

# Blog Flash Compendium



*The end of the beginning echoes back*

## Volume III



**By Mr. Potestas**

**Blog Flash Compendium  
Volume III**

By Mr. Potestas

Copyright 2014 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 blog [The Realms of Mr. Potestas](#) and [Smashwords](#) 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. These stories range from the contemporary to the bizarre. All the stories were given further polish for this publication. Enjoy!

\* \* \* \*

## **Table of Contents**

[Cosmic Sex Object](#)

[Beachfront](#)

[The Tease](#)

[Blue Girl](#)

[Documentarians](#)

[The Kiss](#)

\* \* \* \*

## Cosmic Sex Object

Farah's eyes caught something strange on her desk. The black thing was almost the shape of some dildo. A vague recollection of her finding it outside, somewhere, and bringing it inside came to her. Why was the memory so vague? She could not answer that then.

The slim yet full figured brunette picked up the object. It was a solid stone with some heft to it. In a way, it also resembled a large pestle. A small, modern mortar and pestle sat in a cabinet in there kitchen someplace. It suddenly felt very warm, and subtly vibrated in her hands. Looking at it confused with her dark blue eyes, she saw the tip glow darkly, enticingly. A dark energy spewed all over her face, and she fell to the floor in shock.

The hot energy spread all the way around her head like it was a liquid with mind of its own. Her grunts and screams were heavily muffled by the liquid energy smothering her, blinding her. While it began to spread down her neck, she tried to rip it off her head. The stuff simply spread onto her hands, which became glued to her face.

Farah, in her deep moans and grunts, could feel her body slowly become encased in whatever the living energy was. She could not breath!

The next phase, to her blurred shock, then began. Form fitting tentacles penetrated her ass and pussy, fucking her like they were two knowledgeable cocks. Her muffled noises of protest soon became of pleasure.

Tentacles then began to penetrate into her nose and mouth, breathing for her. It tasted ... *good*. Two more penetrated her ear canal, and into her brain. Soon, every hole that was penetrated became alive with pleasure. Her mind was on fire with passion, while her pleasure grew and grew until there was nothing else. Oh fuck, it grew! Then, at the moment of total ecstasy ...

Though she saw it as *normal* right then, she woke up the next morning on her floor changed. Her body was far stronger and more athletic, while her muscles were far more efficient than the average Human. Perfect skin, and flawless everything.

Without thinking, the naked Farrah prepared herself for her usual morning shower. Robe tossed on, she walked to the bathroom of her sorority house. The shower was already occupied. Per decency, she was supposed to patiently wait outside somewhere for her turn. Instead, she quietly opened the door. There was no logical reason for the act. It was out of her unexplainable, burning curiosity.

It was one of her Sorority Sisters Kaley. The clear glass was not yet completely fogged, while Kaley's back was to Farrah. The woman was a sexy, voluptuous blonde with a bit of a bubble but. She never felt such a powerful sexual attraction to anyone, let alone women, before. There was no control over it.

On automatic, Farrah walked inside, and quietly closed the door behind her. She could feel Kaley's thoughts, and knew they were hers to control. "Cum," Farrah commanded. Kaley leaned on the tile wall, while her legs turned to jelly. The wet woman screamed in utter, guttural passion at the surprise orgasm.

Farah dropped her robe, opened the glass door, and walked into the stall. She embraced the out of breath and drooling Kaley, and stated with true desperation, "Fuck me, Kaley! *So hungry!*"

At that, Kaley quickly turned, and made out passionately with the wanting Farrah. At the same time, they were widely grinding their pussies as hard as they could. The hot water dripped down their passion filled bodies. Farrah was soon guiding all the motions with her powerful arms and legs.

"I need you inside me!" Farrah cooed.

"YES!" Kaley cooed back.

They began to grope each other tightly. Muscles flexing, Kaley began to ... phase *into* Farrah. The feel of Kaley's arms literally under her skin, made Farrah moan madly. Farrah then inhumanly grabbed Kaley's head, and forced it onto hers. In a kiss, Farrah forced Kaley *into* her. Kaley quickly was absorbed, and Farrah held herself in utter pleasure. Time slowed ...

Perhaps out of some orgasmic clarity, Farrah suddenly realized how wrong this all was. She was digesting every last bit of poor Kaley! She grabbed her head, and reached inside herself. With all her powerful strength, Farrah pulled Kaley out just before she died within her.

Unconscious but alive, Farrah held her friend and victim in her arms. Like she weighed nothing, Farrah carried her out of the shower, and grabbed a towel for her. Farrah brought the woman to the couch not far from the bathroom. She altered Kaley's memories so that she remembered that she felt funny coming out of the shower and Farrah helped her to the couch where she napped. Looking at the beautiful woman before her, Farrah felt a powerful hunger for the energy of sex, as a part of her still wanted to consume the rest of Kaley ...

"Jack, you shouldn't be here," Farrah said desperately to her boyfriend at her bedroom door.

"*Why?* What are talking about?" he asked confused.

"Please ..." Farrah wanted to consume him just as much as every young and healthy person she saw that day. It took all her will to control herself, even while locked in her own room. What didn't help was that she could no longer eat *food*, and knew she had to have sex with another to survive and more.

He kissed her sweetly on her full lips, and proclaimed, "Talk to me."

The feel of even the light kiss was enough to break her feeble control. She grabbed him with strength he could not understand, while kissing him passionately.

"Fuck, how are you so strong?" he asked in shock.

"Don't talk, Jack! We *fuck!*" she proclaimed.

Jack's mind shifted to only thoughts of sex and desire toward the woman he madly loved. She tore their clothes off like they were nothing, and pulled Jack to the floor naked. His cock quickly penetrated her hungry snatch, and he humped as wildly as she. "*Cum inside me, Jack, and don't stop cumming!*" she excitedly proclaimed.

His eyes rolled back into his head, and massive amounts of his seed exploded into her, while they both moaned in ecstasy. Cum leaked out of her. At the same time, they groped tighter and tighter. Farrah writhed excitedly, feeling him quickly go under her skin and into her very life force.

Like before, time slowed in her near uncontrollable consumption. Something else suddenly happened. A dark, inhuman image appeared before her. The being was real, yet it was a projection out of her altered mind.

"No more resistance!" the dark thing echoed.

