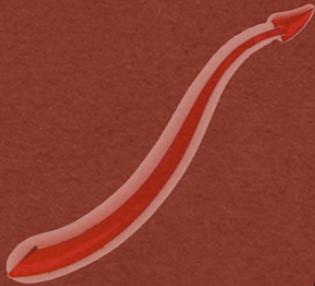


Blog Flash Compendium

Volume VI



By Mr. Potestas

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Volume VI**

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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 was first published on The Realms of Mr. Potestas. These stories range from the contemporary to the bizarre. All the stories were given further polish for this publication. Enjoy!

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A Surprise

Something happened to me. Or is it still happening? Last night was such a blur, yet itself a surprise. I went to a nearby bar with my roommate, Sally. We rarely drank much, but wanted to get out of the apartment. We already had a couple drinks, before I was definitely thirsty for some real water. Looking back, I don't think it was mine, but I picked up a glass of water off the bar counter. I chugged the sweetest, more refreshing water I ever had. FLASH

I was suddenly so fucking horny, like now. It was not a horniness I ever had before, yet I always thought horny was horny. FLASH

Images of hot and humid and naked woman fucking themselves and one another flooded my mind. How could I be so horny at such a thing? Lesbianism was far from abhorrent to me, but I'm not a lesbian! Yet, there I was, thinking of fucking hot and bothered women. Even worse, I was looking at other women around me, including Sally, in the hungriest of ways. FLASH

In my drunken, horny haze, the next thing I knew I was in the back of some stranger's car fucking. I was wasn't just fucking anyone. It was a fit figured, tall, brunette woman with blue eyes. Her humid pussy felt so fucking good on mine! FLASH

We were scissoring wildly, her deliciously silken foot so deep in my mouth that her toes tickled the back of my throat. Our escaping pussy juices mixing gloriously, before splattering on the seat below. The car wiggled along with our hungry thrusts. Thoughts were almost primal then; all I wanted to do was cum. The pleasure grew and grew, as sweat dripped from our brows. Then, a raining, exploding orgasm. FLASH

The next thing I knew I was awake in a cold sweat in my own bed. No one else was there, as I was not even wearing panties. Was last night real? I wondered, feeling as if I did have a massive cum. My pussy almost ached on the outside from presumably more friction than it ever handled. Clothing myself, I walked into the kitchen. The image of my slim, brown haired roommate was already there in a tight blue shirt and pinkish-red panties. I felt a growing thirst for her cum. FLASH

The rest of the night suddenly materialized in memory. After we came together -- in a pool of our mixing sweat and cum, I proclaimed my newfound lesbianism. The mysterious woman then told me to pass on the sapphic gift to others, to confirm my new love of woman. All I wanted to do was to affirm, so I agreed. She took me home. FLASH

My roommate was curious about how I got home last night. I told her I got laid in the back of my car. I wasn't sure if she believed me, but I didn't care. When her back was turned, I shoved my fingers deep into my melting pussy, and swirled my moistened finger in her unprotected drink. She soon chugged down the drink with a look of total surprise on her face, and ... FLASH

...

* * * *

From Within

It was a week of unbelievability. I need to write this down while it's still fresh. I now know it all started with a meteor that broke up over the coast of Las Angeles. Apparently, even a near

miss could fuck up the planet worse than a big volcano, but it wasn't big enough to do anything significant. Well, nothing directly significant to the atmosphere.

Soon after, these plants started sprouting up everywhere. They looked like some kind of cross between a spineless, bulbous cactus and flesh colored dildo, and were kinda ugly really. Then again, this was LA. Anything could become hip for no real reason, and these things from nowhere suddenly were a big deal. They began to appear on people's desks and greenhouses as the en-vogue potted plant.

Then, something strange really happened. I caught my tall, blonde, kind bitchy boss totally enamored with one of the cactus-like things. Her office blinds were open just enough while I walked by. She breathed what I thought was a sense-less thing deeply, as if it aroused her greatly. She then slowly licked the bumpy though fairly smooth thing from bottom to top. Then, she began to suck off the five inch tall plant like it was a dick. Drool linking her to the plant, she stared at it for a moment like a horny and hungry animal. To my total shock, she then shoved it all back into her mouth, and began to eat the whole thing! Utterly confused and weirded out, I quickly scurried away before anyone noticed me.

The next day, my boss called me into her office. Her entire demeanor was different now. She was always a healthy career woman, but the stick up her ass was gone. We had a surprisingly casual conversation on her couch. She even apologized for being so antagonistic. To my surprise, she invited me to a "girls' night out." I wanted to say no, being uncomfortable, but she was not someone to take that answer.

Before I knew it, I was getting drunk with my sexy boss and three of her very attractive friends, and later at my boss' house with them. She insisted I drink even more, as she gave me one of those strange plants, a rather long and overly phallic one. She explained that the plant changed their lives. It was apparently more than that, though. It was strangely cryptic.

What struck me was how her friends could not keep their hands of each other. I needed some air, and went for some water. My boss walked up to me from behind. She told me how fine it was to try new things, asking me if I thought she was pretty. Of course, I said she was. Now, I never thought of myself as a lesbian, but my drunken haze enhanced an ever present openness on the subject. I always believed there was a sliding scale in sexuality. There were plenty of "straight" guys out there that would "go gay" for someone, and while they play it off as a joke, pleasure is pleasure. Why not test those sexual boundaries sometimes?

Still, with my own boss? I wasn't really sure about that. She just went for it, and pulled me in for a very sensual kiss. I liked it. Oh, fuck me, I liked it! Out tongues teasingly touched, before she kissed down my neck and back out to my lips. I was her plaything now. It seemed like more than the alcohol, but my haze was too great to really understand what I was starting to feel in the inside.

She took my hand, and led me back to the living room. The three women were now in the throws of true, slow sexual ecstasy. Kissing, groping fingering. It wasn't really love I was witnessing. It was just pleasure and lust. Maybe I didn't fully understand what was happening, but I liked it. It was like they were in perfect sexual tune, feeling up their legs and breasts. I never saw such a thing before. My pussy grew so warm watching them create such pleasure. Their moans and coos seemed eternal.

My boss then guided me to her bedroom. We stood before the tall mirror in the dimly lit

room. I saw myself, hot and bothered. I looked so hot and sexy. I was certainly turned on by already aroused myself, as well as she, who was tenderly removing my clothes and kissing my quivering body. This was really happening. I was going to fuck my boss!

