

“What?!? What the hell do you mean we’re not going out tonight?!”

A soft mumbling voice came from the other side of Brianna’s smartphone one which, generated a thick, heart stopping stillness as the only sound that rang in the bedroom. Laying down on top of her bed with her make-up and revealing outfit already on, the 20-something-year old girl’s face lit up with an intense expression of anger.

“C-Cheating?! But I’d never do something like that!” Brianna tried to reaffirm the person on the other side with her most convincing soft, innocent voice. Her hands twirled her long curly blond hair, her head shifting to the side as if she was using her body language to prove her case. “Especially not to you baby~ My special boyfriend whom I love very very-”

Brianna was then interrupted when the voice on the other side cut her off in a passionate tone. Silence ensued from Brianna while an unending barrage of complaints came from her boyfriend’s voice. Except, the more he went on and on, the more Brianna’s face shifted from one of innocence, to one of hatred and disdain.

“You know what? Whatever!” Eventually, Brianna couldn’t take it any longer. Dropping any sort of amicable façade, the young adult addressed the person on the other side of the line with a sharp and sassy tongue. “Yeah, I cheated on you. So what? Have you seen yourself? You’re a fucking loser! If you honestly thought that a twink like you deserved to go out with a goddess like me, then I guess you’re real fucking stupid too.”

A sad, breathy silence came from the voice on the phone, as if the boy had just received a terrible revelation. But Brianna wasn’t ready to let him off the hook just yet.

“The only reason I went out with you in the first place was because you took me out to nice places and bought me expensive things.” The girl admitted without the slightest bit of remorse, talking down to her ‘boyfriend’ as if he was nothing more than an ignorant peasant. “But if you’re going to be such a little bitch about it, then I’d rather just call the whole thing off. It’s not like I need you anyways. I’ve got plenty of perverted little simps who’d be more than happy to drain their wallets and dignities for my pleasure. Call me back when you’ve realized how much of a little wimp you are. If you beg me to take you back hard enough, *maybe* I’ll forgive you.”

Without waiting for a response, Brianna quickly hung up and flung the phone towards the other side of the bed in anger. A huge moan escaped from her lips, her head turning up towards the white bedroom ceiling with annoyance. She wasn’t really upset she’d broken up with that idiot. The truth was she never liked him in the first place. No, the real thing that upset her was...

“Now what the hell am I going to do on a Friday night?!?” Brianna complained aloud as she threw a tantrum on her own bed.

That stupid fucking simp! Flinging herself off the bed in anger, the girl began to indignantly pace around her room. Tonight was supposed to be great! They’d go to the best club in town, she’d get to drink and dance with so many people. Brianna was even dressed in her best outfit! A sexy black mini-skirt, a hot fashionable crop top and her best dancing pumps. She looked absolutely astounding too, what with her beautiful young face, her pair of D-cup melons and a thick ass that threatened to spill from her clothes at

any moment. But now none of it mattered, because there was no one to take her there. And she sure as hell wasn't going to go there alone like some loser.

"Am I really going to spend my Friday night alone in my room like some fucking nerd?!?" Again Brianna shouted to herself, dreading the possibility that she might spend a single weekend of her 20s not being the life of the party.

"N-No! There *has* to be something I can do..." She continued speaking in an intense tone, her hand softly rubbing her chin in a thoughtful manner. For a few seconds, she walked about trying to come up with some sort of solution to her problem. And then it hit her. In an instant, Brianna's expression transformed into one of malevolent excitement. "Oh, I know *exactly* what I can do~"

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"Hey twerp~ Alone on a Friday night again?"

With a wicked smile spread from cheek to cheek, Brianna forced herself into her brother Brendan's room in a loud and violent fashion. Though perhaps her night would not be as fun as she had imagined, at least she could ease her mind bullying the dork of a brother that was Brendan. Unfortunately, as she stomped right into the middle of the room, she found no signs of the nerd anywhere. His computer was on, as were his lights. But there was no Brendan to be seen.

"The hell? Is he in the bathroom or something?" Brianna grumbled as she crossed her arms, the momentary rush of adrenaline completely stumped by the disappearance of her target.

Not that it really mattered in the long run... Since Brianna had nothing better to do anyways, she'd simply wait here for that little nerd to come back so she could lay into him. Things hadn't always been this way between the two. As a young set of twins, the duo were basically inseparable, always playing together, hanging out with each other, and sharing every little cherished memory. But when they'd entered middle school, they found themselves flocking to different friend groups until they eventually became polar opposites. While Brianna became an overnight school celebrity, Brendan turned to the nerdiest and least popular boys of the school, a path Brianna ended up begrudging thoroughly for it his status affected her popularity too.

