



*Blog Flash
Compendium*

Volume II

By Mr. Potestas

**Blog Flash Compendium
Volume II**

By Mr. Potestas

Copyright 2013 Mr. Potestas
Smashwords Edition

* * * *

Disclaimer

Thank you for downloading this free ebook. You are welcome to share it with your friends. This book may be reproduced, copied, and distributed for noncommercial purposes, provided the book remains in its complete and original form. If you'd like to read more of my stories, please visit my writing blog [The Realms of Mr. Potestas](#) to discover my other works. Thanks for your interest!

This adult anthology is a work of fiction. It is meant for those eighteen and older, while there are sexual acts depicted that may not even be possible. All characters are eighteen or older. Though there are inspirations from other fictional sources, any similarity to real people, live or no, is merely coincidental.

* * * *

Forward

The following erotica first appeared on my blog. This omits any fan fiction I wrote there. All the stories were given further polish for this publication. Enjoy!

* * * *

Table of Contents

The First Run

Jessica

Roleplay

The Symbiont

The Goo

An Act of Love

Bloody Mutation

* * * *

Author's Note: This is a sequel to [New Transformations: Lycanthropy](#), following minutes later. Lycanthropy was envisioned to be a Blog Flash, but quickly became its own story, which I wanted in my Passions Multiverse. However, this canonical sequel easily fits into the Blog Flash arena. Enjoy!

The First Run

After quickly throwing on a T-shirt, tight exercise pants, and running shoes, I scurried out to meet with the woman fast becoming a great love: Jennifer. Looking up to the stars, Jennifer stood on the porch of the old Victorian House of my other love, a Priestess of Potions. She was the priestess who made Jennifer into what she was always meant to be. The nude, physically fit scientist was bathed in the waning moonlight. Her brown hair subtly moved with the light breeze. She was a nudist now, while her greatly fit body was a pleasure to see. The only reason she would ever bother with clothes would be to blend in with normal society.

She sniffed the air, and said, "You smell so wonderful, Succubus, even when you're not spewing those pheromones out." She turned around to me with her powerful blue eyes. Her muscles were blatant, while somehow adding to her radiant beauty.

"Are you ready?"

"That's my line! You won't keep up with me," she smirked. "I'm not even sure how far I can push myself yet, Jackie!"

Jennifer began to transform herself fully for the first time under her own will. It was clearly painless, but she felt every part of it. She could only change by her own will now, barring, possibly, extreme emotional states. Unlike before, it was fluid, and lacking in all the bodily cracks and creaks. Her ears became pointed, while her body grew yet stronger and larger, and her bright white teeth became sharper, more wolf-like. With nails growing into claws, she fell to her hands and knees, and grunted and growled, not of pain, but of joy. Her mouth and nose slowly pushed forward, morphing into a long snout and jawline, with further teeth forming to properly fill the longer mouth, while her fangs became long and proud. A tail protruded backwards, while her hands morphed into large front paws, and her feet elongated into long back paws. Soft brown fur finally grew all along her body. The initially long hair on her head did not grow, making it short yet flush with the rest of her.

"Oh my fucking gods!" I stated in amazement.

Though it was clearly not as natural for her to do in that form, the blue eyed she-wolf stood upright, leaning on the post to proudly show herself off to me. Her height was almost exactly eight feet tall, as evidenced by her pointy, higher up ears touching the just over eight foot ceiling. Jennifer was still distinctly feminine, in spite of her clear wolf-like appearance, while her breasts were distinctly larger than they would be proportionally, thanks to increased muscle mass. Though I didn't look it, I was actually still stronger than her, due to super efficient muscles, but she could still tear into most humanoids effortlessly. She would never do so unprovoked, though. No matter how wild she was now at heart, the scientist's mind was fully there.

"You're so beautiful, Jen!" I exclaimed with a tear in my eye.

With the help of her eyes, she sneered in lieu of a full smile, which was impossible with that mouth! Unable to speak more than barks, grunts, and growls in that form, I heard her say in her mind, "Thank you, Jackie!" her tail wagged happily. She bent downward and nuzzled my nose with her snout,

and bolted into the forest on all fours.

I ran after her, knowing I could never keep up with her. Though, she was clearly going “slow” to start, allowing me to run next to her for a while. Jennifer soon let her self fly. In a blur, she was out of my sight. I still had no trouble tracking her, though, in the dark forest. For anyone looking, her mental signature was quite distinct.

We ran for many hours. She would sometimes double back to see me as a playful tease, barking in greeting. Soon, the night grew old, while the moon began to set. Jennifer finally tired herself out! I was a bit worn myself.

I met up with the large she-wolf waiting patiently for me, while lying next to a tree, panting deeply. I sat next to her, and pet her massive, soft body. The strong scent of feminine musk told me that her perspiration was closer to Human than Canine in her wolf form, allowing her to fully exert herself without overheating. Before my eyes, she smoothly morphed back into her athletic Human form.

“I can only imagine the kind of Energy you use up to do that!” I exclaimed.

“Yeah! But, I think all my extra mass is converted into Energy. Can’t think of anywhere else it could be going ...” she said breathlessly. “Feels kinda good when I morph, anyway!”

We made out lovingly. She was a bit tired for sex, but being a Succubus, I made our kiss better than any normal sex, sipping at her amazing Sexual Energy.

“I, umm ...” She licked her lips, and continued, “I wanna feed on you a little.”

“Of course, Jen.” I presented my wrist, and requested jokingly, “Just don’t gnaw my hand off!”

Almost drooling, she took my wrist, and morphed her teeth into their fanged, canine form. She then plunged her teeth into both sides of my wrists. It would have been painful if I didn’t have control over my pain perception!

