

“Ohhh, all this new technology is so confusing!”

A frustrated Su-Jin smacked her palm against the top of the table, causing it to wobble ever so slightly. The little glowing laptop that sat in front of her might as well have looked like a set of Egyptian hieroglyphs, because poor Su-Jin just couldn't understand them in the slightest. For as long as Su-Jin remembered, things had always been this way between her and technology. These days, it seemed like there was some new device or contraption coming out. Su-Jin just couldn't keep up! All these new touch pads and smart screens were nothing like the real roughness of the pen and paper Su-Jin had grown up with, or the clunky, physical buttons of analog machines.

It was probably just about what you'd expect from an aging grandma like Su-Jin. Sitting atop one of the dining room chairs within her suburban home, Su-Jin looked almost like your average Asian grandmother. Crow's feet and wrinkles adorned her face. Her graying hair was tied up into a bun, with wavy bangs that slithered down the right part of her face. She had a little mole under her left eye, and wore brilliant red lipstick and lots of makeup to mask much of her aging skin.

Despite her advanced age however, Su-Jin's body was still plenty ripe and plump. Her breasts burst forth from her chest into two titanic, rounded, blobs of fat as large as her head. They showed little signs of sagging as they bulged against her tight, black nightgown, perfectly pert with two thick areolas and fat nipples that almost bulged from her clothes. Su-Jin's ass similarly pushed out from her body, simply oozing onto the seat of the chair that she sat on from the excess of mass. Her thighs were thick and meaty, complementing the wide hips that she bore. A regiment of strict eating and firm exercise kept her body in top condition.

Though as much of a master of control and hard work as she might have been, there was still one thing Su-Jin could never fully grasp...

“All I'm trying to do is file some taxes, but this is just impossible!” Su-Jin gasped loudly in frustration as the laptop laptop dinged with more error messages. Crossing her arms with an annoyed tone, Su-Jin's tits gave a hefty wobble. “This is why we still use paper at my company. Hmph!”

“Now, now, mother. Please settle down.”

From the other side of the kitchen isle, the sweet and motherly voice of Min rang like a breeze of petals in the spring. While Su-Jin occupied herself with the computer, Min was busy toiling over the stove. She moved through the counters with serenity, chopping, sauteing and shifting ingredients into hot pots and pans in the same way a dancer would glide through the stage. Min wiped a strand of her short, auburn hair from her face. Though she was not quite as old as her mother, the signs of age were starting to show. The saggy butt and thicker hips made it quite apparent that she was at her prime MILF-y age.

“I told you I would help you with the computer later, didn't I?” Min spoke in as nice of a tone as she could manage, trying her best to balance the food she was cooking along with her mother's frustration. “Could you please just wait 20 minutes until dinner is finished?”

“Bah! What kind of woman would I be if I just depended on you for everything, Min?!” Su-Jin instantly snapped back, fingers once more tacking away at the laptop in front of her. “The day I call my daughter

to do something as simple as my taxes for me is the day I'll be dead! Don't forget who it is that bought this house!"

"Yes, yes." Min couldn't help but let out a tired sigh. Between the heat of the kitchen and her mother's attitude, things could get pretty exhausting around the Yi household. "Rynnie, darling, could you please help your grandmother with the computer? You know how she can get when she's acting all stubborn like this."

Over on the other side of the living room, Min's daughter Ryn sat across the couch, scrolling on the phone with her limbs all spread open. Now here was the definition of youthful spryness, a young woman in her prime. Ryn was an absolutely stunning girl in her twenties, with long flowing brown-reddish hair and a perfect figure. Even while she wore some baggy, old pajamas, she still looked like a super model. The only thing unwomanly about Ryn right now was the way she sat atop the couch, with her feet on the cushions and the coffee table.

"Nah, that's alright ma." Ryn waved off Min's concerns without even looking up from her phone, face fully disinterested in whatever the two were talking about. "Grama's totally got this! Right grams?"

"I sure do!" Su-Jin huffed proudly, showing that exemplary pride she was known for. "Here, I just figured it out! I just click on here, input my info and..."

"Oh..."

All of a sudden, Su-Jin rose from her chair in an almost mechanical motion. Her breasts swayed and bounced from the sudden movement, body straightening out into a rigid pose. As a mildly annoyed expression filled her face, Su-Jin just gazed blankly into the horizon.

"Drats! It seems I've accidentally sold my identity..." Su-Jin exclaimed, clicking her tongue with the same intonation of a person who'd merely spilled their coffee.

"Mother!" Min turned away from the sizzling pan and looked towards Su-Jin with concern. However, as the food smoked behind her, there wasn't any particular desperation in her expression, only mild annoyance. "Are you being serious?"

"Ahahaha! There's no way!" Ryn's reaction was much more lighthearted and derisive, as the girl couldn't help but burst into laughter. The idea of her grandmother selling her identity on accident was so humorous, Ryn actually set her phone down and hopped up the couch, turning her attention to Su-Jin with a face of bright bemusement. "How did you even manage to do that?!"

"I honestly don't know..." Su-Jin sighed to herself, the confusion quite apparent on her face. "I was just looking on the Bingle and I clicked on the thing, then a bunch of squares started appearing all over the screen... I suppose I must have accidentally put my identity on sale somehow..."

"Oh mother..." Min too sighed in disappointment, the same kind of tone one would use when spilling a drink. She didn't even look up from the pan as the information that her mother no longer owned her own life became apparent. "How many times have we told you not to click any suspicious links? If you had just waited a few minutes, none of this would have happened..."

“Yeah, it’s honestly really impressive how technologically illiterate you are, Grams!” Ryn piped up with a chuckle. This was all the attention she was willing to give the situation though, and soon enough Ryn was back on her phone browsing social media with a disinterested face. “Everyone knows you shouldn’t click any spam pop ups. Those websites are always full of scams.”

“Well, what’s done is done!” Su-Jin punctuated the situation with a small pout. “Now if you’ll excuse me, I have to go deliver my identity to the person who bought it.”

As Su-Jin started marching towards the door, neither Min nor Ryn batted an eye. They kept their attentions focused on their current tasks, both of which seemed more important than the fact their beloved family member’s identity had been sold to someone else. In the grand scheme of things, it’s not like the change in identity ownership affected either of them. Su-Jin would still be alive, they would most likely see her again. The only difference was that next time they saw her, she’d be controlled by someone else.

Su-Jin herself didn’t seem particularly concerned either. There was no sort of sorrow at the idea that she was losing her identity. In fact, Su-Jin was more upset at her inability to use technology more than anything else. Her identity had been bought and that’s just how things were. In just a couple of hours, she would no longer be Su-Jin. She couldn’t really do anything about it, nor did she really care. After all, the transaction had been fully completed. Perhaps she’d try to acquire a new identity, or perhaps she’d just remain identity-less for a while. That was for her to decide later.