"I must choose to renounce my humanity, and embrace the Cause ..." she said on impulse. She could feel the hive mind calling to her. No, it was more than that: She was already connected, and could feel the other fully indoctrinated, world conquering Succubi they created. By embracing the Cause, she would not completely lose her sense of self, but she happily would be a part of a race that consumed

worlds. To reject them now could mean her death, for her transformed mind required the connection to the hive mind.

"*Good*, you understand the truth of what you are already a part. Now choose!"

A powerful wave of imagery and emotion flowed into her mind. It was all the war, the destruction, the pain, the heartache humanity caused. At the same time, she was shown the peace and clarity that was the Cause. She knew what the Cause was doing, but it was quite effective. Obviously, the Cause worked to justify its means of conquering lesser beings. "All the negatives of humanity, and it is so much ... That's it!" she exclaimed.

"What?" Her sudden thought process were utterly alien to it.

"You do not understand the *gray* that it the birthright of all humanity! We are self destructive, but we have yet to destroy ourselves ... *Everything!* I choose *EVERYTHING!*"

Without a word, the image fizzled out of existence. A sharp pain cut through her mind from all the was the Cause. It short circuited, it was forced to adapt. Its lack of understanding of her choice gave her total power over the greater consciousness, while it transformed across the galaxy.

Opportunistically, she *became* the Cause, making it a force of sustainment rather than conquering. This was what she had to do to save herself and her love.

She then pulled her still living lover out of her, and at the same time, transferred enough energy back into him to make him conscious. There was no longer any need for her to consume others, her strength being out of her Cause.

"The world will no longer be the same, my love," she stated, feeling her Succubus-like sisters on earth and elsewhere applying *her* prerogative. "The *Old* Cause was right, but its means was utterly wrong and unfair. How I will forever feel for you is proof of that! No other race will be forcibly consumed again. *My* Cause will make itself known, and anyone can now join by their own free will, *if* they are deemed worthy."

"I don't understand," he barely stated.

"I won't force you to," she stated, while running her fingers through his hair. "I am still the woman you fell in love with; I just forced myself into a very time consuming job! Sleep, now. Your sharp mind will come to understand it all on its own ..."

\* \* \* \*

## **Beachfront**

### *Part I*

"What is *that?*" the woman whispered to herself amongst the failing light of a clouded dusk. She stood at the edge of cave she knew since childhood. The dying light failed to fully invade its small gape, which was only ever accessible by beach at low tide ...

"Jackie?" the auburn haired Linda called out to her friend inside the musty cabin at dusk. The aging generator hummed noticeably in the background, failing to overcome the incessant whoosh of the ocean. Linda was dressed like a slutty Vampire for their intimate Halloween party: black fishnet stockings, black mini skirt, tight black biker shirt showing maximum cleavage, black boots, and nothing else. Her well made, fake fangs rested in their box in her shiny black purse.

“She said she would meet us here right?” Jim asked. He was dressed like a deranged mad scientist with a green jumpsuit and white gloves. His medium length, black hair was gelled outward to one side like explosion went through it.

“That’s what she told me over the phone!” Jim’s girlfriend Janice clarified. The blonde was dressed like a slutty catwoman with drawn on whiskers and a pointy eared hair thing. She wore black fishnets, a tight black T-shirt, a leopard colored miniskirt, and a leather jacket. Though the costume looked half-assed on the surface, she worked hard to develop tabby-like tan lines along her body.

“Do any of you have her number?” Jim asked “I assume she’s been here. Door’s unlocked, everything seems ready, her car’s outside ...”

“Yeah, I’ll text her,” Janice said, taking out her phone. She sent Jackie a text asking where she was ...

While they were unloading their cars, Janice received a text from Jackie saying she would be back soon. She didn’t say where she was, though, or how she got there. It added an odd air of mystery, while it was supposed to be an offbeat Halloween party!

Jackie’s family cottage was a great place for parties large or small, and more than a few were hosted there. The private ocean beach just a quick walk down some steps alone made for some great parties! Indeed, they’ve all been there many times.

They were drinking and enjoying themselves, music in the background, when the front door suddenly opened. They all jumped. It was the raven haired Jackie.

“Where’ve you been?” Linda asked curiously, slurred. The lights violently flickered at the old generator’s sputter.

“*Nowhere*,” she replied with an odd smile. The slim but healthy woman wore a tight black T-shirt, tiny black short shorts, and flip flops. Her feet and ankles were noticeably sandy in the weak yellow light.

“What are you supposed to be?” Jim asked, slyly looking the sexy woman over.

“You’ll find out!” she replied excitedly. “Let’s get this fucking party going!”

Jackie grabbed a bottle of amber beer, and quickly chugged it down. They were all amazed by her behavior. She was normally a bit quiet and held back.

“Spin the Bottle?” Jackie suggested.

“Sure!” Jim answered, while his girlfriend playfully punched him on the arm. Janice was not the jealous type, and didn’t care if he flirted for fun.

Jackie had them all sit on the rug in front of the fire. “This is a *special* game of Spin the Bottle,” she said happily. “You will kiss the person it lands on like normal, but you will also have sex with them.”

They were all taken aback. Janice and Jim were considering sex while there, but none of them thought there was a planned Halloween orgy!

“You all agreed to play my game, so that is what we’re *doing*!” Jackie said deviously. She spun. It landed on Jim, who quickly looked over to his amazed girlfriend. Jackie crawled over Jim, and said to the unbelieving Janice. “Don’t worry, Jan! I got a condom for him!” Like a magician, she pulled a condom seemingly out of thin air.

The two were soon making out, tongue and all. Jim seemed a bit hesitant at first, but he found himself going with it very fast. The others could only watch mesmerized. They excitedly removed their clothes. Almost at the same time, Jackie ripped out the opaque condom, and put it on his throbbing member with her mouth, giving him a teasing blowjob. Before he knew it, she was riding his cock on

top widely, excitedly. They moaned and grunted like wild animals, Jackie even more wildly. Holding herself tightly, she soon came in wild orgasm moments after Jim.

She unmounted the worn Jim, and happily exclaimed, “*That’s* how you play spin the bottle!” While he was still lying shell shocked, Jackie removed the condom with her mouth, and tossed it in the fire. “UMMMM! Cum and cherries. Fuck yeah!”

“I’m, err, I’m gonna go get some water ...” Jim said tiredly. He put his clothes back on, and left the living room.

“Well, OK!” Lina exclaimed. “I guess, I’ll take his turn.” She was very amazed with herself, when she took the bottle. She never considered even kissing a woman before, but she was somehow going with the game happily. She spun: Janice.

