

Fairest of them All part 2

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GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

Out in the private gardens that surrounded Jezebel's little palace was displayed Emily, the breathtakingly cute gardener. She always felt very close to the plants she was taking care of. But never had she felt closer, than the plant that kept her intimate company.

Its countless vines, some thicker and some thinner, but all carrying plenty of piercing, scratching thorns, were painfully wrapped around the girl's frail, small, nude body and her weak, girly limbs. They spread them wide in an X-shape as the petite damsel was the center of floral tapestry overlooking the castle, comprised of many flowers, but many more vegetative tentacles and vines. Emily appeared like a gorgeous little fairy, trapped in the center of a hungry spider's web.

Lots of vines were tightly coiling over Emily's mouth, fiercely gagging the poor girl as they wrapped tightly around the corners of her lips, prying them open with their tight squeeze. At the same time, they pricked her angelic face with their thorns, bloodily scratching her cheeks and lips whenever she tried to shake her head.

More, thicker vines slithered their way to further restrain Emily, wrapping around her skinny thighs, her knees, her calves and her ankles, binding her ever so completely and keeping her legs spread. Same relentless tension on her skinny arms, which could only faintly wiggle in protest. The relentless vines corseted her waist and squeezed her cute, A-cup chest, the thorns that dug themselves throughout the girl's body ready to tear it open, should the little girl decide to struggle further.

That she did, especially at the start, but every jerk and pull against her sentient bonds caused the plant to tighten its grip on her human flesh, squeezing the oxygen out of her like a snake choking out its prey's resistance. As a result, the pointy thorns dug deeper, drawing blood from the poor damsel.

The green organism totally overpowered the petite girl, who could only stand spread-eagle against the vine wall she was pinned on.

"Don't get my friend mad now, little lady, he just likes to give big, warm hugs" Jezebel warned her captive with a smirk.

“MMMhhgg...” Emily’s rare moans of brave resistance would be subsequently choked out as another thorny vine would slither around her slender, fragile little neck and slither around it tightly, cutting off her annoying, gagged noises altogether.

But Jezebel’s plant/pet did more than just ‘hugs’. Jezebel would often relax in her garden and enjoy her afternoon tea with the wonderful sight of a suffering Emily to amuse her. Whenever the witch felt like it, or even worse, if Emily had in some way challenged her authority, she would send a spell, by clenching her fist, which turned the vines particularly... amorous.

With the girl unable to resist, some specifically thick, long vines with bulbous, ribbed ends of a yellow/green color and a harder texture, would spring out and like snakes or worms borrowing inside the soft soil, they would find the woman’s vulnerable, tight holes and nuzzle against the opening until they entered. They were monstrous things, especially for the petite woman’s unfucked pussy and ass. To not rip her in half, the ‘charitable’ witch would gesture again at her leafy pet, and one of its colorful flowers would pop up and close in on the gagged girl’s face. With its petals ‘looking’ at her, the flower would do a bracing motion then puff out a misty powder, right on the freckled girl’s cute, vine-gagged face.

The pollen contained a strong aphrodisiac, which, after inadvertently inhaled by the gagged woman’s nose, quickly entered her bloodstream and ‘loosened’ up all her inhibitions and tightness ‘down there’, making her sopping wet in seconds, very much against her will and putting an adorable, dazed/drugged look on her cute face.

With that little ‘push’, the girthy vine-dicks were then much more able to slide in the girls’ orifices, (both vaginal and anal) and start ramming the girl’s crotch holes with little regard, drilling the stretched girl at their own pace. The vines that gagged her even knew to release their grip during those moments so that a third plant-cock could fill up the third fuck-hole that the cute gardener possessed.

Jezebel relished the ‘show’ of the little slut getting triple-teamed by her own bonds. The wet, sloshing sounds of the green cocks going in and out of her painfully filled, sore holes and the crying, choking moans of the deep-throating plant-lover satisfied Jezebel’s sadism. Her squirming was a little less intense during her violent vibe rape, not as a result of any actual enjoyment or submission, but more from the girl’s defeated hopelessness and her drugged, pacified state. The pollen made her pussy wet and her asshole loose but it didn’t provide any actual lust or arousal to her. Just lubrication.

