

# *Futa Explosion*



## 4 Hot Futa Stories

featuring Sally Bend,  
Lyka Bloom, Solar Harris  
and Reed James

Edited by Lyka Bloom

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In considering the futa, or futanari, subgenre, it is no wonder that it has claimed such popularity.

On the one hand, it is the taboo. A creature that exists as a thing of myth, a realization of sexuality that is unlikely or impossible, and yet there is an undeniable sensuality about a being possessed of both sexual organs. In most literature, the futa herself is presented as sexually adventurous and undeniably attractive, a seductress of often incredible power.

On the other hand, it is the perfect vehicle for all manner of fantasies. Because of the fantastical nature of the futa, one can impose all sorts of imagined scenarios upon these creations, from the most demure to the most lustful and wanton. She is a funhouse mirror of our own desires and, as such, a vehicle for our sense of sexual identity, if not a challenge to that sort of gender definition.

It is with this introduction I present to you, Dear Reader, a collection of some of the finest erotica writers exploring the world of the futanari. Some, like the excellent Reed James, have long used futa creatures and characters while others, like myself, are merely tourists in this forbidden land.

In the first, Nora, Solar Harris presents a date with a very different kind of partner.

Next, Reed James takes us to a world of futa fandom and eldritch shops where true pleasure is only a sip away in The Succubus Cafe.

Sally Bend broadens the fantasy in A Queer Sort of Queen into an alternate timeline where a reclusive island of futanari entertain political guests and servitude often means salacious joy.

And, finally my story, Gimme an F!, where the local cheerleading squad becomes ground zero for a very sexy invasion.

Through all, we hope you enjoy these stories, and that you explore more of the work by these authors. And maybe, just maybe, that bulge in the girl's jeans beside you is more than the way the fabric falls...



# NORA

by Solar Harris

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My date with Andy did not go well.

As far as swipes left or right were concerned, he was somewhere in the middle at the start of the outing. I was even hopeful the evening was not going to prove to be a complete waste of time. But then things got gross in a hurry.

"I feel like you get it," he said shortly after food was ordered and the lot was cast. "This whole political correctness thing has just gone way too far. What's all this shit with pronouns, anyway, am I right? Why be deliberately so confusing? If you look like a girl and I call you a 'she' shouldn't that be perfectly reasonable? It's a trap is what it is."

I did not totally "get it" but I was anxious to salvage the evening. Poor stupid me. There would be no salvage. By the time we were waiting for the check, Andy was complaining that an over-emphasis on diversity meant that he as a white heterosexual male was at an extreme disadvantage in competing for jobs. "Really, you should be picking up the check," he not-joked. "You're going to end up with my job to fill some quota. Which is cool, I would be totally good with being a house-husband, just so you know."

I got back to my apartment to find my roommate lounging on the couch in her pajamas, spooning the last of the ice cream into her mouth while binge-watching anime. "And how was the meat market?" Talia asked with a lazy grin. "Did you bring home any choice cuts?"

"Give me that ice cream. I need it worse than you."

"Woof. That bad, huh?"

I slumped at the base of the couch and sighed. "I'm going to die alone and I'll be eaten by the inevitable cats I acquire to fill the void in my soul."

"Hey now, what about me?"

I turned to face my leggy, curvy roommate, she with the generous endowment and the raven-black hair she kept shiny and soft. She with the big almond-shaped eyes and that mocha skin that was irresistible to just about everything with a penis and quite a few things that lacked one. "You? You'll move out sooner or later. You'll never have trouble finding a mate. You are what all men desire."

Talia sat up. "This one didn't desire you?"

"Oh no, he did. He tried to kiss me in the parking lot. It was kind of an awkward lunge, though. His whole mouth was open like he was a viral vampire. I sort of dodged and got in an Uber while he was slobbering on a lamppost."

Talia slid down beside me and offered me the last spoonful of rocky road. I didn't even use my hands, I just let her spoon it into me. She giggled. "Okay, enough feeling sorry for yourself. The truth is, your suspicions are correct."

"Huh?"

"Most of the men you're going to meet at this point are utter garbage. We're getting close to the point where we can't say convincingly that we're twenty-six anymore, Krys. The obvious best picks are getting married. Anyone still in the online dating pool is either a diamond in the rough or had some kind of other issue that's only going to become a bigger dealbreaker the older you get and the more you feel your biological clock ticking."

"So far this pep talk is going fabulous places."

Talia gave me a lazy grin. "Well there's always the alternative."

"I can't become a nun."

In response, my roommate just opened her mouth and waggled her long pink tongue up and down in quick fluttery motions. "No, stupid. I mean..."

I gasped. "Stop it!"

"What? Are you not into girls?"

"No," I stammered. "I mean, no, no it's not that I'm like, that rigid or anything. It's just-"

"What? Shocking? Taboo? Come on, it's the gayest generation out there. Honestly, I sort of suspect that no one is one hundred percent straight."

I looked at Talia seriously. "Are you? I mean, have you... ever..."

"You know what I think?" my roommate asked seriously. "I think you should let me set you up with someone. She's really cool. We dated once a while back. I think you guys would really click."

I felt the color rising to my cheeks. "Talia, I'm not really... I wouldn't know how to act."

"What the fuck does that even mean? It's a DATE. You go on the date with someone. She just happens to have tits the same as you do. Apart from that, I think it works pretty much the same way, except she'll smell nice and be considerate and won't feel threatened by any female science fiction reboots."

"Fine. But it's going to go terribly," I predicted.

"I'll set it up," Talia promised. "I think you're going to be surprised."

#

The blind date ended up happening a week later. Talia suggested a fancy cocktail bar that was themed like a mad scientist lab and insisted on approving my wardrobe. I was planning on wearing jeans and a t-shirt, but this was not allowed by either the dress code or Talia's sensibilities. "Good lord, Krys, you're dressed like you're going to a nineties dyke bar. Stop acting weird. You're just going out with a friend I think you'll like. It is zero pressure. Nothing has to happen. But do put on some cute shoes and a nice dress. It's a classy bar."

I showed up to the bar in one of my retro rockabilly dresses, something fun and



girly but not full-on-slut-city, something that said that I was making an effort but still mostly just interested in having fun and not doing the proper dating thing. I tucked my hair back with a headband and paired the lilac purple dress with aqua heels. It was a little arty and hip, but Talia pronounced herself pleased enough to send me out.

My "date" was waiting at a table near the back. She saw me almost right away and waved me over. "You must be Kryz," the redhead in the tight cocktail dress said when I got close enough.

"How'd you know? Did I look that lost?"

"You did, but Talia also texted me a photo of your outfit," she confessed. She held out a hand. "I'm Nora. Nice to meet you."

We shook hands. She had a nice grip, not too firm, and I had a moment to be jealous of her nail art, which was intricate, detailed, and super flashy. "I don't think I've ever even imagined having nails that cool," I confessed. "Where did you get them done?"

"I did them myself," Nora said with a smile. She had silver eyes, a color I'd never seen before, and her smile was radiant and perfect. I couldn't help but feel at ease around her.

"Honestly, you're a little intimidating," I confessed to break the ice. "The nails, your hair is, like, styled... your outfit is fierce and your figure makes me jealous and demoralized because I don't know if I'm capable of betraying my love for ice cream no matter how badly I wish I could squeeze into something that tight and look that good."

"And Talia said you'd be bad at flirting," Nora remarked with a wink.

This caused me to go a little pink in the cheeks and stare awkwardly at the floor. It was better than staring at Nora, who got a little more amazing every second I looked at her. Her expertly-styled golden red hair, her high cheekbones, her lithe body that showed off nothing but feminine curves. Tan skin, dark like Talia's, which with her red hair made her look like a celebrity who could afford something that looked natural but probably couldn't exist in nature. I realized right then that even Talia's assertion my date would have "tits the same as you" was in error. I had breasts. Nora had knockers. They were voluptuous as all get-

out, practically spilling out of her dress and inviting attention from everyone in the bar.

"Hey," Nora said. "My eyes are up here. And so are my boobs."

I laughed and found myself meeting her eyes. "Hey. Sorry. I'm sure Talia told you this was going to be awkward for me. I'm trying, though, I really am."

Our drinks arrived and Talia clinked her bubbling frothy flask of something green to my own. "Hey, we're just out having a nice night and getting to know each other. Cheers. Nice to meet you."

She was easy to talk to, I had to give her that. I was worried about awkward silences, but Nora was a natural social butterfly. She kept the conversation lively, vacillating between talking about recent movies to her interests in art and popular music and even to favorite cat gifs she kept stored on her phone.

"Actually, I'm super into raccoons lately," she confessed in a stage whisper. "But those I only show on special occasions. I don't want anyone to think I'm weird."

"I don't think you have to worry about that," I answered, pulling out my own phone to search my favorite raccoons. That was the moment we had a connection. Funny pictures of raccoons. I discovered I was having the first good time I'd had on a date in a long time while swapping favorite memes.

"If you two are looking at your phones, I think this means you're in need of something a little more exciting in your night," someone said uncomfortably close to me. I turned to see a guy in an ill-fitting blazer with his collar popped like it was eight years ago. His buddy, a tall dude with acne scars and dark sunglasses on inside the dim club just nodded and slid in next to me.

I shot Nora a chagrined look. We'd been so busy laughing at memes that we'd somehow signaled we were not on a date but a pair of girls lonely and hoping a guy would notice them. Something about being on a good date looked like desperation to these dudes. What a concept.

Nora put her phone down and inched a little closer to me. "Actually, we're having more fun than we know what to do with," she said, cutting off the shorter guy from sliding between us. Her hip bumped mine and I felt her heel graze my shin, a calming subtle sign to let me know nothing was going to happen while she was around.

The tall guy with the acne lowered his shades, let his eyes land firmly on Nora's cleavage. "Well you carry the fun everywhere you go," he oozed. "How about we see if we can add to it?"

"Pretty good on our own, thanks," Nora said. "You two have a nice night."

"Well it's not like the two of you can fuck each other," the short dude retorted. His breath had a sour smell to it. "Just saying. Red here's got a shot, but little miss nerdy here can't afford to turn away a pity fuck when it lands in her lap."

I thought about throwing my drink in his face, but I was a little slow. As much as I didn't want to admit it, words like that could still hurt. Insecurity can be a bitch.

Nora's response was nonverbal. She slid her arms around my waist and pulled me in close, her mouth on mine. There was no tongue. She was considerate and mostly making a point, but it didn't diminish how nice it was, or the flutter I suddenly got in my heart at the taste of her cherry lip gloss or the softness of her mouth on mine. It wasn't the first time I'd ever kissed a girl, but it was the most electric. "I think you guys are done here," she said when she left me gasping.

"Lezzies can delude themselves all they want, but everyone needs dick," acneface pouted.

"Then you two should be able to help each other out tonight," I said with my bitchiest smile. "Have fun at your swordfight, boys."

Shorty gave me the finger and muttered the c-word at both us, but they retreated.

"Okay, I gotta admit, that was a righteous burn," Nora said when I tuned back to her. "I'm pretty wet now."

I blushed. "I just got tired of their bullshit. Every guy does it. They're such frightened little boys. I'm starting to agree with Talia. Who fucking needs them?"

Nora stayed close. Her hand found mine and put it on the curve of her ass, which was warm, soft, and exciting to touch in a way I couldn't describe. "Maybe no one." She leaned in to whisper in my ear. "My place is five minutes from here. Come home with me. I think you want to. Come do something wild. I can promise you... I'm everything you need."

#

We burst through the front door. I was half out of my head when the door shut and her hand went back under my dress, where it had been the whole short Uber ride. Her fingers teased the elastic of my panties, stroking me through my underwear and working me into a proper fit.

I was breathing hard, fast, and feeling giddy with the taboo thrill of letting the night get totally out of control. Something about Nora was different in a way that made me finally comfortable with taking Talia's advice, giving in to a wild night just because, and being open to new possibilities. I awkwardly voiced all this while trying to get my dress unzipped, falling on the couch with her in a tangle of limbs and frantic making out.

"I'm glad to hear you say that," Nora answered with a breathy gasp of her own. She took my head in both hands and guided it to her breasts for me to kiss while she worked the zipper down the side of her own dress. "Before we go further... you're seriously open, right?"

"You could be a lizard in a human suit and I'd still want to make you cum," I answered, drunk on my own reckless lust. I rolled so she could be on top and wiggle out of her dress, laying there, one hand on my breasts that were already half out of the bra, in just heels and panties on a strange woman's couch and feeling more overtly sexual than I had in seven months of online dating.

"About that," Nora said with a smile. She shimmied out of her dress, letting her curvaceous mocha body free of its sheathe. Her large dark nipples dragged over my stomach, tracing twin lines of electric sex over my quivering torso. She wore only a tiny pink thong that I saw when she arched her back, kissing down my stomach to my underwear, folding up and putting herself in a position to kiss me through my panties.

"No one with an ass that nice is a lizard person," I grunted.

