

Author's note: For those not familiar with the eponymous magic item, it's a rod that creates a wide variety of totally random effects. For those who've had the delightful misfortune of acquiring one, you can commiserate.

Character Creation

Chapter Eight – Rod of Wonder

In more recent incarnations of table-top role-playing games, identifying magical items has largely been rendered devoid of risk, as various means of simply discerning an object's function now exist. There was a time, however, when magic items were identified not by the casting of a simple spell, but by picking it up and using it, then hoping for the best...

The bell rang to start what I prayed would be the last round. It was the sixth grueling round of this bout, and I didn't know how much more punishment I could take before my body's desire for rest overruled my mind's desire to keep on no matter what. Bianca Jackson, the BB Gun – that's me – vs. "Cutter" Corinne Nagler. That was what it said on the marquee outside. My name.

It was the first time I'd ever seen my name in big bright letters like that. I'd be damned if it'd be the last.

Cutter and I traded blows, doing our best to dodge what we could but both of us were well aware that the other was only another good blow away from a KO. She hit harder than me, I'll admit it, but not by much, and I was still faster than her. Her patience gone, she tried to force an opening and launched a jab right at my face. I just barely deflected it, and before she could fully regain her balance, retaliated with a left-left-right to the ribs, pounding the air out of her.

She collapsed with a groan, and a ten-count later it was all over. Part of me envied her, getting to lie down, but most of me was too busy springing up and down, my manager George throwing his arms around me. The crowd went wild, and a chant rose – *BB GUN! BB GUN! BB GUN!* – and I loved them all the more for it. I'd never heard this sound before, and I was hooked. I owed it all to George.

You see, George and I went way back. He'd been training me ever since I was a coltish teenager, thinking I was hot shit because I'd won a couple fights in the schoolyard. He trained that vanity right out of me, and made me into a fighter who had a right to be proud. I learned how to step, how to weave, how to jab, when to go all in. He'd made me who I was today, and I trusted him absolutely.

So when George told me in the locker room that he was in talks for a fight with none other than the Basilisk herself, Rita Shelton, I was tickled to my core but none too surprised. It was George, after all. They called her that because she'd once stared so grim at an opponent the dumb bitch hadn't heard the bell, and Shelton knocked the woman on her ass in one punch.

She was also the quintessential unabashed butch dyke, enough to make even a girl in my physical condition look soft. We'd crossed path more than a few times – the women's boxing world only being so big – and she never let up chasing me. I know she did it just to piss me off, as I'd been more than clear I fucked dicks and punched chicks, but she didn't give two shits. Most folks don't even think I'm much to look at – pretty enough, but all lean muscle, six-pack abs and defined everything.

Evidently, that didn't matter none to the Basilisk. Still, crazy dyke or not, I'd seen her fight before, and I respected her in the ring.

"You sure I'm ready?" I asked George as the doctor examined my ribs for signs of fractures.

"Would I set it up if I didn't think you could do it? You know me. I look after my fighters. After knocking out Cutter, she'll be crazy not to take it, and I think we can push for 40% of the gate to boot."

I grinned – or tried, as my face was pretty swollen and I wasn't sure if it was an intelligible expression. "Do it. Set it up. How soon can we do it?" I asked the doctor.

She eyed me sternly, as doctors always found an excuse to do after a match. "Looks like there's nothing broken, but still, there's definitely some bruised ribs. Give it at least a month off to heal, no hard training, and then you can get back to work."

George and I shared a brief look, both taking the lack of breaks as permission to train immediately, and I nodded fervently. "You got it, doc. No training for a month."

He eyed me another moment, and I couldn't help but giggle a little as he plainly saw through my bullshit. "Good fighting out there, Ms. Jackson." He excused himself, and after a few more words of congratulations, George did the same so I could get dressed.

I was just finishing doing so when the locker room door swung open again. "Forget something, George?" I called over my shoulder as I laced my shoes.

"Not remotely!" came an unfamiliar voice. Turning, I saw some old guy wearing this weird fucking robe. It didn't look like a boxing robe, quite – too fancy, too thick – but that's what it reminded me of anyway. What the fuck was this dick doing in a woman's locker room?