The thorns still dug deep into her poor flesh, hurting her as the vines squeezed her hips, arms and legs to hold her tight and work their tentacles inside her, with a robotic, mindless drive.

At the end of the plant’s long, violent "lovemaking", a thick, light-green slime would shoot from the tip of each phallus, filling the helpless girl’s throat, pussy and ass. The monstrous plant ejaculated

simultaneously from all its appendages, filling the tiny woman's crevices up like they were plastering cracks in a wall.

"Gm.....ggm....." the pretty girl could only 'take it' all with her throat fully plugged, as the hot veggie semen travelled straight down her esophagus and her cervix and rectum expanded with an over-abundance of the slimy jizz. Teary-eyed and suffocating, she waited until the vines would finally retrieve. She could only hope than next time her look towards her captor would only transmit submission and timidity, and she might be left alone in her bound, pathetic, decorative state.

Knowing the witch, that would probably not happen.

Jezebel's large, stone-walled living room was decorated with wall candelabras that put out their warm, flickering flames. The cold, grey stone was also covered with many ancient tapestries, depicting scenes from folklore witches. They always looked so ugly in these interpretations, with their aggressively hunched backs and their fat noses, tricking people into deals they shouldn't have agreed to. While Jezebel loved a good magical scheme, she was never that fond of the way she was represented by these disgusting old bags. Various other curiosities like a large pointy hat, a black enchanted cauldron and a magical broomstick were displayed in glass cases.

Human references to the witch's identity always intrigued her.

Like all these collectibles, Jezebel's latest piece, Adelaide, was hitched by a wall of the spacious living room. Her seductive medium-sized figure was tethered in place by long scarves made of silk and satin and more, wider sheets of cotton, their colors belonging to a dark purple/brown/grey palette, in many different shades. Along with the stunning girl's fair skin and brown hair, it nicely matched Jezebel's stone/wood living room.

Wrapped viciously around her alluring body, they secured the beautiful, brown-haired damsel in a tight strappado, forced to bend fully over at the waist, with her dainty arms strenuously and painfully pulled behind her back and above her head. The long pieces of fabric wrapped around both arms in a spiraling way, like satin snakes that constricted with unforgiving tension, making the poor girl's arms all but touch, as they pointed upwards, her skilled fingers left to wiggle aimlessly above her.

The otherwise soft, smooth fabrics then moved lower to ensnare the girl's neck and to wrap around her pretty face. Numerous scarves had been shoved inside Adelaide's mouth, before being sealed there with yet more scarves tied both between and over her luscious lips.

The silk drowned her face with repeated wraps, not quite as tidy and encompassing as mummification, moving and crossing all around her body and face. Able to whip around and move to Jezebel's will, they could smother the woman's nose or even blindfold her depending on the witch's whims, though her slave's default state was a viciously tight, over the lips stuff-gag.

An array of more scarves was tied on countless individual tufts of the girl's full and long, perfectly straight hair, pulling them in all different directions and fanning out like a light-brown sun's rays. Just like the arm-binding pieces of fabric, they all ended up bolted to the walls and ceiling with metal. Whenever inanimate, the enchanted fabric was taut and tight, allowing Adelaide no wiggle room, whether in her arms, her body or her head (the latter due to her hair bondage).

More smooth, soft scarves wrapped around the woman's juicy thighs and pulled them apart, exposing her holes against the wall behind her. Her ass was stuck up by her strappado and by more strands of fabric coiling around her hips to raise her round, spankable backside and leave no room for slouching. Her cute toes never touched the cold stone, as more crisscrossing, spiraling scarves 'dressed' her spread legs and kept them suspended along with the rest of her curvy body.

The most alluring gem of the piece, the young seamstress' E-cup mammaries, could not possibly be left to just sway underneath her. Multiple coils of the fabric were tied tightly around the base of each precum-inducing udder, separating them and making them bulge inside their trap. The knotted fabric was then tied off on thick metal floor rings underneath her in a spread, A-shape, slightly pulling the two heavy breasts apart and towards the floor.

Working together like Emily's vines, the countless strands of fabric weaved and moved to form an inescapable piece of obscene clothing, which did much more to present than cover the girl's nudity.

But the cherry on Adelaide's setup was the wooden, more rigid part of her bondage. Made of light-brown pine that complimented the damsel's hair and eyes, was a frame that snugly enclosed her slim waist, like an oval stockade.