Her tongue slithered under my panties, worming its way to my now eager and

desperate folds. One fingernail pulled them to the side and then I was lost in sudden breathless bliss. Her tongue danced and pressed, working me into a frothy frenzy of desire. I whispered curse words and looked at the ceiling while she kept it up, torturing me into a state of horniness that I'd not known since college.

"I think you're liking this?" Nora asked directly into my pussy. I felt it as hums that sent me even further towards the edge.

"Gods yes," I gasped.

"And you're okay with... me?"

"Fuck yes, I like girls, okay? If this is being a dyke, sign me up!"

Her tongue stopped. I almost died. How could she stop? No, please no!

Nora loomed over me. She bit her lip. "I have something to show you."

She shifted forward to settle her hips over my face. And then she pulled her panties down around her thighs.

I gaped at the sight of her, of the soft petal-pink lips of her sex, wet and spread with her obvious arousal - and what was above them, the thing I couldn't process at first and mentally had to focus on only after I'd seen her feminine half.

It was fat. Long. Engorged with her lust and giving off the heat of desire that I could feel at close range. Nora never took her eyes from mine, just held her cock in one delicate hand and showed it off to me. "So... it's not exactly being a dyke..." she began.

I gasped. "Did... Talia... know?"

"Of course she did. She liked it quite a bit. I think you will, too. And I have to be totally honest with you, Krys. I want to fuck you badly. I am desperate to slip inside you and put my mouth to yours while I bang the living daylights out of you on this couch."

"You- you're-"

"Futanari. We're real. Rare, but real. And trust me, darling. It's the only good part of men that you need right now." Her smile grew more mischievous. "What do you say? Do you want to give it a try?"

I must have been crazy. I certainly wasn't so bold on any other day. Maybe it was something about being around Nora. Maybe it was the boldness that started in the bar and the freedom I found when I joined her in it. Maybe it was the way the glistening cockhead called to me as it hovered just in front of my mouth. Maybe I was truly ready for something new.

My mouth opened. I lifted my head and took her in my mouth with a loud wet suck. Nora groaned in delight and leaned forward, pushing herself a little further past my lips while I concentrated on making my mouth soft and accommodating.

The taste of her was sweeter than a boy's, and that I liked too. Soon I was making muffled little groans of my own while Nora's member slid in and out of my mouth with wet slippery strokes.

I could stand it no more. I pulled off and whispered that I also wanted Nora to fuck my brains out.

"I'm happy to oblige," my lover said with a smile. She stood up, slid her panties all the way to the ground, and guided me to bend over the couch with my ass in the air. "You don't mind if we do it like this? I'm in the mood to mount you, bitch."

I only moaned. The hot talk was not my usual brand, but none of this was. "Yeah," I said with a grunt. "You can call me that."

I felt the pressure against my folds, and then, smooth as anything, I felt her slide past, pushing into me strong, confident, and HUGE. The swelling felt like it would push me apart from the inside. "I've never had one so... fat," I gasped while Nora began to push in and out in a rhythmic fucking.

"Yeah. We tend to be like that."

Her hands gripped my hips, pulling me all the way up on her, and when I felt the smoothness of her groin meet my bare behind, I moaned loudly.

She pinned me with her body, using surprising strength to take every bit of

pleasure from me that she wanted, and the whole time I was in absolute delirious delight. Every stroke, every push, every pulse of her organ in me made my whole body hum and sing. I was struggling not to cum too early. I wanted it to go on forever.

I couldn't last. One moment I was throwing my head back and begging for more and the next my body was betraying me, sending me into convulsions while I shouted in surprise at the wave after wave of wetness gushing from me.

Nora was surprised, too, but she held on, bearing down on me and hugging my body close to hers. She bit my neck gently and whispered hot and urgent in my ear. "Fuck, bitch, you made me cum. Shit."

I didn't know what she meant by that at first. Then I felt it, an incredible warmth and numbing gooey pleasure welling up inside me, doubling my orgasm and making me lose feeling in my legs. We collapsed to the ground, a pulsing moaning mess of limbs and sweaty bodies. We stayed that way, catching our breath, gasping and loathe to disentangle until it was finally necessary.

"I'm sorry about that," Nora whispered. "I meant to pull out."

"It's okay," I said, a lazy smile on my face that could only come to me when freshly-fucked. "I'm on the pill."

"No, it's just that- sometimes..." Nora looked apologetic.

"Sometimes what?"

"Sometimes it's... contagious. Futas breed by gene therapy. We convert."

I gaped at her, then looked down self-consciously.

"You mean I might..."

"Maybe? It doesn't always happen."

"When will I...know?"

Nora winced. "It's kind of like getting knocked up? It takes a little while? So it's hard to know. I'm really sorry. I... I was just really turned on by you. But just the



one time... it might be safe. Sorry. I just... really liked it."

I looked back at her.

"I... liked it, too."

"I know. You squirting so hard is what made me lose it. You can clean up in my bathroom if you like."

I bit my own lip. "Will you... join me?"

"If I get all soapy with you, you're just going to end up pinned against the shower. And I don't know if I have a rubber in the house. I wasn't planning on... liking you that much. But that's going to lead to some seriously risky behavior. You might end up with a lot less room in your panties, sweetie."

I looked down at myself, trying my hardest not to be turned on by the potentially serious problem of futa cum leaking out of my very satisfied folds. I failed.

"I'm willing to take the risk," I said. I got up and walked to the shower, happier than I'd been in a long time. I heard Nora get up after me, confirming this shower would be anything but clean.

## **The Succubus Cafe: Forbidden Futa Wish**

by Reed James

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"Young lady, we need to talk," my step-mother said the moment I stepped out of the bathroom, a clutch of my doujins, Japanese indie comics, in her hand. And these weren't the comics you wanted your mom to discover.

They were hentai. Japanese porn.

She shook them, the black-and-white pages rustling, the colored covers flashed across my face. My step-mom glared at me, the cross dangling down to the cleavage of her large tits swaying and bouncing with her apoplexy, her auburn hair rustling.

"This is degeneracy, Nicole," she continued. "Not only do you have pornographic filth under my roof, but this..."

"It's Dad's roof," I muttered, squirming in my work clothes, a pair of black slacks and purple shirt with Hawaiian Burger stitched across the breast and my name beneath it. My uniform for my shitty minimum wage job my step-mom made me get since I turned eighteen.

"No, it's our roof, young lady," she continued, a red flush spreading down from her neck to those big, lush breasts she had, her dress stretching around them. "There are girls with... with... penises in here."

"Futanari," I muttered.

"What?" she hissed, fingers digging into the cover of a Sailor Moon futanari doujin. I winced. That cost me \$25 at Sakura Con a few months ago. I loved rubbing my pussy and masturbating to that one, wishing I was Sailor Moon or Sailor Mercury. That I had a huge dick instead of a little clit. Then I'd fuck the

brash Sailor Mars or the seductive Sailor Venus.

And my mom was ruining them.

"Please, Mom, those are--"

"Absolute filth." She shoved them into my hands. "I want them disposed of, young lady. On your way to work. You better not return with them. I will search your room when you get back. And I better not find any more. Or on your computer."

"There's nothing on my computer," I lied, grateful I knew how to hide my scanned collections of futa and lesbian doujins, plus plenty of hentai videos, on my hard drive. She didn't know anything about computers.

"You're lucky I don't tell your father what sort of degeneracy you..." A sneer crossed her lips. "Abuse yourself to."

She was such a Christian, even if she loved wearing these tight blouses and yoga pants and skirts that hugged her curving ass. She drove me so wild with lust. My step-mom was a MILF. An uptight MILF who teased me everyday.

I wished so badly to have a huge futa-dick. I'd fuck her up the ass so hard, show her what she really should have shoved up that backside. Not the stick she rammed up there and stole all the fun out of her.

"Yes, Mom," I said, taking my beloved doujins. Five different Sailor Moon futa stories, and though I couldn't read the Japanese text, I imagined what the characters said. How they moaned. How they fucked each other with their big futa-dicks, spewing yummy girl-cum all over each other's bodies.

Just hosing each other.

"You are eighteen," she snarled. "Grow up. Abandon this degeneracy. You're a promising, young woman. But if you waste all your time on self-abuse and filthy cartoons, you'll make nothing of your life."

"Yes, Mom," I said, squirming. "I...I have to get to work." I wanted to argue, but it was so hard with those tits bouncing right before my face. My mom stood ahead taller, her tits almost thrusting into me as she kept moving, gesturing.

"You're going to college in two months. You need to focus on your studies, find a nice boy to marry, and start a life."

"I'm gay," I muttered.

"You'll grow out of that," she said. "Most girls do. Now get to work. And I mean it, dispose of this filth. I'll cut off your cell phone if I find any more porn in my house."

"Yes, Mom," I muttered, sidling past her curvaceous body towards the door, my fiery hair spilling about my downcast face, forming a curtain of red to hide my burgeoning tears.

I never knew my real mom. She died in childbirth. Jenna married my dad when I was not more than a year old. She raised me like her daughter. So as much as it angered me that she snooped, it embarrassed me that she, my mom, found my porn stash and learned about my favorite fetish.

Because I just wanted to love her.

I knew it was wrong. She reared me, but I had the hots for my step-mom so badly. My favorite Sailor Moon futa doujin had the blonde magical girl fucking her own step-mother, just bending her mom over and ramming into her so hard, showing her mother how amazing her girl-dick was.

And it would be so satisfying to do the same to my mom.

I burst out of the house and out into the neighborhood of Queen Anne Hill, the nice part of Seattle. I looked down at the city, the Space Needle rising above, the skyscrapers of downtown glinting in the sun, as I waited for the bus. I put the doujins in my purse, wondering what I could do with them.

I didn't want to throw them away. I saved my allowance for a year to finally buy doujins at Sakura Con this year. The first time I didn't have the minor badge. The first time the hentai vendors would let me browse and buy their stock. I avoided the yaoi section with all the fangirls, browsing with the boys for the naughty futas buried among busty MILF's, naughty lolis, and hot lesbian stories. Unlike my mom, Andrew, who ran the booth, was very helpful and supportive.

The bus came. As I rode it, I pondered the locker I had at work. I could stash

them there until... I went off to college? I could slip them into my suitcase. Mom would never know. I worried at it while my pussy itched and squirmed.

Just thinking about the naughty things in my purse made me wish to be a futa so badly. Why couldn't they be real?

I transferred buses twice to reach the downtown area where my work, Hawaiian Burger, lay. It was a local business run by a Hawaiian family, bringing the taste of the islands to Seattle. They did amazing things with spam. And pineapple was yummy on a hamburger.

Only when I reached the block where my work should be, walking in a half-daze of futa fantasies, I blinked, staring at what lay before me instead. The bright, cheerful, luau style exterior of my work didn't face me. I looked at a dark and Gothic shop nestled between the barber shop and the shoe shop. Windows tinted so black I couldn't see through them, twisted wrought iron adorning the frames, a wooden sign thrust over the door swinging in a slight breeze. A chibi (cute and cartoonish) demon girl smiled mischievously from the sign, holding a red pitchfork and leaning on the business's name.

Lil Temptress Coffee Shop.

"What the hell?" I blinked. My gaze whipped around. Where had my work gone? I was here just yesterday.

Red hair flew around me as I swung my gaze up and down the street, my heart exploding in my chest. Panic surged through me. A restaurant couldn't vanish overnight even if my work had gone out of business. And it was doing fine. Sales were up, the owners pleased.

I closed my eyes, squeezing them so tight my cheeks and forehead muscles ached from the strain. My heart screamed in my chest. I had to be seeing things. This couldn't be happening. I'd open my eyes and everything would be normal.

It wasn't.

"No," I wailed. My breath came fast, too fast. Spots danced before my eyes. I leaned forward, grasping the wrought iron handle of the door, the metal cool and twisted angular in my hands. I shook, the door rattling. "No, no, no."

The world grew hot, oppressive. I fanned my face, feeling the blood fill my cheeks. I couldn't breathe. People walked by, staring at me. The world spun. I clung to the door. It pulled at me, sucking me inward like the great inhalation of a mighty beast. The buzz of people talking, gossiping, whispering at me grew greater and greater, assaulting me, whipping at me. I needed escape.

I yanked the door open and stumbled into the dim-lit interior of the coffee house. The door shut behind me. Sound died. All the whispers vanished. I panted, sucking in breaths, able to breathe again. My hands clutched my black slacks, my purse hanging precariously off my shoulder. Blessed coolness washed around me. My heart slowed as I straightened, looking around, drinking in the atmosphere.

Small, round tables, all made of wood and looking old and used, dotted the coffee house. Each had a single, black candle burning on them, shedding a little light. Above, chandeliers made of the same wrought iron as the exterior, shed enough light to make each table an island in a sea of darkness, beacons between eternity.

I shivered, glancing at the walls. Woodcarvings covered them, at once both ancient and... Modern. I recognized them. They were panels from my doujins. The various sailor scouts with their futa-dicks fucking each other, fucking their friends, cum firing, captured in the carvings of wood.

"What the hell?" I whispered again.

The room groaned.