"This is a private space, asshole – public restroom's in the lobby, and I suggest you head there before we find out how much ammo these guns still have." In my tank top, he had a good view at the thickly packed muscle on my arms. (Even battered and tired as I was, I could still kick the shit out of most guys. Especially some creepy old geezer.)

"Oh, I don't doubt the power of those stunning fists," he said, holding his own hands up defensively. "I only came to express my admiration upon your triumph, and, if it's all the same to you, bestow a gift to commemorate your advance in rank!"

I calmed a little. Maybe he was some kind of promoter? "Thanks, but I already got representation, buddy. Appreciate it though." I didn't care of this guy was Don King; I wouldn't leave George for anybody.

"No no, I don't sponsor – I only reward."

"Look, I don't use. And frankly, fuck you for offering, OK?"

He chuckled. "For a gift that I think you shall find as mercurial as your temperament, perhaps that sentiment is a wise one. Still, I'll leave this here for you, should you wish to throw a little chaos into the works."

When his hand reached into his robe, I really thought he was going to whip open the folds and pull his wrinkled old pecker out. Instead, he came out with an object that was still phallic, but at least not a phallus.

"What the..."

It was a scepter, like you saw kings holding in paintings, maybe two and a half feet long. Beyond that, it was difficult to describe. At first, I thought it was silver, but as the angle changed and the light caught it, I saw swirls of colors playing across it. It was tipped by a big red ball of glass, but the airy bubbles inside it looked like they were moving almost.

Trippy shit.

“Um, what the hell is this?” I took it from him, looking at it every which way.

“Just rest up, level up, and all will make sense, I assure you. It holds fantastical and wondrous power, the likes of which you can only imagine!”

OK, so he wasn't a promoter, or a drug dealer, or a pervert. He was a full-blown nutter. “Uh, right,” I said. “Thanks. Why don't you head on out – I'm sure your grandchildren are wondering where you got off to.”

Weirdo. He left, and I left soon after. When I got home, I chugged a whole bottle of champagne, and passed the fuck out.

The next morning, I woke up with the rod in my hand. I had a vague recollection of staring at the damn thing with drunken curiosity; guess I fell asleep with it. In spite of the fight yesterday, I actually felt pretty good. Tougher, stronger than I had somehow. Still, in the light of day, suddenly the rod had meaning. Suddenly, it was something that I could *use* – just will it so, and it would do it.

I thought it. *Work, you stupid thing. Show me what you do.*

My eyes about bugged out of my head as a spray of tiny gem stones shot forth from the glass ball. I shot to my feet in surprise – I had a magic fucking rod!

I scooped up the stones – they were small, but looked real. Felt real. Scratched the shit out of where they'd struck my drywall like they were real. There were dozens of them! I wondered what they were worth. Could I be rich? Shit – could I just use it again, get *richer*?

Do it again, rod! I thought, this time aiming it into my kitchen sink, once it was plugged to make sure none could escape.

“Huh. No gems this time. Guess it must've... What the fuck!” Leaves! Leaves were growing out of my fucking sink! And my countertop, and soon the floor and walls around it as well. They kept spreading, and I hurried back before they could grow on me, too. Next thing I knew, my kitchen and a sizeable chunk of my living room was covered in foliage.

My landlord was gonna be *pissed*.

I looked at the thing. Why did it first spray money, and then make leaves grow? What the hell kind of magic was this? I tried to remember if that old man had said anything specific, but I didn't think so. I'd been pretty out of it anyway, having just taken the beating of a lifetime.

I wasted some time trying to pry up the leaves, but they were somehow growing right out of the floor, the counter, and so on – ripping them out only left the stems behind, embedded. I just had to hope these little gems were worth something so I could pay to fix it.

I looked hard at the glass sphere on its tip, aiming it at myself this time. Maybe I needed to use it on myself? Bond with it, or something.

Let's rock, rod.

Uh, oh. I felt a momentary tingle go through my body. “Oh no. Oh no no no no no no...” I groaned as I ran to my bathroom to look at myself in the mirror. What I was seeing couldn't be real.