With a sigh of annoyance, the girl pulled out Brendan's chair and sat her fat butt on top of it. How long was that dumb brother of hers going to take to come back?! As the crippling sensation of boredom filled her, Brianna's eyes began to idly scan the room. The walls were decorated with a countless number of semi-nude anime posters. Anime figurines and books littered his bookshelves. Even his desk was cluttered with a bunch of fanboy crap. Man, he really was a total and absolute nerd-loser...

That's when Brianna's attention was caught by a slew of high-pitched noises coming from his computer screen. It seemed the boy had left his PC turned on, and there was some sort of strange YouTube video running in the background. The video itself didn't seem too out of the ordinary, as it consisted of this pink-haired, big-breasted anime girl talking about all sorts of mundane things. Its title read simply: "Super Special Secret Deadbeat Stream".

Though this animated virtual lady seemed to move pretty fluently, the video did not look like it had been pre-recorded. The girl possessed limited motion of her body, and she was actively interacting with the YouTube chat. A chat that was absolutely inundated to the brim with a pouring of supporters. Brightly colored boxes of donations after donations followed, coming from all sorts of currencies and ranging from very low to extremely high. As Brianna stared at the screen in a mixture of confusion and intrigue, her mind slowly pieced together this puzzle.

“Wait a sec... Is this that ‘VTuber’ thing people have been talking about so much lately?” The girl asked herself loudly. “Where stupid boys donate all that money to fake anime girls on the internet?”

“Ahahaha!!! That’s rich!” Body crashing against the backrest Brendan’s chair, Brianna burst into a manic fit of laughter the likes a dignified lady like didn’t usually have. Tears began to pour from her eyes, her lungs growing raspy and tired. “Of course my brother would stoop down so low! The pathetic little twerp is so bad with real women, he had to turn to online fake women for some kind of connection! Hahahaha-!”

“Hey- Wait a minute! That’s not a nice thing to say to your brother!”

All of a sudden, the loud disapproving voice of the anime girl on stream pierced directly into Brianna’s ears, causing her to instantly stop in her tracks. It almost felt like for a single second, the computer’s volume had shifted to max, as though the sound still rung in Brianna’s ears, the anime girl had returned talking in her regular, relaxed tone. That was strange... There was no way this anime girl had somehow heard her and called out, right? This was a public stream on YouTube, not some sort of magic device! Brianna was much too technologically literate to believe it had been something more than a coincidence.

So as the girl’s abrupt scare slowly faded away into nothingness, Brianna was more than eager to keep insulting the people who were watching this anime girl streaming alongside her.

“But honestly, this whole ‘VTuber’ thing is honestly just sad.” She continued prattling on endlessly, as if the scene was filling her with a pompous sensation of pride and smugness. “Unlike this VTuber bitch who has to put on a fake anime face to attract lonely dudes, I can get any guy I want to grovel at my feet from my amazing looks along~ And how much of a pathetic loser do you have to be that the girl you’re simping for isn’t even real anyways? Ahaha~ She’s probably fat, ugly or some disgusting old guy tricking you!”

“Alright- Ok- THAT’S ENOUGH!!!”

The room began to tremble as the pink-haired anime girl’s voice roared through the screen at max value. Brianna instantly turned back to the screen, an odd sense of dread starting to feel her system. This time however, the stream did not return to normal. Instead, the girl on Brendan’s computer screen stared directly into Brianna’s face, almost as if she was gazing into Brianna’s soul. Her expression was one of pure rage, her blood red eyes glimmering with hateful intent. Brianna could only halt her breath as the anime lady remained uncharacteristically quiet for what seemed an eternity, only for her to finally break the silence with an angered, tomboyish rant.

“You can say whatever you want about me, but I WILL NOT let you mess with the Deadbeats!” The cute pink-haired lady on stream spoke in an authoritative tone, her message solely directed at Brianna. “I’ve

only listened to you for a few seconds and I'm already real *fricking* tired of your attitude. Since you think you're some hot *stuff*, I'm gonna go ahead and show you what Calliope Mori can really do~ You messed with the wrong reaper son."

Brianna personally couldn't believe what had just happened. Did this streamer really just address her personally or was this another strange coincidence? The girl rushed through thousands of possibilities in her mind: Maybe she was in an online call with her or there was some context she was missing. And yet, no matter how hard she looked in the chat, there was not a single comment about anything being out of the ordinary!

