

JUST DESSERTS...

The bond between the most bonded of friends was said to be as durable as the ties that bound lovers and family together. A statement that could not be more true when applied to the likes of *Adam* and his buddy; *Conroy*. Two beans from different pods that had taken a liking to one another, enough for them to decide on barreling through life together ever since a fateful meeting in highschool had served to cement an unbreakable sense of brotherhood between the two kindred spirits.

Unfortunately, not all friendships would prove beneficial for the ones involved or those who knew them. And in the latter case, Adam and Conroy's partnership had been seen as a major thorn in their sides ever since they had become steadfast friends. For a bully and a thug coming together would only bring the worst of both into one horrendous package.

Descended from well off families who had spoiled them stupid, the two men were as pampered as could be. Living life with everything, from their needs to their scholarly 'achievements' handed to them on a silver platter. Never having to lift a finger, work a day in their lives to get what they wanted for themselves, so it was no surprise then to learn that the two had turned out to be apathetic narcissists practically made for each other by the time they had met, considering how birds of a feather tended to flock together.

The brothers had sailed comfortably through highschool and a cushy ivy league university, and now that they were the next in line to inherit a profitable business run by other more professional minds, had seen no reason to get serious at all. In fact, their despicable habits only seemed to worsen with nothing else to do in life; openly insulting who they saw to be their 'inferiors' in the street, causing a ruckus in whatever shop was unlucky enough to catch their attention while meandering through malls...all manner of rowdiness and rotten behavior one might expect of an uneducated child, not two grown men...

But like all things good and evil in the world, Adam and Conroy's adolescent tirade would soon be put to rest when the more perverted of the two had decided to mouth off within earshot of the worst person imaginable they could ever hope to cross; a strange woman sporting gothic flair in her appearance with an air of mystery hanging heavy around her like an invisible veil. All of that mystique lost to the two dolts who only saw fit to rag on her fashion sense, labeling her an 'emo freak' who 'couldn't get a man with that mug'. A disgusting comparison that told her all she needed to know about the remorseless cretins and their views on women. A stain on the world and a jab to her pride she would not simply ignore and walk away from as a sharp, reverberant snap produced by pale digits resounds throughout the relatively empty street they were passing through, permeating the flesh to touch the souls of those within reach. In this instance; the men who had decided to wrong a witch the likes of the vindictive vixen wearing a grin on her face as she struts off into the distance. Knowing full well due punishment had been served, for if one were so cocksure of another's 'profession', *then it could only mean that they spoke from a place of experience to assume such things in the first place...*

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And once the two men, frozen where they stood, had snapped out of the brief stupor that had taken ahold of their minds while a flash of static runs over undulating bodies wreathed in serpentine coils of disheveled thread finished off with an explosive release of raven locks and dusty brunette curls. That fact would be exemplified by the two scantily clad courtesans standing to attention with buxom bodies boasting tantalizing goods displayed for all the world to see, decorated by gaudy accessories slapped over dainty wrists, cheap makeup caking exquisite faces and tattered raiments that more closely resembled



underwear than proper clothes. An appearance befitting of debauched individuals whose sole purpose in life was the satisfaction of the customer, man or woman, in exchange for coin. A mission that springs forth into the emptied heads of the streetwalking pair as they both head their separate ways after sharing an affectionate gaze without a hint of concern for the other's drastically altered appearance or the instantaneous blip that had left them with bodacious forms radiating sex appeal and the brains zapped full of the seditious knowledge required to take advantage of the capabilities afforded to them by their lithe, sensitive bodies. Leading new, active lives that would see them working *very hard* to achieve what they both desired.



By the time *Aisha* had found quite the handsome stud coming onto her all of a sudden with a firm hand over an exposed ass cheek and a query for her cost, *Choi Min* had already bagged herself a man who seemed to know his women well, disregarding her matronly features to ravish the feel of her skills in the art of making love. Both willfully engaging in sexual union with men who, in some ways, resembled their past selves to varying degrees. Long forgotten dreams that didn't take much for the witch's reality warping magic to twist and distort considering how debauched and corrupt they already were...and it wasn't all that bad. After all, they already had the makings of professional prostitutes even before they

had traded pecs for tits and cocks for pussies; a craving for sexual release, a non-existent IQ, depraved morals to relish in it all...all they needed was a little helpful push from the magically capable to achieve their true calling. A calling that everyone could agree on was much preferable over the likes of two insufferable idiots who thought the world to be their oyster if they could even remember them in the first place...

THE END

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