

Phony Phones (Inanimate TF, The 80s)

Bright lights flashed in the windows of the sorority house. The silhouettes of its members danced behind the blinds, the sound of their screaming emanating through the glass, while pumpkins and skeletons littered the building's deck, and phony gravestones rose from the lawn like mushrooms. The party's music could be heard from two blocks away.

Outside, in the bushes in front of the house, Christopher Mass and Michael Rofone shivered in the cold as they squinted through the leaves in search of a good target.

"Come on, come on," said Chris, words emerging as white clouds, "how long is it gonna take for one of these girls to show up? Urgh, at this rate we're gonna be here all night!"

"Dude, relax," said Mike, absently turning the pages of the antique spellbook he'd found in the college library. "Once we cast this spell, we're gonna get all the pussy we want, you hear me, bro?"

"Spell? I thought we were trying the chloroform again?"

"What? No, dude, put that away. *Fuck*. I told you to stop bringing that." Mike glared till Chris put the rag back in his pocket. "This spell'll work wonders, bro, I promise you."

Chris furrowed his brow. "Er, what exactly is it supposed to do? Make 'em really want to have sex with us?"

"Nah, nah." Mike waved the idea aside like smoke from the cigarettes he'd been addicted to since junior high. "Nah, it's gonna make us the thing they want most in the world, ya hear me, bro?"

If there had been more than two brain cells in the bushes, alarm bells might have started ringing at this point. Instead, a big grin split Chris's face. "Oh, *I* see." He giggled like a child.

Mike laughed. "And of course, as we all know, if there's one thing sorority girls want more than anything in the world, it's..."

"Coooooock!" the two chorused.

They clamped their hands over each other's mouths as they remembered they were in hiding.

A cry of delight sounded from the house's window. "Say, what do you think they're doing in there?" asked Chris, squinting at the glass.

Mike shrugged. "Probably doin' Halloween stuff. Apple bobbing. Wedgie boards. Stuff like that."

“You know what I think they’re doing?” Chris giggled like a naughty child. “I bet they’re having steamy lesbian sex together.” He closed his eyes and shivered in delight.

His best friend stared at him. “Dude, that’s so stupid. How many lesbians do you think go to our college?”

Chris frowned. “I dunno. Lots. Girls are always telling me they’re gay. Like, every time I try to hit on—”

Mike covered his friend’s mouth. “Ssh, listen!”

From outside the bush came the clacking of high heels against the sidewalk.

Mike shushed his giggling friend. “Dude, shut up! Some chicks are coming! This is our chance!” Grabbing the grimoire, he flipped to the appropriate page and mentally ran through the words of the spell. *Wrendiga vortimer, inclisor vont... Wrendiga vortimer, inclisor vont...*

Peeking through a gap in the leaves, he watched as two beautiful babes marched up the path to the sorority house, boobs bouncing in the tight confines of their skimpy Halloween costumes. One had come as a slutty ghost, wearing something closer to a napkin than the traditional blanket. The other had come as a slutty sorority girl, which was to say herself.

Cock hardening in his pants, Mike swallowed and tried to focus. “Okay,” he said, watching the girls grow closer with the second, “let’s do this. Chris, take my hand.”

“Ew, gross, that’s so gay,” said Chris, who was so intensely heterosexual he’d once jacked off with his sister’s underwear.

“Just shut up and hold tight,” hissed Mike. He grabbed his friend’s hand and squeezed it homosexually. With his other hand, he traced the words of the spell...

The girls were right outside the bush now. He could hear them clearly.

“O-M-G, Stacy, did you see, like the new flip phone they had in the store window? I never thought—”

Mike swallowed. Well, it was now or never. “Wrendigga vortimer, inclisor vont... Make us into whatever those girls want!”

The book flared like a neon light. Bright green lightning struck Michael in the face and coursed through his body into Chris’s. The two of them screamed, all pretense of stealth forgotten as every nerve in their bodies cried out in pain.

With a hideous crack, the two of them snapped rigid. Mike squeaked as his arms slammed against his side, while Chris moaned as his own did the same. Together, they floated off the ground and out of the bush, slowly turning upside down. Mike groaned at the vertigo as the world spun around him.

He came to a stop with his head against the dirt, looking up into the sky. It was a pretty night—all the stars were out—though he wasn't quite in the mood to appreciate it.