Before Brianna could really get a grasp of the situation, she could see the stream shifting in front of her very eyes. Calli shifted from her usual bust-up appearance to a full-body one. The model seemed to be a bit different, however. It was much more life-like now, its posture less stiff and its movements unlocked from a single point. It looked less like a predetermined model and more like a regular 2D animation which was unlooped yet also matched Calli's demeanor perfectly.

Then the music started. With a small microphone in her hand and a cocky smile on her face, Calli bobbing her body rhythmically to this slowly crescendo-ing funky rap beat. The sound was very bouncy and unabashed, its rhythm exclaiming its nefarious intentions proudly. It wasn't music you'd typically see a pretty girl like her perform, but Calli was absolutely rocking it like a pro.

"Dead Beats, lurking now... Dead Beats, lurking now..."

As Calli began to sing in her beautiful booming voice, Brianna instantly found her gaze unmovably fixed to her brother's computer screen. Her eyes were caught on Calli's powerful, commanding movements. It was less like her body was frozen in time and more like a strange energy compelled her to watch along to every one of Calli's motions, almost as if she was eager to see what the rapping reaper had in store.

"Dead Beats, lurking now... Dead Beats, LOCK IT DOWN!!!"

The beat to Calli's song dropped as hard as a brick smashing right through glass, causing Brianna to feel goosebumps all over her skin. Instantly, the anime girl broke into a shower of proficient rapping the likes could only come from the most qualified of professionals. Her rhymes were totally clean, her flow smoother than the surface of a clear, calm lake. Brianna couldn't help but let out a gasp of astonishment, a sensation of genuine respect filling her. Regardless of how Brianna had felt about Calli before, there was no denying how good she was at rapping.

"All you gotta do is sign on this dotted line~ It's fine, right? Sike! Your soul is mine!"

In an instant, Brianna felt her entire demeanor shifting drastically. It was as if something deep inside her had clicked, causing her to view the world in a whole different manner. Her head started to bang to the beat of the music, the serene flow of Calli's rhymes coursing directly through her bloodstream. This was some really good music! And at the center of this musical number there was this beautiful, gracious grim reaping gal that looked so stunning it left Brianna completely breathless. Why did Brianna feel so annoyed before if she was getting to enjoy a show like this?

"It's all good~ Being a Dead Beat's got benefits~"

While an endless waterfall of sick rhymes seemed to pour effortlessly from Calli's pink lips, Brianna's body began to shudder unnaturally. The sensations were specially potent around her bust, which twitched with an odd tingle as more words kept entering her ear. It almost felt like they were... Deflating somehow. With every passing second, the burden on Brianna's shoulders became lighter, her bra hanging loose as the once proud orbs lost any semblance of mass and girth. Before long, Brianna's chest had completely sunk into her body, transforming into a set of pecs that were perfectly soft and unmistakably male, but somehow still cute and feminine.

"Make no mistake, these are 'Killer vibes'~ I don't take breaks cus I'm taking lives~"

Though that was not all Calliope seemed to be taking, for each perfectly recited verse only continued to drain more of Brianna's femininity. Her hair started to grow shorter and shorter, her golden locks losing their cared-for shimmer as her hairstyle became messier and ruffled. Her facial features grew sharper and rougher, any semblance of make-up being wiped off her face. Thankfully, her thick legs and plump butt seemed to be spared from this defeminization wave. But the rest of her torso did not have the same luxury, as her shoulders popped out and her tummy grew pudgy from inactivity. In a matter of seconds, years of work to stay fit and beautiful seemed to be effortlessly melting off. And yet, Brianna didn't even seem to care. The only thing she wanted to do was keep on watching Calliope perform.

"I swear I'll make you proud~ Dead Beats cheer for me, and cheer loud!!!"

Brianna didn't really know what compelled her to jump from her seat and start energetically calling out Calli's name, but it only felt like the natural thing to do. Her voice cried out the idol's name at the top of her lungs, its pitch growing lower and raspier in the process. And every time she did so, the girl could feel a burst of excitement course through her body whole. She *wanted* to see Calli doing her best at rapping, she *wanted* to see the anime girl succeed. Any kind of hatred and disdain Brianna had once held for the idol seemed to have completely shifted in the opposite direction, turning into a sensation of adoration the likes she couldn't explain.

"Calliope Mori on this god damn mic. I don't want your fucking money, I just want your life~"

A pleased moan escaped Brianna's lips, her pussy quivering blissfully in response. For some reason, the thought of giving her entire self to the Goddess Mori was making her more aroused than anything ever had before. Her mind was filled with nothing more than thoughts about Calliope Mori, about how wonderful and beautiful she was. Useless thoughts like her desire to court boys and party were forcefully pushed out of her mind in favor of adoration for Calli. If Calli wanted her life, then Brianna would be more than happy to willingly give it to her.

