



There was something different about Clearwater, Ohio. But Will Roland wasn't quite sure what it was.

It wasn't like the sewer line had burst or a sudden fire had razed some of the better known buildings. And it wasn't like a bunch of developers were revamping main street (although he had noticed more bubble tea shops, pink paint, and hair salons).

No, it was something else.

It was so... quiet.

Will had lived just outside Clearwater all his life. His dad had been a doomsday prepper and built their home back in the woods, reached only by a single dirt road. Solar panels, compostable toilet, a

bomb shelter in the basement absolutely loaded with canned food to last at least two years, and a heavy metal door that could survive a bunker buster knocking to come in. The old man had been set to wait out the apocalypse. So it must have been a disappointment when he died from falling off a ladder while cleaning the gutters.

Naturally, that kind of lifestyle hadn't exactly given Will a huge amount of experience with women. Since his dad died, he'd only made occasional runs to town for supplies, and inviting a woman to come to his strange cabin in the deep woods seemed off even to him. So not much dating in the picture.

Nonetheless, he felt like he had a pretty good bead on the pulse of the community. And he was also sure that those women he did see around town were far more beautiful than he remembered.

But no. Beautiful didn't do them justice. That was a word that you'd use for something like art deco siding or maybe a stunning dawn. No. The women in town weren't beautiful. They were drop-dead fucking gorgeous! No one he'd seen since driving into town looked smaller than a D cup. This was a country town, so there'd always been plenty of denim jeans and flannel shirts, but everywhere he looked he saw cutoffs cradling perky bubble butts. Shirt buttons had been undone and tied up around breasts ready to burst out at one wrong turn, exposing slim stomachs tanned to gold and the deep valley of perfect breasts. Hair was blonde and piled high, and lips plump, shiny and glistening like gumballs smiled in a vague, flirty way.

And the men were really throwing him off.

He'd seen a few since coming in, but now that he was close there was something... off about them. Even more than the women. Every woman had a man, and in fact sometimes two women were sharing one, but the guys walked around as if in a daze, goofy smiles on their faces, all with at least one big red lipstick mark on their cheeks and were following the women around like lovestruck puppies. In fact, Will thought he saw one guy actually leashed to a gorgeous blonde, his eyes glued to her swaying ass as she led him into a hair salon. As he parked his truck, Will saw one man follow a stunning bombshell with flowing pigtails out of some boutique clothing store. He was loaded up with packages and an expression of utterly rapt adoration, his face almost lost in the flood of lipstick marks.

"Fucking hell's going on?" Will muttered, scratching his head in wonderment.

Even as he noticed this, he realized he was being noticed too. Some of the women along the street were looking at him. Their eyes were bright but empty like a doll's, yet had an intensity he found off putting. Shutting his truck door, he hurried into the general store, but felt the stares burn into his back until the automatic doors had dinged shut.

As he made his way inside, it was impossible for Will not to notice that the shelves looking pretty bare. Weird. Clearwater General had never seemed so shoddy. The owner, Benson, had always worked hard to keep the place tidy and well stocked.

Will made his way towards the counter, the disorder of the shop keeping him distracted until he reached it. "Hi, Benson. I..."

He trailed off.

It wasn't Benson.

Instead of a crusty fifty odd year-old man, there was a woman behind the counter. She was dressed in a too-short tee that hugged her breasts and revealed the toned nature of her stomach, her hair falling to her shoulders in waves of honey blonde. Her plump lips glistened with red as she smiled, while her lidded eyes watched him with hazy but magnetic interest. She wore a ballcap with Clearwater General on it, but that was it for uniform. She looked more ready to wave pompoms at a football game than to stock some shelves.

"Heeeeey there," she giggled.

"Uh, hi," Will said. "Is Benson in?"

"Nooo," she said in that same slow, lazy way, as if she were rummaging around in the closets of her mind for every word. "My name's... um..."

Will glanced at her nametag, which looked like it had been written with lipstick and glitter, and not well. "Chrissy?" he said.

Her smile beamed. "Oh yaaaah! My name's Chrissy," she said. "Thaaat's right. And who're you, cutie?"

Will felt heat rise in his cheeks. "I um, I'm Will."

"Wiiiiiill," she said, her tongue stroking her lips as if tasting the word. "Yaaaah. That's a cuuuute name. Reeveel cute."

"Thanks. Look, I need to pick up an order."