In a flash, his clothing vanished, vaporized by a wave of green flame. As he watched, trembling in shock, his legs folded back, slammed together, and squeezed *tight*, so tight he could only scream. He stared, dripping sweat, as his skin turned a sheeny silver, and rivulets of his flesh flew from one leg to the other. *Wh-wh-what's—?!*

Beside him, Chris cried out as his own body did something very similar. He writhed as his arms and legs darkened and bulked up as if filling out an invisible cuboid.

Between Mike's tightened, fusing legs, his penis twitched. It had already been erect when he started the spell, but as the magic coursed through him it had hardened to a comical degree. Now, as he watched and whimpered, it stretched, growing implausibly long and thin. Waves of irresistible ecstasy coursed back to his brain, but all he could do was moan and whimper feebly. Like his legs, his arms were turning silver and metallic, shining in the glare of the magic as they melded with his torso.

Nearby, Chris's body quaked as it continued to bulk out, expanding into a dark, hard-edged cuboid. His dick protruded from what had been his former legs, as big as Mike's and growing larger with the second.

With a *click*, Chris's head snapped backward, aiming his face at the ground. His mouth opened wide to form an 'O' and stuck that way, turning his screams into muffled, airy moans.

To his horror, Mike found his own head moving too. Instead of snapping back, it sank slowly into his neck, making his vision rise in the process. He cried out and tried to thrash, but he couldn't keep it from happening. In seconds, he was looking out of his own chest.

On the other side of the bush, Christopher moaned as his own head disappeared into his neck, leaving only the 'O' of his lips protruding. Mike watched as his friend's neck vanished entirely and what had been his shoulders turned smooth and flat and plastic. Only the hole of his friend's mouth remained, already hardening into metal.

As their bodies changed, the world around them pulsed and grew. Mike screamed in his head as he realized they were shrinking. What was happening to them? What was—?

A bolt of pleasure slammed into his brain. This time, it didn't come from his cock, but from the other side of his body. It took a moment to recognize the sensation. *My ass! What's happening to my ass?!* He could feel it expanding, expanding and *moving*, shifting down his body, like, like... he didn't even know.

His cock, on the other hand, did the opposite: turned thin and silver and spindly, it migrated upward to what had been his knees and came to a stop perched there, sticking up into the air like...

Realization landed in Mike's gut like poison.

...Like an antenna.

We're turning into their phones?!

Mike tried to scream, but all that came out of his speakers was a tinny static.

Beside him, Christopher finished trembling and still, a low whine emanating from his own speakers. A pale green rectangle had appeared on his former chest, while the surface of his fused, flattened legs was already forming into buttons. His cock, on the other hand, had yet to finish changing: as Mike watched, sweating in horror, it hardened into a dark cuboid of its own, before splitting from his former groin—Mike winced—and flipping through the air to slam tip first into Chris's—

A lustful moan sounded from Chris's speakers.

Watching, Mike could only whimper as his changes finished. His chest formed buttons, a screen sprouted from his legs, and his waist split, curling into a hinge for the rest of his body to fold around.

The world continued to grow till they were the size of the phones they'd become. With that, they tumbled from the air, landing with little thwaps on the cool dirt beneath the bush. Mike whimpered, a thin wail emanating from his speakers. Nearby, Chris moaned like one of the chicks he liked to fuck.

What the hell?! thought Mike, struggling to move and wanting to cry. What the fuck?! What the hell?! Shit. Fuck. Fuck. How the hell are we supposed to turn back?!

Leaves rustled. A giant filled the sky above him. Mike screamed as it approached, greedy fingers aiming straight for his—

The hand seized him by the tip of his antenna. Mike squealed like a whore in bed as a wave of ecstasy coursed through his circuits. *Stop it! Stop it! Let go! Let go! Let go, let—Nnn~!*

Another hand grabbed Chris. Together, the two of them flew out into the air. Shivering in panic and pleasure, Mike whimpered as the face of the girl in the slutty ghost costume loomed into being before him, swollen to the size of a giant. Gasping in terror, he struggled to pull away—he could see every blemish on her face.

Releasing his cock and grabbing him by the torso, the slutty ghost cocked her head. "Hey, Stacy, look what I just found in the bush."

