

**Blog Flash Compendium
Volume V**

By Mr. Potestas

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Smashwords Edition

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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.

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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!

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Taken by Her

Linda again found herself calling for a licensed escort. It was a growing, expensive addiction, she knew. However, she was rather, well, excitable for her age. She was still gorgeous, too, and looked younger than she was. She had jet black hair, blue eyes, light skin, and athletic physique. She was a hell of a masturbator, especially after she divorced her foolish husband, but that only went so far. Nevada's remarkably now legal escorts provided a satisfaction the sapphic side of her always desired.

Her usual escort Sapphire (professional name) was unavailable, so they sent out a different girl of similar requirements: light brown hair, slim physique, strong demeanor. The woman went by Juliana professionally.

About half an hour later, after about half a bottle of wine, Jackie's doorbell rang. Her heart skipped a beat when she saw who it was! The woman before her was her nineteen year old daughter Jackie.

"Jackie?"

"Hey, mom!" She let herself in, and sat casually on the couch. She wore an easy to take off yet almost unassuming red dress.

Linda sat next to her daughter confused and anxious. "I didn't expect you tonight, Jackie ..."

"Are you expecting someone, mom?" she asked, brushing a bang from her mother's forehead.

"I, I, uh, I am. I don't know when she'll be here ... Why did you stop by?"

"Well, mom, I guess it's a good a time as any to tell you," she stated almost laughing. "Mom, I started working for Mona Lisa's about six months ago." She handed over her escort license.

Linda's jaw dropped. The professional name on the card said she was "Julianna." It was in that moment, too, that she realized that Jackie fit the requirements quite well.

"Yeah, mommy, I'm your escort for the night!" she laughed.

"Did you know who you were coming to see?" she asked in her shock. However, she already knew the answer to that.

"Come on, mom! This is your house."

"I'm really embarrassed ... Why didn't you switch with someone?"

"Don't be embarrassed! It can be very difficult to switch. There aren't many escorts in the area. I actually was going to be your escort a while back, but you remember I came down with the flu. So, Sapphire covered for me luckily. You two hit it off, from what I'm told!"

"... I don't know ..." she shook her head. "What do we do now?"

“Well, mom, they charged your card already. You already paid for me, minus the tip. Whatever you wanna do! Gotta make you happy. It’s my job.”

“What I think you’re suggesting, Jackie ... That’s incest! I’ve had too much wine ...”

“You haven’t had enough!” she teased. Jackie was willing to have sex with her mother. It was strange and wrong by most standards, but strange and wrong was one of the reasons why she was willing to become a legal prostitute. Plus, everything was made anonymous under normal circumstances, and all her brothel really cared about is if she continued to have paying clients.

“Do you really want to have sex ... with your mother?”

“Well, I mean, you already paid. Whatever you want!”

“Whatever I want?” She was definitely still horny, but wasn’t sure if she really wanted to satisfy that with her own daughter.

“What did you do with Sapphire? We like to keep these things confidential.”

“Well, sometimes I’d ask her if she wanted to be dominant or submissive. We’d go from there.”

“Interesting, mom! Ask me, then. Play along.”

Her daughter was always a very disarming person, and that was a major asset to her as an escort. “All right, Jackie, err, Julianna, dom or sub tonight?”

“Dom.” Jackie smirked. She always did want to order her mother around.

“I guess I’m gonna do whatever you say!”

“OK, mom! You will say nothing but ‘yes’ to me unless appropriate otherwise. Do you understand?” Her voice gained a distinct sternness that caught her mother off guard. All that charm was suddenly gone.

“Yes ...” she answered amazed.

“Take off your pants, mother,” she ordered.

“What!?”

“Mother, you said you would do whatever I would *fucking* say. Now, take off those mother fucking pants!” she growled.

“Yes, all right ...” Linda was naturally submissive, and only pretend to be dominant whenever Sapphire chose to be submissive. She really couldn’t say no to the order. Her pants fell to the wood floor, revealing her black panties and stockings.

“Sexy legs, mother,” she complimented sternly. “Now, lay yourself across my lap, face down.”

“Yes ...” She did as ordered ponderously.

Jackie lightly touched her mother’s ass with a devious smile, loving how she was wearing a black thong. She was remarkably growing excited, as her pussy was growing warm.

“Honey, what are you doing?” she breathed.

“Shut the fuck up! You were not allowed to speak, mother. But as to your question, I am going to spank you. You have been very naughty. First by having sex with prostitutes, then allowing even the possibility of incest with your own daughter, and finally by speaking more than allowed.”

Linda’s ass was suddenly slapped hard by her daughter’s firm hand. Her entire body spasmed, while she screamed, “OHH-AHHH!” It was a flash of pain, but she actually liked it! That slap was followed by an almost endless onslaught of further slaps of equal or more strength. She grunted and moaned, while her rear nerves slowly deadened. Jackie pulled down Linda’s thong, and resumed spanking even harder, causing Linda to scream and grunt gutturally. The pain slowly turned to pleasure, as it slowly broke her.

“Ho ... ERGAH ... OHHH-ah,” Linda cooed loudly. What little brain power she could muster went to actively not saying any words as instructed. The thought process was almost primal, instinctual. “Oh-ah, OHHHH!” Her hands grabbed at the arm rest, her toes curled, her breathing was deep and erratic. Her mind melted completely, while drool started to leak from her mouth. “Uhh ...” Her ass was glowing bright red.

The slapping soon ceased. “Well, mother, have you learned your lesson?”

“Yes ...” she said truly, barely. Linda now utterly needed to do whatever her daughter asked of her. Her own daughter broke her so easily. If all that meant incestuous sex, then so be it.

“Mother, follow me to your bedroom,” she ordered, standing.

“Yes,” she nodded. All other words all but lay dormant in her mind.

They walked into the bedroom. Jackie was honestly amazed at how excited she was finding herself. Yes, she loved being in control sexually, but she never expected to being sexually in control of her own mother! “Lay on the bed, mother.”

“Yes.” She did so, carefully trying not to put too much weight on her honestly sore ass.

“Do you have some toys, mother?”

“Yes.”

“You may tell me where they are, mother.”

Quietly, submissively, she answered, “Yes, bottom dresser drawer ...”

“Remove your clothes as I look, mother.”