"Ohhh! Sure. Um..."

Will waited for some follow up, but Chrissy just stared into space. Was she new? "I should be in the computer," he prompted.

She blinked as if remembering she was awake. "Oh yaaaah! The computer has, like, stuff in it, right? Lemme see..."

Her tongue poking out the corner of her mouth in concentration, Chrissy tapped away at the keyboard for a minute. "Ohhh! I see. Okay. I tooootally found you. I got your order in the back, cutie. But I, like, might need some heeeeelp finding it. Can ya help a girl out?"

She leaned over the counter as she asked that, her long lashes fluttering, her firm, perfect, bouncy tits straining her top. Will couldn't help but glance down into that tanned valley, and even her skin seemed to have an almost plasticky sheen to it.

He cleared his throat, feeling his pants become increasingly tight. "Uh, sure. Let's just find it quick."

"You're sooooo nice," Chrissy said in that same, lazy drawl that seemed to tug at his cock and balls. "That's sooo nice. Come on, stud. This way."

She moved out from behind the counter and Will almost forgot to follow her he was so busy staring at the sway of her perky ass. Like the women outside she was only wearing the shortest of shorts, the fabric stretching around the pert globes of her bottom.

Walking after her and through the doors to the dim backroom of shelves and packages, Will found himself stealing glances at her swaying rear. He wasn't sure why. Well, no, he knew why. But he should have had more self-control than that. But fuck her ass was perfect. He could just imagine how good it would feel to fill his hands with it...

He shook his head. No. No, stop focusing on that. On her. Even though there was so very much of her to focus on. Instead, he tried to keep his attention on the storeroom. He really shouldn't be back here, but he wasn't going to mention that. There was something off about town today, and for once he was looking forward to getting back to his cabin

"Um. I think it's up here and stuff," Chrissy said, stopping by the shelves so suddenly Will almost ran into her.

"O-oh! Great."

"Yeah. It is, huh?" she said, sending another blissful smile his way. "Hey, you ever just think that, like, thinking is so overrated?"

"S-sorry?"

"Yeah. Like, if you just, like, let your head sorta eeeempty, everything is just, like, soooo much easier, ya knooooow? Like, when you're totally sucking a guy's cock, you get really good at it if you just, like, stop thinking about it. Right?"

Will's eyes wandered down to those lips. Those plump, kissable lips. He could practically hear the thudding of his pulse now. He certainly felt the heat burning in his face. "I um... L-look, can I maybe just get my package?"

"Suuuure thing, cutie," Chrissy giggled. "Just gonna need a ladder."

Will looked around and finally spotted one leaning against the wall. "Here," he said, grabbing it and pushing it up against the shelves.

"Thaaaaanks, stud," she said as she brushed up against him, slipping under his arm, her ass pressing against his crotch.

"Ah!"

"Can you hold the ladder pretty pleeeeeease?" Chrissy cooed, a rock of her hips further grinding her against his cock.

"I uh-"

"Thaaaaanks," she giggled, starting to climb, her ass rubbing his bulge as it slipped past him. But Will's relief was very short lived, for in the next instant he found the straining denim inches from his face.

"Er..."

"Hmmm. Leeeet's seeeee," Chrissy cooed, her hips gently swaying side to side as she read the labels on the boxes. "Nooo. Nooooope. Hmmm..."

"Is... is this going to take long?" Will said.

"Ohhh! I got it! I got... whoops!"

Will's eyes grew wide as Chrissy fell back towards him. Instinctively he moved to catch her, only to find his hands filled with her flawless tits, the impact knocking him onto his ass, and her ass pressing firmly down on his crotch. A groan escaped him unbidden as her perky bottom contrived to squeeze his cock under her, her impressive breasts utterly overflowing in his hands, firm yet soft, an impossible mixture that only made him harder.

"Oh goooosh!" Chrissy giggled as she turned around in his lap. "Thanks soooo much! You tooootes saved me."

"S-sorry!" Will gasped, snatching his hands from her breasts.

Chrissy giggled and leaned in closer. "Awwwww. Don't be soooooorry. Actually, I gotta reward my knight in shining armour. Riiiiiiight?"

Will stared in stunned wonder at her glistening lips as they moved in closer. He sucked in a breath to protest, but before the first syllable could escape him her lips met his in a passionate kiss.