The slutty sorority sister bounced over with a giggle. "Like, what, Mandy? Why were you rummaging in the bush?"

"I dunno," said Mandy, "I just, y'know, got this weird feeling I should look into it."

"You're such a stupid slut," giggled Stacy, who'd only gotten into college through the informal oral examination.

"I'm seeeerious," said Mandy. "Anyway, I'm glad I, like, did look, because I got these two cool phones out of it." She beamed. "Look, one of them's the state-of-the-art flip phone I really wanted!"

"OMG, wait," said Stacy, clapping her cheeks in shock. "Is, like, that, like, the Yeskia D I told you I wanted? O-M-G, it's even got the signal-boosting dongle I was gonna buy! Oh my God, this is *such* a lucky find!" She snatched Chris out of Mandy's hand, held him to her face, and giggled, eyes sparkling.

"I know, right?" Mandy laughed. "We're the two luckiest sluts in the whole wide campus!" Giggling, they slammed their boobs together, which is a thing real women totally do.

In Mandy's hand, Mike shivered in disgust. Of all the stupid sluts they could have ended up trapped as the phones of... "Hey!" he cried, voice sounding squeak from his speakers. "Hey! You need to help us!"

"Er, why's it making so much static?" said Stacy. "It hurts my ears."

"I dunno," said Mandy, holding him up. "I hope it's not broken..."

"Of course I'm not broken, you stupid whore! Grab the grimoire and find a spell to turn me back before—" Before he could finish, Mandy placed a finger on the tip of his penis-turned-antenna and pushed it down with a soft little click.

Mike screamed.

"Urgh, it didn't help," said Mandy, shaking him about. "Whatever, I'm sure it'll fix itself."

Stacy laughed. "You're so optimistic. Come on, we should, like, hurry up and show the others how lucky we are!" She grabbed Mandy's wrist. "Come on, let's, like, go!"

As the pair's heels clacked against the slabs of the path, Mike found himself bounced up and down in Mandy's hand, unable to do anything to escape his fate. "Help me..."

"Mike!" cried a familiar voice, slightly static. "Mike, where are you? Mike, Mike, it feels really weird. Fuck! *Fuck!* It's like I'm fucking myself in the ass!" Chris sounded as if he were on the verge of tears.

"Chris!" cried Mike. "It's okay—I'm gonna try and do something!" This was a blatant lie, but he felt like he had to say something.

Chris's moans died away as Stacy ran ahead, giant boobs bouncing as she threw herself through the door of the sorority house and into the main room. "Girls! Girls! Look what me and Mandy just found in the bushes!"

Mandy closed the door behind them with a click and aimed Mike at a sight out of his greatest dreams: a crowd of curvaceous sororitas, all wearing Halloween costumes so skimpy they

might as well have been bikinis. A slutty vampire sat on the couch, a slutty mummy stood by the punch bowl, and a slutty Frankenstein (the doctor, though there was a slutty monster too) hovered by the wall, covertly eyeing the ass of her creation.

A chorus of squees resounded through the building. “O-M-G,” cried the sorority sisters, squeezing their cheeks in shock, “is that a state-of-the-art flip phone? Eeeeeeee.”

“It totally is!” said Mandy, throwing Mike into the air and catching him. He squealed at the vertigo.

“And look, look!” cried Stacy, keen to snatch the attention back. “Look what I found! It’s a Yeskia D! With a giant dongle!” She waved Chris around to a chorus of ‘wow’s.

“Is the size of the dongle really important?” asked Mandy.

“Of course it is,” said Stacy, as if this were obvious.

A brunette in a mummy costume rushed forward, eyes wide in excitement. “Let me see! Let me see!” she cried, all but snatching Chris out of Stacy’s hand.

“Hey, keep your grubby mitts off my new phone!” cried Stacy, pushing her away. But no sooner had this first challenger been defeated than another rose to claim the throne. A third girl swiped her paws at Mike, forcing Mindy to back up and shield him.

In the end, it took all of ten seconds for the party to devolve into a brawl.

Just as Mike thought he’d end up shattered on the ground, a whistle sliced through the room. A dark-haired girl in a *slightly* less slutty witch’s costume stepped forward. “If you guys are going to fight, can you do it over something *less* stupid?” she asked.

