

Hell Village


The House 06




Story:
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Milf

A woman with long brown hair is walking on a stone path. She is wearing a pink and blue floral bodysuit and pink sneakers. The background is a field of purple flowers with green trees and hills in the distance under a cloudy sky.

IT'S BEEN TWO DAYS SINCE THAT GHOST
CLEARED THE HOUSE OF THAT GODFORSAKEN
PURPLE DUST. MY PARENTS COULDN'T EVEN LOOK ME
IN THE EYE BEFORE FLEEING THIS PLACE, DYING OF
SHAME.

A woman with dark hair, wearing a pink and teal floral bodysuit, stands on a stone path in a field of white flowers. The background shows a forested hillside under a cloudy sky. A thought bubble is positioned to her left, containing text.


PABLO TOOK THEM TO THE CITY AND I STAYED HERE, ALL ALONE IN THIS FREEZING MANSION. I'M RUNNING TO THE LIMIT, HOPING THIS EXHAUSTION RIPS OUT THE FILTHY FEELING STUCK IN MY SOUL.

A woman with brown hair, wearing a pink and blue floral bodysuit, stands in a field of white flowers. She is looking back over her shoulder. A thought bubble is positioned above her head, containing text. The background features a large tree with autumn-colored leaves, green trees, and dark mountains under a cloudy sky.

SWEAT DRIPS DOWN MY TITS AND
SOAKS MY GEAR, BUT IT WON'T WASH AWAY
THE MEMORY OF MY FATHER'S TONGUE OR MY
SON'S COCK INSIDE ME. WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED
IN THAT KITCHEN? WAS IT REAL, OR JUST THE
EFFECT OF THAT GODDAMN CURSE?

LYING ON THE GROUND, TUCKED AWAY IN THE BUSHES AND WEEDS BY THE PATH, SAT A VIBRANT JADE STATUETTE. AS MIRAMAR DREW CLOSER, THE PIECE GLOWED WITH A SINISTER EMERALD LIGHT, AS IF TRYING TO WARN HER OF THE DANGER SURROUNDING HER. THIS WAS THE IMAGE OF ZUL-VERIDIAN, THE SIN-DEVOURER, A MYSTICAL WOLF THAT FEEDS ON DARK SPELLS, BOUND IN HEAVY CHAINS TO STOP ITS BEASTLY FORM FROM AWAKENING AS IT SWALLOWS THE FILTH LINGERING IN THE AIR.



A woman's back and legs are shown from behind, featuring intricate blue floral tattoos. She is wearing a light blue bikini top. The scene is set outdoors on a stone-paved path leading to a house with a red door and a porch. The background includes green fields, trees, and mountains under a blue sky with clouds. A speech bubble points to a small glowing green object on the path.

WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT GLOWING IN
THE MIDDLE OF ALL THIS BRUSH?



WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF ALL THIS DIRT?




IT LOOKS LIKE A LITTLE PUPPY STATUE... WHO WOULD JUST LEAVE SOMETHING LIKE THIS IN THE BRUSH?



WHAT A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE PUPPY... BUT WHY IN THE WORLD IS HE TIED UP LIKE THIS, ALL CHAINED UP?

A woman with brown hair, wearing a pink one-piece swimsuit with a blue floral pattern, is leaning forward in a grassy field. She is holding a small, grey, rusty metal figurine of a wolf with a thick, brown, rusty chain wrapped around it. The background shows a landscape with green hills and a cloudy sky. A speech bubble is positioned above her head.

I'M GOING TO TAKE THIS UGLY, RUSTY CHAIN
OFF OF HIM. I'LL CLEAN HIM UP AND PUT HIM ON MY
SHELF; HE'S WAY TOO CUTE TO BE LEFT ROTTING
OUT HERE.



MIRAMAR STRUGGLES, TRYING EVERY WHICH WAY TO RIP THOSE CHAINS OFF, BUT THEY SEEM FUSED TO THE JADE STONE.


