

Futarkanes: Beyond

by Futark

Chapter 1

Somewhere, in a luxurious room bathed in dim light, a sophisticated woman leans against a stylish solid wood desk. Kneeling before her is a black-haired, black-dressed, pale woman.

“I won’t insult you by lying to you. You did poorly. I’m disappointed. I’m not used to this from you.” The standing woman says in a tone somewhere between commanding and motherly.

“I apologi—” The woman in black, still impassive, tries to apologize before being brutally interrupted.

“Give me a proper apology! I want you to mean it!” She grabs her hair and pulls her head against her naked crotch. “Show me those dark, pleading eyes! Yes! Now drink me!”

The woman in black’s expression changes. As her lips are pressed against the other woman’s bare pussy, her stony expression cracks, letting a glimpse of anxiety slip through. She tentatively opens her mouth—fearing something—and edges her tongue closer to those wet, swollen lips. The taste and fragrance she knows all too well engulf her mouth and nose: an intoxicating mix of rose and raspberry. She’s not one to ever lose control, but this nectar has the flavour of the forbidden fruit. Without noticing or even understanding how it’s possible, her mouth is already full of this divine juice. She knows the command: do not spill a drop. The unconscious body of a young woman lying on the floor just a few steps away reminds her that the order is absolute. So she opens her throat like a dam finally letting the river flow freely.

“Good girl. Tongue-fuck my hole while I fill you with my juices. Let it flow, my dear.”

Her heart races as her throat is violated by the never-ending stream. Over the years, she has learned how to breathe during these long drowning sessions. Her mind slowly goes blank as she feels her stomach filling up.

“Oh! Yes! Ah!” A stronger gush spurts out and forces its way directly to the back of her throat, making her gag loudly. “Oh dear, I LOVE that sound! Keep going and

another one will come hard. I'm nowhere near finished, my dear. Feed on my squirt until you pass out!"

She's already feeling the pressure in her steadily swelling stomach. A sudden flush of heat rushes to her head. Her whole body starts to give in. The effects of the aphrodisiac she's drowning in finally kick in. Her vision blurs, and blood surges violently into her length—something she never allows to happen. All her barriers are down now.

After what feels like an hour, the pressure inside her stomach seems unbearable.

"Wait, wait! A-Another— SQUIRT!!" The boss lady pushes the woman in black away just enough to spray her face and body with one last powerful squirt.

"Gods! Apology accepted. Never let me down again, Agiren." The lady steps on Agiren's long, hard shaft with her high heels. "I hope I made myself clear. You know what to do now. Dismissed."

Nur opens her eyes, the warmth of the sun and a swift breeze caressing her face. As the haze of sleep fades, the blue-skinned iblis woman gazes up at a beautiful, clear sky. As the cool air brushes against her skin, she quickly realizes she is completely naked out in the open.

Still sleeping on the same rock beside her is Zyca, wearing the same dress. The half-elf is laying on her back, her head turned toward the bard. She seems peaceful, except for one particular part of her petite body. In fact, her recently grown cock is pointing straight at the sky, shaft swollen and veins pulsing.

The strange, wild dream Nur had last night had left a vague, foggy imprint on her mind. Her body, on the other hand, seems much more connected to it, hot, pulsing waves running through her. Once the numbness in her limbs is gone, Nur doesn't hesitate for a second. She leans to her right and grabs the demanding, throbbing length with both hands. Her mouth is already salivating profusely. She feels the blood rushing through the hard pole with every beat of her mate's heart. The pressure inside seems immense. At the first squeeze, a thick stream of clear juice leaks from the tip and slowly drips down onto her hands. Zyca unconsciously reacts by gently moving her head. Her right hand mechanically crawls toward her crotch, as if an instinct for self-relief has kicked in.

Nur's dick slowly hardens while her tail is wags in the air. Her beautiful, round breasts press against the half-elf's slim body. The sensation of her imposing, puffy nipples brushing against Zyca's smooth skin sends chills down her spine. The urge is too strong. With one firm motion, she squeezes the straight, towering cock even harder and engulfs as much of the bulbous head as she can with her hungry mouth. Her head starts bobbing up and down. Her tongue slides over the head as she laps up the nectar gushing from it. Zyca's hand gently caresses her pussy on its own.