These waist-stocks were connected by two crank mechanisms to the stocks' sides, connecting to a single wheel. Similar to the crank of a loom, turning it caused the waist-stock and therefore the bound woman's whole hips and body, to move back and forth.

Much to Adelaide's horror, a pair of long and thick, wooden phalluses laid behind her projected ass and splayed crotch, jutting straight out of the stone wall by a wooden base. They had intense ribbing all along their generous length, their thickness alternating in a wave, but getting progressively thicker down the 'shaft' reaching 2 whole inches at the base. Unlike Satva's rusty iron lover, they did not resemble human erections, resembling a scary pepper grinder or the corners of a bedpost. The wood looked unpolished and rough, nothing you'd wanna insert inside you.

But they very much slid past the engaged woman's still virginal pussylips and her untouched asshole, like a plug in an electric socket. At 'rest' (oh the irony) the two pine-cocks were buried about 1/3rd of the way deep in the crying damsel's holes through the day, waiting for the moment when the house's mistress would stop by and the suspended, silk-spread whore's stretched jugs would catch her eye.

A soft swirl of Jezebel's nailed finger would get the wheel crank magically spinning and drive the poor woman's ass right onto the already aligned wooden pricks. Trapped at her waist, she was moved back and forth and back and forth onto her wooden lovers, with a mechanical mindlessness.

The faster Jezebel swirled her finger, the faster the crank spun, pounding the helpless seamstress. Adelaide could only cry in her stuff/wrap gag and struggle in her cleave bondage, as she was double-fucked by a machine resembling her favorite loom. The turquoise witch loved the way Adelaide pleaded with her watery brown eyes, full of despair. Her moans were heavily suppressed by plenty of cloth stuffed in her mouth, and a lot more running across her face.

The woman's scarf-ties were not taking into account her pummeling hip-motion against the wall, so her arms and her tits 'took' all the extra pulling, the first pulled further the opposite, agonizing direction, the latter stretched further by her tit-bondage, with the taut sheets nailed to the floor.

"How do you like the dress I made for you. It's really lively, isn't it?" the dark-dressed, caped and hooded witch would taunt Adelaide, as the poor girl was being violently rammed against two enormous wooden cocks that filled her pussy and ass with blisters, as they stretched her to a bursting point. The beautiful lass really feared she would be split open by the violent fucking.

Every time she was forcefully 'backed up' against her two wooden fuck-sticks, she could swear that her silky, satin bonds got extra tight, as if squeezing her tits, her hips and her limbs harder like a lover in the throes of passion.

She was not wrong, since the enchanted sheets of fabric did just that, 'commanded' by their magic-wielding creator. Adelaide could only mourn for her freedom, as her pitiful gagged moans, in the synching rhythm of her body's thrusting, and her gorgeous, tearful eyes only excited her captor more.

Finally, there was Alexandra, the last captured beauty. On one wall of Jezebel's main boudoir, a beautiful glass aquarium was set up, closed from all sides and full with water except the very top, for the water to make some pretty waves that magically moved in a peaceful manner. The tank was wide across the wall and narrow on the other dimension, coming out of the wall less than 3 feet. It was decorated with a pebble covered bottom and some beautiful seaweed all over. While the tank took up

the entire length of the 10-foot-long wall and all of its height, it was far more than Alexandra 'required'.

The feisty fisherwoman was fittingly displayed inside the center of the large fish tank, her naked, rope-bound form softly swaying with a soft, magically artificial tide that came and went, as her ankles were tethered to an anvil.

Rough, half-inch-thick hemp rope comprised the entirety of the black girl's strict bondage. Being imprisoned in rope was an added jab for Alexandra, since the sea-girl was very skillful with rope and knots, after countless boat-fishing trips and having fashioned many fishnets.

Alexandra's slim arms were uncomfortably tied behind her back in a strenuous box-tie, which in turn was attached to the girl's ropey chest harness. It went over the girl's shoulders and 'graced' her chocolatey body and shapely, perky tits, surrounding the latter in a tight embrace and making them 'pop' out through the harsh rope.