Fireworks of pink fire burst in his head, fogging his thoughts as his eyes grew wide in shock. Chrissy moaned, pressing in closer, wriggling atop him like a cat trying to coat him in her scent. Will had kissed women before, but never like this! His nerves sang, tingling and humming like live power lines. And fuck he was hard. So very hard. And she was so soft. Soft and... and...

Will jolted, jerking back, escaping the kiss with a gasp like a man coming up for fresh air. His lips buzzed, and he swore he could feel her lipstick lingering like a layer of waxy, sugary sweetness. Chrissy gave him a lazy smile, a giggle sending her breasts bouncing in her tight top.

"Mmm. Nice, huh?"

Will opened his mouth. Closed it. "I... I... I gotta go!"

"Wha ah!" she gasped as he scrambled out from under her. "But waaaait!" she cried. "Your package!"

"Keep it!" Will shouted over his shoulder as he practically ran out of the backroom and into the store. Holy fuck. Holy fuck! What was that? What was going on? Why did she do that?

And didn't it feel good?

Will touched his lips, still tingling from the kiss. His body shivered in remembrance of the ecstasy of it, and he swallowed hard, throwing open the door of his truck and climbing in. He started the engine, pulling out and heading back down main street.

Holy fuck.

Hoooooly fuck!

His head was still spinning and his pulse pounding. Fuck! He needed to calm down. He mustn't panic.

Calm down.

Calm down.

Will forced his breathing to slow. Alright. Alright. Things were weird. But he still had stuff to do in town. He needed to visit the hardware store for some hinges and nails, then get a new filter for the well pump. But he couldn't do that now. His heart was still hammering. His head spinning. He needed... needed a minute to think. And the best place to do that was at Paddy's Canteen. He always had a cup there on his way out of town. A nice familiar ritual. Perfect to calm him down.

Yeah.

That'd do it.

Paddy's Canteen was typical of small town diners. A corrugated steel shell like a lunchbox that was squeezed between two larger buildings. Will parked in front of it and climbed the steps to the door, easing it open with the gentle ring of a bell.

Quiet met him. The canteen was empty, not even a waitress at the counter.

"Hello?" Will said, his voice echoing in the emptiness. He looked over at the counter but couldn't see a cook in the back. The door was unlocked though, and he supposed it wasn't too odd for a small cafe like this not to have someone immediately at the register. The self-serve coffee dispensers sat on the corner counter for a reason. Will sighed and got out a cup, putting it under the dispenser and filling it up. Still hot, so clearly someone was working around here.

Dropping some coins in a glass jar marked *Coffee \$1*, he looked back at the empty diner and felt again that tingle of unease. A tightening of his stomach from a sense of wrongness that filled the air.

The sudden ringing of the door's bell nearly made him drop his coffee. Looking quickly around, he was both relieved and slightly annoyed to see an older man in a tattered jacket and a bristly greying beard. A threadbare hat sat on his head and his eyes were sunken deep in his sockets, flitting this way and that with a ratlike quickness. Clearly homeless, or at least not all there mentally.

Will nodded the man's way, feeling strangely relieved to see someone normal, if not exactly welcome.

"By God!" the man gasped, moving towards him shakily. "Another! Thank God in heaven!"

"Uh, yeah. Right back at ya," Will said, his earlier relief rapidly draining away.

"What are you doing here, lad?" the old man gasped, grabbing Will's sleeve. "What are ya doin' here?"

Will grimaced and pulled his arm back from the other man's greasy hands. "Just getting a coffee," he said, lifting his cup. "You know."

"Ya mean you don't know!"

"Know? Know what?" Will said.

The man hunched his head between his shoulders, his eyes flitting this way and that, as if trying to watch every corner of the diner at once. "Here. Hurry! Gotta get out of sight," he said, plucking at Will's sleeve.

Will grimaced, reluctant to indulge someone clearly crazy, but on the other hand some information would be good. There was definitely something going on around town.

"Sure. Sure," Will said soothingly as he followed the old man towards a corner booth. "Just tell me all about it."

"Yeah. Yeah, gotta warn everyone. Everyone who'll listen," the old man gasped as he hunkered down into the booth, his expression drawn and tight. "Gotta warn everyone!"

"Warn them about what?" Will said as he took a seat.

"They're taking over!"

"They?" Will said.

"Started so quietly," the old man hissed, eyes still flickering. Searching. "It was the lipstick, see? The lipstick! New product. All the girls wanted it. Loved it! Called it 'Cherrypump Pop'. Spread like wildfire! Seemed like every woman wanted it. And you know what happened?"