*THE HARDER SHE PULLS AND STRAINS,
THE MORE A SURGE OF LUST SHOOTS
BETWEEN HER THIGHS- AN INTENSE,
BURNING SHIVER THAT MAKES HER
PUSSY THROB AGAINST HER WORKOUT
GEAR.*



DAMN... THIS FEELS SO FUCKING GOOD. WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?

THE SECOND THE LAST CHAIN SNAPS, MIRAMAR DROPS TO ALL FOURS, SLAMMED BY A VIOLENT ORGASM THAT FEELS LIKE IT'S RIPPING THROUGH HER CORE. LOSING ALL CONTROL, SHE STARTS GRINDING THE JADE WOLF STATUE AGAINST HER PUSSY, WHICH IS ALREADY SOAKING WET AND THROBBING WITH LUST.



A woman with brown hair in a ponytail is crawling on a grey stone patio. She is wearing a pink, form-fitting bodysuit with a floral pattern of white and blue flowers and green leaves. She is also wearing white sneakers with pink accents. Her body is arched, and she is looking down at the ground. A speech bubble is positioned above her head, containing text. The background shows a white concrete curb and some green plants in the upper right corner.

WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS
HORNY FEELING? IT'S
KILLING ME!

GOD, THIS FEELS SO GOOD... LIKE I
JUST GOT FUCKED REAL GOOD.






AHHH... HNNNG...
OHHH...



YES... AHHH... FUCK...
JUST LIKE THAT!

*SHE KEEPS RUBBING THE ZUL-VERIDIAN
STATUETTE, SOAKING THE JADE
STRUCTURE WITH HER OWN JUICES, A TRUE
BAPTISM OF LUST OVER THE MYSTICAL
ARTIFACT.*



A woman with dark hair and dramatic eye makeup is sitting on a grey stone path. She is wearing a pink bodysuit with a blue floral pattern and matching leggings. She is also wearing pink and white sneakers. A white speech bubble with a jagged edge is positioned above her head, containing the text "AHHH... JUST LIKE THAT...". The background shows a concrete curb and some greenery.

AHHH... JUST LIKE THAT...



MHHH... GO ON...

UHHH... FUCK...

A woman with dark hair and dramatic eye makeup is sitting on a grey stone-paved path. She is wearing a pink, form-fitting bodysuit with a blue floral pattern and a teal trim around the neckline. She is also wearing pink and white sneakers. A white speech bubble with a jagged edge is positioned to her right, containing the text "AHHHHHHH!". The background shows a concrete curb and some green grass.

AHHHHHHH!

RIGHT AFTER THAT SHATTERING CLIMAX, MIRAMAR TRIES TO PULL HERSELF TOGETHER. SHE WIPES AWAY THE SWEAT AND JUICES RUNNING DOWN HER LEGS AND STARTS THE TREK BACK, HER THIGH MUSCLES TREMBLING WITH EVERY SINGLE STEP.




LET'S GO HOME, MY LITTLE PUPPY. I
FEEL LIKE WITH YOU AROUND, I'LL NEVER
HAVE TO BE ALONE AGAIN.

AND SHE TRULY WOULDN'T BE. WHAT MIRAMAR DIDN'T EVEN SUSPECT WAS THAT THE JADE STATUETTE WASN'T JUST A TRINKET, BUT A MYSTICAL AND DEVASTATINGLY POWERFUL ARTIFACT, READY TO AWAKEN.



AT NIGHT, IN THE QUIET OF THE LIVING ROOM, MIRAMAR RELAXES WEARING NOTHING BUT A PROVOCATIVE RED BABY DOLL. LYING ON THE RUG, SHE ADMIRES THE ARTIFACT, STILL BUZZING FROM THE INCREDIBLE CLIMAX THE OBJECT GAVE HER EARLIER.



A woman with dark hair, wearing a red bikini, is lying on her stomach on a light-colored tiled floor. She is looking down at a small, green pig figurine that is standing on a matching green base. A speech bubble above the pig figurine contains text. In the background, there is a large window with a chandelier visible inside, and a portion of an orange armchair is visible on the right side of the frame.