In the meantime, Su-Jin mechanically walked to the door. She didn’t bother bringing any sort belongings or important items. They wouldn’t belong to her after she delivered her identity anyways. Su-Jin didn’t even put on any extra clothes as she opened the main door to her house. Her body was still draped in a thin, silken nightgown that was almost see through. Her feet remained completely bare and the clothes she had were slim enough they would not guard her from the cold windy weather of nighttime. Not that any of it had a shred of relevance. The only important thing was that she delivered her identity as soon as possible.

“Oh, please tell whoever owns your identity to contact us as soon as possible!” Min yelled out from the kitchen without even bothering to give her mother a final parting glance. “We really care about you! Well not you, but mother and whoever owns her identity! You know it can be tough living in the body of such an old identity!”

“I’ll be sure to let them know, but...” Su-Jin merely shrugged with disinterest. “They own Su-Jin now so, they can just do whatever they want.”

And with that, the door to the Yi residence slammed shut, marking the last time the original Su-Jin would ever step place in that house.

The cold, coarse, grainy texture of the pavement pressed against the soles of Su-Jin's feet as the woman robotically trudged forward through the gray sidewalks. Her body shivered from a passing breeze, as her thin nightgown and bare limbs did little to shield her from the cold. Night was well underway at this point. A shroud of darkness encroached her surroundings, illuminated by little more than a set of streetlights and the very shine of the moon up in the sky. Not a single person seemed to be present in the vicinity either, leaving the streets ominously empty and quiet. For a woman of such advanced age as Su-Jin, this situation would normally be utterly terrifying. She was all alone in the middle of a vacant street, with no way to defend herself.

And yet, Su-Jin showed absolutely sign of concern. In fact, her face remained completely expressionless as she continued along the empty sidewalk, passing by house after house as if none of it mattered. Because in a way, it didn't. There was no reason for Su-Jin to worry over any potential danger, no need for concern over the wellbeing of her body. After all, Su-Jin no longer owned her identity as Su-Jin. This body she carried, this life that she'd lived, she would only keep them for a couple of minutes or hours at most. After that, all of Su-Jin's wellbeing, anything she'd done or she'd had, would be the business of whoever had bought her identity. Which meant that Su-Jin was totally free from earthly concerns.

As Su-Jin just continued walking forward, the once rich, upper class neighborhood she lived in slowly started morphing into something of much lower class. The once tall, extravagant houses became smaller and cheaper. Perfectly paved streets became littered with cracks and growing weeds. Before long, Su-Jin found herself in an average, innocuous, middle-class neighborhood. A long relic of ages past, where houses all looked the same and conformity was the norm. Though it was not a particularly dangerous or downtrodden area, it was most certainly not the type of place an affluent woman such as Su-Jin would frequent.

Out of the sea of copy-pasted houses scattered about, one of them stood out to Su-Jin. Its lawn was slightly overgrown, the orange paint on its walls faded from the sun and in desperate need of a new coat. The house itself wasn't particularly interesting compared to all of the others around it. It could have easily melted into the background of typical suburbia, yet Su-Jin nonetheless began walking towards it with purpose. Though there was no reason for Su-Jin to be interested in said house, though there was no reason for her to even come here in the first place, deep inside she knew. This was the house of the person who now owned Su-Jin's identity.

How Su-Jin was able to attain this information was a complete mystery. All she knew was that the moment her identity had been bought on the internet, Su-Jin was instantly aware of the name, appearance and current location of whoever it was that bought her. Even now Su-Jin could tell precisely where the owner of her new identity was, and if he moved from one room of his house to another. Armed with this knowledge, Su-Jin was able to deliver herself directly to the house of the person who owned her identity without the slightest of issues.

Even the act of delivering her identity itself came completely natural to Su-Jin. Throughout her entire journey, Su-Jin never had to actively think about needing to deliver her identity. She never mulled over which routes to take or how long it would take her to get there. Rather, the act of delivering her identity came as naturally to Su-Jin as breathing or digesting. There was no intentional thought process, no active

measure taking. Su-Jin's body instinctively told her to walk so she walked. Her legs took her in a certain direction, so she followed them. The whole process worked flawlessly, which was perfectly demonstrated as Su-Jin crossed her owner's lawn and arrived before the door to his house.

Without wasting any time, Su-Jin ringed the bell of her owner's house and simply stood there in wait. Her eyes blankly stared forth at nothingness, her arms tightly positioned to her side. She almost looked like a robot that had been turned off, the only indication that she was still alive being her soft, peaceful breaths. While Su-Jin stood motionlessly, she could feel the owner of her identity start to move through the house. He slowly and calmly made his way through the building, stopping only when he reached the foyer and finally opened the door.

On the other side of the doorframe stood what looked like a fairly average and uninteresting man. He was shorter than Su-Jin, though this didn't say much considering how tall Su-Jin was. His hair was brown and unkempt, with bangs that covered his eyes. The slight presence of a stubble graced his chin, to make for a fairly masculine yet unimpressive face. The man wasn't fat, but he had a little bit of a chubby tummy. His arms were thick, but not overtly muscular. In terms of clothes, he simply wore an blank green T-Shirt and some cargo shorts. This was perhaps the very definition of an average joe.

And it was the person who now owned Su-Jin's identity.

"Greetings Richard! It is Yi Su-Jin. A pleasure to meet you." Su-Jin's blank face erupted into an eager smile, leaning down closer to the man's face. From her cheery attitude, one would have thought Su-Jin was happy her identity had been sold. "You bought Su-Jin's identity recently did you not? I am here to deliver it."

"Awww, sick!" The man fist pumped awkwardly. "I'm so glad I paid extra for auto delivery."

"Yes, I must say, you are quite lucky to have gotten me at such a low price." Su-jin continued speaking in a very respectful and serious tone. "You see I am a very experienced and successful woman. I would have figured and identity like mine would have been valued at LEAST in the millions of dollars. And yet I only ended up costing... What was it? 58 dollars?"

"Yeup. 58.95 to be precise. You're right, usually you'd be impossible for a nobody like me to buy. But I'm a hacker, you see." Richard explained with a shrug, not really caring about revealing his secrets to an identity that belonged to him. "When you clicked on one of those links, you submitted the information needed to sell your identity and agreed to the terms. So all I had to do was put up and empty posting and buy it myself. It's only 58 bucks so that it won't look too suspicious."

"I-I see..." At the mention of technological jargon, Su-Jin felt her eyes growing dizzy. "Regardless, I hope you enjoy having my identity from now on. I would hope that you act in a respectful way and take care of my family. But it is *your* identity now, so feel free to use it any manner you desire."

"Oh, I'm not planning on using it." Richard interjected very casually.

An idea that was so confounding to Su-Jin, she couldn't help but turn her head in confusion. "Excuse me... What do you mean you won't use it?" The old woman asked, genuine doubt displayed on her face.