"Dead Beats jerk it now~!! Dead Beats jerk it now~!!!"

The words sounded less like a suggestion and more like a command. A command that Brianna felt desperate to fulfill. Crotch cocking forth with desire, Brianna kept on moaning as she felt her labia twitching violently. Thick vaginal juices blasted from her cunt, utterly ruining her panties in a rain of sticky expulsions. It felt as if she had something stuck deep within her pussy, a stiff, throbbing sensation that did not let her fulfill her destiny. A sense of utter annoyance filled her. How the hell was she supposed to please her Goddess with this stupid girl pussy! Brianna had to get rid of it! She had to get rid of this unbearable sensation that surged from deep inside her groin! Clenching her vagina as hard as

she could, Brianna did her best to expulse this meddlesome sensation out of her cunt, pushing and pushing until-

POP~~~

With a clear, beautiful pop, a girthy, hefty penis surged through Brianna's vagina, completely sealing it away in the process. Tears of utter joy and ecstasy began to pour down Brianna's face. She could feel her heavy balls drooping down from her crotch. She could see her hefty member throbbing happily in the cold air. Finally, Brianna could *finally* fulfill her dream of pleasing her Goddess. No longer would she be Brianna. From now on, *he'd* be Brian, Lady Calliope Mori's faithful and subservient femboy twink.

Before Brian could even give himself a second to think, the boy's hands instantly wrapped around his erect member and began to masturbate it like a wild animal. His hips flung back and forth viciously, his fingers rubbing the sensitive skin of his shaft with as much lust as he could possibly muster. He was so happy right now~~ Doing whatever his Goddess told him~ Surrendering his will and individuality in favor of his Goddess' will~ Nothing could ever compare to the joy of serving Calliope Mori~ All his life had been leading up to this moment, and Brian was more than happy to utterly indulge in the sensation.

"Hmmm...? W-Wait? Brianna, is that you?!?"

Right in the middle of Brian's furious masturbation, his brother seemed to return to his room. The look on his face was one of utter shock, his body paralyzed in confusion. But Brian did not stop masturbating. He felt no shame about being caught naked in such an embarrassing position. His old hatred for his brother and his pride about being superior to others didn't even register in his mind. As long as Brian got to serve Calliope's will, nothing else mattered.

"Come Brendan~~" Brian called out to his brother with a pleased gasp. "You're missing Mistress Calli's stream~~!"

All it took was a simple glance at the computer screen, and Brendan was instantly entranced. His face instantly twisted into one of luscious excitement, his loins growing hot with arousal. Without saying another word, Brendan silently walked closer to the computer desk until he was standing right next to his new brother. Then he unbuckled his shorts and let them fall gracelessly to the ground, allowing his own member to push forth from his underwear with a pulsating erection.

Eyes locked onto the monitor and mouths morphed into perverted smiles, the two brothers began to eagerly masturbate each other before Calliope's godly presence. Each brother held onto their sibling's erection without even the slightest hint of inhibition, any sort of incestual or homosexual taboo completely eliminated for their minds in favor of pleasing their mistress' desire. Their hands rubbed each other's cocks with care but also intensity, their bodies moving along in rhythmic unison. They weren't just brothers anymore, they were Dead Beats. They loved each other almost as much as they loved their mistress Calliope, and there was nothing in the world that would get in the way of this love.

"That's right boys, keep rubbing those dicks~~" Calli egged them on, nefariously watching over the duo as they lost their minds to pleasure. "Let yourself go of any thoughts and desires. You two belong to me now~~"

"CALLI WE LOVE YOUUUUU~~~!!!!" The two boys screamed out in unison as orgasm finally nrapured them both.

Hips bucking forth with animalistic fervor, both brothers started to cum happily all over Brendan's computer screen. Thick jets of jizz splattered all over the monitor's pixels, dousing the whole thing in a thick, sticky rain of white. With their hands still firmly attached to their sibling's cock and their eyes rolled back in pleasure, all the duo could feel was utter and absolute bliss. It felt just like the simple happiness of their younger days. Except now not only were they together, but they were worshipping the most amazing woman of their dreams.

"Hehehehe~ Did you really think you could beat Calliope Mori at her own game?" As the brothers' cum splattered all over the computer monitor, Calli watched over the two with a prideful smile. "Now *who's* the pathetic little simp, huh~?"

No response came from Brian, who was much too happy enjoying the sweet afterglow not only of his orgasm, but his amazing new life. Finally he understood what he'd been missing his entire life. There really was no better feeling than to simp for the glorious Calliope Mori~