“Yes,” the obedient mother stated and did accordingly. Darkly smiling at her mother’s collection of dildos and vibrators, Jackie removed a large strap-on dildo. She quickly removed her clothes, and strapped the toy onto herself. She turned around, and proclaimed, “Mother, you are so hot! You may thank me for the compliment.”

“Yes, thank you.”

Jackie crawled on top of her passive mother, and began to lustfully make out with her. Admittedly, it *was* a little strange for them both at first, but they were over it quickly, both already aroused. She then kissed down to her mother’s ample breasts,

squeezing and sucking on them. “OOOO, mommy, too bad you still don’t have milk in these awesome jugs!”

“Ohhh, yes,” she cooed in both pleasure and agreement.

After roughly nibbling at her mother’s erect nipples, Jackie kissed her way back up to make out with her with great want. “You want to make love with your own daughter, mother?”

“Yes!” she exclaimed.

Jackie straddled her mother’s mouth with the dildo, and started to fuck it. “Lube it up, mother!”

Linda tried and failed to say yes with the dildo down her throat. She always loved that rubbery taste!

Jackie pulled out, and moved herself down. She then roughly thrust the dildo into her mother’s humid snatch. Linda grunted with amazement and pleasure. Like with the spanking, Jackie did not hold back with her thrusts. She was as rough as any man, if not rougher!

“Errr, OHH-Ahh, YES!” It was too rough at first, but Linda quickly grew to like it. She had no other choice.

“You like your daughter fucking you, don’t you, mother?”

“YES!” Linda cooed wildly. She never realized her daughter was so athletic. Perhaps it ran in the family!

Jackie picked up her mother’s grabbing hands, and had them grab at her breasts. She loved how her mother was putty in her hands, as much as she loved her mother’s hands on her. They moved in glorious motions, wanting the coming orgasm. Her mother finally screamed in utter passion, making Jackie explode moments after her mother started ...

“That was great, mom! ... All right, here’s the deal,” she exclaimed too excitedly. This was a fantasy come true, albeit twisted in unexpectedly incestuous ways. “I have always wanted to have a lover to be in total control of, and I admit to always wanting to call the shots between the two of us. I admit, too, that I never saw how us fucking could be wrong. We are going to be true lovers, as we already are. I’ll get a better job so I will soon only fuck you, make love to you. I know you don’t really like my job, but you’re not the one in control. I just happen to love you. Do you understand, mother?”

“Yes!” she exclaimed happily.

“Great! Oh, and you can speak to me normally when we’re not making love. But either way, you will never say *no* to me.”

“Yes, I never wanted to say *no* to you, Jackie. This is going to be unlike anything I ever dreamed!”

“That’s good, mother. However, I never said we were done fucking!” Jackie looked excited and domineering at the same time.

Linda was in utter shock for disobeying her daughter, no matter how accidental.

“I know that was an accident, mother, but I can’t let it slide,” she said with true anger. “... Come, lay on my lap, face down.” Ultimately, there was more excitement to punishing her mother than anger.

The bashful Linda understood, and did as ordered. Her body convulsed with the powerful slaps from her daughter ...

* * * *

From Behind

She grasped the end of the bed in shock. The pleasure was beyond anything she ever experienced. This was more than what she wanted or dreamed, yet she was the one that wanted it. She wanted it more than she ever dreamed possible. I wanted it to, but with some irony, she wanted it more. The look in her face through that mirror told me that this was the most pleasurable moment in her life. The look told me that it felt far better than it did for me ...

“Jack, you read about that new birth control pill we only need to take once right?” my sexy, brown eyed and haired wife asked almost casually.

“That really popular one, err, Analor?”

“Yeah ... I keep reading about it, and I really wanna go through with it.”

“You know it’s permanent, right? I mean, I’m not saying no; you know it’ll change us both permanently, Laura.”

“I know, but it’s not like those old birth control pills,” she defended. “We can still have kids down the road ...”

“It just makes the vagina more for procreation,” I interrupted.

“And the ass for sex!” she finished excitedly.

“You’re OK with that?” I asked knowing the answer.

“Yeah! I’m kinda tired of the traditional pill, you know that,” she explained.

“Maybe I’m not really into anal, but it’s the only alternative. I can live with you fucking me up my ass, as long as it feels good!”

“All right!” I kissed her lovingly. “I just have to take it, too. I’d never do that if you weren’t sure, Laura.”

Analor may be a single dose, but it was very expensive. The insurance paid a very small percentage, it being new. What amazed me was how our doctor just gave us a prescription without even a second thought. All we had was a simple blood test after

he wrote the prescription. He called us a couple day later to tell us our test results were fine, and to take the pill whenever we were ready.

At first thought, all men wonder why they must take a dose, too. That is explained simply. The male penis is most evolved for the vagina, while the pill alters the penis to be more, well, ass friendly. This alteration includes a greater degree of pre-cum for further lubrication. Technically, my ass will be better suited for a cock as well, but I seriously doubted I would ever test that!

For women, their asses may or may not have visible changes. However, their asshole's sensitivity is increased, as the vagina's sensitivity is decreased almost to zero. Her lubricating juices will also be almost completely redirected into her ass. There were other specifics for both males and females, but it was rather complicated.

Well, long story short, we took our pills. The changes were to happen over the course of the week.

As the week went on, Laura clearly embraced what we were doing. She would tease me with and about her ass. She would talk about testing the sensitivity of her holes while sitting on my lap. I always did love her tight ass!

Remarkably, her tight ass enlarged subtly. It was hard to argue that it became a "bubble butt," but the growth was noticeable. I actually loved the increased definition! It showed that she was becoming more physically able for anal sex than ever before.

Of course, I noticed subtle changes in my cock, in terms of roundness. However, I was never one to really obsess on penises!

Exactly one week later, I caught Laura leaning on the kitchen table with her tight ass showing proudly. Her blue jeans looked so tight that they were almost ready to burst.

"Laura?" I called breathlessly. My cock was ready to rip through my pants.

"I can't wait any longer, Jack!" she said, while turning her head back with a seductive look. "I need you to make love to me up my ass right now!"

I pulled down my pants, and then I savoringly peeled down hers. I worshiped her tight, silken ass, before lightly rubbing her dripping asshole. "How's that feel?"

"Oh, wow!" she breathed. "That might feel better than my pussy."

At that, I uncontrollably plowed my cock into her virgin ass. She tightly grasped the edge of the brown table, while she grunted loudly in pleasure. Through the door's mirror, I could see in the way her face contorted that it was the best feeling she ever had in her life. I didn't think my pleasure was as much as hers, but it was awesome!