Holy SHIT. I was fucking hot! I could hardly recognize myself – it was like someone had opened me up in photoshop and softened all my muscles, lengthened my hair, dyed it bright blonde, scrubbed off all my tats, then given me the tits and ass of a porn star. A cheap,

slutty-looking one. The sort of girl who everyone would know was a porn star without having to ask.

Oh fuck! Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck. My career was over! My muscles had lost all of their tone and power, and these gigantic tits were throwing off my speed and rhythm in the worst way. Hell, the only way a girl like this belonged in the ring was wiggling back and forth in a bikini holding up the sign for the round number. I'd be a laughing stock! I was done for!

My whole adult life, guys had ignored me. Too cut, too tough for them. Some were even stupid enough to tease me, though they learned the price for doing it to my face right quick. I'd learned to live without, focus my energy into my career. I was a fighter, damnit, and I was happy to be known for my body if it meant people seeing the deadly weapon I'd trained myself into. This... this was the dream body of every prick who'd ever shit on me.

I retrieved the rod, desperate for a fix. I activated it again, and this time it sprayed a cone of monarch butterflies across the living room. Great. Super helpful.

One more try, right? It had to do something awesome again this time. Maybe it was just balance, right? Something great, something lame, yin and yang. *Do your stuff, rod!*

This time, the yang got a whole lot more yangy. A little orange bead floated out of the glass tip, shooting across the room and exploding in a giant ball of fire. The explosion was deafening, and as it spread to engulf my body, I dove for cover as best I could. If it helped, it didn't seem to help enough, but thankfully the flames disappeared as suddenly as they'd come. I felt my skin searing, and could see it blackening and charring. Then, worse, I *didn't* feel it charring.

I could feel my consciousness fading. In desperation, I couldn't think what else to do, so I did the only thing that had a chance of fixing this. *Come on. Don't fuck me again.* If it called more fire, I'd be dead. Of course, burned and disfigured as I must surely be, I'd rather be.

There was a tingle. Just a tingle. I blacked out.

“She’s coming to – get the doctor!”

The urgency of the request was in stark contrast to my body’s sense of urgency to wake up. Opening my eyes was a struggle, and when I cracked them open, the glare of an overhead fluorescent light made me squint them shut again immediately. Tentatively, I tried again – I might have even blacked out again in there somewhere – but when I came to, I could see a man in scrubs standing over me, looking concerned.

“Do you know where you are?” he asked me softly.

“Huh... huh... hospital,” I wheezed. My throat was as parched as I could remember it being. I wanted to reach for the glass of water on my nightstand, but right now, my arm felt too tired to lift the sheet off of it.

“That’s right. Do you remember what happened?”

I took a moment to think, and it soon came back to me. The rod. Magic. An explosion. Burning. “There was... explosion,” I managed. “Anyone else hurt? Building... burn down?”

“No, thankfully. It was a flash fire, just enough to burn up part of your apartment, but it didn’t catch. Everyone is fine.”

“But... burned. So burned. Am I gonna die?”

The doctor shook his head. “No, Ms. Jackson. You’re going to be all right. In fact, considering the damage the EMTs told us they found at your apartment, we’re frankly amazed you’re so... well, relatively unharmed.”

“Is it bad?” I asked. “Can... can I see?” May as well get it over with.

The doctor shared a look with the nurse lurking in the doorway. “I suppose that would be all right.” The woman left and returned a moment later with a handheld mirror, looking nervous to be holding it up in front of me.

“I can take it,” I reassured her in my non-reassuring croaky voice. She sighed, and held up the mirror. I really didn’t know what to expect. Would I be a hideous burn victim? Or a blonde bombshell? Or would I be bright purple?

Wait, *what?*

“Why the hell am I purple?!” I cried with all the force I could muster. With a fresh surge of vigor, I threw off my sheets and saw it was everywhere – my arms, my legs... I was fucking purple. There were no burns – it seemed that fuckwad of a rod had given me fresh new skin, only the new skin was goddamn fuchsia! Worse, it had put the fresh skin on the curvy bimbo-body the rod had forced on me instead of fixing me.

Jesus titty-fucking Christ, I looked like the eye candy alien babe in some dork-ass sci-fi movie.

“What did you quacks fuckin’ do to me! I’m purple, goddammit!” I wanted to yell at them for the rest of my body too, but I was still too embarrassed about that to be angry at anyone but myself.