"You did buy the identity did you not? Are you telling me you're not planning to live using my body and my identity?"

"Ehhh... Nope! I'm actually quite comfortable with my life at the moment!" Richard happily responded with a dopey smile. It was an upbeat attitude Su-Jin could not understand, as she looked up and down the slobby, messy man living in an old suburban house from the 60s. "No, the real reason I bought your identity is cus I wanna keep it as a collectible."

"A... Collectible?" Su-Jin was entirely bewildered at the thought, as if her brain couldn't process it.

"Young man, you do know that I am a very capable and successful businesswoman, right? I have several houses and hundreds of thousands of dollars in assets, I'm the mother and grandmother to a wonderful family. I know so many people who would *kill* to have my identity. And you just... Want to keep it as a collectible?"

"Yeah, pretty much." Richard's demeanor was completely relaxed and nonchalant, scratching his butt to show how much he cared about Su-Jin's many achievements. "These days nerds are always collecting stuff you know. Some people collect Funko Pops, some people collect trading cards. Personally, I'm super into hot Korean ladies, so I just thought I'd start a collection of the identities of hot Korean ladies. Simple as that."

"Kids these days..." Su-Jin shook her head with disappointment. "Buying someone's identity just to keep as a collectible is such a wasteful thing. If you were my granddaughter, I would have disciplined you for sure. Oh well, it's not like this identity belongs to me anymore so..."

All of a sudden, Su-Jin began to convulse madly. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head, drool dripping from her lip while her limbs quivered in place. Around the center of Su-Jin's back, a black mysterious mist slowly started emerging. The mist grew darker and thicker, as if its ethereal particles were materializing from within Su-Jin's core. It had one singular black color spread throughout its entire form, whilst the thick mystical mist that surrounded its round head obscured any sort of discernable detail. The strange creature was like a figure made of static, a being made of shadow, something which was never meant to be physically recognized in any sort of way.

After a couple of seconds, a cylindrical protrusion accompanied the large sphere of darkness, then another one. These two little cylinders were attached to the main form through what looked to be a torso with arms. Arms that pushed against Su-Jin's back, exerting as much force in order to further free itself from Su-Jin. Then, with a final pull, the entire creature popped out and landed on its feet as gracefully as a ballet dancer. What was left in this strange process was a tiny being made of shadow. The unknown thing stood a quarter of Su-Jin's size. It bore a humanoid shape, but other than having limbs and a torso, there was not a single feature one could differentiate or recognize.

"Ahhh... It's good to be free from that stuffy old body." ■■■■ spoke in a tone that sounded like static. The voice sounded both male and female, but also neither of the two. It was warped in every tone of every letter, as if they'd been stitched together unnaturally.

But while this extra-dimensional creature seemed very lifelike and animated to be free from Su-Jin's insides, Su-Jin herself looked like she had entered a coma. Standing completely straight by the front door with the blankest expression on her face, Su-Jin just... Remained still. Her eyes stared forward, devoid of any sort of light or cognizance. Her body stayed in the same spot without any sort of movement, almost as if it was frozen in time. Even her breathing had become so diminished and subtle, it didn't move her body a single inch. It was as if her very mind had been turned off, any sort of thought removed from her brain to leave only the most basic and simple biological processes to take place.

"Now what sort of identity should I get next...?" ■■■■ just mumbled too itself, no longer concerned with Su-Jin's or Richard's conversation. "If I still had Su-Jin's money I could have gotten a real good one. But I guess I'm going to have to find one that's cheap. Maybe I'll go with a man for my next identity. It's easier to make money that way..."

And with that, the little shadow creature just walked away. There was no sort of goodbye, no final emotional parting moment. That ethereal piece of essence, the inner energy that had been part of Su-Jin for her entire existence, it just left Su-Jin and the owner of Su-Jin's identity without any care in the world. ■■■■ did deliver the identity as was promised. Their business transaction had been completed. Which meant there was no reason for ■■■■ to stick around any longer. Su-Jin was no more valuable to ■■■■ than the grass on the street or the trees in the park.

Back at the steps of the house however, Richard was more than happy to take possession of his brand-new identity. Walking closer to the dormant Su-Jin with a big dopey smile on his face, Richard couldn't help but admire the old woman's surprisingly ripe beauty. His hands tightly wrapped around Su-Jin's arms, an overtly intrusive deed which elicited no sort of reaction from the totally blank Su-Jin. Richard readied himself to lug and pull the heavy plump woman all the way back to his room. Yet with little more than an initial tug, Su-Jin's whole body flew towards Richard without even the slightest hint of resistance.

"Woah!!" Richard gasped aloud, barely managing himself from tipping over. "I forgot how light these things are without the soul."

This new reality was quite apparent as Richard seemed to effortlessly wave Su-Jin around as if she was filled with nothing but air. Despite having copious amounts of mass and fat, Su-Jin's body weighed almost nothing in Richard's hands. And no matter how hard he waved her around, the woman would remain in the same completely stiff and static pose, limbs and body completely frozen in place. Su-Jin looked so lifeless in this state, she resembled a mannequin more than she did a human, just an inanimate object with no will or spirit of its own.

Sticking his left arm around Su-Jin, Richard carried the woman as if she was some kind of wooden plank or surfboard before stepping back into his house and returning to his room. The trip through Richard's house was honestly quite mundane and uneventful. Richard said nothing, his face carefree and joyous while he walked through the moldy carpet of his home. He gave no consideration to the thick, aged Su-Jin in his hands. Because, of course, he had no reason to. Those eyes were so devoid of fire one could see right through them. The essence of life was long gone from her system. As Richard entered his

bedroom and slammed the door shut with a loud bang, Su-Jin's new reality became all the more apparent. She truly was nothing more than Richard's property now.

The confines of Richard's room were about what you'd expect from a hacker that still lived in their parent's house. The main feature of the room was a computer set-up in the corner, with several screens, LED keyboards and multicolored computers littered about. Copious amounts of trash, food and empty energy drink cans covered not just the desk, but the bed, bedside table, closet and all over the floor. It was bad enough one couldn't even see the floor from all the junk that was thrown about. Richard's bed was a thoroughly unkempt, and a thick heavy aroma of musk permeated the room, the likes that could only form after several months of not cleaning or opening windows. This was the sort of place Su-Jin would have never even dreamed of entering. Yet here she was.

In a feeble attempt to make some room for his latest loot, Richard lazily kicked around some of the trash and discarded clothes on the floor until there was barely enough space to place both of Su-Jin's feet firmly against the floor.

"Phew... There we go." The boy let out a sigh of satisfaction as he gazed upon the completely motionless and emotionless woman that stood in his dingy room. "Now, how about we get a good look at you, huh~?"

