

## Damn You Auto Correct

It was a problem most people would sympathize with, if not relate to themselves. The damned if you do damned if you don't trap of Auto correct. Do you risk sending a message with an entirely incorrect meaning, or just send gibberish? Is it worth the convenience when you end up saying things that would make you die of embarrassment if such a thing were possible? For Catherine though, the problem was a little bit bigger...

She looked down at the pink lace lingerie on the bed. How had it gotten this far out of hand? Her... Something... Had joked that she should get some during her trip to the mall yesterday and somehow she found the lingerie among her other purchases when checking out. She thought she might die on the spot but as embarrassed as she was, it would have been even worse to draw more attention to it by backing out of the purchase...

Her phone buzzed, "Wow, you actually did it?" The text read, "I thought we were just joking!"

"I thought so too!" she typed, "It just ended up in my basket, and I didn't see it until checkout!"

She stared at the text, reading it again and again to make sure she wrote every word right, then hit send... "I thought so too, but when I saw them, I couldn't help myself!"

It was even punctuated with a flirtatious wink emoji... She could feel her face flushing, but it still wasn't even the most embarrassing thing she had sent him. She didn't even know him, and she wasn't sure if that made it better or worse.

All this trouble started with a text from a number she didn't recognize. It was just over a week ago, as far as she could recall.

"Hey Susan! Let me know when you get this."

Clearly, it was a wrong number, so she ignored it. A few hours later though, another text arrived.

"Found this cute cat video and thought you would like it."

Well, Catherine wasn't about to turn down a video of some cute cats, even if it wasn't intended for her. Maybe she would give it a quick look and tell the poor guy that whoever Susan was gave him the wrong number. She clicked on the video... But it skipped straight to the end.

Confused, she dragged the marker back to the start and hit play again, but again it skipped straight to the end. She had never seen that before... It must have been broken. Anyways, she should at least let the sender know he had the wrong number.

"Sorry, you have the wrong number." she typed, reading it over and feeling like something was missing. She continued, "Susan must have given you a random number. I'm very sorry about that"

Satisfied, she hit send and set the phone down and looked up. It was already getting dark. She didn't even notice it getting so late... Her phone buzzed.

“Sure, I’m game for that.” The reply read. What was he talking about? Confused, she looked back up to read it in context.

“I’m sorry, this isn’t Susan’s number. I am Catherine, age 24. I am single, if you will have me.”

What in the actual hell had she written!?! She quickly typed away at her phone. “I didn’t mean to say that!”

When she hit send though... “I am unaware and confused.”

It was sort of right... But it was worded so strangely... Hardly a moment passed before his reply came. She had his attention now...

“Its alright, I understand. Did you like the video?”

“No, it didn’t play.” she typed out, then watched as it transformed before her eyes as she sent it. “Yes, I watched it twice!”

“I think you’ll be make a perfect girlfriend then.”

What did that have to do with ANYTHING? She typed back her response furiously “I dont even know who you are!”

Thankfully, this time it actually sent. Only a moment later, his reply came.

“You can call me Master.”

She furrowed her brow, starting to lose her patience with whoever this was. “I am NOT going to call you Master!”

Her heart sank though as she read her own reply “Yes, Master.”

He didn’t text her again that night. He probably already got off on being called Master and was done for the night. She thought about the video... That seemed to be the problem. Maybe it was some kind of prank. Maybe it hijacked her auto correct and was making her say those things.

If so, he was in on the joke and she was the butt of it. Until she could fix it, she might as well turn auto correct off for now.

She dug through her settings, and eventually found the auto correct setting. She turned it off, and laid down to get some sleep.

“Good morning, sunshine.”

She looked at the text that woke her the next morning. She could feel his smugness through the screen, but she wasn’t having it today.

“Snwwn d iwnd sool dnixsa!” she typed out before seeing the absolute garbage her text had become.

She groaned and deleted it, typing again on a fresh text “Gmnnj itgf u ibgfd!!!”

Was she that tired, or was she going crazy? She couldn't be THAT bad with the touch keyboard, could she? Admittedly, she had never turned off auto correct before, but she was sure she could get at least something resembling the words she meant to type.