"What?" Will said.

The old man leaned in closer, his eyes burning with mad intensity. "It changed 'em! Turned 'em into zombies!"

Will stared at the man, feeling himself deflate.

Well, so much for information.

"That right?" Will said drily.

"Yes! And that was just the beginning!" the old man gasped. "It made them all dumb! Dumb as a sack a rocks! And their tits. Their tits, man! Just made them balloon! Like... whoomph! Huge! Inflated like fucking blimps! But no one said nothing. Who would? Every man wanted a piece a that. Who'd question? It was insidious. Brilliant! It got them all. Caught them in their own vanity and men in their sinful lusts!"

Will leaned an elbow on the table and rested his cheek in his palm, his other hand lazily stirring his coffee. Well, as far as crazy person rants went, it was better than most he'd heard. Better than his dad's, anyway. "Wow," he said.

The old man banged a hand on the table. "Damn right! But that wasn't the worst of it. No no! Not by half. Not nearly by half! Because you see, it spread. They got the men, then. Got them good! Not a soul was safe. The sluts preyed on the poor bastards. Caught them. Captured them!"

"Captured?"

The old man leaned in closer, his bloodshot eyes staring at Will fixedly. "It's their lips, ya see. Their lips infect ya! Turn you into one of their dumbasses. They kiss ya enough, and you'll be lost!"

Will sat up a little. "Lips?"

"Their lips! It's because of the lipstick, get it? Once they applied it enough, it consumed them. Infected them! Turned them into spreaders of the contagion. Any man they kissed would start to feel the heat of their lust. A need! They'd think of nothing but getting fucked. Getting used like toys by those blonde bitches. You'd be lost! Corrupted! Every man in town's been taken in. Every man in the nation corrupted. Infected by those whores!"

"They didn't get you?" Will asked.

"Course not!" the old guy barked with a dismissive wave of his hand. "I'm not into that stuff."

"You're gay?"

"Hello no!" he spat. "What do you take me for? I'm only into catgirls! If it don't have kitty ears and tits, I'll have none of it!"

Will stared at the preening old man.

Insane.

But what he expected? Sanity from a man that looked like he slept in a dumpster?

Although...

Will shook himself. No. He couldn't really be considering this.

Could he?

Chrissy loomed large in his mind again. Chrissy and her big soft tits. And plump, swaying ass.

And her lovely... glistening lips...

"What are you doin'?"

Will realized he was stroking his buzzing lips again. "I uh..."

The old man leaned back, an expression of horror on his face. "You've done been kissed!" he gasped. "They've got you!"

"I... it was only once," Will stammered.

"That's how it starts! Just once, but then you're already doomed! You'll start getting the urges. The need to feel those big fake lips on you again. On your face. On your cock! They've already got ye. You just don't know it yet!"

"That's crazy! It was just..."

"Stay away from me, you. I..."

The old man stopped dead, already half out of the booth. He was staring at the windows in horror, his lips trembling.

"No," he breathed. "Aw fuck no no no!"

Will looked out the window. He didn't see anything, aside from some more of the blondes around town.

Actually, there were quite a few wandering around outside. More than he'd seen anywhere in town since arriving. And was it just him, or did it seem like they were looking for something...

"They've found us," the old man wheezed. "They've got us! I'm gettin' outta here."

"Ah, hey! Wait," Will said, getting up.

"Stay away from me! You're done. Doomed! We're all doomed!"

Will watched blankly as the old man stumbled towards the fire exit, managing to open it and fall outside after a brief effort.

What the hell?

Will sat back down and shook his head. Madness. Whole fucking town. He took a drink of his coffee and just about spat it out. Fucking hell! Did someone pour an entire cane of sugar into the coffee machine?

"Bleh," Will said, wiping his mouth. Ridiculous. And it wasn't even as sweet as Chrissy's kiss.

Chrissy's loving... soft... kiss...

Will realized he was touching his lips again and shook it off. He had to get back home. This was insane. Everything was crazy. He got up and glanced out the window.

Then froze.

There were a lot of women outside now. Over two dozen at least. All of them perky. All of them blonde. All of them wearing clothes that did a very poor job of hiding tits, hips and ass. All with plump kissable lips.

And all looking at the diner.