A counter lay to my right, behind it all the usual accouterments of a coffee house: various mixers and cappuccino machines, flavors for drinks, sinks. An old-fashioned cash register stood next to a small, chalkboard sign with the store's specials written on it. Sinful Cherry Americano \$1.99, the Decadent Double-shot White Chocolate Latte \$2.39, and the Succubus Kiss (Triple-shot, Strawberry-Chocolate Latte) \$2.29.

"Hello?" I called, heart racing as I stumbled to the counter. I had questions. "Is anyone here?" A curtain of red beads led into the store's kitchen and storage. I peered at it, but couldn't see past it. "Where's Hawaiian Burger gone?"

Nothing. My voice echoed.

I bit my lip, glancing at the door. I had to know. Was I out of a job? Was this some sort of elaborate prank? But why would my bosses go to all this effort to prank me?

My hands slid on the cool, waxed counter as I leaned over to peer closer at the beads. My fingers brushed a bell, a soft chime ringing. I blinked, staring at it. The bell had a push tab on top, like the type you'd slap your hand down on at a hotel.

So I slapped it.

And winced.

"Oh, no," I groaned, sharp pain flaring. Chimes rang. A spot of crimson welled in the center of my palm. I glared at the bell while ripping a black napkin from the nearby dispenser. "Stupid thing."

Beads rustled. A girl stepped out of the back, skin so pale like the sun had never touched her in her entire life. Black hair and dark mascara only enhanced her pale, goth look. Blood-red lips smiled, sultry and hungry, as she laid her dark eyes on me. She walked forward, clothing rustling. She wore a corset, lifting her breasts into a lovely shelf of cleavage. A wispy, black skirt rustled about her thighs clad in torn, fishnet stockings. A little, white apron draped over her skirt and tied about her dainty waist.

"Where did Hawaiian...?" My words trailed off as I looked into her eyes.

The world vanished.

My eternity became those dark pools.

They pulled at me, gripping me with unseen hands tugging me towards the barista. I struggled to breathe, trembling. Trying to rip my gaze away, but they held me. The world slipped around me. I wanted to scream, tried to scream, as I plummeted towards--

"What do you want?" she asked.

I blinked, freed from her gaze. The world lurched around me. I stood at the counter. I wasn't falling. "I..." I blinked, struggling to think.



"What do you want?" the barista repeated again, her words a soft, caressing purr.

"I just want to know what happened to Hawaiian Burger," I panted. "Where'd it go?"

"Nowhere," she answered. "What do you want?"

"I..." I frowned at her. "Are you asking for my order?"

"What else would I be asking?"

"But..." Confusion gripped me. Maybe if I bought something. Something strong, to jolt me back into reality. Three shots of espresso would do that. "Fine, I'll take the Succubus Kiss."

Her smile grew, her lips so moist. I wondered if instead of a drink, she'd just kiss me. But she didn't. She rang me up on the cash register, bells ringing as she pressed the buttons. "\$2.41 with tax."

"Right." I opened my purse, pushing past the doujins, and wincing at their bent condition, to find my wallet. I pulled out my debit card, handing it over. She swiped it and returned it a moment later along with a receipt for me to sign.

I did.

"What do you want, Nicole Spencer?" she asked again.

"To know where my work went," I answered, tired of her questions. I was the one with questions.

"What do you want?" She leaned closer, those dark eyes seizing me once more. "What dark desire lurks in your soul?"

My futanari, taboo fantasy reared up inside of me. I shuddered, forcing it back into the recesses of my thoughts while my pussy flared with itching heat. But those eyes seized my fantasy, reaching down my ocular nerve and into my mind. I groaned, hands tightening on the counter, my lips squeezing tight as they pulled at it, demanding I speak them.

"I..." The words forced from my lips. My pussy clenched, juices soaking into my

panties. My clit throbbed, begging to surrender.

The eyes tugged harder.

"I...want..." Sweat broke out on my forehead.

The world lurched forward. Everything swarmed towards those eyes. There was no escape. Every path circled back to her. My thoughts pulled closer and closer to the tips of my tongue, my fantasy bursting out of my mouth.

"I want to become a futanari and fuck my step-mother! I want to show her that futanari are so sexy and that they aren't degenerates! I want her to know how awesome they are! To love them the way I love futanari!"

"Your drink's coming right up," the barista said, her eyes releasing me.

I recoiled backward. It was like playing a game of tug-of-war. I had pulled and pulled so hard against her eyes that when she let go, I stumbled away, unable to stop myself. My arms pinwheeled. My purse slipped off, tumbling to the ground. My ass crashed into a table. The candle rocked and then fell over, snuffing out.

The room grew a little darker.

"Wh-what just happened?" I demanded. "What did you do to me?"

"Do?" the barista laughed, a machine whooshing away. "I took your order."

I shivered, lifting up my palm. The small wound remained, blood smeared across my grip. My head snapped to the door. The image of the chibi demon above made me shiver. Dawning realization struck me.

"What did I just do?" I asked.

Booted heels clicked on the polished, hardwood floors. The barista walked around, holding a black coffee cup steaming with my drink. "Do? You made an order. Enjoy."

She held out the coffee cup.

I don't know why I took it. I couldn't help myself. I gripped it, feeling the heat of

my beverage bleeding through the plastic. The sweet scent of strawberry mixed with bitter chocolate filled my nose. My mouth went dry. I licked parched lips.

And drank it.

Flavor exploded across my tongue. The hot drink poured into my mouth and down my gulping throat. Ambrosia. Heat exploded in my clit. It ached and throbbed as I squirmed. I kept drinking, my head tilting back, chugging the mocha.

I couldn't stop myself.

The door opened. My step-mom walked in, wearing the same tight dress, made of stretchy material, forming a salmon sheath about her curvaceous form. She sauntered through the coffee shop to the counter, not noticing me.

Her ass faced me. I watched it around the side of my cup. My clit ached and throbbed, swelling, growing so hard for that romp. It was so yummy, curved and wiggling as my mom peered at the menu, deciding her order.

The last drops of the mocha dribbled out onto my tongue.

I gasped for air as I set the empty cup down on the table, my round breasts jiggling at the bottom of my vision and...

Naked breasts.

I glanced down. The fact my clothes had vanished was dwarfed by the sight of the huge dick thrusting from the shaved folds of my pussy. The thick shaft bobbed before me, the tip angry red and swollen, precum beading out of the slit. My pussy clenched, labia wrapped around the huge dick.

I glanced at the barista. She leaned on the counter, ignoring my mother, and winked a dark eye at me.

Then my gaze turned to my mother's ass. "Let's see," she was saying. "Your ingredients are all organic, right?"

I rose, in a trance. My dick throbbed and ached, almost pulling me towards that ass. My wish boiled through my mind. it was time to show my mom how

awesome futas were. It was time to find out for myself, too.

Juices dribbled down my thighs. My hands cupped my breasts, brushing my hard, pink nipples. I licked my lips, my red hair rustling about my shoulders and down my back. I stopped right before the tip of my cock brushed my mom's ass.

Then I let it.

"Hi, Nicole," my mom said, not looking behind me as my dick poked her ass. "You don't have to do that. I'll buy you a drink."

"Mmm, but this ass is just so gorgeous, Mom," I purred, my hands seizing both of her globes, digging into the cheeks of her ass through her dress.

She stiffened. "Young lady, what are you doing? You can't grab your mother's ass."

My step-mother threw a look over her shoulder, her eyes widening. She glimpsed my naked tits right before I pressed into her back, her auburn hair smelling so sweet as my face nuzzled into her silky strands.

"Nicole!" she groaned, voice so shocked.

The barista only watched.

My fingers kneaded this perfect ass. All my taboo lusts boiled through me. Finally, I could enjoy my step-mother. No more masturbating. No more pretending I had a futa-dick. This was real. I made my wish to a demon, and she had answered it.

I didn't care what the true price was.

"Just relax, Mom," I groaned. "I'm going to show you something awesome."

"Awesome?" she groaned, wiggling her hips. "What are you doing, young lady? And... What is that?"

"What do you think it is?" I purred, my fingers pulling up her skirt. I shivered, my dick rasping against the stretchy material as I worked it up and over her ass.

"It feels like... But that's impossible. You're my daughter. You can't have...that?"

"What?" I asked, my hands gripping her ass and... Her cheeks were naked. My fingers explored, brushing the narrow cloth arching out of her butt-cheeks at a V, leaving the top of her crack exposed before sliding around her waist. "Are you wearing a thong, Mom? That's not very Christian of you."

"How I dress is none of your business, young lady," she panted, my fingers sliding beneath the thong and into her butt-crack. "What are you doing to me? I'm your mother."

"Such a sexy mother," I moaned, my fingers brushing her asshole. "Oooh, yes, I've wanted to do this for so long."

"Nicole!" she squealed as I sank my pointer finger to the first knuckle into her velvety bowels. I shuddered, savoring the hot, tight glove of her asshole about my digit. "Get your finger out of my bottom right now."

"Mmm, but I like my finger in your asshole," I groaned, wiggling it deeper, my dick throbbing against the hot silk of her butt, precum leaking out the slit and staining her flesh. "It makes me so hard."

"You can't be hard," she groaned, her bowels clenching on my probing digit. "You can't finger my bottom. I'm your mother. I raised you, Nicole."

"Into a hot and horny futanari that just wants to fuck your brains out!" I groaned. "You are so sexy, Mom. I masturbate all the time to you. I just want to love you. Let me love you with my futa-dick!"

"No!" she groaned, squirming. "You can't have a dick. You're a girl."

"A girl with a huge cock. Mmm, I bet your pussy just wants to feel it." My other hand, not busy fingering her asshole, followed her thong lower. I moved along the inside of the gusset, feeling the cloth widened as I brushed the silky hairs of her bush.

Juices dampened them.

And then I found the hot silk of my mom's snatch. She groaned, her bowels tightening on my finger as I caressed her thick pussy lips. Her labia felt so

wicked beneath my fingers as I caressed her, exploring the wrinkled folds, dipping into her cunt.

"Yes, you are just hot for your daughter's futa-cock, aren't you, Mom?"

"Of course not," she whimpered, my fingers probing both her holes now. One rough and velvety, the other wet and silky. My dick throbbed against her asshole. "Please, stop this. This is so wrong. You're going to go to hell."

"I think so," I groaned, feeling the watching barista's eyes. "So let's have fun."

I pulled my finger out of her pussy, the other still wiggling in her hot bowels, and seized my dick. I brought the tip between her thighs, rubbing on the gusset of her thong. I nudged the thin material aside, loving the ticklish caress of her wet pubic hair.

And then I found her pussy lips.

"You feel that, Mom?" I purred, sliding my cock up and down her twat. "That hard, throbbing dick wanting to enter your pussy. That's your daughter's big futa-dick. Isn't that hot?"

"Oh, God," my step-mom groaned, her hips wiggling. "What are you doing to me, young lady?"

"Showing you how awesome futas are," I moaned, pressing my dick into her pussy. Not hard or fast, letting us both savor the slide of my girl-cock into her taboo snatch. "Tell me that doesn't feel awesome?"

She only whimpered as my dick sank deeper and deeper. My sensitive crown drank in the silky caress of her pussy walls. Hot heaven engulfed more and more of my shaft. I groaned, my cunt clenching in sympathetic delight, envying my mom feeling this monster spearing into her depths. Her back arched, both her holes tightening on my cock and finger.

I spread her married cunt open more and more. I sank into taboo pussy. My mother's pussy. This was so hot. All my years lusty at her, dreaming of this moment, and now it happened. I fingered her asshole as my cock bottomed out in her depths.

"Mom, that's my big futa-dick buried to the hilt in you. Isn't that an awesomer dick than Dad's?"

"Take it out! This is so sinful!" she moaned, her pussy clenching on my dick.

"Because you love it?" I asked, my hips moving in slow circles, stirring my shaft through her hot folds.

"I don't," she groaned, her voice liquid lust.

"Liar," I purred, pulling back my hips. Friction burned as my dick slid out of her snatch. She kept squeezing her cunt down on it, her body shuddering. "You love my futa-cock in you. Your pussy just drinks it up."

I rammed back into her.

She let out a moaning, "Yes!" as my crotch smacked into her ass, pressing my hand into her butt-crack, my finger deeper into her bowels. "I do. It's such a huge cock. I've never had a dick so big before. Oh, it dwarfs your fathers."

I grinned at her, drawing back, pleasure racing through my body. The taboo rapture rippled through my body. Juices ran down my thighs in hot rivulets, my pussy on fire as I slammed into my mother's cunt.

We both groaned. Mom leaned over the counter, head looking over her shoulder, green eyes smoldering, face flushed. Her hips moved, wiggling, bucking back into my thrusts as she took my futa-cock over and over.

"Your dick!" she groaned. "Oh, my god, young lady, your dick! It's amazing! You're stirring up your mother's cunt."

"Yes! I knew there was a filthy slut lurking in you," I panted, thrusting so hard, pounding my girl-dick over and over into her. "You try to pretend you're a good Christian, but the way you dress... You like to be looked at."

