

“Futaba, dinner is ready” said Sojiro after briefly knocking on the door.  
“O-On my way... I just have to f-finish... this quest...”

His request went unfulfilled, the girl quickly turning back to her PC.

The pungent scent of sweat and cum permeated the air, and the light of the monitors created an eerie glow that reflected off the walls. The sounds of moaning and squelching filled the silence as Futaba furiously rubbed her throbbing cock, her fingers coated in sticky, thick precum.

Masturbation and neglect filled the place, and every breath was tainted by a musty dampness that seemed to seep into the very pores of the room. The gross tang of semen hung like miasma, mingling with the bitter aroma of stale sweat, grime, and days worth of pent-up desire. The walls seemed to ooze the smell, as though it was a physical thing, slowly creeping and crawling through the air until the very atmosphere itself was saturated with it.

A thin sheen of perspiration shimmered off her slender legs and arms. Her shirt, the only clothing she still had on, clung tightly to her skin, showing the outlines of her delicate body and leaving nothing to the imagination. Her long, orange hair was dirty and matted, going unwashed for several days now. Was that the third or the fourth day she had spent locked inside playing with herself? She couldn't remember, furiously stroking with no thought towards hygiene or her physical needs.

Her room was a disaster, littered with wrappers of snacks, empty cans, and piles upon piles of tissues soaked to the brim with her seed. Even amidst all this filth, the one thing that stood out the most was the size of her massive cock, too big for her slender frame, throbbing and twitching between her tiny legs.

*‘Come on... So close... Just a bit more...’* she thought, her whole body straining as she didn't let up for a single second, arms and hips burning.

The bedroom was humid enough to fog up Futaba's glasses, and her attempts at wiping it only dirtied it more and more, making her strain her eyes to watch all the content flashing through her five different screens. The room was lit up with an iridescence of colors, erotic videos flashing across the monitors, each screen filled with a different, deplorable smutfest.

One video depicted a girl with milky white skin lowering herself upon a monstrous, shocking pink horse dildo. Her tiny, flaccid cock was locked inside a chastity cage, and every time she shoved that grotesque toy inside herself, beads of cum escaped the locked confinement. The oversized beast squeezed into her flat stomach from inside out, protruding in her midriff. And yet, she took it down to the very base, her gorgeous face framed by brunette blunt bangs moaning in joy.

Another had a 3D animation featuring a character from one of the year's best selling first person shooter. The tiny Korean gal had her plugsuit torn to shreds by a pack of rabid wolves, who proceeded to use her holes with those feral canine cocks. The voice actress did an impeccable job, enhancing the scene of her gagging on a swollen knot to perfection.

Yet another had a thick-bodied, curvaceous Japanese mother letting her husband's coworkers ravage her while he watched from the sidelines, powerless to do anything. Dressed in tight lingerie that made her body look even plumper, with her nose spread open by metal hooks and a plug firmly planted inside her ass, the housewife serviced the salarymen with her mouth, letting them finish by filling her exposed nostrils with cum.

The only constant screen was the one hooked up to a camera right beneath Futaba's desk, which showed the girl's own cock up close.

It was just monstrous, nearly as long as her thigh and thicker than her bicep. Its tip glistened with a translucent white fluid, oozing and leaking from its swollen tip and down her shaft. The sound of her hand furiously stroking up and down her length echoed off the walls, creating a lewd symphony of onanism, drowning out the spinning and clicking of all the porn-filled hard drives she had in her private server.

Her hands were coated in so much of her juices that she could barely grip herself anymore, her hands sliding across herself with ease. The warmth of her touch around her pulsing shaft sent shivers up her spine, and the subtle sensation of her foreskin slipping back and forth over the sensitive, engorged tip heightened her arousal.

Despite how loose and stretched her skin was from constant, daily masturbation, Futaba couldn't peel her foreskin all the way back and expose the most sensitive part of her. Every time she tugged and twisted on her veiny shaft, her loose foreskin caught on the ridge of her mushroom-shaped tip and pulled back just a bit before bunching up again around her urethra.

Underneath that, there were the girl's balls. Fist-sized, hairless and smooth. They hung low, sagging under the weight of their swollen, unspent seed, resting upon her gaming chair's faux leather and covering it in sweat.