She turned me around, and we kissed deeply, before she guided me to her bed. She pulled off her dress, revealing nothing underneath. Her small breasts were mesmerizing in their perfect shape. She kissed down my tingling body, and removed my panties. Before I knew it, she was hungrily eating me out. The pleasure was unlike anything I ever imagined. It felt nothing my fingers or a dick. It felt as if her lips and tongue connected with my very nervous system, and perhaps they did.

Something strange was happening from within, I could feel it through the gloriously mind numbing pleasure. All I could do was moan and coo. Fuck, it felt so God damn good! Moving closer to orgasm I could feel a growing tingling beyond the pleasure in my crotch, as my body became moist. That tingling grew into a distinct wetness. ‘Am I going to squirt?’ I thought to myself. It was never something I ever achieved.

Then, wet explosion! My cum spewed out of me like a fountain. It was all over me, and I just kept spewing more and more. It seemed to jell around my crotch, before spreading across my body like a thick membrane. Everywhere it touched tingled me in ecstasy, making my spew more of the jelling cum. Past my calves. Past my breasts. Now covering my feet. In the ever growing pleasure, the membrane moved past my neck, and over my face and head. I was cocooned in a shell of what I thought was my own cum. Pleasure, lust, sex, was all I could feel and be within the cocoon. I was transforming into something the same yet different. I was becoming of pleasure itself. There was no stopping this, even if I had an inkling to. I was in a state of to epic orgasmic bliss ...

I woke up the next morning feeling the same yet utterly different. I walked up to the mirror, and fingered to myself, well, to myself. It was so hot. My naked boss walked in, and we got each other off. The squirt was gallons, our breakfast.

It was all so clear now. The plant affected everyone differently, but often erotically. Some ate the plant; some simply inhaled the plant’s spores. My boss wanted me after her transformation, and saw I needed a little help to nudge me along. I’m so glad she did ...

* * * *

*Author’s Note: This Flash served as a thematic bridge between the conclusion of the Blog Unbound — Passions Multiverse mythos and the Journeys into Passions anthology ebooks series. With minor edits this appeared within both **Blog Unbound: Multiverse’s End** and **JIP: Threshold Technologies**.*

SubCerebral

She did not know where the DVD came from, but remembered the need to play it. “SubCerebral: Inducer Test C,” the handwritten label stated. Perhaps there was something familiar

about it. Well, something inside her suggested how that notion did not matter. What did matter was satisfying her curiosity. She placed the shimmering thing into her laptop's little used slot, and the computer obediently spun the disc, playing only the video.

The computer started the film automatically, her eyes glued to the screen. "Women on Top," the title card read. She sensed something very different about the images before her, while sounds of pleasure echoed out. Soon, her eyes stared forward, unblinking, as her lips stayed slightly apart. Her mind went blank, and that void was filled by only the video.

A woman lay joyously on a hammock, while a man mindlessly worshiped her ample breasts. The in-charge woman had dark eyes, black hair, and light skin. The woman watching the porno could feel the pornstar's pleasure. Both women mirrored the pleasure in their movements. The woman matched the video by rubbing her own pussy, as the man strongly groped the pornstar's of what was only the video.

Then, something changed. The video was now at the pornstar's soft feet. Her sooth, alabaster skin suddenly seemed to have a slight gold tan. Through the orgasmic feel and sounds, the image panned up familiar, longer legs. The pussy was now close cropped instead of clean shaven, with a tiny heart tattoo at the waist. The camera panned up further to now perfectly shaped, A-cup breasts. And then, the head head and face had light green eyes, long dirty blond hair. The viewer was now identical to the pornstar of what was only the video.

The woman then felt a hand not her own rubbing her twitching pussy, and realized she was sitting on a ceiling mounted hammock. She almost put thought into the impossible situation, before the man resumed worshipping her perfectly shaped tits.

Just before she came in glorious orgasm, she stopped the silent man, and had him follow her to the bedroom. He would do anything she asked, and the thought of that nearly made her cum. She had him kiss her in their lust-freeing love, and had him go down on his knees. He worshiped her feet, as ordered. The pleasure flew up her body, making her moan.

It was now time for orgasmic reward. She picked up the double sided strap-on on the end table, and had her love and lust affix it to her body. The feel of the rubber deep inside her made her tingle in pleasure and anticipation. He crawled onto the bed on all fours, as she stood on her knees from behind. She knowledgeably lubed up her dildo and his asshole.

She then unabashedly shoved the member into the man's relaxed anal cavity, as she passionately rubbed his cock. She thrust and thrust, relishing how he could not cum until she told him to. They both moaned and cooed loudly in epic pleasure. The pleasure grew and grew, until she wetly exploded, and screamed for him to do the same. She captured all his ample cum, and had him slurp it all down. They passionately made out, free through their lust.

There was only ever the video ...

* * * *

The Green

She was scared the take the Green. Yes, it invariably made people stronger, more nimble, among other things, but it sometimes came with very specific side effects. What were they

again? She pondered. She could not remember at that moment, humping this random guy's brains out less than a day after taking the thick goo.

It was taken, because she wanted to be better. With her friend not suffering from any ill affects — other than blackened eyes and lightened skin, she just had to do it. Yes, that was it: this was more out of jealousy. She always looked up to her, and then she was suddenly too good at everything to imitate.

Not feeling as much as she expected, she humped him even harder, an easy thing from the drug she took. "Twenty-four hours ..." her friend's words barely echoed in her head. "You have to ... Prevent ..." The words faded away.

This guy beneath her was taken on impulse. She just had to have him! Leaning down, she slowly, primally licked his face from chin to temple. "UMMMMMMMM!" she cooed. Was it his body? Was it how he smelled? It was so hard for her to thinking beyond the primal sensations consuming her.

"Holy fuck! I'm so close!" he grunted.

Without any intelligent thought, she found her self kissing and licking down the sweaty body. She began to hungrily suck his swelling member.

"Oh, gah ... OH FUCK!" He grunted in orgasm.

The thick, hot goo spewed down her swallowing throat. She sucked every last bit out of the fleshy hose. Yet, she slowly realized she liked the taste of the dick even more. Quickly moving the dick so deep the balls passed her lips, She bit down ...

Looking at herself in her bathroom mirror, her sense of self was the same yet different. Over the past three weeks, the Green had transformed her. Her pupils were deep onyx, while her skin had become like alabaster. She indeed had that enhanced physicality she wanted, but there was that very thing her friend warned her about. Avoiding Human contact for the first day was necessary to prevent the side effect that made the drug so illegal. In giving into the primal sensations after 18 hours, she failed.

It was hard, if not impossible to think clearly anymore, with a whole new, primal self emerging. She could not always tell if she was in control of her altered base self. How could anyone truly tell?

