

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair and blue eyes is lying down, looking towards the camera. She is wearing a black lace bra and matching black lace underwear. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

AMELIA ROSE

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FUTA
TALES

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My Fertile Futa World

“Quick! Drink this, I need you to drink this,” Tricksy came barging into my room as she often does, frantically waving her arms in the air. This time holding a small vial of god knows what.

“Holy hell, Tricksy. Don’t you knock,” I clutched the sheets up to my chin.

“Why- why do I need to knock, now drink,” Tricksy hopped onto the bed, my hips between her knees, the vial dangling above my head.

“You just do, you gotta knock... my privacy and...”

“What, were you masturbating again?”

“Huh? No... I-” Tricksy ripped the covers off my body. I crossed my arms over my breasts and folded my legs.

Tricksy pried my legs open, her hand sliding across my pussy. She brought her fingers to her lips and licked. “Mmm, pussy juice,” said Tricksy, smiling a devious smile. “You were masturbating. You didn’t orgasm? Did you orgasm Miley?”

“What no,” I pushed Tricksy off, “Somebody interrupted me.”

“This is important. It’s really important.”

“Can’t it wait until I’ve finished,” I said, “just leave.”

“Stop acting like I haven’t fucked your pussy before. You’re making my futa cock throb, acting all coy. It’s throbbing now and it’s all your fault.”

“How is that my fault?”

“Feel, go on, give me your hand,” Tricksy grabbed my wrist and brought it under her plaid skirt, “Feel that? That’s a throbbing hard futa cock. Don’t you think I want to lay around jerking my cock all day. Just jerking my pretty smooth cock, and spray futa cum all over the place? Of course I do, but this is important, now drink.” Tricksy shoved the vial into my face.

There was no use in trying to argue with Tricksy. Nothing could slow her determination. I reached up and grabbed her big tits, squeezing them.

“How about you help me finish? If that futa cock is so hard, come fuck me with it,” I said.

Tricksy slapped my hands away, “now’s not the time. I would love to bend you over and pound that slutty pussy but we have important business to take care of. I’ve figured it out. Drink this and you’ll understand.”

“Fine Tricksy,” I snatched the small vial out of her hand and uncorked it. “So what does it do?”

“What doesn’t it do? It’s amazing, is what it is, drink it.”

I let out a heavy sigh and tipped the vial, letting it drip down my tongue.

Wild colors flashed before me, my vision overwhelmed with geometric patterns. My flesh tingled and radiated with warmth. A sexual yearning far greater than my little masturbation session had given me overwhelmed my mind.

“What the hell is going on Tricksy?” I bellowed, I waved my arms out in front of me but couldn’t see them, only a tunnel of shapes were visible as I felt as if I was being sucked through the bed.

“It’s working Miley, it’s working... You’re entering into my subconscious, just hang in there.”

My vision went completely black. When I opened my eyes I found myself laying in bed naked just as I had been before Tricksy interrupted me. “Strange,” I said aloud, looking around my room. Nothing was amiss. I rubbed my eyes. I guess Tricksy decided to leave me alone after all. Back to business then. I spread my legs open and slid my fingers across my wet clit, my pussy dripped with my juices.

“It worked Miley, the- the- the thing worked Miley,” Tricksy came booming into my room. Fuck not again. I ran my hand through my hair a bit fed up.

“What are you talking about, where did you go?”

“I didn’t go anywhere, now come on and suck my futa cock,” said Tricksy.

“Wait? What?”

“Suck my futa cock, look at you, you’re pussy is dripping for futa cock isn’t it?” Tricksy jumped on the bed and lifted her skirt up, “Look how hard it is for you, it’s throbbing, you see that.”

Tricksy brought her thick futa cock to my lips. It certainly did look good ,though I was confused as to what the hell was going on. But I suppose it didn’t matter. It looked like the only way I was going to orgasm today was if I sucked Tricksy sweet futa cock.

“Fine, give me that cock,” I said. I grabbed her throbbing cock and stuck my tongue out, licking and flicking at the pretty tip.

“Yes.. Mmm... Miley your tongue is perfect. Keep licking you little slut. Lick it until I cum.”

“Fuck, anything for you Tricksy, anything for your futa cum,” I wrapped my lips around her cock and sucked it into my warm mouth. My tongue danced along the shaft. Tricksy grabbed hold of my hair and thrust her hips, her big futa cock fucking my throat. Saliva spilled out of my mouth and coated her cock.

I pushed Tricksy off, needing to catch my breath, “Fuck, that’s a lot of cock,” I said.

“It is? I hope not, there’s a lot more cock here for you,” said Tricksy.

“Mmm, what do you mean?”

The door to my room bursted open, “Miley, look I’ve got another futa cock for you, nice and hard and throbbing, just for you.”

“But you’re-”

There were now two of her, two Tricksys in my room. One on top of me forcing her beautiful cock into my mouth and another standing in the doorway.

“It was the vial,” said a third Tricksy, entering into my room, her big tits jiggling as she stroked her cock. Before I knew it thirteen of them were in my room, surrounding me, climbing all over, a hard cock in each one of their hands.

“It’s a futa gang bang, Miley,” a Tricksy bent me over and plunged her cock into my wet cunt.

“Oh fuck,” I moaned, taking that fat cock in my lovely pussy.

“A gang bang in a vial,” said another Tricksy, standing above the other, teasing the tip of her cock against my cute little asshole.

“You’ll need to lube her first,” said Tricksy number five, spitting on my asshole, she took her finger and stretched me open so the other could fit her massive cock inside.

“Isn’t it wonderful Miley? Every one of your holes is going to get plugged and fucked by me,” said Tricksy. Three Tricksys fucked my three holes at once. My body bounced back and forth between all of them. The other Tricksys stroked and jerked their cocks over my body, spilling warm cum all over me as they watched me get fucked.

“Pull your cock out of her mouth,” said Tricksy, “I want her sucking on my tits.”

“But I haven’t cummed yet,” said Tricksy.

“Well hurry up and fill her mouth,” said Tricksy.

Cum shot into my mouth, spilling out and coating her messy cock. The other Tricksy lifted my head by the hair and held her tits to my face, smothering me. My tongue licked her plump breasts, searching for a nipple to suckle.

The thirteen futas all took their turns fucking every one of my holes, tossing me around and using my little slut body for their pleasure. And I loved it, I loved it so much I couldn’t hold my orgasm in any longer. I shuddered and shouted, my body shaking and spasming, I rolled on the bed, soaked in futa cum. Suddenly the world around me shattered and reality set back in.

“How was it Miley... Tell me Miley, how was it? The fourteen futa gang bang in a bottle, was it amazing?” Asked Tricksy shaking me.

“It was ama- did you say fourteen? There were only thirteen of you,” I said.

“Thirteen? Are you sure, only thirteen?”

“Absolutely sure,” I said.

“This isn’t good Miley, not good at all. That means number fourteen is somewhere out here, she’s on the loose. We gotta find her,” said Tricksy.

“That doesn’t make sense, how could she be out here?”

“Because she’s me, Miley. I wouldn’t want to be trapped inside a vial and used as some slut’s plaything. She got out and now we’re all in trouble,” said Tricksy.

“But if- if you wouldn’t want to be trapped in the vial, why did you trap yourself in a vial?”

“Because Miley, how else could I fuck you fourteen times all at once, it was the only way to double penetrate that pussy and ass of yours. But there’s no time for explanations, we’ve got to find me.”

“Alright whatever,” I said, “so where the hell do we find you?” I asked.

“I don’t know, Miley... I just don’t, I mean, where would you look for me first,” said Tricksy. I looked down, her hand was groping and rubbing my tits, trying to pinch my stiff nipples.

“The strip club,” I said, very matter of factly, “Or anywhere else you could find fresh pussy.”

“That’s it, Miley you’re a genius,” Tricksy slapped my tits and kissed my lips, licking my face, “Let’s go, we gotta go to the strip club.”

“You just want to go look at naked women, don’t you?” I asked.

“What? What do you take me for,” Tricksy, had lifted my shirt up and was about to start sucking on my tits, she placed my shirt back down, “that was the last thing on my mind.”

We walked into the strip club and sure enough there she was. Tricksy’s clone or whatever you want to call it was up on the stage. She had a stripper bent over, ass in the air, plunging her big futa cock in and out of the stripper’s pussy.

“Wow, look at me go Miley,” said Tricksy, “Look at me fuck that stripper whore, isn’t it beautiful,” Tricksy was enamored with herself, watching as her clone spanked the stripper’s big fat ass, slamming her cock into her wet pussy.

“Snap out of it,” I said, snapping my fingers in her face, “don’t we have a job to do?”

“Right Miley, We can’t just watch me fuck strippers all day. Come on.”

We climbed on the stage, Tricksy got the attention of her clone by taking her own top off and shoving her big fat tits in her face. “You need to get back in the vial,” said Tricksy, smothering the clone with her tits as the clone continued to pound the stripper.

“I’m not going back, I don’t want to live in a bottle, I want to fuck... and fuck tons of strippers. You know you want to as well. Come on and join me, fuck this sluts pussy with me,” said the clone.

Tricksy’s cock throbbed under her skirt, she pulled it out and started stroking it, bringing it to the stripper’s mouth to suck on. I grabbed Tricksy’s cock with my hand and pulled her away, “Stop, you’re falling for your own tricks, we gotta get her in the vial, remember?”

“Damn it, Miley... but look at the spit drooling out of this stripper’s mouth, how can I not shove my cock in there?” Said Tricksy.

“Please...” moaned the stripper, “I want your big futa cock too, let me taste it.”

“See Miley she wants me to fuck her mouth, now let go of my cock,” Tricksy slapped my hands away. She thrust her thick cock into the stripper’s mouth. The stripper bobbed her head up and down, slobbering all on that futa cock. Damn it looked so good and I wanted to get down on my knees and suck too but I couldn’t be the weak one here.

The two of them fucked the stripper from both ends. Their futa cocks sliding in and fucking those slutty stripper holes. The stripper kept begging for more, slapping and pinching her fat tits. I stuck my hand between my legs. I had to masturbate, I just had to, it was such a sexy lust filled sight. I wanted a futa cock in my own pussy. Tricksy unloaded a stream of warm cum into the stripper’s mouth, and suddenly came to her senses. Tricksy grabbed hold of my shoulders, “That’s it Miley, I figured it out. I just needed to cum and clear my head, but now I’ve got it,” said Tricksy.

“What? Tell me.”

“What’s the one thing I can’t resist?”

“Umm, pussy?”

“That’s right, pussy... and not just any pussy but your pussy. Here take this vial Miley, take it and shove it way up into your vagina.”

“You want me to... what?”

“Shove it way in there, right in that cute little cunt of yours. Then spread those legs for the other me, and make her fuck you. She won’t be able to say no and when her cock hits the vial inside your pussy she’ll be trapped in it for good.” Trickyshoveled the vial in my hands, and motioned for me to shove it way up there.

I suppose I had no choice. I removed my clothes and spread my pussy open, shoving the vial into my wet cunt.

“Good, now spread those legs and get me to fuck you,” said Trickyshoveled.

I got on my back and put my legs in the air, rubbing my sweet little clit, “come on and fuck me,” I begged the clone, “I want that futa load too.” The Trickyshoveled clone pulled her cum covered cock out of the stripper and came over to me, it was working.

“That’s it, fuck this pussy... please please, pound my little pussy,” I said. The clone teased my hole for half a second before shoving her cock way inside of me. The futa clone thrust her hips. I moaned and grabbed for her big comfy tits. “Yes yes... fucking hell that feels good, fuck this pussy,” I whimpered.

The futa clone lifted my legs and worked her massive cock in deeper and deeper. It was working, it was really working, and it felt damn amazing in the process. Trickyshoveled couldn’t stand just watching her clone fuck my tight pussy, however.

“Miley, give me your mouth, I need you to suck my futa cock, it’s the only way to get my clone to fuck you harder,” said Trickyshoveled. I grabbed her cock and pulled her over to my mouth. I latched onto the tip and started to suck, giving Trickyshoveled a nice sloppy blowjob. Her cum covered cock tasted amazing, nothing tastes better than futa cum. Trickyshoveled called the stripper over and fingered her pussy while I sucked on her cock.

The orgy made the clone explode cum inside of my pussy. She gave a final forceful thrust into my cunt. Cum filling me up. Then suddenly the clone was whisked away inside of my pussy.

"It worked," I said, "I think she's trapped in the vial," I fisted my pussy, stretching it open and pulling the vial out. "We did it."

Tricksy spilled her cum on my tits, "good work Miley. Now I need a pussy to fuck. My clones can't keep getting all the fun."

"Fuck me," said the stripper, slapping her palm against her wet pussy, "I could use more cock." Tricksy, grabbed the stripper's thick thighs and pulled her in, slamming her futa cock in her pussy.

"What about me, don't I get any cock, I'm the one who had to shove a vial up their cunt after all."

"Then get over here," said Tricksy. I got on all fours and stuck my cute little ass up for Tricksy, spreading my cheeks to give her access. Tricksy jabbed her cock back and forth between me and the stripper. Tricksy's futa cock slid into my cum soaked pussy with ease. "Give me another load," I demanded, "a big fat futa load for your good little slut." Tricksy's cock erupted warm sticky cum inside of me.

"Now me!" Shouted the stripper, she slapped her own big fake tits and beckoned for another pounding. Tricksy rammed into that cunt, cum still dripping endlessly from her messy cock.

I shoved my fingers into my cunt as I watched Tricksy fuck the stripper. The stripper moaned and moaned. I sat on her face, the stripper sucked the cum out of my pussy swallowing it all up, licking my pussy clean. "What a nasty whore," I said, slapping the stripper gently on the cheek.

"Who's going to clean my cock for me?" asked Tricksy. The stripper and I licked Tricksy's throbbing shaft. Licking it all up and down, getting every drop of futa cum into our mouths.

"That was amazing," said a woman, rushing onto the stage. She wore nothing but a lace bra and a thong, her tits huge and clearly fake. A real slutty bimbo if there ever was one. She must have been another stripper. The slutty stripper threw herself at Tricksy, "please can you fuck and fill me

too? I want your futa cum, fuck me like you fucked her,” she said, pointing to her friend. “Fuck me until you fill my belly with futa seed and impregnate me like a dirty slut whore.”

Tricksy grabbed the woman’s ass, squeezing her big booty, “of course I’ll fill this pussy,” Tricksy ripped the woman’s thong aside and slid her finger into her wet cunt.

“Don’t you think we should get going? We completed our mission,” I said.

“I can’t just say no to impregnating a whore. Miley, you know that,” said Tricksy. I did know that. But my pussy was so sore and tired of getting fucked and played with, I didn’t have the same endurance as Tricksy, but when there was a willing pussy around there was no slowing her down.

“Just let me fuck this one and we can get going,” Tricksy shoved the stripper on her knees and slapped her cute little face with her futa cock. The stripper stroked and stroked the tip, licking her tongue on the shaft.

“Fuck yeah, suck that futa dick you whore,” Tricksy took hold of the stripper’s long blonde hair and thrust her cock down the slut’s throat.

Once her futa cock was all nice and lubed up with stripper spit, Tricksy flipped the stripper over and took her from behind. Pounding her cunt, gripping her thick ass and slamming it back on her thighs.

“That’s it you whore, make this futa cock cum, you want that futa baby making cum don’t you?”

“I do... I do...” repeated the stripper.

Tricksy blasted a final load of sticky white cum into the stripper. She spanked the stripper’s ass, and spat on her cunt. Tricksy shoved her face down, eating up the stripper’s booty and pussy. My sore little clit ached to be touched, but I just couldn’t do it anymore. I just couldn’t.

“Stop saying I do,” said Tricksy, “I’m fucking your pussy and filling it with futa seed, not marrying you,” she slapped her ass again.

“Yes mistress futa... I’m sorry,” moaned the stripper.

“Alright Miley, I suppose if you want to, we can leave,” said Tricksy. It was about time. The two stripper’s leaked cum from their filled up pussy.

The blonde one got on top of the other, the two of them licking and sucking at each other's clits. The futa cum made the two of them insatiable whores. I had no doubt that they would be at it for another hour.

We got back to the house and I could finally shower and relax. I had enough of Tricksy's antics for one day, they were nothing but trouble.

"Next time can we discuss your experiments before you decide to do something crazy," I said.

"What are you saying, Miley? A fourteen futa gang bang in a bottle was a brilliant idea. Besides, it's too late. I already finished my interdimensional futa summoner ray. It summons futas from other dimensions," Tricksy pulled out a silver gun with a giant funnel at the end. And then, she of course, went ahead and pulled the trigger. A morphing green portal split open in the room.

"What the hell did you just do?" I asked.

Tricksy shrugged, "Summoned a futa from somewhere I suppose."

"Don't you ever stop?" I asked.

"But look Miley... Look at it..." Tricksy lifted her skirt, "See that, it's still hard. Fucking stripper's isn't enough Miley... It's not enough for my futa cock I need more. Don't you get it."

A naked futa with glistening crystal wings, a sweet pussy and a thick cock, stepped out of the portal, "Where am I?" asked the futa.

"You're on earth, I brought you here to suck on my futa cock... and so I can suck on yours," said Tricksy.

"You're a futa?" the fairy looking futa said. "I thought I was the only one."

"Maybe in your dimension, but there's infinite dimensions with infinite combinations of futas."

"This is wonderful," the futa fairy's flaccid cock instantly became hard and erect.

"Perfect," said Tricksy, stroking the futa's cock. "See Miley, now she has a futa friend. It was meant to be."

“Is she a futa too?” asked the fairy, biting her lip as Tricksy sucked on her cock.

Tricksy wiped her mouth, “No, that’s Miley, she’s a regular female, but she loves futa cock too. Come on Miley, suck this cock with me.”

“Fine,” I sighed, getting on my knees before the fairy. “You’re lucky I love sucking futa cock.” The fairy’s futa cock tasted like sweet candy. I wondered what sort of world she was from where cocks tasted so sweet. “It’s like sucking a lollipop,” I said.

“It’s magical,” said Tricksy, “this is the best tasting futa cock ever.”

“Wait till you taste my cum, it’s raspberry flavored,” said the fairy.

Raspberry cum, now that was fantastic. Maybe not all of Tricksy’s inventions were awful. A futa with flavored cum. Who knows what other futas existed out there. The fairy, overwhelmed by our sucking mouths sprayed cum from out of her cock, splattering our lips with it.

“Oh my gosh, it does taste like raspberry,” I said.

“See Miley, don’t doubt me, just enjoy the taste of sweet sweet futa cum.” I licked my lips and turned to face Tricksy. I needed more of that sweet cum, so I licked her face... licking every drop of futa cum off her mouth.

“Are you sure you’re the only one? There aren’t more futas like you where you’re from?”

“I’m pretty sure,” said the fairy.

“Darn, I really wanted more futa cum like yours.”

“Don’t worry Miley, this ray gun will bring us all sorts of futas. Futas with blueberry cum and sour apple cum... all the flavors of cum.

“Now hold on,” said the fairy, “before you two get all excited, can’t I taste your futa cock too? I never sucked another futa before.”

“Right right,” said Tricksy. She let the fairy get on her knees and suck on her hard cock. Licking up and down the shaft. “Mmm, that fairy futa mouth is perfect.”

“Your cock is perfect,” said the fairy, sucking until cum splattered her tits. I licked the cum off the fairy’s breasts, it wasn’t raspberry flavored but Tricksy still had nice tasting cum.

“Do you think I can stay here?” asked the fairy, “At least for a little while. I like not being the only futa.”

“Of course you can stay, right Miley,” Tricksy squeezed my ass.

“Right, we would love to have you and your raspberry cum stay with us.”

“Oh wonderful,” said the fairy.

“Good, now everybody get some rest, we have a lot of adventures to go on tomorrow,” said Tricksy.

Fertile For The Futa Demon

My name's Lulu, and my little adventures into the occult started when I was much younger than I am now. My story begins not unlike a lot of other wiccans and neo-pagans and what have you. I found myself enamored by the playful divination technique of tarot and the like. I would invite my friends over and lay the cards out before us, telling and deciphering their fortunes. I didn't think much of it at the time. It was like playing a boardgame. We didn't take it seriously. The girls would ask me questions about the boys they liked. I would flip the cards over. If the signs looked promising I encouraged them to go for it, if they didn't I warned them to stay away.

I remember fondly of the night my good friend Tasha came over for a reading. This guy she had been grooving on for the past couple weeks had asked her out on an official date. A very big deal for her, it was her first date. Naturally she came to me and we consulted the cards together. When I drew the final card and revealed the lovers, I knew she had to go for it. And it was on that night that Tasha lost her virginity. She called me up the next day and told me all about it. Every sexy detail, though a lot of the details were far more humorous than sexy, but that's to be expected for a first time, isn't it?

It was then that Tasha told all our friends about my divination and soon my circle of clients were no longer delegated to those closest to me. I became known as a sex witch because of it. It just happened that way, I don't think that's an official term or anything but I was that weird occult woman who helped her friend lose her virginity. So the title sex witch it was for me. I didn't mind the title so much, in fact I was happy to have it, at the very least to be known for something. And I got a lot more practice with divination as my customer base expanded.

My clients were almost always satisfied with my readings. I worked daily with each of them. Guided them down a path in life that would lead to their sexual satisfaction. It took awhile sometimes, and mistakes were made on both of our parts. But we would all continue to work together and

get there eventually. The most powerful tool was not the cards but their trust in me, to hold to that trust even when at times it seemed like the light was far off. Back then it was hard for me to say whether there was something akin to real magic going on or if I just had a strong intuition and a knack for reading people and their situations.

However one fated night, under the blood moon, I learned just how deep magic runs in this world. Magic that for most goes on flowing completely unseen or disregarded. I however was no longer given the option of looking away, and had to face my new reality for better or worse.

Practicing witches and wiccans of all sorts partake in ritualistic practices. And I was no different. I went outside underneath the full red moon. It was a game, or a play of sorts that I was putting on. The kind of thing to just set a mood, I wasn't attempting to accomplish anything by it, it was ceremony for ceremonies sake. At least that's what I had thought.

The candles burned, lined in the shape of the crescent moon, wax trickled down their long shafts. I laid myself within the crescent. Staring up at the moon. It was a perfect night for a ritual. The air was heavy, the world quiet. I started this little sex ritual like I did all the others. First removing my shirt. My round nipples stiff as the cold air whipped across my bare flesh. I never wore a bra. Wiccans have no need for such pointless restrictions. Of course, the act of refusing to wear a bra was more symbolic than anything else. It represented my freedom, my break from the socially acceptable. I didn't give a damn if men or women could see my nipples poking through the fabric of my shirt. It was my body, I held no shame against it. I enjoyed how sexy and delectable my body was. If that bothered others it was no problem of mine.

The only problem I had now was this yearning and aching between my legs. One that I need to desperately take care of. Magic is all about mental focus. And I needed a strong sexual energy to perform my magic well, or so I believed. Either way, it got me in mood for reading the divine cards and aiding my friends in their sex lives. How could I lead others to sexual fulfillment if I myself was feeling neglected. It was therefore of the utmost important that if I could not find someone to please me, that I pleased

myself. I did this each and every day. I either got fucked or I did the dirty work myself. I enjoyed both. There was nothing wrong in a witch's outlook with self-pleasure. In fact it is often just as important to enjoy one's own company as it is to enjoy another's. This goes for the sexual as well as anything else.

I spread my legs open, I could feel the warmth from the candle flames. I placed a hand over my black lace thong, so silky smooth as I rubbed over it. My tiny little clit swelled at my touch. My other hand gripped my tits. I pinched my nipples, I got rough with them. Intensity was another important aspect of magic. The more intense, the more focus, the better. I pinched and tugged my nipples, bordering on the abusive. But damn if it didn't feel good to do so.

My hips bucked, I needed more. I slid my fingers under my thong. Feeling just how wet I made myself, I teased my little clit with the tip of my finger, just barely grazing over it, the slightest of touches as I quickly flicked at it, sliding over. It felt so good to tease, to have the pleasure slowly build and build. It was that build up that would eventually lead to the overwhelming, the impossibility of resisting an explosive orgasm.

The more I played the wetter my pussy got. So wet, that sliding my fingers inside happened with the greatest ease, and greatest pleasure. I started with one finger, then two. I had to get more intense though. I had to stuff this little pussy of mine if I wanted to conjure up the best of what my magical intuition had to offer. A third finger. I plunged my hand inside my tight pussy, stretching it open wide, shoving in up to the knuckles. I moaned and cried into the night's sky. No one was around to hear. I could bellow and scream and it wouldn't matter. I was out in the open and could be as loud as I desired. And I loved being loud.

As the need to explode with orgasmic wonder increased, I huffed and puffed, my breathing growing heavy. I could barely contain myself rolling in the grass before the mass of burning candles. A heavy wind swept over me, bushing my stiff nipples. The candles all blew out at once. Suddenly I was surrounded in complete darkness. Not even the moon was visible anymore. I lost complete sense of my surroundings, of even my own body. Though

the pleasure still rolled through me, I had little idea as to where I was, who I was, or which way was even up. All I knew was this felt damn good. My pussy and clit pulsed. I rubbed and rubbed and bit my lip. My legs snapped shut, the orgasms were too much. And I couldn't force myself any further, though I wish I could. That was the only drawback to doing it on my own, I had no one to force my legs back open and force another orgasm through me even when my body said no more.

The red moon flickered, I could make it out once again in the darkness. One by one the candles had lit themselves. My heart began to race, something rather unnatural was going on, very unnatural. I had never witnessed a magic that spat in the face of the laws of physics, it was something that always took place behind the veil, somewhere and somehow in how the unconscious minds of men and women are undeniably linked. But this... this was something... this was not human.

The dim light of the candles flickered, shining and revealing a womanly figure. I glanced up at this figure, my fingers still holding to my pussy. My other hand still clutching to my breasts, in fact my grip had grown exceptionally strong, I had not realized just how hard I was groping myself. The fear that I had felt in that moment of darkness filled me with a tension that I was not, until now, aware of. I relaxed my body, having finally come to my senses. A woman stood over me. Who she was, what she wanted, all these questions and more were a complete and total mystery to me.

Yet for all the questions, I did not really care for their answers. What I cared for was something far more base than knowledge or understanding. It was experience and feeling. Looking at her I was enchanted, I was in a trance. Lost in the beautifully blessed image of her shapely form. Darkly radiant, curvy and so perfect. Her breasts were large, freely hanging from her chest. She wore nothing to hide this beauty from me and I was in complete awe and thanks of that fact. It would be the greatest shame if such wonder was hidden from me. It was a beauty that knew it could not and should not be hidden from the world.

She took a step closer into the candle light. Her flesh was as pale as the moon. So soft and inviting, I wanted to reach out and touch it. Though I

thought better of it. Would she want me too? How could she not though? She was standing there naked. The reason for such was clear... She wanted me. I could feel her want for me, a want that equalled my own. I finally worked up the courage to speak. What did I possibly have left to hide? I was naked, my legs spread open. My most intimate self was already bare for her to see.

“Who- who are you?” the question made it’s way over my red lips.

“I am Scarlett, your demoness,” said the woman.

“My what?”

“Your demoness, you didn’t think you were working alone did you?” She asked, moving closer to me. I looked over her naked body, so sweet and succulent. Her curves were a wonder, her breasts voluptuous, but above all else this woman had something extra. She had a cock; a stiff, erect, cock between her legs. I was practically drooling over this wonder of a woman, of a demon.

“Well... but... demons are not real,” I said. Obviously the creature before me was proof that they were, but still some part of my mind refused to admit that this was happening.

The demoness knelt down next to me, her hands tracing over my body, “Feel... and know that I am real,” he hands grazed over my tits, over my stiff nipples. I bit my lip. Her very touch sent shivers through me. The good kind, the kind that made my pussy ache and yearn for play.

“Why have you come now?” I asked.

“Demons are jealous beings, I see what pleasure you aided your friends in receiving. Don’t you think we should have that too?” She pinched my nipples between her fingers, the slight pain was an absolute pleasure.

“I do,” I said. How could I respond in any other way, this demon’s touch made me want it so bad. Looking at the hard cock of hers throb, only one thing was on my mind... having it inside of me.

Scarlett pushed my legs open, her hand sliding over my wet pussy. She rubbed my clit and stuck a finger into my sweet hole. She removed her fingers and stuck them in her mouth.

“So sweet,” moaned Scarlett.

“Don’t stop,” I sighed. It was torture each time those fingers left me.

“Of course not,” said Scarlett. She shoved her fingers back inside of my pussy, pressing the walls, filling me up. She brought her mouth to my clit. Her tongue licking it up, her spit dripping out of her mouth and down my body.

“There’s another reason I’m here,” said Scarlett, removing her mouth from my pussy, wiping her lips on the back of her wrist.

“What’s that?” I asked. Grinding my hips in the air, beckoning for her to bring her tongue back.

“I need someone to receive my seed,” she said, her finger flicking my swelling clit. I jerked back, so sensitive, my tits bouncing.

“You mean-”

“That’s right. I’m here to cum inside of this tight little pussy, pump you full of my demon seed.” The demons touch, her words, it overwhelmed me, my legs shook as my body rolled with its orgasm. I clutched the grass at my side, ripping it from the ground.

“Fuck..” I cried.

“Are you willing?” Scarlett asked.

Seeing that hard cock next to my pussy, there was nothing else I could do but say, “yes... please, yes.”

Scarlet lifted my legs in the air, placing them on her shoulders. She teased the tip of her cock on my wet pussy and clit. I squirmed beneath her, begging her to stick it in me. The teasing was too much, I needed that cock inside. I needed that cum and to have her demon baby. Scarlett flicked her cock in and out of my hole, teasing the entrance.

“Fuck me... fuck me with that cock,” I cried.

The demon eased the tip in, sinking her cock deep into my pussy. Once it was in there was no more going easy. Scarlett grinned, the lust burned in her eyes. She gripped my tits and pinched my nipples, slapping and groping. The abuse was fantastic, I loved it. Loved how rough and commanding she

was. She pulled her hips back and started to fuck my hole. Her thick cock stretched my pussy wide open.

She was so massive, it was a surprise she managed to fit and stuff the whole thing into my cunt. Though I imagine if it didn't she would have found a way to make it fit. I gripped her back, my nails digging into her flesh as she continued to pound my pussy.

"Fuck yes... give me that demon cock. Give me that cum."

"What a tight pussy, you're going to make a wonderful cumdumpster," Scarlett nibbled at my ear.

"Yes yes... your little cumslut. Just fill me and use me... please."

Scarlett flipped me over and brought my ass in the air, my face shoved into the grass. She spanked my ass, "I'm gonna fill this little pussy up." She jammed her cock into my wet cunt and gripped my hips. She pulled and commanded my thick ass back on her cock, slamming into me from behind, bouncing my body back and forth, my tits pressed into the ground.

"Oh fuck... oh fuck.." spit drooled over my lips and soaked the earth. I couldn't do anything but go along for the ride, and what a fucking fantastic ride it was. Nobody had ever used me like the demon had. No one had the energy to fuck me like a doll without a care for anything other than taking pussy.

Scarlett gave my ass another slap, my flesh stinging and turning red as it jiggled and bounced for her. I could feel her cock throbbing, the cum swelling inside ready to be let out. I reached behind and spread my ass open. "Fucking do it... fill this pussy with your cum," I shouted. Scarlet lifted herself up, plowing into my hole from above, her hand pressed to the side of my face, her teeth clenched. She shoved one last forceful thrust into my cunt and held it there. Her cock throbbed and spewed warm sticky cum deep inside, filling me to the brim. Filling me to the point of cum overflowing out of my pussy and leaking down my thighs. She pulled her messy cock out and brought it to my lips.

"Suck," she commanded.

I took her cum covered cock into my mouth, licking the sweet cum from off her shaft. Licking her clean, sucking up every drop of wonderful demon cum. Scarlett kissed my lips, her tongue scooping the cum out of my mouth. She got behind me and spat the mix of spit and cum into my pussy. Not a drop of demon cum would be wasted. With her fingers she scooped the cum off my thighs and directed it back into my pussy.

“What a good little cumslut,” said Scarlett, “my demon seed will be very happy in your whore’s pussy.”

“Yes... anything for you,” I said.

“And don’t you want anything?” Asked Scarlett.

“Only you... only your hard cock,” I said, between heavy breaths.

“Are you sure, I can give you anything you want... you served my cock well.”

There was one thing I wanted. One thing I never thought of wanting until now, but once the thought had entered my mind I knew I would never be able to shake it until I got it.

“I want a cock like you have. I don’t want to just have a pussy, I want a cock too. I want to fuck women with my own cock like you fucked me with yours. I want to cum loads inside of them and fill them with my seed.”

“Then you shall have a cock of your own,” said Scarlett.

She spread my legs open and knelt between them. She spat on her cock and stroked the head. Working another orgasm out. Her cum erupted forth and splattered over my clit. The moment it did I could feel the change. My clit was sprouting into a cock. A large, thick, and mighty cock sprang from between my legs, above my pussy.

“Oh thank you, thank you,” I cried.

I gripped my new cock in my hands, stroking it up and down. My legs shook, it felt so fucking good. I spat in my palm and slid my sloppy fingers over the sensitive tip, “oh fuck,” I muttered bucking my hips. It happened so fast, I wasn’t used to this level of pleasure, cum dribbled out of the tip of my cock, dripping over my fingers. I played with my sticky cum, it wasn’t much but it was wonderful, it was a start.

“You’re welcome,” Scarlett kissed the head of my cock, and sucked the cum off. “Till we meet again,” she said.

Now that I had a cock of my own, I wouldn’t have to send my clients chasing after men to find pleasure. I could do it myself. I could toss them down and take their sweet little pussies for myself. It’s all they ever wanted anyway. Someone strong to fuck their holes. Someone worthy enough to fill it with warm seed. And that someone was now me. I was blessed by the demon Scarlett’s cum. I could feel the insatiable lustful energy surge through every vein. I needed to fuck and fuck soon.

Shrunk For My Futa

Mistress Lola was my futa master. When it comes to being a futa she knows it all. How to use her futa cock to please both men and women. How to fill a woman with futa seed until she's blessed with a big blossoming belly. All the tricks of the futa trade, she had long ago mastered. The greatest of all is of course blessing a female with a futa cock of her very own. And that's why I serve under Mistress Lola, in hopes that one day she will see I am deserving of my very own futa cock.

I have great hips and a wonderful bust. Lola loved playing with my tits so much. It was probably her favorite thing about me. Not that I minded that. I just loved getting to please my futa Mistress in any way possible. Unfortunately it's been a few days and I haven't seen Lola at all. She's been holed up in her lab experimenting on some new form of futa pleasure. This tended to happen from time to time. And there was never any knowing when or what she would return with.

The last time this happened she concocted a strange little orb. When a few drops of water were added the orb grew to overwhelming sizes. In addition to its size a mass of tentacles sprouted from all over. Tentacles that only sought to please women and futas in all sorts of strange and wonderful ways. And I was of course the guinea pig for all of Lola's latest designs.

I didn't mind being a test subject. It always almost ended in a good time. Except for that one creation of Lola's. The insatiable futa bot. When she programmed it to be insatiable we had no idea just how insatiable, insatiable really was. The futa bot never stopped fucking. The only way one could manage to get away from its endlessly cumming futa cock was to find it another pussy to fuck. I'm sure even now that very same futa bot is being passed from lover to lover, endlessly fucking and cumming and filling sluts like me.

What I did mind however, was the days of being without my mistress. When she was around she pleased my clit like no one else could. Without her, I was left wanting. To help with that I met up with Macy. Macy was a

futa apprentice who had just received her very own futa cock from her mistress. I was a little jealous of this, I've been training under my Mistress for far longer than Macy has been training with hers and yet she already has a cock and I still only have my pussy to play with. I suppose the one good thing about it was I'm now the first female to get to enjoy her new gift.

"Ready to see it?" Macy asked.

"Oh please, take it out," I said. I bounced excitedly on Macy's mattress ready as I'll ever be to get that first glimpse of her futa cock.

Macy removed her tights, I could see her hard futa cock bulging against her panties. Macy rubbed her hands over her bulge.

"Damn, it's already hard, isn't it?"

"Mmhmm," said Macy, "just knowing I have a futa cock makes me hard. Mistress Nancy says that's only natural for new futas. The best thing for it, she said, is to cum as much as you can."

"Well, it's a good thing I'm here then," I said. I placed my hand on top of hers, feeling that hard bulge. "You're so lucky, I can't wait to get my futa cock."

"You'll get there," said Macy, she snuck her hand up my skirt. "Oh, you're not wearing any underwear."

"Uh uh, they would just get in our way," I said.

I pulled Macy's panties down. Her hard futa cock leapt out at me, standing strong and erect. "Wow, you got a nice big one," I said.

"I know," Macy grabbed her cock, sliding her hands up and down. Macy curled her finger beckoning for me to come join her. I wrapped my hand around her shaft. Her cock was so smooth. The two of us teased her cock together, feeling it twitch and jump as we touched it.

"Oh look," I said, taking a finger and wiping a bit of precum that leaked down her shaft, "so cute."

Macy smiled, squeezing more precum out of the tip of her cock. Clear liquid dribbled over the edge. Her cock grew slick with precum as I stroked

her up and down. Macy clutched the bed sheets next to her, a soft moan escaped her lips.

“I bet my mouth would feel even better,” I said, hovering my lips over her cock. I let the spit drip out of my mouth and rain down her throbbing cock. I sloshed the saliva over her cock, sloppily stroking her futa dick for her.

“Oh fuck, that feels perfect,” moaned Macy. I angled her cock towards my tongue, teasing her with small little flicks. Each time my tongue touched the underside of her cock it gave a little twitch and pulsated.

I took the tip of her cock into my mouth, sucking on it. Macy placed her hands on my head, wanting me to take it deeper. I stuffed my mouth full of her cock. Spit drooled out and pooled down her pussy. I stuck a finger into her hole, my mouth bobbing up and down her hard cock.

“Do you think you can cum for me?” I asked, wiping the spit and precum off my lips.

“Oh yes,” said Macy.

There is nothing better than futa cum, nothing in the whole wide world can compare to it. It was that first taste of futa cum when I had turned eighteen that made me decide I too wanted to be a futa.

I gripped her cock hard, stroking her faster and faster. Macy panted and moaned, biting her lip. I could feel her cock swelling with cum, wanting to explode for me.

“That’s it Macy, give me your futa cum,” my words encouraged her. I whispered in her ear, my warm breath tickling her flesh.

Macy thrust her hips, sliding her cock in and out of my hold. I held tightly to the tip furiously jerking her off.

“I’m gonna... I’m gonna...” Cum erupted out of her futa cock and sprayed my big tits. Macy leaned forward grabbing onto my shoulder, huffing and puffing, for a bit of air. Macy tossed herself back, laying flat on the bed. “That was awesome,” shouted Macy. Her cock remained hard, pulsing, cum still leaking out and trickling down the shaft and over her pussy. I licked from her pussy all the way up to the tip of her cock, tasting

that sweet futa cum. The cum I could only hope to one day produce. I swished her futa cum around in my mouth, mixing it with my spit before gulping it down. Fuck, did I love eating futa cum. I wondered, when I get a futa cock, would my cock taste as sweet as Macy's? I would be sure to test it out when the time came... when I came.

"You're still hard," I said, giving her cock a shake, "does that mean you can cum again for me?"

Macy picked herself up and shrugged, "there's only one way to find out." Macy took a fistful of my hair and brought my mouth back down on her cock. While her throbbing cock sat in my wet mouth Macy thrust her hips up and down, hitting the back of my throat. Saliva pooled down her cum covered cock. She was so much more sensitive than before.

"Oh fuck," cried Macy, she quickly pulled her cock out and another stream of warm sticky cum spilled onto my chest. "No wonder Mistress Lola chose you for an apprentice," said Macy, gliding her hands over my tits, playing with her own sticky cum, "one touch from you and I already wanna explode cum everywhere."

"Do you think you have enough energy and cum left to fuck me?" I asked.

"Definitely," said Mary, she was in the middle of lifting my skirt up when a knock sounded on her door.

"Come in," said Macy.

Mistress Nancy entered the room. She was a tall redhead with enormous tits. And from what Macy told me, she had a massive futa cock as well. It was no surprise that when Nancy blessed Macy her cock would be equal in size.

"Lola is looking for you," Nancy said to me.

"But Mistress we were just about to fuck," said Macy.

"You know you can't keep her to yourself, she needs to go see her Mistress," said Nancy. Nancy stepped out of her pants, her ass was incredible, so thick. "But I'll let you fuck me, okay?"

"Okay," said Macy, excitedly bouncing her cock up and down.

I left Mistress Nancy's and headed back to my own futa's house. I may not have gotten to fuck my bestfriend Macy's new cock but if Lola was looking for me it could only mean one thing; her experiment was complete. And I was definitely about to get some futa cock one way or another. However when it came to Mistress Lola there was also no telling what else I might be getting in addition to that. The only way to find out was to spread my legs and wait.

"There you are," said Mistress Lola, greeting me as I entered. "Where the hell have you been?"

"I was with Macy. Nancy just blessed her with a futa cock. It's so big... and tasty," I said.

"Well I'm happy you enjoyed yourself, but we have training to do."

"But Mistress don't you think I've trained enough, when can I get my own futa cock."

Lola pulled me in, pressing my face against her big pillowy tits as she hugged me, her hands stroking my hair. "Now listen. You will get your futa cock when you're ready. Other futas might hand out their blessings all nilly and willy like, but any apprentice of mine is going to have to really earn it. You do want the very best futa cock don't you?"

"Of course I do," I said.

"Then trust me. Now come, let's head to the bedroom."

I sat myself on Mistress Lola's bed. She had such a wonderful bed, so comfy, with so many silk sheets and fluffy pillows. Much better than Macy's bed.

"You finally finish whatever it is you've been working on?" I asked.

"I have," said Lola, she reached into her pocket and pulled out a small vial.

"What is it?" I asked, the vial glistening in the light.

"A special little brew," said Lola, giving it a shake.

"Stop being vague, just tell me."

“Alright alright,” Lola sat on the bed next to me, wrapping an arm around my shoulder. “I just take one little drop of this, and when you suck down the next load of futa cum I blow, well you’ll shrink down to the size of a teeny tiny doll. Won’t that be fun?”

“I’ll do what?”

“Yup, just a little plaything no bigger than a child’s toy.”

“Why would that be fun?” I asked.

“Use your imagination, damn it. I can’t come up with everything. Now do you wanna try it or not.”

“Of course I do,” I said.

The truth was I would try anything if it meant I got to slurp up my Mistress’s futa cum. Lola uncorked the vial and spilled a drop on her tongue.

“Did it work?” I asked.

“We won’t know until you make me cum,” said Lola.

“Oh...” I placed my hands on her big tits, squeezing and massaging.

“Come on now, you’ll never get me to cum like that,” said Lola, “I’m not even hard yet.”

I pushed my Mistress down onto the bed. It was time to get serious. I ripped at her blouse. A button came undone and rolled to the floor. Her large tits sprang out, her round nipples so stiff and inviting. I latched my wet mouth onto her pink nipples, sucking and popping my mouth off, my tongue flicking and teasing.

“Much better,” said Lola.

Next I tore her bottoms off. Her hard cock pressed against the fabric of her pink satin panties. I groped her bulging cock, massaging it in my hand.

“Mmm, that’s nice,” said Lola, her cock aching to be let out. I sucked on my Mistress’s tits as I played with her bulge. “Tell me, how was Macy’s cock?” Lola asked.

“Jealous?” I asked, squeezing her cock hard between my fingers.

“Hardly,” grunted Lola. “Just interested.”

“It was very pretty, so smooth. And quite big too,” I said. I snuck my hand under her panties, feeling the hard flesh of her throbbing cock.

“Tell me more,” said Lola, “did you taste it?”

“Oh yes,” I said, teasing the tip of her cock, “I licked and kissed that futa dick of hers. And then she stuffed my mouth and fucked my throat.” Precum dripped out of my Mistress cock and ran down my fingers. I slid my slick fingers up and down her shaft.

“Did you make her cum?” Asked Lola.

“More than once,” I said. I pulled Lola’s panties off her legs. Her cock, fully erect for me. “But it was nothing like Mistress’s cock,” I kissed the tip of her futa dick. My Mistress had the very best futa cock as far as I’m concerned, none can compare with it. Her cock made me feel so special. And I was the only one Lola desired to fuck. Other Mistresses took on a plethora of apprentices, a whole harem of women who desired to be futas. Women they would spend all day fucking and filling. But not Lola, she only wanted to train one futa, to turn her into the very best, just like she was.

I took her cock into my wet and warm mouth, sucking on her futa cock like the yummy popsicle it is. I drooled all over it for her. Lola loved her blowjobs sloppy. The louder, the wetter, the better. I drenched her cock in my spit. And when I ran out of saliva I gagged on her massive cock and spat out more for her. My hands sloshed up and down her thick shaft. I stroked with both hands clasped together, sliding it on and off that messy futa cock. Lola tore my shirt off and pinched my pink little nipples. She tugged and pulled, and abused my tits for her own pleasure.

I brought my legs over her head, situating myself so I could suck on that mighty cock of hers while she licked and ate my pussy for me. Her tongue flicking my clit to orgasm. Darting her tongue in and out of my tight little hole. Lola shoved a finger inside my pussy, loosening me up for when it would be her big hard cock in me. A second finger pressed inside my sweet hole. I let out a moan, a strand of spit dripping from lips and over her cock.

“Don’t stop sucking,” said Lola, “you’re gonna have to make me cum if you want to see what this potion can do.”

I stroked her hard and fast, I was desperate to get that cum out of her. I deepthroated her fat cock, choking myself on it. Lola bucked her hips and fucked my throat. Lola had quite the endurance, she didn't cum so easily, not like Macy. I removed my mouth from her cock.

"Please Mistress, won't you cum for me?" I asked.

"You're going to have to work hard for it," said Lola.

"I've been such a good girl though, I've been so patient waiting for you to return from your lab," I spat on her cock, and slobbered the spit around. I shoved my fingers in her futa pussy. One hand stroked her cock while the other pleased her pussy. I could only imagine what it felt like to have both forms of pleasure at once. How in the world Lola managed to keep her cum inside for so long was beyond me. If it was me getting my pussy and cock fucked I would have exploded a hundred times by now.

"Maybe my tight little pussy will help," I said. I turned around and kissed my Mistress on the lips. Her tongue darted into my mouth, swishing around. She spat inside my slutty mouth. I loved when she did that. Almost as much as when she came inside it. It made feel like a dirty slut made for sex, which was all I wanted, that's what all futas want. I lifted my hips and brought my pussy to her mouth.

"Would you like that? Would you like to fuck this tight cunt with your hard throbbing futa cock?" I asked, grinding my clit on her lips. Lola sucked my clit and sent a shiver through my body. She lifted me off her mouth.

"You know it," said Lola, her hands gripped my ass and she brought my cunt back over her mouth, she ate up my sweet pussy, enjoying the glorious taste of my dripping juices.

"Yes Mistress, play with my ass," I moaned. Lola spanked me, the palm of her hand stinging my tight ass. "Fuck yes Mistress, spank me again." Lola slapped my tight booty again. I bit my lip and grinded my hips. Lola spread my cheeks sucking my pussy up, getting her tongue deeper into my little hole.

"Come on Mistress, don't you want to fuck your little toy. All you have to do is take her," I said. Lola's tongue gave me another orgasm, I fell

forward and placed my hands out on the bed. My breasts dangled above her. Lola grabbed and squeezed my tits, nibbling on my nipples.

“You’re such a dirty little slut, I’m so happy that you’re my apprentice,” Lola gave my tits a final tug and she flipped me off her.

Lola lifted my hips and brought my ass in the air. I was face down on the mattress, clutching the sheets. Lola gave my ass a hard spank. She spread my ass cheeks and spat on my pussy. Her hard cock teased me, gliding up and down my pussy.

“Put it in... oh fuck please Mistress, put it in.”

My Mistress shoved her wonderfully thick and hard futa cock into my tight pussy and stretched me wide open. Her cock felt amazing buried deep inside of me. Lola gripped my ass and hips.

“Mmm, I’m gonna enjoy fucking this pussy,” she moaned. Lola spat on her cock and jammed her throbbing rod in, slamming up against my ass. “Fuck... that’s it. I’ve missed this pussy.”

“It’s all yours Mistress. Pound your little sluts pussy, cum for her,” I begged.

Lola used and commanded my hips, thrusting up inside of me, slamming my ass back on her. “Fuck fuck fuck,” I whimpered, I clutched the sheets until my knuckles turned white. Her cock stuffed my pussy full. She was swelling with the need to cum, I could tell, I could sense it. I knew my Mistress’s cock better than anything. I knew when she wanted to cum, when she was on the edge of erupting.

I hopped off my Mistress’s big meaty and cock and turned around. Her cock dripped with my juices. I sucked on the fat tip, and stroked the shaft. Mistress Lola moaned and bucked her hips.

“That’s it Mistress, give me that sweet fat load of futa cum,” I encouraged. Her cock ached and throbbed in my hands. The tip pulsating in my little mouth. Warm cum exploded behind my lips and coated my tongue. Cum spilled over my lips and down her shaft, there was so much it was hard to swallow it all down. I sucked her cock in deeper, making sure to get all that sticky futa cum. Lola lifted my head to her lips, kissing my

forehead, careful not to get any of her enhanced futa cum in her own mouth. This load was special, just for me. It was time to see what her potion could really do.

I closed my eyes, I could feel my body shifting and fluctuating in size. When I next opened them, I was but a tiny little thing on the bed.

"It worked," said Lola, gleefully. She plucked me off the bed and lifted me to meet her gaze. "You're so adorable at this size."

"But how can we have any fun now?" I asked.

"Like this," smiled my Mistress. She stuck her tongue out, she licked my entire body from head to toe. Coating me in her spit. She held my tiny legs and spread them open. Her entire tongue licked my tiny little cunt. She sat me on her tongue. It was so wet and warm and I loved it. I saddled her tongue and grinded my body on it. My clit soaked with her spit. My tits grazed against it, my teeny nipples lathered in saliva. My legs shook with an orgasm.

"Oh fuck," my voice squeaked.

"Wonderful isn't it?" Asked Lola, removing me off her tongue.

"Oh yes," I said.

Lola let go of me and I sailed through the air, falling and falling. I landed on her big pillowy tits, my body bouncing on them. I held on and slid down to her nipples. I latched my little mouth on and suckled.

"That tickles," boomed Lola's voice. She was so big. Her tits were massive compared to my new size. I could live in her large and inviting cleavage. But I knew I would have to get off her tits eventually. The real fun waited for me down below. If her tits were this big, just imagine the size of her cock now. It would be bigger than I am. A giant cock, the kind I could only ever dream about playing with.

"Are you ready for some real fun?" Asked Lola.

"Yes, Mistress. Take me to your giant futa cock."

Lola lifted me off her breasts and dropped me on that massive cock. I clung on, my arms wrapped around the entire thing. It was like hugging a tree. So god damn huge. I wrapped my legs around her cock, fully

embracing her girth. I squirmed my body, my wet clit grinding on her powerful and mighty cock. I crawled my way up to the tip of her towering cock. Each time I slid my pussy up farther, Lola's cock twitched and jumped and I was forced to hold on tighter lest I be tossed off.