Jennifer pulled back suddenly, looking completely amazed! “Your blood is amazing!” she cooed, my blood dripping from her lips. Her speech was subtly slurred by the canine teeth.

“Thanks, I guess,” I laughed in my own amazement. “I heard a legend once that Succubus Blood is addicting to Vampires, while it enralls them. That’s why they never feed on us. Well, so says the legend ... and by the way, they’re a bit cleaner!” I presented my already healed yet still blood covered wrist.

Jennifer grabbed the wrist, and more than happily lapped it clean. “Wouldn’t call it addicting, Jackie, but I’d bet it’s better than Human Flesh!” She only needed to consume humanoid flesh or blood at least once a month to be stable and healthy, while she obviously would never need to kill for it, even if she wanted to do that.

“I wanna gnaw on your neck a bit, Jackie. Kinda wanna know what it feels like,” she said, licking my blood off her lips.

“Sure, I trust you, Jen. Only I want you to do it as a wolf.” I was almost training her like I would my progeny, albeit very nuanced.

Jennifer smiled, before she smoothly, more smoothly than before, morphed into the massive wolf-creature. I lay on my back, and she crawled on top of me, slowly wagging her tail in her blatant excitement. My body practically disappeared under her massive stature!

Drool dripping onto me, she slowly licked my neck with her large tongue. Almost passionately, she plunged her sharp teeth into my soft neck. My blood spewed down the happily growling being’s wanting throat. Her soft lips kept most of my blood from escaping. Though she subtly chewed, there was no danger of her ripping my throat out. It was obvious she was only using a fraction of her bite strength in that form, while such a bite to the neck from her would be fatal to Humans and Witches under normal circumstances.

“You’re pretty vulnerable in this position, Jen!” I gurgled, pain perception dialed to minimum. “I could rip your jaw off; I could punch right through you!”

‘Didn’t know you were so kinky!’ she exclaimed in her head, while growling in the extreme emotion of joy.

After I felt more than enough blood leave me, I sputtered, “OK, Jen, you’ve had enough!”

She pulled back without any hesitation, and lapped my already healing wounds clean. Jennifer was more than satisfied. I sensed she wanted to sleep here for the rest of the night. There was no argument. Any Human or wild animal would be pretty stupid to even think about messing with us! Jennifer repositioned herself so most of her weight was off of me, while making sure she would still keep me warm and comfortable. I lightly pet the soft hair on her large, furry head. We soon fell asleep under the dark night sky ...

* * * *

Author’s Note: This Flash also serves as a prequel to [New Transformations Latexica](#), which was inspired by the Flash Shiny Black. This and Latexica are certainly not the first stories about some kind of super-suit, but I worked to add my own twists to the concepts. Enjoy!

Jessica

Looking at myself in my bathroom mirror, I finally felt no conflict toward what I yearned to do. It’s hard to explain in any rational way. How could any Human explain a total renunciation of their humanity?

I fell to this path be sheer chance, accident. After waking up from a half remembered dream, not long after dressing myself in this Full Body Latexica Suit, I had an incredible urge to learn what this suit could really do. It told me without question: *The Full Body Suit by Latexica, inc, is capable of changing the user’s physical form, including DNA, with limitations including gender change.* In continued with a warning: *If the user opts to change physical form, including DNA, beyond simple muscle enhancement, the suit must never be removed, because DNA alteration requires fusion with the user’s skin, ensuring the user’s circulatory system is connected with the Latexica. The genetic alteration is irreversible.*

I then asked it if others had done such changes. It again answered without question. The suit even *showed* me where many of those others were.

Though still uncertain after the queries, I worked to design what could be my future self. I knew where I wanted to go; I had a general idea of the form. It took some negotiation, due to the suits limitations, but I soon came upon an image I would accept.

Now that I was certain, I bought myself a oneway ticket to Brazil. I didn’t even tell anyone I was going. I just not longer cared. Someone will soon file a missing persons report, likely learning of my plane ticket, but they will never know exactly where I went, let alone what I am about to do to myself.

Once I went through customs, without luggage to their confusion, I rented an old Jeep in cash. I drove to the edge of the rainforest. I stepped out of the Jeep. I had on no clothing since I left, but that was culturally accepted, when one wore Latexica. My nipples were currently hidden, as were my ass-crack and vagina. The color I set was a pale green to subtly tease myself until I did the deed.

As part of the transformation program I created, I ensured that the process will be slow, memorable, and not painful. I needed to remember every detail clearly of my renouncing of humanity. I even had a small mirror!

Standing before the rainforest next to the car, I called up the transformation sequence. The suit automatically gave me the expected warning, which I accepted.

First, the suit's color darkened, while developing darker stripes along my body, giving me natural camouflage. The covering of my nipples faded, showing my full breasts as they truly are. Then, I started to feel the suit tighten, for lack of better words. I could almost feel it fuse with my skin, and my blood invisibly start to flow through it. For a brief second, my breathing was heavy and erratic, but the suit quickly eased my respiration, while it began to rewrite my DNA with my blood now flowing through it.

I suddenly dropped my mirror. My hands started to feel strange, and I brought them to my face. My hands grew slightly longer and more slender in appearance, while nails grew to become long, tough, sharp, gray claws. I could then see and feel my arm and shoulder muscles became far more developed and efficient.

My hips then felt very strange. Feeling and seeing the growing muscle mass, the suit compelled me to go to all fours. I did so without second thought, positioning my face over the mirror. My fingers curled inward impulsively, while I leaned on my palms. On my knees, I looked back to see and feel my feet almost but not quite follow suit with my hands. While my big toes did not become thumbs, all my elongating toes with their growing claws became far more prehensile. On impulse, I shifted my weight to the elongated toes, and let my knees naturally position themselves above my waist. I could walk and run faster than any Human on all fours, while I could still easily walk on two legs if necessary. There were still alterations to come, which would ensure my special movement.