As Richard's mouth shifted into a perverted smirk, the only thing that came to his mind at this moment in time was how much he wanted to absorb every inch of Su-Jin's beautiful form. This meant, of course, that it was time for him to get that pesky nightgown off her body. It wasn't that the outfit was particularly ugly or conservative in any manner. In fact, the way Su-Jin's thick areolas poked up from the bust while her chubby waist pushed against the waist was nothing short of erotic. However, Su-Jin was one of Richard's identities now damn it! He was going to enjoy it to its every extent without holding anything back.

Thankfully, taking off Su-Jin's nightgown was surprisingly easy to take off, at least for someone with no such previous experience like Richard. All it took was to pull down the zipper in the back and gently slide the straps off her slender arms. Aiding in his quest was the fact that Su-Jin's body obeyed every one of Richard's commands seamlessly. Richard could twist and shift Su-Jin's limbs as easily as one would mold wet clay. He could even command Su-Jin's body to move on its own by merely thinking about it. But the man took a lot of joy in physically moving Su-Jin himself. The way he unraveled Su-Jin's clothes bit by bit honestly made him feel like he was a boy during Christmas, eagerly unwrapping his favorite present of all time.

As the nightgown fell to the sticky floor and Su-Jin's body was laid bare, Richard took a step back to absorb all of her mature elegance. Richard's eyes glimmered with excitement, his heart thumping right through his chest. Su-Jin looked totally astounding. Her breasts were ginormous, large enough that even with both hands Richard was sure he wouldn't be able to contain a single one in his grasp. The shape of her body was curved and rounded, like that of a model. Her ass was so large it filled the room, accompanied by two thick, meaty legs that simply looked delicious.

Another aspect Richard really loved was just how tall Su-Jin stood. She had at least two heads of height on him, leaving him at the perfect distance for him to dive into her cleavage while standing up. But then there was also that mature, aged sexiness that could not be ignored, from her dry and slightly wrinkled skin, to the mature yet pristine visage to her face, and the slight sag to each of her assets. He remembered Su-Jin being attractive in the pictures he saw when he bought her identity but this... This was a masterpiece! An absolute specimen of human sexiness! If Richard didn't know better, he would have believed Su-Jin was a luscious oversexualized character from one of his videogames.

The first place Richard's eyes drifted towards were Su-Jin's absolutely gargantuan breasts. The woman's tits were far bigger than any Richard had ever seen before. With such a perfect rounded shape, big, round pert nipples, and just the slightest of sag while still retaining their delicious firmness, they honestly didn't even feel real! Which of course meant it was Richard's responsibility as the new owner of Su-Jin's identity to inspect her part's true composition. Without giving the still woman any consideration, Richard's hungry hands quickly drifted onto Su-Jin's fat breasts. Su-Jin obviously gave no sort of reaction as Richard's thick fingers sunk onto the fat of her tits, remaining completely still as he began to grope and squeeze her soft assets.

To say that Su-Jin's breasts were delightfully soft would be a severe understatement. Richard felt his fingers quiver at the mere sensation of Su-Jin's incredibly malleable breast tissue. These tits were so much nicer than any other plastic sex toy Richard had ever held in his life. The man could wring Su-Jin's mammaries to his heart's content, and they would always retain their supple softness and perfect shape every single time. There was no artificial harshness inside them either, meaning Su-Jin's glorious tits were completely natural, just as Richard expected from an amazing woman like her.

Another thing Richard really enjoyed was messing with Su-Jin's areolas. The old woman's areolas were huge, tinted a motley brown. It was clear from the various pores and darkened tips that she'd breastfed for many years, blessed with a motherly set of nipples that could only be conceived with age. Nipples which Richard also found quite entertaining. Each of Su-Jin nips were thick and brown, standing firmly from the middle of her breasts. It was fun to see them shiver and grow erect as Richard continued to play with her breasts. Though Su-Jin had no sort of conscience to speak of, her body was still alive and responded to natural stimuli. Which is why her nipples could grow pert with arousal, and why her pussy was currently sopping with juices.

Speaking of which, Su-Jin's pussy was yet another thing Richard was quite interested in exploring. After finally getting his fill of the old woman's plump breasts, Richard knelt down, shifting his attention onto her dripping womanhood. Su-Jin's pussy was quite wrinkled and plump, to be expected of a woman her age. Her mons pubis was straight up bulging forth, thick enough Richard could hold it in his hands and her vaginal flaps overflowed until they pushed together. It was quite funny to see how despite having such a mature pussy, Su-Jin was still fully shaven, the base of her pubes just barely visible. Even here it was clear the woman was all business and strait-laced as they came.

The main business Richard cared for however, was the delightful fruit hiding beneath all of those pelvic folds. Pushing his fingers against Su-Jin's crotch, Richard spread out the old woman's vagina as far as he could, gasping in excitement as Su-Jin's pink lips parted and thick juices overflowed from her hole. Su-

Jin's clit trembled at the exposure of fresh cold air, her vaginal and urethral holes blinking in turn. Then, without any sort of warning or preparation, Richard began to push two fingers against Su-Jin's vaginal entrance, gently grinding them up and down until his digits slipped into the woman's damp hole.

By this point, the lack of reaction from Su-Jin was to be expected. It didn't matter how much Richard twirled his fingers or flicked his hand, Su-Jin's face remained unresponsive as ever. And boy, Richard was seriously giving Su-Jin's tight cunt some work. Not content to have barely slipped two fingers in, Richard continuously caressed and pressured Su-Jin's pussy until he was able to slip a third one in. Su-Jin's pussy spasmed wildly, squirting and trembling in overstimulation from the way Richard's thick fingers caressed her insides. Richard's goal was to fit his entire fist in, or at least see how far he could go with the old woman's pussy. He'd expected that age and experience would have made Su-Jin's pussy looser than most. However, from the tightness he encountered, it was clear that Su-Jin hadn't had much sex throughout her life, leaving her with a cunt that was as tight as it was mature.

Thankfully, after just a couple of minutes of serious and intense stimulation, Richard was finally able to push the entirety of his fist past Su-Jin's trembling vaginal lips. A huge sopping squelch spurt from Su-Jin's pussy, every inch of her pink folds quivering to the point of serious pain. If Su-Jin had been conscious, she most would have definitely passed out at this point, the thickness of Richard's masculine hand proving too much for her untrained vagina. Yet, her face continued to stare off into the distance, completely unmoving and unaware, bearing that same lifeless expression as before.

A proud smirk spread onto Richard's face as he felt the warmth of Su-Jin's damp cunt envelop his fingers. The man stretched his thick digits against her vaginal walls, enjoying the way Su-Jin's tight pussy pulsed against him in response. The truth is that he really didn't have to go as far as pushing his whole fist inside her. All that Richard wanted was to gauge how much sex Su-Jin's pussy had taken. However, the man felt a sort of deranged pride at the idea of testing Su-Jin's limits. He wanted to see how far he could go with her body, how far he would be able to push this granny. It was his identity after all. If Su-Jin hadn't pushed her form to its limit, why couldn't he?