And despite all those filthy depictions of debauched smut, her current obsession was playing on her main screen.

*'Crap crap crap, it wasn't on repeat...'* she thought, hand scrambling to find her mouse to fix that issue, dirtying her desk in cockjuices in the process.

It was a poorly shot and badly lit video taken in a rundown public restroom.

"C'mon, do it before anyone comes in!" giggled the camerawoman, the recording shaking with her excitement. The video's subject laughed, her face cut off by the top of the frame. Her slender silhouette was indistinct, covered by a dark coat, a cream skirt and black leggings, only her pink lips and blond hair in sight. Her delicately manicured hands dove inside her pants, pulling out her own intimacy.

"Oh my gosh, you're already horny!" teased the camerawoman like a teenage girl, huddling even closer to her friend, getting a good angle on her cock. It was absolutely beautiful, pale white and not too veiny, the uncut foreskin gliding effortlessly on top of that soft pink cockhead as the girl played with it.

"Alright, get a good shot now, ok?" whispered the blond.

*'How is it so perfect?' she asked, mouth watering. 'It's glossy like garage kit after you apply the clear coat...'*

Futaba bit her lower lip as the faceless girl aimed that magnificent cock of hers towards the urinal, pointing it right towards the center. That pretty pink tip peeked out from beneath its foreskin, like a tiny tongue, flicking back and forth before a stream of bright yellow began pouring out.

"I didn't think I was going to make it! My bladder was about to burst!" she said with a sigh of relief.

It gushed forth, splashing against the marred porcelain of the urinal. Instead of just aiming towards the drain, she playfully pointed her cock upwards, making waterfalls of piss in the urinal, golden droplets splattering everywhere. Her steady trickling became an open flooding, her friend capturing a perfect shot of her hose peeing with full force.

Futaba squirmed and wiggled in her seat, unable to keep herself in check, her cock throbbing violently in her hands.

The steamy deluge coming from that gaping cockhole was like sunshine, a shining yellow that even the bathroom's shoddy lighting couldn't mute. It flowed like a torrent, a seemingly never ending stream. For someone so small and demure, her bladder capacity was incredible. It gushed like a flood, filling the urinal to the brim before finally, after a solid minute of straight peeing, it began to gradually stop.

*'So much pee... She must have grinded her Bladder stat to the max!'*

When it was over, a little spritz remained at the tip of her pink cock, followed by a few spurts as the last remaining droplets of piss drained from her. Futaba's own cock quivered at the sight of those pristine beads, barely hanging to the cock's pink glans.

"I thought that would never stop!" said the camerawoman, zooming onto her cock for one final close up as the blond girl shook her cock, the final drops flying everywhere.

"Don't get it on me! You're such a messy pisser!" joked the camerawoman.  
"Oh, that's not what you said yesterday!" she replied, her giggle joining her partner's.

The main actress didn't seem done with their session, however.

Her hands glided through her shaft from the tip of the hilt, spreading the last trickle of urine across her length, shimmering under the restroom's lights, her cock slowly swelling up.

"You really wanna empty everything in here, huh?"  
"I mean, it's already a mess, might as well do it!"  
*'Yes, do it! 100% completion, go!'* thought Futaba, almost as if she could join the conversation herself.

Those manicured fingers grabbed hold of her throbbing cock, tenderly caressing herself as a gentle moan left her pink lips. She worked her shaft with a slow, steady rhythm, squeezing out the last drips of piss from her cockhole. They made a quiet tinkling, falling onto the tile floor and dirtying that already disgusting restroom.

For a few, excruciating seconds, she slid back her foreskin, exposing the full expanse of her bright head. Futaba could feel her cheeks turning red with shame, looking at the fully retracted skin.

The mysterious blond's cock was mouthwatering with its hood completely off, pink and glossy. The girl couldn't help but feel a tinge of jealousy, her foreskin somehow loose and overworked at the tip and too tight to fully expose herself. It didn't help that her constant, daily masturbation had made her cock a shade darker than her own skin. It felt so much more embarrassing and awkward, a gigantic behemoth contrasting against a pretty, ivory meatstick.