"I do!" she moaned, pussy clenching down so hard on my thrusting cock and her asshole on my probing finger. "I love it when people stare at my sexy body."

"Even your daughter?"



"Yes!" She shuddered. "I used to enjoy girls. In college! And watching you grow up... When you said you were gay." She shuddered. "The thoughts I had. But this... It's everything I could want. A sexy girl combined with a huge cock! Yes!"

Her pussy rippled about my dick. Her admission set her free. Liberated her to enjoy my futa-cock. I groaned as she came on my shaft. Her pussy milked my thrusting dick. Pleasure rippled through my body, wonderful, new sensations shuddering through me.

I savored it, pounding her so hard. I ripped my finger from her ass. Both hands gripped her hips as I slammed so hard into her spasming depths. Her silky flesh convulsed about my cock, the friction so wonderful as her juices squirted out of her.

Her sweet musk filled my nose, so intoxicating. I breathed it in, my tits bouncing before me as I plowed her ass. Her curvy romp jiggled with each slapping impact. Her auburn hair swept about her shoulders as she gasped and moaned.

"Oh, my god, Nicole, cum in your mother's cunt with that huge dick! I want to feel it! A girl's cum!"

"Yes!" I hissed, my pussy clenching, the pressure swelling in my depths. In my ovaries. "I'll fire so much jizz into your snatch. It'll explode out of me and bathe your cunt."

"Yes, yes, yes, bathe your mother's pussy with your girl-cum!" she moaned, cumming harder, her twat spasming more intensely about my dick. My eyes widened at the pleasure, my lusts boiling my cunt to a hot froth.

I slammed into her depths. The pressure exploded in my depths. I shuddered as I savored the first orgasm with my new futa-dick. I felt the cum racing out of my ovaries and down my shaft. Then the hot spurts erupted from the tip.

Each one sent a surge of rapture through my body. I groaned, pumping my mom full of futa-jizz. Ecstasy reached my mind, mixing with the waves of euphoria washing out of my convulsing cunt. Juices gushed down my thighs.

"Yes, yes, yes, flood your mother's cunt!" Her pussy milked my dick. "There's so much! It keeps filling me!"

"Futas have more cum than a guy!" I panted, my body convulsing as my dick kept erupting. My eyes rolled back into my head. "I love your pussy, Mom!"

"I love your cock, young lady!" she groaned, her back arching, her muscles flexed.

Her dress had vanished. When? How?

I didn't care.

I spurted the final time into her pussy. The pleasure peaked in me as I groaned. I stared down at my futa-dick buried into her snatch. Frothy cum leaked out around my dick, forced out by the immense eruption of jizz I spurted into her depths.

I hungered to taste the mixing of our fluids, to find out just how yummy futa-cum, my futa-cum, was.

I fell to my knees. My step-mom groaned as my dick plopped out of her pussy. I stared at her vulva, her bright-red bush matted by my spunk, more oozing out of her depths. A thick, creamy flood. My hands seized her perfect ass, my tongue stuck out, and I feasted.

I licked up the salty cum mixed with my mother's sweet pussy juices. I groaned, the flavors bursting to life on my tongue, even better than the Succubus Kiss. My fingers dug into her butt-cheeks as I explored deeper, gathering more and more of my girl-jizz.

"Oh, what a nasty young lady you are," she groaned, pussy tightening, forcing out my cum from her depths. "Just eating your mother's messy pussy."

"I've always wanted to eat a futa-creampie," I moaned.

"Cream...pie..? Oh, what a filthy thing to call it. Ooh, eat your mother's creampie. Eat all that yummy futa-filling. Mmm, I want some straight from the source."

"You love my futa-cock, don't you?" I groaned before taking another lap.

"It's awesome," she groaned, her hips wiggling, smearing her hot pussy on my mouth.

I dug my tongue in over and over. I drew out her futa-cum from her depths. I licked and swirled through her pussy, letting the cream pour past my lips. My pussy clenched, my dick throbbed, still hard, aching for a second round, as I licked my mom's pussy.

I've had a few girlfriends, but none of their pussies tasted as amazing as my mom's. Maybe it was the cum seasoning her sweet cream, or maybe it was just the forbidden passion of licking her cunt. Either way, I loved it.

She moaned and groaned, wiggling against my mouth as my tongue licked out more and more of my cum. I gathered it all, probing as deep as I could. My fingers massaged her ass as I scooped out the last of my salty jizz.

And then I devoured only hot pussy.

"Yes, yes, yes, young lady!" hissed my step-mom. "Oh, you're going to make me cum so hard! You're so good at licking pussy."

"I practiced every chance I could so I'd be ready to please you, Mom," I groaned.

"You naughty young lady!"

Her pussy grew hotter. Her juices flowed faster. Cream trickled down my chin and neck. I shivered, my tits jiggling as my body quivered. I licked and swirled, brushing her clit, teasing her, driving her wild. She moaned, wiggling, gasping out her pleasure.

I latched onto her clit. Mine used to be so small like this. I nursed at her little nub, my nose pressed into her pussy, breathing in her sweet musk. She let out throaty moans, quivering on the counter, her ass tensing beneath my fingers.

"Nicole, yes!" she gasped.

Her pussy juices flooded out of her snatch. They flooded over my lips and cheeks. They poured down my chin as she came so hard. I held onto her ass as she bucked, her moans echoing through the coffee house.

"My futa-daughter can eat pussy!" she moaned. "Oh, yes, she can! She just devours me! She feasts on my cunt. I love it!"

"Uh-huh," I groaned.

She bucked on my face as I licked up her flood, moaning, "I need to taste you. I have to suck that cock. I need to suck my daughter's big girl-dick!"

My futa-cock throbbed so hard.

"Yes," I hissed, bolting to my feet. My dick smacked into her pussy as I stood, a wet sound echoing through the coffee house.

My step-mom whirled around. Her big, pillowy tits bouncing before her, nipples fat and hard. My mouth salivated at the sight of them. Then she fell to her knees before me. Her long fingernails, painted French vanilla, dug into my thighs as she pressed her face between my legs.

And licked my pussy.

Having a futa-cock had always been an impossible fantasy. Having my mom lick my pussy, while within in the realm of slim possibility, seemed equally far-fetched. But not today. Today was special. I made a wish.

"Yes, yes, yes, Mom, lick my snatch. Oh, you know what you're doing!" She did. Her tongue knew where to lick and suck and nuzzle in my pussy, caressing my folds.

"Like riding a bike," she moaned. "It may have been twenty years, but I remember how to eat cunt."

Her tongue danced through my folds, her fingernails scratching at my thighs. She probed her tongue into my depths, my dick throbbing over her head. Her green eyes stared up at me, peeking out around my shaft. She moaned, so hungry as she feasted, stirring such desire to the throbbing tip of my dick.

And then she licked through my folds to it. She found the base, ascending my shaft. My dick twitched the entire time. My heart beat faster and faster. I grabbed my tits, squeezing them in anticipation.

Her tongue flicked the spongy crown of my dick.

"Mom!" I groaned, my eyes rolling back into my head. "Oh, my god, Mom, that's so damned amazing!"

"Uh-huh," she panted, her tongue licking around the crown of my dick, gathering my precum. "You taste so good. Pussy and cock."

Then she latched her mouth onto my dick, lips sealed tight, and sucked.

Suction reached into my pussy, into my ovaries. They tightened, fresh cum filling them, ready to flood my mother's mouth. Juices squeezed out of my pussy as I trembled. Having my cock sucked was like having my clit sucked times a million.

Intense delight fluttered through my body. My fingers dug into my round tits. I pinched my nipples, the little tingles dwarfed by the amazing rapture of my mother's sucking mouth. I swayed, my naked toes flexing against the hardwood floors.

The barista watched, her dark eyes hungry, feasting.

Mom bobbed her mouth, sliding it up and down my futa-shaft. She swirled her tongue, as skilled at sucking cock as she was licking cunt. My pussy tightened with every suck, forcing out more cream to dribble down my thighs, filling the air with my spicy excitement.

"Mom," I groaned. "Oh, yes, that's your daughter's cock you're sucking like a whore! A mommy whore!"

She moaned, tongue flicking about the crown, cheeks hollowing. Powerful suction engulfed my dick.

"Oh, yes, so hungry for my futa-cum! You want to guzzle it down."

Her eyes stared up at me, begging as she moaned. Her fingers dug into my thighs, gripping me.

"Yes, and I'm going to give you what you need, Mommy-slut. I'm going to flood your mouth with so much jizz. I'll drown you in girl-cum!"

Mom moaned.

"Yes, you want that," I panted, my ovaries boiling. "Just keep sucking and--"

My ovaries detonated. Shock waves of cum rushed down my dick and fired into my step-mom's mouth. She squeezed her eyes shut, groaning in pleasure as she tasted my forbidden cum. She gulped it down as fast as I fired it.

My body shook and shuddered. My pussy convulsed. Her cheeks hollowed as the suction drew out more and more cum from the depths of my body. I quivered, fingers twisting my nipples. My pussy convulsed. Juices washed down my thighs, brushing my mother's fingers.

"Yes, yes, yes, Mom. Drink your daughter's futa-jizz! I love it."

My cock spurted a last time. I quivered.

Then Mom rose, a hungry look in her eyes. She kissed me hard, our bodies pressed tight. She shoveled salty jizz into my mouth. I savored it, her pillowy tits rubbing into my round breasts as she pushed me to the ground, following me down.

I stretched out on my back on the wood, our mouths never breaking our kiss. Our tongue dueled. Her legs straddled my waist. Her hot pussy rubbed up and down my throbbing dick as our nipples kissed, tingles racing through my body.

She broke it. "You make me so hot, Nicole."

"Yes, Mom," I gasped, loving her hot cunt sliding up my dick. "Please, Mom, fuck me! I need to be in you again."

"Yes!" she groaned, her pussy reaching the crown of my dick, labia engulfing my shaft.

And then she pressed down me.

I groaned, squirming beneath her as her cunt swallowed my futa-cock. My eyes widened as she rose, her heavy tits swaying before her. She stretched her arms over her head, her hips moving, sliding up my shaft as they swiveled.

Hot flesh slid around my dick as she rode me. I groaned, squirming on the hardwood floors. My dick ached and throbbed in her depths. I stared up at her beautiful face, the pleasure twisting across her expression.

"Ride my cock, Mom," I moaned, my pussy tightening as she slid down my shaft. "Mmm, yes, just fuck me so hard."

"So hard," she purred. "This dick is amazing. My daughter has the best girl-cock. The best cock! I'm going to cum so hard on it!"

"Yes," I moaned, my hands seizing her big, pillowy tits.

I shivered, finally massaging this delicious mounds with my hands. My fingers dug into her flesh as I groped them. They shook and jiggled in my hand as she fucked me. My thumbs massaged her nipples, her pussy clenching on my dick every time.

Hot, silky flesh slid up and down my cock. She gripped me hard, riding me so fast. She bucked and writhed, working her married pussy up and down my dick. Taboo rapture flooded out of my pussy, my ovaries boiling as I savored the forbidden.

"I love you so much, Mom!" I groaned.

"Yes," she gasped. "I love you, Nicole. And your naughty cock. I get it! Why you have those naughty comics!"

I beamed at her, watching her ride my dick, savoring my futa-cock. She understood how awesome futanari were. Why they made me so wet. And she was so lucky to get to fuck one. To get to savor this amazing moment. She worked her pussy faster and faster on my shaft, massing my cock, drawing the cum out of my ovaries.

I groaned, clenching her tits as the pleasure built and built. My own breasts jiggled as I squirmed. My toes curled. Her pussy felt amazing, so wonderfully hot and silky, sliding up and down my dick. A juicy peach embracing me in rapture.

"Mom," I groaned, my voice so thick.

"Mmm, yes, baby, cum in me. Cum in your mother's pussy. Flood her with your yummy futa-cum!"

"Yes, Mommy," I howled, my hips thrusting up. "Just a little more. I'm so close. Your pussy's driving me wild."

"Good!" She slammed her cunt down my shaft, engulfing me and grinding her clit into my pubic bone. She shuddered, tits heaving in my groping hands. "Cum in your mother's cunt, you nasty young lady!"

"Mommy!"

My pussy tightened. My body heaved. Cum fired out of my ovaries. Rapture shot through my body. I flooded my mother's pussy with my futa-jizz. Dizzy waves of delight spilled through me. Fuzzy darkness and colorful stars washed across my vision.

Ecstasy bathed my mind.

"Nicole!" she squealed, her pussy spasming about my shaft, milking my dick again. "Oh, yes, honey! Flood your mother's pussy! Give your naughty mommy what she needs!"

"I am!" I groaned, twisting, thrusting up into her.

The pleasure boiled around us. We both thrashed and heaved. I groaned, my eyes fluttering. Blast after blast of hot cum flooded her snatch. It boiled into her cunt, giving her just what she needed. What she craved. And I loved that. It was so hot. So exciting. I was so glad to share this with her.

"Mom!"

"Nicole!"

She shuddered on me, the last blast of my cum squirting into her. Our pleasure peaked. Both of us gasped and heaved. The barista winked at us as we savored the high of our forbidden orgasms. And then the world wavered about us.