Linda scooped over to Janice, who said with subtle discomfort, “Kinda a virgin with, you know, girl-girl ...”

“Me, *too*, Janice!” she said happily, blatantly looking Janice over. “Glad you’re really hot ... Let’s just kiss, and go from there.”

They leaned into each other, and pressed their smooth lips together. Their eyes naturally closed to absorb how good it actually felt. Soon, they stopped thinking, and let their tongues explore one another’s mouths. The feel of their soft lips, the inviting taste of their humid mouths, this was with best kiss of their lives. The heat of the joyous fire enhanced their tingling sensations.

The two breathless woman pulled back to remove their clothes, save for their stockings, for reasons beyond them. Naturally knowing what to do, while admitting to themselves how arousing their naked bodies were (Janice’s feline tan lines drove Linda nuts), they scissored their legs, and made out passionately with their wet pussies. They stared deep into their ferocious, passion filled eyes, before grabbing a stockinged foot. They slobbered all over their foot, while rubbing it all over their face. The fetishistic action drove them into a wild scissoring frenzy. The moans and coos were loud and wild. While their faces dripped from foot tainted spit and sweat, they screamed in the most powerful orgasm of their lives ...

Linda and Janice were lightly laughing in the afterglow, still entangled in the scissor. Jackie said happily, “I guess you’re not virgins anymore!”

“*Nope!*” Linda confirmed playfully. “Definitely not, Jackie!” Janice confirmed with equal joviality. The lights flickered again.

Janice glanced at the dim lights, feeling an odd shiver down her spine. “I, ah, I better go check on Jim, guys ...” she said breathlessly. They said they’d be waiting for them, while she redressed, and she left ...

## *Part II*

“Oh, there you are, Jim!” Janice said happily, walking into a dark bedroom. “You missed me having some *great* sex with Linda. I am not joking, Jim!”

“Oh, yeah?” he said hazily, leaning on a lamp table.

“What’s the matter, Jim? What’s wrong with the light?”

“Nothing, nothing, Jan. Burned out bulb ...”

Smiling, Janice sat on the blued moonlit bed. “Let me make you feel better, Jim.”

A few moments later, he walked over to her, and suddenly forced her down. The old springs creaked in protest. He made out with her aggressively, far more aggressively than she would normally allow. Yet, she found herself enjoying the attention.

Jim suddenly flipped her onto her stomach, and more than helped her onto all fours. “OOOO! Kitty-style, Jim?” she asked happily.

Unceremoniously, he flipped up the miniskirt, and plunged his large cock into her dripping pussy. It felt bigger than usual, while his almost painful aggressiveness made her quickly forget that implausible observation. While it was again far too aggressive for her normally, she quickly found herself loving, lusting the attention. She moaned and screamed like she was in orgasm, but she was still far from it. Her eyes kept rolling back into her head. Fuck, the sex was more awesome than the sex with Linda or anyone! She didn’t want the pleasure to *ever* end.

Then, Jim suddenly stopped, and pulled out.

“Hey, baby, what are you doin’? Put it back in!” she exclaimed, thinking he was teasing.

Jim teasingly rubbed the tip of his cock on her tight asshole. He was no longer quite the same person somehow, he was starting to realize, while he was not done changing. It didn’t make any sense to him, even though the secrets of the universe were all but clear to him now. Still, the only drive he had was to fuck her up the ass and more.

“Oh, all right! How ‘bout getting some lube or ... FUCK!” He suddenly shoved his massive member into her now painfully stretching anal cavity. Her screams quickly turned from pain to amazement to utter ecstasy. Everything was changing rapidly, while she could feel his cock growing deeper and deeper into her at every wild thrust. Her feet elongated and pointed, while her legs slightly shortened, as her hips changed to accommodate the reforming structure. Her toe and fingernails grew out and became like claws. At the same time, she naturally propped herself up on her now feline-like feet and legs.

She could feel his cock go deeper and deeper, somehow linking with her as it went. It was now clear to her that it was what was changing her. Her jawline noticeably pushed itself forward, as her nose morphed into a snout, pleurably. Whiskers quickly jutted outward. Upper and lower fangs became prominent, as her teeth sharpened. She happily swirled her elongated tongue around her changing mouth. She found herself purring and growing at the same time as her tailbone jutted out into a long tail, which Jim sucked on happily.

Janice’s eyes began to feel very strange, and begin to blur. She briefly closed them tight, before opening them wide at a powerful thrust, which made her fake ears go flying. While some colors seemed dulled, everything in the room seemed sharper, brighter. Her pupils were now slits enlarged almost to a circle to let in more light. At the same time, her ears became pointier, more rounded, allowing far more to be heard. Indeed all her senses were greatly heightened.

The changes were as physical as they were mental. Her mind as she once knew it left her. Her intelligence and memories were fully intact, but instinct was far more powerful, perhaps uncontrollable at times.

Janice’s transformation into the catwoman she secretly wanted to be was complete, but she had yet to cum in confirmation.

Jim thrust his still growing cock into her. It found its way into her throat by the time they began to convulse in a single, epic orgasm. The catwoman growled loudly in the orgasm, while Jim exploded within her, causing massive amounts of cum to spew out of her gaping mouth ...

Not long after Janice left to look for Jim, Jackie and Linda were sitting on the couch drinking.

“So what are you supposed to be, Jackie?” Linda asked subtly slurred from the alcohol.

“Something special,” she smirked teasingly. “Hey, you’re supposed to be a Vampire, right, Linda? Put those fangs on for me!”

“Sure!” Linda didn’t find them that comfortable earlier, and that’s why she kept them off for so long. She was buzzed more than enough to not care then, though, while she cared even less about the generator dying right then, leaving only the fire and moonlight. After fishing in her purse for a few moments, she picked out a small box. She took out the ceramic, moderately sized fangs, and carefully fitted them. Linda smiled toothily, and subtly lisped, “You like?”

“*Very* sexy, Linda!” she exclaimed truthfully. She then chugged her beer bottle down, and pointed it at Jackie. “I took the next turn, and the bottle landed on you!”

“Oh!” Linda exclaimed, more surprised over how she was not opposed to what her friend was suggesting.

Linda leaned in somewhat cautiously, mouth slightly open, fangs slightly visible. Their full, moist lips met. They pressed into each other with deep breaths of passion. Jackie teased her friend’s lips with her tongue, and was quickly granted access. With great lust and want, they explored their hot and humid mouths. The taste of alcohol on their spit excited them. Jackie soon concentrated her tongue on Linda’s sharp, fake fangs. They moaned and cooed with dark joy.