I crawled and humped my way to the sensitive head of her cock, with my teeny tongue I licked the underside, making Lola, moan and twitch and buck her hips. My legs fell from her cock, I dangled, holding on with a single arm.

"Whoops," said Lola, scooping me back onto her cock, "almost lost you there." It was certainly a bit more dangerous being such a small size, but it was hell of a lot of fun too. Lola wrapped her hands around me, her spit dripping from her tongue, down my body and down her cock. With the two of us wet and lubricated, Lola clutched me to her cock. And using my entire body she stroked me up and down the entire length of her slippery shaft. My arms and legs flailed in the air. Lola held me tight to her cock, making sure I didn't fall away.

"Fuck that's good" moaned Lola. Using my tiny body as a toy certainly turned Lola on, and next she placed me down on the bed.

"Hey! Why'd you stop? I was enjoying that," I said. I reached my little arms up wishing to give that huge fucking futa cock another slippery hug.

"I can't hold it in any longer," said Lola, "I have to cum." Oh fuck yes, now that's what I had been waiting for. A mighty cum load from a mighty futa cock. Lola angled her tree sized cock towards me. She gripped the head and jerked it fast and hard. Her face contorted in all sorts of pleasurable ways, she bit her lip, she was right on edge.

"Come on Mistress, shower me in that futa cum."

Mistress Lola pressed her cock to my body, unleashing a torrent of futa cum. Her load erupted from her cock, showering my entire body in sticky white cum. My face, my tits, my pussy; every inch of me was drenched in her warm cum.

"Again," I begged, "Cum on me again." Lola's cock oozed futa cum, it dripped down her shaft and into her own tight pussy. She gripped her cock for me, and started to stroke again. Her cock was sensitive, I could see it on

her face. Another stream of cum spurted from the tip and splattered onto my body. Her cum was like a warm blanket that enveloped me in love. She gave me the best cum bath a woman could dream of. Not a bit of me was dry. I loved being tiny. I loved how easy it was for Lola to splatter cum over every centimeter of my body when I'm like this.

Lola was completely spent, she laid on her back, looking off at the ceiling. I climbed up her and rested my sticky body between her pillowy tits.

"How do I change back?" I asked. Being tiny was great but I couldn't do it forever, I still had the rest of my training to complete.

"Oh right," said Lola, "it should wear off in about an hour or so."

"An hour?"

"Yup, in the meantime just enjoy resting on my big fat tits." I nestled myself comfortably in her cleavage. It certainly was easy to enjoy this. Covered in the warmth of cum, nestled in my Mistress's bosom, I would not mind spending the next hour in this manner. I did not mind it at all.

Fantastic Adventures In Futa Land

My name's Loona and I'm not your average busty sexy as fuck bitch. I'm your more than average busty sexy as fuck bitch. And I've got big ideas and big dreams and a big ass. The kind of ideas and dreams that are big because they're all filled with big cocks. I've lived on this rock for twenty-three years. And I've lived on it all alone. That's right, an entire planet to myself. Don't ask me how I got here, because I don't know the answer to that question myself. All I know is I woke up here one day and ever since I've had the insatiable need to get fucked. That much I knew for certain. And all I had was a thong to clothe my pussy, and lace to cover my tits.

Unfortunately there isn't anything on this desolate planet to fuck me. No man, no woman, absolutely nothing. Talk about loneliness. It's a real drag. But not for long. I've got a plan. And it's a really good plan too. I've been working on building a spaceship. The kind I can sit on and use to fly right on out of this wretched place. And hopefully find a world with a bit more life. The ship was complete, the structure, the engine, all I needed now was a power source.

For the past three months I've been digging. Just digging a big ol' hole right into the ground. Digging and digging with my bare hands. There isn't anything else to do here so sometimes I'll just dig for twelve hours straight. Sometimes while I'm digging up the earth I also try to dig through my memories and see if I can remember life before this place. But all I can come up with is a name and a desire for cock. Not very helpful. But I must have had a past. Everybody has one. At least I think they do. Maybe they don't?

Each day I made my way deeper and deeper down the hole. Penetrating farther and farther into the ground. The hole had now gotten so deep that as I looked up overhead all I saw was darkness. I wiped my hand across my forehead. It must have been getting pretty late. I can tell time by the aches in my arms. And judging by the soreness of my elbows I must have been digging for nine hours today. I sat myself down in the hole, giving up for the day. I just sat there in the darkness.

The hole I dug was void of anything. No light, no sounds, just a complete void. Sitting there I must have entered a sort of trance, my senses completely deprived of any outside stimuli. I started to hear voices.

The image of my rocket flashed in the darkness. I could see it clear as day, as the voices continued to speak. I reached out to try and grab it, but no matter how far I stretched I couldn't get to it. The rocket shook.

My large rocket took off into the distance, leaving a trail of splattering white in its wake as it shot off into an array of dancing stars. The rocket did a loop among the stars and shot right towards me, a face blinked out of the the ship's hold;

spoke the ship, it turned around and angled its thrusters right at my face ejaculating a torrent of sticky white exhaust.

I jolted awake, my hands swiping at my face, but nothing was there. "Eureka!" I shouted. I figured it out. I knew the power source. I clambered out of the hole, which was no easy task, and reached the surface. I mounted my large rocket, my legs dangling over the sides. I placed my palms down to brace myself. I slowly started to rock my hips back and forth. Pressing my pussy to the ship.

"Mmm, fuck... that feels nice," I sighed. I could feel my pussy getting wetter. I wrapped my arms around the girth of the rocket and held tight, grinding my pussy on the ship, sliding it up and down.

"Fuck yes..." I moaned. The ship began to rumble, it was working, it was really working. Those good good feelings shivered up and down my spine as I used the ship to please my sweet little clit.

"Ah ah ah." The rocket roared and fired off into the sky. The rumbling of the engine vibrated pleasingly between my legs. I was finally going to be free of this place. The ship broke through the atmosphere and into deep space. The stars shone all around me. Suddenly I realized I wasn't the one controlling the ship. It was moving on its own, clearly homing in on something or somewhere, but what that was I couldn't say.

The ship raced towards a blue and green planet. I broke through the planet's atmosphere, heading straight for a small chain of islands. "Okay you can slow down now," I said, no longer rubbing my pussy on the ship. "I

said slow down..." the ship didn't seem to care for what I had to say. I was headed right for a large steaming outdoor bath of some sort. The ship crashed into the pool, water splashing everywhere.

I emerged out of the water, my body completely soaked. You could see right through the lace covering my tits.

"What was that Fuko?" I heard a woman say.

"I have no idea, Hitomi," said another.

I shook my head, water flying off my hair in all directions. I rubbed the water out of my eyes. Two of the most beautiful women I've ever seen were relaxing in the pool before me. They were of course the most beautiful I've ever seen because as far as I could remember they were the only ones I've ever seen. The one named Fuko had a pair tits that were even more spectacular than my own. So large and full, I don't know how her tiny bikini managed to hold them up. And Hitomi had such large sparkling eyes, I just wanted to melt.

"Are you okay?" Fuko asked me, swimming on over, "that was crazy you just shot out of the sky like... wham!" Fuko smacked the water with her hands.

"I'm alright," I said, hopelessly trying to make sense of things.

Fuko took the strands of my hair into her hands, playing with it, "you're so pretty. Come Hitomi, look how pretty she is." Hitomi came wading through the water over to me.

"Mmm, yes she is," agreed Hitomi.

"Thank you," I said. Their hands ran along my soft skin. It felt so good to be touched. I finally wasn't alone anymore, I had the company of these two sexy women and they seemed quite overjoyed to have me here too.

The two women pulled themselves out of the steamy bath, their sexy bodies dripping wet. Water glistening off their tits.

"Come on, cutey," Fuko held her hand out for me. I grabbed hold of her hand and she lifted me out of the water.

"You could not have come at a better time," said Hitomi, "we were just about to start playing."

“But she hasn’t come... yet,” snickered Fuko.

“But she will,” said Hitomi.

“Will I get to cum too?” Fuko asked with an air of innocence.

“Oh yes,” Hitomi grabbed Fuko between the legs. That’s when I noticed the two of them both had great big bulges under those tight bikinis.

“I would love to play too,” I said, licking my lips.

“Wonderful,” squealed Fuko, “It’s been awhile since our futa cocks had a female to please.”

“You have a cock?” My eyes went wide at the very idea. The one thing I was so desperate for, and these two breath-taking women had it.

“We are futas after all,” said Hitomi, loosening the drawstring of her bikini. The bikini fell to the ground and her hard cock stood straight and erect. I gasped with delight. Finally a cock, and it was a wonderfully big cock too.

“Can I touch it?” I asked. Hitomi curled her finger and beckoned me over. I got down on my knees before her mighty cock. I traced my fingers along the length of it. Her cock gave a little jump of excitement. “Did I do that?”

“Of course, look at you, you make us both so hard with those big tits and curvy hips,” said Fuko. I blushed.

“Well go on, touch it,” said Hitomi. “Touch it, suck it... whatever you want, it’s all for you,” said Hitmoi.

“All for me! How perfect,” I was positively delighted. I wrapped my fingers around her cock and stroked.

“Mmm, that’s nice,” moaned Hitomi.

Next I brought my mouth to it. I placed my lips on the tip and took her into the warmth of my mouth. Her futa cock tasted so sweet. And it was so large, it stuffed my little mouth full.

“She looks so cute with a cock in her mouth,” said Fuko. Fuko reached into her bikini and pulled her own cock out and started to jerk it. Her tongue hung out of her mouth as she panted, pleasing her smooth futa

cock. I took Hitomi's cock even deeper into my mouth. I wanted to swallow the whole thing up. It was of course too big for me to actually fit any further but I sucked on it all the same, spit pouring over my lips and dripping to the wet floor.

"Oh my, Oh my..." Fuko shouted and moaned, thrusting her hips as she furiously jerked her cock while watching us. "You two are going to make me... make me... Cum," Fuko's hard cock erupted white sticky cum, splattering Hitomi and I. The three of us laughed and giggled. Fuko kissed our bodies thanking us for the orgasm.

"What the hell is going on here," shouted a tiny round white creature with a flower petal protruding out of his head. The angry creature floated in the air above us.

"Who's that?" I whispered.

"That's the kodama spirit that owns the bathhouse," whispered Hitomi.

"He doesn't like visitors, you should get out of here," said Fuko.

"But- But-"

"It's okay, I'm sure we'll see you again soon," Fuko gave me a little kiss.

"How many times do I have to tell you futas..." the spirit's booming voice caused my heart to tremble. I had to get out of here, though I had no desire to leave. I had only just started to play with Hitomi's futa cock. I was nowhere near done yet.

The water of the bath began to boil and rumble. Something underneath stirred. The rocket shot out of the water and twirled in the air. The rocket pulled up next to me and pattered its exhaust. I had no other choice but to hop on. I tossed my legs over the rocket. My pussy was already soaking wet, sucking futa dick sure did turn me on.

"Get me the hell out of here," I said, rubbing my cunt on the rocket as it vibrated and rumbled. The white pudgy face of the kodama spirit went from a soft white to an angry red as he raged towards me.

"Now!" I shouted. The rocket shot off into the sky, leaving the bathhouse behind. The pudgy spirit shook a menacing fist as the rocket left a trail of exhaust.

The rocket fired out into deep space, once again we were travelling through that dark foreboding void of nothingness.

“That was fantastic,” I said. The rocket gave an agreeable blast of exhaust. “Let’s find some more futa cock. Though perhaps somewhere a bit safer.” We blasted off towards a green planet with two red moons orbiting around it. I don’t know what we might find there but I was damn ready for it. We were coming in hot, heading straight for it. As hot and fast as Fuko stroking her thick futa cock. The rocket barrelled through a forest without a care in the world for its recklessness. We smashed through a giant tree that once stood high, penetrating the blue sky. I picked myself up and brushed the dirt off.

“What the hell was that for,” said a woman.

“Oh yes, another futa,” I said.

“How did you know- wait why did you crash into my home?”

“This tree was your home?”

“Yes, now what am I supposed to do,” the woman also had a beautiful pair of sparkling wings. She also wore a very tight and very short, tattered green skirt. “And how did you know I was a futa.”

“My rocket,” I said, pointing to the smoking ship, “it takes me to futas, so you must be a futa.”

“Does it now? Well I am a futa. My name’s Lily,” she lifted her skirt up and revealed her flaccid futa cock for me. “Since you destroyed my home the least you could do is please my cock.”

“With pleasure,” I said, licking my lips, “That’s all I wanted to do, the last futas I tried to please... well, we were rudely interrupted.”

I got down on my knees and spat on her cock. I took her flaccid cock into my warm mouth and sucked and stretched it.

“That’s a good girl, you’re going to repay me for my home aren’t you?”

“Mmhmm,” I said, her cock growing hard in my mouth.

“Then give me an orgasm and we’ll call it even.”

Her cock throbbed in my mouth. She thrust her hips hitting my throat, stuffing me full of cock. My saliva spilled out of my mouth and got her all wet and sloppy. I grasped what she couldn't stuff in my mouth with my hands, she had so much cock, it couldn't all fit. I twisted my hands around her wet shaft and bobbed my head back and forth slurping up her thick hard cock.

"That's it, suck it for me, you've been such a naughty girl."

I nodded in agreement. I had been very naughty and now I had to suck cock to make up for it. But I didn't mind. I loved sucking futa cock. Loved the taste of it, the feel of it, everything.

"What wonderfully big tits you have," said Lily, she reached for my tits, groping me.

"Grgglrl," I responded, my mouth still stuffed full of thick wet cock. My panties were soaked, her nimble fingers pinched my nipples from over the lace that covered them, they became stiff and hard.

"You're going to let me cum on these big tits, aren't you?"

"Mmhmm," I nodded with her cock in my mouth. I removed the lace from around my breasts. Lily gave my tits a nice little slap. I loved it when she got rough with them. I sucked my mouth off her cock.

It was time to make her cum and spill that load all over me. My very own futa load. This time it was going to be my hands that made a futa cum. I lifted my elbow for a better angle and jerked her cock hard and fast, all slippery and wet in my hands. Lily moaned and squeezed my tits, she thrust her hips forward. Cum erupted in sticky waves from out her cock, splattering my big tits. Sticky white cum dripped down my body.

"Oh thank you... thank you," I said. I placed my hands on her legs and climbed back for more of that cock. I sucked the sensitive tip clean, licking off the remaining sweet futa cum that dripped down.

"Easy," said Lily, pulling her cock away from me, "it's far too sensitive to keep going like that."

I pouted, I didn't want her to take my fun new toy away from me. I tried to get back at that cock for another taste but Lily spread her wings and took

flight into the air.

“I need to find a new home, I can’t just stick around and fuck all day.”

“By why not?” I asked, my hand rubbed my clit, “I want to fuck all day.” Lily fluttered into the sky, zipping away somewhere far off.

“Oh, rocket,” I sighed, “Why can’t we just find a futa that wants to fuck all day like I do. Why do they have to be so busy, don’t they know how much I want their hard cocks.” The rocket scooped me up and shot off into the air. Maybe this time we would finally arrive somewhere with a suitable futa for me to play with. Maybe this one will even stick their futa cock into my pussy. Oh how I would love that so much.

The next stop the rocket had in mind was a deeply dark and cloudy planet. The kind that set a horror in my bones but there was no steering the ship away. We landed, quite calmly for once, before a large stone castle. I trounced my way up the large steps and pushed the wooden door open.

“I said call me mistress,” echoed a woman’s voice.

“Yes mistress,” said a much more timid voice.

I looked around but saw nothing but stone walls with candles burning in the great hall. If I wanted to find the futa here I would have to venture farther.

“That’s it suck on my futa cock you little bitch,” shouted the woman. A loud snap cracked in the air. “I said no hands, only your mouth. If you touch again it’s another spanking for you.” Was that a futa? She sounded very rough indeed. I didn’t know if I would be able to handle such a futa.

“Stick that ass out for me,” I could hear the woman spanking the other. Yelps and moans filled the entire castle. I slowly backed my way out of the castle.

“Oh fuck me... mistress you’re so rough.”

“Is shoving a cock in your mouth the only way to keep you quiet.”

“Let’s get the hell out of here,” I said to the rocket, hoping on board, “this place is way too intense for me. While in space the rocket and I were on trajectory towards another planet. Suddenly something happened. A large space shuttle cut us off, plowing right on in front of us like we weren’t

even there. Before I knew it we were stuck within its gravitational pull and there was no getting out.

My rocket enhanced thrusters and shot itself right into the ship's docking bay. Once on board I hopped off my rocket. My panties were too soaked to comfortably wear anymore so I removed them and dropped them to the floor. My pussy needed some breathing room. I made my way down the halls of the ship and the first door I came to, I pressed a button on the wall and it slid open for me. As if to say: come right on in. So I did. The room was empty except for a metal panel on the floor. I looked for a way to open it up. I pressed a button on the side of the wall and

the panel opened. A rush of air filled the room, along with the moans of pleasure.

I did not hesitate for a moment to jump down into the darkness and see what waited below. I landed on something large and soft and squishy. I rolled off whatever it was covered in warm sticky goo.

"Who are you?" Asked a woman. That large gooey object had the woman suspended in the air, its slimy tentacles wrapped around her body.

"I'm Loona," I said.

"Well come on Loona, join the fun," said the woman.

Some five women were all wrapped and bound by thick slimy tentacles. I poked at the tentacled orb trying to coax it into playing with me. A tentacle sprang forth and grasped my body.

"You're going to love it," said another woman, a tentacle had wrapped itself around her thick cock and was jerking her off. These weren't just women, they were futas, all of them. The thick appendage jerked the cum right of the futa. Cum rained down on all of us. It was absolutely wonderful.

A tentacle found its way straight up into my wet pussy. The appendage was like a piston, stuffing and fucking my tight cunt like no tomorrow. It may not have been a cock, but it was just as wonderful, so thick, throbbing, and perfect.

"How does it feel to get fucked by the overlord," said a futa.

“It’s- It’s- It’s wonderful,” I panted. Two tentacles shot from underneath me and squeezed my tits, the tips flicking my nipples. “Oh fuck,” I moaned. So good.

“Have you ever been milked before?” asked a futa.

“Milked?” I questioned, what did that mean?

The overlord lifted two futas high above it. The tentacles wrapped around their big beautiful tits and started to tug and pump and pinch and oh so many things. Drops of milk leaked from the futas nipples. Just drops at first, but then... streams! Entire streams of milk sprayed from their tits. The tentacles licked up every drop off the futa’s body.

It looked so fun, “I want to be milked!” I shouted. The tentacles liked hearing that. They raced after me and grabbed my big tits. Squeezing and pumping, and wouldn’t you know it, I too could be milked. Streams upon streams of milky white cream sprayed out of nipples. The futas opened their mouths and drank the sweet milk.

“You’re doing great,” said a futa.

“So sexy,” said another.

“I want your cocks,” I said.

The tentacles carried me over to the futa with the fattest, most milkiest tits of the bunch. The tentacles spread the futa out, holding to her arms and legs. Her thick futa cock stood hard and erect. The tentacles around me spread my legs open and the one tentacle stuffed in my pussy pulled out. The tentacles sat me down on that mighty futa cock. The thick cock stretched my sweet little cunt wide open.

“Fuck, I love your cock,” I said. The tentacles did all the work for me, lifting me up and down on her cock. Shaking my ass on her, and even spanking me. The futa bit her lip, and cried out with pleasure.

“Your pussy is so tight,” she yelled, “I’m gonna... I’m gonna...” The tentacles slammed my pussy down on her cock, “...CUM!!” The futa erupted a large load deep into my pussy. Cum filled me and spilled out down my thighs.

“More! I want more futa cum,” I demanded. The Tentacles lifted me off the one futa and brought me down on another. The tentacles bent me over and stuck my ass in the air. Another futa was presented behind me. Her meaty futa cock slamming into my pussy, pounding me deep and hard. The mess of futa cum came splashing out of my cunt.

“I can’t hold it in anymore,” said the futa fucking me from behind. Her warm load spilled into my cunt. She pulled her cock out and cum still flowed from it, covering my tits.

“Stuff me, fuck me, I want it all,” I said. The tentacles snaked their way over my body. A tentacle found and filled every one of my holes. I was fully plugged and stuffed. The slimy tentacles started to vibrate in my holes, sending wave after wave of pure pleasure through my body. And then the tentacles erupted with sticky loads, alien cum from the overlord shot out all inside me. My body drenched in thick warm sticky cum.

Stuffed, fucked, futas; it was everything I thought I wanted. But now I wanted more, I wanted my own futa cock. My own thick cock to play with and jerk and have cum shoot out of.

“Give me a futa cock,” I shouted, my voice echoing throughout the chamber. My rocket must have heard me because the next thing I knew it came flying down into the pit and scooped me up.

We flew through space and time together. The stars twirled and zipped about, colors of all kinds filled my vision. We weren’t just heading to another planet but to a different dimension altogether. A giant naked futa, at least fifty feet tall, stood above me. The futa plucked me up between her fingers.

“So you want a futa cock too,” said the giant futa.

“I do, oh I do,” I said. The futa dropped me and I fell on to her enormous pillowy tits. I slid down and latched onto her nipple afraid that I might fall into some abyss never to return. I sucked on her nipples and the futa moaned.

“If you want a cock you’ll have to go lower,” boomed the futa’s voice. I had no choice but to let go and hope for the best. I fell through the empty space and landed on her giant stiff cock. It was massive. Like hugging a

hundred year old tree. But it wasn't a tree, it was a futa cock. The biggest futa cock to probably exist anywhere. I squirmed my way to the tip of her cock. Sliding my wet cunt along the smooth skin. Once at the tip I held on tight.

"Please give me a futa cock," I said. The giant grabbed her huge cock and jerked herself. She pressed my body to her cock and used me to masturbate with. I hugged tightly to the underside of her cock. Precum dripped down her shaft and made it slick and wet.

The futa moaned in ecstasy, cum like a tsunami shot out of her cock and hit me. I went sailing through space and time, traveling in a sticky glob of futa cum. My pussy ached and I reached between my legs. A hard futa cock began to sprout from my clit, growing and engorging. I grabbed hold of my new cock. Using the futa giant's cum as lube I stroked myself. I jerked my cock, pleasing the tip, I rolled and spun in the void. Cum released from my new futa dick and squirted out in spurts.

The droplets of cum morphed and grew in the empty space. Each droplet became a planet. Time ticked on as I floated. The planets made from my cum evolved over time. Until each one found itself going through differing stages of evolution but the end result was always the same. Entire planets populated with sexy futas. Some discovered fire and built societies based around futa sex. Others remained tribal, and fucked the futa nymphs that lived in the trees. And still others discovered technology and created their own virtual futa worlds where anything was possible.

Yet they all saw me as their futa goddess, from time to time invoking me to visit them. Which I did often. I would visit each planet when I could and would fill the futas with the blessing of my powerful futa seed. I did this all in hopes of finding a futa worthy enough of starting her own universe of futa wonder. I filled futa pussies and sucked futa cocks. And all throughout eternity my futa cock was worshipped by billions of futas. Futas that would do anything for a taste, a single lick. I am the futa goddess.

Futa Witch: Taken And Filled

"I'm telling you Stacy, she's the real deal," I took a sip of wine and placed the glass back on the table, giving Stacy a look that said 'Well... I'm waiting.' Stacy and I have been friends since we were in school together. It wasn't always easy keeping in touch but we made sure to do it. Making sacrifices in our lives just to spend one more day together. It's because of that, that we manage to remain so close. I invited her over tonight for dinner because I was excited to tell her about Madame Nora.

"There's no such thing as witches," said Stacy, forking a bit of mashed potatoes into her mouth. "It's a scam like all the other psychics and what have you," Stacy said, her mouth still full of potatoes. Stacy swallowed, "They're just people like you and me who never got out of that tarot card phase that all highschool girls go through."

I have always been prone to fanciful ideas. Maybe it is because, as Stacy says, I am desperate for magic to be real as a way to cope with the mundanity that human life actually is. Stacy tends to steer toward the side of logic and the tangible. Me, not so much. I can spend hours upon hours lost in my imagination dreaming up the most wild dreams. But this wasn't just a flight of fantasy. This was the real McCoy, a bit of magic tucked away in our suburban town.

"Why would a powerful witch be working out of a storefront on Bakers Street, slinging fortunes to divorced housewives?" Questioned Stacy.

I shrugged my shoulders, "I don't know. Would you believe me anymore if I told you she lived in a cave on the outskirts of some ancient ruins?"

"Probably not, but visiting some ancient ruins sounds like way more fun than going to some weirdos home where who knows what might happen," said Stacy.

"So you seriously won't come with me?" I asked.

"I seriously won't come with you," said Stacy, she punctuated her sentence with a stern nod and I knew there was no convincing her.

I really didn't want to go alone. Having Stacy come with me would have made me feel a lot more comfortable. But I wanted to do this. I heard so many interesting stories about this woman it was hard to know which were even true. Most of them bordered on the impossible. And such impossibilities are what intrigued me, drove me mad with a desire to find out more. Some say she wasn't human, but a different species altogether. Some of the more uppity suburban moms said she made a deal with a devil and was nothing but trouble. And others just delegated her to the role of the mentally ill. One thing was certain, people knew about her, whether for good or bad, they talked. And I wanted to find out the truth for myself.

If I went myself and proved that this woman was a witch, then I knew I could convince Stacy. Stacy might not believe the erratic stories of the other women who visited the witch but she would certainly believe me. She knows I wouldn't lie to her.

After we finished dinner I went into the kitchen to get dessert. I grabbed the apple pie I had made and two cups of coffee. I brought the goods to the table and placed them down.

"Mmm, my second favorite dessert," said Stacy, rubbing her delicate hands together.

"Second favorite? What's the first?" I asked.

Stacy flashed me a grin, "You are of course."

I chuckled and my cheeks turned a little red, "you're so lame."

Stacy shrugged her shoulders, "maybe." She pierced her fork through the pie and scooped out a piece. She held it before her mouth and licked at the apple filling, curling her tongue with each seductive bite.

There was one other reason for how Stacy and I managed to stay so close through the years. Whenever we got together we always spent the night enjoying each other's company. And by that I mean, we *really* enjoyed each other's company. I still remember the first night we shared a bed. It happened in university after Stacy's boyfriend broke up with her. She drove some fifty miles to my apartment. I spent the whole day comforting her, caressing her long blonde hair, snuggling up and holding her as she laid on the bed not wishing to move. And soon, one thing led to another. Her

hands made their way to my breasts. Her touch was so sincere and loving. I pulled her in closer, licking my lips. She tasted so sweet. The sweetest lips I ever had the pleasure of tasting. It was that night we realized we were always there for one another, it didn't make sense not to also be there in a way that filled the senses with absolute pleasure, on top of all the other things we would do for the other. And after that night making love to one another came as naturally as breathing.

Needless to say, at that point we rushed through eating the apple pie so we could get to the part where we were eating each other. I scooted Stacy's chair back. My hands on her thighs. I might not be able to convince her to come with me to meet the witch just yet, but I wasn't about to let that get in the way of a fun night. I spread her legs open and lifted my lips to hers. I kissed those plump lips and tasted the pie from off them, smacking my lips together.

"We don't need some witch to have fun," said Stacy.

"Maybe not," I said. I lifted her tits out of her low cut blouse. My hands massaging her full breasts. Stacy let out a breath and clutched to the back of my head. My mouth kissed at her neck and down to her sweet nipples, where I stopped to suck, nibbling ever so slightly. Stacy moaned, holding to my head, pressing me into her tits for more. Maybe the witch wasn't necessary but who knows what she could do. I heard stories of how she improved women's sex lives. Taught them things they wouldn't believe. I wanted to bring that back for Stacy. Above all else I did what I did to bring a smile to Stacy's lips.

I grabbed Stacy's shorts and ripped them off her legs, tossing them under the table. A wet spot had formed on her pink panties.

"Wet for me already?" I asked.

"Always," said Stacy. She placed her hand on top of my head and brought my face between her legs. I pressed my lips over her panties. Teasing that pussy of hers. I then snuck a hand under, feeling just how wet she was for me. My fingers slid over her clit. Stacy moaned for me. Her hips grinding back and forth on the chair.

“That’s it baby, I want you to feel good,” I pulled her panties off, holding them to my chest. Fuck she was so beautiful, every inch of her. I pushed her legs open some more and brought my mouth to her pussy. I licked up and down, sucking on her little clit.

“Oh fuck,” Stacy cried out. She squirmed in her chair. We’ve been pleasing each other for so long we knew all the right spots, the right motions to get the other off. My tongue flicked at her clit. My fingers pressed into her tight hole. I thrust my fingers in and out, stretching her open a bit. There was no need to be quiet, and Stacy held nothing in. Letting the pleasure sing out from her lips, filling the kitchen with her moans and cries. I loved hearing her whimper. Loved hearing how my touch made her feel. I forced the first orgasm out of her but I didn’t stop there. Overly sensitive, I pried her legs back open and kept at it. Flicking that clit ever so slightly with the tip of my finger, slick with her juices.

“It’s- it’s- too much,” huffed Stacy. But that only means she likes it all the more. “Ahh fuck me,” her body jolted forward and she tossed her arms around me, pulling me in, holding on as another wave of orgasm rolled through her body.

We made our way into the bedroom to get more comfortable. Stacy pulled at my clothes, removing them from me as we stumbled into the bed. Stacy went into the drawer of my nightstand. She knew where I kept all the best toys. She pulled out a vibrator and turned it on. Pressing it to my clit, holding it there and masturbating my pussy with it. As the orgasm hit, Stacy did not let me rest, forcing another orgasm out of me. She spat on my pussy and shoved three fingers inside, thrusting and shoving them deep as she could get.

“That’s my good girl,” said Stacy.

We had to get our pussy’s nice and stretched for what we had planned next. We pulled out a large double sided dildo. Stacy shoved one end into her vagina and I took the other. Our clits rubbed against each other as we fucked the toy between us. We went at it all night. Our sweaty bodies sliding up and down each other until we ached and couldn’t go on any

longer. Until all we could do was hold each other and breath. The warmth of her body relaxed me as I closed my eyes, dreaming of tomorrow.

The next day Stacy still refused to come with me to visit the witch. That was fine, but it wasn't going to stop me. We enjoyed a nice breakfast of toast and eggs together. I showered and got ready, filled with excitement. I left Stacy at my house, leaving her with a kiss. When I returned I would have proof.

The witch lived in that one house on the block that everybody knew about. The one with a wrought iron fence and odd ornamental decorations that stuck out from the rest of the houses. The kind of place that looked like halloween all year round. Yeah, it was that house. I approached the front door and rang the doorbell. The woman who answered the door was stunning. She wore a tight black dress and had dark hair that fell to her shoulders. The dress was low cut and her tits rested so nicely in her bra that peeked out just above the plunging neckline. The kind of tits you just want to scoop out of there and suck on.

"Come on in," said the witch. I followed in behind her. Her ass was just as welcoming of a sight as her breasts. Thick and plump.

She sat me down in her living room. A rather homely place. Strangely decorated with skulls and old books, to be sure. Pretty much as I expected. Candles with wax dripping down the length of their shafts flickered on the coffee table next to a clear glass ball.

"So what brings you here?" Asked the witch.

"Curiosity more than anything I suppose," I said.

The witches black lipsticked lips curled into a smile, "It almost always does."

"Is it true that you aren't human?" I asked. It might have been a bit rude to be so upfront but she didn't seem the type who would mind.

The witch let out a little chuckle, "I'm a bit different from other females if that's what you mean," she said.

"How so?" I asked

"I can show you," she said.

Show me? I wondered what that could possibly mean. Was she going to perform some sort of spell or something. Something that would prove to me she was a witch.

The witch grabbed the bottom edge of her dress, slowly rolling it up her legs, revealing more and more of her pale skin. My eyes widened, and I swallowed. She had such long slender and sexy legs. I wanted to run my fingers along her flesh. From the moment I saw her she knew what my look meant. She knew how much she enticed me.

“Are you ready?” she asked.

I nodded, filled with anticipation. Was that all it took with her. Was I going to get a glimpse of this woman’s pussy. I didn’t know what that would prove to me. But I didn’t care. The witch lifted her dress the rest of the way and that’s when I saw it.

I gasped. She didn’t just have a pussy. Oh no, she had much more than that. She had a cock as well, just above.

“What do you think?” Asked the witch.

“I see what you mean by different,” I said. I held my hand out, my finger just above her

cock. It was still soft and flaccid. I wanted to see it hard.

“It’s okay, you can touch it,” she said. I slid the tips of my fingers along the tip of her cock. She began to grow. I wrapped my hand around it feeling it become hard in my grasp. She had quite the impressive length and girth.

“It’s wonderful,” I said, a breath of excitement escaping my lips. I stroked my hand up and down her cock. Before I knew it I was doing it harder and faster.

“Easy,” said the witch, placing her hand on top of mine, “you can’t go so fast if it’s dry.”

There was no way I was going to stop playing with her cock, that much was certain. There was only one thing left to do then. I licked the palm of my hand, coating it with my spit. I placed my hand back onto her cock and worked the tip.

“How’s that?” I asked.

“Mmm, much better,” she moaned.

That hard throbbing cock of hers completely fascinated me. I got down on my knees before her as she sat on the couch. I got down to worship that meaty cock of hers. I let more spit drip down my lips and cover her shaft.

“I love your cock,” I said.

“I can tell,” said the witch. She grabbed her tits with her hands. Teasing her own nipples. I brought my lips to her cock, licking and kissing. I had to get a taste. I took the tip into my warm mouth and sucked. Forcing my mouth down as deep as I could, but she was so big there was only so much cock I could take. The witch pulled her tits out of her dress and pinched her nipples. She bit her lip, enjoying my mouth’s warmth.

Never in my life would I have imagined something like this. Would have believed that something this wonderful could exist. A curvy woman with perfect tits and a thick cock to top it off. She had it all, everything a human could want. And I was jealous, I wanted it too.

I removed my mouth from her cock, a strand of spit dangling from my chin, I wiped it off on the back of my wrist, “I-I-, is it possible I could have a cock like yours too?” I asked. It was the only thing on my mind now. If I had a cock like that, well just think of the things I could do with Stacy. I wouldn’t need a toy to penetrate her pussy, I could do it myself. I could penetrate and fuck her.

“Of course,” said the witch, she held my cheek in her hand, her thumb caressing me. “Would you like a cock?”

“Absolutely. More than anything,” I said.

“Then I shall bless you with my cum and grant you a cock of your own,” said the witch. She lifted me to my feet and laid me out on the couch. She pulled my shorts off my legs, followed by my panties. She spread my legs open and spat on my pussy, rubbing with her hand.

“Please,” I begged, “fuck me with your cock.”

The witch teased the head of her cock on my clit. Sliding it up and down my wet pussy, sending shivers up and down my spine. She leaned over me, pressing the tip into my tight hole. I let out moan, relaxing myself to take

more of that fat cock of hers. She stretched me out, sinking her cock in deeper. I grabbed her hips and pulled her in for more, her cock buried deep in my wet cunt.

The witch thrust. With powerful force she pounded into my pussy sliding her thick cock back and forth.

“Oh fuck,” I moaned. She was so big and it was so much cock for me to take. I lifted my legs in the air and held to the soles of my feet, the witch hammering into my pussy from above. The witch grabbed my tits and held on as she fucked my sweet little hole. She filled me with an orgasm, my legs shaking in the air. My pussy tightened and pressed her cock out. The witch forced my legs back open and shoved her cock back in.

“That’s one tight pussy you have,” she said.

I nodded biting my lip, “it’s all yours, pound this pussy,” I begged. The witch did not need any coaxing. She lifted my hips and fucked me like a doll.

“Yes yes yes... give me that cum, use me... whatever you have to do,” I whimpered. All I wanted was a cock like hers. Whatever she needed to do to get off, it didn’t matter. So long as she gave me her cum I didn’t care. Her hand gripped my body all over. She clenched her teeth, I could feel her cock swelling with the need to explode.

“That’s it, fucking cum for me, bathe me in your cum.”

She used my pussy focusing it all on the very tip of her cock. She pulled out, her cock dripping with my juices. She held to it, furiously jerking her cock off. With one hand she squeezed my tits, the other forcing an orgasm out of her cock. The witch exhaled, her body jolting forward, a stream of warm sticky cum shot from her cock and splashed onto my pussy.

“Fuck...” sighed the witch, collapsing on top of me, her cock completely drained of cum.

I could feel it happening, my clit swelling and enlarging itself. I was sprouting a cock. And not just any cock, but a thick hard meaty cock just like the witch’s. The kind of cock all men wish they had. The kind that women secretly wished their boyfriends had.

“Thank you... thank you...” I said, kissing the witch on the cheek.

She smiled at me and kissed my lips, her tongue darting into my mouth, “you’re welcome.”

Now Stacy would have to believe me, there was no denying this evidence. Certainly not evidence this big. But proving to her I was right all along didn’t matter so much to me. What mattered now was getting to use my cock. I wanted to share this new gift with my bestie. Witch, not a witch, who cares, I had a cock and that’s all that mattered. I rested up for a bit, laying my head on the witch’s breasts. But the moment my energy returned to me it was time to go and show Stacy.

The entire way back home I was filled with excitement. I rushed back as fast as I could. I bursted through the front door. Stacy sat on the couch just lounging around.

“I have a surprise for you,” I said.

Stacy got up out of her seat, “I’m guessing it went well?”

“Come see for yourself,” I said.

The whole way back all I could think about was fucking my bestfriend with my new cock. I was still so fucking hard. My erection had not gone down since I received it. It wouldn’t go down, not until I fucked Stacy and satisfied the both of us.

I embraced Stacy with a big hug, I took her hand into mine and brought it between my legs.

“Feel,” I said. Stacy’s hands squeezed my crotch, feeling my erection.

“What the?”

I smiled, “the witch gave me a little present.” I shimmied my clothes off, my big cock springing out.

“Holy fuck!” Shouted Stacy, “That’s not little. But how? I mean, what-”

“Go on, touch it. It’s all for you,” I said. Stacy ran her soft hands over my throbbing cock.

“Fuck,” I sighed, her hands were absolute bliss.

“I don’t believe it.”

“Believe it,” I said, stroking my cock along with her. “How about we head to the bedroom and try it out,” I said.

“Mmhmm,” Stacy licked her lips.

Stacy wasted no time. She was just as thrilled by my new cock as I was. She shoved me onto the bed. And swallowed my cock up. Her spit ran down my shaft. Her fingers pulled and tugged my cock. I moaned and squirmed, my hips grinding in the air. Having her play with my cock felt amazing.

“Damn, you taste good,” said Stacy. She deepthroated my cock. Gagging on it as spit pooled out of her mouth. She pulled off and stroked my sloppy cock. I could feel myself just wanting to explode cum. I removed her hands and tossed her over. I shoved her knees under her chest and stuck her ass in the air. I yanked her panties down. Having a cock made me feel so powerful.

“I’m going to enjoy fucking your pussy,” I said.

“Please...” Stacy reached back and spread her ass for me.

I put the fat tip of my cock into her tight hole. Stacy gasped and clutched the sheets as I sunk my cock into her cunt.

“Yes, give me that cock,” bellowed Stacy.

My cock felt so right with her warm pussy wrapped around it. It was exactly where it belonged, deep in my besties vagina. I thrust my hips, fucking her, fucking my bestfriend. Fucking the moans and cries right out of her. I reached forward and grabbed her hair, tilting her head back.

“How does that cock feel?” I asked.

“So fucking good.”

“Fuck yeah it does,” I slapped her ass and pounded her tight hole, stretching it wide with my massive cock.

The amazing new sensation of having a cock overwhelmed me. Cum unexpectedly exploded from my cock and filled her pussy.

“Did you just cum inside of me?” asked Stacy.

“Fuck yeah I did,” I slapped her fat ass.

“Do it again,” said Stacy tossing her hair back.

Fuck, that’s exactly what I wanted to hear. I shoved my cock back into her messy pussy, dripping with my cum. I grabbed her hips and commanded that ass of hers back and forth on my cock.

I plowed into her, making her my fuck toy and she loved it, begging me for more. Begging to get pounded harder and harder. I shot another fat load of cum inside of her. Her pussy fully stuffed, cum spilled out.

“I just want to be your cumslut,” said Stacy.

I turned her onto her back, “then suck my cum covered cock,” I demanded. I pressed my messy cock between her lips. Stacy sucked the cum clean off me. “That’s a good little cumslut,” I said, giving her a kiss on the cheek. Stacy kept on sucking, my cock so sensitive from two orgasms. I reached between her legs, and rubbed her messy clit. Stacy shivered and rocked back and forth.

“That’s it, I want you to cum for me,” I growled in her ear. Stacy nodded and shrieked, shaking with pleasure. The sight of her orgasming, sent me over the edge. I stroked myself and spilled one last small stream across her tits.

I hugged my cum covered slut close to me, petting her hair. “Do you think the witch would give me a cock too?” Asked Stacy.

“I can’t see why not,” I said. “We can visit her whenever you like.”

“I think I need to rest first,” said Stacy. She closed her eyes, her tits rising and falling to the rhythm of her intense breathing. I didn’t even think that Stacy might have wanted a cock of her own. But I was overjoyed to hear that she did. The both of us with nice hard cocks, now that was truly perfection. I couldn’t wait for her to have one. To feel her fuck me with her own cock. The two of us showering each other in cum. I licked my lips just at the thought of it.

Fertile Futa: Tokyo

The cold night's air bit my flesh. I zipped my sweater up in hopes of keeping nature's sting from off my chest. This was not the kind of weather to wear such a low cut shirt. I couldn't help it though. Ever since coming to Japan I simply adored how the Japanese businessmen stared wide eyed at my tits as they passed on by. Living as a white woman in Ikebukuro was certainly quite the adventure. I'm sure it helps that I'm rather pervy for a woman, at least I think so anyway. I'm not sure I really know how other women view this sort of thing. I'm not very social. I was told by my family that I might start to feel isolated living as a foreigner in a far away country, but truthfully I don't feel any more isolated than I did when I lived back home. It makes sense to feel like a foreigner in a foreign country. It doesn't make sense to feel like a foreigner in the town you grew up in. That's why I needed to get out and move on.

I didn't feel like doing too much tonight. I spent all day yesterday in Harajuku doing some shopping. That's where I picked up the fishnets and tiny neon green skirt I was wearing. So I was pretty worn out from all that. The good thing about Japan is; it's a place that caters to the isolated individual. You can buy socialization here. I probably spent more time in a maid cafe yesterday than I did shopping. And if you knew me, that's something rather unheard of, I love my shopping. I can't get enough cute clothes that I don't really need. The maids at the cafe are so kind and chipper and adorable, with big sparkly eyes as they engage in whatever kind of conversation you want to have. Like for instance, I talked to this one maid about picking up Japanese men. She said the businessmen are easy, they're all so stressed and are looking for anybody to relieve that tension with. The younger ones are where the challenge is at, they seemingly don't want a thing to do with relationships.

Either too easy or too hard, those seemed to be my options, but I wanted to find something in the middle. Something just right, not too far one way or the other, a mix of both. The best of both worlds. I turned down a small alley, away from the neon glow of lights. My stomach growled and I knew I needed to get something to eat and quick. I didn't have much

money. So none of the big restaurants on the main roads would do. I came upon a small shack tucked away in the back of the alley. It was the kind of place that was home to the chef during the day, and a place to eat at night. Only opened from 10:30pm-3:00am. A place perfect for the late night walker who didn't want to deal with much else other than a bowl of noodles. In other words, my kind of place.

I pushed the curtain aside and entered. It was a small dimly lit place. A crescent moon shaped counter spanned most of the room, with chairs aligned along it, the

stood on the other side chatting to the only other customer, a stout older gentleman with a patchy grey beard.

“

” I greeted the chef as I entered, pulling up a chair.

“How may I help you,” said the chef. He was rather young, not much older than myself.

“I'll have a bowl of whatever he's got over there,” I said, I didn't feel like thinking much of what I wanted or asking questions, I was too hungry for that.

“Sesame soba it is then,” said the chef, slapping his hands together, “anything to drink?”

“Umm... beer?”

The chef nodded.

He promptly returned with a cold glass of beer. I took a brisk first sip, cooling down my insides, I didn't know just how badly I needed a drink until that moment.

“So what's a foreigner doing in this part of the city?” he asked.

I shrugged, “To be honest sometimes I don't even know what the hell I'm doing in this country.”

“I think we all feel that way from time to time, isn't that right Takeshi?”

The old man grumbled, “if it wasn't for Tomoya here, I would have been long gone.”

“Well I don’t think... Tomoya, is it?” I looked at the chef.

He nodded in return.

“...I don’t think Tomoya can help me,” I said.

Tomoya returned with my bowl of noodles, “don’t underestimate the power of a hot meal,” he said, sliding the bowl over to me.

I sucked down the first bite of the sweet and savory noodles, “unless these noodles can get me pregnant, I don’t think they’ll be much help.”

“Troubles with love?” Asked Tomoya.

“At this point it doesn’t even have to be love. I just want my belly filled with more than just noodles.”

“I’ll fill that sexy belly with my noodle,” said Takeshi.

“Don’t listen to him, he’s harmless. Eat your food, Takeshi,” said Tomoya. Takeshi grumbled and went back to enjoying his meal.

Maybe it was the drink or the personal atmosphere of this place but I felt like I didn’t have to put up a front here or hide what I was truly thinking. Tomoya had the look of a man who listened to his customers without judgement. The kind of man who tended to the narratives of people who walked alone at night with nowhere else to go.

“Truth be told, I’m over relationships or trying to find the right one or any of that bullshit. I just want to get fucked and filled.”

“There’s nothing wrong with that, if it’s what you want,” said Tomoya, he poured a glass of beer for himself, drinking along with me.

“Maybe... but it seems to limit my potential pool of men to be rather skeevy. And I’m just not down with that.”

“Well...” Tomoya pondered for a moment over his drink, “Perhaps your imagination is what you’re really limiting too much,” he took a long sip of beer.

“What do you mean by-”

“Tomoya!” Interrupted a bright and cheery voice. Instantly Tomoya’s face flashed from hard contemplation to a welcoming smile.

“Hitomi, how are you?” Asked Tomoya.

Hitomi came over and took the seat right next to mine. She gave a small wave to Takeshi who waved and grumbled and went back to sulking over his meal. I could see why Tomoya got so excited when she walked in. She was fucking gorgeous. I don't think I've seen a woman this pretty in all of Japan since I've arrived. Her hair was deep black, long and pin straight. Her breasts large and full, her revealing top showed off her slender tummy and fantastic cleavage. And her plaid skirt was even shorter than mine.

"Hitomi, this is... I'm sorry, I never asked for your name," said Tomoya.

"Riley," I said, shaking Hitomi's soft hand.

"So nice to meet you Riley," said Hitomi.

"Riley here, is having a bit of trouble," said Tomoya.

"Oh no, what is it," said Hitomi, with a look of genuine concern, she placed her hand on my shoulder, and caressed my arm. Her touch was instantly comforting.

"She needs a hard cock to get her pregnant," blurted out Takeshi. I gave him a look that would pierce down to his very soul. He grumbled at me and shoved more noodles into his mouth.

"He's right though," I said, "I do want to be pregnant, I want it so bad. I would look so cute with a big belly and a child inside."

Hitomi placed a hand on my tummy, "You are already cute," her fingers tickled me, "but you would look even cuter, I agree."

I really enjoyed Hitomi's upbeat attitude, she had an innocent and honest air about her, something genuine that I had been desperate to find in someone. Not to mention how good it felt to be touched by her. It's been too long since I've been touched like that. Recently it's just been businessmen groping my ass on the train.

"Why don't you let Hitomi try and help you, she's really good at fulfilling people's needs," said Tomoya.

I shrugged my shoulders, "I guess it couldn't hurt."

"That's the spirit," said Hitomi bouncing in her seat, her breasts practically shaking in my face, "we are going to have so much fun." For some reason I did not doubt that, it seemed like fun just managed to find

its way to her. "Come on Riley," Hitomi tugged at my sleeve, she was already halfway off her chair. I grabbed my beer and downed the rest.

"How much?" I asked Tomoya.

"This one is on me, go... have fun."

I followed after the giggling Hitomi as she waved goodbye to Tomoya and Takeshi. The two of us left, and I could hear Tomoya say, "when are you going to learn to behave yourself," followed by Takeshi's unmistakable grumble.

I had very little idea as to what was going to happen next. Hitomi had the complete lead on this one, the rest of my night was in her delicate hands now. Perhaps she knew of some guys or something? I don't know. She did seem like the type who had a lot of friends, cute friends too, I'm sure. But would they be cute enough for me to want their hard cocks inside and filling me up. What if they were just more skeeves, or what if they were desperate and thought because they knocked me up, it would mean I wouldn't leave them. I didn't want to deal with that either. Was I being too picky?

The two of us walked the streets of Ikebukuro together, hand in hand actually. I figured it was just part of Hitomi's playful nature. I liked it though, it made me feel safe, much safer than when I walked these streets alone. As we walked, Hitomi excitedly pointed out her favorite spots to me.

"This place has the best noodles 'but don't tell Tomoya I said that."

I nodded and admired her as she continued to mention each spot.

"The maids at this cafe are the cutest, ask for Miko, she's my favorite," I could see her face light up as she pictured Miko in her mind, Hitomi swung her breasts from side to side as she enjoyed some mental image. "The guys in this host club..." Hitomi pointed at another building, "are all so funny. There is even a foreigner like you who works there. His name is Kevin."

"Is that where we're going?" I asked. Did she think I wanted to find a man who was from my own country.

"No no, not tonight. We can next time if you want. But tonight is for you," said Hitomi.

Tomoya did say I needed to be more imaginative, I guess a man from my home country isn't exactly imaginative. The anticipation was really starting to get to me.

"Here we are," said Hitomi, running off ahead of me, her skirt lifting up each time she skipped ahead, her plump little ass shaking. Damn did she have a nice body, I was kind of jealous. The tall building loomed down on us, the sign glowed with neon orange lights, but I didn't know what the characters spelled out. Once inside we stood in what looked like a hotel lobby, though it was empty of anyone else but ourselves. Now I really had no clue what was going on. Hitomi scurried around the front desk and pulled out a keycard from underneath the counter.

"Found it," she said, waving the card above her head.

We got into the elevator, taking it to the top floor. She looked at me the whole ride up.

"What?" I asked, wondering what was going through her head.

"Oh, nothing," said Hitomi, smiling and swirling her skirt around her waist.

"Tell me."

"You're just so pretty," she said.

I blushed, it was a lame thing to say but I blushed all the same. Hearing it from someone so pretty, it was hard not to feel good about myself.

She slid the card into the door, unlocking the room. We stepped in. The room was huge. I've never been in a hotel room this big before. It must have been the penthouse or something like that. How did Hitomi just have access to something like this. Although I really wouldn't put it past her to have just snuck into the hotel. Knowing when it was empty so she could make use of it whenever she wanted. Hitomi rushed onto the large bed, flopping herself down on the comforter.

"Get over here," said Hitomi, waving me on over, resting on her knees.

I crawled on the bed, "So what's the plan? Are you inviting someone over?"

Hitomi looked at me a bit puzzled as if it was a ridiculous question, "What do you mean?"

"Well, you're going to help me get pregnant right?"

"Mmhmm," Hitomi placed her hands on my shoulder.

"Like, help me get some hard cock for my pussy."