Multiple coils of the same hemp rope made their way relentlessly tight around the woman's face and between her teeth, forcing her jaw to gape and Alexandra to bite down on her rope-gag. Her anvil-hitched ankles, as well as her knees and thighs, were all synched together with more rope, keeping any furious kicking at bay.

The visual resembled an unfortunate sea-girl, disposed of by pirates in the middle of the ocean. The water's loose gravity kept Alexandra suspended in the blue waters, but the ocean-floored anvil kept her from ever resurfacing. Her full, dark curly hair fanned out above her, lifted by the water's density.

Contrary to the numerous, mutely wailing souls a few feet below her in the catacombs, the tank's salty seawater was magically infused with oxygen, meaning that Alexandra could actually inhale air underwater without suffocating. Jezebel knew the little black bitch would sooner or later share their fate anyway.

Besides, the last piece of ropey accessory Alexandra had on really amused the sadistic witch. It was a ruthlessly taut crotch rope that dug deep between the girl's tender pussy-lips. The rope was full of thick knots all across its length, about an inch separating each knot. The knots made their presence painfully felt on the girl's already sore sex, providing that extra concentrated, jabbing pressure on her sensitive dark flesh. Constricting her skinny waist even further, the crotch rope was tied off around it.

If that wasn't uncomfortable and teasing enough, the rope itself slithered, via a cheerful whistle from Jezebel's pouting lips. Like a knotted snake of coarse hemp rope, it slithered its rough hide across the woman's tender parts, rubbing each knot with horrible friction against the girl's pink parts, before moving around her ass-crack then her waist, only to come back above her hips and repeat its painful

trip like a ropey funfair train. While sliding across her dark-brown body, it stayed gripping her flesh with the same tension the entire time, a product of Jezebel's cruel spell.

As an added little 'spice' to the girl's torment, Jezebel had also tossed some small sea creatures in the tank; little fishes that nibbled on the defenseless girl's skin, pinching it all over, as well as two starfishes, that were 'strangely' drawn to the damsel's firm boobs, popping themselves over her areolae and suckling on her poor nipples until killing her with soreness. Well lodged on there by the suction pads of their extremities, Alexandra could not shake the two orange/pink stars off her tits no matter how hard she shook them.

Inadvertently flaunting her tits left and right in the water's slow motion sure provided a fun sight for Jezebel.

The cruel witch loved seeing the air bubbles of distress leave Alexandra's gagged mouth and travel up the surface, whether via pained cries or (even better) gagged curses the fisher girl tried throwing her way, each time her pussy would have to deal with the barrage of bites the rope's knots gave her poor cunt, again and again and again in this closed circuit of torture. Her moans and indiscernible, rude 'naughty' words were not just muffled by her tight rope-cleave, but from the water itself, making her seem even more hopeless.

After a while, the black woman relented to mostly biting down hard on the many coils of her rope-gag, as her animated rope-thong caused her unspeakable torment. To her utter delight, Jezebel noticed that every third or fourth, water-drowned grunt her black mermaid let out was not one of pure physical pain, but of intense, sexual frustration.

Jezebel could see the once fearless, bratty girl's chocolatey cheeks blush a deep red whenever a knot grazed her clit or her sore sex-hole a bit 'gentler', and the cry would shift into an involuntary moan. Her pretty blues, matching her current 'home' would change from a deep hatred to shameful sadness. Jezebel found adorable how her pretty toes wiggled anxiously, right above the anchoring anvil.

During these times of humiliation, the witch loved seeing the girl's water-struggles, her bound body slithering mid-water ever so beautifully, in that suspended animation of the water's thickness. Her struggling provided a calming effect to Jezebel, like a human lava lamp. The 10-feet-deep waters were beautifully illuminated by artificial sunlight that appeared to be coming through the waters from above, even though Alexandra's fish tank was nowhere near a light source. The bright light hit the girl's dark-brown, twisting, roped flesh just right, as it flickered with the gentle motion of the waves above.

Satisfied with her acquisitions, Jezebel wasted no time teasing her captives, each time her strolls around her house brought her in their debilitated presence. It only took the slightest sign of rebellion for the witch to turn the girl's already pretty uncomfortable state into a full-blown nightmare. A single aggravated moan or a combative furrow of the eyebrows was more than enough for the eternally sexy witch to remind her slaves of their awful place.