The blond girl picked up the pace, stroking herself faster and harder than she had before. Every time her tight grip slid across her shaft, her skin slid effortlessly back and forth like a well-oiled glove, a beautiful specimen contrasting with the disgusting restroom that surrounded her.

Meanwhile, Futaba's cock was like a monster's, a musky, awful smell emanating from her prick, the week-old filth accumulated on all the creases and folds of her foreskin making her nostrils flare, impregnating her own bedroom with the smell of incessant masturbation.

*'That's... the Masamune of dicks! Mine is just the Soul Edge...'*

"Geez, I still don't know how you walk around in skirts with that thing... I'm surprised it hasn't flopped out while you're walking around the hallways..." said the girl filming, eliciting a giggle from the blond.

"Oh, we both know I'm really good at keeping secrets, right?"

The camerawoman held the main feature of the show perfectly between the focus, not a single detail was ever missed, not a single solitary stroke going undocumented. Tiny trickles of urine came forth from the blond's cockhole with each stroke, her delicate fingers catching those last droplets and sliding across herself, making sure not a single, solitary drop was left behind, giving her cock a dirty, foul shine.

Even the way both girls pleased themselves was different. Futaba gripped the root of her fat, bulging cock, holding it with force with one hand while stroking with the other. Her grip was tight, as if she was trying to wrestle a snake, and her arms burned from the exertion, twisting her hands and kneading her cock almost as if she was trying to expunge something from within. She bucked with her hips, her cock pulsing with need.

The video's main character, however, was almost elegant. Every stroke seemed measured and careful, her hands seemingly flowing through her length like she was sculpting the softest clay in the world. No effort was spent, no motions hurried. She made love to her cock, gentle caresses that turned her stiff meatstick into something pliant and ready, teasing herself towards bliss. While Futaba's globs of pre were flung across the whole room, sticking as ropes to her shaft, the blond made sure to make a ring with her index and thumb whenever she reached her cockhead, collecting that precious pearly liquid and using it as lube for the next stroke.

*'Keep going, you dirty, fat-dicked angel! L-Let me be your d-devil!'*

Even her girl's hips moved in tandem with her hands, sensually swaying back and forth on the camera. While the filthy restroom they were in had all manner of strange noises, leaking water, dripping pipes, her soft moaning filled the room, drowned out everything. She was savoring every single stroke as though it were a delectable candy, licking her pink lips with relish. Then, almost as if she wanted to drive Futaba insane, the girl playfully stopped playing with herself. That gigantic tool wobbled, shining in the bathroom lights, begging to cum.

The sound of echoing footsteps could be heard. A heavy pause settled as the girls quietly waited in the restroom, both of them covering their mouths, lest their laughter spilled into the hallways, attracting attention and ruining their plans. The camera, still focused on that aching cock, made sure to capture the dribbling of transparent precum, the main actress' cock right at the edge of her climax.

That pause was like torture to Futaba. Gripping her cock like a vice at the base, she contained herself, edging her own pleasure. She wanted to do it with her to the very end, but it was getting harder and harder to resist.

*I must... endure... J-Just... A little bit more!*

With the footsteps gone, they both laughed and hushed the other in the video.

“Hush! Do you want them to come back and see us?” said the camerawoman. “I don’t think you can even hide that thing anymore!”

“Oh, do you think so?” she replied, holding her dick by the base and slapping it against her palm, making loud, wet plaps. “What should we do about it?” she added, laughing.

“Don’t you wanna give your viewers a grand finale?”

“Hm, I bet you wanna see it too, you slut!”

*Yes! Yes! Unlock your secret ending for me, please!*

They laughed at each other again, and Futaba’s body convulsed in a mix of jealousy and pleasure. She wanted what they had. Trading dick pics with fellow chronic masturbators, or joining a voice call full of people jerking off for hours was nice, but it wasn’t quite that.

The video kept rolling, the blond girl spitting onto her palm and greasing up her cock to restart the process. Her smooth, petite fist ran across the entirety of her shaft, glistening and glimmering in the restroom’s cold light. The more she stroked, the more translucent and sticky her precum became, oozing forth like a syrup from her pisshole.