"Oh, fuck ... harder HARDER!" she screamed.

I obliged, and began to fuck her like a wild animal, while grunting inhumanly.

"Oh, my fuckin' God ... It does feel better than up my pussy!" she screamed in passion.

Thrust after mind numbingly pleasurable thrust we went. We lost all semblance of civility as heard through our loud grunts and coos. This was more than I could take!

Laura soon screamed wildly in the most wild orgasm of her life, while I came during her intense clenching ...

We fell onto the nearby carpeted floor, lightly kissing and touching each other in awe of what just happened. “Jack?” Laura breathlessly. “I want more!” That was the dirty secret of the way Analor, now being learned by so many: the pleasure was made so much better up the ass that we may never think about her pussy ever again. On her back, I soon plunged my cock back into the only ass I would ever fuck ...

* * * *

The Latex Machines (*Alpha Test*)

I walked into the job like any other. Another bland job for the bland temp girl. It paid the bills, and I was a good administrative assistant. There was something a little strange about this job, though. It was a research firm run by a bunch of white-coated scientists. Though most wore some variant of T-shirt and jeans under the coat, the whole operation gave off a subtle Bond Movie vibe, with myself haplessly working for Doctor Number One! It amused me, mostly because other temps at my agency described working for socially awkward scientists in a similar way. At the same time, they were all very pleasant and helpful coworkers.

After lunch, I gathered some paperwork for Dr. Noah. He was one of the research leaders there, and according to his coworkers, a self-described workaholic. As I had yet to meet this scientist, this had been my first time traversing this part of the building. Like the rest of it, the halls had a very sterile feel. Yet, there were also far more bland and blinding white. Workaholics and blandness went hand and hand, I assumed. The layout was a bit different, too. While other parts of the building had doors labeled with “Research Area run by Dr. ...” or “Office of ... ,” the doors here had a series of numbers. The first number was clearly the regular room number, and I assumed the rest had to do with the room itself. Not really surprising, considering the paperwork I was delivering had the number: 15-56342. So, I was looking for room fifteen.

I eventually found the room, which was fairly deep into the mind numbingly boring area. There being no holders for anything outside, I knocked. The apparently unlatched door opened slightly from my act. Pushing it open further, I called, “Dr. Noah? I have some papers here for you ... Hello?”

The darkened room was empty. A light switch was not visible, and if there were sensors for lights, they weren’t working. It wasn’t that dark, though. It was just a deep blue hue ... which was coming from some kind of machine on the far end? A laptop lay open next to it, possibly Noah’s or one of his assistant’s. It looked like some software

running, given the running lines of code. Information completely lost on me! I placed the manila folder next to the laptop.

I then noticed there was an odd hum coming from the oblong machine. With my eyes better adjusted, the glowing machine had a very unfinished look. Wires of various colors wrapped around what I now realized was a glossy cylinder. Blue LEDs randomly peaked out from the wires ...

“That hum ...” I whispered toward it. The machine’s hum was doing something to me. While it never grew louder, I don’t think, the hum was starting to resonate in my head, my body. It felt ... good. My breathing slowly increased, as the humming took me further. It was a glorious pleasure throughout my body I could not deny. Was something wrong here? I’m not sure if I cared beyond the questioning thought.

With a curious resistance, I slowly walked toward the singing machine. It wanted me closer, not that I knew why. The closer I came, the more the humming pleased me. My crotch felt hot and soaked in my near orgasmic state. My movements were no longer my own, but I already did not care. Arms outstretched, she floated herself around the pleasuring machine, in a wanting embrace, hand and forearms submerged by the wires. She pressed herself tightly on the vibrating machine.

“Oh, gah ... What’s happening? Oh, my ...” I grunted in orgasmic pleasure. Something was happening to me, but my mind was no longer able to function beyond that awareness.

“Well, this is interesting!” a voice behind me cooed.

All I could do was writhe in pleasure. In an explicable awareness, I could feel my body transforming.

“I’m Dr. Noah,” the man behind me greeted happily. “Tell me, Norah, how do you feel?”

“I ... OOOOO ... Can’t stop cumming,” I breathed. “Muscles tightening ...”

“Excellent, Norah. Clearly the nano-machines have successfully integrated with your brain. Please continue.”

“I FEEL MY WHOLE BODY TRANSFORMING!” I exclaimed in yet another orgasm. How I was able to answer the scientist through the mind destroying pleasure was beyond me. Rubbery stretching noises became audible. “Breasts growing, waist pulling inward ... FUCK! ... Hips flaring! Ass tight, full!” I growled in the epic pleasure. I loved FEELING my once boring body become something better. “OH ... wow ...” My whole head began to change. “Lips erotically full! Cheek bones sexy!”

“Very good, Norah!”

“My skin!” I orgasmed. “The tingling overwhelming!”

“The final phase of your latexification, Norah. Please, continue.”

“It’s ... OH FUCK YES!” On that orgasm, I suddenly began to feel under my skin. It was as if I was wearing some tight, uncomfortable leather suit from head to toes. Out of control, I pulled away from the machine, and ripped off my now ill fitting

clothes. But, that wasn't enough. I still felt that tightening feeling, as if ... Yes! This was no longer my skin!

With now shimmering, sharp black nails, I gripped my forehead, and pulled outward. The old skin gave away. Underneath revealed itself as a shiny rubber of a pale pink not unlike what covered it. The feel of air touching the new skin was more than orgasmic. Like an addict, I violently ripped away the old flesh around my head, old dyed hair along with it. For a moment, my pure, latexified head shimmered in its hairlessness. In a glorious orgasm beyond the pleasure of the kissing air, new hair grew outward from the top of my head, my eyebrows, and eyelashes. It was completely different from what was there before! It was platinum blonde, but only appeared like it was soft and shimmering. Instead, there were like ultra-slim bands of rubber.

Feeling the pleasure of my head and displeasure of the remaining old skin, I forcibly and easily ripped it away from the neck down. Through the drooling pleasure, I saw variations in tone of the new rubber flesh. From my ass to chest was a glorious electric blue, while above and along my arms was a metallic gray. My hands, save for the black nails, were the same flesh tone as my face.

The pleasure of the air kissing my new flesh almost made my legs buckle, but when I finally peeled all the old flesh away from my glorious, metallic gray legs and pale pink feet, they did. I writhed on the floor in the epic pleasure of the new flesh and new body for what almost felt like an eternity ...