When she couldn't be bothered, she simply replied to her bound and gagged playthings with a warning sign of dominance, like handlessly pulling the bonds around their necks for a brief, strangling moment, to show them who controlled their lives. But those were rare.

After a while, all it took was a stern, threatening look from the bombshell's turquoise eyes and every captive, even bratty Alexandra and proud Satva, immediately cut all their non-verbal, antagonizing shit out and reverting back to their obedient, submissive pain-doll roles.

It was a day like any other. Jezebel let out a big yawn, stretching her arms as she woke up after a good night's sleep, comfortably sunken on the puffy mattress of her giant, comfy bed. With a miming motion, she magically parted the curtains of her window open, to let the sunlight fill the room from her right side.

Turning her face over to the left, her eyes were treated to the sight of a rope-bound Alexandra, inside her wet home. Her nude body softly waved along with the tide, anchored to the pebbly floor. She was in-between sleep and consciousness, never really able to rest for much before a fish bit her ribs or ass, or a starfish wanted a 'treat' from her nipples. The saltwater only aggravated the irritated spots of her body. Her painful bondage did not help, either.

"Morning, little fishy!" Jezebel tapped on the glass that separated her from Alex. The black beauty opened her exhausted, blue eyes half way, meeting Jezebel's. They had lost the fighting spark they once possessed.

Bloop

An air bubble flew from Alexandra's harshly roped mouth, quickly traveling up above her. Probably a moan of discomfort; or an attempt at a word? Looking at the defeated fisher girl Jezebel assumed the former. She left the sunken bitch to start her day.

Clad in her dark, silky night-gown, in a spider-web pattern, flowing down long and delicate as a spider web, but leaving little to the imagination with the fabric's semi-transparent nature. The nipples

of her supple DDs were kind of visible under that thin black veil, as well as her hairless pubic mount and flawless peach of an ass.

She looked like a million golden coins, not a blemish could be found on her boner-erecting body.

Jezebel decided to take her morning tea outside in the garden. Not surprisingly, Emily was right where she'd 'left her', stuck on her bed of vines that never stopped 'cuddling' her. Her small, light-skinned body was full of small cuts from the digging thorns. Her feminine thighs were graphically spread as always. A single, thick vine went across her little mouth, too big for it, stretching it open and sealing her pleas, impervious to the force with which her pretty teeth clenched over it.

The redhead opened her eyes, becoming aware of someone's presence. There could be only one person. Maybe in her uncomfortable slumbers she might have dreamt of a handsome prince, coming to her rescue. But it didn't look like that kind of fairytale.

Startled, the X-spread girl instinctively tried to close her legs, to hide her exposed nature from the female spectator; a cute habit that never failed to amuse Jezebel. "Good morning, little one. How was your sleep?" she teased the restrained gardener. A small, weak, irrelevant struggle, which only registered millimeters of movement, was the girl's lone response. Her eyes met Jezebel's, equally weak and defeated; solemn.

"I think she needs some proper waking up, she seems a little lethargic" Jezebel spoke, as if talking not to the bound woman, but to the entire ecosystem that held her instead. With the smallest of gestures, she made the plant's vines obey and in seconds, two of them were rubbing against Emily's crotch, getting ready for some morning 'action'. The poor girl knew what was next, but her girly human strength was not going to do anything for her.

"Maybe your favorite perfume will get you going" Jezebel 'suggested' and in seconds, a beautiful pink flower sprayed the immobile cutie with an intoxicating dust. Emily's eyes rolled to the back of her head, as the will-less girl's tight fuck-slit got wetter with each stroke of the vegan dickhead against it, until it finally burrowed its way down her hole and started penetrating her. "Gmfff...gmff...gmff..." Emily let out self-choked, gagged moans with each deep-dicking, as Jezebel took a satisfied sip from her tea, enjoying her entire field of view. It was clear the teen wanted to be stoic during her vine-pumping, not wanting to give Jezebel the satisfaction of listening to her misery. But her plant-fucking was both too painful and too arousing to contain her moans.

“Maybe I should pay a visit to that brown freak” she pondered stopping by Satva. At this point, the broken strong girl would jump through hoops (if her bonds allowed her) to not draw the evil witch’s ‘attention’. It was the same reason Jezebel loved riling her up with cheeky insults and magically harassment, in order to get a rise out of Satva and then punish her in return.