After only a few strokes, the horned, naked woman suddenly feels Zyca's body tense. The dick between her hands and inside her mouth starts throbbing so hard that it smacks against her tongue and teeth. Two seconds later, an eruption of gooey semen explodes into her mouth, spurting straight down her throat. There is too much for her to swallow, and she chokes. Strands of white seed spray out and run down the shaft, coating Nur's hands as she keeps holding on.

"Mmh! That was not bad at all." A wide-awake Zyca looks down at her.

"Oh! Wh— you— you were awake? I mean— Um— Sorry!" Nur stammers in surprise as her face flushes.

"Do not be. I needed that. I apologize for shooting so much. I will try to reduce the amount to something that suits you better." Zyca instantly regains her usual composure as cum still dribbles out of Nur's mouth.

"No no no. That's okay. I— I like it... I just need to try harder." The blue-skinned futa gives a wide, joyful smile.

POOF!

Out of nowhere, a sparkling ball of pink light suddenly appears. Zyca and Nur immediately stare at it.

"Good morning, baby birds!" A cheerful, high-pitched voice greets the two confused girls.

"Um, greetings..." Zyca takes the initiative, still intrigued. "To what—whom do we owe the honor?"

"Me! It's me! Well... Of course I'm me! I can't be anyone other than me... Hmpf! I tried, but I'm always me! Even when I don't look like me. It happens—I like it, to be honest! Hihi! But yes, in short, it's me!"

“Hm. Obviously...”

Both girls look at each other in complete disbelief.

“What? You— Ohh, yeah! I get it!”

SPARKLE!

The aura of light dissipates into flashy sparkles, revealing a tiny humanoid creature. Eight inches tall, long, curly, pink hair, pointy elf-like ears, big almond-shaped eyes with pink irises, long pink eyelashes, and two voluptuous lips curled into a bright smile. Proportionately to her size, she’s got a heavy pair of breasts held tight in a tribal-style top with a very deep neckline. The only other piece she wears, a tight skirt in a matching style, leaves very little to the imagination. And, of course, fluttering behind her is a pair of beautiful, paper-thin, translucent wings.

“There you go! You see? It’s me! Merrida!”

Zyca and Nur’s eyes almost pop out of their sockets.

“Yes! You got it! It was fun, right?” The fairy Merrida starts laughing before adding in an old lady’s voice, “Lucky I found you, my butterflies! You would have died lost in the forest if it weren’t for good old grandma Merrida, hehehe!”

“Wow! That’s crazy! You can do all that? And your house? Where is it?” Nur asks, astonished by the realization.

Fairies... They’re not a legend after all. They are terribly powerful... and annoying, I might add.

Zyca has never encountered one of these creatures, but she has certainly heard of them before. Sensing no animosity from the fairy, she dares to question her about the blurry gap in her recent memory.

“May I ask what you did to us last night? It was not exactly pleasant, I would say.”

“Oh darling, it was delightful! For me, at least.” The fairy smirks viciously. “It’s been a while since I’ve been able to play with beings as delicious as you two...

Especially you, little one!” she says, pointing at Zyca. “You are such a mess on the inside, mmhh! But do not worry, my loves, that was all in your heads! Like... a trauma, hehe.”

I feel totally relieved... The rumors never mentioned that these creatures lean toward the psychopathic side... At least, she did not slice us into pieces...

“Hmm, at one point, I really did have second thoughts, though... Your dicks are so pretty, I was really tempted to keep them for myself! But, well—I didn’t, hehe!” The fairy says it as if it were nothing out of the ordinary.

At these words, Nur looks mortified.

“Oh, that is very kind of you, ma’am.” Zyca smirks, realizing just how close they came...

Merrida goes on to recount the previous day’s events. She found them in the middle of nowhere, deep inside the forest, lost, exhausted, and naked. She decided to help them—and have her fun while she was at it. They were exceptionally lucky that she was the one who stumbled upon them rather than some other predator or filthy creature capable of much nastier things.

Once she finishes, they thank each other: the girls for being saved, and the fairy for the fun and company. Merrida shows Zyca and Nur the safest way back to the village and the Fluffy Guinea Pig’s Inn. They finally say goodbye and go their separate ways.