The pleasure slowly subsided, and my, well, renovated mind solidified. I slowly stood in total undeniable understanding. I now had total control over my external appearance, as I had of my own pleasure. My external appearance was now a default partially derived from my old mind. I was something new; I was something powerful.

Dr. Noah stood joyously before me. I realized I no longer had sexual attraction in the Human sense. I was now attracted to pleasure itself. At the same time, the scientist was not my master, not directly. The machine that infested me with those nanites, now an integral part of me, was, and anyone could control the now Alpha Tested machine. I could be that anyone.

"So, what's next, doctor?" I asked slyly, sarcastically. Whether it mattered or not, I wanted to show he was not really in direct control of me.

"Well, a new, full time position is available, Norah. It involves overseeing of final testing and eventual distribution of our product. Since you survived the transformation, you now understand the technology better than anyone, and I am sure you want the world experience it!"

I smiled deviously. "A latex Queen ... Perhaps that title is too much, doctor ..." I thought out loud. "We'll come up with something better for me. Now, let's transform the world!"

* * * *

Yoga Pants

'I married a mad scientist,' Jessica thought to herself. 'The good kind ... The kind that that has no interest in conquering the world, but probably could.'

"What do ya think, Jess?"

She felt the black fabric in her hands. It looked and felt much like "normal" yoga pants, but it was definitely very different. It was based on his "Smart Nylon" invention, which brought in plenty of money from the athletic pants craze. The ultimate product, "SuperFits," used a form of nanotechnology to enhance physical activity. It kept the body cooler, prevented muscle cramps, and somehow worked the muscles. It was also the one thing that actually was "one size fits all," because it resized itself. She didn't fully understand how it worked, but it worked! Like many customers, she wore it all the time, wearing a pink shirt and pants of the stuff right now.

"Feels like it'll be comfortable ..." She smirked, knowing what this side project really was: sexual enhancement. He never sold or patented such side projects; they were just their fun. "So, what do these do?"

He smirked with a fake deviousness. "They'll work the muscles just like the regular stuff, but these will also allow you to fuck for longer and harder."

"Do I wanna know how?"

"Try'em on, and find out!"

She shrugged. Sure, it was a little weird at first whenever she humored him on one of these sexual escapades, but she learned quickly how good the sex often was. There was that one time it didn't work out as intended, but it at least led to a big laugh. They had yet to surpass the one they often used that somehow connected them physically, allowing them to share their sensations! The sensory explosion made it so they could not do that more than once a month.

She slipped off her SuperFits top and bottom, revealing her quite toned physique, and pulled up the yoga pants. At first they felt as cool and comforting as was it replaced. Then, something changed. "I ... feel a little strange ..." she breathed.

"That's the fabric synching with your metabolism. Smart Nylon does it passively -- no noticeable sensation; Sex Nylon does it actively! This stuff is basically a mix of our favorite sex toy and Smart Nylon! There's more, you're about to feel."

"Oh, fuck ..." she breathed in pleasure and amazement. "It's ... IT'S INSIDE ME!" She let herself slowly fall onto the floor, moaning and writhing in pleasure. Her ass and crotch exploded in orgasm after orgasm, while simply feeling the fabric on her legs was orgasmic.

“Wow ... It’s learning your extremes of pleasure and stamina,” he said amazed.
“A little more affective than I thought ...”

“I love it ...” she blurted though the organic extreme. “It’s ... changing me ...”

“In what ways?” he asked concerned. This was not at all what he expected, which was just for them to make love in a new and enhanced way.

“It knows ... ERGUH ... I want it!” she growled toward him. “It’s already so deep ... UMPHUH ... I hear it, it hears ERRR--me ... I’m telling it to go all the way! It feels too good not to.”

“All the way?” he breathed, finally aware at how aroused he was at the sight of his dark haired love in utter ecstasy.

“You don’t even know how amazing your invention is,” she said, apparently stabilizing, “but you will.”

“OK ...”

Suddenly, the fabric started to expand, but the color was her lightly tanned tone, while the original portion remained the same. She looked toward her lover with a dark and hungry look, the fabric growing around her face. Soon, her entire body was covered by the very special yoga pants. Her skin was now soft like the fabric that merged with it, yet still looked an acted like skin. She stood, and walked to the amazed scientist.

All he could do was kiss the soft woman. Yet, it wasn’t like any kiss they ever shared. It was something beyond the device that allowed them to share their sensations. They felt so much more than just sensation; they felt each other, their minds. He suddenly pulled back, lest experience a sensory overload.

“I could *feel* you. I was in your mind.”

“As *I* was in yours, you dirty nerd!” she teased. “Let’s fuck like we’ve never fucked before ...”

He quickly slipped out of his clothes, and began to aggressively make out with his transformed lover. Their minds overlapped and meshed, while both found themselves embracing more and more primal thoughts. Instinctually, his dick found its way into her very soft and wet pussy. They both knew the fabric yielded to him. At the same time, it encased her entire pleasure cavity, as it encased his entire member. Their pleasure blasted through them like lightning.

That blast of pleasure almost destroyed their minds, leading to more aggressive humping. While the nylon encased them both, they let their sense of identity fade away, for the more they became one consciousness, the greater the pleasure grew. They both humped wildly, as they both lay passively. At the point of final orgasm for the merged being, nothing was left of what they once were ...

* * * *

Blowjob Queen

Heather woke up groggy that morning, and feeling different somehow. Though, she didn't remember feeling in any differently. There was an odd haze making little clear, but she assumed that was just some morning thing. She looked around, and found herself unfamiliar with the surroundings. It was clearly a brightly furnished bedroom, while the sun filtered through white curtains. None of it connected to anything in her mind.

The odd haze began to lift, or perhaps shift to somewhere else. She knew no analogue for the sensation. No memories, other than ones from a few moments ago, came to her, but she realized that she knew things. She knew her name was Heather at the very least. She knew her mouth was for blowjobs. She knew what blowjobs were. Indeed, all she seemed to know were blowjobs and general oral pleasure. She sensed there must have been more in her mind prior to when she woke up, but nothing had been coming to her. Something suddenly did just become clear: she was hungry. But for what?

The light, cream colored door opposite the windows suddenly opened. A man and woman holding notebooks suddenly walked into the room, closing the door behind them. They looked professional in the suit, dress, and white lab coats, but Heather had no tangible analogue in her mind to confirm that. All she knew was that she could not help but look at their crotches.

