

Conquests Worn

Samantha kept trophies of her conquests. Some men kept a pair of panties from their lovers, women kept oversized t-shirts or sweatshirts. Samantha kept the people themselves. She would transform them and keep them forever.



Though they wouldn't see much, only the inside of her drawer, washing machine, and her vagina. The last one they would be intimately familiar with.



They were all white plastic beads, their body reduced to small pearl-like orbs. Samantha would add them to the string that perfectly parted her lips so they would forever know who and what owned them.



Samantha would never speak to them again. They were nothing but her a dressing on her undergarments. Below her consideration, nothing.



They would scream, they would cry, plead and beg, but Samantha couldn't hear them. The magic she used to transform them took their voices away.



So they were left there, nestled
against her pussy, forever
serving the last bit of human
warmth they would ever feel...