HEY... WHAT WAS THAT BACK ON THE ROAD? WAS IT YOU WHO MADE ME COME LIKE THAT?

I REALLY LIKE YOU. I'M GOING TO TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU, AND NO ONE IS EVER GOING TO THROW YOU AWAY AGAIN, YOU BEAUTY.




BONG!

BONG!

BONG!

THE CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE. IT'S MIDNIGHT, THE CURSED HOUR WHEN VANILA, THE SPIRIT TORMENTED BY LUST, AWAKENS FROM THE SHADOWS.

YOUR TIME HAS COME, MIRAMAR. TODAY YOU BECOME MY SLAVE AND YOU WILL JOIN MY LEGION OF TORMENTED SLUTS, DAMNED BY ETERNAL SEX.



THE INSTANT VANILA HOVERS OVER MIRAMAR'S BODY TO CAST HER CURSE, THE LIGHTS CUT OUT ABRUPTLY, SWALLOWED BY THE FORCE OF DARKNESS. THAT'S WHEN ZUL-VERIDIAN AWAKENS, GLOWING WITH A VIOLENT EMERALD LIGHT THAT TEARS THROUGH THE GLOOM, EXPOSING THAT LEWD ENTITY TO MIRAMAR'S TERRIFIED EYES.



NO WAY... I WAS SURE I WAS
FUCKING RID OF THIS CURSE-EATER
FOR GOOD!




GODDAMN ZUL-VERIDIAN... YOU
MEDDLING PIECE OF PITCH-BLACK SHIT!

AT THAT MOMENT, THE JADE STONE
CRACKS OPEN AND ZUL-VERIDIAN
TRANSFORMS INTO A MASSIVE, LIVING
WOLF OF FLESH AND FUR. MIRAMAR
WATCHES, PARALYZED WITH TERROR,
HER BODY STILL WEAK AND SHAKING
FROM THE CLIMAX EARLIER, UNABLE TO
FIND THE STRENGTH TO EVEN TRY AND
RUN.



BRUTAL ENERGIES TAKE OVER THE ROOM. ZUL-VERIDIAN EMANATES AN OVERWHELMING POWER, CONSUMING EVERY DROP OF EVIL, LUST, AND THAT GODDAMN CURSE INFECTING VANILA'S SPIRIT.





THE EMERALD GLOW INVADES THE GHOST'S BODY, CHURNING HER DEPRAVED ESSENCE. VANILA WRITHES IN A PAINFUL PLEASURE AS THE WOLF'S PURITY RIPS THROUGH HER NATURE AS A TORMENTED SLUT, TURNING HER PAIN INTO BLINDING LIGHT.

THE SPACE AROUND THEM OPENS INTO AN INFINITE
STELLAR VOID. ZUL-VERIDIAN DRAGS VANILA'S SOUL
INTO THE DEPTHS OF AN ETERNAL UNIVERSE, WHERE
TIME DOESN'T EXIST AND HER WILL IS NULLIFIED BY
THE GLOW OF PURIFICATION.



VANILA WAS PURIFIED AND SEALED WITHIN THAT DIMENSION OF VOID; AS LONG AS ZUL-VERIDIAN GUARDS THIS HOUSE, THAT GHOST WON'T RETURN TO SPREAD HER SEXUAL FILTH.

THE SUPERNATURAL SHOWDOWN COMES TO AN END, AND THE MANSION'S LIGHTS SNAP BACK ON. MIRAMAR IS IN SHOCK, TRYING TO PROCESS THE CLASH OF POWERS SHE JUST WITNESSED BETWEEN A MYSTICAL GUARDIAN AND A CURSED SPIRIT. HER TERROR GIVES WAY TO A PROFOUND REALIZATION: THAT MASSIVE WOLF JUST SAVED HER LIFE.