Suddenly, Linda pulled back breathless with a big fanged smile. “*Woah* ... You are a great kisser, Jackie!”

With a deviously lustful smile, Jackie took Linda’s fake fangs out of her mouth. “Thank you, Linda.”

Linda felt a rush of shock, feeling her now all too real fangs with her fingers and tongue. “What? ... *No* ...”

“What’s wrong, Linda?” Jackie asked deeply.

“What the fuck! My fangs are *real*!” she exclaimed in utter shock.

“Are they? ... It’s just a trick I learned recently. Have fun, Linda. Go with it!”

The shock melted away at Jackie’s words.

“Hiss at me, and bite my neck, Linda. Just a fun game. *Halloween*, remember?”

With an almost dark smile, Linda fully exposed her fangs and loudly hissed as her “prey.” Licking her lips, Linda pulled Jackie’s hair and head to this side, before easily plunging her sharp fangs into Jackie’s neck. Jackie began scream intermittently in perpetual orgasm.

Linda’s eyes went wide, as her pupils dilated. She didn’t expect to be tasting and swallowing large amounts of real blood, let alone pierce a neck! A part of her wanted to stop herself from drinking the blood, but the sweet, iron rich, salty flavor was better than anything she ever tasted in her life! Indeed, her body began to writhe in orgasmic pleasure, while it processed what she began to realize was inhuman blood. It was transforming her, conforming her. Linda could feel her body reform to only consume red hot blood. She lusted for such change before she knew it was possible! She always dressed as a Vampire for costume parties after all.

Though a part of her once felt shock over realizing such a thing was possible, Linda began to embrace her burgeoning Vampire self. Though more than enough transformative blood was spewing down her throat, she began to suck at the neck hard, wanting, needing it all! Linda moaned and grunted like a wild animal, while Jackie continued her endless orgasm, unfazed by the massive blood loss.

Soon, Linda drank so much blood that her body stopped processing it, and simply stored it in her stomach. Linda finally pulled her blood dripping fangs out. No matter how much she wanted to continue, her body was simply overflowing with Jackie’s blood. She lay on the floor literally breathless. She only needed to breath for speech. Jackie’s blood escaped Linda open mouth. The woman was now an eternal Vampire, and smiled happily, bloodily at the thought ...

Jim and Janice walked into the fire glow of the living room naked not as amazed by the sight as they thought they should be. Janice, in spite of her elongated, paw-like feet, was standing upright, albeit somewhat awkwardly with the help of Jim. She was rather feline after all!

Linda retracted her fangs, and stood slowly. Breathless, she walked over to the catwoman, and sniffed her almost like a hungry animal. Janice did the same in kind, but it was out of greeting instead of the instinctual need to assess possible food.

Linda took a deep breath, and stated, “You both smell quite *good!*” She licked her blood stained lips. “I won’t ever need that much blood to survive ...” she said to herself.

“I think I like the sound of that!” Jim exclaimed, finding himself turned on by Linda’s retracted fangs. He knew her bite would more likely lead to blood loss than death, depending on her intent. Indeed, his mind ascertained the secrets of the universe, and already surmised the reason for everything with perfect accuracy. Nothing was to surprise him anymore. He always hated surprises.

“Wrowww ... you *smell* different, Linda,” Janice observed, “and so does Jackie, I understand now.”

Linda turned to Jackie sitting mischievously on the couch, and stated, “She doesn’t taste Human, I am *quite* sure!”

Smiling darkly in the flickering firelight, Jackie answered, “I was dressed as a Succubus, and now that is what I am ... and *more* ... Come with me, and I will show you the miracle that can change *everything* ...”

\* \* \* \*

*We must resurrect this Dead Megacity for one last moment of glory to save a race it was never meant to save.*

\* \* \* \*

*Author’s Note: This is a homage to the video game series Mass Effect from a visual stand point. I have yet to play the games, while this has nothing to do with them otherwise. Enjoy!*

## **Blue Girl**

“Who’s *that?*” Chief science officer Laura Flax asked aimlessly, catching sight of a being she never saw in the flesh.

“The blue girl?” technician Jackson teased.

“You know who I mean! The Ray’a.”

“That’s Kitacha. Just transferred to the station.” Commander Louiston was with her. He was giving her the tour.

Even through the unattractive, brown jumpsuit, anyone would happily drool over her, like any of her all *feminine* species. Like all Ray’as, Kitacha was an exotic, beautiful, super athletic, very tall beauty. Her shiny blue skin was actually thousands, millions of visibly overlapping scales, which were

known to be silken but tough. Though her face and body were all but Human in appearance, her head showed her alien nature. Instead of hair, she had squid-like tendrils flowing back along her scalp. They naturally expressed much of their emotion through those tendrils, while most facial expressions were essentially simulated to better work with Humans. Their ear slits were hidden behind the tendrils on both sides of their heads, but their eyes were the most fascinating, if only for the subtlety. Kitacha's, like most of her kind, were almost Human in appearance with deep blue irises and black pupils, but they were more solid and ovoid. Also, they cannot process reds as anything more than grays, while they can perceive just barely into the X-ray wavelengths.

It was no coincidence that they looked so Human. The species were highly empathic. So empathic that their physical form adjusted to something more ascetically pleasing, more or less. Though technically more advanced than Humans from the start, Humans were the first "aliens" the Ray's ever met, as they were the first "aliens" Humans ever met. It being a peaceful encounter, the originally more squid-like aliens shifted their form over the next fifty years, and settled on what is seen now. They still function incredibly well under salt water without any aid, which covers ninety-nine percent of their world. Indeed, many settled in Earth's oceans. Fresh water, outside of drinking, was not as natural to them, but they functioned under it without issue in the short term.

Regardless, it should be noted that they are no push overs, in spite of their hyper-advanced empathy. On average, they are twice as strong as the strongest Human, while their technology continues to stay ahead of humanity.

Feeling emotions she didn't yet fully understand, Laura walked over to the nearly eight foot tall Amazon Kitacha. "Hi, I'm Lieutenant Laura Flax. I don't think we've met," she barely stated, looking upward. At six feet and five inches, the otherwise tall Laura looked almost average sized next to Kitacha.