Feeling sufficiently satisfied with Su-Jin's pussy, Richard slowly tugged at his hand until it popped free from Su-Jin's folds. Once again, Su-Jin's entire vagina trembled, her vaginal entrance sputtering and clit quivering in yet another forceful orgasm. It was honestly pretty entertaining to see Su-Jin's body reacting naturally to the extreme amounts of stimulation, while her face seemed frozen in time. With his hand still sopping and damp, Richard raised his fingers close to his face. His body shivered in delight as he took a deep whiff of Su-Jin's damp smell. It was quite the strong musk, the sort of tangy and viscous smell that only an old woman could produce. Richard could tell it was past its prime, yet it remained irresistible as ever.

Unable to hold himself back, Richard pushed his fingers into his mouth and slurped them eagerly. The thick, salty flavor hit his tastebuds like a bomb. The man felt shivers course down his spine, skin tingling delightfully. Just as expected, Su-Jin's taste was as strong if not stronger than her scent. Though her pussy was quite clean, no soap could truly eliminate the thick, sour flavor of Su-Jin's mature innards. It was the powerful type of savor that could only be created with age, and its sticky coating stuck to the insides of Richard's mouth delightfully.

Once Richard's fingers were completely clean of Su-Jin's fluids, the man let a little gasp of arousal. He slowly rose back to his feet, taking in all of the incredible sights and scents he'd experienced so far. His inspection of Su-Jin was complete, but now he'd been left with a big problem. He was *VERY* horny. Looking up and down at Su-Jin, Richard felt like she'd make for the perfect woman to breed. Yes, she might have been quite old and maybe even infertile. But her body was so sexual and plump, Richard couldn't help but feel his cock grow fully erect and strain against his pants at the sight of such a prime slut.

Biting onto his bottom lip, Richard felt the urge surge through him. The urge to fuck his new identity. A part of him really didn't want to do it. The whole reason he'd bought Su-Jin was to be a collectible! And what sort of collectible owner would use his new collectible instead of displaying it in its pristine condition? It'd be like opening the box to a limited edition anime figurine and playing with it with grubby hands! There was no way Richard could stoop down to such a level! And yet, no sort of logical thinking was enough to calm down Richard's throbbing dick. Eyes gazing upon Su-Jin's perverted body, Richard felt his cock continue to pulse and pulse until he gave up any notions of being a proper collector.

"Fuck it!" Richard exclaimed with a click of his mouth. "It's my identity now, so I can just use it and display it however I want. I don't have to be like those other tight ass collectors."

In a moment of needy passion, Richard picked Su-Jin off the floor and slowly sauntered on top of his bed. He struggled walking past the garbage on the floor with the stiff Su-Jin in tow, kicking away piles upon piles of clothes until he had just enough space to kneel down upon the bare mattress. Richard's cock was basically about to burst from his pants at this point. He hadn't experienced a lot of sexual encounters with real people, and most certainly not with anyone as beautiful as Su-Jin. Though it certainly stung to use his goods before displaying them, the fact that this was probably his only chance with someone as incredibly attractive as Su-Jin dissuaded any sort of doubts in his mind. Richard was going to *defile* Su-Jin.

One thing that *did* bother Richard was how much space the two of them occupied his bed as he laid the woman down before him. Richard's mattress was a pathetic, meager single sized bed. It could scarcely hold Richard himself, which meant it did a pretty bad job at holding both him and the much taller Su-Jin at the same time. Luckily for Richard, he knew exactly how to solve this problem. Grabbing onto Su-Jin's right thigh, Richard began to twist and tug at the woman's leg. His fingers gripped her meaty mass as he pulled the limb away from the body, gently tugging again and again until-

POP!

With little more than a cute, plastic-sounding popping sound, Su-Jin's entire leg came right off her body. There was not a single drop of blood present in said separation. Neither Su-Jin's leg nor Su-Jin's torso had any signs that they'd been torn apart, nor did they have any signs they'd ever been together either. The top of Su-Jin's leg was just a flat, smooth plain of skin, while all that was left in the place it had been attached to was a plump buttcheek. It was a process as simple as taking apart a figurine. Richard could detach and reattach Su-Jin's body parts in any manner he desired, giving him complete control over every inch of Su-Jin's form.

Tossing away Su-Jin's right leg onto the floor without any proper care, Richard repeated this same process with the rest of the old woman's limbs. He tugged at her left leg until it too popped off effortlessly. Her arms weren't as much in the way as her legs had been, yet Richard took them off anyways. He snapped both arms off and tossed them onto the pile of limbs that had formed on his floor, leaving Su-Jin as nothing more than a motionless, expressionless fuck nugget sitting atop his bed.

The sight of Su-Jin without any limbs reminded Richard of the many hyper-realistic Japanese sex toys he'd seen on the internet. Her fat tits just burst forth from her chest, no sort of shoulders to hold them in place. Su-Jin's pussy was completely exposed, sopping and ready to be taken. To think that this had once been a proud and respected woman, who'd overcome the odds and thrived in a turbulent environment. Yet now she was just sitting there, looking more like a disposable toy than a real human being. It was nothing short of a work of art.

Unable to restrain the burning desire in his loins any longer, Richard quickly tugged his cargo shorts all the way down to his knees. The man's fully erect cock popped up with a hearty throb, its glistening pink cockhead bobbing up and down in excitement. If Su-Jin could have reacted, her face would have most certainly clenched from the incredibly powerful scent that surged from Richard's crotch, a severe primal musk one would expect from the sort of nerd who did not take baths very often. And yet despite checking so many of the boxes of being a nerd, one thing Richard displayed out of the ordinary had to be his absolutely gargantuan dick.

Grabbing hold of his hefty pole with one hand, Richard slapped his hardened shaft against Su-Jin's pussy a couple of times. His cock was almost as thick as a baseball bat, its fat, concave dickhead growing far wider than the entrance to Su-Jin's womb. Stretching to a significant 11-inches, Richard's veiny, sweaty penis looks like a cock that could cause serious damage to an old lady like Su-Jin. The absolute jungle of frazzled, messy pubes on his crotch adds to Richard's wild demeanor, and his hefty, sagging, hairy balls that pulse with cum make it seem like he can go for hours. Richard appears to be little more than a sweaty, horny, beastly nerd, interested in nothing more than his perverted fantasies. It would be perhaps one of the last people a conscious Su-Jin would even consider having sex with.

Yet none of that mattered as the horny Richard took hold of Su-Jin's waist and began to bury his cockhead into her tight womb. The mere sensation of Su-Jin's warm vaginal lips around Richard's tip was enough to make the nerdy man groan in bliss. Su-Jin's pussy was so much warmer and damper than anything he'd ever experienced before, poor Richard just couldn't help himself! Due to the largeness of his cock and the tightness of Su-Jin's vaginal entrance, the man found himself thrusting forth a couple of times before he was able to fully enter Su-Jin. He felt Su-Jin's labia tremble from the way his cockhead flopped up and down, her clit throbbing madly as if it was about to explode, all while Su-Jin's face stayed as stoic and still as ever.