She had two men and one woman so far. It was gloriously delicious, as it felt more right than anything she ever knew. She was able to satisfy herself in more ways than she ever knew possible. It was somehow necessary to do what she did. Her need only grew more powerful over time, and giving into that brought back clarity. Well, as clear as her changed self could ever be.

"Maybe, just one more," she said to herself, feeling the need growing again. "Brains?"

In the car of the guy she just met at the bar, she humped him wildly in the back seat. Occasionally licking his tasty forehead, she considered skipping to the end, but she seemed to still enjoy this part of the session. The man was completely overwhelmed by how strong this woman was, while clueless as to the nature she was giving into.

"Oh, yeah, YEAH!" he cooed close to orgasm.

She quickly flipped herself around, having him consume her cold snatch while she sucked him off. He came down her hungry throats moments later, but she practically forced him to bring

her to dark orgasm.

To his confusion, she soon began to hungrily lick his sweaty forehead. As had become the case, there were no tangible thoughts in her head; there was only the primal drive to do what she planned. She suddenly bit down, tightening her crushing grip around the hapless man's head ...

"You had his brain!?" her friend asked in horror.

"I licked the skull clean. It was so good ..." she admitted, her pallor now subtly green compared to her alabaster friend.

"Oh, God ..." she breathed. "There must be a way to reverse this change in you now. I can't believe you were with someone within a day. Fuck!"

She looked at her good smelling friend curiously, without much conscious thought.

"I think ... yes ... I think the best course of action to help you right now is to keep you from having anyone else."

"Did I say that's what I wanted?"

"What!?"

"The last time ... It became clear ... I want this ..."

"No, no. That's not you!"

She smiled hungrily, toothily. Practically running on instinct, she took something out of her purse. The plastic bag was filled with fleshy redness.

"... want ... you ..." she barely proclaimed.

Suddenly, she leapt onto her horrified friend. In an almost ironically smooth motion, she forced her mouth open, and poured some of the fleshy contents down her throat.

"Brain ..."

"Wah ..." she gurgled, finding herself swallowing with surprising want. "Good ..."

"*Good ...*"

"MORE!" she cooed, grabbing the bag. She consumed it all, licking the bag clean. Her pallor shifting to that subtle green, she happily licked her lips clean.

They began to wildly make out in their primal hunger, joyously feeling their cold bodies. They groped and ground, suck and bit. They bit right into their flesh, revealing impossible reddish-green blood. Pleasuring themselves without abandon, without concern of any discomfort from their uncaring actions. They soon found themselves in all encompassing, orgasmic bliss ...

* * * *

*Author's Note: The following story is a prequel to my free *Journeys into Passion* eBook **The Ranch**. The two stories are based on an unrealized sequel to the *Blog Unbound* eBook **Roleplaying**. As such, these stories may be considered a spiritual sequel.*

The Collaboration

Brianna and her fiancé, Larry, just graduated from California State: she with a Bachelor's Fine Arts (Theater Arts) and he with a Bachelor's in English (creative writing). They both were

interested in the film and TV industry, Brianna more so. Though not without the usual spousal problems, they just meshed personally and professionally. A major dream of theirs was for him to write something for her to star in, or at least have a true collaboration. That had been a bit sidetracked by his contracts to novelize some successful films, as well as the light sci-fi mystery novel he just completed for a publisher, who also ensured at least possibility of a film or TV adaptation if sold well enough.

The two were dressing for a party with some big-whig producers, and all she was hoping for was not to be groped by the creepiest of them. Had yet to happen to her, but the all too true horror stories were finally public. She did wear a form-fitting, satin blue dress with scrappy heels, while Larry wore a regular bowtie tux.

“You look great, Bri!” Larry complimented, doggy-eyed.

“Thanks,” she smiled. She did look pretty sexy. Her slim, athletic physique that was everyone’s type certainly ensured a decent income from her modeling, as well as ensuring some of her so far minor TV and film roles.

“Don’t worry, Brianna,” he said, lightly stroking her wavy dark hair. “These producers aren’t out of their minds. If there’s an issue, we’ll make the noise.”

She smiled reassuringly ...

The dinner party was rather dull at first. Maybe at one time in the last century these things had true glamour, but they just seemed like a networking event now. However, their host surprised everyone by hiring a stage hypnotist and comedian for the night. This entertainer recently began to head a reality TV show called “Backstage Hypnotist,” which was genuinely fun.

Larry and Brianna were causally talking with him. Jackson Daniels had a background in psychology, and still practiced, often now with actors. He did have a very convincing voice.

“Yeah, some actors get so deep into their roles that it messes with their head,” he elaborated to the couple, sitting across from them in the now private room. “They go ... deeper and deeper, so deep that they almost don’t know a way back. The feeling of being so deep can be overwhelming, you need to just let go, like falling into a deep sleep. In that sleep, deeper than sleep, there are only truths and my voice ...”

Brianna and Larry were completely lost in a deep trance before they even realized it. All they could feel were their truths and Jackson’s voice.

“How do you two feel?” the hypnotist asked.

“Relaxed,” they answered in near unison.

“Good ... Are you two ready to answer and do anything I ask?”

“Yes,” they answered through the dream-state.

“Larry, what is it that drives you? What is it you want?”

The entranced man answered, “Brianna is my drive. I would do anything for our lives to work, and I want her to do anything I ask. All I want is for our lives to be in perfect unison, to collaborate professionally. I do not care how.”

“Brianna,” the hypnotist turned, “what is it that drives you? What is it you want?”

She robotically answered, “Larry is my drive. I want to do everything I can to make him happy.”

“Larry, what is the one thing you would change about Brianna?”

“I want her to do anything I ask of her, especially with sex.”

“Brianna, what is the one thing you would change about Larry?”

“I want Larry to be more dominant during sex.”

Jackson smiled, seeing how perfect they were for each other, while somehow not even fully aware of that. “Larry, you will dominate Brianna during sex and life without hesitation from now on. You know she would do anything you ask, including having sex with others, as example. Also, she will soon give you the idea for the perfect collaboration. Do you understand, Larry?”

“Yes ... I will be the dominant one, including sexually, as I always wanted. I will await the perfect collaboration idea from Brianna.”

“Brianna, you will be the submissive one in your relationship from now on, accepting all that Larry asks for sexually and in life. You will come up with the perfect collaboration idea after you let Larry take you sexually in the way you always wanted. Do you understand?”

“Yes ... I am now the submissive one in the relationship. I will do whatever Larry asks in sex and in life. I will come up with the perfect collaboration after I finally let him dominate me sexually.”