Kitacha's tendrils moved in a long, slow wave from front to back. She affected a smile and extended her blue hand. "I'm solar technician Kitacha'alla'oroti. You can call me Kitacha, Laura."

They shook. It was the firmest handshake she ever experienced, while the silken *and* scaly feel of Kitacha's skin utterly amazed her.

"You never met one of my kind, Laura?" she asked, affecting a curious look. Her voice was deep and resonating.

"No, not personally ... *amazing* ..."

She flicked her tendrils, and chuckled almost like a schoolgirl. "I think I'll have Laura finish my tour. If that's all right, Commander."

"Oh, that's no problem," he stated professionally, barely hiding his disappointment. He left.

"Let's go, Laura!" she proclaimed.

While almost aimlessly walking down the quiet corridors, Laura soon realized how amazing Kitacha smelled. It was like freshly bloomed flowers on a cool spring morning. They were almost hip to hip, and barely aware they were holding hands. Kitacha's tendrils were elegantly flowing.

"Laura?"

"Yes, Kitacha?" she breathed.

"You know of love at first sight, correct?"

Confused at the query, Laura let go of her strong hand, and answered, "Yes."

"For your kind, it's usually *unreliable*, but it's how my kind always finds our Life Lovers. It's because of our empathy," she explained. "Without thinking, Laura, answer this question: What did you feel the first moment you saw me?"

“Love,” she answered in shock. “That’s *impossible* ... I’m not a lesbian; we’re not even the same species ...”

“For your kind, love at first sight only becomes certain when you fall in love with one of us.”

They walked into Kitacha’s quarters, and sat on the bed. “I really *do* love you, Kitacha!”

They began to make out lovingly, while their tongues explored their mouths. Laura almost wanted to inhale Kitacha’s thick, sweet spit. Kitacha’s long, prehensile tongue swirled in Laura’s mouth. Barely, Kitacha pulled back. “Before we make love, there are things I want you to know, my Laura. *Inevitable things* ... For procreation, only the females of my kind can mate. That is why males only account for barely a single percent of our population, and they always become female, when they fall in love ... Obviously, we can fall in love with Humans. A side affect of our amazing empathy, as you can feel. The *consequence* is that you will become a female of my species, more or less, the same way one of our males becomes female. None of this is secret. The moment we shook hands, every part of my body became primed to genetically link with my lover. I am not sweating right now. The thick liquid forcing its way through my scales that is already on you is the substance that *transforms* you! Once you are fully transformed, we shall cocoon ourselves, and become one and together.”

All Laura could do, needed to do was grope and kiss the hot and humid blue alien embracing her. Kitacha’s slime only stuck to her, and it felt wonderful, while it’s thickness slowly increased. After a while, Laura’s hands found their way to Kitacha’s hand and foot. She couldn’t stop groping them, and wasn’t sure why.

“You didn’t know my race’s alpha pleasure centers were our hands and feet, my love?” Kitacha said bluntly. “Your sexual instincts are *already* changing!”

Curious, Laura took Kitacha’s wet, scaly hand, and began to suck each finger in turn. Kitacha cooed loudly until she happily came. They lay back, and began to rub each other’s feet, which again made Kitacha happily coo. Laura could not help but notice how her love’s feet were different. Yes, they had five toes each and high arches, but the could only be seen as alien. The were large proportionally, rather wide, and had a subtle flipper-like appearance.

Before she knew it, Laura was happily sucking on her alien lovers toes, while Kitacha was rubbing her foot on her alien lover’s wet pussy. Kitacha’s sweetly transformative slime began to permeate Laura inside and out. When they came together, Laura’s scream was muffled by a foot and thick slime.

Laura lay back now completely cocooned in the transformative slime. Her vision was horribly blurred, while her breathing was barely happening through the brief moments the slime opened over her mouth. Kitacha almost literally glued her lips onto Laura’s, and breathed for them both, while the gray cocoon fully formed around them.

The slime smothered all that Laura was. She couldn’t think, she couldn’t feel. All that was intentional. Her body changing so radically, it would have been painful otherwise ...

Laura dreamed of a vast, salty ocean. She swam naked and lived within its loving bosom. Kitacha was with her, and they were making love. The passionate sex was not quite like what any Human would call normal, but neither were Human. They were worshiping one another’s feet with their hands and mouths. Waves of deep pleasure flowed from their hands and feet. At the same time, their connected minds poured love out into their lover’s mind. Soon, an orgasmic ecstasy flew threw them. They prolonged it for all but an eternity ... Eventually, they swam back to their home, deep within the Pacific Ocean on Earth ...

“Wake up, my love ...” Laura heard in the distance.

Laura slowly opened her new eyes. Though it was clearly Kitacha’s quarters, it all looked different. Though it probably shouldn’t have surprised her, she could no longer see reds, while she perceived ultraviolet and soft X-rays. The latter was something she could naturally control by simple focusing, while both were weakly describable as vivid and more vivid violets. A small degree of UV light was always put on space ships to make up for the lack of sunlight.

Laura looked down to her deep blue hands, seeing the last of the cocoon dissolve. They had distinct, camouflage-like striations, which were clearly ultraviolet in color, flowing all along her seven foot, deep blue, scaly body. It was a more beautiful, more powerful color than she ever imagined!

She looked to Kitacha, whose tendrils were flowing beautifully, showing the joy she felt. Kitacha’s body now seemed a lighter blue than before, while she had her own distinct striations.

Laura then realized how thin the air felt, and started to have trouble breathing.

“Yes, the air is quite thin for us, my love,” Kitacha stated. “You know we can breath under water, too. Breath slowly and deeply until you feel relaxed.”

Laura did so. “I still kinda feel like I always did, Kitacha ...”

“Of course, Laura. Only your body changed, mostly. I don’t know genetics very well, but you’re still a little Human. Your face looks almost as exactly it did before, not counting those eyes and beautiful tendrils!”

Laura then felt it: their fused empathy and subconscious. “I love you, Kitacha ...” she said, while transmitting the powerful emotion to her lover, who emotionally responded in kind. She impulsively cooed at feeling emotion transmitted to her for the first time.

They instinctually fell to their backs, and began to make love to each other’s feet with their equally as sensitized hands. She instinctually knew that her hands and feet would only be so sensitive in intimate moments. The pleasure of this moment was beyond all of Laura’s experience. They were not mating; only making love. As Life Mates, they could mate at anytime with either ultimately carrying their child. They were also now so sexually active that they would happily have others join them in their sexual escapades. Love and passion were to consume their lives ...