"Oh, absolutely," Hitomi's hands gripped my shoulders tighter, her sparkling eyes looking into mine.

"So..."

"So?" Hitomi lowered her hands.

"So who's the guy," I asked, shifting forward.

"There is no guy, just me."

I let out a heavy sigh. I was a bit disappointed. I mean I've been with a girl before, and it's fun. But I really wanted cock, I wanted cum filling my cunt. "Hitomi... I need cock, I need a man to fill my pussy with his load, shoot up inside me and make my belly big."

"You do need cock," said Hitomi, taking my hand in hers, guiding it over her skirt and between her legs, "but you don't need a man."

I felt something hard and thick, I pulled my hand away and looked down. Her skirt was lifted in the front, held up by a hard erection.

"Hitomi..." I muttered.

"Mmhmm," she placed a finger under my chin, lifting my gaze to meet hers, "Men aren't the only ones who can give you what you want."

Her lips looked so soft and inviting, her tongue poked out, licking them. Who was this person, I wondered. Where did she come from? The front of her skirt twitched with movements. She yearned for me. I did admire her body, the shape of those breasts, the curve of her ass. But now I wanted to admire it in another way.

"I hope I'm okay for you," said Hitomi.

I placed my hand back over her skirt, wrapping my fingers around her cock, "You're perfect for me," I said, slowly tugging her. She wasn't a skeezy businessman, or a desperate guy willing to say anything for a chance at

getting his dick wet. She was cute and adorable and sexy and she was fun and kind and... and... she had a cock. My free hand walked up her arm, over her shoulders and held to the back of her head. I pulled her in. My lips pursed to meet hers. We connected, the warmth of her tongue licking and tangled with mine.

"I want you to impregnate me, fill me, give me that cock and your cum," I begged, my mouth kissing every inch of her innocent face.

"Whatever you want," said Hitomi, unzipping my sweater, "it's yours."

I pulled at the strings that kept her top on and she removed my sweater. Her shirt fell from her body. Her tits were even more beautiful out in the open than hiding behind her clothes. Her nipples were round and stiff, I pinched them between my fingers.

Hitomi let out a soft moan, "I like that," she whispered. I wanted more than just to touch them though, I wanted to taste them, suck them, love them. I nibbled at her neck, lowering her body down. I cupped her breasts, and lifted them to my mouth, my wet tongue flicking across her ripe nipples. She held to my head and pressed me in, practically smothering me with her large chest.

"Let me see it," I begged. I had to know what that cock of hers looked like. I had to see what she was going to use to give me the one thing I had always wanted. The one thing that all others had failed in providing for me. I knew Hitomi wouldn't fail me though. Hitomi removed her skirt, naked before me, her hard cock standing strong and erect at the sight and touch of my body.

"You have such a pretty cock," I said, my fingers tickling along the smooth shaft.

"Thank you," Hitomi giggled.

"Can I taste it?" I asked, caressing the tip.

"Please," Hitomi lifted her hips towards me.

I leaned forward, my tongue licking at the head of her pretty cock, just a bit, just a tease for now. Her cock twitched, precum dripped out, a teardrop

sliding down the shaft. I wrapped my lips around her, taking more of her into my mouth.

“You taste so sweet,” I said, saliva spilling over my lips and over her. I stroked her slippery cock, the wet sloshing sound of my stroking filled the air.

“I want a taste too,” said Hitomi, pushing me down on the bed, straddling me. She went in for a kiss, licking my lips, tasting her precum from off of them. “I want to taste you too,” she tore at my shirt removing it from me, playing with my breasts. “You’ll have to tell me where you got this skirt,” she said, taking it off and dangling it in front of me, “it’s just too cute,” she tossed it over the bed.

“What’s underneath is even cuter,” I said.

Hitomi brought her face between my legs, “It certainly is,” she stuck out her tongue and licked my clit, licking up my wet juices. She placed a finger inside my tight pussy, stretching it open to fit another. “You’re so tight,” she said, working in a third finger. She pressed against the walls of my pussy, thrusting her fingers deep inside, curling them and hitting the right spots while her mouth sucked on my clit.

I grabbed onto her hair, “fuck that feels good.”

“It’ll feel better with my cock inside,” she said.

“Please, can I have it?”

“Of course sweetie, it’s all for you.”

Hitomi pushed my legs apart, making room for herself. Her fingers dug into my thighs, she scooted herself up, sliding her cock along my wet cunt.

“Fuck, I need it inside, stop teasing me.”

“You want it that badly, huh?”

“I want it so bad,” I pulled at her hard cock, tugging it closer, “I want that baby making cum filling my tight pussy.”

Hitomi slapped her cock against my clit, “Yeah how bad you want it?”

“So fucking bad, I want you exploding warm cum inside me.”

Hitomi spread my pussy lips open, sinking the tip of her cock inside. I wrapped an arm around her, hugging tightly as she stretched me open fitting more of herself inside.

“Fuck,” I moaned, squirming underneath her, “you’re big.”

“I know,” Hitomi giggled. I leaned up and kissed her lips then dropped myself back onto the bed.

“Do whatever you want to me, I don’t care, as long as you give me that cum, I don’t care.”

Hitomi gripped her fingers right underneath my hips, lowering me down her cock. My warm pussy tightened around her as she held herself there for a moment.

“You don’t have to go slow, I can fucking take it. I can take anything if it means getting filled.”

“You’re so naughty,” said Hitomi, thrusting her hips, working her cock in and out of my pussy.

“That’s it, fucking do it baby, give me that cum.”

Our bodies rocked together, the bed bouncing to our rhythm. Hitomi’s perfect tits bounced as well, her nipples occasionally grazing against my own. I held tightly to her body, my arms crossed around her back.

“Give me more,” I whispered in her ear.

“I’ll give you every inch,” Hitomi gave me a fierce push, shoving in all the way to the hilt, my pussy engulfed her massive cock and tightened, not wanting to see it go, not wanting to give it the chance of pulling out and missing any of that sweet sticky baby making cum.

Hitomi adjusted her body wrapping her legs around mine, keeping me spread open for her. The pleasure made me want to shut my legs on her but she wouldn’t let me. Would not let me push that cock out until its job was done. She pounded into me, moaning her ecstatic pleasure. I could feel her cock swelling with the need for release.

“That’s it, fuck this pussy, it’s all yours baby. This is your pussy.”

“All for me?” Hitomi said, delighted, as if I was telling a schoolgirl the last slice of cake was for her.

“That’s right, just give me that cum, that’s all I ask.”

Hitomi lifted herself up, drilling into my pussy from above, my legs rested on her shoulders as she folded me in half, taking my sweet hole for her cock.

“That’s so good, more... Give me more.”

Hitomi held my face in her hands, bringing her forehead to touch mine. Sweat pooled around her cleavage, glistening off her soft skin.

“You’re so fucking pretty, give me your baby,” I demanded through clenched teeth.

Hitomi was right on the edge, I could feel it as her cock twitched with excitement inside my cunt. The look on her face as she tensed her body, trying to hold it in for as long as possible, told me how badly she wanted to explode.

“Let it out, Hitomi. Fill me with your sweet cum. My pussy needs it.”

Hitomi interlocked her fingers with mine, gazing into my eyes, she gave a final thrust deep into my pussy, her whole body shaking with the release of the long build up. Her cock jumped inside my cunt, shooting out stream after stream of cum. So much that it spilled out, dripping down my thighs.

“Fuck there’s so much,” I said.

“I’ve been saving it for the right person,” said Hitomi.

“I’m happy you chose me,” I said, the overflow of cum tickling my leg as it dripped out. “So happy you filled me with so much. With everything I’ve wanted.”

Hitomi nodded, “Of course, I would do nothing less. That’s why I’m here.”

“I want a baby so bad, Hitomi. Not just any baby but yours,” I hugged her.

Hitomi whispered into my ear, her breath gracing my skin, “We can do this every night until we know for sure you have what you want.”

I have no idea where this strange and wonderful person came from. And I didn’t care, all that mattered was that Hitomi was with me, here and

now. That our bodies were wrapped together, entangled in each other's embrace, our skin sticking to the others by her cum.

"Don't leave me," I breathed, caressing her cheek, "can we sleep here tonight."

"Of course. I don't think Tomoya would mind if we kept the room for the night."

So that's how she got into this place. It was Tomoya's. Who were these people, what kind of life did they live? Clearly, one much different than my own. There was a lot more going on in Ikebukuro than I had initially been aware of. Whatever was going on here, I wanted to find out more about it.

Viral Space Futas

I was asleep in bed when a loud crash stirred me from my slumber. I remained in bed, immobilized by fear and panic. We were all told to remain indoors. Under no circumstance were we allowed to leave. We had no clue why or what was going on. After the order went out, everything, and I mean everything shut down. No internet, no t.v, no anything. I'm sure not everyone obeyed the command. No one would be out there to enforce it, even if they did.

It was hard enough living as a single woman, but now... my days have never been filled with so much fear. Lying there, keeping my eyes closed. I flashed back to the days of being a child in my parents home. Waking up from a nightmare, too scared to get out of bed because of what I imagined might be hiding underneath. A deep red glow emitted through the curtains hanging from my bedroom windows. For the past couple of weeks the occasional screeching sounded through the air followed by an earth trembling thud. But this was the first to happen in my own yard.

The pained muttering of two voices could be heard just outside. I couldn't make out what was being said, but there was no doubt, there were voices. I could hear the aches and pain in their mumbling. Whatever was happening, that crash wasn't planned.

"It doesn't look too bad... I... you'll be okay," I heard one voice reassure the other. I wasn't supposed to leave, I was supposed to remain indoors. But someone was hurt. Someone was alive out there and they were in trouble.

I finally managed to wrestle with my mind and convince myself to get out of the bed. I paced the house. Asking myself questions, do I leave, do I stay, what what what? I was safe in here. But then, was I really? How much longer could I live cooped up inside this house, never leaving, living in fear of the unknown, instructed by the government to remain afraid and hidden. I paced back and forth in front of the curtains. Inside my mind I knew I was going to look out, the curiosity was far too strong a force to ignore, it was just a matter of when I would finally give into the impulse.

The voices continued to mutter. Nothing about their tone made me believe they were dangerous. If anything they sounded as if they were the ones in danger, in desperate need of help. As much as the anxiety shocked my body, I knew I couldn't ignore their distress. I peeked out the curtains. A large smouldering metal boulder of lights and glass smoked in the yard. The glow from it backlit the silhouettes of two womanly figures. One helped lift the other off her knees and wrapped her arm around her shoulders. They looked markedly human. Though nothing about this situation was human. They had curvy sensuous bodies, with full breasts, and wide hips.

I tussled my hair, I had no other choice but to leave the house and see if I could help. I cracked the door open and stepped out into the brisk air of night. I approached the two women who stopped in their tracks to face me. I put a hand in the air, hoping they would understand that I meant no harm. Now that they were in full view I saw just how absolutely beautiful they were. Full figured women, voluptuous, wearing tight leather that only covered what was necessary, surely they must have been cold.

"Are you okay?" I asked, waiting for a response.

"Yes," said the pink haired one looking to the sky, "for now."

The one with black hair nodded in agreement.

I had so many questions for them, but it would have to wait, for now I just needed to make sure they were safe.

"Please, I live right there," I said pointing to my house, "come inside."

The two of them looked at one another, "We have nowhere else to go," said the one with pink hair.

"Communications are shot, we're completely stranded," said the woman with black hair.

"Then follow me, you can stay as long as you need to," I said.

They both seemed nice enough. And I could use the company. I'm sure they had quite the story to tell.

"I'm Veronica by the way," said the pink haired woman.

"And I'm Connie," said the other.

"Veronica... Connie... I'm Mary."

“Thank you Mary,” said Veronica.

I flipped the lights on, and rubbed my eyes. I went to the kitchen to get them both a glass of water.

“Here...” I handed them the glasses. They gulped down the water and let out a sigh. “Can I get either of you anything to eat?” I asked.

“Please, whatever you have will be fine. We’re both starving,” said Veronica. I rummaged through the fridge and pulled out some macaroni left over from the night before. It might not be much but at least it was filling. I placed a bowl for each of us at the table.

“So tell me what’s going on? How did you get here?” I asked.

Veronica and Connie were shoveling forkfuls of food into their mouths as I posed my questions to them. Veronica chewed and swallowed looking up to me, a bit saddened.

“Our people are locked in war with another planet. A planet that doesn’t approve of who and what we are, because we are different. We had to find another home to go to. Ours is no longer safe. But we were intercepted on our way to your planet, so our arrival may have caused your people a bit of unnecessary concern.”

Connie nodded along, “We didn’t think they’d be waiting for us, ready to shoot us down as we passed through your galaxy, but here we are. Uncertain now of who else is out there, and who managed to make it safely, and... who didn’t.”

It took me a moment to process everything they were saying, to think there was a war going on just outside of earth’s atmosphere. And what did Veronica mean by being different? Was this a matter of some sort of racism between planets. I had always imagined if there was life out there, intelligent life, they would have moved past these social wrongs that lesser humans find themselves feeding into.

“I’m sorry to hear that, please feel free to stay here as long you need, whatever I can do to help,” I said.

“That is very kind,” Veronica placed her hand on Connie’s thigh, “we really appreciate your help,” Connie bit her lip as Veronica comforted her

with a caress, “we’ll be okay.”

“If we can get our communications up and working, we might be able to get in contact with the others,” said Connie, placing her hand over Veronica’s, “it’s all still very worrisome though.”

I finished eating the remainder of my small midnight snack, I got out of my seat and went to the sink, “We can look at it together tomorrow if you’d like. I don’t know how much help I’d be with something like that. But I’m willing to do whatever might make you both feel more comfortable. I’m going to head off to bed, but please you two make yourselves at home, whatever you need, it’s yours,” I said.

The two of them offered me their thanks and I left for my bedroom. Now that the adrenaline of the night has washed away from me, I have never felt more tired. I laid myself down on the bed, pulling the sheets over my body. I looked up at the ceiling of my room, what else was out there that I had no idea about. Who else was out there? And how many more like Veronica and Connie were soaring above me now, fearing for their lives, looking for sanctuary.

As I laid there, phasing in and out of sleep, I heard rumbling in the living room. Veronica and Connie must have been moving about, no big deal. The noises grew louder, the sounds more distinct.

“At least, I got stranded with you,” I heard Connie say.

“I know, you’ve always been all that I needed,” said Veronica. Their voices sounded so sincere, it made my heart ache. It made me more aware of my own loneliness. The sound of a wet kiss echoed in my ears. How close were they, I wondered. Their breathing got heavy. I know I probably shouldn’t be listening in on them but I couldn’t help it. The rest of the house was dead silent except for their movements. Perhaps it was just part of their strange and alien culture. Or the stress of the situation. A kiss on the cheek isn’t a big deal.

“I missed you so much Veronica,” said Connie.

“What do you mean, we’ve been together on the ship for days,” said Veronica.

“You know what I mean, we haven’t exactly had anytime to play together while trying to find safety.”

“Well, we’re safe now,” Veronica must have leaned in to give Connie another kiss, their voices went silent. But their breathing remained heavy, and they began to sigh and huff. That was not just a kiss on the cheek, that was something much more. Were they lovers? I was getting emotional, and a bit confused. Part of me felt like shouting, how could you do this in my home. But the other part knew that such a feeling only arose from a place of jealousy, of not having someone myself who would travel across galaxies for a chance at a life with me. I wanted what they had, I wanted it so desperately.

Connie’s voice crescendoed from soft sighs to deep moans, “it’s been too long since you’ve touched me there,” said Connie.

“Mmhmm,” agreed Veronica, “I missed just how big you are.” Surely she must have been referring to Connie’s breasts? What else could it have been. Both of them did have quite nicely sized breasts, big and full. Far more well endowed than myself.

“You taste so good,” said Veronica, the sounds of her sucking sent shivers down my spine. I squirmed under the covers as I listened. Was it wrong to listen, to feel this way. I haven’t been touched in months, I haven’t had anyone besides myself to warm my bed. The sounds of whatever the two of them were doing started to turn me on, and make me wet.

“Fuck...” rang Veronica’s voice, and my heart skipped a beat. I waited for a moment before deciding what to do next, remaining motionless. “Fuck... that’s so big, I want it all inside,” Veronica continued. I tried to imagine what she might have been referring to, but I couldn’t think of a thing. All I could do was enjoy the sensual sounds of their words and whimpers.

I reached between my legs, feeling just how wet the love making in the other room made me. If I couldn’t have it for myself, at least this was the next best thing. It’s not like I’m into women or anything, but being in lockdown, no man around, no internet, this was all I had.

“That’s it... that’s it.. I want you to fill me up,” moaned Veronica. I rubbed my clit, increasing along with their intensity. The sounds of their satisfactions had me bucking my hips and grinding my pussy against my hand. I slid a finger into my pussy, imagining it was one of theirs and not my own.

“Shh.. we have to be quiet,” I heard Connie say.

Please, I didn’t want them to be quiet, I wanted them to be loud. I wanted to hear every word and sound they desired to make for each other. I was finally starting to feel connected to something, to feel not so alone. To hear other voices in this house for once, to hear them giggle with enjoyment, it felt so right. I didn’t want it to end. No matter how many times my legs quivered and my muscles spasmed, I just didn’t want it to end.

“Mmm, that was so freaking good,” whispered Veronica.

“Thank you,” said Connie, “come over here, let me cuddle with you.” Their bodies shifted on the couch, the one pulling the other in close. And I was left here, no one to hold. I took my pillow and held it to my chest, hoping the pressure would remove this sinking feeling inside of me. I hoped they wouldn’t be leaving anytime soon, that they would choose to remain here with me, for a while at least.

I woke up the next morning with the sun shining through my curtains. I got up and pulled them open, looking outside. Their spacecraft was still in the yard, still smouldering with smoke. It was not a dream, though it perhaps felt like one. I left my room to go and check on the two of them.

“Good morning,” I said, greeting them, as they sat on the couch, still looking a bit groggy, “how did you two sleep.”

“Best sleep I’ve had in a long time,” giggled Veronica.

“Oh, was it really that good?” Asked Connie playfully, shoving Veronica’s shoulder.

“Mmhmm,” Veronica nodded.

I couldn’t help but smile, knowing what the two of them were actually referring to. I’m happy to have given them a place for it. I’m sure it meant

the world to have each other during a time as stressful as this.

"I'm happy to hear that," I said. "I hope you two aren't planning on leaving anytime soon, I really enjoy the company."

"We've got nowhere to go. We were about to check on the ship to see if there's anything left to salvage," said Veronica.

"Can I come?" I asked.

"Of course."

I knew nothing about electronics or mechanics, but I wasn't going to miss the opportunity to check out an alien spacecraft. Even if I wouldn't be of much help or have any real idea of what I was looking at.

"Is it safe to approach it? I mean it's still smoking," I said.

"It should be fine," said Connie.

"Should be? Doesn't sound too reassuring," I looked at Veronica.

Veronica shrugged her shoulders, "Connie knows what she's doing."

"I guess that's good enough for me," I said.

Connie entered into the demolished craft. The sound of metal scraping against metal assaulted my ears as Connie tried to wrench something loose from out of the ship. Connie let out a grunt, a grunt that reminded me of the night before. I took a peek inside the ship. Connie was bent over pulling at some sort of control board. Her ass in the air, wagging back and forth as she tried to pry something free. They still had on those exceptionally revealing outfits. And I couldn't get enough of looking at that body as it bent over, pulling and tugging at the control board.

"I think... I think... got it," shouted Connie, crawling out of the ship on her hands and knees, holding an electrical box between her teeth. She smiled up at the two of us. She looked so innocent like that, her eyes lighting up.

"Connie loves her electronics," said Veronica.

"Itsh mah shecond favorite ting," said Connie, still holding onto the box with her mouth. She picked herself up and dusted off, taking the box out of her mouth. "We use this to communicate with the other ships," Connie said

to me, “if I can get it working again we might be able to make contact with the others. And see if we can help anyone stranded around here.”

I nodded, “I’ve heard other crashes like yours before, I don’t know how far off or where. But if you can contact them, They’re more than welcome here too.”

“You mean it?” said Veronica, a bit in disbelief.

“Yeah of course.”

“Maybe we can set up a base here,” said Connie, excitedly.

Veronica looked at Connie disapprovingly.

“What?” Said Connie.

“Maybe we shouldn’t be putting anyone else in danger. I mean this is our fight, not hers,” said Veronica.

“No no,” I said, “Let’s do it, let’s set up a base here.”

“Are... are you sure?” asked Veronica.

“Absolutely. Finally something of actual importance. Being a secretary for an insurance company isn’t exactly how I wanted my life to turn out.”

“See! She’s in, come on Veronica, we can do this,” said Connie, bouncing up and down, her breasts jiggling with her movements, I tried not to stare, but truthfully I didn’t try all that hard.

“Alright alright, let’s do it.”

Connie let out a squeal and pulled the two of us in for a hug, the two of them pressing up against me. It felt so perfect to be included, to have friends again. To have human contact. Or contact with whatever they were, if not human.

Connie placed the mechanism on the kitchen table, the lights and wires and dials were all so foreign to me.

“Do you have any tools?” Asked Connie.

“I mean, I have some tools, I’m not sure if they’ll be of any help.”

“Go get them and we’ll find out.”

I rummaged through the hall closet looking for the box of tools my ex had left behind from back when he still stayed here. I hadn’t touched them

since he left. Hell, even when he was here, they weren't getting touched. At least now they might finally be put to some good use. I brought the box back to the kitchen and handed it to Connie.

"Okay, wirecutters, that's good... and... I think I can make this work," said Connie.

"Yeah? You really think we might be able to get into contact with the others?" I asked.

"Well we won't know for sure until I get this thing up and running, but I got a good feeling about it."

"Don't worry," said Veronica wrapping her arm around my shoulder, "Connie knows what she's doing." I think however, Veronica said this more for herself than for me. "Come on let's give her some space to work."

Connie grabbed a screwdriver, her tongue sticking out over her bottom lip as she looked intently at the box's internal workings.

"How about some fresh clothes?" I asked Veronica, bringing her into my bedroom. I didn't want her to feel like I was judging her for her outfit, I wasn't. But clean clothes can do wonders for feeling good and refreshed, and she looked like she could use it. I could tell she still had some reservations about getting into contact with the others, regardless of how much faith she had in Connie's abilities. I went through my closet looking for something for her to wear.

"How about this," I said pulling out one of my favorite t-shirts and sweats, "I know it's not exactly pretty, but they're the softest clothes I own," I said.

"They're perfect," said Veronica, taking them from me.

Veronica began to undress right then and there. Removing her top, lifting it over her head. The sight of her large breasts and soft round nipples shocked me for a moment.

"Wait- you can..." I didn't expect her to start undressing in front of me. I was going to tell her she could use the bathroom or something, but she was already half naked, and I was guiltily enjoying the sight before me.

"What is it?" Asked Veronica, looking me in the eyes.

“Oh, nothing, your just... I just didn’t expect you to be so beautiful,” I said.

Veronica blushed, “aw, thank you.”

Veronica slowly lowered her shorts off her hips, if they could even be called shorts, they were more like panties than anything else. Wherever they were from, they were not afraid of their bodies. Or their sexuality for that matter. I didn’t know where to look, I didn’t know if it was appropriate to be watching her strip down like that. Yet she didn’t seem to mind my gaze at all, instead she seemed to enjoy that I was watching her. As she removed her shorts what I saw next really came as a shock to me and by the look on Veronica’s face she knew exactly why I was so stunned.

“You weren’t expecting me to look like this were you?” Veronica asked.

I shook my head, too surprised to even know what to say. Sure I was taken aback a bit, but I can’t say I was all that uncomfortable, on the contrary I wanted to know more, see more.

“I hope this doesn’t change anything,” said Veronica, “But I feel it’s better you know the truth sooner rather than later.”

I nodded waiting for her to continue.

“This is why our people are in danger. There are those out there who look down on us for being different. But I don’t think we are all that different, and I think this difference is what makes us all the more special,” said Veronica.

I had to agree with her. How could anyone look down on such wonder and beauty. Her form was so feminine, so sensual and pleasing to the eye. Everything a person could want from a woman, and her attitude was so kind and caring and honest. That one difference that separates her from others like myself, only added to that beauty and mystique. It only heightened my want and admiration for her.

“This doesn’t bother you? Does it?” Asked Veronica, looking down between her legs, looking exactly where I was looking. Between her legs much like myself she had a vagina, soft and inviting. Yet just above was a cock. A cock. Soft and smooth, and for the time being flaccid. And suddenly,

what she was saying last night made perfect sense. Connie must have one too, in fact, all of them must, those crashing out of the skies toward our planet, escaping persecution.

I took a step closer toward Veronica, I was brought in by the gravitational pull of her beauty. Pulled in by my curiosity to know more about this wonder between her legs.

“This doesn’t bother me at all,” I said, “In fact, I’m intrigued, I’m curious.”

Veronica smiled, “so you still want to help us.”

“Nothing is going to change that, you are still people, you are still in need and deserve safety. No matter who you are or what your differences are.”

Veronica reached out and held my hands in hers, and this time feeling her touch was not like before. This time I felt the surge of energy and love coming from her. Before I knew it we were both taking another step closer to the other. I could feel her breathing tickling at my neck. I wanted to touch more of her, to hold more of her and really know that beauty.

“It’s okay...” whispered Veronica.

That’s exactly what I needed to hear, what I had been dying to hear this whole time.

I crawled my fingers up her arm and on her shoulder, lightly squeezing. Her skin was so soft and smooth. So inviting. The look she gave me pulled me in. I waited for her to make the next move. She wrapped her arm around my waist. She pressed up against me, her cock resting against my thigh. I licked my lips, looking at hers. Those red lips of hers, how badly I wanted to know how they tasted. I leaned in, Veronica did the same. Her lips warm on mine. I opened my mouth for more, for a taste of her tongue. The two of us smacking our lips together. Our hands running along the other’s body. We were locked together, the two of us stumbling toward my bed, nothing could part our lips from the other. We tumbled on top of the sheets. Veronica hovered over me, her breasts grazing on my shirt.

“Can I see?” Asked Veronica, her fingers teasing at my shirt.

“Please...”

Veronica lifted my shirt, removing it from over my head. Veronica, cupped my perky tits in her hands. Caressing my soft nipples, they stiffened by her loving touch.

“Yours are so nice,” said Veronica.

“No way, look at yours,” I said, I grabbed at her breasts. Veronica bit her lip, moaning. “That feels so good.”

“Yeah it does,” I said. I tugged at her nipples, bringing them to my mouth. I licked at her nipples, latching on, suckling on them. Veronica ran her fingers through my hair, shoving me in deeper for more. My tongue wetting her skin.

Veronica pulled at my pants, tugging them off as she kissed me. Her palms patting on my pussy from over my panties. A wet spot forming on them.

“Somebody’s excited,” said Veronica.

“Mmhmm, excited for this,” I said, grabbing her cock. She was hard and ready. Throbbing in my hand. So soft and smooth and hard for me.

“Yeah,” huffed Veronica.

“Can I have a taste of her?” I asked, teasing the head of her cock with my fingers. A bit of precum dripping down the shaft. Veronica lifted her hips bringing her cock to my lips. I gave her a few tugs and let the precum drip onto my tongue. I wrapped my lips around the tip, engulfing her hard cock with my wet mouth.

“Damn, that’s good,” said Veronica. I brought a hand up underneath her, feeling for her pussy. Pressing into her wet hole, fingering her, as I sucked on the tip of her cock. Pleasing the best of both worlds, the feminine and the masculine. A perfectly made specimen of wonder. How, I wondered... How is such beauty possible. To think this had always existed in our universe and yet had been kept so far away from me. Yet perhaps for good reason. Mankind did not do well with differences it couldn’t comprehend. Always judging, always showing prejudice for what didn’t fit into its small world view. But the world was more expansive than that. Far

more expansive than what managed to exist on our tiny planet, in our tiny galaxy.

“I want you to put it in me,” I said. I wanted to feel the girth of Veronica’s pretty cock stretching out the walls of my pussy. I wanted to feel her weight pressing down on me as she thrust inside. I wanted to feel the connection to another living being. To connect with a world outside of the one I have always known. As I said this to her, Veronica’s face went from one of pleasurable enjoyment to concern, or perhaps uncertainty.

“What is it?” I asked her. What was she worried about? She had nothing to fear. I was not like those who wanted to rid the universe of her people. I wanted to accept her, to enjoy her and know her.

“It’s just that... this is kind of hard to say. I should have said this first...”

“What is it, please tell me,” I said. Veronica rolled off my body and held my cheek in the palm of her hand looking into my eyes.

“There is another reason our people are being eradicated,” said Veronica, I could see the pain that etched itself on her heart. Whatever she was about to say, I knew I had to accept and love it for what it was. No one should have such a look of pain and fear on their face. Such fear needed to be allayed, and put to rest.

Veronica continued, “If... if we were to mate, if you were to have my cock inside you then...as you already know, I am a futa, blessed with both parts of the male and female. If we were to do this, there is a good chance my blessing will also befall you.”

“You mean...”

“Yes, there’s a chance you too would grow a cock as well. It is not guaranteed, but it is possible. Our people have always treasured our futa blessing, and have kept it to ourselves. But there are those who fear it’s spreading, and want to kill us off to remove such a possibility.”

I laid next to Veronica, soaking in her words and then the silence between us. My fingers pinched and teased her nipples in hypnotic fashion as I entered into my imagination, wondering what it would be like to have a cock, to have the blessing of a futa. Hearing the sounds Veronica and

Connie were making the night before, it certainly seemed like being a futa was more than fun. So much more fun than just being human. And the love I witnessed between the two of them, I've never experienced that sort of love with another human, not with any human male before. Perhaps that love had something to do with their being a futa. Perhaps it gave them a better understanding of each other as they shared and felt pleasure in the same manner. And to think that I might be able to join them, to be like them. None of what Veronica had said to me turned me off from the idea of making love to her. If anything it only heightened my interest in her. Perhaps it might be silly to think this way, but maybe, just maybe, there was a reason the universe had crashed their ship into my yard.

I pulled Veronica in close, pressing my lips against hers, "even if there was a hundred percent chance I would become a futa like you, I'd still want you inside me. There is something special about you and Connie. I see the way you two love each other. I could never have hoped to have that as a human. The way you two connect, it must be because of this futa blessing. Please, I want this too."

Veronica nuzzled her head between my breasts, resting there, her hand petting the top of my head, delighted by the words I said. Veronica teased the tip of her cock against my wet clit, sliding it up and down. I let out a soft moan.

"Please, Veronica. I want it so bad," I begged. Veronica pressed the tip in, stretching my entrance open for her, holding it there for a moment.

"You're sure?" Veronica asked.

"Absolutely, give me your blessing. Make me like you are," I said. I gripped her waist and pulled her in, bringing her cock deeper into my pussy, wrapping my legs around her back and holding her tightly to my body.

"Fuck, that's it, I want you wall the way in," I said. Veronica filled me up nicely, her hard throbbing cock deep inside my tight cunt, stretching me open. She rocked her hips back and forth, easing into it, sliding in my wet juices. Building up her force and speed as she gripped a thigh and held my wrist to the side, securing me down underneath her.

“I got it, I got it, I...” Connie came bursting into the bedroom, the look of excitement dropped from her face as she watched the two of us rolling in bed together. I looked up at her, immobile, unsure of what she was thinking or feeling.

Veronica turned to face her, “It’s okay, she knows. Isn’t that right?” Veronica looked at me.

I nodded, “I want what you two have, I want to be like you are.”

Relief washed over Connie, “Oh good, you had me worried there for a second.”

“Don’t be worried,” I said, “please, come join us,” I motioned her over to the bed.

Connie undressed as she approached the two of us, removing her top and bottoms. Her tits are just as full as Veronica’s. Her cock equally as impressive, standing strong and erect just above her wet pussy. The sight of the two of us in bed together must have excited her.

“You two don’t mind sharing?” I asked.

“Of course not,” said Connie, cuddling up between the two of us, “we love getting to play with others. Us futas just love to play. We don’t get all tied up in attachments of who can or can’t do what.”

“Sounds nice,” I said. Imagine having that much faith in love. Knowing that love was not finite but could be shared between all equally without any other losing out. Connie’s fingers found their way over my clit. She massaged my pussy with circular motions as Veronica slowly worked her cock in and out.

“Wait, wait, easy,” if the two of them kept that up, they would have me spasming with orgasmic pleasure. I didn’t want to cum just yet. I wanted this to last. They both eased up, keeping me on edge.

“What happened?” I asked Connie, “did you figure it out?”

“Oh, right. I almost forgot,” Connie laughed, “you two distracted me from my good news.”

“Tell us,” said Veronica, pulling her cock out of my pussy.

“No, I don’t want you to stop,” I said. Veronica pressed back in as Connie told us the good news.

“So I got the communications device up and running, I haven’t managed to get in contact with anyone else yet. We’ll just have to wait until we receive transmission.”

“Whatever will we do in the meantime,” I said, reaching down and taking hold of Connie’s cock.

“I’m sure we can think of something,” she said, kissing my cheek.

“Spread me open, take me,” I huffed and puffed. Veronica shoved herself deep inside my tight cunt, plowing into me. Connie, held my arms to my side, her lips trailing across my body, kissing my face, kissing my breasts, sucking on my clit. I squirmed and begged for more. Begged to have the futa blessing. “Give it to me, please I want it.”

“Cum for her,” Connie said to Veronica, “give her what she wants.” Veronica amped up her movements, rocking her hips back and forth, stroking herself inside me.

“Please, please, please,” I mumbled, tossing my head back and forth. I could feel the build up inside Veronica as her cock twitched and ached with the need to release warm cum inside of me.

“Fill me with that futa cum.”

Veronica gripped my body tightly, giving a forceful thrust inside, holding it there. Her breasts resting upon my own. Her breathing heavy as warm spurts of cum unloading inside my tight cunt in waves. Filling me until there wasn’t any space left to fill, leaking out between the two of us. I placed a hand on Connie’s cheek and turned her to face me, “you next,” I said, licking at her lips, “I have to be certain.”

Connie moved Veronica aside, taking her place between my legs. Connie’s cock entered with ease, sliding into the mix of cum and wetness left behind by Veronica.

“Your pussy feels so damn good,” moaned Connie

“Mmhmm,” Veronica agreed, tasting and suckling on Connie’s stiff nipples. She rocked up and down while inside me, her pelvis grinding

against my wet and sensitive clit. I dug my fingers into her back, clawing for more. Connie's entire body shivered, erupting her futa cum into my pussy, overloading me. The mix of their fluids seeped out of my cunt and dripped down my thigh.

"Fuck that's a lot of cum," I breathed.

"You said you wanted to be certain," said Connie.

"Oh, I do."

Connie rested her head on my chest, still slowly and with ease, moving her cock inside of me. The warmth that emanated from their bodies brought me into a place of deep comfort and relaxation.

"How long? How long does it take."

"It's hard to say," said Veronica nuzzling into my shoulder, "we've never tried to pass it on to a human before."

"But it probably shouldn't be more than a day though," said Connie.

So then there was a chance by tonight, I might be like them, that I too might be a futa. A strange and fantastical mix of pleasure and wonder. I wondered what my cock would look like. Would it be strong and powerful, would it be smooth and delicate. I thought about this as the three of us rested together, holding each other close.

"Hello... hello... this is.. Starship 531... hello..." The words came crackling from the kitchen and into the bedroom. The three of us shot each other wide eyed looks, frantically scurrying out of the covers, and running to the kitchen. At that moment I didn't care that cum still stuck to my thighs and dripped from my pussy. My mind was elsewhere, rapt in the potential.

"Come on, hurry up," Connie shouted from the kitchen.

"We're right here," I said, taking a seat at the table. The three of us gathered around the communicator.

Connie pressed a button, speaking into it, "Yes, hello. Starship 531, this is Starship 507, are you safe."

We remained in silence trading glances as we waited for a response, holding our breath. Someone else was definitely out there.

“Connie?” The voice crackled.

“Yes yes... this is Connie. Are you okay?”

“I’m okay. Unharmed anyway,” said the voice.

“Where are you?” asked Connie. “She can’t be too far off, I’ve only managed to reach out in about a hundred mile radius max,” she said to us.

“I’m not sure...”

I decided to cut in, I knew the area relatively well, “Do you see any landmarks, anything that might help us identify your location.”

“Hold on, let me step out of the ship.”

These moments of silence were brutal, they ate away at me with their uncertainty. That at any moment, whoever was on the other end of the line might just be whisked away and we’d lose contact.

“Ughh, I need a shower,” I groaned. I had to say something to break the silence. I wiped a bit of cum off my thigh, and grabbed a tissue.

“So go shower,” said Connie.

“And miss this? Hell no,” I said. I grabbed more tissues and started to clean myself out in the kitchen. I didn’t care if they saw me like this, squatting a bit, wiping cum from my intimate parts.

Veronica chuckled as she watched me grimace while cleaning myself, “regretting your decision yet?” She asked.

“Once I get a cock like yours, a little bit of cum will be so worth it.”

“Yeah yeah,” said Connie, “once we confirm contact we can talk about cocks all we want. Sound good?”

The communicator started to crackle and the voice returned, “Are you there?”

“Yes we’re still here,” said Connie.

“There’s some sort of white and blue spired building, and these big black and white animals. They sound like this; Maaaooo.”

I put my hand over my mouth, trying to stifle my laughter over her cow imitation. The good thing was I had a pretty good idea where she was. “I

think I know where she is," I said, "it's gotta be by Saint Michaels Church, it's not too far from here."

"Stay where you are, we are going to come and get you," said Connie.

"Understood."

The three of us got dressed and piled into my car. It was about a twenty mile drive to the church, to the supposed crash site. It didn't sound as if we would be pressed for time. She sounded safe, but there was really no telling what kind of danger she might be in. I haven't left my home in weeks. For all I knew the world I had been cut off from was not the same one that existed now. I had not broken the lockdown placed on us. I doubt anyone had. But now it was time to throw caution to the wind and do what was right for these people.

"So what's a church?" Asked Veronica.

It didn't even occur to me that they had probably never heard of churches. "It's uh... It's a place people go to worship God."

"God?" The two of them questioned.

"Like the creator of everything, where all being and nonbeing arises from, I suppose that's the best way I can put it." My explanation didn't help bring them any more clarity. "Do your people not wonder what exists after life ends, or where life began?"

Connie shook her head, "We live, we play, we struggle. It all happens as it happens and we just find ourselves a part of it."

"Sounds kind of nice," I said. Nice to never have to question one's morality or mortality. Yet with this outlook on life I have been given since birth, it was hard now not to see these recent occurrences as some sort of grander scheme. The whole of the universe now seemed to be coming together to grant my life purpose, where before it had none. I couldn't shake the feeling that something was happening, something big, I just didn't know what yet.

As I sped down the highway there was not a single car in sight. The whole time it was just us. I went well over the speed limit, flying down the highway as fast as I felt my car could safely go.

Red and blue lights flashed in my rearview mirror, “Fuck,” I muttered, my heart racing in my chest.

“What is it?” asked Veronica.

“The police. We’re supposed to remain indoors. We’re in serious trouble. I didn’t think anybody would be out, not even the police.”

“You think they’re heading to the crash site?” asked Veronica.

“Let’s hope not,” said Connie.

“It doesn’t matter now, we’re screwed,” I said. I couldn’t relax myself, the anxiety overtook me. We could end up in prison... or worse.

“No, it’s fine. We can do this, we have too,” Connie reassured us.

“Yeah, whatever it takes, we’re in this together,” said Veronica.

Their positive attitude was infectious, I began to relax, to once again feel hope at the sounds of their simple words. I wasn’t about to give up on everything because of one small obstacle. I had to remember, the universe is more than I can perceive. And it calls me to move forward, to help. There may be obstacles, but with Veronica and Connie by my side I know I can do this.

I slowed the car to a stop and pulled over. I was of course still feeling the sting of lingering anxiety, but I felt more situated, more in control than before. The officer stepped out of his car and approached my window. I’m not alone, I have my girls with me, I chanted in my mind. I rolled down the window.

“You three do know there is a lockdown in effect? Do you not? This is a very serious offence,” said the Officer. A ridiculous question, who didn’t know about it. I remained silent as the officer gazed into my soul through his darkened sunglasses.

Veronica rolled down the back window and stuck her head out, “We’re really sorry,” she said. She scooted out a bit more, hanging her voluptuous breasts out of the window, showing off a massive amount of cleavage. Even with the sunglasses covering half his face, it was obvious this made the officer both uncomfortable and horny. Perhaps that was our opening, our power.

“We were really just out for a bit fun,” I said, biting my lip, “It’s terribly lonesome being locked up all the time.” I could hardly believe what I was saying, or that I was the one saying it. I felt like some dumb bimbo in a nineties movie trying to get out of speeding ticket. I’d have to wash my mouth out with soap after this. However it was perhaps that very cliché that might win us favor. I’m sure every male officer fantasies about actually getting the chance to pull a hot chick over and having a little fun with her. Of course he can never really do it. But hell, the whole world has been abandoned, there is nobody around to see. It really is the only opportunity anyone would ever get to make that fantasy come true.

The officer cleared his throat, “I know what you mean, I haven’t seen the wife in weeks.” I couldn’t believe how well this was playing out. Men were so easy. I’m so damn glad I found my futas.

“You poor thing,” I purred, “It must be so not having anyone to hold. Why don’t you let me help with that.” I could hear Connie and Veronica snickering behind me. I opened the door of the car and got out, closing it behind me. I got on my knees before the officer. I crept my hands up his pants leg and grabbed for his crotch, “my, it really has been hard for you.”

“That’s a good girl,” said the officer, taking hold of the top of my head. I unzipped his pants and removed his hard cock. Feeling him grow more erect in my hand. As he did, I felt a stirring between my legs. I placed a hand down there, feeling my pussy, when suddenly just above, began to harden and grow a nice thick cock. I couldn’t help but to smile, knowing now what I had hidden beneath my panties. This little secret, that wasn’t so little. Such a wonderful gift given to me by my futa lovers. It’s a shame, I wasn’t about to waste it on someone like him though. Its use would have to wait.

I took the officer’s cock into my mouth, wetting it with my tongue, and wrapping my lips around the tip until I could muster the ability to take more of his shaft in. I stroked his wet drooled covered cock, working the tip.

“That’s it... that’s a good girl,” grunted the officer.

“Yeah? You wanna cum for me?” I asked, begging him to blow his load over me. So easy to get what you want when you have this kind of power and know how to use it. Silly men, so weak. So easily manipulated. I’ve never felt an energy like this before, a confidence like this. Was it part of having a futa cock? I stroked and stroked his dripping cock, watching as he contorted his face with grimaces of pleasure.

“Come on... I want you to paint me with your load,” I said, trying to coax it out of him. I sucked on the tip a few more times and popped my mouth off with a loud suctioned smacking of my lips. I furiously jerked him off, he spread his legs wide and braced himself for the coming orgasm. A stream of warm cum shot from the tip of his cock and stuck to the top of my shirt. I stood up on my feet, the palms of my hands placed on his chest and whispered into his ear, “you wouldn’t mind just turning around for us, would you?”

The officer cleared his throat again and adjusted his pants, “I think, under the current circumstances, it might be wise to look the other way. Just make sure you get yourself to safety.”

“Of course, will do, thank you so much,” I said, giving him a wet kiss on the cheek.

I got back in the car and said nothing, watching and waiting for the officer to turn around and be safely away from us.

I let out a heavy sigh of relief, “I can’t believe I just did that,” I said, taking my shirt off and tossing it in the back, “remind me to burn that later,” I adjusted my bra and grabbed the steering wheel, taking off down the road.

“Neither can I,” said Connie.

“Well one good thing came of it at least,” I said.

“What’s that?” Asked Veronica, swatting the shirt off the seat next to her and onto the floor.

“I got my futa cock,” I smiled.

“You did!” Squealed Veronica.

“Mhmm,” I tightened my lips, self-satisfied.

Connie reached between my legs, "Oh, she did," she confirmed.

"Hey, not while I'm driving."

I could see the church in the distance, and across the road in the clearing was a fallen ship much like the one in my own yard. I swerved off the road and onto the grass, stopping far enough not to startle the woman we came to rescue. I parked the car and the three of us clambered out.

"You two take the lead on this one," I said.

"Right," said Veronica.

As the three of us approached the craft a petite woman emerged from out of the ship. She appeared to be in far less distress than when I had found Connie and Veronica. She had a bright and warming smile on her face, her eyes sparkling with delight. She came bouncing toward us and quickly brought the two futas in for a big hug.

"I'm so glad you two are okay," she said.

"As are we," said Connie, giving the small woman a kiss on the cheek. Her outfit was similar to that of Veronica's and Connie's, very revealing and very sexual. Though she did not fill it out as much.

"Who's this?" The woman asked, looking over their shoulders at me.

"That's Mary," said Connie, "she's the one who helped us find you. She's a human."

"Was a human," I interjected, still feeling the erect strength of my cock between my legs.

"You mean? She-"

"That's right, she has accepted us... fully," said Veronica.

"Oh, how wonderful," said the woman, bouncing now over to me, and wrapping her arms around my neck and pulling me in, "I'm Nikki, I'm so happy you came to help."

"As am I," I said, returning her affections.

"Mary here has offered her home as a sort of headquarters for us. That's how we managed to get in contact with you. It was all because of her," said Connie. It felt so good to hear that from her. But I couldn't help

but think I really didn't do much. It was Connie's engineering prowess that really helped us. I just sort of gave her a place to work.

Connie worked with Nikki to see if they could find anything aboard the ship worth salvaging and taking back to the house. They wrenched her communicator free from the ship's onboard system, along with a few other working electrical systems that I knew nothing about. Me and Veronica helped load the care up with the loot. After we managed to grab all that we could the four of us got back into the car to head back home. To our home.

"So you really took the plunge, huh?" said Nikki, shifting herself from the back of the car between the two front seats, her face poking over my headrest, her eyes sparkling.

"Mmhmm," I nodded, trying to keep my eyes on the road.

"How do you like it? Wonderful isn't it?"

"Well, I haven't actually seen it yet, it only just happened," I said.

"What! Well come on let's take a look," said Nikki, reaching over and tugging on my waistband.

"Wait- hold- I'm trying to drive," I stammered, swerving a bit onto the other side of the road. Thankfully the world was completely vacant.

"Come on, come on, let's see," said Nikki bouncing up and down. This one was very playful, with such an air of sweet innocence, it was hard to deny her request. Besides I was just as curious myself.

"Alright alright," I said, giving in.

I kept one hand on the steering wheel while I worked my pants and underwear off my legs. Nikki snatched them from my hands.

"How cute," said Nikki, playing with my panties.

"I have to admit, I'm kind of curious myself," said Connie, "I've never passed it on to anyone before." The three of them all shifted in their seats, angling to get a better view of my cock. I had not looked yet, but I felt myself growing hard, knowing they were all looking at me like that.

"What a pretty cock," said Nikki, "You two did a good job," she said to Veronica and Connie.

“We certainly did,” said Veronica.

“I’m gonna touch it,” said Nikki. I was about to tell her to wait until we got home, but the moment her finger tips glided along the head of my cock I no longer cared. Her touch felt perfect, so delicate, so loving, the way she caressed the tip. It didn’t matter any longer, there was no way I could wait.

“Ohh, that feels nice,” I moaned. I looked down, watching as her fingers worked the tip of my hard cock. Smooth and pretty and erect, I was more than happy with what the girls had gifted me.

“I’m glad you think so,” said Nikki, letting the spit dribble over her lips and over my cock. She was situated half in the front and half in the back, her slender belly hovering over the center console. She gave her tight ass a wag in front of Veronica.

Veronica gave her a slap on the butt, “stop shaking this thing in my face.”

“Ooo, I don’t think I will,” said Nikki, shaking her ass again and receiving another well placed slap from Veronica. “I missed your touch, Veronica,” said Nikki. Though we were still in the car and not home yet, I felt as if I was home. Surrounded by these three women, surrounded by their laughter and joy, everything felt right.

Nikki wrapped her warm mouth around my cock, taking the length of it in. I gripped the steering wheel tightly, having never felt pleasure like it before. Veronica peeled Nikki’s panties off her ass and tugged at her dangling cock.

“Hey, I wanna have some fun too,” said Connie.

“Then get back here and help me,” said Veronica.

Connie climbed into the backseat, over their bodies and joined Veronica. I wondered how often they did this, how well they all knew each other. The way they gave pleasure to each other, it seemed like they knew exactly what the other liked most, having had years of practice with one another as they tumbled around the backseat, moaning and squirming. The sounds of love filled my ears and made my cock throb. Was this what it was

like to want to cum, to want to erupt a warm load of cum. I tensed my lower body, trying to hold it in as Nikki stroked my slippery cock.

“Don’t hold it in,” said Nikki, “I want to play with your cum, it’s the best part.”

Connie, naked, pressed her cock up behind Nikki and slid herself into her pussy. Veronica continued to tug at Nikki’s cock. Nikki bit her lip, taking in the force of Connie’s shaft. “Come on, let me see you cum for me.”

My entire body tensed, it only felt natural for me to try and hold it in. And the more I held it in, the stronger the feeling built up and swelled inside me, until the absolute need to release and blow took over. Warm cum streamed from my cock and splattered onto Nikki’s chest.

“Mmm, thank you,” Nikki ran her fingers over the cum, spreading it all over her tits, “so nice.”

The release of my cum made my entire body extra sensitive, and Nikki did not stop touching. I bucked my hips, trying to escape her touch, and yet I didn’t want it to end.

“Oh damn,” whimpered Nikki, letting her body go limp over the center console. Connie filled Nikki’s pussy with cum, letting it all out deep inside. I so badly wanted to be inside one of them, but I had to wait until we got home. I still had to do my best to try and drive regardless of how distracted I was.

We pulled up to my house, skirting past the crashed ship and hopped out of the car, four beautiful women, a mess of sweat and cum. I had never felt this beautiful before, this wanted before. We unloaded the car and brought everything into the house.

“Welcome home,” I said to Nikki. This was just the beginning. And now that we had more tools to work with, there was no telling who else was out there that we could reach out to and help. We had a long way to go ahead of us before this whole thing was over. Before they would all be safe and free to be as they are. But we were in this together. Ready to fight whatever was out there, whatever might come our way. A door to a whole new world had opened for me, and I had just stepped through, there’s no looking back now.

Super Fertile Futas

After catching word about the Futa Love Hotel in Japan I knew I had to check it out for myself. This wasn't exactly going to be a cheap vacation. The hotel knew they were the only ones who could provide this sort of service and a room costs a pretty penny. The Futas of the hotel were all willing participants happy to have visitors join in on their fun. One didn't pay for the Futas like you might at some seedier place. These Futas didn't sell themselves; they willingly gave themselves to those who earnestly sought them. But I wanted to get the best experience possible. So I booked for myself the penthouse room, all the way at the top. It's a good thing my work allowed me to afford the occasional extravagance.

A woman with both a cock and a pussy. The very idea of it filled me with absolute desire. Made me squirm in my seat at the office. I couldn't wait to get finished up here and head to the airport. What I really wanted was to know if these futas would be willing to fill me up, and make me pregnant with their seed. I didn't want just some old perv filling me. I wanted prime cum, and these exotic beauties had just what I was after. Of course it would be their choice to fill me. I only hope they saw me as worthy.