Jezebel had already ‘greeted’ the strappadoed Adelaide as she was walking past her living room. And by greeted meaning she slapped her swollen, silk-tied tits around, enjoying the gagged cries and pitiful puppy eyes the girl gave her in response. Jezebel would say something along the lines of “enjoy them while you can, you little cockteaser” each time she ‘played’ with those firm, fat knockers.

The four girls did not know how true these statements were.

The evil witch enjoyed her four toys' 'company' for some time. But when the signs of decay started creeping in on her voluptuous, youthful body, Jezebel had no inhibitions about 'zipping' her captives inside their proverbial sacks, so they could eternally offer her their beauty.

She did wanna try something new though.

"Guu...uuuuooooo.....gguuuuhhhh..." the four women's suffocated, mute cries tickled Jezebel's eardrums, all four meshed together into one, inseparable cry, as the hooded sorceress observed them struggling inside their encasing cocoons, breathless and vacuum-packed. But not four cocoons. Instead, the witch had sealed the little (and big) sluts in pairs.

She found it funny that the towering Satva should share a slimy 'pod' with the smallest of the group, Emily. And so, the 30-year-old brown, Amazonian woman found herself tightly pressing against the foot-and-a-half-shorter, white teen, tightly squeezed together by the vacuum-sealed nature of their encasement. Emily's face was practically buried in the large woman's huge knockers, with no room to turn away from them as their bodies faced one another. She had no oxygen, anyway.

While both were squirming for dear life, Satva appeared the more 'animated' of the two, only due to her enormous strength. Though she still did not cause any damage to the stretchy, durable 'fabric' of her casing. Any momentary bulges she made on the pressing cocoon snapped right back in place, 'teaching' her the futility of her struggles.

On the 'tomb' next to them, Alexandra and Adelaide were also pretty cuddly with each other, their hot bodies pressed up together like a child reaaaally wanting to make her dolls kiss. Every part, from their smooshing breasts to their flat bellies, their wide hips and their legs was in firm contact.

Their suffocating faces voicelessly screamed together, pressed cheek-to-cheek. Only thing their weakly flailing hands blindly reached were each other's naked, slime-glistening bodies. Pushing against their slimy sack did nothing.

Despite sloshing and rubbing around different feminine bodies, the maidens' predicament was identical, with all of them experiencing the same awful sensation of claustrophobic immobility and air deprivation, suspended in their sacks.

Jezebel stretched her arms to touch both damsel-packing capsules started speaking in a dead tongue, igniting the spell that would strip these unlucky souls of their biological goods. A bright spark erupted and went out just as quickly.

Then, all four women started writhing even harder in their semi-flexible cases. Even though nothing changed for the naked eye, the smothering layers that wrapped them like sausages had sprang to life, licking and sucking and rubbing every nook and cranny of their attractive bodies, like a million microscopic tongues and a million kissing lips.

All four young women opened their lips in a breathless shriek of unwanted lust, twisting and turning inside their sacks, pressed-up against their 'roommate'. Very soon, a small liquid bubble appeared, in front of each of their tombs' bases.

The bubbles slowly got bigger, as their cocoons kept distilling their beauty into that concentrated shape. Satva and Emily's had a mix of both golden (Satva's) and orange/red (Emily's) veins infused in its clear texture, their feminine energies sucked together. Alexandra's (an ocean blue) and Adelaide's (a calm brown) colors also danced together inside the small bubble.

Jezebel watched with awe (she never got bored of it despite how many times she'd witnessed it) as the writhing women's skin now appeared a little less taut and smooth, their curves less perky, and their faces and bodies started looking different. Not a dramatic change, but worn and tired. Like in need of moisture.

"All mine..." the witch whispered under her breath, as she stuck her finger out to swipe that single droplet onto her fingertip. She then popped it in her mouth and slurped, like someone dipping their naughty finger into the cookie dough.

The four girls were too busy suffering in many different ways to pay attention to her.

Three months had passed since then, and the witch saw the wrinkles on her forehead and the ones by the corners of her lips deepen. She still looked dazzling, like a breathtaking milf witch, but still, like a 40-year-old woman.

It was time for a 'lift'.