"What is your name?" the man asked professionally to the woman on the bed.

"I am Heather ..." she answered suddenly realizing there was more.

"Yes?" the woman nudged.

"I am Heather, Queen of Blowjobs ..." she blurted out amazed at the full name, which was as new to her as it was inexplicably true. She sat up, falling blanket revealing her bare orbs.

"Very good!" the man exclaimed.

"Tell us about yourself, Heather, Queen of Blowjobs," the woman professionally requested.

"I ... I don't seem to remember where I am or how I got here, but I seem to know everything about blowjobs," Heather stated, eyes all but affixed on their crotches.

"What can you tell us about blowjobs?" the woman asked.

"I know how to shove a dick down my throat without gagging, and how to eat out a vagina," Heather stated, finding herself drooling a little. "I know how to move my head and tongue in just the right ways to provide perfect oral pleasure."

"Do you know anything else?" the man asked.

"... No," Heather answered ponderously. "All I seem to know is my name and my purpose."

“Which is?” the woman asked with an expectant smile.

“To provide oral pleasure.” There was a distinct joy in that answer. That was her only purpose in life, she now understood. If there was anything more prior, it no longer mattered. “I am Heather, Queen of Blowjobs, and my purpose in life is to provide oral pleasure to others.”

The man then unzipped his pants, and released his throbbing member. “Fulfill your purpose, Heather, Queen of Blowjobs.”

All the Blowjob Queen could do for a moment was stare at the large member. Without any control over herself, she motioned for that which made her drool. She simply consumed the rod. It tasted amazing, but what she wanted, she somehow knew, would be even better. She bobbed her head up and down in her great hunger, the man moaning joyously. For reasons she could not understand, the Blowjob Queen expected to gag, and felt a confusing surprise when the dick slid down her throat like it was meant to be there. Yes, her mouth and throat and body were made for this.

Feeling playful, she released the rod from her mouth, and began to lick and suck the balls, while wildly stroking the cock with hands made for the act. Waves of pleasure shot through them both, the salty pre-cum driving her wild. She soon resumed her sucking, with her hands occasionally joining the fun. She then only concentrated on the tip with her lips, mouth, and tongue, and stroked wildly with her hand. The man suddenly exploded into her mouth. Tasting and swallowing the musky slime, an orgasmic explosion of joy and pleasure rushed throughout her body. She milked it dry like she had done it every day her entire life, however long that was!

“Excellent!” the woman exclaimed, hot and bothered.

The Blowjob Queen, licking cum off her lips, looked over to the undressing woman. The Queen stared at the moist, shaven snatch, knowing orgasmic food could come from there as well. The slim, athletic woman casually lay on the bed, and ordered, “My turn, Heather, Queen of Blowjobs!”

The still hungry Queen crawled over the woman’s smooth legs, and opened them wide. Knowing just what to do, the Queen began to passionately make out with the juicy lips, making them both moan. Her tongue swirled wildly in and around the pussy.

“Holy, fuck! How is that so perfect?” the woman exclaimed. “Let me taste the Queen’s pussy, as you eat mine!”

The Blowjob Queen happily flipped around. While she did, the Queen then fully understood she had a vast array of sexual knowledge, all of which geared toward her consuming cum. She found herself ... *pleased* to have such vast knowledge.

The two both soon moaned and grunted and writhed in pleasure. Soon, the Queen began to finger the woman’s G-spot with flawless motions, the sound of building juices growing. “Oh God, yes, Queen, I’m gonna blow! ... Take it! TAKE IT AAAAAAAAAAAAAALLL”

Mouth already in perfect position, hot, wet cum blasted down the Blowjob Queen's throat the moment she pulled her fingers away. The Queen, too, exploded in another orgasmic feed. The Queen happily rolled onto her back, feeling satisfied. "Tastes so good ..." she muttered.

"Well, Heather," the woman said breathlessly next to her, "It appears your chosen conversion was a complete success!"

* * * *

The Latex Machines -- The Suit (*Beta Test*)

The doorbell suddenly rang. I was in a daze, my nap just hitting its depth. Bleary eyed, I casually walked over to the front door, and pealed back the curtain over the door's window. A brown delivery truck drove away before I could catch its name. They left a plain brown package on the stoop.

I opened the door, and brought in the packed confused. I hadn't ordered anything that I remembered, but the address was indeed mine, albeit missing my name, Julie Tanner. The sender was listed as Wonder Rubber Accessories, inc. Though the common shipping company was clearly listed on the shipping label, I didn't see a receipt or return slip on the outside of the innocuous box. Was it inside?

Googling the company yielded no results to my surprise. Though, a website wasn't clearly listed. I called the shipping company, BUS, but they said my only option for a return was via the Wonder Rubber, even though they "sympathized" that the item was apparently shipped to the wrong person. Indeed, I remember giving an incorrect address online a while back, and had no way of fixing it when I realized it, losing fifty bucks! BUS did, however, admit that the box's labeling (lack thereof) was unusual, and claimed they would investigate further. Either way, I appeared stuck with the mysterious item.

After a quick lunch, I found myself staring at the box. Maybe it was boredom. Maybe it was blind curiosity. Maybe I wanted to find that return slip. Maybe it didn't matter. I quickly cut open the box. The deep smell of fresh rubber hit my nose. I didn't mind it, nor was it a surprise. A paper on top read:

Congratulations on your Wonder Rubber purchase! Our latex products are all natural, and made from our own special variety of rubber tree. Enclosed, please find your very special purchase, and our complimentary all natural lubricant!

I removed the lubricant. A subtle flowery, lavender scent came from the black bottle with a directions label. I then removed what appeared to be a complete, black latex outfit, designed to encase the female wearer completely from head to toes.

I placed the fetish-wear on the table next to the box, and picked up the sweet smelling bottle. While curiously reading the label, I could not deny how good it smelled!

Directions: Apply oil liberally over entire body before you put on the clothing. Oil must be applied directly to skin.

Almost uncontrollably, I opened the bottle, and let in its glorious scent. It was as if the oil was making love to my olfactory senses! It melted my mind. I poured some of the delicious juice onto my willing hand, and rubbed my hands together. It was warm and inviting and tingling. I poured more of the warm liquid into my palm, and rubbed it into my face. My senses exploded with passion, and when I automatically licked my juice covered lips, the pleasure was like an explosive flash.