Once, when in the woods during the night, Will had seen a bear. It had been sudden. There was no warning. Just a feeling that had made him turn around sharply and shine his flashlight. In that moment he'd seen a hunter watching him, considering whether to take him. The light had scared away the bear, but even after it had gone, Will had remembered that feeling of being in the crosshairs of a predator.

And he was feeling it now.

As if some silent signal had gone out the women began to converge, coming towards the diner in a mass. Oh no. Oh no no no. Will looked back outside. His truck? He'd never make it. He had to get out of here.

Why? They were just some ditzzy bimbos. What could they do to him?

But he remembered the men he'd seen around town. Their dim expressions. Their mindless smiles. What if it was true what the old man said?

He had to get out.

The fire exit!

He whirled towards the back door and rushed for it, yanking it wide open just as the door to the diner opened with a frantic ringing of its little bell.

Will burst into the alley, his heart hammering, panic spreading heat through him. He had to go. Had to go-

"Ohhhhh..."

Will turned slowly.

Near a dumpster, under a rainbow of graffiti, was the old man. He was against the wall, his eyes rolled back, mouth open in a whimpering moan. His head was all Will could see, because three gorgeous blondes were all around the man, giggling and kissing him, trapping him between bust and brickwork.

For a brief moment, Will and the man's eyes met. The old coot squeezed a hand through gyrating bodies.

"H-help... O-ooooooooh!"

The old man's eyes rolled back, his hand falling, grasping a plump bottom and greedily squeezing. A gasp of delight escaped the blondes, and then a giggle as the old man sank beneath them, his head thrown back and a final rattle of pleasure escaping his lips.

"Holy fuck," Will gasped.

The clatter of the door behind him made Will jump and remember his own danger. With a last look at the cluster of blondes he ran for the end of the alley. It was too late for the old man. Will had to get away. No matter how... how good it had looked. Those lips kissing. Those breasts pressing. Those asses swaying. How good it would feel to have those achingly soft lips wrapped around his cock.

No. Stop it! Forget it! Focus on escape. He wasn't infected. He was fine!

Fine and... and hot.

Why was it so hot?

His head hurt.

Had to go. Had to get out.

He broke from the mouth of the alley and looked around frantically. He could try getting around. Trying to get to his truck. Or... or...

"Heeeeeeey cutie!"

Will whirled. Several women had just come around the corner, their heels clicking like clockwork, their smiles blissful, their eyes empty, their hips swinging like pendulums.

“Heeey. Wanna kiiiiiss?”

Will’s heart thumped. Pounding. He took a shaky step back. Another. Yet felt the pull towards them. A tug at his very soul trying to drag him back to those gorgeous blondes as they advanced down the street.

No.

No!

No!

He turned, stumbling, running. His face was hot. Hit body burning. Fuck. Fuck! He heard them giggling behind him. He was running. He didn’t know where to. His pulse was pounding. Lungs burning. Oh fuck. Oh fucking hell! His head throbbed. Feeling like it was gonna burst. Where was he going? He wasn’t sure. He just knew he had to get away. Had to run. Couldn’t get caught by those women. Those bimbos.

Those beauties with the soft, kissable lips.

He was hot.

So hot.

What was he doing?

Fuck.

So hot.

So hard.

So horny.

God.

Oh fuck. Fuck.

Will crashed against a door, which fell in with a jangle of the bell. He hit the floor, his heart leaping in his chest. His head spinning. Oh fuck. What... Fuck. He was so hot. He pulled at his collar, practically tearing out of his jacket.

So hot.

So...

So...

“Heeeey cutie. Welcome baaaack.”

Will lifted his head, starting blankly up.

Chrissy was leaning over him, smiling in that same lazy way as before, her lips glistening with gloss. Her eyes lidded in lazy pleasure, her breasts fairly bursting from the tight collar of her top.

Will looked around him and saw unstocked shelves and fluttering fluorescent. He... he'd run all the way back to the store. He... how... why...?

"Just couldn't keep awaaaay, huuuuh?" Chrissy giggled, getting slowly down on her knees before him, her breasts bouncing in the tightness of her top. "Well dooon't worry. I don't mind. But we've got soooo much catching up to doooooo."

"I... I don't..."

"Wanna kiss me?"

"K-kiss?" Will squeaked, his eyes riveted to her lips, his own buzzing like the static of a dead channel. "I... I um..."