My suit almost put me into a state of pure orgasmic bliss to ensure the next part was painless. My neck and body began to stretch, elongate, while blatant muscles began to form along. I repositioned my hands as necessary. Extra vertebrae began to form to accommodate the increased length, while extra sets of ribs formed for the same reason. Then, my tailbone began to separate into further vertebrae, capable of supporting a real tail. The moment the change was complete, a large, prehensile tale began to form, growing vertebrae within it. I looked back to witness my striped tail's growth with a large smile. I swung it back and forth happily the moment it was fully formed.

I could then feel my head and mouth and eyes feel strange. Looking into the mirror, I could already see that my brown eyes were completing their color shift to turquoise, while my vision improved to far better than twenty-ten acuity. My hair fell away, before I brushed it off the mirror with my partly reptilian hands. This allowed me to better see my ears grow and become pointy in shape, while my hearing improved as dramatically as my vision. While my teeth sharpened (developing more as well), my face began to lengthen almost around my nose, developing into a long, proud snout with two slits for nostrils. Breathing deep through them, I found myself capable of smelling long distances, and a greater sensitivity and understanding of all the scent I could acquire. At the same time, my tongue lengthened considerably.

I breathed a long, satisfied smile, my physical transformation being complete. After stretching my elongated body (opening my pussy), I began to masturbate wildly in celebration. I flipped my tail up toward me to worship the new, thick appendage. At the same, the final part of the transformation program initiated. While not necessarily suppressing my Human memories and emotions, all the proper, more animalistic instincts were enhanced and clarified. My thoughts became simpler, cleaner, more vivid. Impulsively, I sucked off the end of my tail, and with my spit as lube, I swung it around,

and shoved it into my dripping pussy. I moved it in and out as much as I could, while I wiggled it wildly within me. My G-spot was the focus. I moaned and cooed widely, digging my claws deep into the dirt.

While not the intention consciously, the program made me fall in love with myself. I saw no problem with it, especially through how I could fuck myself with my own tail! Besides, there was nothing else like me. That was the point. In perfect acceptance and understanding of what I became, I screamed in squirting orgasm all over my tail, and blacked out ...

I eventually awoke. It was still day, barely. A distinct hunger hit me. Sniffing mindfully, a feast was not far away. I stood up on all fours, and excitedly ran into the mysterious rainforest ...

* * * *

Author's Note: This is the original, albeit further edited Flash Version of my purchasable eBook [Roleplaying](#). Enjoy!

Roleplay

I was having dinner with my amazingly beautiful wife Laura. It was a silent dinner, as they were for too long. She was so amazingly beautiful, though, that just seeing her brightened my day. Slim but not too slim body, pitch black hair, sultrily dark eyes, and healthily porcelain skin. She was always my image of perfection. I may have met her in college and married her after we both graduated, but she was always ever seen as my trophy wife. There was truth to that, running my father's successful investment firm. I was filthy rich, to be diplomatic.

"We should talk more, Laura," I said quietly across the table.

"What do you wanna talk about, Jack? Our failing marriage," she stated bluntly. Laura was always a very forward person, when she was being quiet.

"I guess we should ... I can't lose you, Laura. We gotta do something ..."

"Roleplaying?" I asked almost as a joke, while I was really thinking out loud.

"I guess we could give that a try, Jack," she answered with genuine interest.

"Really?"

"Yeah, why not? Never done it before ..." she trailed off thinking. I saw a small flash of excitement in her eyes. "I could be like some high priced escort. We meet at some fancy hotel; you pay me for real. Technically money I could spend anyway. It'll all be for fun!"

Then, an improved idea sprouted in my head from the seed idea she planted. Nevada, our state, reformed prostitution laws, and now allowed for brothels to provide escort services throughout the state. The sex for a fee was legal. "You can say no to this, Laura, but you got my mind running ... You know that prostitution reform bill they passed last year allowing escorts out of brothels?"

"Yes ..." she wasn't sure how to react to where this was going.

"Well, why not go all the way, and become a real escort, prostitute? I'll fill your schedule; we watch a movie and have sex; I pay you after ..."

Laura sat for a moment just looking at me in deep thought. She was not apposed to it. "Well, I do wanna save this marriage, too ... Fuck it! I'll become a whore for you. Not sure how I feel about it, yet, but it was kinda my idea ..."

Our county didn't allow prostitution, but the next one over did. Indeed, the closest brothel to us was only twenty minutes away. Laura was a part time, contract consultant at my company, so another job was not a problem. Her only concern was needing to register her real name, but that was partly negated by the fact that she was not obligated to advertise a real name to customers.

After the job interview at Trixy's Ranch, Laura came home amazed she got the job, or will after a medical exam them next day. Brothels were hiring escorts like crazy after the new laws went into affect! I set up a new bank account in her name that night, while reserving my usual Vegas Suite for next week, to complete the scenario.

The rest of the week practically went by normally, save for the fact she became a fully licensed prostitute! Plus, I also called up Trixy's to set up an appointment with their "freshest" escort, who happened to be "Velvet." That was my pet name for Laura back in college, and that was how I knew it was her. After, we agreed to pretend we didn't know each other that night we were set to meet.

Though she spent a lot of time at Trixy's for training purposes, Laura assured me that it was all about pricing and regulations. I shrugged it off.

I was casually lying on the suite couch watching porn, when there was a knock on the door. Excited, I scurried over to see if it was who I thought it was.

My jaw dropped at the escort before me. My wife was dressed in a form fitting, black dress, which went just past her ass. Opaque black stockings covered her legs, while black high heels wrapped around her feet. A tiny, shiny black purse was draped around her shoulder. All the clothes were new.

"Err, Velvet?" I barely asked.