All around the office I had both men and women practically worship me. As CEO I was the most powerful woman here, the most powerful person, and they all knew it. All wanted a piece of this tight ass. But I wasn't the type to give it up so easily. Especially not to my employees. What a mess that would be. And not the good kind of mess, not the kind that would have my breasts heaving and covered in warm cum.

Stan entered my office, looking around the room. I knew he was trying to do his best not to stare at my cleavage. I played with the buttons of my blouse, unbuttoning one. Tormenting the poor guy a little bit. I've seen his wife, not much to look at, and judging by her attitude toward Stan, she did not allow him to do the sorts of things to her that all men desire to do. Stan wasn't so bad looking. And perhaps if he didn't work for me, I wouldn't mind pulling that cock of his out and giving it a suck. I certainly wouldn't let him cum inside though, he wasn't that good looking.

“How can I help you?” I asked.

“Well since you’re leaving... I was wondering about that report..”

I let out a sigh, thirty more minutes until I was out of this place. Business was the last thing on my mind. Did they really need me for everything? I knew I was being a bit harsh, but I was feeling impatient. I had this trip planned for months and now that it was so close that I could practically taste it, I just wanted to leave. Mmmm, I could practically taste those hard futa cocks, throbbing in my mouth. I licked my lips lost in a daze of my own thoughts.

“Emma? Are you listening?” Questioned Stan.

I shook myself out of it, “yeah yeah, just take care of it yourself. Look, between you and me, I just want to be out of here already.” I hadn’t told anyone about the true nature of my vacation. I doubt they would understand. Or worse yet, they would all look at me differently if they knew the truth.

“I know you’ve been dying to see your aunt,” said Stan. My aunt? Was that the bullshit excuse I gave him? I would have to make a mental note of that. “But I just need a signature.”

“Oh, well why didn’t you just say so, here..” I grabbed the papers from his hand and blindly placed my name wherever it was needed. I could have been signing the entire company over to him for all I cared at that moment. Hell maybe if I did, I’d never have to come back to this wretched place of whining employees.

I looked at my watch, fifteen more minutes. My car was already packed and ready to go, I just had to leave the building and I was all set. I left my office.

“Sayonara, I’m heading on out,” I said.

“But you still have like ten minutes left,” said Roger.

“Oh shut it Roger, if I had a dime for every time you took an extended lunch, well...”

“Alright I get it,” said Roger, going back to his computer.

“Have fun,” said Maria, waving at me.

Maria was nice enough. A bit homely. She could definitely use a bit more cock in her life herself if you ask me though, a bit too uptight at times. I went over to Maria's desk and whispered to her, "Hey, I know this great guy, who is willing to do anything... anything, why don't you get out of here early and give him a call." Maria's face reddened with embarrassment. I placed Dan Wilde's card on her desk, sliding it closer to her. "Seriously, you look like you can use it." Maria was speechless. We never talked like that to each other. But to hell with it, I was feeling good about myself, about this trip. It was the last kindness I could show for an employee before I left. Besides, I know she would enjoy Dan, from what I knew about Maria, from the gossip given to me by the male employees she was a bit of a size queen, and Dan had quite the thick cock. I was over Dan anyhow, so I felt no real attachment to him. I get bored of the same old cock after a while.

As I walked toward the exit, I looked over my shoulder. I saw Maria stick the card into her purse. She could have just as easily tossed it into the wastebin next to her, but she didn't. I left the office and got into my car. My luggage for the month was all packed in the trunk. Thankfully the roads weren't too busy and I managed to get to the airport with plenty of time to spare.

I found where my flight was boarding and took a seat next to a good looking guy who was there all alone. I introduced myself to him and he did the same in turn. His name was Bryan. I was impressed with his look, most people looked like they barely managed to drag themselves to the airport.

"Is this your first time in Japan as well?" I asked.

Bryan shook his head, "Second, my brother works for a gaming company there."

"Oh which one?" I asked, just trying to make conversation.

"It's just a start up, they're trying to break into the whole virtual reality craze. I think he can do it though. What about you? Why are you headed to Japan?" He asked. I sat there in silence for a moment, questioning whether I should tell him the truth. It's not like I knew him, or would ever see him again after we landed.

“How about we get a drink first,” I said. We still had about two hours to kill before boarding.

“Well alright,” said Bryan.

We went to the bar and sat down next to each other. We each ordered a beer and continued our conversation.

“So you really want to know why I’m headed to Japan?” I asked.

“Umm... I think so, now I’m not so sure. You’re not tied up with Yakuza are you?” He laughed.

“No no, nothing like that,” I giggled, placing a hand on his. He was kind of sweet. “I’m sure you’ve heard of the Futa Love Hotel,” I said.

“Who hasn’t,” said Bryan. “I’ve been to one of the usual ones on my last trip, if I’m being honest.”

“You perv!” I laughed, bringing my hand on his thigh. There wasn’t anything wrong with a little flirting. “How was it?” I asked.

Bryan shrugged his shoulders, “I felt so awkward the whole time, she didn’t speak any english.”

“But she could still moan right?” Eee eee,” I sputtered out a little high pitch moan.

“Stop that,” said Bryan, giving me a playful nudge on the shoulder, “people are staring,” he smiled. He was so adorable. It was nice to have someone be into me that wasn’t into me because they knew how much money I made or anything like that. Most men only saw my power. Bryan didn’t see that though, he only saw me. “So the Futa Love Hotel...”

“Right! So that’s where I’m heading. I got the p-” I stopped myself, if I told him I purchased the penthouse he would know for sure how much money I made.

“The what?” Asked Bryan.

“A room, I saved up for like the whole year for it,” I said. I felt kind of bad lying to him but it was better this way, even though the chances were I’d never see him again, I wanted to know that at least one person out there saw me for who I really was.

“Those rooms aren’t cheap. I’d have to give up a lot to save up for one. For now, manga will have to do.”

“Yeah...” I took a sip of my beer. I sort of wanted to invite Bryan to come to the hotel with me, but I just couldn’t.

“Flight 269 is now boarding,” said a voice over the intercom.

“That’s us,” said Bryan tapping on my shoulder.

Bryan boarded the plane but I waited. I wanted to hear a little good news first. I called Maria.

“Hello?” She answered.

“So tell me how’d it go?’ I said.

“Mmm, you were right, I really needed that,” said Maria.

“Nice cock, right? I knew Dan wouldn’t disappoint you,” I said.

“Mmhmm, very nice,” she said, “How’s the flight?’

“I haven’t boarded yet, I met a guy though. I think I might try and-”

“Mile high club? Said Maria.

“Yeah, exactly.”

“Well what are you doing talking to me, go get him,” said Maria.

The plane was boarded and we waited for take off. Bryan sat only a few seats behind me. Thankfully he was in an aisle seat. I wouldn’t have to climb over anyone to speak with him. It wouldn’t be right to leave him without a bit of a thank you first. Just a little one, nothing wrong with that. The plane took flight and we were free to move about the cabin.

I got out of my seat and knelt next to Bryan. I placed my hand on his thigh, leaning in and whispering into his ear, “meet me in the bathroom.” I crawled my fingers toward his crotch and played with his cock from over his pants. He smiled at me and nodded. I went into the bathroom and waited for him. I removed my blouse and pants. So he had something enjoyable to view when he came in. My breasts were quite large, I was rather fond of them. I squeezed my chest, feeling just how nice it was to have them touched.

Bryan snuck himself into the bathroom, "hey, you made it," I said. Pulling him over by his belt.

"I see you've been busy," he said.

"Just a little, I was really waiting for you though," I unzipped his pants, "let's see what we got here." I pulled his cock out, he was hard with an erection. "Mmm it seems you were ready for me."

"The second you whispered into my ear..."

I teased the tip of his cock. It was a long flight to Japan, no need to rush things. His cock twitched with excitement. Enjoying my nimble fingers. I slid a finger along his cock, "is this a bit of precum for me?" I brought my finger to my mouth and sucked on it.

"Fuck..." groaned Bryan.

"Jealous?"

"Maybe a little," he said.

"Don't be," I stuck my tongue out and licked at the tip of his cock. Bryan placed his hand on top of my hand, pulling me in, wanting me to take his cock deeper into my mouth. I opened wide, letting him place his cock into the warmth of my mouth. My lips wrapped around his shaft as I bobbed my head back and forth, enjoying how good he tasted.

"Damn you're so dirty," groaned Bryan.

"Mmhmm," I hummed, my mouth stuffed with his cock. My saliva dripped down his shaft and bubbled around his cock.

I wasn't planning on having him inside of me, but I just couldn't resist his cock any longer. I needed something inside my pussy. I stripped out of my panties. I ran my fingers across my wet clit, rubbing it. I moaned into his cock. I pushed him off. "Think you can handle this pussy?" I asked, slapping my palm against my clit.

"Hell yeah," said Bryan. I placed one leg up and beckoned for him to come take me. Bryan sidled up behind me. His erection brushing against me. His hands cupped my chest, fondling my tits.

"Ah! Put it in," I begged. Bryan spread my ass, lifting his cock to my pussy. He slid the tip in, sliding through my wet juices. "Yes.. fuck me," I

said, tossing my hair back. Bryan gripped my hips and pulled me down his cock. He lifted himself up and started to thrust inside.

“Fuck yes... that’s it,” I moaned.

As he played with my body and used my hole, I could tell he was getting close to cumming. I only had one rule. I didn’t want him to cum in my pussy. I was saving that for the futas. I hopped off his cock and got on my knees before him. I stroked his wet shaft, sliding my fingers all up and down it.

“I want you to cum on my tits,” I said.

Bryan placed a hand on my shoulder, holding me down. He took hold of his cock, and started masturbating over me. He clenched his teeth and tightened his grip on me. He let out a low growl and streams of warm cum splattered onto my chest.

“Mmm, what a mess you made,” I said, running my fingers across his cum. With that smile on his face I knew I had already made his entire trip. However, mine had just begun, this was just a taste of what waited for me in Japan. As fun as he was Bryan did little to satisfy my craving for futa cock, his just wasn’t what I was after. Now more than ever I couldn’t wait to land. At least I’d probably have a much easier time taking a nap now that my energy was expended. I could sleep and when I next woke up I would be in Japan, ready to really start my adventure.

I called the Futa Love Hotel as my driver headed over. I entered into the lobby amazed by how grand and luxurious it all was. I’ve stayed in plenty of high class hotels before, but none of them compared to this.

“You must be Emma, I’m Tomoya,” said the man approaching me. “We are still preparing the room for you. I’m terribly sorry for the inconvenience. But Fuko here said she would be more than happy to show you around the city while you wait,” he motioned to the delightfully petite and large breasted woman next to him.

“Nice to meet you!” Said Fuko, bouncing herself up and down, her breasts jiggling with each little hop. “Don’t you worry we’re going to have so much fun together,” she said.

Fuko had already grabbed my hand and was already practically dragging me out of the place before I even managed to settle myself.

“See you later, Tomoya,” shouted Fuko, waving her hand high above her head.

“Where- where are we going,” I panted, keeping up with her excitement wasn’t easy.

“Oh yeah, good question,” said Fuko, pursing her lips together, the tip of her finger pressed to them.

“What? You mean you don’t even know where we’re going,” I let out a sigh, “Can we just go somewhere to eat then, I’m starving,” I said.

“Right! We’ll get something to eat,” Fuko, shook her body from side to side, I couldn’t help but stare at her breasts as she did. I wondered, was she a futa. She had to be, there was no way in the world she wasn’t. Something about her, from the moment I saw, already started to pull me in. And I never had any feeling like this before for a woman. “What are you in the mood for?” Asked Fuko.

“Hmm, yakitori?”

“Mmhmm, I know, follow me,” Fuko grabbed my hand as we wandered through the city together. Every shop and restaurant we passed caught my attention. The aesthetic of the city was far different from what I was used to, there was so much going on. I wanted to stop and gawk at every store we passed by, taken in completely by the sights.

Fuko brought me to a cozy little place a bit out of the way. It wasn’t on any of the main roads, and there were only a few other patrons inside, and I was the only foreigner here, so my presence was rightfully met with a few stares. I trusted Fuko’s judgement though, I’m sure she knew where all the best places to eat were, the kind of places tourists wouldn’t even think of going to.

“Hey Fuko,” the chef behind the counter greeted her with a warm smile.

“Hey! We’re starving, bring us your best,” said Fuko.

“Aye,” said the chef.

“Don’t worry about paying,” Fuko whispered to me, “Tomoya will take care of that.”

“Oh, thank you,” I said.

We took our seats across from each other at a small table nestled into the corner. Fuko rested her breasts on top of the table, they stood out before me and she placed her cheeks in the palm of her hands.

“Akio makes the best yakitori, you’re going to love it,” said Fuko.

“I hope so,” I rubbed my tummy, “I haven’t had a thing to eat since I boarded the plane.” The two of us talked a bit about food and that sort of thing until Akio brought a wonderful spread of varying skewered meats to our table.

“Try this one,” said Fuko, waving the skewer in my face.” I snatched it out of her hands and took a piece of meat in my mouth. It was soft and practically melted the moment it touched my tongue.

“It’s so good,” I sighed, “What is it?”

“Chicken liver,” smiled Fuko.

“Liver...” I shrugged my shoulders, I never had any kind of liver before but this was damn good, sweet and savory, and so soft. “It’s really good.”

“She likes it!” Shouted Fuko, waving at Akio. Akio gave us a thumbs up and I gave him one in return.

“So anyway I was wondering...” It was kind of hard to get the words out, but I just had to know for certain.

“Wondering what?” Wondered Fuko, shifting her body back and forth with anticipation.

“Are... are you a futa?” I let out a breath of relief, finally getting it off my chest. Fuko gave a sly grin and took my hand in hers, pulling it closer.

“What do you think?” She asked, bringing my hand up her thighs and under her skirt. She placed my hand between her legs and started to rub with me. I could feel her cock there, starting to grow a bit harder. “Does that answer your question?”

“Mmhmm,” I moaned, biting my lip. Forgetting for the moment that we were in a restaurant surrounded by people. I took a look around, no one seemed to notice us. Akio had his back turned busy with his cooking, the other diners were happily enjoying their meal and lost in their own conversations.

I pulled my hand away and grabbed another skewer, shoving the chicken or whatever it was into my mouth, it tasted peppery. I tried not to focus on my desire for Fuko’s cock, this wasn’t the place for it. I had to behave myself. I grabbed another skewer hoping that the food would be enough to satisfy me. Fuko grabbed my hand and pulled the skewer out of it, placing it back on the plate.

“Come on,” said Fuko, “I’ve got a much better skewer than those.”

“I can’t, not here,” I said.

“Why not,” pouted Fuko, “No one is looking.” I took another look around the restaurant, she was right, we were practically invisible. “You got me all hard, and now you’re just going to stop,” said Fuko. Fuko’s foot slid up my leg, her toes curling. I looked underneath the table.

“When the hell did you take your shoes off?” I laughed.

“While you were distracted,” snickered Fuko, “I could have let a bomb off and the only thing you would have noticed would be my aching cock and wet pussy.”

That cock of hers sure did capture my attention. And I only felt a bit of it. I wondered what it looked like, hell I wanted to know what it felt like, I mean really felt like, once it was inside of me.

“Now come on, touch me again,” said Fuko, she rested her elbows on the table, squeezing her chest together. Damn they were big. And her smile, the way her eyes sparkled. I really couldn’t keep my hands off her. Fuko rubbed her toes over my pants, massaging my pussy. I scooted my chair forward, enjoying the pressure of her cute little foot. Was I already getting wet? Is that all it takes for a futa to get me going? I reached my hand back under the table, searching for her cock. This time Fuko had removed her panties. Damn, she was quick. My fingers grazed along her wet pussy, just under her cock.

“Almost there,” giggled Fuko.

I snatched her cock in my hand, it was dripping with precum. Did I do that? Was I turning her on. I stroked up and down on her slick cock. Fuko massaged my pussy with her feet. I wanted to moan, but I bit my lip stifling any sounds that might escape. If I made too much noise surely someone would be bound to notice then.

The more Fuko teased me, the more I wanted her big cock deep inside of my wet pussy. If we were alone I would have jumped on top of her, tearing that skirt off her body. Fitting that cock into my hole and seeing just how deep it could go.

“I don’t know how much more of this I can take,” I said.

“Oh, do you want me to stop?” Asked Fuko.

“No please don’t stop,” I muttered. That was the last thing I wanted. I wanted this to go on forever, just not here. I couldn’t do all I wanted to Fuko here.

Fuko’s phone buzzed, she pulled it out and flipped through it. I watched a bit impatiently as she looked through the message.

“That’s Tomoya, your room is ready,” said Fuko.

“It is. Thank god, that’s perfect. Let’s get going then,” I said.

“But don’t you wanna stay and finish eating?”

“No. Like you said, I’ve got a much tastier skewer waiting for me, and I just can’t wait any longer to try it.” Fuko reached under the table, fiddling around, probably putting her panties on no doubt. Fuko got up and I could see the front of her skirt was lifted a bit, held up by her erection.

“Maybe we should wait a moment,” I said.

“Why’s that?”

“You can’t go walking around with that thing like that,” I said, pointing between her legs.

“Don’t be silly of course I can, I love it when the businessmen stare.”

We left the restaurant and headed back to the hotel. Fuko certainly did manage to get a lot of attention as she skipped along the sidewalk, her skirt

lifting up, her hard erection clear as day pressing against her panties. She really felt no shame at all. I admired her for that. The two of us entered the elevator of the hotel and took it all the way up to the top floor. The room was immaculate, absolutely breathtaking. Fuko rushed in, jumping and crashing down onto the large bed, practically eaten alive by the sheets and comforters.

"It's so soft," said Fuko, rolling around the bed, "this is my favorite room by far." Fuko got on her knees and did little hops up and down, her breasts heaving along with her. I removed my blouse, unbuttoning each of the buttons, letting it fall to the floor. I stepped out of my pants, climbing on top of the bed in my bra and thong.

"Mmm, couldn't wait any longer, could you?" Said Fuko, her fingers crawling on the bed and up my knees.

"I think it's about time to finish what we started," I said.

"Mmhmm," said Fuko. She reached around my back and unhooked my bra, taking my tits in her hands. "These are so nice," said Fuko, lifting one to her mouth, her tongue teasing my nipple until it stiffened.

"Not as nice as yours," I said, cupping her breasts, lifting their weight.

"Sometimes I think they're too big," said Fuko.

"Nonsense, they're perfect," I took her shirt off, followed by her bra so I could get a better view of them. They really were perfect, her nipples round and stiff. So inviting that I just had to have a taste of them.

I suckled at her breasts as Fuko whimpered with delight in my ear, her warm breath tickling me. She kissed and sucked at my neck. Damn, her mouth felt so good, wherever it was it made me twitch with pleasure.

"Does your cock taste as good as your tits?" I asked.

"Do you wanna find out?" Fuko lifted her skirt, her hard cock stuffed behind her panties. This was it, what I was waiting for, a nice hard futa cock. Fuko lowered her panties, her cock jumping out from behind. She was so thick, what a nice fat cock she had. I wrapped both hands around it, and let the spit drip from my lips coating her. I slid my hands up and down her slick wet cock. She ached and throbbed in my grasp.

“Ahh, that feels so good,” moaned Fuko.

“Yeah... what if I go faster,” I worked the tip of her cock, exciting Fuko. She grabbed onto my shoulders and rocked her hips back and forth.

Damn, I really needed this cock inside me. I needed it hard and bursting with cum. I wanted her to fill me, that’s why I came here. To be a fertile receiver of futa cum. I didn’t even think to ask if she was okay with cumming inside of me. What if she had a rule about that. What if she wasn’t okay with filling my pussy up with her baby making futa cum. I had to just ask, it was the only way to know for sure.

“Fuko...” I said, sliding my hands off.

Fuko gave a little pout, “aaw, why did you stop, I was really enjoying that.”

“I wanted to know... Is... is it okay if you were to cum inside me. I want to be filled up so bad. I want you to blow a big load of baby making cum inside of my tight wet pussy.” There it was all out now, there was no going back on it.

“Of course!” Fuko shouted with excitement, “I would love to cum inside of you,” Fuko pushed me down, and spread my legs apart. Well that really set her off. The look in her eyes as she stared over my body, licking her lips, she really wanted this pussy now. “We don’t always get offers to cum inside of women. Most are too worried about it, about having futa cum inside.”

“I’m not,” I said, tugging her cock closer, “It’s all I’ve been wanting, I couldn’t stop thinking about it. I could never find a man good enough to fill me. But you’re perfect. I would love to have that cum deep inside my warm pussy.” Fuko slid her cock over my clit, sending shivers through my body. Fuck, she felt so good, she knew exactly what to do. She grinded herself on my pussy, I reached over and grabbed her ass, so tight and cute. I placed a finger inside her wet pussy, shoving it in and out as she rocked against me. Her nipples grazed across mine, still wet with my spit.

“Are you ready to have it in?” Asked Fuko.

“Fuck yes, put that cock in me, please please,” I begged. The foreplay, the way she teased my clit. I yearned for that meaty cock of hers to have its

way with me. Fuko eased the tip in.

“Ah fuck,” I moaned, “It’s- It’s really big.” Fuko giggled inching her cock in deeper and deeper until she had the whole length of it inside. Her tits hung over me, I grabbed and pinched her sweet nipples. Fuko’s tongue hung over her bottom lip.

“Give it to me, just fucking give me that cock,” I demanded. Fuko thrustured herself in and out, pounding into my sweet hole. Her cock hitting deeper than any I have ever had before. Holy fuck, were all futa cocks this good or was it just hers. Either way, there was no way I could go back to regular guys after this. Fuko lifted my legs into the air, placing them on her shoulders, she plunged into my pussy from above, drilling into me over and over again. My body bounced up and down on the bed as Fuko had her way with me. I clutched the sheets, taking all of her cock.

“Please please, are you gonna cum, fill me up, I need that futa cum,” I begged and begged. Fuko tensed her body, colliding into mine. Taking my sweet hole all for herself, slamming her dripping cock inside of me. She dripped with my wet pussy juices. I reached between my legs and rubbed my clit. The size of her cock, rubbing my clit, I burstured into an orgasm, my legs snapping shut. My pussy tightened and would have pushed Fuko out if she didn’t force herself back in.

“I’m- I’m cumming,” whimpered Fuko in a lovely high pitched squeal. Warm cum erupted inside of my pussy. Spurting out in streams.

“Fuck yes. Give me all that cum Fuko. I want it all,” I cried out. Fuko didn’t stop, she kept pounding into me, until every last drop of cum spilled out of her cock.

My fertile womb began to grow big, filled with futa cum. I placed a hand over it, rubbing gently. Fuko pulled her messy cock out of my pussy and started to stroke it, hovering over me, she released another stream of cum onto my full belly.

“You really did want that futa cum, huh?” said Fuko, kissing my big belly.

“Fuck, yeah I did,” I panted. “Please, I still need more.” After seeing what that futa cum could do, feeling just how good a nice big futa cock is, I still wasn’t completely satisfied yet.

“Hold on,” said Fuko, pushing my legs aside, “I’ll call Hitomi.”

“Hitomi?” I questioned.

“She’s another futa. It looks like I’ll need some help with you.” Holy fuck, if one futa was this good, what was it going to be like to have two of them. Would I even be able to handle all that futa cock. I had to try, the thought of it made my clit swell.

Hitomi entered the room. She was clearly prepared, she had nothing but a bra and panties on. The scene Fuko described to her over the phone must have really excited Hitomi, I could see her futa cock twitching underneath her pink panties. Hitomi’s breasts weren’t quite as big as Fuko’s but she was tall and slender, her hair long and wavy.

“You came!” Said Fuko.

“Not just yet,” said Hitomi, pulling her cock out and stroking it, “but I will.” Hitomi climbed on top of the bed. “I heard you needed more of our futa cum.”

“Mmhmm, please, can I have your cum too?” I begged. Hitomi placed her thumb on my chin, opening my mouth.

“First I’ll need you to get it nice and lubricated for me,” said Hitomi. I took Hitomi’s large cock in my mouth, wrapping my lips around it. Sucking down the shaft, my tongue flicking her soft skin.

Fuko brought her own tongue between my legs and licked my clit. I grinded my hips on her mouth. Taking the full length of Hitomi in my wet mouth.

“What a good girl,” said Hitomi, pulling her cock out of my mouth, “now let’s see what that pussy feels like.”

“It’s so tight,” squealed Fuko, “you’re going to love it.” Hitomi slapped her cock against my pussy. I bit my lip and prepared myself.

“Not yet,” said Hitomi. Hitomi flipped me over and lifted my ass into the air. Bringing her cock in from behind. She grabbed hold of my ass and pulled me down her cock, forcing her large shaft all the way in.

“Oh fuck,” I moaned. She stuffed me so good. I grabbed Fuko’s hand holding onto her as I took Hitomi’s pounding.

“Give me that cock,” I said, “Fucking give it to me.” Hitomi ravaged my messy pussy, sliding in and out of my juices and Fuko’s cum. My big belly rested on the bed. I shifted over, bringing Fuko’s cock to my lips. I sucked on it like a pacifier, stifling my intense moaning. Fuko pushed my mouth off, cum shot from her cock and stuck to my chin.

“Fuck, I need your cum too, give me that futa cum Hitomi.” Hitomi lifted herself up, ramming into my tight hole. She let wave after wave of warm cum fill my pussy, stuffing me until I overflowed with sticky futa cum, so much, it dripped down my thighs and legs. “Can you cum again?” I asked, turning over, “I want it right here, right on my belly.” Hitomi placed her knees at the side of my hips. Fuko ran her tongue up and down Hitomi’s shaft and stroked her cock.

“Yes Fuko, lick me, like that... just like that,” moaned Hitomi. She thrust her hips forward and angled her cock down, shooting a warm load of cum on my belly.

I was completely covered and filled with futa cum. Fuko nestled into my arms. I was tired and spent and completely satisfied, for once I had finally been satisfied by my lovers. These futas knew exactly what to do, knew exactly how to fill a woman up with cum and make a mess of her. And to think I still had an entire month left here. This was still only my first day. How many other futas were there, how many others would be willing to cum inside my sweet pussy again and again.

“We should all do karaoke!” Said Fuko, “wouldn’t that be fun?”

“I’m good with that,” said Hitomi.

“I... I think I need to rest first.”

“Oh, of course,” said Fuko, nuzzling up into my shoulder, “you can rest first, but then karaoke, right?”

“Right,” I nodded. I needed rest, sleep, a shower, a meal. These futas had me completely spent. And I enjoyed every single moment of it. If I ever happen to run into Bryan again, I would be certain to invite me over. Nobody should miss out on this. I don’t mind sharing these futas. They clearly had more than enough to give, more than enough energy to go around. I don’t know how they did it. I could barely keep my eyes open.

“Karaoke it is then,” Fuko caressed my hair, lulling me to sleep.

Futa Fairy: Shrunk In Love

One of the villages close to the capital put up an offer on the questboard looking for someone to aid them with a little fairy problem they were having. Get it, a

that's a pun. Fairies usually don't cause much trouble, or any at all really. They keep to themselves and flutter about the forest going from mushroom to mushroom doing whatever it is fairies do, which is to say I have no idea what they do. The quest had been up for a few days. I guess adventures aren't exactly interested in that sort of quest. It doesn't exactly sound as glamorous as slaying a troll or finding a cursed artifact.

The quest was a bit vague. It didn't say whether they wanted the fairies exterminated or what. I hope they weren't expecting someone to slaughter fairies, I'm not exactly looking to be known as the fairy murder. Tanya The DragonSlayer, now that has a good ring to it. Tanya The Poor Innocent Fairy Killer, not so much. The reason I was deciding on taking this quest was because I thought it might be a good opportunity to work on my diplomacy. I've managed to level up my spellcasting quite well. I even started getting offers to join a few groups on dungeon runs. However, my people skills, well that could still use some work. The last time I took on a diplomatic quest it was over a land dispute between the Gnomes and Pixies, and let's just say after a few conversations with me, there was no more land left for them to dispute over.

It was about time I really gave an attempt at fixing problems without blasting fire from my fingertips. Even though, if you ask me, it's a really good way to fix a problem. Anyway, I left the capital and headed to the village. I met with the village leader in a small house with only two rooms.

"We're so happy you decided to help," said Robert, the village leader, "We were starting to worry that no one would be willing to."

"So what exactly are we dealing with here, what are the specifics?" I asked. I had no interest in small talk. Especially not with this man. From the moment I walked in he did little but stare at my busty cleavage. Pathetic, I

just hope he knows if he tries anything I could fry him into a smouldering pile of ash. Not that I would actually do that, but I of course could.

“The fairies have been harassing us for quite some time now,” said Robert.

“Harassing?” I found that unlikely, fairies aren’t known for bothering others.

“The female villagers to be precise. Whenever they go out to forage or what have you the fairies won’t leave them alone. Pulling at their dresses, their robes, getting all up in their business, know what I mean? It’s gotten to the point where the women don’t even want to leave their houses anymore. As you can imagine, it’s made life here rather difficult for us. The husbands enjoyed it initially. Let’s just say we’re going to see an increase in population in nine months, but now everyone’s just getting on each other’s nerves being cooped up together all the time.”

“I see,” I said, “So you want me to exterminate them then?”

“I don’t care how you do it, just put an end to this problem. We’ll pay you well for your service.”

“How much are we talking?”

“How’s five hundred sound?”

I fiddled my fingers on the neckline of my robe, revealing a bit more skin. It was a little underhanded but never failed, “How about six?”

Robert gulped, “Six if you solve this little issue today, otherwise five fifty.”

“Deal.”

It would be no trouble at all for me to go out into the fields, raise my hands in the air, and raze the entire field into a burning plume of roaring fire. But where’s the challenge in that. If I wanted to do that I could have taken that goblin quest and made twice as much gold. I left the village and started to wander into the forests. The first step was finding the fairies. I figured if I went out to the woods and started foraging as if I was just another villager in time the fairies would reveal themselves.

I crouched down before a blueberry bush, picking the berries and popping a few into my mouth. They were sweet as the juices ran down my tongue. Nothing like fresh fruit to wet your tongue. I placed a handful of berries into my satchel but still nothing arrived. At the very least it was a nice day. The sun shone down and the sky was a clear blue. Still I wanted to get this job done today if at all possible. I wanted that six hundred gold. There was a blessed amulet at the jeweler's I had my eye on for quite awhile. And once a shiny object catches my eye, I tend to obsess over it until I have it. I'm like a magpie in that way. Not my best characteristic, but what can you do?

I dug my fingers into the earth, scooping up handfuls of dirt and tossing them aside. I got pretty good at recognizing ginger, and ginger root has a handful of uses in potion making. As I started to pull at the root, something started to pull at my robe. At first I paid it no mind, and simply swatted my hand behind me. I tugged the root free, and placed it into my satchel.

"Not a bad find," I said to myself. "This little quest was already paying off." I scanned the earth to see if I could find anymore. A faint noise buzzed around my ear. I shook my head, thinking it was an insect at the time. My father used to take me out and hunt for ginger when I was younger. So I got a bit lost in the nostalgia of it all, forgetting about the quest at hand.

Then there was a pulling at my hair and I couldn't ignore it any longer, that wasn't an insect.

"Knock it off," I said, looking around for the culprit but saw nothing. I only heard a tiny giggling. "Whatever," I said. And went back to foraging for more ginger. I bent over to inspect some leaves when something shot up my robe. I could feel it bouncing around between my legs. Tiny hands and feet crawling up my skin.

"Get out of there," I shouted, stomping and shaking my legs. A small winged creature shot out from under my robe laughing.

"Ha ha, yes, very funny," I said.

"Well I thought so," came the delicate voice of a fairy. The fairy fluttered before me, looking me up and down. The look on its tiny face was the same

sort of look that Robert gave me earlier. Were fairies also little perverts? "You don't look familiar," said the fairy, "you're not from around here are you?"

"No I'm not," I said, "I'm here to get you to stop harassing the villagers."

"It's not just me," said the fairy.

"Then all of you," I said.

The fairy pouted, "well that's no fun."

I shrugged my shoulders, "It's not supposed to be fun. The villagers don't feel comfortable coming out here to do their work."

"I don't see how that's our problem," said the fairy, fluttering about my head.

The fire blasting part of me wanted to say, 'well it's about to be your problem,' and then ignite a ball of fire. But I thought better of it. It took a lot of willpower to hold that one back.

"Can I ask why you all have been all up in everyone's business?"

"Isn't it obvious," said the fairy, she flitted herself under my chin and landed on top of my breasts. The fairy looked up at me, "it's spring."

"And...?"

"And that means we're horny and want to play," she said, nestling between my tits.

I reached for the fairy and plucked her from my breasts, holding her between my thumb and forefinger, "well can't you do that with each other?"

The fairy shook her head, her hair tressing down the length of her back. "We aren't like other fairies. We much prefer the company of others to that of our own."

"I see..."

So they were just a bunch of horny little creatures that wanted to get laid or something.

This really would be solved with greater ease if I just blasted them. But I could empathize with them. Being an adventurer didn't give me much opportunity to find a mate to settle down with. The fairy fought against my

hold and broke free. Zipping around me and right into my cleavage and down my robe.

“Hey, hey get out of there,” I said dancing around. Those tiny fingers tickled at my tummy. I reached down my dress and pulled her out.

“Look, I think I got a solution that could work for both of us,” I said.

“What’s that?” Asked the fairy.

“Well let’s just say I wouldn’t mind if you wanted to play with me. We can help satisfy each other’s needs. What do you say?”

“I say that sounds pretty good,” said the fairy.

“But you’ll have to promise to leave the villagers alone.”

“I promise,” said the fairy.

Now this was the kind of diplomacy I could get behind. Everybody gets what they want, hell, even I do. It’s been a while since I had a little fun, and how hard could pleasing a little fairy be. I only hope the fairy was enough to satisfy my needs.

“Well come on,” said the fairy tugging at my robe, “take this off.”

“Here? Already?”

“Can you think of a better place to make love than out in the open, one with nature,” said the fairy. A few ideas crossed my mind, like a bed for one.

“Alright, alright,” I said. I lowered my robe down past my shoulders, revealing my large voluptuous tits. The fairy licked her lips, loving the view of my breasts. I do have to say, I quite enjoyed them myself. And the men certainly did, considering they were always staring. The fairy wasted no time and darted at my breasts, the little thing holding onto my skin. The fairy opened her mouth and licked my nipple with her sweet little tongue, so tiny that it tickled. I let out a giggle.

“Like it?” Asked the fairy.

“Oh yes that’s rather nice,” I said.

“Good,” she said, and continued to wrap her mouth around my nipple until it stiffened from her teasing. Her mouth felt good, but she was so tiny, what could I possibly do with her. The fairy zipped over to my other breast,

performing the same actions upon that one. Licking and teasing my sensitive nipples. Her tiny fingers pinched my supple flesh. I was still getting worked up all the same. I could feel my pussy drip from her sweet touches. I ached to touch myself. To rub my sweet pussy. But more than that I wanted someone else to play with it. But how could such a tiny thing please the yearning swelling between my legs.

“What’s the matter?” Asked the fairy, reading the look on my face.

“It’s just that I don’t know if you have what it takes for me to... well... get off, I’m used to something much bigger” I said.

“Hmm,” the fairy, stroked her chin, “that does sound like quite the problem, if...” she looked as if she knew something I didn’t.

“If what? Tell me?” I begged.

“If..” the fairy shivered and an array of gold dust flew off her in all directions. Suddenly the little fairy wasn’t so little anymore but was equal in size to myself. “I think you’ll find I can be all that you desire and more?”

“And more?”

“Oh yes,” the fairy pulled at her dress, removing it from her body and letting it fall to the earth. Her breasts were full and ripe, her hips wide and thick. But above all else was the wonder between her legs. She wasn’t just any fairy but a fairy with a cock. And a big and hard one at that. The fairy took her cock into her hand, “What do you think?” She asked, giving it a shake.

I was not expecting this at all. This quest was starting to pay me well beyond the initial reward. Damn, was she sexy. That curvy body, full tits, and mighty cock. I got down on my knees before her, my fingers sliding delicately along the length of her shaft.

“I think this could work out quite well,” I said. I brought my lips to the tip of her cock. She twitched with excitement as I stuck my tongue out. I licked at her cock, starting from the base running my tongue along the fullness of the length. “Mmm, what a tasty cock you have,” I said.

“Thank you,” said the fairy, her fingers running through my hair. “How about you let me enter that sweet mouth of yours?”

I did not hesitate to wrap my lips around her fat cock. She was thick, and filled my warm mouth nicely. The spit drooled over my lips and down her shaft. The fairy let out a moan and held to her tits, playing with her nipples.

“Ahh, that feels so good,” cried the fairy, her wings began to flutter, excited. She worked her hips back and forth ever so slightly.

I pulled at my robes and removed them from my body. I had no use for clothing anymore. The sun warmed my pale skin, soothing me. I looked up into the creature’s eyes, she smiled back at me. Enjoying stuffing every inch of her cock into my wet mouth. The fairy pulled her dripping cock from out of my mouth. She got down on her knees and joined me. She placed a hand on the back of my head and pulled me in, kissing my lips. Our tongues entangled, our mouths pressed together. The fairy tasting herself from off my lips.

“Mmm,” the fairy pushed at my shoulders and lowered me onto my back. Her palms pressed at my thighs and spread my legs open. “I think it’s time for me to have a taste of you,” she said.

“Please...” I waited for that tongue of hers to slide up my thighs and between my legs, circling around my clit. “Ahh,” I bucked my hips, she teased me so well. Her tongue lay flat on my clit, lapping up and down my wet pussy. I grinded my hips and rode her face. I arched forward and clutched her hair, pulling her face deep into my wet cunt. “Fuck, I love when you lick my pussy.”

“Me too,” said the fairy licking her plump lips. Her fingers gripped my thighs and she pulled me in, diving back for more. Her tongue darted into my sweet hole. Her mouth sucking on my swelling clit.

“Fuck... oh fuck...” I squirmed in her hold. She snuck a finger into my pussy and pressed against my walls, thrusting her fingers in and out. She curled her fingers and hit just the right spot. She picked up speed, her mouth sucking my clit, her fingers penetrating my cunt. My legs snapped shut and I quivered, crossing my arms over my breasts as I rolled in ecstasy. I pushed her away but thankfully she fought back for more, prying my legs open for one last taste.

I needed more, I needed to feel that cock of hers inside of me. I reached down and grasped her hard cock. "Please, can I have it in me?" I asked.

The fairy smiled as I stroked her slippery dick, "of course," she said. The fairy slid her cock up and down along my pussy, pressing it to my clit. She flicked the tip in and out of my sweet hole. I grabbed for her breasts and she eased herself in.

"Ah, it's so fucking big," I whimpered. I pushed against her chest, "take it slow." The fairy went in inch by inch, giving my tight pussy a moment to relax and adjust. "Okay, okay. I'm ready," I said.

That was all she needed to hear, she thrust her cock inside of me hard and fast, her breasts grazing against my own. The fairy lifted my legs and placed them on her shoulders getting her cock in even deeper. She had me practically folded in half, her forehead pressed to mine.

"Fuck yes... take my pussy, pound it, whatever you want," I said. Her hands groped my body, she hammered that mighty cock in and out of me, sliding through my wet cunt with ease. My pussy tightened, I was right on edge. The fairy brought her hand to my clit, furiously masturbating me as her cock worked its magic. The combined sensations tilted me over the edge, and had me rolling and spasming on the floor.

"I need you to cum, I want you to cum inside me," I begged. The fairy pulled her cock out of my pussy. I don't know how she managed to hold off for so long. She had endurance like I've never seen before.

"Uh uh, I'm not going to cum inside you. I'm going to cum all over you. You're going to be swimming in cum," grinned the fairy.

"Swimming?"

"Let me show you," she said. She clapped her hands together and gold dust sprinkled over my body. I was taken over by the strangest sensation, I closed my eyes and felt my body begin to fluctuate.

I shrunk down smaller and smaller, until I was the size of a tiny toy. The fairy stood above me, she was gigantic. So this was how she must have seen me. She bent down and picked me up in the palm of her hand.

“Now the fun can really begin,” she said. She dropped me. I fell through the air, my heart skipping a beat. Then I landed right on top of her cock. I hugged my entire body around it, clinging on for life. My arms and legs were all wrapped around her thick massive shaft, it was like hugging a tree. I scooted myself up the length of her cock. The fairy let out a moan as I used my entire body to stroke her cock.

With my tiny tongue I tickled the underside of her cock, just beneath the tip. Each time her cock would twitch and jump, and I held on tighter as it soared through the air.

“Mmm, now that’s what I’m talking about,” said the fairy. She wrapped her hand gently around me and her cock, pressing me to it, my sweaty breasts squished between her. She angled her cock and me up. I looked up and saw spit dangling from her mouth as it fell through the air and splashed down. She ran her nimble fingers over me and her cock. Then, using my entire body, she started to jerk herself off. The fairy sat down, the world felt as if it trembled with a giant earthquake as she did. She spread her legs out wide, and stroked. I was held to that cock, my pussy grinding up against it as she slid me all the way up and down. So slick and sloppy, I was coated in saliva.

The fairy’s voice boomed and echoed in my ears, her moans of pleasure so loud as they vibrated the air around me. The fairy pulled me off her throbbing cock. I could feel the swelling inside of her starting to take place, it wouldn’t be long now until she could not help but cum. But how was I to handle that load. At this size it would be like being hit by a tsunami. She lifted me to her face.

“I hope you’re ready for your cum bath,” said the fairy.

“I- I- I hope so too,” I stammered, my breathing was heavy, my body ached. But I wanted to see what was going to happen next so bad. No mortal could give to me what this creature was about to bestow on me. She placed me on the ground, and hovered over me. Her cock angled straight at my tiny body. She stroked and stroked, clenching her teeth.

“Ay ya!” Cum erupted from the tip of her cock, splattering my entire body. I was drenched in warm sticky cum. She continued to jerk her

sensitive cock, another stream of cum came spewing out and splashing my face, my tits, my pussy. Cum stuck to every inch of my being. She let go of her cock. It continued to twitch and a few drops fell to the earth next to me.

I reached between my legs, using her cum as a lubricant I rubbed my clit and brought myself to another screaming orgasm. The fairy lifted me up and held me before her mouth.

“Let’s clean you off,” she said, sticking her tongue out. She licked me from head to toe, her tongue practically wrapped around my little body.

“That, that... was something else,” I said.

“I know. Now do you see why we chase after the villagers,” she said.

“Oh absolutely,” I said. I understood now, and I was so happy that I was the one who took the quest.

As much fun as being tiny is, when it comes to taking a fat load of cum, I can’t imagine it being all that useful for when it comes to battling monsters, I would be as threatening as a matchstick.

“Can you change me back?” I asked.

“Oh... back?” Said the fairy.

“Yeah back, I can’t stay tiny forever,” I said.

The fairy stroked her chin pondering this for a moment, “Maybe not forever but perhaps long enough for the others to see.”

“Others?” I asked.

“Yeah, I’m not the only fairy of my kind.”

The fairy placed me on the top of her head, her wings began to flutter and she lifted into the air. I clutched onto the strands of her hair as she flew off into the woods.

Flying felt amazing. The wind rushed by me, and at any moment I thought I might end up falling off, but I didn’t. Now this was how you travel, forget horseback, fairyback was where it’s at. We arrived at a small grove in the woods.

“Hey, I have someone I want you all to meet,” shouted the fairy.

Soft giggling filled the air. Three tiny fairies came fluttering out from behind a mushroom. Their tiny voices sounded like bells in the air.

“What do we have here,” said one, landing on top of the fairy’s head. She was equally as beautiful, curvy with bright shining silver hair. The other two fairies did not disappoint either.

The three fairy’s shook their wings and took on their full sizes. Excited and overjoyed at my presence the fairies pulled and tugged at each other’s clothing, until they were all naked. Their hands went for each other’s breasts. Their mouths went for each other’s cocks. In all the commotion they almost forgot about me. And I was too enamored by the wondrous sight to even say anything.

I began to play with myself watching their lustful display. Watching those hard cocks getting stroked and sucked. I let out tiny whimpering moans of delight. Now I had caught their attention. One of the fairy’s picked me out of their friend’s hair and placed me on their cock. I held on as another wrapped her mouth around my body and the cock, sucking and licking everything all up.

Another fairy stroked herself to orgasm. Unleashing a torrent of cum running down my body and the cock I held so tightly to. Another fairy grasped me, and used my body to jerk her friend off. My tits stuck with cum to that massive cock. I moaned and whimpered, and my body ached but I wanted more and more. They bounced me around from cock to cock. Placed me on their tits. Showered me in their cum. I was tossed around like a plaything, and for all intents and purposes that’s exactly what I was, a fairy’s plaything.

The loving only stopped once each fairy had finally had her fill. Had drained every drop of warm cum out of her sweet sweet cock and onto my body.

“I do hope you decide to come back again soon,” said my fairy.

I pushed my hair out of my face, sticky with cum, “Oh, I’m sure I will,” I said. Adventuring can really build up the tension, this was an excellent way to blow off some steam. And blow some fairy cock. The fairy shook her

wings over me and my body morphed and returned to its original size. I stretched out my arms and legs, working my muscles.

Another quest well done, if I do say so myself. I returned to the fields and grabbed my robe, heading to a small pond to wash myself off. I couldn't possibly return to the village looking like this. But one thing was for certain, I would be returning to these woods the next chance that I got.

Kiki's Futa Service

Any kingdom worth its salt has a witch. And that's where I come in. The kingdom of Agodia might not like to officially recognize my existence but I'm here nonetheless. I live just on the outskirts of the kingdom walls in a small hut in the forest. It might not be much, but it's home and it's got all that I need. A bed for sleeping, a cauldron for brewing, a witch such as myself doesn't require much. While in polite conversation the citizens and officials of the kingdom may all speak of me as being some evil user of dark magic, someone to stay away from at all costs, the truth of the matter is rather different. Underneath the surface I provide a very important service one that helps a great many lives.

Now I'm sure you've heard of witches being burned alive and all that. Well that's not really the case. Witches themselves usually have very little to worry about. Most are too scared they might end up with a curse on their heads if they try to do anything about us. Even the King's bravest knights won't risk coming anywhere near me for fear that I might melt the skin right off their bones. Of course I would never do such a thing, but they don't know that. I much prefer being helpful over being a nuisance, and I think most witches feel the same way as I do.

It's the women who seek my aid that truly have something to worry about. The guards aren't afraid of capturing a seamstress and poking her with iron rods. Those who would do such a thing are the truly evil ones, not me.

My clientele are in fact all women. Women who are unhappy in their married or romantic lives. Women that just aren't getting enough satisfaction out of their partner. Unfortunately around these parts a woman's sexual pleasure isn't regarded as being all that necessary. An absolute shame. The men use them and leave them constantly unfulfilled. Fulfillment is my speciality. I offer a service to these women making sure they never feel unfulfilled in their sexual lives.

You may be wondering how a witch can fulfill the desires of other women. Well that's because I'm not just a simple woman myself. I have

been blessed with a wondrous gift of my own. A gift that required me to travel deep into the forest and present myself before the nymphs beseeching their loving aid. It's this gift that allows me to satisfy the needs of any woman who might seek me out. Like others I have long curly hair that falls beautifully past my shoulders, I have full breasts and ripe nipples, my hips are wide and my pussy is the sweetest. However in addition to all that, I also have a nice thick cock. That's right, a cock as well as a pussy.

Because of the nature of my work I tend to sleep during the day and be awake at night. This is when a woman in need is most likely to seek me out. To find me is rather easy, all that is required is that they perform a simple ritual of contact. I, in turn, perform a similar spell using my cauldron and am led to their location.

Tonight the moon was full in the sky. And someone out there was wishing to find me, I could feel it in my bones. I lit a fire underneath the cauldron and the water began to boil. I rummaged through my cabinets and pulled out various herbs and spices. But the most important ingredient was nightshade. I dropped a branch of that holy plant into the brew and it began to sizzle and steam. I whispered the words the nymphs had taught me and stirred. The brew began to ripple and then settle. An image of a woman appeared to me clear as the morning sun. She had a radiant beauty about her, long blonde hair, a voluptuous body. Looks that could excite even the most frigid. Next the cauldron revealed to me where in the kingdom I might find her.

I grabbed my broomstick and headed outside of my hut. I mounted the broom, my legs hanging over the sides. My tight dress rode up my hips, if anyone were to look up from below they would certainly get a pleasant view. I soared through the air and over the kingdom, darting through ill lit alleyways and side streets, doing my best to keep out view of any guards that might be wandering and keeping watch for any trouble.

I found the place and dismounted, standing before the door. The women tend to be alone when they summon me. But once or twice, as it happens, their husbands or family will return unexpectedly. Which ends up requiring a memory charm, making sure all involved forget what they saw

that night. I carefully pushed the door open and eased myself inside. I took a look around and saw nobody, but I knew the woman was here somewhere. I rested my broom against the wall and headed up the stairs.

I entered the bedroom. The woman sat before a crescent line of burning candles. She looked up at me, her face brightening.

"You came," said the woman, overjoyed.

"Of course," I said, I walked over and placed a hand out for the woman. She grabbed hold of me and I lifted her to her feet. Her hands were soft and delicate, her skin pale and without blemish. I certainly got lucky tonight. I could already feel my cock twitching with anticipation. But not yet, introductions were in order, I had to make sure she was comfortable first. As much as I'd like to throw this one right on the bed and go to town on her, that's just not the way things are done.

"I'm Kiki," I said, introducing myself.

"I know who you are," said the woman, "we all know who you are."

I smiled and nodded, it felt good to have such notoriety, even when it wasn't always good.

"I'm Dani," said the woman.

"Nice to meet you Dani," my hands slid along her arms and over the curves of her body, what a perfect figure, so thick. I rested my hands at her hips and gave a squeeze, perfect for holding on to. Oh yes, this was going to be fun. I let my hands drop to my sides. My touch must have delighted her, for when I let go she looked a bit disappointed.

"So why have you called for me?" I asked. I am always interested in the stories of the women who put themselves at risk for my services.

"It's my husband," said Dani, "he was away at war and I remained here, worrying over him day after day. And when he returned..." Dani's face looked displeased, she moved over to the bed and took a seat, resting her chin on the palm of her hand. "He returned with a new woman. The bastard."

I sat myself on the bed next to her. Wrapping my arm around her shoulder and pulling her in. Dani rested her head on top of my bosom.

Quite the comfortable spot if you ask me. As she rested there I could feel my cock harden a bit. Her innocent display, her honesty and emotion, all of it caused the blood to rush throughout my body. I ran my fingers through her long locks, soothing her. Dani nestled in closer to me, purring like a kitten, enjoying each stroke.

Dani continued, “naturally I kicked him and his new whore out of the house. And I’m happy to say I haven’t seen either one of them since. But...” Dani paused for a moment. She tilted her head and looked up at me. Her eyes were a bright sparkling blue, the kind of eyes that could lure a man in from miles away. Men can be terribly foolish, never knowing just how good they have it.

“It gets lonely, doesn’t it?” I said.

“Indeed,” Dani nodded.

At the root of it, it was almost always loneliness that drove the women to summon me. And it was therefore my job not only to fulfill their lustful needs, but to also listen to their aching hearts. To be there for them and comfort them, and let them know they are not alone. And usually after a meeting or two they find the strength within themselves to go out and find the right person for them.

Dani slunk down my body, now resting her head in my lap, those big blue eyes looking up at me. I placed a hand on her forehead, gently massaging her. She closed her eyes and looked so peaceful.