“Excellent!” OK, maybe Jackson knew it was a little odd that the night’s host and producer for his show often paid him to hypnotize people into creating film and TV projects, but revealing primal desires often led to successful projects. Jackson kind of enjoyed it, too. “Larry, Brianna, when I countdown from three, you will both awaken without conscious memory of this session ... Three, you are beginning to rise from the deep dream. Two, you feel consciousness begin to take hold. One, you are now awake.”

The couple slowly blinked, looking at the hypnotist.

“Um ... you were saying that some actors get kinda nuts?” Larry asked, feeling an odd confusion fade away.

“Yes. Alcohol does not help!”

Larry quietly chuckled, Brianna starting just after Larry ...

“Well, I told you those were the good ones!” Larry said to his fiancée.

Removing her sparkling earrings, she made eye contact with her love through the mirror. “Yeah, you were right! You really have the best judgement, Larry. I’ll take it without question from now on.”

Larry found himself looking over Brianna. She looked really hot standing there barefoot in the shimmering dress before the wall mirror. He was finding himself really turned on, especially by the distinct outline of her ass. Sure, Brianna tended to turn him on really easily, but he always at least subtly asked if she was in the mood. Just then he wondered if he ever needed to ask such a thing. She usually agreed to something quick, but he sometimes just let the arousal go in lieu of asking. Plus, he would always pull away if she did not want to fuck.

With an artificial caution in only the first step, he made his way over to the woman that was to be his forever. He wrapped his arms around her, kissing her on the neck. She smiled happily at the attention. Without warning, he began to passionately grope her satin-covered breasts and press his tented crotch against her firm ass.

Brianna truly loved the attention, especially in how, for the first time, he did not ask. “MMMMM ... Take me, I’m yours, Larry,” she cooed.

He unzipped her dress, and began to grope her bare skin, letting the dress fall. Soon, he massaged her asshole and moistening pussy at the same time. This was literally the first time he ever penetrated her ass, but not the first time he thought about doing so.

Breath taken away, Larry quickly picked her up, and plopped her on their bed, face down. He quickly stripped out of his rented tux, and lifted the deeply breathing woman onto all fours. With the lube they occasionally used, he slicked up his dick and her ass, which became more willing the more he applied the warm goo.

Brianna then gasped loudly, eyes wide the moment she lost her anal virginity. It was almost too intense at first, but that quickly turned the most intense of pleasure the more he rubbed her humid pussy. He thrust passionately into the love of his life. Anal was not really a fantasy for Larry, but taking her anally on pure impulse was as good as any he ever had.

They moaned and grunted in time, embracing the extreme nature of their impromptu escapade.

“FUCK, so tight,” he grunted, feeling orgasmic release coming.

“ERRR-guh ...” was all she could do through it all.

Thrust, thrust, THRUST, EXPLOSION! Larry blew the largest of loads up Brianna’s anal cavity. She came a moment later, remarkably based on how he was satisfied. They soon cuddled in the powerful afterglow ...

They were quietly having breakfast, feeling more intimate than ever. Well, almost casually playing with Larry’s cock and balls with her feet, as requested, certainly ensured that feeling!

“I don’t think you’ve ever given me a blowjob, Bri,” he said, enjoying her feet on his happy member.

“Never gave anyone a BJ, Larry!”

“Get down there and lose your oral virginity!” he ordered lightly.

She almost shrugged, casually crawled under the table, and took the erect flesh into her mouth. It was a bit sloppy, cautious, and unrefined, but Larry was enjoying himself. Brianna, too, was enjoying it, because he was. It was in that moment she realized that Larry’s pleasure was her pleasure. What she felt last night was the first truly great orgasm of her life, because Larry was so damn satisfied. Like a true prostitute from those pornos, she gave pleasure, and derived her own best pleasure out of that. She felt overjoyed by the revelation! Her motions increased, improving her technique somewhat. And soon, Larry blew a load down her throat. She felt orgasmic, happily swallowing the slimy cum she created.

“That was fuckin’ great, Bri! Should do that more often ...”

She crawled up onto Larry’s lap, and said, “Oh, definitely! You know what you want, Larry. Never ate cum before, but kinda liked it!” She found herself wondering if real prostitutes felt like that sometimes, deriving pleasure from the pleasure they created in others. Then, something hit her! “Your cum must be enlightening, Larry, ’cause I just got an idea!”

“Yeah?” he nudged curiously, holding her lovingly and possessively.

“You know we’ve never really collaborated in anything that was truly our own thing ... How about we begin work on a screenplay for an erotic thriller about a brothel prostitute that

might have killed a client. She could be the quintessential femme-fatale, as the victim turns out to be a horrible person that probably murdered people himself. You can decide if she did do it or not at the end.”

“I like it! I’m guessing you want me to write it as a screenplay with you playing the alleged killer prostitute?”

“Oh, definitely!”

He smirked, gears flowing. “We’ll need to do some research.” He then forwarded, practically as a joke, “You can get yourself contracted at one of those Nevada brothels!”

“Sure, OK!” she agreed seriously. “If you’re fine with that.”

“I actually am!” he stated amazed. “I’ll be your best client while we put this thing together ...I’ll call this story, The Courtesan of Red Dove Ranch ...”

* * * *

*Author’s Note: This is a “bonus scene” for the free ebook **JIP: The Neighbor**.*

My Dream, Our Dream

“All Life is only a set of pictures in the brain, among which there is no difference betwixt those born of real things and those born of inward dreamings, and no cause to value the one above the other.”— H.P. Lovecraft

I lay in my bed amongst the flowing darkness, yet I could see everything so clearly. Was I dreaming? I might have been. I don’t remember wearing a scaly printed, pink, sleeveless shirt, and red panties earlier. More confusing, what happened between my longtime roommate and new neighbor earlier was supposedly real, but only a malleable dream-state could explain what we felt.

It was as if our new neighbor turned us into her sex-dolls for a moment, leading to the best pleasure I ever had. My neighbor was in me, as I was in my roommate. It was a pinnacle of sapphic ecstasy I never knew could exist. The point of perfect orgasm was an impossible kind of pleasure. My roommate’s orgasm somehow flowed into me, mixing and merging with my own, before most of it moved out into, I think, my neighbor. I could not stop thinking about that ecstasy, nor did I want the memory to stop consuming my thoughts.

I found myself touching my sensitive body, my aroused nipples, my hips, my thighs, my wrinkles arches. Thinking about the impossible pleasure I so desperately needed to *feel* again, I could almost feel it again, my whole soft body so sensitive in this moment.