"Yes, sir," she confirmed professionally. "You are James Masterson?"

"Yes, please come in!" I gave a fake name, which Laura told me was common.

She smirked at the ensuing lesbian porn, and stated with a professionalism I only expected from my employees, "Let's get down to business, sir. My base fee for the night is one-thousand dollars. That covers, perhaps, a movie of your choosing and some old fashioned sex. Alternative sex like anal, my tits, my feet, my mouth, etc, boost the fee by one-hundred. The base fee will cover two orgasms, your orgasms. I will then charge an additional five-hundred for further orgasms. That would be on top of any possible alternative sex and tip. Payment is cash or check when we are done!"

"Wow, how would you keep track if we get too crazy drunk or something?"

"It's my job, sir!" she smiled pleasantly. "I'm not really allowed to get too drunk with clients anyway. There's a list of rules I'm supposed to follow. I have it with me if you wish to look."

"That's fine, Velvet. I just wanna fuck around!"

We retreated to the bedroom, and she gave me a mandatory condom. She then almost passively lay on the bed.

"I wanna talk dirty, OK?" I asked.

"No problem, sir! This fucking whore wants that," she exclaimed happily.

"Strip naked, slut, and masturbate!" I ordered.

She followed my order without question. I excitedly stripped naked, while she moaned and grunted. Seeing her perfect size ten feet, I grabbed and slobbered all over them, before rubbing them all over my cock. She knew I loved her feet like that, but I never indulged this much before. She seemed to enjoy it so much that she started stroking on her pussy faster.

We were both in utter ecstasy that she was driving. "Oh, you're the best fucking whore ever, Velvet!" I cooed.

"Of course, it's my fucking job!" she cooed back, before she came hard.

At the same time she jerked me off harder with her exquisite soles. “ERRRGH, Laura!” I grunted in orgasm all over her feet. “Eat my cum, Velvet,” I barely ordered.

She wasn’t flexible enough to eat directly for her silken feet, but she scooped it all up happily with her hands.

“You love cum, don’t you, slut?” I asked lustfully.

She nodded with an equally as lustful smile.

“Get on your hands and knees, whore, I’m gonna fuck your ass!”

She looked incredibly happy getting on her hands and knees, while I got the impression she was really happy about a larger check coming to her! After rolling on her condom and lubing up, I rammed her ass unabashedly. We had anal once before, but it didn’t impress her enough to let me do it again. Her tight hole felt awesome clenching my cock, while her firm ass provided excellent cushion. She moaned and grunted loudly in compliment, and I began to rub her wet pussy. The pleasure soon became too much for both of us, and we both squirt wetly in loud orgasm!

After holding my Velvet Laura, basking in the afterglow of the best sex we ever had, she climbed off the bed, and dressed herself. “So, eleven-hundred, Jack! That was truly amazing. You know you were my first ever client. I wasn’t sure about all this, but I’m really liking this job!” she exclaimed truthfully, not realizing she used my real name.

With a smile equal to her own, I wrote the large check out to her, and gave her a four-hundred dollar tip in cash. She was overjoyed.

Our marriage was saved, but to my shock, she continued to be an escort with me as her best and apparently only client. Though she did secretly allow me to not wear a condom (she was supplied the Pill by her brothel), Laura was just not the same anymore. Per a casual recommendation, she was always exercising, developing her flexibility through yoga, and heavily researching sexual behavior. She would not let me do more than kiss her without paying. Yet, she really did love the sex *and* the pay, and said she was enjoying having me as a “client” too much to stop just yet. That was how she wanted to do sex now.

I paid, yes, I paid! I never went through so many checkbooks in my life over the last couple months, while she was receiving so much from me that her commission increased to sixty percent from forty-five. She really was worth the thousands of dollars I was rewarding her with, though, and she knew it. In my mind, it wasn’t that far off from buying her expensive jewelry and clothing, which I still did ...

Remarkably, it turned out that her boss figured out what we were doing, but was fine with it, me always paying handsomely. We were in the process of doing everything I ever dreamed, for a price, while I already had an epic threesome with another escort from her brothel!

After an incredible night of sex in our bed, I cut her a check for 3,500 dollars including tip. Do the math, right? Just before I went to sleep, my athletic wife and paid prostitute stated, “There’s something I gotta tell you, Jack.”

“Yeah, Velvet?” I used her escort name most of the time in bed now.

She shifted over, and kissed me lovingly. “I am an escort, a prostitute. I think I always was; I just never joined the brothel until now. I do love you more than anything, but you know that smile over your checks is real ...”

“What are you trying to say, Laura?”

“I’m seeing other clients now. You’re still my best client -- you are my husband, but I don’t fuck you everyday. I wanted to be the best escort at Trixy’s, and now I am ...”

“Shit ...” My shock wasn’t just out of her seeing other clients ...

“Are you OK, Jack. I need you to be OK with this. It’s my job, my life.”

“I guess so. What did I really expect? As long as you come back to me ... and let me see that account of yours!” I quipped, hiding my subsiding discomfort. Greed did run in the family, while I did find myself capable of sharing my wife. I always kind of showed her off ...

She kissed me deeply, lovingly. “Thank you ... Next week, Trixy set me up with a politician. They are even more a prize than successful investor husbands!”

To show her my acceptance, I began to make love with her again.

Laura then stated businesslike, while I worshiped her neck, “So, Jack, is this round gonna be cash or check?”

* * * *

The Symbiont

Jackie was pleased she finally had some free time. The move to her new apartment with her boyfriend took forever, and she finally had the chance to explore the old building. She soon found herself in the damp, musty basement.

The lights were aging and dim. It was obvious few went down there, save for plumbers and electricians. Moistened dust and spider webbing permeated the air. Jackie thought about leaving, but changed her mind, always the explorer at heart. She soon found herself drawn to an old crate just sitting next to the dank stone wall. The pull toward it was unexplainable, while she did nothing to resist it.

