

Karma's Camera

For Ryan Evans

By TheSpiralledEye

Kyle gets off on filming his escapades with other women, when his girlfriend finds out she decides to make him into the porn star of his dreams.

Kyle grinned, leaning back in his plush office chair with one hand behind his head, the other on his manhood. His girlfriend Tracey was out shopping and that meant he had plenty of time to indulge himself with his private collection. He'd always had an artistic streak so when he'd been propositioned at a bar several months ago but a hot redhead who had a thing for being filmed, who was he to say no? It had become his favourite pastime, picking up women and filming them in the bedroom Tracey had so kindly and intricately decorated. Not only did he get the thrill of the chase again after a solid year in a 'committed' relationship but he also got to keep tokens of his conquests. His secret folder on his computer now filled with almost a dozen different videos of him with various women. Perhaps it was arrogant, maybe even a little vain but he loved to watch himself on camera. He loved watching his thick cock plunge into those women and watching how they all reacted. Each of them had their own personal way of moaning his name; it was all too delicious. He knew now he could never go back to having just one woman ever again. He would have broken up with Tracy but she was useful in her own right; she cooked, she cleaned and if he was honest, half the fun was knowing he was doing this behind her back.

The recording he was watching was just getting started, the foreplay was done and Kyle watched with glee as his past self lined up with the stranger's pussy. She'd been his favourite conquest yet, a freaking goth woman who had a thing for being dominated; exactly his type. He gripped the base of his cock, ready to start when-

SLAM!

The door to the study burst open and he damn near jumped out of his seat. Out of shock and instinct he swivelled in his chair, one hand still on his member as he spun around and came face to face with Tracy. Her face was thunderous, she moved toward him so fast her long black hair almost appeared like a cape behind her as she stormed forward. Kyle stood quickly, almost fearing she was about to slap him when she stopped one foot short.

"I suspected you were cheating." She hissed, eyes sliding to the screen, "But I never expected...this!"

"Babe, calm down, I can explain." Kyle held one hand up in defence, the other groped for his jeans.

He was still half hard and Tracy sneered at it with disgust and crossed her arms over her chest and jutted out her chin.

“So that’s what you like then? Hot topic trash?” She growled before stalking forward and opening video after video.

She did not pause them, and soon the room was filled with the sounds of his infidelities. Moans of a dozen different women lit a fire inside him and despite the situation his cock began to harden once more. Tracy made a sound of disgust.

“What? It’s only natural with all that playing!” He complained, now she was just looking for extra things to be angry about.

“I gave you too much credit.” Tracy flicked her hair over her shoulders, turning back to the screen filled with videos, “Turns out you’re not that picky, your type seems to just be ‘woman’.”

It was true, since starting this little escapade he had taken it upon himself to try many different flavours of girl. Blonde bimbos, the aforementioned goth chick, milfs and all other sorts. It had been glorious and even now remembering his conquests he could feel his balls tightening. Tracy’s eyes bored into him, reading his obvious arousal and embarrassment at being caught but no regret. How could he? He had experienced such pleasure with all of those women and would do it again. He didn’t need her anymore. The realisation put a smile on his face.

“So what, you’ll break up with me now? Can we get on with it?” He did his best to look bored.

Tracy’s jaw dropped and that self righteous fury slipped for just a moment, much to his delight.

“That’s it? A year together and you don’t even care that I’m leaving you?”

“Tracye, babe. Look at these videos, do I look like I’ll be wanting for tail without you?”

Her face turned red with humiliation and rage and Kyle actually felt a laugh bubble out of his chest.

“That’s all this was?” She hissed, “All I was to you?”

He shrugged.

“What else could you be?”

Tracye’s expression turned stony and unreadable, her voice dropping to a quiet monotone.

“You could have saved yourself.” She whispered, “A little kindness and you would have been spared this fate. But I can not in good conscience just leave you to break the heart of another girl.”

Kyle actually laughed this time, hard.

“Are you seriously going to try to kill me? Holy shit, you’re a psycho and delusional to boot.”

