like a dutiful little pet, eager to please his new mistress.

Holly arched her back against Gary’s chest, her perfect tits jutting out in an impossible spherical shape. “Oh god, yes!” she cried out. “Ohhh, fuck me, my little tit slave... squeeze them harder, you dirty little beast! I need more... harder... mmmm... ohhhh!”

Gary groaned in response, his hands gripping Holly’s massive breasts like he was trying to crush them. He could feel the intense pressure building up inside of him, the need to explode, the need to just let go and come like he’d never come before.

Holly’s mind was close to overloading with pleasure. She felt like she was teetering on the edge of a cliff, ready to fall into the abyss of orgasmic bliss. “This is it, Gary,” she panted. “Mmm... oh god... it’s finally time. It’s time for you to give Mommy all your hot, virile seed. You’re gonna explode inside me, baby. I can feel it... I can feel you... ohhh... ohhh, fffuckkk...”

Gary could feel Holly’s body starting to spasm, her back muscles contracting as she rode him harder and faster. “O-oh god, Mrs. Hudson,” he gasped. “I’m gonna... I’m gonna... oh god, I’m gonna...”

“That’s it, my little stud,” Holly moaned, her fingers digging into his flesh as she arched her back, pistoning up and down on his rock-hard cock. “Mmm... oh god... that monster feels so good, Gary. So fucking perfect... mmmm... give it to me... give me all you got... fucking breed me, pretty boy!”

Gary couldn't hold back any longer. With a roar of pleasure, he exploded inside Holly, his hot seed flooding her so deeply that she could feel it deep in her womb. "Oh god! Oh fuck... Mrs. Hudson!" he cried out, his hands gripping Holly's toned hips like he was trying to hold on for dear life. "Ungggggh!"

As Holly felt the hot rush of Gary's seed filling her, she felt her own orgasm hit her like a lightning bolt. It was like nothing she had ever experienced before, a mind-bending cascade of pleasure that started at the tips of her toes and traveled up her legs, through her torso and up into her brain. She moaned and screamed with pleasure, her fingers digging into Gary's flesh as she rode out the intense wave of ecstasy.

"Ohhhhh, FUCK!" she cried out, her voice almost inhuman with pleasure. "Oh god, I'm coming! I'm... I'm... YESSSSSSSSSS!!!" Her entire body shook with the force of her orgasm, her toned ass bouncing and jiggling against Gary's abdomen as she rode him through wave after wave of pleasure.

Caroline just watched in horror, completely overwhelmed by the sight of her stepmother and her boyfriend, locked in a vicious, twisted embrace. Everything was a blur of motion and frantic moaning, as they both seemed to lose themselves in the heat of the moment.

Holly's mind was spinning, her body wracked with pleasure as she came harder than she had ever come before. She could feel the juices from her pussy soaking Gary's cock, mixing with his own hot seed as they became completely locked in a maelstrom of carnal desire.

"Oh god, YES!" she cried out, a sound of pure madness. "THAT'S IT, GARY! HARDER! Yesssss!!!" Her orgasm seemed to go on forever, an endless vortex of pleasure that consumed her completely.

Finally, Holly collapsed onto Gary's chest, gasping for air and covered in sweat. "Oh god, that was... unreal," she panted, her heart racing in her chest. "I... I can't believe it. That was... oh, fuck."

She looked back over her shoulder, seeing that Gary had passed out from the pleasure.

“Looks like your boyfriend’s run out of juice,” she said, smirking over her shoulder at the young college student. “That’s always the danger with these pretty boys, you know. They think they’re so tough... until they meet a real woman.”

Caroline stood there, watching as her stepmother lay panting and exhausted atop her boyfriend. All the fear and sadness that had consumed her moments before had slowly started to dissipate, replaced by a deep burning anger that threatened to consume her completely.

Everything she had known, everything she had trusted, everything she had loved had been taken away from her by this monster of a woman. She seethed with unbridled hatred, the world around her nothing but a raging inferno of pure resentment and aggression.