Futaba bit her lip, toes curling as she tried to hold on. She knew the video’s runtime was nearly done, and her relief was soon to come, but the fight against herself was almost impossible. The blond leaned forward, one hand against the wall for support as she went hard and fast, her moans like the mewling of a kitten.

She couldn’t take her eyes off her main screen, her throat parched, drool dripping from the corners of her mouth as she tried to lock in sync with her. Futaba was almost certain she could hear her own moans blending in with hers, filling the empty gaps in the sound clip. The moment seemed like forever. They were two horny girls who just wanted to finish the job.

The tension reached its zenith when finally, with a pained gasp and a sharp whimper, the blond sank her teeth on her lip and emptied herself. A thick, dense stream of semen erupted from that pink tip like a geyser, forcing the camerawoman to widen the shot to catch everything as her fat, taut balls clenched tight and unloaded.

Not even the filthiest cumshot compilations Futaba had watched could compare

to the amount of cum that blond was pumping out, each thick rope splashing against the urinal's porcelain, sticking to it like splattered paint, every jet hot and heavy as her body shivered, her voice an erotic growl. Her glans contracted with every gush, an adorable pink flower unleashing an unstoppable deluge of white seed that seemed almost endless as it flowed out of her in heavy blasts.

*'She has a fucking milk truck between her legs, hng...'*

There was a sort of subtle art in how the girl delivered her load, an almost deliberate aim that had her unleashing spurt after spurt all over the urinal, dirtying it as though the thing wasn't filthy enough. It splashed over every single crack and corner, a sheer torrent of thick cum cascading into the drain as the blond twitched, panting in ecstasy.

As soon as she witnessed that one-girl bukkake, Futaba's hours of edging had come to an end.

*'H-Here it is, my all-out attack!'*

Even her own orgasm was fouler than the blond's. Those swollen, saggy balls contracted as her cockhole gaped to make way for her load. Her body writhed on her chair as a coarse, rough moan escaped her dry throat as that torrent of baby batter finally escaped her cock.

Her dick exploded like a firehose, the first rope of yellowy, gross-looking cum making an arc in the air then landing on herself, sliding down and leaving a thick trail of filth across her small breasts. The first spurt was followed by another, going across her face, smearing her glasses with that snot-like consistency and forcing her to inhale the fumes of her own climax.

It was impossibly thick and heavy, the next jets showering her desk, hitting her monitor, soaking and seeping into her keyboard as the sounds of squelching and groaning filled the air. It was like she was marking her territory like an animal, as her cocksnot didn't even run down her monitor, instead hanging in heavy, yellowed ropes to her desk.

And yet she didn't stop stroking, squeezing her cock, smearing that rancid, gooey filth across her length, feeling that balmy warmth wrap around her, running down her cock and pooling on and beneath her crotch, sliding down her chair and into the floor in heavy globs.

When it was finally waning, her could feel both her lungs and her cockhole burning as she squeezed herself tight from bottom to top, pushing out the last fat drops of sperm out, watching them run down her dick or get tangled in that messy, stretched out foreskin, leaving no part untainted.

*'So this is the power of edging, huh...? Not bad. Not bad at all...'*

The video's ending played beneath that cum-soaked screen. The two girls giggled as the camerawoman focused on the urinal. "Oh my gosh, you clogged it!"

"No way! Are you for real?" said the blond, incredulous at her own display, looking at that drain. It was absolutely filled with her semen, and the mixed puddle of her urine and cum wasn't moving anymore.

"We should get out of here before anyone finds out!"

The recording ended shortly after to the sounds of giggles and hurried footsteps.

Futaba, her body soaked in her sweat and juices, nostrils puffing with the renewed layer of cum stench in her room, could barely move. It was like her entire body was under anesthesia, numb and tired, her heavy dick hanging down on her chair, finally limp. Her fog of excitement, however, was soon clearing, bringing back the weight of reality.

The videos on the other screens had changed, going through Futaba's nearly endless gooning playlists. The shuffle had picked another 3D animation, this time of a Chinese martial artists in blue leggings having her thunder thighs used and abused, a Japanese gyaru gangbang at a school's restroom, and a special splitscreen compilation titled "Mommy Dommy Cummy Time". The main screen, however, only repeated that same video, the girl's ears haunted by the camerawoman's giggles over and over again.