The doctor was prepared for this outburst, and responded calmly. “We’re not actually sure – you see, you were like this when they found you. Did you take anything? We’re not the police, mind you, so legality isn’t our concern. Whatever it was, you need to tell us so we can sort this out.”

“I... I...” That mother fucking rod. Great, so I wasn’t a burn victim, I was just a fucking freak! If I ever found that old man, I was going to beat his ass to a pulp. That rod wasn’t worth shit – it just did things at random, and the best I could do was point it where I wanted it to do its mischief.

“I need to get out of here,” I said finally. The nurse and doctor insisted I was in no shape to go, but conceded that they couldn’t legally detain me. Things happened quickly then, but not quick enough for me. I called George, told him to go to my apartment and pick me up some clothes and my wallet (thankfully, both safe in the bedroom), then come get me. He was shocked, to say the least, but I told him to hold off the questions until we were out of here.

Weirdly, for the first time since I’d known him, I actually saw George checking me out. He’d seen me half-naked on more than a few occasions over the years, in my sports bras and skimpy gym shorts nearly every day... yet I’d never seen that male gleam in his eye until now.

“You keep staring at me and I’m gonna pop you right in the eye, George,” I said as I got into his car. The seatbelt rubbed awkwardly at my newly expanded nipples, and I grimaced at the soft jolts of pleasure it gave me. Great, this body’s hard-wired for arousal, too.

“OK, BB, what the flying hell is going on here! When you said you were in the hospital I expected I’d see some bruises, then when I saw your apartment I was terrified you’d be... but then I get here and you’re... I don’t know what this is! You’re... magenta! And... your...” He let his roaming eyes finish the sentence.

I folded my arms across my massive rack to conceal it as best I could, displeased at the attention it was already receiving. "It's magic," I said. He scoffed, but after I explained he had to admit that as crazy as it sounded, magic made more sense than anything else. He said he'd seen the rod in my apartment, lying on the floor.

"Good. We're going back for it. It's the only thing that might be able to undo... this."

"The hell we are! If this is true it sounds like you're as likely to blow yourself up as turn yourself back to normal!"

"George, you've known me for years now. I trust you. Normally, you know I do whatever you tell me to do, because I know you're looking out for me. But on this... I have to do it. I think I might be able to control it. I've figured out how to aim it, and when I was burned and I tried to make it un-burn me, it did, sort of. I can do this."

"This is insane," George said, a sentiment he continued expressing the whole drive to my apartment, then the whole drive out of the city. (I might be a mean bitch in the ring, but I wasn't so cold I was going to risk hurting anyone by playing with this thing.)

We found a little spot on a country road, miles from anything, no traffic, nobody around. This would do. We got out, and with George taking cover behind the car (just in case), I marched a hundred yards or so away into the open field. There was no one and nothing but bugs and grass. And the two of us.

Glancing over my shoulder, I could see him watching my ass jiggle side to side as I walked away from him. Damn it, I couldn't be out of this situation fast enough. The last thing I needed was my manager lusting after me. He was the one guy who'd always respected me, and this was not a body made to engender respectability.

All right. So when I just blindly activated it, it did... whatever it did... right out in front of it. When I gave myself the slut bod, and after the explosion, I'd focused it on me. I'd have to try that again.

I tried not to think what would happen if that fireball repeated itself. This time blossoming out from my center.

Do your shit, rod. Fix me.

There was a burst of light. The evening light of the field was suddenly as bright as noonday, and I realized it was coming from me, my whole body glowing like a million-watt bulb. I was blinded by it.

Then, maybe thirty seconds later, it was gone, and I could see. And I was as purple as before.

"What the fuck was that!" George yelled. I guess he believed me about the magic now.

"I'm OK!" I shouted back. "Whatever it was, it was just temporary! Harmless!"

He started trying to convince me to abandon this idiocy again, but I was in no mood to wait. *FIX. ME.* I focused again.

It started raining. Only on me. It was like that scene in *The Truman Show* where the rain props malfunction, just a few dozen feet around me and everything else bone dry. I tried to run out of it, but it just followed. Then it too stopped.

George came closer, though still left a hundred foot or so berth between us. "You're sure this is a good idea? You said you thought you knew what you were doing, but..."