The effect of her words was immediate: before Mike knew what was happening, the rest of the party were on their knees, looking ashamed. “Sorry, Miranda…”

Miranda rolled her eyes. “Point of order: why don’t you let *me* take a look at those things?” Striding forward, she snatched Chris and Mike out of their owners’ hands. Mike whimpered at the feeling of her tight fingers around him—her glossy black thumbnail was digging into his cock!

Holding them to her face, Miranda turned them around and hmm’d. “You found these outside in the bush? Weird.” She tossed the two of them back into Mandy and Stacy’s hands. “Well, enjoy. And for the love of God, try not to break them.” This said, she marched towards the door.

The sea of sororitas parted—Mandy and Stacy stood.

“Can they, like, do anything special?” asked the slutty mummy, who despite her perky, party-loving attitude secretly suffered from clinical depression, a malaise she would only

overcome in her late twenties by redirecting her passion for parties to her longtime hobby of collecting miscellaneous charging cables.

“I dunno, Mami,” said Mandy, cocking her head. “We haven’t really had a chance to try them out yet.”

“Try and call me! Try and call me!” cried a slutty robot, holding up the sorority house’s landline. “Come on, try it out!”

“Okay, okay! Jeez, give me a second.” Grinning, Mandy raised Mike high and pinched the tip of his cock.

“Aii!” Mike screamed as she extended his antenna—it felt like getting the world’s greatest erection in an instant.

Holding him up close so she could better see his tiny screen, Mandy raised a finger, licked its tip, and oh-so-carefully punched one of the buttons on his former chest.

Mike squeaked—it felt as if she were playing with his nipples. If he’d been able to get any harder, he would have.

“...725...3!” As Mandy punched the last button, the sorority’s phone rang. For some reason, every girl in the room looked at it in shock.

“Should I answer it?” said Mami. Cautiously, she picked it up and held it to her ear. “Like, hello?”

“Hello?” said Mandy, lips brushing against Mike’s side. He shivered at the feeling of them running against his plastic.

“Hello?” said Mami. “Like, you called me?”

“Urgh, this is stupid,” said Mandy, punching the button to end the call. Mike gasped as her thumb slammed into him.

Just as she was about to slam his antenna down, one of the other girls spoke up: “Like, what else can it do?”

Mandy’s fingers paused around Mike’s tip, he moaned at the feeling of them rubbing against him. “What else can it do?” Mandy squinted at him as if it might reveal the answer. “I dunno. I think it only makes phone calls.” A sudden smug grin filled her face. “I mean, like, *duh*. Of course it only makes phone calls. Can you imagine a phone that does anything but make phone calls? Pssh, as if that’ll ever happen.”

The sorority sisters laughed.

Before they could emulate Nostradamus any further, however, a familiar witch returned to the room, holding in her hands an even more familiar book. "Did you break them?" she asked, frowning in concern. "Please tell me you didn't break them."

Mike wanted to squeal in joy at the sight of the grimoire. *Yes! Yes! She can figure out what's going on! She can use it to turn us back!*

"Of course we didn't break them, Miranda, we're not *stupid*. ...OMG, is that a book? Oh my God, guys, look! Miranda has a book! OMG, Miranda, you're such a nerdy bookworm!"

"Yeah, you're such a nerd, Miranda!" said Stacy. "Don't you know the only book we like is the *Kama Sutra*?"

"Have you actually read the *Kama Sutra*?" asked Mandy.

"No, but I hear it got great reviews."

Miranda snapped the grimoire shut with a huff. "I found this book outside in a bush, presumably the same one you two found your phones in. It's a strange situation, isn't it? What kind of person would just dump two phones and a book of magic spells in a bush outside a sorority house? Don't you find it suspicious?"

"No," said Mandy and Stacy and most of the other girls simultaneously. (The rest weren't paying attention.)

"Well I do," said Miranda, plopping her ass on the couch and opening the grimoire. Licking a finger she flipped the page, eyes intent on the magic words between them.

If Mike had still had a throat, he would have gulped. Who knew what the witch would end up finding?

The other sorority sisters simply shrugged and returned their attention to him and Chris. "So, like, what else can they do?" asked Mami.

"I already told—" With a sigh, Mandy turned to Stacy. "So, like, Stace. What does that big hard dongle of yours do again?"