He puffed up his chest, flexing his muscular arms; if she came at him that little twig body didn’t stand a chance. This time though, she did not take the bait, Tracey simply looked at him with an expression that at first glance looked blank but on closer inspection he could see the cold fire of hatred burning in her eyes.

“Since you like these little movies so much, why don’t you live in one.” She whispered, reaching out an open palm.

He was about to ask what the hell she was on when a bright, purple light burst forth from her palm and temporarily blinded him. Was that flash paper? He remembered seeing a magic show that used it in Vegas a few years back. Hurriedly he rubbed at his eyes to clear the glare, tensing his body ready for her hit but...it never came. As the strange blue aura cleared from his vision Kyle blinked in surprise to find his own bedroom before him. He blinked in confusion; had he blacked out and somehow wandered down the hall? No, that couldn't be it. The room was far too neat, almost sterile, with the bed perfectly made and all personal touches vanished into thin air. If he wasn't so familiar with it he would think it was a hotel room. For a moment he peered at his surroundings in confusion, there was something else missing...the door! His jaw dropped as he realised not only was his window now just a bare wall, there was no doorway anymore either. His room was just a giant cube with him stuck inside.

A mechanical whir made him jump and he realised there was a camera behind him, suspended on a robotic arm he watched as the lens zoomed in and out, bringing him into focus.

“Ready for your close up, sweetheart?”

“Tracy?!”

Her voice seemed to come from the walls itself, yet he couldn't see any speakers.

“Welcome to your own personal porno.” She replied, “It’s time for this busty, blonde bimbo to make her debut on the small, and I do mean *small*, screen.

Kyle looked around for the bimbo in question and found he was still alone.

“Hmmm, you don’t really fit the part though.” Tracy’s voice said thoughtfully, a good bimbo would be naked, first of all.”

As soon as the words met his ears Kyle jumped in shock as his clothing vanished in an instant, leaving him totally naked.

“Wha-What the hell?”

“Never cheat on a witch, Kyle.” Tracy hissed, “Now, for your bimbo look, hmmm, you’ll definitely need a bigger ass.”

At her command Kyle felt his butt instantly inflate, forcing him to stick it out to even remain balanced. He stumbled indignantly, trying to find his new centre of balance after so suddenly becoming bottom heavy.

“And some lovely long legs.”

“What are you-Agh!”

He did fall this time, his strong, muscular legs now replaced with long dainty ones ending in small feet with cute pink toes. He fell forward, and the camera lowered to zoom in on his spread ass with glee causing him to blush as he furiously tried to stand.

“And some tits of course.”

“Oof!” He was pushed from his stomach to his back as two fat breasts appeared on his chest. The force of the blow knocked the wind out of him.

“What do we think? Double Ds? Es?”

His breasts swelled and grew to fit each size and she continued to name them, growing bigger and bigger until the weight threatened to crush him and he clambered to his hands and knees.

“Stop!” He begged, “They’re already too big!”

The tits hung from his chest, so bouncy and round they jiggled at the slightest movement, between them and his huge ass he felt almost like a cow with giant udders hanging off him.

“Maybe they are a bit too big.” Tracy’s voice mused and much to his relief his tits began to shrink. Still larger than most but not so big he couldn’t stand.

“Now for the hair. Blonde is the classic but maybe you’d look better as a redhead?”

Red hair cascaded down from his skull, even as he twisted his fingers into it in a vain attempt to keep it short.

“Or maybe black?”

Red curls turned straight and silky, he stumbled to his feet desperately trying to balance while his locks continued to grow.

“No, blonde is a classic for a reason I think.”

Bleached, golden hair, artificially pale and slightly teased brushed against the nape of his neck. It brushed against his tits as it continued to grow before all of a sudden, as if an invisible knife had been taken to it, the hair sheared off at the shoulders.

“Too much hair in your line of work can be...messy.” She said, “Now, for all those little details. The lips, the eyes, the shoulders.”

Kyle groaned, the changes were happening so fast, lips plumping, eyelashes extending; he couldn't keep up. Every time Sasha mentioned a feature it instantly grew to be there. She shrunk and expanded his hips and ass multiple times, causing him to fall over once more as his centre of gravity shifted. By the time she stopped, he was gasping for breath and exhausted. He'd totally lost track of what he looked like.