YOU'RE THAT STATUETTE I FOUND
TOSSED ASIDE AND CHAINED UP... AREN'T
YOU?

SHE REALIZES THE BEAST HAS NO INTENTION OF HURTING HER, AND HER HEART BEGINS TO STEADY. WHAT MIRAMAR DOESN'T REALIZE IS THAT HER MAKESHIFT BAPTISM ON THE ROAD WHEN SHE DRENCHED HIM IN THE JUICES OF HER OWN AROUSAL SPARKED AN ETERNAL GRATITUDE IN ZUL-VERIDIAN, SEALING THE SIN-DEVOURER'S ABSOLUTE LOYALTY TO HER.






YOUR FUR IS SO SOFT... YOU'RE GORGEOUS, YOU KNOW THAT?

YOU REALLY SAVED ME. THANK YOU FOR NOT LEAVING ME ALONE WITH THAT GHOST.



I NEED TO THANK YOU PROPERLY...
THE KIND OF THANKS A BIG WOLF LIKE
YOU DESERVES.


A woman with long brown hair, wearing a red top, is sitting on a red carpet with a gold diamond pattern. She is hugging a large, fluffy grey wolf from behind. The wolf is standing on a light-colored rug with a floral pattern. In the background, there is an orange sofa and a white door. A speech bubble in the top right corner contains text.

MIRAMAR GIVES IN TO ZUL-VERIDIAN'S EMBRACE, FEELING THE SURREAL SOFTNESS OF HIS FUR. CONSUMED BY LUST, SHE EXHALES THAT SAME INTOXICATING SCENT FROM HER PUSSY, THE CARNAL ESSENCE THAT SPARKED THE WOLF'S LIBERATION THROUGH THAT BAPTISM OF HONEY ON THE ROAD.

YOUR FUR IS SO SOFT AND FRAGRANT...
WILL YOU LET ME THANK YOU IN MY OWN
WAY?

A woman with her hair in a bun, wearing a shiny red spaghetti-strap top and matching shorts, is seen from behind, hugging a large grey wolf. The wolf has its eyes closed and a content expression, with its mouth slightly open showing teeth. They are in a room with patterned wallpaper, a window with red curtains, and a glass door. A speech bubble is positioned above the woman.

GOSH... WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME? WHY AM I SO FUCKING HORNY RIGHT NOW?

A woman with dark hair is kneeling on a red patterned carpet, hugging a large, fluffy grey and white wolf from behind. The wolf is standing on a light-colored rug. In the background, there is a fireplace with a fire burning, a white door, and an orange sofa. A text box is overlaid on the top right of the image.

AFTER THE TERROR THAT NEARLY TOOK HER LIFE, MIRAMAR FEELS THAT ZUL IS HER SAFE HAVEN. THE BEAST MEANS HER NO HARM; QUITE THE OPPOSITE. THE WOLF IS AROUSED, RELIVING IN HIS INSTINCTS THE WARM HONEY THAT DRIPPED FROM MIRAMAR'S SLIT ONTO HIS JADE SKIN BACK WHEN HE WAS JUST AN INANIMATE ARTIFACT.

CONSUMMATING THIS INTERSPECIES LUST WAS UNCHARTED TERRITORY FOR BOTH OF THEM, A RITUAL GUIDED PURELY BY ANIMAL INSTINCT AND THE HEAT RADIATING FROM THEIR BODIES.

SLURP...

SLURP...





SLURP...

SLURP...

OH MY GOD... YOUR TONGUE IS SO HOT AND ROUGH. I'M BURNING UP WITH LUST INSIDE.

AHHH... YEAH, USE THAT MASSIVE TONGUE TO GET ME SOAKING WET... LICK ME EVERYWHERE LIKE I'M YOUR PREY.

SLURP...

SLURP...



MHHH... SO GOOD... BURY YOUR SNOUT IN MY CHEST, BITE ME GENTLY... I'M ALL YOURS, YOU BEAST.

SLURP...

SLURP...

SLURP...