"Huh?" said Stacy. "You mean this?" She wrapped her hand around the long thin cuboid sticking out of Chris's port/asshole.

Chris screamed in shock. "Aiiii! Mike, help! Mike, Mike, she's stroking me! Mike, she's jacking me off! Mike! Nnnn~!" His moans collapsed to ragged panting as Stacy released him.

"Hmm," she said, tapping her chin. "I think it's supposed to, like, boost the signal strength or something? I don't really know. Maybe if we take it out we'll see a difference?"

The rest of the girls murmured in agreement.

Stacy pinched Chris's dongle. His screams of pain and pleasure split the air as she wiggled it about. "Mike! Mike! Mike, Mike, please help, please help, please help, please—"

Pop! Chris's dongle popped out of his port.

"Aiiiiiii!" Chris's scream made Mike wince. He'd only done anal once, but he couldn't imagine it felt good to have a cock pull out of you that fast. Let alone your *own* cock.

As Chris's scream died down to feeble whimpers, Stacy held the dongle up and turned it around between her fingers. "...Now what?"

"Does the signal feel any weaker?" asked Mandy.

Stacy squinted at Chris's screen. "I dunno. How'd you tell?"

"Maybe it was in the wrong hole!" cried a redhead dressed like a (slutty) spider. "Try sticking it in a different one!"

"Oooh, good idea!" Grinning, Stacy aimed the dongle at Chris's charging port. "In you go!"

Mike wished he could look away.

Click! "Aiiiiiii! Stop, stop! It's too big! It's too biiiiig! Stooooop!"

"Hmm, it's definitely making more static now," said Stacy, wiggling the dongle around. "That's a good thing, right?"

The sorority failed to achieve a consensus.

On the couch, Miranda looked up from her reading. "Are you seriously trying to stick a dongle into a charging port? That's not how it works, you fucking idiot."

"Oh yeah? Well, where am I supposed to put it, Ms. Smarty Panties?"

"Back in the port you pulled it out of!"

With a huff, Stacy twirled the dongle around and slipped it back into the port she'd found it, namely Chris's ass.

"Aiii! Nnn~! Mike, help! Mike, help! She's putting it back in! She's putting it back in! She's pegging me with my own cock, Mike! Mike! Miiiike! Heeeeeelp!" Chris's cries faded to feeble whimpers as Stacy finally wiggled the dongle into place. "..."

This time, her success earned less of a reaction. The gathered sororitas flicked their eyes between Stacy and Mandy, clearly looking for an excuse to move to the next topic of conversation (or possibly to reboot). One even checked no one was watching before shuffling off into the kitchen. The sound of Miranda's page flipping cut through the room.

“Y’know, I’m kinda bored with these phones now,” said Mandy, whose finger was truly on the pulse of the sorority’s situation. “Let’s talk about something else.”

Her sisters replied with a chorus of ‘yeah’s.

In Mandy’s hand, Mike sighed in relief. It might not be as good as being turned back, but at least the two of them weren’t going to be *tortured* anymore.

“Wait a second,” said Miranda, looking up from the grimoire with a smug grin. “Aren’t you going to add your contact details?”

The focus of the room stopped drifting away and straight back to Mandy. She clapped her fist into her palm. “Oh my God, like, yeah, I totally forgot! Let’s see... How do I...?”

Mike squealed as he flew back toward her face. *No! No! Don’t–!*

“Hmmm...” Biting her lip in concentration, Mandy gave his chest-buttons a couple of emphatic punches. “Contacts... contacts... contacts... Hey, there’s a photo album. Aw, it’s labeled ‘Memories’. That’s so cute!”

“Hey, mine has one too!” cried Stacy.

On the couch, Miranda smirked. “Wow,” she said, “I wonder if their old owners took any interesting pictures?”

“Let’s look!” cried Stacy.

With a giggle of agreement, Miranda punched away at Mike’s buttons, making him want to shudder at the feeling.

“Um, like, wow,” she said, knotting her brow, “there’s, like, *lots* of pics. Hey, and like some of them look like they were taken in here.” She turned Mike around to show the rest of the sisters, who leaned and squinted as if struggling with their knitting.

“Oh my God, mine has loads of pics from in here too!” said Stacy. “That’s, like, so creepy! How did they take them?!”