"I can do it! One more try, OK? That was weird, but nobody got hurt, no damage done. Right?" He nodded, but looked worried, more worried than I'd ever seen him when I was in the ring.

And he glanced at my super-tits again.

Do it right, you fucking rod! There was a moment – maybe only a second – when I felt like my brain was being twisted like a wet towel being wrung out. I could feel all that water dribbling out of it, and in that water...

My critical thinking. My self-confidence. My high school education.

All sorts of super boring stuff.

“Anything?” George asked when he saw me just standing there.

“Nuh, uh,” I said. I would’ve told him about me becoming a dummy, but I was already having a hard time remembering being smart.

“Look BB, let’s just take some time to think this over. That rod is dangerous. It could do anything! Why don’t you just put it down, all right?”

“Um, OK!” I dropped it. Good. George always knew what to do. I should listen to him. So I did. I stood there, and waited for him to say something else.

“BB?” he said, coming closer, right up next to me. “Bianca? Are... you OK?”

“Nope!” I said. This felt like a dumb question. Was he testing me? I sucked at tests. “I’m purple, and I have giant boobies and I lost all my big strong muscles and I have a big round sexy butt and my nipples are real sensitive and this dumb rod won’t help!”

He paused. “Bianca, try to focus. The last time you used the rod, did anything happen? Anything at all?”

I tried to think. “Um, I think it might’ve squeezed my brain some?”

“Squeezed your... BB, I think you might’ve messed yourself up.”

“Aw, that sucks. I’m always doing that lately,” I said.

“Doesn’t that worry you?”

“Um, yes? Is that the right answer?” It *felt* like he wanted me to be worried.

“Oh shit. BB, I think that rod fried your brain. Turned you... punchy.”

“Oh.” I said. “Is that bad? Do you want me to use it again? I’ll do whatever you think is best.”

George paused a moment, and I saw him looking at my big boobs. Not that he could see much in this dumb sweatshirt, though it was stretched nice and tight over them. I wonder if he wanted to see them? Hopefully he’d tell me if he did. We’d never fucked or nothing, but if he thought we should then I wanted to.

“Whatever I... Oh shit. No, no, I can’t take advantage of you.”

“But George, you’re the one who shaped me into the girl I am today! If you don’t get to take advantage, that’s super unfair!”

“No, no – we definitely shouldn’t use it again. Oh shit. Only... fuck, there’s no way a doctor is going to be able to fix this. Maybe... maybe one more?”

“OK!” I said. Without hesitating, I picked up the rod and used it on myself again.

Whoa. I guess I stopped time. In front of me, George stood perfectly still, his face frozen into one of those weird expressions like when you pause the DVD player. I giggled. That was funny.

“You summoned me, miss?” came a voice behind me. I turned, and there stood a gigantic guy, all red and horns and fiery. I screamed, but he told me not to be afraid, so I stopped.

“Who are you?”

“I am Malik Khurro Drok Rozharik Zaldjan. You summoned me. I can grant you one wish of your choosing. So choose wisely!” his voice thundered.

“Oh!” This was big. Holy geez, a wish? I might be dumb, but I knew I needed to do something about all this trouble I’d caused. That’d make George happy for sure. “Can you undo the rod stuff?”

His burning eyes glanced down to where I clenched it in one nervous hand. “Of course – I’ve been watching you use it from the border ethereal, and I’m surprised you made it as long as you did without killing someone. Which changes did you wish to undo? All of them? The explosion? The foliage, the body, the dimwittedness, the purpleness...? Just make your wish, and it shall be so.”

That had been a lot of options – too confusing! “Um, the last one?” Hopefully that was a good one. I hated having to make decisions.

“Very well. Just say, ‘I wish I wasn’t purple’ and it shall be done.”

There! Finally, someone just telling me what to do already. “I wish I wasn’t purple and it shall be done.”

“No, you weren’t supposed to say... oh well, it doesn’t really matter. DONE!” He clapped his hands twice, and then time resumed. He was gone, and George’s face stopped being frozen and silly.

“It worked!” George said giddily, then paused. “Well, you’re not purple any more. You’re still...”