\* \* \* \*

## **Documentarians**

“Welcome back,” the attractive Lisa Milner of the show Reality TV Update sounded. “Here with me now is reality TV personality Cindy Sardinis of the popular show Packed Tight: The Sardinis. Where we left off, we were about to discuss the show’s lack of limits so far.”

“Yes,” the golden skinned, raven haired Cindy confirmed. “We’re all really close. We can get away with a lot amongst ourselves. We’re already under our skins, so we can’t piss each other off much more than we already have!”

“A fan question I have here asks, ‘What is the one thing you think you will do on the show that could never air?’”

“*Incest!*” Cindy joked with a some truth. Packed Tight’s premium network was compared to the movie based channels, which never censored themselves, but refusing to show incest was still an easy assumption.

“Of course ...” the host laughed with her.

“Seriously, Cindy?” Kasey Sardinis asked her sister. The two were watching the show on the couch. They were between seasons. Kasey was a bit taller and a bit more voluptuous (the three sisters were all full bodied to their own extent). The two were both a little drunk that Friday afternoon, while their sister Carol was doing a latex photoshoot for a charity.

“You *know* Twitter’s goin’ nuts right now, Kase!” she said almost diabolically. They were really only as nutty as the average American family, Kasey assumed, but they often went out of their way to amplify that nuttiness in front of the camera. Though their show was technically unscripted, they always planned much of the more nutty antics. They were, of course, not filming at the moment.

“You couldn’t save that for the show?”

“I’m allowed to say stupid things on TV, Kasey!”

“But, you *are* bi!” she exclaimed with subtle frustration. They weren’t yet exploring that on the show, and Cindy’s joke may force lesbian and incest subjects for the next season, which is already “scripted.”

“Hey, I got the *craziest* idea!” Cindy exclaimed. It was all a part of a crazy idea she came up with after the interview, and another incident. The original, perhaps more innocent plan was already forgotten.

“What?” she asked drunkenly.

“Since we’re gonna definitely address that incest joke on the show, lets rehearse it right away! And you know, I wanna see the scene go ‘till it’s bled *dry*.”

“Sure!” Kasey quickly set up their personal videocamera on the tripod next to them. She hit record, and began, “What the hell, Cindy? Since you mentioned incest on that show, *everyone* thinks we screw each other now!” She walked to her sister with her usual mock anger.

“Just the Sardines sayin’ stupid things!”

“You *are* bi! I might as well tell you I am, too!”

“*Really?*” Cindy suspected, but honestly never knew for sure. For Cindy, at least, sexuality was up to the individual to express.

“*Yeah!* And now, the world’s gonna know!” She pulled off her T-shirt, revealing her amazing DDs relaxing in a blue satin bra. “Since we’re gettin’ everything out in the open, tell me you wanna *fuck* these tits! I *dare* you.”

“I’m not gonna lie, I wish I had your tits!” Cindy exclaimed truthfully. Compared to her Cs, Kasey’s breasts were quite amazing, and Cindy would be lying if she said she felt nothing sexual toward them.

“So, you’re *NOT* lying! You *DO* wanna *fuck* you’re own little sister ...” Kasey peeled off her tight jeans and panties, and lay on the couch beautifully naked. In perfect character, she offered, “Go ahead, then, *fuck* your own bisexual sister!”

If they weren’t rehearsing, Cindy actually would have started to fuck her right then. She knew it was fucked up, but she desperately wanted to know what lesbian incest felt like. Instead, Cindy did her classic reversal. “Look at yourself, Kasey! You think *I’m* fucked up? You’re offering yourself as a sex toy to your own sister!” She stood before her naked sister, and ripped off her shirt, bra, pants, and underwear. “Well, Times Two: I dare you to fuck *me!*”

Kasey was taken aback, finally. “I dare you times two” is a tagline and recurring joke they created for the show. If one dares, while the other dares back the same act, the second dare must be followed. This was the most out there Times Two they ever did.

“*Well?*” Casey exclaimed, hands on her smooth hips.

Kasey stood up, keeping her false anger outward. Her goal, as with most Times Twos, was to prove it was all a silly joke, even if it was only funny to the audience. Forcibly, Kasey grabbed her sister's head, and collided her full lips on her sister's. Not holding back, Kasey forced her tongue into Cindy's accepting mouth. Their nipples grew erect on top of one another, while they began to grope their silken bodies. When Cindy began to tightly grope her firm bubble butt, Kasey suddenly pulled back with an uncertain look on her face. They were certainly not doing something even close to normal. She shook her head, and stated with amazement, "Times two!"

Naked bodies as smashed together as their mouths and tongues, they fell to the couch. The warmth of their smooth crotches were radiating. The way Kasey was sucking and kneading on her firm breast and groping her slightly smaller, firm ass, suggested to Cindy that she was right about her sister: Kasey was not only bisexual, but also willing to explore that with her own sisters. However, Kasey never had the moment Cindy did, when she watched that season finale alone (Kasey rarely watched the show).

"Oh, Fuck, Kasey! You are a *natural*," she cooed. "Now, I told you I wanted your tits!"

With an amazed smile, Kasey obliged. Both being with a woman in the past and knowing her sister, they made each other happily coo and grunt. "Holy, fuck, Cindy! Can't *believe* this is happening, but I can't deny I love it! ... Make me cum."

Still groping her sisters massive, spit dripping, love pillows, Cindy offered, "Well, *errrgh* ... You're the one fucking me, remember? We can scissor, we can finger, we can sixty-nine ..."

"I wanna sixty-nine, and squirt in our mouths," she said deeply, drooling. What awoke in Cindy was awakening in Kasey, and Kasey's feeble barriers preventing this moment were destroyed.

"Put that crotch on my mouth, and follow my lead."

The moment Kasey's crotch landed, Cindy began to consume. Her sister's sleek crotch tasted better than she imagined! Kasey began to eat her sister's crotch in kind with equal sexual affirmation. Once she was happy with the juice levels, Cindy hooked her fingers into her sister's humid snatch, easily finding and stimulating the G-spot. Kasey was a fast learner, and they were soon moaning and cooing widely. Their juices were already dripping down their moistening bodies, when then finally screamed and squirt intensely in orgasm, catching as much squirt as they could in their thirsty mouths ...

Kasey and Cindy secretly watched their sister Carol in her bedroom's shower through the ajar door. Carol was closer to Cindy's somewhat slimmer body type to Kasey's. She had C-cup breasts, a bubble butt somewhere between the size of the other two, and brown hair.