“Could you hex him for me?” Dani asked.

I let out a laugh. They almost always ask for me to hex somebody, “I’m sorry but I don’t do that,” I said.

Dani grinned, “I heard that you didn’t, but it was worth a shot.”

“Don’t worry, soon you’ll forget he ever even existed.”

That was the magic of my wonderful cock, after a night with it women tended to forget all about their husbands or past loves. They got filled and fucked like never before and they had little desire to go back to the men that failed so miserably to offer them any real pleasure. I suppose I’m quite lucky that I get to be the one to provide this service. Lucky because I

enjoyed the experience just as much as they did. Perhaps it's because I also have a pussy like they do that I can better understand their needs as a woman. Whereas their husbands have little desire to take the time to work with their wives making sure they feel equally as loved and desired.

Simply having Dani laying on my lap caused my cock to grow erect. I could feel the blood coursing all the way up through the tip of my cock. I tried my best for the time being to ignore it, this wasn't so easy however. Not while gazing at Dani's plump lips that she periodically licked.

"So tell me, how was your husband in bed?" I asked.

Dani shrugged, "he was okay I guess. I mean he did satisfy me at the very least."

"Mmhmm," I hummed, waiting for her to tell more.

"However..."

"What is it?"

"Well there is this one thing I always wanted to have done but my husband refused to do it."

"Tell me," I said. When it came to sex there was very little I would not do. I enjoyed it all. Found pleasure in doing whatever it was the women wanted me to do to their beautiful bodies. So long as I got to play with them, then I couldn't be happier. I don't understand men who refuse to do certain acts for their wives.

"Well, I always wanted to have my pussy licked. My husband wouldn't even try it, not once."

"That's a shame," I said, "there's nothing quite as tasty as licking some pretty pussy," I said.

"Really? You would do that?" Dani's eyes went wide with excitement.

"Oh, absolutely. I love playing with pussy. Touching it, tasting it... fucking it. Doesn't matter, I love it all," I said.

Dani reached her hand up and placed it on my chin, her thumb caressing my cheek. She was thrilled to hear all that I had to say about the matter. Very thrilled. And talking about it excited me as well.

“Oh,” squeaked Dani.

“What?”

“I can feel it,” said Dani.

While talking about eating out her pussy, the very idea had filled me with so much want that my poor cock couldn't help but jump beneath my skirt. She must have felt it touching against the back of her head.

Dani sat herself up and faced me. She looked me up and down. Taking in the sight of my cleavage, licking her lips.

“Can I see it?” Dani asked.

I love when they ask for permission. It's so innocent. Some of them just start grabbing for it. I don't mind that either. But the sweet and innocent ones always ask to see it first. I grabbed at the edge of my skirt and lifted it above my hips. My hard cock shot out from underneath.

“Oh my,” said Dani.

I grinned, rather impressed with myself.

“It's... It's so big,” she said.

I busted out laughing. And Dani did the same.

“Stop it, don't laugh at me,” said Dani, “I've just never seen one so big before. Well actually I've only ever seen one before.”

“I'm not laughing at you. It's just... you're so adorable,” I placed a finger underneath her chin and lifted her lips to meet mine. Her mouth was soft and sweet. Her tongue, both warm and wet.

Dani pressed her palms to my knees, lifting herself, and pressing her lips against mine for more. She pulled away and wiped her lips on the back of her wrist.

“Sorry,” whispered Dani.

“Don't be,” I said, pulling her back in, “that's why I'm here.” Dani nodded and gave me that tongue again. She licked the inside of my mouth mixing her spit with my own.

Once they start to get comfortable with me that's when the real fun begins. Even the shy innocent ones have a dirty little slut inside of them

that they can't wait to let out. The kind of naughty little thing that would never let their husbands know what they truly were. But when around me, seeing what I am, they had no reservations in letting that side of themselves run free and wild.

Dani slid her hand up my thigh, her fingers walking along my soft flesh until finding their way to my thick cock. She placed her fingertips on the tip. Moving them ever so slightly along. I let out a soft moan. A drop of precum leaked out. Dani took a finger and dabbed at the clear liquid and brought it to her lips.

"Mmm," smiled Dani.

"There's plenty more where that came from," I said.

As good as it felt to have her touching me I wanted Dani to know that tonight was going to be all about her. I unbuttoned her dress and pulled it off. Her breasts were wonderful, perky and full. I cupped them in my hands and lowered my lips to her nipples. I stuck my tongue out teasing her. Licking until her nipples stiffened. Dani clutched the back of my head and pressed me into her breasts. I suctioned my mouth to her tits and began to suck.

While enjoying the taste of her, I brought a hand between her legs. Her pussy was wet. I rubbed at her little clit. Dani grinded her hips back and forth, my mouth still suckling on those tits of hers.

"Fuck..." moaned Dani, "you- you make me want to-"

"Not yet," I interrupted.

I laid down on the bed and pulled Dani on top of me, bringing her pussy to my lips. I stuck my tongue out and licked. Lapping up and down that dripping wet pussy. Sucking on her little clit. She rode my face, and whimpered, her head tilted back, her back arched. She doubled forward as waves of pleasure shot through her body. Her hands gripped my thighs. I stuck my tongue in and out of her sweet hole and used my fingers to rub her clit. Dani squirmed and quivered, her legs trying to shut as I held them open, forcing more pleasure to course through her body. She cried out, her body growing tense, and then releasing all that she had building up inside.

Dani collapsed on top of me, her head resting between my legs. But I wasn't done yet. Once was not enough. I wanted her to orgasm again and again for me. I wanted to bring that little sex freak that hid inside of her on out.

"Taste with me," I said, diving back into her pussy.

Dani took hold of my cock and angled it towards her lips. She wrapped her mouth around the tip and sucked it off. Popping her lips off. I gripped her tight ass and brought that pussy down my mouth. Dani bobbed her head up and down my shaft. She worked hard to fit that cock in her mouth, I was so proud of her, taking it in so deep. I shoved my fingers into her sweet hole, stretching her tight pussy open. If she was going to take this cock inside she was going to have to be nice and stretched to fit it.

Dani's spit ran down my cock. She stroked my sloppy cock as her spit sloshed around the base.

"Damn," I said, "you really know how to work a cock."

Dani sucked her mouth off the tip, "I had a bit of practice."

"Well it really paid off," I said.

I had three fingers working deep inside of her pussy, pressing against the walls. Dani, bounced herself back and forth, forcing them in deeper.

"Fuck, I need more than just your fingers," said Dani. I pulled my pruney fingers out of her wet cunt. I squeezed her ass and gave her a nice slap.

"Oh," shouted Dani, bucking forward.

I scooted out from underneath Dani. I lifted her hips and ass into the air, and got up behind her. I teased my cock across her wet cunt, sliding it between her thick cheeks. Dani reached behind and spread herself open for me.

"Yes... fuck this pussy," Dani begged.

I gripped her fat ass and brought my cock to her pussy. I brought the tip in and sank my cock into that warm hole.

"Ahh... fuck me," bellowed Dani, she clutched the sheets beneath her, her knuckles turning white, "it's so fucking big." I gave her ass a slap and Dani let out a yelp. "Fuck yes, use me like a little slut," begged Dani.

Now I had her. Now she was exactly where she wanted to be. Bent over, on her knees, ass in the air, with a hard cock inside that tight cunt of hers. I was about to fuck any feelings she still had for her husband right out of her. I thrust my cock, hitting up and into that dripping cunt. Dani's body bounced back and forth, her tits grazing against the sheets. Her ass bouncing off my thighs each time I pounded into her.

"Fuck yes... pound this pussy... it's all yours," moaned Dani. I got up and drilled into her pussy from above, our bodies smacking together. I placed a hand on her face and forced her into the sheets. Dani bit down on the sheets taking my cock like the good slut she wanted to be. I gave that fat ass of hers a few more slaps and her flesh turned red. Dani reached back grabbing my leg.

"Pull my hair, fuck me, do it all," shouted Dani. I wrapped her long blonde hair around my wrist and pulled, tilting her head back. Dani moaned into the air, bouncing herself off my cock. I throbbed as I pounded deeper and deeper. My cock ached with the need to cum. Dani shivered and shook, her pussy tightened from her orgasm and tried to push my cock out. I took hold of her ass and spread her open, forcing my cock back inside, burying it in her wet warmth.

"Fuck... I want your cum... I don't care where you do it... just cum for me," said Dani through her clenched teeth. I wrapped my entire body around hers, my breasts pressed against her back. My hips rocking back and forth fast and hard, furiously chasing after my own orgasm. If it was cum she wanted, then it was cum I was going to give to her. I pounded her tight hole until I couldn't hold it in any more.

My cock erupted with cum. Sticky warmth filled her cunt and dripped down my shaft. I pulled my hard cock out, overly sensitive from release. Dani turned around and grabbed it. Stroking her hands up and down over the slick mess. She sucked my cock clean with her pretty little mouth and begged for more.

"Can you cum again for me?" asked Dani, "right here," she pointed to her tits.

I grabbed her hair and tilted her head back. With my other hand I grasped my cock and jerked myself off, working the sensitive tip hard and fast. Another stream of cum shot from my cock and splattered onto her chest, painting across her neck.

Dani smiled, “fuck, now that’s what I’m talking about.”

I let Dani rest on the bed, covered and filled with my cum as she caught her breath. I was used to this. Dani, not so much. I went downstairs and grabbed a pitcher of water to bring up for her. She would need to rehydrate, if we were to go again. And the women almost always want to go again.

I spent the night staying... and fucking at Dani’s house. We continued to play periodically throughout the night. When morning came however it was time for me to go. There was no telling whether she would summon me back or not. But if she did I would be happy to return for her and fulfill whatever needs she had that required to be met.

I grabbed my broom and quickly took off into the skies, darting out of the kingdom as fast as I could so no one would see me. I flew over my hut and continued into the forests. After offering my services there was one last thing I had to do before my job was finished. I went into the grove where I had first met those blessed nymphs. It was only right that I gave them my thanks for bestowing their gift upon me.

I stood before the great tree and whispered the words of prayer to the nymphs. Three seductive females with hard cocks stood before me.

“Another job well done, eh?” said one of the nymphs.

“Yes my love, thanks to you,” I said. I took her cock into my hand and stroked her.

“We are very proud of you,” said the second nymph. With my other hand I took hold of her mighty cock.

“You should be proud as well,” said the third. That only leaves my mouth. I wrapped my lips around the final nymphs cock. Thick and throbbing in my mouth as I sucked.

I sucked and stroked the three nymphs. The moans of their pleasure filled my ears. Their cocks ached and throbbed and pulsated in my hands and mouth. I worked each one, desperate to be showered in their cum. It was my way of saying thanks. My way of giving back to them for all they had done for me. The nymphs giggled and laughed, their hands playing with each other's tits. Their mouths kissing, and tongues licking.

Warm cum shot out of the two nymphs brought to ecstasy by my hands. Their loads rained down on my tits and face. Their cum sticky and warm. They knelt down and licked my face and joined me in pleasing the final nymph. Her massive cock shot forth a torrent of cum that coated my own cock. With the mix of their fluids I stroked myself to release.

And that is how a witch performs her service to the world. And tomorrow I will be called on again by another woman who will need my mighty cock inside of her pussy. And I will arrive ready and willing to do whatever it takes to make her happy and keep her safe. I am Kiki, and this is my futa service.

The Futa Fertility Ritual

Today was my eighteenth birthday. And after eighteen years of life I was finally ready to be considered a woman. However there is still one caveat. In my village each one woman must first perform the appropriate ritual before officially crossing over into womanhood. The totality of what this ritual entails is kept hidden from us. All I know is, I am expected to stand before the great sequoia and speak the words of our ancestors, and from there the rest will be revealed to me.

I don't do well with unknowns. I'm of the kind that always likes to know what is going to happen next. I don't like the anticipation, it always turns to anxiety.

"Are you ready, young one," said my grandmother entering my lodging.

I rubbed the sleep from my eyes, "I'm not such a young one anymore," I said.

"Too true. Sweetheart. Come, breakfast is almost ready."

My grandmother was very well respected, as the oldest living female of our tribe she held dearly to the wisdom of our people. And today that wisdom would be passed down to me.

I got out of bed, "Do you think the forest will accept me?" I asked.

"Ah, look at you. The young should not be filled with such worry," said my grandmother.

"I can't help it, no one will tell me what to expect."

"This is your journey, you must go it alone. Yet look at you; wide hips, your breasts perfect for nursing, the forests will rejoice in your fertility."

I looked down over my body, I was never half as impressed with it as my grandmother was. I don't know what she saw in me. And although I saw how the men of our village desired me ever since I began to show the blossoming of womanhood, I still found it difficult to see myself as they did. I hoped that today would change that, would bring me understanding as to what being fertile for our village might mean for me. I grabbed a roughspun dress and draped it over my shoulders.

“Now come and eat. It is important, you will need your energy,” my grandmother beckoned me to follow her.

I left my tent following behind my grandmother, greeted by the sun shining its warmth down upon me. A good omen for the day. The women of my tribe were going about diligently, preparing the morning meal, they flashed me encouraging smiles as I passed by. The men looked at me rather differently. Their eyes gleamed with suspenseful wanting, a desire that caused their hearts and loins to yearn and ache for me. I would not be able to satisfy their needs until I finished the ritual. But first I needed to eat.

The banquet prepared for us was magnificent. The other woman did not receive a feast like this on their day of fertility. I’m sure my grandmother had something to do with making sure today’s meal was more plentiful than any other. I took my seat with the other woman who had not yet performed their ritual.

One of the younger ones turned to me, “Are you excited?”

“A little. But mostly nervous,” I said.

“You’re so lucky,” said another. I didn’t feel lucky though. I felt the same as always.

And I didn’t feel like talking much. I used the food as an excuse not to speak, keeping my mouth constantly stuffed with eggs and mushrooms and an assortment of thick vegetables.

After I had my fill it was up to me to decide when to head out and start my journey. This was my choice as a woman. I rose from my seat, ready as I’ll ever be. The eyes of the tribe all focused on me, though no one said a word, they simply watched as I left the banquet tent. I had no idea how long I’d be gone for.

I walked deeper into the woods, far away from the clearing of my home. I recited the words I had to speak before the sequoia over and over in my head, ‘love of the trees, please come visit me.’ These words circled in my mind. What possible change could one short prayer bring, yet it was these words that were sacred to my people.

My feet grew tired from all the walking. I was almost there, only a mile or two left until I would come upon the great sequoia that has been visited by the women of my tribe for generations. I saw the tree in the distance, standing tall and erect, penetrating high into the blue sky. I sat myself before the tree, my back pressed against it, taking a moment to rest and rub my weary feet before getting started. I took a deep breath, taking the forest air deep into my lungs and refreshing myself for what I was about to do. A twinge of anxiety rushed through me. Yet it didn't matter, I knew I had to do this, both for myself and for my people. I was needed as a fertile woman, and this was the only way to become one.

I picked myself up off the ground and stood before the sequoia, ready to begin my transformation. The forest was silent except for the occasional chirping of bluebirds and cardinals.

I opened my mouth and began the prayer, reciting the words I knew since childhood, "love of the trees, come visit me," I knelt down before the tree, waiting... What I was waiting for I couldn't say. I looked around and nothing... Nothing felt different or new, I lifted my arms, I didn't feel like anymore of a woman. I spoke the words again, this time really focusing my intentions, "love of the trees, come visit me." The winds shook the leaves, birds scattered from their nesting. I closed my eyes and whispered the prayer one last time.

When I next opened them, standing before me was a gorgeous womanly figure. Her hair long and bright, draping down her shoulders and covering her bare breasts. Her stomach is sleek and smooth. As I lowered my gaze I saw that this beauty was more than just a woman. So much more than the kind of woman I was. Between her legs and just above her pussy she had a cock, one that looked strong and powerful. Mesmerized by this strange wonder, I looked upon her visage, her eyes enchanting as she smiled down at me.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"I am Nyla," said the woman, or what I thought to be a woman, "the spirit of this tree, and forest. And you are?"

"I am Ana," I said, I felt so small in her presence and yet comforted by it. I swallowed, "I am here to become a woman."

"Ah, so you seek our blessing," said Nyla.

"Ours?" I questioned.

"Of course. You are Lonna's granddaughter, are you not?"

"I am."

"Then you deserve the most sacred of our blessings. One that shall make your people equally as proud to have you as they are to have your grandmother. And such a blessing requires more than I alone can give. But first you must, of course, receive mine," said Nyla.

I knew of how highly my grandmother was regarded by our tribe, but to hear how this spirit spoke of her. Well, I had a lot to live up to, and I would do anything to live up to her name and make her and my tribe proud of me.

"What must I do to receive your blessing?" I asked.

"You are a woman, are you not? Follow your woman's instincts, follow what your desire calls and yearns for you to do."

Staring up into her eyes, I burned with a strange desire that I had never felt before. A desire that emanated from between my legs, one that made me want her in ways I never felt before. I looked at her now in the same manner that the men of my village had begun to look at me. All I had to do was follow my instincts.

I placed my hands on her legs. Nyla smiled down at me, enjoying my touch, enjoying it as much as I enjoyed giving it. I slid my hands up her legs and up her thighs, bringing them to her core. My fingers grazing her smooth cock. So soft, I thought. As I slid my nimble fingers around it she began to harden, growing stiff from my touch.

"Do you like it," said Nyla.

"Mmhmm," I nodded. I was fascinated with her cock. I've never touched one before, never made one so hard. Nyla placed her hand on the top of my head, stroking my hair. Nyla took my other hand in hers, guiding it up between her legs, guiding a finger into her pussy. My finger slid in, feeling just how wet she was.

“We spirits are called to provide pleasure for both men and women. To offer them the all possibilities of their desire,” Nyla instructed me by her aiding demonstration on just how to please both parts at once, a cock and a cunt.

“Do you like this one aswell?” Asked Nyla, sticking a finger inside along with one of my own.

“I do, it’s so wet,” I said.

“That is how you know it’s ready for a cock,” she said, “Is yours ready yet?”

I reached between my legs and pressed my fingers to my pussy, I felt a bit wet there, but not as much as Nyla.

“Almost... I think,” I said.

“You will know when. When you can’t stand it any longer, when the only thing you can do is beg for it, then you know you’re ready.”

I wanted to be ready. I stroked Nyla, as I played with myself. I wanted to be ready for her cock. I felt a need to do more. I stuck my tongue out and licked at the tip of her cock, flicking it against her soft and yet hard dick. A bit of precum dripped down her shaft.

“You’re perfect,” said Nyla, “It’s important you understand how all aspects of this body work. When you receive your blessing it will be up to you to please both males and females.”

“You mean...”

“Yes, you will receive a hard and strong gift between your legs, one to go with what you already have. This is your blessing just as it was your grandmothers.”

My grandmother? So she was like Nyla then. Was this why both the men and women of our tribe revered her. And now this honor was to be bestowed upon me, I could only hope to live up to it.

I engulfed the tip of Nyla’s cock into my wet mouth. More determined than before to work that blessing out of her. I had to have it. Nyla clutched my hair in her excitement. My spit dripped down and coated her hard cock. I touched myself while I sucked her. My own excitement soaking between

my legs. I had to take this dress off, I had to reveal myself before her. I lifted my clothing off over my head and placed it on the ground before me. Nyla got down and joined me, lifting my chin toward her lips.

“Such a young beauty,” said Nyla, she leaned in and kissed my lips. My first kiss. Her mouth was warm, her tongue wet as it licked my own.

“I’m ready,” I whispered. My pussy had never been so wet before. Nyla’s mouth made its way down my neck and over my breasts, she sucked on my nipples. I wrapped my arms around her, my toes curling from the motions of her tongue on my sensitive breasts. Nyla moved further down, pushing my thighs open, spreading my legs to give herself access to my womanhood. Her tongue touched my clit, applying pressure and licking. Her saliva mixed with my juices and sent shock waves of pleasure through me. I bit my lip, holding it in.

“It’s okay to let it out,” Nyla reassured me. She stuck a finger inside my tight cunt, her tongue still lapping me up. I let out my moans and cries. The forest was empty, no one was around to hear.

I reached down and took hold of her hard cock, still dripping with my spit, “I need you inside me,” I begged, I guided her by the cock, bringing it toward my pussy, rubbing the tip of it against my clit. I grinded my hips up and down, stealing as much pleasure from this moment as possible. Nyla took hold of herself and teased at the entrance, the slick wet juices of my cunt provided the perfect lubrication for her.

Nyla pressed inside me, “so tight,” she moaned, “you will make many cocks weep tears of joy.” Nyla lowered herself, positioning her body, getting deeper and deeper. Her breasts, her stiff nipples rubbed against my own. She thrust her hips, I grabbed her round ass, holding it in my hands and helped guide her in and out.

“You feel so good,” my legs wrapped around her back, my hips lifted. In this way Nyla fit the full length of her cock inside of me.

Nyla kissed and nibbled at my neck, her fingers running through the strands of my hairs. I gripped and pulled at her body. Frantic and lost to the sensations.

“More, more,” I begged. I didn’t want it to stop. And Nyla did not seem to tire. Though I heaved heavy breaths and sweat dripped down my forehead, pooling by my tits, she never tired. Going at me with a strong consistent energy, not breaking from her rhythm.

“Do you think you can handle more?” Nyla asked.

“I think so,” I nodded.

“Good, some men will want you harder and faster.”

Nyla picked up the pace, shoving in. Hitting harder against me as her pelvis made contact with my clit. Each time I attempted to rub against her, finding more pleasure for myself.

I found it hard to keep up with her at times, and when I did, Nyla took control. Bringing me down along her shaft, bringing my hips down. Commanding my body in the ways she found most filling. I knew if I wanted that blessing I’d have to prove myself by providing her with exactly what she wanted.

The look in her eyes, the way she bit her lips and held in, she was close to releasing herself upon me.

“Fuck me now and the first of your blessings is yours,” said Nyla. I lifted myself up. Pushing Nyla down by the shoulders. It was my turn to take control, to go at her with a lustful ravaging. I got on top of her. Sitting myself on that powerful cock, it jumped and twitched with excitement, Nyla held in, building herself up to her ultimate peak of ecstasy. I placed my hands on her breast, squeezing her tits, and lifting myself up and coming down on her cock. Over and over, my ass bouncing against her body. I moaned, and called out to the spirits. My voice echoing in the forest trees. As I would come down, Nyla thrustured up. The two of us, going at each other hard until our bodies collide again.

“That’s it, that’s it, that’s it,” repeated Nyla.

“Give it to me, please give it to me,” I begged. I tossed and turned and shook on her hard throbbing cock.

Nyla’s face contorted with excruciating pleasure holding in the last of what she could until she was no longer able. My sweet pussy tightened

around her, pushing her cock out. Nyla grabbed hold of me and forced herself back in, not letting me stop. She shoved in deep, a warm load of sticky white cum erupted from her cock, filling my pussy.

“Thank you, thank you, oh Nyla,” I cried.

I was sensitive and I’m sure Nyla was too but it didn’t stop her. She used her cum as extra lubrication thrusting further inside of me. Stretching my pussy open wide for a second eruption of her love and blessing.

The second wave came just as strong as the first, I closed my eyes and swung my arms looking for anything to hold to. More cum shot from her cock, filling my already stuffed cunt, sticky white cream leaked from where the two of us connected, and ran down my leg. Nyla pulled out and I finally had a moment to rest and catch my breath.

“When... when... will I have what you have?” I asked.

“Now that you have proven your worth to me, the others will meet with you to bestow their own offerings, and if you please them, then you will have your gift.”

My eyes widened at the thought of taking more of this. Though I loved it, I had to question whether I could handle it.

“Do not worry. You may rest for now, I will go fetch the others, so we may all enjoy you at once.”

If one was this overwhelming, how was I to please multiple partners? And how many would there be? Nyla left that part out as she vanished back into the sequoia. Though I wanted to worry. I knew there was nothing I could do about it. My best option was to get as much rest as I could before her return. This was my journey and I was determined to see it through. I sat myself up against the tree and closed my eyes. I wouldn’t sleep. The adrenaline pumped through my veins keeping me alert. A moment to catch my breath, relax my mind, and body. It was all I could do to prepare myself for the second act of the ritual. I just had to keep myself focused on the outcome. I would be able to provide my tribe with the pleasure each member sought. Now as my grandmother grew older, this honor fell on me to uphold. I would not let her down. No matter how many spirits I had to please to gain this strength.

Nyla returned from out of the mystical veil that separated our worlds looking as beautiful and naked as when she left. From behind her followed two women much like her. Women with ample breasts and thick cocks.

“This is Lily,” she said, motioning to the women on her right, “And this is Eve,” Eve had thick curly red hair that fell to her shoulders, so enchanting.

“So this is Lonna’s granddaughter,” said Lily.

“A fine young woman,” said Eve.

“Thank you,” I said to each of the women, getting on my knees before them, “may I receive you both as I have received Nyla?” I asked.

“We would be delighted, won’t we Lily?”

“Indeed Eve, we would,” she replied.

“As you can see there isn’t much preparation needed,” said Eve, her hard cock twitching with anticipation.

“The story Nyla told of your pleasuring has already gotten the both of us hard for you,” said Lily.

“She is truly of her grandmother’s stock,” said Nyla taking hold of the two women’s cocks, stroking the two of them as they all looked down on my wanting visage. “See how she aches for it,” Nyla walked over to me, her hard cock throbbing for another go at my body.

I opened my mouth to receive Nyla for the second time, wetting it with the love of my warm lips. Soaking her with my spit.

“Do not leave my friends wanting,” said Nyla.

I spat on the cocks of the other two, using my nimble fingers to please them as my mouth sucked the tip of Nyla’s.

“She really wants it,” said Lily.

“Indeed,” said Eve taking hold of her breasts, “But just how much can she handle?”

“Give it to me and I will prove I can handle it all,” I said.

Eve came up behind me, tossing me down on all fours, lifting my hips and bringing her tongue to my pussy. She licked my clit with such blessed

sweetness that I grinded myself on her slick tongue, begging for more with my movements. Lily knelt down, bringing her cock to my lips.

“Look at my women,” said Nyla.

“Her mouth makes me so wet,” said Lily.

“And you, Eve? How does her pussy taste?”

“Her juices fill my mouth like a hurricane’s rain.”

“Hearing this makes my cock throb for penetration,” said Nyla.

“She is yours if you want her,” said Eve.

“No no, she is yours to enjoy,” said Nyla, precum dripping from her cock, she needed to fuck something bad.

“Then take me,” said Eve.

While Eve sucked on my clit, Nyla got behind her and shoved her cock underneath Eve’s, into her tight cunt. Eve gripped my thighs, her moans muffled by my pussy riding her lips.

“Fuck Nyla, I thought this was her ritual not mine,” said Eve.

“That doesn’t mean we can’t all enjoy ourselves, said Lily, she took her cock from my mouth and shoved it into Eve’s. I had a moment to rest, but only for a moment.

“I’m already starting to drip,” said Eve, pushing Lily off.

“Then take her already,” said Lily.

Eve stroked the precum dripping out of her tip over her hard cock, pressing herself into me. Her cock was thick, and I was not so prepared for it.

“Please, please, easier,” I begged.

“You’ll have to know how to handle it rough and hard. Some of the men of your tribe will want to ravage your beauty,” said Nyla. I bit my lip, nodding, knowing I had to do this, had to take Eve’s fat cock however she desired for me to take it.

“I think she’s cumming,” shouted Lily, as I gripped her tits tightly, looking up at her for solace, she caressed my hand giving me the courage to handle the pounding.

“That’s a good girl,” said Nyla, “You can do it,” Nyla pulled out of Eve giving her free motion to fuck me. Eve hammered into me hard from behind, her breasts smacking against my back.

“That’s it give me that sweet cunt,” moaned Eve. She was insatiable at that moment. Driving herself toward orgasmic release.

“Fuck fuck, bless me, please,” I moaned, gripping onto Lily tighter.

“I can’t... watching them, I can’t hold it in any longer,” said Nyla. Lily reached for Nyla’s cock, stroking it fast on the tip, Nyla’s cum spurted forth and showered down on the two of us, sticking to my back and to Lily’s perfect tits and running down my fingers.

The decadent and delightful sight of Nyla’s cum showering us was enough to send Eve over the edge. She held to my tits, pinching my stiff nipples hard, drool spilled over my lips as I buried my face in Lily. Cum exploded from Eve’s massive cock pooling inside me, each pulsation of her cock filled me with more and more of her warm load.

“Let me have her,” said Lily.

“But I haven’t finished,” said Eve, still fucking my pussy as it dripped with sticky wet cum.

“Yes you have, look at the mess you’ve made,” said Lily wiping cum off my thighs and onto her breasts.

“Fine, take her,” said Eve, pulling out of me, “I need to get this cleaned off me anyway.” Eve and Lily switched positions.

Eve grabbed me by the hair and made me look into her eyes, “clean my cock,” she demanded. I did as I was told and licked the cum that dribbled down her shaft, not such an easy task while Lily slid herself inside, sliding in with ease, my pussy lubed with Eve’s cum.

My clit ached and burned with a heated need for more. I rubbed it furiously pleasing myself. A cock in each of my holes. Nyla’s breasts now in my hands, something soft to hold to.

“My clit,” I cried, “It’s not enough,” I moaned.

“You’re almost there, your cock is growing. Soon you will have one as strong and powerful as our own. Give her the final blessing,” said Nyla. Lily

wrapped her legs around mine, her arms around my chest, her head nuzzled on my shoulder, our bodies completely secured together.

“Fuck, that’s it, you’re mine, give me that pussy, grow a cock for me,” said Lily through gritted teeth. She nibbled at my neck, slamming her thighs against my ass, pushing her cock in as deep as it could go. Lily pulled out in the final moment, my toes curled and body tensed, I squirmed and rolled underneath her, the energy pulsing through my body was unbearably delicious.

“Hold still,” said Lily, she pinned me down and spread my legs open, spreading her seed on my clit, rubbing it in with determination. “There it is, she’s growing,” said Lily, taking my growing cock between her hands, stroking the cum into it, hardening me until my cock blossomed into its full length.

“Hers is as beautiful as yours is, Nyla,” said Eve.

“Even more so,” said Nyla.

The three of them stroked me together, dripping spit out of their mouths in unison. Their hands sliding off my cock one at a time. Fingers entering into my pussy. My pussy stuffed and my cock stroked, I was entranced and lost to waves of colliding sensations. The women giggled and played, their hands all over every part of my body, swimming in a sea of majestic flesh. Our sweaty bodies gliding along one another.

A tempest of sex was all that existed now, a torrent of motions and cum and juices mixing and splashing. I could only breathe and get fucked. The laughter and moans reverberated in the open air, until dissipating into nothingness. I was just a heaving mass of cum covered satisfaction. I opened my eyes and found myself alone, laying before the great tree. I must have rested for hours before regaining enough strength to stir.

The ritual had been completed and I had become what I was fated to be, a woman that was more than woman. I grabbed my dress and draped it over my shoulders, my cock still hard lifted it a bit in the front. I could not wait to return to my village and fulfill my duties, take back all I have learned and become beneath the sequoia. My gift meant nothing if I did not use it for its design. And though my legs were tired and body sore, the lust to give

back filled me with the energy to return. This new form was not as easily satisfied as my old one, and recuperated much quicker.

I returned to the village feeling quite well about myself. The interested and smiling faces of the tribe radiated with a well return. The woman they saw now was not the same girl that left them early that morning. But did they know this? Could they sense the change that I have gone through? I went to my lodgings. My grandmother sat there waiting for me, she greeted me with open arms, holding me tight in her embrace.

“Pride of our tribe, you have returned,” said my grandmother.

“I have,” I said.

She held my cheek, “and your return could not come at a better time. Truly the spirits know what they are doing.”

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“It is Donna,” she said, she took my hands in hers, “she needs you, now that you are...” she glanced up and down my body, her face said everything, “... a woman.”

“I’m afraid I still don’t really understand.”

“She is frustrated. Her husband is impotent. He can not please her or impregnate her. She is feeling hopeless. She has stopped eating, won’t come out of her tent. Go to her, fulfill your role.”

I nodded understanding what was needed of me. This was, after all, why I was given this blessing. So that I may be of good use to my tribe. My gift must be shared, and in sharing it I better our people.

I did not expect to be needed so soon though. I have only just returned and already my services are needed. I only hope that this body of mine will have the continued strength and endurance to keep up with the demands of my people. Though if it is anything like that of the spirits of the forest, I have little doubts that it will tire so easily. And it is their essence, by their cum, that I have become what I am. Imbued with the blessings of three insatiable forest nymphs, I knew I had what it would take to help Donna.

Donna was a young woman. She completed her fertility ritual some two years ago. Though her blessing was not quite like mine. But since her return

she desired for one thing, to bare a child for the tribe. This was her calling. Her hips were wide and breasts full. Perfect for rearing children. Yet in all that time her husband has failed her. In the past I did not pay much attention to this. It was never really my concern, I was just a child. Now, as I am looking back, I can see how the waning of this dream of hers as time passed has slowly deteriorated her will.

Yet she had no choice but to suffer this. The partnerships between a man and woman in our tribe are sacred. Lasting for a lifetime, and no woman is to take another man, and no man is to take another woman. She had to suffer no longer though. For I am neither truly a man nor truly a woman. And yet can provide the services of each.

I arrived alone at Donna's tent. She laid on her bed looking up at me. Her husband, I'm sure, was out with the other men for the day.

"How are you?" I asked her.

"I feel so useless," said Donna, rolling over in the bed and turning away from me.

I sat at the edge of her bed, "You are not useless," I said, I placed a hand on her thigh, "you are not to blame for this."

"But I have failed to have a child. What good am I?"

"You have not yet failed. That is why I am here," I told her.

"How can you help me?" She asked, looking over her shoulder, a bit interested and a bit disbelieving.

"Let me show you."

I stood before her, removing the dress from my body. Presenting myself as I truly am for the first time to this world. The dress slid down passed my breasts, and down below my waist. My new cock revealing for Donna a new hope.

Donna's eyes widened, "But how?"

"The spirits fated you to bare children. And have fated me to aid others in their needs," I said.

"So you can-"

“Yes, I can help,” I put a hand out of her take. Donna linked her fingers in mine and pulled me onto the bed.

“Please, I’ll do anything,” she said.

I stroked her hair, caressing her cheek, “I know, don’t worry, I’ll give you what you’re after.”

Donna smiled and put her hand on the back of my head, bringing me in for a kiss, uniting with me, her lips warm on mine. Tasting so sweet as our tongues swapped spit.

My cock already desired her, already hard for her pussy. I yearned to impregnate her, to spill my cum in her and give her a child. Just the thought of it made me throb for her. I grabbed her breasts, so full. Her child certainly would not go hungry. And neither would I. My hunger for pussy and sex would find sweet satisfaction in her body. Our lips together, my hands on her naked breasts. Donna slid her fingers down my chest and toward my cock, taking hold of me.

“So much bigger than my husbands,” she whispered in my ear.

“The spirits have blessed me well, more than I could have dreamed of.”

“Please, do not make me wait any longer. I have already waited so long,” said Donna tugging on my hard cock.

I pulled her on top of me. So that I might have her pussy on my face, licking and wetting that clit of hers. And she was positioned to have my cock in her mouth to suck and have grow hard and aching for penetration. Her pussy soaked itself so beautifully, I felt her excitement in her tensing muscles. The possibility of her pregnancy made her wetter than she had ever been, wetter than she had ever been for her husband. Her hips moved in such ways, grinding her pussy on my lips. Her nimble fingers entered my pussy while she sucked at the tip of my cock, I dripped with a mix of juices and precum for her. She quivered on top of me, the shaking and squirming of her body drove me crazy with a mad desire to force into her tight cunt.

“Please, I can’t wait anymore, how many orgasms till you fuck me,” cried out Donna.

I got so lost enjoying her whimpering spasms of pleasure, enjoying her slick mouth tasting on my cock, that I forgot the reason for this. I didn't want the pleasure or the experience to end. But I couldn't tire her out before filling her. I tossed her off me, and laid her on her back. I watched the rise and fall of her voluptuous chest as she caught her breath. I teased the head of my cock against her clit.

"Put it in me, Ana. Fuck me Ana, and give me a child," begged Donna.

"Oh beauty of our tribe, before the night is over you shall have your belly filled," I pressed into that sweet wet pussy. She tightened her walls around the girth of my cock. She was desperate to squeeze the cum from out of me. I thrust into her, the tightness of that pussy so satisfying I had to grab hold of her as I forced in deeper.

"Fuck, the spirits, have blessed you with more than I can handle," moaned Donna.

"You can take it, I know you can," I said. Donna bit her lip and nodded, her eyes sparkling with an innocence, never having a fuck like me before.

She took my cock so well, the strength of a woman who wants to fill her role was indomitable. I couldn't wait to find out if the other women of our tribe felt this good, fucked this good. The two of us pushed and pulled at each other, fighting for continued pleasure. Donna bounced against my sensitive cock, begging me to cum inside of her. She wrapped her legs tightly around my waist, securing me against her, not for a second wanting my cock to leave.

"Give me cum, give me a child. Fuck me harder Ana, please," Donna wrapped every part of herself around. I hastened my movements.

"That's it Ana, come on, give it to me."

"Yes, Donna, oh fuck Donna, I'm gonna cum," I shouted and moan, and gripped her tightly.

"Oh Fuck," she cried, feeling my warm cum explode inside of her. She forced me in deeper, not wanting to lose a drop.

I still wasn't finished with her. The spirits had shown me I could cum again, that one release was not a finish. I kept stroking my cock inside of

her pussy.

“Fuck... it’s too... too sensitive Ana, I can’t.”

“You can, we must be certain, take another load of my cum,” I said.

Donna nodded and understood I was right. Though it was too much for her. Her pussy filled with my cum felt all the sweeter. Cum coated the two of us, dripped from my cock and inside her, dripped over my pussy, down her thighs. She closed her eyes and whimpered as she took my cock’s hard pounding. The second time required more effort. I had to pull so much pleasure out of her body, enough to shock my body and mind to unleashing another full load of sticky cum inside of her, pulsing spurts of cum over and over again inside of her, dripping out of her pussy, running down our bodies.

I pulled out thanking Donna and the spirits, “you will have your child,” I told her. Donna kissed my lips.

“I am so grateful,” she said.

“We will feast tomorrow in your honor,” I said.

Donna kept her eyes closed, exhausted from the love we created. She needed her rest and to regain her strength. She was with child now and would need her energy to care for our newest member.

When I left her tent I was greeted by her husband. The man who had failed Donna, failed to give her what she desired. What the spirits had chosen for her.

“Thank you,” said her husband, kneeling before me, “thank you for giving my wife what I could not.”

“Stand up,” I said, lifting him by the hand, “your wife will need you to care for her, to care for our child.”

“Of course, I will do my best,” he said.

“Do not fail us again,” I said to him.

“Never,” he said.

He looked so pitiful, knowing there was little he could do. But if he served Donna well in these moments, he may find redemption for his

shortcomings. Her husband ran off to their tent. I only hope he understands the importance of that child.

“You really did do well,” said a voice from behind me.

“Thank you grandmother,” I responded.

“There is still more for you to do,” she put her hand on my shoulder, “this is only the start.”

“I know,” I looked to the forest. I knew our tribe’s future rested on me now. But I was ready for the honor and would not fail them.

The Futa Billionaire

I sat at my desk at the front of our small little financial office. Nothing fancy. I liked working here though. My coworkers were nice. My boss was nice. He wasn't some greedy miser grubbing for money all the time like some of the other bosses I've seen before. Of course financials were never part of my job. I just answer phones and make appointments, nothing glamorous. I got my first job as a secretary not because I was any good at it. That much was obvious. I had no clue what I was doing. Even answering phones made me nervous. I got the job for no other reason than my looks. At least that's what I believe. When I got hired I got told, "you'll make for the perfect face for this office," and my boss punctuated the words with a wink.

This all however works well enough for me. I never had to get involved with any of the clients or securing accounts or all that. That sort of thing would have been far too much pressure for me. I couldn't handle that level of stress. That's why I enjoyed my little job, in my little office. That changed...

My boss, Mr. Freeman, approached me at my desk one day. He motioned for me to hang up the phone. He had quite a stern look on his face, whatever he wanted, I knew it was something serious. I was hit by a pang of anxiety. Which only worsened when he next uttered the words, "Can I see you in my office." Why in the world did he have to word it like that. I suddenly felt like I was back in highschool, about to march down the hall to my inevitable demise, having the principle call my mother. Basically walking into the ninth circle of hell. I swallowed and braced myself, trying to remind myself I'm like twenty six years old now. I'm not going to end up in some sort of trouble.

I followed Mr. Freeman into his office. He closed the door behind me. Every one of his actions I perceived as menacing. The truth of their reality however I'm sure was far less malicious. I was just letting my anxiety get to me. Mr. Freeman took a seat and had me do the same.

"You know the client that just left?" He asked.

I searched my mind for a second, trying to think back on all the faces that came and went. I zone out a lot here, especially when it comes to client faces, I try to keep it as impersonal as possible.

Mr. Freeman raised his eyebrows to me, at that moment I felt as if he was questioning why I was even employed here, if I couldn't manage the most simple aspects of my job, like knowing a client that just walked out. "Stacy Kane?" He said, the name jogged my memory. We don't see a lot of female clients so she did stick out. She also stuck out because of the hint of jealousy I felt as she approached me, informing me that she was here to see Mr. Freeman. I don't particularly see myself as sexy. Not like Stacy, she was something else. Long hair, a tight pencil skirt and stockings, high heels. So sexy and so professional looking. I didn't know what in the world Mr. Freeman could possibly need me for.

"Yeah, I remember her," I said.

"Good," said Mr. Freeman reaching into his drawer, "I want you to go to the Stiles Hotel where she's staying. See to it that you provide her with whatever she needs. I hope I don't need to remind you just how big of a client she is."

"No of course not. But why me, I mean, what do I know about securing clients."

Mr. Freeman shrugged his shoulders, "it doesn't matter, Mrs. Kane asked for you personally. So whatever she needs... got it?"

"Got it," I said halfheartedly. I wasn't exactly excited for the task. I think I'd much prefer sitting at my desk until the end of the day and going home to a movie and my bed. I like the predictable. That's sort of why I stuck with this job, not much out of the ordinary happens. That is until now, apparently.

"Here's the key to her room, she's in suite 669. Good luck."

"Yeah, thanks," I said, pouting a bit.

I went back to my desk and grabbed my things before heading to my car. The Stiles was a big deal hotel. Whoever this woman was she had money. And I couldn't for the life of me understand why she would come to

such a small time office like ours. We mostly dealt with a far less monetarily endowed crowd. As I was driving to the hotel I felt anxious again. It was obviously very important that I secure this client for us. I mean the business she would provide I'm sure was massive. It's not like I knew the details or anything, all that was hidden from me but I knew it was big. I just sort of wish this hadn't fallen on me. Too much pressure, and I don't like pressure.

I got in the elevator and took it up to Mrs. Kane's floor. I knocked on the door to her room and waited for a response, no answer. I knocked again and still nothing. I did have a key. And although I wasn't particularly keen on using it, I'm guessing she left it for a reason. I slid the key into the lock, waited for the green light and entered. The room was astonishing. The bed is large and immaculate, the comforter so inviting. Damn, how I wished more than ever now to be back at my place, laying in bed.

"Mrs. Kane?" I called out. I knew she wasn't around, it's not like there was any place for her to hide in here. I suppose it wouldn't hurt if I just relaxed on the bed while I waited for her.

I was right about the comforters. Before I knew it my head hit the pillow and sleep took over. I started working a lot more overtime so sleep became far less common.

I woke up to the sound of the door handle turning. My waking consciousness rushing back into my head like a train pulling into the station, and the mass of passengers bustling in and out was my momentary confusion.

"Mrs. Kane," I practically shouted as she entered the room, I started to rise from the bed.

"No need to get up, relax. I was just enjoying the bar. It would be foolish not to, when I'm not the one footing the bill. The company takes care of all that. Speaking of which, care for any room service?"

"No no, I'm good, thank you though," I said, laying myself back down. I felt it rude not to get up, but I was so damn comfortable on the bed.

"Were you taking a nap?" She asked.

"Mmm, yeah," I replied sheepishly.

"I don't blame you. It's quite a nice bed isn't it?" Mrs. Kane approached the bed and brought herself on top of it.

I had to know, "So why did you ask for me?" The answer to that question had been gnawing at me this whole time.

"What do you mean?" Asked Mrs. Kane.

"Well it's not like I know anything about doing business, what help can I possibly offer?"

"On the contrary, you can be a lot of help to me. You think I want one of your old crotchety accountants here. I'd much prefer someone with your... youthfulness."

Mrs. Kane took a strand of my hair into her hand, twirling it about her fingers. I could feel her warm breath grazing against my cheek.

I don't think Mrs. Kane invited me for my business prowess. I suppose that's a good thing, because I had none. No it seemed obvious now, she was interested in me for a much different reason.

"Mrs. Kane..." I wasn't exactly sure what I wanted to say.

"What is it?" She asked in a sweet breathy tone.

"I'm still not sure why you chose me," I said. Truthfully I also wasn't sure I was even into what she was trying to get at. Which in this case appeared to be me, pure and simple. But more than that, what I wanted to know was how a rich, sexy woman like this could find any interest in me.

Mrs. Kane placed a hand on my thigh, "Don't be silly. Why wouldn't I? So young and beautiful. I knew from the moment I saw you I just had to have at you."

"But you could have any guy you wanted. Someone just as wealthy and powerful I'm sure." I don't know why I said "guy." Maybe because if I was in her position that's what I would go after.

"Men don't exactly have the right tools. Not the kind that would fit my needs," she said.

I raised my eyebrow, uncertain of what she meant by that.

"Let me show you what I mean," said Mrs. Kane.

Mrs. Kane took hold of my hand and slid it up and underneath her skirt. Instantly I felt something hard there. I looked her in the eyes and she smiled back. I squeezed my hands, Mrs. Kane was not like any other woman. Almost naturally, without thinking, I began to rub and stroke her. I couldn't say just yet whether it was because I was turned on or if it was out of sheer curiosity.

"Would you like to see more?" She asked.

"Mmhmm," I nodded. That curiosity got the best of me. I knew there was going to be no going back from here on out. I just couldn't help but find out more about her. She was just so goddamn beautiful. I didn't understand how it was possible she'd also have this between those long slender stockinged legs.

Mrs. Kane pulled my hand away and slid her skirt down. She had no panties on. Her cock hard and ready at a moment's notice. All she needed to do was lift that skirt.

"Go on," said Mrs. Kane, nodding at me, "touch it for me."

I did as she asked and grabbed hold of her hard cock, smooth and stiff, and not to mention quite big too. I fiddled around with her cock between my fingers. Playing with it.

"What a fun toy you have Mrs. Kane."

"Why don't you see what it tastes like."

"Yes Mrs. Kane," I got on my knees and leaned down for a taste, wrapping my lips around the tip of her cock and letting my tongue flick at the very edge of the head. Mrs. Kane gripped her tits from over her blouse, squeezing and massaging them as she let out sighs of excitement.

I went down deeper. Coating her smooth cock in my spit, drooling over my lips and down her shaft.

"I want to see your eyes," she said.

I gazed up at her beauty. Her sexy dominance so overpowering, so commanding, that all I wanted to do was please and worship this cock for her. Mrs. Kane... she got what she wanted, she could afford it. She had the money, the power, and the perfect body. A body that had the best of both

worlds. As I sucked down, I lifted my hands to unbutton her blouse for her. Her tits were hidden too well behind it, that wouldn't do for me. I had to see them. Mrs. Kane offered her help as she unhooked her bra and let it slip to the bed.

Her breasts were equally intimidating in their overt sexuality, full and ripe, her nipples stiff from all the sensual excitement given to them by the combined efforts of the two of us. I sucked a bit further down, further than I could really manage, my spit splashing back onto her. I pulled my mouth off and stroked with one hand, the other free to pinch a little pink nipple. The sounds she made only had me wanting more of her. Wanting to give more of myself to her. Any uncertainty I had over this situation was gone now. I was so worried I wouldn't know how to take proper care of a client but Mrs. Kane was more than adept at giving directions, at commanding me as to what to do for her.

"Turn around for me," demanded Mrs. Kane, "I want to get a good look at that ass. Unfortunately for me, when I saw you at your desk you were sitting down on it."

I turned around still on my knees, my ass pressed up for Mrs. Kane's access. She grabbed at the waistband and lowered my pants down my plump ass. "Such a shame you were hiding this from me," said Mrs. Kane, giving it a kiss, "something this beautiful shouldn't be kept hidden, wouldn't you agree?"

"Yes, Mrs. Kane."

"That's my good girl," Mrs. Kane removed my thong next, taking it to her face and inhaling my scent, "fuck," she muttered, "No no, an ass as perfect as this needs to get spanked and fucked."

"Please, Mrs. Kane, spank me," I begged.

She slapped my round ass, leaving a stinging red mark, "Fuck I need you inside," I cried.

"Let's get you nice and wet first," Mrs. Kane shoved her face between my legs, her tongue flicking my little clit. Lapping me up like some vanilla ice cream until the cream began to drip down the cone and all over her fingers.

“That’s right baby, you got one wet pussy for me don’t you.”

“It’s all for you Mrs. Kane, please... let me have that cock.”

Mrs. Kane held to my hips, her fingers digging into my thick flesh. She slid the underside of her cock along my clit, teasing me at the entrance.

“Fuck, Mrs. Kane. Don’t make me wait any longer, I can’t.”

She slapped my ass, “No no no, you’ll get it when I’m ready. Do you understand?”

“Yes Mrs. Kane, I understand, I want to be good for you.”

“If you’re really good for me, maybe I’ll introduce you to some of my friends. Other women like me. Would you like that?”

“Yes, Mrs. Kane.”

“In fact, I think if you let me cum inside this sweet pussy of yours, then I’ll have no choice but to hire you as my personal assistant. What do you think?”

“Anything for you Mrs. Kane.” That hard cock of hers had all the control. Feeling those stiff nipples tickling at my back, nothing but being with her would make me happier. My pussy ached for her fucking. For that massive smooth cock of hers. All that power and money and confidence. She had everything I wanted, she could teach me, and instruct me and of course fuck me forever.

Mrs. Kane lowered my ass down, bringing my pussy down the tip of her cock. Sliding lower down her shaft.

“Fuck your so big,” I moaned.

She slapped my ass, “and you’re so fucking tight,” she pulled out, teasing it back in, working the entrance and stretching me out. I’ve never been stretched like this before. Never had a cock so big it made me question if I could fit it. But Mrs. Kane would make sure it would fit. That’s what she needed to find, a perfect fit for her cock. And I knew I was going to be that perfect fit, because for Mrs. Kane the tighter the better.

Mrs. Kane spread my ass, spitting on my pussy, rubbing her cock in it, getting slick to slide in with a bit more ease. She pressed in forcing it to the hilt.

“God damn,” I clutched the bed sheets, my head down, my ass in the air for her. Once she worked it in, she started to thrust, Hammering into my pussy, pushing and pulling my hips for pleasure. Using me as her little toy for fucking.

Mrs. Kane lifted herself up a bit, plunging in from above. Shoving and thrusting faster, now that she had me tight around her she didn’t have to worry about slipping out. We both lost ourselves to the rhythm. Rocking together, rocking with the bed. Mrs. Kane lifted a bit more, hitting it with long full strokes, my ass jiggled when she made contact.

