

75: A Welcome Company (18++)

The door to Beatrice's room opened and—as expected—a skinny, skimpily-clad twenty-something-year-old girl with long, fresh grass-colored hair stepped inside from the shadows of the corridor. Her practically exposed cleavage was only one sudden movement away from a nip slip, while her long, toned legs were utterly exposed for viewing pleasure as her garments were designed by a pervert who sought to only cover the mage's private parts, and nominally at that.

“I-I’m sorry, my Lady,” Tabitha apologized nervously and turned around to close the door behind her. The square straight fabric of her lower garment trailed behind the mage's movement, showing off most of her bubbly butt.

“The more I thought about you and that two-timing— ...” Tabitha started to explain herself, but stopped, searching for the right words. “I’m sorry, I just couldn’t sleep! I tried to calm myself by masturbating, but it’s just not the same when I told feel your hands around my neck or your fat cock down my throat!”

Beatrice swallowed. This is not what she needed to hear if she had any hope of calming down.

“I tried to squeeze put my hand around my neck myself, but it is simply not the same!” Tabitha passionately explained. “Please! I—”

Tabitha’s eyes fell on the blanket, under which Beatrice hid her nakedness. More specifically, Tabitha’s gaze fell on the area just around Beatrice's crotch, where the futanari’s erection stood tall and proud, lifting the blanket like a tent.

“Oh,” Tabitha smiled mischievously, brought a finger to her lip, and lightly bit down on it. “I... I see.”

The green-haired mage closed the door behind her. She then put her hands behind her back and undid her upper garment—which was little more than a skimpy, green crop top—letting it drop to the floor, revealing her ample, yet perky breasts.

Fuck, she’s hot! Beatrice thought and rose up on her bed. The succubus threw the blanket off her body, revealing her massive erection.

“You want this?” Beatrice asked while pointing at her hard, veiny cock.

“Oh, yes!” the green-haired mage salivated and slid her hand under her skimpy, thigh-revealing skirt. The lewd sound that filled the room instantly gave away what Tabitha was doing and how horny she was for some succubus cock.

“Who gave you the right to start masturbating in my room?” Beatrice asked, getting into the dominating role that the mage enjoyed so much.

“A... Ahn!” Tabitha removed her hand as if she’d just been whipped. “I-I’m s-sorry, it’s just that—”

“That you’re a horny slut,” Beatrice finished saying what they both knew to be true. “I already know that. Now, ask for permission to touch your pussy in my presence!”

“Haah... M-may I please touch my pussy?” Tabitha asked, breathing hard. She leaned back against the door and slid what little piece of fabric she had covering her wet cunt. Her pussy juices were already flowing down her inner thigh.

“P-please, my lady! Hn, I need it so bad...”

“Spread those lips,” Beatrice said as she sat down on the side of her bed.

“Ahn,” Tabitha moaned and obeyed. She pulled the outer lips of her clean pussy with her fingers, revealing the pink fruit within. She then slowly slid her finger toward her clit.

“Don’t touch it!” Beatrice interrupted Tabitha’s sneaky actions. “Did you really think I wouldn’t notice?”

“Hn—B-but my lady,” Tabitha whimpered. “It’s aching so much!”

“And because of that you thought to disobey me?”

“I-I didn’t mean to!” the horny mage cried.

“It just can’t be helped,” Beatrice sighed and stood up. It’s not like her own cock wasn’t aching to ravage that tight, wet cunt, desperate for some rough fucking. “If you can’t control yourself for even a minute, despite my instructions, I’ll have to punish you.”

“P-punish!?” Tabitha asked. The corners of her lips could not hide her excitement as they formed an anticipating grin. The mage then moved one of her fingers forward to her clit and pressed against it, to finally give it the attention it so desperately craved.

“Does the prospect of getting punished excites you so much that you don’t even bother holding back?” Beatrice asked.

Beatrice couldn’t tell whether Tabitha indeed just sought a momentary relief when she touched her clit, naively hoping that it would ease her need for more while she waited for further instructions, or if she really purposefully went against Beatrice’s instructions, excited by the prospect of some devious sexual punishment. But whatever it was, Tabitha could not hold back. She began circling her finger around her clit, while with her other hand she started moving all four fingers up and down her labia that she was supposed to keep pulled apart.

“You really are hopeless,” Beatrice said and moved toward the masturbating mage. It only took a couple of steps for the two to be within an arm’s reach. And as soon as they were within that range, Beatrice quickly moved her arm and grabbed a tight hold of Tabitha’s neck.

“Gyeeesh!” Tabitha groaned in excitement and moved her fingers faster.