I lost all conscious control, and my hands apparently moved on their own. In my numbed vision, I saw them rip my clothes away. They then slowly, passionately rubbed the hot, sexy liquid all over my body in a blur beyond pleasure. My skin absorbed it, as it made every part of me slick and shiny. I could barely keep any track of what was happening! When I was apparently done, the empty bottle was thrown aside.

My entire shining body felt alive with passion. After an erotic eternity, I found my heated skin somehow screaming to be embraced by the latex before it.

In what was at least partly of my own will, I took the suit in my hands, and rolled up the legs. I slowly, teasingly rolled on the rubber pant. Seeing and feeling the tight rubber on my wanting skin sent further waves of pleasure through my body. Rolling it up my legs and feet, I drooled how it impossibly conformed perfectly to my body, like it was reshaping itself. I soon stood, pulling the suit up and around my waist, my torso, my chest. So tight, so right! My hands and arms soon found themselves happily within the very tight rubber. I zipped up the back, tightening it further.

I looked down to see the extraneous rubber designed to go deep inside my ass and pussy. I lifted my leg onto the table, and forced them into their holes. The pleasure of it made me care little about how easily my fists fell into myself. I then sat, and pulled the hood over my head, and automatically shoved the extraneous rubber into my mouth, jaw almost dislocating to accommodate my fist.

I fell into complete, orgasmic ecstasy in the shiny blackness. My skin grew so hot it almost seared, but the feel of the latex somehow tightening further overwhelmed me with pleasure. The suit was encasing my very mind, and I let it. Holy fuck! I let it take me over! I somehow knew it was taking away my humanity, replacing it with some rubbery substitute, but the beyond orgasmic feel of it made me not care.

Fuck my humanity! I shall be more! I shall be all!

In a daze, I slowly opened my eyes. I felt utterly different. I'm not sure if I could explain how I felt, other than how I didn't feel Human. I slowly stood, instantly

noticing the feel of my tight yet somehow normal skin, and walked to my tall mirror open mouthed.

At first there was surprise. Though the image felt right, it was not the image I was used to seeing! The whole of my skin was now latex. My torso, chest, arms, and legs were now a shiny black, while my head, hands, and feet were a flesh tone. The one thing more remarkable was my mouth: distinct upper and lower fangs glistened. What they were for was as undeniable as my transformed hunger: blood ...

I called my fiend Kasey over. She was the first to come to mind. I was starving for sex and blood ...

“You look different, Julie. Good, but different.”

“Thanks, I feel great ...”

Julie was so horny and hungry that she was in no mood for serious pleasantries, barely keeping her virgin fangs retracted. She began to rub her friend’s bare inner thigh.

“What, what are you doing?” she breathed. “Your hand feels like rubber, Julie ... Oh, wow ...”

Julie’s naturally excreted oils from her hands invaded her friend’s pores, and made the woman putty in Julie’s rubber hand. They soon ripped their clothes away, and grinding their pussies wildly. Kasey certainly knew much of the extent of Julie’s rubbery nature now, but was too lost in the throws of rubbery ecstasy to care. She could not swallow enough of Julie’s latex spit! Julie provided, all but spewing her spit into her friend in a deep kiss.

At the point of wild orgasm, Julie lost all control, and plunged her long fangs into Kasey’s plump neck. She drank heartily until it began to taste of rubber. Satisfied, she let her friend finish her own latex transformation.

Julie was running on what felt like programming at that point, and certainly wasn’t programmed to care. She dialed a number, which just came to her, on her cellphone.

“How has been your experience, Beta Model?” a woman Julie already knew as “Latexica” queried.

“Glorious and smooth, Latexica,” she said flatly. “I became vampiric once fused with the latex. I fucked and fed on my friend, and now she is becoming one of yours as well.”

“Fascinating! I will await that next Beta Model’s call ...”

* * * *

Author's Note: This story applies a time travel concept that is not necessarily new, but seems rarely used. The concepts applied here might appear in a future story. The following narrative is based on a non-erotic dream I had, particularly the implications at the end of it. Enjoy!

A Love Out of Time

I did it. I actually did it! I changed my past. It was a long story that accidentally led me to a means of time travel. I don't understand all the intricacies that made such a ludicrous thing possible; all I know is what I did with it. No one said I was *allowed* to do it, but I knew there was nothing to go back to anyway. There was no way to go back to that timeline now, even if I could. I would likely just find another version of myself doing whatever a couple years from now. Technically, that's how it already *is*. All I planned to do was sign one piece of paperwork I missed, but I also found myself dodging a former boss and meeting myself.

My past self was a little different. It was a long two years. Physically, I was not that different. I, *we* were five feet and nine inches, and D-cup breasts, long legs, size eight feet, blue eyes. Her hair was straighter and a bit blonder, while mine was its natural and wavy light brown. I was a bit more athletic; I came back to the time when I only started to develop that athletic physique. That's not to say I wasn't already sexy. In some ways, I never thought about how sexy, arousing I was until I got to see myself in the third person! Is that narcissistic or incestuous? We were practically sisters, but she was literally *me*.

I was going to meet myself at the casino she now practically ran. Originally, that paperwork problem allowed the original owner to kick me out. The board subsequently kicked him and the Chief Financial Officer out for embezzlement. The casino went bankrupt soon after. Now, they were still kicked out, but the properly signed paperwork kept me in the board's mind. That paperwork ensured I, well, she was their chief accountant, and was promoted to CFO. To my surprise, they decided in the next board meeting to have her be the acting CEO. She was to retain the CFO position once they hired a new CEO. There was to be no mediocrity this time, as her quick decisions, based on my knowledge of a now defunct future, led the company away from a once likely bankruptcy.

Anyway, I just had to see her. What the hell else was I going to do? I now existed on a quantum technicality! She was working up at the entrance to the casino, fixing some kind of issue. It was busy, so I slowly made my way through. She looked so beautiful in her teal blouse, black pants, and supportive flats.

"Oh, hey, Jan!" she said somewhat tiredly. That was her nickname for me; it certainly negating some confusion.

"How are you, Janice?"

“Should be asking the same of you!” She put on that sarcastic smirk that meant both a tease and truth. “I’m out about 500 bucks extra on that new health insurance, but that’s about it. Wanna help me with that, too?”

I put on the same face. “Sure.”