The heels of her boots clicked a little faster than usual, with Jezebel's anticipation to see the 'progress' of her four recent sluts. She didn't even bud an eye to all the rest, mute-shrieking damsels on either side of her path, going to the straight to the two 'doubles'.

Satva, Emily, Adelaide and Alexandra appeared in the same emotional state as she had left them three months ago. Stuck, not just in space, but also in their unavoidable agony. They must have literally endured thousands of forced orgasms in that timespan, all in horrible lack of a breath.

But their appearance was much different:

- Satva's deeply dark, wavy hair had gotten grey and had thinned out in some patches, her warrioress mane looking nothing like its majestic form. She had lost about 30 pounds of muscle mass, her once intimidating physique now far less scary. She didn't appear slimmer, only lankier now. Her once proud wide back was slouched like an elderly woman's.

Her gravity-defying, dream-motorboat breasts now looked partially deflated, as if unable to stay 'in attention' any longer. Wrinkles filled the woman's face, which had lost its pretty smoothness, with sharper edges to it. Her glistening bronze skin, once smooth and soft now looked more like sunburned leather.

- Involuntarily pressing onto her, was the similarly drained form of a shuffling-in-place Emily. Her red, shoulder-length hair had lost their spark, now a dull, dark orange. All sorts of weird moles and marks were gathering on her once flawless skin. Her once twerkable juicy booty now sagged with plenty of cellulitis that went down the back of the girl's thighs.

Her once coin-slot tight pussy had now visible curtain-lips, that zig-zagged on either side of her (now) hairy sex hole. The young girl's once pristine face was oily and full of acne.

- A few feet over, Alexandra's once fatless, skinny waist had gotten a couple of folds, her tight belly now sporting a clear 'pouch'. Her tight ass had gotten somewhat fat and uneven. Her beautiful dark curly hair had gotten all but white, and her teeth had become yellow and crooked, a change from her previously perfect denture.

Her once glistening dark skin had lost its shine, and her alluring toes had grown in weird angles, aged rapidly. The toenails had gotten chunky and broken at the ends, with a gross yellow hue replacing the pretty pink.

- Squeezed onto her, Adelaide shared her anguish, her beauty taken away from her like the rest. Transformed into a boney, hunched, worn old lady, with her perfectly straight, brown hair now frizzy and brittle, breaking off in parts. Her E-sized bosoms had now shrunk into some unattractive, lousy B-cups, taking away her sexiest feature.

Deep stretch marks riddled her back, hips and thighs, and red eczema had spread on her neck and torso, destroying her flawless skin.

Even the previously flawless symmetry of her face had been 'taken away' by the magical beauty vacuum. Adelaide's face now appeared as an odd reminder to the girl she once was.

Two large globes of jelly-like liquid now rested before Jezebel, both more than a handful. The production of their beauty's extraction, sucked out of their squirming bodies and filtered through their cocoons. Their skin's tightness and perkiness, their bodies' shapeliness and their loveable facial symmetry, all was there, collected in these two balls, thanks to their eternal orgasmic torment. Even for two globes combined, they looked large.

The added stimulation of their stuck-together bodies rubbing and sliding against one another proved to be a great way to achieve more orgasms than if the damsels were 'sacked' separately.

Jezebel took a hold of both giant drops, holding them in her arms like two little bags and lifting them up to her lips, slurped both of them with closed eyes, like an icy-cold bowl of water in the summer's heat. The breathless girls could only watch through their semi-see-through cocoons as their captor transformed before their very eyes into the sexual succubus they had met her us. Her tits swelled and perked up, her waist shrunk and her belly tightened, her thighs, lips and hips all got fuller and her hair got fuller and shinier, in their trademark turquoise color.

The witch's undeniable sex appeal had returned in full swing. She never looked hotter.

"Thank you girls, see you...whenever" Jezebel paused for half a second, realizing she didn't need to know when she'd return. Not expecting a reply from her moaning, suffering 'beauty grapes' all

stomped and squished to provide her wine/elixir, Jezebel gave a little twinkle of her fingers, before her boots' heels started clicking away from them, the clicks getting softer and softer, before fading out.

Satva, Emily, Alexandra and Adelaide continued their involuntary squirming and moaning, as another round of strong orgasms rattled their encased bodies and two little drops formed on the stone bases of their eternal storing space.