"Feel soooo goood," Chrissy moaned, her hands going to her breasts, molding them underneath her shirt. "Feel soooo seeeexy."

Will panted, watching her. God she was beautiful. So hot. So sexy. He felt the heat burn in him. A fever. A need. Fuck he wanted her. Wanted her so badly. He was panting. Her perfume was everywhere.

"Wanna a kiss?" Chrissy cooed again.

The words practically forced themselves from him. Torn from his heart. His throat. "Y-yes p-pleaaaaase!" he cried.

Chrissy giggled, reaching forward, capturing his face between her hands. "Suuuure thing cuuuutie," she cooed.

And then those lips descended again.

And everything was so very good.

Will moaned, eyes rolling back as her lips worked against his, kissing him with passion. Heat. Clouds of pink stuffed his head. Soothed the aches. The pains. Tingles spread through him. He trembled, moaning, found his hands rising, cupping her breasts.

Oh fuck.

They felt even better than he dreamed.

Chrissy giggled, her tongue stroking his lips as she kissed him as if devouring him. His eyes rolled back, his hands stroking her. Adoring her. God she was sexy. Beautiful. He wanted her. Wanted more.

"Wanna... fuck...?" Chrissy gasped between kisses.

"Y-yes," Will panted. "Yes p-please!"

"So polite!" Chrissy giggled. "Take off my top."

He obeyed, his hands fumbling, tearing it up and off her. Chrissy giggled as her chest came free, bouncing into the open, nipples plump and dark. Needy.

"Touch me, stud," Chrissy cooed.

Will did, cupping her breasts as she kissed him again. Feeling her softness. Oh fuck. Oh fuck he wanted her. Wanted her more than anything. His head floated on pink clouds of pleasure. His cock throbbed and ached, a prisoner of his pants.

"Going to make you feel sooooo goood," Chrissy gasped between kisses.

"Yes. Yessss!" Will moaned.

She giggled, her hands finding his shirt, her lacquered pink nails tearing open the fabric with ease. "Ooooooh," she moaned, her hands stroking his toned chest, admiring it. "I got a reaaaal hottie."

Will whimpered as her lips descended on his again. Eager. Hungry. He felt like he was floating. Wrapped in her love. Her pleasure. There was no escape. He felt so weak. So helpless. His mind filled with pink clouds. His head swimming in pleasure.

Her lips captured his again. Again. Every kiss like a kick to the head, scattering more thoughts. He was blinking dazedly. Swaying. Her breasts rubbing against him. He gasped as she brushed his bulge, his cock twitching eagerly in his pants. His balls throbbing. Pulsing. Demanding satisfaction. Demanding release.

"You want me," she purred, her breath sweet as cotton candy. "You waaaaant me. Wanna fuuuuck me. Fuck me with that biiiig stuuuuud coooooock. Fuck your bimbo sluuuut. You want me. Wanna fuck me. I want you to tootally fuck me. Pound me. Make me screaaaaam. Oh baby... Oh fuck, baby, you want me so bad."

"Yes," Will said, his breath escaping him in heaving pants, the air tingling on his naked chest, his hands trembling where they grasped her rump. "Yes. Wanna... wanna f-fuck you. Gotta... gotta fuck."

"Fuck me. Fuck me haaaaard," Chrissy moaned, the words breathed from her faster, her foggy eyes growing hotter. Intent. Fixed on him with a desperate lust. Her ass rose off his lap with a swing of her hips. She grabbed her cutoffs and yanked them down. She wasn't wearing anything underneath. Nothing to get in her way. Her pussy was shaven. Glistening. Ready for him. She grabbed his pants, practically tearing them off. Will groaned as his cock sprang free of the denim prison, Throbbing. Thick. Twitching with arousal and need.

Chrissy's face lit up with excitement. "Oh fuck yes," she gasped, sliding down his body, bringing herself level with his cock. She licked her bubble-gum-pink lips. "Oh fuuuuuck yes. There it is. There it fucking iiiiiis. Oh fuuuuuck," she breathed, nuzzling his cock, shivering as she breathed in its musk. "Oh fuck yessss."

"Ah!" Will gasped as her lips pressed a kiss to him, leaving a lurid mark behind. His shaft quivered, fairly thrumming with arousal. It burned down his manhood like liquid fire, gathering in his aching balls, making him buck and twitch with every subsequent kiss. "Oh. Oh! Ohhhh!" Will moaned, clutching the ground, his shaft jutting straight up.