We both gasped in shock, the coffee house rippling like I viewed it through water. It distorted more and more, bleeding into something new. Something



familiar. My cock slipped out of my mother's pussy as she rose above me. Her dress appeared on her body, a trickle of my cum working out beneath the hem as a new reality sprang into being.

Hawaiian Burger.

Sound bustled. Wrappers rustled. People ate a nearby table. The buzz of alarms from the deep fryer sounded. Hamburger patties sizzled on the grill. That familiar smell of greasy food mixed with sweet pineapple filled my nose.

"Nicole, why are you on the floor?" my boss, a stout Hawaiian woman, asked. She stared down at me. "Your shift started thirty minutes ago."

"I..."

"My daughter is quitting," my mom said, hauling me to my feet. I wore my uniform again, my new futa-dick hard and bulging the front of my tight slacks. "She needs to help me out at home. A lot."

My boss gaped at us as my step-mom yanked me to the door. I didn't resist.

"Ooh, a lot of help, huh?" I grinned, smacking her ass the moment we were out the door onto the Seattle street.

"Yes," she gasped, her hand groping my futa-dick. "I need my daughter's big shaft stirring me up." Then she bit her lip. "I'm sorry I wanted you to throw out your comics. We could...read them together."

I leaned in. "You know I have videos of futas hidden on my computer. We could watch those together."

"Yes! It'll be hours before your father's home from work! Let's go!"

My pussy clenched, my dick throbbed. I would love my new life as a futa and enjoy every moment with my step-mother.

## **A Queer Sort of Queen**

By Sally Bend

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"Brandi." The haunting, melodic tones of the Queen's voice rang out through the cold, silent halls of the palace. Even after a full year in her service, I still could not get over the way the exquisite marble floors and twelve-foot arched ceilings managed to create such seemingly impossible acoustics. It was as if the entire palace was built to obey her beck and call - which probably wasn't that far from the truth.

I froze in place, carefully bent at the waist, with my well-rounded ass in the air. My tight, binding corset did not allow for much freedom of movement, but it was a small price to pay for such a stunning figure. Of course, it helped that a regular diet of the Queen's futa cum had allowed me to develop a pair of C-cup breasts to go with that ass, and my corset did a stellar job of putting them on display.

"Your presence is requested in the throne room."

A delicious thrill raced down my spine. The only time she 'requested' my presence was when there were foreign dignitaries to be impressed. They came from all over the world to see the Islands for themselves, and to meet the mysterious race that both science and nature said should not exist. For the friendlier dignitaries, I served as something of a tease, a promise of what was possible with the assistance of the Queen and her people. For those who were less than friendly . . . well, they tended to see me as a cautionary tale of what such "ungodly, unnatural perversions" might inflict upon their world.

I gave the mahogany bookcase one last wipe before laying the pink feather duster aside. It didn't do to keep the Queen waiting, but appearances were important, especially before such important guests. As such, a moment to straighten my skirt, another to adjust my naked breasts, and one more to fluff my long, naturally (some might say unnaturally) pink locks, was entirely warranted.

How delightfully curious this all was!

I hadn't known what to expect of the Queen upon my arrival in the Futa Islands, a 'gift' of the Canadian government from whom her tiny nation had claimed its new homeland, but I had come to look forward to such surprises. There was still so much the world did not know about her or her kind, and I took great pride in being the first (and, so far, only) outsider to be granted secondary citizenship as a submissive of the Empire.

It was not just my duty, but also my pleasure, to obey.

I hurried down the spiral stairs, the sound of my three-inch, silver tipped stiletto heels upon the cold marble announcing my presence long before I arrived.

"You called, my Queen?" I halted just inside the door of the small, but sumptuously decorated, throne room, and curtsied deeply. As my training dictated, I lifted my leather skirt high enough to reveal the black satin panties beneath and waited.

"Hmm . . . smooth, no bulge, but I do believe that you are wet." There was no mistaking the knowing glint in her eye. "Is it fresh, Brandi?"

I blushed deeply as my own professionally manicured fingers brushed against the damp spot. While I was prohibited from pleasuring myself, some measure of excitement was expected in her presence. "Yes, my Queen."

It was funny, but even with everything I had seen and become during my time on the Island, this was the one custom that I still found somewhat awkward. I enjoyed it, and thought it a delightful alternative to the meaningless pleasantries and games of handshake dominance back home, but it still felt somewhat taboo. As custom dictated, I held my finger up for her to lick the spot of pre-cum from the tip, intimate proof that it was indeed wet and fresh, and that I was indeed delighted to be in her presence.

"Very good." She grazed the massive bulge beneath her skirt and presented me with three fingers that weren't just damp, but literally coated with futa pre-cum. As taboo as I found my half of the custom, I quite enjoyed this part.

I dutifully opened my mouth and sucked those fingers clean, one-by-one-by-one. Judging by the taste, not only was she delighted to see me as well, but she was

excited about whatever it was that she had summoned me there to assist with.

When I was done, she dismissed me with a wave of her hand. "You may enter and prepare for our guest."

I curtsied low in gratitude, and then set to work.

The first step in my carefully laid-out protocol was to make sure that the heavy, pink velvet curtains were perfectly pleated and symmetrically seated in the burnished silver holdbacks to either side of the massive picture window. As much as the Queen loved her view of the lake, especially on these dark autumn evenings, she insisted that it be perfectly framed. The moonlight on the lake was really quite stunning, and its glow suited her complexion. She said it recharged her.

Next - and this was often the most difficult step of all - I had to guess the Queen's mood, based on nothing more than my taste of those fingers and the way in which she waved her hand. It had been a quick, almost looping motion, which told me that whatever anticipation I had tasted was to be formal in nature.

I stole a quick glance towards the throne and confirmed my immediate impression upon first entering the room. The Queen was dressed primarily in a dark burgundy this evening, with lace accents. That alone told me this was to be an intimate affair, as did the unusual absence of her thigh-high leather boots. It only struck me now that she didn't appear to be wearing any leather at all - a definite first in my experience. I was truly curious as to who our guest might be.

Her velvet dress was full-length with a high neckline, revealing only a glimpse of radiant flesh where the sleeves ended and her matching gloves began. Her makeup was sparse, yet elegant, as always, but her jewelry was rather subdued.

I carefully followed the prescribed lighting protocol, setting the white candles of the room alight, and banishing the harsh fluorescents of the day lamps. As always, I started in the far corner of the room, replacing the lighting there, and then gradually ushering the flame into the Queen's glorious presence. As my hand hovered above the final candle, though, I froze.

The Queen chuckled softly. "Is there a problem, Brandi?"

It was only now, as I held the burning match before me, that I could see the

darkened figure sitting deep in the corner of the throne room. This was certainly something new. I had cleaned every corner of the palace more times than I could count, and there had never been a chair there before. "I . . . please forgive me, my Queen. I did not realize your guest had already arrived."

What I did not betray, of course, was the fact that I had immediately recognized our guest. It would not be polite of me to gossip, but as First Ladies of the world's governing bodies went, she was one of the last people I ever expected to see visit the Island.

My father, the Pope, and her husband being the others.

I quickly lit the last candle and laid the box of matches on the silver tray beside her chair, which I now recognized as having been borrowed from the Queen's own sitting room. I stepped forward and curtsied before our guest.

"Please accept my apologies, Ma'am, and be welcome." Without having been introduced, I had to play dumb, so I curtsied low enough to recognize an honored guest, but not so low as to honor a head of state. She was a woman of luscious curves and glowing skin, dressed in such a fashion that she looked as anonymous as such a beautiful woman can be. Truthfully, she was dressed more as a man than a woman, in a well-cut black tuxedo, with what I now saw to be low-heeled wingtip shoes.

"I do hope you will not think me rude. May I get you a drink, or – oh, my!"

The guest laughed as she gave my adorably imprisoned penis another squeeze. "So, there really is a boy under that sexy costume!"

Such stereotypical continental rudeness! Despite my training, and despite my submissive nature, I wanted to protest loudly. I wanted to cry out that she was wrong, and to deny her crude comment. It was not so much to protect my honor or defend my identity, but to honor the Queen's designation of myself as a Royal Sissy.

Fortunately, the Queen spoke up and chastised our guest herself.

"My dear, really . . . I thought I already made that clear." There was a dangerous edge to the Queen's voice that told me this was not the friendly affair I had expected after all. "As we discussed earlier, the genetic remnants of Brandi's

mainland past are completely irrelevant to me. She is mine, a secondary citizen of the Islands, and she is precisely what I need her to be." There was a long pause. "There will be no more of this boy talk."

I was horrified by the First Lady's laughter, but utterly fascinated by the Queen's indulgence of it. There was a story here, and I was curious to learn the truth of it.

"Then perhaps we should get this show on the road and put her to the test, hmm?"

In response to her haughty arrogance, the Queen released a bored, drawn-out sigh. It was something, I am pleased to say, I had not heard for many months now. If she really held her guest in such disdain, though, why was she so indulgent of her rudeness? Something strange was going on here, but I sensed that things were going exactly as the Queen had planned.

They always did.

"Very well. I understand that your time is short. Brandi's handsome Prime Minister has promised to keep your husband entertained for the night, but I have my own doubts as to how much patience he'll have for hockey and poutine."

Ever the dutiful servant, I managed to contain my laughter. Instead, I shared a knowing smirk with the Queen, who never tired of poking gentle fun at Canadian culture. The truth was, she was nearly as fascinated by us as we were by her, which was why she had chosen to establish her Island futa nation here.

She pointed towards her guest's red cummerbund and waved her fingers dismissively. "If you would, please, Brandi?"

"Of course, my Queen." I knelt carefully before our guest, arranging my skirt around me. As I unzipped her pants, the dampness of her white cotton panties immediately caught my eye. I understood that she was in disguise – it must have been the only way she could escape the official function back on the mainland – but I had really expected something more exquisite from a such a well-known, fashion conscious woman.

I undid her belt and caressed those plain white panties. They clung tightly to her mound, outlining the swollen lips of her vagina. For a moment, I paused.

My feelings about this whole situation confused me.

I found that I was disappointed she wasn't futa. To my surprise, I was genuinely saddened that she didn't have a cock. Such a thought would have never entered my mind prior to coming to the Island, but the Queen had trained me well. She had taught me all about what would be expected of me as a Royal Sissy, and had thoroughly trained me to take pleasure from my duties. Not that my pleasure was ever to be my primary concern, but she firmly believed that the best sissies were those who took satisfaction in their submission.

The Island was not a place of slavery, but of submission. It was not in the futa nature to denigrate, but to dominate.

"Go ahead, Brandi. You know very well it is nothing that you have not enjoyed before."

She was right, of course, but the way she said it . . . well, there was clearly something at work here that I didn't yet understand.

I had always been submissive.

Prior to coming to the Island, however, that submission had always been to a woman.

I had actually been very well known in certain BDSM circles for my skill at cunnilingus, and my delight at being subjected to extended queening sessions. Whereas other submissives could boast about their ability to endure extended queening, I truly delighted in the sensation of being smothered by the moist warmth of a woman's sex, especially - and I suspect this was what had led me to the Queen's attention - when she has been recently fucked and full of a man's seed.

Whether she really had known that when she accepted me as a secondary citizen, my cunnilingus was a skill the Queen appreciated as well, coming equipped as she did with both penis and vagina - or, cock and cunt, as she liked to remind me when in the throes of passion. I had become so accustomed to her, however, that a simple vagina . . . well, it seemed to be missing something.

"Of course, my Queen." When I turned back to face our guest, I saw that she'd already slipped both pants and panties down her legs, allowing her to spread her

legs wide.

I placed my shiny pink lips around the nub of her clitoris and kissed it softly, leaving a ring of lipstick around it. I thought she tasted a bit odd, but perhaps it was just that I'd grown so used to the taste of the Queen. Strange as it was, it was not unpleasant. Her clitoris was certainly softer, with a different texture than a cock, but the shape was one my mouth had long become accustomed to - even if it was so small. I slowly took her clit into my mouth, coating it with saliva, and then began gently sucking while slowly pulling away.

After a few minutes of this, I let my tongue trace a path down through the moist center of her valley, swirling it back and forth against the insides of her fat, swollen lips. Now, this was a taste that I remembered fondly, and one that wasn't so very different from the Queen's own vagina. I wiggled my face between her lips and drove my tongue as deep into her hole as I could, licking and thrusting my way inside her.

"Mmmm." Our guest moaned in delight. Apparently, she quite liked that, judging by the way she grabbed the back of my head and pulled me hard against the dampness of her sex. "Tell me, oh glorious Queen." She was writhing upon her chair, thrusting forward to meet my tongue, all but fucking herself upon my face. "From . . . from where do your kind originate?" This was a feeling I remembered very well from my days upon the mainland, although I suspected it had been quite some time since she had last enjoyed such pleasure. "I must admit," she suddenly groaned deeply, her thighs tightening about my head, "your complexion has me perplexed."