“I... I can’t... I can’t believe you, you... you fucking bitch!”

Holly slowly turned her head, her eyes locking onto Caroline’s. “Oh... sweetie,” she cooed, a wicked grin playing at the corners of her lips. “Didn’t you enjoy the show?”

“Y-you... what the fuck is w-wrong with you?” Caroline stuttered. “How could you just... how could you just do this to me? To dad? You... you fucking...”

Holly just laughed, her voluptuous body glistening. “Oh, sweet Caroline. Don’t be silly. We’re family now, aren’t we? I’m your mother. And isn’t it just right that a daughter should share everything with her mother? Even her boyfriend?”

“You... you ruined my life! You took everything from me!” Caroline’s voice rose to a fever pitch, fueled by bitterness and rage. Her fists clenched so tight that her nails dug into her skin, drawing drops of blood.

“I’m going to kill you,” she hissed. “I swear to god, I’m going to fucking kill you.”

Her eyes blazed with an unhinged intensity, a frenzied, deranged madness that Holly had never seen before. She watched in horror as Caroline smashed her beer bottle against the wall, shattering it into a million tiny pieces.

Holly realized with a sudden shock that Caroline had gone completely insane. “Daughter, stop that right now!” she commanded. “I’m your mother, and I’ve had it with your hormonal outburst!”

But Caroline was beyond listening, her face set in a menacing scowl as she closed the distance between herself and Holly, holding the broken glass bottle in her hand like a weapon.

“I don’t care who you think you are,” she hissed. “You’re nothing to me. A monster. A... a... whore.” The words spat from her lips like venom, each one dripping with spite and malice.

Holly could feel the terror crawling up her spine as she watched Caroline advance on her, the glass bottle glinting in the dim light of the room. “Caroline,” she said, trying to keep her voice calm and even. “This isn’t the answer. Calm down immediately! Just put down the bottle and we can...”

But Caroline wasn’t listening. She just kept coming closer, a look of pure, savage rage etched on her face. Her grip on the bottle was white-knuckled as she raised it high above her head.

Holly braced herself for the impact, ready for the cold, sharp feel of broken glass against her flesh. She closed her eyes, waiting for the inevitable moment when everything would go black.

In that instant, it was as if time stood still. Holly’s life flashed before her eyes, a chaotic, jumbled series of memories and images that played out like a movie reel. She saw herself as a young woman, timid and unsure, constantly plagued by doubts and fears. She saw the years of frustration and disappointment, of being pushed aside and ignored, always living in the shadow of everyone else.



And then, she saw herself in the present, transformed by the strange, otherworldly powers of Slurthak. She saw the new, goddess-like figure that stared back at her, with its perfect curves and toned muscles and fiery red hair. She saw herself, confident and unapologetic, standing proudly in front of an audience of admiring men and women, flaunting her perfect body and her hedonistic, untamed sexuality.

Holly's mind was filled with regret. She had only one night as this sex goddess version of herself, and now it was all over. She had finally tasted true freedom, true power, and now it was slipping away from her, like sand through her fingers.

She felt like she was floating, weightless and adrift in a dark, endless void. All around her, there was nothing but darkness, and the sense that something powerful and malevolent was watching her.

In the distance, she heard a voice, deep and oily, like molten tar poured over heated metal. It was a voice she recognized all too well, a voice she had heard before, one she couldn't have imagined in her darkest, most forbidden fantasies.

*"Ab, my dear Holly Hudson,"* the voice said. *"How deliciously corrupt you have become. You have truly embraced your inner darkness, and it has made you... beautiful. You are a sight to behold."*

Holly found herself face to face with Slurthak. Its eyes were glowing orbs of pure malice, and its body seemed to twist and writhe with an unnatural, fluid energy.

"Slurthak..." Holly whispered, trembling with both awe and fear.