As Mandy punched his buttons to scroll back through his memories, Mike felt a terrible mixture of fear and hope. On the one hand, they might find out what the two of them had been up to... on the *other*, at least that would increase the chance of them being turned back.

“There’s, like, loads more too!” said Stacy. “Like, look at this one! It looks like it was taken in some kind of bush or something!”

“What? No way!” said Mandy. “There’s one on mine too! Hey, this looks like the bush we found our phones in! Did they take these pictures and drop them?”

“But, then, how did they take the pics inside?” asked Mami. This was the smartest thing she’d ever said and she deserved a special star for it.

“Perhaps they didn’t,” said Miranda, looking up from the grimoire. “Perhaps *you* took those photos?”

“We took those photos?” said Stacy and Mandy.

“Sure. You probably did it by accident while you were playing around with your new toys.”

The pair shared a glance, and a look of understanding overcame them. “Ooooooh,” they said. “That makes sense.”

“Anyway,” said Miranda. “If you don’t like those photos, why don’t you delete them? They’re *your* phones, after all.” She smirked.

Mike’s heart—or possibly his central processor—stopped beating. They—they couldn’t actually do that, could they? They couldn’t actually—?

“That’s a great idea!” said Stacy, punching away at Chris’s buttons without a moment of hesitation. “Delete, delete... delete... Deeeete.”

“Ai!” Chris squealed as she prodded him. “Stop! Stop it! Make it stop!” His cries faded into wordless moaning. Then, all of a sudden: “Aiiii! Where am I? Where am I?! What’s going on? Why can’t I move? Why can’t I moooove?”

“Chris!” cried Mike. “Chris, it’s okay, you’re just—”

“Mike! Mike! Mike, where are you? What’s going on? Why can’t I move?! Why—nnn~!g—why does it feel like I’m fucking myself?!” His questions collapsed into wordless tears as Stacy punched away, deleting hour after hour of his memories.

If Mike had still had a tongue, he would have bitten it and shuddered. Fuck, fuck, this was way worse than he’d expected. What would happen if they lost all their memories?! Would they regain them if they turned back, or...?

Mandy’s face filled his vision again. He winced and struggled to pull away, but no matter how hard he tried he accomplished nothing, of course.

“Let’s see...” she said. “I’ll start with the most recent ones, I guess. Boop!”

As she punched his buttons, Mike felt a terrible sense of emptiness. What had—? What had just happened?

“Mike! Mike! Please, where are you? What’s happening?! You have to tell me what’s going on!”

Mike floundered. Why was Chris so confused all of a sudden?

Mandy punched his button again. “Boop!”

Mike gasped in shock as strange sights filled his vision. Where were they? Who were all these—? Were they inside the sorority house...? How had they...?”

“Boop!”

Mike screamed as a wave of alien sensations rolled over his body. The spell! It had—it had gone wrong? What had it done to them? Where were they now—? Who were all these—?

“Boop!”

Mike cried out in terror as he found his body frozen. What the fuck? What was going on? He’d just been walking down the street with Chris—where the fuck was he now? Had they been hit by a truck or something? Fuck, was he paralyzed? Nn~! Fuck, if he was paralyzed, why did it feel so fucking good?”

“Phew, deleting photos is really hard work,” said the strange woman... holding him? Hearing her speak, Mike reevaluated his situation. The giant cavern around him... it was a living room. All these giants in costumes, they were sorority chicks, weren’t they? Nn, why were they all so big though? Had he shrunk?!

“Mike! Mike! Mike, where are you? What’s going on? Why do I—nn~!—feel so hard?!”

“Chris!” Fuck, Chris was here too. Fuck. “Chris, where are you?”

“I don’t knooow! Mike, where are *you*?! What’s going on?!”

Struggling to focus, Mike traced the sound of his friend’s voice to the phone in a nearby girl’s hands. His heart pounded as he processed what he was seeing. The giant women... the fact he couldn’t move... had the two of them been turned into—? *How?!*

“Hey, a new photo just appeared!” The woman holding him sounded annoyed.

“Hey, mine just took a new one too!” said the one holding Chris. “What the fuck? How did it happen without me knowing?”

“Hmm... that’s *very* strange,” said a third woman, dressed as a witch and sitting on the couch.

Mike recognized the book in her hands as the spellbook he’d found in the college library. Fuck, had she stolen it and zapped them or something? Was that what had happened?