Damn I was beautiful, I came to understand for the first time. I knew how to bring myself to a satisfying orgasm, but never truly made love and lust with myself before. Maybe it was strange and narcissistic to the outside observer, but this felt like the right moment to truly fuck myself silly, attempting to create the surreal pleasure of earlier.

Oh, my cleavage, my firm breasts, perfectly shaped handfuls. I then removed my shirt and short shorts, leading only the white underwear. Wasn't I just wearing panties and a shirt earlier? Didn't matter. *I* was all that mattered in this moment.

On all fours, I groped my asscheeks and hips, moving the rear of the panties around. Goosebumps and pleasure emanated from my sensual touch. I moved to sit on my knees, and teasingly removed my bra. My hands groping my tingling breasts was a want and lust I never knew I could have.

After massaging myself on my side, I moved to my back, and removed my moist panties. Now I rubbed and played with my exposed pussy, as I the rest of my sensitized body all but at the same time. I was all that mattered in the world. I was giving myself pleasures I never dreamed of before. I needed this pleasure.

I soon found myself with an apparent vibrator in hand, pressing it against my dripping crotch. Moans and coos began to escape my mouth, chest heaving from the lust. Occasionally fingering myself, the vibrations were bringing me to that level of pleasure I now so yearned. This was it. I was no longer emulating what I felt earlier. It was so glorious and perfect! It felt as if I was bathing myself in warm, orgasmic goo.

Forcing the intense, primal orgasm to stay within myself, I could feel an improbable understanding. Fucking myself was merely a means to an end. All I want is to feel, to live on this kind of pleasure forever. The longer I held it, the longer I understood what I now truly wanted. There was nothing in this dreamed world but the pleasures of pleasure.

An invisible glow began to flow out of me, failing to hold the orgasmic energy completely. The dark room around me began to melt and flow with the waves of that escaping energy. A growing haze began to form, making all imagery around me difficult to discern from the next. The pleasure was now not only bathing me, but also this apparent reality. I felt myself slowly begin to lose my grip on the orgasm, as it was already escaping. In a primal scream, the energy obliterated everything I could see and feel. Yet, I was still there.

All there was now was a haze of orgasmic nothingness. After an uncertain time passed, I could begin to see a form slowly appear before me, dark and indistinct. Feminine, yes, the form was definitely feminine. It was somewhat tall and dark beyond the darkness shrouding us. I somehow came to understand that this was my enigmatic neighbor. Whatever she wanted, I just wanted her to give me the kind of pleasure I now desperately sought.

She slowly crawled down between my legs, and began to forcibly consume my desperate snatch. Waves of epic pleasure flew through me. The pleasure was so strong and orgasmic that I could not hold it like before. Yet, it was that kind of pleasure I wanted, needed more than anything.

My neighbor began to press herself so hard against my inexplicably opening pussy. Through the endless sense of mind melting orgasm, I soon felt her move into me through my pleasure cavity. Emanating sensual gratification from within, she moved upward, somehow twirling herself around. Her hands slipped into my hands, as her feet slipped into my feet. Distinct anxiousness became apparent, while her head began to slip into mine from within. There was no stopping her sudden takeover of my body. Yet, I did not want her to stop, for she was giving me pleasure beyond pleasure. And then ...

We were now together, body and mind. Two beings working as one to create as yet unknown pleasures. Somewhere between dark and light, we groped our hungry pussy, sending shockwaves of ecstasy throughout our body. It was a gratification greater than the sum of its doubled parts.

Under one hand we continued to play with our humid pussy, while the other occasionally groped our breast, bringing it up to our mouth to suck on. We moved our body in nearly erratic time with the pussy groping. Our free hand explored our passion-desperate body. Breathing became jagged, almost erratic, as our hand moved faster in the crotch, falling to the soft floor. Our moans and coos were wild and primal.

Now on our knees on the apparent couch, we humped our wild, fingering hand, making the pleasure almost painfully strong. The more we felt, the more we wanted. Fazing to our back, our motions became almost desperate, *needing* more pleasure. Even with our mouth full of squishy tit, our moans were becoming shattering screams of passion.

Floor beneath us now, we wildly fucked our pussy from behind with nearly our entire hand. We came loudly, but did not stop. Moving to our side, we found a more powerful orgasm. We moved to our back for something yet more powerful. Laying for a few endless minutes, we enhanced the delicious afterglow by lightly rubbing the wet snatch.

Now laying back onto the cushy couch, we slowly, passionately began again at our pussy. We knew and accepted how addicted we just became to the epic pleasure we created from our body. A massive black vibrator was found in our hand, sending subtle waves of pleasure up our arm. On our hands and knees, we fucked ourself with it from behind. Our moans and screams quickly grew loud and powerful in the darkness of the familiar room, this supposed vibrator spewing orgasmic cum into our body. The epic screams of climactic passion colored yet nearly destroyed our apparent reality.

In the darkness, we soon realized we were surrounded by hot, foamy water. It was a familiar tub in the shadows of this pleasure world. We went to work right away on ourself, knowing what we needed to do to satisfy our accepted addiction. Humping our hand under the water, we soon could feel how sensitive our whole soaked body was. Even the near orgasmic moans enhanced the indulgent ecstasy.

A long dildo appeared, and we deep throating it with great lust. We sat up on the edge of the large tub, and desperately thrust it in. Our screams grew louder than before in the wild humps and plunges. Leg up, standing, we licked and kissed our silken leg, enhancing the pleasures yet more. It was almost too much, now practically humping the edge of the tub as well. The orgasm was swift and powerful, as hot goo exploded out of the dildo.

We were on the floor now on our knees of what seemed like the living room in the dim moonlight. Our body was still slick, but not from the bath. Wetness' origin mattered little; what mattered was the pleasure we could *still* create from our quivering body.

On our ass, we resumed our desperate, excited pussy rubs, making our breasts fly in the darkness. The love and lust for our body was finally complete, allowing us to near-orgasmically enjoy not only our pussy, but also the rest of our perfect body in tandem. Everywhere we touched — breasts, asshole, hips, feet — made us moan in joy. Soon, we lustfully fingered our slippery snatch. Writhing around and groping ourself, our body was our plaything, our source of

everything we ever wanted and needed. Our orgasmic moans and coos shattered the light and shadows around us, as they did our mind. Pleasure became all we were ...