SLURP...

YEAH, FUCK... FUCK ME WITH THAT INSTINCT OF YOURS... MAKE ME LOSE MY FUCKING MIND WITH PLEASURE.

ZUL CATCHES THE SCENT OF HER PUSSY GETTING COMPLETELY DRENCHED. HE BURIES HIS SNOUT BETWEEN MIRAMAR'S THIGHS AND BEGINS TO LICK HER VORACIOUSLY, DRIVING HER INTO A STATE OF PURE SEXUAL FRENZY.

SLURP...

SLURP...



АННН... МННН...

SLURP...

SLURP...



SLURP...

OHHH... YES... MORE...

SLURP...

SLURP...

SLURP...

FUCK... GO ON... MMMM...

ANNNNNNN!

ANNNNNNN!

SLURP...


SLURP...

MIRAMAR REMAINS LYING ON THE LIVING ROOM RUG, HER BODY BURNING WITH LUST, WHILE THE WOLF USES HIS TEETH WITH SURPRISING PRECISION TO TRY AND REMOVE THE SHORTS FROM HER RED BABY DOLL SET.





WHAT ARE YOU DOING, YOU BEAUTIFUL BEAST...?

A woman with dark hair, wearing a red bikini with floral patterns, is lying on her back on a light-colored, ornate rug. A large, grey, pig-like creature with a long snout and small ears is leaning over her. The background is a red carpet with a gold floral grid pattern. A speech bubble is positioned near the woman's head.

YOU'RE TRYING TO UNDRESS ME... BUT
WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU WANT TO DO TO ME
ONCE I'M COMPLETELY NAKED?



YOU KNOW... I DON'T THINK IT'LL BE A
PROBLEM AT ALL IF YOU STRIP ME BARE RIGHT
NOW. GO AHEAD.

MIRAMAR WAS ACTING PURELY ON THE IMPULSE OF HER OWN PLEASURE. THOUGH THE HOUSE WAS FINALLY FREE FROM VANILA'S DEPRAVED INFLUENCE, HER HORNINESS WAS REAL AND OVERWHELMING, EVEN IF THE THOUGHT OF GIVING HERSELF TO AN ANIMAL WAS STILL THE ULTIMATE TABOO.

SLURP...

SLURP...

SLURP...

SLURP...

THE MORE THE WOLF SATIATED HIMSELF BY LICKING HER SOAKING WET VULVA, THE MORE MIRAMAR'S DEFENSES CRUMBLLED, TURNING HER HESITATION INTO ABSOLUTE SURRENDER.

SLURP...

SLURP...

THIS SENSATION... IT'S SO WARM, SO GOOD... IT'S TAKING OVER MY ENTIRE BODY.

FUCK... WHY DO I HAVE THIS INSANE URGE
TO FUCK THIS WOLF?

SLURP...

SLURP...

WHY DO I WANT TO BE HIS MATE
SO BADLY...?

SLURP...

SLURP...

SLURP...

SLURP...

AHHH... MMM... YES...

KEEP GOING... DON'T STOP, YOU ANIMAL...

SLURP...

SLURP...

FUCK... THAT TONGUE IS
AMAZING... AHHH!

SLURP...

SLURP...

SLURP...

SLURP...

OHhh... Uhhh...
Mmmm...



SLURP...

SLURP...

I'M GONNA CUM... I'M GONNA CUM AGAIN... AHHH!


MMMM... DEEPER... USE
ME ALL UP... YES!



MY GOD... THIS IS ACTUALLY HAPPENING... IT'S REAL.



I... I'M GOING TO BECOME THIS WOLF'S BITCH... I CAN FEEL IT.



I WANT TO BE YOUR BITCH,
ZUL! USE ME HOWEVER YOU
WANT!



THERE'S NO GOING BACK NOW... AFTER TONIGHT, MY LIFE WILL NEVER BE THE SAME. I'M GOING TO BE THIS WOLF'S WHORE FOREVER.