“Dumb?” I asked. “Or slutty-looking?”

He sighed. “I’m guessing both.”

“Oh. Yeah, the big fire man said I only got one wish. Did I do it bad?”

“You could wish for anything, and you chose to stay like this?” he asked incredulously.

“Um, sure? I dunno, I wasn’t paying a ton of attention. Why, don’t you like me like this? You can’t stop looking at my titties.”

“I’m not... they’re just... you’re so...” He was staring now. Who could blame him? They were crazy big. It was nice, kind of, having a boy notice. Why had I never wanted them to notice my tits before? Not that I’d really had tits when I was a muscly fighter girl. Blech.

So I just stood and thrust my chest out and let him look. I didn’t really know what else to do. Maybe I could use the rod again?

Entranced as my boobies were making him, he still noticed me lifting the thing into ready position, and quickly snatched it away from me. “No! No more using this, you hear me? Don’t you see what it’s done to you already?”

I looked, like he said. “Um, made me really hot? Kinda horny too, if you wanna know the truth, but I think that’s from you staring at me more than the rod. Oh, and because it made my nipples really tingly.”

My manager couldn’t help but glance down, where even through the bulky material, they were easily noticeable. “They... they are?”

I nodded. “Yeppers! Wanna see?” I could tell he did, so I just went right ahead and took off the sweatshirt. Obviously none of my old bras fit my big new boobies, so I wasn’t wearing one.

“BB... wow. Those are... spectacular.”

I grinned. Compliments were nice, too. “Thanks!” I waited, but he just kept staring. “Um, so like, what now George?”

“Can... can I...?”

“What, you wanna feel ‘em?”

He nodded.

“Well sure! I might be kind of a ditz now, but I still remember rule #1!” I grinned, and recited it from what was left of my memory. “Always do whatever my manager says.”

That made him smile, which made me smile even bigger. Then he grabbed one of my boobies in each hand, and that made me smile even *bigger* somehow! Then when I thought my cheeks would kersplode from smiling, he took one of my big red nipples into his mouth and started sucking on it.

“George, I’m gonna cream my panties!” I said, giggling. I didn’t think he’d care, really, but giving him feedback was important.

“Well we can’t have that,” he said. “On your knees, BB. Hmm, we may have to find a new nickname for you. ‘BB Gun’ doesn’t really fit you any more, does it?”

“Sounds goo to me!” I said, dropping to my knees in the muddy patch of grass.

“I’ll think on it. In the meantime... you ever sucked a cock before?”

I considered. “Um, not really? Boys, like, never really seemed to want me to before.”

“Well then,” he said, patting me on the head. “You just listen to your manager, and I’ll help show you the ropes.”

I always took my training seriously. I took his cock into my mouth, and did my best to follow his instructions to the T.

After that, George proved that he was still the best manager a girl like me could ever have! He rebuilt me from scratch. There were so many things to learn!

First, came the basics, like learning the right tools for the job. At first we nearly threw out my whole old wardrobe, but then George noticed how a lot of my old shirts were super crazy tight on my titties so we just cut them to show off my soft tummy (no more sixpack to gross boys out!). Then we took my jeans and pants and cut them so everyone could see my whole legs and part of my butt. (Stupid me, I asked about bras and panties, but George reminded me not to question him, and just wear what I was told to wear.)

So I did. Duh.

Then I had to do some conditioning. Just like the first time he’d trained me, I had to unlearn all the ways my body was used to doing things. I learned some new footwork, adjusting to super high heels, putting one foot in front of the other so my big butt jiggled right. What a difference it made! I made a boy walk into a street lamp the other day because he turned to stare at me and couldn’t stop staring. I giggled and winked at him – like I’d been trained to do when I saw a boy checking me out.

Of course, footwork wasn’t enough. He taught me how to use my hands again – how to run my fingers through my hair to shove my tits out, how to look sexy sucking on my fingers, how to fondle and squeeze myself to get a guy hard, how to play with my tits, how to stroke my pussy, and – of course – how to please a man.

He found me lots of sparring partners! At first it was just him, and I sucked his cock like five times a day. (I wanted to fuck him but he said I had to learn the basics first. It was frustrating, but I wanted to be the best!) Then he said if I was going to get any better I’d need more practice than he could give me.