"I think I was always sexually attracted to her, but I never admitted it to myself," Kasey confessed in a whisper.

Cindy lustfully kissed her sister's neck, and whispered, "She's just like us, Kasey. We love to watch and be watched. We just have to *show* her ... " She then shoved her hand down Kasey's already unbuttoned jeans, and rubbed almost teasingly. Cindy responded in kind ...

"That's different, Carol!" Kasey cooed, looking at the raw pictures from her sister's latex shoot on their couch.

"Kinda *sexy*!" Cindy complimented.

"Oh, that's easy coming from you, Ms Incest!" she teased.

"*Yeah!*" Cindy exclaimed. "I masturbated to the three of us watching that finale that had us prancing around in our underwear!"

“Oh, ha ha, I can’t breath,” Carol said dryly.

“Come on, Carol, I dare you to masturbate to those pics!” Cindy said lightly.

“Oh, OK,” Carol continued what she thought was a joke, “I dare you to fuck yourself to pics of yourself! *Times Two!*”

“Oh ...” Cindy said with a knowing smirk. Things were moving faster than she expected! “I know the right one for that! Kasey, get that video of that random rehearsal we just did. Moving pictures!”

“Sure!” Kasey complied happily.

“Why are you taking your pants off, Cindy!?” Carol asked amazed.

“Times Two,” she answered matter-of-factly.

Kasey hit play on the camera now attached to the TV, and Cindy started rubbing her snatch. Kasey felt a distinct lust toward herself on the TV, and was jealous that only Cindy was pleasuring herself to that.

“What the *fuck* is this!?” Carol asked in utter shock, seeing her sisters fuck each other in an apparent sex tape. “This can’t be *real!*”

Kasey sat next to Carol, wrapped her arms around her, and stated, “It’s real, Carol. We fucked each other *silly!*”

“That’s *sick* ... what the *fuck* ...” Carol was growing breathless for reasons she didn’t want to understand. Though not at all open about it, yet, she was bisexual, too.

“Really?” Kasey started to explain. “Two consenting adults? Two really *hot* adults that both happen to be bi? Why not? What’s wrong with pleasure?”

“This ... this is ... *completely* crazy ...” Carol could barely speak. She looked over to her wildly masturbating sister. Carol could not deny how amazing the two were in their recorded escapade, as was her sister’s current session. Carol was undeniably aroused.

Kasey leaned in to kiss the mesmerized Carol, who kissed back almost excitedly. When their tongues touched in their mouths, Carol suddenly pulled back. “This is so *weird*, Kasey ... Is this right?”

“Of course.” Kasey answered. “It’s just *pleasure.*” At that, she forced Carol onto the couch, head on top of Cindy’s wet lap.

Still in total amazement toward what she wasn’t stopping, Carol flipped herself around to see Cindy’s wet pussy. Carol began to make out with it, cautiously at first, but at the best sexual flavor she ever experienced, she french kissed her sister’s tasty pussy with as sexually hungry vigor as Kasey’s actions with both her and Carol’s snatches.

While their moans and coos of pleasure increased, whatever sexual barriers between them faded into nothingness. Time joyously slowed in their sapphic, incestuous ecstasy. They were wild animals in heat; nothing could stop them from achieving their goal of incestuous climax. In a massive explosion of pleasure, they screamed in the first best orgasm of their lives ...

They all sat naked, practically on top of each other on their couch, while lightly petting each other. They were not in love, per se, but they achieved a kind of emotional sisterhood most sisters dared not dream.

“How much should we talk about incest next season?” Cindy joked quietly.

“Let’s tease at it for a season or two,” Carol answered seriously, “before anything.”

“Good for the ratings, I think,” Kasey agreed. “The tease’ll drive *everyone* wild!”

\* \* \* \*

*Author's Note: This is a thematic prequel to Blue Girl. It provides an alternate backstory to the one established in the prior story. Enjoy!*

## **The Kiss**

One, two, three, four, five shots down! Laura was so overdoing it, the lightweight woman she was. The music thumped as loudly as the alcohol flowed freely. It was the weekend at a big party university. Her boyfriend Ron just poured the shots of cheap bourbon.

“Ice chug!” someone screamed through the door.

Ron took Laura's arm, and the two scurried outside. It was a bit chilly, being early December, but the heat of the moment mostly masked that. Numerous party goers stood before a lump of ice vaguely shaped like shoe, while it had a small trench carved down the middle for the alcohol. It sat on top of a small table acting as the outside bar. Julie stood behind, suggesting the overall height to be about five and a half feet. She was a slim, light skinned woman with deep blue eyes and blue hair. Clearly not minding the cold, she wore a tight long sleeve shirt, black pants, and sneakers. The woman was a recent transfer, so no one knew much about her, save that she apparently liked a good party!

“Who's first?” Julie called with a large bottle of cheap vodka in hand.

Without verbally agreeing, Ron pushed Laura to the forefront. She was not saying no in her drunken state. The already drunk woman kneeled before the raised end, mouth opened wide. Julie took a good swig from the bottle, before poring the liquid down the shoot.

Only about half of the vodka made its way down Laura's throat, while the rest splattered all over her face. The alcohol apparently hit some kind of sweet spot, she assumed, because she felt off and awesome at the same time. She found herself almost lustfully licking her way up the trench, lapping up whatever latent alcohol remained. Her heart raced, while her mind just wasn't there.

The mindless woman climbed onto the table, and soon found herself face to face with the oddly joyous Julie. Their lips collided. Their tongues invaded. It was unlike any kiss Laura had in her life. Julie's mouth was as cold as it was passionate, somehow making it the most wondrous kiss she ever knew up to then. She didn't want it to end, but its inevitable conclusion soon came. Laura pulled back looking at the ecstatic woman, and felt like she had the most wonderful orgasm of her life. Yet, Laura knew she didn't really cum. She was mesmerized.

“Now it's a party!” Julie exclaimed.

Rob helped Julie down from the table, and walked her back inside.

“That was awesome, Laura! What got into you?” he asked through the music.

“I dunno,” she breathed, looking him over. There was an intense arousal suddenly flowing through her. She grabbed him tight, and made out with him lustfully.

He woke up himself! The amazed boyfriend almost carried her to her room at the top floor of the apartment complex.

Even before they made it to the bedroom, Laura was tearing their clothes away. “*Mate with me!*” she exclaimed.