Richard wasn't the type of man to give up, however. After gyrating his hips forth again and again, his penis finally broke through Su-Jin's tight defenses and penetrated deep into her folds. Su-Jin's pussy reacted by squirting madly against his crotch. The trembling organ was at its limit, as it took the largest object it had swallowed in more than a decade. And this was considering only about a third of Richard's cock had even made it all the way in! Feeling the tight vaginal walls of Su-Jin's vagina pulsing against his

penis, Richard let out another groan. The way those tight, fleshy folds quivered with such intensity, Richard had no idea if they were trying to push him out or pull him in. What he did know, however, is that he wanted more.

Leaning forth with a visceral grunt, Richard tightened his grip on Su-Jin's body, only to slam the rest of his crotch against hers. This time, there was no slow, gentle movement. And kind of tenderness was completely abandoned as he slammed the rest of his member into the depths of Su-Jin's womb with a single, powerful thrust, completely remodeling the tight tunnel to the shape of his penis. Richard's cock bulged through Su-Jin's crotch, her innards quivering madly in order to adjust to its massive girth while the rest of her body remained eerily still. But before Su-Jin's vagina could even get used to Richard's massive size, the man had already started pumping his hips back and forth in an animalistic manner.

At this point, it was very clear that Richard did not see Su-Jin as a person. In his eyes, she was just another piece of his property. Instead of looking straight at Su-Jin's emotionless face, Richard merely stared blankly at the horizon, thinking about how lucky he was to find a tight Korean pussy. His cock did not throb for Su-Jin a single time, rather it throbbed for the voluptuous and oversexualized assets of Su-Jin's body itself. The tightness of Su-Jin's vaginal walls thumping and quivering around his penis were closer to the sensation of a sex toy than anything truly meaningful. Su-Jin was most certainly beautiful and attractive, but it was a type of beauty devoid of connection.

Despite this somewhat absent feeling, Richard continued pounding Su-Jin's pussy like a madman. His nails dug into Su-Jin's thighs as he gripped her more tightly. His thrusts became faster and harder, causing Su-Jin's vaginal walls to squeeze onto his penis with increased fervor. It was an incredible sensation, far more sensitive and realistic than any sex toy Richard could have dreamt of. Yet... It never truly brought him close to orgasm. Richard's cock throbbed mightily inside Su-Jin's pussy, just not enough to actually climax. Richard felt as if there was something missing, a zest to truly ignite his lust.

The answer to Richard's desire would come as he let go of Su-Jin's thighs. While his hips continued to buck rhythmically against Su-Jin's cunt, his open palm hands slowly hovered towards the old woman's face. It looked like he was about to grab her scalp, or perhaps even start choking her out. As the fingers approached Su-Jin's face however, they gently began to press against her forehead... Before phasing past her skin and sinking directly into her head! The sight of Richard's hands simply melding into Su-Jin's skull was bizarre to say the least. An ethereal glow flowed around Richard's fingers, as if the barrier between Su-Jin's face and his hands wasn't physical.

For a few seconds, Richard's hands twiddled inside of Su-Jin's head. Her body rocked up and down gently as Richard slowed his thrusting down, while her face remained completely the same throughout. Until finally, Richard's face lit up with a smile, his smirk glimmering with a nefarious glint. Slowly sliding his hands out of Su-Jin's head with the exact same amount of ease as before, Richard seemed to pull out an entire book along with them. The book had a brown leather cover, a couple of scratches and worn bits littered on its front and back. At a glance, it didn't seem like that interesting or impressive of a book. But as Richard held it in front of his face, the title of the book shimmered brightly.

"Recollection of Su-Jin's memories"

In much the same way Richard owned Su-Jin's identity and her physical body, he now owned all of her memories too. From mundane interpersonal interactions to any sort of deep technical knowledge Su-Jin had acquired, it was all under Richard's personal grasp. Just like a collectible figure could come with distinct items or expressions, Su-Jin's memories were little more than an accessory for Richard to do whatever he pleased with. And Richard was interested in finding the spiciest and most interesting moments in Su-Jin's life for his own perverse amusement.

Flipping the book of memories wide open, Richard licked his crooked lips as he began to pour over the many pages of Su-Jin's life. The man had absolutely zero respect for Su-Jin's sense of privacy. Not even the fact that he was currently fucking her seemed to bother him, as the thought of perusing through Su-Jin's memories caused his cock to throb inside her. No, all that fueled Richard was his desire to gaze upon and judge the old woman's past, serving to fully contrast the proud woman she had once been from the lifeless sex toy beneath him.

The pages of Su-Jin's memories were organized into multiple different sections, ranked by importance. Each section contained a title and a couple of written descriptions, along with some moving pictures illustrating the specific event from Su-Jin's perspective. The first couple of memories Richard found were really huge events in Su-Jin's life. The birth of her daughter, her marriage to her husband, the time she was promoted to top executive. They were the type of heart throbbing moments which could move the souls of any regular person.

Richard however, wasn't interested in any of those. Mundane shit like the birth of her granddaughter or buying her first house was the last thing Richard cared about. No, what Richard wanted was the pervy shit~ Richard wanted to see Su-Jin in her horniest moments, he wanted to see the most debased, lust-filled parts of Su-Jin's life, he wanted to experience when the proud Su-Jin would devolve into a beast in heat. It was a particularly challenging search, considering how non-sexual most of Su-Jin's life had been, and how little importance the grandmother had given to arousal in general.

But everyone who searches will find, and eventually after several hundred pages Richard finally came across the juiciest, sluttiest moments of Su-Jin's life. The first time Su-Jin ever masturbated was quite delicious, as was her first porno, getting to see Su-Jin in a shy and uncomfortable new space. Richard absolutely loved hearing Su-Jin's moans of arousal from the time she had sex with her husband on their honeymoons. Oh! And it looks like Su-Jin had even experienced lesbian sex before! Her point of view into a cute lady's vagina was to die for.

Any time Richard found one of these perverse snapshots in Su-Jin's life, he'd violently tear the page out of the book for safekeeping. The book itself shook madly whenever one of the pages was ripped from its insides, a deep earthy rumble that had an ominous connotation. Richard, of course, gave these little details absolutely mind. All memories that struck his fancy were carelessly stripped from the book without even the slightest hint of inhibition. Once he set up his Su-Jin display, he was hoping to display the memories of Su-Jin's sluttiness alongside her identity to show off Richard's favorite parts of Su-Jin.