“Yeah, baby,” Chrissy breathed, leaning in closer. “All mine.”

Her lips parted and enveloped his cock. Will cried out at the sudden ecstasy of her lips sliding down his length, coating him in that sinful pink lipstick. “Oh f-fuuuuuuck!” Will cried, cumming instantly, his manhood surrendering to the glorious suction of those kissable lips.

“Mmmm,” Chrissy moaned, her lashes fluttering as she swallowed his heaving orgasm, her throat working as she suckled at his cock, milking him of every drop.

But she wasn’t done.

No.

She was far from done.

Will didn’t know how, but he was still hard. Still achingly hard. His cock pulsed with need that only Chrissy could sate. He whimpered as she continued to suck, her head bobbing adoringly in his lap, her hair swishing against the skin of his chest and inner thighs, even that gentle touch almost enough to push him past the brink again.

“C-Chrissy,” Will gasped. “Chrissy! I’m... I c-can’t... I... I... Ohhhh!”

Will cried out as he came again, another burst of pleasure lifting him into the clouds of ecstasy anew. Sinking him deeper. God it was good. So good. It felt so gloriously good. He wanted it to go on. To keep cumming.

For it to never end.

He felt the dumb smile steal over his face like dawn over a hill, and he didn’t fight it. He felt his head emptying like a bucket with a hole punched in the bottom and didn’t care. He felt Chrissy lift her lips off his cock, leaving it glistening and twitching, coated the pretty bubble-gum pink of her lipstick as she climbed atop him, her hands pressing him down under her and to the linoleum floor, her eyes burning hot as she aligned her pussy with his twitching manhood.

“Mine,” she said.

And sheathed him in her.

Will groaned in unspeakable ecstasy as his cock sank into the tight sleeve of the blonde. His hips began to rock, rutting into her, fucking her atop him. Chrissy’s eyes rolled back, a moan of pleasure escaping the O of her soft lips. Her hips increased their pace, pounding her atop him, her ass slapping his groin. Her breasts bouncing like balloons before his face.

“Yes!” Chrissy gasped, her hair tumbling around her head like woven gold. “Oh fuck yessss! Gimme... ah... gimme your c-cock! Fuck! Mnnn! Wanna... ah... wanna f-fuck you. Fuck you down! Yes. Oh fuck yes! Good s-stud! Good stud for mistress! Gimme your c-cock. Gimme that dick! Feels so g-good. Feels so... mnnn... goood!”

“Love you!” Will gasped, lost in the pleasure beneath her, his hands clinging to her hips, bouncing her atop his cock, his eyes fogged, lost, entranced with pleasure and mindless obedience to the blonde bombshell atop him. “Love... love you! Fuck! Gotta fuck!”

“That’s right... ah... baby. F-fuck me! Fuck my bimbo cunt. Make me mmmm! Make me cum! Make me cum, baby. Make... make me... Ohhhhhhh!”

Chrissy wailed with pleasure as she came, her pussy tightening, squeezing, rippling around his cock with the convulsions of her climax. Pushing him over the edge with a sudden tension of pleasure. Eagerly, willingly, Will rode that wave of pleasure, thrusting up into her a final time, crying out with ecstasy as he came with a shudder of shameless pleasure.

Will sagged onto the floor, his eyes growing lidded, dreamy. The heat that burned through him ebbing, and in its place came a pleasant warmth. A feeling of utter satiation, letting him float on pink clouds of mindless happiness. He heard Chrissy giggle as the gorgeous blonde moved over him, her lips shining with gloss, her eyes veiled with her lashes.

“Mmm. Did you like that, stuuuuud?” she cooed,

“Yeaaaaah,” Will said, smiling dumbly up at her.

Chrissy giggled again and leaned down, planting a kiss on his cheek. Will groaned, toes curling as another shot of pure pleasure ached through him.

“Gooood,” she cooed. “Then, you’re gonna wanna stay with me, right? Be a good boy for me?”

“Staaaay?” Will said. “Yeaaaaah,” he said, his smile growing with dumb pleasure. “Sounds goooooood.”

“I know, right?” Chrissy said, beaming. “Mmm. You’re gonna make such a greaaaat stuuud,” she said, leaning down and delivering a kiss to his other cheek.

Will groaned happily as another shot of pleasure warmed his veins. She was so right.

Chrissy was always right...