The crate was locked and jammed shut. No matter what she did, the crate just wouldn’t open. Suddenly, the crate shook violently. The shock overrode her draw just enough for her to back away. The crate exploded, with shiny black slime propelling itself outward in all direction save forward. She was just far enough back that the apparent slime didn’t reach her.

The black goo seemed to move with a life, a purpose of its own. It surrounded the area around her. Or, did she unknowingly walk into it? Both were right. If she wasn’t so mesmerized by what was happening, Jackie would have realized she stripped naked. The goo’s fumes grasped her mind. It began to wrap itself around her waist with thick black tentacles. It was cool and inviting. While its grip tightened, she wanted it to be one with her.

No! That could not be. It was trying to merge with her, seeping into every hole, every pore it could find. She had to run, scream for help, but she could not move. She tried to struggle, but it was too late. The substance was already inside her, changing her insides in ways should could not understand, while it already all but replaced her skin from the neck down to her hips, aiming to replace her human skin completely. Her veins were turning black from the substance merging with her blood, while everything started to become clearer, more pleasurable with the goo seeping into her brain. She could feel it pleurably flowing into her ass and pussy as well. The pleasure was becoming unlike anything she ever thought possible.

Looking downward with her blackening eyes, she began to see what was happening externally as much as she felt it. The black, tentacled goo was molding her body into a tall, Amazonian Queen! Her muscles under the textured, blackened skin became large and beautiful. At the same time, the black goo, which now replaced her skin from the neck down to her ankles, was morphing into a kind of

breathable, flexible skin-armor. She looked to her now long clawed, almost skeletal hands, and looked down to her legs and feet now sensuously wrapped in the tentacled goo, claws forming on her toes like her fingers. Her feet then grew longer and more wolflike, instinctually starting to stand on the longer balls of her feet and toes, while her calves and hips shifted to make way for that more canine structure. She felt an intense excitement amongst the epic pleasures, masking whatever pain she should be feeling.

It was in that moment she knew that the substance unwittingly activated dormant, primal DNA, and was opportunistically warping it to its ends. No, she was morphing the DNA to her ends! Her mind was now completely merged with the shiny black goo.

Pulling her still partly unchanged head back, she spewed out the black goo from her mouth. While it spread around her head, her brow ridge protruded forward noticeably, and her nose and mouth pushed forward into a distinct snout. Distinct upper and lower fangs protruded in her mouth. Her eyes were closed tight in the pleasure and joy of the changes. In a loud growl of joy, she opened her now glowing onyx eyes wide ...

Jason came home from work wanting to kiss his girlfriend and unwind. The moment he entered the apartment, fangs were deep inside his neck. He tried to break himself free, but the powerful, eight foot tall, feminine being barely noticed his protest. The new Jackie now required human flesh and blood as sustenance. Her first taste of human blood, her only food source, was glorious. She would have eaten every part of him if her human memories were not still intact. Though, he was difficult to recognize through eyes perceiving a wider spectrum, and through other enhanced senses. She cared little about her former race, while the goo sought new life by merging with a psychologically compatible life form.

She pulled herself away from the very drained Jason, intentionally ripping flesh away to consume. He fell to the floor. Looking at the bleeding, dying man before her, she knew what she had to do. She needed a mate. Perhaps what little love she felt for him still lingered, too. While she could transform others to her new species, natural procreation and old fashioned pleasure would be more than helpful.

Her thick, black spit was already flowing within him, already corrupting his very DNA to make him easier to consume. In her own way, she was saving the man she loved. On all fours, which was as natural for her as two, she spewed her black goo all over the delirious Jason. The thick goo ate right through his clothes, before seeping into every hole it could find. She could feel it doing so, as it was a part of her. As thus, it could only transform him in one way: make him nearly identical to her. Needing his DNA as a base, her goo would not make him a clone, but they would be very close genetically.

Preserving his X chromosomes and replacing his Y with Jackie's X, his gender rapidly became female. All his Y chromosomes were as easily destroyed as the penis he no longer had. Her goo was so much more efficient at changing others than when it was not one with her.

Large, feminine muscles grew as did the feminized Jason's body, while her breasts grew out proudly. Her hands morphed into a beautiful, bonelike appearance with long claws, and her feet lengthened and became more canine with long claws, while her hips and calves morphed accordingly. At the same time, her skin moped into the shiny, rubbery skin-armor, which aroused Jackie more than anything. And finally, her brow protruded forward, while her nose and mouth pushed forward into a sexy snout with long fangs above and below.

In a massive, screaming orgasm the transformed Jason jutted her glowing black eyes open, seeing her lover, her mate with literally new eyes ...

* * * *

The Goo

Laura woke up that Saturday morning still feeling tired from the past week. She wasn't a morning person on the best days, but she was hungry. On automatic, she made up a bowl of cereal for herself. Without even looking, she filled her spoon, and put the contents in her mouth.

Her eyes quickly went wide. It wasn't milk in her mouth. It was from a jug; it was white; but it wasn't milk! For reasons not apparent, she didn't automatically spit it out. The thick goo permeated her mouth, and dripped down her throat. While tasteless at first, it soon became the tastiest, sweetest thing she ever had in there.

She suddenly found herself obsessively consuming everything in the bowl, before licking it clean. Looking over to the nearly full half gallon jug of white goo, all she could think about was drinking it all. She grasped the open jug, and chugged madly. She felt the goo pleurably permeate every crevice of her like it was alive. Somehow, it was what she wanted. No, it was what the goo wanted. It wanted to be her. No, she wanted to be the living goo. Yes, the goo was her!