SOMEHOW, THE NAME ECHOED IN MIRAMAR'S MIND LIKE AN ANCIENT WHISPER: ZUL-VERIDIAN. IT WAS A TELEPATHIC BAPTISM, SEALED BY THE MYSTICAL BOND THAT NOW PULSED THROUGH HER VEINS.

SCHLICK...

SCHLICK...

IT WAS AN ABSOLUTE CERTAINTY: THE WOLF ZUL-VERIDIAN NOW BELONGED TO HER. HIS LOYALTY WAS AS UNTAMABLE AS THE LUST CONSUMING THEM ON THAT RUG.

SCHLICK...

SCHLICK...

AHHH... MMM... ZUL... FUCK
ME... JUST FUCK ME ALREADY,
PLEASE...

SCHLICK...

SCHLICK...

FUCK... PUT IT IN... I
CAN'T TAKE JUST THE
RUBBING ANYMORE... I NEED
TO FEEL YOU STRETCHING
ME OUT... MMMM...

SCHLICK...

SCHLICK...

UHHH... ZUL... YES... FEEL
HOW HOT AND SOAKING WET I
AM FOR YOU... GET INSIDE ME
RIGHT NOW!

SCHLICK...

SCHLICK...

MY GOD... MY GOD... ZUL...
YOU'RE ACTUALLY FUCKING
ME... AHHH!

SCHLUK...

SCHLUK...

SCHLUK...

SCHLUK...

YOU'RE ALL THE WAY
INSIDE... FUCK... I CAN FEEL
EVERY SINGLE INCH... IT FEELS SO
GOOD... MMMM!



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AHHH... YES...
FUCK ME HARD, YOU BIG
WOLF...

SCHLUK...

SCHLUK...

OHHH... UHHH... MMMM...
ZUL...

SCHLUK...

SCHLUK...

FUCK... I'M GONNA
CUM... I'M GONNA CUM SO
HARD... AHHH!



SCHLUK...

SCHLUK...

YES... USE ME... MARK ME AS YOUR MATE... JUST LIKE THAT!

MIRAMAR FEELS ZUL'S COMFORTING HEAT PRESSING AGAINST HER BACK. HIS FUR, DIVINELY SOFT AND COZY, WRAPS HER IN A STATE OF PURE BLISS AND PROTECTION, TURNING EVERY THRUST INTO AN ACT OF SACRED SUBMISSION.

SCHLUK...

SCHLUK...



SCHLUK...

SCHLUK...

IT FEELS SO GOOD TO BE YOURS... ZUL-VERIDIAN... IT FEELS SO GOOD TO BELONG TO YOU.



SCHLUK...

SCHLUK...

AHHH

AHHH

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SCHLUK...

AHHH

AHHH

SCHLUK...



SCHLUK...

SCHLUK...

AHHH

AHHH

SCHLUK...

SCHLUK...

AHHH

AHHH



SCHLUK...

SCHLUK...

ZUL... OUR SPIRITUAL CONNECTION... I CAN FEEL THAT YOU'RE ABOUT TO CUM... AHHH!

SCHLUK...

SCHLUK...

YES... FILL ME WITH YOUR SEED,
MY MASTER! FILL ME ALL THE WAY
UP!

AHHH

AHHH

SCHLUK...

SCHLUK...

AW-WOOOOOOOOOOOO!

AHHH

SCHLUK...

AHHH

SCHLUK...

AW-WOOOOOO!

SCHLUK...

SCHLUK...

AHHH

AHHH

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VWOOOOOOOM!

AT THE EXACT MOMENT OF CLIMAX, THE WOLF'S COLOSSAL BODY ENTERS A STATE OF CELESTIAL VIBRATION. A VIBRANT ENERGY, THE COLOR OF THE PUREST JADE, BEGINS TO EMANATE FROM EVERY PORE OF HIS DARK FUR, ILLUMINATING THE ENTIRE ROOM.





END

CONTINUED IN THE NEXT EPISODE.