I knew very well what she was talking about. I had spent many an hour contemplating that very same question. The Queen - and all futa, by extension - seemed to be of all races and none. There was something of the indigenous people to her skin; something of the Orient to her eyes; and something of the Mediterranean to the bones of her face. Her hair looked almost Nordic, while her curves were far more European.

By contrast, outsiders like the First Lady looked almost plain and boring, despite her well-cultivated beauty.

Once her thighs relaxed, I turned my head to first one side, then the other, kissing and nibbling gently upon the lips of her vagina. I pulled the loose flesh



between my lips and sucked hard upon it. She squealed as she thrust herself against me once more. The First Lady wasn't quite a squirter, but she was messy when she came. Juices were running down my face and her legs, making the both of us slippery with cum.

"Tsk, ts, tsk." I wasn't sure if the Queen was smiling, but I could hear the strain in her voice. She did not like to be questioned about her kind's origins, and our guest knew it. "Let us speak of other things. In fact, perhaps we should enjoy the moment and allow Brandi to do her work with only the symphony of lust to accompany her."

Having shown the First Lady's hole the love it deserved, I returned my attention to her clitoris, which had grown significantly while I was busy. This time, when I took it into my mouth, there was almost an inch of semi-firm flesh pressing against my tongue. I had heard of grow-ers and show-ers before, but have never realized it could apply to women as well as men.

This evening was turning out to be just full of surprises!

"Oh, oh, oh!" She jerked herself back, pulling her clit from the tightness of my lips. "I feel that. Oh, my god. I mean, goddess. I mean, Queen." She was blubbering like some kind of infatuated schoolgirl. I had to look up for a moment to share her smile.

After all, I remember having the very same problem with my speech the first time the Queen and I had been intimate.

"I dared not believe it." She almost sounded scared, but delighted at the same time. "I mean, I wanted to, but it seemed so far-fetched." I watched her touch the tip of her cock, then recoil at the alien sensation. "I was sure I was risking this visit for nothing."

When I looked back down, I was surprised to find a very erect, generously swollen cock waving before me. As she thrust it towards me, it left a smear of pre-cum across my nose. Despite my hunger, I stopped and stared in wonder.

I had done this.

Somehow, I had made her grow a cock.

I didn't know how I knew, but I had turned the First Lady into the First Futa.

For a moment, I wasn't sure what to do next, but the Queen's training soon took over. I dropped my head down and took the First Lady's small, hairless ball sac into my mouth. They were hot and kind of squishy, something I wasn't sure I liked, but I knew how important it was to worship all aspects of one's futa majesty. After a few moments of gentle sucking and licking, I let them fall away to bounce against my chin as I began licking my way back up her newly formed shaft.

Fully erect, I gauged her cock to actually be a bit thinner than my own sissy clit, but easily three times as long. It, of course, couldn't begin to compare with the Queen's delectable monster, but from what I'd learned so far during my service, she was unusual even for a futa.

Upon reaching the tip of what I suddenly recognized to be virgin cock, I gave her purple cockhead a proper kiss and swirled my tongued against her slit. Her precum was sweet, just like the Queen's, with none of the salty tang of a man. I kept a tight seal around her cock as I plunged my head down and took all of her into my mouth. I was disappointed that her cock wasn't long enough to force its way very far down my throat, but also perversely pleased to know that only the Queen had ever gagged me in that way.

"Oh. Oh. Oh, yes. Your sissy is just marvelous!" Her voice climbed ever higher in a satisfied squeal of delight. The First Lady grabbed a handful of my bright pink locks, wrapped them around her hands, and forced me to suck even faster. I began bobbing my pretty head up and down in time with her thrusts.

She was a quick learner.

From her seat across the room, the Queen laughed. "You do not know the half of it, my dear. When Brandi first showed up in my throne room, she looked rather dour and out-of-place. I honestly was not sure what the Canadians could have been thinking when they sent her to me, but then she curtsied, and I saw the truth." I heard her chuckle, giggle almost, at the memory. "I invited her under my skirt and saw that she had her first taste of futa cock right then and there."

I blushed red in embarrassment at the memory, but continued working to please our guest.

"I kept her there for the afternoon, allowing her to get to know every curve of my cock, and as I read the letter she brought from her Prime Minister, I decided to administer her citizenship test right then and there."

Suddenly, just as I felt the warm penis begin to swell beneath my tongue, our guest pushed me away. Not sure what she expected by way of a response, I giggled demurely and lunged forward for another taste.

"Stop that!" She slapped my cheek hard enough to leave a mark. "I'm curious to hear the rest of your story. You can lick me until I tell you to continue."

The Queen's sigh told me she was less than pleased with my treatment, but she continued anyway.

Since she gave me no indication to the contrary, so did I, only somewhat discreetly and far more gently.

"I gave her no warning, no word of caution. I simply released myself into her, flooding her mouth with a full day's worth of futa cum. She had to have been surprised, but she sucked and swallowed like one of the Island's own, never so much as spilling a drop."

I moaned in delight, remembering the delight of that hot, warm, gloriously tasting surprise. If you have never tasted futa cum, it is almost like candy!

"By the end of that first day she had greedily swallowed half a dozen loads, her body hair had disappeared, her breasts had swollen to an A-cup, and her hair was already turning pink at the roots." She reached over to caress the back of my head as I continued licking our guest. "She said I tasted like cotton candy, so I find the pink cotton candy hair rather fitting."

Our guest growled. I could tell she wanted to explode in my mouth, but something more than wanting a story was holding her back. "Amusing, but I hardly think my husband will be so docile." Suddenly, she grabbed my head again and forced me to swallow her entire penis. A part of me thrilled at being used to roughly, even as I lamented the fact that she wasn't bigger.

The Queen quietly asked, "What did you think it will take to break him?"

"Oh, break him! I do so love the sound of that!" She began thrusting into my

mouth again and again, never releasing her hold upon my head. I felt her cock begin to swell. I tried to pull back, to ensure I tasted it all, but grip was too firm to allow me to pull away.

"Stop," The Queen didn't need to raise her voice. Her tone was enough to convey her intention. "I thought I made myself clear." I couldn't see, but it sounded as if the Queen had stood up from the throne. "You only have one orgasm in you. Use it, and you lose it."

She snapped her fingers.

I immediately pulled myself off the First Lady's cock, ignoring her desperate, lust-fueled hold, and came over to kneel at the Queen's feet.

"I told you, we can change the world, one sissy and one futa cock at a time, but you have to pick your battles." She gently stroked my hair, a sure sign that she was pleased with my performance. "I did not invite you here, and put Brandi at your disposal, just to have you waste your chance."

The movement of the Queen's foot was subtle, almost a twitch, but I knew what was required of me. While they talked, I discreetly fixed my makeup with the kit the Queen kept beneath her throne. Applying my foundation was a skill I'd mastered early, but matching the right shade of lip-liner to my lipstick was something, for some reason, I still fretted over. While the Queen limited me to only the brightest shades available, she always left me enough choice to make me work at deciding.

"It's not fair!" The First Lady sounded like a petulant brat. There she stood, in a disheveled shirt and jacket, with loose cummerbund around her waist, and her pants still around her ankles, with a cock bobbing anxiously before her. Combined with her haughty, childish attitude, it was almost comical. "To have such power between one's legs and not be able to use it. It's just cruel."

The Queen ignored the tantrum and steered the conversation back to the matter at hand. "If you promise to bring him to me once he is broken, Brandi here will be more than happy to provide what you need to ensure your husband's . . . shall we say, moment of docility." As our guest looked on, the Queen beckoned me to turn around and stand before her.

"Please present yourself, Brandi." I quickly struggled out of my tight, binding,

body-hugging leather skirt. Although it flared dramatically about my legs, the high waistband was laced as tightly as my corset. Once I was free of the soft, supple leather, I made sure to keep my hands at my side so as not to cover my cute, well-caged little cock.

When the Queen handed me the condom, I am embarrassed to say I lost some of my composure. In fact, I squealed like a little girl, delighted not just at what I knew was to come, but by the thought of what was to come after. Although it ballooned comically around the head and shaft of my tiny cock, the condom fit securely over the base of my cage, holding it in place.

"Brandi will provide what you need," she repeated, "but it is up to you how you get your husband to consume it."

The Queen snapped her fingers. I reached back, placed my hands upon the arms of her throne, and lifted myself into the air. I slowly wiggled backward until I could feel the tip of the Queen's massive futa cock brushing the cheeks of my ass. For a moment, I panicked, worried that I may have neglected to prepare myself, but then I remembered that today was an unplugged day.

"You're not . . ." The First Lady's eyes grew wide. "I mean, that is, you don't intend to . . ." Her own cock forgotten about for the moment, she raised her hands to her mouth. "She can't . . . she won't . . . she wouldn't!"

When the Queen snapped her fingers a second time, I let go of the throne and let my full weight drop into the Queen's lap. Her cock plunged all the way inside me, buried to the hilt on the first thrust. The pain was indescribable, but it paled in comparison to the pleasure. Unless you have been filled by futa cock, then you cannot possibly imagine how it feels. Yes, there is that sharp, burning pain that you would expect from being so brutally stretched, but a true futa cock leaks precum constantly, to the point where the Queen must wear a condom of her own – far larger than mine, of course – when she leaves the throne room. That precum serves as a wonderful lubricant, easing her entry, but it also contains a biological compound, unique to her kind, that transmutes that pain into pleasure.

My eyes rolled back in my head and my mouth opened wide in a silent scream.

"Do not hold back," she whispered in my ear, her teeth nibbling at my lobe. "Let it go, let it flow."

I whimpered and babbled uncontrollably as I writhed upon her lap, forcing my prostate to rub against the rock-hard contours of her shaft. There was barely an inch of movement, just a small gap between us that opened and closed with my bouncing, but it was enough to rub that magic spot and make me see stars. If you have never experienced a sissygasm, then I really don't know how to describe it to you. Whereas a male orgasm is like a spike of pleasure – sudden, sharp, and quickly over – a sissygasm builds slowly, and then explodes upon a plateau of pleasure that can seem endless.

"Quickly." The Queen was panting. "Quickly, foolish woman. Grab it and tie it off before it falls!"

I was too far gone, too lost in pleasure to watch, but I felt the heavy condom being wrestled off my cock, and heard the telltale 'snap' of latex knotted tight.

"There must be half a cup here. Unbelievable."

The Queen gently wrapped one arm around me and pulled me back against her breasts. Her cock was still buried inside of me, but she had stopped thrusting, and I had stopped wiggling. Sitting like this was one of the most wonderful sensations in the world. At least once a week we would spend an entire day connected like that, not actively engaging in anything sexual, just sharing a kind of intimate embrace that few who were not of the Island could imagine.

"Have your husband drink that, and he will be ready." She kissed the top of my head, then gently lowered it to her the crook of her shoulder. "Do it quickly, while it is still fresh, and do not dilute it."

The First Lady just stood there, half-dressed in her stolen tuxedo, her borrowed cock half-limp between her legs, with a gifted condom of sissy precum in her hand. For the first time that evening, it seemed like the façade of the First Lady had cracked, just a little bit, revealing the woman beneath. "What . . . what will it do?"

"It will relax him, make him compliant, and remove his inhibitions. You must still be careful not to arouse his suspicions, as he is a strong-willed man, and even Brandi's juices cannot completely cure such a homophobic monster, but have him drink that and he will be powerless to resist the pleasure once you are inside him."

I saw a cloud of doubt cross the First Lady's face. It lent her an air of humanity that was really quite lovely. I began to feel as if I may have judged her harshly, based more on her husband's behavior than her own, and had not credited her enough with the awkwardness of this evening's situation. "And . . . and what will happen to him afterward?"

The Queen laughed. "Have no worries, my dear. He is just about the last person to whom I would offer secondary citizenship here on the Island." She raised her free hand to my lips, and I sucked up the last dribbles of precum that she had collected while we sat there. "If we are to truly become an international community, then I will need additional islands for my people. All I wish of your husband is for him to follow Canada's example."

"If he does . . ." The First Lady paused as she pulled up her pants and adjusted her disguise. "If you get your Island, might I be permitted to visit some time?"

"Alone?"

She blushed. Deep, red, and to the roots. It was the first genuine, unguarded emotion we had seen from her all evening. "Actually, I think I might like to bring my son. Follow Canada's example, if you know what I mean." Suddenly, she darted forward to boldly plant a kiss upon my lips. "Brandi here is remarkable, but she can't be in two places at once."

I couldn't see it, of course, but I felt the Queen's smile in how she squeezed me tight. I suspected these final few moments had opened her eyes as well. In all honesty, my dear, I look forward to it."

END

## **Gimme an F!**

by Lyka Bloom

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There was something sinister about the athletic building after hours, when most of the campus had moved on to parties or dorms or just getting away from the college for a bit. Shelby could sympathize. She wanted to be back in her off-campus apartment, maybe studying or just watching a little television with her roommate, Kat. Instead, she was shifting the heavy gym bag on her shoulder and marching down the gray-dark hallways of the Felton Center so she could go to the foul-smelling locker room and change into the cheer uniform that she had grown to loathe. Another wave of apathy struck her and she had to battle herself from turning on a sneakered heel and getting out of there. Hadn't she proved all she needed to?