“Fuck, you want this cum in your pussy baby?”

“Yes Mrs. Kane, fuck, please cum inside me.”

“Yeah? Tell me where you want it,” she growled.

“I want it in my pussy,” I whimpered, my toes curling, my pussy tightening, trying to push her out, I was so damn sensitive, quaking with the filling of lust.

“I’m not done yet, don’t push me out,” Mrs. Kane grabbed a fistful of hair and tilted my head back, the other hand forcing me down her by the shoulder.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck, give me that pussy. I’m gonna cum.”

“Do it Mrs. Kane, I want it right inside this pussy.”

She bit her lip giving the last few thrusts until she plunged and connected with me, collapsing on my back, her tits pressed against my skin. Her warm load, spurted from the tip of her cock and filled my tight cunt.

“Damn, you’re so fucking hot,” Mrs. Kane pulled at my hair, turning my head so she could lick at my ear, combined with her warm breath and pulsating cock deep inside, the ecstasy washed over me again, sending me into another bout of orgasmic pleasure. I tossed and turned underneath her.

Mrs. Kane flopped over and looked up at the ceiling, her cock penetrating the air, standing tall and stiff, cum dripping down the side.

“Can you clean this for me?” Asked Mrs. Kane giving her cock a little wave.

I crawled over to her, unable to speak as I tried to catch my breath, I licked the cum dripping down her.

“That’s a good girl, now give me a kiss.”

I clawed my way over her breasts and toward her lips, planting a wet sticky kiss on her, our tongues licking and swapping a mix of fluids.

Mrs. Kane leaned over and whispered, “You’ve got the job.”

A smile ran across my face, “Thank you Mrs. Kane.”

Screw my old job. So long as I had Mrs. Kane to screw me I didn’t need it. Mr. Freeman wouldn’t be able to bring me half as far as Mrs. Kane could.

“You were never planning on doing any business with us were you?” I asked.

“Not at all,” she said.

The two of us shared a laugh, she pulled me in closer, throwing the bed sheets over us. Our breasts touched as we held one another.

“So how about that room service, what would you like?” She asked.

“How does *everything* sound?”

“Sounds perfect.”

The Futa Vampire Queen

Any good town always has that one house, the one all the residents know of. Know it as a sort of typified thing. Like the house with the really red door. Or the house with all the lawn gnomes. That sort of thing. Well this town had one of those. A slightly dilapidated and strangely eerie gothic style townhouse. The kind that had the children convinced that a witch lived there. To be fair, they might not have been too far off. No one ever saw who occupied that house. Some people said they noticed a woman out front on the rare occasion, but only late at night. I never saw them though.

Yet somehow it fell on me to get in contact with whoever it was that resided there. Well, it fell on me because I wanted to add a shed to my yard that the HomeOwners Association wasn't too fond of me having. Those controlling sons of bitches. Of course who ever owned that strange house managed to keep themselves out of their grasp, and HOA saw me as a useful tool to help them close their grasp on this block just a little tighter. Whoever owned that house, managed quite skillfully to avoid them all this time. Although maybe not much skill was really involved, they just scared anyone from getting to close.

I had to admire whoever did own that house. Right now I kind of wish I was more like them. So I could shove HOA's request in their damn faces and put up my shed anyway. But I'm not really the type. Maybe this is some internalized misogyny or some shit but as a single woman living on her own, I wasn't feeling brave enough to take any risks here.

For that reason, I did at times, wish to have someone in my life capable of such behavior. Someone who would stand up to the world alongside me. Someone who would hold my hand as we confronted the little challenges in life. The ones that in the grand scheme of things aren't so important, but fill each day with small moments of novelty. And yeah, someone to touch my body. It's been so long since I had that. I'm forgetting what it was like I think. Forgetting the if and how I even like it. But damn, do I sometimes lay awake imagining a pair of hands, groping at my body from under my sheets,

gripping to my thighs, pushing to spread them open and... I'm just exciting myself.

And now wasn't the time for that. I had a job to do. I had to figure out how in the world I was going to get to this person. When morning came I walked over to their house. A dying willow sat in the front yard, its lifeless limbs swaying in the light breeze. At least I think it was dying, it never had any green on it. Yet somehow managed to remain standing over the years. I took the cold brass knocker in my hand and pounded it against the door a few times. I waited, but no answer. I tried again, banging harder. I tried to see if anyone was home, black curtains draped in front of the windows made it impossible to tell. And there was never a car or anything out front, so that was of no help either. I walked around back, looking into the yard. I saw nothing but overgrown grass and dried out vines entangled on the iron fence. This was hopeless.

I gave up for the time being and went back to my house. I went into my yard and looked over my small plot of land. This was supposed to be my land, my dream. To have a bit of earth for myself, to live on and do as I please. Where did it all go so wrong. The criminals at HOA were going to pay for this. I wasn't through just yet. I had to get in touch with whoever lived in that house. I went inside my home. I needed a plan, but of course I had none.

I really thought about just going right on into the house. Just fuck it and go in and face whoever it was down. I needed the confidence though. It was hard for me to have that sort of confidence. I spent so much time alone. I decided maybe a little alone time might be just what I needed, the fun kind of alone time, give myself a little confidence boost.

I was alone in my bedroom, thinking over how badly I wanted to build that shed. A testament to the earth that I owned. I was a strong woman but this situation had started making me feel less so. And I wasn't going to let it do so any longer. I started to undress in front of the mirror. Telling myself all the good things I wanted to hear. You're strong, you can do this. And you're damn sexy. Just look at these tits, full and ripe. I grabbed a handful and

massage myself, allowing the pleasurable sensation of having my nipples rubbed to wash over me.

“Fuck,” it’s been so long since I’ve been touched, I needed it so damn badly. And if I wanted to be touched I was going to be touched. It didn’t matter. I had to show myself I would get what I wanted. Whatever I desired.

Massaging my breasts, watching my face contort with pleasure in the mirror felt so good. But it wasn’t enough. I had to take on the establishment here. Bring the whole thing down. I slid my hand down my chest and along my tummy. Lower and lower, until I snuck my fingers under my panties. Feeling my soft pussy beneath my hand. I bit my lip, exhaling from my nose. Pressing to my sweet little clit. Rubbing until I heard the wet sound of my juices sloshing to the rhythm of my fingers. I played with myself building up to an incredible release. Filling my body with pleasure and my mind with the confidence to take on that which I needed to. Breaking through the barrier of what is expected and correct and going for my own, in my own way. And perhaps shoving my fingers into my wet cunt was symbolic of this. But the pleasure, the shaking and aching was no symbol but a physical reality of how god damn fucking sexy this all was.

Getting myself off certainly helped to boost my mood. It always does. Reminds me and puts me in control. The exact sort of headspace I needed to be in. It was already pretty late. The sun had sunk far below the horizon. But I had to get this done now. I had a powerful energy pulsing through me. I would be a fool not to capitalize on it. I got dressed, putting the same clothes I had on earlier.

The house was far creepier at night than during the day. Something different about it, but I couldn’t quite put my finger on what. Something about the air, the absolute silence that clung to it in all directions. Whoever lived here, from what I’ve heard, they’ve only been seen at night. So maybe they just aren’t ever home during the day and now was my only chance to get to them.

I took the brass knocker in my hand and rapped it against the door, quite hard. Hard enough that it had to get someone’s attention. I pressed my ear to the door and listened intently. I heard no stirring, not a single

noise. Fuck, come on. I tried knocking again. It was hopeless. If anyone was in there they clearly had no desire to be bothered. I couldn't give up though. I had to have this. And when I want something, I get it. Okay, maybe that's not true. But I would like for it to be. And there was only one I'd ever manage in becoming that sort of person.

Fuck it, I placed my hand on the knob. It wasn't completely crazy to believe it might be unlocked. Most of us kept our doors unlocked around here. It was that kind of town. Nothing in the way of robbery or such to worry about. Still, more than likely, someone like this, they would probably have their door locked up good. I went to turn the knob. To my delight and surprise it wasn't locked. I didn't push it open right away. I was nervous. I eased the door open, not knowing what to expect, what might wait for me on the other side

I took a step inside. It was dark, strangely lit by flickering candles. The decor from what I could tell, was unsettling. I heard movement. My heart leaped into my throat, choking me up. I guess I wasn't as brave as I had thought. I tried my best to swallow the fear back down.

"Can I help you?" Asked a soft voice. It sounded as if it came from the room I was in, but I saw no one. Then a figure stepped into the candlelight and I saw her. She was beautiful to say the least. Radiantly gorgeous, really. Something about the atmosphere, the energy around her. It made me want to be a part of it. To be one with it. To have it. Have it, in some way that I didn't quite yet understand.

"Umm... yeah," I muttered, fidgeting a bit.

I reached into my back pocket for the letter HOA gave me to present to her. I held it out for her to take. She reached out for it, her hand brushing against mine. What was that feeling. That shudder I felt. It felt good though, it filled my chest and stuck to my throat. But what did I want to say. I was losing myself. Whatever it was I came for, I was losing touch with it. She pulled the letter from my hand. And I wanted her to touch me again. She looked it over and then tore it in half. Holding the two halves over a flame until they burned to ash.

It suddenly dawned on me where I was, who I was. An intruder in a strange place that I had no real business being in. I found myself here because there was something I believed I wanted. What was it... a shed. No, that couldn't be it. I looked into her eyes, falling into the way they glowed. She brushed her dark hair aside and out of her face.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"I'm Lina," she said.

That didn't seem like the right question to ask. But the more I tried to think of what question was the right one to ask, the more distracted by her appearance, I found myself.

She wore a short black dress, one that ended above the knees, and hugged her skin tightly. Fitting snugly over her curves. The top cut low, the cleavage of her ample breasts a sight to behold. What am I here for? She took a step closer. I felt myself in her presence. Strangely, I felt how I appeared before her, and that feeling far too much for me to take. I wanted to leap out of my skin, leave this body behind. Yet if such were to happen I would never again get to feel her touch and already I was starting to ache so badly for it.

"Who are you, really?" I asked again.

"Perhaps it's better that I show you," said Lina.

Lina lowered the dress down her shoulders, revealing more of her porcelain white skin. Skin so white that it contrasted well with her plump red lips. Lips that pulled me in. I took a step closer. She lowered her dress a bit more, sliding it down passed her breasts. Full breasts. Was this what she wanted to show me. Was this who she was. She sucked on her bottom lip, hungry for something. The way Lina looked me up and down. It was me she was hungry for, wanting me.

"Most don't come visit me," said Lina, her dress halfway down her body, "It must be something about the vibe I give off. But I just don't like to be bothered too much, is all."

"I see.."

"So why did you come?" She asked.

Really? She just burned up the reason I came here. She looked me over again, this time somehow figuring out the words I hid in my head.

“No, I mean the real reason. You knew neither, yourself or any other, was going to get anything from me. Didn’t you wonder why you were sent here in the first place? Why it was you.”

She was right of course. Why did HOA send me here in the first place? What more could I have possibly said or done that they hadn’t already. Surely they didn’t expect me to get very far.

“Why did they send me?” I said out loud, more to myself than to her.

Lina took another step, close enough for me to feel her there, but not quite yet feel her, the top of her dress folded down to her waste.

“Because I wanted you,” she said, her eyes gazing into mine, her tongue licking her red lips.

“Me?” I repeated.

I sensed her energy, an overwhelming energy. One that I wanted to have, one that I felt in such a way, but didn’t know what to do with. It made me want to taste it, to have it in mouth and swallow it down. To just somehow make it a part of me, find some way to absorb it.

“Yes... I wanted you. I’ve seen you around. Not that you’ve noticed, I’m sure. Most don’t notice me. Not because I’m not there, but because they choose not to, completely unaware themselves of this choice they make. But I see you notice me now. All of me.”

Lina placed her hands on her well endowed chest and gripped her breasts between her fingers. I saw the pleasure it gave her, written all over her face. The look she gave me, the sense she gave off. The same as my own. A wanting and hunger for what stood before her. And I stood before her. Me and me alone.

“And I wouldn’t want you unless I knew that you wanted me too. There is no fun in wanting that which can’t see me.”

“Certainly not,” I said. It was true, she saw me and I saw her. This is what I wanted. What I never got from anyone else I’ve met. But how could

she know that. How did she know me? Lina brought a hand to her throat, practically clawing at it.

“Fuck me...” The words carried themselves under Lina’s breath, and into my inhalation.

“Absolutely,” I responded.

I got down on my knees before her. Submitting myself to her power, to her energy. That which I felt as so absolute.

“Beautiful, so very beautiful,” whispered Lina.

I wrapped my fingers around her dress. I had to get at her. I had to have more. Lina placed a hand on the top of my head. The tips of her fingers massaging my scalp.

“Do you know what I want?” Asked Lina.

“No,” I shook my head.

“You...” Lina gripped my hair hard within her tight grasp. Fuck, that felt good.

I pulled at her dress, lowering it farther down her body, down below her waist, down along her slender legs. And what greeted me, had me both delighted and surprised. Between her legs was not what I expected. She did not have what women have. But then, why would she, she was not like any other woman I’ve known before. Not in the slightest of ways. And that was such a damn good thing. Instead of a pussy she had a nice thick cock, smooth and half erect. But that was soon about to change. It was going to be hard and throbbing. I was going to make it throb.

I took her cock into my hand. Feeling the girth wrapped around my fingers. With her hand still clutched to my hair, she pulled my mouth closer to her cock. I stuck my tongue out and licked at the tip. Tasting her with flicking movements.

“How’s it taste?” Lina asked.

But before I could respond she forced me by the hair down the shaft of her cock. Her thickness swelling in my mouth.

“Can you touch yourself for me?” Asked Lina. I nodded in approval, her cock still wrapped around my tongue. I placed my hand between my legs,

rubbing my clit, tasting the fullness of her dick. The sloshing of my wet pussy filled the room.

“Somebody’s wet,” said Lina.

“Mmmhmm,” I nodded, cock in my mouth, Lina rocking her hips back and forth.

She looked me in the eyes as I sucked, and had me looking back into hers. I wanted to suck that insatiable energy of hers from out of the tip. I wanted to be as she was. And I couldn’t help but wonder, how did the world manage to order itself to allow for such a being as this. But the answer to my question felt so far away. And more than an answer I wanted a feeling. And I knew it was a feeling I would catch from her.

She pulled out of my mouth, her cock slick with my spit, dripping from the tip and onto my tits. I snuck a hand under my shirt and bra and pinched my nipples, so sensitive. I took a deep breath in.

“Let me taste more,” I begged. I didn’t get enough yet. I didn’t get what I wanted to suck from out of it.

“You don’t tell me when to give you more,” said Lina, she patted her palm asked my cheek, “got it?”

“Yes, mistress.”

“Good,”

She shoved her cock in my mouth and quickly pulled it out, pulling my head back by my hair. Fuck, I loved how she controlled me. I loved being at her call, a servant to whatever whim or fancy filled her thinking and desire.

Lina got down on her knees, finding herself at my level. She placed her hands on my face, slightly squeezing my cheeks. But I saw by the look in her eyes she wanted to squeeze much harder.

“Fuck,” she mouthed, the words barely audible. She pulled me in, pressing my lips to hers. Her mouth opening for my tongue. Her mouth closing, biting a bit on my bottom lip. I couldn’t help but moan and start touching her smooth skin. Her fair skin, her fair breasts, massaged by my working fingers.

“Let’s get you undressed,” she said, lifting my shirt off over my head and tossing it away. Reaching around my back and unhooking my bra. Her lips made their way to my nipples. Her mouth sucking, her teeth nibbling. She loved to suck, loved it so much. I held her tightly against me. Wanting to press as much of her as possible into my very being. But there was only one way to have the energy of hers inside me. And she was hard enough and I was wet enough for it now.

She gripped my shoulders, and brought me down to the ground, sliding my pants off followed by my soaked panties. Lina balled them up and pressed them to her face, inhaling my scent deeply. She placed her knees underneath each arm, hovering over me, lowering herself enough to dip the tip of her cock back into my mouth, putting it in and pulling it out. She gave me one last kiss.

“Tell me you want it,” she said.

“I want you so bad,” I said.

“Good,” Lina took my panties and stuffed them into my mouth, not wanting to hear another word from me.

Her hard cock pressed against the outside of my wet pussy. She slapped it against my clit. So damn good, but I couldn’t tell her. Couldn’t beg her to put it in, no matter how badly I wanted to. All I could manage was a few muffled moans and wanting eyes. Hoping the look I gave her would be enough to pull her in.

Thankfully those eyes and moans were enough. Lina eased the tip in. Sliding into my slick and wet pussy. I bit down on my panties, taking it all in.

Lina squeezed my face in her hands, my lips pursed outward, panties stuffed inside, “That’s right baby, you take that dick,” Lina gave my face a shake. Lina forced her cock all the way in, leaned forward and kissed my forehead. She began to thrust her hips, working her cock in and out, each time forcing her way in a bit deeper. Lina gripped my thighs and brought my legs on top of her shoulder. Her fingers rubbing my clit while her cock stroked inside me.

I wanted to cry out, wanted to moan. I wanted to beg, give it to me, give me more. But I was silenced. Silenced by her commands, and her

stuffing. I grabbed her wrist, needing something to hold, overwhelmed by her power. Lina rotated her wrist, breaking free from my hold, taking my own wrist in her grasp and pinning my arm to the ground. Her pounding filled me so well. The pleasure was immense. Yet still not enough. Still wasn't it. Not really, not fully what I wanted. Lina paused for a moment, cock still inside, looking me over.

"You look like you have something you want to say," said Lina.

I nodded my head.

Lina stuck a finger in my mouth and pulled the panties out, "What is it?" she asked. And as I went to respond she quickly shifted forward, forcing her dick in my mouth, shutting me up, not allowing me the chance to respond.

"What was it? I didn't quite catch that," said Lina.

My eyes grew wide, knowing now what power, what control, I was staring down. Knowing I was helpless to her whims. And knowing there was no other way I would have wanted it.

Fuck the shed, and fuck HOA. But most of all fuck me. Oh please, Oh please Lina, just fuck me. I thought the shed was what I wanted. Was my way of claiming my world, but it wasn't, never was. Just a distraction from what I most desperately needed, because somewhere inside I believed I'd never really get it. Yet now I was getting it, getting it deeper and harder with each pump of Lina's hard cock in my wet pussy.

"Now tell me, what did you want to say."

"Fuck you," I moaned.

"That's right, baby," said Lina, giving the side of my face a tap with the palm of her hand.

My legs in the air, spread open and wide. Lina on top of me, her weight pressing down.

Lina's long black nails raked down my sides, across my ribs. My back arched in natural reaction to the sensation.

"I need to taste you," said Lina.

"Fucking do it."

Her words said, 'I need to taste you,' but the look on her face said something far more intense than just a taste. And whatever that look wanted, that's what I was really saying 'do it' to. Lina smiled a wicked and wanting smile. She bared her teeth at me, incredibly white and strangely pointed.

"Oh, I will," said Lina.

Lina gave a powerful thrust inside, my body rocking, my tits bouncing to the strength of it. She pushed at my face, turning it to the side, giving her access to my neck. She licked those blood red lips of hers.

"Just a taste," breathed Lina, "Just enough to satisfy me, and enough to keep you wanting more."

I didn't want to keep wanting, the ache for what she was, unbearable. Yet a pleasure, an unbearable pleasure. How long did she desire to keep me in this state of submission to her. Knowing I would never leave until I had that fulfillment only she could give me.

Lina bent down toward my neck, I could feel her deep breathing warm against my throat. Her hands clutched to my shoulders. Her tongue licked my skin, her lips sucked at the flesh. She growled. My heart beat heavy in my chest. What did she want. I knew this small taste of salty skin wasn't it. I knew sliding in and out of my pussy, having my clit rub against her pelvis, also wasn't it. As much joy as all this gave her, it wasn't it.

"Just enough to satisfy me, and keep you wanting," whispered Lina, she licked my earlobe and then back down to my neck. I felt her nibbling. I arched, thrusting my hips, taking more of her cock. Those pointed teeth bit down, piercing and penetrating my flesh, sinking deeper into my neck as her cock went deeper into my pussy, the fullness of length inside me.

I felt a trickle of blood drip down my neck. Closer and closer to that filling, so fucking close. Lina pulled her mouth away, a bit of my blood circled around her lips. Only ever so close to it, but never having it. Lina stuck a finger into my mouth, having me suck on it.

"Now to finish you off," said Lina.

"Yes, please, yes."

If I couldn't have what she was, I could at least have her cock, thrusting our way to orgasm. Her bite did however unlock something. My body, my mind, so much more sensitive to the stimuli of the world around me.

Lina turned me over, pulling my hips back, bringing my ass in the air. She got up behind me to press in. Gripping to my ass, taking control of my body. Forcing me back and forth, her thighs slapping against mine. This increased sensitivity I was feeling, almost too much. Yet so fucking good. I reached back trying to push her away, though I didn't want it to stop, not really. The more I tried to escape from my orgasm the more Lina fought to give it to me. Fighting hard, and fucking hard, until I shook. Until I quivered with waves of ecstasy taking hold of my tense body. I had succumbed fully to her. Lina pulled out, growling and moaning, her warm cum spilling onto my ass.

She had me, I was her servant, from here on out I was hers to command. My body limp and exhausted under the candlelight. I belonged to her, whatever she wanted. Forget the shed, forget my home. I was here, and here I would stay, following what she desired from me and for me. I was entranced by this seductress.

"I'm going to need a lot from you," said Lina.

"I'm willing to give whatever you need," I said. My chest rising and falling, trying to catch my breath.

"Good, because whatever I need, I take" said Lina, leaning down to kiss my neck.

She got up off the floor and walked away to some other part of the house, leaving me there with my thoughts.

What was it that she needed from me. What did she want me to do. I knew I would soon find out, but when and what. I thought if only I could prove my worth to her then she might just give me enough of a bite to unlock what I really am. Until then I would remain her faithful servant. I stretched my arms and legs out across the floor, watching the candlelight flicker on the ceiling. My enchantress... never leave me, please.

Serving The Futa Vampire

I laid in bed, momentarily confused as to where I was. This wasn't my home. And it wasn't home to any of my guy friends. The kind of guys I might end up with for a night unable to recall exactly what we did before passing out. I rubbed my eyes awake. And then it hit me. I was in Lina's house. This should have been obvious. Who else would have a home decorated with dripping candles and skull goblets. I was in the home of my odd neighbor. The one I had not actually met until last night. So I suppose it wasn't too different then the nights I shared with my guy friends. At least in some respects it wasn't different. In others however it differed greatly.

My stomach rumbled. I desperately needed something to eat. I felt so drained and empty. The night I spent with Lina left me so exhausted I couldn't help but pass right now. She must have carried me to bed though, I could have sworn I fell asleep in the living room. It wouldn't surprise me. She was much stronger than she looks. But then Lina is full of surprises. The biggest and most magnificent of which happened to be between her legs. I started to picture her in my head. She was otherworldly beautiful. Pale skin, red lips, and a tongue that could do anything. Curvy body, a perfect chest. And of course to top it all off she had a big... Best not to get too excited. Even just thinking about her made me yearn for her touch. She had that effect on me. Being in her presence was like having a spell cast upon oneself. A spell that could only be broken once Lina got what she wanted.

I left my room in search of something to eat. It was hard to tell exactly what time it was. Lina kept the shades drawn and the curtains blacked out. One could not get a glimpse of sunlight in this place. Instead candlelight lit the way throughout the house. Being inside here, you might forget you were in a totally normal suburban neighborhood, it was like being transported to another time and place. I had a hard time remembering why I even came here last night. Nobody in this town had any dealings with Lina. Most, if not everyone, just kept away from her. But since meeting her I couldn't keep away from her. While I scoured the house for something to eat, what I really wanted to find was Lina. Just to get another look at her enchanting beauty.

I went through the cabinets. It was nearly impossible to find anything. Didn't she eat? How did she manage to sustain herself, sustain that figure? I managed to find some bread in an old breadbox. The bread was stale but still edible. Unfortunately it would have to do. I sat in one of the high back chairs and ate my breakfast, if you could even call it that, at the table. I was too hungry to be picky.

If Lina was anywhere she was probably in the backroom. The door of which was locked. She clearly didn't want to be disturbed. From what little I knew about her, I knew she was the type who needed her privacy so I thought it best not to bother her by knocking or anything. I suppose I could have just left and gone home. Truthfully, I didn't want to. I wanted to see her again. What the two of us did last night together, it was... magical. I wanted to stay with her. I wanted to serve her. Like I said, she had an effect on me. That moment of release I shared with her, it made me want to serve her completely. And while that feeling wasn't as strong now as it was then, it still had a hold on me. And I had a feeling the moment I laid eyes on her again, or perhaps when she laid eyes on me, it would rush back in full force.

Time ticked away slowly and I wasn't going anywhere. I grabbed a book she had on one of her shelves tucked between a wilting flower and what looked like an urn. I didn't check to see if anything was in it. It was a big leather bound thing, handwritten too. The penmanship was hard to decipher at first but I managed.

While engrossed in my reading I felt a hand rest on my shoulder. I jumped a bit in my seat, startled. Lina's pointed black fingernails tapped me. I looked up and locked eyes with Lina. A calm washed over me. Her plump red lips smiling. Damn, was she quiet. Or I was just too enthralled by what I was reading, a journal of what seemed to be plant based medicine. Though more medicine for the mind than the body. I closed the book and placed it on the stand next to me.

I glanced up and down Lina's body. She wore a skin tight black dress that contrasted well with her porcelain skin. Tight enough to see all the curves. Cut low enough to get a full view of her cleavage. That familiar feeling hit hard. The energy she emitted from her being swelling inside of

me. Changing me in a way that I couldn't quite place, until it took complete hold of me. The desire that flowed in me for her, that lust that surrounded her like a thick air that I so desperately wanted to penetrate into. I would do anything to be a part of it.

"I require your service," said Lina.

"Anything for you," I said. The words came out naturally. I put no thought into what I said. I only spoke.

"Good," said Lina, tightening her grip on my shoulder. I sunk myself deeper into the cushions. I wanted her to crawl right up into me. Be inside of me.

"I need you to bring me another, one young and as beautiful as yourself," Lina leaned in close, this time whispering in my ear, "can you do that for me?" Her warm breath tickled and delighted. "I'll make it worth your while," Lina stuck her tongue out and licked my earlobe, nibbling it slightly with her pointed teeth.

I let out a heavy sigh, "Yes mistress," I responded.

Lina's hands slide down from my shoulder and over my breasts, giving them a squeeze. I bit my lip enjoying her touch. Her lips kissed my neck, the spot still sore from where her teeth left their mark during all our excitement. I had to admit however, I was a bit worried about having to share Lina with another. I wanted her all to myself.

"Don't worry. You won't see this one again after tonight. You're still my only servant," said Lina, answering my worry as if reading my thoughts. I relaxed at hearing that. Though still pumping with energy and desire for her. This time Lina's hands went from my breasts down my stomach and in between my legs. She rubbed me softly. I spread myself open on the couch, inviting her in.

"This is still the only one I really want to play with," Lina stopped rubbing and I wished she didn't. I wanted to beg for her hand back. "I simply have other hungers and desires I need to fill as well." Lina grabbed the book from off the stand and started to walk away, "now go," she said, before disappearing from my sight.

It shouldn't be too hard to find someone. It was spring break after all. The young college students all running amok over town. Looking to get loose and a bit weird. Blow off steam and pretend like the real world doesn't exist for them. I just had to find one of them and convince them to come home with me. Do a little seducing. I've never seduced a woman before. But for Lina I knew I could do it.

I left the house. The bright sun assaulted my eyes, it took some time to adjust. It must have been around three, shocked that I slept for so long. I hardly ever sleep in. I guess I needed the rest though. Lina really tired me out after all. I headed for main street. That's where most of the action would be. Bars and shops lined the entire road. Someone there had to be open for a new experience. Besides that's why most of them go anyway. Perhaps not for the kind of experience they might get with Lina but still. I'm sure the girls wanted to find some guy to take them home and hit it for the night. Just another one night stand they'd probably forget. But Lina could give an experience they'd never forget, I just had to show one of them that.

I don't come to main street often. I guess when you live here year round the thrill of it kind of wears off on you. I much prefer the quiet of my home most days. Although now I suppose I'm starting to enjoy Lina's home far more than my own. Still I wouldn't normally be found here. I went into the only bar on the street I've been to before, a place called Dusk.

The music inside was a bit loud but I guess that was to be expected. The first thing I did was head straight to the bar. I needed a drink. I had to calm my nerves a bit and prepare myself for what I was about to do. This was so unlike me, I needed to get out of my head for it. I wish Lina was with me. It would be so easy to access that seductful part of myself with her around. I lose myself in her so easily. Only a drink now might offer me any help in this task. I ordered two shots of straight vodka. I didn't have to enjoy the drink, I just needed it to do its job. I sucked the drinks down one after the other, my face cringing at the taste. I smacked my tongue against the roof of my mouth in hopes of removing the sting.

The crowd was younger than me. I graduated a few years ago. They all must have been first or second years for the most part. Still young, mostly

innocent. Though you wouldn't know it by the way they acted. Shamelessly flirting. Young men trying to buy girls a drink for a chance to hit it later tonight. I watched quietly as one young man failed.

The girl turned to her friends, "ugh, why do they all have to be such douches. I just want to get some dick and not have to deal with such pigs," she said. She was pretty, petite with long blonde hair and perky little tits.

"That's what the toys in your drawer are for," said one of her friends.

"I'm tired of that, I still want a real person on the other end of it," she said taking a sip of her drink, "Just not someone so dull."

"All guys are the same, best get used to it."

I eavesdropped on their conversation waiting for the right moment to insert myself into the conversation.

I tapped the blonde one on the shoulder, maybe it was the alcohol or maybe my desire not to disappoint Lina, either way I just put it all out there, "I can get you some dick without a guy like that attached to it," I said.

She looked at me slightly taken back, "What?"

"You want someone real, right? Come with me," I said.

She looked at her friends and then around the room, she knew whatever it was she was looking for, she wasn't going to find it here. "Alright," she said shrugging her shoulders and getting off the chair, "let's go."

"Shouldn't you tell your friends you're leaving first?"

"Pfft, they aren't the type to worry if I'm gone."

I left the bar with her. As we walked the two of us got to talking a bit. I learned a bit more about her. I didn't need to, but I listened, she seemed like she needed someone to listen. Her name was Lucy. She was two years into her bachelors for microbiology, you wouldn't know it from looking at her tonight but she was actually kind of smart. And you would know it from looking at her that she was incredibly sexy. A great ass, that I enjoyed watching bounce as we walked together.

We got to the house and Lucy looked it over, a bit skeptical. It can be rather intimidating, but that was the point. To keep anyone unwanted away.

“This is your home?” Asked Lucy.

“No, not mine. I live a few houses down.”

I opened the front door and invited her in.

“It’s dark in here,” she said.

“You get used to it.”

I called out for Lina. I could hear the clicking of her heels as she entered the room, looking as enchanting as ever. Lina gave me a smile and licked her lips. Lucy didn’t seem to notice.

“I thought I was going to get some dick,” said Lucy.

“Oh, don’t worry, you will.”

Lina approached the two of us, taking a strand of Lucy’s hair into her hands, “What a sweet little thing you are,” said Lina.

“Um... thanks,” said Lucy.

Lina moved around Lucy and over to me, whispering into my ear, “You did a great job,” Lina kissed my cheek.

“I’m so happy you came to join the two of us,” said Lina giving my breasts a feel.

The uncertain look on Lucy’s face vanished as she looked into Lina’s eyes. I could tell she felt herself falling into the same trance I did each time I looked into them. The same wanting swelling up inside her. My fingers played at the straps of Lina’s dress, lowering them down her shoulders. Further and further down, revealing her large full breasts. I cupped them in my hands, and kissed her nipples, sucking them into my mouth.

“You see Lucy,” I said lowering Lina’s dress down further, stopping as I got to her waist, “Guys aren’t the only ones who can give you dick,” I tugged on Lina’s dress removing it the rest of the way. I got down on my knees before my queen, taking her cock into my hand, giving it a stroke, getting it hard for us. I beckoned Lucy over to join me, not that I had to, she was already taken in by Lina’s allure. Lucy joined me on her knees before Lina. A cock like this deserves our worship. I could see now how selfish it was not to share it.

“I see what you mean,” said Lucy.

“Go on, give it a taste,” I said.

Lucy wrapped her lips around the tip of Lina’s cock, coating it with her spit. I joined in underneath, my tongue licking on the shaft. Lina clutched our hair, each of us in the grasp of one of her hands. Lina let out moans that echoed throughout the room. The sounds of Lucy’s sloppy sucking mixing with the sighs of pleasure.

I knew Lina wanted to take Lucy’s pussy. Pump her full with her hard cock. I got between Lucy’s legs to prepare her for such. Sucking and licking her clit to wetness, as she sucked on Lina. Once Lucy was nice and wet for Lina’s cock I positioned her on all fours for Lina to take. Lina got down behind her, teasing her cock against her pussy.

Lina pressed in, “You found me a tight one.”

Lina thrustured herself deep in Lucy’s pussy. My mouth latched to Lina’s tits and I rubbed myself, enjoying getting to watch her fuck another girl. I got down next to Lucy, presenting myself for Lina to take. As much fun as watching was, I needed to get fucked myself. I needed to have this desire for Lina fulfilled. I needed to have this pussy filled with her large cock. Lucy thrustured and fucked and switched between the two of us. Forcing our hips back and down the length of her shaft.

I turned and faced Lucy, looking her in the eyes as she made faces of pleasure each time Lina shoved herself in. I grabbed the back of Lucy’s head and pulled her in, kissing and licking her face, my body rocking back and forth from Lina’s control.

“Don’t stop,” I moaned gripping Lucy’s arm. The swelling of pleasure grew more and more intense. My face burned red as I held in for as long as I could. Wanting this to never end but knowing I would explode with ecstasy soon. Lina pulled out bringing her cock over for me to suck. She leaned down and whispered, “I’ll have more for you later, when I’ve had my fill of her.” Lina took a handful of Lucy’s hair and helped her to her feet.

“Come with me,” said Lina, walking off with her new pet, taking her to the backroom. The room that was always locked.

After a few moments I followed after them. Pressing my ear to the door. I could make out the slapping sounds of bodies against each other. The muffled moans of pleasure. I reached between my legs and masturbated. I Wish I was with them. I knew Lina wasn't going to leave me unsatisfied tonight. She needed something from Lucy though first. She hungered for her. And I knew she had to satisfy that hunger first. My legs quivered as I imagined the two of them going at it. Imagined Lina taking control of Lucy's body and having her way with it. Sinking deeper and deeper as she penetrated that fresh young thing.

Then came silence. I heard nothing. I went back to the room I awoke in that morning, waiting. I would wait here every night for Lina if that's what she wanted. After some time Lina entered the room looking more vibrant and more youthful than ever, something I didn't think was possible. She placed her knees on the sides of my hips, looking down at me.

"You did well," said Lina.

"Are you satisfied?" I asked.

"Very."

She raged with lustful energy. And I was now the only thing around for her to release that energy upon.

Lina shoved her cock into my mouth, having me soak it with my saliva. Then grabbing my hips and pulling me up into her, sliding in. Going at me like an animal after only one thing. She wasn't going to stop anytime soon. Moving my body this way and that, making me rock and bounce. Sweat dripped from our bodies and though I tired Lina never did. She sucked on my neck, and thrust in deep. Her cum exploding into my wet pussy. Not even the release was enough to stop her. She kept going using the mix of juices and cum as a further lubricant. Fucking my already too sensitive vagina. I grew lost in the overwhelming sensations. My mind shattering from its place inside me and leaping to a world higher above.

All I could do was wait for Lina's lust to subside and enjoy her ravaging. And that's all I wanted to do. To service my queen in whatever way she saw fit. I belonged to her. I didn't care what would happen to the world I was going to leave behind. To my house, my job. None of it mattered anymore. I

would forget it all and let someone else have it if they wanted. My place was her with Lina. Underneath Lina.

“I want to be like you,” I said, as the two of us rested on the bed.

“Not yet. I still need you to be able to go out into the world and be of service to me. To bring me more offerings like that one. Don’t worry, you will join me in time.” Lina kissed my neck and left the room.

The Futa Bathhouse

The Futa Hot Bathhouse in Gifu Prefecture doesn't exactly allow mortal men such as myself on its premises. That of course isn't going to stop me from trying. The bathhouse is run by a kodama named Sumi and has been for thousands of years. I've tried sneaking my way through the front gates, and each and every time Sumi managed to spot me and promptly toss me out on my butt. Each time more embarrassing than the last. Sailing through the air by the force of Sumi's magic, as the hot futa girls giggled watching me from the warmth of their bath. The more well endowed futa's, would wave a hand in the air as I soared by, their large breasts jiggling. And although I might end up with another bruise on my tailbone, the sight of those futas and their wet bouncing chests made it all worth it.

This time I managed to clamber my way up the stone wall, peaking over the top of it, overlooking the outdoor baths, steam rising from the hot water. I watched as two gorgeous futas soaked themselves in the water. I was still sore from yesterday's attempt. So I had no plans to try and hop over. I just wanted to watch them for now. Enjoy the sight of their radiant beauty. And although the two futas in there now had their bodies submerged, I could see Fuko's cleavage rising just barely above the waterline. Fuko had the biggest pair of all the futas, and if she wasn't so keen on letting the futas enjoy the size of her tits, I'm sure the others would have been jealous. But the futas of the hotsprings were sexual by nature. Always sharing and enjoying each other's company. Maybe it had something to do with the water, the way it washed away inhibitions, allowing the bathers to relax and let themselves be free. I wouldn't know for sure of course, but I was so desperate to try and find out just what it was that made those futa girls so playful. And even more desperate to find out if they'd be willing to play with me.

From my position on the stone wall I could hear each and every word the two futas were saying to each other. Their conversation started out innocently enough.

“It’s been so long since I’ve seen you Hitomi,” said Fuko, the one with the juicy tits.

“Far too long,” said Hitomi, running her hands through her straight black hair, “where have you been?”

“Sumi sent me on a little mission to find him more clients,” said Fuko.

“Any luck?” Asked Hitomi.

“What do you think? Have you known a futa that could say no to these tits,” Fuko gave herself a big squeeze, pressing her breasts together. My eyes widened at the sight of the water cascaded between her cleavage as she lifted her tits.

“I know I have never been able to,” Hitomi took her fingers and pinched Fuko’s nipples over her bikini top. A top that was stretched to its limits just barely covering her nipples.

“Fuck,” I said, perhaps a bit too loudly, but I could feel the blood rushing to my cock, hardening at the sight of the two of them touching each other.

“Did you hear something?” said Hitomi, lowering her hands back under the water.

“Uh uh... don’t stop, I missed your hands,” said Fuko, grabbing Hitomi’s wrists and placing her hands back on top of her chest, where they belonged.

“Good because they’ve missed you too,” Hitomi groped Fuko’s massive chest, and rested her head on her cleavage, “I missed these big pillows of yours so much,” Hitomi nuzzled herself nicely against Fuko.

I reached between my legs, sliding my hand underneath my waistband. The two futas made my cock throb and ache with lustful desire. I wanted to spring over the wall, but I knew better.

“Oh, Hitomi,” said Fuko, her cheeks turning red. Hitomi’s hands disappeared somewhere beneath the water. The look on Fuko’s face was priceless, she was so adorable when she got turned on.

“What is it, Fuko? Tell me,” Hitomi’s arm moved up and down, but the steam settling on the water clouded my view as to what she was doing.

“It.. It..”

“Use your words Fuko.”

“It feels so good,” Fuko’s tongue hung over her lips, as she panted.

I couldn’t help but stroke myself, imagining that Hitomi must be doing the same for Fuko. While lost to my senses, enamored by the futas, I felt a tapping on my shoulder.

I turned my head around. Sumi hovered effortlessly in the air, his pudgy white body swaying delicately in the breeze, the leaf that sprouted from the top of his head did the same.

“How many times are we going to have to do this?” Asked Sumi, his arms crossed, foot tapping against the empty air.”

I frantically zipped my pants back up, trying to regain my composure, “You... you said I wasn’t allowed inside the gates. Well I’m outside the gates,” I told him, hoping he was in an understanding mood. The leaf upon his head began to shake, which I knew meant only one thing, “Wait wait wait, hear me out,” I could feel the air around my body grow dense, “wait, before you do anything rash just listen.” I couldn’t keep my hold on the wall any longer, the force of Sumi’s pull was too strong, he turned my body around to face him, hovering me level with himself.

“What is it?” Asked Sumi.

“What if you let me in, just this one time,” I said.

Sumi said nothing, only shaking his head. He gave his leaf a little flick.

“No! Wait!” It was too late. My body went sailing high above the bathhouse.

“Is that...” Hitomi gazed up as I flew overhead.

“Tomoya! Hey!” Shouted Fuko, waving her arms at me, bouncing herself up and down, her tits splashing in the water. I tumbled head over foot through the air, doing my best to wave back, before crashing back to the ground some five miles away from the bathhouse.

I picked myself up and brushed off. Rubbing my, yet again, bruised tailbone, “Sumi, that bastard,” I spat. I was getting into that bathhouse. I needed to see my precious Fuko and Hitomi and all the other futas of the bathhouse. And not just see them but to bathe and play with them. The

way their eyes sparkled as they watched my failed attempts to gain entrance. The way they laughed, and bodies jiggled every time Sumi tossed me out. And each time I came back they would call to me, waving me over, tempting me to try just one more time. That's just their nature, futas just want to play, they don't judge who you are, they just want to have fun with you and each other. It's that bastard Sumi that keeps them all to himself.

I stretched my legs as I walked, hoping to work out the kinks of this week's failures. I wasn't exactly sure where I managed to land. It didn't matter though, I had time to wander, and think of a new plan.

I came across a small shrine set up underneath a lone cherry blossom tree, it's petals coated the ground in a wonderfully white-pink glow. It wasn't much of a shrine. Small, and by the looks of it, it doesn't see too many visitors. The stone was wearing away, and most of it was covered in moss. If you didn't know it was here, you'd probably pass right by. I decided I'd stop and present myself before it. Whose ever shrine this was, I'm sure they'd appreciate my visitation. Not like Sumi, he turned down my offerings, and shoved me away. That's what started this little bout between the two of us. He thinks because he's got a grand ol' shrine he doesn't need my tiny offerings. And at the time I simply came to him for help over a human female I had long ago fawned over.

I knelt down, and clasped my hand in prayer. Offering my words to the spirit of this shrine and tree. The petals cascaded down from the branches as I whispered my prayer, "please, help me get one over on Sumi. And into his bathhouse. I don't have anything to offer but my words, I only hope it is enough for even the slightest of your aid." The winds stirred, shaking the branches. The winds swirled the air on the ground into a twisting tempest of pink petals, until finally settling.

"Did you say, Sumi?"

I opened my eyes, a small scraggly looking kodama struggling to maintain his balance stood before me.

"Um.. yeah, I did," I replied. Honestly, I didn't think that would work. Some spirits obligate themselves to offer help to any traveler, but I was expecting to find an apple or something later on, not have the spirit

actually visit me. Usually you'd need quite the offering for that kind of thing.

"That basshtard," spat the kodama, the cherry blossom petal that sprouted from his had quivered.

"You mean bastard," I said smiling at him.

"...hic, yesh, sorry." He was clearly drunk.

"So you hate him too then, huh?" My eyes followed the kodama around as he spun about dizzily.

"Hate him!" He shouted, "He stole my favorite futa from me. Now look at me, I've got nothing," he spun in a circle and fell flat on his ass.

I placed my hands underneath his arms and lifted him up, "So, will you help me then? If you can get me in his bathhouse it would really piss him off," I said.

"Shure ...hic, but first youse gotta help me."

"Anything, name it."

"I gots quite the tab running at the bar juss up the road. Settle it for me, kay?"

"You got it," I was excited. I don't know how much hope I can put into one drunken spirit, but it was something, it was a plan. I took off running, and the fire that burned inside, the desire to be with those futa girls drove my sprinting.

"Wait!" The kodama called out, "You don't even know my name."

"What is it?" I yelled back, zipping through the trees not wanting to waste a second to turn around.

"Itsh Haru ...hic," Haru toppled over from his drunken shouting.

The sweet forest air whipped by me as I sprinted with urgency and haste through the woods. My arms trailing behind me, for increased speed of course. Haru... so all my hope was now in the hands of one drunken spirit of a random cherry blossom. This didn't exactly bode well for me. But he was still a spirit after all. I'd get much further with his help than alone.

The bar was a lot more impressive than I imagined it would be. I was expecting a run down shack. This place had two floors, and was more of an inn or tavern than a simple bar. I approached the bar and took a seat. The barmaid eyed me suspiciously. I'm sure she knew all her customers.

"Can I help you?" she asked. Her slender fingers resting on the countertop. She leaned forward, her kimono hanging enough for me to see her cleavage. She was a beauty. Long straight black hair, kind and joyful eyes, and of course from what I could see, ample breasts.

I swallowed, hoping she didn't catch me staring, "um... yeah," I said. She smiled at me, unconcerned with the fact I found myself enamored by her chest. If anything it delighted her to see me looking. "I'm here to settle Haru's tab."

"Well then," she pulled away from the bar and grabbed a slip of paper from somewhere underneath the counter, "he's really managed to rack it up this time." I should have expected that. I knew only one thing about Haru, he's a drunk. Make that two things, he's a drunk and doesn't pay his tabs. And by the look on the woman's face it was a rather astronomical amount.

I started to feel hopeless again. There was one very crucial problem, "I don't have any money," I said.

"Then how did you expect to pay for the tab?" She tossed the paper back where she got it from.

I bowed before her, imploring for her understanding, "please, there must be some way. I need to pay this tab off."

"Ooh, you're a fun one. So formal," she tapped a finger on the top of my head. I looked up, her bright smile comforting my worry. Her arms were crossed underneath her breasts, pressing them up, "I'm sure we can work it out," she said, shaking her chest back and forth. Her bouncing breasts enticing me.

"Thank you, thank you, anything. Just name it," I begged.

She giggled, resting her elbows and tits on the bar, "You're so cute when you act all submissive."

I lowered myself, prostrating before her, submitting myself fully to her, “Anything for such a beautiful maiden.”

She bit her lip, exhaling a heavy sigh from her nostrils, “It’s been so long since I’ve had anyone to play with. And I really need to play. Wait for me upstairs in the first room to the right.”

I bowed my head one last time and picked myself up.

“I’ll just need to lock up down here, so we won’t be disturbed.”

The room wasn’t anything special, but I suppose it served its purpose. A bed for a traveller who needs a quick place to stop and rest for the night, and a nightstand to give some semblance of home furnishing. But other than that, there really wasn’t much to it. I wasn’t exactly sure what this woman wanted from me, I had a few ideas however. And if this was what I had to do to get one step closer to being with the futas I so desperately desired, then so be it. I don’t have to enjoy it. I just have to pay the tab off.

I sat on the edge of the bed and waited for the barmaid. She entered into the room, her kimono hanging loose around her shoulders, occasionally slipping down, revealing more of her soft porcelain skin.

“I’m Ushio, by the way,” she said.

“Tomoya,” I replied.

“Tomoya... You’re such a cutie. What are you doing helping out an old drunk like Haru?”

“Well... you see it... eh...” I couldn’t tell this woman the real reason I wanted to help Haru, could I? What would she think of me, would she still let me pay off the tab if she knew the truth. Would she still want to do this, as she seductively walked over to the bed, sitting next to me.

“Oh, come on tell me, why are you being so shy?” Her fingers danced along my shoulders and across my neck. I could feel the blood rushing in my body. I squirmed underneath her touch, it felt so damn good, but I also felt so embarrassed.

“Maybe this will help you feel a bit more comfortable,” Ushio tugged at her kimono lowering it down past her breasts. They were such a perfect

shape, not as big as Fuko's but the shape made up for their lack in size. And her nipples were stiff, already needing to be touched.

"Go on, touch them, you'll feel better," Ushio took my hands in hers and placed them on her tits, squeezing and groping them along with me. Her face lit up, "oh, you feel so good," she wrapped her arms around me and hugged tightly, shaking my body back and forth, my face squished between her tits. "It's been far too long since I've had anyone touch them. And for my kind that's not a good thing," she said.

"Your kind?" I asked.

Ushio pulled away, "wait you don't know? Haru didn't tell you?"

"Tell me what?"

"Hmmpf, that's just like him. And I thought the whole reason he sent you here was because he wanted me back. I guess it really was just to settle the tab then," Ushio got off the bed and looked as if she was going to leave me.

I couldn't let my chances slip on by like this. I don't know what I said or did to upset her, but I couldn't have her just walk out on me, taking all my hopes of ever being with my futa loves away with her.

"Wait!" Don't go," I called out. Ushio stopped and turned around. "Talk to me, I don't want you to go."

"It's no use, Haru won't ever change. It would be better for the rest of us if we didn't wait on him," said Ushio.

Whoever this woman was, I'm sure she knew Haru better than I did. Still, I had to help her. I could tell she cared for Haru, even though she didn't want to admit it completely. And even though there really wasn't anything I could say to make her feel better, maybe there was something I could do. In the same way she helped me feel better.

I frantically unbuttoned my pants, kicking my legs trying to free them, "wait... wait..." I managed to get the damn things off, "come touch it, maybe you'll feel better." I held my hard cock in my hand, giving it a playful wave at her.

Ushio smiled, her eyes still a bit watery, "I knew you would be a playful one," she said. Ushio came back over to me, her fingers wrapping around my cock, "oh, you're hard. Did my tits do that?"

"Oh, yeah. I've never touched a pair like yours."

Ushio's fingers tickled and teased the tip, her mind getting lost in the meditative stroking. She admired and played and studied my cock as if it was a work of art, something that she had to come to understand.

"Feeling better?" I asked.

"Mmmhmm, thank you," said Ushio.

"So tell me, what's the story between you and Haru?"

"Okay, well... I was one of Haru's..." she stopped speaking, and her hand slowly stopped stroking my cock. She looked into my eyes, "If I tell you, you promise not to leave?"

"I promise," I said.

Ushio eyed me suspiciously, not quite believing me. She swished her mouth around and let the spit drip out of her mouth and down the tip of my cock, rubbing it all over with her hand.

"Damn," I exhaled, "that's nice, what are you doing?"

"I'm making sure you keep your promise and don't leave. Now you'll have to stay if you want to finish."

Ushio watched the level of satisfaction on my face grow ever more intense, my body tense and I held in as much as I could as she built the pleasure up inside me to almost excruciating levels and then... she stopped, pulling her hand away just as I was on the absolute edge. Denying me what I wanted, making me wait for it.

"Perhaps it's better I show you what I mean," said Ushio. The anticipation of the moment ate at me. The anticipation to see what she had to show, and the anticipation to have her touch my aching cock once again, and not leave me with such brutal torture.

Ushio untied her kimono, letting the fabric slink off her body, sliding down to the floor and pooling around her feet. My gaze went from the soft

features of her face to her slender tummy and curvy hips. And then between her legs.

“You’re a futa!” I exclaimed, practically jumping out of the bed with excitement. This was the closest I’ve ever gotten to one. Wait a second, I touched her, I touched those breasts. That wasn’t just an ordinary woman’s breasts. That was... I knew it, that’s why she felt so enticing and playful and comforting.