She knew her penchant for pleasuring herself had already turned into an addiction, but that video was something else. It was an obsession.

*'Medjed... logging out...'*

She dragged herself to bed, her room still in a state of disarray, drifting off to sleep while the girls' voices still echoed inside her head.

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"Is everything alright, Oracle?"

"O-Oh... Yeah, sure..."

Haru's kind voice had snapped her off her daze.

Her sleep schedule was never the most regular, but things took a turn for the worse after discovering that video. Seven hours became six, then five, then four, until she only went to sleep when she was completely spent, the smell of her dick embedded into her sheets and pillows. Finally having some friends to help her overcome her aversion to human contact didn't mean much when it was so easy to fall prey to the needs of her body, even when she was supposed to be helping her fellow Phantom



Thieves.

Still, she had jumped out of bed, downed two random cans of old, flat Mad Bull that weren't completely covered in fluids from the past night (even though one of them tasted suspiciously salty), and made her way to the Palace, wearing the last session's sweat and semen like a second skin, praying that nobody could smell the stench she carried around herself.

While her friends explored that accursed casino, she stayed back in the safety of her Persona, Necronomicon, overlooking them while they pushed further. The exhaustion of weeks of sin had caught up to her, however, her vision looks as foggy and shady as the girls' video. Thoughts drifted in and out, and she struggled to give her friends the assistance they needed.

Her Phantom Thief outfit made everything worse, too.

The black top clung tightly to her skin, trapping the remains of her last debauched night against her skin. Her pants, while not as tight, had those belts around her thighs that, regardless of which direction she tried to point it, always felt like they were trapping her cock, making an unmistakable bulge that stretched and strained the thin cloth.

*'I really should have showered...'* she thought, pulling the collar of her outfit to air things out, instantly regretting it as the fetid scent crawled up her nose.

Thankfully, they couldn't actually see or smell her there, but her torment hadn't ended yet.

As much as she tried to concentrate, bringing attention to enemies' weaknesses and mapping the way forward, that godforsaken giggle still echoed inside her head.

"C-Careful! Don't use fire attacks!" she called out, but it was too late, as Ann had already unleashed a powerful Agidyne that didn't even faze that weird horse shadow.

She didn't know how it started, but her hands had already drifted downwards, rekindling the embers of the past night. The grinding was like a self-soothing tic, and even her mouth opened unconsciously, tongue slipping between her lips and teeth, wetting them while the camera footage replayed inside her head. It was so fresh, so raw in her memories that her fingertips couldn't resist the urge to fondle herself over her costume.

"Little late on that one!" blared Panther, dodging its blade.

"S-Sorry, I..." she tried to reply, finding herself out of breath already.

One caress turned into a second, the heat emanating from her privates

unmistakable. She gulped as she felt herself getting more and more swollen, pushing against the insides of her pants in a clear erection, making a stain appear right against her cockhead.

Not even at her stealthiest she could have muffled the moan that left her mouth, but thankfully the endless sounds of slot machines from the Palace had drowned it. Despite that layer of cloth between her hands and her cock, she still thoroughly enjoyed the feel of her shaft, fat and meaty as it became, sliding effortlessly thanks to the previous day's cockslick still lingering.

Her face burned red with shame as she touched herself inside her Persona, but her feelings were quickly overpowered by the rising stink of dick. She had done it in her bedroom, while peeing, while showering, while playing games, sometimes even while texting the Phantom Thieves, but never while she was in a Palace, and somehow that only added to her arousal.

*'Sorry, my nakama... I need to... Hng...'*

The girl had to deal with her constraints, her now painfully erect cock pointing to the left inside her pants, one hand jerking it while simultaneously grinding it against her thigh, the other kneading her palm against the already swollen glans. It was nowhere near the same kind of stimulation she got while playing freely inside her room, but the thrill of doing it inside Necronomicon sent a rush of endorphins across her body, making her dirty her chin with drool.

And yet, there was something missing.

As much as she tried to deny it, Futaba was hopelessly addicted to pornography.

Despite that video being seared in her retinas, and the inherent excitement of jerking off within earshot of her companions, there was something lacking, the eerie glow of filthy smut reflecting off her glasses, filling her field of vision with depraved acts.