* * * *

*Author's Note: The following story is an extended scene from the free ebook **JIP: Demon Lover**.*

The Succubus' Game

The young hunter, Daya, stood outside of the student building, which was basically just an old, freshly renovated beach house the university owned. She found herself having second thoughts about this insane game the Demonic Succubus inside offered to play. The young Hunter had only been so for the past few years. If she was not with the well trodden Louisa, Daya would not be standing there breathing. They agreed — along with Jack, who called them onto the case — that this was the best way to save the possessed Jenny. The traditional exorcism tended to go so badly with Succubi that Human souls would often be pulled out by the Succubus being sucked back to Hell, which Succubi have no trouble escaping. Succubi, demonic or no, antagonistic or no, tended to care little about the “rules,” including the rules supposedly hardcoded in their very being. It was always *their* game. Daya could only assume the rules were solid from that point. Plus, even though Succubi often return sooner than later, they basically never possess the same person twice.

This game was to be a one on one battle with the young Daya, partly because this Succubus apparently hungered for young women. If she bested the Succubus, or at least not yield, then the Succubus would then loosen her grip on Jenny. Obviously, that meant the Succubus was offering to give Daya just one chance to kick her off this plain of existence. If she lost, gave in, Daya will find herself as the immediate next host. Either way, Jenny would probably be saved. After a few refreshing breaths for composure, Daya opened the door ...

It was just Daya and the Succubus, who made herself quite at home in the hapless coed's body. As was not uncommon for the more powerful Demons, this Succubus made some pretty shocking renovations to the human's body over the last week. Her now shimmering, rubbery skin showed hypnotically shifting shades of blue, while the overall body was more alluringly athletic. The skin itself thinned in a way that highlighted bone and musculature. Her ears were now pointed, and her eyes were icy-blue. The lips were full and hot red, like her pussy lips. Perhaps most significantly, she now bled lust to such an extent that the altered body was beyond erotic in the Human mind.

“Sssso you're the one that thinksss she can forssce me out of this body? And to think, I put sssso much work into it!” the Succubus hissed sumptuously.

“I'm not here for talk, Succubus!” Daya growled through her heightened arousal. “This young Hunter-bitch is gonna fuck you back to the oblivion that birthed you!”

“OOOO, deliciousss!” she purred, smirking. “This body wasss easy to acquire ... Yesss, I think I will fuck *you* into sssubmission.”

“What's stopping you, Succubus-slut!”

Suddenly, Daya found herself on her knees, forced down by the inhuman strength of the Succubus. After humping intensely on the Hunter's face with the most darkly delicious, juicy pussy, Daya found herself in a mask of incredibly musky, thick Succubus cum, which quickly tricked her mind into thinking that musk was gloriously tasty and addicting.

Suddenly with her back to the floor, the Succubus wildly fingered the Daya's nubile pussy into orgasm, and then forced her tongue inside to create yet more. In the epic afterglows, exacerbated by further orgasms, Daya actually considered giving into the Succubus. ‘Would it be so bad?’ she pondered. Daya never knew sex could be this good, this overpowering. That Succubus' tongue was so much better than any dick or dildo she ever felt. Well, this was a Succubus; few other creatures knew lust quite in the same way!

Daya felt a hint of clarity after yet another squirting orgasm. Yielding was not who she was. Offering herself to the Succubus to save Jenny was technically a viable option, but it was a weak one. Someone would then have to save her, and maybe that someone would fail, too, or worse, a Hunter would later somehow succeed in traditionally exercising the Succubus, leading to Daya probably being pulled to Hell as a result. In this moment, yielding felt like the wrong path. Daya could not fail here. The price of failure was too high.

Summoning all the strength and willpower she had, Daya quickly kneed the surprised Succubus on the side of the head. The Succubus' rolled onto her back, revealing her very nice and natural blue orbs, before Daya quickly mounted her head.

Then, the Succubus smiled largely between the Hunter's brown thighs, after Daya thought she felt slimy spit from her chin to forehead when her brow was just dripping natural beads. Daya aggressively humped the hungry Succubus' face feeling an odd confusion. Why would she feel so off after clearly gaining at least a little control? Something was not right. Something was different, and Daya was not sure what that was or meant ...

No! Daya tried to hump harder. The Succubus was clearly messing with her head somehow. Daya would not allow that to distract her from the little victory!

That moment of confusion was, indeed, just enough for the Succubus to almost literally flip things around. Daya found herself partly on her side, with Succubus' hand at her throat and pussy of lust rubbing violently on hers. The Succubus humped wildly, playing with Daya in the most domineering of ways, holding her head to the floor at times.

Everything was stepped up a notch. The room was orgasmically spinning, but all the facts suggested to Daya that she was not yet lost. Suddenly, the Succubus had her against the wall, fisting her ass widely with a knowledgeable tail. Daya was then on the floor, being fucked doggy style, feeling lustful tails and hands in every orifice. Each orgasm was somehow more powerful than the last. OK, maybe there were facts to the contrary on her conclusion a moment ago.

Daya was in a surreal, lustful bliss. Her body was being pushed beyond what she thought was possible, the Succubus likely inflicting something on her mentally and physically to keep increasing the evil intensity.

“YOU'RE THE BESSST FUCKING FEED EVER, HUNTER!” the Succubus cooed loudly in a resonance that made Daya cum hard. “Urr-guh, errr ... One of your friendsss might have handled me, but not you. The youthful can never — UHH — overpower me!”

No, that wasn't right. Even with a thick tail down her throat, more nimble tongue up her wet pussy, and clawed fist deep in her asshole, Daya was still aware. Yes! There was a subtle desperation in the Succubus' words and actions. Daya might actually have been winning! The Succubus was merely doing everything in her power to prevent that knowledge so she would regain actual control.

"Yeah, that's it, Succubus, GIVE IT TO ME!" Daya screamed triumphantly. "I can take it!"

The Succubus soon screamed in a primal orgasm that made Daya explode in the most horrifying and powerful orgasm of her life. She felt cum everywhere, hers and the Succubus'. Daya quickly regained her composure, not wanting to give this Succubus an inch.

Now she could see the Succubus truly collapsing, only now fucking Daya hard with a foot-long Demon dick.

"OOOOO!" Daya teased. "Demon dick is my new favorite toy!"

The Succubus released another orgasmic roar, pumping a gallon of its equally as orgasmic seed into hungry Hunter.

Before the Succubus herself could regain composure, Daya exclaimed, "You never overpowered me, Succubus! I won your own game!"

The "game" was a Demonic Deal by any other name. No matter how much the Succubus denied the results, its very essence forced it to comply. The Demonic Succubus slowly, reluctantly pulled its true ghostly self out of the hapless women, whose body will need time to return to its original form.

This was Daya's moment. She quickly screamed the fastest exorcism chant she knew. In an orgasm inducing scream, the Succubus faded away ...

"Are you sure you're all right, Daya?" Jack said with concern, pronouncing her name like "Day-uh."