“You’re not mad?” Ushio asked.

“Mad? Madly in love perhaps,” I wrapped my arms around her and gave her a big hug, “I can’t believe it, look at you,” I grabbed her shoulders. “Look at your tits, your hips...” my hands touched each part I named, “and look at your...”

“My cock?” Said Ushio.

“Can I?”

“Go on,” said Ushio.

My hands slid along the soft curves of her hips towards her core, towards her hard and erect futa cock. Did I get it hard? Did playing with my cock, make Ushio hard for me?” Just the thought of it made the precum drip from my tip.

“Why did you think I would be mad?” I asked petting her smooth cock.

“Well, I’ve never met a human who liked me, or any futa for that matter. That’s why we usually have to stick together. But I lost...” Ushio started to look upset again.

I didn’t want to see her so upset. I liked when she giggled, not when she teared up. I lowered myself down on my knees. Her cock hard between my hands. “Tell me what happened,” I said. I stuck my tongue out, teasing the tip of her cock with it.

Ushio giggled and placed her hand on my head, “that tickles... okay, I’ll tell you.” My hands glided along her dripping futa cock as she told me her story. “I lost my futa familia... or should I say Haru lost us. He was always a drinker but it got worse. And one night he bet all his futas against Sumi in a

game of mahjong. Haru never loses, but the drinking got the best of him and so did Sumi.”

“Then why are you here and not with Sumi?” I asked. She didn’t know it but I knew a lot about Sumi and his futas, and I couldn’t imagine Sumi letting one of them go any place where I might find her.

“He didn’t want me. Sumi only wanted the ones he thought prettiest. And I guess I didn’t make the cut.”

“That’s ridiculous, all futas are beautiful. Just look at you,” I couldn’t keep my hands off Ushio, I wanted to grab and squeeze every bit of her. The way her cock throbbed in my grasp. The way her breasts jiggled as I stroked her. What is not to love? “But why didn’t you go back to Haru?”

“After he lost his favorite futa, his true love, he just didn’t have it in himself anymore to be with the rest of us.”

“I don’t understand how anyone wouldn’t want to be with this,” I said, giving that pretty smooth cock of hers a kiss.

“You’re too kind,” said Ushio, her hands fiddling at my trousers.

“I’m not being kind. I’m being honest.”

Our words were a sweet comfort to each other. Her lips tasted equally sweet entangled with my own.

“Tell Haru not to worry about his tab. I’ll work something out with the owner. There’s something about you. I think Haru needs you. I don’t know why I feel this way, but I do.”

“Thank you, thank you so much,” I placed my hand on Ushio’s cheek pulling her in for another kiss. I don’t know how I could be of any help to Haru. And honestly, I still really only cared for getting into the bathhouse, but if this was important to Ushio, I felt like I couldn’t let this futa down.

Ushio removed my pants. My cock stood straight and erect for her. The sight of her futa cock made me so incredibly hard. Getting even the tiniest glimpse of a futa cock from the futas of the bathhouse was difficult, they always hid it under the water, or walked around in towels, only a bulge occasionally noticeable.

“I’m guessing you’ve never fucked a futa before,” said Ushio.

“Uh... Uh... The only futas I’ve seen were Sumi’s... and well you know how he is.”

“It’s a shame he won’t let his futas play with the humans. Haru was never so greedy,” Ushio licked her lips. Wetting her mouth, bringing it to my cock, her tongue tasting my tip, licking the drips of precum up. “You can help us, all of us,” said Ushio, forcing her mouth deep down my shaft and sucking me up.

Fuck, did her warm mouth ever feel so damn good. I clutched her hair, soft and long as it fitted between my fingers. Saliva pooled in her mouth and drooled over my cock, making me slick and lubricated for her nimble fingers to glide up and down with absolute ease.

“Are you ready to be inside?” Asked Ushio. I was so ready, her pussy dripped with her sweet juices, her cock dripped with precum as it twitched with excitement.

“Fuck, please,” I begged. Ushio pushed me down onto my back, tearing my shirt off my body. Hovering her cock and pussy above me and lowering herself down. She grabbed my cock and held it straight, sinking her cunt down my shaft. She slid her wet pussy further down until the whole of my length penetrated deep inside of her.

“Mmm, that feels good,” moaned Ushio, grinding her hips against me, shaking her body on my throbbing cock. Her breasts jiggled in my face, I reached up and pinched her stiff nipples, Ushio let out a satisfied cry, biting her lip, raising and lower her hips. Her cock danced with the motions of her body, slapping against me as she sped up.

My hands went to her thighs, holding her as I thrust up inside. Ushio slamming down. Our bodies glistened with sweat.

“The thing about us futas is; we get to enjoy the best of both worlds,” Ushio took my hand and guided it to her cock. She let the spit ooze down her lips and onto the tip. Rubbing the gooey saliva down along with my hand, while my cock pounded inside of her. I could feel her pussy tighten around my cock, her own cock swelling with the need to release her cum.

“I want you... to... cum with me,” Ushio panted, her tongue hanging over her bottom lip, a strand of spit dangling. We hastened our play, our

bodies rolling in the bed as we each tried to grab and secure the other down. I thrust my tip furiously in her, my hand stroking the head of her cock. Ushio bucked her hips, our faces contorted with restrained pleasure until neither one of us could hold back any longer. Cum shot from my cock, filling her deep inside, leaking down my cock and out of her tight cunt. Ushio moaned and gripped my shoulders, collapsing her body on top of mine, her breasts pressed against my chest. Her warm load erupted between the two of us, sticking our bodies together.

We wrapped our arms around each other, breathing the scent of our sex in, Ushio nestled her head between my shoulder and neck, “I know you can help,” she whispered, her tongue teasing my ear, “go back to Haru, tell him the tab is settled.”

I didn’t want to leave Ushio. I wanted to hold her, I didn’t want to let go of her body so soon. The way her breathing tickled my neck, I didn’t want any of it to end. Yet I wanted to help her. I didn’t know how I could though. It’s not like she gave me any clear directions. She seemed to trust in me though.

I went back to the cherry blossom tree where Haru’s shrine was located. The petals fell almost constantly, as if enchanted to never stop falling. I knelt before his shrine and clapped my hands three times. The petals began to swirl clouding my vision. Haru appeared from the settling tornado of pink and white.

“Your tab is paid off,” I said.

“Oh, you actually did it?” Asked Haru. He seemed much more in control of himself, not stumbling over his own two feet like last time.

“Yeah, of course I did,” I said.

“Well, a deal’s a deal,” said Haru, he pinched the stem of the cherry blossom blooming from the top of his head and broke it off. He gave the one end a lick and stuck it to my forehead. Another petal blossomed in place of the one he just removed.

“There you are,” said Hau, blowing at the petal dangling from my face, “now Sumi won’t be able to tell you’re a human.

My face dropped with disbelief, “are you serious. That’s it. I thought you were going to do some sort of spirit magic or something.”

“Spirit magic? I can’t do any magic,” said Haru.

“But... But you’re kodama,” I said.

Haru shrugged his shoulders, “trust me, this will work.”

I doubted very much that Haru’s ‘disguise’ would manage to convince anyone. Especially not Sumi. I mean Sumi was a kodama himself, he’s seen me before.

“Alright well, see you around. Thanks again for taking care of that tab for me,” cherry blossoms swam in the air, circling around Haru until settling. I had a feeling I knew exactly where he took off to. Even if this was my most foolish attempt yet at gaining entrance, I was still going to give it a go. The worst case scenario is I find myself falling flat on my butt once again. I didn’t have anything to lose. Not really.

I arrived at the main gates of the bathhouse. Sumi sat at the entrance, a wooden pipe in his hand, smoke swirling out of his lips as he contemplated the sky. Sumi gave me a nod and that was all, he didn’t say a word, or hardly took any notice of me. I was in disbelief. This whole time, was it really this easy to fool him. It seemed way too simple. How could a simple flower petal fool him so badly. Either way I wasn’t going to argue with it. It worked, and I was going to get what I wanted.

I entered the bathhouse. Fuko’s tiny feet patted along the tile, she stopped and turned, seeing me standing at the entrance.

“Tomoya!” Shouted Fuko, she jumped up, her voluptuous tits jiggling behind her micro bikini. She ran up to me, throwing her arms around my body, “how did you get past Sumi? And what’s this doing on your head,” Fuko plucked the petal off me, inspected it for a moment and then placed it into her hair.

“You see I-”

“Oh, it doesn’t matter, come on... Hitomi is outside waiting for me, she’s not going to believe this.”

I followed behind Fuko, her tiny bikini showing off her tight cute ass, to the outdoor bathhouse.”

“Look who it is,” said Fuko.

The steam settled around Hitomi as she glanced up from the pool, “Tomoya?” Said Hitomi in disbelief.

“Mmmhmm,” said Fuko, “A real human, can you believe it? It’s been so long.”

“It really has, too bad Nadeko isn’t here, she’s been dying to play with a human,” said Hitomi.

“We all have,” Fuko slid into the water next to Hitomi, “what are you waiting for, get in Tomoya.”

“Right right, of course,” I removed my shirt and pants, disrobing down to my boxers. I dipped a toe into the warm water.

“Are you going to leave those on?” Asked Fuko.

“Hmm?”

“Your boxers, you don’t need those.”

I removed my boxers as well, exposed before the two beautiful futas. Just being naked before them made the blood rush to my cock.

“Excited already, Tomoya?” said Hitomi.

“Oh shush, Hitomi. I like it,” said Fuko.

I sank my body into the warmth of the bath. The water enveloping my skin, my worries melting away. I wanted to mention everything Ushio had said to me, but my attention wandered elsewhere. Mostly to Fuko’s cleavage, and Hitomi’s sparkling eyes.

“Let’s not waste any time, who knows when Sumi might be back,” Fuko dove under the water. Hitomi started to kick and squirm.

“What... what are you doing,” said Hitomi.

Fuko rose up out of the water holding Hitomi’s bikini in her hands, “Ha, got it.”

“Give that back,” said Hitomi wading after Fuko.

“Tomoya! Catch,” Fuko tossed the bikini over Hitomi, I reached up and snatched it off Hitomi’s finger tips.

“You too?” Pouted Hitomi, her big doe eyes looking up into mine.

“If you’re good maybe I’ll give them back,” I said.

“Is this good,” Hitomi’s fingers tickled at the head of my cock.

I let out a sigh, “It’s a start.”

Hitomi submerged herself underwater. Her tongue teased my cock, and soon her lips wrapped around it.

Fuko raised her eyebrows, “Hey don’t forget about me.” Fuko pulled at the string of her top, letting it fall from her breasts, floating on top of the water. “I bet you’ve been dying to know what these feel like,” said Fuko, rubbing up against me, her stiff nipples grazing across my chest.

Hitomi reemerged, gasping for air, “How was that?”

“Perfect,” I muttered, my cock throbbed for her return. In the meantime Fuko’s breasts fit nicely in my hands, she panted and moaned as I played with her sweet nipples.

“Are we everything that you’ve imagined?” Asked Fuko.

“He hasn’t even played with the best part yet,” said Hitomi.

“You mean this?” I watched as Fuko’s hand grabbed Hitomi’s cock under the water.

“Hitomi’s eyes widened, “mmm, exactly.”

“Come on Tomoya, help me out,” said Fuko.

I placed my hand just above Fuko’s, pleasing the tip of Hitomi’s hard cock, as Fuko worked the shaft.

“Fuck! You two, that feels too good. Stop... stop... I don’t want to cum yet,” Hitomi begged.

“That’s no fun,” said Fuko, easing up.

“At least let me have Tomoya, inside my pussy before I cum,” said Hitomi.

“What do you say? Are you ready to be inside a futa?” Fuko asked, kissing my cheek.

“You know it,” I said.

The three of us got out of the pool and towed ourselves dry. Though the two futa’s kept their pussy’s wet and ready for my cock.

Hitomi laid herself out on the outdoor mat, the sun glistening off her skin, “Come on Tomoya, don’t make me wait,” Hitomi bucked her hips, her cock bouncing hard and erect in the air. I certainly wasn’t going to leave her waiting. I couldn’t wait either, the sight of her body, her cock and tits and pussy, made my own cock twitch with an intense need to penetrate her wet cunt. I lifted Hitomi’s hips up, teasing my cock against her wet pussy.

“Darn, I never thought you’d be this big,” said Fuko, admiring my cock, “here, let me help.” Fuko let her spit drip down her lips, and over my cock. I used the extra lubrication to slowly tease Hitomi’s hole open.

“Oh, fuck,” Hitomi moaned.

“I think she likes it,” said Fuko, reaching for her cock, “give her more.”

I shoved the full length of my cock inside Hitomi. Hitomi lifted her hips, taking me in deeper. Fuko stroked Hitomi’s hard cock. The two of us granted Hitomi pleasure to every part of her fantastic body.

“More... please more,” begged Hitomi, she squirmed from my thrusting. Fuko went down on her, engulfing Hitomi’s cock with her mouth. The steam of the bathhouse warmed my back as I mounted Hitomi more intensely, her tits bouncing to the rhythm of my pounding. Fuko kept her mouth latched onto Hitomi as our bodies rocked back and forth.

Sweat dripped down my forehead, my legs tired but none of that stopped me. Hitomi’s cries filled me with the energy I needed.

“Please cum inside me, I need it,” begged Hitmoi. I wasn’t going to disappoint her, I thrust the tip of my cock fast and hard in her wet cunt, building up the need to explode. Hitomi grabbed her cock and started masturbating furiously. “Fuck, yes that’s it, cum with me.” We were both on the edge, holding in and building it up as much as possible, but it was about time, we gritted out teeth knowing release was near.

“Wait!” Fuko cried out, getting to her feet, “don’t forget about me.” Fuko brought her cock over to my lips. I opened my mouth to receive her.

Sucking on her hard futa cock, precum dripped from the tip. Fuko clutched my hair, her futa cock swelling with the need to cum. The intense energy overwhelmed the three of us. I couldn't hold back any longer, I gave one last hard push deep inside Hitomi, cum erupting from my cock and filling her cunt as it tightened around me. Hitomi's cock twitched in the air, streams of cum spilling out, sticking to my chest and her tits.

"I love you two," Fuko tilted her head back, pulling out of my mouth, her cum raining down on me and Hitomi, the two of us laughed as her sticky white cum adhered to Hitomi's hair.

"Ugh, now I'm gonna have to wash it again," said Hitomi, playing with the cum.

"Don't worry, I'll help clean you off," Fuko licked the drops of cum off Hitomi's cock and out of her pussy. "I'll clean you too, Tomoya," Fuko's tongue licking cum off my already too sensitive cock.

I winced with pleasure, "fuck that's too good."

"You're too good," said Fuko, kissing my cheek, "you need to stay with us."

"But Sumi..." I said, disheartened. I wanted to stay. Fuck, there was no way I could leave this.

"You let us worry about Sumi," said Hitomi, caressing my cheek with her thumb, "we're not about to lose the first human we've had since..."

"...Haru," said Fuko, finishing Hitomi's sentence.

I could sense just how tense the two of them got at the mention of Haru. Maybe Ushio was right. Perhaps I really was needed here. What if all of Sumi's futa's felt this way. If so then it was up to me to help them. I don't know why but they all seemed to trust me. And I wanted to help. Not just so I could play with them. Though I did want to play, I never had more fun than playing with a futa. But I wanted to do this for them as well, they all seemed to miss having humans around to play with. And if there was a possibility to rebuild the relationship between futas and humans then I knew I had no other choice but to try.

“You should go for now, before Sumi finds out. Take this with you,” said Fuko, removing the cherry blossom from her hair and placing it in my palm.

“Don’t worry, we’ll do what we can on our side. If you need us you’ll know where to find us,” said Hitomi.

I didn’t want to leave them, but for now I had no choice, we didn’t exactly have a plan. For now I just had to be patient and wait for the next step to present itself naturally to me. For now I just had to enjoy the moment I got to spend with the most wonderful beauties I’ve ever experienced. For now, that was enough.

Fertile Futa Nymph

Living alone in the city can get pretty damn stressful. Trying to make the old ends meet and struggling to get by. You know the same old story, told time and time again by all the faceless and nameless people I walk on by on my way to work. On my way to plopping myself down at the front desk. Taking phone calls and scheduling appointments. Not exactly the kind of thing I dreamed of doing. But I guess that tends to happen in life. Ya just get caught up in the way things are and find yourself somewhere. I guess that's what happened to me. I shouldn't complain too much though, things aren't all bad.

The real reason I suppose I'm feeling a bit down lately is that me and my boyfriend broke up sort of recently. Which ya know, it sucks. It was amicable as far as breakups go. At least as far as the ones I had go. But I miss having someone. Someone who I would get to talk to each day after coming home from work, beat down and tired. Someone to just watch a nonsense show on the television with, as I lay my head on their shoulder. That sort of thing. A woman needs that sort of thing. Or well, I do at least.

Of course we had been together for quite some time. So there were days where cuddling on the couch, flicking through channels finding nothing to watch turned into looking into his eyes. Putting my hand on his thigh. Leaning in for a kiss. Tasting his lips on mine. Him lowering my body down, his hands running along my skin. Searching to touch just a little more than a little more and then... well you get the idea. We got to know each other's body pretty intimately. He knew the way I liked to have booty rubbed. I love booty rubs. Even if it isn't strictly sexual. It's nice to have some strong hands grasping and rubbing, loosening up my tense muscles from sitting down all day. A massage turning into more than just a massage.

Maybe I'm just depressing myself all the more by reliving these memories. They're a bit bitter sweet though. To be nostalgic about the old times. But I knew I had to move on from that relationship. We just didn't connect. And the more I thought about it the more I realize we never really did connect.

So all this aside. What I wanted to do, I wanted to go on a trip. On my own. I didn't necessarily want to go alone. But I didn't know who to invite. I wanted to take some time for myself, and my friends and family weren't the type of people I wanted around for this. They'd just want to do too much. And I just kind of wanted to relax, mull things over, be a little pretentious maybe and think about life. That's how I was feeling. I think after a big life change, taking a little time for that sort of thing is deserved.

I decided to go camping. I figured it was the opposite of where I'm at now. The total opposite of the loud merciless city crowded with angry and resentful people, rushing down streets to get back inside their corporate buildings or broken down apartments. I was sick of seeing that everyday. I wanted to see something untouched by all of this. Getting some fresh air sounded real good. Seeing nature as it is, before a bunch of human jackasses decided to torch a scar deep through it. I'm just being jaded right now. I do love the city for some things, the museums, the restaurants. It's not all bad. I like the guy who I pass by everyday playing his guitar in the subway before he goes back to wherever he came from, probably going to buy a hit of something to get him through the rest of the day.

I know I wouldn't be able to do a tent. That would have been too rough for me. I need a little comfort, a damn bed at the least. So I got a cabin. Besides, I figured what was the point of saving up so much money if I never allowed myself to use any of it from something I really enjoyed. So I splurged a bit for a cabin. Not some super fancy thing, but enough to provide me with the most basic of necessities.

I arrived, stepping out of my vehicle. Taking in that first breath of fresh air. The scent of pine and the woods filling my lungs. Already refreshing me. Pushing out the polluted toxic city air. Clearing me out of all those toxins. The sweet scent sedating my once anxious mind filled with corporate worries and fears. Clearing my head of the loud and hateful noises of a city that doesn't get rest. Never rests from its anxieties and chasings of hopeless dreams.

I unpacked my things once inside the cabin. Putting my outfits away in the drawers and closets. Tossing a few books I brought with me onto the

coffee table. I planned to do a bit of reading. I didn't want any technology. This was a journey to see myself and the world unencumbered by the manufactured distractions of my daily life. To get in touch with myself and my feelings and all that. Maybe it sounded a bit hippy, maybe a little lame in a way. But I didn't care. I feel like it was an ideal in its own way. And I wanted to see what that meant. Even if it was just pretend, I wanted to see myself as the female version of Henry David Thoreau or Walt Whitman, someone like that.

Once I had everything in the cabin settled, I knew I wanted to get outside, that's why I came here. I figured on going for a walk. Taking in the scenery in without much of a plan or anything. Just exploring the world around me and taking it all in. It was great. The sky a clear beautiful blue, with a few clouds spotted in between. It felt open. Like I touched the sky and it touched me. Like I wasn't just trapped inside something. Allowing myself to reach out of who I am. That's not something you want to do in the city, you don't know what sort of slimy thing you'll end up touching if you do. But out here everything was more pure and more free.

The birds and squirrels chattered freely in the trees, chasing each other down, but never really catching up. Always just slightly out of reach. Playful, really playful. I followed the sounds, the sounds of the forest creatures and the sound of running water in the distance. I love water, naturally flowing. I haven't seen that in forever. All we had in the city were man made structures, and ponds carved out in a park for ducks to sit around.

I knelt down before the stream. Laying my hand on top of the water sending out small ripples. I scooped up a handful of water, splashing my face with it, refreshing myself, rubbing my eyes awake. Awake for the first time in forever. I knew I had to get into that stream. Symbolically cleanse myself of the filth and grime of the city with the rivers natural purity.

I removed my shirt and pants, placing them on rock beside me. Standing in nothing but my bra and panties. Now that felt freeing, standing out in the world like this, as I am. Not something you could do in the city. I dipped a toe in, getting a feel for the cold water. Shivers running up my spine from the cold. I braced myself, taking a step in. Wading in up to my

hips. This is what I needed. I took a deep breath and submerged myself underneath. Enveloped by the stream, washing away all that I had built up over time. Staying under for as long as I could hold my breath.

I emerged, the water cascading down my body, trickling back into the stream. I blinked my eyes open when I saw her. Standing at the edge of the stream before me, a slender beauty of a thing. Radiant really. An enticing glow about her. She had on a long white dress. The fabric thin enough to see the shape of her nipples pressing against it. Flowy enough to hide the shape of her body beneath it. Who was she? Where did she come from? It took me aback a bit. She certainly wasn't dressed how I imagined someone camping here would be. But I shouldn't judge, it was beautiful in its own right, and she was beautiful by all rights.

I stared at her, not saying anything. Just caught up in the unexpected sight of her. And she simply looked back at me with intrigue. Perhaps I was just as much of an unexpected presence to her as she was to me. She reached her hand out for me to take. And I just grabbed it. Not thinking, not questioning it, just took her hand in mine as she helped me out of the stream. I stood before her, water dripping down my wet body. She looked me over, taking in the sight of my body. I felt a bit exposed. But I don't know why. She didn't seem to mind the sight of me. In fact she seemed delighted by it. I glanced at myself. My underwear adhering to me in such a way that she could make out the shape of my vagina.

She continued to hold to me. Her hands soft and delicate. Her beauty an intoxicant all its own.

"I hope I'm not intruding," she spoke.

"Not at all," I said, in a way she was a very welcomed sight. I mean I didn't plan on spending time with others on this trip. But something about her now put me at ease. Besides after washing off in the stream, I was feeling more open. Open to the moment. I started to shiver, the air cold against my wet skin.

"You're cold," she said very matter of factly.

"Yeah, I should get back and dry off," I said. I gathered my clothes from off the rock, "You can join me if you'd like," I said. I guess a little company

won't hurt.

"I would like that, I'm Lily by the way," she said.

"Lily ...it's nice to meet you."

We walked through the forest back to my cabin. Not a long walk, I didn't have to go far to get to the stream.

"Make yourself comfortable," I said.

"It's a nice cabin isn't it," she said.

I nodded, "I haven't spent much time in it, but I like it, I came more for the trees than the cabin, though."

"I'm happy to hear that," she said.

I went into the bedroom and removed my wet clothes. I grabbed a towel and started to dry myself off. Shaking the towel over my wet hair, I looked up and saw Lily standing by the door. Now that really took me off guard. I quickly wrapped the towel around my body, embarrassed.

"What... I..." I couldn't get the words out.

Lily looked at me puzzled, seemingly confused as to why I was uncomfortable for the moment.

"You don't have to hide your body from me, It's very pretty."

"Thank..thank you."

It felt nice to hear those words from someone as attractive as she was. I have to admit that. She took a step closer and I found myself doing the same.

"It's important to embrace yourself as you are," she said, "You don't have to hide what you are because of the sensitivities of others. Isn't that why you came here?"

She was right, that was why I came here. But how did she know that. Maybe that's why anyone would come out here.

Her fingers played at the edge of her dress, just above her collarbone. Her hand running along her chest.

"That's why I'll never leave this place. Never leave the streams," she said. She started to lower the front of her dress. I moved in closer to her. I

wanted to get closer. To see more. I was enticed by her beauty. I wanted to be within that radiant glow. To perhaps experience something I knew I had never experienced before. She pulled down the front of her dress lowering it down passed her breasts. Full breasts and well shaped, pointed nipples that stood stiff. I placed a hand on her shoulder, unable to keep my hands off her. Her own hand found its way to my hip, grabbing to the towel wrapped around me.

I didn't want that towel wrapped around me, not anymore. I wanted her intoxicating beauty wrapped around this body of mine.

"Where are you from?" I asked, curious. Curious as to what brought her to this place. Was it the same that ended up bringing me here.

"I'm from here," she said, pulling me in close, "From the running streams, this is where I have always found myself."

I didn't really know what that meant. But I liked the sound of it. That air of transcendentalism was part of why I came here in the first place and she embodied that. In the way she dressed and in the way she talked.

"But I'm happy you came to visit, I don't get to see people very often," she said.

"I'm happy too. Happy to have you see me," I said, I untucked the towel from around my chest and let it fall to the floor. Naked and bare before her. She smiled, her hand gliding along my cheek, down my neck, and across my chest.

"But I would really like to see more of you," I said, taking hold of the front of her dress, sliding it down her body as I lowered myself to my knees. As the dress fell from her body the truly unexpected presented itself before me. This woman, this beauty, the sensual form of perfection did not have what I did between the legs. Instead she had a sweet, delicate and smooth cock. My fingers tickled at her thighs.

What stood before me now was more than I could have hoped for or dreamed of. More than what I had ever come to understand of this life. Yet that enticed me all the more. Enticed me to learn more of her, of who she was.

“Surprised?” She said, taking notice of the look on my face.

“Very,” I said, my hand cupping her, “But wonderfully so.”

She stiffened bit by bit in my touch. I gave her pretty cock a lick, helping it grow to its full length. A rather impressive length. I joyfully played with it, until she became fully erect. I took her into my mouth. My lips moist with wanting. Sliding on and off her. She placed a hand on the top of my head. The sounds of pleasure escaping her. Enjoying the sensation of my tongue fluttering along her shaft as she pressed passed my lips.

“I think I made the right decision coming here,” I said, wiping the drool from my chin.

“You haven’t cum just yet,” she said.

“No, not yet,” I guided her by the cock over to the bed.

If I was going to cum, there was only one way to have that happen. And that was with her inside and on top of me.

I splayed out on the bed. She climbed on top of me. Holding my leg up against her as she kissed my lips, tasted herself from off them. Her kisses rained down my neck and breasts making their way between my legs. Until she gave my clit a soft kiss, sending shivers through me. Her lips and tongue licking me up. Her hands teasing my tits. Making my pussy moist for her. So moist that when her fingers entered the schlick squishing sounds of my pussy sounded in the room.

“I want you inside me,” I said. Of course I didn’t just want it. I needed it. I ached for it. To feel that smooth cock make its way inside of me.

“Of course,” she said, teasing the head against my clit, “I want nothing more than to give to the friends of my forest.”

My pussy wet from her licking. Her cock slick from my saliva. She entered into my pussy. Connecting with me. Connecting her to me; and me to her. Connected to the motions and twists and turns of the world around us. The unfolding of each event naturally into the next, unobstructed by the human need to control. Like the flowing of the river, simply going about its way, pulled along by the environment it found itself birthed into.

Our bodies rocked together on this raft of a bed. Rising and falling to the lift of the waves the two of us created by our movements. I moaned with each stroke of her cock, sliding in and out. Thrusting down the shaft, her body slapping against mine. Her breasts grazing along mine. Her nipples stiff, pressed against me. I wrapped my arms around her and pulled her in. Pulling her close. Connecting. Wanting to feel our union as one. Even if it could only last for a moment. But being fully in that moment while it lasted. Our sweat intermingling, our breaths exhaling heavily. My legs twisting around her own. Finding our two selves moving in one singular motion.

The world melting away. Nothing but our bodies and movements, nothing but the union of our pleasure; to be seen, felt, or heard. I've never had it like this. Never with someone like her. How could I go back to my mundane world. How could I go back to the city. Back to the judgements. I was caught up in her. Caught up in that radiance, that feeling of being and belonging. I didn't want it to leave. Didn't want her to leave.

"Give me more," I moaned.

She shoved in deeper. Hitting than stopping. Hitting than stopping. I knew I wanted her inside me. But I had to have all of her inside me. The fertile essence of who she is inside me. Filling me up.

"I want you to cum inside me," I begged. I had to have it. Her pure essence swimming through me, attaching to my own life force.

She gripped tightly to my shoulder with one hand, the other lifting a leg up, making space for her to plunge in freely. Enough to send me to another world. A world of ecstatic pleasure, rolling over me like the crashing waves of the ocean. Faster until she reached for my face, bringing my lips to hers, embracing me with all her might. Her legs shaking as the release of her essence filled me and filled me and dripped down.

"Thank you baby, thank you," my breasts heaving, body tired out.

"No thank you," she kissed my forehead.

We rested next to each other on the bed. Gazing out of the skylight, watching the world turn before us. Watching as the day turns into night. Watching together until no longer able to keep my eyes open. Slipping from

this world into the world of dreams. Though my dreams were all coming true, not in sleep but in my waking day.

The next morning I awoke, turning on my side in hopes of seeing Lily next to me. But she wasn't there. Where did she go, I wondered. I listened to the silence, not a stirring within the cabin. But the memory of her was still very much alive. The feeling of her pressed against me. Still fresh on my body and mind. Still lingering. I held onto that. Letting that feeling be my new driving force. Not the rush of the city, of having to get mine. I had what was mine. Had it fill up inside of me. There's no need to chase that which doesn't run from you. And I've grown so tired from the chasing. I knew I didn't have to chase Lily. She wasn't running from me. She was following the natural turning of the earth. Following it until it brought the two of us back together again.

I didn't want to come back to the city. But I did. My life was still there. For now anyway. I can't say I was happy being back. But I can say it was all the more manageable. So easily manageable now that I didn't try to run things down, trying to control the outcome of my life here. Mainly because it wasn't my life here that really felt like mine. My life was still at that cabin. Waiting for my return. The first month all I did was dream of those days at the cabin. I only spent one night with Lily but it continued to linger. Living out my ideal of sitting by that stream, a book in my hand, the sun warming my skin. I was still in that world, though my body found itself here. Though clients and coworkers saw me. They didn't really see me.

It wasn't until some time later that I discovered just how much that night with Lily remained with me. Remained with me in the form of a growing belly. The product of our love taking its physical form a little more as the days went by. Coworkers couldn't help but comment, wondering how me and my boyfriend were handling the pregnancy. I just played along. I didn't tell them, I haven't seen him in these months since my return. And I certainly didn't tell them this was not his doing. They wouldn't understand anyway. Besides, this blessing wasn't for them. They would only corrupt it. This was my pure blessing. Mine and Lily's and she was the only one I wanted to share it with, no one else.

I knew I had to return to the cabin. I had to see her again. Show her how far along I am now. Something inside told me she knew about the pregnancy. Somehow I just knew she knew. And that she too wanted me to return for her. Even if only for a short while. I didn't care that taking another vacation so soon might harm my positioning at this company. None of that mattered to me now. I had life inside me. I had a desire for living life. And I was never going to get that here. I could only get that by the stream, listening to the whispering words of the running water. The sooner I made my way back to Lily, the better.

So I booked the trip. Going against all the warning of my coworkers and family, I left. Left this city once again for the freedom of the natural world. I did worry a little, it's only likely to feel a little uneasy. But now standing once again before the stream, I forgot all that. Dipping my toe into the water washing away the negativity the same as before. I removed my clothes. This time all of it. I stood out in this world bare and free, fully as I am. Nothing hidden. I had nothing to hide. Not my mind and certainly not this full belly. I held my arms to my stomach, wading into the water. Holding my breath and submerging the two of us into the water. I knew Lily would show. Something told me she would show. A voice that spoke to that lingering feeling that I held onto all these weeks and months that passed me by in a haze.

As I emerged once again. Cleansed of the city, water dripping down my damp hair, trickling off my belly. I rubbed my eyes. Lily stood before me. Her hand reaching out for mine. I grabbed hold of it. Stepping out of the stream and embracing her. Hugging her tightly, as tight as possible. Pressing all the hugs I couldn't give while so far away, into her.

"I missed you so much," I said.

"And I missed you," said Lily, planting a kiss on my forehead.

She was here. Always here, just as she said. Part of this stream, part of the running water.

"Actually we both missed you," I said, parting from her so she may view me fully. I placed a hand over my tummy.

“Oh, how wonderful,” said Lily, placing her hand over mine. The two of us basking in the love of our new reality.

“I want to show my thanks. My appreciation for everything you’ve given me,” I kissed her sweet succulent lips. Her hand rubbing my tummy.

I didn’t want to wait until we got back to the cabin. I had to show her here and now. Right by the stream where I first met her. Right where my life changed and this new reality took over, found me without any doing of my own. Pulling me along it like the water found itself pulled along the river, giving life to the nature that settled around it. I slid the white dress off her body. The two of us as naked as the day of our birth into this world. A world that we built walls around to hide from ourselves. But I did not hide myself from it now. And I don’t think there was ever a day that passed that Lily did. I reached down for her, our lips together, feeling her stiffen in my teasing grasp.

I got on the ground. The earth beneath my knees. Tasting her once again between my lips, the fulfillment of my dreams, the solidification of our continued love and want. To have her here in front of me, here with us, this is what I needed. What I came for and have been waiting for, keeping me up at night in my apartment. It wasn’t the ceaseless noise of an unforgiven city but the ache of my desire that rang in my ears. Until the ringing pulled my world further and further from where I was back to her. As I knew it would, as she knew it would with an unshakeable faith in the way things are, the way they move naturally along their given paths. The wait is most beautiful if you just give it a chance to unfold before you without your obstruction.

And I gave her no obstruction. I simply gave her all of myself in this moment. I held nothing back from her. And I hid nothing of myself or what I wanted most. And what I wanted most was her. Her body. Her cock in my mouth, dripping with my spit. Coating it with what I have to give, a pleasure that only I could. A pleasure she only wished to have from me. And in return, she knelt down to my level. Taking my lips to hers. Tasting me, loving me. Not letting go. Never wanting to. And how could she, the world

brought us here and she accepted it, accepted the way things are. The natural and right course of it all.

She kissed and kissed me. She kissed my cheeks and lips to be sure. She kissed my tits and suckled at a mother's breast. The mother of all that we created together. Joined in union with one another. Down, till she made her way to my enlarged belly. Filled with the light our night of passion created. The lingering proof of who we were when we came together. And we were going to come together again now.

There was no avoiding the magnetism we created. The pull of our bodies. The teasing of her tongue on my pussy. Making me drip and moan. And let my voice ring out loud into the world. Mixing with the mating cry of the blue birds and the whispering of leaves rustled by the wind that whipped through our hair.

"Lily, I missed you so much. I ached each day for your touch and now to have it..."

"..is everything," Lily finished for me, joining with the words that wanted to escape from me, but had already found themselves inside of her.

Whatever needed to be said, everything was voiced by our movements. Voiced by the way we touched each other and felt the other there before us. Touching the other until there was no other. But one, in union. Connected by the flesh. Her cock inside of me. Filling me. Loving me. Her arms gently bringing me down to the earth. Rolling in what is real and solid as we made love together. Mixing ourselves into this environment, as we mixed ourselves into one. One together. One with the earth. Lost in the totality of this single happening. Lost to the waves of pleasure her cock sent through my wet pussy and into my heart, like the stream pulsing into the heart of a far off lake.

This time I didn't have to ask. She knew how I wanted it. What I wanted. How badly to have her fill me once again, with the sticky white essence of her loving. Her thrusts commanding the movements of my body, my breasts bouncing to her rhythmic loving. This wasn't a raft on a stream. This was our connection, pure and abstract. Real and tangible. I brought myself up and down. Riding her stiff cock. Pressing my weight down on her. Rising

up. She had her hands on my belly. Feeling me. Feeling us. She thrust up each time I lifted, not wanting to spend a moment apart. Doing this until she throbbed and tightened, holding in a little longer until she couldn't. Until she released and exploded her warm cum into my pussy. Still riding her until I tired, and collapsed with shaking fulfillment, resting on her body. Her cock still safely tucked in me, twitching and jumping.

"You're going to disappear again aren't you?" I asked. I didn't have to ask, I knew the answer.

Lily shrugged her shoulders, "I don't know. I don't know where I end up from one moment to the next."

I believed she really didn't know. She was a radiant shadow. She didn't control when the sun rose and upon which surface it casted her.

I nodded and gave her a kiss. But just like the pattern of our planets, it existed in a cycle, a little different each time, but a cycle nonetheless. And she would rise along with the sun, standing before me again. At another point in time, when the time found itself. Standing before me at the edge of the stream. Her hand reaching out, ready to take hold of mine. I just had to be patient and allow the pattern to continue along its course.

Finding My Futa Nymph

I knew there had to be others like Lily. Other women just as special as she was. That hide surprises, revealing them only to those worthy of such a wonder. After getting a taste of Lily, tasting all of her, I knew I had to find that again. Finding Lily wasn't easy. She was a shadow who found herself wherever the sun chose to cast her. I didn't know if I'd ever get to see her again. I wanted to though. Wanted to experience the mystery of her. If not her, than a woman as wonderful and mysterious as her. Equally as breathtaking and full of surprises. I didn't worry though, about never finding that again. I knew that what first brought me to her had existed within me, always has. That force would find itself pulled by the way of things until it attracted or found itself attracted to another. I just had to have faith in it.

In that belief, I placed all my faith. Perhaps it was a bit abstract and intangible. But what else did I have to place my faith in. None of that which existed around me had much to offer in the way of what I desired. Not like Lily did. Working nine to five, so someone else could make more than I did from my work certainly wasn't something I had faith in anymore. How could I? What did following that thread have to offer. Enough money to afford an apartment in some dilapidated city, so I had somewhere to sleep just to show up back to work the next day. It felt hopeless, like there was no escape from this. I had to get out of here. Not just for a week like last time. Get out of here and never come back. It's called the siren's call for a reason. It sounds beautiful but once it has you it just consumes and consumes, until you've lost so much of yourself you forget it ever existed. That's what this culture of material struggle was, a siren's song beckoning for you to buy, promising fulfillment but never delivering.

Lily reminded me of that part of myself that once existed a long long time ago. That part of me that remained intact despite the city's greedy desire to have it squashed. A part of me that I remember from my youth. Lily's love nurtured that back into existence. I couldn't let it just recede into the dark again.

So I did the irresponsible and I quit my job. I took what money I had saved and made my way out west to a small town in Arizona. My first day I had already fallen in love with it. You couldn't get this kind of natural scenery in the city. A world untouched by man, a world touched by the warmth of the red sun. More than that though was the people. They were happy. Going about life at their own pace. They actually looked at you. It took awhile to adjust. Simple things like having an actual conversation with the cashier instead of just grabbing your wares and getting the hell out, took some time to get used to. But I found myself enjoying this way of life far more than my old life. Not to mention the first time I saw an armadillo I squealed like a little girl with excitement. It was like seeing a creature from some fairy tale. Yeah, that's how lost in the city I had become.

All these cutesy wonders aside, what really stood out to me about this town was this one strange building. Though it was more of a hut I guess than a building. Everyone in town told me I had to check it out. It had such an eerie vibe about it, especially passing it by at night, the flames of a brazier dancing on the clay walls. But everyone made it seem like you wouldn't really understand this town, really be a part of it, unless you went. So naturally, I knew I had to go and see what occurred in that odd little place.

This wasn't exactly the kind of place you can search for online and see when it's open. Or what it even was. And I when I pressed for more information everyone kept to the most vague responses. I knew that unless I went I would always remain an outsider here.

As night fell, and the sun sank under the horizon, I prepared myself to venture out and see what all the fuss was about. Not that I knew what I was preparing myself for. Another great thing about this town was there didn't exist any danger in walking alone at night, not even as a woman. I couldn't ever imagine doing that in the city. Because of that, walking outside, the cold night air brushing my skin, it felt freeing. The lack of manufactured lights meant that the stars lit up the night sky, who knew there were so many. The sounds here were much different too. Instead of rushing cars, the hooting of a distant owl kept me company on my walk.

I approached the hut. The glow of fire by the entrance warming my skin. I don't know if I was ready for this. Then again something inside told me that didn't matter. Ready or not, I was here and this was happening. I was following a thread, the only one laid out before me. I had no choice but to see where it leads. To not do so would only leave me stuck inside myself forever, never getting anywhere. I knocked on the door and waited for a response. Nothing. I waited a bit before knocking again. I heard movement on the other side. Someone was definitely there, no doubt about it. And they were coming closer.

The door opened and in front of me stood a woman. An older woman, maybe fifty or sixty. Long curly white hair and a black dress that swept down to her feet.

"Come in," she said.

I entered the hut, she shut the door behind us. The room was dimly lit by jittering candle flames. She motioned for me to take a seat on a cushion that rested on the floor next to a tea set. I took my seat, and she took hers across from me.

"You've come a long way from home," she said, her hands folded in her lap.

"It's not that far," I said.

"Your hometown is quite a ways away," she said.

"Oh, yeah. How do you know where I'm from."

"It's a small town, and people tell me things."

"They told me a bit about you," I squirmed on the cushion trying to get comfortable.

"May I ask what they've said," she reached for the tea pot.

"Truthfully, not much."

"Perhap it is better to experience than be told," she poured the liquid into the cup before her. Leaning forward and then filling my cup.

"What is this?" I asked.

"The same as I am. The gateway to what you're looking for."

“And what am I looking for?”

She lifted the cup to her lips and took a sip, “Me.”

I didn't exactly know what she was on about. She wasn't what I was looking for. Perhaps, in some way was, for the moment, something I sought out. Sought out to help me understand or get to what it actually was that I wanted. But she wasn't... in the end... it. Or maybe I knew what I wanted. Lily. Lily back in my life. To share another moment with her. To spend a beautiful night with her. A night filled with heated passion as we undressed and explored and enjoyed the other. Taking in the scent of her sweaty body as it rubbed against my own. Giving myself over to a unique woman who was more than just a woman, both in body and mind.

Not to sound offensive but this old crone was certainly not Lily. Strange and different perhaps, like Lily may have been, having her own way about her. But she was not the enticing beauty that I couldn't keep my hands off. That I couldn't help but think of when apart from her. Who I wanted to fill me so that I would be reminded each day that she was real, that we happened. An experience of the human that bordered on the mystical.

She lifted her cup, tilting it toward me. I suppose that meant I too was to drink. I picked the cup up and brought it to my lips. It didn't smell all that appetizing, it smelled like a mix of earth and a pungent cheese. I swirled the liquid. It had a thick consistency. Whatever it was, it wasn't any tea I've ever seen or heard of. But I was here, I was in this for a reason. And some funky smelling goo wasn't going to turn me off from it. My path was clear, my next steps came to me on their own accord, I only had to act them out.

“And who are you?” I asked, contemplating over the cup.

“I'm Lyssa,” she took a gulp.

That might be her name, but it told me nothing. And I had a feeling if I pressed the matter it wouldn't get me any further in knowing the answer to my question. No, there was only one clear thing to do. Join her in partaking in whatever this was. I let the liquid sit on my tongue for a moment before swallowing. Not an easy task. The consistency was rather inconsistent, thick here and watery there, just awful, but I swallowed a bit.

“More. It might be easier to finish it off in one go. Otherwise you’ll just draw out your distaste,” she drained the rest of her cup, sucking it down, and placing it back down.

I followed her lead and downed it, clenching my teeth, trying to keep it down. I gagged a bit and put my hand over my mouth, wiping off a bit of spittle. She went and grabbed me a glass of water. I washed out my mouth, getting the taste out. It helped a bit.

I took a couple of deep breaths and eased myself. My skin emitted a warm tingle, like pin needles. Slightly uncomfortable and yet not altogether bad. I crossed my arms and rubbed my elbows with my hands. It felt nice to rub them, or have them rubbed, either way it felt good. Felt rubbery.

“Better?” Asked Lyssa.

“Yeah...” the words escaped my lips trailing out on a weighty breath.

“I am what you’re after. You just need to open your eyes and allow yourself to see that. See what I am.”

Things got weird, felt weird. A pulsing enveloped my body. My eyes warm. I rubbed them with my knuckles. The image of Lyssa before me fluctuated, like two interlacing pictures battling for the right to remain. Until the solid image of Lyssa was not what I had earlier seen. She was younger. Her features smoother and inviting. Her hair a dark black. Her breasts perky and filled out the dress. She was a beauty. A young sexy youthful beauty.

She was certainly a beautiful woman, but still I was looking for something rather particular. Thanks to Lily my tastes have found themselves bordering on the exotic, the strange and different. Yet I had to admit, this was certainly strange. And different. What was happening. Where was I.

The tingling subsided. My body and vision back to what I would for the most part call normal. Yet Lyssa still was not the Lyssa I had first met.

“And what are you?” I asked.

Lyssa grabbed the bottom of her dress, folding it up her lap, “Like I said, I am what you came here for.”

She lifted the dress all the way over her head, folding it and placing it carefully next to her. I gazed at her body. Fresh and youthful. Her skin glowing, newly made. Her long hair brushing her supple breasts with each movement. It wasn't until my gaze lowered that I understood what Lyssa meant, who Lyssa was. That she was right. Between her legs, to my surprise, and delight, she had a cock. Soft and flaccid for the moment. That just meant potential. The potential to see what my touch is going to do.

"So you weren't lying," I said.

"Never," she said.

"Still I don't understand," I couldn't take my eyes off her, couldn't stop examining that curvy body.

"For now you can chose to understand or choose to experience."

I leaned over the tea set, I took her cheek in my hand, guiding her toward me, "I choose to experience," I whispered. I placed my lips on hers. Tasting her sweet mouth, wet and warm. Lips that were plump and full. Our mouths opening and closing on each other, taking in the others breath. Inhaling her life. I pushed with care on her shoulders, guiding her body to the floor.

My kisses rained down her. Starting with the lips, than to the chest. Then over her breasts. Cupping them in my hands as I raised one to my mouth. Sucking on her nipple, tongue flicking. Coating her with my saliva. The salty taste of youthful skin filling my palate. Hovering over her, knees placed beside her hips, I started to undress. Removing my shirt and bra. Her hands reached up grabbing my tits, massaging them in her delicate smooth hands. My nipples pinched between her fingers.

I moved my body down along hers, hands sliding across her skin, down her stomach. Toward her cock. A cock that started to grow erect in my grasp. Within the twisting movements of my wrist. She had a decent size to her once fully hard. There was power to that erection. Her sighs of pleasure were just the beginning. It was time to take this further.

She was right. She was what I was looking for. Lyssa, a wonder just like Lily. Something strange and ethereal. Perhaps not totally of this world. Or perhaps this world truly was more than what I have come to understand.

But then I wasn't here for understanding. I was here for experience. To taste and touch, to see and hear. To travel wherever this thread lead me. A thread that strummed with a feeling to be seen and connected. I can not say where this attraction toward those like Lily and Lyssa arose from. Or even how the nature of this attraction functioned. Did it attract me or did I attract it. Pushing or pulling.

My tongue teased the tip of her cock. She twitched with excitement. Her hands petting my long hair as I tasted more of her. As I went deeper down the shaft my saliva drooled over my lips and soaked her skin.

"Let me have a taste," said Lyssa. She brought me to her lips sucking the taste of her cock from off my tongue. She throbbed. She wanted more and so did I. Heating up. She picked herself up and got on her knees. She shoved me down. Time for her to take control, to be on top. To drive my body to its pleasure. She slid my pants off. Her fingers raking my thighs. She licked her lips, hungry for my body. Hungry for a taste of my pussy. My pussy ached for more, ached to be touched and tasted.

Lyssa brought her head between my legs. Her tongue sticking out. Starting on my thighs, licking toward my center, my core. The point from which my need and desire radiated from. She licked my clit. Licking and loving. Her tongue long and warm and wet. All the properties of a proper tongue. Giving my pussy a proper pleasuring. Her nimble fingers teased inside. My pussy lubricating itself. Getting wetter on its own accord by the pleasure given to me by her mouth. I gyrated my hips, losing control.

"Fuck, you're good," I moaned. She gave me so much. But she still had more to give. More than I could want, yet I wanted more. More inches to hand over and let me take in. I needed to take it in. To feel her inside. To have that connection with the strange and wonderful.

I was far from home. Away from my world I thought I knew. What I knew now was that I knew nothing. That nothing is really worth knowing, not in the disconnected language of the mind. Knowing in the physical expression, that was all that mattered. What made me feel loved and wanted and here and connected.

“Put it in, oh please, put it in,” I begged. Lyssa positioned herself between my legs. Slapping her cock on my wet pussy. She grabbed on to my hips. I was so ready to have it in. Have it in my cunt, though tight, now loosened to fit her. Fit the girth of a hard cock, the tip pushing into my entrance. I exhaled and bit my lip. She pulled me into her. Fully connecting. The two of us in a union of the flesh.

“I’ve been waiting for you too, ya know,” she whispered as she leaned in.

“You have?”

“Of course.”

She like Lily, followed the way things ordered themselves. Trusting in their return. Trusting that what was wanted found its way back.

She thrust. Grabbing my body, commanding the movement my flesh. Taking control and taking my pussy. Plunging deep. Gripping, holding. Lips tasting. Rubbing up, bouncing. Rolling over one another in a patterned dance.

Lyssa, something about her. She was like Lily. But more than like her. She was her and yet was not. The atmosphere of her, the language of her being, the way it communicated itself, it was Lily. And Lily’s, it was then Lyssa’s. I was caught up by no control of my own pulling out of this world what I wanted.

And what I wanted now was to pull out warm cum from Lyssa’s cock. To force it out by the bouncing of my body, slapping against her. My moans and cries filled the hut. Her grunts did the same. Fighting to hold on a little longer. My hair covered my face, damp with sweat. I held to her breasts, grinding my pussy against her. She thrust short and fast. She tightened and filled with cum. Ready to burst. Ready to give it to me. To fill me.

Lyssa held me down, hitting deep. Her cock slick from the mixture of my wetness and her precum. Sliding, than stopping, pushing in. Holding it there. Her throbbing cock, twitching and jumping. Streams of sticky warm cum filled my pussy. Her essence. An essence like Lily’s. A familiar essence. One that I knew no matter where I went in this world, I would find. I would attract. This was me. The way of this self that I called I. I could not fight it.

And why would I want to. When I let go, I found the fulfillment of my desires. I found it in the bodies of exotic beings that most could not perceive.

We laid on the ground together, staring up. I knew I wouldn't remain here for long. Not in this town. I would move on from here as well. Lily... Lyssa... they were the shadows cast by the sun. And I had to journey to where that sun would next rise.