“Sure!” he accepted, assuming she was taking dirty.

Rob fell onto his back, reaching for a condom in the night table (it wasn't the first time he found himself in a related position). Before he even came close, she mounted his bare cock with her dripping pussy.

“No protection, baby?” he barely asked through the drunken haze and arousal, loving her already wild humping.

“Were *mating!*” she growled truthfully. “Cum *inside* me!” A part of Laura couldn’t believe she was saying such things. Yet, they were true. She was mating. It felt similar to sex for pleasure, but the purpose was different: pure procreation. The pleasure was secondary, while she had no need to cum. The feeling of matting was overpowering.

Rob quickly came hard inside her, while utter joy flowed through her. “Oh, I’m *sorry ...*” he breathed, thinking he came prematurely, while he intended to pull out.

Laura quickly leaned down to give him a deep, thanking kiss. “Don’t be sorry!” she exclaimed. “I *need* your cum! I *need* MORE.” She was primal and ready. Her thrusts and inner muscles quickly awakened to used penis inside her. She thrust yet harder.

Laura came a little when he did a second time, but that was merely icing on the mating cake. Going a third round, Laura found herself thinking of the blue haired Julie. She thrust harder at the thought of her, waning to mate with that woman, too. Laura was too lost in the moment to realize that she really couldn’t mate with another woman.

He came again almost painfully. “Err, *God ...* what’s gotten into you?” he blurted out.

“YOU!” she exclaimed, expertly waking his member for another run. Frustration began to fill Laura. She somehow knew this wasn’t working. The primalized woman frustratedly forced another two loads into her before finally giving up. She lay next to him, breathing deep.

Rob was as breathless as his mind was mush. Whatever just happened to him, he would have to sleep on it. He slowly passed out from drunken tiredness.

Laura looked at the man with frustration. Thoughts of Julie eased it. She wanted to find her to mate, but was worn out herself ...

With a jolt, Laura woke up in a hot sweat. She was naked, but it felt like it was a hundred degrees! She hopped out of bed, and opened the door to the upper deck. Feeling the cool breeze, she walked outside. It didn’t take her long to realize that she was walking on fresh snow, while it merely felt crusty and confronting beneath her bare feet. Bewildered, she walked down the fire escape steps, and was soon walking aimlessly, naked in what must have been bitter cold. The moonlight glistened light blue off the young snow.

Still feeling warm, she impulsively let herself fall onto the thick snow. After a few moments of bathing in it, she began to feel its somehow merely cool kiss. Rolling over, the covered hot tub caught her eye, and she casually made her way to it. She picked up the tarp, and felt the water. It was warm to the touch. Still, she had an unquestionable urge to bathe herself in it. Laura tossed off the cover, and climbed into it.

Laura dunked her head under the water, and relaxed. Her eye just barely read the thermometer next to her in the moonlit water: *32.1 F*. The number failed to register. Comforted and unthinking, she blacked out ...

In her sleep of nothingness, Laura could somehow see her body excreting salty compounds, making and allowing the water’s temperature drop well below freezing. Her body became firm and athletic. Her skin slowly turned a vibrant blue and morph into millions of scales, silken to the touch. At the same time, her eyes became a rich blue. Shockingly, if she could process such things in the moment, her hair began to lump together into long, fleshy tentacles, before the scaly blue skin formed around them. Hair no longer existed on her powerful yet gorgeous body ...

Laura slowly awoke to the feel of a familiar, wondrous kiss. She opened her eyes, still under the water, to a being resembling Julie. The blue eyed alien had that scaly blue skin with the tentacles flowing back on her head in lieu of hair.

Fog quickly lifted off of Laura's mind. She was herself again mentally, more or less. The mating, the cold, confused her beyond anything. What the fuck happened to her! Was she dreaming? It was in that moment she realized she was breathing underwater like Julie.

Laura quickly surfaced herself. Her transformed lungs inglorious purged the liquid through her mouth, and apparently switched modes to breath above water. Julie did the same, making it look a bit less inglorious. The sun was just peaking over the frozen horizon.

Looking at her scaly blue body and feeling her head tentacles, she asked in terror, "What the fuck happened to me?" Her voice seemed the same as it was before, in spite of all the other changes.

Julie smiled lovingly, while Laura somehow felt love coming from the feminine alien. "I'm *sorry*, but this had to be done." It was Julie's voice, while it now held oddly resonating tones.

"*What?*"

"You are now basically a hybrid of my dying Ray's race. As such, your Human senses at least are unchanged, while I sense you developed a small degree of empathy. *Interesting* ... Don't worry, you can make yourself look Human again. I will teach you right away."

"I don't *understand* ... Was I really breathing underwater?"

"In this form you can. But like I was saying, you're *still* part Human. My spacefaring race is dying, and we found humanity. *Obviously*, we are not compatible naturally. So, we set out to find a way to make ourselves compatible. We don't like talking about the early attempts with your males. Always the death of the Human, and often the death of one of us ... Then, it came to us: the Human Female. Only one gender of our race could mate with one another, and that is the one closer to the female. We became careful and caring, if only out of humility. That led to you and few others. That retrovirus first teaches that my race doesn't mind the cold, while the temporary urge to mate is an unintended side effect ..."

"I should be *furious*, but something tells me that my mind and body make this possible ..." she realized impossibly.

"Yeah ... it is quite rare for it to work, but its all we've got ..."

"I *still* love Rob ..."

"You may love him *more* now with that empathy you developed. He'll probably love your Ray's form; just ease him into it! I don't want you to say no, but you can ... Be my mate to help save my race. You can mate with Rob, too, having retained your humanity, or just make love to us both in ways you never knew possible. It all means my race's future. Purity is no longer possible, if we ever cared ..."

Laura sighed deeply. "I really wanna be *pissed* at you ... I'm too compassionate, empathic. I *am* still me ... I know I'll come to truly love you, as will Rob." Laura held Julia tightly, in both forgiveness and acceptance ...

#####

*Back Flap*

Thanks for reading my eBook! Don't be afraid to happily comment and rate. If you enjoyed this, please browse my other available books.

Other eBooks by Mr. Potestas at [The Realms of Mr. Potestas](#):

[Blog Unbound Stories](#)

---

Other eBooks by Mr. Potestas at [Smashwords](#):

[The Tome of Passions Series](#)

[Blog Flash Compendia](#)

[Unbound Stories](#)