Then I wound up with more cocks than I knew what to do with! It was weird, sparring with guys, but they took it easy on me at first while I was learning. They would tell me I was pretty, say how hot my tits and ass were. One guy even went down on me! Then when I told George he said that's not what I was here to learn and from now on I had to take my training seriously. I said I would.

After weeks and weeks of sucking every cock that I saw – which was too many to count, even if I were much of a counter any more – he finally said I was ready to try some more advanced techniques. That day, George let me practice titty-fucking him! Of course, I wasn't very good at it at first, but he was firm and patient and told me just how he wanted it done.

Before long, he said I was good enough to take on more partners, and geez were there just tons of guys waiting to help me train! Honestly, I got so used to guys cumming all over me and then having another guy come in almost before George could spritz me off, that when one of them instead flipped me over and fucked me, I didn't really notice.

I told George after, when I noticed the man's cum leaking out of me and realized what I'd done. He looked upset for a moment, then said he'd probably been holding me back too long, and agreed it was time to take my training to the next level. For the next few days, I never even got out of bed, I just lay there and took cock after cock after cock. "Like a champ," George said. That felt good. His little champ.

He did get around to giving me a new nickname, by the way! He came up with it when I was sucking his cock, and he was getting kinda tired so it was hard to get him hard (a thought so funny it almost short-circuited my tiny brain). So I started begging like I'd been trained to – guys love it when a hot slut begs them for some cock.

"I swear, girl, you're like a machine." He suddenly grinned. "That's it! That's how we'll bill you from now on. No more BB Gun – now you're the BJ Machine!"

I would have thanked him, but there was a cock in my mouth.

In time, he said I was going to need to learn my way around women again, which sounded smart. If I was gonna be any good, I'd need to spar against people like me. Cum dumpsters. (Some guys like to call me that, for some reason; I asked George if he'd given me another nickname, but he said fans would call me what they would.)

So he got me some girls to work on. A lot of the matches were unfair – I was a lot sexier than most of them, and my T&A were totally hotter, and a lot of us definitely weren't in the same weight division. I didn't let that stop me, though. I soaked up everything I could from my lady partners – how to stimulate a clit, how to hold your breath with someone sitting on your face, how to get my tongue to stretch longer, how to talk like their little fantasy sluts.

Soon, I was getting pretty good at it. I could make girls orgasm over and over with hardly any effort at all. So one night, after I'd gotten another round of getting plugged at both ends in, I looked up at George and asked a question. I knew he didn't like me to question him, but once in a while he let me get away with it, if I'd been good.

"Um, George? When am I gonna get a real match? I, like, haven't even been in the ring since I turned myself hot and stupid. I wanna put myself out there! You know, see if I'm any good. Maybe even make a little money."

George chuckled. "You don't need worry about that last part."

"OK." I stopped worrying about it. "But, like, can I? Compete? I feel like you've trained me so good, but I need to get out there and see if I can still whack it!" Or was it hack it? Whatever. "Do... do you think I could still get a title shot?"

He gave me a long look. "I tell you what, my little BJ Machine. I'll see what I can do."

The very next day, I found myself face to face with Rita Shelton, the Basilisk herself. Just the look in her eyes was enough to turn me into soft, jiggly putty. Here she was, a woman I'd been preparing for for more than a year. "You ready?" George asked from the doorway.

"I've been ready for this my whole life." As Rita lowered her shorts, I sunk to my knees and unloaded with all my best stuff. The bitch didn't know what hit her.

The introduction of chaos, especially when in terms of chaotic PCs, can be a source of frustration for a DM. What does one do when one's carefully laid plans are scattered to the winds of pandemonium? Inexperienced DMs will be tempted to force their agenda on players, "railroad them," as it is often called, orchestrating events so that his design comes to fruition regardless.

A talented DM, however, will learn to be flexible and to roll with the punches. Have some "random" encounters planned for unforeseen circumstances. Introduce NPCs, both friendly and inimical, who share this penchant for surprising the players just as they surprise you. Think on your feet. Improvise! Above all, remember that a game is supposed to be fun, and even if the story may not follow in a linear fashion, many of the best stories involve an twist or two.