I walked onto the casino floor. Perhaps the biggest thing that separated me from Janice now was how I learned the best ways to gamble without breaking any rules or counting cards. That kept me alive for a good year after I was kicked out by that embezzling CEO. I waited for someone to loose a few times in a slot machine, casually dropping some quarters. One near the front was then prime for that monetary goal. I fed the machine five bucks, and it vomited a 500 dollar voucher. They were experimenting with alternates to chips. It did not last long the first time around.

I cashed out, and walked back over to Janice. It always amused me that I looked different enough from myself in this time that others assumed I was just her long lost sister, if they were paying attention. I admittedly wondered for a while after everything, but she still made sure I had no issues.

“You knew I’d get that exact amount, didn’t you?” I asked slyly.

“We know each other so well.”

“When do you get off?”

“Here’s the key to my apartment. Be up there in half an hour. I wanna really thank you for what you did for me, Jan.”

I quietly lay on Janice’s comfy bed barefooted. Who knows what was about to happen, yet I knew what I wanted to happen. It was so strange, but everything in me knew it felt right.

“Hey, Jan, where are yah?” she called calmly. “Got some Irish whisky! Something tells me that’s your favorite.”

“In here!” I called back. “Excited and thirsty, Janice!”

She walked into the room with an almost fascinated smile, bottle and glasses in hand. “You’re not gonna turn into some weird perv on me, are you?”

“You first!”

We laughed. It was not like we were thinking the same thoughts at the same time, but we did already know each other intimately.

She filled the glasses, kicked off her shoes, and lay next to me.

I took a glass from her.

“You sacrificed everything for me,” she said lovingly.

“You would have done the same.”

“Well, things are different now.”

“All that matters is now.”

It was a natural thing, in perfect sync. We kissed deeply lovingly, holding each other tightly.

We finished our glasses almost at the same time, and said in near perfect sync, “I have been waiting all my life for you ...”

I was sure we thought the same thing in that moment, how strange and right it felt.

“I’m in love with you ...”

We slowly, lovingly removed our clothes, kissing our bodies at random intervals. It was almost like looking into a mirror, except we did not look exactly alike. There could not be any disappointment in our bodies: she was already making herself healthier, as I was already proud of how well I took care of myself. We were beautiful women who already loved ourselves long before we really understood it.

We both knew what we wanted in love making, so we did it. Our kissing became more energetic, as did our groping. Knowing she deserved to take the lead first, I lay back. She kissed her way down to my nipple and lower, while I cooed excitedly.

Beyond all thought, I suddenly sat up and grabbed her head to aggressively make out more. She then lay back for me to take the lead. I straddled my we crotch over her hungry mouth, as I leaned to her. We wildly ate ourselves out hungrily, joyously. I was sure she also flashed back to all the times we masturbated, and how we did not want to admit we liked it better than sex with others. Her pussy was just like mine, as mine was just like hers. We were finally having sex the way we always wanted, yet never understood.

Our moans and coos were loud and true, while we groped ourselves wildly. I then unmounted, and lay back to have her penetrate my pussy and ass. She got the idea, and with a big smile, she bared down on my love holes with her fingers and mouth. With three fingers, she instantly found my G-spot, making me moan and coo louder than I thought possible. She licked and thrust into my ass and pussy, making me squirm in my coos. She then gave me a quick, wild peck before resuming her work below. I was basically orgasmic, but all I wanted was for us to make more love. I soon found myself groping and fingering her dripping pussy, making her yet more excited in her on me.

She then shifted to grind her pussy on mine. We stared into our identical blue eyes, cooing loud and true. With then finally came in the truest of orgasms. There was no past; there was no future. There was only us ...

* * * *

Author’s Note: The Latex Machine stories were edited together and expended in to a full epistolary ebook that used part 3 as a frame story.

The Latex Machines — Reinvention

I was walking down into the dim basement of a musty old house. This was a rare occurrence, and I felt an odd unease. The Chesterton Museum of Science and History just accepted a donation from the estate of Dr. Reginald Noah. It was considered a coop. Though the medical scientist was considered a recluse later in life, he was a top scientist at the Landry Research Institute, which bankrupted itself nearly fifty years before. The organization never disclosed why they collapsed, but it was assumed they failed to create a mass production solution to their practically fabled latex-technologies.

The stairs creaked uncomfortably beneath my feet. No one administering Noah's estate put any effort into helping us acquire the donation, but they said Noah meticulously organized his storage and home. So, we were given Noah's personal inventory, which made it possible to determine what the small museum would accept. Unfortunately, I was the only one available, as the collections manager, to gather the items.

The basement was not so shockingly musty, and annoyingly dim. The old florescent lights merely flickered into partial existence, while the dying light of clouded dusk filtered through the small windows. What first caught my eye were the walls. The dark gray paster (cement?) walls had distinct, unnerving patterns. In the gloomy light, I could all but make out humanoid patterns, sending chills down my spine.

Wanting to complete the task at hand, I looked away and slipped out my paper-tablet with the haphazard inventory. Crates and boxes marked red were from Landry, blue were personal projects, and green were simply "journals unpublished." Ignoring the wall, I began the arduous process of moving the containers into the rent-a-van ...

"Wow ... wow!" my wife and museum's consulting biomedical scientist exclaimed. "I guess we now know what Landry was really working on!"

I was showing her the first hard drive I was copying into a new storage medium. From the red box, it contained correspondence and typed notes of the the initial testing of and first subject for his "latex nanites." There were some related handwritten materials I was digitizing, too.

"So, Lia, this isn't just some wild scribblings?" I must admit, the first thing that drew me to her was her body. She may very well have been the sexiest scientist alive, at least to me. She had size nine feet, dark hair, blue eyes, and light skin. She was also a hell of a lot smarter than me!

"It's amazing, Jason! These notes alone could revolutionize nanotechnology!"

"It's better than what we have now?"

"No, it's just different. These findings, combined with current tech, can reinvent the entire biomedical field."

She loved her work, but I never saw her this excited. At the same time, I was excited, too. The work was so seductive, I almost forgot one important fact. "They did fail to mass-produce ..."

“Applied to what we have now,” she shrugged, “that might be irrelevant. Nanotech has been applied to medicine for years. People still have a reluctance to put little robots in their bodies, so the money for advancement is very low. But, Noah’s research was already conducted. All we would need to do is to apply it ...”