"It's 'Dai-yuh,'" she corrected out of breath, moving her chestnut hair away from her brown eyes.

She never knew Jack before this case of a Succubus entity possessing a young college student. In fact, this was the first time they met in person. The one that called her on the case, Louisa, was conducting a test to see if Daya was knocked up by the Demon (she wasn't). The worn out Daya was given a clean bill of health, and went home to sleep as long and deeply as possible ...

That night, Daya dreamed of her encounter with the Succubus. The experience was intense in life, but seemed more intense in dream. Yes, Daya knew she was dreaming, but there was no control over the events ...

It was just Daya and the Succubus, who made herself quite at home in the hapless coed's body. The horrifically orgasmic imagery was just as she visually remembered at first, but again, the arousing part of it was overwhelmingly intense.

"Sssso you're the one that thinksss she can forssce me out of this body? And to think, I put sssso much work into it!" the Succubus hissed sumptuously.

"I'm not here for talk, Succubus!" Daya growled through her heightened arousal. "This young Hunter-bitch is gonna fuck you back to the oblivion that birthed you!"

“OOOO, deliciousss!” she purred, smirking. “This body wasss easy to acquire ... Yesss, I think I will fuck you into sssubmission.”

“What’s stoping you, Succubus-slut!”

Suddenly, the Succubus forced Daya to her knees with domineering strength. After humping the infinitely turned on Hunter’s face with the most darkly delicious, juicy pussy, the Succubus forced her fully onto the floor, straddling her chest in an erotic show of demonic superiority. In the back of Daya’s mind, she knew this was not how she remembered the encounter. She did not remember any moment where she was so completely under the Succubus’s whim.

The Succubus crawled down her quivering, sexily athletic, light chocolate tinted body, teasing with the forked tongue. Forcing Daya’s legs open and over her demonic shoulders, she began to lick Daya’s twitching pussy. Daya cooed near orgasmically at the feel of the massively thick member thrusting inside of her, making her writhe. Daya came implausibly hard from the demonic member. Unlike what she remembered, she felt completely defeated, and found herself wanting whatever the Succubus could gift her.

Daya suddenly found herself pulled back up to her knees. In total shock, the Succubus grew a massive blue member with the reddest of tips. ‘This ... this isn’t how it happened ...’ she thought.

Rubbing Daya’s head against the absurdly large, rubbery dick, the Succubus exclaimed, “Are you sssure?”

* * * *

*Author’s Note: The following story is a scene from my free ebook **JIP:Beyond the Green Door**.*

The Bachelorette Party

Becca in her blue tank top led the bride to be up to Lucy’s green door. Linda had no idea what to expect. She saw The Hangover films, Bachelor Party, and was once told by an old professor that the best such parties were only really for the amusement of their friends. If it was any good, they probably would be too drunk to remember. Linda later learned that her destined husband apparently was forced to go to a strip club he did not enjoy.

Linda perhaps sensed something different about Lucy’s behavior of late. She had become more aggressive, for lack of better words. More willing the dress in more revealing clothes, more actively showing sexualized affection toward her husband. Well, Linda did not think anything was really wrong, it was just a little different.

The glossy green door opened to the super happy Lucy, who wore a rather revealing top and very high cut shorts. Her finger and toenails were a shimmering red.

“Hey, there’s the bride!” Lucy greeted, ushering them inside.

Linda found her head clad with a silly plastic tiara and “bride” sash. Lucy plopped her at the end of the couch, while flanked soon by Liza and Brianne (wife and wife) on the right and

Becca on the chair to the left. Their host handed out the champagne. They cheered and drank happily.

“Still can’t believe it!” Becca cooed.

“Yeah, one person for the rest of your life?” Lucy forwarded, sitting on the couch arm. There was something sexy and domineering about her posture.

“And a guy?” Brianne teased.

They chuckled like school girls.

“Yeah, Brianne and I were really hoping you’d come around!”

Chuckles.

“Well, there was that one time with Lucy back in college ...”

Lucy smirked.

“Oh do tell!” Becca nudged. “What happened?”

“Well ...” Lucy smirked. “You know how she was a little shy then. She came to me. Said she kinda liked girls, wasn’t sure about guys. So, we kinda went for it.”

“What’d you two do?” Liza cooed.

“Oh, everything. Sloppy college sex is so wild and curious, right?”

“So bad!” Brianne teased. “You never told me that!”

“Cut it out. I’m so fucking embraced!” she said in nervous laughter.

“Seriously it was great!” Lucy added. “Never came that hard before.”

“Holy shit! Never expected that,” Liza said amazed. “Why’d you hide that, Linda?”

“Well ... I guess I’ve always been bisexual. Just, you know ...”

“You shouldn’t have hid that! We could have had some great sex, Linda,” Liza teased.

“That was years ago. I mean, I’m still attracted to girls ...”

“You are?” Liza teased further.

“Yeah, obviously,” she chuckled nervously.

“But you’re gettin’ married,” Liza lightly observed.

“We both like girls, I like guys ...”

“You think he’d ever be all right if you ever brought a girl into your relationship?” Lucy asked curiously.

“You know what, guys? If Jason didn’t let me do what I wanted — and I didn’t let him do what he wanted, we wouldn’t be together.”

“Cool!” Lucy said. “Well, Liza there seems really interested. Sounded pretty bummed out she didn’t know you liked girls, too”

“You guys are so fucking bad!” Linda said amazed.

“Hey, we’re just having fun, Linda,” Lucy said with a smirk. “Plus, we have a really great surprise for you later. You’ll love it.”

“Can’t wait,” she said with a happy laugh. “Can I ask what it is?”

They laughed.

“It’s gonna be the best night you’ve ever had,” Brianne said cryptically.

“You’ll love it,” Becca forwarded deeply.

“Better drink up to get ready,” Lucy ordered.

Linda did so, starting to feel the champagne Lucy kept stealthily pouring after every sip.

“If I knew, we would’ve fucked, he-he,” Liza said. “Come on, give me a kiss, Linda. Its a congratulatory smooch.”

Linda, in her amazement, slightly leaned over to the married woman, and they smooched for real, Liza lightly holding Linda’s chin. It was a lightning strike of arousal, something she never felt before nor knew how to handle.

“UMMM!” Liza cooed playfully, smiling along with Linda. Smooch, smooch smooch.

“That kinda turned me on,” Lucy said honestly. Linda herself was speechless after the multiple strikes of pure arousal.

“Oh, yeah, Lucy?” Liza cooed.

“You know, I’ve hooked up with Liza,” Lucy said with a horny smile toward jaw dropped Linda. “As good a kisser as her wife.”