“Well,” said the witch, “I guess your only choice is to keep deleting them, huh?”

The woman holding him and Chris frowned, clearly annoyed. “I guess so.”

A finger slammed into Mike's buttons, and he found himself transported into a strange room full of giant women. *What the fuck? Where the fuck am I?!*

This went on for some time.

"Hey, Miranda, what's this icon in the corner mean?"

"Lemme take a look..."

Mike whimpered as he found his shrunken, paralyzed body passed from one giant hand to another. The witch's finger tickled his cock as she took him, sending a wave of ecstasy rolling through his form. "Nnn~! Stop! Lemme go, you fucking freak!"

The witch, if she understood him, ignored him. "Hmm," she said, squinting at his legs. "It looks like it's running out of battery. I guess deleting 'Memories' uses up a lot of power. Looks like you'll have to charge it, Mandy."

'Mandy' scowled. "Fuck, how am I supposed to do that? I didn't find a charger with it!"

"Hey!" cried the girl holding Chris. "My phone's running outta juice too! Miranda, what do we doooooo?"

'Miranda' smiled sickly. "It's okay, Stacy," she said, "there's no need to panic. I'm sure there are a couple of people here with charging cables you can borrow..."

She turned her gaze on the gathered sorority sisters, who shuffled sheepishly in her glare.

"Um, actually," said a slutty mummy, raising her hand as if to answer the teacher's question. "I have some." She rummaged in her handbag and pulled out a pair of cables and plugs. "Here."

"Thank you, Mami," said Miranda, taking them and passing them to Mandy and Stacy. "...Why do you have so many charging cables?"

"...I like to collect them."

Ignoring this, Mandy and Stacy rushed into the kitchen. Unplugging the microwave and the fridge, they plugged the plugs into the sockets, stretched out the cables, and turned their attention back to Mike and Chris.

Held tight in Mandy's hand, Mike could only watch and whimper as Stacy guided the connector of her cable towards Chris's exposed hole.

"Don't! Don't!" he cried. "Please, I don't want to—Mmmphf! Mmmphf!" The cable entered him with a click, instantly muffling him. "Mmmphf! Mmmphf!"

Mike shivered. Still, if it were only being stuck in their mouth, that wouldn't be too bad...

"Wow, this is a real big plug-thing," said Mandy, holding it up. "I don't know if my phone's cute little charging port can take it."

"Maybe you could rub some lube on it or something?"

"...Don't be such a stupid slut, Stacy."

Mike swallowed as the connector approached, looming larger and larger in his vision with the second. "W-w-wait--wait, take it slowly. Take it slowly! Take it--!"

Schlup!

Mike screamed as a lightning bolt of pleasure crashed straight into his anus and coursed up his spine to explode in his brain. *Fuuuuuuu*— It didn't stop—it didn't stop either. It felt as if someone had plugged his prostate into the grid.

Incidentally, this was pretty much what had happened.

Trapped, frozen, unable to move a muscle, Mike screamed in utter bliss as raw ecstasy surged through his body, alighting every circuit with an orgasmic sense of energy. "Stop! Stop! Stop!" he cried, barely able to find the words to speak. "Stop, stop, take it out of me! F-fuck! Take it oooooout!"

"Wow, they're making a lot of noise," said Stacy.

"I think that means they're charging," said Mandy.

"Neat."

Mike screamed. His body felt as if it were on fire, burning with a pleasure that got hotter and hotter every second yet never seemed to cross over that magic line and into orgasm. Instead, it just kept growing stronger, threatening to crush and implode his mind. "Stop!" he cried, desperate for mercy. "Oh my God, please make it stop!"

"...Make it stop!"

Stacy and Mandy soon returned to whatever it is sorority sisters do when they aren't on their phones, leaving Mike and Chris to lie whimpering on the kitchen table, mewling and moaning as they took the full powers of the grid through their anus and mouth respectively. With every passing second, the two of them felt a little fuller, as if their batteries were being pumped full of thick, creamy... power.

The minutes passed in torturous ecstasy, the static sound of the pair's screams interrupted only by the giggles and shouts of glee from the main room. Only once did anyone return to

check on them: striding into the kitchen, Miranda looked down at them and smirked before turning and leaving. Mike was too blissed out to even notice her visit.