For a few seconds she thought to ignore her needs, deal with the problem later, but as much as she tried to focus on the task at hand, her brain soon drifted back to the urge to blow a fat, unabashedly messy cumshot right then and there. She needed the visual stimulation, and she needed it bad.

A thought crept up, slowly but surely taking over.

What if...

No, she couldn't.

They would never know.

But still, they're her friends. She could never do that to them.

But before she could realize it, she was already doing it.

*'I promise it'll be quick!' she thought, head already spinning in shame and pleasure.*

The overhead view in Necronomicon's floating displays zoomed in further and further, until it was barely inches away from her own teammate, Ann.

The kaleidoscopic lights bounced off her shiny outfit, highlighting every curve on her body. The rose-red catsuit clung tightly to the girl like it was painted over, leaving nothing to the imagination, be it the roundness of her perky ass, the contour of her hips, or the outlines of her big breasts. Nothing was safe from Futaba's eyes.

*'I... I can't believe I'm... jerking off to my own teammate...'*

She admired every inch of her teammate's body, her view following the sensual sway of her hips as she made her way from hallway to hallway, and her cock throbbed with every bounce of the girl's chest. Futaba tested the limits of her Persona's zoom, being able to see even the tiny droplets of perspiration hanging on the inside of Ann's cleavage. She couldn't help but relish when she got hit by particular attacks that knocked her down, her ass hanging up in the air, fat and smackable.

Futaba couldn't help but imagine using that cleavage window on Ann's chest, shoving her thick cock between her breasts and fucking it like a sex toy while her sweaty nutsack dragged across her teammate's pretty face, bathing her in filthy fluids.

*'She's such a slut with that tight outfit, it's like she wants me to jerk off to her... Ungh...'*

And then, there was Makoto.

The class president had a much more conservative attire, but it was still very form-fitting, displaying her slender body to everyone that cared to look. Despite having no cleavage, her chestplate seemed almost made to show off her breasts, the laced front pushing them up and making them look even more supple. The rest of the dark leather followed the curves of her slim waist and shapely legs, accentuating her lean muscles.

*'Gosh, I know she can snap my dick off with those thighs...'*

Her jiggle was a lot more subtle than Ann's, but it didn't escape the navigator's view. When Makoto summoned Johanna, though, Futaba's cock jolted with life,

squirting pre with enough force to go through the fabric of her pants. The way she climbed onto that motorcycle, one leg up, leaning forward with her ass up in the air, it was just too much for the poor, overstimulated geek.

*'C'mon, c'mon... Cast another spell... I know your SP is full...'* she begged, desperate to see that vulnerable butt again.

She wanted nothing more than to grab her by the hips and grind herself against it to completion, feeling Makoto's body shiver against her as she finally finished, covering that dark outfit in thick, white cum, marking the prim and proper class president with the scent of her dick.

Not even Haru escaped.

*'Even if you're covered from head to toe, I can still zoom in, hehehe!'*

Covered from top to bottom, you would think it would be hard for Futaba to find something to perv on, but she quickly realized how well-fed the preppy student was, and how tight her bottoms hugged her bountiful ass and thighs. That girl was shapely and ripe, not just below the waist, but above too, as her breasts seemed to barely be contained by her pink shirt, her black corset working as a frame for that meaty masterpiece.

With every swing of her axe or shot of her grenade launcher, those huge tits threatened to rip through the seams of her shirt, bouncy and full. It seemed like she didn't wear a bra at all, the sheer weight of her bust straining the pink fabric and pressing the outline of what seemed to be puffy areolae against it, the rise and fall of her chest as she drew deep breaths after each heavy attack was downright hypnotizing.

*'Haru is so cute... I wanna show her my unwashed dick so bad!'*

Futaba wanted that rich girl to give her a gloved handjob, shaming her for having such a filthy, NEET cock undeserving of the pleasures of a girl like her, only to make her finish inside a teacup, then drink her steaming cockslop just to tell her how disgusting it tasted.

Inside Necronomicon, the screens showered her with images of the girls, Ann's ass shaking as she ran, Makoto's thighs flexing as she stretched, even a sweaty Haru discreetly sniffing her own armpit to see how her deodorant was handling today's exploration. She had created her own gooning compilation, and the fact those were all her friends somehow made it even more erotic as she jerked off.