The next thing Laura knew, she was doing push ups in her living room. She had no idea how long she was doing this, but that didn't bother her. It didn't bother her like it didn't bother her that she was naked and dripping sweat everywhere. Her sweat was very different now. Instead of the expected clear salty liquid, her clear sweat was thick like the goo that flowed through her veins.

She went for almost another half an hour with her push ups, before switching to aggressive yogalates, which she only now knew. Happily nibbling at her own pussy lips, she knew she was now a contortionist. No, that was a side product of what she was becoming. And, everything that was her wanted to go all the way.

Her boyfriend walked into her apartment to see sweaty Laura aggressively doing stomach crunches.

"Laura?" he asked in shock. He wasn't looking at the same woman he saw the night before. Not only did she look wild, she also looked incredibly fit, muscles glistening from a thick layer of her sweat. The chestnut haired brunette now looked like a sexy, athletic supermodel!

"What's wrong, John? Don't you wanna fuck what you see?" she asked flatly.

Laura lunged at him, and they tightly made out. Her spit was the goo, like the rest of her, but it may not change him quite as much. They fell to the floor, Laura ripping his clothes off. He kissed and licked down her sweaty body, clearly loving the goo-sweat he was beginning to ingest. He slowed to savor her legs, before worshipping her now perfect sevens. They were once veiny with large bunions, but they were now as smooth and streamlined as the rest of her.

On impulse, she moved her feet away from his hands and mouth, and pressed them together from heel to toe. To her awe and amazement, she felt her heels, pads, and toes fuse, while her wrinkly arches became warm and moist like her dripping pussy. Indeed, the apparent foot-pussy was dripping more so in that moment.

"What's happening to you?" he barely asked, wanting to fuck the new pussy badly.

Laura wanted to answer, but her mind was becoming clouded with thoughts of only sex and cum

eating. Before language left her completely, she barely stated, “Fuck ... feet-pussy!” At that, she was merely a Sex Machine.

A second later, he shoved his cock into the warm, moist foot-pussy. In the perfection of the feeling, he humped the pussy wildly. They moaned and cooed happily. Thanks to the goo, they were now in perfect time with each other, and soon came loudly at once.

The Sex Machine lapped up the cum happily off her separating feet. Instinctually, she knew that was the food that sustained her. Watching his transformed girlfriend feed, the goo finally overwhelmed his mind. The Sex Machine was the only one he could fuck, and that was all he wanted to do. He was not a Sex Machine himself, but thoughts of fucking and feeding her were consuming him. John became a Feeder.

He easily willed his cock back to its erect state, and brought it to her mouth, which quickly morphed into an O-face with her lips over her teeth. The inside of her mouth became a pussy in its own right at the same time. He then shoved his throbbing member into the Sex Machine’s mouth-pussy, and humped wildly. Her muffled cooes of pleasure only made him hump her head faster and harder. Amongst the pleasurable gooey juices, he came forcibly down her wanting throat.

Soon after removing his softened cock, the Sex Machine’s mouth-pussy morphed back into what it was before, clearly savoring the tasty cum. He willed his cock back to solidity, and plowed her original pussy. It was as good as all the rest, as it was it’s own distinct pussy. The crotch-pussy was connected with her stomach like another mouth, and as such, the Sex Machine could taste the cock inside her. He worshiped her sensitive breasts at the same time. They soon came together in a lustful passion, the Sex Machine loving the taste of cum via her crotch-pussy.

There was only one more hole left to fuck in this feeding. The Sex Machine went to all fours, and happily presented her dripping ass-pussy, which was also connected with her stomach. He shoved his hardened cock into the hungry Sex Machine. She happily reeled and cooed at the feel and taste of his cock in the tight hole. This was their favorite pussy, they quickly realized. He soon came a final time into the wanting Sex Machine, who unsurprisingly loved the taste of his cum in her ass-pussy more than her mouth or crotch-pussies.

They soon lay next to each other, making out, while the Feeder rubbed the Sex Machine’s ass-pussy. The Sex Machine had her fill, but she still loved sex! The Feeder obliged ...

“Hey, Robbie, what did you put in these scrambled eggs? Best I’ve ever tasted!” Alexandra exclaimed wide eyed.

“Oh? Just the usual, Alex: salt, pepper, milk ...” Robert replied confused.

“You gotta taste this, so you know how awesome it is! And then, you can feed me your cum as reward for the best breakfast ever...”

* * * *

Author’s Note: This story was around almost as far back as when I stated to write erotica. Just never got around to finishing it, while it is rather short! Perhaps with some irony, this was one of those uncompleted stories that helped bring me to the idea of Blog Flashes. Enjoy!

An Act of Love

Kirsty and Laura were good friends in college. To their regret, they lost touch with each other after they graduated. By the time Kirsty decided to look Laura up, five years passed.

“Is Laura Sanders?” Kirsty asked cautiously over the phone. She already called the wrong person at that point.

“Ah, yes. Whose this?”

“Kirsty Daniels! I know it’s been a while,” she answered with cautious excitement.

“Oh, Kirsty! Wow, yeah, it has been a while ... So how you been?”

“Great! I was just thinking about college and all that, and wondered what happened to you.”

“Well, not as much as I would have liked,” she chuckled. “I was with a boyfriend a couple years after we graduated. That didn’t last long. Still talk to him on occasion, though. Right now, I’m actually going steady with another guy I met at work.”

“Actually, I just broke up with Bob.”

“Funny Bob from Graphic Design Club?”

“Yeah, yeah. We started to get serious not long after we graduated. We got hired at the same company a couple months after graduation, and, well, we hit it off. Everything slowly fell apart over the last year though. I guess that’s why I was thinking about those college days.”

“Oh, sorry to hear that. You two even talking?”

“No. At least not right now ...”

“You wanna meet for lunch or something ... Or, umm, where you living these days?”