When Trevor, her last boyfriend, had told her how pretty she was (well, he used the less elegant word 'hot,' but the point was taken), Shelby had denied it. Growing up in the shadow of Christine, her older sister and confirmed homecoming queen, Shelby had always felt like the runner-up in life's great beauty pageant. She wasn't ugly, certainly, but she was shorter than the statuesque Christine, with a slightly thicker build that made her look almost squat. What some mistook for being chubby was solid strength, which the whole stupid cheer thing had revealed. She never would have joined, though, had it not been for Trevor and his predilections for girls in uniform. So, despite Shelby's muscular body and sharply defined features, her long brown hair that had a rich volume, her breasts that were just a shade away from being too small, but instead hung like perfect teardrops from her chest - despite all that, Trevor had ditched her for a slut on the dance team.

Kat had cried with her and cursed Trevor and all the things a good friend does, but it had been her suggestion to fight fire with fire that woke something in Shelby. The very next day she had marched into the athletic director's office and asked how she could join the cheer squad for their school. Being a small regional arts college, Shelby found the process surprisingly simple. She was brought



before the cheer captain and the female instructor who sponsored the school's cheer squad where she was made to do a handful of moves, from somersaults to splits, which Shelby easily managed.

The one aspect of her recruitment that made the day somehow less than perfect were the stares of the other girls on the squad who had gathered to watch. Shelby felt their stares and the familiarity of them, the narrow-eyed judgment that came with her daring to set foot into their world. Just like high school, Shelby recognized, the cliques that form and become fiercely territorial.

She felt apart from them from the first day, and that continued through the first weeks of her trial membership. She attended practices, changed with the other girls, but there was no sense of community, at least not one that extended to her. The cruelty of the other cheerleaders took the shape of quiet politeness when the girls would speak to her. Short, crisp sentences that refuted further conversation. It made Shelby feel terribly alone, even in the midst of the other girls on the squad.

She shared classes with three of the girls in the tight-knit circle of cheerleaders, two on the same day with Tricia, the alpha of the squad if ever there was one. With enviably long and slender legs, a flat belly and a healthy bust, Tricia's blonde mane bounced with the rest of her whens he moved down the hallways, drawing stares of lust from the boys and jealous glances from the girls. She wore a perpetual smile, as if she understood better than anyone how her genetic lottery had given her such distinct advantages over the plainer girls of the world like Shelby.

She'd been in the squad for almost six weeks when the first of the weirdness began. It started with Miss Fischer, the woman who served as adviser for the cheer squad. She had gone away on some weekend retreat in the mountains or something and, from the first Monday back, she seemed... off. Fischer, whose first name was Debbie, was a pretty woman for a middle-aged history professor, enjoying long and flowing skirts and flat sandals, maybe the occasional secretary's skirt if she were feeling particularly flirty, but generally seen as a kind and friendly woman, if a bit shy.

The Debbie Fischer that greeted the cheer team on that first practice upon her return was an entirely different person. She looked the same (well, mostly), but there was a glint in her eye. For years, Shelby had heard that expression and

never realized it could be a thing, but there was some light in Miss Fischer's eyes, a knowing look that said she understood something no one else did, and that secret knowledge pleased her. Besides the more playful attitude she displayed, occasionally bordering on the lewd, there was the matter of Fischer's wardrobe. Gone were the billowy skirts, replaced by something dark and tight and noticeably higher-hemmed than Fischer's previous wardrobe. With much of her bare legs showing, Shelby appreciated how good she looked, and matched with the less-clingy blouse, she looked semi-professional, if sexy.

She paced the practice, twirling a whistle around her finger, making short strides on very high dark patent heels. She watched the girls with an uncomfortable intensity. When Shelby was bending down, forming part of the base of the human pyramid they had formed, she was sure she felt Fischer's hand follow the curve of her uniform-clad ass, a gesture that lingered too long to be mere accident.

"You girls make me proud," she said as the practice waned. "All of you working so hard to be so perfect and toned. Little dolls for the men to get dazed by. They don't appreciate all you have to offer, but they will, girls, they will."

She paused for a long minute, looking into each girl's eyes, weighing them in her stare.

"Tricia, I need to see you for a moment in my office."

"Yes, Miss Fischer," Tricia chirped back at the sensual instructor and the rest of the practice ended normally.

Shelby watched the attractive blonde linger as her usual gaggle of cheerleaders shuffled to the locker room. She watched as Tricia disappeared into the office of the adviser, the pebbled glass lining the office allowing only a glimpse of silhouettes. Even with that handicapped vision, Shelby could see how close Fischer was to Tricia, more like lovers than an instructor and her student. With a shrug, Shelby followed the others into the locker room to change, but she couldn't shake the creeping dread that came along with the otherwise-hilarious news that Tricia might be gay. It would make her more interesting, Shelby decided.

She saw Tricia again the next day, the two of them in the science building next to the common center. Shelby ducked into the women's room for a quick check of her makeup after trotting across campus in weather that could charitably be

described as disgustingly humid when she saw her teammate. Tricia was standing before the mirror, her hands gripping the sides of the sink, staring intently at herself. Her hair, while still gorgeous, was wilder, the normally carefully-styled hair loose on her shoulders. She ran her tongue over her lips, which were full and pouty and left open and glistening after the languorous lick. Her head turned slightly when she saw Shelby behind her, pausing to watch Tricia in the mirror.

"Shelby," she said, her tongue curling around the name in a way both diminishing and spectacularly erotic. "Going to be at practice tomorrow?"

"Yeah," Shelby said with a smile she hoped would look natural and easy when it was all she could do to keep it plastered on her face. "Of course."

Tricia nodded and returned her gaze to the mirror. "Good," she repeated.

It was after she exited the bathroom in a hurry that Shelby realized Tricia had been dressed like she was heading for the club instead of class. She had chosen a very tight-fitting top in a salmon color, short sleeved and Shelby could have sworn she saw the shape of her hard nipples beneath. The skirts he wore was suede, falling to mid-thigh, but it could not hide the pronounced curve of Tricia's voluptuous ass. Like the blooms of light after a flash goes off, the image of Tricia in front of the mirror lingered with Shelby, long after Tricia made her appearance in the classroom, where she sat among her more attractive friends.

Occasionally, she would look back at Shelby, and the smaller girl saw that same look of knowing amusement in Tricia's eyes she had seen in Miss Fischer's. It was as if Fischer had imparted some deliciously evil and naughty tidbit to Tricia, who was poised to tell others. Even as she thought it, Shelby shoved the thought away as ridiculous. Being sexy was not contagious. But even Tricia's usual companions were looking at their friend askance, as if they too recognized that something had changed, even if it wasn't immediately obvious.

The next day was Shelby's less cheerleader-infested days, with most of her classes taking her to the Humanities building where few of the other cheerleaders dared. Still, she caught sight of Tricia again that morning before her classes began, wearing a very thin white long-sleeved top that highlighted the round shape and enhanced size of her chest. If Shelby didn't know her better, she would have said Tricia got a very aggressive boob job to intentionally make her

breasts more like taut globes on her chest. With those on display and a brief navy skirt wrapped around her waist, resting atop tall white heels, she looked almost statuesque. More disturbing, there were two of her friends gathered around her, a tight circle of the three of them. Madeline, with her deeply tan Mediterranean skin and Christy, who boasted light red hair that looked blonde under the light. They, too, had that same hungry look and, while not as physically changed as Tricia, they had chosen clothing that showed off their skin more, and Shelby was sure they were heavier up top, too. When he passed, she caught Madeline's eyes, and the tan-skinned beauty dropped a lascivious wink with a flick of her tongue over her lips. It chilled her, and Shelby hurried past them to her class.

All day, she dreaded the time cheerleading practice rolled around, and when she was back in that cool gray tunnel with its reek of sweat and old soda, she shouldered her bag and felt its weight even more intensely. Her shoes squeaked on the hall floor, and she could hear the distant clatter of the boys crashing into one another on the field as they ran their drills. The urge to abandon this ridiculous exercise in proving to herself... what? That she was pretty? That she could be the Homecoming queen, too? Whatever it was, it had been supplanted by a low-burning fear and a deeper curiosity. She had to know what was happening, even if every good instinct told her that what was happening was bad. Maybe very bad.

She entered the locker room, noting that the three girls she suspected as being touched by something, that indistinct 'badness,' were not there. There were a dozen of them, though, and Shelby was certain she saw signs of that wild aura around Kelly and Deanna, who were huddled together as they changed, allowing the rest to go about their business as they stood in their cheer skirts but were otherwise topless. It wasn't unusual to see a bare breast in the locker room, but it was definitely odd for these girls to be so brazen about it.

She was made more uncomfortable by the fact that the girls seemed to be looking at her, watching her as she quickly changed. Now that she was in the locker room, ignoring the occasional metallic bangs! as doors were slammed shut and girls emptied onto the gym floor, her bravado faded. She wanted to leave, but instead followed the train of normal girls into practice. At least, Shelby mused, there was safety in a group.

When she and the others marched into the gymnasium, Shelby was immediately struck by the odor. Not bad, but something wavering amid the usual smells of

sweat and age. This was musky and earthy and she found that it clung to her nostrils when she breathed, making her mouth taste of it, too. She found Miss Fischer huddled with Tricia, Christy and Madeline, the four of them whispering to one another and looking at the girls as they filed in. The fact that they were all smiling in that dark way did nothing to calm her, but Shelby took her place at the edge of the basketball court's lines, awaiting the beginning of practice. There was a titter, low conversations that Shelby caught at the edges where the others were expressing the same concerns about their teammates.

Once all the girls had fallen into place and Kelly and Deanna filed in, joining the quartet of odd women at the center of the court, and a peculiar hush settled over the gymnasium as Fischer moved forward, addressing the cheerleaders kneeling on the line. The half dozen women who had developed their odd stares stood before the assembled cheerleaders, Tricia with an arm draped around Madeline's waist in an unusually familiar way.

"Girls," Fischer said, smiling in a way that did not meet her eyes, "we have done a lot of work on our routines lately, but what we have failed to acknowledge is one of the basics. Trust. It is the fundamental building block of teamwork, and I feel like some of us-" she paused, scanning the kneeling cheerleaders with her eyes, "-have not lived up to their end of the trust bargain required of us. So, today we are going to do something unusual. We are going to spend some time together without routines or cheers. I have a list of the people I would like paired together. Christy will have your assignments and I will be joining each of our pairs for a moment to make sure you are not wasting our time. Understand, ladies?"

There was a general murmur of agreement, and then the cheerleaders were rising, filing into a line before Christy while the other five women watched as each cheerleader received her assignment. Shelby followed the wave of bodies, hurriedly doing the mental math that told her that there were only five of the 'strange' girls, and would not be able to pair in a one-to-one basis. She was seventh in line, so assumed she would be with one of the normal girls, and she was already promising herself that the curiosity she was feeling was not worth the accompanying paranoia and dread. And then she was standing before Christy, her skin looking darker, like she had been tanning since Shelby last saw her.

"Shelby," Christy announced with a grin. "You'll be with Tricia."

"What?" she said, surprised and unable to hide it.

"Just follow her. I'm sure you'll find something to talk about."

Shelby stood still until Christy took her by the arm, pulling her gently out of the line and ushering her toward Tricia, who waited with a leering gaze, her arms folded beneath her formidable chest. Shelby shuffled toward her, the lumpy feeling of fear in her stomach alight, growing until she was nearly trembling. Should she run? Make a fool of herself by running in terror from the cheerleader in the middle of a sunlit gymnasium?

The look of bemusement on Tricia's face warped into something less benign, a hungry look that made Shelby feel like one of those butterflies pinned in a glass case. She pushed herself from the casual lean against the wall and moved toward Shelby, slipping her arm in the shorter girl's arm, as if they were dates on their way to a dance. Except Shelby could feel the wrongness of Tricia coming off of her, a heat and an odor that was not unpleasant, but was difficult to place. Tricia was leading them across the gym floor back to the locker room.

"Are we changing? Maybe going for dessert?" Shelby asked, assuming a mask of normalcy.

"Something like that," Tricia replied enigmatically. " Trust me, you are going to love it."

Shelby cast a look behind her, seeing some of the others being led away into the far corners of the building by the suspicious girls, but then the locker room door was opening and Shelby was isolated from the rest of the world, left alone with Tricia in the gray gloom of the locker room.

"You know, I think maybe cheerleading isn't for me," Shelby said. "I think you and Madeline and Deanna are way better than me. It's been fun, but-"

"No, no, no," Tricia said, spinning Shelby to face her. "You are part of the team, Shelby. And it's my fault you haven't felt like part of the squad, Shelby. I haven't been very welcoming, have I?"

She had released Shelby's arm, but the way she continued to press closer made Shelby back up a step, which only prompted Tricia to follow until Shelby heard the hollow metal rattle of a locker bang against her back. It was strange to feel so

claustrophobic in the cavernous locker room, the distant drip of water on tile punctuating the silence as Tricia closed in on Shelby.