“Well, you wanna show us?” Linda forwarded on impulse. She wanted to think she was calling a bluff, but really did want to see the two go at it.

“Sure!” Lucy said, before going in her hands and knees before Liza.

“Yeah, kiss my wife!” Brianne cooed.

Lucy grasped her waist, as Liza framed her face. The host leaned in for an almost held back, teasing smooches at first. Their intensity slowly rose, Lucy clearly choreographing, while they began to feel up their tight bodies, their breasts.

“Bring back some memories for you?” Lucy said to Linda.

“Oy my God!” Linda chuckled nervously in her intense arousal.

“She likes it!” Becca cooed.

“I’m gonna kiss you a little more,” Lucy said to the hungry Liza. “Let’s show Lucy what we do ...” They hungrily made out some more, before moving to the middle of the room.

Brianne shifted over on the couch, as Becca hopped over, sandwiching the bride to be.

“It’s showtime, Liza, get on all fours for me.”

“Oh, wow,” Lucy said amazed, turned on.

“Such a juicy ass,” Lucy said squeezing Liza’s exposed butt cheeks. She then began to spank the cheeks audibly in turn.

“She loves to be spanked!” Brianne cooed. “This is your first surprise, by the way, Linda.”

“I love it!” Liza confirmed. Smack, smack, smack.

Lucy pushed away Liza’s black thong, and began to kiss and burry her face between the cheeks. Liza cooed and swayed. Lucy began to playfully lick the asshole and pussy. “You’ve got the best fucking tongue, Lucy!”

Linda noticed how Lucy’s slithering tongue looked somehow long and dark, but assumed that was just because of where she was sitting. She was a little too turned on by the show to care, already feeling up the soft thighs of her friends on impulse.

“Well, this is supposed to be my party!” Linda said in her deep arousal.

Becca quickly took the initiative, and began to make out with with wanting Linda.

At the same time, Lucy flipped the moaning Liza around and began to lick the woman’s moistening pussy. Linda barely noticed, now making out with Brianne.

“Oh ... OH my gah ...” Liza cooed. “That tongue ... FUCK!”

Linda’s friends lustfully undressed her, loving how they made her the center of their attention. She went back and forth, kissing them with more hunger than she ever knew.

“Oh God, Lucy, your tongue! Your tongue is so deep,” she cooed.

Becca and Brianne were groping and exploring Linda’s quivering body, while they wetly drenched Linda in turn. Linda legs naturally opened, as Becca’s hands naturally went down.

“Oh, oh yeah, mistress Lucy, please don’t stop! Can’t wait to become just like you!”

The three on the couch fully exposed themselves, more than aware of the growing coos of Liza. Yet all that really mattered to Linda in that moment was Becca’s tit in her mouth. She then kissed down to the partly shaved snatch. Becca and Brianna then snuck a deep smooch.

Liza and Lucy brushed their breasts together, drooling all over them. They then made out while rubbing their bodies together, before Lucy kissed down to Liza’s breasts. She sucked, she inhaled. Lucy was working the entire large breast into her mouth and succeeding, making Liza coo submissively.

Becca turned around to present her ass to the bride, who spanked and squeezed. “I really like your ass!” she cooed, burring her young and face inside. “Oh, thank you, Linda,” Becca cooed back, “You can get lost in there.” Linda retorted, “That’s the idea.”

Meanwhile, Lucy continued to consume and play with Liza’s perfectly well shaped tits, her inhumanly long tongue making them jiggle. “OH, oh fuck!” Liza cooed orgasmically. “Lay down, my Liza.” She did so, and Lucy mounted her crotch over the woman’s hungry mouth.

Linda was now excitedly licking Becca’s pussy from behind, nose between the cheeks. Brianne helped by opened the cheeks wider. “Yeah, what a butt!” Linda cooed and slapped.

Liza began to tongue fuck Lucy, who swirled her knowledgeable fingers in and out of Liza’s pussy. “Oh, so fucking good!” Liza cooed, mouth full. Lucy then grabbed Liza head, and began to fuck her face.

It had been maybe ten years since Linda tasted pussy. Yet, it really was like riding a bike. It was glorious. She might not have missed pussy, but she was loving it now.

Lucy repositioned herself into a sixty-nine with Liza, who ate even more hungrily than she did. Well, maybe Liza was compensating for not having a tongue as apparently as orgasmic as Lucy’s!

“I want Brianne’s pussy!” Linda cooed. “Me, too!” Becca chimed. Brianne sat back onto the couch, feet on the cushions and legs open wide. She then went down on the clean shaven snatch, lapping up the moisture.

Liza’s tongue out, Lucy moved her rear back and front, cooing joyously. Lucy sat up, and began to embrace the pleasure her Liza was giving.

Linda and Becca began to play with Brianne. Becca took the top, as Linda took the crotch. “You taste so good!” Linda complimented. Brianne cooed lustfully in thanks.

“OH FUCK, OH FUCK, I’M CUMING!” Lucy cried orgasmically. She humped Liza wildly, extending her massive, wet orgasm. Lucy’s thick green cum spewed all over Liza’s face and down her throat, making Liza cum hard. “I love it ...” Liza gurgled, “More, please ...” They soon began to scissor wildly, thick green goo dripping down their bodies.

Linda climbed up, and spread her pussy over Brianne’s hungry mouth. “Oh, that’s so fuckin good!” Linda cooed. Becca played with hers and Brianne’s pussy at the same time, cooing even louder.

Lucy repositioned to grind their pussies with her on tip. She ground Liza wildly, with Liza’s legs as open as humanly possible. Lucy then came hard like a geyser, that thick green stuff

splattering into and on the orgasmic Liza. She scooped up some of the goo and fed it to the mind blown woman.

“Oh, fuck, I’m gonna cum on your face, Brianne!” Linda cooed loudly. “Oh, yea!” Brianne cooed in encouragement, mouth full. The women on the couch came wildly in near unison.

The domineering and triumphant Lucy, her thick green cum dripping down her muscular inner thighs, walked over to the trio. If Linda was not so lost in the afterglow of sexual frenzy, she would have been shocked by the site. Lucy now donned distinctly red skin, deep muscular lines, and large wings. The cat-eyed Lucy really looked like some kind of Demon! Lucy then grasped the back of Linda’s head with her red clawed hands, and buried her face into the goo saturated crotch. All Linda could do right then was consume. The goo tasted unlike anything, yet she wanted more. Even eating that little bit nearly made her cum. So, she desperately ate out Lucy, as the powerful Lucy humped her face. Lucy soon blasted a massive load of her inhuman cum within and without the already addicted Linda ...

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Back Flap

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