“Clear Sands. Its not too far from our old college.”

“Oh, really? I’m only about a few hours drive from you. I guess if I stay at your house for a night or two it would work.”

“That’s no problem.”

They exchanged addresses and numbers.

“OK! I’m actually free this weekend, Kirsty. I can head down Friday evening, and we can do whatever Saturday.”

“Great! Can’t wait!”

“Me neither! See yah Friday.”

“See yah.” They hung up.

Laura arrived at Kirsty’s late that Friday. They talked for hours, while drinking wine. They changed very little since college. They commented on their hair: Kirsty’s being a darker blonde, and Laura’s black hair being cut shorter. Without fully realizing it, they went back to the college mentality. That sense of the world being ahead of them, and yet the next day did not necessarily matter.

It was late by the time they decided to go to sleep. They were both very drunk. Laura slept on the couch.

They woke up late the next morning, and just barely slept past their expected hangovers. By the time they walked out the door to go to a local spa, they felt fine.

At the Spa they both received massages, manicures, pedicures. They even did some tanning. Though Laura’s fair skin never darkened as much as Kirsty’s. They were in amazing moods when they left the spa. They wanted to go somewhere for lunch, but did not care where. So, they decided to just drive around until they found something decent.

While walking to the Kirsty’s car, they caught eyes with a strange man. It seemed like he said something, but whatever it was, it went in one ear and out the other. It did not bother them, and they

just shrugged it off.

Driving around, they quickly realized how strange they felt. They drove into an empty parking lot of a nearby park. While they looked into their eyes, that strange feeling began to overwhelm them. They looked into each other. They saw the beauty in their similar, physically fit builds.

“You’re so beautiful, Laura,” Kirsty said impulsively.

“You’re beautiful, too, Kirsty.”

They looked into each other’s eyes, and felt only love. They leaned in closer and closer until lips met. A rush of joy bolted through their bodies. Their touching tongues sent waves of pleasure down their spines.

Slowly, lovingly, they pulled each other’s clothes off and away. Their soft bodies sliding against one another was beyond sensual. Soon, they slowly ground their moist pussies, bringing themselves to a near orgasmic state they did not want to end. The wondrous feel and taste of their now sweating bodies began to betray their wants. Yet, they NEEDED to cum. Moaning and grunting and cooing in glorious ways they never thought possible, their need became ever so much closer.

They soon forgot their want for eternal love making, and found themselves almost forcing a state of orgasmic bliss. Their eyes rolled back into their heads; their hands tightly grasped their taut, moist flesh. At the same time, they exploded in utter joy!

Breathless, they held each other in the afterglow. They knew it was a one time thing, yet that fact did not sadden them. They were not in love with each other, yet there was now a powerful love out of their spark of friendship turned bonfire. Both knew they would now forever be closer than most friends would ever be. It was all because of the act they just shared. It was an act of love.

* * * *

Author’s Note: Inspiration for this Flash came from multiple places. This is a thematic successor to [Vampires of Passion: Bloody Marry](#). Underlying elements are inspired by vampire films I've seen, while it also incorporates a never completed piece involving a mad scientist. Enjoy!

Bloody Mutation

“Shit!” I exclaimed. The nightly news showed what they stated was a riot in a neighborhood just ten minutes car ride away. I had a friend and coworker that lived there. I started dialing her number before my supposedly locked front door suddenly opened.

"What the hell is going on? Is that blood on your shirt?" I asked confused. My beautiful friend and coworker Marry suddenly barged into my living room. What worried more than her shirt was the almost animal look in her dark eyes. It was like seeing a controlled hunger ...

"We are kinda messy, I guess, Larry, but I don't think we have to be ..." The slim brunette descended her bright white fangs in a vain effort to save time.

"What the fuck?" I exclaimed breathlessly in fear and arousal.

"I am now a Vampire thanks to my stepfather scientist Jack Reynolds. That fucking bastard took away our humanity!" she subtly lisped through the fangs. "I have a greater will than he realized, though. That is why he hasn't dominated my mind, my will. I need your muscle to stop us, before we suck dry more than this town! I am sorry ..."

She suddenly lunged at me, and we fell to the floor, tearing off our clothes. When she kissed me, something in her spit seeped into me, putting me in a state total arousal. While humping me widely, she plunged her we fangs into my neck. Blood flew out of me, while what ever she was pumping into me partly filled that void.

She sat up, while still humping, and bloodily exclaimed orgasmically, “FUCK! This is why he did it! The rush of passion ...” Marry leaned down, looking like a wild animal with her fangs and now bright blue eyes. She spat, “But, we don’t have to kill for it!”

Marry then sliced her wrist with her fang, and forced that wrist onto my open mouth. Her salty blood dripping down my throat was strange, sickly sweet. It forced its way into my diminished bloodstream, merging with it, changing it, changing me. I was frozen, feeling everything transform almost at the same time. I soon screamed not in pain, but in passion ...

“Wake up, Larry!” I heard in the black distance. “We cannot wait any longer.”

My will was destroyed, and replaced by hers. All that I was, now was through her. I looked into her dark eyes. “I am yours forever ...” I breathed.

“No,” she stated bluntly, tightly grabbing my head. She looked right into me, and rebuilt my willpower. Well, it was technically still her will, but she allowed me to use it as I wished

I quickly stood up, now fully clothed. “I should kill you for this, Marry!” I stated with truth within the sarcasm, fangs happily descending. It was more than alive: beyond life. It was exhilarating! Pure strength flowed through my veins. I wanted to feed and fuck, but I knew more pressing matters were ahead.

“Yes, you have the power to kill me. You are as much my muscle, as you are my insurance. If I stray, use the will I allowed you to have to destroy me. You can’t feel it, but Jack’s will is constantly pushing on me.”