“Perfect, there's my busty blonde! All ready for the camera!” She cackled, “The last thing you need is your character motivation...”

“Alright! You've made your point!” He gasped, “Now make the door reappear and turn me back!”

“Oh no, you wanted to be a porn star? You got it.” Tracy spat with venom, “Now, you need a stage name, how about Horny Hailey?”

“Fuck off that's not my name! It's...it's...”

What...was his name? The moment the words ‘Horny Hailey’ had been uttered it was as if his old name had been wiped from his memory. The name Hailey settling over him like a blanket. It felt right, it certainly suited this new hot as hell body.

“Oh!” There was the sound of a palm slapping against something, “I forgot the most important thing! You can't be Horny Hailey without a nice, wet pussy can you.”

“Oh no...”

Unlike before, this change happened slowly; Kyle felt his cock shrinking as it slowly moved upwards and melted into the rest of his skin. His balls shrank to nothingness and then, the space split open revealing a wet, soft pussy. His new clit bulged and immediately he was hit with a wave of horniness. There was a deep emptiness inside him and he shivered, a brand new need to be filled washing over him.

“There we go! All ready for the camera Hailey!”

“Wha-what?” He was so turned on he could barely think.

“What's the matter? A bit turned on?” Tracy teased, “It's the camera isn't it? You love being filmed, it gets you so wet.”

Fuck, it did. He was gazing deep into the camera now, that lens lighting a fire inside him. He wanted nothing more than to reach a finger between his new silky folds and stroke but

before he could the sound of the bed squeaking made him turn. A man, handsome, with a chiselled jaw and rippling muscles was kneeling on the bed. His cock already hard and ready. Hailey couldn't help himself, his eyes locked on that member; it looked so delicious and instantly he knew it would satisfy that aching emptiness inside him.

“Looks like Horny Hailey is ready for her debut!”

No, he wouldn't do it. He would never debase himself by letting that man fuck him with that thick, hot cock. He didn't want it. He wasn't fantasising about it right now. Even as he tried to hold back his body was moving, crawling along the bed until the man reached out and gripped his hips. He was being guided into his lap until that member pressed against his folds. Hailey moaned, head thrown back as another stab of pleasure passed through her. The camera was filming everything, it was so embarrassing; it was so fucking hot. He couldn't stop himself, his hips were raising of his own accord.

“Moan a little louder, honey, make sure to show everybody just how turned on you are.”

He didn't want to, but he did. It felt so good, sliding that cock between his folds, once he'd started he couldn't stop.

“I...I can't help myself.” He shivered, “More!”

“That's it.” Tracy egged him on.

Hailey's hips were rising of their own accord, that thick member now pressing against his hole, the tip just slipping inside. Even that small stretch felt so incredible, he had to know what the full thing felt like. With a groan he slid down, fully sheathing the cock inside him. His pussy burned and stretched, it felt as though sparks were flying through his entire body. It was the best thing Hailey had ever felt.

“Better get riding...”

He had to obey, he wanted to. The pleasure was so great he didn't have a defiant bone left in his body. He rose and fell, each time the man thrust his hips upwards to meet him and brushed the curved tip of his length against Hailey's new G-spot. She could feel her tits bouncing, jiggling with every rise and fall. Music began to play; raunchy, loud stuff that normally would have been a turn off but for Hailey it was the opposite. Her insides were clenching, her muscles spasming; she just needed more, more MORE!

With a wild cry Hailey came, throwing her head back and rolling her eyes for the camera. Ecstasy flowed through her veins, she didn't even care about her old name or life anymore. This place was paradise and as her partner came too, filling her with hot seed she came again. She didn't want to stop yet so she kept squeezing the half hard cock inside of her.

“Maybe I made you a little too horny.” Tracy laughed, Hailey just blinked, unable to think as her body shivered with aftershocks.

“More?” She said finally, “Please?”

“Ready to start work on the sequel already?” Tracy cackled incredulously, “Very well, get ready for your close up.”