Finally, after what might have been an hour or what might have been a year, Mike felt the familiar feeling of hands around his body. He whimpered, wanting to drool, as Mandy drew him off the counter.

“Hmm,” she said, holding him to her face. “The icons got four bars now... That means it’s full, right?”

“That’s correct,” said Miranda.

“Great. Then I guess it’s time to take the cable out.”

Mike had an instant to recollect his thoughts and realize what Mandy had just said. “Oh, thank you! Thank you! Please, take it out! Take it out! Take it out! Take it—”

Mandy’s finger tightened on the connector and tugged.

And Mike came with a staticky scream, mind vanishing beneath a tidal wave of utter orgasmic delight as the connector flew free of his former asshole. He screamed so loud Mandy thrust him away, wincing in pain.

“Fuck,” she said, rubbing her ear, “why the hell did it do that?”

Miranda chuckled. “Jee, I don’t know. Maybe it’s broken?”

Chris gave a similar scream as Stacy unplugged him. It wasn’t quite as loud, but the sorority sisters still winced.

“It doesn’t *look* broken,” said Mandy, fingering Mike’s buttons.

“Still,” said Miranda, “it’s better to be safe. You should do a factory reset. That’ll probably fix all its issues.”

Lost in the haze of his orgasm, it took Mike several seconds to process what she’d just said. As the words sank in, however, a terrible feeling welled in his gut... or possibly his battery.

F-factory reset? Won’t that make us...?

“Oooh, that’s a good idea!” said Mandy. “Yeah, let’s reset them. There’s nothing but junk on them anyway.”

“Yeah!” cried Stacy.

Mike whimpered.

“Here,” said Miranda, rummaging in a drawer, “you’ll probably need one of these.” She handed Mandy and Stacy each a paper clip.

The two frowned at her. “...What do we do with these?”

“Pop off the backs of your phones,” said Miranda. “You should find a little hole with a button at the bottom. You’ll need those paperclips to push it.”

“Oooh!”

Mike shivered as Mandy turned him around. Chris squeaked as well, begging statically for mercy.

Mandy’s nail dug at his former stomach, right in the belly button. He heard a little squeak and gasped as if punched in the gut. “St-stop!”

Nearby, Stacy giggled as she snapped off Chris’s own back. “Where are you, little hole-y?” she said, holding him up to her eye and squinting. Where are you...? Where...? Ahah! There you are!” She bent the paperclip straight. “In you goooo!”

“No!” screamed Chris. “No, no, no, please don’t–!”

His voice cut out, silenced.

“C-Chris?” said Mike, voice faint, as he watched Stacy pull the paperclip out and snap his back back on.

Chris’s screen flashed. From his speakers emanated a little jiggle. A cute, little normal jiggle. Exactly the kind you might hear from a normal phone.

“Yay!” said Stacy. “It worked!”

If Mike had still had eyes, he would have been weeping in terror. “No! No! Nonononono, you can’t do this to us! You can’t do this to us!”

“Urgh, it’s getting louder,” said Mandy. She popped his back off with a click. “Where’s the hole...? Ah, here it is.”

Something sharp and pointed stabbed Mike in the brain. He squeezed as it pressed hard and held in place, pouring pleasure straight into his frontal cortex. “Stoop!”

Threading its way through the tunnels of his mind, the veins of searing pleasure slammed into his very core, igniting a blast of ecstasy that put everything before it to shame. Mike screamed, thoughts vaporized by a flash of white-hot delight–

–and went silent, mind scattered into a thousand fading pieces.

Mandy waited for several seconds after the static died to pull the paperclip out. Several more seconds passed before her phone's screen lit up again, and an obnoxious jingle played.

"Did it work?" asked Miranda.

Mandy thumbed through the phone's 'Memories' folder and found it empty. In fact, the folder had simply been renamed 'Photo Album', which was kinda sad if she thought about it. "It looks like it." She waited for a few seconds, but no more photos appeared. Nor did her phone produce any of that obnoxious static.

"Perfect," said Miranda. "It's just what they deserved."

"Just what who deserved?"

Miranda shook the question away. "No one important," she said with a smile. "...Aaaaanyway, you two wanna have a steamy lesbian threesome?!"

"Oh boy, like heck we do!"

Obnoxious 80s Credits Music