*'My teammates are hotter than hentai sluts! Y-Yes! More, please, more!'*

Alongside the cursed urinal video playing inside her head, it was pure sensory

overload. Better than any fap material she could find online. She wrestled with her cock inside her pants, tugging and kneading with force, feeling the spurts of precum run down her thigh and ruin the fabric of her outfit.

The foul mixture of day-old sweat and cum being dissolved by new perspiration started to fill Necronomicon's space with that rank, sickly aroma of body odor and unwashed genitals. Even her breath had a sour note to it, her hair greasy sticking to her face, but she didn't stop at all, her mind drifting to obscene scenarios.

*'Yes... All of you, suck my dick at the same time! N-no, let me fuck Ann's pussy while Haru licks my butt... Wait, better yet! Haru rides while Makoto sits on m-my face!'*

She wanted her teammates to be friends just like those girls in that video, to share her secret fetishes, to debase and desecrate public toilets, crossing the streams of their piss as they flooded an urinal together while being recorded, touching each other's cocks, emptying their balls on those dirty tiled floors, just to be watched and rewatched by other chronic masturbators online.

"I'm... I'm cumming to my own teammates!"

As Futaba let her hand flow up and down her monstrous prick, that pent-up ball cream surged to her tip. With one labored grunt, she pushed through, unleashing her load inside her own Phantom Thief outfit, shaking as her cockhole expanded to pass that heavy load, thick, pasty ropes of her batter flooding her pants. Despite the blinding bliss of that climax, she still kept jerking without pause, her cum-soaked clothes making wet, squelching noises as she bathed in the warmth of her own spunk.

The endless ropes of dickjuice eventually oversaturated her pants, her cum surging from beneath the fabric like a broken condom. It was beyond salvageable, the strings of gooey cum now covering her legs while the insides of her costume were impregnated with it, sliding down her crotch and nesting into every single crease of her ballsack, crawling between her thighs and even seeping between her ass.

The sweltering sensation around her whole lower body was completely inebriating. Every little twitch made her semen slosh around the folds of both her outfit and her skin. By the end of that relentless wank, the days-old grime and the newest release had mixed together, marinating her crotch in that foul mix, the girl both a victim and a beneficiary of her own disgusting onanism. Each breath she took was full of the scent of her own intimacy, Necronomicon's insides now a bubble of her own dickmusk.

Unfortunately, her filthy afterglow was cut short.

"...Oracle, what did you say? I couldn't catch that" said Ann over the comms.

The blush immediately drained from Futaba's face.

"I... Uh..." she murmured, looking for an escape route "Ouch! Ow ow ow! Owie! My head! That's... A psychic attack?! A shadow is t-targeting me!! We need to escape, now! E-Emergency exit to the left!"

Before anyone else could process what had happened, the geek had already made her retreat. Going back to the Palace's entrance before anyone else was a blessing, too, as Futaba had realized not everything had remained inside the metaverse, her shorts completely soaked in cum the moment her regular clothes came back.

She darted back home, every nerve in her being filled with shame. She had to put an end to this.

Futaba was thankful Sojiro was still at Café Leblanc, as she could climb back to her room, leaving a trail of her fluids on the way, however. The girl flung herself into her chair, fingers dashing through the keyboard with the speed only a terminally online weirdo like her could.

She knew it was wrong. The girls in the video had cut out their faces for a reason, but she had to know. Otherwise, she would never find peace.

Finding the original video wasn't as easy as she thought, as files shared online rarely come with a receipt, but after some detective work, she finally found a lead, surfing through forums with dead links and deleted videos.

Eventually, it was there. The original source, uploaded to an amateur porn streaming website. The user was a random combination of numbers. An otherwise empty account save for that one video.

"There you are... Now, time for my sneak attack!"

Lines of code flashed in front of her eyes as she fiddled with their back-end, trying to find a way in. However, if anyone could do it, it was her. She took a swig of yet another defiled Mad Bull can, grinning as their entire database was bust wide open and the IP address of the uploader was traced.

The energy drink was soon spat out, however, her eyes trembling with disbelief.

"T-That address... It can't be..."