"What are you doing?"

Tricia's haunting smile widened, her eyes fixed on Shelby. Despite the intense fear that was growing in Shelby, she felt another sensation, too. She felt her pussy growing wet. She wondered absently if this was the female equivalent of what boys called a 'fear boner,' then tossed the thought away as Tricia gripped her by the shoulders. There was no question of her beauty, even in this altered and somehow wild state. No matter that Shelby had never been with a girl, or that Tricia, in particular, would not have been the kind of girl that she would have normally found attractive, but this nearness to her was pushing away all reason.

"I want you to be one of us, Shelby. I can't tell you how wonderful it feels."

"One of you? A cheerleader?"

Tricia laughed, a low sound that ended with her pressing her lips roughly to Shelby's mouth, her tongue pushing past Shelby's lips and invading her mouth. There was something sweet in her saliva, and Shelby felt her arms lifting to touch Tricia's arms, not to push her away, but to feel her bare skin, warm under Shelby's fingertips.

Tricia's hand found Shelby's breast, cupping it beneath the cheer uniform's top, the coarse fabric of the uniform's vest scratching against Shelby's skin as Tricia's adventurous hand kneaded her, pinched her nipple until it was hard. Shelby was returning the kiss, now, as exuberant as was Tricia, and she couldn't be bothered to worry if someone should come in and discover them like this. She only knew she wanted more, twisting her head to kiss Tricia more deeply, back arching against her hand.

"That's it," Tricia whispered as the kiss broke, a brief respite before Shelby buried her face against Tricia's neck, kissing the tender flesh, inhaling and holding in the scent of the cheerleader's hair. Shelby allowed her hands to fall to Tricia's ass, reaching beneath the flared skirt to grip the girl's firm bottom. At the touch of her hot skin, Shelby moaned, her body writhing against the taller girl's.

With Tricia's hands resting on Shelby's shoulders, she eased the smaller girl

down, her hands pausing to feel the round globes of Tricia's chest, licking through the material of her top to worship Tricia's massive chest. When she reached her knees, Shelby looked up into Tricia's eyes, which seemed to flair with an odd purple hue.

"I have something for you," Tricia grinned. "Do you want it?"

Delirious from Tricia's advances and that unknown something that kept her thoughts addled and focused only on feeling more of Tricia's body, Shelby nodded emphatically. "Yes, please yes!" she cried.

"You're going to love this."

Tricia slowly unbuttoned the skirt and let it drop, bending to slide down her dark, high-cut panties along with the attached shorts of the uniform. Shelby had time to think, 'Well, this is it. I'm about to go down on another girl,' when she found herself face-to-face with the trimmed mound leading to Tricia's cleft. The smell she detected before was more intense, and she realized now that the scent that was driving her so mad originated here, between Tricia's legs. She was eager to lean into Tricia, to place a gentle kiss on Tricia's folds.

"Very good," Tricia moaned at the first contact, balling her fists into Shelby's hair. And then he giggled, but nothing so innocent as the titter of a cheerleader. This was a black sound, the utterance of someone who knows that they have a secret and it is near time to reveal it.

Shelby barely considered the sound, her hands wrapped around the back of Tricia's thighs as her mouth moved to lap at the slit before her, her tongue following the curling folds as her eyes dimmed, her whole world focused on the taste that was flooding her mouth. She pressed her pink muscle a little further, opening Tricia's petals and curling her tongue to collect the juices that flowed freely from this ripe flesh. Her tongue slid inches into Tricia's canal, the coppery and sweet taste of the larger girl's natural lubricant urging Shelby onward, her tongue retracting to attend Tricia's clit.

Her eye popped open as she realized that the tight knot of nerves she expected was missing, or was entirely different from her own. It seemed coiled, perhaps, or simply diminished, until it moved under her tongue, as if she had woken some sleeping beast.



"It's so different," Tricia mused, 'but it feels sooo good."

She held Shelby's face against her as the malformed clit began to grow longer, thicker. Shelby tried to follow its growth with her tongue, tracing the edges of the strange protuberance, but it was growing quickly now, hardening into a long cylinder of flesh that was expanding insistently against her lips. With a sharp tug of her hair, Shelby's mouth opened to release a cry of pain and found her voice stifled by the sudden intrusion into her mouth. The phallus that rose from Tricia was slick and coated with the same sweet-sour lubricant that issued easily from Tricia, the shape of the thing as it pushed past her hood and rose to a cock-like length and stiffness natural to Shelby as she was no stranger to a blowjob. The fact that she was now giving one to the head of the cheer squad was unusual, but there was no need to debate when it tasted and felt so good in her mouth.

Shelby sucked at the raw flesh and Tricia moaned loader, encouraging Shelby's wanton hunger for the crude member that pushed from Tricia's pussy. Her mouth sealed around it, her tongue exploring its foreign ridges and curves. When the door of the locker room opened distantly behind Tricia, she paid it no mind. Her world had become the unexpected cock in her mouth, and her fingers kneaded Tricia's flesh as she continued to please. Even the sound of heels clacking on the hard floor of the locker room did not rouse her, and when she felt hands on her hips, pulling away her own skirt, Shelby only shifted and lifted her legs to allow the stranger to more easily remove her clothes.

"Are the - oh!" Tricia began, interrupted as Shelby lunged deeper on her slippery shaft, "Are the other girls enjoying themselves?"

"Of course they are. Look at how wet this one is," the voice said.

Shelby's eyes opened as she worshiped the pungent cock in her mouth, seeing Miss Fischer staring down at her, Shelby's ass lifted and bare as Fischer's fingers slid over Shelby's pussy, finding them puffy and warm.

"They simply cannot control themselves, can they?" Fischer mused, but did not wait for an answer. She was disposing of the tight skirts he wore, and Shelby could already see the improbably turgid flesh bulging beneath her panties before Fischer removed these, too. Shelby's eyes widened. This version of the shecock was longer and thicker, the bulge around Miss Fischer's labia more pronounced as if this piece of flesh rarely retreated back into its hood.

While Shelby found the thing shocking in both presence and size, she also felt a new wave of desire as she looked upon it, the smell of Fischer and Tricia in tandem dissolving whatever remained for her will. She was a toy for their use, a slut to be filled. She closed her eyes again, gripping the shaft of Tricia's futa cock and renewing her vigorous mouth-fucking as she lifted her ass, a guileless gesture to entice Fischer.

The older woman eyed the glistening split between Tricia's legs, but allowed herself time to disrobe. Her hands explored her newly-enhanced body with each garment that was stripped away.

"Not that it matters, now, but you never stood a chance, Shelby. What's happened to me, and to Tricia and the other girls, what's happening to you this very moment is that you have been inducted into a very special sisterhood. You feel how powerful we are, don't you? I can tell by the way you suck Tricia's cock you agree. I'm jealous, in a way. I never got to feel that surrender. I was patient zero, I suppose."

Shelby heard, tried process, to even hold onto the information, but the meat in her mouth consumed her, opening her mouth only to lick along the side of the shecock before devouring the length again. She was whimpering and writhing, and Fischer saw a slow, thick leak of her juices creep from her exposed pussy down the back of her thigh.

"Just a little vacation and something came out of the sky. I don't know what it was, really. A comet, meteorite, alien craft... what matters is that I was there and I was the one who found it. When it opened, there was the most glorious light and I felt something pass from the thing into me." There was reverence in her voice. "When I came home, I knew something had changed, and then this grew from me, like a flower rising to meet the sun."

Fischer gripped her futa cock and gave it a stroke. Unlike Tricia's, it looked more fully formed, the flesh less raw and the shape more substantial. The older woman, who seemed to be turning back the clock with every day, stood proudly behind Shelby, clad only in her dark heels, the upward curve of her cock angling toward Shelby's waiting hole.

"And once you're fully inducted, Shelby, you'll be so much... happier."

On this last word, Fischer thrust, causing Shelby to cry out as the thick member

spread Shelby wide and stretched her canal as it traveled deep into her, a small arm suddenly reaching into her insides. She had never been with two people before, and certainly never been filled this way, but her hands worked at her top to free her breasts, to feel her own soft flesh between her fingers as she felt Fisher begin to build into a quick rhythm behind her and Tricia fucking her mouth from the front. She was impaled by the pleasure of it, moaning around the futa cock in her mouth and finding her pussy growing to fit Fischer's assault.

"Ready, Shelby?" Fischer grunted, gripping the reluctant cheerleader's hips.

Shelby had no time to respond before she felt Tricia's engorged rod spasm within her before dumping an ocean of cum into her, so much that she felt it spill around Fischer's erection, dribbling down her legs with Shelby's lubrication. Tricia, taking the cue, released as well, and Shelby found herself awash in futa cum as she drank down the semen she could, the rest squirting from her mouth and painting her cheeks and the floor beneath her with pearly, sticky fluids.

Fischer withdrew with a slick sound, Tricia quickly falling to her knees beside the prone Shelby to lick Fischer's cock clean.

"Very good, Tricia. Stay with her until she wakes. I have others to visit."

In corners of the athletic building, isolated rooms and dark and shadowed recesses, the rest of the squad was baptized with cum. They would wake in time with an odd listless feeling and they would return to their dorms and apartments, all the while something incubating within them. By the time they would wake, the change would be complete mentally. And soon their own flesh would grow, and each would carry the viral seed to another...

"Who's that?" Kate said, nodding over her lunch to the table of girls in cheer uniforms, even as Kate crammed another soggy French fry into her mouth.

Kat followed her friend's eyes and sighed. "Those are the school whores. Masquerading as cheerleaders. That's my old roommate there."

Kate saw a girl, somewhat short and thick, but with a weighty chest and a look in her eyes that said she was down to fuck. This girl was beside a blonde

cheerleader, Kate presumed the captain by the way she seemed commanding over the rest. The blonde had her hand on the smaller girl's thigh. They were looking back at Kate and whispering to one another, forcing the shy girl to drop her gaze.

"I didn't think you ran with the cheer-Borg."

"I didn't," Kat said. "And she wasn't like them. At first. I dunno, it's weird. She did say she needed to grab something from our place tonight, so if you want to meet her..."

Kate twisted the straw in her drink, glancing back up to Kat's old roommate Shelby and her new gang of friends. Kate wondered how her top contained those big boobs of hers. Maybe she'd get a better look that night. While she watched, Shelby kissed Tricia, her hand beneath the table where Kate was unable to see. Kate grinned. She wondered what sorts of surprises Shelby had to offer...

## **About the Authors**

### **Sally Bend:**

Sally Bend is an author, editor, columnist, and reviewer. Although shy and polite (she is, after all, Canadian), she loves to boldly and boisterously express herself through stories that bend the binaries of gender and sexuality. Bending the Bookshelf is where she hangs her bra and panties at the end of a long day, but her work can also be found in the pages of Frock Magazine.

Her newest release, *Futanari Moans and the Mummy's Hand (Job)*, is the first in a series of standalone pulp erotica adventures, soon to be followed by the erotic epic fantasy quests of a fabulous crossdressing warlock.

When she's not wandering the forest, talking to herself, and generally ignoring the strange looks of those around her, Sally can be found online at <http://sallybend.com>.

### **Lyka Bloom:**

Lyka Bloom lives and works in Tennessee. When not working out sexy fantasies on paper, she's probably watching *Firefly*. Again. You can find everything Lyka at [Lykabloom.com](http://Lykabloom.com)

### **Solar Harris:**

Solar Harris resides in southern California and retains dual citizenship in assorted virtual worlds on the internet. Solar is the author of the *ACQUIRED* series of genderbending sci-fi erotic thrillers, the sci-fi serialized erotic TG adventure *Rubyfruit Plus* as well as a number of other erotic fiction novellas and short stories. She is also the author of the contemporary revenge romance *Outfoxed*, which is also her first audiobook release. Having recently been ordered to do a better job being a writer in the 21st century, Solar keeps a tumblr

of assorted musings, dirty pictures, sketches, and quickies at [solarharris.tumblr.com](http://solarharris.tumblr.com). She is trying harder to be active on Goodreads and will gleefully chat and share dirty book recs there with anyone who's interested. Solar is also on twitter as [@solarharris](https://twitter.com/solarharris) and is always interested in hearing from readers.

### **Reed James:**

Reed James is a thirty year-old guy living in Tacoma, WA. "I love to write, I find it freeing to immerse myself in a world and tell its stories and then share them with others." He's been writing naughty stories since high school, furiously polishing his craft, and finally feels ready to share his fantasies with the world.

"I love writing about women who want to be a little (or a lot) naughty, people expressing their love for each other as physically and kinkily as possible, and women loving other women. Whether it's a virgin experiencing her/his first time or a long-term couple exploring the bounds of their relationships, it will be a hot, erotic story!"

Check out his Amazon Author Page, follow him on twitter [@NLPublications](https://twitter.com/NLPublications), like him on Facebook, check out his Patreon page for exclusive rewards, and visit his blog where you can sign up for his newsletter and receive two free ebooks.

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