As Richard began to think about the ways he planned to display Su-Jin, his cock started to throb and quiver with more intensity. The man groaned as he thought about setting her up fully nude in the middle

of his living room, twisting her body in all sorts of seductive poses while displaying her dirtiest memories behind her. It was such an arousing concept that Richard felt his balls tighten, while a sting of pleasure shot through his entire shaft. Richard wasn't even looking at Su-Jin as he slowly approached orgasm. Sure, his penis tore through Su-Jin's cunt with reckless abandon, enjoying every last quiver of her feminine organ. But the thing that really pushed him over the edge was beginning of his collection, the fact that Su-Jin's identity was totally his.

A breathless gasp left Richard's mouth. He felt his urethra start engorging, as semen began to course through his cock. Right before he came directly inside of Su-Jin's pussy however, the man sharply shifted his hips backwards and pulled his cock out of her folds. Despite being past her prime, Richard just didn't want to risk getting Su-Jin pregnant. It would be better to use her as a cum rag than anything else. A thick spurt of semen blasted forth from Richard's sensitive tip the moment his shaft met the cold air. Richard grunted and whimpered in place, allowing his penis to shoot all over the place.

Line after line of hot, fresh jizz splattered all over Su-Jin's motionless form. Most of it landed on Su-Jin's slightly saggy tummy, splattering along her pearly pale skin in the form of diagonal lines. A couple of streaks even managed to splat onto Su-Jin's face, which remained completely reactionless even as it the thick smell of nerd cum drifted right into her nostrils. Richard himself saw nothing wrong with slathering Su-Jin in his semen. In fact, he seemed to wallow in it. As his splurts of jizz started to get weaker, Richard started manually applying semen onto Su-Jin's form. He rubbed the beads of cum from his tip against Su-Jin's tits, covering the thick melons in thin, sticky strands of white. Su-Jin's face received further punishment too, as Richard rubbed and slapped his cockhead all over her cheeks, nose and mouth, completely encasing the woman's head in his cockmusk.

Once the last droplet of semen had escaped Richard's dick and his perverse desires were fully satisfied, the man let out a gasp of true relief. He looked down at the totally sullied Su-Jin with a corrupt sense of pride. Su-Jin's once beautiful body now just laid down on his bed, armless, legless and with cum sticking to its every inch. There was no sense of humanity or respect left in her form. If it wasn't apparent before, it became blatantly obvious now. Su-Jin wasn't really a person, just an object that belonged to Richard. Now all Richard had to do was clean her and set her up in the living room to display.

At least, that's what Richard was *supposed* to do...

"Ehhh, whatever." Richard commented nonchalantly with a shrug of his shoulders.

Lightly kicking the side of Su-Jin's body, the old woman slowly rolled along the bed until she fell onto the floor with a hard **THUMP!** Su-Jin's form crashed face down against the soft carpeted floor of Richard's room. Thankfully, the fat of her tits as well as the several piles of clothes littered about somewhat dampened her fall, but it was still quite the hit for a woman her age. Not that Richard really seemed to care. Slowly walking around the fallen Su-Jin and her discarded limbs, the man made his way towards his computer and turned the machine on. Slumping onto his gaming chair, he let out any thoughts of Su-Jin from his mind as his eyes glazed on the screen.

"I'll just set her up later." Richard talked to himself in his dimly lit room. "I wanna run some Overwatch 2 right now."

Thus as Richard's screen began lighting up with all sorts of bright colors and his speakers echoed with bullets and yells, Su-Jin just sat there on the floor. Cum coated most of Su-Jin's body, whilst the grime of Richard's dirty floor permeated against her skin. Totally limbless, Su-Jin couldn't get up even if she had the consciousness to do so. Poor Su-Jin didn't even get the decency of being placed in a decent place, as her face was left to look at a dank stain on the floor, no more worthy than the many cans or dirty sets of underwear that were littered about next to her. What would the original Su-Jin think of this situation? It didn't really matter. From now on, this would be Su-Jin's life.

Shining high in the sky with a brilliant yellowish glow, the sun shimmered down onto the Yi household with the mood of a perfectly tranquil and normal Saturday. Though it had been a couple of days since Su-Jin had departed, there seemed to be little anguish within the house itself. An air of quiet serenity filled the living room. Min occupied herself in the kitchen as usual, washing the dirty dishes and cleaning the counters, while Ryn continued to browse her smartphone either texting some friends or watching social media. During times like these, Su-Jin's authoritative voice would usually voice some sort of command or discomfort she was experiencing. But now the living room remained peacefully silent, with little more than the sound of glass dishes clanging and water softly trickling from the faucet. It was the sort of silence that really made it apparent that Su-Jin was gone.

"Ahhh! I'm so frustrated!" Unable to take the deafening silence, Min dropped the plate in her hand with a pout. "It's been so long since mother contacted us! Do you think she's doing well with whoever owns her identity? You know, your grandmother is quite old, anything could happen to her..."

"Oh mom, relax!" Ryn responded with a sigh, not even looking up from her phone screen. "I'm sure grandma and whoever owns her identity are doing fine. Plus, it's not like whoever owns her identity owes us anything. It's their identity now, so they can choose not to contact us if they don't want to."

"Oh, I know that perfectly well Rynnie..." Min wistfully looked out the window, wondering where her mother might have gone. "But you know I can't help being a bit worried! If only I got some kind of message to know she's doing alright..."

Just then, Min's phone suddenly pinged alive with a message. Promptly patting her hands dry, Min walked over to the phone to see what the notification was about. In an instant, Min's eyes lit up with excitement.

"It's from your grandmother!" Min squealed happily. As she took the phone into her hands and began to twiddle with it, her relief was instantly apparent. "Oh, and it seems she's doing great! Thank goodness! Apparently the new owner of her identity is wonderful too!" She didn't need Su-Jin to be by her side, simply knowing she was okay seemed to be more than enough to satisfy Min.

"Oh look! She even sent some photos!" Min's pleased voice cooed out softly, all of her worries now totally taken care of. "Although I have no idea why she sent them through a link..."

Eyebrows furrowing in confusion, Min began to tap away at miscellaneous bits on her smartphone. For some reason, the link Su-Jin sent her had led Min to a strange website, and she had absolutely no idea how to handle it. After just a couple of seconds of browsing however, Min suddenly lowered her phone onto the countertop. Her expression became blank, and she looked out into the distance with a vacant stare.

“Oh my... It seems I’ve also accidentally sold my identity...” Min spoke with a sigh, with the sort of intonation as if she’d stained one of her shirts. “And to the same person as mother. Who would have thought I could have been so clumsy...”

“Hahahaha! Are you serious mom?!” Ryn instantly burst out into loud, uncontrollable laughter, tears forming at the edge of her eyes. “Right after it happened to grandma? I can’t believe how technologically illiterate you adults are! Bahaha!”

PING!

Ryn’s laughter was only interrupted when her own phone rang with a notification. Wiping a tear away from her eye, the girl leaned towards her smartphone screen to check it out. “Oh hey! Grandma also sent me a message!” The young woman smiled brightly. “She says that having her identity bought was the best thing she’s ever done! Oh, and she sent a picture too!”

