

Vcardcaptor, Part 4 (Card TF, Hypnosis, Vtubers, 2nd Person)

As it turns out, it's pretty easy to meet your favorite vtubers when you've got ten or more of them as your obedient harem-members. All you have to do is ask one of your pets to make the call, and soon you're striding into a private booth, a blank vcard ready and waiting to slurp them up. With this strategy, it's not hard to expand your collection.

Some people are a little harder to arrange meetings with than others though. In this vtuber's case, you've been waiting a few weeks, a delay made all the more frustrating by the fact she's one of your favorites. You know what they say about waiting though... The bigger they are, the harder they fall... ! Or whatever. Either way, Buffpup's fall is going to be *really* hard.

Nyanners has arranged for you to meet in a luxurious hotel. Leading you down the corridor to Buffpup's room, she knocks politely on the door. When Buffpup opens it, she does so with a little frown—clearly Nyanners hasn't told her you'd be coming as well, but she lets you both inside pretty quickly. As Nyanners distracts her, you close and lock the door just in case. You don't want anyone to interrupt your fun, after all.

"So," says Buffpup, taking a seat on the bed. "I bet you're after my autograph, right?"

"Something like that," you reply, drawing the blank card from your pocket.

As ever, the card's effect is almost as interesting to watch as what comes after. The instant it strikes Buffpup's chest, it flashes brighter than ever, and from its front springs a whole hentai magazine's worth of thick, throbbing tentacles, all slick and wet from whatever imaginary ocean they've been swimming in. Coiling around Buffpup's muscular form, they drag her squealing from the bed, holding her screaming in the air as they haul her towards the card.

"What the fuck?! What the fuck?! What the—?!" Buffpup's screams cut off with a squeal of pleasure as one of the throbbing tentacles slams through her lips and disappears down her throat. Not an instant later, two of the other tentacles decide to explore her other holes: with a *schlup*, they slip between her legs and disappear inside her. Her eyes snap wide open; she squirms, thrashing harder than ever.

You watch, a grin of smug amusement on your face, as she finally reaches the card. As she nears it, she and the tentacles shrink, compressed, as if they're slipping into a black hole. She squeaks again as her tiny toes touch the card, disappearing inside it as if into the world's deepest puddle. A second later, the rest of her follows it, vanishing into the second dimension with an empathic *schlup*.

The card spins in the air for a few seconds before fluttering to the ground.

Ambling up, you pick it up and turn it around just in time to see the oil spill of the picture cohere into an actual image. Cocking your head, you watch eagerly as it takes shape. You always enjoy this part of the process.

The final image, of course, is of Buffpup, though you've never seen her do anything quite like this on stream before. Stripped of her clothes, she's crouching, legs bent, her arms raised and paws down like a dog begging for a treat. Her tail is swishing, happy to see you. Her tongue is lolling out of her mouth, drooling all over the floor, and it isn't the only thing: her pussy is leaking like she needs to see a plumber, and maybe she does, just, y'know, the porn kind. Overall, she looks less like the werewolf she's meant to be and more like an adorable puppy who's desperate for a bone. It's actually a little endearing.

Well, if she wants a bone, time to give her one...

Raising the card, you will the doggirl in the picture to emerge, and with a flash and a puff of smoke, she's crouching before you, panting like she's just run a sprint and drooling all over the carpet in the process. Her boobs jiggle and swing as her chest rises and falls.

"Why don't you go get something to eat?" you say, flicking a glance at Nyanners. "We might be a little while." As she heads for the door, you unzip your pants and guide your cock out into the open. The sight of Buffpup crouching right before your crotch, her mouth wide open, is enough to make you as hard as you've ever been.

The sight of your member has a very similar effect on her: at the sight she goes stiff and starts to whine, eyes wider than ever. She drools like she's a leaking tank of saliva, and the flow of juice from her pussy seems to grow even faster too.

"Go on," you say, taking another step towards her. "Get your lips around it."

With a whine of pleasure, Buffpup throws herself forward and, with exactly zero hesitation, wraps her lips around your cock. Planting her hands on your hips, she draws close and suckers tight, slobbering all over your shaft as her mouth glides up and down it.

Breath hitched, you grab the wall to support yourself, struggling to stay on your feet, as she works you, each little suck and lick and tease and tickle striking you with a fresh pang of delight. Soon, you can't hold it in anymore.

With a grunt and a gasp, you empty yourself inside her, making her cheeks bulge as she struggles to swallow every last drop of cum. By the time you finish, the stuff is leaking out of her lips, but she pulls away—leaving your cock coated in saliva—and obediently licks it up all the same. This done, she kneels there looking up at you expectantly.

"Good dog," you say, patting her head.

"Woof!"