Fertile Futa Nymph: In The City

After leaving my old life behind in the city. Quitting my job, and all that. The last sort of place I thought I would find myself in again was another bustling city filled with the desperation of massive crowds fading in and out of building after building. Yet there I was. Not the same city I had once called home of course, but a city like it nonetheless. Just as crowded and overbearing with corporate consumerism. The sort of thing that jaded me enough in the first place to pack it up and get the hell out. To find adventure in the form of mysteriously beautiful women who were more than just women. Women like Lyssa and Lily. And what absolute mystery they were. Appearing in my life unexpectedly and parting from the same in similar fashion.

Finding them in such places filled with natural wonder made sense. They were goddesses to me. Radiantly beautiful. Truly and naturally beautiful, women of a living and breathing world. Who followed the natural order of things. And giving myself to them came just as naturally to me. After a little seduction on their part of course. But in no time they had me on my back, legs spread with wanting, ready to receive their hard and stiff gift. But I unfortunately had a hard time believing I could find another woman like that in a city like this. Yet a feeling inside told me to come here.

This feeling was the same I followed that lead me to that cabin in the pine filled woods. Where emerging from a stream, water dripping down my body, I saw Lily. And the same feeling that lead me to a small town in arizona, where I made love with Lyssa as the red sun set, and disappeared behind the canyons. And so I did the best I could to trust that this feeling knew where to lead me and that I would find what I was looking for here.

What I found most enticing about the two of them, at times even more so than their bodies, was the way they seemed to let go of the illusion of control. Simply following a path that life had laid out for them, appearing wherever it had called them to. And perhaps that meant at times finding themselves in a world such as this. And by giving up such an illusion it

meant that they truly had control, had a kind of control that was real, and not just a dream of the ego's desire.

And what was this world? A world that scarred the earth for profit. That pumped out numbers at the cost of the human sacrament. Such a system had left its participants with an intense frustration and need for release. Anything to feel alive again, even if just for a moment. This of course gave birth to quite the night life. An underground of debauchery and self-pleasure. And while my appetite was of the most sexual kind. I wasn't so sure it was in that atmosphere I would find what I searched for.

After I had left my hotel for the day, I had hoped something would reveal itself to me, but as of yet, nothing. Only a slight bittersweetness found me as I watched the scenes of the city unfold before me. Men with their eyes cast down, hurrying along, briefcases swinging by their side. Women who looked like me, but did they think like me, were they here for the same thing as me, I doubted that whole heartedly. My feet grew tired from all this aimless walking. I needed somewhere to sit and rest.

The park wasn't too far from where I was now. A bit of the natural world, surrounded on all sides by the concrete, desperately trying to fight off its encroachment. Desperately trying to reclaim the territory it once held, but cut back each day to its believed proper place by park maintenance. Anyway, all of that aside, I took a seat on the park bench. Breathing in the air, soaking in the sun a bit. As I sat there, I watched as a few different women jogged passed me. Their full breasts bouncing with each step. Their asses looking firm behind those tights. Ponytails shaking in the wind. Yet as beautiful as they were I knew they didn't have what I sought after. Those leggings they wore were tight enough to make out each curve, and not one had a surprising bulge where I most desired to see one.

If I'm being honest I started to feel a bit dejected. But I still tried to hold on to the hope of finding something. Even if what I really wanted wasn't here. Maybe this was just another place I had to pass through for the moment. I held on to a bit of hope as I watched a busker playing for change, singing along to the strumming of his guitar. Now there was somebody who wanted to pull something different out of life. Who was

willing to face the world, failures aside, and try. Try to create something that he most wanted to see. And if the world wasn't going to give it to him then he was going to give it to the world. Perhaps, if I happened upon him some six months ago, I might have tried hitting on him. Get a feel for how imaginative he could be when his cock is out. But now a man's cock didn't do it for me anymore. I needed a woman's cock. Only that would satisfy me.

He finished his set and took a bow, to his invisible audience. Enjoying the sounds of applause that only he could hear. The ones he hoped would one day be real if he just kept at it, long and hard enough. He tried to hand out flyers as people passed him by. Not really making any headway. I felt a bit bad for him. I got up from the bench and walked over.

"I'll take one," I said, I looked the flyer over, but didn't really focus on it, "So what's this for?"

"My band is playing a gig tonight. Nothing much really, but it's something."

"That really is something," I said, I meant that too, who doesn't dream at some point of playing music in front of others. Everyone I'm sure, even if just as a fleeting thought. But he was doing it. Perhaps only the smallest taste of it. But still, it was it. An it, that we envision our own selves in from time to time, but never connecting with enough to have it for real.

"I'll be there," I said, folding the flyer in half and putting it in my pocket.

"Awesome, then I'll see you tonight."

We said our goodbyes and parted. I was going to go. I might as well enjoy something here. And his singing spoke to me. The act of it, in of itself, more so than anything he was saying in particular.

I still had time to kill before his show. A show in some bar I've never heard of. Not that I heard of any place here. But I imagined it was just some small time thing that hired local bands to pass the time on a thursday. But it was something to follow. See where it goes. I had no other signs to give my thinking over to. So I settled on this. I decided on grabbing some take out before heading back to my hotel room. The thing about chinese take out places that I love the most is that no matter where they are they're all the

same. The whole family together in the kitchen. The parents there. The kids doing homework at a table in the seating area. It's comforting to see that, wherever you find yourself.

Back in my hotel room I sat at the table and ate. Then showered and all that kind of stuff. Getting ready for the night. I put on something sort of sexy. It was still a night out after all, and it was nice to dress up a bit. I put on a short dress. Low cut top, so my cleavage showed. Afterwards I just sort of hung around the hotel. Walking through the mesmerising halls, sitting in the lobby. Thinking to myself, imagining a reason for why in the world I felt such a need to come here. I was fighting against time, wishing it would speed up to get to the next moment. Not exactly the most comforting mindscape to be in. But not completely awful either.

Finally, I decided to head out to the bar. I walked there of course. Walking to my destination, was by far a better way to kill time than sitting around and waiting. I hated the waiting. I need to feel like I'm moving toward something, and walking helped me feel that. I arrived at the bar, and my assessment was spot on. Just a tiny bar. The kind of place that was mostly kept afloat by the patronage of a small amount of regulars each day. The crowd, if it could even be called a crowd, was around my age. Younger adults who weren't into the mainstream scene but didn't really belong to a subculture of their own. They just ended up here for a night.

I sat on a stool at the bar. And ordered myself a drink, a martini, just one. One would be enough for the night. I wasn't into getting drunk or anything. Just a little to kill the edge and feel more relaxed. That's all I needed. Well, all I needed from the drink. I watched a couple next to me give each other a few flirty touches, and sharing laughs. This drink wouldn't provide me with that. Though I wish it could. Watching them, it made me want someone of my own, someone to touch me like that. Sneaking their hand on my thigh. I started to fantasize about Lily. Trying to picture her sitting here with me. Turning myself on by the thought of her sneaking her own hand between my legs, caressing me underneath this dress, while we sipped on a drink. But really I couldn't imagine her in a place like this. It was hard to see her anywhere other than out by a lake, or somewhere she

could sit in the sun, naked and free. Her body out for the world to see, but no one else around to enjoy the sight but myself and the sun.

Watching that couple enjoy each other was getting to me. So I swiveled my chair around, and the guy I had met in the park began setting up with his band on the stage. Though it wasn't much of a stage, just a bit of a rise off the ground. He caught my eye and gave me a wave, and motioned for me to come over. I got up and decided to see what was up.

"So you really did come," he said.

"I said I would, didn't I?"

"A lot of people say that they will, but don't."

I shrugged, "I guess you're right about that."

"I want you to meet my band," he said. "That's Blake," he pointed to the guy plugging a bass into an amp. "And that's Lora," he said pointing to the woman tightening a bolt on one of the cymbals of the drum kit. Lora turned around and gave me a wave. I waved back.

"Oh and yeah, I'm Jeff," he said, presenting his hand for me to shake. I shook his hand but I wasn't giving it much attention. I was still looking at Lora. Watching her as she bent over to set up her kit, attaching a foot pedal to the bass drum.

It was her, Lora. Something radiant about her. From that single glance I sensed something more. Felt a need to know her more. Was it possible she was what I came here for. There was of course only one way to find that out. But they were starting soon and I would have to wait.

I took my seat back at the bar and watched as they began to play the first few notes of their set. The couple next to me turned to watch as well, the guy had his arm around his lady. I may have come for Jeff, but Lora was why I now watched the band so intently. Watching her movements as she banged on the drums. Losing herself to the rhythm that she created.

After their first set, Jeff and Lora approached me at the bar, "so what do you think?" Asked Jeff.

"I think you guys are pretty good," I said, speaking more to Lora than to Jeff.

“I’m happy to hear that, We don’t have a lot of fans.”

“Well you have one now,” I said, looking at Lora.

“Hey that was really great,” said the guy sitting next to me, pulling Jeff on over to him and his lady, leaving me with Lora. Exactly how I wanted.

“I loved watching you,” I said to Lora.

“Yeah? It’s quite a lot of fun. I feel like I get to really express myself when I get up there and start playing. I kind of just lose myself to the moment, everything I worry about just sort of goes away.”

“Now I really love that,” I said, brushing my hand against hers. She smiled at me.

“How’d you all meet, tell me your story,” I said.

Lora and myself talked for a bit. While she still had time between her set. She told me the story of what brought her to this city. She told me about leaving a family that didn’t understand her choices or her goals in life. I understood that. I went through something similar. But unlike Lora, when I left I had just ended up falling back into the same patterns of their thinking, having not yet really freed myself. But she wasn’t like that, the moment she got out of the gate she shot on after what she wanted and fought for it. Fought for it in a city that fought hard against such dreams. And yet people like Lora and Jeff still manage to carve a space for themselves in it. That’s the good thing about cities such as this, they do in some ways thirst for novelty.

I really enjoyed my conversation with her. It’s been awhile since I had someone to talk to about what kind of feelings drove us to do what it is that we did. I liked it because I still didn’t fully understand what drove me. I knew I was after the strangely exotic and different. But why and for what reason. I still was not sure. As we talked she would place a hand on me here and there. Her touch a sweet tingling on my skin. I wanted more of her touch. The way her touch mixed with the words she spoke about her life, I wanted more of that.

“Well we gotta get back to it,” said Lora.

She turned, and as she did I spoke up, I told her where I was staying and if she wanted to come back with me she could. At the time I just wanted to talk with her some more. Just didn't want her to disappear so suddenly and never hear the end of her story.

"I'll see how I feel after our show," she said.

It wasn't much of an answer but I felt confident in the fact that she would come back with me. At the very least that we would get to finish our talk here. But I did want to talk to her alone, privately. See what she was like away from everything else.

I watched them play and they really gave it their all this time. As if they weren't playing on some rise in a no name bar. But were playing out their dream to a loving audience. Well in a way they did have a loving audience now. As I watched Lora pound on the drums, beads of sweat forming on her forehead, I was all those fans for her that would someday fill a stadium to come see her play. They finished their last song, and some of us cheered. I, the loudest, perhaps foolishly so, but I didn't care. I enjoyed it. And I enjoyed the possibility of seeing more of Lora.

I was hoping she would just come on over. I started overthinking a bit. Should I go up to get her, should I wait and see what she did. I had to get out of that thinking and just let it happen. Let myself act as I saw fit and respond rightly to the moment at hand.

"Now that's how you finish strong," I said.

"That was for you guys," said Jeff. Blake was shaking the hands of the couple next to me. He didn't say much.

"Yeah we talked before the set. And just sort of realized thanks to you all, we were doing what we really wanted to do. That, what we really wanted was actually happening, like right now," said Lora.

"What we want is always happening right now," I said. That sounded like something Lily might say, not so much me. Well not the me that I had always seen myself as, but then that me was changing. Changing as I found myself attracted to those who sought after the same sort of freedom in life that I was after. And I saw in Lora that same desire. I knew I had to have it. I've become so much more discerning with who I wanted to let into my

world. Who I wanted to grow with, because that's what we are doing in each moment, growing. And who we spent those moments with would influence that growth. And Lora wanted that autonomy and freedom, she had something to teach me, to show me, I could feel it.

"So what do you say, Lora? I would love to talk some more," I said.

"Let's do it," she said, "I've got a good feeling about you," she placed a hand on my shoulder, before letting it slide off. "Hey Jeff, I'm gonna hang with her for a bit, I'll catch up with you guys later."

"Sure thing," said Jeff.

"Let's get out of here then," I said, taking Lora by the hand.

We walked down the city streets together. Suppose it was also a good thing to have her come along with me so I didn't have to walk at night alone. My hotel wasn't too far. But I was still in a city I didn't know, and alone. But I wasn't alone now. I had Lora by my side, keeping me company.

"So what about you? What is it that you're after?" Lora asked.

It was a tough question to answer. What I was after wasn't really all that concrete. It was more abstract.

"I don't really know, but the more time I spend with people, people who make me feel a certain something, I think I get closer to knowing what that is."

"Am I one of those people?"

"I don't really know yet."

"I can accept that."

I hoped she was though. I hoped she was someone like Lily or Lyssa. She had the personality that's for sure. And the beauty to match. But I had to know for certain if she was really like them. If she was truly different from most who inhabited this world. I couldn't exactly say why I thought she might be, it was something about her energy, something intangible.

"But I hope to find that out," I said, placing my hand on her back as we arrived at the hotel.

"Me too," she said, placing her arm around my waist.

As we got to my room I felt her fingers teasing at the edge of my shirt and waistband. The flirting was real. Subtle but real. There wasn't so much of that with Lily. It was all just so outright with her. But I suppose in this sort of place the tendency is to feel people out before trusting them. Seeing if they will respond to the advances, working it up slowly. That was fine though, I could play that. But I also wanted to speed things up. Dying to find out if Lora was really it.

I unlocked the door to my room and guided Lora's body in before me. I wanted to put my hand on her booty but not yet, too soon. But I watched the way she glanced at me as we walked up the stairs. The desire in her eyes, as she glimpsed my cleavage, yeah I saw that.

"So how long are you staying here for?" Asked Lora.

I shrugged, "I really don't know. I never do. I just sort of see how things go."

"Well I hope you stay for a bit," said Lora, taking my hand in hers, "than you can come see us play again. I would really enjoy that."

"I would really enjoy that too," I said, taking her other hand in mine. Getting to watch her go after the life she wanted, yeah I would enjoy that. I certainly wouldn't mind staying here awhile to see how it might unfold.

It was getting to be too much. Holding her delicate hands and looking into her eyes, connecting to that reality with her. My heart beat faster. The adrenaline rushed through my bloodstream. Whatever it was, whatever was happening. I felt it, fully felt it now, coursing through my body. That need to be closer. That need to have more, touch more. All of it. It really hit me now. Hit right in the gut.

"So then stay," she said, "just a little longer," Lora took a step closer to me. And I took a step closer to her. Feeling the energy radiate from her. It had a power to it. I wanted to be absorbed by that energy. She was still on a high from putting on a show. Still had that confidence that came with performing. I had to feel myself as a part of that. I leaned in closer, feeling her breath on my skin. I crawled my fingers up her arm, tickling her smooth skin.

“Okay... Just a little longer,” I said, going in for her lips. Going in for it all. Ready to give a part of myself over to her. Willing to see where it would lead. Knowing it would be worth it.

Her lips touched mine. Soft and supple. She tasted so sweet, and before I knew it, I had my hands touching all over her body. My fingers digging a bit into her back as kissed with more passion. Our mouths opening and closing. I had to get a taste of that tongue, sticking mine into her mouth, flicking it across hers. She started touching me back, grabbing my hips, pulling me in against hers. Her heavy breathing exhaling on my neck as she nibbled and kissed. I lowered my reach to her ass. Giving that booty I admired from behind a squeeze. A full grab, she pressed up against me more, loving it.

Feeling her up against me like that. Gripping that ass of hers. Her fingers clutching the hair on the back of my head. Tilting my head back, sucking on my neck. I had to find out now. Find out who she truly was. My hands went from her to the front of her waistband. There was only one to feel out who she really was. And I had a good feeling that she was exactly what I was looking for. As much as she might hide that secret from most of the world, I grew accustomed to picking up the subtle clues.

I unbuttoned her jeans and unzipped the front. Making room for my hand. I slid my hand down and went in for a feel.

“Are you okay with that,” said Lora.

“More than okay,” I said, giving her a squeeze. Giving her cock a squeeze. Well, there was no doubting it now. That was some hard evidence right there. And I mean

evidence. My response definitely excited her. She snuck up under my shirt and bra and groped my breasts. Massage my sensitive nipples.

“Let’s get this out of the way,” I said, taking my shirt off and unhooking my bra. There was no need for it now. It only hindered us. Her mouth went for my tits, sucking on the nipples. I held her close to me as she sucked. Filling me with all these good feelings.

I couldn’t help but notice how things so easily fell into place for me. As I gave up my attachment to what I thought I had to be or do. How much

easier it was to navigate through this world without worry. Having that in each moment, I would find what I wanted. So long as I didn't contrive the world and myself into something I thought it needed to be, I would always find myself fitting in right where I was.

Now I had to find out if she would fit in. Fit inside me, perhaps with a bit of stretching first. And judging by the size of her cock as I held to it, I was going to get stretched. I shimmied her pants down her legs.

"Let's get full view of what we're working with here," I said. Her cock stood out, strong and erect.

"What do you think?" She asked.

"You have a very pretty cock," I said, giving it a pet.

I let the spit drool from out of my mouth and down onto the tip.

I stroked her a bit, and now that I had her out and hard, I needed to get down and dirty with it. I took her by the cock, pulling her along with me, guiding her to the bed.

"Where we going baby," she said.

"Just relax and let me take you there," I said.

I brought her before the edge of the bed. I pushed at her shoulders, she fell sitting on the bed. I got down before her. My fingers raking at her thighs. Lora shivered with wanting. Her cock twitched, begging to be touched.

"I can't take it, stop teasing," said Lora.

"Make me," I said.

Lora smiled and bared her teeth, showing her wanting and need. Her hunger to take what she was after. And what she was after now, was me, was my mouth, my body, all of it. She put her hands on the top of my head. Grabbing a fistful of hair. Forcing my mouth over her cock, my tongue out, drops of saliva stretching down my tongue and to the tip. She pressed down on my head, forcing me down her. Her throbbing cock entering my wet mouth. My tongue wrapped around it, as she bucked her hips forward, hitting my throat.

There was one discernable difference between Lora and the other women I have been with. She was forceful, more aggressive. Lily and Lyssa, they took on the nature of the atmosphere they found themselves in; calm, caring, slowly growing. The atmosphere Lora found herself in was vastly different. This was a fast paced city that took what it wanted from whomever it wanted it from. And I see now that Lora embodied that, by the way she pulled my hair back, taking me away from her cock, only to give me a moment to catch my breath before forcing me back down it again.

Now that Lora saw just how comfortable I was with what she wanted to take from me, she held nothing back. And she wouldn't allow me the choice to hold back either, taking absolute control of my body. Lora lifted me up off my knees, pulling me on top of her body.

"Get on over here," said Lora. And I had no choice but to obey.

My body glided on top of hers, my breasts brushed against hers. Her stiff nipples, pressing to my skin, my chest. She reached back and spread my ass, her fingers playing with my pussy, rubbing the outside. Lora took control of my body, of my ass, grinding my clit against her cock. Working me up enough. Making me wet. Wet enough so I would be able to take her cock inside.

"Fuck, baby, I'm gonna need it inside if you keep that up," I said.

"That's the plan," she said, sneaking a finger into my pussy, growing ever wetter by her touch. Lora pulled my hair and tilted my head to the side, giving herself access to nibble and suck and bite at the sensitive skin of my neck. I felt her pressing upward, desperately needing to be inside. And I needed the same. I looked into her eyes. Seeing the desire behind them. Seeing the need to take and control and to have.

Lora flipped me over onto my stomach. Placing my knees under my chest, so my ass was in the air for her.

"I need that tight fucking pussy now," said Lora.

"Then come and take it baby," I said.

Her hands gripped my ass, spreading me open. I could feel her spit dripping down my already wet cunt.

“Please put it in, don’t make me beg for it.”

Lora teased the head against my hole. Inserting herself into my pussy, bit by bit, forcing my body back into her, down her thick cock.

Once inside, Lora knew she had me. Knew I was all hers. That I would do anything she wanted now. So long as that long cock kept going in and out of me, it didn’t matter what she wanted to do. I’d let her do it. She spanked my ass. Enough I’m sure to leave a red hand print. A reminder that I was branded as her property for tonight. I reached back, trying to find a piece of her to hold to. Anything, I needed to hold something to keep myself situated during her constant pounding.

“Fuck, that feels good, Your pussy’s really tight,” said Lora.

She had me moaning with crazy intensity, “That’s because your cock is so thick,” I cried out.

Lora wrestled with my body on that bed. Spreading me, and taking me. Thrusting ever toward our mutual satisfaction. Whichever way she wanted it, she took it. And I let her. There was now only one last thing I so desperately wanted from her. One more thing that I just knew I had to have. I had to have her finish and have her finish inside me. I had to work every drop of her warm cum out of her cock and have it fill up this tight pussy that she enjoyed plunging so deeply into.

Now I had to beg, I just had to, “Fuck me Lora... cum inside my pussy.. Please baby... please.”

She went at me with growing ferocity, encouraged by my moaning, by the aching need to have what only she could fill me with. She thrust faster, pulling in and out, letting the tip of her throbbing cock feed on all the sensitive pleasure of my tight pussy.

“Damn, baby,” moaned Lora, her hands gripping tightly to my ass. The way she squeezed, pulled me back and held me there. I knew she was going to cum. I could feel her shake a bit behind me, feel that load of sticky

warmth, shoot inside of me. Lora pulled my hair back, and kiss me neck, whispering into my ear, licking at my lobes.

“Fuck...” I exhaled, tired and spent. Sweaty and satisfied.

Lora pulled out, and took me in to cuddle, holding me close to her sweaty and warm body, her breasts pressed against my back.

“Are you still not sure if you want to stay?” Asked Lora.

“I’m sure that I do,” I said.

I was so sure. So sure because of the way she filled me. The way her cum dripped from out of my pussy and dripped down my thighs. The way I wanted her to fill me like this each night. So that my belly might grow big with a gift given by her. She had truly given me a gift tonight. And I knew I would hold to it. Because I wanted to. Wanted her special seed to be planted so deeply and start to take root. I knew without a doubt that it would.

And I knew I would stay here. Stay here as my belly grew. So that she might take me like that. Have her hands on that belly, big with what she had done to me on this night. Her mouth sucking on my engorged breasts. And moving down to my stomach, kissing. I knew I would not leave here until all these dreams came true. And today was the start of those dreams becoming a reality. The sun has risen here, upon this city, and it would not set now for another nine months. The shadow that was Lora would remain in my life for that long. Playing her music. Taking her big bellied princess. Letting that warm cum, spill on me.

For now, for tonight, I was at peace. Brought to peaceful rest by Lora’s breath tickling the back of my neck as she held me.

Tran Legacy: Futa

Social isolation is the great plague of our generation. A kind of isolation brought upon by our quickly evolving technological world. Technological advances that demand constant and consistent oblation. And those who fail to do so find themselves forced out of cultural inclusion. A kind of culture that does not seek to include any part of their true humanity, but without such leaves one starving and broken all the same. It is in all ways, a lose-lose situation for many. Many like myself, who find they are unable to keep up with the demand. A demand for the information of their personal day, such information is the world's new currency. And those unwilling or unable to sell it have very little hope in finding a place in this society.

The thing about social isolation is this; though you are not alone in being alone, you are forced to be alone in feeling it, if that makes sense.

Whether it was their plan to fight such an epidemic or simply a side effect of their creation, Virtuoso was the only hope for myself and many others like me. Virtuoso was at one point just another virtual reality gaming company. Just one in a sea of many. It wasn't until they perfected their own version of virtual reality that life truly began to change. Change in such a way that there was no going back.

Virtuoso managed to create what futurists could have only dreamed of. Made real that which was believed to only remain in the realm of science fiction. A fully immersive virtual world, an electric world that touched each of the senses as much as this one, if not at times more so.

I saved up as much money as I possibly could to be one of the firsts to experience that new reality. And it was not easy. I had to sacrifice a lot, working a low paying job. Sometimes having to go without certain necessities. But I saw the value in the potential of such a game. A game that was more than a game. I knew such sacrifices were going to be worth it.

I waited in line to receive the Virtuoso Pod. It was a small disk that suctioned to your temple and once activated transported the user fully into the systems interface. I waited in line for hours and hours. A wait that was most worth it. The line, full of people talking about their excitement and

anticipation, but of course none of us really knew what to expect. How could we. We only knew what beta testers had to say about it. And in all their descriptions they found themselves at a loss for words.

Obviously with anything this world changing always comes backlash. Backlash from a backwards thinking society that feared what such a change might mean for their small minds. Spinning stories to show young people attached to electrodes lost in a stupor, their energy being sucked into the matrix or some nonsense like that. Refusing to see what one might just learn about themselves when freed from the chains of the physical world that we have come to know.

When I finally made the purchase and held that small box in my hands I could hardly believe it. I instantly wanted to get home, be sitting in my room. I had never felt so impatient in my life. I could not think of anything else other than getting home and trying it out. I practically ran to my car, started the engine, and took off. The whole time driving with the box sitting on my lap. The most precious cargo I've ever had. I didn't want it to leave my side. Was this overly materialistic of me. Placing so much in something so small, so worldly. I hoped not. But at the same time maybe I didn't really care. I didn't have much to care for in life other than this. I placed a lot of hope in it. Hopefully it was not misplaced.

Some might call it escapism. As if that was some vile thing. To seek an escape. An escape from life we had no control of. Was it so bad to want an escape. When that escape sometimes felt more real than the thing you were trying to escape from. In some way I had to doubt that.

I made it home and quickly went to my bedroom. Unpackaging my new little gift to myself. Months of hard work sat on my bed before me. Under the best circumstances I'm not the type to sit and read the directions. And feeling this impatient, doing so was never going to happen. I was the type to just dive right in, now more than ever. I've seen the videos of testers trying it out. They laid themselves down, placed the pod to their temple, and we're knocked out, waking up in another time and place. One that I was now given the chance to join.

I held the small pod in my hand, rolling it between my fingers. I wondered what such a small piece of plastic and electrical impulses could really do. Was I expecting too much. Would I end up disappointed. I didn't want to doubt. I doubted too much of myself as it was. I didn't want to doubt the sense of freedom so many spoke of as they first entered a whole new world.

I reclined myself on my bed. Suctioning the small plastic pod to the side of my head. Well here it goes. I took a deep breath in, and then out. I pressed the button on the pod in.

And I was in.

I took some time exploring the main interface and all that. Nothing to exciting, but seeing words and menus as interactable objects certainly took me back a bit. Like I was interacting with parts of the mind that couldn't normally be touched. The first exciting thing I did was create an avatar for myself, a body by which I will interact with this electric life.

I wanted my avatar to be similar to myself. A woman, not too tall or too short. Long brunette hair. Okay maybe I didn't make her look exactly like myself. I have to admit I made her a little more endowed than how I am in this life. Sweeter curves and a tighter ass. I could look like me, but the perfected vision of myself. Without any impurities. Sexier than I could ever bring myself to look in reality. Who wouldn't do that though.

Once in this constructed world, I felt the warmth of its sun, the ground beneath my feet. I knelt down and touched the grass. Like a dream but more vivid and lucid than my waking life. Perhaps that was just the initial shock of being tossed into something so otherworldly, my conscious mind not yet given the opportunity to dull out the overwhelming sensations. But then these sensations were being directly linked to my mind, through constant electrical impulses, would they ever dull as they managed outside of here. I hoped not.

Simple enjoyment of scenery turned to interaction. Starting small by carving my name into the dirt. Leaving a mark of myself behind in this world so far mostly untouched. Seeing how it would remain there until something else came along to change it.

Soon enough exploration of this world around me turned to exploration of my own being here. If I could touch and feel. I could be touched and felt. I rubbed my hands together. Ran my hands through my hair. It all interacted as it would in reality. There was no distinguishable difference. I got caught up in the feelings. Losing myself in their wonder. Before I knew it, I had my hands sneaking up under my shirt giving my breasts a feel. Breasts that were bigger and heavier than what I was accustomed to. I found enjoyment in touching them. Enjoyment at how sensitive my nipples were. How they stiffened when played with.

This sensation of course led me to wonder how sensitive other more intimate parts of this body were. I filled with curiosity. I slid a hand under my waistband. First simply putting my hand over my vagina. It could indeed be felt, but how far did that feeling go. I teased my clit between my fingers. Waves of pleasure rolling over my body as I stood there. I bit my lip holding in the excitement as inhaled through my nostrils, exhaling heavily out of my mouth. Playing with myself out in the open of this world.

Not realizing just how out in the open I was. Not until I realized that there was another woman before me now, watching, a bit shocked and a bit interested. The embarrassment reddened my cheeks.

“I’m sorry, sorry,” I said, removing my hand from my pants. My oh my, it was so embarrassing.

“No no no, I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have...”

It dawned on me that this was not like any other game. It didn’t feel like some character looking at my character, but a human looking at me. Though consciously I understood I existed as a my true self behind the scene of this place, the feeling of this being all that I am existed nonetheless. And this self had her bare breasts hanging out for anyone to see.

“No... look... I,” I stumbled my words. This was so awkward. Nothing in my life has ever been this awkward. And normally I’m a ball of constant social anxiety without a clue of how to interact with others, so that was really saying something. But then this scene was really something. Taking it in the context of the real world, which is how it felt, was there anything

stranger than pleasuring yourself outside and being caught. I doubt it. But that's exactly what happened, what I experienced in its fullness. Yet in the back of my mind I knew I could always sign off and disappear. Start this game all over if I really wanted to. None of it was permanent and really attached to me. And that escape route was what kept here, standing in silence, just watching this woman watch me.

"It's really okay," she said, stepping closer to me, "Admittedly it was one of the first things I tried out as well. Though I snuck away a bit further from the starting zone before going at it. You just went right to it though didn't you? Interesting isn't it?"

"I guess I couldn't help it, but yeah, very," I said. I reached down and picked up my shirt from off the ground and put it back on. We both wore the same outfit. The one I suppose everyone starts in. Not exactly fashionable or anything, but I guess it suffices for coverage.

"Hold on," she said.

I pulled my shirt down, "What's up?"

"Well, um..." she kind of skirted around, nervously moving her hands through her hair. Crazy how those thoughts translate exactly the same way in this world. "Maybe we can explore a little together, if you want?"

I had to admit her offer certainly garnered my interest. But was it me. It's not like I've ever done anything like that in my life. In my real life. I mean, been with a woman before. I can't say I ever had the desire. But I wasn't sure why I didn't. Was it because I was just too wrapped up in the way of my world to think of it as a possibility, as a part of my identity. But here I didn't have an identity, not yet. And I wanted to feel and experience what I could be in this world, and this was an opportunity to do that. And I could always just sign off, that was always a possibility.

"Okay, let's do it," I said.

"Really?" she said, perking up with excitement.

"Yeah really, it'll be fun," I looked around our environment, as far as I could tell we were the only two here but still, "Maybe we should find a place a little more secluded, just in case, ya know."

“Yeah that might be a good idea,” she said, “follow me, I know a spot not too far.”

I followed behind her. Gazing at her as we walked. Taking in the sight of her body. Watching how her booty moved with each step. She definitely was a sight to be seen. Looking like a goddess though perhaps that wasn't too hard in this world. And it's hard to say no to something so beautiful.

I followed her until we found our way to a cave well lit by light shining through the cracks in the ceiling. It certainly was secluded, and quite romantic, very scenic.

“Here we are,” she said, taking my hand in hers as we entered the cave together.

We turned and faced each other, looking into the other's eyes. Eyes with so much behind them, and yet were also only light being projected into our minds by some machine. But behind them was a mind and heart that although in physical reality were perhaps separated by thousands of miles were here and now connected and close.

“Yes, here we are,” I took her other hand in mine.

The two of us leaning in closer and closer until our lips connected. Tasting the fresh sweetness of her mouth. The sensation overwhelming and tingling in my body and mind. I knew for certain I didn't want to sign off now. I wanted to stay right here with her. Our tongues mingling, bathing in the spotlight shining down upon our bodies.

Her hands walked up along my arms tickling the skin, sneaking their way under my shirt and toward my breasts. Her hands cupping my large tits. Massaging them and teasing at the nipple. I let out a sigh.

“Nice, isn't it.”

“Very,” I said.”

I returned the favor. Pulling her shirt off her body and playing with her tits, equally as endowed as my own. A nice size. A perfect shape. So full. I kissed those lips until I needed to taste more. My tongue sliding down her neck, planting kisses on her collarbone. My mouth made its way to her breasts. Sucking her nipples into my mouth, wetting them with the flicking

of my tongue. Never have I tasted a woman before. Never would I have even imagined it. But now here I was, really tasting her. Tasting her as clearly as I could anything. And loving every second of it. The way her body moved with mine. The way she reacted to my touch and I to hers. The way we connected by our movements.

Her hand slid down my chest and over my tummy, down toward my hips. Sliding my pants off my body. She placed her fingers on my pussy. Rubbing them against my clit. I grabbed onto her shoulders as she applied pressure. Nuzzling my head between her head and shoulder, my breath tickling her ear. I gave short little jolts of shaking movement with each pleasurable shock that emitted from my clit.

“That’s fucking good, just like real,” I whispered into her ear. She took my cheek in her hand, fingers wet from my pussy and turned me for a kiss.

“Do you want to see if the sex is just as real,” she said.

“What do you mean?”

She grabbed at her waistband, bent forward, her tits hanging from her chest, stepping out of her pants.

“I mean sex,” she said, holding a hard cock in her hand.

“You... do...”

“That’s right. In this world you can be anything. And I want to explore all of that.”

I reached down and took her cock into my hand. Hard and throbbing with excitement the two of us built up between each other.

“Let’s find out,” I said, giving her a squeeze.

But I already knew sex here was not going to be anything like in real life. Not for me anyway. I never had sex like this. Not with someone like her. Not in a place like this. This was otherworldly, magical. No, sex was going to be better here. Far more adventurous. A woman I just met, a woman who was more than a woman, a goddess more than a goddess. This was nothing like the real world. It was better.

I got down on the ground. The earth soft beneath my knees. I brought my lips to the tip of her cock. Giving it a lick with my tongue. Tasting her

flesh, her beauty, and strange wonder. Her cock twitched with pleasure at the touch of my tongue. Jumping with excitement. I wrapped my lips around it, sucking down the shaft. I played with my pussy as I stroked her with one hand. She brushed the hair from out of my face.

In this world I was someone different. I was free from who I thought I was, what I thought I had to be and do. Afraid what my doings might lead to, how they might affect or change me. But here I didn't have to worry about that. Here I could experience freely. With her, I could explore more than who I was up until this point. A point in time that I knew would change me forever, and I think for the better. I hoped so anyway.

"I want to feel you inside me," I said, pulling my mouth off her cock, a strand of spit dripping down my chin and onto my chest. She helped bring me to my feet and turned me around. Spreading my legs a part. She placed a hand on my back and bent me forward. She tapped the tip of her cock against the outside of my pussy, sliding it up and down. Teasing before going in. The juice of my wet pussy coating her.

"I hope you're ready to find out," she said.

"I am," the tip of her cock pressed into my hole, I bit my lip as she entered.

Her thick cock stretching the walls of my pussy, making room to fit in. She grabbed onto my hips and pulled me further and further down her shaft. Bit by bit entering deeper into me. All the way until my ass hit up against her. And fuck was she ever so thick, so big inside of me. A real powerful cock, but a slender curvy beauty. What a combination. A perfect combination, made perfect by this world.

She pulled back and pushed forward. Working up a rhythm. Her hands gripping tightly to my ass, taking control of the motion of my body. My tits bouncing, and slapping against me. I held to them, pressing them to my chest. She leaned over my back and grabbed my shoulder with one hand. Her tits brushing against me, her erect nipples poking my back. She thrust harder, pulling my body back as she pushed it forward. The way she demanded control of my body, refusing to let my pussy get too far away,

it had me aching with satisfaction. I reached a hand back to grab her thigh. Needing to hold to something. Needing to clutch and grab and be fucked.

As the light shined down on us from the cracks in the ceiling, I knew I was in the spotlight. The centerpiece to this world. A new world that had only just begun and already was christened with our love and enjoyment. In any other world we are born crying. In this one we are born in excitement and clear thinking, a desire to explore. And the first action we took here would become our habits, our way of being. And we got to decide what they were. We were pioneers and our bodies were the ships we decided to sail upon. Rocking together on the waves of ecstasy.

An ecstasy that overwhelmed my mind and body. She had both hands on my shoulders now. Going at my pussy with greater ferocity and determination. Fighting to fuck me like only she could. Her moans and sighs mixing with my own. Our voices echoing and bouncing off the cavern walls, filled with the music of our love making. Her cock throbbed and tightened, she clutched me, holding in her climax. Holding it in and building it up until she wouldn't be able to hold it anymore. My pussy so slick from my wetness, from her precum, sliding her in and out with ease and speed.

The build up, the rhythm, the speed. It was impossible for either one of us to hold it in any longer. We had to let it go and explode. My voice grew loud and echoed back into my ears. She thrust one last powerful thrust, plunging all the way in and holding me down. Exploding her load of warm cum into my sweet pussy. My pussy tightening and pushing the cum out, dripping down my thighs. She turned me around and looked into my eyes. Hugging me close. Her cock against my leg.

"That was something else," I whispered in her ear, kissing her cheek.

"It certainly is a strange world. The things we do in it."

"And yet sometimes it makes sense, doesn't it?"

"Yeah..." She kissed my lips.

The two of us had gotten dressed and sat at the edge of the cave, looking out over the world. Watching the birds nest themselves into the trees. They too were new here. Yet behaved as if they were always so. This

was the first time I didn't feel like a stranger in a place that I felt I had no part of being in.

"You know I don't even know your name," I said.

"I'm Claire, at least here I am," she said.

"That's good enough for me," I shrugged

"And you?"

"Lisa," I said.

She leaned her head on my shoulder.

"I think I should get going, I mean sign off, I'm sure it's getting pretty late."

"Yeah, me too."

I knew neither one of us really wanted to go. But we had to. We couldn't stay here forever, we did have other lives. I opened up the main interface. A red flashing icon caught my attention. I opened up the menu. I had a friend request, from Claire. I made a friend. I really made a friend. I accepted her request and signed off. Leaving Claire and that new world behind. For now... until tomorrow.

Futa Trap House

I guess you can say I'm a bit of a party girl. I'm not too basic though or some shit like that. I don't have money like that. I don't have some trust fund to back up some opulent lifestyle of nonstop fun like some of the girls I know. But then I wouldn't really want to be all that much like them anyway. They're a bit dull. I think without some real struggle, you just end up sort of dull. A bit too much of a surface and not much else beneath. But I always find a way to get on by. To allow myself some time to really let loose. I think having some fun is real important. But spending your parents' money to do it just kind of makes you trashy in a wealthy way. Maybe I only feel like this because my parents didn't have much money. Oh well, I can't help it.

When you're a pretty college student, sometimes all you gotta do is show up to a party and men will be more than willing to throw what you want at you. Just for the shot at believing you might get with them if you do. I don't know, that disgusts me too, makes me feel cheap. I much rather get my own, than have some desperate guy supply me cause he wants my pussy. Besides, I think that's a dangerous road to go down, it's best to steer clear from that.

Regardless of all that nonsense, what mattered was that I wanted to have some fun tonight. On my own or maybe with some good friends if they were down. But before any of that I had to get supplied. A party is only as good as the party favors. The semester ended and I did well enough to deserve a little something. All those endless nights of studying didn't really pay off the next day. I wanted to feel good now. Maybe I shouldn't let that drive me, but hey I'm still young.

My good friend told me about this woman who sold out of her house. I've never met her before. And usually I'm not too keen on strangers but if my friend trusted her I knew I could too. I suppose I don't mind going to meet up with a woman alone. If it was a guy that would be a whole other story. Real big skeeves some of them. Like because you're loose enough to get high then they think you'll want to fuck them too. They think their some

hot shit because they sell out of their grandma's house or whatever. I'm sure a lot of girls fall for that kind of thing. But not me. That's just pathetic. I don't let just any guy stick it in me, because he has a bit of money now. He ain't putting that shit into a 401k and he's two broken condoms away from indentured servitude. No fucking thanks.

I pulled up to the house. Not exactly in the nicest neighborhood, but also not the kind I had to worry about getting shot or something. Still, I wouldn't want to hang around here for too long. From what I was told she also went to our university, studying to be a biologist. So she wasn't some brick I knew I'd hate having to hear speak about some dull nonsense. I got out of my car, it was a nice day. Real clear. I felt clear. Only one thing can make a good day even better. Okay two things. But my boyfriend went back home to visit family. So only one thing. I knocked on the door and waited. I heard the lock click. The door opened. I tried looking through the storm door to make out who it was but couldn't really tell. I waved at the shadowed figure all the same.

She opened the storm door, standing before me. She was pretty good looking. But dressed sort of like a slut. I know I shouldn't say that but I don't know how else to describe it. I don't mean it in any bad way. She had on a tight crop top, that shaped her tits really well. And showed off her lean tummy. And a pair of jean shorts, I knew as soon as she turned around I'd get a full view of her ass hanging out a bit. Not that I was thinking of that kind of thing. But when you see someone looking real sexy it's hard not to notice, even if you don't exactly want to.

"Hey, you must be Nat," I said.

"Yeah, Brooke told me you would be stopping by, come in," said Nat.

I followed her in and I was dead right. Her jeans were cut just above the ass, enough to show a little cheek. I had to admit she did have a tight ass.

I guess her house was sort of what I expected. Not terrible, it wasn't trashed or anything. But not exactly well kempt either. Walking in you knew someone lived here. I liked that though. It wasn't like some people's houses where you walk in and it's like you stepped into an ikea catalogue. I hate that, I think those people probably have more to hide than Nat does. A

blanket laid on the floor, a bit balled up. An empty beer bottle sat on the coffee table next to a pipe. I mean you saw how she lived. I liked that. There was a certain kind of honesty to it that you don't get to see from other people.

"Make yourself comfortable," said Nat.

I did just that. I hopped on her couch and sunk into the cushions. See, when someone who lives in a house like this says get comfortable you know you can get comfortable. You don't gotta worry about whether or not they want you to put your foot up on the coffee table.

Nat left into another room. I waited for her to return, just sort of taking it all in. Thinking about how I was going to spend the day after I got out of here. I didn't really have much of a plan. Maybe head back to my place for a bit. Make a few calls. Nat returned and placed a bag of weed on the table.

"How much?" I asked.

"Whatevers clever," said Nat, plopping herself down on the couch next to me.

"That's a terrible business plan."

Nat shrugged her shoulders, "I'm graduating and I'm gonna be moving soon. Just kind of need to get rid of it."

I guess it really was my lucky day. I didn't want to take advantage of her kindness though, I reached into my pocket and took out some bills. I figured I'd pay her a fair amount but still keep enough to get myself a nice lunch or something later. I handed her the money and she pocketed it. I don't know how she fit anything into those tight pockets.

"So you're finally out of here then huh?"

"It looks like it. I can't wait. But I can't complain. I did well for myself here. But selling was just something to do for the time being. I know it's a risk."

"I get that, how do you feel about starting life, I mean for real?"

"Shit, if we're gonna get all personal, we should at least roll one up first. How about it?"

I didn't plan on staying and chatting. I kind of wanted to do my own thing. But then I didn't really have any plans. And to be fair, I didn't mind talking to her. She was easy to talk to.

"Alright, sounds good," I said.

"Sweet. I'll get some from the top shelf."

I watched her nimble fingers roll up a joint. Such dexterity, delicate, real smooth. She must have done it often. If I tried that, it would look like a twisted up tree branch.

"I like your nails, by the way," I said.

She put the joint up to her lips, "Thanks," she lit it and inhaled, the smoke wisping around her mouth.

She passed to me, placing her hand over mine. She had such smooth hands. Nat put her feet up on the coffee table and reclined into the couch. See that's what I was talking about. Real relaxed. I loved it. I inhaled, started to feel light, starting to feel right.

"You got any music," I said.

"Oh, yeah," Nat lifted her legs off the coffee table. She leaned her body over me, reaching for the set up on the end table to my left. Her breasts brushed against mine. Her back arched a bit as she turned on a playlist. She had a fine body. Nice curves. She placed her hand on my thigh, for balance of course. Stopping on her way back, turning to face me, flashing me an inviting smile. I couldn't help but smile back. I was feeling good. Real good. She sat back down, her legs crossed, body angled toward me.

I didn't want to think much of it. Of her touch. That was probably just the way she was. She seemed like the type, just a flirt in general. I'm sure it didn't mean anything, just a friendly touchy person. I'm not like that so it caught me off guard is all.

She placed her hand back on my leg, "so tell me about yourself," she said.

"There's not much to tell," I said.

"There's always something to tell."

"I'm just trying to be here, just enjoy being here, I don't wanna think about much of anything. Especially not who I am."

"Damn you don't have to get that heavy about it," she laughed, her fingers sliding down my leg.

I kind of eyed her hands a bit suspiciously. Enough for her to notice.

She pulled back, "Sorry, I get a little... uh... excited when I smoke."

"It's fine," I said. I mean it wasn't so bad. It's nice to be touched. Especially since my boyfriend went back home, I haven't had so much as a hug. "I don't mind it, you can touch me if you like."

"Really?" she said a bit excited, she scooted over, cuddling herself next to me. It definitely felt good to be close to someone, and she seemed friendly enough.

"Yeah, I haven't seen my boyfriend in weeks. I can't remember the last time someone cuddled me."

"That's a real shame," she said, her fingers walking across my shoulders, "I'm right here, if you need any help with that."

There was no denying it now. She was definitely flirting with me. I can't say it didn't feel good, to have her attention. To have her touch me. She was sweet. And she's smart. I've never been with a girl before. Never really thought of them in that way. She is pretty though. Very pretty. When her legs stretched out on the table, so long, so smooth. I know most my age experimented with that kind of thing. Kissing another woman, maybe taking it farther. But I don't know if I had it in me. Maybe I just didn't have the right opportunity though. Always so stressed over classes or work. I didn't have to worry about any of that now. I was feeling relaxed.

Nat had her arms wrapped around me, her head resting on my shoulder. Her breasts pressed against me. It felt nice to have another's warmth resting on me. I can't deny that.

"That's very sweet," I said "But..." I didn't quite know what to say, I didn't really know what I wanted to say..."I mean, I like dick... it's nothing personal."

“Is that so...” said Nat, her voice trailing off, “can I show you something?”

I nodded, not sure what she was talking about.

She took my hand in hers, guiding it between her legs, stopping before she got too close, “Is this okay?” Asked Nat, not wanting to push me to something I wasn’t comfortable with. Something about what she said, the way she looked at me, it piqued my interest. I wanted to know what she had in store. What had her so excited.

“Yeah, go on,” I said.

She placed my hand on her crotch. I could feel a buldge, an excited twitch.

“You...”

“...Have a dick,” Nat finished my sentence, laughing, “what do you think?”

“I think this could work,” I said, giving her a squeeze.

I leaned in, my hand rubbing her crotch. My lips searching for hers, waiting for her to make the next move. Nat wrapped an arm around me and pulled me in. Her lips embracing mine. Her tongue, her lips, uniting with mine.

I certainly wasn’t expecting this either today. I’ve never been with a women, let alone one like her. But now I was dying to know what it was like, I hungered and ached for it. This whole time I saw nothing that hinted at this little secret. So well hidden, but now divulged to me, or perhaps for me. I wanted to know more, I just had to know more about this little secret of hers, a secret that didn’t feel so little from what I could feel. But I had to find out for sure. I unbuttoned her shorts and slid them down her smooth milky white legs. A pair of red panties now remained the only thing between me and knowing all of her. I rubbed over her panties, my other hand sneaking up her shirt. Her cock stiffened as I stimulated the different parts of her body. Her lips with my lips. Her breasts with my hand, her cock with my fingers. All working together to excite her as she unhooked my bra.

I pulled her cock out, big and hard in my hand. Yet smooth and delicate, a woman's cock.

"You have a very pretty cock," I said.

"Would you like to taste her," said Nat.

I brought my lips away from hers and lowered them down to the tip of her cock. My tongue teasing the head. She let out a satisfied moan. I wrapped my lips around the tip, taking the shaft into my mouth, the spit drooling down. I took the rest of my clothes off as I sucked on her. I held her cock in one hand, and pressed my pussy against it. Sliding up and down her cock, wet from my spit. Using her to caress my clit.

"Can I put it in?" My pussy soaked itself, nice and wet, ready to have a cock inside it, "Please give it to me, put it in," I begged."

She grabbed onto my ass, giving my cheeks a squeeze, helping me guide her cock into my tight hole. Slowly lowering me down on her thick shaft, until I had it all in. I bent forward, my hands on her breasts, gripping her. I rocked my hips, rising and falling on her cock. My ass slapping against her.

"How does she feel," said Nat.

"Amazing... Big..." I moaned.

She bucked her hips into the air, fucking me back. I don't know if fucking other women felt this great but fucking Nat sure did. A woman's body, perky tits, and throbbing cock to fill my pussy. I had the best of both worlds. The absolute best.

Nat lifted up her torso, tossing me down on my back. Lifting my legs up onto her shoulders. Taking my pussy for herself, fucking me harder. I was all hers, all hers to take and enjoy.

"Don't stop..please don't stop, give it to me, fuck me."

She had me folded in on myself, pounding down from on top of me. She placed a hand on my face, caressing my cheek. Her thumb in my mouth. I sucked on it, pacifying myself, overwhelmed with ecstasy.

"Fuck you're tight."

I pulled at her hips, wanting her to get deeper. Helping her to hit me right where I needed. I was getting close to the edge. And by the way her

cock throbbed and jumped inside my pussy I knew she was almost there to.

“I want your cum,” I cried, encouraging her. Encouraging her to thrust faster and harder, “Fuck me baby, give me that cum.”

I shook and moaned, my pussy tightening until it pushed her out. Nat took her cock in her hand and gave it a few stokes. Warm cum shooting from the tip onto my stomach. Nat dove on my lips. Her tongue licking me up. Our breasts against each others, our bodies slick from the sweat.

“You know, I still don’t leave for another two months,” said Nat. Her body pressed into mine, her cock resting against my stomach.

“I’m sure I can make a few visits before then,” I said.

There was no doubt I would make a few visits before she left. I knew I had to see her again. I had to have that cock inside me. I’ve never had dick like that. And there was so much more I wanted to try out with her. I knew this was only a taste of what we could do together. There was a lot more for me to explore. More of her body, and even more of my own. Next time I can come prepared. Come prepared to cum, and cum more than once.

“You know I’m in no rush to leave,” I said, playing with her hair, “How about we go take a shower.”

“Let’s go,” said Nat getting up.

A shower would be nice. A little time to explore that body more. I wanted to play with her butt, so tight. Feel her tits a bit. Clean her from head to toe. Soapy water dripping off her cock. Yeah a shower sounded perfect.

“And if you want we can go get something to eat after,” I said. I worked up a bit of an appetite. I figured I could treat her to a meal. It was the least I could do for all she’s given me today.

“Good, I’m starving,” said Nat, rubbing her stomach.

I followed behind her into the bathroom, giving her ass a slap.

“You better watch it, I’m gonna have to get you back for that.”

“Do it.”

Nat smiled, the bathroom filling with steam. Steam from the warm water and from the heat generated between our bodies.

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