Without thinking too hard about it, Ryn tapped the picture Su-Jin had attached to her message. What Ryn hadn’t been expecting was for the picture to automatically open a strange website on her phone, which began to flare with all sorts of strange messages. Ryn’s whimsical demeanor quickly turned into confusion as she watched her phone act as if it had a mind of its own. This confusion only lasted a couple of seconds however. As Ryn’s eyes became glazed, she wordlessly stood up from her chair and looked at Min with an almost vacant smile.

“Haha... Oops! I also accidentally sold my identity!” Ryn commented blankly, not a shred of dread in her voice. “I didn’t realize stuff like this could be so easy...”

“Yes... We certainly owe your grandmother an apology.” Min shook her head slightly. “But look on the bright side! At least we were all bought by the same person! The Yi family will be together again, and that’s the most important thing of all!”

“Yeah! That does sound kinda cool!” Ryn agreed with a smile. “Plus, from what grandma said, it seems the person who owns our identities is really great! I wonder what sort of stuff they’ll do with our identities...”

“Regardless of what it is, I can tell it most certainly won’t be a waste!” Min spoke in a positive tone of voice.

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...

...

“Richard! Now why in God’s name are you wasting these identities!?”

Relaxing back against the worn leather couch of his living room, an unperturbed Richard looked up to see the angered face of his mother. Richard’s mom was what you would expect from the typical suburban single mom. Her face was weathered with wrinkles and stress, limbs thin from the many shifts she had to take at the café. The only reason her hair was still blonde was the copious amounts of chemical hair coloring she applied to it. Despite being a few year younger than Su-Jin, she looked a good amount more tattered, surely the effects of living a harsh life in this low-income environment.

“I don’t know ma.” Richard responded without moving from the couch, his voice completely free of concern. “I just like having them on display like this.”

Looking past his mother, Richard could get a perfect view of his magnum opus resting on the other side of the living room. Standing proudly in a corner where a cabinet of Richard’s father’s trophies used to be, was the entire Yi family. The women were ‘clothed’ merely by technicality, as each of them bore an extremely thin string bikini that barely covered their sensitive bits. Each one of them stood completely still, holding the same pose as if they were frozen in time. The soft, feminine faces remained still at all times, more like statues than real breathing human beings.

The front and foremost person of the trio was none other than Su-Jin herself. Wearing nothing more than a white bikini, the aged Su-Jin seemed to exude energy with her cutesy pose. She stood on the tippy toes of her left foot, while her right leg leaned back and her hips cocked to the left. Meanwhile, both of her arms stretched forward as her fingers shifted in order to form a heart shape aimed directly at Richard. The soft, gentle smile plastered on Su-Jin’s face looked so tender and genuine it could melt anyone’s heart. And the way Su-Jin’s bikini didn’t barely covered her areola or her pussy made it for quite the erotic pose.

To Su-Jin’s right stood Min, wearing the exact same thin strand bikini but with a blue color. While Su-Jin had been standing in a more frontal pose, Min’s body gave a good side view that seriously accentuated her fat ass. Min also stood on her tip-toes with her other foot lifted in a feminine, coquette manner. Leaning left towards her mother, both of Min’s hands pushed up against Su-Jin’s right breast, lifting it up high in order to show its magnificence. Unlike Su-Jin’s tender loving expression, Min seemed to look on into the horizon with a perverse grin, a lustful knowing expression to indicate she knew exactly what the viewer was thinking.

Last but not least was Ryn, who stood to Su-Jin’s left in a red colored bikini. Ryn was basically doing a carbon copy of her mom’s pose, except in the opposite direction. She had one of her legs lifted up in the air while the other one barely held her in place. Just like her mother, Ryn’s hands were holding up Su-Jin’s other breast, an act that made it look like they were presenting Su-Jin’s tits to the viewer. The main difference between the two was just how Ryn stood slightly taller than her mother, and how much more of her breast mass pushed forth. Not to mention her expression, which was a cute wink and pursed lips to indicate she was blowing a kiss.

In conjunction, the trio of ladies looked like some sort of coordinated idol group. A very perverted and exposed idol group at that. Almost every inch of their bodies was exposed, with outfits so explicit they

were more perverted than just being naked. They also stood in poses that looked deeply uncomfortable to hold. Ones most people could only make for a couple of seconds, yet ones they were just forced to keep them at all times. The way these girls were displayed, any sort of humanity had been thoroughly sucked from their identities. At this point, they truly looked like nothing more than disposable collectibles.

If that humiliation wasn't enough, directly behind the trio stood a cabinet that contained many shelves. And along this litany of shelves, a series of bright lights illuminated several of each of the girls' most intimate memories. Scenes of Su-Jin getting pounded, Min kissing her husband or Ryn giving cunnilingus played on and on in repeat, while the moans and sloppy sounds of these memories made a muffled echoed through the glass. Housed within ornate photo frames with Richard's commentary in plaques, these precious and beloved memories which were once private now stood in full display, for any person to see and judge them.

"You like to display them?!" Richard's mother gasped in disbelief. "What a load of baloney! You spent precious money getting these identities and now you're just letting them sit here gathering dust? It's so wasteful!"

Dropping her gaze, Richard's mother couldn't help but sigh with disappointment. She knew not to expect much of her son, but this was a new low. "New identities can be very valuable, you know?! You have to use them right!" The woman's head picked back up as she continued lecturing Richard. "Back in the day, your father worked very hard and saved up so much money to buy the identity of a beautiful, young African American woman. And you know where she is now? She's a multimillionaire pornstar!"

Turning towards the display of Korean women, Richard's mother inspected the trio of identities closely. She looked not just at their bodies, but at their descriptions in the display case.

"Just look! All these women have so much promise!" Richard's mother spoke in an enthused tone. "You could be a really popular college student! Or a loving housewife! Or even a successful business leader! Why don't you actually use one of these identities and start living a better life? Instead of just being a silly 'internet hacker' who lives in your mother's house."

"But ma..." Richard sighed, getting thoroughly tired from his mother's nagging. "I don't want to live any of their lives. I just want to collect them."

As much as Richard's mother disapproved of her son's decision, in the end she knew she couldn't change his mind. He was as stubborn as his father, before his father became a Nigerian sex goddess that is. Leaving the trio of frozen identities aside, the woman merely walked away with a sigh. She'd hoped with these identities, her son might actually do something with his life. But it seemed she had to wait even longer.

"You kids these days and all your collecting stuff." Richard's mother spoke to herself as she slowly walked to her room, getting ready for her next shift. "I'm never going to understand that kind of stuff. You're just wasting your hard earned income..."

But Richard didn't really need his mother to understand. Looking at the trio of Korean ladies all posing for him, Richard felt his heart flutter with pride. It was so fulfilling to see a collection of things he liked complete. The only question now was what would he start collecting next...?