I don’t know why neither of us ever stepped back to look at what we were doing. We were working on this latex project on our own time without living test subject, so there was nothing illegal about it. At the same time, no one else actually knew what we were doing. I wasn’t sure how to explain to others what we were doing if something went wrong ...

After a few weeks of tinkering, we, well, Lia was fairly certain she succeeded in adapting Noah’s work to current nanotechnology. Basically, she was able to make the little machines survive indefinitely in a natural latex substrate. It was not far off from what Noah created, but it was possibly smarter and more “alive” than the original. Lia theorized this form allowed more control over them, because it was not unlike the control schemes applied today.

Then it happened. It was so fast, there was nothing I could do. She called for my help from across the room, and broke a vile of the living latex on the edge of the high workbench. Glass cut into her skin, as the shimmering liquid splattered on her hand. Why the hell were we using glass instead of something less breakable? I was sure Lia knew, but it was too late to ask.

I rushed over. “Are you OK, Lia!?”

“I ... think so ...” she said slowly, examining her cut thumb.

“Is any of that stuff in the wound?”

“Yeah ... It looks like it,” she said in deep thought. “I did not program them to do anything, but these nano-machines are fundamentally different.”

“They’re ... exactly the same?”

“The core programing is ... same ... My hand is getting very tingly, Jason ...”

Then, she did something that completely surprised me: she hungrily, sensually licked the black goo off her gloved hand. “Ummmm! So good ... So horny!” she cooed. “Feels so hot!” she exclaimed through the grunts and coos. She then ripped off her clothes, including her gloves “I can feel them inside me, Jason, replicating. They’re pleasuring all of me; changing me!”

Moaning and cooing orgasmically, she went to the floor on her knees, and fell to her back. Her eyes rolled back into her head in her writhing motions of ultimate ecstasy. Something strange was visibly happening to her skin. It looked like it was drying, while her veins shifted to a black. Yet, her skin seemed to lift above those veins; it became lighter, dryer. Then, she exploded in one massive, super-orgasm, and fell silent, still.

I quickly slapped on a clean glove, and tried to check her vitals. Nothing. She lay there lifeless, eyes shut, while I had no idea what to do. I don’t know how long I sat

there looking at my wife turned mad scientist. There was only shock, exacerbated by how dead even her skin looked. Time passed like it was never there. Hours likely passed, but I was in too much a daze to know.

Eventually, I heard an squishy, crunchy noise. I must have jumped five feet! Heart racing, barely breathing, I looked more closely at Lia. Her shoulder seemed to be subtly squirming under its own skin. Little by little, more parts of her began to squirm in the same way. The image and sound of it was almost as indescribable as it was terrifying.

“Lia!?” I barely, finally called out. Gloved hand shaking, I tried to take her pulse. I could feel her moving, yet I could not feel what would be considered a pulse. Through the bizarre squirming, I felt a motion in the vein I did not feel after she exploded in deathly orgasm. The motions of what I thought was blood was seemingly constant without a pulse. With every noted subject in Noah’s notes reacting in their own way, regardless of application, it was impossible to say if any of this was to be expected.

I pulled myself away in great confusion. Lia’s hands then spread wide, popping open the thick, dead layer of skin. She then stretched her entire body in a similar fashion, creating tears from head to toes. In hauntingly efficient motions, Lia moved her peeling hands to her face, while simultaneously lifting herself to her feet. Digging in with her fingers, she began to rip open her skin more deliberately. With that same haunting efficiency, she made a singular tear down the middle to her pussy, almost like unzipping a jacket. She then brought her hands back to the top of her partly opened face, and peeled away the thick, dead skin from her scalp, including her hair. Like she was some humanoid banana, she peeled the skin off on one side, and then the other, all the way down to her hips.

The skin revealed underneath was nothing short of perfection, and had a distinct rubbery shimmer. Almost like peeling off tight leggings, she pulled her legs and feet out of the old skin. I quickly noticed the small heart tattoo above her waist was gone, just before I realized her eyelids came off with the dead skin like her hair. Even her pussy lips were gone, leaving just the hole.

Lia looked around emotionless for a few moments before eyelids grew over her eyes (no eyelashes, though). She blinked twice, looking at me, and simply didn’t blink again. It was as if she was proving something to herself.

“Lia ... are you all right?” I barely asked, before standing before her just past arms length. I had no idea what was to happen next.

With zero emotion, she said flatly, “Jason, that is a hard question to answer precisely. I am ... fine. You have nothing to worry about from me.”

“You’re acting very strange. I mean, you have no hair!” I exclaimed, finding myself relaxing slightly.

“You would like me to have hair, Jason? How would you like it?”

“Um ...” No matter how emotionless she suddenly was, it was somehow still her. “I guess, shoulder length, slightly wavy. Some eyelashes, thin eyebrows.”

“I must mention, Jason, that my hair strands can only be rubber, no more than Human hair in appearance. Would you like it jet black for a slight change? I can do any color you wish”

“Yes, black sounds nice”

“Would you also like hair over my crotch as another change?”

I considered it, but instead requested, “No, but pussy lips would be nice instead ...”

“Done, Jason.” Her hair grew out exactly as requested, as did her pussy lips. Without thinking, I moved closer to touch her new hair, it was soft and silken, but also definitely rubber. I moved my hand to her cheek, feeling her soft yet very rubbery skin.

She had no reaction to my touch.

I stepped back. “You’re not Human any more are you, Lia?”

“No,” she said flatly. “I am more akin to a robot, machine now, Jason. I have no emotions anymore, and I seem to not miss them. Deep down, I think this is what I always wanted. I have total control over my physical form now, thanks to an equally as dispassionate colony of the latex nanites within me. Those nanites are as much a part of me as any body part. Before you ask, Jason, I should be able to replicate humanity from my memories as a Human.”

“Do you, can you still love me?”

“Of course, Jason,” she said in her robotic tones. “I understand now that ‘love’ is more akin to a promise that creates emotion and action. In my case, now only action.”

“I’m as relieved as I am ...”

“ ... Overwhelmed with distress. I understand, Jason. This, what I became, is not what you wanted. I assure you again that I can pretend to be Human, and I will understand if you would like to move away from all this.”

I nodded ...

The next day, I relegated most of the Noah Collection to interns, not wanting to go any further as Lia surmised. I had Lia use myself as practice for feigning humanity, so I could at least pretend to move on from whatever madness drove us to this ...

####

Back Flap

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