She gave a few more vain attempts to reply before giving up. Each was more garbled than the last and he was probably laughing his ass off knowing exactly what she was going through. She went back into her settings and toggled auto correct back on.

“Fine, you win. What did you do to my phone?” she typed out, looking at it intensely before sending it. It arrived intact.

His only reply was a wink emoji.

They had been talking for a few days before the topic of her underwear came up. Normally, she would never entertain the subject, but he was her boyfriend now, she guessed. So... It was acceptable, if pushing it a bit.

“So do you own any lingerie?” he had asked.

“No.” she replied. Thankful that her text once again managed to behave.

“That's hard to believe, I thought every woman does. What are you wearing now then?”

“Regular underwear, and a normal bra?” she typed, before adjusting her shirt for a moment to get more comfortable. She was tempted to mention that too but the less she had to have this conversation the better.

She noticed her text had a loading bar under it. “Regular underwear and a normal bra. See?” her text read, and then a selfie of her lifting her shirt to show her bra and underwear popped up under it.

She DEFINITELY did not mean to send that! Desperately, she looked for the button to delete the attachment but it was gone. The UI must have updated, she went to hold tap on the message to see if that would bring up a menu but it was too late. He replied. He saw everything.

“Wow, those are plain. Nice tits though, what size?”

“They're just C cups, don't get too excited.” she wrote, though she knew it would change... It didn't, though.

Did it only correct her when she didn't say what he wanted? How would it know?

“Bet they would look nice in some nice lace lingerie.”

“Sure. I'll pick some up at the mall next time. I'll make them pink, JUST for you.” she replied, just to see if the phone would fix that... It left it as it was.

She shifted her breasts a little, adjusting their fit in the lace bra while she looked herself over in the mirror. That's how they got here. Why it was happening, she couldn't figure out. The lingerie fit differently than she expected it too. It made her look... Better? Not that she would willingly show anyone what she looked like in this. She struck her pose and took a quick picture before she sat down.

"Now why don't you show me how it looks on you?" his text had read. If the pattern held true, she was going to have sent him a picture no matter what she said. So, she decided to do it on her own terms. She began typing her reply.

"Of course, 'Master'. What am I for if not eye candy for you, right?" then she attached the picture. In it, she had stuck out her tongue and gave him a middle finger. She wanted to show him how she felt, even if she couldn't seem to say it.

"Oh, you've got an attitude don't you?"

That's right she had an attitude! She was normally shy but she had more than enough by now. "That's right, 'Master'." she wrote in reply, but just as she hit send a new text appeared from him.

"You're going to strip naked and give me a nice pic next right?"

Her eyes widened. She REALLY wasn't ready for that! But now it looked like she had agreed! Without thinking she typed "No wait, that was for the first one!"

She knew better. She realized her mistake as soon as she had hit send. She was going to get corrected...

"Here I am, Master!" her text now read "Come play with me, please~" and she watched the loading bar fill, anxious to see what it showed.

What appeared was a picture of herself, naked, and groping one breast with a desperate look of desire on her face.

"Oh very nice!" his reply came after several agonizing moments. "I'll be over soon, don't worry. I'll bring a condom. Go ahead and get warmed up for me."

She laid her head back on the pillow. She was fucked now... Well... She was about to be, anyway.

"Fucking auto correct..." She said to herself as her hand slid between her legs and began to gently slide back and forth along her folds. Her other hand began to grope one of her breasts, teasing her nipple with one finger as she squeezed tightly with the rest. She had hardly gotten started before a knock at her door broke her focus.

She rushed to the door, still naked, dripping wet from her own touch.

"Who is it!?" she gasped out.

"Its your Master, let me in." A masculine voice said from the other side of the door. He was here already?

She opened her mouth to tell him that he isn't her Master. That there was no auto correct in person, but not a sound came out. Her hand slowly moved towards the door handle and a smile of realization slowly crept across her face.

"Damn you auto correct, I hope he looks good at least..." she softly said to herself as she opened the door and fully exposed her naked body to the man she had never before met, but who she could no longer deny was her Master.