“I can see it anyway,” I stated, while compassionately placing my hand on her cheek. I loved her for so long, but she was dating another. She suspected my feelings prior, and now knew she was right all along. The mental connection we shared goes both ways, of course, and she allowed me to peer into her mind. “I see the horror we can bring. You are right. We must be so much more, Marry.”

Marry sighed with relief. By allowing me my own will, I could have decided to kill her and join Reynolds. Marry stated with a smile, “You must feed first, before we fight.”

“Yes, Marry ...” I didn’t want to kill, but feared I may anyway.

“I won’t let you kill. I learned this all the hard way, Larry, but you don’t have to.” Marry grabbed my hand, and we rushed out ...

We eventually came across a lone police officer at some outer parameter for the *riot*. She was in her mid-thirties, and looked like a bit of a tomboy. She was not unattractive, though.

“Hi,” I suddenly stated. Marry stood next to me. The blood on her was masked by the darkness.

The officer shined her light on me. “Sir, ma’am, please turn around. The situation is under control.

“No, it’s not,” I stated, descending my virgin fangs. I shrugged, and continued, “Sorry.” I then plunged my sharp pincers into her neck. The blood flowing into me was unlike anything I ever experienced, making my body come alive to efficiently process the meal. A few minutes before, I felt my heart cease, and learned a new kind of hunger, while Marry eased me psychologically. ‘THAT’S ENOUGH!’ Marry screamed into my mind. Gaining composure, I pulled my fangs out. Her wounds clotted quickly, thanks to my venom. I licked her neck clean compassionately ...

“Do you feel him, Larry?”

“Yes, a little. I can already sense how all he wants only sex and blood. He corrupted himself!”

Before us was Marry’s dark, suburban home. All around us, Vampires were killing and being killed. It was a war zone, and the Humans were loosing. It didn’t take much to transform another; the sexual aspects of the process were optional. By biting the Humans and feeding them Vampire Blood, the former Human would rise as soon as twenty minutes later fully armed and under the will of Jack Reynolds. Sometimes, the transforming weren’t even moved to a safe location. That was how bad the Humans were loosing.

We walked into the center of it all: the home of Marry and her now vampiric family. Reynolds was allowing us to come to him. He wanted Marry and now me under his will, as a symbol of unquestionable obedience.

I soon caught a glimpse of her lover Jackie. She was beautiful in her long blonde hair. Her otherwise green eyes were bright blue from her near continuous feeding. Marry’s love for her bled into me. In gambit, I grabbed hold of her, and forced Marry’s will onto her through mine. Her eyes faded back into their green, as her fangs ascended.

With a look of utter joy, Jackie leapt over to Marry, who stated to me, “Thank you.” Jackie then stated teary eyed, “I think he may just kill you now. He’ll dominate your mind and kill you ...”

“He’ll try!” Marry proclaimed.

With me leading, we found our way to the smirking, blood covered Dr. Jack Reynolds. He stood comfortably in the center of the bloodied room. I fell to my knees, feeling his will crushing my mind. The pain! The pain of a twisting, dull dagger into sensitive flesh. I almost submitted, but I felt the combined willpower of Marry and Jackie with me. I stood up, and defiantly proclaimed, “No.”

“Then destruction it is!” the fanged, blood smothered Reynolds darkly proclaimed with his bright blue eyes wide.

He lunged himself at me, and we fell to the floor. We were at each other’s throats. Our strengths were amplified proportionally, and he knew that. So, he desperately tried to throw his spawn at us. Marry and Jackie were just strong enough to hold them back, while forcing Marry’s will onto them. Thus, gaining her own army, while I kept his mind busy.

He did not need his powerful mind for much longer, though. I ripped his head off at the throat. His dark blood spewed everywhere, while life drained from his self mutated body.

I breathlessly stood, his slowly dying blood on me, and looked toward Marry. She knew that would be the last time I kill for her. She nodded in agreement, and sent out all those she already had under her will, save for Jackie, as emissaries to end the bloodshed ...

The war was over with the Humans, before it really started. That was her goal. In the open field behind her house, we all kneeled before her. I was at the front with her other love Jackie. While she allowed me to have a will of my own to keep her in check, I was just as a part of her as the rest of our burgeoning race, albeit a part that had the power to destroy her.

“Existence is our goal,” she proclaimed. Marry now fully accepted her new self and role, while she was without choice in that acceptance.

“By your will, our Queen,” we all proclaimed in unison.

Marry looked down to me with a smirk, which I happily returned. Until that moment, I was subconsciously seeing her as the Queen Vampire, and that impression bled into the rest. She was, to her amazement, just fine with the obvious designation.

“To exist, we must peacefully coexist with the Humans, no matter how much some may may

despise us.”

“By your will, our Queen.”

“We will expand and learn about our race, yes, but we shall never transform a Human against their will. All those that are transformed must ultimately be subject my will.”

“By your will, our Queen.”

“There is but one punishment for transgression ...”

“Our destruction, our Queen.”

She was rather draconian in that proclamation, and she knew it. However, we were capable of great destruction, which she will continue to prevent at all costs.

“Now, my Vampires, it is time to learn all that we are to best coexist with humanity!”

* * * *

Back Flap

Thanks for reading my free eBook! Don't be afraid to happily rate and comment. If you enjoyed this, please browse my [blog](#). There you can find the Passions Multiverse, filled with manipulative gods and incredibly sexualized humanoids. It is my fusion of Lovecraftian Weird Fiction and Erotica. Definitive Editions will be sold through Smashwords in the near future.

For those interested in seeing my older works, where I was just beginning to hone my skills in erotic fiction, please visit the [Erotic Mind Control Story Archive](#). Original versions of the early Passions Multiverse stories may be found there as well.