The monster just laughed, a sound that seemed to come from everywhere and nowhere at once. *"Fear not, mortal. You have been an excellent host these past few hours. I have reveled in your debauchery, your wildness, your unbridled sexuality. You are truly a creature of my heart. It's a shame your time has come to an end... Unless..."*

Holly felt a wave of heat rush through her body, her nipples hardening and her pussy twitching with desire. The sound of Slurthak's voice was like a drug to her, a heady mixture of fear and lust.

She grabbed her massive breasts, squeezing them together and offering them to the monster before her.

“I’ll do anything you want,” she said. “Anything you desire, no matter how twisted. Just please... please let me live, just a little longer... Let me keep this body.”

Slurthak’s eyes seemed to light up with a cold light. “*Oh, Holly, my willing puppet of perversion,*” it said. “*How very... intriguing. You are such a curious creature. So willing to give up everything for power. But that’s what makes you so perfect. So very... compatible.*”

“I... I’ve enjoyed your gifts so much. I want more. More time... More pleasure. Please, Slurthak... tell me... what do I have to do?”

“*Ab, Holly,*” Slurthak’s voice rumbled, filled with dark menace and sensual delight all at once. “*You’re such a wonderful little slut. All you have to do is... submit to me. Embrace the darkness that lies within you. And then, anything is possible. You can become... anything.*”

She was so turned on by the thought of merging with Slurthak, of being consumed by its dark, infinite power. She had always been so timid and unsure, always shrinking away from the world. But now... now she felt like nothing could stop her.

“Yes, Slurthak,” she nodded eagerly, a manic grin spreading across her face. “I will submit. I will embrace the darkness. Please, just... fill me with your power.”

Slurthak’s tentacles wrapped around her, squeezing her taut body in a feverish embrace. Holly gasped as she felt its pulsing flesh pulsate against her skin, feeling the thick slime coat her in a wet, sticky film. She was lost in a cloud of sensation, the pleasure rippling through her in hot, scorching waves.

Holly felt the slime monster’s consciousness mingling with her own, its power and knowledge surging through her with unparalleled intensity. She saw visions of immense, sprawling landscapes, of ancient, towering monoliths that stretched up to the sky, and of creatures so monstrous and vast that they defied description.

## EPILOGUE

Holly's eyes snapped open, her breath coming in short, ragged gasps. She looked down at her stomach, where Caroline had stabbed her with the broken bottle. But there was no wound, no blood. Instead, there was a strange, viscous goo, a translucent slime that shimmered in the dim light of the room.

And then she saw it. Holly let out a shocked gasp as she watched Caroline's hand sink slowly into her body, the viscous slime enveloping the hand like a warm, wet cocoon.

"W-what the fuck?" Caroline's face twisted in a sickening mix of horror and disgust as she tried to pull her hand out, but it was stuck fast, as if it had been suctioned into the slime. She screamed, a raw, primal yell that made Holly's ears ache.

Holly just laughed, a wet, gurgling sound that echoed through the room like a chorus of demons. "Oh, Caroline. You never learn, do you? You just had to keep pushing. You just had to keep fighting. All I wanted was for us to be a family, and look what you've done."

Caroline's face twisted even further, tears streaming down her cheeks as she tried, in vain, to free her hand. "Please," she sobbed. "Let me go... please... I'm afraid... I'm scared..." Her voice trailed off into a low, pitiful whimper.

Holly just smiled, watching with a mixture of amusement and cold-blooded satisfaction as Caroline's hand continued to slowly sink deep into her body. "You should be," she said. "You should be very afraid... I'm afraid our time as a family has

come to an end. But don't worry, our relationship will still exist... just in an even more intimate way."

She felt the slime around her body constricting and pulsing in time with her wild heartbeat. She was beyond comprehension, beyond any sense of morality or humanity. She was a creature of pure lust and desire, untethered from anything that would hold her back from gaining more power.

Holly's eyes were pitiless and cold as she looked down at Caroline's terrified face. She could see the fear in the girl's eyes, the realization of what was happening to her slowly dawning. And she loved it. She knew she should feel a sense of regret, even if she was finally getting back at Caroline for all the years of neglect, abuse, and callous disregard. But instead, she felt only a sense of quiet, detached satisfaction, as if she were watching some impersonal transaction taking place.

She leaned down, her eyes locked on Caroline's terrified face, a twisted smile of mad glee on Holly's face.

"Slurthak accepts your sacrifice," she whispered, her voice a dual mix of her own and Slurthak's demonic tones.

Caroline's eyes widened, her face contorted into an expression of utter terror. And then, with a sickening slurping sound, she was pulled face-first into Holly's body, disappearing into the swirling vortex of slime within.

The red-haired goddess moaned in pleasure, feeling Caroline's body melt into her own, her soul and essence merging with those of the other victims she had absorbed.

Caroline's body began to thrash and twist around inside the slime, her screams muffled and stifled by Holly's sticky, suffocating embrace. She felt her entire being drawn into the heart of her body. It was as if her very essence was being devoured by a primordial force that existed beyond time and space, her body, mind, and soul dissolving into a dark, shapeless abyss of nothingness.

Holly's former stepdaughter was gone, reduced to nothing more than a memory, a passing thought in the slime goddess's newly warped mind.

Holly could feel her flesh crawling and shifting, the viscous slime within her body transforming her. She arched her back and moaned as her voluptuous curves began to strengthen and grow even further. Her already massive breasts ballooned up like twin blimps, swelling to grotesque proportions and straining even against her flexible skin. She squeezed them together, watching with delight as they spilled out of her grasp.

Her hips widened, stretching out to a comically exaggerated degree. Her waist cinched in even further, the contrast between her wide hips and tiny waist giving her the unmistakable look of an oversexed cartoon character.

“Mmm... yes... so much sexier... so much more perfect...”

All the while, her ass grew larger and larger, each rise and fall of her voluptuous cheeks sending shockwaves of pleasure beyond human comprehension through her body. It was becoming more and more bloated, more and more inviting. Holly licked her lips and reveled in the obscene pleasure of her body's transformation.

She let out a low, guttural moan, feeling the pleasure of the changes ripple through her body like a shockwave. “Fuck,” she breathed, each word a desperate plea for more. “Oh, fuck, yes....”

Holly felt Gary's cock stir to life underneath her, even as he lay unconscious. She rubbed herself against it, moaning in reckless abandon as she reveled in her sensual transformation.

She let out a throaty laugh, running her hands possessively over her curvy, perfect body, her massive watermelon tits jiggling enticingly. She was beyond human, beyond a mere mortal, beyond even the slime monster's consort. She was something so much more. There was no longer any distinction between herself and Slurthak. They were one, a creature of pure, unbridled, unstoppable lust and pleasure.

And all she could think about was the delicious possibilities of the night ahead. Caroline had brought her a house full of drunk, sexy college students, and Holly couldn't wait to get her hands on each and every one of them. She could already feel the throbbing desire building within her, the thought of all that youthful, vibrant flesh at her fingertips making her heart race with anticipation.

Would she absorb them all like she had before, taking their attributes and adding them to her own ever-expanding physique? Or would she simply let loose and indulge her darkest, most salacious thoughts, taking their cocks inside her, letting them fill her up to the brim, suck at her massive mammaries, worship her every inch of flesh? Who would be first? A tall, dark-haired boy with the chiseled jaw? A petite blonde girl with the perky tits and fiery temperament?

Holly didn't know, but one thing was certain: by the time the night was through, the walls of the house would shudder with the intensity of the pleasure she wrought. She would be in her element, an unstoppable force of sordid, unhinged sexuality, her body writhing and pulsing in time to the libidinous beat of her own depraved desires.

She stood up, her body glistening with a thick, sticky slime that coated every inch of her voluptuous form. She grinned wickedly, imagining all the ways she could corrupt and defile the college students, twisting their minds and bodies to her will. By the end of the night, they would all be inside her. One way or the other.